Venice Agendas 2017: The Contract is a programme of activity taking place in London, Venice, Margate and Folkestone, bringing together artists, curators and cultural contributors from around the world.

The Contract, the theme of this edition, is particularly relevant politically, socially and creatively in these extraordinary and unpredictable times. Our society and culture is underpinned by contracts, both formal and informal, which determine our relationships and exchanges. Contracts, whether written or spoken, are promises and agreements that we make with each other. The recent result in the UK European Union referendum resulting in Brexit, the election of Donald Trump in the US, the General Elections taking place across Europe in France, UK, Norway and Germany through 2017 (Italy, Hungary, Sweden and Austria in 2018) and the rise of nationalism and populism across the world, is challenging many established social and economic contracts and boundaries. In relation to the arts, how do we respond to these new paradigms?

Venice Agendas 2017: The Contract includes:

• A newspaper publication with written and creative contributions from artists including Jon Adams, Maria Thereza Alves, Michael Armitage, Jordan Baseman, Anne Bean, Gayle Chong Kwan, Jimmie Durham, Yara El-Sherbini, Tony Heaton, Hew Locke, Melanie Manchot, Hayley Newman, Tatsumi Orimoto, Monica Ross, Terry Smith, Richard Wilson and Carey Young.

• The Contract exhibition (DACS, London, 4 May – 26 May 2017), curated by Gilane Tawadros, including works by Keith Arnatt, Hollis Frampton, Hew Locke, Donald Rodney, Carey Young and Monica Ross.

• Breakfast discussions bringing together a range of visual arts professionals and artists to discuss The Contract through the preview week of the Venice Biennale (10 – 12 May 2017), with live performances by Tatsumi Orimoto, Gayle Chong Kwan and Young In Hong.

• Further events and new artist commissions in Margate and Folkestone through 2017.

• Presentations of Acts of Memory by Monica Ross in all locations.

The events bring together artists and professionals to share and discuss what a contract means to them, their experiences of relationships governed or suggested by contracts and what might be anticipated or expected in the context of the contemporary visual arts and its relationships to current world events.

A project of this scale and ambition needs financial support, but critically also requires personal creative investment from all our partners. workinprogress wishes to thank the following for their support, Gilane Tawadros (DACS), Mark Waugh (DACS), Abby Yolda (DACS) Sebastian May (DACS), Fiona Parry (Turner Contemporary), Sarah Martin (Turner Contemporary) and Victoria Pomery (Turner Contemporary) Tony Heaton and David Hessey (Shape Arts). The VA team is a small, dedicated group that consists of Terry Smith (Venice Agendas curator), Mark Segal (Artist curator), Chelsey Browne, (Production manager), Chantelle Purcell (Press and marketing) and Stuart Brown (Design). In Venice, Vittorio Urbani, Elisa Chia and Margherita Fabbi have been a great support with Venice logistics and we thank Antonio Bigini for the video and audio recordings. We also thank the British Council (for inclusion on the map of UK exhibitions across the 57th International Art Exhibition, La Biennale di Venezia). Special thanks also to Bernard G Mills.

workinprogress

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Jordan Baseman
Good Morning

Gayle Chong Kwan
Artist + Partum = (2017)

Jon Adams
Annonce Importante

Young In Hong
Echoes

Hew Locke
Greek Government Refugee Loan 1924 1

Hayley Newman

Tony Heaton
Not worth the paper

Maria Thereza Alves

Carey Young
Counter Offer II

Jimmie Durham

Tatsumi Orimoto

Yara El-Sherbini
Having An Existential Crisis?

Melanie Manchot
Making Mountains

Terry Smith
Free Speech

Anne Bean
Lipogram

Richard Wilson
Berlin

Michael Armitage
The Flaying of Marsayas

Monica Ross
An Act of Memory
In private, look into a mirror and say out loud to yourself, “I am an agent of change. Today, I am going to make a difference.”

Wear a pair of sturdy gloves and carry a large black plastic bag with you at all times.

