There is no wind on the moon

There is no wind
on the moon

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An exhibition at SAVVY
Contemporary
Richardstr. 43/44,
Berlin-Neukölln

Artists
Maria Iorio &
Raphaël Cuomo,
Dani Gal,
Jan Lemitz

Curators:
Tobias Hering,
Bonaventure Soh Ndikung

There is no wind on the moon

TUSCOLANO, BAR PASTUCCI
Outside. Daytime.

A group of people is seated around the table of a bar. There are a few curious folk, the people from the neighborhood, a handful of kids, some retired people, old witnesses —and the reader who retraces all the different places where the scenes of the film were shot. A few books lay open on the table. The reader could be Orson Welles. A Pakistani waiter comes with the coffees.

THE READER (picks up the screenplay, and flips through its pages):

"A mother and son pair walk through the street that leads to their new house in Cecafumo. The Sunday shines around them in all its colors. The huge lots of Cecafumo, with their walls, their rooftops, and their dormer windows exposed to the sun. Blocks of houses and sun, sun and blocks of houses. Mamma Roma looks up, the sun on her forehead and her eyes shining with laughter."

"It's beautiful, isn't it? Our new house?"

UNA SCENEGGIATURA

A SCREENPLAY
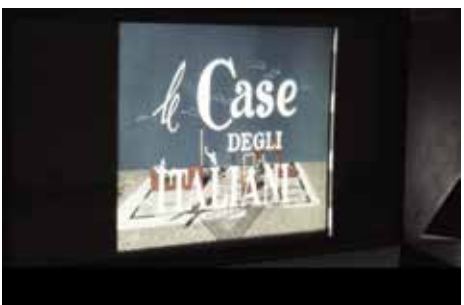
Madre e figlio camminano appaiati per la strada che porta alla loro casa nuova a Cecafumo.
Intorno la domenica splende in tutti i suoi colori; i grandi lotti di Cecafumo, con le pareti, i tetti, gli abbaini esposti al sole, si estendono intorno come quinte. Caseggiati e sole, sole e caseggiati.
Mamma Roma guarda in alto, con il sole in fronte, gli occhi ridarelli.

MAMMA ROMA Bella eh, la nostra casa nova! Che te diceva tu' madre!

La casa nuova non è molto diversa da quella vecchia: solo che invece di essere perduta in un palazzone liberty è perduta in un palazzone novecento color vinaccia, pieno di abbaini, nuovo di zecca, tanto è vero che anche lì sotto c'è il prato, fresco e verde come ai tempi di Augusto.
Come già nell'androne di Casal Bertone, ora i due entrano nell'androne, sfavillante, di Cecafumo, s'internano nel corridore, verso uno degli infiniti ingressi.
Lì, nel giardinetto, sotto casa, stanno giocando alcuni ragazzi. Sono Carlo, Augusto, Tonino e Pasquale.

CARLETTO Venghi dopo co' noi, a E'? Lo fate veni, signò?
MAMMA ROMA Sì, sì, viene subbito. Me riccomando, eh!

Mamma Roma, in una specie di rito misterioso, spinge il figlio, tra torvo e docile, dentro la porta di casa, sotto le scale.
Lì caccia dalla borsa, con una specie di orgasmo, due-tremila lire.

MAMMA ROMA (a voce quasi bassa) Tiè, 'a pappò! Attento a come te li spendi, eh! Nun te li fà magnà dall'amici! Ricordate che chi paga è micco... Fate rispetà... Devi èsse' superiore a loro, sempre, nun te fà incantà perché so' tutti fiji de impie-

gati, gente signorile.. Che nun so' mejo de te! La grana in saccoccia ce l'hai, puoi spende e spande come te pare, puoi fà er grande là in mezzo!
I suoi occhi, la sua faccia, i suoi capelli: su tutto arde il sogno fariseo, piccolo-borghese, folle, confuso.

Orribile morte

...the character did not emerge.

IPOTESI
DI UN PERSONAGGIO CHE NON EMERGEVA

HYPOTHESIS OF A CHARACTER
THAT DID NOT EMERGE

"Soon come, the Final Days.

Voices.
Voices cryin' inna wilderness
prophesyin' ruin unto   Babylon..."

"Voices."
        "We monitor many   frequencies.
We listen always.   Came a voice, out of the Babel
of tongues, speaking to us.

It played us a mighty dub." *

really aw ... yeah, people were really shocked...

it was all family, you know?

Yeah.

And, you know... if your family is in the building, too... so everybody was talking about this...

Yeah. Yeah.

So it really, yeah, on the TV you see people running around,

it was a really terrible

thing.

fact who claim this, people from fire departments, too, who know they have recovered two black boxes. But one has never officially been found. There was also a car, one eyewitness says she recalls little.. banners like an ambassador would have on his car. So maybe there was one Israeli person then present when this black box was taken away. It was not taken away in a truck or a van or anything you would expect to take debris away from the scene of the crash, it was a limousine.

