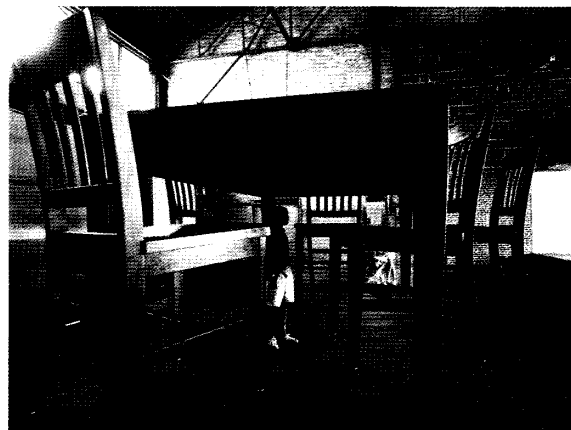


What is Political Art?

SUSAN BUCK-MORSS



Robert Therrien *Under the Table Debajo en la mesa*, inSITE94

What is political art? That is my question. And I want to take a philosophical approach to the inquiry by dealing with concepts: what is “political”? and also, what is “art”? Are these impossible questions to answer? Perhaps so. But they are asked, nonetheless, every time an artist takes up the challenge of politics in her or his work. Unanswerability does not change the fact that they are necessary questions, so let us have the courage to begin—recognizing, however, that such an inquiry does not have a chance of rising above the level of the ideological if it is left in a decontextualized and ahistorical terrain. We need to modify the question by situating it in time and space. But what time? what space? These are questions of proportions. Consider, for example, the formulation: What is political art on the planet earth, at the end of the twentieth century? Granted, this particular situating in time and space loads the question, attributing to the moment a monumental and even mystical meaning. But aside from the fact that the hard drives of early computers are going to have a difficult time adjusting, the year 2000 is in itself nothing special. It is simply a counting device, and a brutally Christian-centric one at that. As for the spatial contextualization, “planet earth,” this very large terrain would seem to have the disadvantage of ignoring “difference” (one of the most overused, hence *undifferentiated* terms in today’s discourse). But it could also be employed for precisely the opposite effect: Evoking the huge dimensions of the universe puts earth in its place, a speck of blue-green dust in some galaxial eye, which may survive until the *next* millennium . . . or just as well, may not. It points to the enormity of the force field into which the small human actions of “political art” are deployed. It might help to keep the inquiry honest.

On the other hand, it might not. As the wisdom of fairy tales tells us: Things can be too big; they can be too small. How to find the right time and space? There is a fascination today (at the end of the second millennium) with the two extremes of time—with the era of dinosaurs at one end and the era of space travel at the other, the pre-historic and the post-historic. In Stanley Kubrick’s film *2001* there is a breathtaking montage that brings these two extremes into touch: an ape-becoming-man at the dawn of human history throws his first tool into the air—an animal bone, useless to eat, the discard of this carnivore’s meal, which he has discovered as a weapon to use instrumentally against others of his species in the struggle for food. The ape-becoming-man, exhilarated beyond containment by his weapon-invention, throws it high into the air with the ecstatic energy of discovery. The bone reaches the peak of its parabolic curve, white against the blue sky, and begins its downward descent, transformed suddenly into a spaceship, falling through the black heavens of the universe, in the year 2001. This montage is one of the most powerful representations of time ever achieved in the art of cinema, providing an experience of the antithetical extremes of the moment and infinity. In form, it takes an instant; in content, it encompasses the whole four million years of human development. One is reminded, with Benjamin, of Baudelaire’s experience of hashish: what seemed to him eternally long “had only lasted several seconds.”¹ All of human history is traversed with the speed of light, condensed to nothing at the vanishing point of the film cut. What is the politics of this art, this representation of time?

