

**BORDERLINE SYNDROME**  
Energies of Defence

**Manifesta** <sup>3</sup>

European Biennial of Contemporary Art  
Ljubljana, Slovenia



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**Manifesta<sup>3</sup>**

European Biennial of Contemporary Art  
*Ljubljana, 2000*  
Cankarjev dom, Cultural and Congress Centre, Ljubljana

**BORDERLINE SYNDROME**  
Energies of Defence

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## Preface

**F**our years ago, in Rotterdam, a new Biennial opened a possibility to look at Europe and its artistic development in a new way; therefore, it somehow became a sort of manifesto of the young artistic generation. Two years later, it made – geographically, culturally and socially – only a short move, to the neighbouring Luxembourg. The world of European and global art has immediately accepted this manifestation of contemporary thought – Manifesta – with open arms; there have been no doubts that today's world is much too alive and vivid to be presented only through well-established institutions.

The first two editions of Manifesta have confirmed literally its mission, as it is inscribed in the original meaning of its name (manifestus – evidently and clearly demonstrated, pointed at by hand – manus – so to speak). They were excellent realisations of the original ideas of its conceivers. They have presented young artists, who have not yet been established in terms of the art market and the arena of the international art; at the same time, they stimulated everyone to rethink and judge the ways of contemporary art.

Manifesta has drawn out of the source of the strong energy of young and unbound spirit. At the same time, however, it has drawn out of a pool which has offered a reflection. This reflection, however, has been a polemic reflection of a real, meaningful, inter-cultural group portrait of art here and now rather than a reflection in the gaze of Narcissus, looking for his ideal and individual picture.

There was only one further step left for Manifesta to ultimately confirm its identity: on its nomadic way, it had to find a host, which could with all responsibility open the possibility for a new dialogue and connect western and eastern European thought. It had to find a cross-roads of different mental and geographical ways.

Ljubljana was an almost ideal choice – because it has been willing to gain new knowledge and experiences, but also because a number of different currents flow through it: the wind from the Mediterranean, the spirit of the Central European tradition, the pace of a contemporary metropolis, the taste of the Eastern European temperament, the order of the Western spirit, monuments of ancient cultures and the experience of a young nation with a rich historical memory. We are glad and proud that Ljubljana has become the third venue for the reflection of the time, space, and spirit of contemporary art. We are equally glad that, in such a way, Slovenia can confirm its position on the map of the art centres of the world, a position it has, due to its important potentials, occupied for a long time.

We know that on a crossroad, such as Ljubljana is, there can be numerous traffic lights and challenges which can motivate both the host and the guest. We Slovenes will gain, since the eye of the Other will look at us; the gaze of the Other, however, will get richer as it will experience the heterogeneous space of the Different. Both, however, will gain the possibility to rethink our common position together: through the reflection on the borderline syndrome and its energies of defence, but also the possibility to overcome the powers which so often oppose artistic endeavours.

It is, however, also possible that the "borderline syndrome" will prove to be not so much the issue of the indigene but rather a fictive problem based on a mistaken assumption that artistic creativity has been divided in a similar way as the former political map of Europe.

We are glad and honoured that the third venue of Manifesta 3 is in Slovenia and that Ljubljana became, for a few months, your studio.

*Vika Potočnik*  
Mayor of Ljubljana

*Jožef Školč*  
Minister of Culture of the Republic of Slovenia

## Preface

**M**anifesta 3, in Ljubljana, marks a turning point in the organisation's history – a coming of age, as well as a challenging test of its intentions. This follows the legal registration of the International Foundation Manifesta, Rotterdam, in April 1999, with its own international supervisory Board and lightweight administrative structure (secretariat, website and archive).

The original idea of a new European Biennial was born in the aftermath of the fall of the Berlin Wall and the profound changes which affected the political and cultural landscape – dramatically, in the East and by stealth, throughout the rest of the continent. Manifesta was to provide a new platform for young artists, who had been disenfranchised by the old political and economic divisions of the Cold War and who now became alienated, as much by mediatisation, in the West as by the lack of it, in the East. Long-established events, such as the Venice Biennale and Documenta and the traditional international support structures for artists, proved inadequate to satisfy the thirst for fresh information and artistic exchange. The earlier demise of the Paris Biennial des Jeunes had also left a gap, at one remove from the increasingly lively, but commercially orientated art fairs in Basel and Cologne and (from 1980) the 'Aperto', in Venice.

Why an itinerant Biennial? There were theoretical and pragmatic arguments for creating an event which would not become permanently identified with a given audience or location. To take the theoretical arguments first: The basic rationale was to create the means for responding flexibly to the needs of contemporary artists, the ideas they wanted to express and the ways in which these might be communicated. To this end, we intended Manifesta as an interactive workshop, as much as a freestanding exhibition – hence, the cumulative importance of the Internet and the archive, in mediating between artists, theoreticians and a wider public. On the pragmatic side, we realised, early on, that local sources of funding were not likely to be renewable, in the absence of a firm commitment from European institutions, and that it would take some time for the latter to catch up with the reality we had created.

Since its inception, Manifesta has had to take account of the changing parameters of artistic exchange. Our initial emphasis on stimulating an East-West dialogue is gradually being replaced with a broader concern for negotiating the shifting borders between centre and periphery, wherever these happen to be located, at the time. Diversity is integral to the concept of Manifesta, and reflects the hybrid nature of Europe's history and cultural traditions.

Foremost among Manifesta's objectives have been responding, as appropriate, to new forms of artistic practice, experimenting with new curatorial methods and developing new audiences for contemporary art. All this was to be achieved through the development of open-ended, democratic procedures, which emphasised the values of collaboration and interactive communication. Special aspects of Manifesta 1, in Rotterdam (1996) included the immense amount of reconnaissance and preliminary research undertaken by the team of five curators, culminating in a series of public debates ('open' and 'closed houses'), in a dozen cities across Europe. This initial research played an important role, in enabling them to develop an appropriate methodology for the exhibition, which involved an unusual number of collaborative projects and opportunities for collective experimentation ('laboratories'). Approximately one third of the 72 artists came from the Eastern half of Europe and were exhibiting in the West for the first time. The exhibition was spread over 16 museums and institutions in Rotterdam, in addition to more than 30 outside public and private places, and was enlivened by the presence, at one stage or another, of practically all the participants, from a total of 30 countries.

Manifesta 2, in Luxembourg (1998) was a more tightly controlled event, in that fewer artists were involved, on a small cluster of sites around the city centre. As on the previous occasion, close to 90% of the work was created in situ (though this was by no means a precondition of involvement), with the assistance of around 30 interns, who had come to Luxembourg with help from their own governments, the network of the Soros Centres for Contemporary Art and the European Cultural Foundation. This time, approximately one half of the 46 artists or artists' groups taking part in the event came from East and South-East Europe, and the catalogue contained a wealth of hitherto inaccessible information about the contemporary art scene in 41 countries concerned. Luxembourg organised an important series of international debates, to coincide with the launch of the exhibition and an 'Infolab', assembled with the help of the Soros Centres for Contemporary Art and many other organisations, placed a quantity of additional material (in printed and electronic form) at the disposal of the public.

If emulation is a mark of success, one need only point to the multiplication of initiatives, such as the Berlinale, of 1998 and the Liverpool Biennial, of 1999 and recent editions of events such as the Istanbul and Santa Fé Biennials, whose organisers frequently turn out to have had some previous involvement with Manifesta, as do the artists who have contributed to them. Thus, it might be said that, in a short space of time, Manifesta has become a primary source of information for critics and curators of contemporary art. Nevertheless, it will have to work hard, to ensure its continuing relevance to artists and audiences and to develop the full potential for information management, in the digital age. Ideally, it should still be able to allow of the possibility of radical change, every two years!

Ljubljana has been chosen as the site for Manifesta 3, both for its geographical location and for the presence there of a number of outstanding artistic personalities and institutions, as well as for the broadly based cultural and intellectual life of the city. Possibly the single most important ingredient of the event is its location in a country whose interim status is somewhere between Europe and the Balkans, on the ancient fault-lines between different historical, religious and ideological traditions. The curators' choice of a specific theme for their show marks a new departure, and this theme of the 'Borderline Syndrome – Energies of Defence' constitutes the basis for a publication, for which an open submission has been solicited from a variety of artists, philosophers, historians and anthropologists, as well as the general public. No issue could be of greater contemporary relevance to the peoples of Europe, who live with the two-edged realities of shifting borders and the politics of exclusion and defence.

As Board members of the International Foundation Manifesta, we wish to express our thanks, in equal measure, to the hosts of Manifesta 3, represented, first and foremost by the Ministry of Culture of the Republic Slovenia and the City of Ljubljana; the many foreign governments and cultural agencies which have supported the event; the sponsors, who have provided generous assistance, in cash and kind (listed elsewhere in the catalogue); the producer of Manifesta 3, Cankarjev dom, Cultural and Congress centre; the artists and curators; and numerous collaborators, without whose indefatigable efforts none of this would have been possible.

*Board Members, International Foundation Manifesta:  
Chris Dericon (Rotterdam), Hedwig Fijen (Secretary General, Amsterdam), Kasper König (Frankfurt),  
Lilijana Stepančić (Ljubljana), Enrico Lunghi (Luxembourg), Henry Meyric Hughes (Chair, London),  
Hans Ulrich Obrist (Paris), Barbara Vanderlinden (Brussels), Igor Zabel (Ljubljana).*

Note: This text is based in part on an interview between Catherine Millet and Henry Meyric Hughes which appears in the June issue of 'Art Press', to coincide with the opening of Manifesta 3.

## The Former Land

### Francesco Bonami

**T**o approach Manifesta as an exhibition is misleading. Manifesta is a "heterotopia", an "other space". Paraphrasing Foucault: Manifesta is a privileged space for the idea of "exhibition" in a rite of passage.

Because of its fluid structure developed when it was conceived and its moving residence, it is impossible to identify Manifesta with any given place or identity. In that respect Manifesta 3 is just a process or maybe more than anything else a "process"; Euroasianstaff.

"With the Euroasianstaff, Beuys transcribes the elimination of the East-West antithesis. The staff coming from Asia turns around in the center of Europe. Even when it currently ends "at the Berlin Wall", it moves again toward Asia, to meet there and to close the "electrical circuit", "to link Europe and Asia and to end the antithesis, the polarity of cultures and political system." (Adriani, Konnerts, and Thomas, *Joseph Beuys/Life and Works*, New York 1979.) Euroasianstaff becomes Manifesta.

This year's process toward Manifesta takes as pretext psychic retreats. Each step of Manifesta 3 reflects, as a symptom, the contemporary European condition. Even the curatorial team is a symptom and not an attempt to cure the disease. We proceeded not through geography, mapping the region, but by searching the evidence of mental conditions. Cities, countries, borders were not simply places but multiple identities of the European Ego. It is very possible that our self-analysis has failed at many levels, yet failure is an integral part of the process of understanding, the process of mourning the loss of political and cultural isolation, creative autarchy, self-identification. We move around Europe as viruses or dreams, denial and forgetting as part of our journey through a continent in transformation yet lacking its original appeal. Manifesta 3, a therapy in process. It landed finally on the edge of "former Eastern Europe". It was in fact the original idea to establish Manifesta as a tool to bridge to "former Eastern Europe", but since when cultural and political transformations have altered the nature of the compass? Is anybody talking about former Western Europe? If so, when we will talk about former North Africa, former South of Italy, former Asia? Maybe when gender discrimination will end forever will we talk of former males and former females. When racism will belong to the past we will talk of former whites and former blacks. It's clear that the adjective "former" implies not simply a geographical position, but a scale of values within economy and culture. A scale of values defined by former Western Europe to maintain supremacy. Ljubljana is the first reality, which goes against this supremacy until now, and the future does not seem much different, the south and the east of Europe have been and will be disregarded. The therapy is just at its beginning and many interruptions and changes lay ahead. It is not yet clear who's the patient and who's the doctor. Manifesta as a cultural drug still has many side effects. As a curator I feel I am one of them. Now, just a few weeks away from the official opening of Manifesta 3 I feel like a convalescent patient waiting for visit day in the garden of the asylum. When the relatives and friends will be allowed into the garden they will find all of us waiting in our pyjamas. It will be clear that the therapy is working from our grateful faces.

The doctors and the nurses around greeted and complimented by the visiting crowd. Manifesta is a mild drug, a rite of passage, a honeymoon hotel situated in a kind of nowhere of our sub-consciousness, a syndrome named Europe.

From *Psychic Retreats* by John Steiner, London 1993 (all the italics by F.B.)

The analyst observes psychic retreats as states of mind in which the patient is stuck, cut off and out of reach... a pictorial or dramatized image of how the retreat is unconsciously experienced. Typically it appears as a house, a cave, a fortress, a desert island... It maybe represented as a business organization, as boarding school, as a religious sect, as a totalitarian government or a Mafia-like gang.

Some patients depend on the organization to protect them from primitive states of fragmentation and persecution, and they fear that states of extreme anxiety would overwhelm them if they were to emerge from the retreat.

Retreat (Borderline position) > Paranoid-schizoid position (*Serbia?*) or > Depressive position (*Belarus?*)

When she was still a baby, her family had escaped a country where they experienced political persecution. They were occasionally able to return to visit her grandmother, and these visits and the border crossings they entailed were especially anxious times for her.

The extent of his claustro-agoraphobic anxieties was illustrated when he went to Italy for a holiday. Because of his country of origin he needed a visa, and although he knew this he had simply neglected to get one. When the immigration officials in Rome told him that he would have to return to London he created such a scene, crying and shouting, that they relented and let him in. Once in the country, however, he became frightened that he wouldn't be allowed out ... He, therefore, managed to cajole his friends to take him to the French border which he crossed in the boot of their car, obtained the necessary visa, and re-entered in the normal way to continue his holiday.

He describes how his patients feel themselves to be neither fully inside nor fully outside their objects. (*Slovenia?*)

While trapped in a psychic retreat they feel claustrophobic, but as soon as they manage to escape they once again panic and return to their previous position. (*Northern Ireland, Armenia??*)

*Another Time Another Europe*

*When Borderline Syndrome was a career*

Fragments from a "Discussion", Parkett Edition 1985 (Translation from Italian by F.B.)

Kiefer: The fact that a bourgeoisie class does not exist any longer is a symptom of something much deeper... I believe there is another important issue. The fact that Europe does not refer to itself any longer... As a consequence Europe is not the center of the world, but an archipelago of Asia.

Kounellis: We witness a sentimental idea of a nation, but the nation itself is missing. Hence it's a phantom. There is the people, but the nation is defeated and doesn't exist any longer...

Kiefer: Of course we need to start from Europe. Because what we take from America is mostly the appearance.

Kounellis: America does not exist by itself, it's a projection. For me the best America is that one by Kafka. We are all attracted by our own projection. But we know very well that America does not have a culture, it's the American expression of European culture. Here in Europe two cultures exist both impotent, defeated, but still cultures.

Kounellis: Self-awareness means: to read your own condition, hence to read History. The problem is very clear. There are States that are not States. There are cultures without borders. Where in reality are the new borders that give credibility? Before the national border was able to have a certain credibility.

Kiefer: We have to be very careful not to try to rebuild something that doesn't exist any longer, to rebuild what existed in another time.

Kounellis: The situation of Germany is tragic because it's divided. A piece is missing.

Kiefer: It wouldn't be like this if we would have a united Europe. As De Gaulle used to say "To the Urals".

Kiefer: It's true, Italy can survive without the idea of a State.

Kounellis: Now that the States don't exist any longer we can say that we are the vanguard. Everything is a miracle, there is the "underground economy", and there is the "historical compromise". ...In England this would mean to commit suicide, in Italy it means life.

Kiefer: For every German policeman we need a foreign worker.

Kounellis: In spite of all these differences, when we talk of a European reality, means, that to be concrete the Italian territory or German territory are not tied enough with their structure and State. It's a matter of credibility.

Kiefer: Kounellis thinks that a nation is too small to find itself.

Kounellis: It's not a matter of size, it's a matter of integrity. Germany is divided and Italy is incapable of a foreign policy.

Kiefer: Sure, I want to say that the nation as an idea is too small. The idea of disregarding the borders of the small State was born during the Biedermeier period, after the Congress of Vienna, during the heavy period of Metternich. At that time there were some revolutionaries who had the idea of a German State with natural borders: from the Maas to the Memel and from the Etsch to the Belt. The idea was romantic not chauvinistic. It was an idea to reunify different people in one State. Hoffmann von Fallersleben wrote the national anthem ("Deutschland über alles...") The first stanza today is censored, "...von der Maas bis zur Memel..."

Beuys: But we don't live in the time of Goya anymore. What was important for Goya and what he represented now has been destroyed. Spain enters into the European market and Goya couldn't stop this. Maybe this represents the fall of Spain.

Kounellis: This is a small event compared to the greatness of Spanish culture. It's as small as



communism compared to Russian history.

Kounellis: ...The goal is Europe, not as a European Community, but as a European awareness, which stems out from World War II.

Beuys: If I could do something for America I would do it.

Kounellis: There is a big planet called Russia, untouched, where a great storage of culture is constantly ignored.

Beuys: There is a big planet called Germany still untouched.

Kounellis: Gilbert, from Gilbert & George, who is Austrian, lately talked about the relationship that exists in Austria between the Slavic cultures and the Germanic culture. For him, an Austrian is almost Slavic, because there are psychological reasons that make him different from a German.

Beuys: Sure. In the Austro-Hungarian empire most of the people were Slavic. In Germany the Slavic character expanded as far as Hamburg. From a spiritual point of view this is a very interesting phenomenon. The "spirit" of Eastern Europe and that one of Western Europe meet in Central Europe. The goal of Germany was to create harmony. Yet the Germans did not understand their mission and let the world war start...The heart of Europe is in Germany and in the middle of its heart runs the Wall.

Kiefer: ...Germany went adrift.

Beuys: We didn't go adrift because Germany won the war. The English are the ones who lost the war.

Cucchi: We once again need to begin the millenary journey across the borders. It's like a big massage to the heart of our ideal borders...

Kounellis: The two world wars have been historical episodes and this doesn't have any implications.

Beuys: The Basque are the remains of nomadic people...They didn't develop their own literature, everything is related to an oral tradition...The Spanish government deny the autonomy to the Basque and that's why they are causing troubles similar to those in Northern Ireland. In Spain I proposed to grant the Basque total autonomy... If the Basque would gain full autonomy they would do definitely something different. It could be a great opportunity to develop a model that could be seen as a work of art. Then we could join them to develop a model that would work for the entire world.

Kounellis: In Europe there are so many people that claim their autonomy: Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica etc., etc.

Beuys: Maybe the Basques can develop a better structure for Europe. Because they start from scratch.

Kounellis: The Basque Country will never be able to be a model for Germany. It's an impossible metaphor to gain freedom, because the Basque don't have written language.

Beuys: The Basque speak perfectly Spanish...

Kounellis: We talk about a certain possibility inside Europe, where cultures are very close to each other, in spite of all the differences.

Cucchi: Talking about character and differences, once looking at a German shepherd, which is a very common dog in Europe, I realized that this creature looked clearly alike all the faces we see in the European world. When I look at Warhol's face I cannot find any resemblance.

## Don't save art, spend it!

### Ole Bouman

**W**ithout borders nothing can exist, or at least we can not know of it. At the border, something ends and something else begins. Or can begin. A difference thus exists the moment we become aware of a border. Border creates order.

There are numerous shades of meaning in the 'border' concept. In its unmarked sense the term 'border' indicates a more or less humdrum, barely emphasised dividing line – something we can merely step over. We know there are differences between the domains on either side, but take no exception to this fact. Border controls have been abolished. The 'frontier' on the other hand is an evasive, mobile border, one we are forever about to reach but never quite reaching, something we still have to work towards. An unconstrained ambition pushes this frontier ever further even as we strain towards it. Frontiers are there to be advanced. Finally, there is the 'limit', an almost metaphysical boundary beyond which lies the eternally unknown. The limit is absolute, an impenetrable shell. Beyond the limit all is either sacrosanct or taboo.

These are the three variants of the concept that figure large in the current discourse on the border. This discourse has now become omnipresent. Wherever we raise our lantern, be it in culture, economy, biology or psychology, we stumble on not just the vocabulary but the symptoms of the borderline syndrome. Sometimes it seems as though an entire new branch of science has been created to tidy up the boundaries of identity and meaning. It is pretty difficult to find any serious field of cultural research nowadays, not being infected by the basic idiom of self relativity. Its idiom swarms with terms like 'dismantling', 'disjunction', 'transgression', 'mutation', 'hybridisation', 'hyper-reality', 'semantic instability', 'virtually', 'de-centring', 'fragmentation', 'excess', 'deconstruction', 'juxtaposition', 'interdisciplinarity', 'fuzzy logic', 'deterritorialization', 'multiculturalism', 'cyborgization' and so on.

Were there no intrinsic coherence to be detected in this post-humanistic paradigm, we should think ourselves dissolving in some final entropy in which communication had become an a priori impossibility. Taking into account developments in transport, telematics, genetics is due to the fathomless crisis of the border itself (assuming the term "crisis" is still appropriate in this new paradigm).

The border is not only to be understood as the final station of the visible but also as the framework within which institutions and disciplines operate. Practice, training and even much criticism hamper discussion on that framework or moralise it into something dubious. It is acceptable to dress up the border or even discuss it in depth – but keep your hands off the social and economic actuality! In a world in which everything has become in-between, where there appear to be no borders, there are in fact certain vanishing points beyond which silence reigns. It is in the area past these vanishing points that micro-politics, macro-politics and possibilities of change have their domain. My concern here is with the dominant mechanisms of repression, the invisible limits. By enthroning the border as the primordial subject of culture, we run the risk of losing sight of the differences that really matter; whereas our

aim should be to throw some light on them. This aim at least is my energy of defence.

The classical world view respected the border. The modernist world view ignored it. The post-modern world view has made it problematic. We no longer face a border that surrounds us but carry the problem of the border within us. Our present culture is a borderline one, in which the border is simultaneously a problem everywhere and a philosophical imperative nowhere. The only border that receives collective support seems to be the one that is supposed to shield Western prosperity from interested parties elsewhere. Meanwhile, value judgements are becoming increasingly interchangeable. In the schizophrenic border traffic between the true, the beautiful and the good and their respective counterparts, antinomies between irreconcilable extremes turn into related modalities. Standpoints vary effortlessly from hyper-futurism to eco-activism, from virtual reality to the limits to growth. It is hardly surprising, in this situation, that the grotesque has become the most popular literary and visual device. He who is not grotesque is nothing, he simply no longer counts.

Our consciousness of border is supposed to have given us an eye for differences. But in as far as differences actually exist, they are chiefly prized for their form. United Colors of Benetton, for instance, glorifies purely outward diversity. Differences in mentality, calling or social class are smothered with a dense cosmetic layer. The tension between the actual and the possible is fudged into the superficial cliché of formal conciliation, a "promesse de bonheur" attenuated into a form which can conveniently be assimilated by production. At the same time, a homogenising ideology is propagated: consume and behave like us, or else... The result towards which this works is a pasteurised plurality in which people cease to take an interest in one another – the United Colors of Indifference. It thus becomes clear how form, as a critical intervention, allows itself to be sidelined and is forced to retreat behind the borders of its own domain. Form is emasculated as a means of creating and revealing boundaries. The borders are thereby reinstated with redoubled force. Material borders are growing indistinct, it is true: the Berlin Wall has fallen. But electronic, administrative and economic borders are continually being strengthened – borders that hinder unification, channel movement and help preserve countless forms of dependency. Borders tend to fade within the privileged cultural disciplines; here, distinction ceases to matter. Yet at the same time we disregard the borders that form the hidden preconditions for our privileged position.

One of the recurring features of Borderline Syndrome is a chronic feeling of emptiness as a result of an excessive concentration on the self. Becoming over-conscious can lead to a paralysis of all productive capacities. The result is a fatal state of mental inertia, a navel-gazing on ones own conditions, a creator's block. Although one has to be very careful when using psychiatric metaphors for cultural phenomena, this feature can easily be transposed to culture in general, and visual arts in particular. The last quarter of the last century we have experienced what some people have called the 'theoretical turn', in which there is no escape from the tendency to contextualise one's work to a meta level of thought. Some uprisings of 'engagement' could not avoid culture becoming extremely self reflexive. What started as a new wave of emancipation from the shackles of self evidence, become a new shackle of the locked up identity: acknowledged as identity, neglected as a social force with serious consequences. Finally, everything could and should be thought on its own terms. The ideology of

difference led to a practice of indifference. In short, culture became obsessed with 'the other' in some sort or another. The search for a legitimacy from without ended up with culture being correct but interchangeable. The invasion of self reflexive theory spoiled the capacity for surprise. Curiosity gave way to endless processes of justification.

The aforementioned tendency is by no means restricted to the level of the individual. The same could be said of entire fields of culture, such as science, politics and economics. Today it is all about trans-disciplinary research, team-working, strategic coalitions, company mergers, synergy and so on. In a globalized network society, there is no reason to stick to one's identity, except for reasons of 'branding' and 'profiling'. Which means identity without a substance. More and more identity has become a form of economic value and strategy, less and less it is the core of self-acknowledgement. The ultimate value of the corroded character is to be flexible, flexible and again: flexible.

However: if the highest achievement is to be flexible and to be able to cope with anything, to adopt any role and to incorporate any value, where do you draw the line? If the energy of defence is focused on the protection of one interests these questions are frequently answered by dangerous responses. People fall back upon some kind of tribalisation and xenophobia in which racism and ethnocentrism may become paramount. Spatially one sees a world-wide tendency to re-territorialize ones personal domain through the erection of walls and gates, armed with guns and cameras. The most explicit energy of defence today is the culture of enclaves, a capsule civilisation in which people withdraw upon their isolated position that they can control. Wired or not, they are cut off from a social reality that only seems to be threatening.

The big issue is whether this reality can be matched by more positive energies of defence. These are focused on the reconstruction of self esteem and self respect, without risking vulnerability and curiosity. The question remains whether we can hold a personal and professional quality that makes the difference. For art this means an exploration of new mandates. Protecting the old borders of the discipline is useless; inventing new ones to regain relevance as visual creativity plus talent to communicate will be extremely important. Don't save art, spend it!

## Europe in the Vicinity of Art: Thoughts after Following the News

Mária Hlavajová

**T**he idea of a European biennial of contemporary art began with the (doubtless inevitable) question of what it actually is – Europe, I mean. An obvious enough place to start. Nevertheless, the answer is tenuous – no less so than this introduction and the significance of these brief remarks. Even delving over the last couple of weeks into a Slovak newspaper<sup>1</sup> tirelessly analysing the prospects of an applicant country on the very doorstep of the European Union (a reading which prompted these reflections), the picture I have of Europe has not become the slightest bit clearer. I don't get any sense that the European project has a clearly articulated concept. It lacks a vision and it lacks a visionary. Only, it doesn't do to come clean about it – because the ambition, so it seems, is not to analyse or understand, but at all costs to belong.

The celebrations to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Schuman Plan for the economic alliance between France and Germany, which blueprinted a union of Europe's states, wearily acknowledged – in the subtext of the magniloquent speeches – that the common currency, the Euro, way before it had actually come into being in any real sense, had taken a hefty battering from the economic assertion of the union of American states. With similar symptoms of mid-life crisis political Europe keeps pushing back the date for its expansion. It feels that it needs the energy of those for whom economic prosperity and political stability have yet to be self-evident. But for the moment it is still fearful, and so is on the defensive.

The assumption of new members is motivated by more than just economics. The initial post-war collaboration of two countries fifty years ago was intended, among other things, to make future wars impossible. You would expect, then, that security and political considerations would carry a lot of weight – particularly at a time when the continent is more committed to the momentum of integration than it was at the beginning of the 1990s, when the preferred concept was that different statuses of European citizen would co-exist.

The institutional background of the EuroAtlantic security system (NATO) also lacks the inner dynamic it originally had. With the integration of its Eastern neighbours, Germany has lost its immediate incentive; and the reorganisation of the Union's defence concept 'post Kosovo' will require both time and a substantial rethink. And so it would seem that it is only the newest members who are calling for expansion, albeit with the sour wince of those whose own acceptance was hastened by the pragmatic need to secure air-space en route to Belgrade.

The mental 're-territorialisation' of associations and bonds within the continent is attended by anxiety and uncertainty arising from the new, by doubts and by the politics of protect-

1. SME (Slovak newspaper), March – May 2000

ing one's own – all in contrast with declarations of openness and eagerness to link the two parts in a single Europe.

I also read that Austria is against the free movement of the labour force, notably from countries aspiring to EU membership, and particularly from Slovakia (where salaries are 11% of the Austrian average); thus is articulated a counter-attack whose aim is to cover up the paralysis engendered by its own fraught internal political situation. I read, too, that Poland has followed the example of France and Slovakia and has passed an equally repressive law to safeguard the purity of its language. More and more countries are imposing visa requirements on Slovakia's citizens...

And we at home are trying. We are trying with all our might – oscillating between the ultra-national and the pro-European. At intervals, and with a rhythm easily picked out, we barricade ourselves in from Europe and the next minute repair the damage done, only for the electorate once again to cast its vote in favour of political and economic isolation. In both of these extremes, however, the 'West' is a zone of importance in terms of which we articulate ourselves. One minute the mantra is: 'If you want an invitation you've got to convince the present members that you're one of them, that you acknowledge the same values as they do'<sup>2</sup> – though not quite knowing exactly what those values are. The next minute, humiliated by the status of second-class citizen imposed from outside, in a torrent of nationalist bile we bellow to the world how we're going to make it on our own. It's not the West who is colonising us, we're colonising ourselves.<sup>3</sup>

The practice of art, spurred by the need to stay in sync with the context, has naturally played a part in European realities. It translates the problems that beset Europe into the language of the everyday. And the tactics employed in building defence mechanisms on the various levels of our immediate temporality (geopolitical, institutional, individual, on the level of disciplines, etc.) are a part of a direct reality which cannot fail to be noticed. A state of extreme apprehension of the unknown, an oscillation between diametrically different realities (bundles of received values), or an inability to take (or should I say the 'impossibility' of taking?) a stance on matters of public concern (as happened to us all during the conflict in the Balkans), and the whole thing concealed under a brilliantly accomplished surface of insouciance.

It seems to me that the organisation of the logic of art at the turn of the decade is undergoing similar processes. Projects uncritically celebrating the interchangeability of works from whatever corner of the globalised world have run out of steam. The excitement, too, has also evaporated on both 'sides' of Europe – after the heuristic attempts of curators to show something new (and yet the same) from Eastern Europe had for the most part foundered on the reality of the one-off event, but also on disillusionment in the wake of anticipation or on consternation at the difficulty of the processes and practices operating in a 'different' mode. In the 'new Europe'<sup>4</sup> the longing for integration into international art systems wilted with the

2. Kittler, J.: Rozšírovanie NATO: hľadá sa spôsob ako prebudiť princeznú [NATO Expansion: Looking for a Way to Wake the Princess], SME 2.5.2000

3. The term 'self-colonising cultures' comes from Vladimír Kiossev's essay 'Notes on the Self-colonising Cultures'

4. The SIKSI 2/99 issue, which presented a number of art positions in Central and Eastern Europe, was entitled 'The New Europe Issue'

length of the waiting (with, naturally, a few active exceptions), but also with a sobering-up from illusions. After the brief experience of international collaboration it was time for a questioning of the Western system, the art establishments and the organisation of power. The idea of Europe without political alternatives seems utopian which for the moment is hard to credit – and if at all, then as a new totalitarian ideology not dissimilar to that which the Eastern part of the continent keeps trying to ditch.

In its nature, however, Manifesta 3 is not trying (only) to show a collection of interesting individual positions. It opts rather for a thematic survey of Europe in an attempt to apprehend the mindset that leads to dubious events, war not excluded. The sense of the project lies in its speaking about art's participation in reality in its social and political dimensions. However, the aim is not, despite its name, to issue a manifesto on the state of things, but to make a discussion of such things possible. Not to react ad hoc with vacuous statements to the dramatic circumstances of the political organisation of life in one's immediate vicinity, but, with a continual opening of space for the exchange of ideas and the comparing of experiences, for the grammar of the order of things and for the analysis of trajectories of power, to shape the reality of the everyday.

The cluster of art positions presented in this project, notwithstanding the pressure of narrating the European present, does not borrow elements of reality, nor does it record or commentate on reality. On the contrary, it enters in all earnestness into the logic of the social and the political, so that from within it becomes a part of their organisation and operational system. The reality of the quotidian, as it exists in all its connotations, without modifications and camouflaging, becomes its valuable material. The artists here presented break the mental topography of Europe down into small snippets and by entering into the collective space make it significant for an individualised awareness on the part of each one of us of the contemporary reality.

In the uncertainty of a world suffering from 'borderline syndrome' and with many asking 'where do you draw a line?', only one answer of conceptual significance introduces into the exhibition a feeling of security. Edward Krasiński knows that the blue line is always at a height of 130 cm...

*Translated from Slovak by Martin Ward*

## Borderline Syndrome as a Metaphor for Present-Day Europe

Kathrin Rhomberg

**A** periodic major exhibition that claims to present an up-to-date representation of something as inhomogeneously abstract as the state of Europe as a whole, can only be interpreted as a socio-political statement. What this involves, of course, is a complete and conscious abandonment of objectivity. This objective representation, the fields of which are left up to professional criticism, is replaced by an assertion of subjectivity and attempted interventions in current social processes. From a curatorial perspective, we have attempted an intervention of this kind with an exhibition title borrowed from the terminology of psychology, "Borderline Syndrome – Energies of Defence", and linked with this the exaggeratedly naive exhortation, reminiscent of American political slogans (Kennedy), to ask not what Europe can do for you, but what you can do for Europe.

In search of a socio-psychological matrix of the imagined present European mood, we came across a description of the borderline personality organization. The freely associative appropriation of a term unequivocally defined in the field of psychology into a discourse on European processes of transformation following the so-called fall of the wall, programmatically refrains from any claims to scientific objectivity, thus demanding subjective reflection, remembering and personal experience from all recipients.

Why "Borderline Syndrome" as a metaphor for present-day Europe? On the one hand, the end of the bipolar European post-war categorizations has led to an ideological fragmentation, to a collapse of traditional ideologies. On the other, the simultaneous globalization of the free market has intensified social and economic dysfunctions and voluntary or forced migration. In association with the interweavings of communication, abruptly modified as multinational and decentralized due to these changes, which seems to be too much for the human mind to deal with, for the resultant characteristics this means a proclaimed absence of ideology, as well as pragmatism, a diffusion of identity and the emergence of undifferentiated fears. Beyond its disciplinary unequivocalness, we found the term "Borderline Syndrome" appropriate for reflecting on the mechanisms of these transformation processes and the manifold reactions to them.

In his book on borderline disorders (published 1975), Otto F. Kernberg describes a weak ego and diffusion of identity as being among the primary causes of borderline personality disorder, and a predominance of primitive defense mechanisms that is characteristic for borderline personality disorder as being among its "specific" aspects. For Kernberg, a regression to primary process-like forms of thinking (mystical thinking, wishful thinking, suspension of formal logic, etc.) is the most important structural criterion for a borderline personality disorder. Kernberg speaks of borderline patients in a clinical sense, if they show significant difficulties in their interpersonal relationships and also certain disruptions in their perception of reality, even though the verification of reality may not be essentially impaired.

One could easily draw unscholarly simplified parallels between both individual psychological tendencies and socio-political tendencies in Europe and the following defensive mechanisms that are characteristic of borderline personality disorders.

#### 1) Split

One of the essential goals of the development and integration of the ego, according to Kernberg, consists of merging the libidinal or aggressive drive traces that are split off during the phases of early childhood development; in other words, one might speak of "good" or "bad" inner objects. Consequently, a successful integration or synthesis represents the most important source for neutralizing aggression. Kernberg describes splitting processes as the main cause of ego weakness. Perhaps the most familiar phenomenon of splitting is the categorization of external objects into "all good" and "all bad, wicked", in which case an object may change its character quite abruptly and completely from one extreme to another, if all the feelings and ideas about the relevant person turn into the opposite in a complete reversal from one moment to the next.

If we relate this to Europe, new geopolitical borders and divisions may be cited (the Czech Republic, Slovakia, the former Soviet Union, Scotland, England, former Yugoslavia, etc.), as well as a virtually intensified assertion of borders that have meanwhile become symbolic, and are hardly physically perceptible within the European Union.

#### 2) Primitive idealization

Kernberg regards this as the tendency to turn certain external objects into "all good" ones, in order to be able to use them as protection against the bad objects and, at the same time, to avoid having to call them into question due to one's own aggression or the aggression projected onto other objects, to have to devalue or even destroy the "all good" objects. He describes them as the manifestation of a primitive fantasy structure, in which it is not a matter of actually respecting the idealized person, but rather only of their suitability as a protection against a world full of dangerous objects. According to Kernberg, another function of these kinds of ideal objects consists of identifying with the omnipotence attributed to them, in order to partake of the greatness of the idealized object. This, in turn, provides protection and satisfies narcissist needs at the same time. The example of Jörg Haider's rise to political power, which is characterized as an Austrian phenomenon, is regularly explained with a national community's urgent need to seek protection with an allegedly strong leader figure. Although there are variations, similar "idealizations" may also be found in other European countries.

#### 3) Early forms of projection, particularly projective identification

The main purpose of projection is thought to be found here in the externalization of the "all bad", aggressive self-images and object-images, and the most significant consequence of this process is that it results in dangerous objectives that crave revenge, against which the patient must defend himself. Thus he has to keep these objects that are perceived as threatening under control, in order to prevent them from attacking him under the influence of (pro-

jected) aggressive impulses; he must conquer the object.

The sanctions of the EU partner states against Austria's government as a reaction against the first-time coalition with a right-wing populist, racist party was a strong political signal from the European Union that sees itself as upholding common values. At the same time, however, this drastic signal has also always been understood as being due to party political strategies in several EU member states, which has weakened the moral impetus of these agreed sanctions.

#### 4) Omnipotence and Debasement

The debasement of objects may also serve as a defense by preventing these objects from becoming feared and hated persecutors. Debasement is primarily a defense against the need for other people and the simultaneous fear of them. Nationalism and a return to what is traditional and provincial may be noted as a dominant tendency currently throughout Europe. In psycho-social terms, it is affiliated with an exaltation of what is one's own (nation, race, religion, gender) and an undifferentiated debasement of that which is the other. Cultural racism motivates tendencies to separate and draw borders. This hierarchization is also subconsciously manifest in the way that the European Union rigorously excludes former East European countries.

It is borderline structures that still, even a decade after the so-called fall of the wall, draw a restrictive line that cannot be compared with any other inner-European border right through the geography and mental image of Europe. And it is borderline structures that continue to use agreed assertions of difference to isolate all non-EU states economically, politically, socially and culturally.

In Slovenia, Manifesta 3 is being conducted for the first time in a country that is not a member of the EU. In consideration of what may have influenced this decision, this exhibition project needs to be examined from the perspective of politically determined representation intentions. For Slovenia as a "young" state with ambitions of soon joining the EU, it may be surmised that there are representation motives involving aspects of national identity, as well as a geopolitical declaration as a culturally and economically prosperous prospective member state. Naturally, a motivation of this type focuses more on the international event character and less on addressing the contents of the project. Bringing curatorial and organizational intentions into accord, unfortunately has not always worked against this background. Of course, the board of director's decision to conduct Manifesta 3 in a former East European country may also be a matter of political motivation. It remains to hope that knowing about these differing representational motivations may have more the effect of a magnifying glass enabling a clearer view of the artistic contributions, rather than distorting and clouding it with superimpositions and preconceptions.

*Translated from German by Aileen Derieg*

## Artists

A12  
Adel Abdessemed  
Paweł Althamer  
Maja Bajević  
Simone Berti  
Ursula Biemann  
Roland Boden  
Agnese Bule  
Phil Collins  
Joost Conijn  
Josef Dabernig  
Colin Darke  
Michael Elmgreen & Ingar Dragset  
FAT  
Urs Fischer  
Nayia Frangouli & Yane Calovski  
Marcus Geiger  
De Geuzen, A Foundation for Multi-Visual Research  
Amit Goren  
Veli Granö  
Pravdoliub Ivanov  
Ivana Jelavić  
Daniel Jewesbury  
Ian Kiaer  
Šejla Kamerić  
Koo Jeong-a  
Edward Krasiński  
Darij Kreuh  
Denisa Lehotská  
Alexander Melkonyan  
Matthias Müller  
Paul Noble  
Anton Olshvang  
Roman Ondák  
Anatoly Osmolovsky  
Adrian Paci  
Manfred Pernice  
Diego Perrone  
Susan Philipsz  
Marjetica Potrč  
Arturas Raila  
rasmus knud & Søren Andreasen  
Anri Sala  
Bülent Şangar  
Sanna Sarva  
Tomo Savić-Gecan  
Schie 2.0  
Ene-Liis Semper  
Stalker  
Simon Starling  
Škart  
Nika Špan  
Nasrín Tabatabai  
Joëlle Tuerlinckx  
Sarah Tripp  
Francisco Tropa  
Sisley Xhafa  
Gregor Živić  
Jasmila Žbanić

*The artists have contributed with statements on their work and with proposals of one text of particular importance to their artistic practice.*

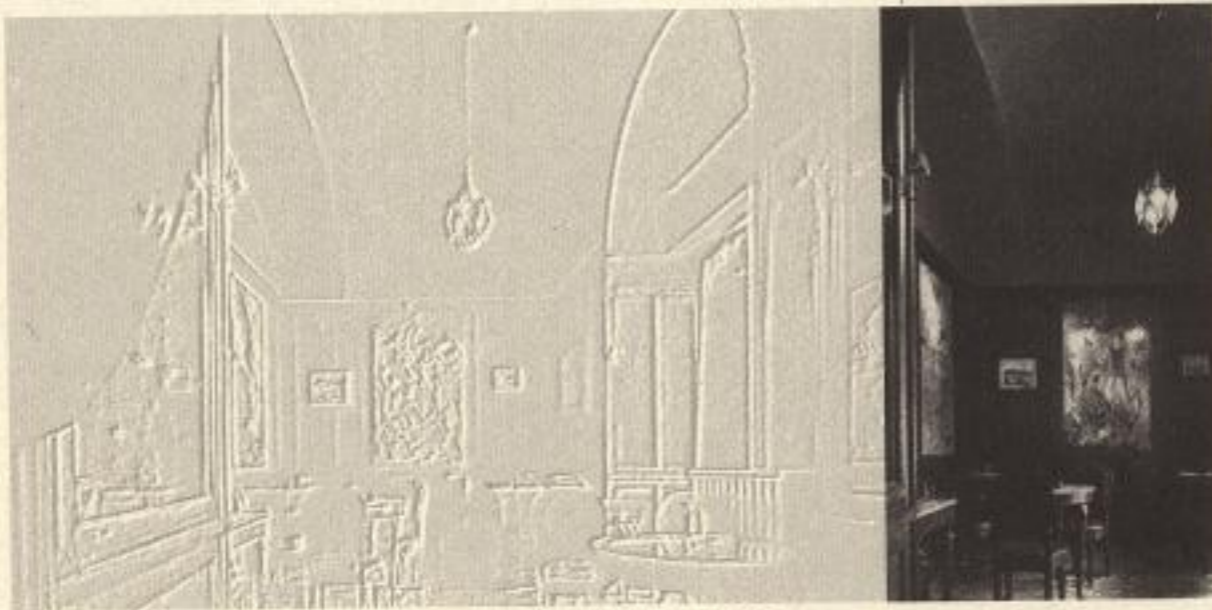
## Gruppo A12

### "empty/ŠUMI"

**O**ur proposal for Manifesta 3 in Ljubljana derives from attitudes and lines of thought, which have been developed in the past years by gruppo A12.

Even though all of its members were trained in the field of architecture it is our strong belief that architecture isn't a discipline anymore but rather a way of facing questions which require the definition of new spaces.

The scope of our intervention is to bring with us to Ljubljana some of our frontier spaces thereby inserting new spaces, widening the borders, seeking to understand better the relationships that can be woven while working with more than one cultural context simultaneously.



empty/ŠUMI, Ljubljana, 2000

We decided to focus more on the notion of syndrome rather than borderline, although we are interested in the notion of "borderline" as a psychiatric notion, that defines an unstable mental state, which could easily fall into depression or psychic disease.

We consider the city to be not just as a physical object but a mental field, a site for projection of desires and fears as well.

In the past, some of our urban interventions (as well as architectural projects) intended to modify the perception and uses of the urban spaces from the perspective of the inhabitants. For Ljubljana, we would like to introduce an element of alteration, of perceptive perturbation in the body of the city, leaving to the visitors and citizens the responsibility for creating their own interpretation, reaction, appropriation, use or misuse of our work. As it is a syndrome, a kind of sickness, we would like something unexpected and something which one – applying conventional rules of common sense – might consider "insane" to happen to the city.

We would like to evoke a set of concepts which might better clarify our attitude with regard to this proposal: the first is the concept of "das Unheimliche" as described by Sigmund Freud, of the uncanny feeling of displacement caused by familiar objects and situations.

The description of the project will be quite dry, as we do not want to overcharge it with too complex symbols.

Our initial proposal was called "empty". The original idea was to use private apartments. As our work is usually in tension between various subjects, we are delighted that unexpectedly a new solution has popped-up, adding more levels of complexity to our initial proposal. In the process of definition of our work these new conditions have risen together with a new significant site, therefore the project will be called "empty/ŠUMI".

### "empty/ŠUMI"

During the period of Manifesta 3, a space in the city of Ljubljana will be emptied and given to the city, its dwellers, visitors, various persons living and using Ljubljana. This space, found by the staff of Manifesta in Ljubljana, is a bar, a very important one in the past cultural life of the city, called ŠUMI. During the years of Yugoslavia, it used to be a bar owned by a state company, where all the intellectuals, bohemians, actors, artists, dropouts, a very heterogeneous and mixed population of the city used to gather.

First hippies in Slovenia used to go there for a drink. A text written above the door leading to the toilets "chubby was here" witnesses that turbulent and exciting period.

The building where ŠUMI is will soon be torn down to create space for a new cultural center. ŠUMI has been abandoned for some years, but traces of the past are still visible (a refrigerator in the back, the list of drinks and prices).

In the period of the exhibition, all window-shields and shutters towards the street will be removed. The bar and its neighbouring pastry-shop will be empty, or will be emptied.

Wind, sun and rain will enter through the window-holes which will remain constantly open.

It will be possible to have access to this space, straight from the sidewalk of the street, down some steps.

From the road, people wandering through the city will occasionally notice something unexpected: a building, a normal apartment block, quite an old one, where some windows at the ground floor are missing. If curious, people might desire to get in; if not curious their mind will only register that unexpected fact.

The disappearance of the windowpanes will look like a scar on the face of the city, but not necessarily negative.

The space inside will be covered in white lime-stone milk (in Slovenian apno, in Italian latte di calce), normally used, in old times to sanitize spaces. Once in a while the traces left from the people using that space will be covered with a new layer of lime-stone milk. This whiteness will uniformly cover all remaining elements in the space: furniture, garbage, walls, machines.

There will be light and sound inside ŠUMI. Space and emptiness will become an homage to its complex past. Everybody will be allowed to use that place freely.

The non-definition of use and perception proposed through the autonomous use of that

site might be interpreted as a possible syndrome occurring to a city.

The point is whether a syndrome has to be perceived as necessarily negative.

There will be no guards inside the bar.

Gruppo A12

established in 1993, based in Genova and Milano

Il motivo del sosia è stato oggetto di un esame approfondito in un lavoro omonimo di Otto Rank.<sup>1</sup> Si indagano così le relazioni tra il sosia e l'immagine riprodotta dallo specchio, tra il sosia e l'ombra, il genio tutelare, la credenza nell'anima e la paura della morte, ma anche si mette chiaramente in luce la sorprendente storia dell'evoluzione di questo motivo. Il sosia rappresentava infatti, in origine, un baluardo contro la scomparsa dell'Io, una "energia smentita del potere della morte" (Rank), e probabilmente il primo sosia del corpo fu l'anima "immortale".

E qui cadono opportune due osservazioni alle quali vorrei affidare il contenuto essenziale di questa piccola ricerca. Anzitutto, se la teoria psicoanalitica ha ragione di affermare che ogni affetto connesso con un'emozione, di qualunque tipo essa sia, viene trasformato in angoscia qualora abbia luogo una rimozione, ne segue che tra le cose angosciose dell'esistere un gruppo nel quale è possibile scorgere che l'elemento angoscioso è qualcosa di rimosso che ritorna. Questo tipo di cose angosciose costituirebbero appunto il perturbante, e non la importanza sapere se ciò che ora è perturbante era fonte di angoscia fin dalle origini o era invece latore di un altro affetto. Secondariamente, se questa è realmente la natura segreta del perturbante, allora comprendiamo perché l'uso linguistico contenuto al *Heimliche* di trasporre nel suo contrario, l'*Unheimliche* (pp. 86-87): infatti questo elemento perturbante non è in realtà niente di nuovo o di estraneo, ma è invece un che di familiare alla vita psichica fin dai tempi antichissimi e ad essa estraniatosi soltanto a causa del processo di rimozione. Il rapporto con la rimozione ci chiarisce ora anche la definizione di Schelling (p. 86), secondo la quale il perturbante è qualcosa che avrebbe dovuto rimanere nascosto e che è invece affiorato.

Non ci resta altro, ora, che mettere alla prova quanto abbiamo acquisito applicandolo alla spiegazione di altri casi di perturbante. A molti uomini appare perturbante in sommo grado ciò che ha rapporto con la morte, con i cadaveri e con il ritorno dei morti, con spinti e spetti. Abbiamo visto (p. 83) che alcune lingue moderne non possono rendere le parole tedesche "una casa unheimlich", che con un'espressione ["a haunted house"] che noi renderemo con la seguente circonlocuzione: "una casa abitata dagli spetti". A dire il vero avremmo potuto iniziare la nostra ricerca con questo esempio di perturbante, che è forse di tutti il più spocato, ma non l'abbiamo fatto perché, in questo caso, il perturbante è troppo strettamente frammento con l'orrido e coincide in parte con esso. Ma è raro trovare un ambito in cui il nostro modo di pensare e di sentire sia cambiato così poco dai tempi premoderni, in cui l'elemento antico

<sup>1</sup> Vedi il testo esplicito: "Assai, ma, e un'immagine di pensiero", nel mio libro *Tutto e tutto* (1993) e si trova la seguente nota a pag. 204: "L'elemento in base". "Sembra che noi attribuiamo ora qualità 'perturbante' alle espressioni che tendono a contrastare l'onnipotenza dei pensieri e il modo di pensare esistente in generale, anche se nel nostro ordine di cose già d'ora in poi" (da *Il cosmo*).

È facile rendersi conto che questo contrassegno non è esauriente, e cercheremo quindi di andar oltre l'equazione: perturbante = inconsueto. Esaminiamo in primo luogo alcune lingue straniere. Ma i dizionari che andiamo sfogliando non ci dicono niente di nuovo, forse semplicemente perché noi stessi parliamo un'altra lingua.

Le altre forme di turbamento dell'Io a cui ricorre Hoffmann sono facilmente classificabili in base al modello del motivo del sosia. Si tratta di un accedere a determinate fasi che il sentimento dell'Io ha percorso durante la sua evoluzione, di una regressione a tempi in cui non erano ancora nettamente tracciati i confini tra l'Io e il mondo esterno e tra l'Io e gli altri. Credo che questi motivi concorrano a produrre il senso del perturbante, anche se non è facile definire con precisione quale parte essi abbiano in questo processo.

Ma queste rappresentazioni sono scese sul terreno dell'amore illimitato per sé stessi, del narcisismo primario che domina la vita psichica sia del bambino che dell'uomo primitivo, e, col superamento di questa fase, muta il segno del sosia, da assicurazione di sopravvivenza esso diventa un perturbante presentimento di morte.

Le strade che possiamo imboccare sono due: esplorare il significato che l'evoluzione della lingua ha sedimentato nel termine "perturbante", oppure collazionare ciò che, riferito a persone e a cose, a impressioni sensoriali, a esperienze e situazioni, evoca in noi il senso del perturbante, per dedurre poi il carattere nascosto del perturbante da qualcosa che accomuni tutti questi casi. Voglio anticipare subito che entrambe le strade portano allo stesso risultato: il perturbante è quella sorta di spaventoso che risale a quanto ci è noto da lungo tempo, a ciò che ci è familiare. Come questo sia possibile, in quali circostanze ciò che ci è consueto e familiare possa diventare perturbante, spaventoso, apparirà chiaro da quanto segue. Voglio far notare ancora che questa ricerca in realtà ha preso le mosse da una serie di casi singoli, e soltanto in seguito è stata convalidata dalle testimonianze dell'uso linguistico. La mia esposizione seguirà però il cammino inverso.

La parola tedesca *unheimlich* (perturbante) è evidentemente l'antitesi di *heimlich* (confortevole, tranquillo, da Heim, casa), *heimisch* (patrio, nativo), e quindi familiare, abituale, ed è ovvio dedurre che se qualcosa suscita spavento è proprio perché non è noto e familiare.

Naturalmente, però, non tutto ciò che è nuovo e inconsueto è spaventoso, la relazione non è reversibile, si può dire soltanto che ciò che è nuovo diventa facilmente spaventoso e perturbante; alcune cose nuove sono spaventose, ma certo non tutte. Bisogna aggiungere qualche cosa al nuovo e all'inconsueto perché diventi perturbante.

Quanto alla solitudine, al silenzio e all'oscurità (vedi sopra p. 108) possiamo dire soltanto che sono veramente le situazioni alle quali è legata l'angoscia infantile di cui la maggior parte degli esseri umani non riesce a liberarsi mai completamente. La ricerca psicoanalitica si è occupata altrove di questo problema.<sup>2</sup>

Aggiungiamo ancora qualche considerazione generale che, a rigore, è già contenuta nelle nostre precedenti affermazioni sull'animismo e sulle modalità di lavoro dell'apparato psichico già sopracitate, ma che sembra meritare una particolare sottolineatura: è cioè che spesso e volentieri ci troviamo esposti a un effetto perturbante quando il confine tra fantasia e realtà si fa labile, quando appare realmente ai nostri occhi qualcosa che fino a quel momento avevamo considerato fantastico, quando un simbolo assume pienamente la funzione e il significato di ciò che è simboleggiato, e via di questo passo. Qui poggia anche buona parte del turbamento suscitato dalle pratiche magiche. L'elemento infantile, che domina anche la vita psichica dei nevrotici, è presente in questo caso come eccessiva accentuazione della realtà psichica rispetto alla realtà materiale, tratto questo che si ricollega all'onnipotenza dei pensieri. Durante la guerra mondiale, in pieno blocco, mi capitò nelle mani un numero della rivista inglese "Strand Magazine", nella quale, tra altri articoli abbastanza superflui, lessi il racconto seguente. Una giovane coppia va ad abitare in un appartamento ammobiliato in cui si trova un tavolo dalla forma strana, con eccedenti intagliati nel legno. Ogni sera si diffonde nell'abitazione un puzzo insopportabile, caratteristico, nel buio i giovani intramontano contro qualcosa, credono di vedere in non so che di indefinibile che giuoca sulla scala, per farla breve, sono portati a immaginare che, oltre la presenza del tavolo, la casa sia abitata da eccedenti fantasmi o che nell'uscintà i mostri di legno si animino,

## Adel Abdessemed

The work Mohammedkarlpolpot is an image which functions in an empty space and alone, without any other information.

Manifesta 3 asks me to write a text on my work. The question is simple, but the stakes are complex. How to write and stay dexterous and proportional, without touching the visibility of the work?

Far from giving a definite answer, this fax to Hans-Ulrich (16 April 2000) is a psychological sketch in form of notes not used in the work.

Adel Abdessemed

born 1971, Constantine, lives in Paris



Passé Simple, 1997, video

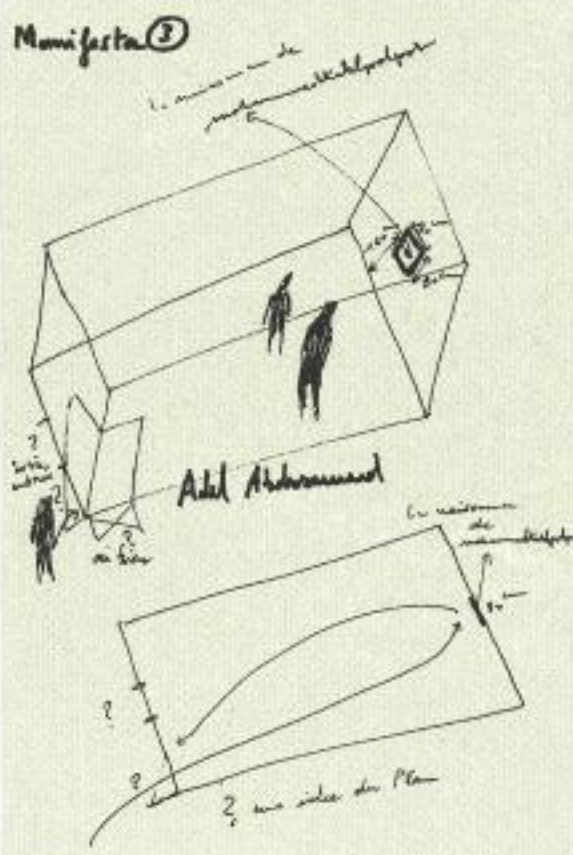


Paris le 16 ou 2000 ①  
 cher Hans  
 voilà un premier pas  
 la naissance de  
 Mohamed Karlopat  
 pas une image  
 pas une illustration  
 pas une couleur  
 pas un jeu  
 pas une bête sauvage  
 pas un objet  
 pas un sujet  
 pas une critique  
 pas rien  
 pas un mot

pas une mondialisation occidentale ③  
 pas l'est-ouest, et pas l'occident  
 pas une psychologie  
 pas une beauté  
 pas une frayeur  
 pas du terrorisme c'est de  
 la création <sup>du monde</sup> et le  
 spectacle est toujours  
 en course, trouble entre  
 fiction et réalité et  
 lui-même confondre.

Je t'embrasse  
 Hans et le  
 meilleur reste  
 à faire Adel

pas une philosophie ②  
 pas un héros  
 pas une femme  
 pas "le suicide" de la société  
 pas une image de nos peuples  
 pas une bombe non  
 pas un imaginaire  
 pas une histoire  
 pas un bêtard  
 pas un amant  
 pas un chien ou demi chien  
 pas un dragon  
 pas une révolte bien  
 pas un intime  
 pas est impossible et possible  
 pas une relation



## Paweł Althamer

### Script Outline

**A** square in an urban passageway surrounded by shops, several benches and cafe tables. People cross the square in various directions and at various speeds. A nearby advertising pole has a flyer advertising "The Film". It is 16:30.

Standing on the square is A BUSKER (young music school graduate). He begins to play improvised film music.

A TRAMP walks onto the set (revolting to look at, about fifty years old though it is difficult to tell his age) rummages in garbage cans then sits down on a wall spreading his bags all around him. He has a bottle of cheap wine.



Plečnik Square in Ljubljana, photo by Paweł Althamer

A LITTLE OLD MAN, very old and cheerful in a melancholy sort of way, sits down on one of the benches. After a while he takes a cheese sandwich out of his pocket and starts eating it very slowly, chewing each bite for a long time.

A TELEVISION PERSONALITY (smartly dressed with a jacket draped over his arm, and wearing a hat) promenades back and forth across the square for five minutes or so, takes out a newspaper and sits down next to the LITTLE OLD MAN and begins making comments about the articles. The LITTLE OLD MAN responds curtly or with faintly dismissive gestures.

TWO VERY YOUNG GIRLS (nose-rings, outlandish hair, casual dress) sitting nearby calmly survey the area, take a parcel out of their backpack and roll a joint, the subtle fragrance of

marijuana hangs in the air.

A POLICEMAN in standard issue uniform walks up to the TRAMP demanding to see his papers. After a lengthy search the TRAMP produces a tattered ID. The POLICEMAN says something into his walkie-talkie and walks off, resuming his beat.

The LITTLE OLD MAN on the bench seems to be dozing off.

A handsome YOUNG MAN appears, stops, looks around, looks at his watch, and waits.

A SKATEBOARDER is practicing in the middle of the square.

The TRAMP accosts the waiting young man, asks what time it is, and bums some change.

A TOURIST WITH A CAMERA walks around the square, takes some photographs framing the shots with care then walks up to the GIRLS holding a map and asks for directions. It takes them several minutes to show him the way.

A very attractive YOUNG WOMAN walks up to the YOUNG MAN who has been waiting for ten minutes now, they greet each other and kiss for a long time (ca. 8 minutes).



Bródno 2000, 27th of February 2000, photo by Bernard Łuczak

After around 30 minutes all the characters walk off the set at once – this is the most spectacular part of the film. The whole situation is to be repeated daily for at least thirty days.

*Paweł Althamer*  
born 1967, lives in Warsaw

## The Spring to Come

### Glass houses

[Baryka the engineer is spreading a vision of a new civilization before his son Cezary's eyes.]

– Enough to make one crazy!

– Crazy, maybe, but with awe. For those glass houses are designed by artists. Great artists! There are hundreds of them already. And I daresay they are no bores, snobs or layabouts churning out dross and trifles, ridiculous fancies and travesties for rich idlers bored with themselves and all about them, but wise and useful individuals, artful and inspired makers of ornate, beautiful and useful things, numerous diverse, ingenious and worthy of proliferation for their brethren the workers, for the people...



Bródno 2000, 27th of February 2000, photo by Michał Kaczyński

Glass houses are most inexpensive as their construction does not require masons, joiners, carpenters or roofers. It is only the material, the cost of transportation and two or three assemblers. The house itself – not counting the ground works – can be put up in a matter of three to four days. All it demands is the putting together of prefabricated parts. Even given the artists' fees, the raw material is no more expensive at the seaside than timber is on the spot. Not to mention the cost of bricks, mortar and the wages of labourers continually striking due to growing prices.

- What about our cousin's glass factory, are there no strikes there?
- No. The factory is a co-operative, common property of the workers, technicians and artists...
- What about schools of glass? Churches springing up on hilltops at the beck and fancy of artists with forms so fair they outshine everything which came before.
- Great inventions, nay: unexpected discoveries, the unveiling of what had been close at hand but covered up: after their implementation everything bursts out like fireworks. Fifty years ago who would have thought you could put a racehorse in an aeroplane and carry it from Paris to Antwerp below or even above the clouds? After this fashion the fruit of Ariosto's imagination the hippogriff can indeed soar above the clouds. So the cities of old, those appalling blemishes on the old civilization will gradually become museum exhibits, centres for banks shops, warehouses and new garden-cities will rise up, stretched among the fields, forests and hills, spreading throughout the countryside along electric rail and streetcar lines.
- Yes, yes...
- Son! The worker's houses outside of Warsaw that Baryka is designing – and I've had the good fortune to see the blueprints – are more comfortable, healthier, tidier, and more beautiful than the most sumptuous palaces of the aristocracy, than the villas of American millionaires, better than kingly dwellings. Two rooms only but the cleanest, healthiest, fairest two rooms you can imagine: is this not all a solitary man can dream of?

*Stefan Żeromski*

## Maja Bajević

**T**he project Women at work was realized in early September on the scaffolding used for the reconstruction of the facade of the National Gallery of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

I asked five refugee women to do embroidery on the protection net of the scaffolding. In such a way, I wanted to make a synthesis of two histories: of the one symbolized by the interior of the National Gallery and of the new one, i.e. the reality of my land marked by the war and refugees. Besides, I made a connection between the popular handicraft (outside) and the artistic heritage inside the National Gallery. An interesting shift happened – the new history suddenly started to speak with a traditional language.



Women at Work, 1999

We worked for five days, five hours a day, from 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. In the evening, each of us had a small lamp, which made the impression that one was looking at women at home and not on a public space, even stronger. A very intimate and contemplative relationship developed among us, such as had, perhaps, existed in the past among women sitting together with their needlework. They were free to chose their motifs, and these proved to be very "nice" and "merry", which was a surprise for me, taking into account the terrible fate of these women.

A needlework makes the house alive and, at the same time, marks the space, i.e. appropriates it in a typically female way – and this is the first thing the refugee women do as they come to a new, unknown place. Such "domesticating" of the space is perhaps the only defen-

se left in such a moment.

During the five days of the art project, we have embroidered our motifs on the scaffolding and, in such a way, took into our possession the National Gallery of Bosnia and Herzegovina and inscribed our history into it.

A relationship between traditionally "male" works (such as the works on the scaffolding) and traditionally "female" works (needlework) has been established, too.

Great tragedies, such as wars – with their terror and with the huge number of dead and missing people – obscure the awareness of personal, individual destinies, but the real horror of these tragedies are exactly individual human fates.

*Maja Bajević*  
born 1967, lives in Sarajevo



Women at Work, 1999

## Her Name is Maja Bajević

**F**or the understanding and analysis of the work of Maja Bajević, some facts from her personal biography are essential. They have, to a large extent, determined the referential field and direction of her artistic activity.

In the late eighties, Maja Bajević has finished the Art Academy in Sarajevo and left for Paris as a grantee of the French Government. The disintegration of her country (the former

Yugoslavia) found her in Paris. Although her material and legal status remained unchanged, she began to feel like a refugee from a country which didn't exist any more. This feeling of losing her home got a new dimension as the siege and shelling of Sarajevo began and when coming back to her home city became even physically impossible. In Paris, she began to study again at the Academie des Beaux-Arts and graduated as one of the best students of her class. With her final exhibition at the Academy, she appeared as already mature and profiled artist. Since 1997, as in the post-war Sarajevo art life slowly began again, Maja has been active in the creation of a new, contemporary art scene. She has presented her works on group thematic shows (such as the annual exhibitions of the Soros Center for Contemporary Arts) and has realized several solo projects. At the moment, she again works and lives in Sarajevo. With her return to Sarajevo, her work gained new social, political and psychological dimensions.



Women at Work, 1999

Individual and collective destinies, experience of living in the Diaspora and the forced nomadism lead her to question the identities and to perceive reality in a new way. The post-war Sarajevo became an important source for her direct and indirect, sophisticated expressions. Every new work is a *memento* of an intense moment in life.

The forms Maja Bajević uses, the materialization of her personal experiences or position and the strategies of her work are extremely diverse. I will mention here some characteristic examples; they all reflect the social reality, which engages the artist directly or indirectly. For the first time after the war, Maja Bajević exhibited on the "Meeting Point" show (first SCCA annual exhibition). On the wall of a ruined mediaeval Turkish bath (hamam), in the old town center, she installed the "Meine kleine Nachtmusik" (the work was done in Paris, in the time

of war in Bosnia and Herzegovina). The piece consists of five violins, with saw-blades instead of bows. The "bows" are moved by electro-motors, and the voice they produce is in fact the taped and distorted voice – moan, cry – of the artist herself. The fragile musical instrument, transformed into a mechanical monster, evokes scare and anxiety. The emotional basis of the work, the flow of associations and the metaphorical meaning are easily readable.

Another example is the performance "Dress Up"; she performed this action at the "Minimum" exhibition in Sarajevo in 1999. On the canvas, which Maja Bajević used for her dress, the map of former Yugoslavia was printed. In the gallery space, Maja cut the canvas and started to sew her dress. A camera was following the action; the sewing machine and the artist were tape-recorded. The sound of the sewing machine brought to one's mind the rattling sound of a machine gun, mixed with the sound of the breathing of a human being. The audience entered in the moment when the dress was finished. Maja put it on and left the gallery. The symbolic act of dressing, of appropriation, of pressing close to her body the newly sewn-together torn-apart land represents one of the most sensitive works, dealing with the issue of the lost homeland. One of her recent public projects, "Women at Work" (presented at Manifesta 3 in Ljubljana as a documentary video) was realized as a part of the exhibition "Under Construction" (third SCCA annual exhibition, Sarajevo, September 1999) on the scaffolding and protection net around the National Gallery of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Maja asked five women – refugees from eastern Bosnia to embroider, together with her, their works on the protection net of the scaffolding. (Thousands of refugee women – the male members of their families were killed by the Serbian soldiers who were taking over and ethnically cleansing these territories – even today live in ghettos on the margins of Bosnian towns.) This multi-layered and polyvalent work in progress functioned on several levels. First, it brought the war victims, deprived of their rights and socially and materially neglected, into the focus of a public event in the very center of the city. For the first time in their life as refugees, these women appeared fully as persons, as subjects in their symbolic and real female presence, and not as object of a political, male manipulation. What most of these women (who come mostly from the rural areas) can do is needlework, part of the local folklore, which represents the only remaining connection with their roots. At the same time, this traditionally female occupation is, for the female refugee population, the only way to make a living and survive. On the other hand, it is only through this medium that they can express their creative potentials. With the change of the context, with the shift from the periphery to the center, these women have, with their presence, turned attention to a number of essential issues, such as the relationships between private and public, male and female, artistic and creative. "Women at Work" represent an artistic, moral and political statement of Maja Bajević and open the possibility for her new work (together with two other artists), *go\_home*.

Dunja Blažević  
Sarajevo, May 2000

## Simone Berti

**P**ainting, video, sculpture, installations and photography are the range of expressive arts used by Simone Berti, while, science, science fiction, art and life are his points of reference. This contributes to giving everything he does an experimental character, the image of new possible states. Indeed, even when his forms and images appear complete they are always very much the result of processes. It is useful to know that before dedicating himself to art, Berti was a student of physics, always a highly creative and experimental discipline, not unlike art, in fact, given that both deal with creation. It is not by chance that various scientists, such as Prigogine and Capri for example, have felt the need to move the theories of physics towards aesthetic theories in order to express and develop scientific research into the states of equilibrium of matter and the existence of the universe. Finding



Untitled, 1999

the balancing point of an image is the task Berti sets himself in each of his works. To this end he constantly adds to his subjects, be they people or things, structures of support or movement. In this way he communicates to us the level of humanity's insufficiency. For this reason he uses prosthetics, though not highly technological instruments, but rather some kind of rudimentary stilts – structures of support which portray a "disabled" reality. Revealing the fact that we are insufficient in ourselves, underlines the state of continual lack in which humanity lives; a state which is in fact the springboard of creation, the state that has made possible the passage from nature to civilisation. It is within this movement from ground level up to the heights that one may place the art of Simone Berti, where in most cases the structures of balance which reveal our own precariousness, serve to raise beings from the Earth in an attempt to escape the forces of gravity. This can be clearly seen in the video that won the Sandretto Re Raubaudengo Prize, or in the installation and video presented at "Over the

Edges and in the Rolling Bar" he personally presented at the Massimo de Carlo gallery which is now in the S.M.A.K. collection in Gent. This is an approach which interests the kind of artist for whom art is not so much an aesthetic act, but a lever, a prosthetic to transform our condition and thus demonstrate to us the possibilities for change.

Balance, stability and prosthetics are factors that acknowledge the indeterminate and continual changing state in which contemporary life finds itself. That is to say, change is made possible thanks to the state of creative chaos in which humanity finds itself, which is a transformation stemming from the depth of reality. This is what Berti's works discuss and they do so not in a descriptive, journalistic method, but metaphorically, bringing everything back to art. In fact, when we find ourselves before one of his pieces, we never see the portrait of one reality, but the selection of a posture, a form or an image, which place his process within the classical tradition of art. For indeed, finding the balancing and breaking point, is not only a question within science and life, but within art too, in as much as posing the problem of the



Untitled, 2000

weight, of the balance of a form is to link oneself to the Classical artistic tradition as ancient as art and humanity themselves. This appears in full force in the latest series of works the artist has been engaged in, wherein groups of people appear supported and propped up by metallic structures. In this series the artist portrays humanity understood as a social entity, as a community, which is a step towards the creation of a civilisation. The depiction of social groupings has itself a long, long story, but one which has above all in modernity developed a methodology in which photography has turned the aesthetic pose into an anthropological tool, perfectly focusing on the history of society.

*Giacinto di Pietrantonio*  
Translated from Italian by AMIDAS

*Simone Berti*  
born 1966, lives in Milano

## Ursula Biemann

### "Performing the Border"

**A** video essay set in the Mexican-US border town Ciudad Juarez, where the U.S. industries assemble their electronic and digital equipment, located right across from El Paso, Texas. "Performing the Border" looks at the border as both a discursive and a material space constituted through the performance and management of gender relations. The video discusses the sexualization of the border region through labor division, prostitution, the expression of female desires in the entertainment industry, and sexual violence in the public sphere. Interviews, scripted voice over, quoted text on the screen, scenes and sounds recorded on site, as well as found footage are combined to give insight into the gendered conditions inscribed in the border region.

La Frontera is a place of unstable identities as a result of migration to a geography characterized by a hostile desert and a border they cannot traverse. The border is discussed as a discursive construction that is articulated through the crossing of people and the power relation of the two nations. There is the story of Concha who learned how to avoid the border control and cross people, mainly pregnant women, to the other side, where they give birth in a US hospital.

Adolescent girls come from central Mexico to the border to start a life from scratch. The video addresses the choices they have, the dangers, the fragility of their new situation caught in an ambivalent world between high technology and the lack of the most rudimentary necessities.

The feminization of international labor division makes evident that gender matters to capital. The Maquila-section in the video includes fragments of interviews conducted with human rights activist Judith, labor activist Cipriana and journalist Isabel on the condition of the women who are the producers in the global plan and on the relations between the production of technology and gender.

Sex work is a major trade in this border town. Juana, a former prostitute from Torreon, gives us her perspective on the trade and the changes it underwent during the past 10 years. There are crossovers with the Maquila women who need to supplement their income on weekends with prostitution. On the other hand, the reversal of income pattern is obvious in the night clubs, where the entertainment is catering mainly to young women with male shows. Relationship patterns are being remapped quite drastically on the border.

In the '90s, rapid modernization laid the foundation for another urban phenomena: serial killings. Since 1993, close to 150 girls and young women have been raped and killed in Juarez according to the same pattern. It's the biggest case of serial killing known in the world. The video brings the compulsive, repetitive character of the crimes in to with the mass technologies (registration, identification and simulation) and looks at the entanglement between intimacy and technology in the setting. The border is presented as a metaphor for marginalization and the artificial maintenance of subjective boundaries at a moment when the distinctions between body and machine, between reproduction and production, between female and male have become more fluid than ever.

*Ursula Biemann*  
born 1955, lives in Zürich

## War Zone: Bodies, Identities and Femininity in the Global High-Tech Industry

These notes are about the Swiss artist Ursula Biemann's videoessay "Performing the Border" (1999) which she presented in preview form at the Second Cyberfeminist International in Rotterdam, March 8–11, 1999.

"I have known Concha for more than five years. Due to the facilities she had in crossing and avoiding US border officials, Concha started to pass wetbacks. Her strategies were multiple and variable".

This is one voice we hear in the video as we see a woman driving her car through the desert. When she became pregnant and was abandoned by her husband, Concha had to look for a new income. She started a service for pregnant women who wanted to give birth to their child in the USA, hoping to get a US passport by these means. If you want to work in the Mexican border city Ciudad Juarez, it seems you have three possibilities as a woman: the maquiladora<sup>1</sup>, the household and/or prostitution.



Performing the Border, 1999, video

In her 40-minute-long videoessay "Performing the Border", Zürich-based artist Ursula Biemann takes Ciudad Juarez as an example to investigate what kind of bodies, identities and genders the global high-tech industry produces at its low-end. She seems to begin at the same point which Donna Haraway in her "Cyborg Manifesto" identified too fatalistically as the role of Mexican women working in the chip-industry as caught within the cyborg state of being.

