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MUSEO DE ARTE CONTEMPORÁNEA DE VIGO

1<sup>ST</sup> GALLERY  
'ANYWHERE' (as a prologue)

It is an incitement to travel, a physical and/or initiation trip and we do not know where it will take us. It is about the need to go out, to move, to experience other realities, but with a certain feeling that, no matter how much you move, no matter how much you wander or travel, beyond, far away, 'there is nothing'. Esta sala includes the books by the 1960s/70s artist **Edward Ruscha**, together with fragments of the film *Paris-Texas* by **Wim Wenders**, and the novel *On the Road*, by *Jack Kerouac*.

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### **Edward Ruscha** (Omaha, USA, 1937)

*Every Building on The Sunset Strip*, 1966

Ink on paper

Colecció MACBA. Fundació Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona. Deposit private collection

*Some Los Angeles Apartments*, 1965

Ink on paper

Colección Ordóñez-Falcón, San Sebastián, Spain

*Real Estate Opportunities*, 1970

Ink on paper

Colección PROJECTESD, Barcelona

*A Few Palm Trees*, 1971

Ink on paper

Private collection, Valencia

*Nine Swimming Pools and a Broken Glass*, 1976 (second edition)

Ink on paper

Private collection, Valencia

Between 1963 and 1978, Ed Ruscha published sixteen key books which involved him directly with the photographic practice, in accordance with conceptual approaches from the 60's. His very first publication was *Twentysix Gasoline Stations*, consisting of a photographic series that gathered several petrol stations he had passed when driving along Route 66, between California and Oklahoma. This archivist spirit and this dynamic attitude are evidence of the artist's tendency towards discovering the city, which gave rise to his forthcoming books, i. e. *Every Building on The Sunset Strip*, for which he mounted the photographic camera in the back of a truck that travelled the avenue from one end to the other; a spatial representation transferred to a long unfolding accordion. Serialising other aspects of American urban culture is also present in all the other publications gathered in this exhibition. In *Nine Swimming Pools and a Broken Glass*, he shows different kinds of swimming pools, although he finishes the series with a broken drinking glass. In *Real Estate Opportunities*, he gathers 25 photographs of houses for sale, vindicating the expressiveness of something as mundane as a "for sale" sign. And finally, in *A Few Palm Trees*, he gathers a variety of palm trees.

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**Wim Wenders, *Paris-Texas*, 1984**

Fragment of the film, 20 min, loop

This film is recognized for the way it captures the Texas spirit – thanks to the collaboration between Wenders, the director of photography Robby Müller and the guitarist Ry Cooder. The landscape and its colours and forms play an important part in showing throughout the journey the aesthetics of this Texan city. The intention of trying to find part of one's lost identity is united with searching the landscape for a memory of some other place.

**Jack Kerouac**

*"I looked greedily out the window: stucco houses and palms and driveins, the whole mad thing, the ragged promised land, the fantastic end of America. We got off the bus at Main Street, which was no different from where you get off a bus in Kansas City or Chicago or Boston: red brick, dirty, characters drifting by, trolleys grating in the hopeless dawn, the whorey smell of a big city".*

*"At dawn my bus was zooming across the Arizona desert — Indio, Ely the Salome (where she danced); the great dry stretches leading to Mexican mountains in the south. Then we swung north to the Arizona mountains, Flagstaff, cliff towns. I had a book with me I stole from a Hollywood stall, *Le Grand Meaulnes* by Alain-Fournier, but I preferred reading the American landscape as we went along. Every bump, rise, and stretch in it mystified my longing. In inky night we crossed New Mexico; at gray dawn it was Dalhart, Texas; in the bleak Sunday afternoon we rode through one Oklahoma flat-town after another; at nightfall it was Kansas. The bus roared on. I was going home in October. Everybody goes home in October".*

