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NYX · AOIDE · ERIS

Claire Hooper

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Vorwort

Claire Hooper ist die Gewinnerin des Baloise Kunst-Preises 2010. Im mumok präsentiert sie ihr prämiertes Video *Nyx* (2010) zusammen mit den beiden 2011 entstandenen Arbeiten *Aoide* und *Eris* als Trilogie. Die drei Filme verbindet eine Verschränkung von Narrationen aus der aktuellen Lebenswelt mit Figuren und Konzepten der griechischen Mythologie. Beide werden zu Elementen einer kaleidoskopartigen Verflechtung von Realität und Fiktion, bei der Hooper – in der Art eines Nouveau Roman – auch die lineare Abfolge von Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft aufhebt.

Nyx, betitelt nach der Göttin der Nacht, zeigt eine nächtliche U-Bahn-Fahrt des jungen Kurden Furat, der nach „nur zwei Bier" auf ihm selbst unerklärliche Weise berauscht ist. Das Setting dieses Films bilden die zwischen 1971 und 1984 von Rainer Rümmler ausgestalteten Stationen der Berliner U-Bahn-Linie 7, welche zwischen Neukölln beziehungsweise Kreuzberg – den Wohnvierteln türkischer Einwanderer – und Spandau verkehrt. Die fantasievolle Architektur dieser U-Bahnhöfe mit zahlreichen Details im Art-déco- und Orientstil hatte Hooper bereits 2008 in ihrem Video *Nach Spandau* in weitgehend leerem nächtlichem Zustand geradezu voyeuristisch Station für Station abgefilmt. In *Nyx* werden sie zu den Orten von Furats Reise, die mit einer Begegnung mit Thanatos, dem Gott des ruhigen Todes, seinem Zwillingsbruder Hypnos, dem Gott des Schlafes, und dessen Frau Pasithea, der Göttin der Halluzination, beginnt. Im Weiteren trifft der junge Mann noch auf zahlreiche mythische Figuren der Nacht – alle im zeitgenössischen Gewand –, darunter Eris, die Göttin der Zwietracht und des Streites, und ihre Kinder, zu denen der Fluch, die Lüge und der Ruin zählen. Den Orakelgott Morpheus, verantwortlich für das Erscheinen von Menschen in

Träumen, hält Furat zunächst für seine Mutter, die ihn vor den Gefahren der Nacht ebenso warnt wie Nemesis, die Göttin des gerechten Zorns, und die Erinnyen, Göttinnen der Schuld, die hier wie R&B Stars in Musik Videos auftreten. Verwoben in den Fluss seiner Erfahrungen und Visionen sind die rituelle Schlachtung einer Ziege in einem kurdischen Dorf sowie die in Stein gemeißelten Kampfszenen am Pergamonaltar – als in Berlin verwahrtem Relikt aus der Kultur seiner Vorfahren. Philotes, Göttin der Freundschaft und ebenfalls ein Geschöpf der Nacht, beendet schließlich Furats Odyssee und geleitet ihn aus den unterirdischen Tiefen zurück in das pulsierende Leben der Großstadt Berlin.

Eine nicht lineare Verschränkung von Gegenwart und Erinnerung – als Basis einer Konstruktion von Vergangenheit und Geschichte – kennzeichnet auch *Aoide*, benannt nach der Muse des fertigen Gedichts. Der Film entstand 2011 im und für die Kunsthalle Lothringer_13, in der 1981 schon Claires Vater, der Maler John Hooper, mit seinen geometrisch-abstrakten Malereien in einer Gruppenschau von neun englischen Malern vertreten war. Für ihre Präsentation am selben Ort ließ die Tochter seine Bilder wieder dorthin bringen und inszenierte deren Hängung als eine Auseinandersetzung mit ihrer eigenen Vergangenheit, ebenso wie mit jener des Vaters, aber auch des Kunstraums. Anhand der Figuren eines Dichters und seiner Musen verband sie dies mit einer komplexen Reflexion über die Relation von Kunst und Wahrheit.

Mit Eris greift Hooper in ihrem jüngsten Film eine Figur heraus, die schon in *Nyx* aufgetreten war. Aufhänger ist diesmal die Geschichte von Danielle, die als Tochter von Eltern, die bei ihrer Geburt noch im Kinderheim lebten, in einer Pflegefamilie aufwuchs. Sie selbst wurde mit 15 Jahren schwanger und ihr erster Sohn stand schon bevor er auf die Welt kam auf der „Risikoliste" des Sozialamtes. Ihr Kampf um das Sorgerecht für dieses Kind stellt die Frage nach den Möglichkeiten der Selbstbestimmung in einer schick-

salhaften Verstrickung, als deren Verkörperung beispielsweise Sozialarbeiter auftreten. Diese sind gleichzeitig Personifikationen der antiken Schicksalsgöttinnen, die für unentrinnbare Vorgaben im Leben jedes Menschen stehen: KLOTHO, die den Lebensfaden spinnt, LACHESIS, die ihn bemisst und zuteilt, und ATROPOS, die ihn zerschneidet.

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Mit zweien dieser Videos von Claire Hooper kann das mumok nun schon zum sechsten Mal eine Schenkung von Werken eines Baloise Kunst-Preisträgers in Empfang nehmen. Seit 2006 erhielten wir Werke von Ryan Gander, Keren Cytter, Andreas Eriksson, Duncan Campbell und Nina Canell, allesamt Künstler und Künstlerinnen, die zur Zeit ihrer Auswahl durch die Baloise Jury noch kaum bekannt waren und mittlerweile zu wesentlichen Playern im internationalen Diskurs- und Ausstellungsbetrieb zählen.

Das Engagement der Baloise Group im Bereich der Gegenwartskunst ist ein in doppelter Hinsicht vorbildliches, unterstützt es doch junge Künstler und Museen gleichermaßen: Eine international besetzte Expertenjury wählt aus den „Art Statements" der Basler Kunstmesse zwei Künstler, die sowohl durch ein Preisgeld als auch durch Ankäufe gefördert werden. Die erworbenen Werke werden an Museen übergeben, derzeit an die Kunsthalle Hamburg und das mumok. Für dieses ebenso großzügige wie intelligente Engagement ist der Baloise Group in aufrichtigster Weise zu danken. Namentlich genannt seien in diesem Zusammenhang Dr. Rolf Schäuble, Ehrenpräsident des Verwaltungsrates der Bâloise Holding AG, Dr. Andreas Burckhardt, Präsident des Verwaltungsrates der Bâloise Holding AG, Dr. Otmar Bodner, CEO der Basler Versicherungen Österreich, Philipp Senn, Präsident der Kunstkommission der Baloise, sowie Isabelle Guggenheim, Projektleiterin, aber auch Martin Schwan-

der, externer Kunstberater der Baloise.

Darüber hinaus geht unser Dank an die Künstlerin Claire Hooper für eine sehr angenehme und inspirierende Zusammenarbeit bei der Vorbereitung ihrer Präsentation im mumok. Ebenso herzlich danken wir Paul Simon Richards, der das Entstehen der Filme wie auch des Kataloges in vielfältiger Weise unterstützt hat. Mike Sperlinger, Kodirektor der Londoner Film- und Videoagentur LUX, haben wir für seinen präzisen und sensiblen Text zu danken und Matthew Appleton von Modern Activity für die grafische Gestaltung dieses Künstlerbuches, dessen Produktion ebenfalls von der Baloise unterstützt wurde, sowie der Londoner Galerie Hollybush Gardens.

Ganz besonders möchten wir unseren Mitarbeitern und Mitarbeiterinnen für ihren Einsatz bei der Planung und Organisation der Ausstellung und der vorliegenden Publikation danken: Bärbel Holaus für die Betreuung der Baloise Group, Ulrike Todoroff für die Organisation, Michael Krupica für die Technik der Präsentation, Nina Krick für die Produktion dieses Künstlerbuches sowie Katharina Radmacher für die Organisation der Feierlichkeiten.

Karola Kraus
Direktorin des mumok

Eva Badura-Triska
Ausstellungskuratorin

Preface

Claire Hooper is the winner of the 2010 Baloise Art Prize. At mumok she is presenting her prize-winning video *Nyx* (2010), as part of a trilogy which also includes two works from 2011; *Aoide* and *Eris*. These three films all combine narration of everyday life with figures and concepts from Greek mythology. Both become elements of a kaleidoscopic melange of reality and fiction, in which Hooper – in the manner of a nouveau roman – also dispenses with the linear succession of past, present and future.

In *Nyx*, named after the goddess of the Night, we follow Furat, a young Kurd from Kreuzberg who cannot understand why he is so intoxicated after 'just two beers', on a nocturnal U-Bahn journey. The film is set on the platforms of U-Bahn line 7, designed by Rainer Rümmler between 1971 and 1984, along the route between Neukölln, the Turkish neighbourhood of Berlin, and Spandau. Hooper had already filmed the imaginative architecture of these underground stations with their many art deco and oriental style details in 2008 in her video *Nach Spandau*, where she almost voyeuristically pictured the stations one by one at night when they were mainly empty. In *Nyx* they become the scene of Furat's journey, which begins with an encounter with Thanatos, the god of Peaceful Death, his twin brother Hypnos, the god of Sleep, and the latter's wife Pasithea, goddess of Hallucination. In the course of his journey the young man meets many more mythical figures of the Night, all in contemporary dress, including Eris, the goddess of Strife and Discord, and her children, among them the Spirits of Oaths, Falsehoods and Ruin. Furat takes the oracular Morpheus, Spirit of People Seen In Dreams, for his own mother, and she warns him of the dangers of the night, but he is swiftly caught up by Nemesis, the goddess of Vengeance, and the Erinyes, Spirits of Guilt, who here

appear like R&B stars in a music video. Intermingled with the flow of Furat's experiences and visions are the ritual slaughter of a goat in a Kurdish village and the bas-relief battle scenes of the Pergamon altar – as a relic of the culture of his ancestors, kept in Berlin. PHILOTES, the spirit of Friendship and also a creature of the Night, finally brings Furat's odyssey to an end, accompanying him out of the subterranean depths back into the pulsating life of the metropolis Berlin.

A non-linear interweaving of the present and memory, as the basis of a construction of a past and history, is also a feature of *Aoide*, named after the muse of the Finished Poem. The film was made in 2011 in and for the Munich exhibition space Kunsthalle Lothringer_13. By coincidence, Claire's father, the painter John Hooper, had shown his geometric abstract paintings, as one of nine English painters in a group exhibition at Kunsthalle Lothringer_13 in 1981. For her own presentation in the same place, his daughter had her father's pictures brought back there and staged their hanging as a way of examining her own own past and also that of her father and the art gallery. By including the figures of the Poet, the Oracle, and Muses, she linked this with a complex reflection on the relationship between art and truth.

