

the course is theatricalized

“When Foucault enters the amphitheater, brisk and dynamic like someone who plunges into the water, he steps over bodies to reach his chair, pushes away the cassette recorders so he can put down his papers, removes his jacket, lights a lamp and sets off at full speed. His voice is strong and effective, amplified by loudspeakers that are the only concession to modernism in a hall that is barely lit by light spread from stucco bowls. The hall has three hundred places and there are five hundred people packed together, filling the smallest free space ... There is no oratorical effect. It is clear and terribly effective. There is absolutely no concession to improvisation. Foucault has twelve hours each year to explain in a public course the direction taken by his research in the year just ended. So everything is concentrated and he fills the margins like correspondents who have too much to say for the space available to them. At 19.15 Foucault stops. The students rush towards his desk; not to speak to him, but to stop their cassette recorders. There are no questions. In the pushing and shoving Foucault is alone. Foucault remarks: “It should be possible to discuss what I have put forward. Sometimes, when it has not been a good lecture, it would need very little, just one question, to put everything straight.”

In September 2013, Galerie Kamm presented a solo exhibition by the Swedish artist Karl Larsson entitled *12 hours*. A series of the poet/artist’s recent sculptures and prints were presented in the gallery and the show came and went like any other. Over the last nine months, the artist and the gallerist felt unresolved with the exhibition. Only after the show had been installed did the show seem ready. It was not that they felt it was unsuccessful, but rather they were still waiting for this “one question to arise that could set everything straight”. Thwarting the prescribed routine of the artist and gallery always presenting something new, different, and autonomous, they decided to restage the exhibition and invite a “third man” to introduce another level of noise into the conversation. I was invited in to flood the project with questions, to collaborate with the gallery and the artist in their re-visitation. Reiterative, formulaic, a reprint, an echo, a double-take, a reinterpretation, or an insistence of the same interpretation. Complicating any lingering assumptions that information is the same when repeated, the exhibition is similar, but different, following the pataphysical dictum that “I rise again, changed, but the same.”

The artist used the above quote concerning a lecture by Foucault as a press release for both presentations. The *12 hours* honorific in Larsson’s twin exhibitions relates to the audacious constraint given to Foucault: only 12 hours to explain the routes and tangents taken for every 12 months of his research. The proportional period of delivery is metonymic for the annual interval as a whole, and forms a container that becomes a stage, a vessel to be filled, an abstract spatio-temporal site for events to occur. The period joins a litany of other containers in the quote: the over-crammed amphitheater, the jacket, the cassette tapes; but it is an edit, an abridgment, a distillation. Editing and redeveloping his previous show, Larsson populates *12 hours* with a profusion of platforms, containers, and foundations, all of which are at once covering and uncovering, buffers and apparatuses for relations, and visible traces that mark occurrences. An exhibition is a limit, both a closed physical space where events are registered, and a temporal phase that begins and ends. Like Foucault’s

duration, Larsson accentuates the exhibition as a format for thinking, a certain amount of time and space to say or do things with others. Just as a piece of paper forms a certain relation between operators and becomes an index for events, it is a contract, a presentational boundary, a field for a game to be played. The quote concerning Foucault revealingly continues beyond the excerpt presented in the press release:

“However, this question never comes. The group effect makes any genuine discussion impossible. And as there is no feedback, the course is theatricalized. My relationship with the people there is like that of an actor or an acrobat. And when I have finished speaking, a sensation of total solitude...”

Larsson’s remake in some ways is an attempt at rectifying this feeling of solitude, a means of feedbacking the exhibition into itself, producing reflection and distortion. While there are frequent references to publicness, theater, stages, and exposed executions, there is no spectacle, no drama at all, no comedy or tragedy. Neither is there the presence of spectators or actors: the print from the last exhibition, *–Ing*, (with a caricature of a thinking being), no longer bears witness to the show, nor are there the trio of flamboyant figurative bystanders, a series of zinc-copper-combination casts of casts, each clutching cameras. There is no fancy footwork here nor monologues nor diligent students looking on. In the second *12 hours*, the arena and the cassette tapes are instead emphasized, the works are not props or pedestals, but processes, inducing or decreeing contingent states of relatability.

