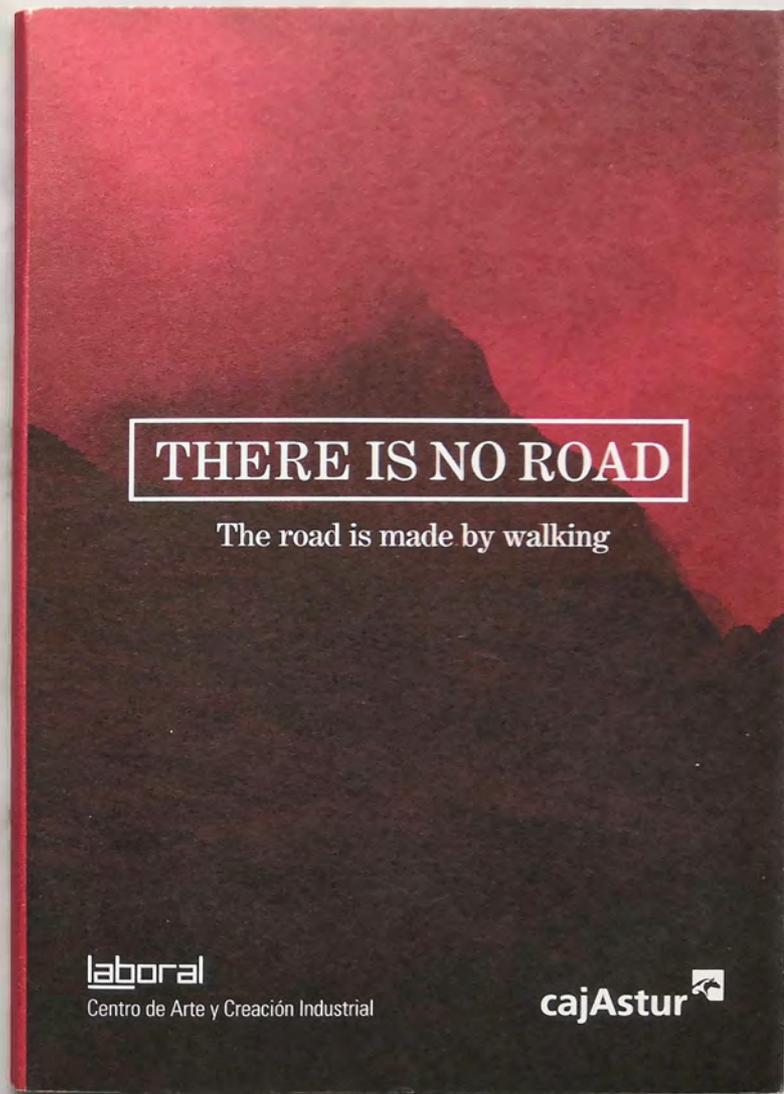


THERE IS NO ROAD

The road is made by walking

laboral
Centro de Arte y Creación Industrial

cajAstur 



THERE IS NO ROAD

The road is made by walking

laboral
Centro de Arte y Creación Industrial

cajAstur 

THERE IS NO ROAD

The road is made by walking

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Video in
Video in

Simon Faithfull
Crow Drawing (Gijón), 2008
Dibujo digital
Digital drawing

Obra realizada por encargo de
Work commissioned by LABoral



Erika Tan
On a Clear Day, 2008
Video, DVD

Obra realizada por encargo de Wark commissioned by
ILAB, University of Sunderland, Northern Gallery
for Contemporary Art, Sunderland & BERNART 15312,
Yokohama



CajAstur

THERE IS NO ROAD

The road is made by walking

laboral
Centro de Arte y Creación Industrial

cajAstur 

There is No Road (the road is made by walking) es una muestra de arte contemporáneo que incluye obras de imagen en movimiento y de otras características creadas por catorce artistas internacionales. La mitad de las obras expuestas han sido realizadas por encargo de LABoral.

Inspirándose en el famoso verso de Antonio Machado, *There is No Road* consiste en un conjunto de proyectos creativos que registran o evocan una serie de periplos reales o imaginarios, tanto por el paisaje local de Asturias como por otros territorios igualmente apartados o montañosos.

Muchos de estos viajes se han efectuado dentro de un espíritu de "peregrinaje" inspirado por la cercanía del Camino de Santiago que atraviesa el norte de España. Haciéndose eco del Camino, los viajes que aquí se reflejan son con frecuencia recorridos a pie, orientados hacia localidades icónicas y culturalmente relevantes o en busca de emplazamientos con resonancia histórica, descubriendo o volviendo a transitar por senderos muchas veces recorridos con anterioridad. En cambio, en otras ocasiones se trata de incursiones en la naturaleza, en busca de lugares donde las carreteras se interrumpen o quedan sepultadas por la niebla y la lluvia características de esta aislada topografía montañosa; viajes por caminos que se han vuelto intrasitables o en trance aún de formarse o ser descubiertos.

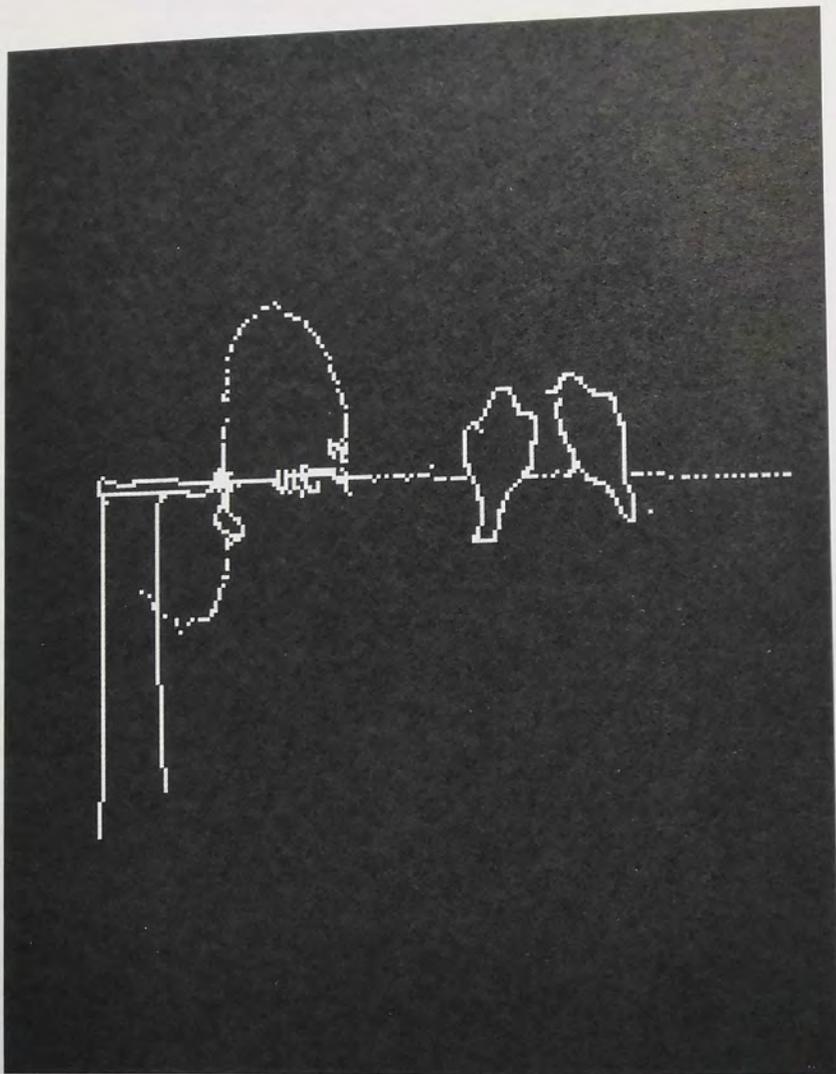
Esta somera guía, una más de una serie de iniciativas de publicaciones diversas dirigidas a contextualizar la Exposición y a servirle de acompañamiento, señala las etapas clave del recorrido. Además, formará parte del catálogo de *There is No Road*, previsto para febrero de 2009.

There is No Road (the road is made by walking) is a contemporary art exhibition featuring moving-image and other works by fourteen international artists, half of which are new commissions shown for the first time at LABoral.

Taking its cue from the famous lines of the poet Antonio Machado, *There is No Road* consists of a range of artists' projects that record or evoke a series of actual or imaginary journeys, either through the local landscape of Asturias, or through a comparably remote and mountainous terrain.

