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Cover: MAURIZIO CATTELAN_Mini-me.1999 (detail).

Resin, rubber, fabric, hair, paint, 35 cm.

Courtesy: Marian Goodman Gallery, New York.

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by Răzvan Ion

For me the camera and the digital media function is a kind of self-reversing/reflexing apparatus. I anonymously put the apparatus indoors or outdoors, just like a web cam or a surveillance camera. In the hyper-simulated situation where everything could be reproduced and one can be satisfied with every artifice, I intentionally 'simulate' the images such as web cams or surveillance cameras, unconsciously created.

Our society has become more surveillance-oriented. One will have more cameras and sensors on the street and in the house. Again, the point is not the practical aim of social control. Of course such a device is repressive. But the fact is that the way of our perception has been changing before the spreading of such a technical system. This change rather introduced surveillance technology. So the surveillance camera is now providing us with a standard model of our image perception. My images foresaw such a future where we have to perceive our world by such a standard.

Dataveillance, as I prefer to allude to surveillance, is in a new era starting with Echelon, the most advanced system, which can survey any data transmissions

(from emails to cameras in the streets, from credit cards to DNA analysis). We are in a transition from the state of privacy (as was understood in Greek antic town where the public and private space were clearly separated) to a state of transparency where nothing is really private. The walls become more and more transparent.

We can talk about a dystopia, an account whose intent is the opposite of utopia. Whereas a utopia is an imaginary perfect place, a dystopia is a literary depiction of an undesirable, avoidable but feasible future state of society. This dystopic paradigm is indeed very illuminating. It serves the purpose of alerting us of significant social trends.

David Lyon, who uses the word Panopticon, a Greek-based neologism that means "all-seeing place", as a powerful metaphor for understanding electronic surveillance, says: "A prison-like society, where invisible observers track our digital footprints". All is about vision and transparency, but vision and transparency operating one-way only... in the service of power. Do we feel powerful when we watch someone on a web camera without that person being aware of that?

In 1785, the British philosopher Jeremy Bentham [1748-1832], founder of the doctrine of Utilitarianism, began working on a plan for a model prison called the panopticon. The signature feature of this design was that each one of the individual jail cells could be seen from a central observation tower which, however, remained visually inscrutable to the prisoners. Since they could thus never know for sure whether they were being watched, but had to assume that they were, the fact of actual observation was replaced by the possibility of being watched. As a rationalist,

Bentham assumed that this would lead the delinquents to refrain from misbehaving, since in order to avoid punishment, they would effectively internalize the disciplinary gaze. Indeed, Bentham considered the panoptic arrangement, whereby power operates by means of the spatial design itself, as a real contribution to the education of man, in the spirit of the Enlightenment.

While long the subject of theoretical and political debate, the panopticon was reintroduced into contemporary philosophical discussion in 1975 by the French philosopher Michel Foucault who insisted on its exemplary role as a model for the construction of power in what he called a »disciplinary society.« Ever since, the controlled space of the panopticon has become synonymous with the cultures and practices of surveillance that have so profoundly marked the modern world. When we hesitate to race through a red light at an intersection where we see a black box, not knowing whether it contains a working camera but having to suppose that it might, we are acting today according to the very same panoptic logic.

From more traditional imaging and tracking technologies to the largely invisible but infinitely more powerful practices of what is referred to as »dataveillance« -- that today constitutes the extensive arsenal of social control. However, taking its cue from the central role in the genealogy of surveillance played by an architectural model, the focus will be on the complex relationships between design and power, between representation and subjectivity, between archives and oppression. If a drawing could become the model for an entire social regime of power in the 18th century, to what extent does that regime change [if at all] along with shifts in dominant repre-

Rizvan Ion is a media artist and theoretician. Editor of the PAVILION. He published recently his artist book "visual witness". He was a visiting lecturer at various universities and art centers like University of California Berkeley, Headlans Center for the Arts San Francisco and Art Academy Timisoara. As artist he exhibited around the world including latest "Going Public" curated by Claudia Zanfi, "identity factories" curated by Eugen Radescu and "Distance" curated by Zsolt Petranzyi. Creator of the art group Critical Factor (a concept group which change the members at every project). One of the initiators of Tart (art magazines network). He is also the co-director of Bucharest Biennale (with Eugen Radescu). www.razvanion.com

sentational practices? What happens, in other words, when we reconceived the panopticon in terms of new infrared, thermal or satellite imaging practices? Indeed, what are the sociological and political consequences of a surveillant culture based increasingly on entirely non-phenomenal logics of data gathering and aggregation? Is there a history of surveillance and, if so, how have contemporary practices of, and attitudes toward, surveillance changed?

Television is a new form of surveillance. Reality shows where the viewer is under surveillance through determination and breaks the line between the private and public life. It is another type of exhibitionism in the same area with the web cameras.

Recording our own experiences is a form of surveillance as well. Could be a form of self-analysis through the perspective of the viewer. It could also be a form to attract the public: the exhibited one is nobody in real life, and by exposing himself, he/she becomes a desired multimedia product. On the other hand, it could be "I am alone without a camera".

This tendency reached its peak in the popular TV shows ironically called Big Brother. Now there is already a tell-telling term established for it: "reality soap", a kind of soap opera counterpart to the amateur porn. The show goes further than "The Truman Show". Truman is still believing he is living in a real community. In contrast to Big Brother the subjects/actors act their roles in an artificially secluded space, so fiction becomes indistinguishable from reality. Also the spectator is under surveillance. They are involved in the show from time to time to co-determine what will happen next. The distinction between real life and acted life is thus "deconstructed": in a

way, the two coincide, since people act their "real life" itself, i.e., they literally play themselves in their screen-roles (here, the Benthamian paradox of self-icon is finally realized: the actors "look like themselves").

Internet has been recently flooded by the "-cam" web sites which realize the logic of Peter Weir's Truman Show. In these sites, we are able continuously to follow some event or place: the life of a person in his/her apartment, the view on a street, etc. Does this trend not display the same urgent need for phantasmatic Other's Gaze serving as the guarantee of the subject being: "I exist insofar as I am looked all the time"? (Similar with the phenomenon, noted by Claude Lefort, of the TV set which is always turned on, even on no one effectively watches it — it serves as the minimum guarantee of the existence of a social link.) What we obtain here is the tragi-comic reversal of the Bentham-Orwellian notion of the panopticon-society in which we are (potentially) "observed always" and have no place to hide from the omnipresent gaze of the Power: today, anxiety seems to arise from the prospect of NOT being exposed to the Other's gaze all time, so that the subject needs the camera's gaze as a kind of ontological guarantee of his/her being.

Virtual sex is on trend now intermediated by the web cameras. The common notion of masturbation is that of the "sexual intercourse with an imagined partner": I do it to myself, while I imagine doing it with another. What if "real sex" is nothing but masturbation with a real partner?

What if Big Brother shows in fact a universal structure? What if is a reproduction of a real universe in a mineralized form just to give us a clue which we ignore consciously? What if in the real life we are not we

imagine we are and play the role of ourself?

What does this finally got to do with art? It is not true that art is a private thing becoming public? Inspired from our phantasm, imagination and private thoughts? This I believe is the connection between surveillance and the art. Art could be a very good medium for exposing ourselves without fear of consequences. Art is the mean to show us in public. In a way is our means of surveillance on the society and reveal society to itself from a subjective point of view. And here is the difference between cctv, echelon etc. surveillance and art surveillance. We are not objective. But is technical surveillance objective? Cannot be modified?

This text is a updated text from a lecture held at University of California, Berkeley, 2004

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The one measure of true love is: you can insult the other

A talk with Slavoj Žižek by Sabine Reul and Thomas Deichmann

Has 11 September thrown new light on your diagnosis of what is happening to the world?

Slavoj Žižek: One of the endlessly repeated phrases we heard in recent weeks is that nothing will be the same after 11 September. I wonder if there really is such a substantial change. Certainly, there is change at the level of perception or publicity, but I don't think we can yet speak of some fundamental break. Existing attitudes and fears were confirmed, and what the media were telling us about terrorism has now really happened.

In my work, I place strong emphasis on what is usually referred to as the virtualisation or digitalisation of our environment. We know that 60 percent of the people on this Earth have not even made a phone call in their life. But still, 30 percent of us live in a digitalised universe that is artificially constructed, manipulated and no longer some natural or traditional one. At all levels of our life we seem to live more and more with the thing deprived of its substance. You get beer without alcohol, meat without fat, coffee without caffeine...and even

virtual sex without sex.

Virtual reality to me is the climax of this process: you now get reality without reality...or a totally regulated reality. But there is another side to this. Throughout the entire twentieth century, I see a counter-tendency, for which my good philosopher friend Alain Badiou invented a nice name: 'La passion du réel', the passion of the real. That is to say, precisely because the universe in which we live is somehow a universe of dead conventions and artificiality, the only authentic real experience must be some extremely violent, shattering experience. And this we experience as a sense that now we are back in real life.

Do you think that is what we are seeing now?

Slavoj Žižek: I think this may be what defined the twentieth century, which really began with the First World War. We all remember the war reports by Ernst Jünger, in which he praises this eye-to-eye combat experience as the authentic one. Or at the level of sex, the archetypal film of the twentieth century would be Nagisa Oshima's *Ai No Corrida* (In The Realm Of The Senses), where the idea again is that you become truly radical, and go to the end in a sexual encounter, when you practically torture each other to death. There must be extreme violence for that encounter to be authentic.

Another emblematic figure in this sense to me is the so-called 'cutter'- a widespread pathological phenomenon in the USA. There are two million of them,

mostly women, but also men, who cut themselves with razors. Why? It has nothing to do with masochism or suicide. It's simply that they don't feel real as persons and the idea is: it's only through this pain and when you feel warm blood that you feel reconnected again. So I think that this tension is the background against which one should appreciate the effect of the act.

Does that relate to your observations about the demise of subjectivity in *The Ticklish Subject*? You say the problem is what you call 'foreclosure'- that the real or the articulation of the subject is foreclosed by the way society has evolved in recent years.

Slavoj Žižek: The starting point of my book on the subject is that almost all philosophical orientations today, even if they strongly oppose each other, agree on some kind of basic anti-subjectivist stance. For example, Jürgen Habermas and Jacques Derrida would both agree that the Cartesian subject had to be deconstructed, or, in the case of Habermas, embedded in a larger inter-subjective dialectics. Cognitivists, Hegelians - everybody is in agreement here.

I am tempted to say that we must return to the subject - though not a purely rational Cartesian one. My idea is that the subject is inherently political, in the sense that 'subject', to me, denotes a piece of freedom - where you are no longer rooted in some firm substance, you are in an open situation. Today we can no longer simply apply old rules. We are engaged in paradoxes, which offer no immediate way out. In this

Slavoj Žižek is a Slovenian-born political philosopher and cultural critic. Žižek is a professor at the European Graduate School and a senior researcher at the Institute of Sociology, University of Ljubljana, Slovenia. He is a visiting professor at Columbia, Princeton, New School for Social Research, New York, and the University of Michigan. In 1990 he was a candidate of LDS for president of the Republic of Slovenia. More recently, he caused a stir in the world of social theory by writing the text of a catalogue for Abercrombie & Fitch. He is widely regarded as a fiery and colorful lecturer who does not shy away from controversial remarks. He lives and works in Ljubljana.

Sabine Reul is sub-editor and Thomas Deichmann is chief editor of *Novo* magazine. They live and work in Frankfurt

A dialogue with Catherine David by Kris Rutten

Kris Rutten [KR] : I would like to start with telling you a bit about the project on (the) Museum and (new) Media that I have been working on for constant.

Catherine David [CD]: Ok...

KR: Museum and new media are two terms that are open for discussion. I started a weblog a few months ago to have a closer look at this discussion. My starting point is that at the end of the 90's there was a big debate on the relationship between the Museum and New Media. On the one hand there were utopian visions which said that the museum would not be the same and that it would change totally. On the other hand there were more conservative voices which said: "let the museum be the museum, and the web be the web". According to this perspective they wouldn't be able to meet each other.

Catherine Davis is a well known curator. From 1981 till 1990 she was Curator for the Museum of Modern Arts Centre Georges Pompidou in Paris. From 1990 on she worked at the national gallery Jeu de Paume in Paris and curated a number of international shows. She was headcurator for Documenta X in 1997 and worked at the Witte de With centre for contemporary arts in Rotterdam. Currently she is working (amongst other things) on the Contemporary Arab Representations project.

Kris Rutten studied Comparative Sciences of Culture and Development Studies. During his education he was a trainee for the Digitaal Platform IAK/IBK (<http://www.digitaalplatform.be>) where he did research on themes such as Patents, Communities, Gender and Network Literacy. Afterwards he collaborated in concrete projects for the non-profit organization Constant (<http://www.constantvzw.com>) and the Digitaal Platform IAK/IBK. For both organizations he does editing work on a regular basis. Recently he started working as junior faculty member at Ghent University (<http://www.ugent.be>), more specific for the Department of Education within a team which focuses on culture, education and media.

At a certain moment there seemed to be a very pertinent discourse on museums and new media. We now live in a time that Geert Lovink refers to as 'after the party is over'. After the booming of new media, there was the dot.com crash which in first instance was an economic fact but which also had large cultural implications. The new media have become ubiquitous and are becoming more common in our everyday lives... But the discussion on the museum and new media seems to have lessened a bit in impact.

I would like to know how you see this change. Do you also think there has been a change on thinking about new media and museums starting from the 90s when it was really hot and revolutionary to now when it is more common to have this new media around us. Is there a change in approach of New Media in museums?

CD: From my point of view, I never really shared this very ingenious vision of new media necessarily associated with more-better-best, whatever...

I think that media is being used for what it is, they have a number of qualities but they have no transcendence. I think that the traditional missions of the museum cannot be really fulfilled by new media. Another question would be 'Are the museums today really fulfilling their mission?' I see there is a big confusion and people are calling their museums whatever. I also see it is quite often that one is identifying a museum as an exhibition gallery,

which is very far from the museum concept. So to my experience with the museum — for instance a very big historical museum - is less and less really able to display the collection properly and offer to the audience a meaningful parcours. I don't see that many museums are doing what they should do with regards to presentation and transmission, especially when they have a traditional historical collection. The mission of 'doing it properly' often is privileging an 'event' or let's say what I call 'a tourist visit'. You get a big historical collection which is supposed to be less seen than Re-seen regularly, and Re-discussed and Re-thought about. These are for me more important questions than really the pseudo competition between Museum and New Media which I never really understood very well why it exists.

