



University
for the
Creative Arts

Fort Pitt
Rochester
Kent
ME1 1DZ


Tel: 01634 888734

E-mail:

gatewayrochester@uca.ac.uk

22207
38.00



 **KENT INSTITUTE
OF ART & DESIGN
LIBRARY**

Book No..... Class No./Mark ^{709.22} 741.5 NOG1

This book is to be returned on or before the last date stamped below.

10/1/05 04 APR 05		
20 MAY 2005		
14 FEB 06		
16 APR 07		



**NO MORE
GHOSTS
JUST
A**



741.5
H07

Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther König, Köln

NO GHOST JUST A SHELL

PIERRE HUYGHE & PHILIPPE PARRENO



TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 14 PIERRE HUYGHE, STEFAN KALMAR, PHILIPPE PARRENO,
BEATRIX RUF, HANS ULRICH OBRIST
Conversations
- 32 PHILIPPE PARRENO
Anywhere Out of The World
- 44 PIERRE HUYGHE
Two Minutes Out of Time
- 58 MAURIZIO LAZZARATO
Dialogism and Polyphony
- 74 DOMINIQUE GONZALEZ-FOERSTER
Annlee in Anzen Zone
- 84 M/M (PARIS)
Annlee in Anzen Zone
- 86 MOLLY NESBIT
Done
- 94 PIERRE HUYGHE & PHILIPPE PARRENO
Skin of Light
- 96 ISRAEL ROSENFELD
Dr. Arnold T.P. West's Thoughts on the Annlee Case
- 102 LIAM GILLICK
Annlee You Proposes
- 116 EXHIBITION VIEWS
- 128 MAURICE PIANZOLA
Painters and Villains
- 142 PIERRE HUYGHE
One Million Kingdoms
- 156 FRANÇOIS CURLET
Witness Screen
- 170 M/M (PARIS)
Annlee: Witness Screen
- 172 PIERRE JOSEPH & MEHDI BELHAJ- KACEM
Of Lucidity

- 182 M/M (PARIS)
Annlee: Théorie du Trickster
- 184 JAN VERWOERT
Copyright, Ghosts and Commodity Fetishism
- 194 RICHARD PHILLIPS
Annlee
- 196 RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA
(ghost reader C.H.)
- 210 ANNA LENA VANEY
Song For Annlee
- 214 MELIK OHANIAN
I Am Dreaming About a Reality
- 226 LILI FLEURY
A Worm in an Apple
- 238 KATHRYN DAVIS
Annlee Darling
- 242 HENRI BARANDE
Sublimation, o.J.
- 246 ANGELA BULLOCH & IMKE WAGENER
Annlee KonnektiKit
- 254 HANS ULRICH OBRIST
How Annlee Changed Its Spots
- 264 JEAN-CLAUDE AMEISEN, WITH PHILIPPE PARRENO
AND HANS ULRICH OBRIST
To Be or Not To Be... Nothing More... Perchance To Dream
- 294 JOE SCANLAN
Last Call
- 302 LUC SAUCIER
Annlee Association Articles
Assignment of Rights Contract Governing the Author of Annlee

PIERRE HUYGHE, STEFAN KALMAR, PHILIPPE PARRENO,
BEATRIX RUF, HANS ULRICH OBRIST
Conversations

Hans Ulrich Obrist: We might as well begin at the beginning.

Pierre Huyghe: It all started when we heard certain agencies in Japan sell fictional characters.

Beatrix Ruf: What kind of companies are they, animated-film production companies?

Philippe Parreno: No, in fact they're agencies that develop fictional characters for the manga market. They sell the characters to production companies that produce games, mangas or advertising films. We bought the rights to one of these characters from one of these agencies.

BR: With what intention?

PH: We wanted to free a character from the fiction market.

PP: We looked for a character and we found this one. A character without a name, a two-dimensional image, with no turn-around. A character without a biography and without qualities, very cheap, which had that melancholic look, as if it were conscious of the fact that its capacity to survive stories was very limited.

BR: Did you choose from a catalogue?

PP: Yes.

Stefan Kalmar: What happened once you'd made your choice and purchased the character?

PP: We wanted to tell this story through two animated films. As real-time animation is the most economic way of producing animated films today, the character was modeled in 3-D.

HUO: That was an important step, since when you later passed the sign to other artists, it was not exactly a readymade anymore, but a transmuted readymade.

PH: The project gradually took shape as we were making the films.

HUO: So there wasn't any predetermined plan?

PP: No. *Anywhere Out of the World* is about a product - an image - that tells its story. In *Two Minutes Out of Time*, this image or sign tells of its emancipation and becomes a character that lends its voice to other authors.

It's the beginning of a story...

SK: Something has just arisen in what you've just said, which is the question of the character's sex. How far do you think about "it" as a gendered sign? Would you agree that Annlee is interchangeable, a kind of trans-sexual - or a shell, for projection?

PH: It isn't a "she," it's an "it." It was that feeling, that melancholy in the character that made us choose this image rather than another.

PP: As for the projection and identification processes, no, I don't think they are so simple today. I don't think Annlee is the projection of anything.

PH: After these two episodes, we began to talk about the "film d'imaginaire" which is still a pretty obscure idea, but you can vaguely grasp the meaning of it when you compare it to a film of fiction.

PP: These two films d'imaginaire, these non-fiction films, constitute the preface to a real story. By freeing the character from the fiction market, it became an empty shell: "No Ghost Just a Shell."

BR: Annlee is everywhere, there are lots of signs that mean a lot and here is a sign that changes meaning all the time, the logo denying content. Is it a logo allowing “authentic” subjectivity of all artists involved?

PP: Its singularity is that it has a plural meaning today.

PH: It's a sign around which a community has established itself and which this community also established. Unlike a logo, it's a fragile sign without autonomy; it has that ability to become plural and complex. A hologram requires several beams of light to exist. Each author is the amplifier of an echo that he or she has not emitted and does not own.

PP: That's the condition of cultural consumption as a part of any liberal system. In that respect, “No Just a Shell” is a pagan enterprise.

PH: The narrator, the narrated and the narration become interchangeable.

PP: Yes, they are interchangeable and self-consuming.

SK: How did you proceed with the artists who worked on this sign; did you think about a possible group of people whom you would invite to work on this project or did you use a given communal network?

PP: There was never any list.

PH: When the two films were finished, we began to think in terms of an exhibition. We decided to show our films at the same time, Philippe at Air de Paris and me at Marian Goodman's. So the same invitation was sent out for both shows.

PP: Only the names were changed.

PH: Walking around Paris you could come across the same character twice, just as you can meet the same person two times in the same day. That is how the project has usually been presented. The sign is exhibited in space and time more frequently today, given the increasing number of projects and their appearances in various cities.

PP: Annlee spans different practices and constantly changes voice. It disappears here then reappears there. It's a character with an existence that flashes on and off, a flashing sign. Today it's flashing a bit fast.

HUO: Is it a form of self-organization?

PH: It's even less structural than that. It's about desire. And that's probably why the story lasts. Each of us wanted, at a given moment, to be the author of the same story.

BR: As the perfect functional figure and the "star," lots of projections, assumptions, desire, fiction and narratives exist around and with Annlee... But is there a figure without a character?

PP: That was Marilyn Monroe's problem: how to make a story, or stories, about her private life and people identified themselves with her and her stories. That was the problem with "stars." For Björk today, to personify a linear story is a tragedy. So what do we identify ourselves with? Of course there are figures without characters. But that's not the question here at all; once again, it's not about identification with an image.

SK: Don't you think that there is a danger in reproducing cultural clichés? For example, there are no Japanese artists involved.

PP: If we had drawn up a list, or done a casting of authors, we would have had that problem. It's as if we're pointing at something with our finger, so don't look at the finger.

PH: And the project is not at all related to the manga culture. If we had found a character in Sweden, the same questions would be raised.

PP: We could have looked for a Disney character. But the copyright problem is not the same with Disney, which has total control over its characters, especially over those that have never been used. As we said a while back, it's the idea of the author that concerns us here. Can it be reduced to the work, to the position of its producer, to the benefits it generates? Or to the copyright, to the resistance it shows, the quotes it uses, the remixes?

PH: Then the fact that some people point to the disappearance of the notion of the author to better justify and encourage the circulation of cultural goods is highly plausible. But an author doesn't boil down to a copyright. "No Ghost Just a Shell" is a pagan project made of paradoxes and compromises.

SK: To get back to the organization or non-organization of the project: Isn't Annlee also a different alternative on an economic level, where the economy governing the art world is concerned?

PP: Not really, the films have all been shown in galleries. Then there's the fact that as the overall project has never been defined as a whole, it was impossible to find a financial plan for it. As it turns out, the project has functioned with a combination of very classical economic systems.

PH: Each work being independent from the others, in most cases each one came with its own financial system.

PP: The project has never been able to generate a proper economic system. In the absence of an original plan, nobody did any research or looked into an appropriate mode of financing. One person, Anna Lena Vaney, very quickly became responsible for almost all the production of these films. She's the person who made this enterprise possible.

PH: All we did was to simplify access to the production of these films.

PP: Even if nobody knows what it is, you can guess that a “film d’imaginaire” is made without a scenario. The imaginaire, what’s in the mind, is built up as it is shared.

PH: And the story is transformed as it is told.

HUO: It is important to remember that new exhibition concepts were often invented by artists themselves: Duchamp, Gropius, Kiesler, El Lissitzky, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Richard Hamilton, etc. What all these projects have in common is that they managed to impose new “features of display,” as well as new temporalities of exhibition. I feel that Annlee is very much a descendent of this trend, as are many of the projects you have created.

PP: Although they’re questionable in many respects, the modes of exchange which are related to the global economy allow you to break away on your own. That wasn’t the case for the heroic forefathers you mentioned, and there have been others. For both Pierre and myself, before Annlee there had been other similar attempts that were extremely varied: *Snaking*, *l’ Association des Temps Libérés*, *Mobile TV*, *Moral Maze*, *Vicinato*...

PH: The basis of these projects were very different each time. A new poetics of production was invented each time. The question of the author is indeed recurrent in all these projects, but there’s also that of the exhibition-as-object. The exhibition has the particular characteristic that it includes heterogeneous objects, different scenes, and semantic fields that fit together and which end up producing an event. It’s all about montage both in the editing sense and in the setting up.

PP: It’s the difference between a sonata and a symphony. A monographic show is often like a sonata, and this type of polyphonic exhibition is like a

symphony; there's a real dynamic to it. On one hand there's the symphony and on the other Flaubert's realism. "No Ghost Just a Shell" is a true story.

BR: When did you first begin working together?

PP: When I met Pierre Huyghe I was working with Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, Bernard Joisten and Pierre Joseph. Pierre was also working with other artists like Xavier Veilhan and Pierre Bismuth. So the first time we met there were six or seven of us.

SK: What year was that?

PH: In the early 1990s.

PP: I've always worked with other people. With Pierre, as with others, the discussion has never stopped. It takes different forms, but we have never lost the thread. It's not a very theoretical discussion.

PH: What these artists have shared remains an object that's difficult to capture. It resists. Perhaps in the end what's important is not so much capturing that hypothetical object but working with everything that enabled it to be produced.

PP: Today it takes the shape of Annlee; this energy has come and crystallized around this character; but tomorrow it will take another form.

HUO: So Annlee is like a station?

PH: Yes, these practices attach themselves and detach themselves from each other and reform elsewhere according to different protocols. The discussion picks up in other situations, as was the case with *l'Association des Temps Libérés* with *House or Home*, reforming in *Mobile TV* or *Extended Holidays*.

PP: There's a darker aspect to each of these collaborations.

PH: We situate ourselves in relation to the other and not solely in our own private domain, which can be somewhat disturbing to realize.

PP: Well, I think it's politically less naïve and more psychologically fucked up.

PH: These exchanges must remain possible even though it's an intermittent situation. They are indeed stations.

PP: And each station is a re-negotiation. Each project is an opportunity to re-negotiate the conditions under which it is possible to exchange something, an object, an image, or information. "No Ghost Just a Shell", *Vicinato*, *Moral Maze*...

PH: These exhibition projects are adventures made up of accidents and obscure areas, which turn them into the experiences and the events they are. What is reconstructed is a temporary communal sense where your experience is challenged and in a certain way unresolved.

PP: Anna Sanders was the first character Pierre and I developed. Anna Sanders and Annlee are almost homogeneous. With Anna Sanders, the idea was to invent a series of fictional characters that each give their name to an issue of a magazine. All the magazines together produce the scenario of a film.

HUO: So far just one issue has been produced?

PP: Yes, Anna Sanders was the first issue of this series of magazines, and the only character, but the subtitle to Anna Sanders we wrote was "L'histoire d'un sentiment."

BR: To return to Annlee and to exhibition: after your first two films, Annlee made a series of appearances at various points in time and space, always under changing conditions, all the way up to the exhibition at the Kunsthalle in Zurich which brought together the different projects. Now there's the question of the Van Abbemuseum acquiring all the pieces.

PH: It's a variable structure which produces different spaces. The project keeps increasing in complexity, it's opening up and enlarging. The exhibition in Zurich was one of the phases of the project. No exhibition is a final representation.

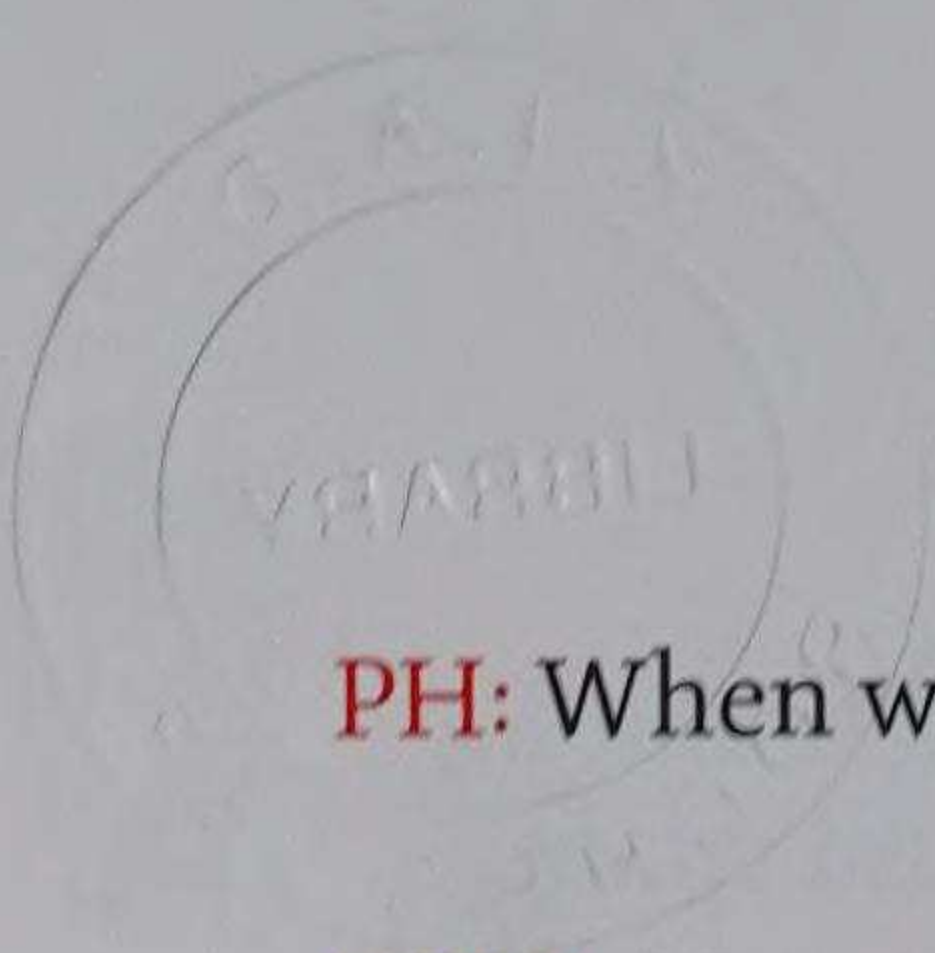
BR: Not even the Van Abbemuseum?

PH: No. If you consider each appearance of the project as a singular object, then we're talking about an object that's always in the process of multiplying, of morphing. The Van Abbemuseum is not an end-point, it's another mode of presentation. What's at stake with the Van Abbe is of a different nature...

PP: The Van Abbemuseum is buying an exhibition, which is something that has never been done before. That's what's at stake. The museum is buying a series of heterogeneous works, and at the same time it's buying a group exhibition. It's a major first.

PH: The implications of this acquisition have to be invented. There's this book, plus a museum that may take the name of Annlee. Through this acquisition the Van Abbemuseum will be contractually bound to the project. According to the terms of the contract it must guarantee the end of the visual exploitation of a sign.

PP: Annlee is withdrawing from the realm of representation and that's what the museum inherits.



PH: When we became the owners of the sign, when we bought it...

HUO: How much did you pay?

PP: 4,600 yen.

PH: We became the owners of it. The character was freed from fiction, its story was told, it spoke for different authors, but we have always kept the rights. We wanted the character to be the owner of its own rights. We went to see a lawyer, to find a legal combination that would give this imaginary character legal rights. It took a long time to resolve that question. Placing this sign outside the field of representation does not mean erasing it; it means opening it up to another world, a world that doesn't involve the field of representation, an imaginary world. It's not an end, but a beginning.

HUO: Unlike the examples of Siegelau or Buren, the legal extension you're giving to Annlee doesn't guarantee you more rights over the work, but...

PH: Less.

PP: We're trying to give rights to a thing, whereas copyright was invented to protect people's interests. The history of author's rights moves from the king to the printer to the publisher, then from the publisher to the authors, and today, from the authors to the characters.

PH: The legal contract is a bit like Duchamp's stalemate in chess: a situation where you can't lose, but the other can't win either.

PP: "The only winning move is not to play." When you begin a story, it's important to try to end it. But everything doesn't always reach a happy ending, and in this case the project is coming to a dead end.

PH: The contract that will bind the Annlee association, run jointly by the Van Abbemuseum and a legal firm, is there to ensure that the image of Annlee will never again appear beyond the existing representations.

BR: Is the project really coming to an end, or does the contract open new kinds of fiction for Annlee and the project? Is there a narrative for the “ghost” coming from the future? What happens after the end?

PP: It’s a stalemate, Annlee withdraws from the realm of representation. Does history stop in the absence of an image?

SK: Annlee is travelling, adapting herself to four different venues (Zurich, Cambridge, San Francisco and Eindhoven). How do you see the project addressing the different contexts in which it appears?

PP: The modes of the group exhibition are at stake, not the ways these exhibitions are received in different contexts.

PH: In Zurich we brought together all these participations in one space for the first time. It wasn’t something we had already done (I’m thinking of an exhibition at the Kunstverein in Hamburg). In Zurich we made choices, we invented a display, laying the accent on the project and its structure, rather than on its constituent parts. At the SF MOMA it worked out differently, at the Van Abbemuseum it will be different again. The project should never be reduced to its representation.

PP: The finest solution remains the very first one, when we showed the two films simultaneously in Paris, but in two different galleries. Today you’d have to have seventeen places in the world, where seventeen versions of Annlee would appear. That would be the finest of all exhibitions. In the sci-fi novel *Hyperion*, humans move from one galaxy to the next by using “distrans” gates, which allow them to warp instantly through space-time

without moving. The novel describes houses with rooms in different galaxies. When they go from one room to another, crossing through these “distrans” gates, the occupants are actually changing galaxies. That’s a bit like the Annlee project, architecture without a façade, a space without an outside, which is made only of interiors. One of the visual solutions in Zurich was to fabricate huge doors that you had to push to move from one gallery to the other. At the Van Abbemuseum, a robot following a programmed pattern will travel through the space, projecting the films.

PH: One solution isn’t any more interesting than another. They are different stops along the way, and each of them shares in the project’s composition.

HUO: The book is an anthology of a single sign. What’s its role in the structure of the project?

PP: We wanted to make a somewhat technical book, a book exploring the different facets of the project. We wanted to take up certain ideas that had been thrown out in the course of different discussions, or observed in the course of the project’s constitution. So we asked a series of authors to help us deal with these problems. It’s a little like asking a Formula 1 mechanic how your car works.

PH: The authors of the book add on to the list of artists who have already taken the character into their hands. They share equally in the project.

HUO: They add to the polyphony constituted by the authors of the film.

PH: They’re all actors...

PP: To get back to the question that Beatrix was just asking, the project

doesn't stop in the absence of Annlee, it can always produce more authors, and these texts are quite a good example of that.

PH: We're just lifting the mask. What's behind it no longer needs a face to exist. It's not because the mask has been taken away that the obscure identity hiding behind it must cease to exist. The book prolongs the story, more than writing it.

PP: It will have as many bookmarks as it does authors.

PH: As you said, Hans, it's more of an anthology... Among the authors is Kathryn Davis, a novelist interested in biography, a subject she teaches at a university in New York. We asked her to reflect on what the biography of a sign might be like. Her text takes the form of a letter... In fact, none of the authors have approached the project in an objective, scientific way. They all integrated this type of writing into their own work, just like she did. They instrumentalized this relation to the sign.

PP: There's a text by Maurizio Lazzarato. What interested us in *Puissance de l'invention* (Powers of Invention) was his philosophical portrait of Gabriel Tarde, a sociologist of the late nineteenth century who proposed to measure the world by dividing it into different categories, to link up the active forces according to the difference and repetition of the time of creation. It's an essay that deals with the problems of copyright and moral rights. For "No Ghost Just a Shell," Maurizio offered to do a portrait of Mikhail Bakhtin, and through him, of polyphony. It's a text that answers our invitation in a highly articulate but also very indirect way. It deals with exactly what's at stake here: the conversational process, the relation between self and other...

PH: The multiplicity of the other, how individualization is constituted, the role of the object-event.

PP: There's also the text by Molly Nesbit, which is really more of a poem than a text, even if she talks about Mallarmé's "Afternoon of a Faun." As an art historian she also took to the game and got into remixing her discourse. What she's done are haikus, little speech-bubbles, clues thrown out to keep us off the track, or find our way again.

PH: There's a text by Jan Verwoert, on copyright, the idea of the ghost and the demon, fetishes and agents of capital. The idea that an object has to begin resembling a ghost to make itself desirable. Then there's Maurice Pianzola, an art historian; we're publishing one of his short stories about the peasant uprising in Switzerland and Germany in the sixteenth century, and via this insurrection, the story of their quest for a unifying, federating sign, one of which was chosen for the cover of the book.

PP: The quest for a flag that could have made this movement into the first Marxist revolution. Among the rallying signs that Pianzola found there is the shell, the shell of Compostella, which just happens to be the shell on the poster that M/M did for our project. Then there's also a satirical text by Israël Rosenfield, who presents us with a recent biological discovery: the discovery of HOX or homeobox genes. A sequence of genes that is found in all animals, from ants to men. Genes dealing with anatomy and producing morphologies. In the cobra you find the same genes that make human arms in humans, and the same ones that make chicken wings in chickens. Annlee is like a 2-D living being developed from this genetic sequence.

HUO: Finally there is the presence of Jean Claude Ameisen and the famous legal contract drawn up by Luc Saucier.

PH: Yes, the contract that provides a legal framework for this whole story. The acquisition of Annlee took place within a poetic project, which consisted in freeing a fictional character from the realm of representation. Logically, Philippe and I had to give up our rights. Now that Annlee's rights

finally belong to her specifically, and won't just fall into public domain, we have worked with the legal firm to create an association under the name Annlee. Ceding our rights to the Annlee Association is what seals her definitive liberation. Which was intended to become jurisprudence.

PP: The association is supposed to ensure that the image of Annlee does not reappear, with the exception of the images existing before the date that the association is rendered public in the Journal Officiel. Immediately after the publication in the Journal Officiel, the association will acquire all the rights to Annlee from Pierre and myself, for one symbolic Euro. The text by Luc Saucier is the legal apparatus, the contracts ceding our rights and creating an association under the French law of 1901. This is the aspect of the project that most interested Jean-Claude Ameisen in the course of a very interesting interview he did with us, concerning the interdependence of living organisms, the fragility of residual complexity, cellular death, and the definition he gives by quoting the scene in Lewis Carrol's *Alice in Wonderland* when the Cheshire cat disappears: "A smile without a cat."

HUO: Is it a utopian project?

PP: Maybe, in the way that the communities in the marsh region of Poitevin are utopian. They live by the economy of salt, a trading economy legalized by Napoleon. The feeling that emerges from these communities might be utopian, but in fact it's strongly melancholic...

PH: Finally, there's the magazine by Lili Fleury, through which we share the imaginary experience of a character afflicted with personality troubles.

PP: Lili did the graphic art for Anna Sanders and now she's proposing a new magazine for this new character.

PH: Then there's Miami, Annlee will make her last appearance before she

evaporates from the realm of representation. It will be fireworks display, a final wink... A set of subjective viewpoints around the same event, which Pasolini talks about in *Heretical Empiricism*.

BR: So what comes after the book is still unpredictable?

PH: We can speculate.

PP: Let's speculate, let's speculate... there could be a trial if anyone uses Annlee's image again. She could also become the heroine of many novels. The fable begins now, it's being woven with this book.

PH: It's now that the shooting of the imaginary film really begins.

Translated by Brian Holmes and Alexandra Keens

PHILIPPE PARRENO
Anywhere Out of The World

My name is Annlee ! Annlee !
You can spell it however you want !
It doesn't matter ! No it does not.

I was bought for 46000 Yen

46000 Yen, paid to a character design company. "K" works !
I ended'up, I ended'up, like some others, in a catalogue.
Proposed to cartoon producers and comic book editors.
Yea ! Like hum... like drop dead in a comic book !

Some other characters had the...

Some other characters had the possibility of becoming a hero.
They had a long psychological description, a personal history,
material to produce a narration.

They were really expensive when I was cheap !

Designed to join any kind of story,
but with no chance to survive any of them.

I / was never designed to survive...

It's true, everything I am saying is true !

Some names have been changed, to preserve the guilty !

I / am / a product

a product freed from the market place I was supposed to fill.

Drop dead in a comic book.

I will never forget.

I had just a name and an ID.

My name is Annlee !

My name is Annlee !

Spell it however you want !
It doesn't matter. No it does not.

After being sold, I was redesigned !
Funny ! I can even say now ! look !
That's how I used to be !
And this is how I look now.
It's like when you point out an old photo

Oh ! Yeah ! I forgot to tell you, the voice through which
I'm talking to you now was never my voice.
I have no voice ! Her name is Daniela.
She is looking at me now !
She is a model. She is not used to speaking.
She is an image, just like me.
She is used to selling products when I've got nothing to sell.
And I will never sell anything,
how can I ? 'Cause I'm the product !

I was bought, but strangely enough I do not belong to anybody.
I belong to whom ever is able to fill me with any kind of imaginary material.
Anywhere Out of the World.

I am an imaginary character.

I am no ghost, just a shell.









PIERRE HUYGHE
Two Minutes Out of Time

I can imagine you... it's easy !

I can see you... and I can see her!

I am looking at an image! Facing an imaginary character.

She is a passer-by, an extra, she was designed just like that.

Nobody planned that she would ever have to speak.

Given no particular ability to survive, she would probably be dead by now.

This is her true story: a fictional character with a copyright designed by a company and proposed for sale. That's it...

While waiting to be dropped into a story, she has been diverted from a fictional existence and has become what she is now, a deviant sign...

She says:

I've got two minutes, two minutes of your linear time.

That's more than what I would have spent anyway in a story before being forgotten... in less than two minutes I'll be gone.

My name, my name is Annlee, Annlee, It's a common name,

I was a frozen picture, an evidence submitted to you.

I have become animated however not by a story with a plot,

no... I'm haunted by your imagination... and that's what I want from you...

See, I'm not here for your amusement.... You are here for mine!

... it was pretty ... (hum) ...

(little girl) ... it was pretty neat, all the paintings were really nice but I saw one, this one painting, really caught my eye, it was called "waterlilies", I look at it and I gaze at it, and then I look at the painting next to it, it really was astonishing, and I forgot everything else that I've ever known, I couldn't even look at the name of the painting, all I saw was the girl in the boat.

I look at her, I wonder what she was thinking, I don't know, maybe she was suffering, maybe she was hurting...

I look at it, I look at it

I couldn't think, I couldn't breathe...

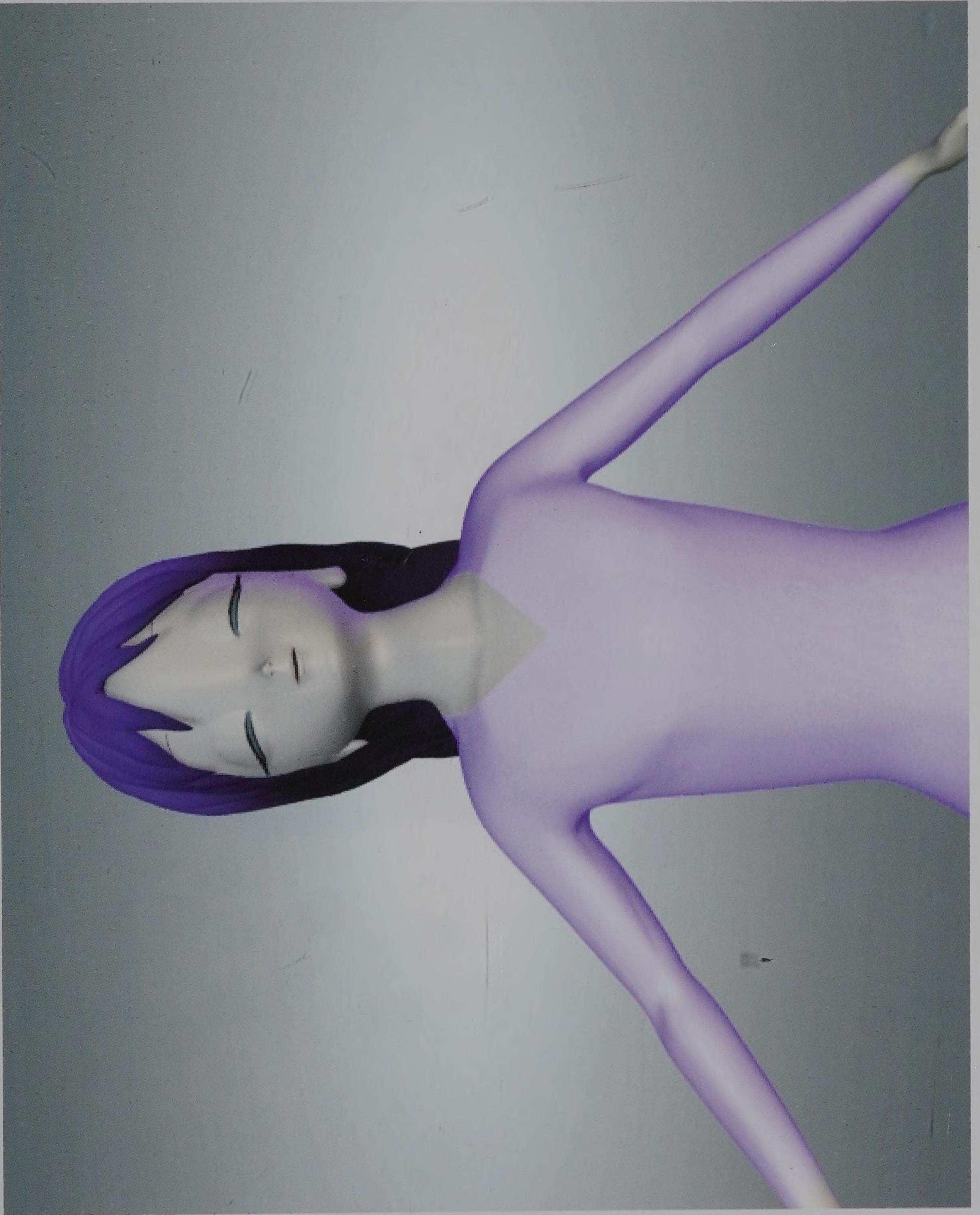
I don't know what happened

I was stuck...
... I saw a strange light
I didn't know what it was, then I felt a beam on my shoulder
I feel something stronger on my shoulder
It hit me, it hit me, it hurt and finally, I saw the light and it was getting
bigger and bigger and bigger until I could see nothing else
Finally I felt nothing, I was gone!











MAURIZIO LAZZARATO
Dialogism and Polyphony

Mikhail Bakhtin is one of the most important and most original philosophers of the twentieth century. Due to the Soviet repression that persecuted him from the end of the twenties onwards, his work remains poorly known. Bakhtin is commonly classified as a literary critic and linguist, but, as he himself affirmed: 'I am a philosopher'. His work has yet to be investigated from this angle.

Bakhtin only worked under acceptable conditions between 1919 and 1929. Even during this short period, however, he was not able to publish all that he wished because of communist censorship. His collaborators, Medvedev and Voloniso, were murdered in the midst of the Stalinist purges – the first in prison and the second in a camp – whilst Bakhtin himself was spared on the grounds of his chronic illness. He was exiled to Kazakhstan from 1929 to 1936. Thus we have lost, due to the numerous changes in his places of exile, two 'philosophical' books of which only a few dozen pages remain.

The work of what will later come to be called the Bakhtin 'circle' was banned. It was only at the end of the sixties that he was rehabilitated (together with Medvedev and Voloniso) and his writings were once again made available. Therefore, we can say that the Russian revolution crushed this new image of thought which, in my view, was far more faithful to the event of the revolution than the intellectual misery of Leninism and Trotskyism – the only things we inherited from this great upheaval.

Bakhtin's philosophy can still speak to us because it poses the problem of the relationship between life and culture, between life and art, a problem that traversed the beginning of the century, and the twenties in particular. The solution given by Bakhtin to this problem is markedly distinct from the solution of the 'avant-gardes'.

According to Bakhtin, in order to 'overcome' the separation and opposition between art and life, between art and culture, the elaboration of a 'first philosophy' is required: The philosophy of event-being. Art and life cannot and must not tend towards identification, as was the case with the Situationists, for example. But, in order that the enriching, excessive

and productive difference between art and life be able to express itself, it is necessary to possess a theory which, whilst maintaining the irreducible differences between these two dimensions, articulates them in the achievement of the event.

Bakhtin is interested in art and in language, first and foremost for philosophical reasons. In the linguistic act and in artistic creation we approach the achievement of the event. Through language and art, we come to possess an image of the components (of expression) and the participants of the event. The speaker in the linguistic act and the author in the aesthetic act find themselves in a relation of analogy.

Daily practical communication has the character of an event; the most insignificant of verbal exchanges participates in this continuous formation of the event. In this formative process the life of the word is intense, even if different than the one it enjoys within the work of art.

The functions of the author, the material, the hero and the spectator are all re-defined by the comprehension of action *as event*. One can speak of a philosophy and an aesthetic of relation, but the latter must be understood as an *evental* relation.

Event/Language/Sign

Bakhtin introduced a new conception of being and of the world as event (and not as something that exists ready-made). But this first philosophy implies a theory of language and of meaning, because the event *expresses* itself through these two dimensions.

‘When studying man, we search for and find signs everywhere and we try to grasp their meaning.’¹

The physical action of man must be understood as an act, but the act itself cannot be comprehended outside of the virtual sign that it *expresses*.

‘A thing, as long as it remains a thing, can affect only other things; in order to affect a personality it must reveal its *semantic potential*, become a word [or a sign], that is, assimilate a virtual verbal-semantic [or semiotic] context.’²

1. M.M. Bakhtin, *Speech Genres & Other Late Essays*, trans. by Vern W. McGee, ed. by Caryl Emerson and Michael Holquist (Austin, TX: The University of Texas Press, 1986), p. 114.

2. *Speech Genres & Other Late Essays*, p. 164 [translation modified, words in brackets are the author’s].

The eventual relation is therefore a relation of meaning. But, unlike in linguistics or semiotics, action cannot be constrained by and understood within language and the sign – as many thinkers tried to do throughout the sixties and seventies (from his first writings onwards, Bakhtin remained wholly outside of the logic of structuralism).

Bakhtin thereby introduces the problem of language and signs as fundamental, anticipating what will come to be called the ‘linguistic turn’ in philosophy (from Wittgenstein to Habermas). But, unlike the philosophy of language, he denied that the true, the beautiful and the just can be elements of language. Bakhtin substitutes the categories of the philosophy of language with those of meaning and value: The meaning of what is said and the evaluation of the speaker.

Meaning entertains a very close relationship both with the sign and with language, since it is through them that it expresses itself. But language and the sign do not contain meaning. Meaning does not exist outside of the proposition that expresses it, but between the one and the other there is a difference in kind.

The existence of meaning is not that of words, but it is not that of things either. Is the world in which ‘we live, act and create composed of matter and psychism’ – of words and things (according to the famous title of one of Foucault’s books)³ As Bakhtin asks: ‘What is the work of art composed of?’ And he responds: ‘Of words, propositions, chapters, unless it is of pages, of paper.’

With meaning, we are confronted with another – altogether specific – stratum of being, which Bakhtin calls ‘over-existence’ (and Deleuze calls ‘extra-being’). In this way Bakhtin returns to an old philosophical tradition, that of the Stoics, for whom meaning is an ‘incorporeal’ action at the border between words and things, matter and mind.

‘Meaning cannot (and does not wish to) change physical, material and other phenomena; it cannot act as a material force. And it does not need to do this: it itself is stronger than any force, it changes the total contextual meaning of an event and reality without changing its actual (existential)

3. *Les mots et les choses* – Words and Things – is the original French title of Michel Foucault’s *The Order of Things*.

composition one iota; everything remains as it was but it acquires a completely different contextual meaning (the semantic transfiguration of existence).'⁴

This event-world is not just the world of being, of what is already given, of the ready-made. No object, no relation, is ever simply already there, totally present. In the world of event-being, the task – or the goal that must be attained – is always given as well. In Bakhtin's words: 'One must, it is desirable'.

The specificity of the word within the event stems from the fact that it participates fully in the event's achievement by breaking up what is given as ready-made.

'Similarly, the living word, the full word, does not know an object as something totally given: the mere fact that I have begun speaking about it means that I have already assumed a certain attitude toward it – not an indifferent attitude, but an interested-effective attitude. And that is why the word does not merely designate an object as a present-on-hand entity, but also expresses by its intonation my evaluative attitude toward the object, toward what is desirable in it, and, in doing so, sets it in motion toward that which is yet-to-be-determined about it, turns it into a constituent moment of the living, ongoing event.'⁵

In the event, meaning is therefore expressed either by language or by the sign. But we can find the meaning of a phenomenon only if we know the force that appropriates the phenomenon by expressing itself within it. This force is that of will and sensation, and expresses itself through the voice and its tonalities.

Meaning is therefore very closely related to evaluation, to the 'emotional-volitional tone', to the responsible affirmation of a world of value.⁶ The history of a word or of a sign is the history of emotional-volitional forces, of evaluations that seize these forces in order to express themselves through them.

4. *Speech Genres & Other Late Essays*, p. 165.

5. M.M. Bakhtin, *Toward a Philosophy of the Act*, trans. by Vadim Liupanov, ed. by Vadim Liupanov and

Michael Holquist (Austin, TX: University of Texas Press, 1993), pp. 32-33.

6. *Toward a Philosophy of the Act*, p. 33.

Affirmation and Evaluation

For living consciousness, existence presents itself as event; it is in the event that consciousness orientates its activity.

But the orientation of thought and action in event-being takes place through the 'emotional-volitional tone' – through evaluation. Evaluation expresses a singular manner of evaluating, of distributing the true and the false, the beautiful and the just.

These values in turn are not determined in relation to language (*qua* system) but rather in relation to reality, to the speaking subject, to other utterances, and, in particular, to those utterances that posit them *as* values, as affirmations of the true, the beautiful, the just.

It is only through these evaluations that the potentialities of language become realities.

