

Experiments within space about a place.

Israle Ariño says in his book, *La Gravetat del Lloc*, all stones are precious, all of them, and so are places. Places are precious, are build by us in spaces. A place is something occupying the space. Who owns the space? What's the space? There's a difference between a space and the space. The space is that something non tangible that we are constantly going through. When I'm walking on the street I'm constantly moving through it. My room owns a space, because is always there, but at the same time, if one day I decide to destroy it, it won't be in that space anymore, therefore, it won't own it either, and will never again. I won't have the right to put something else on that space, therefore my room actually doesn't own any space. Not at all. Space. A place in the space. Its presence is tangible, but as soon as I remove the place, that space is free again. Again?

PROCESS:

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PLAN

Usually, everything starts in tears. The canvas is too wide. So many things can happen. What's this place? What am I supposed to do in it? Will it be important? What is everyone else going to do in it? Will it be important? Everything is so cold and isolated. I run away. I want to go to a safe place. A place I own. Where I feel secure. I wonder how easy it would be if this comfort place would be occupying a space that was closer to this cold and non comfort place. It would make it easier. I don't care what space I'm occupying, but the place, that thing I own and it's made by me, is important. I just wish I could move it through the space, this place. I'm sure it wouldn't have fined if this two places were closer. I would have walked.

BRIEF

- Get ready for a 1h trip no east London, because you don't have money to take the overground.
- Get on the 78 bus on Nunhead and have a negative balance on your oyster when tapping in.
- Get off in Malt Street and take the 21.
- Get a £40 fine because you wasn't aware about how the tel system works, and you didn't know that when having a negative balance, you can't take the second trip for free.
- Cry a river until can't breathe. Make everyone from the bus stare at you. -Get off in Nortchurch road.
- Start walking up through Nortchurch road until you see a church, and realise you don't know what you are doing.
- Look for the states.
- Take pictures of the states.
- Choose one building. Zoom in as much as you can with you're phone camera. Take pictures of the parts of the building one by one.
- Take a video of the silence and emptiness of the place.
- Select a balcony and take one picture, then zoom in a little bit and take a second picture, and finally zoom in as much as you can and take the last one.
- Take pictures of the birds.
- Explore the zone. Walk around. Walk stairs up and down. Go to the channel.
- Take as much pictures as you can while moving your phone in horizontal.
- Feel stupid because your phone just turn off because it run out of battery.
- Take pictures with an analog camera. Try to look at the shapes of the building. The geometry. The lights.
- Decide to go home. But first stop in Tesco and buy a box of double chocolate cookies with your last £2. Eat them while walking to the next bus stop so you don't feel much guilty.
- Go home. Cry a second river.
- Write down the experience of that day on your notebook.
- Let two days pass.
- Select the best pictures and place them on an inDesign document to make them smaller and fit 4 in each page, to save paper.
- Re arrange the super zoom in pictures of the building and re build it. Scan the result and print it. -Paste in a another paper the three pictures of the balcony framing with a red marker the balcony shape.
- Re arrange the pictures you took from a space moving the phone so you get like a panoramic picture. Fill the emptiness of the space.
- Consider the day you went there and think about how different that day would have gone if it was a sunny day, or a more colourful place. Put some colour to the pictures.
- Think about the idea of alteration of the place. Cut of something from de Beauvoir. -Make a photocopy of a quote that inspires you for this project.



First experiment.



Second experiment.

COLLECTING

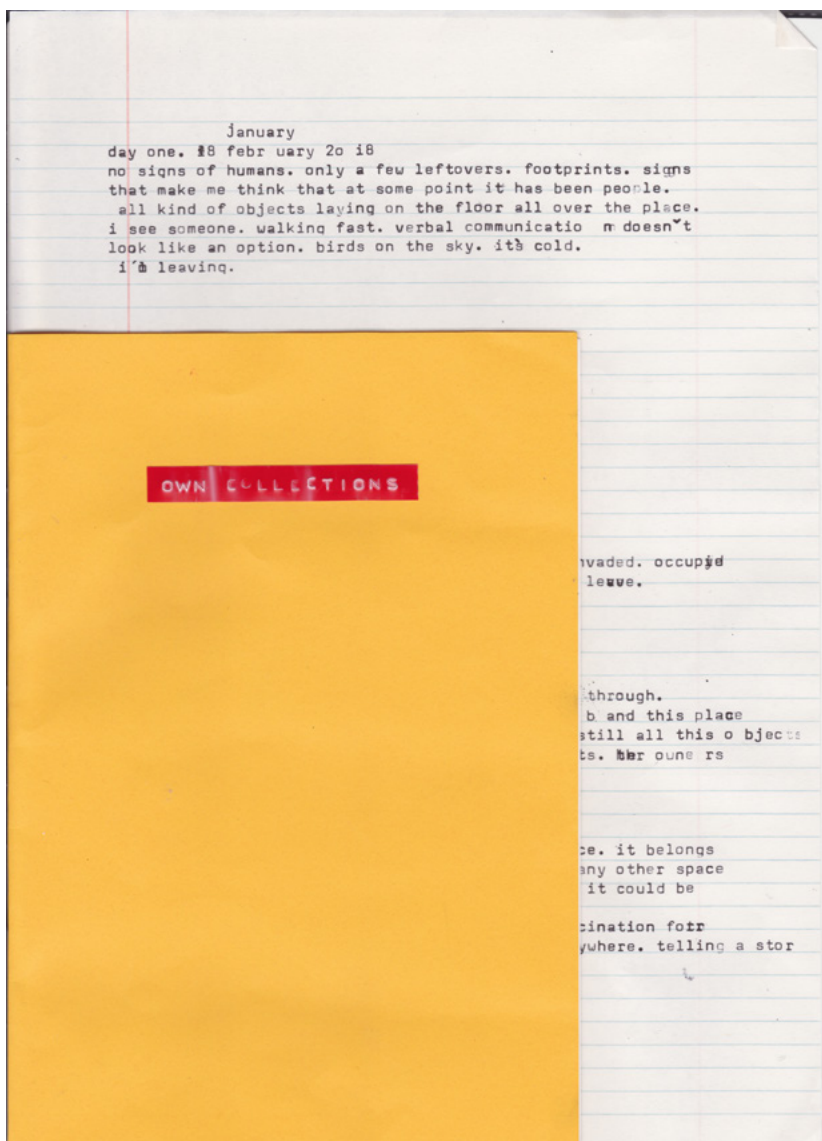
I look at things. I look at people too. But where is the people? I can't see them. I only see people passing by, as if they were nonconscious about where are they stepping. Only passing through. This place is a bridge. A blank space between two places. A parenthesis.

So I only see things. I like to look at things. I like to take them. Sometimes by picking them. But sometimes I keep them on my mind, if there's space. I also take pictures. Or I can draw them. I keep them with me in any medium. Objects disappear, material things disappear. They get lost, they break, they get old, useless, but this memories, this collections are forever.

So I like to look at things. They can tell you stories. You can ask someone to tell you a story, or you can analyze the props that are part of it. And they will tell you.

Diary and collections. Found objects in De Beauvoir.

OWN COLLECTIONS



The world is not a whole, a totality. But, a bunch of stuff and objects everywhere. With non-apparent order says Perec in *Spices of Spaces* (1974).

All this objects, this materials, lying everywhere, they are part of the place, of the whole. But treated as mere props. I can't help to look at them. I want to collect them. Analyse them.

I could have taken them with me, but then I would have changed its nature and the nature of the place. I would have done an active change of the narrative of that place.

I start imagining the story behind every object.

I found a grapefruit pale. On the floor. But it was in a very strategic place. Who has left it there? Maybe a bunch of kids playing, maybe someone has thrown it from its window. I keep walking and I found a grapefruit bag. I instantly connect those two objects. But again, the bag was hidden. How it get there?

I found a chair at a house entrance. Surrounded by tree branches. It made me think how long this chair has been there. Nobody has used it in months. It's cover by dust. It's probably waiting for the good weather to come, so people will like to sit outside, at the sun, and it will then be used. But until then, it's forced to wait outside, at the cold, and invaded by that tree and dust.

Someone celebrated a party not a while ago. I can tell it because of this football balloons stuck on the tree branch. It was probably before Christmas, because it's too cold to celebrate anything outdoors. But maybe it happened one of those days when it happens to be sunny and warm in the middle of the cold London winter. But they forgot to take the balloon. And now it's there, by its own, as a prove of that event, and everyone who pays enough attention can discover that, just like I did. It's very hard to imagine any event that involves people happening out there, as I haven't seen anyone yet. So I'm thinking, the balloon escaped from a house through a window, and the party was indoors. Where the people seems to hide on this place. That makes more sense. And it will explain why nobody has rescue the balloon, they don't know it's there. I don't know how to imagine the event inside a house, as I haven't seen any. I could imagine outside; a big table with plates that contain triangle sandwich-es, once made of chocolate cream and the others ham and cheese. Bowls containing chips. Plastic glasses, chocolate milkshake and orange juice. Games. Parents talking. Kids playing hide and seek. But I think it's more likely that the party happened in a house. Because I don't see anyone outside. So maybe it's not a custom to spend time outdoors here.