Leave your home, room, lodging, etc.

With sincerity and a natural smile, be polite and say Good Morning, Good Afternoon or Good Evening (when appropriate), to every single person that you see.

Walk all day, do not use a bicycle, a car or Public Transportation.

Pick up every piece of trash that you see (not including dogshit).

Do not deviate from your daily routine, do whatever you would normally do that day, or whatever is expected of you.

Use existing public recycling containers to dispose of relevant materials.

Carry out this activity for the duration of the day and dispose of black plastic bag in a recognized trash container.

Return home, look in the mirror and say out loud to yourself, “Today, I was an agent of change. I made a difference.”

By Jordan Baseman
In ‘Artist + Partum =’ (2017) artist Gayle Chong Kwan explores the contradictions for a woman artist between her creative and pro-creative roles, in a distributed printed newspaper and performance, with the contributions added to her work in the inaugural exhibition at the new Galerie Alberta Pane in Venice.

Accessoryize
Wear only black
Carry a large bag
Show off your legs
Avoid fitted clothes
Drop your neckline
Wear a long dress
Wear a pattern
Carry a child
Announcing the formation of ‘The Brotherhood of the Honour Cross of the Waterhorse’ awarded for honour and bravery in the face of disappointment and broken promise.

Have you ever taken someone’s word at face value or been told that something would be done? Have you subsequently suffered injury or disappointment when a promise has been broken - the promise of things to come that was never true?

We offer redemption and recognition of wound words with these awards.

‘I will see you again’ ‘Nothing will happen to you’ ‘I will always love you’ ‘I will never do this again to you’ ‘I promise I won’t do anything stupid’ ‘This is the last time’ ‘I will look after you’ ‘I will be back’ ‘I won’t hurt you’ ‘I won’t take my life’

Brotherhood of the Waterhorse Wound Award.

The Wound Badge may be individually awarded in Black, Silver and Gold grades dependent on injury sustained in the battles against broken promise and disappointment. Black for temporary pain and disappointment, silver for multiple or permanent neurological injuries, gold is mainly a posthumous award. All three may be awarded in a single action. Miniature pins of the Waterhorse Wound Award may be worn on lapel.

Will you apply? Will you answer the call and tell us your story of bravery or wounding in the face of multiple broken promises or lies? We wish to support you to forgive not forget.

With honour and opportunity we hope to help others respectfully understand your trauma.

Send to waterhorseaward@gmail.com Jon Adams, 2017
You are invited to participate in the performance

ECHOES

taking place during three days of preview for Venice Biennale 2017

If you play any portable instrument you can take with you, or sing, you can participate.
No previous performance experience is required.

Performance information and instruction:

‘Echoes’ is a relay of one person’s protest as well as a performance realised through music/sound testifying to the idea of equality through individually different ways of expression.

1. Download the soundtrack from http://echoesinfo.tumblr.com to your mobile phone and play your own improvised music/rhythm/song in response to it. It is approximately 15 minutes long. Participants must practise the performance in advance.

2. You are expected to have the original soundtrack with you and play/sing in response to it at the time of your performance. Please use earphones so the original soundtrack is audible only to yourself. The audience will only hear your interpretation of the original soundtrack.

3. At the end of the performance, there will be 4 minutes of silence. Please remain completely silent and still and do not play any music at all.

4. Once the silence ends, please leave immediately.

5. You are kindly asked to wear a white top on the day of the performance.

6. If you would like to participate in the performance, please email echoesinfo2017@gmail.com with your contact details. Most of the communication between the artist and the participants relies on email.

7. By agreeing to participate, you also agree that your performance may appear online or in the media.

When & Where:
- We anticipate having 4 performers a day for three days on 10, 11 and 12 May 2017.
- The performance spot might be indoors or outdoors somewhere in Central Venice.
- Both the performance schedule and the location of the meeting/ performance will be arranged with individuals via email.

