In our globalized world, the idea of the individual and the contours of the self have become increasingly permeable while at the same time hardened. The tensions between the qualities of the fluid and the fixed, the flows of information and the land locked mines of precious metals, the orthodox and the psychedelic, perception management and predictive analytics of big data, what can be and what is, such contractions are found in these same said individuals, para-states, social groups, nations and corporations. All of this raises the question that perhaps the very idea of the individual has been an illusion. And as powerful and empowering the idea of the individual has been, perhaps it’s time to put it to rest or at the very least refigure it again.

How can we conceptualize an idea of a single individual in a specific moment and time when the individual is continually composed and decomposed by other individuals by processes of constant movements of association and repulsion?

If individual things (res singulares) exist only as a consequence of the existence of other individual things (EIP28), with which they participate in an infinite network of connections (Balibar 1997:27). Notice here that this also implies that causality must not be understood in the sense of a linear succession of events, but rather as a multiplicity of connections of causal links between individuals, which are made up of more simple and more complex individuals all causally related…. Otherwise said, every individual is constantly composed and decomposed by other individuals with which it enters into contact through a process of individuation, which involves both the infra-individual and the supra-individual levels (Balibar 1997:27). And it is in order to render this complexity and plurality that Balibar argued individuality must be understood as a transindividuality (For those who like to trace the origins of this ontology of the transindividual, Balibar draws inspiration from Gilbert Simondon’s L’individuation psychique et collective). Individuals thus understood are therefore never atoms, events, let alone subjects, given once for all. They are processes, the result of constant movements of association and repulsion that connect more simple individuals with other simple individuals, but also with more complex ones that constantly do and undo a body.

(Chiara Bottici, “Bodies in plural: Towards an anarcha-feminist manifesto,” talking about Etienne Balibar’s Spinoza: From Individuality to Transindividuality)

At the same time we must ask if this notion of not being a single individual but a continually becoming transindividual, for many a liberatory idea, an aspirational one, is it not naive or utopian in a world increasingly managed by software protocols, surveillance, border controls, hardened identities and identifications.

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How then can we account for this self oscillating between these positions, negotiating them. A self that may feel permeable and discontinuously continuous while seen and indexed as this body, this person, this specific body, with this name, this gene code, this passport, this log in, this facially recognized thing by software control.

The politics of liberation from a fixed self then would appear to be in direct contrast with flows of global capital, resource control, the success of collective identity politics, ethnic and religious strife, bodies needing to be regulated and policed increasingly through automated systems.

To locate and address these tensions I have turned to my body, my self, and the histories, as fractured and fragmented as they are, of my family.

History accounts for the written record where as archeology (and art) is concerned with material traces – how to forge or create a contemporary and material history of me as an object of experience, myself as the object and subject experienced that is a figure of the contemporary and figured by the contemporary. I am then the contemporary or rather a contemporary. But with whom and to whom and in extension?

What ‘me’ and why contemporary? In me all things contemporary figure me, and all things that were and ever where figure the contemporary.

Why me? In putting forward a person, an individual experience I might find the tensions and give the experience of the contemporary self.

Me 1

The artist looks across 500 years to locate coordinates of intensities in sight, sound, taste, place, and language, starting with the histories of his parents and grandparents. “Very quickly I found myself ungrounded and uncertain,” though I do know that my father voluntarily converted to Catholicism at 19 after being for hundreds, maybe thousands, of years a Sephardic Jew. He changed his name from Abulafia to Lafia. Abraham Abulafia was said to be the founder of the prophetic Kabbalah, 1291. He was a ceaseless wanderer who believed himself the messiah and with his last book, Words of Beauty, all traces of him were lost.