*"We were all delighted, we all realized we were leaving confusion and nonsense behind and performing our one and noble function of the time, move. And we moved! We flashed past the mysterious white signs in the night somewhere in New Jersey that say SOUTH (with an arrow) and WEST (with an arrow) and took the south one".*

*"A tall, lanky fellow in a gallon hat stopped his car on the wrong side of the road and came over to us; he looked like a sheriff. We prepared our stories secretly. He took his time coming over. 'You boys going to get somewhere, or just going?' We didn't understand his question, and it was a damned good question".*

**Jack Kerouac, *On the Road*, 1957**

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2<sup>nd</sup> GALLERY  
'URBAN SCENERIES'

This gallery brings together photographs by **Sophie Calle** and **Alberto García-Alix**, the novels *The Trilogy of New York* by **Paul Auster** and *Heroes* by **Ray Loriga**, and fragments of the film *In the White city* by **Alain Tanner**, as part of a polyhedral reading of what life in the city may mean today. It focuses primarily on personal loneliness, on the psychological uncertainty and fragility of the human being when confronted with a world that is becoming more and more strange and hostile. A certain physical disorder prevails in the city's streets and squares and we have no clues nor signs nor signals that tell us where to turn.

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**Alberto García-Alix** (León, Spain, 1956)

*Sin título (casa)* [Untitled (house)], 2004

B/W photograph

Courtesy Alberto García-Alix and Galería Juana de Aizpuru, Madrid

*Lo que dura un beso* [What a Kiss Lasts], 2001

B/W photograph

Courtesy Alberto García-Alix and Galería Juana de Aizpuru, Madrid

*La Torre de Babel* [Babel Tower], 2006

B/W photograph

Courtesy Alberto García-Alix and Galería Juana de Aizpuru, Madrid

*Mi habitación en Barcelona* [My Room in Barcelona], 1978

B/W photograph

Courtesy Alberto García-Alix and Galería Juana de Aizpuru, Madrid

*Fina*, 1982

B/W photograph

Courtesy Alberto García-Alix and Galería Juana de Aizpuru, Madrid

*Sillas* [Chairs], 1978

B/W photograph

Courtesy Alberto García-Alix and Galería Juana de Aizpuru, Madrid

*Vicios modernos* [Modern Vicious], 1979

B/W photograph

Courtesy Alberto García-Alix and Galería Juana de Aizpuru, Madrid

*Gabriel*, 1978

B/W photograph

Courtesy Alberto García-Alix and Galería Juana de Aizpuru, Madrid

*En busca del dealer* [Looking for the Dealer], 1981

B/W photograph

Courtesy Alberto García-Alix and Galería Juana de Aizpuru, Madrid

Alberto García-Alix is considered one of the photographers that best represents the protagonists and the mood of what was known as Movidá madrileña [the Madrilenian groove]. His photographs can be considered as a diary, since the artist assures that they are auto-biographic –he only photographs his own experiences. His works, always black and white photographs, take us through the 70's and the 80's, to intense moments where we are surrounded by some of the artist's friends, cities, streets, tattoos, motorbikes... Hedonism to the beat of R&R from the age can be perceived through the images of tumbledown rooms, nightlife, counterculture and the aggressiveness of the city. Lately, however, his photographs have become calm, perhaps even mystic, without losing the capacity of transferring to the viewer an intimate link with the photographed character.

### **Sophie Calle** (Paris, France, 1953)

*The Bronx*, 2002  
28-pages book  
Item éditions, Paris

*L'hôtel. Chambre 24*, 1983  
Diptych  
Col lecció d'Art Contemporani Fundació "la Caixa", Barcelona

*L'hôtel. Chambre 44*, 1983  
Diptych  
Col lecció d'Art Contemporani Fundació "la Caixa", Barcelona

