





THE-ICONOMIST N°1 TO COLLECT THE-ICONOMIST.NET
In collecting, we often seek out things that are special to us or that we have a connection to. Sometimes we collect things because they are rare or valuable, but more often we collect things because they have meaning to us. What is it about collecting that is so appealing? I think it has to do with the fact that it allows us to create our own little world, a world that is filled with things that we love and that have personal significance to us. When we look at our collections, we see a reflection of ourselves and our lives. Collecting can also be a way of connecting to other people. When we share our collections with others, we are sharing a part of ourselves. And in doing so, we often find that we have more in common with others than we realized.

Wednesday, 31 August 2022, 13:05 PM

MYSTERIOUS

RESONANCE.



(IN FANTASY
THERE IS ROOM FOR



RADICAL



COLLECTOR



GHIMAINA



THE
OF
COURTESY



HSIHI3-01-19H1S
START-TO-FINISH

THE REJECTION OF RUINS IN THE AFTERMATH THE CONTINUUM OF A MISSING PAST"



The verb "to collect" can be used in a number of different ways. It can mean to gather together, as in to collect data or to collect evidence. It can also mean to accumulate over time, as in to collect dust or to collect debts. And it can mean to receive or take possession of, as in to collect a package or to collect a paycheck. In all of these cases, the verb "to collect" implies some sort of action on the part of the subject. The subject is actively doing something, whether it's gathering, accumulating, or receiving. This active nature of the verb makes it different from other verbs that describe similar concepts, such as "to have" or "to keep." The verb "to collect" is also often used in conjunction with other verbs. For example, you might say that you need to collect information before you can make a decision. Or you might say that you're going to collect evidence in order to prove your innocence. In these cases, the verb "to collect" serves as a sort of intensifier, emphasizing the importance of the action that follows it. The verb "to collect" is a versatile one that can be used in a variety of different ways. Whether you're using it to describe an active process or to emphasize the importance of another action, it's a word that can help you communicate exactly what you mean. The verb "to collect" can be used in many different ways. For example, you can collect data, collect money, or collect objects. In each case, the verb "to collect" indicates that you are gathering something together. When you collect data, you are gathering information together in order to study it or use it in some way. When you collect money, you are gathering it together in order to spend it or save it. When you collect objects, you are gathering them together in order to display them or use them in some way. The verb "to collect" is a very useful verb because it allows you to gather things together in a systematic way. This can be very helpful when you are trying to study something or when you are trying to use something. In the contemporary world, the verb "to collect" has taken on a new meaning. It now refers to the act of gathering together items of personal interest, often for display or sharing online. This activity is often motivated by a desire to create and maintain a collection that is representative of one's taste or style. The popularity of collecting has been fuelled by the rise of social media, which has made it easier than ever to share images of collections with others. This has led to a growing number of people who take pride in their collections and see them as a reflection of their identity. While some may see collecting as a frivolous pastime, it can actually be a very rewarding activity. It can help us to connect with others who share our interests, and it can give us a sense of satisfaction and achievement.

SHUT YOUR EYES AND SEE



The art collector who never looked at his works was a mystery to many. He was a wealthy man who had amassed a large collection of art, but he never seemed to enjoy looking at it. He would often say that he didn't need to look at the art to appreciate it, and that he preferred to keep it in his home as an investment. Some people speculated that the collector was blind, but no one knew for sure.



I HAD GROWN BORED OF DOING READINGS



I'm not going to talk about the obviousness that surrounds me, because that's boring. No, no and no. And every no is a denial, something to be hidden, pushed aside, ignored. It's better this way: Yes, because it's better this way, because I say it's better this way. A plunge into infinite repetitions, like a broken record. We are lost in a whirlpool, arm in arm and all desperate. A perfect face, unbearable symphonies, false applauses, wrong evaluations of a show doomed to failure, to oblivion. And so the doubts multiply in the corners. Smiles. The descent of the stairs, one false step and it would all end here. The red dress, the butterfly tie, the cars, the photographs, the records, the memories of a hazy night. False prophets are everywhere, spreading chaos in the guise of progress. The idea was to walk back, but they gave up, I don't know, but who knows? I wanted to, but they didn't. The news is the worst possible, because there is a threat of attack during the early hours of the morning. Let's enjoy the moment, he said. It is a plausible solution, even if only momentarily, because the options are limited. I know they are limited, but it is all we have then. How long does a revolution last? The first part was a success, but the following sequence was tiring, the actors seemed tired, off stage, scattered, out of character. Beckett's portrait in black and white. They were friends. Very good friends, almost confidants, and she was not jealous of their relationship. A hot dog would be enough to satisfy my hunger. Maybe if we walked a little further we could find an open restaurant, or a café. A lesbian bar. An Arab restaurant. A laundromat. A bank. A place to adopt abandoned animals. Take your test, it's free. I don't want to prick my finger. I don't want to taste my blood. Slow down, I can't keep up with you. Let's sit here, near this tree, the view is good. The other side even looks more livable from here. It's a privilege to be here with you. It's like a dream. It's like a nightmare. We are stuck in this place. (ti.)





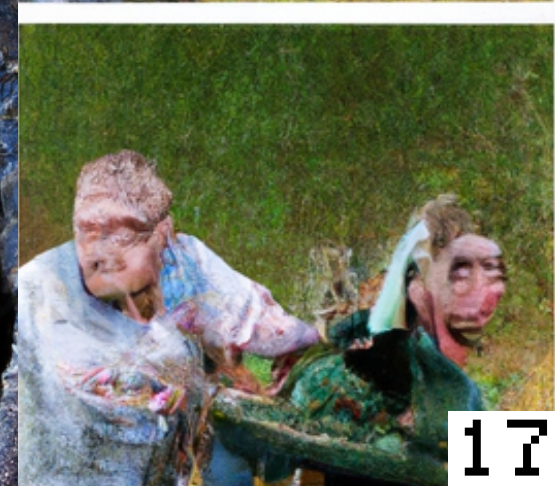
IF NOT NOW, WHEN?

