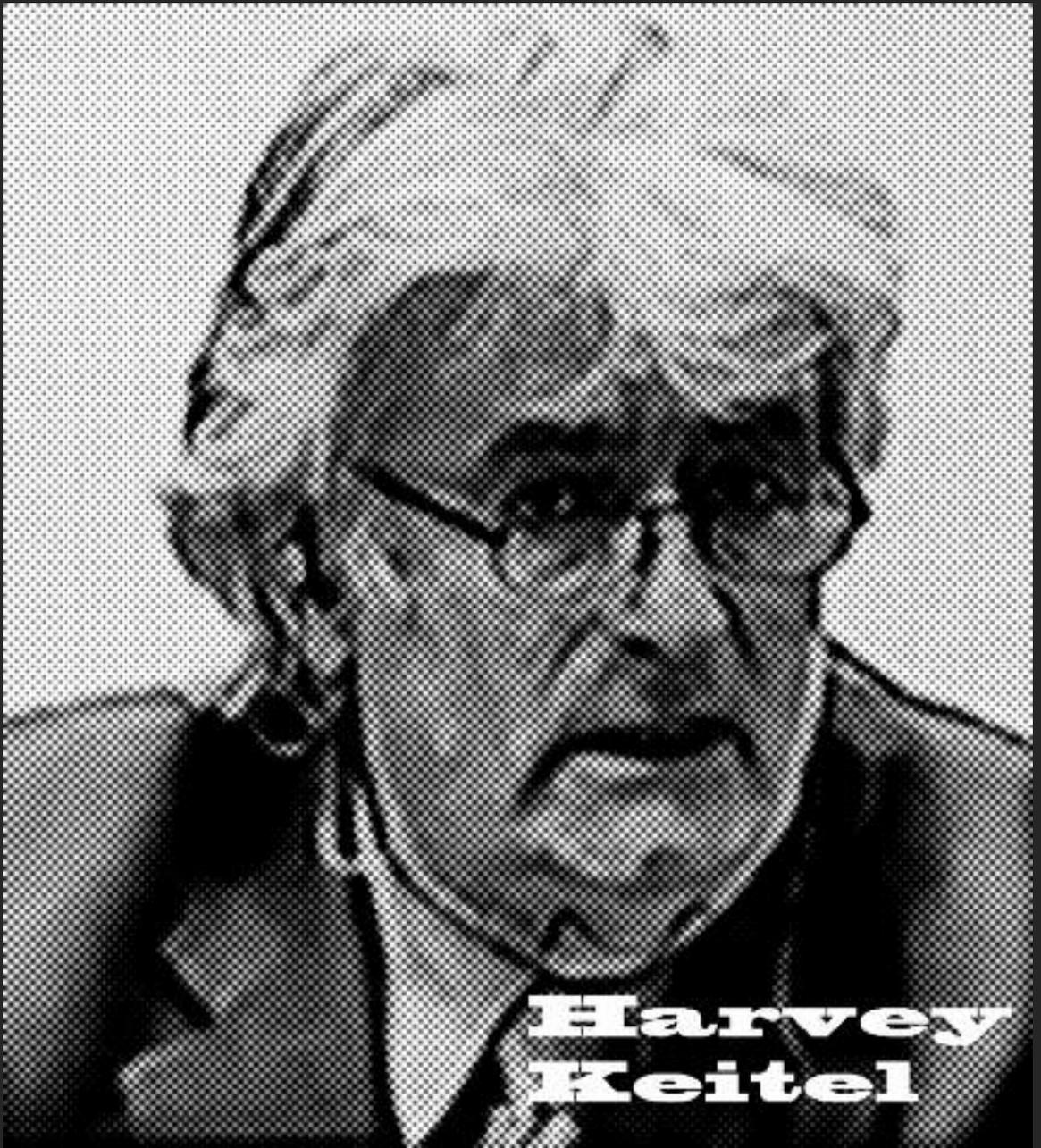


TEMPORARY WALL OF VOODOO

Christoph Draeger



RADOVAN KARADŽIĆ

Indicted for genocide, extermination, murder, persecutions, deportation, inhumane acts, acts of violence the primary purpose of which was to spread terror among the civilian population, unlawful attack on civilians, taking of hostages.

