

succeeds once again in transforming man's inability to exit his historical status, perennially suspended in the inter-world between old and new, past and future, into the very space in which he can take the original measure of his dwelling in the present and recover each time the meaning of his action. According to the principle by which it is only in the burning house that the fundamental architectural problem becomes visible for the first time, art, at the furthest point of its destiny, makes visible its original project.

THE NOTEBOOK WITHOUT CONTENT

A Carte Blanche from BUDA Kunstencentrum
to Maria Jerez

SPECIAL GUESTS: Laurence Rassel, Juan Domínguez,
Mårten Spångberg , Alejandra Pombo,
Uriel Fogué and James Benning

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**Uriel Fogué's contribution has been translated by Denis Smyth
Juan Dominguez's contribution has been translated by Mara Goldwyn**

01// Collection Unspeakable Notebooks

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"The first back page of this notebook is the last page of Giorgio Agamben's first book: *The Man Without Content*, written in 1970. This book has a particularity: each time you read it, it seems different, it means different things, it has different words. When I was a child, I believed that each time you would close a book, words would change; and I used to convince myself that that was the reason why each time you read a book it is a different book. In my work I have always been busy with the relation with the spectator and I have been, for a long while, positioning myself from the point of view of the viewer, a viewer that is actually me: how do we look? how do we perceive? what is the minimum the body has to relate to the discourse in order to create new spaces? how can we see a multiple reality in one single object? what do we hear when we just watch? How can I be multiple things at the same time? Since my last piece, *BLOB*, this relation has changed. The relation I am finding now is a relationship of trust in order to let the piece establish a certain relation to the spectator, a relation that escapes from me and my intention. During the process of *BLOB* I have read the Agamben's book. A lot of things have happened since it was written, but nowadays we are facing very similar problems from a completely new perspective. What is the relation between the artist and the spectator? What is the role of the spectator in a piece of art? What is the relation between the piece of art and the artist? Where is the pleasure, the desire? What is the role of an artist in society? What degree of indifference we play with? What is a political movement? Are we loosing art by making it so auto referential? Are we ready to abandon metalinguistics? What is the purpose of this whole affair? All those questions conform the relations between artists, spectators, institutions, society. For this invitation, this *Carte Blanche*, I want to place the starting point of a new project on the February 27th, 2016 and to invite several guests to update the Agamben's book... Using this actualisation as hinge between *BLOB* and a new project that starts here, in BUDA, Kortrijk, now, with you... this encounter could possibly end with everybody watching a nightfall in a Californian forest."

Maria Jerez

**FRAMING
'THE MAN
WITHOUT
CONTENT'**

SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER BY CHAPTER
BY
URIEL FOGUÉ**

AND AS A CONTINUATION...

**SOME
QUESTIONS
AROUND EACH
CHAPTER**

**BY
ALEJANDRA ROMBO
AND
MARIA JEREZ**

Uriel Fogué

Content for a notebook without content

INTRODUCTION

In the last few months, a group of people brought together by artist María Jerez have been reading, talking, discussing and questioning the book *The Man without Content*, by philosopher Giorgio Agamben. Throughout this process, the proposals set out in the ten chapters of this work, published in 1970, have been ever present in her day-to-day activities, like the ghosts of a horror movie, whose presence could be felt at night, as she walked down the corridor at home.

The texts that are set out below form the synopsis of this movie. Ten summaries that correspond to the chapters of this sort of horror show, where the undead, melancholy angels, specters and voices crisscross in a plot of characters *without content* that are calling for help as they inhabit a nihilistic world that is already upon us....

CHAPTER 1

THE MOST UNCANNY THING

Nietzsche's dissertations on aesthetics distinguished between two approaches to beauty: beauty as whatever is 'disinterestedly' pleasing (following the approach initiated by Kant) and beauty as a 'promise of happiness' (in Stendhal's view). The 'interest' that works of art arouse is a problem that permeates the history of philosophy, from Sophocles to Hölderlin. Plato himself identified this element with the unsettling potential of the experience of art: in his *The Republic*, he mentioned that a poet's capacity for raptness and fascination is capable of bringing a city to ruin. Poetic language stirs an unacceptable 'divine terror' that led the Greek philosopher to 'banish' poets from the city.

Thanks to the 'aesthetic judgment', in modern art this 'interest'/'disinterest' may be measured in terms of experience. On the one hand, the experience of spectators, which is always 'disinterested'. Spectators are the protagonists of a transition that shifts from 'interest' to being merely 'interesting'. On the other hand, the experience of the artist, disconcerting and extreme, a 'life or death' game. Maybe artists, nowadays, would agree with Plato and accept their banishment from the city, choosing to remain on the side of danger.

One of the most pressing tasks we are faced with in our time is the destruction of aesthetics as a 'science of works of art'. This could lead to the loss of our horizon of apprehension, but could also help works of art reacquire their original 'stature'. We might encounter that terror that so worried Plato. In short, we could move away from art 'for spectators' and, as Nietzsche stated, recover art 'only for artists'.

Alejandra Pombo
Endearing strangeness?

Maria Jerez
Or... retain to keep on going?

What do you understand by beauty?
Is beauty something we can judge?
Is art necessarily beauty?
A curator inside an artist?
An artist inside a spectator?
An artist inside an artist?
A spectator inside an artist?

Wikipedia defines beauty as a characteristic
of a person, animal, place, object, or idea
that provides a perceptual experience of pleasure
or satisfaction. Can be art a satisfaction?
Can art fill our desire?

Can beauty in art be defined as
the sensorial pleasure of feeling, of thinking
differently?
A spectator inside a curator?
An artist inside a curator?

How about this definition by
the filmmaker César Velasco Broca:
"Beauty is the love affair between shapes
that come to you without looking for them"

A curator inside a spectator?

Don't you think art becomes consumption
rather than creation when we expect
a satisfaction of our desire rather than
a problematization of our desire?

How can we, as a society, abandon the idea of
“finding something interesting” in favor of
“finding our interest on something”?

Would this be a crucial change?

Would this end up being an art for artists,
as Nietzsche was proposing?

How indifferent art must be
in order to trust the spectator?

If interest involves a search of something,
to have expectations, how can art be created
from the interest?

Why I don't just care of producing my work
instead of taking care of the context,
the formats of presentation,
the modes of production?

Romeo Castellucci says: think of the audience
as a destination rather than horizon.

Destination versus interest?

Horizon versus orientation?

Destination as a guide?

Horizon as finality?

How is it possible that there is
a consensus regarding art?
Who urgently needs that consensus?

The sculptor Juan Luis Moraza talks about the art work
as the damsel's glove that is dropped
to the ground for anyone to pick up.

One offers the artwork but you don't know
if it will be picked up by someone.

The art as a generous act?

As destination without interest?

How can interdependence find
a new form of freedom?

*How can we go from the position
of being (essence) to being (state)?*

*Can we as artists think about the spectator,
not as someone whose desire has to be satisfied, but
to think about the spectator as someone whose desire can be
mobilized by the art work?*

*Lately I often hear the word EXODUS.
To where can we generate new exodus?
Is this "where" a place, other people, new institutions,
other times, other species, new references?
Where are the others?
In which conspiracy are you involved at the moment?
What about a strike?*

*Can the spectator be an artist?
Should the spectator be an artist?
Have you ever felt as an artist when you were a spectator?*



CHAPTER 2

FRENHOFER AND HIS DOUBLE

Paulhan established a distinction between two types of writer, which are equivalent to two types of artist: 'Rhetoricians', who mistrust thought and dissolve all meaning into form to make the latter their only law, and 'Terrorists', whose main goal would be the opposite: a language that is pure meaning, where form is consumed and writers are placed before the absolute.

Nevertheless, both sides are closer than they seem, as proven by painter Frenhofer, who represents the 'ideal Terrorist'. In his quest for profound and true art, this character devised by Balzac cannot help but fall for the so-called 'paradox of terror': erasing any trace of a human sign in the work leads to nothing but a blurry jumble of signs. In other words, as much as 'Terrorists' try to cross the limbo of no-sense, they cannot avoid falling into pure form, pure rhetoric.

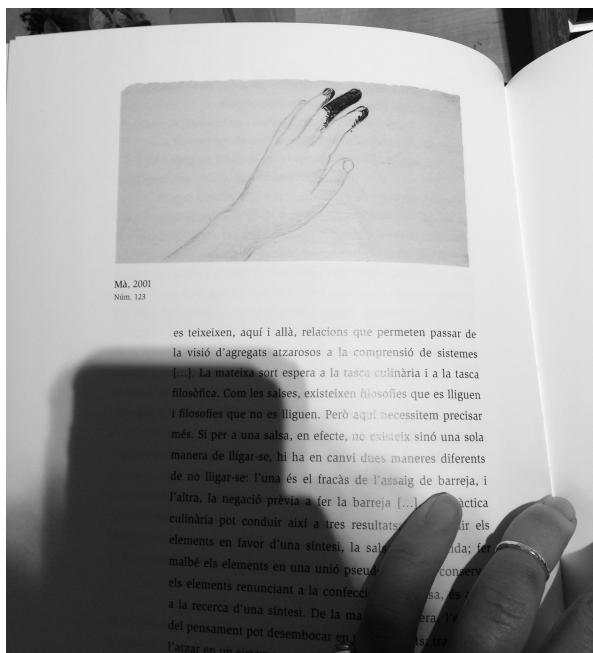
Whenever artists stare at works with the eyes of spectators, they feel as if they are doubling into the 'interest' of the creator and the 'disinterest' of the spectator. This 'disinterested' spectator makes them stumble upon the 'Terrorist' with the paradoxical and unexpected destination of this vicious circle: ultimately, escaping form can only be done through form itself.

**Why it is given value to experimentation for experimentation?
What value is in experiencing itself?
How not to fall in experimentation for experimentation?
We should be clear as artists why we experience what we
experience?**

**Who thinks art is a tool?
Who thinks art is a source of knowledge?**

**What is a work of art?
If the artist says with its doing, will it be that a work of art is
defined by its way of doing what it is? That is: Is the how the what?**

**Are you talking about things or are you embodying things?
Perhaps avoiding to impose an idea on the viewer by generating a
space for the viewer, is again another form of imposing?**



CHAPTER 3

THE MAN OF TASTE AND THE DIALECTICS OF THE SPLIT

The figure of the ‘man of taste’ appeared in the mid-17th century. It alternates with the figure of the ‘genius artist’ to alter the status of works of art. The ‘man of taste’ is endowed with a special capability to evaluate and recognise quality works of art. The ‘genius’ is eccentric and inspired, and can create original inventions.