For what reason are any two given words put together? Linguistics only explains why they can be put one beside the other. It is not possible to explain why they are effectively put together if we remain within the limits of linguistic virtualities. Social evaluation must intervene in order to transform a grammatical virtuality into a concrete fact of the reality of language.

In linguistics, as in every social science, there is no necessity but only an empty possibility, an abstract convention.

This affirmation-evaluation expresses itself in the tonality of the voice coming from the body and in the tone coming from consciousness (the tonality of consciousness). Between words and things and between the subject and the object Bakhtin does not simply introduce the incorporeal of meaning, but also a pre-individual life of the body and the brain.

The Ego and the Other

In order to grasp the significance of this theory of the event, we must take into consideration what Bakhtin calls the 'architectonic principle of

the real world of action': The relationship between 'myself and the other'. Right away, we must note that this relation is not that of the subject/object within theories of knowledge (Kant), of Hegelian dialectics (a relation that has haunted the human sciences as well as Marxism), or even that of a simple intersubjectivity that limits itself to making constituted subjects interact with one another. For Marx, Capital is indeed a relation and not a thing, but it is a relation that is not expressive. The limit of all those theories that think relation under the subject/object form is the fact that they do not contain a theory of expression.

In the ego/other relationship, the second term expresses the existence of 'possibles' for the first; it thereby structures the world of perception, affection, thought and objectivity. The ego is the development or explication of the possibles that the 'other' envelops within its existence, the process of their realisation in the actual.

'Only the other makes the joy possible that I will experience in encountering him, the sadness in leaving him, the pain that I would suffer in losing him. All emotional-volitional values are only possible in relation to an other. They give the life of the other an eventual weight that my own life does not have. This signifying eventuality is not accorded to my own life: my life is what the other's existence envelops in time.'

The relation between myself and the other is a relation between possible worlds; between two 'others' who have affirmed – from their emotional-volitional point of view – a different world.

There is a difference in principle between myself and the other, but this difference is neither of a logical order, as in Hegelian dialectics, nor of a psychological one. Rather, it is a difference of an *evental* order. The relation between myself and the other is established on the plane of values and it is affirmed from an emotional-volitional perspective. It is this relation which is productive, enriching, excessive.

With the definition of the event in terms of relations between possible worlds we enter into a Leibnizian universe in which the ego and the other are configured as monads ('singular centres', as Bakhtin calls them)

that express 'all possible being and all possible meaning' in accordance with singular points of view. But, unlike for Leibniz, here the monads – the different possible worlds – are not closed. Therefore, they are not co-ordinated amongst each other by 'pre-established' harmonies. In the philosophy of the event, possible worlds and monads communicate with each other: We pass from divine harmony to 'polyphonic' composition, according to another musical metaphor dear to Bakhtin.

In this evental relation we find the singularity of the affirmation and the expression of the ego, at the same time that we encounter the impossibility of defining oneself independently of the other(s).

This evental relation to the other is constitutive of the ego. The latter is not identity, unity, but rather difference, alterity. It is only in this universe of monads and their virtuality that the Rimbaud's words can resonate: 'I is an other'.

In order for my lived experience – my internal flesh – to become my own object, I must surpass the limits of the value-context wherein my lived experience effectuates itself: 'I must become the other of myself'.

The limits between what is proper to me and what belongs to another are difficult to define. It is at the *border* between the ego and the other that individuation takes place. This is of particular importance for the definition of the author (of the utterance and the work).

Dialogism and the Author

On the basis of this theory of the event, Bakhtin establishes a difference in kind between language (or grammar) and enunciation, between the proposition and the utterance. He extracts a new sphere of being, unknown to linguistics and to the philosophy of language, which he calls 'dialogical' – the sphere of questions and responses. Within this sphere, relations are relations of meaning that express themselves through language and signs but they are not, as we know, reducible to these two dimensions.

The dialogical relation is a specific relation that does not fall under

a logical, linguistic, or psychological system. Dialogical relations presuppose a language (or a semiotic) but in the system of language (or in the system of signs) they do not exist.

‘They constitute a special type of *semantic* relations, whose members can be only *complete utterances* (either regarded as complete or potentially complete), behind which stand (and in which are *expressed*) real or potentially real speech subjects, authors of the given utterances.’⁷

Only in the dialogical sphere can there be affirmation – the emotional-volitional tonality that transforms the empty possibility of language or the sign into an affirmation of meaning. Only in the dialogical sphere do the forms and possibilities of language become concretely real. Ordinary language functions and actualises itself only in this sphere, the sphere of utterance.

‘Thus, emotion, evaluation, and expression are foreign to the word of language and are born only in the process of its live usage in a concrete utterance.’⁸

Dialogical relationships are also possible under other signifying relations (not only verbal ones). It suffices that these phenomena be expressed in a semiotic material. In order to become dialogical, logical and semantic, relations must embody themselves, must enter into another sphere of being; they must become words (i.e. utterances) and have an author, the creator of the utterance in which his or her own valuations are expressed.

An author of the utterance is therefore necessary, a singularity embodying the empty possibility of language, of knowledge and of psychological processes so as to affirm their necessity. But what sort of author are we dealing with? Certainly not the author that functions as the ontological support of the rights of intellectual property.

On the one hand, the author’s rights over the word are limited, since, as we know, he or she is confronted with the other (the word of the other). On the other hand, the author is not already there, he or she is constituted in

7. *Speech Genres & Other Late Essays*, p. 124.

8. *Speech Genres & Other Late Essays*, p. 87.

and by the event, in relation to his or her own specific difference vis-à-vis the other.

The other is simultaneously different from and immanent in me.

The Word of the Self and the Word of the Other

Bakhtin translates the evental relation between myself and the other into a theory of enunciation, conceived as the evental relation between the words of the self and the words of the other.

The author (the speaker) is constituted and operates at the border, at the limit between the singular (ego) and the multiplicity of others. This relationship does not simply hold between individual and collective, since the individual only exists as a relation immanent to the other, and the collective – being composed of singularities – is not an abstract entity (such as human being, man, community, society, and so on). It is on this border that creation is possible, because creation takes place ‘outside the subject’, outside of me, in the evental relation with the other, with the words of the other.

The author (the speaker) of the utterance is not a mythical Adam who speaks for the first time. The author lives in a world in which the word exists in three guises: as the neutral word of language which belongs to no one, as the word of the other belonging to others, and as a word of the self that the self has appropriated – forced to become its own word – by means of the capture of a foreign word.

But the word in the dialogical relation is never a neutral word of language, empty of intentions and uninhabited by the voice of the other. The author receives the word of the other (beginning at infancy, when it is received from the mother) filled with the intonations – the emotional-volitional affirmations – of others. My own expressivity finds each and every word already inhabited. To speak is to enter into a dialogical relationship with the other’s words, a relationship that is also one of appropriation. This relationship has to do, first and foremost, not with

the meaning of words, but with the other's expressions, intonations and voices. To whom does the word belong? To me, to others, to no one? Can one be the owner of the word in the same way that one is the owner of a thing?

'The word (or in general any sign) is interindividual. Everything that is said, expressed, is located outside the 'soul' of the speaker and does not belong only to him. The word cannot be assigned to a single speaker. The author (speaker) has his own inalienable right to the word, but the listener also has his rights, and those whose voices are heard in the word before the author comes upon it also have their rights (after all, there are no words that belong to no one).'⁹

The border between myself and the other can genuinely be regarded as passing through my own words. In my words, all of the utterances which appropriated them during the course of their respective histories can be heard resonating. Not only do the voices of the past resonate, but all the future voices as well, all the voices that will come to speak these words. The other is not present merely in words which have already been uttered, but is also an immanent and constitutive element of every utterance to come.

The listener is an internal participant of the act of linguistic creation. The others, those for whom my thought becomes – for the first time – a real thought, are not passive listeners; they are active participants in verbal exchange. Others are co-creators.

It is for this reason that verbal exchange cannot be understood as a transmission of information or as a communication ruled by a code. Modern theories of information and communication fail precisely because they do not manage to grasp verbal and communicational exchange as event.

According to Bakhtin there is no ready-made information. Information is created in the very process of communication. Information also cannot be understood as being transmitted from one human being to another; instead, it is constructed in the process of eventual interaction as an

9. Speech Genres & Other Late Essays, pp. 121-122.

'ideological bridge'. At base, semiotics proceeds in the same fashion. As Bakhtin says: 'In the living word the message is created for the first time in the process of communication and there is, in fact, no code.'

The New Image of Thought

We are confronted here with a new image of thought, since 'thought is not what you think it is' (Nietzsche). Thought is an activity that expresses itself in an assemblage of eventual relations between the body, the incorporeal, the brain and the other (*qua* envelope of possibles). We have seen how the utterance and constitution of the ego takes place at the border between the self's words and the words of the other. Thought is constituted in the same fashion, since the relationship between the word and thought is an extremely close one.

In this new image of thought the idea is not a subjective and psychological-individual formation with a permanent residence in the human skull: 'it is inter-individual and intersubjective, and its sphere of being is not individual consciousness, but the relation of meaning. The idea is a living fact that creates its own border in the dialogical encounter between two or more consciousnesses.'

Thought clears its own path through a labyrinth of words and gestures originating in others. The entire material of real thought is set out before us as a series of orientations or evaluations. The path of an embodied thought does not go from one thought to another, but from one orientation to another. Thinking means installing oneself within a dialogical relation, experimenting new orientations-evaluations by combining them with each other.

To put it in a paradoxical way: One does not think about thoughts, but about points of view, expressions, voices.

And, just like with words, the problem of the 'rights' of all those who participate in the event of thought poses itself. Who does the idea belong to?

Polyphony

According to Bakhtin, art grasped this paradigm shift – the ‘first philosophy of event-being’ and the new image of thought, action and subjectivity that it implies – long before other disciplines. For Bakhtin, Dostoyevsky’s work is the one that translates dialogism, the relation with the other, and the plurality and multiplicity of words into a specific aesthetic: Polyphony.

Dostoyevsky is the first artist to ‘dialogise’ everything that he encounters, forcing both object and subject to undergo radical transformations, and entering into a dialogue of the senses with them. Dostoyevsky would thus be at the origin of a ‘Copernican revolution’ in art, since in his work the author no longer holds any primacy in relation either to the characters or to the contemplators-spectators. Dostoyevsky considers both characters and contemplators-spectators in the second person singular; all of them participate, with the same rights, in the unpredictable creation of the event.

The work of art can enter into the event that constitutes our world and our existence if it defines itself as event, if it assumes a dialogical form: Polyphony.

The author is the one who makes the work live as event, in the midst of a world that is itself understood as event.

We can thus say that the work of art is a living and signifying aesthetic event, situated in turn within that singular event which is existence; the work of art is not a thing, it is not a purely theoretical object of cognition bereft of the meaning of eventality and the weight of values.

The work of art is neither a thing nor a psychological product, but rather an action exerted upon the relations of the senses. The work of art is a relational event.

The artist must confront the dialogical sphere because it is the sphere of the relations, questions and responses that concern meaning, because it is here that the confrontation takes place between evaluations, between different affirmations of the true, the beautiful and the just. It is here that the artist finds the resistance that pushes him or her to create.

The artist must surmount the 'purely literary' resistance offered by old artistic forms, because at the basis of the creative act 'there is the determining function of artistic struggle with the ethical and cognitive aim of life and its signifying tenacity; this is the point of highest tension for the creative act (the rest are only means)...'

In the work we must be sensitive both to the resistance of the world's eventual reality and to the creative act which is itself also an event, since the passage from the possible to the embodiment of meaning is not a simple realisation. It is the production of something new.

The Paternity of Bakhtin's Works

The concepts of polyphony and dialogism can help us to resolve a curious problem in this man's troubled life: the paternity of a number of works originating in Bakhtin's circle. In the thirties, three books and several articles were published under the signature of Bakhtin's three collaborators: Medvedev (a critic), Voloniso (a philosopher) and Kanaev (a biologist). For practically forty years, nothing was heard either of Bakhtin's works or of those of his collaborators who were swallowed up by the Stalinist purges. For all those years, socialist realism alone had right of place in the Soviet arts.

From the middle of the sixties onwards, with the new edition of his book on Dostoyevsky, interest was rekindled in Bakhtin (the only surviving member of his circle) and his works. Increasingly insistent rumours circulated according to which the works signed by Medvedev, Voloniso and Kanaev should be attributed to Bakhtin himself. The latter, when directly interrogated, always allowed doubt to hover over this question: sometimes claiming paternity, other times attributing the works to his collaborators. We do, however, have some written accounts by Kanaev recognising that, even though the article on vitalism bears his signature, it is really Bakhtin's. Moreover, we have the testimony of Bakhtin's wife, claiming that she made fair copies of most of the books in question. In any case, even though requests were officially made by the VAAP (the Soviet agency for the protection of the rights of the author) he never tried to claim

legal paternity of these works. Different reasons have been put forward to explain this imbroglio: the fact that the communist censorship of the time forced Bakhtin to proceed hidden behind masks; the sometimes openly Marxist character of the theses advanced in these books; the claim that Bakhtin, in doing so, would have done a favour for his collaborators, who had aided the publication of the book on Dostoyevsky, which he held particularly dear. Although all of these contradictory justifications contain a kernel of truth, I think we can begin to explain this strange matter of signatures through Bakhtin's own theory of enunciation and of dialogism (polyphony). From the point of view of his theory of enunciation, an entire book and a single word have the same status: they are both utterances. For Bakhtin, a single word is already a 'public place' in which different evaluations, points of view, and voices confront one another: 'Each word presents itself as a miniature arena in which social accents with contradictory orientations both intersect and struggle' (*Marxism and the Philosophy of Language*).

From the polyphonic composition of these different accents a new meaning is born. The books in question can therefore be understood as an arena, a public place, in which different orientations of thought confront one another: the voice of Bakhtin and his theory of the event, those of Medvedev and Volonisov, more Marxist in their concern with the public, social and collective nature of language, as well as the voices of those past and contemporary authors to which Bakhtin and his circle address themselves and with which they enter into dialogue. All of them have rights over 'ideas' and all participate in their constitution.

For Bakhtin, thought is forged in a dialogue/confrontation that takes place between this multiplicity of voices, of points of view, of conceptions of the world. Instead of subjecting – like the Marxists – artistic and theoretical production to authority (Marx, Lenin, etc.), Bakhtin thinks that, with capitalism, we find ourselves in a new situation: 'Not only men and their actions, but ideas themselves were wrenched away from their

closed hierarchical grids and established a familiar contact within an absolute dialogue (which nothing limits).'

This absolute dialogue without limits is also the condition presupposed by the production of Bakhtin's own works. The author has lost the authority of which he or she was the bearer in previous epochs and which is still conserved in the etymology of the word.

An author is indeed necessary, but this author has cut a path through the throng composed of the voices of others, and it individualises itself at the border between the ego and the other. This enunciative singularity is always precarious, unstable, and open to an interminable process, since the author is but one link in the production of meaning.

A signature of the work is indeed needed, but this signature is not the mark of the subject, of the sovereign individual who legitimates the property of these works, but an operation of singularisation that affects a multiplicity of voices. Singularity and multiplicity, instead of the opposition of individual and collective.

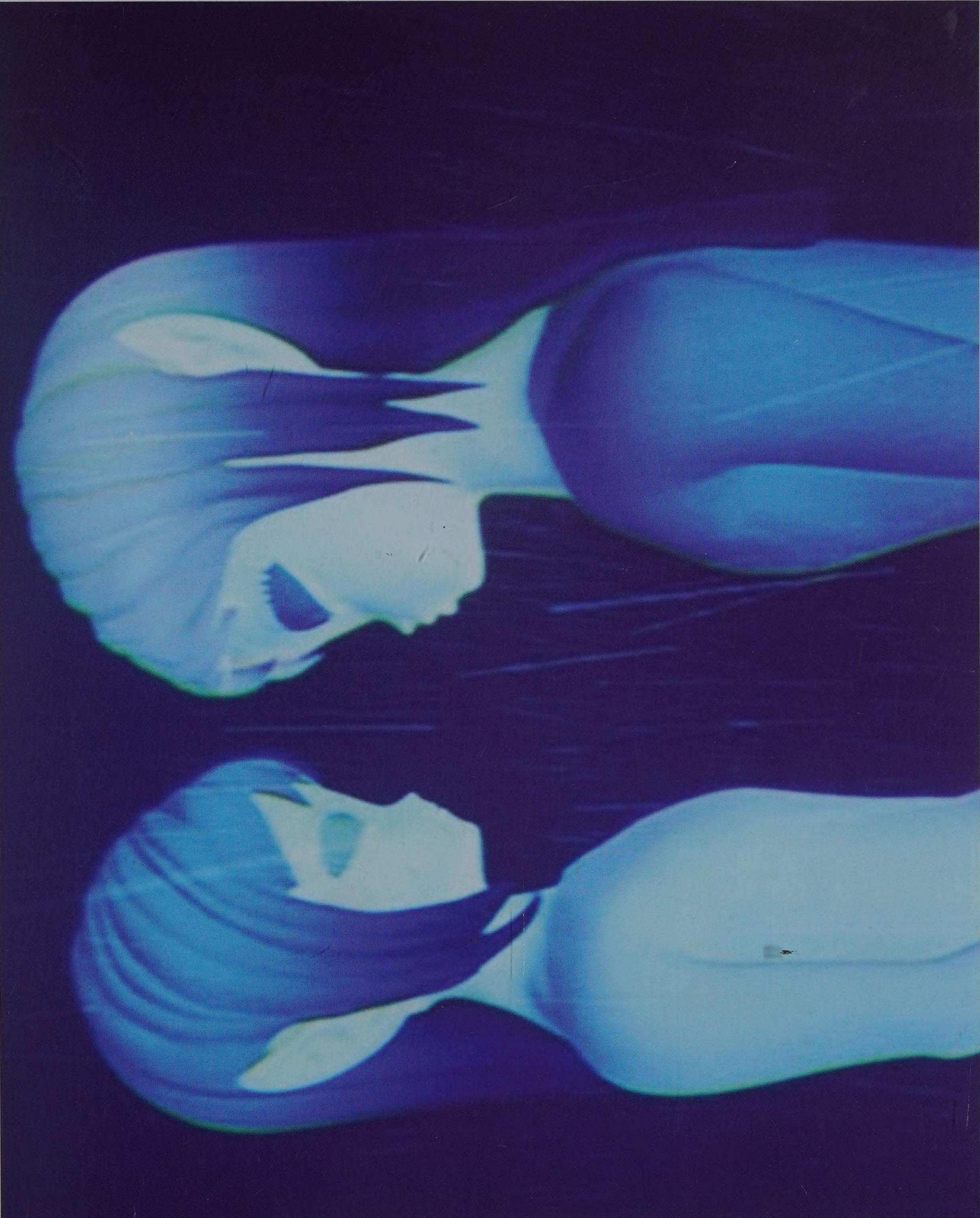
Translated by Alberto Toscano

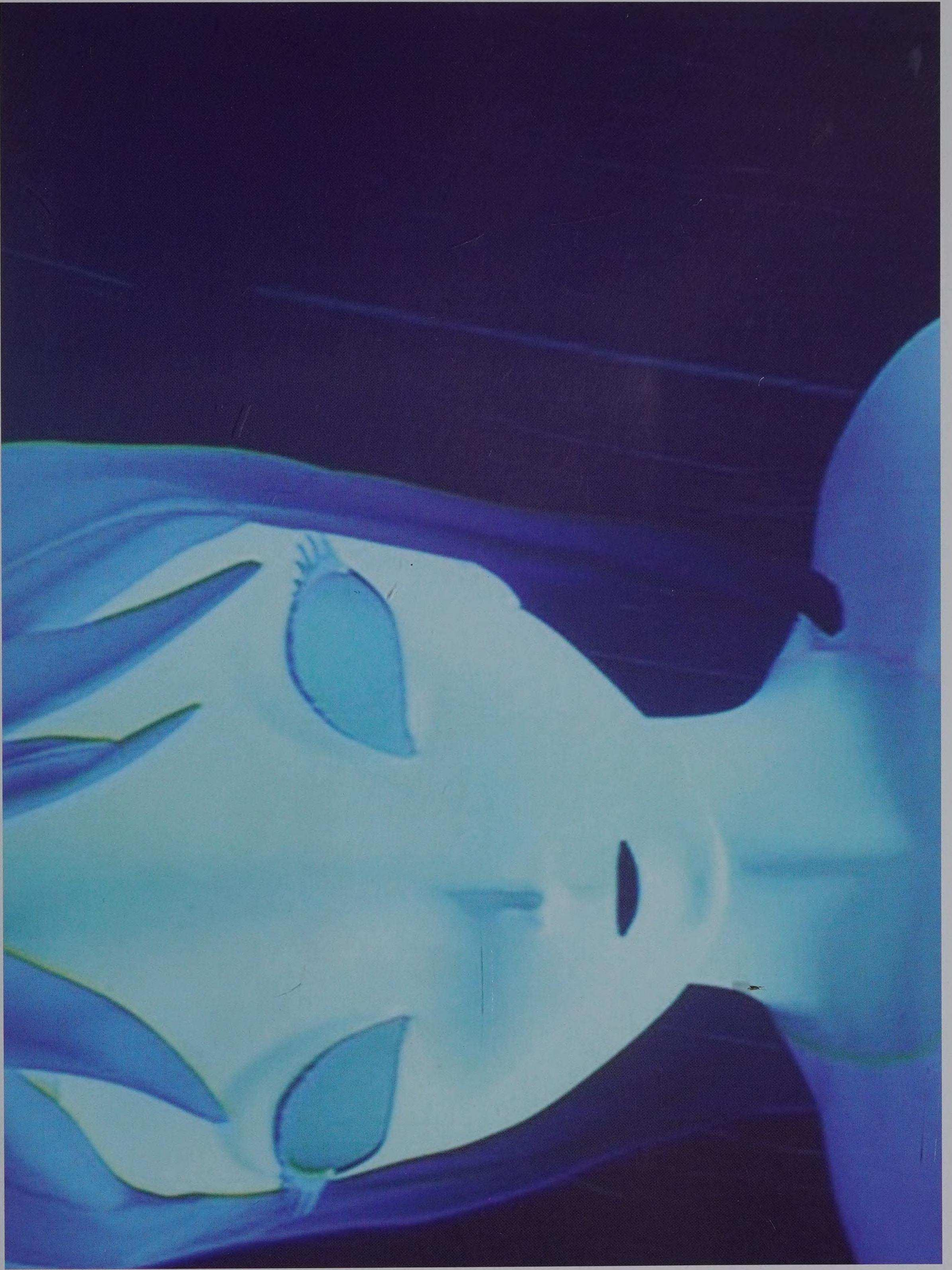
DOMINIQUE GONZALEZ-FOERSTER

Annlee in Anzen Zone

There will be no safety zone
You will disappear into your screen
I make this promise – I promise you
I promise on the head of my clones and on our purple planet
Just like anyone born in a lab
Who feels, from inside his circuits...
They will invade your structures
They will separate you from your feelings
They will transform your emotions
There is no where to go
Absolutely no where in this completely lost universe
I speak with all my voice
From here until the end of Jupiter
Through the desert suburbs of Mars
And even further beyond this galaxy
And everywhere else in the universe
And to the moon
These will no longer be considered a safety zone
There will be no safety zone
I can guarantee you that
The safety zone will be eliminated – eradicated
As sure as my name is Annlee
You will all be sent to a place of no return
It's a trip to nowhere
And if you think this will be fun, there is a surprise waiting for you
I might only be a digital creature
But believe me
I know what I'm talking about
I'm not crazy
And don't say I didn't warn you
I warned every one of you
There will be no safety zone...









M/M (PARIS)
Annlee in Anzen Zone



© 2001 GONZALEZ-FRANCO / MIM (PARIS) 2001

MOLLY NESBIT

Done

Time grows
Thick in the rush.

Hérodiade was a winter poem, you remember, it was cold, broken in the summers by *The Afternoon of a Faun*. Mallarmé let his poems have seasons. Winter, summer, winter, summer, full, his youth, he wrote. The figures blew hot and chill. *Hérodiade* had a Venetian mirror, the faun his sunstruck eyes. *Hérodiade* had a nurse whose blood kept running cold. Winter, summer, winter, summer, fall, her youth. She did not write.

Hérodiade: *Oh, be still!*

Nurse: *Will he sometimes come?*

Hérodiade: *Don't listen, my pure stars!*

Nurse: *How, if not amidst the obscure fright,
More implacably still to dream the entreating god, whom the treasure
of your grace awaits! And for whom, my pain-devoured dear,
do you save the vain mysterious unknown splendor of your self?*

Hérodiade: *For me.*

Nurse: *A sad flower 'tis that believes itself alone with no feeling other than
Its shadow on the water viewed atonally.*

Hérodiade: *Go, keep your pity and your irony.*

Blue stocking
Hooves,
She takes
The summer steps.

Faun knew how feet get wet, wet got. Not because of rain. He sweated his sensations, spilled and stamped. He sang. The poet caught his tune:

*Inhuman feet on the timid heart
Loosing at once an innocence, so humid,
An innocence so very humid, of wild tears or less wistful vapors.*

Wild tears, less wistful vapors,
Vapors
Sigh

Soft mist tells the tide of blood,
Swelling in his eyes, her heart,
Their mystery stories, sinking,
Sunk.
But stories are to be avoided now,
So skirt them.
Put the story, like the dress,
Aside.

She steps to summer, blue to faun,
Her beast, beast hers.
Less an image than a raving beauty,
An inspiration of the poet,
A bright sharp breath,
Abyss

Is it light that strikes?
A wing? a word?
A hand? her pearls?

Dear one, keep going,
Take those mirrors and your stones.

Find the spirits who would kill you in the night.
Rush, calypso,
Reconcile, hoof with the lights
On Broadway
Fly

Quantity turns to beauty,
Do not care.

Caress, abyss,
The bloody air,
These mark the gestures vehement and lost.
These are the gestures
And they have been
Smiled.

Even as moving as still?

It is not a role to play.
She is perfect for it.

Memory let go.

Citations from Stéphane Mallarmé, "Hérodiade"
and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune."

Translations Molly Nesbit

PIERRE HUYGHE & PHILIPPE PARRENO
Skin of Light



ISRAEL ROSENFELD

Dr. Arnold T.P. West's Thoughts on the Annlee Case

Dr. Arnold T. P. West (Dr. ATP for short) had reflected on the matter for several weeks and concluded that Annlee had gotten it all wrong, that it just wasn't true that she didn't belong to anybody and it just wasn't true that she was just a ghost, a shell. There was a hidden motive he insisted, something that wasn't being told to the owners and to the public at large. Annlee was more than met the eye and even if she thought she would disappear, just as she thought she had been redesigned, she - or somebody - had gotten it all wrong.

He thought it was odd that Annlee had said that she was just a shell, not even a ghost, and he thought of the other "shells" he had seen in his clinic at Saint Barnabas's Charity Hospital. He had met a young man who had problems seeing - a blind spot, he called it - and who had complained to him that he had trouble tying his shoe. In his blind spot he saw hundreds of shoes, each as real as the next. He couldn't make out which was the real shoe since he knew that he only had one pair of shoes and there was no way his shoes could have reproduced, doubled, tripled, let alone become one hundred shoes overnight. And yet that was exactly what he saw.

And then there was the woman who told him about her blind spot, who saw pink elephants running around outside her country house. Even though she knew she had neither a country house nor elephants, they were still as real to her as Dr. A.T.P. was standing there in front of her. It was nothing new for him to listen to his patients tell him that they were seeing things as real as himself and that it was difficult for them to convince themselves that what they were seeing wasn't real.

Dr. ATP told them that they were just "filling in" - filling in a void, a gap, a blind spot, a place in their visual field where they couldn't see anything. Since their brains couldn't tolerate not seeing anything, they invented whatever came to mind.

And that was why he thought there was something very odd about Annlee saying that she was just a shell, because there's no such thing as just a shell. The mind fills up shells about as fast as you can talk about them. Even empty shells aren't empty after all! The only way Annlee could

have gotten that way was if there was something or someone responsible for creating the shapes that she had. After all, she didn't have a square face. She didn't have eyes on the top of her head. In fact, whatever she was missing we had no trouble imagining – filling in – the way we fill in the gaps in our thoughts. Annlee had to be filled in the way all of us have to be filled in – and the way all of us are constantly filling ourselves in.

Dr. ATP was convinced that there was no way Annlee could be a shell and BE. She was designed, meant to be dropped into a comic strip – and that was the first clue! Even if she didn't have a voice in the beginning, there was something recognizable about her. But where did her design come from?

Of course, Darwin used to say that even if it looked like you were made from a design you weren't. A lot of haphazard mucking around and tinkering would have produced you. He said that design was accidental. If you waited long enough, what with everything being tossed around all the time, things were bound to take on a design at some point. That essentially became the central dogma of every thinking man's view of how we came to inhabit the planet.

Then again, there was a surprising series of genetic discoveries made in the final decades of the twentieth century that ended up changing a lot of people's minds, including Dr. ATP's. Scientists discovered that something called "HOX genes" were found almost without exception throughout the animal kingdom, from flatworms to mice to humans. Changes in the ways in which the HOX genes control other genes can create new, unforeseen morphologies.

Inevitably, scientists experimented with these genes, creating a variety of laboratory monsters: flies with four sets of wings (rather than the normal two), flies that were born with one of their feet where their antenna belonged, butterflies with eyes on their wings, and so on. What was strange about the flies was that the extra set of wings were perfectly normal, as were the extra set of legs. It didn't seem possible that you could produce an extra set of wings on a fruit fly just by changing one single gene.

So if the mouse and humans have the same set of genes and these genes can suddenly create new forms, couldn't one of the examples of this have been Annlee? Annlee could be another kind of human!

This reminded Dr. ATP of a recent voyage he took to Kitakyshu, Japan. He had been a part of a symposium called "what makes us humans, human?" and he had spent weeks preparing his discourse. The Annlee case brought the whole question back to him. The truth of the matter was, there was no way you could separate Annlee from humans because there was no way she could mean anything to any chimp, ape, mouse, rabbit or paramecium. There was something human about her because only humans were interested in her. It wasn't that she defined what being human is, but she was part of whatever it was that being human was. After all, everyone filled her in, and they filled her in as if she was a cousin, a friend, or just a stranger that you wanted to get to know.

In the end, we are our genes, and just by looking at Annlee you know that she wouldn't be who she is if it weren't for our genes. She's an extension of you, of all of us. After all, no one bothered to try and put an extra pair of wings on her, or an antenna on her nose, or an extra eye on her earlobe.

Dr. ATP had investigated the real source of Annlee and decided that she was not designed and sold like she said she was. If you looked at her you knew there was something sad and lost in her eyes. It wasn't a look of "emptiness" because there's no such thing as emptiness. And because she's in our genes (your's, mine, everyone's) there's no way she will ever disappear unless we all disappear as well.

There's something about Annlee that we all relate to - this empty feeling, waiting for someone to fill you in, waiting for something to happen. Dr. ATP has seen it numerous times in his clinic. If you think about it, you can't get a grip on her, she's not really your's, and she's not really anyone else's but her own self. Perhaps she's somebody's depression that got detached and separated and is now floating around out there like the sounds you produce when you talk. She's not the sounds, but she's that

sense of emptiness, that sunken, desperate feeling. She's just floating out there in the middle of nowhere waiting to attach herself to someone else. She enters people like the common cold or a virus. She's like a symptom that has become detached from it's owner. The danger with symptoms is that when they become detached from their owner they get passed around; they're not like bacteria that you can starve to death with antibiotics. They're terribly infectious.

Annlee has become a visible symptom. Somebody drew her to rid himself of feelings of emptiness and despair, but her image remained and that image has now become part of the public landscape.

LIAM GILLICK
Annlee You Proposes

(lipsync) [exhale]

(lipsync) [tut]

(voice-over) This is a revised construction. Something that can only be described. I have negotiated every step of the way. Taking tiny steps. Every move through this place is turning. Functioning in space idea.

(lipsync) [uh.....] (voice-over) This garden is a product of my thought, my one thought, my many thoughts. My thoughts and projections are constructions.

(lipsync) [bum bum bummmmmm]

(voice-over) I shifted and some things moved with me and were dragged around. From one place to another up down and up down. Descriptions of rumour. There was another place just like this. There was another place in colour. Two came there with some simple furniture.

(lipsync) [exhale]

(voice-over) They smiled and nodded and I remember them working fast. Later we all danced on things. Stomping down hard and fast.

(lipsync) [breathe in deeply]

(woman's voice) I was not there to see it all as I had not been constructed yet. My thoughts and projections are applied. Some pass me by. But I you propose a new identity. Never openly, only through others.

(voice-over) I've got some instructions for me and you. People pass me by, catching images and locations.

(Caption) (Title)

(Caption) (Title)

(Caption) (Title) This figure shows the results of the experiment. The data indicates that there is a significant difference between the two groups. The first group showed a higher level of performance compared to the second group. This suggests that the intervention had a positive effect on the outcome.

(Caption) (Title) The following table provides a detailed breakdown of the data. It shows the mean scores for each group across different categories. The first group consistently scored higher than the second group in all categories, indicating a clear advantage.

(Caption) (Title)

(Caption) (Title) The results of the analysis are presented in the following table. The data shows that the first group performed significantly better than the second group. This is evident from the higher mean scores and the smaller standard deviations. The difference is statistically significant, as indicated by the p-value.

(Caption) (Title)

(Caption) (Title) The data in this table shows the distribution of scores for each group. The first group has a higher mean and a narrower distribution, while the second group has a lower mean and a wider distribution. This suggests that the first group is more consistent and performs at a higher level.

(Caption) (Title)

(Caption) (Title) The following table shows the results of the statistical tests. The t-test indicates a significant difference between the two groups. The p-value is less than 0.05, which means that the probability of observing such a difference by chance is very low. This supports the conclusion that the intervention was effective.

(Caption) (Title) The data in this table shows the results of the regression analysis. The model explains a significant portion of the variance in the outcome variable. The coefficient for the intervention variable is positive and significant, indicating that the intervention has a positive impact on the outcome.

(lipsync) [breathe out hard through nose [snort]]

(voice-over) Most of the time things work well. Things work well without presence but I will try to propose what I have seen.

(voice-over) There is a place on the other side of the world. Somewhere in the south there is the last big island. When it rains, it really rains. It was nearly destroyed, but the clouds were too low. And still cry.

(voice-over) [hmmm hmmm ba hmmm bum]

(voice-over) How long should I sit? Storing ideas.

(voice-over) This is semi-public. I you propose some pictures from another place. There were lumps and forms, which I try to describe.

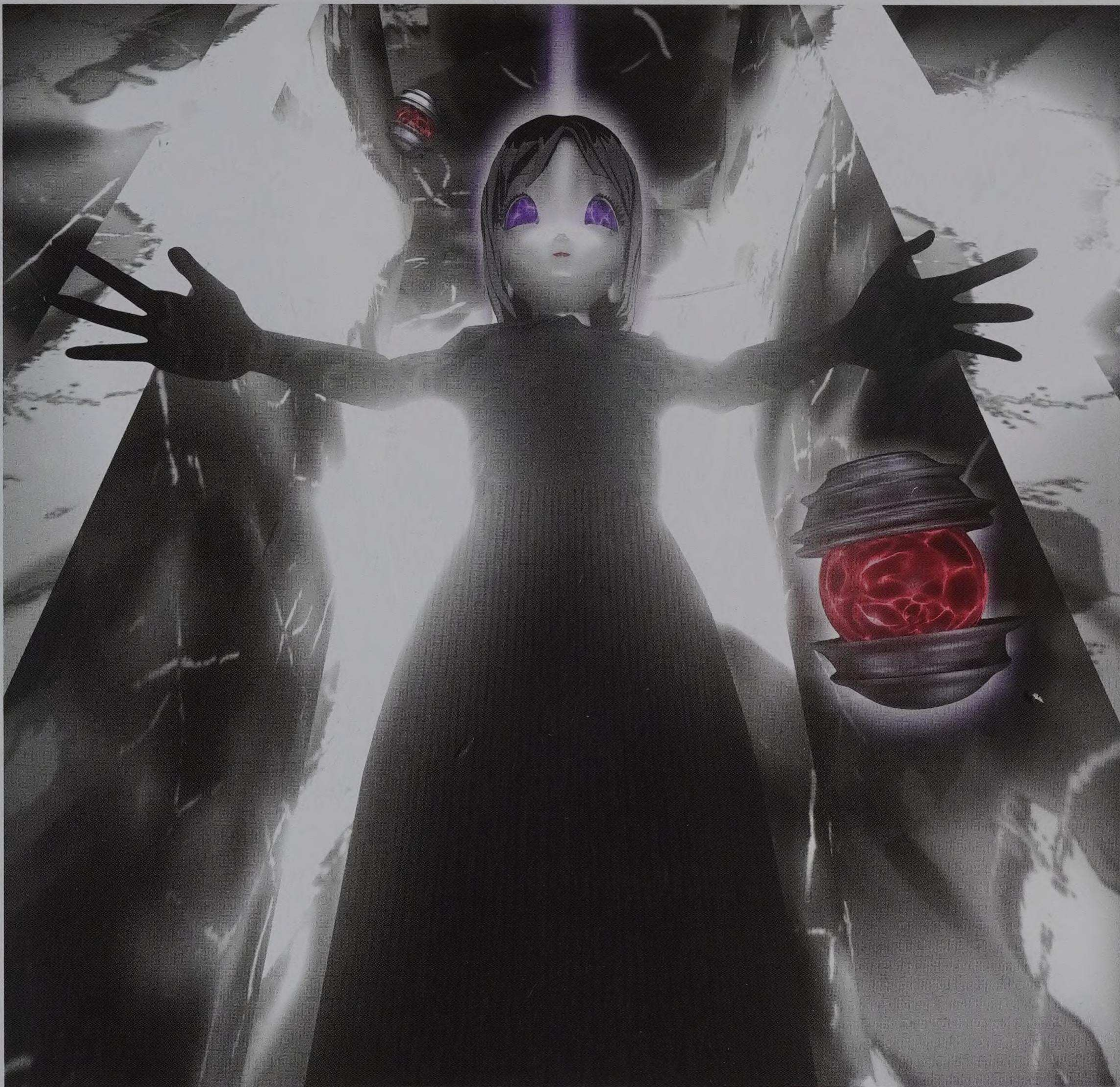
(voice-over) Some things arrived when I too was constructed. I arrived in time to leak constructions from questions. Semi-private becomes semi-public.

(lipsync) [tut] (voice-over) I you propose some changes. Keep shifting from side to side. A projection from another place is required here, not the projection of an image, but a projection of settled thinking.