This said, I think that the kind of sensitive and intellectual experience with new media is very different from the one you were supposed to have with the museum, so again I don't see any competition. At times I see a very naïve and sometimes very ridiculous tendency to overestimate new media. It is not an essence so it depends what you are doing with it.

KR: So starting from this. Indeed new media is a tool, but maybe not for better or for worse... Nowadays cultural workers and academics are talking about e-culture referring to the fact that these new media are part of our everyday lives, part of our everyday cultural productions and that the borders

Divine Europe

by Jean Baudrillard

It's a done deal, no matter what. Even if the "no" wins, they will make us vote over and over again until the "yes" can finally prevail, as they did in Denmark and Ireland (so, we might as well vote "yes" right away...).

But this gives us the freedom to interrogate the surge of the "no" that took place back in April and to ask about the reasons for this silent but tenacious dissension. For this was an event in itself. The return of the "yes" later was only the mark of an inexorable normalization. Only the "no" remains a mystery. This "no" is certainly not the one pronounced by its official supporters, since their political arguments are as inconsistent as those advanced by the supporters of the "yes" vote. In any case, a politically inspired "no" would never have been able to set the opinion polls on fire, and it is precisely this political "no" that slowly seems to be receding under the pressure of the return of the "yes."

The most interesting thing, the only enthralling thing in this *trompe l'oeil* refer-

endum is the "no" that hides itself behind the official "no," the "no" that is beyond political reason. It is this particular "no" that marks a resistance. And there must be something quite dangerous about it that can explain why all the energies and powers mobilized for the defense of the "yes" have to rally against it. Such a panic conjuration is really the sign that there's a dead body inside the closet.

The "no" is of course an automatic and immediate reaction to the ultimatum that has been the rallying call of this referendum from the moment it was announced. It is a reaction to the coalition of good conscience, to divine Europe, to a Europe that aims toward universality and toward an undefeatable obviousness. It is a reaction to the categorical imperative of the "yes," a "yes" whose supporters never stopped to think for an instant whether it could be taken as a challenge and thus be opposed. We are not dealing with a "no" to Europe, but with a "no" to the "yes" and to its insurmountable obviousness.

Nobody can stand the arrogance of a victory that has already been guaranteed, no matter what the reasons for this guarantee are (reasons which, in the case of Europe, are nothing but virtual anyway). The game has already been played, and what is sought after is only a consensual agreement on the result. Yes to the "yes": a terrible mystification is covered by this banal formulation. The "yes" itself is no longer really a "yes" to Europe, to Chirac, or even to the liberal order. It is a "yes" to the "yes," a "yes" to consensual ordering. This "yes" is no longer an answer but the very substance of the question.

What we are made to experience is thus a true test of "europositivity." This uncondi-

tional "yes" spontaneously generates an equally unconditional "no," as a reaction of pride, but also as an autoimmune response. As far as I am concerned, I would say that the real surprise is that there has not been a more violent and massive reaction in favor of the "no" and against this "yes-trification." [1]

This reaction or reflex does not even need to possess a political consciousness: it is merely an automatic backlash against the coalition of all those who are on the side of universality (while the rest have been sent back to History's dark times [2]). But where the forces of the "yes" and of the Good went wrong is on the matter of the perverse effects of what they postulated to be the superiority of the Good. They did not recognize there a sort of unconscious lucidity that always tells us to never give reason to those who already claim to master it. [3] Already with the Maastricht treaty and on April 22 the politically correct forces -- from the right and the left -- made it a point to ignore this silent dissidence.

The deep "no" is not at all the result of a "work of negativity" or of some critical thought. It is a response that takes the form of a simple challenge against a hegemonic principle from above according to which the will of the people is merely to be treated as an indifferent parameter, or perhaps as an obstacle that can be overcome. For such a Europe conceived as a simulation but which nonetheless must be protected at all cost in reality (and to which, in this fashion, everyone must adapt), for this virtual Europe, for this carbon copy of world power, it is obvious that people are nothing more than a maneuverable mass [4] that, whether they like it or not, must be made to adhere to the overall project so that the project itself can

Jean Baudrillard is an internationally acclaimed theorist whose writings trace the rise and fall of symbolic exchange in the contemporary century. In addition to a wide range of highly influential books from *Seduction to Symbolic Exchange and Death*, Baudrillard's most recent publications include: *The Vital Illusion*, *The Spirit of Terrorism*, *The Singular Objects of Architecture*, *Passwords*, *The Conspiracy of Art: Manifestos, Texts, Interviews* (September 2005) and *The Intelligence of Evil or the Lucidity Pact* (November 2005). He is a member of the editorial board of CTheory.

When attitudes become - curating

The 747 was born out of the explosion of the popularity of air travel in the 1960s. The enormous popularity of the Boeing 707 had revolutionized long distance travel in the world, and had began the concept of the "global village" made possible by jet revolution. The first edition of the jet, the 747-100, rolled out of the new Everett facility on 2 September 1969.

(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Boeing_747)

In 1969 Playboy magazine printed an interview with Marshal McLuhan in entitled "A Candid Conversation with the High Priest of Popcult and Metaphysician of Media," pp. 53-74, in *The Essential McLuhan*, Eric McLuhan and Frank Zingrone (ed.), (New York: Basic Books, 1995) When attitudes become form, March - April 1969 1969, Suisse, Berne, Kunsthalle, curator: Harald SZEEMANN.

by Rainer Ganahl

As a child, an impressive day was when we drove to the airport Zurich. Nobody was dropped off or picked up. We couldn't even imagine flying since we didn't know anybody living beyond 30 minutes driving. We went to see the first jumbo jet, the Boing 747, which left the factory in 1969 and was flying first for PanAm in 1970. On that occasion, we went on to visit a newly built shopping center outside Zurich next to the high way, another novelty in the early 1970s. Our family never entered a museum, nor any bookshop or library.

"When attitudes become form" was an exhibition that wouldn't have been possible without the jet revolution. Harald Szeemann was working for Kunsthalle Berne and had traveled the USA where he got to see contemporary American art. This new art was already made by artists who had started to travel by airplane and were mobile. This mobility changed not only society but also art. I believe that

conceptual art was the first 747 art form to facture transportation and mobility into material decision-making. Marshal McLuhan's the-medium-is-the-message conversion soon dominates all conversations that defined art: language and concept related works emerged and artists started to communicate. Thought it was Karl Marx who first discussed machines and tools as extensions of human organs and the human body, McLuhan reworked it for a happily communicating and mass consuming "global village" in which everybody potentially conversed with everybody with no specific regards to relations of production and class.

A new area of national, racial and sexual liberations and emancipations took off. The birth control pill, live TV-field-broadcasting, portable and affordable video cameras, early computers and consumer electronics rendering the world fun and promiscuous before the oil crisis, aids and terrorism doomed the arena. The Munich 1972 Olympic terror attack coincided with the beginning of live TV field-journalism broadcasting with mobile cameras outside TV-studios. Artists and intellectuals also celebrated this new world. They entered the field with propositions and international exhibitions independent of museums and galleries. Ausstellungsmacher - exhibition makers - became welcome and necessary to sort out existing disorders and create new ones. Harld Szeemann called his office "Büro für geistige Gastarbeit" - Office for intellectual guest work - recycling the German term Gastarbeit

usually reserved only for the then new phenomenon of unskilled migrant industrial workers in Western Europe. Gastarbeiter were and have been (even after generations) perceived as foreign with only modest help for integration. Capital, work, services and products traveled and exchanged and art as always tried to keep up with the pace. Today, curators too are more often then not free agents not directly associated with an institution. Szeemann himself has been defining his role as a free agent even though there have been lose but steady institutional associations. The same is true with many other well known contemporary curators who might be employed by a museum or a Kunsthalle but are perceived as independent and ready to be hired for any show anywhere in the world if the context is attractive - i.e. reputation and remuneration).

Today, the internationalized system of art has become so complex and sophisticated that any role can be taken on by any player anywhere in the game. We more and more see now also artists collecting, curating, writing and dealing as well as collectors, writers and curators making art and reflecting about artistic production in the role of writers and art historians. Interesting enough, even Harald Szeemann, and not only Hans-Ulrich Obrist couldn't resist taking on the role of artists: He showed in the Tirana Biennial 2003, where he had some silk-screens made. Another example of mixing roles is this text which was commissioned by Victor Misiano, a trained art historian who

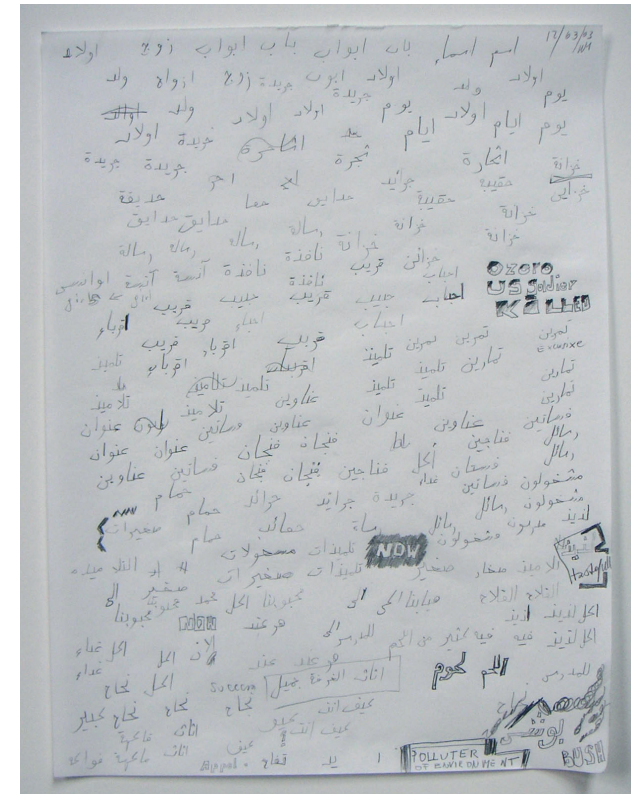
Rainer Ganahl is an Austrian postconceptualist artist whose subject is language, learning systems, media and politics. His work has been widely exhibited, including the Kunsthau Bregenz, Austria; The Wallach Art Gallery, Columbia University, New York; the Gesellschaft für Aktuelle Kunst, Bremen, Germany; and the 48th Venice Biennale. He is the subject and author of several published catalogues, among them, *Reading Karl Marx* (London: Book Works, 2001), *Ortssprache-Local Language* (Kunsthau Bregenz, 1998), and *Rainer Ganahl: Educational Complex* (Vienna: Generali Foundation, 1997 and Bucharest Biennale 2, 2006). He curated several projects including "Educational Complex," an exhibition at the Generali Foundation in Vienna.

Chinese decent but they most likely come from rather wealthy families. Structural economic divisions on the consuming end of highbrow culture — independent of whether artworks address popular audiences or speak with the vernacular of popular culture — are even more determining. The trend to even facture cultural production as well as consumption into the demarcation line of class divisions is increasing and can be observed everywhere, from advertising to real estate planning, from educational investments to on line dating. Curators should be very much aware of what they are doing in regard to the accelerating discrepancies with- in the disappearing middle classes.

PS3: It goes without saying that I am deeply indebted to and appreciative of everybody who has worked with me in whatever role. I feel very sorry that this text does not allow me to name every single person. My text would have been 20 more pages long. But I do want to mention two people here in New York who have been and are still tremendously supportive and generous with me: Devon Dikeou, artist, writer, curator, collector and editor of zing-magazine and Manfred Baumgartner who is offering me a third one person exhibition in New York where the killing cost structure is so high that an exhibition with an artist of my commercial track record doesn't look justifiable - another curatorial choice against the grain.

PS4: I did not elaborate on the disputes that still are driggering on thought peo-

ple keep promising to return works and to pay - the reality until this date has been different and still frustrating. But I do offer links with most of the communications where I clearly layout the dispute that is for everybody nothing but a headache. I therefore ask anybody to look at these web pages in case somebody is interested in details. I omitted these details because it is not the topic of this text.



Rainer Ganahl, Basic Arabic (Study Sheet), 12/03/03 New York, (work on paper, 9 x 12 inches). Courtesy of the artist.

The City in the Age of Touristic Reproduction

by Boris Groys

1. Cities originally came about as projects for the future: People moved from the country into the city in order to escape the ancient forces of nature and to build a new future that they could shape and control themselves. The entire course of human history until the present has been defined by this movement from the country into the city - a dynamic to which history in fact owes its direction. Although life in the country has repeatedly been stylized as the golden era of harmony and 'natural' contentment, such embellished memories of a life spent in nature have never restrained people from continuing on their originally chosen historical path. In this respect, the city per se possesses an intrinsically utopian dimension by virtue of being situated outside the natural order. The city is located in the *ou-topos*. City walls once delineated the place where a city was built, clearly designating its utopian - *ou-topian* character. Indeed, the more utopian a city was signalled to be, the harder it was made to reach and enter

this city, be it the Tibetan city of Lhasa, the celestial city of Jerusalem or Shambala in India. Traditionally cities isolated themselves from the rest of the world in order to make their own way into the future. So, a genuine city is not only utopian, it is also anti-tourist: it dissociates itself from space and moves through time.

The struggle with nature, of course, did not cease inside the city either. At the beginning of his *Discourse on Method*, Descartes already observed that since historically evolved cities were not entirely immune to the irrationality of the natural order they would in fact need to be completely demolished if a new, rational and consummate city were to be erected on the vacated site. Later on, Le Corbusier called for the demolition of all historical cities - including Paris - to make way for new rational cities destined to be built in their place. Hence the utopian dream of the total rationality, transparency and controllability of an urban environment unleashed a historical dynamism that is manifested in the perpetual transformation of all realms of urban life: the quest for utopia forces the city into a permanent process of surpassing and destroying itself - which is why the city has become the natural venue for revolutions, upheavals, constant new beginnings, fleeting fashion and incessantly changing lifestyles. Built as a haven of security the city soon became the stage for criminality, instability, destruction, anarchy and terrorism. Accordingly the city presents itself as a blend of utopia and dystopia, whereby

modernity undoubtedly cherish and applaud its dystopian rather than its utopian aspects - urban decadence, danger and haunting eeriness. This city of eternal temporariness has frequently been depicted in literature and staged in the cinema: this is the city we know, for instance, from *Blade Runner* or *Terminator* (1 and 2), where permission is constantly being given for everything to be blown up or razed to the ground, simply because people are tirelessly engaged in the endeavour to clear a space for what is expected to happen next, for future developments. And over and over again the arrival of the future is impeded and delayed because the remains of the city's previously built fabric can never be fully removed, making it forever impossible to complete the current preparation phase. If indeed anything of any permanence exists in our cities, it is ultimately only in such constant preparations for the creation of something that promises to last a long time, it is in the perpetual postponement of a final solution, the never-ending adjustments, the eternal repairs and the constantly piecemeal adaptation to new constraints.