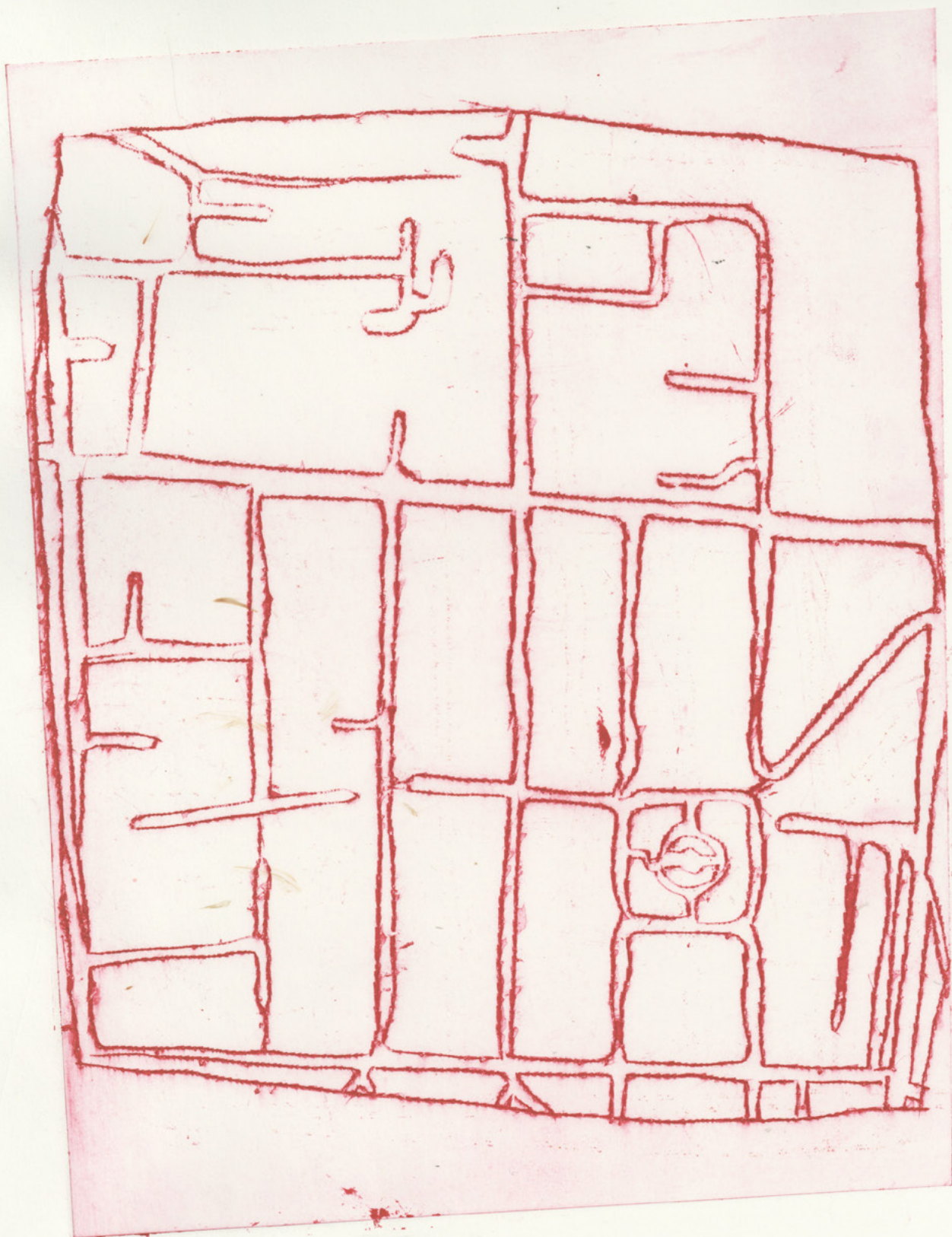
There was a chair. Broken. Destroyed. It probably had a long life. Or maybe the shortest, and it get broken as soon as it arrived from the shop.

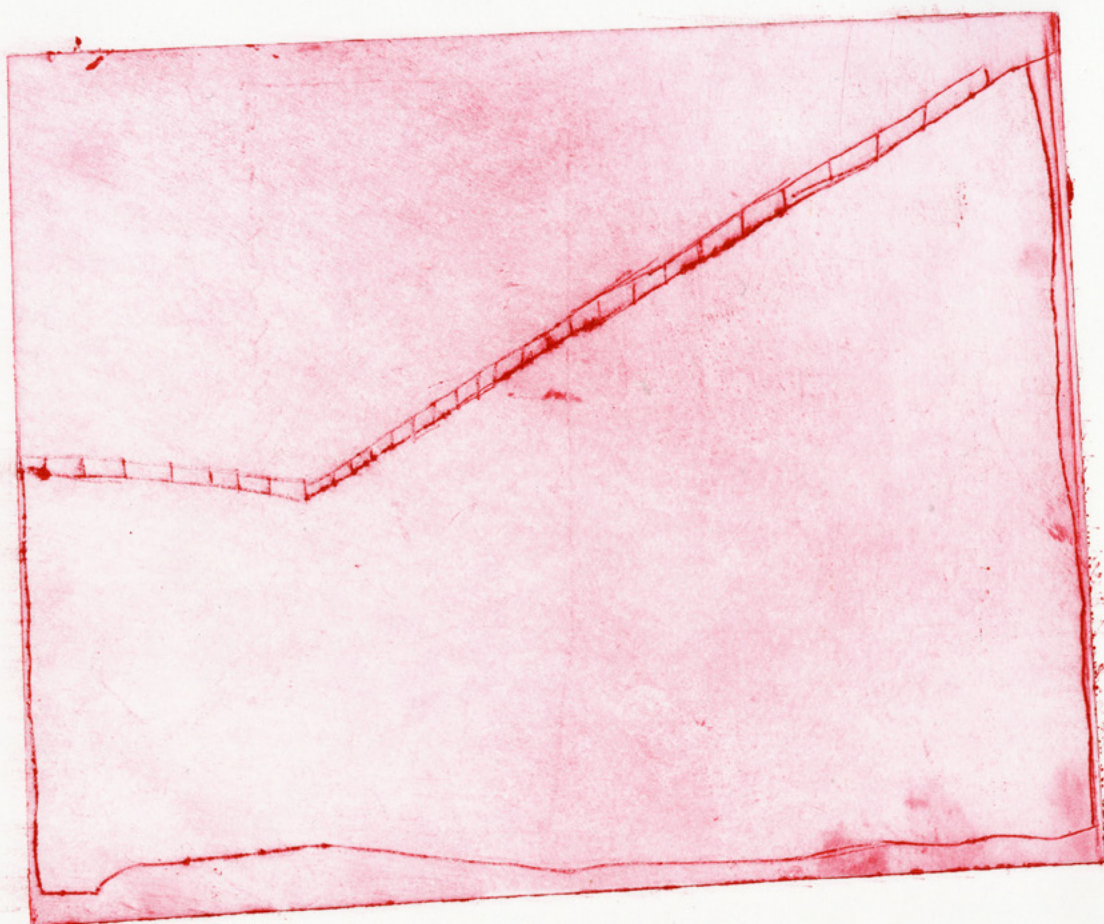
It has black stains. Like if it was burned. Maybe that's what happened.

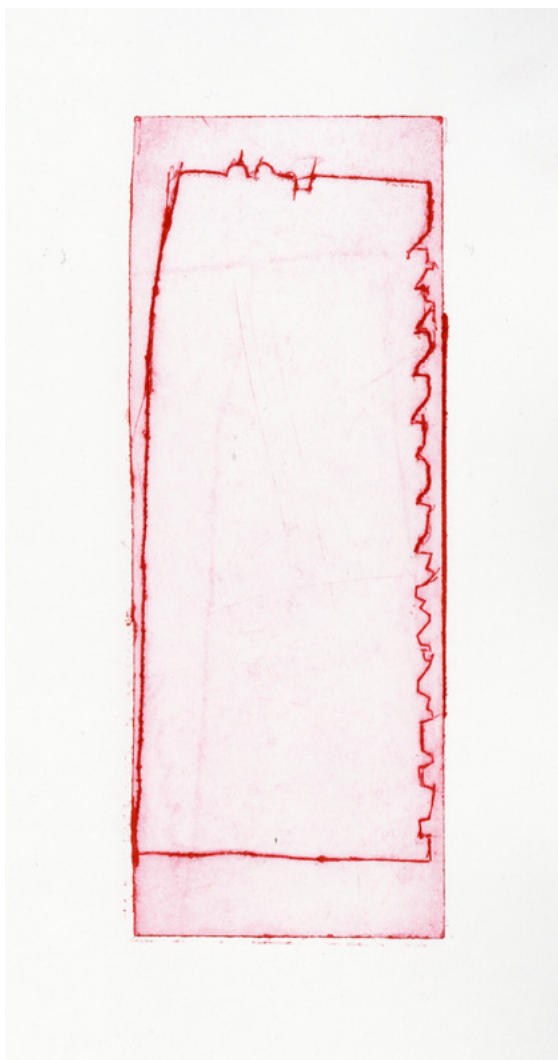
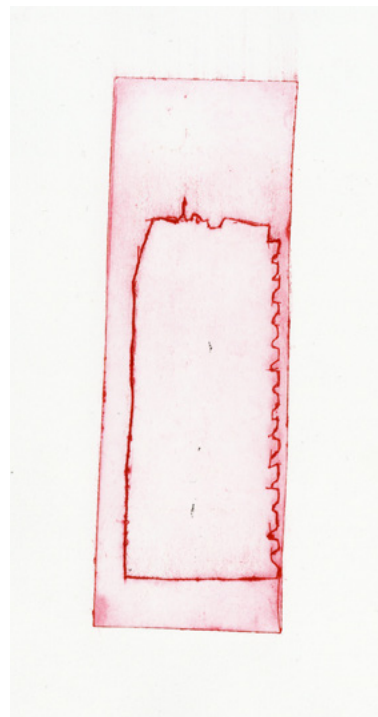
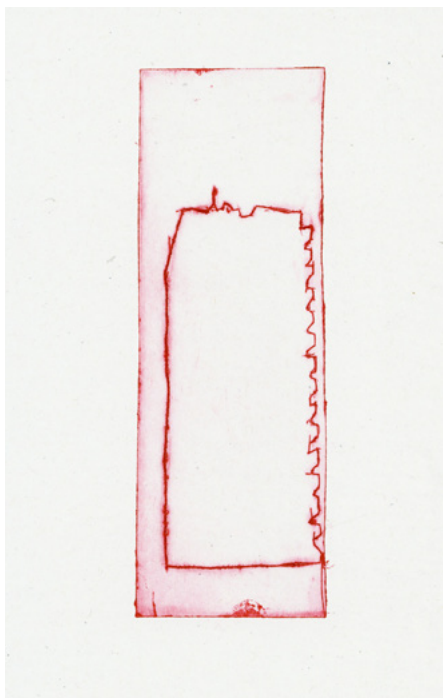
All this objects. Infinite possibilities. They tell stories. The story of the people who inhabit this place. There are so many objects lying on the floor, and sometimes even in tree branches. As if none cares about them. Maybe this people just don't care. It disturbs them. I imagine people walking and letting things slide from them

