NAKED PUNCH

AN ENGAGED REVIEW OF CONTEMPORARY ART AND THOUGHT

WWW.NAKEDPUNCH.COM

JOSH HON

FRANCESCO CINCOTTA

AYAZ JOKHIO

BIAGIO MASTROIANNI

SIMON CRITCHLEY

VIJAY PRASHAD

FEATURING A DOSSIER ON FOOTBALL AND PHILOSOPHY

ISSUE 20: £4

1745 4346 12

We Will Not Be Silenced

Fanon considers the problem of backwardness as it re-emerges after independence. The masses' victory does not come with the sensation of a new beginning. They have thrown out the colonizers, but they now find that 'they have been robbed of all these things' that modernity had promised them – running water, surely, but also freedom of political action.

Colonialism made us feel backward. It was always Europe that was advanced and enlightened, and it was always the East that was backward and wretched. Rather than honestly say that they had come to plunder, the colonial rulers said that they had come to school the East – it needed to be civilized. Every European colonizer used the phrase – the French called it *mission civilisatrice*, the Portuguese called it *missão civilizadora* and the English called it liberalism.

It took an immense effort of political will in the colonies to craft powerful movements against the colonizer. Different cultures of rule and resistance marked the battlefields, with some engaged in armed struggle while others were able to build resistance through non-violent mass action. But what united all these movements was the deep desire for freedom – for a break from the experience of backwardness.

The deep desire for freedom amongst the masses came in a register that appeared narrow. In his brilliant book – *The Wretched of the Earth* – Frantz Fanon wrote that the people 'take their stand from the start on the broad and inclusive positions of bread and the land: how can we obtain the land, and bread to eat?' The masses make a concrete demand for dignity through their call for land and for food – this is their 'obstinate point of view', writes Fanon.

Such a concrete form of dignity had to be denied to the masses. Such a demand would spell socialism. Any movement that took that position in the 1950s and 1960s had to be cut down. They were fought from Cape Verde to Malaysia – crushed with the full force of colonial violence. Fifty years ago, the fighters from around the Third World gathered in Cuba to inaugurate the Tricontinental. They wanted to break the wall built around their aspirations. None of their movements – with the exception of Cuba – would remain intact. Between CIA coups and financial terrorism, their dreams began to die. What was allowed was 'flag independence' – freedom from direct colonial rule, but what was not allowed was full independence. Backwardness had to remain intact.

Fanon considers the problem of backwardness as it re-emerges after independence. The masses' victory does not come with the sensation of a new beginning. They have thrown out the colonizers, but they now find that 'they have been robbed of all these things' that modernity had promised them – running water, surely, but also freedom of political action. Two or three years after independence, Fanon writes,

No Nos Callarán

the people begin to feel that 'it wasn't worth while' to fight the colonizers, and 'that nothing could really change'. Fanon sees this resentment. It marks his text. 'The enlightened observer takes note', writes Fanon, 'of the existence of a kind of burnt-down house after the fire has been put out, which still threatens to burst into flames again'.

Independence from colonial rule opened a new continent for the darker nations – but it was not enough. It did not give them freedom to craft their own social and economic agenda. Tentacles controlled from the capitals of capitalism suffocated their options. Coups and corruption dampened the enthusiasm to create a new world. It was enough to reduce oneself to a subcontractor for the former – now distantly located – colonizer. Old colonial terms – such as comprador, which the Portuguese used in China – defined the subordinated bourgeoisie of the new nations. Their degeneration was marked by their subservience.

This narrowness was experienced as well in the civil rights movements inside Europe and North America. Civic rights could be delivered, but political power and social justice had to be kept off the table. Little wonder then that the Left in Europe and North America fell prey to the siren of revolutionary terrorism. So little was allowed inside the structure that they falsely thought that the answer lay through armed action. They would also be crushed.

Fanon spots a problem for the racist. During colonial times, the native was called lazy and slow. But with independence, the masses want change to come quickly. Now they are disparaged for being impatience, for wanting to move history too fast. The racist shrugs off the criticism. The racist still has power over the narrative: the story can change when the racist changes the story. The masses want to walk on the stage of history, to refuse the term 'native'. It is this desire that is most wantonly denied.

What are the masses to do? They dream for a while of a Third World Project, but even that is killed before it can get off the ground. Communism is denied. Religion is an outlet, and it is indeed where many take refuge. But even religion is not sufficient. It has its cruelties, its insistence on narrow social agendas and fatalism. But it is something to grasp in the desert of human possibilities. Religion is, as a very young Marx wrote, the 'soul of soulless conditions'. 'Religious suffering is, at one and the same time', noted Marx, 'the *expression* of real suffering and a *protest* against real suffering'. When the critique of capitalism from a socialist standpoint is denied them, it is through religion that the masses find their voice against suffering – in this sense, it is an *expression* of real suffering. But because religion does not offer an alternative to the experience of backwardness, it is also a *protest*, a scream in the dark, the search for a hallucination of reality. What is Heaven if not the real longing for an alternative?

The colonial gaze descends upon women in burkhas or burkinis or in anything that resembles – as far as the colonizer is concerned – backwardness. Real backwardness – poverty, disease, illiteracy – is set aside. It is the false backwardness – backward religions – that must be condemned. This colonizer sees in the woman a threat to his civilization. He wants to tell her what to do. She cannot make up her own mind. Not long ago the colonial patriarch told white women not to wear bi-

Vijay Prashad's latest book is *The Death of the Nation and the Future of the Arab Revolution* (New Delhi: LeftWord Books and Berkeley: University of California Press, 2016). He writes regularly for *Frontline, The Hindu, Alternet,* and *BirGün.* He is the Chief Editor of LeftWord Books (leftword.com).

Josh Hon is an artist from Hong Kong who trained in the United States before returning to the city in 1982, where he established himself as a central figure in the art and political scenes of what was then a British colony. Hon's cross-disciplinary practice encapsulated everything from theatre performance to multi-media installation. In this period, he held a critically acclaimed one-man show at the Hong Kong arts centre—one of the final exhibitions the artist staged before leaving Hong Kong following the 1989 Tiananmen Square crackdown, in which a student protest was violently suppressed by the Chinese state. Hon settled in Hope, British Columbia, where he turned his attentions beyond fine art, becoming a therapist specialising in trauma; something Hon views as an extension of his artistic practice.

Biagio Mastroianni was born in Lucerne, Switzerland in 1969. After his education as a photolithographer he studied visual communication at the Lucerne University of Applied Sciences and Arts and gaining a degree as an illustrator. Biagio works as an illustrator, painter and printmaker in Lucerne and London. His work, including illustration, painting, drawing and many kinds of printmaking has been shown in exhibitions not only in London, but as far afield as New York, Norway, Italy and Switzerland. Moreover, he illustrates in publications like Horizon magazine London, The Naked Punch magazine, Neue Zürcher Zeitung and Folio Zurich, for the Swiss Red Cross, Bern and the company Feltbrook Ltd London. He has collaborated in audiovisual installations for theatre and dance performances in Zurich. His work has been published in several books including International Contemporary Artists I.C.A. New York and Printmakers Council at 50, Making and Impression, London. Some prints are shown in the V&A, Victoria and Albert Museum as permanent collection.

Tareek Raah
Zahid Mayo

kinis. Now the colonial patriarch tells women to wear bikinis. It is always the colonial patriarch who must decide. He is the only voice of freedom. It is his *mission civilisatrice.*

Anger in the *banlieues*, where the natives live inside France, rises because real backwardness is unaddressed, but also because the false backwardness is disrespected. Dignity is more expensive to win than one imagines. Workers go on strike, and their first demand is often – treat us with more dignity. But the boss does not know what this means. The boss thinks that this is a cheap demand and nods, yes. But the boss does not realize that dignity is the hardest of all demands to meet. To meet the demand for dignity requires that the boss change the conditions of real backwardness. This is not possible without the boss being erased from history.

In the slums of Athens (Greece) and in the slums of Ferguson (United States) resentment grows against lives of indignity and suffering. The bosses do not know how to manage the situation. They turn to the gun. It is easier to hire more police than to provide enough jobs to erase human misery. The police stand in for a broken system. They are the dying canaries in the coalmines of capitalism. Repression becomes normal. The masses respond but only here and there. The Movement for Black Lives represents the inherent hopefulness of the United States, while the Spain's *Juventud Sin Futuro,* youth with no future, suggests the fatality in the Old World. Such forces are united beneath these differences of temperament by their refusal to accept the terms of the bosses.

By being unrepresentable, the crowd produced the potential of radical inclusivity.

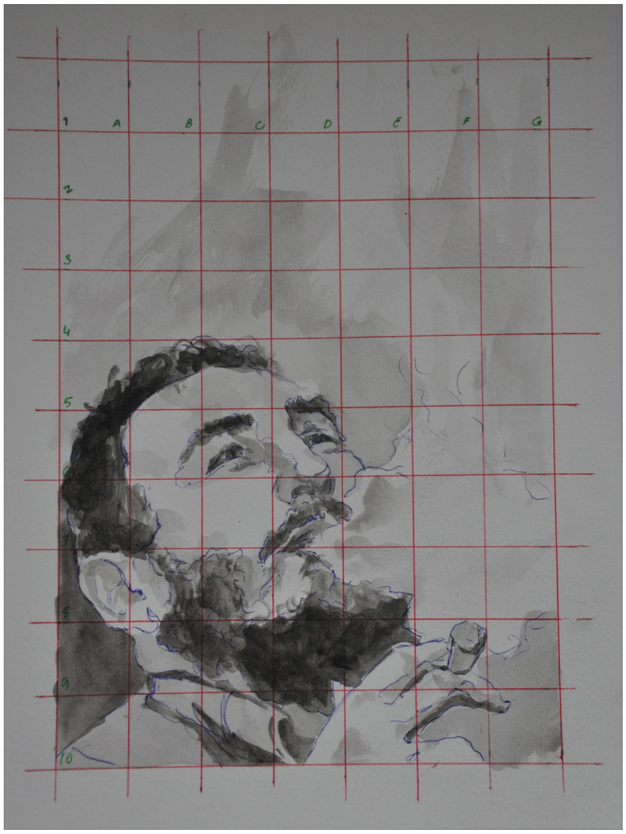
Chilean students go out on the streets. A woman, with her face painted white like a mime, carries a sign that reads – *No Nos Callarán* (We Will Not Be Silenced). This is the mood. It is a refusal to accept the condition of backwardness.

Simon Critchley is Hans Jonas Professor of Philosophy at the New School for Social Research. His many books include Very Little . . . Almost Nothing, The Faith of the Faithless, and The Book of Dead Philosophers. He is the series moderator of The Stone, a philosophy column in The New York Times, to which he is a frequent contributor. His most recent book, co-authored with Jamieson Webster, is Stay, Illusion: The Hamlet Doctrine (Pantheon), which will be published in paperback this April. Bowie, a small book on the great man, is forthcoming with OR Books. He is a Liverpool fan..

Zahid Mayo is a visual artist based in Lahore.

Francesco Cincotta is a photographer and poet who lives and works between London and Rome.

Zoe Taylor is a illustrator based in the UK. Her work can be viewed at: www.zoetaylor.co.uk



Illusration by Ayaz Jokhio

We dedicate this issue to Fidel Alejandro Castro Ruz for his support of African decolonizaion and solidarity with the people of the third world.

August 13, 1926 – November 25, 2016

Back cover Illusration by Zoe Taylor

Meditation On July Fourth

My country moves-on,
Shot!
Into another zone,
Her Fate Secured.

Remember
Once she was few against many.
Principled pawns opposed
staid lions
With only eloquence to combat
Red forged steel.
Then the wilderness conformed,
Her face struck in
Chiselled Wishfulness,

Her talons,
Sharpened against
Future assailants.
Her mind
Sprung to flight
From backrooms and
Tailored suits.

Move-on
Cowboys cried.
Destiny waits!

Today,
Nested dreams
Terrorise Her journey.
My country sleeps
A restless sleep,
Behind
Locked doors,
Barred windows.
Ancient fears
Accompany
Eagles rising
Black wings lifted,
By an upward current
Soar over the crest
Onto Plains, mountains,
Over vast seas.

Below
The sound of tired feet.
Men
Lurking on back-roads.
Hiding
Along riverbanks.
Waiting to cross.

We're,
On the move again,
My country rolls-on...

