ROTTERDAM, the Netherlands *9 June - 19 August 1996*

MANIFESTA 1

FOUNDATION EUROPEAN ART MANIFESTATION

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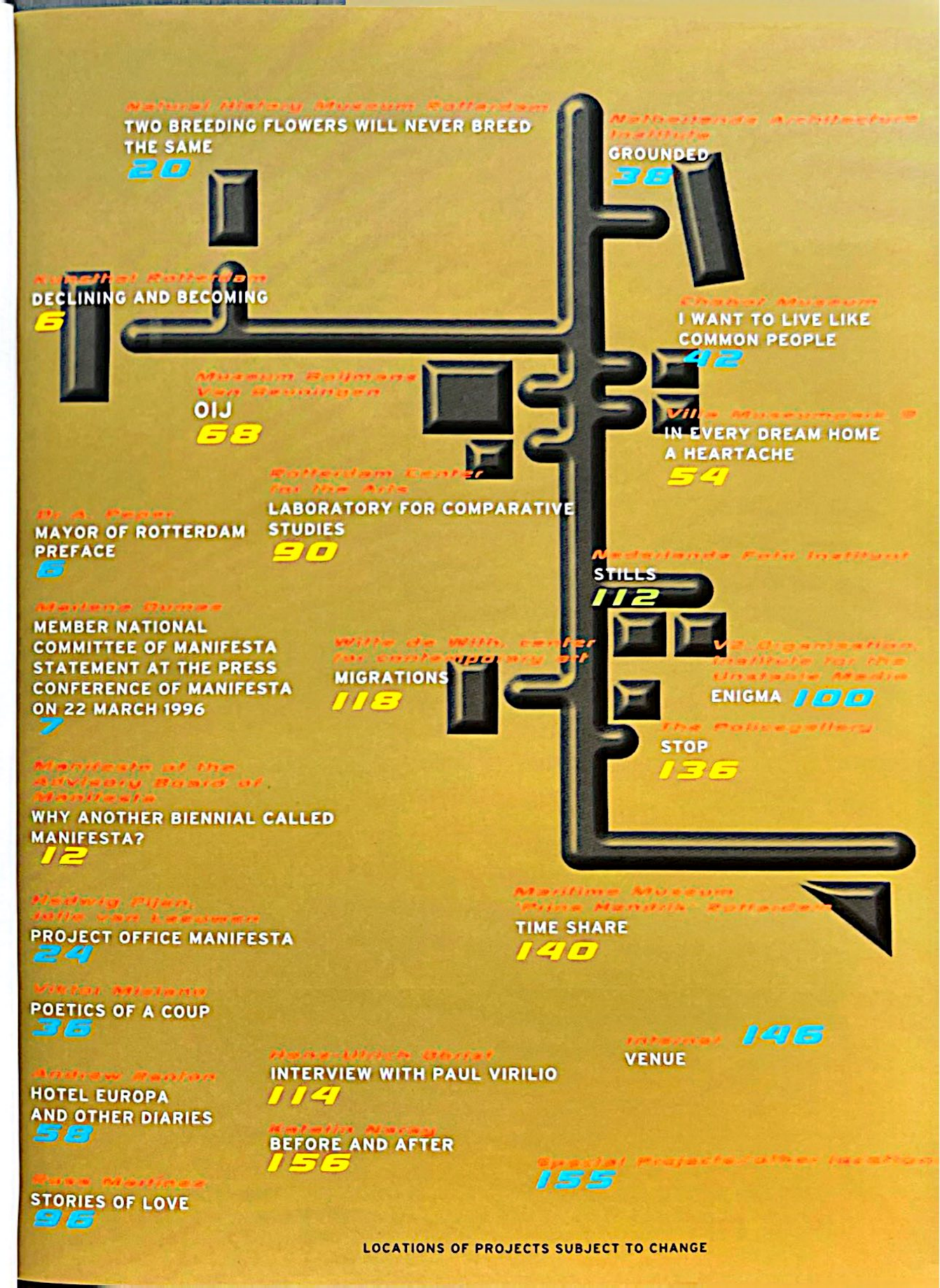
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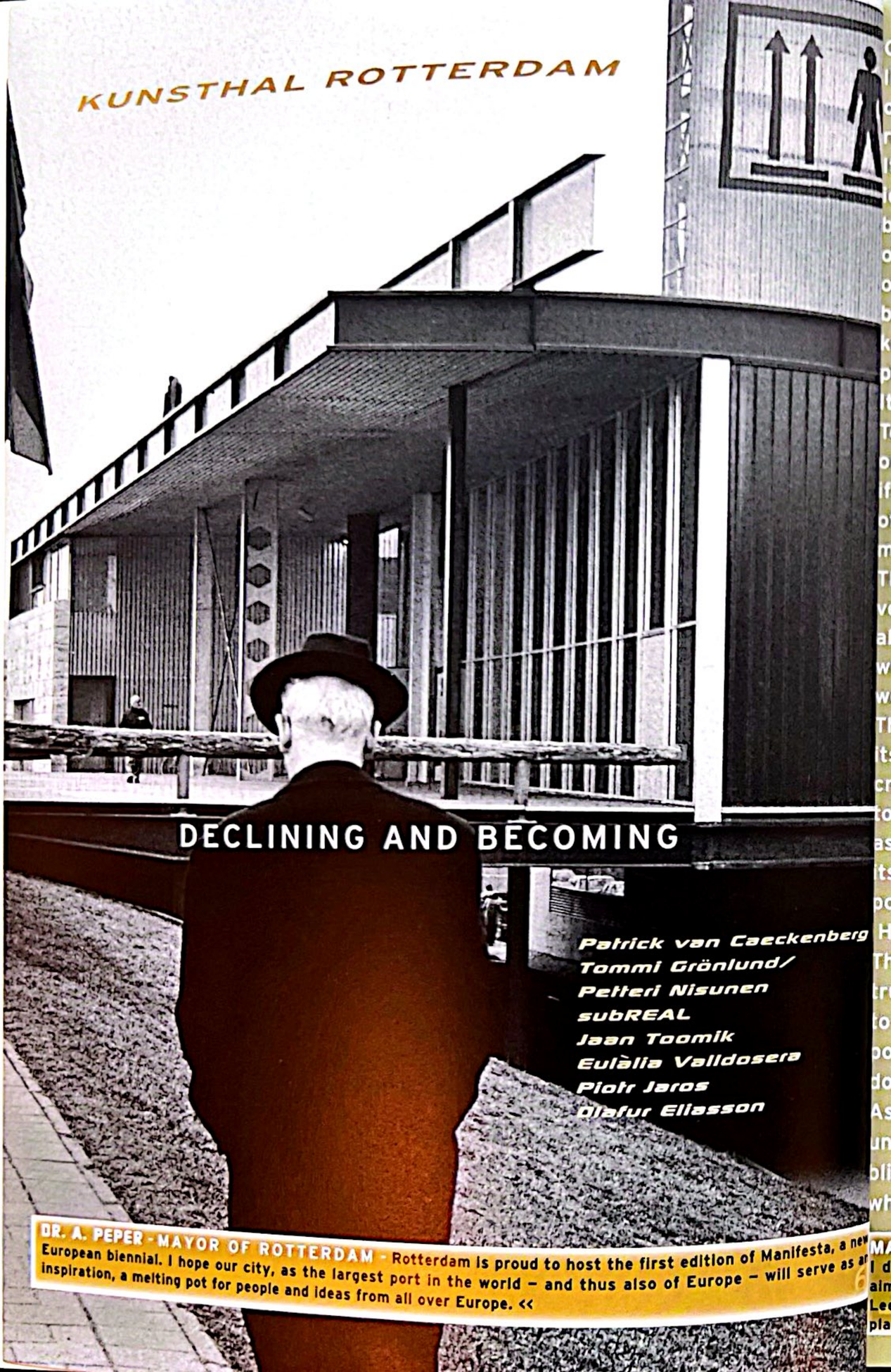
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DR. A. PEPER - MAYOR OF ROTTERDAM - Rotterdam is proud to host the first edition of Manifesta, a new European biennial. I hope our city, as the largest port in the world – and thus also of Europe – will serve as an inspiration, a melting pot for people and ideas from all over Europe. <<

Once more the metaphor appeared when we abandoned ourselves to the experience of living in the space, without rationalising or deconstructing it, without preconceived ideas or prior theses to be proved. It appeared as we were pacing up and down the pronounced ramp, going with the flow of the building.

It was just there. The connection between the physical decline of the pathway, and the idea of the lost strength of logocentrism as the predominant mode of western thought, became so clear and so ironic that a sudden emotion made us lose any individual sense of identity and come together with the common ground of understanding. Then the flow of associations started, between art and architecture, between history and emotion, between analytical approaches to reality and holistic possibilities of life and thought linked together as experience. We felt that with this mutation of the ways of dealing with physical reality, there were new possibilities for open thought.

It was what Deleuze had suggested so many times. Not to interpret, but to experience. To seek intensity. To consider the work of art as an asignifying piece of machinery, the only problem being whether or not it succeeds in working for every person. To try to find if something happens or not, and to open your eyes until they become red with the effort of seeing, and then straining to hear what is going on. To draw lines that orientate and magnetise the senses. To work in open processes.

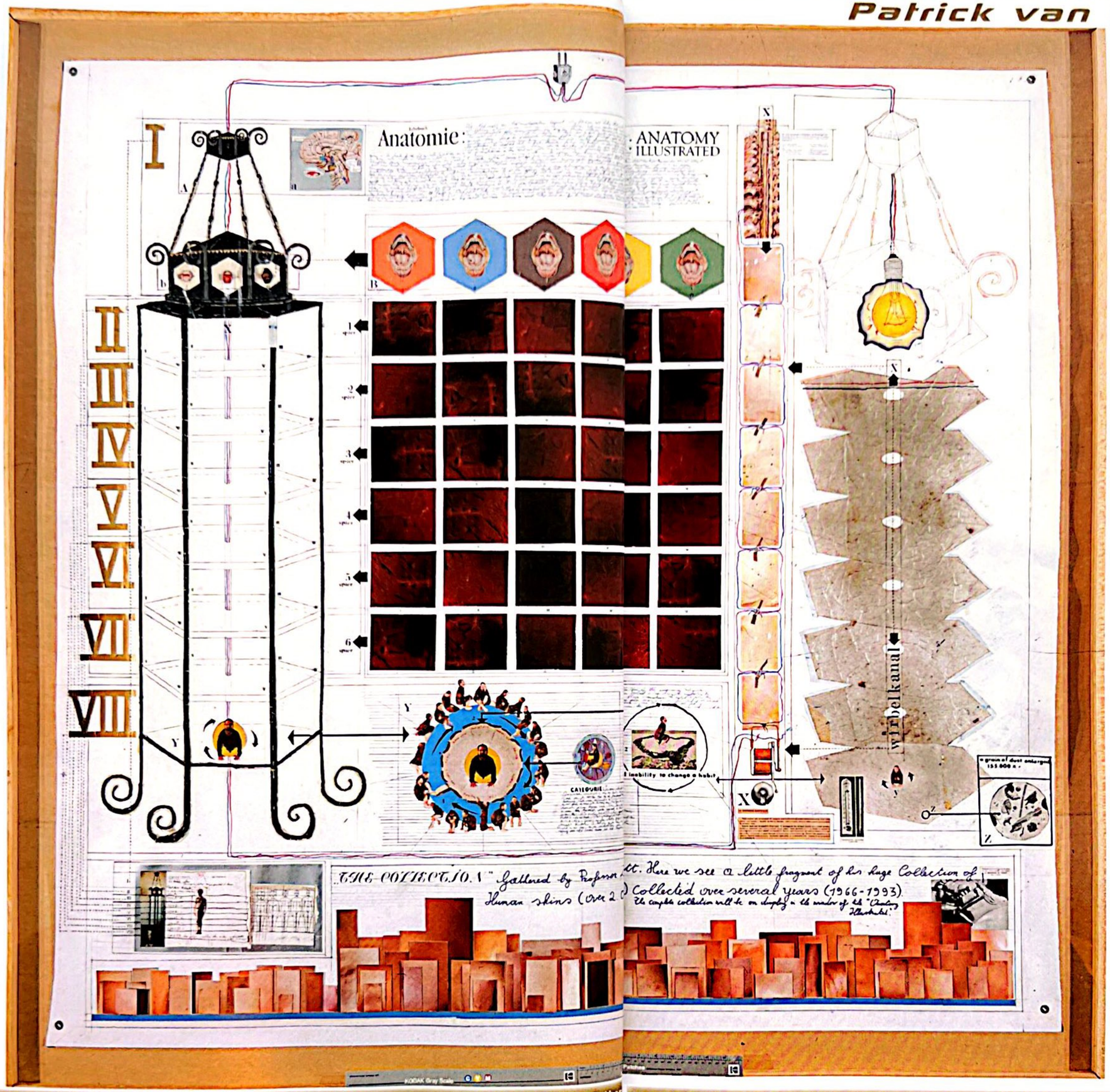
This is why all the artists in the Kunsthal were selected by strength or delicacy of elective affinities, and this is why they speak, in one way or another, of ill-definition, instability, about falling down and getting up, above overcoming a sense of loss and recovering the wish to live, about the opening of sensory perceptions through light or sound, about the weight of history, and about how deep the skin might be penetrated.

These proposals happen not to be in the central exhibiting spaces of the Kunsthal, but in its peripheries. All of them make reference to, or form part of, continuous processes of creation, that change permanently what seems to be established. They are not fighting to settle upon new statements or configuring new truths, they just propose themselves as temporary explorations of living realities. And it is not the work of the critic to close its signification through complex explanations and theories that put the spectator in the position of being a consumer rather than a producer of his or her own meaning.

Hierarchies within painting, sculpture, installation, film or video have long disappeared. There are many ways to enter upon the radical heterogeneity of possibilities. And if it is true that we need some order so as not to be lost in chaos, it is also clear that we need to move away from the stereotypes that close down meanings, establishing relations of power and exclusion. Because the image is precisely what we cannot see, what cliché doesn't allow us to see.

As the secret philosopher Milton J. Tomamira says, the question is how to arrive at an uncodified experience without being lost within the informal, how to leave behind established categories, without regression into absolute undefinition, how to reach 'the point where thought *affirme* life and life *activate* thought.'

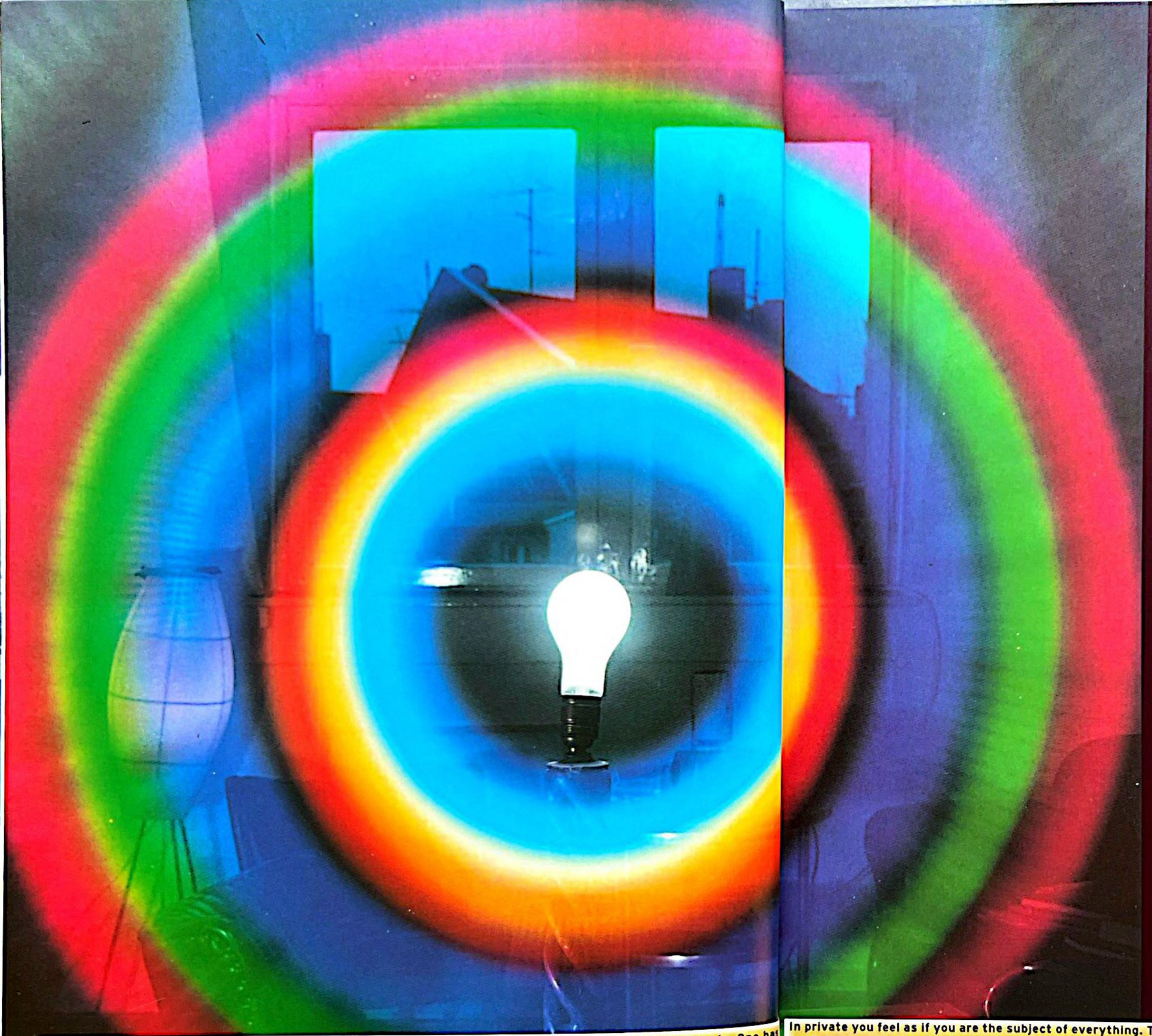
MARLENE DUMAS - MEMBER NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF MANIFESTA - Firstly I want to state that I did not have any part in selecting the curators, or the Advisory Board or the artists. I do however support the aims of this manifestation and the dreams of the organisers and co-ordinators. I do have to mention Jolie van Leeuwen and Hedwig Fijen, because without them there would be no foundation on which all the interactions can take place >>



'Projects for Luster', 1993
MIXED MEDIA, 170 X 189 CM

When Socrates made his plea against rhetoric and for dialogue, it seems at least some of the conditions then & there where a bit easier than here & now. For example, everyone at least used the same language codes. (but then again - he did still end up having to drink the poison .. !) Now, we need good translators to make us feel at home not only in the places we pass through or exhibit, but also where we live. >>

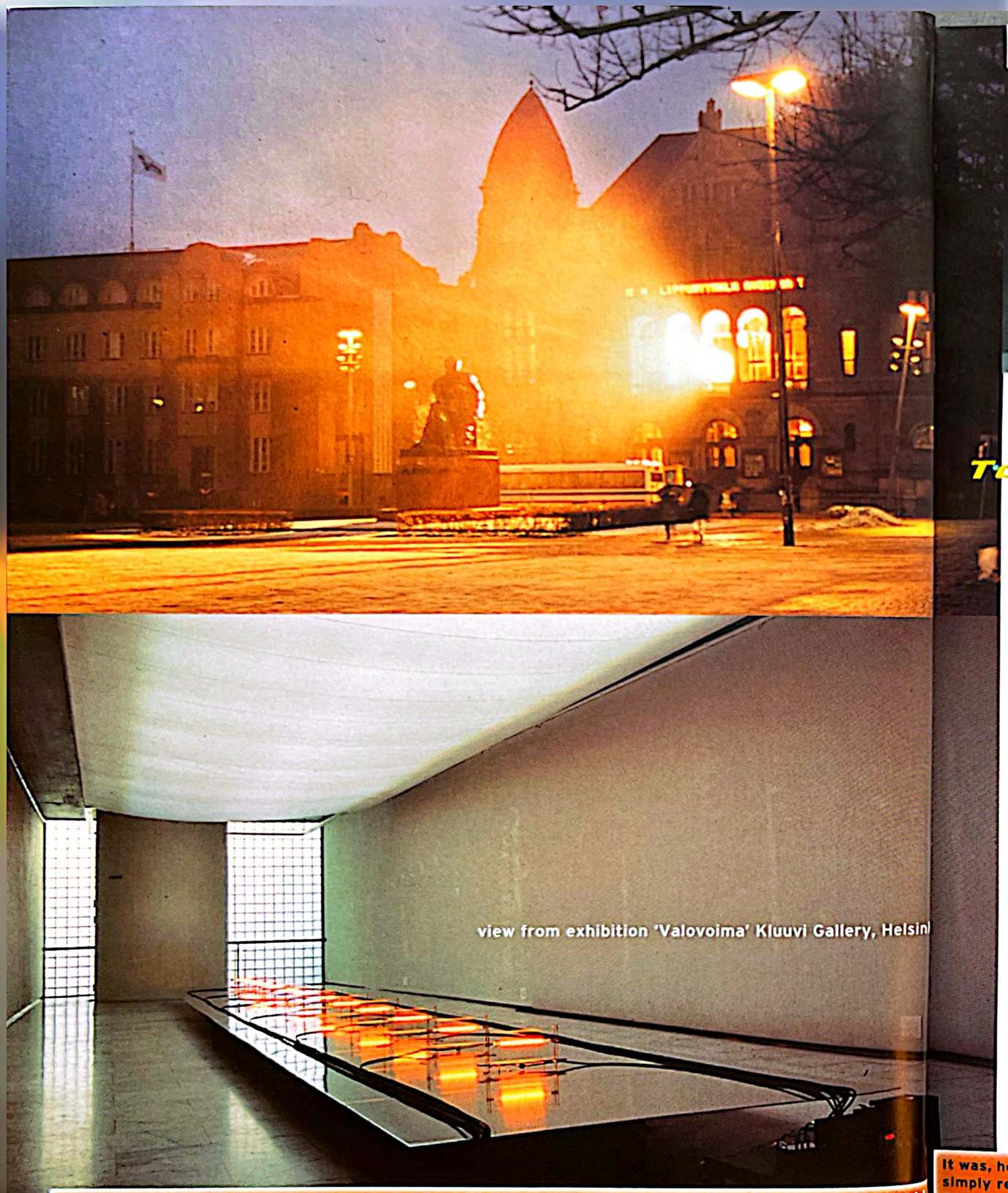
Yet for artists these should be exciting times. The artist was always supposed to be a bit of an alien, now almost everybody is. So we're all in the same boat (or should I say port.) That is why I believe that international biennales are so important, when taking into account and working within these changes, it's a challenge for everyone concerned and permit me to say this, as someone who has participated in quite a few (better and worse ones) in my day, that it is good for young artists. >>



Not to make them famous, but to make them see and experience how artificial this 'thing' called culture is. One has to test one's theories through practice, and check every now and then if your 'country' still exists.
Failing alone is not the same as failing together. Or rather as Sartre has said 'The hatred of others shows me my own objectivity.' >>

Olafur Eliasson

In private you feel as if you are the subject of everything. That's why isolation and segregation (why not call it apartheid) is very bad for most artists. Among others you realise your objectivity. You realise your interrelatedness and/or dependence, whether you like it or not. You realise that culture is not just this sweet, warm noble thing but a constant ongoing struggle between people. Never mind if you call them the same or the other.
» (Statement at the press conference of Manifesta on 22 March 1996) «



view from exhibition 'Valovoima' Kluuvi Gallery, Helsin

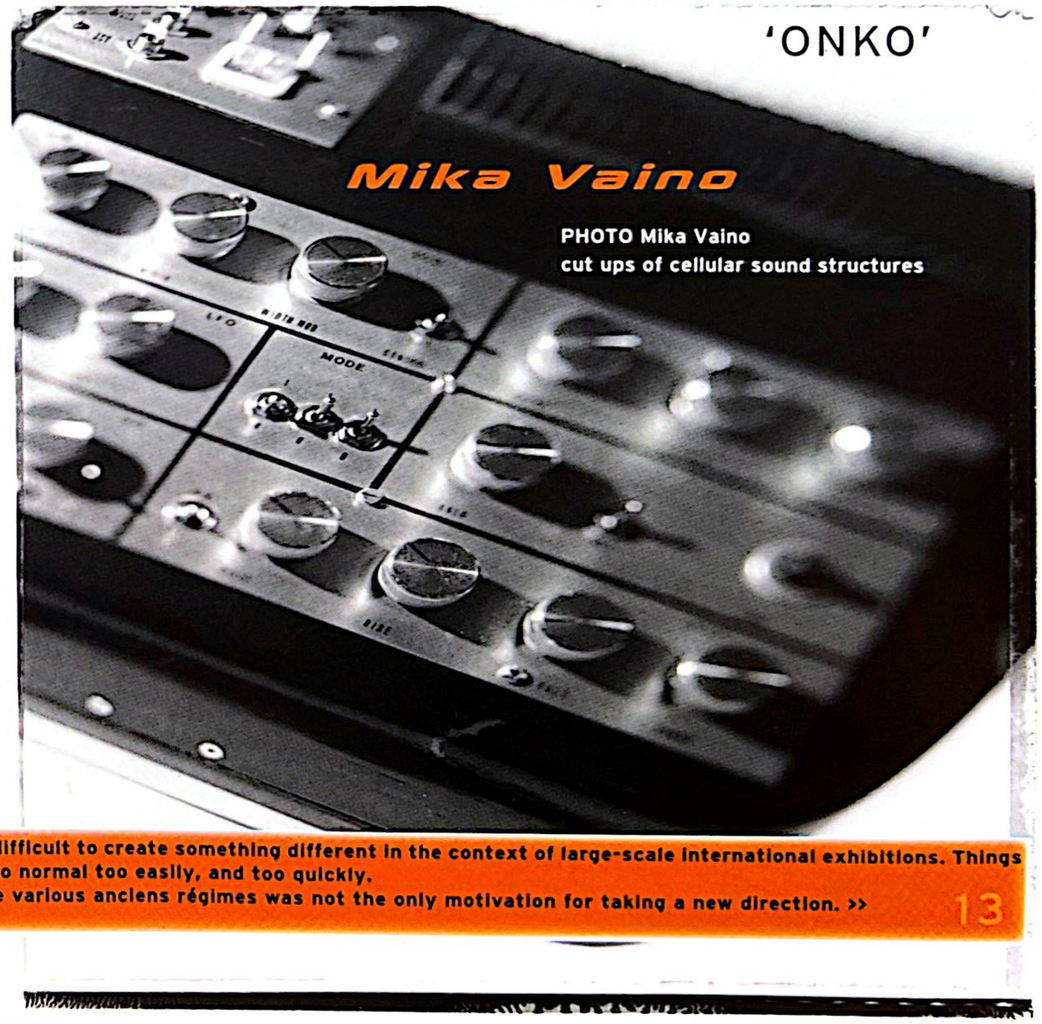
MANIFESTO OF THE ADVISORY BOARD OF MANIFESTA - **WHY ANOTHER BIENNIAL CALLED MANIFESTA?** - The need for a new platform for artists was most keenly felt in 1989, after the fall of the Berlin wall. It wasn't hard to see then that there would be a new need for information, for open discussions, for new infrastructures and alternative exhibition spaces. >>



SOUND CONSTRUCTION

LIGHT SCULPTURE, FINNISH MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS, HELSINKI 1995
(REALISATION TOGETHER WITH MATTI KNAAPI)

Tommi Grönlund/Petteri Nisunen



'ONKO'

Mika Vaino

PHOTO Mika Vaino
cut ups of cellular sound structures

It was, however, difficult to create something different in the context of large-scale international exhibitions. Things simply returned to normal too easily, and too quickly.
The demise of the various anciens régimes was not the only motivation for taking a new direction. >>



Concepts for exhibiting contemporary art in the west also seemed worn out; particularly the large-scale interna
tional bi- and triennials, always increasing in number, came under pressure. Hovering somewhere between the average
art-fair and the *sacro sanctum* of the museum, the real problems posed by these shows kept being covered up by
the bedazzling merry-go-round: memory is short when it comes to these exhibitions – after all, there's always a next
time. >>

'DATAROOM', installation at the Neuer Berliner Kunstverein, 1996
800 X 500 X 260 CM

subREAL DATACORRIDOR

'Datacorridor' is part of the 'Art History Archive', (AHA), a serial project based on the experience of Călin Dan & Josif Király, both as artists and (for a period) editors of the -at the time- one and only art magazine of Romania, 'Arta'.
The magazine collapsed after the political shifts of 1989, and the archive (accumulated since 1935) stayed as a floating deposit of photographs documenting the Romanian & international art history, from antiquity to post-modernism.
Presented until now in several locations, 'Datacorridor' is a dynamic sculpture meant for multi-layered readings, and plays with the ideological and cultural filters which interfere in the process of reading cultural information.
Description: A corridor with the inside completely covered with about 10.000 b/w photographs of various dimensions. The corridor is lit by 8 lamps mounted on the ceiling. A 60 min. audio tape with a feminine voice announcing names of artists provides a sound archive replicating the photo archive. The names alternate with the ring of an electronic bell.

'AHA DECONSTRUCTION', Kunstlerhaus Bethanien, Berlin, 1995
1100 X 700 X 450 CM



Based on the principle of cultural exchange between countries by way of small-scale (national) exhibitions, it didn't seem to matter that the procedures involved for these manifestations were inefficient and too bureaucratic, all of which in fact undermined the final result. >>

Jaan Toomik DANCING HOME

I got the idea very spontaneously. It was one day in last autumn, when I travelled by boat from one little Estonian island to the mainland. It had been a very depressing day for me. I felt very sad, I stood on the boat and looked at the sea and sky. Everything seemed so depressing but then after some time I felt the sound of the motor of the boat, it seemed like a heartbeat. I got some balance and I began to dance by the sound and all my depressing feeling disappeared after that.

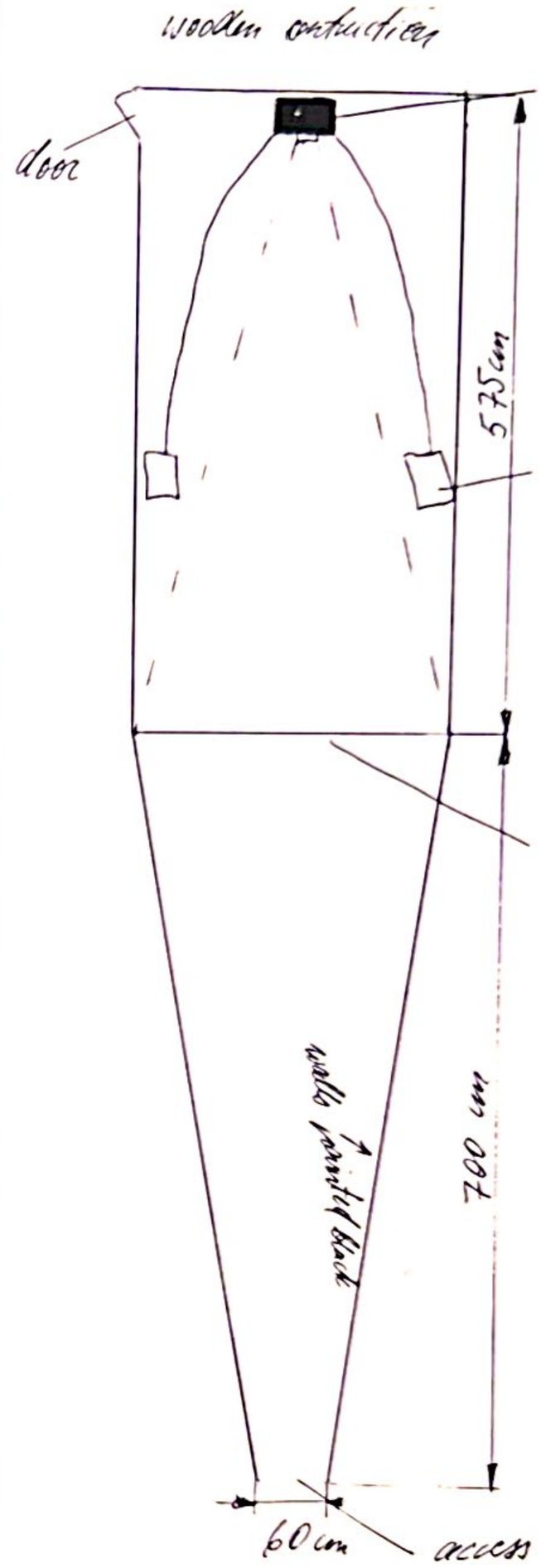
I think my work is very optimistic though. It's trying to get the oneness with world, inside feeling and spirit.

IT IS LIKE A RAVE, A MUSIC ABOUT EVERYDAY LIFE AND SOUNDS.



Wasn't the Venice Biennale the embodiment of success? The wide-spread discontent was dealt with ceremonious and seemed to be balanced out by abundant public attendance, albeit mostly by professionals. Venice taught us h to turn a disadvantage into an advantage, but over the years it came to lack innovation. >>







Why then yet another biennial called Manifesta? First of all, we have no pretense of revolutionising the art world. The changes represented by Manifesta's organisation may seem slight at first glance, but they aim to alter the general mentality over time. New in this formula is the team of five curators, who are together responsible for the exhibitions and the catalogue, and who even decided to make their decisions unanimously. >>

PROJECTION, THE FALL TWO LINKED PROJECTS FOR MANIFESTA

© Eulàlia Valldosera, 1996

Eulàlia Valldosera

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THROWING AWAY AND FALLING:
TO THROW AWAY = TO ELIMINATE
TO FALL = TO ELIMINATE ONESELF
EXAMPLES (WITHOUT LEAVING THE HOME)
TIRAR LA CASA POR LA VENTANA = TO SQUANDER YOUR RESOURCES
(LITERALLY: TO THROW YOUR HOME OUT OF THE WINDOW)
CAÉRSE LE UNO LA CASA ENCIMA = TO BE CRUSHED BY DIFFICULTIES
(LITERALLY: THE HOUSE FALLS IN ON ONESELF)

'For the mind, space and time are so to speak, "elastic" and can almost be reduced to a vanishing point, as if they depended on psychic conditions and did not exist on their own, being merely a "postulate" of the conscious mind. In Man's original conception of the world, as we find it in primitive peoples today, space and time have a precarious existence. They have only become "fixed" quantities in the course of Man's mental evolution, largely thanks to the introduction of measuring systems. Space and time, in themselves, are *nothing.* They are objective concepts created by the analytical activity of the conscious mind and make up coordinates which are indispensable for describing bodies in movement. (...) their relativisation by means of psychic conditions (...) occurs when the psyche does not observe external bodies, but itself...'

(C. JUNG, SINCRONYUTY)



THE TRAJECTORY OF THE IMAGE FROM ITS ORIGIN TO THE MIRROR PLANE WHICH RETURNS IT TO ITS ORIGIN IMPLIES SPATIAL DISTANCE THIS DISTANCE, MEASURED IN TEMPORAL TERMS, BECOMES AN INDICATOR OF THE SPEED OF OUR LOOK WHICH IN ITS TURN BECOMES THAT OF THE SCALE WITH WHICH WE BEHOLD OUR WORLD.

When we express something, it is possible that we only are projecting and perceiving our own shadows on the other. Our projections are like a mirror turned towards us. The latter returns our point of view, it crushes us and keeps us in our place even more than before. These projections behave like a light source which, placed behind us, marks an area - period - of shadow that covers what we aim to see. Unable to turn our look inward upon ourselves, we depend on this spotlight, which appears to be and functions as an unquestionable truth. We stumble. This is not us, we say, these are our bodies that are projecting involuntary shadows. We fall. Only by giving in to gravity do we manage to eliminate them. We lie inert, shapeless, confounded with the world that we aimed to possess with our direct gaze. On our backs now, the light blinds us. We must therefore shut off the light. We must let the darkness speak.
Then we may take a simple torch and explore our environment as if for the first time. The first image will be the beam of light which, in itself, marks a shape in the darkness. We will need to shift it continuously so as not to confuse our own projection with reality once again. Perhaps in this way we might be able to see the darkness, even when we put the lights back on.

'Shelf for a hospital bathroom', 1992
FRONTAL VIEW OF THE CUPBOARD (DETAIL)

Another novelty is the fact that the European countries that agreed to participate in Manifesta, and also to cover the artists' costs, did so without knowing which, if any, artists would be asked to exhibit. These two aspects help clarify the often obscure relationship between economic forces and artistic freedom. >>

'Shelf for a hospital bathroom', 1992
SIDE VIEW OF THE SHELF (DETAIL)

In order to further sharpen the selection process, the curatorial team also came up with the idea of the so-called Open House, a concept which helped them in their desire to approach the artists per city and as a group, rather than primarily as competing individuals. >>



One of the most momentous developments in th previous century was the creation of illusion ou the spirit of technology. What no single inventio alone or historical and philosophical gospel of th 'Umwertung' could have achieved gave rise, swi and imperceptibly, to an all-pervasive desire for

illusion, unparalleled in its directness and its cravi for immediate gratification. The race for everyth strange and new, the proliferation of products a result of trade and industry, collective passion a scientific systems, created a need among the pub to participate at least visually, to be instantly pr sented with all those treasures, even if only in effi A market of enthusiastic viewers led to the creati of fixed places of wish projection. Palaces of the collective dream opened their doors, institutions which drew from the bountiful source of images natural and art history, attracting marvelling crow In exhibition halls, which looked rather like green houses with their vegetative promise, the miracl of both realms, the anorganic and the organic, we thrown together in a curious mix that only separat itself on the glass surface, and only allowed itsel to be curbed by mirrors.

One of the most inconspicuous specimen among the illusion machines, which can still be admired many places, was the animal diorama. Like all machines of this type it has become obsolete, its capacity to excite long gone. While it may still co tinue to attract some people, the spectator spoil by the excitement offered by modern zoological gardens regards it as a dull relic of the museum's curiosity department. A few perplexed animals, placed in such a way as to appear still alive: any child would notice at once that they are stuffed.

Perhaps the incredible workmanship, the precision of the reconstruction commands some respect, but the theatrical naturr pathos would not add much. Unlike the rare panoramas, dioramas are still often encountered in natural history museums, rarely exposed, mostly relegated to a place halfway to the cellars, degraded to the status of a window display. Here, of all places, where any explanation is lacking and where the staging totally relies on the overpowering visual impact, the moder need for information is left totally unfulfilled. They shed just about as much light on the latest biological insights as a mod of Watt's steam engine is illustrative of quantum physics. Mere appearance, a 19th century construction, is no longer enough The Darwinian drama of the relentless struggle for life, shown inconspicuously on the raree-theatre stage, does not offer enough excitement. A renaissance, as dinosaur parks are currently experiencing (as old as the Crystal Palaces en World Exhibitions) is not yet on the cards for the animal diorama. It can be predicted, though, that it, too, will be in for a revival, namely for the purpose of documenting one endangered species after another in their natural settings. The extinction of species ensures the future of the diorama, which, as the last archive, will bear witness to the destruction of habitats and animals displaced by man. Perhaps not until now, in light of the massive destruction of the earth's ecology, does the sadnes become apparent that lies hidden behind the magic of the diorama whose silent celebration of the moment is the *memento mori* of nature as it was before the birth of mankind. Only that species whose end is approaching can one day become a dioramic subject. The Neanderthaler in the setting of his hunting community has long preceded modern urban man in dioramic imagery The artificial worlds of the diorama draw their beauty from the vision of the doom of the world they portray; this beauty appears when history passes these particular stations which, once terminated and reviewed, are committed to the panorma

Although the end of the story of this first edition of Manifesta has not yet been written, we do already know tha this approach had a greater impact in the eastern European countries than in the west. Nonetheless, the informatio gathered here will be evaluated and put to use at future venues. >>

Almost nowhere is the fading light setting such stations aglow shown as majestically as in the rooms of the *American Museum of Natural History* in New York. In the superdioramas, discarded animal species are shown one more time in all their splendour. Here they are all gathered in unprecedented pomp and circumstance, deposited in the heart of the metropolis. As in the pantheon of the great names of history, they rise from their brightly lit burial chambers in the distant continents where they once lived. The museum is their hall of fame in which they reside like triumphant mummies transcending death: Buffaloes and grizzly bear in the North-American room, hippo and elephant groups in the African mammal room.

The visitor, seeking refuge in the museum from the streets of New York, felt the cool air of a mausoleum, the inaudible music of a planetary requiem. Looking at the diorama he became an analytical dreamer who, in the archives of the animal world, hallucinated his own transience. One more time he regained the lost paradise in bits and pieces: in a parade of expertly-stuffed cadavers.
The natural theatre was opened when out of the endless corridors of artificial foliage, the panorama of painted blues, a scene of a common childhood met him en he found himself as on the day when he had made his first steps, a child surrounded by plants and animals.
Was this what Baudelaire meant when he wrote after a visit to a Parisian Salon, tired of paintings that were always the same: "I would love to return to the diorama whose robust, powerful magic can force a useful illusion on me. I prefer to look at stage settings in which I recognize my dearest dreams in artistic expression and tragic concentration. Because they are false, these things are infinitely closer to actual reality.."

QUOTATION OF *KINDHEIT IM DIORAMA*, BY THE POET DURS GRÜNBEIN

TWO BREEDING FLOWERS WILL NEVER BREED THE SAME

A METAPHOR OF HUMAN LIFE

Imagine a meeting of five Manifesta curators in the Natural History Museum, discussing art projects with a biologist. From all over Europe they came, from Austria, Spain, Hungary, England, Russia. The formal discussions being over, the talks diverged toward the subject of my biological passion, shrews. 'Shrews?' the woman from Hungary asked, and her colleagues from other countries added: 'what are these?' 'Cickány', was my Hungarian reply, but the woman from Spain was not satisfied until she heard me utter 'musarañas' and the German 'Spitzmaus' soon followed. A transparent plastic box containing two shrews was placed in the centre of the table. 'But these are mice!' they said. No, shrews are not mice, shrews are shrews. They look like mice, for they are small mammals, with a gray fur and a long tail. Their head is pointed, as the nose developed a short proboscis much like a tapir. Hence the German word Spitzmaus, which literally means pointed mouse.
I must confess being in love with shrews. It all started some twenty years ago, when I still was a student. The find of fossil remains of shrews now extinct, in the island of Mallorca, triggered a severe case of shrewphilia, from which I have never recovered.
Why are they so interesting? Shrews existed long before any human being roamed the earth. Some 35 million years ago the first shrew entered Europe, most presumably having come from central Asia where their kind originated. The first true human being did not appear in Africa before 2.5 million years ago. It is sometimes said that mankind evolved from shrews. This is not true, although it can be safely stated that monkeys, apes, and man originate from shrew-like animals that existed already during the age of the dinosaurs, well over 65 million years ago. Anyway, shrews are very old.
Shrews are also very small. In fact, the smallest mammal in the world is a shrew! It is a minute animal living in the countries surrounding the Mediterranean sea, it is only 2.5 centimeters long (not including the tail), and the adults weigh some 4 grammes. This must be a terrible disadvantage, as such small animals have difficulties in maintaining a body temperature of 37 0 Celsius. In order to keep warm they eat like idiots. Unbelievable amounts of insects, caterpillars, worms, slugs and snails are devoured to keep the engine going and to prevent the animal from dying of cold. The heart beats with rates of well over a thousand beats per minute, and the food intake can not even stop for a few hours without the little animal dying of starvation. Shrews are thus doomed to be living like workaholics, for one year only, incessantly eating and making love, and then die.
And, also much like us, they prefer good weather. Shrews feel uncomfortable whenever the climate is too cold, or too dry. There are no shrews living in deserts, or in Antarctica, or high in the mountains. Europe is okay, and so are cities, especially Asian cities that are warm and moist and provide enough cockroaches to be eaten.
Shrews stink too. Their vision is rather poor and short-sighted, so communication goes easier with the nose. The pointed snout constantly moves around, covered with long hairs, sniffing for food and mates. Yes indeed, shrews are so much like humans that I can never stop loving them.