A lot of the tapes from police stations and air traffic control have been erased by accident according to the investigators. I started doubting whether ten tapes can be erased by accident. It's an incredible amount of erased and shredded material. Yes, well of course I should be hesitant in saying there is a cover up but everything points in that direction.
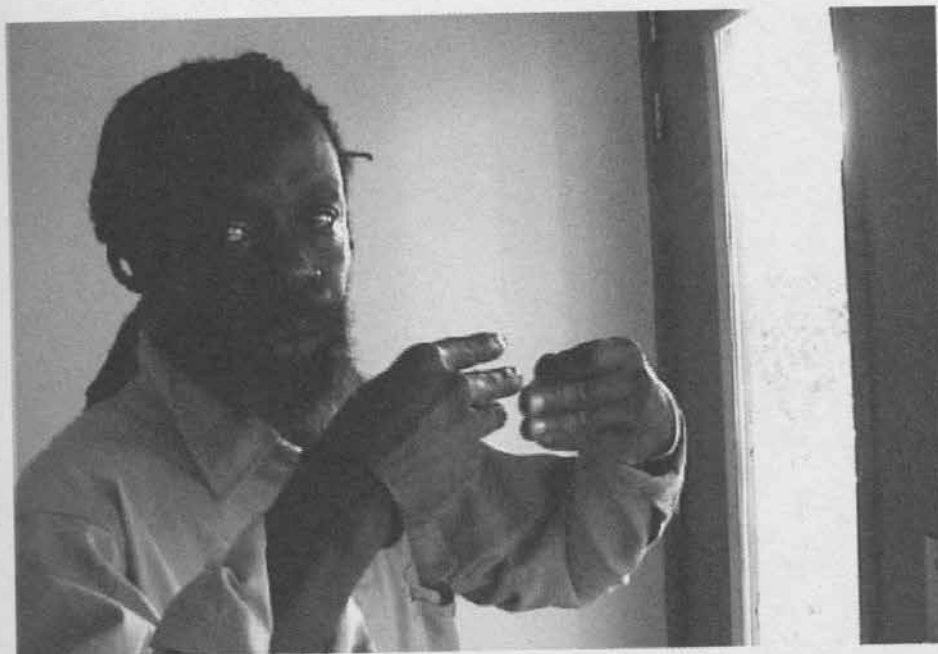
To separate from the wing ... Part of the moving end of the wing was damaged by the impact ...

Flight 1862 crashed into apartment complex ...

CREW: Going down, One eight six two, going down . . . going down. . . .

CONTROL: Copied, [you are] going down.

CREW: Raise all the flaps, all the flaps raise, lower the gear.

CONTROL: Yes, El Al One eight six two, your heading—

The crew of three and the single passenger ... forty-seven people on the ground died ...

END OF TAPE

The crew and single passenger ...

Metal fatigue was discovered in the inboard midspar of the number-three engine pylon. This caused the pylon and engine to separate from the wing. Part of the leading edge of the wing was damaged by the impact with the number-three and -four engines, and, as a result, the use of several control systems was lost or limited. The investigator concluded that the flight crew had such limited control of the airplane that a safe landing was highly improbable, if not virtually impossible.

Flight 1862 crashed into an apartment complex, killing the crew of three and the single passenger. Forty-seven people on the ground died.

Yeah, there was four passengers in that flight ...

God knows what was in the plane. Forty-seven ...

crew and four engines

Yeah, indeed there were two engines blown away.

use of several controls was lost or limited crashed into an apartment complex killing the crew of three

and a single passenger, forty-seven people on the ground died. Which I think is thirty-eight, but that's a minor detail of course, not for those people, but ...

crew of three and one passenger Two were from Amsterdam. Six minutes

Well, it was in fact 6:00 Dutch time, but this is maybe Greenwich time or so but it was an hour later as stated here, yeah, I think this is probably copied correctly from the official documents, and so on.

Yeah, we cook together, you know? For example ... we take a little money, buy and, yeah ... and be creative, you know? For me it's a feeling that ... yeah, I love to create because by the government we are too busy by the work and home, work and home ... we're not busy by ourselves anymore, I think, why we are in life? Why we are here? You know, so I start to get inspiration. Me and my friends, all my friends who come and help say, Pinto this is like Surinam, you have something to do!

Everyone come. Before that, I got that dream, I got a vision I built a house,
     I see that house in the vision.

Lot of people! I say, where you people come from? Cripples, I know one guy he's crippled. He got a neck break. So I saw him there ... he walks and I say, "Oh? What's happens here? He's very happy..." And now I see that a lot of people come.