One can regard the time between as a period of gestation, of intermission, a pause, a 9 month long smoke break. If one considers the first show as the first 12 hours of the day, a transition from darkness to light, then this *12 hours* moves from daytime to night, it charts a midday energy and an afternoon fatigue and gives the project a second wind. Is this exhibition the next 12 hours, or the same 12 hours? It is strange that the temporality of our world is structured in 12 hour cycles that have little bearing on our day to day activities. Here in Europe, most opt for a 24 hour clock so as to erase any ambiguity of the status of now. Nevertheless, here we are, on 12 hour cycles, but this is no twelve-bar melody and we are not playing a 12 inch vinyl. In two act theater, the story is neatly divided into two parts. The first part will be lighthearted and straightforward compared to the second, which will wrap things up in a realistic mixed-bag sort of way. A sizable period of time between the two acts is also commonplace. In this case, we can think of the months between shows as an intermission, and an even more extended period of time in the "narrative". Something has happened between the shows, yet the characters are still recognizable, as if every one of the works has grown a "beard". Seen through the riddle of oedipus, the first show was a thing crawling on all fours, then standing up at midday. This show is the exhibition erected that then falls and requires a supplement, a prosthesis, a third leg. As the saying goes, "the show must go on," and *12 hours* persists, yet signals an impossibility to remain singular, a necessity to repeat. *12 hours* bores a wormhole in time, displacing the nine months in between and connecting disparate events. Upon return, everything is the same, but everything is changed. *12 hours* thus is an event – something that happens, something particular, localized and situated –emerging from out of a certain ‘void’ within itself. This is an event speaking about itself, an event about an event that is nonetheless a distinct occurrence. Did you see that? *12 hours* incorporates its own act of witnessing and subsequent public declaration into the event inaugurating both the actualization of the event

itself and the possibility for intersubjective reconstitution. As the marketing department of the National Broadcasting Corporation once promoted a season of re-runs: “If you haven’t seen it, it’s new to you.”

The gallery space is the same as it was last fall. Except something is amiss, the front room is more constricting than it was before. Have we gained weight during these months? Like Alice, did we take a bite of cake with the words “eat me” written in currants and grow too big for our britches? Certainly not, the change is subtler, more like a shift in atmospheric pressure. The dimensions are not as we may remember it. Over and over in these *12 hours* our depth perception is compromised. Some acuity has been lost, some comprehension gained. Careful attention yields evidence that something surely has occurred. At the right of the entrance, a scrape in the wall. Is this an instance of careless exhibition preparation? An indication of laziness on the part of the artist, curator, and gallery staff? Have they neglected their duty to remove all evidence of installation? Have they thrown caution into the wind and disregarded the mandatory sterilization of the gallery’s white walls? Something has moved through the space and gouged the wall. While the scratch induced is faint, it is an eyesore. Close inspection of the abrasion divulges bewildering hints. Those who have regularly visited Galerie Kamm over the years will likely remember that the gallery, set in an old DDR building, has walls that are dense, almost impenetrable, concrete (it has remained so since the gallery arrived there...surely an attempt at maintain the space’s character but often a burden for install). But the slash here hemorrhages paper and gypsum plaster, the telltale signs of drywall panels commonly used in galleries. A layer has been added to the wall, but this covering up appears alongside a demystification. All presentation is also a violence, a taking away, a closing up while disclosing.