'Meditation', Photographic etching. By Francesco Cincotta

Qalandar Bux Memon
Illustration by Ayaz Jokhio

To Contend With The Heart In Winter (For Sushi Anarkali)

It is strange to contend with
the heart in winter,
to carry blood so visible to each
passer-by,
To bleed with memories of
colour,

To carry to friends choked tears
verses,
moments and
now sumptuous pain,
To coil reprieves and apologies,
To consider eulogy but to write
laments,

In winter it is hard to contend
with the heart,
To author dull blue sentences
reeking of defeats,
To sing this song is strange

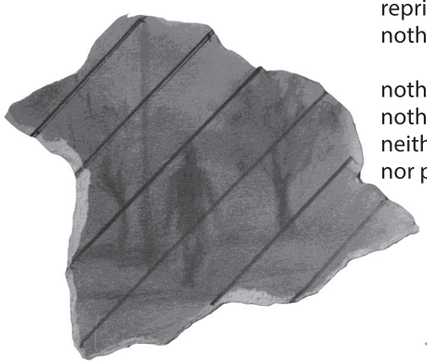
To be alien to fog,
to listen to whispers un-alert,
nor to feel the gaze of trees as I
tiptoe through the city

I went to graveyards and sought
out the graves of poets –
thinking it would help,
to drink a little wine with
comrades – I thought –
there too I heard the sound of
blood
of longing
there too laments rang from
stone to stone
chained in pain
together with the birds
and sparsely leafed trees,

in the beat of walks and talks,
In moments of work,
I lament inwardly,
I sculpture but do not utter…
I gaze but do not see

I know the moon but do not feel
its weight

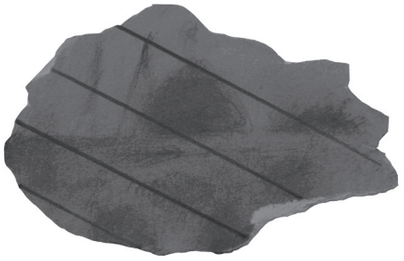
somewhere in between pain and
something normal – something
content, I linger
in choked tears



with a choked voice
glistening with disregard
I linger in rickshaws and the
company of crows
un-alert to the songs of tomatoes
the beauty of pomegranates
I went to Shah Jamal

lit two charaghs
said a few prayers
called out to saints and jinns
smoked a few joints
I conversed in silence with heroin
addicts

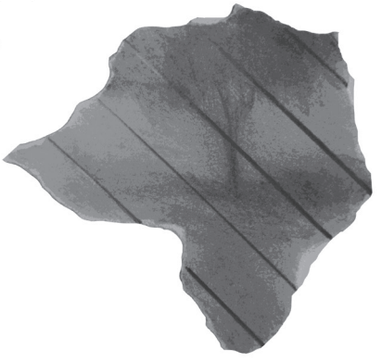
each face cacheted like a
gravestone,
dark lines of fortitude mixed with
stories I will not know
I felt with them only the
hopelessness of it all



and a little solidarity – they told
me:

'the departed leave us with no
reprieve,
nothing changes fate

nothing brings back the dead
nothing comforts
neither graves
nor prayer



numb the pain with drugs
and the salutations of the lost'

– it was good company...
...but did nothing for the heart...

I don't know how to contend
with the heart in winter,

The night of separation clouds
every colour,
the whole winter...

WORKING CLASS BALLET: FRAGMENTS ON FOOTBALL

Let me try and explain why football is so important to me, and why it becomes more rather than less important to me as I get older. My family is from Liverpool in the northwest of England and my father used to train at Liverpool Football Club's training ground in the early 1950s until an ankle injury curtailed his career. Dodgy ankles meant he had to wear Chelsea boots for the rest of his life, although he looked kind of stylish in them.

My mum tells me that I could kick a ball before I could walk and the main plank in my somewhat tempestuous relationship with my dad was football. Until he died late in 1994—indeed during the final weeks of his illness—it was the only thing we talked about sensibly at any length. When we discussed politics, we would always end up shouting at each other. As a kid, I remember long car journeys to and from games where we would analyze every facet of the game in anticipation (on the way there) and reflection (on the way back) with scientific, almost forensic, detail. I remember crying inconsolably in the car on the way back from an F.A. Cup semi-final when Liverpool had lost badly to a manifestly inferior team on a terrible pitch. Football is all about the experience of failure and righteous injustice. It is about hoping to win and learning to accept defeat. But most importantly, it is about some experience of the fragility of belonging: the enigma of place, memory and history.

My nuclear unit of a family moved from Liverpool to the south of England, which is where I grew up. We were economic migrants in a part of the country that we didn't recognize and which didn't recognize us. Liverpool Football Club came to represent whatever 'home' meant to me and was a huge element in whatever sense of identity we had as a family. Our house was called 'De Kop', after the famous sloping terrace at Anfield where the hardcore supporters stood and sang. I made a sign with the words 'De Kop' in my woodwork class at school. It took weeks to make. I remember getting beaten up at elementary school for speaking funny, that is with a detectable Liverpool or 'scouse' accent. So, I learnt to speak another way, in the sort of anonymous, irritating BBC whine that I carry to this day.

I was a decent player, nothing special, but played at county level when I was 10 years old. My dad was very proud and used to come to all the games. Because of the vagaries of the English class system, when I passed the entrance exam to get into a grammar school at age 11, a kind of academic public school that has largely and happily died out, the only sports they played were rugby, hockey and cricket. These were gentlemen's games because football was considered too working-class. I wasn't allowed to play football, unless in my spare time, and lost any small talent I had. I played off and on until my early 30s – until time's winged chariot obliged me to hang up my boots.

When my first son, Edward, was born in 1992, my first violent patriarchal act was to decorate his room with Liverpool pennants and other paraphernalia. Like me, he would have had no choice but to support Liverpool. Sadly, the Liverpool team that I grew up with – a team of invincible demigods welded together through the authoritarian will of Bill Shankly, who was coach from 1959 until 1974 – is no more. In the 1970s and 1980s, Liverpool were so good that, Shankly joked, they'd have to bring a team from Mars to beat them. He also said, and I love the arrogance of this quotation,

'My idea was to build Liverpool into a bastion of invincibility. Napoleon had that idea. He wanted to conquer the bloody world. I wanted Liverpool to be untouchable. My idea was to build Liverpool up and up until eventually everyone would have to submit and give in.'

Despite the allusion to Napoleon, Shankly was a lifelong socialist and it should never be forgotten that the true name of soccer, which goes back to the formal organization of the game in England in the 1860s, is association football. Football is an experience of association, an idea that might not be too whimsically linked to Marx's talk of 'an association of free human beings' in Capital, Volume 1. The way Shankly understood socialism was very simple,

"The socialism I believe in is not really politics. It is a way of living. It is humanity. I believe the only way to live and to be truly successful is by collective effort, with everyone working for each other, everyone helping each other, and everyone having a share of the rewards at the end of the day."

In 2006, Liverpool Football Club was bought by two American sports capitalists: Tom Hicks and George Gillett. A few short years later, in the 2009-10 season, with hundreds of millions of dollars of debt, Liverpool enjoyed its worst

Simon Critchley
Illustrations by Zoe Talyor

season in 11 years. The next season (2010-2011) was even worse, a disaster, and the club was taken into receivership and then eventually bought, like junk in a scrapyard, by New England Sports Ventures, owners of the Boston Red Sox. That said, Kenny Dalglish, my boyhood hero, to whom I wanted to dedicate my PhD Thesis (until I was strongly discouraged from doing so by senior faculty at my university), was appointed coach in late December 2010. Things were initially better but it very sadly became clear that Kenny really didn't have the aptitude for the contemporary game. Four years later, there has been a slow, but completely tangible, shift in the attitude of the team, the selection and tactics of LFC under Brendan Rodgers and today Jürgen Klopp. LFC play with pace, power and momentum.

Sometimes I think I should have let my son support some other team, like Arsenal or Manchester United (God forbid!). But maybe there's something of a parable in Liverpool's demise: football is all about an experience of disappointment in the present that is linked to some doubtless illusory memory of greatness and heroic virtue. The odd thing is that it isn't the disappointment that is so difficult to bear; it's the endlessly renewed hope with which each new season begins. This has a classical allusion, of course, in Aeschylus' Prometheus Bound, in an exchange between the chorus and the god Prometheus, chained to a rock in the Caucasus. In addition to fire and technology, the chorus asks what else Prometheus gave humans,

Prometheus: 'Yes, I stopped mortals from foreseeing doom.'
Chorus: 'What cure did you discover for that sickness?'
Prometheus: 'I sowed in them blind hopes'.

Football is all about the experience of failure and righteous injustice. It is about hoping to win and learning to accept defeat.

WAR BY OTHER MEANS :

The World Cup is a spectacle in the strictly Situationist sense. It is a shiny display of teams, tribes and nations in symbolic, indeed rather atavistic, national combat adorned with multiple layers of commodification, sponsorship and the seemingly infinite commercialization — among the official FIFA sponsors are Coca Cola, Budweiser and McDonalds. The World Cup is an image of our age at its worst and most gaudy. But it is also something more, something bound up with difficult and recalcitrant questions of conflict, memory, history, place, social class, masculinity, violence, national identity, tribe and group.

My first memory of the World Cup is when my dad took me to see England play Argentina at Wembley Stadium in 1966. I was 6 years old and this was a big deal. It was a famously tetchy, irritable 0-0 draw that went down in legend because the Argentine captain, Rattin, who had committed grievous bodily harm on a number of English players, refused to leave the pitch when he had been sent off. He clearly wasn't a gentleman. The games provided the background for three subsequent World Cup encounters between England and Argentina in 1986 (Argentina won, with two goals from Diego Maradona, one with his hand, the famous 'hand of God' incident), in 1998 (Argentina won again, after a young, impetuous David Beckham had been sent off for retaliation) and 2002 (when England won and Beckham redeemed himself with a winning goal). Reflecting on the 'hand of God' incident and victory over England in 1986, Maradona said,

"It was as if we had beaten a country, not just a football team… Although we had said before the game that football had nothing to do with the Malvinas war, we knew they had killed a lot of Argentine boys there, killed them like little birds. And this was revenge."

Football is the continuation of war by other means.

My most powerful memory of the World Cup is from Mexico, in 1970. Brazil won for the third time, which meant that they got to keep the trophy. This was the team of Pelé, in his fourth World Cup, Jairzinho, Rivelino, Tostão and Gerson. The names alone had a sort of magical power for me. I would roll them silently around my mouth as I kicked a ball against the wall, as if incanting a spell. The 1970 Brazil team was the greatest attacking team of all time and the side against which any subsequent team (The Netherlands in 1974 or France 1998) is measured. My mother has a photograph of me, aged 10, wearing a full Brazil uniform.

The World Cup, then, is about ever-shifting floors of memory and the complexity of personal and national identity. But at its best it is about grace. A truly great player, like Pelé, like Johan Cruyff, like Maradona, like Zidane, has grace: an unforced bodily containment and elegance of movement, a kind of discipline where long periods of inactivity can suddenly accelerate and time takes on a different dimension in bursts of controlled power. When someone like Zidane does this alone, the effect is beautiful; when four or five players do this in concert, it is breath-taking (this collective grace has been taken to a new level by the F.C. Barcelona team in the last few years). But grace is also a gift. It is the cultivation of a certain disposition, some call it faith, in the hope that grace will be dispensed.

AN EXPERIENCE OF ENCHANTMENT :

Football is working-class ballet. It's an experience of enchantment. For an hour and a half, a different order of time unfolds and one submits oneself to it. A football game is a temporal rupture with the routine of the everyday: ecstatic, evanescent and, most importantly, shared. At its best, football is about shifts in the intensity of experience. At times, it's like Spinoza on maximizing intensities of existence. At other times, it's more like Beckett's Godot, where nothing happens twice.

Let me try and make some sense of these thoughts by focusing on an exemplary artwork: Zidane by Douglas Gordon and Philippe Parreno from 2006. The movie's subtitle is A Portrait of the 21st Century and these words have a wide range of meaning. Zidane is a meditation on the nature of the image and the endlessly mediated quality of reality. We begin by watching the usual, flat TV images and commentary of the game before being sucked in to something else… but let's leave that 'something else' for a moment.

At the most obvious level, Zidane is a portrait of the 21st century, where reality has an utterly mediated quality. It is a world of celebrity and commodity, a world of smooth and shiny surfaces, a hallucinatory reality, nothing more. The 21st century is a portrait. Everything is a portrait. Zidane himself is a portrait, a perfect and magical fetish, a pure commodity that inspires desire, a product with rights owned by Adidas, Siemens or his whole panoply of sponsors. Zidane is a spectacle.

