* * *

The title is overheard from a short film, *Pulmo Marina*, by Aurélien Froment:

IF YOU STUCK A TAG ON THEM TO TRACK THEM THE WAY CERTAIN FISH ARE TAGGED THESE DAYS THEY WOULD SINK INSTANTLY

The opening quote is from Stefan Themerson's *General Piesc*, a story in which the General finds happiness only when he has forgotten his mission:

The Greek males thought geometry was the thing. Dr Zamenhof thought Esperanto was the thing. Jesus-Christ thought the dialectical loaf of bread was the thing. And geometry produced bazookas. And polyglotism produced more quarrels. And love produced hatred. And none of these great things has proved to be more (what is the right word) efficacious (?) than what I, in my female way would like to call "good manners".

ENTRANCE

This is the thirteenth occasion of showing this group of artifacts, or pictures of those artifacts, whose only objective connection is that they have appeared in the pages of Dot Dot Dot at some point since its conception in the year 2000. This collection of source material was first assembled in 2004. By source material I mean the original items represented in print by screened images. In the regular hierarchy of the magazine, texts are generally primary and images secondary, and the fundamental idea of these exhibitions was to invert these roles, as a kind of parallel operation.

The magazine's contributors rarely write directly about how this kind of cultural residue *looks*, but draw on it rather to trigger, illustrate, or reference broader sociological, philosopical or art-historical ideas. Take the cover of Scritti Politti's 1982 double A-side single hanging at the top of the stairs, featuring the song "Jacques Derrida," for example.

These small numbers refer to the issue(s) in which the image(s) originally appeared

This image accompanies a piece by Diedrich Diederichsen which, rather than discussing either the music, lyrics, or sleeve design, more broadly recounts a moment in the eighties when a certain strain of British post-punk enjoyed the same intellectual currency as French pop philosophy. Or to the right of "Derrida," next to the door, the upside down photograph of an early sketch of Harry Beck's 1931 London Underground map.
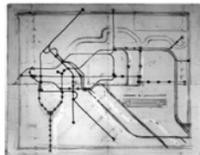
The sketch itself was accidentally hung the wrong way up when first exhibited at the V&A, effectively prioritizing its abstract qualities over its representational ones. Paul Elliman introduces this anecdote to frame some thoughts around the idea that abstraction—and by extension modernism—was only acceptable to the British public when grounded in function. Let's move on.

BACK ROOM

Another sense in which images are secondary in the magazine is that they're often second-rate. By which I mean poor quality, black and white, and printed on uncoated paper which reduces definition. This is partly practical, as we've never really been able to afford decent photography or color printing, but also in deliberate reaction to how "graphics" were typically reproduced in the eighties and nineties—as seductive full-color surfaces that barely began to relate the stickier and generally more compelling substance underneath. In other words, these images were only skin-deep. Our response was to downplay the surface in an attempt to get at the depth through the writing. A good example of this, behind the door, is the "Money" spread with images of an antique cash register, dinosaur and bar chart, from the 1969 edition of the *Whole Earth Catalog*, a kind of seventies counterculture *Yellow Pages*.

This has appeared twice in the magazine. First as an illustration to David Reinfurt's three-page single-sentence biography of Stewart Brand, who founded and edited the *Catalog*. Then alongside a short piece on the cover of the subsequent issue about candid editorials and the economic oxymoron of independent publishing. This particular spread of the *Catalog* relates the publication's financial mechanics by presenting its own accounts—a gesture towards editorial transparency in line with its general D.I.Y. ethos.

The mediocre scan of this spread that accompanies both pieces in the magazine is, then, foremost a kind of evidence —an "Exhibit A"—which at best offers an impression of the *Catalog*'s unique scrappiness. In the physical exhibition, however, actual pages are torn from an original copy and

its maverick production process is now tangible: pages assembled on the fly according to a distinctly west coast stoner logic, marked by hole-plugging idiosyncrasies such as the short story that runs across the bottom right-hand corner of each page, all set on thin newsprint, cheap and low-bulk, once timely, now quickly browning and fading. Stripped of its explanatory text in the magazine, the object is left to speak for itself, and as part of the bigger group is forced to interact with the other objects, like a bunch of strange kids in a playground.