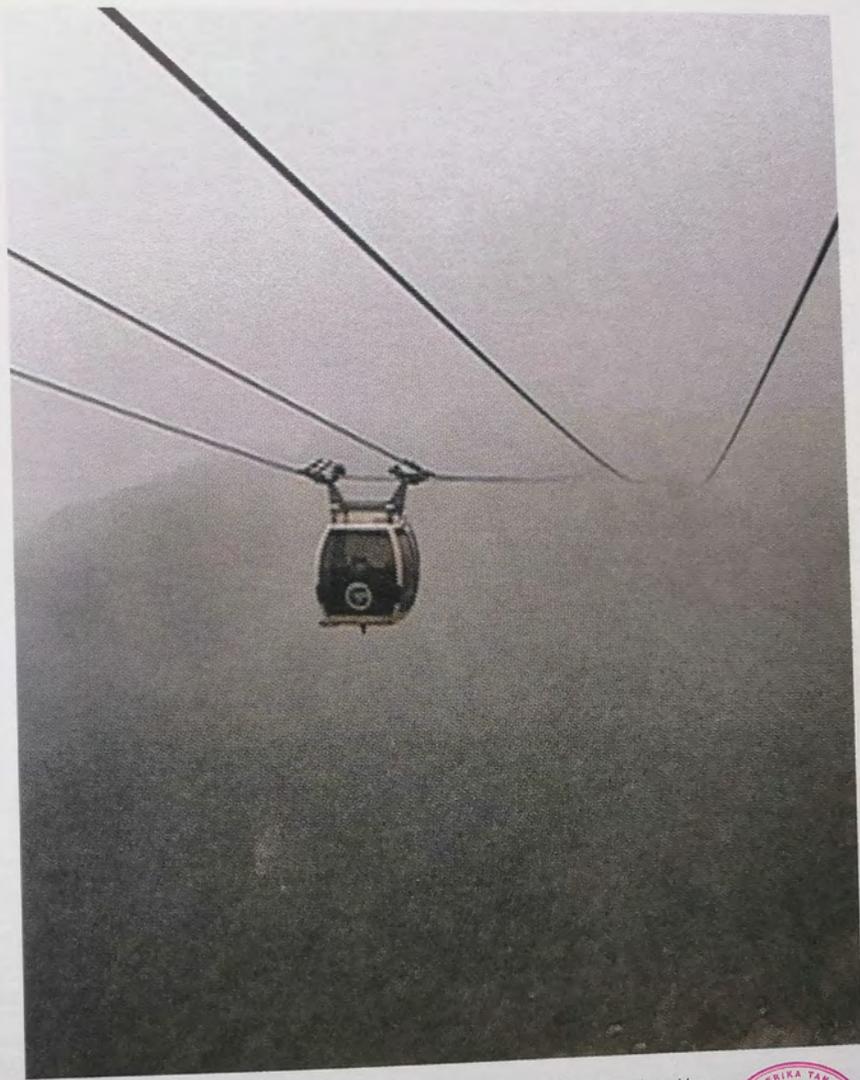
Many of these journeys are made in a spirit of 'pilgrimage', inspired by the proximity of the Camino to Santiago which runs through the North of Spain. In an echo of the Camino, the journeys undertaken are frequently on foot, gravitating towards iconic, culturally significant locations or in pursuit of historically resonant sites, in so doing uncovering or retracing paths that have been walked many times before. Others, by contrast, are forays into the wilderness, to places where roads cease to exist, or are obscured by the mist and rain that is a characteristic of this isolated mountain topography; journeys along roads that have become impassable, or have to be forged or discovered, as if for the first time.

This at-a-glance guide, one of a number of interlocking contextual/publication initiatives designed to accompany the Exhibition, outlines the key steps along the way. It is also a pocket-size companion to the catalogue of *There is No Road* which will be available in February 2009.



Simon Faithfull
Crow Drawing (Gijón), 2008
Dibujo digital
Digital drawing

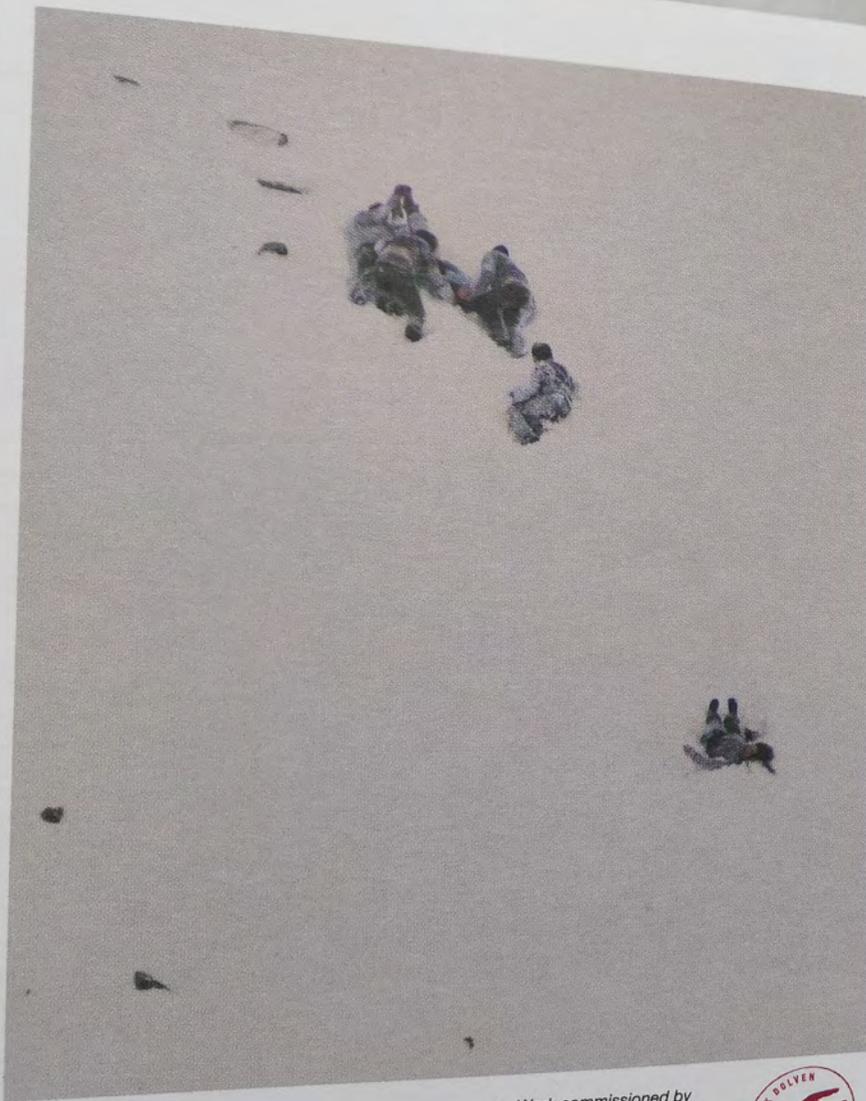
Obra realizada por encargo de
Work commissioned by LABoral



Erika Tan
On a Clear Day, 2008
Video, DVD

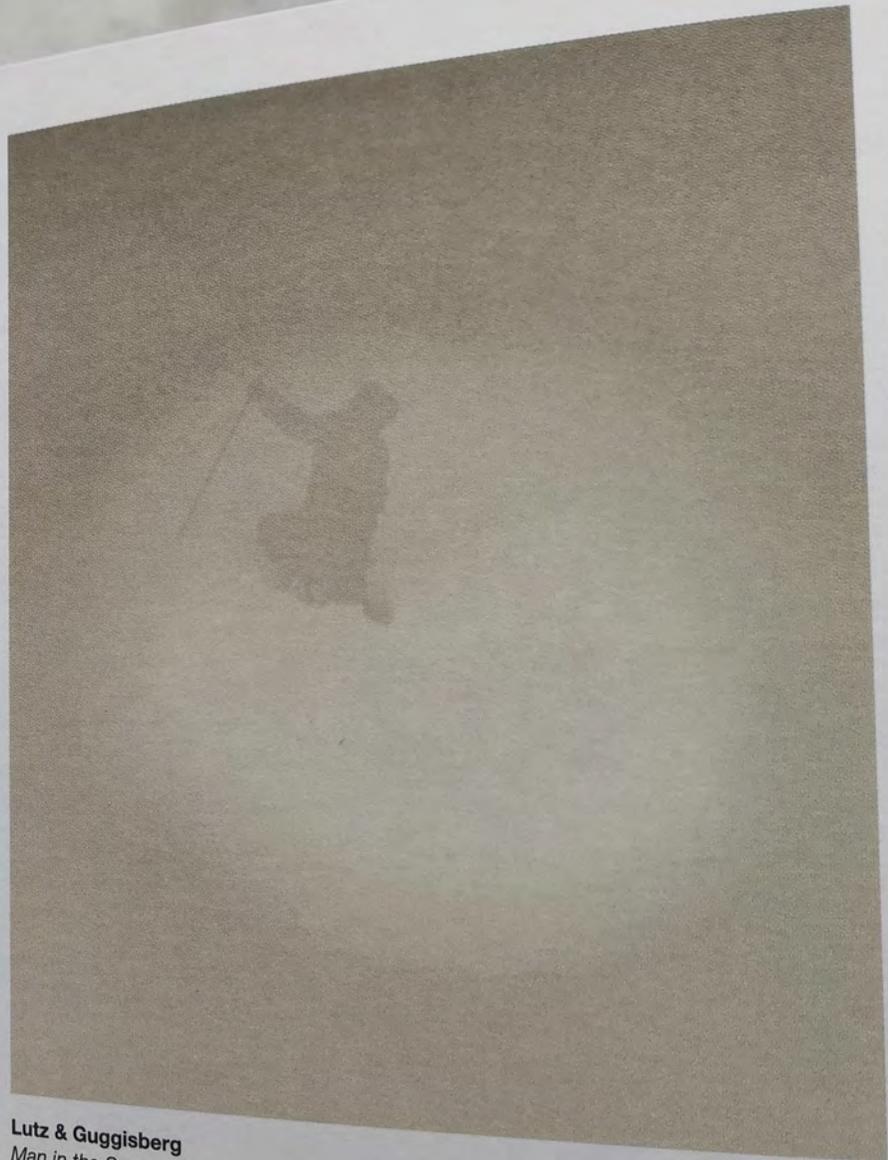
Obra realizada por encargo de *Work commissioned by*
/SLAB, University of Sunderland, Northern Gallery
for Contemporary Art, Sunderland & BankART 1929,
Yokohama





