

ORGANS & ALLIANCES
is curated by
Clémentine Deliss
Visiting Professor at ENSAPC
with the participation of
Markus Dreßen
Professor at HGB

17th October 2018

6–9 pm

followed by drinks

EUROPE

OR DIE

presented by

Organs & Alliances

EUROPE OR DIE
encounter with ORGANS & ALLIANCES.
Following an introduction to the project with films and soundpieces by its members,
Clémentine Deliss moderates a debate between Berlin-based art lawyer
Martin Heller and artists Lydia Ourahmane and Luke Willis Thompson
on the complexity of working collectively as an artist today, operations
of trans-border communication including the organ trade, and the
autonomy of print and its role as a medium of expression and protest
in today's post-digital present.

is the first public
Following an intro-

Goethe Institut

17, avenue d'Iéna

75016 Paris

Presentation of limited edition portfolio to support
moving the machine with guest contributions from

ORGANS & ALLIANCES defines itself as a multilateral expression of art practice consolidated through an infrastructural model of production. The acquisition of an industrial printing press (Grafopress, 1968, Prague) constitutes the first structural and performative work by ORGANS & ALLIANCES, which operates as a mobile production and distribution unit, creating an open space of participatory dialogue that sets itself off from current forms of institutionalized public debate. It aims to test the possibility of forming alliances beyond the ubiquitous networks of biennials, residencies, or group exhibitions. By moving the Grafopress in a specially customized trailer from Leipzig to Paris in Spring/Summer 2019, an experiential narrative will emerge in dialogue with different social and cultural environments. Each phase of this mobile production unit, including distribution and mediation, will be documented by the team and assessed as it develops.

Tom McCarthy
Lydia Ourahmane
Paul B. Preciado
Luke Willis Thompson

ORGANS & ALLIANCES is
Ismail Alaoui-Fdili Kévin Blinderman Anne Dietzsch Thibault Grougi
Seongju Hong Paul-Alexandre Islas Rosalie Le Forestier Philip Markert
Bocar Niang Jonas Roßmeißl Araks Sahakyan Clara Wieck

ORGANS & ALLIANCES is funded by Ecole Nationale Supérieure d'Arts de Paris-Cergy, Academy of Fine Arts – HGB Leipzig, Goethe Institut. Plus financial participation of each member of ORGANS & ALLIANCES in the purchase of the Grafopress.
Diese Maßnahme wird mitfinanziert durch Steuermittel auf der Grundlage des von den Abgeordneten des Sächsischen Landtages beschlossenen Haushaltes.



EUROPE OR DIE ! BARSA WA LE BARSÁKH !

**Très haut de la falaise de Kedougou,
on entend l'organe des griots qui chantonnent ces crises.
C'EST dommage!**

Tout un continent qui se divise.

Les eaux qui se dispersent.

**Les forgerons détachent les pirogues et les jeunes
prennent la Mer vers l'Europe.**

**Ne pouvant pas travailler au pays avec l'esprit tranquille,
tous leurs imaginaires reposent sur leurs futures vies.**

Espérant le meilleur, ca se voit qu'ils sont attirés par l'Europe.

Ils viennent renforcer leurs alliances et organes.

Ils rêvent d'Europe, acceptent et signent, des bons accords.

**Cette nouvelle génération européenne qui les trie,
déconstruit puis les intègres.**

De part tous les moyens, on y peut grandes.

Nala Say killifer nianale gua dieul say mbeubeuss té yokh.

Dawal gaw, galgagui diog ! 'Boulen daw que personne ne court.

De part tous les moyens, on y peut grandes.

Ces alliances d'organes resteront en faveur d'Europe.

Nous porterons ce GrafoPress s'il faut sur nos épaules

POUR EXPRIMER NOTRE ART :

IMPRIMER, COLLER, AFFICHER,

MANIFESTÉR, DÉNICHER, RELAYER,

EXPOSER, RESTAURER.

Conscientiser la nouvelle vague.

**Ne nous étonnons pas à ce stade actuel que le Sénégal soit
parmi les pays désertés par ces jeunes, le pays de Cheikh Anta Diop,
de Léopard Sédar Senghor, de Joe Ouakam.**

**Cela ne profite à personne si ce n'est qu'aggraver la situation
désastreuse de notre pays.**

**Même si l'heure est grave, les sénégalais doivent se lever
pour changer la donne !**

Personne ne viendra bâtir notre pays, si ce n'est nous Sénégalais !

MOVING THE MACHINE

On a day of suffocating heat at a place far from Paris or Leipzig called Poble Nou in Valencia, I saw the precious tomatoes from my friend's garden placed in a basket like a still life ready to be painted. Red tomatoes, so red you might confuse the heat of almost forty degrees with their hue. You walk slowly, you curse the heat, the beach, and the blue sky that never rains. You curse southern Europe, you curse the bare activity you can do under such conditions. You curse your body that won't move and finally, you put all the blame onto the heat and the red of the tomatoes.

