



Five exchanges on *Blood Ties*  
between Eulalia Valldosera and  
Bárbara Rodríguez Muñoz

The following five exchanges, which took place during the preparation of the exhibition, open up Valldosera's constellation of references to trace the collective knowledge that infuses her practice. Fragments of books, voices from online-sources, readings and teachings – eclectic material that she appropriates and weaves through her work – building bridges between different languages to ultimately move away from an individual authorial voice to an evolving and public discourse.

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I

Dear Eulalia,

Last week I experienced one of those precious moments when art slips away from the controlled experience of the institution, and unexpectedly sneaks into the privacy of one's living room. As I was immersed in the adventures and misfortunes of the Visceral Realist poets Arturo Bolaño and Ulises Lima in Roberto Bolaño's novel, *The Savage Detectives*, subtle reflections of your new installation, Mother and Father, started to appear within the pages of the book. Arturo Bolaño, distressed and exhausted, arrives at his lover's house, Laura Jáuregui;

He whispered that he loved me, that he would never be able to forget me. Then he got up (twenty seconds after he'd spoken, at most) and slapped my face. The sound echoed through the house. We were on the first floor but I heard the sound of his hand (when his palm left my cheek) rise up the stairs and enter each of the rooms of the second floor, dropping down through the climbing vines and rolling like glass marbles in the yard. When I could react, I made a fist with my right hand and hit him in the face.

In this paragraph, sound becomes a physical bond that connects the characters with the elements in the house, situating them within the architectural space, to become a wave of rolling glass marbles, the physical residue of a domestic episode that ripples and escapes from the confines of the room. As in your work, Bolaño has the ability to materialize the immaterial, to crystallize an ephemeral daily scene so it becomes a substance that is then manipulated and modelled to construct a story.

In Mother and Father (2012) filmed shadows of a man and a woman performing a sequence of love and hate rituals – including the dramatic slapping of each other’s faces in turn – are projected onto the mirror of a medicine cabinet. The mirror’s reflection of the projector’s beam creates a path that links the couple with a display of personal belongings and the gallery space, generating the narrative of the piece. As the light strikes and penetrates each surface, the symbolism of the object is unveiled, multiplying the possible narratives that the simple slapping scene has created. Where does the story’s path go now? Does it escape the gallery, rippling away like Bolaño’s glass marbles? I also wonder what happens to the stories when the projector’s beam is dimmed for a few seconds and the objects lie peacefully in the twilight. Then the viewer can approach them, observe them liberated from the dramatic subjectivities of the video projection. Will they still irradiate some sort of ambiguous power?

When we were thinking for a title for this exhibition we discussed the different meanings of the word ‘twilight’. We envisioned twilight as a threshold space, when time slows down and conscious and subconscious realities merge. For me, it relates to summer dusk, a playful extended period when light and darkness meet, and possibilities multiply. It has such poetic, yet undefined connotations. However, we quickly realised that the word is loaded with references. At one point we even found it difficult to disassociate it from vampires chasing teenagers through a desolate landscape. Thinking about Mother and Father, I thought that we could ‘rescue’ the word and reposition it as a positive subjective state: an in-between zone where uncertainty reigns, binary oppositions blur – such as male/female – and conventional patterns can be displaced.

All the best,  
Bárbara

Dear Bárbara,

Ghosts are entities that our own imagery constructs to give shape to an elemental human emotion, fear. Why are we attracted to them? Because if we manage to overcome the immediate reaction, fear could become a creative force.

**What occupies human beings most is what they refute. And so they approach the rejected principle until they manage to live with it. Just as with our own body, of which we can only see some parts since there are others we cannot see (the eyes, the face, the back, etc.) and to contemplate them we need the reflection from a mirror, in the same way in our minds we suffer from a partial blindness and we can only recognize what is invisible (the shadow) through its projection and reflection on its surroundings or exterior world.** (Thorwald Dethlefsen and Rüdiger Dahlke, *The Healing Power of Illness*, 1983)<sup>1</sup>

Twilight is the anteroom of darkness and the current excessive light pollution doesn’t favor our reconciliation with fear. Psychoanalysts locate the patient’s couch in the twilight as an invitation to fall into a reverie where they are asked to separate light from darkness – this is, to find the traumatic knots that underlie the personal narratives that during the day we tend to explain using a linear, rational cause-effect interpretation:

**Chance is none other than our ignorance of the complex machinery of causality.**  
(Jorge Luis Borges)

Once immersed in the twilight, distinctions dissolve, object’s outlines merge with the environment, we hesitate about our reasoning and we may discover the defensive walls that keep us inside a ‘given shape’. Only when we abandon ourselves to that ‘shapeless state’, to fear, can we deactivate it. The first step is to accept that, in the end, we will die, losing our subjective identities and become objects, a residue.

