

Valentinas  
Klimašauskas



and/or

an Exhibition Guide  
In Search of  
Its Exhibition



Torpedo Press

B

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Klimašauskas

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## AN INVITATION INSTEAD OF AN INTRODUCTION

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ. Let us be deceived, but let us stay realistic—what looks like a simple line of capital letters in alphabetical order may also be a poem by Aram Saroyan (b. 1943) or Ian Hamilton Finlay (1925–2006), entitled *STEAK* (1968) and *Arcady* (1977) respectively. Artist Fiona Banner (b. 1966) also uses these 26 letters to make a neon alphabet that she titles as *Every Word Unmade* (2007), and then proposes to ‘unmake every word, or story imaginable’<sup>1</sup>. Which of the works were you reading as you were reading this ‘simple line of capital letters in alphabetical order’? All three and more? With all these works we may as well curate an exhibition, shouldn’t we?

‘Why is the alphabet in that order? Is it because of that song? The guy who wrote that song wrote everything’, pronounces American stand-up comedian Stephen Wright (b. 1955), while French poet Louis Aragon (1897–1982) explores other

1. Fiona Banner’s website, section *Works*: <http://www.fionabanner.com/works/bastardword/index.htm?i44>

options; Aragon uses the same material but very different techniques—all the letters appear in lowercase and split into rows to complete an arguably less ambitious poem *Suicide* (1920):

abcdef  
ghijkl  
mnopqr  
stuvw  
xyz

Not everyone starts learning a new foreign language with an alphabet. Though, however you start it, whether by repetition or by quoting, ‘the moment one learns English, complications set in’, Catalan American writer Felipe Alfau (1902–1999) opens his novel *Chromos* (1990). In 2010, Swedish sculptor and poet Karl Larsson (b. 1977) publishes his poetry book *Parrot*; here he reveals a parroting technique of using a foreign language, language of the other, to create something he can’t completely comprehend. Indeed, is one actually able to comprehend language completely, non-parrot-like?

Let us move forward with the alphabet and let us use it to make up some words. ‘Every word

was once a poem. Every new relation is a new word’<sup>2</sup>, insists American writer Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882). Sometimes a word is a poem, while a poem might be just a word. John Cage (1912–1992) boils down dense modernist works into deconstructed and remixed notes: for his *Writing Through Finnegans Wake* (1978)<sup>3</sup> he reduces a 628-page tome into 39 pages, and Ezra Pound’s 824-page *Cantos* (1915–1962) into a mere handful of words. In *The Industry of Poetry* chapter of the satire *Gog* (1931) by Giovanni Papini (1881–1956), the satirist describes several experiences related to the world of poets. One of the stories describes a German poet known for his precision: after twenty years of work, this poet ‘condensed 50,600 verses into the single word *Einbindung*, which means ‘to unbind’, ‘to untie’, but also ‘to deliver’ or ‘release’, and, more literally it refers to the separation of mother and child by the cutting of the umbilical cord’<sup>4</sup>.

It is relatively easy to learn a language, also a foreign language, as it has an alphabet. But how would an alphabet of an artwork or an exhibition look like? In a book, entitled *Exhibition prosthetics*:

2. Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Essays and English Traits* (The Harvard Classics, 1909–14).

3. In the 1979 speech given by John Cage at Donnaueschingen on the occasion of receiving Carl Szuka Prize for *Roaratorio*, Cage mentions the importance of invitation: ‘Thank

you. Klaus Schoening has asked me to tell what *Roaratorio* means to me. Everything we do is done by invitation. That invitation comes from oneself or from another person. It was Klaus Schoening who asked whether I was willing to make some music to go with my reading of *Writing for the Second*

[Conversations with Hans Ulrich Obrist and Zak Kyes] (2009), Joseph Grigely (b. 1956) questions the parameters of both artwork and exhibition: 'Where does a poem begin and end? A question like this asks us to consider how the same poem published in different contexts is both materially and ontologically different. We could just as well take the same question and apply to an artwork: where does an artwork begin and end? Or, where does an exhibition begin and end? Is the exhibition just about the materialization of specific works of art, or is it also — and if so, in what ways — about the various conventions that go into the making exhibitions, which include press releases, announcement cards, checklists, catalogues, and digital-based media?'<sup>5</sup>

Following the same paths and examining the aforementioned 'conventions that go into the making of exhibitions', Robert Barry (b. 1936) conceived his *Invitation Piece* (1972–3), both an artwork and an exhibition. *Invitation Piece* involved eight art galleries circulating invitations to the exhibitions in yet another country: the audience of the gallery in Cologne received the invitation for a show in

*Time through Finnegans Wake*. I said I would.'

4. Luis Camnitzer, *Conceptualism in Latin American Art: Didactics of Liberation* (University of Texas Press, 2007), p. 7.

5. Joseph Grigely, *Exhibition Prosthetics*: [Conversations with Hans Ulrich Obrist and Zak Kyes] (co-published by Sternberg Press and Bedford Press, 2009), p. 21.

Amsterdam, while Amsterdam gallery visitors were invited to the exhibition in London; Londoners were invited to New York, while New Yorkers were subsequently invited to a show in Paris; this circle of invitations also ran through Brussels, Milan and Turin until it reached again the point of its departure at the gallery in Cologne. There was nothing else but these invitations on display.

Would you wonder if any of the invited spectators physically travelled the whole circle of the exhibition? Language machines and titles invite us to engage into conversations<sup>6</sup> and exhibitions in the similar manner as 'language speaks'<sup>7</sup> and 'reader writes'<sup>8</sup>, and both You and the language are about to begin writing the next chapter of the book *B and/or an Exhibition Guide In Search of Its Exhibition*.

6. At the very end of Ben Kinmont's book *Prospectus 1988–2010: Forty-two works* (2011), which is a collection of artist's project descriptions, the artist humbly explains the motive behind writing it: 'It is an invitation for future interaction.'

7. Referring to Martin Heidegger.  
8. Paul Auster via Roland Barthes and Umberto Eco.

# Walking in a title

I'm strolling around in the exhibition space, which is bright and spacious, as a blank sheet of paper is. Its architecture emanates with my steps. I'm enjoying the way my walk is guided by the exhibition space. I approach an artwork, a strange one—its form escaping precise identification, just like the shape of vapour coming from the mouth in the cold is constantly changing (it's an idea which is still looking for its shape). I'm curious to know what could be the title of such an artwork. I'm looking for a label but I don't know where it could be; I take a few steps back and then my compass points to the wall on the right. There it is! The title of the work refers to certain matters and their transparent relations delight me. I wish to withdraw all this knowing and bring it with me to my daily experience.

Now I do remember the title of this artwork, but only partially. The title consisted of

several sentences, the last one ending with brackets (what a wonderful idea: the title contains a text, which contains a parenthetical sentence that might refer to a parallel event, another message). But I can't recall any one word in front of the brackets. In my mind, I can only read the last of the suspension points — the very end of the ellipsis — while the other points extend to infinity.

Of all the sentences, I can remember only the one from inside the brackets, the one to follow the ellipsis: 'The silent footsteps of the viewers, attendants, virtualists, bystanders are heard in the exhibition.'

Laura Kaminskaitė

## THE MAN WHO HOARDED EXHIBITIONS IN HIS HEAD

Once there lived this compulsive brain that collected artworks by memorising them.

It was not just some experimental brain in a jar. The brain was located in a head, of course. No matter how self-organised and self-sustainable it was, the head most probably belonged to a person. Let's call this person the Exhibitionist from now on.

Exhibitions virtually bubbled in the Exhibitionist's head. It looked as if the head had an almost encyclopedic knowledge — more detailed than the most comprehensive art history sources, which in fact are always limited by the stories they narrate. This head thus functioned in a very antithetical way to any art historical linearity — it used the gathered data to create or remix into nonlinear histories selecting any given moment. For it, any story of art was just a potential part of another exhibition, another show. The Exhibitionist was practically saturated with accumulated artworks

and exhibitions; in this head, vernissages and finissages would take place almost every moment. Naturally, this person behaved awkwardly. Instead of exchanging greetings, this machine would create immaterialised exhibitions in an instance, spitting out the title of the show that would take place in his head at any given moment.

As might be expected from a person demonstrating this kind of behaviour, the Exhibitionist lost all of his real life friends. His caring parents, who did not have either Facebook or Twitter accounts and could not be informed about how popular their son was in social networks, asked their only child to go through a thorough health check. Brain imaging studies with positron emission tomography scans were made. The results proved the doctors' expectations to be true—the Exhibitionist was diagnosed with obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD). OCD is also associated with compulsive or pathological hoarding and disposophobia, which are defined as the excessive acquisition of possessions. Arguably, this seemed to be the Exhibitionist's case. Normally—if we may still use this word in this example of extreme excess—disposophobia is described as the acquisi-

tion of possessions and failure to use or discard them in excess of socially normative amounts, even if the items are worthless, hazardous, or unsanitary. Compulsive hoarding may impair mobility and interfere with basic activities, including cooking, cleaning, hygiene, sanitation, bathroom-use and sleeping. The Exhibitionist's case was the first known record of its kind. It differed from the others not only in the choice of hoarded objects but also in the ways his disorder functioned. This curious case of the Exhibitionist became a sensation and was widely investigated by the scientific community.