For me it's a way to get out of the system for a while and coming to your senses and try to understand each other. We don't have nothing but this. Maybe this is the last place, the last watering hole.   Yeah, it's a little bit back to your roots, yeah?

And it gives a good feeling. Everyone talk about this. I have my idea, I want to open a kitchen, roots kitchen, vegetarian, maybe other one make some meat, but two kitchen, you know? My friend eats meat and I don't eat meat so separated meal, you know? But in one place. And we do things together, in the future we like to create more activity, and so they call it "A piece of free land." Yeah, you can go, there's people sitting there, talking, and they like to hear the raindrops like Surinam ...

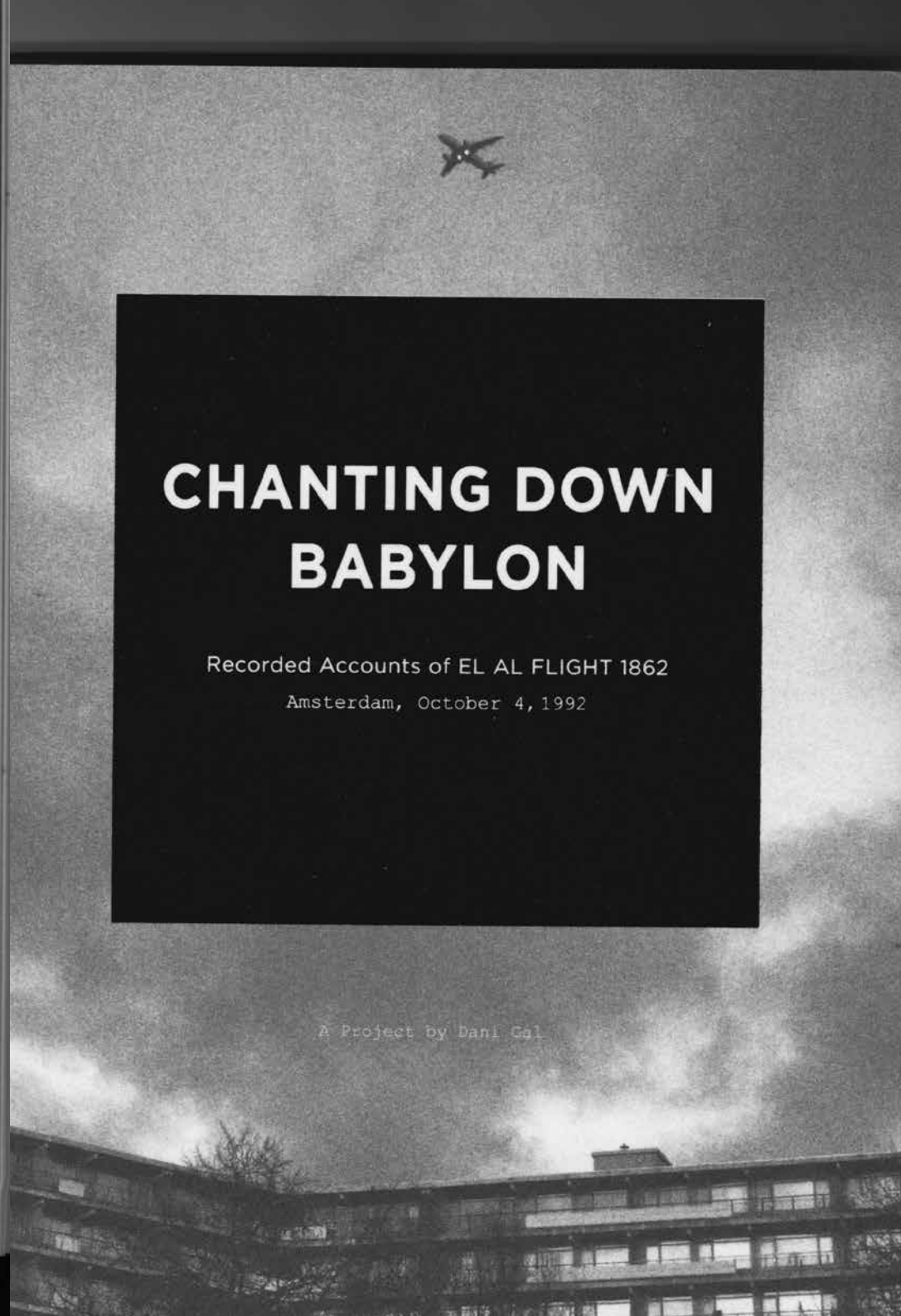Tick-tick tick-tick, you know? Yeah, we have covering, we make some cover here. We have to finish this building in this month, otherwise we get cold.