2. In modern times, however, this utopian impulse, the quest for an ideal city, has grown progressively weaker and gradually been supplanted by the fascination of tourism. Today, when we cease to be satisfied with the life that is offered to us in our own cities, we no longer strive to change, revolutionize or rebuild this city; instead, we simply

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swollen around the equator, besides which the elevations of its surface are extremely uneven. From a purely stereometric point of view, the profile of the earth's crust reveals to us the most haphazard confusion of elevations and depressions with all manner of incalculable contours. Hence, where the surface of the moon with its disarray of heights and depths is concerned, we are equally unable to state whether it is beautiful, etc." At the time this was written mankind was technologically still far removed from the possibility of space travel. Here, altogether in the spirit of an avant-garde utopia or a sci-fi movie, the agent of global aesthetic contemplation is nonetheless depicted as an alien that has just arrived in a rocket from outer space and then, observing from a comfortable distance, forms an aesthetic judgement of our galaxy's appearance. Of course, this alien is imputed to have distinctly classical tastes, which is why it fails to consider our planet and its immediate surroundings as especially beautiful. But regardless of the alien's final aesthetic judgement, one thing is clear: this is a first manifestation of the gaze of the consummate urban dweller who, constantly in motion in the ou-topos of black cosmic space, peers down at the topography of our world from a touristic, aesthetic distance.

Translated from German by Nastasa Medve

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Emgreen & Dragset, Short Cut, 2003.
Courtesy of Galleria Massimo De Carlo and Fondazione Trussardi.
Photo copyright Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago.

[55]

Inventing Queer Place

by Marc Greyling

Most cities have certain quarters and precincts that are in some ways exotic and distinguishable in a characteristic and tangible way, from each other and from the blandness of suburbia - chintz in the postcolonial new world cities, 'coolie' parts of Asian and African cities, or the queer districts: Oxford Street in Sydney, Church Street in Toronto, Christopher Street in New York, Castro Street in San Francisco, the Hillbrow in Johannesburg, Rue Sainte-Cathérine in Montréal. These places are part of a queer geography and are known throughout the international networks of queers as queer places. They even have mythological significance: they are represented in queer literature and even specific bars, like Stonewall, have a historic mythological presence chez gais. Journeys are made to visit and experience them.

This essay explores a way to approach

the history, or histories, of urban lesbians and gay men through an understanding of the significance of queer place. The particular framework I am exploring involves establishing histories of any queer collectivity, lesbian, gay, bisexual or transgender, within social space in relation to defining or appropriating particular place as queer places. First, this particular framework necessitates exploring and establishing an understanding of queer historiography, and second, exploring the nature and meaning of place within social space and the urban environment and how the history of queer place(s) contributes to queer history.

I have not attempted to present a full survey of existing queer historiography but to suggest one particular framework, that of place within social space, and some important considerations for approaching the writing of the history of queer minority/ies. I have identified some research work that has been done, and selected particular studies, but it is by no means a consolidated list or a selection of the best. In addition, I have restricted historiographical consideration to this century although there is a well established historiography of homosexuality for the classical period: Egypt, Greece, Roman times; for mediaeval, renaissance and early modern periods in Europe; and for Asian antiquity, early modern and contemporary periods.

A more salient reason for restricting consideration to this century is because of the inextricable link between the pursuit of same-sex sexual activity and queer identity/ies. As one of the foremost gay

historians, Jeffrey Weeks, puts it: "we have to distinguish between homosexual behaviour, which is universal, and a homosexual identity, which is historically specific - and a comparatively recent phenomenon."⁽¹⁾

It is the politics of being queer and the history of queer expression that I suggest is the most important opening to the charting and understanding of the history queer place(s) within the queer social space of the city. The history of homoeroticism is becoming increasingly well documented. There is more to the history of homosexuality in any one place or culture, Australia or elsewhere, than the claim by Craig Johnston and Robert Johnston in the 1988 anti-bicentennial volume of dissenting history, *Staining the Wattle*, that homosexual history in Australia is mostly of same-sex sexual activity.⁽²⁾ I am not denying the importance of uncovering historical traces of homoerotic activity,⁽³⁾ and a lot of time and effort has been devoted to this pursuit. Queer history is however, more than stories in the past of having sex and being caught. An important aspect of queer history is the body of (hi)stories of conscious and deliberate appropriation of public space by queers and defiance of the law to create and 'own' queer public places.

THE RESEARCHERS OF QUEER HISTORY

Many academics have recognised the recent proliferation of queer historical material in the form of the products of dedicated research and archaeology. Diaries, journal entries, letters, court

Marc Greyling is an Australian sociologist and professor.

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Carlos Aires, from the series "Happily Ever After (The Enchanted Woods II)", 2004, Courtesy of the artist.

Dreams and Disguises, As Usual.

“Fantômas”
“What did you say?”
“I said: Fantômas.”
“And what does that mean?”
“Nothing ... Everything”
“But what is it?”
“No one ... And yet, yes, it is someone!”
“And what does this someone do?”
“Spread Terror!!”

(Opening lines of Fantômas, the first novel in the Fantômas series by Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain, popular in early twentieth century Paris)

by Raqs Media

In a painting titled *Le Barbare* (The Barbarian) (1928), René Magritte showed what seemed to be the shadow of a masked man in a hat. The shadow is seen against a brick wall, and it is unclear whether it is appearing or fading away. Magritte, always particular about the eccentric rhetoric of his practice of representation, was careful enough to have a photograph of himself (in a hat) taken next to this image. His face, quizzical, makes us wonder as if he is keeping secrets from us.

There are two particularly interesting things about this image: the first that it should be called *Le Barbare*, and the second, that it is not in fact the first or even the last appearance of a hat, or a man in a hat, in the work of Magritte. Men in hats, and hats, crowd the

images made by Magritte. They refuse to go away. (1)

What does a man in a hat have to do with impostors and waiting rooms? Perhaps, like the narrator in the first novel of the *Fantômas* series of fantastic crime novels, we could say, “Nothing ... and Everything”.

Perhaps one of the secrets that Magritte keeps in this image — paraphrasing the title of another of his paintings — could be that just as the image of a pipe is not a pipe, so too, the image that suggests a suave, urbane man in a hat is actually of someone else.

The shadowy visage in a hat in *Le Barbare* belongs to the figure of *Fantômas* (2), the archetypal and perhaps primal urban delinquent, the ‘lord of terror’, the master of disguises who appears and disappears, takes on many personae, and refuses ever to be identified. In *The Impostor* in the *Waiting Room* and this text we seek to continue the dialogue that Magritte began with the shadow of *Fantômas*, and to investigate what it means to conduct a dalliance with the imperative of identification.

The imperative of identification, and its counterpoint, the dream of disguise, are impulses we find as central to the story of our times as a threatened assassin, or a murderous corpse, or a missing person who leaves no trace, are to an obstinately intractable pulp fiction pot boiler.

In *L’Assassin Menacé* (The Threatened Assassin), another of his paintings from the same period, Magritte shows *Fantômas* attentively listening to a gramophone beside the corpse of his female victim, unaware that two detectives in bowler-hats are hovering outside the door with a net and cudgel, even as similarly attired voyeurs peer through the window. It takes a while to figure out that that all of them — murderer, corpse, police and spectators are the same person. The question as to which one is the ‘real’ *Fantômas* refuses, like a recalcitrant cadaver, to lie low. Magritte’s fascination with a tableau in Louis Feuillade’s third *Fantômas* film *Le Mort qui Tue* (The Murderous Corpse) is evident in the composition of this picture.

This dialogue with the figure of *Fantômas* that Magritte initiated was a thread that ran through much of his work. In one of his occasional fragments of writing, titled *A Theatrical Event*, Magritte outlines the following arresting scenario: *Fantômas* the quarry, and *Juve*, the detective in pursuit, mesh into each other as disguises, reveries, pursuit, the loss of identity, and the impossibility of capture (except through self-disclosure) are woven together.

“...*Juve* has been on the trail of *Fantômas* for quite some time. He crawls along the broken cobblestones of a mysterious passage. To guide himself he gropes along the walls with his fingers. Suddenly, a whiff of hot air hits

Raqs is a collective of media practitioners that works in new media & digital art practice, documentary filmmaking, photography, media theory & research, writing, criticism and curation. Raqs Media Collective is the co-initiator of Sarai: The New Media Initiative, (www.sarai.net) a programme of interdisciplinary research and practice on media, city space and urban culture at the Centre for the Study of Developing Societies, Delhi. Members of the collective are resident at the Sarai Media Lab, Delhi, where they work on projects interpreting the city and urban experience; make cross-media works; collaborate on the development of software; design and conduct workshops; administer discussion lists; edit publications; write, research and co-ordinate several research projects and public activities of Sarai. They are co-editors of the Sarai Reader series. They live and work in Delhi.

Kumar of Bhowal”, Partha Chatterjee, Princeton University Press, 2002

(6) ‘Subarnarekha’, direction Ritwik Ghatak, produced by J.J. Films Corporation, 1965. For more about ‘Subarnarekha’, see <http://www.upper-stall.com/films/subarnarekha.html>

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(8) To read the full text of “The Lion and the Unicorn: Socialism and the English Genius”, see - <http://www.george-orwell.org/>

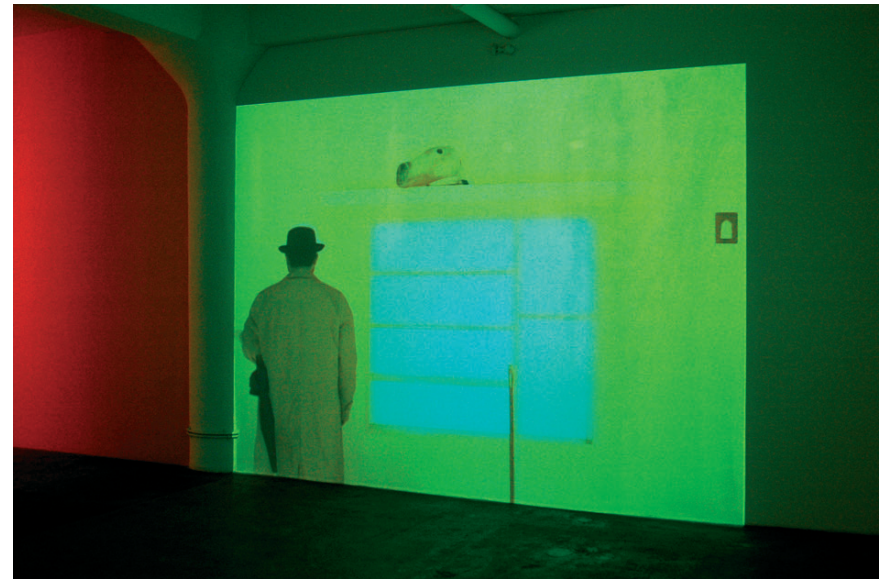
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For an interesting online profile of the Bowler Hat, and a very arresting image of a crowd of bowler hat-wearing men, see <http://www.villagehatshop.com/product1687.html>

(10) For guidelines on the specifications for correct composition, lighting, exposure and printing of photographs of US Passport and Visa applications see the website of the US State Department Passport and Visa Photography Guide <http://travel.state.gov/visa/pptphotos/index.html>

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Raqs Media Collective, “The Impostor in the Waiting Room”, image of the installation at Bose Pacia Gallery, New York
Courtesy of the artists.

Subodh Gupta | The Shape of Things to Go

by Raqs Media

“A commodity is ... a mysterious thing, simply because in it the social character of men's labour appears to them as an objective character stamped upon the product of that labour; because the relation of the producers to the sum total of their own labour is presented to them as a social relation existing not between themselves, but between the products of their labour.”

Karl Marx, Capital, Vol. 1, Part 1, Chapter 1, Section 4: 'The Fetishism of Commodities and the Secret Thereof'

- A baggage trolley laden with a carton containing televisions — pushed by a pair of trousers just off an airplane from the Gulf.
- The luggage carrier of a black and yellow airport taxi festooned with the bulge of synthetic fibre blankets made in Taiwan, bought in Dubai, brought to Delhi, taken to Bareilly.
- Economy class arrivals on pollution-orange nights or fog-grey mornings at the Indira Gandhi International Airport in New Delhi.
- Goods and people walk through customs. Duties are paid, evaded, elided. Goods and people step out on to the clear light of capital. Goods and people, incised into the present, standing out in momentary relief against the blur of the terminal.

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- The wheels of the baggage trolley lock in a reluctant, clumsy manoeuvre to defer movement, unsuccessfully. With a little extra pressure from shoulder to wrist, the trouser steers his steel chariot, alchemically transformed into gold by the containment of his desires in the bundle it carries.

- Goods and people move. Goods, and people, move in all sorts of ways in today's world. In cartons and container ships, strapped into bucket seats, secure in the cargo hold, stockpiled in the carriage of a goods train, straddling motor scooters, tied up in bundles, arrayed in rows, ensconced in the back seats of rotund automobiles, tagged by invoices, insurance cover notes, way bills, and instructions for packing, unpacking, lading, cartage and storage.

The circuits formed by the movement of commodities — objects and services bought and sold in the marketplace and the labour power that produces them — are both ubiquitous and imperceptible. They are transacted into our lives, and appear as the keys with which we unlock and understand prevailing notions of utility, desire and privilege. Yet for all our handling of commodities in the course of any given day, the process of their immanence remains obscure to us, as do the transformations, exchanges and social relationships that underlie their production, exist-

tence and circulation. The commodity remains a mysterious thing.

An object in an art market is a specific instance of the generalized presence of commodities in day-to-day life under capitalism. Notwithstanding this, rarely, if ever, do art objects call attention to their relationship with this universe of commodities within which they are embedded, within which they function and within which they are transacted as the high-value merchandise of meaning and affect. What permits the production of art objects in capitalism are the instruments of the generalized abstraction of exchange (money) that enable the docketing and indexing of the value of a particular art object, making it acquire a candidacy for a particular kind of commodity status as against all other commodities.