With the figure of ERIS in her newest film, Hooper includes a character who had already appeared in *Nyx*. The framework this time is the story of Danielle: Born to parents who met in a children's home and brought up in foster care herself, when she fell pregnant at 15, Danielle's first son was on the 'at risk list' with the social services before he was born. Her struggle for custody of her son poses the question as to the possibilities of self-determination in the entanglement of fate, embodied here by social workers. The latter are also personifications of the classical goddesses of destiny who stand for the inextricable givens in the life of each individual: KLOTHO, who spins the thread of life, LACHESIS, who measures and allocates it, and ATROPOS, who cuts it.

With two of these videos by Claire Hooper, mumok receives for the sixth time a donation of works by a Baloise Art Prize winner. Since 2006 we have been given works by Ryan Gander, Keren Cytter, Andreas Eriksson, Duncan Campbell and Nina Canell, all of them artists who were not so well known when selected by the Baloise Jury and who have in the meantime become important players in the international discourse and exhibition scene.

The commitment of the Baloise Group in the field of contemporary art is exemplary in two ways – it supports young artists as well as museums. An international jury of experts chooses two artists from the Art Statements of the Basle Art Fair. These receive prize money and are supported by purchases of their works, which are then given to museums, at present the Kunsthalle Hamburg and the mumok. We would like to thank the Baloise Group most sincerely for their generous support and for providing this in such a meaningful way. In particular we would like to mention Dr. Rolf Schäuble, honorary president of the Bâloise Holding AG administrative board, Dr. Andreas Burckhardt, president of the Bâloise Holding AG administrative board, Dr. Otmar Bodner, CEO of Basler Versicherungen Österreich, Philipp Senn, president of the Bâloise art commision, Isabelle Guggenheim, project manager, and also Martin Schwander, external art advisor to Baloise.

We would also like to thank the artist Claire Hooper for truly pleasant and inspiring collaboration in preparing the mumok presentation. Warmest thanks also go to Paul Simon Richards for his tremendous support in the preparation of this catalogue, but also in the production of all three films. We thank Mike Sperlinger, co-director of the London film and video agency LUX, for his precise and sensitive essay, Matthew Appleton of Modern Activity for the graphic design of this artist's book, whose production is also supported by Baloise, and also Hollybush Gardens gallery in London.

Special thanks also go to the mumok staff for their work in planning and organizing the exhibition and this publication: Bärbel Holaus, who is in charge of our contacts with the Baloise Group, Ulrike Todoroff for the organisation and Michael Krupica for the technical part of the presentation, Nina Krick for the production of this artist's book, and Katharina Radmacher for organising the events and festivities.

Karola Kraus
Director of mumok

Eva Badura-Triska
Exhibition curator

Einleitung

Antike als Modernismus

Mike Sperlinger

.

Vielleicht muss man, um einen transzendentalen Gesichtspunkt für das Antike zu haben, erzmodern sein.

___ August Wilhelm Schlegel

.

Claire Hoopers Werk widersetzt sich – jedenfalls aus heutiger Sicht – jeder zukünftigen Retrospektive. Letztere fußen auf dem Vertrauen in eine ganze Reihe von Konzepten: die Gegenwärtigkeit der Gegenwart zum Beispiel oder eine Vergangenheit jenseits individueller Erinnerung. Derartige Konzepte machen Rückschauen erst möglich. In Hoopers Videos hingegen werden solche Koordinaten aufgehoben. In ihnen ist die Vergangenheit genauso wie die Zukunft Spekulationsobjekt oder sogar Prophezeiung, und Erfahrung wird nur durch die variable Grammatik des Mythos kenntlich.

Hoopers Videos sind lose Geschichten oder – besser noch – Montagen ganz unterschiedlicher, in der Art eines Orientteppichs verwobener Narrative. Laien spielen sich selbst in ihren Alltagsdramen: ein angetrunkener junger Mann auf einer nächtlichen U-Bahn-Fahrt nach Hause (*Nyx*, 2010), die Belegschaft einer Kunsthalle beim Aufbau einer Ausstellung (*Aoide*, 2011), eine Frau im Streit mit dem Fürsorgeamt über die Obsorge ihres Kinds (*Eris*, 2011). Zugleich stellen sie aber auch Charaktere aus der griechischen Mythologie dar. In *Nyx* zum Beispiel wird der junge Kurde Furat auf eine U-Bahn-Odyssee geschickt, die ihn auf verschiedene Abkömmlinge der

titelgebenden Göttin der Nacht treffen lässt (etwa auf Hypnos, den Gott des Schlafs, Philotes, die Göttin der Freundschaft, oder Eris, die Göttin der Zwietracht). Doch am Ende der Fahrt können weder Furat noch wir diese Begegnungen eindeutig als Halluzination oder Einbruch einer archaischen Ordnung bestimmen. Die verschiedenen Erzählebenen werden in einem traumähnlichen Gleichgewicht gehalten. Sogar das Erscheinen der von Furien umwirbelten Rachegöttin Nemesis auf einem Bahnsteig erweckt nicht direkt den Eindruck, man befände sich jenseits der Realität. Diese Wirkung wird zum Teil dadurch erzielt, dass die Gottheiten leger oder zumindest modern gekleidet sind. Nemesis zum Beispiel erscheint im Kreise der Furien wie eine besonders hip-toughe R&B-Prinzessin samt Tanzcrew. Darüber hinaus mutet schon die normale Umgebung fantastisch an. *Nyx* holt das Maximum aus Rainer Rümmlers überspannter Gestaltung der Berliner U7-Stationen heraus – sogar die normalste Szene (Furat, der beim Warten auf die U-Bahn in sein Handy nuschelt) erscheint dadurch übersättigt und schräg.

Mythos, um dies klarzustellen, ist nicht gleichbedeutend mit einem Aufmarsch des griechischen Pantheons (wenngleich das zunächst auffälligste Element in Hoopers Kunst sicher die Parade der antiken Gottheiten ist). Eine Berliner U-Bahn-Linie als Reiseroute mit untereinander zusammenhängenden evokativen Ortsnamen (*Zitadelle… Jungfernheide… Südstern…*) ist allein schon protomythisch. Der schiere Akt, Orte oder Gegenstände zu einer Liste zu verknüpfen – „in Spaltenform oder, wenn man will, durch Kommata getrennt“ [1] –, deutet auf obskure Weise eine Ordnung, ja sogar einen Kausalzusammenhang an. Mythos ist der Syntax inhärent. Er ist das Trugbild jener Bedeutung, die wir in unserem unbeirrbaren Wahn, alles Gestaltete wäre intelligent, ständig „entdecken“ wollen. Das Kaleidoskop, ein Motiv, das in Hoopers Werk immer wiederkehrt, ist eine prismatische Figur dieses Prozesses: Die Welt wird zu immer neuen und verführerischen Symmetrien rekombiniert.

In *Aoide* wird der Mythos explizit zum strukturellen Mehrwert der Narration. Hooper inszeniert eine Art Retrospektive der Gemälde ihres Vaters. Oder besser: Sie inszeniert, dass eine solche Retrospektive als unpersönliches Inventar seiner Bilder unmöglich ist. John Hooper hatte 1981 in der Kunsthalle Lothringer_13 in München an der Ausstellung *Nine English Painters* teilgenommen. *Aoide* versammelt nun zahlreiche seiner Gemälde zu einer Schau, die niemand außer der Künstlerin und der Belegschaft sehen soll. Das Video dokumentiert den Ausstellungsaufbau (vom Rahmenbau bis zur Hängung) und verwendet das Aufbauteam als Schauspieler in einem Drama griechischen Stils – samt Musen und Orakel. Die prosaischen Tätigkeiten wie das Auspacken der Gemälde oder das Ausmessen der Wandpositionen werden der Poesie des Ausstellungsaufbaus und den kuratorischen Entscheidungen gegenübergestellt, ohne dass einer der beiden Aspekte bevorzugt würde. Das Video enthält auch eine längere diaschauartige Präsentation von 900 Gemälden John Hoopers, die Claire zusammen mit dem Künstler Paul Simon Richards zuvor in einem Fotostudio Bild für Bild akribisch abgelichtet hatte. Eine kurze, zärtliche Coda zeigt Ausschnitte dieser Prozedur und der dabei geführten Dialoge.

Aoide greift das Genre der Retrospektive auf und benutzt es zur Erprobung einer „Kunst der Erinnerung" in der Tradition mnemonischer Raumordnungen, praktiziert seit Cicero und davor. Es ist ein räumlicher und taktiler Erinnerungsakt, zugleich aber auch ein Schaffensakt. Die Vergangenheit wird für ein bestimmtes Publikum in einem bestimmten Augenblick arrangiert (ganz buchstäblich gemeint: So wird bei einigen Bildern entschieden, welche Seite bei der Hängung oben sein soll). Der Dichter kommentiert aus dem Off:

Das kann natürlich je nach Kontext, Publikum, Zeitpunkt und verfügbarem Raum immer neu und anders erzählt werden.

Hier jedenfalls erhält die Erzählung durch die Beziehung zwischen jüngerer Künstlerin und älterem Künstler einen genealogischen Aspekt. Hooper hat diese Gemälde „persönliche Höhlenmalereien" genannt, und dazu passend, ist die Erzählzeit des Videos eine Art Urgegenwart. Der Dichter intoniert:

Nun, ein Mensch stirbt – körperlich –, aber die Erinnerung an ihn bleibt bestehen, weil die Muse nicht vergeht, und was er gemacht hat, taucht auf im Werk anderer … Wie seine Kinder, das Haar, das auf die gleiche Weise fällt, dieselbe Farbe hat …

Wie auch die anderen neueren Werke Hoopers betont *Aoide* die unterschiedlichen und ineinanderfließenden Zeitebenen oder, vielmehr, die verschiedenen Methoden, diese festzuhalten. Richards, der ein letztes Bild von Claire und John neben einem von dessen Gemälden macht, warnt die beiden: „Das ist wie früher bei der Fotografie, ihr müsst ziemlich lang still halten." Doch die Frage nach der Aufnahmendauer im Gegensatz zur Dauer des Aufgenommenen gilt natürlich auch für die Gemälde selbst (und sie wird nicht unwichtiger, wenn die Bilder nicht figurativ sind). Nicht weniger gilt sie für Claires Bleistiftskizzen einzelner Charaktere, die wie Interpunktionen wirken, oder für den antiken Fries im Pergamonmuseum in Berlin (beide Teil von *Nyx*) und natürlich auch für die Videos selbst. Der Wechsel zwischen den Medien unterstreicht das Konstruktive, die syntaktischen und synthetischen Merkmale des Geschichtenerzählens, die uns der Mythos in Reinform vergessen machen würde. (Dinge können immer neu und anders erzählt werden.)

