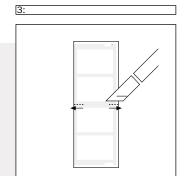
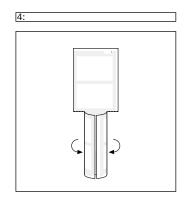


Construction





1: First, fold each sheet in half along the vertical axis.

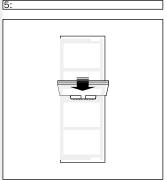
Using a craft knife or scalpel, cut a horizontal slot along the centre dotted line of the first sheet. (pages 1/2/9/10)

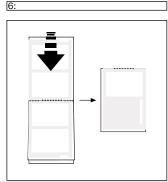
3: Then cut along the dotted lines on all the other sheets. Make sure to cut to the very edges of the paper.

4: Stack the folded sheets in ascending order with the even numbers at the top. Curl the bottom half of the second page (pages 3/4/15/16).

5: Thread the curled page through the centre slot of the first page. Repeat this process with the third (pages 5/6/13/14) and fourth sheet (pages 7/8/11/12) with the even pages in ascending order.

6: When all the pages have been threaded through, check the pagination. Finally, fold the booklets in half along the horizontal axis.





10



I always wondered why the visitors fall in love with Salvador de Bahia. Can't they see? Can't they see? Can't they see the ugliness of the city? 3 million people living, for most, in slums and self-constructed habitations, plastic sheets after cardboards after timber boards after bricks after concrete... a huge and dirty building site where work is always under progress, with open air sewages, unpawed streets, garbage all over. Not much looks beautifully tropical here, rather, it looks so scarily similar to areas of Grozny, Cairo, Van, Mombay, Medelin or Free Town. Human misery puts on the same face anywhere in the world.

The ugliness of Salvador's urban design clashes with its rich relation to the sea at almost any point of its extended coastline. Salvador, full of music and laughs. Salvador, on the mellow rhythm of the tropic, languorous moves, vibrant skins, fresh coconuts and exotic fruits. The set is ready. Salvador, over exposing its negritude, its religious syncretism, its folklore, prostituting it to the tourism trade. Salvador, embracing its visitor with one arm while robbing him with the other. Salvador, making you believe whatever you want to helieve

RESNULLIUS

ANNE SOBOTTA

HIFFUSIUN Thois of Thum



White for peace. Yellow for wealth. Blue for happiness.

Remember that it is not a good day to deal

Remember to dress in red on December 4th.

Remember to dress in white on Friday, and in pale colours (blue or yellow) on Saturday. with administrations

3 SPECIES OF SPACES RESNULLIUS

Anne Sobotta

Series Editors: Giles Lane & Alice Angus © Proboscis & Anne Sobotta Photographs © Anne Sobotta First published by Proboscis in 2003 www.diffusion.org.uk

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This publication is one of a series of essays commissioned by Proboscis for the series SPECIES OF SPACES. Inspired by and in homoge to Georges Perec's eponymous book. The series contemplates how we, in the contemporary world of the twenty-first century, occupy space – the virtual and physical, enrollonal and social – what Perec called the "infraordinary". SPECIES OF SPACES aims to radically question the trajectory of contemporary unan existence, intervening in current debates on how the virtual and the physical relate to each other, and how technological advances affect cultural and social structures. available at the British Library Paul Farrington (www.tonne.org.uk) Nima Falatoori (www.NMoDesign.co.uk) DIFFUSION eBook design by: data: a catalogue record for this publication is

*World Wide Space Law Bibliography by Kuo Lee Li, published

by De Daro Publishing Reg.

"... Legal status of outer space, the moon

Space Water Land

(Resnullius, Terra Nullius, Res Omnium Communis, Res Extra Commercium and other celestial bodies: General

Internationalized Territory)..."*

Resnullius - that which belongs to no one

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kitchen, superimposing a new topography within the hardly habitable space. Staying home was not comfortable. Being out at night was not comfortable. We were too broke to pay for a Someone had lent us a flat in the Bronx. It was covered with dirt so we created clean pathways from the bed to the bathroom and to the cab back and were - even if we wouldn't admit it at the time - so scared at the idea of walking in the deserted streets of the Bronx which we knew only from mafia and gangster films.

to me. I had felt much in tune with the peoples swallowed my pride and realised that I could not adjust to both the physical and social space of New York City; I was a stranger. I remember someone all of a sudden shouting in tears after an argument with a camera retailer. I realised this was a totally new culture of all the countries I had just left; in the Near East, Southern Europe, Latin America. I right into my left ear. I remember almost being

remember walking up the steps, coming out on 23, my head full of theories, opinions and had decided to dedicate the year to travel the our host was expecting us. I remember his big pasta; everything seemed to take ages. It was already late in the afternoon when we managed to escape and took the subway again to 57th street, midtown, Manhattan. I the pavement, suddenly struck still, my eyes were rushing, it was awkward to be standing t was my very first time in New York City. I was world and see with my own eyes all those in lands of millenary cultures, the journey was ending in New York City, the city, the place where all happens, a myth; a dream coming sweaty hug and that he cooked us Italian Around us a dense and hectic flow of people still. I felt like a little child, eyes wide open to an urban landscape I had never experienced pride like any obsessed architecture student. I places I had read so much about. After months airport and taking the subway via Harlem all the way up to the top end of Manhattan where true. I remember my friend and I arriving at JFK rose. Here they were, the skyscrapers... before, a new sky, a new space. I felt fragile.

