

RAID | Manumission Motel

(Bologna – Friday 2 February 2018)

For this specific mission-intervention established in a hotel crossing a highway leading to Bologna, I decided to invest room no. 306. A place that invites us to sleep, dream, rest and sometimes enjoy, the time of a night.

The apprehension of a background of possible narrations in the memory of this space opens to my eyes as a book on the page of this room door number. So what did pages 306 of the eighteen books of travel stories selected to live on the wall of this place offer? You will never know it since I took care to make disappear almost the whole text. The language, its lexicon, its metrics, its prosody, everything is attacked, deconstructed, cut, holed. Punctuation, this breathing remains untouched by this staging and the rhythm of what we read and what we do not read amplifies the feeling of loss, the absence of the memory of words.

In the manner of cut-ups invented in the late 1950s by William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin, based on the division and rearrangement of pre-existing texts, I read words, fragmented and unstable sentences, disrupting codes of creative writing. The challenge is to reappropriate the language of others by freeing it from its linearity by a game of cutting creating an elsewhere, from within to outside.

Emancipate the language passes first through annihilation of the Book, the Word, the Beginning. Which is to say: rethink the first word, which founded the book. A privileged experience of a disorganization of the text, based on all other values than those of meaning. This emptiness, this trace of emptiness is not only the disappearance of the origin. It becomes origin of the origin.