Psychoanalytic work ends when we are able to see our own shadows; when we acknowledge all the personal qualities that we deny, qualities that we project over others to make them responsible for our suffering. Western adolescents approach the maternal and paternal figures through this game of reflections of qualities, redeeming their guilt on their journey towards individualisation and relativisation of the Ego.

In Mother and Father, I materialise my inner landscape through objects and I bring light into each shadowy aspect of my personal narrative. From

that process only the objects and the light paths that link them remain, and my personal narration disappears. My experience is only important because it is the same as others', a possible starting point to access the collective imagery. As Castaneda told us, in his *Teachings of Don Juan*, to erase our personal story we should narrate it over and over again, until there is no corner without light, no shadow without shape, until the self is dislocated and achieves a wider consciousness.

**It's like the difference between sparkling, clear water that flows over crystal and on which the sun is reflecting and a very cloudy, muddy water flowing along the ground. It is a light that has no night.** (Santa Teresa de Jesús, *The Book of Her Life*, 1555-1560)

44 However, the narration is not really created by the objects, or their symbolic power, as you said, but by light. In psychological terms and also for some spiritual beliefs, light enables self-recognition, reunion and love. Light is really the material my works are made of, although without the objects interrupting the light's path, the light would be invisible. In an anti-romantic gesture, I try to choose impersonal objects, with no value or personal anecdotes, since these things are just knots, the full-stops and commas the viewer needs to construct a narrative. Light paths organise and connect all objects in a fabric that creates a psychological or healing environment, in which all the grammatical elements that could form a narrative are present, although I leave the viewer to generate this narrative through their subjective projections.

**...the brilliancy corresponds to the primitive idea of 'mana' and means, therefore something which has an emotional or feeling value...** (Marie-Louise Franz *On divination and synchronicity: The psychology of meaningful chance*, 1915)

To make light evident I need to turn to a *mis-en-scene* and theatrical language, which is very close to a subconscious language. Let's remember that the first cinema projections happened in the theater, they were magical, collective acts. The mediating device needs a frame, which by now we are used to.

**Illumination is not obtained by imagining figures of light, it is obtained by bringing consciousness into darkness.** (C.G. Jung)

The 'frame' of the exhibition space is the white and aseptic cube; I'd say that it is a hygienic environment. I like comparing museums or galleries with hospitals: all the exhibited objects are ill or are the symptom of an illness. Through illness we experience the 'shadow' in the form of

psychical symptoms, it forces us to recognize something that we negate. The body of the artwork could be understood as a display of symptoms in the exhibition space. And to heal it it's necessary to go to the origin of illness, and from there start a new narration.

The installations that belong to the series Appearances (1993-1995) represent each room of a house. As a cartography of our psyche, each room takes a specific bodily function which, psychosomatically, corresponds to one type of emotion or psychic shadow.

**Doubtless because it was the only room whose door I was allowed to lock, whenever my occupation was such as required an inviolable solitude; reading or dreaming, secret tears of paroxysms of desire.** (Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*, 1913)

45 The bathroom is an environment that, for obvious reasons, is extremely aestheticised in our society. It is like the patient's couch, a perfect place to confine oneself, to remember and to rebuild our external image, the one that connects with the collective. To remember means literally to recollect, to unite a fragmented body. Objects function as mediators, regardless of their symbolic value; they are signals of our particular memory building. As you mentioned, we do project our power onto our personal belongings, despite what they are and without making it so visible to others. In fact, our first possessions are what Winnicott called 'the transitional objects', those random things that allow us to overcome the hard but necessary separation from our parents and in which we place trust during the first steps in the long journey towards self-formation.

Best wishes,  
Eulalia

II

Dear Eulalia,

Today, I came across a startling commentary by Agnès Varda on the relationship between film and photography:

**Cinema and photography throw back to each other – vainly – their specific effects. To my mind cinema and photography are like a brother and a sister who are enemies... after incest.** (Agnès Varda)

I think this is such an insightful, yet problematic, footnote for your new photographic series, Family Ties (2012), an assemblage of various photographs in which members of two interconnected families interact. The different superimposed photographic layers reveal, on an emotional level, the complex and hidden motivations of each relative, and their interdependence with the others. But you also decided to unveil the process of assemblage and left the edges of each layer visible; you didn't completely merge all the scenes so I can disassemble them and observe each moment in itself, like animated chapters from a longer saga. As Varda implied, film and photography overflow their boundaries, borrowing from each other in a complex interdependent state, like brothers and sisters.

46 I hope that you like the quote.

Best,  
Bárbara

Dear Bárbara,

These words touch me, especially because I truly relate to Varda's practice. She knows how to find beauty in the banal, and furthermore, in everything we consider ugly, valueless, insignificant. From life's dramas we can extract valuable knowledge, as long as we are able to overcome our fear of the dark shadows that condition and even threaten our behaviour. From our trip to the darkness we might come back with a shiny treasure. And if there is an archetypal situation in which our darker side tends to show off, it is the family nucleus.