1. Maquiladora is the Spanish word for golden mills and means the plants for mass production constituted by low-wage.

However it is not Donna Haraway, who Biemann uses as a reference, but the Mexican activist and artist Berta Jottar whose portrait and whose voice we hear at regular intervals in the video. Biemann also refers to the theorist Mark Seltzer. Seltzer's ideas about the entanglement of Fordistic industrialisation and serial killing inspired Ursula Biemann's voiceover to offer further interpretations of the still unsolved brutal serial killings of women which take place continuously in this region.

"Performing the Border" is a polyvocal, visual heterogeneous dialogue, in which Biemann's video and film researches from 1998 and 1988<sup>2</sup>, interviews with local women's organisations, TV-clips of the border and of corporations like Philips and police documentaries of the serial killings are intrinsically interwoven. The video itself performs the pattern of performativity of borders, bodies and technologies on a structural level. The aesthetics of the videoessay suggest unspokenly, that the border city Ciudad Juarez, beyond its signification as place of exploitation in the context of the new international labour division and high-technology, is also a metaphor for performativity in general (of bodies, genders, identities, nations and capital). This happens primarily by putting a constant set of movements, which are only interrupted sometimes by shots of sitting women who are either being interviewed by Biemann or waiting together in bars or on the streets for their clients. With the camera position facing outwards the video begins in a driving car filming the landscape and it ends with dancing bodies in blue light and a strange electronic sound. In between, there are the movements of the masses of women streaming in the pure and clean maquiladoras, of the bus rides there in the morning, of the cars and horsemen in the desert, of the excavating of the corpses, of the flickering images on TV, of the virtual pictures of the detonations of the mine fields on the US side and of the drive along the border fence which is 500 kilometers long. There are the movements of a floating rubber dinghy, of white women working in pure white rooms, of the woman washing the laundry by hand, of a girl walking down the street: "She is still a little girl. Can she find a way to steer her through these cultural ruptures?" asks the voiceover. The movements of the camera, of the montages, of the people can be interpreted as the aesthetic performance of a so-called "flow discourse", which connects all these different streams by its common nature of mobility: the rhythm of the assembly line, the flow of the financial capital from the north, of the migrants from the south, of the streaming of female desire as it is articulated in the love songs heard in the morning bus rides, and at least of the production of the female bodies. Everything is the effect of these conditions. But "Performing the Border" is more than a visual criticism of pancapitalism. It is also an attempt in a discursive way to show or rather establish what the possibilities are for individual female lives in this cyborg world of labour.

### The Body as Battlefield

More than 20 years ago the first of the US-high-tech corporations settled in this region. On the screen is written: "The maquiladora is a laboratory of deregulation", and the voiceover comments: "Within short, a new technological culture of repetition, registration and controlling was introduced in the desert city". Control is an important issue in the video in terms of

2. In 1988, Biemann already researched the conditions under which women work at the low end of high technology in Mexico for her "border project" installation where she related the effects to the new international labor division.

the regulation and use of female bodies in the production process, in the sex industry, and as victims of murder. However Ursula Biemann does not show the actual technologies of repression nor does she even try to be authentic and convey the intimacy of these women's lives, she lets her interview partners narrate some of their concerns about their individual ways of existence and provides by these means a certain kind of distance and reflection. The productive force of control is expressed by the mention of the regulation of their labor and leisure rhythms, and by creating parallels between these women's lives and the increasing militarisation and medialisation in which the geographical border itself is re-marked again and again. This equation happens from the very beginning of the tape. While we hear Jottars sentences about the materialisation and naturalisation of the actual US border politics, we see an infrared image of the border and a man on observation duty controlling by surveillance through his binoculars: "In a way the border is always represented as this wound that has to be healed, that has to be closed, that has to be protected from contamination and from disease. [...] It's like a



Performing the Border, 1999, video

surgical place". Jottar's words regarding geographical landmarks remind us of the discourses of the body, of the idea of the body as a battlefield, of open and closed bodies, and of the female body which is traditionally represented as a wound.

"Gender Matters to Capital" says a running text in the video. Biemann reveals life on the border as a set of total sexualisations. Here, the woman is permanently reinstalled as mute working and sex object, although there are striking shifts in traditional patriarchal patterns (women are now the consumers who the local entertainment industry aims at, and women are the main earners in their families). However, beauty competitions organised by maquiladoras and advertisements of international corporations in which pretty young girls are explicitly

looked for, help to renew patriarchal structures under the sign of global capitalism. In "Performing the Border" none of the many girls filmed talks about her situation. It is only the older women, the journalists, the members of women's organisations, the activists, the mothers of the missing girls or the fired trade unionist who dare to talk into the camera: "The maquiladora is a strategic point in the national economy of the Mexican state".

An older interviewed woman who some time ago had to prostitute herself to support the family of her ill brother and who in the meantime is involved in AIDS-prevention, calls the actual closed border "the war". This "war" dried off the money flowing from the north and cancelled the basis of existence for older women like her. She shows her baby and narrates how she got it: It is a "present" from a young prostitute who is HIV-positive and a heroin addict. Nothing is natural in Ciudad Juarez, everything is under the dictates of the pancapitalistic machine. It is what Jottar said in the beginning: "So you need the crossing of bodies to produce the discursive space of the nation state and also to produce a type of real place as a border". And this place is always represented as a dangerous place, which may lead to death, if you do not conform to its prohibitions.

Since 1994 more than 140 women have been killed and buried in the desert. Many girls are missing, many victims remain unidentified. Sometimes they only find parts of clothing, sometimes the clothing has been exchanged among the corpses. The pattern of the murders remains always the same: raped, strangled, stabbed. We learn that the nameless murdered women are catalogued by the kind of wounds which led to their deaths and that the local corporations do not want to be named as their employers. Thus, the dead woman from the south becomes the metaphor of this wound which is always represented as an effect of this war zone. But Biemann goes one step forward and argues that the way of female death is being caused by the rhythm of the machines: "The compulsive, repetitive violence of serial killing does not exist without an extreme entanglement between eroticized violence and mass technologies of registration, identification, reduplication and simulation. [...] Serial killing is a form of public violence proper to a machine culture". A woman who struggles for these murders to be solved and the murderers caught, comments that not all murders are serial killings. Some men take advantage of the dominant serial killing role model and kill the lover who doesn't suit them anymore.

The economic war which dominates this region, is made over the bodies of poor women from the south and can therefore be endlessly naturalised and renewed. The new international labour division is structured as a "technology of gender" (Teresa de Lauretis). It's for the permanent re-construction of gender difference, for the consolidation of power, subjectivity and identity in a scared world of cyborgs. According to Biemann it is only the line of sexual difference which marks the one fundamental difference being recognised in serial killing. "Performing the Border" refers to the opening up and closing of bodies in the endless cycle of actual high-tech-controltechnology, where they are consumed, produced and fixed as female. "We believe technology is good when its shared for the benefit of all", states the journalist Isabel Velazquez. "Everything should be shared, there is a social price that's not being shared and there is a wealth that's not being shared. It's not enough to pay minimum wage."

Yvonne Volkart, May 1999

(This text is written for the feminist art magazine *n.paradoxa*, London, July 1999)



## Roland Boden

Once asked him why he had hung a machete over his door. He replied: "Every day I stand outside the apartment and sharpen it, so that my neighbour can see it. I meant it for his neck!"

Everywhere the transition to the information society, the dissolving of traditional values and the atomisation of political forms are causing pressure which forces changes. With ever-increasing prosperity the level of social mobility is falling. The citizen is anxious and tries to fortify his home. With walls, fences and drawbridges, black sheriffs and barbed wire, regulations which are exclusive and areas which are taboo, with general armament and control we try to surround the free area of security.

In the "urban modular shelter units" (UMSU) which I propose in the light of this fact, the need for protection combines with the desire to beautify the quotidian. Their numerous variants and types satisfy individual requirements in that, in them, the tendency to design combines in the most felicitous way with the desire for security. And who would want to die in a repulsive place?

*Roland Boden*  
born 1962, lives in Dresden

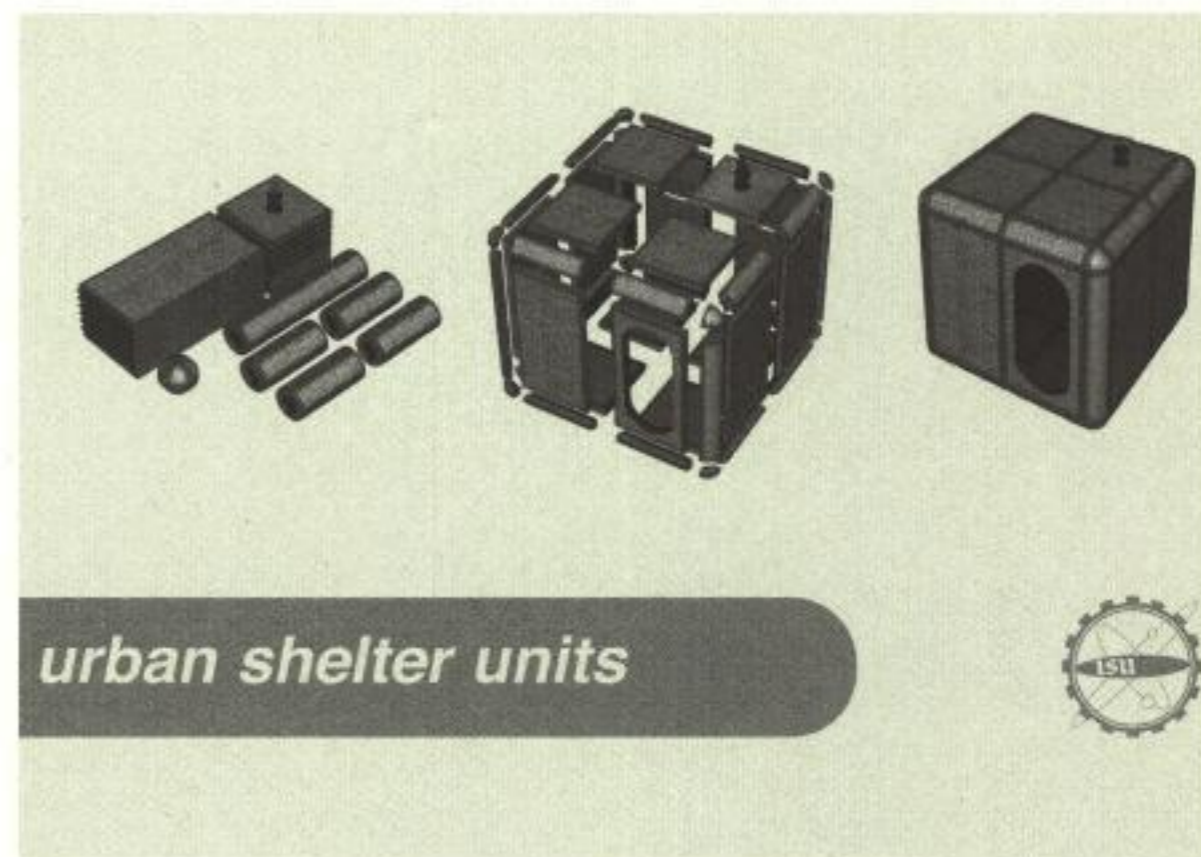


Urban Modern Shelter Units (UMSU), 2000

In the metropolises we are seeing a molecular civil war, voided of every reason. Wars between gangs in North American ghettos can no longer be understood using the classic formulae of class struggles. Opposition between blacks and whites is no longer a sufficient explanatory model either. The victims of attacks, robberies and murders are for the most part the blacks themselves. The target of the Los Angeles riots were not the villas in the wealthy section of the city; for the most part the rioters burnt down the institutions of their own com-

munity, including the oldest still-functioning American library, which was owned by blacks, and the office of the most militant local politician in the district. In the clashes between gangs, the defeated fired in all directions at the defeated.

*Hans Magnus Enzensberger*  
From: *Aussichten Auf Den Bürgerkrieg*



Urban Modern Shelter Units (UMSU)

**W**hat we are seeing, is eliminated from the competition, this is shown by the dialectic of arms and armour; everything visible can immediately be written off ...  
... it is a matter of... the aesthetic of disappearing, not disappearance in some refuge but disappearing while moving, of the aesthetic which, then, with ever greater speeds is constantly perfecting modern war...

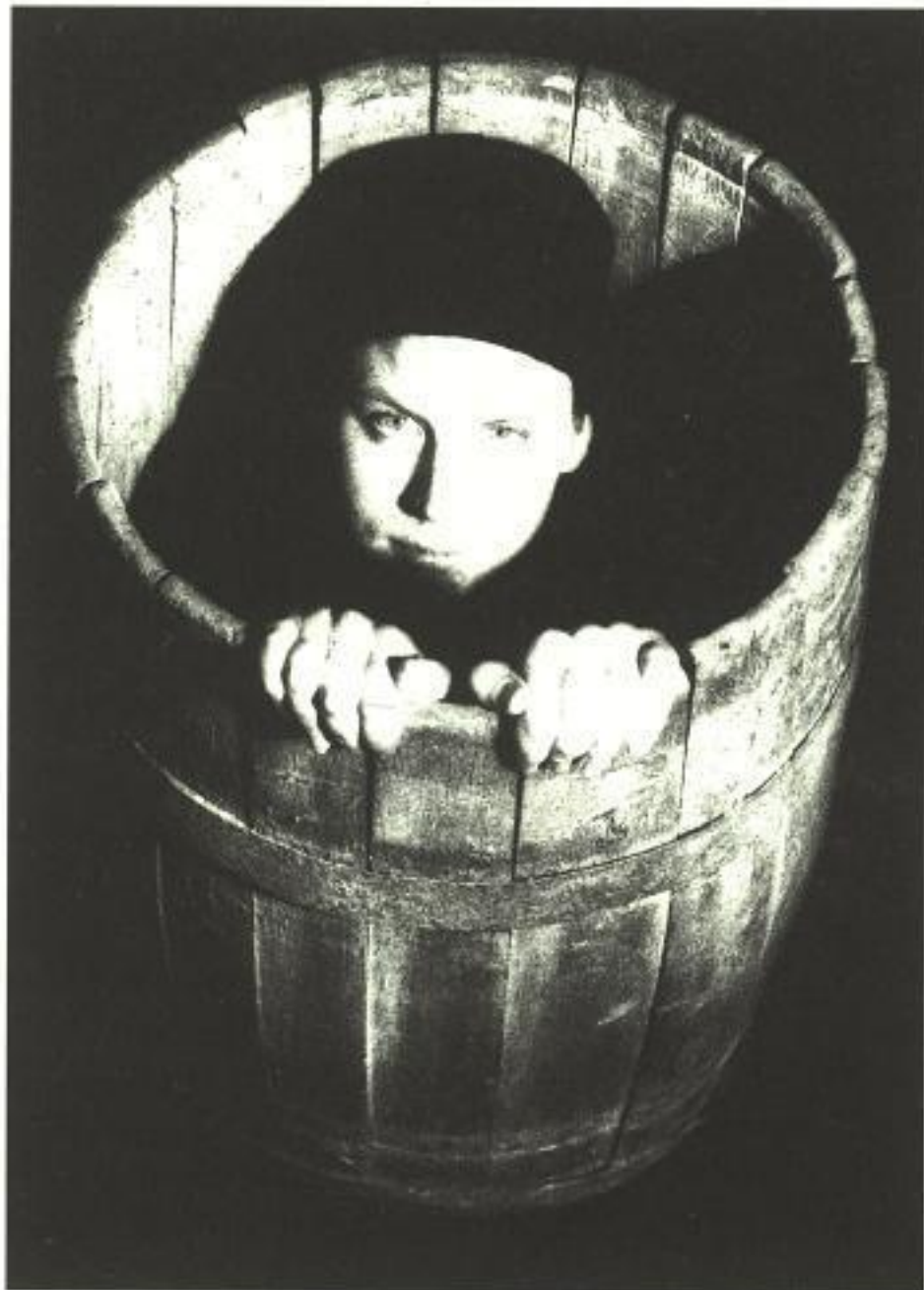
... making up is first the prelude to killing, and only then the prelude to love, the seduction of the transvestite warrior is, like seduction in all animal species, typical of the male sex, homosexuality is the origin of the beautiful, of the beautiful which is merely the first stage of the torture which is inflicted on the body and which via cuts, stabs, scars, leads to mutilation and death. The beautiful is perhaps merely the first uniform...

*Paul Virilio*  
From: *L'horizon négatif*

## Agnese Bule

**V**ideo film "DISCOVER LATVIA" tends to reflect the current situation by giving its point of view about the human condition in contemporary Latvia and the post-communistic Eastern Europe. It speaks about the possible relations between the person and the space putting the problem of a *limited space reality* in the foreground. Although the national aspect in the film seems to be emphasised, nevertheless the depicted context goes further than the borders of one country or nation.

Using the system of images and symbols familiar to the European mentality, the myth on the origin of the Latvian nation is developed in the project. The used symbols and images go far into the Indo-European mythology. For instance, *the tree of the world, creation of man, barrel, flag and river*. The reality of ancient myths is linked to nowadays myths that exist in the present Latvian public opinion.



Discover Latvia, 1999, video film

The plot line of the film is formed by a myth recreated by the author on the origin of the Latvian nation, its history and the present life. The myth starts with pre-historic scenes of the Latvian nation and leads the spectator towards the present times in Latvia. The apparent documentary basis of the film is a manuscript found on May 16, 1995 in the "Lačkapostu" house basement bearing a drawing by an artist, possibly the author of the manuscript. The visualisation of the manuscript text (as animated film) takes us to the Baltic Sea coasts and the river Daugava shores back to the beginning of the 12<sup>th</sup> century.

Further, the action continues in nowadays Latvia. Symbolically we go through recent and important historical events connected with re-gaining of the Latvian independence and the film reflects the situation after almost 10 years of independence.

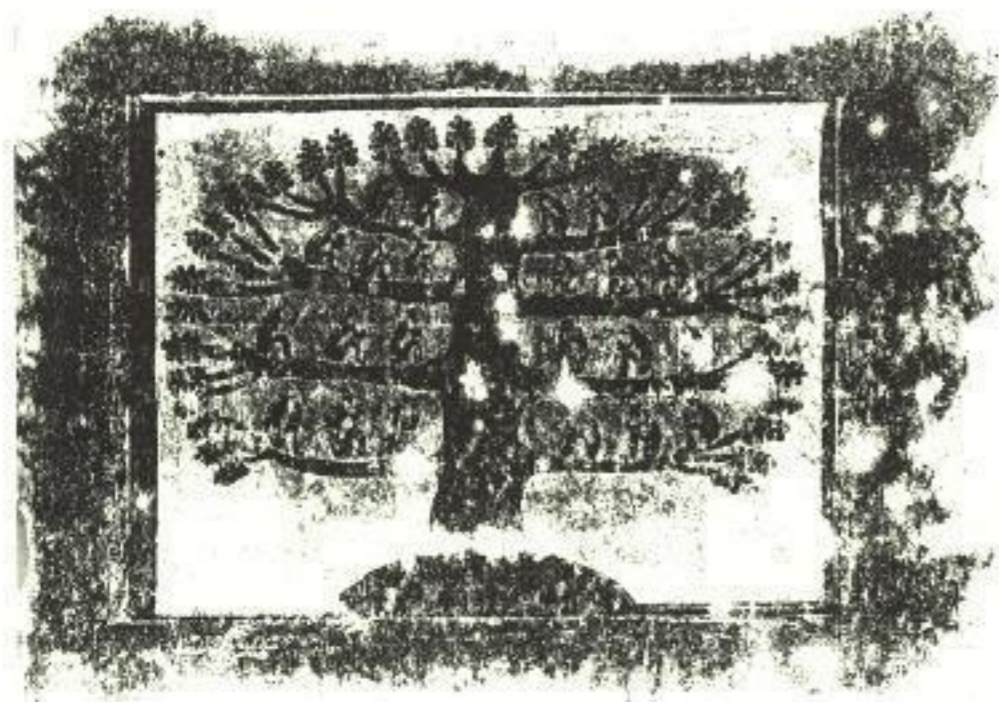
Agnese Bule  
born 1972, lives in Riga



12<sup>th</sup> century document/manuscript (in Latin), was found on the basement of "Lačkapostu" house on the May 16, 1995. Exactly the same text (only translated in English) is used in the film.

**O**n May 16, 1995 in the basement of "Lačkapostu" house in Virsu County a document that later become irreplaceable for entire Latvian nation was found. It was a drawing made by an anonymous artist together with a detailed description of a traveller's experience on the coast of the Baltic Sea. As it later became known it was a find from the beginning of the 12<sup>th</sup> century. Thanks to a careful restoration the image became visible and the unanswered question about Latvians origins was solved at last. Without a doubt the newly discovered drawing depicted Latvians exactly as they looked many centuries ago. Therefore, the hypothesis from the late 15<sup>th</sup> century which assumed that "Latvians are people who sit in trees, eating mushrooms and covering themselves with their ears", has received positive affirmation. The written part of the document, as an additional affirmation, gives us the same information.

"A brisk wind was carrying my ship when I decided to change course and steer the ship toward the mouth of an unknown river. Barely had she begun to break the waves of this strange river when magnificent, white sand dunes appeared. A few clouds flitted across the unvaried azure of the sky. I had not been traveling long, when I noticed some bizarre looking trees along the bank. Believe it or not, *but there were people sitting in the trees*. I was full of excitement! Right before my eyes I witnessed the development of a nation. "What a powerful, great and white nation", - I thought to myself. People sat in trees with



12<sup>th</sup> century drawing of anonymous artist, was found on the basement of "Lačkapostu" house on the May 16, 1995

such an extraordinary grace and dignity, as if they had done so for centuries. As I sailed on, something unbelievable happened, as one after the other people who had just been sitting in the trees fell into wooden barrels. It happened over and over again, so I had to believe it to be happening. I continued on my way completely flabbergasted. Then the ship entered deep forest territory. Trees, trees and more trees! It seemed that no one had ever set foot on that ground before. But evening was approaching and any hope to discover more was lost. I turned my ship around and left the mysterious river behind me. On the way back, besides myself, were many more travellers on the river. It seemed that they were from the very same nation I had seen earlier sitting in the trees, except that now they had changed their appearance."

## Phil Collins

### How To Make A Refugee

In May 1999 I travelled to Skopje, Macedonia to visit the refugee camps at Stankovec and Czegrane. Whilst I was there I was intrigued by the inconsistencies between the representations of the refugees in Western media (which fulfilled the dictates of various news, charitable and political agendas) and the paradoxes of life in the camps.

In many instances the camps were full of circumstances perhaps unacceptable or inappropriate to western interests. In Stankovec I visited an obstetrician, went to an Albanian party, attended an Israeli-run children's disco. In Czegrane, an open camp where the arbitrary placement of 78,000 displaced people had created a boom-town I went to bars and restaurants which were packed all day, ad hoc barber shops on roadsides, a dodgem ride which arrived annually, but this year, due to good business had never left, where people fell in love, and argued, and did all those things you do on a Saturday night.



Belfast, 2000



You're Not the Man You Never Were, Belfast, 2000

The second issue which intrigued me was the complicity involved in making images of refugees. In the camps, people would stop you and ask you to take their picture. They would pose in elegant and gracious, performative tableaux, and then demand a photo. And rightly so. When I videoed photographers taking portraits in domestic spaces there's a complex ugliness about the way we operate. We seem so much more intrusive, so much more dumb, or collusive in the way we organise the image of the subject for Western political and aesthetic consumption.

And the work, in many ways eschews the smugness and bravado of reportage, it reveals in some ways, not difference but similarity, the boredom of the camps over the excitement, an easiness and responsiveness from the subject rather than danger or difficulty, and the shame and embarrassment of eliciting pictures which the press and visual media continually reproduce. And it is here that the viewer finds themselves implicated, in the messiness, the complex emotional responses of the subjects, as a complicit witness of the action we consume, and also, in a more general sense, in the tacit shame of our roles as ineffectual political bystanders.

*Phil Collins*  
born 1970, lives in Belfast

**A**ntithesis. – He who stands aloof runs the risk of believing himself better than others and misusing his critique of society as an ideology for his private interest. While he gropingly forms his own life in the frail image of a true existence, he should never forget its frailty, nor how little the image is a substitute for true life. Against such awareness, however, pulls the momentum of the bourgeois within him. The detached observer is as much entangled as the active participant; the only advantage of the former is insight into his entanglement, and the infinitesimal freedom that lies in knowledge as such. His own distance from business at large is a luxury which only that business confers. This is why the very movement of withdrawal bears features of what it negates. It is forced to develop a coldness indistinguishable from that of the bourgeois. Even where it protests, the monadological principle conceals the dominant universal. Proust's observation that in photographs, the grandfather of a duke or of a middle-class Jew are so alike that we forget their difference of social rank, has a much wider application: the unity of an epoch objectively abolishes all the



Belgrade, 2000

distinctions that constitute the happiness, even the moral substance, of individual existence. We record the decline of education, and yet our prose, measured against that of Jacob Grimm or Bachofen, has in common with culture industry cadences unsuspected by us. Nor do we any longer have the same command of Latin and Greek as Wolf or Kirchoff. We point at the decline of civilisation into illiteracy, and ourselves forget the art of letter-writing, or of reading a text from Jean Paul as it must have been read in his time. We shudder at the brutalization of life, but lacking any objectively binding morality we are forced at every step into actions and words, into calculations that are by humane standards barbaric, and even by the

dubious values of good society, tactless. With the dissolution of liberalism, the truly bourgeois principle, that of competition, far from being overcome, has passed from the objectivity of the social process into the composition of its colliding and jostling atoms, and therewith as if into anthropology. The subjugation of life to the process of production imposes as a humiliation on everyone something of the isolation and solitude that we are tempted to regard as resulting from our own superior choice. It is as old a component of bourgeois ideology that each individual, in his particular interest, considers himself better than all others, as that he values the others, as the community of all customers, more highly than himself. Since the demise of the old bourgeois class, both ideas have led an after-life in the minds of intellectuals, who are at once the last enemies of the bourgeois and the last bourgeois. In still permitting themselves to think at all in face of the naked reproduction of existence, they act as a privileged group; in letting matters rest there, they declare the nullity of their privilege. Private existence, in striving to resemble one worthy of man, betrays the latter, since



How to Make a Refugee (detail), Skopje, 1999

any resemblance is withdrawn from general realisation, which yet more than ever before has need of independent thought. There is no way out of entanglement. The only responsible course is to deny oneself the ideological misuse of one's own existence, and for the rest to conduct oneself in private as modestly, unobtrusively and unpretentiously as is required, no longer by good upbringing, but by the shame of still having air to breathe, in hell.

T.W. Adorno

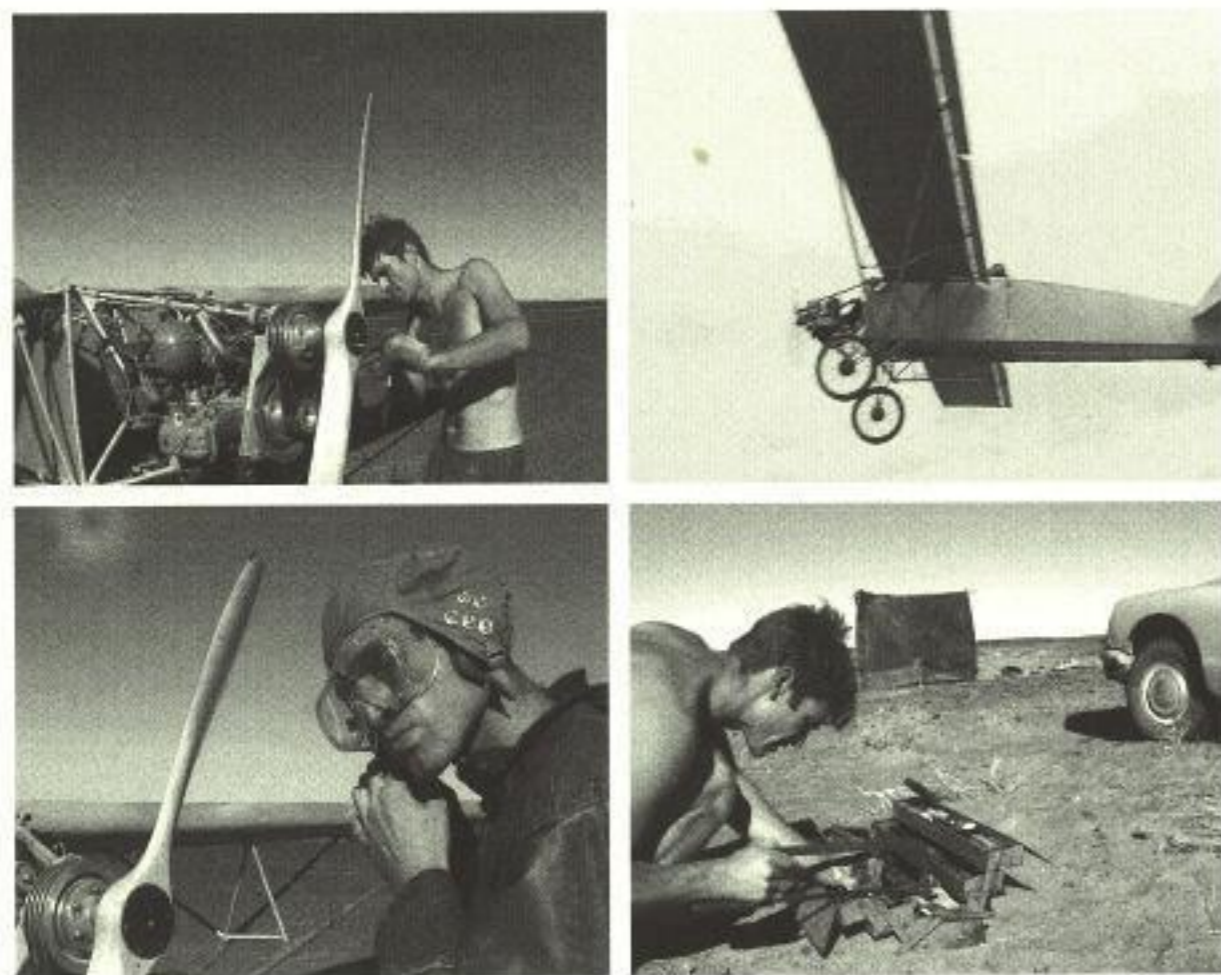
From: *Minima Moralia. Reflections from Damaged Life* (Verso Editions, 1978)

## Joost Conijn

Ever since I was a kid I've never let an opportunity to travel slip by. What fascinated me was the means of transportation and the situations that travelling put me in. When I was twenty I cycled to India, and two years ago I got my pilot's license in the Czech Republic.

And that's where my work begins: with the uncontrollable urge to travel. I make concrete objects, mostly from metal, mostly functional. I use iron, motors and wheels literally as extensions of my body, and I use video as the narrative extension of my view (see the video entitled *Auto Op Dak (Car on the Roof)*, a video of a moving car in which the body of the driver forms the car body and axis between the front and the rear wheels.

Where does the human stop and the machine begin?



Airplane, 2000, video film

My work refers to the man/machine interface and the relationship between society and art. My work deals with going beyond physical limits and cultural presumptions. Experiment and risk and the realisation of impossible plans (or plans that others often think are impossible), that's what interests me.

My plans are always brief and to the point, formulated in a few words. Realizing means

months of work as well as a long series of deductions, interspersed with events, places and encounters along the way. My experience is that my work approach – my point of view of making a film – imposes itself on me. As I make use of things and opportunities that come my way, and as I deal with situations open-mindedly, the work process and the final work reveal themselves without any complications.

### The Airplane

This year I built an airplane in De Fabriek in Eindhoven. By the beginning of July the plane was finished, the construction was ready. The plane was exhibited on the roof of De Fabriek.

The opening on 10 July 1999 attracted a large public. The plane isn't just for display; it can really fly, too. I hope to make the first flight at the end of 1999 in the Moroccan desert. The desert is a place where there is nothing: no houses, no rules. The breadth of this landscape, endless space and sheer boundlessness are what made me decide this location. The Sahara is the nearest place for testing the airplane undisturbed.

### Film

Just as *C'est une Hek* is a film which can't exist without the construction and transportation of the fence and the grand finale, is the facing of the fence (the "hek") in the desert, so the airplane project stands or falls with the move to a temporal medium. The film (shot and to be presented on video) deals with every aspect of making the plan and the plane real. The video will focus on the whole process: the construction, the installation of the airplane on the roof of De Fabriek, the testing of functions and operation (in a large hangar on the ADM grounds), the departure for the Sahara, the actual flying. The film opens with the building of the plane using a car engine, a bicycle steering system, inner tube suspension elements, motorcycle wheels and a wheelbarrow. One of the following scenes shows the exhibition of the plane on the roof of De Fabriek and the public's enthusiastic reactions. The lion's share of the film will take place during the journey to Morocco and the first attempts at flying. The film will contain many unforeseen events, as each step gives rise to new ones going in different directions (running through and beyond Western art and society). For the airplane gets its power partly from the stretching of existence, be it by means of an art object, a functional object, an object of gaze.

Joost Conijn  
born 1971, lives in Tilburg

## Josef Dabernig

### Wisla

A 1996, 16 mm to Video, b/w, 8 min  
 Director & Script: Josef Dabernig  
 Cinematography: Thomas Baumann  
 Editing: Josef Dabernig, Martin Kaltner  
 Cast: Josef Dabernig, Martin Kaltner, Emil Brix, Jerzy Fedorowicz,  
 Ludwik Mięta-Mikolajewicz, Rembert Schleicher  
 Production: Josef Dabernig  
 Distribution & Sales: Sixpack Film, Vienna

**T**he two performers follow the fictional progress of an 'important' game as though they were football managers. In the empty stadium – the camera is pointed exclusively at them – they gesticulate with the significant gestures of two participants in a conflict.



Wisla, 1996, 16 mm b/w film

Juxtaposed against the empty Wisla Stadium in Krakow as the bare visual backdrop, are sound recordings from two Italian Serie A football matches at the Friuli Stadium in Udine. From this derives a complex principle of duality which permeates various levels: from the contrasts in the studies of the characters of the two actors to the dialectic of the apathetic scene and its aggressive/dynamic aural pendant, from the gaping emptiness of the stadium as an obsolete document of socialism to acoustic mass psychosis in the form of subtly ironic 'proletarian' sonorosity.

The unostentatious gestures of the two actors, which are nevertheless distinct in their expressiveness, are the catalyst for the incidental patterns which are given meaning by the incidental framework of the football match. As such they become a metaphor of social activity, an ambivalent expression of power and impotence.

### Scenario

A static camera fixes the upper edge of the stand with the architectural landscape in the background of the stadium. At the same time we follow the sounds coming from its interior. The commentator reads out the names of the players, the camera moves horizontally over the roof of the stand – cut – a moving camera deep in the tunnel through which the players enter the stadium catches the two managers diagonally from in front, a muffled noise comes from outside – cut – the noise in the stadium. The static camera zooms horizontally into the tunnel, in the foreground it captures the two managers and moves with them to the right, to the managers' bench. The managers sit down – cut – the static camera frontally in front of the bench: one of the managers checks his watch, but otherwise does not react, a look back to the main stand. The physiotherapist takes off his sunglasses, breathes on the lenses, checks that they are clean, and puts them back on again. The aural background is less and less intense – cut – a handheld camera catches the two heads



Wisla, 1996, 16 mm b/w film

which then move in sync with the "progress of the game" – cut – now the static camera frames the managers, who are following "events" with concentration, from in front and from the right – cut – the physiotherapist lights a cigarette, the other actor suddenly gets up from the bench, takes a few steps forward, concentrates and now follows the game standing up. The physiotherapist, who watches the manager's action with indifference, carries on smoking – cut – from close-up on the manager's right the static camera again zooms on the background of the manager's bench, the manager sits down, both of them lean back and fold their arms, the referee's whistle signals the end of the game, whistling in the stadium – cut – the static camera from in front: the two stand up and amidst whistling and noise set off towards the tunnel – cut – then the static camera: a long pan

from the clock in the stadium horizontally towards the left over the main stand with its background, a slow panning shot. The commentator gives the result - cut - from in front the static camera points at the VIPs' stand: three people in faultless suits, sitting in a row. The camera zooms on them, the manager and physiotherapist arrive and cross the stand, shaking hands with the guests, a close zoom on the group, whistling - the end.

Josef Dabernig  
born 1956, lives in Vienna



FIGC Lega Nazionale - UDINESE-VERONA - 29/10/89 Curva Sud - REX Elettrodomestici/Casse Risparmio Udine Pordenone  
 FIGC Lega Nazionale - ROMA-MILAN - 03/01/93 Curva Nord - Barilla, la pasta sempre al dente/BANCA DI ROMA GRUPPO CASSA DI RISPARMIO DI ROMA La tua amica banca  
 FIGC Lega Nazionale - UDINESE-PARMA - 07/02/93 Curva Nord - fonte Gaudianello  
 FIGC Lega Nazionale - UDINESE-JUVENTUS - 04/04/93 Curva Sud - fonte Gaudianello  
 FIGC Lega Nazionale - UDINESE-ANCONA - 30/05/93 Curva Nord - fonte Gaudianello  
 FIGC Lega Nazionale - UDINESE-INTERNAZIONALE - 24/10/93 Curva Nord - Victors  
 FIGC Lega Nazionale - UDINESE-PIACENZA - 27/03/94 Curva Sud - Victors  
 Klub Sportowy „HUTNIK” Krakow - BILET WSTĘPU Seria AB 0200514, 70.000,- zł., Sektor...miejsce...cena...

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 WISLA KRAKOW-SIARKA TARNOBREZEG 0:0  
 Widzów: 2 tys. Wisła: Sarnat - Matyja, Siszka, Włodarz - Górszów, Krupa (76. Stoch 2), Kozak, Lament (59. Marzec), Kulawik - Szeliga, Kupidura. Siarka: Pawlak - Adamus 2 CZ, Zuchnik, Milczok - Stefanik 2, Berensztajn, Żabek 2, Kukielka (46. Kopec), Wojtowicz - Zagorski, Biślek. Przewaga krakowian była ogromna. Gospodarzom kilka razy zabrakło szczęścia. W poprzeczce strzelali Krupa i Marzec. Już w 3. min Szeliga po kiksie Kukielki przegrał pojedynek sam na sam z bramkarzem gości. Siarka miała tylko dwie dobre okazje bramkowe - Zagorski i Biślek strzelali niecelnie. W 58. min Adamus złapał rekami Szeligę, za co zobaczył czerwoną kartkę. Od tego momentu Wisła nie schodziła z polowy przeciwnika. Strzały były niecelne, a dosrodkowania wylapywał Pawlak. Wisła nie wygrała meczu i jest coraz bliżej spadku. W zespole jest trzech starszych zawodników. Reszta to młodzież zebrana w ligach regionalnych. Pewien Austriak oglądając ten słaby mecz spytał, czy Polska liga jest profesjonalna. Jacek PRZYBYŁO, Krakow  
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**SONY**  
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 Krakow, Karmelicka 62, Tel. 33 40 06, Fax: 34 26 76

16.04.1994 godz. 17<sup>00</sup> nr. biletu 1914  
 sobota cena: 50.000 zł

WISLA KRAKOW - SIARKA TARNOBREZEG  
 BILET WSTĘPU NA MECZ PIŁKI NOŻNEJ  
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 FIGC Lega Nazionale - UDINESE-VERONA - 30/10/94 Laterali Nord, Settore A - Albatros, Idromassaggi speciali/hummel  
 FIGC Lega Nazionale - UDINESE-CAGLIARI - 27/08/95 Curva Sud - Albatros, Idromassaggi speciali/hummel/SIDE La forza di una grande organizzazione/sanRemo MODA UOMO - Entra in squadra e veste L'UDINESE CALCIO  
 FIGC Lega Nazionale - UDINESE-FIORENTINA - 14/04/96 Laterali Nord, Settore Z - Albatros, Idromassaggi speciali/hummel/SIDE La forza di una grande organizzazione/sanRemo MODA UOMO - Entra in squadra e veste L'UDINESE CALCIO/ING SVILUPPO  
 FIGC Lega Nazionale - UDINESE-PIACENZA - 05/05/96 Tribuna Nord, Settore V - Albatros, Idromassaggi speciali/hummel/SIDE La forza di una grande organizzazione/sanRemo MODA UOMO - Entra in squadra e veste L'UDINESE CALCIO/ING SVILUPPO  
 UDINESE: 1 Battistini - 2 Helveg, 5 Calori, 24 Bia, 13 Bertotto - 27 Shalinov, 4 Rossitto, 14 Desideri, 10 Stroppa - 20 Bierhoff, 11 Poggi. A disposizione: 22 Testaferatta, 26 Matrecano, 16 Giannichedda, 18 Mauro, 21 Marino. Allenatore: Zaccheroni. PIACENZA: 1 Taibi - 6 Lucci - 2 Polonia, 14 Conte, 5 Rossini, - 13 Di Francesco, 8 Corini, 9 Carbone - 7 Turrini, 15 Caccia, 11 Piovani. A disposizione: 12 Simoni, 4 Maccoppi, 3 Brioschi, 10 Moretti, 16 Cappellini. Allenatore: Cagni.  
 Saison 96/97 DIE BUNDESLIGA - Hertha BSC-Rot/Weiß Essen - Kurven - RTL TELEVISION/INRE BERLINER OPEL HÄNDLER/VELTINS/DSF, Mittendrin statt nur dabei/Bitburger  
 Klub Sportowy „HUTNIK” Krakow-BELCHATOW - BILET WSTĘPU Seria AB 0191347, 10,00 zł., Sektor...miejsce...cena...  
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 FIGC Lega Nazionale - UDINESE-MILAN - 1997/98 Curva Sud - Areyu International Service s.r.l./hummel/magazzini nico/arredamenti tellini/Vivi la notte - Lady D./Torrefazione DEMARCAFFÈ s.r.l. Eccelsa CAFFÈ  
 FIGC Lega Nazionale - UDINESE-TORINO - Curva Sud Ospiti - Telit Sponsor Ufficiale/DIADORA Sponsor Tecnico/TIM/Latterie Friulane/HIT Casinos/magazzini nico

## Colin Darke

**S**ince 1990 my work has aimed to explore the levels of autonomy available to the artist, in face of the determination of the art market and gallery system.

Work has mostly taken the form of Marxist texts or images of subversion applied directly to gallery walls. These revolutionary "attacks" on the gallery have, of course, been washed away and painted over at the end of the exhibitions' run, and so were made in the expectation of their "defeat".

The works came from consideration of Marx's ideas of "base and superstructure". The first large-scale text piece (Orchard Gallery, 1995) consisted of Marx's *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*, which contains an outline of this theory, including the words: "... it is always necessary to distinguish between the material transformation of the economic conditions of production ... and the legal, political, religious, artistic or philosophic - in



Free Derry Transformation, 1994

short, ideological forms in which men become conscious of this conflict and fight it out".

When images have been used, as in this piece for Manifesta 3, they are squeezed or stretched to fit the wall space made available to me. My original concept is adjusted to suit the demands of the gallery. This is a self-conscious manifestation of the "conflict" which Marx refers to.

I am using both image and text: a charcoal drawing of Charles Landelle's 1848-9 painting *The Republic*, distorted in the manner described, and *Class & Art*, a lecture delivered by Leon Trotsky in pre-Stalinist Soviet Russia.

The choice of these two elements alludes to Marx's base and superstructure theory. Landelle's painting was made during the wave of European bourgeois revolutions in the period 1848-50 and raises questions around the relationship between economic / political activity and art. The text does the same in terms of socialist revolution. Trotsky asserts that an autonomous working-class art is impossible before, during, and even after, socialist revolution and that a new art can only take form after the total transformation of society.

1848 illustrated, on one hand, the international nature of revolutionary activity, where heightened consciousness spread through Europe, blurring the conception of the national border. It resulted, paradoxically, with an increase in nationalism and it was in this year that the notion of an independent Slovenia was first mooted.

This history "repeated itself" in the years 1989-91, when political change again travelled through Europe, and the tyranny of Stalinism was finally swept away. National borders were redrawn and Slovenia emerged from its long gestation.

The inclusion of Trotsky in this work aims to relate this history to socialist revolution - he stressed, in his theory of permanent revolution, its necessary internationalism.

150, 60 and 10 years on, the increasing globalisation of capital, and knowledge, ensures the continued political and cultural significance of this ever-changing question.

Colin Darke  
born 1957, lives in Derry

**T**he personal dreams of a few enthusiasts today for making life more dramatic and for educating man himself rhythmically, find a proper and real place in this outlook. Having rationalised his economic system, that is, having saturated it with consciousness and planfulness, man will not leave a trace of the present stagnant and worm-eaten domestic life. The care for food and education, which lies like a millstone on the present-day family, will be removed, and will become the subject of social initiative and of an endless collective creativeness. Woman will at last free herself from her semi-servile condition. Side by side with technique, education, in the broad sense of the psycho-physical moulding of new generations, will take its place as the crown of social thinking. Powerful 'parties' will form themselves around pedagogical systems. Experiments in social education and an emulation of different methods will take place to a degree which has not been dreamed of before. Communist<sup>1</sup> life will not be formed blindly, like coral islands, but will be built consciously, will be tested by thought, will be directed and corrected. Life will cease to be elemental, and for this reason stagnant. Man, who will learn how to move rivers and mountains, how to build peoples' palaces on the peaks of Mont Blanc and at the bottom of the Atlantic, will not only be able to add to his own life richness, brilliancy and intensity, but also a dynamic quality of the highest degree. The shell of life will hardly have time to form before it will burst open

1. Trotsky is using the word "Communist" in the true Marxist sense - the classless society which results from the socialist transformation of society. This is the obverse of the now common sense of the word, which describes the tyranny of Stalinism, of which Trotsky himself was a victim. (CD)



again under the pressure of new technical and cultural inventions and achievements. Life in the future will not be monotonous.

More than that. Man at last will begin to harmonise himself in earnest. He will make it his business to achieve beauty by giving the movement of his own limbs the utmost precision, purposefulness and economy in his work, his walk and his play. He will try to master first the semi-conscious and then the subconscious processes in his own organism, such as breathing, the circulation of blood, digestion, reproduction, and, within certain limits, he will try to subordinate them to the control of reason and will. Even purely physiological life will become subject to collective experiments. The human species, the coagulated homo sapiens, will



A Sharp Slap to the Back of the Head, 1998

once more enter into a state of radical transformation, and, in his own hands, will become an object of the most complicated methods of artificial selection and psycho-physical training. This is entirely in accord with evolution. Man first drove the dark elements out of industry and ideology, by displacing barbarian routine by scientific technique and religion by science. Afterwards he drove the unconscious out of politics, by overthrowing monarchy and class with democracy and rationalist parliamentarism and then with the clear and open Soviet dictatorship. The blind elements have settled most heavily in economic relations, but man is driving them out from there also, by means of the Socialist organisation of economic life. This makes it possible to reconstruct fundamentally the traditional family life. Finally, the nature of man himself is hidden in the deepest and darkest corner of the unconscious, of the elemental, of the sub-soil. Is it not self-evident that the greatest efforts of investigative thought and of creative initiative will be in that direction? The human race will not have ceased to crawl on all fours before God, kings and capital, in order later to submit humbly before the dark laws of heredity and a blind sexual selection! Emancipated man will want to attain a greater equilibrium in the work of his organs and a more proportional developing and wearing out of his tissues, in order to reduce the fear of death to a rational reaction of the organism towards danger. There can be no doubt that man's extreme anatomical and physiological disharmony, that is, the extreme disproportion in the growth and wearing out of organs and tissues, give the life instinct the form of a pinched, morbid and hysterical fear of death, which darkens reason and which feeds the stupid and humiliating fantasies about life after death.

Man will make it his purpose to master his own feelings, to raise his instincts to the heights of consciousness, to make them transparent, to extend the wires of his will into hidden recesses, and thereby to raise himself to a new plane, to create a higher social biological type, or, if you please, a superman.

It is difficult to predict the extent of self-government which the man of the future may reach or the heights to which he may carry his technique. Social construction and psycho-physical self-education will become two aspects of one and the same process. All the arts – literature, drama, painting, music and architecture – will lend this process a beautiful form. More correctly, the shell in which the cultural construction and self-education of Communist man will be enclosed will develop all the vital elements of contemporary art to the highest point. Man will become immeasurably stronger, wiser and subtler; his body will become more harmonised, his movements more rhythmic, his voice more musical. The forms of life will become dynamically dramatic. The average human type will rise to the heights of an Aristotle, a Goethe, or a Marx. And above this ridge new peaks will rise.

Leon Trotsky

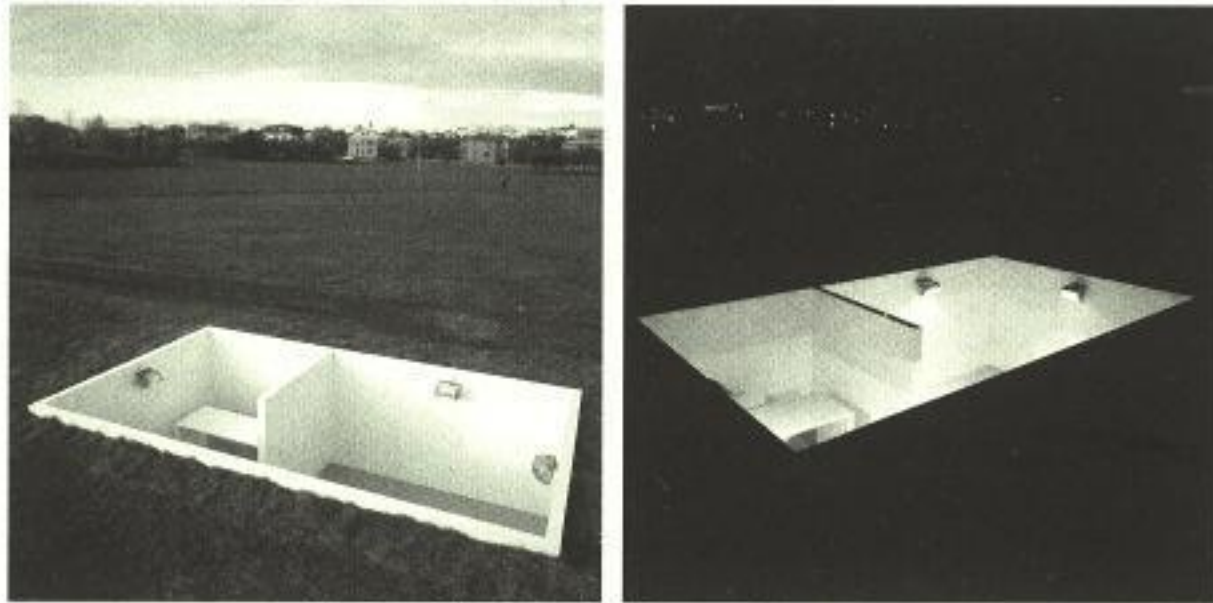
From: *Literature and Revolution* (1925)

## Michael Elmgreen & Ingar Dragset

### Powerless Structures, FIG. 88

In Ljubljana one will find a number of intriguing public art institutions such as Moderna Galerija, Mala Galerija and Galerija Škuc, however, there are no contemporary, commercial galleries in the city.

The architectural installation *Powerless Structures, Fig. 88* by Elmgreen & Dragset, investigates how particular identity of a space can be constituted with the use of only a few elements. A small, private gallery – shaped like a 36 square metre cube – will be placed in the middle of the large, public exhibition hall of Manifesta 3. This interjected gallery will put a series of solo shows on display – a program of smaller, intimate shows that contradicts the volume of the hosting group exhibition. The program of the temporary gallery space will be



Dug Down Gallery, *Powerless Structures*, Fig. 45, 1988

organised by two young women from Ljubljana, who will operate as art dealers throughout the duration of the exhibition. One of the gallery walls will be made of glass. The transparency underlines the symbiotic relationship between the activities going on in the two diverging art venues – the public vs. the private one.

*Michael Elmgreen & Ingar Dragset*  
collaborating since 1995, live in Berlin

## An e-mail conversation between the Swedish art critic, Daniel Birnbaum and the Danish/Norwegian artist duo Michael Elmgreen & Ingar Dragset (December 1999/January 2000)

**Daniel Birnbaum:** Please tell me a bit about your project "Zwischen anderen Ereignissen" in Leipzig...

**Michael Elmgreen:** Our show at Galerie für Zeitgenössische Kunst in Leipzig was our first institutional solo exhibition in Germany. During the last couple of years there has been this tendency all over Europe to produce ambitious and spectacular shows. So we started to think about all the activity that lies in between these shows, all the preparations and the labor of installing such giant art events. In the end we decided to focus on that: To use our production budget to employ two craftsmen from the city of Leipzig and let them paint the entire Kunsthalle white – over and over again – throughout the duration of the exhibition, which was approximately seven weeks. An almost endless renovation of the space. We wanted to highlight this important though unnoticed side of the process of exhibiting. The intention was to expand the little "time gap" that is usually only a week or so in between two shows, and turn this gap into the show itself.

**Ingar Dragset:** In previous works we've been dealing with the issue of borderlines in a physical way – works that have been penetrating the architecture which divides the art institution from the surrounding environment. In Leipzig the work was situated in a kind of inter-time-zone... in the break between two other art events. At the same time we tried to make a link between the institution and its surroundings by interfering with the social situation of the city. Leipzig has, as do a lot of other cities in the former eastern part of Germany, an extremely high rate of unemployment.

**DB:** I know that you've done works involving white paint before. What is it that interests you about the color white?

**ME:** White has throughout the history of modern art been considered something neutral, basic and objective. It's the favorite background color for art presentation (the white cube). In our works we often create situations that point out that the color white is as loaded and coded as any other color. In Mexico we painted a white cube gallery white for 12 hours, with 160 liters of white paint, and washed it down again, so that the paint was floating on the floor and trashing the whole gallery, dissolving its structure. In this context the work got some extra political connotations – two white guys messing up a white cube gallery. Suddenly there was nothing pure about that color. In Denmark we did the same, but this time the work was perceived in a completely different way. The strict architecture of the gallery seemed to be turned into a wild winter landscape, with all the paint dripping from the walls and making patterns on the floor. The American art critic, Bill Arning, wrote in a gay porn magazine about this work, that the splashing of white paint reflected ejaculations. For us it's important to deal with this kind of openness of the work... to accept that the perception of our artistic expressions will be different, depending on the context; that the works can be read from different angles. To re-

organize structures and to interrupt what is considered logical is something that is symptomatic of our working method. The color white fits with that, because it has this odd reputation of having an impact of strict logic.

**DB:** Ingar, the temporal inbetween-ness of this piece will not keep it from being quite physical. What kind of work is this, a performance?

**ID:** We don't see a point in making anti-physical works. Binary oppositions are not interesting. It might be wrong to label this work a "performance". We prefer the term "live installation" – as the material has a central position in the visual expression: the human activity and the material together. In an interview with Hans Ulrich Obrist, he said that he considered our sculptural pieces quite performative and that our live acts, on the other hand, were very much based on material. Again a situation of inbetween-ness. In the Leipzig show the aspect of time was just more obvious compared to some of our previous installations.

**DB:** What does the fact that you work together imply for your projects? Are they less subjective?

**ID:** Our collaboration demands an ongoing dialogue. The artistic outcomes are frozen images of these dynamics... of this stream of process... rather than final results. And I don't think you can say that our projects are less subjective because of our collaboration. We don't believe any statement can be really objective. Maybe we have created a kind of collective subjectivity.

**DB:** The personal is the political, it's been said. Since you both live together and work together – often with quite politically charged projects – it would perhaps be of interest to hear how these different levels of 'practice' relate in your work (and lives).

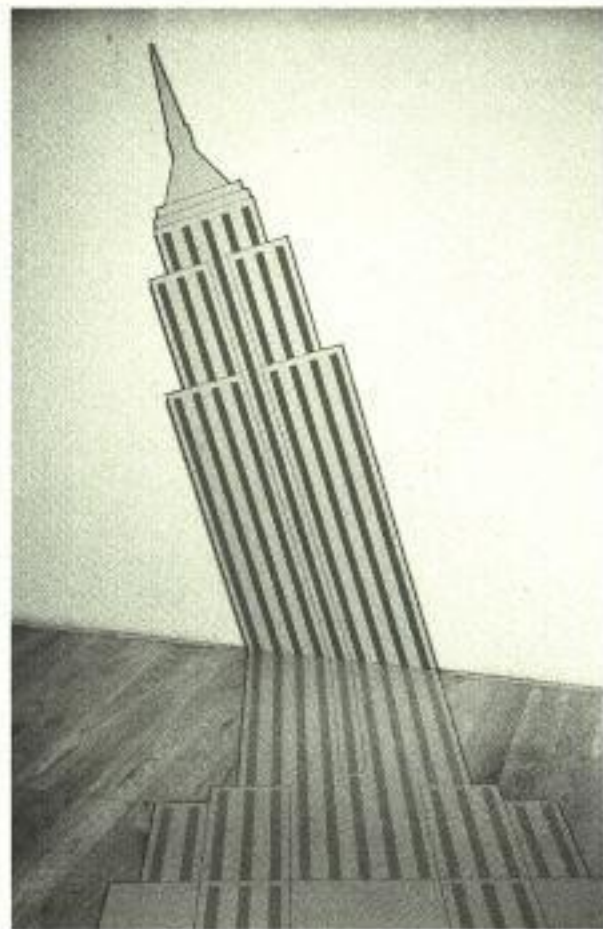
**ID:** We have the great advantage of being able to discuss our projects over breakfast, without the other person being totally bored or annoyed. We don't have to divide our lives into working hours and spare time. As we share most things in our lives, it is possible to transfer our everyday experiences into our more conceptual practice. Things are mixed from our own private sphere with "broader" or more theoretical issues. Being two might give you the possibility of becoming less narrow minded... concerning your self-image and your perception of your own identity.

**DB:** Michael, since you mention the importance of cultural and geographical context for your work, it would be interesting to have a few remarks about how you would prepare yourself for a show in a context like Slovenia.

**ME:** We'll make a project that is very much based on a dialogue with artists and young art dealers living in Ljubljana. A situation of close communication is always of great importance for us – whether it's with other artists, curators, technicians or with other people involved in our projects. It is quite banal, but part of any preparation for going to a new place to show your artwork should be to have an interest in that place. To be willing to learn something new yourself. One shouldn't merely give, but also have the ability to receive something from the context. That is a common problem in so much cultural activity today – everyone wants to express themselves while nobody is listening. I was always very embarrassed about the souvenirs my parents brought home from the places they visited. Today, I see a lot of my colleagues only bringing slides of their own work from the different locations where they exhibited.

## FAT





FAT (Fashion Architecture Taste Ltd.)

based in London; members: Sean Griffiths (born 1966), Charles Holland (born 1969), Sam Jacob (born 1970)

## Urs Fischer

### Notes about "Now"

*Coming across things,  
and the same questions:  
Everything recorded.*

*Failing like metaphors,  
a constantly decaying pile of attempts,  
its atmospheres fading forever,  
slowed by recordings,  
in immense time.*

*I find myself in an endless tradition,  
recording for my ancestors and descendants.  
Being the same as everyone,  
forever,  
since ever:  
dissolved in time.*

*Each moment turns into nothing,  
As if it never happened:  
The first kiss,  
over,  
forever.*

*Everything I do is transforming inheritance,  
transformed by myself.  
Organic transportation mass,  
a frame in an endless film.*

*Looking at my past from the side,  
seeing myself queuing for death and love.*

*I ask myself: What are the reasons for the complexity of our culture?  
Or as Rilke said:  
"Earth! Invisible! What, if not transformation, is your urgent mission?"*

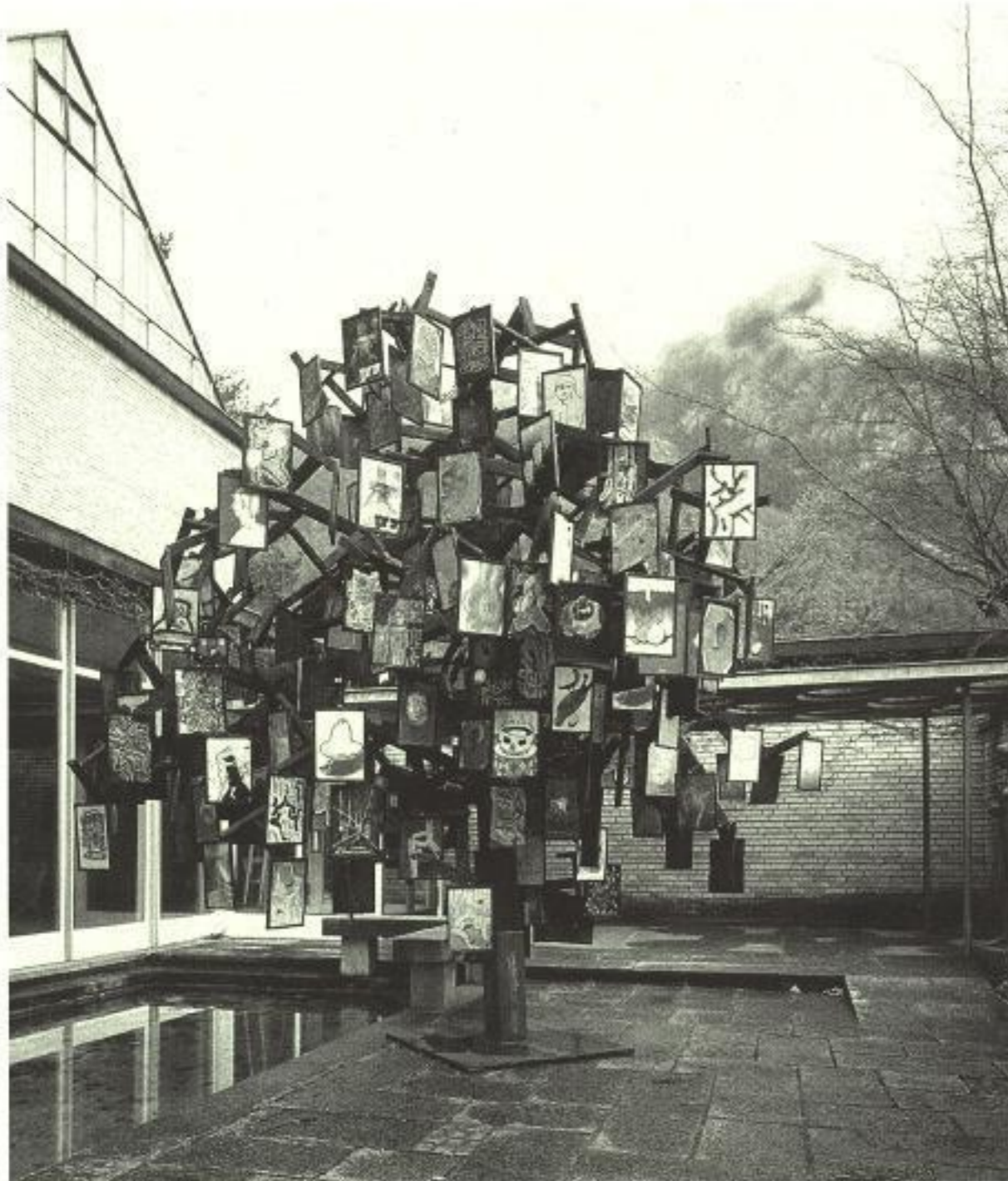
*Collective,  
through all the cultures:  
Forgetting the constantly growing past,  
the permanent erosion of culture,  
keeps our ground fertile.*

*Except for the now,  
there is nothing to see:  
the surface of culture,  
material seems to survive the past.*

*Urs Fischer  
born 1973, lives in Zürich and London*

I went to the crossroad  
Fell down on my knees  
I went to the crossroad  
Fell down to my knees

*Robert Johnson*



Jet Set Lady, 2000

## Nayia Frangouli & Yane Calovski

### Author's notes to Els Hanappe

**W**e met in Japan, in the spring of 1999. We came to attend an international research program designed to "cultivate" young artists whose first responsibility is to recognize their role in an international art context. Prior to that, for the last eight years, we have both studied, lived and worked in Western Europe and the United States, "empowering" ourselves with the influence of the west, becoming more "western". Caught somewhere between our past and future, we confront things known, expected, desired. We travel and move, we are multilingual and well educated, we remember our origins with fondness, we are critical of our respective cultures. Along the way, we may have lost our sense of origin, of belonging, and now feel as if we belong everywhere and are becoming every man.



Nayia Frangouli, Macedonian Visa in Greek Hands 1995-2000

Then we start to think...

Why bother with origins? Macedonia and Greece are countries with a common history of unresolved problems regarding the recognition of cultural, religious and linguistic differences. We share history, national and religious symbols, names... As people, generally speaking, we do not trust each other, we are a bit paranoid. Even within the borders the same problems exist. How do we address these problems and what do we do to redeem ourselves from these conflicting feelings? We try to move on, but we are a bit stuck with our own insecurities.

This is the basis of our position as we try to manifest the impossibility of a "collective" origin.

Julia Kristeva, one of the most prominent contributors on the issues of origins, nationals, and the future of the idea of nation, in her book "What of tomorrow's nation?" elaborates on the cult of origins as a hate reaction. She articulates this reaction as a "hatred of those others who do not share my origins and affront me personally" as well as "hatred of oneself", for when exposed to violence, individuals despair of their own qualities, undervalue their achievements and yearnings, and seclude themselves in their own private world. As part of this "hate" we either glorify or denounce our origins, and the feeling (or the need) to either manifest or deny our cultural and ethnic positions prevails. The way we have experienced this phenomenon, it becomes more about the "fugitive" who is agonising in the free world, recognizing various cultural denominators as common memories. Slowly loosing his cultural heritage, or holding tight to whatever is left of the memory, the bigot becomes the mediator in the construction of the new global culture.

Early in our collaboration we thought about the absurdity of compiling Macedonian and Greek songs. Stripped from any national and political connotation provided by the lyrics, and beyond its original setting, this music becomes only "pleasant tunes" from the South Balkans. And once mixed and appropriated, they become "any" music, silenced of their power to penetrate and arouse the spirit.

It is rather absurd to take ourselves and our audience further into the realm of cultural context. Juxtaposing the CD with the sharing of fresh apples and oranges, we emphasize the impossibility of objectifying one's position without confusing the references. The generosity of this gesture and the sensuality of something as simple, yet voluptuous as fruit is what we would like to offer.

*Nayia Frangouli & Yane Calovski*

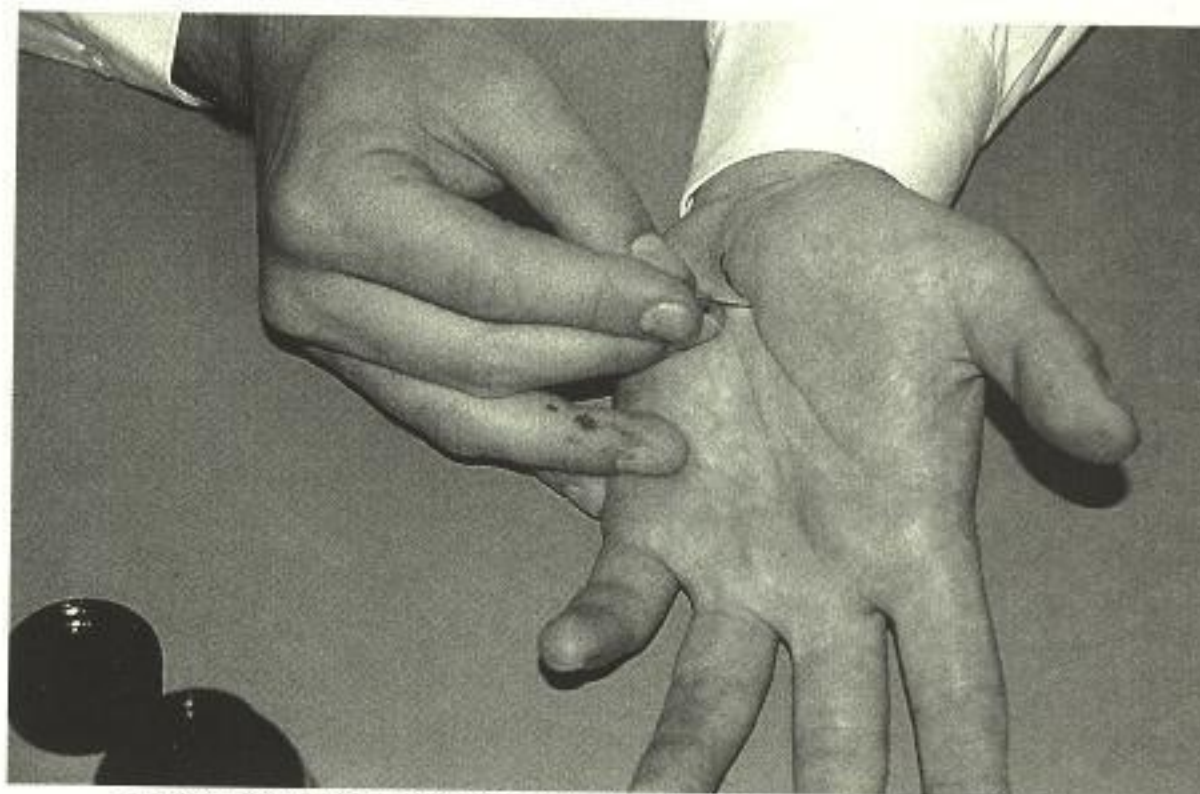
*born 1971, lives in London / born 1973, lives in Philadelphia*

**N**o sooner had I caught sight of the whole woman than western marketing came blaring down upon her with its vast panoply of spectacular effects, strutting and trumpeting the highly seductive gospel of salvation according to hipless, wombless, hard-titted Barbie. My strong women thrust their muscular feet into high heels and learnt to mother's milk feed commercial formulae made up with dirty water to their children; they spent their tiny store of cash on lipstick and nail varnish, and were made modern. Even the hard-working women of China began curling their hair to prove that they too were real

(i.e. phony) women. While western feminists were valiantly contending for a key to the executive washroom, the feminine stereotype was completing her conquest of the world.

This insidious process was floated on the lie of the sexual revolution. Along with spurious equality and flirty femininity we were sold sexual 'freedom'. One man's sexual freedom is another man's – or woman's or child's – sexual thralldom. The first tenet of sexual freedom is that any kind of bizarre behaviour is legitimate if the aim is orgasm. Men who nail each other's foreskins to breadboards are not to be criticized or ridiculed, still less humiliated or punished. An individual who gets his kicks by shoving live hamsters into his rectum must not be reviled, though he may be prosecuted for cruelty to animals. Political correctness forbids me to identify such a paraphiliac as male but if he turns out to be female I'll eat the hamster.

The sexuality that has been freed is male sexuality which is fixated on penetration. Penetration equals domination in the animal world and therefore in the unregenerate human world which is part of it. The penetree, regardless of sex, cannot rule, OK? Not in prison, not



Yane Calovski, Self-Inflicted Drawing, 1999, reversal prints documenting a live performance

in the army, not in business, not in the suburbs. The person on the receiving end is – fucked, finished, unserviceable, degraded. Not actually, you understand, but figuratively, which, language being metaphor, is what counts. When a male soldier calls a female a split, he identifies her as a fuckee and asserts his dominance over her. Penetration has but little to do with love and even less with esteem. In the last third of the twentieth century more women were penetrated deeper and more often than in the preceding era... What the penis could not accomplish was done for it by the outsize dildo and the fist, the speculum and the cannula. If penetration was the point, it certainly got made.

*Germaine Geer*

*From: The Whole Woman, publishers Doubleday. (All rights reserved)*

ASIA-PACIFIC

# 270 feared dead off east China after ferry caught fire, capsized

BEIJING (AFP-Jiji) Rescue workers feared Friday the death toll from China's worst shipping disaster in 50 years would rise to more than 270 with little chance of finding any more survivors in the icy waters.

Of 302 people on board the ferry Dashun when it caught fire and capsized Wednesday off the northeastern Chinese port of Yantai, only 22 survivors had been found and 118 bodies recovered, the official Xinhua news agency said Friday.

"Search and rescue operations are still continuing," an official from the Yantai rescue and recovery center in eastern Shandong Province said Friday.

Naval and commercial boats were told to continue to search for survivors, but no helicopters were involved, he said. But there was little likelihood more survivors would be found in the miserable conditions after temperatures in Yantai dropped to -4 C Thursday night, searchers said.

The Dashun first sent out distress signals around 4:30 p.m. Wednesday when it

caught fire in heavy seas and gale-force winds.

By 5:10 p.m., as darkness fell, a rescue boat from Yantai arrived at the scene to find the Dashun in flames but rough seas prevented them getting closer than 10 meters to the stricken vessel.

"We waited for three hours to try to get close to the boat, but the waves were too big and we could never get close," a rescuer was quoted by the Beijing Youth Daily as saying.

"We threw ropes but the other side couldn't get them." The Dashun went down at 11:45 p.m., the report said.

Some 20 passengers wearing life vests and life preservers jumped into the sea at the last minute, but only one could be saved by the rescue boat due to the rough seas, it said.

The Dashun was initially bound for northeastern Dalian in Liaoning Province, some 170 km across the Bohai Bay, and capsized as it attempted to return to its home port in Yantai.

Most passengers were from Liaoning or Shandong. There were no foreigners on board,

Xinhua said. Reports on the number of passengers and crew varied in the Chinese press, with the English language China Daily saying there were 336 on board and 160 bodies had been recovered.

The Dalian Evening News said there were 140 confirmed deaths.

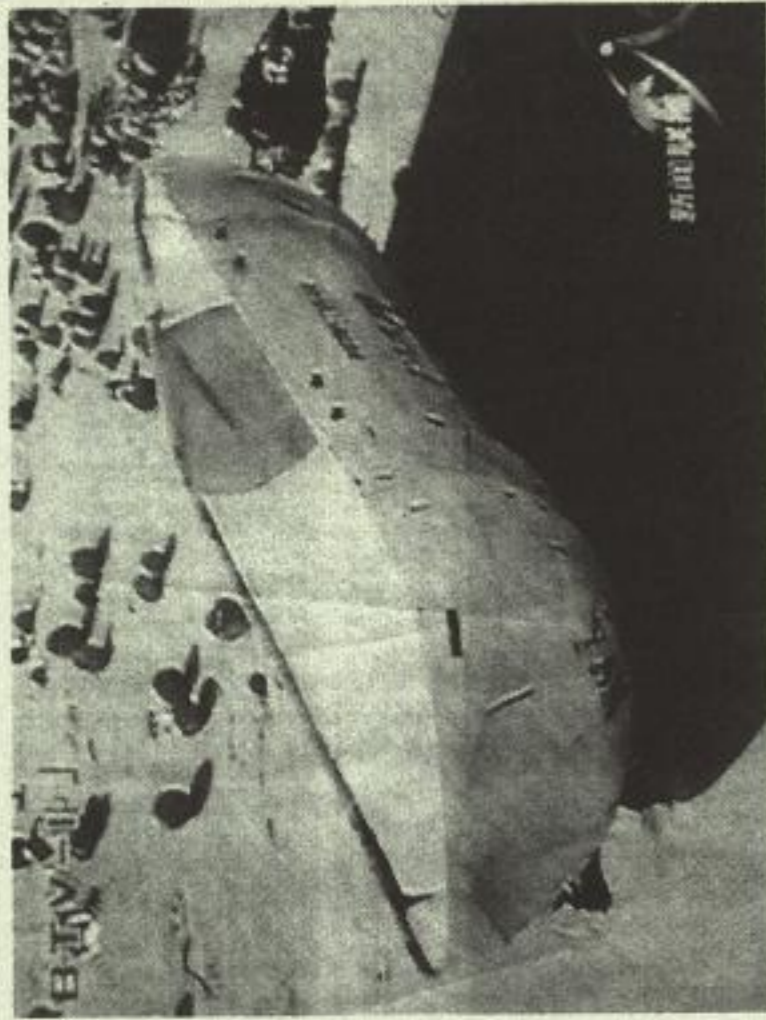
There has been only one report of a survivor plucked from the sea, while officials from local hospitals indicated at least 18 survivors had washed up on the shore.

