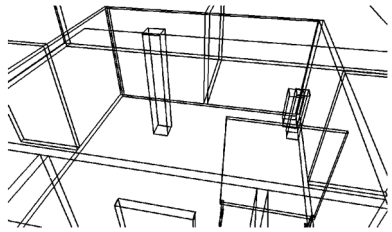


## 109 LINES TRAVELLING THROUGH A RAUM

"I remember when I first heard that the police had shot at demonstrators" he said, " There were differing rumours on the net, noone knew if somebody had died. In the evening we watched the news and saw the pictures of the burning EU-flag on top of a barricade." - "Amazing, how much fuss they made about some burning furniture!" she threw in. All of them were scattered around the endless cabinets displaying awesome varieties of Calcite. The big hunk of "Doppelspat", of course, took a special place, and many eyes looked into it, looked through it, looked onto other eyes, and in between they got mixed up and fractured, reflected and refracted, so noone would know whose eyes saw whose, or if it was even their own eyes they saw. Later we found out that the mineral collection is the secret origin of the museum. From this seed the crystalline regime spreads out through the different levels. Trying to order all the data, visualizing information, all along certain axes, the beauty of a broken sym-



metry. According to D.N. Rodowick, Deleuze adapts his notion of the crystalline regime from German art historian Worringer - "the crystalline represents a will to abstraction. When a culture feels that it is in conflict with the world, that events are chaotic and hostile, it tends to produce pure geometric forms as an attempt to pattern and transcend this chaos." Interesting facet it may be, we are not here to celebrate authors and quotes. **HOW TO VISUALIZE CLUSTERS OF INFORMATION** is maybe a question at the bottom of all this. We - and that was, is and will be a multitude of subjectivities, so many people, and even alone it was an I and I - travelled along the Autobahn trajectories of Europe, the map more and more resembled the cover of Ohrt's history of situationism: Göteborg, København, Rotterdam, back to Wien again. You walk through a city, and that corner over there, that's where you kissed. Eventually, they also shot a film on that location the other summer, you see a guy with a cobblestone, he sees the gun, turns his back to the cop. The sound is weird (riot sound is out of the range of normal microphones, you mostly get only atmospheric crackles), so you can only hear the shot because you see the guy is hit, at least two times, he stumbles and falls. As we got up late then all the time, we didn't catch too much daylight in late november, but one night it snows a bit, and a molecular layer of ice covers the whole scenery. When you walk through the city, the glitter drifts past. The guide tells you where they had put the containers to seal off parts of the city, where they had used containers to close in the activists' accommodation. They even used containers to build temporary prison cell structures. Kevin Lynch based his book 'The Image of the City' on interviews in which people described their subjective view of urban space - what would come out of a similar study project, this time based on people involved in the protests in Göteborg? 'Antimonite!' you think the moment you see the abstract vector graphics, or was it the other way round? **ABSTRACT VECTOR GRAPHICS**, you think when you see the samples of Antimonite in the small cabinets. The standstill of the mineral seems to have happened just the other moment, actually you still heard the sound of ejected metallic lances when you saw it. The guide, he introduces himself as the doorman of the Salon de Fleurus, takes you in. His name is Goran Djordjevic. At home you open the envelope he gave you: descriptions of several art-pieces. One is a small model of a museum-like space. The photos are showing the model from above, there are small copies of famous modernist paintings on the walls. There's also a diagram in the envelope, about the history of modern art, by Alfred Barr, director of the MOMA in New York in the 1930s. The model-piece is called 'Alfred Barr's Museum of Modern Art'. It's a 3d-spatialization of the diagram. "There was also another picture, this famous one, from Malevich's Last Futurist Exhibition, where he had all his suprematist paintings spread out over the wall of a room of his Petersburg apartment, do you know that?" "Yes! - just recently I was reminded of it when I saw a picture in an architecture magazine. It showed an exhibition called 'Parallel of Life and Art' in the ICA in London in 1953. There was also this space, filled up with all kind of images, pinboard aesthetics, blow-ups from super diverse backgrounds, news, art, science-diagrams, ..." Dear Visitor, why **WRITE A TEXT** here? - Maybe just as another facet of the space. Rodowick says Deleuze says crystalline description is provisional and contingent. It replaces the object, continually 'erasing' it and creating it anew, giving way to other equally adequate descriptions, which may modify or contradict the ones preceding it. Rather than an organic adequation of image by the object, it 'is now the description itself which constitutes the sole decomposed and multiplied object'. - That's in a book about cinema. - So what? - Crystalline images presuppose a special relationship between perception and memory. (...) For each actual description (physical and object-related), there corresponds a virtual memory-image (mental and subjective) recollected from chains of associations and memories of past experiences. Each time a virtual image is called up in relation to an actual description, the object depicted is deformed and created anew, widening and deepening the mental picture it inspires. And now there comes a horrifying line: In the same way that the real and imaginary become indiscernible in a "crystalline description", the relations between the forms of the True and the powers of the false is rewritten in the qualities of inexplicability, undecidability, and impossibility. 'Indiscernible' means 'nicht wahrnehmbar, unmerklich' - Indiscernibility is the key to understand what Deleuze means by a crystalline image. For Deleuze, the time-image is crystalline because it is multi-faceted. Like an image produced **IN A MIRROR**, it always has two poles: actual and virtual. However, it is often difficult to decide what is an 'actual' image and what is a 'reflection'. What indiscernibility makes visible is the ceaseless fracturing or splitting of nonchronological time. In this manner, facets of the time-image crystallize around four axes - actual