My mother’s surname Patenaude, from the Latin phrase pater noster, our father, a metonymic occupational name for a maker of rosary beads and meaning also “one who sang or chanted.” Both my parents then were in search of the supreme and the divine, and both were in search of the ecstatic, and both, because of these desires found themselves at odds with the secular world, with the geopolitics of there day. Each had experienced a diaspora, persecution, migration, the comfort and solace of their beliefs and many uncanny contradictions. My father in his dying cried out to be held and received in the bosom of the god depicted by the rosary draping the crucifix above his bed. A god in whose name his ancestors were persecuted and forced to leave Spain.
Similarly, Catholics in the west of France where my mother was from in the name of reason during the French revolution had property destroyed and confiscated. Meanwhile, other relatives sent money to Netherlands. To know the number of countries, nationalities, conversions, intermarriages, all the comings and goings of all those connected to my parents is impossible. The contradictions and dualities of identity the displacements, adaptations, the reversal of roles, the becoming of the other centuries later, even marrying those (as if they could still be “those”) that once persecuted them (perhaps unaware or even uninterested as this was long ago and in another country), all of this seems to me to be markers of the global and the contemporary.

As Edward Said wrote in *Culture and Imperialism*,

*We are taught to venerate our nations and admire our traditions. We are taught to pursue their interests with toughness and in disregard for other societies.*

I want in this project to trace and map these, to imaginatively and productively work with them, to make works out of this.

*How does this come to be offered as an object of experience? And conversely, how can we use contemporaneity as a hermeneutic to understand contemporary art?*

**themes, persons, readings**

- colonialism
- pilgrimage
- tourism
- travel
- Frantz Fanon
- Peter Osborne (*History of the Present*)
- history as performance and empirical
- grasp the present, aspire to a unity of the present, the contemporary aspires to being the condition of historical intelligibility of social experience unless you can understand or totalize your experience geopolitically there is a sense you can’t grasp your own present. If you don’t grasp your own present the bits you haven’t grasp wind up doing nasty things to you.
- the fiction of the relative unity of the present, the contemporary, is a global fiction, a fiction thinking in terms of the social spaces of communities, cultures, nations, societies.
- the internationalist imaginary of the last 150 years
- transnational of social spaces of displacement
- geopolitical differentiation and temporal intensification
- the coming together of different times that constitutes the contemporary and the relation between these social spaces in which these times are embedded are the two main axis along which historical meaning of contemporary art is plotted.
In my early years and teens, I could sense an explosive desire for social justice, for inner exploration, for psychological and spiritual deepening, for sexual pleasure and play, to find not only a deeper sense of self, but also deepened awareness of the cosmos and its ecology. My father’s last name was Abulafia, a Sephardic Jewish name, which he changed to Lafia. The specificity of my genealogy, my heritage and any of its traditions was unimportant, something I did not aspire to as I was a person of the earth, of my psyche, sensual and experiential.

Those persons and their ideas and ideals and rallying cries including the Black Panthers, R. D. Laing, Carl Sagan, John Lennon, William Burroughs, Timothy Leary, David Bowie, the Maharishi, Gloria Steinem, Gregory Bateson. For certain readers very unfamiliar names. All put forward ideas of knowing the self, exploding language and gender roles and reaching inner space and outer space literally and metaphorically. By fourteen, fifteen, sixteen years old this was the trajectory: to more deeply get close to myself, my surroundings, each other; and with everyone doing this, a more just and harmonious world would ensue. Personal awareness would lead to personal liberation and a new planetarily aware social order. It’s kind of extraordinary to write this, the aspiration of it, the zeitgeist of it, given today’s inward turning to nationalism, a planet overheating, and a globalization and neoliberal order predicated on consumerism that would lift all humanity. Less than ten years on after Godard had stopped making films for five to seven years and returned with Every Man for Himself, and the punk cry of no future for you exploded, and Less Than Zero appeared, with disappear here, a new world order, with the band New Order brought forward a new zeitgeist that would carry forward for the next twenty years, one of austerity, cyber wars, financial crisis, retrenched identity politics until the promise once again of the liberatory promise of the internet now almost twenty years on.

