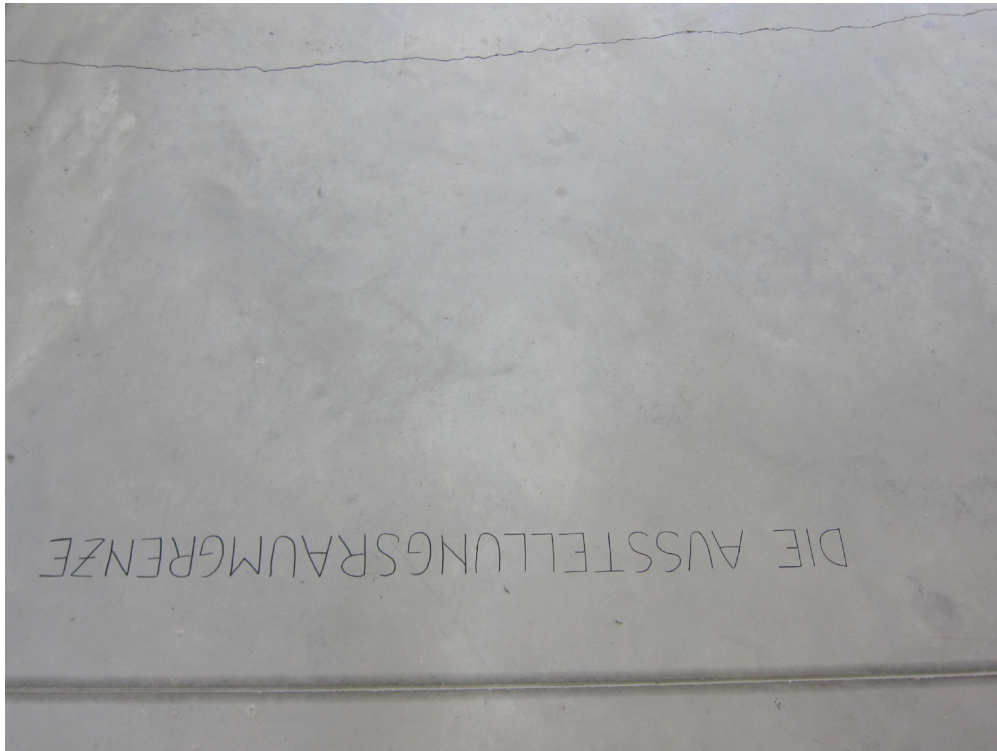


# Die Ausstellungsraumgrenze



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The Outline Offline

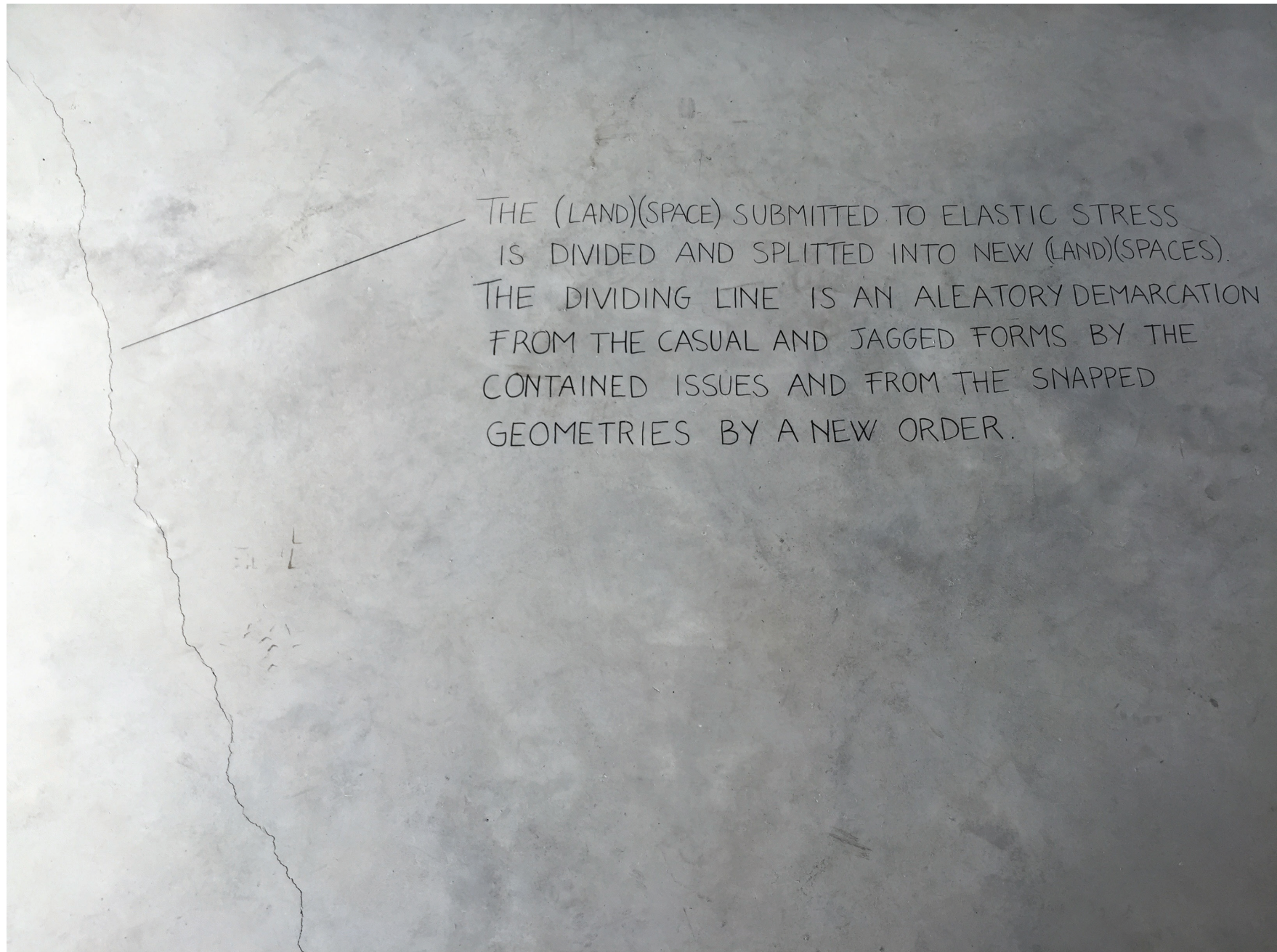
A. \_\_\_\_\_ . B

A :-What is a line?

B :-A line?

A :-Yes! How could be the best representation of a line?

B :-A line is just a line.



*Die Ausstellungsraumgrenze, crack on concrete floor, black ink, dimension variable, Vienna, 2016*



A line is for several purposes in the endeavor to position perceptions.

A line is the primordial gesture.. from that nod come comprehensions, incomprehensions, discussions; the line has a power of demarcation, borders spaces, duties, rights.

A line, along its journey towards another point contains or excludes, under-lines or over-lines, certainly it always crosses in between.

A line takes often space without being announced or declared or drawn: is not predestinated, the one that is difficult to imagine because is created outside of the imagination, its causality is the engine who moves it in time and space... and so the imagination of it is generated only after its disclosure.

It was already there, invisible was slowly infiltrated into the space waiting for being discovered. This is the Epiphany of the casual line.

The (land)(space) submitted to elastic stress is divided and splitted into new (land)(spaces). The dividing line is an aleatory demarcation from the casual and jagged forms by the contained issues and from snapped geometries by a new order.

Between the line



*Border Powder*, oxidized iron, dimension variable, Vienna, 2016





*Contemporary Border Fossil*, oxidized iron, dimension variable, Vienna, 2016

The casual line is self-generated.

A new order is taking place from the old default one.

The more control is applied in effort, the less is exerted.





Documentation of the action to create Border Powder, Mexico, 2011

Between the Sky-line and the Border-line



Utopia lies at the horizon, said once Eduardo, is something impossible to reach. The more you walk the more it goes away...no matter how far it is, it's impossible to reach. What then is the purpose of Utopia? To keep walking.