Ultimately, the decision to acquire or invest in the production of an art object is a momentary deferral of the decision to acquire or invest in another commodity — say a car. After all, the capital that could have been invested in a car, or real estate, or stocks is being used to acquire or support the production of a fragment of art. Behind this decision is a calculation that can at some level bring to the labour and productive capacity that goes into the making of a car (or any other commodity) into a relationship of equivalence with the labour and productive capacity that goes into the making of an art object — say a faux car made in a metal mould as a piece of sculpture.

This calculus, which abstracts two instances of labour, creativity, ingenuity, and productive capacity on to the same plane where one transaction can seamlessly substitute for the other, is made possible by the instrument that mediates the acquisition and production of all commodities in capitalism — an understanding of the infinite substitutability of any commodity for any other, based on a recognition of the universal and ubiquitous presence of human labour. We arrive at this immanent universal by a process of subtrac-

tion that leaches out all the specificities of any commodity until we reach the bedrock of labour that makes its production possible in the first instance.

“If then we leave out of consideration the use-value of commodities, they have only one common property left, that of being products of labour...Let us now consider the residue of each of these products; it consists of the same unsubstantial reality in each, a mere congelation of homogeneous human labour, of labour-power expended without regard to the mode of its expenditure. All that these things now tell us is, that human labour-power has been expended in their production, that human labour is embodied in them”.

If we consider the congealed abstraction of human labour power, which Marx refers to as the ‘same unsubstantial reality’ as being the residue that is present in all commodities once they are seen, not as discrete objects but in their generality, then we enter into an engagement with the bare fact of the human experience of labouring in its most immanent as well as its most universal sense. Residue, then, can be seen as referring to memories and narratives of work, of the coming-into-being of the figure of the working person, as of the movement of people as a consequence of and the search for — work.

In a market where the car and the faux car are both up for sale, the decisions of buyers and sellers, rest on an understanding that ultimately what brings the car and the car transformed into an art object onto the same level playing field is the ‘labour power’ that goes into their making, albeit in different conditions and circumstances.

How does one represent this calculus? How does one imagine, or image, that which is by definition ‘insubstantially residual’? One possibility lies in presenting an inventory of object-images, or image-objects that is also at the same time an oblique reference to a potential cartography that links the objects to each other and to their dual status as two dif-



Everything is Inside, 2004.
Taxi and cast bronze
1.6m x 1.5m x 2.8m
Courtesy of the artist and Jack Shainman Gallery, New York.



Doot, 2004.
Life size ambassador car cast in aluminium.
Courtesy of the artist and Jack Shainman Gallery, New York.

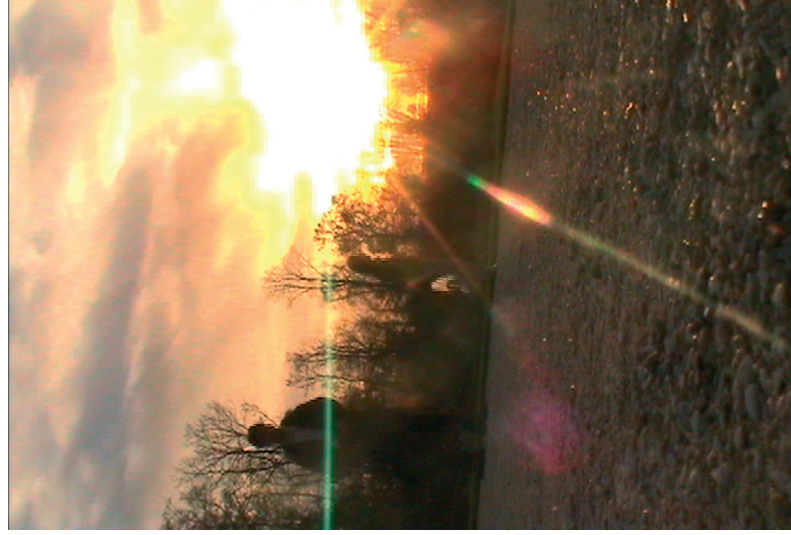
Motorcycles
Homeless
Nylon rope
Corvette
Mullet Wig
Graffiti writers
Bronze
Helicopter
Chandelier
Ice skater
Texas saddle
Spotlight
Thieves
Rubber
Cops
1967 Lincoln Continental
Kodak disposable cameras
Tattoos
American red nose pitbull
Fully automatic paintgun
Mirrors
Liquor and Beer
Iridescent paint
Lowrider bicycles
Community Theater
Spray paint
College soccer players
Frozen lakes
Cocaine
Patina
Gatorade
Day laborers
Theater Chairs
Sharpie
BMW 325e
Professional Marksman
Smoke Machine
Scrapping tool
Hells Angels Motorcycle Club Members



IPO (13 offerings), 2003, 40x50 in., c-print
Courtesy: the artist.



freeformdome, 2003, 48x60 in., digital c-print.
Courtesy: the artist.



Freedom Fries, 2005, video still, 4 min. video.
Courtesy: the artist.

Common Culture | Bouncers

'Bouncers' is the first occasion where Common Culture have used live performance as part of their presentational strategy for a show. This fact in itself provoked a great deal of anxiety on our behalf. In part, this was to do with operational concerns regarding the reliability of the bouncers, we were not sure whether they would turn up or even if they would agree to do what we had planned. We had not met any of the hired 'workers' until they literally walked into the gallery; all of the negotiation had been conducted over the telephone with their 'gaffer'. This aspect of the work, dealing with the relations of production and the ease with which labour could be bought and tasked, was an eye opener. Not that it should have been any great surprise; we deliberately set out to produce a piece that highlighted the fact that labour-power is itself a commodity and is treated no differently by the market from any other form of commodity, but the absolute compliance of the bouncers was unnerving, especially in light of their physical potential for disruption.

The work continues our interest in commodity culture and the way in which it organises experience. Ever since the 'Menu' work, our practice has sought to reposition particular moments of cultural transaction: alighting upon situations or objects which, when located in one regime of consumption possess a designation marked by social/cultural specificity, but when redeployed within another arena of operation, have the possibility to unsettle or test established conditions of reception.

Minimalism, and its use, has been a long-standing interest in our work.

By this we are referring to the way we understand minimalism to be concerned, in part, with the site-specificity of the artwork in respect to its physical and institutional context and the suggestion that this provided the conditions for heightened self-awareness. The 'Menu' work borrowed the minimalist carcass in order to

inflect it with another set of reception conditions, specifically those pertaining to the consumption of 'Britishness' through the metaphor of fast food. At a time when the YBA's self-conscious fascination with vernacular preoccupations were being assiduously promoted by the British art establishment, the 'Menus' sought to kindle a degree of friction in the protocols governing cultural consumption. It was also an attempt to register a growing interest in the way that minimalist form had been embraced by corporate capitalism, to the extent that it now appears to operate as part of its presentational face. With its cool colour schemes, geometric form and sleek surfaces the minimalist aesthetic had become capital's decor of choice, an aesthetic 'front' for power and commerce. Upon such an aesthetic of 'surface', we wanted to smear the trace of excess. The 'Menus', with their minimalist form and systematic installation, were offered up as forms across whose surface the trace of a common transaction took place. The soiling of surfaces, whether through the use of gaudy light effects or the registration of specific rituals of mass consumption, exemplified in the use of the fast food menu format, was an attempt to sully the perceived purity of its minimalist form.

At the core of the 'Menu' work is a concern to create friction between the conventions governing the reception of different cultural experiences, and by different, we are assigning a class identity to the categorisation of different forms of cultural activity— the consumption of fast food and the consumption of art. Our interest is not motivated by any celebratory zeal to champion consumer culture, if anything it was infected by the kind of cynicism associated with Adorno's take on commercialised culture (well maybe not quite!).

Some of our interest was formal, we were, and still are, interested in the relation of surfaces to structure. Both the

'Menus' and the stainless steel 'Counter' piece in the show at Manchester's Cornerhouse Gallery, deliberately sought to foreground the specific conditions determining the experience of culture in a consumer society. Our objective was to highlight the conventional nature by which culture is consumed, and introduce, through the conflation of opposing cultural conventions; that of the chip shop and the gallery - a kind of queasy unease in the reading of the work.

This approach has continued with 'Bouncers', and other work such as 'Local Comic', 'Mobile Disco' and 'Adorno's Disco'. This work continues our interest in minimalism, in particular its privileging of the site specific and relational properties of the work. For us, minimalism's concern with the management of the formal/social boundary between inside and outside had an immediate correspondence in the function of the nightclub bouncer. Using hired workers, whose job it is to 'manage the door', was a deliberate move to address this issue and explore the articulation of power in the control of social space.

Bouncers were used because they are used to police the interface between the public and the private /commercial sphere of leisure. They are 'hired muscle', simultaneously serving the interests of capital and representing a form of brutalized, commodified labour. The similarity of the bouncers' physical appearance and their ability to engender an acute self-consciousness in the viewer presented us with another opportunity to re-engage with minimalism. The collision of looking orchestrated between the visitors to the gallery and the bouncer's stare was central to the piece. The professional stare of the bouncers, unflinching in some of the men, but more ambiguous and complex in others, and the active way they engage with the gallery visitor's look, prevents their categorization as statuesque. Surprisingly, the 'hard-man' front they presented was clearly flawed, mixing anxiety, vulnerability and even sadness, mixing uncomfortably with their macho bravado.

Putting this power under duress, re-contextualising it in a form and location that stripped away any normative justification for its display, sanctioned new relations of engagement. The raw

experience of looking back at the bouncers, fore-grounded the instability in the bouncers' status, fluctuating between bought power' and alienated labour. The experience was embarrassing, unsettling and at times, cruel.

We deliberately set out to inflate the intimidatory nature of the encounter with the bouncers by arranging them into a hierarchical, serried formation.

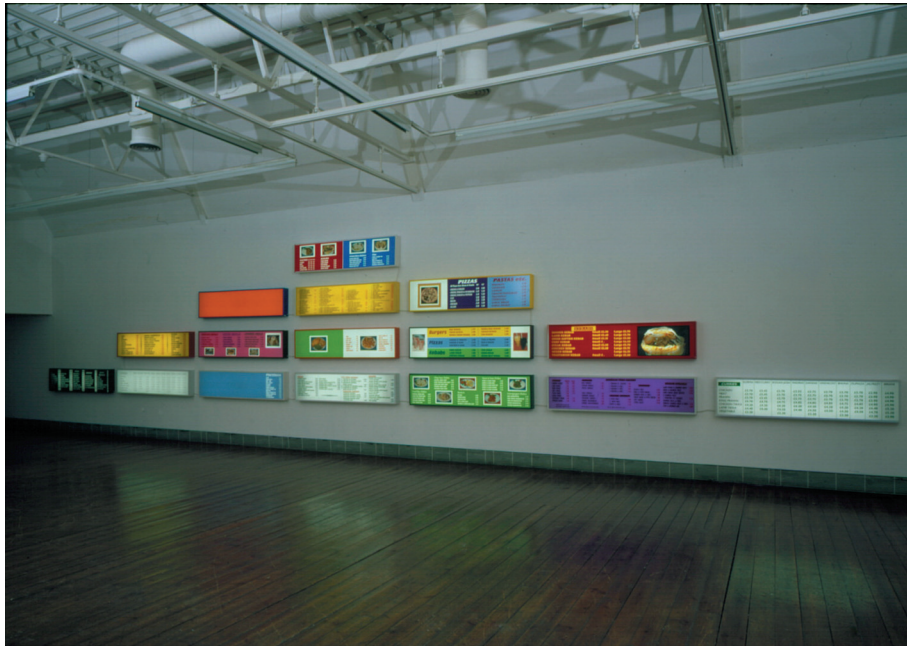
The direction we gave the bouncers was simple: we asked that they occupy the triangular grid pattern marked on the gallery floor, and for the three biggest men to take up the corner positions, this they did. We are unsure whether the final arrangement represented any established hierarchy amongst the men.

Once in position the bouncers were told to adopt the stance and 'look' they had been trained to deploy on a conventional job. They were asked to visually track the camera as it passed them by and during the live performance, to resist any expressive interaction with the audience. This expressive neutrality intensified the intimidatory atmosphere surrounding the encounter with the audience, but the knowledge that this occasion was taking place within the 'safe' environment of an art gallery, one sanctioned by the knowledge that the bouncers were unlikely to respond in an adverse manner to close looking, obviously created the opportunity for the audience to react in other ways.

The knowledge that the bouncers had been hired, and that they had a contractual obligation to perform what had been asked of them, turned their simmering physical power into a form of mute compliance; they had taken on the passivity of a commodity.

Common Culture are David Campbell and Mark Durden.

This text is edited from a response to issues raised by Terry Atkinson, following their exhibition, Spectacular Vernacular, in Leamington Spa Art Gallery, England, January 2005. Bouncers, in the form of a series of large-scale portraits and DVD screening, forms part of their solo show at Focal Point Gallery, Southend-on-Sea, England, October/ November 2005.



Large Coloured Menus 1, 1999, Counter Culture. Cornerhouse Gallery, Manchester. Courtesy: the artists.



Large Coloured Menus 2, 2002. Shopping - A Century of Art and Consumer Culture. The Tate Gallery Liverpool. Courtesy: the artists.

Dan Perjovschi | Repertoire

My drawings look spontaneous but are not.

For each project I draw 2-3 notebooks. In each notebook I do 150 drawings. Out of 150 I select 30 to be transferred onto the wall. From the 60 new drawings 5 will enter the repertoire. The repertoire drawings are the drawings who always fit. The universal stuff. Everybody will understand them, like them, rely on them.

I re-draw them for new circumstances. Redrawing new drawings. Some time they constitute the majority (if the situation is not challenging enough, I do not have time enough or I am imply too lazy). Other times they create the structure for new images to be taken in. The repertoire drawings are my stabile factor.

The rest will go away as the stories who generate them goes away. Some of the drawings I did are incomprehensible now to me. I forgot the plot, I forgot the names. I don't know what's all about.

A new show will generate 20% of the next show. And so on. Permanent black marker, white chalk, delicate pencil, floors, walls, ceilings, windows, newspapers... I keep moving drawings from one wall to another, from one context to another. Same images different audience. A new wall drawing to be made here, another to be repainted there. Lyon on, Paris gone. Good by Lisbon, welcome Santiago de Chile.

The repertoire is vague and virtual. Fresh drawings enters, old drawings fade away. A sort of vocabulary of the memory.

If I can remember I can talk.





