

Things to Come

Things to Come

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Jordan Kaplan

THE FUTURE WAS YESTERDAY

Whether the unwitting robot of Lang's *Metropolis*, or Kubrick's sentiently murderous HAL 9000, the future, we are told, will not be without malice. The *Terminator* series, like *The Matrix*, warns us that our calculators and coffeemakers will destroy our world. Dystopia awaits.

Exceptional to this techno-phobic prognosis is H. G. Wells' 1936 *Things to Come*, in which machines are able to bring about progress and, that most important of Modernist ideals, Equality. Wells was born in 1866. His belief in rational, scientific enquiry and humanity's ability to evolve through the rigorous application of self-control, owes a debt to the socialist stirrings of the Victorian age. In Wells' future, where humanity fails wretchedly, our mechanised progeny will pick up the slack: burrowing tunnels, jiggling vials of important-looking liquids and generally making subsistence easier, enabling mankind to get on with... well, with shooting people round the moon. The non-belligerent machine of Wells' 2036, conceived when Wells was pushing 70, bears little resemblance to the radically nasty 23rd century 'Computer' of Logan's *Run*.

Over the past fifty or so years, we have come to distrust our technological evolution. Perhaps the knowledge that artificial intelligences are already in existence (and growing in complexity) informs our hesitation. Has the growth of complex programs and high-speed processors created a sense of inadequacy for frail and faltering humanity?

Common to both positive and negative projections for a machine-fuelled future is the inference that, somehow, the bulk of us (known variously as 'the masses', 'the proletariat', 'the public', 'stakeholders' or 'clients', depending on your political/historical slant) will exist as a lumpen conglomerate of sameness, whether happy enough or miserable beyond measure. The desire to build categories and sub-categories into which all humanity can be conveniently classified seems not to have been overcome in these brave new worlds. In one sense, all that has shifted is the genetic make-up of the top table: whether human, cyborg or one hundred percent robot, the totalitarian leaders of science fiction demand obedience. Into this mix is usually thrown a hero/anti-hero from whose vantage point we witness the problematics of New Power. He (for this character is almost invariably male), a lone maverick (think Pollock with a ray-gun), rages against the machine in a battle to free the minds and bodies of the corps (or corpse) of humankind. Rarely succeeding in his quest, our protagonist becomes a messiah-like figure, punished for his urge to propel us all forward.

The predictive design for our future, whether real-world architecture or cinematic set design, has a tendency to lean heavily on its past and present for inspiration. Science

fiction regularly invites us to consider our architectural evolution: living 'Off-World', will we float in space like the doomed, biospheric plant collections of *Silent Running*? Or will we stay put, making do with the whimsical chaos of *The Fifth Element* or the acid rain soaked chic of *Blade Runner*? Rarely are we treated to the bleakest imaginings: the nuclear nightmare of 1984's *Threads*, with its absence of law, order and ultimately language, is something of an anomaly in the genre. More common are the predictions of the *Terminator* and *Matrix* series, in which machines destroy the natural world in order to dominate humanity and ensure their own survival.

All the universe – or nothingness, which shall it be, Passworthy?