CHANTING DOWN BABYLON

Recorded Accounts of EL AL FLIGHT 1862

Amsterdam, October 4, 1992

A Project by Dani Gal

A 20

A 21

PD 5727 N
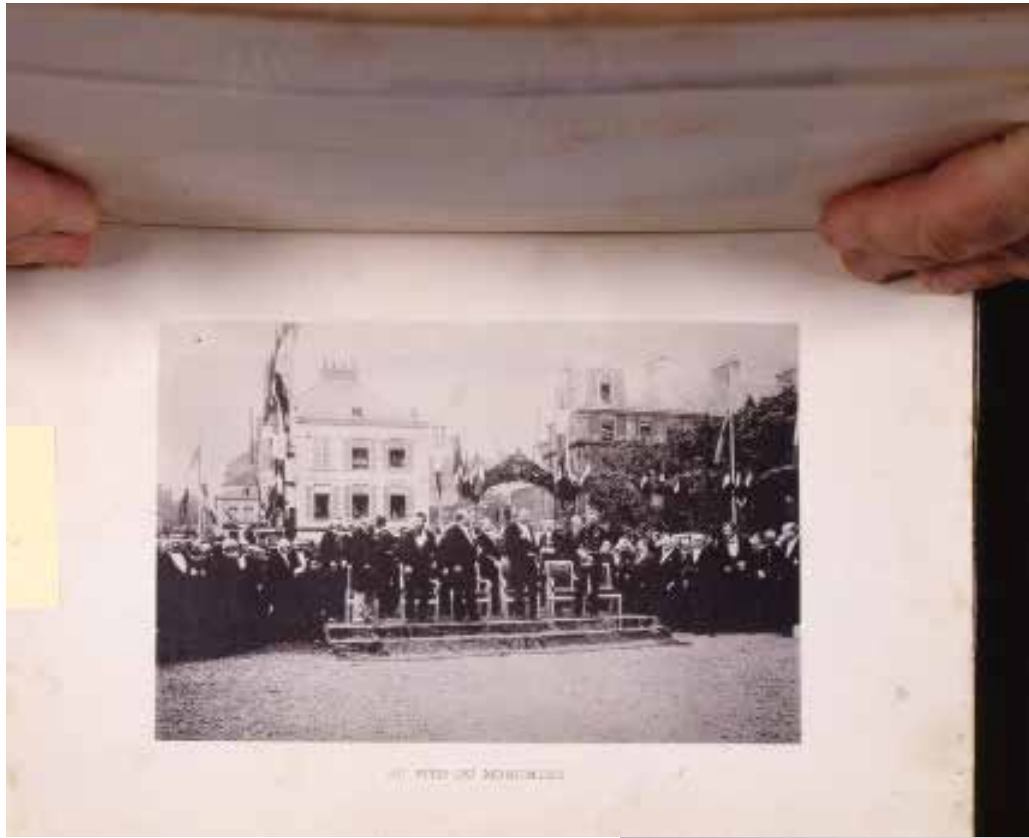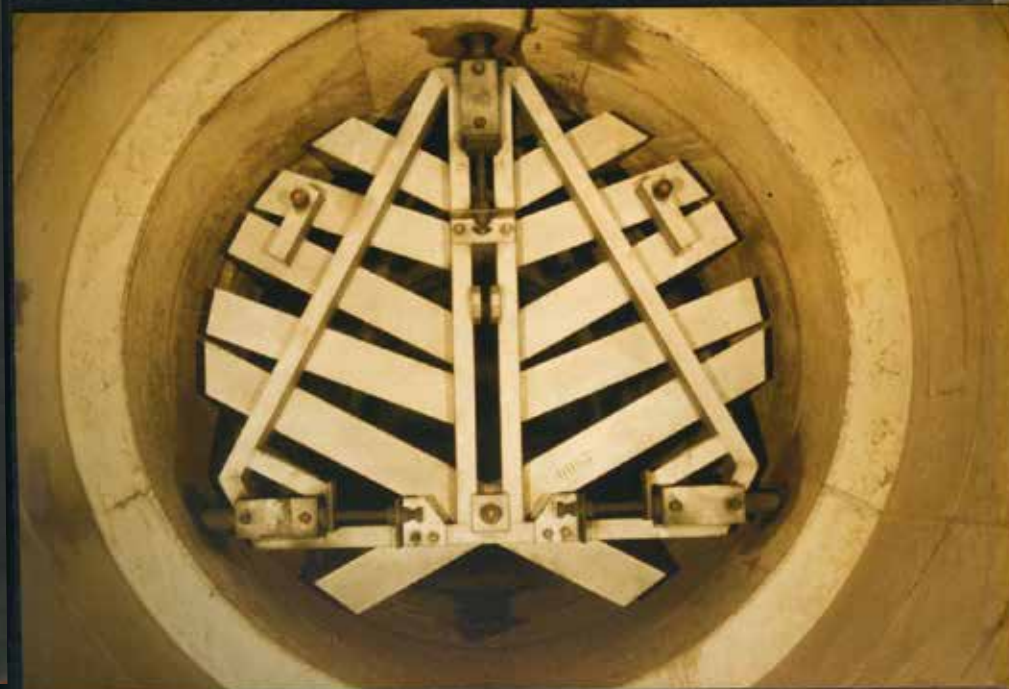
An inheritance is never gathered together, it is never one with itself. Its presumed unity, if there is one, can consist only in the injunction to reaffirm by choosing. "One must" means one must filter, sift, criticize, one must sort out several different possibles that inhabit the same injunction. And inhabit it in a contradictory fashion around a secret. If the readability of a legacy were given, natural, transparent, univocal, if it did not call for and at the same time defy interpretation, we would never have anything to inherit from it. We would be affected by it as by a cause—natural or genetic. One always inherits from a secret—which says "read me, will you ever be able to do so?"