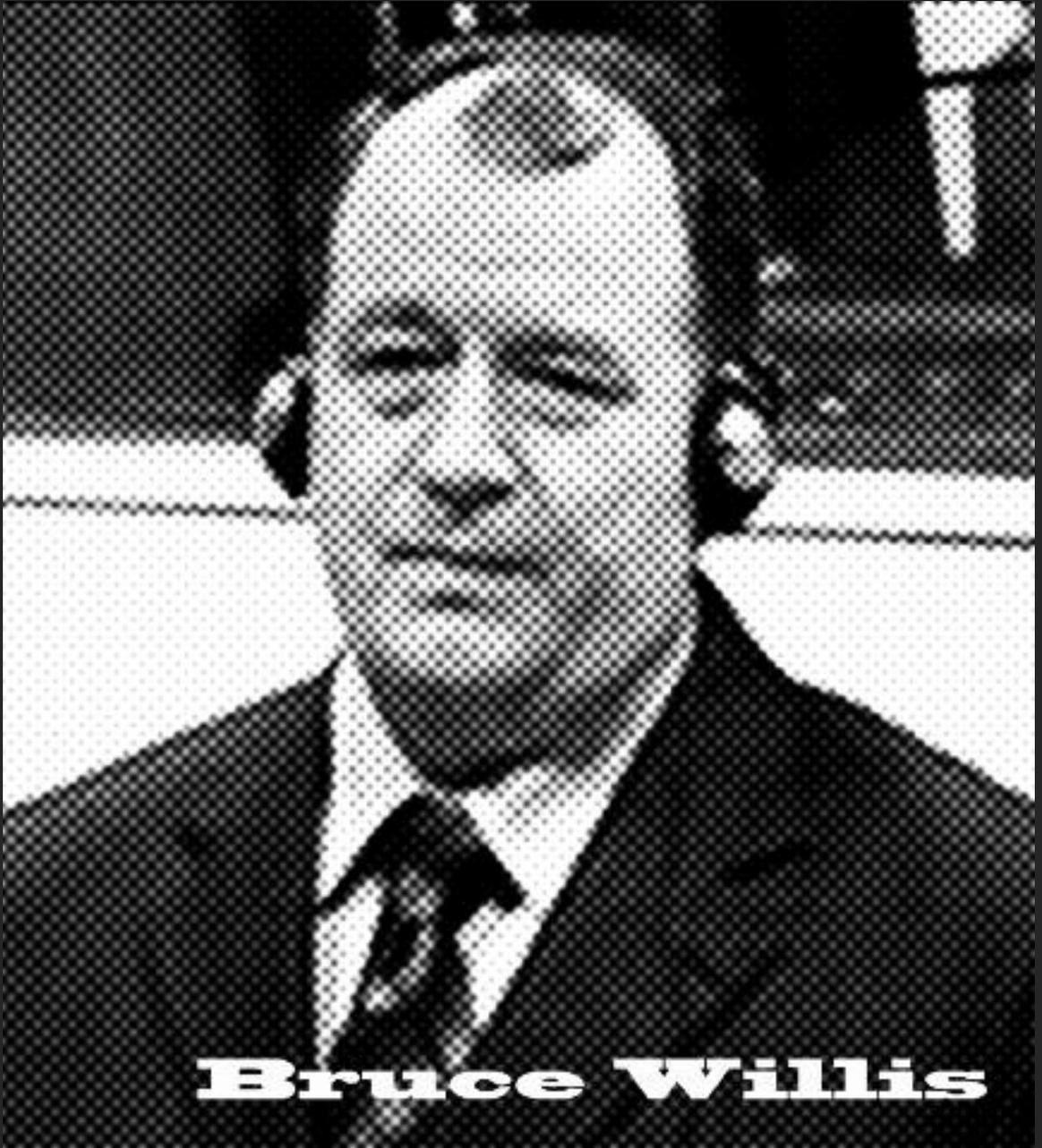


SLOBODAN MILOŠEVIĆ Indicted for genocide; complicity in genocide; deportation; murder; persecutions on political, racial or religious grounds; inhumane acts/forcible transfer; extermination; imprisonment; torture; wilful killing; unlawful confinement; wilfully causing great suffering; unlawful deportation or transfer; extensive destruction and appropriation of property, not justified by military necessity and carried out unlawfully and wantonly; cruel treatment; plunder of public or private property; attacks on civilians; destruction or wilful damage done to historic monuments and institutions dedicated to education or religion; unlawful attacks on civilian objects. Died on 11 March 2006. Proceedings terminated on 14 March 2006



MILAN MARTIC

Convicted of murder, persecutions on political, racial and religious grounds, cruel treatment, imprisonment, deportation, plunder of public or private property, wanton destruction of villages or devastation not justified by military necessity, torture, inhumane acts, attacks on civilians. Sentenced to 35 years' imprisonment on 8 October 2003.



MICO STANIŠIĆ

Indicted for persecutions on political, racial or religious grounds, extermination, murder, torture, inhumane acts (including forcible transfer), deportation and cruel treatment.



**Jean-Paul
Belmondo**

MOMIR NIKOLIC

Convicted of persecutions on political, racial and religious grounds. Sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment.



MILOMIR STAKIC

Convicted of extermination, murder and persecutions. Sentenced to 40 years' imprisonment.

L.A.S.T. L.E.A.K.

Sebastian Cichocki

L.A.S.T. L.E.A.K.

(The dead woman drifted along in the breeze)

Her photo was hammer-nailed to the wall at his bed, right above his head, at 6.43 in the morning on the 8th of September, 1985. Exactly 145 minutes after the accident. The photo (10 x 15 cm) is black-and-white, a bit fuzzy. A smiling woman, with tightly clasped, swept-back black hair. Large, shining eyes. Her head fills almost the entire frame. Only on the left can be seen a swing and a regular dark figure, a fragment of a sandbox perhaps. The woman was photographed in a place that is probably a playground. She wears a white collar shirt. Looks like a student playing truant. She may be twenty-five years of age, twenty-seven at most. Examining the photo under a magnifying glass, you can hardly resist the impression that the sandbox (or whatever it is) is filled with black slime.

A.C. said later that 'photographing her was like taking
a picture
of a picture'.

The real future of the city of P. (the one that naturally succeeds the present) was pushed back deep into the background. The residents settled for a substitute, second-rate version of tomorrow, one of those futures that was never supposed to be put into circulation.

It might seem that this is the source of all trouble.

Things in the city of P. progressed by themselves, sloppily, without consequences, but without a clear reason either. That's why marriages fell apart one after another and children fell into stupor, unable to memorise even a single line

in

a chronological
order.

Yet the timelessness that P. had succumbed to was clumsy rather than overwhelming.

Anna would have called it a 'small disaster of mind and matter'.

A permanent collision course.

Bang!

The sign at the entrance to P. says, 'The fastest growing city in the region'.

Perhaps this is even true. The worse for it.

'A. fantastic place for a gallery!'

A.C.'s mother told him when they entered the mortuary.

The first bloody bundle was found on the bridge spanning the river P.

The bridge divides the city into two even parts. Along the bridge run narrow pedestrian wooden-plank walkways.

Located in the western part are industrial buildings, the omnipresent parking lots, and several shopping centres. Quarters of residential development have been squeezed into the eastern part, most of them dating back to the first half of the 19th century.

The city's greatest pride, a TV tower, is also located in the eastern part.

The tower broadcasts only one channel, the local news. The channel's owner, A.C., is a successful businessman (made a fortune in textiles back in the 1960s). He is interested in absolutely nothing but what's happened in the city of P. The programme runs 24 hours a day.

Devil knows how the man manages to fill the time with local news.

If the future can be outdated and unfashionable, that's precisely the future of the city of P.

The river functions in P. like a direction-defining compass. The water flows north. When we stand on the bridge facing upstream, we will be facing south. The city is well organised, though one can hardly find anything sensible to do here.

In November, the Dutch community organises a herring speed-eating contest.

