

SOUVENIRS

LOST AND FOUND

Prologue...Waht can I hold You with? I can give You my loneliness, my darkness, the hunger of my heart; I am trying to breibe You with uncertainty, with danger, with defeat...
...Puedo darte mi soledad, mis tinieblas, el hambre de mi corazón, estoy tratando de sobornarte con la incertidumbre, el peligro y la derrota...

1...almost anything goes and almost nothing sticks...

2...the ideal medium of archival art is the mega-archive of the Internet...

3...any archive is founded on disaster- or its threat-, pledged against a ruin that cannot forestall. Yet...archive fever is more profound, bound up with repetition-compulsion and a death drive...

4...connect what cannot be connected...

5...petrified social conditions must be made to dance by singing them their own song...

6...time-madness...

7...utopia never works. It is not supposed to. When it works, it is an utopia no longer...

8...que el arte tenga una función formativa, terapéutica, consoladora, informativa, investigadora y especulativa; en consecuencia, el arte no es solamente un placer existencial, sino también una utopía...

9...arte con mensaje es estúpido...

a9...la intención: no inventar nada, ninguna idea, ninguna composición, ningún objeto, ninguna forma, y recibirlo todo: composición, objeto, forma, idea, pintura...

10...al igual que sabemos que estamos vivos, sabemos que morimos; la muerte es algo tan natural como la vida...

11...el arte está cada vez más cerca de la realidad, pero paradójicamente más alejado de la gente...

12...you obviously can't chop off your ear every day...

13...much was said about good taste, but taste belongs to ice cream makers...

14...nature appears as a possible substitute for meaning and authenticity that seem to have disappeared from the human realm...

15...die künstler brauchen keine prestige-ausstellungen, sie brauchen strukturen, in denen sich kunst als bestandteil gesellschaftlicher kommunikation entfalten kann...

16...es für kunst auszugeben, rechtfertigt allein den besitz von viel geld...

17...art exists only when it fails...but failure can't be our goal or nothing would get accomplished. That's why we need each other. Together, we will do it...

18...kill the problem: do not solve it... make it completely uninteresting...

19...en la mayoría de las ocasiones, podemos constatar cómo la politización del artista que nos habla de temas políticos no pasa de ser una postura variable, o, peor, una estrategia profesional...

20...¿hay una respuesta artística, ya sea teórica, escapista o activista, al panorama político que nos invade?...

21...photography has a lot to do with sculpture- because it is three dimensional and because it depicts reality...

22...be satisfied here and now, that's what I have to keep telling myself. Then art will come just along on its own...

23...political art consciously sets out to intervene in- and not just reflect on- relations of power, and this necessarily means on relations of power in which it exists...this intervention must be the organizing principle of the work in all its aspects, not only in its form and its content but also its mode of production and circulation. This kind of intervention can be attempted either self-reflectively, within the field of art, or through an effective insertion into another field. However, I'm rather pessimistic about the latter approach, except in cultural activism based in collective movements. Most other artistic excursions into the so-called real-world end up reducing that world to signifiers to be appropriated as a form of capital within art discourse...

24...the question is not, Is it art? But Whose art is it? And art for whom? The question is, What is art?

If one is to believe, as I do, that art provides a different frame for interpreting experience-

although clobbered in its reach by corporate media- and offers the possibility of intelligible political engagement, then the flattening of political art by trendiness or vital but short-term political exigencies is a missed opportunity...let us try to figure out what art is beyond what the art world's present regression suggests...

25...I am interested in the public but it always comes down to a few people who you get to talk to personally. The notion of the public understood as one perfect viewer is rather romantic, no? Its naïve to strive to make work that would be liked by everybody, or even be endorsed by the consensus. Taking too much responsibility for how your work is viewed and interpreted smells of control. I am completely uninterested in this...

26...to be defined as a victim is the worst abuse a woman who has been abused can receive. That may seem a callous thing to say, because there are women and children who have suffered terrible abuses, but there is something about the category of victim that takes away power... one doesn't know what the body is capable of, and it's important not to forget that. One shouldn't take power away from an individual with a word or a definition...

27...the fetish, considered both as a sign of the alienation of the worker from the product of his work and the substitution of the erotised body with an object equivalent, is fundamental to the principal relationships that exist in our society and basic to much of the collective imagination...it is through fetishism that the object of use, common to the point of banality, is saved from death through consumption...the fetishistic nature of the work of art, like any other commodity...we encounter the disenchanting observation of a generalized alienation and the need for more-precise, less-idealistic analysis...

28...the process of documentation is not an external record of artistic decisions, it is intrinsic to the decision-making process itself; no decision without documentation...

29...the historical avant-garde's de-technization of art actually set the stage for a new phase of radical re-technization. The avant-garde abolished or rather relativized the meaning of the old techniques of drawing, painting and sculpture. Emancipation from technique has now been succeeded by re-technization that exploits the new digital techniques of pictorial production and distribution. The artist has once again become a technician, a specialist, a producer. Programming and digitalisation means work without end. Today's "virtual" images exude an even stronger smell of sweat than the traditional masterworks. The brief avant-garde vacation to cheerful immateriality has been over for ages. Today art confronts a new, much longer daily grind...

30...my idea of community, is, that there will be a dialogue after the initial meeting, some continuance, rather than just a fleeting moment or voyeuristic thing...

31...I am always obsessed when I see something that really strikes me. I cannot sleep or think about anything else. I had and still have this reaction to many of the works in my collection...

32...the great artist of today grows...and remains underground...

33...fine art is so important because it basically has no popularity. What is important, nobody recognizes, nobody sees, and it is only seen in hindsight. That means basically a higher form of intelligence or quotient. Naturally, music is also extremely important because it acts like a relaxant. I always wanted to have the courage to do totally crazy, impossible and also wrong things...film is, for me, the connection between all the arts and possibly the most public art since it is seen the most. That makes film so attractive, to develop really new ideas for it...

34...photography is basically past-tense art, and painting is present-tense art...

35...art will remain eternal as a gesture, but it will die as matter...

36...das verhängniss unserer kultur ist, dass sie sich materiell viel stärker entwickelt hat als geistig...

37...le fait de comprendre un tableau dépend de notre capacité intuitive à comprendre la communication...

38...Nous manquons de résistance au présent...

39...siempre he pensado que soy mujer por casualidad, pero claro, esa casualidad pesa mucho...

40..."seltsame eigenart, lebendigkeit und vielseitigkeit des strichs, was?" _ "eine stimme wie aus dem herben innenraum eines unglücklichen bewusstseins. Ich sag mal besser: ja stimmt!"...Warum ich angst habe in galerien zu gehen.