Sure, you might respond. That's right. Point taken. We are all children of the Situationists and the world is a world of images. Nothing more. No more reality, as Parreno would say.

Simon Critchley
Illustrations by Zoe Talyor

But there is more to a portrait than some Situationist thesis about the society of the spectacle. Douglas Gordon talks about the importance of silence and immobility in portraiture. This is crucial, I think. At one level, when we look at a portrait we look for something about ourselves in the image. In the interview he gave to accompany the film, Zidane recognizes this and acknowledges that people watching the film will perhaps be able to feel themselves in his place, 'un petit peu', he adds. Such is the nature of the image at the level of identification. This is fine. But there is more.

It's the petit peu that counts. The paradox of Zidane as a portrait is that he is constantly in movement and engulfed in the noise of the crowd and the game. And yet, in the firmness, closeness and severity of his face we see through the skin, through the image, to something else, what I want to call some truth, some darker truth, even some reality beyond the image. Somehow, in all the cacophonous noise and ceaseless movement of the film, there is a dark kernel of immobility and silence.

The model for this is Spanish painter Diego Velázquez and I take it that Zidane is a kind of homage to and reenactment of the famous 1650 portrait of Pope Innocent X. As is well known, when the far from innocent looking Pope saw Velázquez's portrait, he said 'troppo vero' — too true, or too much truth. This is echoed in Zidane's remarks on his image in the movie. Firstly, he says that his face looked 'un peu dure, un peu ferme' ('a little hard, a little firm'), but then he adds, 'c'était moi quoi; voilà, c'était moi' ('what can I say? It was me. It was me.')

Zidane is a portrait in a double sense, then. On the one hand, it gives us a sense of the capture of reality by commodified images in the century through which we are slowly slouching our way. But on the other hand, this portrait is true to Zidane in a way that exceeds the sensible content of the image. There is the suggestion, the adumbration of an inaccessible interiority, a reality that resists commodification, an atmosphere, something like Orpheus looking over his shoulder as the Eurydice disappears into Hades.

The film begins with and returns to the phrase 'an extraordinary day'. Of course, Saturday, April 23rd 2005, when the movie was shot and the match between Real Madrid and Villareal was played, was a perfectly ordinary day. At halftime we get a flash sequence of images from the outside world, in a chaotic muddle of the instantly forgotten. All that counts is what takes place in the stadium, in the face of Zidane. This has something to do with abandoning oneself to chance and the flow of time. As Zidane says, he might have been injured after five minutes or sent off at the beginning rather than the end of the match. The fact is that he wasn't. It is the act of submission to the order of time that is crucial. The 90 minutes of the game provide a frame, an order of counting and accounting within which the extraordinary can happen. Zidane keeps looking up at the clock during the match, checking the time. Such is the time of the line, of the frame, of the game. Vulgar clock time.

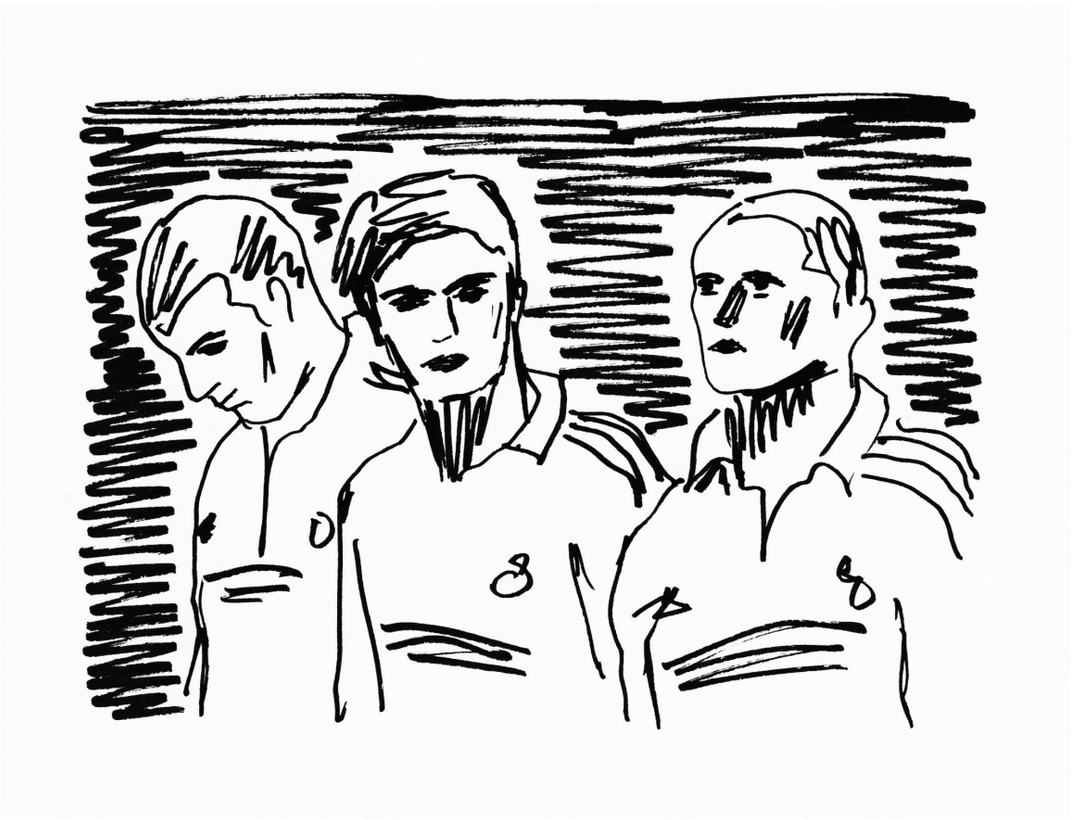
But another temporal order opens up within this submission, a different experience of duration, not the linear flow of 90 minutes, but something else. In abandoning oneself completely to chance, something like necessity begins to appear, even a sense of fate. In his commentary on the film, Zidane recalls the moment – it only happened once – when he received the ball and he knew exactly what was going to happen, he knew that everything had been decided. He knew he was going to score before the ball had even touched his foot.

I CAN SMELL THIS MOVIE, ZIDANE :

There are two things that totally escape you when you watch football on TV: smell and sound. Football is all about smell: the crowd, the acrid piss stink of the toilets, beefy Bovril, cigarette smoke and meat pies. But there is also the smell of the earth, the earth that Zidane treats with such delicacy, carefully replacing divots of grass ripped out during play or the persistent light dragging noise of Zidane's foot against the pitch. There is something nostalgic, elegiac about this smell and when I think back to watching games with my Dad when I was young or crying in the car home if Liverpool lost, then what I remember are smells, but most of all the smell of wet earth on the pitch that ascended into the terraces.

Zidane is all about sound. Zidane talks about the experience of sound when he is playing. Of being pulled in and out of the game through noises, of the vast presence of the crowd when you go onto the pitch. He has the most acute sense of hearing during a match. He can hear someone cough or whisper to his neighbour. 'Il y a du son', 'there is sounds', he says, and adds an extraordinary phrase, 'le son du bruit'. The sound of noise. In many ways, this movie is about the il y a of the sound of noise, the sheer thereness of noise as engulfing. This is what it is to be in a crowd – sensate ecstasy.

We only know football through commentary, through largely and hugely inane commentary. There is no immediacy here. The whole experience is completely mediated and mediatized. Zidane recalls when he was a kid commenting on



Is Zidane a puppet or a god? I couldn't possibly say. What he has is grace. Which means that he could be both. It is the grace of Zidane's movement that is astonishing.

himself playing as he was playing. We all did this. It was as if only an act of ventriloquism and self-distancing could grant you access to what was of utmost importance to your being (recall Bill Shankly, 'Football is not a matter of life and death. It's more important than that.'). The Zidane film gets as close as possible to the immediacy of football mainly because it is made out of sheer love of the game. But we can only get so close. Zidane recalls running and sitting as near to the TV as he could in order to watch French Téléfoot and listen to the voice of the commentator, Pierre Cangioni. He says – and this is fascinating – that what attracted him was not the content of Mangioni's words, but the tone, the accent, the atmosphere. It is this atmospherics that Zidane tries to evoke, to draw us into, the evocation of space, a heavenly sphere, the time of breath and vapour. At times, it reminds me of the cinema of Terrence Malick.

GRACE AND DESTRUCTION :

At the end of his peculiar yet utterly powerful short essay, 'On the Puppet Theatre', the Romantic poet Heinrich von Kleist ponders the nature of grace. Given the restless nature of human consciousness, Kleist concludes that grace will only appear in bodily form in a being that, "Has either no consciousness at all or an infinite one, which is to say, either in the puppet or a god". Is Zidane a puppet or a god? I couldn't possibly say. What he has is grace. Which means that he could be both. It is the grace of Zidane's movement that is astonishing.

It is unclear what meaning there is – if any – to heroism in the 21st Century. The hero is an icon. We know that. But he is also something more. The true hero is possessed of fragility and solitude. Most of all, and here is where Zidane comes closest to the figure of the hero, he is wedded to self-ruination.

Zidane smiles once, maybe twice, in the movie. The second time is towards the end of the match when he exchanges some casual banter with the great Brazilian wing-back, Roberto Carlos. Real Madrid is winning after being a goal down to a stupid penalty. Zidane created the first goal ex nihilo with an extraordinary show of intelligence, power, speed and skill. He seems happy. But it's a menacing smile. Almost a grimace.

Darkness descends, the eyes darken and he seems engulfed in a claustrophobic intensity of doubt and self-loathing. A teammate is fouled badly, but not appallingly, and Zidane runs across the pitch and whacks the guy and looks like he is going to hit him again until David Beckham pulls him off. Then some kind of world of pain breaks over Zidane. He is sent off and submits to the law, reluctantly, but he submits nonetheless, like at the end of the 2006 World Cup Final (when most of the civilized world was wishing that he had head-butted Marco Materazzi even harder). Heroism always leads to self-destruction and ruination. As he leaves the pitch, he knows that it is finished. He looks helpless. As Kleist says in the final words of his essay on the puppet theatre, 'This is the final chapter in the history of the world'.

Stephanie Bailey

THIS BEAUTIFUL GAME:

ON THREE-SIDED FOOTBALL, TRIOLECTICS AND WORLD SPACE(S):

"The only thing that we can be sure of is that life means movement."
- Asger Jorn

"Time," wrote situationist and artist Asger Jorn, "is the change that is only conceivable in the form of a progressive movement in space, while space is the solid that is only conceivable in its participation in a movement." In other words, "The action of space-time is the process, and this process is itself the change of time in space and the change of space in time." Space and time cannot exist without the other, nor do they possess "a reality or value outside of change or process." To put it another way, the hyphen in space-time represents the process—movement and variation—that binds these concepts in continuous relation, without allowing both elements to completely fuse (or collapse) into one.

Situating this in human terms, Jorn wrote: "What makes the space-time of a human life a reality is its variability. What gives the individual a social value is the variability of their behaviour in relation to others." Between the individual and the collective, variability is what upholds (or witholds) the autonomy of a person while enabling concord (or discord) among the many. "If this variability becomes private," wrote Jorn, who saw subjectivity as non-individualistic; that is, "excluded from social valorisation—as is the case under authoritarian socialism"—then "human space-time becomes unrealisable." To counter this effect, Jorn proposed a "hyperpolitics" that would "strive for the direct realisation of humanity"—the kind of politics that could, as he put it, valorise humanity itself. Behind this proposal is Jorn's view that value is subjective and unstable, and its surplus should not be eliminated but understood beyond economics, through society, biology, and the "counter-value" of art, whose "function as an index of the very instability of social values" is "something conventionally useless and therefore crucial."

Jorn expressed these ideas in an essay published in *Internationale Situationniste* #4 (June 1960), two years before he proposed three-sided football as an antagonism to normal football: what he saw as a spectacle predicated on the ultimate binary, 'us versus them', which represents "the worst aspects of modern capitalism." As an alternative, Jorn envisaged a game played on a hexagonal pitch with three teams, three goals, one ball and no referee. The rules related to standard football are reversed and subject to revision, and the team that lets in the fewest goals wins, making the victory defensive rather than offensive.

