



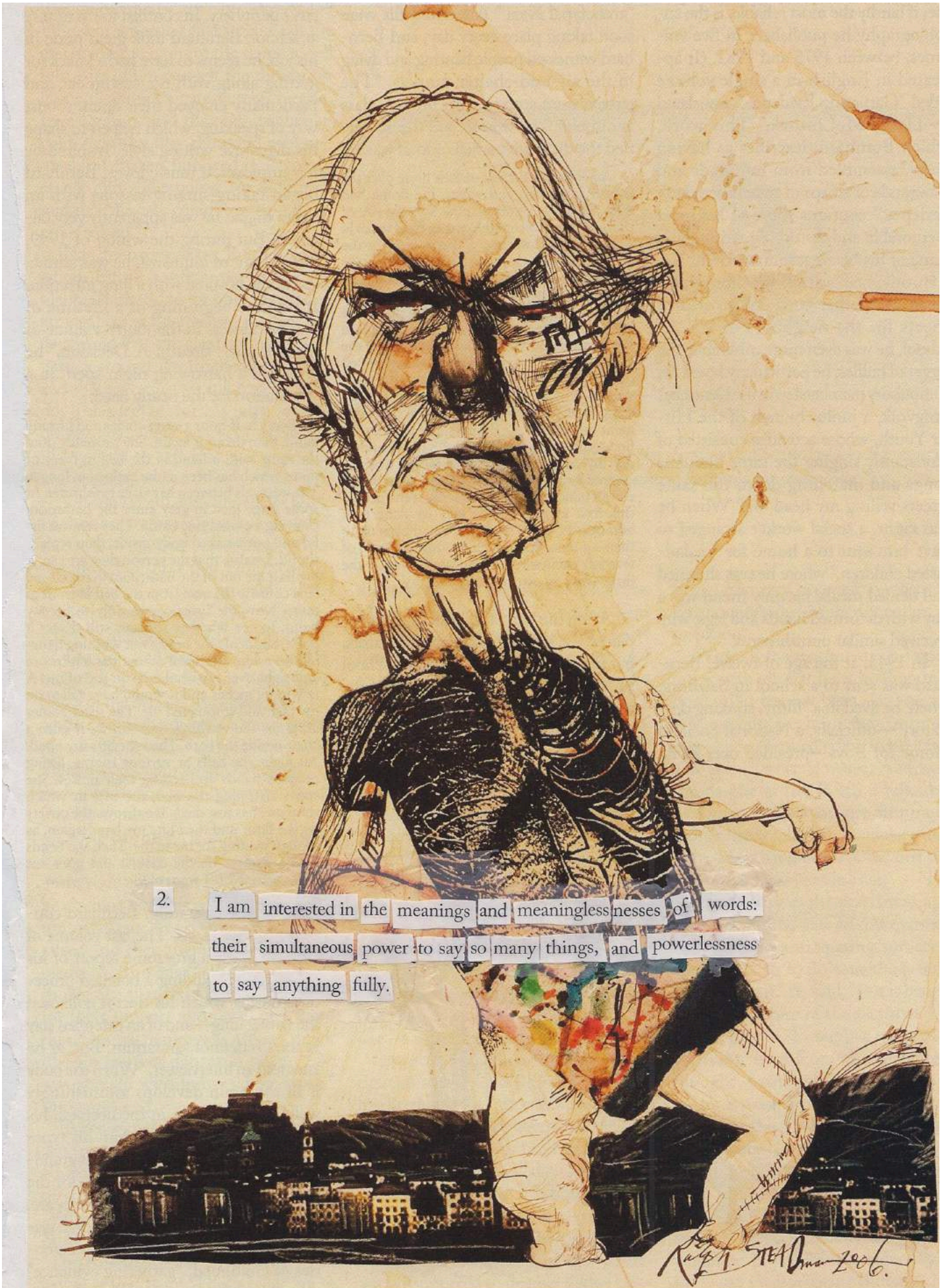
I go looking for words, in the pages of old magazines, because I do not yet feel that I have earned the words for myself.

the Kennedys, in the Presidential limousine, in Dallas, November 22, 1963.

happiness. Kennedy, by contrast, was still seen as a king of divine right out of the seventeenth century—the subject of endless reverie about his capacity to renew the world. And so the obsession make it known that he in head, recalling the seventeenth-century French court watching the King sleep and rise and defecate, leads in the end to the grisly conspiracy-theory compulsion to review every square inch of his autopsied body. (One conspiracy theorist, David Lifton, said once that he never married because every would-be bride realized

that he was more interested in the President's dead body than in her living one.) The nation really did get turned inside out when Kennedy was killed, as nations do at the death of kings. But what altered? In many ways, it was a time more past than present. Though it's said that the event marked the decisive move from page to screen, newspaper to television, all the crucial information was channelled through the wire-service reporters, who, riding six cars back from the President's, were the first to get and send the news of the shots, and were still thought