For enquiries: echoesinfo2017@gmail.com

Please note communication with the artist, Young In Hong, will be in English.
During the early part of the 20th century over one million Greek Orthodox people native to lands of the Ottoman Empire were expelled from their homes, and people of Turkish origin in Greece sent the other way, irrespective of the languages they now spoke or how many centuries their communities may have existed. In 1924 the semi-bankrupt Greek Government signed contracts with Greek, British and American banks for a loan of over £12 million. The proceeds were specifically for the Refugee Settlement Commission, but not for providing Relief, which they believed kept the refugees in a continuing state of helplessness.
Eyes
Sideways
Up and down
Scan
For signs
Of anything
Outstanding or different

Please
Notice the
Texture of paper
And
Different typefaces
On its
Surface

Observe
The
Cupped hands
Resting
On top of
Words

And

The
Official Header
At the top
With
A stamp
At
The bottom

Your hand
Picks
Up
A pen and
Automatically scrawls

A name

Your eyes try
To
Catch
Words
Before they disappear
But
Once signed
It
Is impossible
To
Look
Back

Hayley Newman, 2017
This (is not) worth the paper, it's written on...
It is unfortunate that we feel ourselves in need of contracts to carry on our work as artists. I find this a bit swampy in the sense of the complexity of the situation and the constant changes that are unseen because of the murky water, especially if one is not from a swamp. Culturally contracts are not something my family would voluntarily be involved with. My father would not sign a contract because back 'home' when he was growing up few people were literate and those who were tended to take economic advantage of those who were not. Also a contract implied that somewhere down the line lawyers would become involved and would take advantage of you. Why else make a contract and who could afford lawyers?

A contract means to us (from via the 'home') a fait accompli – as it is made and signature demanded by people with some sort of power. It has not ever crossed our minds ('home' minds) that the contract was ever open to negotiation. I have only found out that it was possible to negotiate, thanks to my marvelous assistant, Kai Morten-Vollmer, quite recently – I have yet to reveal this technique to my family, which I will do on my return trip back home in March. Normally we consider you either did not sign and were fucked or did sign and were fucked. There are conversations afterwards, with hindsight, of what would have been less disastrous.

However, negotiation is also fraught with layers of complex histories of what it might possibly mean to negotiate. I am talking in this case about fees or prices of work. Back home we ask the price and either agree it is fair and pay it or walk away – to haggle would demean both parties. I have read Claude Levi's description of the thoughts of the Nambikwara of Brazil concerning the market-place and reciprocity in bartering. They "leave everything, on such occasions, to the generosity of their opposite number. Totally foreign to them is the notion that anyone could set a price on any object, discuss that price, haggle over it, insist on getting it, or chalk it up as a debt." Claude Levi Strauss does not quite approve of this economic system. I think instead, it is highly sophisticated, as it allows all sides to remain with a sense of being an incorporated body in society. I know my worth. I know your worth. And therefore, I know that you know my worth.

We seem to find it necessary to fall back on that particular trait which is unfortunately considered universal, but which the Nambikwara actively expose as otherwise. One sets a price which then leads to a discussion to try to change that price which although some cultures think this joyful to both parties it is not...just a humiliating situation for the artist. The Nambikwara method allows for everyone to continuously and actively think and to construct the reality of the society and what is possible.

So I would like to propose that the Nambikwara be asked to solve disputes for artists over pricing and fairness in contracts. I have been told that in particularly challenging negotiation sessions of the United Nations, Brazilians (that is the descendants of Europeans living on stolen indigenous lands) are considered formidable – of course, with all the power that comes from being at the pinnacle of colonial power and contract making.

Maria Thereza Alves
Naples, January 30, 2017
I OFFER YOU JUSTICE.

THIS OFFER WILL BE AUTOMATICALLY WITHDRAWN ON THE MAKING OF A COUNTER OFFER.
ANY COUNTER OFFER IS HEREBY REJECTED.
COUNTER OFFER

I OFFER YOU LAW.
In the early 60s the first pieces I offered for sale were through a gallery and frame shop in a shopping mall in Houston. Just left stuff there, came back a month later to collect some money. No thought of a contract, everything friendly and verbal.