Both the ‘man of taste’ and the ‘genius’ participate in a ‘purification’ process that will culminate in the split between the figures of spectator and creator, respectively. Nonetheless, this distinction has not always worked in this dual fashion. Artists have not always worked by themselves. In other times, they allowed others to participate in the creative development process and did not consider this an intrusion into their turf. Little by little, artists started a ‘migration’ process towards a supposedly ‘liberated’, ‘decontaminated’ area. It is true, however, that these ‘purified’ characters, the inhabitants of this ‘no man’s land of aesthetics’ could seldom avoid the irresistible lure of what they revile. When this diabolical temptation occurs, good taste is twisted into its opposite, thus ushering in ‘the rebellion of bad taste’.

During the perception of the work, the ‘man of taste’ reaches into his most intimate truth: despite being the best at perceiving the work of art, he is incapable of producing it. With this radical split, he becomes aware of himself, while experiencing a detachment as he discovers that his essence lies within something that neither is nor cannot be. This is a tragic condition that dissolves dichotomies: the subject/predicate, good/bad pairs are identified and inverted. This game of self-dissolution will result in a nihilistic cultural state, a form of perversion where the pair formed by the ‘man of taste’ and the ‘genius’ will revisit the master/slave dialectics.

The other day, Alejandra Pombo told me:
Deleuze doesn't need us to read his books
On the other hand, Laurence Rassel writes about
the urgent need to visualize other people.

Carla Lonzi says: "Any self-criticism which
is based in the old culture will reproduce the
old conceitedness and irresponsibility.

Men must break with this tradition
and disrupt their historical
role as protagonists."

Agnes Quackels admits that, when she was working
at Margarita Productions, some performances
were buried because nobody
knew what they were...

All these affirmations run away from the dictates of the good
taste on art that Agamben mentions in his book...

My question is:

Can we restructure art focusing
on that that is never seen?

On that that nobody knows what it is?
On reading those who have never been read?

What is performativity in art?

Or asking the same question another way:

What is it what moves us in art?

What actually makes us do?

Can we talk about a work of art without talking
about what it says, but about what it makes?

Can you stay on the surface?

Can you see the mystery in the visible?

In the form?

In the appearance?

When are we going to stop looking for something
beyond the appearances?

Is the distinction between form and content a fantasy?

Is art form?

Is art content?

Is the content form?

Is the form content?

*Why G. Agamben doesn't quote
the text "Against Interpretation" written in 1964
by Susan Sontag, when she talks about
the distinction between form and content?*

*Are we able to confront us with
something we don't understand?*

Do we need training for that?

*Do you have the impression the performing arts
have another timing than other arts?*

*Do you realize that they don't go
through the same faces at the same time?*

That they are dislocated from each other in time?

Don't you find it enthralling?

How can you explain this?

How can we use it?

Are we afraid of what we don't understand?

How can an artist recover her place in society?

*How can interdependence find
a new form of freedom?*

*When are we going to think about art from the common, the
public?*

When are we going to infiltrate ourselves?

*When are we going to meet?
Till when are we going to stay?*



CHAPTER 4

THE CABINET OF WONDER

Throughout history, cabinets of wonder formed mysterious microcosms where a myriad of heterogeneous objects were cluttered, seemingly in chaos. These promiscuous but selfsufficient worlds were populated by works of art coexisting with a miscellanea of curiosities. They acquired an enigmatic meaning as they established certain continuities with the boundaries of the universe from this eclectic tapestry and with no apparent hierarchies.

Nevertheless, the *Museum Theatrum* is set up as a specialised framework for aesthetic judgment, where works are received and isolated so they can embark upon a second life. This architectural device activates a timeless place, where the specific space of the works is dissolved so that their contents can be evaluated and substantiated. This architectural device, which has by now been naturalised in society, designs a specific approach to the work, based on a biased representation that dampens the tear of facing the work directly.

Thus, works cease to be the common ground for artists and non-artists. This 'living unit' is shattered and split into two experiences, resulting from two different metaphysical realities: the spectator's (*MuseumTheatrum*) and the creator's (*TheatrumChemicum*).

*When are we going to reopen
the cabinets of wonder?*

*Is art an intimate experience?
What is intimacy?*

Don't you miss promiscuity?

*How can you achieve an intimacy that can be accessed by all?
What gives us an intimate experience?*

*Do you also look for overlapping spaces, positions,
times, objects, references in order to dislocate
identification and to generate new orders?
At which moment do we start paying attention
to normative classifications?
When do we stop perceiving the singularity of the
specific and end up in reductionist generalizations?*

*Do we need confidence to generate an intimate experience?
Is to gain confidence to achieve also intimacy?
Is intimacy what touches our inside in a singular way?*

*What was Juan Luis Moraza saying about the Museum...?
That the Museum is a...? A jungle!
But the jungle is full of parasites, of many different species, the
jungle is a promiscuous place and the museum is clean, quite
aseptic... does it let the poisonous mosquito in?*

*Do we need trust, confidence to face
the beasts, those amorphous things we don't know?*

*If art is a common place between you and me, what
kind of space are we creating between us?*

CHAPTER 5

LES JUGEMENTS SUR LA POÉSIE ONT PLUS DE VALEUR QUE LA POÉSIE

The aesthetic judgment does not penetrate the enigmatic experience of a work of art. Instead, it distances itself from it, in the form of pensive contemplation.

The critique of aesthetic judgment strives for legitimisation in science to settle what art is. This settling shall be done through a negation mechanism: by marking out what is not art, it is possible to figure out what is. As if being could be found through non-being, or a living body could be understood from a corpse, for aesthetic judgment art needs to be surmised from non-art, from its shadow.

Thus, modern critics became grand inquisitors. They devoted more time to non-art than to art, which is no more than 'art forgotten'. However, contemporary productions (such as *ready made* art) challenge the procedure that is rooted in negativity by reinserting non-art within the field of art. This inversion leads to the eclipse of critical judgment.

Is art a form of knowledge?

What differentiates the art of science?

How is the artist subject and the scientist subject?

With whom would I like to share this text?

What would Uriel Fogué do with text like this,

and Juan Domínguez and Laurence Rassel

and Marten Spangberg and...

and Jacques Rancière and Mette Edvartsen

and Fernando Quesada and Agnes Quackels and Bram Coeman

and Los Compañeros and Cuqui Jerez and Arantxa Martínez and

Quim Pujol and Giorgio Agamben

and Alejandra Pombo and Antonia Baher

and James Benning and a whale and a dolphin...?

What implies to take risk in art?

Where is the risk in art?

Is the risk in art to give space and time to failure and error?

*Uriel says: If we fall in love not for the fact
of not being in love with somebody else,
meaning through denial, why do we judge
art from what is not art?*

I don't know where I read this: "Passion for the indifference"

I don't know who said it.

I wonder what it means. It moves me.

What do you think if we rescue all that that stayed trapped in an

aesthetic judgment that runs away from subjectivity?

Should we go towards "what is not"?

Are you ready?

CHAPTER 6

A SELF-ANNIHILATING NOTHING

By striving to exceed itself, art is inevitably bound to 'self-annihilate'. This self-annihilation and draining mechanism (between no-longer-being and not-yet-being) embodies the true nihilistic condition of any cultural process in the history of western civilisation. Only in this radical scission, in this limbo of nothingness, in this abyss of uncertainty, can art move 'beyond itself' to become eternal.

And what about the artist?

The artist identifies with the *tabula rasa*. He dissolves all content in a constant effort to transcend and thus become the 'man without content'.

*The artists are exposed to the judgment of the other,
but ... what about the viewers and curators?
Do they have consciousness of judgment?
Should we talk in after talks about how
the viewer has behaved as spectator?
And how such curator behaves as curator?*

*Is there art without passion?
Is there art without beliefs?
Is there passion without believing in anything?*

*Do you think there are still people who
believe that art can be improved?
Do you go deeper into processes of de-identification?
Do you want to get rid of the identification processes?*

*At the end of this chapter I wrote this:
If there are no beliefs
there is no magic
there is no significance
there is no pleasure
no massage for the soul
Who does not want to be her soul be massaged?*

*What do I do with what I have to keep on doing,
since what I have is the minimum to keep on doing?*

Choose one: Nihilism? Metalanguage? or Spirituality?

CHAPTER 7

PRIVATION IS LIKE A FACE

The Greek notion of technique (*poiesis*) started getting perverted in the mid 18th century. Modern technique will become specialised, and the production process will be segregated into (1) works of art that shall be identified with elements that present originality and are governed by the 'statute of aesthetics' and (2) products that comply with the 'statute of aesthetics'.

Both are two different ways of understanding the entry into presence, that is, the step from 'not being' into 'being'. In the case of a work of art, the step into presence is 'original', not only in the sense of 'authentic', but also in that of staying 'close to the source'. By remaining close to its formal principle, works of art reach a non-reproducible form of presence, a sort of unrepeatability (which Aristotle termed *energeia*). In the case of the product, form fits an external model, which guarantees its reproducibility, living in a perpetual state of potentiality (*dynamis*, according to Aristotle), and hence in a constant state of availability which distances it from the energetic condition of works of art.

The 'dogma of originality' that distinguishes between a work and a product results in the specialisation of the artist following a specific way of understanding the *poiesis*. The museum participates in this scheme of aesthetic perception as a mediation device that ensures works are left available, like merchandise inside a warehouse. At that point there is a 'purification' process that erases the 'energetic' aspect of the works to return them to a state of pure potential.

Contemporary art plays with the aforementioned dichotomic condition of the productive process. Both ready-made and pop-art strain the relationship between the originality of the product and the reproducibility of the authentic element, respectively. This impossible transition results in an estrangement (even in time) that leaves the productive process in an unsettling limbo. At this point,

the entry into presence remains blurred because what ultimately reaches presence is not the work, but the privation of potentiality. Furthermore, both practices attempt to suspend the dual scheme of the production process: neither artistic production nor technical production. The availability that characterises the 'open work' towards a 'toward-nothingness' potentiality is displaced.

This form of 'negative presence' might constitute a call for help that allows us to restore the lost poetic dimension.

What is presence?

Once, I asked an eight years old girl what was art for her,
and she replied: all what is not concrete
What do you think about this?

**What does it mean to be present,
to make presence of something?**

Don't you feel the urge to do something together, with others, for
many others, with many others and find an impetus
in that "doing together"?

Is presence something that is activated or produced?

How to build conditions to favor potentiality?
Where? With whom? With the audience?
With whom we don't choose? With the institutions?

What is the presence that interests art?

What about the body?

Art as the medium, the artifice which through we can
experiment the unprecedented, the unspeakable.
How can we make presence of the unprecedented,
the unspeakable?