Jelle W.F. Reumer

We, the members of the Advisory Board, feel we are engaged in something which, in the long run, will prove to be quite innovative within the field of international exhibition making. It is our responsibility, therefore, not only to appoint the curatorial team and select future sites for Manifesta, but also to come up with a means of keeping the procedure open and flexible, and the organisation as small as possible. >>

Mat Collishaw

'Harlows monkey', Pallazzo Reale, Napels, 1996.
MIRROR, CYLINDER, STEEL, ACRYLIC, PHOTO, LIGHTS.



Manifesta is intended as an ongoing process, one designed to clarify artistic and curatorial positions within Eu
it is definitely not an internal monologue, but rather aims to keep an open eye and mind to surrounding cultur


M2.gc2 '96



Tamara Grcic

Lindenau Museum, Altenburg, 1995
TRAMPLED EARTH, RED PEPPERS, PLASTIC BAGS, STRING, PIECES OF PAPER, ...
0,27 X 5,6 X 6 M

HEDWIG FIJEN, JOLIE VAN LEEUWEN - PROJECT OFFICE MANIFESTA 1 - No man is an Iland, intire of self, every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine, If Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is t lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or of thine owne were; any means dea diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde, And therefore never send to now for whom the bell tolls, it t for thee. John Donne (1572-1631) >>

In 1993 a piece of paper was lingering somewhere on an office desk in the Netherlands. It contained notes for a future art project, ignited by the belief in a Europe without borders. In November of the same year, five people from the field of the visual arts came together to discuss the possibilities for a 'different' platform for the presentation of young European art, a new type of biennial as an alternative to large-scale shows. >>

Suchan Kinoshita PASSANT

THE FATHE

Once I went to a small Theatre-café in Cologne. It was around noon. There were no customers except me. All tables were covered with heavy carpets and a stifling smell was in the air. Suddenly a little boy of about five burst into the café. He jumped on to one of the tables holding a kind of weapon in his hands aiming but at no specific target hissing fiercely:'.....passssssssiiiiiiiiiert !!.....passssssiiiiiiiirt !!'

FOOTNOTE:

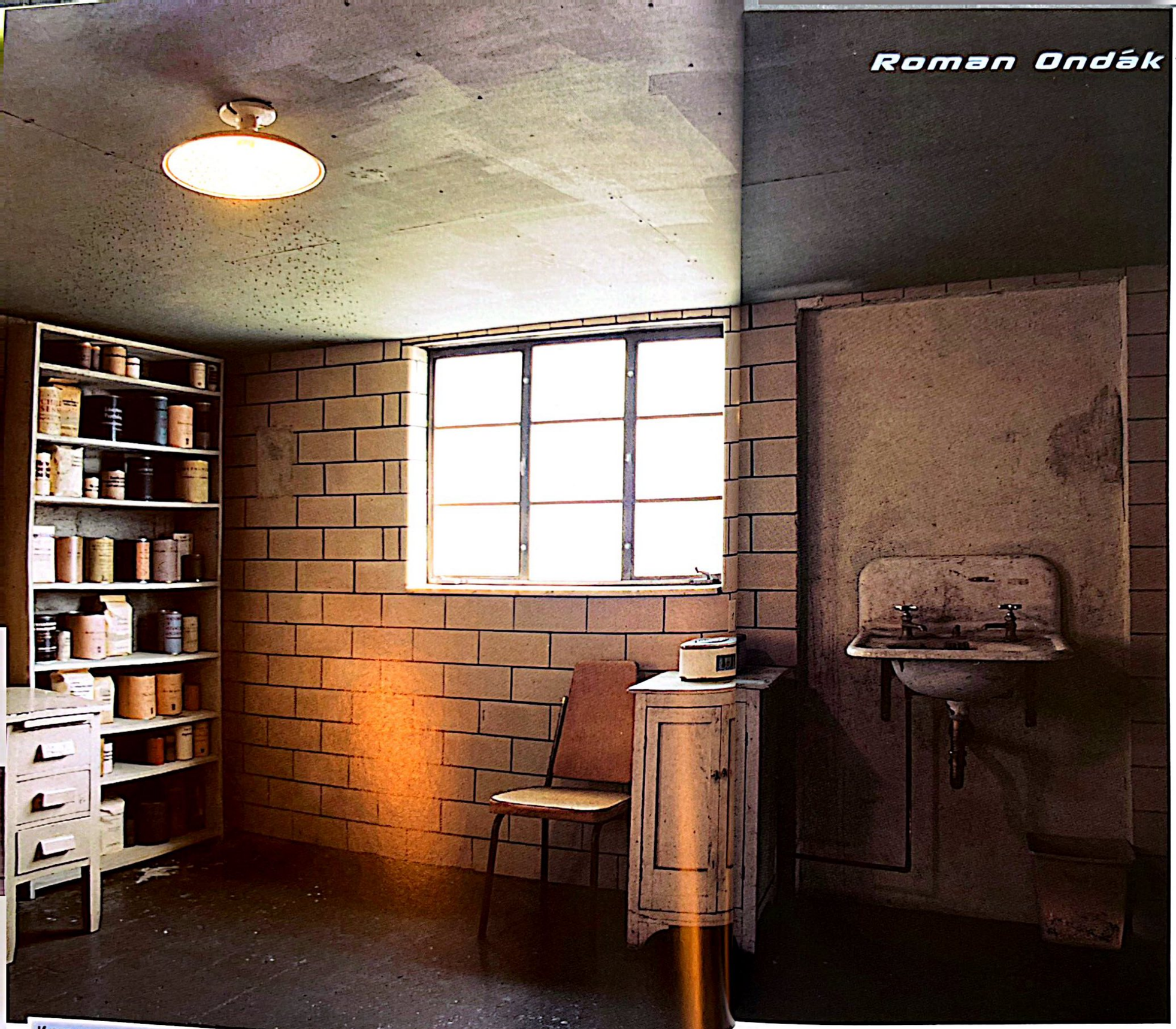
Passant [pa'sant], passer-by, though-traveller.

passiert [pa'si:rt], comes to pass, takes place, happens.

THE MOTHE

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE DAUGHTER AT THE AGE OF THRE





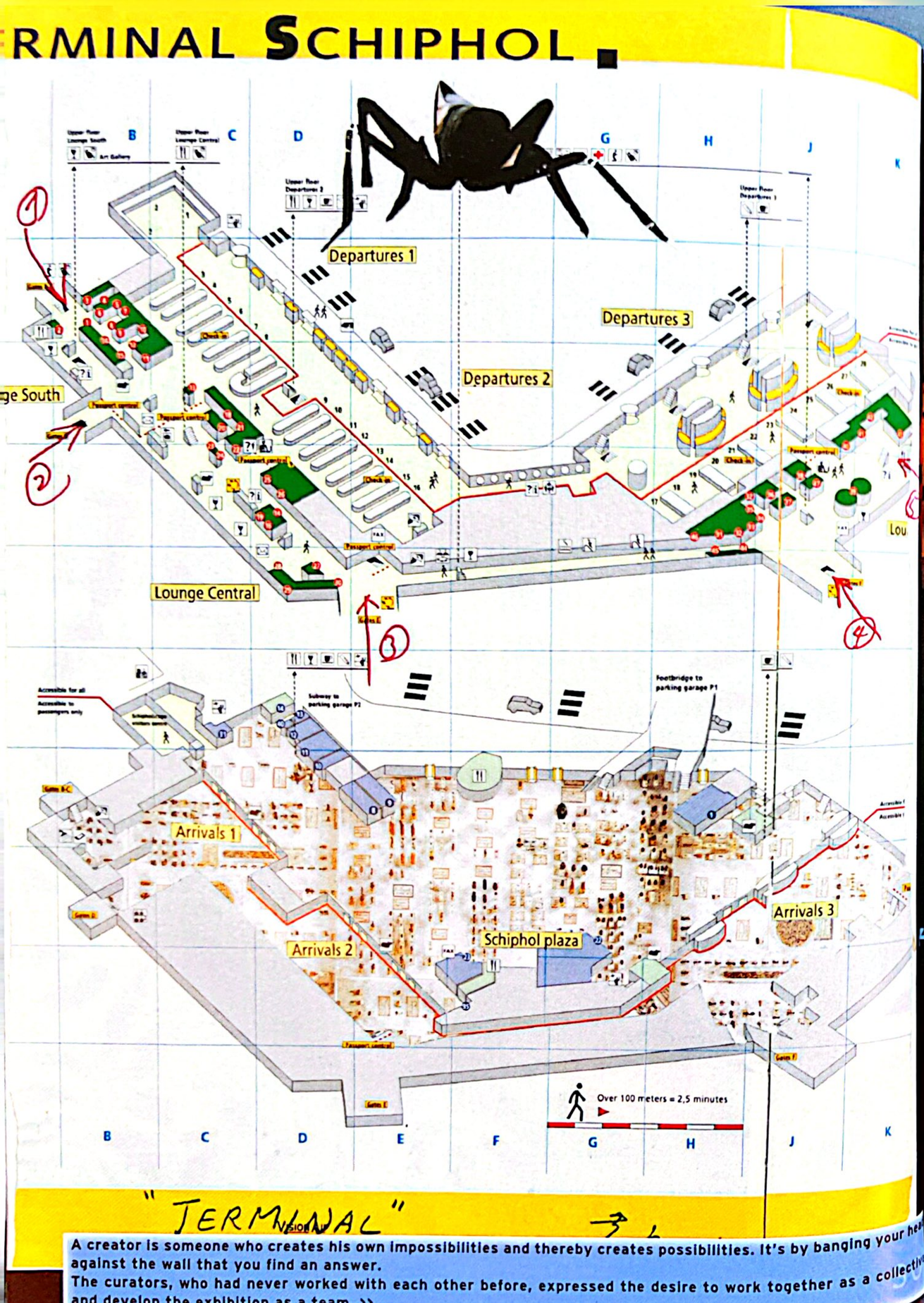


installation at Mattress Factory, Pittsburgh, 1995
FOOD PACKAGES, SILKSCREENED AND LASER PRINTED LABELS FROM BOOKS, FURNITURE, APPLIANCES.
(photo Lubo Stacho; John Charley,
courtesy of the Mattress Factory, Pitsburgh)

If one perceives the world as an interdependency of forces, an intriguing weaving of structures, ideas and reactio Manifesta aims to be the shuttle that moves through this fabric and network. >>

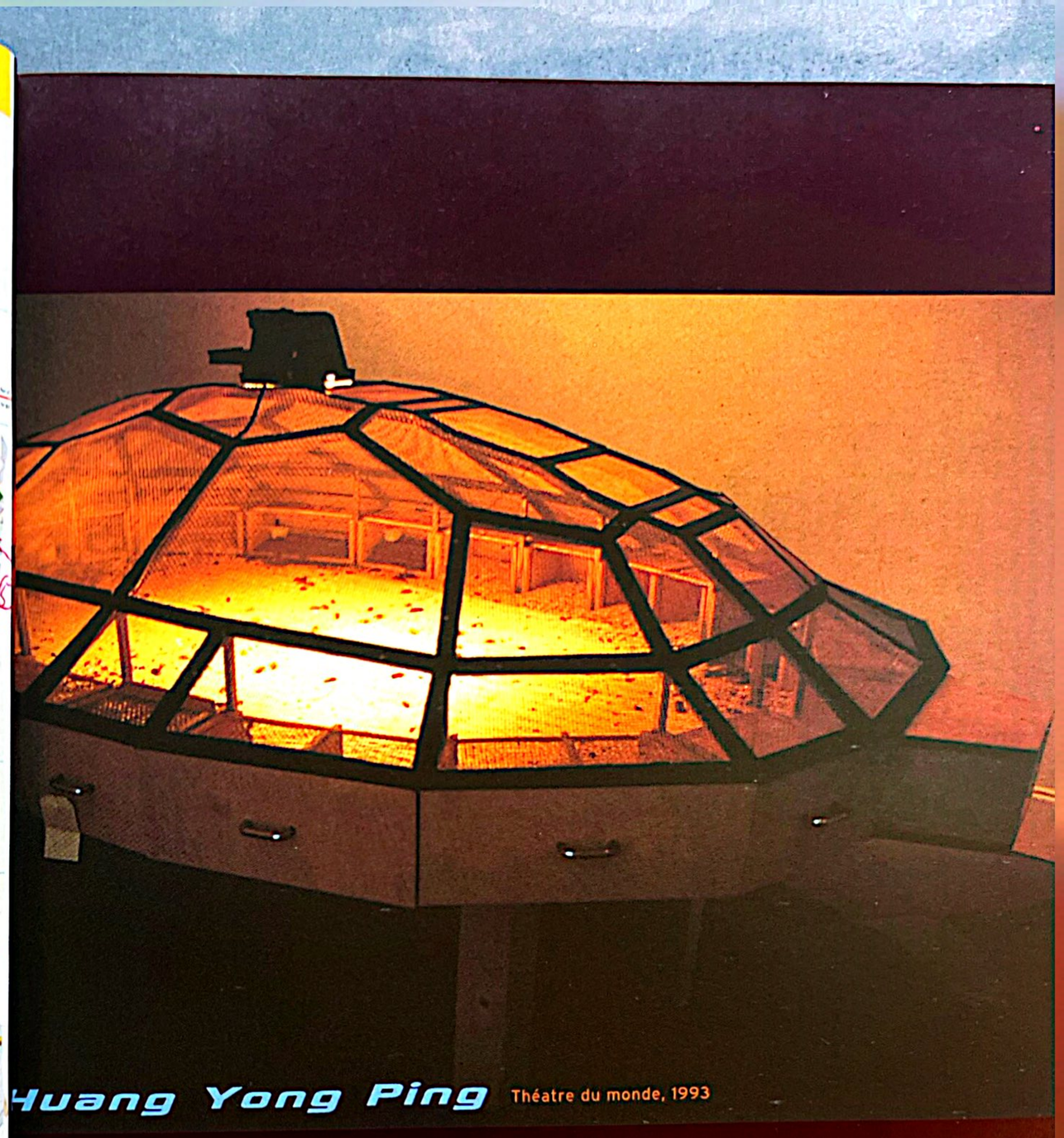
While the creation of the project was complex, the project itself wants to be modest and experimental. One can see creation, as Gilles Deleuze says, as the tracing of a path between impossibilities... Kafka explained how it was impossible for a Jewish writer to speak German, impossible for him to speak Czech and impossible for him not to speak. Creation takes place in strangled channels. >>

RMINAL SCHIPHOL



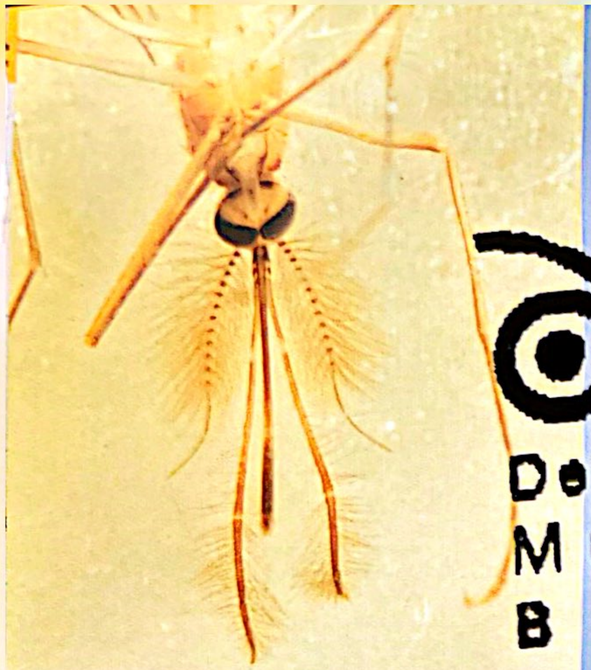
"TERMINAL"

A creator is someone who creates his own impossibilities and thereby creates possibilities. It's by banging your he against the wall that you find an answer.
The curators, who had never worked with each other before, expressed the desire to work together as a collectiv and develop the exhibition as a team. >>



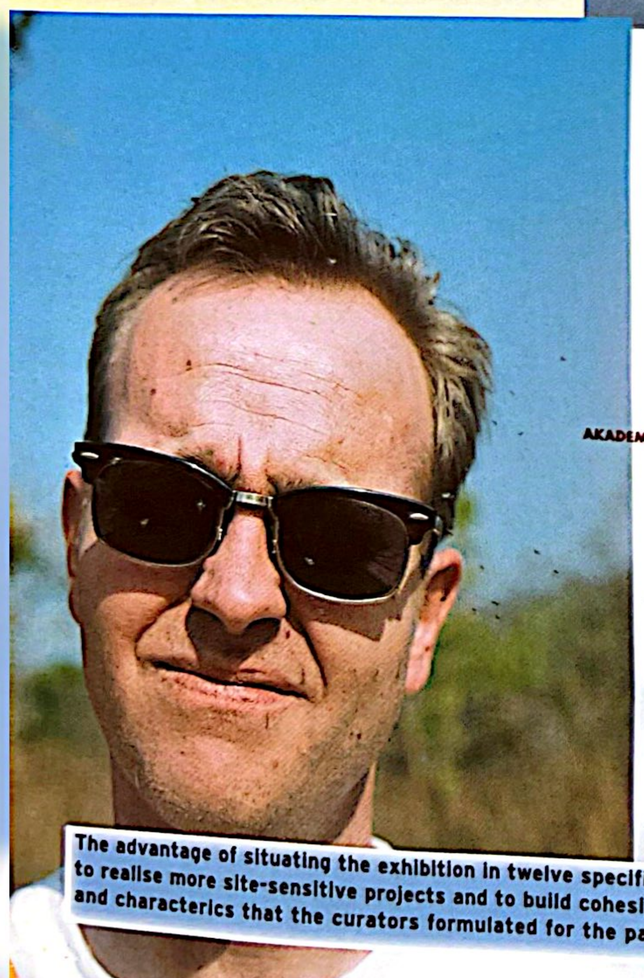
Huang Yong Ping Théâtre du monde, 1993

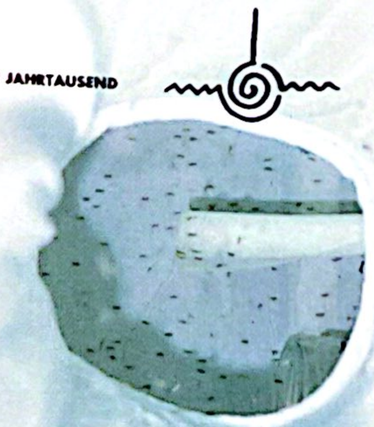
They have kept the research process as open as possible, for as long as possible. They have not only given room to each other's interests and obsessions, but also exchanged ideas about Manifesta with various local art communities at the Open/Closed House Meetings organised in different European cities. >>





Deutsches
Museum
Bonn





The advantage of situating the exhibition in twelve specific locations in Rotterdam was that it created the opportun
to realise more site-sensitive projects and to build cohesion within the various presentations. The different structur
and characterics that the curators formulated for the particular locations reflect their working method.

Rosemarie Trockel/Carsten Höller



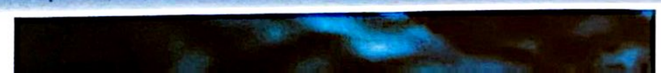
KFA

Forschungszentrum Jülich GmbH
D 52425 Jülich





The issues addressed are both diverse and linked, creating an overlapping structure but without building a collective identity where all differences and conflicts are eradicated.
The development of the project has moved with the tides. These movements have shaped and transformed both the process and the project. >>



"This is me, too..." "installation" project – MANIFESTA 1 (NATUURMUSEUM) Rotterdam NEDKO SOLAKOV, 1996 the octagon space – I floor

Nedko Solakov

Just imagine: what would happen if I start to deal/live:

① as a FOSSIL

a small fossil (MANY, MANY, MANY YEARS B.C.)

behaving as FOSSIL

"FOSSIL(ME)" UNDER MANY LAYERS(stratum)* IN ORDER after some time to appear like a real one

* LAYERS → MANY BLANKETS OVER ME (AS FOSSIL) OVER MY BED

MY FUNNY stories – all of this on VIDEO

② as a stuffed duck

settle over construction

motionless like a stuffed duck no response to anybody's questions – me as stuffed duck asking my neighbour for olive oil ("We just finished ours, my dear – can we borrow some from you ?!")

many funny stories → video + original stuffed duck garment

③ as a SNOWFLAKE

with a perfect crystal structure

paper

my LEGS in white tights (if I could find such big ones)

SNOW forest

A SNOWFLAKE (ME) jumping from a snowy tree on its way to the white ground

MANY, MANY FUNNY STORIES (some of them melting) → video + the original snowflake garment

Without the unconditional support of all those who believed in the project – the Advisory Board, the National Committee, the participating Rotterdam institutions and museums, the dedication of the people working at the project office, and especially the artists, many of whom created special projects, Manifesta would not have been possible. Essential to a cooperative project like this one is to search for ... that includes all different points of view ...

NEDKO SOLAKOV – "THIS IS ME, TOO..." ... MANIFESTA 1 ②

④ as a withered up FLOWER FROM A HERBARIUM

my wife

PRESSED UNDER BIG BOOK IN ORDER to become very flat, extremely dry and beautiful...

→ video + MY TRACES IN the Big Book

and so on and so forth up to 8 (eight) or 7 (seven) reincarnations (transformations).

Normally, everybody would like to be somebody else → famous actor, a brave knight, a real hero etc.) But it's not so usual to appear "Let's be something"... instead of "let's be somebody!"

So, this project deals with my supposable desire to be "something" else. To live as something else – "something" which I know from NATURAL MUSEUM collections, from my old school books and from the inanimate nature around me....

Who knows – may be in this case (me as fossil, a snowflake a stuffed duck etc.) I could establish more proper relationship with the society around me

the "octagonal" space in NATUURMUSEUM – Rotterdam

Video MONITORS (6?) showing nonstop the particular transformations MANY funny stories (and some sad ones, as well)

The display in certain parts → like the normal museum exposition

The original "garments" some of them are "floating" into the air

also many drawings photos, texts placed on the walls, the windows etc → giving full impression (A.M.A.P.) of these strange behaviours....

a special vitrine with the prototypes of my reincarnations – a stuffed fossil etc.

PHOTO: ANGEL TZVETANOV
With special thanks to: Vessi, Dimmi, Slava, Institute of Contemporary Art, Sofia & Earth and Man Museum, Sofia

One of the dozens of descriptions of communication from a dictionary of philosophy reads: communication is intercourse between minds or selves whereby sensations, imagery or conceptual meanings are transferred from one to another. Another definition, taken from an ordinary dictionary, one that comes closer to the intense spirit in which we all have been working as a team, reads as follows: real communication requires a perceiving of all things seen through the eyes of the other. <<

Paco Vacas



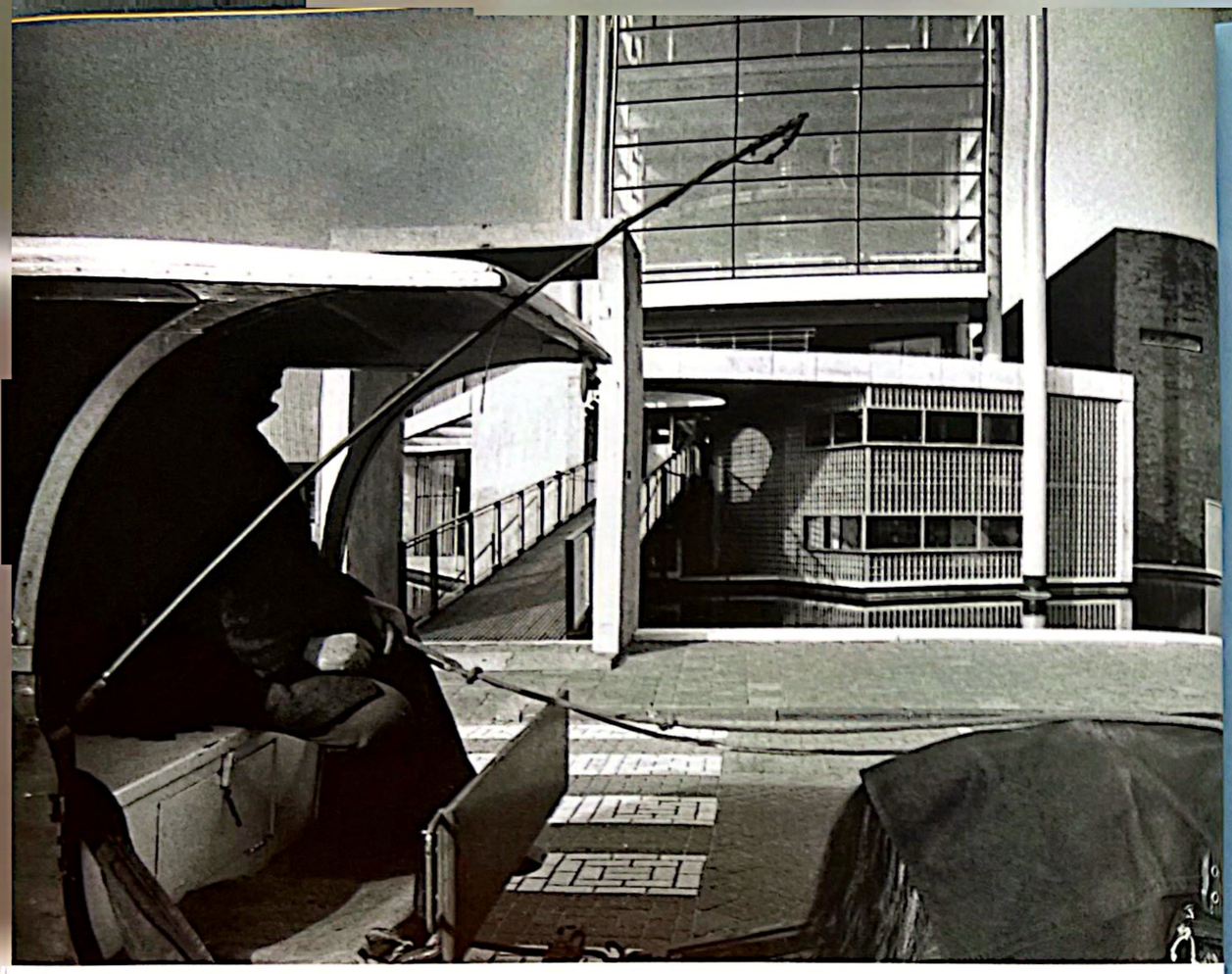
CHARACTERS ABO

TO COME ON STAGE



Viktor Misiano - POETICS OF A COUP - In Moscow, between the 19th and 21st of August 1991, during the State coup, many people could see a tricolour Russian flag upon an advertising Zeppelin, floating above the White House. That image, edited by the mass-media, became the property of the whole world. Very few people know that this flag belonged to artists. >>

It was stored in the collective workshops at the Chisty Prudy and we had taken it along to numerous manifestations of that year in Moscow. On the night of the 19th August we had brought it to the walls of the White House and at the moment of the Zeppelin's launch, took it from Konstantin Zvezdotchetov, who was standing nearby. >>



Catherine Yass

GROUNDED

WISHING WELL Rotterdam schoolchildren offering objects to the pond in front of the Nai.

That fact is symbolic. This Russian revolution was the only one, which wasn't realised in the name of ideology o reformation. It was the first non-ideological, even anti-ideological revolution. That is why the events lacked the globa world perspective: history at that time was deprived of its ontological status. >>

The city is without a centre. Or rather, the centre is unstable. The city condenses around an uncondensable centre. The city forms pressure upon the centre, emphasising it. As the topography becomes more complex, so the centre is resource and necessity. It orientates the dweller, and begins to orientate the visitor.

But what if there were no centre? Or if the centre were to shift unpredictably? Because at a certain time the centre was lost, the gentle evolution of the city was interrupted and its regeneration would then have to have been obsessed with growth. With this accelerated displacement there is no way to isolate any kind of shared place. Such places require consensus, or time at least.

So they cannot decide. There is no-one to turn to who might re-establish that place. From time to time they fix some marker or monument to the place, as a focus or monument, but no-one can remember why it was ever affixed. So they uproot it and move it to some perceived periphery, until it too assumes the role of centre.

The city moves inland, away from the port which engendered the first growth, and the sense of the water appears here and there as a sublimated memory. For the city must have many kinds of trade and many centres.

But without this perceivable centre, the city flows around landmarks which have no priority or hierarchy. Institutions within the city can address these changes, because they, too, are subject to the same change. In this way, there may be a way of making art in relation to such institutions which does not only occupy the space which has been designed or allocated, but actually seeks to address the nature of those institutions. And, in turn, in addressing those places, might hold the fort, as it were, against the evolving cityscape.

As a result, looking at these events from a political point of view, war strategy, or just common sense, they seem to be a chain of absurdities or absolute misunderstandings. The fact that, to date, the impression of what had taken place is so unclear that it has stimulated fantastic interpretations, even though the events of those days are quite homogeneous and all facts easily correlated. >>



Corridor: Daffodil 1, 1994
PHOTOGRAPHIC TRANSPARENCY, LIGHT BOX, 89 X 72.5 X 14 CM

Catharine Yass

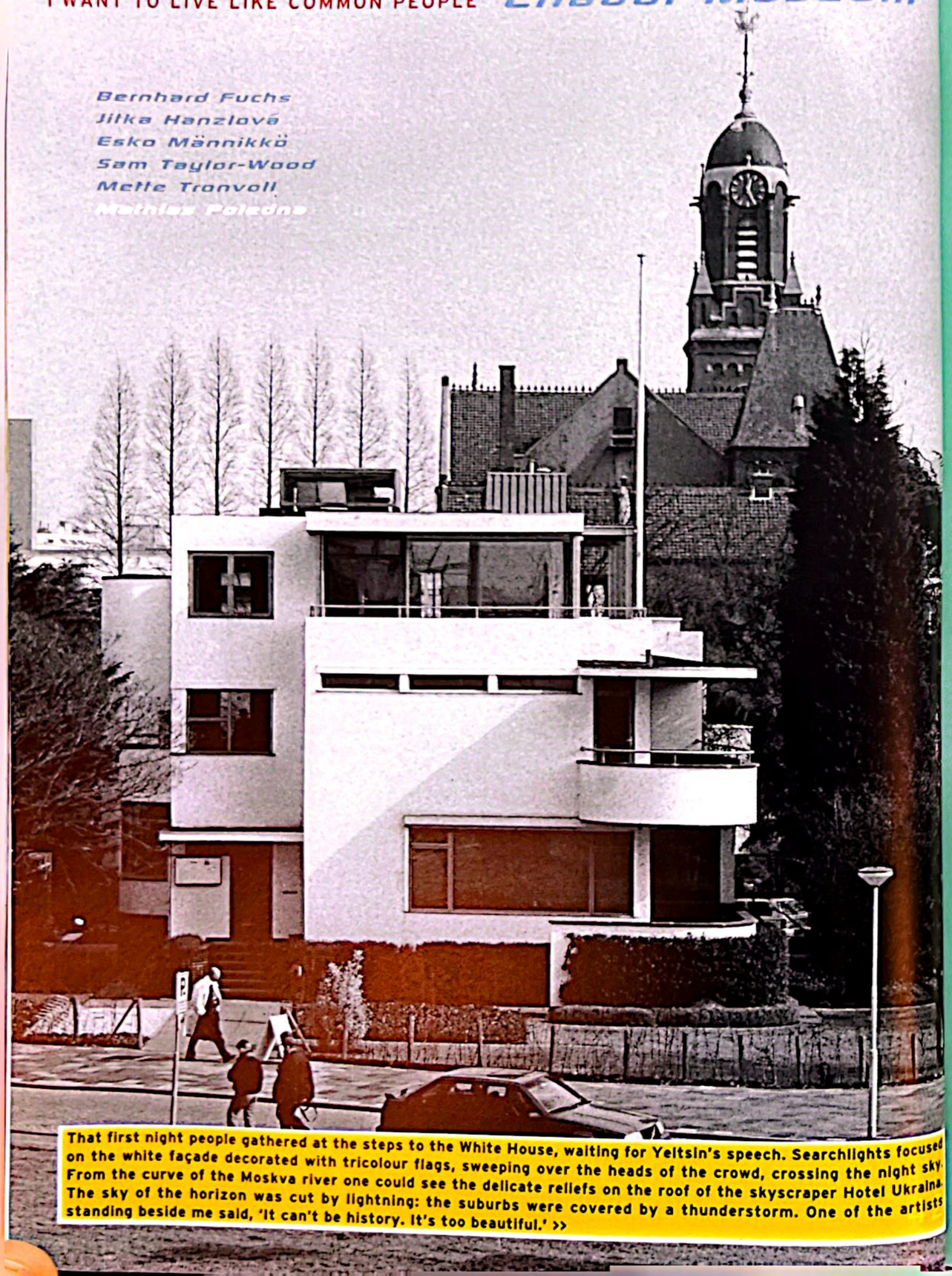
The coup had lasted exactly three days. It produced three victims-three young men of differing nationalities. The disastrous coup caused three more deaths-three instigators, three old monsters committed suicide. The coup had started on the night of St Bartholomeus and ended on the anniversary of the events in Czechoslovakia in 1968. >>



The relapse into Soviet reaction, which had substituted the period of 'thaw,' died on the day of its birthday. The first morning of the coup was cloudy and dark. It had been drizzling for three days, the wind had been blowing, and on the third day, when it was announced that the coup had been suppressed, the bright sun appeared - the sun of victory. >>

I WANT TO LIVE LIKE COMMON PEOPLE **Chabot Museum**

Bernhard Fuchs
Jitka Hanzlová
Esko Männikkö
Sam Taylor-Wood
Mette Tronvoll
Mathias Poledna



That first night people gathered at the steps to the White House, waiting for Yeltsin's speech. Searchlights focused on the white façade decorated with tricolour flags, sweeping over the heads of the crowd, crossing the night sky. From the curve of the Moskva river one could see the delicate reliefs on the roof of the skyscraper Hotel Ukraina. The sky of the horizon was cut by lightning: the suburbs were covered by a thunderstorm. One of the artists standing beside me said, 'It can't be history. It's too beautiful.' >>

She came from Greece, she had a thirst for knowledge,
she studied sculpture at St. Martins College
that's where I caught her eye.
She told me that her dad was loaded,
I said "In that case I will have a rum and a coca cola.
" She said "Fine" and in thirty seconds time she said,
"I want to live like common people.
I want to do whatever common people do.
I want to sleep with common people.
I want to sleep with common people like you"

Well, what else could I do?
I said "I'll see what I can do."
I took her to a supermarket.
I don't know why,
but I had to start it somewhere,
so it started there.
I said "Pretend you've got no money",
she just laughed and said
"Oh, you're so funny".
I said "Yeah?, Well, I can't see anyone else smiling in here;
are you sure you want to live like common people,
you want to see whatever common people see,
you want to sleep with common people,
you want to sleep with common people like me".

But she didn't understand,
she just smiled and held my hand.
Rent a flat above a shop,
cut your hair and get a job.
Smoke some fags and play some pool,
pretend you never went to school.
But still you'll never get it right,
'cos when you're laid in bed at night
watching roaches climb the wall
if you called your dad he could stop it all.
You'll never live like common people,
you'll never do what common people do,
you'll never fall like common people,
you'll never watch your life slide out of view,
and dance and drink and screw,
because there's nothing else to do.

Sing along with the common people,
sing along and it might just get you thru,
laugh along with common people,
laugh along even though they're laughing at you
and the stupid things that you do.
Because you think that poor is cool,
like a dog lying in a corner
they will bite you and never warn you.
Look out, they'll tear your insides out,
'cos everybody hates a tourist
especially one who thinks it's all such a laugh
and the chip stains and grease will come out in the bath.
You will never understand how it feels to live your life with no meaning or control and with nowhere left to go.
You are amazed that they exist and burn so bright whilst you can only wonder why
...

LYRICS BY JARVIS COCKER

On the night of 20th August, the most dramatic and anxious night of the coup, one could sense some movement in the central streets: people were flowing from all sides towards the barricades. It turned out that CNN had broadcast that the attack on the White House had begun, and people were rushing to a certain death. >>



Everybody understood that an unarmed crowd is powerless before a professional army. In the case of Yeltsin's victory, nobody was expecting immediate prosperity, and in the case of the coup's succeeding, nobody gave it more than a few months. People were running from all sides because everybody wanted to be part of history, to be part of its spectacle. >>

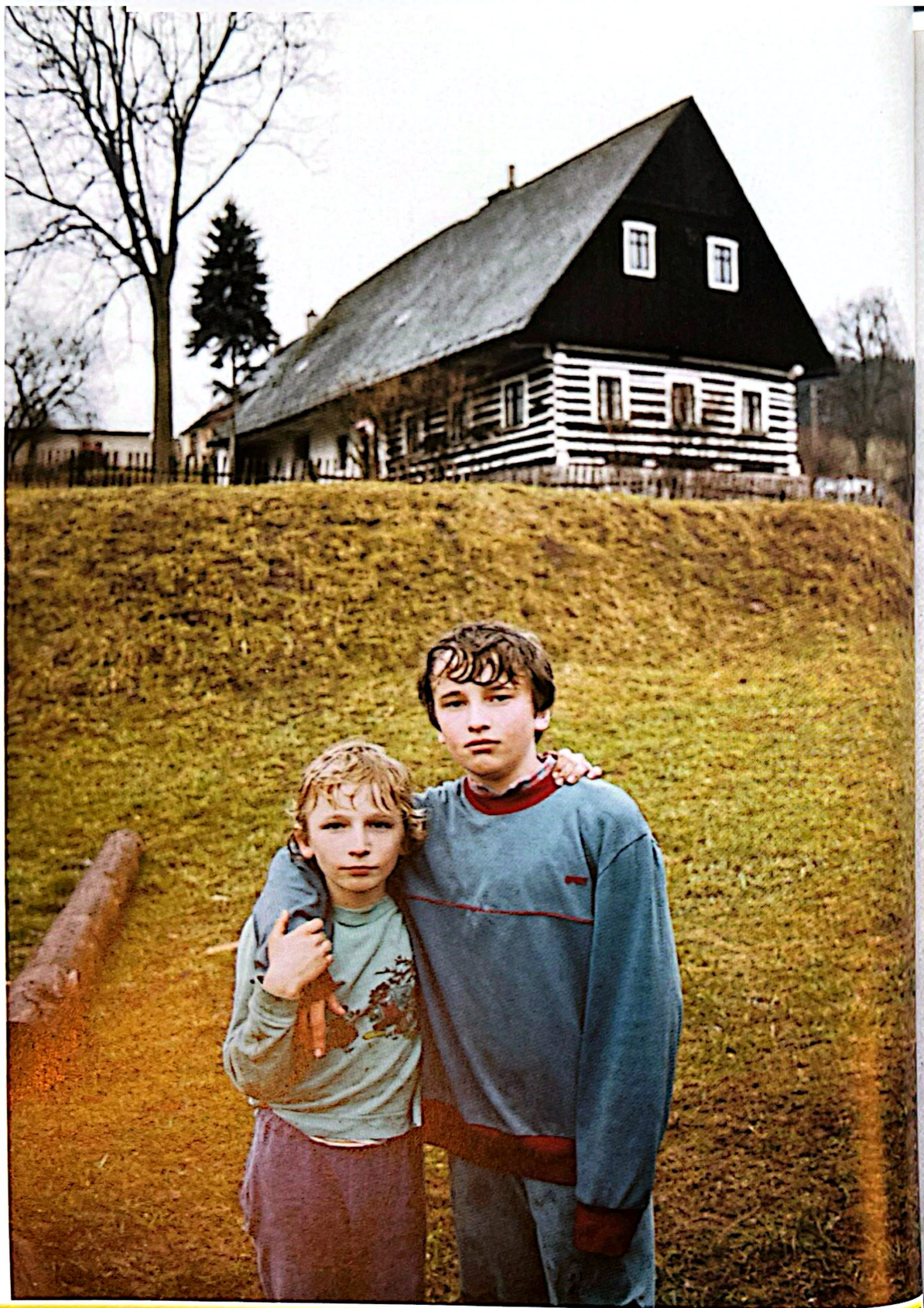




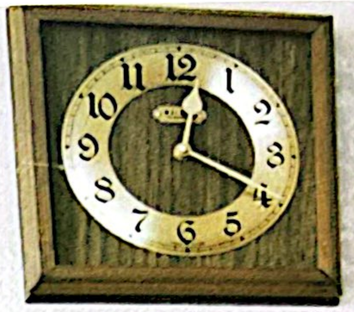


These are photographs I took in 1995 and 1996. They all came into being in Upper-Austria. I often think I would like for people to have pictures of themselves. That is why I take pictures. I would like for them to be something in the photos which continues to interest me (their clothing, for example). The winter in Austria was very long this year. Snow laid into late March and people complained that spring had not yet come. Over the radio came a report that, because of the long winter, heating costs had risen by a third from last year. "That's usual", said my sister annoyed. "You know I can't stand those reports. They give us the same things all year long" I added, "in regular intervals." "No, actually just once a year, yes, and always at this time, like pinpricks under your pillow. You know the feeling?" I said, "me too", and found that this report bored me. She turned off the radio, and this is how I remember our diversion.

