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Published by MUSEION
Museum of Modern and
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Bozen/Bolzano

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Letters for possible publication are warmly welcomed and should be sent to journal@museion.it

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The editors likewise reserve the right to edit, shorten and otherwise amend letters and contributions.

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Last page:
Emmett Williams,
who passed away on February 14, 2007,
in Berlin, Germany
From "Selected Shorter Poems: 1950 – 1970,"
Edition Hansjörg Mayer, 1974
© Ann Noel

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/Bozen 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

Maintaining meaning and momentum can be a difficult proposition in places as different as Bolzano and São Paulo

It's hardly possible to begin a collaboration with the *Museion Journal* 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 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 "nonsense" is enormous. And this is why it may make sense, as a kind of preamble, to deploy a series of buoys, or guidelines, or signal flares that perhaps allow the minds of the reporter and the public to find their orientation to one another.

The first thing to be remembered is that while living in the same world, we also 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 capitalistic regime of which the rules, norms and market values hold for everyone. This is the local-global or glocal dimension, in the horrid language of certain experts, but from a national 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 writer 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 terms of 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 words have different meanings for us. Let's look at the word "city." For a person who lives in São Paulo, this word has nothing to do with an urban fabric on a human scale, designed and redesigned in the course of time, and uniformly regulated, in line with a certain number of norms which hold for everyone, and which transform the city into a public space not that belongs to us, but indeed to which we belong. It has been quite some time in fact since the image of a "tissue" ceased to be germane to this monstrous and variegated urban agglomeration where the lack of all measure is the rule; where every meaningful trace of the past is systematically obliterated to make room for "the new;" where the law is in vigor or 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 called a city, since it has already burst the whole range of parameters that link 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 still today I have not found it. But when I speak with my fellow inhabitants of São Paulo, I realize that these differences with respect to European cities are so thoroughly repressed as to allow them to be convinced that they love their city, and that it continues to constitute a community. In short, they hope and believe that São Paulo, in spite of everything, is a place of opportunity and that progress will be able one day to resolve all its problems. It's as though São Paulo might still become what it should have been. So, there's a lack of synchronization between what the city is actually becoming and the consensus at large in society. And that, in itself, isn't to be seen as a novelty, given Marx's famous warning of the "delay" of awareness with respect to reality.

If São Paulo were a city, one would take delight in walking on the banks of the two great rivers that cross it, or in strolling through the streets of its center. But one doesn't do things like

that. No one would even think of setting foot on the banks of the Pinheiros or the Tietê: they're far too polluted, as well as trapped in a tangle of expressways. And rather than a place for a stroll, the center of the city is a place of passage, to be traversed as quickly as possible. Or if São Paulo were a city on a human scale, and conceived with its citizens in mind, they wouldn't be forced to spend hours and hours on various means of transportation to get to work or to go back home. But the politicians have proved incapable of solving the problems of the citizenry, and commuting grows eternal, with chronic traffic jams, even despite the ban on driving one day each week. And, finally, if São Paulo were a city, there wouldn't be so many armored cars and helicopters that move the rich from place to place, and their movements wouldn't be supervised by so many legions of bodyguards: if São Paulo were a city, the security situation, which derives from far too deeply rooted social and economic inequalities, would never have grown alarming. But despite the appearance of normalcy, no one has been able since the riots of 2006 to ignore the fact that our questions both of order and disorder have spun into states of emergency.

To understand what in fact took place, one would have to have lived through the madness of that week in the fall of 2006 (remember too that fall, here, is at the time of Bolzano's spring). That was the moment when the acute crisis that afflicts the prisons (state institutions in an open condition of dismantlement, according to the law of the Washington

Consensus that preaches the Minimal State) exploded. The violence which already for quite sometime had reigned within them—on the part of the guards and a corrupt prison system, no less than of the prisoners, organized into criminal factions—flowed beyond their walls and spread like an oil slick throughout the astonished metropolis. One witnessed a compelling demonstration of the authorities' inability to subdue the criminal organizations and to assure control of the megalopolis. And one is not to forget that a week of revolt against the forces of order, and of reactions on the part of the police—above all in outlying districts—left five hundred people dead. One is also not to forget that black Monday when organized crime gave stunning proof of its power and logistic capacity by pulling off the simultaneous cessation, at four o'clock in the afternoon, of over eighty riots in the prisons of the State of São Paulo, synched as well with its declaration and imposition of a curfew not only in the metropolis, but also in the major provincial cities. Clearly enough, that curfew was illegal—de facto rather than de jure—and the authorities ceaselessly declared to the media that there was no such thing; but still it was respected by millions and millions of citizens. The dimensions of the breach in the state's monopoly on the use of violence can't be understood without having seen those deserted streets and avenues, more empty than even at the time of the TV broadcasts of the World Cup soccer games. São Paulo, "the city that can never stop" had

screechingly come to a halt, out of fear!

The way one relates to the place, the kind of daily life that's lived in the urban conglomeration, and these questions of security and violence may prove, I hope, to be sufficiently indicative to give the inhabitants of South Tyrol a notion of the context in which their reporter moves. It's also clear that "Paulistanos" would nearly unanimously disagree with me, and react with indignation against so dark and stark a picture of São Paulo. In order to project a postcard image of their city—above all for consumption abroad—they would try to disqualify me by parading the thousands of arguments that might be construed to compensate for anything and everything I have said. And such arguments might indeed be no less true than the problems which here have been indicated. I have no way of denying that. But it seems right to describe at least a few of the chips on the table of the great game played out in São Paulo. The philosopher and scientist Michel Serres—a man who has lived and taught in this city for a number of years—once remarked that São Paulo was "important" or "interesting"—I no longer remember the exact phrase he used—since it held a concentration of all the problems of the future.