Entitled, *Form was not born from an idea, it was an idea vanishing*, the work suggests both an erasure and an inflammation. The title is borrowed from a line in Cecilia Vicuña’s poem *The Quasar* that imparts that a form’s state as “about to happen” is more interesting than its eventual form. Not merely a lament on the idea’s perversion in its implementation (it’s deviation and failure in physical form to meet up to the expectations of the initial idea), this statement cites form as an ontological position constituted by the loss of the idea. Is this tear a Heideggerian aperture, a pliable clearing that he tells us Being is called to? As Carl Andre liked to remark, “a hole is a thing in a thing it is not.” Creation enacts a powerful separation of the thing from the idea that ruptures the unity and cohesion of nothingness by bringing into being the thing, the form as a chasm in the continuum of space. The unfolding of form departs from the open possibility of the idea, erasing the potential for the idea to take any and all forms. The idea does not catalyze the form, rather the idea disappears, dislocates, when form arrives, a remarkable retrocausality. The idea is displaced, lost, eroded, it loses its “idea-ness”. Form becomes a withdrawal from the idea, in this case, even violence against it. Is Larsson’s laceration an attempt to recoup the idea, its spirit, its ghost? The strike becomes an inauguration, a cutting away that reveals. The mark is a minus sign, a subtraction of value, a mark that takes away, both an attachment and a removal. Inscription becomes erasure. One can equally regard the scrape as a dash, a hyphen, a middleman that joins. Certainly the swoosh also serves as a signature, a testimony to an act, an indication of an agent and responsibility. The writing of form scars the blank slate, but it also divulges information underneath, perhaps demonstrating what De Certeau meant when he wrote: “We never write on a blank page, but always one that has

been written on.” 1

The ontological possibility of mark making is even more pronounced in Larsson’s print *Involvement*. Mounted in opposition to the scratch the framed image operates as an emblem that greets the viewer. Within the work, sets of lines describe shapes and an ambiguous correspondence. Is the figure a child-like drawing, a stacked totem, or an appeal to language? From top to bottom one recognizes an m-like wave, an enclosed ellipse, a box, and another bumpy bow. The sign elicits a signal, but the message is unclear. The simple formation of shapes induces processes of decipherment and apophenia, identifying patterns, connections, and representations within indeterminate data. In its denial of easy signification, the image is both a marker for a lapse in knowledge and attests to the interrelation of writing, representation, and power. Recalling the hoarding of codes by priests and those ordering knowledge, the arrangement makes visible language as a process not of making manifesting and preserving knowledge, but of obscuration and encryption. While some historians may assert a linearity to the development of written text (from pictography, to hieroglyphy, to ideography, to alphabet etc.), the print defamiliarizes the relationship between signs and signification, undermining yet celebrating the “marvelous artifice of letters” by denying both the full capacities of pictorial or linguistic representation. The inaugural relation of the geometric ideogram to the alphabet, words, and sentences, opens onto a limitless path. The blundering pictographic or hieroglyphic arrangement at once produces an obstacle to communication and establishes the possibility for communication. Simply to write is always to risk a jumbling of form, plunging the graphic message into noise. The potential resemblance within the confusion of abstract form forms a bond between cacographer and epigraphist. Is the abstract image a linguistic character or an attempt at visual representation? The diagram divulges that it is not only that every representation is at the same time an abstraction, but that they involve each other, meaning any representation must include and rest upon certain kinds and a particular set of abstractions and vice versa. Produced by an artist who is also vehemently engaged in exploring the poetic possibilities of language, the picture serves as a thesis statement regarding the poetic interrelation of images and linguistic communication. Nevertheless the image draws from and teases pictorial conventions. Is the wave floating above implying avian flight or pointing to a motion? Do all circular forms imply the sun? Must the trabeated square refer to post and lintel construction, the fundamental form of architecture? Is the “ground” a hilly terrain, a horizon, or the dual cheeks of a buttock? The action is unclear, the figures uncertain. Above all, the paradoxical pictogram prompts the production of performative prepositions. The lines serve to mark various syntactic functions and semantic roles and express spatial or temporal relations. Everything is on the box, around the box, towards the box, under the box, before and after the box, constructing relations between inside and outside, an entanglement of elements. The lines are associated, they are involved, they are speaking to each other, acting upon one another. The image acts more as a contract than an arrangement of things, constructing an intersubjective collectivity. Shown in the first *12 hours*, the gallerist has since carried the glyph on her phone as a backdrop to all her communications. Her circulation likewise indicates an involvement, a commitment to the work and the artist, a readiness to readdress the image in varied circumstances. Therefore, *Involvement* serves as a logo for *12 hours*, as much a marker for relationality as for the transition of time.

