

Elena Simons
WORD BURGERBUDDY!

Lijkt het jou wat om een ambtenaar te adopteren?
Of zelfs een politicus?

In Den Haag, provincies en gemeenten zitten honderdduizenden mensen te werken voor Nederland. Ze maken het beleid voor wegen, ziekenhuizen of de sociale dienst. Ze zorgen dat het beleid wordt uitgevoerd. Of ze controleren namens de bevolking dat dit alles goed gebeurt.

Vaak wordt er geklaagd over de overheid. Politici maken slechte plannen, ambtenaren zitten alleen maar te vergaderen en weten niet van aanpakken. Naar ons luisteren ze zelden, lijkt het wel.

En wij... luisteren wij naar hen?

Wat zijn de zorgen van een ambtenaar? Waardoor raakt een minister geïnspireerd? Hoe zorgt een kamerlid dat zij weet wat er speelt?

De dames en heren die werken voor ons allemaal, verdienen steun van ons allemaal. We mogen hen weleens wat persoonlijke aandacht geven. Vragen hoe het ermee gaat, een luisterend oor bieden en zo mogelijk ergens mee van dienst zijn.

Daarom staan wij, de bewoners van Nederland, voor onze overheid klaar... als *Burgerbuddy!*

Ben je nieuwsgierig naar het werk van iemand bij de overheid? Denk je dat je met jouw ervaringen of sociale gaven een goed maatje kunt zijn voor zo iemand? Maar ben je ook bereid te leren van je ambtenaar hoe jouw ideeën een constructieve ondersteuning aan onze maatschappij kunnen vormen? Vul dan het formulier in op www.burgerbuddy.nl

Als buddy word je in contact gebracht met een ambtenaar of politicus die wel oren heeft naar een maatje. Klikt het tussen jullie, dan ga je samen afspreken op welke manier je contact wilt hebben. Maandelijks een keer afspreken, of een kijkje in elkaars leven komen nemen, of in de chatbox een babbeltje maken. Af en toe zal een begeleider vragen hoe het ermee gaat en desgewenst goede tips geven.

Burgerbuddy is een initiatief van WONDER, een gezelschap dat plezier maakt met de samenleving. www.wonder.nl

Relocated Identities *Part II*
RELOCATING PRODUCTS AND PEOPLE

Curated by *Inga Zimprich*
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Production *Andrew McKee, Mhairi Macfarlane*
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Esther Polak
MILK

A landscape hides behind each bite.

Where does our cheese come from? Artist Esther Polak looked for an answer to that question and followed the dairy line from Latvia to the Netherlands. From the cows udder in Latvia to a Dutch couples plate in Utrecht as rigamont cheese: straight through five European countries, artist Esther Polak from Amsterdam, follows the milks route, through different media such as photography, film and satellite navigation she paints a picture and draws a map. Polak gave a GPS-receiver with specially developed software to nine different ‘characters’: the Latvian farmers with their cows, the milk collector, the owner of the cheese factory, the transporters, the cheese trader, the market merchant and the consumer. The receiver registers its position every five seconds and can remember up to 10,000 positions, which can later be downloaded to a computer and together show a movement pattern, mowing the land for example. Portraits in photography and film are made of all characters that can also be seen on the website <http://www.milkproject.net>.

“This project very concretely shows the new connections that are made by trade in Europe”, says Polak, who cooperated with the Latvian artist Ieva Auzina. “It also connects to the desire of the consumer to know where their food comes from. The MILK project shows that a landscape and a way of life hide behind each bite on your plate. That is what the story of the Latvian milk collector is about”, tells Polak. “He sees that the farmers now have their own land, but no machines to farm it. As a result the open meadow landscape is roughening in fast pace.” One of the best things of the MILK project Esther Polak thinks is that the preconception about technology is broken down, often we think that technology leads to alienation, but here technology leads to connection.” Recently the MILK project was stationed at the Agrovakbeurs (an agricultural trade show) in Den Bosch.

A dairy farmer that saw the installation there, said:
“My milk is made into milk powder for baby food, and that is then transported all over the world as well.” Another dairy farmer told Polak: “I’d like to know where my milk ends up.”

[Tracy Metz, Rotterdam, 22nd December]

Latvian cow is a travelling drugstore.

Mārtiņš Ritums Treimanis, Katvari Parish Chairman and owner of the farmstead Jaundzelves created an inclusive subject for installation: art comes into farmstead, milks the cow and then carries milk to the dairy, from dairy...to Holland...and onto European tables!

Inga Šteimane:

Did you conceive Milk as an artwork?

Mārtiņš Ritums Treimanis:

At first, surely not. Although, from a philosophical viewpoint, all that exists, each individual is unique and in fact could be interpreted as an artwork. Maybe this does not apply to men, but women surely are works of art.

Two girls came to see you, and you as parish chairman agreed at once that people are involved in this venture?

Didn't you consider sending them to the neighbouring parish?

Because I’m chairman, I use every chance to popularise my parish, including the beautiful Bārda Family Museum. And now it is clear that the project was realised not just to show in pictures, how Jānis Simsons presents his inventions or pikes are fished by nets in a pond – by the way, you could do the same if you decided to settle in the countryside. Every sort of popularity is good for the parish. In addition, now we see how our milk travels abroad! And Europe sees the colour of our cattle,

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if they have tails or horns. What do milk cans and milkmaids look like, and what is the level of cleanliness? There is interest in our production in the world – it could be even greater.

*Do you perceive Milk as an artwork or in some other way?
And what is your previous experience of art?*

I have always enjoyed harmony in all kinds of art. I think that the Milk installation is original. For the most part, we imagine the artist as a bearded, rather gloomy man with a scarf around his neck, standing by the easel and painting...

Someone who has had a drop too much?

...that's right! (Laughing.) An odd person. That's why people are reserved towards artists. But here – I mean the project Milk – eyes are clear, nothing is concealed, tidied up or retouched, all is as it is in real life – cows, their dung, milk cans that were common in Europe some forty years ago and other things.

Is it possible to say that the project has helped to turn all that is good and natural in the Latvian milk into self-confidence?

Precisely!

Our cheese is exported!

Zaiga Treimane, owner of the farmstead Jaundzelves in the Katvari Parish and Chairman Martinš Ritums Treimanis' spouse, describes farmer's life as close to art's creative value.

Inga Šteimane:

Why did you agree to participate in the project Milk?

Weren't you afraid?

Zaiga Treimane:

I always experiment and accept challenges. At first I was afraid of all the premises in my house being recorded.

What do you like now, in the completed work?

Dutch ask for our cheese in the Dutch market! I thought it was not real – these talks about our cheese produced at Limbaļu piens and exported abroad. It turned out to be true, it is exported and demanded. So we could also produce more milk.

Did you get to know something more about your work?

Yes, the most important news is that cheese is being exported and demanded as well. All the time we had no real idea how it is.

Can art bring joy?

Nature is what I enjoy most. The changing beauty – in spring, summer, autumn... There is a forest close to our farm. And when I feel exhausted I get quickly to the forest. Low spirits are gone, I go home and everything is OK.

How did you perceive Milk – as art?

I was interested in what my daily routes are, how they would be shown by GPS.

Is there something to be corrected?

No! There is nothing to be added or removed. But an interesting drawing emerges.

(Interviews from Inga Šteimane, Forums, 15-22 December 2004.)

Esther Polak

Now we see how our milk travels!

MILK



Tarik Sadouma
THE LANGUAGE OF THE WORLD

I remember Tarik Sadouma showing me pictures in his wallet of the first two employees of the graphics company he started. It looked like he was going to care for them rather than opening a company, as if he had recruited family members. But what's the difference? The purpose is probably more important than the form, I think. As far as I understood, he had been working on a 3D project. It turned out to be one of those never-ending projects in someone's life, until now at least. I was impressed when I had a view of the delicacy of turning leaves falling from animated trees down to animated brick-stone ground. It seemed he wanted to drive these turning leaves, the calculation of their pirouettes, the reproduction of the real to perfection. But for what, I couldn't figure out.

Somehow I got the picture that the person I was calling is very remote, not just physically, which he obviously is, but rather remote in the sense of emancipated from the discourse on media and visual culture we are busy with here. Talking to someone who made a move for a reason. He did establish his company and does care for the 16 employees. But what's beyond that? I might be wrong and Tarik Sadouma might be wrong...

But what if, against my previous conclusions, the language in which the world articulates itself is actually 3D animation?

So, then, why did you leave the Netherlands to go to Cairo?

Well, I was brought up with the Arabic language as well as the Dutch, and Egypt has a lot of highly educated computer engineers without a job, and at the same time it has a great film-history and its advertising practice is still very young, yet not so much defined by western imagery as for example a city like Dubai. So it has a very interesting momentum for a guy like me.

The challenge was to be able to continue with my artistic research. Being here has a lot to do with means of production. In the Netherlands it would cost 15 to 20 times more to establish what I have now. I can't depend on that in the art-world. With 3D you can control time, space and sound. Of course, if you're actually able to reconstruct every daily object, a table or chair, its pattern and structure, you are naturally analyzing reality - though my work has nothing to do with realism. It's like... compare it to composing music. Somehow you have to get people to play what you imagine, you have to rehearse with people and make changes. I use this structure to make space for my creativity, that's what made me come here in the first place.

I remember something you mentioned in our last conversation that seemed really important to me, something about the Albert Hein work, that the purpose was not to make art about brands or art about Islam, but ...

The beauty about the Albert Hein project was that it just played with the cross-references the logo of the market chain already had to other signs. It always reminded me of Delft's blue porcelain patterns - it has this calligraphic element to it, like a pencil stroke. Of course I could have tried to twist the logo of Dirk van der Broek into the sign of Allah, but the Albert Hein logo had a ready familiarity with the icon. That's what made it so acceptable, also for the Islamic community. It was more about seeing a connection which was already there, than about making a new one. That's why it worked.

I see myself in the things that are so much in use around us, in the plentiful visual components around us. I'm able to recognize myself in these things, it's wonderful if you can read them and find yourself in them. Why should I search for something hidden, if I am surrounded by signs to be read? I'm a translation machine in that sense.

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What's the content you express in the medium you're working with?

Building the company is important on the one hand. I didn't build up a structure, which is an industrial process where you have the concept artist who gives orders to the people in the modeling studio. I need to keep this structure organic. I think it's more the relationship between a shop-owner and the people working in the shop. It mainly implies motivating people, communicating the ideas you have in your mind.

On the other hand, the challenge is to explore forms of meaning through 3D. Then suddenly everything is a subject. Whatever you get to work with, you add layers of meaning to it. You modify and manipulate the message.

The commercial world here is not as sophisticated as in the Netherlands, though there are the same multinational companies. But here, if Pepsi gives you an assignment, you are given full freedom and authority because people aren't that experienced with the meaning of images. We're in a position of a sort of 'cultural superiority', where we can model some of the commercial imagery that's communicated and communicating.

About the work Cultural Superiority: You said something about people in the desert, and that it would somehow deal with death?

Stefan Ruitenbeek and I went with a group of Americans to the desert. They had agreed to act as hostages and we had rehearsed a text dealing with death. In the end they die. At some point one of the girls had a splinter in her foot. The mood changed dramatically, it got pretty heavy.

To me it sounds sort of brutal. I wouldn't go on a trip into the desert with you.