and virtual, real and imaginary, limpid and opaque, seed and milieu - organized as figures of indiscernibility. At one point we were at the 'Intermineralia', a crystal trade fair. "It was such a perfect display of the shimmering mixture of hobby-explorers and esoterics. And they had such marvellous antimonites there!" another visitor says. We move on, walking through a hall of mirrors. The setting is now one of long-gone splendour. Actually, it must be an old palace or something. The dolly smoothly rides through one hall after the other, on and on. Endless rows of mirrors and paintings on the walls. This flick is also about memory, it's a hidden double feature: the actual and the virtual, L'Année dernière à ...Gothenburg. At least that's what was looped in my mind coming to Gothenburg in 2002, walking through the streets, trying to **RENDER** the places together with the media-images, people guiding us through the city and telling what happened where. Another guided tour. On another field trip, we paid a visit to the Vienna police department. In a movie we had seen how forensic ballistics experts visualize lines of shots in space: they would use canes to trace those **INVISIBLE TRAJECTORIES**. Nowadays, we found out, police inquirers use a laser. For the photos they spray fog into the beam. "Just like the nightly thieves do when they enter the museum!" The guide doesn't pay attention. "To be precise, shots are not linear", the professor of criminology opposes. "So why would you choose linearity to depict these structures?" That's a misunderstanding. The work is not analyzing structures through linear aesthetics. What we partly do, is showing the employment of these aesthetics to create a certain impression. That is, the integration of aesthetics into the power structure? It would be a lie to deny the fascination of these aesthetics as well. "So this is a crucial point... ambivalence!" "Yes, it's hard to read them and still try to act..." How can one not be overwhelmed by studying the complex architecture of control? How to deal with that feeling of fascination? While we discuss these questions, a faint noise starts to elaborate. Everyone holds her breath - it's an echoed whisper, rushing through the hallways... it says **FIGHT THE POWERLESSNESS!** Not sure, if it was for real. All kinds of spectres in here. "The other night I couldn't sleep... and then, after some time - I must have stepped into this phase just before you fall asleep - I felt like being trapped in a crystal, the whole room was a crystal, and all kind of stuff was permanently reflected in it, between the mirrors and the stuff pinned on the walls... it took me some time to realize if I was dreaming or just freaking out" - "Shit, I also had this terrible delirium after we've been to the forensic ballistics... At one point all these images took over, the ones that documented the tissue damage after being shot, I got so fuckin afraid of being shot for some moments!" Time to take off the VR-headset (at least that's what they do in the movies). The starting point for 3d-construction is a cartesian grid, default view Kavaliersperspektive. Just as a side-info. "Next slide, please." In 'Sans Soleil', the cameraman films a Japanese friend processing his material through an early analogue video synthesizer. The camera shows the setup of the control matrix, shadows beautifully dance around the pins that were laid out to route the flow of video-data. It's just there for some seconds, then the film shows other footage again, like distant pictures from the big cranes at the Rotterdam ports... What if the visual environment of the video synth would resemble the structures the source was documenting? And now there comes this horrifying line again: In the same way that the real and imaginary become indiscernible in a "crystalline description", the relations between the forms of the True and the powers of the false is rewritten in the qualities of inexplicability, undecidability, and impossibility. And you are in it. Besides the mirrors there's a carpet on the wall. Says 'The Future is What We the People Struggle to Make It.' The reflected face reads 'Jeder Augenblick der Zukunft ist ein Gedanke an vorher'. Listening to another Laibach track, the exalted 'Deus Ex Machina', going through a book with old drawings and photos of maquettes, this 60s utopia-architecture style. And then, page by page, it mixes up, frame by frame, and the super-sublime music takes over. All of a sudden, the utopian structures have turned into something ominous. "The last pictures we have seen look like architecture, but they are actually diagrams." You get a bit weary of the tour, you start to drift around on your own. In a section that's currently under construction there are some audioguides lying around. You start to mess around with one device and find a hidden function: now it's your own voice narrating. "So that was what the guide referred to all the time", track 0 starts to play, "Of course, the figure of the guide is a convenient way of **COMPOSING** different layers and paths of experience and agency." Of course, the guide is a translational device. "The definition of knowledge shifts more and more into our focus. How is knowledge produced and how is it transferred between subjects? Any collective organizing has to be based on a permanent **ANALYSIS** of such questions." Let you tell me a story. You said, you were with this boy (or did you say girl?) and then you went to that apartment after the demonstration, "- Yes... so we went there, and the whole situation was so - these two people there, making love in the middle of this, you felt most afraid, maybe they can come any second and break the door and point their laser at you, but you felt very present these moments - this bodily presence **AND THE FIRE**, you felt this fire burning inside yourself." A strange fascination lies within the crystalline: in girum imus nocte et consumimur igni. "After all, I have the feeling we're lost" - "Yes, I feel a bit confused about all this, like - it's like in an enormous labyrinth. Sometimes I have the feeling I can't get no overview anymore. This is frightening. On the other hand, I feel such a weird distance to where we actually started our trip. I wonder if the starting point got lost?" "But I still know I heard they shot at demonstrators and I still feel the anger." So maybe we have just started. Your voice echoes like a whisper in here.

