

The Vulcan 20 and The Commodore 1541

a compilation

The order of things cannot always endure. I have registered my protest against it. I recognize the feebleness of my effort, but fortunately I am not alone. There are multiplied thousands of others who, like myself, have come to realize that before we may truly enjoy the blessings of civilized life, we must reorganize society upon a mutual and cooperative basis; and to this end we have organized a great economic and political movement that spreads over the face of all the earth.¹

Your work is so unique! Headless sculptures of all varieties...

Well I made them headless, not because I was lazy. Omitted faces have limitless possibilities...this is my message. Faces are pointless in art...

Human faces express so much, but the faces in famous paintings...with few exceptions, those faces show either no expressions or thin smiles. So...who really needs it?

The face at the bottom of my glass will do for me.

Wow! You talk like a real artist.

Don't be silly, I am an artist.²

Contrary to custom then, its structure was neither unitary nor based on a single simple module, like the popular grid. In its ability to invite a whole host of thematic associations, from gliders to long-legged grasshoppers, the sculpture's eccentric complexity was the very antithesis of the kind of purist content deemed desirable in Minimal work. Visually, too, the sculpture went against the narrow focus of the period implicit in the Minimal insistence on 'what you see is what you get'. Suspended in a gesture so immanent of action, the dynamic form of Dante's Rig almost seemed to defy the eye to take in its dynamic appearance.³

Many critics and artists argued that autonomous signature-style art works sited in public places functioned more like an extension of the museum, advertising individual artists and their accomplishments (and by extension their patrons status) rather than making any genuine gesture toward public engagement.⁴

Rather than erect another hierarchy, it may therefore be more useful to acknowledge the plurality of scopic regimes now available to us.⁵

Their peculiarities originate not in spite of, but because of the lack of design.⁶

The whole thing is a game, one which, with the help of this kind of information, counts on casting the anchor of a vehicle somewhere close by, so that people can later think back on it. It's a sort of prop for the memory, yes, a sort of prop in case something different happens in the future.⁷

If you can learn from the yesterday without undue regret, you are insightful. If you can plan for tomorrow without worry, you are wise. If you can live your life in one-day packages, you are blessed.⁸

To the man who loves art for its own sake remarked Sherlock Holmes, tossing aside the advertisement sheets of the Daily Telegraph, 'it is frequently in its least important and lowliest manifestations that the keenest pleasure is to be derived. It is pleasant to me to observe Watson that you have so far grasped this truth that in these little records of our cases which you have been good enough to draw upon, and, I am bound to say, occasionally to embellish, you have given prominence not so much to the many 'cause célèbres' and sensational trials in which I have figured, but rather to those incidences which may have been trivial in themselves, but which have given room for those faculties of deduction and of logical synthesis which I have made my special province.'⁹

It is healthier to dig up all the facts, even those that, traditionally, genteel arts professionals have withheld.¹⁰

The mower stalled, twice, kneeling, I found a hedgehog jammed up against the blades, Killed. It had been in the long grass. I had seen it before, and even fed it, once. Now I had mauled its unobtrusive world Unmendably. Burial was no help. Next morning I got up and it did not. The first day after a death, the new absence is always the same; we should be careful of each other, we should be kind while there is still time.¹¹

Of course there is nothing wrong with a less than perfect lawn – it would be inappropriate and a waste of time and effort to try to create perfection in a lawn that passes between plantings of shrubs or lies in the shade (and rainshadow) of trees. It is necessary to get realistic targets. The sheer size of a lawn may decide its type, because large areas of grass may become a drain on time and money if maintained to the highest standard.¹²

The categories "landscape" and "not-landscape" are related, not separate.¹³

According to the Talmud, two places are reserved for each person, one in Eden and the other in Gehenna. The just person, after being found innocent, receives a place in Eden plus that of a neighbor who was damned. The unjust person, after being judged guilty receives a place in hell plus that of a neighbor who was saved.....What is most proper to every creature is thus its substitutability, its being in any case in the place of the other.¹⁴