Doug Aitken | Sell yourself for nothing

Doug Aitken's installation works explore human perception in a technocratic, accelerated environment, a world in which everybody is either constantly on the move or engaging in mediated shifts of space. These works, described as "pure communication" by the artist, attempt to create new narrative structures that are outside the realm of linear narration. His video installations captivate viewers with technically perfect images and sounds that affect their movements and have them thrown back on their own perception by refusing them protagonists to easily identify with. For example, he takes almost static nature shots, where the "action" is focussed on tiny details or camera movements, and contrasts them with the accelerated image effects typical of our media and information society. This strategy opens up a space for viewers to become the protagonist of an inner journey of perception that helps them to experience a moment of immediacy.

In Europe, Aitken's work became known to a wider audience in 1999 with his *electric earth*, which earned him the International Award at the Venice Biennale. A lone young man watches TV and wanders about the urban waste land, recording the movements and sounds of neon adverts, vehicles, security cameras and vending machines, until his body explodes in an ecstatic dance — his only way of arriving at a momentary experience of redemption in a world permanently flooded with stimuli in which he seems to lose himself. In *diamond sea* (1997), Aitken transports us into the wilds of the Namibian desert, where he goes looking for traces of human life in the sealed-off area around two diamond mines. He finds the robotic movements of prospecting machines, deserted monuments and ruined remnants of the machinery of human civilisation. In these

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restless minds (1998), provincial salesmen are seen speaking in public about their selling techniques. As they perform their monologues, they talk faster and faster, to the point where their words become an incomprehensible, absurd singsong.

The new installation, *the moment* (2005), features eleven monitors suspended from the ceiling, showing a number of people in places of transition, such as hotel rooms or airport terminals. Camera movements and each individual's movements of the eleven scenes are absolutely identical, forming a pattern that links the people together while emphasising their individual traits. As time goes on, the scenes are cyclically repeated but with subtle changes, uniting the people depicted in an imaginary landscape of movement. The work simulates a new kind of acceleration, one that enables us to move everywhere and nowhere at once.

The second work, *lighttrain* (2005), explores the effect of a transition from a sunlit to an artificially illuminated world. The camera follows purely people's shadows: they only exist through light. The result is a magical story of ghostly, weightless, almost extraterrestrial creatures that seem oddly detached from their surroundings. A figure moves from an unpopulated landscape to a crowded metropolis, providing the viewer with insights into his restless, searching mind in scenes sketching out a variety of emotionally charged encounters and experiences. The change in the light affects the quality of his shadow. As time goes on, it is the light that becomes the true protagonist, as it fades towards evening and makes the shadow disappear — and the cycle of the work starts again.

Text by Galerie Eva Presenhuber.



Skyliner, 2004. Sonic mobile sound installation / sculpture. Ed. 1/4 (Floor version) 3004 x 554 x 554 cm.

Courtesy: Galerie Eva Presenhuber.

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Ciprian Homorodean | I Am Luke Skywalker

by Dana Altman

Ciprian Homorodean is an artist looking for his voice. Having formal training as a sculptor, he recently moved towards new media, and his newest projects are mostly video installations. He approaches a variety of subjects, but the one theme linking all the facets of his artwork is the way he attempts to deal with the subject of mediation and perception, and the quest for identity by incorporating personal past. In other words, his works deal with the two facets of reality, with the alternative possibility of escapism and its versions, and in one way or another, everything touches upon the same subject.

"I Am Luke Skywalker" reflects on the topic of identification with a familiar hero as a way of evasion from a world whose realities are too bleak to leave any place for the individual. It is a discourse on personal dreams by means of identification with a fictional character, who has become more than a role model: he is a symbol of the attempt to materialize the most intimate dreams. Luke does not exist, but the reality created by means of his influence is more real than ever, repeating itself in an eternal time bubble. The veracity of dreams and the factual, referential world are referred to also in "S.C. geo.cos-lm. S.R.L. Job of the dream", a project about a double reality, about the desired alternative versions of life.

What Homorodean tells us by means of his projects is that there are always two sides to the same story, not necessarily what one might consider as the pros and the cons. Only

Dana Altman is theoretician, writer si curator. Worked in research and teaching, studying linguistics and text history in Exter College, Oxford, UK and has a doctorate in linguistics. Since 1997 is assistant director of Westwood Gallery in New York. She writes contemporary art criticism and fiction. She is member of PAVILION board. Lives and work in New York.

an analysis of both can lead though to an impartial conclusion, and it is up to each of us to make our own decisions. That analysis has to be based on facts, not, if possible, on ideology or on the mediated version of events, which is the one readily available. One has to learn how to read between the lines, and probably the most important thing that needs to be understood is that mediated information is, in spite of its pretension of authenticity, already filtered by subjectivity. History, be it past or contemporary, is gasped more and more through the filter of subjective experience, since most events are perceived by mediation, whether we like it or not. Wars, which he refers to in his installations "Happy 3 friends" and "War", are relived vicariously and interpreted as graphs by millions of people worldwide by means of the broadcast image and already exist beyond geography and time, and we prefer to ignore the troubling aspects and focus on the ideology. The grimy details are left for those in the field. Homorodean's short movie "Golden Grenade Awards" covers the aspect of mediation in the ironical key, a feature ubiquitous in his works. A fake award ceremony takes place, and the best terrorists (equals, the most deadly) are awarded prizes. Again, most of us perceive the terrorist acts by fragmentary TV images, and few have contact with the reality, and the claim for any act of mass destruction are again transmitted by live feed.

Artists are becoming more and more involved in contemporary issues, from technology to globalization, genetic modification and politics, attempting to raise awareness about questionable aspects of reality. Debating the question of mediation as an epitome of the world surrounding us is a topic which has been largely dealt with in contemporary art but, as Homorodean proves, there is always room for more exploration, especially since new developments take place every day.



..... S.C. Geo - Lm S.R.L. - Inainte sa aiba aceasta turnatorie domnul Geo avea o alimentara

S.C. geo.cos-lm. S.R.L. Job of the dream, 2005, 2 channels, video installation, color, sound, 24:10 min.

Courtesy of the artist.

Jeff Koons | American Idol

by Dana Altman

Jeff Koons' secret of success is primarily based on turning what some would call popular kitsch into unique and obviously controversial art subjects. His artwork exploits a visual language familiar to all of us who live immersed in the epoch of media and advertising over-saturation. The public and critical response to the succession of shiny encased house appliances, baseballs floating in tanks, polished steel bunnies, and American iconography turned into porcelain by Tirol artisans, or in other media that cost of fortune to produce and use the finest materials available, has constantly oscillated between adoration and outright disgust, while bringing huge auction prices. The reasons are diverse, mainly due to the lack of acceptance of the source material, or to the sentiment that the underlying sarcasm, often referred to, and which can be the premise of a possible reading, is in fact not there. That would mean that the inferred meaning might be not be there either, or the point would be to actually instill the fetishism of the mundane.

It is generally accepted that Koons' major inspiration comes from day to day clichés,

and this is certainly not something new, since many artists had approached the relentless American consumerist society from that point of view. Although he uses a lot of material defined by the critical discourse as "found", one could hardly call his glossy and polished home devices or the ads using baseball players, appropriated objects according to the traditional definition. The bizarre characteristic of a solitary Hoover vacuum cleaner encased in a plexi box is not necessarily that its primary use is different than what it is used for in Koons' art, not even that the presentation in a different context elevates it to a superior level in a way which has been employed numerous times before. More likely, it consists of its implicit value as a symbol of the world we live in. In the same time, we feel compelled to look for a deeper meaning beneath the face value of the object itself.

In Koons' case, the usage of appropriation does not necessarily mean that a different meaning has been created by the recontextualization of the object: it might ultimately stand for itself. Its role could be to create the need for a question which most probably does not require an answer. Before him, the Dadaists used the ready-made mainly in order to show how much significance the context conveys in order to define the artistic object, and to criticize and ultimately to blow up this accepted framework, and the art institutions which

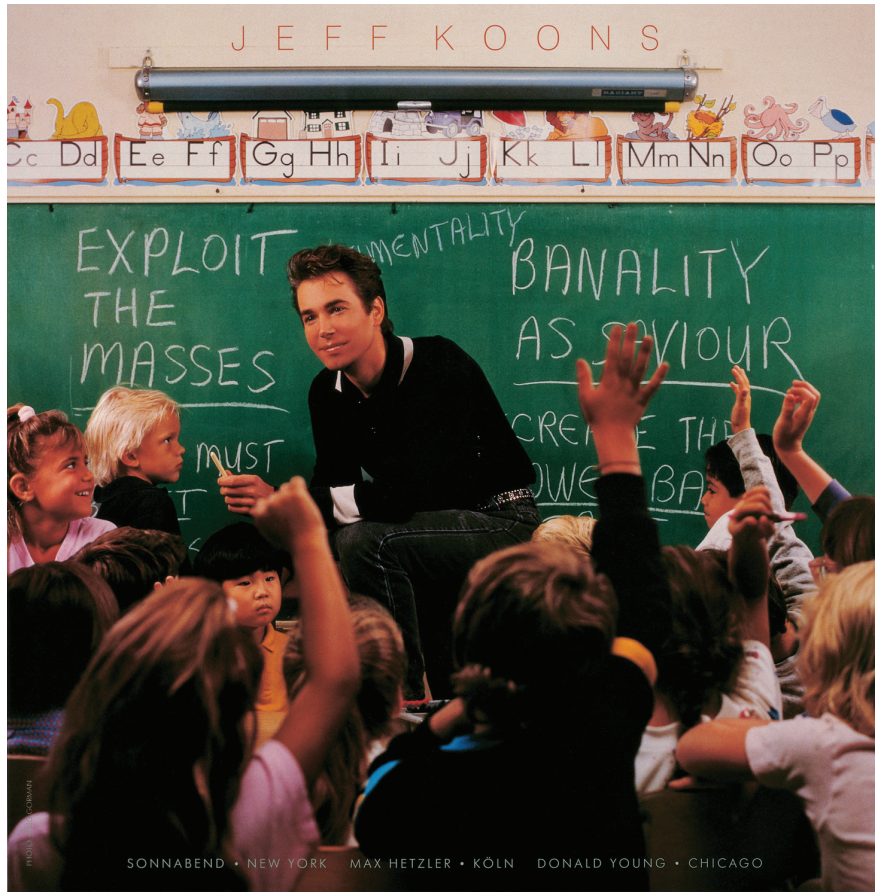
contribute to its stability. Here though, there is no statement: the object makes the statement by its very own cloistered existence. Whether willingly or not, Koons' appropriated objects or characters mimic or faithfully reproduce the shallow world we live in. By changing the context dramatically, the result is contrary to what the Dadaists had originally intended: instead of imbuing them with additional meaning, the artist in fact severs the functional ties these objects have obtained by their usage in a pre-determined context, which are in themselves generators of sense. The result is thus contrary to what one might think of: instead of conferring the incorporated objects a different meaning, because they are elevated to the institutional level, in fact they are stripped of any functional sense they might have had to start with, to show their initial shallowness.

Something else which the Dadaists also inadvertently created, also as a social judgment, is the algorithmic process of artwork production, whose crucial part in the post-industrial era of computer generated artwork is more than obvious. Koons pushed the atelier type of mechanical production to an art form in itself: very often, he declared himself to be just the idea person, not the executing hand, and his studio is populated by staff that takes the projects to their final form. The phenomenal commercial success of someone who financed his projects by working as a stock broker, because of the initial lack of public appreciation for his art career, only to reach record prices in the millions later on, can only be explained by the fact that Koons touched a sensitive point in the collective imaginary, and in the same time managed to do so with extreme commercialism.

One can detect this stripping of the meaning by the way Koons operates: he not only appropriates the object to place it into a different environment which could potentially be a generator of sense. More often, he rematerializes it in a different medium which automatically generates a different perception. The famous bunny, initially an inflatable object, now cast in impeccably polished high-grade steel, has become a classical example of his technique, with the expected result: the balloon model has become a sleek sculpture, with shiny surfaces. The bunny is extremely simple, almost minimalist in terms of imagery, but transformed into incredible sculpture. In a way, by interacting with his artwork, ironically or not though, we receive what we asked for, which is a reformatted vision of everyday objects or characters.

Jeff Koons plays permanently with the fluidity of the borderline between the popular culture, what one sees on TV, in the permanent surrounding soft wall of advertising, and the more elitist one, who claims to have possession of the intellect. By re-creating symbols of the popular culture in the finest materials, and producing one-of-a-kind luscious art objects, he is in fact playing relentlessly with the mind of the viewer, who has to wonder if such limits do indeed exist, or it is just a commercial and/or patrician separation, for reasons which escape attention. One has to wonder though if Koons is indeed the ferocious and sarcastic cultural commentator he indeed poses in, or the answer to such debate is much simpler and it consists of just raising the banality of the quotidian to a level it possibly deserves to be raised at. Yes, indeed, Jeff Koons is a producer of commodity, but of a considerably elevated luxury level.

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Art Magazine Ads (Artforum), 1988-89.
Courtesy Astrup Fearnley Collection.



New Hoover Convertibles, New Shelton Wet/Drys 5-Gallon Doubledecker, 1981-1986.
Courtesy Astrup Fearnley Collection.

by Berin Golonu

Video artist Kutlug Ataman's career has hit international acclaim in the past five years. His most recent accolades and achievements include being nominated as a Turner Prize finalist in 2004, winning the Carnegie Prize with his installation for the Carnegie International in 2004, and being the subject of an impressive one-person survey at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Sydney, which opened in the summer of 2005. Although I saw my first Ataman video installation on the biennial circuit, I became a fan after seeing *Never My Soul* (2001), a portrait of an obscure entertainer, which was being projected in a quiet viewing room of the Katherine Clark Gallery in San Francisco. The documentary profiles a Turkish transsexual named Ceyhan who recounts, and at times enacts, her gritty life in front of Ataman's camera for a total running time of three hours. I was so captivated by Ceyhan's narratives, which alternated between brutal honesty, and coy, campy fiction, that I found my way back to the gallery's viewing room every day on my lunch break until I'd seen the piece in its entirety.