And that's enough for a first approximation. It's difficult to tell if I have caught "a sense of the momentum of the place." I'll keep up the effort next time.

FUN & FUN

Fabrizio Gallanti
Milan
Italy

A Milanese emporium offers continuous display and reinvention

Fun & Fun. This sprightly phrase, 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 Brianza, which is one of those traffic-congested arteries that depart from Piazzale 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 Piazzale Loreto. A few hundred yards away, in Piazza Caiazzo, an office building by Giò Ponti, covered in green clinker tiles, contrasts with all the surrounding gloom and recalls a happy season of commitment and experimentation on the part of Milan's modern architects. Standing in Piazza Caiazzo, you can also catch a glimpse—beyond the great pile of white marble that forms the Central Railroad Station—of the slender silhouette of the Pirelli tower, again constructed by Giò Ponti, who for years was the city's symbol of modernity and development.

I don't remember much about the street and the building that housed Fun & Fun, even though I was there quite recently. While putting a certain effort into pushing a baby stroller across the dark asphalt street that had gone a little soft in the hot June sun—it

was marked by innumerable traces of the sole of shoes and the treads of the tires of motor scooters, and thus was typical of the archaeology of the streets on the edges of Milan—I was much more struck by a group of boys who were rolling a joint while lolling back against the wall that surrounded the premises of an enormous school. A high school? A vocational school? Flyers for long-gone school elections were still attached to the gates, but they didn't answer that question. One of the slogans smeared on the wall was quite intriguing: "Down with the idiots!" Perhaps the phrase had been lifted from Leonardo Sciascia and his quote of Napoleon's words while reviewing his special troops. Sciascia had used these words to ridicule a colleague with whom he had served his term of office as a member of Palermo's City Council.

All three youngsters were dressed in jeans cut off below the knee and sleeveless T-shirts. Their hair was clipped very short, but thicker above the ears, in a more or less military style. Their sneakers were the kind that show the shock-absorbers on the outside, above the edges of the soles, invariably in the form of a series of decorative stripes in cold colors (gray and black): stripes intended to remind us of the speed of tigers and zebras.

Their pale blue eyes and chalky skin, spotted by teenage acne, made me imagine that they might be Slavic. The language they spoke to one another was indeed not Italian, but I couldn't figure out what it was.

There were also a number of residential buildings in the street where Fun & Fun was located. On the other side of the street, and some five or six stories

tall, they really looked more like office buildings: hermetically sealed off from the outside world, they were covered with shiny, corrugated metal sheeting and protected by various closed-circuit TV cameras trained on their entrances.

As soon as I had passed by the boys, 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 square, gray cement tiles, enlivened by a drab flowerbed with half a dozen wan plants 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 bills itself as "Milan's largest indoor amusement park" and it sprawls 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 reception desk, a cashier's desk, and a bar that happily flaunts all the various junk foods condemned by dieticians 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. Colors 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 throughout four levels, 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 this tower rises is of course the very same stairwell that carries the adults and smaller children up and down, in a far less exciting way.

Proceeding downstairs, you reach a kind of half-basement, which the bottom level of the tower divides into two parts: one consists of small rooms, separated from one another by formica partitions decorated with various Walt Disney figures. These spaces can be rented for birthday parties or other such occasions. The other part is overrun by swarms of screaming children who mount and dismount imaginary constructions, using enormous cubes of colored plastic foam.

These construction activities can rapidly degenerate into enormous pillow wars, kept under control by an attendant who uses a whistle to call things back to order.

Television monitors attached to the columns that support the building broadcast Japanese animated cartoons, blaring at full volume. All around the room's perimeter are Playstation games, or those small mechanical games—like the ones you find at

amusement parks—where cars, trains and horses are set in motion by dropping a coin into a slot, with the coins supplied by a change machine.

There are also strategically placed display cases that overflow with games and accessories—Winxes, Bratzes, Witches, Cuccioli Ceramicci, Miniponies and others with which I'm less familiar—that can be purchased on exiting the store.

Rectangular frames on the walls hold a drawing that announces that all the spaces have been washed and disinfected with Lysoform. The Lysoform bottle assumes the guise of a smiling comic-book sort of character. I count a total of a good fourteen of these little icons, scattered around the basement space. A number of women are seated on a long cloth-covered bench. With the exception of a couple of helpers wearing T-shirts emblazoned with the logo of the place, there are no men at all. Some of the women converse with one another, as though seated in a park. They seem to know each other, but I can't figure out if this is a habitual meeting place for them. Others are reading magazines, and a few—who look like household helper or babysitters—seem so tired as to need to take advantage of the break they somehow manage to take by dozing off and glancing only from time to time toward the children in their charge, checking that they don't run off too far.

It's late, and now it's closing time, as a loudspeaker tells us. At the exit, a winding course of partitions and walls of plasterboard guide our path back through the shoe and clothing store. Pink Barbie sandals studded with plastic pearls are on sale at discount prices.

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 of the 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 *to*, 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 worrisome, such a loss is not scary, since words can be found again—in dictionaries. But shortly a more humorous, 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 late 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 blockage 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 one 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" noumenon. 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 in sync with oneself (photons are quicker than themselves in non-local interactions).

Time tries to make us blank, for every creation is a hurrying of time.

Only time that is on time is money. Time is not always on time, money is always on time.