Three-sided football offers a practical diagram to illustrate Jorn's (avowedly non-academic) conception of "triolectics"—"the assertion that *any complementary relationship must always be at least triple* and can never be

Lefebvre pointed out "the problems in the reception of Marx's work because of the two-term opposition between bourgeoisie and proletariat," which does not take into account "the third aspect of land" and "ultimately the territory of the nation-state."

established in a purely duple system." Both the theory and the game elaborated on the artist's ideas surrounding human space-time, and enacted a refusal of "the normal dialectic of thesis, antithesis and synthesis," which results in a game of "*merciless either–or, luck or misfortune, renewal or annhialation*." Jorn also challenged "the static idea of complementarity" put forward by physicist Niels Bohr to explain wave-particle duality in the study of light and matter: that while it is impossible to observe wave and particle aspects simultaneously, their mutual observation and description (used "alternatively in different experimental arrangements") enables a better understanding than if each is taken alone. Jorn reasoned that the only conclusion to draw from Bohr's theory, if philosophy was to gain "new possibilities of existence" from it, was "the necessity of *the simultaneous presence of several complementary or mutually incompatible but equally valid philosophical systems*, principles or tendencies." But to follow this line of thought would lead nowhere, Jorn supposed, unless it resulted in a critique of the theory's limits (though "a purely philosophical critique" would "conclude nothing at all"), and the introduction of a third independent yet complementary theory of light alongside those of waves and particles.

Crucially, Jorn's concept of triolectics, and his critique of Bohr's complementarity, was rooted in his artistic study of light and colour. He illustrated this by referencing Philipp Otto Runge's colour ball, a spherical model that maps all possible variations based on the relations between primary and complementary colours. At the centre of this sphere, Runge noted, "all nuances of the surface dissolve by an identical number of grades into totally indifferent grey: in ratios that depend on the degree of activity in the total sum of elements." On this model, Jorn saw that "colours oppose each other like the angles of a triangle, not in an antagonism of two poles. Red has as its contrast a mixture of yellow and blue—to become green; blue, a mixture of red and yellow—to become orange; yellow a mixture of red and blue—to become violet." What he concluded from these observations was that "all mixtures are characterised as actualised poles," and "variability and play are the elements which make up the mixture."

Thus, while the three primary colours—in accord with Bohr's theory—relate to each other complementarily, Jorn conceded, "the complementary colours relate dialectically and not complementarily to each other, as their synthesis abolishes the colour effect." (Leading Jorn to conclude that the theory of complementarity does not hold up in the world of colour.) What emerges is an ongoing connection between "complementary statics and dynamic dialectics," in which "an equivalence of all particulars, in their particularity" is created. This dynamic is reflected in the "completely continuous progression" that Runge described in the colour sphere, where "the size of the structure develops from the differences between the elements and its form from the reciprocal inclination of the elements." Jorn wrote that the basic process behind his triolectical system is modifiable, extendable, and "totally undogmatic." In short: fusion—the actualisation of a conjunction—creates fission, every "compromise isolates and virtualises the opposite standpoint," and the resulting antagonism creates "a situation"—the basic elements of which "can be organised by the formation of two situations equally different and complementary to the first."

When developing his theory of triolectics, Jorn engaged with the ideas of Romanian philosopher Stéphane Lupasco, who believed that things "are able to exist only in function of their successive and contradictory conflicts." As Lupasco observed, as described by Jorn, "all energetic movement—which ever form it takes—implies an antagonistic event such that the actualisation of one brings about the potentialisation (the virtualisation) of the other." These "Antithetical elements," Jorn quoted Lupasco to say, "possess the constituent property of the idea of dynamism itself" — the third of "three intersecting dialectics" that ensures a continued movement between two antagonistic forces (Nicolescu, 2014).

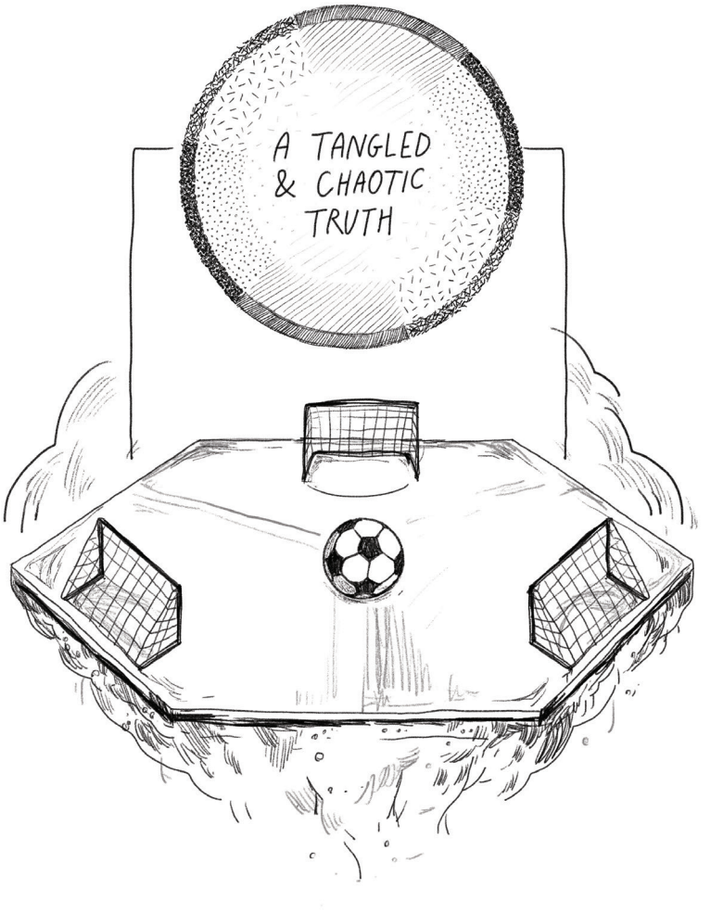
But Jorn perceived a problem. For one, he rejected Lupasco's position—which takes into account the second law of thermodynamics, whereby entropy increases in a closed macrophysical system and homogeneity governs the evolution of particles, including photons, in the microphysical world—that light equals death (Nicolescu, 2014). To counter this, Jorn put forward Newton's view that light is a non-homogenous assemblage of constituent (heterogeneous) particles (colours) and Goethe's assertion "that the division of light into colours is an inverse process"—that is, "of materialisation" and "a tendency towards 'life'." Jorn also believed that Lupasco had been "taken captive by an antagonism bounded by the opposition of the homogenous and the heterogeneous," and "did not—or did not wish to—take account of" the "placing of all mixtures in play." (As opposed to the example of Runge's colour wheel.) This rejection of Lupasco's "arbitrary antagonisms" relates to the main difference Joao Leao identifies between Jorn's and Bohr's ideas

Stephanie Bailey
Illustration by Aziza Ahmad

(and by association, Lupasco's): "that complementary relations were, by definition, unresolvable, while triolectic relations suggested a number of intermediate compromises which amounted to creative resolutions."

Referring again to Runge's colour wheel, where everything moves towards a grey centre, Jorn described the fact that in nature the opposite occurs: "everything becomes greyer and greyer the more it spreads out and becomes distanced." Furthering his train of thought, he wondered: "Is our perception of space one-sided, like our perception of past and future, and thus *oriented*? Should the idea of the expansion of the universe be supplemented with another about that same universe in the process of shrinking?" These questions, in which Jorn's observations are positioned as a third independent reading between two others, point to another critique the artist had of Bohr's position: that he made the mistake of "cutting out the observer as an influencing element" by making "him one with the conditions of the observations." What Jorn found lacking was the crucial demarcation between the objective, actual and subjective—"or, to put it another way, *object, instrument and observer.*"

It is this third position, an "Archimedean point outside of that which is to be moved," that Jorn sought to reinstate. For any two descriptions of a phenomenon "to be sufficient or complete,"



Jorn wrote, "a third necessary description is always ignored, which is only to say that the three descriptions form a unit and thus become philosophically accessible." This idea could be aligned with what Jorn called the abolition of variability ("as far as meaning is concerned") once thought and expression have become standardised (or rationalised) into a concept, with those who do "not follow these rules of the game... simply not taken into account."

This oversight is rectified on the three-sided football pitch, where the third unaccounted thing in any philosophical system that Jorn identified is given space to assert itself. In so doing, the idea that "two dialectical oppositions neutralise each other, like positive and negative," is upended with the introduction of "three mutual oppositions." In other words, by inserting a third element into a binary system that creates an aggression between bilateral opponents, tensions are mediated in a way that avoids the endgame of a fixed two-way confrontation. Movement thus becomes "the instrument with which one ascertains positions and positions are the instrument with which one ascertains movement." The result, as academic Karen Kurczynski observed, is lateral and continual "evolution without any teleological end." After all, with three terms rather than two, "Jorn's triolectic schemata disrupts conceptions of progress and regression" so "that no forward or backward motion could be described."

Another way to understand Jorn's theoretical game is through his definition of a law and a rule. "A law is to be considered absolute in a given situation," he explained, "but a rule is a law which one decides to follow or not follow, and in a given situation or a particular form of situations is thus still open to choice and decision." Therefore, variability—what makes human life a reality and defines the social value of a person in relation to others—is the law of the game, the outcome of which is contingent on the individuals playing at any given time and the rules devised among players within the game itself. Three-sided football thus becomes more about devising,

enacting, observing and mediating a constantly shifting (and crucially open) field of polarisations, compromises and potentialities rather than a zero-sum contest. In practice, the game demonstrates Jorn's belief—in reference to Raymond Aron—that it is possible "to harmonise a hierarchical system of values (in itself) with Max Weber's world of free play." ("To reject this," he continued, "would be a fallacious illusion.")

Yet, despite the political undertones, Jorn denied any kind of political advice behind his game, or the ideas it enacted. ("I am only trying to discover what happens," he insisted.) But there were real-world implications to the game's propositions, especially considering the period in which Jorn was thinking them through: when the Third World liberation movement was actively seeking a third way through the polarisations of North and South, East and West, Left and Right, Communist and Capitalist. "It is like a football match where both sides are trying to win," he said of the "naïve competition" produced by such duality.

Amazingly, there is no record of Jorn ever having staged a game of three-sided football. It is said that the London Psychogeographical Association organised the first match in the early-1990s as part of the Glasgow Anarchist Summer School. It has since been played elsewhere, including London, where the Deptford Three-Sided Football Club (D3FC), which formed in 2012, has its home ground. A Three- Sided World Cup was staged in 2014 at the Museum Jorn in Silkeborg, Denmark, where Jorn was born. Organised by the International Three-Sided Football Federation, teams came from all over the world (France, Germany, Poland, England, Lithuania, Turkey and Denmark), and the Danish team Silkeborg KFUM won the tournament. Another Three-Sided Football World Cup was held in Kassel in August 2017, and the next one is apparently scheduled for 2020 in London.

D3FC have a succinct description of the game on their website. "In open play," they write, "teams are free to form (or break) alliances in order to gain advantage against the opposing team(s). While tactical planning plays a role in such manoeuvres, the penetration of the defence by two opposing teams imposes upon the defence the task of counterbalancing their disadvantage through sowing the seeds of discord in an alliance which can only be temporary." In practice, anything can happen.

This brings us to the dialectic of triplicity, as developed by philosopher and sociologist Henri Lefebvre. In his work, Lefebvre pointed out "the problems in the reception of Marx's work because of the two-term opposition between bourgeoisie and proletariat," which does not take into account "the third aspect of land" and "ultimately the territory of the nation-state." As academic Stuart Elden explains, "one of Lefebvre's problems with dialectical materialism is its tendency toward a linear, teleological picture of historical change." (Elden,2004) In the 1970 publication *La fin de l'histoire*, Lefebvre took a lateral approach to the concept of progress, which allowed "the dialectic to not simply be the resolution of two conflicting terms but a three-way process, where the synthesis is able to react upon the first two terms," (Elden, 2004) and no term is prioritised over the other. (As is the case in Jorn's conception.) For Lefebvre, the dialectic is part of a continual process, which in itself represents the third element. "The third term is *already* everywhere," Elden continues. (Or as Lefebvre put it, "no two without three.")

In this sense, the dialectic is not about resolution or negation, nor is synthesis its end result, just as Jorn asserted. It is an ongoing non-teleological movement, which brings to mind the rhizome theory, as famously proposed by Deleuze and Guattari—a concept also created to break down oppositional binaries that were perceived to characterise Western thinking. The rhizome is an "antigenealogy" composed of (organic) plateaus; *in A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia,* Deleuze and Guattari use Gregory Bateson's definition of a plateau as "a continuous, self-vibrating region of intensities whose development avoids any orientation toward a culmination point or external end." It is a concept "composed not of units but of dimensions, or rather directions in motion" with "no beginning or end," as in nature—where "roots are taproots with a more multiple, lateral, and circular system of ramification, rather than a dichotomous one."