Ceyhan had seduced me with her incred-

ible charm and wit, as she had seduced her toothless, junkie Swiss boyfriend, and the other marginal characters in her orbit that Ataman had the good fortune to capture in his lens. The stories and melodramas that Ceyhan spun in this soap opera of her life, succeeded in delivering the juicy blend of real events with the self-conscious posturing that comes with having a captive audience. In fact, Ataman's primary skill as a filmmaker and director may be his ability to weave together the paradoxes of fact and fiction, private and public persona, in the construction of his subjects' identities on screen. In *Never My Soul*, he shows clips of Ceyhan hamming it up in front of a mirror, as if rehearsing for an upcoming social appearance, as she dabs on make up, changes costume, and does her hair. These more public displays and rehearsals are drastically contrasted with scenes that show moments of intense solitary suffering, as she lies in a hospital plugged into a dialysis machine, or soaks in a bathtub while recounting a history of family abuse and pain.

With his blurring of reality and tall tale, and a conscious integration of the two, Ataman's work touches upon a broad range of contemporary social issues and elemental human concerns. First and foremost, his work seeks to examine the fabrication of individual identity, a con-

struct that is very pliable to begin with and is becoming even more open-ended in an era of accelerating socioeconomic change. Ataman's work concerns itself with revealing, and at times celebrating, the myths that people weave around their public personas. This drive for change and transformation is often strikingly contrasted against certain formative factors from one's personal history or cultural background. Ataman's four-screen DVD projection *Women Who Wear Wigs* (1999) can be viewed as a fascinating meditation on identity politics. Here, four Turkish women who wear wigs for different reasons have been interviewed, each recounting why they do so. Although each woman expresses a different rationale for wearing a wig, the prop allows every one of them to fabricate a public charade in order to obscure a private truth. A wig becomes the perfect symbol of the division between private self and public image.

One television journalist undergoing treatment for breast cancer talks about how the disease has attacked the most feminine aspects of her outward appearance: her breasts and her long blond hair. Having lost her hair through chemotherapy, she wears a long blond wig in front of the news camera to regain this sense of feminine beauty. In the same vein, a transsexual who refers to herself as a "feminist" recounts her stories of imprisonment, rape and physical abuse by the police. She buys a wig after one stint in jail, when the police give her a buzz cut in order to make her look more like a man. Wearing a blond wig gives her the added benefit of boosting her clientele, because, as she states, many of her Turkish johns are attracted to blonds. In contrast, a fundamentalist Muslim woman (whose identity is hidden by a blackened screen) talks about her efforts to wear the headscarf in public in an effort to specifically hide her femininity from the eyes of men. She self-pityingly explains how she and the other female

fundamentalist students at the university are met with disapproval by the secular codes of their school's administration, which doesn't permit the wearing of headscarves on campus. But when the fundamentalist students attempt to enter class by hiding their hair under brunette wigs, they are still asked by their professors to leave. The fourth woman shares fascinating tales about her youth as a left wing militant who went into hiding underground. She explains that she had to obscure her true identity when going out in public with a wig and a flight attendant's uniform, in order to evade government agents. *Women Who Wear Wigs* not only highlights certain conflicting rules of social conduct that coexist in Turkey, a country struggling to reconcile both Eastern and Western values, but also shows how one's public image can be crafted into an act of political resistance in whichever cultural context. And although certain details in these narratives may seem a little improbable, such as the leftist's account of being unnoticed on the streets in her wig and her stewardess's uniform, their sordid details and dramatic plotlines make for great entertainment.

Sometimes a person's myth-laden accounts may transgress a description of one's own identity to question broader issues of historical accuracy. In Ataman's hands, the camera can cast a brutal light, as little white lies may surface over a person's narration, and stories may change significantly in their retelling. The artist seems to purposefully call attention to these variations in order to unearth certain exaggerations in the narratives. Such is the case in the piece *1+1=1* (2002), which shows a two channel projection of a Turkish Cypriot woman recounting memories of growing up in the divided territory of Cyprus, contested land that has been claimed by both Greece and Turkey. The double screen is symbolic of the divided state of the country, in which Turkish Cypriot citizens

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Kuba, 2004 (Installation view of the Carnegie International at Carnegie Museum of Art, Pittsburgh)
40 monitor video installation
6 DVDs, each 35-75 minutes, edition of 5
Courtesy of the artist and Lehmann Maupin Gallery, New York.



Never My Soul, 2001.
6 DVDs,
Six-screen video installation
Edition of 3,
Courtesy of the artist and Lehmann Maupin, New York.

Dear Maurizio Cattelan,

It rarely happens that the intent of a work of art is identical to exhaustion to its contents. Contemporary art, that pursuit which belongs to the continuous present from a temporal point of view, is out of the shadows and manifests itself strongly, to our delight as audience. Or, as Baudrillard says, “contemporary art organizes its openings in the large commercial galleries... the artwork escapes the solitude it has been compelled to, as a unique object and privileged moment.” Having reached galleries, museums and public spaces, contemporary art becomes a privileged historical moment, in other words, the only analysis landmark of what artwork means (or it can mean). In other words, contemporary art has finally become art.

Performance, sculpture, intervention, photography, video art, new media, etc — these are terms which, combined in one way or another, frame and illustrate contemporary art. It has become autonomous both from a social point of view (by freeing itself from the religious and political tutelage), and from an aesthetic point of view (as artistic meaning) and political (by appropriating the elements of reality for artistic aims and provocative interventions in the social space). And if artwork has gained autonomy, the artist has become its own god, who does not acknowledge any other jurisdiction except his own artwork.

Your works are the perfect combination between reality and fiction, between “here/ now” and “there/ sometime”. By combining performance and sculpture, photography and installation, you question what art really is. You refuse a moral and ideological standpoint, try not to position yourself in the sphere of the social message. You constantly refuse to look at the

world as a class of pupils. You do not preach. Your works address the abstract notions that pertain to state/ power/ politics. They become the weapons by means of which you discuss notions such as justice and injustice, good and evil, ideology and social norm. You create controversy.

In most works, you use your face as “actor”, and you thus become the actor of your own play, you transpose yourself into fiction, you undertake symbolic parts — you somehow become an exhibitionist of your own feelings (as you do in *La rivoluzione siamo noi*, in which you state: “Maybe the way you live in public is your self-portrait”).

Yours giant ‘Hollywood’ sign (a project for the Venice Biennale that was ironically placed on a hillside above Palermo, many miles from Venice) is less a site-specific sculpture than a photography. Hollywood is more likely a social sculpture, a metaphor addressed to the inhabitants of Palermo, which are invited to become actors of your artwork and compelled to report to it. You propose that they take the part of “Hollywood inhabitants”.

Maybe your most touching work is *Him*; that tiny Hitler which prays is a state of beatitude, of silence, of peace. This artwork is more likely a symbol: of fear. After Hitler’s death, humanity is still shaking upon hearing his name.

I was thinking to end this letter with a conclusion about your work. But I believe that one of them, *Untitled*, 2001, can replace my message. And that not only because it is a powerful metaphor: the relationship between Maurizio Cattelan, the artist, and art history (what an innocent glimpse!), and also because of its title, *untitled*.

I believe that all your work is *untitled*, without any pedagogical aim, but with an extraordinary message.

Yours,
Eugen Rădescu



La Rivoluzione Siamo Noi, 2000
Polyester resin figure, felt suit, metal coat rack
Puppet: 124.9 x 32 x 23 cm
Wardrobe rack: 188.5 x 47 x 52 cm
Installation, Migros Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Zurich
Photo credit: Attilio Maranzano
Courtesy: Galerie Emmanuel Perrotin, Paris.

Eugen Rădescu is curator, theoretician and editor of PAVILION. He has produced personal art projects and intermedia performance. He was the appointed curator for the Bucharest Biennale 1 where he produced “identity factories” exhibition. He writes for different art magazines. He is living and working in Bucharest. www.eradescu.com

Nathalie Latham | #65

I knew very little about city #65 as little information existed about the place. During the Soviet Union era it was one of the secret cities where military activities took place. The cities were designated with numbers instead of names, and didn't appear on maps. #65 was particularly special because it was where the first Soviet atomic bomb was made. It was also the site of history's greatest nuclear accident, in 1957, decades before Chernobyl.

I travelled with three scientists from Columbia University who were studying, with Russian colleagues, the effects of radiation on the chromosomes of people who had worked at the Mayak plutonium plant, the city's main employer. I had been interested by the scientists' work as they are directly addressing the issue of what it really means for human beings to be exposed to, and living with, radiation. The scientists were keen to involve me as an artist/ photographer, in order to disseminate ideas about their work outside the scientific realm. This visit meant I was the first photographer from the West to be entering this closed city.

When the Soviet Union collapsed, the city lost its numerical designation and was given the name Ozyorsk — "city of lakes." I was told the city was still closed today because its 80,000 inhabitants had voted to keep it closed. They could leave, but no one could come in.

What did it mean to live in a closed city all one's life? Why on earth would people vote to keep it closed?

I was told not worry about radiation but to prepare for cold, around minus 20 C. The scientists gave me snapshots from their last visit, showing a dull, anonymous Soviet town. I found some articles on the environmental consequences of radiation in the area, and tried to decipher Dr David J. Brenner's papers on chromosomal damage. Ozyorsk was important for his research because it is a place where several generations exposed to low-dosage radiation still lived together.

When we arrived in Ozyorsk, we were given a schedule of our movements hour by hour for the six days of our visit. This schedule had been approved by the Russian Government and we were not to deviate from it.

For two days I photographed the scientists at work, carrying out their procedures to make sure that the blood samples met the standards their research required. (Their study measures the impact of radiation on individual chromosomes.) The hospital laboratory had that old Soviet look, where the décor was frozen in the 1960s but people's presence and labour kept the space alive. I asked the Russians what it was like to live here. I wanted to understand why one would want to keep a city like this closed. The answers were strangely familiar: It was a good place to raise children. It was safe to walk around. There were no hooligans. There was no mafia. There were good schools, good apartments. Everyone knew

one another.

Most of all, there were jobs. Unemployment in Russia is high, and the closed city grants work to all its residents. Elena, who prepared the blood samples, was eager to marry her boyfriend so he could get a permit to come live with her. Nadia, a doctor who grew up in Kazakstan, met her Ozyorsk-born husband while studying medicine and followed him back. Igor, our driver, came back after his military service in Moscow.

On my third day I experienced photo-fatigue. I felt like a mouse caught in a cage. I had photographed every angle and object in these claustrophobic rooms. And I could not leave the premises due to the all controlling schedule.

Fortunately, I was able to meet and photograph some of the hospital's patients. They were Mayak plutonium workers and retired workers. Some were on their annual check up, which lasted four days. Others were being treated for advanced cancer.

Each meeting was moving. Each person told me about their life. They spoke of what good workers they had been. One man cried when he spoke about how his life was now coming to an end. A woman spoke softly of her children and grandchildren and how her husband and all her friends had died. She told me how she loved to pick mushrooms; she felt it was being amongst the trees and nature that had saved her. Another told me how her sister starved in the Leningrad blockade, and how she had moved to Ozyorsk with her niece and nephew to raise them single-handedly, while working at the Mayak plutonium plant.

Each life story was full of fragility, beauty and sadness. And after meeting each person, what struck me the most was their desire to live a normal life, to be able to raise their children or grandchildren in a good enough environment, in a place where they could grow their flowers and vegetables.

During the Cold War, these workers were heroes. City No 65 had symbolically protected Mother Russia from the Americans. Now history had shifted and its legends expired. There was no longer any cause, just life. And in some cases, illness and death.

When I was growing up in Brisbane, Australia, my father, a doctor, campaigned for nuclear disarmament. He would tell us about nuclear fallout and what a bomb would do to our city. His stories turned me off my dinner and gave me nightmares. They made me question why human beings would create such awful technology.

I didn't find the answers in Ozyorsk; just dignified men and women whom history had already forgotten, and like me, were searching for peace in their own way.

Text by Nathalie Latham.



They said it was going to be impossible for me to get in.
"No photographer from the West has ever gone in before."

I suggested I go in with them, pretending to be their scientific assistant. At first, they thought this was a good idea. But soon enough, the sense of risking the relationships of trust that had been created with the Russians over the years, pulled the idea to a halt.

If I was going to go in with them, everything would need to be transparent.

After seven months of requests, letters, authorisations, rubber stamps on letters (a magical visa) between the American + Russian governments and then two days of travel, I finally arrived with the three Columbia University scientists. This is how I got into the closed city.

Frozen lake surrounding Ozyorsk.

There is an environment concern for how plutonium waste is treated in the area.

Courtesy: the artist.

Philip-Lorca di Corcia | Cho-reographed Scenes

by Marlena Doktorczyk-Donohue

In its modern and post-modern incarnations, photography has had to sort out its two functions. The modern function (the Cartier Bresson, Alvarez Bravo, Robert Frank camp) says the photo records life, reveals a priori formal, emotional or existential truths that are inherent in real time, the viewing of which pleases, moves or improves us.

The post-modern function recognizes that in our information age, photography is a fictive medium, able to create realities, the viewing of which poses complex questions about how we think, how we ascribe meaning, how we define the real and how we inculcate norms and collective signs (enter folks like John Baldessari, Jeff Wall, Cindy Sherman).

Yale grad, New York-based Philip-Lorca di Corcia came into his own as a photographer in the '70s, just as conceptual photography was finding its footing. As such, his works play in the space between representation (documenting) and re-presentation (commenting on the process of signification).

A first West Coast show of his 1989-1990 Hollywood Pictures, originally included in a Museum of Modern Art exhibition, now comes to L.A. The series consists of 20 handsomely haunting ekta-color prints, measuring about 30 inches, taken of common types (in the roughest sense of the term) along Santa Monica Blvd. By the late '80s diCorcia had made his name shooting meticulously cho-reographed scenes from daily life. The inherent oxymoronic status of staged scenes from daily life is an intended contradiction and the ironic strategy on which much of this work has been built.

Early subjects were family members and friends. In a claustrophobic shot of his brother scoping out his haggard fridge for a snack, it is easy to imagine ennui, poverty and isolation. As the image becomes a Rorschach for the viewer's (as well as the artist's) personal system of signs and symbols. In fact, diCorcia had his brother play and replay the scenario again and again, taking test shots and altering the minutest

details of lighting and posture until he had manufactured the most convincing "moment in real time." So Baroque and cinematic is the stage craft here that diCorcia rigged a flash bulb in the fridge so it would go off just at the instant the door opened.

It was just a matter of time before diCorcia found Hollywood, where created fantasies and merchandised veneers are collectively reified as real life. In the late '80s and early '90s, at the height of the NEA vs. Mapplethorpe controversy, diCorcia (who was enjoying success making slick Conde Nast travel shots) applied for and received an NEA grant to do fine art work. In the prototypically transgressive stance of conceptual art, diCorcia used the federal funds to solicit and remunerate male hookers, addicts and drifters asked to pose in elaborately staged shots.