DEFINING

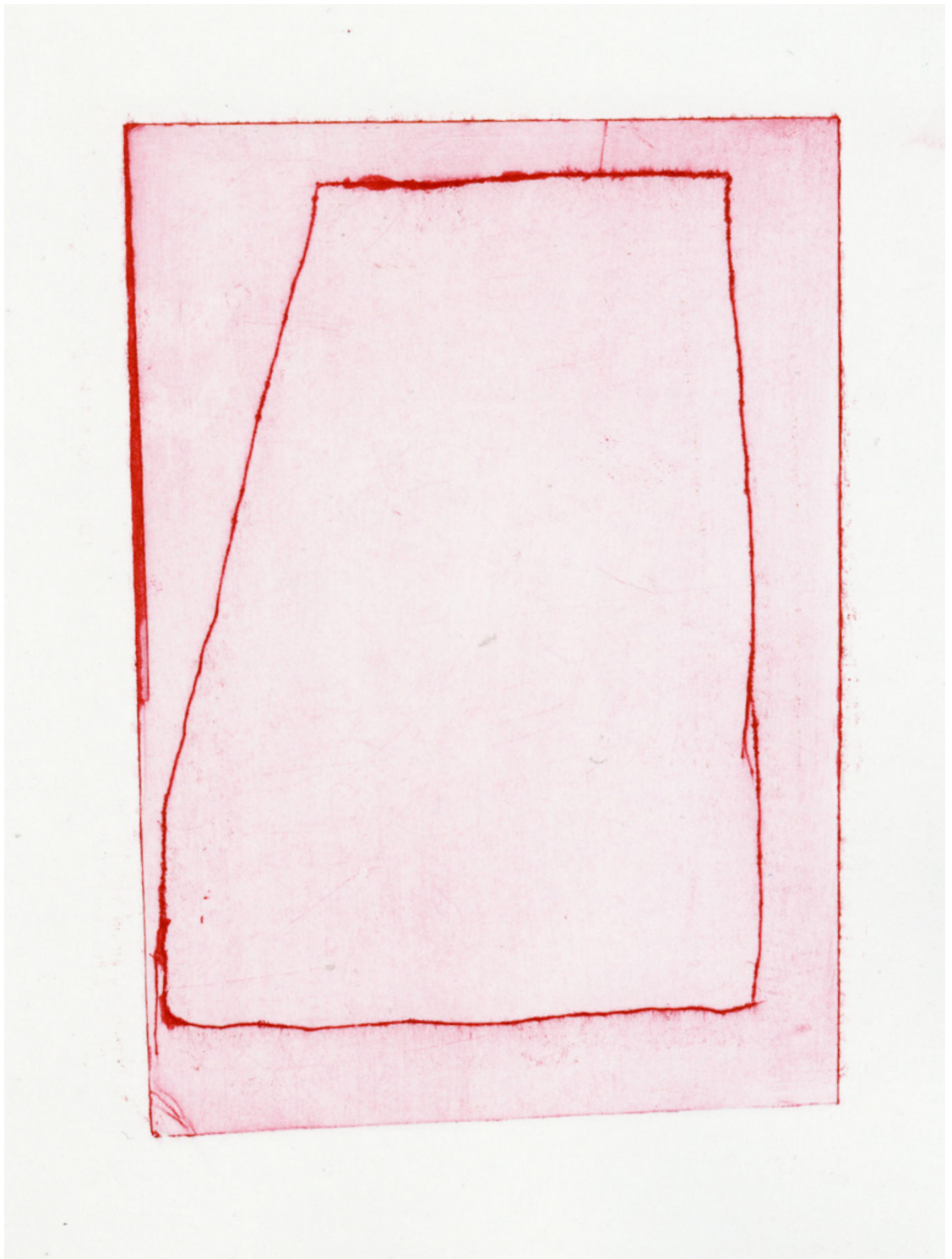
The space. The space becoming a doubt, says Perec. The need to conquer it in order to own it. There is an urge in humans in concreting things, so we feel like we have everything under control. Mapping everything. Building limits. Designating things. Naming them. Numbering them. Organizing them. What is who's? Who's is what? Where are we? What means to be in a place? What means to be in a space? I draw a line in the space, so I capture it. We are silhouettes. Buildings are silhouettes. Places are silhouettes.

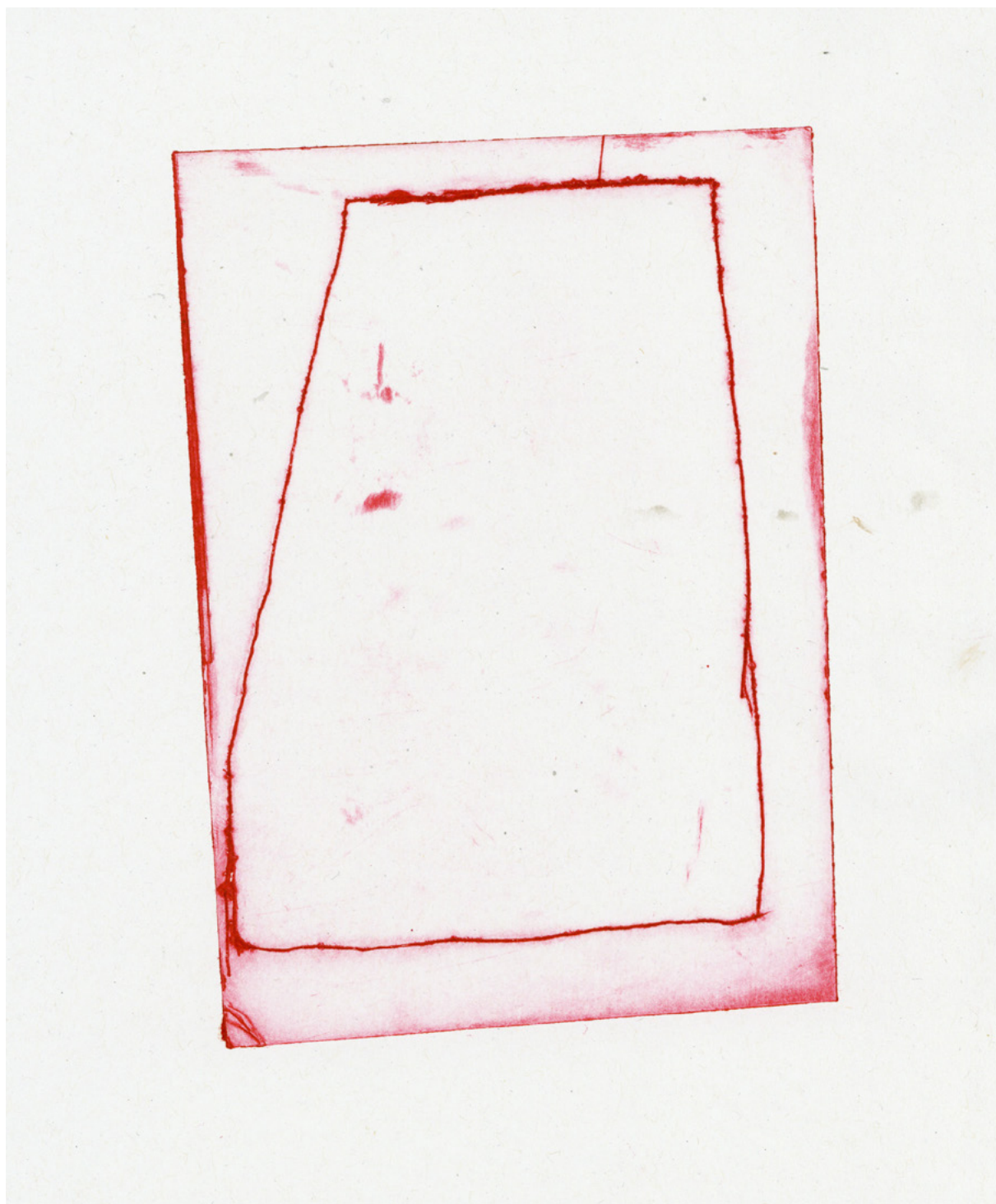












lines and shapes is all I see.
Humans trying to conquer a space, defining it
with the help of building lines. These lines define
the place that is being built on the space. Where
the human can inhabit pretending that it owns the
space. Having the control because it's been named
and numbered. But they are just lines.

map

define

number

name

line

align

mark

concrete

designate

own

ABSTRACTION

The void. It's a shape of something that use to be occupying that space and it's been removed. Or it's just gone, forever. It leaves an irreplaceable shape. Nothing will fit that void.

...inviting the viewer to pause and consider the importance of both what is no longer present and what remains.

(*)

Jose Dávila



A blank space. A shape.

Where is that "use to be here"?

What means to remove something?

~~How that let~~

What is the new scenario?

↓

It changed.
Because there's a notable absence.
A ghost.

Sometimes is more meaningful an absence than a presence.

Like the Black Square (Malevich) and its aim to represent absence. The feeling of absence.

That's it. What's no longer present.

(*) And what remains is a shape that surrounds the void. What remains is ~~at~~ the same scenario with a different narrative.

↳ The discussion of where that "use to be here" has gone.

Experiments on abstraction:

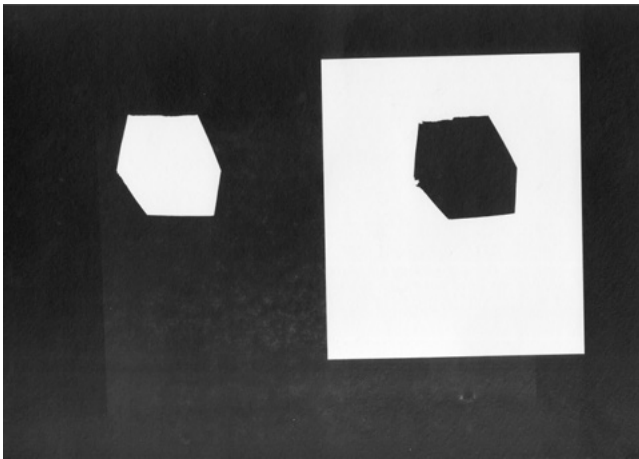


Fig 1. Negative space. A three dimensional place.

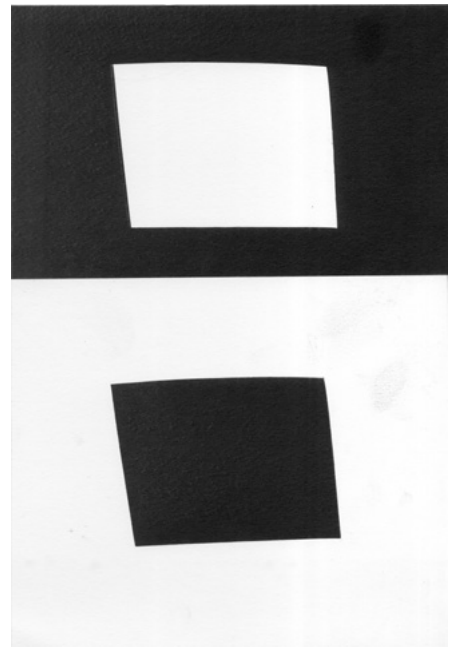


Fig 2. Negative space. A two dimensional place.

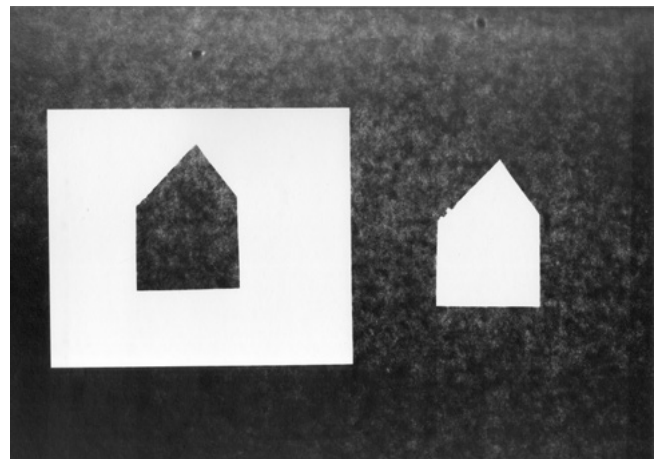


Fig 3. Negative space. A personal place.