From: Jacques Derrida, Spectres of Marx

TOBIAS HERING
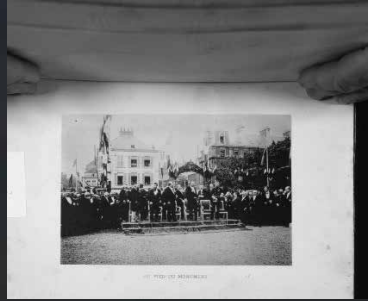
I imagined that each of the three works must have had a beginning and I assumed that the beginning was connected to an event as much as to an image or an object, or an image of an object. First something had happened and then someone came and produced images. Visibility was created of something that had already been visible for those who, accidentally or willingly, had been there. While images were being produced of some things other things became invisible, or, in some cases, even disappeared. When the media had left, it almost felt like a new beginning. This second beginning however was not the beginning anymore. It was a beginning with a past, but it was when memory began and to where remembrance has to return. Some memories are now in the form of images, for other memories there is nothing for the eyes to see anymore. Some images show things that nobody remembers.

"The beginning", of course, does not necessarily have to refer to a fixed linear chronology. The beginning can also be something that occurred later and then placed itself as the beginning. I once noted down these three objects as possible beginnings:
the Black Box of El Al flight 1862,
the images of the eviction of the "Jungle" in Calais,
the film Mamma Roma by Pier Paolo Pasolini.
I might be wrong.

In any case, the beginning already came with a delay, time had passed; the time it takes for events to leave traces. By the time work began, something had already begun earlier, which made it necessary to recapitulate, to travel, to enter archives, to ask questions and listen to others, to record and to copy. It was almost impossible to not create images again.

Alternative beginnings might have suggested themselves during this process. These could have been:
the Jericho horns,
the Bourgeois de Calais,
the torturous death of Marcelo Elisei in a prison in Rome,
but I might be wrong again.

In one of our meetings we had a long discussion about aerial views. Airplanes and the strategic perspectives and practices they allow play crucial, although quite different, roles in Chanting down Babylon and The Registration Machine. Incidentally, Maria and Raphaël recalled that during the research for Twisted Realism a man they spoke to, instead of showing them photographs of his own life in Tuscolano, presented them his collection of aerial shots of Rome gathered from military sources. None of these shots became part of Twisted Realism, but by replacing his own photographs with an anonymous selection of aerial shots this man seemed to repeat the gesture of "Mamma Roma" in Pasolini's film, namely, to clear one's own place and let it be inhabited by somebody else's gaze and desire.

Framing, patching, cropping, reframing.
Constructing.
Hosting.
Housing.

Architecture embodies anticipation, certainly in the phase of blueprints and models, but also after a building has been completed. Architecture anticipates future inhabitants, future gazes, elevated positions and shifting horizons, future communities and future hierarchies. If built on the periphery, a building anticipates its proper belonging to the city, its inclusion on the map and within the urban boundaries. It anticipates the ways and routines of the people, and how future aerial shots of the city will look. Pasolini saw the INA-Casa housing projects in postwar Rome as scripts for future lives: petit-bourgeois lives to be housed in clean white cubes so as to foreclose a potentially insatiable hunger for far horizons under an open sky. He scripted Mamma Roma against the script of the city planners, but when the film was finished there remained the "hypothesis of a character that had not emerged". A promise not kept; what had been described as a passage turned out to be a dead end.

A building soon erases the memory of its absence, the appearance of the landscape without it. When, on October 4th 1992, an Israeli cargo plane crashed into an apartment block in Bijlmermeer on the outskirts of Amsterdam, it cut the building in two halves. Just as this cut could not be mended when the building was restored, the stories told about the event will never make up a whole. People have vanished in the event, because they weren't officially registered in the Netherlands, and their bodies couldn't be counted.