Through her artistic career, Sophie Calle shows her particular view of life. Her working method is like that of a detective; the artist situates us face-to-face with our own curiosity to know about the secrecy hidden behind daily actions of unknown people. This interest in everyday events enhances the dialogue between the artist's works and the viewer. Her indiscreet look is shown in *L'hôtel*, 1981. Sophie Calle looked for a job as a cleaning lady in a hotel, with the sole purpose of taking photographs of the guest's belongings, as well as to the traces left by the guests after staying in the rooms: stripped beds, bath towels dropped down the floor, rubbish... On the other hand, in *The Bronx* the artist asked several South Bronx neighbours, at random, to take her to any corner of the neighbourhood. The photographs and the text documents how the encounter took place. The night before the opening of the work at the Fashion Moda Museum Bronx, unexpectedly, a street graffiti artist drew over every single wall and some of the pictures.

### **Alain Tanner**, *Dans la ville blanche*, 1983

Fragment of the film, 20', loop

In *In the White City*, a cutting film about rootlessness and flight, a sailor jumps ship in Lisbon and walks around the city holding his 8mm camera.

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**Paul Auster**

*“New York was an inexhaustible space, a labyrinth of endless steps, and no matter how far he walked, no matter how well he came to know its neighbourhoods and streets, it always left him with the feeling of being lost. Lost, not only in the city, but within himself as well. Each time he took a walk, he felt as though he were leaving himself behind, and by giving himself up to the movement of the streets, by reducing himself to a seeing eye, he was able to escape the obligation to think”.*

*“Motion was the essence, the act of putting one foot in front of the other and allowing himself to follow the drift of his own body. By wandering aimlessly, all places became equal and it no longer mattered where he was. On his best walks, he was able to feel that he was nowhere. And this, finally, was all he ever asked of things: to be nowhere. New York was the nowhere he had built around himself, and he realized that he had no intention of ever leaving it again”.*

*“The old man had become part of the city. He was a speck, a punctuation mark, a brick in an endless wall of bricks. Quinn could walk through the streets every day for the rest of his life, and still he would not find him. Everything had been reduced to chance, a nightmare of numbers and probabilities. There were no clues, no leads, no moves to be made”.*

*“There are women with their shopping bags and the men with their cardboard boxes, hauling their possessions from one place to the next, forever on the move, as if it mattered where they were”.*

**Paul Auster**, *The New York Trilogy*, 1985

**Ray Loriga**

*“Before everything began moving I decided that all I needed was a small room where I could search for my own signs. I knew that I should never have left the first room”.*

*“I left my job. I saw that most of the lights turned on and off without relying on me; cinemas, cafeterias, department stores, cars, trains and planes, lamps on the bridges and traffic lights. So I put my fingers on the switches I could control”.*

*“I have been living in a one-way street for too long. The same bus and the increasingly small shoes, until the laces cut off your breathing. Then you can no longer think because the oxygen does not reach your brain, and you only see that all the children are running as far as they can”.*

**Ray Loriga**, *Héroes*, 1993

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3<sup>rd</sup> GALLERY  
'CITY LANDSCAPES'

'City landscapes' focuses on the repetition of the spaces, on the similarity of the experiences, through photographs by **Bernd & Hilla Becher** and **Candida Höfer**, fragments from the film *Playtime* by **Jacques Tati**, and the stories *Species of Spaces* by **Georges Perec** and *The Library of Babel* by **Jorge Luis Borges**. The differences, the potential variations, are merely aspects that hide the profound similarities of an increasingly similar and alienated world. An unlimited but repetitive landscape extends everywhere.