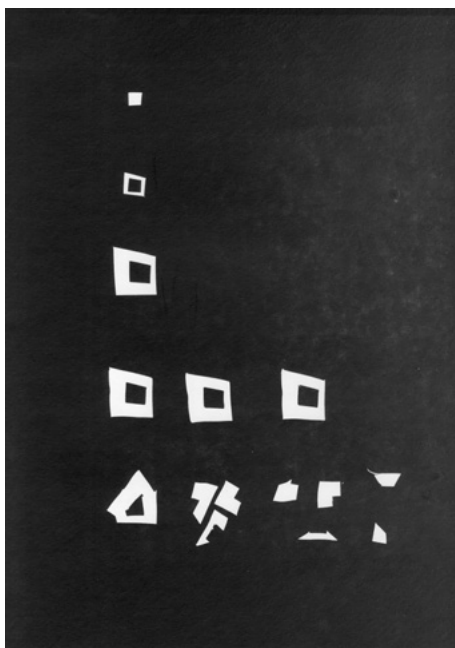


Fig 5. Negative space. Collect, define, abstract, reproduce, transform a place.

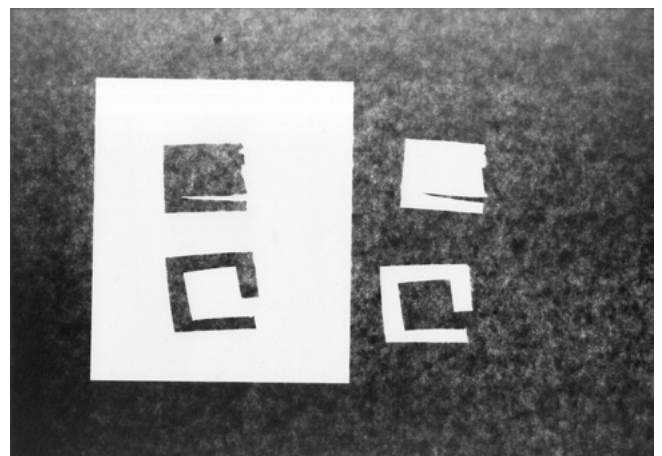
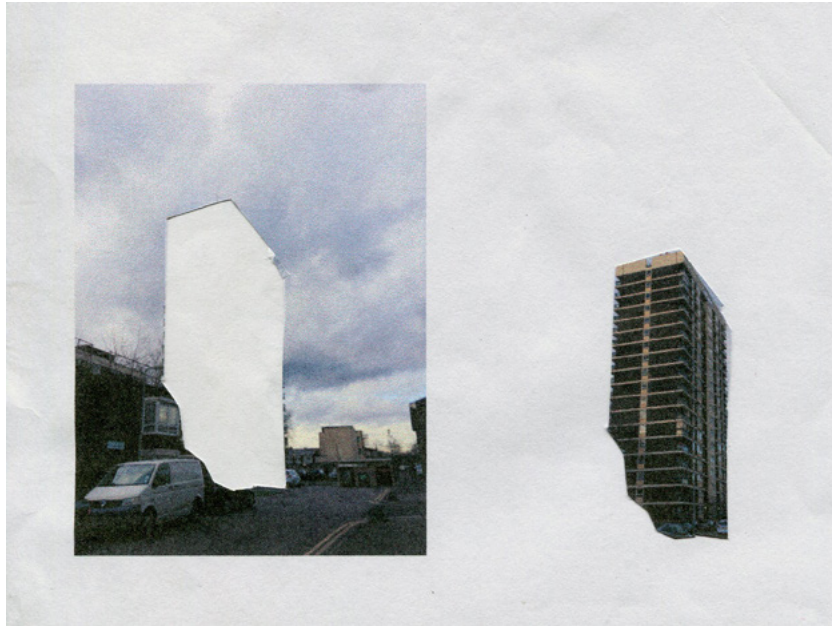


Fig 4. Negative space. Different places.



Somewhere else.



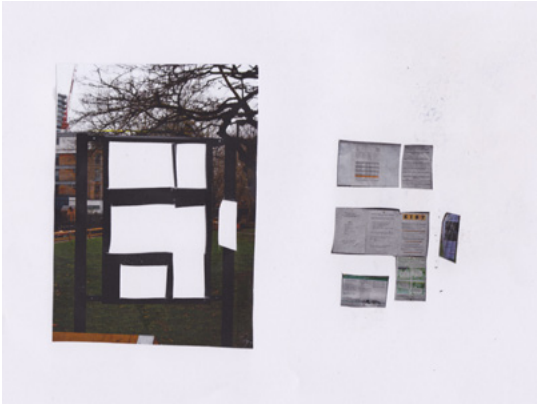
Wasn't there1.



Wasn't there2.

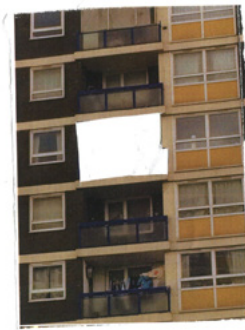


No windows open series.



No signs. No marks. No words. Nothing left.



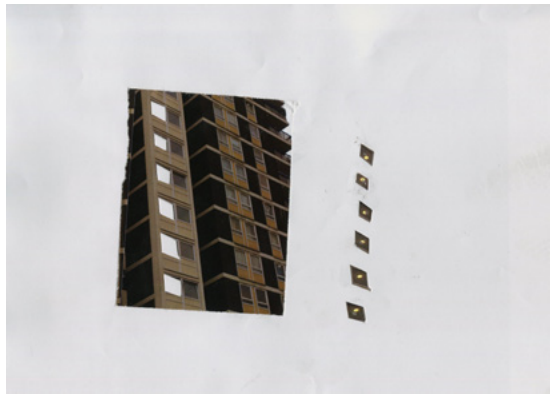


Nobody ate a pomagrade, that rainy day under an umbrella. Nobody forgot an umbrella on the grass. Nor laid the clothes on the balcony. That didn't happen.

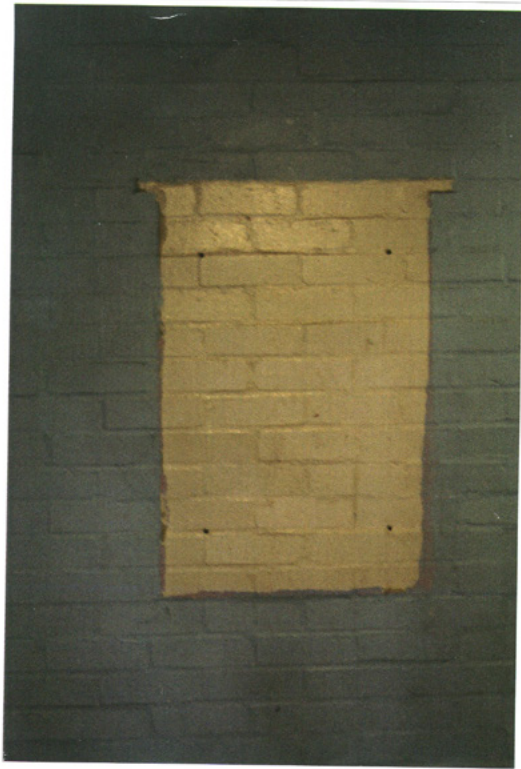




Someone has been here...



No lights no. I'll turn the lights off, just to make sure.



No longer here.



Where are you?
Where have you gone?
You use to be here.
See? Your shape.
The space you use to occupy on me. It hasn't been filled.
I gave you something; you gave me something in response.
When you left, I couldn't fill that space with anything.
There's a hole. I feel your absence. It's not something
invisible.

YOUR ARE NOT HERE ANYMORE.

TRANSFORMATION

Every act of creation is first an act of destruction, says Picasso. But I'm not aiming to destroy anything.. Jose Davila says something rather more interesting for me; transformation as starting point of creation. Everything is stuck. I don't want to move. I don't want to change things. I like my comfort zone. I like to keep my stuff save, and for as long as possible. I don't want to destroy anything. I'm afraid of losing my material goods. More than afraid, scared. I don't want my childhood house to change. But then, everything will be the same forever. In transformation I will find the starting point. Everything moves, fast. Faster than ever. I wish I could put everything in boxes. Copy everything. Paste everything. Carry everything in my bag. In small boxes.

Cuando en una habitación dada se cambia de sitio la cama, ¿se puede decir que se cambia la habitación, o qué?

Georges Perec

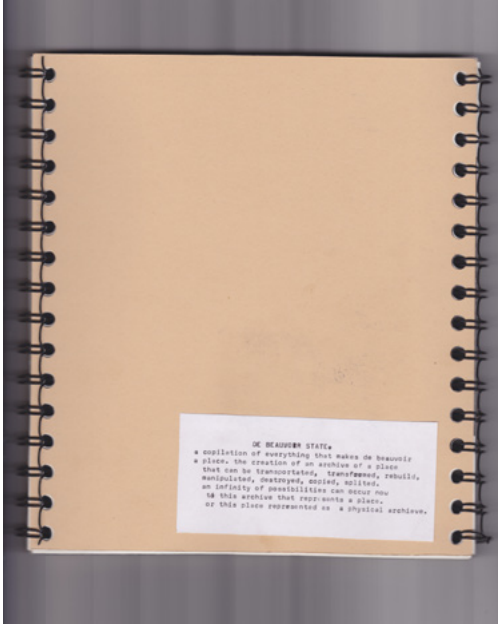
(When in a room you change
bed's position, ¿Can you say that
the room has changed, or what?)

I go somewhere, a place, I took some
of the stones that make that place, and
I travel with them to another place on
another space and I place them there.
What happened? Place A and Place B

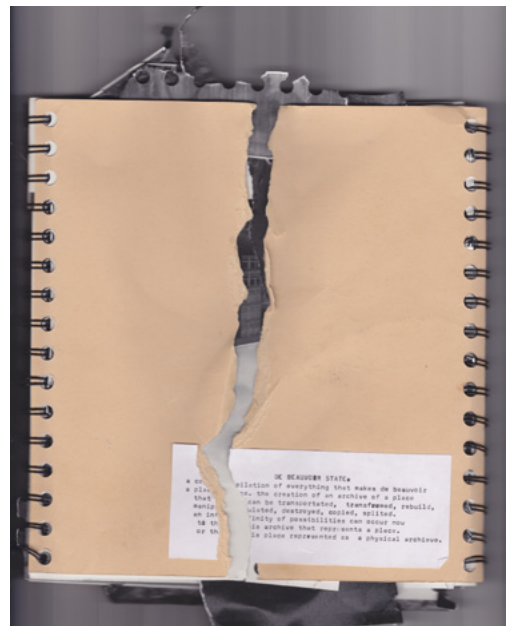
and now I have
place A - a, a, a
and place B + a, a, a

two new places.
I changed its nature and its narrative.
That's what ~~happened~~ happens.
is a new place in the same space.
↓
narrative

COLLECTED.
DEFINED.
ABSTRACTED.
NOW, TRANSFORMATION.