"You can never die if you got good people around you." (Pinto, Chanting down Babylon)

At some point we found ourselves talking about "le peuple qui manque" – the missing people – who Gilles Deleuze says are present in every work of art. In a lecture titled Qu'est-ce que l'acte de création? (What is the creative act?), Deleuze argues that "there is no work of art that does not call upon a people that does not exist yet". A work of art, he seems to say, always addresses a future audience. The "missing people", a people whose unifying trait is their absence from the present, the here and now, reappear several times in Deleuze's writing on film and art. In our discussion we felt the need to distinguish between those who are not here yet, and those who are not here anymore. Those who have passed before us are those whose traces we imagine we read; those who will come after us are those who we imagine will read the traces we leave. Such chronological reasoning might, however, be too simple when it comes to addressing someone absent. When, in the same context, Deleuze likens artistic creation to an act of resistance, he seems to be saying precisely this: what art and resistance share is that they reach beyond the present and its rules of engagement and instead address those who cannot be addressed by seeking recognition among "le peuple qui manque".

Deleuze claims to have borrowed the term, "le peuple qui manque", from Paul Klee. Tracing this reference I found that he must have referred to the very last paragraph of Klee's "Jena lecture" of 1924.

Klee: "Sometimes I dream a work of art of immense breadth, spanning the fundamental, objective, substantial and stylistic realms. Certainly this will remain a dream, but from time to time it does well to imagine such a possibility, though it appears vague to us today. It cannot be rushed. It needs to grow, it must clamber up, and if one day the time will come for such a work of art … So much the better! We still have to search for it. We have found parts of it, but not yet the whole. We still don't have that last ounce of energy, because we are not supported by a people. We are searching for a people: we began searching at the Bauhaus academy. We have started out there with a community, to which we devote all that we have. This is all we can do."

Deleuze: "The people are missing and at the same time they are not missing. The people are missing means – it's not clear, it will never be clear. This fundamental affinity between the work of art and the people who do not exist yet will never be entirely clear. There is no work of art that does not call upon a people that does not exist yet. Well, in the end, alright … I am extraordinarily happy that you have shown such generosity in listening to me, and I thank you very much."

Pinto: "Just sit, relax…"

The most supreme instance of Rodin's power of exalting a past event to the height of the imperishable, whenever historical subjects or forms demand to live again in his art, is found perhaps in "The Citizens of Calais." The suggestion for this group was taken from a few passages in the chronicles of Froissart that tell the story of the City of Calais at the time it was besieged by the English king, Edward the Third. The king, not willing to withdraw from the city, then on the verge of starvation, ultimately consents to release it, if six of its most noble citizens deliver themselves into the hands "that he may do with them according to his will." He demands that they leave the city bare-headed, clad only in their shirts, with a rope about their necks and the keys of the city and of the citadel in their hands. The chronicler describes the scene in the city. He relates how the burgomaster, Messire Jean de Vienne, orders the bells to be rung and the citizens to assemble in the market place. They hear the final message and wait in expectation and in silence. [...]

The City of Calais refused to accept a low pedestal because it was contrary to custom. Rodin then suggested that a square tower, two stories high and with simply-cut walls, be built near the ocean and there the six citizens should be placed, surrounded by the solitude of the wind and the sky. This plan, as might have been expected, was declined, although it was in harmony with the character of the work. If the trial had been made, there would have been an incomparable opportunity for observing the unity of the group which, although it consisted of single figures, held closely together as a whole. The figures do not touch one another, but stand side by side like the last trees of a hewn-down forest united only by the surrounding atmosphere. From every point of view the gestures stand out clear and great from the dashing waves of the contours; they rise and fall back into the mass of stone like flags that are furled.

The entire impression of this group is precise and clear. Like all of Rodin's compositions, this one, too, appears to be a pulsating world enclosed within its own boundaries. Beside the points of actual contact there is a kind of contact produced by the surrounding atmosphere which diminishes, influences and changes the character of the group. Contact may exist between objects far distant from one another, like the conflux of forms such as one sees sometimes in masses of clouds, where the interjacent air is no separating abyss, but rather a transition, a softly-graduated conjunction.

To Rodin the participation of the atmosphere in the composition has always been of greatest importance. He has adapted all his figures, surface after surface, to their particular space and environment; this gives them the greatness and independence, the marvelous completeness and life which distinguishes them from all other works. When interpreting nature he found, as he intensified an expression, that, at the same time, he enhanced the relationship of the atmosphere to his work to such a degree that the surrounding air seemed to give more life, more passion, as it were, to the embraced surfaces.

(From: Rainer Maria Rilke, *Auguste Rodin*)

INDEX

Twisted Realism is a body of interconnected works including a feature-length video, photographs, collected documents and vintage objects presented autonomously or in an architectural display. The project takes Pier Paolo Pasolini's film Mamma Roma (1962) as a starting point for research into the intertwined histories of urbanisation, migration and cinema in the period of reconstruction, or "economic miracle", in Italy – an epoch marked by the reorganisation of capitalism, increasing consumption and the emergence of new technologies of vision in the form of television.