But let's return to the possible explanations of the Exhibitionist's case of OCD syndrome. 'The consciousness is never empty', predicated some scientists in an attempt to explain the origins, motives and *raison d'être* of this extraordinary behaviour. Quite a wide array of conflicting theories speculating on how the syndrome functioned or malfunctioned, depending on how you comprehend the syndrome, surrounded the case. For the specialists, this was the case they could not disagree on more. The behaviour demonstrated by the Exhibitionist paralleled the obsessive acquisition

of possessions as demonstrated by some art collectors. The fact of sharing the exhibitions by announcing their titles was seen by some as another proof that this was a typical case of hoarding OCD syndrome. The champions of hoarding saw this performance of announcing titles as boasting about hoarded possessions. Others disagreed with this opinion noticing that the behaviour of the Exhibitionist was quite different from the one demonstrated by collectors — the Exhibitionist was collecting and memorising language-based art not just for the sake of possession as in collectors' case. 'Quite the contrary', they said. The Exhibitionist was using the possessed knowledge to organise exhibitions that took place in his head. The supporters of this diagnosis insisted that the Exhibitionist's syndrome had more in common with that of the curator's, as it is the curator's primal occupation to organise shows by using artists' work. Besides the aforementioned theories of the Exhibitionist sharing the symptoms of collector and curator was the so-called artist theory. The artist theory highlighted the creative side of the syndrome: the Exhibitionist was not just repeating what was already known by naming it, but also

used the hoarded knowledge to produce new language-based situations that were often described as performances, which could compare to creating exhibitions that were situated in language or shows of language-based artworks. The fourth theory expanded even further and united all other presumptions under the name of the so-called Unified Theory; this theory tried to prove that the Exhibitionist was actually all in one: an artist, a collector and a curator. The theory also introduced the Exhibitionist being an institution: not only an institution such as an artist, a collector and/or a curator, but also a museum or a gallery — both the mental and physical space and performative agent.

At the same time, many polemical studies on possible predecessors to and genesis of the Exhibitionist were published. Most art critics agreed that the Exhibitionist had not come out of nowhere and that a crowd of thinkers possibly flocked the filled head, influencing this personal-ity phenomenon.

The Exhibitionist might have at some point stumbled upon the associative iconographic *Mnemosyne Atlas* (1924)<sup>1</sup> by the well-known art

1. Warburg, who established iconology as a new method and a branch of art history in its own right, began his *Mnemosyne Atlas* project in 1924. His aim was to show the development of the forms of expression in different periods of time. He collected a huge amount of graphic

material — all of it reproductions — in a series of large-scale plates, each of them devoted to a particular subject area. Mnemosyne in Greek mythology is the mother of the Muses and the goddess of memory and the art of remembrance. In his *Mnemosyne Atlas*, Aby Warburg included art prints,

historian Aby Warburg (1866–1929) who also demonstrated signs of obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD) in his teenage years:

‘In 1879 the 13-year-old Aby Warburg, the eldest son of a wealthy Hamburg banking family, is said to have traded his birth right for a more lasting inheritance. Already convinced (despite parental objections) of his future as an art historian, he struck a deal with his younger brother Max, who would inherit the family business on condition that he agreed to supply the elder Warburg with as many books as he required. (Max later wrote: ‘I gave him what I must now admit was a very large blank cheque.’) When Warburg died in 1929, his library contained 60,000 volumes [...].’<sup>2</sup>

Another instigator might have been André Malraux (1901–1976) and his ideas of the imagination museum. He conceived of art as a twentieth-century feast for the imagination and proposed that one can put together one’s own ideal museum at any moment in one’s head. Other studies on the case of the Exhibitionist stressed the influence of re-activating photographic reproductions of art, thus, providing new contexts for the thoughts of Walter Benjamin (1892–1940) as described

newspaper clippings, leaflets, posters, stamps, photographs of sculptures, reliefs, frescoes, friezes, figurines, paintings, drawings, genealogical tables, sketches and manuscripts.

2. Brian Dillon, *Aby Warburg’s Mnemosyne Atlas* (Frieze issue No. 80, January–February 2004).

3. Allan Kaprow, *Essays on the blurring of art and life*, ed. by Jeff Kelley (Berkeley and Los Angeles, CA: University of California Press, 2003), p. 81.

4. Ibid. In his other essay (pp. 97–98) of the same book *The Education of Un-Artist, Part 1* (1971) Kaprow

in his seminal essay *The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction* (1936). Others accentuated further developments of modern art towards the immateriality of conceptual art, while some emphasised Fluxus’ events and Allan Kaprow’s (1927–2006) happenings. In 1966, Kaprow already concluded that ‘not only art becomes life but also life refuses to be itself’<sup>3</sup> illustrating the idea by the following thoughts:

‘The side of an old building recalls Clifford Still’s canvases, the guts of a dishwashing machine doubles as Duchamp’s *Bottle Rack*, voices in a train station are Jackson Mac Low’s poems, the sounds of eating in a luncheonette are by John Cage, and all may be part of a Happening. [...] Anything I say, do, notice, or think, is art—whether or not desired—because everyone else aware of what is occurring today will probably (not possibly) say, do, notice, and think of it, as art at some time or other.’<sup>4</sup>

Also recalled were the numerous language-based art practices and a variety of artworks that are initiated by and take place in a seemingly casual conversation, phrase or simply within someone’s head.

not only continually gives examples of the blurring boundary between art and life but also insists that contemporary life is more superior to its artistic counterpart: ‘that the LM (Lunar Mission) mooncraft is patently superior to all contemporary sculptural efforts; that the broadcast verbal

exchange between Houston’s Manned Spacecraft Center and the Apollo 11 astronauts was better than contemporary poetry; that with their sound distortions, beeps, static, and communication breaks, such exchanges also surpassed the electronic music of the concert halls; that certain

Some Robert Barry (b. 1936) fans raised the hypothesis that the Exhibitionist is constantly telepathically experiencing Barry's *Telepathic Piece* (1969) on which the artist (Robert Barry, not the Exhibitionist) noted: 'During the exhibition I will try to communicate telepathically a work of art, the nature of which is a series of thoughts that are not applicable to language or image'. The main conclusion to the aforementioned hypothesis is that the Exhibitionist had been looped into a constantly resuming circle of the *Telepathic Piece* experience. This conclusion was criticised by others as too inconsistent; the critics declared that if the Exhibitionist was looped into a permanent reception of the well-recognised work by Robert Barry, he would have not immersed himself into the language-based actions. As the *Telepathic Piece* is 'not applicable to language', when experiencing it the Exhibitionist would remain silent. 'We must pass over in silence what we cannot speak about', the Exhibitionist would silently nod in the manner of Ludwig Wittgenstein (1889–1951), instead of clearly articulating exhibition titles', they declared.

remote-control videotapes of the lives of ghetto families recorded (with their permission) by anthropologists are more fascinating than the celebrated slice-of-life underground films; that not a few of those brightly lit plastic and stainless-steel gas stations of, say, Las Vegas, are the most extra-

ordinary architecture to date; that the random trancelike movements of shoppers in a supermarket are richer than anything done in modern dance; that lint under beds and the debris of industrial dumps are more engaging than the recent rash of exhibitions of scattered waste

Teaming up with art historians, literary theorists brought forth one of the most inspiring short stories of modern literature — *Funes the Memorious* (1942) by Jorge Luis Borges (1899–1986) — as another possible source for inspiration. Here a fictional version of Borges himself meets Ireneo Funes, a teenage boy who lives in Fray Bentos, Uruguay. Funes reveals that since his fall from a horse he perceives everything in full detail and remembers it all. He remembers, for example, the shape of clouds at all given moments, as well as the associated perceptions (muscular, thermal, etc.) of each moment. Funes has an immediate intuition of the mane of a horse or the form of a constantly changing flame, which is comparable to a normal person's intuition of a simple geometric shape (such as of a triangle or a square). Funes finds it very difficult to sleep, since he recalls 'every crevice and every moulding of the various houses which [surround] him'<sup>5</sup>. He is spending his days in his dark room travelling through his memories while archiving and cataloguing them. Contrary to Funes, the Exhibitionist neither lives by registering his memories nor indexes the past: it is instead creating the present

matter; that the vapour trails left by rocket tests — motionless, rainbow-coloured, sky filling scribbles — are unequalled by artists exploring gaseous media: that the Southeast Asian theater of war in Vietnam, or the trial of the *Chicago eight*, while indefensible, is better theatre than

any play; that ... etc., etc., ... nonart is more art than Art art.'

5. Jorge Luis Borges, *Labyrinths*, trans. James E. Irby (London: Penguin Classics, 2000), p. 93.

while projecting its knowledge of the past and the future into the present.

‘So what is the Exhibitionist doing now?’, you would ask. What happens to him/her while all those numerous pages were being filled with texts, discussions and comments? If the Exhibitionist is here with or between us, how would we spot him? Well, the Exhibitionist identifies us first. The Exhibitionist is as active in the already existing exhibitions as outside them, although some think it to exist rather outside than inside of art institutions. You ask, why? Remember that the Exhibitionist is also an institution him/herself—he/she may also be an institution within the institution. As for now, it may be lurking inside or outside any kunsthalle, contemporary art centre, museum of modern art, project space, gallery, you name it.

How many works may the Exhibitionist experience at any single moment? For the Exhibitionist the world is already transformed into a myriad of artworks that appear, emerge and convert into each other as well as into a number of shorter or longer lasting exhibitions. The Exhi-

bitionist does not only contemplate art works as memories but also projects the knowledge into the world.

For the Exhibitionist, art isn’t just smoke and mirrors as it is for so many contemporary art skeptics and as it probably was for Italian writer Giovanni Papini (1881–1956). In his book *Gog* (1931), Papini tells a fictional story about a sculptor who sculpted the smoke coming out of a fireplace built in a garden; the sculptor quickly shaped the smoke by hitting it with a piece of cardboard.

What about the air we breathe? Italian Piero Manzoni (1933–1963) used his own breath for the work *Artist’s Breath* (1960), involving red, blue or white balloons inflated by the artist, closed with string and lead, with the name *Piero Manzoni* punched into it, then attached to a wooden base with a plaque on top. Lithuanian artist Juozas Laivys (b. 1976) is performing a work in progress, titled *Air exchange* (2001), which is an amount of air taken from the art gallery where Laivys exhibited last and released in his new show; later, he repeats the same action in numerous other shows.

And the environment around us? The puddle you see in the street may be a work entitled *Puddle* (2001) by a sculptor Keith Wilson (b. 1965) which is a gap in the pavement taking the shape of any other puddle but also sculpturally representing the idea of nothing, especially when there is no precipitation. Should it snow, there is a small chance that it's a work by Yoko Ono (b. 1933) from her artist's book *Grapefruit* (1964), entitled *Snow Piece* (1963):

Think that snow is falling. Think that snow is falling everywhere all the time. When you talk with a person, think that snow is falling between you and on the person. Stop conversing when you think the person is covered by snow.

