David Goldblatt
Laymert Garcia dos Santos
Fabrizio Gallanti
Jalal Toufic
Sandra Boeschenstein
Maxi Obexer
Vincent Labaume
Jean-Luc Moulène
Emmett Williams
I am pleased to present the first appearance of the electronic Museion Journal. This new on-line “magazine” is part of a wider program conceived in relation to the new museum building that will open in May 2008.

The Museion Journal will be published monthly and will be accessible on our website. It will also be possible to receive it via e-mail. In accordance with the multilingual reality of the Province of South Tyrol and the international dimension of the issues addressed, it will be available in German, Italian and English.

In order more directly to involve our local communities, it will also be published in two printed editions - Italian and German - as a supplement to the area’s two most widely circulated newspapers: Alto Adige and Dolomiten.

Even though published by a museum of contemporary art, this Journal will not be an art magazine, and instead will reflect the tradition of literary and cultural studies. Bolzano/Bolzano lies in a border region. It thus seems appropriate for Museion to function not only as a container for art but also as a vehicle of active discussion and insight in the context of international cultural debate, and, while doing so, to draw its local public into the dialog.

With this in mind, we do not intend to deal with issues that directly link to the specificities of art. Instead we will focus more on a sense of “momentum,” and we have therefore invited a number of correspondents to collaborate with us on the basis of their current interests and investigations. I wish to thank them for their contributions to this new adventure in publishing.

Corinne Diserens
Director

Squatter camp of foreign nationals between the N1 and Railway property at Woodstock, Cape Town, 22 August 2006

The shacks were sandwiched between the grass of an old railway property and the N1 highway into Cape Town. In that narrow strip of no-man’s land known as the ‘gang’, the passage, the squatters probably thought that they were safe from eviction. They weren’t occupying ‘valuable’ or rentable land. The men were said to be foreigners, most of them unemployed. They were said to be ‘dangerous’, ‘violent’.

Wanting to photograph their encampment and seeking their permission, I hired Freddie, a ‘fixer’ who spoke some Swahili and who was highly recommended by my colleague, Guy Tillim. Together one morning we walked carefully across the grassy space between the railway lines and the shacks. Carefully because the ground was scattered with shit. The squatters had no toilets. We asked to speak to the captain, the leader, and were directed to the shack of a man named John. Freddie explained that I wished to photograph from a distance, that no individual faces would be featured in the photograph and that we would come early in the morning. Permission was granted. Rain spoiled the first attempt. On the second there was a lot of wind, but Freddie and I sheltered the camera with our bodies and I managed a couple of sharp exposures although they were too long to stop the movement of the early morning traffic on the N1.

There were complaints of an increase in crime in the area and on 26 November 2006 police and officials of the department of Home Affairs made an early morning raid on the settlement. More than 200 Tanzanian men were arrested and deported and their shacks destroyed. Women who had been living with the men, some for four years, went back to their families and to other squatter camps. One said, “I fell in love with a Tanzanian and even though life was rough, at least we were like family and shared everything.”

(Cape Times 27 November 2006)