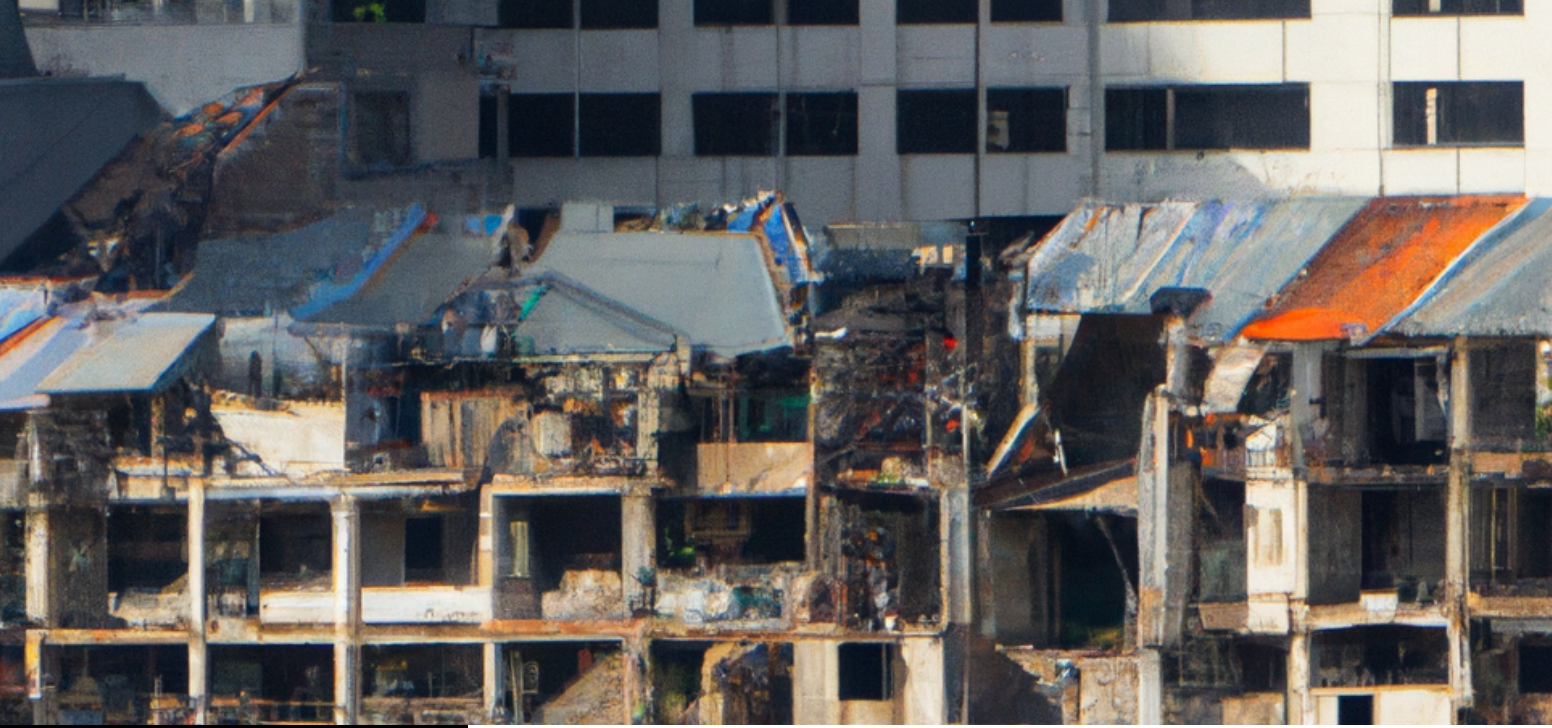
The noise of the street was deafening, and as I got closer everything got worse, it was like being in the middle of a whirlwind, a force that threw me to the corners, that took me off my axis, it didn't matter if I was in the living room or in the kitchen, in the bedroom or in the bathroom, that force moved me in a way, so strong, but so strong, that I could only think of the chickens, so defenseless and this whirlwind, that would soon become a tragedy, that would soon take all the buildings and all the departments, that would swallow, as it is consuming me, the forces of the planet, as if this whirlwind were in fact a black hole, and I here, lost, suffocated, inert, helpless, spinning without having a direction or escape route, without having any weapon to cause the end of this vertigo, this infinite movement towards the depths of nothingness. The pain is infinite, constant, almost eternal, because it is an open wound, bleeding daily, in the morning, after lunch, when I go for a walk, when I sit on the bus bench, when I look out the airplane window, when I lie down to sleep, while I dream, while I live and try to live, while I fall asleep on the sofa, while I masturbate with my left hand and smoke a cigarette with my right hand, and I see the look on the woman's face in the video telling me to be careful not to get burned, careful not to get burned, and in reality it is a moan, a moan of pain, a moan of pain as if I can no longer stand it, just as she can no longer stand that giant cock inside that tight pussy, just as I can not stand my pain, she can not stand it either, but her pain is wrapped in pleasure and my pain, oh this one, chases me, mistreats me, humiliates me, because I am not a woman, I am not strong like a woman. I am not strong like the woman in that video I like to watch and masturbate to, morning, afternoon, and night, before and after I live, before and after I put my feet out of the house and come face to face with the toothless beggar, who asks me for a real to buy something to eat, because he is hungry, maybe he doesn't even feel pain, but he is hungry and maybe this is the worst pain that someone can feel in the world, the pain of having nothing to eat, an empty stomach, glued, dry, the enzymes dead from starvation as if it were possible, as if they were beings with a life of their own. Their life is to eat, their life is to transform that wonderful dish into a fetid, poor, disgusting mass and many ignore this certainty, this certainty that nature imposed on us, that we are producers of something fetid, disgusting, and rotten. (11)



THE STATUS OF THE IMAGE
AND THE CHARACTER OF
AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE

ANONYMOUS ANGUISH OR
PERSONAL HEROINES
TO MAKE
(PREMONITORY) DREAMS





THE TERMS OF BEING AND NON-BEING.



In his youth, X had always been fascinated by the art of portraiture. X loved the way that a single image could capture the essence of a person, and he was determined to one day create a collection of portraits that would tell the story of the human experience. As an adult, X became a successful truck driver and used his earnings to finance his passion for collecting portraits. X scoured flea markets, garage sales, and antique shops for any paintings or photographs that he could find. Over time, his collection grew to include hundreds of portraits from all over the world. X took great pride in his collection and loved sharing it with others. X often gave tours of his home, pointing out the different stories that each portrait told. His friends and family knew that, to X, his portraits were more than just pieces of art – they were windows into the soul of humanity.

How to collect humans?

There is no one definitive answer to this question. Some methods for collecting humans include:

1. Asking people to participate in a study or survey.
2. selecting a group of people based on certain criteria (e.g. age, gender, race)
3. Randomly selecting people from a population
4. Observing people in naturalistic settings



What inspired you to become a trash collector? I was inspired to become a trash collector because I wanted to help keep my community clean. I also thought it would be a great way to stay in shape and get some fresh air. [REDACTED]

What does your job entail? My job entails picking up trash and recycling from people's homes and businesses. I also have to empty trash cans and make sure they are clean. [REDACTED]

3. What is the best part of your job? The best part of my job is knowing that I am helping to keep my community clean. I also enjoy the fresh air and exercise that comes with the job. [REDACTED]

4. What is the worst part of your job? The worst part of my job is dealing with people's garbage. Some people are really messy and their garbage can be really smelly. [REDACTED]

5. What are some of the most common items you collect? Some of the most common items I collect are paper, plastic, and glass. I also collect a lot of food waste and yard waste. [REDACTED]

1. Collect trash from trash cans. 2. Sort trash into different categories. 3. Transport trash to a dumpster or garbage truck. 4. Empty trash cans into the dumpster or garbage truck. 5. Compact trash in the dumpster or garbage truck. 6. Remove trash from the dumpster or garbage truck. 7. Transport trash to a recycling center. 8. Sort recyclable materials into different categories. 9. Transport recyclable materials to a recycling plant. 10. Clean up trash around the community. 11. Be aware of what materials are recyclable. 12. Be sure to recycle all recyclable materials. 13. Do not put non-recyclable materials in the recycling bin. 14. Educate others on the importance of recycling. 15. Advocate for better recycling policies. 16. Work to reduce the amount of waste produced. 17. Compost organic materials instead of throwing them away. 18. Reuse materials whenever possible. 19. Repair broken items instead of buying new ones. 20. Buy items made from recycled materials. 21. Teach others how to properly recycle. 22. Help others learn about the benefits of recycling. 23. Encourage others to recycle more. 24. Help reduce the amount of trash produced. 25. Work to increase the amount of recycling done. 26. Help make recycling easier for others. 27. Work to increase the value of recycled materials. 28. Advocate for better recycling infrastructure. 29. Help others understand the importance of recycling. 30. Encourage others to recycle more often. 50. Compost organic materials instead of throwing them away.