41...wir beschäftigen uns sehr mit der frage: was muss man verbergen, was muss man zeigen? Wenn wir wissen, was alles versteckt werden kann, dann ergibt sich etwas daraus. Ein produktives geheimnis, etwas, wo man nicht "hineingehen" kann, das verborgen ist. Es ist immer so: man würde gerne etwas sehen, es ist aber nicht da. Man steht also vor einer mauer und ist dadurch gezwungen, sich das, was drinnen vorgeht, selbst vorzustellen...

42...Marx? Ist der bewohnt oder nicht?... Wenn heute jemand arbeitslos wird, dann spielt er gesellschaftlich keine rolle mehr. Und wenn Sie plötzlich keine wohnung mehr haben- weil wir jetzt so nett beeinander sitzen-, und wir treffen uns in ein paar jahren wieder, Sie können noch immer Ihre miete bezahlen, und ich sitze auf der strasse. Was wäre der effect? Ich würde vor lauter scham hoffen, dass Sie mich nicht erkennen...

43...my luck was that I became famous so late that fame could not destroy me...my other luck was that I always had enough money to keep on working on my art, until I got famous...

44...sprache und sexualität sind funktionsbedingt, erotik und poesie sind reine verschwendung-
aber arterhaltend...

45...el poema es el amor realizado del deseo que permanece deseo...

46...I do think social issues can be raised through an art project. It is a question of the
surroundings, the environment, the reality...but one thing has to be clear for me: I am an artist
and not a social worker. My project is an art project that aims to assert its autonomy as an art
project...as an artist, I am not asking, can I help you? What can I do for you? Instead, as an
artist, I am asking, can you and do you want to help me to complete my project?...

47...irony has seeped so thoroughly into the pores of young artists that they don't even know
anymore- or if they know, they don't care- that it's irony. Irony has mutated in current art into
qualities that seem deceptively, un-ironic...

48...post-culture must satisfy mass taste, which means that it's form must not be too complex
and its meaning must be transparent. It must bring us together in the crowd rather than help us
become individuals, which may alienate us from one another...it is no surprise that the post-
artists are caricatures of artists. Disillusioned about art, they still have illusions about
themselves, about what art can do for them, not what they can do for art; namely make them
rich and famous, or at least newsworthy if not exactly noteworthy...

49...los artistas sólo deberían hablar cuando encuentren en su interior algo que decir...

50...pourquoi faire simple quand on peut faire compliqué?...

51...cut through the heartstrings of your knowledge and let the sentiment of the
artist take you by the hand to remind you why you were born...

52...romantic detachment: it is only when I compare myself with others that
the negative feelings of inadequacy can consume me and distract me. It is only
by taking offence of what others say of my work and of me that I will be
consumed by self-doubt and resentment. I will not rely on the flattery of others.
It is satisfying but not important. I will continue to learn, to evaluate my own
aims and objectives, examine my creative actions so that I may align them with
my own quality values and moral principles...

53...I made a mistake. I should have just done the soups-paintings and kept on
doing them. Because then, after a while...if only I had stayed with doing the
soup-painting well, because everybody only does one painting anyway. Doing

it whenever you need money is a really good idea, just that one painting over and over again, which is what everybody remembers you for anyway...

54...in post-culture nothing is clear...the canon has collapsed...the audience has as much importance as the artist...the market has become the major determinant of art's meaning and value, thus usurping critical consciousness, which is a tragedy for both art and criticism. Both have become peculiarly impotent- encapsulated and neutralized- by the popularity and importance that money confers. Art has entered the capitalist mainstream: more than ever, its exchange value matters more than its use value- its value for consciousness, emotion, subjectivity and broadly culture...

55...in post-culture we realize that the artist's production is controlled by the system of belief, expectation, and meaning in which he lives and works...there is nothing special or privileged about the artist: he or she is not the "antenna" of the human race but another all too human member of it...

56...there is no universal transcendental perspective: the critic, like the artist is bound by the system...the artist, because he or she wants recognition and success, is more dependent on the system than the critic, who can never have the same social recognition and economic success...also, criticism is usually regarded as secondary to art because it is supposedly not as creative- which gives the critic a certain creative freedom- the elevation of art over criticism resembles the elevation of art over craft...

57...there is indeed a serious lack of criteria for the evaluation of contemporary art- which is why the people tend to fall back on its market value...anything goes...the problem is compounded by the abundance of art. More art seems to be made these days than ever before, all the more so by the mass production of artists by MFA programs...

58...a well-constructed work of art...it is their artistic rendering- their aesthetic individuation and nuance- that matters, not the message, which is usually familiar, indeed, often an expression of reinsured consciousness, that is, a biased cliché. It is the artistic handling that will bring this dead message alive, for the better or worse. Activist artists want to effect social change, but why not

enter the political arena to do so? For it is only there that one can do so realistically. Art can only change the perception of individuals, not society as a whole. Activist art may be politically and socially correct, but it must have aesthetic quality if it wants to be taken seriously as art, not as a banner waving in a propaganda war...

59...today collectors rather than critics and/or curators are the dominant power in the art culture industry...

60...so-called "cultural consensus" tends to be manufactured and enforced by vested interests. The only thing that can counteract it is ongoing, turbulent pluralism, in which art is a matter of conflicting neighbourhoods. In the contemporary situation homogeneity is an illusion. Just as all politics is local...so all art is local, that is, based on particular historical, emotional, and social experience...the issue is to maintain the difference-or perhaps to invent it...the problem is to individuate within the collective without losing relevance for collective concerns and without capitulating to them...

61...it is easier to make post-art- all one needs to do is give a little "assist" to everyday life to do so- than to make aesthetically imaginative art. That requires craft, the transformational cunning of dialectical reason, a respect for formal as well as inherently human values, and an acute sense of the collective unconsciousness in both its socio-political and personal manifestation...

62...me gustaría ser un dios con mil brazos y en cada mano una cámara de fotos, disparando...

63...mi obra se interesa en explorar una variedad de temas diferentes más que en crear un cuartel conceptual...

64...Beaucoup, beaucoup d'argent! Aux états-unis, d'énormes fortunes en cash qui ne savent que faire de leur liquidité sont en circulation. Leaders de ces nouveaux leaders financiers, des gérants de hedge fonds, des fonds spéculatifs qui font de paris risqués sur des valeurs boursières. Lorsqu'on on arrive à cette reconnaissance considérée comme suprême de la possession de moyens financiers, on cherche naturellement à accéder à de

nouveaux types de reconnaissance. Il y a ceux qui achètent des voitures, beaucoup de voitures, ceux qui prennent des maîtresses, beaucoup de maîtresses, qu'ils couvrent de bijoux, beaucoup de bijoux, ceux qui achètent des maisons, des grandes maisons, et ceux qui font tout cela à la fois. Passé cet énorme festin de consommation, le gérant de gedge fonds, repus, doit trouver un nouveau projet. ...la collection d'oeuvres d'art...