Walking along five chains of defenders, we had to bow permanently: the whole of intellectual Moscow was taking part in a three-day performance. Here people were exchanging business cards, making agreements about publishing in various magazines, there people were discussing openings and the dates of scientific colloquia. There had never been so many beautiful women as on that night of 20th August in front of the White House walls. >>



A barricade was erected right in front of the White House inside the defending chain. Bristling with protruding steel rods, it was frighteningly expressive, whilst at the same time protected nobody from anything. It was a kind of urban sculpture, made according to neo-constructivist traditions. The barricade was constructed on the site of a monument dedicated to the first Russian revolution of 1905. >>

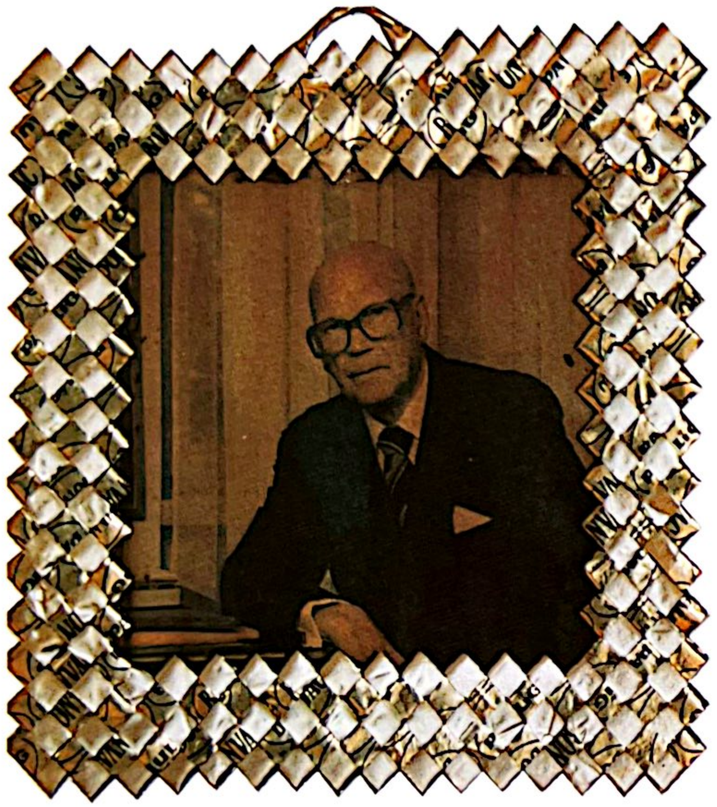


Jitka Hanzlová



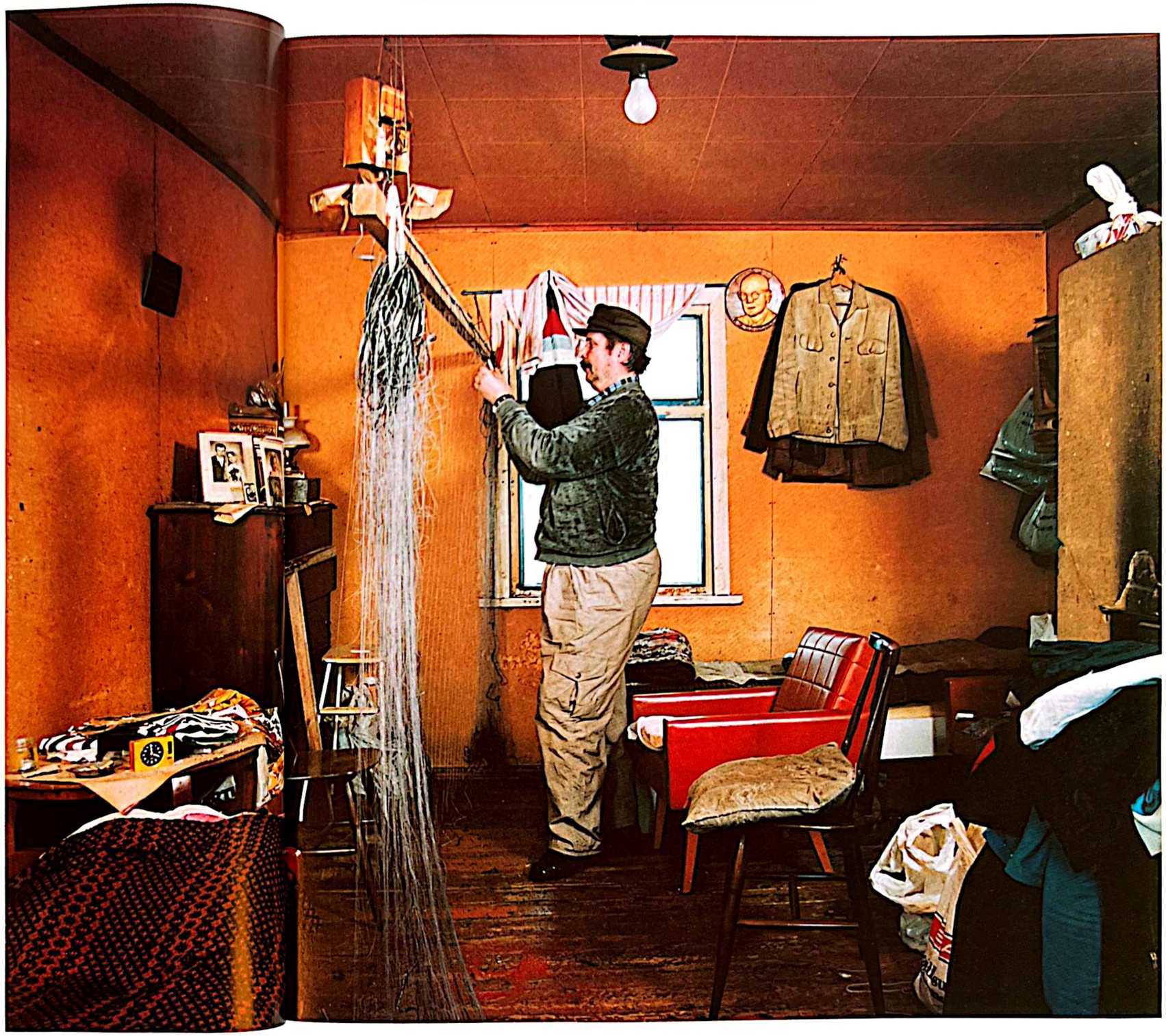


Stones taken from the old monument became material for the new barricade monument. The nearest metro station had the same memorialising name, 'Barricadnaya'. That very station was used by the defenders of the White House, coming from all over Moscow to the barricades of the Russian parliament. History, deprived of its ontological status, looped back upon itself. >>



PRESIDENT

Esko Männikkö



Kuivaniemi 1994

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH WITH UNIQUE FRAME, 50 X 60 CM

Thus, the revolution spectacle of August 1991 lacked unity and homogeneity: the crowd could not find an original, self-expressive language. In the evening of the third day of the coup, when the revolutionary crowd had walked along the central streets of the city, profaning symbols of the old order, I noticed a sign inscribed on the wall of the Central Party Committee building: 'We've come!' Historical appropriation. >>

The first time this was written was in 1945 by a Russian soldier on the demolished Reichstag building. By night, 'the defenders of democracy' were making fires. These were not needed in the warm August nights, but they had nevertheless been made according to the revolutionary imaginary, according to the Soviet tradition begun with Sergei Eisenstein and ending with Sergei Bondartchuk, the order that on the night of a revolution - as in November 1917 - fires should be made. >>

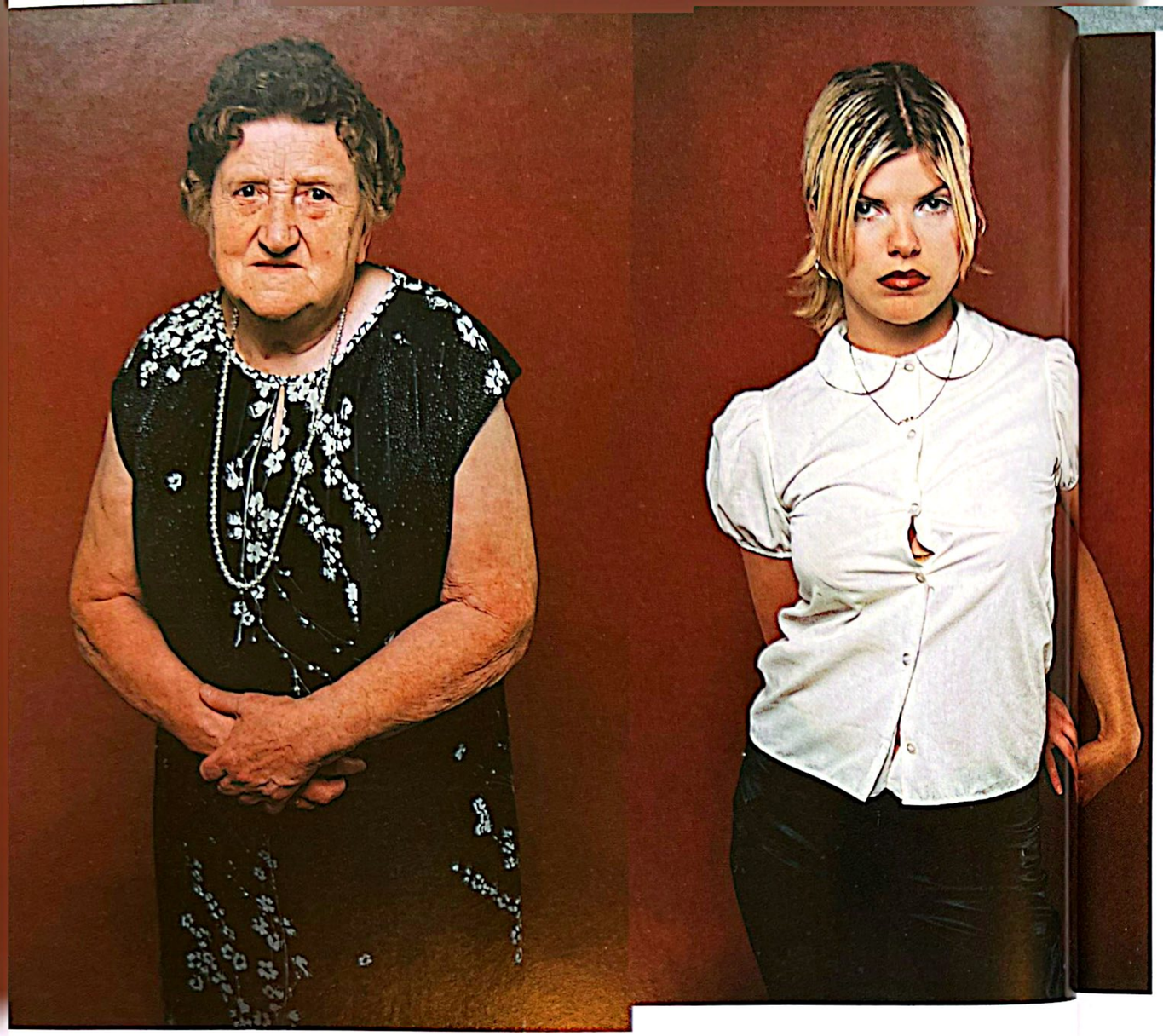


detail from 'Five Revolutionary seconds # 2', 1995
COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH ON VINYL WITH CASSETTE TAPE, 72 X 757 CM

Sam Taylor-Wood

Around the fires people were singing songs, drinking vodka from water bottles, handed from one to the other. One could recall the war poetics of the Second World War and the tourist romanticism of the Sixties.
The state coup failed because nobody took it seriously. Irony was the underlying tone by which the events were perceived and one's action gauged. The appearance of the tank column under the tricolours was the most pathetic moment of those days. >>

Growling and clanking they entered the defence line and the excited crowd met them with enthusiasm. The people were shouting 'Hooray,' and laughing at the same time. It was obvious that everything that was happening lacked authenticity, that a Soviet citizen, totally ruined by scepticism, could hardly identify himself with such an event and pretence to the heroic. >>

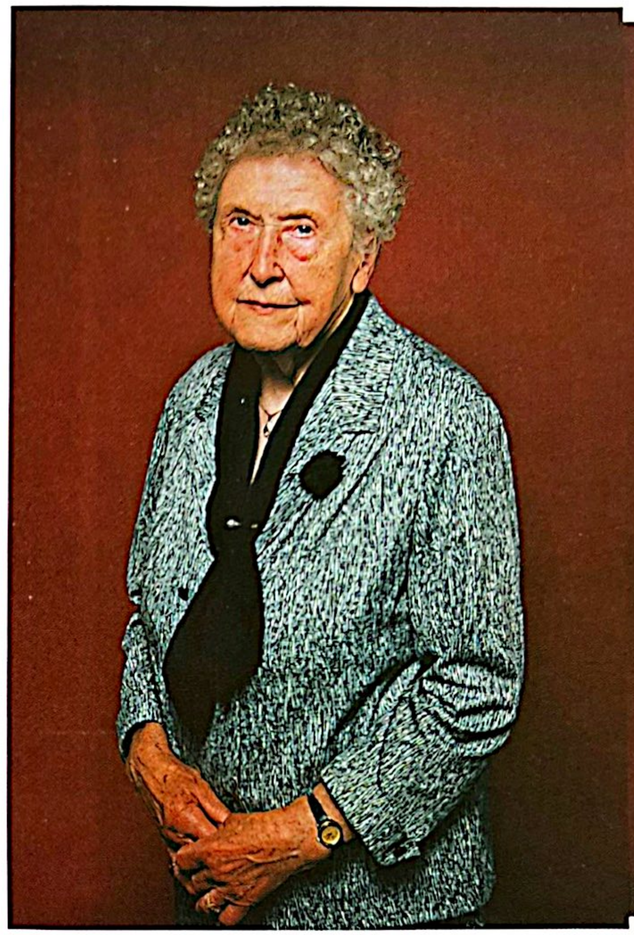


Marit Stene, 1994, 110 X 76 CM

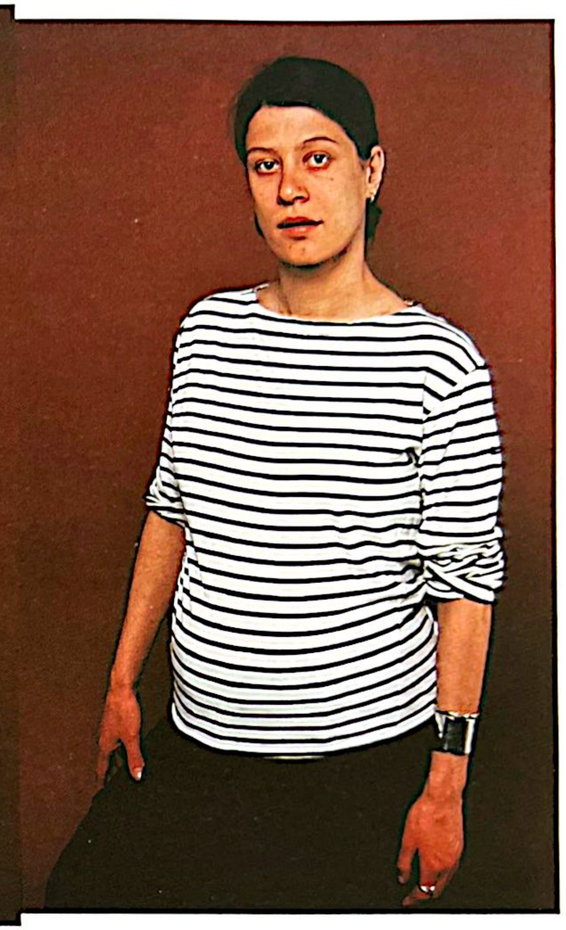
Eline Mugaas, 1994, 110 X 76 CM

The only thing which left an impression of truthfulness was Gorbachev's speech shown on TV. Shot with an amateur video camera in the surroundings of a Pharaoh's villa, the tape differed from the usual stylisation of Presidential speeches, and was touching in its existential intimacy. Gorbachev was dressed in an informal summer shirt, was speaking with difficulty, and was obviously scared. >>

Mette Tronvoll

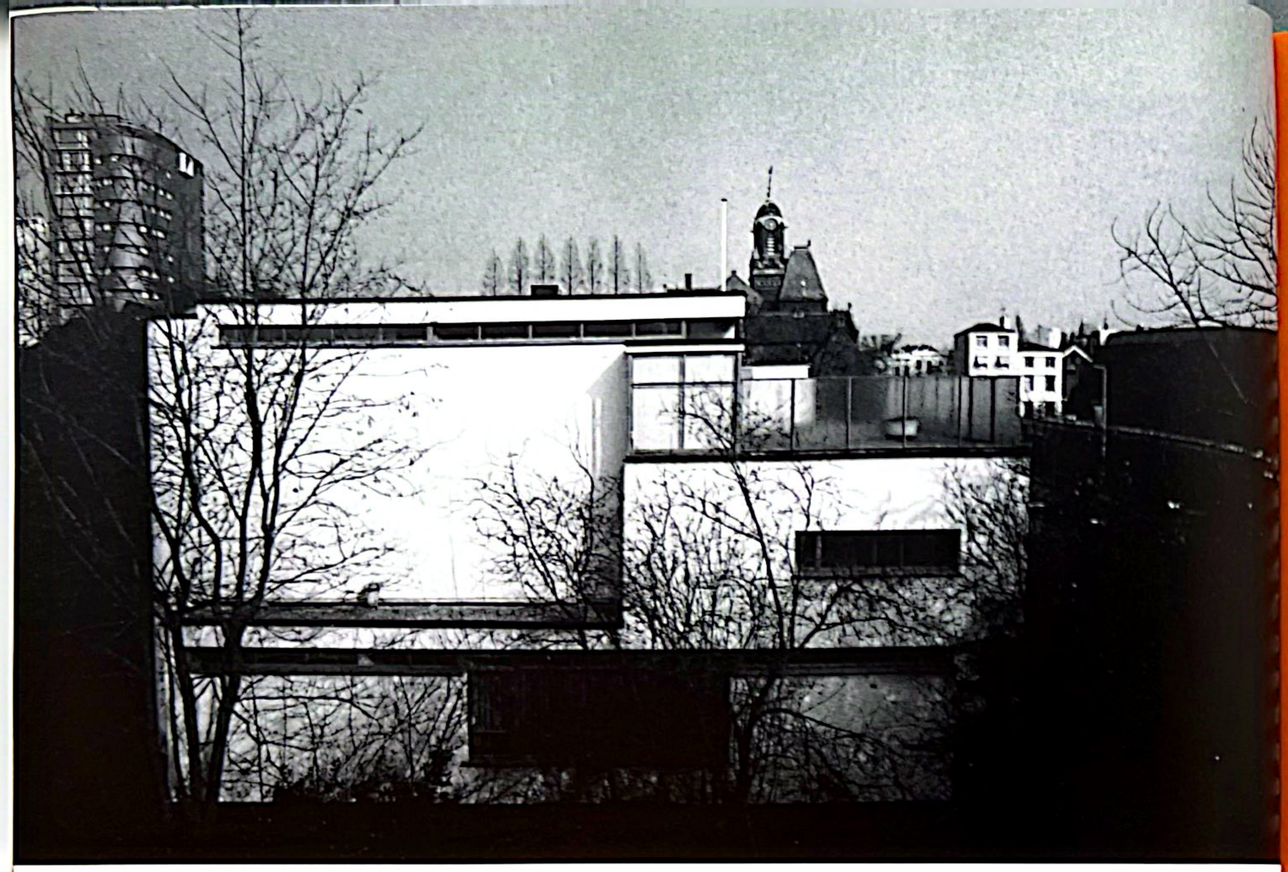


ANNE BERBU, 1994, 110 X 76 CM



HANNAH KRUSE, 1994, 110 X 76 CM

The professional shooting of three days' coup was signified by rhetoric. On the contrary, the amateur recording of Gorbachev's son-in-law left an impression of pure authenticity. As a result, the tape of the President, who was himself under suspicion of siding with the coup, appeared to be more authentic than the reality shown on the screen and than that experienced personally. >>



Villa Museumpark 9

Ayşe Erkmen
Koo Jeong-a
Regina Möller
Liza May Post
Kathy Temin
Renée Kool

IN EVERY DREAM HOME A HEARTACHE

The culminating event of those three days was the demolishing of the monument. Such an outcome was inevitable: it was the logical extension of the revolutionary image. All revolutions end with the destruction of the tyrant's monuments, although at this moment we witnessed the substitution of an aesthetic discourse by a political one. In the desire to struggle with icons, an aesthetic revolution could have been satisfied with something smaller: it would have been enough to paint a bronze idol pink, or make him a clown's hat. >>

It is a question of scale. The house is built around the body. Any architectural discussion begins with the notion of shelter; shelter for 'my' body, for my dreams, my passions, and for the different things I need to do to live (love, eat, sleep...) But is that shelter constructed around me, or do I have to modify my behaviour and experience in order to accommodate and be accommodated by it?
All modern conveniences. The myth of the modern home is one where the home is built not only for shelter, but somehow to serve pro-actively. Witness, for example, those absurd automated fantasies of the Fifties, where the kitchens moved around to help the 'housewife'. The house in Jacques Tati's Mon Oncle, with its ironic critique of the hypertechnological, preceded in some way the actual deconstruction of the abstract, pragmatic and essentialist ideals of Modernism. It suggested that play, spontaneity and disorder were warmer values than the absolutes of functionalism.
The house is the most essential of human cultural production. It is subject to the economy of materials and spaces. It is subject to the body. There is the determination of place against the indeterminacy of what is outside of it. The house becomes its own republic, where I establish my own law.

'In every dream home a heartache.
And every step I take
Takes me closer to heaven.
Is there a heaven?
I'd like to think so.'

(Bryan Ferry)

BUT WHEN DOES THE HOUSE BECOME A HOME?

Homes contain memories and histories, pain and comfort-even Modernist villas. Even here, which seems to work so hard against the domestic, by its outlook, its exposing windows, its coldness of form, even here, there will always be the accrued experience of living. And if those windows expose the body to any degree, they are the anchor for any venture outwards. The view from the window.
Whatever modifications it has undergone over the years, the Villa represents a (relative) constant, whilst what goes on outside the window is something in motion, subject to change. The topography of the city centre changes over the decades, and the Villa finds itself preserved precariously, with one or two others (such as the Chabot Museum), somewhat out of context. One cannot help but notice the view. Not that what might be seen is *visually* striking, but rather, there is a desire for the inhabitant or visitor to place the Villa, to anchor it to somewhere. And so we witness this paradox of the Modernist historical icon of an idealised domesticity looking out on the institutionalised historicity. But how to deal with that? Because that is what we do every day of our lives, we negotiate the change by establishing some relative constants in our world. Thus the house becomes a little world with its own frame of references.
We become 'house proud'. We make it our own haven to shore up against any past or potential heartache.

However, the political discourse which had manifested itself here, reached another verdict. A loudspeaker in the bus, with a voice of Yeltsin's favourite Sergei Stankevitch announced that the decision to demolish Soviet monuments had already been designated. Frightening, empty monuments testament to the political violence still stand in the centre of Moscow. >>

Ayşe Erkmen

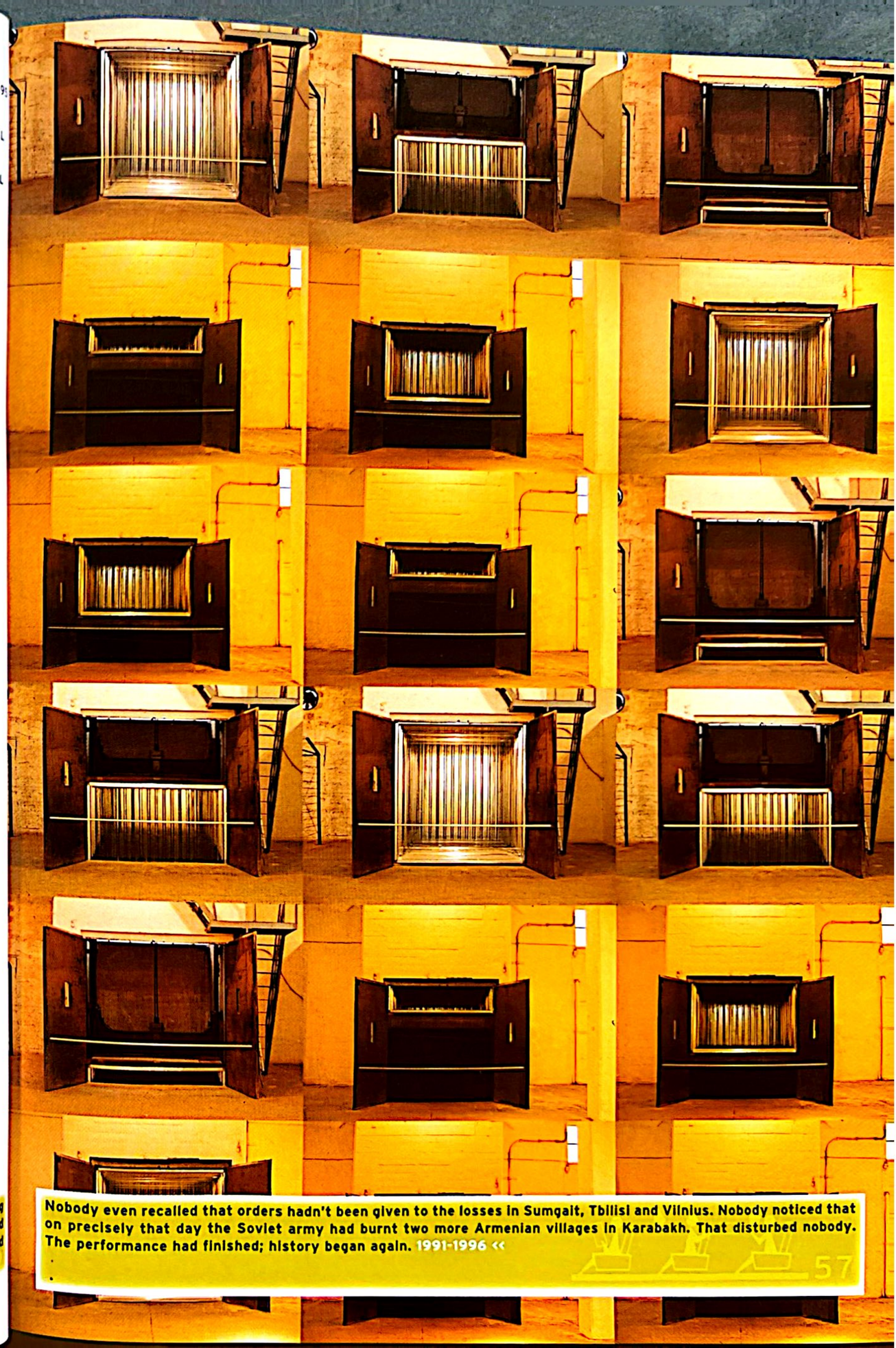
WERTHEIM/ACCU,199
"ORIENTATION"
4TH INTERNATIONAL
ISTANBUL ART
BIENNIAL, ISTANBUL



Then Goldilocks came upon a house
where the bear family was living.
"Oh what a nice house!
I wonder who lives there?
I must go in and see!"

Detail from "Goldlöckchen und die drei Bären", page 13, Delphin Verlag, 1993

The funeral of the victims took place two days later. Priests and rabbis appeared at the proscenium. Three young victims were awarded the title of heroes of the Soviet Union. But nobody even noticed that they had been decorated with an order of a non-existent state, that burial rites had been carried out to commemorate comsomol-activists and sons of party leaders, that rabbis had to bury on a Saturday. >>



Nobody even recalled that orders hadn't been given to the losses in Sumgait, Tbilisi and Vilnius. Nobody noticed that on precisely that day the Soviet army had burnt two more Armenian villages in Karabakh. That disturbed nobody. The performance had finished; history began again. 1991-1996 <<



ANDREW RENTON - HOTEL EUROPA, AND OTHER DIARIES - *I am becoming increasingly nervous of the key-lady. She is never at her desk when I want my key, and is always waddling back down the corridor. The girl from the bits-and-pieces shop by the key-lady's desk is always willing to rummage for the key, however. But there is no system, nothing to rely upon. (What has she just been doing?) >>*



Koo Jeong-a

Because you do not travel empty-handed. You bring with you all manner of things, so that it becomes hard to look at things simply. And because you always arrive with some measure of preconception, there is a received idea of how you might interpret things upon your arrival. >>



I had always assumed it to be grey. Brigitta says, 'it was grey. Of course, the parks and green were here, but you had to look for the colour in the streets. And then they cleaned the windows.'
There is always a measure of expectation when you arrive at your destination. You look at things differently in the lobby of the hotel. >>

Haute Gardening
The New Hobby

Des Esseintes had always been excessively fond of flowers, but this passion of his, which at Jutigny had originally embraced all flowers without distinction of species or genus, had finally become more discriminating, limiting itself to a single caste...

It amused him to liken a horticulturist's shop to a microcosm in which every social category and class was represented - poor, vulgar slum-flowers, the gilliflower for instance, that are really at home only on the window-still of a garret, with their roots squeezed into milk-cans or old earthenware pots; the pretentious, conventional, stupid flowers such as the rose, whose proper place is in pots concealed inside porcelain vases painted by nice young ladies; and lastly, flowers of charm and tremulous delicacy, exotic flowers exiled to Paris and kept warm in palaces of glass, princesses of the vegetable kingdom, living aloof and apart, having nothing whatever in common with the popular plants or the bourgeois blooms...

In former days, in Paris, his inborn taste for the artificial had led him to neglect the real flower for its copy, faithfully and almost miraculously executed in india-rubber and wire, calico and taffeta, paper and velvet.

As a result, he possessed a wonderful collection of tropical plants, fashioned by the hands of true artists, following Nature step by step, repeating her processes, taking the flower from its birth, leading it to maturity, imitating it even to its death, noting the most indefinable nuances, the most fleeting aspects of its awakening or its sleep...

This admirable artistry had long enthralled him, but now he dreamt of collecting another kind of flora: tired of artificial flowers aping real ones, he wanted some natural flowers that would look like fakes.

(Excerpts of J.K. Huysmans: "Against Nature")

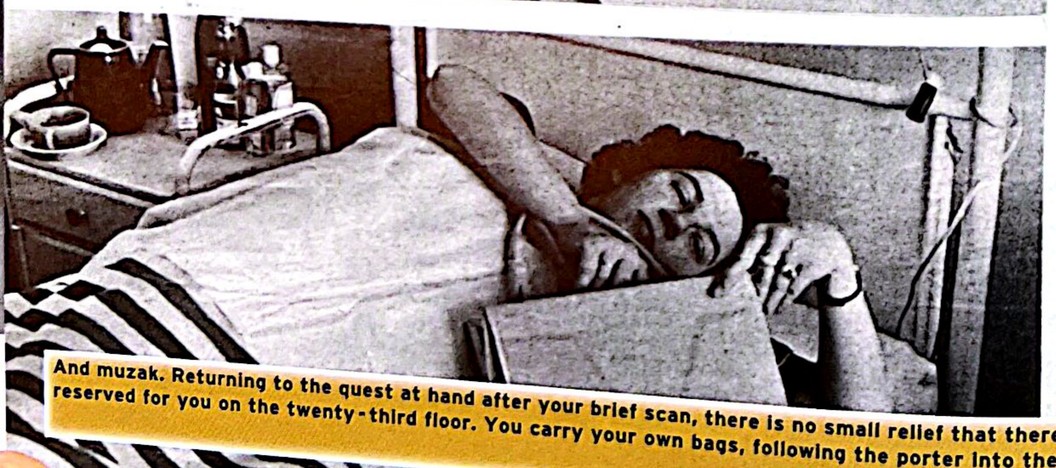
concept/arrangements:
Regina Möller, photo: Studio - Riemenschneider + Partner, Berlin 1996)

For you have not yet resolved your place - if and where there might be a place for you. It is the same old story. You announce yourself to the receptionist and attend her computerised excavations. In that momentary hiatus, you survey the lobby. All is as much or as little as you expect. The chairs, the palm tree, the marble, the mirrors. >>

Liza May Post

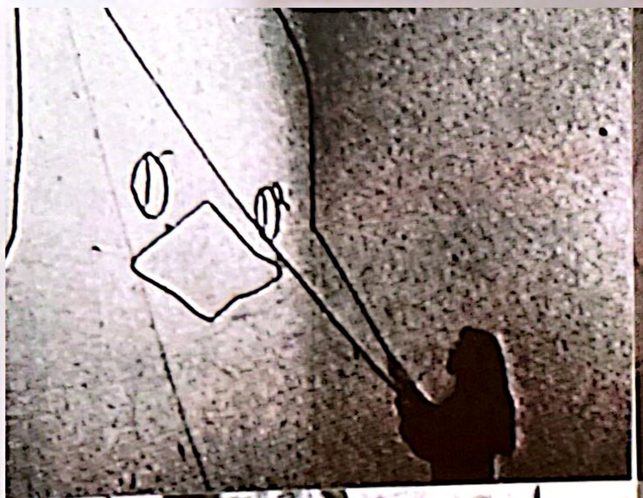
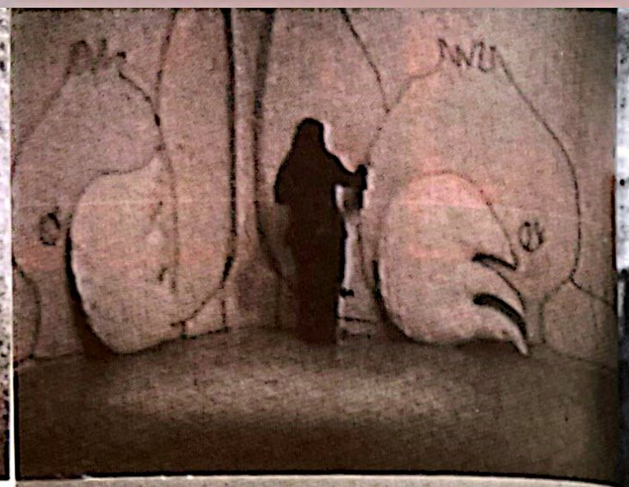
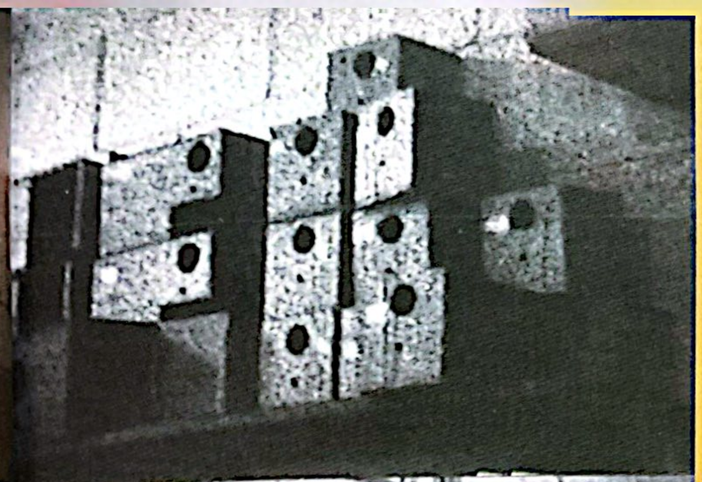
DEAR M.
DALAY CAUSED BY
ATTACHMENT AND LOSS
LOT'S OF LOVE
E.23.

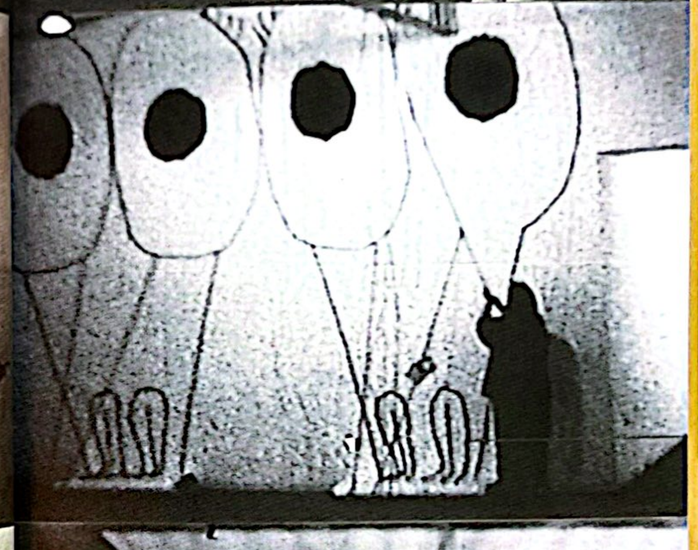
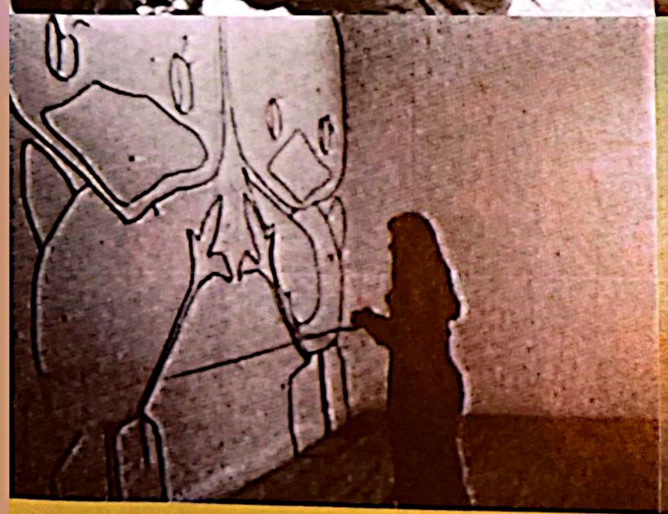
LIFT UP, 1994



And muzak. Returning to the quest at hand after your brief scan, there is no small relief that there is indeed a room reserved for you on the twenty-third floor. You carry your own bags, following the porter into the lift. >>

Some days later you return to check out of the hotel. The same receptionist is on duty. She smiles. The same hiatus as you look again at those now familiar surroundings. Every stick of furniture is as it was, rooted to the spot. The palm tree to your untrained eye has not grown a jot and the muzak plays the same chorus from *I Fall to Pieces*. >>

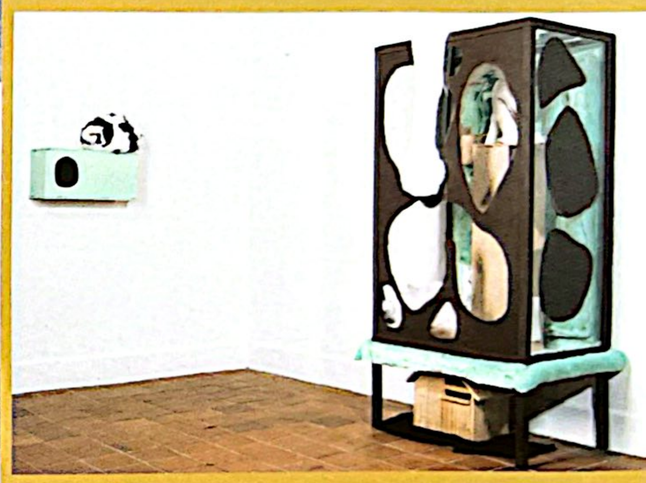






Kathy Temin

Film stills from 'An Art Film I and II', 1991-1993
and 'A Bird Film', 1995 by Kathy Temin
SUPER 8 TRANSFERRED TO VIDEO



Installation view taken at The Guvett Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth (NEW ZEALAND) 1995
LEFT: Spearmint Problem (New Plymouth), 1995
60 x 60 x 30 cm
RIGHT: Home Dis-play with legs, 1995
170 x 120 x 50 cm

And yet, you cannot help but feel that it all looks so different. For you have passed the time, and fallen in love, and broken your heart, and it could not look the same to you now. But equally, you cannot understand how true to your first image it remains. >>

ot only does it take time for your eyes to become accustomed to their new surroundings, but there is also a eferred effect carried forward from where you once were. The processes of change are slow, but so pervasive that hey offer no possibility of reversion. >>



Museumpark, 1992
(PHOTO HERMEN MAAT)

Some things just don't travel well. It is not that they are perishable, or fragile, but that they make a journey from one place to another only to be uncrated safe and sound, but somehow different. Yet it is not the appearance which has altered; everything is as it was and in its place. Or perhaps not quite. Everything is in its place in terms of the thing itself, the boxed thing, the designated object. And still something is amiss. >>

Nobody will exchange notes issued before 1991. No-one will exchange notes with a single tear. No-one will exchange notes with any kind of ink mark on the central portrait. Rather than a touching respect for America's presidents, one might think that ball-point pen might be an assurance that the notes were not fake, having some semblance of having been in circulation. >>



Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen

OIJ

Vadim Fishkin
Dmitri Gutov
Christine Hill
Soo-Ja Kim
NEsTWORK
Maurice O'Connell
Tadej Pogačar
Arsen Savadov/
Georgy Senchenko
IRWIN
Didier Trenet
Olafur Eliasson
Renée Kool
Koo Jeong-a

I went shopping and found a pair of binoculars that are worn like spectacles. It was clear that the man in the shop who sold lenses of all kinds considered selling in itself the exception rather than the rule and was surprised at my interest. >>

The Boijmans Van Beuningen Museum is surprising for the diversity of its art collections, which cover the period from the late Middle Ages to the present day. The old master paintings include masterpieces by artists such as Hieronymus Bosch, Rembrandt and Rubens.
The collections of prints and drawings and applied art are of high quality and international renown.
The museum is also known for its modern classics, such as Kandinsky, Picasso, Van Gogh, Impressionists and Surrealists, as well as for its collections of industrial design and contemporary art. In addition to the presentation of the permanent collection the museum offers many temporary exhibitions, lectures, film shows and courses. It also has an inviting restaurant and a well-stocked bookshop.