I write this to give a very condensed sense of the context of my formation where identity did not mean, your sexual preference or race or your personal heritage. There was a very naive and optimistic sense of the possible. When I see clips of John Lennon and Yoko Ono, I am amazed at their extraordinary sense of the possible of exceeding the backgrounds they came from to go forward into a brave new world.

Art, then, would be a way to see and figure the world. Write myself into, with it. Just what myself was could never be an insistence on biography or biology but something experiential, experience both particular to me and indifferent of me. This is the odd, strange part. I don’t want a hardened identity but the world gives you one. But what is this “world,” there is no such thing as “this world.” There are particular people, particular things, embodied and historical. The body is a limit and the me, only a small part of it, as in knowing,
my knowing is limited, but the world, all that I am made of is an infinite limit of becoming. So why take me so seriously, well, because the others are, they have named me and I must deal with that naming as a social being. I must negotiate this naming, this naming that frames me.

When I think of the photograph, not the image, but the framing of the image, even in rephotography, it’s the construction and movement of signs, this double or abstraction as well as a thing unto itself, and this lets me move about the names, the ideas, to unname and rename, to find and express a poetic. I am a signature that moves in a particular way.

French philosopher Michel Foucault detected a form of power for which traditional modes of inquiry lacked adequate analytical tools, that is, a form of power whose effect is to attach the subject to her own identity:

a form of power which makes individuals subjects,

these he called modes of subjectification.

Selfies do that, identity politics does that, nation states, race, all those things in the song Imagine John Lennon wanted us to let go of. For Lennon, Yoko, art and love and was his guide to the interior of himself. And that’s where it all started.

So is it necessary to locate myself, geographically, genetically, sexually, racially—and why these categories, and why do I imagine it is a choice, this choice some will say is because I am “privileged,” and for some there is no choice. When James Baldwin goes to France, he sees very quickly, whomever people think he is, he is, for certain, American. My father, a Sephardic Jew, told me whoever people think you are, just say yes, that’s who you are.

In the world of art,

politics and biography have merged and much art that is rooted in specific stories. The artist plays his or her own perspective for a collective purpose.

What is selfhood and what is a body politic, a body being? Image, gesture, body being politics.

An identity is questioned only when it is menaced, as when the mighty begin to fall, or when the wretched begin to rise, or when the stranger enters the gates, never, thereafter, to be a stranger: the stranger’s presence making you the stranger, less to the stranger than to yourself. Identity would seem to be the garment with which one covers the nakedness of the self; in which case, it is best that the garment be loose, a little like the robes of the desert, through which robes one’s nakedness can always be felt, and sometimes, discerned. This trust in one’s nakedness is all that gives one the power to change one’s robes.
I imagine the more than five hundred notes entered into this “notes” program coming together as one work. I imagine myself experiencing them synesthetically in a virtual reality, in a tactile and sensate manner, embodied, in them in one evening; or as one book, an immersive film, seamless, ongoing, a yage experience and that being fantastically exciting. What is this form; film, performance, gallery show, lecture, opera, symposia, lectures, travelogue, messages to friends, blog posts, writings, talks, dreams, essay, lists, theoretical long-take, fragment, aphorism, speech, pedagogical manifesto? My “notes” program over the last year, has come to include, many quotes, writings, pictures, videos, music to bring forward an imagined sensate space. I am forever exploring this space, enamored, enthralled and exalted, open and overwhelmed, by all the life experiences that words, pictures, moving pictures and sounds convey and with that see the myriad narratives and definitions we live for ourselves. I know the experiences I am having are but one sliver of so many registers of experience, in time closed off to me and yet so many are possible and have been and are being lived. The distance between what we can experience and what we know increases every day. We can see so much of the archive of life from behind our keyboards and screens but our nervous system, our social being, can only live and digest so much. But the totality of the
human experience and more so the planetary and cosmic experience, whose agency we don’t know of or don’t accord the privilege and can give effective description as we can our own, has and has had and will continue to have so very many extraordinary intensities, sensations, tastes, languages, dimensions of form, matter, density, velocity and time. Our breath in according these dimensions as realities, along side, equal to our own, more than our own, is the great experience of the possible perceptions we might have. So then, opening the range of perceptions, my sensations and awareness is what I want of this body being that I from any direction can experience, not I as in me, but me body, me aware that i am feeling this, that I can.