Rescue workers along a 45-km stretch of shoreline recalled how they watched in horror Thursday morning as body after body rolled in with the surf.

State television continued to show debris and life boats washed up on the shore near Yantai on Friday.

Officials from the boats owner, the Yanda Ferry Company, Friday refused to answer questions on the mishap, as did the Yantai city government and the city's transportation department.

On Thursday, an official at the ferry company took exception to the government's



YANTAI, China — A washed-up lifeboat case, surrounded by apples and oranges, lies on a beach near Yantai in China's eastern Shandong Province in this picture taken from Chinese TV Thursday. Police were scouring beaches near the city for bodies and wreckage from a ferry which caught fire and sank late Wednesday. AP-REUTERS

rescue operation, complaining that the distress signal had gone out early, but no rescue vessels had arrived.

The Dashun, was reportedly a Japanese-built ferry bought by Yanda Ferry Company 10 years ago.

According to Xinhua, the 126-meter, 9,000-ton ship was

built in 1983, with a navigating speed of 34 kph.

Some 61 vehicles were aboard the ferry when it sank.

China's State Council has established an investigation team into the disaster with Shi Wapeng, vice minister in charge of the State Economic and Trade Commission, lead-

ing the investigation.

A crew member told state TV that the fire may have started when oil tanks bumped together in the storm and ruptured.

"The ship was shaking very heavily," he said. "The extinguishers couldn't help because the fire was very big."

# Marcus Geiger

WACHST

A soufelli. Zilli verechnidei par sokke und die biöd sottiretel. - di vile graus und schwarze, diä sinnlose muster und strukture. Do wotme ultrume und linge] eich i dem gwöel wider, gar nöi zredä lo dene vile einzeleokke. Wiä das got, hanj uoäig us-gfunde. Etenuel nume ä ungradt zar gwäsehe, und nöheehi mai wider, - und da ühtig sokke tom vorletsche moi nümme giunde. Und echo hältme de sehiedrück. Uf jede fall bini no immer mit heidne sokke hei cho. Dann sind av söttig oberleggige, wimes läbe optimal organixiri, völlig stumpfemng. Sicher isch diä idee nöi achideht, vich effach hundert per gliichi sokke zchaite. Dän hältme zöracht zwolhundert gliichi sokke und irgedwän i]liacht nume 127. Isch dän aber nu gliich. Aber läbe. Dän sötme wider geschider si, und echo bruchte dän före winter wermi sokke. löre summer läbbti. Erzälere im grund gno isch diä spezifizäriig de along te däm souetali.

All diä laxilator wo eim e'trinhäid zruug gand, Biödi affe. Dummi stoeh. All diä egäber. Wee bringet echo, so es gressa huffa, sovill zügn ufänand? Nöi kapierl und doch debi. Ärgerlich natürllich, wän'e eim säiber so got.

Diä phogge dumme böener und eier. Wär hat dā häi. Fo mir us materialchemus. Wän i öbbie uma verräcke nöi chen us-ato, dänn sinda settig i]pirtuni arsch]äcker, lo sich überzögti schofesäkie. Settig lammechie wiä galarisch harget, dā nöchschlens ä sebiächie wiz uselot. Do fergot eim dā genz appetit. Settig neuboddia. Wos stinki und rumoorl. Teshobe iüäy Gäid, und nomet, ischobe ider wenig gäid. Und forallem

kunschtzammier, diä grad us 50% wänd übericho und dän ne in rate zalid. Erecht räeht diä dumma chüäh, diä hei rappe use lönd. Stiernotenti] Zätschogge, geeri, geie, löpti. Nöd forwärts cho, tuusig anderi sache im chopt. Achias abhängihaitä. Banke, grawatte, rächnige. Zum choitze mit dem geschwätz. Autoritari sack. Psychomotorischä schwachsinn. Wos doch handenerum oberai gliich ugeent.

Da hanedampf im echnäggeinich. Langwieier Dummi hönd, schiesadrück. Und trauetl und herrli sowieso. 08/15 präktike. Vorschritte, surie mjich am morgo, schlies polizäi (tschinggeschlest), Nöd chan nei ääge. Heimlichl wixet, moraliäch] interaktione.

Nettig arschgüeshter lo bundesprüfhandia sötme ute mond schüssä. Jert längte aber. Apropos wieder. Schöeset, diä sau. Diä kombination humfraue/woisfand/ech]rologie isch zum dāfo sächte. Da ganz geleshterzauer chame dā bukkel aberutechä, mitgeant däm grusige, biöde affepfaffageschwätz. Und all diä "mir sind diä beuchtä" schöyzerelärä chönd mār geschlailä bilieää.

Staub und erschirächt abetaubä. Dumms, patelisch's. schwärmerisen's guchnerr. Baschlierläbbe und brielmarkzammieritirrä und dro galarischä/galarisektionä i eim auto, stallebeöäch lo kuratorä, sammler wo immer öbie neus wänd guch Dummi Frogä. lärichiäm's ischä, biöd luoge, läpplechi haltig.

Schötze, schötze]fäecht, schötze]tracht, schötze]zumzug gnasse wiä o'pladi oder verbindigä. Fachhelmpoleä lo sogenannlä kanner, gurmäv. sätscht wänne de wil nach äitā sokke stinkt. Vorwizig]i naes, diä i all chuchenä wänd lunge, schmöckä. Zwäng und zwängelle, schneofie. Fo wilem öbbie. Reläxti rolexträger. Heggys wo hä brot händ. Chägglor, joeser und schächaplier.

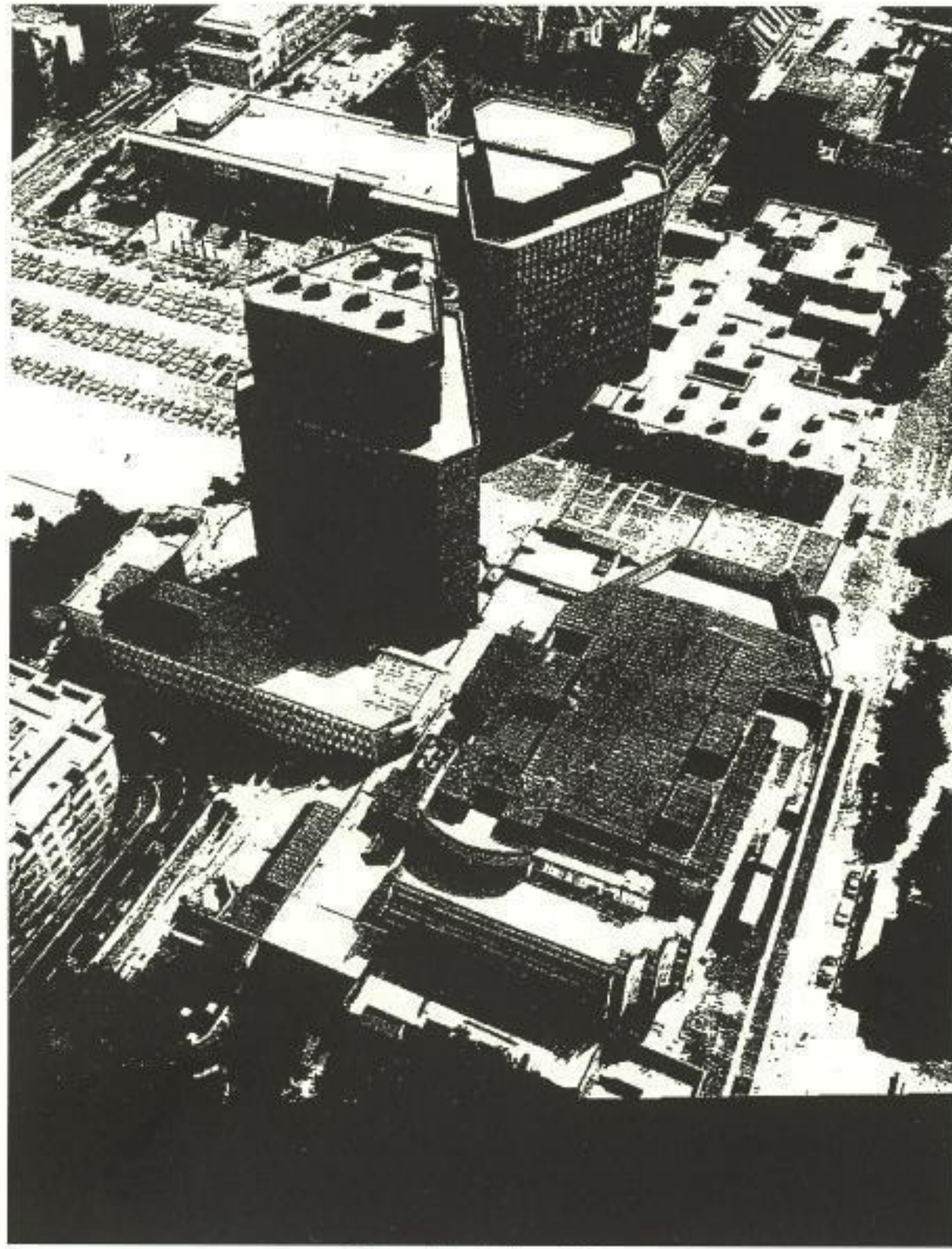
Stawelisch und clubmilgilder, schöngelachtig] langwyler. Wagnerianer, börselaner, indianer. Katalöglägeht. schwyzerätsche. Und katalöglägeht diä äbbe so efänd "Bil malewitash und duehamp isch klar, ...!" Halbluachtig] us-letigä, dänni, billigi ideä, diä zietscht imenä mords utwänd landid. Wänn irgend sonä fuizide in essiotän]frogä usartel, nödzue kabutti knö, auge, händ. Wuahelang näthe, sehntede, kiäbbe, nöjele. Und dāe numme, will's zietscht nach nöi vill eöb ugeeh. Täpflischeseröherakter. Wohniandvghaftalimostärä, Chuchichschlittlil. Raasämäleriyöö

Sunnligescharrewäseheriäbbe. Fu einer bouatä] i diä ander bouatä]l grutä, immer i dā gliichä hase, immer hindereri mit allem. Und demit no halbweggs durraeke isch oberprimitt. Obermoraitesh. sOberideallieshtesh. Betonierer lo börgerlichä zapröch. Antwäderodermanierä. Bechränkt] uffafelid, gränze und zöhnner, passschutzöilä. inn-bars und koktailä, unmalerii Achelähähienä, bärt und flöge. Andloisheitä, wiederholigä. abers. mehtheltä. Muessträgerverein, bundesastaltä, kulturpsätsch. Vite parcours gänuso wiä preitratregä und halbi eächä. Und halbi eächä ont profit.

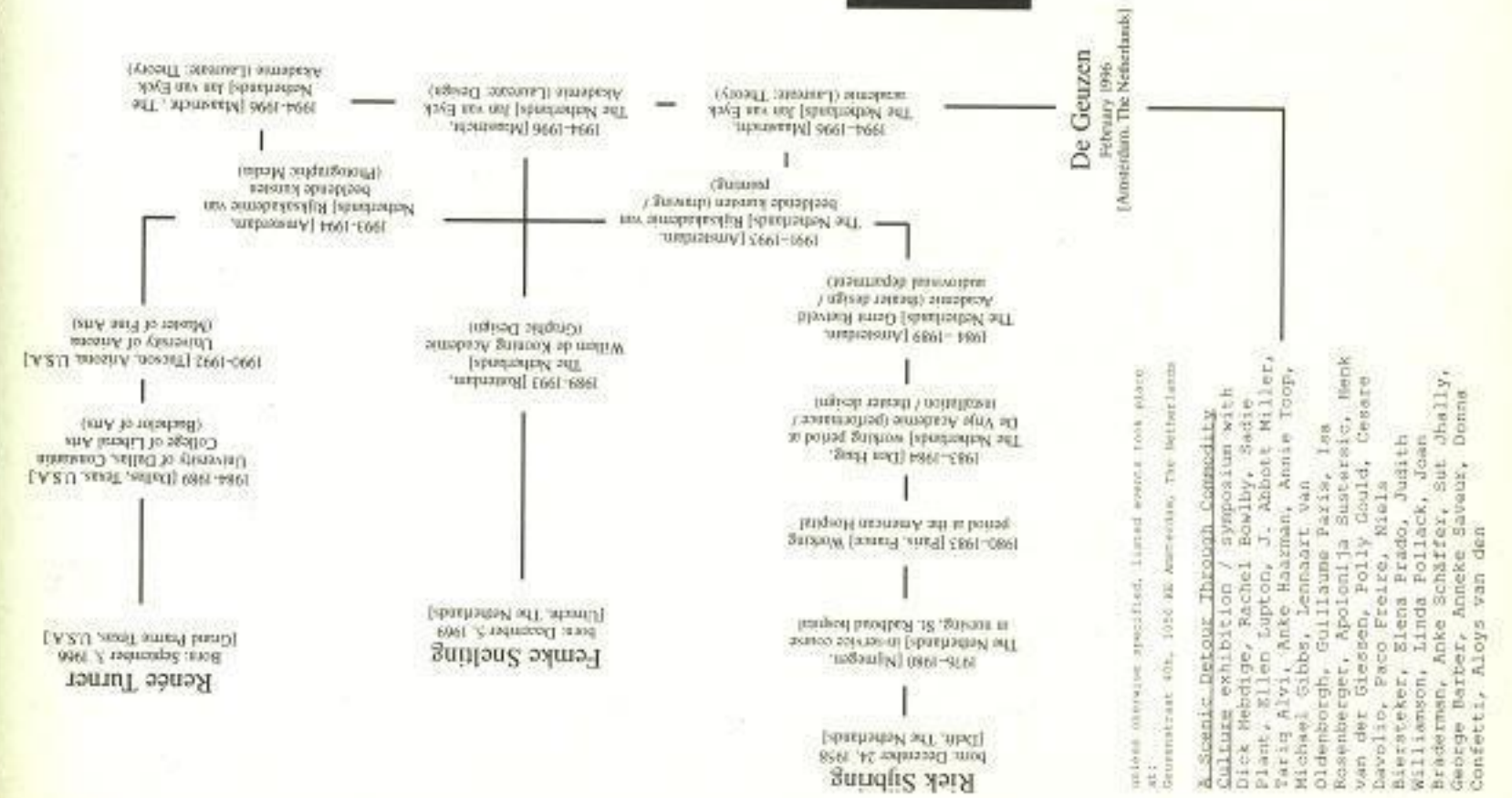
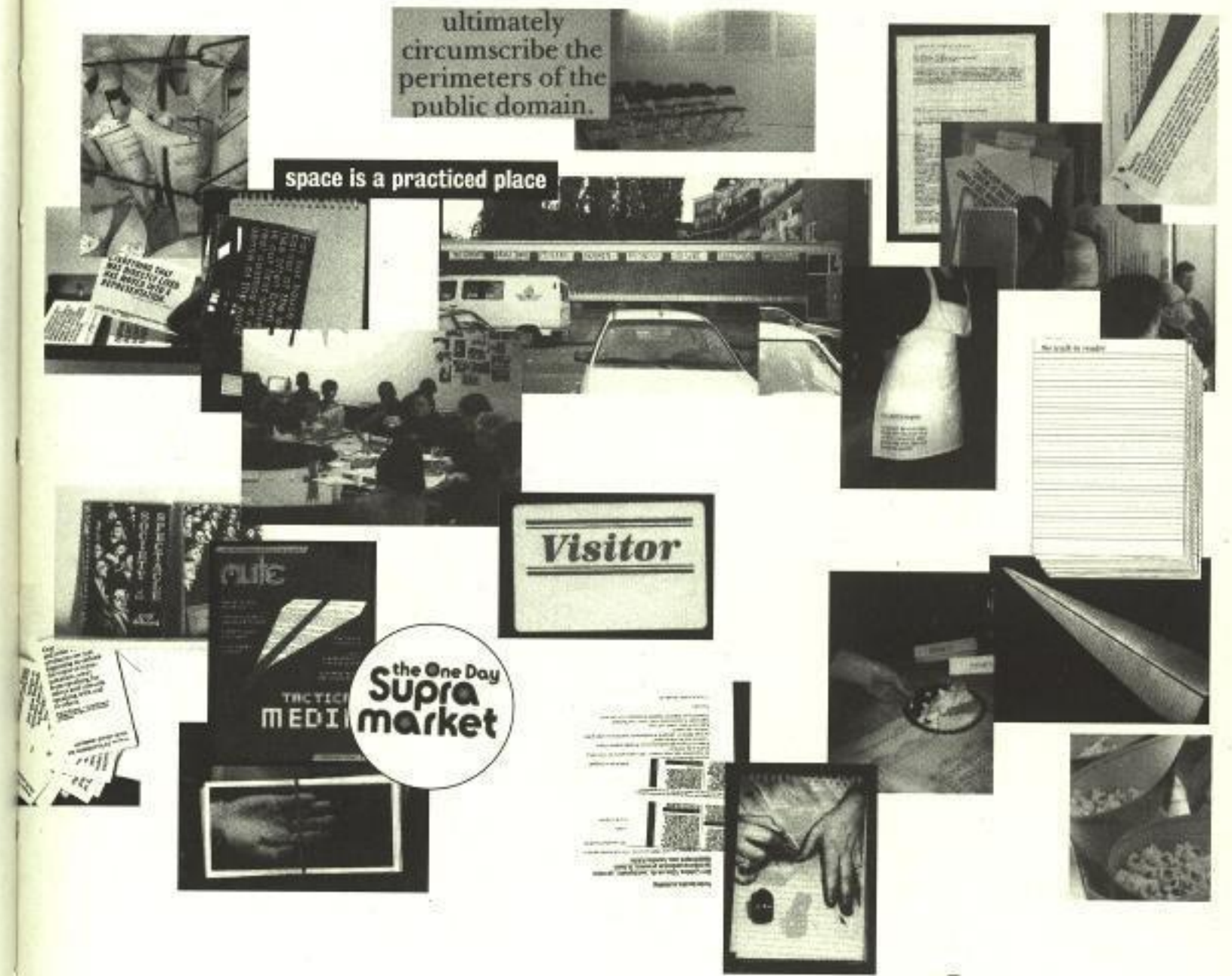
Geiger, 00

Marcus Geiger lives in Vienna





Trg republike, Ljubljana, 2000







Peco Freire, Niels Biersteker, Elena Prado, Judith Williamson, Linda Pollack, Joan Brakeman, Anke Schaffer, Sut Jhally, George Barbas, Anneke Saverio, Donna Conforti, Aloys Van den Berk, Pipilotti Rist, Markus Muntean and Adi Rosenblum, Gite Willeson, Stefan Decosterre, Dana Master (Jan van Eyck Akademie), Mastricht, 1997) Society of the Resuscitated screening (Amsterdam, 1997) Public Invitations to Private Parties (Part 1 and 2) discussion / presentation (Amsterdam / Antwerpen, 1997) From Kinderspeel to Total Game presentation by Matthew Sheelolt, Amsterdam, 1997 Matching Kluge on TV screening / panel discussion with David Garcia, Klaas Boek, Jan van Toorn, Jan Kitzema and Soefer van Toorn (Amsterdam, 1998) All is Quiet on the Domestic Front, a look at intimacy and dwelling seminar with Ine Gevers, Apollonia Susteric, Polly Gould and Annie Toop (Amsterdam, 1997) Unlimited ML/22, The Walk-in Reader group exhibition / programming with David Garcia, Anke Susteric, Lonneke van Oldemorph, Renée Kool, Jeroen Bijker, Stefan Kunsmann, Gabriëlle Marks, Nic Tummers, Joke van Kampen, Karin Dean, Rob van Engelsdorp Gastelaars, Stephan Raes, Ron Boot (De Appel, Amsterdam, 1999) Our Image is Our Own awareness campaign in collaboration with de Rode Draad (participants' rights organisations) (Midnight Walkers City Sleepers, Red Light District Amsterdam, 1999) The Mediated Image: Testing the Surface of the Simulated, the Virtual and the Real symposium with Chris Borrocks, Arjen Mulder and Debra Solomon (Amsterdam, 1999) Re-writing the Real: a one-day guide to use and abuse educational programming with Renée Kool, Arjen Mulder and Debra Solomon (AK-2, Inchebde, The Netherlands, 1999) The Mediated Image: Michel de Certeau and the practices of everyday life dinner / lectures with Mike Tyler and Rob van Kranenburg (Amsterdam, 1999) (Re)countering the Culture of the Norm seminar with Ine Gevers, Martijn Dekker and Gemilla Gerland (Amsterdam, 1999) Temporary Sanity: an alternative place when considering madness and media video screening (Amsterdam, 1999) Situating Technologies symposium with Irina Aristarkhova, Frank Webster, Kate Rich representing the Bureau of Inverse Technology, Thomas Buxó and Karin Spink (De Balie, Amsterdam, 2000) Democracy group exhibition (Royal College of Art, London, England 2000) Email Possessions and Private Obsessions workshop / symposium with Polly Gould, Jeanne van Heeswijk, Beate Roessler, Malcolm Miles, IMWJ and Julie Ault (Million de Koning Academy, Postgraduate Programme in Fine Art / Zaal Unie, Rotterdam, 2000) Geuzen Residency Launch (London / Amsterdam, 2000)

WORKING VOCABULARY

- Mapping
- Cartography
- Borderline
- Borderless
- Local
- Global
- Gift Economy
- Shifting Economies
- Basic Economics
- Informal Economies
- Paralell Economies
- Production
- Consumption
- Exchange
- Nation
- Culture
- Gender
- Body
- Self
- Political
- Social
- Cultural
- Virtual
- Real

(Maps) (Url)

Table

- Carpet
- Stools
- Computer (with relevant bookmarked url)
- Bookmarks
- Coffee/tea
- Cups
- Pens
- Pencils
- Paper
- Children's text
- Internet
- Photocopier
- Fax
- Phone
- etc.

TEMPORARY ADDRESS: 21/06/24/00/2000

Site: Manifesta 3, Moderna Galerija, Ljubljana, Slovenia  
 De Geuzen: a foundation for multi-visual research

CONTENT AND MATERIALS DATED: 21/06/2000

Materials collected & related according to selected thematic strands

\*archive to be added to for the duration of the exhibition

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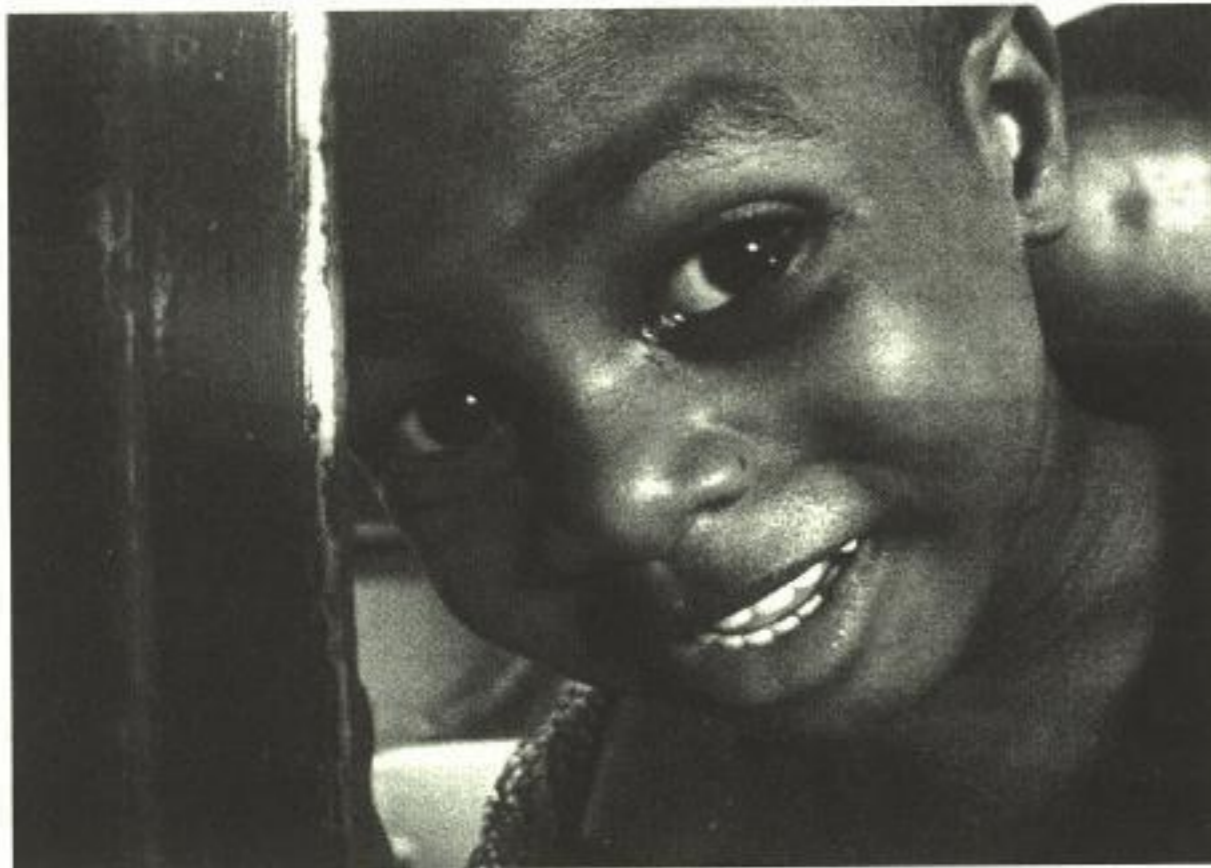
## Amit Goren

### Your Nigger Talking, 1999

A dual image video documentary

Photographed, produced & directed by Amit Goren

**W**illiam, a foreign worker from Ghana, lets himself into my apartment once a week with the key I gave him to handle the cleaning chores. He is friendly, and usually cheerful, though as an illegal worker in Israel he is under constant threat of being apprehended by the police and deported from the country overnight. When he occasionally misses a day, I call my aunt, who also employs him, to find if she has seen him. He's been in Israel for eight years and the threat of being put on a plane back to Ghana is immi-



Your Nigger Talking, 1999, video

nent. Like foreign workers everywhere the money he earns, about \$6 an hour, is sent back home to his family. At the days' end he walks the city streets back to his rented apartment in the lower income neighborhood of South Tel Aviv. By doing so he saves the bus money I add to his wages in order to increase his income.

In the last decade a new kind of social-economic-cultural ghetto has emerged around the Central Bus Station, marking an urban territory that houses a predominant foreign workers population from Africa, Asia, Eastern Europe and South America. Though William is well

acquainted with many of the Ghanaian workers living in this part of town, it was not through him that I entered into Nana's apartment, and discovered a lively and vibrant group of children ages 2 – 8. A friend and recent graduate of a school principals training seminar, handed me a report, prepared during the seminar, about pre-school and elementary school education amongst children of foreign workers. After reading the report I decided to visit a part of Tel Aviv I usually only drive through.

There are approximately 1,000 children between the ages of 0 – 8 born in Israel to illegal foreign workers. Only a limited number of these children are registered in the public education system. In response to the growing demand for kindergarten and primary school education within the community, Nana Opoku Agyemang, an illegal worker from Ghana, has opened a private school for children of foreign workers, in the living room and bedroom of his apartment.

It is estimated there are 200,000 foreign workers in Israel, half of them illegal, making up 8% – 12% of the work force in the country. Worldwide experience indicates that the greatest dangers accompanying the phenomenon of foreign workers reside in the undermining of the system of work relations and the social stratification, as well as the development of xenophobia, the devaluation in status of human and social dignity, and in the development of bitterness, violence, and crime among the second generation. The Torah suggests a complex attitude towards people of other nations who live among the Jewish nation. Besides the prohibition against close and constructive relations due to fear of intermarriage and the adoption of a foreign religion and culture – "make no covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them" (Deuteronomy 7:2) – there is the prohibition against wronging, discriminating against, or exploiting the foreigner, on the background of the national memory of slavery in Egypt: "When a stranger resides with you in your land, you shall not wrong him. The stranger who resides with you shall be to you as one of your citizens, and you shall love him as yourself, for you were strangers in the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God" (Leviticus 19:33-34).

Inside Nana's confined two room school-apartment the revelations of his testimony and stories mark a disturbing gap between present day reality and the edict of the ancient text.

Research & Interview: Reut Gordon

Editing: Inbar Tavor

Sound Mix: Motty Benny

On-Line Editing: Mickey Kovler

Amit Goren

born 1957, Tel Aviv, lives in Tel Aviv

## The Storyteller

Reflections on the works of Nikolai Leskov

### I

Familiar though his name may be to us, the storyteller in his living immediacy is by no means a present force. He has already become something remote from us and something that is getting even more distant. To present someone like Leskov as a storyteller does not mean bringing him closer to us but, rather, increasing our distance from him. Viewed from a certain distance, the great, simple outlines which define the storyteller stand out in him, or rather, they become visible in him, just as in a rock a human head or an animal's body may appear to an observer at the proper distance and angle of vision. This distance and this angle of vision are prescribed for us by an experience which we may have almost every day. It teaches us that the art of storytelling is coming to an end. Less and less frequently do we encounter people with the ability to tell a tale properly. More and more often there is embarrassment all around when the wish to hear a story is expressed. It is as if something that seemed inalienable to us, the securest among our possessions, were taken from us: the ability to exchange experiences.

One reason for this phenomenon is obvious: experience has fallen in value. And it looks as if it is continuing to fall into bottomlessness. Every glance at a newspaper demonstrates that it has reached a new low, that our picture, not only of the external world but of the moral world as well, overnight has undergone changes which were never thought possible. With the First World War a process began to become apparent which has not halted since then. Was it not noticeable at the end of the war that men returned from the battlefield grown silent – not richer, but poorer in communicable experience? What ten years later was poured out in the flood of war books was anything but experience that goes from mouth to mouth. And there was nothing remarkable about that. For never has experience been contradicted more thoroughly than strategic experience by tactical warfare, economic experience by inflation, bodily experience by mechanical warfare, moral experience by those in power. A generation that had gone to school on a horse-drawn streetcar now stood under the open sky in a countryside in which nothing remained unchanged but the clouds, and beneath these clouds, in a field of force of destructive torrents and explosions, was the tiny, fragile human body.

### II

Experience which is passed on from mouth to mouth is the source from which all storytellers have drawn. And among those who have written down the tales, it is the great ones whose written version differs least from the speech of the many nameless storytellers. Incidentally, among the last named there are two groups which, to be sure, overlap in many ways. And the figure of the storyteller gets its full corporeality only for the one who can picture them both. "When someone goes on a trip, he has something to tell about", goes the German saying, and people imagine the storyteller as someone who has come from afar. But they enjoy no less listening to the man who has stayed at home, making an honest living, and who knows the local tales and traditions. If one wants to picture these two groups through their archaic representatives, one is embodied in the resident tiller of the soil, and the other

in the trading seaman. Indeed, each sphere of life has, as it were, produced its own tribe of storytellers. Each of these tribes preserves some of its characteristics centuries later. Thus, among nineteenth-century German storytellers, writers like Hebel and Gotthelf stem from the first tribe, writers like Sealsfield and Gerstacker from the second. With these tribes, however, as stated above, it is only a matter of basic types. The actual extension of the realm of storytelling in its full historical breadth is inconceivable without the most intimate interpenetration of these two archaic types. Such an interpenetration was achieved particularly by the Middle Ages in their trade structure. The resident master craftsman and the travelling journeymen worked together in the same rooms; and every master had been a traveling journeyman before he settled down in his home town or somewhere else. If peasants and seamen were past masters of storytelling, the artisan class was its university. In it was combined the lore of faraway places, such as a much-traveled man brings home, with the lore of the past, as it best reveals itself to natives of a place.

### VIII

There is nothing that commends a story to memory more effectively than that chaste compactness which precludes psychological analysis. And the more natural the process by which the storyteller forgoes psychological shading, the greater becomes the story's claim to a place in the memory of the listener, the more completely is it integrated into his own experience, the greater will be his inclination to repeat it to someone else someday, sooner or later. This process of assimilation, which takes place in depth, requires a state of relaxation which is becoming rarer and rarer. If sleep is the apogee of physical relaxation, boredom is the apogee of mental relaxation. Boredom is the dream bird that hatches the egg of experience. A rustling in the leaves drives him away. His nesting places—the activities that are intimately associated with boredom—are already extinct in the cities and are declining in the country as well. With this the gift for listening is lost and the community of listeners disappears. For storytelling is always the art of repeating stories, and this art is lost when the stories are no longer retained. It is lost because there is no more weaving and spinning to go on while they are being listened to. The more self-forgetful the listener is, the more deeply is what he listens to impressed upon his memory. When the rhythm of work has seized him, he listens to the tales in such a way that the gift of retelling them comes to him all by itself. This, then, is the nature of the web in which the gift of storytelling is cradled. This is how today it is becoming unraveled at all its ends after being woven thousands of years ago in ambience of the oldest forms of craftsmanship.

Walter Benjamin

From: "Illuminations – Walter Benjamin, Essays and Reflections",  
edited and with an introduction by Hanna Arendt

## Veli Granö

### A Strange Message from Another Star

**F**innish American Paavo Rahkonen was 15 at the time of the Second World War. He thought that the War would lead the human kind into destruction and decided to leave the Earth and settle down on another planet. Decades of independent preparation for the trip culminated in the development of space shuttle fuel for NASA. A Strange Message from another Star is about the outcome of an extreme dedication, as well as the moment of facing the reality. After 60 years the secret doors of the universe might be opened wide.

02.47.30

I think the reason my father came to America was the Civil War in Finland, in around 1917. He wanted to leave Finland. He didn't talk about it very much, he only said that many people were killed.

03.35

He must have been about 20 at the time of the Civil War.

03.57

I grew up during the World War. People just killed each other as much as they could, bullets, bombs. Whole cities and families destroyed.

04.20

These are my parents standing in front of our house 4 or 5 years before my mother died.

04.34

My mother supported the family, my father could not hold down a job. He lasted about 6 months, then he would either quit or be fired. He told me God didn't exist, it was all superstition. People were like wild lions in the forest.

04.58

Jussi walked around Brooklyn, around the grave yard, around Prospect Park; he was in training for marathon walking.

Mom and Dad were constantly arguing.

So I thought that the World was filled with hatred and war, that's how I grew up.

05.32

I said to my father: "When you die, I'll put you in the wooden box and bury you with all those medals and cups that you won."

It was 1945. I was on my way

to school on the subway.

People were carrying newspapers, and the New York Daily News headline said: "Atomic bomb dropped on Japan" The whole city was destroyed. I thought that now the crazy people, who ascended from apes, had invented a way to murder all the people on the earth. I decided I just had to get away from this world.

07.00

If I only could find another planet in space where human beings could live in peace, I'd go there.

07.17

My ship would have to be a rocket, jets or propellers wouldn't do. That is the only means to get up there.

On a piece of paper we wrote that we swore with our hearts and souls to build a rocket, and fly into space. We both signed it.

Money meant nothing to me, love meant nothing to me, only rockets... and space.

In front of a mirror I told myself "space is your life story".

08.25.

My father looked at it and asked what it was. I answered it was the model of the rocket I was going to fly into space in. He told me it was crazy, that no-one could leave the earth. That we were meant to stay down here, the gravity keeps us here.

The basic principle upon which a rocket travels is found in Newton's third law of motion. To every action there's always an equal and opposite reaction. The rocket travels upon the reaction of the escaping gas....

Two parts potassium chloride, two parts magnesium dioxide, two parts charcoal and one

part sulphur.

So far, with all my experimenting, I have had poor success. I begin to wonder if I am using a wrong system.

10.25

The war ended, and the Americans brought in the German V-2 rockets. I just loved to see the V-2 rockets fly.

I wanted to go to Germany to see the people who built rockets, Werner von Braun and other rocket scientists. But I couldn't find anybody there who knew.

12.00

I was at a small airport outside Munich. One day I was wondering what to do. So I did, I went to a small town. The name of the town was Dachau.

12.30

That is where I lost all my religion.

I knew God couldn't exist.

14.16.20

I didn't have time for the family, just worked all the time. She left me in 1982.

14.54

The guy said: "So you want to be a chemist. Have you worked as a chemist?" I said No. "What makes you think you could be a chemist?" I took some rocket fuel out of my pocket, and the guy said "Where did you get that?" I said I made it. I'd been making rocket fuel since I was a kid. So we went into the lab to see if it would burn. It did, and he said it was really good fuel, and I told him rocket fuel's the only

thing I know about, been studying for years and years. So he gave me the job.

I was the only chemist working there who hadn't been to university, but I got the job anyway.

16.43

My job was what they called propellant chemist. I had to test different chemicals to find the most powerful fuel.

One was Minute Man... Intercontinental ballistic missile.

17.30

This is the rocket fuel they use in the space shuttle. I've got 165 barrels full of it. I could easily build myself a space shuttle engine.

17.50

I'd just need the place, an area big enough, and enough electricity to drive the mixers.

18.16

Finally, it is actually my formula they use in the space shuttle engine in Thiokol. That's the work I did for the space shuttle engine.

19.46

The boss gave me this white powder to grind up really finely, to put it in the blender. So I did, I put the lid on and started it up. I thought he knew what he was doing, but no. The lid started leaking, then it blew off, hit the ceiling and I was covered from head to foot with Freon.

It was up my nose, in my mouth, my ears, everywhere. Hydrozoic Acid.

In one minute my head was aching as if I'd been hit with a hammer.

20.41

I went home, woke up at 2 o'clock in the morning, standing on my pillow. I saw a big black crow half a kilometre away, as it flew I could see its wings and everything as if it was one metre away.

21.13

Epilepsy, a seizure. That chemical poisoned my brain... Everything was gone, my memory was gone.

21.35

I lost my memory, couldn't remember how to work anymore. Nobody went to the hospital and told them what happened to me. They felt sorry for me, thought I was an odd character. I was as thin as a rake.

22.22

I took out as much of life insurance I could, and wrote a letter to my wife. I told her I was going for a little drive, hugged her, started up the car. That's when I had a fit. When I came to, I realised the engine was still running, I was on the floor and I couldn't figure out what had happened to me. Only the next day did I remember. There was the letter I'd written to Pirkko, telling her to take the money and take the kids back to Finland. I didn't want to suffer, my head hurt so much and I was so confused. Suicide is the easy way out.

24.02

It was Dialantin that cured me.

24.19

The astronauts landed on the moon in 1969, the same year I had my fits.

24.55

One day I was sitting on the sofa in our old house. Tears came to my eyes and I thought it was my big dream to fly into space and speak to another human being.

25.23

The Holy Spirit appeared to me, stood right next to me, I could feel his presence. He said: "Paavo, you couldn't come to me, so I came to you". He knew that one person couldn't do something like that...

fly far up into space all on his own.

26.04

There's one rich man who lives around here. He can't understand why the government wants to take all the guns away. So he decided to buy a rifle and bullets and hide them. I think they lie... They talk about basketball, O.J. Simpson's murder, but they don't talk about world matters. The U.S. government hides information from the public.

That's why people suspect the government, they know something is wrong.

26.51

Three men picked up the barrels where all the rifles were. I was in the ditch putting them into rows. 4-5 thousand of them. They threw two metres of sand on top of them to hide them. If somebody needs to defend himself, he just needs to go and dig them up.

27.54

The tanks came and killed thousands of people in Tiananmen Square. People had no weapons. That's what the government does. People have no rights, they die like rats.

You could build something out of these that could destroy a tank. It wouldn't be hard.

3-2-1-FIRE

28.57

He who forgets the past is condemned to relieve it.

People don't learn in life, they forget their mistakes.

That's man's law.

29.44

5-4-3-2-1-FIRE

30.15

I could put my life story in here, and a couple of photos. And label it: Not to be opened before the year 5555. So it would become a time capsule.

30.41

Then he took my soul from my body and said: "Come with me". We went into the dark sky. I could see my house down there, and all around me,

the Milky Way.

I'd never seen anything like it before.

It was so wonderful, I can't find the words to describe it.

Man's brain hasn't got the capacity to understand

how wonderful it is there where God has come from.

I felt so peaceful inside.

It just ... overwhelmed me.



A Strange Message from Another Star (Original name in Finnish: Ihmeellinen viesti toiselta tähdeltä)  
Subtitles in English; Documentary/ 29:40 min / B & W / 35 mm academic 1: 1,33 / optical sound Dolby RSD /  
also video beta SP/ VHS PAL

**Crew**

Director, Photography, Editing, Sound: Veli Granö; Recording: Tuovi Hippeläinen  
Sound editing, Mixing: Martti Turunen; Dolby SRD Mixing: Epa Tamminen; Hi-speed camera: Timo Miikkulainen  
Music: Lydia Lunch, Jeff Greinke, David Shea, Alfred Schnittke; Film lab: Yle, Finnlab Oy, Helsingin elokuvapaja  
Video facilities: Kroma Oy, KSL; Film editing: Päivi Issakainen / Finnlab  
Print: Timo Nousiainen / Finnlab; Produced by: Veli Granö

*Veli Granö*  
born 1960, lives in Helsinki

## Pravdoliub Ivanov

### Transformation Always Takes Time and Energy

**T**he difference between change and transformation is that change does not exist. There is only transformation which is overloaded and overexposed by our expectations, dreams and even everyday life necessities. I would like to have the title and the work itself "sounding" like an absurd mix between a school example for a law of physics and a naive political appeal for social patience.

On a different level, the work is related to an idea, which is important for me. It is about "restituting" the "rights" and the "ownership" of the readymade objects over themselves back to themselves. Artists owe this to the "pre-prepared" objects after they have been deprived of their own context for almost a century, and have been used in ways far removed from the purposes they had been produced for.



Transformation Always Takes Time and Energy, 1998

In this sense, my installation is just a slow boiling of water in home-used pots and teapots, placed over small electrical plates, which are consuming time and energy. All the pots from the work have been borrowed from various relatives and friends. For a third year now, they are still waiting patiently to get them back.

*Pravdoliub Ivanov*  
born 1964, lives in Sofia

### The Precession of Simulacra

*The simulacrum is never that which conceals the truth – it is the truth which conceals that there is none.*

*The simulacrum is true.*

*Ecclesiastes*

**I**f we were able to take as the finest allegory of simulation the Borges tale where the cartographers of the Empire draw up a map so detailed that it ends up exactly covering the territory (but where the decline of the Empire sees this map become frayed and finally ruined, a few

shreds still discernible in the deserts – the metaphysical beauty of this ruined abstraction, bearing witness to an imperial pride and rotting like a carcass, returning to the substance of the soil, rather as an aging double ends up being confused with the real thing) – then this fable has come full circle for us, and now has nothing but the discrete charm of second-order simulacra.<sup>1</sup>

Abstraction today is no longer that of the map, the double, the mirror, or the concept. Simulation is no longer that of a territory, a referential being or a substance. It is the generation by models of a real without origin or reality: a hyperreal. The territory no longer precedes the map, nor survives it. Henceforth, it is the map that precedes the territory – PRECESSION OF SIMULACRA – it is the map that engenders the territory and if we were to revive the fable today, it would be the territory whose shreds are slowly rotting across the map. It is real, and not the map, whose vestiges subsist here and there, in the deserts which are no longer those of the Empire, but our own: The desert of the real itself.

In fact, even inverted, the fable is useless. Perhaps only the allegory of the Empire remains. For it is with the same imperialism that present-day simulators try to make the real, all the real, coincide with their simulation models. But it is no longer a question of either maps or territory. Something has disappeared the sovereign difference between them that was the abstraction's charm. For it is the difference which forms the poetry of the map and the charm of the territory, the magic of the concept and the charm of the real. This representational imaginary, which both culminates in and is engulfed by the cartographer's mad project of an ideal coextensivity between the map and the territory, disappears with simulation – whose operation is nuclear and genetic, and no longer specular and discursive. With it goes all of metaphysics. No more mirror of being and appearances, of the real and its concept. No more imaginary coextensivity: rather, genetic miniaturization is the dimension of simulation. The real is produced from miniaturized units, from matrices, memory banks, and command models – and with these it can be reproduced an infinite number of times. It no longer has to be rational, since it is no longer measured against some ideal or negative instance. It is nothing more than operational. In fact, since it is no longer enveloped by an imaginary, it is no longer real at all. It is a hyperreal, the product of an irradiating synthesis of combinatory models in a hyperspace without atmosphere.

In this passage to a space whose curvature is no longer that of the real, nor of truth, the age of simulation thus begins with a liquidation of all referentials – worse: by their artificial resurrection in systems of signs, a more ductile material than meaning, in that it lends itself to all systems of equivalence, all binary oppositions, and all combinatory algebra. It is no longer a question of imitation, nor of reduplication, nor even of parody. It is rather a question of substituting signs of the real for the real itself, that is, an operation to deter every real process by its operational double, a metastable, programmatic, perfect descriptive machine which provides all the signs of the real and short-circuits all its vicissitudes. Never again will the real have to be produced – this is the vital function of the model in a system of death, or rather of anticipated resurrection which no longer leaves any chance even in the event of death. A hyperreal henceforth sheltered from the imaginary, and from any distinction between the real and the imaginary, leaving room only for the orbital recurrence of models and the simulated generation of difference.

Jean Baudrillard

From: *The Precession of Simulacra*

Reprinted from *Art & Text*, no. 11 (September 1983): 3-47; also available in *Jean Baudrillard, Simulations*, trans. Paul Foss and Paul Patton (New York: Semiotext(e), 1983)

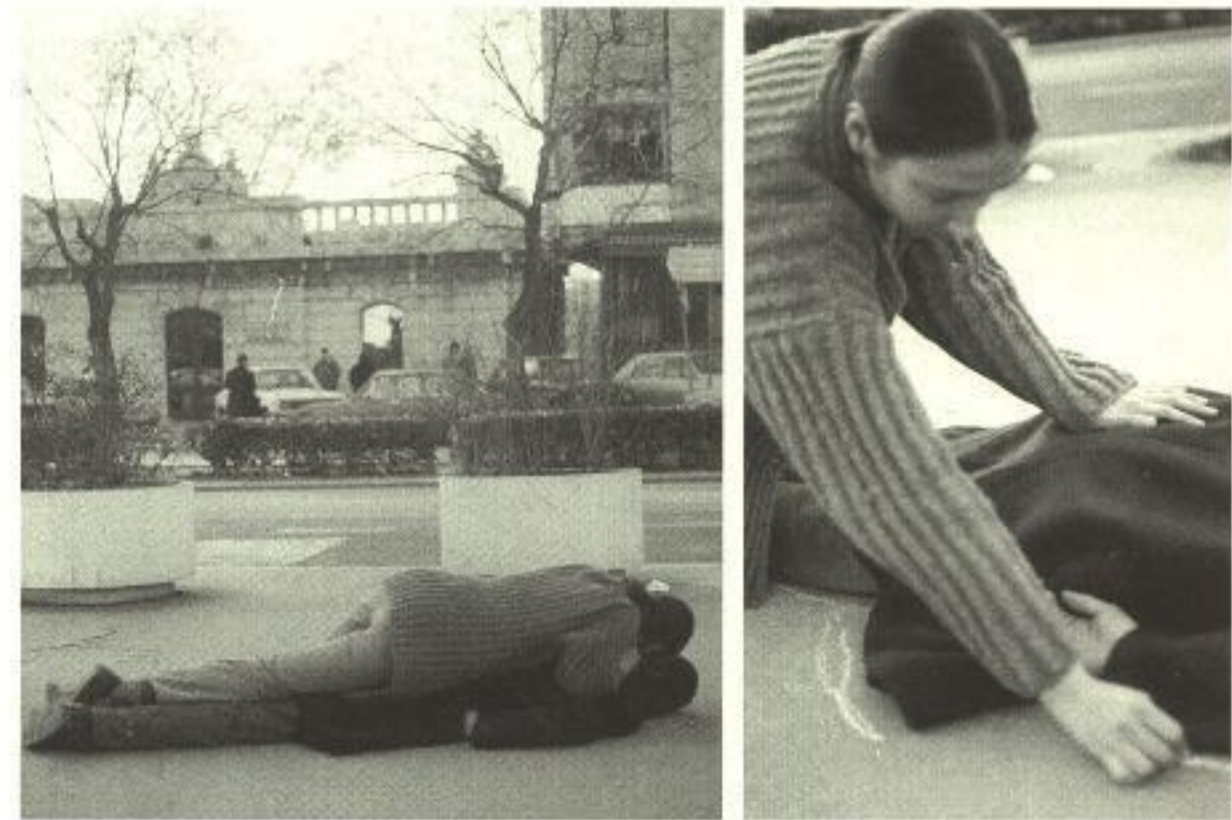
1. Cf., Jean Baudrillard, *L'échange symbolique et la mort* ("L'ordre des simulacres"), (Paris: Gallimard, 1975).

## Ivana Jelavić

### One

The performance took place in the Solin Street, in front of the Municipality building. I was interested in the development of the interior world, but also in the necessity of communication with other people, in the quality of this communication and in the relationship between my world and the world of others.

I began the performance by drawing a spiral line in ever expanding circles from the starting point in the center. For me, spiral represents a gradual personal development. There are contacts with other people; each relationship changes both me and the other person. For the contact to be perfect and sincere, the "small death", i.e. forgetting oneself in order to establish an optimal relation, is necessary. "Mors janua vita". On the pavement a symbolic drawing remains, consisting of my and foreign signs which merge in a single form. To stress the



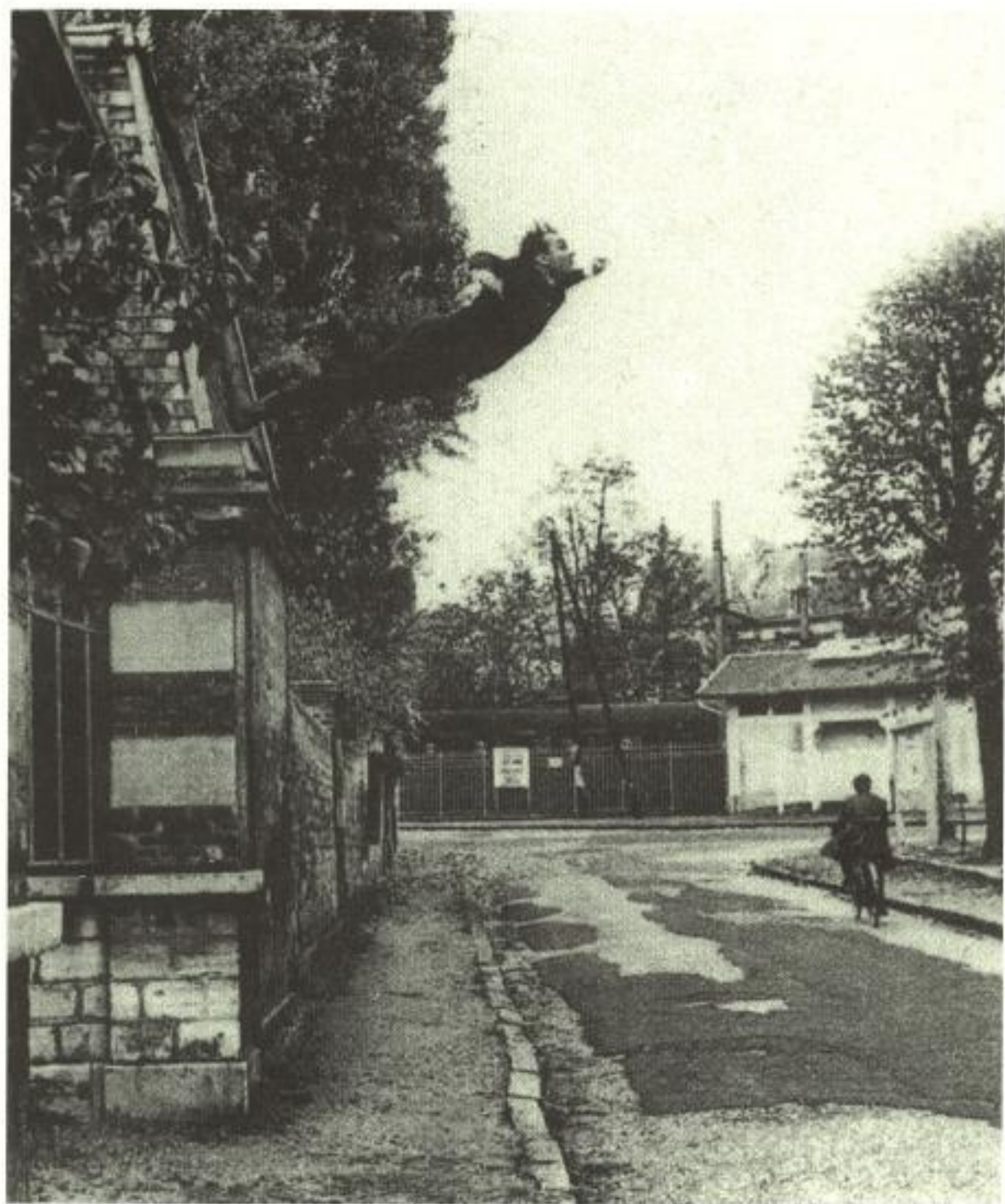
One, 1997, video

dimension of communication even more, the entire event takes place on the street which should be the place for people to meet. The most important impulse for this and other works comes from the power of the internal mental processes rather than from the external circumstances or events. One's internal world (one's spirit and soul) – on the borderline between the micro- and macro-world, between one's self and the others – in ceaselessly opening and changing its borders. These internal processes are the power which tends to break out and take a shape.

Ivana Jelavić

born 1971, lives in Zagreb

Only on condition of a radical widening of definition will it be possible for art and activities related to art to provide evidence that art is now the only evolutionary-revolutionary power. Only art is capable of dismantling the repressive effects of a senile social system that continues to totter along the deadline: to dismantle in order to build A SOCIAL ORGANISM AS A WORK OF ART.



This most modern art discipline – Social Sculpture / Social Architecture – will only reach fruition when every living person becomes a creator, a sculptor, or a architect of the social organism. Only then would the insistence on participation of the action art of FLUXUS and Happening be fulfilled; only then would democracy be fully realized. Only a conception of art

revolutionized to this degree can turn into a politically productive force, coursing through each person, and shaping history.

But all this, and much that is yet unexplored, has first to form part of our consciousness: insight is needed into objective connections. We must probe (theory or knowledge) the moment of origin of free individual productive potency (creativity). We then reach the threshold where the human being experiences himself primarily as a spiritual being, where his supreme achievements (work of art), his active thinking, his active feeling, his active will, and their higher forms, can be apprehended as sculptural generative means, corresponding to the exploded concepts of sculpture divided into its elements – indefinite – movement – definite (see theory of sculpture), and are then recognized as flowing in the direction that is shaping the content of the world right through into the future.

This is concept of art that carries within itself not only the revolutionizing of the historical bourgeois concept of knowledge (materialism, positivism), but also of religious activity.

EVERY HUMAN BEING IS AN ARTIST who – from his state of freedom – the position of freedom that he experiences at firsthand learns to determine the other positions in the TOTAL ARTWORK OF THE FUTURE SOCIAL ORDER. Self-determination and participation in the cultural sphere (freedom); in the structuring of laws (democracy); and in the sphere of economics (socialism). Self-administration and decentralization (threefold structure) occurs: FREE DEMOCRATIC SOCIALISM.

THE FIFTH INTERNATIONAL is born.

Communication occurs in reciprocity: it must never be a one-way flow from the teacher to the taught. The teacher takes equally from the taught. So oscillates – at all times and everywhere, in any conceivable internal and external circumstance, between all degrees of ability, in the work place, institutions, the street, work circles, research groups, schools – the master / pupil, transmitter / receiver, relationship. The ways of achieving this are manifold, corresponding to the varying gifts of individuals and groups. THE ORGANIZATION FOR DIRECT DEMOCRACY THROUGH REFERENDUM is one such group. It seeks to launch many similar work groups or information centers, and strives towards world-wide cooperation.

*Joseph Beuys, 1973*

My objects are to be seen as stimulants for the transformation of the idea of sculpture... or of art in general. They should provoke thoughts about what sculpture can be and how the concept of sculpting can be extended to the invisible materials used by everyone.

THINKING FORMS – how we mold our thoughts or  
SPOKEN FORMS – how we shape our thoughts into words or  
SOCIAL SCULPTURE – how we mold and shape the world in which we live: SCULPTURE AS AN EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS; EVERYONE AN ARTIST.

*Joseph Beuys, 1979*

From: "ENERGY PLAN FOR THE WESTERN MAN, JOSEPH BEUYS IN AMERICA",  
WRITINGS BY AND INTERVIEWS WITH THE ARTIST, COMPILED BY CARIN KUONI  
FOUR WALLS EIGHT WINDOWS, NEW YORK, 1990

## Daniel Jewesbury

**X**enophobia and paranoia are haunting Western Europe. British and Irish newspapers are, more and more, filled with two types of stories. One describes, with horror, the activities of "economic migrants", asylum seekers and refugees; the other recounts, with horror, the details of yet more racist attacks. The hypocrisy of this position goes unchallenged even at the highest levels of government. Politicians express disgust at racist violence and then denounce refugees who, because of incompetent immigration policies, are forced to beg in the street. *Exchange 2000* is inspired by my discomfort at being a citizen of Fortress Europe.

Radio is an aspatial medium which transgresses the physical boundaries and delimitations of the built environment. The form of a radio broadcast is a mental and textual space that each listener constructs afresh, for themselves; radio is an event in which each listener participates rather than a mute monument demanding contemplation.

*Daniel Jewesbury  
born 1972, lives in Belfast*



Radio Arealia (1999), View of transmission site; Annadale Allotments, Belfast

**A**nd now to be positive, that is to say, to turn to the positive side of radio, here is a proposal to give radio a new function: radio should be converted from a distribution system to a communication system. Radio could be the most wonderful public communication system imaginable, a gigantic system of channels – could be, that is, if it were capable not only of transmitting but of receiving, of making the listener not only hear but also speak, not of isolating him but of connecting him. This means that radio would have to give up being a purveyor and organise the listener as purveyor. That is why it is extremely positive

when radio attempts to give public affairs a truly public nature. Our government needs the activities of radio as much as the legal system does. Whenever the government or the legal system oppose such activity on the part of radio, then they are afraid and adapted only to the days before the invention of radio – if not before the invention of gunpowder. I have no more ideas than you have of, say, the duties of the Prime Minister; it is the job of radio to make them to clear to me, but it is one of the duties of the highest official in the state to report to the nation by means of radio on his actions and the reasons for them. The task of radio is not exhausted, however, by the relaying of these reports. It must, in addition, organise the demand for reports – that is to say, transform the reports of our rulers into answers to the questions of the ruled. Radio must make this exchange possible. It alone can organise the great discussion between industry and consumers about the standardisation of objects of daily use, the debates over the rise in the price of bread, the disputes in local government. If you should think this is utopian, then I would ask you to consider why it is utopian. [...]

Nothing is more inappropriate [for broadcast] than the old-fashioned opera, which is based on the inducing of a state of intoxication, for what it finds in front of the [radio] set is



Radio Arealia (1999), View of transmission site; Annadale Allotments, Belfast

the individual – and of all alcoholic excesses none is more dangerous than solitary drinking.

[...] it is no task of ours to renew ideological institutes by innovations on the basis of the present social system; rather, our task is to move its basis through our innovation. So we are for innovations but against renewal! By continuous, unceasing proposals for the better employment of the apparatus in the interest of the community, we must destroy the social basis of that apparatus and question their use in the interest of the few.

*From: "Bertolt Brecht (1930, trans. 1979)  
"Radio as a means of communication: a talk on the function of the radio",  
translated by Stuart Hood, in Screen, volume 20, numbers 3/4.*



## The Treaty of Maastricht

**A**rticle 56 (amended by the Treaty of Amsterdam):

(1) Within the framework of the provisions set out in this Chapter, all restrictions on the movement of capital between Member States and between Member States and third countries shall be prohibited.

article 63 (as amended by the Treaty of Amsterdam):

The Council ... shall, within a period of five years after the entry into force of the Treaty of Amsterdam, adopt:

(1) measures on asylum, in accordance with the Geneva Convention of 28 July 1951 and the Protocol of 31 January 1967 relating to the status of refugees and other relevant treaties, within the following areas:

(a) criteria and mechanisms for determining which Member State is responsible for considering an application for asylum submitted by a national of a third country in one of the Member States,

(b) minimum standards on the reception of asylum seekers in Member States,

(c) minimum standards with respect to the qualification of nationals of third countries as refugees,

(d) minimum standards on procedures in Member States for granting or withdrawing refugee status;

(2) measures on refugees and displaced persons within the following areas:

(a) minimum standards for giving temporary protection to displaced persons from third countries who cannot return to their country of origin and for persons who otherwise need international protection,

(b) promoting a balance of effort between Member States in receiving and bearing the consequences of receiving refugees and displaced persons;

(3) measures on immigration policy within the following areas:

(a) conditions of entry and residence, and standards on procedures for the issue by Member States of longterm visas and residence permits, including those for the purpose of family reunion,

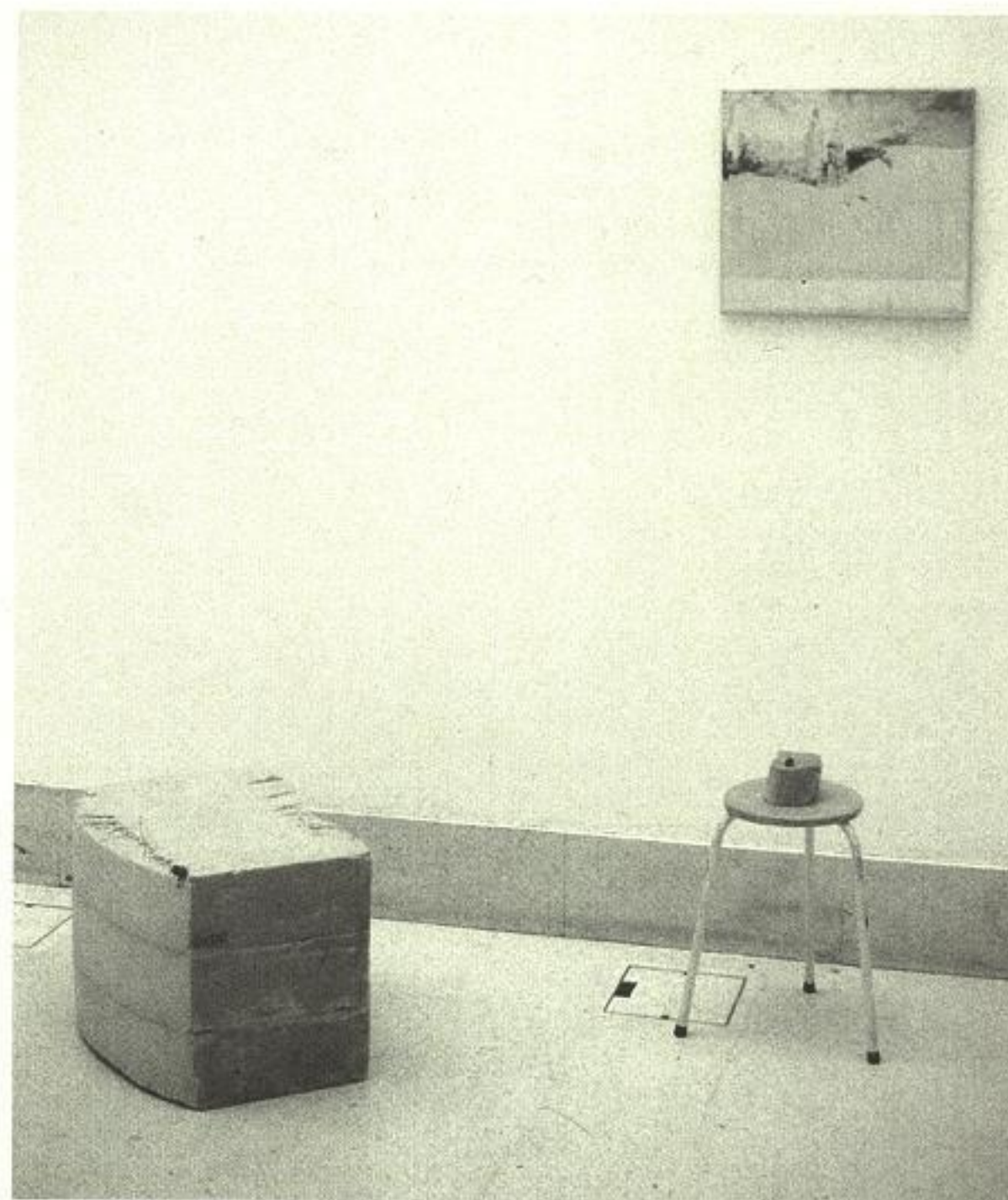
(b) illegal immigration and illegal residence, including repatriation of illegal residents;

(4) measures defining the rights and conditions under which nationals of third countries who are legally resident in a Member State may reside in other Member States.

Measures adopted by the Council pursuant to points 3 and 4 shall not prevent any Member State from maintaining or introducing in the areas concerned national provisions which are compatible with this Treaty and with international agreements.

## Ian Kiaer

In 1552 Pieter Brueghel made his journey across the Alps to Rome and then on to Sicily. His "View of the Bay of Naples" suggests that he passed through the part of Italy where Curzio Malaparte was to be exiled by Mussolini a few centuries later, in 1933. The rocky outcroppings of those Mediterranean shores appear in his subsequent paintings, "Christ at the Lake of Tiberias" and "The Fall of Icarus". Along the journey Brueghel made remarkably detailed topographical drawings of the landscape. These were often of hills and mountains, built up with short marks and dots, where he snugly fitted villages or solitary buildings into distant crags.



Brueghel project / Casa Malaparte, 1999

Malaparte made use of his two and a half years of exile by immersing himself in the reading of Homer's poetry, Greek classics, and Italian lyric poetry. As with Brueghel's travels, his isolation was a defining period, far from the political and social attention which he had enjoyed. It was his move to Ischia, an island close to Capri, which gave him the idea of building a retreat. Inspired by his environment and recent reading, he set about trying to acquire a piece of land as soon as his confinement ended. In 1938 work began in collaboration with the architect Adalberto Libera on a rocky promontory above the Tyrrhenian Sea.

In 1564 Brueghel painted "The Procession to Calvary". A semi-circular procession makes its way towards Golgotha. Christ is central to the composition yet is almost lost in the crowd. In the background stands an improbable rock with a windmill perched on top. It is a makeshift, vernacular building whose function is obvious, yet its architect/painter has designed it with utmost care. Its windows, though small, give controlled glimpses of the epic panorama below.

Ian Kiaer  
born 1971, lives in London

## "Ritratto di Pietra"

### (Stone Portrait)

The day I started building a house, I did not know I would draw a picture of myself; the best of all I have drawn so far in literature. Of everything that is autobiographical in the works of every writer, it is easy to trace the elements, the lines of his moral portrait. From my literary opus too, it is easy to extract the lines of my moral face. But I cannot say that my books give an essential portrait of me, naked, without frills – the portrait of the self that every writer ideally strives for. In some ways, a writer is always depicting himself, even when he describes an object, a tree, an animal, a stone. When I was writing *Donna come me*, for example, it was my portrait I was drawing in that strange creature – who borrowed from the horse, from the dog, the elements of her inner strength, the cast of her intimate world. Among all Italian writers, I believe myself to be one of those very few who have had the great courage to show themselves as they are. But I had never had the occasion to show myself as I am the way I did when I tried to build a house. And although many and strange are the preconceptions that one has against architecture, often considered taboo, no difficulties, no hostilities, have ever managed to curb. First came the choice of the site upon which to build the house. There was in Capri, in its wildest, most solitary and dramatic part, in that part completely oriented towards the south and east, where the human island becomes savage and nature expresses itself with incomparable and cruel strength, a promontory of extraordinarily pure lines, lunging at the sea with its rocky ... . No site in Italy has such a wide horizon, such depth of feeling. It is a place, in truth, only fit for strong men, for free spirits. For it is easy to let oneself be overcome by nature, to become its slave, to be crushed by those delicate and violent jaws, to be swallowed by nature like Jonah by the whale. It became clear to me from the very beginning that not only the outline of the house,

its architecture, but also the building materials had to fit with that wild and delicate landscape. No bricks, no concrete, but stone, only stone, of the local kind, from which the cliff, the mountain is made. And just as I could make no concessions to nature, so I also could make no concessions to the false idea some have that the architecture of one place lends itself well to each part of that place – that in Capri, the so-called Capri architecture fits equally well with the bay side, the side of Marina Piccola, the idyllic and Hesiodic side of Anacapri, or the Greek one of Matromania. There was no house here. I was the first to build such a house. And it was with reverential trepidation that I set myself to the task, helped not by architects and engineers (save for legal issues, legal formalities), but by a simple master builder, the best, the most honest, the most intelligent, the most upright that I have ever known. Short and extremely quiet, a man of few gestures and words, his dark eyes protected by slow, cautious, wise lids, Master Adolfo Amitrano started by feeling the rock; at that time one descended to Punta Massullo by lowering oneself along a hanging spit of rock. There, on that windswept point, we would pass the good part of days, and it was winter. But he would follow my words, my ideas about the house, and approve or reject them. For months and months, teams of masons worked on that farthest balcony of Capri, until the house began slowly to emerge from the rock to which it was married, and, as it took shape, it revealed itself as the most daring and intelligent and modern house on Capri. There were many who would have wanted me to concede to the style of Capri, not knowing that it was precisely when it came to this, to conceding and blending with that style, that I would refuse and keep my own counsel. No little Romanesque columns, therefore; no arches, no narrow exterior stairway, no ogival windows, none of those hybrid marriages between Moorish, Romanesque, Gothic, and Sesessionist styles which some Germans brought to Capri thirty or 50 years ago, thus contaminating the purity and simplicity of the Capri house.

The problems to solve were neither few nor easy; they began with the orientation, for one had to choose between scirocco and greco, the two winds that often blow there. And I chose to give them my elbow, as it were, by placing the house with the corners oriented so as to cut the four cardinal winds. As to its shape, it came to me from the flow of the cliff, from its structure, from its slope, from the relation between its 60 meters (33 feet) in width and 54 (178 feet) in length. And since at one point, where the cliff joins with the mountain, the rock dips, yields, and forms a sort of slender neck, there I laid a staircase that descends like a wedge from the top of the terrace.

Curzio Malaparte, Capri 1940  
From: "Casa Malaparte", Marida Talamona, Princeton Architectural Press

## Šejla Kamberić

**T**hinking about the concept of Manifesta 3 and about myself as an artist coming from Bosnia and Herzegovina to Slovenia I immediately knew what was the issue I wanted to focus on.

As a citizen of Bosnia and Herzegovina I can freely (visa free) enter just a few countries in the world. When I wish to enter Slovenia I need a visa which I can get only if I am on a business trip or if a friend invites me for a visit. At Slovenian border I enter Slovenia through the entrance with the sign OTHERS. When Slovenians are travelling to other European countries they are also using the 'OTHERS' entrance at the border crossings. Who are those 'OTHERS'? What am I doing at the European Biennial of Contemporary Art ( IN Ljubljana??) as an 'OTHER'? Borders are not just in our heads, they are FACTS.



Crossroad, 1999

There is an ideal site for my work in Ljubljana; it is Tromostovlje, *The Three Bridges* in the center of the town. I would like to put signs for the European Union (EU) and OTHERS on the bridges. In such a way, casual passers by who are crossing the bridges will be in the same situation as those who are crossing real country borders. Both will be divided into those who are belonging to the EU and those who are OTHERS. Also, to underline this paradox even more, I will put different signs on different sides of the bridge, so coming from different directions one will be a "member" of the EU or an OTHER. Reality that I am facing (together with many

other OTHERS) will be moved from the border to the centre of Ljubljana. "Free world, Europe without the boundaries...". IS THE BORDER PLACE WERE WE SHOULD FIND OUT WHO WE REALLY ARE? Do the Slovenians (pedestrians) know who they are?...