In February, an ice-skating competition is held on the frozen river (if it's frozen well enough, which happened twenty-three times during the 20th century).

In July, every four years (since 1970), the Exhibition of Modern Art in Post-industrial Space is organised.

A.C. never leaves the city.

And certainly not since the unfortunate accident when his Central European born wife, Anna,

fell
from a
very
tall
tower.

No one knows what the woman was doing in the morning

so
high
on
the
TV
tower
platform
and
whether
there
was
someone
else
there
too.

People in town say A.C. never leaves it because he's been forbidden to do so by the police.

Others say he's gone mad and is afraid of women that might remind him of Anna.

Once again, then.

The first bloody bundle was found on the bridge spanning the river P.

It was a shapeless lump of meat (a rumour spread it was a ship screw-torn fragment of a human thigh), wrapped up in a sheet.

On the sheet was a stamp, like on a piece of meat from a butcher's: untitled (L.L.), 1973.

Perhaps it wasn't human flesh at all.

Perhaps no one ever saw that first parcel.

The retired postman, Mr Craig Miller, close relative of the then mayor, Vincent Miller (the two haven't spoken to each other for years due to a family inheritance feud), insisted repeatedly that the story was incredible: 'the suburbs haven't a history of their own and great events never happen in them'.

(notes found in Anna's bedroom, loose pieces of paper between the pages of Knowle Nolan Death Works, a selection)

[...]

version 3

The body arranged on the gallery's floor, head towards the door. The body's discreet positioning is important. It shouldn't lie in the middle of the room, but throwing it theatrically against the wall isn't recommended either. Various positions should be tested until the right one is found. The body's shape is to be outlined using chalk. We draw a square of a side roughly twice the length of the body.

[...]

version 11

The body hanging down, the feet tied by rope to a hook in the ceiling. Beneath the head (which should be clear of the floor by no less than 50 and no more than 100 centimetres), we build a little earth mound.

version 12

The body is behind a wall. We choose a little room directly adjacent to the gallery (the wall separating the two shouldn't be thicker than 35 cm). We position the body on a chair and secure it with rope so that it doesn't slide down. The chair's backrest touches the wall adjacent to the gallery. During the exhibition the gallery will be closed.
[...]

Three days after Anna's death, an inscription appeared on the wall of an abandoned building at Delawanna Avenue, a former textile manufactory: Suicide? Accident? Murder? Anyone With Information Please Call... The telephone number was illegible, probably painted over the same night the inscription appeared. To this day, after all that time, you can still make out the words ...Murder? Anyone With...

Six pipes protruding from a small pool keep pumping waste into the river. The black slime erupts in rhythmic contractions at every full hour. From the bridge it looks as if horizontally installed chimneys are letting out liquid smoke into the water.

In the past it used to be a place where young boys gathered, seeking entertainment in the arms of older men. Until the fatal day when the pool from which the pipes protruded became filled with blood. Another meat-slab parcel bobbed on the surface like a toy model of a rusty fishing boat. Since then the people of P. have viewed the place with disgust.

No one calls it a fountain anymore,
the joke's become worn,
even though, as Anna wrote, it's a
monumental fountain
violated
by a pipe
pumping
slime
inside.

Here's one of the urban legends that started to circulate in P. after the parcels with human remains were found. When kids spoke of raspberry syrup for ice cream, they meant blood. It was supposedly transported in a white van by two charming gentlemen in clown costumes. They laughed and clapped their hands, pouring huge amounts of the syrup on ice cream, the red liquid dripping on their neatly groomed hands.

Another story kids would tell was about sanitary inspection. The ice cream van was stopped by plainclothes men on Oak Street. Masked men collected syrup samples for lab testing while the clowns were handcuffed and thrown right into the river.

Another parcel was found on the site of a never-completed highway. The contents were being gnawed on by a rat when the spade of a shovel split its skull into two even parts.

The rats in P. are aggressive and voracious. People say they steal babies from prams that careless mothers leave in front of the shop. For this reason some prams are protected with anti-burglar steel mesh.

The rat that Anna kept at home was called Bob.

Who invited her to appear on TV?

An ailing man was looking for a sensation. He mollycoddled his TV station as much as he cherished the memory of his wife.

The idea of a talk show with a dead person was doomed to fail from the very outset.

Everything went wrong.

The medium, a young woman brought from Poland, muttered indistinctly under her breath. She bit her nails and crumpled her ugly coat.

The scenography was terrible, like in a second-rate B-horror movie.

The audience in the studio got bored, unable to muster up any enthusiasm for such an old-fashioned show. Paranormal activities are not part of daily life in P.

When Anna's voice finally made itself heard (yes, it wasn't difficult), it sounded weak and artificial. The woman was tired.

'Ask me about something', she urged feebly.

A.C. found the medium's questions rather peculiar:

- 'Why are you not a logical positivist?'

- 'Does nature exist for you?'

- 'What is your critical standard?'

Anna replied only to the second question. The answer was negative.

Another wrap-up floated on a pontoon tied up to the derrick.

Perhaps it's still there. The pontoon can't be seen from the bridge and the derrick itself has been in disuse for some time.

Whatever was in the parcel must have mummified long ago or fallen prey to the fishes.

The derrick is monumental. One of the artists participating in the 1982 Exhibition of Modern Art in Post-industrial Space called it an 'extant art work' and titled it

The Monuments with Pontoons. The Pumping Derrick.

Anna's body was completely naked.

By a strange twist of fate, falling down from the TV tower platform (which is located on the 70th floor of the 120-metre tower), she landed on the roof of a local deli store.

Things that happen in P. are often absurd, but they make no one laugh.

Anna broke through the ceiling and fell onto the seafood counter, between the shrimps, lobsters and crabs.

For two hours, blood from the crushed body soaked slowly into the ice and the crustaceans.

The owner, who opened the door at 9.00, described the scene as unimaginably beautiful.

A parking lot in the west part of town.

This time three bundles were left. Hidden under the cars. They were discovered by accident, one by one. When the third one was found, the authorities decided to evacuate the entire parking lot and search the surrounding buildings.

