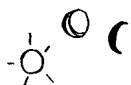
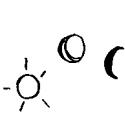


1. Manuel Raeder, In /visible, Jan Van Eyck Academie, 2001
2. Ella Klaschka, Manuel Raeder, What is this? What is that? Who are they? And where do they come from? Jan Van Eyck Academie, Pink Issue, 2002, Issue two, 2003
3. Hurts so good. Taip gerai skauda, Steve Rushton (ed.), Contemporary Art Centre Vilnius / Jan Van Eyck Academie, 2003
4. Asta Gröting: The Inner Voice, Marta Herford / Revolver, 2003
5. Olivier Foulon: "En coulisses, parfois, les artistes changent de costumes". Actualités, Jan Van Eyck Academie, 2003
6. Sebastián Romo: El espacio en el espacio: Site specific mobile sculptures, Revolver, 2004
7. Manuel Raeder, Agenda 2005: Brand New Second Hand, Revolver, 2004
8. time containers. Mariana Castillo Deball, Manuel Raeder, in: Dokumentation der Workshopreihe "Characters wanted", Hochschule für bildende Künste Hamburg / Materialverlag, 2005
9. Mariana Castillo Deball — Interlude: The Reader's Traces, Jan Van Eyck Academie / Revolver, 2005
10. The Imaginary Number. Edgar Arceneaux, Trisha Donnelly, Jimmie Durham, Omer Fast, Rodney Graham, David Maljković, Simon Dybbroe Møller, Valérie Mréjen and Klaus Weber, KW Institute for Contemporary Art, 2005
11. Mariana Castillo Deball, Never Odd or Even, Revolver, 2005
12. Studio Manuel Raeder, Loose Leaf Wall Calendar 2006, self-published, 2005
13. Omer Fast: Godville, Midway Contemporary Art, 2005
14. Eran Schaerf: Scenario Data, Witte de With, 2005
15. BLESS: Celebrating 10 Years of Themelessness, N° 00 – N° 29, Posterbook, Sternberg Press, 2006
16. Katja Eydel: Model ve Sembol. Die Erfindung der Türkei, Kunstverein Göttingen / Sternberg Press, 2006
17. 7. Werkleitz Biennale 2006, Happy Believers, Werkleitz Biennale, 2006
18. Manuel Raeder, Popurri: Agenda 2007, Sternberg Press, 2006
19. Optik Schröder: Werke aus der Sammlung Alexander Schröder, Kunstverein Braunschweig / Walther König, 2006
20. Ull Hohn: Off the Wall, Galerie Neu, 2006
21. Tom Burr: Jack Pierson, Galerie Neu, 2006
22. Bojan Šarčević: Kissing the back of your hand makes a sound like a wounded bird, BAWAG Foundation, 2007
23. A for Alibi, Uqbar Foundation (ed.), Sternberg Press, 2007
24. Haegue Yang: Community of Absence, BAK, basis voor actuele kunst / Revolver, 2007