So what you're looking at here is, at its most allusive (and ignoring for a moment the obvious contradiction) a claim against representation which amounts to Dot Dot Dot's very particular conception of modernism: a faith in objects rather than pictures of objects. This could be transposed to *experience over convenience*—and by extension perhaps *conversation over monologue* or *community over individual* too. This is why it seems useful to regard this collection with that opening quote from Stefan Themerson in mind—a statement profoundly modernist in both spirit and rhetoric.

Applied to this collection, then, Themerson's manners are manifest in a certain (what is the right word) *momentum* (?) Its common denominator is a way of thinking—an approach, an attitude—in line with Themerson's alacrity and good humor. I'm clearly grasping for words and left wanting here, but what I'm getting at is more efficiently summed up by those Wire LPs hung on the East wall at knee height, running chronologically from 1977's *Pink Flag* to the 1989 best-of composite *On Returning*. This is one of the easier-to-relate reasons for collecting and showing this stuff: if you look hard enough it actually moves.
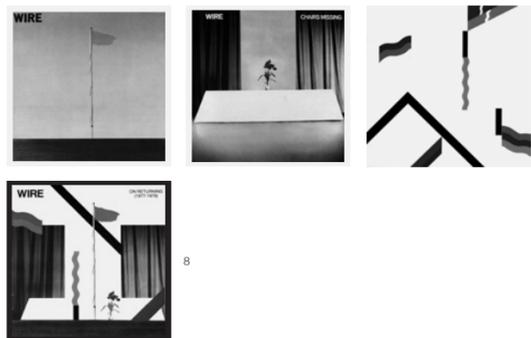
Like "modernism," the word "aesthetic" has been eroded, aggregated, and flattened beyond useful distinction. Its earlier reference to something approaching "the emotional-sensory reaction to visual stimuli"—or more simply "having an experience"—has by now been diluted to little more than a euphemism for "formal." The objects sought after here, though, are those I could imagine might combine or curdle to invoke that original sense of the word.

Two items are rooted in a magazine piece called "Equation for a Composite Design," which comprises a pair of "ideological buses," high up in the top right hand corner of the East wall next to the window.

On the left is a square of miniature replications of Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters' notorious mid-sixties hippy van (immortalized by Tom Wolfe), with its lovingly misspelled destination FURTHUR painted over the front windscreen. And on the right, one from a Jamie Reid Sex Pistols collage bound for NOWHERE. When it came to tracking down material carriers of these immaterial images, the Pistols' vehicle was easy enough, printed on the reverse of the sleeve for "Pretty Vacant" which reached number 6 in 1977, and so pretty ubiquitous in second-hand record shops. Its psychedelic equivalent was less apparent, at least until I came across a cartoon of Kesey's bus on a piece of LSD blotter art. This could still be bought—unloaded—from his son Zane in Berkeley, California. The blotter art arrived ready-perforated into single trips and signed by old Pranksters—an odd counterpoint to the drab coffee rings that stained the Pistols' single. The morning after the first incarnation of the show in Estonia, a corner of ten tabs had been carefully torn off, most probably by the gang of itinerant Russians who had been hanging about all night, according to the locals. Later the piece was lost, perhaps seized, on a flight to London, and so a new sheet had to be ordered from Zane.

Extra-formal accidents—such as these allusions to psychedelics and stimulants—suggest something of the reason for actually gathering rather than merely depicting these items; setting up the conditions for something *other* to occur. Further examples of particularly loaded objects include, opposite the buses on the West wall, the indigo stencil print of Muriel Cooper's pioneering 1977 self-portrait-by-Polaroid-simultaneously-video-imaged-and-printed.

Or further along and below, Paul Elliman's 2001 ouija board for Josef Albers, originally made for a séance at Yale, which utilizes the Bauhäusler's 1926 modular typeface, stencil-cut from a piece of square hardboard the same format and medium Albers used for his color paintings.

And at the end of the same wall, Jason Fulford's small 2007 *Droste effect* C-Print of an Ulrich Roski album cover, along with a test Polaroid of the same image incorporated to fold time into the equation of its own production.

