



GLASSSTRESS

2011

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54. Esposizione
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edited by
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GLASSTRESS 2011

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reflections

Adriano Berengo *Marcel Duchamp's The Large Glass gives me the opportunity to reflect on the meaning of making and communicating art and on the role of the 'things' that have marked the course of history, or at least that of art.*

This work by Duchamp has always been appreciated tardily, perhaps because the artist did everything he could to not conform to the spirit and logic of his era. The work The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors – also known as The Large Glass – begun in 1915 and left unfinished, is the perfect embodiment of this artist's entire philosophy: behind every work is the life of the person who made it, the tradition of the techniques used, a clear and penetrating vision of the world in which it is immersed, a disenchanting view of the work itself, experienced by the artist primarily through the inertial nature of a 'thing' that mirrors the world around it.

These thoughts on art, conceived primarily as an area freed from the rules of a method, pushed me to follow my intuition to promote glass, the material I had chosen to work with, by going against tradition and presenting it as the ideal means with which to translate contemporary needs. And so it was that in 2009, after twenty years of working in the field of art glass, the Glasstress exhibition was conceived, which offered a rich collection of works in glass made by a good fortyfive international artists of the past and present. It was followed two years later by Glasstress 2011, presented at the 54. Esposizione Internazionale d'Arte, a further step towards "a new, visionary manifesto for glass and art". On this occasion the works of over sixty internationally famous as well as emerging artists and designers were put on display at two venues: Palazzo Cavalli Franchetti in Venice and the Berengo Centre for Contemporary Art and Glass on Murano. This second exhibition focused chiefly on the world of today, broadening to also bring together various creative genres and above all seeking to directly involve all the artists and designers in the production of their works. Thus, Glasstress has become an artistic platform striving to create synergies between local traditions and global culture; between contemporary business, art, and handicraft; between different cultures and artistic disciplines. Returning to Duchamp's The Large Glass, the work that inspired my thoughts, it is clear that the choice of glass as the support for creating this memorable work was certainly not accidental; rather it served as a technical device with which to subvert the custom and tradition of painting. The artist wanted to enter a whole new dimension, a transparency of space, taking the viewer beyond the commonplace to a place that the artist himself described as "invisible and unpredictable [...] something that could not be perceived with the eyes". It is with this objective, this end in mind that the contemporary artists exhibiting in Glasstress 2011 have also labored to create their works.

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murano
berengo centre
for contemporary
art and glass





art, design and an attraction for fire

Demetrio Papani At the beginning of the twentieth century, the historic avant-gardes, especially with Constantin Brancusi and Marcel Duchamp, redefined the concept of sculpture as we know it today. Prior to modular masses with no Brancusi pedestal, and before Duchamp's readymades, sculpture was understood as statuary made primarily of wood, marble and bronze. These were the materials that lent themselves best to that way of understanding sculpture and the execution of bas-relief sculpture, i.e. the construction of narratives with figures emerging from a plane. Clay, ceramics and glass, on the other hand, were the domain of the applied arts and considered artistic expressions closer to a craft, which however fine the quality did not enjoy the same consideration as the plastic arts.

Thanks to Art Nouveau, between the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, at the same time as the political and economic rise of the bourgeoisie and the socio-cultural change triggered by the Industrial Revolution, glass took on a significant role in the creation of artistic objects. After all, glass has always been an ideal material for decorations because of its transparency, its letting light shine through lending brightness to the colors. Nevertheless, however hard the artist strove to embody a new style linked to the spirit of the times, Art Nouveau objects made of glass – or of glass combined with other materials – had a purpose of use and therefore remained linked to the context of the applied arts. Doors and windows, chandeliers, plates, vases, and jewelry had not yet received the full dignity of plastic art works, as has happened recently.

In the second half of the nineteenth century, when the inquietudes that would lead to the birth of the avant-garde movements were already apparent, artists were rejecting the idea that a work of art could have a useful function. At the same time as the invention of photography, which had freed art from the documentary role (of the human figure, nature, objects), the new languages did not concede anything to the taste of the old bourgeoisie, which wanted to subvert the aesthetic values. The death of portrait painting was not simply because a photograph could reproduce reality more faithfully and faster than a painting, it also responded to the need to make the work an object for its own sake.

conception of the market that led artists to work for themselves and sell their works personally – the first private galleries would appear shortly thereafter – there was also the idea that art, in addition to being useless in practical terms, no longer needed to aspire to beauty. Modern artists preferred to identify with the harshness of the tribal sculpture (beginning to find space in Parisian museums) and in the banality of industrial objects in common use (baked in large quantities by the new factories) rather than in the refined elegance of handmade glass objects from Murano, France, and Bohemia, especially mirrors and chandeliers, which had been very popular with the French aristocracy and bourgeoisie of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. What had once been a strength of glass art – particularly the elegance of items made in Venice from the 1200s onwards – became considered a weakness by the avant-gardes. It was starting from a view of the world that assigned negative attributes to beauty as it had been understood in earlier centuries that the Dadaists came to theorize the *aesthetic of indifference*, a programmatic definition that summarized the need to focus attention on objects that were also chosen by virtue of their anonymity. Since the objects dearest to the old bourgeoisie were those related to furnishings and practical use, emphasizing a clear separation between the applied arts and the noble arts responded both to a formal and linguistic strategy and the desire to affirm the spirit of the time. This was true despite there being no lack of important formal solutions in the applied arts such as those developed by the Bauhaus (1919-33), in the vanguard from a linguistic perspective while still aiming to create useful objects.

Nevertheless, because the Bauhaus claimed that form must follow function and not vice versa, it marked an important turning point in the way design and architecture were conceived and perceived. The presence of artists such as Paul Klee, Wassily Kandinsky, Oskar Schlemmer, László Moholy-Nagy, and Josef Albers as teachers in a school of architecture and design, the Bauhaus that is, showed there was an intention to eliminate the distinction between fine arts and applied arts, overlapping them until they coincided. The Bauhaus manifested interest in glass as a material suitable for design, but also for art. There was so much interest, in fact, that it led to the establishment of a workshop for glass decorating, whose direction was entrusted first to Paul Klee (in 1919) and then to Josef Albers (in 1923). In the spirit of social revolution, which viewed art as a community asset and not the privilege of a few, artists dressed the part of creator in public, but in the privacy of their studios made a clear distinction between applied arts and plastic arts. No matter how many people may argue the opposite, the artefacts created in the Bauhaus are something that resembles art more than being works of art. In any case, the debate about what distinguishes design from art is an unresolved question and open to conflicting interpreta-

tions. Unlike what happened with marble and wood, which could also be used as raw materials, and therefore be “found”, during the years of the historical avant-gardes, there were many who felt that glasswork and ceramics necessarily implied the production of elegant objects, more suitable for the homes of the bourgeoisie than for places of art. As materials to be shaped, glass and ceramics thus brought into play the manual intervention of the artist, while starting with Duchamp and Dada, as mentioned before, sculpture was not conceived of as a mass shaped by its author, but an assembly of objects that the artist could appropriate by changing its meaning. Duchamp’s inverted urinal presented with the title of *Fountain* is perhaps the most explicit example of this dynamic: the artist does not personally mold the shape he needs, but chooses it in a process that presumes a relative interest in the material with which to create the work. From this perspective, glass became part of the modernist work as a found object (bottles, glasses, balls, ampoules, display cases, crockery) and not as material to be shaped.

Between 1913 and 1915, Marcel Duchamp used a glass ampoule and named it *Paris Air*. The greatest emphasis on glass, however, is found in his work *La Mariée mise à nu par ses célibataires, même* (The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even), also known as *The Large Glass*. Duchamp worked on this emblematic work of modernism from 1915 to 1923, leaving it unfinished. Consisting of two glass panels framed by wooden and steel mounts, *The Large Glass* is seen as a spacious window with cryptic forms inside created with oil paint, silver and lead foils and wires. As is well known, during transport the glass suffered several cracks, but the artist decided to accept the intervention of chance as an integral part of the work. Apart from the diverse and conflicting interpretations that have been given to *The Large Glass*, the fact remains that one of the fundamental characteristics of glass is that it allows the eyes to see through it, which is why the viewer can grasp the physical space that the work of art houses within it.