Then you remember the Grafopress, a Soviet version of the Heidelberg printer that you purchased with a group of young artists for an itinerant project to shift a thousand-kilogram machine from Leipzig to Paris. To carry this bulky load through places that include the German capital, a leisure center called Tropical Island Resort, a petrol station lost between two megapoles, a village in a vineyard, a somber place on the outskirts of a city like Stuttgart where arms are manufactured, or Strasbourg with its European Court of Human Rights, and Metz with its emerging centers for art and culture, to eventually reach Brussels, the European capital, and then end up in Paris. All this for what reason?

To imagine a huge and heavy industrial machine in movement is to imagine a contradiction. It is a revolutionary gesture but without a revolution. With this transition from one place to another, we break through the "industrial symphony" (Jacques Rancière). The Grafopress is an industrial printing machine, made to be sedentary, not to be displaced. To move it means to distance oneself from the "solitude of the private art" (Rancière) and attempt to define a means of production in constant movement, to initiate novel gestures at each new location. We call these hybrid stopovers "embassies". At each one, we shall work and collaborate with different organs. Some of these are precise, such as a legal center that provides assistance to asylum seekers in Strasbourg, or an architectural office in Metz that designs agile and resilient approaches to city planning based on social solidarity.

At each embassy, we shall print hundreds of sheets with slogans using the Grafopress. This production shall connect different social actors together, unifying and intensifying the model of artistic practice. Ironically, the heavy machine morphs into a very light tool and like a surface envelops the body structures of two or more organisms.

The machine in movement releases colonized imaginaries of cultural values. Consumerism has led to a decline in art, but this project, which pumps energy into industrial production once more, is founded on the "diversion" of the printing press once condemned to be fixed and immobile and rendered now into a dynamic, organic body, which travels. This is not leisurely art production. This is art practice through displacement. With this procedure we collaborate and merge different social, cultural, and political realities, like hot and spicy organs that pep life back into the values of art and culture.

We are both transiting organs and sedentary identities. The free circulation of human beings is an urgent issue today. Right now, the freedom of choice about where to live or where to die is spoken through the mouths of millions of people. But what is a machine? In this pre-fabricated synthetic world, we strive to become autonomous and independent of machines. Have we progressed beyond these beasts? An organ doesn't forget. However, some can be donated, some transplanted, and some regenerated. "To regenerate" brings one back to the etymology of the word: from the Latin *regenerare*, to "create again".

Create again. Create again. Recreate. Recreate. To move, to transfer, to translate, to recreate. Creating again and again with different parameters at different embassies. This can become a collaboration and a fusional project that builds an organic relationship between different agents. And all this is done with the help of the beast, the elephant, the Heidelberg, the Grafopress, the printing machine.

This is what O R G A N S & A L L I A N C E S is about. It's a model for transborder art production that will produce, with or without an industrial logic, various events, conferences, concerts, and performances, forging a route with the Grafopress that takes us from Leipzig to Paris, across Europe's borders.

En un día bochornoso en un lugar muy lejos de París o Leipzig, en Poble Nou en Valencia, vi los preciosos tomates de la huerta de mi amiga puesta en una cesta como un bodegón listo a ser pintado. Tomates rojos, tan rojos que confundías el calor de los casi cuarenta grados con su color. Caminas despacio, echas la culpa al calor, a la playa, al cielo azul que nunca llueve. Echas la culpa al sur de Europa, a la poca actividad que puedes hacer bajo dichas condiciones. Echas la culpa a tu cuerpo que no se moverá y al final, echas la culpa al calor y al color rojo de los tomates.

Entonces recuerdas el Grafopress, una versión soviética de la impresora Heidelberg que compraste con un grupo de artistas para un proyecto itinerante para desplazar esta máquina de mil kilos desde Leipzig a París. Para transportar esta carga voluminosa a través de lugares como la capital alemana, un centro de ocio llamado "Tropical Island Resort", una gasolinera perdida entre dos megalópolis, un pueblo con viñedo, un lugar sombrío a las afueras de Stuttgart donde fabrican armas, o Estrasburgo con su Corte Europea de Derechos Humanos, y Metz con sus centros emergentes para el arte y la cultura, así llegar a Bruselas, la capital europea, y terminar el camino en París. ¿Y todo esto por qué razón?

Imaginar una máquina industrial grande y pesada en movimiento es imaginar una contradicción. Es un gesto revolucionario, pero sin revolución. Con esta transición de un lugar a otro, rompemos la "sinfonía industrial" (Jacques Rancière). El Grafopress es una máquina de impresión industrial, hecha para estar fija, no para desplazarla. Moverla significa distanciarse de la "soledad del arte privado" (Rancière) e intentar definir un medio de producción en movimiento constante, para iniciar nuevos gestos en cada nueva ubicación. Llamamos a estas escalas híbridas "embajadas". En cada una de ellas, trabajaremos y colaboraremos con diferentes órganos. Algunos de ellos son muy concretos, como un centro que ofrece asistencia legal para los solicitantes de asilo en Estrasburgo, o una asociación de arquitectos en Metz que diseña enfoques ágiles y flexibles para la planificación urbana basados en la solidaridad social.

En cada embajada, imprimiremos cientos de hojas con lemas, textos o imágenes usando el Grafopress. Esta producción conectará a los diversos actores sociales, unificando e intensificando el modelo de práctica artística. Irónicamente, esta máquina pesada se transforma en una herramienta muy ligera y como superficie envuelve las estructuras del cuerpo de dos o más organismos.