A K Dolven
ahead, 2008
Videoinstalación
Video installation

Obra realizada por encargo de *Work commissioned by*
LABoral & Nordnorsk Kunstmuseum, Tromsø
Con el apoyo de *Supported by* The Royal Norwegian
Embassy in London, Real Embajada de Noruega en
Madrid & Hurtigruten ASA



Lutz & Guggisberg
Man in the Snow, 2005
Video, DVD





Alexander & Susan Maris
Urhel, 2008
Video, HD

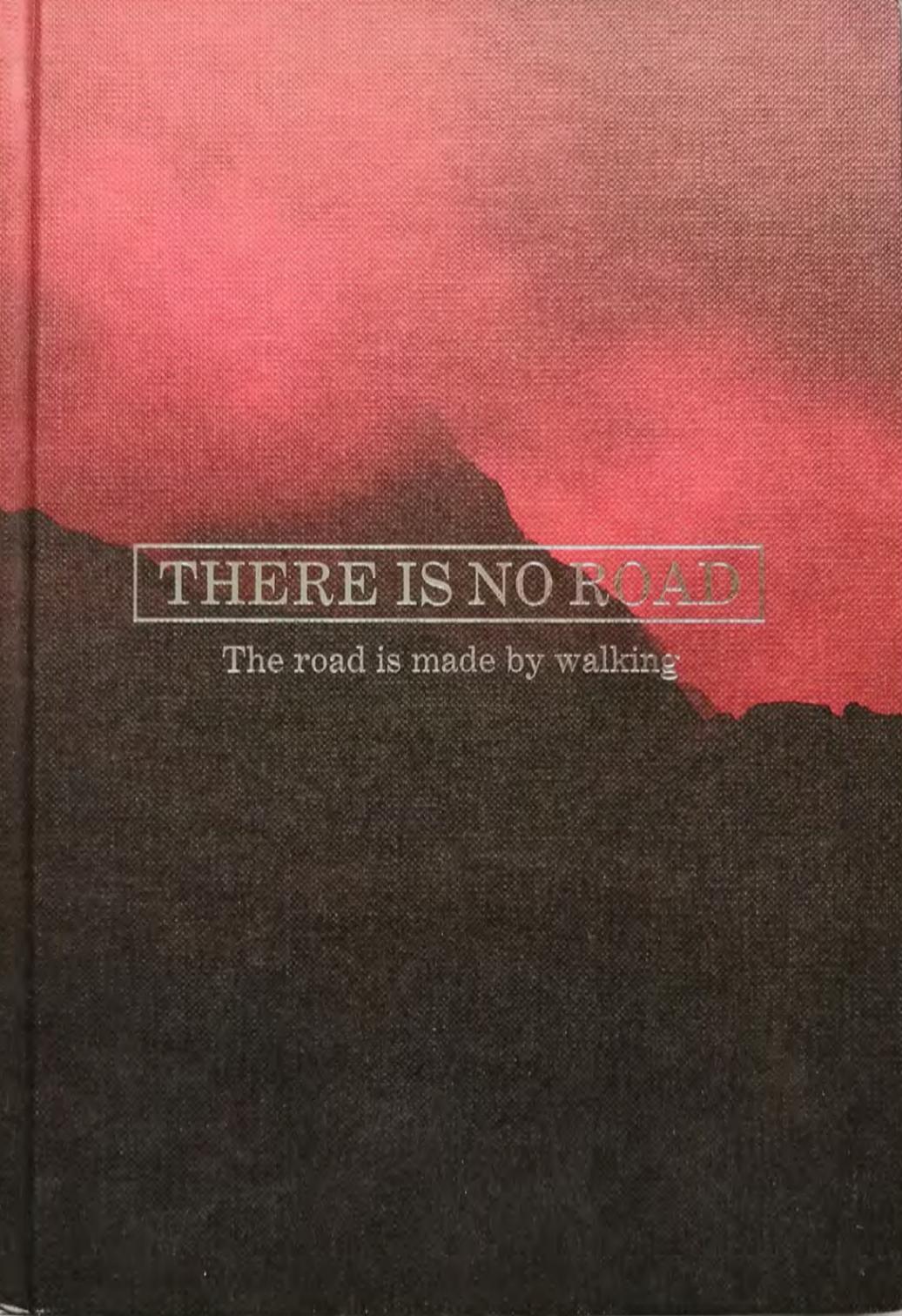
Otra realizada por encargo de
Wolk commissioned by Laboral



Ibon Aranberti
Exercises on the North Side, 2007
Video installation Video installation

Courtesy Courtesy of artist and Concept



The background of the cover is a gradient from a vibrant red at the top to a deep black at the bottom, with a white rectangular box containing the title text.

THERE IS NO ROAD

The road is made by walking



larutanosaportróotroquesnatural.

A Journey to other Journeys

Cajastur

Drawing its inspiration from the famous line “Wanderer, there is no road”, taken from the poet Antonio Machado’s *Proverbs and Songs*, the exhibition *There is No Road* confronts the people of Asturias, and indeed from other origins, with a completely unprecedented way of looking at their surrounding landscape and the remote rugged land of Asturias from a radical different angle, from a perspective in motion.

The ambivalently titled *There is No Road* is undercut by the notion of the duality of the Journey and Nature, a duality also interiorised by humans and consubstantial with art itself. For Cajastur it is a great honour to be able to sponsor this adventure featuring a total of 26 works by 14 artists recording or evoking real or imaginary journeys throughout Asturias.

Through a diversity of visual media, the exhibition invites the visitors to fully engage themselves with these real or imaginary landscapes.

On show in *There is No Road* are photographs, sculptures and all types of animated images, plumbing the essence and beauty of the road, illustrated by understated heroic deeds, romantic expeditions and paths lost in the snow or venturing into the depths of the rain and foggy woods.

The exhibition provides beholders with a unique chance to set off on a journey through a whole series of other journeys, through evocative spaces and simulated experiences, thanks to an exhibition design and layout seamlessly integrated into the very architecture of the building housing it. A truly fascinating experience, *There is No Road* promises the spectator a voyage of discovery.

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The Road of LABoral

Rosina Gómez-Baeza

“Every work of art is born of its own time and, of course, is birthed from the mother of our feelings.”

CONCERNING THE SPIRITUAL IN ART. W. KANDINSKY

Historically speaking, landscape and nature have been a constant source of inspiration for artists and creators. With its raging or calm sea, craggy heights, secluded valleys and its towns and villages as well, Asturias has always been viewed as an exceptional place for creation. It is the subject and inspiration of texts by writers, compositions by musicians, and scenes depicted in painting or through the lens of a camera.

Asturias and its colour contrasts, its physical and also human reality, are again the core focus of *There is No Road (The road is made by walking)*, an exhibition produced by LABoral Centro de Arte y Creación Industrial featuring film, video and audio works, photographs and installations. In it, the curator Steven Bode has attempted “to portray something of the sublime natural beauty of Asturias and other mountainous landscapes, either close at hand or faraway.”

In the 19th century, Carlos de Haes (Brussels, 1826 – Madrid, 1898), a true renovator of landscape painting and a master for many young artists as a professor at the San Fernando Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Madrid, claimed that “the purpose of art is the truth to be found in imitating nature, the source of all beauty, which means that the painter must imitate nature as faithfully as possible, he must know nature and not be carried away by his imagination.” In fact, some of the most beautiful pictures ever made of the Picos de Europa mountains, and which are now part of the collection of the Prado Museum, were painted by De Haes.