The event is very well documented:

- 27 photographs (author unknown – one of the officers of the Homicide Department in P.)
- 3 polaroid shots by Jan G. Lee, a local artist
- a 16 mm film (12'56'') made by Jan G. Lee, later confiscated by the police
- one large-format drawing made by Jan G. Lee
- a situation mock-up with car models, encased, made by Jan G. Lee and his niece, Elisabeth
- witness interviews on audio tape (collected by police officers, over 8 hours of audio in total)
- three 1:1 replicas of the bundles, ordered by the police for the purposes of a future on-site inspection

Anna added entries to her diary compulsively, writing for at least an hour a day. There were things there he would rather not have read (but he read them anyway).

Some things he didn't understand, others hurt him.

Anna had good intuitions and the gift of eloquence. Her English was impeccable. Reading the diary would have been a pleasure, were it not for all the lurking demons of the past. Bad company, bad behaviour, he would think and snap the diary shut angrily.

Still, he decided to select a fragment to read out during the morning People of Our City show on the second anniversary of Anna's death.

I am convinced that the future is lost somewhere in the dumps of the non-historical past; it is in yesterday's newspapers, in the jejune advertisements of science-fiction movies, and stacked up in the clod rooms, or placed in the celestial playgrounds of the suburbs.

A neon sign that was installed on the wall in a room at the Red Carpet hotel:

Superstars are fading

(Adam Asher, site-specific installation, 1974, courtesy of the artist)

The sandbox was a grave. But no one really cared. There were no warning signs or lit candles. Mothers brought their children here to play in the wet sand.

The bones that were left here in the winter of 1967 had been crushed, ground and powdered. Someone mixed them with the sand in the sandbox during a temporary thaw (on the night of 12/13 December), avoiding the necessity of breaking frozen lumps of sand and ice.

After so many years it would probably be very hard to find any traces of human remains here.

Fresh sand has been added to the sandbox so many times and the upper, dirty layers have been removed.

Even if the bone dust is still there, it's in quantities so small one can only count on the

memory
of the grains
of sand.

Anna would have called such an experience 'forensic homeopathy'.

A parable about the sandbox, popular among the Dutch community in the city of P.

Once there was a sandbox filled to the brim
with black
and white
sand.

Black sand
filled the right side of the sandbox.

White sand
filled the left side of the sandbox.

One day a small child entered the sandbox and kept walking
in circles
clockwise
for many hours.

When it stopped, the sand was
grey.

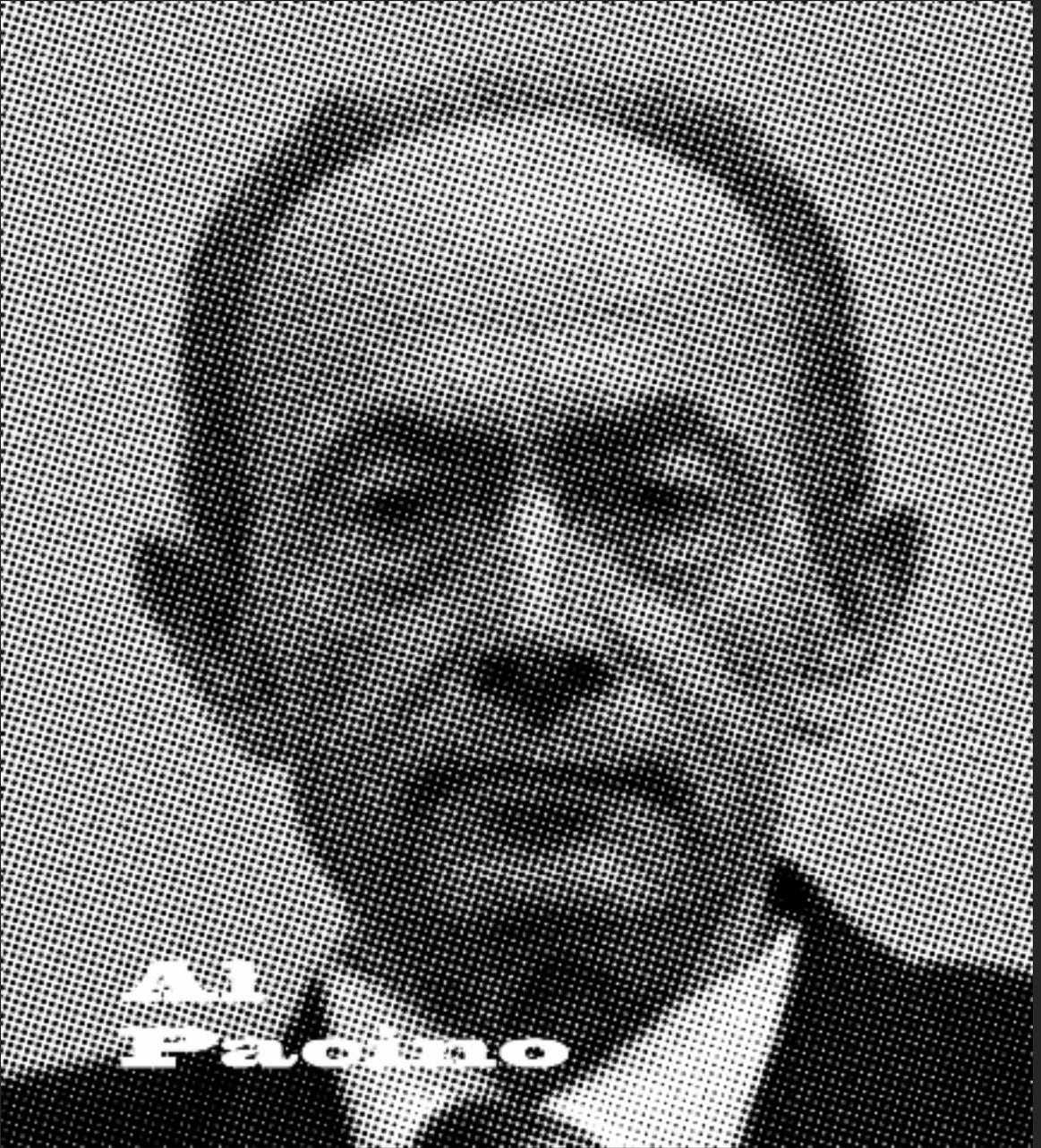
Then the child decided to reverse the whole chaos and started walking
in circles
counter-clockwise
for many hours.

