



A big "maybe" to which the rigidity of our display responds with a form of material production: it is not an advertisement, not merely not a sculpture, not an exhibition architecture, a formal "X" that binds its site as a placeholder for what currently has no shape. What imperatives are operative in this predicament? This can be summed up of this form of production? This can be summed up in Louis Aragon's scorched earth policy when confronted with journalists: "... wherever you perceive the glistening trace of the jellyfish, take steel wool to it."

We, as journalists, can only offer to print the facts of our activities: a rigid protocol to be sure. To say nothing of one's own is to own nothing of what one says. Maybe service can be rendered to what has not yet solidified stated to what has not yet solidified into print, about which one cannot say "X marks the spot."