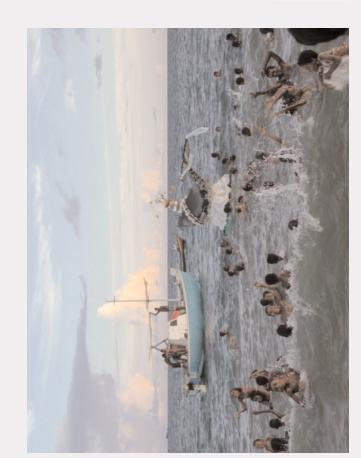
to Zeo, in memoriam

3

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14 ET

Salvador as a city of codes, millions of codes



is imperatively to be hidden, remains so, But don't be mistaken, what truly counts, what negotiate this complex net. This flow does not whom, are only those who know how to which they belong. Those who talk, and to permitted to; obeying the rules of the group to religious roots. Those who see are only those on friendship, work, sexual attraction, social or complicated net of human relations, be it based every word, every attitude. A lot happens in this that, at the same time, observes every move, space that seems extremely permissive - and nobody cares, but everybody watches. A social only that the rules are unwritten. A city where revealed to no one that isn't authorized. There are leaks and failures within the system. happen without waves, dramas and scandals. and secrets. Salvador is not without rules; it is

negotiate this complex net. Inis flow does not happen without waves, dramas and scandals. There are leaks and failures within the system. But don't be mistaken, what truly counts, what is imperatively to be hidden, remains so, revealed to no one that isn't authorized. It is in that constant shifting between what is and what isn't that Salvador can lead you to either loose or find your identity. As you become aware, in this precise social space, of being watched, you are drawn to self observation. It is not about assimilating the codes of the new place, as it would be in any place, it is about becoming aware of what one

projects, and from where. Coming to the where, one comes to the why and ultimately to question the why. Your balance and set of behaviours is challenged to the core. No place to hide. No new rules to follow, but rather a new path to find in a place where all human features are present almost in ubiquity. An ubiquity that one is led to recognise in hin/herself, possibly revealing an identity kept masked until then.

Many times I thought of making a list of all the spaces – the beds, sofas or floors, the rooms, the houses, the villages, the cities – where I have slept since I left home. To describe them thoroughly, the physical space as well as the emotional state of mind attached to it.

Family houses, friend's flats, hotels, last minute spots, coaches, airplanes, motels, tents...

Paris, Cairo, Mount Sinai, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Urfa, Diyarbakir, Mardin, Istanbul, Patmos, Barcelona, Cordoba, Cadiz, Ganada, Santarem, Portalegre, Castelo Branco, Porto, Lima, Cusco, Puno, Arequipa, New York, Grenoble, Arles, Toledo, Evora, Lisboa, Brighton, London, Tunis, Montreal, Quebec City, Sienna, Roma, Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Recife, Fortaleza, Salvador, Trancoso, Venezia, Antibes, Edinburgh, Toronto, Ottawa, São Luis, Belo Horizonte, Diamantina, Ouro Preto, Marseilles...

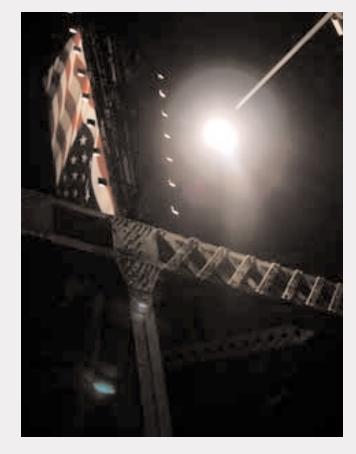
Hammocks, king size beds, single beds, comfortable sofas, hard floors, perfurned beds, dirty beds, beds with insects, airplane seats (1, 2 or even 3), bus seats (1 or 2), beds with plastic cover under the sheets, bed from childhood, noisy sofa beds, futons, shared beds,

the frequent travels, an impossibility to settle in a local, geographical and social environment.