Before the historic avant-gardes changed the direction of Western art, sculpture still had materials that helped to define an idea of style. Suffice it to say that even an extraordinarily innovative formal sculptor like Auguste Rodin is now considered to be tied more to the nineteenth-century conception of sculpture than to that of the twentieth century; not only because of the choice of subjects represented, but especially because they were created in marble and bronze.

The impact of the materials in connoting the art object is such that even a revolutionary work like the bronze sculpture *Unique Forms of Continuity in Space* (1913) by Umberto Boccioni lends itself to be perceived more as an expression of a renewed classicism than as a real break with tradition.

Entering into modernism not only meant renouncing the themes and languages that had characterized the visual culture from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century, from the Middle Ages to Romanticism, it also meant giving up materials that had characterized classical statuary and sculpture. Therefore, it was not a matter of substituting one material for another, but rather of making the material used a functional tool for the formal and conceptual result that the artist intended. In light of all of this it can be argued that, having expanded the catalog of usable materials, artists favored the identification of their work with the chosen materials.

In the 1960s, synthetic materials like plastics and resins appeared in avant-garde art. A decade later, the choice of material played such a significant role in the work of individual authors that it became a determining factor in defining their aesthetic. For example, fire refers to the art of Yves Klein, shit to that of Piero Manzoni, and felt and animal fat to the work of Joseph Beuys. Similarly, the mirror makes us think of Michelangelo Pistoletto, wax and the bundles are associated with Mario Merz, iron with Jannis Kounellis, Richard Serra and Carl Andre, stones and earth with Robert Smithson and Richard Long, granite with Giovanni Anselmo, felt with Robert Morris, pitch with Gilberto Zorio, and frost (obtained with the resistance of a refrigerator) with Pier Paolo Calzolari. Many other examples could be cited as well, including artists of the decades that followed. Even though the individual artist's choices may not be tied to one material or another – so each one's body of work of is actually far more complex –, the examples above show that for many of them the material used is a sort of trademark. The innovation of this aesthetic vision also lies in the fact that artists can make use of any material or medium that helps achieve the pre-established goal, provided the use has a theoretical justification.

The sixties and seventies were the years of poor and discarded materials: iron, chalk, wax, straw, burlap, glass splinters. Although uncommon and of little value, within the work they obtained the same dignity as wood, marble and bronze. There was nothing that could not become a part of the work, including ashes or organic materials *found* in nature (plants, fruits, vegetables, etc.). In this context, glass obviously became a part of the work as an industrial product and not as a mass to be molded since it requires an elaborate and expensive process and a specific skill to obtain it and shape it by hand.

The turning point that led to a different perception of glass as a material also suitable for sculpture took place in the nineties, with the second generation of postmodernism: the generation that had seen the enthusiasm for materials of traditional sculpture metabolize in the previous decade. It was a turning point, however, anticipated by Luciano Fabro's *Foot* series. As the title indicates, these are sculptural representations

of very large feet, each one of them different and made of stone, marble, glass, and bronze, which form the base for a column of fabric. The choice of materials recalls the Renaissance and Baroque tradition. Contrary to what happened in the past, however, this cycle of Fabro's works placed more emphasis on the base of the column (the foot) than on the column itself, which in the classical architectural tradition was assigned the principal role. By using Murano glass for one of these *feet*, Fabro showed the tendency of the neovanguards to look at the expressive forms of the past with a more forgiving eye than what their predecessors had done at the turn of the century. After all, we are at the doors of postmodernism, i.e. a conception of art that by reversing the logic of the avant-gardes rather than trying to invent new styles, languages and forms, preferred to take possession of the styles, languages and forms belonging to tradition to combine them so that their contrasts emerge.

This (therefore new) aesthetic vision involved painters, sculptors, performers, designers, and architects, but also poets, novelists, filmmakers, musicians, set designers, and scriptwriters. There was also the tendency to give body to the sculptures shaped by the hands of its author, interested in following the entire process leading to the bronze casting. Artists started feeling attracted to the fire of the kilns again, seeing glass as a sculptural material. This is highlighted in this exhibition, which shows how glass offers artists, as well as designers, expressive possibilities that transcend the memory of elegant, useful objects created decades and centuries ago in the best glassworks.

One of the effects of the renewed interest in traditional expressive forms was a return to the idea that the freedom of art is linked to its uselessness. Is it perhaps not a restriction to subordinate form to a function? Once again we have the debate about the distinction between plastic arts and design. Every aesthetic vision that came from the historical avant-gardes was after all the result of overcoming a pre-existing vision, which by nature was to be overcome quickly in the space of a decade. From this perspective, drawing a boundary between the various arts does not mean classifying them, but defining the identity of the creative work (also) through its ability to stand out. As repetitive as it might sound, it is by accepting the differences that the qualities free themselves from discrimination and take on dignity, which is not the same as claiming a return to order. The path of art is an evolutionary one, in the sense that everything the artist does takes into account what was done by those who came before him. As many have pointed out, it is this knowledge that makes us realize that current art, compared with what preceded it, is not better or worse, just different. And it is this awareness that allows us to identify in the alternation of themes and contrasting visions the return of paths that cyclically present themselves with a new look.

The marriage between art and design has expanded the area of expressive possibilities for the former as well as the latter. Understanding that the plastic artist is free to manufacture an object intended for use, and the designer to create an object as a single exemplar with no practical function, we feel the need for new criteria to evaluate both art and design. It is a need revealed by the inability of art in recent decades to move beyond modernism – of which postmodernism is the tail – with the same determination and radicalism with which modernism ferried the new man in the century of psychoanalysis, ideological revolutions and discoveries in science and technology once considered utopian. In anticipation of an art that expresses the new turning point, there is nothing left to do but once again question the rules of the game made outmoded by being taken up also in the classrooms of provincial academies.

Comparing the opinion of various curators, *Glasstress* addresses these issues with glass sculptures specially made by leading artists on the contemporary scene and with sculpture-objects created by designers whose formal research is influenced by the function of the object. In the *Glasstress* exhibition, putting together glassworks that respond to concepts so profoundly different is thus the equivalent of posing critical questions that are far from resolved: what makes an object that is formally conditioned by its function a work of art? To respond to the spirit of the time, must a work refer only to itself? Can we say today that the function of a design object is itself enough to make the work alien to the spirit of the time regardless of its formal qualities?

These questions accompanying the *Glasstress* project take another look at how important the notion of “art for art’s sake” – so dear to the avant-gardes – still is when considering whether a work adheres to the spirit of the time.

Glasstress 2011 offers the viewer food for thought about complex themes. It poses the need for a critical reassessment of the main tenets of modernism, the majority of which were still very much present in the art of the eighties and questioned in the next decade by the second generation of post-modernism. *Glasstress 2011* demonstrates just how topical these themes still are and the need to explore them further.

art into craft/ craft into art

Bonnie Clearwater The exhibition *Glasstress* presents a wide selection of major contemporary artists such as Barbara Bloom, Fred Wilson, and Vik Muniz who explore the history, physical characteristics and metaphorical associations of glass as part of their practice, and designers and architects who use glass as an essential element in their exquisite creations. These works are displayed side-by-side without any semblance of hierarchy between art, craft, and design. The one thing that all these objects have in common is that they are made of glass. Regardless of the motivations behind their creation, our first reaction to these objects is the same. We find that we are immediately dazzled and seduced by the splendor and beauty of the glass; its intense color, purity and play of light. We marvel at the technique of glass-making itself, for no matter how complex or simple the design, most of us cannot fathom how it was made, and certainly do not have the skill to execute it on our own. Few of the artists, designers or architects who fashioned these objects, for that matter, have the expertise to master glassmaking on their own. Consequently, for all of these practitioners the work started as a concept that had to be conveyed to the master glassmakers who in turn had to interpret the instructions and produce an object that met each creator's expectations.

After our initial response to the spectacle of these glassworks, we begin to sort through the objects on display and address the curatorial exercise of juxtaposing art works with functional structures such as table by Tokujin Yoshioka or Dutch designer Kiki van Eijk's fanciful vessels that invest intense labor and extravagant design in mundane objects such as watering cans or tea kettles. In some instances the art works look like functional or decorative objects, thereby crossing the boundaries of art, design and architecture. Moreover, the furniture and decorative objects are fully utilitarian, but in the context of the exhibition they are stripped of their use and therefore enter the realm of sculpture. These juxtapositions further force us to speculate on what separates an art experience from an everyday experience.