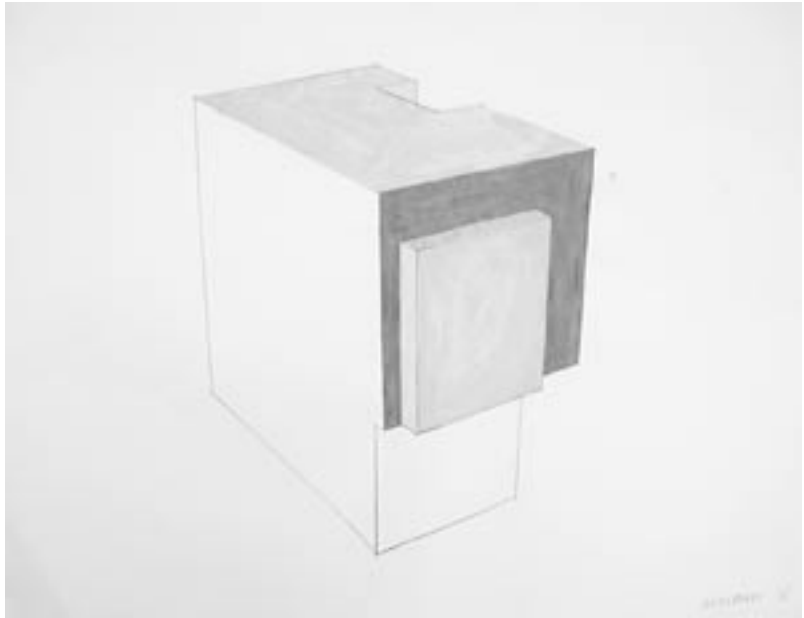
John Cabal, Everytown, 2036

The avant-garde of 1930s architecture sought a democratic design for living: the creations of Le Corbusier, Gropius, Lubetkin and Niemeyer signalled a positive and creative hope for future generations. Niemeyer's Brasilia encapsulates both the aspirations and the failings of the Modernist dream. Strategically placed in a previously unsettled part of the country, the site was chosen both to ease the congested living in Brazil's two port cities and to de-emphasise the historical importance of European shipping trade. Ultimately, Brasilia was intended as a representation of the country's wealth of resources and ingenuity: a 21st Century city for the developing world. Asphalted roads, air-conditioning and landscaped gardens all work to build an image of prosperity, affluence and innovation. Scratch at the surface though, and a different reality emerges.

Of the city's 2 million inhabitants, the most affluent choose to work long hours three days a week, upping sticks for long weekends in the more chaotic, more human coastal towns. The Brazilian love affair with the evening promenade had little truck for Lucio Costa, Brasilia's Master Planner, who will be forever remembered as the man who built a city without street corners or side walks. There exists no pedestrianised centre; instead, Brasilia is intersected by super highways carrying cars averaging one pedestrian kill a week. The colossal workforce employed to build the metropolis and its amenities has been forgotten. Today, those who maintain the gardens, government buildings and private apartments live in the shanty towns which have sprung up outside the city proper.

Of course, this is not the projected vision for Everytown, 2036. This settlement will be administered by those who act in the best interests of the entire population. There will be homes for all, a surfeit of light, no matter how deep the hole we live in. All will be good. So good, perhaps, that those pesky artists may start to react against the totalitarian dictates of the paternalistic top brass.

Designing the Age of the Machines for Things to Come was hard graft. László Moholy-Nagy was enlisted to bring Wells' ill-defined visual ideas into focus. Most of what the



Bathroom B (Sketch for Click-Click), 2004 Claire Hooper

artist brought to the production was cut from the final print, but the few snippets still visible in the film remind us of Moholy-Nagy's interest in harnessing light itself as a new plastic medium. The sequences in which his work appears are spell-bindingly better than what they are sandwiched between. But Wells wasn't convinced by the results, and let Moholy-Nagy go half way through production.

British attempts at reconstruction after WWII attempted to emulate Modernist ideals without the Bauhaus bravura. An ordered, rational approach to design, far removed from the blitzed Victorian housing stock, saw the fireplace, sash window and dado rail replaced with central heating, double-glazing, clean lines and communal green spaces. Ironically, many of these utilitarian homes now contain the very elements their architects rejected: mantelpieces and ceiling roses are frequently introduced by occupants eager to stamp their own aesthetic identities on their quarters.

Claire Hooper's Click-Click, a maquette of her 1955 council flat in Stepney, is a delicate ode to the original design rationale of post-war living. Hooper detects less than a quarter of a cubic metre of dead space in her entire home. Although the work can be connected through a series of magnets, it is deliberately placed in a nonsensical manner, fulfilling two purposes: liberating the space from its purely functional element, and offering up the potential for new understanding. Hooper's work invites consideration of the restraints imposed by architects and planners. How far can tenants bend these spaces to their own sensibilities? A Festival of Britain—

inspired palette of tomato soup orange, lemon yellow and Prussian blue adds to the celebratory feel of the work. Contradicting the misery and blight so often called upon when discussing housing of this period, Click-Click embraces the economy of form and materials employed in the creation of one 1950s council estate.