No, you wouldn't. But I don't think it's brutal. It somehow became rather emotional. Somehow it's really a document of where we are right now. It's our reflection on our position in the art-world, maybe. It is direct and crystal-clear. It's a statement directed to the cultural institute we're part of, to find common ground. It's a window, through which people can see what we're doing and why we're here.

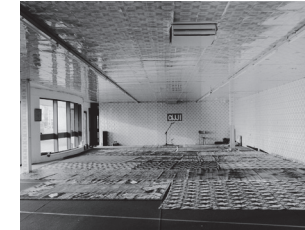
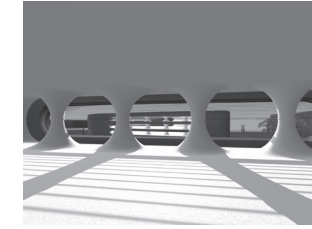
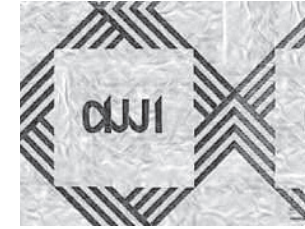
[Interview & text by Inga Zimprich]

*Tarik Sadouma and
Stefan Ruitenbeek*

CULTURAL SUPERIORITY

Video (9min 30sec)

CULTURAL SUPERIORITY, (video 9.30 min)
Tarik Sadouma and Stefan Ruitenbeek, Egypt 2005



NIKE-TOWN



ALLAH, also known as Ramadan-Project
and Albert Heijn wordt Allah,
Tarik Sadouma and Bastiaan Franken,
the Netherlands, 2003

Laura Horelli
JAPANESE ENGLISH ADVERTISEMENT SLOGANS

Cast: Tomoko Kobayashi, Manami Matsubara,
Noriyuki Tsuji, Kayo Yamamoto (AIAV, Yamaguchi)

Scene 1: Bathroom (Nori and Kayo)

N – We're alive. We're human. We're male and female. Alone, we remain alone.
We're happy together. Yes, we're. *(perfume)*

K – When all the flowers are in full bloom, bees collect govey and pollen,
dancint their bee-dance in the fields *(bath oil)*

N – We have hopes
We have dream *(slippers)*

K – Wet, keeps your life clean. *(tissues)*

N – I'd like to doll myself up to the part you are not aware of.
This is the way of my lifestyle. *(cotton swabs)*

K – Fresh feeling for your relaxed space *(toilet seat cover)*

N – There's a whole new world you had never seen
where all the guys praise your beauty to the skies
Only if you screw up your courage to step in
the brightest life there will be all yours
With relish any of your dream comes true *(stockings)*

K – All the world loves a lover. All the world loves Mandom.
Grooming the world's great lovers. Man o Man - that's Mandom. *(hair gel)*

N – Claim of wild & beautiful
Can't stand being just like other guy
Make your skin & hair beautiful *(hair gel)*

K – Our life has become rhythmical *(toilet brush)*

N – Dance Dance Dance *(shampoo)*

K – My fashion appears to shimmer in the transparent light.
Put together to perfection! *(socks)*

N – Honest cosmetics to make you forever youthful and beautiful *(moisturizer)*

K – My Dearest Partner *(hair dryer)*

Scene 2: Office (Manami, Nori, Kayo)

K – The most winners have always come from the street *(pen)*

N – The street games
A enjoy spirits is a street games.
A kickboard is a catch the public fancy.
A boarding technic is a hard.
What fun! A kickboard!
The Kickboard games *(sweater)*

M – Everything we do is a tribute to the athletes who gave birth to their sport.
To those who made it great and those who re-invent it every day. *(notebook)*

K – You can dance the dream with your body on *(note paper)*

N – How much we can think and act during a limited time when it's one day?
Being busy like forgetting a day time or looking forward to set of the sun.
Today's sky is very far, and will tomorrow be also fine? *(lunch box)*

K – It's only human nature to laugh when one is happy and cry when noe is sad.
It's not worth thinking about so deeply
Let's live life hard and fast without worrying about tomorrow. *(sticker)*

M – I can become composed, thanks to the cycle of the seasons. *(photo frame)*

K – Express your personality in a freer and more individualistic manner. *(lamp)*

N – Now we should create our recreational activities.
How shall we explore new joyful activities? *(thermos)*

M – Immeadiate communication of wisdom from mind to mind *(pencil case)*

K – Let's go on a wild hopping adventure! *(thermos)*

N – We weave threads together. A spider weaves a web. *(bag)*

M – The true genius is a mind of large general powers,
accidentally determined to some particular direction. *(notebook)*

N – C'est l'histoire d'un grand ami des enfants qui vit au pole Sud. *(pencils)*

K – This expresses our life-vision *(trash can)*

N – When you begin to do something, you have to try with all your might
even if it is impossible. If you do your best, you will succeed certainly.
The probability of success is 58 percent *(notebook)*

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Scene 3: Café (Manami and Tomoko)

τ – The fact that deep sea water is 2000 years old makes it close to the human body, while a balanced blend of minerals make it a daily essential. *[soft drink]*

♠ – Sunlight and mist turn a young leaf into tea. Tea can turn you into something new. Tea. A natural gift of love. *[tea]*

τ – Enjoy a good drink for your mind and body. *[soft drink]*

♠ – Extremely competent for healthy teeth. Try this to keep teeth in a safe state. *[chewing gum]*

τ – Beautiful things are timeless. Women throughout history have never ceased to yearn for beauty. *[cookies]*

♠ – For your Beauty Care, Health, and the Change of Pace. *[candy]*

τ – Rest your mind, warm your soul and feel the fire. *[coffee]*

♠ – World nuts *[nut assortment]*

τ – Macadamia, called “king of nuts”, is the most valuable in the world. *[chocolate]*

♠ – Born in 1969 The first in the world *[coffee]*

τ – I like singing, I like eating I like potato chips *[chips]*

♠ – Confidence of creating deliciousness. This tastiness can not be carried even by both hands. *[cake]*

τ – Cut the corner to a refreshing new urban lifestyle with the mild and refined taste of this distinguished member of the Bevel family in its distinctively stylish bevel-edged box. *[cigarettes]*

♠ – Breath Kiss contains beneficial ingredients. The polyphenol, extracted from green tea, instantly freshens bad breath caused by garlic and other spices. The garcinia helps manage your weight and maintain a slim figure. *[breath freshener]*

Scene 4: Kitchen (Manami, Nori, Tomoko, Kayo)

κ – A well-designed, comfortable home environment is increasingly in demand as the pressures of modern life accelrate. *[lunch box]*

♠ – Good Home *[water cooker]*

τ – For wealthy and healthy life *[kettle]*

♠ – The beauty of natural color and form. Keeps your healthy and beautiful for a comfortable life. *[kitchen shelf]*

τ – Healthy Food From America *[vitamins]*

♠ – Dishwashing liquid from southern island *[dishwashing liquid]*

♠ – Gently melts in your mouth like a snowflake Available only in winter *[chocolate]*

κ – Original delicious taste for your enjoyable time. *[muffins]*

♠ – It is useful efficient, and durable! NEW TAITANIC is the new face which is made with such desire. *[cooking pot]*

♠ – The best partner of your kitchen life. *[kettle]*

κ – Clean kitchen makes everyday delicious *[sponge]*

τ – Let’s enjoy cooking. *[kitchen utensil]*

♠ – Make food your produce. *[cooking pot]*

♠ – Let’s try homeparty fashionbly and have a joyful chat with nice fellow. *[drinking straws]*

♠ – The smell of toast and the sweet aromd of café au lait fill the room. Disheswith vegetables and eggs are on the table. *[cooking pot]*

τ – The goods always belong to vintage spirits. *[slippers]*

κ – We’ll advise you about your “stickiness” about your daily life. *[heat pad]*

♠ – HOUSE SPICES turn all your ordinary recipes into extraordinary dishes to impress any gourmet. *[spice assortment]*

♠ – Great nature is now calling you for refreshing. Let’s go out for bathing in the glaring sun under the blue sky. Have a pleasant meat time with your intimate friends. *[picnic box]*

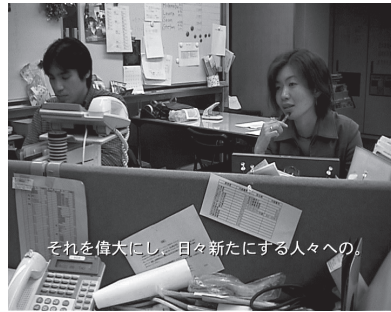
Laura Horelli

TOMOKO Healthy food from America

JAPANESE ENGLISH ADVERTISING SLOGANS



ダンス、ダンス、ダンス。



それを偉大にし、日々新たに作る人々への。



お茶はあなたを新しい何かに変えます。



あなたのキッチン・ライフの最高の相棒。



Teddy

EVERYBODY JUST THINKS THINGS

KEEP STOPPING OFF SOMEWHERE.

Everybody just *thinks* things keep stopping off somewhere. They don't. "... He shifted in his seat and took out an eye-sore of a handkerchief – a grey, wadded entity – and blew his nose." "The reason things *seem* to stop off somewhere is because that's the only way most people know how to look at things," he said. "But that doesn't mean they do." He put away his handkerchief and looked at Nicholson.

"Would you hold up your arm a second, please?" he asked.

"My arm? Why?"

"Just do it. Just do it a second."

Nicholson raised his forearm an inch or two above the level of the arm-rest. "This one?" he asked.

Teddy nodded. "What do you call that?" he asked.

"What do you mean? It's my arm. It's an *arm*."

"How do you know it is?" Teddy asked. "You know it is called an arm, but how do you know it is one? Do you have any proof it is an arm?"

Nicholson took a cigarette out of his pack, and lit it.

"I think that smacks of the worst kind of sophistry, frankly," he said, exhaling smoke. "It's an arm, for heaven's sake, because it's an arm. In the first place, it has to have a name to distinguish it from other objects.

I mean you can't simply ---"

"You're just being logical," Teddy said to him impassively.

"I'm just being what?" Nicholson asked, with a little excess of politeness.

"Logical. You're just giving me a regular, intelligent answer," Teddy said. "I was trying to help you. You asked me how I get out of the infinite dimensions when I feel like it.

I certainly don't use logic when I do it. Logic's the first thing you have to get rid of."

Nicholson removed a flake of tobacco from his tongue with his fingers.

"You know Adam?" Teddy asked him.

"Do I know who?"

"Adam. In the Bible."

Nicholson smiled. "Not personally," he said dryly.

Teddy hesitated. "don't be angry with me," he said.

"You asked me a question, and I'm ---"

"I'm not angry with you, for heaven's sake."

"Okay," Teddy said. He was sitting back in his chair, but his head was turned towards Nicholson. "You know that apple Adam ate in the Garden of Eden, referred to in the Bible?"

he asked. "You know what was in that apple? Logic. Logic and intellectual stuff. That was all that was in it. So – this is my point – what you have to do is vomit it up, then you won't have any more trouble with blocks of wood and stuff. You won't see everything stopping *off* all the time. And you'll know what your arm really is, if you're interested. Do you follow?"

"I follow you," Nicholson said, rather shortly.

"The trouble is," Teddy said, "most people don't want to see things the way they are. They don't even want to stop getting born and dying all the time. They just want new bodies all the time, instead of stopping and staying with God, where it's really nice." He reflected. "I never saw such a bunch of apple-eaters," he said. He shook his head.