The crowds covered in snow and uncovered to meet each other could be a work by Jonathan Monk (b. 1969) from his ongoing series *Meetings* (1999–). This work proposes future dates and locations as hypothetical invitations to meet—echoing the text-based work of Lawrence Weiner (b. 1942) and On Kawara (b. 1933).

Introducing two complete strangers to each other in Hyde Park may be a work by James Collins from his *Introduction Series* (London: May 26, 1970). Passers-by may be actors hired by Pawel Althamer (b. 1967) for his *Real Time Movie* (2000–) which consists of a performance of a 30-minute segment of daily life and a one-and-a-half minute film trailer created to promote it. During the performance, which is set on a busy corner in front of a chosen museum, actors assume the roles of typical passers-by: crossing the street, waiting for a bus, or idling in a car at a traffic light. If one isn't standing alone, if one is standing in line at an entranceway, the Exhibitionist might presume the person is part of the performance, *The Good Feelings in Good Times* (2003), by Slovakian artist Roman Ondák (b. 1966), which formally consists of a line of people suspended in action, moving no closer to entry or corner. And if someone is occasionally gazing through the windows into the gallery, but never enters it, the person might be performing *The Stray Man* (2006) by the same artist. If one's phone is ringing it may be a call from Douglas Gordon—Gordon's gallerist may be calling to

the agreed bar and transmitting a spoken sentence: 'I believe in miracles' (*Instruction. (Number 7)*, 1994).

A sentence on some wall may be a piece by Laurence Weiner (b. 1942), for example, 'As far as the eye can see', or by Pierre Bismuth (b. 1963) who wrote 'Everybody is an artist, but only artists know it' on the CAC Vilnius facade for his show *Our Trip Out West* (2001) with Jonathan Monk. The sentence is sculpted from the maxim of social sculpture promoted by the German artist Joseph Beuys (1921–1986) ('Everybody is an artist') and later widely remixed by other artists and institutions. Juozas Laivys made a paper sculpture by gluing on top of each other the letters of the following sentence, a mix of ideas by both Joseph Beuys and Allan Kaprow: 'Art is not necessary, only the artists don't know it.'

When witnessing a discussion, similar to the 'Everybody is an artist' one, the Exhibitionist may see this to be the *Discussion* piece by Ian Wilson (b. 1940) who started this non-tangible art form in 1968. It only exists when the discussion is taking

place and lives on afterwards in the memories of the people that were present.

One person walking after another may be the *Following Piece* (1969) by Vito Acconci (b. 1940), in which he follows randomly selected members of the public until they disappear into a private space (the piece itself is presented as photographs). You being followed at night may be a work by Sophie Calle (b. 1953) who follows strangers: 'For months I followed strangers on the street. For the pleasure of following them, not because they particularly interested me. I photographed them without their knowledge, took note of their movements, then finally lost sight of them and forgot them.'<sup>7</sup> And then continues: 'At the end of January 1980, on the streets of Paris, I followed a man whom I lost sight of a few minutes later in the crowd. That very evening, by chance, he was introduced to me at an opening. During the course of our conversation, he told me he was planning an imminent trip to Venice.' Suddenly, the narrator decided to join him. The next morning, armed with a camera and a blonde wig, she took the train to Venice, where she discovered where he was stay-

7. Sophie Calle and Jean Baudrillard, *Suite Vénitienne—Please follow me* (Seattle: Bay Press, 1988).

8. Stuart Morgan, *Suite Vénitienne* (Frieze issue No. 3, January–March 1992).

ing, then shadowed him, taking photographs where she could.<sup>8</sup>

Ben Kinmont (b. 1963) did an instruction piece inviting strangers to his home for different occasions, one of them was intended to create a social situation: 'The Possibilities of Trust as a Sculpture and the Question of Value for Each Participant. Invite a stranger into your home for breakfast. 1977. Instruction piece. Collection of those involved.'<sup>9</sup> However you don't need to follow or invite someone to make an artwork.

As early as in 1962, Argentinean artist Alberto Greco (1931–1965) introduced his *Live fingers*, a new form of art, as he declared, that was achieved by pointing his finger at people on the street and declaring that they were his works of art. And this was not the beginning — as early as in 1954 Greco claimed that he started signing 'walls, streets, and bathrooms in Paris'. He also claimed to have signed the whole city of Buenos Aires in 1961; however, there is no way to prove this.<sup>10</sup>

Greco also brought people ('the found object' and 'living objects') to the gallery, and 'placed them close to the wall, on which he painted informalist backgrounds'.<sup>11</sup> In 1964, he returned to Buenos

9. Ben Kinmont, *Prospectus 1988-2010 — Forty-two works* (JRP|Ringier, 2011), p. 55.

10. Luis Camnitzer, *Conceptualism in Latin American Art: Didactics of Liberation* (The University of Texas Press, 2007), p. 175.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 177.

Aires where he contracted two shoeshine boys to appear as the main piece in the exhibition at the Galeria Bonino in Buenos Aires. In 1968, another Argentinean artist Oscar Bony (1941–2000) exhibited a 'working class family'.<sup>12</sup> Lithuanian Deimantas Narkevičius (b. 1964) brought the street painter into Vilnius Contemporary Art Centre exhibition as his piece of 1996.<sup>13</sup>

The money one may find in his/her pocket may be a part of Cildo Meireles' (b. 1948) project *Insertions into Ideological Circuits: Cedula Project* (1970–1973). The artist rubber-stamped various slogans on banknotes, thus inserting them into an ideological sphere. He also used returnable glass Coca-Cola bottles and printed political messages on them. Almost invisible when empty, the messages became more readable when the bottles were refilled and later distributed to unsuspecting customers. American artist Lee Lozano (1930–1999) would use money as a tool to create and test social situations — she would take a jar containing bills of \$5, \$10, and \$20 and offer it to guests at her house, documenting their responses in her *Real money piece* project (1969).

12. *Ibid.*

13. *Subordination*, 1996: Accessed at [www.cac.lt/lt/exhibitions/past/96](http://www.cac.lt/lt/exhibitions/past/96)

‘Sometimes a nicer sculpture is to be able to provide a living for your family’, says Ben Kinmont who started an antiquarian bookselling business in New York City in 1998 to help support his family. ‘The artwork is not the business itself, but the contribution to our cost of living. Because the business specializes in books about food and wine before 1840, it also provides a broader context in which to see domestic activity as meaningful. So far it has been successful’<sup>14</sup>, says the artist.

And what about a café, restaurant, or hotel around the corner?

In 1971, Alighiero Boetti (1940–1994) and his local partner Gholam Dastaghir opened the One Hotel in Kabul. The same year Gordon Matta-Clark (1943–1978) and Carol Gooden opened a restaurant called *Food* (1971–3). The establishment in the SoHo district of New York was managed and staffed by artists. It turned artists into hosts, even if they did not consider it their work, and having tables waited by artists made it, probably, a slightly different experience from a regular dinner.

If the lights go on and off it may be a work

14. Ben Kinmont, *Prospectus 1988–2010: Forty-two works* (JRP|Ringier, 2011), p. 61.

by Martin Creed (b. 1968) *The Lights Going On and Off* (2000) if it happens inside; and it may be a work by Deimantas Narkevičius entitled *Feast/Calamity* (2001) if it happens in the street as a recollection from various cinematic scenes. The light switching on or off in the dusk or dawn may mean the new symbolical turn in the narrative as it may take positive or negative meanings depending upon the context.

The lights go off? *Fin?*<sup>15</sup> Quite the contrary, the list is endless, and so is the chance for apparitions of any artwork or an exhibition.

15. As found on the palms of Alberto Greco who committed suicide in 1965.

## A FEW POSSIBLE SUGGESTIONS FOR AN EXHIBITION GUIDE

### *An exhibition that is always with you*

Young artist Elena Narbutaitė (b. 1984) enjoys sharing the impressions from exhibitions she has visited with her grandfather, the geologist Vytautas Narbutas. After Elena's grandfather had seen four exhibitions at Vilnius Contemporary Art Centre in the summer of 2008, he realised he preferred the fifth one most. Having told his granddaughter about that exhibition, Vytautas Narbutas was very surprised to learn that he was the only one to visit it. At least at that time. Later on, many others learnt about this 'constantly open exhibition' as it was pronounced as an artwork by Elena Narbutaitė.

This narrative of the realised 'act of artistic imagination', as Vytautas Narbutas has described this exhibition, is interesting as a story about an ideal spectator who creates his/her own ideal exhibition. Thus, the constantly open exhibition (which, like

Ernest Hemingway's 'moveable feast', is always with us) has become a *Constantly Open Exhibition* — an exemplary vehicle that enables us to create our own exhibitions, wherever we would go.

### *You*

In the fall of 2007, the CAC in Vilnius showcased a video interview project by École du Magasin (Grenoble, France) students, which invited the curators of the 2007 Lyon Biennial to talk about the particularities of their work in front of the camera. The participants of the project had to answer only one question: 'What makes your curatorial practice unique?' Their answer time was limited to ten minutes; no other questions were posed. Their short answers make the film. Looking straight into the camera, straight into our, audience's, eyes, the former curator of the CAC Raimundas Malašauskas (b. 1973) answers this question with the single word: 'You'.

### *A guide as inverted curating*

If reading is inverted writing — 'it's the reader who writes the book and not the writer'<sup>1</sup>, says Paul Auster (b. 1947) — going to see exhibitions is

1. Paul Auster quoted in Brendan Martin, *Paul Auster's Postmodernity* (New York & London: Routledge, 2008), p. 129.

inverted curating. Usually, exhibitions consist of a finite number of works and a non-finite development of ideas; the number of exhibition guides or individual exhibitions is, thus, at least in theory, also infinite. As a critic — let us not forget that we are all critics — one may declare that the best proof of this is critical review. Very often it is difficult to believe that we, critics, have really visited the same physical and cognitive exhibition space. A more productive and positive thought would then develop as follows: since it is impossible to enter the very same cognitive space of an exhibition (nobody has ever proved or claimed this at least), it means there is a possibility of an endless number of exhibitions within an exhibition; or isn't there?