Don't you find annoying that after giving its well-deserve
importance to the process, we had lost certain ability
to face our own work and to accept "the other" and therefore to
confront the spectator with this other?

**Is the encounter with a work of art,
an encounter with a presence?
Should be this presence a body?
Something that is a body must be a presence?**

Could we change the “recovery of an original condition of art” as Agamben seems to propose for the “recovery of a future condition of art”?



CHAPTER 8

POIESIS AND PRAXIS

On the subject of the pro-ductive condition of the ‘being-on-earth’ of man, the Greeks distinguished between *poiesis* (the pro-duction that reveals, brings into being and carries into presence beyond will, and which is not an end in itself, but a higher action) and *praxis* (the action of ‘doing’, as an animal and living being, that is taken to the extreme by will and desire, and whose goal is met in itself). None of these was mistaken for work (reserved for slaves) which, although indispensable, could not be counted among the activities of free men. The tradition of western culture (the Latin world, the Christian world, the Modern era, etc) has tended to blur this distinction, altering the relationship between *poiesis* and *praxis* and, consequently, turning man’s doings into a productive activity resulting from work. This is a complete upheaval of the traditional hierarchy of man’s activities. As a result, art disregarded its poetic condition as *aletheia* (unveiling) and acquired a practical form: it shifted from the sphere of *poiesis* to that of *praxis*.

Thus, western aesthetics have grown as the metaphysics of the will of the genius understood as a creative force. For instance, Novalis considers that practice is the highest unit of western thought that grants man a means to transform the world. Art, understood as an ‘organic’ creative activity, supported on the willful productive use of organs, would help man complete his emancipation from nature to live in ‘his world’. For Marx, man’s destiny lay in ‘being on Earth’ productively, because his being involves production, *praxis*. Unlike animals, which confuse their practical activities with vital activities, man turns his vital activity into a means for existence. Man thus finally becomes a being ‘capable of ‘genus’. Marx considers that practice turns man into his true being. Furthermore, man is a conscious being that turns his life into an object of his will and conscience. Finally, Nietzsche’s opinion is the thought of art (not aesthetics). Within the framework of the ascent of nihilism and the devaluation of all values, man can only find, within art, his

metaphysical destiny. Within the eternal return and the will to power, art detaches itself from the activity of man and from the sensitivity of the spectator: works of art will be a body without an artist (who is nothing more than a preliminary stage). The world is a work of art that gives birth to itself.

*What is the origin of a work of art?
What happens when this origin is the mind?
Is art reduced to an idea?
What happens when this origin is the body?
Is art reduced to sensations, feelings?*

*How someone can oppose theory to practice ????
How elements such as the material work, the how, the methodology, the language, the people, the body, the production, the piece... can be differentiated?*

*The film director Ken Jacobs says:
"to search for meanings in a film instead
of a sensory experience
is a sad replacement solution".
That means: before the body than the mind?*

*How can anyone speak of resources as a secondary
thing when those resources are the work?
Isn't the how, the what?*

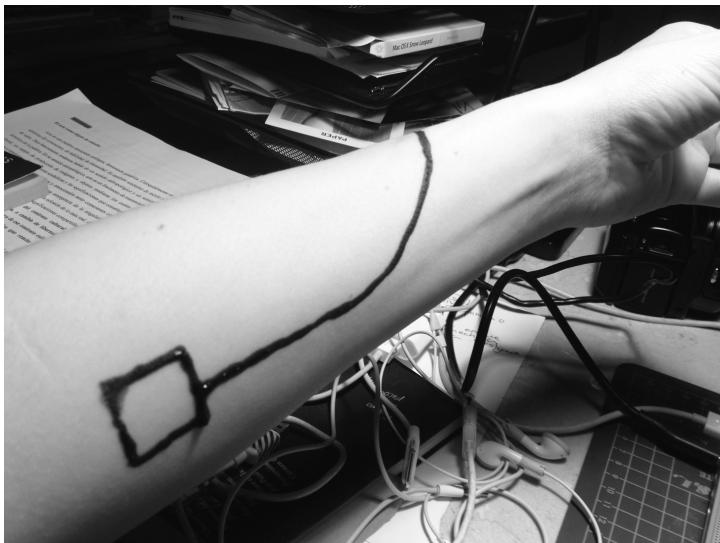
Does the mind also get sensations and the body ideas?

*Have you read "The Method of Dramatization"
by Gilles Deleuze?*

*Where is the separation between body and mind?
Is this differentiation placed at the origin of our feelings and thoughts?
When do they come from prejudices and when from the experience?*

*According to you then ...
would the artist rather be a doer of a space
where art, with the other, takes place?*

*Is the art that other?
That other space?
That other body?
That other time?*



CHAPTER 9

THE ORIGINAL STRUCTURE OF THE WORK OF ART

Hölderlin considered 'rhythm' to be the 'original character' of a work of art. The concept of 'rhythm' is tied to that of 'structure', as explained by Aristotle in his critique of the sophists in *Physics* (rhythm confers a 'structure' on nature that separates it from any form of inarticulate matter that is 'out of rhythm'). The use of the term 'structure' made recently by humanities and contemporary critique is certainly ambiguous. The approach of the former is rooted in structuralism or the psychology of form, analysing laws with different combinations of elements. In turn, the critique focuses on the identification of the irreducible elements that make up the whole. This ambiguity was denounced by Aristotle in his critique of Pythagorean interpretations that were introduced in *Metaphysics* (the structure cannot be equated to a single component or minimum numerical *quantum*, or identified with an original mathematising principle). For the Stageiran, rhythm is the 'cause of being' or 'ousia', measure, logos, game. Structure, rhythm, is the form held by anything in presence, a source. This principle, which is neither rational nor irrational, cannot be calculated. Since it is 'the beginning', it needs to be in a different non-material, indivisible dimension.

The usual analyses of the structure and rhythm tend to be deployed within a chronological time dimension. They equate time with a linear and infinite succession of measurable instants. However, works of art present other forms of experience where time cannot be measured. Works are a tear, a stop that is deducted from the incessant flight of instants and that hurls us into a 'more original' time. This particular form of presence is presented, on the one hand, as a form of suspension, a 'being-hurled-out', an 'epojé' a stop and, on the other hand, as a delivery, an offering. Rhythm offers man a way of being-in-the-world. Works of art offer man a presence in the world: they grant him a space. Not a valuable object, for aesthetic enjoyment, but an architecture. Thus stated

Aristotle in his *Metaphysics*.

In the same way as in other traditional mythical systems, celebratory rituals interrupted the flow of time, works of art suspend the *continuum* of linear time, in an ecstasy of epochal opening (both for artists and spectators). On the other hand, whenever works remain constrained by aesthetic perspective, they live for aesthetic enjoyment, they are subjected to analysis and self scrutiny, and they lose their place in the world and alter their poetic status.

*What is that space
between the rational and the irrational that,
as Agamben says, opens and maintains
the principle of presence?*

*How do you understand rhythm?
contrast? movement? counterpoint? alternation? succession?
From what depends the rhythm?
For me, while making my films the rhythm is determined
by the montage, the edition. I wonder if every language
has its own way of working with the rhythm.*

*And when you think of structure,
do you imagine something visible, invisible, small, agile,
immobile, permanent, essential, potential,
a third that arises from many ...?*

Is rhythm something that allows us to perceive beauty?

*What is the word that at the same time means
"I stop, I suspend" and
"I give, I present, I offer"?
Is art that: a suspended moment of devotion without purpose?*

*Is rhythm what beset us and allow us to fall in love
with what we don't even know?*

*When we talk about risk, do we mean the same thing?
What do you mean by risk?*

*Does the regularly of rhythm what gives some
sort of security that allows us to
take risks and get immerse in what we do not know?
Allow us to comprehend the incomprehensible?*

*Don't you think that this chapter should be read
by all those people who you say have lost confidence
in the art, so they can make from the art
something that is also their own?*



CHAPTER 10

THE MELANCHOLY ANGEL

There is a similarity between the action of quoting and of collecting, as understood by Benjamin: both are capable of removing a reference from its context, destroying the order of the tradition where it made sense. This aggressive and traumatic form of destroying the past, of generating an experience of alienation brings collectors close to revolutionaries.

In contrast to Benjamin's opinions, the technical reproducibility of the works of art is far from being the reason for a 'decline of the aura'. Instead, it reconstitutes a different form of aura: when authenticity becomes unreachable, the work becomes the vehicle that carries the intransmissibility. The specific task of modern artists involved the destruction of the transmissibility of culture. That was the point of view of Baudelaire, based on the experience of shock.

In a traditional social system, culture only exists in the act of cultural transmission, when a complete set of beliefs is transmitted. Since the matter to be transmitted cannot be differentiated from the transmission, loss of tradition involves an unprecedented relationship with the past. Upon a loss of transmissibility, the traditional system of references of cultural heritage becomes an incessant accumulation of culture, a 'monstrous archive' housed within a museum. This 'castle of culture' is littered with indecipherable content that leaves the relationship between past and future in suspense. Aesthetics replace the role previously held by tradition and allow the reconciliation of old and new. Thus, genius will be required to perform its creative activity. On the other hand, works of art will be assigned the responsibility of solving the conflict between past, present and future, placing them at the service of enjoyment of aesthetic conscience.

In Benjamin's opinion, Klee's *Angelus Novus* represents the 'angel

of history'. It explains how man has severed his bond with the past and is now incapable of finding his place in history, as it is engulfed by the 'storm of progress'. This image complements the 'angel of art' by Dürer. This other angel interrupted the line of history because it knows it can only find its truth in the past, while at the same time negating it. This causes nostalgia towards what it can only possess by making it unreal. The melancholy of this angel is the awareness of having adopted alienation as its own world, a phantasmagoric survival against accumulated culture. Kafka replaced the concept of linear history with that of 'state of history', where progress is nothing more than an illusion, and inaccessibility is displaced from the goal, from future to present. Art ultimately becomes the transmission of the act of transmission, regardless of the subject to be transmitted. Maybe then, by approaching history, it will finally be possible to reconcile the conflict between past and future.

*What produces you a shock is something that transforms you?
If we think of art as something that transforms
you, should art be like a shock?
A shock that gives you pleasure?*

*How about the idea of decontextualization?
How can we use it?*

*Could you call a "pleasant shock" beauty
(having in mind the definition of beauty by Velasco Broca)?
A pleasant shock as a loving encounter
with something you do not expect?*

*Why do you think I chose this book to think together?
Why bring this book to the present? How we can relate to it as a
"cita"¹?*



¹ In Spanish the word "cita" means "date" and at the same time also "quotation".