In Varda's metaphor she is speaking in moral terms, in the sense that, when it comes to choosing a medium the ethics of the work is a deciding factor. If the ultimate reason for those photographic series hadn't been to illuminate the dark side of family life I wouldn't have dared to ask my family members to pose for me.

The experience of synchronicity has been decisive in my practice; by showing the different stages of the creative process I undermine the autonomy of the artwork. I can't stop feeling that artworks are residues of an activity and that the final object, following the laws of entropy, is usually less important than the process. Family Ties has a certain narrative implicit in it since we can simultaneously appreciate different

moments. Many of us perceive that time is accelerating in such a way that we must learn to manipulate and transcend it at our will.

**For the mind, space and time are, so to speak, 'elastic' and can almost be reduced to a vanishing point, as if they depended on psychic conditions and did not exist on their own, being merely a 'postulate' of the conscious mind. (C.G. Jung; *Synchronicity*, 1952)**

Through my installations I revise some of the concepts that have so often been applied when analysing artists – which has partly been a disaster, in the sense of inflating the speculative bubble of the market through the figure of the artist as a unique genius. In my work, be it photographic, performative or installation, I work with a moral principle: to unveil the process of creation of the work and encourage audience involvement, and in this way I question the position of the artist as a unique creative 'genius'. Similarly, when I worked with the two families to construct these photographs, I presented them as a relational constellation to understand that, despite a social emphasis on individualism and uniqueness, we are part of a system.

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**We are truly the echoes of what various subjectivities have left inside each other. With this in mind, it is important to re-read in a philosophical manner psychoanalysis and, for example, everything that has been said during the last 100 years about mother-son relationships (...). These ideas had their moment, but now we need to overcome the ideology of independence and individualism. If we don't understand that each child, due to its unstable nature, has the right to be loved, and that this is the responsibility of a whole society, we won't have understood a single word of what cultural politics means. (Peter Sloterdijk: 'in order to construct a committed ethical discourse, I'd rather become an artist', Teresa Rocha Barco, *Babelia, El País*, October, 2010)<sup>2</sup>**

In Sloterdijk's words moral and psychological energies converge; he states, poetically and pertinently, that artistic production could have a healing effect but that our prejudices might have blinded us to this potential.

To enable me to confront myself in the photo sessions and post-production process, I applied my previous and personal experience with family constellations, a therapeutic method invented by Bert Hellinger that aims to help people by locating them within their own familial, national or ethnic systems. I find Hellinger's work very useful as it recognises the brute facts of family life without the filter of political correctness. My ultimate purpose is to unveil the precarious balance that underlies much of family life and the powerful effects of our collective heritage on the destiny of each family member.

Family Ties puts under the spotlight the fact that each of us is part of what we could call a unique common subject (in this instance the family), that feels, thinks, and evolves and that it is effected by the mood of the other members.

As with all my spatial work in which the devices are unveiled, in this photographic series reality is depicted as a surface composed of many layers. To show the 'trick', the limits of the collage technique, is a way to make the viewers my accomplices, who, even if they can sense that they are being somehow tricked, they are also able to recombine the scenes and consequently make their own interpretation.