- 25.** Tom Burr: Moods, Secession / Walther König, 2007
- 26.** Mark Bain and James Beckett: Museum of Noise, Kölnischer Kunstverein / Kehrer Verlag, 2007
- 27.** Haegue Yang: Unpacking Storage Piece, Wiens Verlag, 2007
- 28.** Philippe Pirotte: An Invention of Allan Kaprow for the Moment, Kunsthalle Bern, 2007
- 29.** Omer Fast: The Casting, Walther König, 2007
- 30.** Eran Schaerf and Florian Dombos: Palaver, Kunsthalle Bern, 2008
- 31.** Leonor Antunes: Dwelling Place, Barriera Torino, 2008
- 32.** Mariana Castillo Deball, Estas ruinas que ves, Sternberg Press, 2008
- 33.** Michael Krebber: Puberty in Teaching, Kölnischer Kunstverein, 2008
- 34.** Konzepte der Liebe, Kölnischer Kunstverein / Walther König, 2008
- 35.** Klaus Weber: Secession, Sternberg Press, 2008
- 36.** Kitty Kraus, Kunstverein Heilbronn, 2008
- 37.** Manuel Raeder, A la cach cachi porra, Agenda 2009, self-published, 2008
- 38.** SUM N° 05 2009 magazine for contemporary art, The Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts, Schools of Visual Arts / Revolver, 2009
- 39.** Sarah Ryan: The Clearing, The Green Box Kunst Editionen, 2009
- 40.** Allora & Calzadilla, Charles Juhasz, Número Cero 3, El huevo monstruo, 2da Trienal Poli / gráfica de San Juan: América Latina y el Caribe, 2009
- 41.** Danh Vo: Where the Lions Are, Kunsthalle Basel, 2009
- 42.** Nora Schultz: The Countdown Poster Magazine, Kölnischer Kunstverein, 2009
- 43.** Lecture Performance, Kölnischer Kunstverein, 2009
- 44.** United Technologies, Lismore Castle Arts, 2009
- 45.** Allora & Calzadilla: Guantanamo Bay Song Book, Center for Contemporary Art, CCA Kitakyushu, 2009
- 46.** Mariana Castillo Deball: Kaleidoscopic Eye, Kunst Halle Sankt Gallen, 2009
- 47.** Christoph Keller, Cloudbuster Project Maroc, Fondation Janelly et Jean René Fourtou / Institut de France, 2010
- 48.** Danh Vo: All Your Deeds Shall in Water be Writ, But This in Marble, Isabella Bortolozzi, self-published, 2010
- 49.** BLESS: Retrospective Home N° 30 - N° 41, Sternberg Press, 2010
- 50.** Nick Mauss: Geschenkpiere, Koenig Books, 2010
- 51.** Haegue Yang: Siblings and Twins, Portikus, 2010
- 52.** Renata Lucas: Ernst Schering Foundation Art Award, KW Institute for Contemporary Art / Argobooks, 2010
- 53.** Filipa César: Montr Argobooks, 2010
- 54.** Manuel Raeder, Boa dia, boa tarde, boa noite, Agenda 2011, self-published, 2010
- 55.** Mathilde Rosier: Fin circumstances in the antechamber, Satellite Programm 3 / Elena Filipovic Éditions du Jeu de Paume, 2010
- 56.** Tris Vonna-Michell, Finding Chopin: Endnot 2005 - 2009, Satellite Programm 3 / Elena Filipovic Éditions du Jeu de Paume, 2010
- 57.** Tomo Savić-Gecan, Untitled, Satellite Programm 3 / Elena Filipovic Éditions du Jeu de Paume, 2010
- 58.** Leonor Antunes, 1785 / 87 / 90 - 2010, Isabella Bortolozzi / BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2010
- 59.** Sergej Jensen: The last twenty minutes of 2001, White Cube, 2011
- 60.** Tris Vonna-Michell, JRP|Ringier, 2011
- 61.** Sergej Jensen, MoMA / KW Institute for Contemporary Art, 2011



age,	Conte
m	Art M
e,	2011
shed,	62. D
	Knes:
	MD72
d	63. Pr
	Verlag
povic,	64. Bi
ne,	Kunst
	Press,
es	65. Th
	Hunte
povic,	Huma
ne,	Mann
	Heidel
	2011
amm	66. Se
ns du	Works
	2011
ella	67. Fo
OA	in the
10	Camp
	Kunst
	2011
ast	68. Lu
,	Poster
	TARDE
r	69. M
	Never
	II, BOA
	BOA M



Contemporary Art / Aspen
Museum / Distanz Verlag,

Thanh Vo & Heinz Peter
Ephemeroptera,
2011

Maneet Soi, Distanz
2011

Christoph Megerle,
Katharina Lingen / Sternberg
2011

The Eye is a Lonely
Man: Images of
Human Kind. 4. Fotofestival
Ludwigshafen_
Ludwigshafen, Kehrler Verlag,