**being no one**

I work for some time to write and conceptualize a work that is personal, about me.

The work finds its form in the speculum. Anecdote, history, narrative, essay, epic poem, chronicle, testimony, sound, light, noise, the living theatre.

There are ten modules now with images and words to be performed, further visualized with video, projection, staging, dialogues, stop action animation, sound, enactment, movement.

The pieces are modules that connect through hashtags. They are nonlinear and can be begin and come on at any point. They intersect at odd angles and are permutable.

Everything is happening side by side and in parallel. Three screen projection, over head projection, photographs and videos and line animation and in front of this masks, dance, direct address and enactment.

**birds copulation and death
performance script**

(description of visuals and word statements)

The body, a device to calculate the astronomy of the spirit.

A fireball, sun, graphic lines shower a stage, that feels like sail blowing on the wind of the sea or sheets on a laundry line

Andrew Masson drawing a flower organic person, then bones, piercing (a thousand years of non linear history)

Woman as pack mule from warrior now appears the automaton, the wooden figure that becomes

Young woman drawing portrait of a man turns into dance and language, man a recent invention
Bone, a thousand year of non-linear history
strata, deterritorialization and reterritorialization to map
the morphogenetic changes of the real.
In contemporary parlance the vehicle is the ego psychoactive
psychonaut psychoanalysis schizoanalysis
If people are not using their souls, well we come to repossess
them.
Kobo Daishi meets Rousseau, how westerners were forbidden.
Confessions is a “pilgrimage of grace [...] a retrac[ing]
[of] the crucial turnings of the way by which [Augustine] had
come. And since he was sure that it was God’s grace that had been
his prime mover on that way, it was a spontaneous expression of
his heart that cast his self-recollection into the form of a
sustained prayer to God.”
“The Way of the Heaven and Earth.” Heaven is a multifaceted
term. Cheng Yi (1033–1107) of the Song Dynasty (960–1279),
Xinzhong Yao a modern author, and Li Yen (1421–94) a government
censor tried to unite the many different interpretations of
Heaven into one paragraph:
Spoken of as one, Heaven is the Way. Spoken of in its
different aspects, It is called heaven with respect to its
physical body, the Lord (Ti) with respect to its being
master, negative and positive spiritual forces with respect
to its operation, spirit (shen) with respect to its wonderful
functioning, and Ch’en with respect to its nature and feelings.
In the mind of Confucian, Heaven is the transcendental
power that guarantees harmony between the metaphysical and the
physical, between the spiritual and the secular, and between
human nature and human destiny.2
The imperial overseer.
Being no one
Levi-Strauss, a seance with tribal artifacts with Michael
Taussig.
Franny, the way of the pilgrim, part Ivy League girl meets
David Carradine martial artists wanders the earth.
It took some time as a child to understand that my father was
jewish and it took a much longer time to understand that jewish
people were not always the victims of history but could also be
perpetrators of violence and exclusion themselves.
The inner life. Brave new world. Now the narrator comes on
cybernetic hands. and then he drifts away and we are in a seance
with Claude Levi-Strauss but looking in through the glass is
the data scientist in a containment cell against possible culpability data, just doing my job, just showing you the data. Everything now talks to everything and with machines talking to machines and the human encounter with the non human all things become massively addressable and possibly massively conversational. In our age of the anthropocene we must learn these new modes of dialogue and commence conversation.

If there is one thing we are suppose to know, it is ourselves but perhaps all we can know is the limit of ourselves.

What lives in my blood. In Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep, humans enhance the drudgery of their noxious worlds by dialing into a device called the “Penfield Mood Organ.” They have reached the point where they can’t experience their own emotions without the aid of an interface. When Deckard’s wife awakes in the morning, she feels nothing whatsoever but she has a vague sense of depression, so she punches a number into the mood organ like a jukebox, and the “organ” channels the emotion into her.