At last some curious traveller from Lima, will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St Paul's, like editions of Baalbec and Palmyra.

Horace Walpole, 1774

The Romantic endorsement of the ancient, manifested in the Cult of the Extinct, is echoed both in cinema and architecture. SITE's Best Buy stores can be read as a PoMo response to Piranesi's Prisons or Gandy's illustrations of John Soane's yet to be built (but already ruined) Bank of England. Planet of the Apes' toppled Statue of Liberty and the horse-drawn car of Things to Come recall Shelley's King of Kings, Ozymandias. Surveying past glories through the trauma of time can build a memento mori for the present.

Creating a deliberate paradox between 'futurist' materials and their contemporary applications, Jacob Dahl Jürgensen's Spectre employs Perspex rescued from a skip to



Spectre, 2004 Jacob Dahl Jürgensen



Rorschach Manta, 2004 (video still) Bernd Behr

build an indistinct mass of colour and light. Hanging from the ceiling and completing one elegant revolution a minute, the work is arguably more New-Agey than Moholy-Nagy. The kaleidoscopic effect created by different colours and varying opacity builds an almost kitsch response to the productions of Naum Gabo. The passage of time, and with it notions of newness, are integral to Spectre. Albert Speer's deliberately degrading stadia were designed to inspire confidence in the assertion that Nazism was part of Germany's inherited identity. By looking ancient, Speer's structures helped to bolster fascistic fantasies of legitimacy. Spectre works to expose the potential of materials. Jürgensen employs a once revolutionary, now defunct material: developed in the 1930s for use in aeroplane windows, Perspex is now frequently used for commercial signage. Its initial design rationale of furthering technological advancement has been reduced almost exclusively to the soulless manufacture of nameplates and golden arches. Light travels at 299 792 458 metres per second. In the blink of an eye, we may miss the ghost of things come and gone.

...it remained for ages, it may be presumed judging from its present appearance, unoccupied & unnoticed until lately its extraordinary appearance claimed the attention of passers-by and produced these observations.

Sir John Soane, 'Crude Hints Towards an History of my House', 1812

Bernd Behr's work investigates the almost palpable elements located just under the surface of the built environment. In *Rorschach Manta*, Behr's camera concentrates on an ambiguous image: a ragged tarpaulin, dislodged from its fixings on the roof of an office block, flaps menacingly in the wind. The building is still under construction, but the material designed to protect it threatens serious damage. Like Breughel's cautionary *Tower of Babel*, the work suggests a perpetual state of construction and degradation. The silent drama, played out through the reflection of the redundant protective skin on static glass, unnerves: tension mounts but cannot be resolved. The looping of the film makes a climax (and its obligatory denouement) impossible.

A small photograph presents us with another problem: scale. *Sentinel Burn* shows a building site lit at night and while the structure itself appears enormous, no human reference is present. The viewer, like Alice, is left to consider the dimensions appropriate to his/her insertion into a nightmarish landscape.

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Simon Dybbroe Møller's fascination with a constructed reality and its ultimate, damning, denial through the 'truth' of decay echoes through the vast archive of sci-fi: nowhere is this idea better realised than in the paranoid visions of that most Baudrillardian of films, *The Matrix*. Møller's *Occurrence #1* is a fabricated artefact of a coffee-stained newspaper, which, like the Shroud of Turin, reveals an iconic image (this time of Lee