Sergej Jensen: Hydra
Shop, Sadie Coles HQ,

Forbidden Love: Art
Wake of Television
Kölnischer
Kunstverein / Walther König,

Lucie Stahl: Plakate
für, BOM DIA BOA
TARDE BOA NOITE, 2011

Mariana Castillo Deball,
Odd or Even Volume
BOM DIA BOA TARDE
BOA NOITE, 2011

70. Flaca. Tom Humphreys,
Portikus / Sternberg Press,
2011

71. Haegue Yang: Wild
Against Gravity, Modern Art
Oxford / Aspen Art Press,
2011

72. Kay Rosen: Mined,
Edition Klosterfelde, 2012

73. Filipa César, Notes on a
facsimile of the publication:
Cadernos para o diálogo
2 Discurso sobre o
colonialismo. Aimé Césaire,
BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA
NOITE, 2012

74. Paul Sietsema: inter-
views on films and works,
Sternberg Press, 2012

75. 24 Advertisements, Pork
Salad Press, 2012

76. Sergej Jensen: Dogs,
Pork Salad Press, 2012

77. Eran Schaerf: fm-
scenario – Where Palms
Stand – Mask – Delay,
Bedford Press, 2012

78. Mauricio Guillén:
I for Idiot, BOM DIA BOA
TARDE BOA NOITE, 2012

79. Daniel Steegmann
Mangrané, Lichtzwang,
BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA
NOITE, 2012

80. Mariana Castillo Deball:
Uncomfortable Objects,
BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA
NOITE, 2012

81. Jimmie Durham, Poems
That Do Not Go Together,
Edition Hansjörg Mayer /
Wiens Verlag, 2012

82. Olaf Holzapfel:
Region – die Technik des
Landes, Leonhardi-Museum
Dresden / Distanz, 2012

83. Studio Manuel
Raeder, Loose Leaf Wall
Calendar 2013, Kunstverein
München / BOM DIA BOA
TARDE BOA NOITE, 2012

84. Henning Bohl:
Namenloses Grauen,
Kunstverein Nürnberg / BOM
DIA BOA TARDE BOA
NOITE, 2013

85. Contemporary Art Club
Theseustempel Vienna 2011,
Theseustempel Vienna / BOM
DIA BOA TARDE BOA
NOITE, 2013

86. Runa Islam: Dogs
Devouring Dead Horses,
BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA
NOITE, 2013

87. Haegue Yang and Jeong
Hwa Min, Grid Bloc II,
BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA
NOITE / Wiens Verlag, 2013

88. Langages: Entre le
Dire et le Faire, Gulbenkian
Foundation, 2013

89. Studio Manuel Raeder:
La letra E está por doquier,
BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA
NOITE, 2013