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**Bernd & Hilla Becher** (Siegen, Germany, 1931; Woeben, Germany, 1934)

*Fachwerkhäuser. Siegener Industriegebiet* [Fachwerkhäuser. Fachwerkhäuser. Siegen Industrial Area], 1993  
B/W photograph  
Cal Cego. Col lecció d'Art Contemporani

*12 Winding Towers*, 1971-1979  
Frac Nord Pas de Calais, Dunkerque, France  
Photo: Emmanuel Watteau  
© Bernd et Hilla Becher

*Cooling Towers n° 283*, 1991  
Silver gelatine, vintage print  
IVAM, Institut Valencià d'Art Modern, Generalitat  
Deposit: Colección Ordóñez-Falcón, San Sebastián, Spain

From late 50's, this couple has focused on cataloguing industrial buildings in Europe and the United States, photographing water tanks, coal silos, big factories, industrial complexes..., elements that were giving testimony of the decadence of the industrial age, in a moment where these constructions did not provoke any interest as patrimony, since they were destined to disappear. Their photographs — always black and white and showing the object in the centre of the image, isolated from its background, with an impartial, minimal and conceptual eye — set a new trend in photography, under the name of new objectivity, which has become the focal point for a generation of artists so well-known as Candida Höfer, Thomas Ruff, Andreas Gursky or Thomas Struth.

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**Candida Höfer** (Eberwalde, Germany, 1944)

*Real Gabinete Português de Leitura Rio de Janeiro VI*, 2005

C-Print

Collection Ocejo Alsar

*Biblioteca UNED Madrid II*, 2000, 2000

C-Print

Collection Arena, Madrid

*Österreichische Nationalbibliothek Wien VI* 2003, 2003

C-Print

Galería Fúcares, Madrid

*Beinecke Rare Book & Manuscript Library. New Haven CT*, 2002

C-Print

© by their authors

Courtesy MUSAC. Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León

Since the 70's, Candida Höfer's work has focused on photographing public building interiors, as cultural platforms like libraries, theatres, museums, universities, among others. Despite the social use of interior spaces, it seems paradoxical that they are devoid of human presence. A fact that, combined with the artist's interest in lightning and the geometric elements of the architecture of the space themselves, gives images a certain mysterious air, since usually, they can be hardly seen devoid of human presence. Despite the objectivity she uses to deal with architectural spaces, one cannot avoid pondering on their uniqueness. Hence, here, we go from the functionalism of the *UNED university library*, Madrid, to the almost sacred spaces thanks to all the knowledge gained over the years, like the *Herzogin Anna Amalia Bibliothek Weimar*, dated 1691; or the *Real Gabinete Português de Leitura de Rio de Janeiro*, the world's most exhaustive library about Portuguese literature outside Portugal.

**Jacques Tati**, *Playtime*, 1967

Fragment of the film, 20', loop

The movie *Playtime*, by Jacques Tati, tells us about identity loss in the big metropolis. Tourists on a trip around Europe realize travelling from place to place does not necessarily mean that the space changes, and that every big city is reminiscent of the previous one.

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**Georges Perec**

*“THE SPACE CONQUEST  
DEAD SPACE  
SPACE OF AN INSTANT  
CE LESTIAL SPACE  
IMAGINARY SPACE  
HARMFUL SPACE  
WHITE SPACE  
INTER IOR SPACE  
THE SPACE PEDESTRIAN  
BROKEN SPACE  
ARRANGED SPACE  
LIVED SPACE  
SOFT SPACE  
AVAILABLE SPACE  
TRAVELLED SPACE  
FLAT SPACE  
SPACE TYPE  
SPACE AROUND  
....”.*

*“We live somewhere: in a country, in a city of that country, in a neighbourhood of that city, in a street of that neighbourhood, in a building of that street, in an apartment of that building. For some time we should have picked up the habit of moving about freely, without any effort. But we haven't done so: we have stayed where we were; things have stayed as they were. We have not asked ourselves why that was there and not in another place, why this was like this and not some other way. It suddenly became too late, of course, we have already acquired some habits. We have started to think that we are fine where we are. After all, it was as fine here as in front”.*