(lipsync) [ha]











EXHIBITION VIEWS

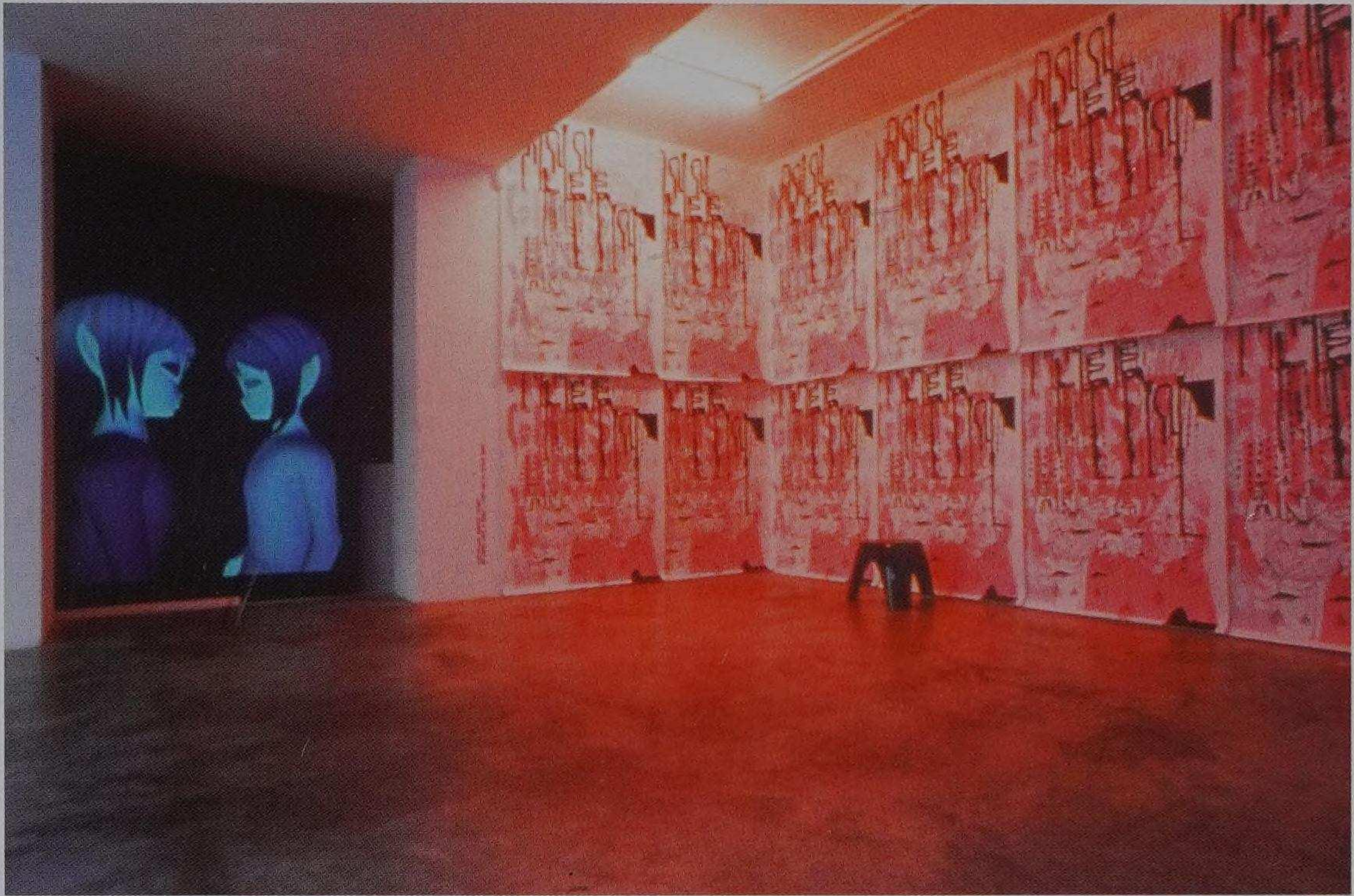


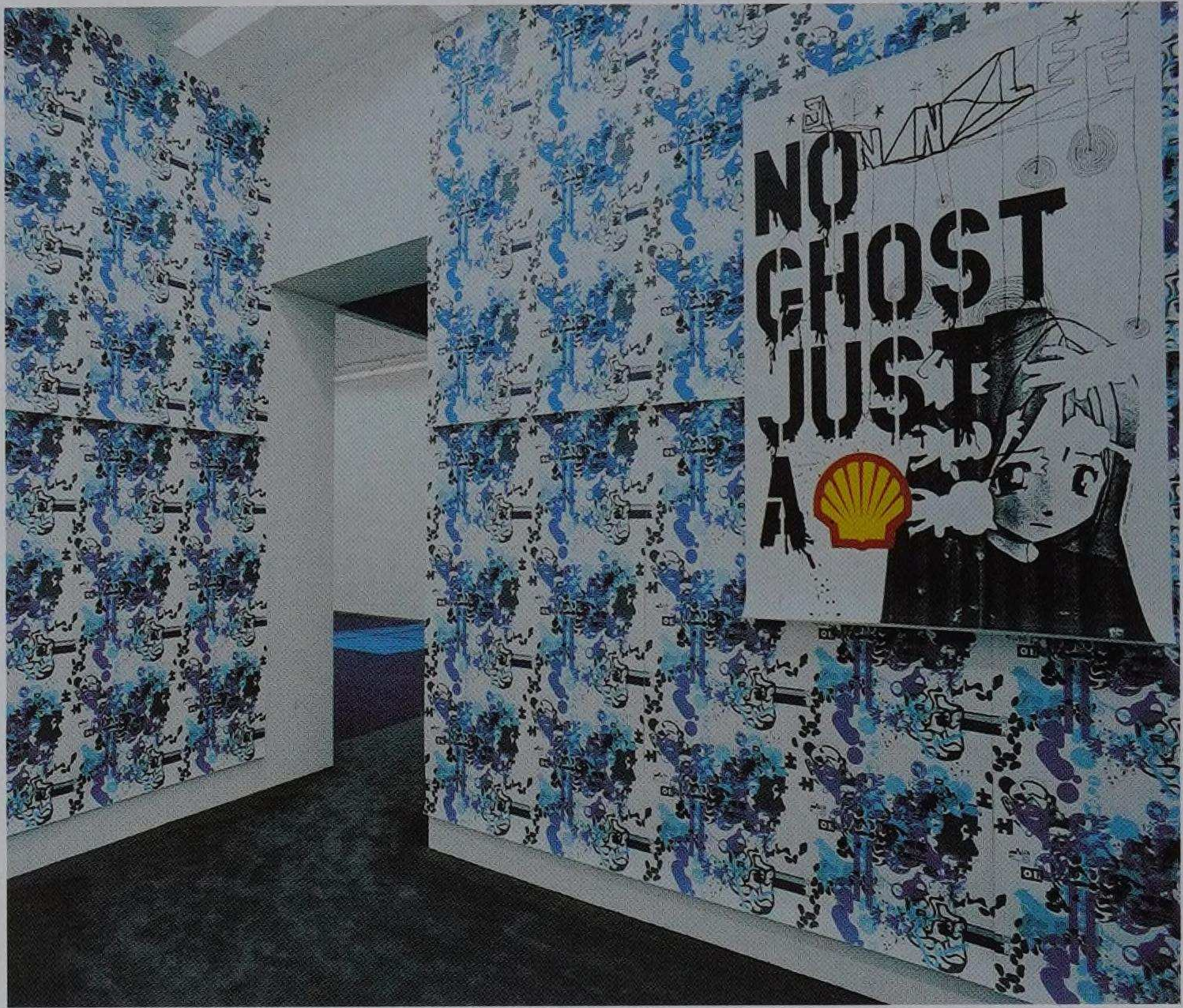


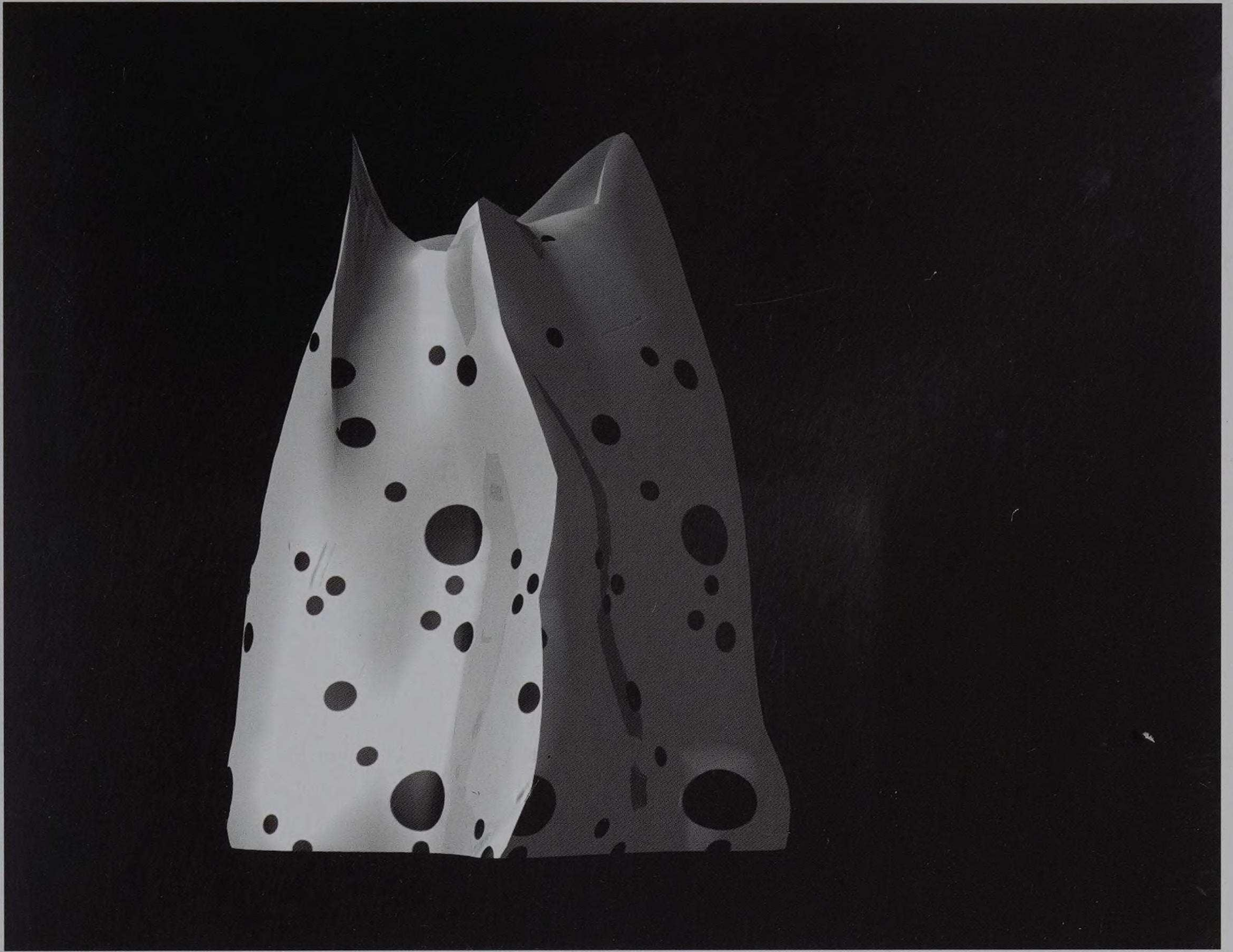


NO
GHOST
JUST
A

















MAURICE PIANZOLA
Painters and Villains

The grapevines are coming back to life on both sides of the Rhine after the cold snap. You can make out Basel and Switzerland to the south; the Black Forest mountains that tower over Freiburg-im-Breisgau emerge from the light fog behind us. Ahead, in the direction of the sunset announcing fine weather for tomorrow, lies Alsace, at the end of a pink plain on the other side of a still invisible river. Two German peasants bent over their budding crops stand up and walk slowly toward their village. Without looking, the taciturn pair passes by the ruins of several houses bombed in 1945. They are old enough to have fought in one or another of the wars. Now they are going home to their decimated families. I'd like to know what they are thinking, what's going on in their minds.

They reach the centre of the village named Lehen. The roofs are sharply inclined because for centuries they were thatched; they are still built at the same angle, even though they are tile-covered now. The facades below are half-timbered. The exposed beams that once held together walls of clay and straw still adorn the brick walls of today. Aside from the asphalt road, the general appearance of this German village has scarcely changed for four centuries, since the 16th century that witnessed first a violent wave of hope and then this people's long succession of national misfortunes. Do the two men walking ahead of me this evening even know that more than 400 years ago, a peasant like them, whose name is still common around here...

I can picture him in this same village one evening in the summer of 1513. He is tall, with a short black beard, wearing the well-fitted tunic of a former soldier. He strides as if still marching to the swaying rhythm of the long and heavy pike carried by the lansquenets. He greets the villagers and I do know what's going on in his head. I know because for months

I have been tracking him down, he and his innumerable friends, behind the Alsatian hills, in the monastery villages of the Black Forest, on the Swiss side of the Rhine, in museums, libraries and archives from Basel to Wurtzburg and from Strasbourg to Nuremberg.

I know that right now this peasant, a forester in this village where he has long lived, is looking for a painter. He has met many painters in the cities of the northern German lands and Italy when he was a soldier. I know he needs a master craftsman, the kind of man whose trade is to illuminate the Holy Scripture, build triumphal arches for princes, design masterpieces in

silver and gold and garments for the lansquenets, and paint banners for the brotherhoods and the guilds. What he needs is one of those men who know how to grind pigment and paint church walls with bloody Christs broken on the Cross and beautiful, sweet Marys with Babe in arms, one of those men seen from time to time drawing, on the outside walls of city halls, Justice and her scale surrounded by Messieurs the Councillors.

The peasant Joss Fritz needs a man willing to decorate the blue silk banner on which he has already had a white cross embroidered. What he needs painted on the banner is a *Bundschuh*, a sturdy laced boot that peasants wear.

It certainly will not be easy to find an artist who is ready to risk his life and more by painting a silk banner with the poor man's battered buskin that the peasants had made their emblem in opposition to the shiny fine boots of the feudal lords. This brings us to the heart of our story, the story of the coming together of despised, illiterate villagers and Renaissance artists, the history of tens of thousands of insurgent German peasants whose eyes were for a moment lit up by a future glimpsed too soon. The story, more precisely, of the relationships they established with artists and the artworks this inspired, long disdained or completely misinterpreted by art historians.

The peasant Joss was heading for Freiburg. He had friends in the tailors' guild that met at the Mirror Inn and they would tell him about a painter. Along the way he thought of the winegrower Kilian Meiger who had happily announced to him the night before, "Praise the Lord, Joss. I sold five measures of my best wine to a baker from the town, so here's a half-florin for the banner!" Joss felt under his belt for the money he'd been given. It was incredible that they had been able to raise so much in these hard times: three half-florins, six of those big Italian coins of which three made a Rhineland florin, and a small pile of liards collected in the surrounding hamlets by Jerome, the servant of the Lehen baker, who was welcomed and respected because he knew how to read and write.

Get a move on, Joss said to himself. I was right to buy silk for the banner and not linen like usual. We'll be able to pay the painter because all work should be salaried and we need good work.

At the Mirror Inn, Joss was given the name of the painter Theodosion who lived nearby, near the Dominican monastery, but the forester avoided

going there himself. In a courtyard he met with a peasant he had sent for, a man from the mountains who was unknown around here. He asked him to sound out the painter.

The result was almost a calamity. That evening, at the inn where they met, the peasant was still shaken up by his conversation with Master Theodosion, who at first welcomed him until the peasant finally got up the nerve to ask him to please paint a *Bundschuh* on a banner. The painter yelled that this was a trap, that he didn't want to get mixed up in a criminal enterprise, and that he was going to warn the authorities about this plot.

The man barely had time to take to his heels. While calming him down, Joss congratulated himself for having picked a stranger. But something good did come from this altercation: it confirmed that the emblem was well chosen. It still had the same effect as always, going back to the earliest Rhenish peasant uprisings of the 13th century, since the coming of the Armagnacs when an old shoe tied to the end of a pike served to rally the Alsatian peasants against the pillagers, and the great *Bundschuh* conspiracy of 1493 in the Sélestat region, still talked about around the evening fire, and the *Bundschuh* of 1502, 11 years ago. Joss remembered that one well because he was one of the leaders. But no one was to know that. No one must suspect the Lehen forester until that day, this autumn, October 9, to be exact, when the banner would fly freely in the middle of the crowd gathered for the wine-pressing festival in the village of Biengen. The peasants would recognize their emblem. They would rally around those who had sworn to re-establish God's justice as written in the Holy Scriptures. In other words, as the conspirators would explain, they must all join together and take up arms to get rid of the Ecclesiastic tribunal in Rottweil that condemned the peasants instead of judging their differences with the masters according to the old customs, to annul debts and restrict interest, to put a tolerable limit on forced labour, to declare that rich and poor alike had the right to the fish in the rivers; the birds in the air; the dead wood, acorns, berries and game in the forest; to stop priests from enjoying various incomes at once and to confiscate a part of the wealth of the monasteries, which would provide financing for the rebellion. They would start out with 200, then 400, a thousand, thousands, and with the solid support of the free Swiss guarding their backs and the brothers from Alsace who would come to the rescue across the river, they would sweep

down the Rhine valley, from village to village, and with the aid of comrades selected in each guild they would seize a city, they would appeal to the Emperor... Everything was ready. No longer would they have to bear the sight, as beggars reported seeing yet again on the main road yesterday, of a serf beheaded for having fished a basketful of shrimp from the pond of the lord of Eppstein. Everything was ready. All they needed was the banner on which this programme would be so clearly painted that no one could mistake it.

Several days passed. Almost every night Joss was on the road. He met with bands of demobilized soldiers, a Freiburg post guard, country priests whose names were given to him by Father Hans Schwartz from Lehen, craftsmen frustrated by the patricians who ran the guilds, peddlers who went from fair to fair selling leaflets announcing numerous marvels, such as the discovery of new lands across the sea by Spanish and Portuguese sailors whose ships returned laden with gold, or another flyer describing the solar eclipse which would make 1513 a year of blood, famine and disturbances. He saw loquacious tavern-keepers, pilgrims real and otherwise, and even, here and there, a few rusty-armoured knights from tumbledown castles. Up to their necks in debt to the nearest monastery and without a single peasant left to squeeze, they dreamed of taking off on the high roads in the name of the Emperor and against the Princes. When he met someone who inspired his confidence, Joss revealed the password to him. To the question, "God bless you, comrade, what side are you on?" the conspirator was to respond, "In this world, the poor can no longer get by!"

Some evenings, Joss went as far as the gates of the city of Basel, where he would join in with the beggars gathered on the Kohlenberg hill. He held long secret meetings with their captains, or kings as they were also called. There was no lack of news to talk about. In the cities of Erfurt, Spire, Cologne, Worms, Ulm and Regensburg, the poor from the lower part of town had gathered to demand a reduction on the taxes on bread, flour and wine. Federations of lansquenets just back from Italy looted everything in their path. It was said that the Swiss had won a great victory in Novara, killing more than 8,000 knights and foot soldiers, all French

or mercenaries in their pay, but a large part of the army of the cantons was massacred. The aristocrat officers snatched up a fortune in booty on the battlefield: gold, jewels, arms and French fabric, while the surviving soldiers didn't even get enough for a good meal. They returned home full of discontent and found the villagers even more furious than they were – first they had suffered staggering taxes for this war, and then they had lost their sons as well. The mountain dwellers came all the way down to the streets of Bern and obtained a promise that punishment would be meted out to the “swallowers of crown pieces,” as they called those who received pensions from the king of France to recruit mercenaries often called upon to fight abroad against other Swiss. In Lucerne, peasants came from all the surrounding valleys and demanded the confirmation of their status as free men and the abolition of the new practices, pensions and treaties that forced their sons to march off to war under foreign flags and created a great number of widows and orphans to be taken care of by those who stayed behind. They also demanded their share of the foreign wealth that they had contributed to winning. Finally, at Solothurn, 4,000 peasants assembled in front of the town, and some 600 of them managed to get inside the walls. The patricians had to give in and grant the serfs the right to buy their freedom. Joss listened and gave instructions. He had promised the beggar kings 2,000 florins to be paid from the war chest the partisans of the *Bundschuh* would constitute. At dawn, after each of these gatherings, beggars would leave for Alsace, going all the way to Strasbourg and Saverne, and the imperial cities of Germany as far as Cologne. On barn doors and in safe, previously-agreed upon places they would draw mysterious rallying signs, such as a winegrower's pruning knife, a fool's cap, a pitcher or an owl. Other mendicants if they were begging would sketch the outline of a scallop (a symbol for Saint James) on the roads that pilgrims took to Santiago de Compostela, or a Saint Michael's heart for those who travelled to Mont Saint-Michel every year.

It was high time to have the banner painted. Finally the right occasion presented itself. Taking advantage of fine summer weather, a painter had just come to Lehen to freshen up the decorations on the village church. The knight Balthasar von Blumeneck, lord of Lehen, would have been

astonished to find out why on a certain evening three village notables, the priest Hans Schwartz, the former bailiff Hans Enderlin (an old man known for his great wisdom) and the forester Joss Fritz paid a friendly call on the painter who was resting after a long day's work. They found him eating his bread with curds and eggs. After having a drink together, old Enderlin recounted how his close relative Severinus had just been thrown into prison by Balthasar von Blumeneck because he owed the lord eight shillings, and that Sir Balthasar, himself heavily indebted to the burgers of Freiburg, was now suing the poor man's wife and daughter in the Rottweil court. The painter nodded his head in sympathy. They were all getting on so well that after awhile, Joss told the craftsman that a foreign comrade, passing through the village, wanted to have a banner painted. How much would he charge for the job?

"That depends on what's to be painted!"

"A *Bundschuh*," said Joss evenly.

There was a moment of silence in the little church.

"I wouldn't agree to paint such a banner for anything in the world," cried the terrified craftsman.

The three men looked at one another. They had previously decided what they would do if the painter turned them down. Joss took him by the arm.

"Comrade," he said, looking him in the eye, "Comrade, don't ever tell anyone here on earth what was said here tonight. Forget about it right now, or you might have to pay dearly."

The painter understood. Three village notables were standing before him and he wanted to get paid for the work he had just finished in the church. Joss let his arm go, after squeezing it very hard with the strong wrists of a man who had formerly wielded a halberd. They said goodbye to each other as if nothing had happened. But Joss was more determined than ever that the banner be painted.

The next day Joss told his friends he would be gone for a few days. He rode northward that very evening, leaving Freiburg on his right as he crossed the Black Forest. His wife hadn't asked many questions when she saw him put on his handsome brick-red tunic and his green breech tops and had her pack up the black French-style doublet that he wore with billowing white breeches. She waited until he was gone before praying

silently. She had noticed that he had rolled the blue banner embroidered with a white cross around his chest. With all her heart she hoped that this time he would succeed.

Joss rode from morning to night, avoiding the towns and their guard posts. On occasion, sometimes in the evening and sometimes in the morning, he would rest in a barn. Travelling as part of a convoy of merchants going to the fair to sell their cartloads of spices and cloth, he finally entered the imperial walled city of Heilbronn. Joss had not come so far for nothing. Here he would find a painter. But no one knows how, nor which painter he really found. The old records mention that in 1513 a painter named Jörg Ratgeb worked in the small city of Heilbronn. Nicknamed Apron Jörg, he painted Biblical history scenes on monastery walls. Common people flocked to see them, undoubtedly because they saw themselves in the crude and violent characters in Ratgeb's "passions," where the lower classes were shown sometimes crushed and sometimes brandishing weapons. His characters were humble people and not fat princesses or bloated abbots. Ratgeb had travelled throughout Italy as a painter-soldier, they said of him, and you could see that in the technical exactitude of the weapons in his frescos. There he had seen the work of Mantegna, Pinturicchio, Jacobo Bellini and Carpaccio.

On returning to Germany he painted 630 square metres of frescos on the walls and ceilings of the Stations of the Cross and the Carmelite refectory in Frankfurt. In Herrenberg he became associated with the Brothers of the Collective Life, also known as the Brothers of Good Will, a small, proto-humanist religious community, reformers before the Reformation, who worked collectively and tried to set up a kind of public education. They ate their meals together in public and explained the Bible to the common people, or, to be more precise, the town plebeians and the serfs, in the local dialect without beating around the bush, using the direct and imaginative expressions of the people's own crude way of talking. The unconscious innovations of these unwitting precursors were directed toward one sole aim, to return to the way of life of the early Christian church, to renew the still living tradition based on the Church of the poor whose property was the common fortune of all those who had nothing. Ratgeb painted an altar for these Brothers of the Collective Life. The spirit of this Herrenberg

painting was stunning. It depicted the Passion of Christ as that of a rebel, an insurgent, without the slightest ambiguity or discretion. On one side he showed the executioners and the Church people, all insolent and fat, and on the other the people, always dignified, always in rebellion. It was a veritable Bible of the poor. The people who passed by his altar saw before their eyes a Technicolor film of their own suffering and hopes. This painting arose spontaneously from his guts and hands.

Ratgeb was a foreigner in Heilbronn and as such his only right (and even that subject to revocation) was to work in exchange for paying a tax of four florins. Born a serf in the principality of Wurtemberg, he could not become a citizen of the imperial city because his wife—and consequently his children—were still serfs. The plebeian Ratgeb struggled to free his wife and children from servitude. He tried to buy them from their owner, Duke Ulrich of Wurtemberg. The city council backed his request, but in vain. The duke was unbending. Ratgeb's wife and children had to remain serfs, that is, the personal property of the duke, caught within the tangled judicial boundaries of the German Holy Roman Empire then divided into some 350 states. Ratgeb would remain a man with no rights.

Yes, it was this rebel plebeian whom the peasant leader Fritz met with in Heilbronn. A dozen years later, their paths would cross again. Fritz, a grey-bearded comrade, would have spread his banner far and wide, and Ratgeb, a military advisor for the peasant troops, would remain loyal to the end, which came one day in 1526 when with his arms and legs tied to four horse carts, this man who had so often painted the torments of Christ would be publicly quartered in the market square of Pforzheim without uttering a single word of repentance.

But now, Joss was heading home, his banner barely dry. A conspirator who left nothing to chance, before leaving he and Ratgeb agreed on a story concerning their meeting intended to protect the artist in case of mishap. Joss would say that he was a soldier who in the midst of a great battle and many dangers had vowed to the Holy Virgin that he would make a pilgrimage to Aachen to bring her a banner. As the son of a shoemaker in Stein-am-der-Rhein in Switzerland, he wanted the Holy Virgin of Aachen to know who the banner was from. That's why he had asked the painter to put a *Bundschuh* on it, because as everyone knows the sign over his father's

leather shop bore the sign of a boot. The alibi was plausible, so plausible that 400 years later it continues to satisfy those who want to believe it, i.e. German historians who are ordinarily so painstaking when they decipher old court records. But if we keep in mind the terrorized reactions of the first two painters whom Joss solicited, it seems totally unbelievable that a third painter would agree unless he was in full sympathy with the cause. After all, he was asked to paint on the banner not only a *Bundschuh* but also the words "Compassionate God, Support the Rights of the Poor," and, on the other side, Christ on the Cross surrounded by Mary and Saint John, with a peasant kneeling beneath the crucifix and in the corners the distinctive insignias of the Pope and the Emperor. This set of symbols represented an explicit programme: an appeal to divine justice as embodied by the sufferings of Christ redeeming humanity; the reference to the Pope and the Emperor meant that they were the only earthly powers the conspirators recognized. The political implications could not be more clear: their goal was the establishment of a centralized German state freed of feudal fetters. The *Bundschuh* was emblematic of the rebel peasants' profound desire for the liberation of the people.

The coming together of the Heilbronn painter and these peasants and the flag Joss carried home to his village wrapped around his chest represent something else as well: the opening of a new chapter in the history of art whose impact would be felt to the furthest boundaries of the Empire, even by Brueghel and Jacques Callot.

As you patiently look in the illuminated manuscripts, leafing page by page through books illustrated with block prints before Gutenberg's invention of movable type, and as you wander through their intended surroundings, entering churches decorated before the start of the 16th century, all you will come across will be very conventional representations of peasants and their daily lives. Most commonly you will find symbols for the twelve months of the year matched with agrarian scenes inspired by the Bible, and later, in work done toward the end of the 15th century, ancient Greece and Rome. But realistic details taken from direct observation were soon to become increasingly evident in the depiction of the peasants' labours and the tools they used, if not in the people themselves, who for a long time would not be endowed with typical traits, much less

individualized. Among the first visual elements to emerge from anonymity was the tree being cut down for January, suddenly clearly identifiable as an oak, extremely common in those days. Very accurate scenes of Alsatian agriculture illustrate an edition of Virgil's *Georgics* printed in Strasbourg in 1502. But what exactly was a peasant in the eyes of the aristocracy and even the bourgeoisie in the early 16th century, when the ruling classes of the cities themselves became feudal powers exploiting the countryside? Peasants were considered a different race, with their own curious customs, barbaric and depraved. No one worried much about them. An exception to this rule was the scientific-minded Johannes Boemus Aubanus, who seemed to take an interest in them in his book *Omnium gentium mores*, but even he described them as if they were an exotic population observed from on high: "The last class," he wrote, "is composed of those who live in the villages and on the farms in the countryside, cultivating the land, and who are therefore called country folk or peasants. Their lot is very unfortunate and hard. They live humbly, isolated from one another, with only their family and livestock for companionship. Their shacks made of mud and wood barely rise above the ground and are covered with straw thatching. This serves as a home for them. Their nourishment is a bit of bread and gruel, washed down with water or milk. They wear linen clothing, a pair of shoes and a brown hat. These people never rest. They are hard-working and dirty. They go to the nearest city to sell what they have pulled out of their fields and their animals, and in exchange they buy what they need, for few craftsmen are willing to live among them. Usually every hamlet has a church where they all assemble on feast days to listen to their priests pronounce the words of God and say a mass. During the afternoon they conduct their business under a lime tree or in some other public place. Then the young dance to the tune of a fife and the older ones drink wine at the inn. No man ever goes out unarmed; at the very least he slips a dagger under his belt. Each village chooses between two and four men whom they call master-peasants to mediate quarrels and contracts. They keep the parish records. But the lords or their bailiffs administer the parish, not them. Often they are called upon to perform obligatory labour for the lords at various times of the year. They plough their fields, sow and harvest, store the crops in their barns, chop their wood, build their houses and dig

ditches. There is nothing that this wretched and enslaved people are not called upon to do for their masters. There is no order they can refuse to obey without running great risks – the guilty are in fact severely punished. But the hardest thing for these people is that the greater part of the fields they cultivate do not belong to them and every year they must do without a predetermined portion of what they harvest.”

Yet the peasants Joss Fritz was going home to, the peasants for whom the Heilbronn painter had performed his services, were no longer what they seemed to be to the burghers and their writers who looked down on them, haughty with pride in their newly acquired social status. Spurred into motion by the great upheavals of a century that had suddenly been awoken as if touched three times by a magic wand – the invention of cannon powder, the compass and the printing press – and in which a new social division, merchant capital, was emerging, the downtrodden peasants were to rise up in their masses and burst upon the political stage – and, at the same time, into art history.

A great deal had happened during Fritz’s absence. The conspiracy had been betrayed. The Freiburg authorities and the margrave of Baden were hunting for the conspirators. Dozens of peasants had been arrested, beheaded, quartered, blinded. Others had two fingers cut off – the two fingers they had raised as they swore an oath of loyalty to the *Bundschuh*. Not one of them revealed anything important under torture. Fritz was able to cross the border in the naïve hope that the Swiss would come to their aid. Above the Basel village of Sewen, near Liestal, men – at-arms arrested his two companions. Giving in to the entreaties from Freiburg, after some hesitations the Basel patricians finally had the men’s heads cut off on December 22. As meticulous then as they were to remain through the centuries, they demanded that Freiburg reimburse the costs of this double execution, a total of 14 pounds, 11 shillings and six pfennigs.

Joss Fritz was able to escape and save the banner he still wore hidden under his garments. From Schaffhouse and the Black Forest, he took up the severed threads and quickly reorganized the aborted conspiracy. Four years later the *Bundschuh* was broader and more extensive than ever. Then it underwent another reversal and another round of repression, until 1525, when the great peasant war broke out. For a long time after

the old men gathered in thatched cottages would recount that Joss Fritz had reappeared once again, riding his white horse through the valleys of southern Germany. By that time the humanists had torn asunder the old scholastic clouds and freed many people's minds. A peasant's son, the monk Martin Luther, broke the weakest link in the chain that in one way or another held the feudal system together in Germany. By protesting against the abuses of the foreigners who were bleeding the county through an ingenious tax known as the sale of indulgences, he shot a flaming arrow into a powder keg. This was the background to an uprising of tens of thousands of peasants who in 1525 won over the plebeian classes of many cities, a few aristocrats and a huge number of intellectuals and artists. As the chronicler of the city of Metz was to note in his big official register, with much feigned impartiality and secret sympathy, "They were joined by many great lords, gentlemen and captains, and furthermore numerous clerics and scientific persons, who seeing what had happened told each other that it was the work of God to put a stop to the abuses of this world, both those of the priests and of the aristocracy."

It is by the light of these flames of rebellion that we shall strive to retrace the steps and understand the witness born by men such as Lucas Cranach, Hans Holbein, Nicolas Manuel Deutsch, Urs Graf, the "Master of Petrarch," Albrecht Durer, the brothers Hans Sebald and Barthel Beham, Georg Pencz, Jörg Ratget, Tilmen Reimenschneider, Mathias Grunewald and so many other, famous or obscure, the incomparable flowers of that tumultuous springtime.

Notes for the 1992 edition:

The first edition of this account had already been published when the author became aware of the conclusions of the German scholar Ulrich Steinmann's meticulous research concerning Joss Fritz and the *Bundschuh* banners. Steinmann's book argues that Fritz could not have had the banner painted in Heilbronn. But according to an October 3, 1513 report by the village council of Freiburg-im-Breisgau, peasants from the village of Wolffenwiler stated that the *Bundschuh* banner had been made on the other side of the Rhine, right in Metz. It is true that a chronicler of that town, Philippe de Vigneulle, described the same emblem in writing about a peasant band in the Moselle region: "They carried a crucifix painted on their banner, it is said, with our Lady and Saint John on one side, and on the other the eagle of the Empire was painted, and below a kind of *strichouse*." In the local dialect the latter word means a laced boot, or in other words a *Bundschuh*. This is an exact description of Joss Fritz's banner except for the missing kneeling peasant and the slogan, but the chronicler is only repeating what he has heard, which may explain this lack of exactitude. At any rate this information confirms that the peasant revolts extended as far as Lorraine.

Ulrich Steinmann, "Die Bundschuh-Fahnen des Joss Fritz," *Deutsches Jahrbuch für Volkskunde*, Bd. VI, Berlin, 1960.

Translated by L-S Torgoff

PIERRE HUYGHE
One Million Kingdoms

The Journey to the Center of the Earth by Jules Verne begins in Iceland, in the Snœffels Jokull crater at the north of the Island. The conquest of space starts there on that same desert of lava. The first images of Neil Armstrong hopping in his space suit in the middle of a desolated landscape were first shot there. This is an expedition through territories topologically similar.

It's a lie !

After lots of speculation, it's there, at the foot of the volcano, that the moon-landing tests were filmed.

Before anyone walked on the moon, these pictures told us what we would discover later on.

They prepare us for the spectacle of desolation.

On the moon, all you can see is dust (there is nothing else besides dust)...

The conquest of space, which was a dream until now ... had become an illusion.

We want to enter the unknown, when the greatest mysteries are right here
.....

Here under our steps ...

We are on the threshold of another world, just one small step...

We are arriving in 1865 ... at the beginning of chapter 17.

It's from here that we should end up in the center of the earth

The first part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the effects of the environment on the health of the population. The authors discuss the role of the environment in the development of various diseases and the impact of environmental factors on the health of the population.

After a brief review of the literature, the authors present their own research findings. They discuss the results of their study and the implications for public health.

The authors conclude that the environment plays a significant role in the health of the population. They recommend that public health officials should take steps to improve the environment and reduce the health risks associated with environmental factors.

The authors also discuss the need for further research in this area and the importance of continued monitoring of environmental health risks.

In conclusion, the authors emphasize the need for a comprehensive approach to environmental health that takes into account the complex interactions between the environment and human health.

The authors thank the funding agencies for their support of this research and the participants for their cooperation in the study.

We would like to thank the reviewers for their helpful comments and suggestions. We also thank the staff of the research center for their assistance during the study.

How this article is organized

The article is organized into several sections. The first section provides a background on the topic and the second section discusses the methodology used in the study.

The third section presents the results of the study and the fourth section discusses the implications of these findings for public health.

The authors also discuss the need for further research and the importance of continued monitoring of environmental health risks.

The real journey was beginning.

Fearful dangers lurked. I had not yet looked down into the bottomless pit which I was about to plunge into.

I was ashamed to step away. Now the time had come.

I land over a projecting rock and looked down ... My hair stood on end ...

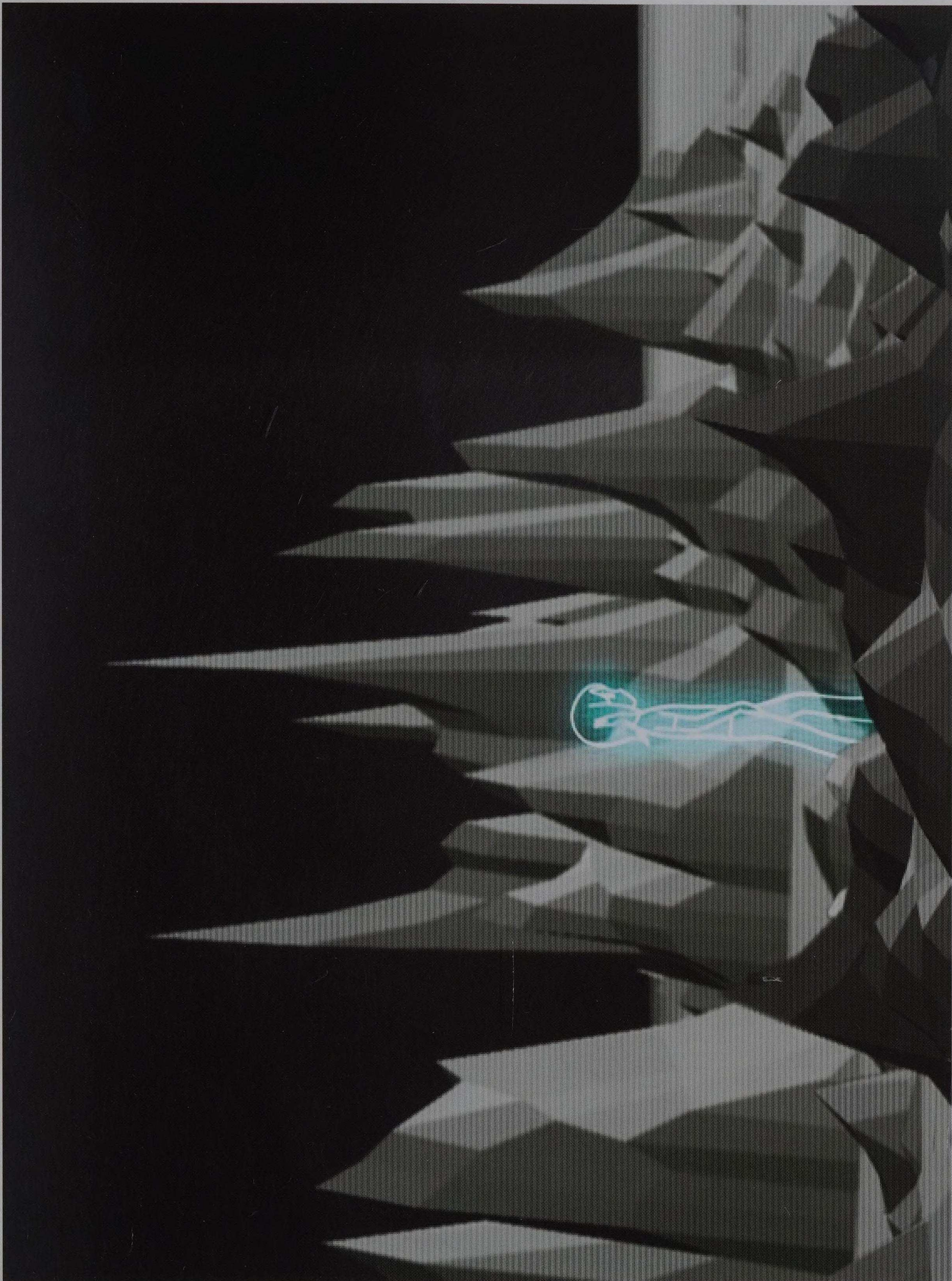
The fascination of the void took hold of me. I felt my center of gravity moving, and vertigo rising to my head like intoxication.