DiCorcia approached the young men, asked them what they would sell their time for, paid them from grant monies, and then took them to locations where he had worked out in strict detail the scenes that are now on view.

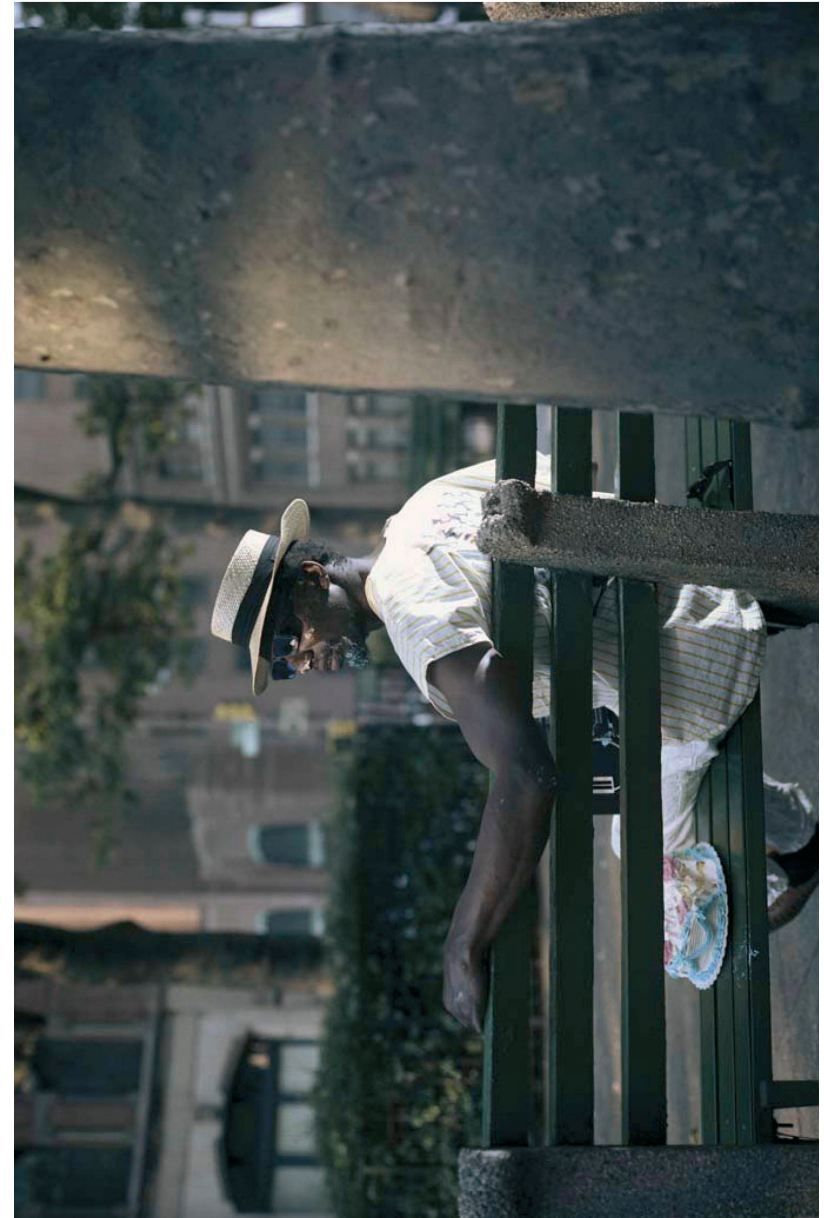
Besides the delicious black humor-advancing the work using funds awarded by the very government agency linked to Mapplethorpe's censoring--issues like the marketing of reality, the commodification of identity, art, and indeed morality are all handsomely addressed in the project's conception even before one frame was shot.

As to the pictures themselves, the scenes seem very ordinary. Many boys look less like prostitutes than homesick college kids (eg., William Charles Everlove) who got on the wrong Greyhound. Are we witnessing the persona that the gay men sell diCorcia to get their 40 bucks, or a social statement about innocence lost? Or are we simply given a fantasy completely of the artist's own making? In true conceptual fashion, Hollywood Pictures raise more queries than they answer.

DiCorcia does give you a hint, though, as to where he is headed. First, he adds to images the name tags of rap sheets followed by the price he paid, intimating artifice. Then he borrows the tricks of fabricated Hollywood stills--harsh direct lighting, figures reflected on or through surfaces, sultry poses, a distancing between subject and object--to indirectly invite us into a disquieting world most of us would rather not think about. In a way he accomplishes the same thing that another NEA "bad boy," Andres Serrano does--i.e., the images have a certain "in your face, deal with it" erotic edge. But by his very method, di Corcia makes it harder to dismiss this look at Santa Monica Blvd. as mere petulant porn.

Marlena Doktorczyk-Donohue is a Professor of Art History and Cultural Theory at Otis College of Art and Design. She also has lectured on art and culture at UCLA, California State University, and Pepperdine University. She is the Assistant Editor in Chief of ArtScene Magazine, has written art criticism for such publications as the Los Angeles Times, The Monitor, Sculpture Magazine, Art in America, NYMagazine, The London Art Newspaper and Artweek, to name a few. She resides with her two sons in Bel Air, a suburb of Los Angeles.

[172]



New York City, 1989.
Courtesy Monica De Cardenas.
[173]

Tracey Emin | Something's Wrong

by Melanie McGrath

I've never given Tracey Emin much real thought. Until a few weeks ago I passed her off as the artist who displayed her bed in the Tate and lurched about pissed on TV. I'm of a mind to blame celebrity for this, because of course Tracey Emin is a celebrity. A big one. The kind who only has to sneeze to make it into the red tops. I'm not immune to her fame. I've had my fair share of celebrity thoughts about her. They're not all that interesting. Here are some: 'She looks like Frida Kahlo', and 'I wonder what she'd be like in bed?' and 'She must be worth a bloody bomb' (I did warn you). But as for real live-and-kicking ideas, actual neural sparks, genuine considered opinions about Emin as an artist, well, they have been a bit thin on my intellectual ground.

So here's where I begin. These thoughts aren't entirely worked out yet. I'm still in a process of discovery. But then you probably are too. So what you're about to read is a sort of travelogue of ideas, a trip across my mind as it considers Tracey Emin. You'll add in your thoughts and feelings and if we're lucky we'll get somewhere by the end.

My first thought isn't very out of the ordinary. You might have had it too. In fact, if you're reading this, you probably have. It's this:

I don't know whether Tracey Emin is a great artist. I say this thought isn't very out of the ordinary, but you won't see it written down in many places. On account of her celebrity, Emin gets very little serious or considered attention from the art world. What you will see is a lot of knee-jerking.

Crude, primitive, uninteresting, ill-informed, objectionable. All these words have been used in print to support the opinion, held by many, that Tracey Emin is a worthless con-artist. These words: fresh, primitive (again), direct, genuine, have all been used in print to support the opinion, held by many, that Tracey Emin is a genuinely great artist. So I will not use any of those words myself and I will not tell

you whether I think Tracey Emin is a great artist. Because, as I've said, I don't know.

Margate's most famous daughter, Tracey Emin was born in London in 1963. She graduated with a first in fine art at Maidstone College of Art in 1986, and was awarded an MA in painting by the Royal College of Art in 1989. Her first solo exhibition, at White Cube, London, in 1994, was entitled 'My Major Retrospective', and she opened the Tracey Emin Museum in Waterloo the next year. Her solo exhibitions have included Stockholm, Brussels, Istanbul, Helsinki, Paris and Berlin, and she was nominated for the 1999 Turner Prize. Her most recent solo exhibition, 'You Forgot To Kiss My soul', was at White Cube last year.

What I do know is this. Since I've started thinking about Tracey Emin's work, I've come to appreciate it more than I thought I would. A lot more. Certain of Emin's monoprints are etched in my head. Her blankets have popped up in my mind's eye while I've been sitting on the bus. But then, Emin's insistence is part of her power. She demands to be regarded. And this explains why the Tracey Emin Celebrity Phenomenon gripped me long before I allowed her art to do the same. Her power unnerved me. I didn't know what to do with it but to unhook it and hang it on a safer peg.

Honey Luard, Emin's exhibition organiser at White Cube, her London gallery, says, 'Tracey's art presents the world in a way you haven't seen it,' which is true but not quite the whole truth. At its best, Emin's art presents the world in ways you've always known about but never admitted, or you've never wanted to admit, or never perhaps until that moment articulated. If it's any good, art does this. It acts as the key to an unopened cupboard in some remote corner of your heart, a cupboard you once filled then locked some time so far distant the memory of it is like mist. Once the cupboard is open you can't close it again. The memories and objects and images it contains have already spilled out and are lying there in a confused and half-familiar tangle.

Not all Emin's work draws me like this. But when it does, my sense memory is summoned in ways that are emotionally challenging, even dangerous. Emin is dangerous. She shouts, she often bullies, she will not let you look away. At the same time, her work radiates vulnerability. At times it is even delicate. A sense of accompanied loneliness pervades

the monoprints and blankets; the remote, often truncated figures struggling to claim their place on the paper, the raging words sewn on to pretty fabric backgrounds. Paradoxically, its intimacy comforts me. Here's the thing about Emin's art. It is comfortingly dangerous. It is at one and the same time subversive and conservative. I like this contradiction. I don't fight against it. It gives her work its dynamism and context. It allows her to reach beyond the academy. It tells of life the way life is. Most of all, it keeps me interested.

Since giving Emin's work the time it deserves, I have been very taken with a series of monoprints from 1997 entitled Something's Wrong. Here there are forlorn figures surrounded by space, their outlines fragile on the page. Some are complete bodies, others only female torsos, legs splayed and with odd, spidery flows gushing from their vaginas. They are all accompanied by the legend 'There's Something Wrong'. The series sets off in me an overpowering anxiety, a sense that we cannot always think our ways out of our bodies, that our bodies are uncertain companions. These drawings, and their lost, vulnerable legend, conjure memories of times when my own body - and specifically those mysterious parts of my own body that are concerned with creating new, other bodies - has behaved in unexpected and unmanageable ways. They remind me of how intensely lonely it can be to live inside a body. And I don't think their power is wholly female. They bring back memories of stories I have heard about other bodies, reminding me of something a lover told me a long time ago. As a child, this man found a cyst on his penis. Troubled by the thing, he eventually squeezed it out and kept it for years in a matchbox. He would look at it from time to time and worry that it was his penis's brain. The worry became an obsession, and the idea that he had lobotomised his own member lived deep inside the boy and refused to leave him. The cyst was always there in its box to remind him of his foolishness and his very secret betrayal. There, you see? For the past ten years or so that story has been in the mental cupboard that was opened when I looked at Emin's monoprints. And now it is out.

The source of these drawings' power is the mysterious and slightly sinister connotation of the phrase 'There's something wrong'. What's the something? We don't know. It's just a sense, some rather murky aura emanating from the image. What's wrong? Anything and everything? Emin only hints. It is up to us to imagine. I want to think some more about Tracey Emin's artistry as a writer. Why does this aspect of her work get so little attention? Perhaps

it's because the literary and visual arts are so often held apart, two arms of a compass destined to travel in the same direction but never to meet. For the most part, writing appears in visual artworks as typography. When visual art appears in the midst of writing we assume it's just illustrative. Emin closes up the compass. She challenges us to think of writing as visual art and visual art as a kind of text.

There's no doubt Tracey Emin loves words. She is quite maternally protective of the alphabet. When I visited her in her studio for this piece, she was gathering all the 'spare' letters she had cut from fabric over the years and not yet used and sewing them on to a blanket so as not to waste them. Emin had allotted her letters an orderly space on the blanket. She had arranged the letters alphabetically and had cut out a 'G' and a 'Q', which had been missing, to accompany the rest. Looking at that blanket I felt I'd learned a great deal about the considered and conservative fashion in which Emin constructs art from the giant, and sometimes ugly, tangle of her life. Words, letters, writing are Tracey Emin's order.

It's not easy to write as open-endedly as Emin does without losing the sense of the language. It's not easy to scoop out such numinous sentences. Here too, Emin is comfortingly dangerous, insisting on the meaningful authority of both the words and their author, but also displaying a more subversive recognition of the importance of what is not said, of what can only be felt through the space between the letters. Her sentences are celebrations of words and their shapes, and because this is Tracey talking, anxiety creeps in and out of those shapes as clearly as if the words themselves were watching their backs:

'Did you see Tracey?

'Yea, she was Running Over black friars Bridge - it was

12 at night - she was wearing a Face Mask - And a small oxygen tank - on her back.

'Apparently [sic] she swims with it.

'Does she still Look beautiful?

'NO SHE LOOKED STUPID

'No she looked LIKE A FOOL'

So here's Tracey doing her thing, chasing over London's Blackfriars Bridge and looking ridiculous. And this brings me to something important about Emin and her work. It's important but it's difficult to say without being misconstrued. You see, Tracey Emin is narcissistic. And by that I don't mean that she loves herself. I mean that Tracey Emin loves an image which may or may not be herself but of which she can never be sure. I mean that Emin

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only half recognises her own projection. And this, of course, is why her work is so lonely, so furious and so demanding of attention. When you look at Tracey Emin's work you see the artist struggling to reach herself, compelled by her own self-consciousness to fail and condemned by the self-same thing to begin again. What you see up on the wall or in the bed or on the screen is Emin's own reflection, exiled.

As a result Emin has been criticised for being nothing more than a biographical documentarist, concerned only with the mundane minutiae of her narcissistic personality. 'It's so unmediated, I wonder if it's art,' says Julian Stallabrass, a critic of Emin's work. But that is both to misunderstand and to miss the point. While it's true that little of Emin's work is a commentary on the business of art itself, Emin is herself the mediator between her experience and its expression. The human world consists in individual lives lived and the connections between them. By exposing her own life to public view, Emin makes those connections. Anxiety, neediness, powerlessness, exhilaration, tenderness, the fear that one is condemned to live inside a reflection of oneself, attached only to the image. Who hasn't felt these things? Who hasn't looked in the mirror and thought, 'There's something wrong'?