EPILOGUE

These ten chapters reflect upon the statute of works of art in our society, upon their capacity to open worlds and design neighbourliness, linking spaces as time is made to stand still and intensified, upon their capacity to activate interests, terrors and abysses, upon the ontological conditions of poiesis, praxis and work, upon the role of technology in the administration of power and presence, upon the possibility of mediating in a reconciliation with the past, the present and the future, upon the construction of the figure of the spectator, upon the migration process of genius, upon the role of artists in the governance frameworks...

The backdrop of these pages, seemingly on the subject on aesthetics, is a proposal for coexistence, a specific way of understanding the 'us', the rules of a social game, the cogs of a framework for cohabitation. In short, urban planning is presented: the prevailing urbanism of modern times, whose ontological apparatus has shaped a 'black box' on which a specific form of sharing what can be perceived and of accessing experiences has been distributed, where the construction of the figure of the spectator runs in parallel to that of modern citizens.

From 1970 up to today, the political and poetic ecology of this urban planning has been altered. The awareness that nihilism has been accomplished is, in the words of Agamben, a split. But it is also an exciting historical opportunity.

Now... Laurence Rassel, Marten Spangberg and Juan Dominguez, propose a reactualization of Giorgio Agamben's book.

AN
INCANDESCENT
LETTER
FROM

LAURENCE
RASSEL

The hell with Agamben,
Burn Baby Burn
By the way, the sky is beautiful tonight.

Dear Maria,

Who is looking at us at the moment? Who is talking to us? Why did you choose this bunch of guys lined up by Agamben to be a place of dialogue, conversation, with us, with me? Meanwhile, you, we, can be her, them, him, the hero, the heroine, the good, the bad and the ugly one. Meanwhile, he goes to hell with his male predecessors (I prefer to follow Nietzsche at the feet of a horse, Baudelaire in Brussels, Rimbaud in the jungle) but you, here us, why working, walking with him? Eat him, them, burn him, them. Let me use the injunctions that Rosi Braidotti wrote in relation with cyberspace, let imagine for a moment she speaks about the art world, practice, place, whatever: "Yes, the girls are getting mad; we want our cyber dreams, we want our own shared hallucinations. You may keep your blood and gore, what's at stake for us is how to grab cyber-space so as to exit the old, decayed, seduced, abducted and abandoned corpse of phallo-logocentric patriarchy; the death squads of the phallus, the geriatric, money-minded, silicon-inflated body of militant phalloglacy and its annexed and indexed feminine other". The riot girls know that they can do better than this."

What is he talking about, which art, which artist? An artist with no body, no flesh, no fluid, no sex, no blood? Where the hell did he ever see that? An art without materiality, economy?

Carla Lonzi a fellow Italian philosopher of Agamben wrote in 1970, in her text "*Let spit on Hegel*": "Man's real tragedy consists in the following: he is accustomed to finding the causes of his anxiety in the outside world, in the form of a hostile structure against which he must struggle, whereas now the notion that the problem of humanity is inside him, in the rigidity of a psychological structure which can no longer hold its destructive impulses, has

reached the threshold of consciousness. In this way a sense of irreversible crisis is established, the only solution to which is the traditional red flag. Any self-criticism which is based in the old culture will reproduce the old conceitedness and irresponsibility. Men must break with this tradition and disrupt their historical role as protagonists. This is the change we desire.”

The destruction, the burning is a celebration, a possibility, not an impossibility, not a way of keeping art in the hands of a few men in the know, the true ones, the ones ready for the last judgment, we, the others, not present in the text of Agamben, should take it from them. Braidotti again: “*My point is that the new is created by revisiting and burning up the old. Like the totemic meal recommended by Freud, you have to assimilate the dead before you can move onto a new order. The way out can be found by mimetic repetition and consumption of the old.*”

It is not our world, it is a world that was built and defined to expel us. But I am always back there, I need, read and use them too. But never alone for some decades. I have been in that world, I felt what Frenhofer felt when his spectators say: there is nothing to see. For whom do we work? With whose words do we write?

I went to the books which are around me meanwhile I am writing to you , I am opening the boxes as we moved to Brussels and we are filling up the new bookshelves. Boxes filled with such encounters: Henry Miller next to Kate Millet, Jacques Derrida is next to Virginie Despentes, etc. By impulses, desires, memories, I am sending fragments, people from those boxes as I am answering your invitation to read *The man without content*.

I call here for another woman writing in the 70's, Lucy Lippard in *Changing since Changing, 1976*: “*I can also see that I was drawing back from certain taboos, among them sentiment, emotionalism, permissive lyricism, and literary generalization- all of which I am now frequently guilty of. I disapproved of Oscar Wilde's description of criticism as "the highest form of autobiography" and preferred it to be not "self-expression but autodidacticism". The major point of disagreement with my then self was my interpretation. "Is there any reason", I demanded*

"why the rarefied atmosphere of aesthetic pleasure should be obscure by everyday emotional and associative obsessions, by definite pasts, presents, and futures, by 'human' experience? Overt human content and the need for overt human content in the visual arts in this century is rapidly diminishing... Thus the issue of introducing other experience into art is, in the context of rejective (Minimal) styles, and for better or worse, irrelevant." Reading this over, I shudder at its narrowness, taking consolation only in the fact that I ignored this rule in other essays, since I never could resist puns, associative and psychological readings, and sneaked them in when I could. (...) I was decidedly not accustomed to identifying with female underdogs – with oppressed people and unknown artists, yes, but women, that was too close for comfort. "I made it as a person, not as woman" I kept saying."

Re-reading this fragment long after I discover it, I am thinking yes, this what I mean. The rarefied atmosphere of aesthetic pleasure – looking at or acting on- is not obscured by everyday emotional and associative obsessions, by definite pasts, presents, and futures, by 'human' experience, on the contrary, emotions, experience, brought, bring light. Or enriched by those emotions and experience we can enter the shadow, the obscurity. We are able to look for our "keys" out of the spot light. Do you remember that known parable of a drunk man who is looking for the keys he has lost under the spot of light of the street lamp, not because he lost them there but because there is there light to help to look for them? I have the impression in the text to follow a straight, from one thing to another, chronologically, historically, a path drawn before our eyes. Switch on the light! Let's go outside! (George Michael).

The day after.
Dark sky and heavy head.

Ô mon corps fais de moi toujours un homme qui interroge.²

² Franz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*, 1952

Heart is not at celebrating the burning of the idols today. The text misses of women, others, of bodies, and materiality. You, reader, spectator can say that as occupying the position of woman here, I cannot deal with pure abstraction... Ah! Let's stop the cliché at once! My relations with this collection of quotes, this *His-story* is contradictory, paradoxical, tensed. It makes me think but: "The moral is simple: only partial perspective promises objective vision. All Western cultural narratives are allegories of the ideologies governing the relations of what we call mind and body, distance and responsibility. Feminist objectivity is about limited location and situated knowledge, not about transcendence and splitting of subject and object. It allows us to become answerable for what we learn how to see." (Donna Haraway, 1988)³ Where does Agamben speak from? From which position? I am a production of those allegories, of this ideology, otherwise I wouldn't be active in the art practice.

Think we must. (Virginia Woolf)⁴

I took a moment to count: Agamben wrote, thus specified: "Western", 25 times. OK, it is his location. "Male" is only written within fe-male statues. So no male specific location? "Woman" is used once for Madame de Sévigné when she comments about reading easy novels. And the other "woman" is in the failed painting of Frenhofer. Oh I hate to do that, maybe I scrap it later, but I wanted to contradict myself, the text is consciously Western based. Good for it. Do I stay there?

I say I

Who are you, who are we when we are here? Why did I accept this invitation? To be with you, to be with the boys, to be on stage, in the book? The hell with my ego.

³ in *Situated knowledges :The Science Question in Feminism and the Privilege of Partial Perspective*.

⁴ *Three Guineas*, 1938

Carla Lonzi again in the first sentences of *I say I* (Rivolta feminine, 1977):

Who said that ideology is also my adventure? Adventure and ideology are incompatible.

I am my own adventure.

One day of depression one year of depression one hundred years of depression.

I discard ideology and I no longer know anything; losing my way is my proof.

I no longer have a glamorous moment at my disposition.

I lose attractiveness.

You will not find an anchor-point in me.

Who said that culture is a sublime goal?

It is the sublime goal of self-destruction

In acquiring culture you have complied unreservedly with a request that excludes you.

*You have wanted to participate without existing on your own
Ultimately you are unrecognizable. (...)*

Oh didn't I learn anything, why should I, should we insist? Carla Lonzi left the academy, the art critique to enter the Feminist movement, the only thing that mattered. You wrote me Maria, what are the words, the questions he raised that are talking to you, working for you?

But maybe I shouldn't not talk for you, address you but I, with the words, with the book, by the way, double longer in French. Why did I need to go back to Woolf, Lonzi, Lippard, Fanon, Braidotti, in

order to write what you asked me? I am not part of his filiation. I can use it, but I cannot follow it, I am elsewhere, I am someone else. I am no philosopher. What I am here? I am a reader, a spectator, now I am writing to you.

Virginia Woolf is entering now. In *The three guineas*, if you remember, she answers to letters asking her to take position regarding the war, education, she answers those letters not taking position because she has first to crack the situation on how suddenly the general asked her how to stop the war, meanwhile she was never allowed as woman to be part of this society of men who are deciding to war? Mmmm times changed, why should those letters of Woolf bug me here? We can vote, study, have jobs. Why this book gives me the impression to go back to that time, when the examples given to us that we read, saw, were not us "the underdogs" as Lippard put it? Why do I have this almost physical reaction of nerves and anger, meanwhile I can identify in the text with the terms artist, critique, museum, spectator...? Meanwhile, I understand and thank him for the concepts he draws on how distance was created between art and us, and how in this distance something else is possible. My desire is to contaminate his lines with deviations, black holes, machines and other words. Why do I have the impression that the body of the persons implicated in the history told is missing, meanwhile Novalis is quoted with this beautiful sentence: "*The body is the instrument of the formation and modification of the world. Thus we must make of our body an organ capable of everything. Modifying our instrument means modifying the world*"¹⁵. So cheers to the body !

Now , I can't help myself to recall the end of the movie *Velvet Goldmine* by Todd Haynes (1998):

⁵ Giorgio Agamben, *The man without content*, p. 48

Curt Wild: A real artist creates beautiful things and... puts nothing of his own life into them. Okay?

Arthur Stuart: Is that what you did?

Curt Wild: No. No. We set out to change the world and ended up... just changing ourselves.

Arthur Stuart: What's wrong with that?