ANONYMOUS ANGUISH OR PERSONAL HEROINES

Waste collector turned art collector? This is an interesting and somewhat unique profile. This person likely has a keen eye for detail and a love for art. They may have started collecting art as a way to recycle and upcycle materials, or simply because they appreciate the aesthetic value of certain pieces. Over time, their collection has likely grown and they may now have a significant collection of art, which they may display in their home or office. This person is likely to be well-informed about the art world and may have strong opinions about certain artists or styles of art.

A collector is someone who enjoys acquiring items and usually keeps them organized and in good condition. A compulsive hoarder, on the other hand, may acquire large quantities of items and have difficulty getting rid of them, even if they are no longer useful. This can lead to cluttered and hazardous living conditions. There is a big difference between being an collector and being a compulsive hoarder. An collector is someone who enjoys collecting things, and often has a specific focus or theme to their collection. A compulsive hoarder, on the other hand, is someone who feels the need to hoard large quantities of items, often to the point where their living space is severely cluttered and they may have difficulty moving around or even accessing certain areas of their home. Compulsive hoarding can be a very serious problem, and can lead to health and safety concerns, as well as social isolation. There is a big difference between an collector and a compulsive hoarder. An collector is someone who enjoys collecting things, and a compulsive hoarder is someone who feels the need to hoard everything they can get their hands on. An collector will carefully select the items they collect, and they will usually have a specific purpose for each item. A compulsive hoarder, on the other hand, will indiscriminately hoard anything and everything they can get their hands on, regardless of its value or usefulness. This can often lead to dangerous and unsanitary living conditions for the hoarder and those around them.

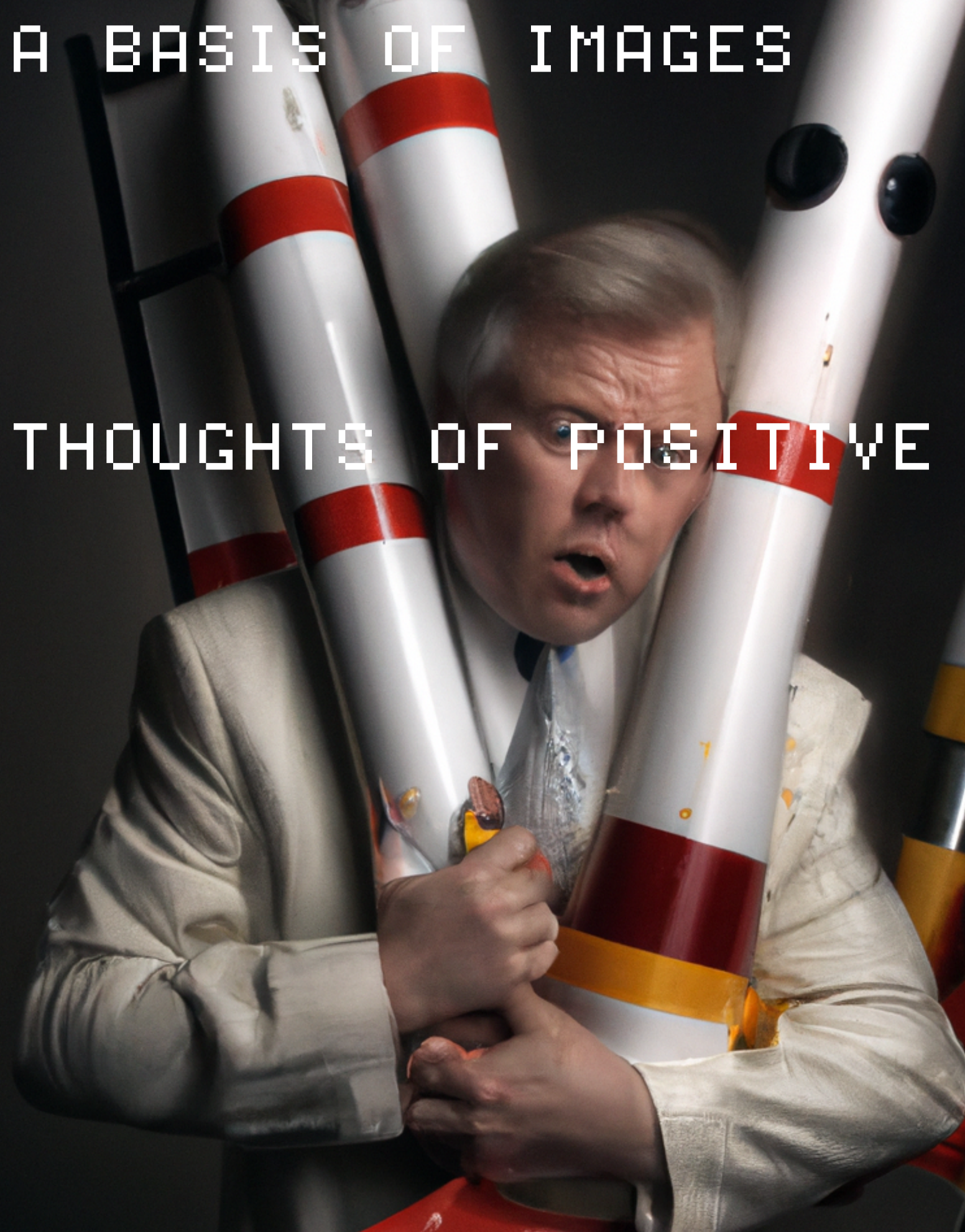
Why the artist is not a collector? Explain why.

The artist is not a collector because they do not enjoy the process of acquiring art. There are a few reasons why an artist may not be a collector. One reason is that the artist may not have the time or interest to invest in collecting art. Another reason is that the artist may not be interested in the art itself. Additionally, some artists may not be able to afford to purchase art, which means they may only have access to pieces that are available through auctions or other sources.