*“I wish there were stable, immobile, intangible, untouched and almost untouched, immutable, rooted places; places that were references, starting points, beginnings. Such places do not exist, and as they do not exist the space becomes a question, ceases to be evidence, ceases to be incorporated, ceases to be possessed. The space is a doubt: I continuously need to mark it, designate it; it is never mine, it is never given to me, I have to conquer it. My spaces are fragile: time is going to exhaust them, destroy them: nothing will remain as it was any longer, my memories will betray me, oblivion will infiltrate my memory...”.*

**Georges Perec, *Species of Spaces*, 1974**

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## Jorge Luis Borges

*“The UNIVER SE (which others call the Library) is composed of an indefinite and perhaps infinite number of hexagonal galleries, with vast air shafts between, surrounded by very low railings. From any of the hexagons one can see, interminably, the upper and lower floors. The distribution of the galleries is invariable. Twenty shelves, five long shelves per side, cover all the sides except two; their height, which is the distance from floor to ceiling, scarcely exceeds that of a normal bookcase. One of the free sides leads to a narrow hallway which opens onto another gallery, identical to the first and to all the rest.”*

*“These examples made it possible for a librarian of genius to discover the fundamental law of the Library. This thinker observed that all the books, no matter how diverse they might be, are made up of the same elements: the space, the period, the comma, the twentytwo letters of the alphabet. He also alleged a fact which travellers have confirmed: In the vast Library there are no two identical books. From these two incontrovertible premises he deduced that the Library is total and that its shelves register all the possible combinations of the twenty-odd orthographical symbols [...] in all languages”.*

*“I venture to suggest this solution to the ancient problem: The Library is unlimited and cyclical. If an eternal traveller were to cross it in any direction, after centuries he would see that the same volumes were repeated in the same disorder”.*

**Jorge Luis Borges, *The Library of Babel*, 1941**

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4<sup>th</sup> GALLERY  
'UNCERTAIN MAPS'

'Uncertain maps' looks at the lack of communication, the impossibility of sharing scenarios and experiences, with photographs by **Philip-Lorca diCorcia** and **Francesco Jodice**, fragments of the film *Happy Together* by **Wong Kar-Wai**, and the stories *The Man of the Crowd* by **Edgar Allan Poe** and *Cities of the Red Night* by **William S. Burroughs**. Human beings find themselves truly alone when faced with the enormity of some cities, experienced but unknown, where it seems that everything is possible but nothing is true. People walking alone, without direction or purpose.

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**Philip-Lorca diCorcia** (Hartford, USA, 1951)

*Head #5*, 2000

Fuji crystal Archive  
C-Print mounted on Plexiglas  
© Philip-Lorca diCorcia  
Galerie Almine Rech, Paris

*Head # 4. Yankees cap silhouette*, 2001

Fuji crystal Archive  
C-Print mounted on Plexiglas  
© Philip-Lorca diCorcia  
Colección de Fotografía Contemporánea de Telefónica, Madrid

*Head # 22. Cross necklace*, 2001

Fuji crystal Archive  
C-Print mounted on Plexiglas  
© Philip-Lorca diCorcia  
Colección de Fotografía Contemporánea de Telefónica, Madrid

*Head #7*, 2000

Fuji crystal Archive  
C-Print mounted on Plexiglas  
© Philip-Lorca diCorcia  
Galerie Almine Rech, Paris

*Los Angeles*, 1993

Ektacolor  
© Philip-Lorca diCorcia  
Galerie Almine Rech, Paris

*London*, 1993

Colour photograph  
© Philip-Lorca diCorcia  
Colección de Fotografía Contemporánea de Telefónica, Madrid

Philip Lorca diCorcia observes the streets, the city, and takes pictures of the passers-by walking across the hustle and bustle of the metropolis; he captures the other side of the American dream. In *Los Angeles*, he shows the reality of these individuals who were trapped by the city and, nevertheless now are part of a marginal scenery where big opportunities occur. The artists shows us people

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representing the lowest class of the society. Hence, in the series *Head*, he rescues the image of the passers-by in the streets of New York. The characters he photographs seem not to notice the camera lens. The viewer, sometimes, gets to question if images represent a real situation or a fictitious one; an ambivalence that Lorca diCorcia exploits in his photographs.