Curt Wild: Nothing... If you don't look at the world.

And he leaves, and Stuart finds a jewel in his beer, a memory left by Wild of a night when they had sex on a roof. Stuart revives this moment. View of the stars in the sky. Cut. End of the movie. Or not?

Another evening.

Cut and paste, copy and remix, let's continue.

I propose you Profanations.

Homi K. Bahba in *Remembering Fanon*⁶ is using the same quote of Walter Benjamin as Agamben is referring to, "the state of emergency in which we live is not the exception but the rule. We must attain to a concept of history that is keeping with this insight." Bahba adds , and the state of emergency is also a state of emergence. To hell, in flames, our contradictions ache, vibe, I want to be part of them, but I am not them, they know it, I know it, but the desire to be there is necessary and mutual. I had to meet the white man's eyes. An unfamiliar weight burdened me. In the white world the man of color encounters difficulties in the development of his bodily schema... I was battered down by tom-toms, cannibalism, intellectual deficiency, racial defects... I took myself far off from my presence... What else could it be for me but an amputation, an excision, a hemorrhage that spattered my whole body with black blood? (*Franz Fanon, Black Skin, White Masks, 1952*) How do I dare to bring Fanon here. I needed him, the tone

⁶ in *Remaking History*, Number 4, Ed. by Barbara Kruger and Phil Mariani, Dia Art Foundation, 1989

of his words, the melancholy and the anger. The trauma and the desire, identification and rejection. Why not the quite simple attempt to touch the other, to feel the other, to explain the other to myself?... At the conclusion of this study, I want the world to recognize with me the open door of every consciousness. Reading, using the terms, feeling identified, wanted to be recognized by them, and at the same time knowing that every part of it was built without, against you. But.

Moment of doubt. Here I am going to far out. Feminist, queer theorists, poets wrote on using the language of the other, on/in the split.

Let's go back in... The particular power of quotations arises, according to Benjamin, not from their ability to transmit that past and allow the reader to relive it but, on the contrary, from their capacity to "make a clean sweep, to expel from the context, to destroy." Alienating by force a fragment of the past from its historical context, the quotation at once makes it lose its character of authentic testimony and invests it with an alienating power that constitutes its unmistakable aggressive force. Benjamin, who for his entire life pursued the idea of writing a work made up exclusively of quotations, had understood that the authority invoked by the quotation is founded precisely on the destruction of the authority that is attributed to a certain text by its situation in the history of culture.⁷

The metaphor of the destruction is coming back, with me, with him. It is not about destroying something old to make something new. It is about using, quoting, weaving, creating nodes, cuts, ... Now I am more driven by a term coined by Agamben in another book *Profanations* (2005): "The thing that is returned to the common use of men is pure, profane, free of sacred names. But use does not appear here as something natural: rather, one arrives at it only by means of profanation. There seems to be a peculiar relationship

⁷ Giorgio Agamben, *The man without content*, p. 64

between "using" and "profaning" that we must clarify." "The impossibility of using has its emblematic place in the Museum. The museification of the world today is an accomplished fact. One by one, the spiritual potentialities that define the people's lives – art, religion, philosophy, the idea of nature, even politics- have docilely withdrawn into the Museum. "Museum here is not a given physical space or place, but the separate dimension to which what was once-but not longer- felt as true and decisive has moved.(...) But more generally everything today can become a Museum, because this term simply designates the exhibition of an impossibility of using, of dwelling, of experiencing." And further: "*(...) we must always wrest from the apparatuses- from all apparatuses- the possibility of use they have captured. The profanation of the unprofanable is the political task of the coming generation."*"

Profanation in place of museification, reading as writing, as using:
Il faudrait donc, d'un seul geste, mais dédoublé, lire et écrire.
(...)Broder en suivant le fil, en découdre, s'(en)mêler. 8 Let's tangle, interweave, knot.... See I have my old demons, companions, ghosts, too.

Let' stay in this mess for a moment.

Let's stay here for now.

Warmly,

Laurence

**TERRIFIC
MOMENTS
WITH
MARTEN
SPANGBERG**

Mårten Spångberg

After Giorgio Agamben

- The Most Uncanny Nothing

"-No, not one more time", screamed the child between bursts of laughter as the young father, with a reassuring smile threatened with another tickle attack. He bends the fingers of both his hands, holding them in front of his face like claws and the child laughs again. The mother, on a chair next to her son and husband looks away. The gaze resigned, the face expressing a slight disgust for both of them. For her the child's cry means nothing. Her resignation has its ground in the hopeless knowledge that there will always be one more time. Always one more and if there isn't, there will be something else and that is obviously the same. Her eyes catch a movement, her iris reacts to the change of light and her eye return to their previous emptiness as two insects continue what she suspects is some primitive form of mating ritual. "-Oh, not one more time", she finds herself reflecting.

"-Take it again, one more time", says the teenage girl slyly towards the end of the song. She is dressed in black, only black not even nuances. Just black. Dressed in monochrome, a black that doesn't speak, but surrounds her warm pale skin like a withdrawn voice. She is convinced like only a teenager can be. She is really just a girl and she doesn't practice being a woman in front for a mirror, but that's probably just because it doesn't go together with her style. Once on a bus a woman she wasn't familiar with had asked her why she dressed in black. The woman was too sweet to ignore, too friendly to be dismissed. After all, there weren't many grown up women that addressed her. After a somewhat awkward silence, she wanted to be experienced and at the same time tough and sincere, she heard herself say, "-I don't know". She felt a little bit a

shame. Maybe that's why she doesn't practice being a woman. She really didn't know why and maybe it didn't matter? Or perhaps the most genuine reason to dress in black and monochrome was to have no reason. She thought about it. She didn't wear black because she liked music associated with the lack of light. When she was twelve or so an older boy borrowed her "The Tibetan Book of The Dead" but she didn't get it. Then he borrowed her another book that she forgot the name of but it was full of phony rituals involving cemeteries, a dog's hair and bat blood. She didn't like bats and where would she find dog hair. Disgusting. She wasn't into these pagan things, it didn't seem right. Why should women give up rights that they had fought hard for and submit to a society where same sex marriage was unthinkable? Fucked up. She was a little lost but kind of happy. "-It feels nice", but then she thought of something bigger black, the uninterrupted obscurity out there that is larger than fallen angels, vampires or monsters with bulging syphilitic brains with a pink leech dangling at the root of it. That was her black, a cosmic night so dark, so vast it must be indifferent to everything also the unthinkable.

You spit on the ground and it's all right, but what can you do when you turn your eyes to dark sky. It's a strange mysticism, a Catherine wheel of the abyss, something held together yet void of any form of relations, of gravity and forces. It is an eternity absolutely unhuman and indifferent to the hopes, desires, tears, disappointments and struggles of human individuals and groups. She didn't think it, but felt it, a cosmic pessimism which limitlessness is the idea of absolute nothingness.

"I dress in black, in monochrome black", it cleared now, "for no reason. I have no idea why, but I must." Only the lack of reason, only an excessive indifference haunted by an unconditioned necessity that ultimately negates itself is sufficient as any other possibility would come out as a sickening yellow eruption of anthropomorphism.

But what if there wasn't one more time? What if there wasn't even a first time? Every moment, second, minute and hour is caught in an endless cycle of repetitions. Each second is identical, yet different than the previous and we know what is about to happen next, another of the same seconds that never stops its repetitive sequence of fulfilled moments. Moments are fulfilled, they are never anything else and proceed to the next pleased and content with its own prosperity. Moments however, are always flooded with doubt as its prosperity never overcomes probability.

"-No, not one more time", the child obviously doesn't mean it, but demand nothing else than exactly that. One more time again and again. Does not the child know, really know, that the termination of repetition opens a door towards something eternally more threatening than the attack by the father soft hands?

Does not the teenager that obsessively returns to the same moment, contradict a possible desire to end living and suffering. The teenager that really embraces pessimism and the tragedy of the earth is the one that calls for the annihilation of repetition.

Time is simultaneously that which protects us from the dark night of eternity and what renders eternity impossible. Time stretches like a tight skin between the world and infinity forcing us into the endurable pain of life. Yes, this is the damnation that humans and other creatures of the earth have to tolerate, that the suffering is endurable, which it obviously is just because it involves itself with time. Only a suffering that can expand in time is tolerable, yet so much more cruel, indeed, because the individual knows with highest probability that the agony will continue into the following second. It is not eternity that is cruel it is time.

"-One more time, but why", time has taken on a most dubious and moral task.

What is suddenly experienced - "-I look at my watch. It is Wednesday about two thirty at night" - what is suddenly experienced and what imprisons the individual in anguish, which at

the same time delivers him from it, is the identity of these perfect contraries, divine ecstasy and its opposite, extreme horror. Time is an extension, a repulsive emission or its rotting absence - which is reactive to time and therefore nothing more or less.

The curse of time and with it the horror of teleology – it is not as pessimists tend to argue consciousness that is the mother of human suffering, it is time. Time can not die and it is always in the light, rendering impossible an absorption into the outside.

The young girl's face several shades whiter, tiny pearls of sweat force their way through the make up clogged pores on her forehead. "-What a cliché", she thinks accompanied by a faint sense of nausea. Fear does not overwhelm us in time, fear in fact is exactly that absorption of time into an unconditional outside. The outside is never gentle but always an oscillation between divine bliss and absolute terror. That is the horror of time itself.

"-One more time" is our insurance against eternity because is that not what necessarily must be feared the most, the possibility that time dissolves and gradually becomes more and more volatile until it fades away like a tiny cloud of smoke. The end of time is not when time stops, it is when it coincides with its own non-being.

But isn't it exactly the annihilation of time that we humans seek more than anything, seek not the moment when but instead the instant when there is no moment. Time does not point beyond itself, but time does not die, as it has become a self-annihilating nothing that eternally survives itself. It is a limitless limit, lacking content, double in its principle. It wanders in the nothingness of the world, in a desert of its own moments and eons that continually point it beyond its own image and which it evokes and immediately abolishes in the impossible attempt to find its own certainty. Its twilight can last more than the totality of its day, because its death is precisely its inability to die, its inability to measure itself to any essential origin. Yet, time is not, time does not have being but is

and must necessarily be a construction.

Time is without content and therefore a pure force of negation that everywhere and at all times affirms only itself as absolute freedom. A freedom that mirrors itself in pure self-consciousness. Time is forced upon us by ourselves as absolutely foreign to ourselves and its doings are to trap us in a ticking suffering more diabolic than any of the creatures of hell will ever have to experience. Or if they do, there is redemption in that fact that it will only happen once. Eternity is the absolute absence of time, which equals the absorption of all time into every moment simultaneously and forever.