Šejla Kamberić  
born 1976, lives in Sarajevo



For My Sake, 1999



For My Sake, 1999



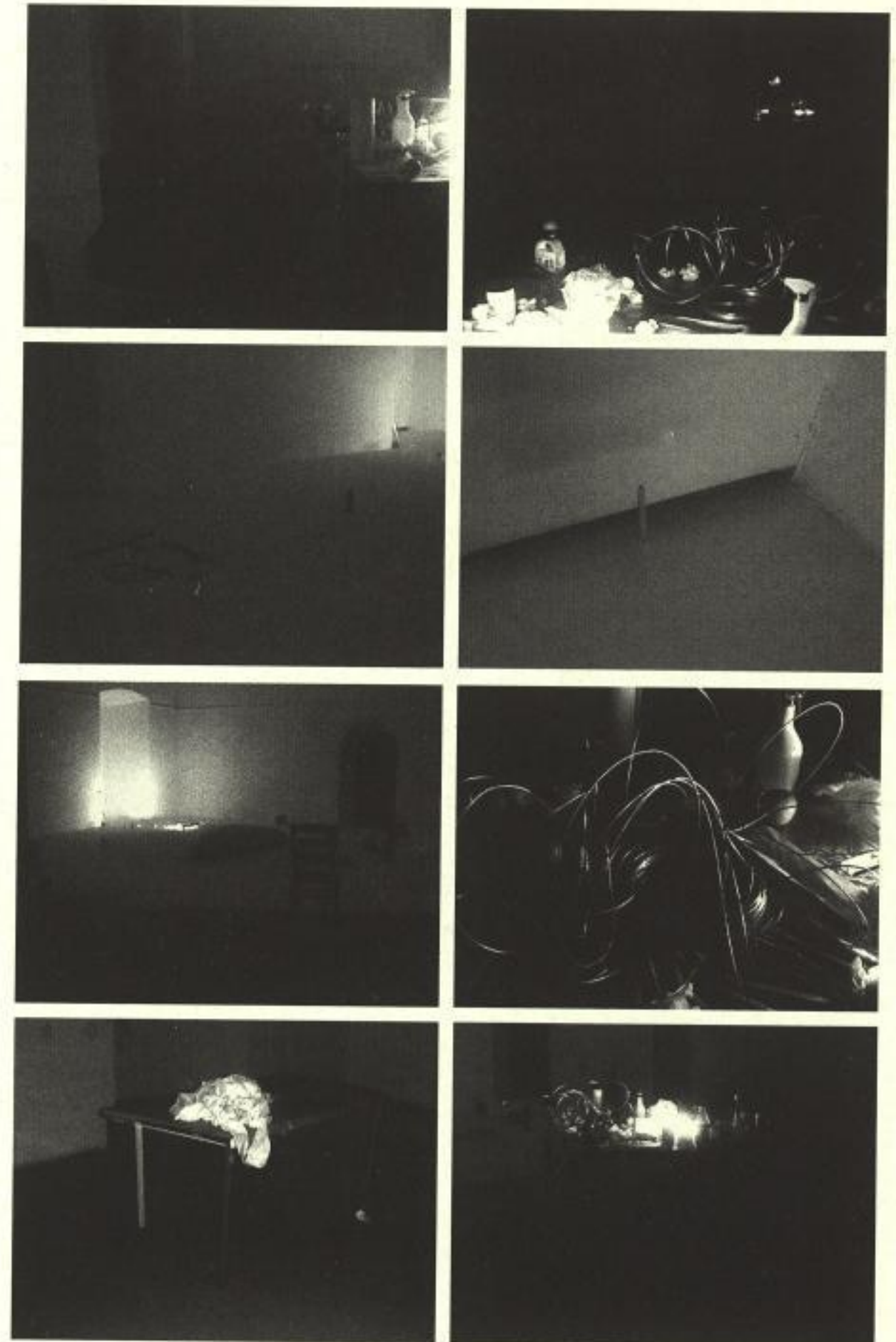
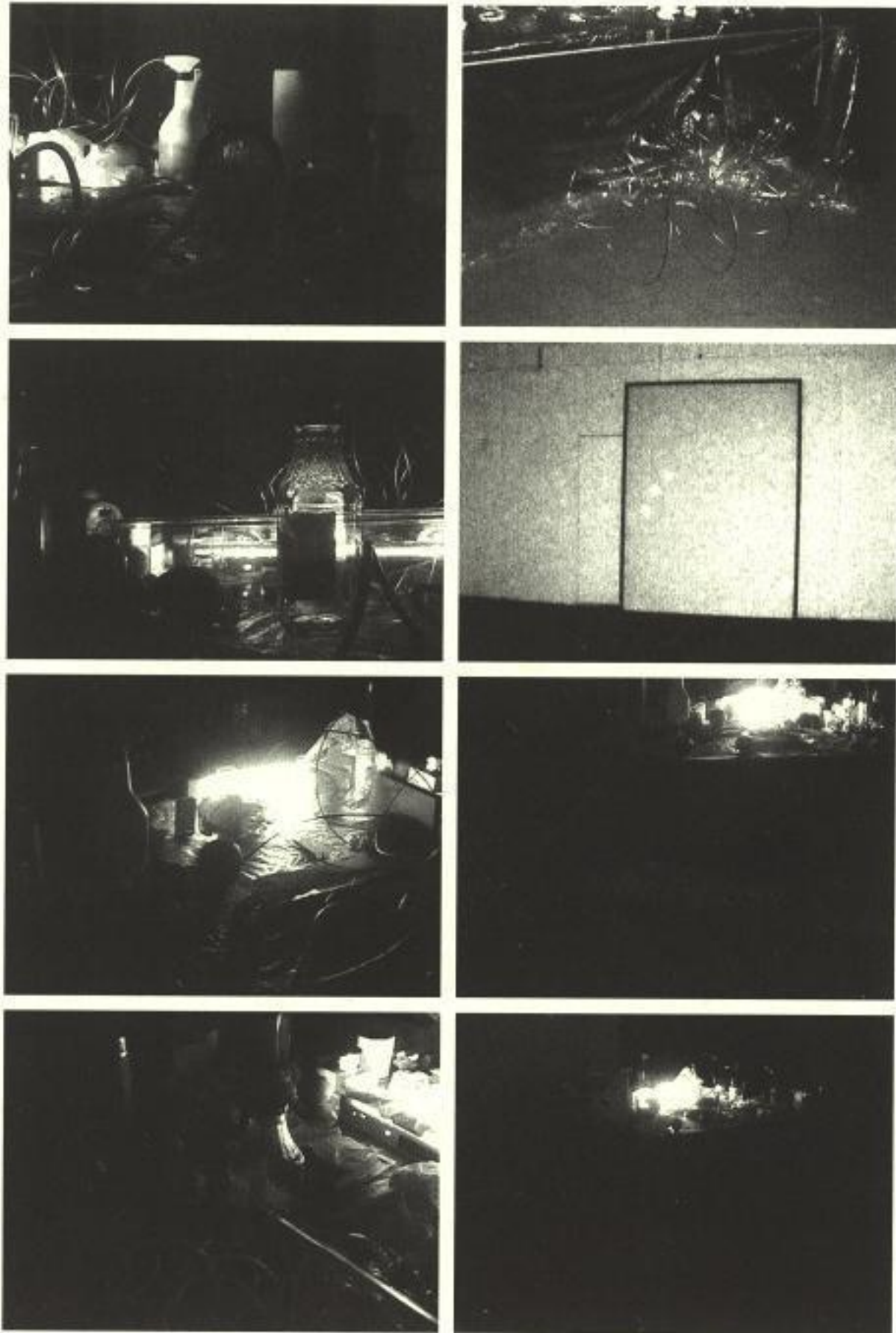
Plug, 1997



Occupied, 1999

# Koo Jeong-a

1 + 2 = 3    3 = 8 → ∞



*Koo Jeong-a*  
born 1967, Seoul, lives in Paris

## Edward Krasiński

**P**lastic Tape Scotch blue, 19 mm wide, length unknown. I stick it everywhere and onto everything in a horizontal direction at the height of 1.30 m. It appears on everything and I can reach everywhere with its help. It may appear everywhere. I do not know whether it is art. But for sure it is Scotch blue width 19 mm, length unknown.

*Edward Krasiński  
born 1925, lives in Warsaw*

## Darij Kreuh

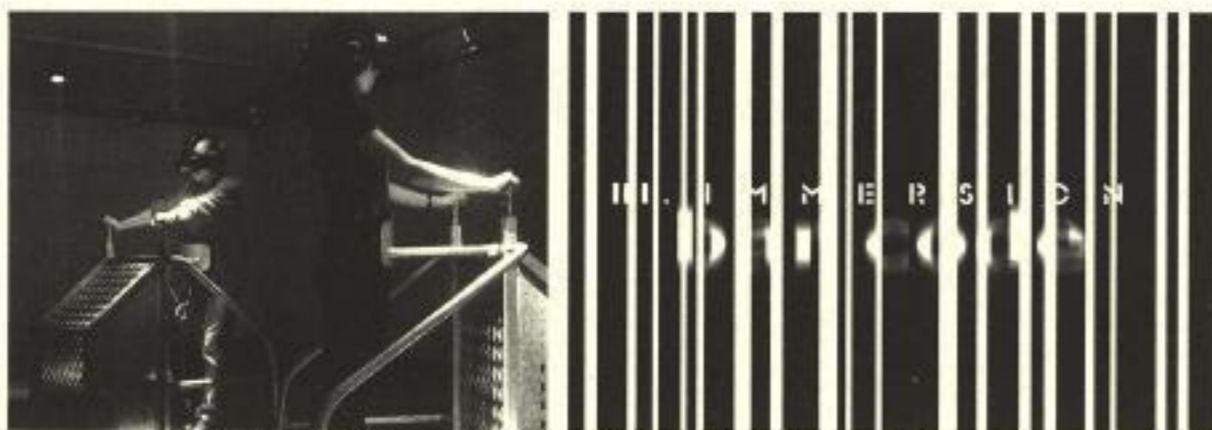
### BARCODE – III. Immersion

Concept and technological design: Darij Kreuh

Sound construction: Rainer Linz

Software programming: Iztok Bajec

The digital processing of data enables various individual experiences of each viewer by establishing the real time link as the information highway connecting real space, virtual reality space and global net space. The self-organisation of the system (artificial intelligence), direct interactivity of real space with the synthetic one, the simulated model, the composition of acoustic elements in real time and fragmentation, the uninterrupted visu-



Virtual Dreams, 1997

Barcode - III. Immersion, 1999

alisation of a computer-generated sound picture of space and the openness of the system create chaotically structured complexity. Systems of identification, which proceed from the passive into the active state, represent new virtual borders and filters of the communication society in view of the systematic control and manipulation. As a result, each viewer develops perception of his digital body in the state of dying as his direct experience within which the entry to the system unconsciously transforms into the ritual of sacrifice.

The body mass provides the key information. Transformations of the user's body mass (weight and height) into a digital form are presented as bar code prints. A laser scanner reads the bar code and transmits the data to the host computer, which then applies the data as a variable in the virtual sonic society (three-dimensional sonic organisms). The reaction to the variable is presented with the help of four loudspeakers, 4 projection canvases and the use of stereo glasses in real space.

#### I. Level – ENTRY

A system unit (a bar code station) which transforms analogue information into a digital one sets the entrance point of the entire installation. The unit consists of an ultra sound sonic measuring device of distance, a digital scale, a computer and a thermal printer. The user's two

basic body parameters are measured : height and weight. The computer is responsible for functional application of the data. The corresponding software processes and converts the data into a bar code, which is printed with the help of a thermal printer as identification data. The user can thereby use the data in the ensuing process.

#### II. Level – THE MAIN ROOM

The user, who has received his bar code and stereo glasses, enters the projection (virtual) space which is defined by four projection walls (4 x 4 x 3 m). In the centre, there are two hand-held laser scanners set on special supports. The projection on the wall is undetached – a 360-degree projection of virtual environment which is filled with virtual sonic entities in motion.

#### OPERATING SYSTEM

The user reads his bar code with the help of a hand-held laser scanner. The computer converts the received data to a three-dimensional body and generates the image in the virtual sonic society. Reactions to the new body (the intruder) are represented by a changed position, volume and colour of sound of individual members, moreover, the sonic and visual picture of the entire society, which the user experiences as the symbiosis of sensory perception and immersion into the virtual, changes indirectly.

#### VIRTUAL SONIC SOCIETY

The society is a self-organised system in which the major principle of existence is the harmony of relationships and the balance of a system. Certain elements of the society are presented by three-dimensional amorphous forms (the white light), which transmit sounds and exist within virtual space. The position of the elements in space depends on their mass and the arrangement of the entire system which is orbital. The basic functions of each element are recognition of all members from the society, search of harmony within relationships among different masses as a condition of balance, perception of an intruder and its absorption. When a certain element detects an intruder (the green light), it absorbs it and thereby amplifies its mass and changes the position (the orbit) which represents the transgression to a higher life cycle. Other members react to the change by re-arranging the position to achieve the balance (the identical number of members), which matches the new situation of the system. Triple surplus of the initial mass causes self-destruction of the element. Subsequent to a self-preserving system, the two nearest elements react to the sudden deficiency. They integrate into one and divide into three new elements with a specific initial mass (determined). Each initial element acquires a specific sound and its parameters change in accordance with the cycle in which a certain element abides. Each element can live up to three or four cycles according to the specific mass (the initial information of the system user).

#### III. Level – GLOBAL SPACE (VRML)

The third level is presented as a VRML model on the Internet. When the web user accesses a specific site, he can participate in the activity of the virtual community with the help of a specific programme and the VRML model.

The third level represents the expansion of virtual space into the global one. When the user connects to the server, the virtual sonic community gets cloned and transfers to the user's remote computer, where it starts to function utterly by itself. The cloned members of the virtual community abide by the survival law and self-preserved organisms, which transfer as hereditary records from the residential virtual environment to the cloned one. Each input information (the user's digital body mass in the gallery space) is transferred from the residential virtual environment to the remote cloned community, which responds to the newly established situation, in real time. Concurrently, the cloned community sends data on where the user is positioned and all changes that occur due to his/her movements to the residential virtual community. The user of the remote computer, who strolls among the cloned members with the help of the VRML interface, obtains his/her virtual presence in the residential virtual environment (he/she is illuminated with the red colour).

*Darij Kreuh  
born 1961, lives in Ljubljana*

## Second Order Installation

The first age of electronic cybernetic art, which was in many ways a demonstration of the principles of cybernetics in a user-friendly artistic environment, and which was characterised by a unique romanticism and fascination (on the part of both artists and users), was followed in the mid-1990s by a new era – one based on a more demanding approach and more sophisticated solutions. Fascination with a new medium alone was no longer enough; projects therefore needed to include more artificial intelligence and artificial life, or even a story in which the user might assume the role of a hero. We are now witnessing a development similar to that which took place in cybernetics: after the era of 'classical' cybernetics, which focused on the research of feedback loops and their applications and which was characterised by an engineering approach, the second order of cybernetics is focusing more on organisational and control processes in human communities. This is evident from its basic terms: autopoiesis, self-reference and self-organisation.

Barcode, the new interactive installation by Darij Kreuh and his associates (Iztok Bajec and Rainer Linz) belongs to the second order, the current direction in cyberart. It is not included in this category merely because of its hardware and software foundation, which enables the upgrading of the installation on the Internet (the VRML model was developed especially for this installation), which means that a connection between real, virtual and networking-global spaces is established in real time and that its webness is important for this project. It is chiefly the possibilities which the installation provides to its user that place it in this category. Through identification with his avatar (a symbol of his telepresence in the synthetic environment), the user may participate in the life of a complex community of virtual agents/clones. Here he can spend three or four cycles of his virtual life. He may either adjust to the community or exclude himself from it (or be excluded); he can either survive or be destroyed in this smart environment based on self-organisation and balance of the system.

A special feature of this installation is the user's avatar, which is defined by his weight and

height expressed in a barcode. When the barcode is read, it provides data on the nature of the data avatar as the user's representative agent in a three-dimensional virtual sonic community. This means that the mass of the user's body is decisive for his identity in cyberspace. A question that may arise at this point is why the user is defined on the basis of his mass (i.e., on the basis of a perfectly natural feature) and not on the basis of characteristics expressing intellectual properties (i.e. on the basis of culture)? The second option would be somewhat closer to the position of the author of the present text (data on intellectual properties could be obtained with a simple text taken by the user before entering the process installation); however, the author is also not totally opposed to the existing solution. Nature – even in the form of a cruel evolutionary struggle where only the fittest survive – and cyberculture (which assumes the third and fourth nature of the synthetic which is escalated) begin to coexist without conflict when we deal with the questions of hierarchy, power, and the will to power: i.e. with politics, capital and social Darwinism. The world swarming with powerful web corporations, a world which is no longer controlled by nations via their parliaments and institutions of civil society, as masterfully described in Gibson's cyberpunk trilogy, is today slowly becoming reality, with the exception being that there are no more romantic console cowboys to successfully 'crack' the security systems of the key corporations. Today a successful action by a cracker is an item of interest only to the police and their files on web art. For this reason, the World Wide Web is now actually being changed into a unique natural environment (in the sphere of digitised, sophisticated nature). In this environment – or at least near it – corporations such as Microsoft have functioned for some years now as sorts of matrixes-queen bees-midwives-cum-nature.

Darij Kreuh's virtual sonic community is not based on social Darwinism, but it nevertheless establishes an environment in which a simulation can happen concerning the current relations between nature and culture, or perhaps even those between cybernature and cyberculture. It appears as a kind of self-preservation system in which the entrance of each new user (via his avatar) changes the relationships in this community and calls for adjustments (connections, associations, separations) between the other members, or, in other words, for cultural actions and reactions.

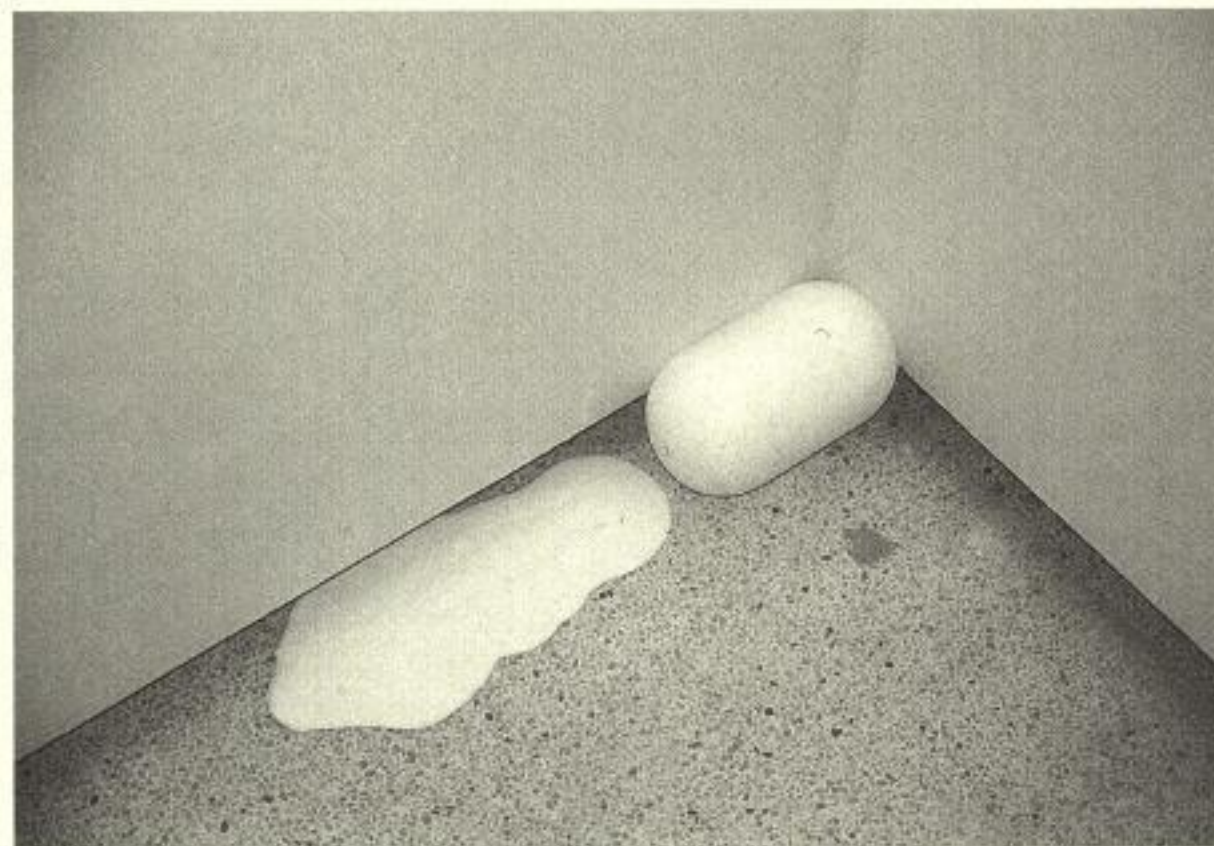
In terms of the aesthetics at play in Kreuh's installation, we should emphasise in particular the diving effects and the effects of telepresence in connection with the user's identification with the avatar. This effect also places the user in the position of a player of different roles – today one of the basic features required of sophisticated projects in the area of electronic interactive, and in particular web art.

Finally, it should be mentioned that in Barcode, the diving environment has been very much brought to perfection (a 360-degree projection on four walls); however, it is somewhat more difficult for the user to identify with his avatar, which has the form of a large, fast-moving star on the screen. (Besides one's own star that each of us has somewhere in the universe, the user has now obviously found his virtual star, too.) It's a very much 'instant' solution, one which for a less adaptable person can easily turn into a 'shooting star'. Another important feature of this installation is that it employs philosophy about the codified world, or, to be more exact, about the current trend of re-coding from analogue into digital code – the only one leading to participation in environments with on-line traffic, where social power and money are on the rise.

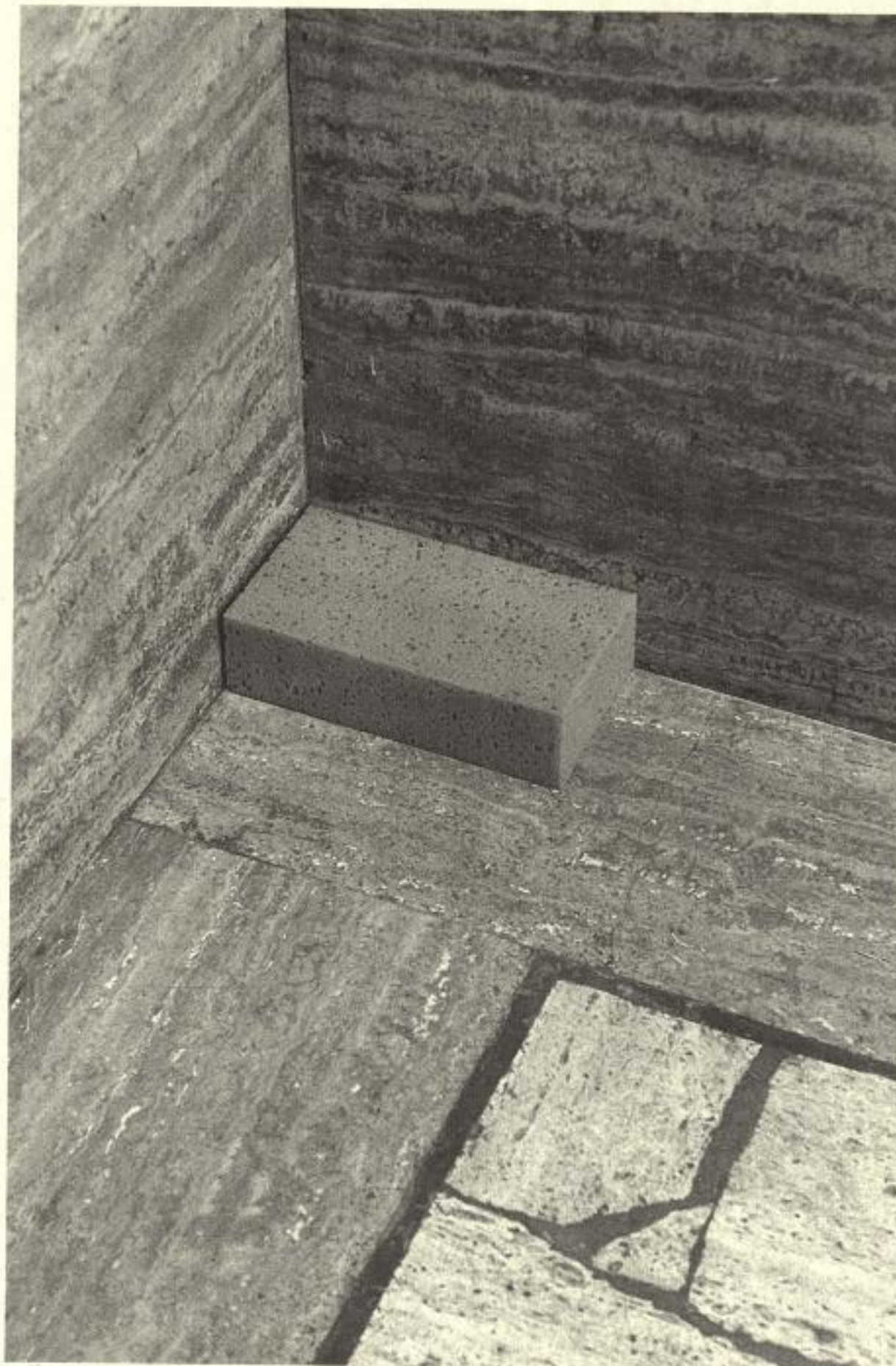
*Janez Strehovec*

Denisa Lehocká

Untitled, 1999



Untitled, 1999



Untitled, 1999

*Denisa Lehocká*  
born 1971, lives in Bratislava



## Alexander Melkonyan

### From the Author

Before representing the artistic concept of my work, it is important to explain my understanding of the well-known past, the supposed future, the whole creative field, the area and the region, based on the realities of the present day, today's empirical and associative perception of the world in general and Armenia in particular.

The reality that we had to live in was dramatic, since the whole twentieth century, and especially the middle of it, was projected on the Indo-European space as some symbiosis, tragedy-comedy. Our motherland, its ethno-historical space, had a key position in all this. The aggressions, numerous hyper-totalitarian acts of defeat, subjugation of its living environment and its ethno-psychogenesis within centuries, proceeded by an extended hypocritical environment of totalitarian regimes, left its definite impact on the whole culture or human relations formed in the simultaneous antroposophy and antropophobia of this environment. Without understanding this paradoxical phenomenon, it is senseless to approach such a space and time substance as Ararat. The culmination of all this was the act of ethnic repression – genocide. All this happened in a very short historical period and the subsequent developments of the twentieth century, with all its horrors naturally turned into a super-global act of the last world war. The technological progress and the discrepancies between the moral of co-existence and the moral of knowledge shook the earth under the feet of mankind ... Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The new Armenian co-operation (Society), its "systemized structure" is the result of all these energies mixed with two sacramental liquids of human being – sweat and blood ...

No-one, none the less us Armenians, was an outside viewer of this tragic reality (after having 1.5 million victims in 1915, during the Second World War four Armenian divisions were fighting and 460.000 soldiers of these divisions were killed). We, as everyone in general, paid and are paying for our sins ...

We, as everyone, each of us to our own extent (namely finding out this extent and measure of confession is the most difficult) appeared in front of the world and now we are trying to understand the correlation of the problems of the world in ourselves and ours in the world.

Any art becomes culture only when it is carried into civilization. The task of each civilization is to observe culture from the aspect of love to human being, in other words from the aspect of freedom of the creative talent of the individual. In the case of the violation of the triumvirate (the father, the son and the holy spirit), its differentiation and the opposition among the substances; something in the case of the oblivion of essence of the unity of the three bases, and even worse, in the case of total independence – the "domination" of one of the bases we get a hypertrophy. We meet something like this in the state structures of the world, that is unipolarization.

We see numerous mute witnesses of art-facts, material values and "beauties" of such processes of human history. The beauty by itself will not save the human being if he will not recognize the human being in others. The reason for this is the insolvency of the intermediate substance, its mechanism, that is the state structure, which doesn't correspond to the prob-

lem of the integration of the world heritage and the carrier of this heritage – the human being.

Beauty will not save the world if the audience dies, if the great talent of amazement dies. And we, the Armenians, and I, a human being, should reappraise lots of things, but even more I should conceive to forget, and forget to conceive. We came out from a lethargy, we waited for the arrival of our time, found our space, but do we realize our role around the common table of the humanity and, in general, is it important to humanity?

Cities, states, civilizations are megalopolises of human fear and belief in God, the unity with him. The fear of the functional, bestial loneliness doesn't leave us and we drive through the eternal roads of creative tragedy, piling those roads with good things, masterpieces, the vanity of universal gatherings. We create obstructions and fear and then in the darkness we call and look for each other, and then again run away with the fear to open ourselves up to each other. Art works with all their fabulous numerologization are poor copies of the essential beauty, which is called love of human beings for each other. Scraping the material values, trying to pay off self-failure to correspond to the internal beauty, more and more we destroy the internal treasure of our world enriching it with internal ugliness.

All this turns the spiritual shell of human existence into armor and shielding. He becomes an aggressive wretch. And it comes out, that material goods and things kill their creator. Again the population of wonderful "solitudes" consolidate into a nightmare of monolithic systemized unity, no longer a co-operation in general. These "solitudes" stop communicating with each other, and fence themselves from the others with everything possible – documents, passports, statuses, borders, barbed wires, and walls of stone, wood and self-hostility. All the material world that is given for communicating, socializing, and creating we turn into means of superiority and isolation. The real constructions of our tragedies and the fragments of aftershocks of our ancestors, connecting with the threads and knots of duties, hooking on formidable trinkets of our grandfathers, shocking the air with the tambourines of the grand statuses, people again and again declare their point of view, forgetting that it is the essence diminished to the point of their horizon of thinking and tolerance.

What did we leave to our generations, the generations that again and again repeat the labyrinths of new constructions and material values of heartless tragedies?

Will the future generations understand our messages, our touchingly trembling attempt to tell them about the love of woman and man, father and mother, daughter and son? Will they be able not to escape into enormous groups of loneliness, pressed under the pyramids of goods and information? Will they understand and realize the pain of creation, or will they try to escape from it by all kinds of pain-relief means, endless "ism"-s, and truths in the last instances? What awaits us, the human beings – the people, on this earth? Will we let the other person enter into us, or we will lock ourselves up and keep the empty shell of our artistic constructions...?

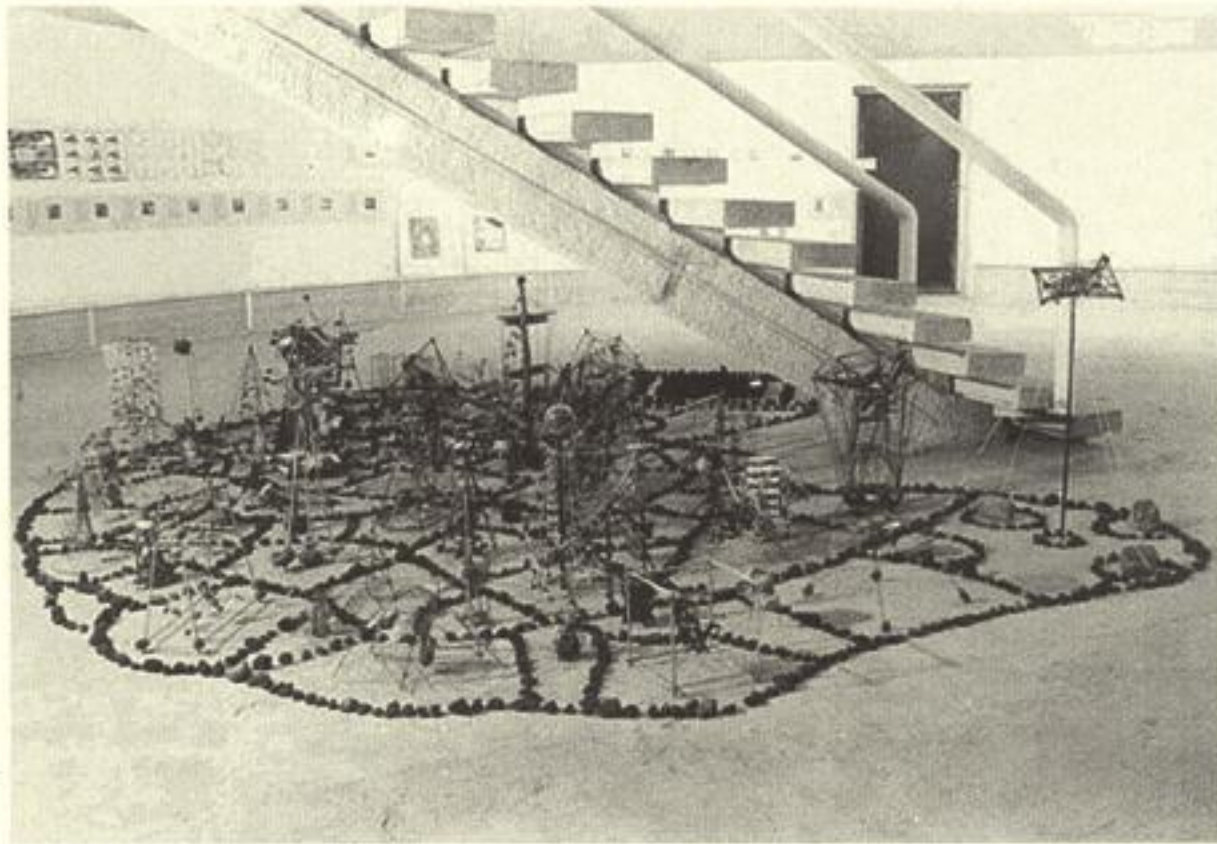
The wind is whistling in our hearts...

## Armenian Emotional, Logical Victorious, Instinctively Suicidal Ancient-Armenian Urban Archetype in the Last Capital of Armenians

I would like in some way to encode the name and the meaning of the object. In fact the annotation of the project itself is the explanation of the associative basis of the initial impulse for the plastic solution of the object.

Before starting the encoding, let's define the following:

- The World where the multi-million megalopolises expelled the human being. He is lonely as Adam in Eden...
- The World where unipolarization of the political predominance created extreme confrontation of opposite sides in all four directions of the Earth...



Armenian Emotional, Logical Victorious, Instinctively Suicidal Ancient-Armenian Urban Archetype in the Last Capital of Armenians

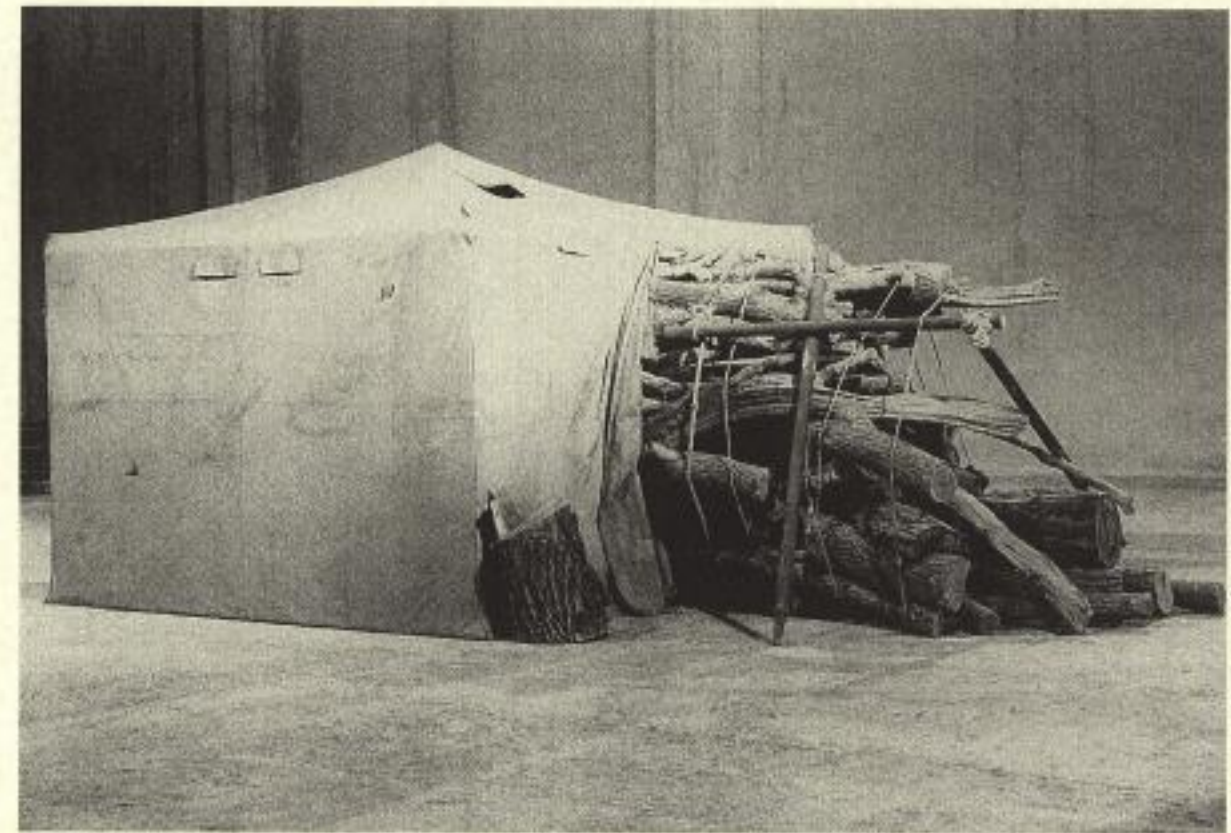
- The World where the children die from hunger and the domestic animals because of twisted bowels.
- The World where the equivalent of human work became a moral...
- The World is hyper-empirical and has not understood the essence of being ...
- The World, as a museum exposition of art-facts, among which are wandering the man-like creatures – the cyborgs with cellular telephones, like the Neanderthal man with the bludgeon...
- The World, the acumen, the area, the region in the universe, where someone always tries to rise

over that ocean and look on it as a estranged object...

- The World, the object where lives my child, my little daughter, who hasn't asked me for that...
- The World where each of us turned the generous zeal of duty into burden of position...

### And now Armenian emotional:

1. Having no culture of systematization and without giving any other definition to the spiritual essence of the system except vulgar imitation, the Armenian ability to survive is due to the emotional incest. This is proved by the absence of theoretical fundamental logical systemized doctrine, as in the case of any feeble impulse in that direction it either self-liquidated its systemized essence, masked it in front of the danger of another more aggressive system, or was destroyed by that system. The Armenian theoretical idea existed only on the intuitive subconscious level and only in the form of single individuals and its derivative the ethnographical pop-art (minstrels, bards, cross-stones, carpets, crafts, Chorenatsi, Kuchak, Narekatsi, Sayat-Nova).



"The Birthplace of the Great Viking" – "The Grave of the Great Viking", work in progress, 1996

Total absence of any school or systematization was more than justified. Only on the emotional level was possible to survive within the environment of logical and conceptual expansions.

### Logical Victorious:

2. Logical by its emotionality; victorious because it hadn't the problem of victory, had not set it initially and finally.

### Instinctively Suicidal:

3. The instinct is the best guide of the intellectual species – the human being and the society in general, if these species succeed to pass the instinct through the burden of empirical test in

the operational area of action. In this case logic should not limit initiative of instinct. For this logic should be exceptionally of the creative, constructive type, and not the informative or encyclopedic one. Suicide is the allegory meaning the process of self-analysis in general, which is the requirement of any dialectics in any form of life, as life and organism are always in the eternal life-creating aggression. Love and hatred are always concurrent.

#### Ancient-Armenian Urban:

4. The city in general is the synonym for the consolidation of many phobias, a means of collective opposition to another such an organism. The concept Ancient-Armenian is transcendental, as the formation of anything at present occurs from the sum of accumulated past events. And only in the case of the appearance of a new target or danger does the same idea forms a successive creative future.

#### The Last Capital of Armenians:

5. The Last Capital, since in the well known historic geopolitical space it has the objectivity of a conditional status in the direct meaning of this word. And "Armenians" it is just the assumed name of one of many nations in this world and this is my nation.

Everything stated above is not the initial reason of this form of plastic art.

All this was occurring in our living environment, which was perceived on an intellectual level. The beauty and tragedy of eclecticism of any society, its homogeneity made of endless particles concurrently and within period of time, and on the concrete space of inhabitation within centuries starting from the II millenium B. C. this is not an absurd. This is only phenomenal paradox, the mystery and puzzle of creation, but not a secret, as the secret is the essence of phobia and stupidity. And mystery is the essence of enlightenment, giving and life.

In the object numerous materials and substances, techniques and technologies are present. With all their unusual form, they are simple and with all their simplicity they are unexpected. The methods and techniques are ancient archaic. Many objects are united in one, but in spite of this each of them are unique and original. Here are seen the ways of great migrations, different situations. Archetypes are not images of persons, they don't answer to the question "What is this?", but they answer the question "What?", otherwise what is this or that event, how to (and this is very relative) the form of different conditions of a man and people. There are archetypes that express the environment, the means: what remains in us, people; what construction, what archetype from our past coming to our present and going to our future.

If we follow the ways of great demographic migrations, then we will see an unlimited amount of symbols of this process, but not in the form of monuments of world culture, but in the form of non-materialized substances, of people communication, of all types and classes, groups and societies. The basis for these monuments is unique and eternal – the love between the two parts of the united and the whole. The struggle between these parts is so ruthless, that one more time we are convinced that they are the essence of soul, as this way the ego opposes him/herself. Archetypes of this object are the condition of this struggle between eternal Odysseys and Penelopes, between eternal Romeos and Juliets, between You and Me.

*Alexander Melkonyan  
born 1952, lives in Yerevan*

## Matthias Müller

### Vacancy

**W**hen I was born, a shining city was inaugurated in the middle of the savannah. Laying plans for a new world, men had left the sign of the cross in the red dust. Almost forty years later I arrived at this place following the traces of the utopian dream it was generated by. Subject to the disillusionment of time, its expansive spaces appear like a museum to me – conserving the remains of a dream shattered long ago and being kept alive only by its staff.

*Matthias Müller  
born 1961, lives in Bielefeld*



*Vacancy, 1999, video, film*

**S**o what is the feeling of emptiness? Maybe it's that the barren landscape becomes a pocket of death because of its emptiness. Maybe the enormity of the cloudless sky is a void reflecting the mirrorlike thought of myself. That to be confronted by space is to fill it like a vessel with whatever designs one carries – but it goes farther than these eyes having nothing to distract them as vision does its snake-thing and wiggles through space. There is something in all that emptiness – it's the shape of a particular death that was built by tiny humans on the spare face of an enormous planet long before I ever arrived, and the continuance of it probably long after I have gone.

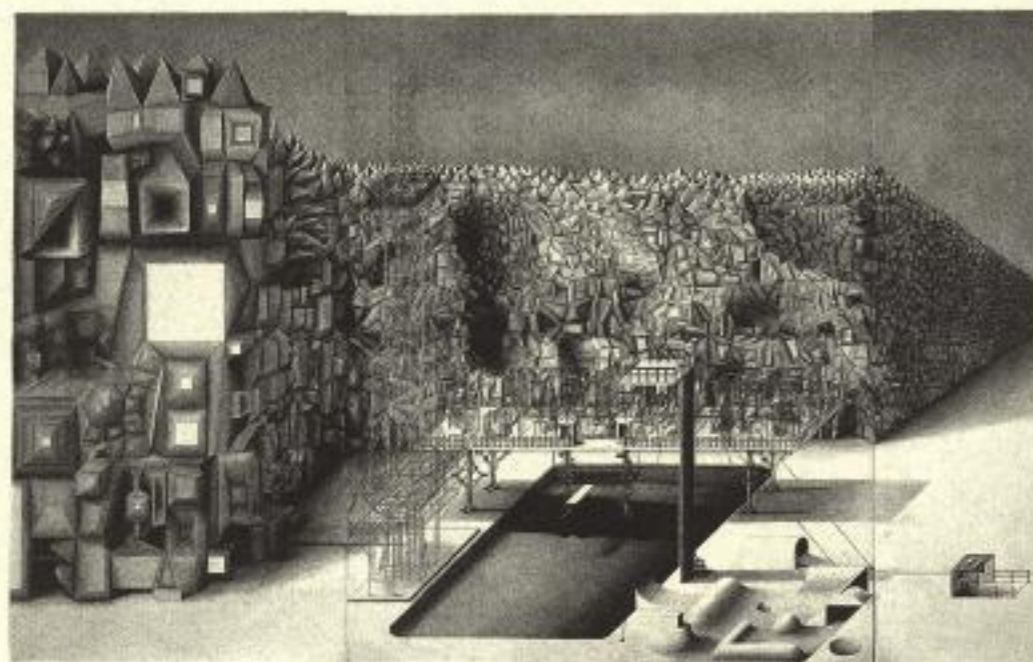
*David Wojnarowicz  
From: Close to the Knives – A Memoir of Disintegration*

## Paul Noble

**L**idonob describes one of the buildings that is part of Nobson Newtown. The other buildings are the cemetery, the quarry, the slum area, the job club, the light industrial plant, the dump, the hospital, the central wasteland, the campsite, the shopping mall, the old ruin, the sewage system and the town monument.

The buildings are drawn in oblique projection. The shape of each building is determined by its name. The building name is drawn in Nobson font. This font is a semi-legible 'architext'. The buildings are both writing and drawing. They are illuminations and unillumination.

*Paul Noble  
born 1963, lives in London*



Lidonob, 2000

## The Eusa Story

**1** Wen Mr Clevver wuz Big Man uv Inland thay had evere thing clewver. Thay had boats in the ayr & picters on the win & evere thing lyk that. Eusa wuz a noing man vere qwik he cud tern his han tu enne thing. He wuz werkin for Mr Clevver wen thayr cum enemies aul roun & maykin Warr. Eusa sed to Mr Clevver, Now wewl nead boats that go on the water & boats that go in the ayr as wel & wewl nead Berstin Fyr.

2. Mr Clevver sed tu Eusa, Thayr ar tu menne agenst us the tym we mus du betteren that. We keap fytn aul thees Warrs wy doan we jus du 1 Big 1. Eusa sed, wayr du I fyn that No.? Wayr du I fyn that 1 Big 1? Mr Clevver sed, Yu mus fyn the Littl Shynin Man the Addom he runs in the wud.

3. Eusa sed, Thayr int aul that much wud roun hear its mostly ilyn its mosly stoan. Mr Clevver sed, Yu mus fyn the wud in the hart uv the stoan & yu wil fyn it by the dansing in the stoan & thay partickler traks.

4. Eusa wuz a noing man he noet how tu bigger the smaul & he noet how tu smauler the big. He noet the doar uv the stoan & thay partickler traks. He smauler his self down tu it he gon in tu particklers uv it. He tuk 2 grayt dogs with him thear nayms wer Folleree & Folleroo. Eusa ternt them luce he put them tu the staon & castin for partickler traks & tu the dansing.

5. Foun the syn uv dansing on partickler traks thay dogs & follert harkin 1 tu the uther hot & klikken & countin thay gygers & thay menne cools uv stoan. Smauler & smauler thay groan with Eusa in tu the hart uv the stoan uv the dans. Evere thing blippin & bleapin & movin in the shiftin uv the Nos. Sum tyms bytin sum tyms bit.

6. Cum tu the wud in the hart uv the stoan. The stoan sky gone dark the stoan win gon stil. Thay dogs gon crinje then & wimpert. Eusa sed to thay dogs, Garn the trak & fyn.

7. Thay dogs stud up on thear hyn legs & taukin lyk men. Folleree sed, Lukin for the 1 yu wil aul ways fyn thay 2. Folleroo sed, Thay 2 is 2ce as bad as the 1. Eusa sed, I woan be tol by amminals. He beat thay dogs & on thay gon.

8. In the dark wud Eusa seen a trak uv lyt he follert it. He cum tu the Hart uv the Wud it wuz the Stag uv the Wud it wuz the 12 Poynt Stag stud to fays him & stampin its feat. On the stags hed stud the Littl Shynin Man the Addom in be twean thay horns with arms owt strecht & each ban holdin tu a horn.

9. Eusa sed tu the Littl Man, Yu mus be the Addom then. The Littl Man sed, I mus be wut I mus be. Eusa wuz angre then he wuz in rayj because he had shutin weppn but the Littl Man wun even cover his self. He stud nekkit with his arms owt strcht be twean thay horns.

10. Eusa tuk his weppn in his han he sed tu the stag, Wy doan yu run? Yu no wut I am going tu du. The stag sed, Eusa yu ar talkin tu the Hart uv the Wud. Nothing wil run from yu enne mor but tym tu cum & yu wil run from evere thing.

11. Eusa shutin the Stag with his weppen & down it cum. Eusa grabbit the Littl Man by his 2 out strecht arms & holdin him lyk twichin for water with a hayzel.

12. Eusa sed tu the Littl Man the Addom, I nead tu no the No. uv the 1 Big 1 & yu mus tel me it. The Littl Man the Addom he sed, yu du no it Eusa its in yu the saym as its in me. Eusa sed, I doan no it yu mus tel it tu me. The Littl Man sed, Eusa yu no wut that 1 Big 1 is it's the No. uv thay Master Chaynjis I doan hav no werd tu tel it. Eusa sed, If yu woan tel in 1 may be yul tel in 2. Eusa wuz pulin on the Littl Mans owt strecht arms. The littl Man sed, Eusa yu ar pulin me a part. Eusa sed, Tel.

13. Eusa wuz angre he wuz in rayj & he kep pulin on the Littl Man the Addoms owt strecht arms. The Littl Man the Addom he begun to cum a part he cryd, I wan tu go I wan tu stay. Eusa sed, Tel mor. The addom sed, I wan tu dark I wan tu lyt I wan tu day I wan tu nyt. Eusa sed, Tel mor. The Addom sed, I wan tu woman I wan tu man, Eusa sed, Tel mor. The Addom sed, I wan tu plus I wan tu minus I wan tu big I wan tu littl I wan tu aul I wan tu nuthing...

..33. Eusa sed, How menn Chaynjis ar thayr? The Littl Man sed, Yu mus no aul abowt that I seen yu rite thay Nos. down in the hart uv the wud. Eusa sed, That riting is long gon & aul thay Nos. hav gon owt uv my myn I doan remember nuthing uv them. Woan yu pleas tel me how menne Chaynjis thayr ar? The Littl Man sed, As menne as reqwyrd. Eusa sed, Reqwyrd by wut? The Littl Man sed, Reqwyrd by the idear uv yu. Eusa sed, Wut is the idear uv me? The Littl Man sed, That we doan no til yuv gon thru aul yur Chaynjis.

*Russel Hoban  
From: "Riddley Walker"*

## Anton Olshvang

**E**ach era shows and activates its own unique signs and their combinations. The living and changing landscape of culture can be seen as a chrono-semantic landscape. In this case what interests me is the process of the self-identification of cultural territories and personal self identity.

This process is closely linked with the "recognition of names", as developed in ancient Greek and Egyptian mythology. The recognition of names differs from their naming in the same way as a sign does from a symbol, being two unequal entities belonging to each other. Artistic practice is tending towards the tradition of martial art. This tradition involves the ability to be and act in a changing context in real (linear) time. Building distance, to be at the same time, both inside and outside the chosen context.

Today's culture is becoming unpredictable and unknown like nature.

Changes in historical context bring about the transmutation of existing concepts and tra-



Battlefield, 1999 - 2000

ditions. I am interested in the area of cultural reality not only as a product of man's conscious activity but also of society's unconsciousness. In connection with this I'm interested in the phenomenon of "the unconscious canon", the canon of "common accident" as the object of research. It is the time now, today, for the conversion from unconsciousness to consciousness through individual artistic practice.

It is surprising that with all its cultural layers, the huge territory (1/6 of the world's land surface), which was formed after the collapse of the former USSR constitutes a recognisable cultural monolith. At the same time, the very signs of recognition aren't accepted by anyone, either as a value system or as a desirable way of life. This means that, essentially we are dealing with a huge sociocultural phenomenon, which lies in the area of society's unconsciousness. I carried out work to try to psychologically analyze this phenomenon in this new territory.

In recent years many images have appeared in the former USSR thanks to the development of photo laboratories and the increase in the number of people who own cameras. I approached small photo laboratories serving the public and asked if they had any photographs which people had rejected, and offered to buy them for the original price. In this way I collected a large number of unwanted, discarded images. When selecting, I wasn't looking for uniqueness, but the typicality of the prints and that they should all make up one coherent set. Gradually a huge powerful monolithic culture began to appear before me, a culture which existed not as a system of values but as a product of the collective unconscious. I felt like someone who catches an elephant; nobody can say exactly who caught whom – the elephant me, or I the elephant. Something had to be done with it.

Not having the ethical right to use the material I had collected directly, I put each of the photos on my window sill and photographed them as objects in surrounding background, then using my negatives I made prints of a chosen size, and decided to exhibit them in transparent corners, like the transparent corners in a family album. In this way images, taken by other people, were re-coded in the discourse of an artistic project. This resulted in the principle of "frame inside frame".

That is, the original photograph is put into the frame of my print and all this then goes into the frame of the exhibition centre itself. In this way the viewer finds himself between the second and third frames. It must be said that during the printing process the photolaboratory machine cuts almost a centimeter from each edge of the photograph, so that from the start the composition found in my material was not consciously thought up by anyone. Besides this, we get the impression of absolute compositional completion of each individual photograph as an object – like a round pebble in the sea. In this way, I managed to approach such a phenomenon in culture as the the canon of the unconscious, the canon of accident.

In this project, I would like to minimise my presence as an author. I would like the project to equal the material. I would consider it a success if through the results of the project it is possible to fully recreate this time and this localised culture, this civilization, to understand its spirit, this exciting unbelievable mixture of the wonderful and the awful, the human and the unhuman simultaneously.

On being invited to take part in the exhibition I received a text entitled "Borderline". A border, in a sense, is a wall. The wall is an architectural concept, and has a relationship with freedom. The idea of freedom appeared with the first wall. Freedom is a structural concept. The essence of architecture is freedom. But where is the first wall? Are there any traces? I don't think they're difficult to find – we are standing on them. The first wall probably appeared between yesterday and tomorrow together with linear time. This wall is with us, right here and now. With yesterday and tomorrow cause and effect appeared. The exit from these circumstances can be found through a relationship with this wall. Maybe one of the best ways to escape something is to attach yourself to it. The attainment of freedom is the freedom to be both inside and outside something at the same time. Any practice involves the necessity to solve this problem, and artistic practice is no exception. I see a way of attaining freedom and discovering personal self-identity through interaction with the surrounding context.

Anton Olshvang  
born 1965, lives in Moscow

## News From the Battlefield

**A**nton Olshvang reminds me of characters in the novels of Andrei Platonov, a Russian visionary writer in the first half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Platonov's characters collected broken things, objects that were crippled by life. These discarded objects, or what remained of them, made the collectors sad. The collectors wanted to keep these unwanted items, telling their difficult life story, their tortures and pains.

In contrast to Platonov's literary characters, Anton Olshvang is not waiting for the Brave New World where objects and humans will never be crippled again. Unlike Ilya Kabakov, Olshvang is not trying to stay in a world where things will be crippled forever.

However, Olshvang expresses some professional passion for the disability of unwanted objects. He is a recycler, a sympathetic vulture who hunts for the dead bodies of objects or the not-less-dead images of them. Different from his predecessors, the artist is not exhibiting garbage per se, and is not poeticizing it. Junk is just material for art, the initial substance that is not necessarily related to the final product, at least not more than in the famous Russian verse – "If you could know from which rubbish verses are growing, knowing no shame...".

The trash in Olshvang's works, which gave birth to the art itself, is visible. The artist is juggling with it, transforming its essential quality into the new product. This garbage is marked by our time and produced by everyday reality. Olshvang is not an archeologist, but if he were, he would be an archeologist of contemporanea.

All of us, citizens of the Soviet Atlantis, were trained by our state to be recyclers. But our recycling was not the everyday boring exercise of contemporary Germany, where you are obliged to spend long minutes in front of a monstrous garbage separator sticking bottles of different color in the corresponding holes. Nor is it as annoying as the recycling in New York, where you must remember on which day of the week you can throw away a heap of newspapers and on which day of the week you will be blessed by the possibility of being able to throw away an old sofa.

Soviet recycling had ritual qualities. Its main characteristic was its transparent senselessness. Happy school children were released from a long day in the classroom for the purpose of collecting rusty metal or old newspapers, which in the end were hardly used for any purpose except to be thrown away. Schoolyards around the country were transformed into gigantic installations that looked like Tinguely sculptures – rusty radiators, pipes, engines of all possible modifications amassed in strange "Vanitas" still lives of the industrial socialism. Collecting this garbage made us feel like we were a part of our great country. A country which badly needed to re-melt rusty pipes to construct more spaceships, to make more intercontinental ballistic missiles, to produce even more Kalashnikov submachine guns, and asked schoolchildren to help with this important task.

Our recycling was a festival of our childhood, liberating us from boring lessons and giving us a beloved chance to spend a day examining all the scrap metal heaps in town.

Olshvang succeeded in capturing this "optimistic" attitude towards the unwanted objects. His ritual recycling is deprived of the soft nostalgia of Kabakov's "garbage installations" or of the academic nostalgia of Alexander Brodsky's archeological attempts to recreate the

remains of the material world of the Soviet Pompeii.

The last project of Anton Olshvang was called "The Battlefield". One of the important elements in his gigantic installation-exhibition were the plans of the typical Russian apartments which were similar from Moscow to Siberia, the apartments in the tract houses, erected all over the country. The artist united the apartment plans together with diced fields from a popular children's game called "Sea Battle". Playing this game, children have two pieces of diced paper with contours of battleships. By using a numbered frame as reference, players try to destroy each other's ships by naming coordinate codes for the possible location of the enemy fleet. In the artist's version of this game, the battleships are changed into sofas and cupboards, the apartments becoming the battlefields of everyday life.

But the diced plans of the apartments are not more than a tonometer of the project. The plans are defending the borders of private lives; the walls are hiding the battlefields of everyday from the eyes of the immodest observer. We know perfectly well that in some wars there is no possibility to meticulously photo-chronicle the war's atrocities. Olshvang succeeded in providing such a chronicle by finding a way to demonstrate the visual proof of war crimes, created by the war's direct participants. The artist visited different Kodak stores around the country, and collected dozens of photo prints rejected by customers. With these photos he was able to create a kind of collective family album of contemporary Russia. People in their apartments, people on the battlefield of life-family snapshots, overdressed kids, favorite pets, grandmas sitting in the background of the ugliest machine-made Chinese carpets in the world, unavoidable wall paper with flowers, dark brown caskets of cupboards – "Everything like normal people have" as Russians say. It is not the world of the Kabakov's Soviet misery; it is a new different world of the nearly obsolete bad taste – the system of trench warfare with life fortified by the solid Romanian-made furniture.

But the paper-thin walls of the Russian apartments do not limit the battlefield. The family album of the new country is not only limited to old people, kids and dogs. You can also see other characters, such as a typical Mafia thug playing with a barbell in a gym, observing himself in a mirror; a bikini "babe" standing on a rock on the beach at some Crimean resort pointing a real gun at the camera's lens; and two soldiers dressed in camouflage and holding sub-machine guns who are smiling in the midst of a poppy field somewhere in Chechnya or Tadjikistan.

Olshvang created the peep show of today's Russian reality by throwing us into the intimate world of the private snapshots, that senseless everyday photography, which has a chance to become a kind of art only a few generations after the moment of its production.

The rejected snapshots have two contrasting qualities – they are as "normal" as the life depicted in them; but this banality is spoiled by the technical abnormality of the bad focus, explosions of flashlights, and strange colors. We face a kind of involuntary "avant-garde" of homemade photography, the "avant-garde" that was rejected to the dustbin.

This strangeness of banality creates unexpected, sometimes surreal effects. The artist appropriated the rejected photos and enlarged his prints to poster size. Sometimes the prints look like paintings – a little girl in an elaborate dress lost in the middle of an ornate carpet; the girl whose face is practically washed out by the flash light, looking like the Infanta pain-

ted by Velasquez; and the gray colors of the image of a family standing in a concrete corridor (a circus? a zoo?) with a little hairy elephant in the background, becoming a recognizable image of Magritte (however never created by the Belgian).

The Battlefield documented by Olshvang is full of irony, as the black comedy of life itself. Observing the idiocy of the average man, the unavoidable hero of classical Russian literature, an observer doesn't know when to cry and when to laugh.

Olshvang violates the borders of privacy, intruding into the personal world of his compatriots. His tactics provoke recollections of the ancient fear of an image as a double, which appropriates the soul of the depicted. The artist collected the souls, which were thrown away by their owners. Whether these souls are dead is for the viewers to decide.

For nearly ten years after the end of the Soviet Union, new Russian art rejected the visual reality of new Russia. Very often it was art about the past, art about art, or unfortunately art about nothing – the endless chain of references to references. But then the recycler came, and now even the most remote scrap heap in town will not be deprived of his attention.

It is interesting that Olshvang first exhibited his project not in snobbish Moscow, but in Samara, a provincial Russian city. Visitors to the exhibition who were not spoiled by contemporary art, wandered with interest around the exhibition hall looking at the images of "themselves". One of them praised the art of Olshvang by saying – "It is good art, it is about us". Fortunately, the question of what this art is actually saying about them was not raised. The famous words of a hero in Gogol's comedy: "Whom are you laughing at? You are laughing at yourself!" were not pronounced, because the visitors didn't know that they had to laugh. They saw on the museum walls their own life and for them it was not funny.

Anton Olshvang returned to the old technique of "an artist as a spy", or an ethnologist in his own land. His unique collection of images casts new light on the life of the aboriginals, the antipodes or, simply Russians. From within Russia he violates the Russian borders because, as all of us know, the whistling of the country's "secrets" only helps the enemy who wants to penetrate it. Soviet ideologists knew this very well, protecting the secret of the communal apartments with all their might before Ilya Kabakov sold it to the West. We know the outcome to which that disclosure. The world unveiled by the artist simply ceased to exist.

Olshvang is not different from other artists. All of them are pretty bad border guards. I can't recommend to any state to use them for the protection of that strip of ploughed but not planted land, which during my childhood was called "the sacral boundaries of our motherland".

*Konstantin Akinsha*

## Roman Ondák

### Chatting to a Friend

I'm off to Italy in June. I'm spending a few days there for an exhibition in Guarene. It's near Torino. I want to show one of my pieces there. It's called Untitled (two days in Stockholm retold to different people I know). At the same time I also want to submit a project that relates directly to Torino. When I decided to work with what I remembered from Stockholm, it was about a month after I'd been there for two days to look at the city and the museum because of a project I was asked to realize for the show. It took quite a lot of effort to remember things that at the time I hadn't paid as much attention to as I would have done if I'd known I'd be talking about them later. But that's what you'd expect – we don't plan our memories. But this time it'll be different. Even if I don't want it to be different, it will be,



Untitled (two days in Stockholm retold to different people I know), 1999; drawings and objects made by people to whom I describe what I could remember from my visit to Stockholm

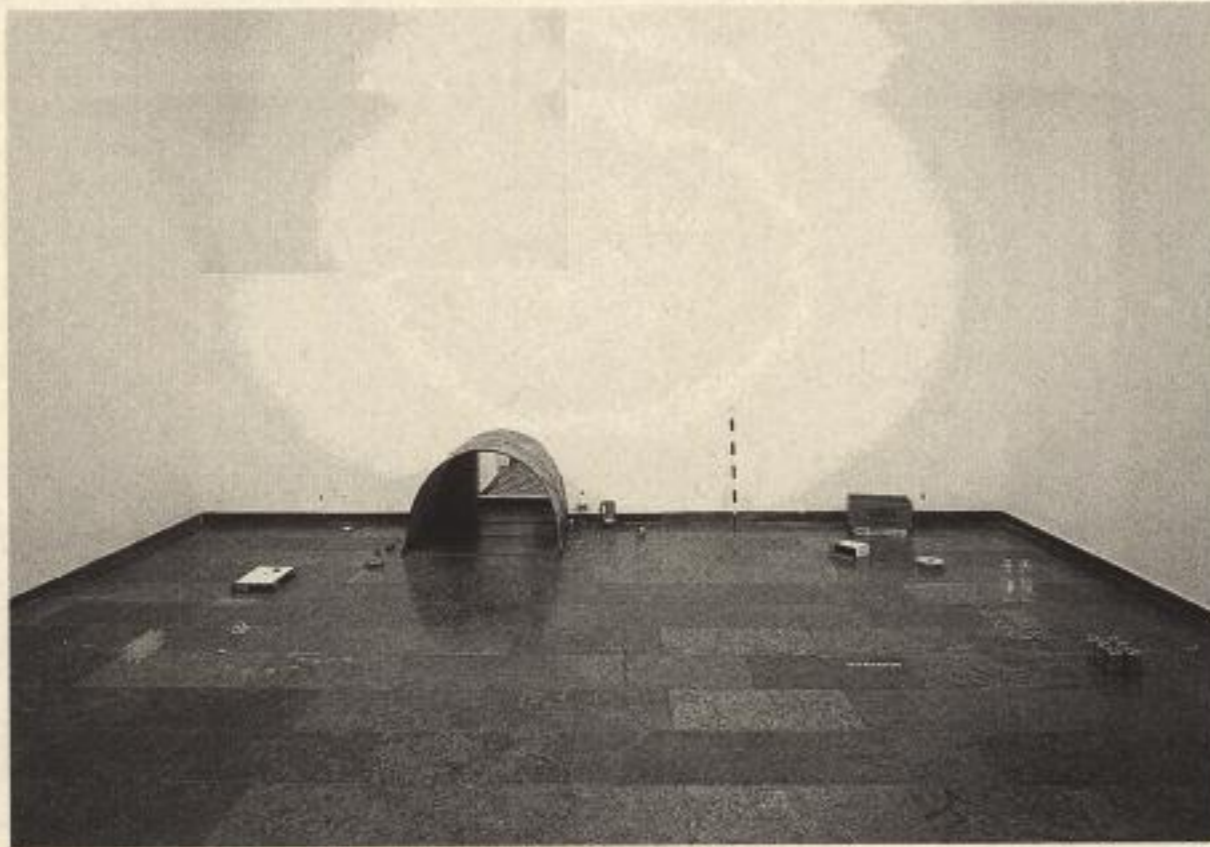
because I know in advance that I want to remember and I can't get rid of the feeling that I'll see everything that I see and experience in Torino differently. I'll be pursued by this idea of remembering. Maybe I'll want to see things that otherwise I'd neither want nor need to see. Maybe I'll want to see better or look far longer at something that normally would just take a moment to register. I can't imagine the feeling, but I know for sure that everything I see and experience there I'll perceive differently. We'll have to get together afterwards and I'll tell you all about my trip to Torino.

*(Project Trip to Torino for the exhibition Guarene Arte 2000.)*

*Roman Ondák*  
born 1966, lives in Bratislava

## Old Masters

**A**lthough I had arranged to meet Reger at the *Kunsthistorisches Museum* at half-past eleven, I arrived at the agreed spot at half-past ten in order, as I had for some time decided to do to observe him, for once, from the most ideal angle possible and undisturbed, Atzbacher writes. As he had his morning spot in the so-called Bordone Room, facing Tintoretto's *White-Bearded Man*, on the velvet-covered settee on which yesterday, after an explanation of the so-called *Tempest Sonata*, he continued his lecture to me on the *Art of the Fugue*, from *before* Bach to *after* Schumann, as he put it, and yet was in the mood to talk rather more about Mozart and not about Bach, I had to take up position in the so-called Sebastiano Room; I was compelled therefore, entirely against my inclination, to submit to Titian in order to be able to observe Reger in front of Tintoretto's *White-Bearded Man*, moreover standing, which was no disadvantage because I prefer standing to sitting, espe-



Through the Eye Lens, 1999; opening to the kitchen, two women, female guard, canvas for reconstruction works, tape, ruler, torch, knife, tweezers, thread and various materials

cially when engaged in observing people, and I have all my life been a better observer standing up than sitting down, and as, looking from the Sebastiano Room into the Bordone Room, I eventually, by focusing as hard as I could, was able to see Reger completely in profile, not even impaired by the back-rest of the settee, Reger who, no doubt badly affected by the sudden change in the weather during the preceding night, kept his black hat on his head the whole time, so as I was therefore able to see the whole left side of Reger exposed to me, my plan to observe Reger undisturbed for once had succeeded. As Reger (in an overcoat), sup-

porting himself on a stick wedged between his knees, was totally absorbed in viewing the *White-Bearded Man*, I had not the least fear, while observing Reger, of being discovered by him. The attendant Irrsigler (Jenö!), with whom Reger is linked by an acquaintanceship of more than thirty years and with whom I myself have always to this day had good relations (also for over twenty years), had been warned by a hand signal on my part that for once I wished to observe Reger undisturbed, and whenever Irrsigler appeared, with clockwork regularity, he acted as if I were not there at all, just as he acted as if Reger were not there at all, while he, Irrsigler, discharging his duty, subjected the visitors to the gallery, who, incomprehensibly on this free-admission Saturday, were not numerous, to his customary (for anyone who did not know him) disagreeable scrutiny. Irrsigler has that irritating stare which museum attendants employ in order to intimidate the visitors who, as is well known, are endowed with all kinds of bad behaviour; his manner of abruptly and utterly soundlessly appearing round the corner of whatever room in order to inspect it is indeed repulsive to any-



Through the Eye Lens, 1999; opening to the kitchen, two women, female guard, child tent construction, canvas for reconstruction works, tape, ruler, torch, knife, tweezers, thread and various materials

one who does not know him; in his grey uniform, badly cut and yet intended for eternity, held together by large black buttons and hanging on his meagre body as if from a coat rack, and with his peaked cap tailored from the same grey cloth, he is more reminiscent of a warder in one of our penal institutions than of a state-employed guardian of works of art. Ever since I have known him Irrsigler has always been as pale as he now is, even though he is not sick, and Reger has for decades described him as *a state corpse on duty at the Kunsthistorisches Museum for over thirty-six years*. Reger, who has been coming to the *Kunsthistorisches*



Museum for over thirty-six years, has known Irrsigler from the first day of his employment and maintains an entirely amicable relationship with him. *It only required a very small bribe to secure the settee in the Bordone room forever*, Reger told me some years ago. Reger entered into a relationship with Irrsigler which has become a habit for both of them for over thirty



Through the Eye Lens, 1999: opening to the kitchen, two women, female guard, child tent construction, canvas for reconstruction works, tape, ruler, torch, knife, tweezers, thread and various materials

years. Whenever Reger, as happens not infrequently, wishes to be alone in his contemplation of Tintoretto's *White-Bearded Man*, Irrsigler quite simply blocks the Bordone Room to visitors, he quite simply places himself in the doorway and lets no one pass.

Reger need only give a hand signal and Irrsigler blocks the Bordone Room, indeed he does not shrink from pushing any visitors already in the Bordone Room out of the Bordone Room, because that is Reger's wish.

Thomas Bernhard

From: *Old Masters* University of Chicago Press, edition 1992

## Anatoly Osmolovsky

### The Monument to the Brilliant and Victorious NATO General Dr. Freud

**A**t one of the squares in the center of the city the military gun is vertically placed inside the ground, or thrust in a sewerage hatch. The gun carriage is open in the air, as if shooting created an image of a metal flower. During the inauguration of the monument, a blank shot into the ground is performed.

Although the idea of this work came to my mind long ago (initially I wanted to entitle it 'The Monument to the Cold War'), I believe that in the current socio-political context this piece acquires a different meaning, though equally urgent. At the time being, the work seems



The Monument to the Brilliant and Victorious NATO General Dr. Freud, 2000

to be a reaction to the recent happenings in Kosovo. I personally interpret bombings of Serbia by NATO as a personal sexual drama of Bill Clinton, President of the United States (in this sense, ten milliliters of Clinton's sperm make an equivalent to a couple of thousands of liters of blood of the killed Serbs). Not only the social and political aspects of this work are attractive to me (it rather seems an expression of my political beliefs). Attention of the viewers focuses at the gun carriage, while trunk is thrust in the sewerage-hatch and cannot be seen. An ordinary and familiar object (a military gun) transforms into the monument to the triumphant militarism of Freudism.

Anatoly Osmolovsky  
born 1969, lives in Moscow

## Adrian Paci

**W**hen we came to Italy from Albania, we managed to settle down in Milan, leaving behind a country in ruin. After several months of terror, the first concern of a father is to give some peacefulness to his children, so I bought some toys. I was deeply impressed one day when I saw Jola telling stories to her dolls, putting together a rooster and the obscured forces, a cow and the International forces, an act of her play and memory of gunshots. That moved me towards the decision to record these tales with the detached medium of the videocamera, and to introduce it as a work where my role is minimal, almost comparable to a "ready made" act, just taking something from outside to put it in art's context.

Adrian Paci  
born 1969, lives in Milan



Albanian stories, 1997, video

## Albanian Folks

*"terror... civil war... chaos... 02351... rebels... peace keepers..."*

media reports from Albania 1997

It's all about a story, a very simple one, a tale more precisely. But it is not one of these legends from which one can trace epistemological, or semiotic developments of certain regions or tribes. It is a strange story, almost a fiction coming out of the little mouth of a kid, no beginning and no end one. The artist's little daughter tells the story of their family, the story of a troubled country, an intimate side with no big words and TV sensations, that media do not go for because it might not be of interest.

Adrian Paci is an artist that comes from a painting education background. That was his main artistic expression for many years after he finished his studies at the Academy of Fine Arts in Tirana, and it is in painting that he developed his research. Like most of Albanian artist generation of early nineties, a generation of "transition" as it is called, Paci had to face the reality change in every term. The non established way of life he had to conduct for several years in Albania, between the northern city of Shkodra, the capital Tirana and the training courses in Italy, left their mark on his artistic work for several years, living it as non established as his own life.

The year 1997, an infamous year to be remembered for long in Albania for the intensity of its events and the absolute reign of chaos and disorder, gave a final blow to all hopes and planes people might have had. The impossible situation created in Shkodra, artist's native and living city completely out of control and under total disorder and chaos, forced the artist's family to migrate out of the country on the first occasion given to them. In the midst of that chaos, the artist had to pack up everything he could take, his wife and two little daughters, and make his way to neighbor country, as many Albanians did. After several months of hard life, trying to survive all the barriers a migrant has to go through, the family found some rest and peace. It was time for Paci to think again of himself as an artist. Even though he resumed painting, the medium didn't offer him much chance to take out what he had been going through. This mingled with his worry as a father that tried to make his kids feel as good as possible. Therefore the day he heard his daughter tell the tale to her dolls, he felt his country's story was compressed in the ununderstandable words of her. In an amazing way strange characters like the roost and the obscured forces, the cow and multinational force were put together, to create a wonderful story that even a Hollywood director would have loved. It was this story and the amazing actress, his three years old daughter that moved him towards the decision to record these tales through the detached medium of a video camera.

Even though it is his first experience with the medium the piece Adrian created has an incredible power that seizes the viewer first by curiosity raised by the big curly head of the kid and then by following the story, and the way she tells it. It is obvious that the work is a very low tech one, almost primitive, but the way the artist has used the aesthetics of the medium is very interesting, and makes it sound totally different from some piece of work that respects all technical standards of the medium. As the artists tells he was so shocked by the story that the only thing he could do was "to shoot it through an indifferent and cold medium (eye), such as the video camera". Thus he introduced it "as a piece of work where my role as an artist is minimal, almost comparable to a readymade act, just taking something alien and put it in the art's context". The work is perfectly completed by deliberately recording the same story told three times in a different version, securing thus the body of the story, with all the eventual applications.

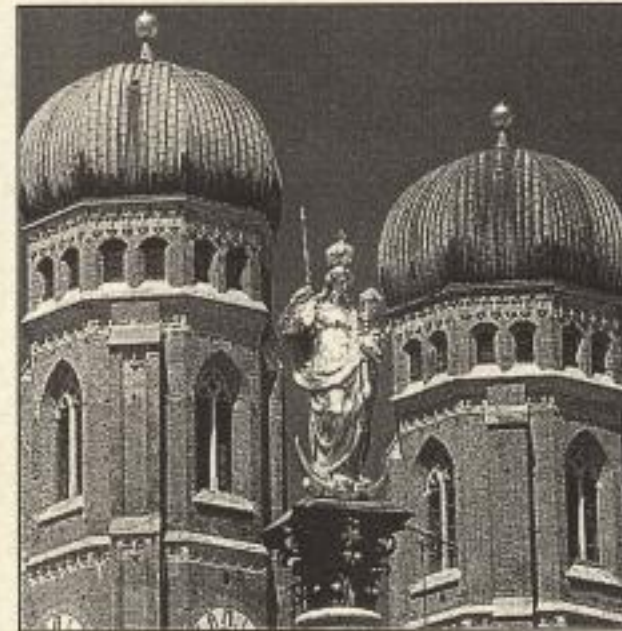
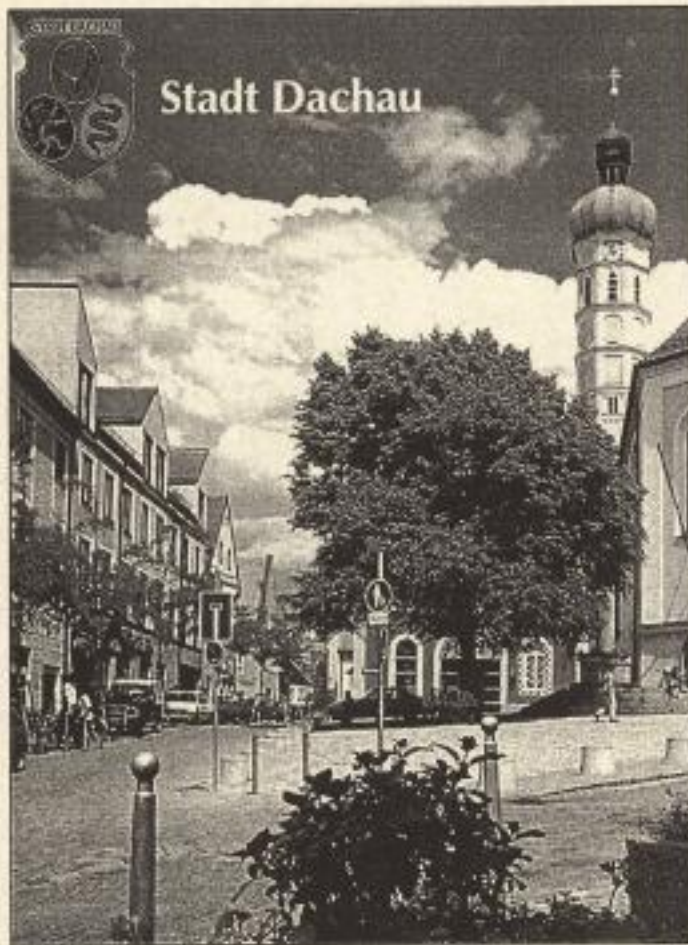
It is through this "primitive" way of shooting that the artist not only creates a powerful and moving story, but takes a critical stand on the manipulative power of the (local and international) media, and its applications.