### **Francesco Jodice** (Naples, Italy, 1967)

*What We Want-TOKYO-D01AB*, 1999

Diptych. C- Print photograph

Collection MUSAC. Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León

*What We Want-PHI-PHI-LEY-R18*, 2003

C- Print photograph

Galería Marta Cervera, Madrid

*What We Want-TOKYO-T20*, 2002

C- Print photograph

Galería Marta Cervera, Madrid

*What We Want-BANGKOK-T24*, 2003

C- Print photograph

Collection MUSAC. Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León

*What We Want-NEW YORK-T27*, 1998

C- Print photograph

Galería Marta Cervera, Madrid

Francesco Jodice introduces us to the analysis of various relationships between new social behaviours and the modification of the urban landscape in the contemporary city. The photographic project *What We Want* consists of images from 53 cities taken over eight years' time. They tell us about contemporary metropolitan landscape as an urban space, modified by new social behaviours. It is passer-by who erodes the place, resulting in a change in the urban space, which the artist progressively records.

### **Wong Kar-Wai**, *Happy Together*, 1997

Fragment of the film, 20', loop

The script, of the film *Happy Together*, written by the director, is based in the essay *The Buenos Aires Affair*, by Argentinean author Manuel Puig. The title comes from a song by American Pop band from the 60's 'The Turtles'. The film ends with this song, adapted by Frank Zappa. The plot describes the stormy relationship of a gay couple who decide to travel to Argentina to visit the Iguazú Falls.

## Edgar Allan Poe

*“At first my observations took an abstract and generalizing turn. I looked at the passengers in masses, and thought of them in their aggregate relations. Soon, however, I descended to details, and regarded with minute interest the innumerable varieties of figure, dress, air, gait, visage, and expression of countenance. By far the greater number of those who went by had a satisfied, business-like demeanor, and seemed to be thinking only of making their way through the press. [...] Others, still a numerous class, were restless in their movements, had flushed faces, and talked and gesticulated to themselves, as if feeling in solitude on account of the very denseness of the company around”.*

*“As the night deepened, so deepened to me the interest of the scene; for not only did the general character of the crowd materially alter [...], but the rays of the gas-lamps, feeble at first in their struggle with the dying day, had now at length gained ascendancy, and threw over every thing a fitful and garish lustre. The wild effects of the light enchained me to an examination of individual faces; and although the rapidity with which the world of light flitted before the window prevented me from casting more than a glance upon each visage, still it seemed that, in my then peculiar mental state, I could frequently read, even in that brief interval of a glance, the history of long years”.*

*“And here, long, amid the momentarily increasing confusion, did I persist in my pursuit of the stranger. But, as usual, he walked to and fro, and during the day did not pass from out the turmoil of that street. And, as the shades of the second evening came on, I grew wearied unto death, and, stopping fully in front of the wanderer, gazed at him steadfastly in the face. He noticed me not, but resumed his solemn walk, while I, ceasing to follow, remained absorbed in contemplation. ‘The old man,’ I said at length, ‘is the type and the genius of deep crime. He refuses to be alone. He is the man of the crowd”.*

**Edgar Allan Poe, *The Man of the Crowd*, 1840**

## William S. Burroughs

*“The Cities of Red Night were six in number: Thamaghis, Ba’dan, Yass-Waddah, Waghdas, Naufana and Ghadis. These cities were located in an area roughly corresponding to the Gobi Desert, a hundred thousand years ago. At that time the desert was dotted with large oases and traversed by a river which emptied into the Caspian Sea.*

*Tamaghis: This is the open city of contending partisans where advantage shifts from moment to moment in a desperate biological war. Here everything is as true as you think it is and everything you can get away with is permitted.*