The return of *12 hours* is less an exercise in premature nostalgia or self-historicization than an expression of a willingness to consider the byproducts and results of events by reiterating and readdressing them. As one of Larsson's titles confesses: "*I Want To Live With The Consequences Of My Actions.*" This may be easier said than done, but the silkscreen print in question gives some sense of what the artist means by this statement. An indistinct black, grey and white image, the textured picture is drawn from a photograph of street pavement. As is common in Swedish paving stones, the pebbly picture possesses a shell-like structure, a fossil from a bygone epoch. The image induces a temporal overlay, where the geologic time of the stones comes in contact with not only the remains and reuse of life, but also the past of the laying of the sidewalk and the remediation of the image and its printing. What is presented is a succession of sedimentary and metamorphic traces, information repeated, combined, and eroded. The ground contains in itself figures, suggesting not only that the floor beneath us has history, but also that it is a field for events, a collection of movements and calcifications that frame and support future activity.

The only object that resides in precisely the same position as in the first show is Larsson's *Bühne Carpet*, a predominantly blue hand-tufted rug with a black rectangle, and the word "BÜHNE" and an arrow woven in white into it. Surely the rug has circulated and moved since its initial display, but one can equally imagine that the mat has rotated 360 degrees, bringing the arrow to the exact same position. Like the hand of a clock, the pointer returns to the same position, but it is a different 12 hours now. As the arrow points out the window, the work can be seen as site specific, calling attention to the iconic Volksbühne theatre across the street. But the arrow is inexact, its designation does not make it fully across the street. Instead, the street itself becomes a theatre; the passers-by become actors in a grand imminent production in a grand celebration of *theatrum mundi*, the theatre of the world. In these interpretations, the work identifies theater as residing somewhere else, outside the gallery space. But the carpet itself operates as a stage, a marked out platform for events, just as the exhibition space also produces certain theatricality by its displacement from the world. Perhaps the appearance of a black rectangle on the carpet is a reference to "black box theaters": blank, unadorned sites for performative activity where the action is what produces the scene. As the sole object unmoved from the original installation, the carpet becomes also akin to a black box flight recorder, which records all the moves made by an airplane. It functions as a black box bursting with information that enables us to reconstruct where errors occurred and how problems could have been circumvented. Yet the black box on the carpet is more opaque and obscure. The intermission between exhibitions is more analogous to the blackboxing of technology. A black box can be defined as a device of which one may precisely specify the input on one side, and equally precisely describe the output on the other, but be unable to describe in detail what happens in the middle.² The carpet contains and is a black box, a transformer, a conductor that channels flows. Information comes in and comes out. The individual character is dispersed in multiple significance, and the stage object is incomplete and imperfect. A soft soapbox, it is the simplest form of theater, a demarcation of space that disengages the event and underlines action, producing both actors and eavesdroppers. A eagle rug or a prayer carpet, it elevates, it marks a conduit, it becomes a site for exchange. It covers the floor and produces a perimeter, but it is a soft spot for events, a cushioner.