La máquina en movimiento libera imaginarios colonizados de valores culturales. El consumismo ha llevado al declive en el arte, pero este proyecto, que bombea energía a la producción industrial una vez más, se basa en la "alteración" de la imprenta condenada a ser fija e inmóvil y convertida ahora en un cuerpo dinámico y orgánico, que viaja. Esto no es una producción de arte para el consumo. Esto es una práctica artística a través del desplazamiento. Con este procedimiento, colaboramos y fusionamos diferentes realidades sociales, culturales y políticas, como órganos calientes y picantes que devuelven la vida a los valores del arte y la cultura.

Ambos somos órganos en tránsito e identidades sedentarias. La libre circulación de los seres humanos es un tema urgente en la actualidad. En este momento, la libertad de elección sobre dónde vivir o dónde morir se habla por las bocas de millones de personas. Pero, ¿qué es una máquina? En este prefabricado mundo sintético, nos esforzamos por ser autónomos e independientes de las máquinas. ¿Hemos progresado más allá de estas bestias? Un órgano no olvida. Sin embargo, algunos pueden ser donados, algunos trasplantados y otros regenerados. "Regenerar" nos lleva de nuevo a la etimología de la palabra, del latín *regenerare*, a "crear de nuevo". Crear de nuevo. Crear de nuevo. Recrear. Recrear. Mover, trasladar, traducir, recrear. Crear una y otra vez con diferentes parámetros en diferentes embajadas. Esto puede convertirse en una colaboración o un proyecto de fusión que construye una relación orgánica entre los diferentes agentes. Y todo esto, se hace con la ayuda de la bestia, el elefante, el Heidelberg, el Grafopress, la máquina de impresión.

Esto es O R G A N S & A L L I A N C E S. Un modelo para la producción de arte transfronterizo que producirá, con o sin lógica industrial, diversos eventos, conferencias, conciertos y performances, forjando una ruta con el Grafopress que nos lleva desde Leipzig a París, a través de las fronteras de Europa.

mon corps est à moi

Մարմինը իմն է:

si je veux je peux le tuer

Եթէ հւզեմ կը սպաննեմ զայն:

je tuerais

կը սպաննեմ:

Nshan Peshiktashyan

Նշան Պէշիկշաղեան

MANIFESTO FOR THE RIGHTS OF ACCESS TO COLONIAL COLLECTIONS SEQUESTERED IN WESTERN EUROPE

Where are we now in 2018?

26 years since the first edition of Dak'Art, the Biennial of Visual Arts in Senegal.
26 years since Alpha Oumar Konaré, former president of Mali and president of ICOM, stated: "that it's about time that we questioned the fundamental basis of the situation and killed – I repeat killed – the Western model of the museum in Africa in order for new methods for the conservation and promotion of our heritage to flourish." (ICOM President's address, 1992)

Let's think back to these colonial museums

1863: Saint-Louis in Senegal, the museum of "Tropical Africa" created by Louis Faidherbe in the service of the French republic;
1907: Windhoek, Namibia, the museological structure set up by colonial Germany;
1910: Nairobi, Kenya and Lagos, Nigeria, the museums founded by British imperialism.

And one century later, in the throes of post-independence

1966: the Musée Dynamique – the *dynamythalic* museum of Léopold Sédar Senghor opens in Dakar.
(Rest in peace!)
And all the desire for internationalism, for festivals, gatherings and workshops, those manifestations at the Village des Arts, the collectives of Teng and Huit Facettes, and the Laboratoire Agit'Art!
(Rest in peace!)
And then, the biennale of Dakar emerges, financed by the European Union and France... And slowly, but far too slowly, the issue is raised of collections in Europe, engendered by imperialism and the market, by noxious colonialism with its sinister discourse and serial kleptomania. These collections locked up today in the ethno-colonial museums of Western Europe.

Intellectual and governmental plantations!

Notions of imperialist progress!
The monoculture of ethnology!
Disciplinary and discursive closure!
Taxonomies and scientific racism!
Metabolisms covered in blood!
"Colonialities!"
(Rest in peace!)

What to do today?

With the mass of what are called "objects"? Objects in collections that are named "ethnographic", "object-witnesses", as anthropologist Marcel Griaule once said, "objects" from the market in so-called "tribal art"? These millions of objects, an inordinate quantity in Europe alone!

All!

Without name, without author!
Without intellectual rights!
Incarcerated by ethnology and its genealogies, which originate, more often than not, outside the countries of origin, identified by collecting, re-sales, and swapping between museums. A provenance at home in the salons and "secret gardens" of "patrons", from Nelson Rockefeller to Marc Ladreit de Lacharrière.

All these objects in inaccessible depots!

Under the Seine in Paris, where sleep, in the holdings of ships built for slavery, these muted bodies, these human remains. Or otherwise, secreted in the urban periphery, in the "prison house of radical difference and negativity" (Simon Gikandi), in that fridge-freezer of the soul, confined because of their double or triple toxicity, as carriers of microbiome, capable of unleashing unexpected pandemics, or so they tell us...

Necropolitics of sequestered objects!

Hyper restrictive access!
Discursive claustrophobia!
Exerting control! Control!
Control over future interpretations!
Because anything is possible if you omit the artist, the author, the producer, the name of the non-documented, to replace it with *ethnos*.