To keep Utopia alive is necessary to look ahead? Unto the horizon? what happens if the line of the horizon is broken, when it seems to be impossible to pursue...  
...you start to look down, to walk with downcast eyes, sky-line becomes a border-line, a deep-long-heavy line, a crack towards the ground, a hack on Earth.  
Eyes are fixed down, into the soil, the dust, the arid. You walk like that, headlong, the whole life seems to flow there, one step after another, fragments of broken dreams and oxidized hopes.

That's a weird word, 'c o n t e m p o r a r y f o s s i l'- a linguistic contradiction- a temporal gap, a black hole which open the view into new possible scenarios, or just old ones, or never contemplated. The contemporary fossils, that strange stranger stratum, a stratification geologically not allowed which generates a geomorphic uncontrolled modification: is the discovering of a time that still needs to come.

To watch it, to analyse it is like make a dive into the future with the gravity of the past. A contemporary fossil is projected in the future, it not rooted in a remote past, its roots still need to grow. Everything is upside down by the new order. The discovering of new existing geometries by the contemporary fossil is not a surrender act towards the consciousness of the impossibility of Utopia, instead is the exploration of everlasting sky-lines whereas perspective of sight changes.



*Border Powder and Contemporary Border Fossil,*  
Mexico 2011-Vienna, 2016



*Untitled 1 and Untitled 2,*  
2012, Mexico 2011- Vienna, 2016

DOCUMENT 1B-POST

CLASSIFICATION OF CONTEMPORARY FOSSILS:  
A SYSTEMATIC ACT TO MAKE SOMETHING VISIBLE

BETWEEN THE SKY-LINE AND THE BORDER-LINE 1B

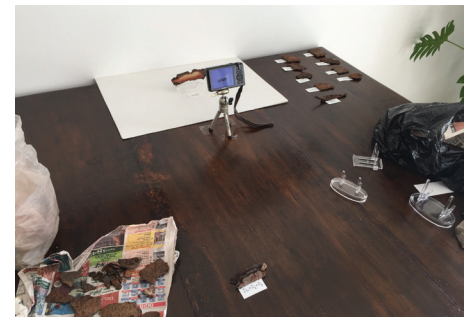
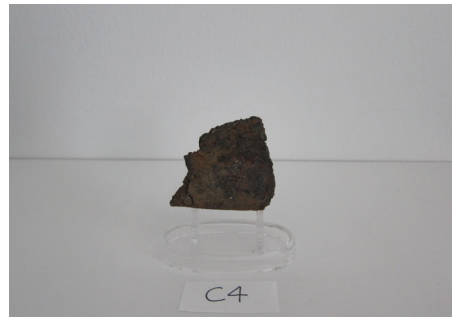


Classification of contemporary fossils, Vienna, 2016





Classification of contemporary fossils, Vienna, 2016



Classification of contemporary fossils, Vienna, 2016



Classification of contemporary fossils, Vienna, 2016



“Utopia is on the horizon. I move two steps closer; it moves two steps further away. I walk another ten steps and the horizon runs ten steps further away. As much as I may walk, I’ll never reach it. So what’s the point of Utopia? The point is this: to keep walking.”

Eduardo Galeano