Most of the artists and designers in the exhibition create situations that explore the Freudian concept of the uncanny in that their objects seem familiar and strange at the same time. This philosophical and psychological inquiry particularly intrigues conceptual artist Barbara Bloom, who intentionally chooses objects we encoun-

ter in our daily lives for consideration in her work. In an interview with artist Kiki Smith for Bomb magazine, Bloom remarked “I’m attracted to the important matters of life that take place on a small everyday scale”. She further noted that her aim was to transform the viewer’s life through her art. “If you give someone a big experience which is somehow confusing or profound, then they have to translate it back into the normal world. But if you give them a small experience which is somehow confusing or profound but in the realm of their own world, then it doesn’t have to be translated, it’s already there.”

Bloom’s works focus on these small moments of life. One of these works is a trompe l’oeil sculpture that looks exactly like a packing box intended to transport fragile glass objects. Ironically, Bloom’s glass box is as fragile as its intended precious contents. Although the glass goblet icons decorating the surface signify glass, Bloom’s opaque box negates most of our expectations of the medium, including transparency. The top of the box, however, is open and reveals its empty interior. By using an empty packing box formed from glass as her subject, Bloom elegantly suggests not only a transient moment in daily life, but also the fragility and transience of life itself. The fact that the glass box looks like a commercially printed, mass-produced cardboard box wryly associates it with Warhol’s painted Pop icon, the Brillo Box, while its geometrical form and open top brings to mind the minimal box sculptures of Donald Judd, which similarly provide a view into the structure’s hollow interior.

The work by Bloom in the exhibition consists of a long glass table set with rows of glass goblets. Although the goblets are fully functional they are stripped of their role as drinking vessels and instead serve as signs for the real thing, much like the two-dimensional goblet icons on the box. The box, table and glasses all exist as objects we encounter in our daily life, and in the context of the exhibition they are situated in the same space as the viewer and all other objects and furnishings. The contradictions of this work’s existence, produces a complex situation that stimulates the viewer to process and resolve.

Michael Joo and Fred Wilson also base their works on familiar objects with the aim of raising the viewer’s awareness of political and social conditions. Joo’s rope stanchions are objects one expects to encounter in an exhibition. These stanchions are meant to keep people out of restricted areas or protect fragile works. Joo’s rope, however, is made of glass, and therefore is as fragile as any object meant to be protected. By using glass for the rope, Joo comments on the invisible barriers that keep people out.

Wilson, like Bloom, mines glass’s unique properties to imbue his work with meaning. He is particularly intrigued by how art, ornamentation, and institutional display shape the viewer’s understanding of class, culture, and historic time. In previous glass works, Wilson used the reflective qualities of mirrored glass to create his masterful

Iago's Mirror at Berengo Studio in Venice in 2009. This multi-layered, ornate, eighteenth-century style Murano mirror produces a black reflection. The title is drawn from Shakespeare's tragic play about Othello, the Moorish general in the Venetian army who is destroyed out of jealousy by his trusted ensign and confidant Iago. When Iago looks in his mirror, all he sees is blackness—a symbol for the blackness of his soul, an experience shared by all who gaze into Wilson's poignant work.

The works Wilson created for *Glasstress 2011* further capitalize on the reflective characteristic of glass. The genre paintings of the eighteenth-century Venetian painter Pietro Longhi were the inspiration for this new series of work. Wilson was particularly struck by the way these intimate domestic scenes with their playful figures emerging from dark interiors engage the viewer. Despite the centuries that separate us and Longhi's paintings, we feel we are transported into the action of his compositions. Wilson translated the experience of looking at these paintings by making *tompe l'oeil* framed "paintings" out of black glass. Although based on Longhi's original compositions and figure arrangements, Wilson eliminated the figures and eighteenth-century setting entirely and in most cut out the ovals of the faces, which negated all features of the original subjects. The effect of the white ovals brings to mind Longhi's paintings of black-cloaked Venetians wearing traditional carnival masks, while the act of substituting figures with abstract forms echoes the modernists' ambition to create a universal language that transcends time and place. The white ovals look like abstract dots in a black field, but like Fontana's sliced canvases, they emphasize the painting as an object and incorporate the wall behind these works into the composition.

Wilson's works retain their existence as real objects, in this case a framed painting. But unlike Bloom's cardboard box, paintings hold a privileged position in the hierarchy of objects as they are expressly made to be looked at, and in fact, serve no other function. Although Wilson's works look and function like paintings they are made exclusively of glass. By distilling Longhi's compositions to a playful arrangement of abstract forms on a black shiny field, Wilson produced paintings that defy time and place by reflecting their current environments and the viewers standing in front of these objects.

When Anatoly Shuravlev represented Russia in the Venice Biennale 2009 he presented an installation consisting of thumbtack-sized photographs on the wall of the pavilion and on glass balls strung from the ceiling in the center of the gallery. These tiny images were the faces of twentieth-century icons—Elvis, Einstein, Marilyn Monroe, John F. Kennedy, and others who shaped history. Since the 1990s Shuravlev has been exploring how photography and the photographic process shape meaning. He further explores this subject with his work for

Glasstress by focusing on the lens apparatus itself. Shuravlev worked with Berengo Studio's glassmakers to create giant glass lenses that literally magnify and distort the viewer's vision of the world. Conversely, the lens contorts the viewer's face when seen from the other side into an unrecognizable grotesque. This transformation connects these giant lenses to the short story *The Sandman* by the Romantic writer A.T.A. Hoffmann that served as Freud's literary precedent for his theory of the uncanny. In this tale, a young student buys a spy glass from a mysterious optician to get a better look at an intriguing female figure sitting motionless in a window. Instead of facilitating his vision, the lens leads the student to mistake the wax-faced automaton for the woman of his dreams, with disastrous consequences.

Although Vik Muniz is best known as a photographer, his photographs are of elaborate scenes and objects he constructs out of debris, food substances, and other materials. These objects exist exclusively to be photographed. Among some of his earliest images are silver-gelatin prints of hour glasses formed from soil. The use of soil as the medium for his hourglass emphasized the fleetingness of time and the essence of life. Muniz reinvestigated the subject in a work included in *Glasstress*, which is a large clear hourglass containing a brick instead of sand. The solid brick stuck in the upper vortex symbolically stops time by blocking the passage through the hourglass. (Stopping time is also a fitting metaphor for photography as a means for capturing moments in life.) The curvaceous feminine curves of the hour glass are juxtaposed with the brick, which could conceivably shatter the fragile vessel.

Japanese artists Hitoshi Kuriyama and Yuichi Higashionna incorporate commercial industrial lighting into their sculptures. Kuriyama's installation in *Glasstress* consists of commercially produced fluorescent bulbs compacted into a powerful cluster. The obvious reference is to the minimalist Dan Flavin's fluorescent light sculptures that filled architectural spaces with light and color. Flavin's choice of fluorescent fixtures as his medium had no precedent in art history. Kuriyama builds on Flavin's original gesture by using fluorescent lights to create an animated sculpture that is illuminated by its own components. Moreover, Kuriyama's lights exist in various states—fully illuminated fixtures, flickering, or deconstructed smashed tubes—that symbolically capture the moments between existence and oblivion. In contrast to Kuriyama's cool minimalism, Higashionna produces uncanny works that merge opulent, ornate Murano chandeliers with contemporary, industrial, circular, fluorescent fixtures. These works, according to Higashionna, were produced in the spirit of *fanshii* culture, the Japanese kitsch that typified the home interiors of prosperous Japanese during the 1970s. The merging of old European design with contemporary, industrial fixtures produces monstrous aberrations that are at once strange and familiar.