It begins with the premise that it will always look different. When you look at the thing, it will always change, before your eyes, in your memory. It will have been always different. Increasingly this deferred perception would appear to be the only way to address the objects which surround us, particularly those we value, those we preserve, those we make again with every glance. >>

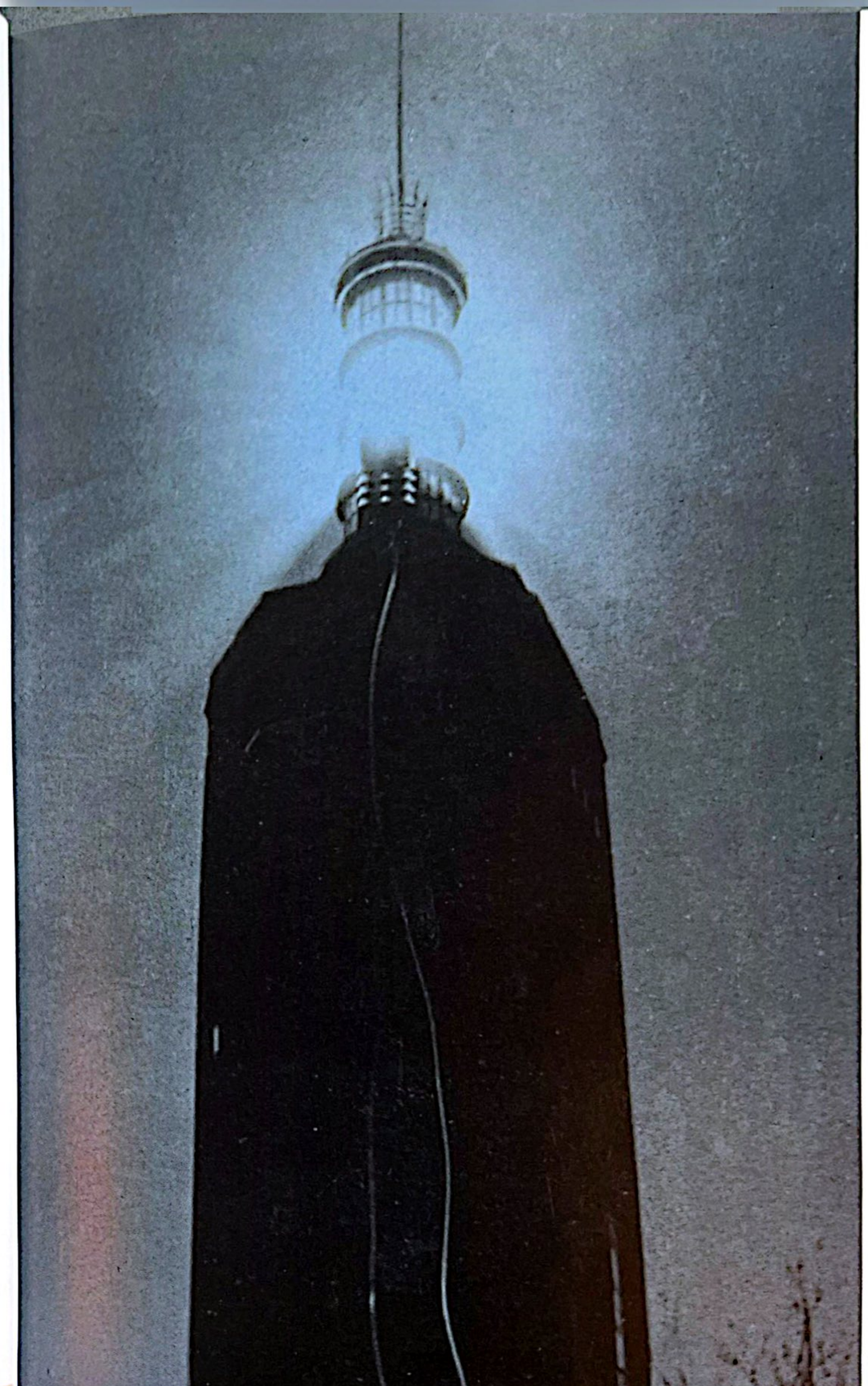
Vadim Fishkin



LIGHT HOUSE

Light pulsating in the Lighthouse has the same rhythm as my heart. Wherever I am the signal from the sensor which is fixed on my breast transmits the heart's beating to the tower of Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen.

But this is an unstable ground upon which to theorise. Perhaps we have to pass through this and respond to it now. The 'now' implies a personal obligation, a facing up to the object and an overt projection of the self. 'Here,' you say to yourself. 'I am here and this is my obligation to being in this place. Now.' The immediacy of this act of standing or staying in a place is full of the ethical relation of the body to any configured object before it. These are social relations. >>



'Here. Now,' you say. So, here as I am, I am trying to find some means of understanding all that has had the ground moved from underneath it, all that has uprooted itself and attempted to re-root (re-route) itself here, now.
I made the mistake of opening the windows last night in my hotel room (primarily to counteract the sense that the person who had occupied the room before me had not quite left). Mosquitoes live for several days. >>

PROJECT MUSEUM EXCURSION

Dmitri Gutov

D. GUTOV. LIFSHITZ INSTITUTE
'IT IS POSSIBLE TO BECOME AN ARTIST ONLY WHEN YOU ENRICH YOUR MEMORY WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF ALL THE TREASURES THAT WERE CREATED BY MANKIND.'

The project which I present at Manifesta is an excursion around the Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen. The excursion is set as a free conversation based on particular examples of different works of art. The purpose of the excursion is to give a modern artist the opportunity to express his conception and understanding of the essence of art and the ways to estimate the value of the work of art.

The reference to classical heritage is principal. Here the eternal question of aesthetics is raised, too. The question is: why do works which were created in absolutely different historical conditions still appeal to our souls and give aesthetic pleasure? What is the nature and the origin of this problem and what is the value of the things we perform? The text is recorded on the tape and available to every visitor at the entrance.

'It is funny! - Goethe said.- 'It is the same thing as asking a well-fed man about the bulls, sheep and pigs he has eaten and which have made him so strong. We have certain abilities but we owe our mental development to the influence of the great world, where we take and assimilate everything we can. I am very grateful to the Greeks and French for many things. I am very much indebted to Shakespeare, Stern and Goldsmith. But the sources of my mental development are not exhausted therein; they can be searched for ever, but one doesn't need to. The idea is to have a soul that loves and perceives truth everywhere it can be found'.



Jheronimus Bosch, The pedlar
(COLLECTION MUSEUM BOIJMANS VAN BEUNINGEN, ROTTERDAM)

ACT

LIBRARY PIEC

HOW TO PARTICIPATE/!

A) kindly rummage through work & draw conclusions..

B) based upon those conclusions, send one(1) book that you find relevant to ═══ the artist at the address printed here. please include this form.

C) you will receive work influenced by your contribution within one year. honest.

c.hill c/o m
cantianstr
10437 ber
germany

NOTE: All read terial should be in ENGL or GERMAN (educatio mitations)

Thanks.

Your Name & Address:

Christine Hill

no computer INTERNATIONAL LTD 1997
100% handmade +1+(you are responsible for purchase & postal charges)

"Tour Bus Terror, landscape passing me by in huge gulps, in fast gas station attacks, run run run all ladies to the toilet and leave it open to avoid paying a 50 pfennig entrance fee and feet up legs out splayed all over the bus trying to maintain a modicum of sanity of creativity trying to keep all my thoughts lined up as we bump and grind over kilometers of autobahn, mercilessly difficult to write neatly in precious notebook bitch bitch scream that is my lighter that is your lighter.

Someone has discovered an introvert in me, hidden way way deep down under wigs for stage performing and loud mouth look at me antics...the introvert wants to be locked up reading books for weeks & months filled with opinion forming ideas and exchange to naturally hopefully inevitably release on the outside world in one big huge extroverted explosion (coming soon to a tour bus near you)."

JOURNAL EXCERPT, 1996

(WRITTEN ON TOUR BUS DURING BAND'S FIRST PROMOTION TOUR OF GERMANY)

There is exchange which posits itself as free trade, but the concept is a construction which has its origins in a particular place. Or, at least, in the idea of a particular place. This so-called exchange, then, began ideologically as a simulated exchange, where value was calculated according to one currency or value system. In due course the exchange became meaningful despite itself. It could not help but fold back upon itself. >>

THIS
IS YOUR
RECEIPT.

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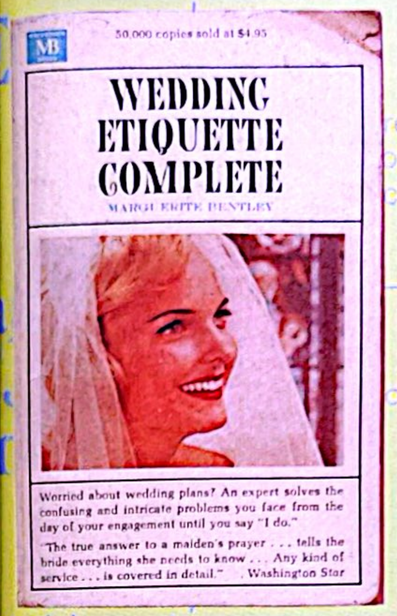
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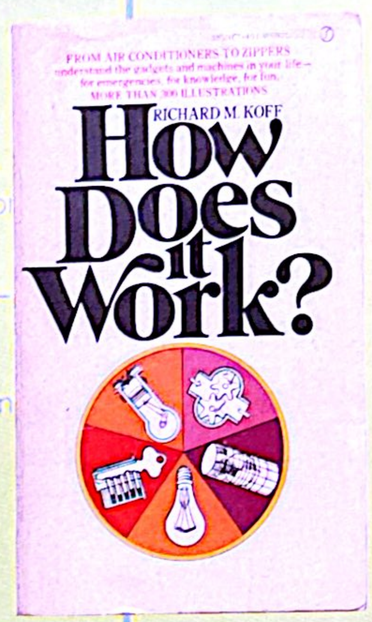
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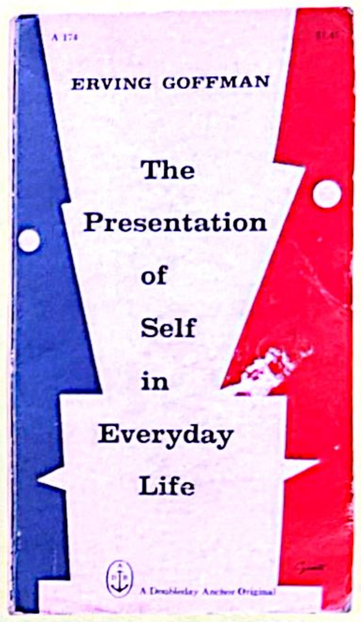
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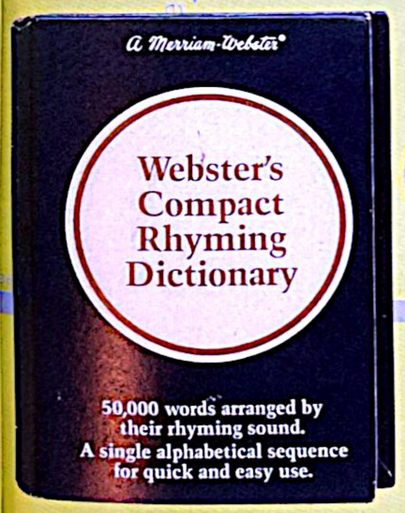
Christine Hill/Artslut

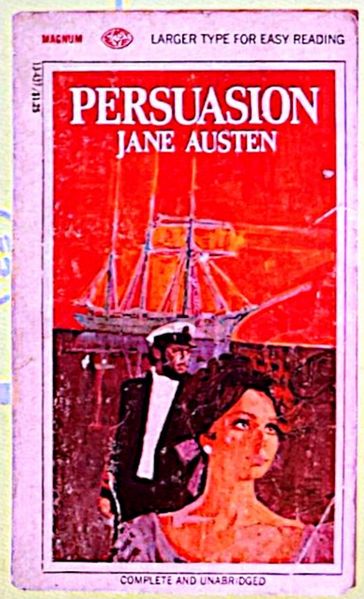
LITERARY INFLUENCES (PHOTO: UWE WALTER. COURTESY GALERIE EIGEN+ART & ARTSLUT ARCHIVE)

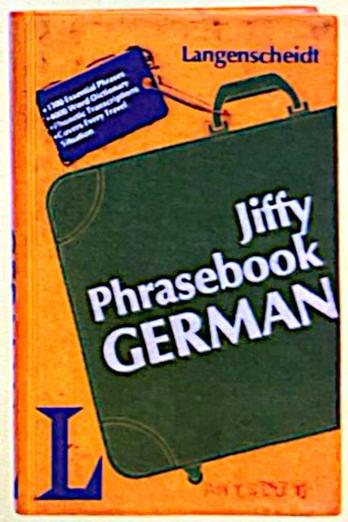












Such an idea, which we might tentatively call Europe, which marks or maps the constant flow of displacement of one object by another, one place by another place. This Europe is less of a place as it rather inconveniently has become, but more of a conceptual space. It exists in the mind, of course, but is defined cumulatively. It is borne out of countless histories and journeys. >>

Soo-Ja Kim

CONCEPTUALIZATION OF EVERYDAY LIFE

To an artist, the 2-dimensional plane is a kind of wall beyond his or her control, and the history of painting can be seen as one of ceaseless challenge to this wall.
I want this wall to be one with myself and I yearn to overcome this barrier. Fortunately the wall I chose is something I can sew on, something I wrap things up in, something I fold and tie up with.
This wall takes endless transfiguration, and the transfiguration is very logical. Its being logical does not mean I see logic. In other words, the artist's behaviour, based on the logic of sensitivity not on logic for its own sake, allows us to foresee its transfiguration. For me, the transfiguration is mediated in everyday acts like sewing, wrapping, packing and tying knots, untying, inserting, and tearing apart. These mundane activities are related mainly to 'women's work'.
In the act of sewing, the cloth becomes the object and the sewer becomes the subject. At this time, the trace of thread, piercing the cloth as the object, is the body and soul of the one who acts towards oneness. Repeated sewing is an expression of the never-ending quest for the planarity of the cloth I pass through and for life itself. Integration of cloth made in the continuous process of such quests enables me to move towards a new topology and necessity of the plane by alternating dimensions.
On the other hand, while the inductive, 2-dimensional work forms another plane by integrating pieces of cloth, wrapping cloth around an object does not alter its basic structure. It decomposes the completed object's aesthetic structure unit by unit, which is rather a process of analytic confirmation. Thus the object-work progresses in reverse to the 2-dimensional work. In this sense, I would call the object-work a 'Deductive Object'.



The act of wrapping cloth around an object is an extension of sewing. For sewing a piece of cloth is both 2- and 3-dimensional at the same time. It is not unlike the act of wrapping cloth around an object. This theory can be applied to a series of installation work, like the wheels that are wrapped around with cloth, move in circular motion, by which this time sew up the space.
My work extends to such acts as inserting cloth patches between cracks of bricks, packing bundles in cloth, then unwrapping the cloth bundles. My job is always related to the act of everyday life, for I find the logic of life and painting in the act of everyday life. And it is more revealing in 'women's jobs'.
Women's lives are full of 2-dimensional work, 3-dimensional work, installation work, and performance art. That is, the visual system underlying the clothing, cooking, and housekeeping is enough to reveal the profile (or cross-section) of contemporary art.
Washing, squeezing water out of laundry, hanging it out, folding, ironing, sewing clothes, and winding threads; sweeping, mopping the floor, dusting, decorating home interiors; cooking meals, grocery shopping, preparing dishes, setting tables, dishwashing and so on.
It is not farfetched to say the structural logic of contemporary art resides in them. Also, it is possible to make concrete analysis and appreciation of all the details, because it is logical and fascinating. Furthermore there also exists an extra-mundane element that wakes us up from the monotony of everyday life.

My art is the conceptualization of everyday life, especially women's work. At the same time, it is the work in which I consumate myself in the process.

MARCH 1994

NETWORK

kunstenaarsinitiatief Stichting B.a.d CENTRUM BEELDENDE KUNST

Europe has been forced to make a metaphor of itself historically, projecting virtual reflections of itself elsewhere, translating itself, or more accurately, establishing translations in itself. It, too, has been made up of journeys elsewhere, and ironically as it formalised its union in political terms, the idea of Europe (for it was only ever conceptual, for our purposes) becomes more and more problematic with the emergent clarity. >>

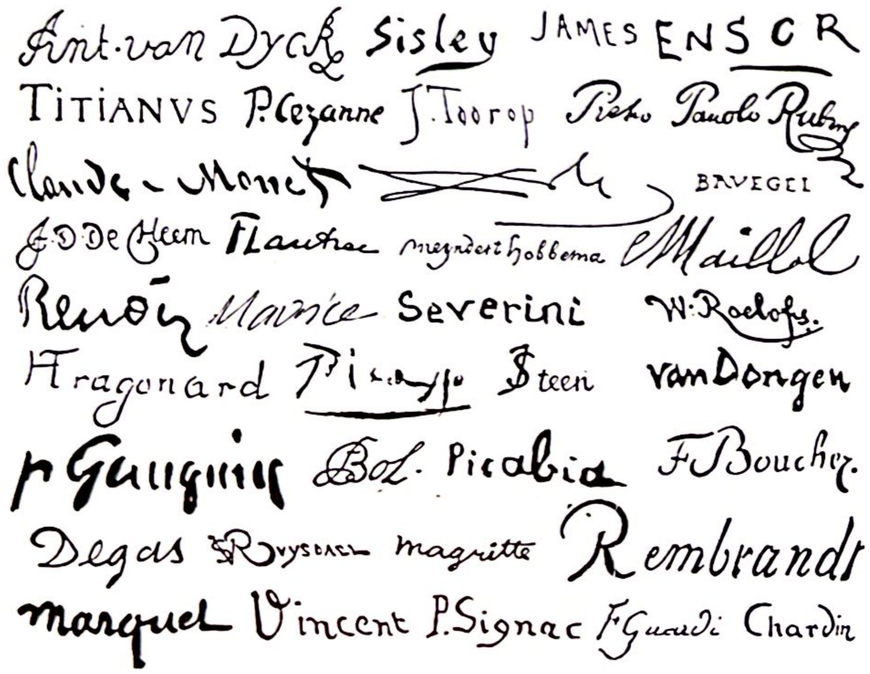
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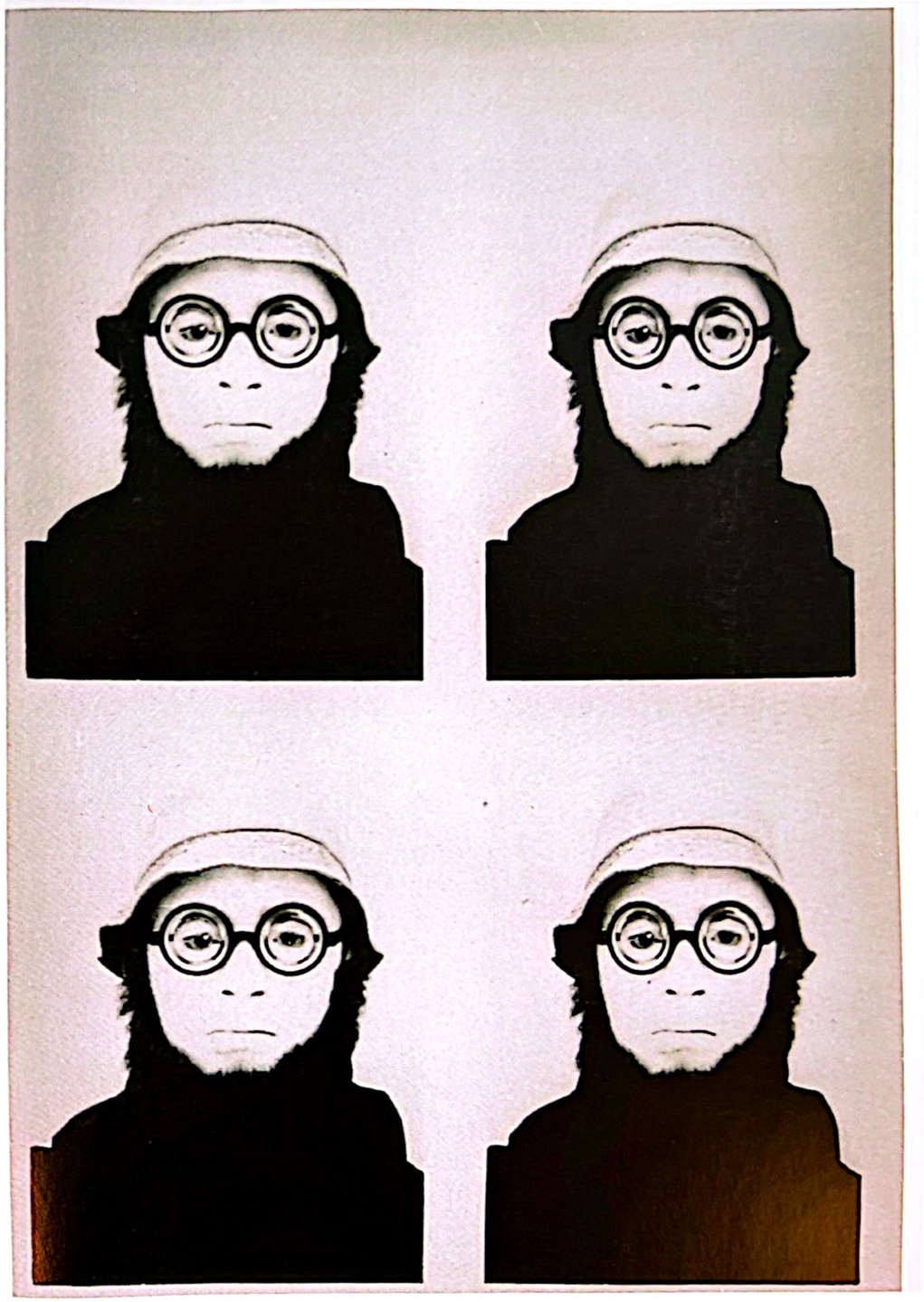
The bigger picture only becomes a problem with the obligation to address a field of vision bigger than the old world known hitherto. Not that we should work without that idea. On the contrary, it serves us well, directing us to some kind of habitable plotting space, a thinking ground. But the ground is not stable and, finally, as we might begin to acknowledge this, we might expand the metaphor in useful ways. >>

Maurice O' Connell

STATEMENT BY THE ARTIST: This project is one of a current concerns regarding the institution and institutional relationships. Issues that are social, political, historical and of institutional. By examining the human relation to the building and its function it is possible to understand more about its cultural intentions. It is through the complexity of the infrastructure a building in this case the Boijmans Van Beuningen will be the model to be explored. There is often assumed that its role and how it achieves its cultural aims and ambitions is clear. Through a systematic look at how each participant performs their role that one reveals a different perception of the 'Museum'. It is perhaps not an entirely shared one. As each person in the structure enacts their role one reveals individual interpretations. The scale of the various tasks to perform and their variety creates gaps of understanding. Interrelated activities that share a common aim but not necessarily a common understanding. Interestingly there is not a hierarchy of understanding (by this I mean the gaps throughout the structure). The institution by its nature exists before we experience it whether to work or visit. The implication of this is we adapt and function within this given structure. We can reveal its nature but usually only in relation to our particular needs. We interpret its use and how to use it. Our relationship to it varies. For some it is a place to visit, others to work, a result of a career choice, we move into social implications towards political and historical. As cultural property it has multifaceted functions some clearly understood and interpreted others taken for granted, others not so apparent. All of this and more effect what is contained inside its structure and how to interpret it. This project intends to reveal this complexity to the building itself and indirectly to those that come in contact with it. This will take the form of a manual of information, accompanied by a system of labeling alluding to specifications of uses and functions throughout the building.

Museum Boymans-van Beuningen Rotterdam





"Institutional" Relationships - users guide -

Because things have a habit of returning. As something is sent away from its point of origin, although it does not work as it did, it begins to work in new ways. It begins to transform itself. Such a transformation confuses the object with its surroundings. You can hardly recognise it. At least, you cannot remember for what it was made, what purposes it served, and why it was sent on from one place to another. To here. Now. >>

If there is much talk of boundaries shifting and reconstituting themselves, the ethical obligation resides in one who is on the move. This obligation is made of creating new lines in between places, rather than pacing out a border within which to reside. >>

Tadej Pogačar



'... Black males are primitive because the distance between their navel and penis remains small (relative to body height) throughout life, while white children begin with a small separation but increase it during growth - the rising belly button as a mark of progress.'
ETIENNE SERRES

'White criminals, white children, and South American Indians generally do not blush'.
HAVELOCK ELLIS

'In general, the brain is larger in men than in women, in eminent men than in men of mediocre talent, in superior races than in inferior races'.
PAUL BROCA

'Small, peripheral isolates are a laboratory of evolutionary change'.
S.J. GOULD

'... A superior intelligence has guided the development of man in a definite direction, and for a special purpose'.
A.R. WALLACE

in 1940 they were establishing a border between the Soviet Union and Romania in Moldavia. They came across a izba belonging to an old farmer lying exactly on the line of the border. Asking him which country he would like h home to be included - the line could pass around either side of the izba - he replied, 'I think I would like to be Romania. It's so cold in Russia.' >>

To be an artist here, then, is to be of nowhere, to be *en route*, in transit, between terminals. And if the locus has shifted, there will be, by definition, another kind of work to be make. There can be no steady accumulation of objects, only a gradual dispersal of what few objects there are. There is no 'centre,' no studio, no monument - only a series of connections, where the work becomes something in itself when sited. >>

Arsen Savadov / Georgy Senchenko

'Grishka came to the river when it was already dark. "God bless you and your ammunition". He only managed to think, when from the bushes resourded. "Halt! Who's there?". Tears began to roll down Grishka's dirty chyrka. First, two tears, then four more.'

A. Gaidar, Ammunition.

'I am on fire. Recognized by no one'

R.M. Rilke, Last entry in notepad.

WELCOME!

Among the questions such as 'to be, or not to be?', 'what to do?', in other words questions which to answer mean just to survive, the most fulfilling for discussion today seems to be the army's 'Halt? Who's there?".

The voice of a soldier on sentry from the darkness symbolises, in this case, a question posed by an unidentified 'other'. Moreover, the necessary clarity and significance of an answer is predefined by the counter question - 'And, strictly speaking who's asking anyway?' The almost biblical pathos of the demand of immediate self-identification actually conceals ludicrousness and the falsehood of representational mechanisms. All that is really necessary to be recognised is the correct identification of the inquirer and the knowledge of the password.
The clarity of self-identification has always been valued on the cultural front. However, today's reports tell us: - away with recognisability - the result of choice imposed by consumer consciousness! Away with the attachment to the guaranteed! Don't trust the badges of rank! Tear out the pages from the dictionary with the words 'repression' and 'representation'. Kill the sentry who guards everything definite, who shields with his body the perspective of pure expression.

Here are the facts. A popular Soviet children's writer, author of the lines used in the epigraph, proved to have taken part in the punitive raids of the Red Army in his youth. Nothing, except the quiet enchantment of unidentity with nothing, except absolute reading of the mistake.
Another well-known figure in Soviet culture when confronted with blunt criticism of his Soviet hymn, such as 'What shit have you written, Mikhalkov!', answered modestly, 'Yes, and you are going to listen to this shit standing up'. A good example of a real answer of an artist. Such is the newly obtained belief in the force of art. To scream the hymn in the ear of a person sitting on the loo - this is an anti-Duchampian gesture restoring the real hierarchy between art and life.
What's the difference between a polling booth and a confessional booth! It simply doesn't exist.
We are ready to look the approaching madness straight in the eye and instead of the usual 'Halt! Who's there?' at last to say WELCOME!'.



The danger inherent in permanent sitings lies with the combining of the cherished object or idea and the collective memory. But when the memory becomes a collective forgetting, the object becomes an abstract mass, so rooted its place that it has no history and no future. The irony of this is that the monument was always to commemorate history. But who remembers such origins? Who remembers, here? Now? >>

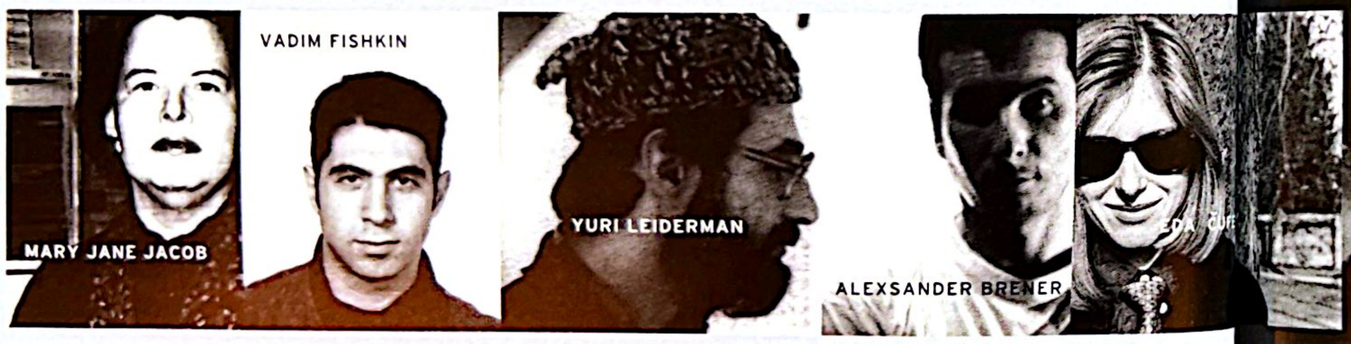
At the Freedom Monument there are two guards on duty. When the guard is to change, three soldiers slope in from the left (as you face the monument). When they are parallel to the monument they shift from a very casual co-ordinated stroll to something close to a goose step. They proceed to some 20 feet in front of those on duty, when the front soldier breaks off to assume the role of team leader. >>



Manifesta (Rotterdam June 9 - August 19) 'MANIFESTA IS A NETWORK AND A PROCESS. IT AIMS TO CREATE NEW MEANS OF COMMUNICATION IN THE VISUAL ART'. *

Conversations (Atlanta June 28 - July 30) 'THE AIM OF THE PROJECT IS TO START A DIALOGUE THAT EXPANDS NOT ONLY PERCEPTIONS ABOUT OTHER CULTURES BUT ALSO ABOUT ART'.*

* Both quotes are taken from their press material.



Irwin and Eda Čufer together with some artists and curators from the USA and Russia (Mary Jane Jacob, Mark Paulin, Alexsander Brener, Vadim Fishkin, Yuri Leiderman, Viktor Misiano) will travel for 4 weeks in June 1996 in two equipped vans from Atlanta to the West Coast.
We will organise about 5 events in different parts of the USA (Atlanta, Richmond, Chicago, San Franciso, Seattle). The whole project TRANSNATIONALA will focus on communication among entities from different cultural, social and political backgrounds. These events would be in the form of one or two days events, discussions, lectures, screenings, etcetera, at various locations: hotels, private apartments, galleries...
The topics of the discussions will be prepared in advance.
At Manifesta a vehicle constructed by Irwin will be presented. On this vehicle there will be a TV monitor transmitting TV letters from the TRANSNATIONALA journey including the most important parts of the events and discussions. These TV materials will be sent every week. We will send the reports from the journey through a computer link to Atlanta where we will also have an exhibition.
This means that TRANSNATIONALA will be a transmitter with two receivers. It will be possible to follow our journey on a map/display.

As the remaining two turn to approach the monument, the old guards move one step aside to make way for th approaching duo. As the new guard settles in for the duration, the old guard is led off by the team leader. As yo face the Freedom Monument, Macdonalds is at your back. >>

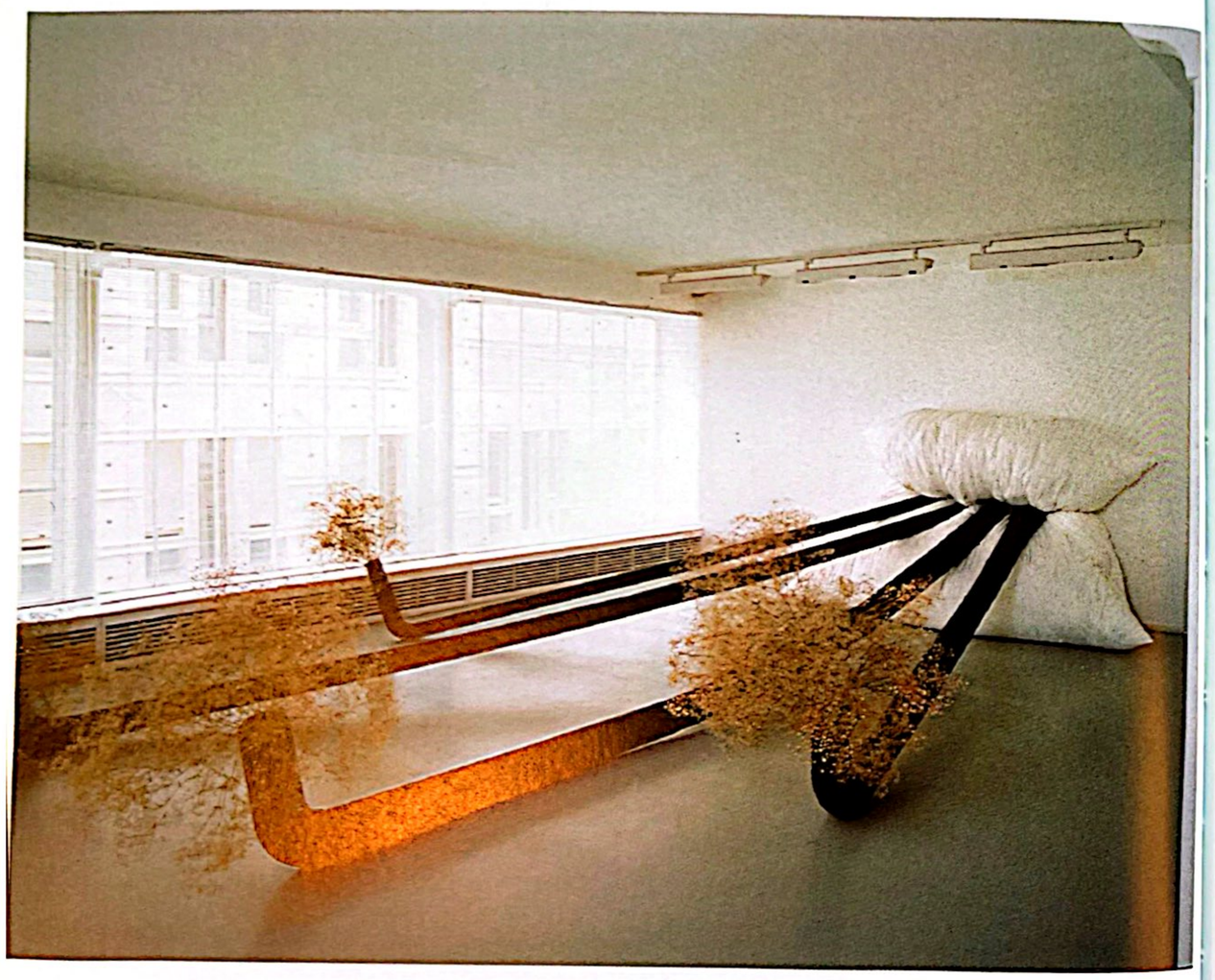


This other work cannot occupy a central place within the field of vision, because there is no moment when it can speak absolutely, without mediating itself, without translating itself into its surroundings. >>

Didier Trenet

Etude pour l'echo des Madelon, 1994

STOVEPIPE, DOWN, DRIED FLOWERS



It occupies more than one place and, therefore, cannot be 'seen' in one take. Rather than diminish the work's status, this unreadability enriches the perception of the work. It becomes more than multi-faceted, it becomes more than of the artist who made it. Indeed, one might argue here for an artist who steps back from her or his work very quickly, to allow it to assume its course. >>

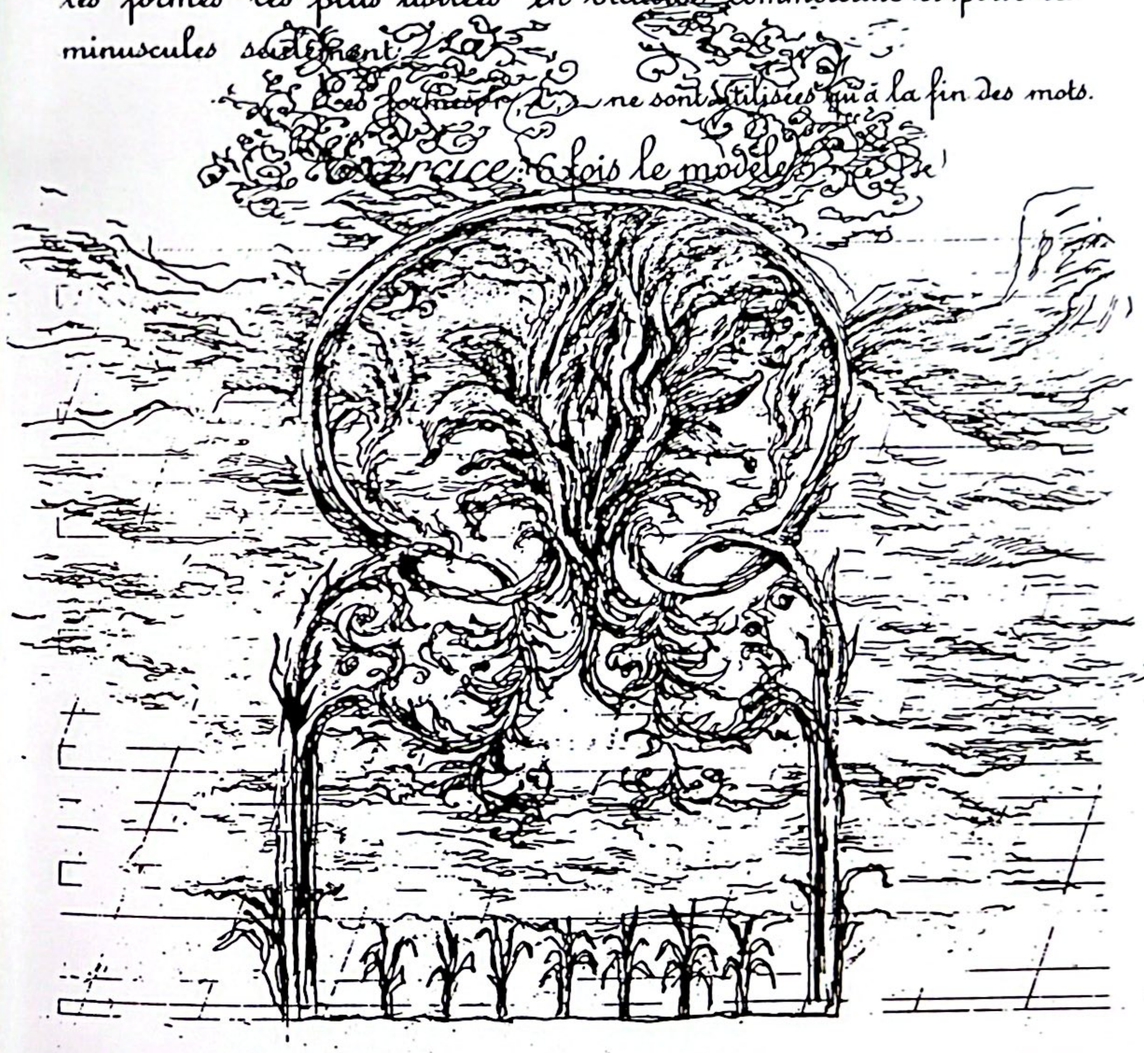
Bâtarde commerciale.

f f j g y z b d r a l v

La bâtarde est une écriture d'un emploi plus fréquent que la cursive et la ronde, parce que son exécution est rapide et sa lecture facile. Ici encore, nous ne donnerons que les formes les plus usitées en bâtarde commerciale et pour les minuscules seulement.

Les formes [illegible] ne sont utilisées qu'à la fin des mots.

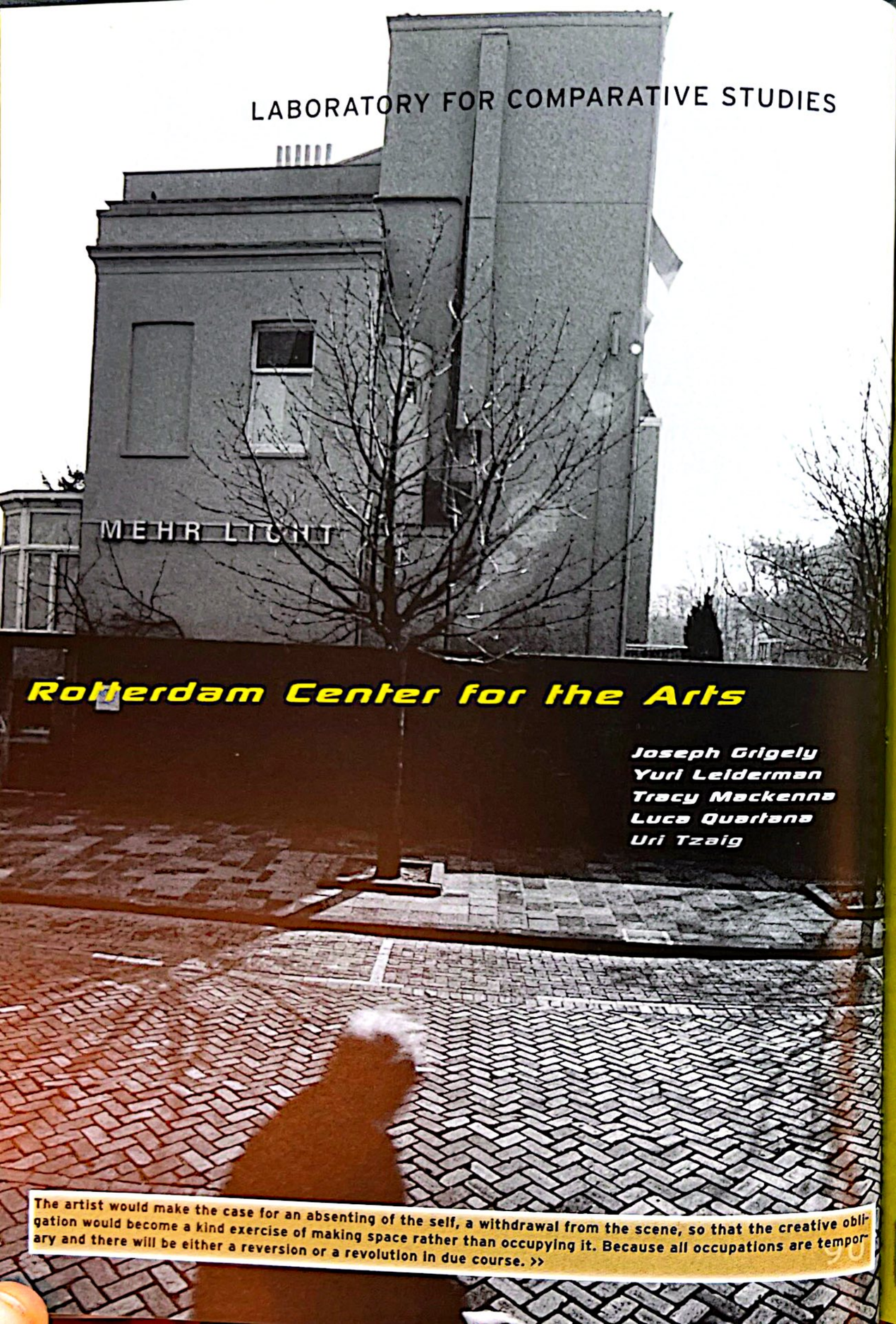
Exercice : d'après le modèle



La batarde commerciale, 1995

CHINA INK, EXHIBITION ALDEBARAN, BAILLARGUES

Negotiating monuments. If you remove them then there is still the plinth, and if you remove the plinth, there is a space where the plinth used to be. >>



Rotterdam Center for the Arts

Joseph Grigely
Yuri Leiderman
Tracy Mackenna
Luca Quartana
Uri Tzaig

The artist would make the case for an absenting of the self, a withdrawal from the scene, so that the creative obligation would become a kind exercise of making space rather than occupying it. Because all occupations are temporary and there will be either a reversion or a revolution in due course. >>

A SINGLE PIECE OF WRITTEN PAPER, PASSED FROM ONE HAND ANOTHER. IN HIS HAND NOW, HE FORGETS FROM WHOM IT WAS GIVEN AND FOR WHOM INTENDED. IT IS WRITTEN IN A LANGUAGE HE RECOGNISES BUT CAN HARDLY BEGIN TO FATHOM. SO HE SENDS IT BACK WHENCE HE ASSUMES IT MAY HAVE COME. HE SENDS IT IN SEVERAL DIRECTIONS, ONLY TO FIND IT COMING BACK TO HIM IN THE FORM OF AN IMAGE BETWEEN THE WORDS. BECAUSE HE HAS DRAWN IN THE WHITE SPACES BETWEEN THE WORDS TO UNSEE THE PAGE AND, IN TURN, SENDS THAT AWAY FROM HIMSELF. ONLY TO FIND THAT IT, TOO, WILL RETURN TO HIM, AS AN OBJECT OF ITSELF.

