

If no one gives us space, we create our own. This central thesis of DIY is itself a reissue of an older idea and has, since at least the 1970s, been continually aestheticized, commodified, and simulated. But let's take a step back; behind the brickstone UFOs built for crypto companies and beneath the loosely carpentered side tables of the downtown wood-fired bakery.

Central is the continual transformation of form, gesture, and meaning; the ways in which resistance and improvisation are recombined and made visible. Realities are not simply replaced or simulated; they emerge within systems that constantly fracture and fold back onto themselves. A similar dynamic unfolds with the painting protagonists before the camera, painting directly onto the lens¹: the more that is painted, the less remains visible. Form persists as transition; the work as movement. The tempo intensifies within a steady pulse. Still punk at heart.

Letters tilt. *D* becomes *Th*, a sound shifts, and with it, meaning. Punk is dead². Is death. Not dead. Like Scrabble tiles, signs move across the board, settle elsewhere, form other words without the material itself changing. Headlines are letters, are newspaper, are paper, papier-mâché, become fences. Meaning does not arise from an origin but from rearrangement and the slight displacement of a difference.³

This rhythm, this constant shifting, renders visible the otherwise unseen processes of labour, practice, and form. What often appears as mere activity or gesture reveals itself as structured movement, in which every action has consequence, every transition becomes perceptible, and the work only forms through this ongoing transformation. Punk is dead, is death, and it is not about the proper epitaph but about displacement. *D* to *Th*. From event to system. The death of the author. Not authenticity that counts, but the continual decomposition of authenticity⁴. A rhythmic beat in which practice and work shift. Scrabble, Scrabble letters moving: repositioning, repeating, condensing. Signs detach from situations, a mohawk in green-red-green⁵, affects accumulate. In this passage, transitions remain tangible and labour remains perceptible, even once it has already become work - as the aftersound of the movement that produced it.

(1) Gilles Jacot, *In forms and fictions*, 2026

(2) Crass. "Punk Is Dead." *The Feeding of the 5000*, Small Wonder Records, 1978.

(3) David Antin, „Title of Essay“, in *radical coherency: selected essays on art and literature 1966–2005* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2011)

(4) Barthes, Roland (1967): *La mort de l'auteur*. In: *Manteia*, Nr. 5, S. 12–17

(5) Gucci. Fall/Winter 2026 Collection. Milan Fashion Week, February 2026.

Family Portrait

It was a long time ago, but I still remember when Urs (d) handed Philippe (b) and me two large boxes. The two moving boxes were packed full of cut plywood blocks, in the dimensions that I would later come to know under the brand name Kapla. Over the years, the variations, shapes, uses, and applications of these blocks proved themselves as we played with them.

One form that came up repeatedly was a tower, which, after reaching a certain height, became a column. The goal—or rather, the height—was limited by our room's ceiling. We had to stack them vertically, since we didn't have enough blocks to reach the ceiling otherwise. A wobbly and fragile column, which, only with great care, slowly inched toward the ceiling.

We rarely succeeded, but when we did, we could stabilize the top of the column by wedging it against the ceiling with a piece of cardboard or something similar to fill the gap. If that worked as well, we were really pleased. Probably me even more than Philippe (b), since I was younger.

But the idea, the temptation, came quickly: not to leave the column standing. A pillow or some other throwable object served perfectly to demolish and sabotage the column.

The blocks were scattered across the room, and our attention soon drifted to something else. Once it was time to clean up, our fight started.

That's when Anne (m) would walk in, probably wondering why this always happens the same way.

Best,
Gilles