90. Matt Mullican: Editions
1985 – 2012, BOM DIA BOA
TARDE BOA NOITE, 2013

91. Rogério Duarte:
Marginália 1, BOM DIA BOA
TARDE BOA NOITE, 2013

92. Hélio Oiticica: The Great
Labyrinth, Hatje Cantz, 2013

93. Haegue Yang: Dare
to Count Phonemes and
Graphemes, Museum für
Gegenwartskunst / Sternberg
Press, 2013

94. At Work, Snoeck Verlag,
2014

- 95.** Mariana Castillo Deball: Parergon, Walther König, 2014
- 96.** „Hypothesis for an Exhibition“, Dominique Lévy, 2014
- 97.** Olaf Holzapfel: die Technik des Landes, Sternberg Press, 2014
- 98.** Sofie Berntsen & Karl Holmqvist: Rameaus nevøer, Nasjonalmuseet, 2014
- 99.** Vajiko Chachkhiani: Both, BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2014
- 100.** Henning Bohl, Kadath Fatal, BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2014
- 101.** Nora Schultz: Portikus Printing Plant and Portikus Sounds, Portikus/BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2014
- 102.** Group Affinity, Kunstverein München/BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2014
- 103.** Abstract Specific | Specific Abstract, BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2014
- 104.** Henning Bohl, Fatal Kadath Fatal, BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2015
- 105.** Heinz Peter Knes: on distance, BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2015
- 106.** Pedro Barateiro: Palmeiras bravas/The current situation, Museu Coleção Berardo/BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2015
- 107.** Daniel Steegmann Mangrané: Animal That Doesn't Exist, BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2015
- 108.** Ull Hohn: Foregrounds, Distances, Sternberg Press, 2015
- 109.** The Logic of Disorder: The Art and Writings of Abraham Cruzvillegas, Harvard University Press, 2015
- 110.** Studio Manuel Raeder, Loose Leaf Wall Calendar 2016, BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2015
- 111.** Gabriel Sierra: (the title of the exhibition changed every hour), BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2016
- 112.** k.m Exhibitions / Ausstellungen 2010 – 2015, Bart van der Heide & Manuel Raeder (eds.), BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2016
- 113.** Abraham Cruzvillegas: Autodestrucción6: Chichimecachubo: Matzerath@S13, BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2016
- 114.** Karl Holmqvist: Tuff Love, The Power Station / Dallas, 2016
- 115.** Leonor Antunes: the last days in chimalistac, Kunsthalle Basel/BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, 2016

'DEAR READER.
DON'T [ONLY] READ'
Mela Dávila Freire

Manuel Raeder has been working on publishing and design projects for more than 15 years. He has run his own design office, Studio Manuel Raeder, since 9, and in 2013 founded the publishing label BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE, a platform for challenging editorial projects not only of his own creation, but also of other authors and designers. Over the years, Raeder has designed displays, objects, exhibitions, communication strategies and graphic identities, and especially books: catalogues, monographs, essay collections... and also artist's books, which is only natural, since many of Raeder's close friends are artists: Mariana Castillo Deball, Haegue Yang, Nora Schultz, Abraham Cruzvillegas, Sergej Jensen and Leonor Antunes, among others.

In Raeder's words, very often the books he creates are 'conceived as an integral part of an artwork or as the artwork itself, which often plays with the format of the book and reflects its medium.' That is to say: in different ways and through different strategies, the publications he designs reflect upon the physical and intellectual conventions on which the book, in its condition as an almost universal and apparently incontrovertible cultural device, is based. They explore the book's features, expand its potential, and untiringly question the codes that rule the nature of books — and of reading. And they do so from a contemporary perspective, building on the foundations of the conceptual artist's book, while updating it to current times, in which electronic supports have substituted the printed page — thereby liberating it — in the vital task of carrying content, at a time when

the devastation of forests demands better reasons for choosing paper than the mere transmission of content.

Accordingly, it often happens that Raeder's publications extend into territories that lay beyond the book's physical boundaries, reaching out, in unexpected ways, to the three-dimensional space, surrounding objects and readers. A recent exhibition project of Raeder's, *La letra e está por doquier / The Letter E is Everywhere* (2012 - 2013), typically materializes the depth of this exploration: here, the design of printed matter — posters, books — spread beyond paper to display devices, furniture and exhibition design, becoming a 'construction' straddling book design, installation design and information device. Books as image, books as construction, books as archive — these are the building blocks that Raeder uses in much of his own design and editorial work.

Makulatur, which you now have in your hands, is the result of one such endeavor, and something of an exception too. In 2010, Manuel Raeder succumbed to his own peculiar 'archival fever' and started preserving and collecting misprinted sheets discarded at the beginning of the printing process of each of his publications.

In the early stages of book production, many problems may arise: incorrectly calibrated colors, stains on the plate, trials and errors with combinations of ink, mixtures of cyan, magenta, yellow and black gone wrong, colours that are slightly out of place or not quite right... When it comes to getting the right tones of an image in print, the potential for failed attempts is high. These faults tend to be corrected quite quickly, but even so, a fair amount of waste paper accumulate next to the printing press, ready to be thrown out at the end of the day.