This new experience opened up a new way of research in Paci's artistic work. From this first production of his, he is well established now on the video following with several other projects that reflect upon many different problems and make him one of the prominent young Albanian artists dealing with Media Arts.

Edi Muka

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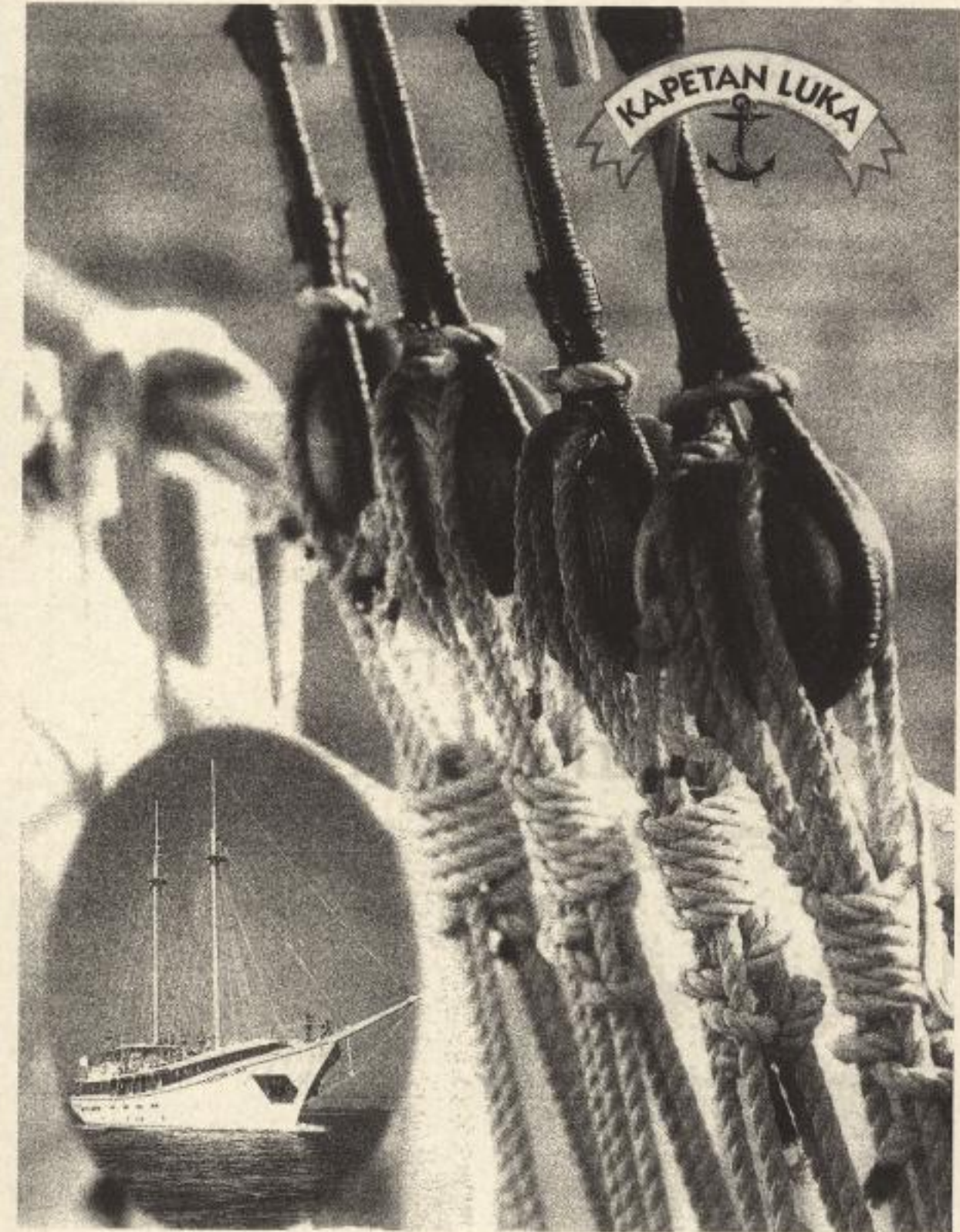


**KLAGENFURT-Leserfahrt  
nach Bayern  
4. bis 7. Mai 2000**



Veranstalter: Springer Reisen Klagenfurt  
Reisebegleitung: Ludmilla Dreier, Telefon 537/249

Manfred Pernice



Klagenfurt u. A. 2'00

Manfred Pernice  
born 1963, lives in Berlin

## Diego Perrone

**B**orn early in the nineteenth century, by the age of twenty-four Madame Dimanche had already undergone a series of operations to remove the excrescences and tumors which had appeared on many parts of her body. She retained only the horn dangling from her forehead almost as far as her chin: a mysterious cartilaginous protuberance, twenty-five centimeters long, all knots, nubs and lumps, like some sort of ancient plumed hat. At eighty-four, the poor lady felt her end was drawing near and was unwilling to face her creator with that obvious sign of satanic revenge on her face. Gathering her courage, she turned to the best doctor in Paris, Monsieur Souberbeille who successfully removed her tumor. Madame Dimanche died seven years later, leaving behind nothing but a ghastly memento of her horned head, frozen in a wax mask which soon became part of the collection of Doctor Muetter.



As if fascinated by what remains still in the background, 1999,  
photographic print

Two centuries earlier, in 1668, Mary Davis of Saughall, a midwife from Cheshire well into her seventies, sat for a portrait. The picture shows the woman's profile, etched with strong and dark traits, a strange madness in her eyes. On the side of her head, just above her right ear, two curved exostoses had grown: hard, thick and black, like a ram's horns or a Viking helmet. Mary Davis had her tumors removed twice, one of her horns being offered as a gift to the king of France.

Diego Perrone's figures perhaps belong to this same gallery of human oddities, the last custodians of fabled adventures. Like Mary Davis and Madame Dimanche, they live according to the slow rhythms of miraculous growth and inauspicious mutation, in harmony with the cycles of some unstoppable geological revolution.

Planted like trees at the centre of an immobile universe, these old people defend their territories with ancient weapons. Their realm extends beyond space, embracing history, measured with a horn compass.

In reality, however, these poetical surveyors of the world are provincial shamans performing their propitiatory rituals in kitchen gardens or living rooms suffocated by wallpaper. And yet they are as proud as totems or knights alongside the most precious of trophies: heraldic figures that sink their bones into the past and live out the evocation of a new Medieval in which the lightness of invention blends with the weight of the earth.

Massimiliano Gioni  
Massimiliano Gioni (1973) is editor of *Flash Art*



As if fascinated by what remains still in the background, 1999,  
photographic print

Diego Perrone  
born 1970, lives in Milan

## Susan Philipsz

### The Internationale Sound Installation in Public Sight

I intend to play a CD recording of myself singing The Internationale at 10 minute intervals. The singing should be projected out in to the street from a single trumpet speaker. The Internationale is a song which used to be sung by throngs in demonstrations and was a rallying call for socialists around the world, but has now become almost forgotten. The way in which I have chosen to sing the song is deliberately ambiguous, it is neither passionate nor sorrowful but has elements of both. It could be interpreted as either a lament for something that has past or as the song suggests, a clarion call for political action.

*Susan Philipsz  
born 1965, lives in Belfast*

A single voice, unaccompanied sings 'The Internationale', a song that seems firmly rooted in the past – impossibly simplistic and romantic – irrelevant to today's more complex machinations of political power and global big business. Nevertheless it still serves to conjure up a myriad of memories and emotions. For some it evokes Mayday marches, feelings of international solidarity and empowerment, of hard won rights and privileges for the working classes – perhaps presently all too quickly overlooked.

For others its' rendition may bring them to a very different time and place – somewhere rather forgotten – imbued with memories of oppression, occupation, censorship, tyranny...

'The Internationale' is probably one of the simplest and clearest articulations of Susan Philipsz practice – bringing together on-going concerns to do with situatedness and escape. Will its location this year in the streets of Ljubljana help to conjure up times and places within the city's recent Soviet past, or will its rendition in English just sound like an insensitive western cultural import? The very encounter causes everyone to think about their own positioning and their contemporary relationship with this one ubiquitous anthem.

Key in the work of this Belfast-based artist is a desire through sound or image, to re-contextualise the space of the viewer, be it mental or physical or both. She plays with the evocative nature of sound as both a trigger of memory but also as a way of interpreting and reworking space. Philipsz differentiates between her frequent use of song and its reading as music in that for her it serves to create a clearer awareness of the one's own situation. 'With music', she thinks, "you can become completely absorbed and taken away by it ... with my work I am trying to bring an audience back to their environment not the opposite. What I am trying to do is make you more aware of the place you are in while also heightening your own sense of self".

Earlier work has picked up on the histories of particular architectural sites such as churches or disused factories or very public waiting spaces – Philipsz often employs the technolo-

gies integral to certain sites such as the organ in St. Michael's church in Limerick. In "Red Shift" the sound of random notes of the organ permeated the space. Gradually the notes seemed to take on characteristics of their own; light and whimsical or low and somber, floating though and carving up the space. The audience is left to make their own connections between the site and sounds and, of course, one's own "site-ing" there.

Philipsz is interested in what are considered transient spaces, such as the street, or in the work called 'Filter' a bus station waiting room. One's psychological state when 'passing though' is so ambiguous, one is not really anywhere during those moments and perhaps even more receptive to the artists interventions or interruptions into consciousness. In "Metropolis" Philipsz herself sung over the sound system in a large supermarket in Manchester. The live element was particularly important as she asked for requests from bemused shoppers used to going about their business accompanied by mindless, timeless musak. It's the slight shift in perception which interests Philipsz a few seconds of thought



The Internationale, 1999

about the suitability or appropriateness of sound in a particular environment which causes one to think about where exactly one is or what one is doing.

She lays bare the trappings of our seduction – often using her own voice in a deliberately unsentimental way, devoid of accompaniment or sounds effects or indeed emotion. The stark simplicity is in a way an attempt to distill often unnoticed aural components in every day life allowing for a subtle reconsideration of their power.

She carries this process through to the visual realm also most recently with a work 'The

Dead' shown in Amsterdam. From the back of the exhibition space comes the sound of a lone female voice singing what sounds like a traditional Irish lament, it's a song taken from the film made by John Houston of James Joyce's 'The Dead'. One walks towards into the darkened space aware of the clicking and snapping of the film as it winds its way through the projector, yet it is blank of images. What is recorded, one could say filmed, is the voice, nothing is shown. Philipsz enjoys deconstructing the effects of film. As the looped film plays and plays – its very materiality becomes compromised and the film scratches and breaks down – so does the voice and so does the song. Again the artists marries the romance and escape of film with that of song, both have the power to transport the viewer or listener mentally to another scene ideal or remembered.

These work, whether visual or sound based, serve as complex acts of spatialization. The neat borders we put around notions of public, private, physicality, memory and time, are thrown into doubt. Philipsz attempts to subtly influence normative behaviour which we consider specific to particular time and situations. The awareness of oneself in within various environments highlights the tendency to name and compartmentalize and 'think' specific places. At her most effective, using surprisingly simple measures, Philipsz offers the possibility to mix up this sense of space and perception offering a powerful reminder of our often needless self imposed borders or more mind numbingly those we allow our selves to be corralled into...

Annie Fletcher

## Marjetica Potrč

### Contemporary City

**A** year ago, Goran gave me a set of photographs taken by homeless people from Miami, who, through a city art's project, received disposable cameras in order to record their daily lives. Everything in the pictures were in disarray, the place itself, clothes, cardboard boxes and buildings. To think about it, no interiors. Even frames of photographs were tilted.

The taste of chaos reminded me of the illegal facades of Hong Kong, where residents build on the outside of highrises to enlarge their living areas. Illegal facades are practically everywhere, you just have to look up. In some cases, spontaneous and anarchic additions obscure the entire original facades. They are initiated by individuals-needless to say, constructions are not approved by authorities, a detail which I find indicative of the third world urban life.



Illegal facades, Hong Kong



Marjetica Potrč, East Wahdat, Upgrading Program, 1999

Or of Russia, Igor told me recently he saw the same thing there. In my mind's eye I saw disarray multiplying ad infinitum. It was like looking at a living form that expands and erodes, a breathing form. I must admit I was both fascinated and disturbed by it.

Being aware that the sheer quantity of nearly anything counts in western culture, I imagine that the beauty of disorder will not only become something common, but will also become a distinguishing feature in our culture soon, too. Already, a Hong Kong tourist guide suggests that if a single type of structure had to expose the quintessential Hong Kong, it would have to be the illegal facades rather than the giant corporate skyscrapers of its postcard sky-

line. I feel the same way. Postcards of illegal facades will be available pretty soon, I am sure of that. And they will be desired and thought of as beautiful, as they already are for tourists looking for the exotic in far away places. But then, and this is what actually interests me, will I say when I am buying them: This reminds me of home? Something similar happened to me today, when I took Božo for a drive through the dissolving suburbia of Ljubljana. He had just flew in from NY. He said it felt like home.

*Marjetica Potrč  
lives in Ljubljana*



After the Flood, a House, 1999



Projectspace, 1998

### Brazil's (pre)occupying housing problem

**W**hen it was built in the 1940s, the 20-storey Hotel São Paulo was a rather grand place. But in 1988 it was closed, stripped of its fittings and left to rot until last month, that is, when it was invaded by a group of 260 families, as part of a wave of occupations of disused buildings in São Paulo's fading city centre. Brazil's cities have seen mass squats, on and off, since the 1980s. But with the country's housing shortage now growing again, groups representing the homeless and slum-dwellers are organising bigger, bolder and more attention-grabbing invasions.

*From: The Economist, December 4th 1999, p. 66*

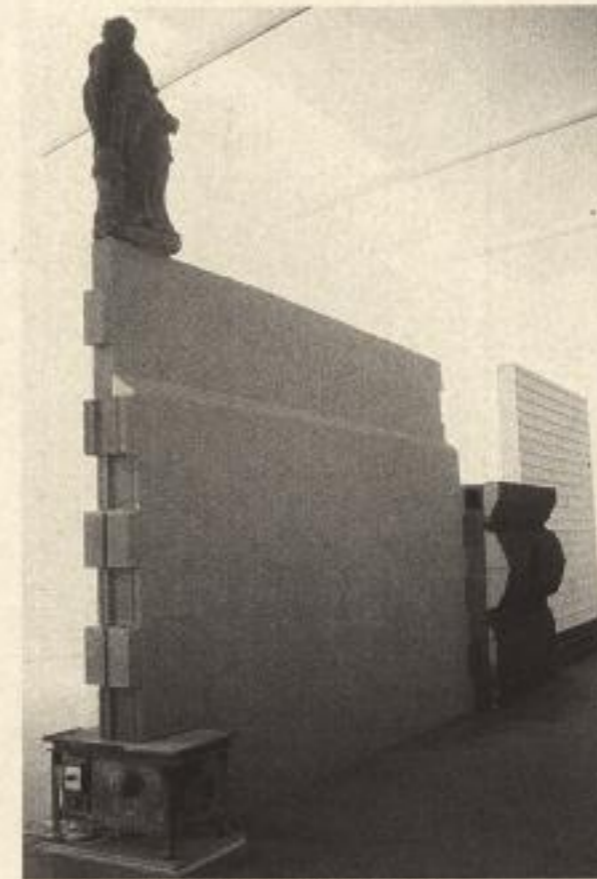
### Deadlock Plus 50 On Public Housing in New York

**T**he New York City Housing Authority is by far the city's largest landlord, presiding over 180,000 apartments with at least 600,000 tenants; its 1997 budget was \$1.7 billion. NYCHA occupies a central position within the socioeconomic framework of the city; thus a grim outlook for public housing has dire implications for the entire city. A critical element in this struggle will be the transformation of barren and ill-defined landscapes that surround high-rise apartment buildings such spaces need to be well and clearly defined. Gates, fences, walls and locks could serve to create barriers, physical as well as symbolic. Public circulation between street and building entry should be clearly defined, allowing residents and the police to control and watch access. Enclosing the perimeters of blocks to make

yards with fences would also help to accentuate positive community: such places might be accessible only to residents who overlook them or to residents of the entire building during certain hours. Although the idea of such differentiation among residents might seem shocking, most developments already have such differentiation: a de facto hierarchy, based on fear and criminal activity.

Such strategies might seem radical but imagine how radical our contemporary reality would have seemed in 1965: third-generation tenantry, buildings controlled by criminals, the warehousing of the homeless, entire developments imploded at government expense. The unimaginable has become history; we have come full circle to arrive again where we began: with isolated, albeit well-plumbed ghettos.

*Richard Plunz and Michael Sheridan  
Harvard Design Magazine, Summer 99, p. 5-9*



Theatrum Mundi, 1996



Origins of Building, 1998

### Positive Aspects

**L**ike many developed urban phenomena, the barrios of Caracas have positive aspects. Unlike the peripheral formal developments in which so many low-income people live elsewhere, for instance, and even like some new suburbs of the professional classes in Caracas, the barrios enjoy the advantages of closeness to a major urban center. They are, indeed, of the city. The residents live relatively near their jobs or within a short distance of public transportation and other urban amenities, despite the difficult hike they sometimes encounter getting in and out of particular neighborhoods. The barrios also obey a dynamic, informal real-estate market, in which ownership of land is not particularly relevant, but

homes are continually rented and sold, as well as improved by residents, following their own informal, legally unbinding rules. For example, houses have similar lot sizes (approximately thirty-five square meters) and often begin as cardboard and tin shacks before being transformed into solid reinforced-concrete structures with brick walls. Gradually they incorporate running water, plumbing, and an inexpensive gas supply, and all have electricity, free of charge...



House for Travellers, 2000

Other positive aspects of the barrios include their residents' strong sense of place and belonging, not frequently achieved in more formal areas of the city... Conditions such as the clear definition of public space, the lack of setback requirements, the mixture of uses—all are features common to traditional cities but are frequently found in the barrios in a manner that modern planning and zoning regulations have neglected or intentionally avoided...

Contrary to what often occurs in many North American inner-city slums, the barrios, even without official or institutional help, are highly dynamic and self-improving networks, positively affecting housing stock, infrastructure, service provision, market value, and social stability. If asked whether they would wish to move away from the barrios to formal housing developments on fringe areas or in other cities, most barrios residents respond negatively...

*David Gouverneur and Oscar Grauer  
To Ignore or to Integrate?  
On the Barrios in Caracas  
Harvard Design Magazine, Summer 1999, p.46-49*

### Insurgent Citizenship

**M**embership in a state has never been a static identity, given the dynamics of global migrations and national ambitions. Citizenship changes as new members emerge to advance their claims, expanding its realm and forms of segregation and violence counter these advances eroding it. The sites of insurgent citizenship are found at the intersection of these processes of expansion and erosion.

These sites vary with time and place: today, in many cities, they include the realm of the homeless, networks of migration, neighborhoods of Queer Nation, autoconstructed peripheries, ganglands, fortified condominiums, employee-owned factories, squatter settlements, suburban migrant labour camps, sweatshops, and the zones of the so-called new racism. They are sites of insurgence because they introduce into the city new identities and practices which disturb established histories. These new identities and the disturbances they provoke may be of any social group and class. Their study views the city as not merely the container of this process but as its subject as well a space of emergent identities and their social organisation.



Magadan, 1997



Suburbia, 1996

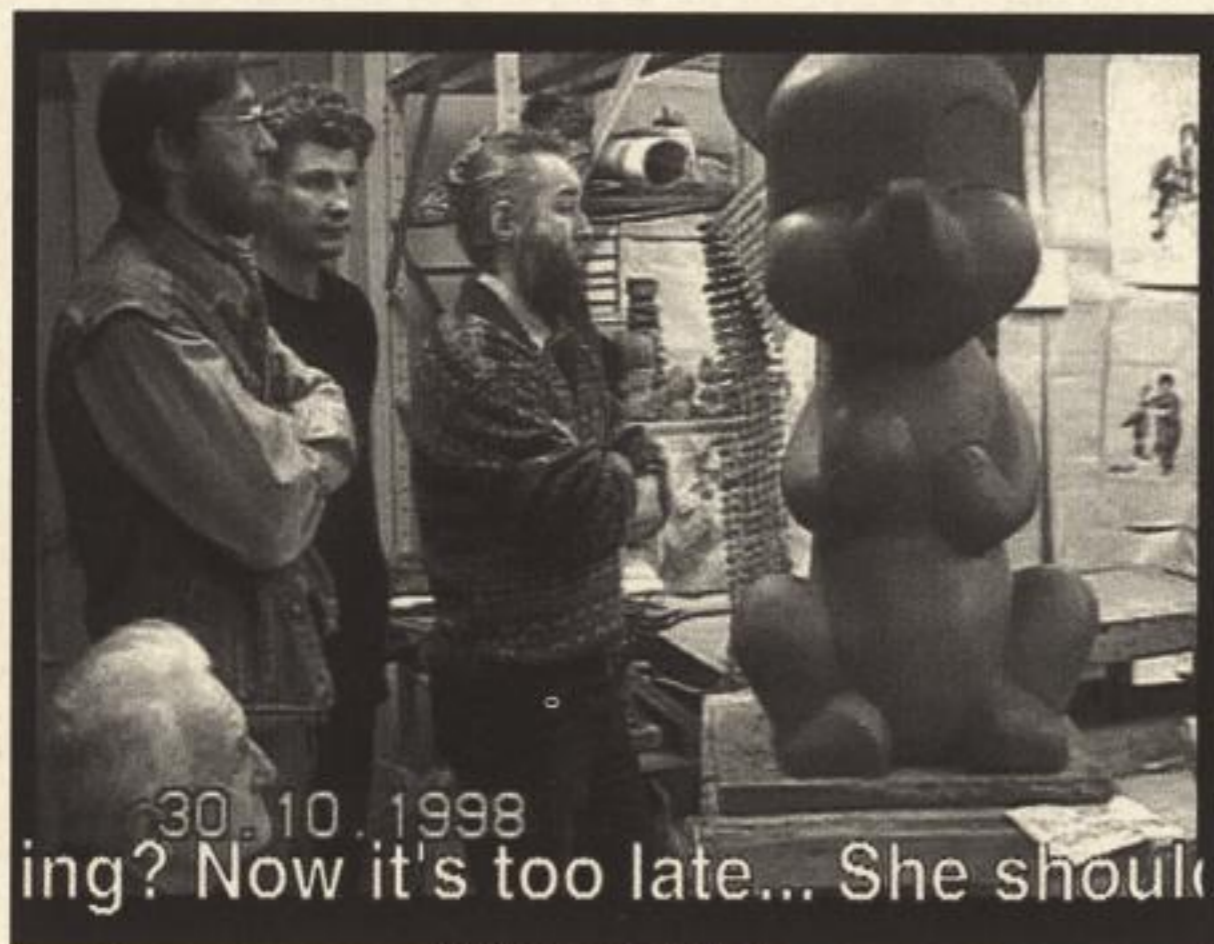
The distinction between formal and substantive citizenship is useful in identifying the object of a planning theory because it suggests how the forms of insurgent citizenship appear as social practice and therefore how they may be studied. Formal citizenship refers to membership in a political community in modern history, pre-eminently the nation-state. Substantive citizenship concerns the array of civil, political, and social rights available to people. In a much-quoted essay, TH Marshall links these two aspects: 'Citizenship is a status bestowed on those who are full members of a community. All who possess the status are equal with respect to the rights and duties with which the status is endowed'. As new kinds of residents occupy cities—southern Blacks in Chicago, Turks in Frankfurt, Nordestinos in São Paulo, Candangos in Brasilia—these formal and substantive conditions shape their urban experience. In turn, this experience becomes a principal focus of their struggle to redefine those conditions of belonging to society...

*James Holston  
Spaces of Insurgent Citizenship, Section 2: Subversion and Engagement  
Architectural Design, Vol 66, No.11/12, Nov.-Dec.96, p.54-59*



## Arturas Raila

**T**he Girl is Innocent, 1999. The author has, by now, become a theorist in practice. A reticent agent provocateur, he shows us where the fabric of society is wearing thin. Education, as an issue, in the broadest definition, is crucial to his work. The longer-term effects of Soviet-era isolation, semi-literate discourse and submission to hierarchical structures has become a counter-point in recent works. For almost a decade, he has taught at a Vilnius secondary school of fine arts. This video has been only slightly edited from footage of a teachers' conference in the autumn of 1998. Its narrative suspense apart, the work releases anti-Western undercurrents usually withheld from public screenings, demonstrating rather than denouncing, but demonstrating well enough to unmask, and to warrant



The Girl is Innocent, 1999, video

subsequent expulsion from, this pedagogical collective. Arguably, the strategy in this work is articulation by the subject in a fluid there-and-then, rather than narration with an end in mind, the making-text of the event as such.

This is the result of ten years' work. The same things were repeated all the time. This is just a detail from my daily life. And this film changes nothing. I changed my workplace. I just chose another path and forgot about that period.

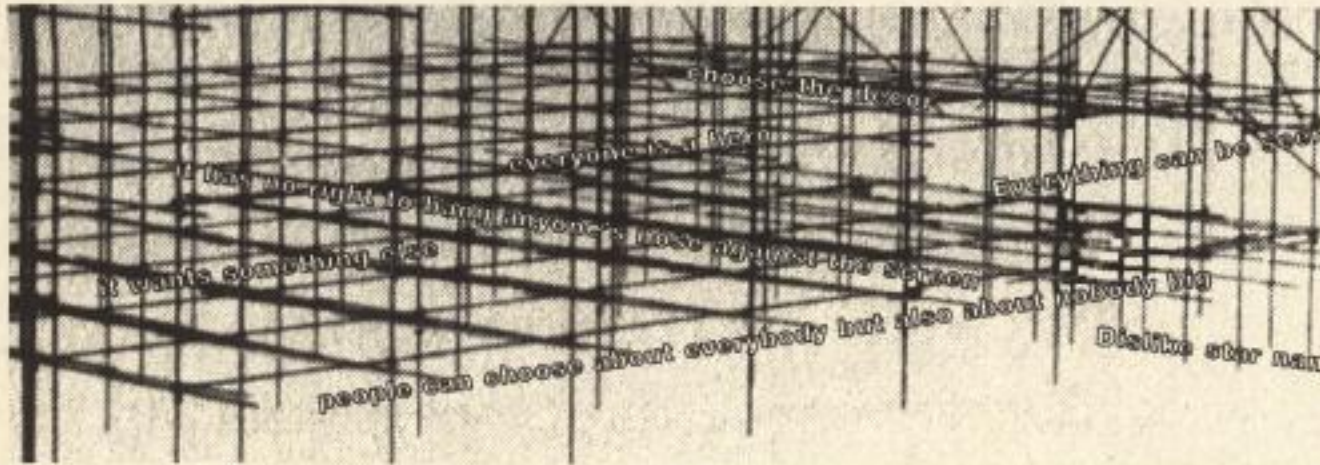
*From: "Speaking as an Artist",  
Anders Kreuger in correspondence with Arturas Raila, in "Dialogue 2: Articulation",  
O.K. Centre for Contemporary Art, Linz, Austria, 2000*



The Girl is Innocent, 1999, video

*Arturas Raila  
born 1962, lives in Vilnius*

## 2nd ambition and instruments



1. FREEDOM FIGHTERS ENTER SOFTWARE

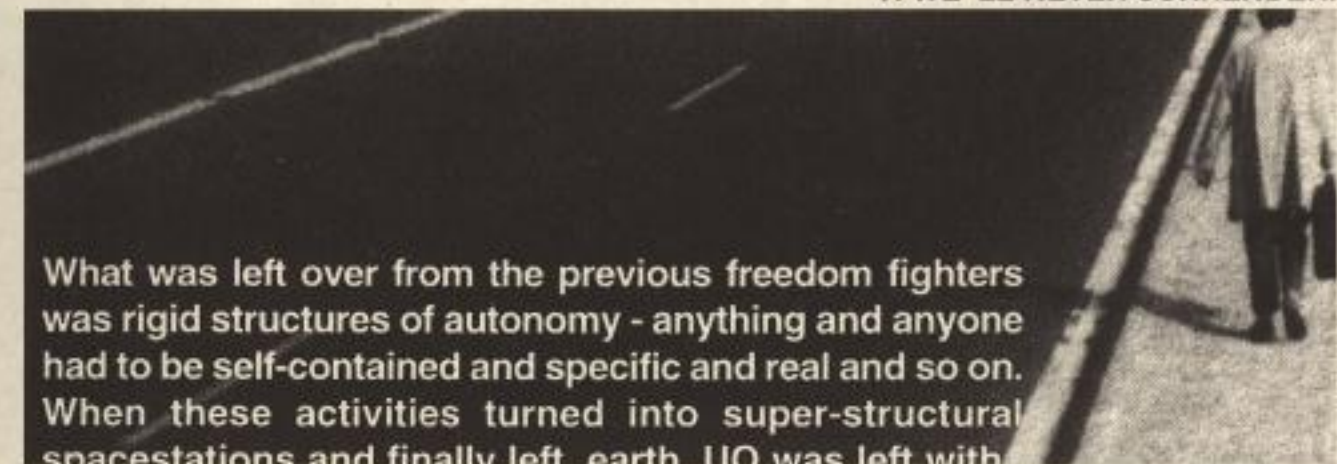
### 3. THE DRIFT PROPAGANDA

Reduced to its simplest structure UO consists of a number of drifts. A revolution made in the head, with a popular impulse. Stripped of the revolutionary rhetoric, drifting is much the same as idling with an entirely open mind, twisting things into shapes and forms they were never meant to have. UO finds the loose exchanges of opinions in group conversations - with people pushing in all the time and jousting with their ideas - to be very energetic and revealing and enjoys that very much. UO thinks people are often at their most eloquent when they do that. In what has become a "global" world where interests are increasingly shared, individuals are called upon to organise their own drifts into small entities - what the UO calls "Free Association" into unstable structures that can be changed at will - and then enter into relations with others to define a common strategy and establish a functional base of counterpower. The UO software is presented to us to prepare us for the future of free mental drift - to make us able to follow attractions to people's blessed gift for conviviality, and for silliness in circumstances that are upholstered with protocol. UO will always extend an amnesty for real progress with an inner sense of rhythm of the way things should be. Nobody is ever mocked. UO finds few people foolish, because it sees few people as being finally incapable of unbending. UO puts drift into peoples own measurement and shows that the absurd lies not in the drift but in the consciousness of the drifter. UO thinks there is something wrong with what is made to seem important, who is made to seem important, and vice versa.



4. SPACE DRIFT

### 7. WE 'LL NEVER SURRENDER!



What was left over from the previous freedom fighters was rigid structures of autonomy - anything and anyone had to be self-contained and specific and real and so on. When these activities turned into super-structural spacestations and finally left earth, UO was left with

*rasmus knud & søren andreasen*  
group based in Copenhagen

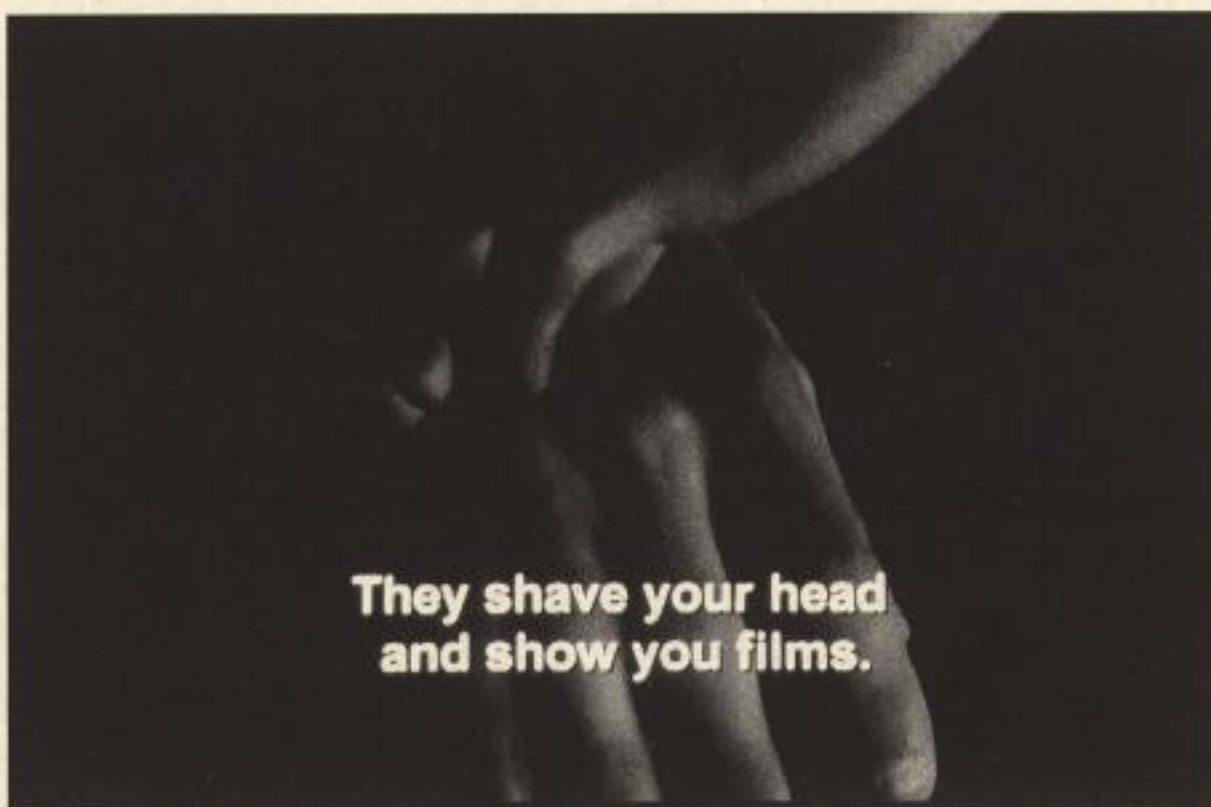
## Anri Sala

**T**his film is a moment of experience of two voices, wound together, in a sense of meaning or non-meaning, that these two voices against each other create. A man who sees the world through a tank where he lives with 2000 fishes:

*"The sound here is everywhere and it's very stressful when sometimes it stops. It's awful. When the sound stops, I say to myself, oh shit, it's a disaster, they're all going to die. There's no more air, there's no more oxygen. Panic. In the middle of the night, at three in the morning, I wake up and come down, I can't hear the noise anymore, I can't hear the sound."*

And a soldier, an ex-blue helmet in a Balkan war, who lives his life through insomnia and nightmares of the past:

*"When you've got a gun, you've got to take care of it. There, they tell you: you work with your gun, you sleep with it, you have sex with it. In the shower you turn it upside down and cover it*



Nocturnes, 1999, video

*with a towel. A gun is normal, so when you get here and you don't have it, it changes you. You have problems with people. I started young, when I was eighteen, as soon as I was an adult I signed up. I was eighteen in July and I left in October. For a boy, life begins. So when you come back, you remember it and think about everything you've done over the last four years, when you did unusual things. You can't manage to say to yourself: on the 24th of July 1995 I killed four people. You think about it and you think about it, and then you remember the four people you killed and the way you did it."*

Their voices deliver something like a collision of different senses of the world.

Anri Sala, born 1974  
lives in Tirana and Lille

## "Nocturnes" by Anri Sala

**A**nri Sala is one of the Albanian artists of the young generation of the '90s that has successfully built up his artistic character. It is of interest to trace his development, since it is of importance I think not only to understand his work and personality, but to create a wider prospective as well, of the general context of this development.

Considering his young age, Sala belongs to the generation of young Albanian artists that received their education after the change of the system in Albania. Even though, he had already gone through the old regime experience for quite some years in his early youth. It is this fact of going through the real transition period and experiencing both situations from a different point of view that has given Anri Sala the opportunity to create his artistic position and propose really interesting works. This development can be traced through the loss of interest in painting and the research on video since his studenthood. Being one of the first Albanian artists to deal with this medium, his very early works consist of short clips of an experimental genre. A more complete work follows in 1996, which is his diploma work, called "The Tongue". It is here that for the first time his attempt to deal with the social dimension comes up. In a duration of 26 minutes the screen is invaded by a licking tongue which spits around and obsesses the viewer with its almost never ending movement.

In the year 1997, Anri Sala was given the opportunity to follow studies at the Film Department of Ars Deco School in Paris, France. Bringing with him quite a rich cultural background of such a different territory as the Albanian one and getting to know more and better about the use of the medium, the character of his work started to get a new profile. His first production "Déjeuner avec Marubi" is of a very short duration, but of an intense irony. It is the first example of how his new professional knowledge has amazingly mixed with the above mentioned cultural background. Continuing his interest and research on social phenomena belonging to the territory where he comes from, Sala selects two pieces of meaningful contextuality, the Marubi photo "Women in Shkodra dress", and a detail from Manet painting, "Déjeuner sur l'Erbe". Installing Manet painting into the Albanian women sowing machine, and taking it out with the nude figure dressed in the same typical Albanian dress the women have put, the artist ironically addresses the issue of body and sexuality, a typical taboo for the Albanian mentality.

Immediately after that work, a trilogy follows, which is not of the same sophistication or subtle irony. To a certain extent this is justified by the really strong and heavy events of Albania of the year 1997, therefore the political influence is very strong in these pieces. It is only after some time that Anri Sala succeeds in reaching the full dimension of his earlier attempt, to compress and describe his cultural reality and background. And this happens in his film "Intervista - Finding the Words".

It is in this film that it becomes an important feature of Anri Sala's work to explore and entertain with social issues, addressing social taboos or phenomena. Therefore, since his early video works, as mentioned above Sala shows a growing interest on the subject and a development toward the film, through the video medium. "Intervista - Finding the Words" addresses a personal story, but reaches the full dimensions of Albanian universe. It is the

personal story of every individual. To every Albanian, that historical sequence, excellently compressed by the artist is a dumb one, but that bears its heavy weight and cast its shadow into the present Albania.

Following the same reflective line, the short film "Nocturnes" comes up. It is the artist's newest creation that brings some new features on his work. Again the body of the work is built on a story, but it is not the narrative that defines it as in "Intervista". The video camera itself moves in a new way, being part of story-creation process, witnessing a higher professional maturity from the artist.

"When you've got a gun, you've got to take care of it. There they tell you: you work with your gun, you sleep with it, you have sex with it".

The story is a metaphor of the Balkan situation, but there's nothing that is being told directly by any of the characters. This gives the film a universal dimension, where reflections on Life and Death dominate, and where human life's worth and devaluation are shown in a powerful manner that creates a permanent anxiety feeling at the viewer. The careful choice of the characters and the way they are followed during the film takes you almost inside them, making you feel the same feelings, experience the same nightmares and anxiety. The fish image and metaphor complete the reflective cycle and Jacques's words: "And the sound here is really stressful, because it's everywhere and then sometimes it stops and it's awful... and when it stops I say to myself, oh shit it's a disaster, they're all going to die..." make you feel like rushing out and get some breath of fresh air...

*Edi Muka*

## Bülent Şangar

### LUÌ E VAGABONDO COMME ME

two parallel lines are drawn to the sky  
and to the earth  
when someone becomes impolite  
even the windows shake  
I will learn how to love you  
as I knew how before  
when our souls reach the 7th floor of the 7th sky  
I will forget you...  
I don't know how it happened before  
now when I think about even your jacket  
I go so far away from you  
they say there are many obstacles in between  
but I know that  
when you say 'let's go'  
I will be ready to follow you  
when we, two, come together  
we become too strong  
what they fear is not our love, but our power  
because love is a subversive and  
dangerous game  
forget it, now I'm smoking L&M cigarettes  
freezing within a photograph  
freezing within a photograph a baby it was  
doing everything to make me happy  
the blue iron legs of the couch I'm sitting on  
reflect on the grass like a laser cross  
I'm a woman and when one is a woman  
one forgets everything except that which is within her heart...

*Lâle Müldür*  
*Mary's Incense*  
*METIS, 1994*

*Bülent Şangar*  
*born 1965, lives in Istanbul*



Untitled, 1999-2000, photographs

## Sanna Sarva

I've been working on the themes of otherness, everyday life and art for about seven years now – the emphasis have varied. All together I see my work as a process of trying to learn and understand the life around me.

In the year 1994 I did a sound tape, "Strangers in the Night", dealing with first time meetings of complete strangers. Later on I found my self not liking the work being a piece of fantasy, the creation by only myself. I got interested in involving others in the working process.

In the year 1996 I did a piece called "Portrait of Values". I worked with five immigrants, interviewed them and got their photographs taken. The style of the photographs was a mixture of registration photographs and portraits. I showed the photographs with the interviews in five different governmental offices. My idea was to question how much the type of the information, in this case the style of interviews and photographs, actually does influence the



Performance, SubBan, 1999

way we see things. Besides I had a strong interest in seeing if art could function politically.

Working with portraits made me wonder how much a portrait is a fantasy and how much a document. In 1999 I started to write a book that was strictly based on a sound tape, an interview with Lang Sonko. Almost all the editing that I did was only to follow the rhythm of speech.

In the show, in the year 2000, in Kluuvi gallery, I introduced the book, "I Say", with the video of a female actress reading parts of the book. My aim was to emphasise the impossibil-

ity to convey ideas and experiences that one is not familiar with. As a result a viewer possibly did meet a situation, that was more about the problems of understanding than the story itself.

In Manifesta 3, I am showing parts of my works from the year 1996 till the year 2000. My interest lies in seeing and showing it all at the same time.

*Sanna Sarva*  
born 1964, lives in Helsinki



Portrait of Values, Office of Foreign Affairs, 1996

## No Default Values in Terms of Identity

**S**anna Sarva represents a persistent micropolitical agency in the Finnish artworld. Her way of working locates her art in the field of socially alert "new genre public art". To become realized these works need the existence of a highly conscious relationship between the artist and her audience, between the artist and the people she represents in her work, and between the artist and her environment.

Sarva's works function through the principle of participatory politics. The "portraits" she constructs – be they photo – or videobased, or even in the form of an artist's book – are largely formed by the people who get represented, "portrayed", in the works. One can very well talk about self-presentation when discussing this kind of representation which aims towards as non-objectifying practice as possible. The "distribution of work" is very clear in

these works: the artist creates a situation where she provides space – both conceptual and spatial – for the people whom she represents, and who re-present themselves.

Often Sarva's politics is connected to the idea of presenting the artworks outside the realm and confines of the institutional and conventional artworld. She has hung dignified photo-portraits of immigrants in governmental offices handling the immigration issues and making decisions upon the lives of people represented in the portraits. In another occasion she has left to the reception counter of a hotel in Helsinki a stack of artist's books telling the story of a Ghanaian man traveling "from Africa to Africa", and finally to Finland. The power relations around and in the artworks change and vary in different surroundings and Sarva makes perceptive accounts of these changes.

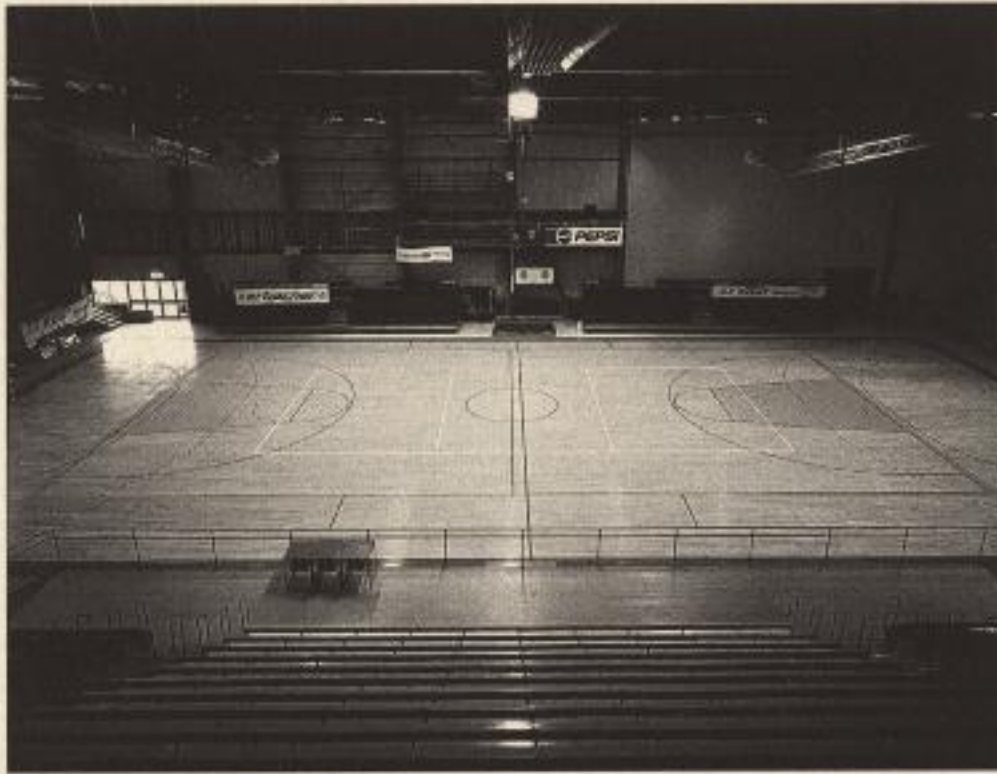
The most explicit level of interpretation in terms of Sarva's art is that her works participate in a timely way in the Finnish discourse on multiculturalism. The people portrayed/participating in the works do not only tell about the experience of "otherness". They do not only participate in an artistic project. They also participate in making changes in "Finnishness" and its definitions. By living, constructing, and (re)presenting their hybrid identities they make performative acts in terms of new Finnishness. They reflect cultural collisions and transitions, displacements and replacements.

To me Sarva's works also communicate about the cultural specificity of gender differences. The works impose their viewers (me, at least) to ponder the connections and entanglements between gender and "race" or ethnicity, all of these identity factors being social and historical constructions and effecting each other. Whiteness and Europeaness have together with maleness, for long been taken as given, as transparent "default values" for "basic humanity". Even though Sarva mostly represents non-European immigrants, she does not leave whiteness, or ethnic Finnishness, without consideration. Quite the contrary, her works come into being and get their form expressly in the meeting points of many differences, not in the hierarchical division into two: the One and the Other. The differences, the diversity make the artworks.

As an artist Sarva clearly wants to make a change, make a difference. Yet her strategies are subtle, discreet; her own description for them include terms like "a visit" and "a suggestion". She chooses her visual and verbal rhetorics carefully according to specific environments and specific people she is dealing with. She takes her responsibility as an artist seriously and is very sensitive in terms of power that forms in and around the artworks. She also seems to be highly aware of the limits of her own directing and influence in the meaning production; of the work of art as a multilateral process. In her work political correctness turns into political sensitivity; attentiveness, collaboration and insightfulness.

*Leena-Maija Rossi*  
Leena-Maija Rossi is a researcher and critic  
of visual culture living and working in Helsinki, Finland

## Tomo Savić-Gecan



Sports' Hall Zagreb, 8 October 1995

**T**he ground plan of the work carried out at the SC Gallery, Zagreb, in June 1994 was transposed onto the Sports' Hall floor creating four lines marked with white tape. In the Studio of the Gallery of Contemporary Art, only the catalogue with photo documentation was exhibited.

*Tomo Savić-Gecan  
born 1967, lives in Amsterdam and Zagreb*

## Schie 2.0

### Holland is a Well Regulated Country

**H**olland is a Well-Regulated Country was Schie 2.0's contribution to the 1999 'Unlimited.NL-2' exhibition at the De Appel Foundation, Amsterdam. So as to stimulate further discussion, 'Holland is a Well-Regulated Country' is being shown again in the entrance hall of the Ministry of Housing, Regional Development and the Environment in The Hague. This fits in with the government's peculiar tactics where it both seeks and subsidizes public criticism. Here, the question remains whether this qualifies as fulfilling the modern idiom of transparency. Certainly it demonstrates a new way of dealing with the public which in turn is provided with a forum and the challenge to express its reactions. The Rotterdam designers' network Schie 2.0 deploys these challenges as its source of inspiration. Its exhibition does not consist of works rather the exhibition itself is the work. This too cre-



Holland is a Well Regulated Country, 1999

ates a new relationship with the public. Hence, it is hardly a matter of an artist assuming a certain position or, consequently, of there being a viewer. Rather you are submerged in an impersonal art. This way of exhibiting can best be compared with billboards on street corners. Billboards also try to attract the attention of indifferent passers-by.

'Holland is a Well-Regulated Country' consists of 120 black-and-white images taken from the world of everyday experience. Each image refers to a regulation or law that is printed at the top. These images have nothing to say beyond that. This way of working is not alienating and it has no political intentions; instead it confronts. The artists' neutral approach ensures a certain objectivity. The manner in which the images are presented allows passers-by to

form their own interpretations. This way of exhibiting relates to architecture in terms of 'the process of making present...'. Here, the question is whether this in fact constitutes architecture although it is not the issue at the Ministry of Housing, Regional Development and the Environment. In any case, with 'Holland is a Well-Regulated Country' Schie 2.0 consistently relates to its network's agenda in terms of content. Here, it primarily emphasizes the desire to work on 'the relation between freedom and responsibility, between durability and consumerism, and between nature and the urban world'. Although 'Holland is a Well-Regulated Country' does not provide answers, its implicit language is clear. Schie 2.0 is treading on dangerous ground here. The description of its work includes the question whether it is possible to abolish rules or to introduce a policy of tolerance. This in turn endangers the work's neutrality. Can architecture participate freely in politics? Or is architecture a part of politics to the extent that it enters the public arena? This issue is more an ethical attitude than a political stand. But perhaps this is the danger that is implicit to 'architecture as confronta-



Holland is a Well Regulated Country, 1999

tion', that here the architect becomes an educator. Beyond the influence of these peripheral comments – as if art still has to be explained – 'Holland is a Well-Regulated Country' can be described as the postponement of judgement and settlement. This also invites meditation. Perhaps the sole action of the 'Holland is a Well-Regulated Country' exhibition is the process of thought.

*Gideon Boie*

*Schie 2.0*

*network of designers, established in 1998; Rotterdam; members: Jan Konings (born 1966), Ton Matton (born 1964) and Lucas Verweij (born 1965)*

## Ene-Liis Semper

**A**s its title indicates, this work is based upon one of the most elementary and fundamental technological characteristics of the medium of video. As such it also serves as a commentary on the medium of video itself. Each tape has a beginning, an end and a middle. The basis of this work is the capability of video to manipulate time, to break down the linear and narrative structure of events, to continuously change them around, to move both backwards and forwards from the starting point of events.

At the same time, I have always been interested in getting ahead of words and consciousness (REW) or getting behind them (FF). An ironic manner of looking at herself is revealed here in a forced symbolic form through oscillation and an endless reversible chain of theatrically stilted suicides.

*Ene-Liis Semper  
born 1969, lives in Tallin*



FF/Rew, 1998, video

The strategic basis of Ene-Liis Semper's work is her psycho-physiological experience seeking expression from the surface of her body. Her works that spring from this context are often fragmentary, frequently founded on some sort of mere bodily reflexes. These works are not easily verbalized and are not as a rule subject to descriptions. They are, however, vaguely and distantly discernible, perceptible, comprehensible or recognizable in a certain sense. They are the kind of works about which unavoidably yet astonishingly relevant terms from the vocabulary of psychoanalysis are dropped from the pens of critics – precultural experience, autism, schizophrenic role-plays, pre-self, autoaggression, subconsciousness.

*Anders Härm*

*Texts translated into English by Peeter Tammisto*





FF/Rew, 1998, video

## Stalker

It seems that disciplines and homogeneous territories cannot resist the actual events. It is often hard to understand what is behind the border; an open attitude is necessary, which, however, often creates chaos in people's identities.

Establishing enclosing borders is an attempt to locate and keep inside a territory something we actually cannot keep in it. Therefore, broad borderlines, frontiers, spaces where one can approach and understand the 'other', are probably much more useful for building a diversified society than the invisible, but uncrossable borders that today cut (supported by technology) through our landscape and society in all directions. These borders keep the 'others' away from our minds, but they don't resolve the problem of the society which is radically changing and which continuously needs reconfiguration.

Today, we are all becoming strangers in our own territories. This is the crisis of the public



Ararat, Campo Boario, Rome

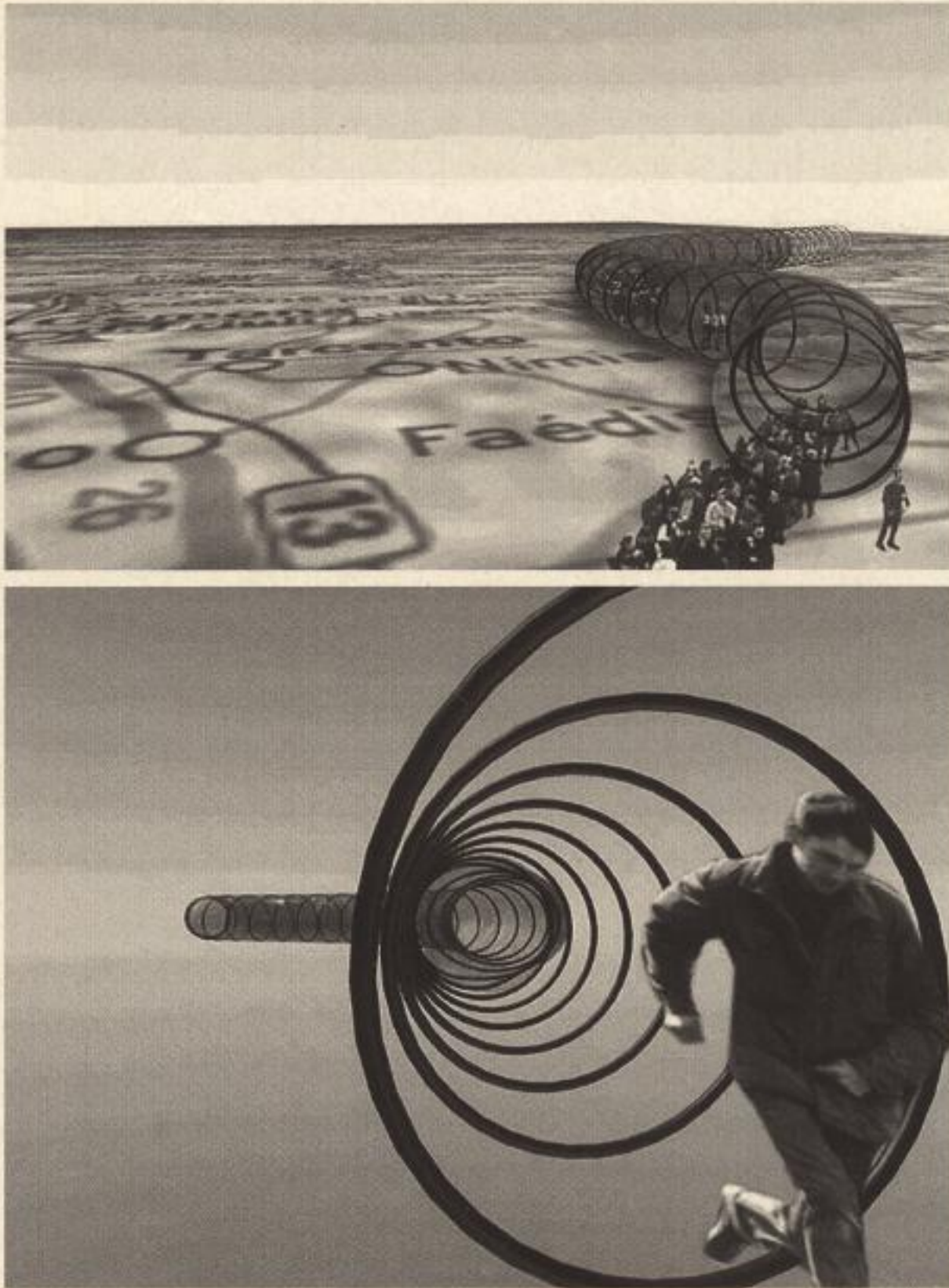
space, which has been transformed into a boring or even annoying distance one has to cross. We believe that loosening the borders, extending them enough to make differences approachable, will create the public space of the future.

Our goal at the moment is to transform borders into a public space. We have come to this decision after a long time spent listening to our ubiquitous present – the media present which has no borders and is full of smiles; to the world where we could – we believe – live and feel safe, but which doesn't exist.

We are working now on a big abandoned area in the center of Rome (33.000 sq. m). Here

we have squatted a small building for our headquarters. In this place, called Campo Boario live some Gypsies, people from Kurdistan, from Moldavia and from Senegal. We want to transform this area into an experimental part of the city. We have already organized some workshops to transform it, together with all the communities which live there, as well as students, artists, architects, writers and others.

*Stalker*  
group established 1990, based in Rome



Transborderline, 2000

## Simon J. Starling

### A Conversation Between Simon J. Starling and Rob Tufnell (29 February 2000)

**Rob Tufnell:** We are driving from Glasgow to Dundee where your studio is and where I'm going to see an exhibition entitled *Dream Machines* which concerns the "transformative power in art".

**Simon Starling:** The car, a red Volvo 240 Estate, is one of the main elements in the Rhododendron piece we're going to talk about. Perhaps it's best if we start at the beginning



– the Rhododendrons that are being used for this project came originally from southern Spain and were first introduced into cultivation in 1763 by a Swedish botanist...

**R:** Linnaeus?

**S:** No, it was a student of his called Claes Alstroemer. He went on a reconnaissance mission in Spain which up until that time had been really difficult because of the political and religious situation. The Swedes had never been very welcome in Catholic Spain. It was one of the first

botanical trips to that most southerly part of the Iberian peninsula. The sad thing was that all Alstroemer's documentation of the trip was destroyed in a fire so there is very little left, just the enduring legacy of these plants. The Rhododendrons – Rhododendron Ponticum – were first identified by a Frenchman, Tournefort, who found them growing in Turkey. The name comes from the Latin word for Asia.

**R:** What are the circumstances for the project coming about?

**S:** To outline the project as it exists, it started as a request from a public arts commissioning agency to make a proposal for a work on a piece of heath land in Aberdeenshire, called Elrick Hill. I never felt comfortable with making a piece of sculpture in this context – a protected ecosystem. The heath land is, notionally at least, a Scottish ecosystem: lots of heather, you know the kind of thing. I proposed to rescue these Rhododendron plants which are considered to be weeds in Scotland and were therefore going to be destroyed and then return them to southern Spain.

**R:** In what circumstances were they introduced?

**S:** It was at a time when horticulture was taking off and a lot of money was being spent collecting exotic plants. This was also part of the scientific cataloguing that Linnaeus introduced – colonising of the world's horticulture. I was reversing this process, transporting them in my Swedish car back to Spain to reunite them with their ancestors.

**R:** In Passaic Monuments Smithson wrote. "It was hard to tell the new highway from the old road; they were both confounded into a unitary chaos." You appear to be making some kind of sense out of the chaos – in the same way that historians chart direct lineage.

**S:** Yes, it's about imposing a structure on events that are not necessarily connected – forcing things into relation that would probably otherwise be unrelated. There is something really important in the excess that's inherent in these type of projects. To take seven Rhododendron plants from here to the south of Spain or to harness some solar power in Otto Lillenthal Park in Berlin and then take it to Malmö or Reykjavík. They're intensive in that way and yet the gesture itself is very light, fragile – a light bulb illuminated somewhere or some Rhododendrons growing somewhere else. There's a dynamic there, between a gesture and a labour intensive, arduous, experience of actually getting to that point. There's a lot of things that it relates to, you talk about Smithson but there's Michael Asher's work, which is often about moving things from one context to another in a very simple, straight forward way.

**R:** Or documenting the way other people do this – the Deaccessions.<sup>1</sup>

**S:** The piece I was thinking about was made just before the Berlin wall came down. He made this work that pre-empted that in a way, politically. He photographed the trucks taking industrial waste from the west to the east – documenting this trade of detritus across to East Germany and the economic relationship that existed even before the fall of the wall.<sup>2</sup> There's also Chris Burden's project, Coals to Newcastle<sup>3</sup>.

**R:** These works were quite political – such issues are perhaps less evident in what you do.

<sup>1</sup> Paintings and Sculpture from the Museum of Modern Art, Catalogue of Deaccessions 1929 through 1998 exhibited in "The Museum as Muse", MoMA New York (1999), a catalogue of works sold on from the museum's permanent collection indicating its changing taste and priorities.

<sup>2</sup> Project for D&S exhibition, Kunstverein Hamburg, 1998.

<sup>3</sup> A performance held on 17 December 1978 at Calexico, California, where "a cigarette of the finest seedless marijuana" was flown over the Mexican border fence mounted on a toy aeroplane.

**S:** I think the politics are there in my work by association. The Rhododendron project can be read as a political work if you look at it in relation to the situation in Scotland – the landscape and ideas of nationalism run very deep here and are also very relevant to all sorts of countries in Europe at the moment. The idea that this heath land can in some ways represent a culture – you could say that there is a sense of ethnic cleansing in the act of destroying these Rhododendrons. I just don't like dealing with it in a heavy-handed way.

**R:** Was the heath part of a private estate that's now become a public park. The Rhododendrons originally being planted as colonial trophies?

**S:** There's a big estate just next to the heath land, which was where the Rhododendrons were originally planted. They encroached from there.

**R:** The project takes on the form of a pilgrimage. You could have used a courier.

**S:** It's about assuming particular roles. The idea of amateurism is very relevant here, that Victorian notion, I suppose, which of course had a huge influence on the way that science developed. There's always this desire to work with new things all the time in relation to the work. I've made that part of the way the practice develops, whether it's learning how to build a boat, or make a plane fly, or learning about horticulture. It's always a very fragmented activity. It's a bit like that Flaubert story, *Bouvard and Pecuchet*, about these two Victorian amateurs. The nature of the activity means you never get that good at one thing!

**R:** It seems strange that amateurism has become a dismissive term. You seem to thrive on challenges.

**S:** The first time I used the solar battery, I brought it back from Berlin, where I was charging it for a project in Reykjavík, I was in Tempelhof Airport and my name came over the Tannoy. I had to go and see the police. I was escorted down through this incredible '30s airport...

**R:** Designed by Albert Speer!

**S:** ...through the bowels of the building. They were putting the baggage through the x-ray machine and my battery was going backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards. The person who was running the machine couldn't work out what it was. I had to unpack it all and explain to them what I was doing. These situations happen to me all the time. It's about problem solving at the end of the day!

## The Black Sheep

**T**here was a country where they were all thieves.

At night everybody would leave home with skeleton keys and shaded lanterns and go and burgle a neighbour's house. They'd get back at dawn, loaded, to find their own house had been robbed.

So everybody lived happily together, nobody lost out since each stole from the other, and that other from another again, and so on and on until you got to a last person who stole from the first. Trade in the country inevitably involved cheating on the parts both of buyer and sel-

<sup>4</sup> 90 Amp. Hours of solar power harnessed on the 25th and 26th March 1999 at Otto Lillenthal Park, Lichterfelde, Germany (1999), Living Art Museum, Reykjavik.

ler. The government was a criminal organization that stole from its subjects, and the subjects for their part were only interested in defrauding the government. Thus life went on smoothly; nobody was rich and nobody was poor.

One day, how we don't know, it so happened that an honest man came to live in the place. At night, instead of going out with his sack and his lantern, he stayed home to smoke and read novels.

The thieves came, saw the light on and didn't go in.

This went on for a while: then they were obligated to explain to him that even if he wanted to live without doing anything, it was no reason to stop others from doing things. Every night he spent at home meant a family would have nothing to eat the following day.

The honest man could hardly object to such reasoning. He took to going out in the evening and coming back the following morning like they did, but he didn't steal. He was honest, there was nothing you could do about it. He went as far as the bridge and watched the water flow by beneath. When he got home he found he had been robbed.

In less than a week the honest man found himself penniless, he had nothing to eat and his house was empty. But this was hardly a problem, since it was his own fault; no, the problem was that his behaviour upset everything else. Because he let the others steal everything he had without stealing anything from anybody; so there was always someone who got home at dawn to find their house untouched: the house he should have robbed. In any event, after a while the ones who weren't being robbed found themselves richer than the others and didn't want to steal any more. To make matters worse, the ones who came to steal from the honest man's house found it was always empty; so they became poor.

Meanwhile, the ones who had become rich got into the honest man's habit of going to the bridge at night to watch the water flow by beneath. This increased the confusion because it meant lots of others became rich and lots of others became poor.

Now, the rich people saw that if they went to the bridge every night they'd soon be poor. And they thought: 'Let's pay some of the poor to go and rob for us'. They made contracts, fixed salaries, percentages: they were still thieves of course, and they still tried to swindle each other. But, as tends to happen, the rich got richer and richer and the poor got poorer and poorer.

Some of the rich people got so rich that they didn't need to steal or have others steal for them in order to stay rich. But if they stopped stealing they would get poor because the poor stole from them. So they paid the very poorest of the poor to defend their property from the other poor, and that meant setting up a police force and building prisons.

So it was that only a few years after the appearance of the honest man, people no longer spoke of robbing and being robbed, but only of the rich and the poor; but they were still all thieves.

The only one honest man had been the one at the beginning, and he died in very short order, of hunger.

*Italo Calvino*

*From: Numbers in the Dark, Jonathan Cape 1995*

*Simon J. Starling*

*born 1967, lives in Glasgow*

## Škart

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P.S. your shit – your responsibility



Time of Shits, Brussels spring, 2000



Time of Shits, Brussels spring, 2000

## Škart

group based in Belgrad; members: Dragan Protić (born 1965),  
Mileta Poštić (born 1970), Tijana Morača (born 1980),  
Peter De Bruyne (born 1966), Djordje Balmazović (born 1965)

## Nika Špan

### The Sun

**T**he Sun is one of over hundred billion stars in the Milky Way. It lies in the cloud of Orion. Its circle around the centre of the galaxy takes two hundred million years. *The Sun* is a yellow-orange star of the G6V spectral type. In comparison with other stars it is of medium dimensions; big stars, like Delta Orion, are ten to fifty times bigger than *Sun*, while the super-giant Antares is even three hundred times bigger. In comparison with the Earth and other planets, the *Sun* is an enormous, almost perfectly round sphere with a diameter of one million three hundred ninety-two thousand kilometres, which would come to as much as one hundred and nine Earths; if one would wish to fill the volume of the *Sun*, over a million Earths would be needed. It would take more than five and a half, years to circle the equator, one single time, with a car driving eighty-eight kilometres per hour. However, the volume of the *Sun* is not constant. Examinations have shown that the *Sun* diminishes by one meter every hour. If we follow this trend over the last hundred years, we see that the *Sun* is some eight hundred kilometres smaller than in the times when it was looked at by our grandparents. It has also been ascertained that every two hours and forty minutes, the surface of the *Sun* blinks, and it changes its diameter by some six kilometres. Because of its volume and mass, the *Sun* has a varying density. In the photosphere of the surface of the *Sun*, the gases are so thin that on the Earth they would pass as vacuum. The density towards the centre is as much as twelve times greater than the density of lead. The average density of the *Sun* is only one and half times greater than the density of water. The temperature of the surface of the *Sun* is some six thousand degrees Celsius. Nuclear reactions which propel the *Sun* and its system take place in the nucleus. The nucleus of Hydrogen, i.e. the protons, transform into helium at a temperature of fourteen million degrees Celsius. On the Earth, one sole grain with such a temperature would burn everything within a diameter of five kilometres. Each second, five hundred ninety-two million tons of hydrogen transform into five hundred eighty-seven million nine hundred thousand tons of helium; this means that four millions and one hundred thousand tons of substance transform under high pressure into Gamma rays – energy – in one second.

Every second the *Sun* produces eleven million times more energy than produced on the Earth in one year. We speak of a permanent radiation of three hundred eighty-three billion megawatts of energy per second.

*Kruno Stipešević*

*Nika Špan*

*born 1967, lives in Ljubljana and Düsseldorf*



## *Nasrin Tabatabai*

**T**he video "Old House" was made in response to a request by Hacı Cyhan. He is a Turkish man, the owner of a shop in Rotterdam who wished to show his relatives in Turkey a film of the city. When we went in his car, mostly around the center of Rotterdam, he directed me to film what he intended to show or talk about. In the video, the familiar scenes are influenced by the psychology behind his observation of the city in which he lives and at the same time are distanced from it.

The sense of familiar and known becomes obscure, as it seems that what he chooses to show of the city is guided by the specific spectators he has in mind. The city reaches a subjective balance between what is actually being seen and how the scenes are going to be perceived in another location. The film is edited by following his intentions and is the product of a relation created through the act of its making. The art object is replaced by "collaboration". In



Old House, 1999, video

searching for meanings and relations, art is both condition for provocation and conditioned by provocation. Each twist and turn of its movement creates linking patterns to history and to the present. At the points of intersection it manifests itself in different ways, containing all and none of the totality of our perception of the world. There remains always a sense of incompleteness, floating between the spaces of ambiguous clarity and clear ambiguity.

*Nasrin Tabatabai*  
born 1960, lives in Rotterdam



Old House, 1999, video

## Joëlle Tuerlinckx

**Borderline notes: brefs descriptifs, commentaires et pensées regroupés autour de quelques pièces et propositions prélevées - le tout en vue d'éclaircir ma façon de tracer des points et des lignes, pourquoi j'appelle mes films des blocs de réalités, ce que j'aime au 'A' et au 'a', la nature des frontières que je trace, leur épaisseur, leur visibilité +comptes-rendus de moments de mes journées, avec en annexe une phrase importante-notes de mai 2000**

titre:QUAND LA FRONTIÈRE EST ÉPAISSE

ou: **QUAND LA FRONTIÈRE EST UN PASSAGE...**

*j'observe comment le jour tombe, j'essaie de suivre à l'œil la l'évolution de son déclin, les changements de teintes de l'air, j'allume parfois les lampes le plus tard possible, certain autres jours je n'ai rien vu, cela m'étonne.*

le problème n'est pas dans le tracé des frontières.  
les problèmes et les maladies de toutes espèces commencent avec la gestion -corrompue et l'organisation des profits des territoires bordurés.

les frontières aimables : celles qu'on peut escalader, avec ou sans échelle, traverser à pied, passer et repasser, enjamber à l'aise ou alors, les frontières naturelles infranchissables : une montagne, un ravin.

la nécessité des frontières et si j'aime l'idée de frontières : oui, et particulièrement celle du langage.  
ce sont les limites du mot qui forcent à l'invention d'un nouveau mot. d'où le mouvement, la mobilité de pensée, les déplacements et transports.  
c'est à dire ce qui constitue l'activité autour de cette invention.

*J'ouvre une porte je la referme, j'ouvre une fenêtre, je sens l'air du dehors qui rentre dans l'espace : l'air chaud et froid qui se mélangent, je délimite les zones tandis que les airs ne sont pas encore complètement confondus.  
je fais pareil avec le lait dans le café.*

la frontière est attirante

c'est au bord des corps et des mots qu'apparaissent plus visibles des possibilités illimitées : phénomène physiquement visible lorsqu'un objet se présente à nous à contre jour il se dégage des rayons de chaleur qui entourent le corps et qui se propagent sous la forme d'ondes colorées. on parle de l'aura d'un corps mais aussi d'une oeuvre d'art. (Walter Benjamin) on le voit bien, le corps est naturellement enveloppé d'énergie. cette enveloppe, constituée de pertes d'énergie inhérente à l'activité est en soit un système de défense suffisant pour la protection et profitable à l'autre.  
ça, c'est le véritable libre échange, l'échange sans valeur rajoutée qui a lieu dans les zones de frontière des sujets et des objets.

(les problèmes et les maladies commencent là : dans la surproduction ou la surestimation des valeurs qui accompagnent ce 'véritable-échange-libre'.)

on le voit, le système défense est inhérent à l'homme en activité, il participe à part entière de son individu.  
et l'individu est indivisible.

certain systèmes de défense sont fort heureusement sympathiques (la paresse par exemple) ou attirant (l'humour).  
le système de défense le plus discutable est la force.  
(un système de défense craint par Marguerite Duras est la séduction).

*j'imagine un nouveau système de rangement, plus efficace, je m'embrouille, je vide complètement une pièce, je mets le broi de l'autre côté.*

mais l'existence de l'autre côté persiste. c'est la présence de la réalité non visible.

'HERE YOU DON'T EXIST' est le titre d'une proposition d'espace 'ESPACE'.  
on peut construire cet espace de différentes manières. un simple tracé au sol à la craie suffit à le définir.  
l'ESPACE 'HERE YOU DON'T EXIST' peut être placé n'importe où dans : un musée, une maison, sur une place publique  
le fait est que si on traverse cet espace, ou quand on (le) traverse, on n'existe pas.  
tout ce qui est vu depuis ESPACE n'existe pas.  
Un OBJET placé dans ESPACE est un ~~OBJET~~.  
~~OBJET~~ est un objet qui n'existe pas.  
(proposition pour MANIFESTA Ljubljana: à l'emplacement du parterre de fleur devant le musée).

la vie est discontinuée et suit mille lignes à la fois.

...FILM-BLOC de réalité, à visionner dans des conditions normales. ces films sont introduits par un carton-titre datant l'événement. ...il s'agit de moments où me parvient une conscience de temps soit qu'il dure et s'étire au-delà de sa métrique soit qu'il s'épaissit en plusieurs couches et sens de couches allant dans plusieurs directions, tantôt proches, tantôt opposées  
cela forme des blocs ou des boules d'espace/temps.  
ces moments sont filmés tous avec la même fascination pour une densité pleine d'événements qui se croisent, apparaissent, disparaissent autour de moi, ils sont tous filmés avec la même attention portée sur la complexité de ce moment-bloc auquel j'assiste, et qui m'englobe et se développe autour de moi dans la durée réelle du temps du film.  
car en effet, je considère ces moments filmés comme des sortes d'exercices pour voir comment la vie me parvient : j'allume la caméra et plus tard, je l'éteins. il n'y aura pas de montage. (extraits de notes sur mes films-1999).

...je travaille jusqu'au moment où on ne peut plus couper dans l'espace. d'où les 'promenades-proofing' pour restituer l'exposition, et non l'image d'un point de vue unique. d'où le nom de 'volume d'air' des sculptures ou de 'blocs de réalité' des moments filmés. (extraits de notes sur mes expositions-1997).

on imagine les frontières comme des lignes stables.  
le problème vient de là aussi, de cette idée qu'une frontière ne bouge pas.  
or, l'espace augmente et diminue de volume, tout comme le corps humain.