Die Heterogenität der Elemente und Techniken in Hoopers Kunst verweist auf deren Bruchstückhaftigkeit. Allerdings handelt es sich um keine ornamentale Bruchstückhaftigkeit, kein nachträglich aufgesetztes

Dekor. Sie ist vielmehr jenes Prinzip, durch das die Arbeit ihrer eigenen Verführung durch die mythische Ordnung widerstehen kann. In *Aoide* mögen die Zerstückelungen analog zur Bruchstückhaftigkeit der Orakelsprüche sein, doch betreffen sie ebenso auch John Hoopers Gemälde, die gleichzeitig Bruchstücke eines Œuvre und Fragmente ihrer selbst sind (oft wiederholen sie sich, manchmal taucht ein Bild als Hintergrunddekor eines anderen auf). In *Nyx* wiederum können die Brüche und Sprünge im Narrativ als Hinweis auf die trunkene Sinnesverwirrung des Hauptdarstellers gelesen werden. Gleichzeitig sind sie aber auch vorzüglicher Ausdruck einer Überlastung, der Unmöglichkeit nämlich, die vielen verschiedenen Eindrücke zu integrieren: eine Konfrontation mit einem Fahrscheinkontrolleur, die Machenschaften der griechischen Göttin der Nacht, die rituelle Schlachtung einer Ziege im ländlichen Kurdistan.

Eine Schlüsselszene in *Nyx* ist eine rasant geschnittene Montage von Bildern des Pergamonfrieses. Sie steht für eine Kampfszene, wobei die Handlung weniger durch die Aktionen der Figuren auf dem Fries als durch ihre Unvollständigkeit, ihre fehlenden Gliedmaßen und verwitterten Körpermerkmale angedeutet wird. In dieser Sequenz wird die Bruchstückhaftigkeit selbst zu einer Art von Gewalt. Hoopers Arbeit spielt also mit der „vorgefundenen" Ruinenhaftigkeit der Antike, damit, wie sich in unserem Verständnis klassischer Texte oder Skulpturen Zufälliges mit von uns Gewolltem vermischt hat, und auch mit der ambivalenten Beziehung dessen zur bewussten Fragmentierung in der Moderne – jener Moderne, die T. J. Clark bekanntlich als „unsere Antike, mit anderen Worten; die einzige, die wir haben", charakterisiert hat.[2]

Diese Doppelbeziehung Hoopers zur Antike wird in ihrem Einsatz von Personifikationen am offensichtlichsten. In einer älteren Arbeit mit dem Titel *Auditorium* (2005) erscheinen die auftretenden Charaktere noch klarer als Teil

eines psychologischen Schemas – als „Projektionen" der Hauptfigur auf die leere Leinwand in einem Vortragssaal. In *Eris* schließlich werden alle Reste des psychologischen Realismus bewusst durch Verkörperungen von Konzepten ersetzt (Schlaf, Schmerz, Hunger und so weiter), mit der Behauptung, diese wären in Wahrheit individueller als die Menschen, die sie angeblich teilen. Wenn wir wütend sind, haben wir vielleicht mehr gemeinsam mit einem anderen zornigen Menschen als mit uns selbst, wenn wir nicht wütend sind. Die Mühen der jungen Danielle, ihren Sohn vom Fürsorgeamt zurückzubekommen, werden durch Eris, Göttin der Zwietracht, nicht bloß allegorisiert. Vielmehr wird die Verkörperung eines gemeinsamen Merkmals zu einem Prinzip, durch das sowohl Danielle als auch Eris, wenn auch jede auf ihre Art, zu Sündenböcken gestempelt werden.

In bündiger Verkürzung eines Diktums Heraklits erklärte der deutsche Dichter Novalis einst, dass Charakter Schicksal sei. Hooper dreht diesen Aphorismus zwar nicht um, doch legt ihr Werk die Frage nahe, ob denn das Individuum überhaupt Träger eines „Charakters" sei. In Form einer „Bewertung der Risiken" für Danielles Kind, verwahrt in einem Aktenschrank des Fürsorgeamts, schlagen die Schicksalsgöttinnen nämlich zurück. Danielles Charakter wird von Kräften jenseits ihrer Kontrolle bestimmt. Auch die Jungs der kurdischen Gang in *Nyx*, die T-Shirts mit Aufschriften wie „Zwietracht", „Fluch", „Lügen", „Streit" tragen, spielen ihre Rollen nach einem göttlichen Plan, während sie sich zugleich wie brave Konsumenten verhalten, die ihre Identitäten wie Konfektionsmarken vor sich hertragen. (Es ist kein Zufall, dass im Vorgängervideo von *Nyx*, der ruhiger beobachtenden U7-Studie *Nach Spandau* aus dem Jahr 2008, auch die Fotomodels von ihren Plakaten steigen und plötzlich, animistisch, als überdimensionale Personen erscheinen – als Verkörperungen vielleicht weltlicherer Göttinnen.)

Doch auch das Vermeiden bürokratischer oder konsumistischer Kräfte der Personifizierung würde zu

keinem authentischeren Ich führen. Die Menschen in Hoopers Videos sollen sich selbst *spielen*. Die Angestellten der Kunsthalle Lothringer_13 zum Beispiel schauspielern nicht weniger, wenn sie vor der Kamera in ihre Alltagsrollen schlüpfen, als wenn sie spielerisch mythische Charaktere annehmen. Und genau das erzeugt in den Videos eine Komik, die jedoch nichts mit „camp" zu tun hat. Form und Inhalt mögen untrennbar verbunden sein, sind aber auch nicht aufeinander reduzierbar. Das Orakel in *Aoide* wird diesbezüglich ungewöhnlich deutlich. Über die Musen, die im Film von drei jungen Frauen der Kunsthalle gespielt werden, sagt es: „Stellen wir klar: Musen sind keine duften Miezen, bei denen man zerfließt … Was man sieht, ist, was man über sie empfindet, was sie einen empfinden lassen." Unsere Aufgabe ist also, weder uns selbst noch anderen eine statische Identität zuzuschreiben.

„Schon der Mythos ist Aufklärung", schrieben Adorno und Horkheimer, „und: Aufklärung schlägt in Mythologie zurück." [3] Ihre Darstellung in der *Dialektik der Aufklärung*, laut welcher der antike Mythos in Wahrheit ein Prototyp der Vernunft ist und die moderne Vernunft umgekehrt Gefahr läuft, durch ihren verkürzenden Positivismus zu einem Mythos zu werden, macht klar, warum jede heutige Rückwendung zu griechischen Archetypen mit deren paradoxer Modernität zu rechnen hat. Um dies aber erfolgreich darzustellen, muss Hooper ihren eigenen Weg zwischen Szylla und Charybdis finden – nämlich einerseits zwischen dem drohenden Pathos bei der Inszenierung griechischer Mythen im heutigen Umfeld und andererseits der Gefahr, einfach (und ideologisch) von deren hohem kulturellem Ansehen zu profitieren. Inwieweit ihr dies gelingt, kann daran ermessen werden, wie wenig ihre Videos einem magischen Realismus oder einer kompensatorischen Gegenwartsklitterung anheimfallen. Hooper schafft es, diesem wie jener zu einer gewissen Offenheit zu verhelfen – zur Schicksalhaftigkeit der Erkenntnis zum Beispiel, dass sie in der Kunsthalle Lothringer_13

den väterlichen Spuren folgt. Zugleich ist Hooper sich bewusst, dass der Wert des altgriechischen Mythos in seiner Unwiederherstellbarkeit liegt. Gerade weil er eine Ruine ist, kann er als Quell dienen.

Eine Ruine zeichnet sich im Grunde dadurch aus, dass die Motive für ihre Entstehung unwiderruflich verloren sind. Über eines seiner alten Bilder nachdenkend, erklärt John Hooper: „Ja, ich glaube, an dem da wollte ich noch weiterarbeiten, aber … ich hab's wohl sein lassen." Das Potenzial der Antike – ihre heutigen Möglichkeiten – ist eng mit diesem Element des Unbeabsichtigten und der Unleserlichkeit ihrer Überreste verbunden. Neu angeordnet – nicht als bestimmte kulturelle Epoche, sondern als Bewusstsein, was in unserem Bild der Vergangenheit für immer fehlt –, kann die Antike jedoch bis in die Gegenwart reichen. Neben allen verstörenden Anachronismen ist eine Nebenwirkung von Claire Hoopers Arbeit daher der Hinweis, dass T. J. Clarks Diktum zu einseitig und die Antike vielleicht unser Modernismus sein könnte.

1 Offstimme in *Nyx*

2 "Modernism is our antiquity, in other words; the only one we have […]." T. J. Clark, *Farewell to an Idea: Episodes from a History of Modernism*, New Haven/CT 1999, S. 3

3 Max Horkheimer, Theodor W. Adorno, *Dialektik der Aufklärung. Philosophische Fragmente*, Frankfurt/M. 1988, S. 6

Introduction

Antiquity is our Modernism

Mike Sperlinger

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Perhaps one has to be arch-modern in order to gain a transcendental perspective on antiquity.

___August Wilhelm Schlegel

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Claire Hooper's work would seem, on the evidence so far, to be fortified against any future retrospective. Retrospectives imply confidence in a whole set of concepts – the presentness of the present, for example, or the existence of the past outside any particular recollection of it – which collectively form the possibility of hindsight. In Hooper's videos, however, such coordinates are cancelled: the past is as much the subject of speculation, or even prophecy, as the future; and experience becomes intelligible only through the mutable grammar of myth.

Hooper's videos are loose narratives, or rather collections of very different narratives passing through one another like the weave of a Turkish carpet. They employ non-actors to play themselves in everyday dramas – a young man on a drunken nocturnal U-bahn journey home (*Nyx*); the staff of Kunsthalle Lothringer_13 hanging a show (*Aoide*); a woman arguing with social services about the custody of her child (*Eris*) – while at the same time having them personify characters from Greek myth. *Nyx* (2010), for example, sends Furat, a young Kurdish man, on a subterranean odyssey in which he encounters various offspring of the goddess of night (Hypnos, god of Sleep; Philotes, god of Friendship; Eris, goddess of Strife; etc); but by the end,

neither he nor we can quite resolve these confrontations into either hallucinations or the irruption of some archaic order. These different registers are kept in dreamlike equilibrium, so that in *Nyx* even the appearance on an U-bahn platform of Nemesis, goddess of Vengeance, accompanied by gyrating Furies, does not immediately suggest that reality has been suspended. This is partly possible because these deities come dressed-down, or at least with a contemporary wardrobe – thus Nemesis and the Furies, for example, appear like a particularly thugged-out R&B princess and her dance crew. At the same time, the everyday environment has taken on a fantastical tint; *Nyx* makes the most of Rainer Rümmler's outré designs for the U7 line stations in Berlin, so that even the most apparently ordinary scene (Furat slurring into his mobile phone while waiting for his train) has a backdrop of heightened or oversaturated reality.