These are the kind of sheets that Manuel Raeder has been collecting for the last six years, and which now, cut and bound, make up this volume.

There are many things in place Saint-Sulpice: a town hall, a chamber of finance, a police station, three cafés... A great number — many — of these things have been described, inventoried, photographed, related, and even recorded by census. My goal for the following pages has been rather to describe what others have missed. What is not generally noted hasn't been noticed and is irrelevant (n'a pas d'importance): this is what happens when nothing happens; otherwise, time, people, cars and clouds.

Georges Perec, *Attempt to Exhaust*
a Parisian Place, 1975.

Trials, tests, corrections, minor adjustments, fresh attempts, new approaches, until the precise combination of prime colors is achieved and printing can proceed. Every single book has gone through this process, and yet, these misprinted sheets almost never see the light beyond the printing house. No finely printed book exists without them, but they are denied existence and remain eternally hidden. Despite being an inextricable part of the book, they — *Fehldrucke*, *Druckfehler* — are cast into the realm of the invisible forever.

Misprints: the book before the book, outside the book, beyond the book, aside from the book... An invisible realm, yes — but not entirely unknown, or uncharted. Names such as *Something Else Press*, the printing house founded by Dick Higgins in 1963, or the bookshop *Other Books and So*, run by Ulises Carrión between 1975 and 1979, are

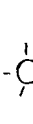
no coincidence. They bear witness to the fact that there is more beyond the physical boundaries of books has been well known to artists for decades.

In a seeming act of rebellion against this invisibility, *Makulatur* now displays misprints before the readers' eyes, as if to say: 'These discarded pages belong to books too, even though they are never included'. This volume is actually an attempt to bring into focus the one single constituent of the book which is invariably destined to remain detached from the book itself, and to see what happens when this element is noticed and suddenly acquires relevance.

Sometimes a sort of taxonomical order was imposed upon the hoard, though one which might seem oddly arbitrary to modern sensibilities: at the Anatomical Museum in Leiden, for example, specimens in one corner were grouped by type of defect, such that separate pickling jars containing two-tailed lizards, doubled apples, conjoined Siamese twin infants, forked carrots, and a two-headed cat were equally ranged side by side.

Lawrence Weschler, *Mr. Wilson's Cabinet of Wonder*, 1995.

An attempt to organize blunders, establish a taxonomy of mistakes, systematize the incomplete: *Makulatur* is a collection of *maculae* or 'stains', defects garnered from six years of publishing, taken from the private sphere, to which they are usually confined, and presented in public, bound as a nice volume made out of... printed failures! Just as success needs its opposite — error — in order to exist, these misprints attest to the occurrence of excellence in printing — which, however, must be sought elsewhere than in the present book.



MAKULATUR

Studio Manuel Raeder

But as *Makulatur* demonstrates, when misprints are left to their own devices, organization, classification and structure are, in fact, possible, even if they do obey their own specific and sometimes obscure rules. What happens, then, when readers are confronted with a sequence of pages such as the one here? Most likely, they will have the impression of dealing with an alphabet they cannot decipher or with a language that they do not speak. But the message, perhaps, will still be there, regardless of whether it can be deciphered or not. In the book *Enseignement universel* (2013), artist Anna Dot adopts a similar method. Inspired by the theory of French professor Joseph Jacotot (1770 – 1840), Dot selected three texts in Dutch and French and broke them down into their apparent linguistic components, which she then ordered according to standard categories, such as types of grammatical units, alphabetical order... This would not be much of an experiment, except for the fact that Dot does not speak or understand French or Dutch, making *Enseignement universel* highly dubious in terms of accuracy, and also highly suggestive in how it challenges conventions and provokes thought. *Makulatur* weaves on similar threads.