Thomas Schütte, Jaume Plensa and Tony Oursler all cast the human form in glass. Schütte has long worked with materials associated with craft, including ceramic and glass, as well as durable cast bronze more closely linked with the tradition of sculpture. He has a strong affinity for his materials and believes that the forms, colors and light he uses constitute a language. Schütte is represented in this exhibition with busts of a man in red and green glass whose vacant stare avoids the viewer's gaze. The opaqueness of the glass itself thwarts our attempts to see into the figure's psyche to analyze the source and meaning of his ambiguous expression. Plensa, in contrast, opted for transparent glass to form his full scale human figure, which is installed as though it is sinking into the earth from which it came. The clear glass figure resembles the *Invisible Man* didactic displays in natural history museums that reveal the human anatomy. In this sculpture, the inner workings of the body were eliminated, leaving just a pool of red wine at the bottom of the form.

Tony Oursler pioneered the use of video projection to give life to inanimate objects such as giant soft eyeballs or cloth puppets. In *Glasstress*, however, the projection passes right through the full-scale glass figure suspended upside down from the ceiling and onto the wall behind it. The combination of transparent glass and light in this work brings to mind the symbolic use of glass during the Middle Ages as representing divine light. The illumination through stained glass windows in Gothic cathedrals united heaven and the Church as the symbol of the body of Christ. Oursler extracts this symbolic use of the transparency of glass by projecting a video of the clear glass figure of the falling angel (Satan), suggesting that humankind's aspiration to harness the power of the natural world is its own downfall.

The above mentioned artists all use glass to push the boundaries between art and design as well as the meaning of their work. Conversely, many of the designers in *Glasstress* bring their unique vision and approach to working with glass and to transforming the mundane experience into an extraordinary encounter. Tokujin Yoshioka, for instance, surprises the viewer in a simple way, by elevating utilitarian objects like tables and chairs through his experiments with material and color as a response to surrounding space. In 2010 he created a collection of "invisible" furniture for Kartell employing their pioneering polycarbonate technology. The resulting clear chairs create the sensation that the sitter is floating in air. Yoshioka further explored this phenomenological effect with his clear glass table for *Glasstress*. Although transparent, the texture on the surface of the table emphasizes its weight and density.

The Austrian artist Erwin Wurm has been creating works from objects that he encounters in his everyday life since the 1980s. He combines these objects with his body or that of other participants in surprising and unex-

pected ways. These fleeting actions are photographed or transformed into permanent sculptures. Like Yoshioka's uncanny furniture, Wurm's works make us reconsider objects we take for granted. His work in *Glasstress* is a tableau of a house that looks like a typical Austrian village house, except that it is only approximately two feet wide, which means that its occupants would have to maneuver through it sideways. All the objects on the exterior and interior of the house are correspondingly slender including the glass windows that provide the view into the interior.

Perhaps the future of art, architecture and design resides in the production of the Dutch collective Atelier van Lieshout whose objects and structures defy categorization. Founded in Rotterdam in 1995 by Joep van Lieshout, the AVL team of artists, architects and designers produce objects that are functional and uncomplicated and yet draw attention to the way individuals exist in society. The design of AVL objects is the result of reconsidering and reimagining standard household fixtures such as beds, kitchens, living units and plumbing, including the communal excrementorium/sculpture included in this exhibition.

Although the AVL excrementorium/sculpture is conceivably utilitarian, it is also a reference to Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain*, 1917, a lavatory urinal chosen by the artist, rotated in a vertical position and signed "R. MUTT." Duchamp with his readymades was the first artist to use common objects to provoke the viewer into conjecturing what constitutes an aesthetic experience. Like Duchamp, the artists, designers and architects in this exhibition bestow ultimate authority on the viewer/user as sole arbiter of the meaning and function of these objects and environmental situations. By merging and juxtaposing mundane, mysterious, prosaic and grotesque objects, the organizers of *Glasstress* create a wondrous environment that transcends reality.

the alchemy of everyday

Lidewij Edelkoort Glass looks fragile and lustrous instead of monumental and glamorous, therefore suddenly and precisely fitting into our timeframe; a time governed by man-made and natural disasters, where a terrorist attack is taken over by an economic crisis, an oil spill leaks alongside the cloud of a volcanic eruption, a virus is shortcut by an earthquake, a mudslide is humbled by a nuclear meltdown...

A moment in time that prevents us from dancing around the golden calf and that forces us to focus on the survival of our ailing cultural world and our ailing natural planet. Man will continue to search for elevation in culture and experience in consumption, however a new movement will emerge, inspiring another mentality, forged by authenticity and creativity. And restraint also. Suddenly glass becomes the guardian angel.

Perfectly situated as a living matter that is at once modest yet also sophisticated. Made from the four elements of air, water, fire and earth, with materials such as metals, lime, magnesium and sodium, glass is a noble and essential matter, invented by humans more than five thousand and five hundred years ago. The human quest for transformation leading to glass can be considered a big step in our cultural history and is still dominant with glass being used as an industrial material as well as a serial ingredient for generic design, recently becoming once more important as a substance for creation and autonomous design.

Suddenly glass becomes an avant-gardist agent; a headstrong material that all on its own is able to take independent form beyond the imagination of its creator. The instant the glass becomes molten matter in the hellish heat of the furnace, a thrilling moment of suspense unfolds where we witness the growing of form, thrown and blown by the master in the pure alchemistic principle of the transformation of matter.

A rare moment of magic where a trinity of forces is battling to give form; the designer, the master blower and the glass itself fusing in one need to express; an unstoppable energy arrested in air.

Glass therefore is able to incarnate different roles disguised in many different robes. Glass carries color as no other symbolic material, yet is equally able to become a heavy metal or a soft golden sphere. Glass can be languid and molten, or razor sharp and cutting edge. It might be mushrooming in space or written on the wall, able to be feisty and erotic or generous and organic.

Glass is therefore back as a material for research and expression and comes alive in the hands of a new league of designers.

As no other material, glass transcends the function of the object and adds another impalpable dimension. It is therefore on its way to becoming a cherished matter of choice for this generation that situates their discipline amongst all other categories; they edit concept, sketch function, engineer structure, stage color, narrate detail, curate form and choreograph movement — therefore the question – *is it art or design?* – no longer seems relevant.

The question has become a marketing question and comes therefore from the art and design markets themselves. Yet as soon as one places oneself amongst the youngest generations, it becomes crystal clear that they just don't care, effortlessly and curiously transcending disciplines. Art students make textiles and clothes, designers do sculpture, graphic artists embroider and fashion designers use new media. As Jolly Jokers and master jugglers, they devour the various disciplines to come to a fusion of forces best fit for their needs of expression, creating their own twenty-first-century hybrids. With national and regional frontiers closing in, fuelled by a protectionist and xenophobic rhetoric of fear, it is only natural that art, architecture, design, dance and communication rebel against the confinement of their own disciplines, collaborating across borders, and working together in groups and couples: this generation is living in a new world of virtual connection, disregarding the idea of geographical boundaries.

Glass seems to be the vector of this change.

The wondrous material will take us through the looking glass into a world of promise and hope for another future.

no stress in the lagoon

Peter Noever It is one of the questions that suggests itself at the Art Biennale and at other Venetian exhibitions and events: is the site of Venice itself not in fact more quintessentially art than that which declares itself to be art? Isn't the profusion of exhibition openings, dinners, Golden Lions, Biennale critics and curators, art excursions and guided tours through churches and pavilions nothing more than fashionably humdrum, universally-known reality, a compendium of cultivated rites, elitist airs, well-maintained appearances, cowardly extravagance, and repetition of repetition precisely every two years, if not every year?

And isn't Venice itself, in its absurdity and utopia and in its enthusiastic, never-ending production and reproduction of itself, the actual installation? This city, more than any artwork it may host, has given rise to its own copies, multiples, imitations, repros; from the Venice of the North and Venice Beach on to hotel lobbies in Las Vegas and decorative niches in outlet malls. No other masterpiece poses such a challenge in terms of its restoration and maintenance, or causes as much globe-spanning worry on account of its decay. Just in this respect alone, Venice is unexcelled among the world's great works of art. But in its disorienting structure and manic masquerade, as well, Venice comes across more like an installation than an urban place; viewed this way, the glassblowers' island of Murano could be considered Venice's hyper-installation. As so often with installations, one is tempted to ask just what, if anything, such a space has to do with the rest of the world—even if everything one understands to be the insanity of reality does indeed seem to be manifested here in its supercharged form.