65...dieu est mort, marx est mort et moi-même, je ne me sens pas très bien...

66...a minute of art...

67...the real knowledge of art. By not abandoning artists along the road you are sustaining a relation to art that is different from the insubstantial one that just flits from one fashion to the next...

68...an artist paints so that he will have something to look at; at times he must write so that he will also have something to read...

69...if my work were properly understood, it would be the end of state capitalism and totalitarianism. Because to the extent that my painting was not an arrangement of objects, not an arrangements of spaces, not an arrangement of graphic elements, was instead an open painting...to that extent I thought, and I still believe, that my work in terms of its social impact does denote the possibility of an open society...

70...marginality is no longer confined to minority groups, but is rather massive and pervasive: this cultural activity of the non-producers of culture, an activity that is unsigned, unreadable and un-symbolized, remains the only one possible for all those who nevertheless buy and pay for the showy products through which a productive economy articulates itself. Marginality is becoming universal. A marginal group has become a silent majority...

71...the whole approach of artists is in this will to trap, to possess something that constantly slips away...

72...el cerebro es boca y todo saber es caníbal. Pero seductible, del lado de la perversión, esto es, del lado de la desconsideración del otro, convertido en un objeto de consumo. Es aquí que canibalismo se identifica con capitalismo. En la relación entre consumo y oralidad, entre oralidad y visualidad: el ojo convertido en boca chupeteadora es lo que los filósofos llaman cultura visual, ofreciendo los semblantes del discurso universitario al discurso del capitalismo. Si la regresión visual al objeto primitivo de devoración acude a compensar la frustración de amor...

73...there aren't a lot of limitations that you don't impose yourself...the big problem is deciding what not to use, and then not using not too much of what you do use. It seems to revolve around how much to give and how much not to give.
I'm interested in the tension between these two decisions- using a little bit of a lot of things...

74...don't try to avoid the resistance...go straight to it, try to analyse the parts that make you uncomfortable...

75...no more stuff to fill up the world...art as an activity rather than a product...

76...one thing I want is to be able to see what I've done...art is something to look at...

77...ce qui compte pour moi, c'est l'originalité, la qualité, le non-conformisme...

78...be patient with your own shadow...

79...the town must perish in flames, its inhabitants must die. Only the dog Moses may live...

80..if only- and sorry for being such a retarded hippy- we could stop war, disease and poverty...

81...this industrialization of the artworld is a purely social and financial phenomenon...contemporary art disney-fication is dressing up the corpse of every grey rusty town that capitalist industry left for dead when it moved to Asia...the solution for the next 40 years might be for artists to be less hung up about our label as artists and focus more on our duty to subvert...

82...we are in the midst of the total corporatization and marketization of the artistic field and the historic loss of autonomy won through more than a century of struggle. The field of art and now only nominally public and non-profit institutions has been transformed into a highly competitive global market. The specifically artistic values and criteria that marked the relative autonomy of the artistic field have been overtaken by quantitative criteria in museums, galleries and art discourse, where programmes are increasingly determined by sales- of art, at the box office and of advertising- and where a popular and rich artists is almost invariably considered a good artist and vice versa. Art works are increasingly reduced to pure instruments of financial investment, as art-focused hedge funds sell shares of single paintings. The threat of instrumentalization of corporate values, methods and models, which can be seen everywhere from art schools to museums and galleries to the studios of artists who rely on big-money backers for large-scale and often excessive production. We are living through an historical tragedy: the extinguishing of the field of art as a site of resistance to the logic, values and power of the market...

83...the notion of an artistic oeuvre as a life's work is almost forgotten. The generation of artist born after 1950 plays by the rules of a fast-paced culture industry that craves novelty. The pop star is their paradigm. After what is usually a brief career they can still get that professorship at the academy...now its all about context, social praxis and the right strategy within the operating system of art...

84...the craving for newness...

85...a tension that results from a scepticism about globalisation that is constantly confronted by a desire to continue a form of developed internationalism...

86...electronic communication has increased the speed at which an exhibition or publication can be realized, and international travel has become an essential component of the activity of the artist or curator etc. Art has become a globalized field, no longer bounded by the physical presence of the work of art...

87...the market has expanded to include a greater number of collectors who know little about art...

88...in the last 40 years we have witnessed a vastly increased internationalisation of art and the art world, which, largely, can be accounted for by better communication, especially via the internet, and cheap air travel. We have watched the biennialization of the art world, the rise of the curator and the rise of the collecting classes. We have been block-bustered and watched the art museum become a theme park for mass tourism. I'd like to say there's a more informed public, and a higher visual literacy than before, but I'm not sure if this is necessarily true. Its ok to like art now, but what difference does it make if you do? Is it easier to be an artist now? Is it harder to know what art to make?. For art and artists London has changed for the better, New York for the worse. Berlin is cheap, Paris is still sleeping- some say its dead, Madrid is a mess, towns like Barcelona are off the map and Shanghai is not a realistic option. Nevertheless, the world gets ever more horrible, everywhere...

89...the commercialisation of art and the increased emphasis on art as an investment has adversely affected all of the structures that surround contemporary art, including the acquisition and exhibition of art by museums, the writings about art, and in some instances the creation of art itself...

90...cultura: "Mi gobierno va a hacer de nuestra cultura la gran embajadora en el mundo!" ...

91...but how shall you live? can you find a way of living in this space, the space you are in, the one you want, in spectacle, here, now...without merely

being immobilized, isolated, confounded?...because you need a place to speak from, no matter how improvised or temporary...You will have to invent a form from which to speak, by which to live- even if it is a being-without-form...create a map. A strategic knowledge of the terrain. And as the corresponding gesture: make a joyful map of your own poetic means, collect the terms by which you wish to live, make lists of the modes you will employ...

92...draw a straight line and don't follow it...

93...arbeitsplatz: Ich habe versucht, mein leben und meine person als werkzeug einzusetzen...

94...nosotros, también, queremos viajar con el artista...

95...menos gusto y mas espíritu...menos arte y más verdad...

96...my interest is in an experience that is wordless and silent, and in the fact that this experience can be expressed for me in art work which is also wordless and silent...

97...no me gusta viajar, sino vivir en países distintos...

98...California desert, Manhattan skyline, Swiss alps, Dutch flower field...as small human bodies we often take our surroundings for granted as natural entities, their size and permanence in relation to our more or less demand that we adept to them and not vice versa. But every landscape is also the result of previous human intervention...