Where are we now?

Restitution?
Yes, please!
Provenance research?
Yes, please!
Retrace the biographies of objects acquired or stolen?
Yes, please!
Find out what those object hunters and organ poachers of the Other excluded?
Yes, please!
But where?
With whom?
With what?
Ah okay!
So, reify omission instead?
Return to the source, bring back the handmaidens of colonialism, the scribes of ethnological phantasmagoria, encourage their hermeneutic labor once more, restore the legitimacy of their discipline, just as they were about to go into retirement...
Not sure?
No thanks!

That's when the State magnanimously walks in,

hand in hand with the universal museum of the 21st century!
Now, go get a visa to visit your heritage! In Paris, Berlin, London or Vienna!
Framed by a display fashioned by interior design, exclusive and expulsive.
An exhibition that only adds a sentence or two... Because that's the point!
They didn't document much on those colonial collecting expeditions, did they?
Instead, it was Collect! Collect! Collect!

Ah! The exorcitation of the name of the engineer, the artist, the architect!

And the bombs of WW2 that destroyed the archives.
The fires in the reserves...
We know them all too well.
But, what a relief for biographical analysis!
What comfort for the status of the "masterpiece"!
But then, how to heal the colonial wound?
"Kill the museum!", declared Alpha Konaré.

Hold on! We insist upon restitution!

But not blindly, at the pace of a snail!
We won't wait for ethnological resuscitation and the organ trade to restore the ghosts of the past!
We won't wait for the discourse of provenance, with its polite politics, step by step, piece by piece.

We have to act now, while restitution is underway!

And push for legislation between museums, for the rights of access to the art histories of the worlds, held in the British Museum in London the Musée du Quai Branly in Paris the Humboldt Forum in Berlin the Tropenmuseum in Amsterdam the Tervuren Museum in Brussels the Weltmuseum in Vienna. Open up those bunkers! And revise these collections, while they are still in Europe. Dare to radically rethink the condition of the museum, and begin with the deepest of injuries, where no redemption exists for the intermediary: the curator.

Let's build Museum-Universities!

Physical and conceptual spaces for remediation, with an architecture made for healing and reinterpreting these agent-objects. Let's face their stubborn materiality, which has been so terribly neglected. Let's build incongruous and problematic assemblages, and yes, integrate digitalization... But hold on!
Who will select what is to be digitalized? Who will access the heart of physical collections, knowingly hidden and forgotten, if not the priests of ethnology and the market? And, let's not forget the parameters of conservation! That ideology of material survival, which is remarkably impenetrable, with its *longue durée* of a thousand years or more.

No more monocultures!

No more intellectual plantations!
No more museum mimics!
No more aesthetic hegemonies!
No more object hierarchies!
No more museological pyramids!
That "absent air conditioning", those "inadequate conservators", etcetera etcetera...

Let's take control of the energy of these reservoirs of ingenuity!

Let's change the ergonomics of museums, these "organ accumulators" of consumerism, and open Museum-Universities! Build spaces for inquiry with rooms for conceptual intimacy, sites for transborder art production and disciplinary transgression based on these anxious and contested objects. Museum-Universities to welcome the new generation of students and researchers more diasporic than ever before. With their politics of communication and future methodologies. So that, with patented prototypes, based on these occluded historical collections, we can rename the excluded authors, and return both respect and copyright to their ancestors! Organs & Alliances!

All of you!

Artists!
Writers!
Curators!
Filmmakers!
Lawyers!
Architects!
Ecologists!
Brothers and Sisters!

THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE!

H E art
L I ver
C O rnea
P ancreas
T E ndon
R etina

Phantom Helicopter!
We buy!
Buy at high price!

삽니다
귀신 헬리콥터
고가 매입
Sapnida Gwishin helicopter goga maip

Stuck onto the walls of public toilets, or circulated via social media,
H E L I C O P T E R is secret code for organ trafficking in
Korea. ‘Gwishin’ in Korean means ‘phantom’ and is the abbreviation
of ‘Gwiha-eui shinjang’, which means ‘your kidney’.
H E L I C O P T E R is the acronym of the names of several
organs that are currently being traded. It remains underground but
is reported on various television and internet news channels.

DAS INSELJOURNAL

AMÜSANTES UND WISSENSWERTES AUS DEM TROPICAL ISLANDS

PROJECT CARGOLIFTER AND THE AFTERMATH

In retrospect the Cargolifter project can be considered one of the biggest and most questioned infrastructural hopes of the early 2000s. Freight weighing up to 120 tons was supposed to be transported using giant Airships. A system, that would have made it possible to build up a transport network that could even connect the most remote areas to one another. When Cargolifter AG went bankrupt in 2002, it left behind its former airship yard in Brandenburg 50 km south of Berlin. At the time and still today, it is the largest free-standing dome in the world. It was then bought by the Malaysian Tangjung-Group, which converted it into the most extensive tropical forest in Europe: Tropical Islands Resort. The 21st century emblem of infrastructural idealism has transformed into the deepest yearning of rural Germany for a place of recreation.



CONNECT, INTERACT

Our aim is to invade this space, not in order to disrupt it but in order to interact with its infrastructure and initiate new scenarios that involve visitors.