### *A guide to road movies*

Journeys, trips, itineraries, tours, visits or trajectories of the sensibility of a dandy, a *flâneur*, a critic (or however you care to call a visitor of exhibitions) can be compared to *Bildungsroman* (German for a novel of formation) genre novels or road movies located in the labyrinths of the 'white cube'. *Bildungsroman* is a type of a story, a narrative, where the main hero experiences a change of character

in the course of the story: inner maturation or progress in the character's development. The story lines of road films (i.e. *Easy Rider* (1969), *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967)) were first introduced at the very beginnings of American cinema, yet they became popular only after World War II with the car industry boom and the rise of youth culture in the 1960s.

Like their precursors, road movies usually come in episodes and have a coherent structure. In every episode, their heroes are challenged; they have to live with it, but the stories do not always have a happy ending. Every episode reveals a strand of the plot and the character acquires knowledge, wisdom, allies and helpers. This continues with every new episode, but sometimes (as in the *Heart of Darkness* (1903)) such a progression of experiences is inverted and every episode embodies loss rather than acquisition: of knowledge, wisdom, allies, helpers and oneself. Road movies traditionally end in one of four ways:

1. Characters triumph at the very last point of their journey. The main characters return home wiser thanks to the experience they acquired.

2. At the end of their journey, the protagonists find a new home.
3. The journey continues endlessly.
4. The consequence of the journey is that the protagonist will never be able to go home again — they choose death or are killed.<sup>2</sup>

#### *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*

In the science fiction comedy series (radio play, then books, stage shows, TV series, computer game, comic strips, then feature film and another radio series) created by Douglas Adams (1952–2001), the author suggests the following idea of the nature of the universe: “There is a theory which states that if ever anyone discovers exactly what the Universe is for and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarre and inexplicable. There is another theory which states that this has already happened.”<sup>3</sup>

Something similar happens to exhibitions: the visitor seeks to understand an exhibition fully, as a complete whole or a sum of works, but at the

2. *Road Movie* article on Wikipedia: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Road\\_movie](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Road_movie).

3. Douglas Adams (ed. Geoffrey Perkins), *The Original Hitchhiker Radio Scripts* (London: Pan Books, 1985).

same time he/she wants to be surprised and astonished, again and again. In other words, the visitor — here I am tempted to call him/her a participant — seeks for two contradictory conclusions: to understand and at the same time to fulfil his/her hopes of the exhibition being replaced by a new, more complicated and impenetrable one.

‘You are disoriented. Blackness swims toward you like a school of eels that have just seen something that eels like a lot’<sup>4</sup>, continues Douglas Adams.

*That productive moment when you realise  
you are... lost*

One of the most interesting adaptations of Homer’s *Odyssey* is a film directed by Jean-Luc Godard (b. 1930) in 1963, titled *Le Mépris* [*Contempt*]. A short synopsis of the film: an American film producer Jeremy Prokosch (Jack Palance) hires the prominent Austrian director Fritz Lang (Fritz Lang) to produce an adaptation of Homer’s *Odyssey* (I shall remind you that Homer’s *Odyssey* is one of the oldest known examples of the journey genre *Bildungsroman*). Unsatisfied with how Lang

4. Ibid.

treats the script, Prokosch hires the scriptwriter Paul Javal (Michel Piccoli) to rewrite it. The inner conflicts of the scriptwriter’s experiences originate from the incompatibility of his understanding of the freedom of artistic expression and the exploitative goals of commercial cinema. All this ‘transfers’ to the scriptwriter’s relationship with his wife Camille Javal (Brigitte Bardot) who shifts her affections towards the millionaire womaniser Prokosch instead. This immensely complicated scenario was constructed following a Moravian story about an increasing alienation between husband and wife. Godard’s film also includes parallels with his own erratic life; the roles of Paul, Camille and Prokosch correspond to the *Odyssey*’s characters Penelope and Poseidon as well as to the personas of Godard, his wife Anna Karina and Joseph E. Levine, the film distributor. In one episode of the film, Bardot wears a black wig that makes her look like Ana Karina. Michel Piccoli is also akin to the former Brigitte Bardot’s husband and prominent director Roger Vadim. Thus, in these three stories of *Odyssey*’s characters, heroes of the film and real people, we can find several simultaneous versions of

*Bildungsroman*. Although the film *Le Mépris* is not a work of contemporary art, its story illustrates our own relationship to works of art very well: we are often the most significant part of the works and of the myths on which the artworks are based. Do not forget that our journey around the exhibition may well be yet another adaptation of *Odyssey* or *Le Mépris*.

*A retroactive guide*

In 1978, a yet unknown Dutch architect and theorist Rem Koolhaas (b. 1944) publishes a book, titled *Delirious New York, a Retroactive Manifesto for Manhattan*. In the introduction of this book, Koolhaas writes that the greatest mistake of all manifestos of the 20th century is that they provide no evidence. Meanwhile, Manhattan's problem is said to be the very opposite: Manhattan is overloaded with evidence, but it does not have its manifesto. Ideas for aforementioned (and non-mentioned) guides are born from similar thinking: the space within and around us is filled with artworks and exhibitions that have no manifestos but become the evidence waiting to be manifested.

6. A poem by Aram Saroyan  
from *Electric poems* (1966–1967):  
<http://english.utah.edu/eclipse/projects/ELECTRIC/Electric.pdf>

*And for the second time: you*  
What makes your curatorial practice unique?  
'YOU YOU'<sup>6</sup>

A WALK THROUGH THE CAC  
GALLERIES, JULY 2008

(...) I was pleasantly surprised by the last act of artistic imagination that I experienced in the hall downstairs, where the permanent exhibition was taking place. I did not feel obliged to see it at all, so I sat down comfortably in a chair and through the dim light began observing what was and what was not happening in the world. Shortly, my meditative blessing was interrupted by a flicker of a shadowy TV screen. There was no sound and the soft movements of the shadows were not disturbing but rather had a calming effect. I saw no one in the lit end of the corridor, there were no other visitors, and I didn't want to move, didn't dare to break the balance of the shadows in a play.

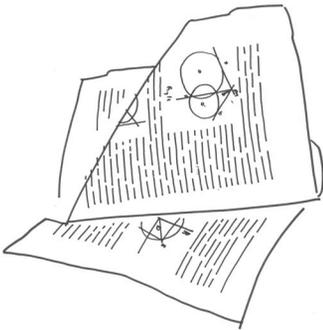
Geologist  
Vytautas Narbutas

UNHAPPY READYMADE  
IMAGINARY SHOW OF FICTIONAL  
ARTWORKS

The idea, of course, was Duchamp's.

\*

All that exists, or remains, of Duchamp's stay in Buenos Aires is a readymade. Though of course his whole life was a readymade, which was his way of appeasing fate and at the same time sending out signals of distress. As Calvin Tompkins writes: *As a wedding present for his sister Suzanne and his close friend Jean Crotti, who were married in Paris on April 14, 1919, Duchamp instructed the couple by letter to hang a geometry book by strings on the balcony of their apartment so that the wind could 'go through the book, choose its own problems, turn and tear out the pages.'* Clearly, then, Duchamp wasn't just playing chess in Buenos Aires. Tompkins continues: *This Unhappy Readymade, as he called it, might strike some newlyweds as an oddly cheerless wedding gift, but Suzanne and Jean carried out Duchamp's instructions in good spirit; they took*



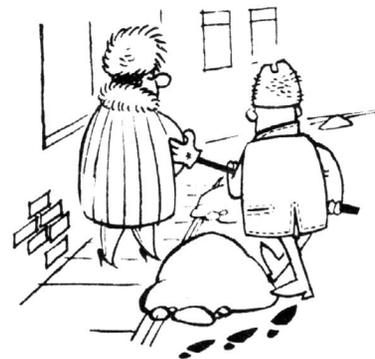
a photograph of the open book, dangling in midair (the only existing record of the work, which did not survive its exposure to the elements), and Suzanne later painted a picture of it called *Le Readymade malheureux de Marcel*. As Duchamp later told Cabanne, 'It amused me to bring the idea of happy and unhappy into readymades, and then the rain, the wind, the pages flying, it was an amusing idea. I take it back: all Duchamp did while he was in Buenos Aires was play chess. Yvonne, who was with him, got sick of all his play-science and left for France. According to Tompkins: *Duchamp told one interviewer in later years that he had liked disparaging 'the seriousness of a book full of principles,' and suggested to another that, in its exposure to the weather, 'the treatise seriously got the facts of life'*.

\*

How I don't know, but suddenly I found myself in front of a gallery hosting a retrospective of the work of Edwin Johns, the artist who cut off his right hand to display it in a self-portrait.

\*

It happened like this. One morning, after two days of feverish work on the self-portraits, the



painter cut off his painting hand. He immediately applied a tourniquet to his arm and took the hand to a taxidermist he knew, who'd already been informed of the nature of the assignment. Then he went to the hospital, where they stanching the bleeding and proceeded to suture his arm. At some point someone asked how the accident had happened. He answered that he had cut off his hand with a machete blow while he was working, by mistake. The doctors asked where the amputated hand was, because there was always the possibility that it might be reattached. He said he'd thrown it in the river on his way to the hospital, out of sheer rage and pain.

\*

When I opened the glass door I felt something strange, as if everything I saw or felt from that moment on would determine the course of my life to come. I stopped in front of a landscape, a Surrey landscape from Johns' early period, that looked to me at once sad and sweet, profound and not at all grandiloquent — an English landscape as only the English can paint them.

\*

Then I saw the poster for the show, across the room from where I was standing, a poster that showed the painting with the severed hand, Johns' masterpiece, and in white numerals gave his dates of birth and death.