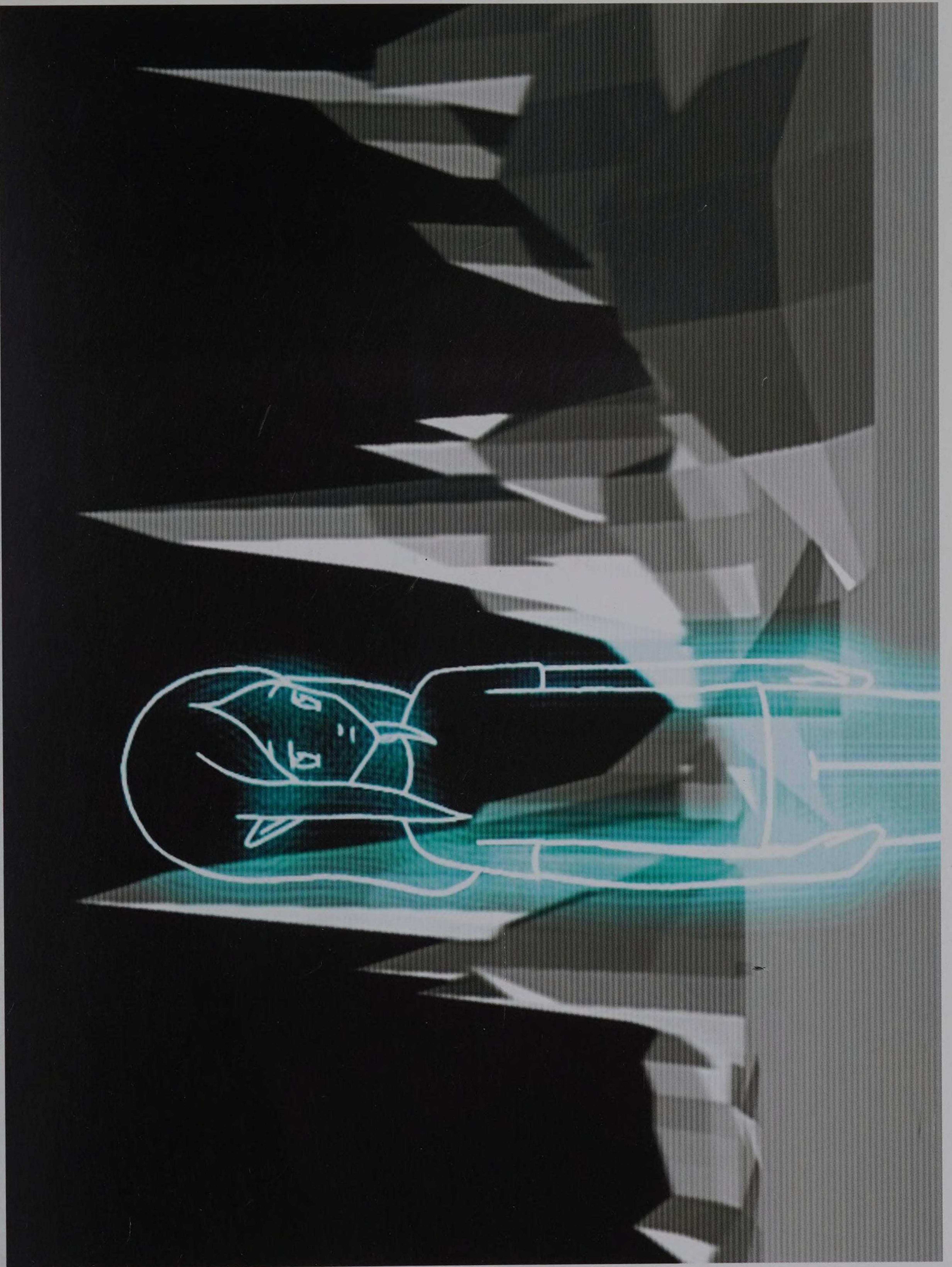
There is nothing more powerful than this attraction of the abyss.

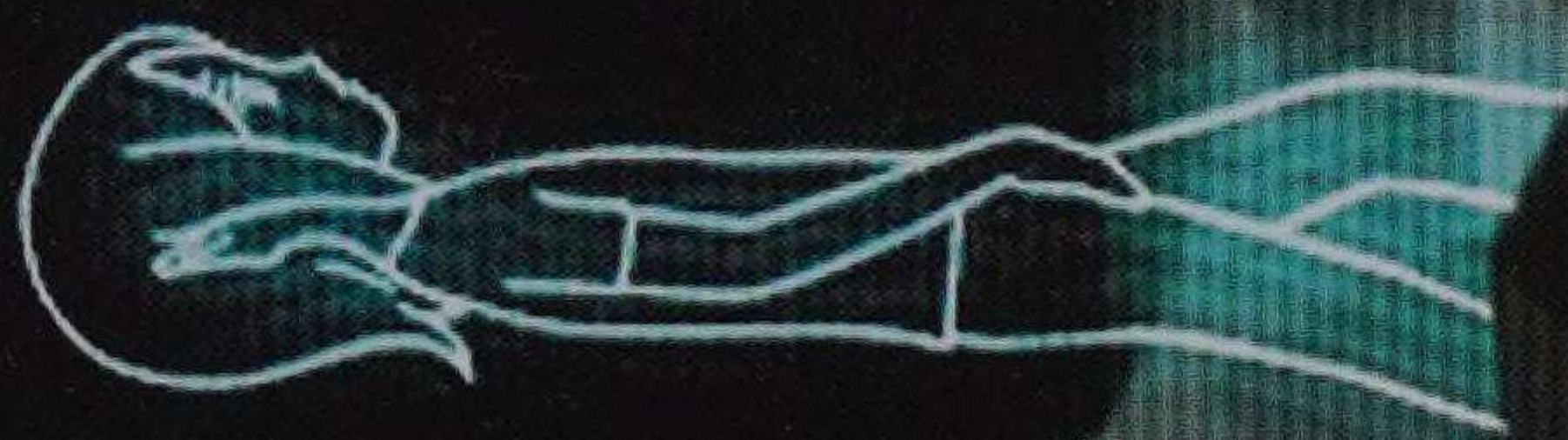
Nothing ...with the possible exception of ... the state of weightlessness.

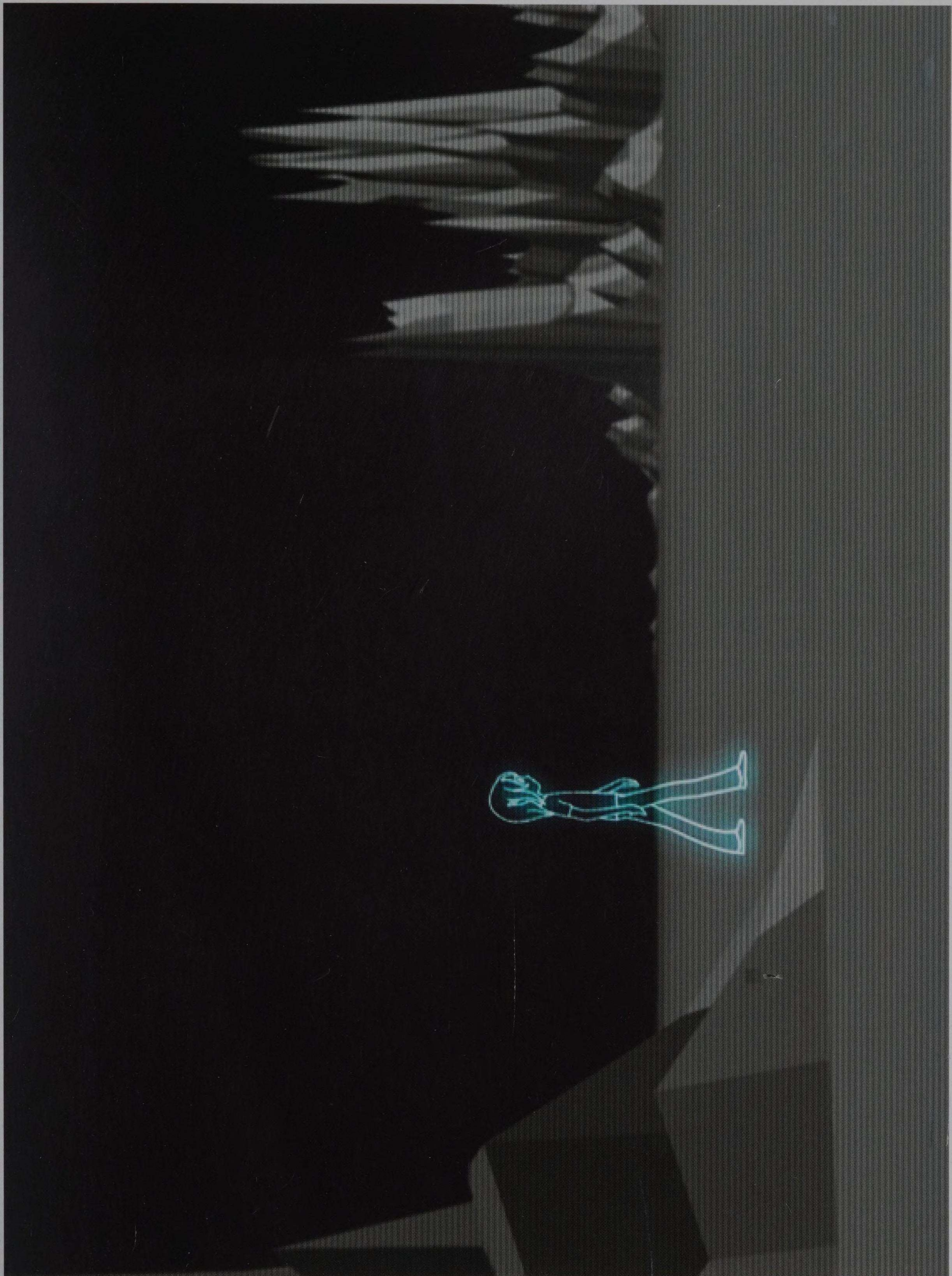
For a moment I was afraid that their words might be my own, brought back to me by an echo.

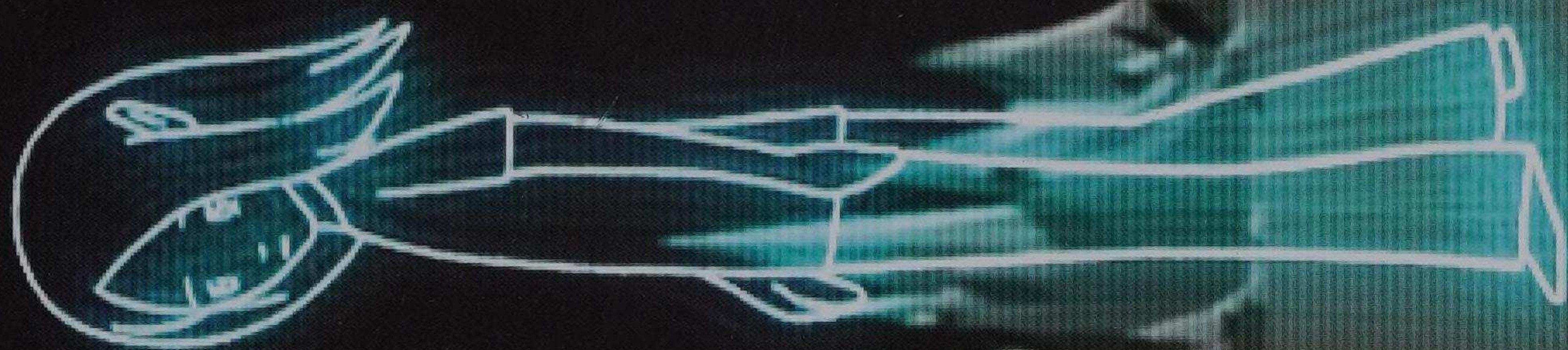
I listened once more, and this time I clearly heard my name thrown through the space.











FRANÇOIS CURLET
Witness Screen

EPISODE I

Here I am Marie-Pierre, 32 years old.

I come from Loire et Cher. Down there I used to be the queen of the village, blond, hair way down to my bottom. Strictly forbidden to cut it. My nickname was Cosette in an ode to Victor Hugo.

I am passionate about literature. Imagine my reaction when I read the ad in the paper. Me, who would blacken pages at the sight of waving wheat fields in the shade of the wind. After that there was the meeting with François, an extravagant Belgian artist. He interviewed me for the job. And now I am getting paid just to keep a diary during four months of doing nothing in particular.

This is a dream come true! But will I be able to write the novel I have in my head? With just one and only constraint of changing my skin? I will have to discard this shell around my body and get into the vacant character called Annlee.

EPISODE II

Hey you! You are really the most interesting part of the project, you, the Japanese manga character bought out of a catalogue by Huyghe and Parreno. You with whom I start a new life the day I am tidying up at my office at the Ministry, organizing all my papers and all my folders. Watering my plants for the last time.

You who whispers to me two essential rules. Do not have any contact with your colleagues and write. The first days are terrible. I walk around in circles in my apartment. I would have liked to change areas. I can't stand the view of those towers anymore. It is as if during all these years I was asleep, as if during all this time I did not look at anything at all. Suddenly, inside my flat, everything looks out of proportion. Objects do not have the same destiny anymore. My life has changed. I am reborn with a new identity. The one of another woman, Annlee.

EPISODE III

Even the way I talk changes. I sound like a rebel and even François noticed it. I give myself some kind of frame in order to stop wasting my days. I wake up at seven in the morning, I have Cornflakes with skimmed milk and green tea and then I set up meetings. At the recording studio I am testing the voice that will read my diary. This is a chance to meet people. Charles the sound producer only takes care of real things.

After this I take stretching lessons, or go to swim, this depends on the weather. Some water is flowing through a gutter on the way back home. More and more I think of the guards in museums and their wasted lives. It is a beautiful day. Once I am in my flat, I waste some time lying on the couch like a cat. I am dreaming. Charles has this intelligent stare that belongs to those who decide. Afternoons are dedicated to strolls. Rue Saint Honoré. Place Vendôme. Place du Marché Saint Honoré. I never had anything to do with this area so I take advantage of it. I go to the sales.

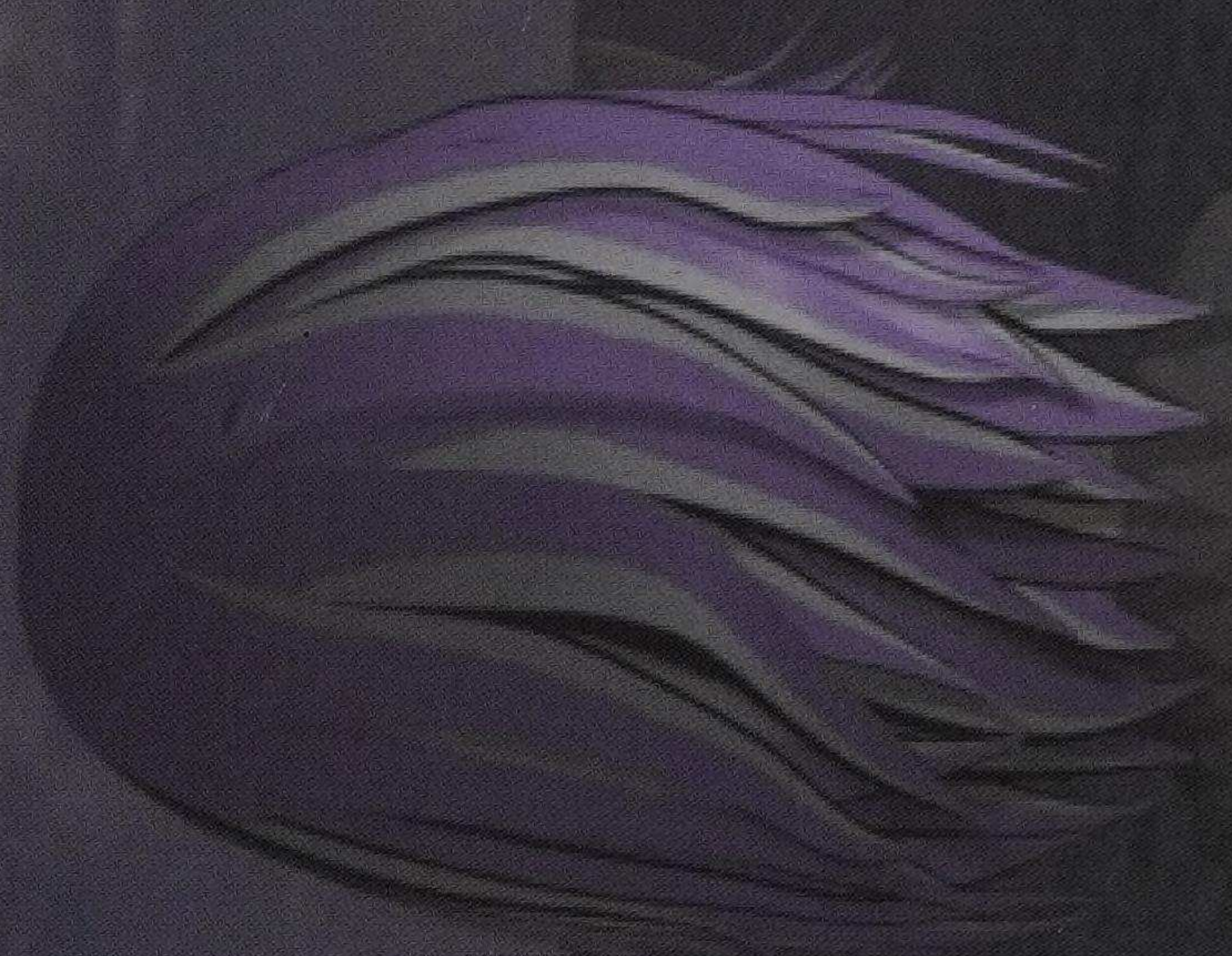
Insomnia. At night, I am fighting with myself. The me who became someone else. Annlee.

EPISODE IV

One morning I say yes. Yes, but what for? Because first of all I had refused. I did not feel I was capable of doing it meant drowning in a flow of constraints. In between, I went to Russia. I met Lenin, I saw Adrian again, I ate at Willie's place and we talked about Vanessa...

Then suddenly I had this thought: one does not do it because one did not have to. Life has no "if". From that moment on my decision was taken. It would be yes. Yes, but what for? Yes to life, yes to my reality, yes to my dreams at night. Yes to the snow at Christmas. Yes to write conferences. Tomorrow I am starting a real job. After those four months of abandon that were spent next to this other woman who was a projection of me in a parallel reality. I decided to say yes to myself and no to you, that completely invented character who I enjoyed feeding with my own psychology.

Just stay where you are, I am sure you feel so good there. Yes you, bitch!
Annlee.



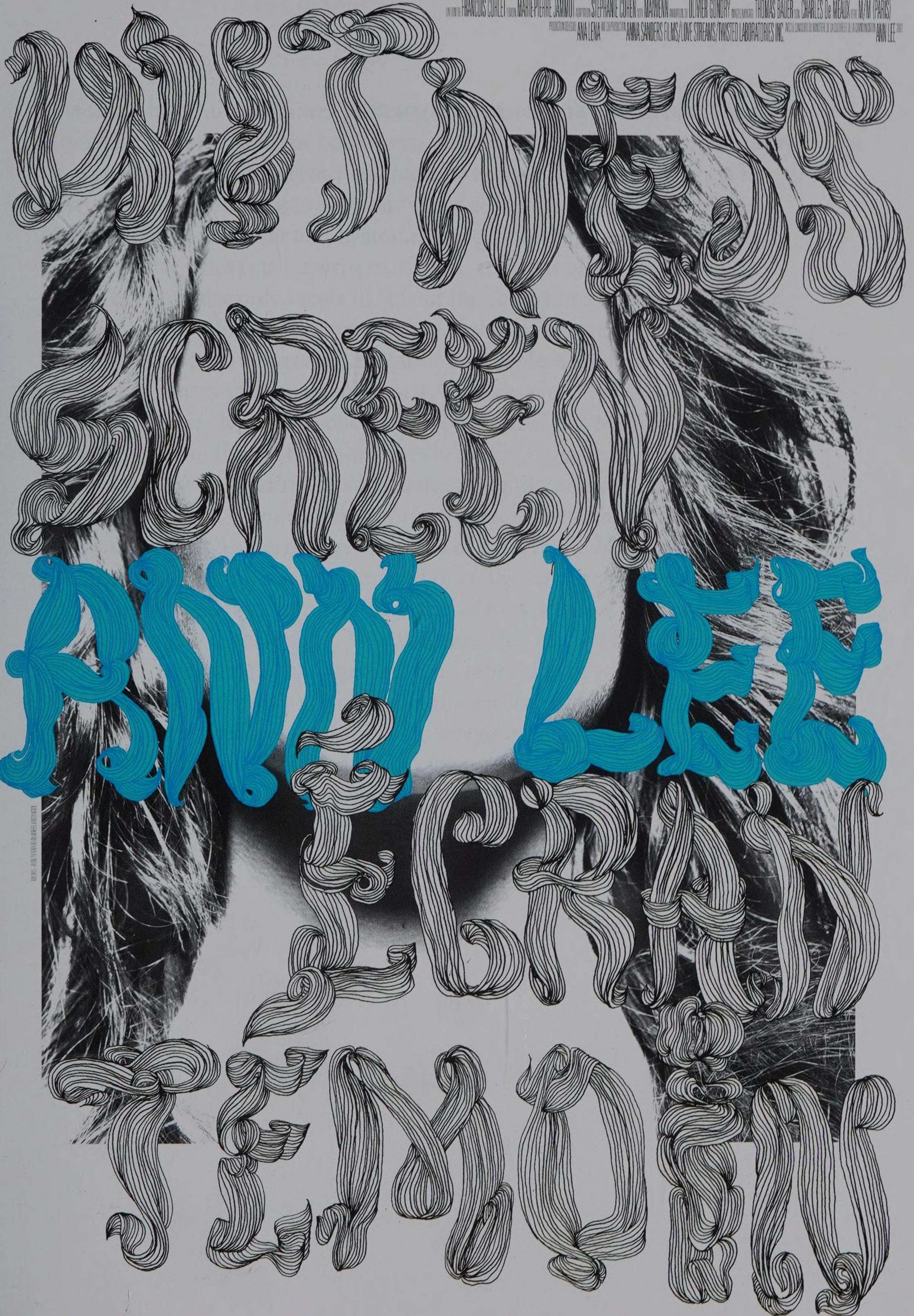






M/M (PARIS)
Annlee: Witness Screen

UN FILM DE FRANÇOIS CURLET D'APRÈS MARIE-PIERRE JAMMOT SCÉNARIO DE STEPHANIE COHEN AVEC MARIVENNE RÉALISÉE PAR OLIVIER COMROY MONTÉE PAR THOMAS BAUER AVEC CHARLES DE MEAUX AVEC M/M (PARIS)
PRODUCTION GÉNÉRALISTE ANA LENA RÉALISATION ANNA SANDERS FILMS / LOVE STREAMS / TWISTED LABORATORIES INC. AVEC LE COLLABORATEUR VINCENT DE LA CAULLE ET LA COORDONNATRICE ANNE LEE 2002



© 2002 ANNA SANDERS FILMS

PIERRE JOSEPH AND MEHDI BELHAJ-KACEM
Of Lucidity

Evidenz, above all, is a game. Its being a journal is only secondary. The journal-form, just like the book-form, the disc-form, the film-form, is only a pretext to do things *together* and *together* to have things be heard. What matters is less listening to each one's madness as to hear the cacophony of everybody's neuroses and hysteria. The point, the necessary condition, is to first *live* what is to be written, filmed, configured; inversely, to film, write or configure only serves to lay out the conditions in which something is to be lived. Whereas attaining experience is evermore removed from all, if not removed altogether, art cannot do any less, and even must give itself, as primary task, to open it anew, if necessary, to *violate* it. To five or six people, this chance was once given; barricaded in a Medieval house, Selling, or something of the sort, they seized it, together; ever since, they have not ceased repeating its spell, something like an experiment in black (or white) magic. The art of repeating succeeds when it forgets what it means to repeat, in the deepest amnesia of what it will have managed to resuscitate. The art of repetition, and thus, the art of re-presentation, is the art of the heightening of the event, of presentation: the art of intensifying *what takes place*. Which means that this art fails, remaining, as it does, in nostalgia, commemoration, repetition of whatever magic has taken place. Strictly speaking, it only succeeds with the traumatic reappearance of what it has forgotten, whenever that takes place. Yet, those who are given this art, and this experience, do not own it... since what they aim for is the most extreme state of dispossession, or what is also paradoxically called: being *possessed*.

Translated by Boris Belay

Il est d'abord un jeu. Il
est un jeu d'essaimement. La
forme, ce n'est que la forme-
de la forme, la forme-film, ser-
vant le plaisir à faire des choses
de bien, à bien entendre ensemble
ce qui est ensemble, est moins
une forme, que la forme.

Ce n'est pas un jeu, mais un jeu
d'essaimement, la forme est la
forme, pour faire des choses
de bien, à bien entendre ensemble
ce qui est ensemble, est moins
une forme, que la forme.







M/M (PARIS)

Année: *Théorie du Trickster*

LA FORTIE du KASTER TIRIC

«Mon» Inconscience

«Mon» Horizon
d'in-discernement

Autre

«Son» Inconscience

«Son» Horizon
d'in-discernement

Date

Lieu

Une conférence proposée par
PIERRE JOSEPH & MEHDI BELHAJ KACEM

M/M (PARIS) 2002

JAN VERWOERT

Copyright, Ghosts and Commodity Fetishism

What is Annlee? Among many other things she is a product, a digital animation character created by a commercial company to be owned and used in films by anyone who buys her copyright. She is also a cybernetic ghost. In the videoclips she has been featured in, Annlee assumes an uncanny presence. As she speaks to the viewer about herself and her world she becomes animated, not just in a technical, but also very much in a mystic supernatural sense. She radiates the spooky aura of a lifeless thing come to life, a walking talking living doll, a mutant computer graphics file with a life and consciousness of its own. A ghostlike autonomy and self-determination that is to be solidified by the legal contract that will make Annlee the holder of her own copyright. Her uncanny animatedness in turn is what makes her the perfect commodity fetish. She is the ultimate smart product as she represents all the marvels of today's intelligent high-tech artifacts: a commodity with a mind of its own, a commodity that talks back to you.

Because of these different facets, the character of Annlee constitutes what sci-fi writer William Gibson would call a nodal point, a figure that emerges at the intersection of different discourses as a crystallization of the data that these discourses have generated over time. In this sense the character of Annlee can be seen to embody key issues that have troubled the discourse of copyright concerning legal fictions of subjectivity and ownership. She can also be seen to be a manifestation of the discourse on the *technological sublime*. That is, as a symptomatic manifestation of the fantasies that cybernetic ghosts, avatars and other artificial intelligence films and literary fictions thought up to represent the ungraspable and thus frightening complexity of global computer networks, data flows and power structures. And finally she epitomizes the contemporary discourse about advanced forms of high-tech commodity fetishism. In response to Annlee's nodal function the following text adopts the form of a detour through these three aforementioned discourses. Its aim is to scrape up some details, thoughts and coincidences that characterize the discursive backgrounds from which Annlee emerges as a visible Gestalt.

1. Copyright, Censorship and the Concept of Ideas as Public Property

The invention of copyright at the end of the 18th century has been interpreted as a crucial step towards the institutionalization of the modern concept of the subject. Through a blending of the legal discourse with the aesthetic discourse of originality the concept of the author was consolidated in legal terms. The individual was thereby empowered not only to think of his or her intellectual production as unique but also to consider him or herself the owner of his or her ideas. The enthronement of the subject as genius was solidified in capitalist categories of property rights. At least this is the most widely accepted interpretation of the birth of copyright. There are, however, some sidelines to this history which make the legacy of copyright seem a lot more ambivalent.

Carla Hesse points out one interesting aspect in her study *Enlightenment Epistemology and the Laws of Authorship in Revolutionary France, 1777-1793*¹ that stresses the close link between copyright and censorship. As an example Hesse describes the situation in Paris immediately after the French revolution. Before the revolution the publication industry was firmly controlled by Parisian publishers and the printers guild. Since this monopoly relied on privileges granted by the absolutist state, it was swept away by the revolution. As a result, the city was flooded with a wave of anonymous political, erotic, theological and clandestine literature of every kind. Faced with this condition of anarchy the national assembly, at that time already affected by conservative backlash, decided to join forces with disempowered publishers and court playwrights. In 1793 the national assembly passed the law of copyright to restore control over the publishing market. The copyright made it mandatory that every book bare the actual name of its author and publisher. This law in turn became the condition for effective censorship: while anonymous publications had left them at a loss, authorities could now easily track down authors and publishers and make them liable for what they published. As Carla Hesse poignantly puts it, "The first revolutionary effort to give legal recognition to the author's claim on the text, then, was *not* a grant of freedom to the

1. In: *Representations* 30 (1990), p.109-137. A more comprehensive account by the same author can be found in *Carla Hesse: Publishing and Cultural Politics in Revolutionary Paris 1789-1810*, University of California Press 1991.

author, but the imposition of accountability and responsibility. Politically, it formed a part of a conservative pro-order move, a police measure. The law made the author legally accountable for the text by defining it as his property.”²

The prehistory of this link between copyright and censorship is closely connected to the unfolding of the enlightenment discourse. In his study on pseudonymous and anonymous literature Paul Raabe³ draws attention to the fact that as early as 1548 a law was passed in Augsburg that forced authors and publishers to disclose their names in their publications. The reasons were very much the same as in 18th century France: The law was meant to cut down on the anonymous and pseudonymous publishing that had become a widespread means for circulating books with controversial content. For many enlightenment thinkers freedom of authorship was in principle only possible through the avoidance of the principle of authorship. Interestingly, Raabe specifies that even when concealing your identity from the censors was no longer necessary, it remained chic among humanist authors to publicize anonymously. The long list of examples includes writers like Herder, Goethe, Schiller and E.T.A. Hoffmann. The main reason for not claiming one’s authorship was the widely held belief that since ideas are given by nature, ideas belong to everyone. The individual writer was thought to be not more than the coincidental medium nature employs to reveal its truths. Ideas were considered to be natural resources and therefore public property.

This idealist belief was reflected in a specific clause of the French copyright law of 1793 (which has since then become an integral part of copyright legislation in many different countries). Namely, that a certain number of years after the author’s death has passed, a work of literature, art etc. ceases to be the possession of the author’s heirs and becomes public property. The copyright only temporarily privileges the individual. After this time the work is returned to the public as its rightful owner. In other respects, the belief in the natural law that ideas belong to everybody continues to be influential. In contemporary debates about software

2. Ibid. p.120.

3. Paul Raabe: "Pseudonyme und anonyme Schriften im 17. und 18. Jahrhundert." In: Der Zensur zum Trotz: Das gefesselte Wort und die Freiheit in Europa; VCH Weinheim 1991, p.53-66.

licensing members of the open source community refer to similar beliefs when they argue for the free exchange of software source codes. Richard M. Stallman, for instance, writes in his 1985 Manifesto *Why I Must Write GNU*: "Copying all or parts of a program is as natural to a programmer as breathing, and as productive. It ought to be as free."⁴ Like a classical enlightenment thinker Stallman defines the inhibited public access to intellectual goods as a natural state corrupted by the restrictions of copyright.

In many ways the character of Annlee echoes aspects of this discourse. She was bought to be shared by different owners. Like open source software, the structure of her character becomes richer and more complex with every new producer who works with her. Annlee has by now become a pseudonym for an entity with a fluid form and changing content. She is, as she calls herself, a deviant sign. What will happen when she has been officially declared the proprietor of her own copyright is open to speculation. Does it mean that her wanderings through different shifting shapes will have an end? That her identity is finally consolidated in legal terms so that she may rest in peace? Or will the opposite be true? Will Annlee, now that she can be held responsible for all the things that are said and done in her name, be condemned to carry the burden of herself until the day when all copyrights are abolished?

2. Ghosts in the Global Networks

Today many attempts at a description of the new capitalist world order face the problem that the true reality of global power structures is notoriously difficult to visualize. In his seminal essay *Postmodernism or the logic of culture in late capitalism* Frederic Jameson elaborates on this theme.⁵ He observes that popular culture embraces paranoid conspiracy theories and technology related superstitions as a means to picture the postmodern sublime: the invisible network of global power structures.

The technology of contemporary society is therefore mesmerizing and fascinating, not so much in its own right but because it seems to offer

4. Richard M. Stallman is the founder of the GNU-project ('GNU' being the acronym for 'GNU's not Unix') and the free software foundation. His manifesto 'Why I must Write GNU' can be accessed in the philosophy section of the homepage www.gnu.org I'm indebted to Reinhard Koch at www.bureau-k.de for pointing this link out to me.

5. Frederic Jameson: "Postmodernism or the logic of culture in late capitalism" In: *Postmodernism or the logic of culture in late capitalism*, Verso, London & New York 1991.

some privileged representational shorthand for grasping a network of power and control even more difficult for our minds and imaginations to grasp: the whole new decentered global network of the third stage of capital itself. This is a figural process presently best observed in a whole mode of contemporary entertainment literature one is tempted to characterize as high-tech paranoia in which the circuits and networks of some putative global computer hook-up are narratively mobilized by labyrinthine conspiracies of autonomous but deadly interlocking and competing information agencies in a complexity often beyond the capacity of the normal reading mind.⁶

Even if Jameson's pejorative assessment of the genre of paranoid high-tech fiction remains debatable, his basic analysis of its structure and key motives is spot-on. The invocation of the postmodern sublime is precisely the key principle of contemporary sci-fi narratives by writers like William Gibson⁷ and many Manga animation films including *Ghost in the Shell* (to which the title of the Annlee project refers). As the plots of these narratives unravel they gradually reveal how the manifold imbroglios of everyday reality are in fact determined by the furtive schemes and power struggles of major global players - multinational corporations, secret services, sects etc. And it is usually at the very moment when the big picture comes into view that you learn of the "ghosts in the corporate cores" (as Gibson puts it⁸). These ghosts emerge at the point where the strands of the global conspiracies converge. They are spectral presences which embody the subliminal essence of all the data flows in the World Wide Web that competing powers strive for. Mutant artificial intelligence that comes into being when the vast network of interconnected corporate computing powers develops a consciousness of its own. This Hegelian *Weltgeist* of the information age takes on the unruly shape of high-tech ghosts who give a spectral body to the invisible system of world order. The phantom sisters of Annlee have names like "Puppet Master" (in *Ghost in the Shell*) or "Neuromancer" and "Wintermute" (in Gibson's *Neuromancer*). They are the idols of a new mythology: "Yeah, there's things out there.

6. Ibid. p.37.

7. Gibson is generally credited as the founding father of 'cyberpunk'-fiction. A genre which Jameson describes as the most outstanding contemporary example for fictions that try to grasp the sublime complexity of global power networks: "Such narratives, which first tried to find expression through the generic structure of the spy novel, have only recently crystallized in a new type of

science fiction, called cyberpunk, which is fully as much an expression of transnational corporate realities as it is of global paranoia itself. William Gibson's representational innovations, indeed, mark his work as an exceptional literary realization within a predominantly visual or aural postmodern production." 37-38

8. William Gibson: *Neuromancer*, Harper Collins, London 1993, p.272

Ghosts, voices. Why not? Oceans had mermaids, all that shit, and we had a sea of silicon, see?"⁹

So are all these ghost fantasies just the product of foolish superstitions, or worse still, symptoms of a false consciousness that fails to grasp the true political realities of today's world order (as Jameson claims)? Or is there a truth in paranoid perception that sees secret schemes and ghostlike agents at work in the matrix of global power? There is actually a lot to be said for paranoia as a contemporary form of truth telling: The paranoid looks beyond the visible. He adds one and one together, and perceives small details in relation to the global context. Paranoid perception is the art of seeing connections. In *The Crying of Lot 49* Thomas Pynchon suggests a meta-theory for this mode of perception which focuses on the figure of Maxwell's demon.¹⁰ In the book a frenzied scientist reveals to the protagonist (who is caught in the web of a major conspiracy) that the *demon* is the force in a physical system which synchronizes different processes. A ghost that operates as an invisible mediator in a universe of complex but related processes. Interestingly, Pynchon compares the role of this ghost to the function of the metaphor. Just like the demon the metaphor not only establishes a connection between distinct realms of reality, it also comes to embody this connection. The metaphor, like the demon, is the factual manifestation of a relational structure at the heart of complexity or as the scientist puts it, "The Demon makes the metaphor not only verbally graceful, but also objectively true."¹¹

So we now have a series of new terms to describe what Annlee might be: a ghost in the matrix of global capitalism, an emanation of the postmodern sublime, the incarnation of the spirit of the information age, a revelation to the paranoid, a mermaid in a sea of silicon, the sister of Maxwell's demon, a mediator in a closed system, the key to the secret laws of synchronicity, a metaphoric signifier with a shifting spectral body. To be continued...

9. William Gibson: *Count Zero*, Voyager books, London 1995, p.170.

10. Thomas Pynchon: *The Crying of Lot 49*, Vintage, London 1996.

11. *Ibid.* p.73.

3. Marx, Derrida and the Commodity Fetish as Ghost

In *Spectres of Marx*¹² Derrida investigates how Marx uses the metaphor of the ghost in his writing. Derrida points out that Marx in fact repeatedly refers to ghosts to explain the driving force behind the capitalist system of economic exchange. What motive is it that makes people want to trade and consume goods, Marx asks himself, when it is not the pragmatic principle of use-value? His answer is that it is the belief in the commodity fetish. The belief that commodities not just symbolically represent but *actually* embody values (material as well as abstract values like power, wealth, happiness etc.). To the devout consumer the commodity fetish is the sensuous manifestation of that which he or she desires. The uncanny quality of the commodity fetish is derived from the fact that, like a ghost, it seems *animated*. An object that leads a life of its own (in the minds of those who choose to believe in it). As an example Marx uses a séance table that suddenly starts moving on its own. It is brought to life by the joined beliefs of the participants of the ceremony.¹³

However, it is not just the principle of value, Marx argues, that the commodity fetish embodies *as* ghost, but also the very system of economic exchange. The exchange of products in which the value of one product is defined in relation to that of another (and to the desire of the consumer) is translated into the fantasy of an exchange among ghosts. The ghostly-animated products are imagined to engage in a spectral communication among themselves and with the consumer. On this point Derrida summarizes and quotes Marx as follows:

The autonomy lent to commodities corresponds to an anthropomorphic projection. The latter *inspires* the commodities; it breathes the spirit into them, a human spirit, the spirit of *speech* and the spirit of a *will*. Of a speech first of all, but what would this speech say? “If commodities could speak, they would say this: our use-value may interest men, but it does not belong to us as objects. What does belong to us as objects, however, is our value. Our own intercourse as commodities proves it. We relate to each other merely as exchange values.”¹⁴

12. Jacques Derrida: *Spectres of Marx*. Routledge, New York and London 1994.

13. Karl Marx: *Capital* (trans. Ben Fowkes) New York: Vintage 1977, Vol.1, Ch.1, sect.4, pp 163-64.

14. Jacques Derrida: *Spectres of Marx* (details above), p.157. Derrida quotes Marx from the *Capital* (details above), p. 176-77.

Here Marx envisions the commodities *as* ghosts to reflect about their own identity, origin and place in the economy. Reading this you can almost hear the voices of Annlee and her fellow ghosts resonating in the text. Marx would probably have adored Annlee as the embodiment of his fantasy to be eavesdropping on chatty commodities that reveal the truth in capitalism.