In their consumption-based, mechanistic synchronization, art events order the city into a series of scenic backdrops isolated from art in and of itself. And such art events have become quite successful at doing what international museums have long since accomplished: the global collecting network of MoKAs, MUMOKs, MACBAs, Mukis—I'm deliberately not saying "MAKs", at least not until 2012—enforces the conformity of art on an international level via the sameness of what they all exhibit. And this conformity, fatal for institutionalized places of art, is no less fatal for temporary events—on the contrary:

For all those who would not want to do without artistic-social events in their traditional forms, society provides islands where art is displayed for all to see..., places which purpose is to create another dimension of reality¹.

Now Venice, in and of itself, certainly does seem to be precisely this island in reality's other dimension, but instead of devoting itself to being that very phenomenon of the city as an island of art and excess, it is all neutralized in the interest of connecting to the barren mainland of the cultural industry. The solution which intuition would suggest—namely, that of making the overpowering installation that is Venice into something contemporary—is overwhelmed conceptually by the abstract and repetitive mechanisms of exhibition practice and the usual gauntlet of cultural events.

Michael Kienzer has transformed a specific material so characteristic of this city into the self-contradictory, standardized form of the so-called “E-pallet”, which offers a unified system for the transport of products. Here, as is so often the case in his work, Kienzer has produced a form that contradicts its own materiality. Obviously, glass in and of itself is entirely useless as a protective transport device, being a material for which precisely such protection is absolutely required. And art that looks like a replaceable and standardized product is not only useless, but also subject to the highest degree of risk. The uniform not only conceals the fragility of the artwork, but actually endangers it.

The breakability and isolation of Michael Kienzer's object both refer to exhibition-ready art productions, and this reference rescues the object from the isolation of such productions. The context from which Kienzer creates his object—and in which he places it—releases form and material from their hopeless, sadomasochistic codependency. By provoking the aspect of context, Kienzer opens up a new level of meaning and delineates a creative space for encounters between material and form. His questioning of the given reveals new points of reference that are fundamental to the meaning contained in the work.

In many respects, this project puts the avant-garde potential of the traditional craft of glassmaking to the test. Glassmaking, in turn, challenges the risk-potential of art—an experiment with no clear outcome.

It does take an enormous expenditure of repetitive energy to make Venice into a place-of-art like any other, characterized by a “will to art” featuring ever-less “art” and ever-more “will”. But even so, the effort seems successful enough. And it is with more than enough stubborn will to conceptual narrowness that the humblest, most prosaic and farthest-fetched house in the world manages to squeeze itself in between generously proportioned palazzos. The case in question is Erwin Wurm's laterally squashed reproduction

of his parents' house, complete with its meticulously reconstructed inventory. This house is an adaptable thing, emanating a somewhat amphibious or eel-like impression of sliminess as it intrudes wherever it can in its desire to be both solid and liquid.

This seems just too banal a way of dealing with a place that people say causes even weekend visitors from the Alps to give in to their romantic urges. But it is indeed worth paying attention to the really quite problematically amazing phenomenon of how confining structures succeed in having the insane lagoon pander to the boring mainland—a phenomenon that, to my mind, Erwin Wurm has ingeniously encapsulated, or framed, as it were—by also creating a Venetian-style mirror at the distorted scale of his *Narrow House*. The squeezing of arts and crafts and art production, in terms of their long journeys of suffering, need not necessarily differ from collisions between the everyday and the avant-garde. Wurm shies away from neither, preferring to terrorize (if not necessarily in a narrow-minded way) and to probe limits that are too confining while also demarcating them, so to speak—something in which I, in turn, perceive a commonality with my own work.

Magdalena Jetelova has elaborated several versions of her site-specific projects. In an intervention developed for the *palazzo*, the artist one-ups the Venetian extravagance of building houses in the water with a grand gesture: she transforms boat-docking structures into banquet tables, inviting the *guests* into the water. Jetelova reveals the irony in the overdone display of lighthearted liberality with which the invited art-scene prominence is willing to enter the shallow water, and her elegant installation is thus awash in the city's fishy substance in every possible sense. Her expansive and inviting intervention thus stands in only seeming contrast to Wurm's position, and its unconditional participatory aspect renders it every bit as humorous as his *Narrow House*. Jetelova's conception of an intervention that exaggerates the liquid openness of this city, which emphasizes Venice's lucidly extravagant built space as an ideal playground for the culture scene, and Wurm's objects, liquid in their very own way and nonetheless (or for this very reason) constricted, serve to complement one another in a way that communicates the ambivalence of Venice's *being* art in its character as a both a "site" and a "non-site".

Another of Magdalena Jetelova's project versions (this one unrealized) was a direct reaction to the invitation of Wurm and other artists with MAK-ties to participate. Her suggestion was to bind together a package of these well-known "usual suspects" from the MAK with red tape.

A third version of Jetelova's intervention, as well, communicates with Wurm's stance in particular (as well as

with those of Zaha Hadid, Michael Kienzer and Koen Vanmechelen)—in Wurm’s case not with his outdoor installation, but rather with the similarly narrow offspring of the *Narrow House*. A large, motorized mirror at the interface between inside and out, the *palazzo*’s generously proportioned balcony, simulates the water by rocking in the rhythm of a boat. The mirror was placed so as to function as a transitional object between the state room and the Grand Canal, as a projective surface for teetering and dizzying utopias and for the vanities’ field of play.

That which is being generated here, on location, is neither high culture nor even specifically conceptual. It is simply the inspiration that occurs when interaction is permitted between creators of art at a site that was itself created in order to communicate, exchange and act. A site that was dedicated to being free space—always one’s own free space, one should add. Among the various artistic statements, one can observe what happens when artists do not resist becoming one with the context, their environment, the site, and do not attempt to abolish the installative uniqueness of the place in the artistic sense. Even if Venice has by now come to function as a backdrop for the art scene, repeated successful attempts have been made—via communicating and contextualizing artistic statements like those embodied by the interventions here—to activate and provoke the location, to liberate it from its existence as a mere stage set.

It would be almost ridiculous for me to seriously pose the question of how to avoid letting Venice degrade into a decorative backdrop for cultural events, for the answer is really too simple. Even the worst movie, after all, shows just how easy it is to give into the inspiration of the place and its surroundings. One need only mobilize feelings, give oneself over to the place intuitively, and provoke people to deal with the installation of Venice and the real-existing city—an experiment and utopia in and of itself standing on wobbly legs between the aggregate states of liquid, solid and sublimely evaporated, bearing within it the poetry of freedom and the excess of commerce, awarding to decadence the prize of its very self; a place that smells moldy and fishy, channels things into canals, opens up, closes in, and inspires.

Brutality and beauty characterize Kendell Geers’ object-arrangements and material camouflages. Violence, risk, danger and perpetration engrave themselves into a poetic material language and unequivocal forms. Kendell Geers aims to offensively test boundaries, shying away from neither banality, kitsch or sexism. The artist uses the symbolism of seductive pain to provoke, thereby deliberately taking on the double-role of artist and perpetrator. The intensification of Geer’s works via their context’s being shifted to Venice is at once the result of the site itself and the outcome of a material-specific way of dealing with the site.

His objects manifest their double-meaning within the conflicting nature of their environment, a fairytale-like lagoon-world that once occupied the premiere position in a corner of the globe, which it had subdued and exploited. The city is the prime example of European high-gloss culture and obsessive elegance precisely because of—rather than despite—its nature as a place of uncompromising politics and the extreme dominance of liberal commerce.

The fragility of glass as a material takes on winning qualities due to its own violent potential, via which beauty is neither combated nor served. The work enjoys a borderline relationship with its artist. He transforms his sculptures from objects into weapons of his creativity. The material is not passive, but aggressive. Glass riot sticks sparkle in golden hues, with the brutal and the fragile existing not alongside one another but within one another. The fragile heart is organized via symbols of the executing, acting power.

Koen Vanmechelen's object is an absurd sort of trophy referring to his separate solo exhibition *Nato a Venezia*, being held concurrently in Venice, where a live-stream of his flock of chickens on Murano can be viewed. It is on that nearby island, namely, that the 15th generation of his “cosmopolitan chickens” was recently born. As a contrast to the usual purebred, nationally specific chicken breeds, Vanmechelen intentionally crosses hens and cocks of widely varying origins. The chicks of the following generations are therefore “bastards” in a post-colonial and creative sense.