IMAGE

MUTATED



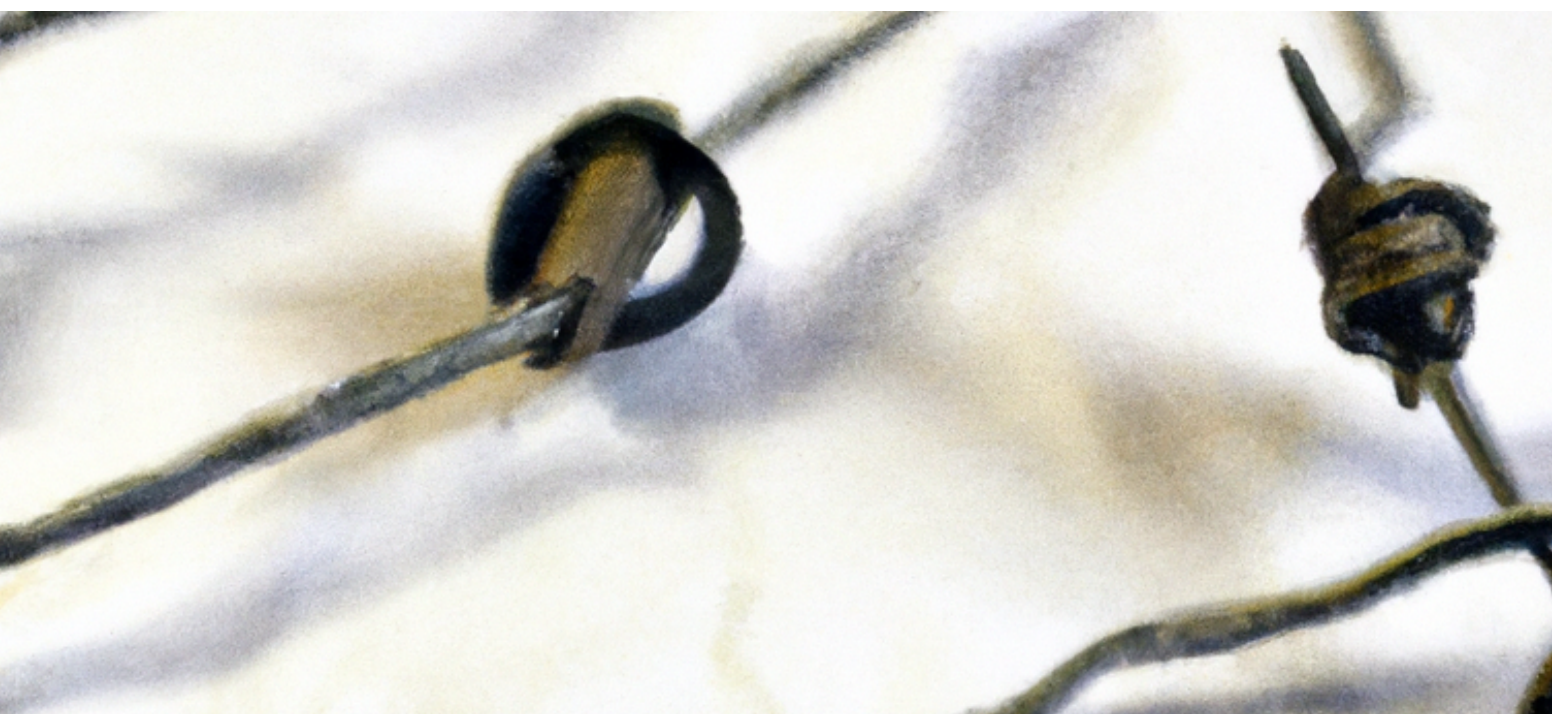
A BASIS OF IMAGES
THOUGHTS OF POSITIVE



Peter was a gun enthusiast. He loved nothing more than going to the shooting range and spending hours practicing his aim. He had an impressive collection of firearms, and he was always on the lookout for new additions. One day, Peter was cleaning one of his guns when he accidentally shot himself in the head and died instantly. His death was a tragedy for his family and friends, but it was also a reminder of the dangers of gun ownership, the dangers of his own gun collection.

In the world of pizza box collectors, Bruce is a legend. For over 30 years, Bruce has been collecting pizza boxes from all over the world. His collection is said to be one of the largest and most comprehensive in existence, and it has been featured in several magazines and books. Bruce's love for pizza boxes began when he was just a child. His parents would often bring home pizzas from their local pizzeria, and Bruce would save the empty boxes. As he got older, Bruce's collection grew. He began to seek out rare and unusual boxes, and he even started to trade with other collectors. Today, Bruce's collection includes over 10,000 different pizza boxes. He has boxes from every state in the US, as well as from dozens of countries around the world. Bruce is always on the lookout for new and interesting boxes, and he is always willing to trade with other collectors.

WOULD YOU BUY A USED WAR FROM THIS MAN?





IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY. THE SUN WAS SHINING AND THE BIRDS WERE SINGING. THIS MAN WAS SITTING IN HIS CHAIR, ENJOYING THE PEACE AND QUIET. SUDDENLY, HE HEARD A NOISE. IT SOUNDED LIKE A BOMB. HE GOT UP FROM HIS CHAIR AND RAN TO THE WINDOW. HE SAW A HUGE MUSHROOM CLOUD IN THE DISTANCE. THIS MAN KNEW THAT HE HAD PRESSED THE BUTTON THAT WOULD DESTROY THE WORLD.

The series of photographs of dictators embracing missiles is a fascinating document of the power dynamics at play in the world today. The images are both disturbing and intriguing, and they raise important questions about the nature of power and control. On one level, the pictures can be seen as a simple display of the might of these leaders. They are shown with their arms around massive weapons, which symbolize their ability to destroy entire cities. The message is clear: these men are not to be messed with. However, there is also a more subtle message at work in the photos. By embracing the missiles, the dictators are also claiming ownership of them. They are saying that these weapons are under their control, and that they have the power to use them as they see fit. This is a dangerous message, because it suggests that these leaders are willing to use violence in order to get what they want. The pictures also raise questions about the relationship between power and knowledge.



HIS FINGER HOVERED OVER THE BUTTON, HIS HAND SHAKING SLIGHTLY. HE KNEW THAT ONCE HE PRESSED IT, THERE WOULD BE NO TURNING BACK. DESTRUCTION WOULD RAIN DOWN ON HIS ENEMIES, AND HIS OWN PEOPLE WOULD SUFFER ALONG WITH THEM. BUT HE COULD NOT LET HIS PEOPLE SUFFER ANY LONGER. HE HAD TO ACT. WITH A DEEP BREATH, HE PRESSED THE BUTTON. THERE WAS A BRIGHT FLASH OF LIGHT, AND THEN EVERYTHING WAS GONE. THIS MAN HAD DESTROYED EVERYTHING HE LOVED IN A SINGLE MOMENT. HIS NATION WOULD BE SAFE NOW?

The fact that the dictators are shown with their arms around the missiles suggests that they have a deep understanding of these weapons and their capabilities. This knowledge gives them a great deal of power over those who do not have such understanding. Finally, the pictures suggest that power is often based on fear. The fact that the dictators are shown with their arms around the missiles suggests that they are using these weapons to instill fear in their opponents. This fear can be used to control people and get them to do what the leader wants. The series of photographs of dictators embracing missiles is a complex document that raises important questions about the nature of power and control in the world today.



The shot is by no means an element of montage. The shot is a montage cell. Just as cells in their division form a phenomenon of another order, the organism or embryo, so, on the other side of the dialectical leap from the shot, there is montage. By what, then, is montage characterized and, consequently, its cell - the shot? By collision. By the conflict of two pieces in opposition to each other. By conflict. By collision. Before me lies a crumpled yellowed sheet of paper. On it is a mysterious note: 'Linkage - P' and 'Collision - E'. This is a substantial trace of a heated bout on the subject of montage between P (Pudovkin) and E(myself). This has become a habit. At regular intervals he visits me late at night and behind closed doors we wrangle over matters of principle. A graduate of the Kuleshov school, he loudly defends an understanding of montage as a linkage of pieces. Into a chain. Again, 'bricks'. Bricks, arranged in series to expound an idea. I confronted him with my viewpoint on montage as a collision. A view that from the collision of two given factors arises a concept. From my point of view, linkage is merely a possible special case. Recall what an infinite number of combinations is known in physics to be capable of arising from the impact (collision) of spheres. Depending on whether the spheres be resilient, non-resilient or mingled. Amongst all these combinations there is one in which the impact is so weak that the collision is degraded to an even movement of both in the same direction. This is the one combination which would correspond with Pudovkin's view. Not long ago we had another talk. Today he agrees with my point of view. True, during the interval he took the opportunity to acquaint himself with the series of lectures I gave during that period at the State Cinema Institute ...