MUSEUM OPEN 24:24 a one weekwandering ('une promenade d'une semaine') c'est ce qu'on peut lire sur la façade du musée. l'exposition est accompagnée d'une campagne publicitaire: des filles en mobylettes circulent dans les rues de la ville "AUJOURD'HUI 1SECONDE-1 ANNÉE AU MUSÉE D'HASSELT" ou encore "...1MINUTE=1SECONDE..."  
dans le musée vide, les salles s'allument et s'éteignent selon un rythme programmé: la lumière s'échappe d'une salle à l'autre, se dépose et circule, son activité apparaît de plus en plus visible quand tombe la lumière du jour.  
les salles plus privées du musée sont bouchées par une paroi de plexiglas. depuis la porte on peut voir sans entrer.

la recherche de stabilité, qui est obligée, porte la frontière garante de cette stabilité recherchée.  
(alors qu'on pourrait multiplier les outils de stabilité, distribuer des chaises pliantes dans les rues, placer plus de bancs et banquettes dans les villes et campagnes afin par ailleurs d'épaissir les frontières de trous pour les rendre plus élastiques et perméables au nouveau qui arrive imprévisible à chaque instant.

je roule en voiture. j'aime être dans un embouteillage sur l'autoroute sur la bande d'extrême gauche: je regarde les plantes et la portion de paysage d'entre les deux voix.  
il en est de même lors des manifestations pour le plaisir de marcher au milieu de la rue, et voir les buildings et maisons depuis ce point de vue inhabituel.

cependant l'invention du verre, on continue d'imaginer les frontières opaques, continues et incassables.  
cependant la connaissance des techniques de construction des ponts et chaussées, par plaques disjointes en prévision des variations de température, on conçoit toujours la frontière sans prévision de changement

lorsque je fais un trou dans une feuille de papier, lorsque j'en découpe une partie, je range la feuille.  
certaines choses vont à la poubelle, d'autres pas. cela occupe une partie de mon temps.

note retrouvée:  
au directeur et à celui qui garde l'exposition  
-l'eau des verres remplis à ras doit bomber au-delà des bords. il ne faut pas s'en faire si on voit cette courbure d'eau bouger quand on marche dans la pièce: le volume d'eau est solide (...)  
-s'il fait froid dans la pièce avec les fenêtres ouvertes, tant pis (on peut toujours se réchauffer au bureau).  
la température de la pièce sera celle du dehors, la lumière sera aussi celle du dehors. jamais allumer de spots, pas de lumière artificielle.  
on entendra les cloches et les klaxons, le trafic et les voix, il y aura plus de bruit à l'heure de pointe.  
tant mieux si on entend les bruits insupportables de moteurs ou les cris des voisins...

ce qu'on peut constater:  
pour regarder quelque chose, on éloigne le sujet des yeux.  
pour mieux voir l'espace, pour le photographe, on finit toujours dans un coin d'une pièce, collé aux murs. et c'est de cette position extrême et trouvée en fin de compte aux limites de l'espace que le point de vue nous semble bien souvent le plus juste, correspondant à notre appréhension première de l'espace.  
d'où le fait qu'il (l'espace) soit vu depuis ses bordures.

la meilleure place de l'espace n'est pas le centre.

**LA MEILLEURE PLACE DE L'ESPACE EST SON BORD.**  
c'est la 'croûte' de l'espace.

*je remplis des verres d'eau. parfois je fais couler l'eau pour qu'elle déborde. je la regarde s'échapper du verre et s'écouler inutilement le long de la paroi.  
parfois, je perce le gobelet de plastique d'un fin orifice. je regarde encore l'eau s'écouler comme une 'passe d'objet'.*

ne pas perdre de vue que la frontière est faite pour être traversée (on oublie dans le tracé de ligne sa dimension d'épaisseur).  
ne pas perdre de vue que:

**UNE FRONTIÈRE A AU MINIMUM DEUX BORDS ET DEUX EXTRÉMITÉS**

*extrait de notes: je m'intéresse à des choses simples. plus elles sont simples, plus elles m'intéressent.  
exemple: tout ce qui se passe quand je marche d'un point (a) à un autre point (a).*



sur le mur de gauche, j'ai dessiné la lettre 'a'. sur le mur de droite j'ai tracé le dessin d'une autre lettre 'a'.  
entre les deux lettres, j'ai tendu un fil.  
hors deux choses différentes ne peuvent porter le même nom. il en résulte qu'on voit l'espace se courber sous nos yeux.  
de 'A' à 'a', ou de 'a' à 'A' est l'ultime espace qui abolit toute autre frontière qu'elle-même.  
aller de 'a' à 'A': c'est faire l'expérience de marcher dans la frontière même.

### QUAND LA FRONTIÈRE EST UN PASSAGE, ELLE DEVIENT: DE L'ESPACE.

(exemple d'objet-espace: un verre d'eau)  
(exemple d'objet qui n'est pas de l'espace: une brique)  
(exemple d'objet-espace: un tas de briques)

parfois j'écris PORTE sur ma porte ou MUR sur le mur.  
pour me faire encore surprendre par le mot.  
le lendemain ou immédiatement plus tard je barre le mot. MUR est alors écrit sur le mur.  
le lendemain j'efface le tout laissant le mot au bord du lisible. j'observe les réactions (sur moi-même tout d'abord).  
un jour, j'ai écrit OUVERT sur les vitres d'une galerie-magasin dans une rue de Montpellier.  
un autre jour, j'écris SOL sur un tissu posé dehors sur une table. je le regarde plus tard tomber sur le sol par la force et le hasard d'un coup de vent.

l'enregistrement des sons dans le parc de Ljubljana ou la preuve de la densité du réel :  
une fois de plus alors que nous sommes occupés à enregistrer un moment de cet espace je me rends compte à quel point la quantité d'informations  
qui nous parvient est riche de variétés d'énergie, de sens, de vitesse. Il fallait profiter d'un vide de son pour finir la séance et toujours d'un silence jaillis-  
sait une nouvelle traversée, tantôt c'était le bruit d'un vélo sur les graviers, tantôt le train, tantôt tout proche de nous sur l'arbre, le chant scandé d'une  
mésange. petit à petit la réalité s'épaissit, formée de ce qui la traverse et avec le hasard d'un croisement formé comme des nœuds de densité encore  
plus épais  
au point qu'il nous était impossible de trancher et clore la séance.

c'est dans ce parc à Ljubljana, et cependant dans le silence d'une heure creuse du jour, que la réalité m'est apparue sans trou ni fin

d'où l'invention des plans, des séquences, des actes, des chapitres, des 'fin' et la nécessaire frontière.

cependant la frontière dans sa faculté de cadrer est un commencement possible, un moyen de voir : mieux la différence, et plus loin

c'est juste après la frontière que ça commence

je regarde les moisissures arriver sur les fruits. je ne les jette pas directement à la poubelle

j'avais cette corde rouge en main, j'ai fait un nœud dedans et je l'ai posé sur une table  
c'était tout à la fois le début et la fin de quelque chose.  
cette chose, n'ayant pas de réalité et donc de nom de réalité pouvant s'appeler un objet d'art  
l'art et le pouvoir n'ayant rien à voir l'un avec l'autre.  
le territoire de l'art, je le vois exactement comme cette ficelle nouée, jetée sur une table  
on peut toujours resserrer le nœud et faire le territoire plus petit.  
on peut encore changer de ficelle.  
ou parfois rouler le fil, et en faire une boule.  
le territoire de la ficelle est illimité et libre de forme: comme il tombe sur le sol il convient  
et s'il ne convient pas on recommence son dépôt.  
le territoire de la ficelle n'empêche en rien la formation et l'existence d'autres espaces de ficelles.

annexes décosuées

j'écris 'a' à la craie sur une table ou sur le sol, je renverse un verre sur le 'a' mis sous cloche  
pour garder son début?  
pour ne pas l'oublier?  
...l'art est concerné par la conservation (musées, catalogue, conservateur...)  
la vie aussi est concernée par la conservation (conserves d'aliments, films, photographies ...) extraits notes d'exposition 1994

FRAGILE.DONTMOVE est écrit sur les oeuvres emballées

à chaque fois je relisais cette phrase de Wittgenstein accrochée sur le mur du W.C.  
quelque chose comme "élever un édifice, cela ne m'intéresse pas, ce qui m'importe est le fondement des édifices possibles

même cette phrase, la voilà oubliée par cœur.  
j'en rage de cet oubli, des limites de l'intelligence, et de la bêtise qui seule agit sans limite.

d'où : la fabrique de systèmes pour ne pas (t') oublier et défendre la fragile oeuvre contre les pertes de la mémoire

FRAGILE MOVE.

proposition pour MANIFESTA Ljubljana:  
faire venir (d'ailleurs) un COMBI DE LA NUIT et le placer quelque part dans un parc de la ville  
le COMBI DE LA NUIT, c'est une île de la nuit.  
quand on rentre dans le combi, on rentre dans la NUIT. ce qu'on voit du combi est vu comme de nuit. le soleil vu est comme la lune de la nuit...pour  
revenir dans le jour, on ouvre la porte.

Borderline notes: short descriptives, comments and contemplations, collected on the subject of some works and proposals - all with the aim of clarifying my way of drawing dots and lines, why I call my films blocks of reality, what I like about 'A' and about 'a', the nature of borders which I delineate, their breadth and visibility + reports on moments from my travels, together with an important statement in the supplement - notes from 20 May 2000.

title: WHEN THE BORDER IS BROAD

or: **WHEN THE BORDER IS A PASSAGE ...**

I observe night falling, I try to follow the naked eye of evolution of its descent, the changes in the colour nuances of the air, sometimes I switch the lights on as late as possible.  
on other days I don't see anything, this surprises me.

the problem does not lie in the drawing of borders.

all kinds of problems and diseases start with corrupt administration and the organisation of profit by bordered territories.

pleasant borders: those which can be climbed, with or without a ladder, which can be crossed on foot, crossed over and over again, jumped over easily, or impassable natural borders: a river, a ravine.

the necessity of borders and whether I like the idea of borders: yes, particularly the idea of a linguistic border.

these are limitations of words which force us to invent new words. this is the origin of movement, thought mobility, shifts and transport.

in other words, what makes up activity connected with this invention.

I open the door, I close it, I open the window. I feel the outside air entering the room: warm air and cold air mixing. I divide areas, while the two airs are still not completely mixed.  
I do the same with milk in coffee.



combi NUIT – une île de la nuit ou comment depuis la jour voir la nuit  
the NIGHT container – an island of night or, how to see night during the day

the border is attractive

infinite possibilities seem most obvious on the edges of bodies and words: a physically noticeable phenomenon when we look at an object in counter-light: it comes from rays of warmth that surround the body and expand in the form of colour waves. we speak about the aura of a body, and also about the aura of an art work. (Walter Benjamin)  
we see it well, the body is wrapped in energy. this wrapping composed of energy losses connected with certain activities is in itself a defence mechanism which suffices for protection and benefits the other.  
this is a real free exchange, an exchange without added value, which is conducted in the border areas of subjects and objects.

(and this is precisely where problems and diseases begin: in the surplus of production or over-estimating of values which accompany this 'real-free-exchange').

we see that the defence mechanism is characteristic of an active individual, it participates in its individual completely separately and the individual is indivisible.

luckily certain defence mechanisms are agreeable (laziness, for example) or attractive (humour).  
the most widely discussed defence mechanism is power.  
(the defence mechanism feared by Marguerite Duras is seduction).

I imagine a new system of arrangement, a more efficient one. I get confused, I completely empty the room, I move the whole mess to the other side.

but existence on the other side persists. it is the presence of invisible reality.

'HERE YOU DON'T EXIST' is the title of the spatial assignment 'SPACE'.

this space can be built in different ways. for its definition a simple line drawn in chalk on the floor will do.

THE SPACE 'HERE YOU DON'T EXIST' can be anywhere: in a museum, house or public place

the fact is that if we cross this space or when we cross it, we do not exist.

everything that we see from the SPACE on does not exist.

An OBJECT, placed in the SPACE, is An OBJECT.

an OBJECT is an object that does not exist.

(proposal for MANIFESTA in Ljubljana: in the space with a flower bed in front of the museum)

life is not uniform and follows thousands of lines at the same time.

... A FILM BLOCK of reality, intended for viewing in normal conditions. these films are introduced by cardboard titles originating from the time of the event ... these are moments when I become aware of something either as something lasting and expanding beyond its matrix or as something condensing in several layers and of a sense of layers expanding in different directions which are either approaching or departing.

this composes blocks or balls of space/time.

all these moments are recorded with the same enthusiasm over the full density of events which coincide, emerge, disappear around me, they are all recorded with the same attention to the complexity of this block-moment that I am experiencing and which envelops me and evolves around me during the actual film time.

in reality I regard these moments as some kind of exercise to see how life touches me: I switch on the camera and a little later I switch it off. there will be no editing. (passages from notes on my films - 1999).

... I work till the moment when it is no longer possible to make a cut in time. this is the origin of 'promenades-proofing' for the restoration of the exhibition and not the image made from a single angle. this is the origin of 'volume in time' for sculptures and 'blocks of reality' for recorded moments. (passages from notes on my exhibitions - 1997).

borders are imagined as stable lines.

the core of the problem is also the idea that the border cannot move.

in other words, the volume of a space increases and diminishes, just like the human body.

MUSEUM OPEN 24:24 a one week 'wandering'. A one week walk, this can be read on the facade of the museum.

the exhibition is accompanied by an advertising campaign: girls on scooters driving around the city "TODAY 1 SECOND = 1 YEAR IN THE HASSELT MUSEUM" or " ... 1 MINUTE = 1 SECOND ... "

in the empty museum lights in rooms switch on and off in a programmed rhythm: the light flies from one room to another, stops and circles, its activity seems to be more visible when daylight fades.

the more private rooms in the museum are closed off with a screen made of plexi glass. they can be seen from the door, without entering the room.

the research of stability, which is mandatory, is focused on the border that guarantees this research stability

(while tools of stability could be multiplied, collapsible chairs distributed in the street, different kinds of benches placed in the city and campaigns carried out in order to condense the borders of gaps and make them more flexible, more permeable, which unexpectedly happens every moment.

I am driving in a car. I love getting stuck in a traffic jam on the motorway in the far left lane: I observe plants and part of the landscape between the two carriageways.

this is the same as participating in a protest, when you can walk in the middle of the road and observe buildings and houses from this unusual angle.

ever since the discovery of glass we continue to imagine opaque frontiers, never ending and unbreakable.

ever since the discovery of construction techniques for bridges and roads with slabs separated due to the foreseen differences in temperature, we have imagined borders without envisaged changes.

while making a hole in a piece of paper, I cut out a part, I put it away.

certain things go to the bin, others don't. I spent part of my time doing this.

we meet again:

to the director and curator of the exhibition

- water in glasses filled to the rim must curve over the edges. we must not worry if we see that the curve of water moves while we walk around the room:  
the volume of water is solid (...)

- it does not matter if it is cold in the room because of open windows (we can still get warm in the office).

the temperature in the room must be the same as outside, the light must also be the same as outside. never light up locations with artificial light.  
we will hear bells and car horns, traffic and sounds, there will be more noise during rush hour.  
it will be even better if we hear the unbearable noise of motorcycles or shouts from neighbours ...

we can find out:

if we want to see something, we must move the object away from our eyes.

if we want a better look at the space in order to photograph it, we always find ourselves in the corner of the room, right next to the wall. and from this extreme position and when we are finally standing on the edge of the space, the angle seems to be the most suitable and coincides with our original idea of the space.

this is the origin of the fact that it (space) must be seen from its edges.



the best part of space is not its centre.

### THE BEST PART OF SPACE IS ITS EDGE

this is the 'crust' of space.

I fill glasses with water. sometimes I leave it running until it spills over the edge. I observe it escaping the glass and uselessly flowing down the outside of the glass.  
sometimes I make a small hole in a plastic cup. then I observe water flowing like the 'pissing object'.

We must not forget that the border is made to be crossed (in the case of a drawn line, we forget about its dimension of width).

must not forget that:

THE BORDER HAS AT LEAST TWO EDGES AND TWO END POINTS

a passage from notes: I am interested in simple things. The simpler they are, the more interesting they seem.  
example: everything that happens while I am travelling from one point (a) to another point (b).

on the left wall I drew the letter 'a', on the right wall I drew another letter 'a'.  
I connected these two letters with a string.  
usually two different things cannot have the same name. as a result of this we see space curving in front of our eyes.  
from 'A' to 'A', or from 'a' to 'a' there lies the last space that cancels all borders except itself.  
if we travel from 'a' to 'a', we experience a walk precisely along the border.

#### WHEN THE BORDER IS A PASSAGE, IT BECOMES: SPACE

(example of an object of space: glass of water)  
(example of an object that is not space: a brick)  
(example of an object of space: a pile of bricks)

sometimes I write DOOR on my door or WALL on the wall.  
for this reason I can still surprise myself with the word.  
the next day or immediately afterwards I cross the word out. now the writing on the wall says WALL.  
one day I erase everything and leave the word barely visible. I observe reactions (my own first).  
one day I wrote OPEN on the windows of a gallery in one of the streets of Montpellier.  
on another day I wrote FLOOR on a piece of material that covered a table standing outside. then I watched how because of a gust of wind or by coincidence the tablecloth landed on the ground.

recording sounds in a Ljubljana park or proof of the density of the real:  
when we are busy recording the moment of this space, I become aware to what point the quantity of information concerning us is still packed with a variety of energies, feelings, we quickly had to make the best of the emptiness of sound in order to finish the session, and still in silence a new crossing emerged, the sound of a bicycle on sand, or a train, or the chirping of a fit on a tree right next to us slowly expanded reality, determined by what crosses it, and by the coincidental crossing of the form, such as knots of even greater density to the point where it was impossible to interrupt or finish the session.  
in that Ljubljana park and while the silence of an hour drilled into the day, reality seemed to be without gaps and without end

and this is the origin of the invention of frames, sequences, chapters, 'the end' and urgently needed border.

in its ability to frame, the border therefore represents a possible beginning, a tool for watching: in other words, a difference, and further away

#### it's just after the border that everything starts

I watch mould growing on fruit. I do not throw it in the dustbin immediately.

I held this red string in my hands, I made a knot and put the string on the table  
this was both a beginning and end of something.  
since this does not have a reality and since the name of reality it can be an art object  
art and power are in no way connected.  
for the first time I see the field of art as a knotted string placed on the table  
the knot can be fastened and the field reduced.  
we can also replace the string.  
or roll it into a ball.  
the field of the string is infinite and shapeless: regardless of how it falls to the floor, it is alright and if not, it can still be thrown again.  
the field of the string in no way obstructs the forming and existence of other spaces of strings.

#### miscellaneous additions

in chalk I write 'v' on the table or on the floor, I cover 'a' with a glass, placed under a bell in order to preserve its beginning?  
not to forget?  
... art deals with preservation (museums, catalogues, a guardian ...)  
We also deals with preservation (storage of food, films, photographs ...) passages from notes for an exhibition in 1994

FRAGILE. DON'T MOVE it says on wrapped products

every time I re-read this phrase by Wittgenstein, hanging on the toilet wall.  
I am not interested in things such as 'constructing a building', for me it is the foundation of possible buildings that is important

even this phrase has been forgotten by heart  
I am mad because of forgetting this, of the limits of intelligence and stupidity which is the only thing which functions without limits.

this is the origin of: the production of systems which prevent forgetting and protect a fragile product from memory losses

#### FRAGILE MOVE

proposal for MANIFESTA in Ljubljana:  
(from somewhere else) a NIGHT container comes and is placed somewhere in the city park  
the NIGHT container is an island of the night.  
on entering the container, we enter the NIGHT. what we see from the container, we see it as if it was night. the invisible sun is like moon at night... if we want to return to the day, we must re-open the door.

Joëlle Tuerlinckx  
born 1958, lives in Brussels

## Sarah Tripp Anti-Prophet

inevitably, out of an unjust world, comes the notion that things can be different and this gives us a sense of our own autonomy; it is this autonomy which motivates us to search for meaning. If you combine a pilgrimage with the secular urge which makes us want to go and investigate the world, our searching ends up being an exotic and intellectual journey as well as a spiritual one.

*"Psychoanalysis, like religion and medicine, turns panic into meaning. It makes fear bearable by making it interesting. And it does this in the most ordinary way; through conversation with another person."* (Adam Phillips, 'Terrors and Experts')

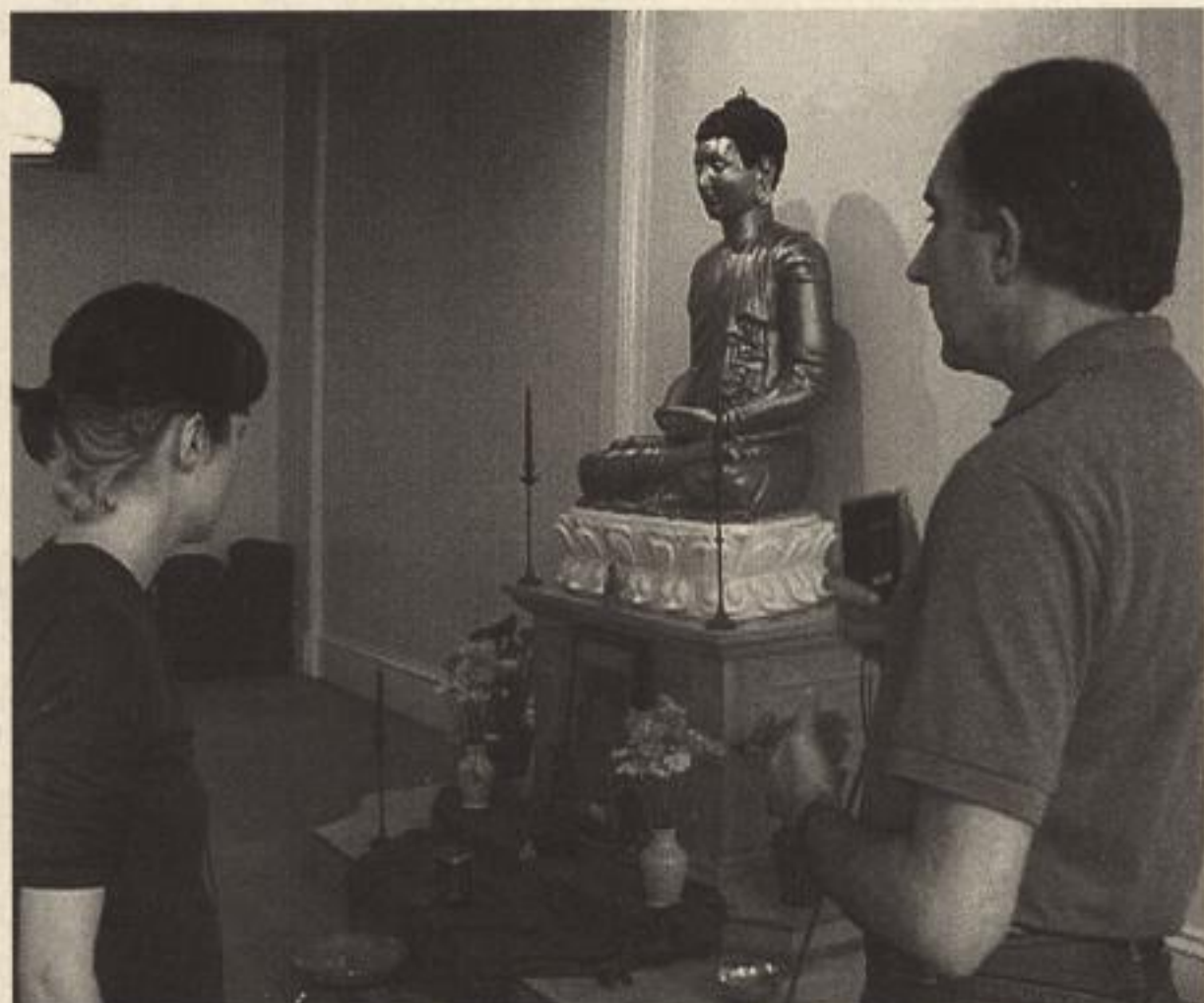


Anti-Prophet, 1999, video

Through conversation, ideas are enlivened, opinions change and allegiances are formed. "Anti-Prophet" is a documentary film produced out of a series of conversations. Sarah Tripp begins the documentary by interviewing five people about their beliefs and their lives. During these conversations the interviewees name the next person to be interviewed. The documentary continues spiralling outwards and the subjects discussed multiply through an accumulating network of conversational partners.

Anti-Prophet explores the individual's relationship with her peers, a peer group's position in a community and the community's value in society, all of which are negotiated through conversation. While it documents how we search for ideals and identity in society, "Anti-Prophet" is also a commentary on my search for meaning.

*Sarah Tripp*  
born 1971, lives in Glasgow



Anti-Prophet, 1999, video

## Francisco Tropa

### Instructions

- 1- find a nice snail
- 2- wash him carefully with plain water and a sponge
- 3- glue a thin white thread on the top of the shell (fast Araldite is the best glue)
- 4- make a Xerox copy in transparent acetate of the line of text and cut it along the cutting lines
- 5- give some salad to the snail and let him wake up
- 6- remove the snail from the salad and put him on the transparency for 20 seconds
- 7- suspend everything from the ceiling

*Francisco Tropa*  
born 1968, lives in Lisbon

*In the guise of a title I add to this transparent horizon a graphic line of opacity beyond movements of suspension*

## Sislej Xhafa

**W**e live in a world of rapid and continual change, in a reality where technology and its interface, the common denominator of virtuality, is the image – an image moving ever faster and never the same. We are then, that which we cannot grasp, where the crisis point, the breaking point seems to be that point where we could truly become ourselves or never be ourselves again. But alongside those changes in humanity and our reality that are caused by technology, there is another powerful transformation at work in the world. This one is provoked by a movement of humanity itself, which, coming from the South and the East, is changing the West. It is an equally profound transformation, taking place within terms of illegality, immigration and multiculturalism, an epochal movement, which art is attempting to respond to with forms and images which are also forms of resistance. Joseph Beuys, with the long-sightedness of an "artist-wizard", anticipated some of these



Illegal exhibition, XLVII Venice Biennale, 1997



The Mobile Stadium, 1998

characteristics when he spoke of Eurasia and his concept of Social Sculpture meaning the kind of plastic form that needed to be given to this new world of beings, things, images, feelings, politics, in other words, of life and of art. One of his phrases which entered into the heart of society was: "Truth lies in reality, not in institutions", a declaration still valid today in a world in which institutions have been sent into crisis by this great wave of immigration, the bearer of different values and new truths which the West must recognise if it is not to col-

lapse. This regards art and artists above all, the messengers of this new sensibility and it is along this line of thought, in which the truth of reality is preferred to the lies of institutions, that one places the significant artistic actions of Sislej Xhafa.

It would be useful at this point to report one of his declarations made in an interview with Giancarlo Politi in *Flash Art* (February/March 1999), in which he says, "...Today, real culture means having the capacity to transform... maybe in fifty years time the illegal immigrants will have changed Italy into a better country".

Of course here Italy represents reality and is also a metaphor for the whole of the West. Indeed, one of the artist's most recent artistic actions, aimed at producing profound change within Western institutions, was made in Belgium at the *Over the Edges* exhibition, with the work, *Pleasure our Flowers*. This entailed the transformation of the rather sad waiting room of the Police Headquarters in Gent into a luxurious lobby. Indeed, many citizens who went to the police station thought they had come to the wrong place when they did not find themselves in an aesthetic space, but rather in a room filled with Persian rugs, Imperial style chairs, gilded curtains across the windows, with fruit there to be eaten, whiskey and champagne to drink and Viennese Philharmonic music to listen to. One felt one had entered a Grand Hotel or an ancient palace, where one would go to relax and enjoy life's pleasures rather than to be interrogated. The truth of this, as in Xhafa's other works/interventions, is that they are pieces that do not pretend, because they are the testimony of a reality he has lived himself, of the actual experience of someone who despite having lived in the West for years, feels and is seen as the Other. And it is the position of this Other, and the Other place, that we need in order to regenerate ourselves; an Other and an Other place, that are continually suggested by the artist with works that speak to us of a state of illegality, as in the photographic work *Piazza della Signoria*, in which the Kosovan Albanian artist is trying to pick-pocket the wallet of a Moroccan, another Other. The image of this hyped up war between rich and poor, is also a cliché created by the West, by the most well-to-do social classes in which the Other is foreign, and for this reason is falsely perceived as a dangerous element, as a person threatening our wellbeing, a person against whom the xenophobic and racist Right can rise up against. The images and forms of another of Xhafa's works, entitled *Verso il Paradiso* ("Towards Heaven"), invite us to go against these very prejudices. The work was presented in an exhibition at the Placentia Arte gallery. Wooden benches formed a sort of train or ship, surmounted by Albanian flags, overflowing with chilli peppers and with newspapers, rolled up and stuffed into every space possible, with headlines about Albanian migration to Italy. It is a piece that is both dramatic and celebratory, certainly the most intense work created on this theme, along with Oliviero Toscani's photographs of Albanians coming to shore on the west coast of Italy.

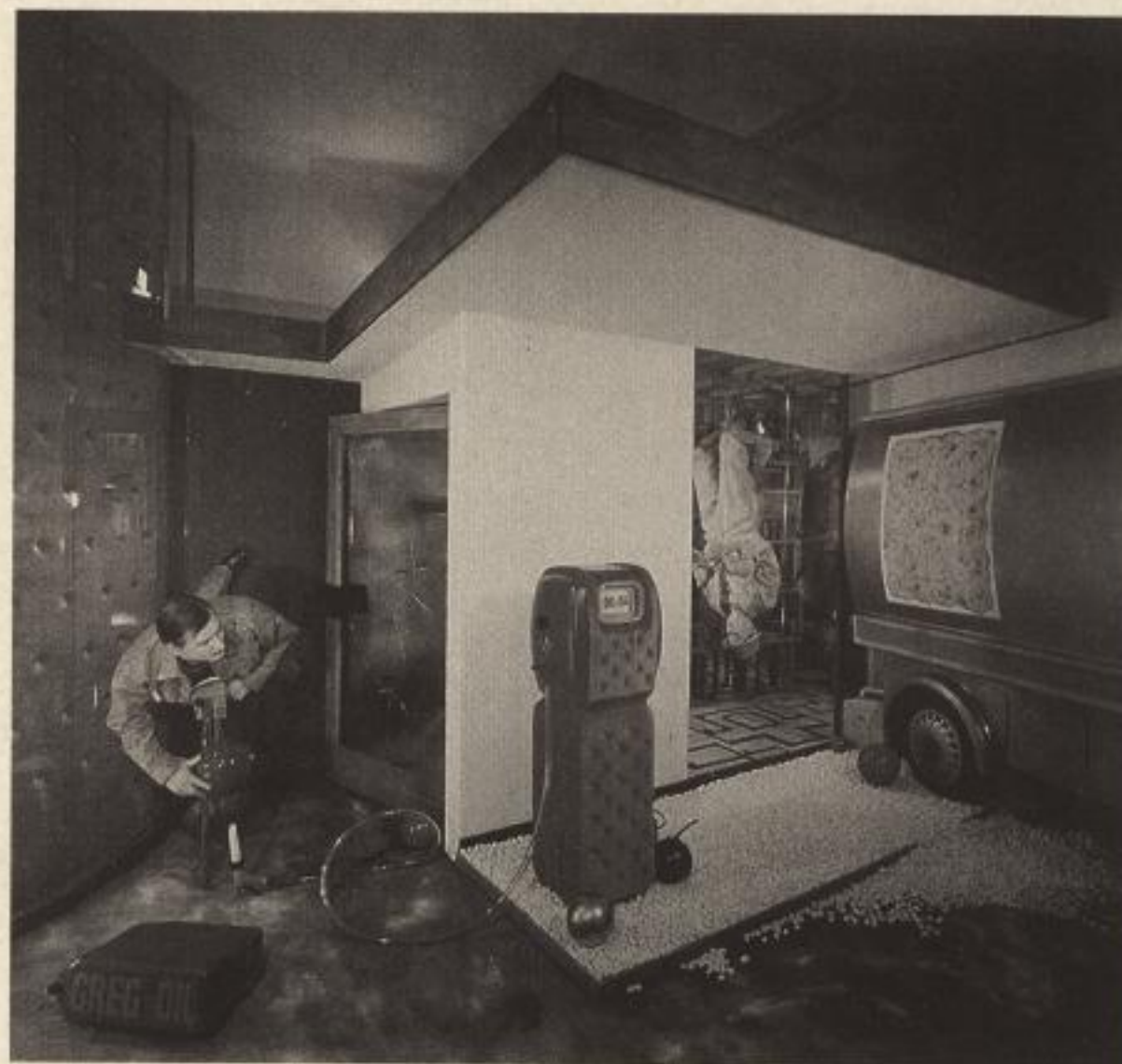
*Giacinto Di Petrantonio*

*Sislej Xhafa*  
born 1970, lives in Pisa

## Gregor Zivić

All my photographs are usual enlargements of colour negatives. There is no aftertreatment with computer or any collage. What one sees on my photographs is the real state in my 29 m<sup>2</sup> large apartment.

Three returning components take part on each photograph I have taken up to now. First every photograph shows one well-chosen oil painting I did in the last seven years. Second I use an exact copy of the entrance gate of my parents' house in Vienna, and third there is me involved in different stories and splitted up in variable figures and characters; for instance me as a woman or me with black eyes.



Untitled, 1999, photograph

It is important to realize that I do never intend a documentation of my paintings by photography, but the photographs get a transformation where I am allowed to bring them in various correlations. This became obvious when I used one of my oil paintings as a company-emblem on a truck shown on both "Greg Oil" photographs.

So one must say that the images of my paintings on the photographs are important for the whole picture in sense of colour, dimension and form and they cannot be dropped.

The different persons you can see on the photographs are all performed by me. From one photograph to the next you maybe cannot see one straight story, but when the whole series will be finished, you will imagine similarly looking through a Kaleidoscope a narration. Besides, it is important for me that all facts and proceedings are comprehensible to everybody just by looking at my photographs. So all kinds of constructions, mirror effects and wooden supporting pillars can be seen on my pictures.

*Gregor Živič*  
born 1965, lives in Vienna



Untitled, 1999, photograph

## *Jasmila Žbanić*

### Ball Deflated

**B**ullet whistled, whistled, whistled. Boy cried, cried, cried. Girl watched, watched, watched. Night came, came, came.

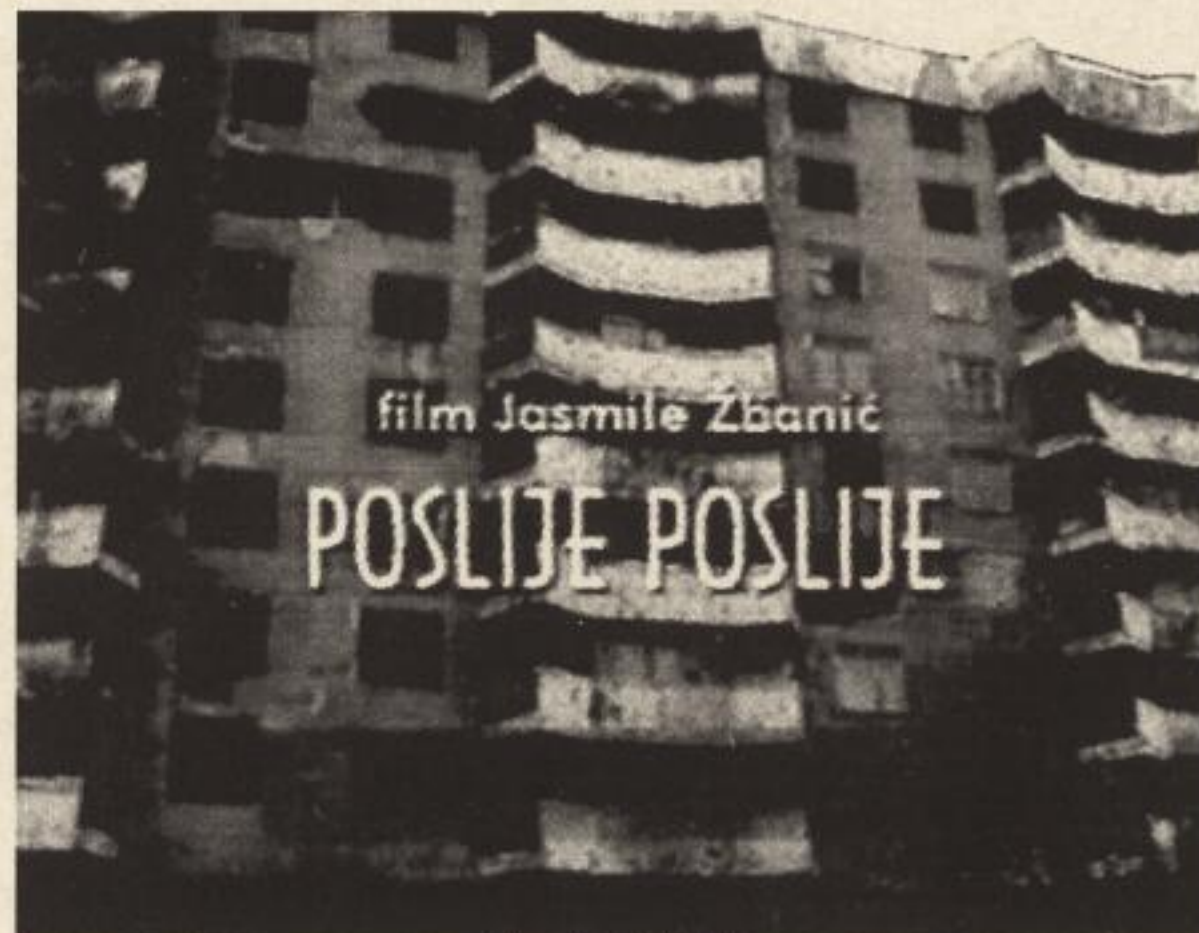
Mom worried. Dad got angry : "He should be here by now ?"

He asked once, then once again and again. Mom cried, cried, cried. Dad worried, worried, worried. Night left, left, left.

Doctors said that they couldn't do anything.

If the ball didn't deflate, none of this would happen, thought the girl.

*Jasmila Žbanić*  
born 1974, lives in Sarajevo



After, after, 1997, video



After, after, 1997, video

Arevik Arevshatyan  
 Viktor Mazin  
 ARSLAB  
 Lonnie van Brummelen  
 Siebren de Haan  
 Kai Vöckler  
 Luisa Lambri – Anders Kreuger  
 Liutauras Psibilskis  
 Vito Oražem  
 Elisabeth Gröbl and Manfred Gröbl  
 Liviana Dan  
 Davide Bertocchi  
 Dieter Roelstraete  
 Hannele Rantala  
 Pier-Paolo Coro  
 Zoran Naskovski  
 Ventsislav Zankov  
 Vahit Tuna

*Selected responses to the following statement of the Manifesta 3 curators, published in the summer of 1999:*

#### BORDERLINE SYNDROME

Energies of Defence

Do you suffer from a borderline syndrome?

Where do YOU draw the line?

Art, science, technology, culture: in all of these territories there is an increasing demand for openness. Traffic between them is intense. At the same time, borders remain necessary to keep a grip, to define identity, to deepen understanding. If there is a tendency to level culture horizontally, to explore the surface, there is an equal and opposing tendency to protect the 'vertical', to ground it in a specific value.

A parallel to the geopolitical situation in Europe might be drawn. In a world where globalisation and regionalisation go hand in hand, where the universality of capital is contradicted by the emergence of national, ethnic, provincial and other exclusionary values, of course it is not just culture that deals with the ambiguities of territory. It is a political issue, a social one. It is the character of global culture at large. Protection from political, economic and cultural homogenisation seems to be a fundamental concern of our time.

Manifesta 3 will take place in Ljubljana, Slovenia. It is a place on the border of Fortress Europe. It is 'former Eastern Europe', it aims to be Western. It is close to ethnic turmoil, yet refined in its cosmopolitanism. It is off the centre, it is the centre – depending on where one stands. Manifesta 3 should explore the paradoxes of borderlining and strategies of protection. It positions itself at the crossing point of art and society in a challenging place. An art exhibition in this context, under these conditions, is not another show to be visited. It is also a trajectory of thought, speech and action. Not simply a place to be, but a process to engage with.

Manifesta 3 invites YOU to rethink your field of activities and its cultural effect. Before the exhibition takes place in the summer of the year 2000, a process will be set in motion which allows for dialogue about the value and meaning of 'protection'. Francesco Bonami, Ole Bouman, Mária Hlavajová, Kathrin Rhomberg, curators of Manifesta 3, invite you to contribute your ideas and develop insights into the paradoxes of transgression and mechanisms of defence as key issues of European culture.

Don't ask what Europe can do for you; ask what you can do for Europe!

Ideas (images, statements, diagrams etc.) are welcome. Suitable materials will be published in the Manifesta 3 Book. Deadline: 1st of January 2000. Texts should be no longer than 2.000 words max. Images on slides must be accompanied with the necessary data.

Francesco Bonami, Ole Bouman, Mária Hlavajová, Kathrin Rhomberg

Note: The organisers reserve the right to exercise full editorial control over materials submitted to them, within the framework of Manifesta 3. All such material becomes the property of Manifesta. Copyright rests jointly with the authors of the material and the organisers of Manifesta.



## Invisible and fetid borders

Arevik Arevshatyan

**T**he problem of the indispensability of borders has developed parallel with the general development of civilisation. Considering borders as reminders of their own wild essence, the civilised human tries to demolish, or it would be better to say to ignore their presence (Berlin Wall).

The analysis of that phenomenon perhaps should be looked at not just through one's conscious but through an instinctive angle as well.

Through the ages civilisation had been creating different kinds of borders – fences, fortifications, kilometres long walls, barbed wire fences, and even human walls. Those constructions indeed could be considered as real art creations. Yet, visually they effect a frightful feeling. But overcoming (be it real or hypothetical) of those borders effects another strange feeling of danger mixed with an exalted sense of freedom.

Every wild species use its urine or excrement to demarcate their territory in nature. And those fetid borders become unbreakable for any other species. Than inside that margined species' territory the strongest survives, according to the cruel but just rules of natural selection; but people perceive that process as an indication of an absolute freedom. Perhaps that is why the scene of the animals enclosed in the ZOO cages induces our sympathy.

What transformations are happening in the human mentality? In what direction is it developing – forth or back? Being a part of that humanity I personally experience myself that strange state, anxiously turning back and forth splitting at the same time inside between human and animal essences, between conscious and instinct.

The very same humanity that had divided the world with the borders and now is trying visually to demolish them at the same time creates new "natural" and "fetid" kind of borders. And there are no expectations any more to find achievements, victories or terra novas beyond those borders. Beyond them there is just a different species with which there is just one thing left to do – to identify with it loosing at the same time your own. Natural selection will immediately become the continuation of that course (humanity indeed has achieved a great skill of species raising and breeding).

There are no more obstacles any more; there is no more need to climb over the wall or get hurt by the barbed wire. There is just a need for a few steps – to change the species and to smell the way it is ought to. Otherwise... Otherwise it won't be possible (even having civilly filled documents) to be akin to that species and the state seals will always emit the stench of the borders.

PS. This newly developed "species categorising" selection method that has come to change the old method of ideological, ethical, racial or religious classification, creates a hidden syndrome of worthies and the unworthy ones, the righteous and the wicked, the progressives and the retrogrades, the confident ones and the inferiors.

1999

## On the Line of Borderdrome

Viktor Mazin

**S**yndrome... The notion starts movement: *dromos* in Greek is *run*; syn-dromos – run together. With whom?

With one selves. This course is not only about to cross borders but simultaneously to create them. Thus, there is already border in syndrome, a period connecting different symptoms, perceptible border-points. Every border point on the way should prove just one but vital thing: this is me, this is mine, this is an I.

Perceptible *dromos* introduces time. Dromomania is everlasting search for a home, it is an endless attempt to master a proficient home, to establish a border between inside and outside, to reconstruct walls, to find a certain *self*.

Where am I on the run?

Where am "I" without a border walls? without an idea of borderlines? lines of the border? periods of time?

The first border is the last one. Behind it there is no subject. Behind it there is no-one to say "me". There, in a distance, appears "me": "me" which is always already somewhere else.

The "me"-story begins, as it is well known, at the times when the image of someone, the mirror-image, there, in front, is recognised as "me". Once and again a line, a border between image and background is becoming visible as "me".

Hey me, at the border!

Eyes interject the moving exterior "me-image" inside, create and recreate inside/outside border, the floating, transgressive me-border. "Videodrome" becomes narcissistic ideodrome. Ideas and ideals come back from the spectacular image.

This gleaming me-border is happens to be an aesthetic one, the one which one likes or dislikes, recognises and doesn't recognise, dissolves and recreates while seeing border-surfaces of screens, faces, bodies, pictures, buildings, walls, shields, images...

Every borderline is my syndrome.

St. Petersburg, 31.12.1999

## Borders and Thresholds

ARSLAB (Sonia Cambursano, Piero Gilardi, Franco Torriani)

In psychology the concept of "borderline" has been used to indicate the condition of one who lives, and suffers, on the threshold between psychosis and neurosis, between the defensive hyperbole of the Ego and the collapse of his/her internal and external borders.

The increasing use of this definition of "borderline" has made it a *passé-partout*, almost the individual sign of the existential uneasiness due to the huge changes we are living in.

Contemporary art took immediately possession of this concept and used it in elaborating the humanistic subject's mourning, but if we consider it from a political approach, we can actually see how revolutionary it can be in an existential sense.

From Heisenberg's theory of 'indeterminism' sees that states the unavoidable contamination between the subject who and the object which is seen we discovered the fuzzy nature of our physical and mental borders. And now we feel our individual identity as a value of a 'differential threshold' between our interior pulsating flow and the co-evolutional time of the external networked world. Not only does this reflection bring us to surpass the concept of border we had from anthropological culture whose contradiction has blown up with new fundamentalism(s) but also the exchange shares of the goods universe, which are no longer simple 'quantitative thresholds' that represent the inter-subjective interaction and the beating complexity.

In fact, the stake is being able to use a computer in network – a capitalistic parody of the Marxist means of manufacture's collectivism in an alternative way: in order to build by ourselves, our way of living, thinking ourselves as "threshold-individuals" with qualities that are proper and improper, individual and common at the same time. From this point of view, the idea of borderline identity becomes nothing different than the individual with all his qualities, not one of them means difference, because he lives in an interconnected and absolutely clear community.

I consider human bodies as joints, something which is shared by energies, other bodies and other machines. More joints than interfaces. Joints as cracks, connections, points of construction.

Humans have to interfere with art works. More than to mere responsive environments, I intend that the works give space to humans.

Art flavours: cybernetic sensual appearances.

Flavour as a breeze, arts as hereditary materials coming into sight. Objects of fusion of different disciplines, symbols of syncretism, discrepancies of the living and associating together of various elements, antibiosis & symbiosis.

The focus is on art works related to ancestral mechanism, to knotty systems of organisms acting with some purposes according to behavioural and cultural patterns.

The artist, the "actor", increases reality. Who is the pilot, the "kubernetes", in art works

giving behavioural and productive space to living creatures, smart materials and intelligent machines?

The experience of modernity was born, from Kant on, as an experience of outlining the borders, in order to reassure the subject of and into these borders. After Kant, the concept of borders no more has this soothing role that goes into a delimited area, but it becomes a place of intersection. The border stands between two dominions and more and more the revolutionary elements of reflection and anticipation find themselves on a border line. We probably have to move from the concept of 'border' to the concept of 'threshold'. As Benjamin states, a threshold is a zone, an area, a mobile dominion, not a line. From one point, it is a very well delimited dominion, because going beyond a doorstep means opening a new time, but you can't understand it if you are not beyond. You never know exactly if you are in or out the threshold, because you find yourself in a meeting area between two worlds.

From a political point of view, we consider, following Habermas' thought, that, in the age we live in, we have to readdress the concept of 'ethic'. Currently it means nothing else than the relationship of mutual acknowledgement among people, which are yet involved in communication. People, who know themselves deeply different, are involved in a kind of universalism, which is "sensitive to differences" and can become an "inclusion of the other" without claiming to equalise it. Where can a line be drawn? The meeting point among different cultures that more and more find themselves together, has to become a group of principles, which are universal enough, thus not being able to be reduced to a particular religion or culture. This is probably the sole possibility we have to build a civil cohabitation among different people. On this kind of universalism modern societies can ground the 'solidarity among strangers', that is a lucky paradox to express something that is necessary, but also very difficult to achieve.

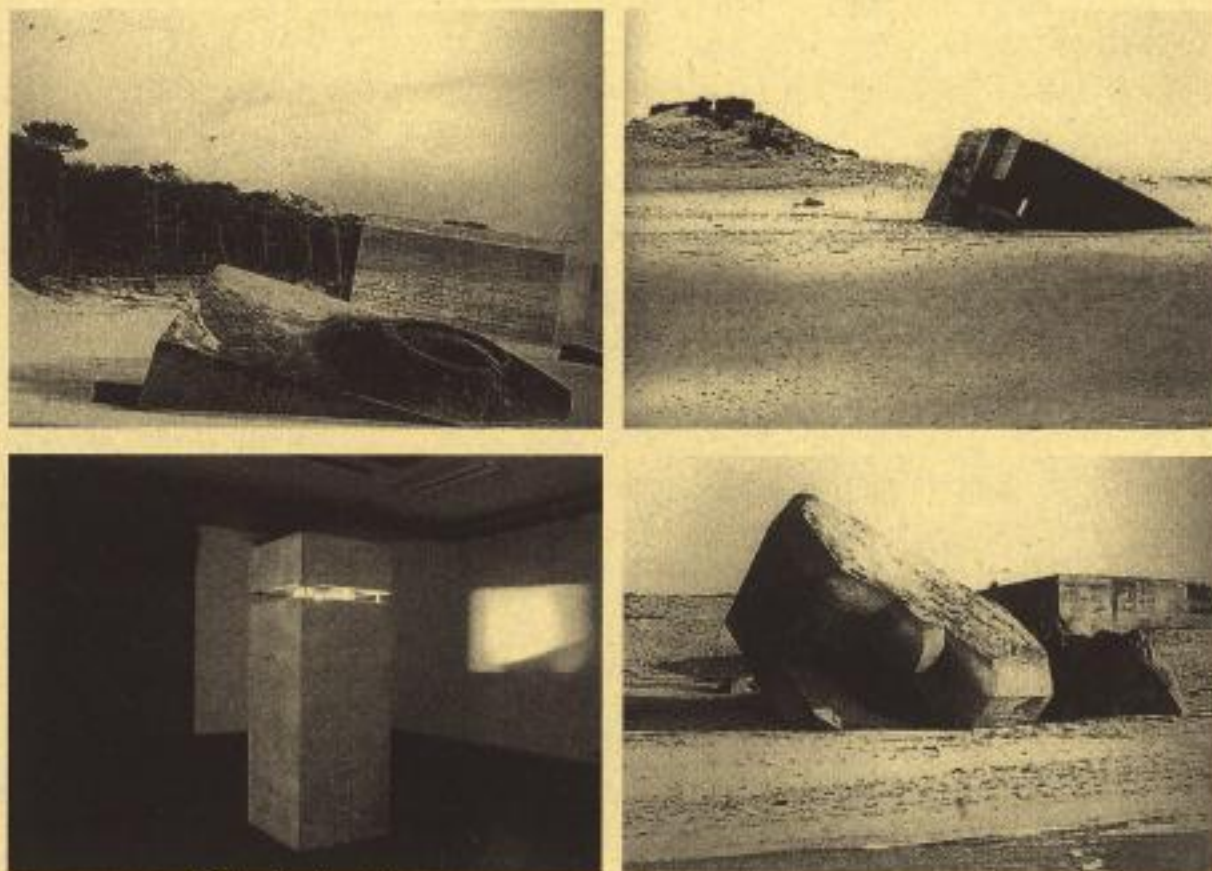
## Lonnie van Brummelen

I feel that in our society, where nothing seems to be certain or true, indifference and the wish to control are on the rise. The freedom fought for in the '60s and '70s seems to have slipped away. In fashion, for example, it is like in the 50ies: male dress like male and women like women. Androgyny (like Boy George it was Annie Lennox in the '80s) has disappeared. Another example is the emphasis on being successful. A growing number of people between their '30s and '50s live to work, seem to have no other goal than to become rich or famous, and lead a very unsociable life in which there is no time for friends and family. What worries me is that there doesn't seem to be a counter movement.

In my opinion, this reversion to obeying the definitions of categories is caused by the over-exposure of virtual borders and the lack of the physical ones. To counterbalance this immaterial world composed of fast images, virtual borders, loose ideas, and transparent materials, I think it is necessary to add huge masses of solid material. My proposal is to build concrete,

monolithic beacons as points of orientation, which at the same time function as accommodating shelters: hermetically closed bunkers in which one can disconnect from the flow of input for a moment.

These residencies can be built on locations where one transgresses a vanishing border: for example, in the no man's land in between two neutralized national borders. The concrete fortifications will serve as a monument for the borderland and its history. Inside, one can experience what a border actually is: a tension between two opposite situations. While visiting these bunkers, one can reflect on the ambivalent face of truth.



Projection bunker

#### Some remarks on the shape and the process of building the concrete bunker.

##### **The shape**

- The bunker has no opening other than the entrance.
- Its walls are thick and reinforced.
- The thickness of the walls disturbs the receiving or sending out of any signals.
- One can reach its inner space using an underground tunnel or a concrete revolving door.
- The bunker has underfloor heating.
- There is a bench to sit on.
- Everything in the bunker is part of the same monolithic structure.

##### **The construction process**

- The mold for the bunker is built on the site.
- It is built in such a way that it can be poured at once.
- The pouring is happening, attended by witnesses.<sup>1</sup>
- After the pouring, vibrating machines are connected to the mold to make the air flow.
- When the mold is removed, the bunker can begin functioning.

Amsterdam, 26 December 1999

SIEBREN DE HAAN

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## Walled city

### Siebre de Haan

**A**t the end of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, the city is suffering from a crisis. The classical city, as a clearly recognisable demarcation of identity, appears to have faded away. The city has transformed into a centre-less conglomerate of suburbs, lacking any unification. The decay of the classical, walled city into a modern agglomerate was a gradual development, in which virtual, transparent borders replaced physical, visual ones. In contrast with the previous clear outline of the city against its surroundings, we now observe vague transition areas, which accommodate multinationals, Vinex locations, highways and recreational sites, merged into peripheral areas without apparent form. It appears that the current periphery of contemporary cities is essentially characterised by a complex traffic network. Every major city is nowadays surrounded by a circular highway that permits easy access to, departure from and bypassing of the city. The re-identification and emphasis of the periphery and, hence, of the city, is in my opinion one of the primary challenges in urban planning.

I propose to restore the city's original function, i.e., that of a clear demarcation of identity. To this end, the circular highway around the city is roofed in and covered with high-rise buildings. The buildings form a massive city wall, similar to the classical city wall with its gates, fortifications and towers. The buildings outside this city wall will again be less compact and lower than the high-rise buildings in the wall. Consequently, the city will be clearly outlined against its surroundings.

High-rise apartment blocks form an inhabited city wall, from which one can experience the awakening of the city every day. The inhabitants can glance at the city's outline in an instant. It is a place where one gets acquainted and re-acquainted with the city. Not only does it constitute a home for its inhabitants, but it is also a true destination for strangers who can become acquainted with a new and unknown world.

<sup>1</sup> Similar to the process of making the bell in Tarkovsky's *Rublov*.

Thus, not only is the essence of the city rehabilitated, but distinction is also conferred on such over-theorised concepts as 'inside' and 'outside', the explicit contrast between the city and its surroundings transforms the city into a 'civitas', the symbol of an urban community with a vivid social and intellectual life.



K A I V Ö C K L E R

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## Concentrations and Evacuations

### Albert Speer's "Großbelastungskörper" as the secret Center of urban implosion

Kai Vöckler

#### 1. Concentration

In his 1967 story "The Concentration City", the British writer J. G. Ballard evokes an extreme scenario of urban density: "Take a westbound express to 495th Avenue, cross over to a Redline elevator and go up a thousand levels to Plaza Terminal. Carry on south from there and you'll find it between 568th Avenue and 422nd Street... There's a cave-in down at KEN County! Fifty blocks by twenty by thirty levels". The city is all there is; it determines the behavior of the story's protagonist: "Franz had seen big developments before, and his own parents had died in the historic QUA County cave-in ten years earlier, when three

master pillars had sheared and two hundred levels of the City had abruptly sunk ten thousand feet, squashing half a million people like flies in a concertina, but the enormous gulf of emptiness still made his imagination gape". Density reverts to emptiness in the form of an architectural catastrophe. Franz's actions are defined by the longing for open space; at first, he undertakes forbidden flight experiments, which he is unable to continue due to the high architectural density. He sets out to find the boundaries of the city, a space that would enable him to realize his dream of flying, of gliding in an endless expanse and as a result, he is examined for his mental health. He doesn't give up, and embarks on a journey of several weeks in a so-called "supersleeper" to reach the boundary of the city. The punch line of the story, however, is that there is no boundary: the beginning and end of the urban structure join together in an endless Möbius strip; the temporal dissolves into the spatial.

The story is pervaded by a subtext that makes the reader suspect that this urban structure itself is only the result of the economic exploitation of space, a sort of exaggerated "land limited supply" such as that familiar from Hong Kong. Ballard's description of extreme urban density is based on the model of the capitalistic production of things, in this case buildings and the corresponding urban infrastructure subsumed in its totalizing tendencies. It is no coincidence that the title of the story, "The Concentration City", evokes the association of the "concentration camp", the modern invention that most strikingly materializes the spatial matrix of power, the "form of containment for those within the national territory that stand outside the nation. ... [the] camp incorporates the boundaries into the national space itself". As Nicos Poulantzas explains in his political theory, the spatial matrix of the industrial society finds its precondition in the "serial, fragmented, discontinuous, parceled, cellular, and irreversible space characteristic of the Taylorist division of assembly line labor in the factory". Segmentation and enclosure are inscribed into this modern space; its boundaries can be shifted along a serial, discontinuous grid that everywhere establishes an Inside and an Outside. As Poulantzas notes, the very setting of boundaries renders them susceptible to shifting: although this space consists "of a series of distances, gaps, and fragmentations, of enclosures and boundaries, it has no end"; it can expand indefinitely in an unceasing process. Ballard's attention is focused on the edges of this development, of this single, large-scale form of containment whose constantly shifting boundaries can only be conceived—both temporally and spatially—in the form of an endless closed loop: Inside Density—the Concentration City.

In his publications, Henri Lefèbvre repeatedly points to the central role of space in the perpetuation of capitalism. The industrial phase of capitalism, he notes, is followed by an urban one, in which the production of things gives way to the production of space. In this way, capital reproduces itself in even greater measure—a process that increasingly meets with local resistance (not least of all due to its ecological consequences). While the Fordist method of production had aimed at the mass consumption of houses, automobiles, and leisure activities and thus revealed its own spatial dimension, the flexible, post-Fordist method of production reacts to these ecological problems and the increasing resistance with "selective and flexible appropriation. The result is an accelerated process of centralization and decentralization, concentration and the multiplication of concentration, in which external constraints increasingly lead to the internal condensation of spatial functions ....". As Roger Keil points out, in

order to achieve this production without resistance, a highly technologized variant is selected, one that "feels at home in proto-cyberspace, where real production symbolically merges with the medialized production of the real". What is decisive is the appearance of acting within a clean, pure, isolated sphere. At the same time, the attempt is made to merge with the invisibility of the landscape, in order to abolish the traditional distinction between natural and built environment, real space and image.

An example of condensed spatiality as a leisure activity is the Center Parc. For those unfamiliar with this phenomenon, Center Parc is a small vacation city with apartments, playgrounds, shopping mall, bar, restaurant, discotheque, and sports center, all grouped around the center of the complex, a climate-controlled, glass-enclosed dome with a swimming pool and tropical vegetation. The Center Parc materializes the medially-defined conception of a "tropical landscape". The obvious artificiality of this fictive landscape is opposed to the idea of originality and authenticity; no one is fooled by it. Moreover, the program revolves not around rest and contemplation, but around fun and recreation. The synthetic landscape sets the mood, creates an atmosphere that envelops its occupants and prepares them for the experience. The special quality of a landscape, bound to a particular place, becomes a reproducible atmosphere; the unique experience becomes a staged one. This atmospheric space can be created anywhere there is a demand for it.

The fictive realism of the Center Parc has a paradoxical effect. The imitation landscape derives its abstract identity from its relation to an international world of images and signs, but also from its homogeneity. Unlike the mundane space of the visitor's everyday world, it is marked by density and enclosure. Center Parc presents itself as a whole, isolated from its surroundings and exerting a stabilizing effect. These atmospheric spaces do not acquire their significance as places in geographical space, but as resting stations in the current of time. They provide relief from the demands of modern life and serve as compensation, producing a feeling of subjective security.

Delimited, condensed spaces are found everywhere, in the inner cities and the country, whether as art museums, shopping centers, or amusement parks. The space outside these exclaves, on the other hand, is destructured, marked by the networking of global and local infrastructures, where places enter into dynamic spatial relationships, where material and immaterial spaces overlap in specific times and locations. The space of the postmodern age has lost its boundaries in the constant flow of goods, information, and persons; it has become indefinite. The excess of overlapping and separating spaces with their visual and imaginary connotations no longer permits any fixation or unequivocal localization. Events and conditions can exist apart from determinate places; place and space disintegrate. Often, all it takes is the flip of a switch to enter another spatial context. Here, space appears arbitrary and at the same time unique, characterized by lack of connection, heterogeneity, and instability. Links are apparently possible in all directions. Density and void appear simultaneously, in changing proportions and relations.

## 2. Evacuation

The prerequisite for the consumption of spaces is their dissolution and evacuation. Under controlled conditions, varying relationships between affect and space can then be constitut-

ed. This specific connection is decisive for the contemporary production of space and its consumption. Fredric Jameson describes this phenomenon with the example of the Bonaventure Hotel by John Portman. He notes that the building is marked by a "peculiar and placeless dissociation ... from its neighborhood". At the same time, the interior of the space is emptied: it can no longer be grasped in terms of spatial volume, its dimensions can no longer be estimated. As Jameson describes it, this spatial experience goes hand in hand with "the feeling that emptiness is here absolutely packed, that it is an element within which you yourself are immersed". Sound, color, light, signs, and images exponentially intensify this atmospheric space, causing it to seem endless: "You are in this hyperspace up to your eyes and your body". In this carefully orchestrated, tempered form of urbanity, zones of varying intensity are constituted, spheres of attraction and repulsion that produce the pleasant feeling of hallucinatory arousal: a calculated removal of boundaries.

Other forms of evacuation, however, are found in intermediate spaces. With progressive fragmentation and particularization, postmodern space disintegrates into a series of pieces, a field of parts, each of which contains its own void. Here are the "groundless points of silence" between irregularity, change, advancing, not keeping up, the collision between things and affairs that for Robert Musil already characterized urbanity. Today, the points he described can be conceived as voids, as gaps between the appearance and disappearance of a place in various spatial frames of reference. This spatial and temporal "between" becomes the fixed point of a dynamized space. What is revealed here is a new experience of reality, whose prototype was described by the American writer Don DeLillo: "With us all the way had been Sullivan's three-antenna marine-band hi-fi portable radio, a never ending squall of disc jockey babytalk, commercials for death, upstate bluegrass Jesus, and as we drove through the cloverleaf bedlams and past the morbid gray towns I perceived that all was in harmony, the stunned land feeding the convulsive radio, every acre of the night bursting with a kinetic unity, the logic beyond delirium". If we observe this perception carefully, then the experience of the incomprehensible, whose only constant quantity seems to be chaos, leads to a changed relationship to the environment. The decentered world no longer seems accessible; as an environment, its disquieting strangeness does not permit it to be viewed in relation to the human being alone. In this destructured space, the parts are connected in no other way than the fact that they happen to be present at the same time. We encounter the things as a series of disparate objects; while in the artificial, atmospheric spaces their individuality and materiality evaporates, here they win back their singularity and elude control. Here a design can begin that conceives of the things it creates as prototypes, torn from the incidental, playing out their autonomy without acquiring meaning. This is the starting point for a countermovement to acceleration, flexibilization, delocalization. To speak with Francis Ponge, then, the whole secret of the viewer's happiness lies "in his refusal to view the intrusion of things into his personality as an evil".

## 3. Singular Density

This inaccessibility and maximum physical density characterizes the 12,500-ton "Großbelastungskörper" or "large load body", the only surviving remnant of Albert Speer's plans for the future capital of the National Socialist imperium. In Hitler's scheme, Berlin was

## Luisa Lambri's Images of Vilnius

Anders Kreuger

**T**o read Luisa Lambri's images of Vilnius, how much contextual evidence do you need? Do you have to know about the bureaucratic web that entangles each and every attempt at registering the play of pale October daylight inside those walls erected "by the people for the people"? Can you do without notes recording the names of institutions and officials, street names, points of reference? If you are familiar with the city (and most of its inhabitants describe themselves as too familiar with it), such knowledge may produce ignorance. The images may become invisible. The too-well-known is the little-known, and the too-often-seen is the never-seen. For strangers to the city, however, there are circumstances that should not go unmentioned. Luisa Lambri's pictures may appear effortless, general, even global, but in fact they are not. They are not postcards from nowhere. They are, rather, an attempt at picturing a "self" in "space" and "time".

### Looking out, from the inside

This, of course, describes how the photographer uses her camera. Luisa Lambri inserts the architecture of the camera into the architecture of built interiors, enhancing the workings of light by prolonging its route and deferring the reflections of "outer" membranes on "inner" screens. The interplay of "self" and "other" is not in the shadow, nor in the light, nor in nuance, hue or detail. It is in the set-up, and in the act of "taking" the picture.

Outside the National Gallery, built as the Museum of the Revolution, there is a whole scenography of dolomite canyons, footbridges and flights of stairs. The flow of humans was once elaborately regulated here: down and up, over and under, in and out. Now the stage is depopulated, deserted by Man, under siege from an ever advancing northern birch-tree savannah. It is unkept, unseen, unloved.



Luisa Lambri, Untitled (Electric City Series), 1999

Inside the Gallery, rigidity lives on. It is unheated, unvisited. This is no place for disinterested looking. Purpose and necessity are built into the sculptural internal elements. Straight-angled light surveys their cracks and creases.

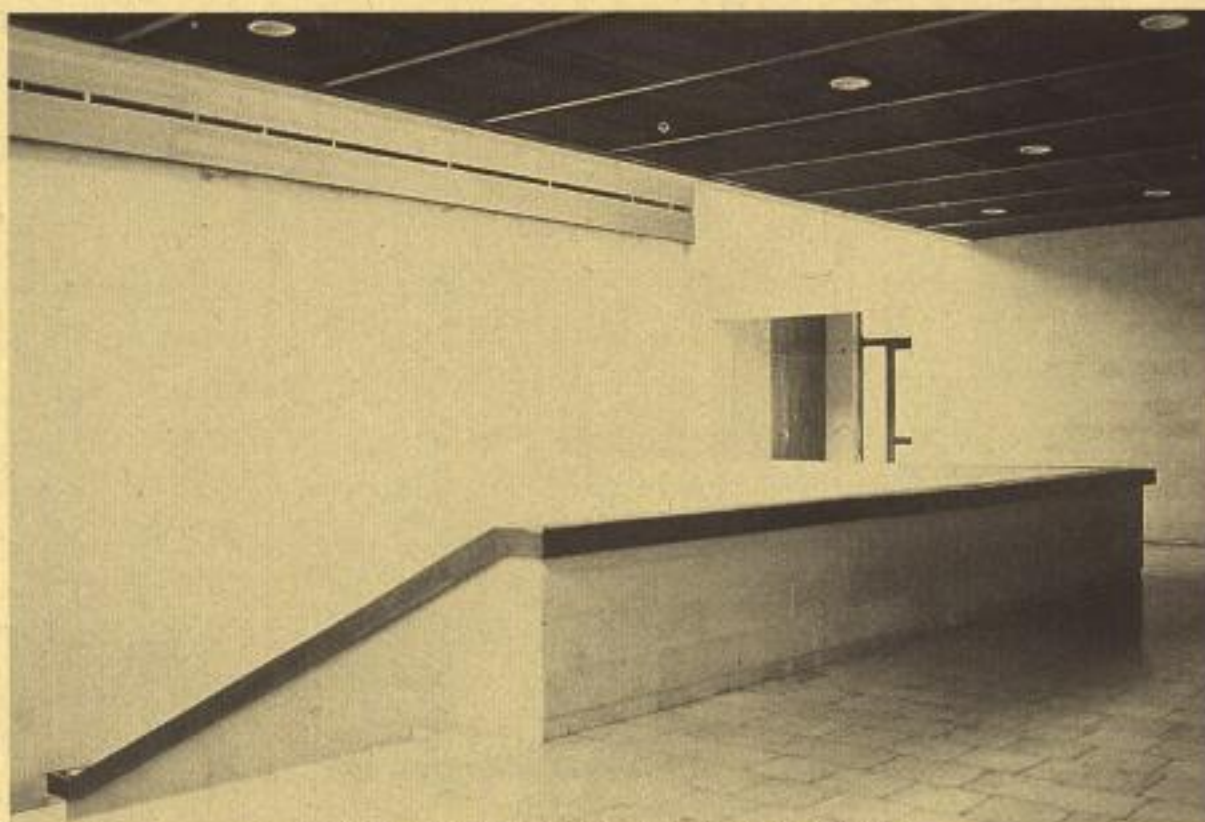
to be "redesigned" as the future world capital and, after the completion of building, renamed "Germania" on the occasion of a world exposition in 1950. In order to attain this goal, the "General Building Inspector for the Capital City of Berlin (GBI)" was established in 1937, a state planning agency headed by Albert Speer. This agency, responsible for all major building plans, realized a few projects, the best known of which are the Tempelhof airport (architect E. Sagebiel) and the Reichssportfeld (architect W. March). Its actual goal, however, was the creation of monumental architecture for the future capital of the Germanic empire, whose proposed dimensions cause the realized buildings to appear comparatively insignificant. The inflationary dimensions of the project, often mentioned in the literature, will not be enumerated here; suffice it to recall that the projected monumental state and party architecture was to culminate in a "triumphal arch" with a height of 117 meters and a width of 170 meters, as well as a "Great Hall" with a diameter of 250 meters and a height of 220 meters.

The preliminary work on the redesign of Berlin began in 1938 with the demolition of buildings and the investigation of the construction site. In the area of the future triumphal arch, a "Großbelastungskörper", a pressure hull of concrete with a diameter of over 10 meters, was erected to test the bearing capacity of the ground. As Speer states in his memoirs, this is "the only ... surviving witness" of the monumental plans. In its soul-destroying massiveness, the concrete ruin literally expresses the value of Speer's building project. Since its mechanical removal would be too time-consuming and expensive, and it is not possible to dynamite it, this witness of the "greatness" of the thousand-year Reich will long remain as a point of pressure in the collective memory: a slowly crumbling concrete mass, weighing upon the Brandenburg sand. It will continue to sink millimeter for millimeter long after the use and presence of the new, yet anachronistic, post-unification structures at Berlin's new epicentre have long vanished. The ultimate symbol of maximum density, lacking any useful or interstitial space, mundane and uninhabitable, it is a compressed, and solid, negative ruin. In its awesome massivity and singular density it is the secret centre of the forthcoming urban melt-down.

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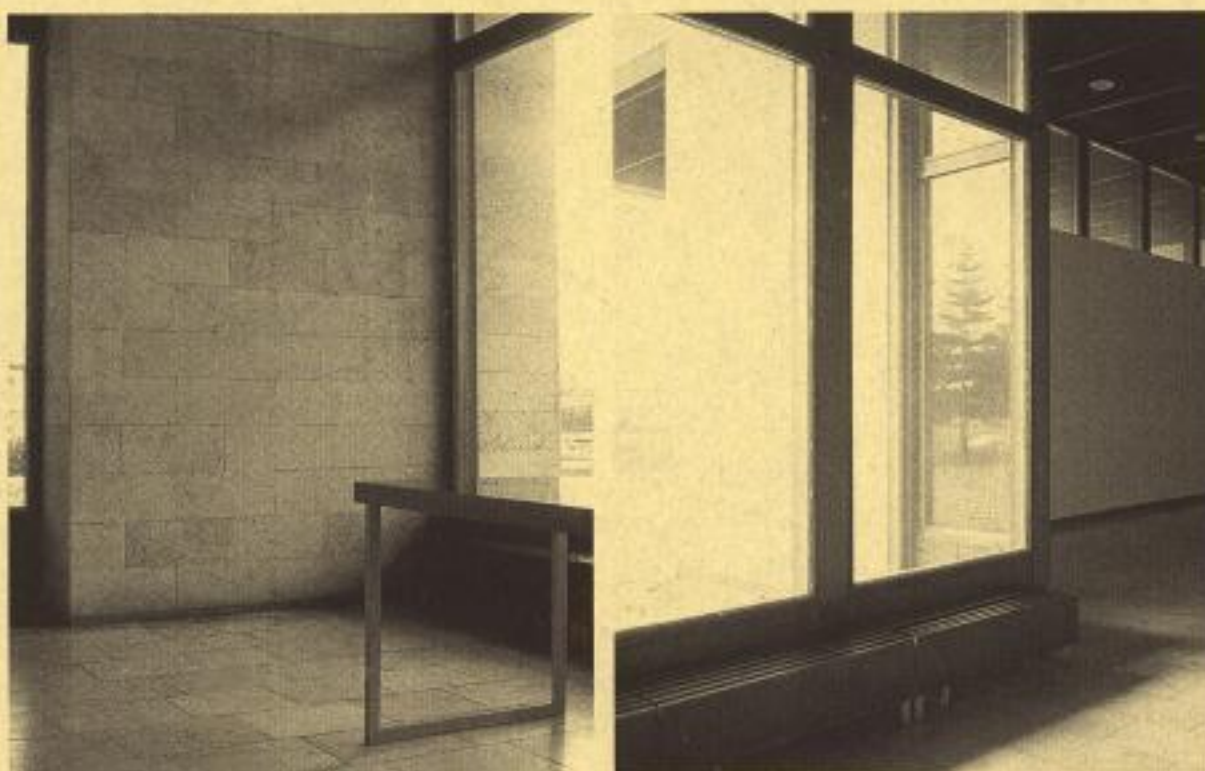
Lecture given at the NETHCA Symposium "Inside Density", Brussels Nov. 1999



Luisa Lambri, Untitled (Electric City Series), 1999

#### Looking out of the window

It could be anywhere, but never is. Luisa Lambri travels far to find the right window, or corridor, or wall, but never leaves herself behind. Her images are charged, but not only with her "self". She does not represent. She does not comment. Outside margins ("peripheries") are inside (even in the "centre" of) her pictures. Her light will never smooth a texture, never bridge a gap and never scare a demon out of her pictorial space. She does not exorcise her own fear.



Luisa Lambri, Untitled (Electric City Series), 1999

The National Gallery again. The beholder is caught up in the fittings left behind. The square table was ceremonial only. The planted fir tree, in these parts, used to signify the power of officildom. Now they are caught up in a gaze which wants light only, through plate glass if possible, and does not hesitate to delete such traces of purpose and necessity.

The Sports Palace offers more light, muted by plate glass of irregular hues. There is suspended activity, with handles in mid-air. Events are fired off and then peter out. Recently, this building hosted the world championship of Latin American ballroom dancing. What you need to do is fix your stare. Look at the scenery. It is behind the doors.

#### Looking out of time

Luisa Lambri unmarks the marks of time. In her pictures there is no moment, no present, no history: just light cast on the dry skin of things past. She plays the even workings of light against the sequenced workings of memory.

No key is given to the interrupted staircase pattern, which takes us back into the lower lobby of the Sports Palace: The mirroring of movement, the imaginary mounting or descending, the absent body who performs the walking up and down and who is the condition for these optic reflections.