The next year I moved to Austin and left some stuff in a small gallery the same way. When I went back though, the gallery was closing down the same day and had lost my works.

Soon afterwards I had a show at the university, where I had been working as a mechanic. Still friendly, no thought of contracts.

European languages are as weird as any, and the uses of Latin-based words always delight. Contracts must come originally from tracts. As a child I knew tracts only as Bible tracts which various churches handed out, but later learned that construction contractors often made housing tracts. Even worse, many things contract, some later expand, almost never retract; that is reserved for journalism and politics. To contract has little to do with being under contract.

Fresh-water leeches are very good at contracting and expanding but in my experience the English are the best at writing and enforcing ridiculous contracts which they never retract.

Jimmie Durham, 2017
Performance – I Make Up and Become ART-MAMA

1. My face changing like my Moma’s face
2. I becomeed art-Mama
3. I wear red shoes
4. I walking with young girl

T.O., 2016
**Having An Existential Crisis?**

Ask Our Agony Aunt Deidre for advice.

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**Dear Deidre**

I've been hired to work as a guest curator on an interesting show in London, and I really want to include my friends in the show, even though they don't really fit in within the theme. I want to bend my interpretation of the brief but feel concerned, as I signed an agreement that I'd follow their remit, yet I want to twist the rules to suit myself. Confused Creative

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**Dear Confused Creative**

Bending the rules is one of the perks of the job, but you could still follow the tenuous link you had to China, which was working in a noodle shop when I was 16. The link served me well and I was invited to chair a talk titled "Do you want Noodles with that? Art In China and the Global Boom."

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**Dear Deidre**

I'm hoping the gallery is also funding the arts education strand alongside your solo, which you need to think about the value of having the support over these years and the exposure you will get. These cannot be monetised, so find a way. You could always offer to run an arts education strand alongside your solo, that should pay around £200 a day.

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**Dear Financially Desperate Creative**

I'm trying to be a full time artist, but can't seem to make a living wage from my practice. I've been advised that the artist fee is £2000 and the contract states the artist fee is £2000 and you'll have to develop the work over 2 years. I'm a parent, and can't afford childcare expenses. How can I make ends meet?

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**Dear Financed Creative**

I'm a parent, and can't afford childcare. I chose not to have kids, so I can continue in my well paid role while I work on travel, £8 on food, and £40 on tax. I'm questioning if it's really worth my time. Perplexed Creative

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**Dear Deidre**

I'm an artist and a mother, and thought I made great money from working in the arts education. But I've just done my tax return and realised that out of my £200 a day artist fee, I pay £100 on childcare, £10 on travel, £8 on food, and £40 on tax. I'm wondering if it's really worth my time. Perplexed Creative

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**Dear Perplexed Creative**

I can only imagine how financially difficult it must be to work as an artist and be a parent. I chose not to have kids, so I could pursue my writing as an agony aunt. My advice is to keep on working even for £42 a day. You need to maintain visibility and keep hacking away. Remember it's a marathon not a race.

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**Dear Deidre**

I'm a collector and I've been collecting an artist's work for 8 years and have invested thousands. However, I've just met her in person and realised she's a total bitch, and now don't want to own her work or support her in anyway. The market is low and if I sell all her work now I'll be losing money. I don't want to cut off my nose to spite my face, but she feels like a great big wart on the end of it. Annoyed Creative Type

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**Dear Annoyed Creative Type**

I think the best payback to someone who is a bitch is to work the market for your own gain. Yes weed her out of your collection, but do it in a way where you gain financially. If you have a friend that is a curator putting on an important exhibition in London for example, or her work could fit with some kind of "identity politics", this could increase her sale value and then, bam you can sell off her work, take the money and have nothing more to do with her.