Hungry ghosts succubi come on and take possession.

‘the algorithms are at it again’

A fabric ‘riddled with holes’: ‘All you had to do was pick one and slip through it if, like Alice, you wanted to get to the other side of the looking glass.’

Data scientist through glass writing algorithms and on other side man with cybernetic arms and above them a beautiful sky, clouds, clouds just clouds that ‘live for themselves’.

Two beautiful people in love, and one has to kill the other out of mercy.

A MoonAge Daydream, I’m an alligator, I’m a mama papa coming to you.

My vehicles, across space time and death and the future.

‘The idea of beauty can take curious shapes.’

Exile Diaspora (moving back and forth in time. So anecdotes from 300 years ago.) Abulafia fleeing Rome.

I am a program. An AI reading me, my texts, my library.

Robert, the photographer, photographing everything and the woman data scientist walking analyzing all these screens Marc’s set design indexing the world

Slide shows of images, atlas, Mnemosyne, montage, shock.

Love and high society, fashion portraits paintings slide show from garment, brown to sky color brown to brown as objective science, data women scientist with slide projectors. All that can be touched, all that can be seen.
The Geoengineer, the earth is our vehicle, the disappearance of Man at the end of History.

The new flesh, fugue-state, back to mood organ, at this point we begin to see sense that there are different platforms different narrators for this work.

In Race and History he laid waste to the West’s myth of progress, arguing that its narrative of evolution from primitive to civilised society was simply a form of ‘ethnocentrism’.

Scholar of Sodomy, on Borges, Bolaño, Naipaul and buggery this is the same couple / woman drawing man.

Woman as the first pack mule, (it’s obvious we do have a penis, so you can not bugger and to bugger is to burglar, it’s exercise force, a violence onto someone, to exert power). Samurai, mounted rider on horse with bow and arrow now puppeteer uses strings then robot remote maxheadroom. Then ai warfare.

Fireball and the great destruction of everything like opening of Mahabharata

The Congruence of Birds and the Future of Illusion. Sleeping and Dreaming The new world Levi Strauss from the doldrums

A autobiography of sorts, Roman Catholic Jew Me, my love, my family he is in analysis, she is analyzing him.

Why socrates’s reason defeated honor, mode of honor, reason made the world an object to conquer and possess.

Photographer taking pictures. She he they are always interchanging has a camera looking into a rear screen as if she is taking pictures of the photographs we are seeing

Cronenberg, video, tuning into stations from buffalo ny - underground

James Baldwin, my mother, a gathering in london, show video.

Lautreamont, Breton, Burroughs, the liberators of words.

A way in the world, bound to violence, african sense of the absurd.

Bound to Violence has four parts. The first is a compressed history of the first several hundred years of the Nakem Empire, starting around the year 1200. It is a brutal, violent, oppressive, corrupt country. Slavery is widespread: “a hundred million of the damned -- so moan the troubadours of Nakem when the evening vomits forth its starry diamonds -- were carried away.” There’s even cannibalism: “one of the darkest features of that spectral Africa over which hung the malefic shadow of Saiḥ al-Haram.”

The Arabs had conquered the land (settling over it “like a she-dog baring her white fangs in raucous laughter”), and the common (black) man -- the nègraille, as Ouologuem calls it, translated
here as "niggertrash" -- suffers for it. Religion -- Islam -- is abused in order to consolidate and keep power. It "became a means of action, a political weapon."

The brief second part sees the coming of the Whites at the close of the 19th century. The empire is "pacified" and divvied up by the Europeans, with the French controlling what remains of Nakem. There is the hope that life will improve: Saved from slavery, the niggertrash welcomed the white man with joy, hoping he would make them forget the mighty Saïf’s meticulously organized cruelty.