The buses are an example of two objects arriving in reverse, by excavating a single worldly object back from a multiplied image. A similar pair are the juxtaposed versions of what appear to be proportionally-enlarged scans of original pages from Stéphane Mallarmé's seminal 1897 poem, whose title is usually translated as "A throw of the dice will never abolish chance," and Marcel Broodthaers' 1969 adaptation, which abstracts and/or censors Mallarmé's arrangement, subtitled "Image" in relation to the original "Text."
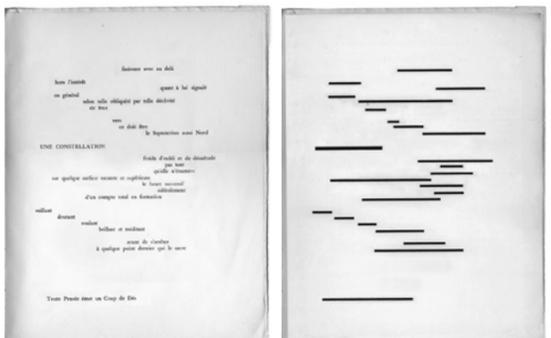
Again these scans have both appeared in juxtaposition twice in Dot Dot Dot, on the first occasion accompanying if not exactly illustrating a text "About Nothing" by Peter Bilak; and more recently alongside Seth Price's "Décor Holes," a loose history of sampling, with Mallarmé and Broodthaers as one thread of Dot Dot Dot 12.

Broodthaers claims and then augments Mallarmé's poem to produce a new, third body, a field between the works. The whole is without novelty, save the spacing of one's reading; the blanks, in effect, assume importance. The madness of the "a self-annihilating nothing" prescription. But this was only to be expected since Broodthaers was an imitation artist. It may be that the supreme triumph of this validity is to cast doubt on its own validity, mixing a deep scandalous laughter with the religious spirit.

Before their inclusion alongside his piece in Dot Dot Dot, however, Price digitally altered the Mallarmé and Broodthaers scans, cutting, pasting, and minimally reconfiguring the lines

to open up a fourth field. The pages were then captioned "Courtesy of Seth Price" in clandestine reference to the conceit, and this particular line of sampling further protracted here through their reproduction as metre-high capital-A Art lithographs framed for the wall. To clarify, these are blown-up facsimiles of two pages from the magazine rather than the original books, and any blanks, gaps, fields, and gray areas between these various approximations are imprecisely where any new work lies.

On the face of it, there's no reason to assume these objects should share any formal characteristics, because (a) people with different backgrounds and interests at different times across the past decade, and (b) Dot Dot Dot has no particular aesthetic mandate. In fact, anything approaching this would rather stand against any kind of prescribed or standardized style in favour of unique form drawn from specific content. Such as David Osbaldeston's 2008 "Diagram for a Search Engine"—above and slightly to the right of (Mallarmé/Broodthaers)/Price

—which both mocks and affirms the romantic gesture of its medium, the woodcut, as well as it's rhetoric, the heroic avant-garde polemic. And yet it seems disingenuous to deny the blatant graphic synchronicities across the collection. The trouble is that the nature of these synchronicities is as profoundly difficult to articulate as they are easy to perceive. This is because they are primarily cerebral not visual, more abstract than concrete, and again most accurately considered "ways of thinking" made manifest. Perhaps this is why definition is so elusive: because abstraction lends itself to opening up spaces rather than delimiting them. Or "And … and … and …," as Mark Owens quoted John Rachman paraphrasing Gilles Deleuze back in Dot Dot Dot 12.

One recurring graphic strain here is, of course, abstraction itself—to various ends. A poetic, "soft" form is described by the two transformations in the Mallarmé and Broodthaers works. Or facing this pair on the opposite wall next to the door, Paul Elliman's handwritten outline of the British coastline, faxed from London in 2002, which traces the regional waters relayed during BBC Radio 4's midnightly *Shipping Forecast*.