99...para cambiar el arte hay que previamente que cambiar de vida...deberían acercarse a la naturaleza con absoluta determinación de corazón, y caminar con ella laboriosa y confiadamente, sin pensar más que en la mejor manera de penetrar en su significado...

100...even in the middle of the night, when it's pitch dark and nothing can be seen, something may happen suddenly, so keep the camera rolling. If you keep

the camera going too long, the battery may run out and you would miss the next beautiful scene you may encounter, so always try to be aware of how much is left on the battery...

101...the pattern...a tension between rural and urban, between east and west, between beauty and ugliness. It's that mixture...there are still places that are beautiful, but there are many that are simply dreadful. How one is to try to make a life, to try to find a home and some peace...well finding peace is a long journey...

102...after an age of leaves and feathers/ Someone dead/ Thought of this mountain as money/ And cut the trees/ That were here in the wind/ In the rain at night/ It is hard to say it...

103...in the train its very quiet, the passengers are taking notice of each other, but they turn their eyes away...I'm just one of them. It's a situation of seeing and being seen. Feeling like a bug. I'm trying to meet their eyes. I want to take a train all over the world...a digital camera always fits my body and leads me somewhere. I place my pictures on the internet, so everybody in the world can see them. I like the idea that pictures can go anywhere...

104...all places I have ever been...

105...cheap holidays in other people's misery...

106...as we head off for late lunch, we find out that here are only two cafes, really burger joints in the village. They sit directly opposite of one another on each side of the main street. Lawrence points us to the one on the left, the one full of native teenagers hanging about the entry. He says the café cross the street is for the whites. The server comes to take our orders. She is Chinese. A bit later, I notice a Chinese man in the kitchen and he is looking at me. At that moment, I look out the window and scan across the street at the café opposite. Lawrence says to me that one is run by another Chinese family...

107...melting into your heart/ as light in a dream,/ my soul will live/ until the time when all becomes one...

108...sitting in a compartment of the Trans-Siberian-Express, he was to travel the distance Moscow- Khabarovsk- Moscow. The windows were to remain covered during the journey, so that nothing outside could be seen from within the compartment. Thus he was to travel through Siberia, the Taiga and the Amur region to reach the tip of Eurasia and return in the same compartment to Moscow, where after travelling 16,000 km he was to arrive again at the point of departure...

109...I am working in a skate shop at an indoor park in Toronto. one of my friends offers to drive me to work and ends up taking the wrong route. I end up being an hour late because of him. Meanwhile my other friends who arrive earlier to the park break into the shop and steal stuff because I'm not there. At night I go back to my friend B.'s house and they all have all this new skateboarding stuff. I don't know where they got it from. We are all getting drunk and they dare me to drink a mystery mixture. I will be rewarded with one of the new boards if I can drink it. I try it but I can't stop gagging and puking. I find out that it is filled with beer, piss and butts...

110...gäbe es keine abhängigkeit von erdöl und erdgas, ob von einem der amerikanischen-britischen multis oder von der russisch-iranischen interessengemeinschaft, so gäbe es auch keine globale erwärmung oder globalen terror...circa ein viertel des energiebedarfs kann durch wind-, wellen-, solar-, gezeiten-energie und aus geo-thermischen quellen gedeckt werden. Der grossteil des bedarfs kann von lebensfähigeren, verbreiterten technologien geliefert werden, um die versorgung mit kohlenwasserstoffen und hydroelektrischer energie zu sichern. Die technologien beruhen auf wasser. Sie inkludieren die züchtung und ernte von biomasse in strömen, seen, kanälen und auf hoher see, Weiters sollen staudämme durch schleusensysteme ersetzt werden, die den unterschlächtigen durchfluss ermöglichen sollen. Diese technologien sind bekannt. In der vergangenheit wurden sie verworfen, weil sie weniger effektiv sind als fossile brennstoffe oder staudämme. Doch sie verursachen keinen raubbau. Sie funktionieren langfristig...

111...dada ist eine rose die eine rose im knopfloch trägt...

112...die welt erscheint in ihren bildern weder so, wie sie sein sollte, noch so wie sie zu kritisieren wäre, sondern nicht nur mit den augen, sondern auch in der technik des reinen malers, ganz unpräntiös so, wie sie ist...

113...ich fahre mit dir wohin du willst, aber erst musst du mir zeigen wo das klo ist...

114...mit dem dokumentieren der gleichen zeremonie, wie sie unter jeder regierung über die bühne geht, das vergehen der zeit filmen, die entwicklung und den wandel einer gesellschaft von innen her und über lange zeit hinweg am beispiel eines ortes und einer tradition beschreiben. Mich interessiert dabei die vorstellung von zeit...ich zeige, um es milde auszudrücken: die art, wie die mächtigen das leben der menschen ohne ihr wissen organisieren. Auf ganz bescheidenem niveau zeige ich, wie eine gesellschaft funktioniert, wie macht funktioniert...

115...ein junger mann, arbeitslos und schüchtern, ...er wohnt in Narbonne, will sich einen neuen mantel kaufen, weil er sich für seine alten anzüge schämt. Das geld dafür verdient er sich durch einen job als weihnachtsmann. In dieser verkleidung verliert er seine schüchternheit bei den frauen und erlebt zum ersten mal, wie es ist, dazuzugehören, angeblickt zu werden, zu existieren. Doch als eine frau beim rendezvous wissen will, wie er in wirklichkeit aussieht, ist der zauber gebrochen...

116...empty are the ways of this land/ and the flowers/ bend over with heavy heads/ they bend in vain/ where we/... once walked...

117...je suis né en Suisse, un pays qui accueille plus volontiers l'argent des étrangers que les étrangers...je suis né dans un pays à double visage, qui a su créer la croix-rouge et dont les banques ont une responsabilité dans la crise de la dette des pays du Sud...

118... malgré une loi qui interdit les grands domaines et encourage les cooperatives, des intermediaries achètent la terre aux petits paysans pour la

revendre à des propriétaires étrangers. Les indigènes qui vivaient des ressources de la forêt se retrouvent ainsi sans toit et sans travail, la récolte du soja étant totalement mécanisée. A cela s'ajoute la destruction irréversible de la flore et la faune et de graves risques de maladies pour les humains, due à l'emploi massif des pesticides dans la culture du soja...

119...un pays dominé par des hommes religieux, où l'hypocrisie va main dans la main avec la drogue et la prostitution...milliers de femmes vivent dans un profond marécage, dont personne ne les aidera à sortir...

120...un voyage sous le signe du doute confrontant les valeurs artistiques qui se délitent dans l'insignifiance à une réalité inexorable et barbare...