For this *12 hours*, the artist has chosen to include another object affiliated with the Volksbühne: a bright yellow replica of the wheelchair ramp in the lobby of the theater. Customized and built specifically to accommodate the theater stairs, the displacement of the object from its site turns the supplement into a protagonist. An abstract yet efficient means of negotiating the stairs, the mutualist mass memorizes its unaccounted-for foundation exactly, yet it has lost its bespoke status, no longer useful as it was customized to only overcome a single obstacle. The instrument of mobility becomes mobile. Entitled *The Opening*, the slope is a ramping up of the conversation, an entry point placed with the field. Surely the object defamiliarizes the often-overlooked privilege of able-bodied individuals and reasserts the original slogan inscribed on the edifice of the theater, "Die Kunst dem Volke" ("Art to the people"), by literalizing the means in which the people can gain entry. The ramp is an appeal towards both physical and conceptual accessibility, an access not only to spectatorship, but also to participation. As a bright yellow prosthetic, a golden bridge, it makes visible both disability and endurance. The means of access becomes the stage itself, deconstructing the theatrical privileging of living presence. It invalidates the opposition between activity and passivity [between performers and spectators] as well as the scheme of "equal transmission" and the communitarian idea of the theatre that makes it in fact an allegory of inequality. Standardized and adjourning impairment, the ramp is an appeal for contact, a thoroughfare for a special audience that is often structurally excluded from the scene. Again, the construction of the stage is a matter of inclusion and exclusion, localizing certain subjects and events, while disregarding others. Theatrical representation becomes a consideration of varying types of, and contexts for, involvement. In Foucault's complaint, he cites the indifferent role of the spectators as theatricalizing his place in the scene. Without a reciprocal dialogue, he is rendered an actor or acrobat. The audience members are not active interpreters or agents and therefore observe the philosopher performing tricks detached from their own apprehension. The ramp allows the visitor to demonstrate, to enter the action. The slope at once covers the stairs and uncovers the scene, inciting observation while blanketing the means of access. Alone, the ramp replaces its base and joins the multitude of other coverings and uncoverings throughout the exhibition. A marker of the beginning and end and literally a narrative progression, the ramp serves as a curtain call, an entry, and an escape.

Another pair of objects similarly mark entrances and exits. The half-conical concrete chunks are cast from ornamental driveway bumpers that protect buildings from the damage of inexact automobile passage. Just as the ramp arbitrates the meeting of the wheelchair and the stairs, the objects serve as intermediaries between two entities, protecting both from the potential hazard of their encounter. Entitled *You Must Be Able To Interrupt A Friendly Conversation At All Moments* the shapes are a form of mediation that makes communication possible, they are an unexpected third in the conversation. In order for a dialogue to be amiable, it must be open to interruptions, to the barging in of other participants. In Michel Serre's *The Parasite*, he describes how communication between people, dialogue, is best thought of as "a game played by two interlocutors considered as united against the phenomena of interference and confusion". He suggests that these interlocutors are not dialectically opposed; rather, "they are on the same side, tied together by mutual interest: they battle against noise ... To hold a dialogue is to suppose a third man and to seek to exclude him"; a successful communication is the exclusion of the third man. For Serres, noise is also the pure multiplicity that serves as a background to all we do, the

ground to our figure. Binary concepts are regarded as only limited sets and linear systems, the parasite, the third, introduces the possibility of the un-communicable, the multiplicity of all that is excluded from a system that actually allows the system to function. The parasite, like the excluded third man in dialogue, is integral to the system from the start: its noise precedes and perturbs the system; but noise is also part of the production of the system—indeed, it forces the system to increase in its complexity. The parasite, the excluded third, is not only the turbulence that interrupts communication but is also a form of mediation that makes friendly correspondence possible. The ignored implements become speaking subjects. The bisected cones enter the scene and allow the conversation to continue. They buffer relations yet they are a supplement, an interruption that nevertheless joins in the discussion. While one of the sculptures is presented naked, exposing itself as it butts in, the other is wrapped in a moving blanket common in the transportation of objects. Again the agents of the exhibition appear to have forgotten to finish their work, the object is presented unprepared. The protector is protected, it softens relations. The cushion itself is cushioned as the stable shield is rendered mobile. It now interrupts the conversation, but it whispers, apologizing for its intercession yet nevertheless breaking the flow of the communication, shifting the exchange so as to accommodate and include what is commonly excluded.