"Time is money." In cinema, only the abstract time fabricated by the insert is money. That's why commercial filmmakers don't let time pass in the shot, but go to inserts. They have more than one character in almost all scenes to be able to cut from one to the other, i.e. to use the various characters alternately as inserts and to have them use each other as inserts. If such filmmakers sometimes accept shooting single-character

scenes, it is because they can resort to point of view shots as inserts—how many of the point of view shots in cinema are not merely inserts? Once you don't let time pass in the film, the film becomes a pastime.

Never hurry anyone or anything (generosity demands nothing), let each take his or her or its time (to wait for something is to hurry it), that way if he or she or it is generous, starting before you arrive, he or she or it will not make you wait (since the flower's smell started its dissemination before I arrived, I did not have to wait for it. Only the generous are available. But I also started toward it even before it had existence for me, even though it may never have existence for me: distraction. Only the generous are available)(any kind of waiting other than the messianic one is servile). But hurry or slow down time itself (generosity is demanding), getting an out-of-sync time into which you collide or that hits you from behind, corners/walls forming that have to be perforated. Two completely different kinds of pressure: the hurrying of a journalist by a deadline, which leaves him or her in sync (talent, even the one misunderstood and neglected by society, is in sync); and the hurrying of time, which produces out-of-sync (the necessity when one is not in sync with oneself of trusting oneself), putting the writer under an inhuman pressure irrespective of any deadline. Creation presupposes putting oneself in a corner/against a wall that has to be perforated, thus being slower than oneself. And it issues in a reception without any waiting: to receive without having to wait is to be quicker than oneself. And it requires the postponement of what has been received, of again being slower than oneself (not to mistake being slower than oneself for laziness), so that a supersaturated solution may become possible. Those who postpone as a condition of choice and of a supersaturated solution are against both impatience, since it precludes things from meeting; and waiting, which gives at best a saturated solution. Since being slower than oneself is an out-of-sync state, it does not permit others to catch up with one, for the out-of-sync belongs to simultaneity, while catching-up-with belongs to succession.

While clumsiness is an imbalance of forces—like an incompetent physics student, the body overlooks a number of forces when making a summation to get the resultant force—awkwardness is a matter of speeds, of being quicker and 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?

Tiredness implies an insufficiency of time, since it implicates rest.

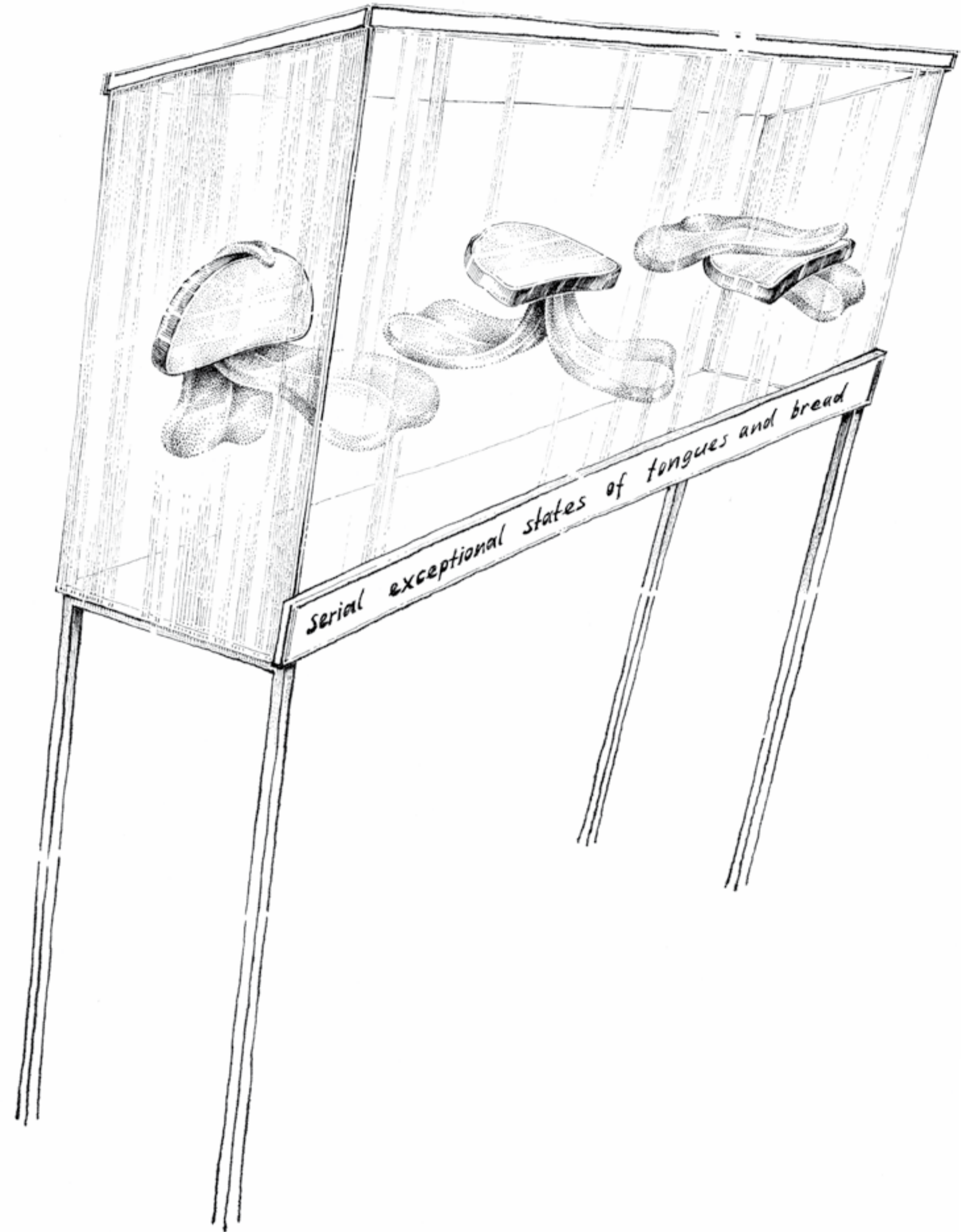
Laziness is related to rest and not to how low the energy level is: superconductivity, the resistless uninterrupted flow of electrons, is a lower energy level than the normal state.