121...dans tout conflit existent des lieux et des instants où tout est provisoirement- différent. Mais ce sont les hommes qui, pour l'essentiel, décident de vivre ces instants et les rendent possibles. Un de ces lieux se situe à la frontière entre Gaza et Israel, sur une plage de la mer Méditerranée...

122...de son vivant, le mari de Tomiko Mori abati expressément interdit à sa femme de se mettre à la peinture. Mais lorsque, peu après sa mort, une cargaison de toiles blanches liu sont libres, la vielle femme ose en fin passer outre l'interdiction...

123...un accident de voiture est bien plus dangereux qu'une centrale nucléaire qui n'a pas d'accident...les comprimés d'iode distribués gratuitement ne protégeront des radiations...

124...le moment où je parle est déjà loin de moi...

125...a unos trescientos o cuatrocientos metros de la pirámide me incliné, tomé un puñado de arena, lo dejé caer silenciosamente un poco más lejos y dije en voz baja: "Estoy modificando el Sahara."...

126...mein leben ist kein kontinuum, nicht bloss durch tag und nacht in weiss und schwarze stücke unterbrochen...that's me!: ein tablet voll glitzernder snapshots...

127...am anfang dachte ich, dass seine eifersucht ein liebeszeichen ist, deswegen ignorierte ich seine gewalt. Ich liebte ihn und ich glaubte, dass es nach einiger zeit aufhören wird. Allerdings wurde die situation noch schlimmer. Meine nationalität wurde erneut zu einem grund für die misshandlung...Ich bin durch die hölle gegangen. Er brachte seine mitkämpfer mit nach hause und zwang mich, ihre stiefel zu küssen. Sie beschimpften sie mich. Nachdem ich zwölf tage im krankenhaus verbrachte, habe ich mich entschieden das kind mitzunehmen und ihn zu verlassen. Jetzt bin ich im frauenhaus und ich hoffe, dass sich mein leben ändern wird...

128...it seemed that I was the happiest woman in the world until the differences between my...husband and me began to appear. He would beat me, and I would forgive him...until I discovered that he was assaulting my daughter. He begged for forgiveness, but I removed my daughter to a safe place. I stayed with him for two more month, but he became more violent. That last time he almost beat me to death; if I hadn't called the police, I think he would have killed me. I am here now, and despite all the anger and pain, I still haven't lost hope and I have the strength to begin a new life with my children...

129...ever since I can remember, and even before that...I have wanted to get away from where I happened to be. Running away for good, leaving without looking back and going so far that nobody could make me return...fleeing, going away, leaving...confined places and performing an escape...breaking free from a given situation...where can we settle down? Where is the place that we could live in?...where are we free? Where can we be happy?...what are our dreams of freedom...what are our strategies to combat limitations?...

130...le souvenir enroulé d'un matin bleu...

131...I am invisible, simply because people refuse to see me...

132...a closed recycling system that is designed to work properly when there are one-thousand humans connected to the machines. It consists of a biogas installation that makes gas out of human excrement that is sucked out of the

humans, who are efficiently stacked on bunk beds. Every eight hours they are fed with food from the “feeder”- that makes cheap food with a maximum yield of faeces- and alcohol from the “alcohol-ator” –in order to keep the people happy. In this 2000 square-meter installation the human being is reduced to a small cogwheel in a machine that resembles our society...

133...la madre abandonó la habitación para dirigirse a la galería y luego a la escalera, por cual subió hasta la azotea para hacer por ella su recorrido mañanero antes de bajar al horno...el rato que pasaba allí estaba lleno de amor y de alegría, de ganas de trabajar en ella, pues encontraba en hacerlo el placer y la satisfacción de un pasatiempo...ella la había reformado a su antojo, aunque siguió conservando la forma con la que había sido construida en época remota. Esas jaulas colgadas en algunos de sus altos muros, en las cuales, desde que fueron instaladas, zureaban las palomas...lo más maravilloso que había en la azotea era su mitad sur, orientada havia el-Nassasín, donde ella había plantado con sus propias manos un maravilloso jardín sin igual en todas las azoteas del barrio...luego plantó un jazmín y una hiedra. Esta azotea, con sus habitantes, las gallinas y las palomas, y con su bosque de enredaderas, era sus precioso y querido universo y su lugar de distracción preferido en este gran mundo del que no conocía nada...

134...I rely a lot on chance...to invoke chance in one's work, and even to invoke it in a systematic way, is so paradoxical...each time I paint, I try to be further and further away from the painting...the fact that my images and paintings are constantly changing is essentially a way of avoiding a trademark...the challenge is to find the freest, but at the same time of course the most determined manner of provoking chance. It is a question of eliminating all the parameters that could prevent a chance from occurring. I spend all my time conceiving strategies that enable me to not intervene and to paint as lazily as possible...

135...how do you make a film?...You are always free to make a film, but in order to have freedom you must have trust. Close your eyes and rub them so hard that you see stars, and then listen to your heart, then open your eyes again and see whether the film you want to make is there in front of your eyes...

136...spectacle now mediates all social relations...democracy must give way to an imago-crazy based not on the redistribution of capital but on the circulation of images...an insatiable consumption of images and our inability to find ones that could be consumed together...

137...für mein milchkind, oder bin traurig kann hier nicht länger bleiben. 1 berg honig melonen auf einem küchentisch mit wachstuch (kaffee fleck muster), tischlade vermutlich mit schloz besteck, an der breitseite des tisches zusammengesunken das mädchen mit kurzhaar unter den flügeln des löwen. Ihr gelbes sommerkleid am offenen küchenfenster, das 2.fenster geschlossen verschleiert, also die kunstwirklichkeit oder der poetische taumel, an der wand 3 vergnügungsteller und an den fliesen 1 schildchen, 1 innere stimme vielleicht schluchzend, die blonde frisur und ich trete ein, mein blut regt sich im galopp und will trösten, siehe den strahlenden diwan...

138...these body casts, one-hundred altogether, are taken from migrant workers who come from the countryside to the cities in search of some sort of living. The casts are shown hanging upside down to emphasize the limbo in which these workers exist...

139...there is, literally nothing to see, no sehenswürdigkeiten; but this is precisely how we should look at things if we are not consumers, or harsh judges, or agency reporters. It is just that in almost every photograph there emerges, suddenly, a figure of someone who might be interesting to a reporter-someone drunk, or ill, or plainly poor...a "point of interest" in a democratic world. And this is the point where the whole photograph collapses, the figure falling down, as if dying under our eyes...

140...we play with things that disappear and once they have disappeared it is impossible to revive them...

141...renouveau de la photographie documentaire, esthétique du banal et de l'intime, recherches autour des non-lieux du monde urbain, fictions prométhéennes du post-humain...