Occurrence #1, 2004 Simon Dybbroe Møller

Harvey Oswald). The stain lies on a ‘hardboiled’ Associated Press account of Mike Tyson and Lennox Lewis’ pre-bout brawl in 2002. The image of the boxers, echoed by the stain’s refiguration of the moment of Oswald’s death, sits hermetically sealed in a vitrine, the offending coffee cup frozen in time alongside its preposterous handiwork. Its companion, Occurrence #2 is, superficially, a copy of Mary Higgins Clark’s 1989 *While My Pretty One Sleeps*, a dog-eared ‘thriller’ probably best left on the beaches of Tenerife. Removing, reworking and replacing pages from the trashy fashion-cum-murder mystery, Møller is able to construct a new and vaguely plausible narrative with the help of a snatch of text from Theo van Doesburg’s 1919 *Principles of Neo-Plastic Art*. The somewhat comforting idea, reproduced season after season in *The X Files*, that there exist patterns of truth rather than random series of coincidences, is the Modernist’s security blanket: without God, without a String (or conspiracy) Theory, we exist in a state of meaningless chaos.

A planet-load of holidaymakers, spinning to destruction.

John Cabal, 2036, Everytown

Whether Norman Foster’s ‘environmentally progressive’ gherkin or Daniel Libeskind’s now predictable testaments to pain and suffering, the architecture of the future cannot help but be steeped in its own past. Foster and Partners’ Great Court manages to re-invent Smirke’s intimate domed reading room and courtyard as a spectacular tourist attraction, complete with requisite bookshops and latté bars the discerning 21st Century visitor/consumer demands.

H. G. Wells once imagined a Time Machine, from which an unnamed man (an Everyman before the birth of Everytown) could view the passing millennia from the comfort of his armchair. Remember what he found?

Dean Kenning

NOW WHAT?

The constructivists declare art and its priests to be outlaws.

from the catalogue accompanying the exhibition *The Constructivists*, Moscow 1922

It's the year 2036, and in the underground technological miracle that is Everytown, the artists are revolting. Some things, it seems, never change. 'Modern art' itself might be defined as what is somehow 'ahead of its time' whilst simultaneously being hopelessly obsolete in the modern world. There remains an embarrassment attached to being an artist – a fine artist – now more than ever in an increasingly pragmatic, goal-oriented society. Victor Burgin described painting as the act of pushing pigment around woven fabric with the aid of animal hair attached to sticks (or something like that – those Conceptualists could be so cruel!). But regardless of material or technique, the question remains as to art's function. Another Conceptual artist, Joseph Kosuth, making a virtue of art's complete uselessness, considered how art – for Kosuth, nothing but an enquiry into the concept 'art' – could possibly fulfil 'what another age might have called "man's spiritual needs"' (*Art After Philosophy*). An esoteric religion indeed, for the initiated only.

Let us imagine a time when the artistic avant-garde, far from flaunting its social marginalisation, found itself identifying its own formal investigations with the creation of a new revolutionary society. Within the context of the Bolshevik revolution, art's use-value took on a new politically progressive character, and as such, had to become something fundamentally different from what had been understood up to that point as 'art'. Hence the attack upon art as a pathetic left over from an age-gone-by.

'The streets are our brushes, the squares our palettes' is a phrase that captures the artist's new role as constructor of the new utopia. The Russian avant-garde generally greeted the communist revolution with great enthusiasm, and abandoned all Romantic notions of the tormented, individual rebel-creator for the Constructivist ideal of the artist-constructor, or artist-engineer. In the spirit of collective and non-alienated labour, the Constructivists adopted a new, more modest and anonymous role, and considered their formal experiments as laboratory work, which would contribute to the solution of utilitarian tasks in the new Russia. In the early years of the revolution Lissitzky, Rodchenko, Tatlin and many other avant-garde artists were designing 'agitational stands' and 'propaganda kiosks' – these terms were not pejorative in any way – as well as posters for the 'abolition of literacy' campaign, worker's clothing, foldable furniture, traffic-lights, Soviet aeroplane logos etc. In the face of all this, we might ask, why was it that H. G. Wells, who was such an admirer of Lenin and

Soviet communism, so outrageously caricatures the artists of his future utopia as reactionary luddites, mallet and chisel in hand! In *Things to Come*, the artists' problem, it seems – or at least that of their leader, the 'Master Craftsman' – is that they have been humiliated by the unchallengeable omnipotence of technology and the rule of the technocrats, before which the lofty ideals embodied in their artworks (monumental stone statues!) seem 'small' and 'feeble'. After an impromptu, televised address, this 'outlaw priest' of Everytown stirs the listless masses to insurrection against the 'space gun', ultimate symbol of progress.