Myth, let's be clear, is not simply the borrowed pageant of the Greek pantheon (although at first glance the most striking element of Hooper's work is certainly the cast of walk-on demi-gods). A Berlin U-bahn line, as an itinerary, a set of connected and evocative place names (*Zitadelle... Jungfernheide... Südstern...*), is already proto-mythic. The mere act of concatenating places or people or objects in a list – 'connected in a column, if you like, or separated by commas' [1] – suggests, in some occult way, an order, even a causality. Myth inheres in syntax: it is the mirage of meaning we cannot help *discovering*, the unshakeable delusion that all design is intelligent. The kaleidoscope, which recurs across Hooper's work as a motif, is a prismatic figure of this process: the world perpetually recombining into new and seductive symmetries.

In *Aoide*, myth explicitly becomes the structural surplus of narration. In fact, to these ends, Hooper actually stages a retrospective of sorts, of her father's paintings – or rather, stages the impossibility of such a retrospective, of an impersonal inventory of these images. John Hooper had exhibited at Kunsthalle Lothringer_13 in Munich as part of

the exhibition *Nine English Painters* in 1981. *Aoide* brings together many of his paintings in the Lothringer_13 art space, for a show that no one but the artist and the gallery staff would see; the video which resulted simultaneously documents the process of installation (from constructing frames to hanging canvases) and recruits the technicians as players in a Greek-style drama complete with Muses and Oracle. The prosaic tasks of unpacking paintings, or measuring for the hang, are juxtaposed with the poesis of the show's overall order, its curatorial decisions, without either being privileged. The video also includes a long, slideshow-like presentation of nine hundred of John Hooper's paintings, which Claire worked with the artist Paul Simon Richards to painstakingly photograph one-by-one in a studio; a short, tender coda shows snatches of this process and their dialogues about the paintings as they documented them.

Aoide takes the model of a retrospective and uses it to rehearse instead the 'art of memory', the tradition of mnemonic orderings of space which have been practiced since Cicero's time and before. It is an act of remembering, in a spatial and tactile way, which is at the same time an act of creation; the past is being authored for a particular audience, in a particular moment (even at the most literal level: decisions are made as to which way up some of the canvases should hang). As the Poet puts it in the voiceover:

This can of course be told many times in many different ways depending on the context, audience, time and space available.

In this case, the relationship between the younger and older artist introduces a genealogical element to the telling. Hooper has called these canvases 'personal cave paintings', and the video's tense is a kind of primordial present. As the Poet intones:

Well one dies, physically, but one's memory lingers on because the Muse does, and what one has done appears again in the work of others... Like one's children, the hair that falls in the same way, with the same colour...

Like Hooper's other recent work, *Aoide* insists on the different and collapsing registers of time passing, or rather, of our various ways of recording it. Richards, taking a final image of Claire and John either side of one of his paintings, warns them: 'this is like old fashioned photography, you have to hold the pose for quite a long time.' The question of the duration of recording against the duration of what is recorded also applies, of course, to the paintings themselves (and this question does not cease to be relevant when the paintings are no longer figurative); but it pertains equally to Claire's punctuation-like pencil sketches of characters, or the ancient frieze in the Pergamon Museum in Berlin, which both feature in *Nyx* – as well, of course, to her videos themselves. Switching between these various media stresses the element of construction, the syntactical and synthetic qualities of story-telling which myth, in its purest form, would lull us into forgetting. (Things can be told many times, in many ways.)

The heterogeneity of elements and techniques in Hooper's work also suggests their fragmentariness. This is not ornamental fragmentation, *post-hoc* crazy paving: it is one principle by which the work resists its own seduction by mythic order. In *Aoide*, the disjunctions might be an analogue to the fragmentary nature of the Oracle's prophecies; but they relate equally to John Hooper's paintings, which are at once fragments of an oeuvre and of themselves (often they reiterate one another, sometimes even reappearing as background décor in another image). In *Nyx*, the fissures and jumps in the narrative can be read as an index of the main character's drunken derangement of the senses; but they are also a first-order expression of incommensurability, the impossibility of fully integrating

its various sources (a confrontation with an U-bahn ticket inspector, the schemings of the Greek goddess of Night, the ritual slaughter of a goat in rural Kurdistan).

In a key moment in *Nyx*, a quick-cutting montage of the Pergamon frieze is made to stand in for a battle scene; the action is suggested not so much by what the figures in the frieze are doing as by their incompleteness, their missing limbs and eroded features. The sequence animates fragmentation itself into a form of violence. Hooper's work plays on the 'found' fragmentation of antiquity, the way in which accident has fused with intention in our understanding of classical texts or sculpture for example, and its ambiguous relationship to the willed fragmentation of modernism – the same modernism which T. J. Clark famously insisted 'is our antiquity, in other words; the only one we have...' [2]

The double-character of Hooper's relationship to antiquity is clearest in her use of personifications. In an earlier work, *Auditorium* (2005), the characters who appeared seemed more clearly part of a psychological schema – 'projections' of the central character onto an empty lecture theatre screen. By the time we reach *Eris* (2011), any vestiges of psychological realism are pitted deliberately against embodied concepts (Sleep, Pain, Hunger, etc), with the suggestion that these traits may be more authentically individual than the people who supposedly share them: maybe we have more in common with someone else who is angry than we do with ourselves when we are placid. The efforts of a young woman, Danielle, to get her son back from social services are not simply allegorised through ERIS, goddess of Struggle; rather the idea of embodying a single characteristic is the principle by which both Danielle and ERIS are scapegoated in different ways.

Offering an elegant précis of an aphorism from Heraclitus, the German poet Novalis declared that character is fate. Hooper does not quite invert this, but

her work evinces suspicion of the individual as the carrier of *character*. The Fates return in the form of an 'at risk' assessment of Danielle's child, lodged in a social services filing cabinet; Danielle's character has been officially decided by forces beyond her control. Similarly, the Kurdish gang members assembled in the subway in *Nyx* wearing slogan t-shirts (Quarrel, Oath, Lies, Dispute, etc.) are both playing their parts in a theogenic scheme and behaving like good consumers, wearing their identities like off-the-peg brands. (It is no coincidence that in *Nyx's* precursor, the more quietly observational study of the U7 *Nach Spandau*, (2008), the fashion models in the posters which recur on the platforms start to appear, animistically, like outsize personifications too – embodiments, perhaps, of a more secular deity.)

If the bureaucratic or consumerist powers of personification are to be avoided, however, it is not in favour of some more authentic selfhood. The people in Hooper's videos are being encouraged to play themselves, with the emphasis on *play* – the Kunsthalle Lothringer_13 gallery staff, for example, are performing just as much when they act out their everyday roles for the camera as when they gamely take on their mythic personae – and this is what allows the videos a comic element without their descending into camp. Form and content may be inextricably intertwined, but they are also not reducible to one another. The Oracle in *Aoide* is unusually explicit on this; discussing the Muses (played in the film by three young women from the Kunsthalle), the voice declares: 'Let's be perfectly clear about this, Muses are not some beautiful crumpet that make you feel all soft inside... What you see is the way you feel about them, how they make you feel.' Our agency consists in not ascribing static identities to either ourselves or others.

'Myth is already enlightenment,' declared Adorno and Horkheimer, 'and enlightenment reverts to mythology.'[3] Their account in *Dialectic of Enlightenment* – in which ancient myth is actually a prototype of rationality and, conversely, modern reason risks becoming mythic

through its reductive positivism – makes clear why any contemporary return to Greek archetypes must reckon with their paradoxical modernity. To make such an accounting successfully, Hooper's work has to navigate its own Scylla and Charybdis: the potential bathos of staging Greek myths in contemporary settings, on the one hand; and the risk of simply (and ideologically) appropriating their high cultural kudos, on the other. Hooper's success can be measured by the degree to which her videos do not simply partake of magical realism, or compensatory reenchantment of the present; she is able to accommodate both a certain openness – to the fatefulness of discovering she had followed in her father's footsteps at Lothringer_13, for example – and, at the same time, a constant awareness that the value of ancient Greek myth is its irrecoverability. It is a resource because it is a ruin.

A ruin is, fundamentally, a work whose intentions have been lost irretrievably. Contemplating one of his old paintings, John Hooper declares: 'Yeah, I think this one I originally intended to continue working on it but ... it got abandoned.' The potential of antiquity and its continuing possibilities are bound up with this intentionless element and the illegibility of its fragments. Refigured, not as a particular historical period, but rather as the self-consciousness of what is perpetually missing from our picture of the past, antiquity might thus extend right into the present. One side-effect of Claire Hooper's work, among all its unsettling anachronisms, is to suggest that T. J. Clark's famous aphorism may be too one-sided: perhaps antiquity is also our modernism?

1 Voiceover from *Nyx*

2 T. J. Clark, *Farewell to an Idea: Episodes from a History of Modernism*, New Haven, Yale University Press, 1999, p. 3

3 Theodor W. Adorno & Max Horkheimer, *Dialectic of Enlightenment*, trans. John Cumming, New York, Herder and Herder, 1972, p. xvi

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NYX

Imaginez la Nuit

Jean Thibaudeau,
Éditions du Seuil 1968

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Fragments translated from the French
by Claire Hooper

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Imagine the night rationally, imagine the night, imagine and see what it should be, depth and freshness, from this angle, imagine and see what it is, eyes open, both eyes still and always open, in these initially impenetrable shadows, see what you imagine, look at what is, now, despite the exemplary shadow that fills all the space, but it brightens eventually and lifts and the night colours herself up there with violet and bright blue and white in inexplicable addition and you notice her vaporous fringes, paler still, that pass over the walls, around, and so this time, what reality, immediately. Imagine of course __ p.7

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Or again, in bed. Eyes wide open and with those images, but also those objects, the current situation. I possess nothing, pretty much. Waiting to sleep, incapable of sleep, stubborn, in this refusal. I am therefore trapped here, and I am awake, with nothing to do, consumer of indefinite time, immobile. I am concentrated on staying awake for no reason. The pure experience of tiredness. And the room where I am in this apartment, on this floor, in this building, in this area, this town, here, against the wall, positioned, this room is therefore now, with electric light, in perpetuity, and there are no longer any sounds anywhere. Nothing __ p.20-21

No solemn messenger, but carrier of this exceptional familiar generosity, your reality that ended up killing you. The last time we met? I struggle, Our last moment? Vertical time, stopped. Vertebrae. Is it possible, is it imaginable, that smile that you addressed to me, finally. And then, a gesture? And then__ p.21

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Dreamer, if you keep quiet, very quickly, then, the rumour has gained strength. And you wait. Almost as quickly undoubtedly. Closing your eyes, you fall silent, you are weighed down, you are bound, throttled, and the mouth gagging half open for air, sometimes pursed, you wait. And your two hands are half folded or unfolded, closed. You are there, massive, you breathe, in this room with these walls, you are alone in this place. You no longer refuse anything. The walls that protect you , the bolted doors are no longer obstacles to what is coming. Useless distances. Everything, and anything can enter, appear. We come to watch you sleep. How you are, how your lips are dry, stuck together, and they look chapped or cracked, and how they unstick themselves and dribble. We are leaning over you. And as though to see, you straighten up, eyes closed. You fall back, and you fall again, deep down. In those sheets. The dejected body, the hand straightens on the rumpled sheet, on the sheet it continues to move then it opens__ p.34-35

The one who sleeps next door and who is not conscious. Two doors both closed separate us. There is nothing in-between. There is only the corridor still lit and empty. The lamp burns on the ceiling. The heap of clothes against the wall. The black and white tiles. Traces. The walls painted light grey. The grey doors one facing the other. The white ceiling. The lamp still lit.