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**Dear Deidre**

I'm having a crisis of conscience. I run a world renowned museum and I'm working on expanding our current exhibitions and have invited a brilliant artist to have a solo show. We have a budget of just over £200,000 for the 6 week exhibition, and a great team to help her produce new work and a catalogue, but my issue is this: we can only pay her £2,000. I feel like a dick. I want to pay her more, I pay my cat sitter more, I OWE her more, but contractually my hands are tied. I know she is gaining visibility, we are giving her an audience and all that, but I can't help feeling things are skewed against the artists whose talent I base my career on. How can I continue in my well paid role while I watch her have to buy her wine from Costco. Frustrated Director of Creatives

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**Dear Frustrated Director of Creatives**

It's give and take. I am very sure the artist is used to working for peanuts in public institutions, however be creative in your contract, such as paying expenses for foreign travel for R&D, or hiring her to collab. Once an institution paid for me to have a free astrological reading to calm my existential crisis about why I was giving advice. Also utilise your networks to get those collectors in to buy her work.
Instructions for navigating real and imaginary spaces.

‘Every reality that matters ultimately to human beings is a reality of the mind’ writes Nan Shepherd in the 1940s in her eloquent book ‘The Living Mountain’. One of very few mountain books authored by a woman this complex and sensual text searches out what it might mean to be in relation to a particular place.

In his luminous essay that acts as an introduction to the book, Robert Macfarlane speaks of the ‘continual traffic between the outer landscapes of the world and the inner landscapes of the mind. Topographies offer humans powerful allegories, keen ways of figuring ourselves to ourselves, strong means of shaping memories and giving form to thought. Nan Shepherd investigates the relationship between the material and the metaphorical mountain.’

Walking is her essential tool, a methodology for Shepherd to acquire knowledge and to connect to what she calls so poignantly ‘the grammar of now’. In some ways it is a contract with a chosen context to sustain attention, and that, I would argue, is a frame of mind inherent to making art.

(A) While traversing Venice, walking towards your next encounter (of art, people, architectures...) make yourself aware of everything vertical and horizontal. Take specific notice of where those planes of orientation meet. Perhaps this is stone and water. Or the horizontal blanket of a street trader and his vertically displayed wares. (1)

(B) When asked why he wanted to climb Mount Everest, George Mallory famously replied ‘Because it’s there’. When seeing art, it can be easy to overlook what is actually there — materially, physically. The mind is quick at forming relations and translations. Upon entering a space of art, just note what is there, in the space and in the work. (2)

(C) Right at the beginning of her book, Shepherd refers to works of art directly in analogy to mountainous landscapes and claims: ‘The mind cannot carry away all that it has to give, nor does it always believe possible what it has carried away.’ At the end of a long day in Venice, try and observe what you have carried away and what you have left behind.

(D) Imagine being inside a cloud. In the mountains this happens frequently: rather than what we tend to look at, we find ourselves inside of. Some art demands exactly that shift of perspective. (3)

Conceived and written at 3021 meters altitude, on the glacier of Mount Titlis, Engelberg. Melanie Manchot, 2017

[1] Making Mountains suggests attending to ideas set out in Shepherd’s book in a physical space that might seem to be its antipode, an opposite to its ‘mountains of the mind’. Thinking of Venice, the material presence of water prevails. Water in relation to stone: architectural compositions semi-afloat.

[2] Seeing art in this mirage of a Venetian topography sets up continual oscillations between the material and metaphorical, between the real and imaginary, between concepts, ideas, propositions and their materialisation as works of art. Our aspirations, desires, challenges - they are all mountains of the mind.