So, montage is conflict.

As the basis of every art is conflict (an 'imagist' transformation of the dialectical principle). The shot appears as the cell of montage. Therefore it also must be considered from the viewpoint of conflict.

Conflict within the shot is potential montage, in the development of its intensity shattering the quadrilateral cage of the shot and exploding its conflict into montage impulses between the montage pieces. As, in a zigzag of mimicry, the mise-en-scene splashes out into a spatial zigzag with the same shattering. As the slogan, 'All obstacles are vain before Russians', bursts out in the multitude of incident of War and Peace.

If montage is to be compared with something, then a phalanx of montage pieces, of shots, should be compared to the series of explosions of an internal combustion engine, driving forward its automobile or tractor: for, similarly, the dynamics of montage serve as impulses driving forward the total film.

Conflict within the frame. This can be very varied in character: it even can be a conflict in - the story. As in that 'prehistoric' period in films (although there are plenty of instances in the present, as well), when entire scenes would be photographed in a single, uncut shot. This, however, is outside the strict jurisdiction of the film-form.

These are the 'cinematographic' conflicts within the frame:

Conflict of graphic directions.

(Lines - either static or dynamic)

Conflict of scales. Conflict of volumes. Conflict of masses.

(Volumes filled with various intensities of light)

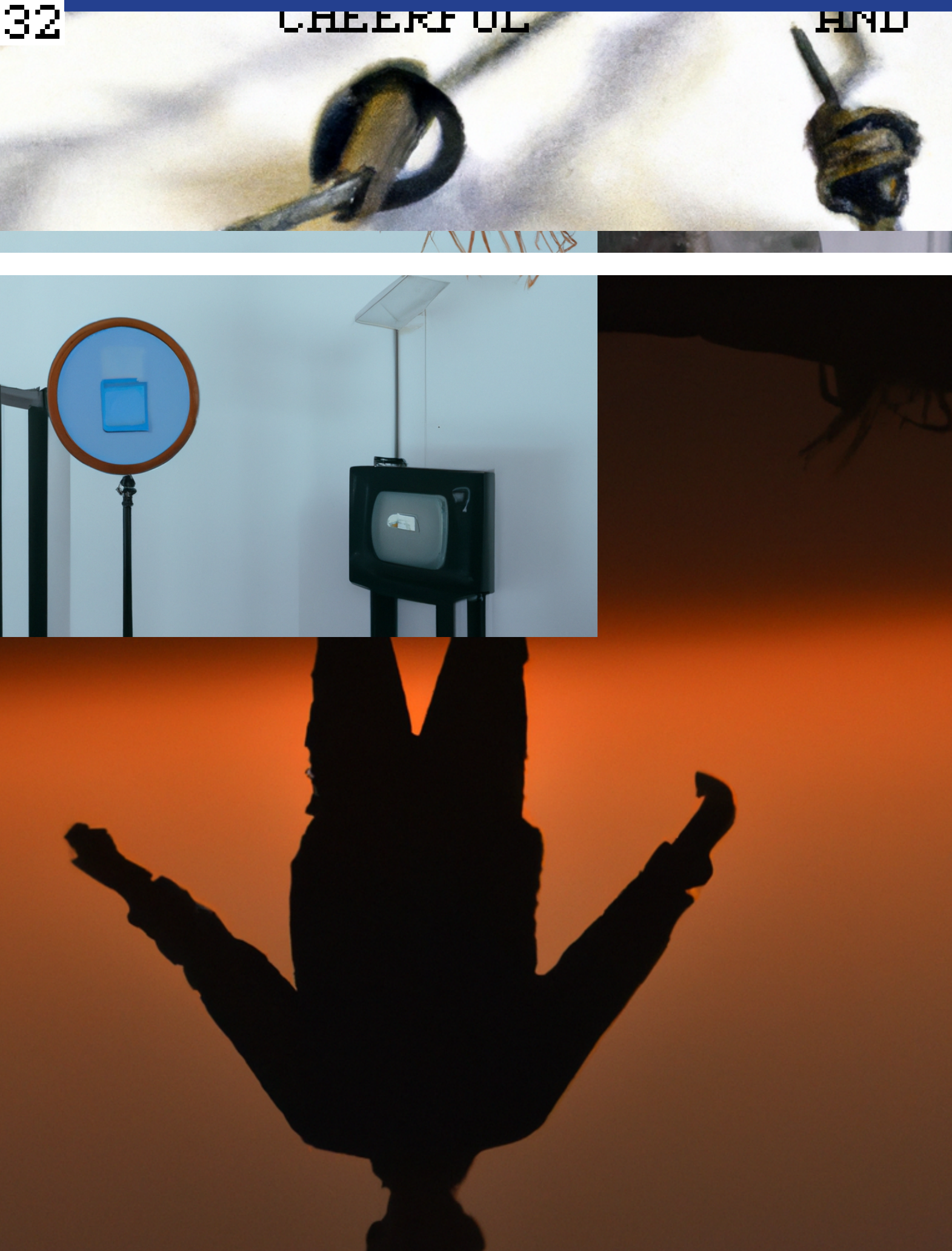
Conflict of depths. And the following conflicts, requiring only one further impulse of intensification before flying into antagonistic pairs of pieces:

Close shots and long shots.

Pieces of graphic directions. Pieces resolved in volume, with pieces resolved in area. Pieces of darkness and pieces of lightness. And lastly there are such unexpected conflicts as:

Conflicts between an object and its dimension - and conflicts between an event and its duration. These may sound strange, but both are familiar to us. The first is accomplished by an optically distorted lens, and the second by stop-motion or slow-motion. The compression of all cinematographic factors and properties within a single dialectical formula of conflict is no empty rhetorical diversion. We are now seeking a unified system for methods of cinematographic expressiveness that shall hold good for all its elements. The assembly of these into series of common indications will solve the task as a whole. Experience in the separate elements of the cinema cannot be absolutely measured. Whereas we know a good deal about montage, in the theory of the shot we are still floundering about amidst the most academic attitudes, some vague tentatives, and the sort of harsh radicalism that sets one's teeth on edge.

To regard the frame as a particular, as it were, molecular case of montage makes possible the direct application of montage practice to the theory of the shot. And similarly with the theory of lighting. To sense this as a collision between a stream of light and an obstacle, like the impact of a stream from a fire-hose striking a concrete object, or of the wind buffeting a human figure, must result in a usage of light entirely different in comprehension from that employed in playing with various combinations of 'gauzes' and 'spots'. Thus far we have one such significant principle of conflict: the principle of optical counterpoint. And let us not now forget that soon we shall face another and less simple problem in counterpoint: the conflict in the sound film of acoustics and optics.