Nicholson looked up at him, and sustained the look, detaining him. "What would you do if you could change the educational system?" he asked ambiguously. "Ever think about that at all?" "I really have to go," Teddy said.

"Just answer that one question," Nicholson said. "Education's

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my baby, actually -- that's what I teach. That's why I ask.”

“Well, ... I'm not too sure what I'd do,” Teddy said. “I know I'm pretty sure I wouldn't start with the things schools usually start with.” He folded his arms and reflected briefly. “I think I'd just assemble all the children together and show them how to meditate. I'd try to show them how to find out who they *are*, not just what their names are and things like that. ... I guess, even before that, I'd get them to empty out everything their parents and everybody ever told them. I mean even if their parents told them an elephant's big, I'd make them empty *that* out. An elephant's only big when it's next to something else – a dog or a lady, for example.”

Teddy thought another moment. “I wouldn't even tell them an elephant has a trunk. I might *show* them an elephant, if I had one handy, but I'd let them just walk up to the elephant not knowing anything more about it than than the elephant knew about *them*. The same thing with grass, and other things. I wouldn't even tell them grass is green. Colours are only names. I mean if you tell them grass is green, it makes them start expecting the grass to look a certain way – *your* way – instead of any other way that might be just as good, and maybe much better... I don't know. I'd make them vomit up every bit of the apple their parents and everybody made them take a bite out of.”

“There's no risk you'd be raising a little generation of ignoramuses?”

“Why? They wouldn't be any more be ignoramuses than an elephant is. Or a bird is. Or a tree is,” Teddy said.

“Just because something *is* a certain way, instead of just behaves a certain way, doesn't mean it's an ignoramus.”

“No?”

“No!” Teddy said. “Besides, if they wanted to learn all that other stuff – names and colours and things – they could do it,

if they felt like it, later on when they're older. But I'd want them to *begin* with all the real ways of looking at things, not just the way all the other apple eaters are looking at things – that's what I mean.” He came closer to Nicholson, and extended his hand down to him.

“I have to go now. Honestly. I've enjoyed ---”

“Just one second – sit down a minute,” Nicholson said.

“Ever think you might like to do something in research when you grow up? Medical research, or something of that kind?

It seems to me, with your mind, you might eventually ---”

Teddy answered, but without sitting down. “I thought about that once, a couple of years ago,” he said. “I've talked to quiet a few doctors.” He shook his head. “That wouldn't interest me very much. Doctors stay too right on the surface.

They're always talking about cells and things.”

“Oh? You don't attach any importance to cell structure?”

“Yes, sure, I do. But doctors talk about cells as if they had such limited importance all by themselves. As if they didn't really belong to the person that has them.” Teddy brushed back his hair from his forehead with one hand. “I grew my own body,” he said. “Nobody else did it for me. So if I grew it, I must have known *how* to grow it. Unconsciously, at least.

I may have lost the *conscious* knowledge of how to grow it some time in the last few hundred thousand years, but the knowledge is still *there*, because – obviously – I have used it.

... It would take quite a lot of meditation and emptying out to get the whole thing back – I mean the conscious knowledge – but you could if you wanted to. If you opened up wide enough.”

He suddenly reached down and picked up Nicholson's right hand from the arm-rest. He shook it just once, cordially, and said,

“Good-bye. I have to go.” And this time Nicholson wasn't able to detain him, he started so quickly to make his way through the aisle.

Migration at PSWAR

**EVERYBODY JUST
THINKS THINGS
KEEP STOPPING
OFF SOMEWHERE.
THEY DON'T.**

Hinrich Sachs
KAMI, COOKIE-MONSTER, BERT UND ERNIE
(ALL TOGETHER NOW)

My name's Khokha, Choochah, like in kuchen, I'm 4 years old, I loooove computers..., and I loooove jewelry for dressing up, I'd like to speak a lot of languages, and I meet my friends Filfil and Nimnim every afternoon. The name of our street is Alam Simsim. They have something like it in America, too. It's called Sesame Street. My name is Zeliboba, yeah, Zeliboba, the tree spirit from the Russian woods, and now I live in a backyard, in my little garden house in the city.

Sometimes I dream of bathing in cream on top of a cup of hot chocolate, but at the beginning I often have to carry a huge blue banner. That's 'cause someone who's called Sponsor wants me to. I've never really seen him. I'm on TV every Saturday at 9 a.m., only in Ukraine, kids have to get up an hour earlier. I also call myself Samson or Ieniemienie.

And sometimes Xiao Mei Zhi, meaning little plum. But in China, the TV-thing didn't work out.

In Israel I used to be called Dafi and played in the street with Haneen, but since 2002, my street's gone. And in Palestine, Haneen's gone too. The film is unsuitable for viewers under the age of 16.

That's why my name is now Noah. Right, like that guy with his boat during those tremendous rains and the flood. Still there is something weird about my name. The people who made me state on their website, in the terms of use, that they own my name. That they own me, just like you would a house. It's okay for you to watch me, but not to reproduce, modify, display, perform, stage or publish me. Or, even worse, to make or derive something new out of me, transfer me or turn me into cash.

But since I, Noah, have been around since biblical times, it can't be true that they own me. Your parents don't own you either! Now, here's another joke: If I dream up new

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names for myself, if I make up stories or have ideas, and I tell them to the Sesame Workshop, they go ahead and just sell them without asking me, without even giving me a few cookies.

Now listen: the joke is that I don't even care! I just tell everyone everything everywhere.

So here's my story, though it's not funny for viewers over the age of 16:

Once there was a profession. In this profession called art everyone was hard working, striving to present and propagate their original ideas. However, the profession of art differed from other professional fields, like biological science, social science or law, in its remarkable set of parameters determining the value, the meaning of such cultural production:

Namely by evaluating not only the product but also its architect. Not anonymous ideas, but only ideas ascribed to an author qualified to receive attention and acclaim. Often a public appearance by the author took place instead of a first verbal contextualization. Still it could never be omitted completely:

in order to acknowledge authorship, the cultural product was described, accompanied and translated by words, repeated, so to speak.

How hard it is to play my game,
for Coe Kie Monsta is my name.

Krümel.

Crumb.

Kami from Takalani Sesame, unsuitable for over the age 16.

I'm produced for radio and TV by Kwasukasukela, South Africa, and I've been on air since July 2000.

I'm a little shy, but I looove nature and all that's beautiful.

Unfortunately I've got AIDS. I'm already five.

My friend Zuzu always imitates scenes from TV or the movies. Sometimes she plays director, then we're called Inga, and Zahdah, and Koen. And Jan Peter.

This script was originally recorded for: *flashforward*, a film by Eran Schaerf and Eva Meyer.
KAMI, COOKIE-MONSTER, BERT UND ERNIE (ALL TOGETHER NOW) was produced in 2004 by Marres, Maastricht

**In Israel I played
in the street with
Haneen, but since
2002 my street's
gone. And in Pales-
tine Haneen's gone
too.**

*Kami, Cookie-monster,
Bert und Ernie
(all together now)*

André Platteel
MARGETING: FROM CONCEPTS TO AFFECTS

In Mark Z. Danielewski's literary work *The House of Leaves* (2001), a young family moves into a house. As soon as they do so, they realize there is something weird about it. Inside it is bigger than it looks from the outside – much bigger. Every attempt to find an explanation for this fails. As soon as any member of the family thinks he or she has a clear picture of the shape and structure of the house, everything changes. Whole new rooms and corridors appear, and growling can be heard.

Details of the mystery are recorded in the copious notes kept by an old man called Zampanò, who has just died. A character called Johnny Truant collects the notes from the old man's home and discovers that Zampanò devoted a good deal of his life to the mystery of the changing house. The notes are in turn based on a videotape about the house called *The Navidson Record*. The tape contains pictures of the family and their experiences in their constantly shifting environment. Truant decides to investigate further, and shares his chilling discoveries with the reader. As he collates Zampanò's notes, which are written on scraps of paper, envelopes or even the backs of postage stamps, Truant is gripped by the disturbing feeling that he will never be able to unravel the mystery.

The House of Leaves reads like a documentary, a historical account in which Danielewski analyses Truant's analyses. The reader interprets the book as the writer's interpretation of Truant's interpretations of Zampanò's interpretations – which are an interpretation of *The Navidson Record*, which in turn is an interpretation of the events surrounding the family in the strange house. All these successive interpretations bring the house to life, as it were.

What is Danielewski trying to tell us? Is the house's dynamic structure a metaphor for the infinity of language, in which there are no limits to interpretation? The fact that the inside of the House of Leaves is bigger than the outside may symbolize the scale of objects and experiences as we ourselves perceive them. If we look at a house, we see it differently from other people. The many different perspectives on the house and the various people's different contexts and experiences make the house bigger than the reader can grasp. Something always eludes him. The house evades his definitions, escapes from frameworks, is constantly shifting. Danielewski helps the reader feel that fixed frameworks and definitions spring leaks and cannot possibly do justice to our multicoloured, ever-changing experience. Reality keeps showing us a different face.

Marketing has long ceased to concern itself solely with commodities and brands. Thinking in terms of 'marketing concepts' has penetrated almost every sector of society – not only the economy, but also politics, the media and the arts. Everything has become a product. The language that marketing now speaks is trapped within the structure of the narratives it generates. Experiences and objects are offered to the consumer in unambiguous, immutable descriptions. Brands and consumers are captured in strict definitions and reduced to static concepts. The idiom of marketing is part of an age-old tradition in which institutions present their ideologies to us in unambiguous, predictable, manageable units in order to impose them on us as consumable items.

Yet consumers no longer believe in unambiguous brand promises. They no longer wish to identify with brand values they can add nothing to. They no longer want to be reduced to consumption machines that are only allowed to absorb predigested experiences. Brand ideologies into which 'the consumer' is supposed to fit

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are being undermined by a combination of inability and disbelief. The seduction mechanisms that are supposed to sell strictly defined concepts have stopped working. Order, unambiguousness and faith in predictability and manageability are coming under pressure. For centuries we have attempted to control the dynamics of the chaotic with the help of clear, easy-to-monitor, strictly defined rules. Now we find that such concepts are springing leaks. Culture is movement.

Marketing has become the language of culture *par excellence*. It is present everywhere, in huge quantities. As a result, consumption has long ceased to be a purely recreational activity. It is helping to determine our picture of the world and ourselves. However, this does not lead to hedonism, in which we all surround ourselves with banal commodities – that is an outdated cliché. Instead, consumption has developed into a social activity, a means of expressing feelings and opinions. In buying and using things, people connect with each other and the world and give expression to their desires. While not condemning this, **margeting** notes that the structure of the present-day marketing narrative increasingly often ignores the consumer and instead focuses entirely on itself.

In its pursuit of perfection, the brand presents itself as a beacon in a utopian reality which people may enter by consuming things. Brand managers inflate their ‘compositions’ to unprecedented proportions and try to persuade us they are of vital importance. The brand becomes the road to a better life. A whole world of feelings is opened up, backed by a wide range of products and services. The brand penetrates deep below the skin, cleanses our thoughts and marks out social territories. Consumers who do not take part in the brand system become outcasts. The brand becomes a symbol of a new ideology that gives our lives content, colour and protection.