The one who sleeps, doesn't he call now if he had woken he could have seen a circle of glimmering eyes that surrounded him or a heavy ground and the furious animal or again. And the motionless fists__ p.37-38

Morpheus

Morpheus

He wakes up in the train and he sees before him someone who he looks at with astonishment. A woman in a headscarf. Forties.

Furat — Mother? What are you doing here?

Furat quickly looks at his own reflection in the window of the train. Straightens his clothes and cups his hand in front of his mouth to smell his own breath.

Furat — Mother?

She does not answer, she does not look around. He approaches her.

Furat — Why don't you answer, why don't you look at me?

Mother of Furat — I can't look at you as you are, you are in a terrible mess, I am ashamed of you.

Furat is distressed, he sits down beside her.

Furat — Did you come to find me mother? Is that why you are out so late at night?

Mother of Furat — What are *you* doing out so late at night son? Don't you know that the animals come out at night, this is why it is not allowed to leave the house after nightfall.

Furat — Mother, don't you remember? You told me it didn't matter now we are here, that there are no animals, all the animals are slaves, all the animals are tied up by the neck and they are not free like the bear and the wolf and the snake back home. You told me there could not be any danger in this city free from wild animals.

Cut to

Deniz __I saw my mother, we were are just little children, sitting around under a tree, she tied the sheep up to it and sliced it from the neck to the belly, ... no, it wasn't the killing that shocked me, it was that it was my mother, you know? I remember being so surprised when the sheep emptied itself so fast of all the innards, you know? And when she started to chop it, there was so much blood, so much meat, yes there was meat enough for everyone, huge piles of meat and you could never imagine that all that meat came from inside one sheep, she was handing it out.

Garip __Yes my family also, when we killed an animal, it is very bad not to give it away, to keep it all, we are required at Ramadan you know to give 40% , if not more than 40% away to others that need it more. You have to give the meat to the poor people in the village.

Mum __Just to let you know, I gave half the flowers you gave me to the lady next door, she was very happy.

Claire __Oh that's nice.

Mother of Furat __There are animals here, and it is their time, it is disrespectful to the animals to go around at night, we should be discreet, like the animals are around us during the day.

Furat __What do you mean?

Mother of Furat __I mean that you should not be out like this.

Maria __All I remember about food when I was a child was that everything came in the same packaging, colourless, government packaging, just red, no not even, sort of sepia. And when I came here, well, it was sort of an overload, everything had too much colour, I got high from it, really like wooooooooow all these branded things, colour, this one is more appealing than that, no this one, this one, I want all of it, I want to look at it, I have no clue what is inside, I have to read the label...

> Deniz __The Turks were pushed up against the wall you see, the Germans didn't want to live here in the far southeast and look at the Wall, it was different as you got further to the west of course, so the Turks all lived in Kreuzberg. The great thing about being a Turk on the west side of the Wall but also if you were on the east side was that you had a Turkish passport which meant that you could move much more freely, we smuggled lots of things into East Berlin with our passports, and some even made money on that apparently. It was hard even in the West though, you have to remember, there were no jobs. When the Wall came down there were even fewer, although the qualifications of the East Germans was worth almost nothing, they were very much second class citizens, but you know, the Turks they had a community here and it made them stronger. Even in their poverty.

Claire __Like the Jews in east London...

Maria __How is it actually, among the Kurds? I find it very strange to go to Polish areas in New York for example, the Poles there are really quite frightening, they have absolutely nothing to do with me, with the Poland I know. They are horribly anti-Semitic, some of the things they say, although

actually the Poles in Poland now are also horribly anti-Semitic too but... what I mean is the language they are using is something from another time, it's archaic...

Garip__Yes! I also was like this, a very conservative Kurd!

Maria__What do you mean a conservative Kurd?

Garip__Well you know, if my brother needs a Mercedes-Benz I will do everything in my power to get him this car... nothing concerned me that was outside of the Kurdish community, but I have travelled, I see things differently...

Maria__Ha ha! a Mercedes-Benz, I know what you mean exactly...

But

Garip__I remember what it was to sleep in the village.

Blackness

Garip__I could hear the sound of one wolf howling, quite distant and then the sounds of the dogs of the village getting together and barking, movement in between the houses. They would run as a pack, same as the wolves, the dogs didn't belong to anyone in particular, no animal is tied up, it is not allowed to tie an animal by the neck, this makes them slaves, even the cows or sheep were not tied up, they were kept in with a fence maybe but not tied.

Dogs also, they don't exactly belong to people. If you have dog you don't feed it in the house; the food is thrown outside for the dog to eat if it wants it, but it won't eat in front of you, it waits till you go. And you don't play with the animals the way you do here, I did it when I went back to the village and my uncle said to me 'why are you playing with the dog? it is not a toy, leave it alone' Dogs be very aggressive to adult men and women but not to old people and not to children, I don't know why but if you have a child with you the dog won't bother you, only if you come alone. If I go to my uncle's house and he has a big dog it's ok to go there if I bring a child, any kid at all with me, it's like he can see then that I am not aggressive and he relaxes.

And at night the dogs are dogs, if I step out there I am entering their territory, into the night, the night is theirs.

Furat wakes up in Rohrdamm.

He sees a gang of girls coming towards him, they are wearing snakeskin leggings and matching tops, they are spinning weapons.

Erinyes (*in unison*): What are you doing here?

Furat I don't know.

The words are spoken but his mouth doesn't move.

Voiceover Fear has crept into Furat, he tells exactly what he feels because the feeling simply seeps out of him.

Shots of Furat standing on the platform, close-ups of hands, feet, hair, skin.

Voiceover__He is frozen, ridged as a stick insect. He is fragile in the same way, he could be blown away or snapped as quick as that, he feels it the ossification of his skin, the hollowness of his flesh. His only protection is in his semblance of neutrality, entropy.

Erinyes__Do you know where you are?

Furat__No.

Erinyes__This is the fucking night time bitch and you are all over it like shit on a shoe, feel me?

Furat feels her like a cold gale through his skin into his brain.

Garip__When we arrived at the village they rushed to kill a goat, for us to eat, as celebration, as thanks that i had returned to the village after 18 years. Normally when they kill an animal they do it early in the morning but there is only one bus a day to this village and it arrived at about 4, so it was already quite late, the sun was low in the sky. When they kill the goat you know they calm it down, stroke it tenderly, they don't want it to feel afraid, they say the prayer over it and say thank you to it for giving its life so that we can live. Then all the people must wear the blood of the goat on their foreheads all day to remember that today we have killed some creature of god so that we may live. All the little kids you know, running around with the blood of the goat on their faces all day.

But it was evening already when they did this and this is really not cool, so they were rushing it a bit and the goat was not relaxed when he died, there was blood all over... you must not kill an animal at night, really you must not. It goes against the natural order of things.

Pasithea

Hypnos and Pasithea

The drunken hoody has fallen into a deathlike sleep which will take him from Spandau to Rudow many times tonight. There are those who believe him to be dead, those who believe him to be drunk and those who believe him to be sleeping.

Hypnos takes him to Pasithea.

VOICES, IN A SWIRL OF COLOUR.

Hypnos __Stop it, put him down.

Pasithea __Why?

H __You know why.

P __Ha ha I'm no worse than you, your brother is the worst of all three.

H __I brought him here because my brother is such a danger to him in his condition, I'm exhausted now please stop messing with him I don't have the strength to stop you.

P __You can't stop me, you never could, and I have been in communion with this one already tonight...

H __At least be gentle with him.

P __Don't make me angry Hypnos, you brought him here.

The patterns turn dark momentarily.

H__Darling...

P__I thought you said you were tired.

H__What are you doing Pasithea?

Within the spectrum of Pasithea there is fear, but no danger if what one considers dangerous to be that which affects one physically, in the shape of violence to the body. The violence here is to the mind, and if one is strong of mind, it does no harm at all.

Pasithea and Hypnos
sitting at Paulsternstrasse.

She has a Turkish youth in her lap and he has another, identical to himself, in his lap.
The shot is from above, floating upwards.

P__Introducing him to our children, yours as much as mine Hypnos; it's only natural, if the child must fill his lungs with one thing and his belly with another then he surely must enjoy the fruit of my family's tree, or vine... Oh he has certainly felt like a god tonight and now there is that mortal landing, coming down, and what an impact it will have.

Pasithea looks up at the
camera and waves.

P __How did you find him?

H __Oh I was looking for Thanatos and I saw this one here, the family resemblance is striking don't you think? He was looking at Thanatos as though he was reflection of himself, I could see it:

'He is me and I am dead, my body is left behind'

A sense of doom. Fate is a thing that happens in the future perfect. Doom is something which happens in the present. When you see clearly what is written and what cannot be changed by the reading. To know the end of the story and for it to make absolutely no difference whatsoever, because you cannot do anything to change it.

H __But Moros was not there...

P __You know that makes no difference! Of course Moros was not there, why would Thanatos necessarily be in the same place as Moros at the same time?

H __But that look...

P __Well he might be, but more likely if you had walked in on Nemesis or Atë, or the triplets Erinyes... and I should be very surprised if *you* had seen any of these sisters... Why did you interfere Hypnos? Your brother has the right just as you do.

H __It was an accident, I got on the wrong train, or he did, I don't know. If Atropos had really written that, this one should meet Thanatos right now I would not have been there. Thanatos is very like me, I don't need to attend to trick them, they are gently taken softly softly by my tender brother.

P __HAHAHAHHHAa-oh shit! That bitch Apate has been babysitting for us. I can't keep hold of them anymore, I swear this city has always kept me as high as…

H __What?

P __Where is your brother?

H __He is over there

P __So, who was on the train, Hypnos?

H __What?

P __It was not Thanatos, darling, it was one of our awful children, each of whom need for you to control them a little more.

H __Excuse me?

P __Oh wake up momentarily darling.

The train arrives silently to the platform, a pile of legs in snake tights fall out and they wrestle their way over to the camera.

P __Very good work children; you are revolting.

Hypnos takes the body of the young Turk from Pasithea.

He takes the boy's head in his hands and looks into his eyes.

AS HE DOES THIS HIS WINGS APPEAR FROM INSIDE HIS HOOD AND HE ENVELOPES THE HEAD OF THE SLEEPING BOY.