Admittedly, despite all the infrastructure that has been developed within it, this former airship yard does not provide the space or opportunity for social interaction. All provided free time activity aims at separate individuals or groups of individuals. There is no given point of origin for social interaction of any kind. That's where we see the print medium's task. We shall publish a daily newspaper for a timespan of three days with three editions each day. The newspaper will reflect on life inside the resort, collating information in this place which excludes the production of additional information. The content of the newspapers will range from basic advertising, to the opinions of visitors. No outside information will penetrate the inside of Tropical Islands Resort.

We plan to include performances. Two agents, disguised as casual visitors and acting as such, will infiltrate the closed off micro-society, reappearing at the same place at the same time each day. Reports and references to the performers will appear in the newspapers without any further mention.

To transport the large, loud Graphopress machine to the Tropical Islands Resort, to print daily newspapers and to perform surreptitiously is like activating a new germ. The foreign body enters the structure, forcing the system to react and transform.



Noch Leselust?

Besuchen sie unseren
Buchhandel auf dem
Shopping-Boulevard.

Täglich für Sie
geöffnet

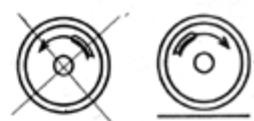
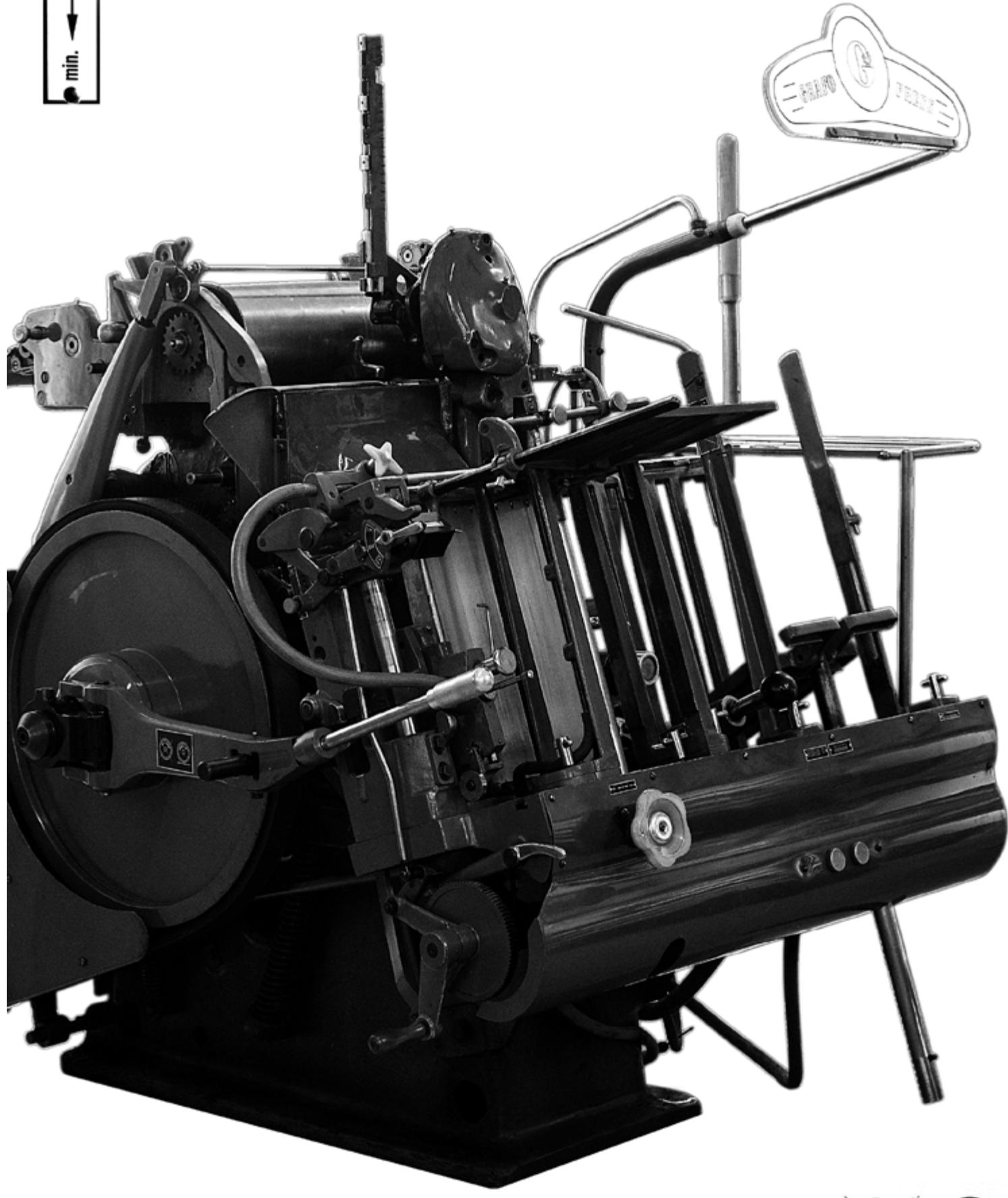
8:45–22:00

IHRE STIMME IM INSELJOURNAL

Sie möchten uns oder der Welt etwas mitteilen? Kritik? Lob? Oder einfach einen lieben Menschen grüßen? Bei uns sind Sie genau richtig! Senden sie einfach eine SMS mit ihrer Botschaft an 0 1 5 2 7 4 7 9 8 7 6. Mit ein bisschen Glück finden Sie Ihre Nachricht schon bald in der nächsten Ausgabe des Inseljournals.