The similarities to religion are obvious. The Catholic model of the saint, the image and the believer can be transposed to marketing. Pictures of brands are like devotional pictures that stare out at people from billboards along the motorway, reassuring them and drugging them like opium. Their intended purpose is quite simply consumption, and they can be replaced at any moment by different pictures that summon up new desires and promise to satisfy them. In its efforts to ensure that production keeps increasing, marketing has lost touch with consumers’ desires. Marketing itself has become the product *and* the medium *and* the message. Brand managers no longer target consumers, but produce instruments that can be used to enhance the meta-notion of the brand – the concept that will persuade consumers to consume. This ‘autonomy’ has turned marketing into a machine that generates consumer desires. Yet this process is not going entirely according to plan. The machine is starting to break down. There is growing irritation at the all-pervading presence of brands and the way they attempt to shape and manipulate social behaviour. Advertisements are becoming enmeshed in their own desires and are no longer able to affect consumers. Unambiguous promises have lost their appeal and no longer spur people to action, for they fail to do justice to the multi-coloured quality of individual interpretation. All marketing can now ultimately generate is a culture dominated by radical mediocrity.

André Platteel, cultural theorist, founded the interdisciplinary think-tank Somanydynamos and is the author of culture-critical books such as Symbol Soup and Margeting – inventing a different marketing language

In Relocated Identities Part II – Relocating Products and People, André Platteel gives the lecture From Communication to Creation on Sunday 3rd July.

André Platteel

IT’S NOT ABOUT SHAPING IDENTITY, BUT ESCAPING IT.

From communication to creation

where
wants to go
must

All
do
just

it

where



Victoria Carolan
WATER BY WATER

The international shipping industry is responsible for the carriage of 90% of world trade. This amounts to 6.2 billion tons of cargo. 71% of the surface of the globe is water.

As ships have got larger ports have increasingly been moved to the edges of cities rather than at their centre. Working ports are no longer densely populated with bustling crowds. Unloading performed by machines and even the largest bulk carriers and container vessels have crews as minimal as four people.

We are no longer the witnesses to these moments of exchange.

There is one man who hopes to help deliver world peace by the import and export of water. Terry Spragg, a Californian entrepreneur developed the 'Spragg' bag, a giant ocean-going sack 25 foot in diameter, 230-ft. long, with a capacity of 770,000 gallons – that can be towed to water-poor nations.

Spragg is trying to persuade the White House to make a Middle East peace deal by sending 20 or 30 Spragg bags filled with fresh water from Turkey to Palestinians and Israelis.

Just 2.5 percent of the world's water is fresh, and that is constantly under threat by waterborne diseases, pollution and shifts in weather conditions due to global warming.

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The idea of transporting water by sea is not new. In the 1830's ice became a very lucrative export. American ice was regularly delivered to such ports as Rio de Janeiro, Bombay and Madras. Ice from Norway served Europe. It was then delivered to hospitals, private houses and ice-cream makers.

Some now believe that the next cartel will be a group of water-exporting countries. "Not too far in the future, we're going to see a move to surround and commodify the world's fresh water. Just as they've divvied up the world's oil, in the coming century's there's going to be a grab." *Maude Barlow*

"Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."
Coleridge

Victoria Carolan will give the lecture WATER BY WATER on Sunday the 3rd of July in the lecture program.



Victoria Carolan

WATER BY WATER

The Californian entrepreneur is trying to persuade the White House to broker a Middle East peace deal by first filling 20 or 30 *Spragg bags* with fresh water in Turkey and floating them to Palestinians and Israelis. He claims the cost to transport them a few hundred miles would be less than a penny a gallon.

Frozen Blood: Transporting Water, Ice and Bodies

Thomas Hauschild
A SHORT CULTURAL HISTORY OF PUKING

I couldn't eat as much as I could puke.
Max Liebermann on the day the Nazis took power.

TWO STUPIDITIES

“The self-deception of nations ... consists in that they are so dumb as to believe ... their history may be traced back to the beginning of the world... This self deception of nations we could place alongside the self deception of the educated, who wish that all their knowledge might be as old as the world.”

250 years ago Giambattista Vico wrote this in the *New Science*. In a fairly refined way, the Neapolitan philosopher and anthropologist seeks in self-deception the origin both of the universally human and of ethnic or national cultures. He purposefully identifies the educated as the bearers of the greatest stupidity. But with all respect to this first modernist and postmodernist, today, in the age of the decline of nations, we have to make clear that the self-deception of traditionalists frequently exists alongside a contrary self-deception – namely, the idea that what we are presently occupied with is brand new, hitherto unheard and unseen. Both the modernist excitement and the traditionalist placation appear to be as old as the (human) world. Time and time again there are two methods of being dumb. Time and time again we fall for one of the two partial truths. This can even happen to a person as clever and as considerate of the balancing out of the knowledge of millennia as Peter Sloterdijk. In a footnote at the most sensitive point in his *Regeln für den Menschenpark (Rules for the Human Park)* – that writing in which he wishes to restore the traditional and manageable to gene technology – he lapses into empty theses about the waves of violence invading schools at that moment around the entire western world. It is the same page on which our philosopher, in defiance of his very

balanced and clarified argument, suddenly says that we must have already succeeded in the techniques of self-breeding. With that he lapses into the success-oriented language of the techniques and technicians he wishes to commentate. Sloterdijk appears to not want to remember the brawls of his own student years, that time when he was bred and perhaps also beaten—the weirdoes sometimes delivered to slaphappy teachers, the Torless-like sadism among classmates, the ubiquitous violence in certain households—and yet even so a proper philosophy professor came out of it all, albeit with a tiny grudge when it comes to issues of violence and modernity.

Today the modernist method prevails once again; we believe that cell phones, stock exchanges, pornos and capitalism will totally change the world and man. In fact the old world of the agrarian peoples appears to have finally come to an end, and even the proletariat seems to have disappeared. But we still cannot foresee if much will later return on a new level. It is the hour of anthropology and self-analysis in relation to the singular other that modern man has at his disposal. Our traditionalist counterparts are those people who do not define themselves through cell phones, blocks of shares, etc. What do we still have in common with them? If we do not want to switch to completely fictional counterparts such as God, UFOs, robots and clones, we must look these other people in the eyes and ask.

In these ‘other’ societies of farmers, cattle breeders, hunters and gatherers, is the opposition between modernists and traditionalists also present and been dealt with culturally? This seems to be the case, because the young people and women there often seem to be more open to global culture – if they are not drawn by charismatic traditionalist leaders into the insurrection against strangers. Indeed beneath the mask of humanitarianism, the traditionalist prophets and resistance

fighters wear the very same visage of raw power—as the French anthropologist Pierre Clastres once pointedly remarked apropos his study of the prophets of the Guayaki Indians. Even pure traditionalists change the character of the society, introducing completely new forms of domination. One could make a long list of such paradoxical movements, from Vercingetorix to Shaka Zulu to Yomo Kenyatta and Adolf Hitler. Yet even on a much less dramatic level, the opposition between excitement/new and placation/old also reproduces itself within traditional societies. We could even get rid of the disjunction between ‘traditional’ and ‘modern’ based on these similarities, if it were not so ridiculous, because the difference in market development and in technology would be blurred in a deceptive way, promoting the seeming equality of all cultures. Time and time again, there are people who must be prompted and agitated due to their lazy-assness, and others who must be brought back down to earth because they become agitated by absolutely everything. And time and time again people tend to project these oppositions onto the observation of human societies, to construe them as differences between cultures or civilizations.

The ethnologists and sociologists above all others have repeatedly played up the opposition between the supposedly cold societies of the past and the oh-so-hot and quickly developing modern man. Claude Lévi-Strauss could therefore rely on an observation we have all made – and will continue to make as long as there are Amazon Indians and Mexican farmers and petit bourgeois German retirees with outdated views – that the everyday lives of a high-tech military, a fashion designer in Milan, a stockbroker in New York or a Daimler worker differ considerably from the existences of the retiree, Indian, etc. who are protected or otherwise socially embedded in nature or through the state. But how far does this difference extend? The high-tech soldier has a vegetable

garden at home, which he cares for in the fashion of his grandfather without knowing why; the fashion designer lays out the Tarot cards by candlelight in the evening; and the Mexican Indian leader Subcommandante Marcos makes use of a satellite cell phone and so on and so forth. Common to them all is the fact that they all react bodily to events, that they equally experience depressions, relapses, and breakdowns, and the rapid concentration and accumulation of capitalism. It is therefore conspicuous how much the description and the experience of capitalism are assigned old fashioned corporal symbols; in using them, we could repeatedly ask ourselves whether here symbol is still the correct concept at all, whether between capitalism and depression – or between individual and society, if we want to speak again in terms of the eternal human—it does not simply behave that way, but is that way.

CAPITALISM, BODY AND DEPRESSION

It is remarkable that the words we use to denote important processes in the organism of economic life often go back to the concepts we use to describe processes in our body or in other creatures. An economy can sicken, weaken, waste away, or flourish. By ‘capitalism,’ one refers to the accretion of money and industrially produced goods and valuables, both kept constantly within the current of exchange. It can arrive thereby at inflation or deflation – the value of money can be blown up or gouged out. Whoever has bad luck can fall into depression, get into a slump. In an Italian comic, one homeless person asks another, “why are you so down?” and the bum, crouching on the sidewalk with his hat in front of him, answers: “The business with the stock prices has pulled me pretty down.” Italy is the country where, in order to console oneself, one stuffs oneself with a sweet called tiramisù – literally ‘pull me up.’ Perhaps the correlations between stuffing oneself and depressive refusal, pumping up of the economy and the puking out of the other in a migraine attack are

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Thomas Hauschild

A SHORT CULTURAL HISTORY OF PUKING

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much closer than we imagine? In a recent poll in *Die Zeit*, celebrities tell whether they entered into the Internet stock market and describe how they did so. Of course almost all of them did, but since they all wanted to concentrate on what made them famous – playing Tennis, writing books, etc. – they left it in the hands of middlemen; if not, they would have gotten too worked up, it would have taken them over physically. To get back in shape after the depression we must tighten our belts, meaning that capital and energy must be compressed, accrued and transferred until the economy booms again. Newly accumulated stocks are issued¹ – that is also a word for puking; previously inviolable corporate bodies or industrial bodies of public and mercantile law are disposed of like a protuberance from the body interior.

At the time of my ethnological fieldwork in rural, catholic Southern Italy, shamanic, alchemical, witching and Catholic methods of orchestrating individual bodies to be in harmony with the entire society were still clearly observable. Our society’s period afflictions – depression, anorexia and migraines – form the center of a medical historically verifiable complex of corporal techniques that stretches back at least to the middle ages and in part, to antiquity. Here I am citing passages from my book, *Die Magie der Muetter [The Magic of the Mothers]*, that should appear in 2001 from Klett-Cotta in Stuttgart, as well as from *Der Heilige der schlaegt [The Saint who Hits]*, a parallel study on Catholicism. The groundwork for these books I collected during a long period of field study from 1982 to 1984 and during countless later trips to Basilicata, also known as Lucania, a small province in the center of lower Italy. My studies revolve around the physiology, sociology, and politics of the cult of Saint Donatus, patron saint of epileptics and local saint of Ripacandida, where I mainly did my fieldwork. I also gathered much material from the practices of various magicians, whose work I was allowed and

required to assist, to the amusement and pride of all involved; Thomas, our professor here, cannot oppose the view that spirits actually exist – isn’t that true, Thomas? I was caught up in these things and experienced much through them. It is not about people who we can relegate to the past, but rather about contemporaries who simply spend their evenings a bit differently than we do. If I think longer about their practices with magic potions, bitter herbs and bitter liqueurs, I eventually come back to our favorite modern and postmodern drink produced from herbal extracts and secret recipes: Coca-Cola.