Amendments that attain autonomy, the conical concrete slabs become reminiscent of Gogol's *The Nose*, they separate from sense and dissociate from the façade just as the nose leaves the face and rises in status. Placed between the windows of the gallery, the bare piece joins the binocular pair of windows and performs its proboscis-like potential, instigating anthropomorphic apophenia. Just as the pair of sculptures includes one covered, the other unclothed, one of the window curtains is pulled back, the other drawn. Once again we get a simultaneous covering and uncovering. Is the exhibition space winking at the viewer? Or has the exhibition become like Odin, exchanging an eye so as to see all, trading its right eye so as to nullify left-brain thinking, trading the intuitive, thoughtful, and subjective for the logical, analytical, and objective?

Perhaps the other cyclops in the exhibition will give another view. The wrapped concrete sculpture, a mammoth muffled muzzle, sits below Larsson's *Saunders Waterford Series (Birthday)* and becomes a silenced schnoz for the blue and white print's kinok-eye, a radial form akin to a photographic aperture. The unaccompanied aperture is arrested at the point of its capture. Is the variable shutter opening or closing? Its stutter suggests these repetitions and shroudings in the exhibition as productive, that with every closure is a disclosure. What event does the print apprehend? The title points to an annual celebration, an immature maturation, a replay that happens over and over again, that marks a resolution and a new beginning, a transition as an event. The image's mimicking of photography points to the missing trio of bewildering assemblages made up of digital cameras and bronze forms. The bronze shapes were casts of casting moulds, they describe not what is within, but what is without. Where the initial moulds were used to produce miniature animals, the artist instead emphasized the abstraction of the moulds themselves, turning the supplementary outside, the wrapping of the content, into the content itself. Similarly, the artist embedded and sandwiched digital cameras in the forms, denying any possibility of accessing the images within and instead only allowing us to encounter the shell of the cameras. By giving the works poetic titles eliciting a possibility for narrative, the artist accentuated the structures as containers of information that have more potential through speculation than actual access.

The background, the ground, the latent potential, became the figure, the manifest content. One can imagine the moment captured in *Saunders Waterford Series (Birthday)* as having resided within these now absent instruments of spectatorship. Like the assemblages, the print suggests the framing of information, highlighting both the possibility and apprehension of events within a field. The title of the work equally highlights the specific paper surface, the ground, on which the image is printed, and therefore joins the other uncoverings and stages in its proximity as a base container of information.

12 hours examines the operators that stage and circulate possibilities, the margins of information, the frames, the containers, the field that holds information as information itself. While surely the blank yet pregnant figures are uncertain and catalyze a condition of infinite potentiality, the information residing in these hollows are not simply innocuous imaginations. In fact, within these spaces linger paradoxes that tie the material to the symbolic and action to the ethical. In this *12 hours* the camera assemblages are replaced by a photograph that, like the ajar aperture, potentially inhabited the data banks of the missing apparatuses and signals an exchange of information. Like any photograph, the image freezes time and cites the visibility of an occurrence. The event depicted is an odd confluence of acts: a pair of young girls perform an adolescent hand-clapping game while surreptitiously handing between themselves an ambiguous device. Just as the clap is a shared gesture (both are clapping the other), the direction of the handoff is unclear, accentuating the moment between, where both parties are implicated. Even within the anodyne amusement of the game, a series of exchanges, positions, and interrelations are developed. The appearance of the hand clapping game emphasizes the often-unacknowledged physical and “phatic” properties of exchange (phatic meaning an expression whose meaning is of no consequence, but inaugurates a relation, performing a social task).