All the best,  
Eulalia

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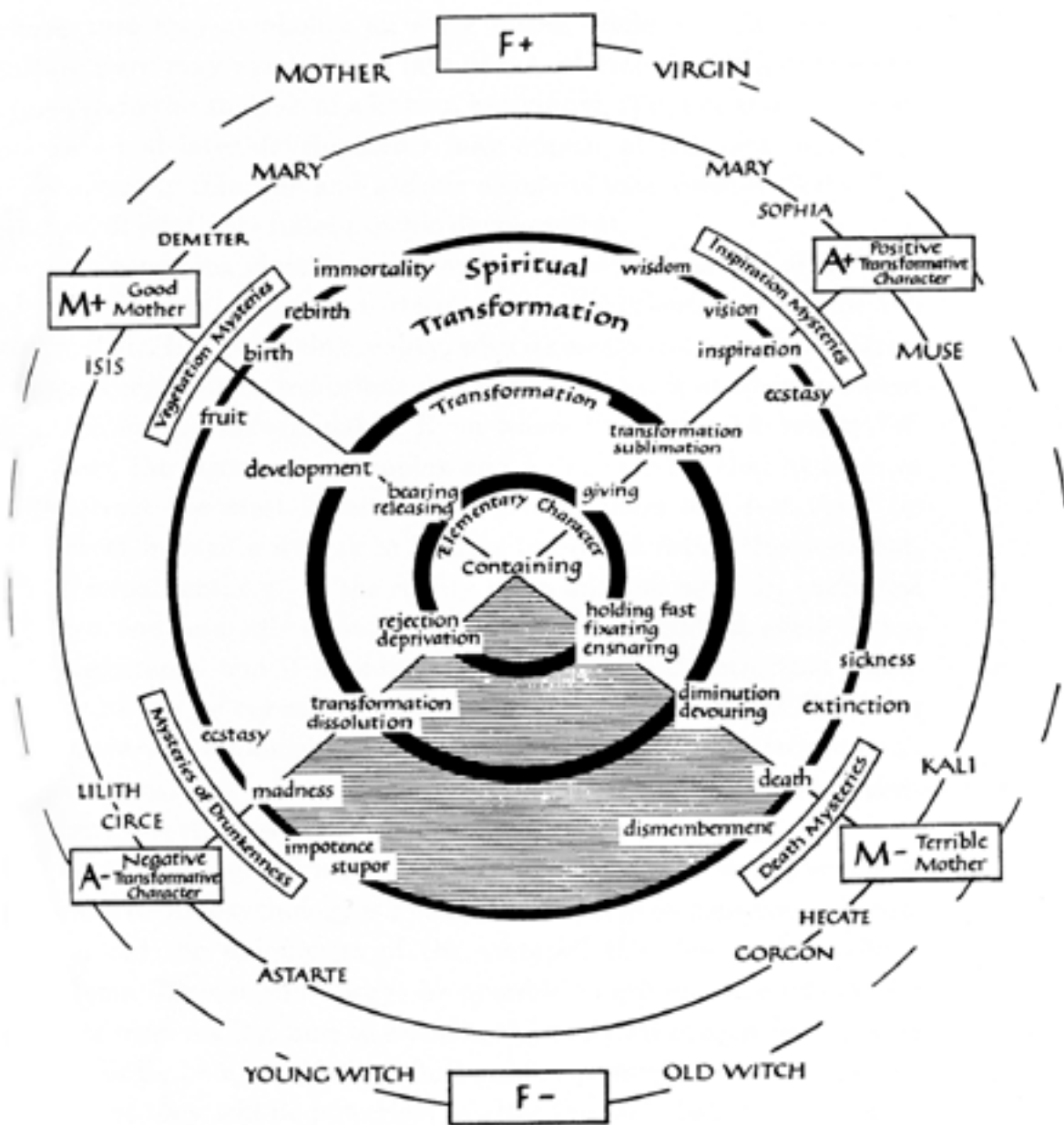
III

Dear Eulalia,

When I asked you for some academic and literary references that were dear to you, you mentioned Erich Neumann 's *The Great Mother: a physiological and structural analysis of this primordial archetype and its evolution and manifestations in popular culture*. To my surprise I found – in between images of sculptural depictions of The Venus of Willendorf, the Egyptian Isis-Hathor, the Fertility Goddess, Kali the Devourer and the ancient Roman Ceres – a very familiar picture: a diagram that represents the dynamics of the female archetype, outlining the movement of the Ego and consciousness and its different transformative stages. This diagram was the core of a book titled *Luna Roja* (Spanish for Red Moon), which explores the menstrual cycle in an active and positive sense, emphasising the powerful creative force that it causes.

I am considering the implications of your installation The Period (2006), the boldness and paradoxes that this work reveals. For me it represents – among other readings that I will outline later – a tribute to the female menstrual cycle, since it evokes the typical movement of hormone levels and the consequential body changes. The gesture of presenting such a natural and universal and yet stigmatized reality in a public space is, paradoxically, still a brave one. This realisation makes me consider the achievements of feminism and women's rights achievements in the Western World. Now we can live the lives of men; we have eventually





↳ the house

- ↳ collection
- ↳ accumulation
- ↳ part of a set
- ↳ fragment

↳ the self

- ↳ emotional value ∪ shells
- ↳ an effort / decisions
- ↳ self made
- ↳ the profession ∪ watches ∪ tables

