All Photographs by Katinka Bock
Squirrels to the Nuts

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These texts and photos are part of the editorial project made by Katinka Bock in the context of her residency at Les Laboratoires d’Aubervilliers in 2015. It is part of the exhibition Zarba Lonsa which took place at Les Laboratoires d’Aubervilliers in the same year.
Introduction

During her nine-month residency at the Laboratoires d’Aubervilliers Katinka Bock developed a project exploring the question of gift- and counter-gift giving. Always committed to inscribing her research in the site she is occupying, Zarba Lonsa grew out of a project developed in the very particular context of the Quatre-Chemins area in Aubervilliers (France). Zarba Lonsa is an exhibition intertwining visual work and exchanges with storekeepers, inviting spectators and local residents to experience an intimate and poetic exploration which will in turn make them protagonists of these narratives based on gift-giving.

Katinka Bock envisions the production of artworks in terms of their relation to the context in which they emerge. Attentive to the fact that an art space generates extra-ordinary uses and experiences, she endeavours to render the elements that make for the specificity of such spaces visible by closely relating them to their surrounding context. She taps into minute elements and characteristics of the sites she engages with, which might include architectural, urban, social, climatic, temporal and spatial characteristics, thus building her project from the tiniest details that tend to go unnoticed.

The artwork is never an end in itself for Katinka Bock but rather a vehicle through which we can experience time and space and begin to create fictions in which we are the discreet, sometimes unintentional protagonists. The relationship she establishes through her work is always light, never intrusive. In this way, from the informed spectator who goes to see the artist’s work to an individual who happens to find one of her works disseminated in public space and people who work in the exhibition venue, everyone experiences a personal, poetic shift in terms of their usual experience of a site.

Katinka Bock began to explore the Quatre-Chemins area surrounding Les Laboratoires in February 2015 and was immediately struck by the number of shops located around the crossroads and surrounding streets. Shops selling a heterogeneous range of products, from meat to wedding dresses, sewing machines, colourful pastries and mobile phone products, etc., but also ghost-like shopfronts that seem to have been long forgotten. The diversity of commercial activity, the incessant flux of residents who come to buy products or to chat with the shopkeepers led Katinka Bock to work on setting up an object-exchange process with the shopkeepers as a way of investigating the value, meaning and status of object exchange, especially with regards to art objects. In this project the artwork becomes the subject of a relationship that is freely developed, outside the rules and regulations of the art institution. In this way, several
shopkeepers accepted to take part in the project and give a product from their shop in exchange for one of her sculptures, a block of fired clay made specifically for the project. Once the exchange had taken place, the object will then be displayed in the shop, amid the jumble of bric-a-brac shops, on the shelves or as part of the window displays of clothes stores, hair salons or butcher shops. The sheer incongruity of the sculpture in these sites makes it compelling, a ‘queer’ element prompting contemplation, questioning and conversation.

The project is thus grounded in the idea of exchange, of gift and counter-gift giving, as well as on a desire to establish a mode of circulation or trail of artworks in the window displays and sites directly located on the street. Above all Katinka Bock hopes this exchange will be the fruit of a real encounter and dialogue between the artist and the shopkeepers, and the starting point of the exhibition process. This simple gesture, exchanging an artwork for a commodity, is grounded in the narrative of an experience Katinka Bock wishes to share, the desire to invite others to take part in an artistic experiment that the protagonists—the artist, the shopkeepers, the customers and a wider public—build on in order to construct a common narrative. As with all of Katinka Bock’s work, the narrative is minimal and is entirely contained in the micro-shifts she creates and the dialogue she establishes with others who then have complete freedom to interpret and appropriate the project as they wish.

The fired clay sculptures scattered about the Laboratoires d’Aubervilliers space pursue this first exchange phase. Each of these sculptures are the containers of the objects given by the shopkeepers. They encapsulate the objects that were given, and some of the objects were burned when the container—the clay sculpture—was fired in the ceramicist’s oven. These new sculptures, in all their various formats, are also the ‘protagonists’ of a Super 8 film; they will be handled by people, only sections of their bodies will be visible, thus creating a kind of confrontation, a grapple between the body of the sculpture and that of the handler: bodies in constant transformation, following a play of interactions between various possible forms and angles, between container, contained and handler. Sculptures, movements and bodies resonate with one another as if to better demonstrate the porousness of the inner–outer divide.

A bronze circle looms in one of the Laboratoires spaces. A quiet, fragile figure that allows us to gauge the space and define the contours of a geography at once self-contained and open onto the outside. This fine circular line made with twigs gathered over the winter in the streets around Aubervilliers articulated the public space of the Aubervilliers streets and the private space of the Laboratoires d’Aubervilliers art centre,
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at the intersection of the different geographic experiences Zarba Lonsa gives rise to.