David Goldblatt
31 August 2007
BETWEEN FIRST AND THIRD WORLDS—A PERSPECTIVE

Laymert Garcia dos Santos
São Paulo
Brazil

It is hardly possible to begin a collaboration with the Museion (Innsbruck) without asking what it means to become an “antenna” in São Paulo for a public in Bolzano. All the more so in the light of having been asked to capture a sense of the “momentum” of the place. That’s a tall order, for at least two reasons. First of all, how do you capture a sense of the momentum of a place in which the perspective in which life happens is in the space-time of a South American megalopolis of nearly nineteen million inhabitants? And even, secondly, if such a thing were possible, how can this perspective and the meanings it bears be communicated to readers in South Tyrol? So, the task seems far from easy, and the risk of creating “nostrums” is enormous. And this is why it may make sense, as a kind of preamble, to deploy a series of hues, or guidelines, or signal flares that perhaps allow the reader of the reporter and the public to find their orientation to one another. The first thing to be remembered is that no one is living in the same world, we all live in different worlds. From the local and global point of view, we all live in the same world since our cities, despite all sorts of differences, are embedded in a single capitalist regime of which the rules, norms and market values hold for everyone. This is the local-global or global dimension, in the normal language of certain experts, but from a natural point of view, things stand very differently, since we live in states that belong to two different spheres. Bolzano and South Tyrol are a part of the first world, São Paulo a part of the third world. And that difference between us is monumental. The reader now addressing you constantly poses the question of the relationship between the first and third worlds, or rather of the ways in which that relationship is constantly changing. Those who read these words never (I imagine) raise such a question at all. So, clearly we can’t perceive the world in the same way, or in the same point of view. Now, what does it mean constantly to pose the question of the relationship between the first and third worlds? Let’s take a concrete example that allows the reader to grasp that even worlds have different meanings for us. Let’s look at the world “city.” For a person who lives in São Paulo, this word has nothing to do with an urban fabric, or a human scale, designed and redesigned in the course of a certain number of norms which hold for everyone, and which transform the city into a public space that belongs to us, but it is different. It has been quite some time in fact since the image of a “barrue” ceased to be permeated to this monstrous and variegated urban agglomeration where the lack of all measures is the rule, where every meaningful trace of the past is systematically obliterated to make room for the “new,” where the line is in rigor not according to the neighborhood in which you happen to find yourself, or according to the way you look, where public spaces are at best understood, by the members of an elite, as an extension of their private spaces, and, at worst, by the majority of the people, as a no-man’s-land which one can entirely ignore or despise, but which all the same must be endured as an obstacle that lies between our points of departure and arrival, and which therefore must be overcome. Strictly speaking, São Paulo shouldn’t be a city, since it has already burst the whole range of parameters that bind modern urban complexes to the ancient Greek city (including those parameters that make the city a polis, or a center of political life). Knowing that the notion of the “city” had been surpassed, I began some fifteen years ago to look for another term that might be more appropriate, and today I have no reason to doubt that it is something to do with an urban fabric, or a human scale, which therefore must be overcome. So, the task seems far from easy, and the risk of creating “nostrums” is enormous. And this is why it may make sense, as a kind of preamble, to deploy a series of hues, or guidelines, or signal flares that perhaps allow the reader of the reporter and the public to find their orientation to one another. The first thing to be remembered is that no one is living in the same world, we all live in different worlds. 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It has been quite some time in fact since the image of a “barrue” ceased to be permeated to this monstrous and variegated urban agglomeration where the lack of all measures is the rule, where every meaningful trace of the past is systematically obliterated to make room for the “new,” where the line is in rigor not according to the neighborhood in which you happen to find yourself, or according to the way you look, where public spaces are at best understood, by the members of an elite, as an extension of their private spaces, and, at worst, by the majority of the people, as a no-man’s-land which one can entirely ignore or despise, but which all the same must be endured as an obstacle that lies between our points of departure and arrival, and which therefore must be overcome. 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Fun & Fun. This brightly painted, hexagonal building, accompanied by a symbol that represents two stylized children, yellow on a blue background, is printed on an awning that keeps the sun away from the entrance of what looks at first like a store for children’s shoes and clothing.

We’re in Milan. The store is on the ground floor of a building in a side street that crosses viale Braiana, which is one of those traffic-jammed arteries that depart from Piazza Loreto, traversed every day by thousands and thousands of vehicles, often locked into traffic jams by closely sequenced traffic lights.

The building that houses Fun & Fun has nothing that sets it off from the common run of the middle-class housing that was built in the period that followed the Second World War, and which is typical of the area surrounding Piazza Loreto: A few hundred yards away, in Piazza Caiazzo, an office building by Giò Ponti, covered in green clinker tiles, contrasts with the common run of the middle-class buildings: hermetically sealed off from the street and the building that housed Fun & Fun, even though it was there quite recently. While putting a certain amount of effort into pushing a baby stroller, I couldn’t figure out what it was.

The sign above the door of Fun & Fun came into view: I was relieved to see that in fact I hadn’t got lost. Once you make your way into the entrance, you understand that Fun & Fun is in fact at the back of the building, in a small rectangular courtyard with a pavement in squares, gray cement tiles, enlivened by a dark, flattened with half a dozen sunplants in the insufficient sun. A flight of stairs, perhaps a bit too large for the space and covered by a canopy of arched metal tubes which in turn supported an awning of blue and yellow canvas—rather like a feature of certain motels on the outskirts of towns—then led up from the courtyard to a sliding door.

Fun & Fun calls itself “Milan’s largest indoor amusement park” and it spreads across several floors. At the entrance, the children have to remove their shoes, which then are put away in special lockers. Adults are requested to cover their shoes with pale blue plastic coverings, as in hospitals. The entrance hall also contains a provision desk, a cashier’s desk, and a bar that happily stock all the various junk foods condemned by dieters and anxious mothers: a fluorescent range of candies and chocolates, shiny packages of potato chips and cakes, and all the various types of carbonated soft drinks. Calories and excitement galore.