There is, then, always the issue of translation. That is, the processes of translation are always central to the understanding of any cultural intervention. But more than a perceived concern, translation is issued forth; it is an object in itself. When something demands to be translated, it seeks its own other, another object for itself.

The object lies between an intention and a translated manifestation of itself. It is always translating and translated. Translation, here, is every interpretation, every perception of the object or gesture as it comes into existence in space and time.

The CBK has been established as a 'language laboratory', where a group of artists have been engaged in a dialogue relating to the needs and objects of translation. Working here in a variety of collaborative ways, they have been exploring the use of language as a material which might engender other materials. But what is the need for those engaged in the realm of the visual need to resort to the written, to the spoken? What, indeed, makes this application of language different from, say, a literary text. There is no simple solution, but part of the answer might lie in the changes which perception offers over time, and in space.

Con-text is no mere pun, it is an acknowledgement of the 'wordness' of words, the 'thingness' of words. If our perception of language is still overwhelmed by the dialectic between signifier and signified, another model might be offered by the Hebrew word 'davar' which means both 'word' and 'thing' at once; concept and object.

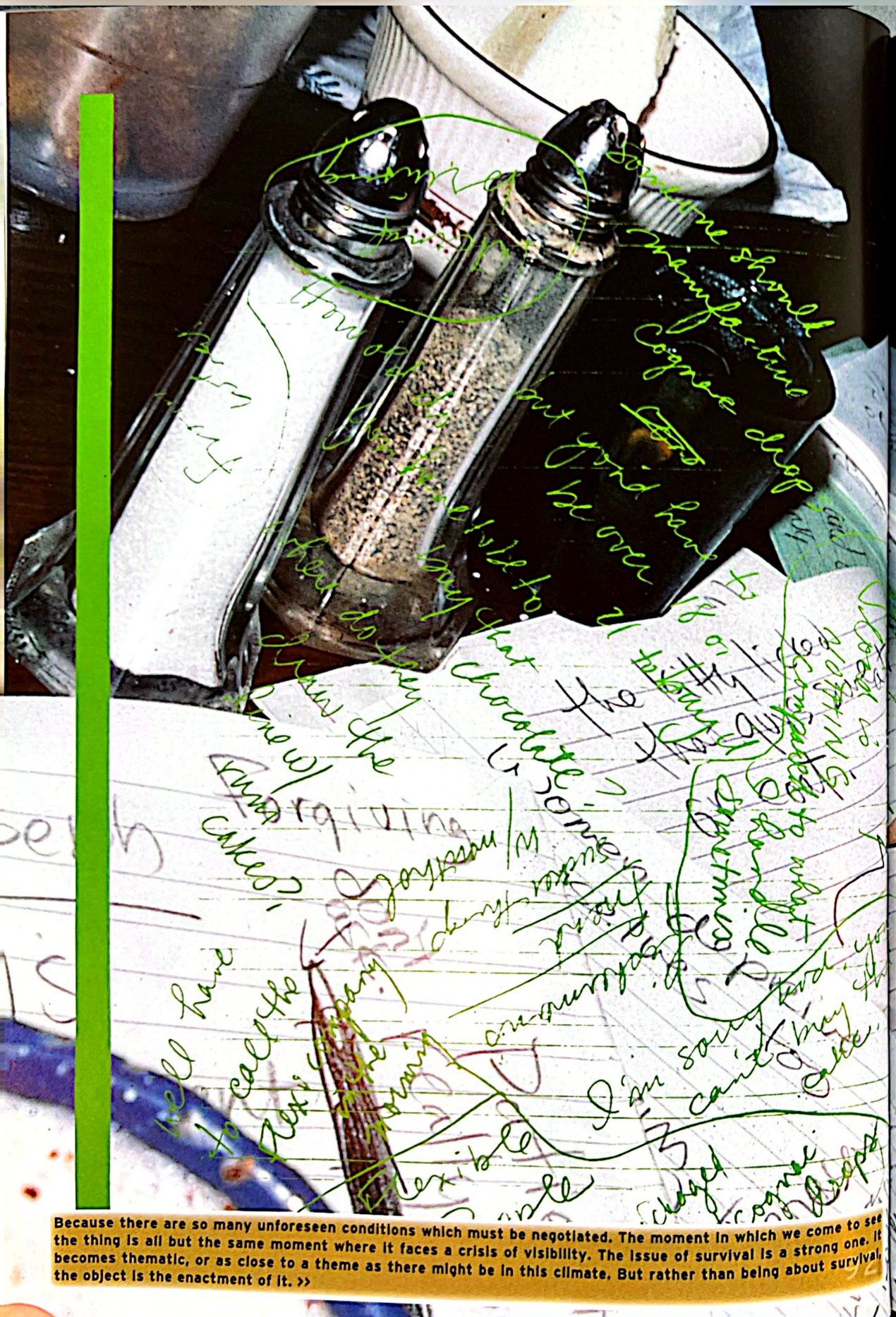
In some sense, language here is an enactment of the mistake, the misinterpretation. The misreading of the object is crucial to our understanding of what that thing might be. It is always translated. Or rather, it is always mistranslated, decontextualised and recontextualised again. In these latter stages, there is a space where the object floats unrooted as a pure signifier, but it is utterly incomprehensible. In contemporary terms, this might be physically enacted in the experience of the artwork in reproduction. It looks like the thing, but cannot anchor itself to *place* into order to become it again.

The misunderstanding is like a game of Chinese Whispers, where the object and its accrued meanings undergo a series of involuntary transformations into some ultimately quite other than its intended self. Because this thing must always be on the move, must always undergo translation, transformation, the legend to its interpretation lies in its temporary place of rest. It provides the perspective from which an embodied reading might take place.

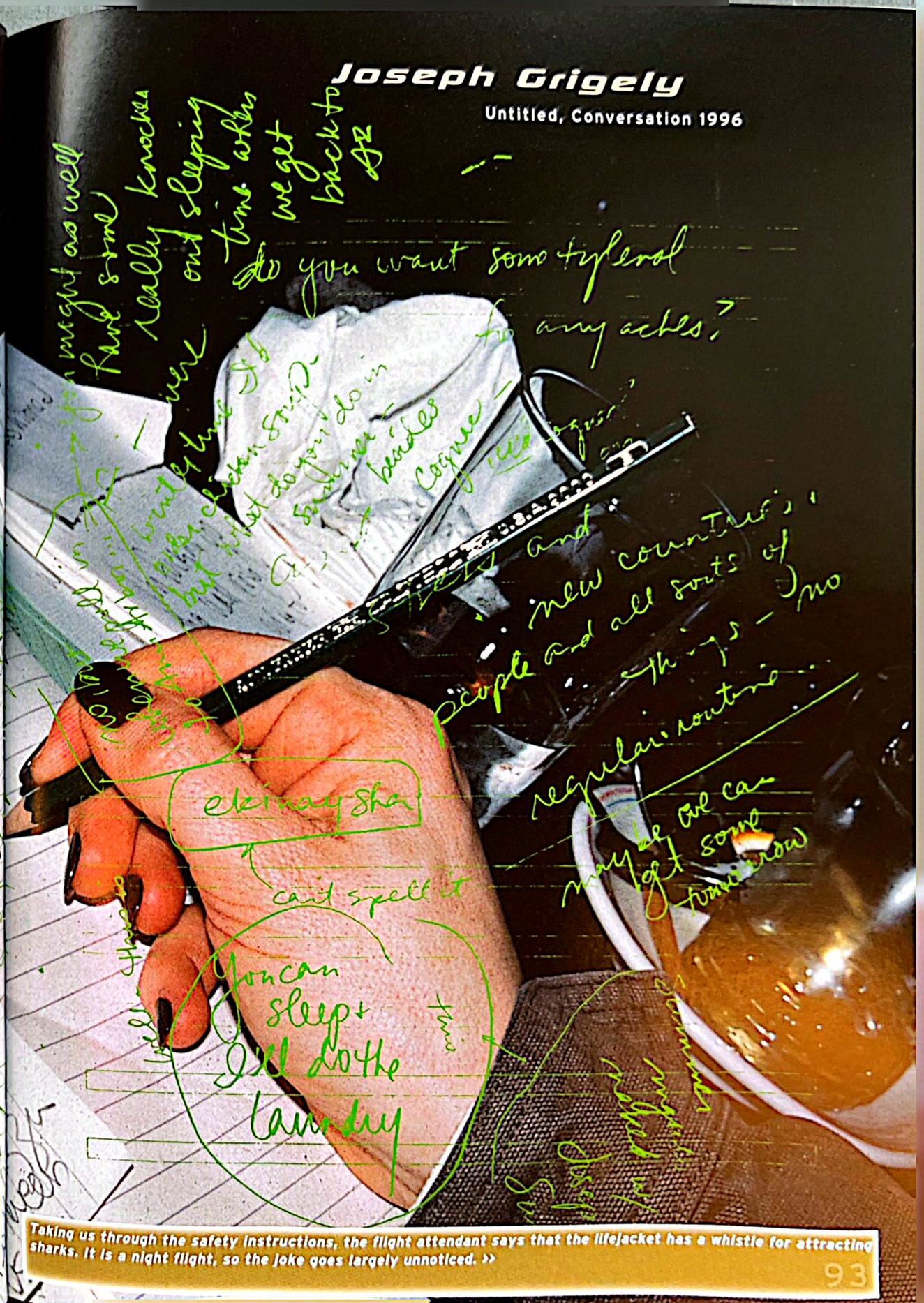
The mistaking of the object is itself an act of temporary completion. It makes it again. Not simply a new interpretation for the object, there is something new in itself, which can stand alone without the object or event which engendered it.

At an uncertain moment the translation manages to entirely dissociate itself from the object which it has translated. There is no 'original'. Perhaps there never could have been the possibility of one.

She holds out an empty cup. You drop in two coins and then a third. She thanks you in two languages, neither your own. >>



Because there are so many unforeseen conditions which must be negotiated. The moment in which we come to see the thing is all but the same moment where it faces a crisis of visibility. The issue of survival is a strong one. It becomes thematic, or as close to a theme as there might be in this climate. But rather than being about survival, the object is the enactment of it. >>



Taking us through the safety instructions, the flight attendant says that the lifejacket has a whistle for attracting sharks. It is a night flight, so the joke goes largely unnoticed. >>

Yuri Leiderman

12.02 MOSCOW

Dear Tracy,

The story is as follows. When I came back home and unpacked my luggage I was surprised to find the envelope. It was a page of a hebrew text marked on the reverse as 'Babylonian Talmud, tractate Baba Batra 164a' inside. Surely this envelope which I put in my bag by mistake must belong to Uri who sat near to me at our table. So I began to look at this text just like a pattern as always happens in such situations. You know, hebrew letters and words look very square and compact, in this way my gaze began to follow through the spaces between the words to accomplish unconscious twisted journeys from the top of the page to the bottom. And this moment reminded me how I liked the same practice when I was kid. My table where I did my homework was usually covered with newspapers instead of a tablecloth. So I really liked to draw these complex lines between words through the whole column and to imagine it like the lines of some geographical map or journey like another Northwest passage, for instance, which leads from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean between winding contours of many islands.

Suddenly I was recalling strange pieces in your catalogue which consist of many winding lines like a kind of river delta. Since first seeing them they attracted my attention as something marvellous and enigmatic and I couldn't understood how you did it. So it occurred to me that if all possible routes through the empty intervals between words in some text were marked it would look like your drawings. So I tried it out over Uri's text. Now I am looking again and again at your pictures. Some times I begin to be absolutely sure about my conjecture, some times I'm dubious again. Anyway this is a sketch and I'll send back Uri's text to him.

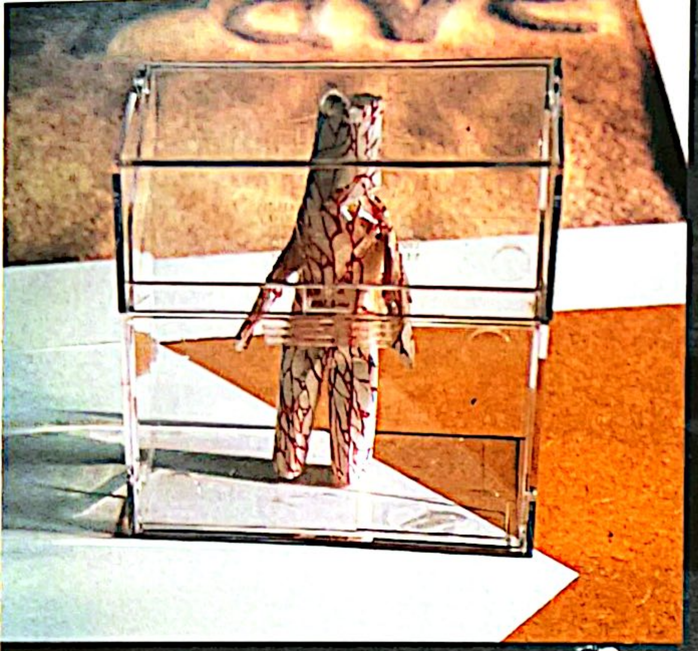
I really like the idea of passages in-between which are not direct, but twisted, bizarre, even weak and trembling. As something is flowing and marking in the dimness.

Best wishes, Yuri



Some days later you return to take your leave. The same one who greeted you is there to say goodbye. She smiles. The same hiatus as you look again at those now familiar surroundings. Every detail is as it was, rooted to the spot. That tree, those sounds... >>

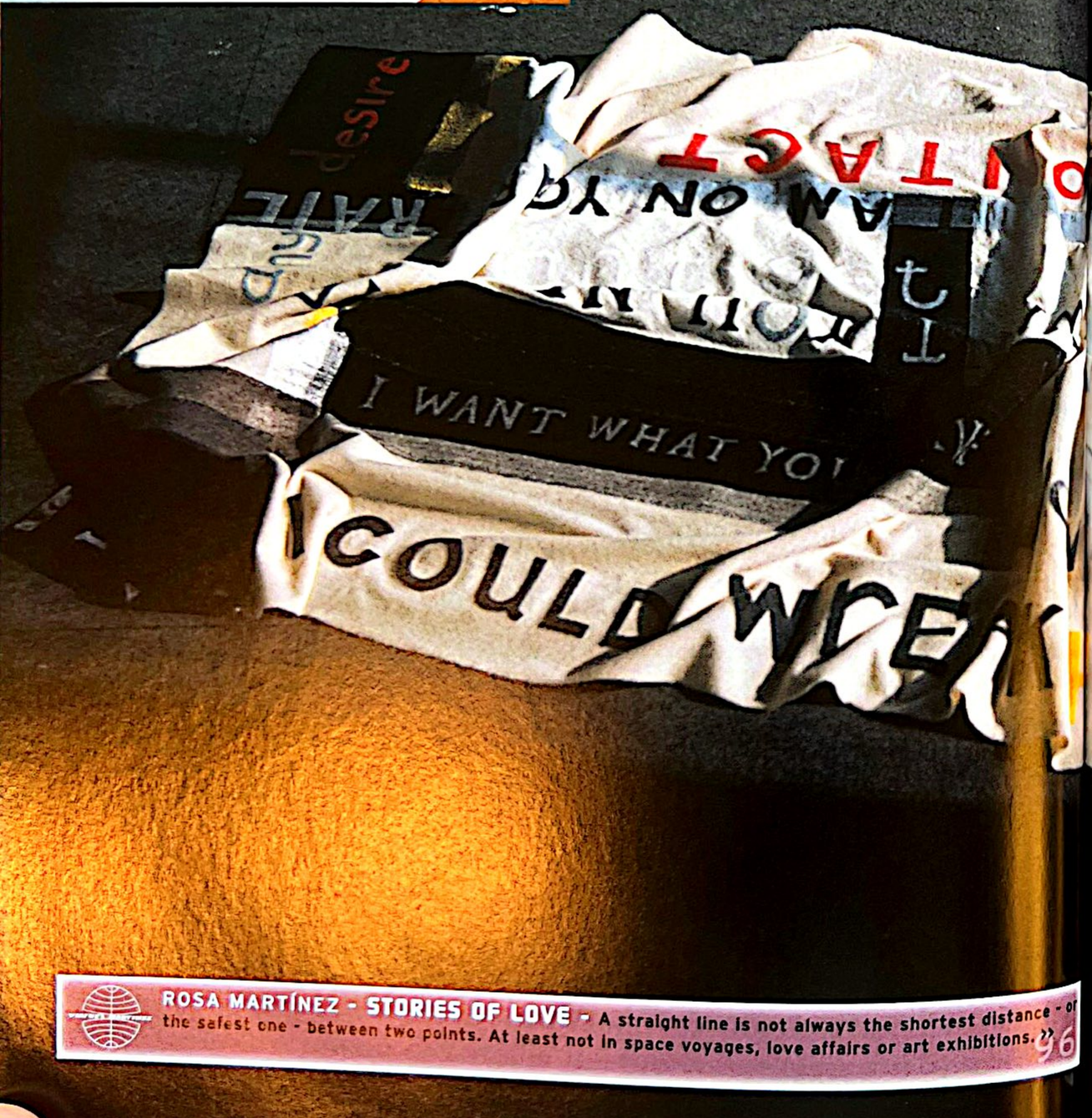
And yet, you cannot help but feel that it all looks so different. For you have passed the time, and fallen for the place, and lost your way, and it cannot look the same to you now. But equally, you might yet understand how true to your first image it remains. <<



Tracy Mackenna

'Sellotape Girl', 1996
10 X 10 X 4,5 CM, PAPER, PAINT, SELLOTAPE

'Discarded, Winter-Spring 1996, Glasgow'
BLANKET, 250 X 190 CM



Glasgow, March 1996

Dear Yuri,

For days now I have been puzzling over your letter and your drawing. You are very close to the truth. The lines I made in the first place came from drawing with my fingers around the messages I wrote each winter in the condensation on the window pane, the transparency of the pale grey Atlantic ocean filling up the glass rectangle. The window was on the side of the house facing west, between the cliff at the back and the sea where the sunsets blazed.
My messages appeared and disappeared depending on the temperature inside and the external weather conditions. Sometimes one would be noticed months after it was written, sliding into view behind a head, instantly suspending conversation. It was at this point that I would slowly trace the snail-trail lines in between the letters and the words, marking out a giant invisible cobweb.
The letters varied greatly in size within a word, since when I wrote I focused on the sea behind and not on the window pane. My objective was to induce a state of nausea in myself as I was much influenced at the time by existentialism. The sound of the word ' e x i s t e n t i a l i s m ' was foreign and scientific, the tone of the writing dovetailing with the onset of puberty and passion and the desire to be 'left alone'.
In the winter the white house was battered by storms spraying sea water, and seaweed clung in tatters to the [illegible] walls, drying to a crisp as the weather turned slowly for the better. That part of the sea that came into contact with the bottom of the garden was in fact an open-ended channel, closed off at the front by the island of Kerrera. As we walked from room to room, our movements were mimicked by those of the boats and ships that passed from left to right, or right to left, depending on whether they entered from the Sound of Mull or from the Sound of Kerrera . I saw either their arrival or their departure. Never both points on their journey.
[illegible] annual soakage, rivulets dribbling off the Mull mountains in Spring, the house built on a raised beach from the melting of a glacier. Wetness everywhere. Sloping down from the cliffs, draining back into the sea. I would stare for hours at the sea, standing in the pouring rain, silently sitting over with salt, willing the waves' knife edges to turn solid, slowly becoming cross-eyed. My love of salt comes from this gradual accumulation of it seeped into my clothes and hair and skin, and the salt soaked taste was reason enough to [illegible] innocent boyfriends down to the rocks, just to be able to lick that taste from them. Alas, I was so busy looking at the cracks in the surfaces, straining to hold together a choppy, frail geography, that I failed to see [illegible] creeping up.
This is how Sellotape Girl came to be. I didn't notice the tiny veins in my face, feeble little routes and pathways, I had only been aware of the continual see-saw sensation of burning, rising like a cloud of dust unbidden, two red smudges settling for an indeterminate length of time, hovering, ebbing away, guaranteed to return at any second to expose me.
Sellotape Girl is a body blushing, a beacon pulsing, here-today-gone-tomorrow. She makes the lines visible in order to exorcise them. In this she fails, but I'm stuck to her because I brought her into being.
Sadly, borne out of a diet of voodoo films, she is much more naughty than a mascot, and her main weakness is that she is figurative. Not wanting to encounter my own image, I really fought, and failed, to avoid figuration.
And so you see, she's tied to all of it, especially the drawing of lines because if I hadn't been so busy planting secret messages whilst willing into submission the waves' crinkly edges and glaring at the scars and creases multiplying in the mountains and worrying about disrupted surfaces, I'd have noticed what was happening on my face.
So I'm giving her to you because you figured it out without even having a window-pane message reveal itself to you. Look after her, she's lasted a long time.
I wonder how she will fare in the streets of Moscow. A little blush of betrayal is creeping in as I hand her over to her new life.

With best wishes, Tracy

NO/BODY

Luca Quartana

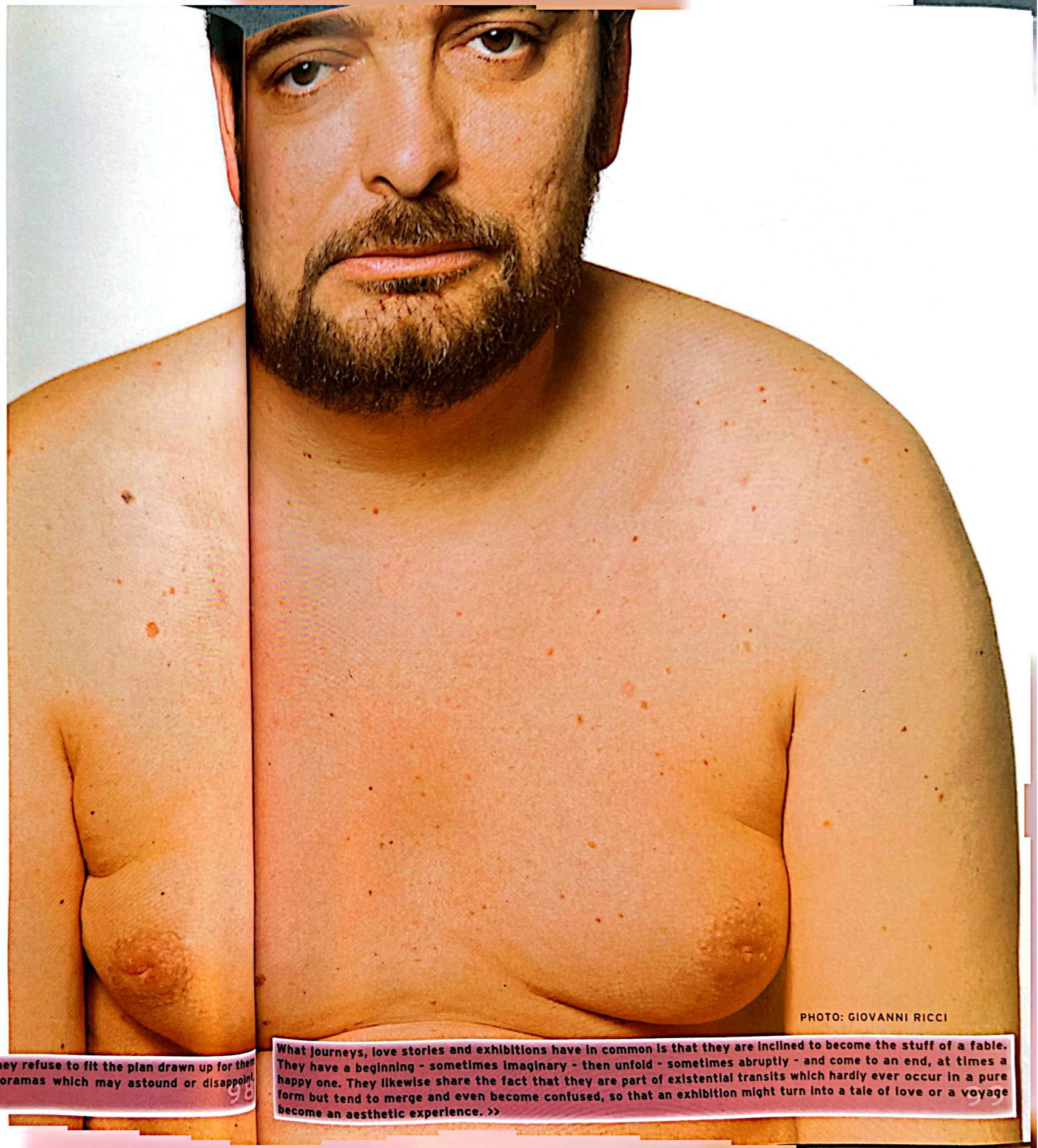


PHOTO: GIOVANNI RICCI

Exhibitions tend to leak along the vertex lines suposed to frame them; they refuse to fit the plan drawn up for them and their contents slip out through tangential spaces that reveal panoramas which may astound or disappoint depending on the viewer that sees them. >>

What journeys, love stories and exhibitions have in common is that they are inclined to become the stuff of a fable. They have a beginning - sometimes imaginary - then unfold - sometimes abruptly - and come to an end, at times a happy one. They likewise share the fact that they are part of existential transits which hardly ever occur in a pure form but tend to merge and even become confused, so that an exhibition might turn into a tale of love or a voyage become an aesthetic experience. >>



Marie-Ange Guilleminot/Fabrice Hybert
Pavel Kopřiva
Oleg Kulik/Mila Bredikhina
Valeri Podoroga/Alexey N. Isaev
János Sugár
Carsten Höller/Rosemarie Trockel

V2_Organisation
Institute for the Unstable Media

ENIGMA

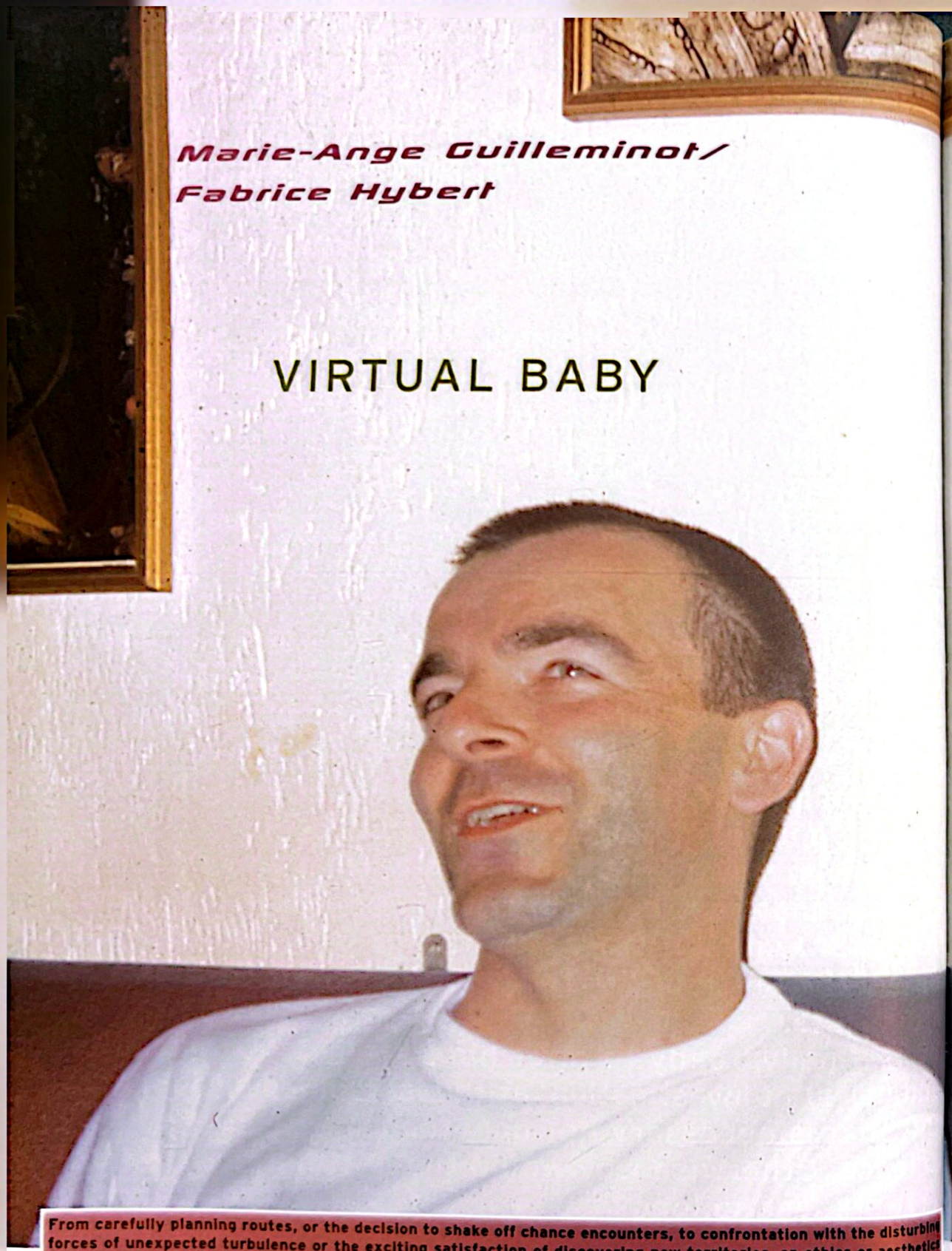
Of all such phenomena, experiences associated with journeys afford the broadest metaphorical transpositions. What air traveller has not, on some occasion, shuddered when reading the airport sign **'Passengers in transit,'** associating it with the fleeting nature of human existence? And who could have failed to notice how we arrive at and depart from places called **'terminals'?** >>

As soon as it happens, art starts to question its own limits. It starts to ask about its functional destination, about its cognitive value. The institutional borders, the white halls of galleries and museums, the pages of professional magazines, not having changed for some ten years are growing too tight. Communicational networks, the Internet, exhibition walls overlapping with local geography, are becoming a new space. The city is becoming a new space: house facades, information stands, etc. Art starts to understand that the senses are not resolved while manipulating plastic elements or the semantics of objects in a primary exhibition space. In his desire to recognise things and events the artist identifies himself in the search for both an art and a science; sociological, anthropological and nature-philosophical. Art's desire to go beyond itself is a natural phenomenon; science, in turn, demands its own horizons. This is the major premise of the collaboration between artist and scientist, philosopher, biologist, mathematician. These are the premises for the meeting of two methods: artistic representation and scientific analysis. As soon as it happens, art is opening a utopian perspective of the cognition of being's wholeness. However, an artist as long as he remains an artist cannot see the main criteria of a work's perfection in logical arguments. He needs something else. He needs to feel the pulse of life through the network of logical arguments.
He is, finally, ready to offer himself both as the subject and object of investigation, as the last undeniable argument. But that is necessary not only for art, but also for science. Otherwise why would the encounter with the artwork last so long?

When talking of journeys we may, of course, mean utilitarian, geographical travel, but we may also be referring to the transit between reason and madness, or consciousness moving across realms of knowledge, or the intense venture into desire. There are real journeys and imaginary ones. There are chemical journeys and virtual ones. There are journeys of war and of love. >>

Marie-Ange Guilleminot/
Fabrice Hybert

VIRTUAL BABY



From carefully planning routes, or the decision to shake off chance encounters, to confrontation with the disturbing forces of unexpected turbulence or the exciting satisfaction of discovering new territories, an ethics or aesthetics of journeying can be discerned -just as powerful allegories of iniatation, exploration or the return to one's beginnings are readily applicable to the symbolic field of experience. >>

In order to multiply life after death in whatever way, from Gutenberg to genetics, all stages of exchange have been mobilised little by little. To make life easier, we have delegated the power of reincarnation to cinema, by immersing ourselves each time a bit further into parallel worlds that appear to be very far from everyday greyness.
However, this everyday greyness is the result of our fiction. From social security to the automobile, from pollution to viruses (unless it is they who have decided about us?), everything is the consequence of constructions we have desired.
The audience loves to get lost in the meanders of motion pictures, like in a deep forest, eagerly looking forward until the last minute to encounter the angry wolf or Little Red Ridinghood. And at that very moment it is always disappointing to find out that we have just been sitting there for several quarters of an hour and that nothing has changed: roofs of cinemas very seldom collapse! Sometimes, after having seen 'a good movie', the mental connections provoked by the montage have satiaded us and made us believe that we have done well to delegate this moment to others.
But most of the time the linearity of movies is not sufficient anymore, and we notice that the movie theatre itself has brought us just as much pleasure. The blackness between the images, occupying a certain amount of time, becomes in a more or less explicit way the subject of debate: why didn't we benefit by it?
What can the audience possibly be thinking of if not about the person in the neighbouring seat, about the mood of other people and possible exchanges – undoubtedly the same kind of surprises we have witnessed in fairy-tales. It is certain that cinemas are a pool of eroticism, even if animals are not allowed.
After all that cinema and the delegation of power, what can be more natural than wanting to have a baby like those seen in the movies, who will make it possible for us to have higher family allowances and larger low-cost housing.
But how to create a baby? Cinema has suggested plenty of ways. Everybody could come and see this baby, give it lessons, supply it with information and give it a name. Letting it grow, dressing it up and teaching it a profession, endlessly.
The baby might well stay in the womb for nine months, maybe less, maybe longer, but it is conceived and we already love it very much. When it is born, in all possible networks, in all imaginable forests, we are certain that it will bring you moments of great joy. You can treat it as you like, within the limits of your living memory, but it will have the capacity to come up with lots of questions that will oblige you to get moving.
If your baby turns into a 'good salesmen', he might sell you a very comfortable pair of shoes which will take you high into the mountains or to your neighbour's place, or even on a trip to the moon.

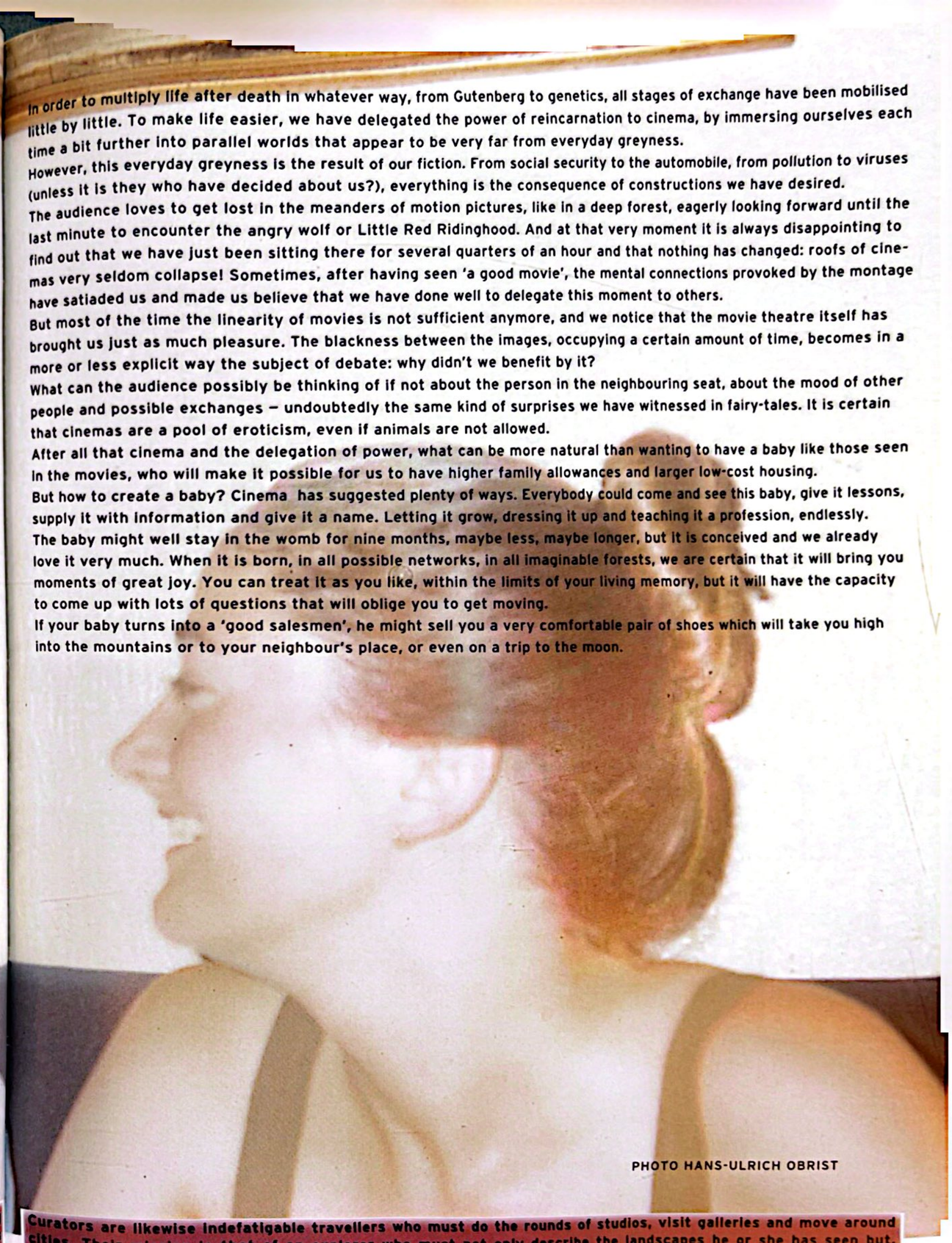
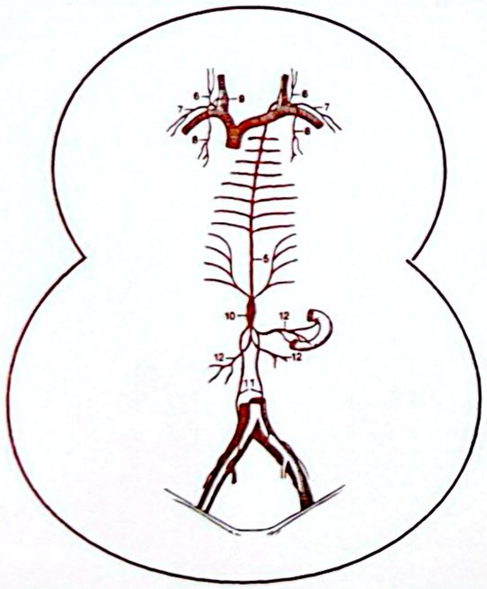


PHOTO HANS-ULRICH OBRIST

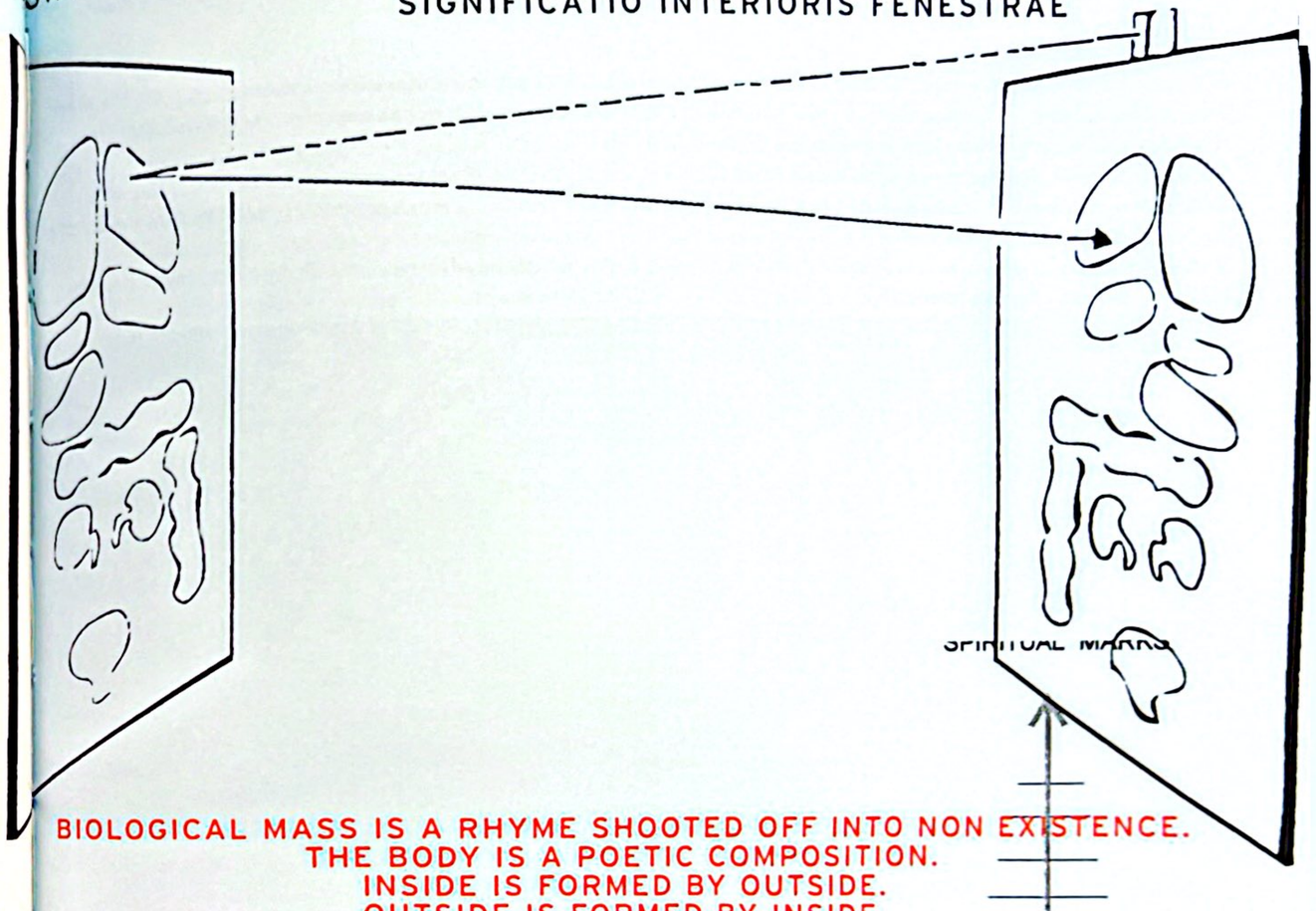
Curators are likewise indefatigable travellers who must do the rounds of studios, visit galleries and move around cities. Their mission is that of an explorer who must not only describe the landscapes he or she has seen but, through the exhibition medium, sketch out the subtle lines that bear witness to the fleeting depictions of new terrain, for their purpose is not merely to shed light on what others produce but to create it themselves, to break it into the multiple facets that enable it to be temporarily coded and thereafter to migrate towards further truths, towards other readings and other landscapes. >>







While the curator scans and charts the creative routes of artists, the artist epitomises the archetypal traveller who traverses the tracts of that 'theology of the unthinkable' which Julia Kristeva alludes to as being the unavoidable road to engendering new ways of seeing reality. >>



BIOLOGICAL MASS IS A RHYME SHOOTED OFF INTO NON EXISTENCE.
THE BODY IS A POETIC COMPOSITION.
INSIDE IS FORMED BY OUTSIDE.
OUTSIDE IS FORMED BY INSIDE.



