

*[3 EXCERPTS FROM]*

**Fictional Stories  
- for -  
Fictional Art**

By Amit Rai Sharma

[2019 update]

**[700.9242SHA]**

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More information about the work and about the author can be found online at:

[www.amitrsharma.com](http://www.amitrsharma.com)

Note: This entire work is a collection of ideas for theoretical artworks described through fiction. Any resemblance to any individual or groups of individuals, living or dead, any organisations or businesses is entirely unintentional. The viewpoints expressed in each work of fiction are the viewpoints of the author who at the time of writing was a final year Fine Art graduate in 2006 at point of philosophical / moral reflection on what it meant to be an 'artist' in 2006. The ideas for artworks are noted down with instructions, diagrams, and estimates at required equipment. It is the authors hope that these pieces can one day be exhibited.

Note 2: If you do wish to try and recreate any of these works for an exhibition or performance please do the following:

- Contact the author at [amit\\_rai\\_sharma@outlook.com](mailto:amit_rai_sharma@outlook.com)
- Credit the author as follows;
  - [title of work] recreated by [your name], [date]
  - From 'Fictional Stories for Fictional Art' by Amit Rai Sharma, 2006
- Send the author an invite to the show (with a +1)

Original work | Edition 1 hand made, hand written, hand bound, by Amit Rai Sharma in Clapham | London, UK

# HELLO / GOODBYE

A room exists that is empty. There are two doorways. One is marked 'entrance' and the other is marked 'exit'. There is silence in the space and nothing on the walls except a fresh coat of standard white paint. You glance in from the outside as you approach the room. Whether this room is being used or not is an unsure thought within your mind. You scan the floor, the ceiling and the walls in the hope of finding something that will provide a justifiable reason for entry. You don't find one, but you go in anyway (because that is what one would do – curiosity gets the better of you\*).

As you walk through the doorway you are greeted with a warm and friendly 'Hello'. Your first reaction is to look around to see who's offering the greeting. You spin and search but you don't see anybody. You stand and think that maybe it wasn't a call for you, but somebody else. Happy with this minor thought, you proceed to look at the space. Nobody around, nothing on the walls. You walk to the end of the room to the doorway marked exit. Through the doorway you see that the exhibition is continuing and other people are out there. Your pace quickens and you forget that this room you are in was, only a moment ago, pulling at the strings of your curiosity. The closer you get to the doorway, the quicker the memory of the room turns to smoke in your mind. You see people walking past the doorway on the other side (some that you may know?), so you start to compile a list of things to say to those people. You consider your blood-alcohol level and decide that maybe more beer is in order.

As you exit through the doorway a voice from behind you says 'Bye-bye'. All other thoughts stop. You turn to face the room. The 'empty' room? You know the voice came from behind you, but you ask yourself how that could be possible? There is no one around. Does it even matter? Examining the doorway becomes your immediate priority. Upon examination you find an empty beer bottle on the floor. You stare and start to wonder why it is that you're on the floor looking at a bottle. Then it all comes crashing back like a wave of euphoria... Beer! You walk away (a little confused) to another room.

\*And if anybody tells you that you shouldn't be there, well, you didn't know any better. Or... you could just blame it on alcohol. That's what I would do.

## EQUIPMENT:

- 2 X Sound source
- 2 X Sensor
- 2 X Speaker
- ... The required cables & a simple understanding of electronics

This piece does not have to rely purely on the audio being a spoken 'hello' and 'goodbye'. Many variations can be made for different ideas and/or intentions:

- (1) In replacement of the 'hello / goodbye', one could choose sounds that are ambient and atmospheric. The response may then become something more of an emotional and unpredictable one. Sound alters the space it exists in. By playing a different type of 'sound', the empty room becomes elevated in interpretations. It becomes unique to each individual's response to the sound. This variation of the piece would only need to utilise one of the two speaker & sensor setups: the one at the entrance. The sound would be triggered by a person walking into the room. Depending on the sound played, the person's reading of the room (possibly only on an unconscious level) will alter.
- (2) This time, only 1 sensor is needed - at the exit. The person would enter the room and there would be the empty space. As they exited the room, they would trip the sensor and the sound played would be either 'oh... hello?' or 'excuse me...' (or something to that effect) causing the split second reaction of the viewer to spin around and re-examine the space.