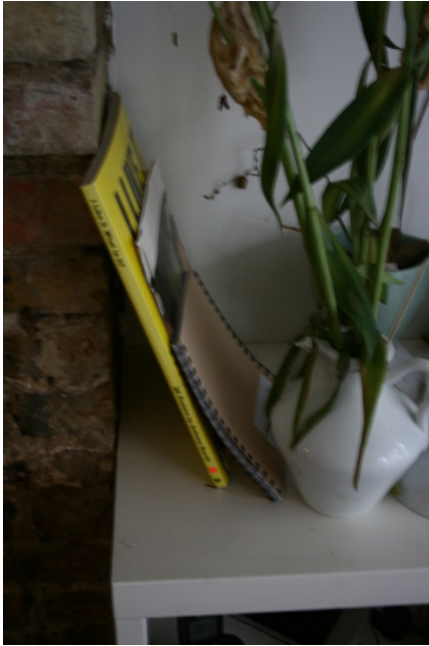


archive 1.



archive 1.
After transformation has taken action.

The place can become and archive now.



The place's location is wider now.

The place can get frozen now.



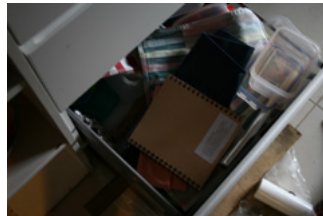
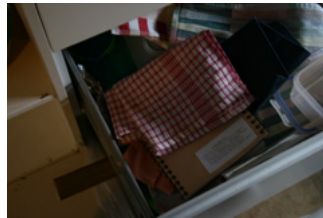
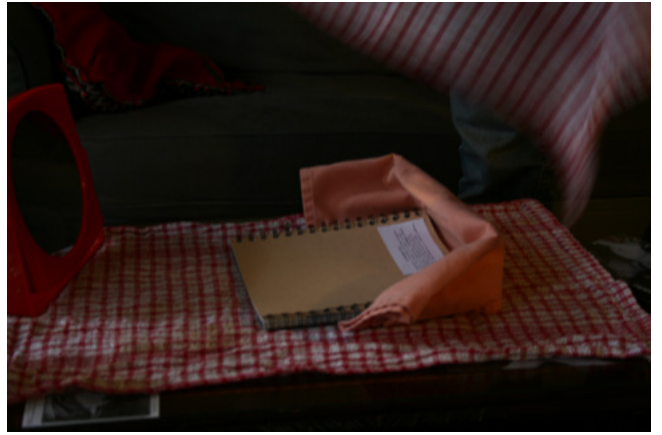
The place can be shared now.





The place’s shape can be reinterpret now.

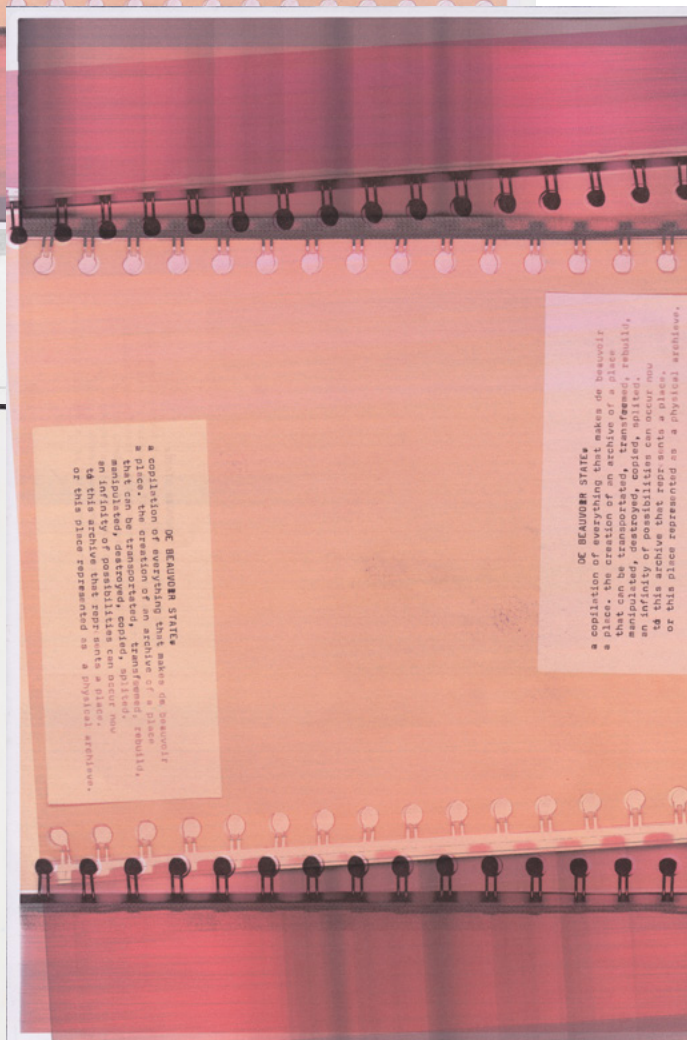
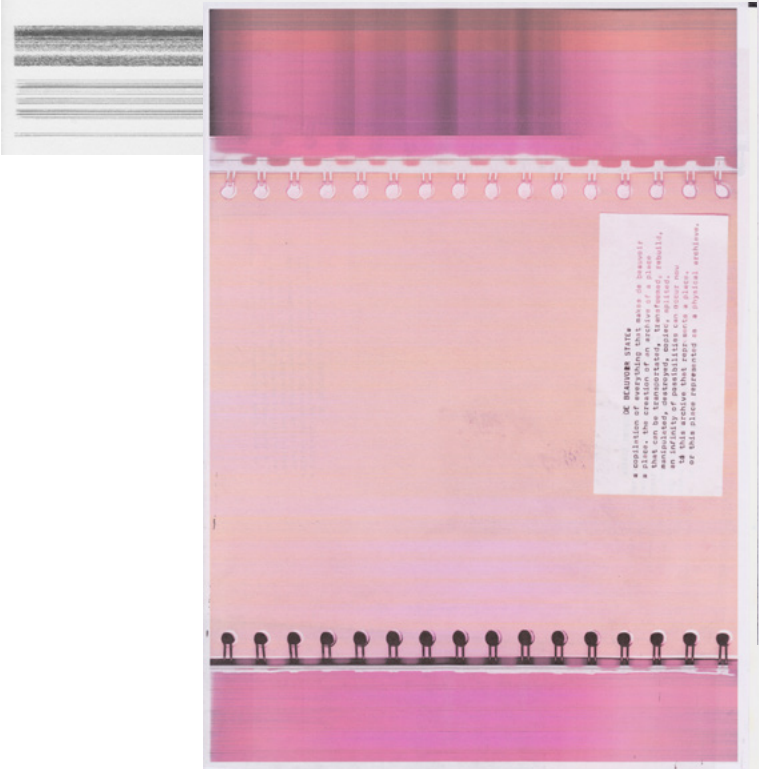
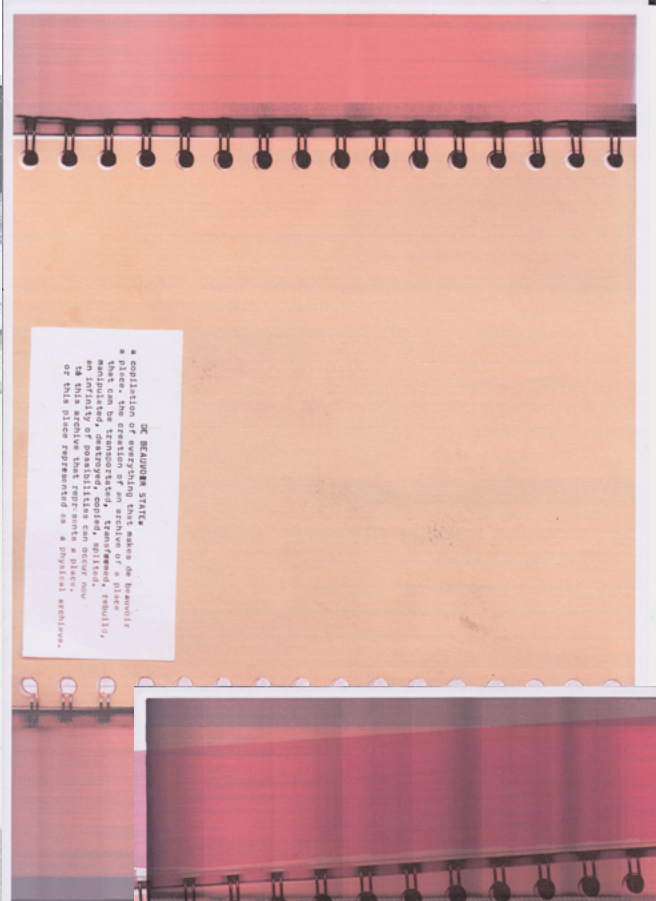
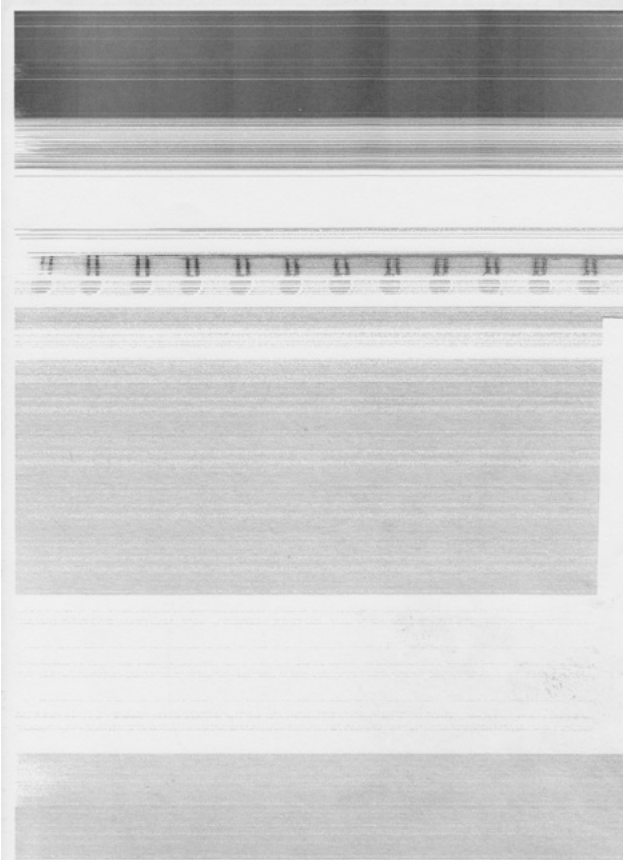
The place can become something else now.



The place can get stolen now.