"-No, not one more time", as much as time protects us from eternity, it also excludes us from any form of prominent presence. Time annihilates the now and replaces the horizon of presence with the violence of perspective. Time doesn't see it looks, it holds on and knows nothing about letting go. Time is the origin of mimicry and as it is it cannot contain anything that is not quantifiable and hence time becomes the very generator of teleology. Time is the negations of experience.

"-No, not one more time", the cancellation of time, the refusal of repetition – that total indifference to time that will cost you your life and if not carries in its core limitless fear – that is the only place where experience can erupt. An experience that is not an experience of something (perspective) but unfolds as its own horizon, the experience of experience itself.

The experience of experience, is not the moment of death, but instead the instant of un-life. It is experience without life, and hence the experience of experience coincides with the experience of existence.

- A Self-Extinguishing Nothing

Ever since he bought the tickets he thought. Really, wasn't it just a coincidence or was it then that it all started. He tried all kinds of perspectives, but no matter how much he struggled, he couldn't rid himself from the pressing reality that it was from the moment that he bought the ticket that it began. Or perhaps even buying the ticket was a bad sign, was it perhaps already when he decided to make the journey that it started. He had thought about it for a longer time, considered different options, turned it all around, but however much his environment opposed it and tried to persuade him, there was nothing he could do to stop his conviction. He just had to do it, had to make this experience. Not in order to honor somebody or something. It would in ways have been much easier to motivate if there had been an old uncle up there that he needed to visit before he passed away. It would have been convenient now when he was the last of this family still alive, but there was no uncle not even a long lost family member or a tombstone. In fact, there were not a single grave left of his pedigree. All his relatives - except some ancient whatever who knows what - were cremated either buried in an anonymous place or spread in the wind in some place where it was legal and commonplace.

His sister was the last one and that hadn't really been a tragedy, but something he could live with. She died too young, way too young, but she had no children and Michael, her sort of partner was young enough to find some new company. After all her decease was nothing one could do something about and she died peacefully. Even so, it was peculiar that since he bought the ticket she, his sister – older sister, had been more and more present in his thoughts. Most of the time in pleasant ways, waiting for the buss he recalled times when they had done the waiting together. He never did those things before but recently she was almost like a constant companion. Strange he contemplated, lately her presence had become darker, pressing and the images of her that flooded his

mind were haunted by a sense of despair, a despair that the young woman in the images could not express, or voice. It felt a little bit too much like a classic ghost story, the idea that the sister wanted to tell him something, or even worse warn him, but even so the images got more and more frightening and it was not long ago that the apparitions was a of a mutilated person. Even more nauseating was that patches of her skin seemed to have been ripped from her body, or it could also be some kind of mold that was affecting her skin, a pale almost white, outstretched surface in which black holes appeared, or was it groundless shadows with dispersed white patches. He didn't know and he had no intention of investing the matter further, but was instead thinking for a while about something being half full or half empty. He concluded, not very surprising, noting that in either case the glass is half full because it is obviously half full of emptiness. A glass can not be half empty of nothing. It's just not an option.

Nothing, he thought, is empty enough because obviously nothing is already something and nothing's nothing on the other hand can not be given a representation. Perhaps he spent a little bit too much time contemplating nothing and nothing's nothing. Nothing is not the lack of something, it must be the other way around – something is the confiscation of nothing, but when nothing is already something, nothing is be the some kind of emission originating in nothing's nothing. He wasn't particularly into ecology, but it fascinated him to ponder the possibility that nothing, never mind something, arguably could be considered a sense of pollution. Something is a polluted nothing and nothing is a polluted nothing's nothing. He didn't like Heidegger so he didn't particularly consider a phenomenological take on the matter. Then, it suddenly struck him that he had never read anything by Heidegger in the first place, but he was convinced. "Experience", he whispered in his own head, "is a rather cheap excuse."

At some point he had read on the Internet, you know based on a true story. Or perhaps it was a novel. The protagonist in the story had been shot and later rejuvenated but unlike most people she remembered in detail her time in the country of the dead. It was

not exactly disturbing or fearsome, it has been more like here just a little bit otherwise and it looked like China. Not that she had been to China, but it looked like China nevertheless. Many years later she died a second time in a traffic accident, but also this time brought back to life. The country of the dead still looked like China and from then on she obsessed about it. Why would it look like China? Finally she meets an old Chinese man who tells her that it is not the country of the dead that looks like China but the other way around. There is a belief amongst a minority that the beginning was not life but death. The first living being or person was in fact an individual from the country of the dead that was sent over the barriers to live in the world. A punishment one could say. It is not the country of the dead that looks like China, it is China that is mimed on the country of the dead.

Life, he thought, is miming death. Life is something and death is nothing. Life is a copy of nothing, nothing as something. A somewhat disturbing idea but also reassuring because death is then still something and what is really to be dreaded is the death of death, nothing's nothing. The experience of the non-existent and this is where thought turns on itself because the experience of nothing's nothing must also be synonymous with the annihilation of the subject, experience and everything else. Nothing's nothing will and must be forever undisclosed, or rather the closing up to nothing's nothing equals everything's gradual extinction.

The day he bought the ticket was on the day a year after his sister died. Was that a coincidence? A few days later he cut himself in the finger, nothing to mention but the wound got infected in a way that he could not imagine. For each day it was as if the wound was growing. At first just a little cut on the inside on his ring finger. It was difficult to keep clean, admitted, but after just two days his finger was throbbing and what was initially nothing more than a scratch was now a cut edged with red, at the same time damp and dry, flaky surface. Another few days later he had a strange sensation that the wound released a strange, if not foul odor that had a curious impact on him. When smelling it his stomach turned

inside out and he experienced a reflex that almost made him throw up. Simultaneously he felt a strong desire to bring his finger into his mouth and suck it. He had to force himself not to and he didn't until one night waking up with his finger deep inside his mouth. He was repulsed by himself and knew that he had swallowed, not much, but he had, fluid that was produced in the more and more loathsome laceration. It got worse, another night he realized that he had been sleeping with the hand between his legs. The bandage had fallen off and he could sense that the fluid and the open wound had touched his genitals. Even the somewhat exposed top of his penis as it was semi erect when he woke up.

One day as he was reading something work related he realized that he had been sitting in his chair staring at the wound. He did not know for how long, just that he was mesmerized about the fact that it seemed alive, part of his body and at the same time it appeared to live its own life. He used his smart phone to take pictures of it. When he put fresh bandages on the wound he also applied some anti-inflammatory cream almost as if he wanted to nourish it, feed the alien capacity that he now hosted. Was he worshipping the laceration? He knew that he should see a doctor but couldn't make himself do it. He convinced himself that he was embarrassing, but in fact he didn't want it to go away. He didn't want it to go away. At night when he went to sleep the dull pulsating sensation that had now spread to his entire hand gave him a sensation of homeliness.

One morning he decided to lick the wound and found that, however it emitted a vague smell of decay didn't taste anything. Not even a little salty. There was an opening in his body, but however much it was there it tasted nothing. With his nose close to the wound he could smell it. He could clearly smell it and yet it was not the wound that smelled it was the opening. It was the absence that he could smell. A smell that tasted of nothing.

A few days later he was surprised that it was not there any more. It was gone and without a trace. Strange, he couldn't find the pictures he had taken of it neither. It was gone. He was instantly relieved and at the same time he felt as if robbed of something

precious. It was simply not there any more, leaving nothing behind. It was as if it had never been there. No scar, no chapped tissue, nothing. He couldn't even recall on what hand it had been. Was it left or right, was it the ring finger or, he thought with a sensation of desperation. Had it migrated from one finger to another.

In the meantime the images of his sister continued to infect his mind. Initially the images were connected to situations they had shared. He passed by a shop she had liked to visit and almost as in a film a scene was played for his inner eye. The only difference was that the images of his sister was not of the happy young girl that he remembered, but of a troubled individual that seemed to want to communicate something not being able to express it. In a restaurant he overheard a seemingly random sentence and it's attached to a wording he remembered his sister having used. He walked through the park where she had spent time as a teenager, smoking her first cigarette and immediately her face appeared in his mind, each time with an increased sense of despair. What was it that she wanted to tell him? He tried to call for her, begged her to speak, but the more he tried the anguish in her face grew stronger. She lifted her hands towards him but as she did her arms as if from an invisible force were ripped of and his sister looked down with a surprised gaze on what had been her arms. What was left was just some undefined extremities ending with a dark shadowy dampness.

On a Saturday morning he decided to make scrambled eggs. Not that he used to but why not enjoy breaking one's habits. He cracked a first egg into the pan, but realized that inside the egg a tiny fetus had developed. He tried best he could to remove it with a fork, but when he cracked a second egg the result was identical. This fetus gave the impression of being more developed and he felt a sickening antipathy and could not avoid putting himself in the position of being locked up in a shell slowly dying in the coldness of his refrigerator. He cracked another and another one and to his disbelief each egg was fertilized containing the beginning of a little chicken. One of them had even turned into a brown black color the

size of a fingernail. It was rotting inside the egg transforming it into a tomb. Its grave was the same dwelling as its life once had began. He was horrified about the idea that a heart had started to develop inside the egg and was now dead surrounded by a putrefying slimy.

In the mean time he prepared for his journey. He purchased maps even though he didn't need them. He consulted all kinds of source material and informed himself about opening hours of museums, guided tours and booked a room in a hotel that appeared sympathetic. It was expensive, but he was not in need of resources. He even spent evenings wearing a pair of newly acquired pair of boots to make sure he didn't develop chafe as he would wonder around in the landscape. He wanted to experience raw nature, see with his own eyes aurora Borealis, eat the local food and thought that even though it would be late autumn spend some time on one of the guide boats. The closer he came to the date of the departure he got more and more excited.

The day after the incident with the eggs, just as he stepped out on the street a bird lay dead on the pavement. It was apparently a nestling as its wings were not fully developed and its feathers were spread over its dead body like the beard of a teenager. He was startled because the summer has been already over and the autumn was announcing itself through the colors of the trees. A dead nestling as this time of the year?