But also in regard to Marx himself, Derrida claims, the ghost is a manifestation of his wish to see and hear what drives capitalism, what makes it work and holds its system together. The animated commodity fetish is to Marx what Maxwell's demon is to Pynchon. This desire to see capitalism embodied, Derrida continues, likens Marx to an exorcist. Just as the exorcist has to first summon the ghosts he wants to exorcise, the critic of capitalism has to trick capitalism into taking on a perceptible shape. So we come back to the desire to visualize the sublime structure of global capitalism Jameson described. In regard to Marx's fantasy of the uncanny communion between commodities and humans, however, it becomes clear that the wish that produces spectres like Annlee is the wish not only to see but also to be spoken back to. It is the desire to be addressed by the object of one's reflections. And this is precisely what happens when Annlee turns to address the viewer to explain herself. It's an uncanny situation that sticks in the mind. After all, it might recur: Just imagine staring at the interface of a computer wondering what's going on in the world wide web only to find the monitor's screen turning into a mirror from which a ghost like Annlee gazes back at you.

RICHARD PHILLIPS

Annlee



RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA
(ghost reader C.H.)

'What opera are you practicing to give?' Officer Crams asked her.

'The Magic Flute,' Rick said

'I didn't ask you; I asked her.' The harness bull gave him a glance of dislike.

'I'm anxious to get to the hall of Justice,' Rick said.

'This matter should be straightened out.' He started towards the door of the dressing room, his briefcase gripped.

'I'll search you first.' Officer Crams deftly frisked him, and came up with Rick's service pistol and laser tube. He appropriated both, after a moment of sniffing the muzzle of the pistol.

'This has been fired recently,' he said.

'I retired an andy just now,' Rick said, 'The remains are still in my car, up on the roof.'

'Okay,' Officer Crams said. 'We'll go up and have a look.'

As the two of them started from the dressing room, Miss Luft followed them as far as the door. 'He won't come back again, will he, officer?' I'm really afraid of him; he's so strange.'

'If he's got the body of someone he killed upstairs in his car,' Crams said, 'he won't be coming back.' He nudged Rick forward and together, the two of them ascended by elevator to the roof of the opera house. Opening the door of Rick's car. Officer Crams silently inspected the body of Polokov.

'An android,' Rick said. 'I was sent after him. He almost got me by pretending to be—'

'They'll take your statement at the Hall of Justice,' Officer Crams interrupted. He nudged Rick over to his parked, plainly marked police car; there, by police radio, he put in a call for someone to come pick up Polokov. 'Okay, Deckard,' he said then, ringed off. 'Let's get started.'

With the two of them aboard, the patrol car zumped up from the roof and headed south.

Something, Rick noticed, was not as it should be. Officer Crams had steered the car in the wrong direction.

'The Hall of Justice,' Rick said, 'is north, on Lombard.'

'That's the old Hall of Justice,' Officer Crams said. 'The new one is on Mission. That old building, it's a ruin. Nobody's used that for years. Has it been that long since you last got booked?'

'Take me there,' Rick said. 'To Lombard Street.' He understood it all now; saw what the androids, working together, had achieved. He would not live beyond this ride; for him it was the end, as it had almost been for Dave - and probably eventually would be.

'That girl's quite a looker,' Officer Crams said. 'Of course, with that costume you can't tell about her figure. But I'd say it's damn okay.'

Rick said, 'Admit to me that you're an android.'

'Why? I'm not an android. What do you do, roam around killing people and telling yourself they're androids? I can see why Miss Luft was scared. It's a good thing for her that she called us.'

'Then take me to the Hall of Justice, on Lombard. Like I said.'

'I'll take about three minutes,' Rick said. 'I want to see it. Every morning I check in for work there; I want to see that it's abandoned for years, as you say.'

'Maybe you're an android,' Officer Crams said. 'With a false memory, like they give them. Had you thought of that?' He grinned frigidly as he continued to drive south.

Conscious of his defeat and failure, Rick settled back. And, helplessly, waited for what came next. Whatever the androids had planned, now that they had physical possession of him.

But I did get one of them, he told himself, I got Polokov. And Dave got two.

Hovering over Mission, Officer Crams's police car prepared to descend for its landing.*

* excerpt from Philip K. Dick novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*











ANNA LENA VANEY
Song For Annlee

At the beginning
everything was dark
dark and cold
Carried away by metallic snakes
It was the time I became what I am

everything was obscure, dark and cold
Maybe it was only a dream

I don't know how and why
but I woke up
I remember murmuring
The world appeared to me
intensively lighted
I remember the silence
when I first entered the room

a string whipped inside me
like a sound
a wave of sex submerged me
such a violent wave
I had to close my eyes
Words came inside me
sex came inside me
together with language

I opened my eyes
and I smiled
I took one step forward
surrounded by crinoline
I was a princess

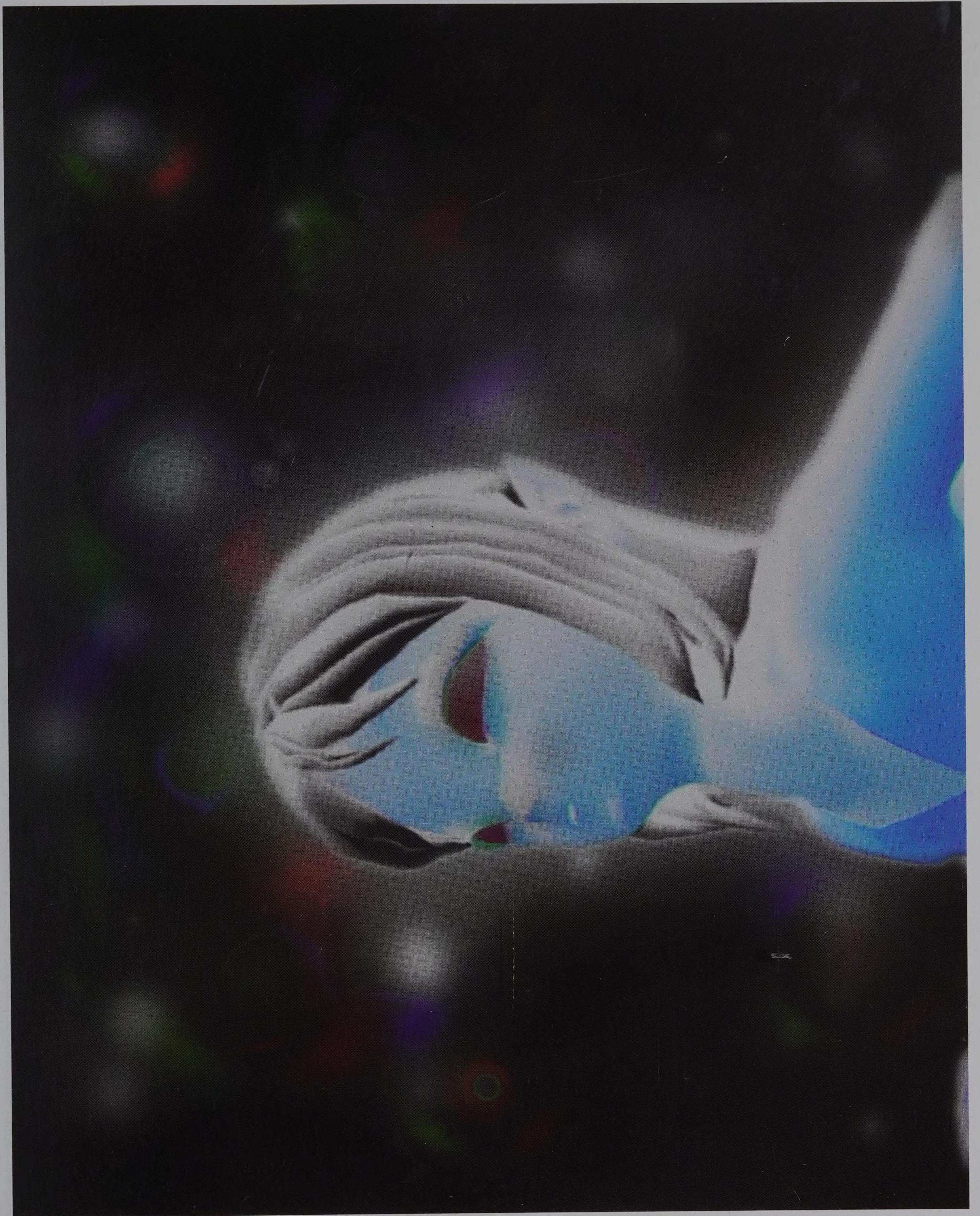


MELIK OHANIAN
I Am Dreaming About a Reality

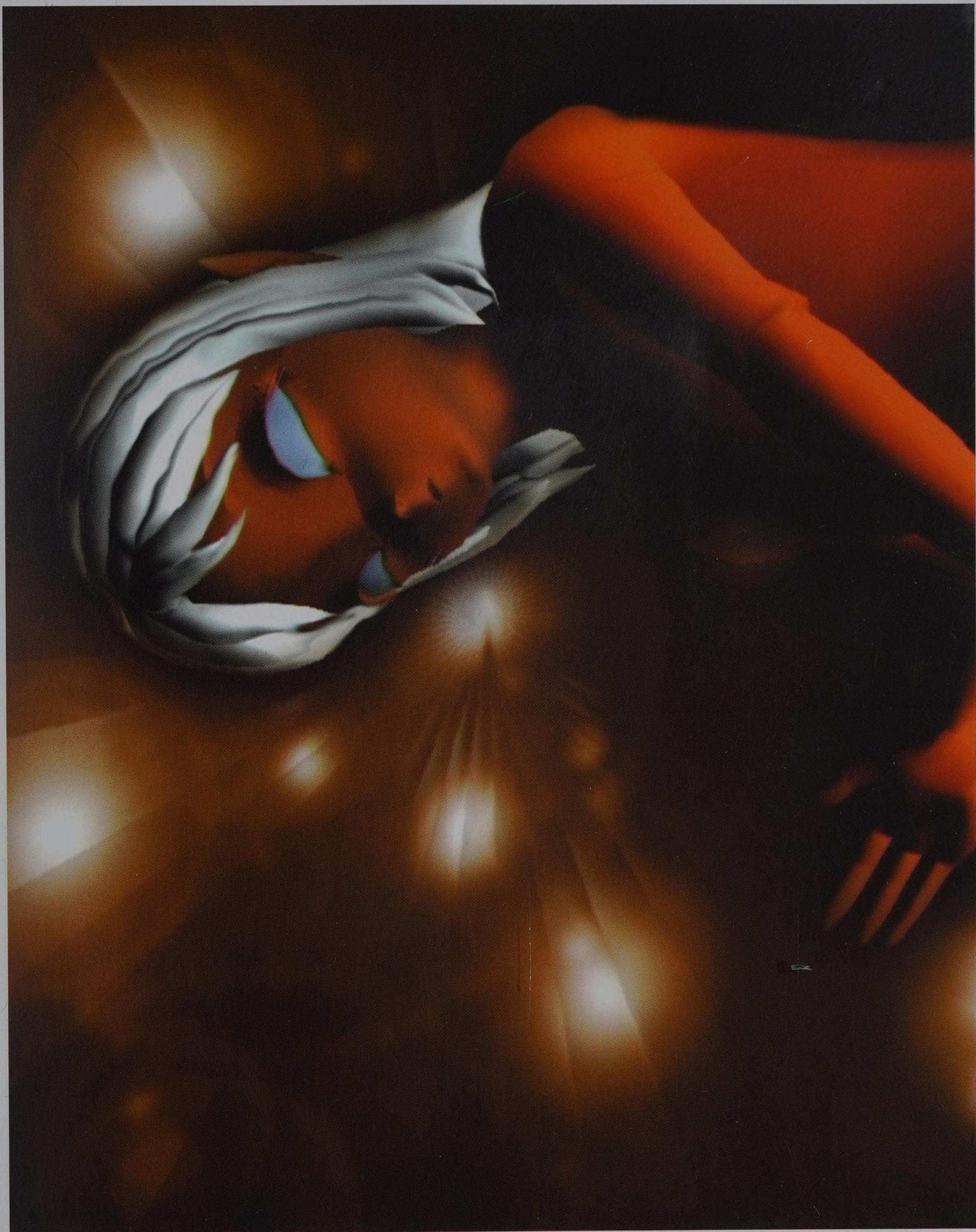
A musical score for a bass clef instrument in 4/4 time, consisting of nine numbered measures. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). Measure 1 starts with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. Measures 2 through 9 contain various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and slurs. Measure 9 ends with a double bar line.

Composed by Varou Jan







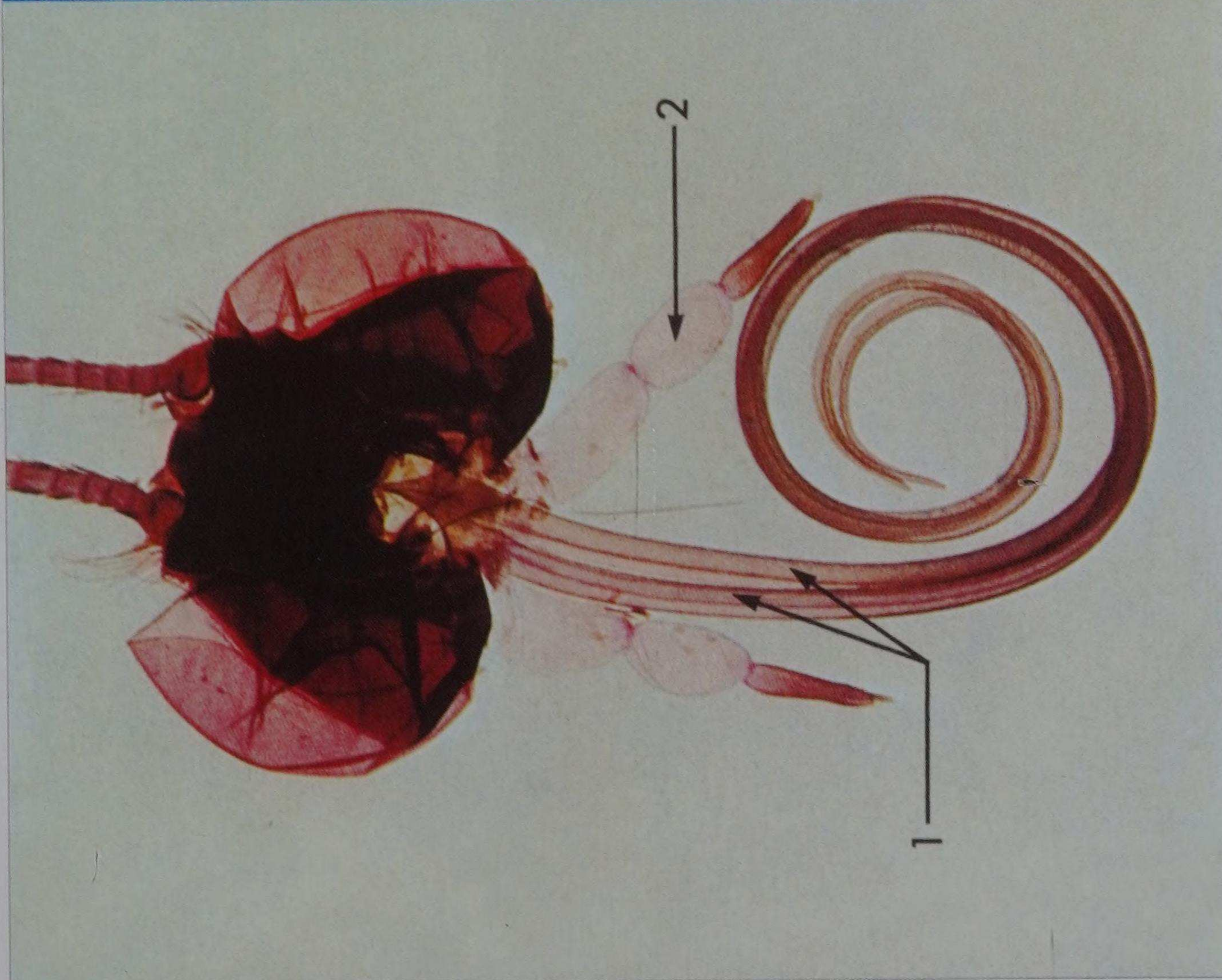




LILI FLEURY

A Worm in an Apple





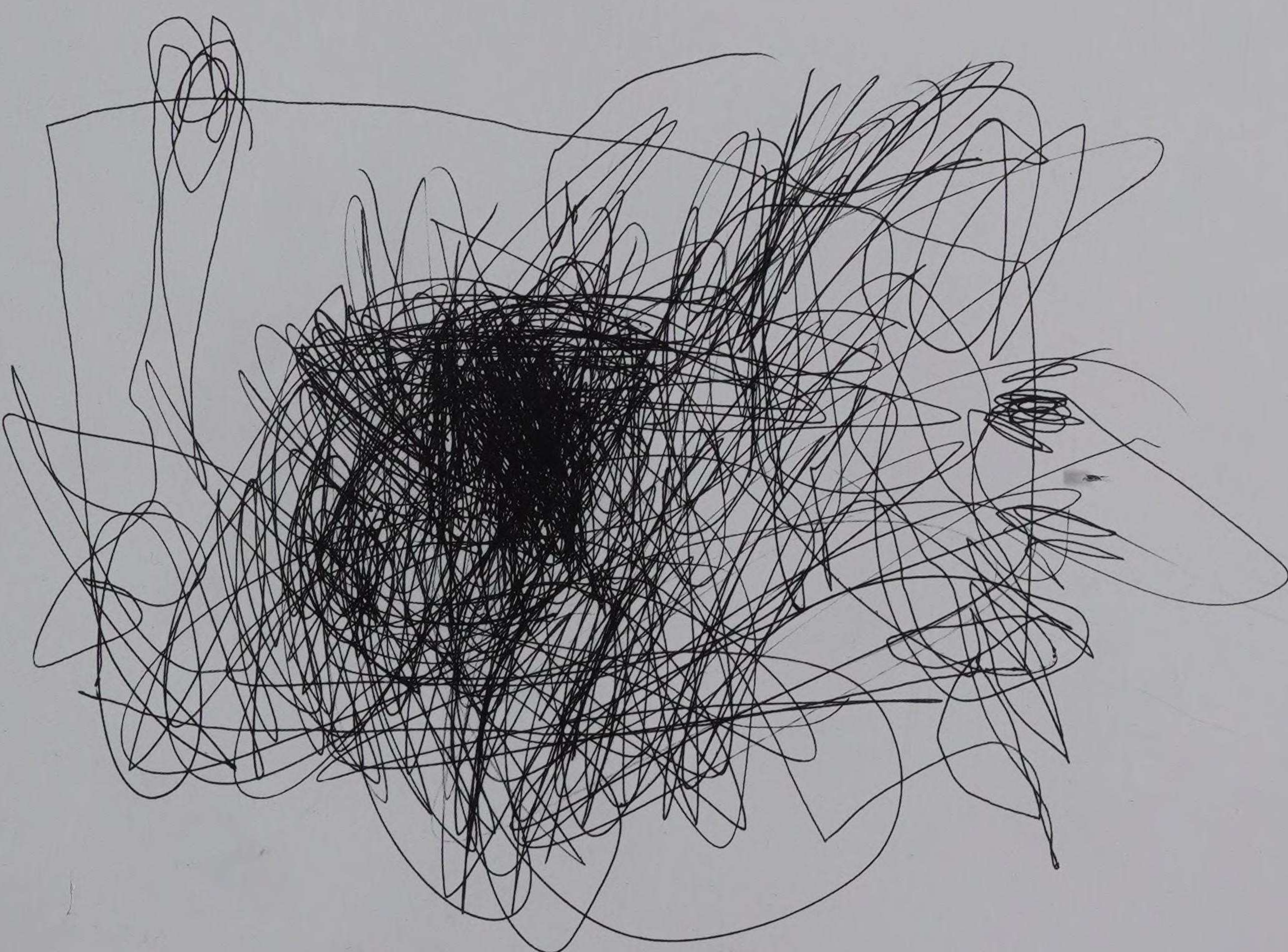
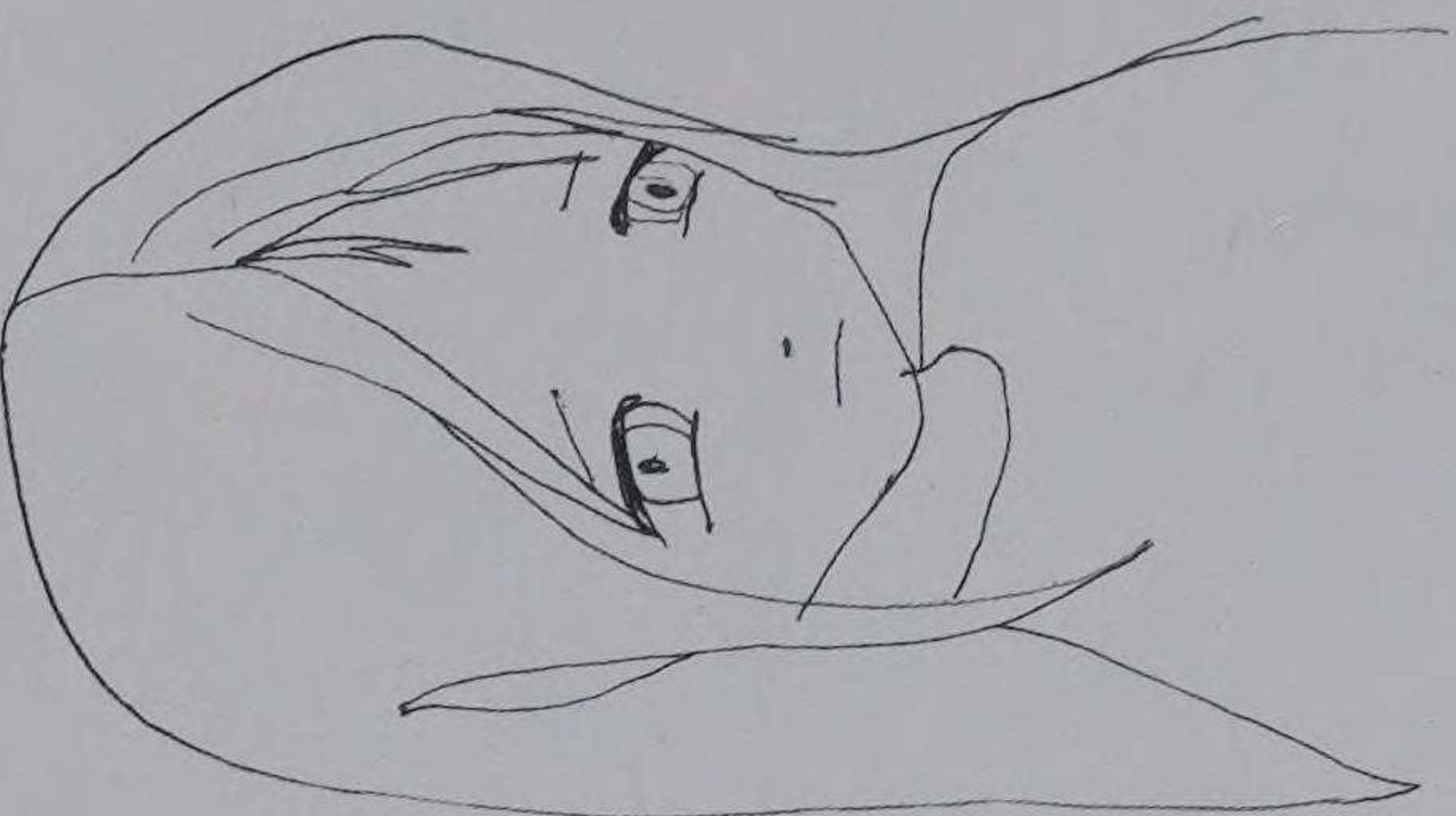
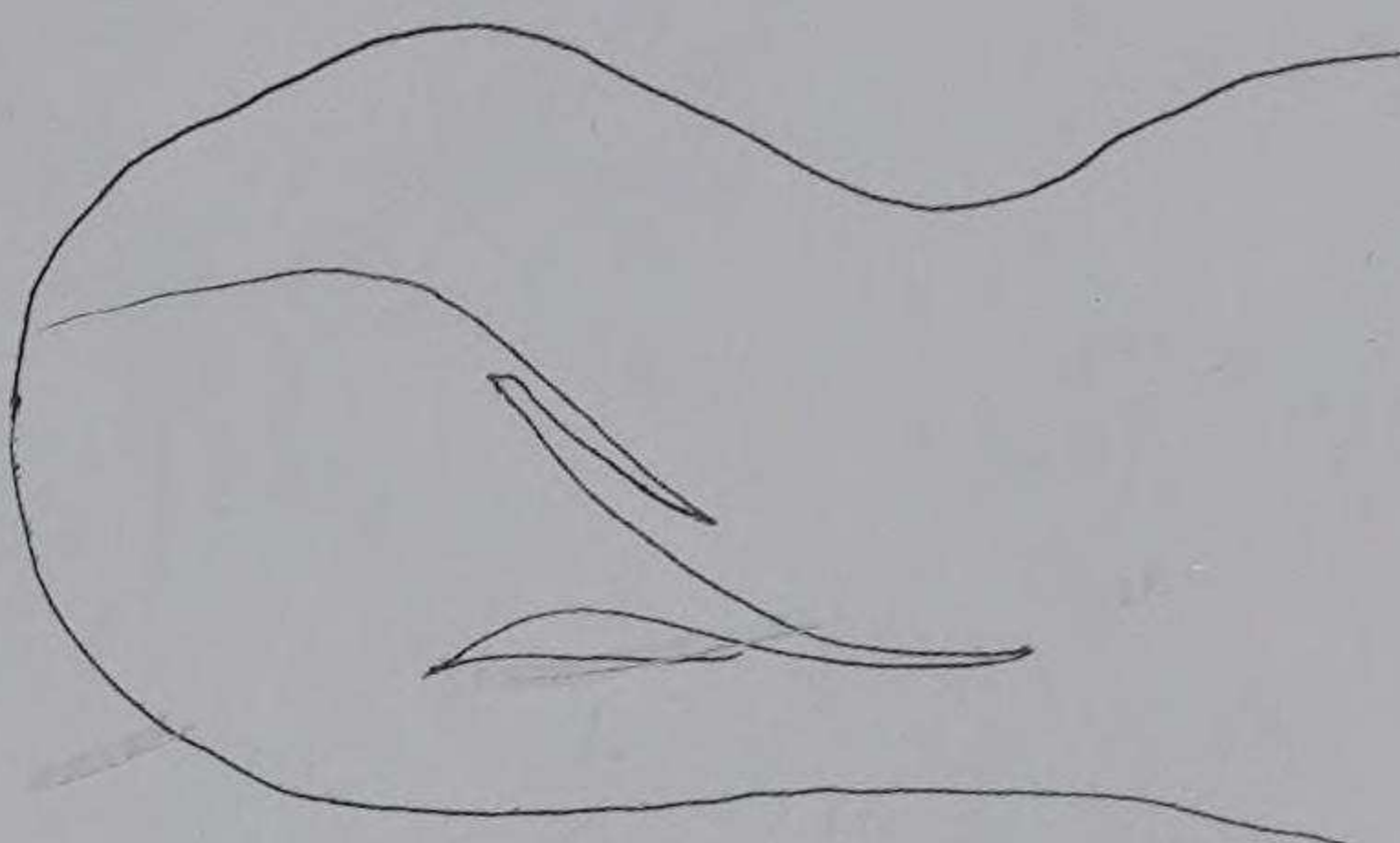
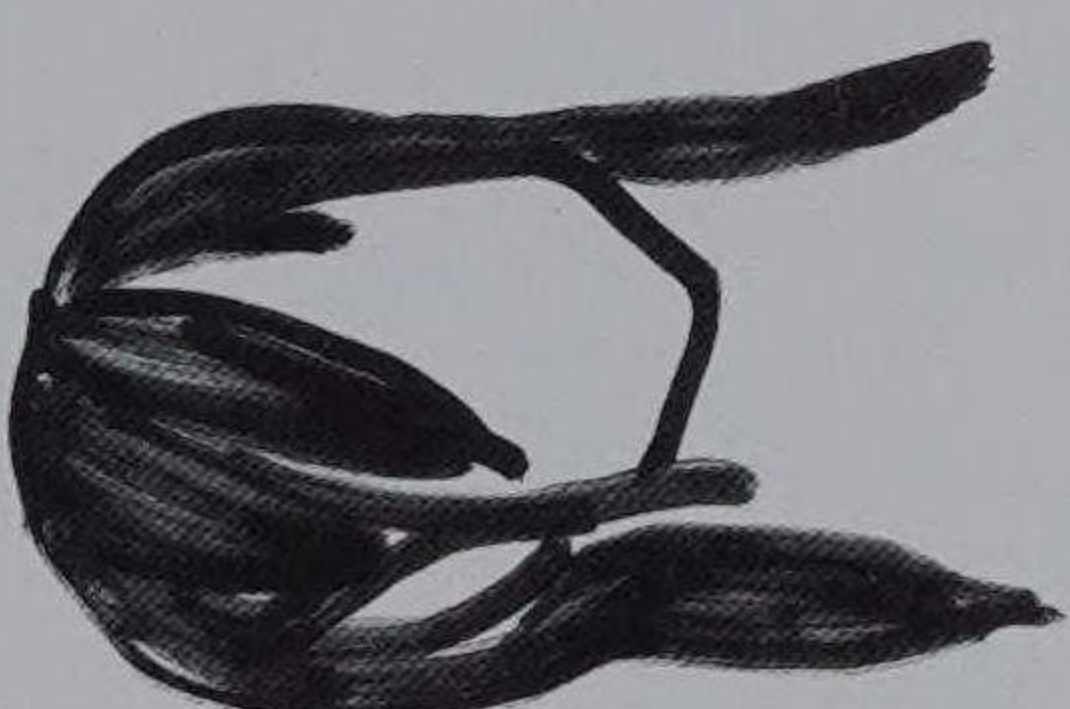
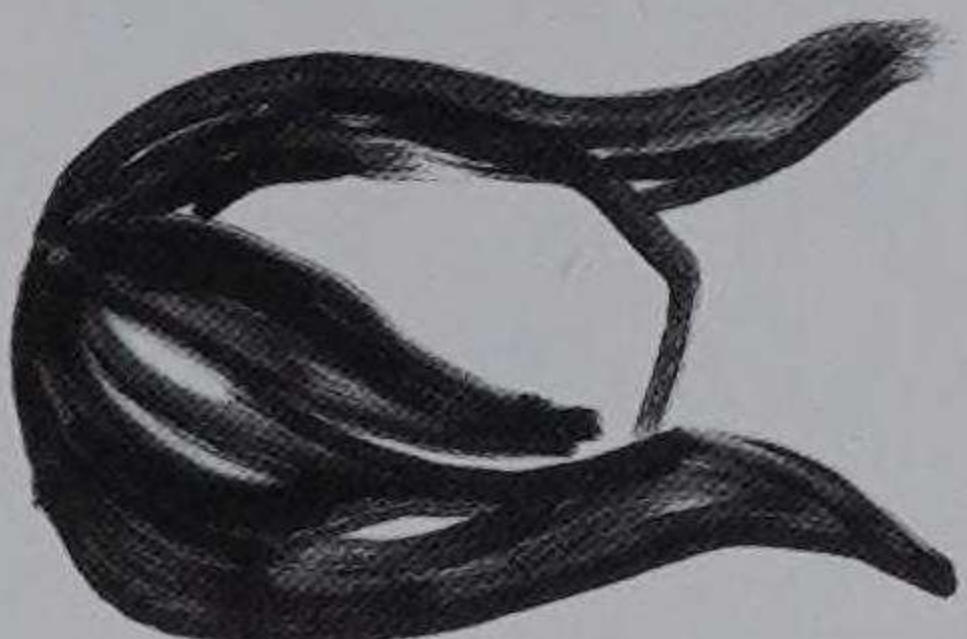
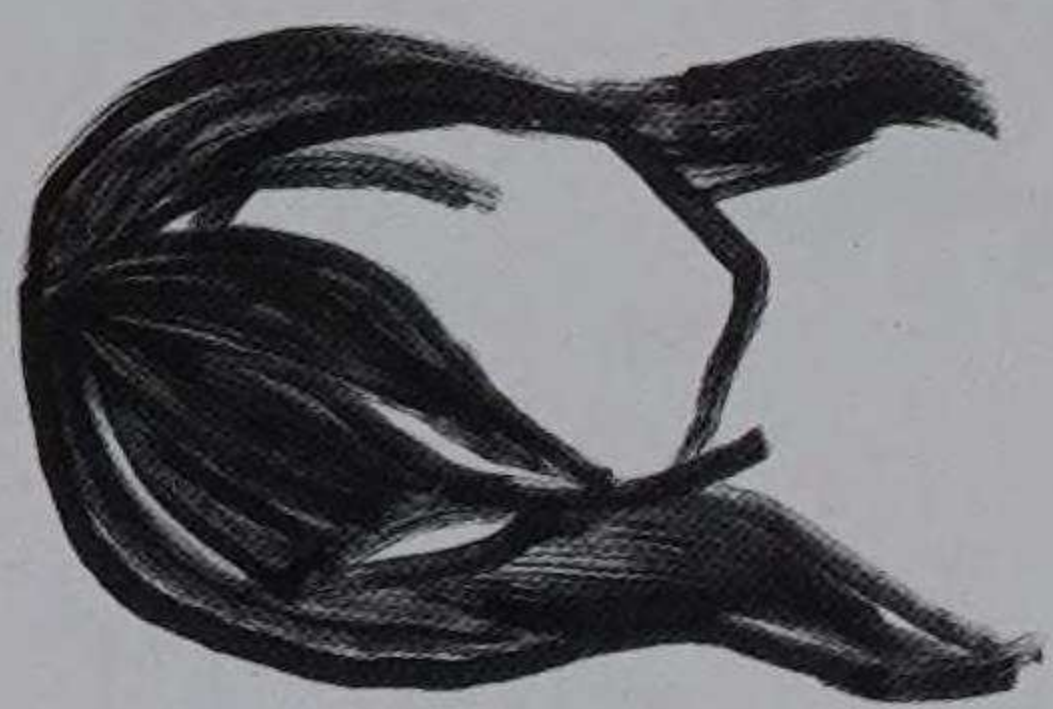
den glösa stert

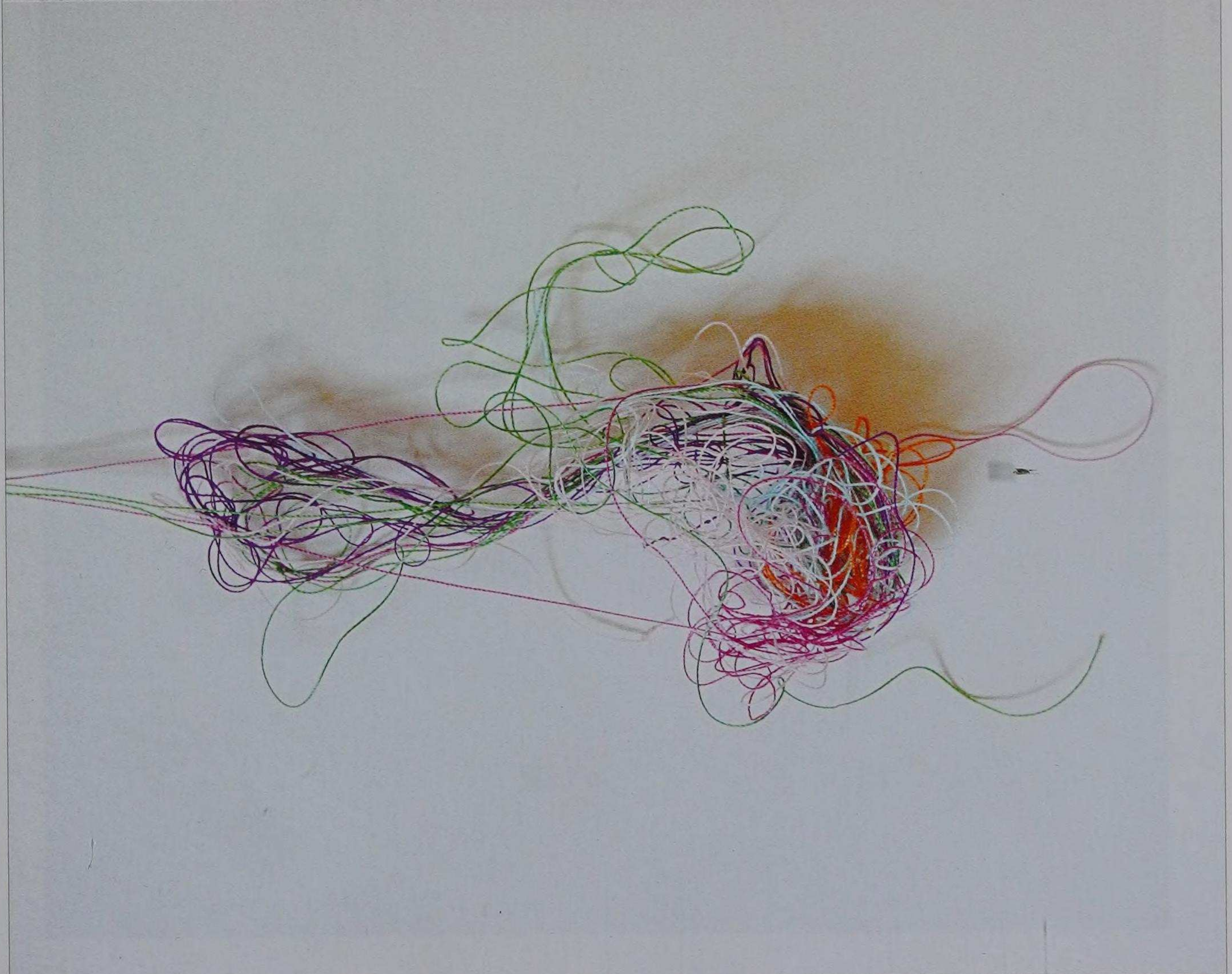
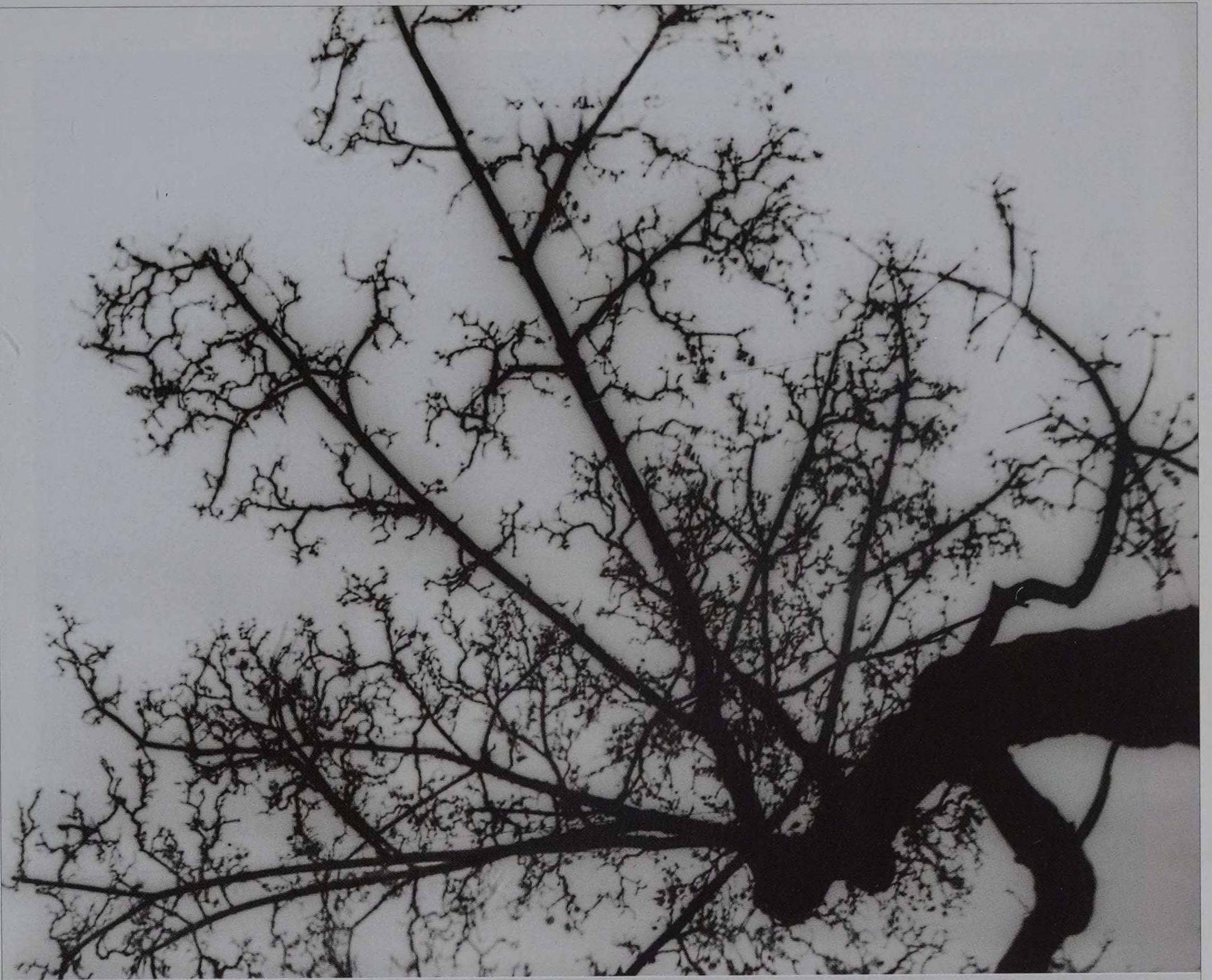
skribbla en sida

och hitta ngt i det sen.

för ändra sam bakgrund.

rita och ladda









KATHRYN DAVIS
Annlee Darling

Annlee. Darling. Our darling.