Now consider as the most antithetical representational strategy imaginable, site-specific art. It insinuates itself as close to the now and the here as it can get. Time, moving no faster than our time, rushes nowhere. Space is familiar and secure. But precisely this concreteness of the aesthesiological field can give rise to effects of the uncanny, transforming everyday time and space even as it is affirmed. Marcos Ramírez ERRE made a project for inSITE94 entitled *Century 21*. Rather than evoking some futuristic wonder of science fiction, it predicts for the next century more of the same. It is a recreation of a one-room Mexican shanty built from scraps of wood and metal, with laundry on the line and a dim TV lighting the interior, and displayed with architectural drawings and the building permit, showing that it conforms to code. The time of this installation, 1994, was the era of NAFTA (North American Free Trade Agreement), of free trade but no freedom in the movement of labor, and no unequivocal guarantees for workers on either side. The space is the border city of Tijuana. The shanty occupies the plaza of the city's official cultural center, and with this positioning, the margin and the center are juxtaposed. The transient, precarious culture of poverty undermines the legitimacy of the official culture of urban wealth, produced for a capitalist class that knows no borders. Like many site-specific installations, this art insinuates social criticism into the experience of the everyday—here of lunch-hour pedestrians on the plaza. Such art is a moral statement. If successful, it leaves viewers with a bad conscience. This is the source, but also the limit of its political effect. In the words of one critic of this piece, “it is art of a particularly devastating sort, simultaneously expressing art's stunning power and its inescapable weakness, its eloquence and its impotence.”²

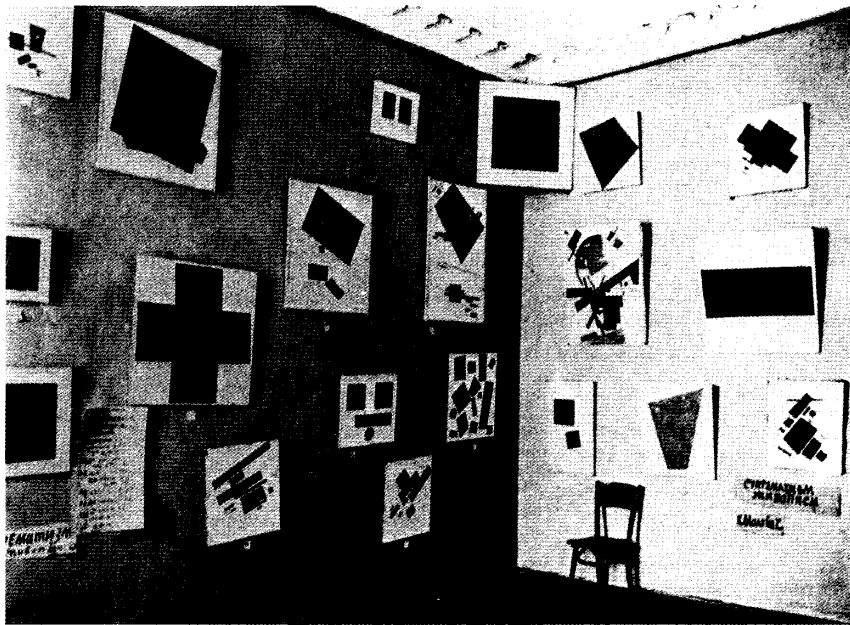
Over the past forty-two years, the city of Kassel in Germany has held ten art shows in a series called *documenta*. Intertwining the specific site of the city with worldwide artistic movements, it gives meaning to the slogan: “Think globally, act locally.” Its tenth exhibition was in 1997. For a hundred days, various sites in the city became both forum and museum as centers for display, information, and critical debate. The exhibition juxtaposed visual documents from all over the planet and inserted art into everyday practice, so that the population lived in its space and time. From all reports, the show's interpenetration with public space was a great success. But *documenta X* has produced a catalogue, *Politics/Poetics*, that is troubling to read. It is a retrospective, taking as its theme art and politics since the end of World War II. The principle of montage is used here to produce a confusing overlay of theoretical text and visual image, an often bewildering superimposition of art and media documentation, that brings both critical theories and critical visions into play. The curator,

Catherine David, says in an interview published in the catalogue that the confusion was intentional: “If people today are not capable of grasping quickly the codes of meaning that constantly change, they perish.” All of this provides evidence of precisely the stunning power of art—and its impotence.