Several similar awkward situations happened over the weeks before he finally boarded at Heathrow. Were they coincidences or could he possibly detect a pattern. At first it didn't even dawn on him, he wasn't the person who worried more than necessary, but at some point when he missed the bus yet another time and a rather filthy bag lady had touched him in a strangely aggressive manner of begging for a few coins. In fact, his entire day was made asymmetrical by the woman's attack. Nothing got done that day. It was not the smell of urine, alcohol and putrefaction that bothered

him, nor that she had touched him, although it was rather horrible to feel her cold damp fingers around his wrist. They were uncomfortably soft as if they had no bone structure. He could recall seeing the claw like hand stretching out toward him, catapulted like some animal out of the many layers of fabric that surrounded the black hole from which the hand emerged. Unexpectedly fast and however the grip was firm it was as if his arm was grabbed by an octopus or even by slime. The nails were yellow of tobacco or something even more disgusting, dried nails as if it wasn't enough that the woman's skin was wrinkled. What anyway haunted him were her eyes. They were all yellow and red like a street person's eyes should be and no she didn't look at him from empty eye sockets, or with some satanic red glow emanating out of her otherwise black eyes. Nothing of the kind. Her eyes were unusually large, beautifully set apart – she must at some point have been a beautiful person – but they were not centralized, it was instead as if the pupil had separated into several dark island in her otherwise white eyes. Contrary to any other case he felt that it was not the dark parts of the eye that saw but the white. It was creepy. It wasn't horrible or didn't look like she had been injured. It was just really creepy, especially since the eyes gave a light or even happy impression. He just couldn't get the experience out of his system. He washed his hands another time and it didn't help, the unease had infected his spine and he couldn't shake it off for anything. "-I need to get drunk", he told himself and knew he was lying. He never had been much of a drinker. Who needs to lose control more than we already are? Life is painstakingly unstable already as it is and to think further about it or doing something about it, such as getting shit faced in a pub, will just make it worse. Cut it off or live with it. Still, directly after work he went around the corner to the local pub. He ordered his beer, sat down and with the glass to his lips he looked out over a rather large and open room and there, there was a person turning an old head towards him and it was her, the woman that had grabbed his arm. It could not be, he hadn't recognized her and now she was dressed in a more suitable dress that didn't stick out too much in such a neighborhood and yet

it was she. It was no doubt about it and she had certainly recognized him. Yet she turned away, attending to the point that was standing in front of her.

It was around this time that he started to dream. Well, he was always dreaming, but not particularly intensively and he rarely remembered. Fragments perhaps, but nothing like some friends being able to unfold a smaller novel just from a night's sleep. This dream was something else, it was very clear and however he couldn't recall details the general set up was undeniable. Was it the double meeting with the woman whose pupils were decentralized that had initiated the dream, that soon after the first time become a recurring guest in his sleep? Meeting that lady was one of the most dread full incidents he had ever been subject to. Her eyes reminded him of something, something that he didn't want to see. What terrorized him was that the white in the eye wasn't separated from the black, or it was more as if they were interchangeable. The eye was no longer a white orb with a dark island, but an archipelago of black dots in a white ocean and at the same time the other way around. What was it that saw, he didn't know? And what was it that it saw, he didn't know, but he could not bear the shame and sense of infidelity that he experienced as the woman's claw grabbed him with its slimy coldness.

Not so long before she died his sister had asked him to take care of her e-mails. She couldn't anymore, she complained and cursed all those get better mails that she explained were sent to ease the individuals bad conscience. She knew she would never get better. Her disease wasn't visible on the outside, she died from the inside and it was certain. She definitely didn't need any enthusiastic letter that sounded like the person was begging. How low can one sink being convinced it is a good idea to empower a terminally ill woman that had barely turned thirty? He took care of the e-mails and dealt with it in a professionally detached way. From time to time he even answered in her name and enjoyed it. He thought

maybe it was a little disgusting and he didn't fall for the temptation to continue answering after she died. He wanted to. Some of the letter writers – who, he had checked lived far away – had even become friendly, asking how she – his sister that he now impersonated – could be so light however the disease had taken an irreversible root in her system.

It took a couple of months after they had buried her before the e-mails stopped arriving, but for some reason he didn't eliminate her account, an old school Hotmail address that didn't point to her name. Her digital identity that didn't disclose gender, class or age. "-I'm very concerned with racism", as she used to say.

The day before he was to take off for his expedition, however a new message arrived. It had been half a year and he had more or less forgotten about the account and there it was, a new message, and for some reason it disturbed him. It was sent from a person whose name he didn't recognize and the message was short, forwarded from who knows where, with the subject: new important message. The message as follows and nothing else except an electronic signature with the person's name. "New message, please read", in bold, no link, just that. "New message, please read", but what?

Again, his sister appeared in his mind. It was as if she was backing away into the darkness of his thoughts, her hands in front of her body. This time her skin was even paler blotched with black patches that seemed to have no content. They were not rotting flesh, nor dissolved skin that decomposed. They seemed more to be nothing at all, emptiness. The areas were not something, they were simply an absence, black absences that seemed to slowly spread over her skin like lacunae. She wanted to tell him something, to communicate, but the more she tried the more her despair grew.

The dream came back almost every night. Not just at night, but also when he enjoyed a short nap on the subway heading back home after a long day. In the dream he found himself in a dark space, no walls, no ceiling, and he couldn't sense if there was a floor underneath his feet. The space felt small yet he could not

determine if it was enormous as the blackness that surrounded him was impenetrable. There was nothing in the space and yet he could sense a strong presence. A huge presence that dominated the space and was fully present at every moment and in any direction. It wasn't a threatening power, it didn't want to hurt or annihilate him. It was just there, silently present, a being without body that flooded the space without beginning or end. It was there but didn't speak, it was a silent voice, an authority that tacitly occupied every moment. It was not asking for attention, it didn't speak, it was just there as an undeniable force that didn't utter anything. A presence that made him freeze, unable to be attentive to anything else. He was unable to think about anything else, he couldn't and was not allowed to let go of it. It was as if it held him in an eternal grip yet was indifferent to him, his life, his existence.

He flew from Heathrow, landed in Oslo and changed to smaller airplane that would take him to a local airport in Tromsø from where he took a bus to Alta for his final destination Hammerfest. Why Hammerfest and in November? He just needed to go. It was his journey and right now he was already changing buses in Alta. At around six in the afternoon he entered bus number 061. It was him a few locals and a bunch of Swedish or so men apparently working on some oil rig. The bus driver asked them to kindly fasten their seat belts and apologized for the possible delay due to the recent snowfall. Finnmark is known for its hazardous conditions so in order to not jeopardize anything a plowing truck would drive before them through the most demanding part of the two and half hour estimated journey.

On the flight from Oslo to Tromsø he had fallen asleep and had yet another time visited the dark space with the silent voice present. It was more pressing than ever before and he only woke up when the airplane bounced on the short landing strip and reversed its engines forcefully in order to come to a quick halt. The voice that didn't speak didn't leave his system. It was still there and he knew it could annihilate him at any moment. That, however wasn't what

haunted him, but the sensation that the silence could annihilate him without even knowing it. It was there, an absolute power and completely indifferent.

As soon as they exited Alta the driver turned off the light in the bus. Conversations could be heard from here and there in the bus but it was generally calm and soon the journey proceeded accompanied by the driver's radio on too low volume to make any sense for the passengers.

They traveled up hill from Alta that is located in a valley in order to cross a small eastern part of Finnmark. The road was good but felt like an artery through the landscape that otherwise, as far as he could see was void of any trees or other vegetation. Outside the bus there was no light. It was dead dark, not a sign of life, no civilization, just a vague sensation of a landscape whose form was utterly undetermined.

He looked down at this phone and saw that there was no coverage. He saw the minutes go by as he lost himself in the phones mesmerizing light.

When he looked up again the darkness had changed, the landscape had transformed and seemed more intrusive than earlier. The sense of safety being surrounded by darkness was gone as the bus now made its way through a plateau of some kind. "-This landscape is endless", he thought for himself and even so it was not black anymore. The world was black, the sky was black, the universe was black, everything was black but the landscape was white. It stretched out in every direction as an endless dark whiteness. A pale landscape covered by its own shadows. It was black yet it was white.

Once again he looked down at his phone. He registered the time and looked out. The landscape was passing by in front of him. It was endless and yet it moved in front and on the side of the bus that felt so small in this massive dark landscape. The white endlessness was there, it was silent and there.

Black spots now started to emerge in the uninterrupted undulating whiteness. Spots that appeared as wounds, cracks or laceration breaking the continuity of the white eternity. But they were not cracks. They were not wounds, they were black abysses opening up to nothing. He froze in front of the experience but however much he tried those black areas were not something, they opened up to nothing. No, to something much worse they opened up to the opposite of nothing, to a full nothing that at the same time was the extinction of nothing.

He looked down at his phone, the display lit up and he observed that it hadn't changed. He blinked firmly and looked again.

Suddenly the phones indicated that it was several minutes later. He stretched his arm and his wristwatch became visible. He saw the seconds tick away steadily. The watch and the phone indicating the same time.

Something in the landscape attracted his attention and he looked out through the window. Strange, contrary to what he expected the landscape was absolutely still. Nothing moved, nothing, and then the landscape's movements seemed to erupt from everywhere and nowhere in particular. The black blotches were constantly growing, as if devouring the whiteness. Swallowing was not the sensation it gave it was a devouring. Little by little the landscape became extinct disappearing into darkness, so dark it also devoured itself. A pure darkness of nothing's nothing that left no traces and in itself was nothing. So intensely that it in itself was nothing.

The experience was so hideous that he had to look away. He looked down and to his dread he saw the arms on his watch stand completely still. Nothing moved, not even seconds. The ticking sound of the watch mechanics reached his ear but nothing moved and then unexpectedly the thin arm indicating the seconds started to move, slow in the beginning and faster and faster before it returned to its steady pace. He could not stop looking at the watch. He didn't dare stop looking. He did not think about how the landscape would behave when he looked up again and if he did would his watch stop once more, would time dissolve and come to a stand still. He could not hold back. Slowly he lifted his head and

peaked into the dark night where accompanied by the hum of the bus engine the landscape was absolutely immobile. Nothing moved and even so the black blotches were expanding. It didn't devour the landscape, nor was the landscape that it dissolved into the blackness of the blotches, everything simply turned into a nothing that in itself could not be named. That which was not at that, but must be a that in order to be described or recalled. That, that was not, was so immensely dread full that he was convinced he was losing his mind. Time had ceased or had lost its correlation to anything and he faced it, in this moment he himself also had to cease to exist and become one with nothing and the absence of time.

He was lost and he felt how the same black blotches were spreading over his skin but they didn't take over anything instead he realized that it was the absence of himself that was drawing or slipping away from himself. Slipping away into the eternal abyss or surface of nothing's nothing. The bliss that carried him, that made him able to see time dissolve into itself, that made him experience the eruption of nothingness in the white landscape, was so overwhelming nothing could be more dreadful. As light turned dark into a cascade of white endlessness, as time withdrew from itself as itself, as nothing crumbled into it's own implosion he was filled with the most remote yet absolutely present sense of eternal hope.