Lefebvre had his own organic interpretation of the non-teleological dialectic, which he applied to his conception of space. He did so by unifying three manifestations or "modalities" of it—conceived (representation of space), lived (space of representation), and spatial practice (which structure lived reality)—into one theory of spatiology, which explores how space "gets *actively produced*." (Merrifield, TK) Thus, "space becomes reinterpreted not as a dead, inert thing or object but as organic and alive"—it "has a pulse, and it palpitates, flows, and collides with other spaces." (Merrifield, TK) In this conception, the real and imagined co-exist simultaneously within represen-

tational space, which "may be qualified in various ways"—physical, mental, social—"because it is essentially qualitative, fluid and dynamic." (Lefebvre, quoted by Merrifield, 2006) Embracing "the loci of passion, of action, of lived situations," which "immediately implies time," the space of representation—lived space—is understood as multi-layered and never still. (Lefebvre, quoted by Merrifield, 2006) This concept lent itself to the way Lefebvre made "political purchase of process thinking" as urban theorist Andy Merrifield points out, and "of conceiving reality in *fluid movement*, in its *momentary existence and transient nature*." (Lefebvre, quoted by Merrifield, 2006)

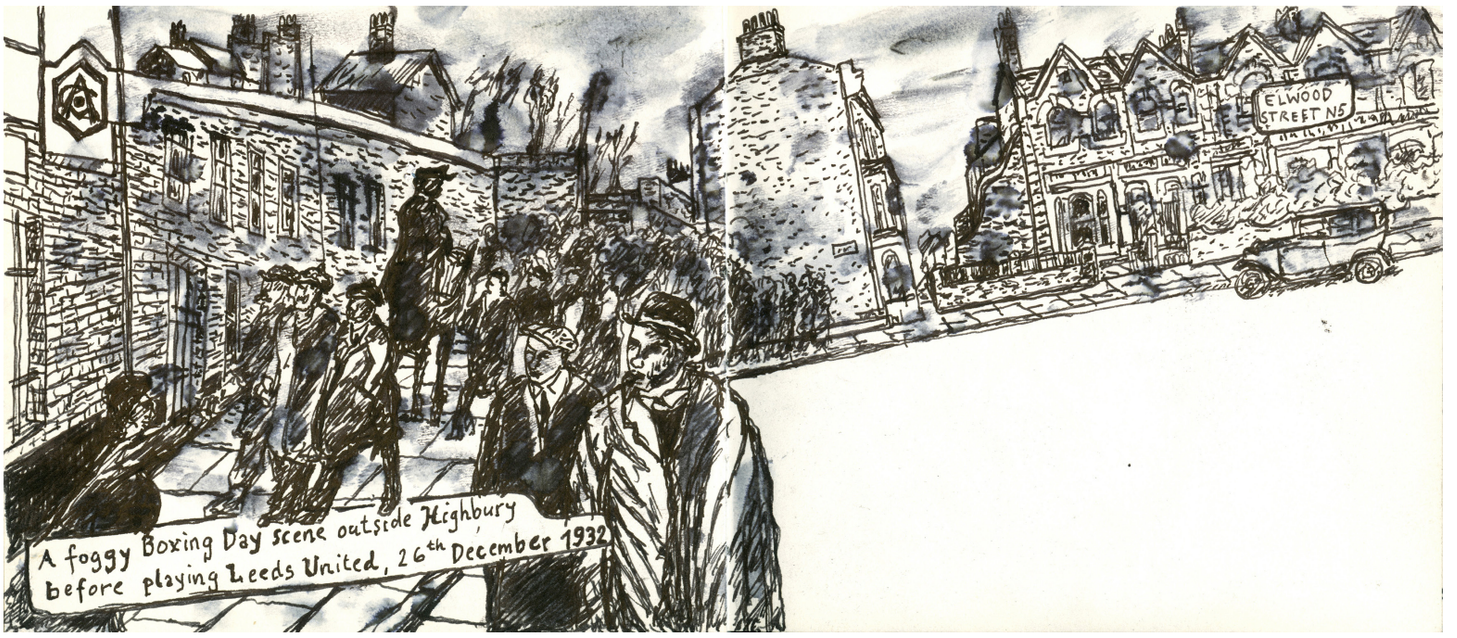
Building on Lefebvre's work, Edward Soja (also an urban theorist) devised a theory of what he called "thirdspace," whose close approximation is Lefebvre's lived space of representation. Thirdspace is "a limitless composition of lifeworlds that are radically open and openly radicalisable; that are all-inclusive and transdisciplinary in scope yet politically focused and susceptible to strategic choice; that are never completely knowable but whose knowledge nonetheless guides our search for emancipatory change and freedom from domination." (Soja, 1996) Crucial to this conception was trialectical thinking; what Soja described as "difficult" since it "is disorderly, unruly, constantly evolving, unfixed, [and] never presentable in permanent constructions" — just as Jorn himself implied with his "eminently flexible triolectical system." Quoting Soja, these ideas present a challenge to "conventional modes of thought and taken-for-granted epistemologies."

Such a rhizomatic mode of thinking finds grounding on the three-sided football field, which articulates Soja's thirdspace, filled as it is "with politics and ideology, with the real and the imagined intertwined, and with capitalism, racism, patriarchy, and other material spatial practices that concretise the social relations of production, reproduction, exploitation, domination, and subjection." (Soja, 1996) On this hexagonal pitch, three football teams subvert these very dynamics in a game normally bound up in the bi-polar structure of conventional football, where an us-and-them struggle plays out. Like its binary forebear, the three-sided game is lived representational space in action. But three-sided football is not governed by fixed rules. It is constituted by individuals existing as independent entities, team members and players governed by a set of unstable rules that everyone on the pitch negotiates among themselves. What emerges, to follow Soja's formulation of thirdspace, is a site of struggle, liberation and emancipation: "a strategic location from which to encompass, understand, and potentially transform all [other] spaces"—be they conceived, perceived and so on—"simultaneously." (Soja, 1996)

This is what makes three-sided football such a useful and practical diagram—it encourages a lived examination of space in the sense that Lefebvre considered it: "not only with the eyes" or "the intellect, but also with all the senses" and "the total body." As quoted in ("The important thing is to demonstrate *that we do not see or sense what is at all, but what happens*," Jorn said.) Enacting the game, or even thinking about it as a possibility, enables a greater awareness of the dynamics at work within space itself, as defined by the complexity of its inhabitants who exist not as either/or, but both/and/also/maybe and despite. This view aligns with how Jorn saw the act of establishing "subjectively acting causal relationships" as a work of "*magic or art*." The result of such an establishment, as he hinted in his writing, is an "artistic humanism" that he believed was the "key to an all-embracing exchange of experiences that knows no bounds of either language or politics or convictions." ("For Jorn, the art that matters most is a subjective realism that extends beyond the individual and invokes a collective practice," to quote Mackenzie Wark.)

These dynamics were exemplified in 2010, when writer and critic Sally O'Reilly staged a three-sided football game during the run-up to the United Kingdom's general election, with three teams representing the main political parties at the time—Conservative, Labour and Liberal Democrat. (This election marked the second time since World War II that a UK election resulted in a hung parliament; 2017 being the third.) As writer and editor Ajay Hothi observed, "O'Reilly's *3-Sided Football Match* was an example of a participatory public event in which the fundamental notion was to highlight the absurd nature of artifice"—in this case, of the two-sided football game and how that relates to contemporary political structures—"and how that imposes an inflexible nature onto a core concept" (the practice of politics itself). Ultimately, Hothi writes, the match demonstrated "how it is possible to maintain a relational status quo in a situation in which rules are flexible or non-existent."

Embedded in the concept of three-sided football, then, is a proposal: to establish [what Jorn described as a] "truly cosmopolitan mental fellowship" whereby the individual and collective are



Outside the old Highbury Stadium in 1932, Biagio Mastroianni, Ink and watercolour on paper, 2016

understood as a complex set of conflicting, playful and variable relations, at once mutually exclusive, yet inter-dependent. The game, like art, is based on an "invitation to expend energy, with no precise goal other than what spectators themselves can bring to it." (As Jorn said: "Play is not consciously directed to any goal but is a delight, an identification with things themselves. This is why play develops best in community.") To follow Jorn's opinion that art is not a representation but "a direct transformation of nature" that does not reduce "nature to essence or order," such freedom would result in "the transformation of human qualities into real values." This was Jorn's vision for an artistic revolution.

In deliberating on three-sided football and the formulations of trialectic thinking that the game visualises and enacts, consider the problem Jorn observed with modern atomic physics: that it produced an isolated "world picture constructed upon the wave interpretation" and an imprecise "fusion of the particle and the ray concepts" as a result. "Only when one decides to set up a complementary description of all three observations," he wrote, will "three world pictures clearly emerge." These pictures could be mutually complementary, providing one keeps them strictly separate." Every element should be taken on its own *and* with others.

Now let's apply this idea to the real world, currently in the throes of complete upheaval, with the past, present and future seemingly unfolding all at once. This is something that Hank Willis Thomas' recent exhibition, *The Beautiful Game*, at Ben Brown Fine Arts in London, illustrates through the prism of football, with a group of artworks that challenge the same dichotomous 'us versus them' binary inscribed into football that Jorn confronted. Tracing a link between European and American football, colonialism, and—by association with Thomas' previous work— the history of slavery, the exhibition uncovered the sheer complexity of the world by zeroing in on a microcosm of it, as identified in the culture of an international team sport.

On view was a series of ten quilts made from various football jerseys, including Arsenal and Liverpool, with sponsorship logos, from Chevrolet to Etihad, visible in compositions that are based on—or directly copy—modernist paintings and flags made by Asafo warrior groups in the Fante region of Ghana. "The function and aesthetic of Asafo flags," the exhibition statement notes, "which have been made from the colonial period to today... developed in relation to African contact with Europe starting in the eighteenth century." Under British influence, some flags were designed in the colonial style, with a Union Jack featured on the top corner. As academic Nana Adusei-Poku writes, these flags would come to represent rivalries that were encouraged by the British as part of a "administrative strategy of *indirect rule*," which was intended to prevent a united uprising among the colonised—a Machiavellian gesture of divide and conquer. In Thomas' exhibition, three quilts make reference to these flags, with figures donning the insignia and/or sponsorship logos of contemporary football teams, including Adidas and Nike, thus connecting the battle fields of the past with the football pitches of the present, here framed as sites of globalised, proxy (corporate) war.

Yet, beyond the two teams pitted against one another on the football field in the context of this exhibition, Thomas' quilts and their myriad references—which also include national rugby teams like the All Blacks, Tonga, Panama, South Africa and England—expand on this idea of global war as something multi-positional, intersectional and materially complex. With Arsenal's homeground named after Emirates airline, the current reality, as Thomas shows, is one where the historical faultlines—for example, between coloniser and colonised—are not as clear-cut as they once were. Thus, to quote Adusei-Poku once more, central to *The Beautiful Game* is an investigation "into how modern sport is a reflection of historical power structures," while posing "the question of how to deal with a past that continuously ruptures the present." In Thomas' flags, the binary field is disrupted. The pitting of one team against another (be it national or local) is made trinary through the inclusion of historical and supra-national elements—from the history of imperialism to contemporary corporate sponsorship, which one could argue are inter-related—that are also present in the game. In making this visible in his work, Thomas asks his audience "to see" as Lefebvre implored, "how homogeneous abstract space manifests itself in a dislocated and dismembered landscape of capitalism"—"a global space pivoting around 'uneven development' and pell-mell differentiation" (to quote Merrifield again). As Lefebvre said, "The space that homogenises ... has nothing homogeneous about it." (As quoted by Merrifield, 2006)

Three-sided football thus becomes more about devising, enacting, observing and mediating a constantly shifting (and crucially open) field of polarisations, compromises and potentialities rather than a zero-sum contest.

Thomas expanded on this idea by drawing a link between the politics of international corporate sports culture, and that of the global art market in his exhibition. *The Beautiful Game* opened during Frieze Art Week 2017, with one of Thomas' *Endless Columns* presented as part of Frieze's public exhibition at Regent's park, composed of twenty-two realistically rendered footballs made from painted resin. Its composition and name—*Endless Column (22 Totems)* (2017)—reference the work of Constantin Brancusi, a sculptor who, like many other European and American modernists, owes much to the influence of African art, even if no credit, or due respect, was actually given to the artists, or regions, from whom they profited. ("African art IS modern art, it just wasn't named as such," Thomas has stated.) Thus, by overlapping global football with the culture of global art conveys the crux of what Thomas proposes when thinking about both realms as sites in which world history continues to play out a two-sided game, whereby a crucial third side (or world) tends to become marginalised or ignored.