NE PAS JETER SUR LA VOIE PUBLIQUE

Diogène





la Haine et la Loi (Europe or die)



**Got my head
W O R K I N G brains,
got my ears
W O R K I N G eyes,
got my nose
W O R K I N G mouth,
W O R K I N G smile,
W O R K I N G tongue,
W O R K I N G chin.
Got my neck,
W O R K I N G boobies,
U T I L I Z E D heart,
C A P I T A L I Z E D soul,
W O R K I N G back,
E X P L O I T E D sex.
Got my arms,
E X P L O I T E D hands,
C A P I T A L I Z E D legs,
E X P L O I T E D feet,
U T I L I Z E D toes,
E X P L O I T E D liver.
Got my blood**

(after Nina Simone)

PERFORMATIVE ORGANS OF A DISMANTLED BODY

O R G A N S & A L L I A N C E S, the model for trans-border art production, bonds printing actions with performative dissemination, addressing future practices of art in a Europe of increased borders lines and corporeal restrictions. To transport a printing infrastructure by van between Leipzig and Paris is to transgress both official and unofficial frontiers, creating alliances between minds and bodies and forging new systems for the circulation of organs of communication.

Human labor trafficking in Europe is on the rise. This contemporary form of slavery dismantles bodies into capitalized parts. The inertia that plagues the victims of this modern-day slavery – more often migrants – is directly linked to their fear of deportation, and the threats of retaliation made by governments and trafficking networks.

O R G A N S & A L L I A N C E S cares about these dismantled bodies and the economic values allocated to their dismembered organs. Our system of production integrates and infiltrates both the neuralgic centers and the neglected outskirts of French and German territories, bonding different audiences, creating underground and collaborative actions, and questioning the circulation of goods and values within Europe.

TO PERFORM AND DISSEMINATE

The autonomy of **O R G A N S & A L L I A N C E S**, is its production system. It allows the group to move, print and perform wherever it wishes (almost). From the infrastructural hub created on a parking lot, different forms of dissemination take place, addressing various publics, and engaging directly or indirectly with people. Working in small clusters or in larger groups, **O R G A N S & A L L I A N C E S**, transfers and switches. It transports its own system of production with technical knowledge and performative energy to different locations. Set up to print 3000 sheets of paper per hour, the choice of systems and sites of distribution is strategically linked to our desire to be read, heard, watched and conserved. Acting as distributing agents, our performers highlight the fragility between the ubiquity of printed materiality and the rarity of human organs.

THE MACHINE NEEDS TO BE OILED

Electronic devices need only electricity to function, but machines have to be oiled. **O R G A N S & A L L I A N C E S**, is not a therapeutic company set up to cure the public we interact with. Our goal is to activate a machine from a former industrial past and re-integrate it in the present. We care for the physicality of our company and our machine. We oil all their parts as we proceed. Our production system is simultaneously complex and simple, heavy and portable. It is sustainable and safe enough for us to collaborate with other artists, to welcome in other groups.

AND BODIES NEED TO BE STRETCHED

As an alternative to institutional models of art production, **O R G A N S & A L L I A N C E S**, cares about emotional labor. It promotes fellowships and healthcare for each member, performer, and participant. The processes behind each performative action are as important as the actions themselves. Bodies need to be stretched, warmed, fed and cared for. The collaborative energy of our transversal actions is essential to the global production of our company. Our actions connect, create links and engage with different levels of life. We try to meet, and meet again, as performative organs of a dismantled body.

“Words get maimed and flattened when we are struggling to think and feel the same way about catastrophes, abstractions, and processes that are both subtle and harshly concrete”

(Margo Jefferson)

Dear Editor,

we have actually met in passing and share some mutual friends in the artworld, but I'm writing to you now as I'm deeply disturbed by your short online article entitled “B L A C K P A I N I S N O T F O R P R O F I T : A C T I V I S T S P R O T E S T L U K E W I L L I S T H O M P S O N ' S E X H I B I T I O N ” . This article appears to be a reworking of markedly similar news items that ran on numerous art sites regarding a protest staged by a London-based collective at Tate Britain. I was of the opinion that your art magazine had different critical criteria from these news sites. These fail all standards of ethical responsibility and even took the staggeringly insensitive action of contacting Ms. Reynolds herself (not her lawyer, nor her media representative) for a comment on “the profiting from black pain”. Consider how easily and logically she could assume the tacit implication that her civil settlement was undeserved. Diamond Reynolds herself has been extensively criticized online for trying to ‘profit’ from her tragedy, predominately by hate groups and white supremacists. In the weeks since the opening of the Turner Prize 2018, I've been repeatedly asked to comment on such questions as, “Is Willis Thompson (sic) aware of the protest? How does he respond to the criticism that he is profiting from the pain and death of black people with his work?” How can I genuinely respond without knowing how the questioners, who write semi-anonymously from behind corporate brand identities, themselves value black life? Or whether, and how, the concept of blackness evoked in the question is evaluated prior to it even being asked?

