The crisis at UNESCO is symptomatic of a general global crisis that can be read in a number of ways. Most obviously, it's part of a challenge to US hegemony by most of the rest of the world. Second, it's a function of the contradictory mission of the organization: independent institute and intergovernmental agency. It's also to do. I think, with a struggle around how to interpret post-war history. The balance of power at the UN shifted in the 60s as a result of decolonization. It was the moment, in Sarre's words, when the natives became human beings. New politics of resistance emerged everywhere in the world, not least in the native peoples themselves. The attack on UNESCO today ought to be read, in part, as a snaring of the 60s, and as an attempt to reverse the cultural and political gains made here and elsewhere in those years. To be fair, those liberatory moments were often accompanied by systemic corruption and militarization, as well as by the entrenchment of neocolonial institutions like the International Monetary Fund. UNESCO by no means stands outside of this ambiguous and paradoxical history. It is a centralized, hierarchical and bureaucratic institution too often committed to large-scale projects that do little other than reinforce dependence on first world capital and expertise. There's not much attention given to what's sometimes called the fourth world—nations within nations, tribal and indigenous cultures. Neither is there, as far as I can tell, any recognition of the limitations of development and growth themselves.

But then again, UNESCO is probably not the place to look for the kind of anticolonial politics I'm talking about. I think it's important to defend the tatters of liberal institutions (and states) that remain, to refuse the language of the marketplace (if only, Reagan must be thinking). UNESCO could be made to turn a profit, like the Los Angeles Olympics. At the same time we have to consider how to invest other public sites of political struggle altogether. What I liked about the information and communication debate at UNESCO was that it named a terrain of resistance that doesn't recognize national boundaries—just like capital itself.

Alexander Wilson

I felt not myself—but an example of myself.

Judith Doyle

Given the ephemerality of a ‘corpus’ which has emerged, if not entirely, then at least most successfully in performance, it might seem presumptuous to insist on Doyle’s more literary antecedents. Yet it is also antecedents that the work send up, and perhaps even more emphatically, when claiming for itself a certain ‘theatricality’. Nor should we be surprised by this, for the question of the Book, of the history and traditionally proper to it, this question has always involved a moment of exemplary dissemblance, a theatrical operation whereby text and event have been made to communicate, but made to communicate across an abyss which forbids any simple resolution of one text in the other. If I will forge a characterization of Rate of Descent as an event, it does so, not in order to minimize the performative aspects of the work, but rather to insist that the problem of the event, of its presence and performance, is never so easily localized. To reduce the question of Doyle’s theatricality to the manipulations of ‘performance’—as though the question of that performance were exhausted in its relation to a task defined in figural, a task which would call itself writing, this would be to remain blind to theatricality most profound demoted. It would be to forget that mark from behind which silence, in order to give itself to itself, has already spoken.

Andrew Payne

I was a fleeting alignment: a record of total identifications with a sentence, an idea—no, I believed for a few moments explained itself completely. it was the seeing a stranger on a dark street and making the kind of contact that requires two seconds.

These are texts which might properly be called ‘curious’ and in precisely the sense that triggered the term—given to phantasmagoria, to identification, only reluctantly induced into the labour of the symbolic. Here writing comes away, from thought, away from its agencies and labours, and towards the figure’s response.

My thoughts are not thoughts at all. They are images of thoughts. The odd meeting of false intentionness, of false clarity.

This ‘amorous’ discussion depends upon a notion of readership which is antithetical to modernity’s utopian language (often in a way literary or wherefore. Its polar is always, and painstakingly, to render desire’s object, to make its other site, to mark the destination of the lover’s address. Of course, in order for the lover to mark this freedom there, this other object of the lover’s desire, must prove another subject. The legal analogy is this amorous expression in a therefore the contract rather than law, the goal, passion rather than enforcement.
If the modern must reject the terms of this holding contract, it is because he recognizes that the Other is one term more profound than the one that is expressed in the relation of subjection.