One should be not just modest, but humble if and when one rests.

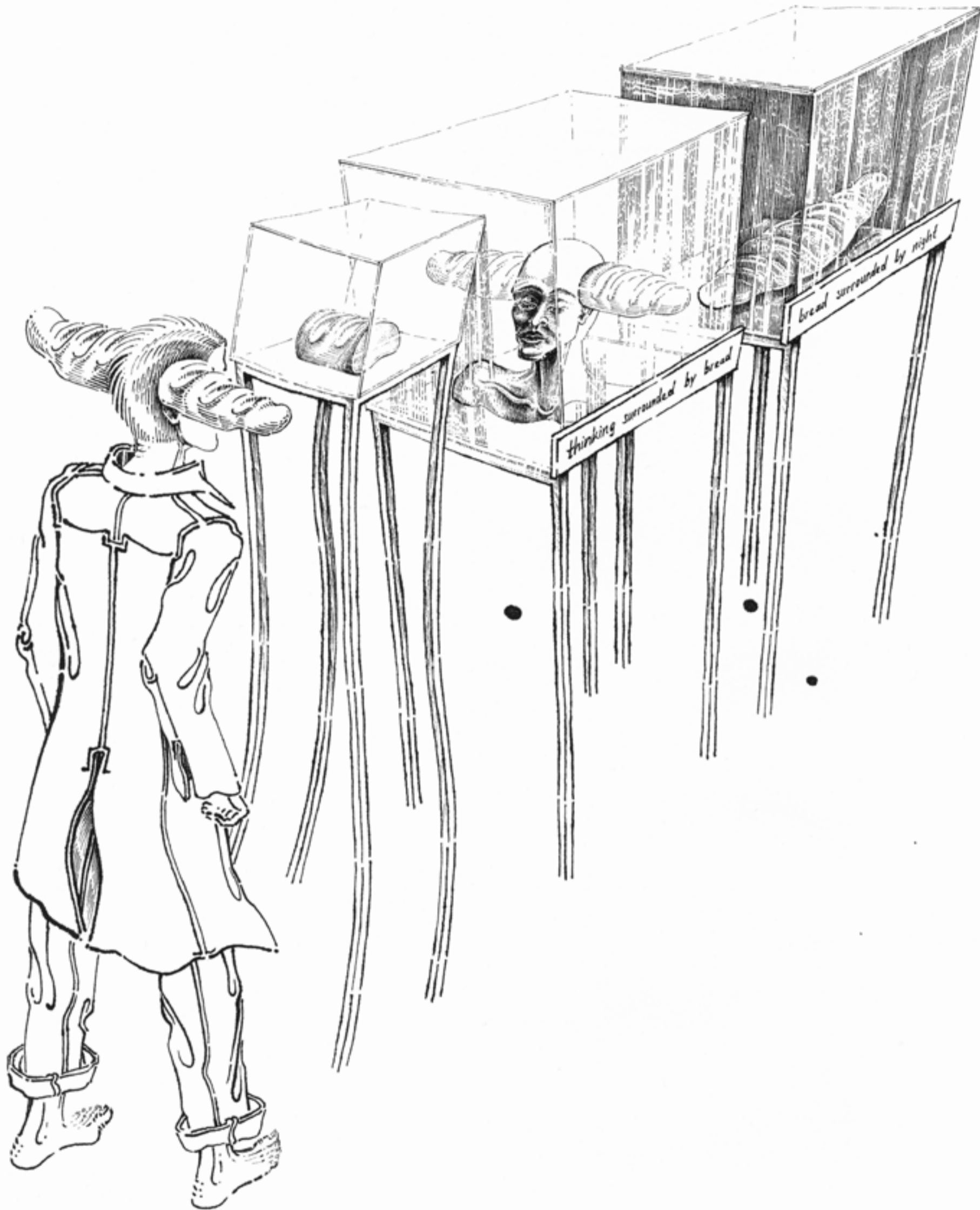
Cioran says: "The aphorism is a conclusion. I write two or three pages and publish only the end result. I spare the reader the progress of my thought." He writes: "One must censure the later Nietzsche for a panting excess in the writing, the absence of rests." The aphorism is not a conclusion. Anyway, 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?

Jalal Toufic, excerpt from *Distracted*, 2nd edition (Tuumba Press, 2003), pp. 66 - 70.

Sandra Boeschstein. Serial exceptional states of tongues and bread. 2007. Indian Ink on Paper. Thinking surrounded by bread/bread surrounded by night. 2007. Indian Ink on Paper.