THREE SNIGGERING BOYS APPEAR FROM THE PILE OF LEGS.

P __Where is his body now?

Morpheus __Jungfernhiede, I should imagine.

H __Good

P __ Can't we just get rid of him somehow?

SHOTS OF THE U-BAHN PLATFORM FLOOR, TURNING UPWARDS INTO THE FACE OF PASITHEA WHO REACHES HER HAND OUT TO TOUCH THE LENS OF THE CAMERA, TWO FINGERS EXTENDED AS THOUGH TO TOUCH THE EYELIDS.

EVERYTHING EXPLODES AGAIN INTO PATTERNS AND LIGHT.

Hypnos

II

AOIDE

The Poet

The Finished Poem

Carlos / Techné — Jonathan Murphy
Oracle — Martin Hopkinson
Poet — Jane Lee

1. Introduction

Carlos — Fate is a concern of narrative tense; the tension runs from spindle to loom. One's destiny is spun out in three measures, a beginning, a middle and an end, and wherever you are on that length of yarn is where you tell your own story from. This story has been commissioned from the poet, whose memory is given by the muse and is an act of imagination. I am the poet's agent, the technician whose eyes he uses to see his subject more clearly.

The poet remembers his poem by way of a series of rooms in which he hangs a series of paintings, with each he remembers a strand of the story.

The subject is a painter. This is the poem…

2. Politician

Carlos — The poet never spoke in hushed tones. He spoke with confidence, clarity. He talked in an animated, lively fashion using adjectives, but sparingly. He spoke, in fact, like a politician:

> Poet — We must have the space here to be able to see the painting clearly; the painting is a note of music. The silence over there tells us more about the note that is heard. It is over the silence that this note has conquered.

Because I remember this tune I can sing it back to you, remembering how it conquered the silence, and if I change the tune in translation it is only so that you can better get a sense of it, so you can experience what it is to hear that note in its glory.

Carlos __To the poet remembrance came through a personal vision that ensured direct access to the events his memory evoked. His privilege was to enter into contact with the other world and his memory granted him the power to decipher the invisible. And yet in moments he would frown. And inwardly he would mull it over. In these times the slightest flicker of the eyelid could be considered significant. And out of him like words we would run, at the slightest gesture, and reorganise history according to what truth it revealed today.

'Today we krainon this, the painting. The big painting. *Untitled*.'

3. Fraternal Orders

Carlos __Sacralised memory was reserved for groups of men in fraternal orders. There is camaraderie here. A practical, can do, lack of hesitation among us.

4. Moros

Carlos __Metaphor rapidly becomes myth and out of myth great leaps of faith. I will take this leap.

One's fate is always in the future perfect, but one's Doom is difficult to order. One comes simultaneously to read what has been written and to grasp that the moment it describes is now.

You carry your death with you throughout your life, but don't know the face of it. Doom is like looking in the still waters and seeing that you yourself have the face of Death.

5. Lethe

Carlos __I am forgetting in fragments. Images, impressions that turn in the mind. The profile will go while the hands remain, and then like river stones turned gently by a stronger current the profile is revealed and the hands are gone.

Locked away at the deepest point of the river, suddenly seen with clarity but as though through thick glass, soundless, smelless, but with every sense of presence.

All are shades, fragments so 'krainon KRAINON' sing yourself into being, like a drowning man, all of your consecutive selves, helplessly, from moment to moment.

Oblivion is absolute. In order to speak of it we must circumnavigate its event, of which we know nothing, and use only its name, and this is how we face it: In parenthesis. Of course it rarely happens like that in life, and always in death.

Poet __The ritual of the Oracle begins with oblivion.

Carlos __And what if it were that simple. Reborn as a child, fearless, because this awareness is just like looking up from the riverbed oneself, into the distorted wobbling faces of people one doesn't recognise, even as people, let alone that they belong to you or you to them, emerging from the river, unaware that the story has started because there is no story yet, just coloured shapes, the words they speak are like the groans of whales.

Poet __The ritual of the Oracle continues with memory.

6. Alithea

Oracle __From now on you will remember arbitrarily all the fragments, and the fragments will cohere no matter what the arrangement. Clues and red herrings,

diversions, imitations, the deceptive, true-looking things as true as the whole. All the arrangements, the passages and runs, the cul-de-sacs. The different movements in work followed and abandoned, changed at the last instance and turned into something else entirely. And none will have more importance than another so you are free to tell the story as you see it, as it is fitting or beneficial. As it seems to be from the accumulated parts.

And this is how it is drawn together.

7. Procession

Poet __The ritual continues in procession to the Oracle where Carlos will sleep, in his dream the truth will be revealed, in images and sounds, whichever come to him the more easily.

8. Whales

Carlos __I don't remember anything.

Oracle __Well you remember how to speak don't you?

Carlos __We are not speaking, the sounds we are making are the groans of whales.

Oracle __And they travel great distance do whales, is that what you want to know about?

Carlos __No, I don't want to know about whales.

Oracle __If you don't remember anything how do you know you are not a whale? Does the whale know he is a whale?

Carlos Oh for god's sake – I remember some things, in fragments.

Oracle Trouble is when there are so many of these scraps that you lose control of them they get crumpled, misplaced.

9. Drawing Lesson

Oracle The story has always already begun, otherwise there is nothing but these groans. The past and the future are in the imagination, the present carries simultaneously the imagination of the past and the imagination of the future. The two eyes in the front of a person's head looking outward focus together to orientate the body in space. The past and future imaginations function to orientate the mind in its own narrative.

A system of information delivered in fragments, details, notes to self, just the moments that were concentrated on, deliberately perceived – they will emerge as you are being told they will. You hold them somewhere between hand and eye. It is all of importance, the face, and the hands, nothing is 'the difficult bit', shake yourself of that. The face doesn't matter if the knee is all wrong, how could you hope to find the face if the knee is in the wrong place. We are concerned with what is there rather than what we think is there. In order to find this face, we must see how its points of definition are mapped out in the room, how this nostril is parallel to the shelf of books behind how the curve of the brow falls exactly halfway between the furthest reaching leaf of the rubber plant and the window sill, you see? Either the plant is wrong or the brow, but probably both. No wonder its all distorted, why are you drawing on your lap? The far edge of the page appears nearer than it is. Here use this board, this easel. It doesn't matter that it doesn't look like her, it's a good drawing. No don't rub it out! Its good! Do another one. Here.

The Oracle

Oracle __Lets be perfectly clear about this, muses are not some beautiful crumpet that make you feel all soft inside. They are transmitters, or rather the transmission itself; live bristling air, and the ability to make it manifest, they are the obsessive discipline, the endless rehashing; they are the thing being told and the way in which it is told. They are the awareness of the world around, they are the consciousness of the audience, and they are the response. They are the seduction of the mind, the bliss, the life-giving voice, they are the love you give what you see and hear and what you make of it, they are the connection between hand and eye.

They don't guide anyone.

Don't feel special; they will keep going without you. You are the stub of pencil they grabbed hold of to get it out there. They have taken hold of a moment and a context and some material of sound or light or paint or vocabulary, that you thought you had acquired yourself, and they push all that they are through you because you happen to be there at the time. You are a patch of road that they are traveling on.

Carlos __Why do they look like that then?

Oracle __They don't. That's just to make you feel better about yourself. What you see is the way you feel about them, how they make you feel. It's called Kudos.

Carlos __Whats in it for me then, apart from this feeling?

Oracle __Eternal life.

Carlos __What? Haha! There's always a catch with that one, right?

The Muses

Oracle Well... There's one called Cleo – you should ask the poet about that.

II. Archaeology

Carlos The poet has unveiled the fragments and re-ordered them to form what is useful and beneficial, what is the truth today.

Poet Well one dies, physically, but one's memory lingers on because the muse does, and what one has done appears again in the work of others.

Carlos Like one's children? – the hair that falls in the same way, with the same colour? The shape of the chin...

But when you say memory do you mean the actual memories, these fragments, these songs sung in honour of the moment that has passed, or the memory of...?

Poet Both and neither, it is not a memory but a telling of the memory, events boldly re-ordered from their fragments to allow those further away to read it more easily.

Carlos An arrangement like paintings in a room... More like a pattern, that is flattened, depthless, but which can be read in its progressions, diversions, and repetitions. It's a kind of short hand of hindsight, in which all that is deemed irrelevant to the story as a whole is rejected in favour of those parts which most clearly show a direction or flow. But this can of course be told many times in many different ways depending on the context, audience, time and space available. There are times when the detail of a certain act becomes hightened in persective and so expands to include elements previously lost. This close work is generally for a smaller, more refined audience which already have an understanding of the greater story.

Carlos __Archeology?

Poet __Yes. And for that we need research, or imagination.

Carlos __Who am I now in all this ?

Poet __You are the technician Carlos. Nothing has changed, you are still yourself. You are the verb, the doing word, through you we follow the action. In this case you are the subject through whom the narrative is told. Rather in parenthesis, you are observing and we are looking at what you experience in order to better understand a story of which you actually take only a very small part, but without you nothing would get done.

12. Ending

Oracle __Memory is a process of invention, recitiation, improvisation. Plenty of Kudos and no Cleos at all, no logos to hand around. It doesn't tell you about anything but how you were looking just then, over there, and how quickly, how eloquently, you responded to that. In the end the person is gone but something remains about the moment. And the distance between the eye and the hand, and the things that have stayed still-ish while you made all these notes. And that which is left over is actually more interesting in the long run, it can be looked at in several ways itself. If your eyes fall out of focus there is nothing but the structure, the colour and light. And so your relationship with the passing things in the world is valuable in several ways; it is both that which is represented and the work, the word and the object, the word and the sound of the word.

Metis — good council

Themis — social behaviour

Mousa — sung speech, laudatory speech

Cleo — fame by word of mouth

Thalia — festivity

Melpomene — dancing

Terpsichora — music

Polymnia — diversity of song

Calliope — life-giving voice

Melete — discipline, concentration, mental exercise

Mneme — invention, recitation, improvisation

Aoide — the finished poem

III

ERIS

Eris

Strife is a feral child born in the blackest coldest corner of Night. We can't even say she is hidden by Darkness because that would give the illusion of her having some protection to move under, but she doesn't, no. Darkness is banished from her side by a trick of Deceit and the lights are on and she can be seen, watched in fact from the start.

In this wilderness of the night, her siblings attend to her: Rage is the closest to hand, like Sorrow providing the tears that gently pull shreds of emotion out and let them lie in desolate lumps all around, Rage lets loose the voice of Pain and Blame in Strife's heart.

Strife as Youth begins to spawn small beings herself, Fist Fights break out like pimples, Verbal Disputes Curses.

She likes her sibling Friendship but something is missing, and Friendship finds something amiss in her as well. She very soon learns to feel Fear and Hate for Deceit. Deceit who hides bits of information from her, that holds things back from her eyes like her parentage, her identity. Deceit likes cruel jokes and toys with her sister in a game of hide and seek that Strife can never hope to win. But she tries anyway.