Now, 14 artists from seven countries, including the Asturias-born Roberto Lorenzo, pick up this subject matter again to showcase at LABoral their own particular vision of these and other equally emblematic mountains. *There is No Road* ties in with that Romantic tradition of extolling landscape at a historical moment

when sentiment prevailed over reason. Besides, Steven Bode drew his inspiration for this exhibition from the popular lines written by the Spanish poet Antonio Machado in *Campos de Castilla*: "Wanderer there is no road, the road is made by walking." They are the lines of a poet who painfully travelled through life, leaving behind some bare poems that can be seen as pure sadness in motion, yet also full of faith and hope. They articulate a connection between the 26 works on display at LABoral and the history and geography of Asturias in particular, and the north of Spain in general, with those settings no longer seen as mere passing-through places, but transformed instead into territories the artists discover, experience and formulate.

In times of turn-of-century uncertainties and of political and economic turmoil, it is quite frequent for men to turn their eyes inwards in search of responses. And although contemporary art has traditionally looked towards more formal or conceptual codes, we are currently witnessing a re-emergence of an interest in spirituality that is leading artists to involve themselves in an exercise of introspection from which to redefine concepts and situations, formulate new and personal proposals in their works which may be read as a contemplative reaction and as an answer to that external situation.

If, as Kandinsky wrote, "the true artwork is mysteriously born through a mystic way," the artists taking part in *There is No Road* have assumed the challenge of showing us a road, the personal path outlined when confronting overwhelmingly beautiful landscapes in an individual, evocative and intimate dialogue.

For LABoral, *There is No Road* is another step forward on the road it started when it first opened: supporting production. LABoral has collaborated with artists, lending them its support, facilitating resources and professional infrastructures that allow them to develop the creative process with an approach more in consonance with the times. After all, we are a centre not only for exhibition but also for production. Since we opened on March 30th 2007, LABoral has produced 19 exhibitions exploring the state of art creation and laying a solid foundation on which to build future art practices. In virtually all of them there has been some presence of local artists from Asturias, exhibiting works produced by the Centre, because here at LABoral we believe that we have a duty to create the framework and the opportunities for them to 'measure up' to an international context.

Some of these works have already travelled to other places. Just like some of our exhibitions, that have taken the name of Gijón,

Asturias and LABoral to faraway destinations: Austria, Korea, Argentina, Peru, Mexico, Chile and Brazil. On March 13th, ZKM, a leading world reference for new media art located in the German city of Karlsruhe, will open *banquete_nodos y redes*, produced jointly by LABoral with Fundación Telefónica and SEACEX.

There is No Road is yet further proof of LABoral's mission as a centre for production of new work and has brought to Asturias various international creators who have made works here in our Principality. This exhibition is not an exception in LABoral's goal to reconcile the local and the global and to make Asturias a focal point of attention for people all over the world who are truly interested in technological art and creative industries today.

For all the above reasons, I wish to thank Steven Bode for his concept and work as curator, and also the artists for their participation and for creating the works now on show. And, as could not be otherwise, I wish to restate my profound sense of gratitude to the Board of Trustees of Fundación La Laboral. Without their direct involvement and support of our goals and mission, our programming would be very different and far removed from the innovative spirit that drives us.

ROSINA GÓMEZ-BAEZA

is the Director of LABoral Centro de Arte y Creacion Industrial, Gijón

There is No Road (The road is made by walking)

Steven Bode

The title of this exhibition, *There is No Road (The road is made by walking)*, is a translation, into English, of a famous line of poetry by the Spanish writer Antonio Machado: *No hay camino, se hace camino al andar*. A formative step in any Spanish child's education, extensively quoted and covered in literary and popular culture alike, Machado's line is so extraordinarily well-known in Spain that I was convinced that if I wanted to allude to it in this project, it had to be in English. Prompting that little step-back that always accompanies the act of translation, performing a subsequent step to the side to avoid the pitfalls of over-familiarity, shifting the line to the unaccustomed, albeit more prosaic *There is No Road* would also, I hoped, have the effect of encouraging Spanish-speaking audiences to approach it anew, or re-make it for themselves, in an echo of the spirit of Machado's words.

Looking back, in this introductory essay, at a now-completed exhibition, I can see how this unconscious rhetorical tic – namely to proceed along a familiar, even well-worn route, and then almost immediately take off at a tangent – has become something of a leitmotif. Keen to establish a conceptual framework for the project that would resonate with the locality of Asturias, my first thought was to transpose Machado's identification of the *camino* (as the unique yet ephemeral path of each individual's personal journey) to the phenomenon of the Camino de Santiago, the pilgrims' road to Compostela that has brought people, of different backgrounds and nationalities, to the North of Spain for centuries. A seemingly ready-made platform for promoting artistic dialogue and international exchange and a useful vehicle for highlighting the majestic mountain landscapes and the rugged sense of independence that make up a major part of Asturian identity, this guiding metaphor also offered the opportunity to speculate about modern-day definitions of 'pilgrimage' – within the increasingly self-referential field of the contemporary art world, as well as in more mainstream culture.

Although this provided an interesting direction to follow, the ground to be covered seemed off-puttingly crowded and heavily loaded;

and my thoughts started turning, again, to tangential paths. I had grasped (somewhat belatedly) that the main pilgrims' road to Santiago was paralleled by other routes – the more topographically challenging Camino del Norte, which passes through Asturias, travelling up and over the mountains. Intrigued by a road that was notably off the beaten track, and that required considerable effort to negotiate, I wondered how this might be applied to Machado's lines. Not wishing to completely abandon the theme of pilgrimage, and the panoramic scope of long-distance journeys, particularly those undertaken on foot, mountains, especially iconic or 'sacred' mountains, loomed larger and larger on the horizon of the project – as magnetic destinations for journeys, and also as obstacles to their completion.

Any exhibition of artists' journeys to 'mountains, off-road places and other remote destinations' must be prepared to encounter and, if necessary, grapple with, a longstanding Romantic tendency (still very much alive in these 'less-travelled', out-of-the-way locations) to associate wild nature with existential truth, mountains with metaphysical speculation, and landscape (especially *journeying* through landscape) with self-discovery and creative illumination; cultural predilections, like the enduring notion of the 'sublime', that hover around mountain imagery like persistent, if beguiling, mist. Off-message, and increasingly off-limits, within much recent contemporary art, ideas of the sublime as a kind of ineffable pinnacle of truth and beauty, only to be gazed upon by rare individuals with a heightened feeling for and receptivity to nature, have been briskly and unsentimentally cast aside. Nonetheless, this lingering attachment to landscape as a source of wonder and inspiration continues to chime with large numbers of people, and still has a seductive appeal. As in other instances throughout the course of the exhibition, *There is No Road* starts out by signposting some long-held and still prevalent positions but then branches out to explore parallel and competing points of view.

Alive to the ways in which mountains continue to exert a cultural fascination, but equally alert to the myths that accumulate around them, Ibon Aranberri's *Exercises on the North Side* suggested itself immediately as one of the cornerstones of the exhibition. Examining our relationship to mountains through the long, often aggrandising lens of the mountain film, Aranberri's multifaceted work revolves around a series of raw documentary sequences of two or three climbs in the Pyrenees. Presented, with similar informality, on a portable projection screen, this vivid but fragmented footage is accompanied, in its expanded installation setting, by photographs and other

ancillary visual material, scattered haphazardly around the space, or frozen in vitrines, like so much glittering debris.

The mountain film genre, like cinema itself, had risen to become one of the spectacles of the 20th century, overlapping with, and extending, an era of Romantic individualist adventure in which most of the world's great mountain summits were conquered for the first time.

Aranberri eschews this heroic trajectory, and the equally obvious narrative routes by which film frequently serves to represent it, by insisting that the climbers (who have no prior film-making experience) determine the look and structure of the film. In this, he might be accused of advancing, or falling prey to, an illusion of innocence – the climbers he works with are part of a recent vogue in mountaineering circles which advocates returning to 'classic' techniques (in part to lessen any ecological imprint) or re-discovering forgotten ascents, in search of a kind of alpinist off-piste. What emerges, however, is something much more material – a zigzag path of translation, interpretation and negotiation whose stop-start nature and explicit rehearsing of a multiplicity of choices echoes both the wider collective ethos and the iterative, incremental process of climbing itself.

Aranberri's exercises in the field of representation mesh neatly with Erika Tan's complex study of the iconography of Mount Fuji, *The Syntactical Impossibility of Approaching with a Pure Heart*; another work that powerfully integrates moving-image material into a more sculptural installation configuration. Although the idea that Fuji has many faces, and cannot ever be reduced to a single image, was set in motion by Hokusai 200 years ago, Tan's multi-layered inventory of internet j-pegs, digital snapshots, video animations and collective drawings from memory provides a deft extended commentary for our media-saturated age.

Another key component in the development of the exhibition was Lutz & Guggisberg's *Man in the Snow*. A kind of snow-scene distillation of a mountain film (complete with nostalgically grainy black-and-white footage and faintly audible crystalline piano), this short video loop shows a man in old-fashioned mountain gear on the verge of disappearing into the white-out of a blizzard, and, beyond that, one supposes, into the void. This emblematic existential motif, more tragicomic than sublime, was made more so by the appearance of another work by the duo, shown nearby. *Population* consists of a multitude of misshapen, charred wooden birds, arranged in a disorderly phalanx as if at the end of a long and hazardous migratory journey. Positioned

at the end of the foyer en route to the main gallery space, explicitly facing against the flow of the exhibition, the birds have a gnostic, admonitory presence; a harbinger, perhaps, of the uncertainties of the road ahead.