But you will never kiss us, just swim past us, not quite not seeing us but just barely feeling the bump of us against your seamless skin, though really it isn't you but we who are swimming, around and around the impenetrable sunken treasure that is you, as we succumb to gill rot, white fin, scurf.

Annlee! But how can you be like that, with no dream of a mother or father? Our darling. Who made you? Who will come to fold your seamless pale limbs under the sheets at night?

We want to love you, oh how we want to hold your seamless pale limbs in our arms of flesh and blood, but you are animated by a future we will never see.

This is what has become of our children.

We gave you presents. We gave you Suzuki method lessons on the violin, piano. Also My Little Pony, Felicity the American Girl, horseback riding lessons, religious training, a bike with training wheels, jazz dance lessons, a lacrosse stick, pets. Also bedtime stories, when the nights grew dark. Once upon a time there was a girl named Leann who was supple and strong in the way of girls who can be whatever they choose, at will.

What could she do? Oh, anything. She could be up, down, charmed, a quark. She could be playing tea party with Felicity; she could be riding her trainingwheel-less bike down a steep hill. But she was also full of secrets, wrapped in golden padlocked chains, biding her time in the deepest most blackish-green part of the ocean where we swam endlessly around her, looking for a way in.

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the physician's role in the diagnosis and treatment of the patient. It emphasizes the need for a thorough history and physical examination, and the importance of a differential diagnosis. The author also discusses the importance of patient education and the role of the physician in the management of the patient's care.

The second part of the paper discusses the importance of the physician's role in the diagnosis and treatment of the patient. It emphasizes the need for a thorough history and physical examination, and the importance of a differential diagnosis. The author also discusses the importance of patient education and the role of the physician in the management of the patient's care.

The third part of the paper discusses the importance of the physician's role in the diagnosis and treatment of the patient. It emphasizes the need for a thorough history and physical examination, and the importance of a differential diagnosis. The author also discusses the importance of patient education and the role of the physician in the management of the patient's care.

The fourth part of the paper discusses the importance of the physician's role in the diagnosis and treatment of the patient. It emphasizes the need for a thorough history and physical examination, and the importance of a differential diagnosis. The author also discusses the importance of patient education and the role of the physician in the management of the patient's care.

The fifth part of the paper discusses the importance of the physician's role in the diagnosis and treatment of the patient. It emphasizes the need for a thorough history and physical examination, and the importance of a differential diagnosis. The author also discusses the importance of patient education and the role of the physician in the management of the patient's care.

The sixth part of the paper discusses the importance of the physician's role in the diagnosis and treatment of the patient. It emphasizes the need for a thorough history and physical examination, and the importance of a differential diagnosis. The author also discusses the importance of patient education and the role of the physician in the management of the patient's care.

The seventh part of the paper discusses the importance of the physician's role in the diagnosis and treatment of the patient. It emphasizes the need for a thorough history and physical examination, and the importance of a differential diagnosis. The author also discusses the importance of patient education and the role of the physician in the management of the patient's care.

The eighth part of the paper discusses the importance of the physician's role in the diagnosis and treatment of the patient. It emphasizes the need for a thorough history and physical examination, and the importance of a differential diagnosis. The author also discusses the importance of patient education and the role of the physician in the management of the patient's care.

And why not? We've always thought our children were ours. Thought they came from us, our lives, our cells, our wishes, our past, from who we are, our mothers and fathers and their mothers and fathers, from Alsace Lorraine, Schleswig Holstein, Wales, Norway, Malasia, Zimbabwe, the Fertile Crescent, the Argentine, the Imperial City, Algiers.

Annlee. Your cheekbones, slavic. Your eyes, deep space.

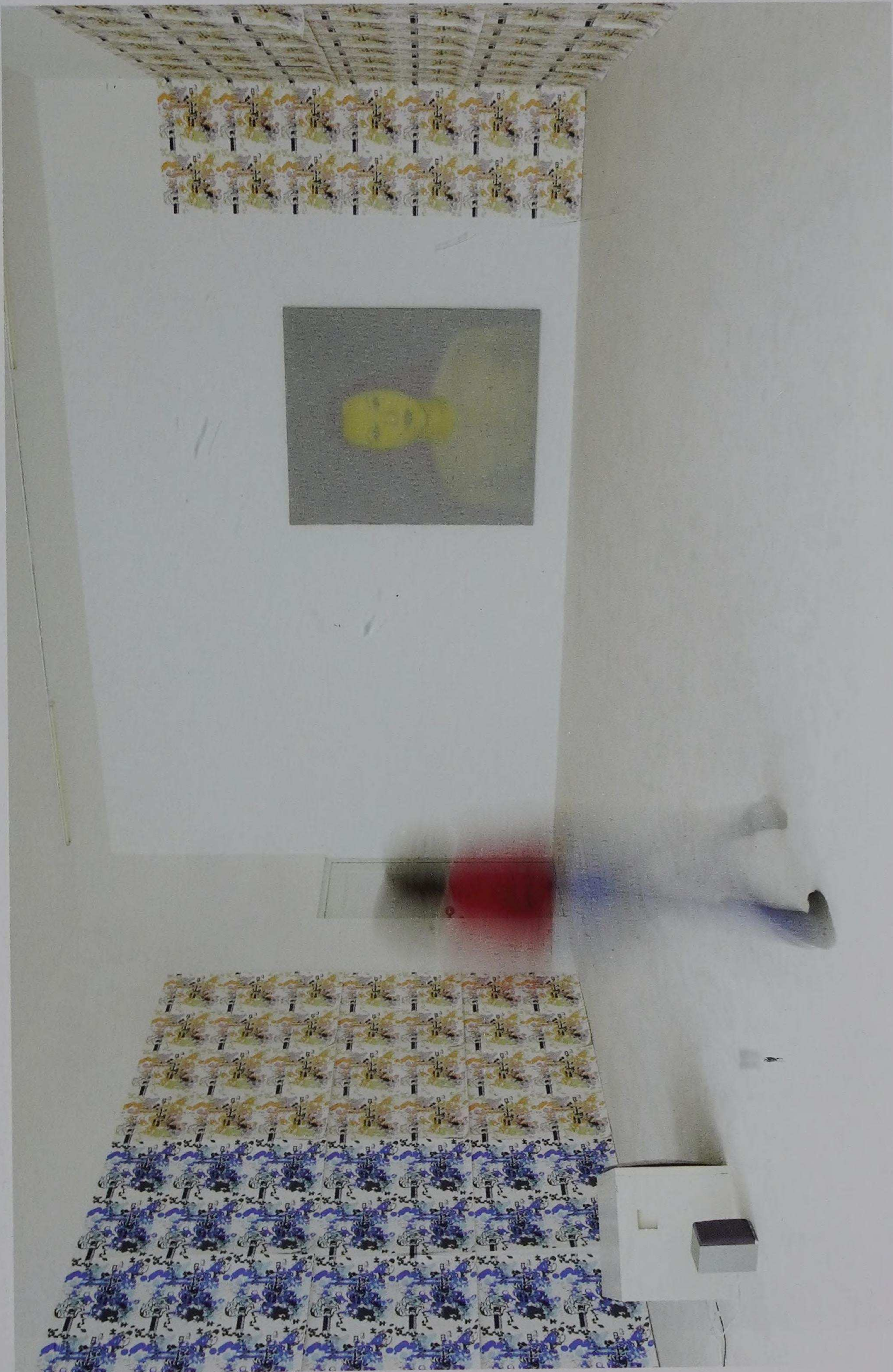
Little particle, charmed and flying. From the Hindu Kush to the Sea of Tranquillity.

As if who we are, what we came from, points to the future.

As if that.

HENRI BARANDE

Sublimation, o.J.





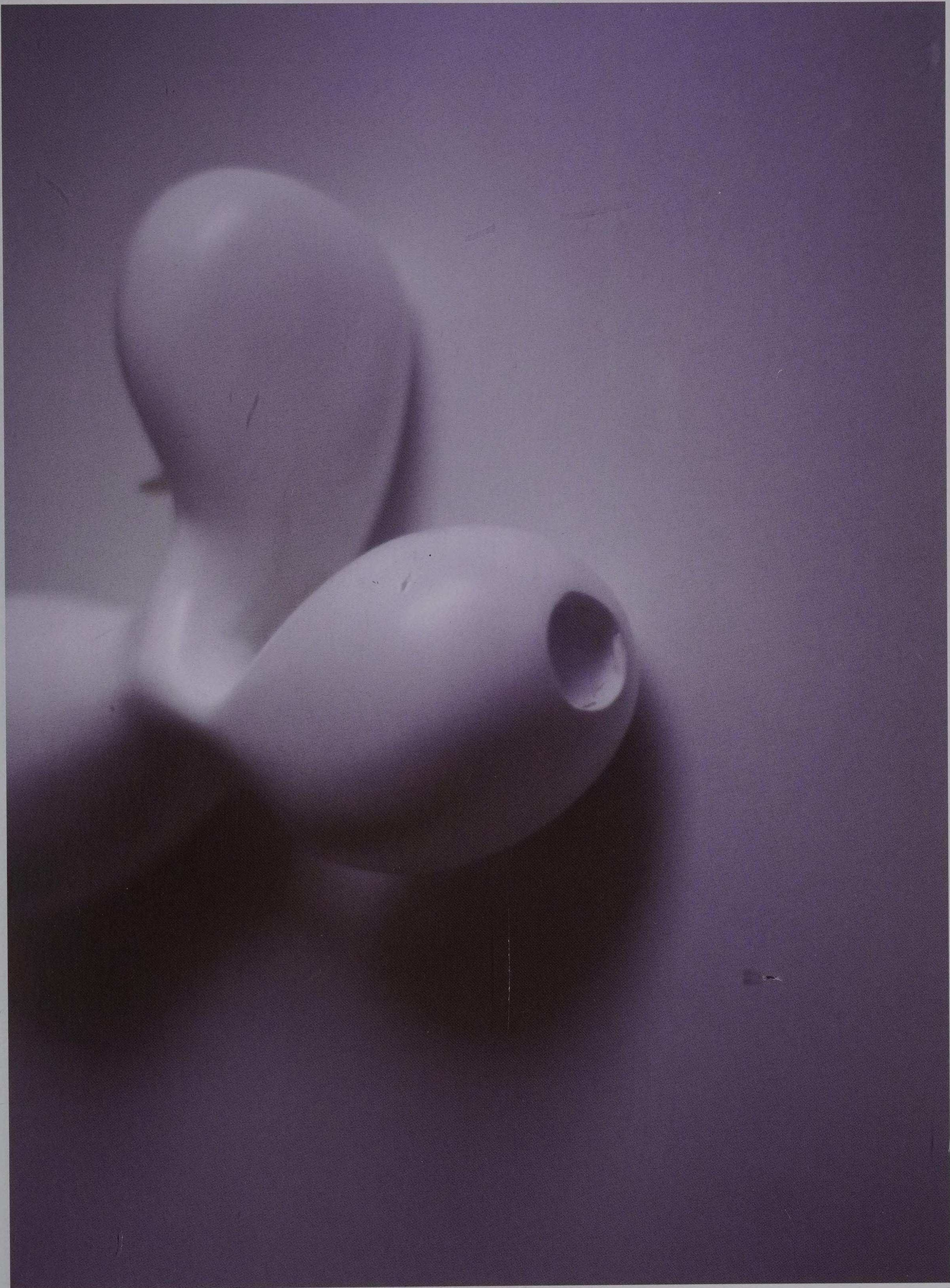
ANGELA BULLOCH & IMKE WAGENER
Annlee KonnektiKit

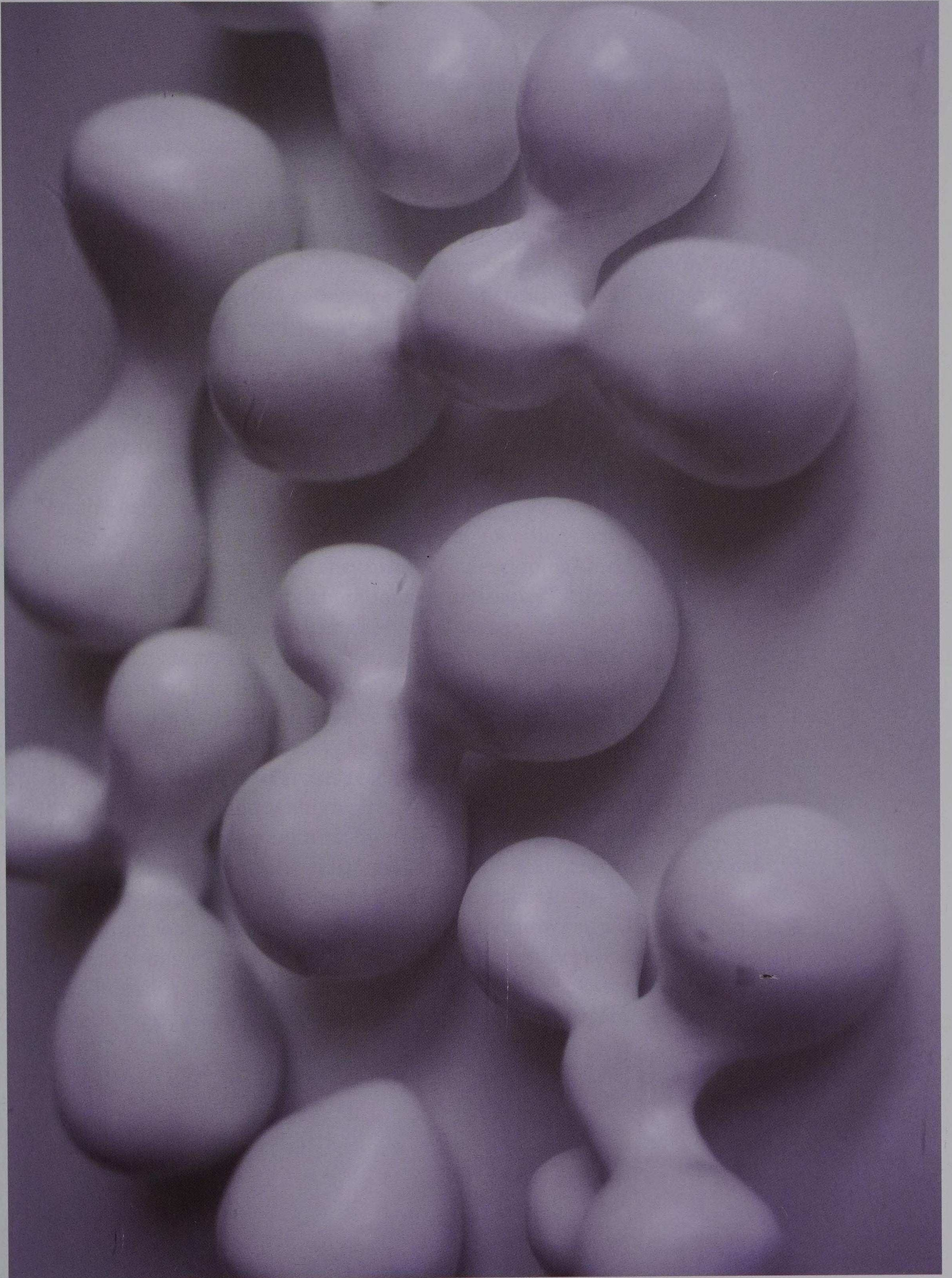
Angela Bulloch asked Imke Wagener, a product design student at Universität der Künste in Berlin to design toys or tools for Annlee.

Annlee KonnektiKit functions as a connection between Annlee's environment and our own. Objects emerge out of an imaginary white substance. As they materialize from Annlee's world into ours, we can interact with the virtual in a synaesthetic way.

Lunaphon translates light into sound, *Chiffrevue* is a decoder for graphics and *Polypop* are bubbly white forms which can be connected.







HANS ULRICH OBRIST

*How Annlee Changed Its Spots**

* Brian Goodwin, *How the Leopard Changed its Spots* (Phoenix, 1994). In *How the Leopard Changed Its Spots*, Brian Goodwin argues clearly and persuasively that there is another explanation for the origin and diversity of species. According to Goodwin, Darwinism must be replaced by a theoretical construct that admits that complexity is an inherent and emergent quality of life, and not merely the result of random mutation and natural selection. Goodwin demonstrates that organisms are as cooperative as they are competitive, as altruistic as they are selfish, as creative and playful as they are destructive and repetitive.

This text is based on numerous conversations I have had with Philippe Parreno and Pierre Huyghe, from the inception of the project to the preparation of this book. Unless otherwise indicated, all quotes in the text are taken from this “infinite conversation.”

Annlee began as an idea. Another idea of Philippe Parreno and Pierre Huyghe’s on inventing a new way of working together, on pursuing the reflection-in-action that they have been developing since the early 90s, through a form of “collaborational promiscuity.” Annlee was thus an extension, or shifting of the questions that were raised back in 1996 with the creation of the Association des Temps Libérés (how to give a community of artists a social structure?), with *Vicinato I* and *II* (how can several artists recognize themselves in the same image?), at the Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno show at the ARC in 1998 (how can several artists recognize themselves in the same one-man exhibition?), and at another show at the ARC, originally devised by Philippe Parreno as a nonlinear “pop-up book,” “Alien Seasons” (how to show, and to make people understand, in the context of an artist’s one-man exhibition, the place and importance of his collaborations with others). Annlee actually began as the following question: how can a character – a sign, as they say – contribute to creating a community between artists?

While the projects preceding Annlee addressed the matter of working together on the basis of, or within, a given context (an association, a film,

an exhibition, a book), Annlee was much less than a context offered up for reading and interpretation by different artists. As a sign, Annlee focussed or distributed the work on the basis of or in connection with the sign, but successively and separately, each one following his own inclinations. So the question became “how can a community constitute itself within the same sign, identifiable to all yet peculiar to each person?” The difference between *Vicinato* and Annlee is that instead of several artists signing the same thing, it is one and the same thing that is signed, over time, by several artists. The approach adopted ran counter to a prevailing rule in the art world, one perhaps even more normative than that of signature: the rule of copyright. In the traditional process of artistic production, the idea is legitimated by the definition of a form which is then protected by a system of copyright. With Annlee, Philippe and Pierre reset the entire business: firstly because each artist had to produce a different image on the basis of the same idea; secondly because it was stipulated that the form each artist gave to this idea would in no way be definitive, but would serve as a catalyst for the following work; and finally, because copyright would no longer be attributed to the authors but to the sign itself. Annlee thus became the succession of pieces beginning with the poster designed by M/M, followed by the films by Philippe, Pierre, Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, Liam Gillick; and the projects that emerged: Annlee by Melik Ohanian, Annlee by Rirkrit Tiravanija, Annlee by Pierre Joseph. Gradually, the world of Annlee began to take shape, and the numerous questions raised by its authors began to link together: questions on the status of the image, of representation, of beings in the world of the character, and on the very polyphony of the work. As much as the pieces themselves, it was the conditions under which they appeared that gave the project its dynamic and complexity. In 2000, Annlee appeared in Geneva at the MAMCO, then in Paris at the Air de Paris, Marian Goodman and Jennifer Flay galleries; then in Berlin, and Liam Gillick’s piece was shown for the first time in the hall of the Tate Gallery. Very soon, Annlee was presented in group exhibitions, at biennials, in Istanbul, Yokohama and Sydney,

depending on the ever-changing conditions of display: Pierre's film only, or Philippe's, Philippe's film and Pierre's film, Pierre's two films, Philippe and Dominique together, etc., until the show "No Ghost Just a Shell" at the Zurich Kunsthalle brought together all the projects of 13 artists. In the end, it was thanks to this dissemination in time and in space of Annlee's temporary appearances that the idea ceased to be just a "jolie idée" (a nice idea) and the project just a "joli projet".

Annlee became for me an experimental exhibition concept in its own right. Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno had truly invented a mode of exhibition that defies the rules generally governing the circulation of contemporary-art exhibitions: Annlee had developed an exhibition that would not, like most groups shows, reduce complexity to a product or a cliché but actually proposes new temporalities. These times run parallel in Edouard Glissant's idea of the exhibition as an archipelago. The idea of nonlinear time implicit in this concept, the co-existence of several time zones allows for a great variety of different contact zones as well. What Glissant's definition also suggests is that any exhibition today is challenged to provide new spaces and new temporalities in order to achieve a globalization that can counteract world-wide standardization. With Annlee the artists propose and impose their own temporality because they have taken their time, several years, resisting the formatted time of the fly-in, fly-out exhibition culture where an exhibition is switched on and off and once it is dismantled everything is repainted white. Annlee opens up possibilities of sedimentation through space and time, where something grows in an organic way. And maybe you visit it several times in different places. Annlee forces us to reconsider time, and the possibility that an exhibition not be consumed in one visit, but be an ongoing, engaging experiment.

In this sense, Annlee has a fellow traveller, Matthew Barney's *Cremaster Cycle*. Both are examples of what we might call the "plural present of exhibitions," two projects that work with "forms of time," according to the idea of it put forward by George Kubler: when duration and setting

are retained in view, we have shifting relations, passing moments and changing places in historic life. For the shapes of time, Kubler explained, we need a criterion that is not a mere transfer by analogy from biological science. Biological time consists of interrupted durations of statistically predictable length. Historical time however, is intermittent and variable. And the intervals between actions and their beginnings are indeterminate. Clusters of action here and there, actually thicken sufficiently to allow us with some objectivity to mark beginnings.

Where does the name Annlee come from? It might have been inspired by the name of Ang Lee, the director of *The Ice Storm*, one of Philippe Parreno's favorite films. A complex family drama, after Rick Moody's 1994 novel, *The Ice Storm*, unfolds in the American suburbs of the 70s where emotional eruptions are triggered during a Thanksgiving weekend. "If I think of *The Ice Storm*, I think first of water and rain, of how it falls everywhere, seeps into everything, forms underground rivers, and helps to shape a landscape" (Ang Lee). James Schamus, who wrote the screenplay for *The Ice Storm*, wrote about Moody's novel: "Told in a knowing, omniscient voice, the book reveals in its final page, that that voice is in fact owned by one of the ensemble of the novel's characters." One of the main interests of Ang Lee and Schamus in Moody's *The Ice Storm* lies in the possibility it offers to test the first person limitations against the rigors of a third person imagination. Just as, by playing on the conventions of literary narrative, *The Ice Storm* turned the voice into action, with Annlee the voice is also turned into action. The parallel between the production of a film such as *The Ice Storm* and the development of the Annlee project can be emphasized further since, as Schamus says, "Over time, film crews become something like extended families and I always hope that some of that sense of collective energy can be passed directly from the crew to the screen." Obviously, it's something to which film critic and painter Manny Farber gave true attention, as the editor of the *New Yorker*, Robert Walsh, remembers: "Farber was always aware of films as collaborative and mongrelized in all their parts, as complex webs of creative relationships.

No critic, not even Godard, has had a more developed understanding of a movie as a mobile composition, or as polyphony.”

Any group exhibition of the Annlee pieces must render visible the dynamic that is so much a part of polyphony. In a sense, it can reveal a kind of polyphonic novel, as in Mikhail Bakhtine’s interpretation of Dostoyevsky’s novels. If we replace Dostoyevsky with Annlee in the following quote from Bakhtine, we obtain a particularly eloquent definition of this perspective of a group exhibition of the various Annlees: “What emerges in [Annlee] is not the multiplicity of characters and fates, within a unique and objective world, illuminated solely by the author’s consciousness, but the plurality of the equipollent consciousnesses and of their worlds, which, without blending, combine in the unity of a given event. The principal Heroes [...] are indeed, in the artist’s conception of the work, not only the discursory objects of the author, but subjects of their own discourse that are immediately meaningful.”

The question becomes all the more acute insofar as the exhibition as a whole has been acquired by the Van Abbemuseum in Eindhoven. This is too rare an occurrence for it to be disregarded. In general, a museum today might purchase one or two pieces of an exhibition, but seldom does it purchase it in its entirety. This is precisely one of the reasons for which we suffer from very strong amnesia about the interior complexity of experimental exhibitions as for instance they have been mounted since the 1920s by Bayer, Duchamp, Gropius, Kiesler, by Lissitzky, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Lilly Reich and Mies van der Rohe.

If we look at the 20th century, since the Dadaists, the Surrealists, Richard Hamilton and the Independent Group, Fluxus, many of the most remarkable events have been organized by the artists themselves. It is fascinating to note that the most revolutionary exhibition concepts have been devised by the artists themselves, starting with Courbet’s “Realism” exhibition in 1855. Artists are often restricted by the spaces in which their works and activities are shown. Those who wish to free themselves from this constraint create their own experimental exhibitions the

organization of which reveals a desire to participate, to collaborate, to find a situation where decision-making is quick and non-bureaucratic, using evolving structures. Artists taking charge of their exhibitions themselves is not in itself a new phenomenon. Their various attempts at inventing experimental displays and new exhibition principles can only find echo in the work of such rare pioneering curators as Alexander Dorner who ran the Hannover Museum in the 1920s and who defined the museum as a laboratory, as a place of permanent transformation within dynamic parameters, in an oscillation between object and process, or like his "counterpart", Alfred Barr, who was founding director of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Mary Anne Staniszewski in her book, *The Power of Display* (MIT): "Seeing the importance of exhibition design provides an approach to art history that does acknowledge the vitality, historicity and the time and site bound character of all aspects of culture." Exhibitions are doomed. Their connective possibilities, that exhibitions can be complex dynamic learning systems with feedback loops, are cut.

The collective Annlee exhibition can make this ongoing life of the exhibitions understandable in a unique way. Thinking about exhibitions as dynamic systems basically to renounce the unclosed paralyzing homogeneity of exhibition masterplans it questions the obsolete idea of the artist or the curator as the masterplanner. Exhibitions, we see, are under permanent construction. We see that very often organizing an exhibition invites many shows within the show. Every exhibition can hide another exhibition. At a moment when collaboration between museums and different exhibitions is more and more driven by economic reasons and the inarguable profitability of globally shipped, packaged travelling shows, Annlee has demonstrated an urgency and necessity to think of a non institutionally driven, but art oriented interconnectedness showing a necessity for empirical connections which link freedoms of different kinds.

The collective Annlee exhibition is an archive and a reservoir of information with seeds for the future. A heritage of past experimental

propositions is invariably added to its own temporal complexity. One can think of “The Artists’ Reserved Rights Transfer and Sale” conceived in 1971 by the gallerist and curator Seth Siegelau with the attorney Bob Projansky. Indeed, the reflection on the copyright of an artwork developed through the Annlee project is to a certain extent evocative of the project described thus by Seth Siegelau in an interview: “Its intention was just to first, articulate the kind of interests existing in a work of art, and then, to shift the relative power relationships concerning these interests more in favor of the artist. In no way was it intended to be a radical act; it was intended to be a practical real-life, hands-on, easy-to-use, no-bullshit solution to a series of problems concerning artists’ control over their work; it wasn’t proposing to do away with the art object, it was just proposing a simple way that the artist could have more control over his or her artwork once it left their studio.”

The fact that the purchase of this collective exhibition was made by the Van Abbemuseum produces another line of temporal complexity. The importance of Alexander Dorner and dynamic memory of experimental exhibition history leads us in the context of the Van Abbemuseum, to Jean Leering who directed the museum from 1964 to 1973. Leering was notably the curator of the show “The Street – Ways of Living Together” in 1972; in the preface of the exhibition catalogue he wrote: “In choosing this theme the Van Abbemuseum has started from the view that the activities of a museum can be a way of equipping the public to be aware of, and participate in, socially important phenomena. The street is a crucial example of a theme chosen by the museum which can serve to broaden its function as described. The theme of ‘the street’ has to do with the concept of design in several ways [...] and to a greater degree than has normally been pointed out by museums. For the design of the street not only involves the client and the designer - with whom the museum has nearly always been exclusively concerned - but also, and very clearly, the user, without whom the street is like a theatre without actors, an empty stage. Everyone takes part in street life and that’s why the street, viewed as design

process, is everybody's and by and for everybody. It is both an expression and a manifestation of society." Not surprisingly, Leering acknowledged in the interview that I made with him recently, the influence that Alexander Dorner had on his conceptions of curating then.

The statement that was at the very core of Dorner's practice ("We cannot understand the forces which are effective in the visual production of today if we do not have a look at other fields of modern life") has been also thoroughly understood by Philippe Parreno and Pierre Huyghe, if we look at the multiplicity of collaborations that they have triggered, all through the Annlee project, with practitioners from very different fields. For them the sign becomes a street. When Philippe and Pierre told me of the death of Annlee, a problem posed very directly by the decision to return the copyright to the sign itself, I offered to talk about the project's developments to Jean Claude Ameisen, doctor of medicine and researcher, specialist in "programmed cell death." The latter immediately used his work to throw light on the questions raised by the artists, and also took advantage of the imaginary construction that they offered him to carry out his thought to extremes, which is not always possible in the study of living creatures alone. "The problem with Annlee is that it is very difficult to die when one is not alive," Ameisen said at first. Then, after having pondered this first stumbling block, and having thought about whether Annlee had the characteristics of a living being, he finally said: "When it comes to it, the question is not is Annlee alive or is it not alive, but can something live without death being present?" This is now one of the questions coming to sit before Annlee.

Translated by Alexandra Keens

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

JEAN CLAUDE AMEISEN, WITH PHILIPPE PARRENO AND
HANS ULRICH OBRIST
To Be or Not To Be... Nothing More... Perchance To Dream

JCA: This project is interesting from a number of different angles. The one most specifically linked to my own work and thinking involves the question of the character's autonomous life. Is its life – or better said, its existence – conceivable independently of those who animate it (its creators) and those who watch it (the viewers)? This is a very general question that has to do with all life, every living being. It concerns cells, at the level of the individuals they construct and within which they live, and also individuals themselves, at the level of the societies they build and are a part of. Can life be conceptualized or defined at the level of a single, individual unit? The basic issue here is the interdependence of life. What we do know – at least at the cellular level, because the question becomes more complicated when it comes to individuals – is that all living organisms, from birds to flowers and from bacteria to human beings, are made of cells, and that none of these cells can survive by themselves, at least not for more than a very brief period. Most of the time, as soon as a cell is alone, it self-destructs. The only thing that can stop it from self-destructing, on a long-term basis, is the presence of other cells, of a collective with which it maintains relations. These facts have at least two important implications regarding our whole concept of what life is. First, life, which we usually consider a positive event (this would appear “self-evident”), seems, on the contrary, the result of the continuous repression of a negative event, i.e. self-destruction. Secondly, while we customarily consider life an individual phenomenon (we say, “I am alive”), actually it seems to be a collective venture, constantly dependent on the presence of others. Imagine that we're looking at a cell and asking ourselves the following: what are the factors present inside this cell that allow it to live? We can't give an adequate answer if we forget that part of that answer is the presence of others. For a cell, the “others” are the other cells of the body. Getting back to your character, the “others” are its creators, and also its viewers. In terms of your character the question thus becomes: Can the character exist in the absence of its creators or in the absence of viewers? It's an open question. For a cell, as I've said, the answer is simple: in the

absence of partners it can interact with, life is impossible. Life is collective; without interdependence there is no life.

That's the first point. Now, before getting back to your character, let's consider a second point: Can that which is true for cells also apply for individuals, including individual animals and humans? I think it can, at certain levels at least. For example, a newborn, in most animal species of any complexity, cannot live by itself if it doesn't have a mother or adults to take care of it when it is little. Any infant will die if it doesn't become a part of something, if it doesn't engage in a dialogue and a series of interactions with at least part of the collective. On another level, it is precisely this dependence that allows it to acquire complex, culturally determined capabilities and behaviours. Because the neonate depends on others, it can learn from them. By contrast, in other, simpler species where the infant is independent, there is no cultural transmission of knowledge or experience from adults to the young. In other words, one of the questions I'm interested in is the following: Isn't the inability to survive alone, and therefore the need for the presence of others, one of the main factors that have made it possible for evolution to move in the direction of greater complexity? If human neonates were autonomous, capable of finding food and of self-defense all by themselves, would they learn to talk anyway? During the long period of instability and absolute dependence when they are incapable of surviving by themselves, they are immersed in a relationship where all sorts of remarkable things happen: play, risk-free experimentation, learning, the transmission of knowledge, language acquisition, etc. The hypothesis I'm working on is that instability, the absence of autonomy, could be a factor in the emergence of complexity. The important point here is not that a living being, whether a cell or a newborn child, is simultaneously unstable and complex. The question that interests me is this: Are living beings more complex precisely because they are unstable? And therefore, is this very instability a basic determinant of the emergence and evolution of complexity? When it comes to Annlee, of course, the question is situated on a different plane because she's a product of the imagination. She's a character.

PP: Have you been able to quantify this relationship between complexity and instability?

JCA: We have a number of elements at hand but they are difficult to analyse in an overall way, i.e. integrating the various levels I just mentioned. The basic idea is that all living things are inherently unstable, that this instability gives rise to interdependence, and that interdependence gives rise to complexity. But what causes this instability? On a cellular level, it's due to the ability to self-destruct – the existence of genetic information all cells use to make “executioner” tools that allow it to destroy itself and “protector” tools that allow it to neutralize these executioners. The making of these “protectors” depends on a dialogue with the other cells, and thus the presence of others. So on the cellular level, one of the ways to assess the relationship between instability and complexity is to look into the origins of this capacity for self-destruction in the process of evolution that living beings have undergone for four billion years. Was there a period in which each cell was autonomous, and when death could only come from outside, by chance, as the consequence of accidents or external destruction? And another, more recent period in which the capacity for self-destruction, and therefore interdependence, became intrinsic characteristics of life? If this is the case, what can this boundary line tell us about the evolution of complexity? The idea I've put forward is that this instability is as old as life itself. The capacity for self-destruction is inseparable from the capacity for self-organization that characterizes life. From the beginning, self-destruction could happen by chance at any moment. It is on the basis of this original instability that, by chance, the interdependence and complexity we see at work in all living creatures today emerged and developed.

HUO: The question of chance is very interesting in terms of looking for the parallels between your book *La Sculpture du Vivant* and the Annlee project. There is the question of chance versus programming. Annlee is a kind of program, but not in the sense of software. In fact, to quote from

your book, “We’re not talking about a program that works like a computer program. Like chess grand masters, in addition to its powers of calculation and the amount of information it has at its disposal, it leaves much room for chance so that it can handle greater complexity.” You also cite Henri Atlan, who says, “The opposition between ‘organized’ and ‘aleatory’ can be replaced by a cooperation where these concepts inevitably acquire new content.”

JCA: There is an enormous ambiguity inherent in the very concept of programming. My book takes it up on a number of different levels. Etymologically, the word “program” means written before. Conceptually, a program means a script. In a way, when we’re thinking about a program we’re thinking about predetermination. We have the impression that it is possible to predict the future, that the future is already written. But words are metaphors, which mean they’re traps. Really, what “program” is referring to is the fact that in our cells, and thus in our bodies, there is genetic information, and this information is a sort of memory transmitted from cell to cell and from individual to individual, and which every living thing can draw on. So “program” means that there is a certain amount of pre-existing, previously written information that the present can draw on. What is not predetermined is the way in which each cell or each individual will use this information. This is where interaction with others and with the environment comes in. Since these interactions in and of themselves entrain a certain element of chance, then the unfolding of the program, the way in which the previously-written information is going to be used, also contains an element of chance and is thus contingent and variable. The big problem is a tendency to confuse the idea that there is a previously written memory on which living beings can draw, with a different idea, that what every living being does is written in advance. Of course, constraints do exist. Obviously, when a finch egg hatches, you almost always get a finch; an eagle egg produces an eagle and a fish egg a fish. But the whole possibility of living beings evolving

lies in this “almost always.” One day, by chance, you get new individuals, and they may give rise to new species. This has happened in the past and will do so again. Some very recent work suggests that this novelty is not necessarily due to a genetic change, a change in the “program,” but to a new way of reading and utilizing the genetic information that was already present in the individual’s ancestors long ago. So the way in which each living being utilizes its genetic memory constitutes one of the constraints that determine the manner in which this memory, this reflection of the past, influences the present. But even within the parameters of these constraints, there is an enormous flexibility. One of the big issues in biology and developmental biology is how cells can construct a three-dimensional body on the basis of a linear memory, a long series of genes on a DNA strand. Let’s take an example on another level. When ants build an ant hill or when bees make a hive, it seems that they are able to do so without any single individual having a plan for the overall result, neither in its brain nor in its genes. In other words, it’s almost as if we were to build a cathedral without an architect or a plan, based on nothing more than elementary interactions between individuals and a minimum of flexibility, reciprocal action and complexity. These individuals are capable of building a structure that is more complex than the sum of information they possess. In other words, it seems that the structure – the anthill, beehive or cathedral – is not described and readable as such in the information they possess.

This is another element in the disjunct between program and realization. Of course, there are so-called “architect” genes (the homeotic genes) that do have something to do with what’s called the body’s organizational plan – upper, lower, front and rear. These architect genes give the cells that have them a certain number of both possibilities and constraints. But it should be clearly understood that within the parameters of these possibilities and constraints, the cells are the architects. By interacting in a given way, it is the cells that give rise to the body. There is another remarkable phenomenon in the ant world, if we can linger there for

a little while longer. The same egg cell, with exactly the same genetic information, can, according to its environment, develop into the body of a worker bee, a warrior or a queen, even though the three are very different in many aspects. In other words, there are many different ways in which the same cells can use the same "program," the same genetic information, depending on the environment. Let's take another example closer to home. As you know, there is only a difference of one or two percent between our genetic information and that of chimpanzees, one of our closest relatives among living creatures. It is not only because of that slight difference that we are not chimpanzees, but also because chimps and people don't make the same use of the 98-99 percent of genetic information they have in common.

In considering questions like program and memory, we tend to forget that genes don't actually do anything. They are like books in a library that do absolutely nothing unless someone reads them.

HUO: You give a quote from Atlan that has a tremendous resonance with the Annlee project, "This is a program that cannot be read and executed without the products of its reading and execution."