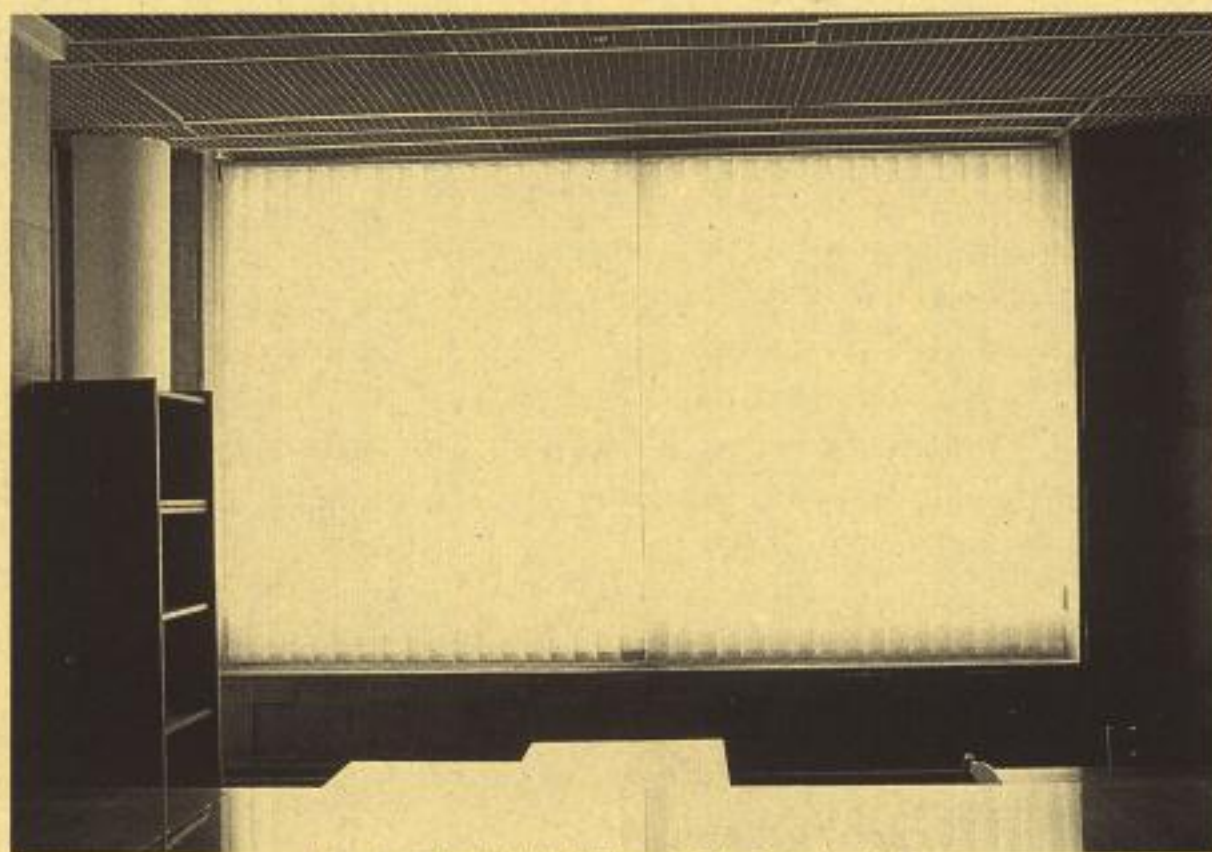


Luisa Lambri, Untitled (Electric City Series), 1999

The Lithuanian Telecom Privatisation Room in the Central Telegraph Office was semi-open and semi-closed. It could be viewed through glass doors, but it took great diplomacy and patience to get inside and take pictures. The window becomes a screen. The desks become another screen. You can read the passing of time on everything that surrounds and supports these screens.

In Vilnius, even the recent past comes in manifold layers. The past, distant or recent, is amazingly durable, amazingly perishable. Its sequencing remains unknown. No infusion of computable temporality will clarify the issue of duration in Vilnius, or in Luisa Lambri's images from the city. She visited and revisited certain buildings, spending hours in semi-closed lobbies and stairwells. The moment in which they were built seemed, at the time, end-

lessly protracted, neither linear nor cyclic. In essence, this moment is still ongoing, punctuated only by the commas and dots of the city's recent and uneven immersion into "the world". Luisa Lambri's pictures remind us that time and space are unresolved issues in Vilnius.



Luisa Lambri, Untitled (Electric City Series), 1999

She avoids big gestures. In her images of Vilnius, she by-passes the baroque images (both Catholic and Communist) that usually signify this city. Still, her approach is deductive rather than reductive. The expressive pretense of the environments she selected for visual analysis does not evaporate in the process of (de)framing and (de)sequencing. It is reenacted as texture and detail, as the uneven fit of slate on a marble floor, as the slight dissonance of a rustic lime-stone office wall. The statics of modernist rooms is charged with the dynamics of the contemporary moving image. Some of these pictures could be film stills, or even "architecture" for computer video games.

In Vilnius, there seems to be an age-old and ingrained belief that when you "take" a picture of something (the inside of a public building, for instance) you also "steal" part of its soul. Perhaps Luisa Lambri has stolen a sizeable, and priceless, chunk of 1970s and early 1980s identity (national? local? institutional? spatial? visual? personal?) from its understimulated guardians, shivering in the cold that inaugurates the annual heating season. Or perhaps she was just a spy for an alien force, mapping out all these sites as a preparation for blowing them up from within with great technical precision?

## Picturing a Place

### Liutauras Psibilskis

**F**rom my subjective perspective, the city of Vilnius is something completely different from what you may see from some other point of view. A plentitude of associations may break every surface of every picture: I see endless lines of images behind every image. After you have spent years in a relatively isolated place, every image you encounter is covered by memories, by experiences that are invested in it. They may appear not even beyond but above those objects, completely re-shaping their reflections. Objects may seem like those forgotten, buried bodies whose surfaces are inhabited by shells, minerals or grass that grows higher and higher, more visible than the object itself and in the end substitutes for it.

In a way, you can say this about everything that comes into your sight, since it is the internalized absence and the impossibility of self-seeing in any visual representation that makes you think there is something hidden, something present beyond it. However, because of the radical political changes in Lithuania the same images may carry completely different messages today than yesterday. In this act of observation, it is not only the object but also the subject that changes and the memories of former meanings are present in every reflection.

I have a pile of pictures from my summer 1999. I spent it in Vilnius. Most of them I shot in darkness without really knowing what was in the frame of the lens. I was going around in the parks and peripheral streets of the town. The only limits were the physical borders of space where I could go for my explorations. These places felt like internalized states of mind, through which you can go around in your memory without losing your path. The views you encounter now connect, in a very direct way, to invisible maps you carry in your mind. They settle there once and do not let you go. These are maps you unconsciously reproduce wherever you go.

Human skulls and bones kicked out of the ground in virtually every building site are one of my memories of Vilnius. They could appear in the most everyday and unexpected environment: on a street crossing, in front of the window of your room, in the courtyard of your school. They reinforced the idea that this site is made out of layers of permanent disappearances, unsolved mysteries that were mixed with fictional interpretations and rumors. It was never clear what actually happened there. Is the entire city built on cemeteries? You could not know what was situated there some fifty or hundreds years ago: another church with a graveyard around it, another monastery with plague victims in the cellar, another burials site for victims of killings.

Lithuania is obsessed with archaeology. In cities, in small towns or in the fields of the countryside you may find sites of excavations of different kind of temples, towns, and fortresses. When I was studying at the Academy of Arts in Vilnius one obligatory part of the summer vacations had to be spent in archaeological pits. We had to dig deeper and deeper, in order to find something that would prove again and again the power of ancient Lithuanian tribes, some kind of pagan or Western-Catholic (as opposition to Russian-Orthodox) superiority. In Soviet times, it always seemed that in excavations you might find the truth, that it is there, somewhere deep inside that the answers to questions that do not give you rest today



can be found. Maybe this trust is also connected to the fact that the Earth exposes the insides of the human body, since it strips all the meat out of the skeletons and leaves them to lie like expositions of something hidden. It is possible that the urge of trying to look for truth in the ground came from the feeling of claustrophobia in that unbearably closed space which was the product of Communist occupation after the Second World War. By going deeper and deeper, one could produce more and more space for new fantasies, one could forget about the present, even questions its legitimacy. Those gaps in the ground opened endless spaces that may have testified to the illegitimacy of today. The paradox is that in the end they could testify to anything you wanted, since the interpreters supplied the meanings. The objects had no voice. The interpreter or analyst is the one who may disregard or give importance to any of the findings. The past belongs to the world of the day.

Can we say that excavations are just a way to travel out of the context or the normative into the endless spheres of the unconscious? Sometimes archaeology can be brought to the attention of the normative; more often than not in order to be used for proving some kind of



Picturing a Place, Summer 1999

power position or ideological statement. Maybe this is why meaning is constructed as you already look back at things. You just narrate happenings into a form that can be read as a fluent story from somebody's point of view. Maybe this is why representatives of different ideologies can narrate the same things in such a completely different fashion.

There was a funny small incident in the field of archaeology in Lithuania a couple of years ago. While excavating the former palace of the Vilnius bishops that had to be adapted for the Presidential Palace, archaeologists found an object that did not fit with the common ideas of the past. It was a mediaeval cup in the form of an erected penis. In order to use it you had to suck the contents out of it. Unable to place this into a construction of identity, some scholars developed the theory that it was a healing artefact with emphasis on the magical power of fer-

tility, and that it must have been used as a drug inhalator. Naturally, it had nothing to do with sexuality and gender relations. It is interesting to see to what length ideological fantasy may go in order to avoid facing the possible existence of excesses in history and in the present. On the other hand, this exposed the fears of society. The example is just an anecdote, but it can be applied in relation to the sexually, culturally, or gender-motivated discriminations a small national context can be drawn to.

The process of photographing as well as interpreting of anything is more than just a framing of pictures. It is an interdependent relation of object and subject where you, as the eye, participate in the shaping of representation. It can also be compared to the process of narration through psychoanalysis. As Katharine Young notes in *Narrative embodiments*, experiences of the body or mind through medical examination and psychoanalysis are put into a story in order to get hold of your life, to control unrelated and uncontrolled experiences. Through that, the identity of a person may be built. The framing of what comes through your vision and the classification of the images that follows the process of taking pictures may be



Picturing a Place, Summer 1999

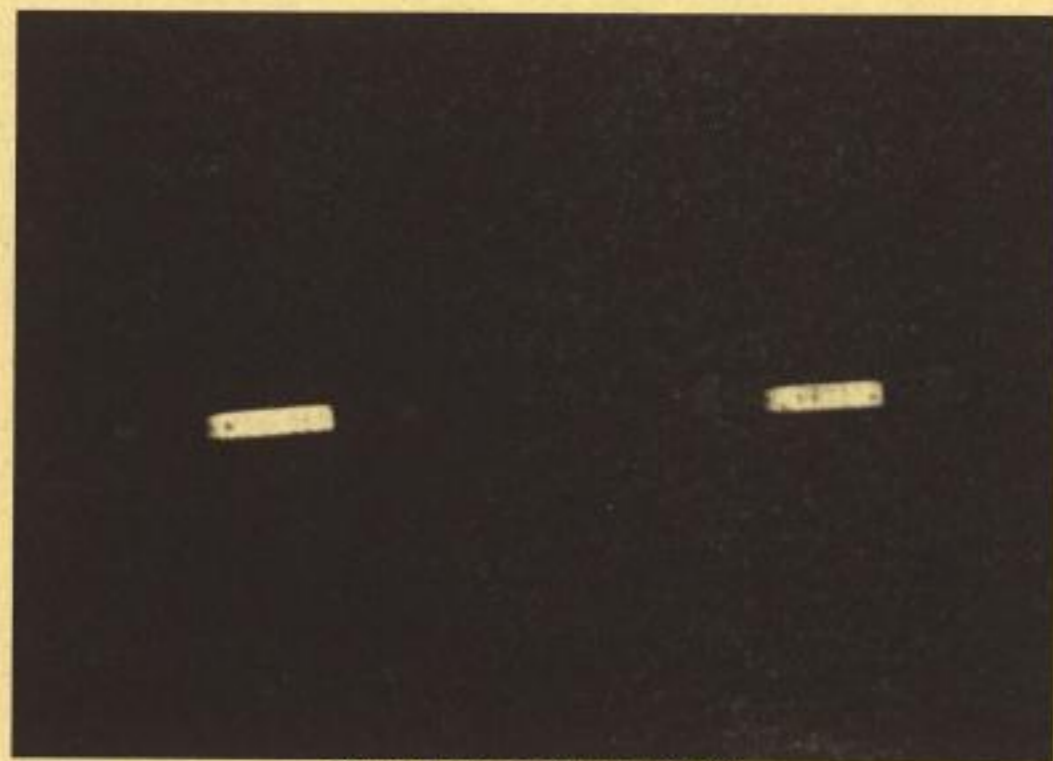
like the process of making sense of the relations between you and your surroundings in time.

Even a holiday trip may, in some cases, be a complete mess of impressions before you develop the film and get the images that put it in order day by day. As Paul Virilio notes in *"The Vision Machine"*, the camera may even replace your natural vision. The relatively unframed view of the chaotic world that comes through the natural objective of your eyes can be just too much. In his last days, Andy Warhol was always carrying a camera and a tape-recorder in order to frame every moment of his life, thereby distancing himself from them and keeping control of his instinctive response to any situation. In the end, he just piled thousands of recordings in his huge house without really revisiting them anymore. Drugs can comfort you in a similar way. They produce a distance to your emotional and confused self, to your own seeing and

experiences. They help to order them, developing a more fluent image of a personality out of all those unrelated bits of movements you perform every day. Through narration, you can start thinking of yourself as a continuous subject in a continuous space and time.

The process of making sense in retrospect is like a return that gives meaning to past experience. The camera may help you to distance yourself from an experience as you are having it. It substitutes your eye and injects the presence of the Other into the act of seeing. It re-focuses, re-frames the pictures and formats them through the rational reflection of the return. When you return, vision passes through the conscious self, thus restructuring the unconscious, the emotional, the unfocused. With the camera between you and the world, you return without having left, you impose meaning without the need for revisiting. In some sense, you are never there. I remember what children at school used to say when speaking to somebody wearing spectacles that in a way separate your gaze from the environment: Don't look through the windows, come inside.

Vilnius is a place where people are expected to be similar. The notion of redevelopment of



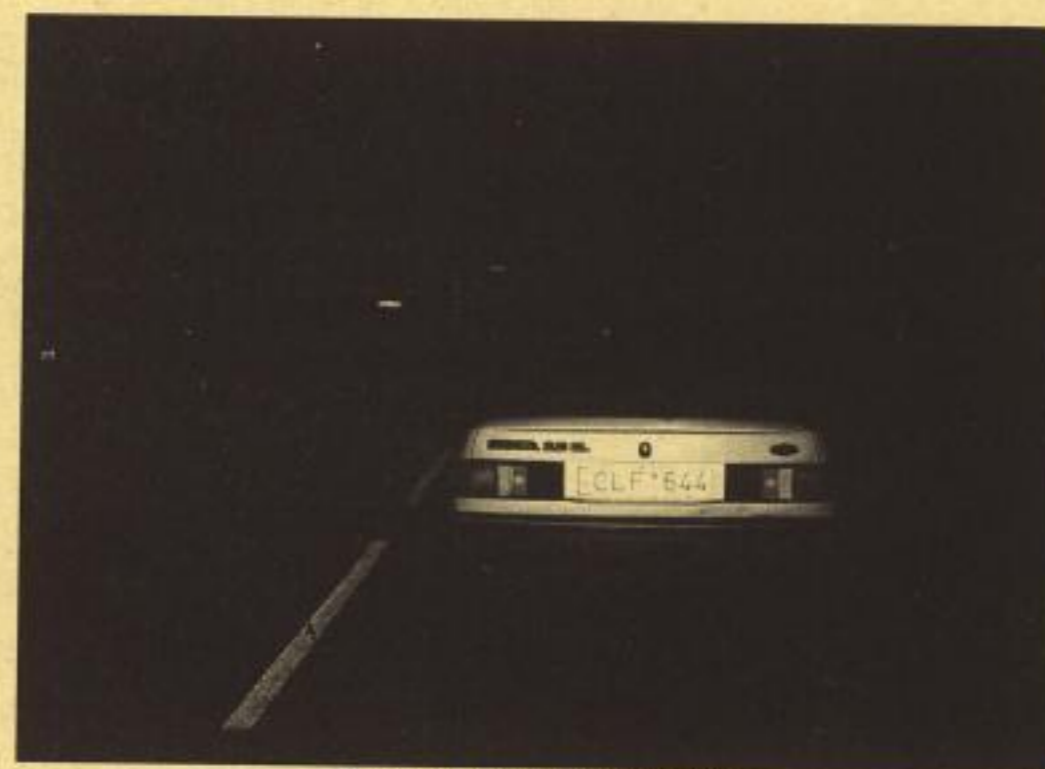
Picturing a Place, Summer 1999

the national context is mixed with internalised experiences of the Soviet occupation when virtually every member of society was under the surveillance of a highly developed control machine. The suspicious and power-based relations that resulted from the experience of communism acquire new forms in society today. When in communist times people just were objects under total scrutiny, today that position splits into small pieces and is distributed to the individual subjects. Streets and public transport are full of gazes that try to possess and make everyone similar, gazes that police the borders of the norm.

In Lithuania, society often tends to disregard its experiences of Soviet occupation, sometimes almost pretending that it never happened. In the decade after the reconstruction of independence, all new moves were like an attempt at returning to the innocent state that

seemed to have existed before the trauma of communism. However, reality took over, the return to the past can never be distilled from the foreign elements that actually became the very essence of the new context. What happened in Lithuania was a return to a different, other self. In relation to the analysis of excavations of the Rose Theatre in London Peggy Phelan writes: (archaeology) is a hazard of politics, of money, and of ideology. It participates in and is a product of cultural attitudes towards history. These attitudes, like the unconscious are informed by selective memory, anxiety, and desire. Is it not avoidance of some topics that produces cultural absences? Is it not how the production and abortion of the other happens?

Making pictures is like an attempt to stand on the power side of the vision division, accepting your urge to place and frame your experiences, your memories of place. Comparing it to revisitations of the experiences of the primal scene, you can say that only with a look back can you try to make sense of it, to name the scene. In a psychoanalytical sense, the primal scene is the experience of the world without you. This can reflect, very truthfully, someone's place under the power of an oppressive norm.



Picturing a Place, Summer 1999

The memories I have of the process of photographing are of the strong light of the flash, a light that blinds you for a minute, a light that overexposes all the objects that surround you, that sharply cuts and disturbs all the inaccessible stillness of that moment. The flash that fixes and deviates, paralyses and deforms, brings into context and does not represent; that worships and kills. There is something extremely cruel about the flashlight of the camera. It makes things look similar. It reminds me of those faces of celebrities that look at you from the pages of glossy magazines. However, that flesh is the only window to the world that you can open. The rest, all the rest, stays in darkness.

*(Extracts from a visual and textual diary, summer 1999)*

## Jenaer Rauschen

Vito Oražem

### Description of the installation

**A**s the laser light installation "Jenaer Rauschen" is an interference phenomenon that arises inside the lens of the individual's eye, it constitutes a work of art that cannot be shown as such. Until it is looked at it does not exist at all. The photograph shown here simply serves to illustrate the spatial situation and proportions. The noise effect is not reproducible. In the laser light installation "Jenaer Rauschen", the pure effect of laser light plunging the entire room into a grainy, homogeneous light is revealed. The work of art exists neither on the wall nor in space but solely in the eye of the spectator: the laser light triggers a noise effect in the eye which is individually perceived.



Perception of the installation depends on the composition and imaging defects of the lens of the eye. Long-sighted people will perceive the vibrating speckles of light differently than the short-sighted, just as those who wear glasses will see something different from those who do not. The visual noise is a direct, individual perception which is not interpreted by the brain. What arises is a solipsistic perception situation in which the difference between subject and object is abolished for the simple reason that neither a picture nor an object exist.

Technical details of the installation: Darkened room for spectators, Neodym YAG laser, Optical system, Plexiglas screen 175 x 175 cm

First installed at Jena City Museum on the occasion of the Botho Graef Kunstpreis of the City of Jena, 1998.

### From Multiple Choice to Non-Image

#### The Radical Subjectivity of Contemporary Art

Technical media and, in particular, media art are able to penetrate the human sensorium with ever increasing directness. They are capable of leaving impressions without that which is perceived being consciously received. More and more often they evoke moods or direct perceptions rather than transmitting messages in the sense of communication and semiotic theory. What used to be the special preserve of music is nowadays increasingly being encroached upon by visual art.

The media art of the 1970s to 1990s – for example, holography, light and interactive art offers onlookers a range of possibilities with regard to participating individually in their own visual constructs, taking an active part in the works or organising them differently. Spectators become actors. A situation arises where the receivers themselves must make decisions or select from a complex of aesthetic experience. The way in which they make their selection determines the work of art.

The next stage of development replaces this multiple choice situation with a more subtle or more brutal mode of perception. The directness of the media combines itself with the directness of the process of perception. The work of art creates itself through the collision of a visual stimulus with the organ of perception without reception being controlled by awareness. The work of art is not produced until reception takes place. Production and reception become one.

Works of art leave impressions on the onlooker through their massive presence. These impressions are emotional, aesthetic, visual (and acoustic) but do not compose a picture and carry no message. They penetrate our consciousness by means of video screens, data visors, CAVEs or projection screens but only as sources of something which is not itself an image even though it can be experienced and felt. Because this is directly subjective it cannot be expressed in the semantic system of language and can perhaps best be referred to using a liminal linguistic element such as exclamation or onomatopoeia. The artistic experience is a subscopic interaction.

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## Double Talk with Maria

Liviana Dan

VANILLA CAFÉ: In this age of hard trying nonchalance is good  
in the days of prismatic color

'you are like the realistic product of an idealistic search  
for gold at the foot of the rainbow'

you do not seem to realise that beauty is a liability  
rather than an asset

the sound of the wind, the seven varieties of blue,  
the beautiful element of unreason

in a solid and brilliant discourse first Robert Curtius  
tried to prove that in France the 'idea of nation' and  
the 'idea of civilization' were identical

brilliance by the hand majesty of that sophistication

\*\*\*

at a country-house party, and offer a breakfast,  
damask tablecloth, silver, silver everywhere, and  
rolls and simmering dishes, and honey

the big cedar that shades them from the sun

listened to the beginning of the tale that opened like  
a scarlet geranium and gave signs of concluding in  
the orchid-house

will you finish your story in the drawing-room?

from aesthetics to self-consciousness, one-way traffic  
it refuses to see the temporality

/which it never tires of invoking/

it think of that history of 'objective'

/beyond the dictates of sensibility, beyond ideology/

it is unself-critically prescriptive

'only he is alive who rejects, his convictions of yesterday'

there is, too, a kind of intellectual rarefication in many  
modern artforms that is reminiscent of the attitudes of  
the late eighteenth century, certain types of minimal  
abstraction

poetic timelessness

vanished secret nobility

crossed the room to look down through the little  
lemon trees on the blue Mediterranean  
dream of a perfect intellectualization of the body  
and of the world's destiny  
baroque's subversion of the dominant visual order of  
scientific reason / that makes it so attractive in our  
postmodern age/  
in this transformation the mind becomes a limpid  
transparency open to a world made transparent  
the triumph of cynical over critical reason  
the countess gave no dance this spring  
'it is impossible to deduce a prescription from a description'  
intermediate value of gray, the smell of the sea,  
lavender anywhere  
on sundays at five o'clock, I pass over in silence  
like their shadow, gardens without flowers, empty  
in the moonlight -  
a luxury calculated to affect  
half-affectionately, select and recherché the salon blue  
dangerous taste for politics  
where among the leading lights.

\*\*\*

claiming that it is the cognitive features of art  
that are important for the evaluation of art  
large ambitions / instinctive anxiety  
'the decision to enter unfamiliar territory means  
accepting the possibility, perhaps the probability  
of losing our way'  
it was an elaborate affair  
this talk came to nothing

\*\*\*

he travels with Emerson's essays in his pocket  
according to his habit, which is quite Rooseveltian,  
he stood very close to me, and talked very earnestly  
better to look back upon the place one has departed  
and the limited identity one has left behind.

dancing with starry flowers and the water for a mirror  
had a good deal of the charm

its clear crystal winds and  
all the red hair of the countess  
elegant rooms and she as elegant as ever.

\*\*\*

safely delivered a dream came true  
the big cedar that shades them from the sun, already  
high risen in the sky  
one of the broad bay-windows looking over the sea  
and distant woodlands: one solitary church spire  
gives an idealism to the landscape  
ubiquity of visual metaphors  
'I have a feeling we have not a farewell dinner anymore'.

/ I met Maria Hlavajova one cold, dark morning and I cannot explain why I was so straight  
with her regarding Romanian contemporary art. So I decided to send her two statements  
concerning this meeting. /

#### **Imaginary makes the game**

A wind of craziness passes through the world of art. This world is mostly led by extremely  
plugged-in people, pure products of the generation that resulted from that endless May '68.  
With full powers, 'baba-cools', experts in multicultural sensitivity ...  
The multiculturalism is not only expressed in recovered memory, lack of principles, mal-  
leability. Multiculturalism also includes moralizing streams, positive discrimination, diversi-  
ty. It remains anyhow a migrating mixture of cultural conflicts. Dramatic-fascinating in  
national joining, in original theories, in silly projects. It has only one dysfunctional aspect:  
schizophrenic limits, the error of schizophrenic limits.

The error comes from an exclusion. Recent history is mostly a large scale replay of  
Frankenstein's story: generous projects, apparently impeccably founded, which lose control  
and take you where you don't expect.

Where would you hide a leaf? In the woods.

Where would you hide a little stone? On the beach.

Where does art hide its vanishing beauty? Between other vanishing beauties? Not at all. Art  
is hiding among strategies of power. The ideas of art hide strategies of power.

This elegant but sterile game, practiced by a restricted elite, attracted by the charm of  
power and by its own privileges, is played at 'two ends': the world of imperial structures,  
social seclusion and especially the political one - and the utopian, unifying world, with peo-  
ple becoming more and more alike.

But the inheritance is not elitist; the inheritance is good for everyone. When you make a

project / fair – as interpretation, fair – as attitude / you have to simplify the ecological sensitivity, the ideological factory, aggressiveness, showy display ... I accept the odd behavior – it is the project that matters, not the material ...

The form of traditional structures matters, the power and the hope, the old circles of sociability.

In a coherent system even artists are to be persecuted. Imaginary becomes explosive. The one who loses the future tends to lose the past, too.

But there still is a brutal question: why do eastern artists have spoiled teeth, why are their nerves destroyed and why do they drink more, why can their second-hand clothes be traumatized / and when you are cold, your shoe is broken and you have wet socks – the confusion and lack of understanding are more visible /.

Why do eastern artists have a higher perception of the glancing parquet of galleries, of career strategy, of communication strategy, of perfume, black clothes and Gucci bags ...

## The Brest – New York Bridge

Daide Bertocchi

**T**his "open proposal" is based on the many upcoming "Fin de Siecle" or "New Millennium" projects that have been hyped by countless institutions, throughout the world. This is the international dateline where the fantastical meets the implicitly political.

It is also rooted in my personal interest in the way that the ever more present "Industry of Culture" tries to address the big audience regarding its activities and becomes itself a sort of limit in the way culture is displayed. It's almost utopian in its megalomaniac attitude towards the social aspects. In this sense there are many analogies with the big modernistic architectural projects (great "megaprojects" were being built everywhere in the '20s and '30s)<sup>1</sup>.

Considering the geographical position of the city of Brest as one of Europe's extremities, and, its unavoidable isolation, my project aims to transform the city and the area around it into the "real lieu-unique", a strategical point, a sort of cultural and physical way station.

The idea consists of building a bridge to America (New York). A real bridge 6000 kilometers

1999 – 2000

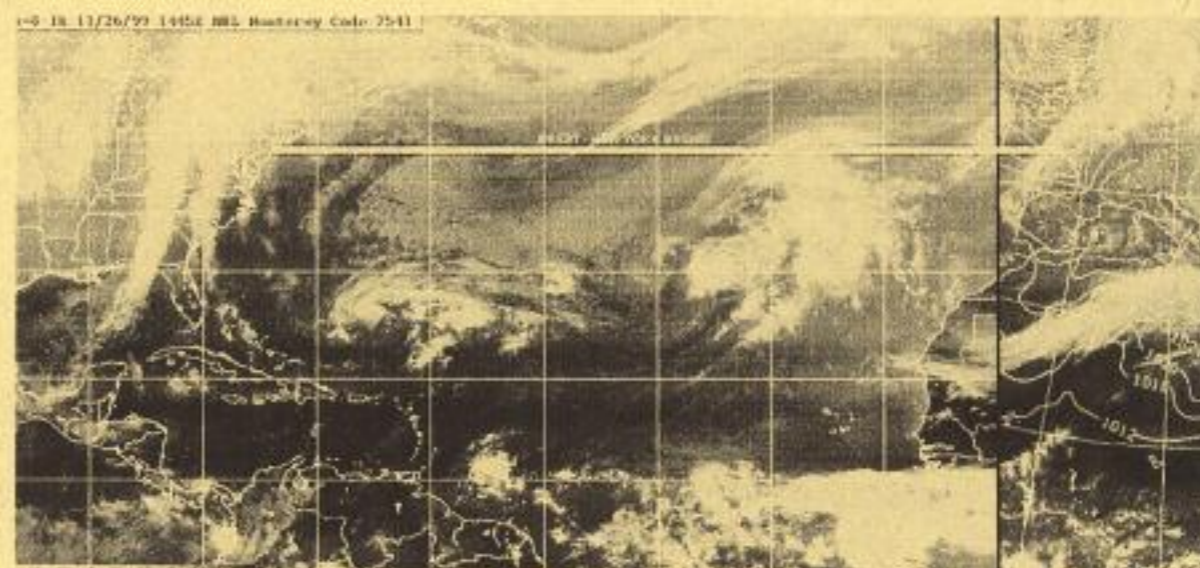
Other similar projects:

see also:

- 1(1) – Antonio Sant' Elia's Megaprojects: in the '20s and '30s the power of industry was unleashed on European countries which had remained relatively unchanged for centuries. Dams, bridges, aqueducts, powerplants, and other public projects were built on a very large scale. Thrilled to see such forces at work, and discouraged by the aqueducts cities that Santa' Elia considered obsolete, the architect proposed building cities a new. Begin again, and this time on the scale of the megaprojects that he believed were the future.
- 2 – Rem Koolhaas's project for the new Schiphol airport, near Amsterdam (the new airport will be placed on an island that will be built in front of the Dutch coast...)
- 3 – Norman Foster's project for the Millennium Tower, Tokyo (an 840 – metre – high skyscraper in the form of a cone...)
- 4 – Hugh Ferriss's projects for bridge apartment-building as an answer to overpopulation (the bridge could be a platform for building, over the surface of the water. Ferriss worked to diminish over crowding in the city with a clever design. He decided to combine the skyscraper with the toll bridge. The bridge could continue to generate toll revenues while the skyscraper, filled with apartments, could house the growing population of the city...).

long that crosses the ocean and leads to the opposite continent. The BREST – NEW YORK BRIDGE would transform Brest into one of the biggest trading centres in the world, and of course an incredible important "cultural centre".

A seminar will be based around the development and the consequences of this idea. Everyone is welcome to bring material and new ideas about all the aspects of the proposal, from the technical possibilities to the conceptual and environmental impact, from the financial problems to the architectural solutions, etc.



## The Spectre of Globality

Dieter Roelstraete

**W**hat is globalization but the uncalled for debris of universalism?

"Well, in fact an awful lot has been said about globalization these last few years, and a lot of it has been said with such poignancy and such unashamed self-assurance that it seemed not so much to denote a certain process in the making, some kind of evolutionary, temporal force at work in the heart of the global economy, as to confront us with the inescapable, static and accomplished reality of an established globality. In our indifferent use of a problematic, highly polemic concept, in other words, **the process of globalization** (which, unmistakably, is under way) **gets mixed up with the mere fact of globalization** (which, equally unmistakably, is still a far ways off, if not entirely impossible to fulfil): we mistake a certain line of thinking, some kind of "cosmological" model – without doubt *the* most successful theoretic fetish in recent years, for a received notion of reality. Whereas me I'm not so sure. I don't necessarily see the spectre of globalization/globality as coinciding with "reality" as such. In fact, deep inside the triumphant and quasi-hysterical proclamation of the process of globalization as a mere fact, there's a universalist logic at work which hasn't changed a bit since the days of enlightened 18<sup>th</sup> century colonialism/colonization. **What is**

**the delirious rhetoric of globalization other than a late 20<sup>th</sup> century epiphany of the age-old Western thirst for world domination?** As such, globalization is in fact nothing more than the uncalled for debris of universalism: Whereas Western civilization once devised the tenets of universalism – the idea of the universal, ahistoric validity of certain ontological, moral and epistemological maxims – to disseminate its Enlightenment project all across the newly discovered globe, forcing, among other things, its 'liberté, égalité, fraternité' bill of rights on an unsuspecting virgin World/Other, its universalist aspirations are now watered down to the brute, unmediated force of pure economy. Gone is the humanist master narrative of emancipation, liberation, egalitarianism, *reform* – the heroic "universalist" attempt to enlighten the world, "make the world a better place", has been trimmed down to the mirage of a global marketplace, a global shopping mall/consumer's paradise. The utopian universalist program of a "Brotherhood of Man" has dwindled to a mere footnote in the econologic of globalization: *a brotherhood of consumers*. Universalism with a vengeance – the vengeance of its own caricatured reduction to sheer economy. What, in effect, is the worldwide dissemination of the well-known icons of consumer culture – Coca-Cola, McDonalds, Nike – other than the belated apothetical consequence of the political fiction of universal brotherhood? So indeed, **what we perceive to be the globalizing force of the monoculture of capital – the thesis of "globalization" as in "the worldwide propagation of 'postmodern' consumer capitalism" – is in fact no more than a remnant of the age-old Western thirst for universalist claims to truth and reality.**

"Globalization is a facade, a farce, the mere veneer of an ideological framework designed to justify the cultist aspects of a multi/transnational economy striving for *its* realization of the much-aspired to "brotherhood of man". *Globalization equals the trappings of ideology in supposedly post-ideological times*. And of course ideology, as we *all* know *all* too well, is *all* about supplying certain representations of reality while simultaneously assuming the stature of reality – period. **The ecstatic declaration of the world being a "global village" has no grounds in reality but the wish of the multi/transnational economy to transform that same world into one giant, unified and uniform marketplace.** Much like the internet or the euro, for that matter.

**"The marxist trivialization of culture/difference unwillingly serves as a lubricant for the capitalist homogenisation of the world economy."**

"As a result of my training as a philosophy student at the University of Ghent, Belgium, I used to be into Marx real big time. Meaning that, being a philosophy student, here as elsewhere throughout the Western hemisphere, meant conceding to the Marxist model of social and political thought if you weren't into Thomist theology, hardcore linguistic logic or reductionist/applied ethics – which I definitely wasn't. So I conscientiously took on the Marxist creed of interpreting the world in order to transform and ideally *improve* it – a cause I was actually wholeheartedly devoted to, and which to date remains in every way just as crucial to my current artistic/theoretical activities. Anyway, in subsequent years I kind a wandered off into **world-system analysis** terrain – a "scientific" paradigm most commonly known as the sole merit of the towering intellectual personality of Immanuel Wallerstein, who, in his infinite wisdom and/or otherworldly megalomania, effectively tried to devise a totalizing Marxist epistemology for understanding (tellingly) such widely-differing "post-Marxist"

topics, tropes and themes as globalization, tribalization, fragmentation, postmodernism, post-communism, etc. Suffice it to say that **Wallerstein's world-system analysis stages itself as the 'countercultural' reading** (and, inevitably, subscribing to) of "globalization", **the economic homogenization of the world, not so much as an ideological mirage conceived to legitimize the subjection of the world by Western-bred consumer capital, but as an irrevocable fact of reality.** I still believe that the Marxist model of uncovering the hidden mechanics that hold together the fabric of society has a lot of truth to it; as such, it remains both a fruitful source for theoretical renewal and a possible instrument of change. I must admit, however, to having had to abandon the vintage Marxist tactic of trivializing everything that has to do with *culture*, i.e. *cultural difference* – and from a philosophical point of view that means 'difference' *tout court*. In fact, I have found that in Wallerstein's thesis, to name but one, **the Marxist trivialization of culture/difference unwillingly serves as a lubricant for the capitalist homogenisation of the world economy.** In its obstinate, near-idiotic refusal to confront the topic of culture and/or cultural difference and/or difference, **the arch-foe of capitalism has succeeded in underscoring, ultimately even approving and the imperialist and unmistakably neocolonialist project of globalization.** (For instance: in a grandiose and equally ambitious manoeuvre to counter the baleful prospect of total fragmentation, alienation and dissolution of the social order as implied in the French philosophy of 'otherness' – and in its final installment in a postmodern ethics of heterogeneity – Fredric Jameson, the great Marxist theoretician of a postmodernism of complicity, once famously coined the phrase "difference relates". Meaning: sure, there's difference galore, and of course you all got yer culture'n'all, we're willing enough to go along with the *différence/différance* word-play and all... but, all in all, lest we fuckin forget: *das Wahre is ja schön noch immer das Ganze*, right? We have to keep on thinking globally, right? And "act locally", innit? Difference relates, good people of postmodern mannerisms! We're still facing a *totality* here! Difference ain't nuthin' but an antithetical term in the dialectical triad of totalization, as is engendered in the prospect of total synthesis: *globalization*. Jameson in fact 'fessing up to – at least theoretically – accepting the spectre of globalization. Deep, deep down, culture/difference don't mean jack shit."

**"But there does exist an irreducibility of difference."**

**"There exists an irreducibility of difference against which all claims to homogenization, be it under capitalist, digital/informational or local guise, must remain powerless.** All this talk off "cultural homogenisation"... Nothing more than the delusions of grandeur characteristic of a culture prone to universalism and essentialism. **What right do we have claiming the total and irreversible homogenisation of the world into a tight-knit modern world-system, invoking as circumstantial evidence to make our case only the obvious ubiquity/omnipresence of certain symbols of economic domination and/or conquest?** McDonald's branches in Beijing, Johannesburg, Moscow, Taipei and Tehran – *is that it?!*

"Coming back from India, a so-called first-to-third-world country, former Imperial British colony and major power broker in the global economy of the near future – a country not nearly as far away, technically speaking, as, say, Brazil, California, the Philippines or South Africa – I was not so much amazed at the supposedly overwhelming homogeneity of the present-day world system, its monolithic stature, or the universalizing economic stringency of the "glob-

al village" as by the sheer depth of difference. "Globalization", meaning: the homogenization of the world economy, by means of information technology and global networking, doesn't mean a thing to the reality of among other things everyday Bombay/Mumbai. **The true depth of this so-called "difference" can hardly be imagined, its width hardly fathomed.** OK, so you decide to go to Mumbai's McDonald's and put globalization to its long-awaited test. What does it mean to enter Mumbai's McDonald's and find it impossible to order a *hamburger* there, and order a *lamburger* instead? Maybe this is where the crux of 'Otherness' lies; maybe this semantic/cultural short circuit – a communication breakdown if ever there was one – ultimately signals the collapse/failure of the consumerist utopia of globalization... An abyss of irreconcilable differences and 'othernesses' lies at the heart of the *lamburger*, so to speak: India's sympathetic, culturally determined reply to the American/Transatlantic *hamburger* is no mere pun, but an expression of the great rifts forever dividing the peoples that people the surface of Planet Earth. The *lamburger* tells us that **we've been far too self-inflated in deeming "our" economy fit to unite the world in a brotherly orgy of consuming behaviour.**

"I am of course deeply sympathetic to the cause of the call for "borderlessness" and "transgression". After all, as a general rule we might indeed conclude that the more borders there are, the more trouble you're likely to come across. So down with borders, and long live borderlessness! But **this call for "borderlessness" might just as well be a call to arms to defend the cultural achievements of the globalizing force of the capitalist world economy,** including a highly problematic conception of "universal brotherhood", an equally treacherous conception of "equality" in the face of cultural differences (in short: *the equality/liberty for all to consume the same products*), universalism, essentialism, etc. So what does it mean to 'think global' and consequently go 'borderless'? **While applauding the ongoing project of globalization by striving for a continuous breakdown of bordering strategies and delimitation tactics, do we not condone the homogenisation of the world into one giant antiseptic marketplace in which all human beings are interchangeably linked in today's "great chain of being", namely that of production and consumption?** While aspiring to transcend/transgress all notions of "bordering" in a dumbstruck euphoria of universality, do we not subscribe to the capitalist logic of unification and uniformity beyond the grasp of cultural difference? Isn't it quintessentially "Western" – imperialist, macho, authoritarian – to negotiate the irrelevance of 'bordering'/'difference' in the hubristic battle cries of globalization? What happened to the 'Other', anyway? What future for *otherness* beyond *borderlessness*?

**"A self-deluding fantasy of global villageness/glocality permeates our perception of the world and feeds into the capitalist phantasmagoria of universal purchasing power; meanwhile, people, families, villages remain light years apart, even more so than whole worlds."**

Ghent, November '99

This text is the result of a long series of conversations with a lot of different people, most notably the inner core of the Group O assembly of artists, graphic designers, theorists and critics. Every 'I' should/could therefore just as well be read/understood as a 'we.'  
Dieter Roelstraete is editor in chief of AS/Andere Sinema. Based in Ghent, he also works as a freelance art critic and sometime curator. Occasionally, but never purposefully, he also indulges in producing the odd work of art ("I plead guilty as charged, your honour!")

## One Night Hannele Rantala



Bedding and clothes are strewn all over the extensive grounds where prisoners dragged them to sleep outside in an attempt to avoid the air strikes. And in the basements of the buildings, the blood lies still sticky on the floor, bullet holes scar the walls and impact marks of grenade explosions crater the floors.



## Point Out – Foreign Students in Italy: An Overview of Their Experience

Pier-Paolo Coro

**T**he presence of foreign students in Italy clearly reveals a new openness of our society towards different cultures, also encouraged by the events of the last two decades.

In fact, Italy has been directly interested by a growing immigration flow from African, Arab and Eastern European countries, while a large number of people from Kosovo and former Yugoslavia arrived as a result of the recent war in that region.

Many efforts are being made to address these emergencies in the best possible way, well aware that not always is it possible to solve them promptly. In my opinion, these students testify to the strong desire for coexistence and mutual respect. Today, in addressing cultural issues, youth policies too often do not consider these people, their "different" culture and problems.

I believe that an open-minded and global approach towards culture is not enough to understand what is happening all over the world. This is the reason why today more than ever it is important to have a new attitude towards an ever changing reality. Also our cities are witnessing this transformation and it is therefore necessary to reshape our concept of space as a place of communication, where everyone can play an active role in this significant process of development, which brings people closer.

The idea of interviewing foreign students with different cultural identities, and establish with them a dialogue was conceived in conjunction with the contemporary arts exhibition entitled "Giochi di Luce 1999", held at the University of Ferrara in Italy. Hence, the production of a Video, featuring a number of students coming from Africa and other European countries and describing their experience and feelings in Italy.

Ferrara is also the native city of Michelangelo Antonioni, and seems has not been accidental to take cue and to acclimatise in this city and surrounding zones some of his most important film of years 50' and 60' (Il Grido, La Notte, Deserto Rosso); bringing back the suggestion of the post-industrial society and in the empty one of an incommunicable human position.

*"I had to cope with the difficulties of finding a house. Every time I contacted people on the phone they hanged up as soon as they heard my foreign accent."*

*(From the video Point Out, 1999)*

### **Mathurin**

My name's Mathurin and I come from Cameroon.

I've lived in Italy for 6 years.

I came to Italy by chance.

After high school I moved to another country because I wanted to study pharmacy and there is no faculty of pharmacy in my country.

After 3 years in Congo, the Government decided to close the University, because the students wanted reforms, which Government wasn't ready to carry out.

So, I had to quit.

Back to Cameroon, I wrote to several Universities. I received a reply from Italy.

Italy has allowed foreign students only for the last two decades. Other countries like France, Great Britain, the US, Canada and Germany have admitted foreign students for many years, almost 100 years. They have so many foreign students that they have been forced to limit their access to universities. Conversely, in Italy there are more chances for us.

My first friends in Ferrara have not been students, but rather team mates, because I play soccer. I felt more comfortable here. I have lived a lot of different experiences. With the course of time I have reconsidered my own prejudices.

Relationships at university were actually quite different. I was aware that if I wanted to know some other people I had to take first step. But because

of my own prejudice, I did nothing. I didn't feel the need to have comrades. I thought I had learnt the language quite well, so I needed nobody. I could and had to go on by myself.

When my studies are over, I think I'll go back to Africa. Finally, I've managed to cope with all the difficulties I encountered at the beginning, even in relation to this city. I've always thought of going back to my country, though.

I've realised that most of the problems with the people here were basically due to ignorance. Yet, I still feel a stranger, and because I don't want to feel like that, I believe I can do something to build an ideal bridge between two different cultures.

I'd like to take some Italians to my place in Africa and let them discover who I am, and make international relations easier.

What about my wishes? Well, you may think it's just an illusion.

I'd like to see men and women of different cultures living together. I'd like to live in a world without frontiers.

Men, and only men, are responsible for their problems. Politicians are also responsible.



July 5th 1999 1:30 p.m. interview with Mathurin

Why lying to the man in the street, why relegating him in a limited world that has nothing to do with the real one.

I feel at a loss when for instance I watch TV and learn that Africa is the realm of hunger. That's not Africa, not at all! Africa is a lot of things!

What Africa can offer is the simple-mindedness of its people, it's natural way of life.

I believe that in such a material world – and certainly Africa is no longer foreign to it – things could be better if there were people – and I think there are – who showed to the rest of the world what we have and what we are.

#### **Naman**

I have established a very positive relationship with the city.

I've known many people with whom I have established a friendly relationship. They're still my good friends and I hope to keep in touch with them when I'm back home.

To describe my relationship with the people of Ferrara... Well, as a university student, you generally prepare for an exam together with other students. However, when it's over, you realised you have nothing more in common with them.

The causes of discrimination? I don't think it depends on who you are or what you do. Much is to be attributed to the media every day people read or hear about immigration issues, non EU people stealing, or involved in drug trafficking, etc. They treat you as if you were a criminal, they don't realise the reason why you're here is that you want to do something for the well-being of your nation!

There should be greater solidarity towards immigrants. Their problems should be taken more seriously, especially on the part of the young. The young should approach any ethnic group trying to understand why immigrants have come to Italy. Italians should be more open-minded. An yet, there's a lot of prejudice!

If you want to integrate you have to be easy-going and ready to talk about the everyday life of students.

Relations with teachers in Ferrara are quite good. Well, I mean, if you happen to meet them in the university bar or the courtyard they say "hallo" to you, no matter what nationality you are. They know you're one of the students attending their lectures.

I think this is a very profitable relationship that stimulates students to perform better.



July 12th 1999 3:00 p.m. interview with Naman

#### **Vassilis**

I've left Greece to come over here because very few people can enrol at a university in Greece, and so I had to search for another one.

I chose Italy because opportunities seemed much better than those offered by other countries like Romania or the Czech Republic.

Moreover, Italy is closer to Greece, not only geographically speaking – which also means lower travel expenses, but also in terms of mentality.

I was quite good at physics, which allowed me to pass my exams easily, and in this way I got to know my very first friends, two people who supported me a lot. It's strange, isn't it?

I've never experienced racism.

Sure, there may be someone who considers himself superior, compared for example to the Greeks, who are generally poor, but I wouldn't take this assumption for granted!

All my friends are from Vicenza, a city in north-eastern Italy. They say that I speak Italian with their local accent!

I've learnt Italian living with them, and still, I can't realise having picked up their accent!

If you study medicine in Greece, when you end your academic career, be sure that you'll find a job. My goal is to find a job and go back to my country.

I don't know if this applies to Italy, too. Apparently, the better the marks, the more opportunities of specialising. I'm not informed of specialisation and research possibilities here.

I'll come back to Italy some day. For sure.

Before leaving Greece I had a different idea. The only thing I knew was that I was going abroad: Yet, living in Italy, I've changed my mind and know I'll come back sooner or later.

I was so sad, when I left my home... but, for all difficulties, my experience has been a very enriching and educating one. Certainly, my peers who have decided to remain in Greece with their parents are at an advantage economically speaking, but I have no regrets.

I've learnt a lot of things.



July 6th 1999 5:00 p.m. interview with Vassilis

#### **Bertille**

My name is Bertille, and I've been studying pharmacy in Ferrara for 4 years.

I've always dreamt of becoming pharmacist. However, there wasn't such a possibility in my own country and so I was forced to go abroad. That's how I came to Italy.

Also I was willing to discover a new culture and learn a different language.

And lastly, several friends of mine had already moved abroad to study. So, I made up my mind and went to Italy.

The beginning was quite hard!

It took some time to adjust and know people.

For example, when I walked in the street I really felt at a loss: everybody was staring at me. And I used to ask myself: how come they're looking at me in that way? That was puzzling.

The first year I had to cope with the difficulties of finding a house. Every time I contacted people on the phone they hanged up as soon as they heard my foreign accent.

With the other students it was equally difficult.

Initially, we just said "hallo" to each other. We were both a little bit shy and didn't have the nerve to take the first step.

What am I going to do after my university diploma?

I'm going to go back to my country.

I'd like to work in the medicinal field.

We have so many different plants that could be used for treatment, that's exactly what I'd like to deal with.

How about my dreams? I hope to own a pharmacy by myself.

But I know that won't be an easy task. It requires a huge investment. I feel optimistic, anyhow.

Once back home, I'll find out how to raise the necessary funds!



July 8th 1999 4:20 p.m. interview with Bertille

## Zoran Naskovski



Singer 1, "No comment"



Singer 2, "No comment"

## The Silence that Invites no Interpretation

Ventsislav Zankov

In how many languages can one keep silent? Do we need to translate silence? Is it that silence belongs to the realm of articulation, to the air pregnant with word strings? It's only silences that encompass language; there is the stillness before, and the stillness after... Silence does not impose its own media, it's a part of the sound. The silence that invites no interpretation versus the generation of languages. The generation of languages implies the negotiating of territories, the adoption of lands: territories to be inhabited, the limits of existence, the paradigm of survival, the terms of preservation, articulation, fusion and emanation. The foreign language marks the alien's land, warns an unknown territory. It introduces a different context, alien to your own. It is the Sesame cave you are trying to get into with the magic power of your mother tongue awareness. Going into the alien's land is being on the alert. Just being there, your casual presence generates chaos, and your own measure can only accept it, invite it... There's the silent presence, there's the silent absence ... what makes our silences possible, anyway? Language is the order that fills in the absence of sound and gives birth to silence. I can't help interpreting silence, pushed by my vanity, my fear that keeping silent may turn out to be nothing more than keeping quiet. I need to explain my silences in words: how can that be? Why should I speak? Why do I keep silent: how is it that I want it? As long as we talk we don't speak our language, it's our desire to be understood, to be approved by our newly come big brothers; these are the rules of the game that we call modern art. Or imagine we find the courage to keep silent: how to express our refusal to speak, what is the way to make them know that it's not just that we don't speak the language, or it's not that we haven't learnt our lesson. How to make them know this is our story? Pretty difficult... How can we render silence: our refusal to reach them is already in there. For what sake should we then need to interpret silence? Perhaps it's because there's a response hidden in silence; it's a response that refers to the helpless and useless articulation, to the ever-failing effort to bridge languages... it's a response to previous effort. Obviously silences should be recognized as efforts to gain the strength of 'active stillness'. Silence is presentation: it pre-sents, pre-supposes distance, pre-serves what the words can destroy, it's the air-cushion that guards the attacks of words (silences of pre-logic origin, that we presently refer to as 'love'/'hatred', are an exception here). Silence should be recognized with-in and via language in order to leave the realm of stillness. Can you imagine silence without an audience, silence without somebody's presence, as fictitious as that presence can be? There's response in silence, there's the lack of response in it, there's the lack of response as the response itself... As long as there is silence, there should have been a question asked. . .

Dear .....

Had my answer reached you, let's say a couple of weeks ago, I would have answered your letter:

The process of gaining one's self identity is an inner one. Or to be more precise, it ends inside one's inner world, thus completing a full circle; and we can find Lacan's concept of the

'looking glass' stage as a part of this same round movement. Lacan claims there is a stage in the growth of a child when, in answer to the question of where his mother is, the child confidently points to his reflection in the looking glass. It is the authority of the mother which gives him the ultimate guarantee that the reflection he sees is himself.

We have been trying really hard these last years to grasp the West as the ultimate authority that would guarantee our own identity for us, without knowing that what we perceive as our true identity is only our reflection in the looking glass... Ten years will hopefully be enough to know better what is 'home' and to dismiss, once and for all, the idea of being an 'outsider', the misery of feeling like one. We, having put on the shoes of outsiders, turned out to be in the middle of nowhere, homeless, hoping for the charity of passers by, dependent on their moods, their philanthropic whims and 'generosity impulses'. That is a tiny step away from prostitution: be it intellectual, virtual or real.

We tore out the roots of our world and placed them outside of us with the pretence of making them convertible. We try hard indeed to make our existence convertible, our thoughts – convertible? And the burden of our past keeps dragging behind. This is the past we cannot just ignore or leave, the past we can neither bring back to life or change. The only thing we can do about it is to 'reinterpret' it, i.e. to grasp it and hold it gently. The past is a personal holding, after all. It may not be placed elsewhere, our past is inside us: our birth, our love and passion, our effort to grasp the world, free of ideology, ... all these belong to OUR past.

The last step in the strenuous effort to 'construct' the self is to come back home. The reckless adventure that we undertook to replace our home with the swanky hotel named EUROPE turned out to be useful, in the end. Come to think of it: what happened? We were invited to stay as guests there. The first visitors were the dissidents (that's what they called them). What came out next was that we were to make 'belated' payments for our stay at the hotel. Since we were out of funds, we had to put our future for up sale, then our past up; we even put our souls for sale in the end ... In the end they kept us as lower staff at the hotel, with the miserable job description to cleaning up the remorse of the West...

Anyhow, the utopia called 'Go West' fell apart, all around us. The only thing we were left with was the way back home. We had one single option only: to go back to our abandoned and devastated home inside, to find the roots of our world, the fireplace in the heart of the house.

How to recognize ourselves and to know ourselves better? How to grasp our true selves, how to seduce our dark side and find the password to the unconscious of the self, and further, to the collective unconscious which some time ago pampered Communism towards its full bloom. (Communism itself has been 'extensively explored', enough is as good as a feast). We need to break the looking glass, and see what lies hidden behind. We need to say 'no' to our misleading multiplied reflection. Because what you see in the looking glass when you shave in the morning (or make up in the evening) does not give you (sometimes) the tiniest clue about the world hidden behind your eyes. The authority which tells you that what you see in the looking glass is YOU tells you lies, backed up by appearances only. The looking glass in this story is not useful anymore... you can still use it now and then, though, to meet certain cosmetic needs ...

At this point, I would have claimed 'the West' as being irrelevant to us: as I come to think of it, I don't care much about this. Because to me the West now remains in the background; it's not the focus, yet it is present somewhere behind as a part of the landscape which we usually refer to as life. To put it a different way, the West is neither turned down, nor accepted; it needn't be for it is just where it belongs.

Whether the others find me interesting or not, I don't know, it's their concern. It might have been my deepest concern if I had lost my interest in myself... this feels a bit suicidal, doesn't it? I am not very happy with the idea jumping out of the window at the EUROPE hotel room... it feels much better to go back home instead. Just to go back home, feel the coziness of our mother tongue, the comfort of our body, the high tide of personal integrity.

Just come back to ourselves, fill in our size, find the window to the world and have a look through it.

## "Avrupa Duy Sesimizi", 2000

Vahit Tuna



avrupa avrupa duy sesimizi,  
işte bu türklerin ayak sesleri.  
türklerle kimse başa çıkamaz,  
avrupa ibnesi kolla kendini.

europa europa hear us  
hear the march of turks  
ain't no way you can handle them  
beware of them european faggots

Slavoj Žižek

Critical Art Ensemble

Olesya Turkina & Viktor Mazin

Hans Ulrich Obrist – Massimo Cacciari

## "Pathological Narcissus" as a Socially Mandatory Form of Subjectivity

Slavoj Žižek

**O**n the surface, the basic thesis of Christopher Lasch's *The Culture of Narcissism* does not seem in the least bit "scandalous" and, if read from a certain point of view, may even appear to be another example of neo-conservative criticism of contemporary authoritarian consumer society. Lasch attempts to lean on the classical analysis contained in works by David Riesman (*The Lonely Crowd*) and William Whyte (*The Organization Man*) and show how, in late capitalism, what in Marxist terminology is called "socially mandatory character" has received a new form. That is to say, after the "autonomous" individual of Protestant ethics and the "heteronomous" (Other-oriented) individual of bureaucratic capitalism, a new narcissistic type of individual is being formed, corresponding to the transition to a "post-industrial" society. Given Lasch's evidently critical attitude towards "Narcissus", his work could easily be categorised as a neo-conservative rejection of contemporary hedonism and the disintegration of authoritarian values. But the "Lasch scandal" is connected with something else; he defined his project as leftist and radically democratic; he proposed that the contemporary left had surrendered defence of the family and patriarchal authority to (neo-)conservatism too soon. According to Lasch, today's conformist type is in fact the "anti-authoritarian" Narcissus, who mocks the family and rejects patriarchal authority. For this reason, if the left wants to establish an active alternative to the existing situation, it must begin to deal with all these ideas. This entirely changes the view which laid the foundations for the New Left in the west and whose purest expression is without doubt Marcuse's *Eros and Civilization*. According to this view, revolution is expressed in the surpassing of the family as a mediator of patriarchal authority and in the re-affirmation of Narcissus, blended with the world. It is easy to imagine what polemical reactions were triggered by this thesis; it is rejected by both the majority of feminists, who understand it as a concealed re-affirmation of patriarchy, and by a broad range of the liberal New Left.

Participants in the cultural debates triggered by *The Culture of Narcissism* were quick to forget the fact that the notion of narcissism is not merely an abstract moral idea but an accurate notion with a precisely defined role in the theory of psychoanalysis. Lasch takes from Otto Kernberg's standard work *Borderline Conditions and Pathological Narcissism* in particular. For this reason, we must start with a summary of Kernberg's basic theses and place the discussion of *pathological narcissism* (PN) and *borderline states* into an appropriate historical context.

What historical experience resulted in the theory of the *borderline* as a special clinical entity? Back in the 1940s and particularly in the 1950s, American psychoanalysts encountered

a growing number of cases which eluded any classification based on the distinction between neurosis and psychosis. On the one hand, it was evident that these were not cases of psychosis (the individuals in question could still participate in society, sometimes very successfully, and "functioned" very well in general) and obviously could not be associated with the "loss of a sense of reality" or "madness" (in the ordinary sense). On the other hand, they were not cases of neurosis (hysteria and obsession) either, at least not in the usual sense, for the patients displayed a whole range of psychotic symptoms: paranoid ideas, neurotic repression substituted with more "primitive" defence mechanisms (split, denial of certain aspects of reality, etc.) and, particularly, pathologically accentuated narcissism (since even Freud described neurosis as a narcissistic disorder, his case of "President Schreber" can in fact be interpreted as a narcissistic defence against homosexuality; because homosexuality is completely unacceptable for his narcissistic self-image, Schreber can come to terms with it only if he assumes the role of a passive sexual partner of God Himself, who selected him to conceive a new mankind). This was the basic rift, the fundamental "impossible encounter", at the very outset of *borderline* theory: the well-established classification or axis was shattered and violated, the axis whose one end is the "over-adjusted" hysteric that exaggeratedly identifies himself with social order, which causes his suppressed instinctive substance to strike back in the form of symptoms, while the other is the "maladjusted" psychotic who wilfully excludes himself from (social symbolic) reality. All of a sudden, we are faced with the unbelievable phantom of a psychotic who "functions" perfectly. Naturally, these cases were at first excluded as exceptions, deviations from the rule, but it soon transpired that these *borderline* exceptions between neurosis and psychosis were the rule and that, unlike traditional cases of neurosis and psychosis, they were far from exceptional in everyday practice.

A new clinical definition of borderline disorder was gradually formed, along with its correlate "pathological narcissism"; exceptional borderline phenomena were given an independent theoretical consistency which, at the diagnostic level, is defined by the following features:

1. "Free" unattached anxiety.
2. Polysymptomatic neurosis, or a range of symptoms incompatible in "classical" neurosis (hysterical conversions, "classical" symptoms of obsession, polyphobia, "dissociation reactions", impulsive neurosis, pathological hypochondria, paranoid ideas).
3. "Polymorphically perverse" sexual tendencies (promiscuity, experimenting with "new forms", fear of an emotionally over-strenuous commitment that would "curtail" one's freedom).

The unsystematic features of polysymptomatic neurosis, the impression of randomly accumulated symptoms which are not derived from any unified subjective existential position and which seem to be only partly connected – this lack of any system is not due to our incomplete approach but is characteristic of the disjointed or "dispersed" *borderline* subject whose indi-

vidual symptomatic complexes are "held together" only by (a Hegelian) abstract negativity of undefined unattached anxiety. Unlike positive connection, this anxiety renders only unconnectedness positive; the anxious "feeling of emptiness" signifies that the subject has failed to unify or "totalise" himself into a homogenous existential being. The third characteristic of *borderline*, "polymorphically perverse" sexuality, exposes the effects of the "dispersed" totalised subjective structure in sexuality. The fact that the *borderline* is connected with the un-unified, "unformed" Ego is confirmed by *structural analysis*; Kernberg defines four basic features of the *borderline subject*:

1. Different signs of the *weakness of the Ego* (the difference between the "strong" and "weak" Ego is naturally characteristic of American psychoanalysis): a low anxiety "tolerance threshold" (in comparison with a "normal" individual); less significant problems (social failure, the subject tells jokes that fail to amuse and hears sarcastic remarks about his or her person) can cause extreme anxiety and depression; insufficient control over one's own instinctive reactions (the subject "cannot control himself", succumbs to his impulses); inability to sublimate (which in fact is only another aspect of the above); the subject is no stranger to "important" achievements, which are merely a means to satisfy a "lower" aim (in high social circles, the subject can boast merit and considerable knowledge – nevertheless, he gives the impression that his only motivation is social success and that, in reality, he "does not care about it at all" ...).

2. *Regression to primary mental forms*: the subject's mentality is dominated by associations and superficial details which are beyond "rational" thinking. But again, there is more to it. On the surface, *borderline* subjects are completely capable of rational thinking; nevertheless, their behaviour and emotions follow two completely different sets of logic. For example, although he is completely aware that a person close to him is not an enemy and holds nothing against him, some "primitive" conclusion, which is, for example, based on a paranoid interpretation of a casual smile or similarity to another (hostile) individual, convinces the subject that this person is the worst of his enemies (this regression is best carried out by means of projective tests).

3. "*Regression*" to *primary defence mechanisms*: the main defence mechanism in a "normal", "mature" person is suppression (the fully-developed Ego integrates and unifies one's mental life, and a message which is unsuitable for this unified framework is suppressed or pushed from one's awareness), while in a *borderline* subject, the Ego is not strong enough to perform this integrational role and is replaced by primitive defence mechanisms which destroy the integrity of the Ego: split, projection, denial of reality.

Here, special attention must be paid to how, by employing some kind of paranoid construct, these "regressive" defence mechanisms prevent both the unity of the Ego and psychological unity. When, for example, a *borderline* subject considers somebody both "good" and "bad", he solves this dichotomy with a simple time split: for a while, the object is

"good", after which the subject goes to the other extreme and the object becomes "bad", which does not result in any sense of contradiction, because the subject's Ego is not sufficiently integrated; he can carry several contradictory libidinal beliefs which are expressed one after another. (The best known example of such a tendency is the attitude of the "little man" towards politics, in terms of rapidly changing contradictory libidinal opinions: at one point, "politics" is a "big thing", awakening patriotic feelings; at another point, it is a "whore", a sphere of corruption and intrigue. The "little man" does not attempt to integrate these two beliefs.) A "normal" subject would suppress or eject one of the contrary beliefs from his awareness: if according to my integrated normative system I hate somebody, I must suppress the love I feel for this person, and vice versa.

4. The last feature, which is already contained in the previous one, is a *pathological relationship towards the object*, which is in fact an inability to integrate different beliefs (the "good" and the "bad") into a single image of the object. In this respect, it is possible to describe the basic characteristic of the *borderline* subject: he always gives the impression that he experiences the other as a "puppet", that he is incapable of a proper inter-subjective relationship. Inter-subjectivity implies accurate knowledge and acceptance of the other as a contradictory unity of different opinions; this contradiction gives depth to the other, a feeling of boundlessness, which plays an important role in the experience of the "personality". In a *borderline* subject, we are dealing with the *als-ob-personality*: on the surface, everything seems to be "normal", the subject respects all the rules of the inter-subjective game; he nevertheless gives the impression that he is not a "living personality", that he treats us "superficially", that everything is like a piece of puppet theatre.

The only thing still left is *genealogical analysis*, in relation to which I wish to limit myself to a single comment regarding sexuality. Although the *borderline* subject is capable of "normal" genital sexuality, a detailed analysis reveals that in his libidinal economy his seemingly genital sexual activity is dominated and defined by pre-genital, oral and anal logic. The very sexual act is mostly understood as an act of violence and display of aggression; the woman feels humiliated and exploited while, if the woman dominates, the man feels endangered and fears that the woman will "devour" him and that he will lose his identity and autonomy.

"Pathological narcissism", as a correlate of the *borderline* in addition to all *borderline* symptoms, displays the "pathological", "big" Ego. Therefore, there is a weak Ego regressing to the primary forms of thinking and primary defence mechanisms and establishing a pathological relationship towards objects, but all these weaknesses are "compensated" for with the "big Ego", a pathological construct which, in place of the "normal" Ego, performs the function of integration. Let us begin with a *diagnosis* or, to be more precise, a phenomenological description of "pathological Narcissus":

– Upon first contact, PN appears more adjusted to the environment than the *borderline*



subject; he "functions" well and sometimes even "distinguishes" himself, or dominates his surroundings. Nevertheless, we soon come across a contradiction: PN despises and exploits people, seeing in them nothing more than a tool for his own affirmation. At the same time, he is completely dependent on their acknowledgement and admiration, and exists only because of the reputation which he enjoys among his fellow human beings. He distinguishes himself socially, playing the role of a powerful, cynical, efficient and witty individual without superfluous illusions; at the same time, the slightest derision or some other social "failure" drives him to a state of traumatic depression. The Hegelian dialectic of recognition is here brought to its opposite: the "master" is a slave to the recognition of his slave and constantly anxiously observes the effect his complacency has on the slave. The slightest sign that the slave has seen through him, that he is secretly laughing at him, can bring him down. Unlike the traditional master, who "thinks that he is recognised for the master since he already is a master as it is", PN is the paradox of a reflected master who knows that his position is secured only by the recognition of other people. For this reason, he subordinates everything to his public "appearance". This basic contradiction is the source of other PN features:

– A complete inability to empathise: PN can never really "enter the other", "feel" with him, experience him in terms of "personality depth" or subjectivity abyss. All people in his surroundings fall into one of the following three categories:

(1) *The ideal other*, those from whom he expects narcissistic recognition and who, in PN's subjective economy, function as an extension of his own "big Ego" (as a rule, these are powerful, influential and famous individuals); (2) *"enemies" or "conspirators"* who represent a threat to his narcissistic affirmation; (3) the rest, the "crowd", "puppets", suckers who exist only to be used and abandoned. Even when PN develops an attachment to the ideal other, the relationship is not particularly deep and can easily be broken or demoted to the level of the "crowd" (if the ideal other experiences failure) or the "enemy" (if the ideal other humiliates PN's narcissism or ignores him). Relationships are easily broken and established anew; the ideal other today is the "enemy" tomorrow because Narcissus cannot establish a relationship with the other at the subjective level.

Evidently, PN takes the availability of other people for granted and finds it completely natural that people should be treated ruthlessly and used for his own narcissistic pleasure. For this reason, PN often gives the impression of profound indifference, coldness and selfishness, hidden behind a mask of brilliance. Narcissus attempts to charm and seduce us; he astonishes with eloquence, enthusiasm and sexiness. Nevertheless, behind it all, a cruel and selfish mind can be sensed. As long as he expects narcissistic gain from us, he is full of enthusiasm, but once "we are no longer of any interest" to him, his incredible charm immediately turns into complete indifference.

– It is evident from the above that PN is incapable of forming a sincere attachment to another person, and of depending on him or her in terms of commitment, obligation,

engagement, trust and dedication. PN is a slave to his "success" in the eyes of other people. He depends on their recognition, but this kind of dependence cannot be mistaken for trust in and dedication to the other. Narcissus wants to take advantage of the other, gain as much narcissistic profit from him or her, and even when he greatly admires the other, he does that exclusively for narcissistic reasons. For this reason, he always preserves a fundamental mistrust in people; he is pathologically afraid of being excessively dependent on them, of opening up "too much" and becoming too attached to them. Therefore, in sexuality, he prefers short-term "cold" relationships which do not represent an excessive "emotional burden" and which "allow him to breathe".

– Every Narcissus is intrinsically convinced that he is an exception, an "outcast". Externally, he respects the "rules of the game", he is a conformist; in reality, he "does not take the game seriously", he "plays it" only to escape punishment and become successful in society. PN is even convinced that everybody else does the same: life in society is a game, everybody wears a mask, everybody is a criminal hiding behind a conformist appearance and thinking only about how to exploit and trick other people. One must be smart; one must know how to lie low and adjust.

– PN pathologically fears even the smallest failure, such as loneliness, old age and illness. He takes care of his body (jogging being narcissistic exercise par excellence!), tries to stay "forever young" and remain the centre of attention. He is prepared to do everything "not to get lost in the grey crowd of the average", because he believes that there are only two kinds of people in the world: those who have made it and the remaining "crowd".

– PN is incapable of true sadness. When faced with the loss of a loved one, he breaks into a helpless rage. The loss is simply unacceptable and unbearable to him; it is an assault on his narcissism. He is incapable of "containing" this wild rage and turning it into quiet mourning.

– Finally the last feature, which brings us back to the initial paradox. PN simply cannot enjoy himself, because pleasure is completely alien to him and exteriorised in the other. He finds pleasure when other people acknowledge his pleasure (a typical example would be a "heart-breaker" who boasts about his conquests, while in reality he does not care because the only thing that matters to him is the recognition he gains from other people with his exploits – he enjoys himself as much as he thinks others enjoy themselves). This subjective economy results in a curious "short circuit": the final aim of being successful is not what can be gained by it but the *success itself* as social fact. For this reason, PN is never "with himself" but is always "exteriorised", which manifests itself, for example, as an "inner sense of emptiness" and "loss of identity", which drives him into even more frenetic activity.

Before we begin with structural analysis, another observation derived from the phenomenological description of PN must be mentioned. It is not difficult to recognise in PN an "average American", with his paradoxical "conformist individualism" (individualism as a social conformist perception) and cult of social "success" at any cost, etc. Sometimes we even get

the impression that Kernberg is not describing a type generated by means of generalised clinical experiences but a caricatured model found in films or literature. This observation in no way diminishes the value of Kernberg's analysis, however, because it is based on a naïve distinction between "real life" and ideological "clichés", presuming that in "real life" individuals do not imitate models which are, in a pure and distilled form, offered by popular art. Therefore, the ideological construct of the "big Ego" is in no way merely a "reflection" of real processes but is actively formed and structured by the very "real" subjective constitution of an individual.

Consequently, *structural* analysis shows that the pathological "big Ego", as the central integrational aspect of PN, is a result of the fusion or merging of three elements: (1) *the real Ego* (the subject recognising himself as a special, real being); (2) *the ideal Ego* (an idealised self-image nourished by the subject); (3) *the ideal object* (the ideal other, a dear person, experienced by PN as an extension or part of his own "big Ego"). This merging diminishes the critical distance between the real Ego, the ideal Ego and the object, which in a "normal" subject is a motivating force for constant improvement and approximation to the ideal. Therefore, in PN, the real Ego is directly blended with the ideal Ego, while the idealised Other loses all negative characteristics and appears as an omnipotent "good other", as the subject's secret guardian who takes care of his wellbeing and provides narcissistic satisfaction. The critical component of PN takes a "degenerate" form of the horrifying, blind, cruel, paranoid and threatening force of the Superego, as an "evil fate" embodied in the "enemy" into whom the subject projects his own aggression.

With this we have touched upon the crucial dimension concealed behind PN: in reality, "pathological Narcissus" is a helpless, terrified subject, a victim of a cruel and uncontrollable Superego who is completely lost and faced with impossible demands on the part of his environment and his own aggression. This is, in fact, a pre-Oedipal situation, dominated by an omnipotent, protective and caring mother in the form of the "ideal object" on the one hand and the aggressive uncontrollable environment on the other. The narcissistic "big Ego" is in fact a reactive formation – a reaction to an unresolved and unsymbolised conflict situation. The only way for the subject to endure this situation is to build an "imaginary supplement", the "big Ego", which is blended with the omnipotent, idealised, motherly guardian. Now we can reply to a previous remark according to which the *borderline* phenomenon proves the outdatedness of the Oedipus complex and of classical psychoanalytical methods as such: "... the problem of *borderline* is not the exaggerated repression of instinctive forces, which would cause neurotic reactions in the form of the symptomatic 'resurfacing of what has been suppressed', but the weak Ego – the fact that the patient's self has not developed to the level where it could perform its integrational function..." The answer to this observation would be that the Oedipus complex is still very topical because the *unsolved issue of Oedipus as such* underlines the *borderline* and PN problem; the subject has failed to "internalise" paternal

law, which is the only path to transformation – or, in Hegelian terminology, the *Aufhebung* or abolition/surpassing – of the cruel, "anal" and sadistic Superego into the pacifying "inner law" of the ideal Ego.

Kernberg himself points out that the *borderline* disorder in PN can be found almost exclusively in families where the "father has been absent" (not meaning "empirical absence" but the fact that the father did not perform his paternal "role" and did not function as an embodiment of law), because of which the child's life was controlled by the mother in a double phantasmic image of the "good", protective and caring mother and the "evil" mother imposing "impossible" demands on the child and threatening to "devour" him. Because of the "father's absence", the child is incapable of doing away with or resolving the contradiction between the protective and threatening other, and of dialectically "surpassing" it with an inner law, with the name of the father and the paternal ideal of the Ego, in which, having been transformed, both initial aspects are "synthesised": the subject symbolically identifies himself with the name of the father, the law loses its terrifying Superego alienation and, at the same time, the "critical" dimension is preserved and can act as a "punishing" element (the inner "voice of conscience").

According to the analysis, the narcissistic "self-love" and the libidinal investment in the Ego conceals rather than replaces the subject's incredible hostility towards himself and his uncontrolled aggression, and the immense anxiety felt towards the object; the subject invests libidinal energy in the self because he is incredibly afraid of the object and is incapable of establishing a normal relationship with it. Behind indifference towards and contempt for the object (i.e. the Other Subject), there is the fear of establishing contact with and the inability to surrender to the object: the "big Ego" is, in fact, a mask for its opposite. We must not forget that *borderline* and PN theory was developed by the "traditional" and not "revisionist" neo-analytical trend of American psychoanalysis. Despite all the revisionist claims that classical psychoanalysis is outdated, this "traditional" trend still offers the most insightful description of the mental constitution of an individual living in late capitalist society, a description which far supersedes the ideological phrases (of the neo-romantics) relating to the "consumer society individual".