This portrayal seems particularly ironic considering Maholy-Nagy's role in the design of Everytown circa 2036 for Wells' film. Maholy-Nagy was of course a Bauhaus 'Form Master', whose ideas and methods ran close to those of the Russian Constructivists, with whom they were in contact. To be sure, the school was deeply influenced by William Morris' Arts and Crafts movement insofar as it sought to counteract the alienating effects of modern industry, but the Bauhaus, under Walter Gropius, didn't reject modern technology, but sort to utilize its power whilst altering its social organisation. In this way, and like the Constructivists, the Bauhaus envisaged itself not simply as an aesthetic, but as a social research and development department, preparing for a time when its vision – the 'Cathedral of the Future' – could be realized. Of course, far from being an irrelevant relic, the Bauhaus had an enormous impact on everyday life through design and architecture. Perhaps this is why Wells played wrecker and edited Maholy-Nagy's contribution to *Things to Come* down to a mere ninety seconds. The real issue here is whether it is possible to imagine a society so perfect, its people so content, that art could no longer maintain pretensions to anything much more than the status of flower arranging for Sunday mass.

We might further ponder what kind of 'artist' Wells considered himself to be, who had a public status that for an intellectual or artist today would be pure fantasy. Naturally, it is as a glimpse of pre-war Britain that *Things to Come* impacts on us most glaringly. At the time, an American distributor said of the film 'nobody is going to believe that the world is going to be saved by a bunch of people with British accents'¹ This is astute, if a bit unfair on Wells who was a tireless preacher for internationalism. But the plummy-accent factor is itself symptomatic of the problem with Wells' exultation of a technical elite in an age of conspicuous class division accompanied by enlightened paternalism.

The Russian Peasant is a small land-hungry proprietor, as far from communism in his thoughts and methods as a whale is from flying

H. G. Wells, *A Short History of the World*

What Wells appreciated most about the Soviet system was its ability to install order through the control of a mass industrialised economy. (The mass-starvation of the peasantry as a result of 'dekulakization' and the 'Five Year Plan' had been

kept secret from the outside world). A visit to Stalin in 1934, far from being a mere journalistic assignment, was, as Wells considered it, of crucial importance as a contribution to international relations and the future of mankind. It followed an interview in the United States with Roosevelt whom Wells admired greatly as the architect of the socialist-leaning economic policy of 'New Deal', and Wells is throughout keen to place emphasis on how capitalism and communism are coming closer together.² However, the urgency of Wells' agenda affords him no friendly brushing over of the issue which, despite their common ground, holds himself and Stalin apart:

During the past few years I have been much engaged in... propaganda in favour of Socialism and cosmopolitanism among wide circles of engineers, airmen, military-technical people etc. It is useless approaching these circles with two-track class-war propaganda.

Stalin, as you would expect, begs to differ, and with all the conviction of one who has the authority of the iron laws of history to back him up. It is not a question of technical or organisational competence any more than it is a question of will amongst intellectuals such as Wells who share a vision of new order. If the technical intelligentsia have any role to play, it cannot be an independent one:

to abstract oneself from th[e] fundamental division in society [property owners and exploited] and from the fundamental struggle between the two main classes means ignoring facts. This struggle is going on and will continue. The outcome of the struggle will be determined by the proletarian class, the working class.

Stalin further reminds Wells how

After the October Revolution, a certain section of the technical intelligentsia refused to take part in the work of constructing the new society; they opposed this work of construction and sabotaged it.