142...je me considère comme un pessimiste. Seulement j'ai un message à

adresser au monde: “Pessimistes de tous les pays, unissez vous.” Un pessimiste isolé ne peut rien, mais il n’en va pas de même si on accepte de s’allier aux autres. Telle me semble être la condition préalable à l’émergence d’une réalité nouvelle qu’il appartienttrait aux générations suivantes d’inventer. Je reste Sartreien parce que je crois à la nécessité perpétuelle d’un projet...

143...être filmée et regardée est très agréable, et en même temps, c’est une souffrance...

144...esta conciencia feminista fue la que me hizo no optar por el dibujo como forma de expresión, porque siempre ha sido considerado un arte menor o complementario...

145...what is it that makes contemporary art still fascinating today?...

146...you can stand in front of a painting for two seconds or three hours...videos have a very particular duration...photographs are simple...

147...all beings in this world may appear to exist independently, but in reality we are all connected. Every living being in this world exists within an infinite relationship. The body given by ancestors, the oxygen supplied by nature, the food obtained from the land, the earth, the universe...we are all sustained here thanks to gifts bestowed to us by all living beings...the connection between the macrocosm and the microcosm of the atoms and quarks. The earth itself exists within an infinite relationship with the universe. From swirling dust and gases, a star is born and then dies by exploding itself. Yet, from that explosion, dust and gases gather again and another star will be born. we as humans and the planet Earth, and the universe, as well as every being that surrounds us, live by transcending time and space. In that sense, we all share a single life that unites the whole universe. Since time immemorial, it has existed as an energy that will never wane. Even when life dies a physical death, the all-encompassing life- the energy that is the cosmic consciousness- will live forever...

148...I haven’t stopped being a painter. I am drawing on chance now...

149...”bad girls” generation refused the objectification of the patriarchal gaze by asserting a female libido. The pitfall of this strategy is that a display of female sexual desire can be as much of a turn-on as a passive display of sexual submissiveness...at a minimum, a veil enables a woman to preserve privacy in a public place. Its Western opposite, a bared display, does not unequivocally mean freedom...

150...we can talk until we are blue in the face, but until the principles of form are applied to democracy, which is now in a state of chaos, and to the economic principles, which are in a similar state, we can not achieve culture that will serve man better and therefore have an evolutionary effect...

151...art, or what we call like that, you can love it and appreciate it, but you can't talk about it. Doesn't make any sense...

152...art is part and parcel of a cumulative and collective enterprise, viewed as seen fit by the prevailing culture. Other work, outside work, makes up a part of this...

153...one reason why I resist interviews: they foreground the artist- tell too much about what wouldn't be known when confronting the work. In rereading my answers I'm trying to rework my responses, I find that I am always backing up, wondering why I responded as I did, and filling in. It becomes a matter of selection...

154...the forth dimension:/ to be attentive to the infra-ordinary/ an intrusion of eternity...the eyes hear and the ears see...

155...il faut aller jusqu'à l'essence des choses...je vois les films comme des voyages: il faut passer par beaucoup d'étapes pour atteindre ...des moments stupéfiants...les choses illogiques sont les plus intéressantes. Le monde lui-même est parfaitement illogique, il faut bien que l'art reflète cela d'une manière ou d'une autre...l'art n'est pas rare, il est juste difficile à trouver...

156...I am kitsch, so art might as well leave me alone...everything's reduced to a game of mirrors where real tradition has found itself abandoned...you can change the world for yourself, but exhibitions are totally superfluous. Unless you've got a family to feed. Art is nothing like film. You can't at all think of it as big business; it's always a kind of "one-man business"...for the artist, the art business means first of all that you play the role of a decoy...the exhibition, as far as the art and the artists are concerned, always has the status of a "running gag"...if you look at the art people...they are either curators or sponsors. And the function of the artist? Thousand of reasons are always being found to decorate a wall. But real intensity is hard to find, an artist doesn't have to be old, he/she doesn't have to be new. An artist has to be good...when everything is good, none of it counts...Yes I am also a woman...my intention with the whole of humanity are really quite good...I'm not a real painter, nor a real sculptor, I only look at all that from the outside and sometimes try my hand on it, trying to add my particular spice...I don't have a style...and I never let go of a work until everything private has been expurgated from it...whether what I think is right or wrong makes no difference. What's important is to manage to stick to it for a few more years...

157...the only gift is a portion of thyself...my work helps me in different ways, but essentially I do it because I like doing it. I like communicating my being. I never know at the beginning what a work will look like at the end. The moment something is finished, I experience a feeling of satisfaction, but this passes very quickly. The journey is all...

158...every time you make a piece of work you have to ask if it really needs to exist in the world and if you really should add more shit to this world. I write every day; that's more where I do my everyday obsessive habit...the filmmaking is a daily accidental thing. The camera is palm sized. I never think about it...

159...photographs should be more seen in books than polluting too many walls...

160...we need a different perspective on globalisation: one that did not proceed

from top- down or even from bottom-up, but rather from the “outside towards the inside”...

to experience mobility and all its turbulence does not mean that one has to be on the road. It comes to you wherever you are. It is no longer a linear force, but a multi-directional and relational process...the aim is not to create a new hierarchy but broader links...an instance of interlocal exchanges...individuality within a collective...from the slums to art galleries and back to the slums...a useful starting point on how curators and artists can mediate in the creation of a trans-national cultural dialogue...each culture has its own bounded space...people from different places...work with each other to-rethink the past and find a new vocabulary for the future...we should be able to start approaching each other without an explicit agenda...

161...it might sound cynical, but we aren't against anything...we want a very excessive result...something that resists immediate consumption...

162...je préfère utiliser toujours les mêmes acteurs, lorsque c'est possible. Mais parfois il n'y a pas de place pour eux dans le scénario, d'autres fois ils ont d'autres engagements...et même, certains meurent...

163...quand je travaille, j'ai horreur de perdre du temps; quand je ne travaille pas, j'adore ça...

164...la seule chance de cette planète, c'est de se débarrasser de l'humanité. Ce serait un peu douloureux...mais le résultat vaudrait le coup...

165...el mundo está agotado porque todo lo que había esperar de él, todo aquello que podría incorporársele a título de mejora o de perfección ha sido ya colmado. Su agotamiento es, paradójicamente su completitud: no hay nada que añadir, nada que esperar, nada que reformar. Esta acabado. Es lo que hay...

166...éste no es el mejor de los mundos posibles...