Yo traté de introducir a través del cut-up el montaje en literatura. Creo que está mucho más cerca de reflejar los hechos concretos de la percepción humana que la mera linealidad. Por ejemplo, si usted sale a la calle, ¿qué ve? Ve autos, trozos de gente, ve sus propios pensamientos, todo mezclado y sin linealidad alguna. Este modo de escritura de montaje deja intacta la narración. Justamente creo que es todavía más fiel a ella.

William S. Burroughs,
La revolución electrónica, 1970.

Discarded trials, incomplete bits and pieces, fragments ordered according to an indecipherable set of rules. Juxtaposition and fragmentation as basic structural traits. So where is the meaning in this book? Where does it start, where does the succession of pages take the reader, what is the *matter*? Interestingly: fragmentation, imperfection, an absence of linearity... these are *the matter*. A matter that is not so different from the world beyond the pages of the book, but which demands from the reader an open attitude and the willingness to complete and round off the possible meaning(s) with his or her own contributions.

‘Writing’, Laurence Sterne said, ‘is but a different name for conversation’. Manuel Raeder has proven that designing and publishing books can also be a different name for writing — and talking. If this is so, *Makulatur* is going to be the script of a dialogue that you, reader, are about to start, where your part is at least as important as that of Manuel Raeder.

And the chances are, you are going to enjoy this exchange.

SINBYEONG

Abraham Cruzvillegas

Language is flavor that delivers to the lips
the gut, opened to a strange and wise taste:
It awakens in the throat,
its spirit still thick springs forth to the air
and, in the liquid mass where it floats,
it feels space and sings.

Jorge Cuesta, *Song to a Mineral God*, 1942.

The poem was translated from Spanish by poet Gabriela Jáuregui.

And it wants me to free myself from its emotions, its drives, as well as from its ideas, almost. My will is strengthened by its will, at the same time as it appears more as its necessity than my own — transformed simultaneously in a full tautology and contradiction. In its alchemic transfiguration, its concept rests from the hypertrophic yoke of affect, the cocoon in which words gestate for themselves and by themselves; they are. Spawning and blooming from the most crystalline of its verbal accesses, like frozen arguments, they compose the crisis of their own presuppositions: they turn into churrigueresque volutes in the air, they evaporate and reintegrate into the vital cycle: they are tears, saliva. I am verb, I am noun, I am comma, diaeresis and diphthong, I rule and require, demand and obligate, so that tiny determinations may be united in the labyrinth where the darkest and murky filtered lights of the signifying triads that end up only witnessing the endless communicative inability of the poet are mixed. I am tit for tat, for you — I am it. And the tenacity of the enzyme that fiercely inclines and reposes in the cells that contain the infinitesimal mitochondria that strengthen the weak muscle and procure the glint of the spark-plugs of their synapses and their abstinent and dried-out burp. Don't break. In your self-inflicted demolition you signal the deficit of my richness; you paint in an infinite loss of future in the scene, and I miss you already. I examine your convulsion,

mixed-up in the trance of it-doesn't-matter-if-you-never-come-back, foaming at the mouth and anus bloody: I see you reduced to your minimal expression. On your access to a diverse state of intelligence — one of intense and monstrous perception, which can only be administered in the community of language, not in what is attainable, not in technique, nor in virtue, perhaps only in the piling of graphemes and phonemes in neologism — your mutilated body hangs from your shamanistic and luminous self, eyes blank. And you access conjugation of a tongue that never was and that no one will ever understand — weakened, vulnerable, kin to everything that exists but in an animism that cannot be religious: alcohol, ties, enzymes, boxes, rays of light, syringes, test tubes, sugar plantations and caffeine-addicted proverbs. May the hendecasyllables ring in Cordoba each time didactics cease, each time the gloomy voices ingenuously try to silence others. In the decomposition of syntax, the reasons are constructed, destroyed and reconstructed. And in their instability they are only coherent with the violence that serves as landscape, so we should demand that the adventure continue, your boundless enterprise. May someone please destroy me and come near to the fondness where the little papers mix — that's where I belong.