\*

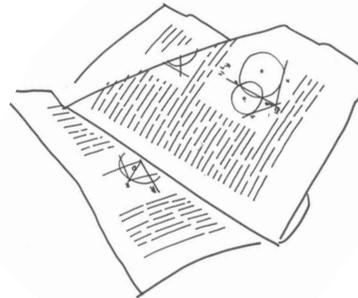
Still, the [artist's] show wouldn't have been so successful or had such an impact if not for the central painting, much smaller than the rest, the masterpiece that years later led so many British artists down the path of new decadence. This painting, viewed properly (although one could never be sure of viewing it properly), was an el-

lipsis of self-portraits, sometimes a spiral of self-portraits (depending on the angle from which it was seen), seven feet by three and a half feet, in the center of which hung the painter's mummified right hand.

\*

'How did he die?' I asked.  
[...]

Well, he had a nurse and an orderly with him,' he said. 'Johns climbed up on a rock and the man climbed up too. The nurse sat on a stump, as John asked her to do, and pretended to read a book. Then Johns started to draw with his left hand with which he had become quite proficient. He drew the waterfall, the mountains, the outcroppings of rock, the forest, and the nurse reading her book, far away from it all. Then the accident happened.



Johns stood up on the rock and slipped, and although the man tried to catch him, he fell into the abyss.'

That was all.

\*

I remember the glass of wine fell from my hands. I remember that a couple, both tall and thin, turned away from painting and peered over as if I might be an ex-lover or a living (and unfinished) painting that had just got news of the painter's death. I know I walked out without looking back and that I walked for a long time until I realized I wasn't crying, but that it was raining and I was soaked. That night I didn't sleep at all.'

1. The previous text is composed of the quotations from Roberto Bolaño, *2666*, translated by Natasha Wimmer (London: Picador, 2009).



ON THE TIP OF THE TONGUE  
AND/OR DRIFTING EXHIBITIONS

‘Wait, don’t tell me, I’ll remember it in a moment. This whole story is on the tip of my tongue’, L began. In an alphabetical order, L is the first letter of a name, object, and sign. At the same time, it is also the last. L is just a letter, but not only. Just like a cave can be more than just a cave, especially if it is Plato’s cave.

Okay, let’s wait. In any case, this story does not begin here. Yet if we start with it here, now, there is a high chance of it becoming something of a narrative.

As language allows us to treat space and time as two unrelated values, let’s assume that this story begins in two remote places at two different points in time. One part of the story commences in a cave or a grotto, while the other starts off at the outskirts of the Solar System. The Chauvet Cave in Southern

France, noted in early 2012 as containing the earliest known cave paintings, will represent the mentioned grotto, while the Voyager 1 space probe will act as the most distant man-made object.

‘Could it be that I have already read this story somewhere else?’ my companion A interrupted, after having politely waited for me to make a pause. A could also be a *petite a*.

‘It is possible’, I responded, hiding my surprise. ‘To my knowledge, this text has not been written yet. But if you’ve read it already, can you tell me how it ends, so that I can finally finish it?’

My inability to finish this text was precisely the reason and the purpose of this conversation. Seeking to facilitate the listening process for my companions, I somewhat simplified the narrative by pronouncing it to be about two exhibitions.

*Exhibition No. 1*

*Inside the Chauvet Cave*

Few people disagree, even on the Internet, that the Chauvet Cave contains some of

the earliest known cave paintings, as well as other evidence of Upper Palaeolithic (40,000 to 10,000 years ago) life. This cave is unusually large compared to other caves of this period, and the quality, quantity, and condition of the discovered drawings are often described as spectacular. Most of the found artworks date back to the Aurignacian period (30,000–32,000 years ago). The footprints of a child, the petrified relics of fireplaces, and the smoke stains of torches used to light the cave date to a later period. Research shows that after the child’s visit, the cave had stayed untouched until it was discovered in 1994, while the child’s footprints may be the oldest known surviving human footprints that can be dated accurately.

‘By the way, do you know that after a visit to the Lascaux Cave around 1940, Pablo Picasso disappointedly declared: ‘We have invented nothing’, thus, negating the idea of the evolution of artistic styles?’ N, who wasn’t as negative as you might imagine, and who preferred to stay unknown,

like x that emerged from the Lascaux cave, joined the conversation.

In the process of examining the drawings found in the cave, hundreds of images of animals have been catalogued, representing at least 13 different species, including extremely rare ones or those never before found in other Ice Age paintings. Some of these images are incredibly realistic and even cinematic; one should remember that these drawings would be visible in the flickering light of torches and fire. Instead of portraying only the familiar herbivores that predominate in Palaeolithic cave art, such as horses, cattle, and northern elks, the people who populated the Chauvet Cave also painted many predatory animals: cave lions, panthers, bears, owls, and cave hyenas. As it is typical for cave art, in this grotto we will not discover any paintings of full-body human figures. Yet, there is one chimerical figure. Its lower part resembles the body of a woman, while the upper one looks like a bison. There are also to be found several panels of red ochre handprints and stencils made by

spitting pigment over hands pressed against the surface of the wall. Abstract markings — lines and dots — are found all over the grotto. In addition, there are two unidentifiable images, which vaguely resemble butterfly silhouettes.

‘What about the second exhibition?’ G was impatient to move on with the narrative.

### *Exhibition No. 2*

#### *The Golden Record Drifting in Space*

The space probe and exhibition Voyager 1<sup>1</sup> was launched in 1977 to explore the furthest points of the Solar System and the interstellar medium. Currently, the apparatus is in the outermost layer of the heliosphere and, according to NASA scientists, will be the first space probe to leave the Solar System. The Voyager carries a gold-plated audio-visual disc known as the Voyager Golden Record. This record has an implicit purpose: in case the probe is ever discovered by extra-terrestrial civilisations, they could receive some information about our planet from the

1. The Voyager mission was designed to take advantage of a rare geometric arrangement of the outer planets in the late 1970s and 1980s, which allowed for a four-planet tour with a minimum of propellant and trip time. This layout of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, which occurs

about every 175 years, allows a spacecraft on a particular flight path to swing from one planet to the next without the need for large onboard propulsion systems. The flyby of each planet bends the spacecraft’s flight path and increases its velocity enough to deliver it to the next destination.

recordings the disc contains. A selected committee, led by the renowned cosmologist Carl Sagan, compiled the contents of this record. Acting as curators, Dr. Sagan and his fellow scholars selected 116 images, among which: a diagram of the vertebrates' evolution, drawn in the style of cave paintings, human internal organs, DNA schemes, and a frog sitting on a human's palm staring at us.

Among the audio clips one finds the sounds of waves breaking on a shore, wind, lightning, and animal voices, including birds chirping, whales singing and much more. The disc also contains selected musical pieces from different epochs and cultures, spoken greetings in fifty-five languages, and the printed greeting addresses of then U.S.A. President Jimmy Carter and the Secretary-General of the United States.

'Who do you think would be best suited to find a common language with the extraterrestrials if there was ever a possibility of such communication?' continued U, who spoke in echo and both watched and looked as if it were a mirror and in the mirror.

Using this 'gravity assist' technique, first demonstrated with NASA's *Mariner 10* Venus/Mercury mission in 1973-74, the flight time to Neptune was reduced from 30 years to 12.

NASA website: <http://voyager.jpl.nasa.gov/science/planetary.html>

'It should not be ruled out that after listening to this record the representatives of an extra-terrestrial civilisation would be most willing to meet the blue dolphins or the aforementioned frog. Maybe they would send their answers to humans in the format of talking parrots twittering,' A replied. As you already know, A could also be a *petite a*.

According to Carl Sagan, this 'spacecraft will be encountered and the record played only if there are advanced space-faring civilizations in interstellar space. But the launching of this 'bottle' into the cosmic 'ocean' says something very hopeful about life on this planet.' The creators of the record agree that the disc is best to be perceived as a time capsule or a symbolic statement rather than a serious attempt to establish contact with extraterrestrial life.

'I am absolutely sure that I have already read this story somewhere else', G quipped moodily.

'This is not at all surprising; you haven't heard the whole story yet', I replied. 'I have only

briefly presented the facts about two seemingly unrelated exhibitions.'

'Okay. Then what do these unrelated exhibitions have in common?' E continued, relaxing her serifs and, thus, making the gesture of an intrigued listener.

'We should not be too precise', T answered in my stead. 'Perhaps it is more interesting to speak about these exhibitions as if they were approximate, yet neither too straightforward nor impalpable, as if being on the tip of the tongue. For instance, perhaps it is possible to think productively about these two exhibitions demonstrating the possibility to experience exhibitions while not participating in them physically?'

*Exhibitions as imagination activators,  
accelerators and colliders*

One of the most common definitions of an exhibition is: an exhibition is a space where art objects encounter their viewer; in other words, an exhibition is first of all a space of encounters and meetings.

Don't you think that we have just taken part in, or at least witnessed, such a meet-

ing? Is it not that these two exhibitions are floating in our imagination and in the text this very moment: the Chauvet Cave as a drawing exhibition *in situ*, which became an exhibition because of time and many other circumstances, and the Golden Record as an exhibition/archive drifting in space, as a 'system which governs the appearance of statements', if we are to use Michel Foucault's definition of an archive? Although due to various visiting restrictions we cannot experience these exhibitions physically (the Chauvet Cave is conserved and completely closed to visitors, while tourist flights to the outer limits of the Solar System are not to be expected anytime soon), language allows us to imagine these exhibitions to be actually functioning in their physical space, which, particularly in this case, is also imaginary. Likewise, the past, the present, the future, as well as the potential viewers of these exhibitions are imaginary. Particularly in these cases, as we are speaking about an imaginary Stone Age or extraterrestrial viewers.

‘Are you then claiming that while individual works can be and are experienced physically, the exhibition as the totality of the works and meta-information is experienced post-physically, not as a sum of experiences, but rather as a scheme of produced meanings, as a mechanism which activates the signs encoded in the works and their possible meanings?’ A contemplated aloud in a raised voice.