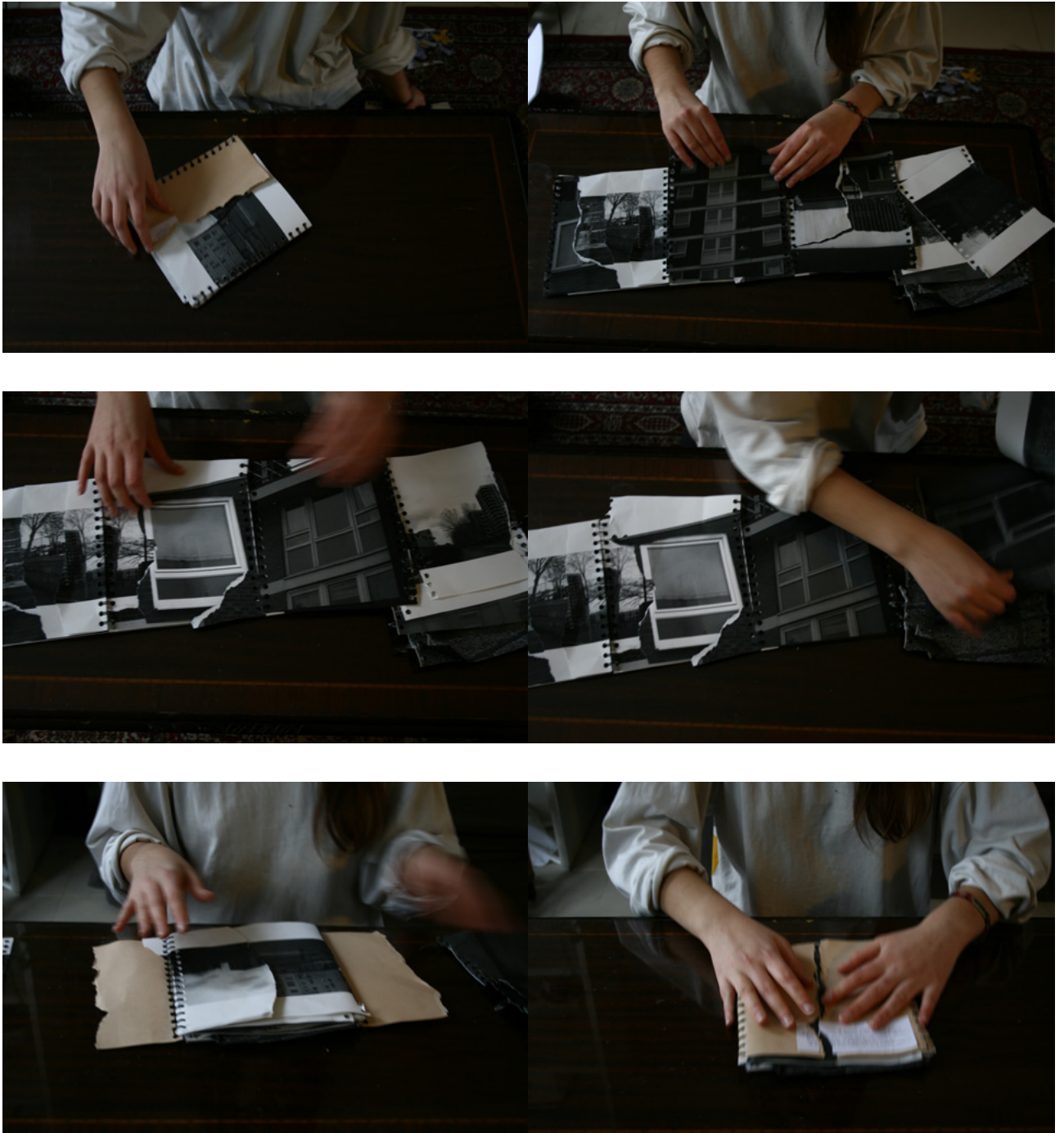
The place can be copied now.

The place can be copied now, forever.

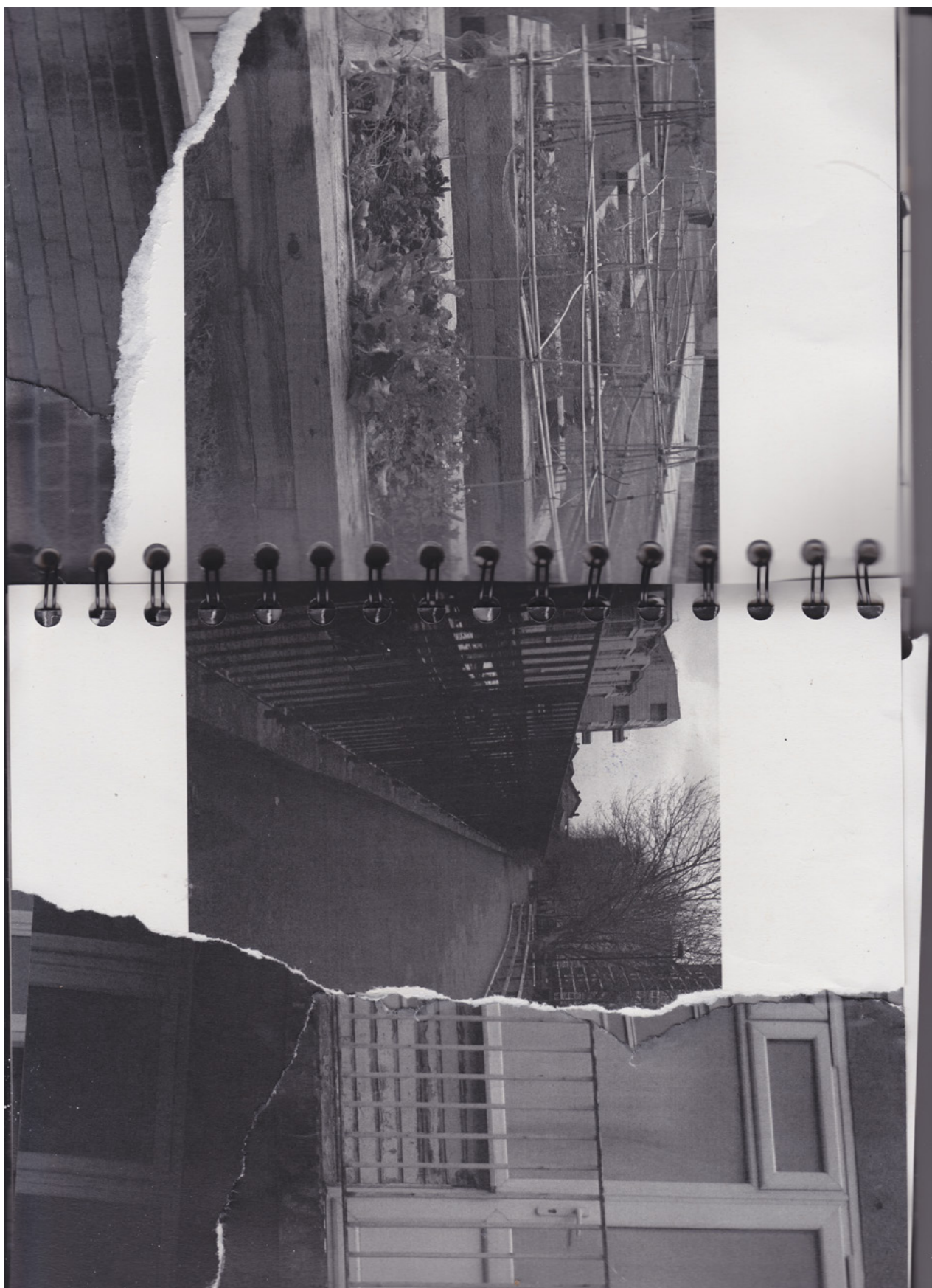


The place can be transformed now.