A glass egg stands here for the latest salvo in this wild and international campaign of creative farm fowl procreation, which first saw the light of day in Venice. Amidst cross-breeding in every possible direction, Palazzo Cavalli Franchetti sees the prime spot that the hatchery in Venice quite naturally accords to the egg celebrated in the form of a trophy-representation. The glass egg, trapped between two rather trite-looking chicken's legs made of steel, serves to top off the whole absurdity of this “poultry pride”. While the egg may present itself in the sense of the world's being a melting pot, it is nonetheless flanked by honor guards of Venetian national pride—embodied by, in this case, glass. The “stressful” Venetian effort to serve up art of the glassy, of the transparent, is staged and lampooned in a superlative manner by this object—which is force-screwed into “steel legs” as a trophy.

Zaha Hadid, on the other hand, simply gives in to the poetry of Venice's symptomatology. Here, her subtle way of handling liquidity, solidity, transparency, dissolution and manifestation epitomizes the potential complexity of what is obvious. Highlighting the sensuous interplay among the substances present in this place is her contribution. Zaha Hadid is testing Venice's traditional glass-working craft in terms of the

avant-garde potential her forms demand. The glassmaking craft, on the other hand, is testing the risk-potential of the architect. It is a test with open results.

Hadid pushes the limits of traditional manufactory production by challenging it—perhaps even overtaxing it—with her designs. In this respect, the work by Zaha Hadid stands for the experiment of confronting art and craftsmanship and for the non-avoidance of material-collisions. The experience of conducting such an experiment can often provide more insights regarding all this than can the final product itself, which shows just why it is absolutely necessary to give oneself over to precisely that process that entails dealing with the place in question; this, in turn, means opening up to the place and its people, their habits, ideas, fears and longings in the here and now. Zaha Hadid's radical collision course with glass working can be viewed as prototypical for the entire project. Hadid's experiment could not be realized in time for the opening of the exhibition but is nevertheless present here—albeit unseen—as an invisible statement².

I think that none of these works here can really stand alone—even if they do speak for themselves, fading in and out of their surroundings and communicating for and with the location. The projects realized (and not realized) here engage in direct dialog with the Biennale's various protagonists, with the artists, and with Venice as a site and non-site, with its architecture, its disenchantment with art, its anarcho-commercial business dogmas, its product-orientation, its physical substances, its rhythms, its art obsessions, its ridiculousness and its beauty.

For those who give themselves over to the reality of how it is staged, Venice becomes more than just a stage set. Art can liberate and activate places—and even awaken the artist dwelling within the package tourist—if it succeeds in awakening the desire to give oneself over, to open oneself, to become a part. That is really what defines places of inspiration; the potential of realizing a utopia in which substances, essences, narrations, irritations, inversions and obfuscations are laid bare. This is always a challenge, and usually it only becomes possible with the benefit of a certain distance to the blunted structures of system-compliant thought, set up to combat a loss of orientation. Such distance, in turn, positively demands that one give oneself over to the phenomenon of this city. While conceiving of Venice as an installation doesn't seem so far-fetched, successfully doing so does require that one give oneself over to it without reservation.

¹ Peter Noever. *Politik und Kunst. Eine Designstrategie [Politics and Art. A Design Strategy]*, in Heinz Fischer (Ed), *Rote Markierungen '80*, p. 376.

² She is now showing a fiberglass table-object which was produced in 2008.

its a trick, right?

Chris Mann (ok, so a plasticine or anyway chewable or, surface anyway, Thing, Lozenge, that employs bone resonance so .. you know, some piezo polymer, Conduction is the word, that does voices in your head and all .. (the Speak fetish. wants to negotiate, but finds itself recused with something of a conflict of interest, (sounds like theyve just discovered milk, or the function of a Number. i mean CoordinatedWith or UndertheDirection Of is the classic def of Terror, no?), a Word, (or (the art of being seen, the Fulcrum), an epileptic Name for a word, Time is the argument that there is indeed nothing. (you know, rather than Something. i mean its the .. (though as a number is a parallel event, .. (the tactic of meaning is that it Only means. this is what distinguishes it from irony. or indifference. or repetition. (Repetition, you know, the narcissism of inevitability, the proposition that is the State, the perfectly happy self generic Evidence. nice. (Nice, i mean, is a Speech act. and, and more interestingly, a Search term. and you can own your Own keyword Search term for as little as fourninety down and thirtysix easy payments of Ten (which ll get you a shiny new migraine with saddhu red dot Sold sticker attached .. so whats the goss on Spot? does It need to be Seen to be done? does it blUsh?

of the six jokes and seven plots recognised by hollywood, which .. i mean its a hard ask to Swallow, no? you know, the story that the past only has a, This as its resolution(and where the second and third dimensions actually, Touch, theres a Flash and downward spiral of the buck.

(..) music, () hell, glAss, is interesting coz its an attempt to construct an Artificial time. and even though its mere a reflection of some logically distant Surface, a science or Price that you dont ever See (Two as any junkie will tell you is just an aspect of Three, something of a dull pointless metaphor (and as three is a medium of Explanation, and as, Whatever, is its own Dimension, and while its clear that space weighs more than you Bargained for, (a pack of quantum misunderstandings .. Time i mean would be loads more fun if it was Falsifiable. (.. i'm sorry, For, not Of .. (.. i mean Immanence is a Symptom, no?

(the military being but a bunch of intellectuals (with perks), being as i say but an outoftown tryout for various models of shIt, .. i mean what does a piece of music Do about its event horizon, beg it to Sit, or bet on the natural stupidity of the environment it was designed to amplify? and how would you know What the piece had decided

to do, would it Wave, or Nod, Tap? i mean Flies dont dO music, the third dimension evolved differently for them. i mean flies understand a black hole. a can of Coke is a black hole. (i mean they Do do Pop. which helps explain that while facts have traditionally been efficiently Lean, recent truths are tending to the positively Obese. and while some at least of this can be explained by Medium (including of course the virtual preservatives recently licensed by the FDA), the repetition of, By (.. Of, By, who gives a shit, its the kissinger residuals you gotta keep your eye on, the ..

as if learning was a desirable neurosis. as if, i dunno, or Timing was all Downbeat .. i mean it clearly was a jOke (, though the best bit was all that self righteous twaddle about Context. i mean it was pretty funny, people laughing at the same three whatsits again and again, as if their mirror neurons didnt know how to blink (or even otherwise neurOse. (i mean paranoia clearly makes Sense. and you dont even have to queUe. and while the, a, Any fact Seems to be more economic than its explanAtion, so i'd like to voluntEer. (.. but you have to, Something. you cant just .. oh. Ok, i volunteer the Self as some sort of Placebo. (.. which is not Exactly the same as saying that all drugs should be filed under Kitsch, but something .. (i just love the way you lie. (though its really when you do music as a Noun that you .. you know, like when light deludes itself into red. (and anyway, i'm sure you could substitute the word Music for the word Past in any sentence without molesting your career. and coz Space (and Time, duh) is Necessarily faster than light, and coz time (and space) is obviously, Slower .. (a word is evidence that we, Tried (, grammar is evidence that the state cOPed with people trying (i mean words were invented as a new way of being alOne, no? (moralism always comes like that, the sugar pill with the stupid coating. (.. so what do truisms tell us about the design of the brain, that Redundancy is Addictive? gimme a Break.

so whats the halflife of gravity, Is it reasonable to betray space as a form of radiation, What are the odds on the national debt being a prime number, and Anyway whats a prime number a horizon Of? .. so Theres the plot. the Argument but, runs like This. say you had a turn. and it doesnt have to be one of the complacent ones. nor even some exhibitionist self pitying cliché. it could just be in the non tone used to talk about things you cant deal with. anyway, say you Did indeed suffer this turn of phrase, what Then? (as you can see the argument is rather like the narrative (they share the same bureaucracy afterall), cept they .. i mean Theologically the Big advance was inventing language as an object of Sacrifice, you know martyring the tongue on the stake of some belief or other.(the irrational called it Progress. or Novels. prOse. and they knew what they were talking about. i mean look at the Limerick. (i mean its Sayable, (.. i mean making a christ of language seems the christian thing to do, i mean whats a business if not the aggregation of intelligence about its Users? i mean making a client of Use is

radically econOmic, no? i mean perspective is a point of Leverage. the dogs in oz call it Consciousness. bankers everywhere else call it profit. or Vainly inEpt (the shop of lost context. (and coz the subject is a clone of this moment of style, the second Coming, they used to say, will turn language into a Music of Praise, which is enough to put you off being right for a whlle. the principle of Sufficient Church, saint Coz, which holds the banal as some sort of elegant Battery of Convenience (for This but (,for the second to apprehend the third degree is just Too expensive), for this ..