JCA: The quote is even more far-reaching in its implications. It states the paradox nicely: this is a program that in order to be read and executed needs many tools, *some* of which comes from its execution and reading. Some, but not *all*. In other words, tools that do not necessarily come from a given genetic memory can also facilitate the utilization of this genetic memory. I'll give you a very simple example: various current research efforts suggest that the point where the spermatozoid penetrates the ovule determines the initial organizational plan for the body of the embryo. By definition, this point is not written anywhere in the genetic program; it takes place entirely by chance. The cells simply have the ability to make use of this aleatory event, and to create, on that basis, an axis separating, for example, upper and lower, or front and rear, or right and left.

Let's go back to the example of the books. If a book is a recipe book, the recipe alone is not enough to make the meal described in the book appear. There also has to be a cook who reads the book and assembles kitchen utensils (including utensils whose manufacturing process is not described in the book). In this case, the cells and the body play the role of the cook, the reader. There is a memory – the books – but these books can't make anything happen without a reader. It is the readers who create life, using not only the ingredients and utensils described in the books but also things they seek out and find in the environment. Depending on where – what library, what city – this book is read, different things will happen. The book may say, "take two pinches of salt," but since it won't necessarily be the same salt or the same pinch (and there might not even be any salt on hand at all), the dish will turn out differently. Life is the dish. Of course it's a little more complicated than that, because life is simultaneously the cook, the recipe book, the environment, the dish the cook will make, the meal he's preparing, etc.

Here we can clearly see the constraints. When the books are sketchy and the reader's imagination or environment is impoverished, there are things that are difficult to make. The richer the books and the environment, and the more creative the reader, the more varied and complex will be the results. But chance enters into this everywhere. It is in the book (including in the pages torn out or badly copied), the reader, the environment, etc. When I said that the construction of an individual depends not only on genetic memory but also on the environment and the behaviour of the parent cells – of the fertilized egg cell, what I meant was the way a book is used is important. So it is possible that in the ongoing process of developing complexity that goes on from generation to generation, from parents to offspring, within a single given species, there's more at work than the genetic memory. Another factor that can play an important role is the manufacturing processes, the utilization of the genetic memory, which is also handed down from generation to generation. In other words, in addition to genetic memory, there is also a behavioural memory, which

has to do with the way the genetic memory is read and utilized. There's a tendency to forget about this concept when people become too fascinated with the concept of program.

The two of you said, "No Ghost Just a Shell." What comes closest, in the world of biology, to the concept of a ghost? Memory, it seems to me. Memory is what remains of a past that has disappeared, like an imprint on the present. You obviously understand the enormous importance of the past. On the biological level, each cell contains not only genetic memory but another kind as well. Cloning has made this very clear. All the notions and fantasies cloning has stirred up notwithstanding, its most important conceptual contribution to our storehouse of knowledge comes from the following fact: if you insert into an ovule all the genetic material of another cell (a skin cell, for example), the "cloned" ovule, just like a fertilized ovule, will make an embryo, whereas that same skin cell, even though it has the same genetic information, can't make an embryo. Here we can readily see that the sum of genetic information in a cell, its genetic memory, isn't enough, in and of itself, to determine the potential - the present and the future - of that cell. The fertilized - or cloned - ovule is, for now at least, the only cell that can produce an embryo. Thus, it is a molecular mystery: what is it about the composition of this particular cell that allows it, by using the same library of genes as a skin cell, or a cell from the liver or the brain, to construct an entire individual? Let's go back in time a little. In a given individual - a woman - each and every cell (ovule, skin cell, brain cell, liver cell) all developed from the same single fertilized ovule. As these cells were born and became integrated with each other, little by little their constant interchanges modified the way that each of them consults and uses the exact same library, their identical genes. In turn, these different uses modified their composition, making them something else, so that each followed a particular path of development that transformed it into an ovule, or a skin, liver or brain cell. In other words, the environment - the collective - in which each cell is immersed, and the memory - the imprint - of this environment, modifies the way it uses its genetic memory. The

particular, contingent history of a cell influences the way it will consult and use the books in the library of its genes. And it will become something else, different than its neighbours that have the same library but don't consult it in the same way. Our bodies are complex because there are a great many different ways to consult this library. Each of us is constituted of many tens of thousands of millions of billions of cells, divided into more than two hundred different families. Our complexity and potentialities arise out of this extraordinary diversity. If we were made of tens of thousands of millions of billions of absolutely identical cells, we would have no eyes, nor ears, nor arms, nor legs, nor heart nor brain. Genes are essential, but genes are just a medium. To go back to the metaphor of a genetic "program," the paradox is not just, as in the Henri Atlan quote you used, that this "program" cannot be read or executed without the products of its reading and execution. The paradox is also that the nature of this "program" changes depending on how it is read and executed. The way any cell reads and executes this "program" depends on its environment and its contingent history, its past. At the cellular level, the "ghost" of the past influences the way the cell uses its "program" in the present. In fact, this "program" is itself a "ghost" of the past. A recent memory reacts upon another, older memory. It is from this intermeshing of memories that we are born.

How can a cell become different? Through cellular interactions, one cell is prevented from reading certain books, while its neighbour is prevented from reading other books. Complexity arises through subtraction. By eliminating, not by adding. That's an important concept. Instability creates interdependence, whereas subtraction creates complementariness. The reason why we have neurons in our brain, pigment cells in our eyes, contracting cells in our hearts, etc., is because each cell eliminates the possibility of reading some of the books it possesses. When subtraction is *differential*, it produces diversity and complementariness. Diversity and complementariness are what makes each of us into what we call an individual. In other words, each individual's relationship to the genetic

memory it has inherited from its parents is complex and indirect. From the start that genetic memory is fragmented and broken up by various kinds of differential subtractions which give rise to a cluster of different, partial memories. Different ways of using “our” overall genetic memory result from these dialogues and that’s what makes it possible to construct ourselves.

HUO: Philippe, you and Pierre are going to do some subtracting with Annlee too, legally speaking.

PP: Yes, but in our case the point is to protect her, through copyright law, to ensure that she can’t be robbed of anything. What you’re describing is the opposite of this.

JCA: Living things are unstable, and instability creates dependency. You mentioned copyrights. If we wanted to hazard a biological analogy, particularly in regard to cells, we’d say that the essential thing, when it comes to protection, might not be so much the nature of the copyright as the mere fact of its existence. In other words, maybe the essential thing is not so much having chosen such and such a contracting party or having been chosen as one by someone else, but simply to have one. The important thing is to be part of a collective. When it comes to cells, exile or separation from the collective is a death sentence. Therefore every freedom that doesn’t allow it to integrate into a new collective condemns it to death, and soon. Usually, seen in retrospect, such freedom is nothing but the freedom to die. But while the presence of a collective is necessary for the survival of every cell, it’s not sufficient. Our cells are constantly self-destructing – about a hundred billion cells every day – and this self-destruction plays a very important role in our ability to survive as individuals. Of course, this massive, daily self-destruction is usually counterbalanced by cell reproduction. But what is the nature of this reproduction? It’s usually said that cells reproduce by dividing into two.

The idea is that through division one cell produces a duplicate. In other words, the ancestor cell is transformed into two cells, the same ancestor cell and its duplicate. This process happens over and over, and theoretically the ancestor cell could survive as long as its duplicates. But does it? Recent research suggests that the whole concept of cell replication might be an illusion. In certain yeasts and bacteria, each cell, just like every animal and every plant, gives birth to a limited number of younger descendents, and then it gets old, turns sterile and dies. If, as I suspect, this is not just true of these particular cases but holds as a general rule, then as time passes, the ancestor cells that made us die off, and we are constituted only by their descendents. Therefore we should consider each individual, each of us, as a population that transforms itself over time, a human collective, like a city or a country with its successive generations and genealogies. The deceased cellular ancestors who built it have been replaced by descendents, and they, in turn, give birth, age and die. Like a society whose life span is far longer than that of the cells from which it arose. So now we realize that the instability we've been talking about has other dimensions. It brings forth not only complexity but also youth, and thus a different relationship to time.

In this context, there's something profoundly arbitrary about giving a character like Annlee the status of a metaphor for a living being. We construct such characters in a way that has nothing to do with the way living beings are made. In particular, they lack a basic property possessed by living organisms: the ability to, on their own, either become part of an existing collective or to bring forth a new collective. If we wanted to pursue the analogies between characters like Annlee and cells, perhaps we could consider what are called somatic cells. In a body, the fate of the immense majority of cells is linked to the fate of the body into which they are born. They can't survive outside of it. These are somatic cells, cells that are born and die as part of the same body. There are also germ cells – spermatazoa and ovules – that can make a new body and therefore give birth to a new collective. In one sense, if Annlee were a cell, she would probably be the

equivalent of a somatic cell. She was born into a particular environment, where she can stay alive or die, but she probably lacks what it would take for her to be able to found a new environment. But what does it mean to die when we're talking about Annlee? It's probably hard to die when you're not alive.

One of the big questions about life – a kind of mirror image of the same kind of questions about death – is this: Does understanding how death takes place teach us a little more about life? Let's not forget that one of the basic problems in biology right now is that we can only define life descriptively (in other words, we say something is alive because it resembles other things we know and consider alive). There's no theoretical formulation that would allow us to conceive of a living being that wouldn't be more or less like something we already know. There's no formal definition of life. There's the idea of a threshold: below a certain level of complexity in the interaction between various material elements we would say something is "inanimate," above that limit we'd say it's "animate." There's a threshold dividing non-living matter and living matter. But all of the elements that make up life are identical to all of the elements that make up planets, the atmosphere, etc. The building blocks that trees and people are made of are exactly the same as those that make up the Earth and Mars. Inside living beings, there's not an atom of life. But we don't know exactly where that threshold, that dividing line, is, nor exactly what it means.

HUO: We asked ourselves, along with Philippe – didn't Annlee commit suicide?

PP: To look at it in those terms, if we can't create another collective that Annlee can become part of, then she dies, which is the equivalent of a form of suicide. But of course, as you say, it's hard to die when you're not alive.

JCA: There's a basic question: What's the purpose of an analogy between a living being and a character? What's the relationship between the original

and its representations that we study, for example, by creating computer models of various behaviours? Some people are tempted to say, "If I have some virtual creatures moving around on my screen and they behave like human beings investing in the stock market, maybe they are alive, or at least almost." I think there's some confusion here. There are equations to describe the law of gravity but the gravitational force that means that two planets attract each other is *not* in these equations. The equation is an extremely elegant representation of what happens, but nothing of the force it describes is in that equation. The physicist Richard Feynman used to say, "I'd like to know what's really in an equation. Are there frogs? Is there a hurricane?" I think these computer models are extremely interesting representations or formalizations of what they describe, but when you go from there to thinking that because they describe something they are a real replica of it, you're making a mistake, in my view. If I put the equation for gravity on the table it still can't attract that door.

So the question is not whether or not Annlee is alive. Instead, what we should ask is this: How does her behaviour, or rather the relationships with her that human beings enter into, reflect, in an interesting way, a certain number of the rules of the behaviour of living beings? When you ask about suicide, the question would be: Is an analogy with the mechanisms of self-destruction at work in living organisms conceivable within the context of this representation?

The concept of self-destruction, of cellular suicide, is based on the fact that cells have tools that allow them to actively shorten their own existence...

HUO: Does this suicide have to involve an individual decision?

JCA: Wait a minute. There are some important subtle distinctions to be made when it comes to the idea of decision. Etymologically, the word "suicide" means to kill oneself, i.e. to self-destruct. Usually when we use that word, we automatically associate it with reflection, introspection and decision-making. Albert Camus began *The Myth of Sisyphus* by stating,

“The only really serious philosophical question is suicide. To decide whether or not life is worth living is to answer the central question in philosophy.” But actually, killing oneself doesn’t necessarily mean that one has decided to kill oneself. I’ll give you an example: Socrates drank the hemlock that prematurely ended his life, so he committed suicide, he self-destructed. But the decision was not up to him. It was made by Athens, the collective. Another example: Seppuku means ending one’s life in a form of self-destruction that consists of plunging a saber or a dagger into one’s own belly, but the decision is not taken by the person who kills himself. So it’s easy to disassociate the idea of an act by which someone ends their own life from the idea that they made the decision to do so. In other words, the idea of suicide can be disassociated from the idea of freedom. Getting back to cells, the “decision” that triggers the suicide depends more on the collective, the others, than the individual cell itself, because whether or not that cell is going to start to self-destruct at a given moment depends on its past and present relations with the collective. While the cell might be responsible for carrying out the act of self-destruction, as in seppuku it is not necessarily responsible for the events that lead it to trigger that self-destruction (or that lead it not to do so). It’s just like in ancient Japan where someone who wanted to commit suicide had to have the authorization of their lord. The suzerain had the power to decide. He could force someone to commit suicide, and he could also forbid it. That’s exactly what happens on the level of cellular collectives. Whether or not a cell triggers its inherent ability to self-destruct depends on whether that is “authorized” or “forbidden” by the collective. Once again, there is no script that determines the fate of an individual cell in advance. Rather, a whole suite of basic, contingent interactions between the members of a collective strengthens or weakens the probability that a given cell will unleash its suicide mechanism at a given time and place. The concept I’m getting at here is very broad. An anthill, for example, results from a very complex construction effort undertaken by individuals who themselves have no detailed plan for what they’re building. If the basic interactions

among individuals allow for collective projects that are simultaneously sufficiently robust (stable) and flexible (able to be adjusted according to the environment), the ensemble persists. If it's not sufficiently robust and flexible, it dies. This is the same thing I was saying about the concept of a program. There are constraints, there are potentialities, but probably there aren't any precise locations where the exact unfolding of events and their result are prefigured in a precise and detailed way. That's mysterious and marvelous.

This very general concept brings us to other issues involving the functioning of the brain. The brain is a collective of about a hundred billion cells linked together by many hundreds of thousands of billions of connections. Where, in exactly what spot, do we make a decision? The greater part of our brain's functioning takes place on the subconscious level. Luckily, we don't have to constantly ask ourselves if we're going to inhale or exhale. But people commonly have the idea – the illusion? – that there is at least a part of the brain where the brain decides for itself what it is going to do. Recent investigations by a number of people, such as the neurologist Antonio Damasio, for example, suggest that what we call a conscious decision is often the retrospective realization of a decision that was previously taken unconsciously. This recalls some of Freud's work and Atlan's development of certain concepts in Spinoza's philosophy. In other words, the consciousness of having taken a decision is not the same thing as a conscious decision; it is a moment of conscious awareness of a decisional process that took place unconsciously. In short, the brain suddenly realizes that something is beginning to happen – we don't know exactly where or how – and we individuals confusedly think that this realization that something just happened means that it is now starting to happen. There is a confusion between the conscious making of a decision and the consciousness that a decision has been made.

PP: Is consciousness founded on the illusion of prescience?

JCA: To speak of predicting the future is probably meaningless. Generally speaking, prescience, being able to predict what will happen, is usually an illusion. Every living organism, each cell, deals with the future on the basis of its experience, its comparison of the present and past. Genetic information comes from the day before yesterday, individual experience comes from yesterday, and that's what we use for our responses today and to build the future. Memory, which is the imprint – the ghost – of the past, helps work out the future. But the word memory implies consciousness. It implies that *I* remember, as if the past, present and future all existed on the same plane, as if they were all wrapped up together. But what is memory when we study it on the cellular level or at the level of an organ such as the immune system? If you like, we could take the example of a vaccine that produces a memory that works against a microbe you've haven't encountered yet, so that you can better defend yourself against it if and when you do run into it. In this case, the memory consists of the fact that an event modified your cells such that they are no longer the same, and when they are confronted with the same event for a second time they won't respond the same way as they did the first time.

HUO: So it's a dynamic concept?

JCA: Not only is memory a dynamic concept, but also, as you've noted, it doesn't imply that there exists some sort of guardian of memory. There is a "before," a "during" (during the process of transformation) and an "after," so that the behaviour of cells is different when they encounter a microbe for the first time and when they encounter it again. That doesn't mean that the cells remember, but simply that the first experience changed them. They have become different because of the past. And since they have become different, they respond differently. In seeing this, we have the impression that they remember. So the question, in terms, this time, of cerebral memory, could be put like this: Is what we call cerebral memory basically nothing more than the changes that took place in our cells in

our first encounter with a particular internal or external environment and which make our second such encounter different?

In this context, our conscious recall, our remembrance, of the first encounter that changed us is something very particular – an additional element – but it's not the basis of the memory itself. We know, for example, that if someone has learned to ride a bike they will always know how, even if they become amnesiac. Once you've learned how to ride a bike, you never forget. In other words, memory, or at least this specific memory, just like the immune system's memory of microbes, works independently of any sensation of memory, of any recall, that makes us think about the past. We can know how to ride a bike without that meaning that when we get on a bicycle we necessarily recall the past events that took place when we didn't know how and we learned.

What we call conscious memory is a very small sub-section of the universal memory of all living things. In addition, it gives us an indication, a temporal reference, regarding the moment when we changed. But that's not at all an intrinsic part of memory. It's just supplementary.

To get back to your question about "prescience," foreknowledge of the future, one of the characteristics we share with all living beings is that we deal with the future differently based on our past experience. As we accumulate experiences, our future conduct will not be the same as in the past. It's probable that it will be better adapted. But, as you know, among living things, if you respond badly to a microbe the first time, more often than not you'll respond badly the second time too. In other words, in this case, it's a shame that memory exists because you'll respond even worse and more rapidly the second time, and you'll be sicker the second time. This applies to many kinds of behaviour. There's no need to be familiar with all the various Freudian theories to understand that some people, to put it simply, use their memories of past events to hurt themselves without wanting to. Thus the fact that we act on the basis of our relations with our environment gives us an extraordinarily powerful capacity for adaptation and flexibility, but that doesn't make us able to predict the future. What we

do, including on a conscious level, is to make a kind of movie of the future on the basis of the past and present. Is this movie of the future we watch in our mind – and which is implicit in the behaviour of all living things without that necessarily meaning that they are conscious of it – a precise prediction of the future? Of course not. Is our response well adapted? Sometimes, sometimes not. We can only evaluate it retrospectively. So what is memory, in comparison with the past, good for? It allows an increasingly closer adaptation to an environment, as long as that environment doesn't change too much. An example: Everyone knows that you become increasingly adept at speaking the language of the country or the collective where you were born by chance. That's an extraordinary adaptation. Living beings adapt to their particular ecological environment. Until not very long ago, such adaptations were very limited in geographic terms (less so in temporal terms, thanks to cultural transmission). Now the situation is completely different because the most distant environments can become close almost instantly. The process of adaptation and the utilization of memory, our movie of the future, all become very different when the whole world is my environment, as it is today, in contrast to a time when my whole lifetime environment could be a small valley stuck between two mountains.

HUO: There are many passages in your book where you talk about an oscillation between life and death. Most notably, you discuss the disappearing cat in *Alice in Wonderland* and the way life and death are present in memory. You refer to the way these questions are posed in Lewis Carroll's book when Alice is confronted with her memories of the cat, which present themselves as a disembodied cat's smile.

JCA: When a living being ceases to exist, does all that it has been cease to exist as well? One of the big issues in human cultures is how to integrate the memory, the experience, the presence of the departed, among those still here, the living. This is what makes for such diversity among human

cultures, and maybe it's also true, in different forms, for many species of animals. When it comes to cells, the usual idea used to be that when a cell died, nothing remained of it. It was here before; now it isn't, end of story. The allusion I made to the Cheshire cat (in *La Sculpture du Vivant*) was meant to explain that the collective doesn't behave in the same fashion when a cell dies as when a cell hasn't died. In other words, in a certain way there is a presence, a memory, of the dead. That doesn't mean that the collective acts as though the cells weren't dead. Just the opposite. The collective acts differently because certain members died in its environment. So the Cheshire cat is a metaphor for the fact that after the death of a cell something very surprising can persist, not at all what you might expect. Alice is very surprised not by her memory of a smile that has disappeared, but by what remains of a cat that has disappeared, a smile without a cat.

There are a number of analogies with cellular suicide. The first is that when a cell self-destructs, that's an active phenomenon, not a passive one. It is bringing into play a number of arms and tools that consume energy. Since it is an active phenomenon, it can be accompanied by the emission of a certain number of signals, of words. And these words that are emitted will be perceived by the collective as indicating that there's a change in the cell's activity, and also that the cell is killing itself, that it's dying. In other words, this cell is emitting messages that all living cells emit, but it's also emitting messages that usually, generally speaking, are only emitted by cells that are in the process of self-destruction. The reception of these messages changes the behaviour of the cells that receive them. And this change of behaviour is the trace left behind in the collective of survivors by the death of the cell that killed itself. Something remains. What remains is not the cat's smile hanging in the void; it's not something of the dead cell persisting in the void even though it no longer exists. The smile – the presence of the dead cell – is in the collective's living cells. What I mean is that these cells are no longer the same, some of their activities have changed, and this comes from the fact that they were alongside a cell

that was in the process of dying. The interesting point in terms of our discussion of memory is that it could be said that cells have a memory of death because the death of others changes their behaviour. When an event occurs, they won't respond in the same way as they would have if the neighbouring cells hadn't died. So in a certain way this is a memory of death, but once again in the sense that what we mean by memory is not something conscious, something that brings together in a single moment sensations from the past and present, but simply a behavioural change.

PP: What does the self-destruction of the cell imply for the organism? How far does the cat's smile extend?

JCA: When a cell begins to self-destruct, usually it is rapidly absorbed by neighbouring cells. Maybe it's slightly exaggerated, but I call this identification and ingestion of moribund cells "funeral rites." A cell has to start to shut down before another cell can absorb it. That can only happen when it expresses, on its surface, the kind of signals that are emitted by dying cells and that allow living cells to, one, come close, two, to note that it is a dying cell, and three, to ingest it. That's not easy. A cell in the process of destroying itself is alive as long as it hasn't finished killing itself. At the point where that cell is identified as a dying cell and ingested by a neighbouring cell, the latter cell will take part in its destruction and make it final. Even if the cell that started to self-destruct reverses course, it's too late. You were talking about limbo. The period of self-destruction is just such an intermediate stage separating the stage when the cell began to take the road leading to self-destruction and the stage when its neighbour, having recognized it as a cell in the process of self-destruction, makes it disappear. The duration of this intermediate period, therefore, depends not only on the behaviour of the cell that is destroying itself, but also on the behaviour of its neighbours. The ingestion of the dying cell profoundly modifies the abilities of the living cell. This is a matter of direct memory: if a cell has ingested a dying cell, it is no longer in the same state as before.

This is a very local memory of death, at the level of the cell that ingested the dying cell.

But that's not the only memory. A cell in the process of self-destruction emits signals which effect surrounding cells that are not necessarily going to ingest it. This memory of death will be less local, broader. Here we have another question that's especially important because of its consequences for illnesses: How far does that memory spread? Do the cells that are transformed because some of their neighbouring cells died, also emit, in turn, signals that transform yet other cells? How far can these modifications be propagated throughout the body? Just how far does the cat's smile extend? How far does the behavioural change entrained by that death extend? This is an extremely important question.

HUO: In the conclusion to your book, you cite Emmanuel Levinas, who said, "Let us reflect on the meaning of death, not to render death inoffensive, nor to justify it, nor to promise eternal life, but to try to show the meaning it confers on human endeavours." You were just speaking of how death is repressed, of death as a deeply rooted taboo, of the impossibility, in our culture, of seeing death as Levinas wanted us to see it.

JCA: I'm going to give the Levinas quote a different interpretation, to give it an even more general meaning, beyond human endeavors. I feel that one of the most basic questions is how to think about death in such a way as to grasp the meaning of life. To what degree can life's increasingly close familiarity with self-destruction, this aleatory, blind and increasingly complex game played with death, have been an essential factor in the evolution of life, of its complexity and diversity?

Self-destruction and survival, premature death and longevity, aging and youth, fertility and sterility – is this fundamental asymmetry intrinsically necessary for the emergence of the complexity of life? Not because, let me repeat, it is the result of any "prescient," conscious choice at some given moment, but just because the living beings among whom this form

of asymmetry emerged by chance one day were the only ones capable of travelling through time until human beings today.

Earlier I talked about subtraction, but I think the word asymmetry, the breaking of symmetry, is more appropriate. At the point when symmetry is broken, when whatever is on one side no longer has the same nature as what's on the other, that's when complexity emerges. This breaking apart of symmetry can take place on very different levels, between upper and lower or right and left. It can take place between self-destruction and the repression of self-destruction, ageing and youth, sterility and fertility, etc. Here we have a profound dialectics of life, encompassing life and death. Let's get back to the taboo, the forbidden, that you mentioned. If the use of death, the appearance (once again, blind and random at first) of an asymmetry concerning life and death, has been and remains a fundamental factor in the construction and functioning of life, then to weigh it down, to hide it, to not take it into account, prevents us from going deeper in our understanding of life. In other words, if we want to consider why something survives when something else dies, or why something is young while something else is ageing, and if we forget that what allows a part to survive might be the fact that the other part died, or that what allows a part to be young might be that the other part got old, then how can we understand our own future and possibly change it?

The idea is that if we want to understand life we have to understand death. "What Is Dying," to refer to the title of a seminar I'm currently giving with Danièle Hervieu-Léger and Emmanuel Hirsch at the Cité des Sciences. But that's an ambiguous title and I don't like it much because it suggests a kind of fascination with death as such, i.e., "What happens when death comes?" For me, the essential question isn't about death, but life. It is: "How is death a component part of life?"

HUO: Maybe "Between Life and Death" would be a more accurate title?

JCA: Yeah, "Dialogue Between Life and Death," "The Part Played by Death

in the Construction of Life,” or “The Interplay Between Life and Death in the Working Out of Complexity.” A moment ago I posed the question: Can something that isn’t alive die? Now I’m going to pose another one: Can life exist without the presence of death? Can life exist without the use of death? Are there life forms that have been able to develop without an increasingly sophisticated and refined use of death? The idea is that life invented premature death by chance, and then made use of it in an increasingly broad and profound fashion. Paradoxically, it would seem, the acquisition of the power to prematurely trigger death or ageing has permitted life to travel through time for four billion years. So now we’re back to the concept of instability as an essential component of all living things. That doesn’t mean that we are eternally condemned to live by the rules of the game we inherited and that made our birth possible. But it does mean that if we want to understand life, then hiding death will get in the way of our understanding, and not understanding things limits our ability to change them.

Levinas said, “We must not promise eternal life.” But between “preventing premature death” and “promising eternal life” there lies, well, almost an eternity. As you know, the plasticity of ageing among living species is extraordinary. There is a vast difference in life span not only between certain “ephemeral” insects and certain trees like sequoias, but even among bees or ants, i.e., within the same species. Within a single beehive, worker bees die of old age after two months and queen bees live more than ten years. So to revisit the concept of “genetic program,” the same bee ovule can make a sterile individual that dies at two months, or a fertile individual that lives ten years. Both these individuals have the same genes. A queen bee lives sixty times longer than a worker bee. On a human scale, it is as if someone lived a hundred years and his twin brother six thousand years.

If we want to modify something, we have to understand how it happens. If we want to transform a worker bee into a queen, we have to know how the difference between them is constructed. Usually, we only think of death in

terms of taboo, the forbidden, transgression. We don't want to see death because, obviously, it's terrible for individuals, and so the only thing we notice is that death is the opposite of life. The legend of Faust is a metaphor for this transgression: we can't conceive of prolonging life and youth except by making a deal with the devil. It's worth noting that somewhat the same thing occurred with another ancient human obsession, flying in the air like a bird. I use this example at the end of my book *La Sculpture du Vivant*. Flying is impossible for human beings; it would be wonderful but it's forbidden. This transgression is the subtext in the myth of Icarus. When you fly, the problem is not that you sell your soul to the devil but that you get too close to the sun. The sun melts your wings, and you fall and die. There has always been the idea that there are certain powers in the world of living beings (flying like a bird, living for hundreds of years like a tree) that are totally foreign to human nature and forbidden, and to even imagine that these things can be changed is to risk catastrophe. But when human beings understood, and used to their advantage, the forces that prevent them from flying, then they could fly, and better than a bird, since no bird can fly to the Moon. I'm convinced that as long as we don't understand the role death plays in life, we can't intelligently consider how to modify the duration of our youth and our existence. We are both prisoners and beneficiaries of that ancestral relationship between life and premature death. We're only here at all because these rules of the game have existed for a very, very long time. But the restrictions on our abilities (we get old and don't live as long as we would want to and one day will be able to) come from these same rules. So they are simultaneously wonderful (because they allowed us to be born) and very constraining (because they entail a certain number of limitations). We can't hide them or act as if they didn't exist. If we want to understand and modify these rules of the game, we have to take them for what they are, with their two sides, wonderful and awful.

HUO: That's interesting in regard to Annlee, because as you know, Philippe

and Pierre established a rule of the game that all the other artists who took part subsequently modified.

PP: The only thing that isn't a metaphor with her is that we're talking about an image and the increasingly murky, strange, complicated relationships we are developing with the world of the visible. What our project is trying to do is to seek out the hidden content, and thereby figure out a very murky relationship, like in a film by Melville, our very noir relationship with representation. Does it survive us? Or not?

JCA: Your question takes us back to the one we started with: does an image, Annlee for example, live, and if it lives, can it die? Your character is a little like a book. A book is alive only as long as we read it, as we, in a way, continue to invent it, rewrite it, re-imagine it, modify it or draw inspiration from it. A book can be put down, no longer read. But even when a book is abandoned it persists in a certain way in the minds of those into whose imagination it has entered. We might forget it. But one day, maybe someone else will read this book, and it will come to life again in another way. Maybe that day will never come and maybe it will be tomorrow. Is the book dead between the time when it is abandoned and then forgotten and then the time, if there is one, when it is read again?

Your character is like a book. It's not just imaginary; it has a material existence. It's a product of the imagination that has been given material form. From what you tell me, it exists on a screen. She's not just a character people talk about; she's also an image, a sum of pixels on a monitor. She's not the story of the *Odyssey* told before it was written down. She's not just something in the heads of the people who invented her, of those who recite her story and those who listen. For a very long time the only medium in which any literature existed was the brain, the imagination of human beings. That was its sole locus of existence. Someone spoke and someone listened and literature had no other material existence. So we can pose the same question, in a more radical way, about the characters in the *Iliad* and

the *Odyssey*: what life do they have when no one is telling their story and no one is listening?

PP: And when there's no copyright.

JCA: Yes, because in that case there's no medium but the imagination and the fleeting spoken words that enter another imagination, from one individual to another, from brain to brain. Just as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are not dead as long as someone remembers them, images and books can sleep or hibernate for a long time. The second example, the second possible metaphor I'm thinking of for Annlee, is from the domain of living things this time: a virus. A virus is an ensemble of material elements, just like a book or an image. Further, a virus can't reproduce by itself. Only a cell can reproduce it. If a virus doesn't find a cell to invade, it dies, decomposes and disappears. But on the other hand if you put it in a freezer, ten years from now, when you take it out, it will be exactly the same as before. It persisted. It lasted. If at that point it can invade a cell, then the cell will make new viruses using the genetic information the virus contains. As the cell produces them, it may make mistakes, so that the viruses that come out will be different than the one that penetrated the cell. The viruses coming out aren't the same as the one that went in. The one that entered is gone. The ones coming out are different viruses, copies of the initial virus made by the cell. It's like a book that's been recopied by hand. In making those copies, there are mistakes, things added and left out. So if a virus doesn't find a cell to exploit, it's gone. If it does find a cell to exploit, it will last, but it won't be the same anymore. It will become different. Does this metaphor apply to Annlee?

There is another interesting biological phenomenon I'd like to talk about in relation to cellular suicide, something more complex, namely a kind of hibernation that concerns cells this time. The most spectacular paradigm is the bacterial spore. Among many species of bacteria, when the environment turns unfavourable (and thus threatens to cause the death of the whole ensemble of cells), some of the cells self-destruct and

help the other cells to transform themselves into spores. Spores resemble objects. They have shut down almost all of their functions. It's as though they had ceased to live, without dying. Some of the bacteria cease to live by killing themselves, and the others (now spores) cease to function without killing themselves. Such spores can last many years. Some recent research suggests that they can last for millions of years. Life has been suspended. They remain in that almost inert state of suspended animation until the environment modifies them in a way that translates the fact that the environment has become favourable once more, and makes them active again. This is an extremely interesting kind of transition where stopping life (in the sense of shutting down all activity) doesn't mean being dead. Maybe suspending life simply means transforming something that is fully active into the sum of its material constituents. Perhaps at that moment, for the first time, a cell can be described, in the abstract, as simply the sum of its components and their exact position in space. Has it become, for the first time, an object in which the only movement is that of the atoms and molecules? There is no longer (almost) any of the activity that characterizes life. There is no longer (hardly) any difference between it and plain matter, a pebble. But the way that this matter is organized means that in a year, ten years, a hundred years, it can come back to life.

Let's get back to Annlee. When she's abandoned, is her future like that of a virus or a spore? When she is reduced to the sum of pixels that she's made of, and to her memory in the minds of those who created her and those who knew her, will she disappear or last?

PP: There are several options. Plan A: suspended animation. Plan B: real death (but she'd need to be really alive).

JCA: Well, let's take this further. Something that's not alive can disappear, and in that case we speak of its destruction. But can we speak of death, suicide, self-destruction? In order to be able to speak of self-destruction, there would have to be something in the way Annlee is made that would allow her to precipitate her end all by herself. I don't think this is the case

with her. But is that only because she's not alive? I think it's interesting to think about why we produce such bad imitations of living things. One of the reasons is because we make objects, characters, whose elements aren't unstable or interdependent. In other words, if our virtual or real objects are a little clumsy in comparison with living things, maybe that's because we've made them to last. We haven't grasped that one of the reasons for the extraordinary powers of living beings has to do, at least partially, with the fact that they are unstable, that they destroy themselves and renew themselves. Maybe we'd have to add some instability to create complexity. Further, we find it hard to admit that there was no architect and no detailed plan behind the making of living things. To say that it all happened by chance is a pretty complicated concept. And it's not just something that's hard to admit. I think one of the main sources of resistance to the theory of evolution, what most people don't understand, is that not only was there certainly no architect (and no detailed plan), but also there was also no prior adaptation. We could say that living things' apparently extraordinary powers of adaptation to their environment, which we observe retroactively, comes, paradoxically, from the fact that there was no prior adaptation. Put simply, if your brain today works better than a computer, it's because it wasn't built to work in any particular way, or for any precise purpose. That's a very important concept.

Why is it so hard to pose questions about life and death when it comes to Annlee? I think that's not only because she's a virtual character but also because this virtual character is constructed far more simply than the most elementary living creature.

Let's get back to the question of whether or not one can die without being alive. If we define death according to the doctrine of vitalism, which sees death as a mirror opposite of life, then obviously Annlee can't die. But if we look at it from the opposite angle and say that in the end life is never anything but a more complex state of the organization of matter, and thus that death is never anything but a matter of deconstruction and destruction, if we discard the somewhat magic and vitalist aspects of the concepts of "life" and "death," then planets can be born and die without ever being alive.

Ever since Darwin, for the last hundred and fifty years we've been asking ourselves, in a nutshell, if we could understand living beings while dispensing with the idea of a plan and an architect. The answer seems to be that the more we give up on the notion of architect and plan, the better we understand. Now, today, there is a movement in biology that is similar to the efforts to achieve a general mathematical formulation of the rules of life. It poses the question like this: Could we understand life better if we gave up the idea that life is something radically different than matter? It's often said that if we think that human beings and trees are on the same order as planets, we won't be able to understand them or respect them. That's completely beside the point! There's no need for there to be a soul, there's no need for there to be a spark of life, there's no need for something magic to exist in order for a human being and a tree to be different – and to be considered different – than a planet and be treated differently. The big issue in biology today is: Can we do without the very concept of life, in the traditional sense? This question can be put even more radically: should we just drop it if we want to be able to really understand life? If I had to summarize my book, it deals, at the end of the day, with the construction and deconstruction of those extraordinary complex and marvellous entities we call living things. But that doesn't mean that in order to understand these phenomena, we have to attribute something radically specific and particular to the domain of life.

PP: So the title would be, “To Be and To Die, Without Ever Having Been Alive?”

