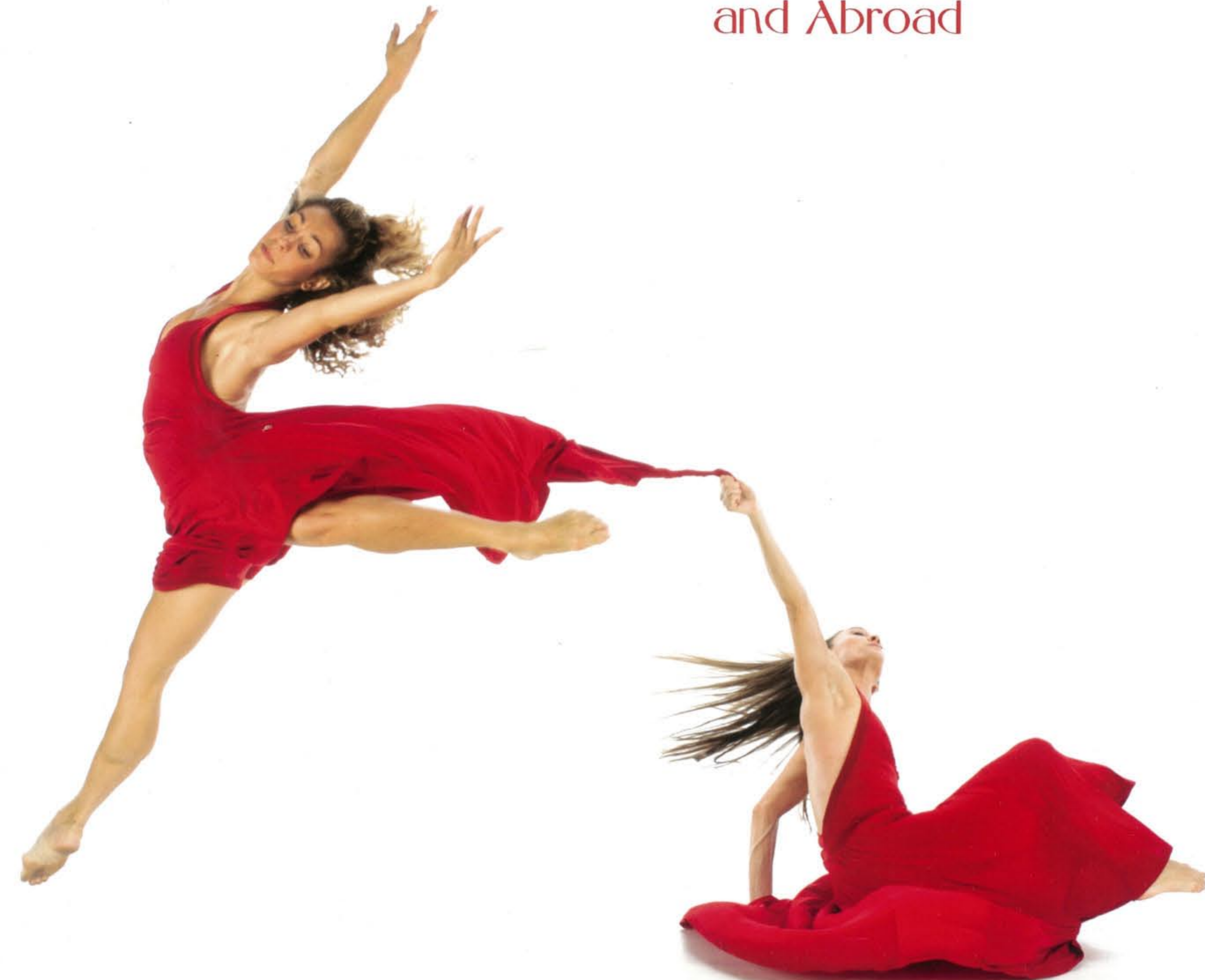


The Country and Abroad



Winter 2012-2013
Complimentary

“THE CLOCK” IS JUST IN TIME A Video Installation by Christian Marclay

by Deyan Brashich



Lycée Condorcet, 8 rue du Havre, Paris, France

Marcel Proust mislaid time in *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* [*In Search of Lost Time*] and then found it in *Le Temps Retrouvé* [*Finding Time Again*]. Proust did not measure time in seconds, minutes, or hours, he measured time in things, places, and events. Time for him was a tactile, tangible thing, crumbs of a Madeleine, a sip of warm tea; a place, a leisurely stroll along the banks of the tranquil Loire, down Swann's way; an event, the elegant end of a school day at Paris' elite Lycée Condorcet, a display of class and privilege.