Colonel Borges on the pampas an imperialist according to Naipaul http://www.nybooks.com/articles/1972/10/19/comprehending-borges/

Claude Lévi-Strauss reserved his sharpest criticisms for Sartre’s Hegelian vision of history, which he described as a fairy tale about human agency, ‘the last refuge of a transcendental humanism’. The goal of human science, he argued, ‘is not to constitute, but to dissolve man’.

The Savage Mind discusses not just “primitive” thought, a category defined by previous anthropologists, but also forms of thought common to all human beings. The first half of the book lays out Lévi-Strauss’s theory of culture and mind, while the second half expands this account into a theory of history and social change. This latter part of the book engaged Lévi-Strauss in a heated debate with Jean-Paul Sartre over the nature of human freedom. On the one hand, Sartre’s existentialist philosophy committed him to a position that human beings fundamentally were free to act as they pleased. On the other hand, Sartre also was a leftist who was committed to ideas such as that individuals were constrained by the ideologies imposed on them by the powerful. Lévi-Strauss presented his structuralist notion of agency in opposition to Sartre.

Sartre, exposed as a man of the 19th century, never replied. The existentialist era had ended; the structuralist era had begun.

The ideal of human liberation. Brave new world Houellebecq. Writing composing with Ai

The future is a much better guide to the present than the past. The mayday signal of Black Atlantic Futurism is unrecognizability, as either Black or Music. Sonic Futurism doesn’t locate you in tradition; instead it dislocates you from origins. It uproots you by inducing a gulf crisis, a perceptual daze rendering today’s sonic discontinuum immediately audible.
**Visual Threads | Modules**

**At Sea**

*Enter the Image as your Vehicle*

*My body, a brown paper bag*

*Franny, the way of the pilgrim*

*Robert M, the ways of love and high society*

*Roman Catholic Jew   Me, my love, my family*

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Enter the Image as your Vehicle

Vahana means that which carries or bears. It is derived from the word vaha means bearing, carrying. It is also a reference to a stream or a flow. Hence, a river is known as Vahini, that which carries. In Hinduism, Vahanas have a great significance as the Vehicles of gods and goddesses. Each Hindu deity has a Vahana which is usually an animal, bird, or a mythical creature. In the following discussion, we
and I thought of Nijinski, the faun who had fallen away from the spell of Diaghilev, and those that fell away from the spell of analysis who went lateral, schizo.

whitman contained multitudes, and Nietzsche and Nijinsky?

I am becoming multiple. I am becoming an hallucination to myself. I am a scanner darkly.

once power became abstract, becomes symbol and ritual and once reason becomes software the whole of us can go mad and let the artificial intelligence run the place.

why, for example, do we continue to speak of the sun's "rising" and "setting", when strictly speaking the sun does not move at all? As Wittgenstein puts it, "a whole mythology is deposited in our language".
The Artist Asks What the Self Might Be

and how various notions of the self afford and open possibilities

In this line of biography and politics I find it difficult in figuring myself.

In various study groups I have found very quickly I can not articulate a position for myself outside of ‘privilege’. I can, and I hear this notion of privilege, and have a good sense of what it means, perhaps not a living sense of what it means because I can not know figure myself as ‘oppressed’ or ‘marginal’ but of course I am, as is everyone, but then again, not. Perhaps at times Abulaďia could, being someone inside and outside at the same time.
What do I have to say on my behalf?

I must write myself against something, but what againstness could have any effect and be anything but resentment, reproachment.

The drive is towards unhooking from who you are while simultaneously becoming only yourself. Some people can sleep with their eyes open. What does this process of constantly discovering yourself actually do? Is it a push for recognition? It creates exceptional individuals of globalization—“an aristocracy of labor,” as Shuddhabrata Sengupta put it.

I want to use the strategies of the artist, museum and material culture for the purposes of opening up my history, memory, being, time and conflict. The artist is always in defiance, standing against. If they pretend not to know this, then what can they possible be doing.