Fifty years of theoretical writing on the politics of art are included in the catalogue, from Adorno, Benjamin, Fanon, Foucault and Gramsci, to Balibar, Deleuze, Habermas, Miyoshi, Said, and Spivak—all the right names are here. A whole tradition of critical art is presented in retrospect, privileging those artists who have criticized the forms, institutions, and social functions of art itself, as well as several sections on “political” architecture—again, we find the right names, from the art of Hans Haacke to the architecture of Rem Koolhaas.

But one is left with the suspicion that theorists and artists have been talking to each other for the past five decades, in a conversation mediated by the art critics that leaves the general public out of the active discussion. Critical theorists legitimate the artists, who in turn legitimate the theorists, producing a tradition of political art that is quite content to remain “art”—a subcategory within art history rather than an intervention into politics in the practical sense. The institutionalized canon of the work of political artists threatens to become just another art genre.

The *documenta* catalogue provides representational references to political history of the past fifty years: Algiers, Budapest, Cuba, Hiroshima, Prague, South Africa, Vietnam and, on several occasions, the fall of the Berlin Wall. Kassel figures prominently, but so do other cities of the globe. No major global player is excluded. Illustrations include all the visual media: oil painting, photography, cinema, video, poster, installation, performance, architecture, urban planning, photojournalism, and computer art. There is so much here, such an overwhelming heap of words, images, places, and events that one cannot help but marvel at the energy of decades of critical theory and critical art practices. They have been enormous pressures of resistance on the forces of cultural inertia. They have exposed the global order to scrutiny. They have challenged official standards of propriety. But gathered together as an archive of recent history, packaged in this weighty catalogue that could easily find a home on the coffee table in the living room, it gives the distinct impression that the massive efforts of artists to intervene “politically/poetically” have been staged in some separate space. The “art world,” however global it has become, is capable of being encapsulated. Against a background of political violence, the art scene leads its own life, one that provides contrasts and indicates potentials, but without modifying that background of political violence one



0.10 exhibition exposición
Petrograd, 1915-16

iota. Even if we concede that the politics of art is always indirect—indeed, especially if we concede this point—we are left with the question: What is political art?

Let us try again. Starting here, starting now, can we begin by asking: What is “art”? Of course, we know the familiar pitfalls. If we try to define art by some intrinsic quality—beauty, say, or the sublime, or disinterested pleasure—we are simply projecting one set of cultural (spatial) and historical (temporal) values onto the whole of humanity. Much of the “anti-aesthetic” of contemporary art has been aimed against these traditional meanings. But if we answer merely descriptively—that art is what “artists” do, or what hangs in the legitimating institutions of museums, or what the market passes off as art—even if this list includes what artists do in protest against museums and the market—we have not tackled the *philosophical* task of defining art that it was our purpose to pursue.

And what of “politics”? There are, of course, as many approaches to the politics of art as there are artists, and who are we to say that only certain ones are politically correct? Moreover, what is understood as political art changes radically over time. To consider one dialectical extreme: In the 1930s, artists under the influence of socialist realism adopted as their politics the glorification of the worker. Half a century later, a new generation of Soviet artists poked fun at those efforts. They adopted instead a different kind of “realism”—could we call it “capitalist realism”?—in depicting the exhausted workers as they really exist in the late twentieth century. These images, too, are political art.

Another example: “Formalism” was the most damning thing one could say politically about an artist in the Soviet Union in the 1930s. But formalism was precisely the criterion for political art, according to the Western Marxist Clement Greenberg in his highly influential

article of 1939, “Avant-garde and Kitsch.” Greenberg’s cultural radicalism, not unlike that of Adorno, was a protest against the kitsch of socialist propaganda and capitalist mass culture alike. In privileging the “politics” of abstract expressionism as opposed to the socially engaged art of the 1930s, Greenberg endorsed the separation of art from life, returning to the tradition of art for art’s sake that had been the criterion for radical art at the end of the nineteenth century.