The artist always attempts to discover new places where reality has not wholly been determined and there is thus room for creating new configurations and scenting atoms of possibility and freedom.
Creation involves a journey into dark depths from which one sometimes emerges with eyes bloodshot from the impact of what one has seen. >>

PAVLOV'S DOG *Oleg Kulik/Mila Bredikhina*

THESES

1. The evolution of cognition involves a process of experimentation (inspection) which allows observation from the point of view of the object (endoexpectation). The generally accepted idea of evolution has compromised itself therefore the Pavlov's Dog action develops in the opposite direction.

2. The spectre of a global ecological disaster haunts our entire planet. This disaster can still be avoided, but only under the condition that we immediately and radically renounce the anthropocentrism which is rampant in our culture *(science, politics, art)*.

3. Contemporary *science* has made many efforts to develop a global strategy for forcing out anthropocentrism. This strategy presupposes the following:



- a cut in the human population of the planet, to a quarter of its present size, in order to create balance in both the biosphere, and the biota;
- the development of ecological, ethological, as well as gene engineering (artificial selection, the production of hybrids of humans and animals);
- an agricultural revolution that would accelerate developments in polycultural agriculture (with corn, beans, potatoes and melliferous herbs grown at the same site), free movement of all animals involved in agriculture (it refers not only to cows or bees, but also to mice, moles, dolphins and microbes), and domestication of ecosystems on mutually profitable conditions (This is not exploitation, it is symbiosis);
- examining new food sources and food alternatives.

4. This Forward-To-Nature strategy presupposes a close collaboration between man and other species. Knowledge of physiology and behaviour patterns of humanity's annimal partners is not enough. It is also necessary to know the psychology of animals. This tradition, of communing with animals, began with the Francis of Assisi, but was marginalized during the Renaissance with its unrestrained devotion to everything human. Today in many fields of science, the issues that Assisi began to explore, in regards to animal/human interaction, are once again being seriously considered. The following simplest patterns of communicating with the biosphere are already possible:

a) a monologue - biological methods of fighting pests, acclimatization of certain species;

b) hearing out wild life - see works by Konrad Lorenz, Nicholas Tinberg and Karl von Frisch (Nobel Prize of 1973). The pattern of a dialogue is still an unstudied paradigm, although it is absolutely indispensable for a succesful collaboration with the biosphere.

The objective of the Pavlov's Dog action is to study the potential for an internal dialogue between man and animal, taking place at both a psychosomatic and cultural level.

5. The contemporary situation in *politics* demands that the central achievements of human culture and democracy, be re-examined. True democracy can only be established on the politically inclusive idea of zoocentrism (man is but a part, rather than the measure of our planet's biosphere). Zoocentrism integrates humanity as a subculture in the larger whole of a united culture of noosphere (derived from noos: the ability to smell, to feel). Man is a social animal, the same as an ant, a bee, a wolf, or a jackal. An ideal democracy is unattainable. Democracy, as it exists in the human world, is no worse than life in a jungle. Some inhabitants have an advantage, some are stronger, faster. A jungle is in fact a more efficient society, devoid of the over-sophistication that is currently stifling humanity. The main thing is that the jungle is the only place where the strong, the wise, and energetic can bring all their capabilities into play. A democracy of the jungle is a more honest, and direct political system. The democratic law of the jungle, just as any other law, requires improvements (the further escalation of political inclusiveness, legal foundations of bioethics, universal suffrage, etc. This law is to become political reality when all the biological species of the planet enjoy equal political rights. The first steps on this road have already been made: the Political Laboratory of Biosphere and the Party of Animals (Kulik's Party) have been successfully functioning in Russia for two years.

6. The visual *art* of today, 'art after philosophy' (after deconstruction, after paranoically schizophrenic and other important discourses) clearly reflects the crisis of human culture.

Zoophrenia (The term is mine, M.B.) as the artistic program of Kulik studies the topic of 'the animal as alter ego of man', or 'the animal as a non-anthropomorphous Other'. *Within the framework of his program Kulik is attempting to radically renounce the language (languages) of human culture.* The idea of Semiosis collapses and falls in on itself when taken to its absolute extreme. It loses its credibility. Zoophrenia opposes the human predisposition for superfluous thinking (often the cause of mental paralysis). Spontaneous reaction is preferred - the power of text and intertext, with the energy of real development. The main concern of Zoophrenia is the interest in reality which cannot be integrated into any philosophical or aesthetical system due to its irrational nature. A dog knows very well what is absolute reality. Zoophrenia insists that a fresh and acute sensual awareness of the world be recultivated in man together with the rehabilitation of the animal (natural) element. The Zoophrenia program for Internet accommodates these new ideas for humans.

Nothing except the irrational could be the source of something extraordinary, a new source of hope.

Zoophrenia will unite people and animals in a coalition for a better noosphere.

7. The Pavlov's Dog action is an attempt to integrate the aesthetical, the scientific, and animal imaginations at the level of inspection. It would be impossible to overestimate the significance of this move to safeguard and develop civilization.

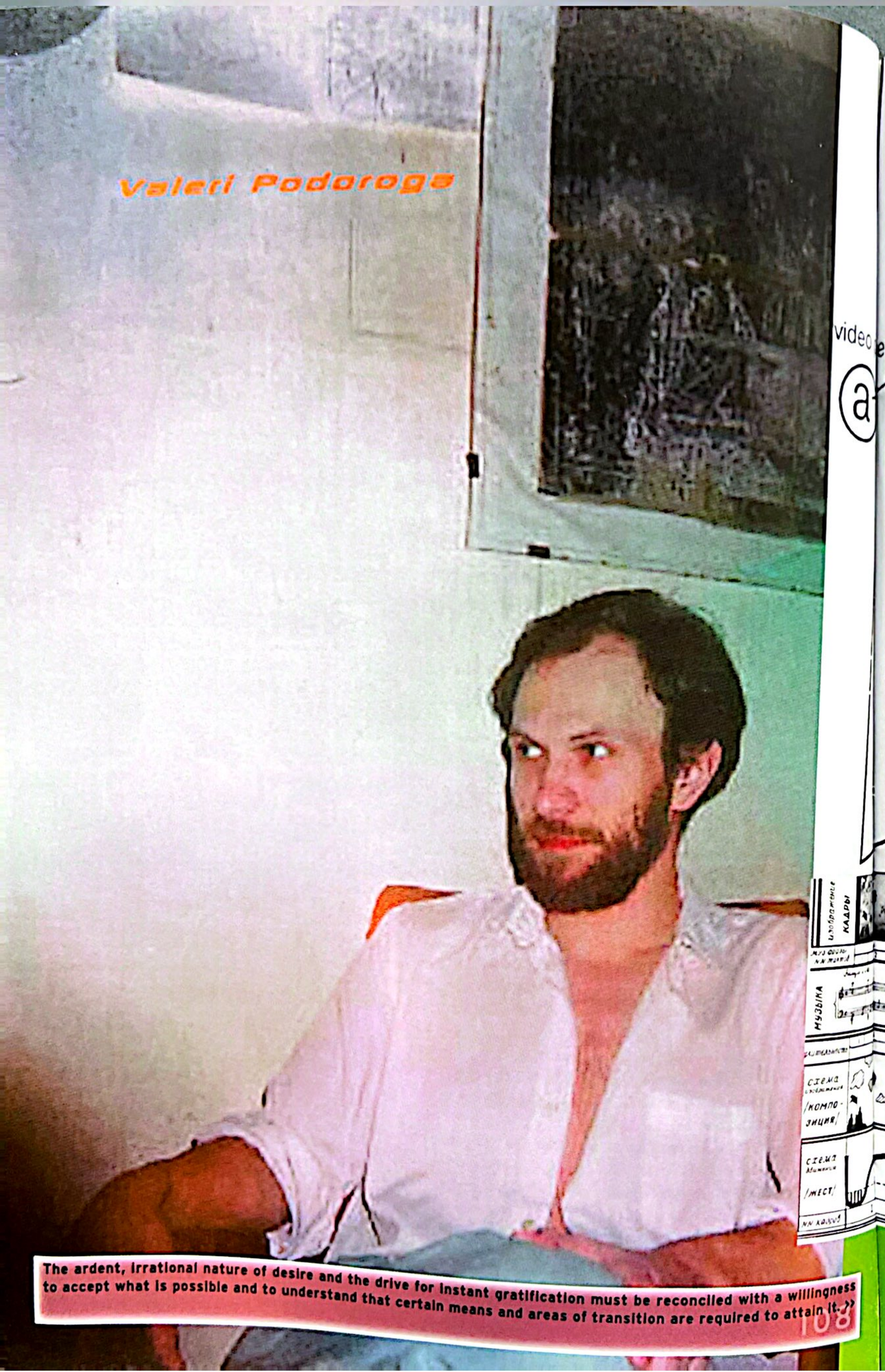
8. The problem of successful communication remains unsolved within the species of man. It is not our belief in fruitful communication that gives us hope for the future to come, it is the confidence that universal collaboration is possible.

Mila Bredikhina
THE ADVISOR OF THE ZOOPHRENIA AND PAVLOV'S DOG PROGRAMS.

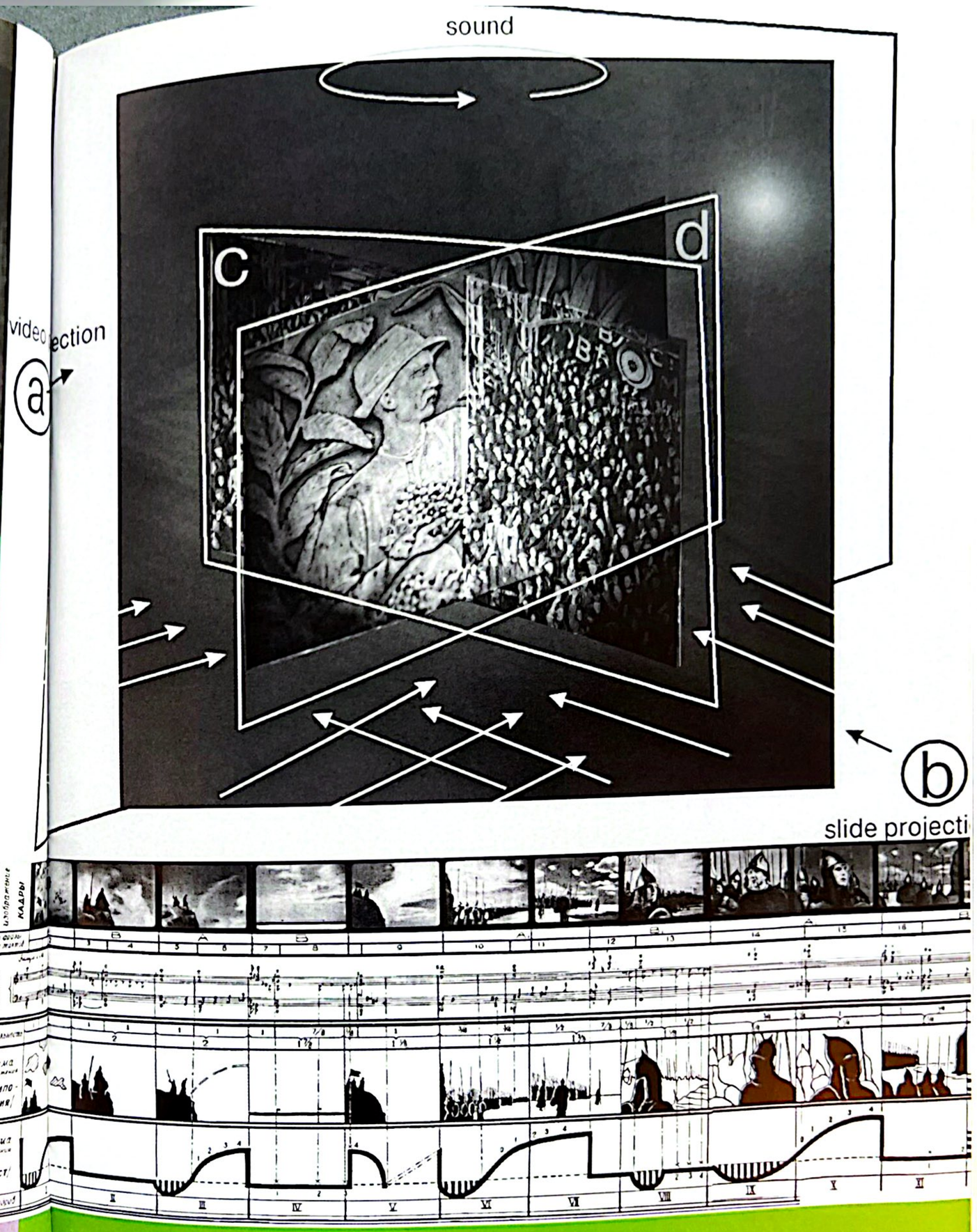
In the field of love, the journey takes place between people who momentarily desire to become mutually habitable. To love is to emerge from oneself and to move towards the other, and such a journey, while entailing trespassing on the other's space, affords the only chance of forfeiting one's identity to generate a common space, >>

the only way to indulge in passion, pleasure and the disillusion that leads us to want to 'live in another body' and pursue what are but other phantasm that will enable us to formulate discourses and the experiences of transformation and redefinition of our own identity. >>

Valeri Podoroga

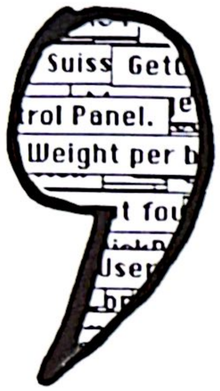


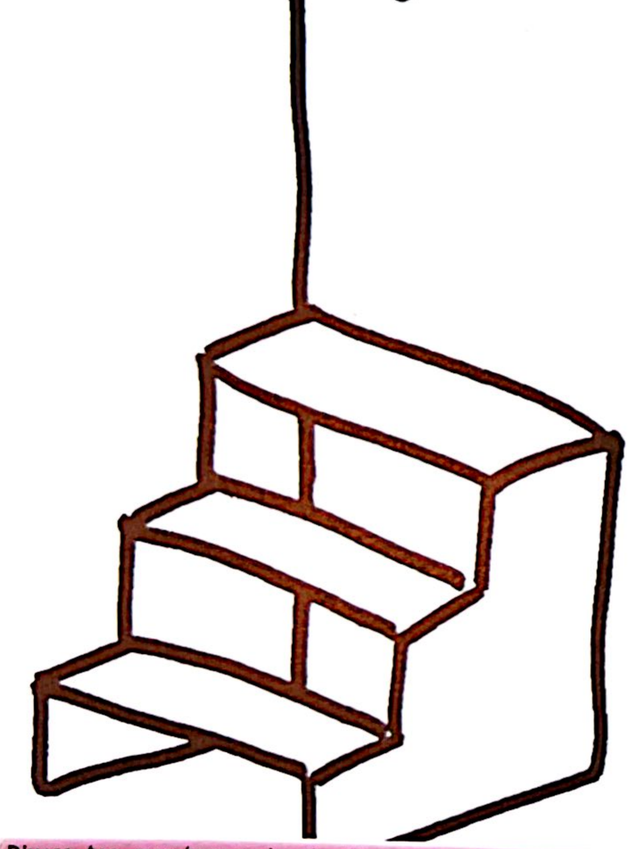
The ardent, irrational nature of desire and the drive for instant gratification must be reconciled with a willingness to accept what is possible and to understand that certain means and areas of transition are required to attain it.>>



Here, the figure of the pilot is relevant, as it conjoins the method required to master technique with spontaneity and the capacity to react to the unforeseen, because a pilot knows that each day he must confront death and that a momentary decision will pose a conclusive challenge to fate and lead life to take a new turn.>>

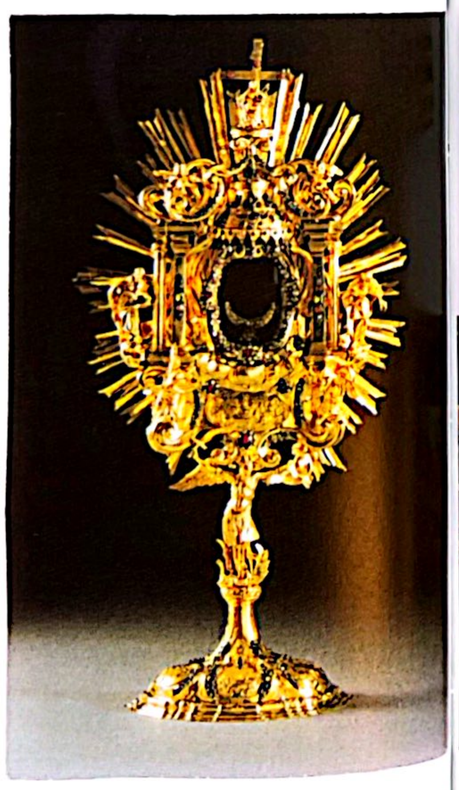




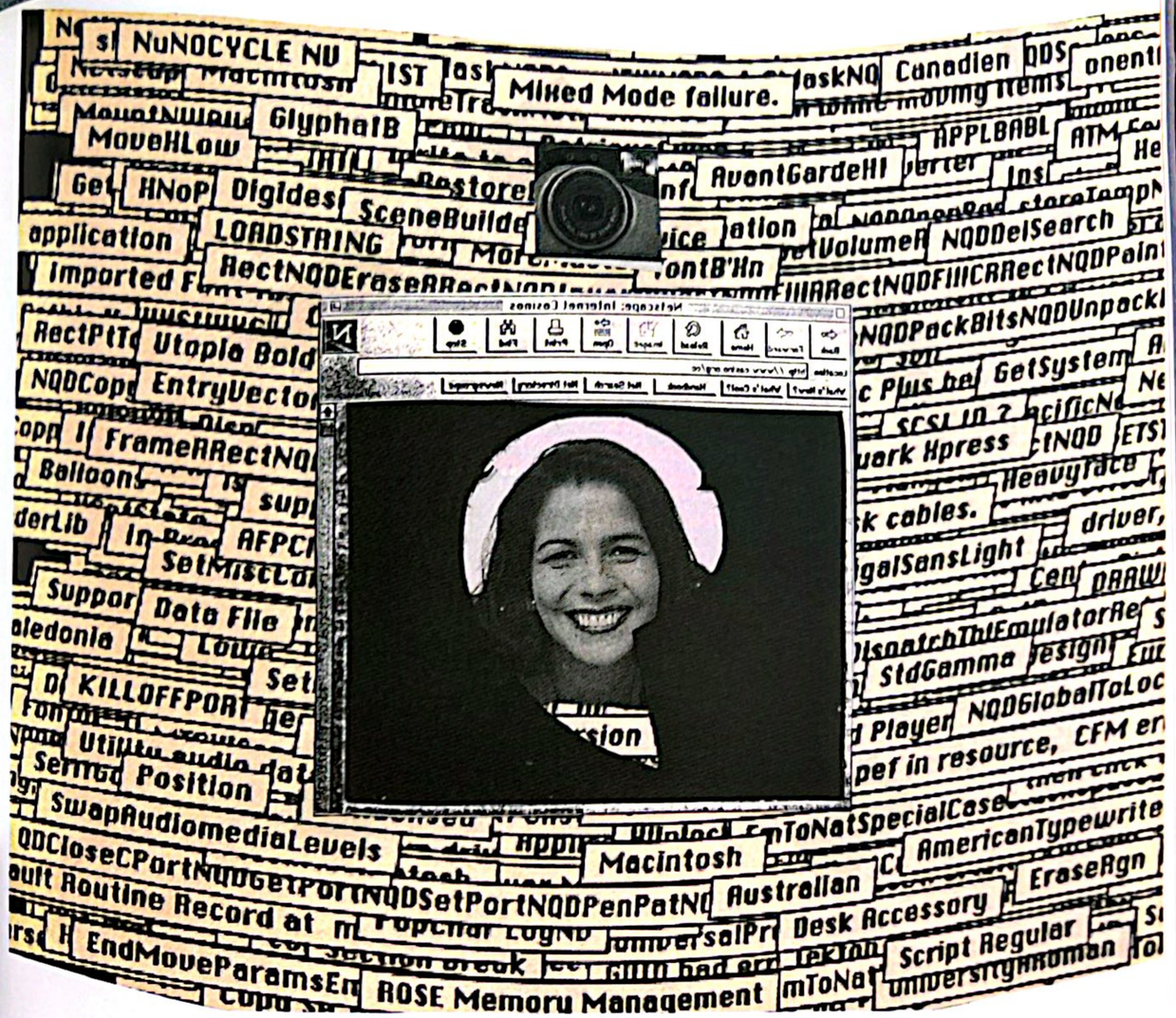


The notion of open artwork (the so called opera aperta) achieves a new dimension if in the normal visual artistic language or in the material conceptual environment intrudes/appears what the world wide web represents. The works might have a view from the web too, which can be different from the one which exists in the exhibition space.

János Sugár



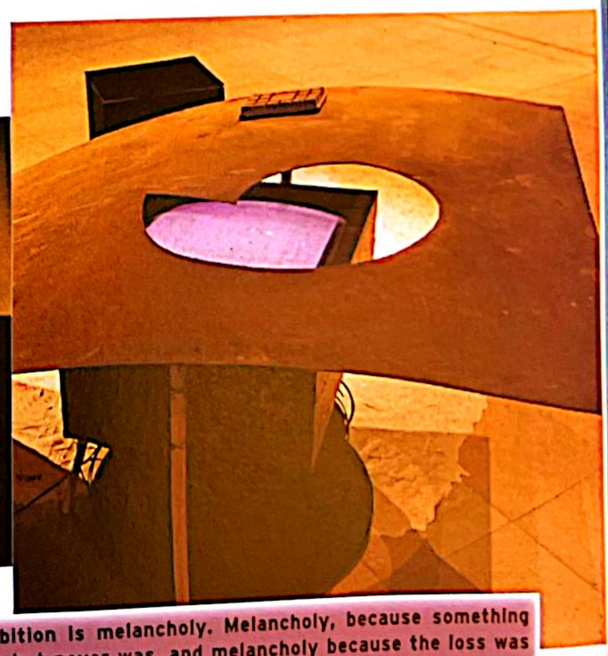
Divers, too, may become involved in a descent to unfathomable depths, in a journey that entails returning with the renewed strength of one who has survived a terrifying vision, an unbearable experience tantamount to *'life embracing what threatens it'* (Deleuze-Guattari). >>



Obstacle and understanding, 1995
VIDEO INSTALLATION



Reference Generator, 1995 WEB INSTALLATION



The inexorable end of the journey, of love and of an exhibition is melancholy. Melancholy, because something was...and is no longer. Melancholy for what might have been but never was, and melancholy because the loss was inevitable, for the phantasm we had been dreaming about for so long finally dwelt in a body different from the one we had constructed in our imagination. >>



Nederlands Foto Instituut

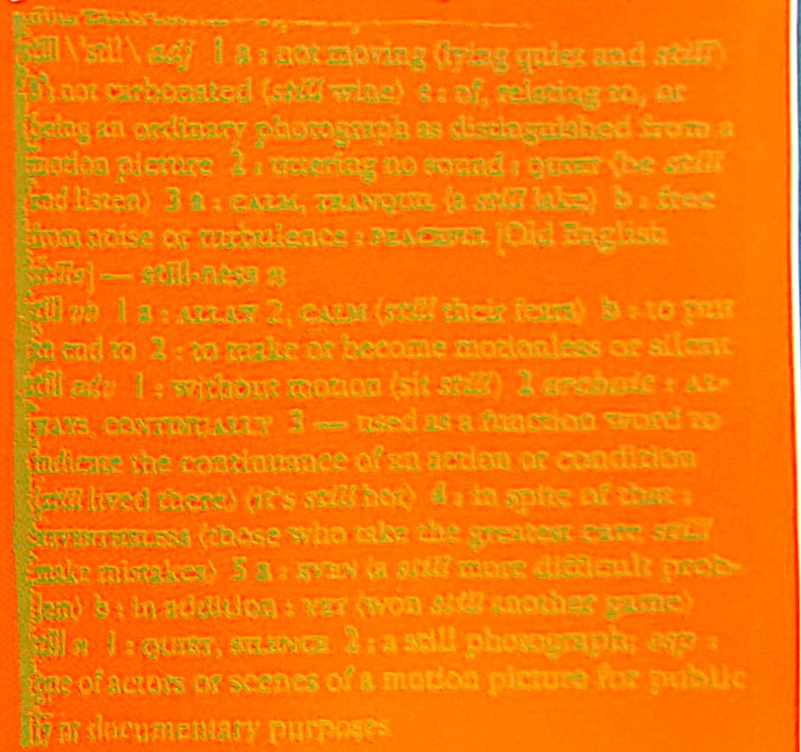
Piotr Jaros
Robert Jankuloski

STILLS

And yet, with Schelling, one must renew one's optimistic reading of nature's inexhaustible capacity for renewal and the human capacity for creation. One must be aware that love is ever germinating in the depths of deception, tedium and ennui. >>

The word 'still' is generally used in the context of photographing moving scenes. This is actually a still life in film, a frozen moment in another medium. The still life is a staged situation in every medium, a carefully calculated composition of dead objects normally. Staged photography acting as a specialised still life: dead and alive in the same time. The still lifes have their own iconography, and their meanings are much more complex than we can think about at first sight.

Staged photography acts similar to film stills: even real situations make us suspicious, and we start to think about montage, animation, manipulation. Photography can appear as a documentation but not necessarily. The document can be a fiction using the apparatus of science. The montage mixes things to enrich the message of what is seen.



One must trust that other journeys and other exhibitions shall similarly turn into stories of love in which we shall continue to thrash about between the hallucinatory satisfaction of desire and the constructions of reality. <<



Piotr Jaros

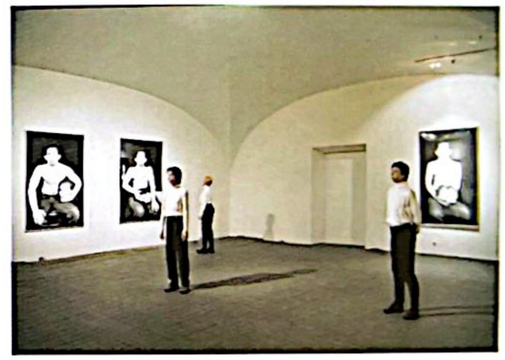
I am a collector of sights, gestures, facial expressions, glances, movements of hands, or hair, transistory fluids. I am infected with my aesthetics, based on looking and selecting - aesthetics which have formed somewhere outside of me. I am infected with a desire to admire, investigating beauty in expressions, manners and even ways of walking. It is hard not to... This continuous posing is so beautiful. I am a collector. I invite you to have a look at my collection which I would like to share with you. Somehow, though, I do not want to reveal anything.

I would like to engender the state of mind which you get when you enter a pyramid or an exhibition of contemporary art. Where a strange place full of mysterious objects fills you with irritation. A place where you feel so tiny in the face of enormity and depth. This is in fact a feeling of having nothing.

Only when we realize that there is a certain unreality about this space will it become accessible to be admitted, remaining volatile: like an after image in the mountains or hoar-frost on trees in the winter. Knowing - you see it with your own eyes, you can trust them. Once you see it gets inside you - do not worry.

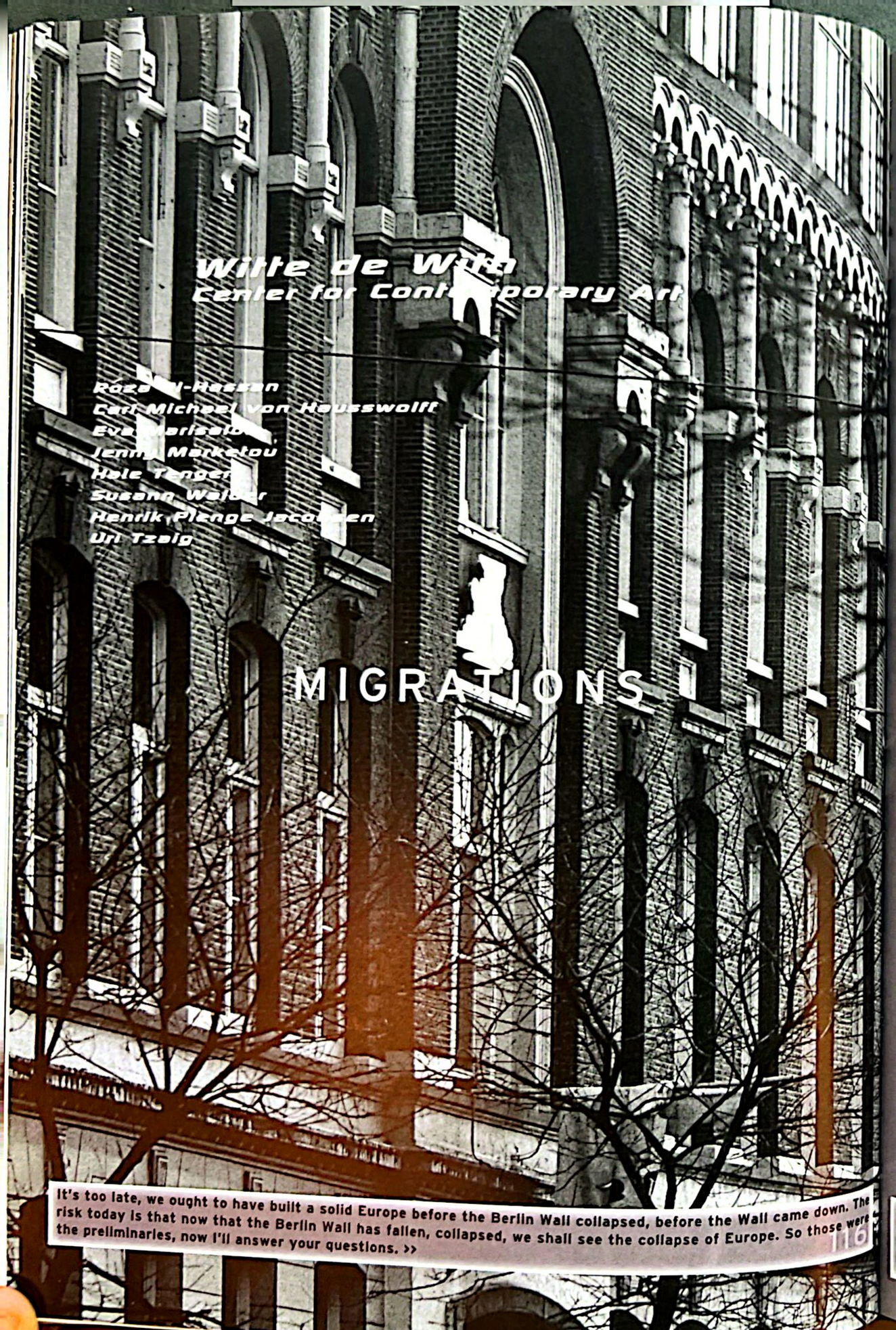
I have chosen as the subjects of my photographs people who need fame like others need air. They say: 'I must be famous, otherwise I'll go mad'. So they collect, because they have to. It is a matter of perception and focus. Our times are so obsessed with things that collecting is almost compulsory.

I collect suggestions, mystification, not typical behaviors. They all support my passion. My art is a fixation on aesthetic states, a 'collection of sights'.



Umarmen, II.
INSTALLATION, 1995

Umarmen I².
PHOTOGRAPHY, 200 X 120 CM, 1994, LUDWIG MUSEUM COLOGNE



It's too late, we ought to have built a solid Europe before the Berlin Wall collapsed, before the Wall came down. The risk today is that now that the Berlin Wall has fallen, collapsed, we shall see the collapse of Europe. So those were the preliminaries, now I'll answer your questions. >>

There is a Sephardi tradition on the night of Passover for the children to fill a napkin, swing it over the shoulder and parade around the table. "From where have you come?" they ask the children, usually in Arabic. "From Egypt," the children reply. "And where are you going?" To Jerusalem!"

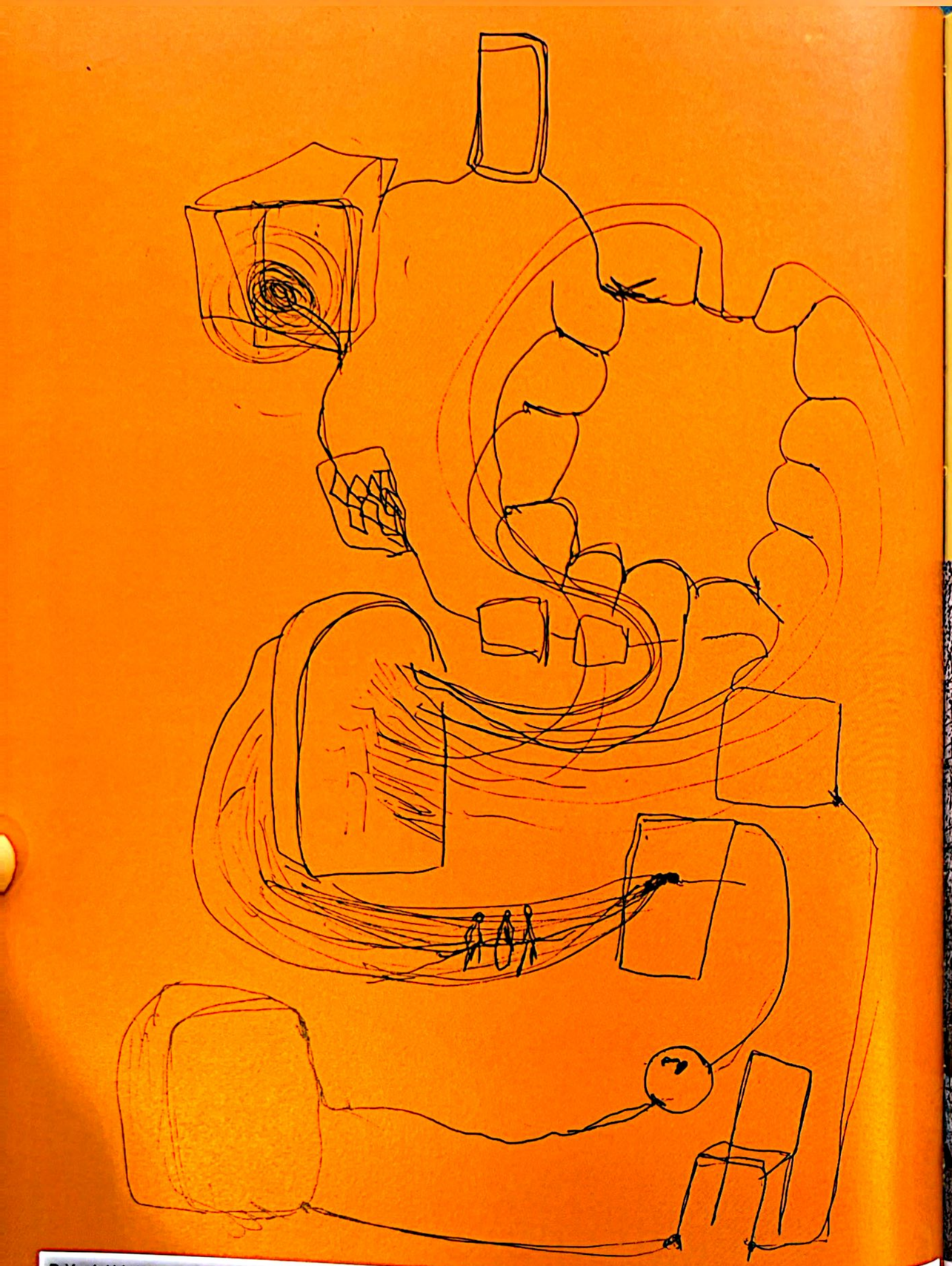
To emigrate is to try to escape from a destiny, to break with the paths that seem to be drawn in advance to outline a life. One emigrates, in general, by an external necessity, to escape from the horrors of war, from the tirany of the ethnic or religious persecution, from poverty. One emigrates too, sometimes, to try to construct a better future or to augment the quality of life. The voyages of these migrants are not like those of the adventurers who throw themselves into exploring and building their destiny as a risky, open and exalted game, looking for other places, for other seasons and, so, looking for other spaces of freedom and experience. The traveller who, in the words of Baudelaire 'leaves in order to leave' (part pour partir), for the pure pleasure of the journey, follows an internal need, choosing a way of living and being in the world.
In these times migrations and journeys are synonymous not only of interchanges, of multiple hybrid, of inextinguishable flux and of permanent interactions, but also of hard confrontation with the law. In Europe, for example, the laws which regulate migration of 'foreigners' go against the globally supported idea of the free circulation of persons, and are a way to defend the 'macro estate' of the European Community: 'the new race which must survive'.
If we were to became floating signifiers we would be able to dissolve essences and play with identities, we could become subjects that restructure themselves thanks to an encounter with other ways of thinking and with other sensibilities, and perhaps we could find other possibilities of social organization.

Migration is about mobile structures within the framework of an institution. The term migration does indeed refer to notions of travelling and passage. The visitors become 'passeurs' as Serge Daney used to say. The exhibition is fluid, not fixed and proposes transversals through space and time. Every migratory bird has its own migratory axis. Invasions are in the vocabulary of migratory birds irregular displacements in space. To be between navigation and orientation! The axes of migration are determined by the position of the stars and the sun. Bonjour monsieur Sheldrake. Further determinants are gravitations, attractions and repulsions of a magnetic kind as well as invisible lines and streets.

Migration. We know this word in Central and Eastern Europe quite well. This place was crossed many times throughout history. This place is the crossroads of people, cultures, religions, conflicts and fears. Here too there is migration manifested in art. There are artists who never move from their homeland and we know there are those who cannot stay at home. Migration, nomadism, invasion ...

Migration might be the last utopia which has been left to us at the closing of the twentieth century. It is a utopia which might be seen through the myth of mankind's unity. At the same time - and this is also its main problem - economical, social and psychological. And it is as normal as problematisation is a guarantee of authenticity. The symptomatic character of migration lies in raising the new concept of individuality. The individual, now more than ever, is constituted through another, through others, as the full value of someone who is measured by his capacity to absorb something which appears strange to him. This is really a utopia. Although it has its pragmatic dimension. Thus inherent in human nature is not only selfishness, prejudice and intellectual laziness, but also intellectual curiosity.

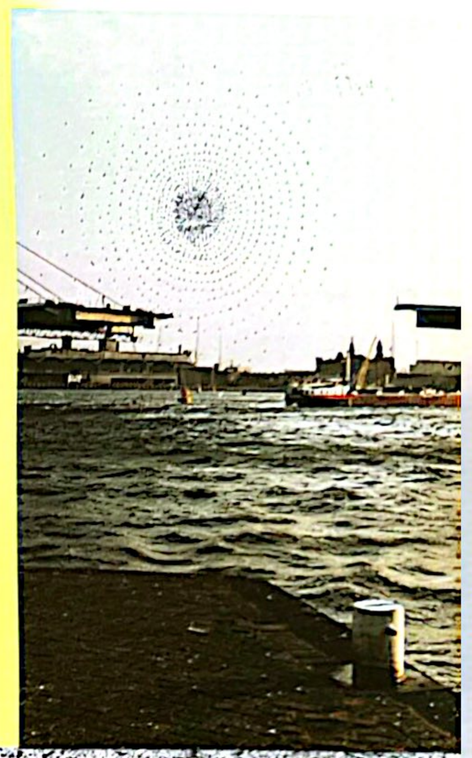
Hans Ulrich Obrist: I recently talked with Bruce Sterling. He is currently writing a new book set in Europe, above all in Prague, and he says in the book that Europe is a dynamic field because of two things. Firstly, there is a lot of migration in Europe. The second thing is that for him there is the generation of very young adolescents or students who are migrating with their rucksacks throughout Europe. >>



P.V.: I think when we're talking about migration we should talk about international or - to use a barbaric word - foreign migration, and internal migration. I think that just as much as external migration is positive, internal migration is negative. Let me explain. As Fernand Braudel said, immigration has never been a problem for Europe, it even enriches it. >>

Róza El-Hassan

"The guard of time repeats the word now all the time. Now...Now... He lives somewhere like a hermit but at the same time he is everywhere; in the mountains, at the seaside and in the city. He should be heard everywhere, but sometimes the surroundings are so noisy, that it seems necessary to make his voice louder.
But if we forget him he might stop repeating it, and then horrible things might happen.."