I must write myself from multiple perspectives, I am multiple.
- I am everyone
- Being no one
- Being somewhere
- Being everywhere
- I am no one
- No one
- Everything connected to everything
- When everything talks to everything
- Everything connects everything

It will be a story about a system of note taking, in pictures

It would be a story about his mother and father and their parents and their parents

It would be a story about pictures about the different shades of colors in the pictures

Nothing else nothing would be recognizable but an infinite shading of colors

It would be a story about this picture that a friend had sent her. He would look at other pictures, pictures like that picture and more pictures and with this he would have a picture of the world.

There was no story, just this picture

It would be a story about a map, a map that would allow him to escape, not escape exactly but to find himself elsewhere.
The pictures would be a place to go
It will be a story about patterns and effects, interactions of colors and what colors had more resonance in one time and place rather than another.
It will be a story of photographs, a story of arranging photographs, an analysis of quanta of data sets by an array of off the self industrialized algorithms.
It will be a story of my collection of photographs, day to day. Each day, like in permutations, a new note entry will be used to gather images.

There is a leak in your identity. We are all leaking.

Leaking into one another being porous being wet, after all we are wetware. Maybe – maybe we are not simply in the water but of the water, of the stars, a meshwork of many things, geological biological historical yet when we insist of history as human history we lose all sense of being planetary beings, beings of the stars.

Realism

class room
Doctor Solange Schlosser in her seminar room. It’s clear the kids dig her.
Dr. Schlosser paces about the room.

solange
To describe reality you do not have to write realism, because realism is only one rule about reality: there are lots of others.

student
Is realism a rule about reality and not reality itself –is that what we are saying? A convention formed to describe a reality

student
One of the lessons of the twentieth century, it seems to me, is that human beings are not discrete from each other.
To me people are leaking into each other like flavors when you cook. There are all kinds of leakages, one bit of story leaks into other stories.
Biography as Recording Event

The film 27 was a documentary, fiction, biography, portraiture, enactment, performance and social sculpture following the interwoven lives of 7 people from ages 13 to 54 creating a joyous and complex portrait of an artist, a group of actors and a filmmaker all who share desires to be free, to love, and to be loved.

The film continued an investigation, a cinema of becoming putting forward new approaches to recording, biography, authorship and narrative structure delivering a cinema where all things touch in dreams, in algorithms, in a kiss mapped into any number of vectors and correlations. 27 is a geography of love, death, ambition, euphoria, effusion and desire.
Paradise, Whose Narrating the Story Now, Motherfucker
If there is a tree in the country, I don’t bring it into my laboratory to look at it under my microscope, because I think the wind which blows through its leaves is absolutely necessary for the knowledge of the tree and cannot be separated from it. Also the birds which are in the branches, and even the song of these birds. My turn of mind is to join always more things surrounding the tree, and further, always more of the things which surround the things which surround the tree.

(Jean Dubuffet)
Blackboards and a Twitter wall surround the large room as we did in the Minsheng, creating a installation environment for people to engage each other. But throughout as Shenzhen is situated about a degree south of the Tropic of Cancer, I am thinking of doing something with piles of salt and Pearl River clumps of dirt and and placing in them signs like you see attached following the Tropic of Cancer – across the globe, a constellation of objects. Interspersed lounge chairs made for international consumption in the factories of the area will be placed. Together this space reads Shenzhen both as a material historical earthly place and networked place constructed within an art economy.
A portrait of Samuel Abulafia from around 1370. It hangs in a synagogue in Toledo he had built.
Arranging re-arranging my “self” through pictures, through recording. A working biography.
So I will make a film. I will have five directors make a film with me of me about me. While they interview me I will make a film of them.
马克·拉菲亚
MARC LAFIA

马克·拉菲亚（Marc Lafia），著名
处女座剧团、创意制作人。他的作
品致力于结合摄影、表演、音乐
和视觉艺术。曾在全球各大国际这
际艺术节、艺术中心和画廊下展
出。马克·拉菲亚的生活和艺术以
传统。