In this context, it is revealing to trace the fate of the square as its painted form has moved through the political landscape of the twentieth century. In December 1915, at the “last Futurist exhibition,” 0.10 in Petrograd, Russia, Malevich showed his groundbreaking “Suprematist” painting, *Black Square*. He meant it to have metaphysical significance as “ground zero,” the beginning of a new cosmic era. In 1920 El Lissitzky made Suprematism useful to the Bolshevik Revolution—and also made a bid for Suprematism’s position as *the* revolutionary art, by illustrating a children’s book, *The Story of Two Squares* (they visit earth to engage in the revolutionary rebuilding of its cities). But through the century, the revolutionary square of Malevich has been reiterated so often as to become stylistically conservative. Black squares, yellow squares, red squares have been painted by “abstract” artists around the globe.

The square has lost the mystical power that it had for Malevich in 1915. It is a cliché, if not itself kitsch, and Robert Rauschenberg was not wrong to parody it by painting his own square with house paint and a paint roller (causing Ad Reinhardt to scream in protest: “Does he think it is easy?”). In a certain sense, of course, Greenberg is correct: Formalist art *is* political insofar as its very existence is a protest against the usefulness of things within present social and economic arrangements. Moreover, despite the contested terrain of the term art, one thing is certain. Given the current, global realities of cultural production, “art” (let us keep the

word in quotation marks) must continue its fight for the right to exist. This fight is itself a political battle, if only because “art” marks a space in the cultural discourse outside of the instrumental logic of commodity production. Even if art *is* a commodity, and *does* get produced instrumentally, it exists as a cipher within bourgeois discourse for the possibility of something else. This possibility of an alternative reality, including a form of human society radically different from the one presently existing, brings us to a second question: Not just, what is politics, but what is revolutionary politics, and how does it relate to the politics of art? And it leads us into the whole muddled thicket of the avant-garde.

I call it a muddled thicket, because the word “avant-garde,” the meaning of which in everyday use seems so self-evident, has no conceptual clarity whatsoever. Historians have traced it back to the French social philosopher of the early nineteenth century, Saint-Simon, and to the faith in historical progress that his movement espoused. Engineers, scientists, and artists were understood by Saint-Simon as historical visionaries, an *avant-garde* elite who would lead the masses into the utopia of an industrialized future. By the end of the nineteenth century, the “avant-garde” referred primarily to the cultural radicals: bohemian artists at the fringe of the economy, modernists who espoused “art for art’s sake,” cultural anarchists who scandalized the bourgeoisie by flaunting accepted social values. When Lenin called his own minority Marxist party the “avant-garde” in 1902, he was taking advantage of the term’s cultural caché at the time (Marx himself did not use either term, vanguard or avant-garde). But with the success of the Bolshevik Revolution, the cultural avant-garde was faced with the reality of a political avant-garde and had to take a stand, vis-à-vis not only bourgeois culture but bourgeois political and economic structures as well. (For clarity’s sake we can make a distinction between the cultural avant-garde and the political vanguard, although the terms were used interchangeably in Bolshevik Russia. The art-historical concept of the Russian avant-garde was not codified until the 1960s.) With the victory of the political vanguard in the October Revolution, the connection of the avant-garde with historical progress was revitalized. Artists succumbed to the notion of progress, and to the didactic purpose of art. The elitism of the avant-garde meant being “ahead” of the rest of society in an historical sense, implying that the others, indeed, the masses, were lagging “behind.” In an effort to close this gap, revolutionary art entered “into life” with a vengeance. Avant-garde artists in the Soviet Union (Suprematists, Futurists, and the new, post-revolutionary Constructivists) all turned to “production art,” designing not only children’s books, but clothing, furniture, dishes, curtains, street festivals, trolley tickets, stage sets, not to mention architectural structures of every sort. Artists saw their task as the creation of new human

beings, and of the new environments that would nurture their developing forms.