The video revisits some locations from the filming of Mamma Roma and embodies a new, singular geography of contemporary Rome and its historical peripheries. It investigates the urban development of the INA-Casa Tuscolano district, which served as the location for Pasolini's film. This large-scale social housing project was realised between 1950 and 1960 in the framework of a national plan instigated by the Christian democratic government. Twisted Realism includes archive material reviewed and filmed in Bologna (Cineteca Bologna, Centro Studi, The Pasolini Archive) and in three film archives in Rome (Archivio Audiovisivo del Movimento Operaio e Democratico, Archivio Centrale dello Stato, Archivio Storico Istituto Luce). Twisted Realism deconstructs the documentary and propagandistic logic of these films and emphasises their contrasting "aesthetics of reality".

A polyphony of voices recounts the scenario of Mamma Roma as well as different aspects of its production and distribution, unfolding the historical context in which the film is inscribed. The readers – including actor Giuseppe Cederna, scholar and queer activist WARBEAR and filmmaker Carlo di Carlo, who was Pasolini's assistant during the shooting of Mamma Roma – perform fragments of texts related to the film. Personal archival material and memories help to recall the situation on set as well as the historical reception of the film – aspects that manifest political

moments within broader cinematic agency and remind of the violent death of young Marcello Elisei in a Roman prison, an event that supposedly inspired the end of Mamma Roma.

Twisted Realism also points to the status of Pasolini's film at the moment of transfer from film to digital culture – the recent restoration of Mamma Roma and its release within the "Cinema Forever" DVD anthology by Medusa Film (a subcompany of the Mediaset Group). This evokes the commodification of 1960s Italian art cinema as a result of the privatisation of culture and the monopolisation of the mediascape, as well as how Mamma Roma was appropriated in order to write a unifying version of the national history.

On 4th October 1992, shortly after its take-off from Schiphol Airport, a freight plane owned by Israeli airplane company El Al crashed into a residential complex in Bijlmermeer on the outskirts of Amsterdam smashing the building in two. Based on comprehensive research in Amsterdam, oriented by the atmospheres and worlds of subjective memories and experiences in *Chanting Down Babylon. Recorded Accounts of EL AL FLIGHT 1862*, various occurrences and stories are woven into a complex weave of abstract and formal connections.

For the exhibition in Halle für Kunst Lüneburg (2009) and the subsequent publication project, Dani Gal visited the occupants of the Bijlmermeer district and journalist Vincent Dekker for the purpose of entering into a dialogue with them on the plane crash and the reassembled everyday life in the reconstructed building complex.

(1–2)
Rodin's sculpture "Les bourgeois de Calais" was commissioned to pre-serve Calais' history for the future on the occasion of the fusion of Calais proper with its suburb: ready to sacrifice their lives for the sake of the town, six citizens surrendered themselves to the besieging English king and army. The six were granted life in acknowledgment of their willingness to die. In the 1895 inauguration speech the 'national value' of the piece was said to outbalance that of the local. Calais won and lost control over the account of its history, its picture entered the networks of the image economy.

(3)
The archive of the "Amicale des Bâtisseurs", the association of those who built the tunnel, reveals the mode of production of the tunnel. Gathering multinational corporate power; this was the ultimate articulation of a neoli-beral project, the child of an era that broke the neck of the traditional pu-blic sector industries, undoing the temporary social fabric it had brought into being.

(4–5)
The photographs of the construction of the tunnel during the 1980s and 1990s reflect the political dimension of the project in a metaphorical way. The mobility of technology and the technology of mobility had effects on relationships of power. Civil engineering intervened in politics. The chan-ges in the political landscape became manifest in front of the camera.

Processes of mobility and migration have left photographs distributed across different archives in Calais: Rodin's sculpture and Blériot's flight became part of the history of the photographic medium itself. The history of the tunnel is at the centre of a number of events staged for the presen-ce of the camera. Since its completion in 1994 the visibility of migration is part of these events. Calais is associated with would-be migrants' camps and shelters as well as the orchestration of their closure and eviction.

(6)
Louis Blériot crossed the English Channel by plane in 1909. He was then photographed above the plant used in a first attempt to construct a tun-nel in 1874. The history of aviation overlaps with that of the medium that, for the first time, reproduced such events on the pages of the emerging illustrated "picture press" and by the postcard industry. Apart from turning spatial conceptions upside down, flying enhanced the field of vision and became inseparable from the art of war and control, in that it shared with photography this entanglement with the systems of power.

(7)
The landscape surrounding Calais today is primarily designed to facilitate movement. The coastline is the natural frontier in the north. Its ultimate perimeter to the south is the motorway. The ferry port, the tunnel terminal and one of Europe's biggest shopping malls are within minutes' driving di-stance from each other – encircling the historic centre, its ancient military fortifications and present day refugee camps.