167...el panorama de la nada contemporánea, un vacío que transcurre veloz hacia ninguna parte y que se manifiesta como la sensación de habitar en un presente eterno, en una sociedad gobernada por las leyes del mercado y sus

gerentes anónimos, sin tradición y sin garantía de redención futura como no sea la de un perfeccionamiento puramente técnico o de procedimiento y siempre bajo la amenaza del colapso económico y ecológico...

168...la lucha “anti-globalizadora” es como plantear una rebelión contra los eclipses de sol...

169...un hombre que tiene hambre no es un hombre libre. Y esa ausencia de libertad se transforma en ausencia de iniciativa. Es triste saber que con lo que actualmente se cultiva en el mundo podría comer toda la humanidad, pero mucha de esa producción se tira al mar por problemas de comercio internacional...

170...el subdesarrollo africano debería ser controlado por toda la humanidad porque todos vamos en el mismo avión, unos en primera clase y otros en clase turista, pero si el avión se estrella nos estrellamos todos...en África se producen genocidios, pero se realizan con armas fabricadas en Estados Unidos y Europa. También se habla mucho del sida, pero el gran problema es el paludismo, una enfermedad que tiene cura...

171...les artistes sont importants parce qu'ils sont les porteurs de l'ambition de leur époque. L'artiste est un individu qui conserve toujours la prétention de faire coïncider son individualité et l'univers, et qui prétend à son univers à lui. Il veut que sa biographie soit la véritable histoire de son époque, c'est “l'homme monde”, l'homme microcosme...”l'homme monde” n'a pas un grand avenir. Je pense plutôt que nous allons voir des générations d'artistes allégés, des artistes sans monde...

172...pour savoir comment ça va tourner, il faut tourner...

173...artists play an exceptional role among travellers. They do not travel for their own sake, but for their art. Indeed, its because of their journeys that they frequently attain new paths of creation, for the tension generated by the experience of hitherto uncharted dimensions of space and time releases energy

which is best expressed in the truly creative process of the struggle with artistic material...

174...this is the end of the epoch of the word: technical and electronic appliances have become the key to reality. The image, as a means of meditation between human beings and the world, is more concrete than the word and demands a more intense sensory perception...

175...but can a photograph reveal the fourth dimension?...

176...between the temporality, frailty and transience of the world of phenomena and the prolonged eternity of the non-phenomenal world of nihilism art ultimately aspires to attain a reality that lies outside human existence and the world of things. This aspiration will become realisable when the transience of phenomena in their most sensory form mingle with the dimension characterised as constant, permanent and timeless...
Transience itself as the basic quality of being...

177...the most reliable place for me to start again is the very concrete act of photographing. I have forgotten all else. It is the only thing for me to do...

178...the invisible father and a mother who never really took care of him...he was a man to whom nothing has been transmitted; his destiny coincides with interruption...born virtually ruined is to be born free of any debt, dedicated only to a kind of absolute freedom that he assumed as others assume precisely an inheritance, a social status, a culture, or specific values to be transmitted further...he was free to pass on nothing, to do nothing with himself...no employment, no family, no school..."there will be neither a return, nor a reconciliation. Wisdom will never come."...

179...a movie without pictures...which consists only of alternating black and white screens. The last sequence...lasts twenty-four minutes and it is black, without sound...

180...a perfect coincidence of art and life,...the absorption of art- and therefore of transmission and representation- into a secret and illicit underground life that

will always have the meaning of a golden age...an age of *désœuvrement*...made of leisure, laziness, drinking, loving and drifting through the old neighbourhoods...and certainly not taking pictures, videos, painting, writing books or manifestos...everything has to be lived on the spot...

181...*détournement*: diversion of texts, pictures, comics, movies, etc...A technique that blurs the question of authority and transmission: who is the author? Who transmits something? What is transmitted?...more interested in the use value than in the official exchange value of any author as authority...

182...*droit de regard*: what I am is not your business, *cela ne vous regarde pas*: I don't owe you anything, especially no further explanations about my works, which anyway have not been made for you. I don't concede you a right to comment on my works, positively or negatively, or even to look listen or read them, since they have not be made to be looked at, or read but to be lived, and you don't know how to live, how to be free and therefore how to read and look and listen...

183...no theory...no games...a journey...

184...what I am is my own business and I am very happy with it, you will have to satisfy yourselves with the facts I have decided to tell...*à reprendre dès le debut*...:back to the beginning, back to your own desire...

185...make a film, write a book, paint a picture , sing a song with whatever lays at hand...*avec n'inporte quoi*...

186...again and again: the only way out of the paralysis and anomie of the present is through mining and mimicking the lowest depths of nothingness, randomness, abjection, dispersal, insignificance...with no further hope than that something charged and whole appears...

187...refusal to simply transcend the hollow babble of spectacle culture and instead, construct a language of contestation out of fragments of the dominant discourse, out of the very depths of reification...

188...have I reasons? The answer is: my reason will soon give out. And then I shall act without reason...

189...if anything ever does work in my case, it works from that moment when I consciously don't know anymore what I am doing...

190...algunos viajan por placer, otros por trabajo, muchos por dolor o desesperación. Al llegar, se da cuenta de que no están en el lugar que indicaban las señales. El sitio en el que están tiene la latitud, la longitud, la hora local, la moneda que se esperaban, pero no posee la gravedad específica del destino que buscaban. Están al lado del lugar al que querían ir. La distancia que les separa es incalculable. El lugar ha perdido lo que lo convertía en destino. Ha perdido su territorio de experiencia. A veces, algunos viajeros emprenden una aventura privada y encuentran el lugar escogido, que es con frecuencia más duro de lo que se esperaban, aunque sienten un alivio infinito al descubrirlo. Muchos no lo consiguen jamás...

191...grandes áreas que antes eran zonas rurales se transforman en parcelas. Los detalles del proceso varían en cada continente...La división inicial siempre procede de alguna otra parte y de intereses empresariales que quieren satisfacer su apetito por acumular más, lo cual significa apoderarse de recursos naturales: madera en el Amazonas, uranio en Gabón, etcétera., independientemente de a quién pertenezca la tierras o el agua. La explotación pronto exige aeropuertos, bases militares y paramilitares para defenderlo que se está sacando a marchas forzadas y la colaboración con los mafiosos locales. Detrás pueden llegar las guerras tribales, la hambruna y el genocidio. Los habitantes de esas zonas pierden toda sensación de resistencia...

192...creación de una conciencia del tiempo extraña, porque no tiene precedentes. Un tiempo digital que avanza continuamente, día y noche, a través de las estaciones, el nacimiento y la muerte. Tan indiferente como el dinero. Pero que, a pesar de su continuidad, está solo. Es el tiempo del presente,

separado del pasado y el futuro. En él sólo importa el momento actual, nosotros carecen de gravedad. El tiempo ya no es una columnata entera, sino de unos y ceros. Un tiempo vertical al que no rodea nada, salvo la ausencia...dentro de un solo presente, en el tiempo digital, no pueden hallarse ni establecerse paraderos...