This was a powerful moment in “political art.” Art was not propaganda but use value, providing a transformed vision of everyday life with social-revolutionary implications. In the Soviet Union, however, the tying together of the cultural avant-garde and the political vanguard led to the subservience of art to the Party’s needs. Art stopped being political and became ideological—a fatal mistake. But once the temporality of vanguard history had been accepted, it was logical for artists to dance to the tune that the Party played. Meanwhile in the West, “avant-garde” art in the context of the Cold War returned to the self-consciously autonomous stance—art for art’s sake—of the end of the nineteenth century. The ironic fate of Malevich’s square was to end up as the icon of American modernism, surfacing as a dominant image of the exhibition *American Art in the 20th Century* that opened at the Martin-Gropius Bau in Berlin in 1993.

What is the relevant meaning of “avant-garde” in our own time? It is helpful to recall that both vanguard and avant-garde were originally military terms, referring to spatial, not temporal deployment. If we hold ourselves to this original meaning behind the metaphorical one, we will not be misled into equating the avant-garde with history’s so-called progressive forces. In the military meaning, the avant-garde (or vanguard) of the army goes out in front of the troops to meet the “enemy” in an unexpected moment, and with the advantage of the shock of surprise, delivers the first blow. But if we give up the idea of a temporal battlefield of “history” on which warring classes are deployed, then who is the enemy? Whose side is the avant-garde on? Let us not take the easy route of identity politics, which merely reverses the binaries of oppressor and oppressed, whether defined in terms of classes or sexes or races or cultures. Let us all take responsibility for the world as it exists today, and as it will exist tomorrow—the result of our acting and reacting the way we do, whatever our position within it. Taking responsibility for the world implies agency, allowing for the possibility of a different future. Bad conscience opens up to praxis.

By what we do every day—or don’t do—we make our world. We are implicated without any malice of intent. The “we” referred to here are all of us who succeed one way or another within the system, which means that without our labor it could not perpetuate itself. If the system is the problem, the enemy is within. It is a part of ourselves. We know this, we sense it in our bones. We know that our pension funds make us benefit from capitalism’s successes. We know our preoccupation with brand names and consumerism allows global corpora-

tions to exploit labor globally. We know how our personal success as academics and cultural producers feeds the hegemonic ideology. We know that our personal relationships are not what they could be, that we repeat the limiting conventions of our same-sex or heterosexual relations—out of habit, out of impotence, out of fear.

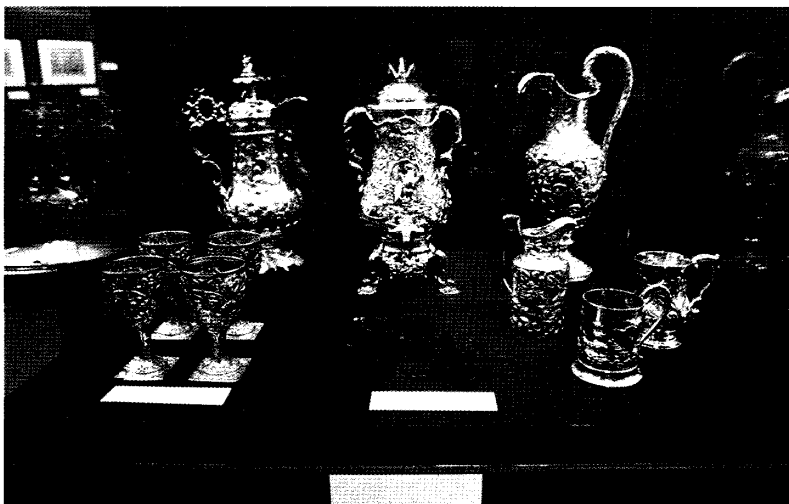
Unhappy consciousness, Hegel called it. Alienation was the name in the early writings of Marx. Inauthenticity is the existentialist term. Most of the time it remains a half-articulated thought, surging up into consciousness momentarily, not only in the obvious instances, passing by homeless or begging persons in the street, but in those cases when, with an absence of any visible victim, we make a decision to save our own skin, or job, or personal relationships, or economic interests, knowing that someone else will pay the price, that someone else is going to lose.