Such exhibitions function as a transparent link to at least two worlds: the symbolic, because we can only imagine these exhibitions, and the physical, because, on the other hand, these exhibitions really exist; therefore, they function according to the principle of heterotopia. According to Michel Foucault, heterotopia is a concept in human geography that describes physical or immaterial relocation from one place to another, as well as places and spaces that function in non-hegemonic conditions. These are spaces of otherness, which are neither here nor there, that are simultaneously physical and mental, such as the space of a phone call or the moment

when you see yourself in the mirror or when you realise that you have been looking at a book, that is, you have been reading rather than travelling physically.

‘Lucy Lippard quotes the conceptualist Douglas Huebler as saying that the person who sits and looks at a TV set that shows a man stepping on the Moon makes a spatial jump that goes beyond any perceptual frame he could possibly have; this viewer looks at an image that is 240,000 miles away, and this perception absolutely requires language,’ letter L did a logical jump, like the aforementioned frog from the Golden Record or Neil Armstrong on the Moon, although it looked like the L in Pablo who had emerged from the Lascaux cave.

We can refer to both exhibitions in question as two organised networks of potentialities functioning in the viewers’ memory, in which individual works, objects, participants, images, and semantic nodes are located at different points in spacetime and memory. If we were to think about the usual exhibition

format as works (or processes) prepared for encounter with the viewer in one physical space, then the space of this exhibition is, first of all, the memory of its viewer. Ultimately, such exhibitions function in memory more than in the physical space, becoming pure heterotopias — memories of exhibitions activated in timeless time and placeless place, and thus living.

‘Heterotopia is a floating state which enables one to be in at least two places simultaneously. Isn’t it true that exhibitions function as networks of heterotopias, rather than as binary and far more closed ‘artwork-viewer’ systems?’ K and others began to expand and comment on each other at a speed that turned the conversation into single organic formation. Similarly, we imagine a flower blossom as the antonym of the individual petals that form it, as a significant difference between a part and the whole.

One of the ideal network models is the circle, because the distance between the members, i.e. the nodes of the ring, is the

smallest possible, or absent altogether. It is no surprise that one of the most expensive contemporary devices that excites the scientific and the popular imagination, as well as instils fear, the Large Hadron Collider, has the form of a circle, ring, or a ring within a ring. After the end of the Cold War, many countries drastically cut their space programme budgets and prevented the scientists from realising more ambitious plans. Thus, presently the act of cognition of the Universe and the scientists’ attention are concentrated on the elementary particles flying at the speed of light in a circle-shaped underground tunnel and their collisions. To put it very simply, the collider consists of two pipes surrounded by superconducting magnets, which are cooled with liquid helium at a temperature close to absolute zero. Two streams of protons are moving towards each other in these pipes. Having reached the speed approximate to that of light, they collide and create conditions similar to those just a small fraction of a second after the Big Bang.

‘What art is we find in an artwork. Yet we can understand what a work of art is only by looking into the essence of art. Everyone will surely notice that we are moving in a circle. Common sense would advise against following this circle — otherwise, we violate the principles of logic. It is believed that it is possible to investigate the nature of art by analysing and comparing artworks. Yet how can we be sure that we indeed employ works of art for such investigation if we don’t know beforehand what art is? [...] Thus, we can’t but move in a circle. Yet this is neither a necessary evil nor some flaw. [...] And it is not only the most important step we are taking when moving from the artwork to art or from art to the artwork that is a circle; each step we attempt to take draws a circle’, S quoted an author of the ‘language talks’ concept.

For several years, this collider has been probing the most fundamental questions of physics, deepening our understanding of the currently least understood laws of the Universe, including the existence of the mysterious and hypothetical dark energy, the origin of energy and matter, and many others. The col-

lider functions as an extremely sophisticated test laboratory that contains the most advanced contemporary instruments. Yet at the same time it also functions as an imagination accelerator, in which the tested hypotheses hold at both the very small subatomic level of elementary particles and the virtually unimaginable scale of the Universe.

In his text *Subversive Signs*<sup>2</sup>, Hal Foster claims that a hundred years have passed since the artist became ‘a manipulator of signs more than a producer of art objects, and the viewer an active reader of messages rather than a passive contemplator of the aesthetic or consumer of the spectacular.’ Paraphrasing Foster, is it not true that artworks and exhibitions are spaces of sign manipulation, where signs are manipulated simultaneously by both their authors and readers?

Is it not the way exhibitions, the already mentioned encounters of artworks and viewers, function in our imaginations? If we accept that artworks contain and produce contingent and changing signs via content, form,

2. Hal Foster, *Subversive Signs on Art in America* (Vol. 70 #10, November 1982), pp. 88–92.

meta-information, references, context, and the viewer's experiences, are exhibitions not essentially accelerations and collisions of the signs produced by artworks and their systems in our perception? In other words, is it not true that an exhibition takes place only then and precisely when such activated streams of signs collide and create a new semiotic event, a certain small explosion of concepts and images in a networked nonlinear narrative of signs, which might as well take the form of a dream lit by lightning?'

'Now I do remember how and where this story ends', one of the letters interrupted. 'There is no lightning in space, you silly romantic.'

'Wait, don't tell me, I will remember it all in a moment', L went in loops. In an alphabetical order, L is the first letter of a name, object, and sign. At the same time, it is also the last. L is just a letter, but not only. Just like a cave can be more than just a cave, especially if it is Plato's cave. It looked like the L in Pablo who had emerged from the Lascaux cave, but you already know it.

## DEAR CURATOR

I admit my lack of imagination. When I go to see an exhibition, I often catch myself feeling as if I'm in this famous scene from the 1999 film *Being John Malkovich*. In this particular scene, the protagonist John Malkovich, impersonating his fictional self, enters his own consciousness through an unexpectedly discovered portal and meets variations of his own alter ego; in the scene, every Other (including language) is an equivalent of Malkovich's character. You must have seen it. Why do I feel this way? I will explain this briefly.

I suggest you conduct a small experiment and imagine an exhibition not as a sum of all the physical works that it contains but rather as a space for the viewer's encounter with the works, where the exhibition is an indivisible unit, a qualitatively new integral space. How can we speak about such a subjective space?

Vladimir Nabokov's novel *Pale Fire* (1962) consists of two structural parts: the 999-line-long

heroic poem *Pale Fire*, written by the fictional author John Shade, and the commentary on this poem by the scholar Charles Kinbote, Shade's neighbour and colleague. Together these two parts form a narrative in which both authors are simultaneously storytellers and protagonists. Similarly, returning to the topic of exhibition-going, every exhibition is, at the very least, a binary system. First, the works in an exhibition describe the exhibition space that is collectively created by all the featured works, and, second, they are works in themselves, because, apart from a few exceptions, they were such before the exhibition and will remain such after it is over.

Or let's say that a work of art functions as a teleportation machine (or a footnote). The theoretical model of a teleportation device is based on the idea of a copy machine rather than on means of transportation (i.e. a wormhole between different spacetimes). For instance, if you wish to be teleported, you would first be scanned, and then the data describing you would be sent to the desired destination, where a new you would be printed. Thus, at least two versions of you would exist — albeit in two different spacetimes.

Let us continue this experiment. Imagine yourself simultaneously entering the same space — say, an exhibition space — through different doors: six of them, for instance, or, better yet, twelve, and all of you meeting inside. Twelve of you, almost identical, in one space. Almost — because all of you would have come in through different doors, and therefore a minuscule portion of the information you have would be different. I'm curious what kind of conversation you would have.

I must repeat: I lack imagination. But you certainly know what you would be talking about, don't you?

DEAR READER, THIS IS A PORTRAIT  
OF YOU IF I SAY SO

Your distrust regarding this kind of portraiture is understandable. Your reaction very much resembles that of Iris Clert the moment she received the telegram: ‘This is a portrait of Iris Clert if I say so. Robert Rauschenberg’.<sup>1</sup> The telegram was disposed, but later it was salvaged from the garbage by Iris — slightly crumpled — and put on display.

Has the telegram become a self-portrait as Iris was crumpling the text into a 3D structure, into her self-portrait, and a monument of the portrait genre at the same time? Most probably not, especially if you are able to destroy the symbolism of the text, the text as the portrait, thus, uncovering a self-portrait of both. By misidentifying the telegram as just a telegram and not as her own portrait Iris misidentified her own portrait as the representation of her likeness. Later on, when she recognised the crumpled telegram in the recycle bin (or in her memory, perhaps) as

1. In 1961, American artist Robert Rauschenberg (1925-2008) was invited to participate in an exhibition at the Galerie Iris Clert, where artists were to create and display a portrait of the gallery owner Iris Clert. Rauschenberg’s submission consisted of a telegram sent to the gallery declar-

ing ‘This is a portrait of Iris Clert if I say so.’

If you don’t identify this portrait with ‘a portrait of you’ and you are about to tear off and throw away this page, you may first like to refer to the instruction piece *Untitled*’ (1995/96) by a Swiss-

a representation of her, this was not the portrait Rauschenberg intended: his portrait of Iris was symbolically destroyed by crumpling, by recycling. It could also be that Iris had not recognised herself in any of the portraits and that she perceived the telegram to be an artwork.

All messages in the telegram, of the telegram, as the telegram, have changed.

The performative statement ‘This is a portrait of you if I say so’ is as legitimate as Friedrich Nietzsche’s ‘Every name in history is I’, when *I* is the link between both statements and *you* is exactly the *I* that you have in mind.

American artist Christian Marclay  
(b. 1955):

Book version: tear out this page while listening attentively listen and crumple the page into a small ball you can repeat these sounds with other pages save the ball(s) discard the book.

\* Christian Marclay’s *Untitled* appears in the DO IT archive on e-flux website: [www.e-flux.com/projects/do\\_it/homepage/do\\_it\\_home.html](http://www.e-flux.com/projects/do_it/homepage/do_it_home.html)

## THE BARMAN SAID:

‘Sorry, we don’t serve neutrinos here.’

A neutrino enters a bar.

This is but one of many tweets inspired by the news that neutrinos — ghostly subatomic particles — may travel faster than light. If so, science fiction could become a science fact, with wonderful paradoxes such as effects preceding their causes. One example would be the punchline preceding the story (in case for you as for me it took a while to decode the joke)<sup>1</sup>.