The range of convergence between Site and NonSite consists of course of hazards, a double path made up of signs, photographs, and maps that belong to both sides of the dialectic at once. Both sides are present and absent at the same time.¹⁵

Hope attracts, radiates as a point, to which one wants to be near, from which one wants to measure. Doubt has no center and is ubiquitous.¹⁶

The plurality of other 'thises' extends into past and future. Hence the present realizations determine the 'this' in terms of its (negative) relation to other 'thises', which because they are past and future 'thises' are not present in the actual presence of the determinate 'this'.¹⁷

We shall always find ourselves describing this impossibility with its logical elements of perpetual contradiction, a marshland of stars and of futile bell-ringing. Like toads squatting on cold lanterns, squashing the descriptive intelligence of the red belly.¹⁸

But in vain I set out to visit the city: forced to remain motionless and always the same, in order to be more easily remembered, Zora has languished, disintegrated, disappeared. The earth has forgotten her.¹⁹

This forgetfulness is a proof of the materiality of objects. Objects are proofs: the proof of history and the mark of others, of disparate origin and of manufacture. And a proof in both senses: proof as verification and testimony to material history, among many possibilities. Like the page-proofs of a book, objects join together to create material grammars of utility, which are illusive and full of potential.²⁰

Question: Are you absolutely sure that what you saw resembled a garden – there was no other possible interpretation?

Berton: Yes. I noticed several details. For example, I remember seeing a place where there were some boxes in a row. I realized later that they were probably beehives.

Question: You realized later? But not at the time, not at the moment when you actually saw them?

Berton: No, because everything looked as though it were made of plaster. But I saw something else.

Question: What was that ?

Berton: I saw things which I can't put a name to, because I didn't have time to examine them carefully. Under some bushes I thought I saw tools, long objects with prongs. They might have been plaster models of garden tools. But I'm not absolutely certain. Whereas I 'm sure, quite certain, that I recognized an apiary.

Question: it didn't occur to you that it might be an hallucination?²¹

The city which cannot be purged from the mind is like an armature, a honey-comb in whose cells each of us can place the thing he wants to remember: names of famous men, virtues, numbers, vegetable and mineral classifications, dates of battles, constellations, parts of speech.²²

Damn, I've poured my whole life into this lawn, my heart, my soul, the tender feelings I've held back from my family.²³

Myth hides nothing and flaunts nothing: it distorts; myth is neither a lie or a confession: it is an inflexion...
...We reach here the very principle of myth : it transforms history into nature.²⁴

I miss you, but I haven't met you yet.²⁵

For de Chirico and Rubin, the city squares were scary, but for me they have the awesome presence of a power spot.²⁶

Your gaze scans the streets as if they were written pages: the city says everything you must think, makes you repeat her discourse, and while you believe you are visiting Tamara you are only recording the names with which she defines herself and all her parts.²⁷

The term 'reality effect' is proposed by Roland Barthes to address the problem of details in realist fiction. Barthes contends that these details which seem to function like a transparent glass through which historical reality is authentically replicated, are actually discursive markers that reaffirm a specific ideology.²⁸

The man had brought objects and elements from his world to the place in this space, silent representatives of his ideas and beliefs. He introduced them to the coyote.²⁹

Sample: to take an extract from one context to another.

Splice: to join by intertwining strands

Tangle: to become or cause to become twisted together in a mass

Blend: to mix, mingle and shade imperceptibly into each other

Acculturated: To assimilate the cultural traits of another group³⁰

In fairness, psychogeographers recognized that theirs was a necessarily inexact science dealing with imprecise data.³¹

Then one of these days, you're bound to say: Yes, I'm beginning to understand what's happening, how the technique was, how the infiltration came about, or the penetration, or the communication, or what the information discloses.³²

And so tonight, I ask you to turn away from the spectacle of the past seven months, to repair the fabric of our national discourse and to return our attention to all the challenges and all the promise of the next American century.³³



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Image from an installation by Roy Stanfield at testsite.
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testsite is a project of Fluent~Collaborative.
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