193...when going back through history, flat or two- dimensional art which was born from murals that were part of buildings, can be seen to be later liberated from the constraints of the building by becoming a single tableaux, and should by rights, have been further liberated from the constraints of the frame. Two-dimensional work appears, however, to continue to recall its origins, still seeking a wall that will embrace it, a place where it can feel safe and secure- an almost maternal presence...

194...although those who experience a sour taste in their mouths when they see a lemon are restricted only to those who have eaten a lemon, the feeling we experience at the swaying of branches in the wind does not require experimental studies...

195...I venture to say that a necessary if not sufficient condition for good art is that it be informed by a strongly held personal mythology. It gives the art a contagious aura of conviction...

196...the split within the split- the paradox within the paradox...a society that seems so indifferent to its survival that it half convinces the subject that it does not exist?....

197...the viability and meaningfulness of the ideal of authenticity and its inner relationship to the ideal of critical dissent and opposition... headlong revolt against the collective description of reality, internal and external....

198...what is the use of art for life?...making good an object that one has damaged by one's own badness, if also often the world's badness, and ultimately making one self good?...attempting to turn entertainment- the major mechanism of collectivisation, and a dominating institution in its own right- into a cultural experience...

199...the newness of the creative work substitutes new and significant forms for society's worn-out clichés....

200...performance as a provocative statement that addresses all spontaneous forces in the spectator that can lead to the center of the often suppressed feeling, to the soul or whatever one wants to call this subconscious focal point...

201...the art object as a useless piece of merchandise...towards anonymity...

202...heal yourself...the so-called reality of economic conditions, can never lead to a revolutionary step unless the transformation of soul, mind and body has taken place...

203...what is feminism for me? It's not the opposite of chauvinism...I'm not very ideological but I have a strong sense of right and wrong....

204...I think with film...mixing my own life and my own experiences with my imagination and things that I want...saying things and thinking about things...I like work where the artist is very much present...the power of personality...the spirit the voice, emotion, everything...

204...I am making a kind of hermetic art and the very act of doing that is a political act in itself. Sometimes, to refuse meaning is to refuse the power that the act of meaning confers on you- a refusal either to make or to play by the rules...not yes or no but rather maybe...

205...the good news is that we are all going to learn new skills: gardening, weaving, carpentry. The bad news is that we have no choice...the reason is simple and inescapable: cheap energy- namely petroleum- is over...globalism will evaporate; nations will contract and fragment; industrial food production, networked technologies of commerce and communication- all will implode...

206...the replay of the event is fundamentally more important than the original action itself...an event, its image and its commentary have become one

object...the mutability intrinsic to an oral tradition stands in opposition to the archival impulse of Western Kulchur, which assembles and orders the material traces of our past...to anticipate how history will be told, by not leaving traces but by effecting changes...

207...I have a mission: to see as much art as I can...but art is a matter of experiencing not referencing...I plunge forward on aching legs while falling behind with every step. I am reminded that in having too much of a good thing we never have enough, and yet again that global diffusion means that nobody actually looking at all the art can also see the big picture...

208...lately I have realized that since art has no meaning other than being-a-success-at-art, the very thing that modern art is meant to explore-functionlessness- has ended up restoring function to art. Art's function is to succeed in the marketplace for art. How's that for an irony?

209...invisibility: art is a ghost-surface, a total fog, a flat-faced ghost...we are the mould, its up to you to breath substance into it...

210...melancholic avant-gardism...exploitative reflections of the dominant culture...convoluted, occasionally opaque and imploded practice, like: have you seen the thing that was the backdrop for the writing of a book that exists only in parallel to the structure here yet attempts to decode the way ethical traces find form in the built world?...examination of exchange and control...

211... pointing out cartoon variations of power relationships while the true complexity at the heart of our culture is allowed to mutate and consume relationships regardless...

212...things get truly interesting when art goes beyond a reflection of the rejected choices of the dominant culture, like: poor people set to work by lazy artists- and attempts to address the actual processes that shape our contemporary environment...

213...artist who advocate transparency within art- sceptical shape-shifters in relation to the dominant culture in order to retain, rather than merely represent,

the notion of a critical position- and those who believe that a sequence of veils and meanderings might be necessary to combat the chaotic ebb and flow of capitalism...

214...taking snapshots shuts me up. Do you snap at the object, or shoot at it? Shooting is not such a harmless activity. If one shoots, it is likely that the object will be injured...I take photos every day, so my camera has grown into my fingers. When I take photos, I hear a voice saying: What about language? Taking snapshots is a provocation against writing...

215...you can't live in a nation. On the other hand, you can live in a district where you know a cat by name. The white cat comes towards me. I recognize it. It's called Elizabeth, and is one of the queens in Queens...

216...it's cold. The snow lays a virgin sheet on the garden, and it reminds me at once of an essay I wanted to write but haven't written yet. You can't call photos you haven't taken blank pages. What do photos I haven't taken yet look like? I see black dots on the snow. Those are the footprints of the cat. A cold draught flows in through a crack in the window. I say "It's draughty," and escape back into the bathroom and get into the hot water. The camera remains outside so it doesn't get wet...

217...What Is an author?

218...subjectivity is not set once and for all; it is structured as a relay of anticipations and reconstructions of traumatic events. It always takes two traumas to make a trauma. One event is only registered through another that recodes it; we come to be who we are only in deferred action, in *Nachträglichkeit*. A continual process of protension and retention, a complex relay of reconstructed past and anticipated future, a deferred action that throws over any simple scheme of before and after, cause and effect, origin and repetition...An artwork is never historically effective or fully significant in its initial moments. It cannot be because it is traumatic: a hole in the symbolic order of its time that is not prepared for it, that cannot receive it, at least not immediately, at least not without structural change...The crucial point is the changed status of the event: when it erupts for the first time it is experienced as

a contingent trauma, as an intrusion of a certain non-symbolized Real; only through repetition is this event recognized in its symbolic necessity- it finds its place in the symbolic network; it is realized in the symbolic order...repetition appears curative...it is the very idea of a first time which becomes enigmatic. It is thus the delay which is in the beginning...

E....there is a tendency for the focus on mobility cultures in Art exhibitions as well as in social and cultural theory to be too celebratory of this supposedly new condition of our lives, with curators and authors seemingly forgetting that fact that not everybody has the freedom to travel, whilst other people are forced to flee their homes and homelands due to appalling living conditions caused by war or poverty. Mobility is not just another word for Freedom; it does not carry any value in itself...