The longer it walked, the greyer the sand
became.

Crying proved futile.

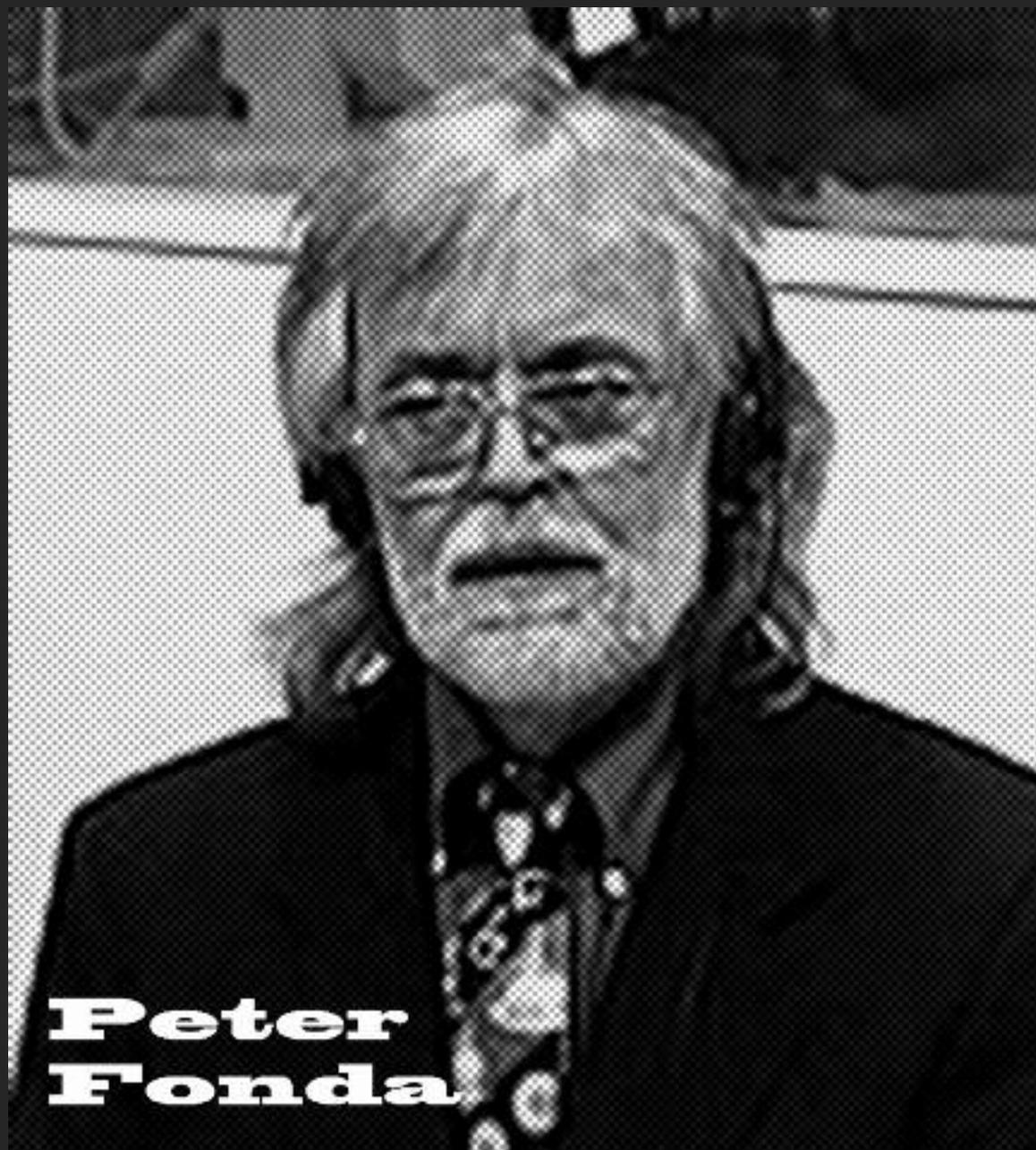
Chaos entered the sandbox forever.