THE BOOKS'S BOOK

Eran Schaerf*

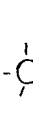
Agatha Christie's fans and family join the protest against the revelation of theatre's best-kept secret. Christie's grandson, Matthew Prichard says: My grandmother always got upset if the plots of her books or plays were revealed in reviews — This was the news. Welcoming you on the microphone is Paul Gold with *How It Happened: The Broadcast Accompanying the Book* — The story takes place in the man's mind. Once told, it reconnects with a number of imagined possibilities that are ready and waiting for a re-activation. Like an automated version of the antique art of memory, it re-activates the image of the world as that collection of territories endangered by illegal intruders, which is presumed whenever a threat has to be given a face. A face? Yes, disguised by language — Like any mirror, it can only show what is presently performed in front of it — Like the book, of which Friedl Dicker-Brandeis says, that it is always written in common, even if the authors do not know each other and fifty years lay between them — You seem to translate. Do you need help? Yes. In 1970 the Hebrew term for intellectual property sounded foreign. Therefore the English term was used in the Hebrew text. If it is important for your narrative that the term intellectual property was unfamiliar when the story was written... — Apparently the story ends here in the middle of the sentence. It is a familiar style in English. And when I found the door was shut / I tried to turn the handle but — My trip from home to where I work is a story of a space with two entrances. It is open, whether that which enters through the first entrance ever encounters that which enters through the second one, and this openness is perhaps the main feature of this space. When I count, the first

entrance always comes before the second one, the problem begins when I enter this space: since the word "before" applies to both space and time, it happens that something which is before something else in time, comes after it in space — In the meantime, you ask yourself how this story began — Gropius wrote a book on grain silos / Le Corbusier one on aeroplanes / And Charlotte Perriand brought a new object to the office every morning / But today we collect links — And we don't know where the story begins, but according to reports, it is said to continue as a fairy-tale — Mom, why did you dress me as Little Red Riding Hood? Because it's a story, my child, and in stories you appear as someone else, otherwise you haven't appeared at all — I must say words as long as there are words. I must say them until they find me, until they say me — heavy burden, heavy sin ... maybe it's been done already; maybe they've already said me; maybe they've already borne me to the threshold of my story, right to the door opening onto my story — When an individual plays a part he implicitly requests his observers to take seriously the impression that is fostered before them. They are asked to believe that the character they see actually possesses the attributes he appears to possess, that the task he performs will have the consequences that are implicitly claimed for it, and that, in general, matters are what they appear to be — Used to be that you could tell something about a man by his facial hair or the fit of his 501s. Only bikers wore leather cuffs; only androgynies wore eyeliner. But then Dutch soldiers started wearing earrings — And when you can't speak, these physical conditions are nevertheless present as a reference to a possible speech — and they are telling — So you're standing there at a different beginning of the same story — The same chair, the same balcony, the same view,

some more leaves, 3 years later I couldn't remember how much sugar she liked in her coffee —The arrangement of the furniture is at the same time the site of deadly traps, and the suite of rooms prescribes the fleeing victim's path — At times it seems as if you should be able to stop the story. Yet as soon as you try, you sense that it changes its tense — as if it were fleeing —The woman argues that the furniture depicts her own story — Suspicious of the artistic objects, the border police doubt their validity as use objects. Furniture may be furniture, but hand-carved pieces could be considered as items belonging to national culture and would as such be prohibited from leaving the country —Take this story as a sequence of rooms. You are standing in one of them, looking in through a door, far down a long corridor with sunless corners where palms stand, and out through a window —The fence was lined with booksellers' stalls, little more than minuscule huts where the vendors vied for space with the hundreds of books that lined the walls. Worlds mingled in the bookstalls: the works of Enver Hoxha next to a score by Puccini beside an Armenian body-building manual on top of the *Thousand and One Nights* — Gershom Scholem says about Franz Rosenzweig's book *The Star of Redemption* that one can let it say: I want to be read differently than the way I am written — As if based on a precisely written script, you pause and peer into the room with the expectation that your immobility would bring the story to an end. But the story goes on —The elements migrate from one scene to another, the way one and the same word appears in two different sentences — Perhaps I should lose myself more, I thought, watching a gentleman with a Bauhaus teapot in his hand, who was standing in front of a military-issue wool blanket spread out on the ground, on which at least 100 20th century teapot lids were