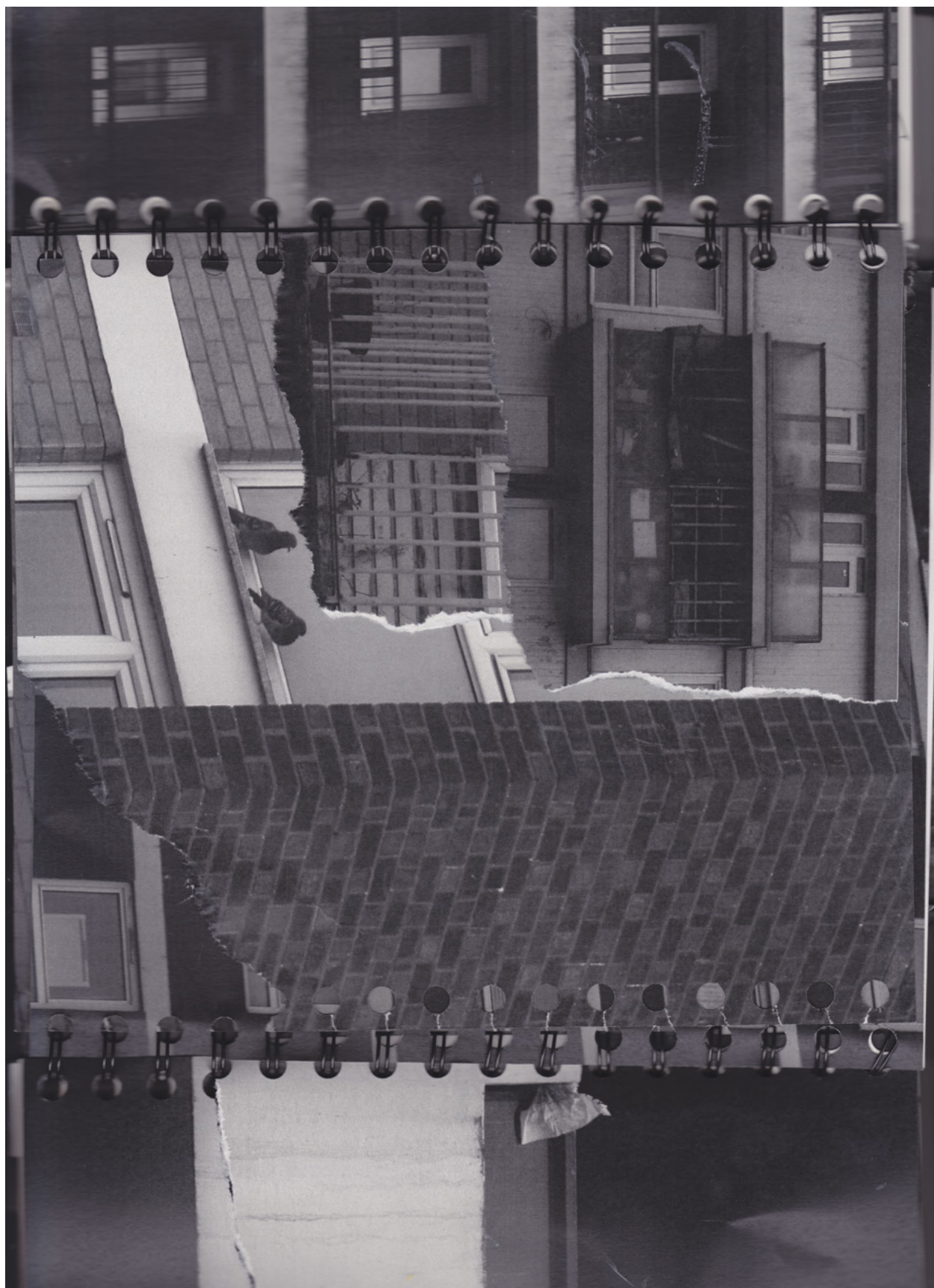




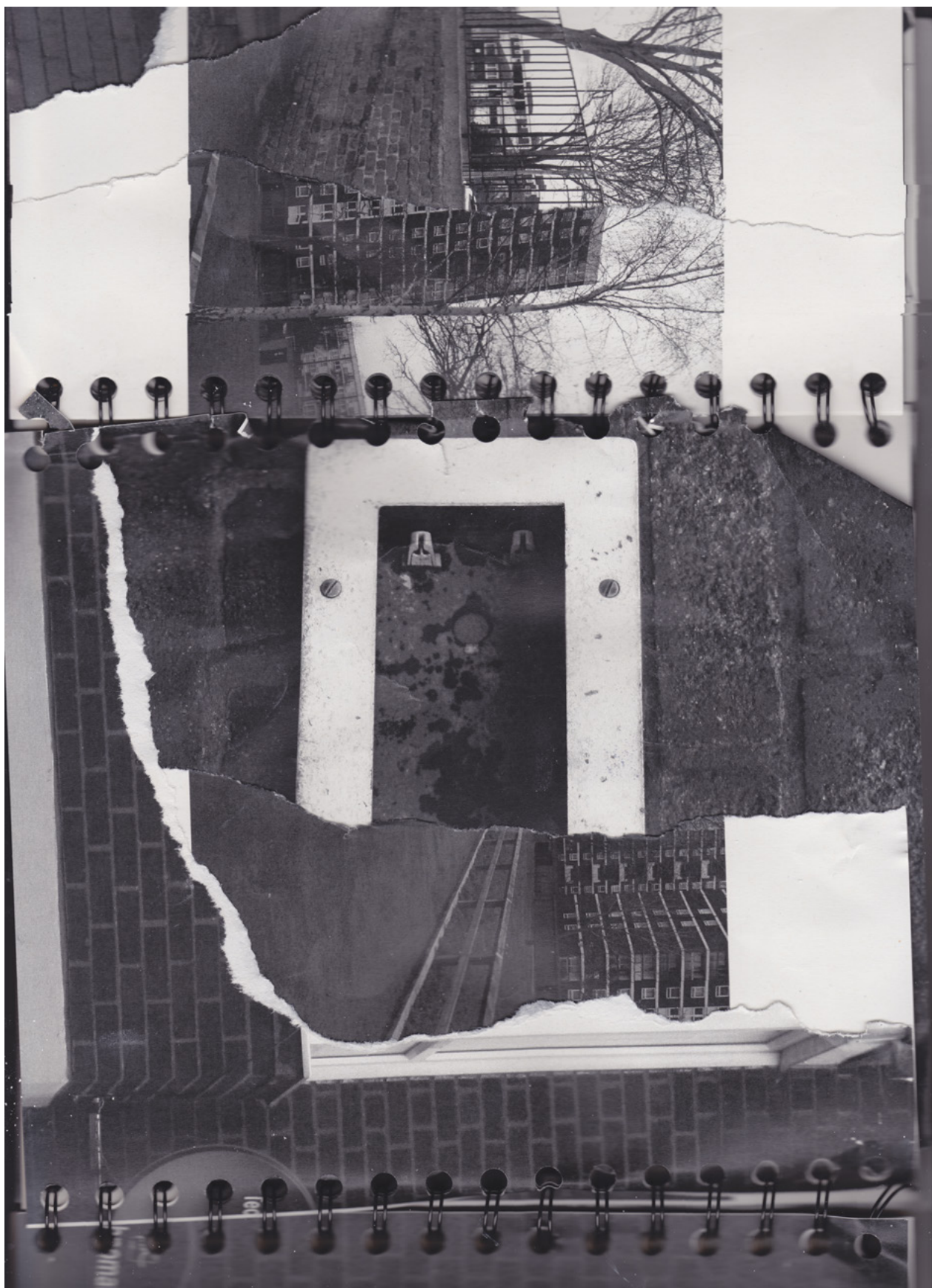
The palce can be rearranged now.



Redistribution of the place 1.



Redistribution of the place 2.



Redistribution of the place 3.

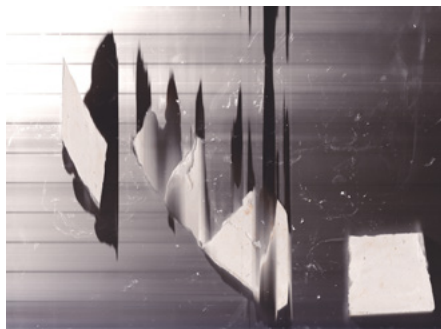
I went to a house ones, it was on the countryside. I remember how amazed I felt. I never saw a big house like that before. There was even a swing. The family who lived there seemed to me like toked from a fairy tale. The two girls had long hair and were wearing the most beautiful dresses. They had a blackboard on their bedroom. Something I only saw at school. I remember how at school, you were only allowed to use the blackboard if you were called to do an exercise in front of the class, which happened very little. So for me, those girls were the luckiest ones, they were free to use the blackboard everyday. That was a lovely house. I don't even know who was that people. I've never asked my father. But I think about that house quite often. Does it exist anymore? It does in my memories. So it does exist. I wish I had pictures. So it would also exist for more people. And I could do whatever I wanted with it.

Experiments on transformation of a place:

1/



A place.



Experimnt 1.



Experimnt 2.



Space and place.



Tranformation of the existing place into different new places in the space.

Definition of a new space that contains a place.





Definition of a second new space that contains a place.

A defined space has been unlock. Definition of a space that contains an existing place.



Space. Defined space. Places gone.



CREATION

Now, nothing. But something. A space that use to be occupied by a place. Now, blank. Creation can take action. It's time to build something new. Imagination can take action. Anything can happen. A space has been emptied. All the weight has been removed. It has been moved elsewhere. What's next?

“FREE” SPACE TO
BE FILLED.

ANNEX: READING

A place in a space

~~the~~

lives and objects
place and the so
occupying it. Fe
to it.

Anything is important no more,
if you have a copier.
It loses importance

because it can be easily copied.

~~but never~~

space.

on that
pace.

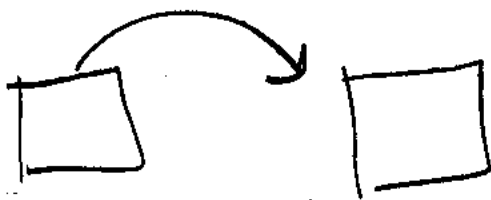
eling belonging

sento que els llocs en l'espai
determinen massa.

El millor lloc del món és un mateix.
La coordenada geogràfica no importa
~~els~~ l'Espai hi ha a tot arreu.

Llocs en l'espai són fàcilment
construïbles a qualsevol lloc.

Què és al final l'espai?



Tot és mòvile.

I no passa res.



Tot és canviant.

L'Espai no pot ser propietat.
Ha de poder canviar.

No ens hem de voler aferrar a l'espai
Al lloc sí, però el lloc pot existir
en qualsevol espai

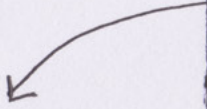
com a éssers humans, habitants,
de cos físic, en aquest món, sento
la necessitat de determinar on entrobo,
i per què? Sobretot per què?

Que significa aquest espai? Perquè
el puc veure i tocar? I què passa quan
jo no estic? Quan només existeix
al meu cap? Com pot estar 100%.

segura de l'existència d'ell.

Espais, llocs en espais, en el temps,
~~o el temps en l'espai~~. Res importa.

No importa aquest lloc, ni l'espai
que ocupa. Tot és mouble. Tot
comença amb un llenç blanc
i es converteix en el que és un volgar
amb ell. Però no importa a on.



The importance of
the void. Its meaning.
What communicates,
where is what it use
to fill that void.
What means what
surrounds that void.

prólogo

{ The object of this book it's not exactly the void, but what surrounds it, or it's inside. But, ~~at the beginning~~ But, there's not much at the beginning: the nothing, the impalpable, the practically immaterial: ~~the~~ extension, the exterior, what's external to us, what's in between us when passing through, the environment, the environment space.

El objeto de este libro no es exactamente el vacío, sino más bien lo que hay alrededor, o dentro. Pero, en fin, al principio, no hay gran cosa: la nada, lo impalpable, lo prácticamente inmaterial: la extensión, lo exterior, lo que es exterior a nosotros, aquello en medio de lo cual nos desplazamos, el medio ambiente, el espacio del entorno.

El espacio. No tanto los espacios infinitos, aquéllos cuyo mutismo, a fuerza de prolongarse, acaban provocando algo que parece miedo, ni siquiera los ya casi domesticados espacios interplanetarios, intersiderales o intergalácticos, sino espacios mucho más próximos, al menos en principio: las ciudades, por ejemplo, o los campos, o los pasillos del metropolitano, o un jardín público.

Vivimos en el espacio, en estos espacios, en estas ciudades, en estos campos, en estos pasillos, en estos jardines. Parece evidente. Quizá debería ser efectivamente evidente. Pero no es evidente, no cae por su peso. Es real, evidentemente, y en consecuencia es verosíblemente ra-

una manera un tanto inasible, inaprensible, inmaterial. El tiempo es una noción sin referencia, una idea que tiene un montón de palabras para no referirse a ningún objeto concreto (en el sentido más referencial), sino a sensaciones o aprehensiones de una experiencia impuesta por las costumbres humanas, obligadas a su vez por el devenir cósmico implacable (noche/día, verano/invierno, etc.), y no

(Everything ~~has~~ takes places in space, everything is the space, or everything is space or occupy a space (the black holes theory demonstrates the the void also takes ^{its} place ~~with the~~ next to the others.)

→ The void, the vacuum.

~~The prove~~ of proof of what it use to be.

The importance of something being empty. Not space in between. Actual void I'm saying.

Por otro lado, el espacio es una dimensión, una extensión, una materialidad, una realidad, una configuración, una estructura, la inducción, la diseminación, la fragmentación...