[3] Macfarlane gives one of the best descriptions of a white-out I have ever come across: ‘Scale and distance become impossible to discern. There are no shadows or waymarks. Space is depthless. Even gravity’s hold feels loosened: slope and fall-lines can only be inferred by the tilt of blood in the skull.’
the contract we agreed on is that free speech is a human right but there is also the right to be heard.
words are not owned they have no monetary value and where words are not enough we have art.
for as long as there has been truth there has been lies when governments lie it is called propaganda which makes it necessary and important.
now we call it fake news that makes it seem comical like a party game lies are not lies anymore its misquote or miss spoken or being economical.
the art of fake news is to make everything fake to make words empty without value or meaning but fake news has not just been invented.
the responsibility for the election of trump and the brexit result and the distrust in the political establishment and media lies with the political machine and the news media itself instead of a balanced news service we have a media both private and public (bbc) who present opinions as facts news is just like advertising misinformation we know this but we forget.
when information and communication is devalued and no one trusts the information the only winners are the people who actually own everything and make all the real decisions they are called big business.
what is big business it sounds just like business just bigger but big business is not bigger its smaller and to call it business makes it seem necessary its just capitalism which actually is dead like a cut flower.
the fallout from the last economic crash has caused the world recession a crime rewarded but unpunished.
a man runs amok with a car and knife killing people in London its called a criminal act unless he is Muslim (other) then it becomes a terrorist attack.
the hysteria is there because its in the interest of those in power to divide us.
the enemy has been radicalised what does that mean we don't call religious education radicalisation or indoctrination why not.
a chemical attack in Syria who is responsible the user or the supplier we look where they want us to look and think what they want us to think its not about ideological differences its commercial ambitions.
the spoils of war is not having to say you're sorry or face war crimes.
Snowden is in exile because he told the truth the liars stay in power.
the world is upside down.
the government we have in the UK at the moment is not fit for purpose unless the purpose is to destroy equality.
it is at any rate just the political arm of business which understands fully and completely the enemy is not outside but inside they fear the people because there is more of us than there are of them.
so we need to be controlled or we might just walk in and take power for ourselves thats what revolutions do and they are in the last resort just an expression of democracy and what they fear most.
the right to free speech is under threat can art be an alternative to mainstream media can resistance be in paintings, sculptures, videos and films and found in museums art galleries studios and coffee shops and comedy shows and in the street we have word of mouth and we have art.
at this moment in time when truth is devalued we should be attentive.

Random thoughts and opinions on free speech, Terry Smith 2017
Hi Monica, ..................
Both of Georges Perec’s parents perished in World War II. ...."The absence of a sign is always the sign of an absence, and the absence of the E in A Void announces a broader, canny coded discourse on loss, catastrophe, and mourning. Perec cannot say the words père ("father"), mère ("mother"), parents ("parents"), famille ("family") in his novel, nor can he write the name Georges Perec. In short, each "void" in the novel is abundantly furnished with meaning, and each point toward the existential void that Perec grappled with throughout his youth and early adulthood. ...I had chosen Article 19 from the Declaration of Human Rights originally as it seemed most apt for this treatment.

Article nineteen
Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.