Her sisters Fates have been given the responsibility of her rearing, and they make her what she is. They watch over her birth, and they make sure of her return again and again, they give her the unbreakable cycle and the tools to perpetuate it.

Fate The Measurer of Life gives to Strife her father, Darkness. He tries to tell her of how she was hidden from him and how he has waited. She looks at him and she sees only her lack of origin. The shape of her own face, reflected in his, is the face of Shame and Helplessness she doesn't see the Victory that comes with him, nor the sheltering darkness he brings.

The Song of Eris

Eris is a feral child born in the blackest coldest corner of Nyx. We can't even say she is hidden by Erebos because that would give the illusion of her having some protection to move under, but she doesn't, no. Erebos is banished from her side by a trick of Apate: the lights are on and she can be seen, watched in fact from the start.

In this wilderness of the night, her siblings attend to her: Lyssa is the closest to hand, like Ania providing the tears that gently pull shreds of emotion out and let them lie in desolate lumps all around, Lyssa lets loose the voice of Algea and Momus in Eris' heart.

Eris as Hebe begins to spawn small beings herself, Hysminai break out like pimples, Amphilogiae, Arai.

She likes her sibling Philotes but something is missing, and Philotes finds something amiss in her as well. She very soon learns to feel Deimos and Styx for Apate, Apate who hides bits of information from her, that holds things back from her eyes like her parentage, her identity. Apate likes cruel jokes and toys with her sister in a game of hide and seek that Eris can never hope to win. But she tries anyway.

Her sisters Moirae have been given the responsibility of her rearing, and they make her what she is. They watch over her birth, and they make sure of her return again and again, they give her the unbreakable cycle and the tools to perpetuate it.

Fate Lachesis gives to Eris her father, Erebos. He tries to tell her of how she was hidden from him and how he has waited. She looks at him and she sees only her lack of origin. The shape of her own face, reflected in his, is the face of Aeschyne and Amekhania, she doesn't see the Nike that comes with him, nor the sheltering darkness he brings.

She is suddenly aware of what she has not. She doesn't feel Comfort from meeting him, nor Unity or sense of belonging, and Silence with Sadness falls between them.

But now Yearning is upon her. Hunger within her; she is hungry for a belonging she never knew she missed, pregnant with a hunger she has carried in her belly since birth.

'I will belong to this child and he will belong to me. We will be one'

In her mind she calls the child Unity. Fates The Spinner and The Measurer of Life look on.

But Hunger has mixed with her struggling blood and given her a child she could not conceive of the consequences of.

Her Battles rise in beads of sweat on her brow; as she bears him, the river Pain flows between her legs, and Panic chokes her breath. She sees over her shoulder that the sisters Fates are watching this child's birth as they watched her own, she sees their fingers twitch as though to grab the baby as he arrives, but Motherhood and Labour are watchful and Strife delivers Toil before the child arrives to help her with the work.

Friendship is also with child, and Strife watches her holding her baby. Beauty. In her Soul she knows she is still missing something, for she touches Unity's skin, and although she wants fiercely to protect him, with Force in her determination, somehow his presence does not announce itself. She does not feel him.

One day Unity, who has spent time with his grandfather Darkness, approaches very close to her and says in the sweetest voice of Reciprocal Love:

'luh du mum'.

She is suddenly aware of what she has not. She doesn't feel RHEA from meeting him, nor HOMONOIA or sense of belonging, and HARPOCRATES with ALGEA falls between them.

But now POTHOS is upon her, LIMOS within her; she is hungry for a belonging she never knew she missed, pregnant with a hunger she has carried in her belly since birth.

I will belong to this child and he will belong to me. We will be one.

In her mind she calls the child HOMONOIOS. Fates CLOTHO and LACHESIS look on.

But LIMOS has mixed with her struggling blood and given her a child she could not conceive of the consequences of.

Her MACHAE rise in beads of sweat on her brow; as she bears him, the river ACHERON flows between her legs, and PHONOS chokes her breath. She sees over her shoulder that the sisters MOIRAE are watching this child's birth as they watched her own, she sees their fingers twitch as though to grab the baby as he arrives, but LETO and ILITHYIA are watchful and ERIS delivers PONOS before the child arrives to help her with the work.

PHILOTES is also with child, and ERIS watches her holding her baby AGLAIA. In her PSYCHE she knows she is still missing something, for she touches HOMONOIOS' skin, and although she wants fiercely to protect him, with BIA in her determination, somehow his presence does not announce itself. She does not feel him.

One day HOMONOIOS, who has spent time with his grandfather EREBOS, approaches very close to her and says in the sweetest voice of ANTEROS:

Luh du mum.

Sickness

Hunger

Friendship

Unity

Strife

Idea

Modesty

Blame

Unity

Hunger

Depression

Strife

Guilt

Fates

Persuasion

Friendship

Doom

Hope

Inevitability

Rumour

Fates

Guilt

Rushing Winds

Death

Sleep

Pain

Nurse of Zeus

Shield of Athena

Giants of Earthquakes

Zeus

Strife

Darkness

Strife

Love

A wave of Nosoi overcomes her. She realises that Limos is still there within her, she is still missing some part that would make her life like that of Philotes.

Homonoios touches his mother's face and traces the shape of his own with his little fingers, and Eris has no Ideos what it is he sees when he looks at her. Aedos will not allow her to believe he knows the meaning of what he says, while Momus makes her feel that he does. She knows now that 'Homonoios' is wrongly named. Unity is the wrong name for what it is that keeps Limos inside her.

Moros Olethros visits Eris, makes her feel unable to care for the child, Erinyes visit her in the night.

Eventually, the Moirae and Peitho convince her to leave the child with them for a while.

She goes away with Philotes and she loses the sense of Moros slowly, Elpis returns.

Ananke brings Pheme, however, who tells her, as she knows only too well, that the house of the Moirae is unsafe for children. The Erinyes are with her constantly and she feels that she must harness the Anemoi to find the child.

Too late! The child left in the careless hands of her triplet sisters has been burned. A kettle full of boiling water has tipped over his whole body. The baby wavers between Thanatos and Hypnos in her arms, and as her eyes take in the damage that has been done to her child, the River of Acheron that is his sears her own flesh and strips her to the core. She knows that she would give her own skin like Amalthea for the Aegis to protect her son.

A rumble of the Hekatonkheires in her heart and a tearing pain pierces her like a spear of light from Zeus himself. Mother and son look into one another's eyes as though for the first time, and, for the first time, Eris recognises herself. In this moment her son is named, and in his name he carries his mother.

'Erebos, Eris, *and now* Eros'

Strife 'the struggle to live', calls her child Love 'the will to live'.

She cries out:

I am a mother because I don't just give birth, I allow myself to feel the pain

Strife feels the potential of Murder within her, the Darkness of Death Oblivion Lethe, and a host of others she cannot yet name let alone control.

Love's love has torn through her Soul and she now wears her blood soaked tunic wherever she goes.

Shame and Blame are banished from her side.

The Fates stand up and test her. They claim that she will not be capable of tending to the child now that he is hurt, he must have special care which only they will be able to deliver. The Grievances the Fates now raise out of Strife are lasting, persistent, returning daemons, but the wicked sisters lose the first bout. Strife calls upon Justice and Vengeance to take her side, her lungs expanded with new Disputes, bolder and more resilient than their younger playground selves. With the view that that the bond so shortly established between Strife and Love is stronger than any care or treatment that the child might receive in the hands of those blind and careless ones who originally hurt him, the child is returned to Strife by Justice. With this motion the Grievance begin to wither and Blood Feud, for the Fates do not like to lose.

For a while Strife and Toil rear Love with Soothing of Pain. The wounds that the boy suffered heal almost miraculously with the help of Buds and Shoots and All Dew.

Strife's new understanding of Love turns her back to her father, Darkness, who comes to her again. With the help of Love Strife is able finally to distinguish Darkness' features, slowly, piece by piece. She sees finally his Shame as Modesty his Victory over Night and Strife great rivals, rivals that they both share; the Fates.

Eris; 'the struggle to live', calls her child Eros; 'the will to live'.

She cries out:

I am a mother because I don't just give birth,
I allow myself to feel the pain.

Eris feels the potential of Phonoi within her, the Keres, Lethe, and a host of others she cannot yet name let alone control.

Eros' love has torn through her Psyche and she now wears her blood-soaked tunic wherever she goes. Aedos and Momus are banished from her side.

The Moirae stand up and test her. They claim that she will not be capable of tending to the child now that he is hurt, he must have special care which only they will be able to deliver. The Neikea the Moirae now raise out of Eris are lasting, persistent, returning daemons, but the wicked sisters lose the first bout. Eris calls upon Dike and Nemesis to take her side, her lungs expanded with new Amphilogiae, bolder and more resilient than their younger playground selves. With the view that that the bond so shortly established between Eris and Eros is stronger than any care or treatment that the child might receive in the hands of those blind and careless ones who originally hurt him, the child is returned to Eris by Dike. With this motion the Nikea begin to ride with Alastor, for the Moirae do not like to lose.

For a while Eris and Ponos rear Eros with Epione. The wounds that the boy suffered heal almost miraculously with the help of Thallo and Pandrosos.

Eris' new understanding of Eros turns her back to her father, Erebos, who comes to her again. With the help of Eros, Eris is able finally to distinguish Erebos' features, slowly, piece by piece. She sees finally his Aeschyne as Aedos his Nike over Nyx, and over Eris' great rivals, rivals that they both share, the Moirae.

Strife Love

Force

Pleasure

Love

Grievances

Ruin

Night Deceit

Love Ruin

Rage Ruin Madness Rage

Divine Law Ruin Seduction

Beauty Outrage

Strife

Strife

Soul

Strife Sleep Measurer of Life

War

Strife

War Sexual Desire

Love

Graces

Love

Strife

Trust

Sacred Heart Happiness War

Love

War

Clouds Quarrels Disputes

But Eris is still torn by her revelation of Eros, her blossoming into being is has such Bia within her that she longs for that violent feeling again, and Hedone is in attendance.

She could not know that her pangs, when she was first steeped in the blood of Eros, released the spirits of the Neikea, but also released the spirit of another daemon that would, by her very nature, turn on her mother. Ate took after her mother in tenacity, but her rearing in Nyx was not any trick of Apate's, she was jettisoned from her mother not as an infant to be cherished, as Eros was. Ate was never intended to belong, she was intended to stick, to become caught up in whatever she came to. Born absolutely in the spirit of Lyssa, Ate was raised with the Maniae, Lyssa's own children, outside of culture and beyond the view of Themis. Ate joins hands with Peitho, as much akin to her mother Aphrodite as to Hybris, and together they form an alliance against Eris.