Descartes replies with ‘I think not’ and then vanishes.

The soundtrack walks into the text, literally. The Riga Horn Quartet and the sound come separately from a wonky ship with the name spelled in Latvian as *Misisipi*. The musicians avoid imagining time as a river; when they are not playing

1. Frank Close, *Professor Einstein, you can relax. E still equals mc2. Probably ...*: <http://www.guardian.co.uk/science/2011/sep/24/einstein-equals-mc2>.

In September 2011, neutrinos apparently moving faster than light were detected. Since then the experi-

ment has undergone extensive critique and efforts to replicate the results because confirming the results would change our understanding of the theory of relativity. In November 2011, the experiment was refined and yielded the same result. However, in February 2012 reports came out that the results

music, they play cards. One of them even has a shiner, although it's not clear what it is he is playing dirty: the cards or the horn.

Schrödinger's cat walks into a bar. And doesn't.

In case the experiment results prove to be correct and the effects precede their causes, the punchline precedes the story, what happens to the logic of the linear as such? And in this case, what happens to the grammar? How are we going to define *before* and *after*, or *after* and *before*?

A dog named Naomi cat-walks from out of the picture frame into the museum and is then taken for a walk within the limits of Antanas Gerlikas' (b. 1978) film *Walk* (2011). So is there a need for *before* and *after*, as a variety of events happen in a single moment of time?

A dyslexic man walks into a bra.

A white cube transforms into a sugar (cube), which holds an ability to memorise information, yet at the same time remain white. Now it com-

may have been caused by a loose fiber optic cable attached to one of the atomic clocks which measured the departure and arrival times of the neutrinos.

fortably sits on the surface of a bar table. Sugar records reveal that an iridescent paint-fed rose blossom functioning as an RGB colour palette is the most popular object to start the conversation with. 'A Rose is a MacGuffin is a red herring', speaks an unrecognised voice with the accent of a parrot.<sup>2</sup>

'Sometimes sugar is just a cigar', says Fred.  
'Right', says Freud.

A parrot walks into a bar. This originates in the work of Marcel Broodthaers (1924–1976) who famously withdrew from poetry and developed a deep fascination for birds — as it reflects in his piece from 1974, titled *Ne dites pas que je ne l'ai pas dit — Le Perroquet (Don't say that I didn't say it — Parrot)*. The installation includes two palm trees, a gray African parrot, a glass vitrine displaying Broodthaers' catalogues and a voice recording of the artist himself reading one of his own poems: 'Moi Je dis Je Moi Je dis Je...'

A magician walks down the alley and turns into a bar.

2. Both objects, a white sugar cube and a rainbow rose in a mouth blown square vase at the same time are works by Laura Kaminskaitė, entitled *Sugar entertainment* and *Untitled (Four walls and an exhibition)*.

'The standard length of a miracle is around 15 seconds', says Swedish magician Malin Nilsson. She hosts the opening night event of the new project developed by Stockholm-based artist duo Goldin+Senneby, titled *Standard Length of a Miracle* (2011). While performing a whole set of tricks on her audience, Nilsson deconstructs the notion of magic: 'For me, magic means using logical thinking to find little gaps in human perception and exploiting them.'

An amnesiac walks into a bar. He asks: 'Do I come here often?'

In 15 seconds, Malin Nilsson confuses the notion of cause and effect in the minds of the audience. Everyone waits until it passes, applauds, and leaves the theatre set feeling relieved to re-enter the sheltered world of more familiar cause and effect connections.

*Instruction No. 12. An Astral Performative Act of Imaginary Characters vs. Real Artworks, This Time Exceptionally Presented to the Population of the Physical Plan with an Introduction by the Artist* by Chiara

Fumai (with Annie Jones, Rūta Junevičiūtė, Monika Lipchitz, The Anonymous Opium Addict, and a piece by Cesare Pietroiusti) is about to start.

The barman asks: 'Once again, what is the title of the piece?'

Two characters take two seats at the performer's table, the only unoccupied seats they may find in an otherwise overcrowded bar. One of them clearly mistakes this astral performance for a spiritual séance as he is holding a bottle of spirits between his knees. The other one tries to steal the bottle and then the show by embodying the series of illustrations of astral and imaginary characters.

A book walks into a bar. The barman says: 'Please, just no stories!'

Olof Olsson (b. 1965) walks out from a cup of coffee. He is about to host *a talk show on the brink of disaster*. The sugar cube is being switched on. Mr. Olsson encourages the audience to feel free to leave at any given moment. Part of the audience leaves; they did not get the joke. The brink

is sliding towards disaster as if on the raft of the Medusa. The audience jumps courageously onto the rocking raft, transforming the Medusa painting into a series of photos of a quality of those taken in comedy theatres with a candid infrared camera.

The barman asks: 'Why the long pause?'

Two men enter a bar: you would think they were the counter-revolutionists spying in Odessa after the October Revolution. The barman says: 'Aren't you the same Mormons I kicked out of the bar five minutes ago?' 'No', one of them answers, while opening a Samsonite fully packed with books. 'We are the opposite of Mormonism. We distribute the accidental relationship between book and its reader by asking the reader to choose a page in a book and a paragraph. As in a lottery.'

A parrot picks up the lucky number of the lottery. The number appears to be a sentence that is later lost in-between all the other records of the sugar cube.

An Egyptian curator enters a bar and pronounces in Lithuanian: 'A parrot is a bird whose body is inhabited by others; it mimics their language and creates comical and uncanny resemblances.' In 2010, sculptor Karl Larsson (b. 1977) publishes a poetry book *Parrot*, where he reveals the parrot-like technique of using foreign language, employing a language of the other to create something one can't completely comprehend. But how does a parrot choose the words to memorise and to speak out? 'A machine may be defined as a system of interruptions or breaks', say Gilles Deleuze (1925–1995) and Félix Guattari (1930–1992) in *Anti-Oedipus* (1972), while describing the *desiring-machines*. Maybe in this case the parrot is an example of how D & G would imagine the *talking machine*, of an embodiment of language as the *desiring-machine* itself?

Descartes walks into a bar. The barman says: 'Moi Je dis Je Moi Je dis Je...'

The story of a rabbit pulled out of a magician's hat was initiated by Mary Toft (1701–1763). Mary was an English woman who became the subject of

considerable controversy as she managed to trick the doctors into believing that she had given birth to rabbits. After Mary had finally admitted the fraud, street entertainers and magicians started to introduce rabbits into their acts as a contemporary reference their audiences would understand. And what about a parrot, a dog, a sugar cube — to what language or trick do they refer to?

A parrot enters a bar. It makes a sound of a book being closed. Over and over, until this sound of a book crumbles into a found poem by Jurgis Paškevičius:

In this dream about the presence  
when I am reading you  
from down to top  
and trying to understand myself  
let's not concentrate  
on this dot

Language is considered to be an instrument both to describe the facts as well as to create them. Also, such institutions as money, property, technology, work are all linguistic institutions

that become instruments for producing those same real facts. If 'facts are created by speaking them'<sup>3</sup>, as claimed by the economist Christian Marazzi (b. 1951), isn't it language itself — full of gaps in human perception — that is exploited and often transformed into a set of magic acts, thus absorbing everything else into a single linguistic economy?

An amnesiac enters a bar. He asks: 'Do I come here often?'

A blushing carpet, a bronze cast of hands that casts a shadow in a shape of a person holding 'The Spectator' and a text by a Lacanian philosopher on a subject which remains unknown to the readers who enter the bar enter a bar. All three of them are blind and belong to the installation by Karl Larsson. So unaware of their surroundings — to derive humour from this situation would be sinister. Anyway, the bartender turns to them, takes a look and says:

'What is this — some kind of joke?'  
'No', answers the blushing carpet.

3. Christian Marazzi, *Capital and Language. From the New Economy to the War Economy* (Semiotext(e), 2008), p. 33.

'We have come out of at least two different shows while participating in both of them simultaneously', naively continues the bronze cast of hands. The text by the Lacanian philosopher on a subject, which remains unknown to the readers, is also blind, of course. It cannot read and so it asks: 'Is the question real, imaginary or symbolic?'

The neutrino says: 'Naw, I was just passing through.'

*For every forgetting seems to have its price<sup>2</sup>*

... is one of the most fascinating artists of the last ten years, and at the same time one of the most difficult to understand. As a student ... encountered Guy Debord's Situation Theory, the Structuralism of Lacan, Levi-Strauss, Barthes and Foucault, and the Post-structuralism of Baudrillard and Derrida.<sup>3</sup> ...'s knowledge of visual culture was derived from television.<sup>4</sup> However, in the last few years ... has refused to identify his/her sources, claiming that knowledge of these would only restrict interpretation of ...'s work.<sup>5</sup>

Throughout the 20th century, many ordinary objects were called art.<sup>6</sup> The principle of appropriation was originally developed by Marcel Duchamp at the beginning of the 20th century, reaching a climax in the 1960s with Pop Art. At the end of the 1970s it came back into fashion and, even more so than in Pop Art, pictures from

1. Subsequent quotations are selected from Burkhard Riemschneider & Uta Grosenick (eds.), *Art Now* (Cologne: Taschen, 2001).