All scientists learnt from Karl Popper to work successfully by means of failure. Popper named this remarkable procedure 'falsifiability': a scientist proposes hypotheses the meanings of which are only proved if there is no success in refuting them. In the natural sciences experiments are the best way of falsifying hypotheses. If the experiment fails, we know that the hypotheses are unusable, thus the scientist was working successfully! But in order to design experiments we need hypotheses. How can experiments disprove hypotheses if the experiments only become possible through the aforesaid hypotheses? Scientists bring experiments and hypotheses together in constructing a logic (generally formulated mathematically) that makes it possible to take account of the discrepancy between hypothetical predictions and experimental results. Therefore the falsification amounts to assessing and handling discrepancies. The experiment has been successful if it fails. [REDACTED]

In the arts of our century failure as a form of succeeding was likewise made into a theme, and in more than one respect. The emphasis on the fact that modern artists experiment is striking. The concepts 'experimental' and 'experimental art' are always employed to make artistic works appear interesting if they obviously show up a discrepancy between what is expected of the artists and the effective works. For a hundred years such discrepancies have been stigmatized by a section of the art public as degenerate. The campaigns against the degenerate arts aimed at admitting as successful only those works that accorded with a preordained understanding of art. Those who were reproached by others with having failed felt themselves to be confirmed as artists.

But the artists wanted to check this very understanding of art by experimenting. They brought together experiments and hypothetical concepts of art in developing a logic that was intended to make it possible to see the meaning of artistic work in the confrontation with the unknown, the incommensurable, the uncontrollable, i.e. reality. The modern artist sees the success of his oeuvre in its failure to verify a preordained understanding of art according to academic rules through works; for it would in no way be up to him as an individual if he had to confirm only normative aesthetics or art theory through his work. In the twentieth century nobody asked the awkward question 'And is that supposed to be art?' in such radical terms as the artists themselves. In their preoccupation with this question they went as far as to doubt that they were creating works of art at all. For a work executed according to a plan would be no more than an illustration of a hypothetical construct of art which exists even without the works. But artists did not justify the need to experiment only through the objective of falsifying prevailing conceptions of art. They discovered that a general discrepancy between a mental construct and its objective realization in pictorial language is obviously inevitable, because for human beings it is not possible to produce identity between intuition and concept, content and form, consciousness and communication (apart from mathematical unambiguity). They learnt how to deal productively with the non-identity of art concept and artwork by exploiting the discrepancy in order to produce something new that cannot be thought out hypothetically. Therefore being innovative meant forgoing from the very start the enforced identity of normative concepts of art and their correspondence in the work. The failure of the works became the precondition for making the theme something new and unknown. This procedure had an existential dimension for the artists. Anyone who ventures into the new, embarks on experiments, is neither recognizable nor acceptable in the traditional role as artist. Latent social stigmatization drove the artists ever further into the radicalism of experimentation. They had to accept extreme living conditions. In order to tolerate them they were inclined to be excessive in their lifestyle. The consumption of drugs of every description had an impact on the experimenters' mental condition, as a result of which they often behaved in a way that made them stand out and was regarded by the public as not merely eccentric, but also psychopathological. Ever more artists perceived the failure of their bourgeois existence as a prerequisite for their ability to experiment in a radical way.

In this respect they coincided with other deviant personalities (terrorists, criminals, prophets), e.g. with Hitler. He legitimated himself through his experience of failure as both a citizen and an artist. Again and again he emphasized that he had had to endure hunger, rejection and spiritual desolation. The need to be radical arose from the experience of failure. His heroism of deeds was rooted in this radicalism: the heroic artist's attitude which theoretically proves its worth in radical failure. With everything he did he falsified the old European world with its religious, social and artistic ideals. Götterdämmerung (Twilight of the Gods) was the name that had been used for this strategy of heroic failure since Wagner. Thus at the end of his days he could rightly be convinced that he had changed the world more radically with his failure than all his contemporaries had done. Nowadays the heroism of failure is no doubt more appropriately described as aesthetic fundamentalism. It has lost nothing of its fascination. But Wagner and Nietzsche, the protagonists of heroic and cheerful failure, have meanwhile come to interest not only artists, politicians, scientists and other saviours of the world. Youthful subcultures have long used the glory of failure for their own self-justification. An entire generation seems to be living under the impression that they will fail – economically, ecologically and socially. Hooligans, ghetto dwellers and Mafiosi vie in their radicalism with any Wagner and any Hitler. They no longer believe in the creation of works. They experiment totally and face the unknown and uncontrollable autonomous course of nature and society apparently without any fear. The attitudes of artists and politicians no longer interest them because they represent these attitudes themselves. They are heroic with post-modern cheerfulness. Laughing terror, a cynical couldn't-care-less attitude, is the basis of their everyday experience in the almost scientifically justified task of falsifying themselves.

What was once reserved solely for builders of atomic and neutron bombs, saintly suicides and profound nihilists in the arts is now practiced by Everyman. The philosophy of failure as a form of perfection became total. What a success – and as enlightenment too. For adherents of the Enlightenment knew that they could be refuted by one thing only: by their success. [...]



PAST



PRESENT



"1. On the role of the artist: it is no longer a matter of producing "works" but of prescribing meanings. 2. On the artist's performance: the artist merges with the curator, with the collector, with the teacher, with the historian, with the theoretician... All these facets are chameleonicly authorial. 3. On the artist's responsibility: an ecology of the visual is imposed that will penalize saturation and encourage recycling. 4. On the function of images: the circulation of the image prevails over the content of the image. On the philosophy of art: discourses of originality are delegitimized and appropriationist practices are normalized. 6. On the dialectic of the subject: the author is camouflaged or in the cloud. Alternative models of authorship are reformulated: co-authorship, collaborative creation, interactivity, strategic anonymity and orphan works. 7. On the dialectics of the social: overcoming the tensions between the private and the public. Intimacy as a relic. 8. On the horizon of art: more play will be given to playful aspects to the detriment of anhedonia (solemn + boring) in which hegemonic art usually takes refuge. 9. On the experience of art: creative practices that will accustom us to dispossession will be privileged: sharing is better than possessing. 10. On the politics of art: not to surrender neither to glamour nor to the market in order to inscribe oneself in the action of shaking consciences".