FRONT ROOM

Now moving through to the front room, on the West wall to the left of the mirror, this "hard abstraction" is most succinctly applied in a proof of one of Edward Wadsworth's 1918 woodcut illustrations of a Dazzle Ship—a war artist recording the practical abstract camouflage used by the British navy
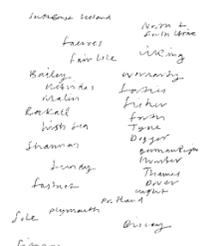
And also the adjacent spread from Ettore Sotsass's statement on "Decoration" as doctored by Justin Beal in 2007—the book abstracted as photograph, statement as image.
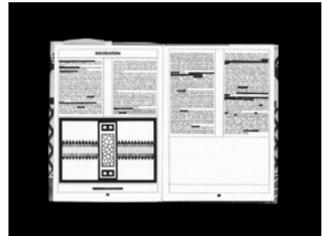
Moving further to the left on this East wall, a more applied, "hard" abstraction is found in the transformation of statistics to visual graphic information in the two Isotype charts. The top one, for example, presents the relative numbers of workers' "Strikes and Lockouts"—symbolized by red fists—in Britain, France and Germany from 1913 to 1928.
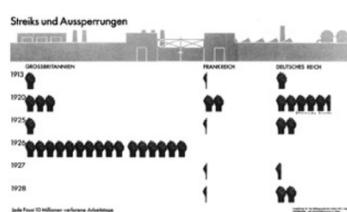
Or in the unwitting sister logos by Muriel Cooper for the MIT Press in 1963, and Raymond Pettibon for his brother's hardcore band Black Flag, circa 1978,

drawn together by Mark Owens in his piece "Graphics Incognito" to make the unlikely point that De Stijl-inspired graphic reduction is intrinsically bound up in the community, fluidity and Calvinist work ethic of both MIT and Black Flag.

in order to confuse and delay the enemy's recognition of their target.

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Facing this on the wall behind the door, Raymond Savignac's Bic logo—supposedly a "stylized schoolboy's head"—heralds a whole other collection of symbols and their parallel, shrinking definitions. The whole was originally conceived as a kind of modern type specimen in 2006 for a supplement to Dot Dot Dot's house font Mitim, which resuscitates a number of obscure literary, mathematical, scientific and other symbols. Its co-authors Radim Peško and Louis Lüthi reformatted the page as this meter-high screenprint in order to ensure the tail-end paragraphs were finally legible.

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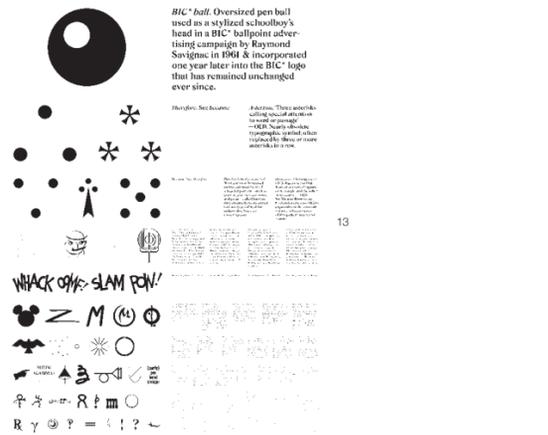
This explains its scale and latitude (at eye level) in relation to the other items, and again the individual piece mirrors aspects of the larger collection—the binaries of image & text, evidence & explication, form & content, surface & depth, etc.

The group has become unwittingly dominated by pairs, doubles and juxtapositions: I've already noted the buses, the (Mallarmé/Broodthaers)/Price pages and MIT/Black Flag logos, but in this front room between the mirror and window, see also Chris Evans' dual airbrush portraits of Mark E. Smith and Wyndham Lewis from 2005,

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originally painted to illustrate a couple of interchangeable biographies—the newer Lewis piece based line-for-line

on an older Smith one—as an alignment of ostensibly kindred spirits. And facing them, two portraits of Benjamin Franklin

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—on the left a classic 1783 engraving which fronted David Reinfurt's compressed account of Franklin's prescient networking as original "Post-Master" of the U.S.; and on the right the same image on a dollar bill under scrutiny for forgery in 2006, which accompanied the same writer's account of fake North Korean "Superdollars" two issues later.

During a public disambiguation of a previous wall installment in Lyon, Jan Verwoert pointed out an apparent contradiction concerning transparency and opacity which seems pivotal in terms of making sense of the various forces at play here. To reiterate, both publication and collection stand to perpetuate a lineage of independent, critical modernist movement—and are perhaps chasing a new word for it. Founded on the inclination to understand and relate how things really work—including vested interests—this self-reflexive impulse works towards exposing the mechanics of form, oscillating between container and contained. All of which is grounded in social, moral and ethical purpose—or can be. And so we're back to Themerson's good manners.