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AN ARCHAIC PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE AND NATURE’S BLUES BUSTER

The bitter St. John’s wort was important for the bewitched. This globally spread medicinal plant works in ways that recall the Lucanian teachings on saliva, skin and spirits. Oil from St. John’s wort causes salivation and is supposed to heal burns as well as sunburns and other marks on the skin. In Germany today, one takes Viviplus, an extraction from the blossoms and leaves of this multifaceted plant, for all kinds of afflictions with no bodily causes: chronic indecision, stuffiness, ...fatigue, sexual dysfunctions... and nervous uneasiness – all of which afflicted the bewitched of Southern Italy. In an American advice book for the depressed, they call St. John’s wort ‘Nature’s Blues Buster’ and compare it to Valium and Prozac. Many magicians sell or give away medicinal herbs to their customers. I neglected that for a long time. I considered the herbal side of healing to be a façade behind which the struggle for souls of the bewitchment is played out. They tried to explain it to me, but I did not listen. The herb cleanses; in the end, it is simply a case of envy. I do not give antibiotics; I give bitter herbs... and take nothing in return. For Vito, the treatment of the bewitched with teas made from bitter herbs and the treatment of young drug

addicts with extracts of ivy and poppy were, as a matter of course, parallel to magical applications. They also used an abundance of further bitter herbs: rosemary, oak, and especially hollyhock – which was good for everything because it tasted so bitter. For Vito and his colleagues there is no clear line of separation between the chemically verifiable effects of the herbs and – from our point of view – the purely mental effects of prayer and magical acts. The technical thinking – the enlightenment – separated nature from spirit; magic remains as the product of the fissure. Neither a modern natural scientist nor a modern psychologist can understand it.

Recipes for love potions which one may secretly mix into food or drink have been handed down from the pan-European magical/medicinal literature of the 16th and 17th centuries. One author prescribes drinking warm horse piss. One must cast out the spell with the help of bitter and tanning agents which stimulate salivation – if not there is the threat of looniness and of great fear. Often the bitter herbs are mixed with sugar into a syrup so that they can be swallowed at all. For this reason, the ancient Romans mixed wormwood and honey to make a medicinal drink. In the world of bitter poverty and drooling starvation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there were a ton of such prescriptions. It doesn’t make much difference whether they are prepared with sugar or with alcohol. Many of our present liqueurs are late, watered-down forms of the old puking stimulants or drinks to induce vomiting used at one time to drive the devil from the body. In his tractate *‘Über die magischen Krankheiten...und die Hexe vom Nußbaum in Benevent’[Concerning the Magical Illnesses...and the Witches of the Walnut Tree in Benevento]* published in 1635, the Beneventan doctor Pietro Piperno describes in detail how one cures the detrimental effects of witchcraft through the use of emetics. If anything, Piperno regarded himself as especially competent

in these questions because he came from a legendary place of witches – Benevento is the Brocken or Blocksberg² of the Italians and lies less than 60 kilometers from my Ripacandida. Against witchcraft, Piperno recommended a mixture of hellebore, nux vomica, St. John’s wort and many other plants that contain bitter agents. Perhaps the famous walnut tree of Benevento, beneath which the witches supposedly gathered, was just such a producer of bitter agents and tannins, for they are richly available in the leaves and nuts of the walnut tree. The Christian-alchemical medicine of that time was exceedingly inventive when it came to finding substances to make people vomit. At the center of their efforts was the attempt to liberate the flesh from corporal and spiritual impurities, from the detriments evoked by gaze, kiss, floret, fruits or other edible things – as the great Southern Italian Renaissance philosopher Tommaso Campanella once noted.

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COCA-COLA BENEATH THE WALNUT TREE OF BENEVENTO
“Pale of face... the eyes darkened, some have a constant headache, others have a frog in the throat, others have stomach pains... Some bewitched have faces as dark as cedar, a forced stare; all their flesh is bound and their fluids are dried up... Some... fancy that they have a morsel stuck in their gorge or a lump wandering up and down there, or the strength of blood is blocked for them from procreation. Still others experience a disturbance of the stomach, so that they expel through vomiting all the nourishment they receive. An extremely, icy wind blows through the entire bodies of others, at times a fiery flame.” Thus the Italian Florian Canale described the bewitched at the beginning of the 17th century. Compare his description to the applications of Viviplus, the extract of St. John’s wort, which nowadays the young people of the techno generation in Germany so happily pop into their mouths each morning in order to free themselves from the excitements of their nightly trance dancing.

Thomas Hauschild

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Yet in the 17th century there was a range of further bodily states that would have been most likely rather strange to these young Germans. Among Canale's bewitched, one must also include those suffering from malaria, with their darkened complexions, or even those poor people who were slugged in the stomach and had their heads turned by an edible thing, an uninhibited glance or a wrong kiss. Malaria is the model for all the other evil winds blowing from the realm of the dead and it is the gage for assessing sinful living. The Southern Italian doctor Piperno recommended his vomiting cure as a remedy especially for the poor. In this era one set before the eyes of those drooling from hunger and babbling nonsense a fabulous world of medicinal herbs and grasses, nutriments and remedies free of charge, with which they were supposed to calm their appetites. There was neither money nor wheat for the poor. At the same time, the wealthy had their medications immersed in syrups, and experimented with magical-medicinal munchies for the prolongation of their lives.

Over the passing of centuries, emetics developed into the delicacy of the liqueur—but a bitter aftertaste remains. In the age of the industrialized food production, sugar and alcohol are no longer precious objects. Yet excessive indulgence in alcohol still has the same well-known effect. The word liqueur derives from *liquirizia*, 'the sweet root,' but often enough it is bitter roots and leaves that are processed into what we have grown accustomed to calling a liqueur, Italian bitters or amaro. The walnut tree of Benevento is used to advertise one of the bestselling herbal liqueurs from Italy, the shimmering, yellow Strega di Benevento. The manufacturer sponsors the most important Italian literature prize, Premio Strega. Strega means 'witch.' A lesser known amaro, the pitch-black Argentarium, advertises itself with reference to the time when spells and herbs coexisted on equal footing in the medicines of the monks: *Herbis et non verbis* – not through words, but through herbs shall you become healthy.

Standing in bars, people hastily partake of their amaros or the bitter Campari, or even the German Jägermeister. It isn't meant to be a pleasure; instead, like the coffee administered in similarly medicinal dosages, the small glass is meant to cleanse the body. That is why, to the dismay of German tourists, often in Italian bars one cannot even take a seat. Real eating and drinking happen at home; in the bar it is about taking medication intended to get one through the afternoon. The recipes are just as secret as spells protecting against the evil eye.

Five times a year, members of the Underberg family meet in order to create according to a secret recipe the decoction for their bitter liqueur, which will then be sold throughout the world. Remarkably the recipe is still kept in a monastery, and a monk is present when they heat the cauldron. Fernet Branca is perhaps the bitterest of all bitters; it is said that it has magical powers. Neither Vito nor other magicians would ever have dared to go so far in their self-promotions. "It's magic!" was also the slogan for Coca-Cola, the highest selling thirst-quencher in the world, invented by an American pharmacist who experimented with the black-colored extracts of bitter herbs. The original Coca-Cola was meant to serve as an appetite stimulant, setting stomach acids in motion. The recipe is secret to this day. What was once the bitter catalyst for puking therapy for depression, anorexia and migraines triggered by the evil eye, continues to act today inside bodies both steeled through exercise and gluttonous, which here and there get the urge to bring their fluids into a new equilibrium so that they can be 'cool' again, or cooled down, as the Southern Italian magicians call it when they describe how the hot, fun-loving vital spirits finally depart from the afflicted body of their pale victim and remove their red marks from his skin.

BITTER TRUTHS, EVIL BIOLOGY
The incitement and appeasement between tradition and progress, depression and jitteriness is not only the object of the self-deception of the educated in Europe, but also a magical practice among peasants and retirees in a small town in Southern Italy. There one calls people bewitched who are either bored to death with always the same thing, are scared stiff before the abyss of provincial spiritual life or else are excited by the new things that have entered their lives with witchcraft. The physiological activity could always be the same, whether we are speaking about witchcraft or about the depression of someone who lost out in the reunification of Germany, about the endogenous depression of a genetically predisposed person, or about the difficulties of a power-hungry middle European who at one point breaks down into depression and has a heart attack. Is there a universal bodily mechanism for this state that is activated in ever new culturally determined practices and experiences? In the decade of biology, which supposedly follows the uptight decade of sociology and the strange decade of the postmodern, biological arguments are still not especially in style among the educated—except of course, if it is a question of their own propagation in their second or third marriage or whatnot, then suddenly they all talk like Darwinists. The political exaggerations of behavioral scientists and socio-biologists from the 70s and 80s are at fault for these views. But the body is still there, always tearing new holes in the everyday ideology of the social studies teacher and anthropologically-interested historian, sociologist, comparative literature scholar and other so-called experts of an interdisciplinarity whose outcomes always seem certain before they really get started: Sunday talks about the infinite malleability of human nature through material circumstances, social structures or the disconcerting modernity and ever more modern technology... and new positions for the neophyte of this intellectual cult of minds and thinking machines in

specializations without end. Michel Foucault would have experienced this as an old man, and he would have died laughing at it all. In any case, his last writings were again earnestly about the *physis* of the human, about the body.

In the Lucanian magic one can still today observe an existential—reduced to the fundamental—form of vivacity and small deaths. The tradition is still alive even though people are no longer reduced to nothing by starvation, malaria and bestial degradation through a barbaric working life; thus, as Ernesto de Martino, my predecessor as ethnologist in the Lucanian field, already observed, the lamentation of the dead takes on extreme forms especially within the lower social classes. In its most radical form, it exhibits the characteristic opposition of absence and convulsive discharge. The individual consciousness grows dormant, and the spiritual energy is discharged through the convulsions as pure, mechanical energy. If one removes such highfalutin' terms like atom or logic from the philosophical writings of the ancient Greeks, then what remains is a lesson in life. It builds on the opposition between pulsating vitality and the terrifying dryness of death, as is shown by the works of the British Cultural historian Richard Broxton Onians. It is a question of the primary opposition of life, as Wilhelm Reich called it. A taut muscle secretes moisture, relaxation provides for the absorption of liquid. If the muscle pulsates freely, then moisture and dryness are level, but through continuous tension, life withers. Death is a convulsion. Biological experiments on the emergence of life speak a clear language. In a broiling, quivering primordial soup of inorganic minerals, pulsating pieces can form – early forms of what make up humans. Indeed unlike the microorganisms, we have the possibility to influence instinctive procedures and bodily processes with the will.