...the thing is the other, the entirely other which defeats us or which, within the law, a law which is not simply natural (i.e., nature itself), but an entirely, imperiously different.

Jacques Derrida

Doyle in her own fashion recognizes the deeper demand, the impossibility of the loving contract, ever fulfilling itself. If her work is about the one-with whom the anonymous subject deals itself of its imaginary pleasures (and what else are we to understand by that, grace of which she speaks); they are equally about the disappointment, which poses the conditions. Hence the melancholy which persists for painting, the sad inventory of

![Image](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

Note

1. We should be able to look to something of the same kind (i.e., at something of a similar kind) to make it clear that it is sufficiently clear to itself, that it is sufficiently clear to its own general rule. A modern will have rejected it and will demand to go beyond itself. The modern will have rejected it, and will demand to go beyond itself. If the term is still designated for us as a space of serious misunderstanding, it will also have been familiar to us, some definite image of the modern. Such an end could only prove the impossible renunciation of modernity, its own parochial aspirations. Rather its value will have been it is including a question as to what it was, to what extent it had been sufficed by itself. It is beyond this moment of decay, a decade which Jacques Derrida has so rightly called the period proper to all movements of consciousness, that Doyle's Theatre is organized, of the dream of modern

![Image](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

wounds, of places where fundamental histories felicitously

When I looked at any work, there were marks all up and down... I thought from a mirror and came to know such things, the depth of the vision and was, nearby, I felt perfectly-I remembered the sense of each one of them.

The memory in which the work characterized the fact of its own participation in a corresponding image of the world. This plays the same part as a discourse of love, of art, of what Becher Martin Shaw is called Doyle. I am not sure it is not a part of Doyle's theatre, that it is not the possibility of Doyle's theatre. This possibility does not mean it is not making his forces. It is the same as if the spectral space of the filmed contract as a space of light. Something remains, but it is not thought. Night is broken, the darkness and the light, and it has never been something that was powerful against.

Andrew Payne

Artists and critics tend to assume that meanings and interpretations can be simply 'read off' a work as if it were an inscription. This is to ascribe to David Tomass recent work behind the eyes, the hand of William Henry Fox Talbot such a volubility of intention would be to contradict the work itself. Tomass exhibition can be understood as marking a moment of uncertainty for such a collaborative position, a position that would have unarticulated the relationship of the work and its 'criticism'. I will therefore consider in some detail the problems and issues that his work arises in order to try and draw out a few of the unchallenged assumptions of the dominant view on art and photography. If I now proceed to do that which have prefatory warned against-describe the work-it is because, like Tomass, I too wish to kamianize the very thing that I am dealing with. For after all, to review a work, like reading a dream, is always to try to give it a sense and place—a secondary revision that Tomass work would seem to want to obviate, or at least to determine. I am not sure I can move to at all, I am, despite my suspicions as regards the interest of such an operation, obliged to employ a descriptive model.

Moving in and out of the gallery is a child's trick: to make a path that joins the inside of the gallery to its fenestred excretes. There are video and photographic cameras, TV screens, a strobe that flashes interminably and mirrors that are placed on opposite sides of the gallery. A variety of texts are inscribed on the walls and mirrors and there are others on the window which can be read from the street. Historical characters and anonymous and imaginary personalities mingle freely in this dense interspaces: on one text, Mayskoryov and Vertov exchange views in a Kino Eye, and another is written, a third term, as cinematic spectator perhaps. There are impossible meetings, not to mention readings: Fox Talbot, Aest, next to Vertov: I read about Talbot's talk from a text that is lacquered onto one of the mirrors. This text is taken from a coffee-cake book on Talbot by Gal Bickand who took an early camera prototype of Talbot's hand to a palimpsest in order to gain some insight into Talbot's personality. Here and elsewhere in the exhibition there seems to be a troubling insistance that the faith we have in our readings of images is problematic and blinding, an insistence that runs