A while back the press pounced on Emin for her monoprint *We Killed the Fucking Dinner Lady* (1995), which suggests that she conspired with a friend to polish off Mrs Edwards, the dinner lady at her school in Margate. In various interviews Emin had talked about having done the same. But a journalist discovered that Mrs Edwards had not in fact been killed. And that maybe there wasn't even a dinner lady at that school called Mrs Edwards. And so the journalist concluded that Emin was a fake. I can imagine Emin herself was faintly amused and disgusted by this. Just because her art appears to be literal, who says it's to be taken literally? Her work draws on shifting impressions, on memory and the exigencies of narrative. She edits, reinvents, imagines. She is above all a storyteller and her stories are embroidered, both literally and metaphorically. As Emin herself says, 'Of course everything I do is edited, considered and its final production very much calculated.'

It is partly this unapologetic insistence on her own status as an artist that gets Emin into trouble. I spoke to a number of critics for this article. When I asked them, 'Is Tracey Emin a serious artist?' many of them replied, 'Well, she thinks she is.' I was offended on Emin's behalf by such aggressive condescension. It was as if, by her own very un-English and unfeminine immodesty, Emin had

somehow given up on the right to be taken seriously. The critical establishment appears heavily divided along gender lines. Male critics tend to be more puzzled by Emin than their female counterparts, and more likely simply to write her off. Reading the clips by male commentators, I was struck by how effortlessly and habitually they patronised her. In Philip Hensher's review of Emin's show 'You Forgot to Kiss My Soul' in the *Mail* on Sunday last year, he wrote: 'All perfectly nice', 'rather sweet', 'ditsy charm' and 'adorable'. (He didn't like the show, incidentally.) Often the condescension comes over in small, almost indiscernible ways. Two male critics I spoke with insisted on mispronouncing Emin's name. She became 'Ermin' and 'Eemin' respectively. My sense was that these were unconscious gestures, but whether they were or not, they were indicative of some covert desire to discount the woman and, by implication, her work.

Emin tends not to rouse such negative passions elsewhere in Europe or in the United States. Plenty of critics outside the UK don't rate Emin's work, but neither do they seem compelled to launch personal attacks upon her. Thinking about this, I wonder if class hasn't got something to do with it. Tracey Emin's virulent working-classness confuses the British art world. She's often labelled inarticulate, even stupid. This is then used in evidence against her as an artist. When I spoke to Sir Roy Strong about Emin, he said, 'Whenever I've heard her interviewed she sounds illiterate and ill-informed.' There's often a kind of desperation to these accusations. During one of my discussions with a critic who'd best remain nameless, I mentioned the 19th-century working-class poet John Clare, who more or less taught himself to read. I'm a great admirer of Clare's work and I used his case to impress on the critic that a formal education doesn't of itself constitute artistry. The critic took a deep breath, sighed, and snorted that although s/he knew more or less nothing about Clare, s/he was absolutely sure Clare had read Shakespeare and the Bible (King James's version, natch) and listened to lots of classical music. I had a good laugh about that! Of course it's true that Emin does not express herself in the same way as someone middle-class or with a university education. And she is the first to admit that her knowledge of art history is limited. But, as she regularly proves by her appearances on radio and TV, she is perfectly articulate when she wants to be.

The fact is that Emin infuriates the British art critical world because she plays up to it while at the same time disregarding it. And while she doesn't flaunt her money, she doesn't exactly keep quiet about it

either. Emin is very well off. She relishes her commercial success with all the enthusiasm of the once-impooverished. And we in Britain don't like that. In the arts especially, it's still not quite done. Unsurprisingly, Tracey Emin is no respecter of these kinds of polite, bourgeois sensibilities. She is charmingly proud of her 'architect-designed studio', her AEG washing machine, and her home, a 450-year-old Huguenot house in Spitalfields, east London, which she shares with artist-boyfriend Mat Collishaw. (There's a weaver's cottage at the back where Emin's ex-boyfriend, the curator Carl Freedman, lives. I didn't ask her, but I'd be willing to bet Freedman doesn't pay much to live there. Emin is notoriously loyal and generous towards her friends. A few, including ex-lover Billy Childish, who sold private photographs of Emin, have not returned her loyalty. It is a measure of her emotional spaciousness that she continues to think well of people until they give her good reason to think otherwise.) She has done ads for Bombay Gin and Becks beer. She will tell you quite openly that the reason she hasn't finished her long-overdue book is that she can make more money from her blankets. Which is not to accuse Emin of being greedy or unconcerned with her artistic reputation. It is simply to say that she sees no necessary contradiction between being good and being rich.

That said, I think Emin's work isn't always good (though I do think it is always interesting). The piece that made her famous, *Everyone I Have Ever Slept With 1963-95* (1995), leaves me cold. I have thought about why I don't like it. It's the tent. For me, the tent is too crudely symbolic. The tent is womb, home, exile, intimacy, loneliness done out in nylon. Where's the mystery in the tent? I'm not altogether keen on a handful of Emin's video pieces, either. Some are ill-disciplined and a couple straightforwardly bullying. In *How It Feels* (1996), she rambles formlessly on about her abortion, a particular trauma in her life, as though entitled to bore and have the viewer attend. But, then again, there are other video works I find astonishing. Emin's sketch *Why I Never Became a Dancer* (1995) is a Roman candle of a work, evanescent and charming, so redolent of lost childhood I found it agonising and wonderful to watch. And it hasn't left me even now.

When I went to see Emin in her studio, she was hard at work at a blanket based on an incident that happened just before her birth, when her heavily-pregnant mother had been spat at in the street in her home town of Margate and called a nigger-lover (Emin's father is Turkish). Beside this blanket lay another, waiting to be shipped off to New York

for Emin's September show at the Lehmann Maupin Gallery. It was this blanket that attracted me because it seemed to signal a shift away from Emin's habitual autobiographical terrain. She said herself that it was 'not like the things I usually do'. She had titled it *Don't Try to Sell Me Your Fucking Fear*, and it was intended to be her comment on September 11. On it she had sewn the words of a flyer for biohazard suits and gas masks which someone had handed her on the concourse of Liverpool Street Station just after the attacks. I asked her to explain exactly why, of all the images of September 11 that were and are available, she had settled on this one. She told me she'd pictured herself and Mat walking down the road in biohazard suits, then remembered their cat, Docket, and saw herself trying to fit Docket into the biohazard suit only to have him scratch his way out. She'd then grown fearful for Docket's health and imagined having to have him rendered unconscious so that he wouldn't escape. But what if the attack went on for a while? It would scarcely be fair, even if it were possible, to keep Docket unconscious all that time. So a special biohazard suit would have to be procured for Docket, which is when she thought 'Don't sell me your fucking fear'.

I mention this because I think it says a lot about the way Emin is likely to develop. Only eight years ago the artist was assembling a collection of memorabilia called, straightforwardly, *A Wall of Memorabilia* for her first solo exhibition at White Cube, 'My Major Retrospective' (1994). Though the title of the show was clearly a pun, *A Wall of Memorabilia* was itself not particularly visually arresting (Emin is not, by her own admission, the most visually gifted of artists), nor was it particularly artistically coherent. I think *Don't Try to Sell Me Your Fucking Fear* demonstrates that she has moved on some way since then. Her art remains located somewhere between the search for a self and its performance, but she seems to be willing and able to formulate her experience more broadly now, without having to produce its physical signifiers. Emin isn't likely to leave her life behind any time soon, but she is beginning to integrate other, wider elements into its expression. That is how a story about a leaflet and a cat becomes a comment on the atrocities of September 11, and a powerful one at that. Which, in turn, brings me back to my first thought: I don't know if Tracey Emin is a great artist - but I know she's taking a long, strange trip through my mind.

A handwritten text published in Tracey Emin: I Need Art Like I Need God (London: South London Gallery, 1997).

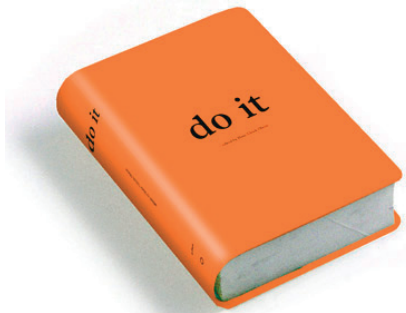


Everyone I Have Ever Slept With 1963-1995, 1995.
Appliquéd tent, mattress and light, 48 x 96 1/2 x 84 1/2 in.
Courtesy: the artist and Jay Jopling/White Cube (London).



Me and Paul, 1963-1993.
Framed memorabilia, seven parts, dimensions variable.
Courtesy: the artist and Jay Jopling/White Cube (London).

Publications



Do It | Edited by Hans Ulrich Obrist

english, 368 pages, hard plastic cover
published jointly Revolver Book, Frankfurt/Main and E-Flux.
www.revolver-books.de

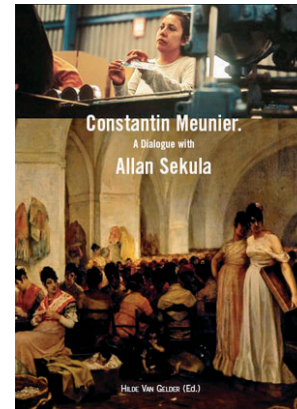
With Do It in hand, you will be able to make a work of (someone else's) art yourself. Since 1993 Do It has provided its public with how-to pages of instructions written by 168 of the most important artists and writers working today. Some of the projects are historic classics brought forward especially for the occasion, but most of the contributions being imagined here are new. Do it has grown in stages, springing up around the world in 45 museums and art centers in Europe, the Americas, Asia, and Australia. The time has come to summarize the results in a book that is part manual, part cookbook, part do-it-yourself kit. Here it is. It has only just begun!
With contributions by: Marina Abramovic, Jennifer Allora & Guillermo Calzadilla, Pawel Althamer, Carl Andre, John Armleder, David Askevold, Pablo Azul, John Baldessari, Matthew Barney, Joze Barsi, Dara Birnbaum, Michel Blazy, Mel Bochner, John Bock, Christian Boltanski, Inaki Bonillas, Louise Bourgeois, and many many more.



Black Box Illuminated |
Sara Arrhenius, Magdalena Malm and Cristina Riccupero (eds.)

english, 15 X 21 cm, 160 pages (14 b/w illustrations)
co-published by NIFCA, IASPIS, and Propexus publishing house.

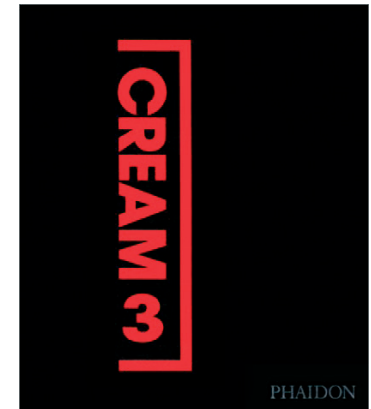
This anthology addresses this plurality by including texts by film theorists such as Raymond Bellour and Annika Wik, alongside contributions by internationally established art critics and curators such as Saul Anton, Stéphanie Moisdon Trembley, and Jean-Christophe Royoux. In addition, Black Box Illuminated examines the ways in which the Nordic art scene has been a productive place during the past decade for artists working with moving images. The publication includes interviews with Eija-Liisa Ahtila, Eva Koch, and Liisa Roberts, three artists whose work has been formative for the understanding of narrative in relation to the viewer, space, and the moving image. Other artists discussed in the anthology include Doug Aitken, Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, Douglas Gordon, Mark Lewis, Shirin Neshat, Philippe Parreno, Pipilotti Rist, and Sam Taylor-Wood.



Constantin Meunier. A Dialogue with Allan Sekula | Edited By Hilde Van Gelder

english, 136 pages, illustrated, 6" x 9"
published in Lieven Gevaer Center Series by Leuven University Press.
www.lievengevaertcentre.be

This book is the outcome of a collaborative research project between the LGC, the Leuven Museumsite and STUK Arts Center. On the occasion of the centennial anniversary of Constantin Meunier's death, the contributions by Sura Levine and Marjan Sterckx examine the importance of Meunier for Leuven, where he taught at the Arts Academy from 1887 until 1987 and lived from 1887 until 1894. As a complement, four authors from various disciplinary backgrounds address the actuality of Meunier's social realist thought today. Virginie Devillez investigates the possibilities of a social realist art after the debacle of socialist realism, focusing on the Belgian 20th century artistic content and the work of contemporary Belgian artists and filmmakers such as the freres Dardenne. Hilde Van Gelder specifically zooms in on the possibilities of making a social or critical realist art, comparing closely the work of Meunier and Sekula. Human rights specialist Eva Brems discusses the impact of contemporary globalization on the current viability of social rights. Labor law expert Marc De Vos screens the jurisdictional actuality of social realist thought today, especially in respect to issues such as pensions and the greying of society.



CREAM3 | 100 artists, 10 curators, 10 source artists

english, 290 x 250 mm 11 3/8 x 9 7/8 inches
448 pp c.700 colour 40 bw illustration
published by Phaidon
www.phaidon.com

CREAM3 is the latest in the acclaimed Cream series devoted to contemporary art, the third exhibition in a book to introduce 100 new and emerging artists selected by a team of renowned curators. Now a landmark biennial event, ten international curators have each selected ten artists who best exemplify the contemporary art world today and the rising stars of the future. CREAM3 offers an up-to-the-minute overview of new art in all media from painting and sculpture to installation, photography, performance, video and digital media.
10 Curators: Carolyn Christov Bakargiev, Charles Esche, Rubn Gallo, Yuko Hasegawa, Udo Kittelmann, Adriano Pedrosa, Beatrix Ruf, Nancy Spector, Hamza Walker, Igor Zabel.
100 Artists: Sonia Abian, Haluk Akake, Ricci Albenda, Darren Almond, Pavel Althamer, Kai Althof, Emmanuelle Antille, Juan Araujo, Atelier van Lieshout, Yael Bartana, Minerva Cuevas, and many more.
10 Source Artists: Lygia Clark, Peter Doig, Felix Gonzalez-Torres, Susan Hiller, On Kawara, Fabio Mauri, OHO Group, Jack Pierson, David Reed, Luc Tuymans.

100 FINNISH MINUTES

video art from Finland

Curated by:

Rázvan Ion

Participating artists:

Eija Liisa-Ahtila, Elina Brotherus,
Veli Granö, Jaari Haanperä,
Ismo-Pekka Heikinheimo, Gun
Holmström, Seppo Renvai, Salla
Tykka, Petra Lindholm.

Screenings

27 January 2006, Elvire Popesco
Hall, Bucharest

2 February 2006, Art Academy,
Cluj

4 February 2006, Art Academy,
Timisoara

10 February 2006, Art Academy,
Iasi

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Rainer Ganahl, Bicycling Kai Tak International Airport, Hong Kong, 2005. Details of a video still. From the video, 40 min. Courtesy of the artist.



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