A friend of mine says politics ought not to be about uncovering enemies, but rather about making peace—not in a naive sense of us “all just getting along” as Rodney King expressed it. But in an awareness that certain structures of social life make peace impossible: by their very nature they pit classes, or sexes, or “races,” or nations against each other. It is these structures that need to be attacked, in their everyday banality—not by blowing up buildings, but by blowing up the significance of our seemingly *insignificant* everyday practices of compliance. And it is here that the cultural avant-garde finds a military mission. If it shocks us in the midst of our mundane existence and breaks the routine of living even for a second (the enemy within ourselves is this routine of living), then it is allied with our better side, our bodily side that *senses* the order of things is not as it should be, or as it could be. The time of *this* avant-garde is not progress, but interruption—stopping time, or slowing it down, or reaching into past time, forgotten time, in order to shatter the placid surface of the pre-

sent. Consider the work of Fred Wilson, whose museum installations subvert the institution of the museum from within. In *Mining the Museum*, at the Maryland Historical Society, Wilson places slave manacles in the exhibition case with colonial silver pitchers and teapots, as forgotten objects of the same historical era. (He found the manacles in the museum’s basement.) Transgressing its defining boundaries, moving into spaces where it isn’t allowed—such art’s place is *displacement*. Its effect is what Denis Hollier calls “guerilla warfare,” no longer “exhibiting in a place, but exhibiting a place,” appropriating spaces that are *inappropriate*, challenging their self-understanding.³ The political effectiveness of such actions is admittedly temporary, and always in danger of being co-opted into a system that thrives on the new, the untried, the transgressive. But we are dealing here with political effects that make no claim to permanence. They cannot be reified and secured within the artwork itself.

The avant-garde experience of temporal interruption and spatial displacement is not limited to artworks. It is important to rescue the term from its monopolization by art historians and art critics. I am convinced that any philosophical concepts valid for art experience must be valid for other cultural experiences as well. I have argued this case for the bedrock concept of “aesthetics”—the original meaning of which is “perceptive by feeling,” a cognitive mode that is in no way the exclusive property of “art.”⁴ As a form of cognition through the bodily senses, aesthetic experience has the power to undermine official cultural meanings, and inform our critical, corporeal side, the side that *takes* the side of human suffering and bodily pain wherever it occurs, and supports the possibilities for social transformation that present structures disavow.

Is this an answer, at least a partial answer to the question of time, and the question of space of political art? The time of the avant-garde as interruption. The space of the avant-garde as displacement. Imaginings that are inap-



Fred Wilson *Mining the Museum*
 Maryland Historical Society, 1992
 Slave shackles Grilletes de esclavos:
 Mrs. Vivian M. Rigby
 Kirk silver Plata:
 Maryland Historical Society



Andy Warhol *Elvis*, 1963, © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc./Art Resource, NY