↳ the other

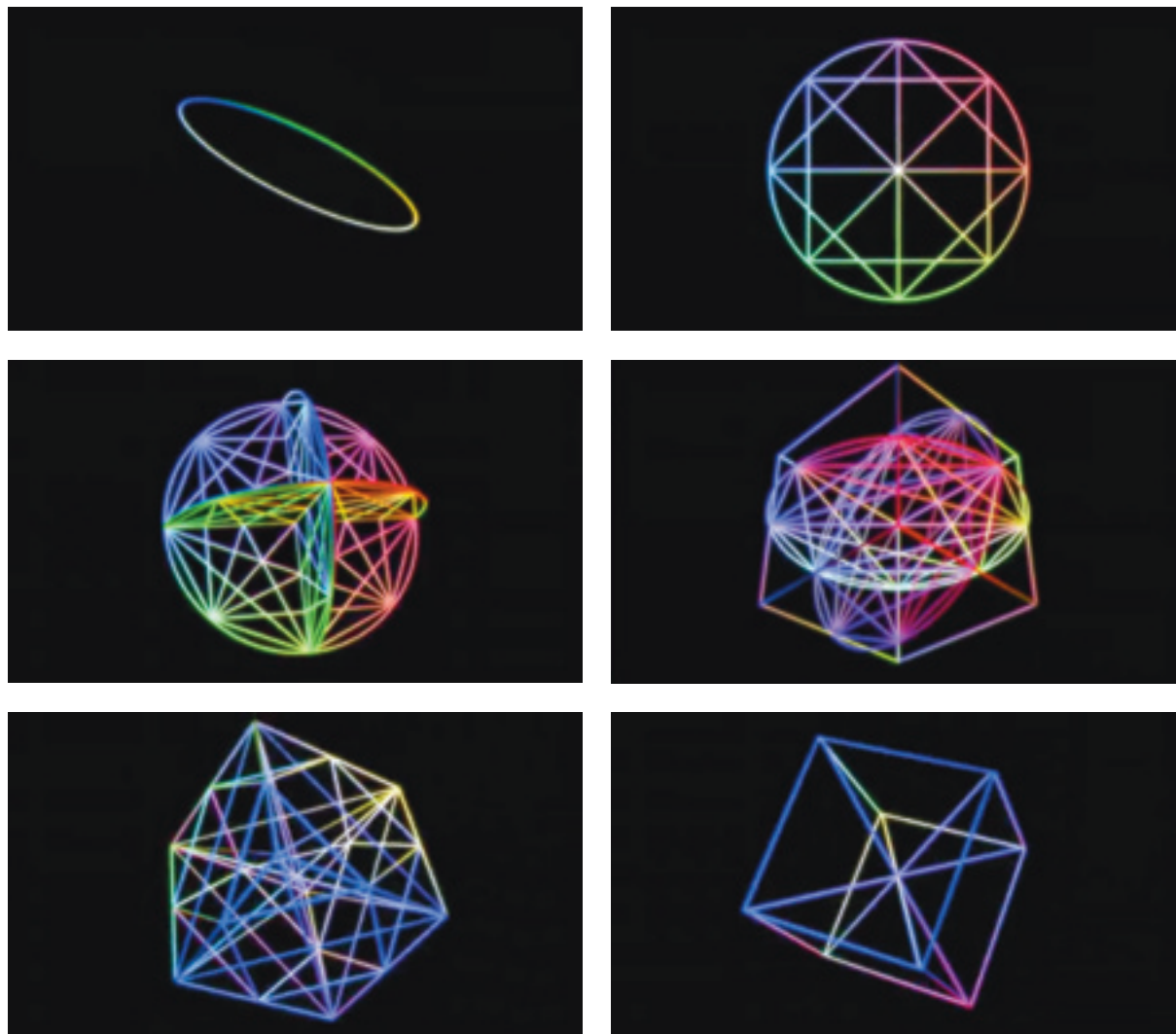
- ↳ partner
- ↳ gift
- ↳ state / nature of a relationship ∪ cups ∪ watches
- ↳ family
- ↳ inheritance
- ↳ present



3rd schema in *The Great Mother*, Erich Neumann

Top: *Interviewing Objects No.1.Reloaded*, 1997-2001, video stills

Bottom: *Mysterious cloud appears in the sky above Russia* <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AIIZ1BTikII>



assimilated male occupations and equal legal status, but only by inscribing ourselves with what can be seen as male patterns and rhythms. This leaves us with a more subtle and subjective debate, as in order to maintain those jobs and rights but also remain synchronised with our cyclical nature we should normalize what has been defamed. Back to Neumann' exploration on the female period, next to the diagram he writes, beautifully:

Helplessness, pain, stupor, sickness, distress, loneliness, nakedness, emptiness, madness, can therefore be the forerunners of inspiration and vision and so manifest themselves as stations on a road leading through danger to salvation, through the extinction of death to rebirth and new birth. (Erich Neumann, *The Great Mother*, 1955)

How to naturalise what has been denaturalised? How to universalise what has become a 'private matter'? Isn't this especially relevant these days, when the rational, accelerated and accumulative economical and productive model has resulted in a global crisis? Surely there is something to learn from a more instinctive and cyclical existence.