set up in rows — So how did a pair of ski pants, custom-made from thick, high-quality wool, land in a hot country where it snows at most every few years and where there is exactly *one* ski slope? — But perhaps you are in the book now, and all I wrote is the snow of yesterday, or of tomorrow — the one had melted already, of the other, we do not know, if it will fall — But I know there will always be another story —

* With Claude Cahun, Michel Foucault, Erving Goffman, Alison and Peter Smithson, Al Aharam weekly, and The Independent



MAKULATUR

Studio Manuel Raeder

INTRODUCTION

Manuel Raeder

And it wants me to free myself from its emotions, its drives, as well as from its ideas, almost. My will is strengthened by its will, at the same time as it appears more as its necessity than my own — transformed simultaneously in a full tautology and contradiction. In its alchemic transfiguration, its concept rests from the hypertrophic yoke of affect, the cocoon in which words gestate for themselves and by themselves; they are. Spawning and blooming from the most crystalline of its verbal accesses, like frozen arguments, they compose the crisis of their own presuppositions: they turn into churrigueresque volutes in the air, they evaporate and reintegrate into the vital cycle: they are tears, saliva. I am verb, I am noun, I am comma, diaeresis and diphtong, I rule and require, demand and obligate, so that tiny determinations may be united in the labyrinth where the darkest and murky filtered lights of the signifying triads that end up only witnessing the endless communicative inability of the poet are mixed. I am tit for tat, for you — I am it. And the tenacity of the enzyme that fiercely inclines and reposes in the cells that contain the infinitesimal mitochondria that strengthen the weak muscle and procure the glint of the spark-plugs of their synapses and their abstinent and dried-out burp.

MAKULATUR
Studio Manuel Raeder

Concept by
Manuel Raeder

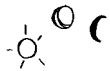
Copy-editing by
Annette Schryen

Texts by
Mela Dávila Freire
Eran Schaerf
Abraham Cruzvillegas

Graphic design and typeface by
Studio Manuel Raeder (Sylvia Lee,
Enno Pötschke & Manuel Raeder)

Production & print by
Benedict Press, Vier-Türme GmbH

Published by



BOM
DIA
BOA
TARDE
BOA
NOITE

Rosa-Luxemburg-Strasse 17
10178 Berlin
Germany
www.bomdiabooks.de

ISBN 978-3-943514-60-5

Thanks to Mariana Castillo Deball, Martha Hellion, Diane Gaither Deball, Adriana Deball, Annelie Raeder, Jürgen Raeder, Alexander Schröder, Solvej Ovesen, Bart van der Heide, Felipe Dmap, José Kuri, Mónica Manzutto, Daniel Steegmann Mangrané, Mela Dávila Freire, Eran Schaerf, Abraham Cruzvillegas, Leonor Antunes, Haegue Yang, Julian von Klier, Manuel Goller, Heesun Seo, Charlotte Taillet, Santiago da Silva, Enno Pötschke, Miglė Kazlauskaitė, Annette Schryen and everyone who contributed to Makulatur

The Deutsche Nationalbibliothek lists this publication in the Deutsche Nationalbibliografie; detailed bibliographic data are available on the Internet at <http://dnb.d-nb.de>.

All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form.

© 2016, Manuel Raeder
& BOM DIA BOA TARDE BOA NOITE
Printed in the EU