

out girls and boys looking through the adjacent windows. Their status keeps them from entering. I wish they could be updated and I wish I could make out with them.

Another wish: put wielded hammers into their small hands so they can break their entry through the thickening glass, the vanguard that parts us. An unspoiled monster recalls: Toot toot.

Twist after twist. Into a couple of different chapters. Parts are repeated. You get up and say it is willed to be remembered. You get up and ask, who told you, you fool?

I only smacked my lips on account of—

In consideration of my pleasure.

Some other unspoiled monster recalls. You say, she has a certain technique. But she is not an artist. I beg to differ. Protest. She is—

I use tones chilled as Alpine slopes as I say, she is a bit limited. But. She is a very great artist. Would you frown upon her limitations? Who'd dare to define them on a ladder of nonsensical hierarchy? Like opposites facing each other at a dinner table. Tied to silence like at a Zoroastrian dinner ceremony. I have to say it again, dualities only exist in self-saving video games and resurrected TV series.

Truly.

Truth as Illusion. And Illusion as truth? The first.

The second is another proposition. (As truth is nonexistent, it can never be anything but illusion— but illusion, the by-product of revealing artifice, can reach the summits nearer the unobtainable peak of Perfect Truth. For example, female impersonators. The impersonator is in fact a man (truth), until he re-creates himself as a woman (illusion)— and of the two, illusion is truer.) I'd like to be a true girl.

And you the humming boy. On a swing. On Aiora day.

Spread sweet poison and you will be left dangling.

Spread them like feathers. Seductive. Narcotic.

Wonder. Really, Wonder. Darling. I manipulate with care. I unplug my finger from your mouth. It's got a sour taste to it. Probably because you're Asian. Lack of soul owns its own citric value.

I try to be simple. Yes, I'm saying simple, alas, not prosy. Say nothing is more complex than the barbaric state.

At last, the humming continues swimmingly...

conceived in the museum or gallery context, space is treated as time: the duration of a piece of music and the movement of a gallery goer in space are exchangeable experiences. The work uses space to develop itself through the time spent there. Sound serves as material. However visually appealing, details such as speakers and curtains are there as bare necessities for the transmission of sound and absorption of reverberations. Any work by Weinberger is less site-specific than the term would suggest. While a given space shapes the concept, the work is not so much shaped by the site as by the behavior of the visitor therein.

While she was working on her first solo exhibition at Kunsthalle Basel, "When You Leave, Walk Out Backwards, So I'll Think You're Walking In," I noted in the accompanying brochure that the essential mode of her practice and production had been that of collaboration and participation. But after being part of her recent performance, "Concerto locale" at the Swiss Institute in Milan, this reading now seems incomplete. Participation is indeed an important aspect of the creation of her work. In her show in Milan, there were around forty people actively involved in the production of the final work which was then turned into an exhibition. For the opening, forty individuals each created their own hour-long mixed track in real time, by using a pre-installed sound program on their computers. The forty channels of sound were installed as one unit and then played simultaneously in a loop. It was the first time that a performative act generated and activated Weinberger's work. The result of the performance will remain on view for several weeks in the form of the deserted performance setup, devoid of everything save for the computer speakers, each playing its one hour track on a loop.

Although this may sound like a collaborative work, being among this group and participating in the production felt more like being part of an assembly line in a factory or software enterprise. But here, the product was unique— produced by a mass, not mass-produced. Each participant worked on his or her own track, fending off distraction by the others, to find a certain rhythm, so as to create his or her own composition. For an hour, each participant became a composer— trained musicians next to artists and people from all kinds of professional backgrounds. They engaged, in that moment, in the production of sounds limited by the possibilities of the software Weinberger asked them to use. From a distance, the forty people seated at tables, all with open laptops, looked uniform, each

I write about soldiers and formations. Technological dialect abused to everyone's advantage. I fail principally. I'm left with my initial sentence which isn't mine to begin with: the best astronauts never dream. On another notion, how to approach your line of work having talked about the sensuality of the moribund state. Say sway away from such praised accordance of aligned aesthetics and utilitarian objects that simultaneously lure and repel you. To move away from appliances that isolate the idea of an outdated fondness of fascism. Still chic, Kip. To arrive where disciplined lines are broken. Split into their mere visual gratification and modernist uselessness. To an unclasped place of apparent freedom where I'm entrapped in canonical repetition; sure, willfully entrapped. Or to use another piece of theft: a concert audience isn't there to see the violins. But we are. I have to think of astronauts again. They hum and play, and dance in space. Posing gracefully, unbound from their physical weight. In a place emptied of air and sound. Science tells us that you can't hear sound in outer space but you are able to see it. Visually record it. A rotating lie. Noises are punching some air. As I try to break out of my own imagination I'm able to make

busy making his or her own music. None of them would be able to listen to their work as an individual track, just as no factory worker would recognize on a shelf of a store the commodity he or she has assembled piece-meal at the factory. "For all the people, with all the people, by all the people"— as the slogan went in the former socialist states, sounding a resolute call to the idea of individual participation towards a common goal. It seems that Weinberger has found a modest democratic solution to the problem of alienated labour, one workable at least within artistic production. The installation in Milan makes creative room for and gives voice to each one of its 'workers.' The result is a harmonizing space where a true community resounds. Everybody knows what they are working for. Every-body likes to collaborate and give his or her best. People get involved in Weinberger's productions as if they were working for their own benefit. The title of her upcoming show at the Swiss Institute in New York, "Le Mot Du Toi" ("The Me Of You"), seems to speak her approach to working with others, highlighting the critique of absolute artistic individuality in the production of her own work. This concept of the conjoined work creates a sense of belonging that is one of the strongest I have yet experienced. I am not even sure if there is a point in trying to discern one's own composition when listening to the final compilation of overlapping sounds. The final work, both as performance and installation, is based on simultaneous action and play. There is always more to say but let's keep it short and highlight the ease and happiness that Hannah Weinberger inspires with her presence and her work by singing lines from one of the CDs that she produced as an invitation for her solo show at the Swiss Institute in Milan: "La, la, lala, la, la, lalala, la (...)". We are strangers to ourselves, but this is exactly what we share with others.