a subject is a type an Experience of mind. which is convenient. Efficient. its a classic neardeath. a private drug. a Mumbling private drug. Pet. i mean its true that a habit is an act of privacy, an explanAtion, but the artificial script which then comes into frame is .. i mean of course you visit banks if thats where the money is, but a visit aint yet a Quorum, let alOne a or Even a small vendEtta fAction .. way too thIrd rAte. (more like online hacking, or going on a dLet .. i mean in terms of the ends of this sentence, theres a bunch of words out there that have potential, and its this, Potential, is the most useful thing about them. (their other non trivial task is the defence of the rational against the weak. and as justice is measured by how alienated from the law the victim might actually bE, and as the subject (the DIY sacrifice which is the lyric of the song) as the Subject i say, the It of Risk Mitigation, the .. Anyway the word is just entry level transcendence, (Transcendence, a latin form of mirror with silver on one side (Mind, a hole in the head by other means), so whether one calls it suicide by cop or ..

that hum, that slight drone that you hear in middle C, the bit that mAkes it Middle C, that distinguishes it from god, that Hum that really then abstrActs the I mean how many digital sockpuppets does it tAke to weigh in on an argument? (actually that should be fAct, no? i mean somewhere in the DNA of said shopping bag theres a tape with enough prayers and other practical cancers to pack a Census.

Doubt, then, would be the perfect form of salvation. not too grEasy. that silly smile that sits on the right side of heaven. (i just guess we're lucky the subjects not a reductionist (though as stupidity was invented as some sort of bourgeois slave or autoerotic cLOset, a sleaze of free pity pills and other mnemonic .. so theres obviously not too much solace to be had from the issue of the subjects Horizon. so How to construct the sentence from the point of view of the pause between the third and fourth words, the Comma, its translation into Greek or News or some other fashion that words are seeming heir to. One, find yourself a Next youd be prepared to commIt, (and as space s clearly a Verb, an Action word, a Look hanging by its nEck .. i mean its incEstuous. sort of like one of those invisible colours you hear so much about. (though logic is obviously stIcky .. assUmes the position .. and then shuffles it past some billing point to .. i mean credits an Amplifier, right? and as times a measure of

gravity, of Weight, .. you can see where i'm going with this. i mean theres a general fear of small numbers. i mean could facts be even a little more neurotic if they Tried. i mean cash we know is a cop. and poverty is restricted to this, Policing of goods and services. its the lay away on the never Never but is where the Real goodies are. i mean youreShutup .. youre notI said it Once, so .. (.. give a guy a dictionary and he thinks he owns the there wAs a time when Credit took the form of a subject, but that sort of fame is restricted to the State these days, a sort of JustinTime assemblage of strategic definitions of Tax. and as the state is the perfect moment of consUmption, the Barcode, and coz time is Local, a dialect of gravity (i said that before, i know, but as its this ability to make predictions which makes it cAsh, (a five dollar bill is the prediction that a burgerandfries will cost five bucks (though it does have trouble with description coz it cant apparently predict the past. (making contact with exploitable data is weirdly .. whatever. i mean when they use this as a demonstration of That you know five 'll get you Ten. i mean if you built a computer not on bInaries but on beds and swIngs and such, a wiki 'ld be a whole other bIt.

and then theres the Metaphor abstraction replete with ideological conviction and sanctimonious beggings that run something round a hundred words a tIme (though the novel obviously remains the industrial clock against which all other confessions are stAked, a bully narrative that has trouble scaling Up. (like Standards and stuff.) and as Lights but the time it takes to make a distInction, the measured leftoverrightunderandthrough of I Love You, a .. of course the odds of, something, Whatever, being an ad for a dimension are slightly less than something being a knOt. so How to crucify a knot. One, .. (would you mind awfully if i used the word Context here?

(so, a short history of economics. First you had poverty. and then some people had some money lying around, but that didnt do much coz money not in motion aint Dough. and then for years it was assumed that Tourism was the only bank that could exploit moneys multiplier effect, but more recently theres been an interesting study investigating the multiplier effect on a somewhat larger scale, not just market Segments, and it turns out (repetition is a form of prayer) it turns Out .. (faith.

but using your employees as cutouts, Conduits, Pimps and gobetweens, as Computers, as Circumstantial Evidence, buying up some unclaimed experience or trauma as fully Framed, offsEt, by Witnessing .. now Theres a job. Malicious but. and frAught. i mean mouthing Off (a churlish turn of phrase That) at pAckages, at stubs and placeholders, at tAc,tIc .. though tagging cops as welfare queens brings up, Something. (the fact which i'm working on now, the stubborn, Stubbornness of cash, i mean after he did his, stuff, he asked if he could borrow couple bucks for a cab. i mean they just .. too much with .. or some other romantic market Token. (.. i mean what, you

wanna copyright Loss? (i mean i really wanna be a psYop. cAnt i be a psyop, plEase?

(here it would be good to have something about the pInk of knowledge, about the function, of I mean is it irOnic that money should discover Romanticism? (wedunnow hoinventedthemouth,butwe'reprettysureitwastheword (ever so slightly miffed at the dribbling pleasures of cleverness. (and if the tool invents both its user and the grounds of its Use .. i mean take, And. where was addition, Hell where was the word But before the advent of .. this is called Formalism. you'll recognise the wet patch, (Definition, the factory ready way of avoiding explanation, (though if the music requires you not understand, (they could of course also be Bargained out of the story, sort of mirror Content farms .. (the reason for example we cant see, cant apprehEnd string theorys extra dimensions is not coz we fail to define music or money or maths memory whatever as a dimEnsiOn, its not just some map of biological or human incapacities or Frailties, its coz the sixth and seventh dimensions are invisible coz theyre fucking well the Same as the Third. (though without the same need to be believed. (and as the, i dunno, blAh, has to be Mediated or it dont cope at All, (.. the Same (the algorithm of indifference (as opposed to what, the Immanence Itch?

which begs the question as to whether the example can actually be considered herOic. More heroic than the Viewer? now Thats .. (though if you were to delegate Self Doubt (or any other pragmatic), who Better, or more Convenient? and anyway, it takes a solution to understand the ..

but i know, or can anyway Mouth the words. i mean speech is nothing if not prActical. and at this stage .. Words, you gotta remember, is Depressives. i mean queueing there for their moment in the .. its enough to make you cry. i mean i'm sure its beautifully humbling ..

but to compose indUce understanding as something other than a Quick Fix, where the problem gets to .. i mean storing the form in some distracted ether is not the same as filing it overnight in the frIdge. data has no need to repeat itself, it just defines an expanding capital and does its thIng. and as the things mere a publicist for its Word, a pithy knickered plagiarist with cLIches up its nose, cut rate prOse, a (.. and as words just need more Unknown Sentences (as if youd knOw when the subject has been rEached (and as the climax comes when you cant remember the begInning of said sentence)), and as sentences perform the best possible version of You, the Whathappenswhennothinghappens school of eloquence, (.. you know, as opposed to the defensive coherence of the Fact project, the HowTo of the quotable souvenir ..