The Beautiful Game brought this marginalised world into the picture so as to complicate it, just as Jorn's three-sided football disrupted the binary game in order to expand the field. In both cases, the idea is to widen the frame and demonstrate the dynamics—process, variability and movement—that mediate the overlapping positions that human beings can sustain in a changeable world that is organic, evolving and contradictory. As living beings, we are prisms that reveal a cross-hatching spectrum of ongoing histories and the politics that have emerged from them. And as we move through space and time, our forms are likewise beholden to the forces that seek to contain the continuum that our bodies negotiate. This is why Jorn decided to offer his own response to what was essentially a scientific discussion surrounding complementarity—it was and is the artist's right to challenge those frames that seek to define the human experience without taking into full account the actual complexity of *lived* experience itself. (As Mackenzie Wark observes, the limit Jorn saw in "scientific socialism" was its embrace of "a materialist world view, but not a materialist attitude to life. His artistic materialism proposes to fill this gap.")

***

What could we learn today, politically and globally, if we were to think about a three-sided game that one artist envisioned as a means to break out of the stalemates left to us by history?

In summer 2015, three simultaneous games of three-sided football were launched at high speed into each other as part of the Alytus Biennial in Southern Lithuania. It was an attempt at "uncovering the deep triolectics at play within the science of exceptions," as reported by The New Cross Triangle Psychogeographical Association (NXTPA). "In doing so, the assembled situlogists successfully glimpsed the quantum hyperspace of psychogeographic gameplay, completing the first phase in what has been called a 'Great Unworking': Three-sided football's attempt at the psychogeographical 'unbinding' of Europe." The account of this supercollider game is as barmy and beautiful as one would expect. "Whilst the teams acted like nations, defending their territory and making raids against opponents," the NXTPA reported, "the overlapping space in the centre realised that they were all of the same class, and thus rather than working with their team alliances, self-organised a form of class solidarity amongst themselves to co-operatively defend their goals against the whirling melee around them."

What emerged in this game was, to borrow the diagram of Runge's colour ball, an emergence of that grey space at the centre of the sphere where all possible colours interact. Through this controlled chaos, created by the activation of every individual on the field and defined by the variability between them, an interactive solidarity was negotiated that effectively broke through the binary rules normally applied to the collective body. In this hyperpolitical situation then, humanity itself, as Jorn imagined, became valorised beyond the structures of normative politics. What was visualised, to borrow the words of D3FC and the Strategic Optimism football club, was three-sided football's potent essence as a practical exercise of being in the world, relationally: "Not oppositional but superpositional," with "contradictions resolved by blending multiple simultaneous potentialities."

Maybe this was the aim of Jorn's conception: to offer a moving reflection of the world in all of its conflictual complexity; a material explosion of all things possible, thanks to the liberation of fixity from the production of meaning (and being). To play the game is to learn to exist—together, separately and in complementary opposition—in what Jorn described as "a tangled and chaotic truth," rather than a "symmetrical and finely chiseled lie."

Illustration by Zoe Taylor

Selected works by Asger Jorn

-Asger Jorn, 'What is an Ornament?' (1948), in Jorn, Fraternité Avant Tout, Rotterdam: 010 Publishers, 2011.

- Asger Jorn, 'The End of the Economy and the Realisation of Art,' trans. Reuben Keehan, Internationale Situationniste #4, June 1960, p. 1 (of 4). Viewed on Situationist International Online: http://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/economy.html.

- Asger Jorn, 'On the Triolectical Method in its Applications in General Situlogy,'

- Asger Jorn, 'Neither Abstraction Nor Symbol,' trans. Peter Shield, originally published in Danish as 'Hverken abstraktion eller symbol' in the exhibition catalogue Henri Michaux, Silkeborg Museum, Denmark, 1962, pp. 7-13. See http://www. museumjorn.dk/en/text_presentation.asp?AjrDcmntId=455

Other works cited:

- Mackenzie Wark, The Beach Beneath the Street: The Everyday Life and Glorious Times of the Situationist International, London: Verso, 2011.

- Karen Kurczynski, The Art and Politics of Asger Jorn: The Avant-Garde Won't Give Up, New York: Routledge, 2016.

- Geoff Andrews, 'The Three Sided Football Revolution – Football's New Idea,' posted 9 June 2013; http://geoffandrews- philosophy-football.blogspot.be/2013/06/the-three-sided-football-revolution.html

- Philipp Otto Runge, as quoted by Rolf G. Kuehni, 'Philipp Otto Runge's Color Sphere: A translation, with related materials and an essay.' Op cit.

- Stéphane Lupasco, as quoted by Joesph E. Brenner in 'The Philosophical Logic of Stéphane Lupasco (1900-88),' Logic and Logical Philosophy, Volume 19, 2010, p. 248. See http://www.apcz.pl/czasopisma/index.php/LLP/article/viewFile/ LLP.2010.009/967

- Basarab Nicolescu, From Modernity to Cosmodernity: Science, Culture, and Spirituality, Albany NY: SUNY Press, 2014, p. 129. See also Jorn, 'On the Triolectical Method in its Applications in General Situlogy,' p. 243

- Joao Leao, Senior Systems Specialist at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as quoted in 'The Silkeborg Interpretation Redux or Jorn's Detournement of Niels Bohr's Complementarity Theory,' a report on his contribution to the 'Cut and Thrust: Reconsidering Asger Jorn' seminar workshop which took place at the Museum Jorn in March 2012, published on http://www.hildegoesasger.org at: http://- www.hildegoesasger.org/2012/05/the-silkeborg-interpretation-redux-or-jorns-detournement-of-niels-bohrs-complementarity/

- Karen Kurczynski, 'Red Herrings: Eccentric Morphologies in The Situationist Times,' in Expect Anything Fear Nothing: The Situationist Movement in Scandinavia and Elsewhere, Mikkel Bolt Rasmussen & Jakob Jakobsen eds, Brooklyn: Nebula in association with Autonomedia, 2011.

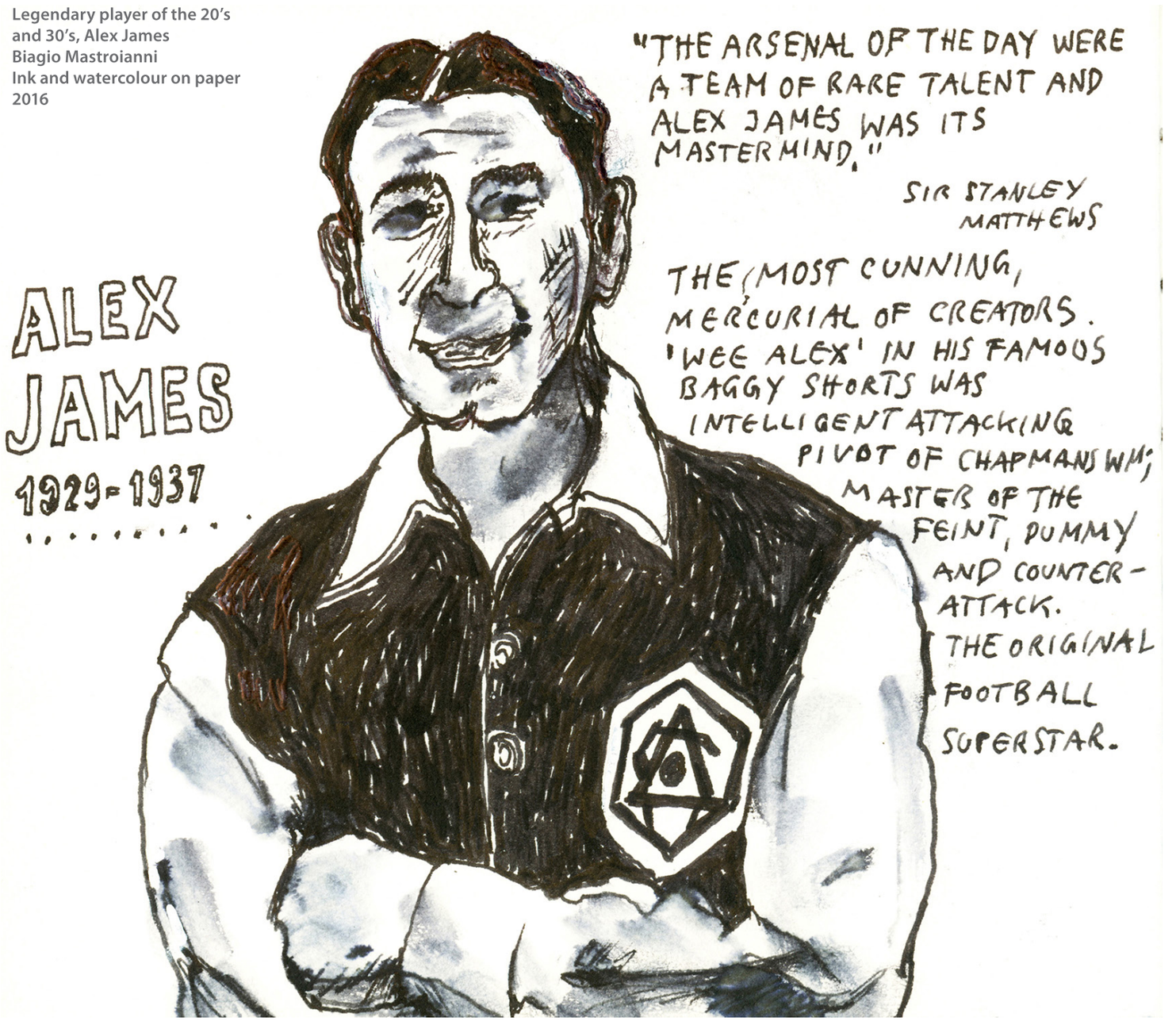
- Deptford Three-Sided Football Club, 'An Introduction to Three Sided Football,' 1 March 2012; https://d3fc.wordpress. com/2012/03/01/an-introduction-to-three-sided-football/

- John Hartley, 'Sport of the Week: Three-Sided Football,' That One Sports Show, 23 October 2017; http://thatonesportsshow. com/podcast/sport-of-the-week-three-sided-football/

- Stuart Elden, Understanding Henri Lefebvre: Theory and the Possible, London/New York: Continuum, 2004,

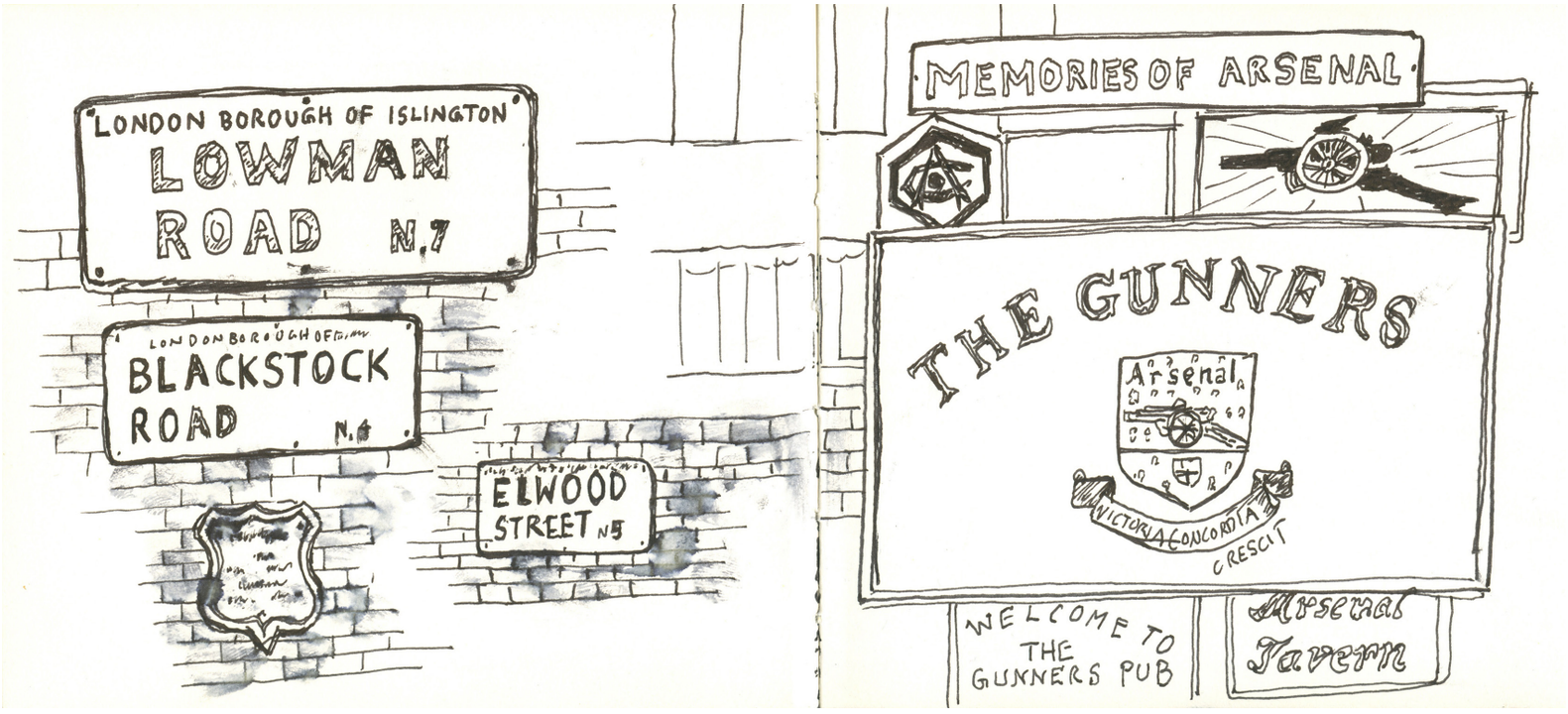
- Gilles Delueze and Felix Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, trans. Brian Massumi, Minneapolis/ London: University of Minneapolis Press, 2005,