# MAP OF THE SHOW

I am yellow line. I'm moving in a north-ish direction. I turn 90 degrees to the left and move a little bit more, then I stop. After a couple of minutes I begin to move in a circular motion, although the actual degree of precision is some-what irregular. Every now and then I hesitate but I am in a slow continuous motion with what appears to be no strict structure.

We are blue and purple lines. We seem to be following each other but sometimes the blue is on the left and sometimes it is on the right. We stop for what seems like an eternity before we head back in the same direction that we had just come from. This happens regularly with no apparent motive.

I am a white line. I'm moving quicker than the previous colours and I seem to move with more purpose. I don't meander much, and when I do stop, I wait for a long time before I move on. My actions seem more deliberate but it is not my intention to add to the 'bigger picture'. My intentions are the same as everyone else's. Some might say that I am the most self-absorbed.

I am a pink line. I move aimlessly with no apparent purpose other than to interact with the other lines. I am a cork, meaning that, I stop them (only for a while, mind you). After a few minutes of relative no-motion, we embark on a different course. I met a yellow line a couple of inches back and we both stayed motionless for 15 minutes. The purple and blue lines headed our way so I moved towards them. The blue line circles the purple line and I, but knows that I mean no threat. After a few more moments, I inch my way east. I cross the path of a white line many times and we circumnavigate / circumambulate(?) each other, but we do not interact.

I am a red line. I know this because I can see myself. I realise that all the lines start from the same place and finish at the same place too. I'm slightly paranoid of the other lines, or so it would appear, because as each line motions towards me, I seem to move away from them. One might think that this is merely coincidental, but after a while, it becomes clear that this is a common occurrence.

... And so on and so forth. I am this, I am that, we are these, they are that...

I am an orange line

I am a green line

I am a dotted line

I am a brown line (but I wanted to be lime)

But one thing remains common – they all exist (no regards to individuality) within the same space. Free, but within a boundary, within *my* confinement.

I am the screen. I house the lines. They make my blackness interesting. They move without order but always within my limits. I am the canvas, they are the painters. I appreciate that I could not exist in such glory without them and yet they do not know that they would not know themselves without me (do you see?). I am the reason they exist as much as they define my existence. I sit in comfort. I am the circus, but I have no control. I am a functioning visualisation, but *we* are the art.

## EQUIPMENT:

... I wish I knew (but it involves sensors and a screen)

Motion track technology. Mapping a pattern of movement in real time. The technology may possibly be complex, but the outcome is surprisingly simple. The visual aspects of the piece are simple. The screen would display different coloured lines moving at various speeds and directions. But where are the lines generated from? The answer lies with the audience. As soon as people come to see the show, a selection will be given tracking sensors that operate within the confines of the building. The screen is merely visualising the movement and paths that the people with the sensors take. Each day a new picture will be made and it will always evolve. A moving map of the show.

## EQUIPMENT [2019 UPDATE]:

- x X Wireless Sensor
- 1 X Screen
- 1 X Laptop running programming software (such as Unity)
- 1 X Raspberry Pi interface (possibly)

Much has changed in the world since the writing of the original work, and in recent years I have been lucky enough to have been exposed to a world of tech and programming and its creative practitioners. Tech now pervades almost every part of our daily life and this piece now has a 'within-reach' chance of becoming a reality. I have come across pieces and installations that use similar technology in similar ways as I intend to here. But I have not yet seen this specific idea. Museums and galleries and artists that imbue tech into their practice seem to be largely concerned with immediate audience interaction, something that gives immediate feedback to the viewer. This piece, 'Map Of The Show' doesn't ask the audience to do anything but walk around a space. If the audience were to know that their path was being visually 'mapped' then it would no longer be a 'map' describing audience behaviour and pathfinding at a show, but would instead become an interactive live painting, which is what I hope for it *not* to become. To me it is much more fascinating to see how we interact with art at a show. Do we linger at a specific piece, are we drawn in any specific direction, was that direction intended by a curator, do certain works mirror themselves with others, etc. etc. Essentially, if unobserved, do we all respond to the same stimuli in roughly the same way?