WHEN FORMS BECOME STRATEGY



THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

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MONEY & INVESTING

Russia central bank says foreign debt is too high

A WSJ NEWS ROUNDUP
NIZHNY NOVGOROD, Russia—Russian banks are borrowing too much abroad and need to start borrowing more domestically, the country's top banking supervisor said.
 Gemady Melikyan, first deputy chairman of the Central Bank of Russia, put current foreign borrowing of Russian banks at 15% of total liabilities, or 2.65 trillion rubles (\$102.87 billion) as of July 1. He called that level much too high.
 Massive external borrowing and equity fund raising by Russian companies have driven record net private-capital inflows, which have replaced oil revenue as Russia's main source of foreign currency and fueled a liquidity bonanza earlier this year. Russian banks borrow abroad at lower interest rates and lend money at home at high rates as Russians discover the advantages of consumer lending.
 The large share of foreign debt liabilities makes Russian lenders less vulnerable to bank runs at home but

makes them more vulnerable to the kind of interest-rate and currency risks that have been triggered by the U.S. subprime-mortgage crisis.
 Russia's central bank has pumped liquidity into the banking system via repo auctions over the past week as money-market rates jumped. It sold as much as \$4 billion to curb a selloff in the ruble on Tuesday as foreigners dumped Russian assets.
 "Currency risks in this situation rise," Mr. Melikyan said, calling for the government's help in forcing banks to raise more funds at home and less abroad.
 "We should think how to replace foreign borrowing by domestic. Maybe with the government's or development institutions' help," Mr. Melikyan said. He didn't elaborate.
 The government allocated about \$10 billion to the capital of the Bank of Development, created to support infrastructure projects and industry revival. The bank is expected to emerge as a major borrower this year.

Sweden faults Borse Dubai

Officials find firm broke the law in move to purchase OMX

**By JOEL SHERWOOD
 And ALISTAIR MACDONALD**

The Swedish financial regulator said Borse Dubai broke the law in building up a stake ahead of a bid for OMX AB, the Nordic exchange operator that it hopes to win from rival suitor Nasdaq Stock Market Inc.
 Although Borse Dubai was not punished for its actions, the United Arab Emirates-based company now has to convince the regulator that it is a suitable OMX owner, should it win the bidding war.
 Government-owned Borse Dubai offered 230 kroner, or \$33.21, a share, in an all-cash bid for OMX, valued at about \$4 billion, a week ago that tops a cash-and-share offer from Nasdaq valued at about \$3.6 billion.
 Borse Dubai faces an uphill battle to convince OMX shareholders that its bid is superior. Several shareholders, including the Swedish government, have expressed unease at selling to Borse Dubai because of its government ownership.
 But analysts said the Swedish decision to allow a bid from Borse Dubai puts Nasdaq under pressure to sweeten its offer. Nasdaq Chief Executive Bob Greifeld has been on

a Nordic touring blitz this week to shore up support for his cash-and-shares bid, which might entice long-term investors more than cash.
 Nasdaq declined to comment.
 The ruling "gives Borse Dubai the full go-ahead" to pursue its takeover bid, said Fredrik Gutenberg at Cheuvreux. "They did something wrong, but they fixed it," he said. He predicted that OMX shares will now "move on continued speculation" of a higher takeover bid.
 On Thursday, the Swedish finance minister said the government, which is selling its 6.6% OMX stake, will factor in the regulator's decision when it looks at the two takeover bids. OMX operates exchanges in seven countries in Scandinavia and the Baltic region, including Sweden, and regulators in all those countries will have a say on the bid.
 The ultimate decision of whether a company is fit to run OMX, though, rests with Finansinspektion, or FI, the Swedish markets regulator, which said Thursday that the announcement by Borse Dubai two weeks ago that it had acquired a 4.9% OMX stake with options to raise this to 23.5% was a takeover attempt and had breached Sweden's takeover rules. But it said that as Borse Dubai has since made a proper bid for OMX, it won't pursue the matter.
 After Borse Dubai asks FI's permission to own OMX, the regulator will have up to 60 days to determine if it is a "fit and proper"

owner. The regulator will look at three central areas: personal conduct, competence and conflicts of interest. This incident could play into its character assessment.
 "Everything will be taken into account when we look into whether or not someone is fit and proper to have a qualified holding in a financial institution," said Gent Jansson, FI's deputy director general and chief legal counsel.
 Mr. Jansson declined to discuss the significance of Borse Dubai's violation.
 "We took every precaution to act in good faith," Per Larsson, Borse Dubai's chief executive—and former head of OMX—said in an interview.
 Some OMX shareholders are worried that governments, some local investors and regulators in the Nordic region are looking for excuses to reject the Middle Eastern exchange's bid for OMX because Borse Dubai is state owned. Mr. Larsson said he doesn't believe that the state control of his exchange will derail his bid.
 The main interest of regulators and governments "is to see if the market is run by rules and regulations and that the market continues to develop," he said. Dubai is pitching its bid as an opportunity for OMX to apply its experience of consolidation in the Nordic region to the Middle East, where there is no developed international capital market.

Adam Ewing contributed to this article

Major indexes end slightly higher aided in part by central banks

**By SARAH TURNER
 MarketWatch.com**
LONDON—European indexes closed slightly higher Thursday, marking their fifth straight winning session.
 The pan-European Dow Jones Stoxx 600 index edged up 0.2% to 369.33. The retail sector rose about 1%, making it one of the biggest gainers, as it recovered from recent weakness.
 Supermarket chain Tesco rose 2.7% in London, with retailer Metro adding 1.6% in Frankfurt.
 Among major national indexes, the German DAX 30 index closed up 0.2% at 7511.96 and the French CAC 40 index edged up 0.1% to 5523.33. The U.K.'s FTSE 100 index ended barely in the black at 6196.90.

European markets have been aided in recent sessions by central banks, which continued to pump money into the banking system in a bid to ease a credit crunch. Demand Thursday for three-month funds from the European Central Bank was three times the amount the bank was offering, a sign of how hungry banks are for longer-term cash.
 Building-materials company Holcim rose 1.1% on strong profit. Some financial stocks rallied after Bank of America said it would invest \$2 billion in troubled U.S. mortgage lender Countrywide Financial. U.K. mortgage bank Northern Rock jumped 4%.
 Bwin Interactive Entertainment jumped 9.3% after the Vienna online betting-services provider reported a narrower loss for the second quarter.