53

I wonder how self-conscious the audience feels when they activate the work and the symbolism of the female period becomes apparent. There are so many role reversals occurring in this installation – apart from the obvious gender ones. When the viewers push the baby carriage along the rails, imitating the movement of a cinema-tracking shot, they become the viewer and the cameraman at once. Furthermore, they are simultaneously the actor and the object, performing and being observed by the rest of the public. In Beckett's cinematic venture *Film* (1965), a nervous Buster Keaton wanders in public and private settings trying to evade being observed by an omnipresent eye, and, as Deleuze phrased it "has enough of being perceived and of perceiving". As the 'camera-viewer' chases the protagonist, the film investigates the viewer's position, highlighting his voyeuristic gaze through the camera movements. The audience's interaction with The Period also reveals a similar spectator-voyeur relationship, drawing attention to the materiality of the cinematic process and the conventions that the use of this technology results in.

How does the audience perceive all these levels of juxtaposition of private and public matters, of passive and active engagement? How do the intellectual and the experiential discourse meet in this encompassing installation?

Best wishes,  
Bárbara

Dear Bárbara,

It seems that we have reached the core of this exhibition, where blood pumps under the light of a projector in motion; the electric energy that keeps the heart literally in constant movement. I'd like to add to your comments the fact that, when I conceived the structure of this domestic film set of sorts, I realized that the floor plan had the shape of a pendulum, a time meter!

54 Cinema usually requires a complex machinery of devices and resources just to re-create simple and ordinary scenes of daily life. It involves, more and more, an absolute control of the images being filmed. In *The Period* the projector has ironically usurped the baby's place in the pram to create the movement of a tracking shot. I've been using trolleys to film my videos since *Bandages* (1992), *The Fall* (1996) or, more recently, *Dependences* (2009). *The Period* marks an important shift since, for the first time, audiences are invited to 'activate' the work by simply pushing the pram. In *Bandages* I pushed a hospital bed on wheels, creating a very long cinematic tracking shot. As I pushed the bed I felt what it meant to be filming and projecting at the same time. This experience was different from the viewers', who were comparing my real figure with the one projected. We spend so much time on various means of transportation, driving and being driven. This fact has truly shaped our perception of the landscape on the one hand, and on the other it has hyper-dimensioned our body in the sense that these mechanisms become moving prostheses of our bodies. Tracking shots make us engage with filmic language like no other cinematic trick!

As it is present in the installation, let's talk about wine, its symbolism and role within cultures. This precious liquid has been the creator of our culture for millennia, from our origins as an agricultural society. Wine is at the core of many sacred and profane rituals, not only in terms of consumption but also in terms of its process of production. Fine wine requires different phases of activity and quietness, it relies on cycles: sowing and pruning periods, which take me back to the female period and a cyclical existence. Wine is also a toxic substance, a drug that transforms our personality. It makes our blood more fluid, it accelerates the heart rate and stimulates behaviour that is often uninhibited and departs from rational logic. Our pulse speaks of passion and love.

**Tis well to drink, and leave anxiety**

**For what is past, and what is yet to be;**

**Our prisoned spirits, lent us for a day,  
A while from season's bondage shall go free!**

(Omar Khayyâm, Rubaiyat, 9<sup>th</sup> c.)

Yours,  
Eulalia

#### IV

Dear Eulalia,

55 After watching *Interviewing Objects*, I have been thinking about your complex relationship with the material world that surrounds us. For this video, you filmed personal objects belonging to an artist, a curator and a collector, as the owners speak of their attachment to them. As the characters rub, caress and cherish these precious and yet ordinary objects, I wonder if they have a power over us or if it is the other way round? We project memories, histories and meanings over objects, constructing a biography for them that runs in parallel with our private life. And once loaded they become a collective force that marches alongside us, that protects and comforts us.

The arrangement of objects' in a domestic space can also become the trace of our daily activities and of our relationship with our family and friends. In your installation *Love is Sweeter than Wine* (1993-1994), groupings of everyday objects lie on the floor of three identical spaces, like remnants of a series of domestic episodes, creating a dramatic scene that evokes archetypical phases of a romantic relationship.

In both works we understand the different status that objects might have, how they acquire a personality of their own becoming some sort of family member, with an ambiguous power over us. However, your practice rejects the over-production of consumer objects in our capitalist society, emphasising the use of ordinary or recycled materials and the creation of meanings, rather than works. I am very interested in this tension in your work: the valuing and devaluing of the material world around us and the critique that this conflict creates. It reminded me of Perec's *Things: A Story of the Sixties*, which is both a critique and a celebration of the consumer society of the time, built through the shopping adventures of a young couple, who can only enjoy life by ownership of things:



When on outings around Paris they stopped in villages to look at the antiques, they no longer rushed straight towards the blown-glass demijohns and the brass candlesticks. To be sure, the somewhat static image they had of the ideal home, of perfect amenity, of the happy life was still imbued with a lot of naivety, a lot of self-indulgence: there was something forced in their liking for objects which only the taste of day decreed to be beautiful: imitation Epinal pseudo-naive cartoons, English-style etchings, agates, spun-glass tumblers, neo-primitive paste jewellery, para-scientific apparatus.