*Ba’dan: This city is given over to competitive games, and commerce. Ba’dan closely resembles present-day America with a precarious moneyed elite, a large disaffected middle class and an equally large segment of criminals and outlaws. Unstable, explosive, and swept by whirlwind riots. Everything is true and everything is permitted.*

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*Yass-Waddah: This city is the female stronghold where the Countess de Gulpa, the Countess de Vile, and the Council of the Selected plot a final subjugation of the other cities. Every shade of sexual transition is represented: boys with girls' heads, girls with boys' heads. Here everything is true and nothing is permitted except to the permitters.*

*Waghdas: This is the university city, the center of learning where all questions are answered in terms of what can be expressed and understood. Complete permission derives from complete understanding.*

*Naufana and Ghadis are the cities of illusion where nothing is true and therefore everything is permitted.*

*The traveler must start in Tamaghis and make his way through the other cities in the order named. This pilgrimage may take many lifetimes”.*

**William S. Burroughs**, *Cities of the Red Night*, 1981

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5ª SALA  
'NOWHERE' (as an epilogue)

Finally, under the title of 'Nowhere', two works by **Chantal Akerman** and the novel *The Ulysses Syndrome*, by **Santiago Gamboa**, close the journey as an epilogue. It is the despair you feel when you think you have arrived, that you have achieved the dream you pursued for so long, and you realise that nothing will change. There is no room for dreams, nor for happiness – all that remains is personal and emotional exile, strangeness and an indifference to new spaces and new cities in which it seems there is no place for you.

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**Chantal Akerman** (Brussels, Belgium, 1950)

*Une voix dans le désert*, 2002

Single-channel video-projection, DVD, colour, sound, 52'

Colecció MACBA. Fundació Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona

Donation: El Corte Inglés

*D'Est*, 1993

16mm transferred to DVD, sound, 110'

Production: Chantal Akerman

Image: Rémon Fromont

Sound: Pierre Martens

Editing: Claire Atherton

CBA, Centre de l'Audiovisuel à Bruxelles

The Belgian author knew how to unify nouvelle vague training, situationist critic and May 68' in order to make cinema about the experience. Akerman is a moviemaker whose films are so continuously drifting that a metaphor for existence can be discerned. In *D'Est*, she draws a portrait of an Eastern Europe where Capitalism, after the fall of the Berlin Wall, has relentlessly taken hold. In *Une voix dans le desert* she questions the problem that exists at the US-Mexican border: the American rangers chase clandestine emigrants carrying their Magnum shotguns and night vision glasses. At the border in the Arizona desert between two mountains, one in the United States and the other one in Mexico, the artist installs a big screen where she shows her film *De l'autre côté*, dealing with Mexican immigration. The artist denounces the problematic border between Mexico and the United States, and at the same time she evokes other historical or current episodes in which borders are the protagonists.

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## Santiago Gamboa

*“Those of us who had arrived by the back door, dodging the rubbish, lived much worse than the insects and the rats. There was nothing, or almost nothing, for us, and so we fed on absurd desires. All our sentences began like this: ‘When...’”.*

*“And then the exile, the remoteness. What are the words of the exiled? Grinding up your own culture and devouring it. Digging up your dead and eating them, sucking the bones while breathing the air of a crazy metropolis. Why not do it? [...] Then it is the memory of the country and the contempt of others, which is my sap. The contempt of the pedestrians”.*

*“I remember the glare of the police lamps. How afraid, I was so afraid and I asked myself a thousand questions, and doubted my whole life, which was not very much, so miserable that there I was, hidden in a lorry to reach a city and start from the lowest point. [...] My dignity had taken a dive and everything I did was allowed. But so afraid and so cold”.*

*“[...] you are not African, I know that, but neither are you European, and I offer you some advice, don't try to copy them, this way of living brings nothing good, we are here for the money they have or for what they stole from us, which is the same thing, but we must not think we are the same as them”.*

**Santiago Gamboa**, *The Ulysses Syndrome*, 2005