

# do you remember that... (2014)

*This was a text work performed as the closing response to “The Future Curatorial What Not and Study What? Conundrum” at CCS BARD November 5-8 2014.*



There are three modes of epistemic imposition when one speaker comes to speak in the places where others have already spoken. This is an especial problem when one is *closing* the speaking.

The speaker may summarize what the others have spoken – this is an epistemic imposition of displacement. The speaker may offer a commentary, a further supplement – this is an epistemic imposition of distancing – the kind of distance Rancière describes.

The speaker can offer an absence, exclude that which the other speakers have said – this is an epistemic imposition of disavowal.

Today I have been seeking for other modes of epistemic imposition – to impose upon your patience a little.

Do you remember we were here talking about the future?

Do you remember the two little pigs being cooked?

The smell, the charcoal, the smokey-ness in the rain, walking over the damp grass.

Do you remember that?

The dinner in the hall last night – do you remember that? Tom spoke – he is such a good speaker. Tom said Paul would not let him speak – we laughed and Tom spoke. He spoke about this place, about BARD and the question of the relative wealth and poverty of institutions. He spoke about the student scholarships. Tom seemed to be in dialogue with the conversations from earlier in the day and from the day before – conversations about educations, about debt, about cynicism, about the possibility of taking care... Do you remember to take care?

Do you remember when Suhail asked a question from the floor yesterday? He asked Melanie about the relationship of the university to the research of *Béton Salon*. He was very gently re-balancing the focus of the discussion between the question of education and the question of research, between one speaker and another speaker.

Do you remember that Galit described the 7 o'clock-each-evening-discussions of the artists debating the Israeli-funding of the São Paulo Biennale?

Do you remember the exhibition designs? The camera housing for nine cameras for nine screens? Do you remember when Nancy spoke about Patel and the Eames'?

Do you remember the glass of wine on Thursday evening? Some people had a beer, some had water. I had the white wine. It was good. Someone said that it was good. They said it in a generous inclusive gesture: "This white wine is really good!" I don't know if you were

in my part of the room, standing near the bar...? But that did definitely happen! I remember it.

And do you remember the question Simon asked Koyu and Hans Ulrich this morning? – “Do you think we are seeing a displacement of public subsidy by private patronage?” he asked “Does that matter? Does it have consequences?” he asked. Do you remember the answer? Part of it was Koyu talking about how, through her own unpaid labour, she is a patron of *Raw Material* in Dakar. Do you remember Hans Ulrich’s response?

When Koyu answered, I remembered the exchange in the first session on the first day – the exchange between Koyu and Jelena. Do you remember that? Where we there, you and I? Can we ever go back there to that spikey moment – only a little bit spikey, but there was so much in that short turning of terms. Because on the one hand, there was talk of self-exploitation, and on the other hand, there was talk of something like agency. Two hands swapping back and forth. Do you remember hands clapping? Where does that stuff come from? Where does it go?

This tension between self-exploitation and agency seems enlivening as a contradiction.

Do you remember the exchange between Liam and Sara yesterday? Liam was playfully but very carefully provoking these “complete curators” and Sara said it was, among other things, a boyish thing. She said it made her heart race and she wondered if we could hear a question asked from the broken heart. Do you remember that? I don’t remember it. I mean, I try to remember it, but I can’t remember exactly what was said. But I remember feeling a lift, an exhilaration when Sara spoke and when Liam responded and he said “That’s fair.” He very gently accepted a response. It was a beautiful ritual of call and response and further response.

Do you remember the pigs being roasted? Do you remember how Annie spoke about the precise and sincere presentation even as she herself made a sincere and precise presentation?

The institutions today, they were experimenting in their forms, their *mise-en-scène*, their dramaturgy – models of institution, future models, here today: What future problems do these models need? What futures do these models suggest because of how they negotiate and re-appropriate the problems that they name? Do you remember Sumesh and Zasha talking about the trial, the laughter, the special military powers?

Do you remember the ukelele song in the newly named LUMA theatre last night? The jokes in the song about a boy and a girl sharing a bed? Do you remember Vivian today and the question of aesthetic solidarity? The question of a queer performativity and the need to explain how one got here in the first place?

Do you remember she said “exile”?

Do you remember Luis said “slavery”?

Do you remember Elvira said “diaspora”?

Do you remember other words? So many difficult words – mondialité – globalization – capital – emancipation – poetry – protocol –

Do you remember we were talking about the future?

I am already falling into forgetting. Maybe the job of a closing response is to help us forget what we have just said to each other.

I don’t think I will be able to find the pork in the archive. I don’t think I will be able to find the pork being chopped tenderly from the bone in the archive. Do you remember that noise of a warm corpse chopped into tasty food? Such great meat to meet over! Such fat to chew together!

I can remember the photographs that Melanie showed – days of independence celebrated and the question as to what was really exhibited in the photographs. I can remember a ventriloquist speaking. I can remember the idea that a poetic shield can be a shield from a lack of effect.

We were talking about the future together, do you remember?