(Georges Perec, *Things: A Story of the Sixties*, 1965)

All the best,  
Bárbara

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Dear Bárbara,

I like to think about objects as mediators, which is a subjective function implying that objects are animated. Since I first decided to work with cigarette butts (The Navel of the World, 1990) I understood that the object is not a residue or an empty shell, but that it has an energetic potential that can be activated by our will. The borders between subjects and objects are blurred; we can envision objects as mediators with the ability to decide. They build bridges between the owner and his/her personal memory, between the owner and everyone else. Objects don't just accumulate information but wield power.

Let's now speak about the artistic object. It is an inanimate bulk that the artist has loaded with his/her own will, so the audience can receive its content. But this object is then loaded with the different readings and emotional backgrounds that the viewers project on it. To allow for this exchange the context of the art object is crucial. This 'channel' – I like this term because it suggests a constant transit of information – is more important than the object because it determines the type of register that transmitter and receiver use during information exchanges.

**If I were to exhibit a urinal today, this would be legitimate, because I would not be demonstrating anti-art but setting the urinal up as an altar and object of art and faith.**

(Gerhard Richter, 'Notes 1964-1965' collected at Gerhard Richter, *The daily practice of painting*, 1995)

I think that many artistic objects wouldn't endure if we took them out of their context. However, every object placed in an exhibition space becomes loaded with power and value. And what happens when we mix

and edit those 'channels'? When we find domestic objects in a public domain or when we make public our personal belongings?

Works like Love is sweeter than wine are described by some viewers as personal or biographical pieces, but they don't realise that they are in front of absolutely impersonal objects which are very far away from personal fetishes or souvenirs. What I'd like to highlight with these kind of works is the importance of the 'channel' versus the exhibited objects. The art world is so aware of commercial transactions that it demands finished, personal and authored objects, since these are easier to manipulate by the market. I see myself as a producer of meanings, rather than as a producer of works.

In my installations that recreate domestic spaces, the power of the objects means that they can act like mirrors, since the viewer is alone in front of his subjective projections. My role is to choose each object, to place value in recycling and strategically display them in an apparently chaotic fashion.

In the series of videos titled Interviewing Objects the reverse logic takes place. The process of artistic production attributed solely to artists is something that we all do in our houses, without even noticing. We are surrounded by both useful and decorative objects that are somehow loaded, so we can't get rid of them. I found out that all the interviewees who haven't been displaced were terribly attached to their belongings, while immigrants have a more flexible and creative approach to them, this is the main theme of the second stage of Interviewing Objects. People that have been displaced and have redefined their identity in a new environment know that we all live in transit. For them, the more important belongings are those which mark a drastic shift in their lives, their 'faith objects'

**We are often more connected to our context than we are aware or willing to admit.**

**Everything that belongs to someone stays connected to him, and the person remains present in the object.** (Bert Hellinger, *Thoughts of God*)

The first time I actually produced objects was for Interactive Bottles. I wanted to create an object with healing capacities. Here the relationship with the bottles is not just a game of projections in the sheltered space of the museum, but a shared experience. I believe that the art object of the future should be capable of creating a common field of activity, independent of the 'channel' where they are exhibited: these objects

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should freely circulate within a dynamic motorway created by anonymous subjects.

Best,  
Eulalia,

V

Dear Eulalia,

58 During my last studio visit we talked about collectives and beliefs, about our impulse to belong to a greater whole, to connect with others, about our need to construct a collective 'we'. You mentioned a new source of inspiration you found online, the teachings of hypnotherapist and healer Dolores Cannon, whose recorded speeches you've used in your new installation, We Are One Body (2012). In this work, sound and images are projected onto and from inside two old clay urns, formerly used to ferment wine. The material, all found online, confronts different systems of belief: from video excerpts of the recent riots in Greece to amateur videos exploring mystical geometry or the teachings of Cannon: "We are one world. We are one body", she orates. And I wonder, who is the 'we' she talks of? With our current disillusionment with religion, democracy and our cynical approach to other forms of spirituality, what form of 'we' do we aim to build? As Slavoj Žižek, said:

**We need a big WE. I fully accept that. We need a big WE. We need a big WE, which is not simply this kind of a liberal union of individuals but also not an old kind of archaic, organic, totalitarian WE, we need a new form of WE.** (Slavoj Žižek, Das Magazin, 2010)

Yours,  
Bárbara

Dear Bárbara,

As you point out it is important that all the material was found online. The net constantly generates information through collective data exchange; the individual becomes collective and can be seen as this new WE that you mention. Navigating the net one realizes that there are many contexts and many truths, in the same way that there are many audiences and places away from the exhibition space where the artistic experience can

take place, even if it's not accepted as such. Maybe it's not about a single dominant discourse anymore, but being able to access our own truth and participate in the multiple truths of others.