Last July, Lincoln Center showcased *The Clock*, a video installation by Christian Marclay, which was awarded a Golden Lion at the 2011 Venice Biennale. If you missed it, the Museum of Modern Art will feature it starting December 21, 2012 and running through January 21, 2013, on some weekends round the clock, pun intended. In the future, it is sure to be shown again elsewhere. If not, snippets are available on the Internet.

By the way, Lincoln Center is New York City's first attempt at urban

renewal. Once a festering slum in Manhattan's West 60s, portrayed in Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story*, it was bulldozed into oblivion and remade to house the Metropolitan Opera, the Philharmonic, and other performing arts venues. Architecturally, the result is mediocre: a vast arid concrete plaza softened by a fountain, surrounded by nondescript, vaguely classical buildings of marble and glass. Ceausescu, Romania's communist dictator, would have approved.

The Clock is a different vision of time, a time that is literal, linear, engaging only the senses of sight and sound, yet ultimately as tactile and tangible as any variation that Proust imagined in his 3,200-page opus.

The installation was presented in a small comfortable, temporary, movie space in the Rubenstein Atrium. *The Clock* is a video “loop” [a pornographic term of art], a “twenty-four-hour montage of movie scenes [each] containing references to the time of day.” It has a full twenty-four-hour cycle, synchronized to the actual time of the day or night when projected. If you happened to be there at 1 o'clock in the morning, the scenes on the screen were in sync with real time.

While space was limited, you could stay for as long or as little as you liked, making time of the essence. You could begin to participate only when space allowed, making time the whim of chance. In that darkened space, you sat mesmerized, forgetting about time, “yet you are [constantly] reminded about time, all the time” for it covers every minute of the day, with each fleeting scene totally separate and distinct, disjointed from each other, each from a distinct universe or in this case from another movie.

Is this installation art or is it a poseur's farce? That is for you to decide. Should you not have the opportunity to personally attend a performance, as I said, the Internet affords glimpses of several minutes of the montage to help you decide.

Whatever your verdict, *The Clock* is a provocative essay on the nature of time and the human condition. It is also a thought-provoking rumination on the evolution of a century of film. Time does in fact stand still for the movies. The stars—the Clark Gables, the Marilyn Monroes, the Fred Astairs, and the Ginger Rodgers—never age. The plots are ever fresh, the action always memorable.

The Clock is time without end; after all it's a loop. It just keeps repeating itself just like Groundhog Day with Sonny & Cher belting out “I've got you, Babe” from a digital radio clock perennially set at 6:00 in the morning. But every viewing gives you a new insight, a new revelation of oneself and of time. So while time does in fact stand still, it is ever changing.

As for Marcel Proust his time ends, comes to a full stop. It was not a loop. Things break, are used up, eaten; places change and are no longer; his beau monde and the Belle Époque dies. The Ritz on the Place Vendôme was his refuge where he “went to live”. Dying, he dispatched his chauffeur to fetch a bottle of beer from the Ritz Bar. His final words were, “Thank you, my dear Odilon, for getting me the Ritz beer.” The Ritz just closed for renovation, so they say, waiting to reopen in two years' time starting the loop once again.

Deyan Ranko Brashich, an attorney, Op-Ed columnist, and artist manqué, is a contributing writer to *The Country and Abroad*. A long time Washington, CT resident, Deyan also calls New York City his home. His contact and blog, “Contrary Views,” can be found at www.deyanbrashich.com.



The dial of a Gilbert clock

Crossley-Redmond Realty Pine Plains, NY / 518-398-7900 www.crossredrealty.com



PINE PLAINS: 4 bdrm home on quiet lane close to schools, stores, library, & lakes. Living room w/fireplace, garage, level .71 acre lot...\$100,000



HOBBY FARM: 3 bedroom country home on a quiet road. Wideboard floors, many upgrades, 2 story barn w/electric, 14.65 acres ... \$269,000



PINE PLAINS: sunny 2 bedroom, 2 bath home south of the village. Fireplace in family rm, wood floors, garage, deep, level lot ... \$250,000



PINE PLAINS: 5 bdrm, 3 bath family home across the road from Stissing Lake (public beach & boat launch) w/lake rights to Twin Island Lake / 2.39 acres ... \$339,000

Angram: 2 acre wooded building lot ... \$49,500
Pine Plains: sunny 2 bdrm/2 bath home. Wood floors, fireplace, garage ... \$250,000
3 bedroom home w/ 2 bedroom guest cottage overlooking polo fields ... \$350,000
Angram: 45 pastoral acres on a country lane with Berkshire views ... \$575,000