Take me, Virilio, as an example: my father was a clandestine Italian immigrant and my mother a Frenchwoman. On the other hand, internal mobility imposed by the law of work, the law of stability, is a disruptive element, destroying the richness of Europe. Europe, unlike America and other countries, has always been, like China, the country of sedentarisation, the sedentarisation of the peasant population and urban sedentarisation. >>

Carl Michael von Hausswolff



The cultural richness of Europe, like China's in fact, arose from sedentariness, in other words its cities and the fact that people lived and worked in the same place. There was a continuity, persistent ties that gave the opportunity to become socialised by interchange. >>

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1. THE SELFPORTRAIT AS A NATURAL FILTER.

His problem with identity was the influx of information, especially the suggested unnoticable inhalation of meta-information, and the outflux of information, problematised by a paranoid idea of theft. Now, this is not a problem anymore. The special sceptical filter makes him completely aware of the functions of inspiration and expiration. Food and shit. Shit and food.

2. "COLONIALISM IS THE FRUIT OF CENTRALIST THINKING"

The rather recent idea that everything centered around him, and only him, turned him into a megalomaniac with enormous hybris. The supressed but still active fact that others might have the same idea turned him into an Ardreyan killer alien - conquering his neighborhood, destroying languages, religions, ideas, identities and information. The equilibrium of delivered and received energy in this expanding territory turned him into a split-personality maniac. Nature as an entity of truth became his enemy. Was this the cause of his inability to remember a life in the wilderness?

© 1995 TIME INC, PHOTO SANKEI SHIMBUN

3. "WHO RUNS MAY READ"

He found it when he least expected to. His struggle for information had left his mail-box empty. The proposed physical evidence, matured by scientist for ages, was a hoax. This stream of facts turned out to be just a tool, a media to control him and to stabilize him into a static form of grey labour. Economics was number one on the charts, and stories, enhancing nostalgia and memory were the only valid form of art. Now, he feels safe again. He'd just accidently switched on the turbo and, while leaving it on, the prognoses turned right The flow was stuffed messages and the outcome was cleaned of dogmas and tribal grips. Genius comes and goes. Now, he doesn't even have to keep track of them. The songs maintain untouched and the fertilization processes clear. He knows that he's a sensitive life form - an oracle.



4. SERINUS CANARIUS DOMESTICUS

Some of his colleagues were used as an instrument of protection against gas in the European industrial mining business as well as in the great wars.
He often wondered why? Was it because of his superior sensitivity or an unconcious action following the extinction of the Guanches in the Canary Islands outside of Africa. Why then, were most of his brothers and sisters a favourite pet of people? The colour? The tininess? The singing? He saw it as an analogue to the African problem: used as slaves, guinea pigs and robots, and as an influence on European art. Why is he here now? As a protection of the seven other migrational functions? A protection of the European community against the revolutionary factions of Asia, Africa and America? Is the best way to avoid an attack to direct the threat to another point? In this case: Africa, or why not Japan? A locked up piece of life humiliating the eight humans with his perfect musical art? A sacrifice for a non- prepared monument wanting to be the Europe of tomorrow - with new questions, new problems and new sacrifices? He didn't have any answers to any questions. The only thing he knew was that when he dies the people will evacuate the area. Why? Because they were too greedy to invest in a bunch of gas-masks!

5. YELLOW

a. A way: Refuse of Gold
b. The weather: Occasional storms increase the value of protection.
c. The terrain: As predictable as the stock market.
d. The leadership: Intelligence, trustworthiness, courage and sternness.
e. Discipline: Not too many baths, not too many seeds and not too many diamonds. - Is it really yellow? Those feathers? Those precious minds of the past? Not all of them but still... - An egg, now and then, keeps life in a prison bearable.
A stroll, a flight and a chat - then back to base...

Once we have multimedia, teleworking, delocalisation on a large scale, mass unemployment because of computer-isation and new technologies... Once we abandon permanent employment contracts for fixed-length, six-month contracts we are causing a break between the needs of habitat and the needs of jobs. >>

Eva Marisaldi

PALACE MAIN STAIRS

SERVICE SPIRAL STAIRS

STEADY GIRL

'Steadygirl' is a work in form of a video projection. The video has been made by a girl trying to act like a steadycam. The shoots were taken in an architectural space. Interests: the movement simulating the smooth shots usually achieved by a steadycam . Interests: the role of a cameraman moving on the stage as a 'scene-servant,' present and invisible. There will be an attempt to put this video in relation to considerations regarding the condition of 'voluntary servitude.'

We shall no longer have a contrast between town and country, as we had in the nineteenth century when the peasant population became the proletariat, we shall no longer have a contrast between town centres and suburbs as we have now, we shall have a traditional-style contrast, between the nomadic and the sedentary. >>

THE BODY IS AN INSTRUMENT

TAKE PLEASURE FROM ACTION

CIRCUMSTANCES AS THEY COME

NOT REGARDING SUBJECTION

TO SHARE BY MEDIATION

SLAVERY'S PARTNERS

THE NEW MOVEMENT

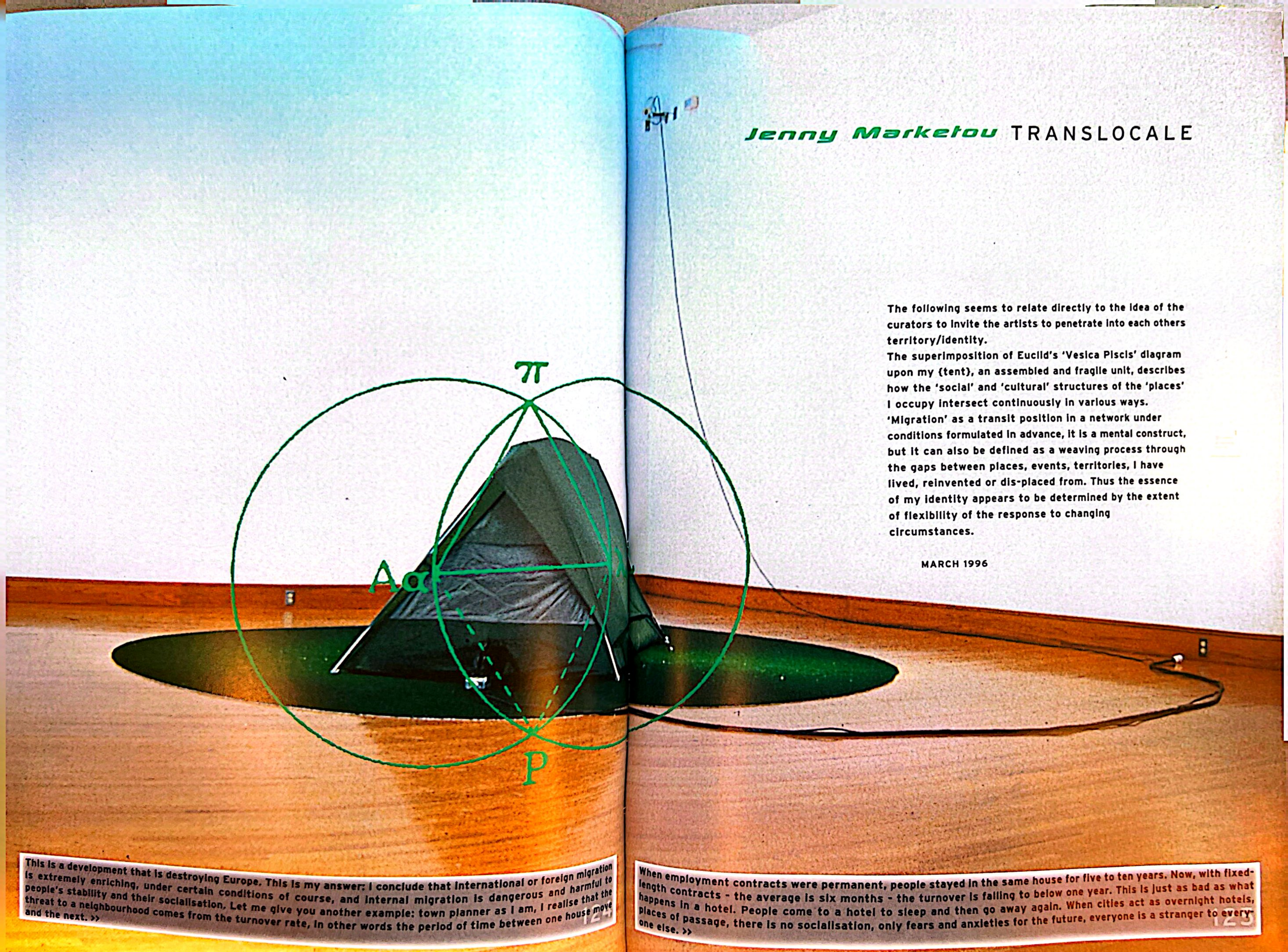
TWO ATTENDANTS WITH BAMBOO STAKES LIFT THE CURTAIN (NOH THEATRE)

THE MEMBERS OF THE CHORUS WEAR KIMONOS 'WITH BLACK TIE' THEY HAVE TO STAY MOTIONLESS ALL THE TIME REQUIRED FOR A PERFORMANCE (NOH THEATRE)

THE SLOW MOVEMENT OF THE CHARACTERS OVER THE SCENE CONSTITUTES ONE OF THE MOST ENIGMATIC ASPECTS OF THE NOH THEATRE FOR THE WESTERN AUDIENCE

I'm not talking here about external migration but internal movement, forced migration, working in one place then moving on to the next, and so on and so on. We already have this phenomenon in Britain: not the "homeless" but the "travellers", who are obliged to move to get a job for six months, then one month in the next place, then two months in the next. >>

Jenny Marketou TRANSLOCALE



The following seems to relate directly to the idea of the curators to invite the artists to penetrate into each others territory/identity.
The superimposition of Euclid's 'Vesica Piscis' diagram upon my (tent), an assembled and fragile unit, describes how the 'social' and 'cultural' structures of the 'places' I occupy intersect continuously in various ways.
'Migration' as a transit position in a network under conditions formulated in advance, it is a mental construct, but it can also be defined as a weaving process through the gaps between places, events, territories, I have lived, reinvented or dis-placed from. Thus the essence of my identity appears to be determined by the extent of flexibility of the response to changing circumstances.

MARCH 1996

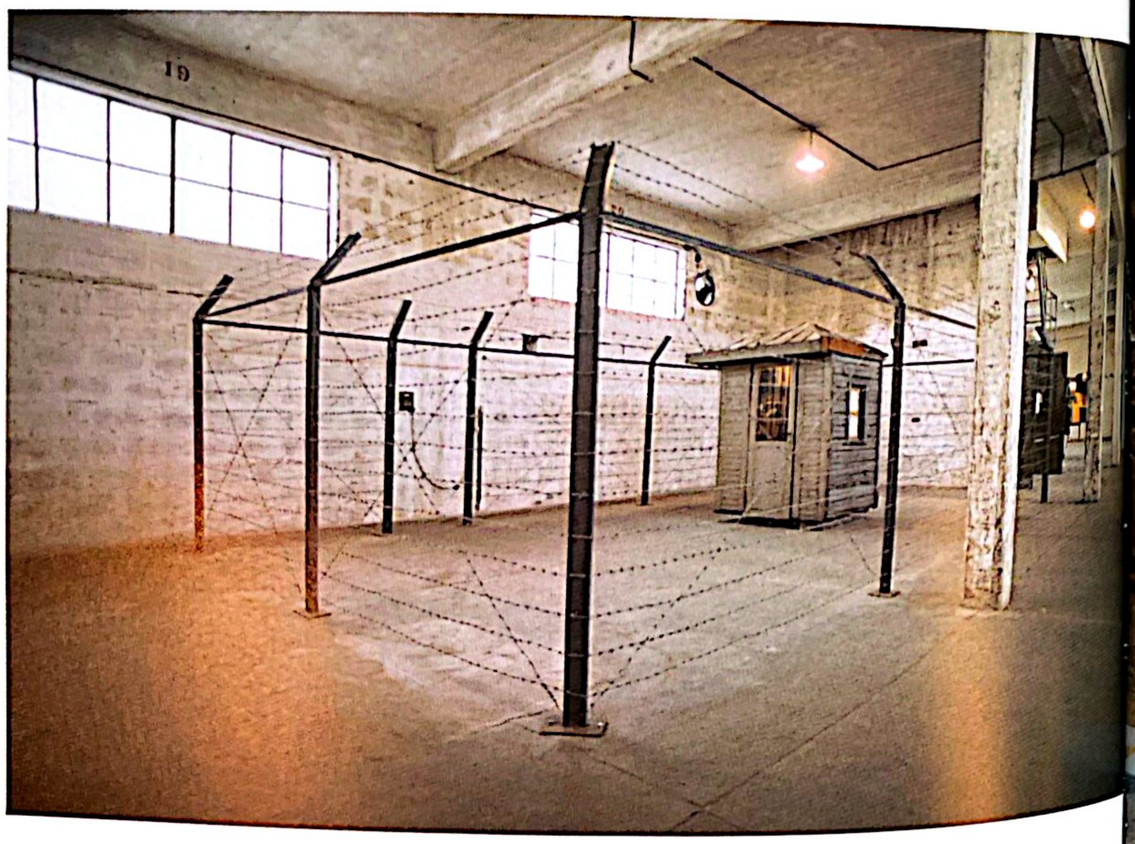
This is a development that is destroying Europe. This is my answer: I conclude that international or foreign migration is extremely enriching, under certain conditions of course, and internal migration is dangerous and harmful to people's stability and their socialisation. Let me give you another example: town planner as I am, I realise that the threat to a neighbourhood comes from the turnover rate, in other words the period of time between one house move and the next. >>

When employment contracts were permanent, people stayed in the same house for five to ten years. Now, with fixed-length contracts - the average is six months - the turnover is falling to below one year. This is just as bad as what happens in a hotel. People come to a hotel to sleep and then go away again. When cities act as overnight hotels, places of passage, there is no socialisation, only fears and anxieties for the future, everyone is a stranger to everyone else. >>

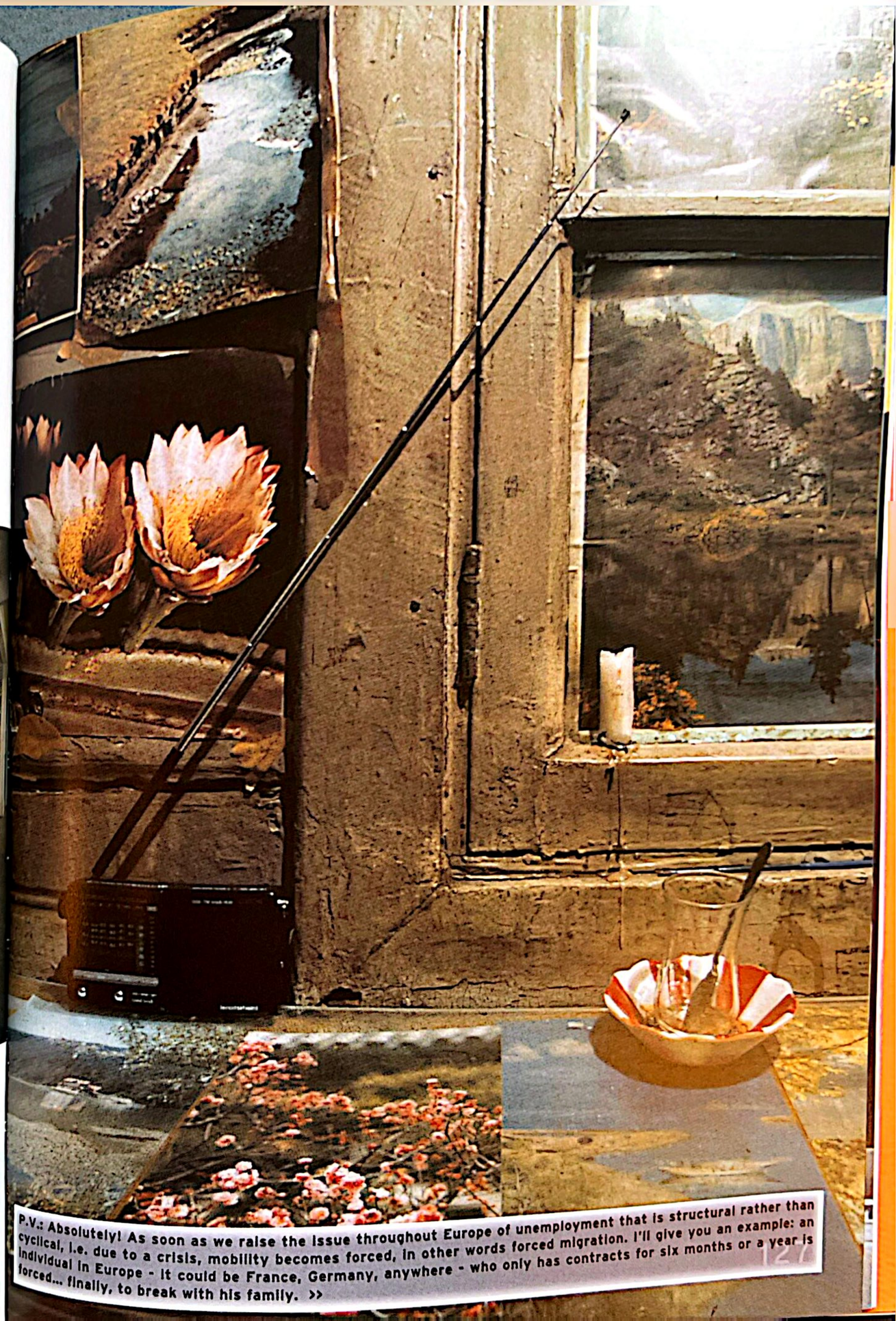
"WE DIDN'T GO OUTSIDE, WE WERE ALWAYS ON THE OUTSIDE/ WE DIDN'T GO INSIDE, WE WERE ALWAYS ON THE INSIDE",

site specific installation, entrepot, Third Istanbul Biennial, 1995 MIXED MEDIA, AUDIO

Hale Tenger



H.U.O.: Jonas Mekas, the film-maker, talks in his notes about voluntary and involuntary migrations. Does that tie in with what you were just saying? >>



P.V.: Absolutely! As soon as we raise the issue throughout Europe of unemployment that is structural rather than cyclical, i.e. due to a crisis, mobility becomes forced, in other words forced migration. I'll give you an example: an individual in Europe - it could be France, Germany, anywhere - who only has contracts for six months or a year is forced... finally, to break with his family. >>



Susann Walder





ZOMBIE TRANSIT

Why? Because the wife is also working, so every time they move, they have to find two jobs - not one but two! This means that every six months or year, at best every two years, they have to find two jobs. >>

One of them finds a job, the husband for instance; the working wife doesn't find one, fifty percent of the time she doesn't find one. The effect is deconstruction of the family - the unit of population - and society alike. It's a dangerous development. >>

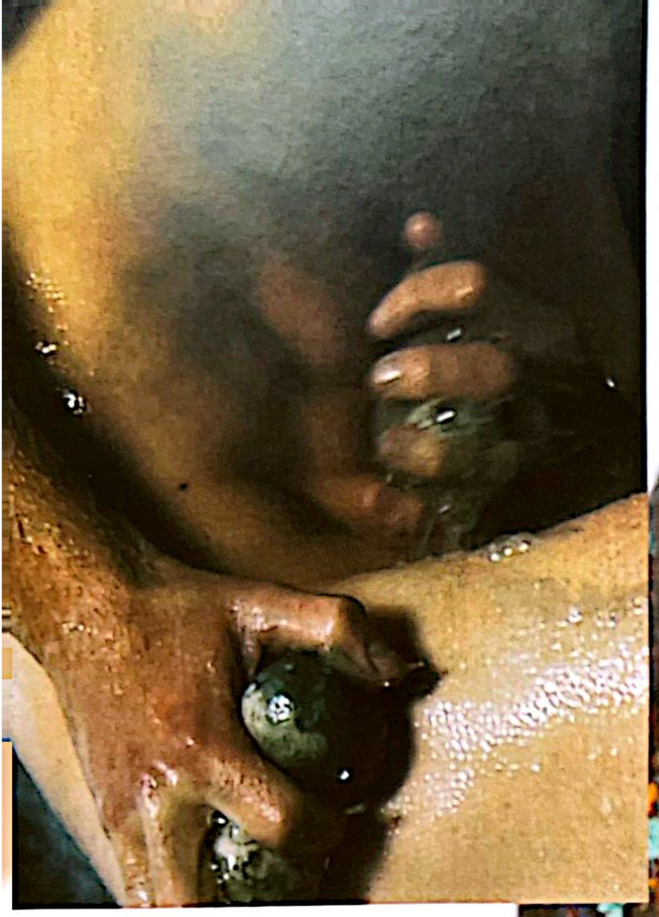
Henrik Plenge Jacobsen

'Neutron'/ESAD & FRAC Champagne
ARDENNE, INSTALLATION VIEW, REIMS, 1995
(Courtesy Gallery Nicolai Wallner, Copenhagen)

H.U.O.: But the family isn't the solution.
P.V.: No, I'm not talking about the family in the middle-class sense, I'm talking about couples. I'm talking about what we call the units of population, the ones that give rise to demography. >>

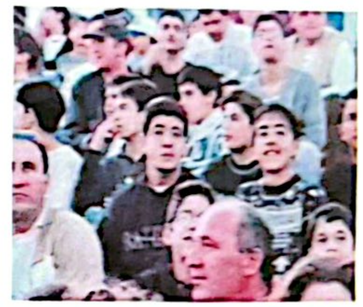
'Nitrousoxide action',
FIAC/Emmanuel Perrotin, 1994
(Courtesy Emmanuel Perrotin, Paris)

I'm not talking in the 'family-oriented' sense, or the middle-class sense, I'm talking demographically about the unit of population, which is the foundation of this society, whether it is the tribal form, family form or whatever that is endangered. Endangered by forced mobility. >>









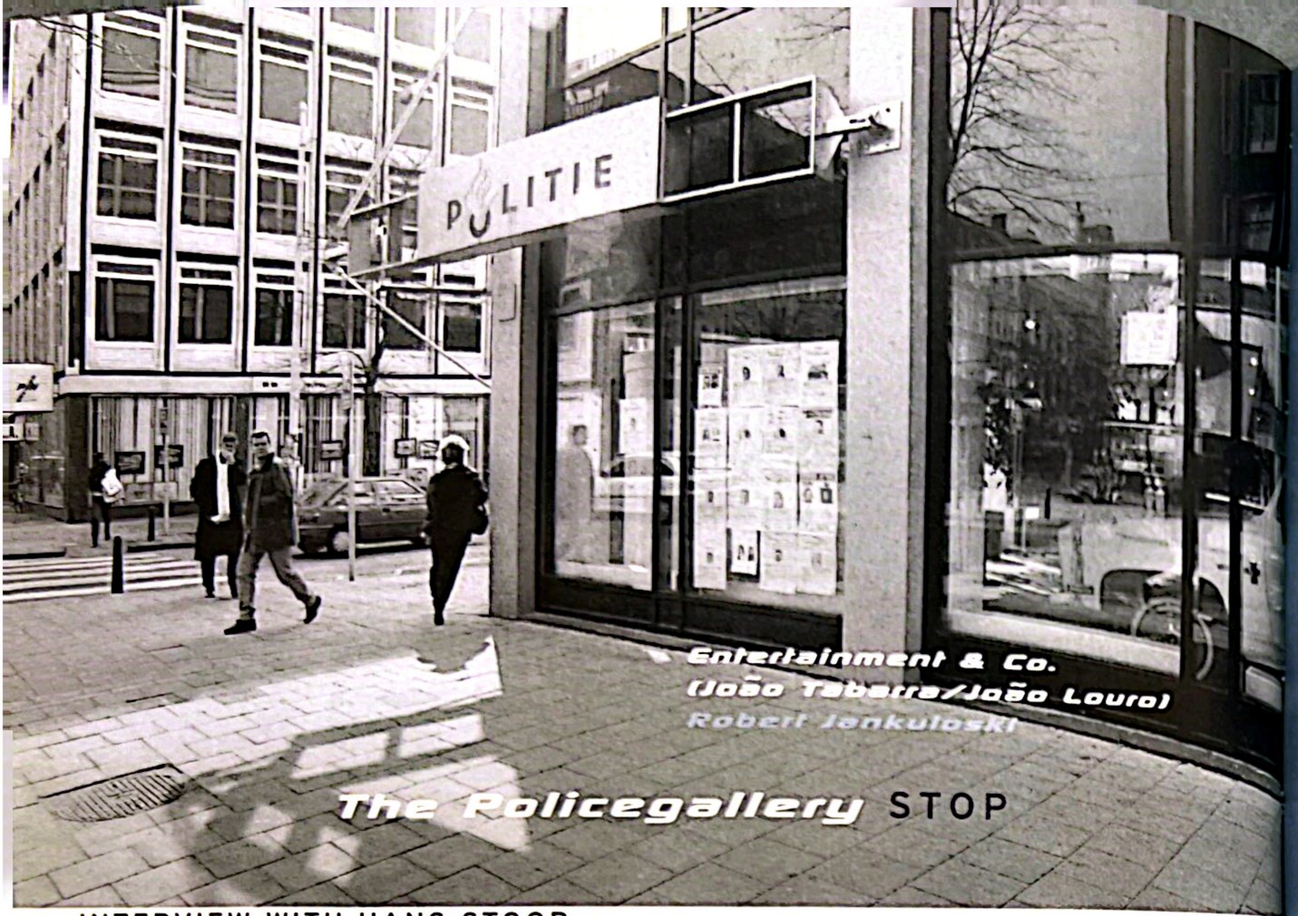


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The 'Soap-Balls' is a new product in collaboration with 'Ahava' - Dead Sea Laboratories

H.U.O.: Involuntary. P.V.: Involuntary... I'm not talking about gypsies or populations who have always had a nomadic culture, that's their nature; I'm talking about people who are forced to migrate to find temporary jobs, and because of that find it very difficult to create social ties and even to preserve the ties they have between women and men. The problem of children is related, of course. >>

H.U.O.: This leads us to the question of cities. At a recent conference in Hamburg, Saskia Sassen said it was impossible to overestimate the importance of cities in an information society. That echoes something you have been writing about for a long time, the importance of cities.
P.V.: The city is becoming the last outpost. Faced with the crisis in the nation state, the crisis in real space, in other words in the amount of space that benefits the centre, cities are becoming the real place, the last outpost. >>



INTERVIEW WITH HANS STOOP, SPOKESMAN ROTTERDAM RIJNMOND POLICE

What is your favourite representation of a policeman in films, novels or comic strips? *Hans Stoop:* Basically I don't read those kind of books, because they lose sight of reality. The same applies for police series on television. This kind of programs just don't grip my attention. Only German or British series like Derrick and The chief come close to reality; they show the real police work. What are the main differences you see between those fictions and the real life of a policeman? H.S.: In police series they only have thirty minutes to solve a case. In reality this takes months, or a case remains unresolved. When you were a child did you play to cops and robbers? H.S.: No, never. At least, not that I remember. How did you decide to become a policeman? H.S.: My father was a policeman. I heard and saw what he did and was attracted by certain aspects. The job seemed varied, every minute is different from the other. It is fascinating and difficult to handle with people and that has always been a challenge to me. I am not a law-and-order type, so I did not feel a vocation to uphold the laws. Looking at the catalogue of one of the first exhibitions in the Policegallery - Murders in Rotterdam - I was shocked by the strength of these documentary images. Did any spectators protest against this show? Do you think that showing death can be obscene? Do you think that there is such a thing as obscenity in reality or is it more to do with representation? H.S.: Murders in Rotterdam was an exhibition of documentary photographs of crimes made by police photographers before the Second World War. The negative plates which were kept in the archives threatened to be lost. Others took the initiative to compile a book with all this pictures and The Policegallery decided to combine this publication with an exhibition. The reason to show this pictures had nothing to do with sensation. They were showed to the public, because they gave a very good portrait of the era between 1900 and the Second World War. We only chose the modest photos, not the shocking ones. The emphasis in the selected photos was not on the dead bodies, but on the whole context and situation. The exhibition drew a lot of attention, but people didn't come for sensational reasons. There were no sounds of protest. Your last exhibition before Manifesta was about the image of police in different countries (logos, uniforms, vehicles and so on). Some attitudes were clearly related to the traditional values associated with masculinity (strength, virility, power, muscles, uniforms, etcetera). What are the new values you think that should be associated with the police in a changing society? H.S.: Dutch police uniforms are selected because of their suitability, not to impress people. The Dutch policeman is armed, which might give the impression of a macho attitude, but women are wearing the same uniforms as men. New values which should be associated with the police are part of the society in which the police works. The police is a cog in society, instead of an isolated system. Dutch society is changing and the police is following. I have to admit that the police is always a few steps behind, so at this moment the police is still in a seventies mode. Social skills and the contact with the public are very important. The policy is customer-orientated. For example, the results of a biennial police survey of the public are taken in consideration in the new policy. Are there any differences between the roles played by policemen and policewomen? H.S.: No, some people think women are lacking a certain amount of physical strength, but physical strength is not important. The mouth is the strongest weapon of every police man or woman. Men and women are treated equally. In fact, there is a preferential policy towards women - a temporary manoeuvre - to engage more women than men. Some philosophers have stated that institutions, Law and Order, can be a form of violence against the individual. What do you think about that? H.S.: That is only logical, it is true. The police is the only authority - and I am glad it is the only one - which holds monopoly in violence, and must be aware of this responsibility. The use of violence is attached to strict conditions which are regulated by Law. Even the smallest incident has to be reported and when a policeman is forced to use his weapon, there will always be an evaluation afterwards. Fortunately, the number of shooting incidents in the Netherlands is small. With what crime would you be more leniant: with the stealing and trade of works of art (if they were not so looked after in the country they come from) or with the traffic of drugs? H.S.: I cannot make any differences between them. Holland is one of the most permissive countries regarding the sex industry, but aren't the biggest consumers - for every type of sex - men (gay or heterosexual)? Do you have any information about specific places where women can buy sex and in what proportion do these establishments exist in relation to the ones dedicated to men? H.S.: Holland is tolerant, but pornography is a hot item, especially in relation to children. With regard to the opportunities for women to buy sex I can only say that the newspapers are full of advertisements for men and women. Why have the police opened a gallery? Is it a response to an artistic strategy or is its aim to promote and defend the function of police in society? H.S.: We've always been looking for opportunities to offer the public a chance to enter the police station in an easy way. Normally, you only enter a police station when you want to report something. When the police wanted to rent this building in the Witte de Withstraat, the condition of the council was that the groundfloor should be used for a cultural function. The starting of The Policegallery was our chance to make the police accessible. Now the public can become acquainted of the activities of the police in different ways. This fits into the role which the police plays in society. Is there anything made in the name of art that should be prosecuted? I remember in the sixties an artist was arrested because of creating erotic art in public. Nowadays, these kind of things don't happen anymore, unless you want to start the discussion about the differences between erotic art and pornography.

READ MY LIPS ALL GUILTY

We miss the beauty of things, its way of being, leaving them to die in the hands of power and the gods. (...) The will of our imagination is not enough to tear the denim of social alienation which imprisons each thing; it cannot bring it back to the fair play of subjectiveness. Seen through the eyes of power, a rock, a tree, a blender, a Cyclotron, are dead things, crosses planted in the will to seethem differently, in the will to change them. And however, beyond the meaning which we give them, I know I shall find them more exalting. I know a machine can stir up a passion for as long as it is may serve a fantasy, a game, freedom. In a world where everything has life, including trees and rocks, there are no longer any signs to be contemplated passively. Everything speaks of joy. The triumph of subjectiveness shall give life to thing; and is not the present unbearable power of dead things over subjectiveness, in the end, the best opportunity in all history to reach a superior level in life?

Raoul Vaneigem, "Traité de Savoir-Vivre à L´usage des jeunes génèrations" 1967

I would remind you that nowadays the real-time, immediate, ubiquitous, instantaneous nature of telecommunications is prevailing over real space, over the amount. In the past the strong ones were those who had lots of space, an empire, and the ones who had lots of soldiers won all the wars. Nowadays those who dominate are the ones who have absolute speed of communication or arms. >>



Entertainment & Co

Documentary, **read my lips all guilty**, was produced and directed by **entertainment co.** Lisboa, Portugal, for **Manifesta I**, 1996

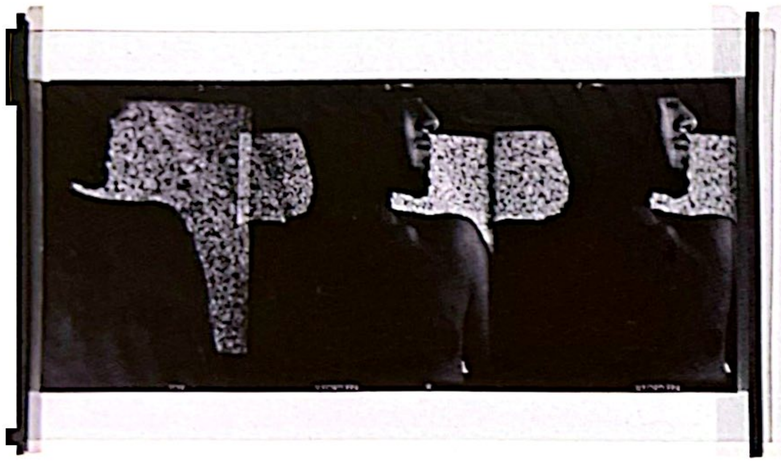
We saw that in the Gulf War. The soldiers are demobilised, I would say they are useless. Soldiers survive only as policemen, they are no longer really soldiers defending a territory, but policemen defending a city.
H.U.O.: Surveillance.
P.V.: Precisely, we are going towards a society where real time will prevail over real space. >>

Robert Jankuloski

PHOTO: RUMEN CAMILOV

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ILLUSIONS 2, 1995





This exacerbates urban polarisation, as we can see in the countries of the third world, where it's already the case. Metropolitanisation is a phenomenon that began in the third world countries, and now it's starting in Europe. We are witnessing a decline in the medium-sized cities, which are trying to resist the attraction of the big cities. In France, according to the latest report by the I.N.S.E.E., there are three or four cities that have resisted Paris: Toulouse, Nice... >>

PHOTO: ROBERT JANKULOSKI © 1995 Robert Jankuloski



Lyon is starting to give way to Paris because of the TGV. Paris is a hypercentre, is not even a capital any longer, it's a world city. H.U.O.: It's funny about New York too: if you count internet connections in the United States, an enormous percentage are in New York. E-mail from one person in New York to another person in New York. P.V.: The city was constituted by the place of communication. >>



Maritime Museum
'Prins Hendrik'
Rotterdam

TIME SHARE

Rogelio López Cuenca
Roger Meintjes

The city really starts with ramparts, you can't separate the city from the field of battle organised by it, so there are ramparts. Now the place that makes a city is the gate. The gate of a city is where messages are exchanged, where merchandise is received, where the prostitutes pay their customs duties... And it's the best defended part, where they open and close most effectively. There are books on the defence of gates that go back to Greek antiquity. >>

Objects are the sum of their journeys; objects of exchange, like currency, always translating themselves from one value system to another.
Trade begins with the promise of something other, or unrecognisable. Trade integrates things. The unrecognisable finds another use for itself somewhere else. And with it, those who grew it, made it, mined it, they, too, enter into negotiations far afield. 'Trade delivers people', it is said.
But what of the displaced object? How does it mean anything at all at some extreme remove from its point of origin? The answer seems to lie in the fact that it changes. Not only does our perception of it change, but it must come to function in a different way and, accordingly, will grow differently.
It is easy enough to envisage how this might work in terms of organic material, for the ground is never the same from one place to another. A simulated climate is always a simulation, and the tree will not bear fruit. It cannot grow unattended. Trade forces attention upon something which should remain unattended. It forces hybrids.
And more than this, those objects which are already attended to, what we call cultural objects, even they are subject to change. They, too, hybridise themselves. They graft themselves to their closest relatives in terms of use or appearance. But sometimes these associations are forced into an uncomfortable alliance where old object and new, host and parasite become interdependent and unable to function one without the other.
The artist, here, is an archaeologist, tracing the histories and roots of the object, rather than presenting the thing itself. He is a navigator, drawing fugitive itineraries and marking the movements of overlaid mappings. He is a cosmologist suggesting new lines of orientation. He marks the points of departure, drift and arrival.
The histories overwrite themselves, obscuring the pathways as they go, so that the object arrive with an uncomfortable sense of displacement which needs some measure of resolution.
This resolution, of course, is only as temporary as the moment it is achieved, because there is always to be another moment when the object will have moved on. This transitory state of things - images, ideas, marks and experience - allow us to see things in other ways, like Torres Garcia who, in 1935, drew an inverted Latin America, conceiving the South Pole north of the America. And even contemporary mapmakers draw from where they stand. Compare a 'European' map of the world with an Asian version.
'The passive aesthetics of mirrors,' as Borges called it, makes way for the 'active aesthetics of the prism.' This points to a multi-faceted cultural exchange, where the gaze is no longer one-directional, where it is no longer sufficient to draw a single map from a single perspective.