**We have to learn to care about each other. We are not alone, we are all part of each other. And that takes untold ways of looking at it for a lot of people, because they see themselves as all alone, as an individual, with their individual problems. But we are not. We are one world. We are one body. And we are connected to the source, to God, because we all are walking along the same path... We just see it in different ways. My truth might not be your truth...** ("Dolores Cannon says we are part of Everything" <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=of5qDpEeN7o>)

59 All my work places value in sensory experience, where I immerse the viewers so they can become conscious of their own perceptive apparatus. Beyond the content's message there is the mise-en-scene of the work. The device created by two old wine urns, two projectors and two speakers not only divides and contrasts apparently contradictory messages, but it also dislocates the image from its sound and breaks the linear, conventional logic. In the West we have cultivated one cerebral hemisphere to the detriment of the other: we have neglected our ability to synthesize space, our intuitive side. Dislocating the sensory experience could maybe enable us to reconstruct habits and patterns of our memory. We first need to rediscover the other hemisphere so we can integrate both and connect the emerging WE.

Let's not forget that advertising media professionals are experts in generating a concept of the WE, a fact that I've actively used in my favour in the works using the containers of cleaning products. We are one body is a development of my Interactive Bottles: manipulated plastic containers to fit visual and sound devices. These works need a physical contact with the audience to be activated and only through this uncomfortable intimacy can they be 'animated'. By intervening inside the object and leaving the packaging intact, I repurpose the image that advertising has created. These innocent bottles host dark experiences: they narrate stories of abuse and power, particular experiences that are in reality everyone's heritage.

Once liberated to the group, to the WE, we can recuperate the part of our memory that was kept hostage, so we can invest it in creating whatever we want to be, without limiting constraints. By collectivizing the memory we increase its therapeutic power. In our contemporary society of 'tolerance', the 'stains' of others have become unimportant to us. Addicted

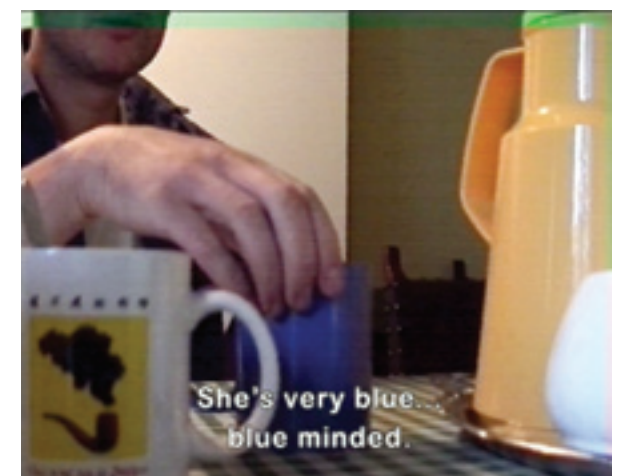
to 'hygiene', we look for protection in that indelible line that divides the public from the private space.

As soon as an 'object' is taken out of its original context within a specific praxis and transferred to a museum it necessarily loses its specific form of animation and enters another field, which requires that it first be objectified, conserved and thus de-animated. It is removed from the flow of time just as it is from praxis; every form of change must be excluded. The medium of the exhibition is thus itself a part of that institutional apparatus of objectification brought forth by modernity... (Anselm Franke, Introducing the exhibition *Animism*, Haus der Kulturen der Welt, Berlin, 2012)

We can find the origins of the colourful contemporary containers in the ancient maternal-shaped wine urns, like the ones displayed in We Are One Body. I'd like to stop here to think about the process of fermentation, since for me it's a very useful concept to help us overcome the current social global drama. The process of transformation of fruit into wine takes place during a period of inactivity. When the grapes interact with naturally occurring bacteria a separation takes place: on the one hand part of the fluid is transformed into alcohol and the volatile aromas that are so characteristic of wine, recuperating the memory of the soil where the grapes germinated. However, a small part sinks to the bottom and undergoes a process of putrefaction. This corruption is necessary and it can be seen as a positive aspect, which allows us to ultimately discard the toxic part and keep the fluids that have mutated. There is definitely something similar to the new concept of the WE that is emerging these days... but at the expense of a progressive decadence of the capitalist system.

I passed into the potter's house of clay, and saw the craftsman busy at his wheel, turning out pots and jars fashioned from the heads of kings, and the feet of beggars. (Omar Khayyâm, *Rubaiyat*, 9<sup>th</sup> c.)

All the best,  
Eulalia



1 Translated by the editor  
2 Ibid

Above: *Interviewing Objects No. 1 Reloaded*, 1997-2001, video stills

Following pages: *Dependences*, 2009. Participatory four channel video installation with supermarket trolleys and sound, 12 x 18 m