2. Astrid Wege on Mike Kelley, p. 85.

3. Jean-Michel Ribettes on Peter Halley, p. 65.

4. Raimar Stange on Tracey Moffatt, p. 108.

5. Susanne Titz on Thomas Demand, p. 34.

6. Cristoph Blasé on Katharina Fritsch, p. 50.

advertising or television were adopted wholesale by artists for use in their own work.<sup>7</sup> The world is packed with information ... seems to suggest. Before experiences come, one has already learnt all about them, so what is there to get excited about?<sup>8</sup>

Solutions and final conclusions are never on offer. ...'s works function in precisely the same way: they are never complete, always undergoing a process of alteration. Their validity is a short duration, but in this brief time, they hit the viewer's feelings exactly.<sup>9</sup> ... demonstrates that artistic concern with the present can be handled not only in photography, film, Conceptual and installation art, painting but also in ...<sup>10</sup>

... operates suggestively with our perception of the outside world, its association-laden structures, colours, forms, illusions and clichés.<sup>11</sup> A complex world needs rules in order to function, but these should always demonstrate their purpose in an atmosphere of tolerance and reason. This idealistic sense of social concord is a constant theme in ...'s artworks. Thus ... presents something in the context of art that is only too often counteracted in everyday life.<sup>12</sup> ...'s installations,

7. Cristoph Blasé on Richard Prince, p. 134.

8. Cristoph Blasé on Eija-Liisa Ahtila, p. 13.

9. Cristoph Blasé on Liam Gillick, pp. 54–55.

10. Susanne Titz on Franz Ackermann, p. 10.

11. Susanne Titz on Franz Ackermann, p. 10.

12. Cristoph Blasé on Angela Bulloch, p. 24.

photographs and objects emphasize, in an unpretentious and yet precise way, moments of displacement and the disappearance of space and time.

... emphasises this aspect in pieces *Ohne Titel (Untitled)*.<sup>13</sup> They reveal, both in their triviality and their vitality, the intimate and mundane nature of the passage of time. This breathtaking amassing of production touches on the deeper meaning of an art that is totally synchronised with the duration of life as it is lived.<sup>14</sup> A network of allusions is the result, which mixes biographical components with historical and mythological narrative threads in a typically Postmodern style.<sup>15</sup> Works have different realities. Thus ... presents overlays in time. Diverse things happen at diverse moments, even with the same material or in the same place. Witnessing this process, the viewer begins to realise that reality eludes every kind of documentation.<sup>16</sup>

An unorthodox conception of history emerges. This is not cut and dried, but shifts with the perspective selected. ...'s compositional openness is therefore more than a principle of style: he/she opposes the desire for order and control that is often visible in architecture and the organisation of interiors.<sup>17</sup> ...'s work seems unfinished, both in

13. Astrid Wege on Andreas Gursky, p. 62.

14. Jean-Michel Ribettes on Nobuyoshi Araki, p. 17.

15. Raimar Stange on Keith Edmier, p. 40.

16. Cristoph Blasé on Pierre Huyghe, p. 80.

17. Astrid Wege on Candida Hofer, p. 70.

terms of presentation and of content.<sup>18</sup> His/her open-handedness in fact challenges the mechanisms of art presentation, creating a crossover between the visual arts and other artistic activities.<sup>19</sup> Among them is his/her presentation or imitation of natural phenomena as art, while at the same time obviously revealing the technique used to recreate it without diminishing the impressively subtle effect. ... is not primarily interested in the distinction between nature and machine but in the viewer's relationship to both.<sup>20</sup>

Just when one has been taking in by his aesthetic offerings, they turn out to be tricks. It is for instance impossible for the reader of this book not to touch the following two pages ('as the concept of this article ... would like the following two pages not to be touched'), because he/she has to turn them over before can carry on reading.<sup>21</sup> He/she is also concerned with social consequences of intervention in the eco-system and their relationship to financial and symbolic values.<sup>22</sup>

Subsequently, his/her concepts became more complex.<sup>23</sup> ...'s protagonists are often linked with social or political events. ...'s theme is the moulding of individual behaviour through

18. Cristoph Blasé on Liam Gillick, pp. 54–55.

19. Yilmaz Dziewior on Cosima von Bonin, p. 22.

20. Yilmaz Dziewior on Olafur Eliasson, p. 42.

21. Raimar Stange on Andreas Slominski, p. 152.

22. Yilmaz Dziewior on Dan Peterman, p. 125.

23. Susanne Titz on Gillian Wearing, p. 170.

the mass media and social structures.<sup>24</sup> ... conjures up independent worlds in which his memories and inventions intermingle.<sup>25</sup> ... subtly combined personal experiences and ideas from art theory with political points of view. ... often reflects aspects of this particular position as a gay artist from Cuba, but without falling into banal clichés.<sup>26</sup> Why, for instance, are pictures of black actresses usually underexposed while white men are brightly lit? But for all the political rhetoric, the work is also fascinating because of its occasionally sentimental nostalgia — the objective of all battles is simply 'winning back beauty'.<sup>27</sup> ... is not concerned here with ironic exposure of his subject, but with analytical observation.<sup>28</sup> The works do not encourage direct identification with their subjects, for he keeps them in a distant perspective.<sup>29</sup> Advertising, propaganda and missionary appeals work like magnets. If they are successful, they catch the masses by the throat, draw the close and do not let them go again.<sup>30</sup>

Subsequent developments are normally left unresolved.<sup>31</sup> The works may seem skittish at first sight, but after a few moments one senses their

24. Astrid Wege on Paul McCarthy, p. 106.

25. Yilmaz Dziewior on Kai Althoff, p. 14.

26. Yilmaz Dziewior on Felix Gonzalez-Torrez, p. 58.

27. Raimar Stange on Zoe Leonard, p. 96.

28. Yilmaz Dziewior on John Carrin, p. 30.

29. Susanne Titz on Rineke Dijkstra, p. 36.

30. Susanne Titz on Barbara Kruger, p. 91.

31. Astrid Wege on Jeff Wall, p. 169

profundity.<sup>32</sup> Their boundaries become visible but also open.<sup>33</sup> They reflect the conditions of the perception, the peculiarities of his/her medium and the (implicit) political dimension of its use.<sup>34</sup> But what might seem like amateur mistakes actually represent a detailed examination of the medium.<sup>35</sup> Within these works, we don't know whether the she-wolf is standing in front of us or behind us; whether the herd of horses is stamping about above or below us.<sup>36</sup> ...'s theme is the ordinary day, the public space, presented so subtly that no information gets lost.<sup>37</sup> Always being watched—this was true not only in the GDR, but also characterises the reality of the Postmodern network.<sup>38</sup>

In many of his/her works ... refers in multifarious ways to the works of other artists.<sup>39</sup> From time to time, artist friends help to produce ...'s works. This enables ... to defy the romantic myth of the autonomous artistic genius, and to widen his work with additional facets of content and style.<sup>40</sup> No comment is made. The participants all have their own ideas and perceptions, but they keep them to themselves.<sup>41</sup>

32. Cristoph Blasé on Philippe Parreno, p. 120.

33. Astrid Wege on Gerwald Rockenshaub, p. 145.

34. Astrid Wege on Thomas Ruff, p. 146.

35. Cristoph Blasé on Diana Thater, p. 158.

36. Cristoph Blasé on Diana Thater, p. 158.

37. Cristoph Blasé on Thomas Struth, p. 154.

38. Raimar Stange on Jane and Louise Wilson, p. 176.

39. Yilmaz Dziewior on Georg Herold, p. 66.

40. Yilmaz Dziewior on Franz West, pp. 172–173.

41. Cristoph Blasé on Vanessa Beecroft, p. 20.

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## COLOPHON

Valentinas Klimašauskas (b. 1977) is a curator and writer based in Vilnius who writes shows and curates texts. *B and/or an Exhibition Guide in Search of its Exhibition* was conceived during the residency at Baltic Art Center in Visby, Gotland, Sweden. It was then continued at Hordaland Art Centre, Bergen, Norway.

*Walking in a Title* by Laura Kaminskaitė could have been read in her solo exhibition at the exhibition room *The Gardens*, Vilnius, 2012. *Walking in a Title* was a solo show where an artwork, a title, the exhibition space and texts-ghosts were constantly exchanging their places. Laura Kaminskaitė (b. 1984) lives and works in Vilnius.

The first version of *The Man Who Hoarded Exhibitions in His Head* was published on the occasion of *Openings and Closings—the Richard Kostelanetz Bookstore*, Kunstverein Amsterdam, 2011, as part of the project conceived in collaboration with Goda Budvytytė, Richard Kostelanetz and Hyo Kwon.

*A Few Possible Suggestions for an Exhibition Guide* was previously

published in *For the first and for the second time* catalogue, the CAC Vilnius, 2008.

*A Walk* by Elena Narbutaitė was also published in *For the first and for the second time* catalogue, the CAC Vilnius, 2008. Elena Narbutaitė (b. 1984) is an artist who lives and works in Vilnius. Her grandfather Vytautas Narbutas is a geologist and a writer. He also lives and works in Vilnius.

*On the Tip of the Tongue and/or Drifting Exhibitions* (translated into English by Jurij Dobriakov) was conceived for the previously mentioned exhibition *Walking in a Title* by Laura Kaminskaitė at the exhibition room *The Gardens*, Vilnius, 2012.

*The Barman Says* was published in *The Baltic Notebooks of Anthony Blunt* (2011). The text was inspired by and dedicated to the one-day only exhibition *Intermission*, Riga, 2011. It was curated by Virginija Januškevičiūtė and included works by Gediminas G. Akstinas, Chiara Fumai, Auridas Gajauskas, Antanas Gerlikas, Goldin+Senneby, Laura Kaminskaitė, Karl Larsson,

Monika Lipchitz, Miegalius,  
Olof Olsson, Marija Olšauskaitė,  
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The graphic concept of *and/or* was  
conceived by Goda Budvytytė.  
Born in 80's Lithuania, Goda lives  
in Brussels where she connects  
words with images, shapes with  
colours, and paper stacks with  
book binders.

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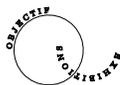
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## AND/OR

Although a grammatical conjunction & (AND/OR) is belittled and depicted as at least one face of Janus, let us be reminded that in this case at least one faces of Janus, the god of beginnings and transitions, possesses a dialectical face of Hegel, comprising thesis, antithesis & synthesis. & acts as a mechanism of inclusion or exclusion or both as it is typically used to indicate that one or more of the cases it connects may occur. For example, the sentence 'He has chosen to experience *Fountain*, *Las Meninas*, & *Telepathic Piece* in chronological order' indicates that although the person may accumulate the knowledge of any of the three listed works, the choices are not exclusive: the person makes one, two, or all three of the choices. & is also a sign, a character which calls for its own constructions of narrative, verbalisation, and, depending on how you read it, reappearing inclusions & exclusions.





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