After purchasing your tickets (but we had been invited to a birthday party you can get into a structure of cylindrical segments of colored plastic—it bears the American brand name “Little Tikes”—that moves up and down through four floors, with platforms here and there, as well as more intimate spaces. The children (five years old or more, as stipulated by a sign) can roam to their heart’s content throughout this fantastic tower, jumping from one landing to the next, climbing rope ladders, plunging into vats of colored balls, wandering up and down among the levels attached to the skeleton that supports them. The empty space in which the tower rises is of course the very same stairwell that connects the adults and smaller children: up and down, in a far less exciting way. Proceeding downstairs, you reach a kind of hall, which is of blue and yellow plastic—rather like a feature of certain motels on the outskirts of towns—then led up from the courtyard to a sliding door. Fun & Fun calls itself “Milan’s largest indoor amusement park” and it spreads across several floors. At the entrance, the children have to remove their shoes, which then are put away in special lockers. Adults are requested to cover their shoes with pale blue plastic coverings, as in hospitals. The entrance hall also contains a provision desk, a cashier’s desk, and a bar that happily stock all the various junk foods condemned by dieters and anxious mothers: a fluorescent range of candies and chocolates, shiny packages of potato chips and cakes, and all the various types of carbonated soft drinks. Calories and excitement galore.

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QUICKER/SLOWER THAN ONESelf

Jalal Toufic

Most people eschew choice for decision since however much time one may take to reach the latter, it is a restatement of the instantaneous determination of the resultant if forces present then. Since it restates the outcome, a decision is redundant. Contrariwise, for choice to be possible, a resultant of the forces must be impossible: choice requires the postponement of the instantaneous production of a resultant force. The impossibility of a resultant force has for effect the dissolution of vectors into lines (recommendation: not to force the forcing, not to reduce the line to so many points, each the center of a vicious circle; and not to let all forces dissolve, but to maintain a minimum of force so as to preserve the possibility of being forced to perforate walls or corners, in order for a creative meeting with what might then be received to occur. But can’t one meet a wall or a corner? Yes, when all one’s forces have been dissolved into speeds. Then, while one can no longer create, everything is a miracle). With this dissolution, there is no longer any time, but a labyrinth in which all palm readers get lost. This condition of loss initially affects words, for example losing one’s shirt, losing one’s tongue. While remorseful, such a loss is not scary, since words can be found again—in dictionaries. But shortly a more numerous, dangerous and terrifying process occurs. June 23, 1987: Loss of my phone book. July 1: Loss of a video editing room’s key, entailing a $40 fine. July 4: Loss of my cash card. July 10: Loss of my international driving license. July 14: While moving to another small room, loss of a bag containing my passport and a notebook. Today I had the unsettling feeling that I may have lost one of the distracted parts of my body. If this process does not stop soon, I am afraid I may lose my mind. With the dissolution of the vectors, the arrow of time is undone. There is no longer any time to. Those who no longer feel it is time to find out that time is never on time. Time should logically occur during, before and after two simultaneous actions. If it always occurs between the two, it is because time is always late. One cannot even wait for this last time, since one can wait for time only in time.

Going through an action at all the different speeds has nothing to do with repetition, but is a way, maybe the only way, to undo repetition—at all the different speeds except the slowest one, this latter being the black hole that swallows all the others, that therefore is not a separate speed, but the trackage of all the others. One can still experience the slowest speed if one gets to the absolute one, since the latter is the same as the slowest until except that it is a separate speed.

Speeds meet for a longer or shorter period forming speeds of speeds. One is a triad of speeds, speeds of speeds, and “a” nounomen. The latter is the same in everything. All of it is “in” any one thing, whether the latter be telescopic, microscopic or a naked-eye thing.

Quickness and slowness are not a matter of how much one does in a given period, but, respectively, of whether one is quicker/slower than or given period, but, respectively, of whether one is quicker/slower than or faster/slower than oneself. It is the offbeat elegance of aphoristic writers. I was in a hurry to meet her. She was not in a hurry to meet me. How could we not miss each other?

Laziness is related to rest and not to how low the energy level is: superconductivity, the resistless uninterrupted flow of electrons, is a lower energy level than the normal state.

One should be not just modest, but humble if and when one rests. Tiredness implies an insufficiency of time, since it implicates rest.