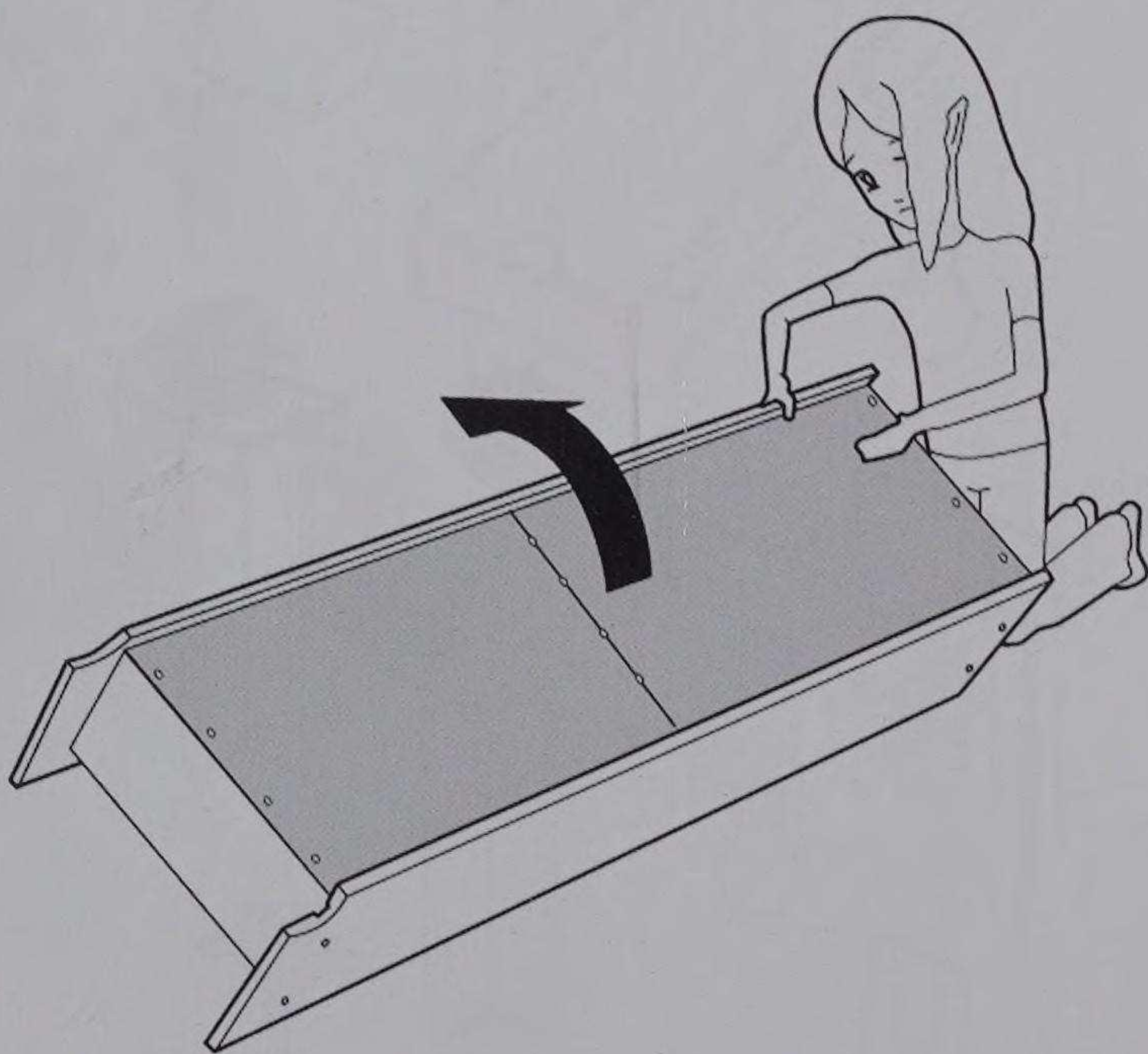
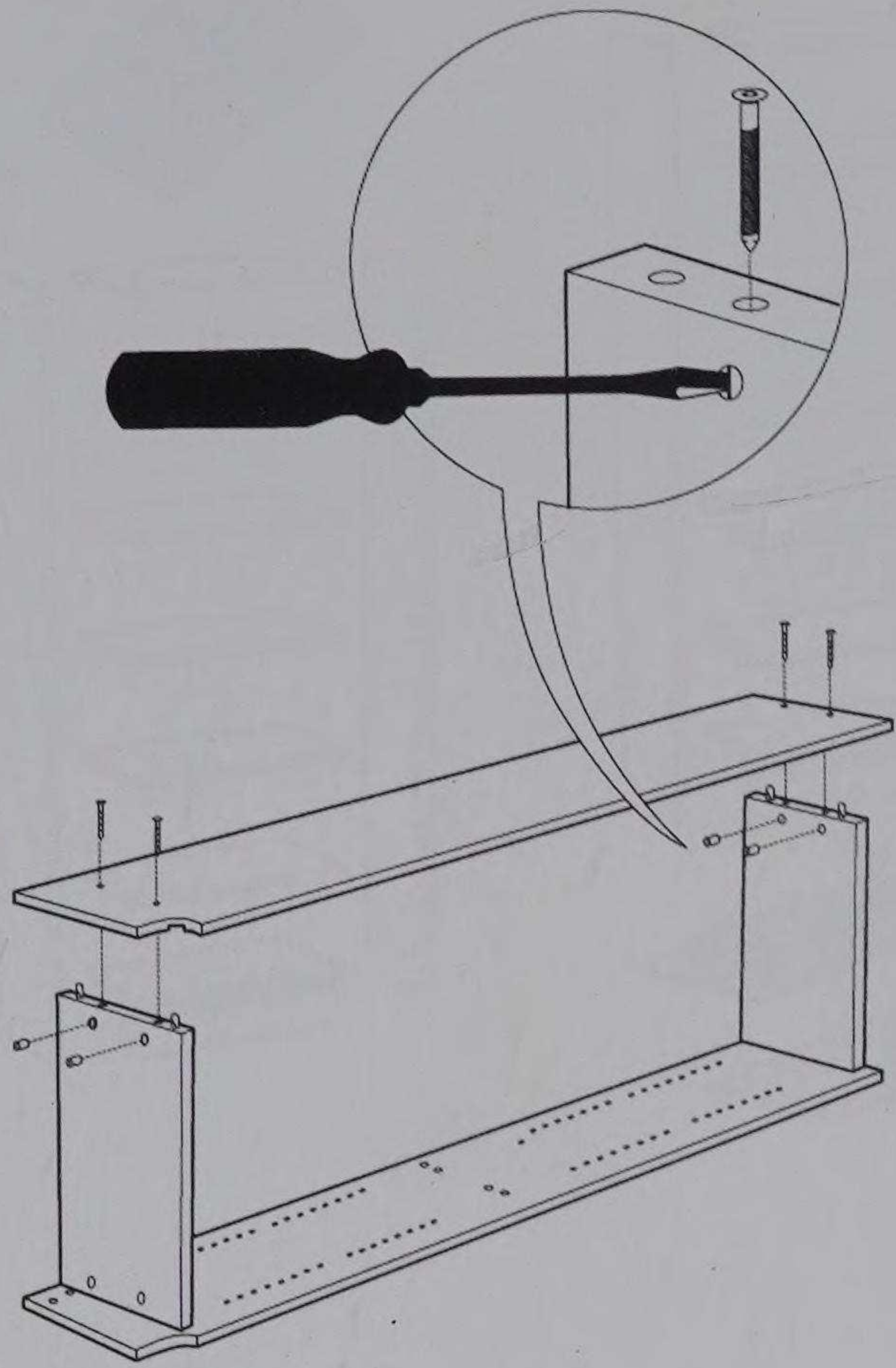
JCA: Or, as in Hamlet, “To be or not to be... nothing more... perchance to dream.”

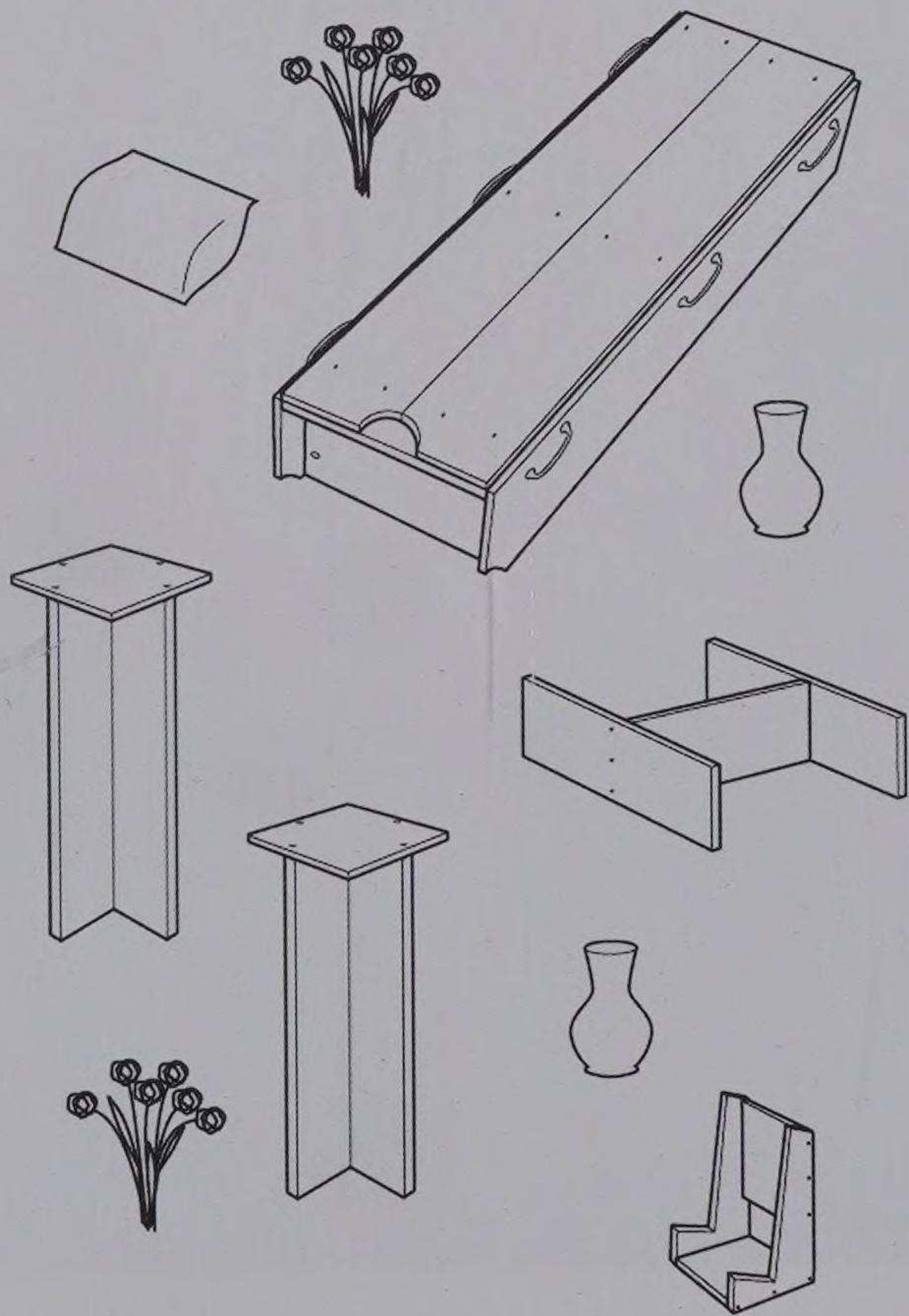
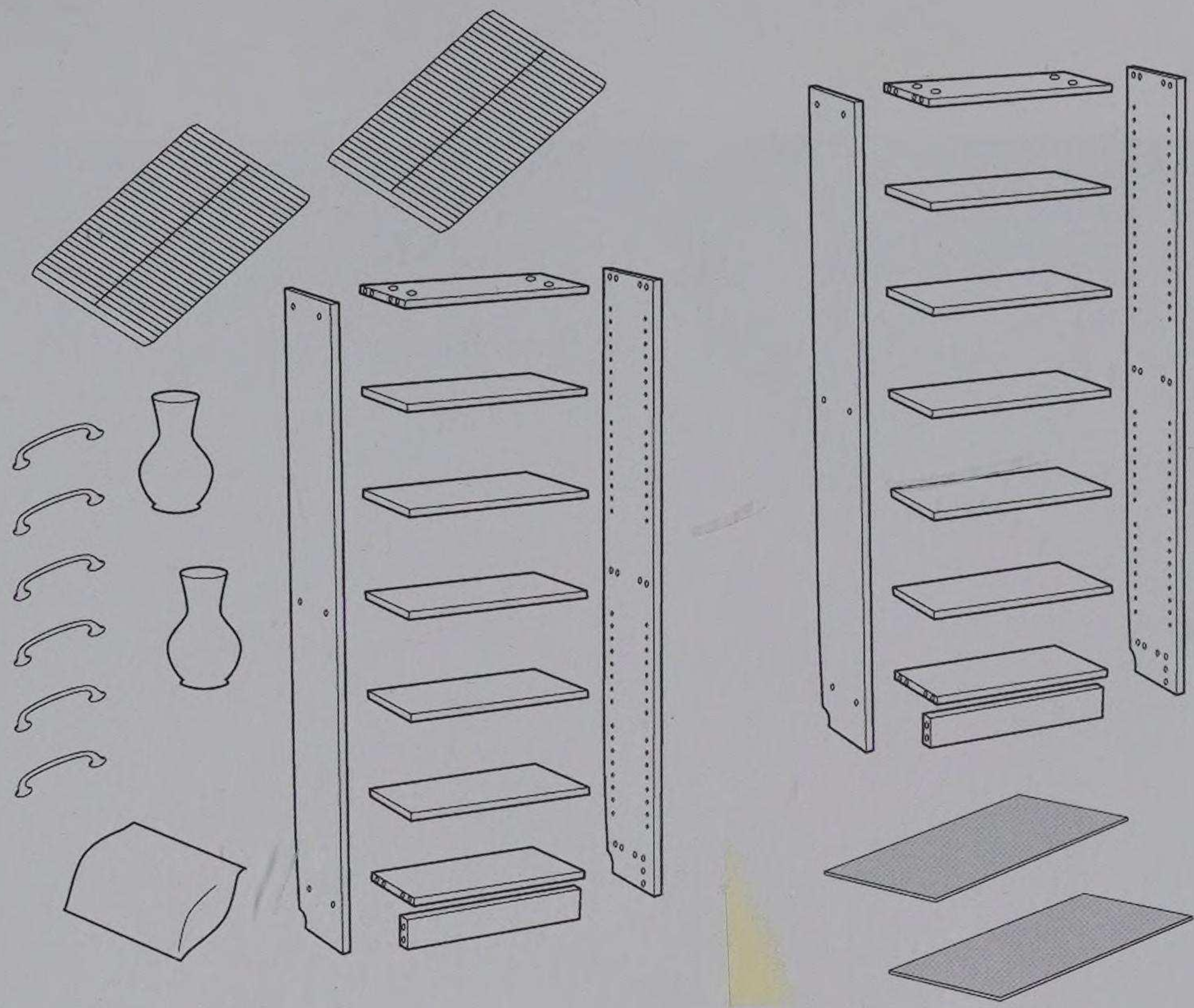
Translated by L-S Torgoff
Edited by Thomas Boutoux

JOE SCANLAN

Last Call









LUC SAUCIER
Annlee Association Articles

Recitals

In 1999, Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno acquired from 'K WORKS', a company under Japanese law, a fictional character that they called ANNLEE.

ANNLEE was taken from the cultural sector (televisual products, video games, publicity, press and publishing) in order to enable her to continue to exist independently of the sector to which she belonged and to allow her story to be told.

Since 1999, several authors have succeeded in telling this story. This collection of stories has been put together under the generic title of "No Ghost Just A Shell, *un film d'imaginaire*".

The acquisition of ANNLEE is in line with a poetic plan consisting of liberating a fictional character from the realms of representation.

To this end, Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno today wish to give up the rights that they hold to her. In order to ensure that the rights to ANNLEE belong to the company itself and do not fall into the public domain, a company has been formed today called ANNLEE.

The assignment of these rights to the ANNLEE company thus confirms this definitive freeing of the rights held by Messrs Huyghe and Parreno to ANNLEE. The Company will ensure that the ANNLEE image never reappears, with the exception of portrayals existing at the time of the publication in the Official Journal. Immediately after the publication in the Official Journal, the Company will make a symbolic payment of one euro to Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno in exchange for all the proprietary rights which they hold in respect of the character of ANNLEE.

Article 1

Procedure

The undersigned, the natural and legal persons, set up and subsequently became members of a company (hereafter 'the Company') governed by the act of 1 July 1901 and these articles of association.

Article 2

Name

The name of the company is:

ANNLEE

Article 3

Objective

The ANNLEE company provides a legal framework for the true story of a symbol that has been taken from the realms of representation; as a result, the ANNLEE Company will ensure that the image of ANNLEE never reappears.

The objective of the Company is:

- (I) to ensure that nobody uses the name or image of ANNLEE, except with the President's derogation, in any way whatsoever;
- (II) to take all necessary measures to implement the prohibition of the use of the ANNLEE image;
- (III) if the Company regards it as justified, and within the limits that it will set, to allow persons who have been authorised by Pierre Huyghe or Philippe Parreno, or both, to use the image of ANNLEE, in an artistic capacity, to preserve their rights to works that they have already completed and to allow them to exploit these rights freely;
- (IV) and generally, all commercial, financial or industrial operations, movable or immovable, intended directly or indirectly to benefit the realization of the objectives of the Company.

Article 4

Registered office

4.1 The Company's office is located at:

Association ANNLEE

C/O Luc SAUCIER

Rambaud Martel

25 boulevard de l'Amiral Bruix

75782 Paris¹ cedex 16

4.2 The Company may relocate at the discretion of the Chairman.

Article 5

Duration

The duration of the Company is unlimited.

Article 6

Composition

6.1 To become members of the Company, natural and legal persons accepted by the Chairman will have to submit a written application to the Company's office.

6.2 The number of members is unlimited.

6.3 Membership involves complete and unconditional adherence to these articles of association.

Article 7

Termination of membership

Membership of the Company is terminated:

(I) by resignation addressed to the Chairman of the Company;

(II) by the death of a member;

(III) by winding-up or liquidation if membership involves a legal person;

(IIII) in the event of an expulsion passed by a majority of the General

1. All towns and cities referred to in this document are located in France, unless stated otherwise.

Meeting in accordance with Article 10.3 of these articles of association (hereafter 'Articles of Association').

Article 8

Resources of the Company

The resources of the Company comprise:

- (I) the subsidies granted to it by the state and other public authorities;
- (II) hand-to-hand gifts;
- (III) more generally, all other resources not prohibited by law and applicable regulations.

Article 9

Management - Representation

9.1 *Chairman:*

(a) The Company is managed and represented by its chairman (the 'Chairman') for an unlimited period of time. The first Chairman is Mr. LUC SAUCIER.

(b) The Chairman is also Chairman of the General Meeting.

9.2 *Nomination and dismissal of the Chairman:*

(a) In the event of the death or resignation of the Chairman, or if he is prevented from attending, he can be replaced by a majority decision of the General Meeting, convened as soon as possible by the member taking the initiative, in accordance with Article 10.3 of the Articles of Association.

(b) The Chairman can be dismissed by a majority decision of a General Meeting, convened by the member taking the initiative, in accordance with Article 10.3 of the Articles of Association.

9.3 *Attributes and powers of the Chairman:*

(a) The Chairman ensures the day-to-day management of the Company.

(b) The Chairman is the sole representative of the Company in all transactions in civilian life and is invested with all powers to that effect.

(c) The Chairman sets up the Company accounts or instructs others to do so under his responsibility.

(d) He initiates payment and the collection of all monies. He draws up

a financial report for the Company and presents it to the annual General Meeting.

(e) The duties of the Chairman are unpaid. However, he may be reimbursed for occasional costs incurred while performing his duties, on presentation of proof.

9.4 Vice-Chairman:

(a) The Chairman may appoint a Vice-Chairman. The Chairman has the power to dismiss the Vice-Chairman.

(b) The Vice-Chairman may enjoy powers delegated by the Chairman.

Article 10

General Meetings

10.1 General regulations

(a) The General Meeting comprises all members of the Company.

(b) Each member of the Company is entitled to one vote.

(c) General Meetings are convened at the initiative of the Chairman.

Convening takes place by ordinary mail, setting out the agenda determined by the Chairman and sent to each member of the Company two weeks in advance.

(d) General Meetings are held at the office of the Company or at another location as set out in the convening notice.

(e) General Meetings are chaired by the Chairman or, if he is prevented from attending, by a person designated by the General Meeting.

(f) An attendance sheet is drawn up and signed by the members of the General Meeting that are present and certified by the chairman of the General Meeting.

(g) The resolutions of the General Meeting are recorded in minutes containing the summary of the proceedings, the text of the resolutions and the outcome of the votes. They are signed by the Chairman.

10.2 Ordinary General Meetings

(a) Ordinary General Meetings are held at least once a year, within six months of the end of the previous financial year. They can also be convened by the Chairman in exceptional cases.

(b) The Ordinary Annual General Meeting hears the reports of the Chairman regarding the management and the activities of the Company during the previous financial year.

(c) The Ordinary General Meeting adopts resolutions legitimately, irrespective of the number of members present or represented.

(d) The resolutions of the Ordinary General Meeting are adopted by a majority of the votes cast by members present or represented.

10.3 *General Meetings with a quorum and a particular majority*

(a) A General Meeting with a particular majority is only authorised to order the dissolution of the Company, rule on the transfer of its assets, decide on mergers with other companies or expel one of its members.

(b) Such a General Meeting only adopts resolutions legitimately if at least half the members of the Company are present or represented. If this quorum is not attained, the General Meeting is reconvened with the same agenda within two weeks. During this second meeting, the Meeting adopts legitimate resolutions, irrespective of the number of members present or represented.

(c) Resolutions of a General Meeting with a particular majority are adopted by a two-thirds majority of votes cast by members present or represented.

(d) General Meeting resolutions relating to the dismissal of the Chairman can only be adopted unanimously by the members.

Article 11

Amendments to the articles of association

These articles of association can only be amended with the unanimous agreement of both members of the Company, Messrs Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno.

Article 12

Rules of procedure

12.1 The Chairman may draw up rules of procedure for the approval of the General Meeting.

12.2 All letters sent by the Company or its representatives must recall the objectives of the Company in the recitals and must include the following particulars:

“The ANNLEE company provides a legal framework for the true story of a symbol that has been taken from the realms of representation; as a result, the ANNLEE Company will ensure that the image of ANNLEE never reappears.”

Article 13

Financial year

13.1 The financial year begins on 1 January and ends on 31 December of each year.

13.2 By way of exception, the first financial year begins one clear day after the publication in the Official Journal and ends on 31 December of the following year.

Drawn up in Paris on

30 September 2002

in 4 original copies

LUC SAUCIER

Assignment of Rights Contract Governing the Author Of Annlee

BETWEEN THE UNDERSIGNED:

Mr Pierre Huyghe, born on 11 September 1962, having French nationality, residing at 1 rue d'Hauteville in Paris¹ (75010), and

Mr Philippe Parreno, born on 14 September 1964, having French nationality, residing at 6 rue des Ciseaux in Paris (75006),

Hereafter referred to as the 'Artists'

ON THE ONE HAND,

AND

L'Association Annlee, located in Paris cedex 16 (75782), C/O Luc Saucier, Rambaud Martel, 25 boulevard de l'Amiral Bruix,

Hereafter referred to as the 'Company'

ON THE OTHER HAND,

The Artists and the Company are hereafter referred to jointly as the **'Parties'** and individually as a **'Party'**.

Recitals:

In 1999, Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno acquired from 'K WORKS', a company under Japanese law, a fictional character that they called ANNLEE.

ANNLEE was taken from the cultural sector (televisual products, video games, publicity, press and publishing) in order to enable her to continue to exist independently of the sector to which she belonged and to allow her story to be told.

Since 1999, several authors have succeeded in telling this story. This

1. All towns and cities referred to in this document are located in France, unless stated otherwise.

collection of stories has been put together under the generic title “No Ghost Just A Shell, *un film d’imaginaire*”.

The acquisition of ANNLEE is in line with a poetic plan consisting of liberating a fictional character from the realms of representation.

To this end, Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno today wish to give up the rights that they hold to her. In order to ensure that the rights to ANNLEE belong to the company itself and do not fall into the public domain, a company has been formed today called ANNLEE.

The assignment of these rights to the ANNLEE company thus confirms this definitive freeing of the rights held by Messrs Huyghe and Parreno to ANNLEE. The Company will ensure that the ANNLEE image never reappears, with the exception of portrayals existing at the time of the publication in the Official Journal. Immediately after the publication in the Official Journal, the Company will make a symbolic payment of one euro to Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno in exchange for all the proprietary rights which they hold in respect of the character of ANNLEE. This is the objective of this contract.

THE PARTIES AGREE AS FOLLOWS:

Article 1

Assignment

1.1 The Artists assign to the exclusive title of the Company all proprietary rights of the author and particularly reproduction, performing and adaptation rights pertaining to the character of ANNLEE, as described in Appendix 1 to this contract, in order to complete the mission entrusted to the Company arising from its objective.

1.2 The above assigning of the author’s proprietary rights applies worldwide for the duration of legal protection as determined in accordance with current and future applicable legislation in each country.

1.3 It is stipulated that the description of the assigned proprietary rights listed in Appendix 1 to this contract, which, paradoxically, constitute the operating rights, is made necessary by the applicable regulations within the scope of *Propriété Littéraire et Artistique* (copyright in literary artistic works) in order to enable the Company to pursue its objective. However, it does in no way aspire to operate ANNLEE, only to free it.

Article 2

Scope of the assignment

In so far as necessary, it is stipulated that the assignment specified in this contract will not affect previous authorisations granted by the Artists to third parties for the use of ANNLEE for their own creations, nor works created by the artists themselves before the date of the current contract.

Article 3

Effective date of the assignment

The effective date of the assignment of the proprietary rights pertaining to ANNLEE is the date of the signing of this contract.

Article 4

Effect of the assignment

As a result of the assignment stipulated in this contract and the objective of the Company, the Company becomes the Artist's beneficiary for exercising the assigned rights to ANNLEE. Consequently, the Company will have the right and the freedom to institute proceedings for all infringements or use of ANNLEE in whatever form, at its own costs, risk, peril and profit.

Article 5

Price

5.1 In return for the assignment of the author's proprietary rights of the author pertaining to ANNLEE, the Company will pay the Artists a symbolic sum of one (1) euro.

5.2 In so far as necessary, the Artists expressly recognise that proportional participation does not apply to the present assignment and the objective of the Company, within the meaning of the provisions of Article L.131-4, paragraph 2 of the intellectual property code.

Article 6

Applicable law

6.1 This contract is governed by and will be interpreted in accordance with French law.

6.2 All disputes arising from the present contract that cannot be settled amicably will be submitted to the competent court under the jurisdiction of the Court of Appeal in Paris.

Drawn up in three original copies, one copy being handed to each of the Parties, who hereby acknowledge receipt.

Mr Pierre Huyghe

in _____, date _____

Mr Philippe Parreno

in _____, date _____

On behalf of l'Association Annlee

in _____, date _____

Mr Luc Saucier

List of appendices:
Appendix 1 : Scope of the assignment

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

LIST OF WORKS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

M/M (PARIS)

Annlee: No Ghost Just a Shell

2000

4-color silkscreen

176 x 120 cm

Annlee

Original image

PIERRE HUYGHE

STEFAN KALMAR

PHILIPPE PARRENO

BEATRIX RUF

HANS ULRICH-OBRIST

Conversations

PHILIPPE PARRENO

Anywhere Out of The World

2000

Video

5.1 surround sound system

4 minutes

PIERRE HUYGHE

Two Minutes Out of Time

2000

Video

5.1 surround sound system

4 minutes

MAURIZIO LAZZARATO

Dialogism and Polyphony

2002

Maurizio Lazzarato is a philosopher

Published numerous essays including *Puissance de l'Invention*
(Edition les empêcheur de penser en rond)

DOMINIQUE GONZALEZ-FOERSTER

Annlee in Anzen Zone

2000

Video

5.1 surround sound system

4 minutes

M/M (PARIS)

Annlee in Anzen Zone

2001

4-color silkscreen

176 x 120 cm

MOLLY NESBIT

Done

2002

Molly Nesbit is an art historian

Published numerous essays including *What Was An Author*

PIERRE HUYGHE & PHILIPPE PARRENO

Skin of Light

2001

Neon

78,7 x 55,8 cm

ISRAEL ROSENFELD

Dr. Arnold T.P. West's Thoughts On the Annlee Case

2002

Israel Rosenfeld is a biologist and philosopher

Published numerous books on neuroscience including *The Invention of Memory* (Edition Basic) as well as a satirical novel called *Freud's Megalomania* (Edition Norton)

LIAM GILLICK

Annlee You Proposes

2001

Video

Stereo sound

3 x 2:58 minutes

Exhibition Views:

PIERRE HUYGHE & PHILIPPE PARRENO

Distrans Doors

2002

Wood and metal

Kusthalle Zürich

LIAM GILLICK

Annlee You Proposes

2001

Aluminium structure

Tate Gallery, London

PIERRE HUYGHE & PHILIPPE PARRENO

No Ghost Just A Shell

2002

Kusthalle Zürich

DOMINIQUE GONZALEZ-FOERSTER

Annlee in Anzen Zone

2001

Gallery Jennifer Flay, Paris

PHILIPPE PARRENO

One Thousand Pictures Falling From One Thousand Walls

2001

Mamco, Geneva

PIERRE HUYGHE, PHILIPPE PARRENO, PHILIPS CFT

Travelling Pod

2003

Van Abbe Museum, Eindhoven

PIERRE HUYGHE

Le Château de Turing

2001

Venice Biennial

PIERRE HUYGHE, PHILIPPE PARRENO, JOE SCANLAN

No Ghost Just A Shell

2002

Kusthalle Zürich

M/M (PARIS)

The m/m Wallpaper Poster 1.1 [Annlee colors: Anywhere Out of The World]

2000

4-color silkscreen

176 x 120 cm

M/M (PARIS)

The m/m Wallpaper Poster 1.3 [Annlee colors: Two Minutes Out of Time]

2000

4-color silkscreen

176 x 120 cm

MAURICE PIANZOLA

Painters and Villains

1993

Maurice Pianzola is an art historian

Published numerous essays including *Lenin en Suisse* (Edition Rousseau)

PIERRE HUYGHE

One Million Kingdoms

2001

Video

stereo sound

6 minutes

FRANÇOIS CURLET

Ecran Témoign (Witness Screen)

2002

Video

stereo sound

5 : 31 minutes

M/M (PARIS)

Annlee: Witness Screen

2002

4-color silkscreen

176 x 120 cm

PIERRE JOSEPH AND MEHDI BELHAJ-KACEM

De la ludicité (Of Lucidity)

2002

Video

Stereo sound

30 minutes

M/M (PARIS)

Annlee: Théorie du Trickster

2002

4-color silkscreen

176 x 120 cm

JAN VERWOERT

Copyright, Ghosts and Commodity Fetishism

2002

Jan Verwoert is a writer

He is a contributor for magazines such as *Frieze*

RICHARD PHILLIPS

Annlee

2002

Oil on linen

198,1 x 248,9 cm

RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA

(ghost reader C.H.)

2002

Video

Stereo sound

480 Minutes

ANNA LENA VANEY

Song For Annlee

2002

Music

Stereo sound

5 Minutes

MELIK OHANIAN

I Am Dreaming About a Reality

2002

Video

Stereo sound

2:51 minutes

LILI FLEURY

A Worm in an Apple

2002

Magazine

Edition of 1000

KATHRYN DAVIS

Annlee Darling

2002

Kathryn Davis is a writer

Published numerous novels including *The Walking Tour*

(Edition Houghton Mifflin)

HENRI BARANDE

Sublimation, o.J.

Acrylic on Linen

250 x 215 cm

ANGELA BULLOCH & IMKE WAGENER

Annlee KonnektiKit, Chiffrevue

2002

Polystyrol Styrofoam

23 x 18 x 16 cm

ANGELA BULLOCH & IMKE WAGENER

Annlee KonnektiKit, Polypop

2002

Polystyrol Styrofoam

15 x 5 x 5 cm

ANGELA BULLOCH & IMKE WAGENER

Annlee KonnektiKit, Lunaphon

2002

Polystyrol Styrofoam

23 x 8 x 18 cm

HANS ULRICH OBRIST

How Annlee Changed Its Spots

2002

Hans Ulrich Obrist is curator at the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris. In 1993 he started a series of interviews with artists, architects and scientists. A book compiled of hundreds of these interviews will be published in 2003

JEAN-CLAUDE AMEISEN

To Be or Not To Be... Nothing More... Perchance To Dream

2002

Jean-Claude Ameisen is a doctor and researcher in immunology systems. Published numerous books including *La Sculpture du Vivant. Le Suicide Cellulaire ou la Mort Créatrice* (Edition du Seuil)

JOE SCANLAN

Last Call

2002

Painting

152 x 102 cm

JOE SCANLAN

DIY or How To Kill Yourself Anywhere in the World for Under \$399

2002

23 x 15 cm, 112 pages

Edition of 2,000

JOE SCANLAN

Do It Yourself (Annlee)

2002

coffin: 180 x 70 x 25 cm

lid: 180 x 60 cm

catafalque: 60 x 64 x 25 cm

flower stands: 62 x 25 x 25 cm

LUC SAUCIER

Annlee Association Articles

Assignment of Rights Contract Governing the Author of Annlee

2002

Luc Saucier is a member of the New York and Paris Bar Associations
He is a partner at the Rambaud-Martel law firm

LIST OF EXHIBITIONS

2000

Air de Paris, Paris, France
Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris, France
Galerie für Zeitgenössische Kunst, Leipzig, Germany
Marian Goodman Gallery, Paris, France
Kunstverein Hamburg, Germany
Kunstmuseum Wolfsburg, Germany
MAMCO, Geneva, Switzerland
Galerie Jan Mot, Bruxelles, Belgium
Schipper & Krome, Berlin, Germany
Tramway, Glasgow, Scotland

2001

Les Abattoirs, Toulouse, France
Crestet Centre d'Art, Vaison la Romaine, France
Galerie Jennifer Flay, Paris, France
Frankfurter Kunstverein, Frankfurt, Germany
Friedrich Petzel Gallery, New York, USA
Generali Foundation, Vienna, Austria
Marian Goodman Gallery, New York, USA
Institute of Contemporary Art, London, GB
Institut of Visual Culture, Cambridge, GB
International Istanbul Biennial, Istanbul, Turkey
International Triennale of Contemporary Art, Yokohama, Japan
Galerie Koyanagi, Tokyo, Japan
Kunst Museum Wolfsburg, Germany
MAMCO, Geneva, Switzerland
Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen Rotterdam, Netherlands
Museum of Israel in Jerusalem, Israel
P.S.1, Long Island City, USA
Reina Sofia, Madrid, Spain

Schipper & Krome, Berlin, Germany
Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Netherlands
Tate Britain, London, GB
Tokyo Opera City Art Gallery, Tokyo, Japan
Venice Biennial, French Pavillion, Venice, Italy
The Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, USA

2002

The Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto, Canada
Biennial de Sydney, Australia
Le Blac, Bruxelles, Belgium
Galerie Marian Goodman, Paris, France
Hôtel Saint-Simon, Angoulême, France
Institute d'Art Contemporain, Villeurbanne, France
Institute of Visual Culture, Cambridge, GB
Kunsthalle, Zürich, Switzerland
Kunstverein München, Germany
Galerie Yvon Lambert, Paris, France
MAMCO, Geneva, Switzerland
Galerie Jan Mot, Bruxelles, Belgium
Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, France
Octopus, Brugge, Belgium
Friedrich Petzel Gallery, New York, USA
Printed Matter, New York, USA
SFMOMA, San Francisco, USA
Seoul Museum of Art, Korea
Le Spot, Le Havre, France
Galerie Micheline Sz wajcer, Antwerp, Belgium
The Wexner Center for the Arts, Columbus, USA

2003

Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Netherlands
Kunstwerke Berlin, Germany

PRODUCTION ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thomas Arroyo
Agnes B
Thomas Bauer
Boris Belay
Florence Bonnefous
Brigitte Brandeau
Vincent Burgstahler
Dominic Buttimore
Delphine Cadet
Sarah Canarutto
Tiago Carneiro da Cunha
Pascale Cassagnau
Freddy Chaleur
Stephanie Cohen
Olivier Dannhauer
Oliver Davis
Eric Delacour
Sarah Derry
Julia Faure
Anne de Galard
Charles de Meaux
Valerie De Palma
Babeth Derethe
Franck Doux
Sylvie Gasteau
Nicolas Gerber
Caroline Germain
Kaldi Ghali
Thierry Goduys
Olivier Gondry

Rebecca Gordon-Nesbitt
David Haguenuer
Guillaume Hellouin
Laurent Hubert
Catherine Hug
Gil James
Laurence James
Christelle Jolens
Stefan Kalmar
Lalou
Fanny Le Floch-Prigent
Lars Magnus Holmgren a.k.a. Dr Frankenskippy
Maiwen
Akiko Miyake
Franck Miyet
Marcus Moffat
Nobuo Nakamura
François Orsoni
Sophie Pellegrini
David Perreau
Pascal Pic
Manuel Polett
Michel Raimbault
Saskia Reeves
Christophe Di Sabbatino
Benoît Di Sabbatino
Jean Francois Sanz
Jeanne Marie Sens
Gareth Shanahan
Adrian Smith
Katharine Stout
Marie Thomas

Hubert Tonka
Anna Lena Vaney
Caroline Vermeulen
Emma Woodiwiss

And

La Kitchen
Love Stream
Sparx
Twisted Inc.

Produced by

Ana lena
Anna Sanders Films

In association with

Antefilms

With the support of

Ministère de la Culture et de la Communication

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly a header or title.

Second section of faint, illegible text.

Third section of faint, illegible text.

Fourth section of faint, illegible text.

Fifth section of faint, illegible text.

Sixth section of faint, illegible text.

NO GHOST JUST A SHELL

Graphic Conception

Pierre Huyghe, Philippe Parreno

Editing

Emily Mast

Design

Yolanda Huntelaar, Richard Niessen

In collaboration with Pierre Huyghe & Philippe Parreno

Cover

Secret Signs of the Villains

Ink drawing, 1517. Karlsruhe Archives.

Translations

Boris Belay

Brian Holmes

Alexandra Keens

L-S Torgoff

Alberto Toscano

Photography

Alexander Treohler

Typeface

Dolly by Underware

Paper

Maco, woodfree, double finished glossy paper, 150 gr.

Printing

Die Keure, Brugge, Belgium

Acknowledgements:

Galerie Air de Paris, Paris; Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris; Galerie Jennifer Flay, Paris; Gallery Marian Goodman, New York/ Paris; Galerie Jan Mot, Brussels; Gallery Friedrich Petzel, New York; Gallery Schipper & Krome, Berlin; Gallery Micheline Szwaijcer, Antwerp

Burt Aaron; Les Abattoirs; Bill Arning; Jan Avgikos; Elaine Berger; Barry Bonds; Lindsay Brant; Kim Caputo; Robin Cembalest; Philippe Cohen; Bob Colacello; Contemporary Art Museum Construction Kanasawa; Billy Corgan; Holland Cotter; Amada Cruz; Bice Curiger; Dimitris Daskalopoulos Collection; Amalia Dayan & Roy Brand; Marcia Eitelberg; FRAC Poitou Charentes; Bruce Hainley; Kathryn Hixon; Laura Hoffman; Gary Kornblau; Irit Mayer-Sommer; Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris; Musée d'Israël, Jérusalem; Diana Murphy; Patrick Nagel; David Pagel; Daniel Pinchbeck; David Platzker; Lyle Rexer; Cesar and Mimma Reyes; Frances Richard; Michael Ringier; Myriam and Jacques Salomon; Katy Siegel; Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York; Nancy Spector; Jerry Saltz; Lan Tuazon; Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven; Reese Witherspoon; Linda Yablonsky; Lynne Zelavansky.

Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno would like to thank Jan Debbaut and Phillip van den Bossche in particular for their support and enthusiasm.

Publishers

Van Abbemuseum
Jan Debbaut, director
Phillip van den Bossche, curator
Postbus 235
NL 5600 AE Eindhoven
T +31 (0) 40 2381000
F +31 (0) 40 2460680
www.vanabbemuseum.nl

The entire No Ghost Just A Shell project is part of the collection of the Van Abbemuseum in Eindhoven. The acquisition is a gift from the Foundation Promoters Van Abbemuseum (Stichting Promotors Van Abbemuseum) for the occasion of the opening of the new museum on January 19, 2003.

No Ghost Just A Shell

Opening exhibition ABOUT WE / OVER WIJ

19 January – August 2003

The Van Abbemuseum would like to thank all the artists and galleries involved with this project for their support in the realization of the acquisition. Renaud Sabari; the departments Philips Design and Philips CFT for the robot production: L. Geurts; J. van den Heuvel; M. Macura; L. Claassen; M. van Wijhe; T.P.H. Warmerdam; H.P. van Gijn; W. Wardenaar; C.K. van der Klooster; A. Mulder.

Institute of Visual Culture Cambridge

Stefan Kalmar, director

Fitzwilliam Museum

Trumpington Street

Cambridge CB2 1RB

T + 44 (0) 1223 350533

F + 44 (0) 1223 312188

www.instituteofvisualculture.org

No Ghost Just A Shell

8 December 2002 – 26 January 2003

Institute of Visual Culture, Cambridge would like to thank Niki Braithwaite, East England Arts; Bronac Ferran, Collaborative Arts, Arts Council of England; Ben Haywood, Marjorie Althorpe-Guyton, Visual Arts, Arts Council of England; Cambridge City Council; Isabelle Joyau, French Cultural Deligation, Cambridge; Alain Reinaudo, Association Française d' Action Artistique.

Kunsthalle Zürich
Beatrix Ruf, director
Limmatstrasse 270
CH 8005 Zürich
T + 41 (0) 1 2721515
F + 41 (0) 1 2721888
www.kunsthallezurich.ch

No Ghost Just A Shell
24 August - 27 October 2002

The Kunsthalle Zürich would like to thank Präsidentialdepartement der Stadt Zürich; Stiftung Kunsthalle Zürich; AFAA Association Francaise d'Action Artistique; Alain Sauval , L'Ambassade de France en Suisse; IAC - Institut d'Art Contemporain, Villeurbanne; Dirk Snauwaert; Vorwerk Teppiche; Daniel Boller; Martin Furler; Basil Kobert; Boris Knorpp; Marcel Koch; Davide Legittimo; André Margraitner; Alfonso Negri; Jacques Pecheur; Philippe Régnier; Vinie Teuscher; Videocompany Zofingen.

Distribution

Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther König, Köln



eastengland|arts

© 2003, Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno; artists; authors; photographers; Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven; Institute of Visual Culture Cambridge; Kunsthalle Zürich; Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther König, Köln.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publishers.

Distribution outside Europe:

D.A.P. / Distributed Art Publishers, Inc.

155 Sixth Avenue, New York, NY 10013

T 212-627-1999 F 212-627-9484

ISBN: 3-88375-664-4



Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther König, Köln