(8)
The photographs of the English Channel and the landscape verging on its shores show a vast borderland. The focus of this research is as much on the actual landscape as it is on the visual landscape. The Registration Machine, as an ongoing research project, brings together photographs from different archives and allows for the re-framing of images away from their sites of containment. The passages and trajectories of the photo-graphs are synonymous with those of people and goods. Rather than generating visibility, the tunnel introduced a mode of concealment.

The border has become an integrated part of the landscape and is part of an apparatus that has transformed the function of the tunnel, from a facility of passage into its complete opposite – that of a barrier.

DWELLING IN OPACITY

An epilogue to "There is no wind on the moon"

The recent news of the discovery of the Higgs boson after almost half a century of research at CERN in Geneva, Switzerland hit the world like a meteorite. A strike of success and accomplishment, since the theory for this elementary particle,– popularly and sensationally nicknamed "the God particle" – is said to reveal how the Ur-particle acquired mass. Another sensation of recent times was the landing of the Curiosity rover on Mars, with the aim of investigating that planet's climate and geology, as well as finding traces of water and other signs of life or at least habitability.

These two examples go a long way towards showing humanity's thirst for knowledge: no stone should be left unturned, no pit left unfilled and even where there is no pit one should be dug to create a new fountain of knowledge.

Humanity, these days, cannot afford any grey or black zones of uncertainty when it comes to understanding the forces that govern our existence. And many a time, if no truth is found to fill up knowledge gaps, we invent knowledge that we deem appropriate to fill the blank spaces, which might lead to a general scepticism as to what is true or false.

The two fundamental issues at stake here are: opacity and scepticism.

It is possible to cast off the pressure to search if one looks into the concept of opacity, and especially the following thoughts formulated by Édouard Glissant:

> We demand the right to opacity [...]. For the time being, perhaps, give up this old obsession with discovering what lies at the bottom of natures [...]. The opaque is not the obscure, though it is possible for it to be so and be accepted as such. It is that which cannot be reduced, which is the most perennial guarantee of participation and confluence [...]. The thought of opacity distracts me from absolute truths whose guardian I might believe myself to be.
> (Édouard Glissant, in „For Opacity", *Poetics of Relation*, 1997)

It is very important to state here that Glissant's thoughts were dedicated to his concept of intercultural communication, with the aim of safeguarding the Other's difference via non-transparency; i.e., the more the Other is opaque, the more difficulty one has in understanding and reducing him (Helder de Schutter. Hermeneutics, Postcolonialism, and Overcoming Ethnocentrism in Intercultural Communication,International Studies in Philosophy 39, 2007). But these Glissantian concepts are clearly applicable to other fields, if one pursues the point that humanity's quest to discover what lies at the bottom of all nature generally also posits a hierarchy, whose apex is occupied by man. The concept of non-transparency also supports the legitimacy of leaving a stone unturned, so long as this stone doesn't disturb you. In other words, it might suffice to know what we know and sometimes dwell in opacity.

The other issue at stake is man's wish to determine the truth and see himself as the custodian of that truth which he determines. Not only the fact that, as the sceptics put it, there is no absolute knowledge, but also the prioritisation of knowledge accumulation and consumption is problematic in this context. The question here is, if there are a lot of tangible things we cannot understand – e.g., environmental or social problems – how important is it to understand such intangible things as the Higgs boson? Another issue is this: doesn't it suffice to dwell in a particular circumstance of incomplete knowledge, where one has the chance to "find" through encounters along the way, instead of being in a constant state of seeking?

The exhibition There is no wind on the moon, conceived by curator Tobias Hering for SAVVY Contemporary, in a way combines both crucial issues. The title itself postulates a state of scepticism by introducing such a non-evidential statement, which we can hardly prove or disprove, thus questioning our methods of knowledge-production and consumption.

On the other hand, the exhibition features three artistic positions that are more or less based on situations or stories, which are not completely transparent or even opaque. Dani Gal's Chanting down Babylon deals with social realities following the 1992 crash of an Israeli plane into an Amsterdam suburb, as well as the many unanswered questions as to the responsibilities, rumours and conspiracy theories surrounding the crash. Jan Lemitz's The Registration Machine looks at Calais through the prism of the politics of migration and immigration in Europe as well as the cultural and societal consequences of physical interventions in nature. Maria Iorio & Raphaël Cuomo's Twisted Realism is an encounter with the social context of postwar Italian cinema as seen through Pier Paolo Pasolini's lens in Mamma Roma and the social-architectural reverberations in Italy today.

The shared particularity of all three positions might be an interest in dwelling within a kind of archive. Unlike searching or researching, the focus is laid on dwelling within circumstances of opacity, which may or may not end in finding: it is about observing and witnessing rather than discovering. It is not about searching, but finding.

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