Lipogram
Point six plus six plus six plus half plus half
All worldly inhabitants can, without constraint, hold opinions and spawn promulgations. This right contains within it, sanction to hold opinions without obstruction and to look for, obtain and impart information and significant notions through any form of articulation and unmindful of bounds.
"and now here's what happened next. When I bought the stern in 1975 for DM 230,000 I bought this at the shipyard and added it on. Underneath the stern cabins is the machine room. There are two fuel tanks there, port and starboard with the engine laying central. The starboard tank was 5,500 litre capacity and the port 6,000 litres capacity. When all that construction was finished, I went to the station and bought 10,000 litres of fuel....and here's what happened... I started off with my ship from the shipyard to Duisburg on the Rhine and loaded up with 600 tons of coal for Berlin. And now on the way we were at Minden in Westphalia, the half-way point of the trip. Here the Mittellandkanal crosses the Weser and is called the Weserkreuz. After Minden on the way to Hannover my engine did not want to draw air anymore - the speed kept going down and up and I could not get her up to a regular speed. I couldn't figure out why the motor would run sometimes 350 R.P.M. and sometimes 500 R.P.M. When you start up the engine her slowest speed is 80 R.P.M. and the maximum capacity is 500 R.P.M. full speed. You have of course these pipes that run to the engine through filters directly from the fuel tanks. I stopped and moored the ship and then went down into the machine room and the first thing I did was to figure out what was going on... then I saw that there was air in the filters. But then I realised that I still had 7,000 litres of fuel in the tanks so it couldn't be a lack of fuel. I cleaned up the filters and started off again. And we went along for about an hour and the same thing started happening again, slow-fast. And then I had to moor to some trees as there was no mooring place. I picked out some big trees to moor to because, if the engine suddenly stops, I have no control anymore. So I stayed tied up to the trees for six hours and spent my whole time down in the engine room looking till found out the idea. Suddenly I realised that in front of the 6,000 litre tank is a flange on the fuel line. So I opened up the flange because I wanted to look in there and see if the fuel was flowing through it, as it ought to be. I put a big bucket under it and at the beginning about five or six litres of fuel came out in one big rush. So I knew something was in the fuel tank but what? So then I replaced the flange. Now, there is a wall between the tank and the motor and the tank wall was two metres high. The tank's outer wall curved to the curve of the ship's stem quarter. I couldn't continue... I had to go into the tank itself. The tank was two metres deep and at the front was a man hole cover made for a man to go through but this cover was oval shaped. This cover was 125 centimetres up from the floor. Now, in order to be able to open this cover, had to pump some of the fuel from the stopped up tank into the other tank. Now all of that with a handpump. So I pumped it down until there was only 125 centimetres of fuel in the tank and then I had to take off the cover, I remember there were 58 bolts and of course with seals. So I took off the lid but there was fuel up to that level. Now, down on the near right corner as I faced into the tank was where the fuel pipe left the tank. So from outside I tried to reach that outlet with a piece of wire. I fished around there because I had the feeling there may be a piece of fabric got into this spot. The first theory was they were once cleaning the tank and left it in there. The second theory was when they were putting the tanks together they had been doing some welding work and somebody had been cooling the welds with this sodden rag. Or the third version was that, being a company ship, one of the sailors who had been doing the work had, after filling the tank, thrown the piece of cloth into the tank because he was unhappy with something and this was his form of a boycott. When I came out of the tank my wife Hildegard gave me an old pair of trousers and a jacket and I wore these to soak up all the grease and diesel. I - as captain - had to ensure everything was in order before I could continue and it wasn't until evening that we headed off to a proper mooring with piers. So we set off, 6 or 8 kilometres to the mooring site, and I wore these clothes for that period. In the meantime, the engine was producing hot water again so that when we moored up I filled up the bath with hot water from the machine room and took a long bath and washed everything off. Diesel itself doesn't smell that bad particularly - I mean the machine room always smells of diesel and I'm used to the smell. It's the taste I remember. I had diesel in my mouth and it took along time to get rid of the taste. It seemed to always be there and now when I'm working with an engine and I get diesel on my lips that intense taste comes back...

When we began to scrap the ship I stood there and tried to record everything with video and still camera. And as I stood there all eighteen years of my experience with this ship began to pass in front of my eyes, all the most serious and intense moments came back to me including this experience and I stood there and did not want to cry but I was being shaken and the tears just ran down my cheeks. I could not help myself and in the course of eight days I lost seven kilos of weight and by February 11th 1993 the ship was no longer"

- This true account was told to me by Kapitän Siegfried Schauder of the ship FRIEDEN

Richard Wilson
Berlin 1993
Michael Armitage, The Flaying of Marsyas, pencil on paper 2017
Launching the programme of events for Venice Agendas 2017, The Contract exhibition brings together artworks which explore the idea of the contract from different perspectives: the contract between artist and audience; between artist and institution; between nation states; between the individual and society at large. At a time of significant social and political turbulence in the world, the obligations — explicit or implied — which we have towards each other are being called into question, re-negotiated and re-written. The Contract presents works which seek to challenge the contractual agreements which we take for granted, recall others which we need to remember and provoke discussion about the nature of our obligations.