NYSE Euronext's shares stumble

Continued from page 15
 cents a share from 60 cents a share two months ago.
 Some analysts say another key component will be for NYSE to deliver on promised cost savings from its Euronext deal, expected to take more than a year to realize.
 The best-case scenario for NYSE, including its often overlooked European stock and derivatives business, would be for continued volatility. If there is a protracted bear market, NYSE could see a volume decline. According to NYSE data, average daily trading volume has declined in four years since 1970—1974, 1988, 1990 and 2003—and all those years followed rough periods for stocks. In recent years, NYSE has changed pricing so that its revenue is more closely tied with the actual growth—or decline—in trading activity.
 The other big concern for NYSE stock is that it will pay too much to grow bigger in the U.S. derivatives market, a stated goal of Mr. Thain's. NYSE has held discussions

in recent weeks with Nymex Holdings Inc., operator of the big energy and metals market, the New York Mercantile Exchange.
 While most investors understand the strategy of buying Nymex, they might not like the price tag. Recently, Waddell & Reed analyst Ryan Caldwell visited NYSE President Duncan Niederauer, who asked Mr. Caldwell why he thought NYSE stock was suffering, according to Mr. Caldwell.
 Mr. Caldwell said he was concerned about both the NYSE's ability to hit earnings targets and a potentially pricey deal.
 Nelson Chai, NYSE's chief financial officer, said the company's stock should benefit from continued trading-system improvements and a robust environment in Europe. The heaviest traders haven't backed away despite recent worries about the market, he said.
 "The volatility in the marketplace has been good for us," Mr. Chai said. "We get paid on volume, and recently, we've seen record volume."

FINANCIAL NEWS **DOWJONES**

Integrating art into wealth management strategy

The Role of Art in Wealth Management

20 September 2007
 The Arts Club, 40 Dover Street, London

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THE BEST OF INTENTIONS... ON POLITICS' ENTRY INTO THEATER

Maxi Obexer Berlin

Parentecost in Berlin: Whitsuntide. I enter the Hebbel Theater, and for a moment can't help thinking back to the Bolschoi Theater in Moscow at the time when hostages were taken there: kidnappers dressed like guerrilla fighters, with guns draped around their necks; the siege; that strange hiatus in time, no less tense than charged with boredom, in which a building has been seized and occupied. Men with walkie-talkies move stealthily through the foyer. Various rows of seats have been partially or totally removed from the orchestra pit and a central passageway runs suddenly through the place where the best seats are normally found. Even the stage looks more like a cloakroom for knapsacks, cases of beer, microphone stands, assorted jackets.

As they converse with one another, people seem very serious. One doesn't quite dare to inquire what the issues at hand might be. The scattered groups that gather in the foyer, in the auditorium, in the corridors seem compact and highly committed.

The others too, sitting scattered here and there on the stairs, reading, drinking, checking and sending their e-mail, exude an air of great concentration. They share the knowledge that important matters are at stake, that a cause is in the balance. Most of the visitors are not simply spectators, as in my case. They are participants and protagonists in what has grown meanwhile into a gigantic network of leftist, intellectual, subcultural and activist groups from all around the world. And what's happening here in these four days is called a "summit." The agenda is all about "self-education," about access to knowledge, and how to organize such access despite the manipulations and interference of economic interests.

So, there has been no hostage taking, and the activists are neither hostage takers nor guerrilleros. Rather than black and tan camouflage dress and the burkas of the widows of martyrs, everything here is quite colorful, and indeed a good deal more colorful than what one normally expects from a

public of theater-goers. Many wear brightly colored Angela Davis wigs, young men are dressed in cool, low-slung pants, even in overalls, and very masculine V-necked T-shirts. Many young women bring Street Live and Jackie Brown to mind, in trench coats with up-turned collars, very sexy. And a chic Apple Macbook on nearly every lap, very cool, like the bottle of Bionade beside them on the floor (ever since the G-8 summit, Bionade advertisements have run the slogan "The official drink for a better world") or, lacking that, a Tannenzäpfle beer (which must, however, be a misunderstanding, since the owners of this Schwabian brewery are known to be quite active in right-wing circles).

The fact that it feels all the same like the occupation of a building perhaps has something to do with the unconventional body language of the people who move about the place, and with their radical, thoroughly nonchalant rejection of everything that otherwise seems so important in a theater: its sense of ritual, its circumscription, the co-ordinates of time and place in which it's so basically grounded, its sense of magic.

When entrances are left standing open, and the house lights left on-even daylight enters the auditorium-and podium discussions get somehow underway at no specific time, and all of it lasts for a good four days, we've already entered the sphere of a radically different notion of the theater, even before all thought of the contents being dealt with.

"Fine," I think. "Why not? If political activism is directly transplanted into the theater, and if theater no longer takes recourse to its own inherent political power, the reason may lie in its having lost sight of it, or in seeing it as nothing special."

I have to think back to Ingrid Caven, one of Fassbinder's actresses, and to what she had to say about the physical energy with which they addressed their art, about the extent to which this energy was driven by the desire to effect some sort of transformation, about the depth of their agreement that form-specifically artistic form-was their medium. Artistic power as stemming from the desire for change; and form as the criterion with which to measure it. Here, on the other hand, direct political activism without recourse to form; and formlessness as the embodiment of radicality.

But despite the sense of naturalness and inevitability with which theater here engaged with its own detheatricalization, there was something nonetheless that seemed to pulse in the background. Or was that simply my imagination?