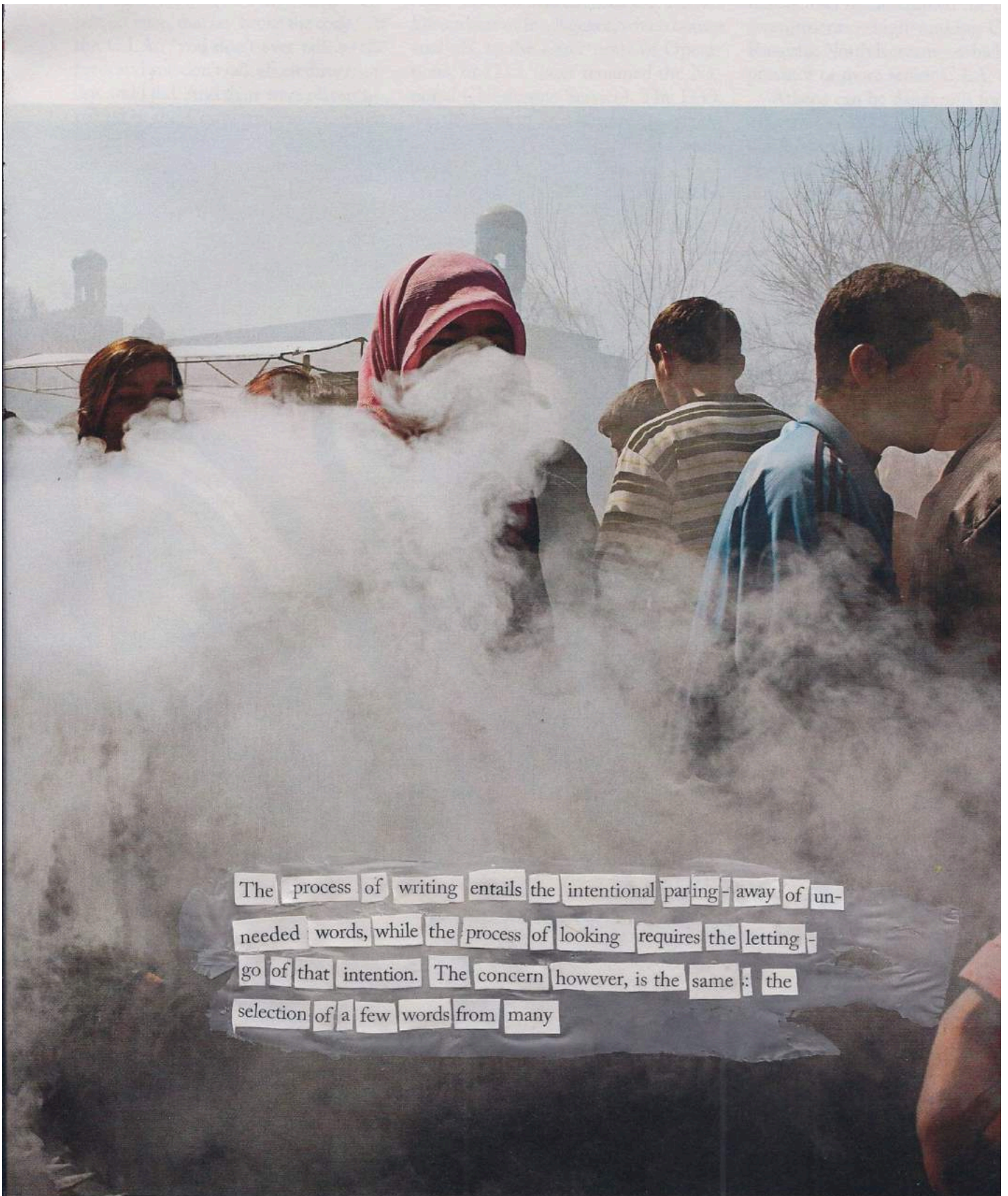
of as the authoritative source. Walter Cronkite's two most famous moments—breaking into “As the World Turns” to announce, “In Dallas, Texas, three shots were fired”; and his later, holding-back-tears “From Dallas, Texas, the flash, apparently official: President Kennedy died at 1 P.M. Central Standard Time”—were in both cases simply read from the wire-service copy. You can see the assistants ripping the copy from the teleprinter and rushing it to the anchorman. Yet an imbalance between the flood of information and the uncertainty of our



2.

I am interested in the meanings and meaninglessnesses of words: their simultaneous power to say so many things, and powerlessness to say anything fully.

