ENQUIRY 02



Continuing the contextualization of found materials, this approach constructs narratives around traces of daily life and everyday objects. Through methods such as publication and writing, it reflects subtle actions in daily life. (? In Production 1, it specifically explores the nuances of voyeuristic psychology?)

This project is intended for the general public. Through writing and interactive publication reading experiences, it analyzes and amplifies the subtle psychological behaviors I have observed in everyday life.





Song Dong & Zhao Xiangyuan | Waste Not

Wu Hung | 物尽其用

A bird settles atop a lamppost

It is noon

Gust of wind

A 63 goes by

A 96 goes by

An apple-green 2CV goes by

The rain gets fierce. A lady makes a hat with a plastic bag marked "Nicolas"

Umbrellas sweep into the church

Moments of emptiness

Passage of a 63 bus

Geneviève Serreau passes by in front of the café (too far away for me to get her attention)

Project: a classification of umbrellas according to their forms, their means of functioning, their color, their material...

Some green emerges from a shopping bag

A 96 goes by

Differences stand out: there are fewer buses, there are few or even no trucks or delivery vans, the cars are most often private; more people seem to be entering or leaving Saint-Sulpice.

More differences would be due to the rain, which is not necessarily specific to its being Sunday.

A dog runs past, tail in the air, sniffing the ground.

Gestures and movements are made difficult by the rain (carrying a cake-box, pulling a wheeled shopping bag, walking while holding a child by the hand).

Passage of a 63

The church square is almost empty. Then three people cross it.

Then three groups of two. Then a solitary man who comes out of the church.

It is still raining, but maybe a little less heavily.

A man supporting an old lady crosses the church square very slowly

An apple-green car (RL?)

A 96 bus

A grayish car whose back right door is blue.

It is twelve thirty.

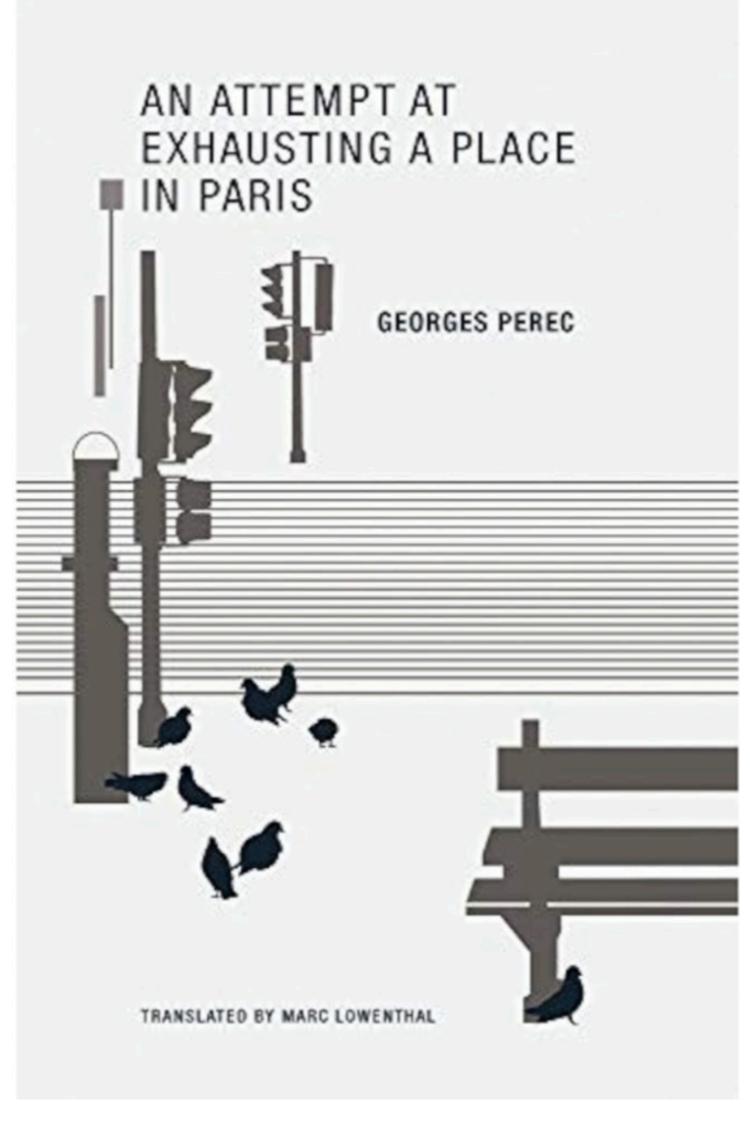
At the corner of the church and rue Saint-Sulpice, a man tools up before unlocking his moped, which he has chained to the bars of some sort of basement window (it's really too large to be a basement window)

Meanwhile, the rain has stopped

The wind dispels the rain that had accumulated on the café awning: waves of water

Pigeons on the plaza. A Volkswagen goes by between the plaza and the church square. The church square is empty

AN ATTEMPT AT EXHAUSTING A PLACE IN PARIS



CONVERSATION PIECE

Bandage any part of your body.

If people ask about it, make a story and tell.

If people do not ask about it, draw their attention to it and tell.

If people forget about it, remind them of it and keep telling.

Do not talk about anything else.

1962 summer





Naturally you remember the good weather experiences too. There's nothing lovelier than being out at sea in total calm with birds around you and all the quiet. But the weather's changed now. The snowdrifts were bigger when I was small! My pattern for fishing is that I always start in Þorlákshöfn in the spring, March or thereabouts, then I follow the fish up to the north and finish in Skagafjörður, or Siglufjörður the last time I went. It's always moving north, you see. And every spring you hear trawler owners saying they don't remember such bad fishing, though the ships are bigger now. Aren't the low fronts deeper now? Just like what's happening to our friends in the West, in America, isn't it all changing there? The sea's warmer, of course, you really notice that at sea, for instance monkfish was never seen six years ago but is starting to be caught here. New species are coming and there are huge changes in the marine life, the shrimp's gone now. They blame the collapse of the shellfish stocks on rising sea temperatures here in Breiðafjörður. But I'm Sigurður Hjartarson hoping it will start to build up again, the sea was colder this year Born 1930, Blönduós than last year so you just hope for the best . . . When you think Farmer (Staðarbakki) it's all going to hell you read in the papers that it was like that in the old days too, so maybe it just goes in cycles. Maybe how you look at the environment all depends on whether you're an I never see the sun without starting to tingle and I'm outside at optimist or a pessimist. I was at sea for nine years. Once when I was on board the trawler Skúli Magnússon (I think it was the Skúli Magnússon, rather than the Jón Þorláksson), I was out on the Halinn grounds and we ran into strong, nasty weather, hauled in the trawl and headed for land. But it was snowing, there was a raging storm and heavy frost, and that was when I felt in most danger at sea. And then there was the icing, you know. I was so tired of smashing the ice off all the ropes and as soon as I turned around everything was covered again. In the old days sheep were grazed for the whole winter and 1 "Wind shelter" parish then in spring they started to get frisky when the grass started 2 "Bad wind" peak to sprout alongside the brooks in gullies, started to grow.

Roni Horn | Weather Reports You - A Collective Self-portrait