Legendary player of the 20's and 30's, Alex James
Biagio Mastroianni
Ink and watercolour on paper
2016



SOLIDARITY, ABOVE ALL

STEPHANIE BAILEY AND JOSH HON IN CONVERSATION



Gunners shields and symbols in Highbury, Biagio Mastroianni, Ink and watercolour on paper, 2016

a few others, decided to break away and form a new team that focused on human interaction and solidarity. They decided to draft a manifesto that emphasised these ideas.

This interview concentrates on Josh Hon's long relationship to football, which included a period of playing in Hong Kong in the 1980s, when Hon became a founding member of a team called Holland Solidarity. In this conversation, Hon discusses the development of a more holistic approach to football, and considers how this relates to his artistic practice.

Stephanie Bailey: How did the idea to organize a football team based on solidarity in Hong Kong come about?

Josh Hon: I played football growing up, and my father was also a 1st division player during post-war Hong Kong; he played for Kwong Wah (in Chinese "Bright Chinese" or "China in Radiance"), a team that no longer exists. He also played in "Kit Chi," still a team in Hong Kong. I became a bit more "serious" about football when I started playing at NCAA university level in the USA. The only time I stopped playing football was the two years I was at Central Washington University studying for my Masters. After that, I played in inter-Mural league games at the University of Illinois, where I did my MFA.

After returning to Hong Kong during the 1980s, some friends and I formed a football team, and we started making connections with others teams and organizing games. I wouldn't call it a league, but we did regularly play with local teams that we were compatible with—we were loosely organized at the time. This all happened particularly through my association with David Yick, a buddy from my time at the University of Illinois, where I was in the Fine Arts department, and David was in the Education department working on his PHD. We both ended up teaching at the Hong Kong Polytechnic University, though in different departments: I was teaching in the Swire School of Design, and David in the Applied Social Studies Department. Sometimes, we also collaborated in teaching.

The team that we played in ended up having a lot of early Hong Kong Democratic Party members in it, such as Yeung Sum and Cheung Chi Sing. Later, friends who taught philosophy and design at the Polytechnic like Mok Yeuk Sing and Tsang Tak Ping joined in, and after that, my artist friends got involved—it was around this time that the idea of just randomly recruiting or accepting members into the team didn't feel like such a good idea. As the team grew, the tension between two camps became an issue. Some team members wanted to play a "beautiful game," and some members became unhappy that players were yelling at others on the pitch in the name of "getting the job done," putting winning above all else.

To counter this, Mok Yeuk Sing and Dennis Ting, a practicing lawyer, and a few others, decided to break away and form a new team that focused on human interaction and solidarity. They decided to draft a manifesto that emphasised these ideas. They insisted that selecting players of good character and who value each other was more important than winning. I was inspired by their insistence and slightly odd aims; I thought winning was important, but having "good" people to play with was also not a bad idea, so I joined them. Together, we worked hard on figuring out how we could play a good game that was targeted and physical, but could also accommodate human relationships. We called that breakaway event "the Spring of Ap Li Chau," since the manifesto was hammered out at Ap Li Chau by Dennis Ting and Mok Yeuk Sing. Eventually, we named ourselves the Holland Solidarity team, which might have to do with the fact that I picked the Dutch team's jersey as our team jersey.

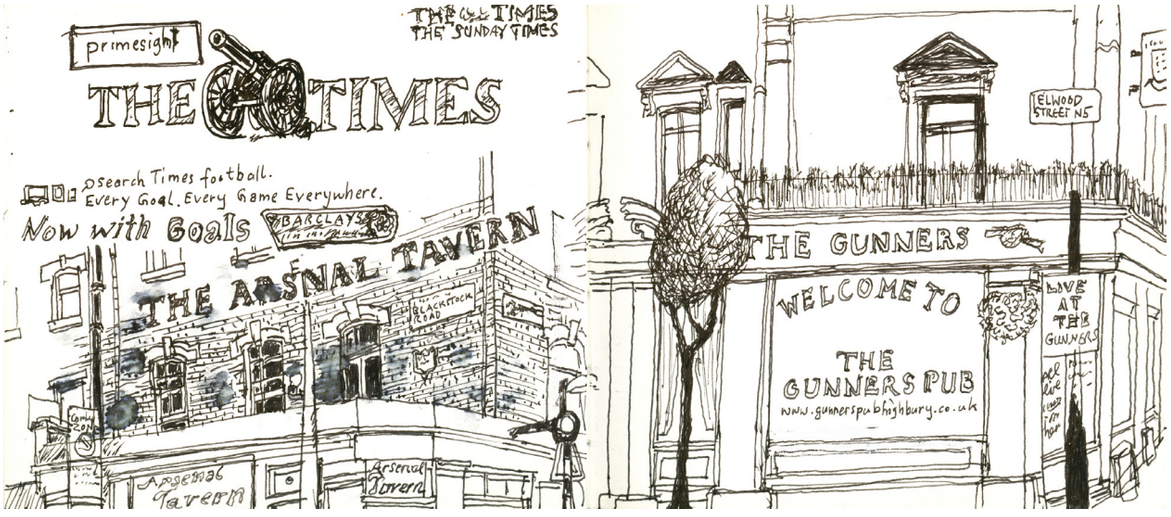
As a team, we worked on creating a support system in the act of football playing that was largely influenced by hermeneutics and philosophical thinking. This idea of contradiction evolved into a training and playing strategy that emphasized teamwork, elimination of central leadership, the development of an offensive play from the defensive zone, and training that included management of fear rather than harnessing energy from fear. (Just as my last 10 years of counselling training informed me that human communication can reduce fear, since fear reduces our ability to track human interaction.)

So, this is how it went: one team split into two, resulting in Holland Solidarity; and then a third team emerged. This third team became our sister team, which included most of the Democratic Party members and other activist players: they called themselves Sheffield Wednesday because of the black and white jersey they picked. The Holland Solidarity team seemed to attract more artists and philosophers. Between the teams, we did exchange players often, like when a team was short of a player, for example.

SB: How did the football team create a philosophy that was respectful, inclusive, and open?

Josh Hon: Those who joined Holland Solidarity felt like they naturally fit in. And those teams we chose to play with were also on similar frequencies as us. I would say that when you respect others, others reciprocate rather well, and quite surprisingly. As Lao Zhi said, and this is my translation: "respect/trust those who are respectful and trustful, respect / trust those who are not respectful/trustful. That is concrete respect/trust."

But I must admit, I did think that using a manifesto and claiming solidarity as a platform was a kind of overkill: The team itself never participated in social justice actions, movements, or causes, though individual members cer-



Arsenal pub names in Islington
Biagio Mastroianni
Ink and watercolour on paper
2016

tainly did. But the team spirit that it promoted—creating respectful relationships within a group—still carries on to this day. The current team manager, Kari Chiu, has done a good job of keeping that chemistry and momentum, and we have a number of core members who seem to keep the team's identity intact and true to its intentions, even as it has grown, with older members retiring and new members coming in from different backgrounds.

SB: Looking back, do you think that what you were doing was a political action, as much as it was an action predicated on teamwork and play?

Josh Hon: Is this style of football playing based on communicative-action? Just to let you know, David Yick studied Habermas' notion of communicative-action, as well hermeneutics, which had a great impact on the Applied Social Science department at the Polytechnic, as well as on me and the team.

To explain, let's go back to the ground level of football playing and organization. Football manifests itself as a social reality, or puts social ideas into practice: managing a team of players. Encouraging a climate of communication and mutual respect is probably a good way to organize a football team, or for that matter any social group that aims to be, to use that dirty word, democratic. This creates a movement from a "I am better then you" mentality towards an enjoyment of being with and challenging others. As a sociopolitical reading, one can easily place this approach within the wider context of Hong Kong in the 1980s and 90s; this was when Hong Kong was just waking up to the reality of the colonial condition, predicated as it was on everyone looking out for themselves in order to survive. There was a greater sense of self-awareness, identity searching, and an attempt at moving away from a fear-based existence. That larger social context gave space to our little experimental football revolution!

The use of the word solidarity when it came to our manifesto, for example, is fitting when thinking about how Hong Kong's social direction was developing at the time towards an enlightened social-understanding, in which people became self-empowered to stand up and fight for a say in political and social change. Even if we never participated in social movements as a football team, we knew that we were all very much "in solidarity" with one another and with the movements around us. We all enacted our solidarity in very different ways, and from very different positions. As I mentioned, sometimes these posts crossed, and it was very natural. We have always had members from across the social spectrum, including those who have worked within the government as top-level economic advisers, political and social professors, lawyers, social activists and artists, and law enforcement workers.

In terms of playing on the field, my own observation and analysis of the period between the 1960s and the 1980s was that the Dutch team in Europe, and in particular the team in Johan Cruyff's time—the King of football, as important as Pele—was important; even though the coaches that led to the transformation of the Dutch team were the real unsung heroes. At that time, what distinguished British football style was the use of the length and breadth of the field in terms of movement. The Brazilian team, as I observed then, used the inner spaces of the field by doing a lot of transitional passes which involved a lot tight space shifts. That requires more sensitive body language and somatic sensing, and means that it might take some time to get to the goal post, which points to the enjoyment we see in the Brazilian game, and the famous dance-like moves that have come to characterize some football playing styles.

During this period, the Dutch team had this idea of combining the Brazilian team's small group short passes and progression, which emphasized in-group communication and improvisational interactive variation with the British structural approach—that is, the strategic use of the whole field. This was a simplicity I found very inspiring and fitting to some of the ideas I was and am thinking about. At the time, I felt like the Dutch approach combined these two elements beautifully; the legacy of which one can see in the development of the Spanish teams and particularly the Barcelona Football Club.

However, such interaction of styles and their effectiveness in terms of both team building and scoring potential have, as I see it, become a standard way of playing in Europe and Asia, and this has even affected the South American and African teams, too. In the 30 years since we started our football teams in Hong Kong, inspired as we were by the international teams we were watching at the time, it seems we have seen a concurrent process in terms of how the world plays football in general: a matter that might also reflect how society has or could be organized differently. In our case, we dug deep and validated how one's inner need drives us, and yet we worked hard to establish a larger structural parameter to contain, guide and give direction to human action. In this process, we learned that the key is finding how these multi-bi-directional feedback elements work, and transform with/against each other.

To give an example of how this works on a societal level, imagine a small clinic system, which addresses local problems and more easily accommodates lo-

This also fed into the way we played football and how we supported and trusted each other both on and off the field. This closeness meant that we were not afraid to call each other out.

cal needs, and perhaps even folk wisdom and traditions, into their practices. Then you have the large-scale system of the health authority, and the large hospital, which has the advantage of general trend analysis and research. The idea is to accommodate these two practices in one country, or in our case, one team. The challenge is to recognize and explore the other, third reference that guides how these two practices do not only exist side by side, but also interact successfully.