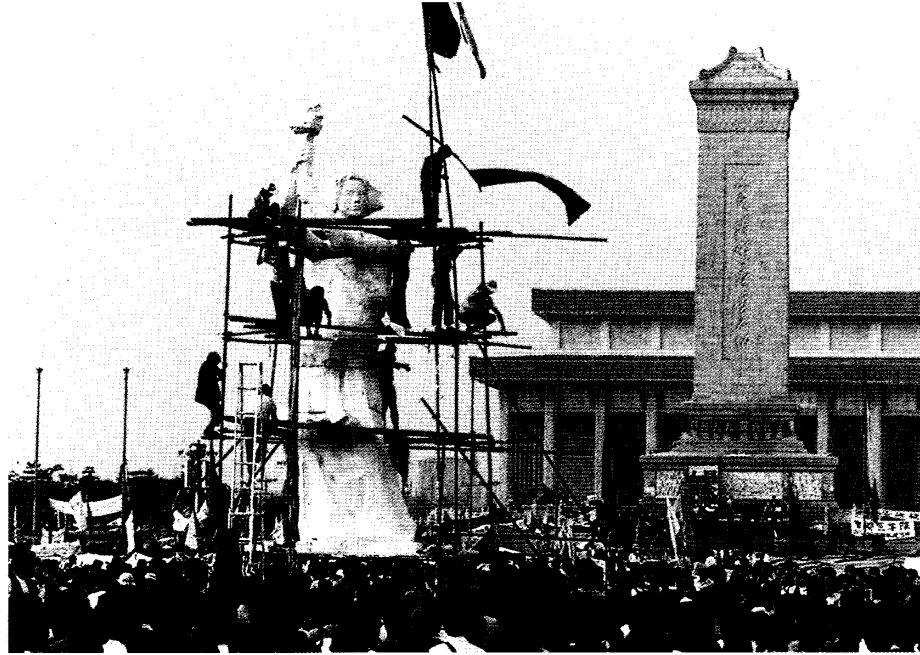
appropriate, that trouble the boundaries—of institutions, nations, sexes, cultures, and centrally, of art itself.

If such concepts describe the forms of the “avant-garde” in our time, this is not to suggest that avant-garde experience exhausts the forms of political art. But I do want to imply that art does not exhaust the forms of avant-garde experience. It is quite possible, for example, to describe certain phenomena of mass culture as avant-garde. In his lifetime (if not in his death cult), Elvis Presley’s performances were avant-garde. They challenged boundaries between Black and White culture in fundamental, and lasting ways. They challenged the gendering of sexual display. But most strikingly, the “eccentric” gesture of his pelvic thrust ruptured a repressive sexual order. It was a protest against the body’s culturalization. It functioned that way at the time, as erotic and dangerous, shocking and subversive, but also allied with bodily pleasure as a site of resistance.

Whether David Bowie or Michael Jackson accomplish a similar subverting of gender—or whether this reiteration of the formula for market success (like that of Malevich’s squares) becomes conservative—is an open question. What is clear, however, is that in our time, when cyberspace threatens to make our bodies (the site and source of aesthetic cognition) obsolete, art resists by insisting on the body, fashioning the sensate body as itself representation, as in Renée Stout’s *Fetish* works,

Ana Mendieta’s *Siluetas* series, or Orlan’s enlistment of plastic surgery as a means of aesthetic self-documentation (“This is my body; this is my software”).

Contemporary artists have gone to great lengths to explore their own bodies as the artwork—shooting themselves in the arm, masturbating under the gallery floor—and it is not clear that all these are examples of either avant-garde experience, or “political art,” but they do introduce a topic that seems unavoidably present in any discussion of political art, and that is physical violence. Violence is the limit experience that either promises to provide the definitive boundary between art and politics, or threatens to destroy the boundary altogether. There is a long history of the representation of physical violence. It means different things at different times. But always the imaged representation of violence is an ambivalent experience. It is not only aesthetics—cognition through feeling—but *anaesthetics* as well. The image is virtual, the violence is not present as we gaze. It has happened sometime *before*, somewhere *else*. Perhaps one of the greatest political dangers of the virtual realities that are becoming, increasingly, our reality, is that we become numb to violence done not only to others but to ourselves, incapable of responding with political agency even when self-preservation is at stake (a situation Walter Benjamin saw as symptomatic of fascism). In any case, it is striking that in so much video art the



The Goddess of Democracy/Student Uprising Revuelta Estudiantil Beijing, China, 1989, Sipa Press

body is a central concern, a body often represented as estranged from itself, as if cyborg bodies do not quite feel, are not quite present, suffer pain only virtually. Is it more or less frightening when in performance art, the real, actually present body-as-spectacle is a body in pain, and yet we are capable of viewing it as if it were only virtual? It may suggest that political art today need not continue the avant-garde taboo against beautiful art. The politics of perceiving stunning beauty—not as a false harmony on the surface, but as a moment that shines through the disharmony of the world—may be more shocking to today's viewer than the violent images that flood the media to excess.