This was far from the first occasion- especially in Berlin-on which a theater became a forum for political discussion and activity. The Volksbühne, for example, is known to have shown an interest in any number of socio-political issues, in hope of giving the theater a renewed appeal to a public which had long since grown accustomed to seeing it as too inane and childish to be of any possible use. And meanwhile it has turned into a magnet, and a setting for an enormous number of both artistic and social discussions. But other venues that chose to court what they saw as its formula for success went mercilessly under. One wasn't much impressed when as though pulling a rabbit out of a magician's hat they placed some minor bet on the war of ideas and the need for cultural dialog. The Volksbühne took a more serious tack, and pursued it with greater intelligence. And there was something fundamental of which it was always aware. If political manifestations such as Christoph Schlingensief's "Empire," or readings by Michael Hardt and Toni Negri, or Feridun Zaimoglus' "Kanak Attack" were able to take on cult status, this was also due to their allowing it always to be perfectly clear that we're watching them in a theater,

and that by virtue of exactly that have a right to demand a degree of formal authority. Theater remains a place of representation, no matter if it's dealing with Daimler Chrysler motorcars, or ecologically raised sheep, or the ins and out of political theory, and as such involves a further level at which we're not concerned with what is being dealt with, but with how it's being dealt with. There remains what simply might be called the element of theatricality.

There are those who would therefore accuse the Volksbühne of a lust for spectacle that brings theoretical discourse into the realm of a larger public, and which thereby popularizes and cheapens it.

But there's a doubt that the Volksbühne never provokes: one never wonders why these discussions are held precisely there, in a theater, and not in the halls of the university, at the institute for political sciences, which might seem, after all, to be the place where they belong. This fact is fundamental. There's a clear distinction between the ways in which something is discussed at the university and at the Volksbühne. Both forms, clearly enough, are legitimate, and the presence of politics in the theater presents itself as something which is basic and fundamental to the theater as a public and therefore inherently political place.

So far, so good. And now let's move along to the Hebbel Theater. It's one of the truly beautiful theaters of the City of Berlin. Noble and functional, it's nearly perfect in form and size, with a reserved interior discretely paneled in precious lemonwood, and unlike many Baroque constructions it doesn't give contemporary groups the uncomfortable feeling of being somewhat out of place. This, indeed, is what has always made it a favorite venue for newer forms of art and theater, and for a progressive confrontation with the representational arts. Jo Fabian, Richard Maxwell, and Christoph Marthaler- to name but a few of my personal discoveries-are figures whom I first encountered at the Hebbel Theater.

While still at home, I take a look at the summit's program. One of the titles reads, "Hosting the General Intellect," and forces me to turn to my dictionary. "How interesting," I think, "that in English 'host' and 'hostage' are so close to one another." I'm looking forward to it all.

First of all, the summit's various organizers introduce themselves. They want no counter-, or anti-, and even no alternative-summit: in any case, they have no interest in any of that. What, then, do they want? Is it possible that I have forgotten? Or that nothing was ever said? In any case, it was different from any of that, but still not anything other than a summit.

OK. Then came three speakers, the first from England, the second from Italy, the third from India. The first talked about hospitality, and then, after twenty minutes or so, closed on the thought that the English words for "host" and "hostage" were suspiciously close to another, and that such a thing should give us something to think about. But what, one wonders, was one to think about it? There wasn't time to get into that.

The second spoke as the curator of a museum, and remarked that on the one hand he feels like a guest in the museum he works with, and on the other like a host, with respect to the artists he invites to show there. And one's therefore to think guests and hosts as elements of a paradox.

Aha! The third talked about India's Hindus, and remarked that their notion of hospitality is something entirely different... from any other. Could be.

Then came a statement that was billed as "Public Editing of the Declaration." A Berlin curator who

recently had become involved in theater productions as well recounted that he had just finished staging a piece in Antwerp, and more than anything else was happy with the dialog.

"How sad," I think, "for someone to come to a theater and hold a monolog on dialog, instead of setting one up, as something authentic, dramatic, and capable of striking to the heart of things." But finally, happily, he had finished, only, however, to leave me desperately wondering if the whole shebang would ever reach an end.

Then suddenly a noise resounded. Someone in the audience had climbed up onto the stage and smashed his black Macbook onto the speaker's podium, just at the point when the next speaker, the cultural theoretician Diedrich Diederichsen, was about to begin. "Just how do you people manage that, to come up here and occupy a public space, and then spout all this bullshit? Don't you understand what's supposed to be happening here?" Silence. The curator stuttered 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 ceaselessly sketched away in his notebook. Things grew restless. And then, nearly as though having decided to bring the rising tension to a head, Diederichsen announced, "To tell the truth, I'm not at all sure why I'm here, or why I was invited."

"Then get up and go." "So, what are you doing here?" "That's what I'm asking you. What am I supposed to be here for? Why did you invite me?"

The organizer takes the floor: "It's also important for us to hear outsiders' points of view."

"About what? What's the subject on which you want to hear my point of view? That's my problem with this 'summit.' Or at least I think it is. Nobody's likely to be opposed to hospitality, nor surely to 'openness,' and even less opposed to dialog and exchange, and finally too we hear that every concept is also to 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 absolutely everything. "It's a fairly long trip from Rome to Berlin, only to be so disappointed." "And it makes me sick," another shouts, "that everybody's always speaking English: the Imperialists' language!" "Then, speak Yemeni!" shouts another, "Everybody will understand you." A woman philosopher couches a warning in motherly tones and explains, "I have picked up twenty new concepts on a single day. And that's something to be grateful for." But meanwhile the anti-English speaker has thrown the microphone at the head of the person who suggested that he speak Yemeni. One of the promoters makes a suave attempt at moderation by suggesting, "Perhaps we should ask the technical crew about when to close things up."