Throughout the exhibition, the presence of a road across a landscape, along with the topographical features of the landscape itself, is often obscured by rain and mist. In the main gallery space, the first two works on display, *Landscape* by Axel Antas and *Fog Walking* by Ergin Cavuşoğlu, are curtain-raisers in which a shimmering curtain of fog never quite proceeds to lift. The elemental interplay of precipitation and rock is prefigured in Annabel Howland's *Separated Flow (Between Mountains and Sea)*, a giant photo cut-out (in the foyer) which conjures the illusion of a vast mountain range from images of restless waves. Further on into the gallery, the cinematic mountain-scapes by Gabriel Díaz and Alexander & Susan Maris (of Mount Everest, and Asturias' own Picu Uriellu respectively) are also subject to the variables of time and the vicissitudes of weather. The mountains are in the clouds, as the saying goes, and the clouds are in the mountains. As is the case with Mount Fuji in Erika Tan's video projection *On a Clear Day*, these iconic landmark peaks seem disinclined to reveal their full identity, or present a cryptic, ever-changing face.

In A K Dolven's *ahead*, the road is clear, but it is a road to nowhere. Struggling, as if compelled, up the steep snow-covered slope of a wintry mountain, half a dozen figures carry one of their companions backwards and ever upwards, in search of shelter or, more likely, a temporary, or final, resting-place. There is no clue to what lies ahead, nor is there any insight as to what has happened beforehand. Away from the compelling *tableau vivant* of the monumental video projection, a small video monitor captures fleeting expressions of effort and anguish on the individual faces of the group. What we are seeing may simply be the aftermath of a tragic accident in bleak, unforgiving terrain, but there is something also in the ritual nature of the procession, and the stark, painterly symbolism of the scene, that recalls a band of penitents seeking oblivion or salvation in a long, difficult trek through the wilderness.

In thrall to an equally powerful obsession, Simon Faithfull's *0°00 Navigation* plumbs the degree-zero of the Greenwich meridian, its deadpan passage through the landscape of southern and eastern England interspersed with picaresque urban interludes that lend a comic, almost slapstick dimension to the film. Proving that there is

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nothing more quixotic than sticking to an absolutely straight line, Faithfull climbs fences and fords streams, and is occasionally obliged to trespass rather than deviate from his path. Followed, at respectful remove, by his camera-toting Sancho Panza, he will let nothing get in the way of the fulfilment of his quest. Setting his course at all times along a line that does not exist, Faithfull's cartographic pilgrim's progress (his virtuous spiritual compass superseded by the instant routefinder of a handheld GPS device) is also an affectionate *reductio ad absurdum* of those high-concept artists' journeys by pioneering icons such as Hamish Fulton or Richard Long, whose legendary, long-distance walks (gravitating, intriguingly, on several occasions, toward the wild landscapes of Spain) not only establish ground-breaking precedents but, for a younger generation of artists, are dauntingly hard acts to follow for their formal rigour and hard-won, slightly fearsome authenticity.

Off to the side of *0°00 Navigation* is a series of 12 small digital drawings (the number may be coincidental) of crows that Faithfull has spotted while out walking in different places across the globe, each bird tagged with its precise GPS location. This congregation of birds (the collective noun in English is a 'murder' of crows) mocks our preoccupation with keeping time and marking place. While we put our trust in the expression 'as the crow flies' as an index of speed and efficacy, the crow has a comparable place in mythology as a maverick, trickster figure. As in other pivotal points within the exhibition, at which ominous, mysterious birds stand watch over acts of human endeavour-cum-folly, these uncanny, apparitional presences (elusive *peregrines* to our earthbound human pilgrims) are a counterpoint, even a rejoinder, to our apparent need to religiously, reverentially follow a line.

The line of a path up into the mountains in the audio (and photographic) work *Negotiating Picu Cuturruñau* is traced by the equally symbolic figure of an Asturian shepherd. Or rather it is negotiated jointly, by the shepherd and artist Simon Pope, his companion on this vigorous five-hour hike – the only hitch in what was agreed would be a collaborative decision-making process (walking without a map, they had to decide a route to take, and, at forks in the road, which direction to go) being the lack of any shared language in which they were able to converse. Making their way by hesitant steps (uncovering ancient, neglected trails of which even the shepherd was unaware), and with frequent recourse to rudimentary gestures and universal signs, the duo finally reach their appointed destination, where they convene

with a translator, who turns their stunted conversation into a mediated dialogue, recounting what each walker remembered of the landscape, and the various decision-points along the way. Dramatising walking as a ruminative activity, whose awkward solitary longueurs sharpen not just our capacity for memory but a deeper desire for sociality, Pope, like Aranberri, foregrounds signification and exchange as a fundamental part of our experience of landscape. Steering clear of Romantic notions in which mountains and other exceptionally scenic landscapes are regarded as places of heightened spiritual awakening, *Negotiating Picu Cuturruñau* favours an engaged, step-by-step approach; providing, through the medium of the shepherd/translator, a version of the pastoral in which landscape is not the preserve of a transcendent spirit but actively made, and tended, by human agency.

The final work in the exhibition – the video projection *La ruta* by the Asturian artist Roberto Lorenzo – also revisits the line of a path marked out by a mentor or guide. In this case, it is the Asturian climber Rosa Fernández, arguably the most famous mountaineer in Spain, with whom Lorenzo has collaborated, as editor, on videos recording her various expeditions to most of the world's highest peaks. Here, Lorenzo's line of approach is much more straightforward, namely to walk, with his camera, through one of Fernández's favourite haunts (the nature reserve of Redes in the heart of Asturias). Performing a brief circuit through these autumnal woods (the immersive steadicam footage carrying the viewer along in its wake), Lorenzo follows her instructions to the letter, echoing, as he does so, the formal symmetry of the palindrome by which he prefaces the piece, each half of which, of course, is shadowed (and completed) by the other. *La ruta nos aportó otro paso natural*: it says. ('The road contributes another natural step': it translates, more clumsily, into English). At this point on our journey, there is no desire to stray, to sidestep, to suggest an alternative. On this occasion, it makes absolute sense to stick to the original line.

STEVEN BODE

is the Director of Film and Video Umbrella, London, and the curator of *There is No Road*. In his time at Film and Video Umbrella he has curated over 100 artists' projects, as well as major shows for Photographers' Gallery, London and the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

The Road (No Road)

Sean Cubitt

“What you depart from is not the way”

Perhaps Pound was quoting from a Chinese source in this line from the *Cantos*, or perhaps he made it up in imitation of one. Either way, it is ripe with meanings. One of them is: the place you leave is not the road. The first step of the journey negates the place from which you depart. A road is not a line between two fixed points. The creation of a path begins by annihilating the ‘here’ that you set out from. The road is what you leave behind. Once in motion, we have no home. Which is how Pound’s line carries its second meaning: wherever you travel, that is your way, your only home. The way is the *travelling*, not what you leave, nor your destination. And a third meaning: if you set yourself a destination but turn off the road towards it, you haven’t lost your way: you have discovered another.

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I
I took the one less traveled by

The road is the walking of it. There is no other road than the one that you walk. A car is bound to its highway, and it is its own point of departure, its own destination. Inside the car is a little living room: two armchairs, a sofa, and a big screen to watch as you sit. A car is not a road nor even on one. It is trapped in its own eternal repetition. It does not travel, because it cannot leave the place it came from. It is its own point of departure and its own destination. That is not the way. It only imitates, a pale representation of the walking that makes its own road.

For a brief moment in Alexander & Susan Maris’ *Uriel*, a jet plane appears in the sky over Picu Uriellu. The difference in scale is immense: from the texture of rock face to the whisper of contrail, and the bright moment when the sun catches on the brushed aluminium of the plane’s body before it winks out again into insignificance, a fading murmur of cloud in a brilliant sky over a small, rugged space on the mountain that contains already everything it requires. Not only the

horrible enclosure of jet travel and its grim refusal of anything to look at, but the other temporality of powered flight: the demand to be elsewhere now that suspends you in a bubble of pressurised air midway between somewhere and anywhere. Not only the non-place of an airline seat, but the non-time, where time is the substance of the mountain, the drift of light that turns a grey smear into a vivid mirror, or draws a patch of heath out of grey-green obscurity for a minute and then shades it once again as the gap in the clouds moves on. This circumnavigation of the mountain, with its humble observations of the small and distant marks of human activity, is a homage to the other orders of time that we lose in the urge to burn all our carbon.