AND NOW...

JUAN
DOMINGUEZ'S
THING

Juan Domínguez

Quotations and other obsessions

A certain unconscious exhibitionism to be enjoyed.

A subtle seduction almost hidden.

An abstract seduction.

It's your turn

How much do you expect?

More provocation Less formalities. More provocation Less expectations. More love less seduction.

More otherness Less complacency. More desire Less innocuousness. More agility Less comfort. More vigilance. Less distraction.

If you make me run I give you my energy

1

The possibility of not being interested

The dangerous possibility, ever more likely, of not being interested in anything

The loss of judgment or its radicalization to the point of losing it

The suspended moment, with neither past nor future

You from the point of view. Different from you from my point of view.

Now it is indeed different. Now I can follow you. This time we've spent time together. Time, I don't have interests this time no, I watch more deeply but with less intention. I am conscious that now I know how to look, I hope that I haven't lost other faculties because of it.

Is this the place? Why is that guitar playing? Or is it water? What are those dolphins doing out of the sea? They are flying. And that little lamb flying without wings and bleating so the dolphins will let him pass? Why am I flying? I keep flying.

2

I don't dare to look, I am scared to know it. I'm scared to take that risk.

Leave you without being able to experiment you, what nonsense. For that I'd rather be ruined in another time, one that gives the moment to love you, where I lose the shape. The shape that on exaggerating it so much I don't understand convince of or better to say abducted by my desire, with the will of a thousand beings. Losing what I shape, being what I do not shape, rest left free, body that is something else without smell, without weight, without bone, without voice.

Uh! A keyboard

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It's right behind you. Don't look, it's right there. You're there.

Today I do not investigate, I explore.

3

You don't have to come, I'll go, I'll present myself, no need to wait, you weren't expecting me. You can meddle. I'll go again, you don't need to come. Actually I am leaving going. I stop going responsibly. I go other thing. We don't need responsibility, we go. We go without our heads behind. But we go with body. We all leave with the body of going. Do you follow me?

I need to go down. I need a direct access. Can you get me one? If I go down the same way I came up I'll never get there, or when I get there I'll have already gone. Leave. Return is impossible. Finding yourself in the same place. I haven't returned, we've run into each other here, by chance. There is no chance, we planned it. Don't you remember? Hahahahahaha. You're impeccable. You don't age. They do pass, if they didn't I wouldn't be speaking with you. That's why it's a new meeting. That's why you haven't come back, we've both arrived. You always liked to talk while you walked and finish the sentences when you stopped and be in silence when you were at rest. And you always liked to analyze everything. How soft. I always admired that in you, your exquisite taste. You also had it but you never developed it, you played with it, you made fun of it and preferred to get tangled up and do, do, do. Why didn't you do it here? I had to keep my distance. I don't know from what but I had to keep it. When I saw what I was capable of I couldn't

come back. But somehow I never left because I took everything with me. I left weighted down. Leaving only served to be able to do something with my past. Actually I keep doing it though now I can laugh at it, I mean laugh not make fun of it. I don't ridicule myself, I should be calmer, I don't fight, I keep going to different places but they're all the same to me. I also don't resign myself. It's just that.... let's take the tram? No thanks. I'll see you later. Right, later. Eccentric. Coward. What? Come on give me your hand. Hahahahhahah. Idiot. Don't think that I don't understand you. But let me uneducate you. Give me time and I'll give you possibility. I love all these stupid little things. Well here you've got quite a big one, alive and kicking.

4

Too many things at once, they can be because they do, are alienated, without caring one about the other. Anyway it's better that way. Where is the political sentiment in all of these things that are making a sound? Is it in the interstices of all of them, creating a web?

We now belong to a gender, or is it so formal that we need another that doesn't oblige us, that gives us space-time, that gives us affection, from which we can decide to enter or exit, to which we can invite other, other genders that invite us.

I'm going for it, I'm not waiting, it's pure intuition. I'm going there.

We will always have to de-contextualize, won't we? Or is it that something irreversible was discovered?

You're not tied to me, you can decide now when you relate, you can stop relating forever. You don't have to take care of me, you don't have to remember that I exist. Will you come back ? How will you come back? My curiosity grows but doesn't torment me. I know you can never return. I'm just disgusted that others have stopped

seeing me. Even though it's no longer use to me how they see me. We've all changed. The individual breakdown also doesn't inspire me, spend more time together? Conspire?

5

The emancipated spirit, independent, free, insubordinate, rebellious, exorcized. Without forgetting that it's in there. Intensity leaves no time for memory. Only in your free time do you remember that you don't need it; you decide your time. Will to compromise, desire, will be later. We will be experience.

The collection of references I rest on to judge something is more than what presents itself in the moment. When that doesn't happen, zas!

When I can, I float. I take on the physics that make me float, I take it on, and I give the same importance to something simple as to something extremely complex. How that duck looks at me is as intense as seeing Apollo 11 in orbit, or the head of the baby girl leaving the uterus of her mother. I'm fucking floating. Although it's just for a moment, but I'm floating, learning, negotiating, contemplating, feeling, herding together, generating gender. I'm not complaining about my new role. Just the opposite, I love it.

6

It wasn't and it wasn't yet, it doesn't age, it let itself go. It knew it all and nothing. It decided to divide itself, it decided to stop having rhythm and being it. How well that truck flies, how that pig swims underwater, what am I saying? Rhythm doesn't talk like that.

7

I say goodbye and we go in opposite directions. I go a few feet. I stop and turn around to see how she gets farther away. I keep walking and follow her from a distance. I stop again and start dancing, I use the space. I cross the highway, I climb up the ledge of the bridge, jump and scream. I keep walking in the direction that I saw her disappearing in. I don't know where she's gone, but I follow her. I start to run, faster, faster. I stop to breathe, I'm sweating. And suddenly I get a kick in the ass. Hahahahahahah, were you following me? I breathe rapidly because of the exhaustion of running combined with laughter. I don't know what I was doing, but I was sure I had to do it.

OK, well I'm going, sure see you tomorrow. And I did the same thing up to going into her house. I did the same thing for ten years. We decided to live together of course.

8

I sometimes begin with the best of intentions and sometimes I surprise myself with how far my appetite can reach exceeding my own expectations. It fascinates me and repels me at the same time, that day that I collapse and am no longer able to continue, without any apparent reason, any day, nothing extraordinary happens, but my will disappears and all my passion and appetite are overwhelmed almost without my realizing it by a tsunami that overtakes me, that drags me along without my noticing its strength. Sometimes I laugh when I see I'm getting off the path. I can't believe it, it always happens to me. I never get farther in those tasks.

But... if I'm interested in developing them, why? Why do I prefer the pirouette and that the hairs in my eyelashes move?

I think it's at that point, when I stop approving, that I understand presence. In that tension between approval of what one can do, the potentiality of yourself, without understanding anything or seeing the sense running circles around yourself like a hungry shark. I stick my right arm in, then the left, then my legs, I don't

have them anymore, sense ate them up, I'm a dolphin now.

If I were you I would stop what you're doing and go out and take a nice walk, I would stop and look around for a while, and then I would take some sort of means of transportation that would take me away from there with no predetermined direction and I would stop for no reason and would walk another little while, and I would stop and look for a while without moving, I would do there what I might think I would have to do and when I stopped I would go up to the highest point and from there I would sing for a good while. Then I would go back to where I usually sleep and I would go to bed without any clothes on.

They they they, you you you and he he he too. You all, you all, you all

A reversible action, that can return to the point where you lost desire and from there continue the chaotic development of your appetite. What shape does your continuum have? How do you open it? Can you find a different answer to the earlier question? Can you define your appetite in no less than 300 words? How do you generally appear? When do you appear? Who do you include in your gender? What do you include in your gender? And while we're asking: How do you feel? What are you going to do to strengthen the difference?

9

Do you remember how much time you've been immersed in the same sensation?

When a positive sensation lasts and you realize it's lasting, you smile, but it's not enough and your body can't take it, it explodes. It's full of emotion that is set free to make space, to be able to breathe. I don't know if an interesting sensation has ever lasted very long for me without there being some sort of pause. I imagine an infinite crescendo. But I don't think I've ever experienced it.

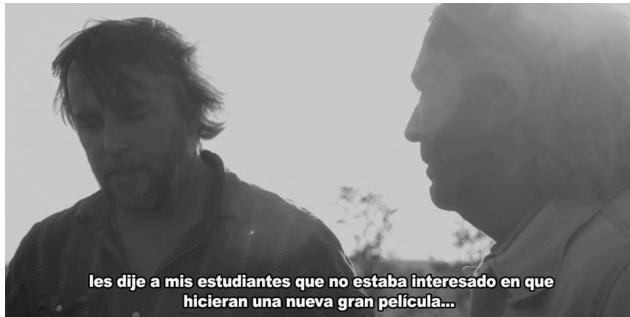
Up to what point can we stand interest? Until when? Probably because you want to maintain it you know that you have to take it in small doses, otherwise it would finish you off. You'd go crazy. Can't we be radical then if we want to prolong our enthusiasm? An orgasmic coma, or modulate the rhythm suspending yourself sometimes, almost forgetting who you are to come back to yourself once in a while. Live in experience stopping every once in a while to see how everything continues.
Stop doing it, take some time, a time from time.

10

I live there, although I don't sleep there. I am in orbit. At home a warm meal waits for me and a mattress where I can sleep peacefully. There will be time to care for oneself, I'm losing kinetic energy, now what's necessary is to change that orbit whose circle I complete after a certain interval. If I go backwards, I annihilate myself, if I stop I annihilate myself, what happens if I change the shape of my orbit, if I change where it goes or where it is? How will we be affected? Really dangerous, we don't know how to think so far ahead, better to go home? There will be time to take care of oneself. When? Hard to find what follows. What patience, but how exciting, how scary not to know what you're scared of. A little respect, how rude, and I jumped in the sea.

PAY ATTENTION...

**HAUNTED
TRIP
THROUGH
JAMES
BENNING**



les dije a mis estudiantes que no estaba interesado en que
hicieran una nueva gran película...

I told my students that I was not interested in
them making a great new movie ...



Però si en que busquen nuevos lenguajes y
que ensanchen las formas filmicas...

But in them searching for new languages
and widening the filmic forms...



porque ya hay muchas grandes películas hechas.

because there are many great films already made.

**From now on, this notebook is yours for your own thoughts,
drawings, new projects, love letters... but before you use it, we
will share a nightfall together in a Californian forest.**

**Nightfall (2012)
By James Benning
1h 38min**