Thomas Hauschild

A SHORT CULTURAL HISTORY OF PUKING

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A lack of meaning, or an excess of meaning, emerge from these dialogues on body and mind. Sometimes the message is deadly. In vain, Hans Blumenberg attempted in Arbeit am Mythos (Work on Myth) to point this out to the politically-correct, biology-phobic, ostensible intellectuals of his generation. His example for the deadly accretion of significance is the form of the medusa, the ancient embodiment of the evil eye, and with that we return to my studies. If modern medical professionals speak of nervous breakdowns or of mentally conditioned circulatory disorders, they often do not know exactly what they actually mean by that. The psychosomatic medicine of fear has no anchor. What comes first, the sensation of fear or the bodily reaction of oppression? How are the two related? Up until now, the interplay between corporal and mental powers has neither been explained by natural scientists nor by humanists. Perhaps one should resort to the knowledge of the Lucanians. It is based on the observation of the metabolism within people as much as on an investigation of the trade relationships between people. Concerning metabolism, the classical psychosomatic medicine studied something similar in so-called ‘church fainting’ and hysterical attacks. Hyperventilation and holding the breath—both signs of excitation—tie up the blood flow and allow the thoughts to circulate restlessly around a few ideas in the undersupplied brain, until everything sinks into the fog of insensibility or convulsion. One can die from such a state; voodoo-death, as the physiologists call it, is one of the few proofs of the power of the mind over body in a world that incessantly invokes the power of the body over the mind. The bewitched describe to me, show me, how death arrests their breathing, how it slows down their blood, how they feel themselves strangled by a higher power. The division of the nervous system that is compassionate, oriented toward the outside (sympathetic), and the division that renounces the exterior world (parasympathetic) mutually block one

another. Breathing stops, as well as thinking. This body can no longer take part in any exchange, food is declined; on the contrary, one attempts to produce discharge, release urine and feces, salivate, break out in a cold sweat, the contents of the stomach are regurgitated. ‘Angst’ derives from ‘angustia,’ constriction. One part of the nervous system is resentful of the other, a body against another. There is not enough air for both to breathe. During her debut as a healer, Linda was brutally suffocated by the ill. She said that she learned everything at this moment. She stood outside time and space; she was dead and so recognized the primary opposition of the living. For a lifetime thereafter she can peg down the traces of experience of other people based on this; she erects her own house of memory. Magic recovers its history there and the ill are given back the language they lost in the world of priests and politicians.

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In non-capitalist societies, individual people take part in societal processes—through refusal as well as through active participation—as explicitly and intensively physically as the couch potatoes and energetic yuppies of the electronic age, the depressive or boozed homeless and the aroused, prosperous people in the swinger clubs. In traditional cultures, one often gained a lot of experience keeping the individual and the group in contact with one another. The people exchange gifts with one another, eat together, and witness each others’ pukings; they jointly undergo cleansing rituals to clean out the organs of digestion and so on. When crisis strikes the group, they are collectively depressed or fall into a trance and attempt to heal the wounds that brought on the miscarriage of the affairs of the entire group. Sometimes the open and strange, formless body of a saint or of an ancestral fetish stands by them as protector or the externally-oriented

frame of mind that transfers a mask to the wearer. All of this also existed in Europe well into the nineteenth century when puking was banished for the first time to the bathroom and mad houses, where it was then cultivated even more fiercely. And the new media, the spirits of our era, branch out in many directions, and many a talk show, many a music video, many a horror film confronts us once again with the images of an externally protruding corporality like we might also see on the folding masks of the Northwest coast Indians, or on the fetishes and masks from Africa and figures of saints from ancient Europe. Sometimes they represent a body bound between life and death and decay, meant to restore peace to the people after a great excitement.

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In the peripheral areas of Europe, the old public rituals of depression and emission remain until today: possession and tarantella in Southern Italy, strange practices in connection with the vomiting of small children in the countries of Eastern Europe. The body-historian Uta Ottmüller described this very succinctly and insistently in her entirely unappreciated, pioneering work, *“Speikinder-Gedeihkinder,”* on the old German *Volkskultur*. Not only capitalism can cause depression; the cultural history of puking (as well as a few illnesses like migraines, for example) shows that even pre-industrial societies formulated their collective crises through individual somatic symptoms. In this respect, perhaps the collapse is not as close as we believe—and least of all the revolution. But perhaps we will manage something, as Sloterdijk believes. Indeed, not only a Platonic self-taming is in the works, but an equally liberating regression, or at least a recourse, to the body. Through strong ex-pression, through a show of our nausea, through crises and illness and crisis experiments, we can show where we stand. Perhaps the capitalist dynamic can then be socially embedded through a culture of sharing of senses, goods and forces.

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These mechanisms and practices, having survived the French, Socialist, and sexual revolutions, will perhaps also transform capitalism for a time into a more stable system – until the next epochal shift.

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Translated by Geoffrey Garrison

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^[1] Emittieren in German. [tr.]

^[2] Brocken or Blocksberg is a mountain in Germany known as a site where witches gather. [tr.]

Monika Bakke

ZOOPLEASURES: THE USUAL SUSPECTS

Among numerous more and less important features which human-animals share with non-human animals there is a significant one which is an attraction to pleasure. The latter may be experienced just as frivolous fun (*plaisir*) and joy but also as a transgressive bliss (*jouissance*). Human pleasures, concern of Roland Barthes, involve both of the mentioned types: *plaisir* as pleasure which is experienced in the framework of cultural codes, and *jouissance* as bliss, which is noncultural, unspeakable, and, in some sense, even lethal for the subject. But those two overlap and this terminological blurring never stops, so there is always a margin of unexpected. On the other hand, Roger Callois, interested particularly in pleasures of games, claims that games are not exclusively human favorites and describes insects which, for example, “find a source of pleasure in games of vertigo, illustrated by the whirling mania of whirligig-beetles which transform the surface of the quietest pond into a silvery carousel ... [and] moths flitting about the flame.”¹

Limiting my consideration only to pleasures which are experienced in the bordering zone of the human and nonhuman animals encounters, I would like to point out that, although the control of the experience of pleasure plays a constitutive role in the process of constructing this border, pleasure in its troublesome aspect as bliss, often escapes the cultural framework. Therefore, pleasure functioning in the zone of the relations between human and nonhuman animals, is produced in a range of relations: from the functional distance between humans constructed as subjects and animals constructed as objects (in experience of *plaisir*), to human-animal union in bliss (*jouissance*) and unsettling (con)fusion of roles.

MIGRATING SUBJECTS, MIGRATING PLEASURES

Antropogenesis, as Agamben writes in *The Open*, “is what results from the caesura and articulation between human and animal.” In the European Christian tradition, pleasure taken from animals’ bodies ensures the status of a human subject in the opposition to the animal other treated as an object. According to Derrida such carnophallogocentrism involves eating animals’ meat, using their skins and furs but also using them as a source of labor and entertainment as forms of total control based on master slave relation. In case of pets it is exercised through control of procreation, aesthetic appropriations, etc.

Often, paradoxically, this mechanism of objectifying (reification) of the animal goes under disguise of offering an animal a status of a subject. Animal-astronauts are a good example of such pseudo subjectivity given or actually imposed on animals in the form of heroes who experienced the outer space even before humans. The most crude anthropomorphic adaptation of the Aristotelian concept of pleasure taken from a well completed task as a source of satisfaction, is projected on animals. As we know, the first animal-astronaut, a female dog Lajka, was sent to the space in a satellite on November 3rd 1957. This was a dream of many women and men of

that time, but the dog went first. As announced to the public, the mission was successfully completed although whose success it actually was remains uncertain due to the fact that the satellite with Lajka came back in April next year but the oxygen which was available for the dog lasted only a couple of days after the take off. The enthusiastic comments about the heroic dog usually lacked the information about the deadly oxygen shortage. The example of another dog-astronaut Strelka is less gloomy and very intriguing due to her extensive political significance. After her happy come back to the Earth she became a mother of six puppies of which one was given to John Kennedy apparently to warm up the cold war days and for the mutual pleasure of human and animal. In the times of cold war Russians, Polish, Czechoslovakians and Romanians took some particular joy in honoring brave dog-astronauts and issued post stamps with images of Lajka and of her followers.

- See pictures 1, 2, 3 and 4 -

Between 1957 and 1966 Soviet Union sent 13 dogs into the space and the pleasure of their fame, which was in no means their own pleasure, was reflected in the particular construction of their image. The image of the dog hero and a human hero, in many cases, is almost identical. The head of the dog and the human in the foreground have recognizable “faces” while the background usually is reserved for the image of the space craft. The only, but rather important, difference is that humans are wearing a protective helmet while the dogs are shown “free”. This is the moment of censorship where the objectifying mechanism is being concealed within the image construction. The animal with any protective gear on would be properly perceived as a trapped object of human manipulation. In reality though dogs were absolutely immobilized by the machinery which made them one of the first cyborgs.

- See picture 5 -

Anthropomorphic imagination involved in creating these post stamp images suggests that animals actually have “faces” which reflect their state of mind. Although usually the portrayed animals have similar “seriousness” on their “faces” we may find some exceptions when the animals appear to look happy.

- See picture 6 -

Space has long been open not only for dogs but also for other animals who were sent there not only by Soviets but also by Americans. Particularly interesting are the cases of primates who as “almost human”² actually opened the way to the space for humans. As Haraway notices, “space is not about ‘man’s’ origins on earth but about ‘his’ future”³ and HAM who was the first chimp in space launched in January 1961 for the suborbital flight is actually another example of a real cyborg, “the perfect child of space”, “telemetrically implanted chimpanzee”.

- See pictures 7 and 8 -

Relocated Identities *Part II*
RELOCATING PRODUCTS AND PEOPLE

Curated by *Inga Zimprich*
Concept *Inga Zimprich, Raoul Teulings*
Production *Andrew McKee, Mhairi Macfarlane*
Design *Selina Büttler, Paul Gangloff, Matthias Kreutzer*
Supported by VSB Fonds, AFK, Jan van Eyck Academie

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The famous images of the chimp–astronaut HAM may give an impression that the animal is smiling and enjoying himself dressed in human astronaut clothing. Still one shouldn’t miss the fact that the grin we can see on his face may not be an effect of the pleasurable feeling of content, but a sign of distress or fear. During his mission the animal was confined to a small space or caged and tided up when in training. The anthropomorphic interpretation of this image again attributes the pleasure to the animal but the reality of it might have been completely different. As Erica Fudge notices in her book “Animal”, our pleasure and satisfaction coming from any successful collaboration with animals may be just an anthropomorphic lie, based on violence in the name of science and technological progress.

It is interesting to notice that the name HAM is actually an acronym for the institution which sent him to space: Holloman Aero–Medical. Only “on his return to earth, he was named. He had been known as #65 before his successful flight. If, in the official birth–mocking language of the Cold War, the mission had to be “aborted”, the authorities did not want the public worrying about the death of a famous and named, even if not quite human, astronaut. In fact, #65 did have a name among his handlers, Chop Chop Chang, recalling the stunning racism in which the other primates have been made to participate.”⁴

The image of a “smiling” HAM coming back from space, due to the animal’s physical similarity to a human, gave the desirable impression that we, human animals, were almost there in space ourselves. In this case, in some way, people were ready to secretly admit the closeness of our species, but on the other hand, on other occasions, we make sure that the apes are not considered humans. As Donna Haraway explains: “Monkeys and apes have a privileged relation to nature and culture for western people: simians occupy the border zones between those potent mythic poles. In the border zones, love and knowledge are richly ambiguous and productive of meanings in which many people have a stake. The commercial and scientific traffic in monkeys and apes is a traffic in meanings, as in animal lives. The science that tie monkeys, apes, and people together in Primate Order are built through disciplined practices deeply enmeshed in narrative, politics, myth, economics, and technical possibilities...”