Recall the Isotype chart as one of the more obvious canonical (if still marginal) examples of this "transparent" tradition—originally part of an inter-war travelling exhibition which propagated social awareness on an international scale. Or played out through pop, Robert Rauschenberg's design for the first edition of Talking Heads' 1983 Speaking in Tongues LP between the North-facing windows of the front room.

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This is a plastic collage assembled from three acetate circles, which combine with the record's translucent vinyl to form a full-color image—a concerted reflection of the album's mesh of glossolalic references, as Sytze Steenstra points out in his article on "Getting the 'I' out of design." And more transparent still, back next to the Dazzle Ship, Hipgnosis's watershed 1978 album cover for XTC's Go2 album, with its deadpan deconstruction of its own conceit:

2
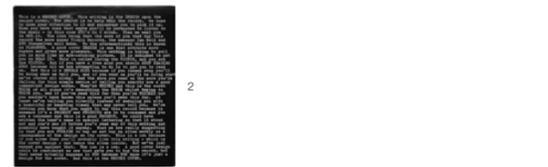
This is a RECORD COVER. This writing is the DESIGN upon the record cover. The DESIGN is to help SELL the record. We hope to draw your attention to it and encourage you to pick it up ...

But equal to all this transparency, Verwoert suggested, is Dot Dot Dot's persistent attraction to the opaque—work which is distinctly obtuse, hermetic or sophisticated. Paulina Ołowska's 2001 photograph of a "Bauhaus Yoga" performance, for example, whose accompanying text notes the shared utopian ends of both schools

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—a text which, like this one, is a distinct component of the work rather merely a caption to it.

Or up above one of the cupboard doors next to the exit back to the hallway, the remarkably considered dust jacket for Richard Hamilton's 1992 book of writing, *Collected Words*

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—a compendium of graphic styles, mediums, references and in-jokes, exhaustively annotated by Rob Giampietro in his own "Collected Words" for Dot Dot Dot.

ANNEX

Moving through the door and into the small pink room, next to the window is Walead Beshty's 2008 folded paper photogram overprinted with test elements from Adobe Photoshop in homage to a supposed experiment by László Moholy-Nagy that, it turns out, never existed.

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Having pointed out this simultaneous transparency and opacity, Jan wondered both (a) how to resolve this apparent paradox, and (b) whether it was necessary to do so. Here's the beginning of a reversible answer, which draws heavily from his own ideas:

First, Dot Dot Dot is *opaque to allow access to the transparent.* I have in mind two angles on the nature of exclusivity. One is that secrecy and obliqueness are used to deny certain parties (i.e. readers and audiences) access to

information (i.e. art and other cultural detritus). While this obviously seems negative, the same qualities could be considered positive if you accept that an understanding of cultural codes allows a form of initiation into a community—or rather a commitment to engage and participate with one. Perhaps this could be more simply understood as the difference between the immature and the mature student. (Nothing to do with age, of course.) If so, this could only reasonably be deemed adverse if any interested party were actively refused entry to this "school" by whatever metaphorical bouncer.

The rainbow text that announces the "Invisible University," on the same pink room's East wall next to the bookcase, operates on this principle.

The Invisible University and its historical values:

I. U. means learning as an ecosystem (what on earth might this mean?).
I. U. means being carbon positive.
I. U. All data is everywhere, all the time.
I. U. means architecture is no substitute for face-to-face contact.
I. U. means a new relationship between man and nature.
I. U. needs no new buildings.
I. U. means tune up kits (small robots, cyber-pets and neuro-gardening - see catalogue available from caretaker).
I. U. means knowing what time it is, is more important than knowing where you are.
I. U. uses less fuel per hour than any other university.

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I. U.

Made in 2005 by John Morgan for an ongoing project founded by architect David Greene, this screenprinted announcement utilizes deliberately clipped yet expansive language to itemize a few working principles that float the idea of a school freed from institutional confines. Its rhetoric is enigmatic but not elitist—a playful set of open statements carefully designed to dislodge received wisdom and common practice.