The title of the strange photograph poses a discomfiting question: ***Any idea how much it would cost to fill a ipod 160gb with legally purchased songs?*** This, to the artist, is a sculptural problem, a predicament predicated on the possible profligacy and particularity of information within any vessel. The artist did the calculations and answered the question that is normally paid no heed: filling the contemporary music player would be almost 38,000 Euros. How is it that the corporation (obsessed with the integrity of intellectual property) turns a blind eye to this material fact? No one in their right mind would buy an expensive toy like the ipod and then shell out an exponential amount of cash to fill it. The vast capacity of the object produces a hidden social pact, an agreement that condones the inevitability of illegal sharing. The crime is written into the object itself, its capacity of information exceeds the legitimate possibilities to stock it to the brim. The law is exhausted by the magnitude of potential information. One visible exchange within the field of the market insinuates another, illicit exchange, outside of view. Like the handclap and handoff, the exchange of manifest information comes simultaneous with a sub rosa interchange. Within the revealed exchange, nefarious distribution. The ipod in the title and the ambiguous mobile device in the girls’ hands each become quasi-objects, at once defined by their use while defining the users, their collective relation. They are nothing if they not filled with information. They are both simultaneously a blank vessel on to which society projects, and are so powerful as to shape social relations. Like a stage, it is only in their deployment and the agreements inaugurated by their appearance that makes it what it is. Like a ball in a game, they

transform the setting, at once blank machines activated by their social use and activating the users as players in a collectivity, the game. They provide access, not to things in themselves, but to relations. It is certainly an object, but one with the remarkable power to mark out subjects, it is an astonishing constructor of intersubjectivity that reshuffles the terms of relation. No social interaction takes place without material or immaterial objects mediating relations. Social ordering is posed not as a collecting together of individuals, but rather a set of sets of 'plays' around the quasi-object. There is no social contract as such, rather a material grounding of social relations with this special object, this joker, this peculiar parasite that is neither properly subject nor object but rather that upon which relationships as such between persons are founded.

In keeping both with the apple product reference and his emphasis on the wrappings of information (and thereby social relation), Larsson has framed the photograph in a brilliant red reminiscent of aftermarket accessories (again one exchange comes with another assumed exchange). By doing this, the artist not only accentuates the customization of standard objects whereby individualist lifestyle is a consumer choice, but also highlights the frame, the container, as the integral site of information. The covering of the image works in tandem with its appearance. Yet again it is not the information that is of importance in the exhibition, but rather the implication of information itself, the wrappings that allow for information to appear. The information within the exchanged device and the ipod, the potential performances on the stages and images, and the cryptic pictures and glyphs do indeed have possible importance, but they have no specific determination. The objects can refer to information only if one wants them to. What matters is that these objects allow for interchanges to erupt, for narrative to develop, for events to reside. In the Foucault story, the students rush not to engage with the speaker, but to collect the data. The cassette tapes in the story exist less as a possibility for replaying and reiteration, than a marker and replacement for the event itself. While *12 hours* has multiple references to theater, it is not the performance that matters, but rather the possibility of the record, of the reiterability of events as a site for transformation. Implicitly taking to heart the etymological coupling of the words theory and theater (derived as they are from the Greek *theoria*, signifying the act of beholding or witnessing), Larsson emphasizes the gallery, containers and objects as primary observers, mediators that produce relations. By proliferating coverings and uncoverings, the artist articulates a space between manifest action and latent possibility, the obscene non-space of theatrical imagining. The containers throughout the exhibition are attempts at making experiments in spatial grammar, calling into question the structural logics that govern the composition and articulation of form. The gallery space is posed as a space that stages, registers, determines, and frames events, a seemingly blank and closed circuit that nonetheless accumulates its own memories and establishes action through repetitions and transmutation. It is not a matter of divulging the difference between one iteration of the show and the other, but rather about making visible the devolution of ideas. *12 hours* views itself through a refracted lens and becomes a document that is subject to revision, reconstruction, and distortion.