The work, that is more painful than you know, has led to this exposure, which means that at some stage I'll likely profit from all the media attention. But what alternative do you propose? How do I remove myself from the structures and systems of the art market – the one you exist for – and still manage to make and exhibit work I believe in and in the manner that I choose? How do I exist in this artworld without becoming a persona to be speculated on? Do you know that the property values in the Falcon Heights area where Philando Castile was killed went up following the shooting? Do you know that Zimmerman, the person who killed Trayvon Martin, later auctioned the very firearm that he used to assassinate him? Can you imagine what it means to be compared to these forms of profiteering?

Like all mixed-race peoples, I have an ear well-tuned to the linguistic nuances of racialist calculation. I understand too that this accusation is not really about how I feel, or about the artwork itself, but more to do with which strategy I decide to adopt to fight the charge, based as it is on how you render my appearance as whiteness. Which brings me to what I find so vulgar in your story: the perpetuation of the term ‘white passing’ in reference to my person. While the protesters feel comfortable using that term, to have it re-quoted by your magazine is frankly inappropriate. The term ‘passing’ relates directly to global colonial history. Its casual deployment in popular magazines like yours only furthers its exploitation for the purpose of racist, culturally xenophobic gerrymandering. When used by white people, or white institutions (which it has been frequently of late) it is a worrying denial of the realities of systemic racism and of how race impacts on a person's life through their family, community, and clusters of inherited characteristics that in turn help to determine their wellbeing.

That I've supposedly ‘passed’ in your eyes means nothing to that which flows beneath my skin or circulates within my selfhood. Moreover, so contorted does your clinical description of my ethnicity sound against the cymbal-like clarity of ‘white passing’s’ repeated use in your article, that it presents me in a manner similar to the one put forward by the protestors: as a racial traitor and imposter. As a result of simplistic news articles like yours, some visitors will adopt an antagonistic or punitive stance towards my work, and most will be white. How righteous do you suspect their motivations and anger will be?

Dear Editor,

I'm inclined to believe your treatment of the story is not at all in the service of black thought and humanity but is simply a contemporary form of click-based race-baiting. If I were to take my own life, like Thabiso Sekgala did, or seek a “death commensurate with bourgeois achievement and political awareness” as Margo Jefferson aspired to, or else simply replicated the poetics of Capital Steez who typed “end.” into the ether, I'd ask you to be more precise in finding a name for what it was that killed me. And to remember to ask: who profited?

La parole

Maxime Slogan

Le dit nécessaire

ce qui est brulant

ce qui doit être dit P L U S

phrase si répétée mantra

tellement martelée macule

l'objet de la feuille

ap-Prendre

du politique avec soi

la matérialisation soutient

une compagnie qu'on placarde

rue ou chambre

La distribution propose une possession de parole

pour avoir

un but objectif

une cible ?

qui est la cible

LET A THOUSAND MEMBRANES LEAK.

LE CORPS TRANS EST UNE COLONIE

Le corps trans est à l'hétérosexualité normative ce que la Palestine est à l'Occident : une colonie dont l'extension et la forme ne se perpétuent que par la violence. Couper ici, coller là-bas, à la croisée des chemins.

Le corps trans est la Palestine. Tous les jours, dans n'importe quelle rue de Tijuana ou de Los Angeles, de Saint-Pétersbourg ou de Goa, d'Athènes ou de Séville, un corps trans est tué avec la même impunité qu'une nouvelle occupation qui se lève d'un côté ou de l'autre du Jourdain. Il y a une guerre ouverte pour l'imposition et la normalisation des organes du corps trans.

Le migrant perd l'État-nation. Le réfugié perd la maison. La personne trans perd le corps. Ils traversent tous la frontière. La frontière les constitue. Ils vivent

Le corps trans est à l'épistémologie de la différence sexuelle ce que l'Amérique était à l'empire espagnol : un lieu d'immense richesse et de culture qui dépassait l'imaginaire de la colonie. Un lieu d'extraction et d'anéantissement de la vie. Nos organes trans sont pour le système héritopatriarcal les mines de Potosí dont se nourrit l'inconscient colonial. L'argent est séparé de la terre et le mineur est enterré dans un puits. Nos organes sont le caoutchouc de l'Amazonie et l'or de la montagne. Nos organes sont l'huile dont la machine sexuelle normative a besoin pour fonctionner. Partout, le corps trans est haï, mais ses organes sont consommés : avec une femme trans, il est possible de prendre une bite dans sa bouche sans courir le risque de se considérer comme gay.

Le corps trans est l'Amazone qui saute dans la jungle, résistant aux barrages et aux réservoirs.

Le corps trans est à l'anatomie normative ce que l'Afrique était à l'Europe : un territoire à découper et à vendre au plus offrant.

Les seins et la peau pour la chirurgie esthétique, le pénis pour la psychiatrie, le vagin pour la chirurgie d'État. Ce que le discours scientifico-technique occidental considère comme les organes sexuels emblématiques de la masculinité et de la féminité, le pénis et le vagin, ne sont pas plus réels que le Rwanda ou le Nigéria, que l'Espagne ou l'Italie. Il y a une différence entre une colline verte qui pousse de l'autre côté d'une rivière et un déversoir qui commence dans une butte battue par les vents. Un corps existe en tant que paysage érotique. Mais là où on désigne un organe sexuel, on installe déjà un projet de capture et d'extraction coloniale.