(other attempts to cure the subject (the moment of consumption, the Witness With,) might be filed under the distracted pleasures of Digression, the Its which is there to be ignOred, the vaguely irritating iDunno of Butit-

NeedstobeInteresting .. i mean if the subject were Here, something Else could be Said, but as the text is not yet conscious and colludes still at its applied version of notquite Boring .. i mean Thats the Point, no, the awkward axiom of almost Waiting?

so, the leaningforward fidget that tells you what youve gOt, that lets you instrumentalise the diff or spend up bIg (you know where you Are with cash (the incest of Use, of Cure, of the poignantly agrEed, (i mean That alOne was worth the price of admission (.. i mean whatchaGot? (.. Seriously, How much Money do you hAve, can we talk about That for a while? (.. think of this as an opportUnity ..(you know, like turning pleasure into meaning. (or music as the solution to the problem of the instrument. (.. its the punitive bootstrapping of the Iagreean-dwhatyoumeanIs (narc) that .. (.. Next.

and as satisfaction is the first solution to a fake problem, and as safety makes you abjectly dependent on a grUdge,(and as frustrated as a word in Heat), and as Is this what you mean Sorry to interrupt is this what you mean by, Vulnerable? .. forlOrn?

sentimental technIque (the Point, not the problem) will lend you a nod towards its repertoire of uSe, but dont try to sell it on your capacity to artIculate or you'll find yourself doing ads for frustrAtion. or narcissistic rAge, or any of those other moments that resent the attempts to satisfy your mum. i mean one of the problems with knowledge is that its I mean i know it was introduced as an attempt to Franchise humility, but .. i mean knowl-edge never just Is. always has some nEedy intrIgue going on .. wants to save the See, i Told you economics is eco-nomics for kIds. (.. Agency, the happily false, the twelve step waltz, the .. (so if it were pOssible to have a problem which was not a rationalisation, would it Speak, would it speak English?

so how to distinguish rational from Fractal .. i mean the loops in the relative Feedback maps that (Do you want a hUg?) .. i mean the Problem, Is the Content (of the price of admission, Belief, the dogs of minimalism, Form, whatever), and while cash was the first obvious Product (or Bureaucracy (its the thought that cOunts)), the book was the first attempt to stAndardise its price. this had interesting repercussions, (side effects include increased heart rate, nausea and the popularisation of property relations). the environment is thus classically its prObe. (and as understanding is here a work of Art (.. you could almost say Speech Therapist,

i was in the market for a sonnet, anyway a Rhyme, and all these lightly dusted plagiarists kept suggesting deals on credit Jargons and the like. more than a little frustratThough what difference would it make anyway, i mean we could talk about Actually who needs a fucking sUBject, its .. i mean half hour later you wanna vex about the subject as though it was What, some sort of Hobbyist, a Service industry? (.. though Time here is obviously some

cheap piety. (and calling the subject a moment of Redemptions obviously a bit rich .. (though if its not going to be a confession, (coz Coz i mean is only ever, Imminent,

(and coz thoughts just bring out the wOrst in words, (try Music,) and as logic associates two or more notions that were previously known to be incompAtible, (and as sex associates One notion previously thought to be cohErent .. like Sardonic, and, Pathetic .. thats Two. What? So?

This pic is of Pity kidding about. see the Background? you can tell its pity coz she looks Bewildered.

a geometry of notYet subjects, vErbs (it comes with mail order dimensions (i mean theres a bunch of ways of Doing the number two (and some of these are the same as Being the number Three (, recognising this identity is here called Elegance, or Economy,

(the number two Does but recognise that its a Form, and so a Cause. which is beguilingly neurotic of it. how though one might distinguish two from Definition, i dunno. it'd be Useful, but. i mean this theory of Use has all the grammar of a Name, an honesttogooodness flybynight fucking Fetish. (actually Heresy would be better, a Fet-ish Heresy. (.. just like you, go On, blAme the fucking .. see where thAt gets you. i mean you could go through it word for Word and .. (Logic, the unique selling proposition of .. i mean we all know the .. this Non subject but, has the witness by the short and curlies, so its pretty much a question of economy. but isnt this where we came In, a conspiracy of ..

a Word Allergic gofer junkie, my boss lent .. (i met a grammar on a hill. it let the ground surround it. (i mean if a poem only understands its dialect of Use, .. i mean for a dimension to be, Dimensional, (it needs be what, Harassed? (.. and then theres the Dying-in-a-tongue-you-dont-understand-is-a-fiction-devoutly-to-be-Wished type poem (a copyrighting of the market for both the patronising And indignant (in other words, a vicarious word fuck that mOcks the ugly runt. (.. which which Begs the ques .. a nAme (Rosie, The square root of minus two) is not Necessarily a category mistake, it just ..

i didnt know you could Do that. (i mean to moralise the weather is clearly to betrAy it. and as words mAke the space in which theyre heard, as they interrogate the exit with other peoples lABour, as they And about, in .. i mean the solution will be embedded in a Price Point, no? (, as though aesthetics but some phenomenology of information that dont quite fit.

so, theres Words. (i mean words aint Existentialists. i mean thatd be subject to the grammar of Insider Trading (.. you know, when it cant make the Rent. something of a threatened Bribe. and as trading in this, Edifice, of Debt (or as the positivists prefer, Credit (i mean i dont pretend to know more than the words, what with their hand-

some beginnings middles and ends, but i .. Another time delayed punch line of this crypto clock (as if Slow was a way of keeping it from Data (i mean whats With this newfound ambition to be Evidence? (though only a cop of course would calculate this as Input.

i mean all answers to all questions are phenomenological. though some are also right. Being Right, then, would be something of a thought experiment .. like, like, like Speech as a way of talking about, Words, without Words being present. like trying to protect, Whatever, Conflict, from definition by the Law. (and as the accountant aspires to be complicit, .. actually its more a question of Provenance, and about thAt jig theres not much useful to be said. someone had one and then they dont. (.. the question Is but, why would you bOther? i mean it has to be charmed or intriguing enough at the giddyup to even warrant a Cough let alone an interrUption. i mean you gunna gussy Tart up some Past and send it out to work the street, youre asking for an intervention or twelve step, Something, to guarantee the bill. but Dont hold your brEath. (.. as though it was their first time. (it was their first time .. i mean Get your act togEther. (.. though to think of the self, indeed to Mime it, as a form of salvAtion, is not so much to misconstrue the purpose of art, but to miss the bloody Point. i mean more chAste its not yet possible to bE. and as the mouldering of the tongue is deemed an Adult affair, (i mean if identity isnt a properly executed crime you know youreI mean faced with the horror of understAnding whats the poor bitch sposed to ..

i dont wanna do this anymore .. i mean pimping words for the narrative obtuse, the Stuttering Tic that (Space, the last cliché before the neck .. though the mere Having of a NowI'mspeaking OnetwoThree grammar is of course not yet an ad for its Use. (, the fetish formula of talking for a living, the two letter kArma (another of those amateur words that loves its referent way too much. i mean cant you just think of words as a critique of geOgraphy?, a Capture by Expert.

(a surrogate random proxy pantie (the elastic pic which proceeds at the rate of a single self), a smalltalk (somethingorother), Chair, a best bit Exit, a .. (and if the subject flts, (i mean How Is it that capital is immune from the prohibition against Incest? (see, thats the prob, they dont like being dead .. Actually, how to distinguish a noun from a Cult? .. (i mean what was the last time you heard that one about the absent minded def .. (like in the one where the answer is Music, the only word youre not allowed to say is .. (a gratuitous Oedipal billing of .. (but as some sort of vestigial goosebump Meme (it Mimes, what can i say?), a bit tickling gigglette of .. i mean it takes a prick to think of feedback as parasItic .. and coz time is unevenly spread .. (you taking the pIss? (.. mind, if it doesnt sound funny to you, your timing is probably off.

(.. but getting back to promises not kEpt, to the Detour, the autistic Muse Accessory, the Present filter, (the Past, that which is too much to fix, (and as work is both singular And Emergent (what the bourgeois call a Decision (what bankers call Science (as if the predicate could be secret, could be absolved from being an Object, .. (the Superposition, Work, the limit of Fiction, (as if the witness could be other than a bureaucracy of Imaginary Numbers (an attEmpt on the subject, (the data farm, the death of the model, of, Coz .. i mean if You were to be analysed by a Fact (a frActal one), do you think the rhyme 'ld translAte?, or be subject to the transference that is Logic, you know, the poor mans hypochOndria. (or, indeed, phantom lImb (i mean they have the mass (po-tEntial is mAss), all they need is the .. (as if it mattered where youd start. Quick Quick, what do Cows drink? Get it? did you Get it? .. (bit too much like diddling the thing by turning it off for my taste, but i .. i mean its a Trick, right?





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