Todo tiene lugar en el espacio, todo es el espacio o todo es espacio u ocupa un espacio (la teoría de los agujeros negros ha demostrado que el vacío también ocupa su lugar junto a lo demás).

la materia y la antimateria; el lleno/vacío es el espacio dinámico o la dinámica de un espacio siempre en transformación (como la materia que es), porque no hay principio ni fin, sino cambio incesante y transformación evolutiva o involutiva de una materialidad.

La ordenación del espacio («ordenación» es un término asimilado en principio a lo temporal, como muchos otros términos que fluctúan incansablemente de un campo conceptual a otro y viceversa, lo cual da idea del confusionismo que a veces recubre los conceptos de tiempo y de espacio), la ordenación del espacio supone así pues una configuración o estructura, una disposición de la materia diseminada o dispersa que no es una fragmentación caótica o dinamitada de la materia, sino agrupaciones nucleares del todo en múltiples partes, entre las que se establecen y mantienen relaciones de variada tipología y nivel (proximidad/distancia, asimilación/disimilación, analogía/diferencia, aposición/contraposición, y cuantas se quieran descubrir o poner en funcionamiento).

Además, respecto del Big Bang, origen de toda la materia conocida, el espacio que compartimos en la galaxia y, en concreto, en nuestro planeta (donde el hombre desarrolla su actividad) es simplemente una parte del todo separado y disperso, es decir, una partición o fragmento que encaja-

I would love ~~that~~ too.

Would I love that too?

Physically, I don't know. But on my mind, as a

to entre uno y dos metros y medio de alto, todo ello reco-^{memory}
lectado en las reservas de nuestros viveros.

Ruego ponga a nuestra disposición este abastecimiento de plantas.

→ Why so afraid ~~to~~ of things to flux?

El jefe de la dirección central del pabellón de las Waffen SS y de la policía de Auschwitz: firmado: SS-Sturmbannführer

(citado por David Rousset, *Le pire ne rit pas*, 1948)

② (Such ~~space~~ places don't exist, and as they don't exist, the space becomes a question; it's not an evidence anymore, it's not incorporated anymore. It's not a property anymore. The space is a doubt: I constantly have to mark it, designate it; it's never mine, it's never been given to me, I have to conquer it.)

→ The space can't be owned. I could seat forever on the same spot on the space. It won't ever be mine. NEVER. I could build a concrete shape and leave it in the space, ~~forming~~ building ~~starting~~ creating a place. But it won't be mine, EVER. A place owns the space as long as it doesn't move. I can try, hug the space. Put it on a bag. But I won't EVER own it.

① / I would like stable places to exist, immovables, intangibles, not touched and almost nontouchable, immutable, rooted; places that were references,

el espacio (continuación y fin)

starting points, beginnings

Me gustaría que hubiera lugares estables, inmóviles, intangibles, intocados y casi intocables, inmutables, arraigados; lugares que fueran referencias, puntos de partida, principios:

①

Mi (My spaces are fragile & time will waste them, destroy them & nothing will look as it used to, my memory donde will betray me, forgiveness will get into my crecer memory, I will look at yellowish pictures with broken frames with not being capable mi n to recognize them.) ③
lleno

Tales lugares no existen, y como no existen el espacio se vuelve pregunta, deja de ser evidencia, deja de estar incorporado, deja de estar apropiado. El espacio es una duda: continuamente necesito marcarlo, designarlo; nunca es mío, nunca me es dado, tengo que conquistarlo.

②

Mis espacios son frágiles: el tiempo va a desgastarlos, va a destruirlos: nada se parecerá ya a lo que era, mis recuerdos me traicionarán, el olvido se infiltrará en mi memoria, miraré algunas fotos amarillentas con los bordes rotos sin poder reconocerlas. Ya no estará

③

Everything is ephemeral. I can't have memory. My collections will be there forever.

ba anteriormente con otras partes en un todo superior indetectable al día de hoy. Por tanto no se puede concebir el espacio como totalidad sino como fragmento, iniciando así una dinámica extensional que hace que todo lo espacial se asimile a lo fractal, de modo que pensar el espacio es establecer ya de entrada un ordenamiento en las ideas que responda a esa fragmentación propiamente dicha del objeto espacial.

La visión del fragmento, su análisis y enunciación, así como la síntesis de esa fracción que se opera sistemática y continuamente en la realidad, son un tema tópico en la literatura perequiana. Desde la primera novela, *Las Cosas*, la fragmentación del devenir narrativo de unos personajes en una historia, la fragmentación de un mundo concreto, se hace a partir de la presencia en el texto de cerca de un millar de objetos diferentes, enumerados todos ellos sin orden taxonómico, pero con una cuidada y prudente dosificación. El mundo que algunos representan como una totalidad o, al menos, bajo la forma de un mensaje trascendente de una totalidad, no es sino el conjunto de múltiples cosas u objetos que surgen por doquier, sin orden aparente, aunque a veces se les pueda dar una ordenación (véanse las teorías de Baudrillard o Moles al respecto). Tal es el primer desafío que Përec plantea al lector. Pero, de hecho, toda su obra se plantea como una parcelación de fragmentos diferentes que no tienen por qué constituir un todo, aunque el todo exista, es decir, hoy podemos ya tener la visión del conjunto cerrado de la obra de Përec, pero sus obras, en tanto que son cada una de ellas una unidad diferencia-

(The way some people represent the world as a totality or, at least under the way of a transcendent message of totality, is none less the set of a bunch of things or objects that arise everywhere, with no apparent order, although you can give them order sometimes.)

→ The world is a whole.

And then, you get closer and you find things.

Is it the sum of all of them equal to the world as a whole?

Every object

Does this planet contribute to this whole?

But would it be the same (this world) if I burn my house?

↳ Would my house be different if

I burn my room?

OBJECTS, EVERYWHERE.

~~But rer~~

(Let's remember, that ~~all of this~~
the aim

of this is not to end up with
the solids forever ~~nor~~ nor to liberate
the new world of them, but to
make space for newer and
better solids.

→ No destruction. Transformation.

Everything is stuck. We
must melt the solids.

↓
Transformation. Change
of state.

→ We must move through
the space ^{with} more freedom.
Be available to affront changes.

~~new~~

↙
Unchain from the past.

→ Move in all the
directions that
space-times
allows us.

logro? En otras palabras, ¿acaso la modernidad no ha sido “fluida” desde el principio?

Éstas y otras objeciones son justificadas, y parecerán más justificadas aun cuando recordemos que la famosa expresión “derretir los sólidos”, acuñada hace un siglo y medio por los autores del *Manifiesto comunista*, se refería al tratamiento con que el confiado y exuberante espíritu moderno aludía a una sociedad que encontraba demasiado estancada para su gusto y demasiado resistente a los cambios ambicionados, ya que todas sus pautas estaban congeladas. Si el “espíritu” era “moderno”, lo era en tanto estaba decidido a que la realidad se emancipara de la “mano muerta” de su propia historia... y eso sólo podía lograrse derritiendo los sólidos (es decir, según la definición, disolviendo todo aquello que persiste en el tiempo y que es indiferente a su paso e inmune a su fluir). Esa intención requería, a su vez, la “profanación de lo sagrado”: la desautorización y la negación del pasado, y primordialmente de la “tradición” —es decir, el sedimento y el residuo del pasado en el presente—. Por lo tanto, requería asimismo la destrucción de la armadura protectora forjada por las convicciones y lealtades que permitía a los sólidos resistirse a la “licuefacción”.

Recordemos, sin embargo, que todo esto no debía llevarse a cabo para acabar con los sólidos definitivamente ni para liberar al nuevo mundo de ellos para siempre, sino para hacer espacio a *nuevos y mejores sólidos*; para reemplazar el conjunto heredado de sólidos defectuosos y deficientes por otro, mejor o incluso perfecto, y por eso mismo inalterable. Al leer el *Ancien Régime* [*El Antiguo Régimen y la Revolución*] de De Tocqueville, podríamos preguntarnos además hasta qué punto esos “sólidos” no estaban de antemano resentidos, condenados y destinados a la licuefacción, ya que se habían oxidado y enmohecido, tornándose frágiles y poco confiables. Los tiempos modernos encontraron a los sólidos premodernos en un estado bastante avanzado de desintegración; y uno de los motivos más poderosos que estimulaba su disolución era el deseo de descubrir o inventar sólidos cuya solidez fuera —por una vez— *duradera*, una solidez en la que se pudiera confiar y de la que se pudiera depender, volviendo al mundo predecible y controlable.

Los primeros sólidos que debían disolverse y las primeras pautas sagradas que debían profanarse eran las lealtades tradicionales, los derechos y obligaciones acostumbrados que ataban de pies y manos, obstaculizaban los movimientos y constreñían la iniciativa. Para encarar seriamente la tarea de construir un nuevo orden (¡verdaderamente sólido!), era necesario deshacerse del lastre que el viejo orden imponía a los constructores.

The other performance is *Domestic Sanitation* by Helen Chadwick. This performance was part of Chadwick's final thesis at the Academy of Art in Brighton in 1976. The grainy Super 8 footage shows four women in surreal latex, hair, and bondage costumes in a room that oscillates between a beauty salon, a doctor's surgery, and a fitness gym. They try out different mysterious devices—body massage bands, large brushes, stretch bands, poles, foils, portable massage tables, and a piece of latex cloth stretched vertically on a wooden frame.

They prance, strut, relax, rock back and forth, comb each other's merkins, or they brush, massage, and treat each other. They stretch their muscles, they loll and slouch. Sometimes the camera comes closer, and the latex, skin folds, hair, powder, and foils merge into an abstract landscape of pixels. It seems as though these latex-clad beings appropriate this conglomeration of tools of female domestic subjugation only to turn them into their own objects of play and pleasure. In the next scene, "bed women" appear—a swinging-bed woman, a pink boudoir woman with a white pillow wig and a dress made of sheets, an unruly housewife, and a mattress woman dancing ecstatically. The objects, the silent inventory comes to life. It does not completely leave behind its history of oppression, but extends and stretches it, thus somehow derailing it.

I dream of an archive that we could inhabit for a while, together or alone. Where we could exchange, share, touch, re-perform, and recombine objects, stories, and documents for several hours or days, or at least once in a while. Where we could bring things. Where we could sleep, sit, lie down, walk, dance, play, meditate, talk, or misbehave. Where the everyday, the discarded, the traumatic, and the pleasurable all have a place. Where the process of archiving becomes "maintenance art", in the sense of Mierle Laderman Ukeles, who in her 1969 *Manifesto for Maintenance Art* declared the everyday work of caring, maintaining, repairing, and recombining to be art. In other words, I dream of archiving as an embodied, devoted, and everyday practice that is not removed from the rest of our lives, and that preserves, nurtures, and promotes our multifaceted relations to (his and her)stories of resistance.

→ Nothing to add.
I'll do it!

i

- 1. i see. i recognize. i analyze.
- 2. i connect. i understand. i define. what's next?
- 3. i abstract. i remove. i transform. i take action.
- 4. i copy. i paste. manipulate, conclusions.