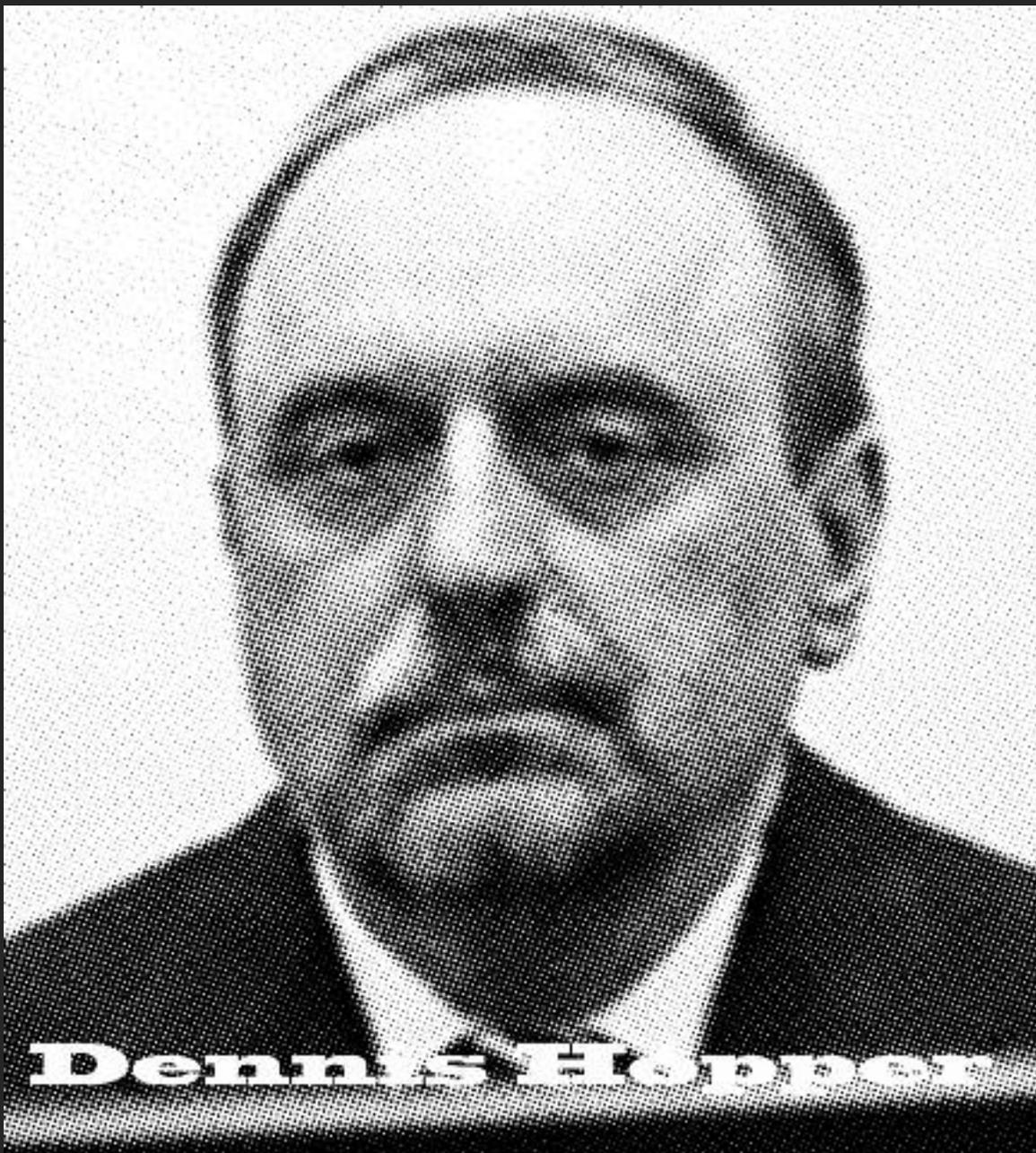
ZDRAVKO TOLIMIR

Indicted for genocide, conspiracy to commit genocide, extermination, murder, persecutions, forcible transfer, deportation.



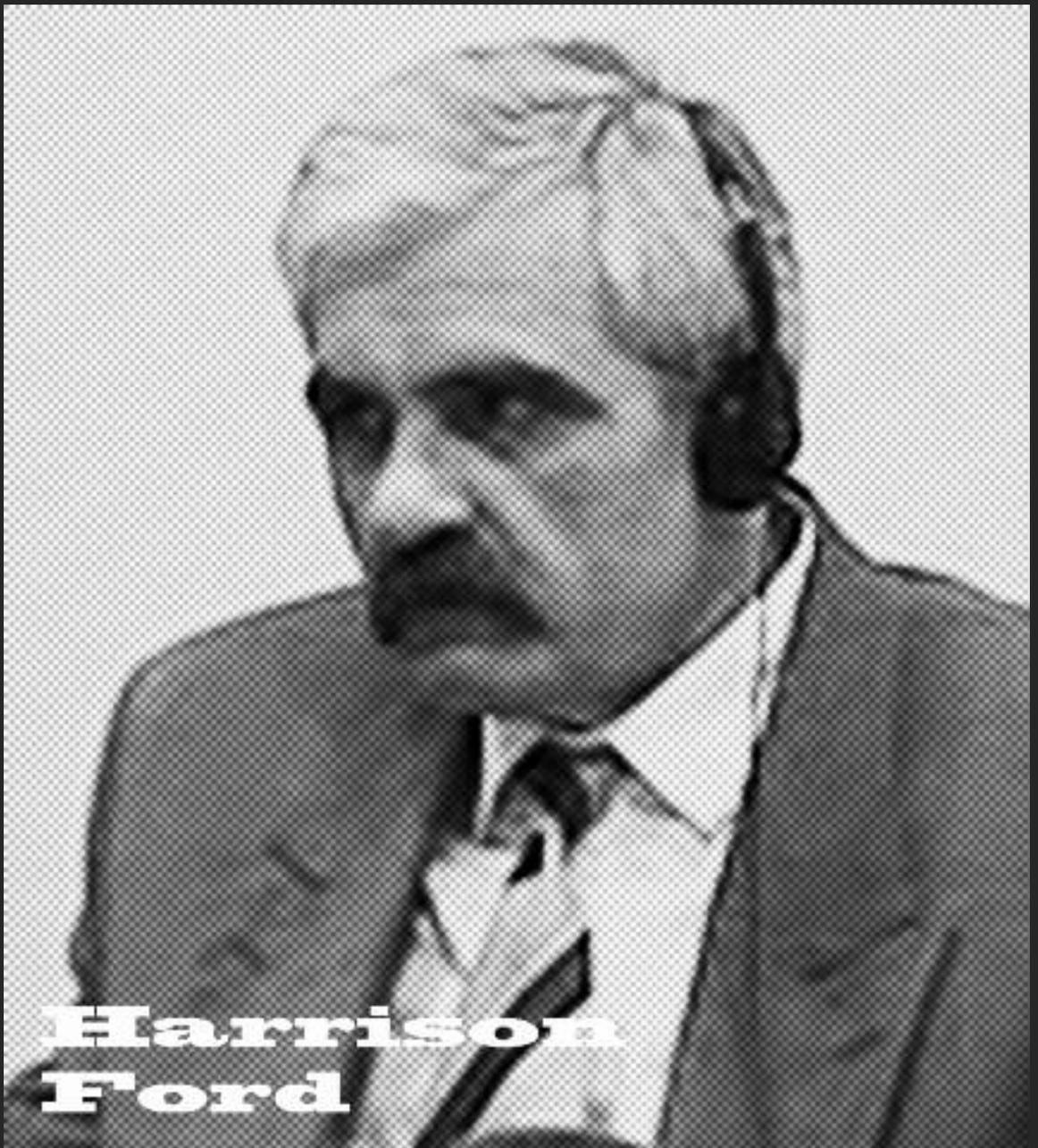
MLADEN NALETIC

Convicted of torture; wilfully causing great suffering or serious injury to body or health; unlawful transfer of a civilian; unlawful labour; wanton destruction not justified by military necessity; plunder of public or private property; persecutions on political, racial and religious grounds. Sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment.