Whilst, in retrospect, all Stalin's words take on a sinister edge, we might agree with his judgement as to Wells' naivety; his utopianism in the negative sense. Wells comes across as an old-school humanist, who imagines that radical social restructuring is a question of persuading people, by sheer force of argument, to see sense and succumb to their better instincts. At the end of the interview Wells even jokes that what is needed is for someone 'to invent a Five Year Plan for the reconstruction of the human brain'. Stalin criticises Wells for his failure to consider the question of seizing political power, and in this respect it is interesting to note how in *Things to Come* war is seen as the final denigration of humanity which necessitates the seizure of power, rather than in itself a strategic opportunity for revolution (as it was for the Bolsheviks in 1917).

Given this difference, it is nevertheless instructive to see how Stalin and Wells both regard an elite class as the necessary condition for the delivery of progress for the good of the masses (whether ‘mankind’ or ‘the proletariat’). In *Things to Come*, this is of course the dictatorship of the technocrats – ‘the Brotherhood of efficiency, the Freemasonry of science’. Stalin, as we have seen, takes a very different view. Lenin had envisioned a more neutral zone of state institutions outside the party itself, and he appealed to scientific and technical expertise as a depoliticized solution to practical problems. Stalin’s rise to power is synonymous with the purging of all civic neutrality in the name of renewed class warfare. Noting the relatively low party membership among the technical intelligentsia, Stalin played on worker resentments against the privileges afforded to ‘specialists’ (although such inequalities were party policy) to gain support for an attack upon the technicians, now branded as class traitors. This allowed Stalin to monopolise power through a party bureaucracy whom Stalin referred to as ‘an order of Teutonic Knights at the centre of the Soviet State’. (Most of this ‘order’ would later be killed or sent to gulags during the terror of 1936–38).

The tragedy of Stalinism played itself out in the visual arts too. As we have seen, avant-garde artists considered their role to be at one with the construction of the new Communist society, but as the party moved to equate its claim to be the representative of the proletariat with the illegitimacy of any criticism aimed towards it, art was to be reduced to a means of glorifying the party. Criticism could now be construed as an attack upon the working class itself, and likewise any ‘deviation’ from stylistic dictates (i.e. Socialist Realism). This situation, however, was not intrinsically a question of style: modernist vs. traditional; abstract vs. representational. The original dreams of Constructivist ‘artist-engineers’ never materialized in the sense of artists working in factories and utilizing the apparatus of industrial mass production. (The social role of the avant-garde was mostly limited to graphic and typographic design). The point about a representational art that the masses could understand is that, far from signalling a political reaction, it was a question high on the agenda of the avant-garde artists themselves, insofar as they no longer distinguished an autonomous artistic development from social progress. In a way, the representational function of technically reproducible art – photography and film – allowed these artists to square the circle of ‘advanced’ art and the advanced class – the proletariat. But according to this logic, nothing excluded even oil painting, in principle. Unlike the cautious technical intelligentsia, the avant-garde embraced the new conditions of possibility, but according to Susan Buck-Morss, this very ‘revolutionary enthusiasm threatened the political vanguard because it challenged the latter on its own discursive grounds’.³ That is to say, we must view the politics of the Russian avant-garde as extending beyond their functional role as producers acting in accordance with the dictates of a new revolutionary government. The avant-garde played an independent political role insofar as their industrial and commercial designs were ‘experimental and exemplary’. Even the many designs that never got made had the character of keeping revolutionary possibilities alive after the revolution, and therefore had an independent

critical character, ‘a non–functional, utopian presence in the present’, and a check on how party talk measured up to people’s everyday reality.