JOAN FONTCUBERTA

The fury of images: Notes on post-photography

THE NEOLIBERAL MUSEUM

It would be hard to be in New York now without experiencing the media barrage promoting the Björk exhibit at MoMA, just as it’s apparently hard to be in Paris and escape the hype around the Jeff Koons exhibit at the Centre Pompidou. Björk’s voice has always been for me a magnificent hymn to vegetal love, and I feel nothing but sympathy for a guy who has himself photographed naked fucking with Cicciolina and who, like me, adores poodles. Let’s set Björk and Koons aside (they’re nothing but simple instruments here). These two exhibitions are signs of what the contemporary modern art museum is becoming in the neoliberal era. What they both demonstrate is that marketing and development strategies have marched straight into these spaces. For a brief period, it was possible to transform the museum into a democratic laboratory where the public sphere was being reinvented. But now this idea is being dismantled in the name of one single argument: dependence on public subsidies must be bypassed in times of “crisis”; the time has come to make the museum into a profitable business. This new museum, we are told, must be transformed into a semiotic-enterprise. These are the criteria that we, info-employees of contemporary art museums, must take into account when we plan our exhibits—if we are the info-employees of contemporary art museums. For solo shows, we are obedient to the “big name” regime, the immediately recognizable names, since the museum is geared above all toward the tourist. This is one of the characteristics of the neoliberal museum: to transform even the local visitor into a tourist of the history of globalized capitalism. This explains the architecture of the exhibition spaces at MoMA: a fluid space in which Björk’s video Big Time Sensuality, filmed in Times Square in 1993, is visible from every room, while we penetrate into a labyrinth where Van Gogh’s Starry Night rubs elbows with Picasso’s Les Femmes d’Alger, or Warhol’s Campbell’s soup cans. The visitor will see nothing he wasn’t already familiar with or that he wouldn’t find in Taschen Books’ “hundred best artists” category. Like a semiotic machine, this new baroque-financial museum produces a signifier without history, a homogeneous sensorial product, smooth and continuous, inside which Björk, Picasso and Times Square are interchangeable. Today, a good museum director must become a sales executive able to develop global profitable services. A director of public programming must be a specialist in analyzing the cultural market, in “multi-channel programming,” searching for new clients—sorry, we should say “audiences”—managing “big data” and in dynamic pricefixing (remember that full entry to MoMA costs the “dynamic” sum of \$25). The curators (who as time passes are becoming more important than the artists) are the new heroes of this process of spectacularization. Exhibitions are products, and “art history” becomes a simple cognitive-financial accumulation. The museum is then transformed into an abstract, privatized space, an enormous media-mercantile earthworm: the MOMAPOMPIDOUTATEGUGGENHEIMABUDHABI... Impossible to tell where you are, where you came in, where the exit is. This proliferation of works as identifiable brands is part of the general process of abstraction and dematerialization of value in contemporary capitalism. In the realm of the baroque-financial museum, works of art are no longer thought of according to their ability to question our habitual modes of perceiving or knowing, but rather according to their infinite interchangeability. Art is exchanged for signs and money, no longer for experience or subjectivity. Here, the consumable sign, its economic, media value, is separated from the artwork, possesses it, empties it, devours it and, as Benjamin says, destroys it. It is a museum in which art, the public space, and the public as critical agent are all dead. Let’s stop calling it a museum and call it the “necromuseum.” An archive of our own global destruction.

If we want to save the museum, perhaps we should choose public ruin over private profitability. And if that is not possible, perhaps the time has come to occupy the museum collectively, to empty it of its debts and raise barricades of meaning there. To turn out its lights so that, without any possibility of spectacle, it can function as the parliament of another sensibility.

PAUL B. PRECIADO— New York, 14 March 2015



(STILLNESS

AND QUIETUDE)

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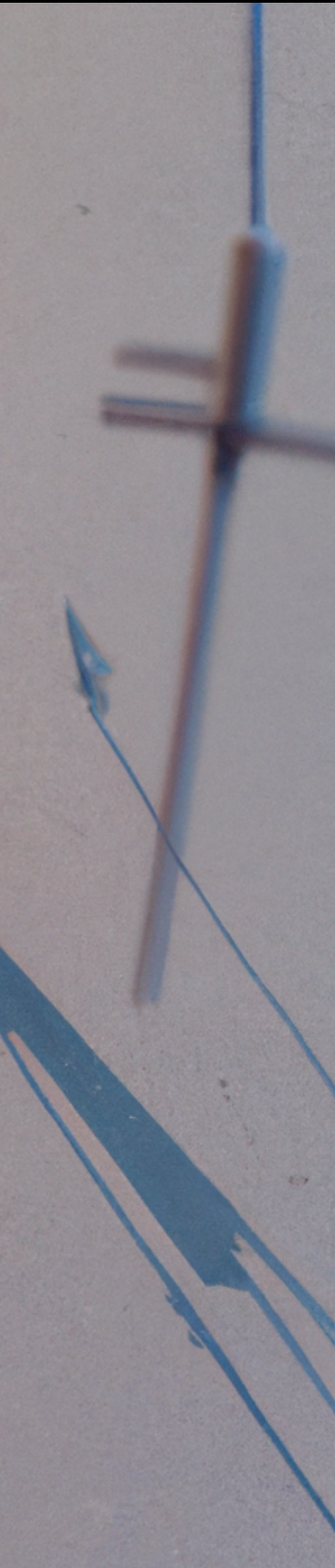
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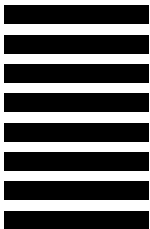
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SOMETIMES, SUCCESS CAN BE A CURSE.

Unknown Toll in the Fog of War. Two completely different tales have begun to emerge about what happened inside Enron during its last 11 months: the public image and the hidden truth. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of innocent Afghans have lost their lives during American attacks, a scattering of bodies extraordinarily difficult to tabulate. Responding to longstanding concerns about health risks with a major change in policy, the poultry industry is greatly reducing the antibiotics that are fed to healthy chickens. Get your free daily briefing about the deal-making industry, compiled from dozens of sources and delivered by e-mail before the market's opening bell. The president made clear that he expected traditional European allies to conform to an American vision of a shared future. A nervous clown fish searches the big, wide ocean for his rebellious son in Pixar's wonderful aquatic fable. Inside the seemingly perfect life of butchered Queens mom. A timeline of events: Everything that happened before Orsolya Gaal's body was found in a duffel bag. 'It would involve giving up a lot of luxuries': Tenants fear doorman strike. The soccer star and his partner, Georgina Rodríguez, confirmed that the other twin baby, a girl, survived. "We will always love you," they said on social media. How 'bout dat? 'Cash me outside' girl pays all cash for \$6.1M Florida mansion. Drone footage shows dozens of new graves in war-torn Ukrainian town. 'Unsafe' Safety harness was loosened to twice normal range on park ride before teen's death. "It's extraordinary. It happens once in a lifetime," said Uwe Kunzmann, a civil engineer from Karlsruhe, Germany. "We want to be in the crowd." The sun opposes Jupiter, planet of good fortune but also of excess, on your birthday this year, so while you clearly have Lady Luck on your side, you must guard against going to extremes. Also, when you accomplish something out of the ordinary, try to be modest. Others will think more of your success, and of you, if you don't let it go to your head. It may be hard to forgive an insult, harder still to forget, but for your own peace of mind, you must rise above petty disputes. If you find that too difficult, and give as good as you get, you could find yourself in all sorts of trouble this week. Friday's eclipse in your sign promises a new start is possible, but you must leave behind old ways of