Roads, like mountains, live in time. Roads recall the feet that made them, the hooves, the wooden wheels, the sleds, the tyres. To observe the road is to re-inhabit its time. Cartographers must try to assign a definition to a road. Their abstract task is to remove the road from history. The further we remove ourselves from the experience of the road, by cocooning ourselves in three-piece suites inside air-conditioned machines behind glass screens, the more we abstract from the experience of time, the more we approximate to the timeless, experienceless cartography of the abstract road. Simon Faithfull's *0°00 Navigation* follows just such a trace of geometry across an actual world, its humour grounded in the impossible mismatch between the rules of longitude and their application to the baffling solidity of actual places, people and things.

The task of the artist is to return its deep temporality to the road. To turn its sounds, and the texture of the journey, into a negotiation, a dialogue freed from the iron law of grammar by the necessity to make sense, and to make the word 'sense' include all the senses, as in Simon Pope's soundwork *Negotiating Picu Cuturruñau*. The journey that begins by emptying out the point of departure, a-voiding it, e-vading it, is always an experience in time and of time. In the age of the database, the spreadsheet and the geographical information system, the art of narrative is no longer dominant. It is instead the residual expression of time: the time of life, the time of history, time which is the living dimension where the human can think, and act. Strangely it is through space that we come at time, even today when geography seems to have conquered history, when the net and globalisation seem to have sapped the world of past and future. Ergin Çavuşoğlu's *Fog Walking* suspends Biscay fogs over landscapes whose shapes are products of the very fog that obscures them. Mansions, statues, a parked car on a sunset road, lights fading into

dark, geology, rocks, all suffer the sea-change of warm Gulf Stream waters becoming vapour in the swirl and eddy of the coast. On the soundtrack, we strain to hear the massed chords of Stravinsky's score under the endless sussurations of the ocean, the crisp sound of foot-falls. Just so we strain towards clarity through the darkness, the fog, and perhaps most of all the artefacts of the electronic image, itself a kind of fog that both hides and reveals.

In the age of media, the old truth, that communication and ethics both began in the face-to-face meeting of self and other, no longer holds. For most of us, for most of the time, the great communications and the most urgent ethical demands arrive through screens. Under the pressure to respond, we ignore the screen itself, but the screen too is a journey. In the high-definition works by Roberto Lorenzo and the Marises, the eye wanders over the screen seeking the telling detail, noting the grain of light. In the lower-resolution works, like Erika Tan's *Public Domain*, the details are artefacts of the image and the video compression used to make them speedier to use online. In both cases, the screen is not a window, or a mirror, but a labyrinth, a surface without a map, waiting for the saccadic wanderer to trace a path, to bring into the space of the image the time of viewing, to reintroduce the accident of movement that draws the image out of its seclusion, into an encounter. That is the task of the viewer: to abandon where they are, just as we had to when a stranger demanded our help back in the days when we could still meet strangers, out there on the road. To see these works, it is essential not to stay where you are, but to surrender to the infinite demand they make on us to be elsewhere, in the impossible space between making and presenting, in the image, as voyagers.

Hokusai's and Hiroshige's *Views of Mount Fuji* stand, respectively, 200 and 150 years after their first printing, as models of the image as voyage, not only a record of one. The pilgrimage is not to Fuji, but to and into the image of Fuji, and it is the viewer, not the artist, who is the pilgrim. Tan's collection of Fuji views, drawn and photographed, is a pilgrimage to the imagination of Fuji, to the histories of pilgrimages into images of Fuji, a metapilgrimage which recognises the absurd strangeness of the image itself, its dislocation but also, simultaneously, its re-inhabiting of the place from which the act of representing the immediate severs it and to which it binds it back again.

The depth of time between the masters' ukiyo-e prints and Tan's collection of depictions of the 'perfect mountain', and the varie-

ties of vision that Hokusai and Hiroshige revelled in, elucidate the reason why Fuji might stand for the infinite. It is never the same, never seen in the same conditions or by the same eyes, or from the same point. As in the subtly catalogued views of Everest in Gabriel Díaz's installation, each expression is an ephemeral clutch at perfection which both grasps and loses in the same gesture. The beauty of these passes at a vision will evoke the sacred, but the sacred is today another changing thing. It is no longer out there and beyond: it is a practice, a set of technologies of contemplation, and its object is no longer the world that exists for itself out there beyond our comprehension, but the very instruments of mediation that we must travel through to gain an intimation of the destination for all our journeying, a destination we are forbidden to desire, and toward which we must not bend our steps.

Roberto Lorenzo too is fascinated by the endless approach towards a goal that forever offers itself and forever vanishes, an end of a rainbow. Turning off the main road into a lane or byway is the traveller's delight: it is there from the early travel writings of Laurence Sterne, through Hilaire Belloc to Patrick Leigh Fermor. The road exists to be turned away from, so that the wilds, the little fields, the patches of wilderness open themselves up to the one who is unhurried and has nowhere to arrive at. But the road is also an inheritance, a path that links us to the myriad others who, in the days or centuries before, walked this way, smelt this air, left their traces in the earth.

Or failed to. In Lutz & Guggisberg's *Man in the Snow*, a figure labours through the light, struggling towards visibility or invisibility as snow, physical and electronic, disrupts his outline, his solidity, his presence. The road engulfs the human, empties it here of its presumption that of all things that exist, it exists the most. So too in Annabel Howland's landscapes, the viewer is invited to disappear into the pictured landscape, like Lutz & Guggisberg's disappearing climber, clutching the blank flag of null identity, the true prize of the road. Reprising the foggy motif of Tan's *On A Clear Day*, their work points softly towards the mists, fogs and penumbra of Çavaşoğlu's and Antas' offerings, where subjectivity migrates from the human to the landscape, even to the birds who drift through the exhibition like the pilgrims that they are.

We may feel that here we have left the cities and towns we live in and come face to face with Gaia. But of course we haven't. Flann O'Brien's character de Selby was unsure about cinema, "but I understand it is a dark sort of a place where people go to stare at the

wall." We have come face to face with technologies of mediation, and with all their complex interconnections of manufacture, standards, regulation, governance, legality, economics, engineering, design and distribution. We face the world through this vast tangle of tainted realities, and yet... we still see through them. Like the funiculars of Tan's work and the Marises, these mediations mediate, estrange, abstract, and yet they do indeed take us to some place other than the one we inhabit. The strange magic of video, or of audiovisual media, is this doubling of the world that at once removes and brings together. As one step begins, another ends, always starting, always ending.

For Erika Tan, Ibon Aranberri, Alexander & Susan Maris and A K Dolven, the mountains are the wall, the screen where images appear. In their rawness they speak of the scale of human effort and human time. Images of mountains can only with difficulty escape participation in the European tradition of the sublime. The sublime is the opposite of the beautiful. It is the very thing itself, raw, inhuman in its scale and power, that escapes knowledge, familiarity, cultivation, enjoyment, understanding or change. The mists, fogs, clouds and electronic sprites that move between us and the imaged mountain are the evidence of beauty: that mountains do not simply exist, alien and immutable. They are on the contrary places made by their scarcity, their difficulty, their challenges intellectual and physical. They exist only in their confrontation with humans, and in their mediation through technologies, from hiking boots to helicopters, sunscreen to cameras. They make us work, and in that work we come to our understanding of the temporality as well as the geology of the great rocks, the sheer faces, the startling meteorology. In Gabriel Díaz's work we see, it may be, Everest, but also the idea of Everest, the Roof of the World, the icon of Empire, the tourist spot. The world is here, but in a way that only technological mediation can achieve, and if it is here at all, it is in some sense more here than if we all went to Nepal to stand where Díaz stood. And would we, if we were to stand there, surrounded by things that the mountain does not want or need, would we see anything there more than Díaz has seen, with his miraculous time-lapse? Would we understand the eternal peace of the name 'Everest' any better for having flown there? Like any science, any art of knowing, this art brings us both further from and closer to the mountain. It helps us understand that we have responsibility, not freedom.

These are experiments with time. The unchanging faces of mountains change, by the minute, the second, the frame. The ocean is itself and not itself forever. The very air is alive. Light, which is

the raw material of life and of the image, is unstill, omniform, curved and particulate. It masses and dissolves. It enters into the circuit of electronics by changing its nature from photon to electron and back again. In permanent revolution, the world anchors itself in a recording, so that it can be what it always was, infinitely other to itself as well as to us.

And there, in the time of light, arises another twist in the road. This tangle of photons and wires, magnetic drives and paper, is human through and through. In our machines we store the wisdom of our ancestors. In our landscapes and heaths, there is never only one man or one woman but always two, or three, a crowd, a multitude. The road from there to here, the road that comes to a parting of the ways in this gallery, dissolves the insistent egomania of contemporary capital. If that were all, it would be enough; but there is more. These images are witnesses: they say there was one who came, who brought with him the black boxes where we store the ancient dead, who brought their wisdoms back to life in capturing and storing these evanescent images. And in so many of them we see more, the tiny footfalls in the valley, the struggle up the snow-clad slope, the mutual dependence of each on all. So they evoke, enable and encourage another multiplicity, a social self that undertakes to act across languages, to help and care, to be experienced by the road as much as to experience it.