PLEASURES WITH/FROM PETS

The emotional closeness between human–animals and nonhuman animals, which for centuries has been forbidden by the Roman church and number of European philosophers, paradoxically, may make the gap between species even wider.

Virginia Woolf in her commercially most successful book *Flush* describes the emotional relation between Miss Barrett and her dog Flush as a feeling of “being cast from the same form”, and completing each other. But on the other hand the abyss between them is always there due to the dog’s lack of speech. Flush is forever mute while she can speak. He is a dog while she is a woman.

But even if Flash could speak would she understand him? Wouldn’t he be just like a Wittgensteinian lion who wouldn’t be understood anyway? The woman and the dog were absolutely close and absolutely distant at the same time as they stared at each other’s eyes, so the relationship between Miss Barrett and Flush became sophisticated and intimate because “she loved Flush and Flush was worth her love”. But this affect could last only until Mr. Browning’s appearance in the young woman’s life when it became obvious that the dog had no chance in the contest with a poet. Moreover, losing the competition he realized that Miss Barret totally forgot about his existence. Being in love with a man, she was not aware of Flush’s gaze any more.

Therefore humanizing (subjectifying) an animal does not really produce subject but only inscribes the animal into the culturally approved pattern of physical or mental abuse. What must be actually advocated here is that “we should think about animals as animals.” Donna Haraway in her book *The Companion Species Manifesto: Dogs, People, and Significant Otherness* claims that: “...contrary to lots of dangerous and unethical projections in the Western world that makes domestic canines into furry children, dogs are not about oneself. Indeed, that is the beauty of dogs. They are not a projection, nor the realization of an intention, nor the telos of anything. They are dogs; i.e., a species in obligatory, constitutive, historical, protean relationship with human beings. The relationship is not especially nice; it is full of waste, cruelty, indifference, ignorance, and loss, as well as of joy, invention, labor, intelligence, and play.”⁵

Haraway argues that human expectations of unconditional love from dogs are based on a false idea abusive for both dogs and humans. This kind of thinking leads to confusion between dogs and children, whom certainly they are not. But it doesn’t mean that we have to abandon an emotional relationship with animals. Haraway confesses: “I find the love of and between historically situated dogs and humans precious, dissenting from the discourse of unconditional love matters.”⁶

The role of pet which a human imposes on an animal is as difficult as any other task. Even if the relation between pet and her owner may look like a happy and pleasurable one, it is always putting an animal at risk of being abandoned if the animal doesn’t fulfill the emotional expectation of the owner including the fantasy about unconditional love, cuteness, fluffiness, etc. Therefore, despite the difference between the species Haraway opts for interspecies communication instead of the training methods. The animal also has expectations from the human and the relation should develop individually, according to the needs of both sides.

But there is also another image of a dog, a transgressive one, quite unlike the one just mentioned which has been constructed within the realm of *plaisir*. The dog may also be a wild beast, the one which hasn’t been domesticated, or not domesticated enough or maybe even it has been abused so much, that it is now being abusive himself.

– See picture 9 and 10 –

Monika Bakke

...a final abandonment of subjectivity in a process of becoming animal

Zoo Pleasures

Oleg Kulik’s performance in Stockholm exhibition *Interpol*, where he managed to bite the members of the audience, was highly criticized by the other participating artists and the Swedish curator who in an open letter accused Kulik (and A. Brener) of “deliberate acts of destruction – physical, mental and ideological aggression – directed against the show, the other artists in the show, the visitors, and against art and democracy.” This obviously couldn’t be achieved by a dog as we know him and hardly by a not very well known (at the time) artist but only by a human-dog, a nonhuman like but actually human animal, something without a name, an outrageous, unexpected, filthy being.

BLISSFUL ENCOUNTERS

The transgression between species may have a different aspect as well. The story of *jouissance* flowing between human and nonhuman animals is one of the oldest we know. In some countries only recently human sexual contact with animals changed its legal qualification and it is no longer outlawed on the moral bases but on the basis of the animal rights violation. In the latter case an animal gains a position of a subject and because she cannot voice her consent to the sexual advances of a human partner, the latter is considered the offender. But actually no matter on what bases we ban the sexual relation between humans and animals, we are still among those getting rid of memory of Leda, Europa, Pasifae, and others.

In this space of the non-cultural bliss shared with animals, a human doesn’t empower his subjectivity and his status of a master of animals, but to the contrary, he loses himself in that union. Therefore in Christian Europe a sexual union of animal and human was considered such a crime that even naming it became a crime itself. It “was uniformly punished by putting to death both parties implicated, and usually by burning alive. The beast, too, is punished and both are burned”⁷ as testified by Guillielmus Benedictinus who lived in the end of the fourteenth century. But there is actually something particularly worth noticing in these horrifying circumstances of human and animal relation, which is the actual proper trial not only of the accused human but also of the animal. The latter were also brought in front of the court, properly tried and pronounced guilty or not, therefore they gained the status of subject, in some respect equal to humans. The animal could be equally guilty and convicted together with a human but also pardoned not necessarily together with the human party. The case of Jacques Ferron and his animal partner is a good example of the latter possibility: he “was taken in the act of coition with a she-ass at Vanvres in 1750, after due process of law, sentenced to death, the animal was acquitted on the ground that she was the victim of violence and had not participated in her master’s crime of her own free-will. The prior of the convent, who also performed the duties of parish priest, and the principal inhabitants of the commune of Vanvres signed a certificate stating that they had known the said she-ass for four years, and that she had always shown herself to be virtuous and well-behaved both at home and abroad and had never given occasion of scandal to any one...”⁸

European polytheism, unlike the monotheistic tradition, tolerated and even produced some positive examples of such a union of which not all of the descendants were monstrous in their very nature as for example Minotaur, but some were even heroic and beautiful like Helena or Polideukes (Polluks). The story about Europa and the

Bull is significant because it is about the animal who takes the initiative in the sexual encounter and it is through violence that the sexual union with a human is possible. According to the mythology the Europa’s encounter with the bull results in rape therefore the animal plays the active role but he is also given a position associated with sexual violence. Even though there is no visual representation of the very sexual union, but what has been pointed out in the literature, Europa’s gesture of holding the bull’s horn visible in some representations, is an indication of such union. An active role of an animal in the sexual intercourse with a human culminates in an act of rape, which seems to be the most dangerous rebellion against the status of a human-master of all the animals.

The story of Leda and the swan is similar. Zeus is a swan and acts as a swan with all the consequences of his act. Leda lays eggs, so the animality of her partner penetrates her and fully manifests itself in the consequence of the union. The degree of Ledas’s consent vary from one representation to another: from a total peaceful union and caress to a surprise and even violence.

- See picture 11 and 12 -

And finally as we may expect: “a shudder in the loins...” as WB Yeats described in his famous poem about the animal and human lovers.

- See picture 13 -

The most contemporary interpretation of this motive are rather frivolous:

- See picture 14 and 15 -

We may suggest that the image of the sexual union of the animal and human gives the viewer an immediate voyeuristic pleasure but it also opens the field of fantasies about the animal who in the most commonly known myths is associated with a male figure.

- See picture 16 -

The story of Pazifae and the bull is totally different because it is about uncontrollable sexuality of the woman, who may be a predecessor of later witch engaging in a sexual relation with the devil usually impersonated by some animal. This type of sexual activity represents the most sinful and tabooed kind of pleasure. Such pleasure is also deadly, not only through the cruel methods of the inquisitors, but due to its deadly influence on the soul. Those who once were bulls or swans, in Christian Europe become gods of darkness.

It is important to notice that in the representations of the sexual union of human and animal discussed so far, the human position was always associated with a female subject.

In the contemporary context Oleg Kulik’s work entitled “Family of the Future” brings about other aspects of the inter-species union where the human is male. The position of the animal may be occupied by male or female and the idea of the family is actually reduced to the childless couple who’s attention is focused mainly on sexual self indulgence.

- See picture 17 and 18 -

The process of shifting borders between human and nonhuman animal is an on going process, so instead of proposing even a provisional conclusion, I would like to bring up Donna Haraway’s concern once again: “What happens if Western philosophers truly reopen the question of the relation of the subject and the species? What happens if thinkers in these traditions – which have depended fundamentally on the category of the animal in order to generate and legitimate the class of humans – really ask, not knowing the answer, if non-humans are subjects?”

¹ R. Callois *Man, Play and Games*. Free Press, New York, 1961 p.51

² Donna Haraway: “Most of all, in European, American, and Japanese societies, monkeys and apes have been subjected to sustained, culturally specific interrogations of what it means to be “almost human” in: *Primate Visions: Gender, Race and Nature in the World of Modern Science*. Routledge, 1990, p.2

³ Haraway, *Primates Visions*, p.137

⁴ Haraway, *Primates Visions*, p.138

⁵ Haraway, *The Companion Species Manifesto: Dogs, People, and Significant Otherness*. Prickly Paradigm Press, 2003, p.11-12

⁶ Haraway, *The Companion Species Manifesto*, p.33

⁷ E. P. Evans, *The Criminal Prosecution and capital punishment of animals - The lost history of Europe’s animal trials*. Faber and Fabe, London, Boston (first edition 1906), second edition 1987, p.146

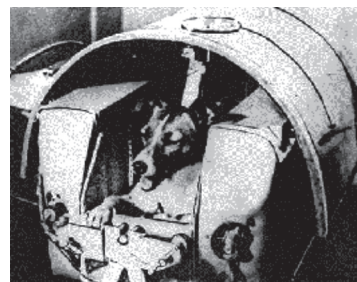
⁸ Evans, *The Criminal Prosecution* p.150



picture 1 and 2



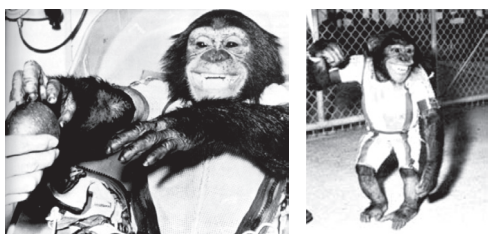
picture 3 and 4



picture 5



picture 6



picture 7 and 8



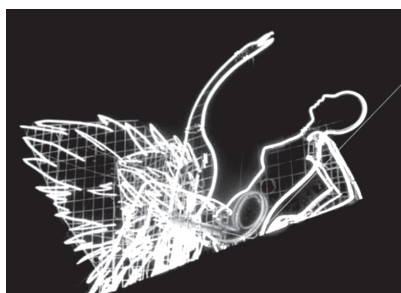
picture 9 and 10



picture 11 and 12



picture 13



picture 14 and 15



picture 16



picture 17 and 18

Michael Rakowitz RETURN

In 1946, my grandfather, Nissim Isaac David, was exiled from Iraq with his wife Renée and their four children. As was the case with many Iraqi Jews, they were forced to leave behind a family legacy spanning close to half a millennium that abruptly ended with their expulsion and revocation of citizenship. The family settled in Great Neck, Long Island. His business, *Davisons & Co.*, an import and export company that was among the most successful and active in the Middle East, found a new home in New York City. The business closed in the 1960s and he opened a new business that dealt in hosiery called *Dolyvonne* (an acronym for the names of his three daughters: Denise, Olivia, and Yvonne). Nissim Isaac David died in 1975.