What is political art? It is, in all its variety, contextualized, critical practice. Boris Groys in *Gesamtkunstwerk Stalin* argued that Stalin's Five-Year Plans actually realized the project begun by the Bolshevik avant-garde to change the world and fashion new human beings—hence politics is a continuation of art by other means.⁵ But let us reverse the equation and suggest that art is—or should be—the continuation of politics by other means—means that are never merely instrumental but always, like ethics, an end in themselves. Because the means, as an end in themselves, matter, art can never be reduced to information. Representation is never transparent. The means of art, responsible for its opacity, is always part of the information, the most important part, the most *political* part. It accounts for art's stunning power, and its impotence.

But perhaps politics needs to be more like art, not less (including more impotent!). Politics needs to concern itself not only with what or who is represented, but how. And despite the compromising conditions of art exhibitions, curators are not badly positioned to be political mobilizers, taking over the role of the Party in the sense, not of leading the masses, but of providing a space and a time for critical reflection. But only an art that opens up to visual culture in its broadest sense—to the world outside the museum, outside the discipline of art history, outside the hermetic circles of theory—is adequate to the task.

A version of this essay was presented at the conference *Private Time in Public Space*, organized as part of inSITE97, at El Colegio de la Frontera Norte, Tijuana, 22 November 1997.

Susan Buck-Morss is professor of political philosophy and social theory at Cornell University.

1 Walter Benjamin, "Konvolut N," *Passagen-Werk*, trans. by Leigh Hafrey and Richard Sieburth, in Gary Smith, ed., *Benjamin: Philosophy, Aesthetics, History* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1989), 74.

2 Christopher Knight, "New Border Customs," *Los Angeles Times*, October 1, 1994, F1, F8.

3 Denis Hollier, "While the City Sleeps: Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," *October* 64 (Spring 1993), 3.

4 Susan Buck-Morss, "Aesthetics and Anaesthetics: Walter Benjamin's Artwork Essay Reconsidered," *October* 62 (Fall 1992), 3-41.

5 Translated as Boris Groys, *The Total Art of Stalinism*, trans. by Charles Rougle (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1992).

private time in public space tiempo privado en espacio público

Susan Buck-Morss

Néstor García Canclini

George E. Lewis

José Manuel Valenzuela Arce

Jessica Bradley

Olivier Debroyse

Ivo Mesquita

Sally Yard

Sally Yard

inSITE97: New projects in public spaces by artists from the Americas was a collaboration of twenty-seven nonprofit institutions in San Diego and Tijuana. The exhibition and community engagement projects that composed *inSITE97* were coordinated by Installation, a nonprofit visual arts organization in the United States, and the Consejo Nacional para la Cultura y las Artes through the Instituto Nacional de Bellas Artes in Mexico. The project was organized in association with the Mexican Consulate in San Diego, the state of Baja California, and the city of Tijuana. The exhibition was on view from 26 September through 30 November 1997. *inSITE97: Nuevos proyectos de arte público de artistas del continente americano* fue una colaboración de 27 instituciones no lucrativas en San Diego y Tijuana. La exposición y los proyectos de enlace con la comunidad que conformaron *inSITE97* fueron coordinados por Installation, una organización privada de carácter no lucrativo dedicada a las artes plásticas, en Estados Unidos, y por el Consejo Nacional para la Cultura y las Artes a través del Instituto Nacional de Bellas Artes en México; en colaboración con el Consulado General de México en San Diego, el gobierno de Baja California y el xv Ayuntamiento de la ciudad de Tijuana. El proyecto estuvo en exhibición del 26 de septiembre al 30 de noviembre de 1997.

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