Bernhard's youth left him with an immutably pessimistic world view and a loathing for his Austrian heritage.

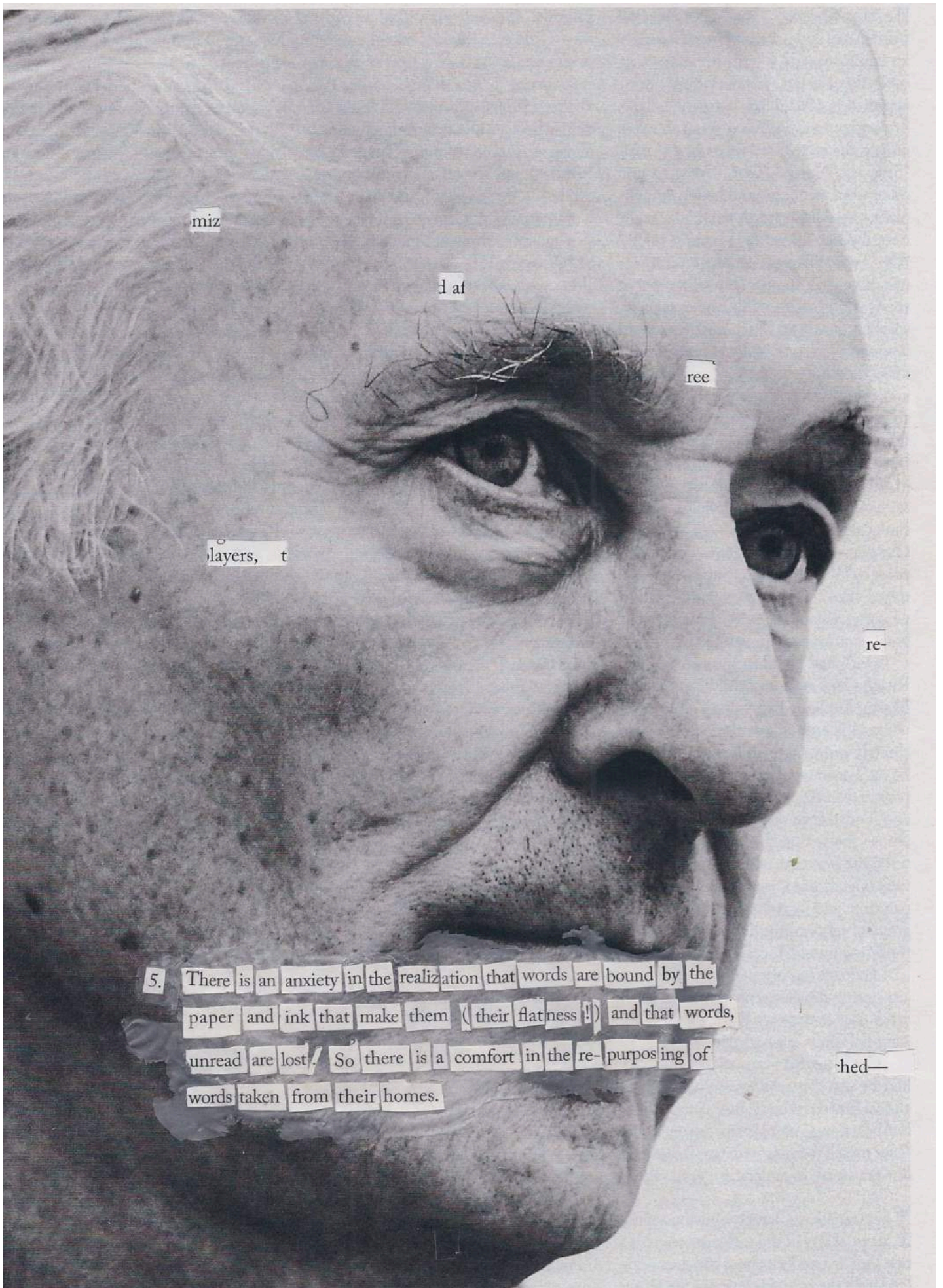


Under Soviet rule, veils were widely discouraged. Now some local businessmen have been bringing back head scarves from Mecca.



4. There is freedom in the letting go of the need to make meaning. I am surprised by how readily the words jump out from the page but also how quickly they are reduced to their constituent marks.

Ittetsu Nemoto near his temple, in Gifu prefecture. Japan's suicide rate is nearly twice that of the United States.