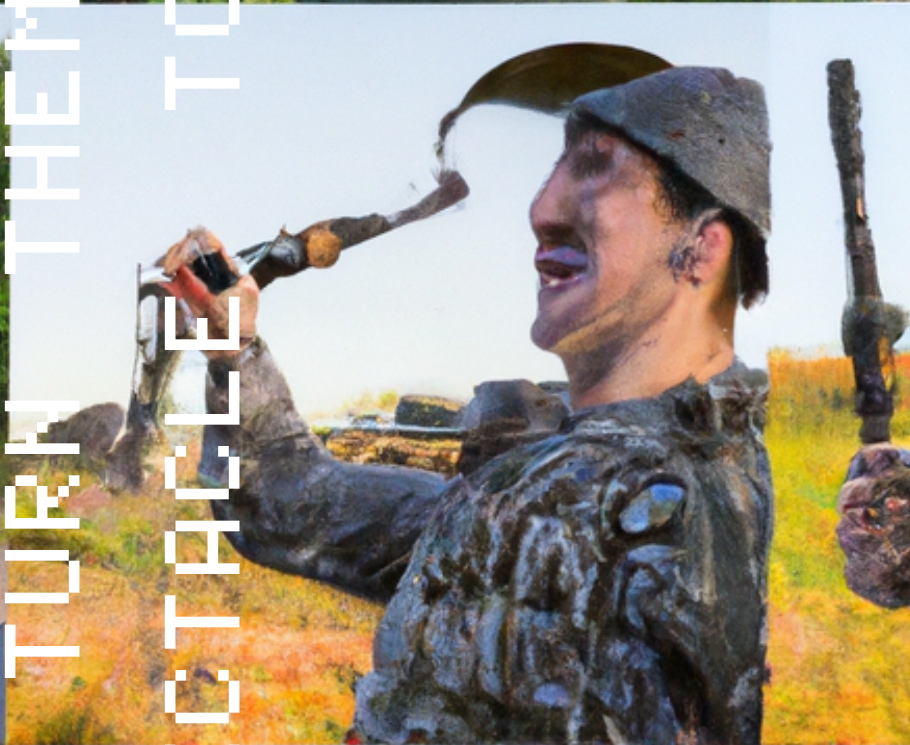
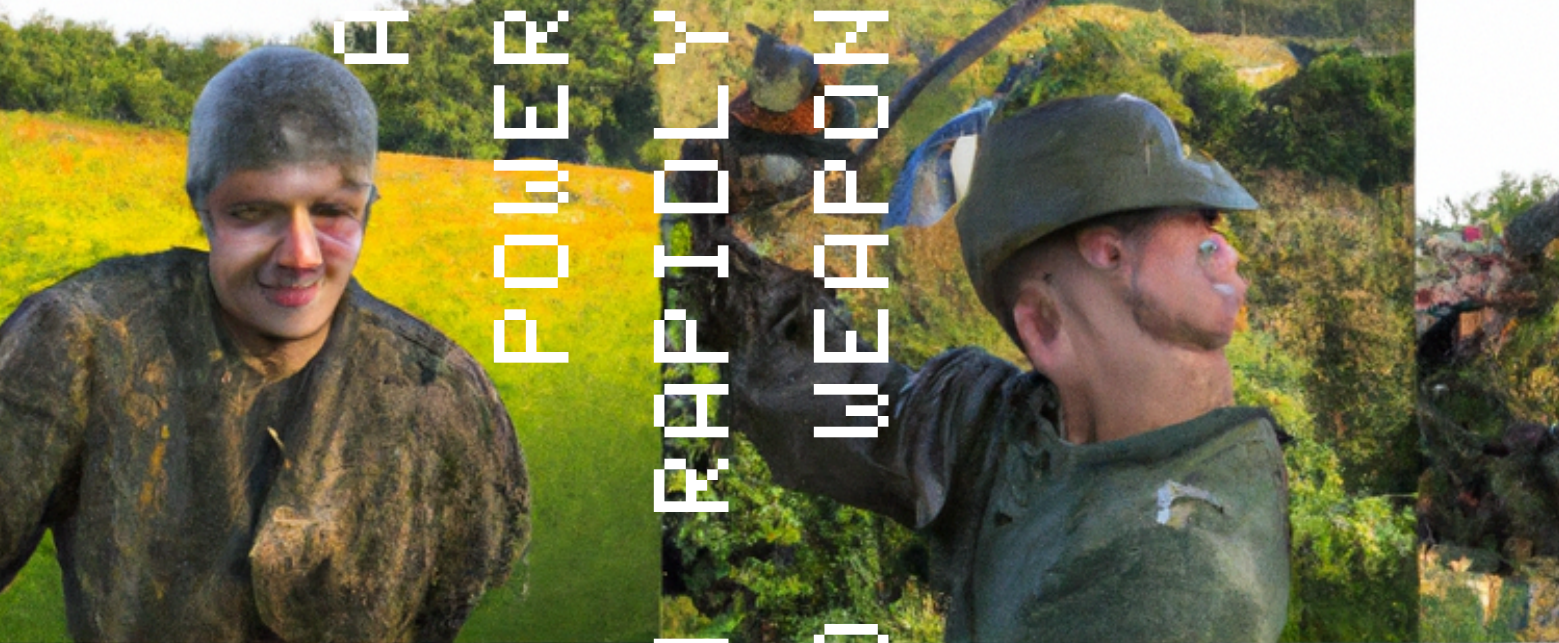
thinking and negative emotions. If someone you know and trust warns that you are pushing yourself too hard, you would be wise to listen and act on what he tells you. You may be a Scorpio, but your stamina is not unlimited. Do dreams come true? They do if you believe in them enough. If you allow yourself to think the impossible this week, there is no telling what magical things might happen around the time of Friday's solar eclipse. But you don't have to sit around waiting for fortune to come your way: Jupiter, your ruler, on good terms with Mars, planet of energy, this week means you have the power to make things happen. Even if you are the kind of Capricorn who prefers not to get emotional, you will let partners and loved ones know how and why you feel a certain way this week. Don't worry that others might think you are weak for showing your more vulnerable side - on the contrary, they will think even more highly of you than they do already. Despite what some of your critics might say, you are human, like everyone else. If you have something important to say, something that might change your own and other people's lives, you would do well to keep it until later in the week when there is a powerful solar eclipse in the communications area of your chart. Timing is everything, and if you speak too soon, you may find that others don't take you so seriously. That would be a shame because this is clearly a serious issue. Sometimes what you think is a problem exists only inside your head, so try not to get worked up about what seems to go wrong this week because most likely you are taking it too seriously. Money matters, especially, must not be allowed to worry you. Remind yourself that in the greater scheme of things, what you own and what you earn is of no importance at all. The only thing that matters is the love in your heart. (ti)



OPERATIONS



WED - TO - DAY





PERFECT LOWERS WITH CREATED
FENCES IN EXQUISITE PLEASURES
THE PRIVACY OF A DAILY ROUND
AND THE EMOTIONS OF A BODY



To collect photographs is to collect the world. Movies and television programmes light up walls, flicker, and go out; but with still photographs the image is also an object, lightweight, cheap to produce, easy to carry about, accumulate, store.

In Godard's *Les Carabiniers* (1963), two sluggish lumpen-peasants are lured into joining the King's Army by the promise that they will be able to loot, rape, kill, or do whatever else they please to the enemy, and get rich. But the suitcase of booty that Michel-Ange and Ulysse triumphantly bring home, years later, to their wives turns out to contain only picture postcards, hundreds of them, of Monuments, Department Stores, Mammals, Wonders of Nature, Methods of Transport, Works of Art, and other classified treasures from around the globe. Godard's gag vividly parodies the equivocal magic of the photographic image.

Photographs are perhaps the most mysterious of all the objects that make up, and thicken, the environment we recognize as modern. Photographs really are experience captured, and the camera is the ideal arm of consciousness in its acquisitive mood.

SUSAN SONTAG
On photography