I have reopened my grandfather's import/export business in the form of a package drop box, packaging center, and sorting facility. *Davisons & Co.* has been located at Jamaica Center for the Arts in Queens from the 16th of October 2004 to the 8th of January 2005, the Longwood Arts Center in the Bronx from the 15th of January to the 12th of March 2005, and now operates out of Brooklyn.

Initially, members of the Iraqi diaspora community and interested citizens were invited to send objects and goods of their choice that were to be shipped, free of charge, to recipients in Iraq in the inaugural parcel of the resurrected company. The project has now expanded to include the importation of goods from Iraq for sale and distribution here in the United States, sometimes through clandestine means necessary because of prohibitively expensive import tariffs applied after the fifteen-year embargo on these goods was lifted. Shipping costs are covered through project budgets provided by art institutions that have hosted the company and through other donations. Advertisements placed in newsletters and on websites catering to the Arab community in the metropolitan area have announced the reopened business.

The logistical difficulties and roundabout methods of sending shipments to a country under provisional government and foreign occupation illuminates the futility of "nation-building". For both the displaced sender and the occupied recipient, some sense of statehood ceases to exist. A question of sovereignty thus becomes the transaction: What return can be yielded?

Michael Rakowitz, 2005

Relocated Identities *Part II*
RELOCATING PRODUCTS AND PEOPLE

Curated by *Inga Zimprich*
Concept *Inga Zimprich, Raoul Teulings*
Production *Andrew McKee, Mhairi Macfarlane*
Design *Selina Büttler, Paul Gangloff, Matthias Kreutzer*
Supported by VSB Fonds, AFK, Jan van Eyck Academie

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Michael Rakowitz

The import/export company found a new home in New York City

RETURN



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Nissim Isaac David, Founder

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كان جدي نسيم، بملك ويدير شركة دايفيسونز أند كو للاستيراد والتصدير في بغداد حتى ١٩٤٦، العام الذي نفي فيه الى خارج العراق. أعيد افتتاح الشركة في نيويورك واستمر العمل فيها إلى أوائل الستينات، وتوفي جدي في ١٩٧٥. ونحن اليوم سعداء بإعلان إعادة افتتاح شركة دايفيسونز أند كو الكائنة مؤقتاً في منطقة البرونكس. و كبادرة لإعادة بناء جسور التواصل ندعو أبناء الجالية العراقية والمواطنين المهتمين إلى إرسال أغراضهم وبضائعهم إلى العراق للإتصال بنا وسوف نقوم بشحنها لكم مجاناً، إلى متسلميها في العراق، ويأتي هذا ضمن عرض محدود مدته حتى ١٢ مارس \ آذار ٢٠٠٥ و ذلك كخطوة افتتاحية لإعادة إحياء الشركة.

ساعات العمل: من الاثنين إلى السبت : ١٠ صباحاً إلى ٦ مساءً.

My grandfather, Nissim, owned and operated Davisons & Co., an import-export company in Baghdad until 1946, the year of his exile. The company reopened in New York and continued through the early 1960s. Nissim died in 1975. I am pleased to announce that Davisons & Co. is once again open for business, temporarily located in the Bronx. Members of the Iraqi diaspora community and interested citizens are invited to send objects and goods that will be shipped, free of charge, to recipients in Iraq in what will be the inaugural parcel of the resurrected company.

For more information, please contact: Michael Rakowitz at 917-692-5592 or davisons_co@hotmail.com. Business hours Monday - Saturday, 10am - 6pm
DAVISON'S & CO., c/o Longwood Art Gallery @ Hostos, 450 Grand Concourse at 149th St., Bronx, NY 10451, USA. www.longwoodcber.org

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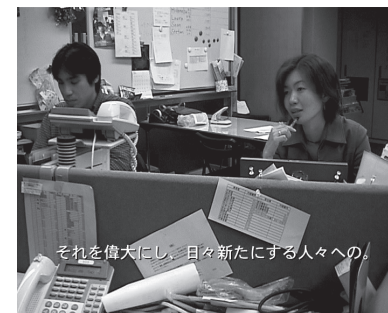
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Laura Horelli JAPANESE ENGLISH ADVERTISING SLOGANS, 2000, Two-channel video, DVDs, 9min 20sec
Cast: Tomoko Kobayashi, Manami Matsubara, Noriyuki Tsuji, Kayo Yamamoto

Raoul Teulings
W.Art

The Relocation of 'Art'

1 An-arche

1. 1 difference

2 Poesis

2. 1 Creation

2. 1. 1 Re-creation

2. 1. 1. 1 Re-member

2. 1. 1. 1. 1 body related: incorporation

2. 1. 1. 1. 2 inscription in the flesh

2. 1. 1. 1. 3 discours of loss

3 Arche

3. 1 Architecture (metaphor for memory)

3. 2 Archive (metaphor for memory)

3. 3 Constitution of collective memory

3. 3. 1 The Act of Writing

3. 3. 1. 1 Inscribe

3. 3. 1. 2 Circumscribe

3. 4 Ruler

3. 4. 1 Measuring/Geometry

3. 4. 1. 1 Spacerelated

3. 4. 1. 1. 1 Matter: hyle, res extensa

3. 5 Political office

3. 6 Beginning or principle

3. 7 Inception

3. 8 Domination (Aristotle)

3. 8. 1 Book XII of Metaphysics

3. 8. 1. 1 the first immovable mover (to proton kinoun akineton)

3. 8. 1. 1. 1 notion of unchangeable universe

4 Techne

4. 1 Order

4. 1. 1 Logic

4. 1. 1. 1 Binary logic

4. 1. 1. 1. 1 Creates a type of visuality [the observer]

4. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1 introspection; perspective, retrospection, inspection: from: specere

4. 1. 1. 1. 1. 2 The Gaze

4. 1. 1. 1. 1. 2. 1 The retinal

4. 1. 1. 1. 1. 2. 1. 1 ocularcentric discourse

4. 1. 1. 1. 1. 3 Visual metaphors

4. 1. 1. 1. 2 Dynamic synthesis (G.F. Hegel)

4. 1. 1. 1. 2. 1 Physical metaphors (I. Newton)

4. 1. 1. 2 Oppositional thinking

4. 1. 1. 2. 1 Object-subject thinking

4. 1. 1. 2. 1. 1 Constitutes visuality of the Gaze

4. 1. 1. 2. 1. 1. 1 Vigilare > veiller > surveillance

4. 1. 1. 2. 1. 1. 2 Speculare, specere

4. 1. 1. 3 Ontology and logic intertwined (M.F. H. Roe)

4. 1. 1. 3. 1 Ontology and logic are linked in such a way that the first conditions the second

4. 1. 1. 4 Economy oikos and nomos

4. 1. 1. 4. 1 circularity

4. 1. 1. 4. 1. 1 closed, sealed off system

4. 1. 1. 5 Common sense

4. 1. 1. 6 Dichotomical thinking

4. 1. 2 System

4. 1. 2. 1 Arrangement

4. 1. 2. 2 organization

4. 1. 2. 3 Scheme

4. 1. 2. 3. 1 Dialectical order of history: action-reaction scheme

4. 1. 2. 4 Substance

4. 1. 3 Chremastike (Aristotle)

4. 1. 3. 1 Dissemination and Differance (Derrida)

4. 1. 3. 1. 1 Ousia/becoming

4. 1. 3. 2 S. T. Coledridge (intermediality)

4. 1. 3. 2. 1 Dick Higgins

4. 1. 3. 2. 1. 1 Guy Debord

4. 1. 3. 3 Mallarme (mots glissantes)

4. 1. 3. 4 Duchamp (assembled readymade)

4. 1. 3. 5 Dziga Vertov

4. 1. 3. 6 Henri Bergson 'La Durée'

4. 1. 3. 6. 1 Visuality of the Glance (Bryson)

4. 1. 3. 6. 2 Chemical and biological metaphors

4. 1. 3. 7 John Cage

4. 1. 3. 8 Georges Bataille

4. 1. 4 Meta-odos: arriving at an end

4. 1. 5 Procedere: to go forward

4. 2 Craft

4. 2. 1 Craftsmanship

4. 2. 1. 1 Discipline

4. 2. 1. 1. 1 Disciplinus

4. 2. 1. 1. 2 Disciple

4. 2. 1. 2 Mastery

4. 2. 1. 2. 1 'Master'

4. 2. 1. 2. 2 'Slave'

4. 2. 1. 3 Prowess

4. 3 repetition

>>New Map

Disorder

1 loss of control

2 Negation

>>New Map

Order

1 control

2 connected with virtue

3 L'ordre du discours (Michel Foucault)

>>New Map

Origin

1 causality

2 Ousia

2. 1 Property

2. 2 Being

3 Teleology from telos (Gr) goal

3. 1 The Logic of the Origin

4 Purpose

>>New Map

No origin or purpose

1 Trace (Bakhtin-Derrida)

1. 1 Ferdinand de Saussure's chain of signifiers

Relocated Identities *Part II*RELOCATING PRODUCTS AND PEOPLECurated by *Inga Zimprich*Concept *Inga Zimprich, Raoul Teulings*Production *Andrew McKee, Mhairi Macfarlane*Design *Selina Büttler, Paul Gangloff, Matthias Kreutzer*

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>>New Map
Pataphysics
1 Raymond Rousset
2 indeterminacy
3 contingency
>>New Map
Plato's Mimesis
1 Eidos: idea, essence
2 Symposium
>>New Map
Kategoria
1 "accuse someone of being something or other in a public place (agora)"
1. 1 Social/Public dimension (Martin Heidegger)
1. 1. 1 audible metaphors (resonance, rhythm)
1. 1. 2 critical approach ocularcentrism
1. 2 speech act (How to do Things with Words, 1975, J.L. Austin)
>>New Map
'Becoming': time-related
1 Bergson-Deleuze: thinking of the difference
>>New Map
(Post)modern metaphysics: 'truth' is constructed intertextual. Intermedial
1 In-betweenness
>>New Map
Esthetics of the orderly
1 A.G. Baumgarten (1750), Immanuel Kant
>>New Map
Metaphysics of presence
1 pre-sense
>>New Map
Presence
1 Romanticism/Symbolism
Form (conjunctive, closed)
Design
Mastery/Logos
Art Object/Finished Work
Distance
Creation/Totalization
Synthesis
Presence
Centering
Genre/Boundary
Paradigm
Hypotaxis
Metaphor
Selection
Root/Depth
Interpretation/Reading
Signified
Lisible (Readerly)
Narrative
Symptom
Genital/Phallic
Paranoia
Origin/Cause
Metaphysics
Determinacy
Transcendence

>>New Map
Deferred presence
1 Pataphysics/Dadaism
Antiform (disjunctive/open)
Play
Chance
Anarchy
Exhaustion/Silence
Process/Performance/Happening
Participation
Decreation/Deconstruction
Antithesis
Absence
Dispersal
Text/Intertext
Syntagm
Parataxis
Metonymy
Combination
Rhizome/Surface
Against Interpretation/Misreading
Signifier
Scriptible (Writerly)
Antinarrative
Desire
Polymorphous/Androgynous
Schizophrenia
Difference-Difference/Trace
Irony
Indeterminacy
Immanence

Raoul Teulings

The use of the word *art* as a travelling concept?

W.Art