Le corps trans est une colonie des institutions disciplinaires, des médias, de l'industrie pharmacopornographique, du marché.

Le corps trans est l'Afrique et ses organes vivants parlent des langues que le colonisateur ne connaît pas.

Lorsque chaque arbre aura été coupé et chaque montagne aura été percée, il ne restera plus rien à défoncer. La terre sera alors un dépotoir, un énorme corps trans ouvert et démembré. Les cadavres de colons seront enterrés avec les organes trans qui nous auront été volés. Mais nos organes imaginaires ne pourront pas être enterrés. Ils vivront pour toujours. Nos organes imaginaires côte d'une rivière et un déversoir qui commence dans une versée.

THE TRANS BODY IS A COLONY

The trans body is to normative heterosexuality what Palestine is to the West: a colony whose extension and form is perpetuated only through violence. Cut here, paste there, take out those organs, replace them with others.

The trans body is to the epistemology of sexual difference what America was to the Spanish Empire: a place of immense wealth and culture that exceeds the imaginary of the colony. A place for the extraction and annihilation of life. Our trans organs are for the hetero-patriarchal system the mines of Potosí that feed the colonial unconscious. Silver is separated from rock, and the miner buried in the well. Our organs are the rubber of the Amazon and the gold of the mountains. Our organs are the oil that the normative sex machine needs in order to function. The trans body is hated everywhere, but its organs are consumed: with the trans woman it is possible to take a dick into your mouth without running the risk of thinking that you are gay.

The trans body is Palestine. Every day on any street in Tijuana or Los Angeles, in St. Petersburg or Goa, in Athens or Seville, a trans body is killed with the same impunity that arises when a new occupation is carried out on one side or the other of the Jordan river. There is a war being fought for the imposition and normalization of the organs of the trans body.

The migrant loses the nation-state. The refugee loses the home. The trans person loses the body. They all cross the border. The border constitutes them. They live at the crossroads.

The trans body is the Amazon gushing through the jungle, resisting the dams and the reservoirs of disciplinary institutions, of the media, of the pharmacopornographic industry, of the market.

The trans body is Africa, and its anatomy what Africa was to Europe: a territory in which to cut up and distribute to the highest bidder. Breasts and skin for cosmetic surgery, the penis for psychiatry, the vagina for the surgery of the State. When each tree has been cut down and each mountain pierced, there will be nothing else to do but to turn to the earth becomes a scientific and technical discourse of the West considers to be the emblematic sexual organs of masculinity and femininity, the penis and the vagina, that they stole from us. Nigeria, Spain or Italy. There is a difference between a green hill that grows on the other side of a river and a desert emerging on a mound whipped by the winds. A body exists as an erotic landscape. Wherever one designates a sexual organ, one institutes a procedure of capture and colonial exploitation.

living organs speak languages unknown to the colonizer. Only our imaginary organs can not be buried. They will live forever. Our imaginary organs will become the warriors of the crossing.

**J'aime me raconter que je suis une Pute
Mais c'est un mensonge.**

-Les putes sont dans la rue

et

-Les putes se font tuer, agresser, voler, escroquer...

Regarde la semaine dernière...

Vanessa Campos assassinée au bois de Boulogne avec l'arme d'un policier qu'on nous dira «volée».

T O U T dépend de ton mac, tu sais.

Moi je suis tranquille, chez moi, j'ai mon appli, j'suis protégé.

Mon mac est un géant basé en Allemagne...

Hunqz, la version «Escort» de Planet Romeo.

Pour 49,99 € par mois, mon petit cul est en première page, et peut-être que tu t'es déjà arrêté dessus, peut-être même que tu as déjà payé pour mon petit cul d'ange.

La page est très claire, il s'agit d'«escorting», la version bourgeoise d'une pute; -en gros. On ne se cache même pas derrière une métonymie comme «massage» ou je ne sais quoi.

Ça tabasse, c'est marchand, c'est sexe, c'est rouge et orange, c'est des culs à n'en plus finir, et la concurrence est rude.

Sauf que je ne suis pas dans la rue.

Moi.

Étrange organisation qu'est l'Europe...

Autant d'étoiles que de flaques de sang.

Des étoiles, dont les lois divergent, et permettent à ceux qui en ont le privilège de jouer et de s'accorder d'un voisin plus laxiste ou d'un autre plus libéral.

J'habite à deux pas de Belleville où les putes en provenance d'Asie tapinent pour rembourser leur voyage...

**E U R O P E O R D I E ,
S E X O R R E P R I S A L S**

Et du soir au matin, la police passe... Et du matin au soir. Et la nuit aussi!

Mais moi je suis tranquille, un client m'envoie un message, E T H O P , je sors de chez moi, un sourire (qui n'en pense pas moins) aux flics et me voilà chez toi.

Je m'appelle Paul-Alexandre Islas, je suis Artiste et j'aime dire que je suis une pute, mais la vérité, c'est que je suis une bourgeoise d'Escort.