In such rich dialogues, individually and collectively, these works speak to one another, to their sources, to the commonality of experiences which are now all too uncommon. They articulate the mutual dependency of nature, technology and the social animal in the construction of the momentary, ephemeral utopia of the journey, the expression of the greatness of human responsibility which is never only human, and never alone.

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Song of Ascents

George Stolz

“O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there.”

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Max Frisch's short novel *Man in the Holocene* details the daily movements of an elderly man, living alone in a small village in the Western Alps, during a period of unusually heavy rain in early summer. Day after day the rain falls. The road – the only road that connects the valley to the world beyond – has been blocked by rock slippage: Herr Geiser – the novel's main character, and virtually its only one – listens in vain for the tooting three-note horn of the mail truck bringing communication and news from the city. Geiser is from the city himself – from Basel, where his only daughter still lives, five hours away – but upon retirement he has chosen to settle in Ticino: people can grow old anywhere, he remarks.

The rain lightens then returns, as does the heavy fog. Geiser learns to distinguish, and consequently classify, different types of thunder: simple; stuttering; echoing; rolling and bumping; drumming; hissing; bowling-pin-like; hesitant; blasting.

The electricity fails: Geiser must resort to candles for light and must dispose of the food stored in the deep-freeze before it rots. With neither television nor radio, Geiser takes to studying the 12-volume encyclopedia from his small library, laboriously copying out whole entries by hand as an aid to memory for, as he tells himself, there is no knowledge without memory. It occurs to him how much simpler it would be to cut out the entries with scissors and tack them to the walls. Soon his home – or at least those parts of his home that are panelled by wood, since the tacks do not stay fixed in the dampened, crumbling plaster – is a gallery of papers: cut-out charts of the geologic ages of the earth, illustrations of dinosaurs and lizards, word definitions, local historical information, biblical quotes.

Geiser distinguishes further types of thunder: groaning; chat-

tering; cushioned; skidding; crackling; screeching; whispering. He suffers bouts of forgetfulness, not remembering why he is standing in front of the sink wearing his hat, why he has come into a room, how many days have passed. He notices a numbness in his left eyelid, a tight feeling above his left temple, a lingering headache. He considers but rules out suicide.

Geiser determines to strike out on foot despite the weather, to descend from the Swiss alpine village toward the Italian border where he can find transportation to the comfort of Basel. He packs his rucksack, methodically including a flashlight, a change of clothes, traveller's cheques, his passport, maps and a magnifying glass to read them. He departs at dawn: long after midnight he, Geiser, who as a young man had scaled the summit of the Matterhorn, barely manages to stumble back to his own home, soaked through, limbs aching and bruised.

Geiser shuts his windows. The electricity returns but Geiser does not come to the door when concerned neighbours ring the bell, nor does he answer the telephone. He finds himself lying at the bottom of the stairs, not remembering having fallen. His daughter, who has a key to the locked front door, arrives and talks to him as if talking to a child. She opens the windows; the draught blows Geiser's papers from the wall into a confused mess on the floor. Geiser does not care: nature needs no names, he has come to understand.

Man in the Holocene is a quiet novel of lapses and silences. There is a subdued musical quality, a sort of recitative in wait of an aria that never comes, to its spareness, to its clipped sentences and fragmentary paragraphs, to the rhythms of its rests and pauses; it is a quality that extends even to the book's typography, with its generous spacing between paragraphs and its cut-out encyclopedia entries and illustrations indecorously inserted into the text on the page much as they are tacked onto Geiser's walls. But even within the novel's attenuation, Frisch's character Geiser has a powerful, discerning mind: so discerning, indeed, that it discerns its own encroaching diminishment. Hence the tragedy portrayed: a mind observing, observing itself, and thus conscious of its own waning powers, including those of observation. Geiser monitors his own deteriorating mental faculties with the same apprehension as he observes the signs of slippage and erosion in the rain-drenched mountain landscape surrounding him; just as each incipient flaw on the cliff-face bodes the catastrophe of a landslide or avalanche – “the whole mountain could begin to slide, burying the village forever” – so each lapse of his awareness, each slip of recall, threatens the catastrophe of the loss of the mind. And

with the mind goes not only all that which memory contains, but all that in which the mind believes, from a belief in the existence of the self to the belief in the existence of God. The threat is great indeed.

This identification of mind and mountain, worked by Frisch to such great effect in *Man in the Holocene*, immediately and inevitably calls up notions of that aesthetic category referred to as the sublime. From Longinus onward nearly all discussion of sublimity resorts at some point to mountain imagery (along with that of raging seas, starry skies, coursing rivers, roaring volcanoes, and the like, but especially that of mountains) in order to provide examples of a vastness in the face of which the mind can only respond with instinctive wonder and awe. At the same time, there is often at play in the use of such lofty language an implicit association between the visual perspective provided by great heights and the 'elevated' mind's capacity for knowingness and perspicacity, a state for which Caspar David Friedrich's *Wanderer Above a Sea of Fog* ('above' being key) provides an apt and even emblematic visual token. Even Kant – who probably never saw a mountain first-hand, but whose remarkable imagination was fuelled by the published travel reports of the Swiss alpinist and proto-geologist Horace-Bénédict de Saussure – feels free in his *Analytic of the Sublime* to refer to “shapeless mountain masses piled in wild disorder upon each other with their pyramids of ice.”¹

Perhaps precisely because of his lack of first-hand knowledge of mountains, Kant's discussion of the Sublime is intensely psychological in tenor, making his employment of the mountain-mind paradigm particularly complex and frequently abstract: moreover, as in Frisch's novel, it is fundamentally reflexive. In the Kantian dynamic of the sublime, the mind, to its pain, contemplates the mountain's vastness, only to find its contemplation soon thrown back, to its pleasure, upon itself. Kant is explicit in this: the mountain is not, in and of itself, sublime; sublimity resides in the mind of the subject 'judging'. The aesthetic judgment – or perhaps the basic human emotion – of sublimity is triggered by observation, but sublimity does not reside in the thing observed: it is in the mind, in the observing mind and the mind observed which, in Kant's telling term, is consequently 'moved.'²

¹ Kant, E. 1914. *Critique of Judgment*. London: Macmillan and Co. (Translated by J. H. Bernard). Reprinted 2005, New York: Dover Publications. P. 70

² “The mind feels itself *moved* in the representation of the sublime in nature... This movement may (especially in its beginnings) be compared to a vibration, i.e. to a quickly alternating attraction towards, and repulsion from, the same object” P. 72

Thus in Kant's formulation it becomes clear that the sublime is not a static condition, but is rather a sequence, characterised by oscillatory movement. It does not entail a single transcendent process of unification, but rather of separation, of differentiation, even of dissociation and pain. But this pain is always purposive³, precisely because it induces further mental self-reflection that reaffirms the enduring existence and validity of those same powers of reflection. Ultimately, the movement-based mental process of the sublime is transformative; and, having been transformed, the mind reveals itself to be fundamentally mutable. Hence its strength.

But hence also its vulnerability. This underlies Kant's entire schema; if, as Kant writes, the mind bears a "consciousness of its own strength," it must be conscious of other states and aspects of itself as well, states and aspects without which the stutter-stepped sequence of the sublime could not occur at all. Such was the basis for Frisch's brilliant stroke in *Man in the Holocene* – to maintain the psychologically resonant mountain-mind metaphor intact, yet to extend it on its own terms, to allow it to grow, to mature, to age even into tremulous old age, with a result that comes across as more faithful to what most of us ever experience in our own lives than that of the heedless, healthy and presumably wealthy young men in quest of rapturous Romantic self-discovery. And once begun, further such extension is not only possible but indeed inexorable, for mutability encompasses a wider range of alternatives to invulnerable stasis – multiplicity and variability, contradiction and superposition (to 'be of two minds'), degeneration, delicacy and doubt, to name but a few – and only the most obtuse take vulnerability to be entirely synonymous with weakness. Indeed, without the mind's mutability – its capacity to observe itself observing, and its capacity to change – there would be no consciousness in the first place, and consciousness *per se*, as Arthur Danto concludes in his own essay on the sublime⁴, is wondrous, more wondrous and awe-inspiring than any mountain masses or raging seas. It is "the marvel of consciousness," as Danto recounts Nabokov's description of it, "that sudden window swinging open on a sunlit landscape amid the night of non-being." It is sublime.

³ "The *quality* of the feeling of the sublime is that it is a feeling of pain ... which pain, however, is represented at the same time as purposive. This is possible through the fact that the very incapacity in question discovers the consciousness of an unlimited faculty."

⁴ Danto, A. 2003. 'Beauty and Sublimity' in *The Abuse of Beauty*. Chicago: Open Court Press.

A revisiting of the changed but enduring relationship between minds and mountains – the template of the sublime – runs through *There is No Road*; above all, it is seen in the insistent and recurring role of what is referred to as ‘collective intelligence’, a hallmark of our time and a defining characteristic of much of the work in this exhibition.