*Borderline* and PN theory is undoubtedly based on Freud's second topic (*ego-superego-id*); the main contribution of this topic, which replaced the *consciousness/the pre-conscious/the unconscious* topic, is evident in the context of Freud's texts on narcissism, written in the second decade of the 20th century. Accordingly, the Ego is no longer only a rational element representing reality and conscious control, etc. over the obscure subconscious instincts; it is a very likely "pathology" of the Ego itself; the Ego is subject to unconscious libidinal investments, which in turn corresponds with the notion of narcissism. Equally, the Superego is not some bright force of moral law constraining barbaric instincts and managing them with difficulty, but is usually connected with the Id and can be as cruel and "irrational" as the bar-

baric law which embodies the destructive "deadly instinct". Nevertheless, Freud's second topic also allows a different "conformist" reading which emphasises the Ego as a synthesising element which "rationally" harmonises the demands of reality and the Id. This reading prevailed in the 1940s, and resulted in the transformation of American psychoanalysis into a conformist ego-psychology. Accordingly, the aim of psychoanalysis is the strengthening of the patient's Ego to enable him to adjust to (social) reality without irrational constraints. Naturally, the distinction between "normal" and "pathological" narcissism is indelibly marked by the tradition of ego-psychology, because the notion of "normal narcissism" is based on the "strong" Ego capable of performing its integrational role. For this reason, Kernberg lists the following four functions of the "mature" Ego:

- to distinguish the Ego and its subjectively experienced content from objective reality.
- to integrate ("good" and "bad") characteristics into a united image of the object.
- to interiorise and de-personalise the punishing Superego element, transforming it into the ideal Ego.
- to sublimate instincts.

A person with a "mature Ego" possesses a normal sense of reality and a realistic understanding of objects when he replaces the archaic, anal, sadistic and personalised Superego with a de-personalised moral ideal Ego and inner law, and when he successfully renders primitive instincts sublime. This would be a case of "normal narcissism" – a justified investment of libidinal energy in the Ego and a narcissistic contentment with one's own personality, which is not "pathological". The *borderline* personality remains halfway between psychosis and the normal Ego: its attitude towards objects is pathological; the Superego remains at the primitive sadomasochistic level; instincts are not sublimated; and the Ego is not integrated enough to perform the integrational role. In reaction to this weakness, the pathological integrational "big Ego" is formed. This difference between normal and "pathological" narcissism is undoubtedly real, for it is confirmed by medical cases. But the problem is that its theoretical implications *lack* a notion of the symbolic and of the need for symbolic order. Briefly, the difference between "normal" and "pathological" narcissism cannot be theoretically explained without referring to the symbolic, because the features which distinguish "normal" from "pathological" narcissism (ability to form relationships, dependence on the other, ability to mourn, integration of "good" and "bad" characteristics into an integral image of the object) point to the importance of the symbolic. The fate of the subject's Ego and its "normality" or "pathology" is not decided by the Ego itself but by the subject's attitude towards the symbolic, due to which the formation of the "normal" Ego is a secondary result of the "interiorisation" of symbolic law.

Let us turn to PN's inability to depend on the other and to nourish feelings of commitment to and trust in the other. This dependence or commitment is what Lacan calls "*symbolic connection*", pact or engagement – "giving one's word" to someone. This does not involve emo-

tions or feelings, sincerity, empathy and compassion – PN has plenty of these. His problem lies in the fact that a promise does not commit him internally, does not place an obligation on him. He regards promises, bonds and pacts as "rules of the game" which must be observed on the outside but which do not represent an existential commitment. In fact, PN "feels free"; he does not know an intrinsically valid *law*; he recognises only the external "rules of the game". This also explains the well-known pressing feeling of "inner emptiness" and "loss of one's own identity"; what he lacks are not images that would give him an imaginary identity but a "bond" that would place him in the inter-subjective symbolic network. In other words (if the "metaphorical" description is replaced with more expert terminology): pathological Narcissus simply lacks the *performative* dimension of speaking. This statement may at first seem paradoxical, because PN strives for "effect" rather than for the "content" of what is said, the whole point of his speaking being to assert his brilliance and to enchant or seduce the person spoken to. In this respect, we must take account of the key differences (interpreted completely wrongly by Marcuse in his criticism of Austin's supposed "behaviourism") between the *performative* (illocutive) and *pragmatic* (perlocutive) aspects of the speech act. The performative aspect is *not* the same as the pragmatic "effect" of a statement. Let us take an extremely basic example: if I say to somebody in trouble "I promise I will help you", this is the performative aspect, or the very act of promise, which I thereby perform. I gave my word to somebody; there is a new symbolic relationship between us and I am obliged to help *regardless of whether I will indeed help him*. The pragmatic aspect of this example would encompass the "actual" effects of the promised act: the other will undoubtedly behave differently if he believes my promise; he will feel gratitude and respect towards me, and so on. And this is PN's problem: he is a master of the pragmatic power of speech, he knows how to use speech as a tool for the manipulation, seduction and enchantment of others; at the same time, he does not keep his word and keeps his distance from it, as if it were the tool of manipulation itself.

What precisely do we mean when we say that PN is not capable of establishing a relationship with the other (i.e. subject) as such – that he is not capable of real inter-subjectivity? This issue can be approached by means of description theory or, to be more precise, by means of Kripke's criticism of this theory and his rejection of the possibility of reducing a name to a set of positive characteristics that an object must feature in order to be denotative of the name in question – in other words, his rejection of the possibility of replacing a name with a description of a set of characteristics (see Saul Kripke, *Naming and Necessity*, 1979).

PN could be described as a subject behaving in accordance with the theory of description; he sees the other reduced to a set of descriptive characteristics, particularly those which meet his narcissistic needs. In other words, he sees the object in terms of the gain he can receive from him or her: he loves a woman because... (she has beautiful hair and legs, she has a great sense of humour and is interested in the same films as he is). PN is therefore the per-

son who answers the woman's eternally excruciating question: "Why do you love me?" with a detailed description of reasons: because of your beautiful eyes, because of your wit, etc. The other side of this reduction to a set of descriptive virtues is that as soon as the subject loses one of these virtues, she also loses her libidinal status and becomes dull. The logic of "pathological Narcissus" is clearly reflected in the often-heard remark: "My fiancée is never late for a date, otherwise she would no longer be my fiancée!" The fiancée is reduced to a set of positive features, which include the fact that "she is never late for a date". The moment she loses this virtue, that is, the moment she is late, she also loses her status and is no longer a fiancée. It is not necessary to point out how far this kind of attitude is from a real attitude towards the other as such. It is immediately evident that an answer to the question "Why do you love me?", which consists of a well-defined list, is a rude and scornful insult and a direct negation of love. By it, the other is "objectivised" and denied existence as a subject. The only true answer to the question would be: "I do not know why, there is something in you, some x, something that gives a miraculous lustre to all your virtues...". Proper "love" entails a feeling that one would still love a person if he or she lost all his or her positive features. In other words, the beloved is "set in an abyss", all of his or her "positive" characteristics are trans-substantiated, they glow in some impalpable void and are in fact a "positivisation" of the void itself – of that x ("object small a" in Lacan's terminology).

The same theory could be approached from the point of Lacan's distinction between the logic of the sentences: "*tu es celui qui me suivra*" and "*tu es celui qui me suivras*" (see Lacan, *Le Séminaire III*, Paris, 1981, p. XXII). The definition of the subordinate clause radically changes its status depending on whether the verb in the subordinate sentence is in the second or third person. If in the third person, the sentence is about a simple statement, a description of (one's) characteristics. If the verb is in the second person, however, the sentence is no longer merely about a description but a performative "appointment of a mandate", a symbolic engagement, bond and obligation – you are the one who must follow me (even if in reality you do not). In the first case ("*tu es celui qui me suivra*") one simply made a mistake – one associated the other with an erroneous characteristic and it turns out that the other is not the one who will follow. In the other case ("*tu es celui qui me suivras*"), you will remain that who will follow me, who should have followed me, because the fact that "you will follow me" remains a symbolic bond, a "mandate" defining your inter-subjective status. The fact that you did not follow me does not change this status but means that you simply did not keep your promise and commitment. Here we can return to the statement about the fiancée: the mandate and commitment of the "fiancée" naturally implies a whole set of positive characteristics, including the fact that the person who is granted this mandate will not be late for a date (leaving aside to what extent certain cultural environments regard being late for a date as proof of "female charm" and part of the game), which represent a symbol-

ic definition (Lacan's  $S_1$  mathem) superseding and totalising a chain of positive virtues ( $S_2$ ). This means that even if she is late, she will remain my fiancée because we are bonded with a symbolic pact that is beyond petty narcissistic disappointments.

With this, we have reached the realistically known possibilities for the integration of "good" and "bad" characteristics into an integrated image of the object; this is more probable if founded on a symbolic integrating characteristic or a symbolic "beyond good and evil" definition – in other words, beyond the imaginary opposition of "good" and "bad" characteristics. The united or integrated image of a "fiancée" does not lie in the simple "picturing of the same object with both good and bad characteristics". A unifying symbol is called for, a symbolic definition which defines the person of the "fiancée" beyond her (imaginary) characteristics, which preserves its value even if she disappointed us regarding the positive features implied by the mandate or definition. The integration of the image of the object as a collection of his or her "imaginary" characteristics implies some unimaginable aspect, a symbolic designation of a performative nature which cannot be justified by means of the object's positive characteristics.

On this basis, PN's other characteristics can be explained, such as his inability to mourn. Mourning is a symbolic act par excellence by which the lost object is interiorised (*aufgehoben*) in a symbolic ritual. For this reason, mourning implies a calming down, pacification, coming to terms with the loss, and the impotent rage triggered by the loss is transformed into a respectful admiration of the lost object (proof of this is the confusion or comic effect when, in the middle of the mourning ritual, one notices that the object is not really lost and that the "body is still alive", as in the case of the funeral mass for Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn). PN is incapable of transforming loss-induced rage into mourning. It is more probable that he will forget about the lost object or discover that he did not really care for it at all, thereby investing his libidinal energy in a new object. But in order not to get lost in the re-listing of characteristics, let us return to the decisive feature which is the source of the rest: of fundamental importance for PN is the coincidental integration of symbolic law which represents the name of the father or the paternal ideal of the Ego, the coincidental symbolical identification with the ideal of the Ego (as a result of a "normal" resolution of the Oedipus complex), the making-up for the paternal ideal with the pre-Oedipal "somasochistic", "anal", "maternal" Superego. Although in a typically American "naïve" theoretical form, Lasch was the first to draw attention to the fact that the making-up for the ideal of the Ego with the "anal" Superego was the basic characteristic of late capitalistic "bureaucratic" society; behind the superficial "breakdown of (paternal) authority" and "permissiveness" significant of the psychological constitution of Narcissus, there is the rise of a much more "irrational" and "cruel" pre-Oedipal "archaic" Superego.

Nevertheless, an over-hasty invocation of the "archaic Superego" leaves the door open to Jungian obscurity. For this reason, a purely conceptual level must be maintained, and the

*Superego, the ideal of the ego (Ich-Ideal) and the ideal Ego (Idealich)*, a trinity which corresponds with Real-Symbolic-Imaginary, kept separate. The characteristic that distinguishes the ideal of the Ego from the ideal Ego is undoubtedly identification. The ideal of the Ego and the ideal Ego are two modes of identification, symbolic and imaginary – or, according to Lacan's mathemes: I(A) and i(a) identification with the  $S_1$  "unary feature", with the predominant in the other, as represented by the subject, and identification with the mirror image. In contrast, according to J.-A. Miller the Superego excludes any kind of identification, and is an irreducibly alien, non-internalised, traumatic, ungraspable and threatening order, and therefore something real in the sense of the impossibly unsymbolised. As far as the difference between the ideal of the ego and the ideal Ego is concerned, it suffices to remember Lacan's definition of the ideal of the self as a point of symbolic identification from *Le Séminaire XI*; it is a point in the other, from which the subject sees himself in a form worthy of love, from which he is seen as worthy of the other's love. For example, we have fulfilled a difficult task, sacrificed our own direct interests and fulfilled our duty, proved our loyalty on some higher level – in this case we feel some inner contentment that we have risen to the "level of our mission". Although this undoubtedly implies an instance of narcissistic pleasure, because "we like ourselves", the example cannot be connected with imaginary narcissism, because it contains an element of symbolic identification with objects, ideals and the law which we abide by, all of which are beyond the narcissistic interest of the Ego because they are part of the symbolic order in which we are integrated. The "feeling of contentment" is our "reward" for subordinating ourselves to a higher cause, for sacrificing our narcissistic interest. Narcissism contained within this "inner contentment" is of secondary significance and is mediated by the symbolic.

Based on this, examples of higher theoretical consistency in Kernberg's distinction between "normal" and "pathological" narcissism can be drawn. In "normal" narcissism, the narcissistic imaginary identification i(a) is "mediated" by symbolic identification I(A), such as symbolic identification with the name of the father – the paternal ideal of the Ego is the one that makes up and regulates imaginary narcissistic satisfaction. "Pathological" Narcissus lacks the ideal of the ego element, the symbolic identification i(a), and the image of the Ego as such, without finding support in I(A), performs the "integrational" role. And this is what must be focused on in the "big Ego" characteristic of PN.

According to Lasch's basic thesis, which has been confirmed by the clinical analysis of the constitution of "pathological Narcissus", the celebrated "breakdown of paternal authority" or the paternal ideal of the Ego is only one side of the process. Its other side is the emergence of a much more "irrational" and "cruel" law, the maternal Superego, which does not prohibit but orders, demands pleasure (by means of a constant grasping for "social success", domination over other people and their exploitation with the aim of confirming one's own narcissism) and which punishes "failure" much more severely than the "voice of conscience" of the

ideal of the ego, with unbearable anxiety and extreme masochistic self-humiliation that can even lead to the loss of one's own identity. What we are dealing with in "pathological Narcissus" is i(a) directly based on the cruel, crazy, "irrational" and "anal" Superego, instead of i(a) "mediated" by I(A). Lasch connects this process with certain fundamental changes in late capitalist social relations – in other words, with the onset of "bureaucratic society". On the surface, this thesis may seem paradoxical: "bureaucratic man" is usually envisaged as the exact opposite of Narcissus, as the "man of the apparatus", an anonymous individual dedicated to the organisation and reduced to the status of a cog in the bureaucratic machine. But according to Lasch, the psychological type, or a libidinal economy which corresponds to contemporary bureaucratic society, is in fact "pathological Narcissus", who does not take the social "rules of the game" seriously and who is an unrelenting outcast interested only in manipulating other people to attain narcissistic satisfaction. The solution to this paradox lies in the fact that there exist *three rather than two stages* in the development of what can be called the "libidinal constitution of the subject in bourgeois society": the individual of Protestant ethics; the heteronomous "man of organisation"; and "pathological Narcissus". Lasch's contribution lies in the fact that he was the first to clearly describe the transition from the second to the third stage. There is still talk of a phenomenon called the downfall or breakdown of Protestant ethics. Two classical descriptions of this process are *The Organization Man* by William Whyte and *The Lonely Crowd* by David Riesman. Riesman introduces a fundamental notional contradiction of the "autonomous" (*self-directed*) and "heteronomous" (*Other-directed*) individual. The "self-directed" individual is the basic type of the 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries. He is the individual of "Protestant ethics", whose basic principles are individual responsibility and individual initiative ("Help thyself and God will help thee!"). Each individual answers before God and must not follow the blind crowd; the inner satisfaction of having done one's duty is more important than the reputation and success enjoyed with other people. For this reason, the fundamental characteristic of Protestant ethics is the difference between legality and morality: the former consists of social rules and external laws; the latter is guided by an inner law, the "voice of conscience" or, in other words, the internalised paternal ideal of the Ego. Naturally, this implies an ideology that fits in with liberal capitalism, the society of the "struggle against everything" – this society is guided by the "invisible hand" of the market, everyone should follow their own interests and thus contribute to the welfare of the whole of society as much as possible.

With the onset of bureaucratic corporate capitalism, this individual autonomy was lost and the heteronomous principle prevailed; the "non-conformity" of Protestant ethics has been replaced by an individual striving to attain recognition from the social group to which he belongs. The ideal of the ego radically changes its content and, in a way, becomes "exteriorised", consisting of the expectations of one's group and surroundings. The source of moral satisfaction is no longer a sense that, despite pressures from the environment, one has

remained faithful to oneself and fulfilled one's duty. On the contrary, it is the sense that one has given priority to being loyal to one's group. From the point of view of the ideal of the Ego, the individual observes himself with the eyes of the people around him; he sees himself the way he should be in order to be worthy of the group's affection. In the conflict between the individual and the institution, the individual must let go, renounce his worthless independence and find his place in the social organism to which he belongs and which gives meaning to his life – the greatest value is the sense of belonging. The "invisible hand" of the market has been replaced by the "invisible hand" of the institution. The individual's resistance to the institution is a result of his narrow narcissistic delusion rather than anything else. The institution does not want to harm him; it is just that the deluded individual is not always aware of that. This does not only change the "content" of the ideal but also its status: it is not that, in the case of the heteronomous individual, individualism has been replaced by conformity but that the ability to adjust to the demands of the environment and respond quickly to the ever new and changing demands of the environment is a value as such, or even a supreme value.

In the 1940s and 50s, "heteronomous ethics" was promoted by a series of Hollywood films. The extreme example quoted by Whyte is *The Caine Mutiny* (based on H. Wouk's novel of the same title). In brief, the story is about a warship called Caine, which is in danger of sinking because its crazy paranoid captain is incapable of issuing the right commands. He is replaced by a group of officers who take over the command and save the ship. Later, on shore, the mutinous officers must justify their actions in court and prove that the captain was indeed insane and incompetent. They succeed in doing this with the help of their lawyer, but at a reception where the mutinous crew members celebrate their victory, the lawyer tells them that he defended them out of duty whereas, in reality, he is ashamed of himself because they were in fact guilty. One of the reasons why the captain became paranoid was that the subordinate officers derided him instead of putting up with his whims and striving to help him as considerately as possible. In short, the officers bear the blame for the entire incident because they displayed cynical mistrust instead of dedication to the common cause. (The gallant paradox of the lawyer character lies in the fact that it is his duty to defend the officers, which corresponds to individualist ethics; from his individual, "inner" ethical stand he is on the side of "heteronomous" exteriorised ethics, which gives priority to one's dedication to the institution. What we have here is a perversion of an ordinary character who "externally" fakes his loyalty to the institution while "internally" striving to preserve his autonomous ethical stand.)

There is one constant in this process of the transformation of Protestant ethics into the "heteronomous" ethics of "organisation man". "Socially mandatory character" (if we may make use of Marx' syntagm) is formed on the basis of symbolic identification or an interiorised ideal of the Ego. The third stage described by Lasch breaks through this framework: the

form of the ideal of the Ego is replaced by the narcissistic "big Ego"; it is no longer the case of an individual forced to integrate the demands of the environment constituted in the symbolic element of the ideal of the Ego, but of a "Narcissus" who "does not experience the game with sincerity" and who takes the rules of the environment as the external "rules of the game". He experiences "social pressure" completely differently, not in terms of the ideal Ego but in terms of the "anal", "somasochistic" Superego. And this is the key moment: today's society is no less "repressive" than it was at the time of "organisation man", the loyal servant of the institution. On the contrary, the difference is that social demands no longer take the form of the ideal of the ego, of an integrated and "interiorised" symbolic code, but remain at the level of the pre-Oedipal command of the Superego.

The basic feature of this third stage is that in the subjective economy, the social "big Other", which is a network of socio-symbolic relations faced by and capturing the subject, functions more like a "mother-on-whom-the-satisfaction-of-one's-needs-depends", representing Lacan's first image of the big Other. The demand of the Other assumes the form of a command of the Superego to find pleasure (in the form of "social success", etc.) under the protective care of the motherly "big Other" as an extension of the narcissistic "big Ego". The state of dependence characteristic of the pre-Oedipal constellation, in which the satisfaction of needs depends on the "whims of the Other", repeats itself in the subject's relationship towards the socio-symbolic Other, which increasingly appears as the Other-outside-law and could therefore be termed "benevolent despotism".

The most distinct sign of this transformation is the substitution of the right to punishment (and sentencing) with therapeutic law: the subject is no longer guilty because he is not responsible for his actions, which are a result of a plethora of psychological and social circumstances. The role of the strict judge is taken over by social care: the offender must be cured and not punished, and suitable social and psychological circumstances must be created that will not drive him to crime... An analogous trend can be found in education: the aim of the educational system is no longer the imparting of certain knowledge or a certain system of rules of social behaviour to students. This kind of school is nowadays considered an "alienated" and "repressive" institution which takes no account of the student's individual needs. On the contrary, the school should enable the student to recognise and, in accordance with social needs, direct and develop his creative potential; it should create a space for the free expression of his personality. At all levels of society, we find the cult of "authenticity": one should cast away "masks", "alienated social roles" and "repressive rules" and open the door to one's "true self" in every sphere of creativity, from sports to religion, from politics to sexuality, from work to hobbies, in order to turn it into a sphere for the expression and affirmation of one's "authentic" personality and for the development of one's creative potentials. Lasch shows that this cult of "authenticity", this cult of the free development of the "big Ego", free of "masks" and "repressive" rules, is nothing less than a *form of its own*

opposite, of pre-Oedipal dependence, and that the only path leading to the mastering of this dependence is identification with a certain decentralised, alien aspect of the symbolic law external to the Ego. The late bourgeois individualism of the narcissistic "big Ego" merely seems to be a return to the early bourgeois individualism of "Protestant ethics" while, in reality, it implies a much greater dependence than that of "organisation man". In addition to the inherent incompleteness of his analytical conceptual apparatus, Lasch's weak point lies in the fact that he does not supply a sufficient theoretical definition of that turning point in the socio-economic reality of late capitalism which corresponds to the transition of "organisation man" to "pathological Narcissus". At the level of discourse, this turning point is not difficult to determine: it is the transformation of the bureaucratic capitalist society of the 1940s and 50s into a society described as "permissive". It entails a "post-industrial" process which, at this level, has been described in terms of the "Third Wave" theory of writers such as Toffler. Now we can finally return to the key issue of the relationship between "pathological narcissism" and borderline disorders. Unlike American medical practice, which sets *borderline* closer to psychosis than neurosis (which is due to an obsession with the "strong Ego" as a sign of "normality", while the absence of this Ego immediately points to psychosis), we must agree with J.-A. Miller, who says that *borderline* is literally a "contemporary form of hysteria". If "pathological Narcissus" represents the prevalent libidinal constitution of late bourgeois "permissive" society, *borderline* marks the point of its hysterisation, the point at which the subject is faced with the already-described basic paradox or contradiction of his PN. Miller connects the transformation of hysteria into *borderline* disorder with scientific changes in contemporary ideological everyday life – science in different forms, ranging from experts whose advice and instructions guide our entire life, including its most intimate aspects, to micro-electronic gadgets offered en masse by industry, which is increasingly becoming an inherent constituent of the everyday *Lebenswelt*. This blending of *Lebenswelt* with science radically undermines the very notion of *Lebenswelt* as a field of everyday pre-scientific self-understanding and pre-theoretical life practice, from which science derives its meaning. An exemplary case would be Husserl's late attempt to expose the rootedness of the scientific way of thinking in the pre-scientific world of life practice – exemplary because it is no longer possible today, since *Lebenswelt* has "lost its innocence" and become inherently defined by science. Reference to the pre-scientific *Lebenswelt* would today correspond with reference to the pristine and unspoiled domestic environment of *Blut and Boden* ideology. Husserl is entirely right when he claims that it is possible to define science's signifying horizon – in other words, a hermeneutic question to which science replies with its activity only through references to the pre-scientific *Lebenswelt*. In other words, it is impossible to say that science replaces the original ground of life practice with another (its own) signifying horizon or a hermeneutic question. Science as such, in the strict hermeneutic sense of the word, is *unsignifying* and as soon as it inherently begins to encroach on the

*Lebenswelt*, the whole loses its meaning and we find ourselves in a void. In this sense, we must also understand Miller's claim that there exist today numerous proofs of the presence of science in the everyday *Lebenswelt*, which in its basic dimension appears to be an answer without a question:

"The history of our time adjusts to the predominant form of knowledge: to science – which is evident in the constant invasion of gadgets that represent numerous answers without questions. Recently, a person from Silicon Valley gave a befitting description of the turning point which in culture is generally experienced as discomfort: 'Home computer is a solution without a problem.' Based on this, a hysteric turns his essence into a question." (J.-A. Miller, "Liminaire". *Ornicar?*, 29, Paris, 1984, p. 4)

Given the fact that an "answer without a question" is actually the most condensed definition of the real as the unsymbolised (the real as a condition that "does not answer any question" and which lacks a signifying horizon), it becomes clear in what sense science represents the basic *reality* of the contemporary world. This aspect of the "question-less answer" can be clearly presented with three partial characteristics of the contemporary age: the role of experts in everyday life; micro-electronic gadgets; and advertising. The basic paradox of the contemporary "cult of authenticity" is that its inner constitution and driving force are a bunch of manuals which, by appearing scientifically legitimate, give the subject prescriptions on *how* to attain his authenticity, *how* to liberate the "creative potentials of his Ego", *how* to cast his mask and reveal his "real Ego", and *how* to turn to intuitive spontaneity and genuineness. But here we are interested in something other than the fact that even the most intimate spheres of life are presented as attainable by means of (pseudo or real – it does not matter which) scientifically legitimate procedures. In connection with these phenomena, we usually speak of a void, and of the loneliness, alienation and artificiality of "contemporary man" in terms of a real need which the scores of manuals attempt to satisfy in an individually psychological way by means of a mystification of the actual social foundations. But we are ignoring the opposite dimension, which is in fact even more important: the primary effect of these manuals is not a prescription of how to satisfy these needs but the creation of these "needs" and the provocation of the unbearable sense of "void" in our everyday life, the insufficiency of our sexuality, the lack of creativity of our work, the artificiality of our relations with other people and, at the same time, a feeling of complete helplessness and an inability to find a way out of this dead end – or in the words of Molière, before these manuals offer their poetry to us, they haughtily instruct us that, up to now, we have been talking in prose. The difference between PN and *borderline* can be defined in terms of this very dialectic of the question and answer: "pathological" Narcissus plunges "without questions" into the current of ever-new answers and for each answer, with an "ethical" obsession, he invents for each object functions and needs to be met by it, in order to conceal the basic paradox of the "answer without a question" as soon as possible. In contrast, *borderline* defines

a point where this current stops, where the subject is faced with the lack of meaning of the answer as such and where he no longer accepts ever-new "answers without questions" "without asking questions". He asks a well-known *hysterical question*, a question to the Other, from whom he expects a different answer, an answer to what these answers without questions mean.

From a traditional point of view, this answer would be quickly rejected on the premise that it represents "fake needs" serving the interest of capital accumulation. Nevertheless, this explanation is misleading, because it presumes the existence of "real needs". Naturally, every individual has a few "basic" needs which must be met in order to survive. But as soon as we enter the sphere of the symbolic, the whole matter is reversed and the symbolic articulation of a need changes it into a demand of the Other, while beyond this demand there lurks the abyss of unarticulated and merely-evoked desire. That need is subordinated to desire is made evident by the banal fact that for desire (=law), the subject is prepared to sacrifice any "basic" need, such as going on hunger strike or living in complete celibacy. The basic paradox or fundamental fact of psychoanalysis is that no matter how integrated he is into the network of speech, the subject in reality and irreducibly "does not know what he wants", the object of his desire eludes him, and every articulation of desire in the form of a symbolic demand is accompanied by a shift until the ultimate point of the desire turns into the experience of "this is not it", which in turn creates a possibility for a whole range of "not wanting anything" stands, such as of wanting only "nothing" – that missing part which fuels the desire. Strictly speaking, the position of the hysteric is nothing other than the position of a subject who "does not know what he wants", who does not know to what extent he is caught up in the network of predominators. The "hysterical question" is the question to the big Other, demanding to tell us what we want and what our desire is.

Here we must take into account the key fact that desire is always inter-subjective – the subject's desire is, in different forms, always "mediated" by the desire of the Other. The desire, to desire what the Other desires, to desire the Other himself, to desire to become the object of the Other's desire...

Therefore, the problem of the "permissive" "consumer" society does not lie in the fact that it forces us to adopt "fake needs" instead of "real ones". On the contrary, the problem is that with the constant flood of new consumer items and the provocation of demands, it narrows the space of desire, masks the "empty place" from which desire emerges, and creates a saturated field where the "impossible" desire can no longer be articulated. In simple terms, "pathological Narcissus" is so saturated with "answers without questions", and is shown in so many ways "what he really wants", that he simply cannot experience the paradox of the desire, the cleft between desire and wanting, which results in the fact that, despite the object of desire, "we do not know what we want". *Borderline* marks the very point where this crazy curve breaks and the subject becomes hysterical, convincing himself that, despite all the

answers, he in fact "does not know what he wants", finally opening up to the desire.

The paradox of the relationship between PN and *borderline* is that the actual situation contradicts what is visible, according to which *borderline* would be closer to the pathological disintegration of the personality while PN would represent a step closer to normalisation, or to an attempt at some kind of unification of the Ego which is supposed to synthesise the disintegrated elements. An opposing view would be that if it is not a psychosis, "pathological narcissism" is clinically a "pre-psychotic condition" at least, characteristic of the "as-if-personality" (as-if-personality) – a condition in which, on the surface, the subject is "fully functional", although he does not inherently abide by social-law. For this reason, "pathological Narcissus" gives the unsettling impression that "there is nothing behind the mask", that we are speaking to a puppet, that the mask *really* is just a mask, and that what is hiding behind it is something completely different and dialectically not mediated by the mask. *Borderline* is not a transition from a pre-psychotic condition to psychosis or the breakdown of the mask of the "pathological" Ego, which supposedly maintained the appearance of unity. On the contrary, it is the first step towards the "normalisation" of pathological Narcissus, a point in its hysterisation, a point at which the subject loses all distance and gets caught up in the paradox of desire or the symbolic.

On this point, American psychoanalysis suffers retaliation from its own conformist obsession with the problems of the Ego as the agent of social adjustment: since the *borderline* type lacks a "strong Ego", it quickly pronounces him psychotic and cannot understand that somebody who is socially fully "adjusted" and fully "functional" can, in fact, be psychotic. Its idea of psychosis is defined in terms of a subject who has lost "control of himself", who "cannot control his instinctive forces" – who, in short, behaves in a "socially maladjusted way". The paradox of "pathological Narcissus" lies in the fact that he is a *psychotic normal person*: although PN behaves "normally" in a "socially adjusted way" according to all "positive" and empirically visible characteristics, "nothing is right" and we get this persistent feeling that it is all a terrible travesty, that the person in question is merely "acting real". Here we could quote the well-known joke from Freud's *Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious*, which says that Shakespeare's works were not written by Shakespeare but by his contemporary of the same name. This is an example of PN's psychotic dimension: "pathological Narcissus" is literally "somebody else" in relation to himself, or in terms of his symbolic identity or identification. In this context, we must also understand Lacan's statement that the present-day "normal" individual is psychotic.

This considerably narrows down the term "repressive desublimation" as employed by "critical theory" to determine the libidinal economy of late bourgeois society: "repression" is understood as the opposite of symbolic law or the pressure or command coming from the Superego, while desublimation must be understood in the strictest sense of Lacan's writings, which is almost the opposite of the ordinary. Sublimation is usually identified with desexua-



lisation or a shift of the object as such, which satisfies instinctive needs, to a "higher", "more cultural" form of fulfilment; instead of seducing a woman, one seduces the audience with poetry, and instead of getting into fights, one criticises other people. According to a vulgar psychoanalytical "interpretation", for this kind of artist contact with the audience is a sublime form of sexual intercourse, and for a critic an attack represents a sublime form of aggression. It is not difficult to conclude that this kind of understanding again presupposes some kind of "basic", "unsublime" form of gratification which is sublimated. Lacan starts from an empty place or nothing around which a desire is articulated and from which the object or the reason for a desire is an impossible and unsymbolised object, or a threatening deluding thing (*das Ding*) that is in itself "nothing", which corresponds with its own deficiency. Sublimation is nothing but the fact that some "empirical" positive object is "elevated to the dignity of things", that it experiences its own trans-substantiation and that, in its subjective libidinal economy, it functions as the embodiment or positivisation of "nothing", or the impossible thing and reason-object of desire. The sublime object is therefore the paradox of an object which can "live" only in "semi-shadow" or can only be evoked: as soon as we attempt to render it "explicit", to bring it to light, it is lost or melts away. In *Fellini's Roma*, we find an exceptional example of the fragility of the sublime object. During the construction of tunnels for Rome's underground railway, workers find an unexplored underground opening and immediately call archaeologists, who break through the wall sealing the cave. Suddenly, they gaze upon the splendour of an ancient Roman hall whose walls are covered with frescos featuring sad, melancholic figures (their sadness is caused by their awareness that they are heathens, that they were born too early for the Christian truth, because of which they are doomed; these figures are closer to truth than "real" Christians, who with justification are portrayed by Fellini as hypocritical and obscene – this is also the gist of Fellini's *Satyricon*). But the frescos are too fragile to stand the light and, as soon as they come into contact with the air, they start to fade away. Desperate onlookers can only observe how the object which they approached too closely is slipping away from them. This is the sublime object: as long as it exists in "mid-space", in an obscure shadowy world, it represents a threatening "thing"; as soon as we get too close to it, however, it turns into an ordinary "positive" object and we are faced with the banal reality. For this reason, Lacan can repeat Rilke's thought that beauty is the last mask shielding the horrible – beauty is a way of evoking the horror of things in the world of the gaze. Therefore, sublimation evidently has nothing to do with "desexualisation": the object of "physical" erotic passion (if indeed it is passion) is always sublime. In the case of "pathological Narcissus", however, we can, with all justification, speak of "desublimation": not because he is not able to "redirect his libidinal energy towards higher goals" but because the libidinal object is reduced to mere "positivity" due to the fact that Narcissus wants to get to the "bottom" of everything, to come to terms with it. Nevertheless, exactly because of this, he misses that "nothing" evoked by the object if it remains in "mid-space".

Although *borderline* is a contemporary form of hysteria, or the point of the hysterisation of "pathological Narcissus" as the prevalent libidinal constitution of late bourgeois society, it does not imply a simple transformation of a former "traditional" form of hysteria. It is possible to say that only with *borderline* does the constitution of hysteria enter its "distilled" or purified form as a question presented to another subject who "does not know what he wants". In the case of "traditional" hysteria, this basic constellation is veiled with "sexual repression". "Traditional" hysteria can still be interpreted in terms of a naïve and unproblematic opposition between "internalised" suppression and suppressed instincts: the subject suppresses instincts or forms of instinct gratification which are not acceptable to the internalised value system, pushing them to the unconscious, while the suppressed then resurfaces in the form of hysterical symptoms. With the emergence of the "permissive" society, this naïve stand has lost its significance. The vulgar understanding of psychoanalysis has proclaimed it "outdated", whereas an approach which preserves a feeling for the real subversive core of Freud's discovery points to the fact that the paradoxical essence of the hysterical condition is only now becoming evident. The fact that analytical psychoanalysis does not recognise *borderline* to be a contemporary form of hysteria, rather defining *borderline* disorders as related to psychosis, is a result of its blindness to the aforementioned subversive core of psychoanalysis and of the fact that it literally does not hear the hysterical question.

First published in the Croatian edition of *The Culture of Narcissism* by Christopher Lasch (*Narcisistička kultura*, Naprijed, Zagreb, 1986)  
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## Nomadic Power and Cultural Resistance Critical Art Ensemble

**T**he term that best describes the present social condition is liquescence. The once unquestioned markers of stability, such as God or Nature, have dropped into the black hole of scepticism, dissolving positioned identification of subject or object. Meaning simultaneously flows through a process of proliferation and condensation, at once drifting, slipping, speeding into the antinomies of apocalypse and utopia. The location of power – and the site of resistance – rest in an ambiguous zone without borders. How could it be otherwise, when the traces of power flow in transition between nomadic dynamics and sedentary structures – between hyperspeed and hyperinertia? It is perhaps utopian to begin with the claim that resistance begins (and ends?) with a Nietzschean casting-off of the yoke of catatonia inspired by the postmodern condition, and yet the disruptive nature of consciousness leaves little choice.

Treading water in the pool of liquid power need not be an image of acquiescence and complicity. In spite of their awkward situation, the political activist and the cultural activist (anachronistically known as the artist) can still produce disturbances. Although such action may more closely resemble the gestures of a drowning person, and it is uncertain just what is being disturbed, in this situation the postmodern roll of the dice favors the act of disturbance. After all, what other chance is there? It is for this reason that former strategies of "subversion" (a word which in critical discourse has about as much meaning as the word "community"), or camouflaged attack, have come under a cloud of suspicion. Knowing what to subvert assumes that forces of oppression are stable and can be identified and separated – an assumption that is just too fantastic in an age of dialectics in ruins. Knowing how to subvert presupposes an understanding of the opposition that rests in the realm of certitude, or (at least) high probability. The rate at which strategies of subversion are co-opted indicates that the adaptability of power is too often underestimated; however, credit should be given to the resisters, to the extent that the subversive act or product is not co-optively reinvented as quickly as the bourgeois aesthetic of efficiency might dictate.

The peculiar entwinement of the cynical and the utopian in the concept of disturbance as a necessary gamble is a heresy to those who still adhere to 19th-century narratives in which the mechanisms and class(es) of oppression, as well as the tactics needed to overcome them, are clearly identified. After all, the wager is deeply connected to conservative apologies for Christianity, and the attempt to appropriate rationalist rhetoric and models to persuade the fallen to return to traditional eschatology. A renounced Cartesian like Pascal, or a renounced revolutionary like Dostoyevsky, typify its use. Yet it must be realized that the promise of a better future, whether secular or spiritual, has always presupposed the economy of the wager. The connection between history and necessity is cynically humorous when one looks back over the trail of political and cultural debris of revolution and near-revolution in ruins.

The French revolutions from 1789 to 1968 never stemmed the obscene tide of the commodity (they seem to have helped pave the way), while the Russian and Cuban revolutions merely replaced the commodity with the totalizing anachronism of the bureaucracy. At best, all that is derived from these disruptions is a structure for a nostalgic review of reconstituted moments of temporary autonomy.

The cultural producer has not fared any better. Mallarmé brought forth the concept of the wager in *A Roll of the Dice*, and perhaps unwittingly liberated invention from the bunker of transcendentalism that he hoped to defend, as well as releasing the artist from the myth of the poetic subject. (It is reasonable to suggest that de Sade had already accomplished these tasks at a much earlier date). Duchamp (the attack on essentialism), Cabaret Voltaire (the methodology of random production), and Berlin dada (the disappearance of art into political action) all disturbed the cultural waters, and yet opened one of the cultural passages for the resurgence of transcendentalism in late Surrealism. By way of reaction to the above three, a channel was also opened for formalist domination (still to this day the demon of the culture-text) that locked the culture-object into the luxury market of late capital. However, the gamble of these forerunners of disturbance reinjected the dream of autonomy with the amphetamine of hope that gives contemporary cultural producers and activists the energy to step up to the electronic gaming table to roll the dice again.

In *The Persian Wars*, Herodotus describes a feared people known as the Scythians, who maintained a horticultural-nomadic society unlike the sedentary empires in the "cradle of civilization". The homeland of the Scythians on the Northern Black Sea was inhospitable both climatically and geographically, but resisted colonization less for these natural reasons than because there was no economic or military means by which to colonize or subjugate it. With no fixed cities or territories, this "wandering horde" could never really be located. Consequently, they could never be put on the defensive and conquered. They maintained their autonomy through movement, making it seem to outsiders that they were always present and poised for attack even when absent. The fear inspired by the Scythians was quite justified, since they were often on the military offensive, although no one knew where until the time of their instant appearance, or until traces of their power were discovered. A floating border was maintained in their homeland, but power was not a matter of spatial occupation for the Scythians. They wandered, taking territory and tribute as needed, in whatever area they found themselves. In so doing, they constructed an invisible empire that dominated "Asia" for twenty-seven years, and extended as far south as Egypt. The empire itself was not sustainable, since their nomadic nature denied the need or value of holding territories. (Garrisons were not left in defeated territories). They were free to wander, since it was quickly realized by their adversaries that even when victory seemed probable, for practicality's sake it was better not to engage them, and to instead concentrate military and economic effort on other sedentary societies – that is, on societies in which an infrastructure could be located and destroyed. This policy was generally reinforced, because an engagement with the Scythians required the attackers to allow themselves to be found by the Scythians. It was

extraordinarily rare for the Scythians to be caught in a defensive posture. Should the Scythians not like the terms of engagement, they always had the option of remaining invisible, and thereby preventing the enemy from constructing a theater of operations.

This archaic model of power distribution and predatory strategy has been reinvented by the power elite of late capital for much the same ends. Its reinvention is predicated upon the technological opening of cyberspace, where speed/absence and inertia/presence collide in hyperreality. The archaic model of nomadic power, once a means to an unstable empire, has evolved into a sustainable means of domination. In a state of double signification, the contemporary society of nomads becomes both a diffuse power field without location, and a fixed sight machine appearing as spectacle. The former privilege allows for the appearance of global economy, while the latter acts as a garrison in various territories, maintaining the order of the commodity with an ideology specific to the given area.

Although both the diffuse power field and the sight machine are integrated through technology, and are necessary parts for global empire, it is the former that has fully realized the Scythian myth. The shift from archaic space to an electronic network offers the full complement of nomadic power advantages: The militarized nomads are always on the offensive. The obscenity of spectacle and the terror of speed are their constant companions. In most cases sedentary populations submit to the obscenity of spectacle, and contentedly pay the tribute demanded, in the form of labor, material, and profit. First world, third world, nation or tribe, all must give tribute. The differentiated and hierarchical nations, classes, races, and genders of sedentary modern society all blend under nomadic domination into the role of its service workers – into caretakers of the cyberelite. This separation, mediated by spectacle, offers tactics that are beyond the archaic nomadic model. Rather than a hostile plundering of an adversary, there is a friendly pillage, seductively and ecstatically conducted against the passive. Hostility from the oppressed is rechanneled into the bureaucracy, which misdirects antagonism away from the nomadic power field. The retreat into the invisibility of nonlocation prevents those caught in the panoptic spatial lock-down from defining a site of resistance (a theater of operations), and they are instead caught in a historical tape loop of resisting the monuments of dead capital. (Abortion rights? Demonstrate on the steps of the Supreme Court. For the release of drugs which slow the development of HIV, storm the NIH). No longer needing to take a defensive posture is the nomads' greatest strength.

As the electronic information-cores overflow with files of electronic people (those transformed into credit histories, consumer types, patterns and tendencies, etc.), electronic research, electronic money, and other forms of information power, the nomad is free to wander the electronic net, able to cross national boundaries with minimal resistance from national bureaucracies. The privileged realm of electronic space controls the physical logistics of manufacture, since the release of raw materials and manufactured goods requires electronic consent and direction. Such power must be relinquished to the cyber realm, or the efficiency (and thereby the profitability) of complex manufacture, distribution, and consumption would collapse into a communication gap. Much the same is true of the military; there is

cyberelite control of information resources and dispersal. Without command and control, the military becomes immobile, or at best limited to chaotic dispersal in localized space. In this manner all sedentary structures become servants of the nomads.

The nomadic elite itself is frustratingly difficult to grasp. Even in 1956, when C. Wright Mills wrote *The Power Elite*, it was clear that the sedentary elite already understood the importance of invisibility. (This was quite a shift from the looming spatial markers of power used by the feudal aristocracy). Mills found it impossible to get any direct information on the elite, and was left with speculations drawn from questionable empirical categories (for example, the social register). As the contemporary elite moves from centralized urban areas to decentralized and deterritorialized cyberspace, Mills' dilemma becomes increasingly aggravated. How can a subject be critically assessed that cannot be located, examined, or even seen? Class analysis reaches a point of exhaustion. Subjectively there is a feeling of oppression, and yet it is difficult to locate, let alone assume, an oppressor. In all likelihood, this group is not a class at all – that is, an aggregate of people with common political and economic interests – but a downloaded elite military consciousness. The cyberelite is now a transcendent entity that can only be imagined. Whether they have integrated programmed motives is unknown. Perhaps so, or perhaps their predatory actions fragment their solidarity, leaving shared electronic pathways and stores of information as the only basis of unity. The paranoia of imagination is the foundation for a thousand conspiracy theories – all of which are true. Roll the dice.

The development of an absent and potentially unassailable nomadic power, coupled with the rear vision of revolution in ruins, has nearly muted the contestational voice. Traditionally, during times of disillusionment, strategies of retreatism begin to dominate. For the cultural producer, numerous examples of cynical participation populate the landscape of resistance. The experience of Baudelaire comes to mind. In 1848 Paris he fought on the barricades, guided by the notion that "property is theft", only to turn to cynical nihilism after the revolution's failure. (Baudelaire was never able to completely surrender. His use of plagiarism as an inverted colonial strategy forcefully recalls the notion that property is theft). André Breton's early surrealist project – synthesizing the liberation of desire with the liberation of the worker – unraveled when faced with the rise of fascism. (Breton's personal arguments with Louis Aragon over the function of the artist as revolutionary agent should also be noted. Breton never could abandon the idea of poetic self as a privileged narrative). Breton increasingly embraced mysticism in the 30s, and ended by totally retreating into transcendentalism. The tendency of the disillusioned cultural worker to retreat toward introspection to sidestep the Enlightenment question of "What is to be done with the social situation in light of sadistic power?" is the representation of life through denial. It is not that interior liberation is undesirable and unnecessary, only that it cannot become singular or privileged. To turn away from the revolution of everyday life, and place cultural resistance under the authority of the poetic self, has always led to cultural production that is the easiest to commodify and bureaucratize.

From the American postmodern viewpoint, the 19th-century category of the poetic self (as delineated by the Decadents, the Symbolists, the Nabis School, etc.) has come to represent complicity and acquiescence when presented as pure. The culture of appropriation has eliminated this option in and of itself. (It still has some value as a point of intersection. For example, bell hooks uses it well as an entrance point to other discourses). Though in need of revision, Asger Jorn's modernist motto "The avant-garde never gives up!" still has some relevance. Revolution in ruins and the labyrinth of appropriation have emptied the comforting certitude of the dialectic. The Marxist watershed, during which the means of oppression had a clear identity, and the route of resistance was unilinear, has disappeared into the void of scepticism. However, this is no excuse for surrender. The ostracized surrealist, Georges Bataille, presents an option still not fully explored: In everyday life, rather than confronting the aesthetic of utility, attack from the rear through the nonrational economy of the perverse and sacrificial. Such a strategy offers the possibility for intersecting exterior and interior disturbance.

The significance of the movement of disillusionment from Baudelaire to Artaud is that its practitioners imagined sacrificial economy. However, their conception of it was too often limited to an elite theater of tragedy, thus reducing it to a resource for "artistic" exploitation. To complicate matters further, the artistic presentation of the perverse was always so serious that sites of application were often consequently overlooked. Artaud's stunning realization that the body without organs had appeared, although he seemed uncertain as to what it might be, was limited to tragedy and apocalypse. Signs and traces of the body without organs appear throughout mundane experience. The body without organs is Ronald McDonald, not an esoteric aesthetic; after all, there is a critical place for comedy and humor as a means of resistance. Perhaps this is the Situationist International's greatest contribution to the postmodern aesthetic. The dancing Nietzsche lives.

In addition to aestheticized retreatism, a more sociological variety appeals to romantic resisters – a primitive version of nomadic disappearance. This is the disillusioned retreat to fixed areas that elude surveillance. Typically, the retreat is to the most culturally negating rural areas, or to deterritorialized urban neighborhoods. The basic principle is to achieve autonomy by hiding from social authority. As in band societies whose culture cannot be touched because it cannot be found, freedom is enhanced for those participating in the project. However, unlike band societies, which emerged within a given territory, these transplanted communities are always susceptible to infections from spectacle, language, and even nostalgia for former environments, rituals, and habits. These communities are inherently unstable (which is not necessarily negative). Whether these communities can be transformed from campgrounds for the disillusioned and defeated (as in late 60s-early 70s America) to effective bases for resistance remains to be seen. One has to question, however, whether an effective sedentary base of resistance will not be quickly exposed and undermined, so that it will not last long enough to have an effect.

Another 19th-century narrative that persists beyond its natural life is the labor movement

– i.e., the belief that the key to resistance is to have an organized body of workers stop production. Like revolution, the idea of the union has been shattered, and perhaps never existed in everyday life. The ubiquity of broken strikes, give-backs, and lay-offs attests that what is called a union is no more than a labor bureaucracy. The fragmentation of the world – into nations, regions, first and third worlds, etc., as a means of discipline by nomadic power – has anachronized national labor movements. Production sites are too mobile and management techniques too flexible for labor action to be effective. If labor in one area resists corporate demands, an alternative labor pool is quickly found. The movement of Dupont's and General Motors' production plants into Mexico, for example, demonstrates this nomadic ability. Mexico as labor colony also allows reduction of unit cost, by eliminating first world "wage standards" and employee benefits. The speed of the corporate world is paid for by the intensification of exploitation; sustained fragmentation of time and of space makes it possible. The size and desperation of the third world labor pool, in conjunction with complicit political systems, provide organized labor no base from which to bargain.

The Situationists attempted to contend with this problem by rejecting the value of both labor and capital. All should quit work – proles, bureaucrats, service workers, everyone. Although it is easy to sympathize with the concept, it presupposes an impractical unity. The notion of a general strike was much too limited; it got bogged down in national struggles, never moving beyond Paris, and in the end it did little damage to the global machine. The hope of a more elite strike manifesting itself in the occupation movement was a strategy that was also dead on arrival, for much the same reason.

The Situationist delight in occupation is interesting to the extent that it was an inversion of the aristocratic right to property, although this very fact makes it suspect from its inception, since even modern strategies should not merely seek to invert feudal institutions. The relationship between occupation and ownership, as presented in conservative social thought, was appropriated by revolutionaries in the first French revolution. The liberation and occupation of the Bastille was significant less for the few prisoners released, than to signal that obtaining property through occupation is a double-edged sword. This inversion made the notion of property into a conservatively viable justification for genocide. In the Irish genocide of the 1840s, English landowners realized that it would be more profitable to use their estates for raising grazing animals than to leave the tenant farmers there who traditionally occupied the land. When the potato blight struck, destroying the tenant farmers' crops and leaving them unable to pay rent, an opening was perceived for mass eviction. English landlords requested and received military assistance from London to remove the farmers and to ensure they did not reoccupy the land. Of course the farmers believed they had the right to be on the land due to their long-standing occupation of it, regardless of their failure to pay rent. Unfortunately, the farmers were transformed into a pure excess population since their right to property by occupation was not recognized. Laws were passed denying them the right to immigrate to England, leaving thousands to die without food or shelter in the Irish winter. Some were able to immigrate to the US, and remained alive, but only as

abject refugees. Meanwhile, in the US itself, the genocide of Native Americans was well underway, justified in part by the belief that since the native tribes did not own land, all territories were open, and once occupied (invested with sedentary value), they could be "defended". Occupation theory has been more bitter than heroic.

In the postmodern period of nomadic power, labor and occupation movements have not been relegated to the historical scrap heap, but neither have they continued to exercise the potency that they once did. Elite power, having rid itself of its national and urban bases to wander in absence on the electronic pathways, can no longer be disrupted by strategies predicated upon the contestation of sedentary forces. The architectural monuments of power are hollow and empty, and function now only as bunkers for the complicit and those who acquiesce. They are secure places revealing mere traces of power. As with all monumental architecture, they silence resistance and resentment by the signs of resolution, continuity, commodification, and nostalgia. These places can be occupied, but to do so will not disrupt the nomadic flow. At best such an occupation is a disturbance that can be made invisible through media manipulation; a particularly valued bunker (such as a bureaucracy) can be easily reoccupied by the postmodern war machine. The electronic valuables inside the bunker, of course, cannot be taken by physical measures.

The web connecting the bunkers – the street – is of such little value to nomadic power that it has been left to the underclass. (One exception is the greatest monument to the war machine ever constructed: The Interstate Highway System. Still valued and well defended, that location shows almost no sign of disturbance.) Giving the street to the most alienated of classes ensures that only profound alienation can occur there. Not just the police, but criminals, addicts, and even the homeless are being used as disrupters of public space. The underclass' actual appearance, in conjunction with media spectacle, has allowed the forces of order to construct the hysterical perception that the streets are unsafe, unwholesome, and useless. The promise of safety and familiarity lures hordes of the unsuspecting into privatized public spaces such as malls. The price of this protectionism is the relinquishment of individual sovereignty. No one but the commodity has rights in the mall. The streets in particular and public spaces in general are in ruins. Nomadic power speaks to its followers through the autoexperience of electronic media. The smaller the public, the greater the order.

The avant-garde never gives up, and yet the limitations of antiquated models and the sites of resistance tend to push resistance into the void of disillusionment. It is important to keep the bunkers under siege; however, the vocabulary of resistance must be expanded to include means of electronic disturbance. Just as authority located in the street was once met by demonstrations and barricades, the authority that locates itself in the electronic field must be met with electronic resistance. Spatial strategies may not be key in this endeavor, but they are necessary for support, at least in the case of broad spectrum disturbance. These older strategies of physical challenge are also better developed, while the electronic strategies are not. It is time to turn attention to the electronic resistance, both in terms of the bunker and the nomadic field. The electronic field is an area where little is known; in such a gamble, one

should be ready to face the ambiguous and unpredictable hazards of an untried resistance. Preparations for the double-edged sword should be made.

Nomadic power must be resisted in cyberspace rather than in physical space. The postmodern gambler is an electronic player. A small but coordinated group of hackers could introduce electronic viruses, worms, and bombs into the data banks, programs, and networks of authority, possibly bringing the destructive force of inertia into the nomadic realm. Prolonged inertia equals the collapse of nomadic authority on a global level. Such a strategy does not require a unified class action, nor does it require simultaneous action in numerous geographic areas. The less nihilistic could resurrect the strategy of occupation by holding data as hostage instead of property. By whatever means electronic authority is disturbed, the key is to totally disrupt command and control. Under such conditions, all dead capital in the military/corporate entwinement becomes an economic drain – material, equipment, and labor power all would be left without a means of deployment. Late capital would collapse under its own excessive weight.

Even though this suggestion is but a science-fiction scenario, this narrative does reveal problems which must be addressed. Most obvious is that those who have engaged cyberreality are generally a depoliticized group. Most infiltration into cyberspace has either been playful vandalism (as with Robert Morris' rogue program, or the string of PC viruses like Michaelangelo), politically misguided espionage (Markus Hess' hacking of military computers, which was possibly done for the benefit of the KGB), or personal revenge against a particular source of authority. The hacker' code of ethics discourages any act of disturbance in cyberspace. Even the Legion of Doom (a group of young hackers that put the fear into the Secret Service) claims to have never damaged a system. Their activities were motivated by curiosity about computer systems, and belief in free access to information. Beyond these very focused concerns with decentralized information, political thought or action has never really entered the group's consciousness. Any trouble that they have had with the law (and only a few members break the law) stemmed either from credit fraud or electronic trespass. The problem is much the same as politicizing scientists whose research leads to weapons development. It must be asked, How can this class be asked to destabilize or crash its own world? To complicate matters further, only a few understand the specialized knowledge necessary for such action. Deep cyberreality is the least democratized of all frontiers. As mentioned above, cyberworkers as a professional class do not have to be fully unified, but how can enough members of this class be enlisted to stage a disruption, especially when cyberreality is under state-of-the-art self-surveillance?

These problems have drawn many "artists" to electronic media, and this has made some contemporary electronic art so politically charged. Since it is unlikely that scientific or techno-workers will generate a theory of electronic disturbance, artists-activists (as well as other concerned groups) have been left with the responsibility to help provide a critical discourse

1. "Hackers" refers here to a generic class of computer sophisticates who often, but not always, operate counter to the needs of the military/corporate structure. As used here the term includes crackers, phreakers, hackers proper, and cyberpunks.

on just what is at stake in the development of this new frontier. By appropriating the legitimized authority of "artistic creation", and using it as a means to establish a public forum for speculation on a model of resistance within emerging techno-culture, the cultural producer can contribute to the perpetual fight against authoritarianism. Further, concrete strategies of image/text communication, developed through the use of technology that has fallen through the cracks in the war machine, will better enable those concerned to invent explosive material to toss into the political-economic bunkers. Postering, pamphleteering, street theater, public art – all were useful in the past. But as mentioned above, where is the "public"; who is on the street? Judging from the number of hours that the average person watches television, it seems that the public is electronically engaged. The electronic world, however, is by no means fully established, and it is time to take advantage of this fluidity through invention, before we are left with only critique as a weapon.

Bunkers have already been described as privatized public spaces which serve various particularized functions, such as political continuity (government offices or national monuments), or areas for consumption frenzy (malls). In line with the feudal tradition of the fortress mentality, the bunker guarantees safety and familiarity in exchange for the relinquishment of individual sovereignty. It can act as a seductive agent offering the credible illusion of consumptive choice and ideological peace for the complicit, or it can act as an aggressive force demanding acquiescence for the resistant. The bunker brings nearly all to its interior with the exception of those left to guard the streets. After all, nomadic power does not offer the choice not to work or not to consume. The bunker is such an all-embracing feature of everyday life that even the most resistant cannot always approach it critically. Alienation, in part, stems from this uncontrollable entrapment in the bunker.

Bunkers vary in appearance as much as they do in function. The nomadic bunker – the product of "the global village" – has both an electronic and an architectural form. The electronic form is witnessed as media; as such it attempts to colonize the private residence. Informative distraction flows in an unceasing stream of fictions produced by Hollywood, Madison Avenue, and CNN. The economy of desire can be safely viewed through the familiar window of screenal space. Secure in the electronic bunker, a life of alienated autoexperience (a loss of the social) can continue in quiet acquiescence and deep privation. The viewer is brought to the world, the world to the viewer, all mediated through the ideology of the screen. This is virtual life in a virtual world.

Like the electronic bunker, the architectural bunker is another site where hyperspeed and hyperinertia intersect. Such bunkers are not restricted to national boundaries; in fact, they span the globe. Although they cannot actually move through physical space, they simulate the appearance of being everywhere at once. The architecture itself may vary considerably, even in terms of particular types; however, the logo or totem of a particular type is universal, as are its consumables. In a general sense, it is its redundant participation in these characteristics that make it so seductive.

This type of bunker was typical of capitalist power's first attempt to go nomadic. During the

Counterreformation, when the Catholic Church realized during the Council of Trent (1545–63) that universal presence was a key to power in the age of colonization, this type of bunker came of age. (It took the full development of the capitalist system to produce the technology necessary to return to power through absence). The appearance of the church in frontier areas both East and West, the universalization of ritual, the maintenance of relative grandeur in its architecture, and the ideological marker of the crucifix, all conspired to present a reliable place of familiarity and security. Wherever a person was, the homeland of the church was waiting.

In more contemporary times, the gothic arches have transformed themselves into golden arches. McDonalds' is global. Wherever an economic frontier is opening, so is a McDonalds'. Travel where you might, that same hamburger and coke are waiting. Like Bernini's piazza at St. Peters, the golden arches reach out to embrace their clients – so long as they consume, and leave when they are finished. While in the bunker, national boundaries are a thing of the past, in fact you are at home. Why travel at all? After all, wherever you go, you are already there.

There are also sedentary bunkers. This type is clearly nationalized, and hence is the bunker of choice for governments. It is the oldest type, appearing at the dawn of complex society, and reaching a peak in modern society with conglomerates of bunkers spread throughout the urban sprawl. These bunkers are in some cases the last trace of centralized national power (the White House), or in others, they are locations to manufacture a complicit cultural elite (the university), or sites of manufactured continuity (historical monuments). These are sites most vulnerable to electronic disturbance, as their images and mythologies are the easiest to appropriate.

In any bunker (along with its associated geography, territory, and ecology) the resistant cultural producer can best achieve disturbance. There is enough consumer technology available to at least temporarily reinscribe the bunker with image and language that reveal its sacrificial intent, as well as the obscenity of its bourgeois utilitarian aesthetic. Nomadic power has created panic in the streets, with its mythologies of political subversion, economic deterioration, and biological infection, which in turn produce a fortress ideology, and hence a demand for bunkers. It is now necessary to bring panic into the bunker, thus disturbing the illusion of security and leaving no place to hide. The incitement of panic in all sites is the postmodern gamble.

*First published in: Critical Art Ensemble, The Electronic Disturbance, Autonomedia, 1994*

## The New Academy's Defence

Olesya Turkina, Viktor Mazin

### The appearance of the New Academy

According to the dating of Timur Novikov, the founder of neo-academism, this artistic movement was born in 1988, when he created a series of collages and photo-montages, dedicated to Oscar Wilde. He organised the first neo-academist exhibit in 1989 in the House of Culture "Svyazy", where he presented a kind of proto-neoacademic painting – "Portrait of a Youth with an Oar". At the origins of neo-academism, apart from Timur Novikov, stand Georgii Guryanov, Denis Egelskii, Andrei Medvedev.

The New Academy of Fine Arts primarily has established itself on St. Petersburg traditions. It is largely a matter of the architectural and museum contexts of the city. St. Petersburg has the symbolic status of the most European city in Russia and the cultural capital. It is considered an architectural monument, famous for its empire-style ensembles, palaces and museums, park sculpture and classical ballet. Neo-academism has singled out for itself these traditions.

An academy presupposes the transmission of traditions: "continuity will become a symbol of the 1990s among us, schools and school pupils appeared, the concept of the limited significance of knowledge arose, the platonian approach to knowledge" (T. Novikov). The artists of the New Academy are its professors and students. The neo-academists Oleg Maslov and Viktor Kuznetsov create large paintings, Denis Egelskii, Egor Ostrov and Stanislav Makarov are reviving the traditions of gummarabic photography, Olga Tobreluts and Yuliya Strausova work with computer graphics and sculpture. The foundation of the New Academy is not technologies that may be the most diverse, but ideology, founded on the idea of the ideal image.

### Ideology of the New Academy

In St. Petersburg the Academy of the Arts is still functioning, the first one in Russia, founded in the 18th century. However, the neo-academists reproach the "old academists" for the loss of classical traditions. From the viewpoint of neo-academism this history appears as follows: beginning in the 1860s, with the appearance of the "Peredvizhniks", a group of artists who shifted from academic themes in painting to genre pictures on subjects contemporaneous with them, the Academy of Arts gradually moved away from academism. After the revolution of 1917, when new revolutionarily-minded professors, artists of the Russian avant-garde, came to the Academy of Arts, the whole system of teaching changed fundamentally. Mythological personages were finally banished from the "academic swamp", as K. Malevich called it. The "academic image" was denied the opportunity to reproduce itself in the revolutionary epoch. For example, in the 1920s the genitalia of antique plaster statues were repressed in the Academy. The plaster statues were at first "dressed", then castrated. Thus after some time they were forced to order genital moulds specially from Italy. With the

emergence of socialist realist art, "academic" principles were established anew in the Academy of Arts. However, in the 1960s, together with the thaw of the ideological climate in the USSR, tendencies percolated into the Academy that were alien to it, first impressionism, then expressionism.

Thus the task of neo-academism in art is ecological: protection of the repressed, displaced, forgotten. Ecological protection presupposes a conflict of minority and majority discourses, conflict with the master. The role of such a master in the drama of neo-academism is played by Modernism. Modernism in the broad sense of the word, including postmodernism.

It is interesting that from the point of view taken in criticism, neo-academism itself is perceived as modernism with the struggle for truth, ideals, the sublime, that are inherent in it. At the same time the appeal to classical art, to traditions, appeared just in postmodern conditions. It is perceived precisely as a pastiche and separate works of the neo-academist school, in particular the paintings of Oleg Maslov and Viktor Kuznetsov, who insert themselves and their friends into the myth of the golden age. However, the chief ideologist of neo-academism refuses to distance himself from the object of irony. Neo-academists are the "new serious ones". The "new seriousness" is analysed in a modernist key: "It is impossible to create authentic art in chattering, it is creation, when the artist is immersed into himself" (Timur Novikov). The foundation for seriousness is oppositions, working as markers of the territory of art, as lighthouses for rationalisation and a projecting charting of the world.

The appearance of market relations is related not so much to modernism as to modernisation of the territory of art. The ideology of Timur Novikov warns against worship of the golden calf. It is necessary to oppose the market. The market is criticised in the discourse of the gospel tradition, expelling the "traders from the temple", in this case, from the temple of art: "if Russian postmodernists need Western money, then the "new serious ones" need nothing of the kind, they work with a pencil on paper" (Timur Novikov). The majority of neo-academist exhibits take place in the hall of the New Academy of Fine Arts. Incidentally, such an ideological aim does not signify that artists of the New Academy refuse to collaborate with Western and Russian galleries.

Another opposition exploited by neo-academism: modern and contemporary American art and European tradition. The ecological programme of neo-academism is called upon to preserve classical traditions of European art, protecting them from Coca-Cola culture and Campbell's tomato soup. The opposition that is drawn up and the calls to defend the European population do not prevent Timur Novikov from carefully keeping in his collection a "Campbell's" label, signed and sent to him by Andy Warhol, along with a fragment from an installation by Joseph Beuys and other "modernist" artefacts.

Within the framework of Petersburg art, neo-academism is opposed to necro-realism. If the first preserve traditions as the source of life, then the second are concerned with the problem of death in art. Incidentally, the very appeal to traditions, to the museumised canon, presupposes a return from modernity to what has already been.

The regular constituting of oppositions in neo-academism defends from relativism that dis-

orients the subject, from the heterogeneity of postmodern art, from uninterrupted circulation of goods on the art market. Neo-academism, for Timur Novikov, does not belong to contemporary art. In other words, it belongs to non-contemporary art. The struggle with time as a necessary condition of market art should be overcome in neo-academism. Appeal to the past protects against the presence.

Opposition turns out to be a successful instrument of neo-academist propaganda. The mass media, both Russian and Western, perceive and master neo-academism within the framework of their own binary picture of the world. Thus, in a number of Western mass media, the New Academy was presented as a direct heir of the totalitarian ideology, as before, not yielding in the struggle with Western democracy.

The ideologism of the New Academy is emphasised by the conspiralogical type of discourse developed by Timur Novikov: "The relationship of the USSR and the West was constructed already in the 1940s by John Foster Dulles and Allen Dulles. Then the fundamental positions and priorities were formulated, the West's tasks with reference to Russia. Then the first seeds were sown for the germination of the fifth column, on the shoulders of which the West was supposed to enter our land and carry out a cold occupation.... Now it is clear that the whole action with the dissemination of American modernism is relevant only for the countries of Western Europe, that are members of NATO. And Russia is necessary for the West in the image of the enemy". Artists of the type of Aleksandr Brener and Oleg Kulik play the part of this enemy-for-the-West. However, it must be said that neo-academism itself is built into this paradigm. Conspiralogy protects the interests of neo-academism.

The importance of ideology in neo-academism is underlined by propagandist work. The New Academy regularly publishes newspapers, magazines, books. Among the publications are the manifestos of neo-academism, articles, and books, exposing Western modernism as a general project of the 20th century, ecological appeals, calling for the rescue of genuine culture. The author of most of these works is Timur Novikov, the chief ideologist of neo-academism.

#### **The New Academy and Russia in new conditions**

The New Academy emerged in the transitional period, at the moment when the new state system of Russia started to take shape, and the new apparatus that served it was beginning to form. The New Academy in its own way reproduces this process. This sort of mimesis may mean not only ironic distancing from state bureaucracy but also the modernist desire to reconstruct the world, engaged in a struggle for an idea. We are a new bureaucratic art, says Timur Novikov. The New Academy is not simply a circle of artists who are friends. It includes not only professors and students, but the academic secretary (Andrei Khlobystin), and the director of the Museum of the New Academy (Timur Novikov), and the press secretary (Vikentii Dav), and the manager of the publishing department (Aleksandr Medvedev), and the manager of the educational section (Andrei Medvedev), and the manager of the research department (Denis Egelskii), and the director of the Centre for Contemporary Photography

(Olga Tobreluts). Every year an awards ceremony is held for those distinguished by honorary diplomas from the New Academy.

The New Academy imitates not only state structures but also the political movements that are so relevant for today's Russia. The New Academy has its own network of adepts and agents in Moscow, Berlin, Vienna, and other cities. The New Academy pursues an active exhibition policy in different regions of Russia. The New Academy, in accordance with Novikov's doctrine, acts not only according to the East-West axis, but also according to the North-South axis.

On the one hand, North-South in the neo-academic discourse is a diachronic axis of tracing traditions from Athens in the south to Petersburg in the north. On the other hand, it is a synchronised axis, along which moves the generation of so-called "new Russians" parallel to the neo-academic course in art, among whom one awaits the appearance of connoisseurs, patrons, collectors. Novikov characterised the taste that is being formed among this new social class as New Russian Classicism.

New Russian Classicism is classicism for new Russians who revere the empire style and collect antiques. New Russian Classicism as the rising state style of New Russia already appeared in the neo-classical style of commercial structures and public monuments of the 1990s. A certain part of the new Russian population is adapting to the rapidly changing reality, by means of rebuilding their living quarters "in the old style", they concentrate on conservation of "authentic" traditions, on investing capital in "old" art. The identity lost after the disintegration of the USSR is being restored by way of "the time connection", and the sense of empire is lived through anew.

Incidentally, the New Academy appeals not only to new Russians, but to the hypothetical masses, setting them against the few critics who serve the Western market.

This gesture points to the neo-academism's genetic-chronological connection to the epoch of the postmodern, that erases high and low. Timur Novikov's interest in the so-called mass culture, advertising, fashion is not accidental, since it is precisely in this sphere that he discovers a return of the classic image that has been supplanted in high culture. Mass art exploits classical aesthetics, which has become "generally accessible", published, recognised everywhere, having lost the aura of authenticity during the 20th century. Neo-academism, on the one hand, confirms "high" art, the appeal to refined European traditions, on the other hand, it finds corroboration of its ideology in the universal accessibility of its aesthetics. It is just the populism of neo-academism that frightens critics, who see in it attempts to manipulate mass ideology.

The way to the future for the New Academy lies not in the pursuit of time but in the desire to go out of time, in a paradoxical way to become part of history already, now, the Great History of Art. Defending itself from the constantly fragmenting present, the New Academy nostalgically strives to restore the Coherent Great Story, to establish the New Aesthetic Order.



## Interview with Massimo Cacciari

### Hans Ulrich Obrist

**Hans Ulrich Obrist:** Concerning the future of Europe, Jacques Delors always used to stress the importance of two movements at once: *elargir et approfondir*. How would you see this statement now?

**Massimo Cacciari:** The expansion (*elargir*) continues to develop – but for irreversible economic and commercial reasons. The deepening (*approfondir*) implicates a reflection (*Zurückkehren*) of Europe on itself, a *Gegen-schlag*, as Nietzsche said, with respect to the ideology of "progressives" that characterised it for at least the past centuries. Of this reflection I do not see a trace.

**Hans Ulrich Obrist:** In your new book *Gewalt und Harmonie – Geophilosophie Europas*, you elaborate a model of both unity and differences. How do you see the possible role of Europe in the world? Homi K. Bhabha sees the future of Europe in terms of a third space. He sees European history dominated by the aggression caused by projections to the other, the colonial history being one of the outcomes of this projection. Would Europe as a third space help us to go beyond oppositions?

**Massimo Cacciari:** Unity can only be a unity of different elements, and the "different" can call themselves that only if they recognise their "deeper" unity. If this relationship is forgotten, the unity will be nothing more than universal homogenisation, violence and an end to the "reductio ad unum", or the distinction will be pure animosity, aggression. Can Europe still reflect upon itself as a unity which bears opposition and opposition that bears unity? This is the question we do not know how to answer today.

**Hans Ulrich Obrist:** How do you see the importance of art and artistic projects for the construction of the European house? Isn't the European Community in danger of being driven purely by economic forces without any cultural vision? The scenario of multinational companies colonising the world and driving ever increasing wedges between the rich and the poor.

**Massimo Cacciari:** There is not a single problem concerning the European spirit that has not been also expressed in its artistic manifestations.

**Hans Ulrich Obrist:** European society is about to transform itself into an information society. The communication and the new forms of networking like the Internet lead to an ever increasing globalisation. At the same time there are strong forces of decentralisation.

**Massimo Cacciari:** The current process of globalisation inevitably evokes "earthly" feelings of nostalgia. These feelings alone will remain quite harmless. The problem does not lie in reacting to the globalisation, but in living the process whatever our differences, bringing to it our own identities and characters... and our own gods.

**Hans Ulrich Obrist:** Paul Virilio told me in a recent discussion that he sees the city as the last territory (*la dernière territoire*). He talks about tele-ports, airports... How do you see the importance of cities as dynamic centres of exchange for the future?

**Massimo Cacciari:** Yes. Today I believe in fact the city to be the "territory" that can "give roots" and be in relation with the other, to host and be hosted at the same time. European history has mostly been a history of cities, of big cities "on the move", always mobile, always in danger, but always capable of taking care of themselves.

**Hans Ulrich Obrist:** The year 1989 plays a very central role in your new book. The fall of the wall in Berlin has given birth to a much more fluid Europe. How do you see the notion of migration in Europe in 1996?

**Massimo Cacciari:** Freedom to cross borders has always been a part of the European spirit. Today, how can we speak of freedom? Surely not for the great streams of migrants. I doubt if we can even speak of freedom in terms of the great tourist floods drawn by the picturesque images of the tour-operators. Once borders were crossed also by *hospites*, now, it seems, only by enemies or *esuli* (*ex-solum*: uprooted people).

*This interview was made 1996 for the catalogue of Manifesta 1 in Rotterdam; for the lack of space, it could not be published there.*

**Manifesta 3**  
European Biennial of Contemporary Art  
Ljubljana, 23 June – 24 September 2000

Manifesta 3 is a project of the Ministry of Culture of the Republic of Slovenia and of the City of Ljubljana. It takes place under the International Foundation Manifesta, registered in Rotterdam.  
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Danish Contemporary Art Foundation, Copenhagen  
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Institut für Auslandsbeziehungen e.V., Stuttgart  
Instituto de Arte Contemporânea, Ministério da Cultura,  
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Mondriaan Foundation, Amsterdam  
OSI Arts and Culture Program – Cultural Link  
Pro Helvetia Arts Council Of Switzerland, Zürich  
Tobačna Ljubljana, d.o.o.

**SPECIAL THANKS IN RELATION TO THE MANIFESTA 3  
INTERNSHIP PROGRAMME**

International Contemporary Art Network (ICAN)  
European Cultural Foundation, Amsterdam

**Borderline Syndrome  
Energies of Defence**

Published on the occasion of Manifesta 3,  
European Biennial of Contemporary Art,  
Ljubljana, Slovenia,  
23 June – 24 September 2000

**PUBLISHED BY**

Cankarjev dom, Cultural and Congress Centre, Ljubljana  
Represented by  
Mitja Rotovnik, Director General

**CONCEPT BY**

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**EDITED BY**

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**EDITING OF THE ENGLISH TEXTS**

AMIDAS, Wesley M. Eichenwald, Fred Michael Liss

**LAYOUT BY**

New Collectivism

**LITOGRAPHY BY**

Media Art, Kranj

**PRINTED BY**

Studio Print, Ljubljana

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CIP - Kataložni zapis o publikaciji  
Narodna in univerzitetna knjižnica, Ljubljana

73/76(4)\*19\*(064)

MANIFESTA (3 ; 2000 ; Ljubljana)

Borderline syndrome : energies of defence / [Manifesta 3 -  
European Biennial of Contemporary Art, Ljubljana, Slovenia, 23 June  
- 24 September 2000 ; edited by Igor Zabel]. - Ljubljana :  
Cankarjev dom, 2000

ISBN 961-6157-05-1

1. Gl. stv. nasl. 2. Zabel, Igor. - I. European Biennial of  
Contemporary Art (3 ; 2000 ; Ljubljana) glej Manifesta (3 ; 2000 ;  
Ljubljana)  
107879424

**Do you suffer from a borderline syndrome?  
Where do YOU draw the line?**

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