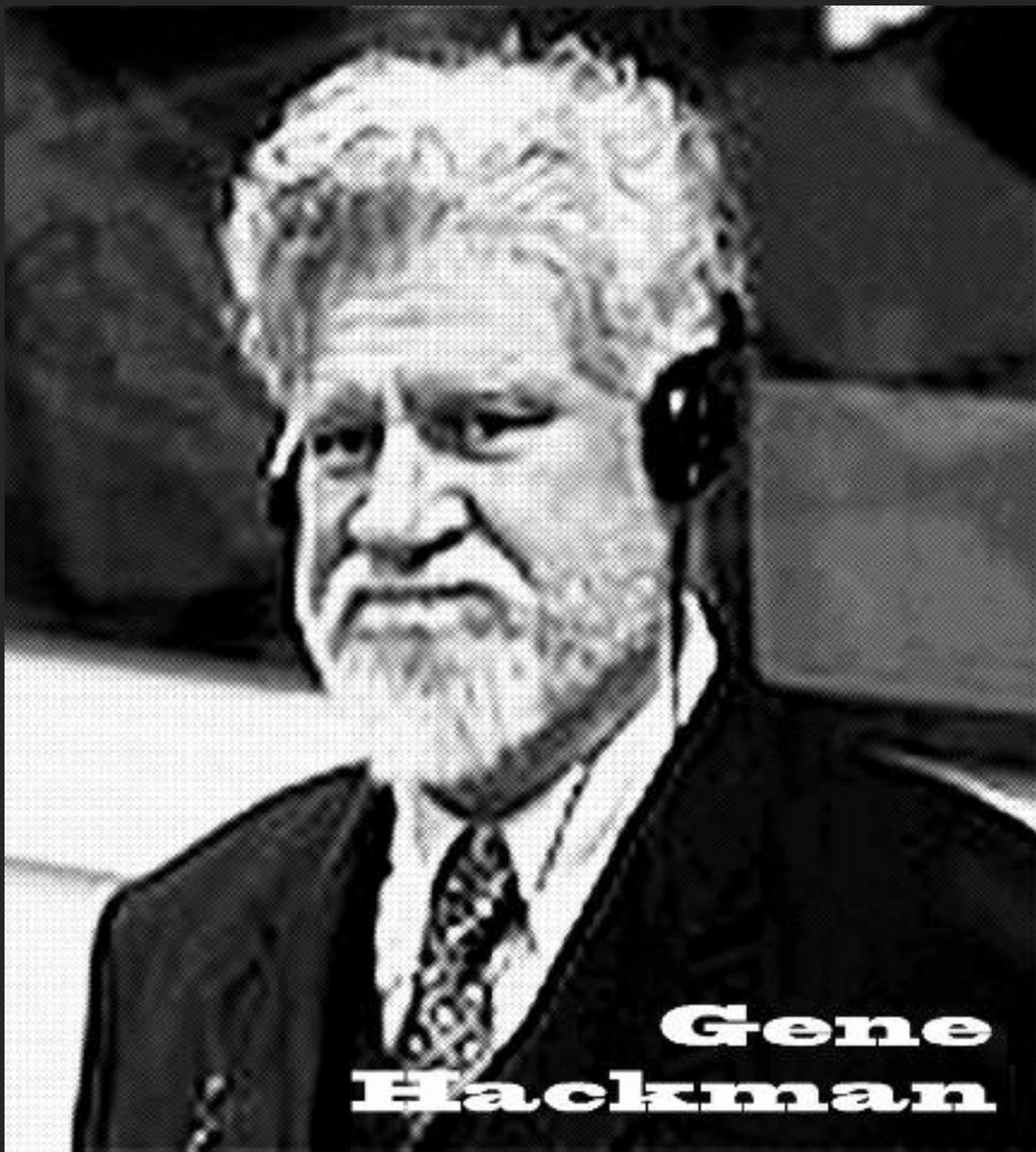


GORAN HADŽIĆ

Indicted for persecutions on political, racial or religious grounds; extermination; murder; imprisonment; torture; inhumane acts; deportation and forcible transfer; cruel treatment; wanton destruction of villages, or devastation not justified by military necessity; destruction or willful damage done to institutions dedicated to education and religion; and plunder of public or private property.