However, Dot Dot Dot is equally *transparent to allow access to the opaque.* Regardless of the efficacy of distribution, location or promotion, publishing and exhibiting are —intrinsically—acts of engagement. They are foremost gestures of multiplication and connection towards the sharing of ideas. If those works transparently articulated or exhibited are *then* opaque, I'd continue to argue that each individual piece of work (text, image or object) presupposes its own balancing act between the generation and killing of curiosity through supplementary material; and a return to zero in each case.

The apparent paradox Jan is describing was understood, resolved and labeled by Michel Foucault as "heterotopic," a term he borrowed from biology to describe spaces, mental or physical, where contradictions can co-exist. A heterotopia is an actual place (as opposed to a utopia) that presupposes a mechanism of opening and closing, simultaneously allowing and restricting access to an environment (He originally applied the term to public spaces). And according to Foucault, the most efficient metaphor here is the cruise ship, which is not a paradox at all.

Anthony Huberman responded to a previous version of this overextended caption by arguing:

What I thought Jan was talking about was how what is interesting, today, is the question of style, not the questions of mechanics, or self-reflexivity, or transparency, or opacity, or exclusivity, or democracy ... the "style" with which one shares secrets ("secrets" not in the sense of a "caper" or "mystery" or "trick" or "shadow economy," but in the very ordinary sense that 100% of all communication involves the sharing of secrets, and that there is nothing special or shadowy about that at all). Performing in a "key" is what matters ... the "key" is where an artist EXITS from the flat binary space of Opacity-Transparency or Black-White or Yes-No or Knowing-Not Knowing, and enters the "infra-thin" other space, something more 3-D, in a musical sense ... the sense of crawling INSIDE of Terry Riley's "In C" and letting notes push and pull you every-which way, not map-able, not "conceptual art," not "the form reflects and exposes and illustrates the content," but much less name-able. "Pleasure" is a word that comes to mind.

But at the same time, this IS what you talk about and what you do ... your images are "irrational accompaniments that operate alongside," not as "illustrations" ... done in such a way as to establish a MOOD in the reading experience ... and it works so well, lets that mood linger and coat the reader's experience in its nebulous way ... the "mood" being the Good Manners you talk about.

And then I think the mood gets broken every time the idea of "meta" or "form reflecting its content" or words like "transparency" or "opacity" or "exclusivity" enter the picture ... they are not only irrelevant, but they also seem counterproductive ... they somehow act like mood-breakers ... like the kind of information that makes everything seem pragmatic, efficient, calculated, and conceptually sound ... when what the reader is enjoying is how it all seems so INEFFICIENT, un-sound, erratic, misbehaving, but, somehow (and this is the magic) still well-mannered and generous!

But hearing how while it SEEMS erratic, it's all actually a highly efficient system, a delicate and deliberate balance of transparency weighed with opacity, with the form being a careful illustration of its method ... well ... it's as if I was watching a light-footed and elegant dance, done in "the key of the generous," with interpretive doors opening and closing along the way, with different viewers slipping in and out of them, and the guy next to me leans over and tells me that the number of steps the dancer was making, actually, corresponds to the number of something clever-and-appropriate, and how, conceptually and pragmatically, it therefore forms a system that "is" what it is "about," and isn't that so interesting ... If the guy next to me told me that, in that moment, as I was slipping in and out of experiences, I think I would consider it a case of bad manners!

All of which is wholeheartedly agreed with in principle, but not in this specific instance of practice—simply because the present text, long-windedly, ungraciously falling over itself to "explain" its subject, *is* the style or key or mood, for better or worse. Which is to say, these various installments of walls and pages—or in this case speakers—aren't really "about" either

the mute collection or the didactic caption at all. Rather, they're intended to summon the infra-thin point between the two: a talking point, or point of entry. It's quite literally a set-up, a premise to be written or spoken about. This supposed equilibrium of transparency and opacity is hardly a controlled ecosystem. Such notions are only apparent in retrospect, and even then only when trying to work out what *might* be going on.

As such, surely all this operates one level further removed from that basic opacity/transparency dichotomy. I too find being told what's "meta" or "form reflecting its content" or explicating "transparency" or "opacity" or "exclusivity" fundamentally bad mannered. But the reason for not simply good-manneredly letting the objects or images speak for themselves is precisely because here they've been stripped from their contextualizing texts and so don't have a voice to speak with. Or to follow Anthony's metaphor, they're steps with no music to dance to.