Recent political developments such as the UK’s decision to leave the European Union and the election of Donald Trump have disturbed the established consensus and amplified the voices of those who want to break with the status quo. The rise of populist nationalism in Europe, the United States and other parts of the globe look set to disrupt the post-war trajectory towards an increasingly globalised world. Whilst some are exhilarated by these new developments, others are troubled by their implications. In many countries, societies appear to be divided between those who want to maintain existing agreements and obligations and others who want to establish a new world order.

What role do art and artists have in these turbulent times? Is there an expectation or obligation on the artist to comment on or intervene? Or should artists avoid engaging with the vicissitudes of political and economic change? The artists and artworks in this exhibition raise a number of questions without necessarily providing any answers. Artists like Carey Young, Monica Ross and New Locke have made works which reflect on national and international obligations and how these intersect with the responsibilities of artists and audiences. Hollis Frampton’s film plays with the viewer’s expectations and eerily evokes the disconnect between media representation and reality in a ‘post-truth’ world. The works of Keith Arnatt and Donald Rodney are powerful reminders of the agency of the artist and their abiding presence as narrator and witness.

Sited at the entrance of the exhibition, Carey Young’s Artistic License (2005) compels visitors to provide their fingerprints and signatures on a form as a condition of entering the exhibition. The form, which has been designed by the artist, is based on a US immigration form. Since 2003, Young has worked with a legal team to make works in different media that operate as bespoke legal instruments and which address and critique law as a separate kind of reality. With Artistic License, the artist makes visible the implicit contract between an artist and their audience and ‘controls the border’ between the gallery space and prospective visitors to the exhibition.

Monica Ross’ Anniversary – an act of memory (2008-2013) records solo, collective and multi-lingual recitations from memory of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. A collective and ongoing series of performances by the artist Monica Ross, Anniversary – an act of memory was conceived in response to the fatal shooting by police of Jean Charles de Menezes in London in July 2005. The act of memory which Ross repeatedly invokes through the performances, recalls the killing of an innocent man and simultaneously the articles of our human rights. Following the artist’s death, the performative recitations continue.

New Locke’s Republique Chinoise Gold Bond 1 (2009) is part of a series of works which represent contractual obligations between governments and nations which have been incurred as a direct consequence of war, conflict and forced migration. The Boxer Rebellion of 1901, a peasant movement that attacked and killed foreign missionaries, nationals and Chinese Christians across northern China, was supported by the Imperial army. Republique Chinoise Gold Bonds – also known as ‘Boxer Loans’ were issued to settle the remaining obligations of the Chinese government from war indemnity imposed on them after this rebellion.

Hollis Frampton’s (nostalgia) (1971) is an autobiographical film which looks back to the artist’s immediate past but frustrates his audience’s expectations. Frampton presents a sequence of twelve still photographs to the viewer, most of them taken by the artist himself and slowly burning one at a time on a hot plate. Frampton’s comments and reminiscences about each image are out of sync with what we see on screen. The artist’s narrative refers to the image which follows rather than the one we can see and so we become disoriented, caught between the past and the future.

The theme of the absent or disappearing artist is one that recurs in a number of works made by Keith Arnatt between 1967 and 1972. In one work he announced his absence with a banal white sign nailed to a brick wall. In another he pictured himself gradually disappearing beneath a mound of earth. With Is It Possible to Do Nothing as My Contribution to This Exhibition? (1970), the artist took this motif further. Arnatt proposed, for an exhibition at Camden Arts Centre, in London, that he do nothing. His proposal to do nothing, reproduced only as a text in the exhibition catalogue, is the artwork; a permanent statement of his intent to make no contribution.

Donald Rodney’s last exhibition in his lifetime, 9 Nights in El Dorado, took place at South London Gallery in 1997, curated by David Thorp and prepared by the artist from his hospital bed. One of the works in the exhibition Psalms (1998) is an unoccupied wheelchair which moves around the exhibition space, weaving between visitors, apparently of its own volition. Unable to attend his own exhibition opening, the autonomous wheelchair attended in Rodney’s place as it does here, starting up, moving, stopping, starting up again, moving in a different direction.

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