Thus, a beautiful young man appears to Eris. He is strong and he is injured in his Psyche and he is warlike. He is to Eris as Narcissus to himself. Lachesis looks on, for she knows what the origins are of this man who has the appearance of Ares. They circle each other slowly, like tigers in the forest. Eris pounces, she kisses him roughly, urgently. Ares takes her to him, and with the aid of Himeros teaches her to calm down, to kiss softly, to release the pain of Eros slowly. He teaches the tenderness of the Kharites to a goddess who has never had it, he teaches her the gentleness and the ferocity of two bodies together until Eros the Rosy Fingered awakes them. Eris is blinded almost immediately by the love of this man. They set up home with Pistis and Hestia. Eudaemonia soon settles in. Ares plays with Eros, he takes him to school when he is old enough.

And then one day Ares begins a metamorphosis, little by little, almost imperceptibly. His eyes obscured by Nephelae, small Neikea become Amphilogiae between them.

Ares

Darkness Love

Rashness Quarrels

War Strife

Disputes

Strife

Anxiety

Fist Fights

Onslaught

Infamy Lawlessness

War

Good Council Reciprocal Love

Calm Waters

Seasons Lunar Months

Deceit Strife

War

Good Council Soother of Pain

All Healer Madness Ruin

War Strife

Vice

Loyalty

Rage Jealousy

Motherhood

Labour

Light

War

Loyalty Blame Rashness

Erebos takes Eros away for a few days at a time to give the couple some space.

But it is of no use; as Thrasos keeps the Neikea coming Ares lashes out and hits Eris full across the face. This becomes the way that the Amphilogiae are dispersed each time.

Eris is torn, it seems impossible to her that a man who understood her pain so well and who had shown her such tenderness could deliberately hurt her. But the punches keep coming, and she begins to expect them. She feels her own nature change as a consequence. Metos is upon her, she jumps at anything, her Hysimnai are seconded by Ioke if anyone comes too near her.

Clymene paints her as Dysnomia.

Ares himself recognises that there is a problem, they go together to Metis for help. For a while Anteros returns, Galene smoothes their troubled seas.

The Horae turn and the Menae bring a new year. They decide to have a child together. Apate leads Eris to believe that Ares has changed, that her pregnancy will change his attitude to the family that they already are. Metis, however, had been but a moment with Epione, and Panacea cannot cure the illness of Maniae and Ate.

Ares strikes Eris even while she carries his own child. She protects her swollen belly and he punches her face. He goes with Cacia and finds lovers elsewhere. He tries to attack her with a knife and her hand is cut as she grabs for the blade. Every time he loses Eusebia he returns with Lyssa and Phthonos, convinced that she has been seeing someone else herself. She gives birth to his child in no time at all, a month early, rail thin and anxious. Leto and Ilithyia had hardly time to attend.

She calls the new baby Hyperion because his skin is pale like his father's, although he has the same eyes and nose as his brother, mother and grandfather. She is beaten again within a week of giving birth. The more Ares loses Eusebia, the more Momus and Thrasos turn him

Strife Prayers

Friendliness Grace
Darkness

Madness
God of War
Plague

Oblivion Darkness of Death
Oath Friendship Darkness
War

Witch of Metamorphosis

Shame Pain

Love Perplexity
Panic
Lies
Strife Truth Shame
Friendship Darkness
Strife
Fates

if you do not get rid of this man from your life we will take away your children to protect them from harm.

Light Love
Fates
Fist Fights Love Light
Murder
Soul

against Eris, and her Litai are weak against him. The only way to calm his temper is to make love to him. So when they are not fighting they are in the deepest of passionate embraces, and there is nothing to their love but these extremes, no Philia, no Kharis.

Erebos is furious, he tries to warn her, he tries to reason with her, but the Maniae are as deeply inside of her mind and heart, as they are in Ares'; a personal Eidos Loimos.

She runs away when she awakes from the depths of Lethe on the kitchen floor with the Keres above her, and swears by Horkos to Philotes and to Erebos she will not allow Ares to find her, this monster in the shape of an angel, but it is no use, she takes him back time and again. The spell that is over both of them is as though mixed by Circe herself. She falls pregnant again but loses the baby because of the beatings. She begins to believe that no one could understand her Aeschyne and her Akhos except this man who is inflicting it on her.

Eros, meanwhile, is growing fast, and with Aporia within him. Though only a child of six he has Phobos for his mother's life and tries to protect her. Pseudologoi drop from Eris' mouth to hide Alithea, Aeschyne makes her dumb. Even Philotes and Erebos know very little of the life of Eris

The Moirae come to her dwelling and threaten her:

If you do not get rid of this man from your life we will take away your children to protect them from harm.

She protests that neither Hyperion nor Eros is being harmed, only her. The Moirae disagree; they say the Hysimnai that Eros and Hyperion have witnessed, with Phonoi in mind, will already affect them for the rest of their lives. In her Psyche she knows they are right, for there have been occasions that she has awoken from

Eros

Oblivion having been beaten in the head, or strangled, to the sounds of her children screaming and crying. One day she goes to collect her children from the school only to find that they have been taken by the Fates earlier in the day. They are gone.

Strife grasps Flight From Battle with both hands and hides in another part of the city, but Deceit and Ruin tell War where to find her.

Now entirely disfigured by Fates War smashes all the windows in Strife's home and climbs inside. He takes a piece of wood from Sacred Hearth who stands by with Horror and swings it back. Strife raises her arms above her to protect her face and so he breaks her arm. He sits on her chest with his knee pinning her broken arm down and he punches her in the eye until the eye closes over and is covered in blood.

He is finally taken from there by Justice and Punishment and shown in Hell dungeon for his Outrage.

The little boy Light is indeed living up to his namesake in beauty and warmth; a head of brown curls and a delicate complexion like honey set off by a pair of sparkling dark eyes. It is decided by the Fates that he would be a perfect babe for an unfortunate couple who Fertility has not blessed.

Strife will never see the baby again. Although this decision makes the river Pain flow in her veins, exhausted by Battle Strife decides with the sacrificial spirit of Forethought that Light would at least be safe from harm and not exposed directly to the will of the Fates Prudence helps her to see that as long as Light is with her, War, his father, could justify his presence in her life. It seems that the only way to save her own life and to ensure Peace in his is to allow Light to be taken away to a place that she will never know of.

Lethe having been beaten in the head, or strangled, to the sounds of her children screaming and crying. One day she goes to collect her children from the school only to find that they have been taken by the Moirae earlier in the day. They are gone.

Eris grasps Phyge with both hands and hides in another part of the city, but Apate and Ate tell Ares where to find her.

Now entirely disfigured by Maniae, Ares smashes all the windows in Eris' home and climbs inside. He takes a piece of wood from Hestia who stands by with Phrike and swings it back. Eris raises her arms above her to protect her face and so he breaks her arm. He sits on her chest with his knee pinning her broken arm down and he punches her in the eye until the eye closes over and is covered in blood.

He is finally taken from there by Dicaiosyne and Poena and is thrown in Tartarus dungeon for his Hybris.

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The little boy Hyperion is indeed living up to his namesake in beauty and warmth; a head of brown curls and a delicate complexion like honey set off by a pair of sparkling dark eyes. It is decided by the Moirae that he would be a perfect babe for an unfortunate couple who Demeter has not blessed.

Eris will never see the baby again. Although this decision makes the river Acheron flow in her veins, exhausted by Polemos, Eris decides with the sacrificial spirit of Prometheus that Hyperion would at least be safe from harm and not exposed directly to the will of the Moirae. Epiphron helps her to see that as long as Hyperion is with her, Ares, his father, could justify his presence in her life. It seems that the only way to save her own life and to ensure Eirene in his is to allow Hyperion to be taken away to a place that she will never know of.

Strife Fates Friendship
Darkness Light Love
Fates

Darkness Blood Feud Curses

Strife Deceit Fates

Repetition Misery
Strife
Grief Shame Horror

Doom Misery Guilt
Friendship Soothing Words
Banisher of Erinyes Strife
Strife

Compassion

Wasting
Doom Death
Love Will to Live
Struggle to Live Impulse to Action

Fates
Strife Love
Months Hours
Fates
Ruthlessness Disdain Good Repute Power
Law

Strife
Fates Entreaty

Eris goes to the Moirae with Philotes and with Erebos to say goodbye to Hyperion. Eros, who is being kept by the Moirae, stays away and will not witness the last moment that he would see his brother and mother together. Erebos feels that Alastor and the Arai have taken hold of his family forever. He has been tricked out of the raising of Eris by Apate and the Moirae and now he is to be cheated out of his grandchildren as well. The story is to him an endless Ekho of Oizys, in despair he retreats.

Eris wanders the streets of the city, sightless with Penthos, Aeschyne deep in her heart and Phrike in her throat. She spends long hours alone in her home with no one but Moros, Oizys and Erinyes. She smiles weakly at Philotes who comes to her with Paregoros and Epidotes, for she knows that Eris weighs her misfortune as a crime, but Eris is unable to balance the difference between her experiences and those of the world around, and so even Eleos is of no use.

She is not hungry nor does she feed herself.

She stares blankly into space and thinks about how crowded one's life can be when one has nothing. Phthisis and Moros would have delivered her to Thanatos had she not turned her attention to Eros: That which is Eros in Eris raises Hormesis in her heart.

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The Moirae had made an arrangement whereby Eris would be allowed to see Eros only once in every four Horai of the year and for three Horai of the day only.

Every day she petitions the Moirae to change what they have decided, but the three sisters are not only full of Anaideia and Corus but have Eucleia, Cratus and Nomus on their side.

Thus begins the greatest trial of Eris, and one which she fights again and again. To this day she goes to appeal to the Moirae, always accompanied by Litae, to banish

Nightmare from her life and return her son Love to her care. The Debate that moves the Battle in ritual motion goes thus:

Why will you not return to me the son who shows me to myself, and who gives me Hope *and steers me toward* Victory?

It is not for your son to offer you the Shield of Athena

Darkness' *shade is cover for both of us*

It will protect neither of you from your Yearning War

War *is in* Underworld, *and I have not found another*

While Love *is with us*

She is aware that her condition is eternal, that she, with Forethought, must endure the same punishment daily, that her condition is akin to the Hours, to Moon and to Sun, but can only say;

I will not abandon Love. *I will fight for him eternally*

Epalis from her life and return her son Eros to her care. The Amphilogiai that moves the Makhai in ritual motion goes thus:

Why will you not return to me the son who shows me to myself, and who gives me Elpis *and steers me towards* Nike*?*

It is not for your son to offer you the Aegis *of his spirit.*

Erebos' *shade is cover for both of us.*

It will protect neither of you from your Pothos *for* Ares.

Ares *is in* Hades*, and I have not found another.*

While Eros *is with us.*

She is aware that her condition is eternal, that she, with Prometheus, must endure the same punishment daily, that her condition is akin to the Horae, to Selene and to Helios, but can only say;

I will not abandon Eros*, I will fight for him eternally.*

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