This text, an articulation of the "reasons"—the backstories, criteria, connections—in as plain, direct and frankly discomfiting a manner as possible is, then, a form of compensation. The task is to refill those holes created by removing these objects' original contexts, only now with a different kind of substance. In the course of this forced labour, something new and instructive is made.

EXIT

Now might be a good moment to move back to the hall where we began. Once again: the abiding interest here, over and above any particular discipline, medium or cause, is in simultaneously documenting and practising work about and through self-reflexivity. And the closest I've come to understanding *why* is embedded in the following quote, courtesy of Albert Appel Junior's annotated version of Nabokov's *Lolita*:

The vertiginous conclusion of a Vladimir Nabokov novel calls for a complicated response which many readers, after a lifetime of realistic novels, are incapable of making. Children, however, are aware of other possibilities ... One afternoon my wife and I built a puppet theatre. After propping the theatre on the top edge of the living room couch, I crouched down behind it and began manipulating the two hand puppets in the stage above me. The couch and the theatre's scenery provided good cover, enabling me to peer over the edge and watch the children immediately become engrossed in the show, and then virtually mesmerized by my improvised little story that ended with a patient father spanking an impossible child. But the puppeteer, carried away by his story's violent climax, knocked over the entire theatre, which clattered onto the floor, collapsing in a heap of cardboard, wood and cloth—leaving me crouched, peeking out at the room, my head now visible over the couch's rim, my puppeted hands, with their naked wrists, poised in mid-air. For several moments my children remained in their open-mouthed trance, still in the story, staring at the space where the theatre had been, not seeing me at all. Then they did the kind of double-take that a comedian might take a lifetime to perfect, and began to laugh uncontrollably,

in a way I had never seen before—and not so much at my clumsiness, which was nothing new, but rather at those moments of total involvement in a non-existent world, and at what its collapse implied to them about the authenticity of the larger world, and about their daily efforts to order it and their own fabricated illusions. They were laughing, too, over their sense of what the vigorous performance had meant to me; but they saw how easily they could be tricked and their trust belied, and the shrillness of their laughter finally suggested that they recognized the frightening implications of what had happened, and that only laughter could steel them in their new awareness.

I could carry on itemizing here—the recurring censor lines, the monochromes and rainbows, the reversals and mirrors—but would rather contrive to tie this up by invoking that text reversed out of the burgundy field hung above the lavatory door on the landing. This a screenprint stencil, conveniently hung by its frame back-to-front, of an old Esperanto motto:

5
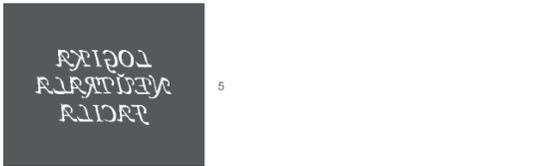
Logika, Neutrala, Facila—"Logical, Neutral, Easy." It was included in an early Dot Dot Dot alongside Paulina Ołowska's 2002 billboard campaign *Ci vu Parolas Esperanton?*—"Do you speak Esperanto?" At the time I naively assumed such sentiments described the magazine too, but since then have slowly come to understand it as being far closer to the polar opposite: *Mallogika, Partia, Malsimpla* —"Illogical, Biased, Complicated."

All previous incarnations of this collection have tried to find two forms of balance. The first between presenting the group as an overall image and as a set of individual ones—preferably in that order. The second between letting the objects speak for themselves and labeling them—preferably in that order. Rather than a "hang" or "exhibition" or "collection" or "print," perhaps this thing is more accurately described as an "attempt"—which happens to be the original meaning of "essay." This is, then, the latest attempt: a leporello-folded transcript of a voiceover that captioned the most recent hang of objects in an apartment space in Amsterdam determined by their previous reproduction as a printed sheet of images in Paris displayed in Dublin based on the previous arrangement of the hung wall in Munich based on a previous leporello based on a previous wall based on a previous leporello based on a previous wall, with certain pieces added or subtracted according to various circumstances met along the way ...

On each occasion the items' arrangement can be accounted for by this ever-loosening coil of a plan. And at this point let's consider it simply, or complexly, the thirteenth provincial arrangement of a very particular graphic esperanto.

Stuart Bailey, Los Angeles, July 2010