Between 1929 and 1931, the artist Tatlin worked on the design and prototype construction of his flying machine, a kind of bicycle with controllable bird–like wings. The comical, low–tech look of this machine might be proof to some of the redundancy of artists in an age of industrial production and technical specialisation, something like the pathetic, humiliated artists of Everytown, which had after all been built under the rule of the ‘Airmen’ (‘Wings Over the World’) who were about to launch the first capsule into space. But there is a kind of utopian dimension, beyond satire, to Heath Robinson–type inventions: a pathos of daft eccentricity more endearing than the dull moral perfection of the technocrat leader Oswald Cabal, or those familiar neat, ghostly figures who inhabit architectural drawings of futuristic shopping malls. Tatlin himself was being entirely practically minded. His flying machine needed to be as cheap as possible because it was intended for mass use. Everyone was to fly, cheaply and in a way that was environmentally friendly. Furthermore, his machine was to return to humans the ‘feeling of flight’ – ‘the movement of our body in the air’⁴ – which had been robbed by the mechanical flight of the aeroplane. It never happened, of course, but for all that it cannot be said to have served no purpose as an artwork; no political purpose. Whilst the buzzword of the party was ‘production’, the Constructivists concerned themselves with consumption; the new and beautiful thing about communism being that consumption was here divested of commodity logic, and the consumer was no longer the individual but the collective. Similarly, research and development was no longer a means to profit, but a process for the benefit of all the people making up the new society, even if this meant acting beyond the official representatives of those people.

Unless we are to believe that Habitat is the ‘Cathedral of the Future’ the Bauhaus looked forward to, and if we are not particularly comforted by the suspicion that our new art museums are secular churches for the educated classes who join the tourists there at the weekends, fulfilling a rather undemanding version of ‘man’s spiritual needs’ in the twenty–first century, it is worthwhile considering the shape of art’s political role today. What we learn from a look back at the Russian Constructivists is how art’s autonomous status is not necessarily to be thought of as an apolitical position – quite the reverse, at least potentially.

Artistic autonomy was publicly supported during the Cold War by Western governments as a way of winning the ‘hearts and minds’ of intellectuals who would compare artistic ‘freedom’ with the state–directed moralistic kitsch of communist Socialist Realism.⁵ This necessity no longer pertaining, the government has devised and implemented a new instrumental model, in order to justify continued funding for art. Art’s social function is now to fulfil an area of policy whose vague goal is the creation of a ‘sense of community, identity and civic pride’ (New Labour Manifesto, 1997. Hence: ‘accessibility’, ‘regeneration’ etc) Having largely abandoned economic regulation and

public ownership, the government now sees art as a means to national social cohesion, with arts institutions pursuing government aims insofar as the government is identified as representative of the 'British people'. As Andrew Brighton argues, this is all suspiciously reminiscent of Soviet arts policy. Whatever immediate impact all this has on artists themselves, it sets the context, at least the national-political, institutional context, in which art takes place. If, as Brighton suspects, the real strategy behind such thinking is to create a 'conservative culture of shared moral values' without which free markets cannot function, and yet which the free market itself destroys, then this begs the question as to art's relationship to the market, as well as to such hypocritical government aims.

If an interest in Things to Come today signifies anything more than a nostalgic look back at the future (in consolation for not being able to imagine one ourselves), it is because it embodies a selfless goal to make things better for all. And in those brilliant sets and models which constitute the new utopian city, Wells, Maholy-Nagy and the other designers materialize a certain vision, a shape of things to come, which is a critique more than a blueprint, there and then in 1936. It is this function that gives us confidence to believe that the artists of the future might not be as revolting as was once imagined.

¹ Christopher Frayling, *Things to Come*, BFI, 1995

² H. G. Wells, 'Joseph Stalin interviewed by H. G. Wells' in *The Penguin Book of Interviews*, ed Christopher Silvester, Viking, 1993

³ Susan Buck-Morss, *Dreamworld and Catastrophe. The Passing of Mass Utopia in East and West*, MIT, 2000

⁴ Tatlin, quoted in *ibid*

⁵ See Andrew Brighton, 'Towards a Command Culture: New Labour's Cultural Policy and Soviet Socialist Realism' in *Art For All? Their Policies and our Culture*, ed Mark Wallinger + Mary Warnock, PEER, 2000

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