# DRAWING PERFORMANCE

He sat, expressionless.  
Her hands were blurring. She started to quicken her pace.  
He would describe her as frenzied. It seemed, almost, ritualistic.  
The process, the process, the process...  
She did not look up from what she was doing.  
He did not look anywhere but at her. Did he want acknowledgement?  
She wanted to rest. She felt stupid.  
He thought she was mad (captivating, but slightly mad). And he would talk to her regardless.  
She could sense him, but she knew he'd keep his distance.  
The 'DO NOT DISTURB DURING PERFORMANCE' sign would see to that.  
He would wait. He had waited this long.  
She was tired. She wanted a break.  
He watched her take the sign down.  
She watched him walk towards her. She sighed (to herself).  
He thought she looked nervous.  
She was.  
He opened his mouth to speak, but she raised her hand.  
She swallowed. Hard.  
He thought she might look up, but she never did.  
She spoke.  
He was confused, but he tried to focus. His ears were not ready for her monologue. By dictionary definition a monologue is a long tedious uninterrupted speech during a conversation. A monologue could also be a set of jokes or humorous stories following one another without a break, told by a solo entertainer.  
She was not a solo entertainer.  
This was not a conversation either.

*“Why am I doing this? I ask myself this all the time I'm drawing these pictures. I know they might not be any good, but that's beside the point. For me, art is a medium of expression, right? The things I'm choose to express are ideas, concepts and situations. Technical skill is secondary in my work. It's the humanity that happens accidentally. My limitation is my style. I'm trying to 'understand' a question, because the answer is one that, I believe, I am not going to find. When is a piece finished? If I place this drawing on a wall, who or what says it's not a valid piece of art? Sure it may have an aesthetic quality, but that would probably be all, right?” - it was a rhetorical question, and then she continued - “There is no intention, idea or thought process behind it. No understanding of the space, no consideration at all, no thought into its multiple interpretations etc. etc. and so through the performance I am asking those questions to the audience. Or maybe...”*

She paused from her speech. Her hand was still raised. She continued, and lowered her hand.

*“Or maybe... I'm inviting the audience to ask those questions of me?”*

She continued much in the same fashion. She looked around, but never up.  
He tried to speak.  
She raised her hand again.

*“You know, funny thing is that I’m doing this to open up a discussion but I don’t really want to be part of it. I don’t think I have anything ‘real’ to say on the subject of art. If there’s anything to say it’s through the work and that’s about it. And I worry that I might only exist in the ‘gallery’ as a hypocrite.”*

She lowered her hand.

He opened his mouth to speak.

She looked at him for the first time.

He fell silent. Confusion flickered across his face.

She placed the sign back on the table and carried on drawing.

#### EQUIPMENT:

- 1 X Table
- 1 X Chair
- 1 X Pen (black)
- ... A4 paper
- ... Blu-Tac and/or masking tape

This piece is a performance ideally suited to a gallery space during a busy period. A private view would be perfect. The artist sits and draws until they either run out of paper, run out of ink, private view finishes or simply that they cannot continue. The artist should draw and place picture after picture up on a nearby wall (or in her/his space).

#### RULES

- The drawings do not have to be rushed, nor do they have to be perfect.
- The artist must stick to the A4 size. Two papers cannot be joined to make a larger surface.
- The artist must do one picture at a time.
- The artist must remain in control.
- Only when no more can be done, or the artist desires to do no more, is the picture hung.
- No contact with anybody else during performance time.
- Breaks are allowed, but only short breaks.
- The artist must stick to the rules.