An elderly gentleman rises to his feet, "But we all see things the same way!" "And all want the same thing," another chimes in in agreement. "That's what we're here for," another asserts, "in order to change something!" Others drag him back down into his chair. Others laugh. Others feel like crying.

At this point, the situation is lacking in everything that might prevent it from showing no way out. In dramatic terms, its tragic potential has climaxed. And it continues, on and on, for quite some time.

The conference table quietly disbands, the organizers take a seat there, hoping to save what can be saved, Diederichsen discretely removes his jacket from the back of his chair, picks up his bottle of beer and retires into one of the rows of seats. He now looks on as a

spectator. Which is understandable.

Because what's taking place in fact is theater. With everything that belongs to theater. A descent into the unbearable; a powerful explosion; the relief of catharsis; a developing and truly existential question, not simply bound to circumstances: "But how might things be different?", and all as the dynamic of the situation sucks everything down into dissolution.

The players are confused, even desperate, and thus find themselves in a classically tragic configuration: their actions are autonomous, but nonetheless involved, beyond their volition, in a greater historical condition charged with doom and nemesis. In theater, that's the point, at the latest, at which one begins to love the characters.

Yes, we're now in the realm of theater, in all its scope. Comic, tragic, sad, amusing, absurd, at an almost elevated level. And with the involvement of every age group. (An achievement! In real theater, parts for older actors are often suppressed, as a way of containing costs.)

The tension that was there from the very start, a suppressed but nevertheless ever-present tension, sprang into view with the first moment of open conflict, and now assumes its full dimension.

Like an old and already forgotten diva, there she stands: grimy, lascivious, frivolous, and eternally underhanded. And before her, seated in the auditorium, the human masses and their lust for self-destruction, which has always been one of her great and fundamental themes.

The best of intentions, as always paving the road to hell, or at least into silliness.



Hebbel am Ufer - Hau, Berlin

THE HISTORIAN OF DOUBT

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

When in doubt, trust your paranoia
– Ray Davies

I walk along a circular corridor uniformly lit by regularly spaced, large square electric ceiling lights. 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 swinging 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 marbling, be a slug inching along and secrete slime. But, no. As I walk, I at leisure conjure up and dismiss all my possible walks, determined gaits and lascivious sways of hips. Where am I going? I do not know. I walk head 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 slowing 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 icy shiver runs down my spine just at the thought of it. Yet it must have been some kind of cloth, a piece of clothing bundled up into a ball or some other forgotten piece of rubbish. I like to think so. But I still prefer to look straight ahead of me without thinking too much about things forgotten by the wayside... if the curvature of space doesn't too much distort this straight-line view, that is! In spite of myself, however, I am

the historian of a persistent doubt. Should I keep it to myself or speak out?

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, is it not! The aim is to find reasons for what doesn't advance or remains irremediably lost behind you and, thus, immutably, advancing all the while. The aim is to explain this corridor, for example, its lighting, the spacing of its ceiling lights and its swinging doors, the jaunty melodies of its tunes coming from who knows where... and that, when all is said and done, by way of the action of walking itself, as if it determined not only the opening of doors as it does here, but the entire architecture in which it unfolds, and not the contrary. Worse, perhaps, as if this walking were destined only to meet itself in the eternal rebeginning of the path of its quest. One can easily imagine the headaches that might thus arise from so much attention focused, at odds with forward motion, on the irresistible drive that propels us forwards, towards the next step, the one that follows it, and towards more steps still...

Walking, advancing... doesn't this action force us somewhat to ignore the place through which we pass? And, even if unchanged since the time of its very beginnings, shouldn't we always believe in this place's essentially transitory character and therefore always prepare ourselves for possibly moving beyond it? Of course, it is possible at any moment for me to cut down one of these cross-wise alleys to reach the center of the building, around which this corridor forms a kind of unbroken crown; or to take one of these staircases or elevators so as suddenly to change floors and thereby signal my entire and uncompromising freedom to wander. I could very well do so. Why don't I? Because for me, that in a sense would amount to backtracking, to retracting a part of this resolution to advance that I set

myself at the start and which has been confirmed with each new step in this uninterrupted walk ever since. It would, moreover, be quite vain to believe that, in thus multiplying interruptions and new departures, in launching willy-nilly onto cross-wise paths, I could erase or modify in any way the psychological impact that this directed progress communicates to me. As for the influence on the psyche, it has often been remarked that walking in circles produces freer and more abstract sensations and thoughts than advancing in straight or zigzag lines. This constantly curving corridor thus promotes within me a sense of calm that recalls what certain prisoners, forced for years on end to pace each day around a circular yard, evoke in their recollections. Nothing, indeed, better alleviates this feeling of being shut in - and, obviously, these agonizing desires to escape - than plodding around the inside perimeter of even the smallest of enclosures. Can't this phenomenon be observed with particular clarity among those so-called "autistic" children who manage to alleviate the stranglehold of their states of depression by tracing ellipses and loops in their physical movements, which to the eyes of an inattentive spectator seem entirely erratic, torturous and inconclusive? I, then, at this present moment, advancing at a regular pace along this curved corridor, my step neither impatient nor hesitant, am no doubt prolonging something of the first steps of a fairly depressive child, seeking in the regularity of some kind of physical action the mental and behavioral assurance that human evolution has never seemed to me to guarantee. To be continued...



Jean-Luc Moulène
En chemise, Paris, 12 avril 2007

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