For instance, in Ibon Aranberri’s *Exercises on the North Side*, sun-drenched, snow-capped mountains are inexpertly filmed by the expert mountaineers who are climbing them. The mountaineers are a tight-knit team, and they are focused; the mental lens through which they survey that which they will soon ascend is practical rather than artistic, keener on locating safe toe-holds in the rock than framing glorious vistas of the whole. As such the work presented to the viewer – an intense, 19-minute colour film, silent and enigmatic and beautiful, itself a collaborative effort on various levels before reaching the exhibition space – becomes a metaphor for the critical analysis process itself, so fixedly and insistently and even distortingly rooted in its object. We are far from the solitude of Caspar David Friedrich’s wanderer here: knowledge here does not result from being ‘above’.

Similarly, Erika Tan’s *The Syntactical Impossibility of Approaching with a Pure Heart* injects a sort of turbo-charged overdrive to the peripatetic tradition of Hokusai and Hiroshige by presenting not only multiple views of Mount Fuji, but by availing herself of the multiple viewpoints of multiple others culled from the Internet’s ever-multiplying super-abundance of information. The traditional tenet that reality is composed of multiple, shifting viewpoints, with no fixed centre, a tenet basic to the Buddhist teachings of Japan, is exploded exponentially: does infinity times infinity equal infinity? The resulting collaborative installation thus incorporates and furthers this collective or social element, very much in keeping with the mountain’s continuing social function as collective symbol in Tokyo and beyond: regardless of whether Fuji is visible or not, the idea of Fuji will be found in minds everywhere.

The unsettling mountain imagery of A K Dolven’s *ahead* overlaps with the earlier cited works but to a markedly different effect. The ground-cover of fallen snow that fills the photographic frame, while sharpening the outline of the human figures for which it provides a backdrop, simultaneously abstracts all spatial reference: were it not for the movement of those figures, we would have no way of determining which way the snow-covered ground slopes, if at all. But we do know, for we witness the figures struggling desperately uphill,

transporting a body identifiable as human but as little more than that. As with Aranberri's mountaineers and Tan's anonymous contributors, theirs is a collective effort, yet there is something much more ritualistic to it – are they bringing this body uphill to safety, or to sacrifice? – something psychologically archetypal, something drawn from myth, some Sisyphean punishment meted out for some unspecified sin. They slip and stumble; they exhaust themselves; they help each other; they fail. And they do so collectively.

Related motifs appear and reappear in varying degrees of explicitness throughout *There is No Road*. In *El aliento de Chomolugma* Gabriel Díaz fragments views of Everest, but does so only in order to re-compress them in space and time, attaining an overview not from a geographic height but from a different dimension, a raised temporal vantage point. Axel Antas' *Landscape* offers a painterly study of light and colour and vaporous textures, a camera fixed on a meadow, with nothing moving but the ever-so-slight lifting and settling of the fog – until, for a thrilling instant, a dark bird swoops by, a harbinger of Wallace Stevens' lines "When the blackbird flew out of sight / It marked the edge / Of one of many circles." Alexander & Susan Maris' *Uriel* proceeds implacably, circling the mountain peak through the course of a day, the light and shadow in constant change along with the camera's constant motion.

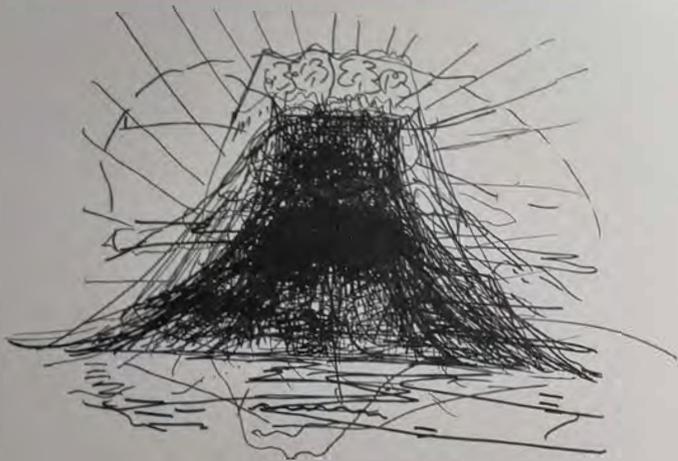
In all this revisiting of the sublime that is characteristic of the mountain imagery found in *There is No Road*, movement is brought to the fore, in contrast to much earlier mountain imagery in art, yet still very much in keeping with Kant's paradigmatic formulation. But the same subject matter also invokes a less visible but no less profound aspect of the exhibition.

As discussed earlier, the movement-based process of the sublime is ultimately a transformative one: the mind returns to itself, still itself, but changed nonetheless (like Roberto Lorenzo's palindrome-entitled *La ruta nos aportó otro paso natural*.) In this, the process of the sublime approximates a pilgrimage, a pilgrimage to the limits of the mind – and the notion of pilgrimage is what lends *There is No Road* its most powerful undercurrent. A pilgrimage is not simply a long or difficult voyage. For a pilgrimage to attain its completion, the pilgrim must return to the place of departure: transformed, but returned. The voyage is circular, reflexive, a song of descent as well as ascent. The pilgrimage sites and mountains themselves may be held sacred – Ararat, Olympus, Sinai, Shasta, Kailas, Kilimanjaro, Katadhin, Tai Shan, Carmel, Agung, Athos, Everest – but in the

spiritual voyage of pilgrimage, as in the mental voyage of the sublime, the road leads back to the starting place.

GEORGE STOLZ

is an independent critic and curator based in Madrid. His writing has appeared in *ARTnews*, *Art Review*, *New York Times*, *Atlantic Monthly* and elsewhere. Recent curatorial projects have included a film programme of Hollis Frampton's complete filmography at MACBA and the exhibition *Sol LeWitt: Photography* in various European venues.



Mean, Base, Peak, 2008

Born Singapore, 1967. Lives and works in London. Recent exhibitions include Singapore Biennial; Centre A, Vancouver; South London Gallery/ICA; ZKM, Karlsruhe.

Nacida en Singapur en 1967. Vive y trabaja en Londres. Exposiciones recientes: Bienal de Singapur; Centre A, Vancouver; South London Gallery/ICA; ZKM, Karlsruhe.

Erika Tan



*The Syntactical Impossibility
of Approaching with a Pure Heart* 2008

Todo un despliegue de visiones diferentes del Monte Fuji, esta compleja instalación de componentes múltiples creada por Erika Tan supone un cautivador y sugerente retrato de la montaña más emblemática de Japón, así como una meditación de mayor calado sobre las dificultades y los caprichos de la representación. Al aludir a la leyenda popular que sostiene que el Fuji sólo se hace visible a quien se aproxima a él con un “corazón puro”, Tan especula sobre la posibilidad, incluso remota, de algo tan inocente, sabiendo que se trata de uno de los hitos naturales más reproducidos y reconocibles del planeta (desde maestros de la pintura a embelesados turistas). Los dibujos de su conocida silueta realizados por personas diferentes o las infinitas imágenes disponibles en Internet sirven a Tan para realizar un montaje de ese inventario de impresiones recibidas con el único video realizado en “vivo” de la montaña, muy apropiadamente cubierta por un manto de niebla.

Comprising an array of different views of Mount Fuji, Erika Tan's complex multi-part installation is an engaging and evocative portrait of Japan's most iconic mountain, as well as a wider meditation on the difficulties, and the vagaries, of representation. Alluding to the popular story that Fuji only fully reveals itself to someone approaching with a 'pure heart', Tan speculates on whether such an innocent address is even remotely possible, knowing what we know already of one of the planet's most reproduced and recognisable landmarks, and the untold numbers of people (from master painters to gawking tourists) who have fixed it in their sights. Orbiting around the mountain, and tracing its repeated outline in people's spur-of-the moment drawings, or in the countless J-pegs of it available over the internet, Tan assembles an inventory of received impressions, with the only 'live' video of the mountain, instructively, lost in a blanket of fog.





Esta publicación supone una exhaustiva guía visual de la exposición *There is No Road (The road is made by walking)*, producida por LABoral Centro de Arte y Creación Industrial y comisariada por Steven Bode. Recorre el tema de la muestra, centrada en viajes de artistas por "montañas, lugares apartados y otros destinos remotos", a través de un conjunto de obras de renombrados creadores internacionales. Así mismo, recoge ensayos encargados para la ocasión, en los que se explora la pervivencia de los ecos de la imaginaria de montaña en las artes visuales, con especial referencia a los grandiosos paisajes montañosos asturianos.

This publication is an extensive visual guide to the exhibition *There is No Road (The road is made by walking)*, produced by LABoral Centro de Arte y Creación Industrial and curated by Steven Bode. Tracing the exhibition theme of artists' journeys to 'mountains, off-road places and other remote destinations' through the work of acclaimed international practitioners, the book features a number of newly-commissioned essays which explore the enduring resonance of mountain imagery in visual art, with particular reference to the majestic mountain landscapes of Asturias.

LABoral, Gijón, Asturias

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