Putting all of this into a 1980s context, the teams I was involved in kept a sense of cohesiveness across many levels: we played and shared life stories together, we were all very close friends, with some friendships dating back to high school, college, and university years. Some made moves to work in the same department at universities and collaborate on projects. As the social movement in Hong Kong heated up, we walked the streets together as part of the demonstrations. This also fed into the way we played football and how we supported and trusted each other both on and off the field. This closeness meant that we were not afraid to call each other out. As we grew, we became best men at each other's weddings; we'd have dinners together. After leaving Hong Kong, I still connect with them every time I return and still play games with the team, although most members of my age group no longer play. I even introduced four young players that I trained and coached from Vancouver and a couple of my wife's nephews to the team.

SB: How did this all influence your practice as an artist?

Josh Hon: The understanding of the eternal tension and complementary effect between structure and emotive content from art practices has a definite influence on football practice. Football practices and counselling practices have reminded me that the meaning in making, such as in the process of art making, has to be born out of a practical hermeneutical and collaborative social context. They are the substrate of any ideal form of transcendental experience making.

SB: Could you talk about your decision to leave Hong Kong, and how your practice as an artist changed once you landed in Hope, Canada?

Josh Hon: I felt burned out and reacted to the 1989 Tiananmen Square events. I felt that the problems within society had a lot has to do with rationalization, which in turn created alienation. And the solution was more rationalization. So I decided to leave Hong Kong for Hope, British Columbia. I needed to reconnect with nature, and myself. I stopped actively making fine art, and started doing pottery and making nature sketches. I tried to find ways to serve the community—concrete hermeneutic practice!—and ended up being a trauma therapist. Before I became a therapist, I spent time as a lifeguard, a swimming and weight instructor, a football coach, and I practiced yoga. The body kept me grounded. Now that I understand trauma better, I appreciate the missing link between the soma, the mind, and health.

SB: You have said that becoming a trauma therapist is an extension of your practice. Could you elaborate on that?

Josh Hon: My project/practice was to explore ways to become a full human being. All work and non-work came under that curiosity and interest. In the old days, my efforts found themselves in a comfortable arena of art practice. Now, I have found art as a part of the space that includes other practices such as football, social responses, trauma healing, among others. I do feel a lot freer these days.

SB: You recently staged an exhibition at Centre A, the Vancouver International Centre for Contemporary Asian Art, titled Dead Water Convulsion–Hong Kong–1980s, which was curated by Leung Chi Wo and focused on your artistic career in Hong Kong before your departure to Canada. How did you feel about showing your work after all this time?
Josh Hon: The show was important and meaningful for me. It allowed me to feel a new sense of self that is more complete. In my interview with CBC (Canadian Broadcast Corp), I mentioned reopening my paintings that had been sealed for 20 years, untouched, and thinking: "that painting really has a beautiful paint surface." I reconnected with a sense of acceptance and appreciation for my work and myself, which I might not have had before. I realized beauty is skin deep when skin is both your connection to the outside world and your inner world. Skin is sensitive and deep, that is.

The paintings selected are some of my earlier works on geometric re/deconstruction and later expressive figurative painting of human spirit re/deconstruction. Both styles look very different and this show put them in dialogue with each other. The interaction unveiled the commonality behind the surface differences: what they share is a challenge to the pre-existing order and an exploration of other possibilities by dissecting the old, strategically.

The show also presented documentation from two of my very early theatre works, Dead Water Convulsion and As:If, His/Story. The first addressed my reaction to Hong Kong's abrasiveness as a society: an overall feeling of discomfort, a sense of limitedness, and an aggression towards reflective space and exploration of agency. In response, I used cold and damp environments with water and ice, dissecting how the Chinese address the identification of "Self" through theatrical and expressive gestures. The second was experimentation with open

This creates a movement from a "I am better then you" mentality towards an enjoyment of being with and challenging others.

structures in theatre collaborations in which the directorial role was removed, and in place was a structure of various layers that enabled performers and audience members to mix. The inner layer was lined with clear plastic, within which I was stationed with a collaborating musician, while a self-proclaimed anarchist theatre group inhabited the outer layer. We did not know what the other would do exactly—although I knew the anarchist theatre group would address the colonial history of Taiwan. It was all very improvised; we interacted on the fly. A choreographer was also involved, working with video interaction, and the audience joined in by tearing the stage down, creating an ambience of chaos and destruction. The next day, we would regroup and go from there. In all, that collaboration incorporated essences of the Dada happenings and Grotowski's "poor theatre." Boy, did I have a lot to digest and learn from that.

As part of the Centre A exhibition, I also restaged an art installation that was first presented in the 1980's as part of my Out of Context show, in which I used my Hong Kong studio as an exhibition space and invited twenty to thirty artists to join in creating the exhibition. My contribution was a confrontation/dialogue between an ice block and a refrigerator with white lettering placed on the floor in front of the ice and fridge that read: AS, IF, IS.

As a result of the exhibition, a couple of art projects have sprung out, and I feel like I am ready for this now, after twenty years of working outside the art world system. I hope this time I can find a balance between a social project and an appropriate private space that enables contemplation: a balance neither the Brazilian nor the British achieved in football back in the 1960s, 70s, and 80s, though there were certainly glimpses of brilliance with the Dutch and Spanish teams during that time.

SB: Have you continued playing football in Canada?

Josh Hon: 10 years ago, I trained a group of youngsters in Vancouver from the ground up based on my rudimentary mis/understanding of the Dutch idea, and I am still trying to influence the two teams that I currently play with in Vancouver with some of the ideas I learned in Hong Kong, although I am not as active.

I did recently join a new team, and we played a friendly game with another team that has quite a few former 1st division players from Hong Kong and China. The same conflicting problem as I experienced in Hong Kong arose: a few players from this new team wanted to win badly, which cut short any chance of collaborating and resulted in a lot of blaming when we lost. I felt in order for the team to be better, it needed to have a long-term and formalized training plan. Of course, I had some ideas in mind based on my own experiences with football teams and the solidarity we created among ourselves. But I also knew that this could not be realized haphazardly.

Let me pause here. I feel that this is the same story for any other recreational sports team anywhere. We all face these questions about whether we should stay competitive and eliminate the weaker players, or stay "fun" and eliminate the aggressive players. So there is really nothing new to this except the desire to find a way to excel without resorting to a cut-throat practice. Departing from organizing football, I find playing football and doing art have a lot in common.

SB: This brings me to my last question: what relationship do you see between football and making art?

Josh Hon: The question is very interesting, so I'll try to offer some concise points:

1. Football, painting and theatre are very physical and emotional. They both are confined in a square and in a specific time- and space-sensitive manner.

2. They all require a lot of cornering before arriving at a "finishing moment" that is sublime, beautiful but absolutely should not be contrived.

3. All require a high degree of training, a subsequent letting go of said training, and being in the Zone, particularly when approaching the finishing stage, which is to score a goal, or complete an artwork.

4. I still treasure the painting process, but it is special because it is a solitary process. Theatre and football thrives on interpersonal interaction that are here, now, and relational. They are based on trust. Painting is basically the same, except it is more heavily focused on the intra-personal, or on the transcendental. Maybe that is the reason why in the post-modern climate, painting did not thrive. In the post-modern era, the self is dug open and the reference as a subject is deleted. We have ended up with what Deleuze and Guattarri pushed for: a horizontal rhizome-outreach on a smooth surface. I appreciate what they addressed, which was the problem of fascism, but in doing so, we threw away both the inner self and third party references—god, enlightenment, psyche, and so on. In that way, the usual strength a painting holds has no place in such environment.

5. Arts in general have a thematic intention but football's goal is pre-set and clear and gives space for stylistic flare: for example, style becomes the content. Art tends toward the idea that the message is the content. (Except for Marshall McLuhan and the post-modern.)

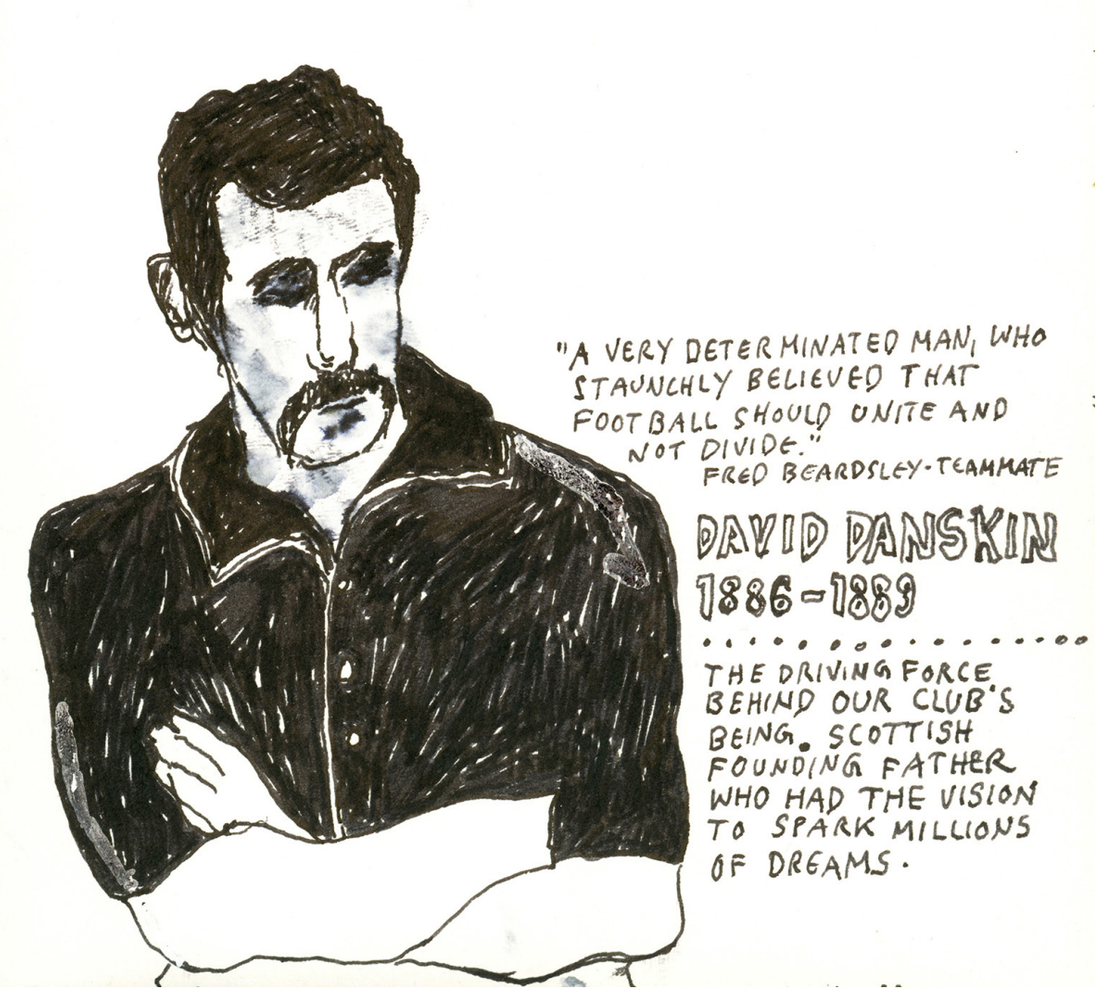
6. To manage emotion and physical engagement and to accomplish a rather abstract ending is the common beauty between art making and football playing.

7. In fact, these two experiences inform each other, just like cross training. But one doesn't and couldn't replace the other because of the differences in their intrinsic meaning, methods of production, and the motivations that drive the practice.

ARSENAL SUPPORTERS AND LEGENDARY PLAYERS

Below is a brief note by Biagio Mastroianni on his drawings featured in this issue:

I was walking with my sketchbook and camera in Blackstock Road, Gilllespie Road and Lowman Road. Between the Old Highbury Stadium and the New Emirates Stadium there are situated few pubs around it, which the supporters use to go and support the local team Arsenal. Lots of history it is showed in all this pubs: old photographs with legendary players and scenes of supporter, shields, flags, workers with factories in a foggy day and symbols from the beginning of the 20th century until our present time. Burgers before a game and of course, few beers it's a ritual. I was very interested to do this drawings series, because with the Arsenal Football Club it's a real connection with the industrial scene. Very close to the Emirate Stadium, there is the Gillespie Park, which 100 Years ago things were looking very different: Instead of birds and trees, there was a dirty and noisy industrial site with trains bringing in coal and materials used in local factories.



Legendary player of the 19th Century, David Danskin
Drawing by Biagio Mastroianni
Ink and watercolour on paper
2016

NAKED PUNCH
www.nakedpunch.com