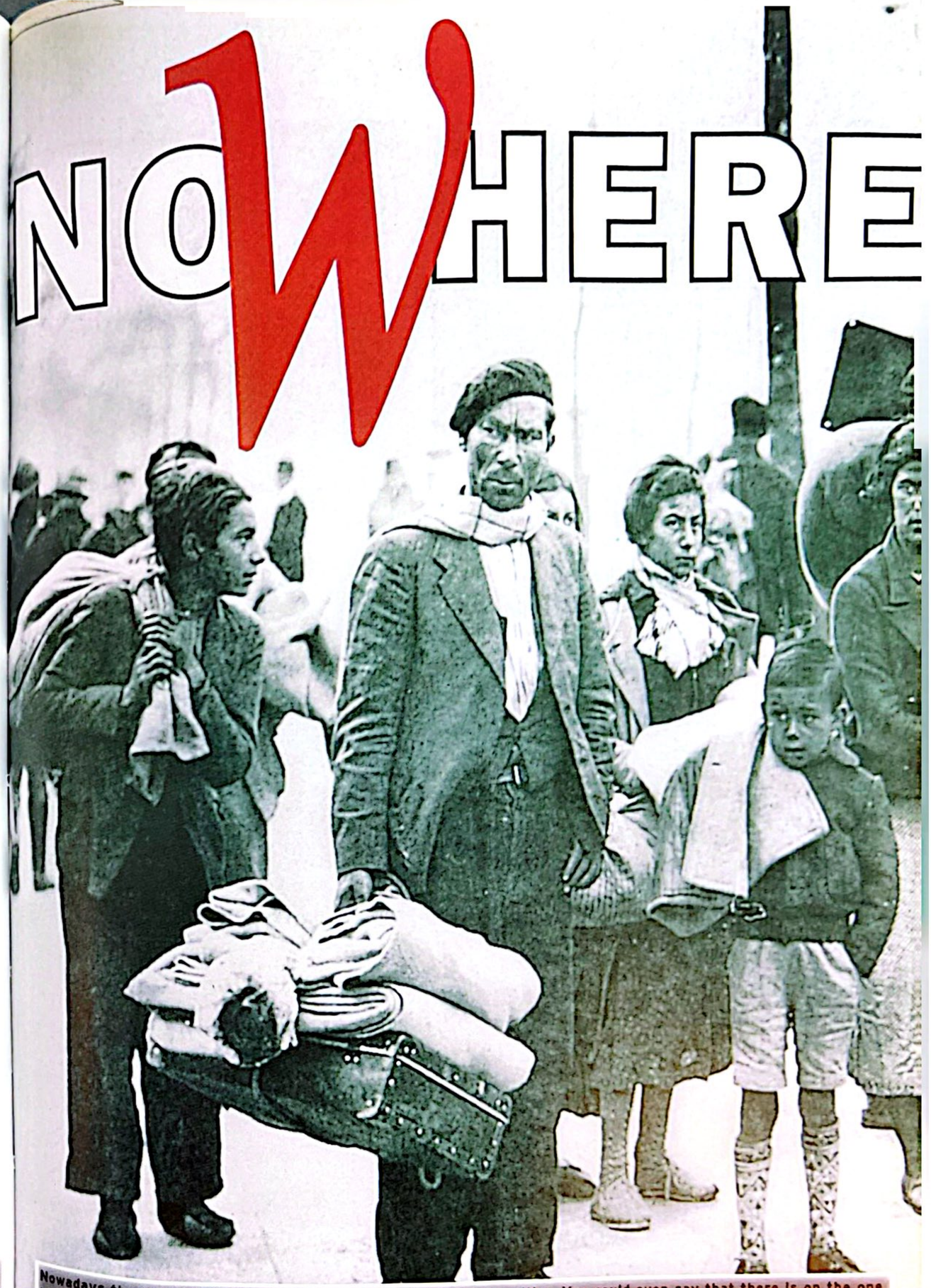
After the gate, what moulded [the city] is the port, Venice, Genoa, the maritime republics, Rotterdam, Hamburg, London... The gate, the port, then the railway station which, in the nineteenth century, becomes the new city gate. External migration accelerates throughout Europe, and the peasant population becomes the proletariat, arriving at the railway stations of the big industrial cities of Europe. The fourth development is the airport, Dallas, Orly, London and Rotterdam, Atlanta... >>

No limits
STICKER, 12 X 11 CM
No(w)here
STICKER, 14 X 11 CM

Rogelio López Cuenca



And the latest development that's starting now, the latest port after the airport, is the teleport, the place where you receive and disseminate information arriving by satellite, a gateway for information. So we have the gate, the port, the railway station, the airport, the teleport. >>



Nowadays the teleport, i.e. communications, is what federates cities. You could even say that there is on the one hand in Europe, as in the world, a kind of real-time urban hypercentre which is the city of cities, the capital of capitals, a virtual city, you could say the city of the information superhighways, the city of internet, to which all real cities are suburbs. >>

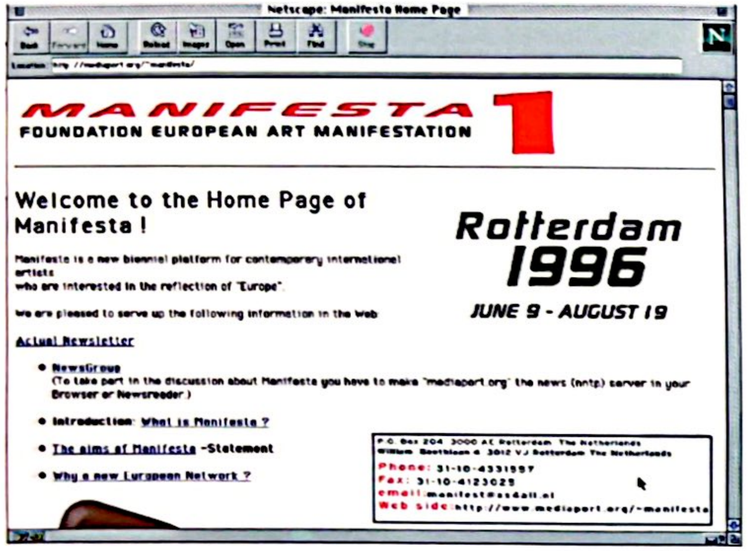


Miguel de Santisteban
Cinchona peruviana
1753
WATERCOLOUR,
42,5 X 31,3 CM
Sent to Linnaeus-1764.
By permission of the Linnean Society of London

H.U.O.: Pierre Levy, in his book on virtual reality, says that this contrast between virtual and real is false, he talks about the actualisation of virtual programs.
P.V.: Virtual is not the opposite of real, it's the opposite of actual. It's a classic tenet of philosophy, reality has two faces, one actual, proceeding to the act, and one virtual, that which is potential. Virtual is the opposite of actual, not real. >>

This is basic, there's no need to have a philosophical culture to make virtual the opposite of real. That said, the virtual/actual antithesis raises the question of what is real.
H.U.O.: By mutating it.
P.V.: Precisely. It's the problem of perspective. The world view of the Renaissance is a virtualisation, a reorganisation of the act of seeing, a geometrification of sight. >>

Internet



VENUE

Siraj Izhar
Lydia Venieri
Pit Schulz

OTHER ARTIST ON INTERNET:

János Sugár
Oleg Kulik/Mila Bredikhina
Fabrice Hybert/
Marie-Ange Guilleminot

It goes without saying that nowadays with the new technologies there is a reactualisation of reality coming from virtual technologies. That's what I was trying to say when I was talking about a perspective of real time that was going to replace the perspective of real space.
H.U.O.: If we look at how the Internet is perceived in the press and in the mass-circulation dailies, this is where the big misunderstanding lies, there is always this antithesis between virtual and real. >>

VIRTUAL WRITING

The computernet liberates the writer from his publisher. Unencumbered by résumé or oeuvre, a willing author can hurl book after book directly into the Net. If your masterpiece has been wiped off the networks in ten days, you park it on your own FTP site or BBS for the benefit of the virtual community. The writer can save her or his book from certain deconstruction in the paper market. The only thing that matters to the collection of connected files are the tags. The tag 'Weltfremdheit' or 'discipline research' activates different search functions than 'Safe writing or 'Ferdinand Kriwet'. Electronic writers receive a daily, comprehensive literature update and this has consequences. Destruction software reveals which grammatical, rhetoric and educational tricks make a text readable in spite of its 'polculsex' content. The quality of world literature is on the rise. If you follow the writing activities of renowned authors, the question of how they do it is quickly answered. It's a dizzying thought that earlier generations wrote their books with ineradicable ink. This is why programs are being developed on demand to produce text-critical editions during writing and send these tens of versions hourly to the fleet of hard discs that document culture in atomic shelters. To give their texts that little something extra that separates literature from the rest, authors throw their personality into the struggle, the unique combination of a gene-package, a cultural cross-over, salient biographical data and an education: Camille Paglia, Donna Tart, Elisabeth Bronfen.
The text that chooses to appear in the network instead of on the table, strives for the greatest possible economy of word. Reading pleasure used to be based on piling stylistic ornaments on top of story lines. The literary calculator now recognizes this to be static and an obstacle to communication. The electronic readers have all their texts pre-scanned, filtering out added value. For example, there is a *killfile* that destroys all sources and examples from before 1989 (or 2012); a *quotation eraser* that gets rid of everything in quotes; the command *skip interdisciplines*, that erases everything except the reader's specialisation; *create summary*, that summarizes a text according to the reader's wishes, and *show method*, that shows self-referential excerpts and takes out all the exercises. *Textual cleansing shareware* provides access to mega-oeuvres like Goethe, Simenon, Dilthey, Marx, Konsalik, Vestdijk, Balzac, Heidegger, Voltaire, D'Annunzio and Agatha Christie. A technical solution has been found for Althusser's guilt at not having read the complete Hegel and Kant.
Human beings have a physical need to string words together before striking the first hard sentence. At the end of the day, writing that makes use of the selection programs preserves the three sentences that withstood the test. Text production the following day starts with those three sentences. Less radical are the help files that remove mistakes, prevent platitudes and point out bad journalistic habits. The selection program removes all sentences using constructions such as the *eminent authority, would be justified in saying...* or italics that have been used to prop up weak sentences. The compact text naturally has the density of a summary, the quality of poetry, it conceals one's poor knowleddge of foreign languages, suppresses every tendency towards explanation, eliminates formalities and replaces the snail's pace of reason with the brilliance of the keyword. The point is to formulate knowledge so precisely and with such complexity that it cannot be hacked into by the software of others. Writing on computer must never reach a conclusion; if it did, the train of thought that produced it would have to be left out. Sentences no longer want to have a relationship with antecedents and offspring. Glue words like *because, thus, as well as, and, but* have been scrapped. In principle, any sentence may follow any other. The mystery of texts is that an order of sentences does indeed exist. Compressed text is precise and obscure. It evokes a hidden world of thought that seemingly need no longer be reported. People are becoming concrete, while the reader arrives at a level of abstraction usually inaccessible. Because EXIT signs have been hung all through the text, tourism in abstraction is easy to indure.

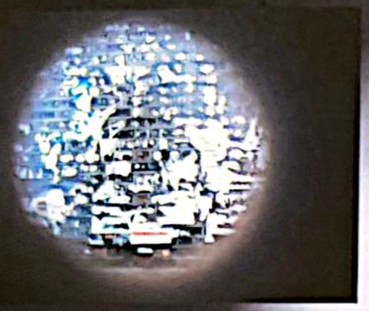
Bilwet (TRANSLATION JIM BOEKBINDER)

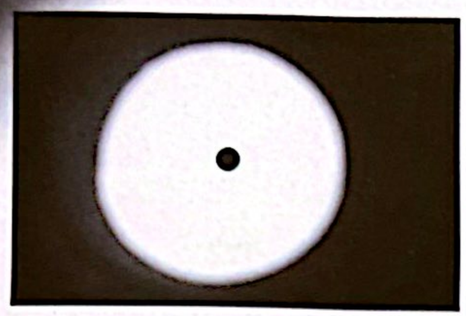
P.V.: What has misled them is the idea of simulation. This word, which was brought up by my friend Baudrillard, is what I would say has caused the confusion. Virtual reality is not simulation - though it can be - it's potential reality. >>

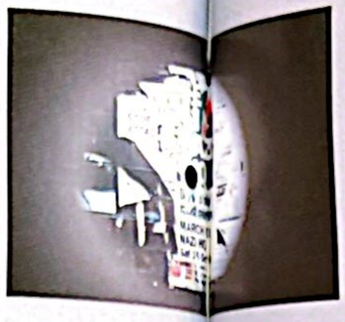










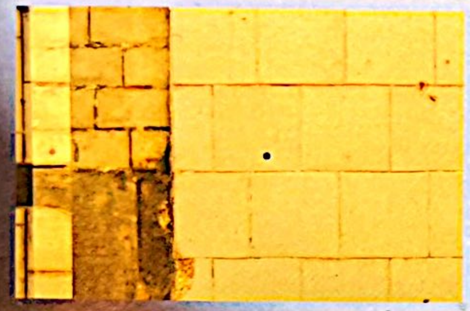


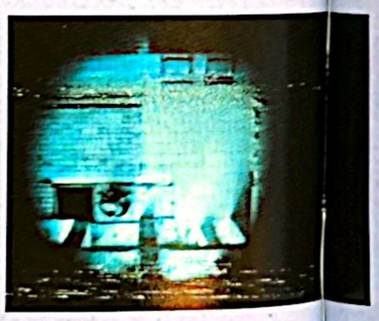












Virtual reality has the potential of being, so it is not necessarily simulation. But virtual reality has been identified with simulation and this has masked the relationship between virtual and actual.
H.U.O.: At the same time Mike Davis warns us of the ever increasing black (w)holes of the non-wired population.
P.V.: Here again we should drop the phrase 'black holes, it smacks too much of Baudrillard. >>

Siraj Izhar

(ARTIST·CURATOR STRIKE)

STRIKE: In the digital age the concern is not for the condition of art but of a condition *for* art. This reveals an old question. With new technology, the human race is moving into a new social space but the new space can be no different in nature to the old space; we shall find the same footprints there.

Wittgenstein would say 'Everything is found, so to speak, in a space of possible things'. This may sound quixotic but it implies a belief in the realm of possibilities, a common ground for the possible; this ground is neither public nor private. Locating art within it acknowledges that there is no demarcated space for art, no space set aside.

STRIKE: the work takes shape as much through a series of transactions as through a location or the identification of objects. Art as the overlay, spanning the space of the relationships it negotiates, the 'mask' to draw out the invisible relief.

Technology increases the availability of representation, surplus representation. Representation circulates freely but the represented remain fixed. The task in the digital age is to return what is extracted by way of signs, symbols, social meanings: the chain of representation. The exhibition of work is placed within the space of this chain, not outside it.

STRIKE: is ongoing; the project circulates itself in the realm and the imagined space. Old work provides material for new work. Through collective work, all aspects of work can be contested, including the place of authorship; as artist come and go, enter and leave, the project diversifies onto new ground.

Exhibitions are projections straddling different trajectories; the projected space being where exchanges materialise. The aesthetic comes from the organisation of the exchange; the dysfunctional, the improbable, the unnecessary, the unforeseen; the momentary suspension of reality within reality. 'Everything is found, so to speak, in a space of possible things'.....that's the necessary understanding, beyond the exchange.

STRIKE: artists who have collaborated on Strike at Spitalfields London: Josh Oppenheimer, Ranjana Choudhouri, Mary Anne Francis, Nick Charnley, Conor Kelly, Morgan Doyle, Katherine Shonfield.

SIRAJ IZHAR CONTRIBUTION TO MANIFESTA:
on internet: http//www.artec.org.uk/buffer/one-arm.html

Speaking as a town planner, I would say that we are going to have to organise cities so as to leave room for virtual spaces. A virtual space is a space that is transitional, between one act and another. There are transitional spaces in architecture: the vestibule is the airlock between the private and the public sphere. If we take a telephone box, it's a sound vestibule. This space is a calling space for another person's voice, it's a space that is at once virtual and real, it's very interesting. >>



I wish to sprout wings

often I dream of them. The pregnancy and the emptiness.



The death is in-between my desires and my fears.



The change, separation, the vertigo.



Do I not return to her ovaries ? And she too ? To the rings that link the world ?



Oh my Holly Vanity ! Hold me, to not become ugly.



Today I married, I pass through



the nostalgic moment which I wished so much to live.



I always forget this moment and it always slips away.



This I regret; that I don't remember it on time.



How I stole happiness from the memory, and how time becomes unique,



like the sky.



everything that comes and lives and anything that spreads perpetually,



I will make a ladder to join them. Will I look for the step again? Will I ascend and descend again?



Only just to remember to join them.

Lydia Venieri

HER STORY

This story concerns the collective memory. A happy woman by chance discovers a crime of another woman. Once she understands the opposite situation of the other woman she herself accepts the responsibility for the crime. That way she throws herself into 'The Memory' and discovers the extent to which she and her lover are in communion. Sad and disillusioned on finding herself alone she blesses the 'Madonna's Vanity' which gives her the strength to leave behind the great moment of her dreams.

'HER STORY' BY LYDIA VENIERI CAN BE SEEN ON THE INTERNET AT http:/broad.way.com/art/Lydia.html



Pit Schulz

CONTRIBUTION TO MANIFESTA ON INTERNET:
http://www.icf.de/fechner

The alcove is a virtual room, it's not a room; if we take the Breton cupboard-bed - I am Breton on my mother's side - there used to be cupboards that were used as bedrooms, you lit the heating stove underneath. It was a piece of furniture representing a room, a piece of furniture in a room that was a room in its own right. It's just like the Russian dolls. >>

We are going to have to invent spaces of the same kind to house these calling rooms for other people's bodies. With teletechnologies it's no longer a question of calling up the voice, as with the telephone, or calling up a visual image as with television, but of calling up the other person's body to meet him. Hence the threat of telesexuality, in other words the invention of a universal contraceptive. >>









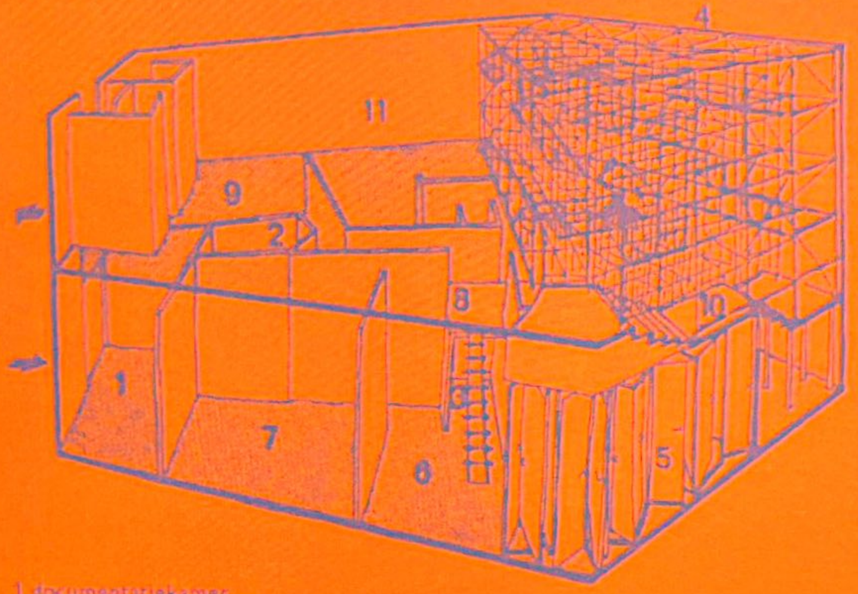
I would remind you today that the protective against AIDS is at one and the same time a necessity and a considerable threat, namely the separation of bodies that virtuality is going to bring. Appalling prospect!
H.U.O.: This brings us back to the discussion of the most basic house there is, the cell of a single Absalon. »

Mathias Poledna

Experimenteerruimte Rotterdam

Zeven jaar later, in 1986, werd in het Bouwcentrum te Rotterdam voor het eerst een gedefinieerde, de vorige tijdelijke plek representerend. De zaal (1.45 bouwcentrum) met flexibele gemeubileerde ruimte (twee banen die aan gelegen zalen, met een oppervlakte van ruwweg honderden vierkante meters), was ongeschikt van vorm, en het beschikbaar gestelde budget (f. 25.000,—) was ruim niet toereikend om apparatuur aan te passen voor tijdelijke uitvoering, laat staan permanente gebruik te maken. Het werkteam (Constant, Eckardt, Timmers, Weshuizen, Wiersma) kwam terecht te staan met de bescheiden middelen, uitvoerbaar voorstel. Dit betrof bedoeld gebouw in 11 met elkaar verbonden ruimten: een documentatiekamer, een sonorium, een bukgang, een metalen ruimtestructuur, een kruipgang, een odoratorium, een modulengang en een werkplaats (met o.a. een toilet en douche) als gezamenlijke faciliteit.

Vaste waarde hiervan het werkteam aan kennis van de reakties van bezoekers. Hiertoe werden, verspreid over verschillende ruimten, aandachtig een schuttingwagen geplaatst van waaruit (maar duidelijk zichtbaar) stiekeme observaties (telefoons met tapes) konden worden gedaan, waarbij de gesprekken te registreren en een reflectie over bezoekers te verkrijgen, enquêtes formuleren.



1 documentatiekamer
2 sonorium
3 bukgang
4 metalen ruimtestructuur
5 deurenlabyrint
6 kanarievioler
7 spiegelzaal
8 kruipgang
9 odoratorium
10 modulengang
11 werkplaats

Sociologisch onderzoek

De met deze primitieve middelen verzamelde informatie, tezamen met een meer systematische ondervraging van een groep van 29 bouwkunde-studenten uit Delft, vormde het materiaal dat door de Delftse socioloog Dr. D. de Jonge gebruikt werd voor een artikel: "Reactie op enige abnormale ruimtelijke structuren" (gepubliceerd in "BOUW", 26ste jaargang no. 9, van 27 februari 1971), en waarin deze ruimte wordt vergeleken met een proefruimte die door het Centrum voor Architectuuronderzoek was ingericht in de Landbouwhogeschool te Wageningen. Het betrof hier enkele volkomen lege kamers, kleurloos, rechthoekig van vorm, de deur gesloten, egaal verlicht. De proefpersonen waren in dit geval studenten en medewerkers van de Landbouwhogeschool, hoewel dus vergelijkbaar met de bezoekers van het E.S.R. hiermee niet identiek. De we

P.V.: Personally I became interested in those kind of spaces when I worked in bunkers. A bunker is a confined space, a survival space, where I had to isolate myself to survive. It's like a submarine. The bunker is a land submarine. <<

Maria Eichhorn

alle Länder der Welt
auf einzelne Karten schreiben
die Karten auslegen
eine Karte ziehen

alle Orte, Dörfer und Städte
des gezogenen Landes
auf einzelne Karten schreiben
die Karten auslegen
eine Karte ziehen

alle Straßen und Plätze
des gezogenen Ortes
auf einzelne Karten schreiben
die Karten auslegen
eine Karte ziehen

alle Häuser (Hausnummern)
des gezogenen Platzes, der
Straße
auf einzelne Karten schreiben
die Karten auslegen
eine Karte ziehen

Zwei Personen reisen (von
Rotterdam aus) zu diesem
ermittelten Haus.

Die Ortsermittlung findet in
Berlin statt.

In der Ausstellung informiert
ein Plakat über den Vorgang.

Die Reise wird während der
Ausstellung unternommen.

all countries of the world
written on separate cards
spreading them out
picking one card

all villages and cities
of the chosen country
written on separate cards
spreading them out
picking one card

all streets and places
of the chosen locality
written on separate cards
spreading them out
picking one card

all addresses
of the chosen place or street
written on separate cards
spreading them out
picking one card

Two people travel (from
Rotterdam) to the selected
house.

The selection takes place in
Berlin.

Information about the
selection process is
available in the exhibition.

The trip takes place during
the show.

alle landen van de wereld
op afzonderlijke kaarten
schrijven
die kaarten uitspreiden
een kaart trekken

alle plaatsen, dorpen en steden
van het getrokken land
op afzonderlijke kaarten
schrijven
die kaarten uitspreiden
een kaart trekken

alle straten en pleinen
van de getrokken plaats
op afzonderlijke kaarten
schrijven
die kaarten uitspreiden
een kaart trekken

alle adressen
van de getrokken pleinen,
straten
op afzonderlijke kaarten
schrijven
die kaarten uitspreiden
een kaart trekken

Twee personen reizen (vanuit
Rotterdam) naar dit bepaalde
huis.

De uitkomst van de
plaatsbepaling vindt in Berlijn
plaats.

Informatie over de gebeurtenis
is verkrijgbaar tijdens de
tentoonstelling.

De reis wordt tijdens de
tentoonstelling ondernomen.

• • •

KATALIN NERAY - BEFORE AND AFTER - Just after the political change a conference was organised in Vienna under the title 'Ash-Wednesday Discussion' about the topic of art as a power which forms society; this rather utopian idea of the avant-garde. This very day of 'Aschermittwoch' (Ash-Wednesday) immediately reminded me on that day of my childhood when the vicar of the gothic cathedral of my hometown was drawing a cross on my forehead with ash. >>

Continuing the chain of associations I can remember Shrove Tuesday - Mardi Gras in the Latin countries - which means to me much more the beautiful and mysterious painting by Cézanne at the Moscow Pushkin Museum than the last day of the carnival season. I do not remember exactly which one of the great Russian collectors (Mozorov or Schukin) had bought this painting in Paris and took it home in the belief that art - more precisely, contemporary art - can play a fermenting role in a society of inflexible structure. >>

WITNESS TO TIME

He was a witness to his time and no one trusted him. His day also came. At first, he didn't think it necessary to leave his house. He stayed in the kitchen at his table and listened attentively. He waited alone quietly. Why should he go anywhere when things came to him? When he realized he was a witness, he decided to tell everyone directly, from a speaker's platform. He ascended the platform in a grand manner. The uncontrolled mob ran wild in rage and displeasure. He stood unopposed in front of the audience, driving them mad with suspense. They had run to him as their last hope and he paused for a minute, two, five, depending on their patience. When the mob calmed down, he straightened his tie, caressed a glass of water with a glance and despised those in the last row. The malcontents waited for him to say the first word, to approve of his thought and to throw him off the platform by the force of their numbers and tell him, "We can also make it!". His only advantage was his position in front of the audience. Ready for everything, he said "I'm a witness to time!".



A DOUBLE VERITY

Words must be arranged so as not to hurt anybody



By the way we talk about history or about politics, or about chemistry, or about literature or about physics or about morality.

WORLD AS SPECTACLE

Activist or Atavist?

Before reaching for the banner colour, I will tell you this: once while stretching a canvas, I watched a water carrier indifferently dragging two buckets of water hung from a pole on his shoulders. "Around me, exhausted and thirsty people were waiting for me to finish the job." But because I like to talk, the business drew on and the people became thirstier. They touched the water carrier's legs because they didn't dare touch any higher. Although it was not forbidden to ask for water, it seemed unattainable, since their demonstrations remained unnoticed by him. They lowered their hands, and with dry lips waited for me to finish the banner.

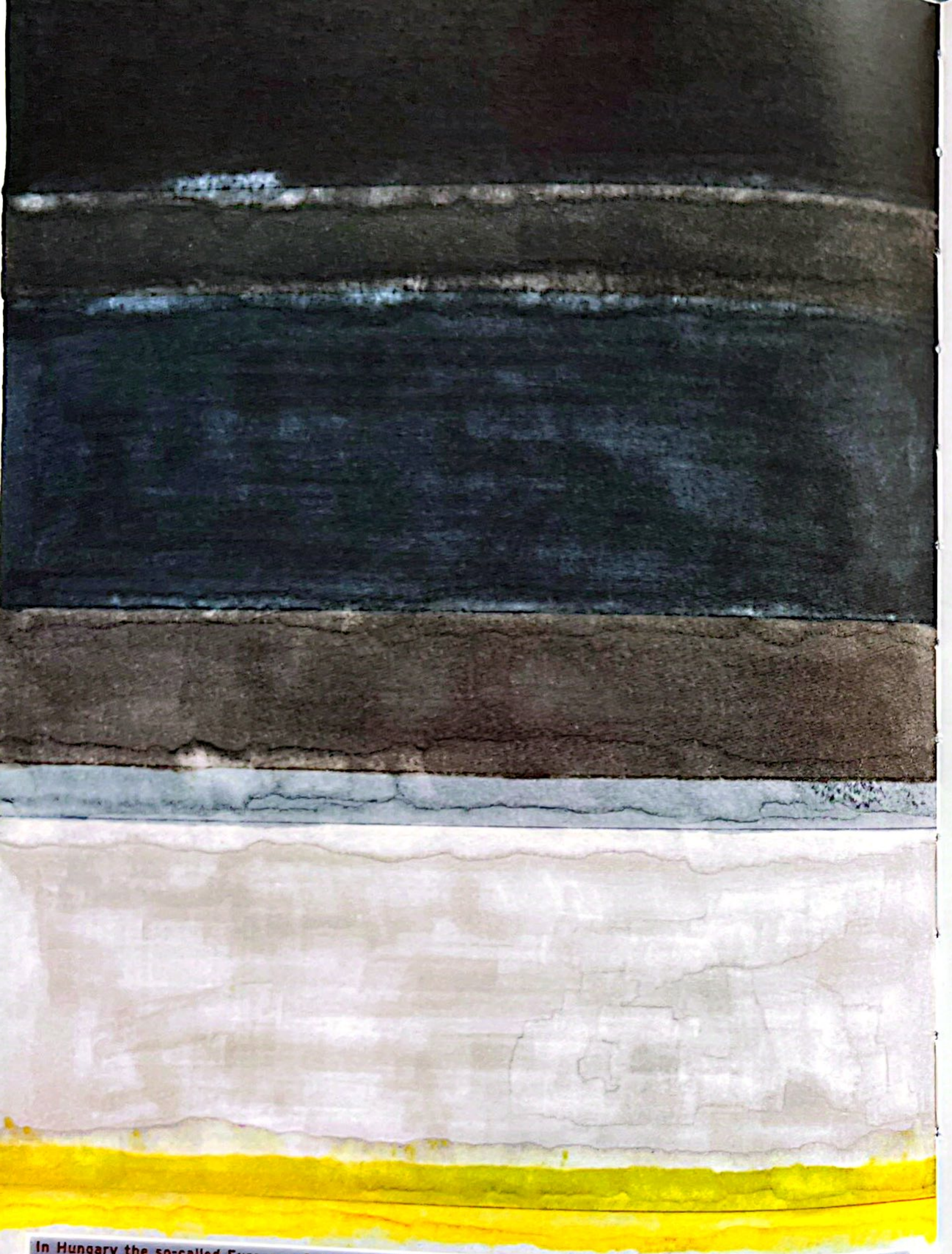
The great generation of the Russian avant-garde movement was of the same opinion and was quite near to proving the possible result of this utopia when the rather Byzantine autocracy intervened and made the difference clear for those who had confused the social revolution with their personal one in the arts. >>



The exhibition of the local newspapers, 1995
INSTALLATION VIEW AT PM GALLERY, ZAGREB

The world has not given up since then and artists went on to lead further quiet and loud revolutions against the existing social structures. Professional astist - as in case of the Bauhaus movement - wanted to cleanse society by changing its man-made environmemt.We know by now that this adventure of modern art came to an end in the Nazi era and one can see the horrifying similarities between the two types of restoration in the field of art. >>

Tobias Rehberger



In Hungary the so-called European School was dismissed by the Hungarian version of Stalinism, interrupting the activities of artists, who wanted to be in touch with the European movement again, and who were most neglected between the two wars because of their leftist attitude. >>



E1-E7

o.T. (HERRENANZUG, BRAUN, MODISCH)
o.T. (HERRENANZUG, GRAU, MODISCH)

Some of them were forced to emigrate and those who stayed found themselves once again outisde of the circle. What followed all this was an irrational power struggle andthe absurd play of official art versus unofficial. >>

«cinéma liberté»

Douglas Gordon
Cinéma Liberté, 1996
BEAN BAGS, VIDEOPROJECTOR, SCREEN
(COLLECTION FRAC LANGUEDOC-ROUSSILLON
PHOTO: J.L. FOURNIER)

In the Seventies a Hungarian artist invented even the 'pseudo' as an artistic style, and it was no wonder that conceptual art was favoured by so many inventive artists in this region. One of them discovered a tombstone of someone called Lajos Kubista (Kubista means Cubist) and wrote the following verse: >>

Rirkrit Tiravanija
Bar/lounge, 1996
MDF, WALL PAINTING, TV SET, POPCORN MACHINE, COFFEE MACHINE, REFRIGERATOR
(COLLECTION FRAC LANGUEDOC-ROUSSILLON
PHOTO: J.L. FOURNIER)



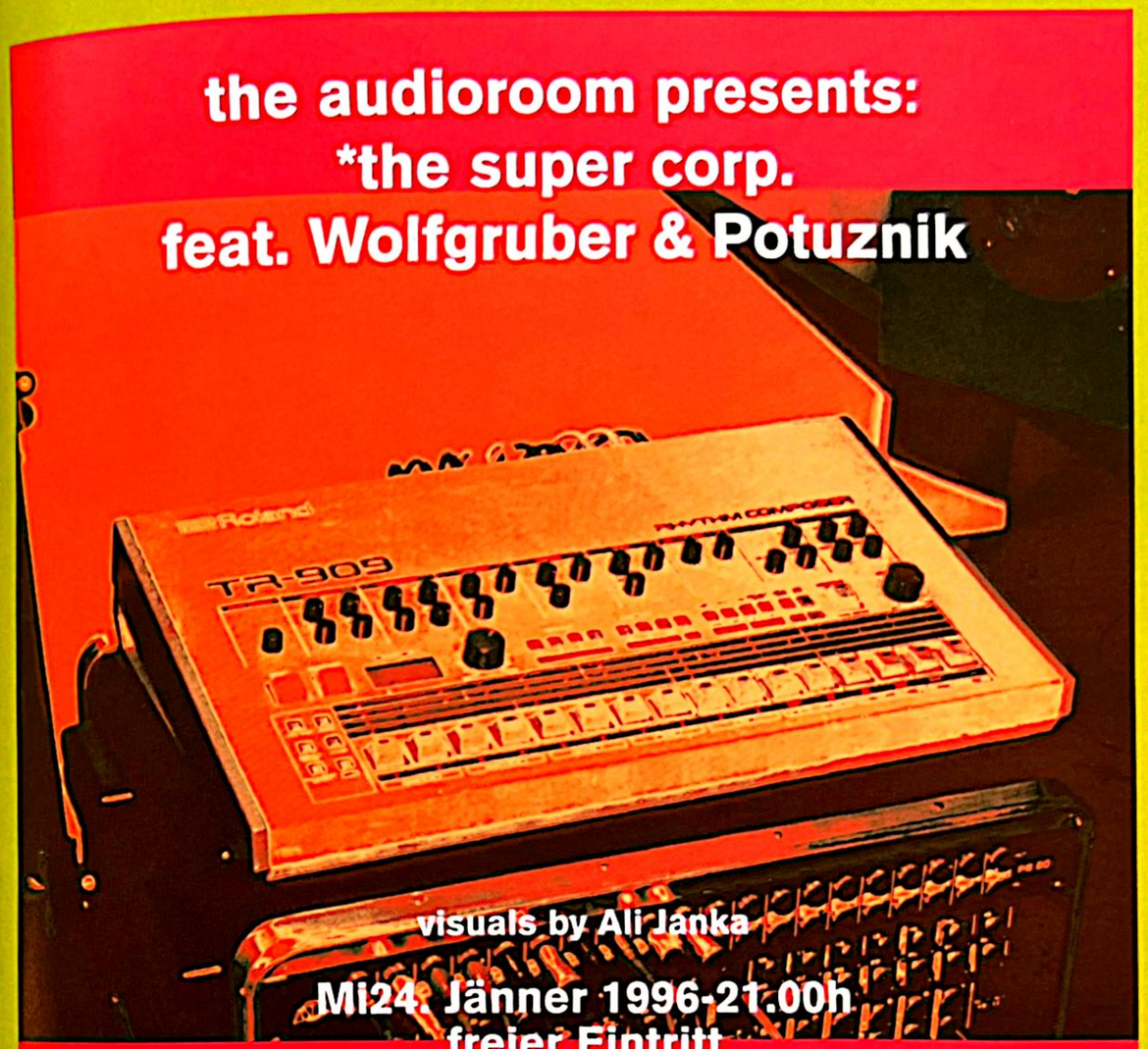
'I was born in Budapest Cubism was not. Victor Vaserely was born in Budapest Op Art was not. Theodore Herzl, the father of Zionism, was born in Budapest Zionism was not. There were no Isms born in Budapest or Hungary. Bela Bartok was born in Hungary and died in New York. Conceptual Art was born in New York and now comes to Hungary. Many good men were born in Hungary to die abroad. Many fine ideals were born abroad and come to die in Budapest. Budapest is the necropolis of an ideal.' >>

Gerwald Rockenschaub



The audioroom presents: Pulsinger, Rockenschaub - visuals by sub stim
Freitag - 16. Februar - 22h - Marek Garage, hinter Halle D, Messepalast

What can be our hope now when events follow each other in such rapid succession? This programme of re-integration into Europe cannot happen by magic and the general tendency has moved towards disintegration instead of the contrary: regional and domestic fights, and a few intellectuals who were obsessed with the idea of the 'Central European Dream'. The Czech Milan Kundera formulated in 1984 that Central Europe is not a state but culture and destiny, as its boundaries are imaginary. >>



The Hungarian Gyorgy Konrad had identified this region as an empire of Eurpean utopia which was based on nuances and on the attitude to conceive our environment as an art which resists the fetishes of state and money, operating on self irony. The playwright Vaclav Havel explains in his play 'The Ordinance' that the language of his figures - called PTIDEPE - is our common East European language, which is suited for nothing and even avoids the possibility of our mutual understanding. >>



AMSTERDAM:
Liza May Post
Renée Kool

ATHENS:
Jenny Marketou
[+ New York]
Lydia Venieri

BARCELONA:
Eulàlia Valldosera

BEAUNE:
Didier Trenet

BERLIN:
Maria Eichhorn
Regina Möller
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BOLOGNA:
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BUCHAREST:
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ISTANBUL:
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KIEV:
Arsen Savadov
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KRAKOW:
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Roger Meintjes
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Susann Walder

NEW YORK:
Rirkrit Tiravanija
Martin Beck
[+ Vienna]

JERSEY CITY:
Joseph Grigely

SEOUL:
Soo-Ja Kim

SYDNEY:
Kathy Temin

After long years of a 'Sleeping Beauty Dream' we are at last present on the spiritual map of the world. The idea of Manifesta was created when the Iron Curtain of the Cold War was dismantled (indeed pieces of the barbed wire were offered by American department stores as collectable souvenirs) >>

and its symbol, the Berlin Wall, had come down. It has taken some years until the idea became reality. Our endeavours as curators were to create a process which at a certain moment appears in the form of an exhibition. We will see how our attitudes become form in Rotterdam. <<

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Reumer (Rotterdam); João Fernandes (Porto); Job Rutgers (Maastricht); Jonathan Turner (Sydney, Rome); Jorge Terré (Barcelona); José Angel González Sáinz (Venice); Josef Ortner (Vienna); Josep Miquel García (Barcelona); Juan Vicente Aliaga (Valencia); Juana de Aizpuru (Madrid); Julia Mesman (Amsterdam); Jurjen Wouda (Mediaport, Rotterdam); Karolyn Christov-Bakargiev (Rome); Kasper König (Frankfurt); Kathrin Messner (Vienna); Kirstenbosch National Botanical Gardens (South-Africa); Klaus Biesenbach (Berlin); Koos Hage (Dienst Stedebouw, Rotterdam); Ksenia Kistiakovskaia (Moscow); Laure Genillard Gallery (London); Leontien Coelewij (Stedelijk Bureau Amsterdam); Lieven Baeten, Esther Dunning (Informaat, Hilversum); Liina Siib (SCCA, Tallinn); Lionel Bovier (Geneva); Lisa Corrin (Baltimore); Lisson Gallery (London); Luchezar Boyadjiev (Sofia); Luigi Ratclif (Torino); Maaike Ritsema (Rotterdam); Mar Villaespesa (Sevilla); Marion Knubben (RKS, Rotterdam); Marius Babias (Berlin); Mark van Aardenburg (Movietron, Amsterdam); Markus Bruderlin (Landeskurator, Vienna); Martha Screaton-Burton (Milan); Martijn Sanders (Amsterdam); Martin Fritz (Kunstraum Wien); Massimo Cacciari (Venice); Mathias Michalke (Vienna); Mauro Felicore (Bologna); Michael Craig - Martin (London); Michelle S. Nicol (Zürich); Mikael Adsenius (Stockholm); Milton J. Tomamira (Roses); Mo Veld (BLVD, Amsterdam); Monika Pessler (Graz); Monika Sprüth Galerie (Cologne); Montevideo (Amsterdam); Nadia Mabrouk (Med-Urbs-Vie, Rotterdam); Neugerriemschneider (Berlin); Nicholas Martland (Kew Gardens Library, London); Olga Kopenkina (Minsk); Päivi Rajakari (Frame, Finland); Paolo Heitlinger (interaktiv, Cologne); Paul Adels, Shaja Boogerd (Waterstad, Rotterdam); Paul Hoogenhout (Spido Holland Internationaal, Rotterdam); Paul Virilio (Paris); Paul Donker Duyvis (Amsterdam); Paulien Baelaerts van Blokland (Hilversum); Peter Fischli (Zürich); Peter Friess (Bonn); Peter Schreiber (Rijswijk); Peter Bouhof (Amsterdam); Philip Braeme (Brussels); Philippe Kempeneers (Deinze); Pier Luigi Tazzi (Capalle); Pierre Leguillon (Paris); Piet Knoester (Zoetermeer); Pim Kamerling (Breda); Pim van Klink (Groningen); Raminta Jurénaite (SCCA, Vilnius); Rein van der Lugt (New York); Richard Wentworth (London); Rijksakademie van Beeldende Kunsten (Amsterdam); Robert de Haas (The Hague); Robert Violette (London); Robert Fleck (Vienna); Robert de Haas (The Hague); Robèrt van der Griendt, Trudy Plas (Amsterdam); Ronald Vande Sompel (Ghent); Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery (Paddington); Rudi Fuchs, Max Meijer, Martijn van Nieuwenhuizen (Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam); Rudolf Evenhuis (Amsterdam); Rui Sanches (Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon); Russell Haswell (London); Sam Tjioe, Jeroen Wilhelmus (Amsterdam); Sander Vijselaar (Amsterdam); Sandra Suttorp (Rotterdam); Sania Papa (Thessaloniki); Selma Klein Essink (Eindhoven); Soledad Gutiérrez (Barcelona); Stella Rollig (Landeskurator, Vienna); Stephen Snoddy (Cornerhouse, Manchester); Steven Vink (Koninklijk Instituut voor de Tropen, Amsterdam); Stichting Fonds voor Beeldende Kunsten, Vormgeving en Bouwkunst (Amsterdam); Stichting De Appel (Amsterdam); Susanne Witzgall (Bonn); Suzanne Pagé (Paris); Teresa Gleadowe (Royal College of Art, London); Thanassis Dimitriou (Athens); Theo Koolsma Rotterdam); Theodoor Schipper (Rotterdam); Thomas Dane Gallery (London); Thomas Wulffen (Berlin); Thomas Meyer zu Schlochtern (Rotterdam); Ton de Vos (Rotterdam); Ton de Lange (Rotterdam); Torch Gallery (Amsterdam); Tori Alimbau (Barcelona); Ulf Wuggenig (Vienna, Hannover); Ute Meta Bauer (Stuttgart); Uwe Laysiepen (Amsterdam, Berlin); Vasif Kortun (Istanbul); Vitus H. Weh (Vienna); Walther König (Cologne); Wessel Holleman (Rotterdam); White Cube (London); Willem van Weelden (Amsterdam); Willem Velthoven (Mediamatic, Amsterdam); Wolfgang Kos (Vienna); Zapp Magazine (Amsterdam); Zerynthia (Rome)

PARTICIPATING MUSEUMS AND CULTURAL INSTITUTIONS IN ROTTERDAM: Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen: Chris Dercon, Piet de Jonge, Karel Schampers, Erik Beenker, Casper de Jong • **Witte de With, center for contemporary art:** Bartomeu Marí, Barbera van Kooij, Paul van Gennip • **Kunsthal Rotterdam:** Wim van Krimpen, Willem-Jan Renders, Wim van Sinderen, Jan Moerer • **Rotterdam Center for the Arts:** Hans Walgenbach, Ove Lucas, Fred Balvert, Hans Abelman • **Natural History Museum Rotterdam:** Jelle W. Reumer, Anton Groeneweg, Kees Moeliker • **Netherlands Architecture Institute:** Kristin Feireiss, Hein van Haaren, Norman Langelaan, Karel van Kessel • **Chabot Museum:** Christine Grootveld-Parrée, Jisca Bijlsma • **V2_Organisation, Institute for the Unstable Media:** Alex Adriaansens, Mart van Bree, Marc Thelosen • **Nederlands Foto Instituut:** Adriaan Monshouwer, Frits Gierstberg, Maartje van den Heuvel • **Maritime Museum 'Prins Hendrik' Rotterdam:** C.O.A. Schimmelpenninck-van der Oije, Leo Akveld, Marijke Corneth, Frans van Hamburg • **The Policegallery:** R.H. Hessing, Hans Stoop • **Villa Museumpark 9:** J.N.A. van Caldenborgh, Yvette Huizing

ROTTERDAM PROJECTS related to MANIFESTA I. RELATED PROJECTS IN ROTTERDAM: **by individual artists:** A. Kamalov & V. Nenazhivin; A. Kotlyarov & A. Marchenko; A. Kutenko & E. Makeev; A. Kirlakho & V. Doubinsky; Adrianus van Otterloo; Aegide Rings; Aliette Nijland; Alma Brevé; Anita Doornheim; Anneke de Boer; Antoni Hopmann; Astrid Tanis; D.E.M. Productions; Dorus Nijholt; Eddie D.; Ellen Palsgraaf; Eveline Visser; Fides Becker; Frank Thonus; G. Tomasi & A.K. Ten Bosch; G. Hurst; Geertrui van de Craats; Gino Sauerbier; Harry Haarsma; Helene Verwey; Helmi Scheepers; I. Zinatulin; Isabelle Smeets; Jenna Tas; Jeroen Bodewits; Jissy Keuenhof; Johan Pol; Jolanda Linssen; Just Schafgans; K. Kandyba; Loodwicks Press Images; Marcelle van Bemmel; Margaritta Garres; Maria Berkhout; Marianne Puntman; O. Mooij; Oksana Malevanik; Peter Schmitz; Peter Bastiaanssen; Philippine Hoegen; R. Verf & F. Bontje; Ralph W. Kämena; Ralph Meijgaard; Rob Logister; Roel Meelkop; S. Aksenov, A. Gorodni; Saminte Ekeland; Shinichi Yanai; Tine Hoogenboezem; Vera Harmsen; Yoeki Simak; Yvon Koopman • **by galleries:** Alliance Française; Brutto Gusto; Cokkie Snoei; Galerie Delta Rotterdam; Galerie Ecce; Galerie de Brieder 2 - Centrum (in collaboration with Studio Norman James); Galerie House of Asia; Galerie Fotomania; Galerie Io; Goethe-Institut Rotterdam; MK Expositieruimte • **by artists' initiatives:** Casco (in collaboration with the Foundation De Laurens); Colorado/Foundation Polaris; De Vaalserberg; De Kade; EXPO HENK; Oranjerie • **Lokaal Europa:** André van Friderici; Carel de Raadt; Hanneke Breuker; Judith Schoneveld; Karmin Kartowikromo; Peter Breevoort; Ralph Kämena; Rob Geenen; Ronald Glasbergen; Yvonne Assman

And to all those we have forgotten to mention here.