There is here a certain fragility brought over by

designer beds, cushions, wooden floors, foam mattresses, sprung mattresses, beds for love, beds for sex, historical beds, good-for-your-back beds, bad-for-your-back beds, bad-for-your-back teds, reassuring beds, beds with mosquito net, earth floors, sand

Every morning, emerging from darkness, I make place to another through territories to which seeking, producing and exchanging knowledge. symbolical ensemble. Water — life, cleansing have become my items of I.D. An heteroclite yet same moves. Teapot, laptop, yoga mat. Those same steps. It is a daily need to accomplish the the same few and carefully chosen objects, the to create a temporary but grounding homecontact with the world again, preparing a path installed itself in this itinerary without routine. As the years passed, and I travelled from one being present to the world, connected feeling. A ritual, with always the same duration to open the day, the body, the mind. A routine applied the generic name 'not-home', a routine loga — aligning, opening mind and body. Laptop



space. Now I won't let it go again. Physical space is what gives us time. We are so It is been too long since I last enjoyed physical confused, believing we earn time with virtual communication devices whereas those are the biggest time-thieves of all. and new

the perception of a huge distance. And then the landscape takes over. The body expands, in the heat of the day, in the unlimited space. A view wider than 180º, the flatness of the bluegreen-grey liquid surface, the cranes and in the port, like a fantastic mechanism. The physical space penetrates the mind, brain waves becoming as flat as the waters of the bay lying under my eyes as I It worked again. First days – confusion, containers wake up.

an Nad about this place. Winter fading away, the abstraction, non-loci. Salvador, life pulsing body moisture. London hast left in mechanical and frenetic memories, again in my veins, hours extending.

before your eyes. Salvador misleads you, parading its exoticness

challenges you, Salvador lures you, Salvador like to classify it, if only it could respond to same time, the good and the bad as we would here is a Janus, presenting two faces at the being, with each one true nature. Everyone confronts you with the true nature of human puts endless traps on your way, beats, murders, lies, scorns, ... Salvador robs, assaults, burgles, steals, such a simplistic vision Salvador Salvador

society in a gregarious culture. point, the extreme confusion of an individualist universe in constant re-creation, without fixed of multiple identity, fusing of opposites. A in the most beautiful, divine way. A celebration sometimes to the point of chaos, sometimes principles, but parallel worlds over crossing, another. No pre-set behaviours and rigid moral constantly shifting from one universe to name, the guardian of the crossroads, malign eyes of the one you do not dare to Repeatedly crossing all borders, under the princes of insolent and supreme nobility. A city of provincial, ill-educated bandits -

> truer self. Illusions. place to discard the past and become a fuller maybe most dangerously, a conviction that attraction for this unknown; at the most, and beginning of an enormous curiosity and purification can follow. At the least there is the illusions and the hidden in some find themselves almost reborn, unveiling and turn their fear into a hate for the city. Last, others are too scared by what may be revealed directed mindset. Many just close their eyes withdraw into their own balanced, morally Exposed to this multiform society, the visitors here is home, the place of all possibilities, the disillusions, themselves. Mistaken roads decadence or

> > Here we are with a daily trilogy, physically and spiritually grounded by the cleansing and opening of the water and the yoga practice (as if those were indispensable) to face the question brought over every morning by the

computer: who am I here? We have left.

The answer lies in the computer brain, and may

tricky path many places to get lost or mistaken along the secured and clearly ruled social system, has begun. Nowhere to hide anymore, The road is a long one. The search for identity

Before the laptop era I was reading more. I was calling my friends – as well as total strangers ·

was not that good at yoga. I had other was contemplating much more. I had the time. for lunch. I was ready faster in the morning. and I was listening to their voices. I was going

rituals, can always change or be changed addictions. I did not know that everything, ever l was a student. I was a flâneur. I was freer. emails and recipient of those messages. folders full of my work, I am the sender of those be not in mine anymore, I am those files and

environment made utterly familiar by the attachment to childhood memories. It was a Manichaeistic opposition to the tasteless of home reduced to a physical with its backdrops and accessories. concept

A conception of home at the very other end of what home has started to mean to me in Brazil. An Italy swept of its people. A theatrical set souvenirs of growing up in France.

Often I would go back to Italy, the birthplace too

early departed.

anchored in my deepest memories, as the place to go back to, in case of, just in case. Go back to the very land on which I was born. No

matter I have no Italian blood, no matter I

wasn't raised there.

The image of an ideal Italy has remained,

The custom officer asked: "Do you have a proof of I.D?" and I thought: "Yes, I have a proof of I.T."

0 and 1 running along the cable connecting the

Rather, one's net is condensed in the billions of

computer to the telephone plug, a fragile,

almost intangible link.

in my memory. An Italy without politics,

economy and society.

constructed in my mind to counterbalance the absence of attachment to any country I lived in since my earliest years. A kind of psychological device self-protecting my sense of identity has

created this illusion, making of Italy the place I

can think of as home.

A land of Eden

the aromatic herbs cracking under the feet, the taste of the wild blackberries, the deep blue of the Mediteranea, the heat, the beautiful cities and villages. A postcard's Italy, and yet so real

holidays, the life on the islands, the smells of the pine trees and of the sea, the fragrances of

An extremely physical space where the best memories of my childhood lie. The annual