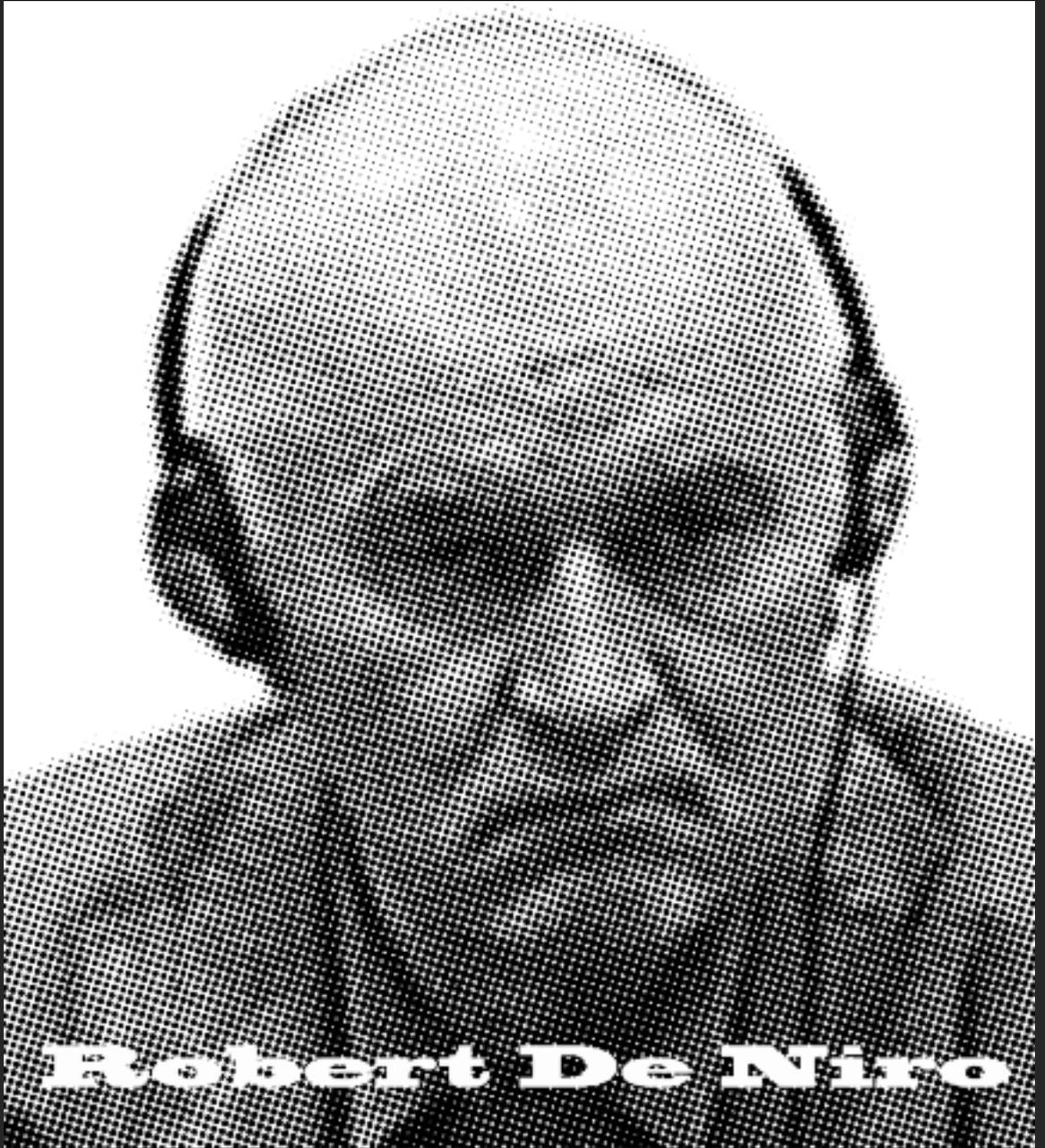


SLAVKO DOKMANOVIC Indicted for willfully causing great suffering, willful killing, cruel treatment, murder and inhumane acts. Deceased on 29 June 1998. Proceedings terminated on 15 July 1998.



SLOBODAN PRALJAK

Indicted for persecutions on political, racial or religious grounds; murder; rape; deportation; imprisonment; inhumane acts; wilful killing; unlawful deportation, transfer and confinement of a civilian; inhuman treatment; extensive destruction of property and appropriation of property, not justified by military necessity and carried out unlawfully and wantonly; cruel treatment; unlawful labour; wanton destruction of cities, towns or villages, or devastation not justified by military necessity; destruction or wilful damage done to institutions dedicated to religion or education; plunder of public or private property; unlawful attack and infliction of terror on civilians.



Robert De Niro

RATKO MLADIC

Indicted for genocide, persecutions, extermination, murder, deportation, inhumane acts, terror, unlawful attacks, taking of hostages.

This publication appears on the occasion of the exhibition:

CHRISTOPH DRAEGER – TEMPORARY WALL OF VOODOO
12.11.2011 – 17.12.2011

Images: *The Crime of the Century*, Christoph Draeger, 2011

Christoph Draeger is a conceptual artist who lives and works in New York and Vienna. Draeger's projects take form in installation, video, and photo-based media to explore issues pertaining to disaster and media-saturated culture. His work has been exhibited with galleries and institutions world-wide, at among others places Peco das Artes, Sao Paulo; KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin; Kwangju Biennial; Centre Pompidou, Paris; Moscow Biennial; Liverpool Biennial, Alcalá 31, Madrid, Carrillo Gil Museum, Mexico City; PS1/MOMA, the Whitney and the Brooklyn Museum in New York; NIMK, Amsterdam and the Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven. He has had solo exhibitions at the Kunsthaus in Zurich; the Zeppelin Museum, Friedrichshafen; Orchard Gallery, Derry; Roebbling Hall, New York; Catharine Clark Gallery, San Francisco; and the Centre of Contemporary Art Ujazdowskie Castle, Warsaw, among other places.

Text: Sebastian Cichocki, October 2011

Sebastian Cichocki works as program director at the Museum of Modern Art in Warsaw. Between 2005–2008, he worked as director of the Centre for Contemporary Art Kronika in Bytom, Poland. In his curatorial and publishing projects, he often refers to land art and conceptual traditions. Selected curated exhibitions: *Yael Bartana. ... and Europe will be Stunned*, Polish Pavilion at the 54th International Art Exhibition, Venice (2011); *Early Years*, KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin (2010); *Daniel Knorr. Awake Asleep*, Palace of Culture and Science in Warsaw (2008); *Monika Sosnowska. 1-1*, Polish Pavilion at the 52nd International Art Exhibition, Venice (2007); *Yane Calovski and Hristina Ivanoska. Oskar Hansen's Museum of Modern Art*, CCA Kronika, Bytom (2007); *Bródno Sculpture Park*, Park Bródnowski, Warsaw (2009–2011); *Warsaw in Construction*, Museum of Modern Art in Warsaw, public space, Warsaw (2009, 2010); *Art and Process*, Museum of Contemporary Art in Skopje (2005). Author of critical texts and art-related literary fictions. The selected publications in 2011: *A Cookbook for Political Imagination* (an anthology of essays, with Galit Eilat), *The Future of Art Criticism as Pure Fiction* (an anthology of texts-as-exhibitions), *Spoken Exhibition* (an opera libretto), *Dogs from Uskudar* (a novel, with Joanna Rajkowska). Chief editor of the humanities quarterly *Format P*. He has published in periodicals such as *Artforum*, *Cabinet*, *Mousse*, *Krytyka Polityczna*, *FUKT*, *Muzeum*, *Czas Kultury*, *IDEA arts+society*, *Camera Austria*.

L.A.S.T. L.E.A.K. is a new chapter of his parasite novel. Published, never in chronological order, in different books and catalogues.

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