



## 7.7. RER train from center of Paris to Charles de Gaulle airport; flight to Berlin, Tegel; bus from Tegel to Berlin Unter den Linden

Departing from Paris—as always blooming with flowers and odors, basically throughout all the year—to Berlin, as always blooming with construction sites and their special grey zones' charm. On the RER I always listen to the immigrants singing, playing accordion or tambourines as they come in the train on the location towards the airport. While waiting to board the flight, I read the newspapers thoroughly, look at my provisional schedule that usually enlarges immensely when being on the spot and actually performing it, and read the chapters of the books I took with me (this time Chantal Mouffe's *The Democratic Paradox* and Toni Negri's *Art et multitude. Neuf lettres sur l'art*). On trips that last a little more than a weekend, I try to fill in the whole time right before and after, as well as in between the departure and arrival with reading.

Yet upon my arrival to Kunst Werke, where I would have had a screening evening within e-flux's Video Rental, and upon having a lunch with Nataša Ilić and Ivet Ćurlin, one half of the WHW curatorial collective from Zagreb and friends of mine, I find out about the London bombs. Nataša received an SMS about them and I immediately tried to reach my sister and my friends over there. Everything else becomes extremely relative and unnecessary. In hotel Unter den Linden, I observe the differences between the sensationalist journalism at CNN, am surprised by the coolness and focus of inhabitants of the hurt city and of some of the wounded victims, and the sharp and maximally organized reports at BBC. I write the e-mails to all of those London-based colleagues and friends I remember at the moment of confusion, shock, and disbelief.

I glance at the list of videos I am going to show this evening and realize, I had some kind of a pre-cognition. Two longer videos were done as a result of the post-9/11 situation—from the source of the anti-Iraqi war protests in London (The Otolith group) and detention of lots of innocent Muslims in the States who became ghost prisoners for some months without any obvious proof of their supposed crimes (Naeem Mohaiemen/Visible collective). The audience in the evening is attentive and open, there are quite a few moments of laughter, especially when Bjargey Olafsdottir explains her affection to English spoken by various accents, and there are some moments of silence, specially following the last video about Muslim detentions by Naeem.

## 9.7. ICE train from Berlin Zoo to Dortmund Hauptbahnhof

Embarking on a train to Dortmund to visit Inke Arns, who is the new artistic director of the Hardware space. I'm thinking about the sometimes-too-fancy image of traveling curators and I think they are yet another type of vagabonds. Has anyone been talking to artists, how they feel, being asked to travel sometimes up to eight times per month, from a place to place with the goal of exhibiting, presenting, communicating, and enlarging one's own audience and comprehension about one's work? Do we talk fancy about politicians and businessmen who are traveling ten times more than that? Or aren't we all becoming art politicians, representatives of an international contemporary art party whose purposes and manifestos are much too superficial to ever get the chance to be taken seriously, as some of us silently would hope it to happen? I am remembering a talk we had with Elena Tzotzi in Bergamo at the conference of young curators (a conference with a subtitle "Enter. Atlas" that tried to track and make a statement about who is who from the younger generation of the international curators and what are the common trends in young curating. And, well, the idea didn't exactly fail, but offered not a lot of common ground for this to happen, except the fact that the participants were mostly around thirty years old) about the curators' travels and them being asked to transpose their own models of curating. And Elena said, "but what are these models that we are talking about?" We are yet another addition in the statistics of the labor mobility that occurs each day, when, as Marjetica Potrč says, millions of people move in and out of or between the cities each day in order to work and go back home.

In Hardware, a former factory in the industrial part of Dortmund, I get to see the first exhibition Inke conceived as artistic director of the space. We have an engaged talk about curating, where we



both express our belief in its ethical values and need for a responsibility towards the representations and visibility it generates. I am nostalgic and impressed by the factory skyline around the amazing Hartware space, the exhibition about the overlaps of urban and digital spaces, and the first ever pre-DJ sound collage by Walter Ruttmann that Inke plays in the evening's program.

#### 9.7. Regional train from Dortmund Hauptbahnhof to Kassel Wilhelmshöhe

With Inke we are on our way to Kassel to meet again with Nataša and Ivet, as well as René Block and Birgit Eusterschulte and to see WHW's large-scale manifesto-exhibition Collective Creativity at Kunsthalle Fridericianum. I feel a certain nostalgia again as Kassel's hill Wilhelmshöhe is approaching, it was however ten months that I spent in this town, working two years ago. Inke and I are both writing on our laptops and finishing some "necessary" things to be done, instead of looking out of the windows and the seeing beautiful landscape and drift within the greenery and the towns in between. How very isolated these office-environments force us to be.

I am overwhelmed by the massive research and covering of the collectivity topic of the exhibition, as well as I hardly recall when I last felt an enjoyment like this, wandering for three hours in an exhibition and not feeling tired. With Nataša, Ivet, Birgit, Solvej and René we end up in a steak house in the evening and discuss very passionately about the problems of neo-colonialism in contemporary art.

#### 11.7. ICE train from Kassel Wilhelmshöhe to Berlin Zoo

In the morning I visit the Kunsthalle's staff and am happy to see all of the girls looking great, energetic, and smiling. On the train back to Berlin, I have a real physical experience while reading the books I took with me. Powerful and live-feeding my present thoughts. In the evening my friends, Einar Thorsteinn and his wife Manuela take me around the seemingly deserted Brandenburger Tor and we talk about the hidden, but so present aspect of things and events that occur in our lives.

#### 12.7. Bus from Berlin to Tegel airport; flight to Charles de Gaulle, Paris; RER train from Charles de Gaulle airport to the centre of Paris

After a nice breakfast at Egill Saebjornsson's new flat, close to my favorite bookshop ProQM, I try to squeeze in the last hour of my stay in Berlin by meeting with several friends and colleagues. Luca Cerizza, who comes to the hotel first, jokes that it feels like having reception with the pope (and I hope that it is not anything about me that made him think that). Literally we have just five minutes for a talk. I continue with a coffee with an engaged community of Katya Sander, Simon Sheikh and their friend from the States, and Marina Sorbello. Serious talks and promises of changing the state of things through art, as much as possible and with realistic goals. I catch the bus, I catch the flight and Paris smells again of flowers and other odors. In between I eat and sleep.