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Coran says: “The aphorism is a conclusion. I write two or three pages and publish only the end result. I spare the reader the progress of my thought.” He writes: “One must censure the later Nietzsche for a panting excess in the writing, the absence of rest.” The aphorism is not a conclusion. Anyway, one must spare oneself “the progress” of one’s thought (thought too occurs in a “black bag”). In which case, what need would one have to rest?
WHEN FORMS BECOME STRATEGY

Russia central bank says foreign debt is too high

Swedish finance regulator says Borse Dubai's deal to buy OMX will make forms become strategy

Major indexes end slightly higher aided in part by central banks

NYSE Euronext's shares stumble

Integrating art into wealth management strategy

Cost of attendance is $45 + VAT. Other costs are covered by the Art Abstract Investment Fund.
recently had become involved in theater production as well welcomed them. He had just finished staging a piece in Amsterdam, and more than anything else was happy with the dialog. "How now? I think, "for someone to come to a theater and hold a monologue on dialog, instead of getting one on, as something authentic, dramatic, and capable of adding to the heart of things." But finally, happily, he had finished; only, however, to have me, desperately wondering why the whole thing would ever end on.

Then suddenly a noise resounded. Someone in the audience had climbed up onto the stage and smashed his black microphone onto the speaker's podium, just at the point when the next speaker, the cultural theorist Derick Shwedtke, was about to begin. "Just how do you manage that? To come up here and occupy a public space, and then spoil all this bullish? Don't you understand what's supposed to be happening here?"

Cries. The curtain shattered that up till now he hadn't had the chance to get involved with the summit's agenda, since he'd been so involved in producing his theater piece. And from that point forward he coolly sketched away on his notebook. "Things gone well." And then, readily as though having decided to bring the long session to a head, Derick announced:

"He told the truth. I'm not at all sure why, on what basis I asserted. Then get up and go. So, what are you here for?"

"What's that I'm asking? Who am I supposed to be here for? Why did you invite me?"

"The organizer takes the floor. It's also important for us to bear witnesses" points out.

"About what? What is the subject on which you want me to put my finger on? That's my problem with this summit. No, I'm there because the summit's likely to be opposed to hospitality, not easily to 'presence,' and even more opposed to dramatic and exchange, and finally too no hear that every concept is also be seen as a paradox, but what are we talking about?"

A young man from Rome, an antiglobal activist, declares himself scandalized and disappointed about absoloutly everything. "It's a fairly long trip from Rome to Berlin, to say nothing that's so disappointing; And it makes me sick," another shouts. "That everybody's always speaking English; the Imperialists' language." "Then you've got to make another," Everybody gets well read out. I've forgotten you, I can't remember, I can't think of another."

Hebbel am Ufer - Hau, Berlin
I walk along a circular corridor uniformly lit by regularly spaced, large square electric ceiling lights even. This light implies nothing other than seeing clearly in front of you through the medium of a kind of neutral, non-atmospheric visibility. At regular intervals, but set more widely apart than the ceiling lights, are emerging glass doors that open at my approach, set into motion by a system of electronic sensors. They stand at the intersections of cross-wise corridors which lead, on the one hand, towards the center of the building, while opening, on the other, onto landings with stairs and elevators. Loudspeakers hidden in the ceiling play a light, more or less familiar-sounding music, instilling a vague sensation of euphoria. I could pull off my clothes and dance like a savage, or perhaps invent new rituals of observation... or run until out of breath. But, no, I could crawl, drag myself along this white floor with gray marking, or stroll inclining along and weave a mane. But, no. As I walk, I at leisure compose up and dam all my possible walks, determined gaps and lacunous meanders of hips. Where am I going? I do not know. I could hold high and obey the sole imperative of never turning back. A long time ago, years or maybe just a few moments back, I turned to look at something glimpsed out of the corner of my eye, right on the edge of my field of vision. Without dwelling on it, however, and without really seeing my advance. What was it? I couldn’t say. Deep down, I prefer not to know. In memory, everything takes on the aspect of a corpse or a pile of putrid flesh. An old historian met by chance I can’t remember where said to me one day: “If I keep quiet, people challenge my competence; and if I speak out, I pass for a dog that shits at his master’s feet.” Historian... A funny posture for a flâneur, for a dog that shits at his master’s feet...”

Historian... A funny posture for a flâneur, for a dog that shits at his master’s feet...”

The Historian of Doubt

Vincent Labaume
La Nonnerie (Vendée/France)
23 July 2007

When in doubt, trust your paranoia
— Ray Davies

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Historian... A funny posture for a flâneur, for a dog that shits at his master’s feet...”
universal truths
shouldn’t be
all that hard
to find

first
count the legs
and divide by four

second
let the philosophers decide
whether the result
is cows, pigs, horses
et cetera
or jackasses

third
ask me
and i’ll tell you
what you can do with them