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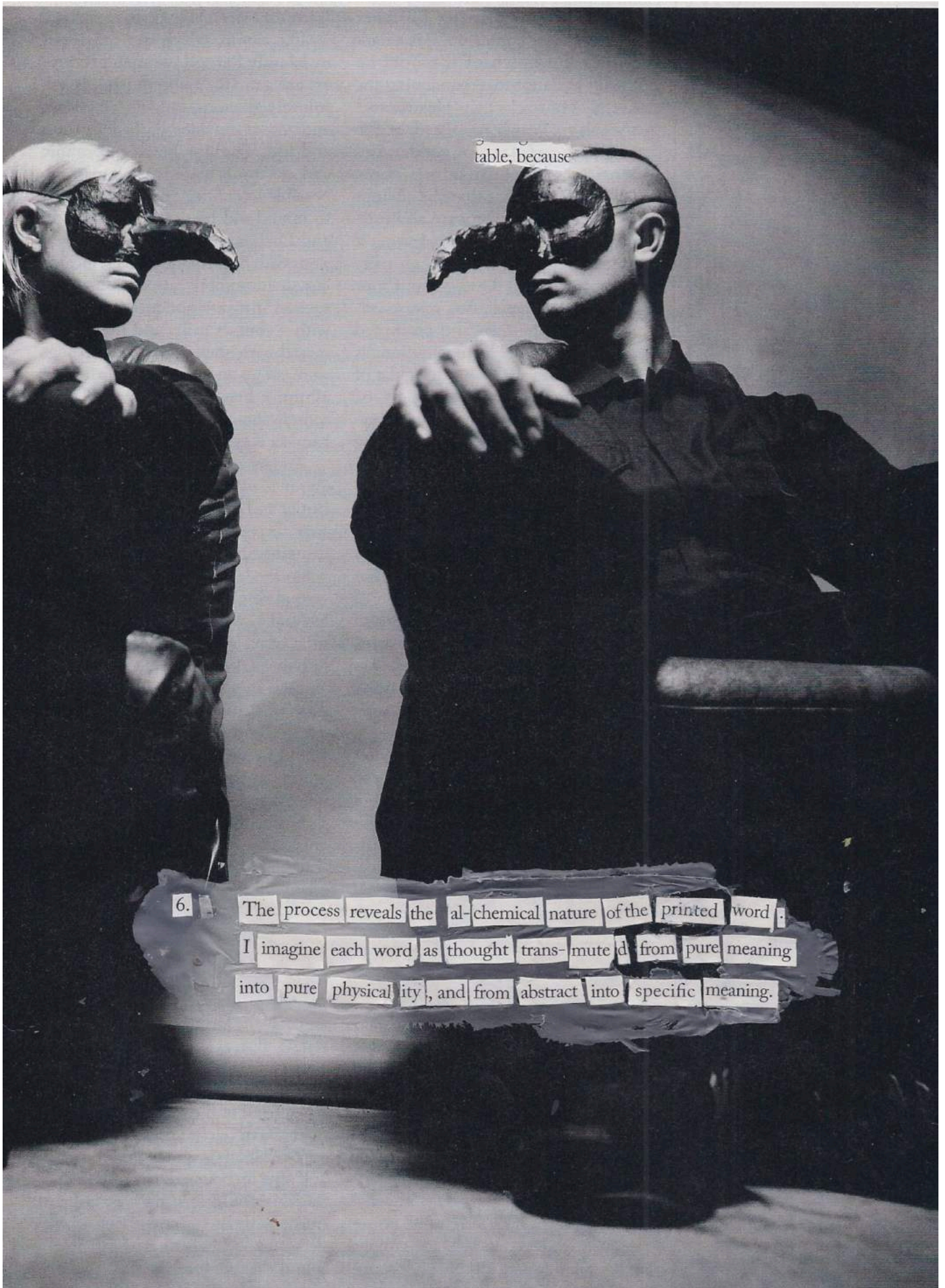
layers, t

re-

5. There is an anxiety in the realization that words are bound by the paper and ink that make them (their flatness!!) and that words, unread are lost. So there is a comfort in the re-purposing of words taken from their homes.

hed—

at the only thing he could be was an artist. "I could see I was just born for the job, born to watch paint dry," he said.



table, because

6. The process reveals the al-chemical nature of the printed word .
I imagine each word as thought trans-mute d from pure meaning
into pure physical ity , and from abstract into specific meaning.

as a huge hit in 2002, was fun as a twisted synth-pop duo, but it's often better as an aggressive, gender-melting noise band.



L.T.T

down

problem.

7. Removed from their contexts, the words retain none of their specificity, except the scars of their having been taken.

name; at sixteen, he started taking testosterone and had a mastectomy. Not concerned with being a "macho bro," he plans to date boys.



The meaning of the words themselves is no different than if I had written them myself.

Iskhanov has uncannily embodied the society to which it belongs: imperial Russia, Soviet Russia, and, now, Vladimir Putin's Russia.



9. I like the cliché of organized madness that the stolen words
conjure. As if spelling a ransom note, but demanding nothing.