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In short, this represents an intermingling. Souls are mixed with things; things with souls. Lives are mingled together, and this is how, among persons and things so intermingled, each emerges from their own sphere and mixes together. This is precisely what contract and exchange are.\(^2\)

Ernst Lubitsch made *Cluny Brown* in 1946. Set in the London of 1938, the film tells the story of a young woman, played by Jennifer Jones, who takes a delight in plumbing. In a marvellous opening scene Cluny Brown turns up at the home of member of London’s high society to unblock his kitchen sink. Arriving out of the blue, the young woman, clearly fascinated by pipes and piping, also happens to meet Adam Belinski, a Czechoslovak anti-Nazi pseudo-philosopher newly settled in the city.

In a few brief sentences the three-way discussion by the sink succeeds in mingling the young woman’s enthusiasm for plumbing with her difficulty in finding her place in the world. Her plumber uncle, she says, is always telling her, ‘Cluny Brown, you don’t know your place’. After listening to her account of her dead-end conversations with her uncle, Belinski comes up with an equation supposed to sum up her need for freedom and acceptance of her own whimsicality: ‘Nobody can tell you where your place is ... I’ll tell you where it is: whenever you’re happy, that’s your place ... And happiness is a matter of purely personal adjustment to your environment. You’re the sole judge. In Hyde Park, for example, some people like to feed nuts to the squirrels; but if it makes you happy to feed squirrels to the nuts, who am I to say nuts to the squirrels?’

Cluny Brown fits with none of the codes of English society of the 1930s: her way of expressing herself is far too frank and uninhibited; her unbridled passion for plumbing is unbecoming for a young woman; and she is unable to decipher the social rules. Her maladroitness, however, is a driving force, a means of triggering the associations, flashes of wit and chance encounters that are the stuff of Lubitsch’s world—a world of which she is surely emblematic. *Squirrels to the nuts*: a principle of reversal that kick-starts anew the entire traditional dynamic of exchange and social ties. It may be that our capacity for happiness depends on this principle which, according to Belinski, ensures our personal adaptation to a given environment. Cluny’s big issue—‘finding her place’—is addressed in the film through the discrepancy between her and the environments she moves in. Her insecurity makes her a free spirit for whom the incom-
prehension she both suffers from and induces is a strength. The talisman Belinski’s strange remark provides her with thus has to do with what situations of weakness or enfeeblement are capable of producing: new energies.

**Plumbing**

When I went to see *Populonia*, Katinka Bock’s most recent exhibition at Galerie Jocelyn Wolff, in September 2014, I didn’t know that she’d previously done a little plumbing there herself. In 2007, for the exhibition titled *Bäume wachsen und Ströme fließen: Wasser, Wärme, Monument* (The Trees Grow and the Fluids Flow: Water, Heat, Monument), she found the gallery space too cold and so thought up various works for raising the temperature a little; among them was *L’Angle chaud* (The Warm Corner, 2007). As I see it, in *Populonia* at least two pieces pointed up the same kind of concern. *Moscow* was activated when somebody in the gallery turned on a tap; the flow of water had been channelled into three pipes, one for the gallery itself, while the other two (one fresh water, the other sea water) were transparent and visible, with both of them emptying into the street. *Moscow* really did try to alter the ambience: sticking her nose into the gallery’s plumbing, infiltrating the everyday flow of our lives, jamming the system at the same time as providing it with a set of new maritime coordinates. And for something completely different, the *Recording Paper* series asked people in cities around the world—Amsterdam, Paris, New York, Pantelleria and others—to leave a sheet of squared paper overnight between the panes of a window: half indoors, half outdoors, next day the paper bears the trace of the changes in temperature. Shown side by side in the gallery, the sheets form a kind of climatic mapping. Most of all, though, they seek to establish contradictions, in the form of coexisting, constantly changing data.

These two pieces really left their mark on me and they were on my mind when I wrote to Katinka. A few months earlier I’d begun research into women’s voices in the cinema, and for reasons I still find a little mysterious I was trying to tie this voice question in with questions of temperature. The movie examples I was working on alerted me to a potential disturbance factor: the use of certain female voice-overs from Hollywood films of the 1940s would help alter the domestic ambiences these women’s voices were often confined to; I went looking for a way of ‘translating’ this idea in the context of contemporary art and the installation.

Temperature and climate are core issues in Katinka’s explorations,
and her way of envisaging women’s place in terms of a critique of their environment—in this case as much institutional as artistic or domestic—served as the starting point for our conversations: imagining that art offers the possibility of modifying present flows; envisioning other paths of circulation than those already taken or available; shaping the deviation needed to shift the standard lines of communication, even only slightly. And now, as I write this text with Cluny Brown, queen of the deviation, in mind, I’d like to add in the mischievousness that is so evident in Katinka’s work, and the way a discreet, slightly muted humour pervades her interventions. Imagining Katinka as a plumber come to do repairs or inject a little warmth into chilly spaces really pleases me, and lets me picture just how she came to espouse the Lubitsch lesson—or how the Laboratoires d’Aubervilliers provided her with the opportunity to give ‘squirrels to the nuts’.

**Holding things together**

In *Cluny Brown* the way the characters link up could not be more fortuitous. To strictly controlled causality Lubitsch prefers accidents and misunderstandings—the serendipity he sees as the strong force behind social life. The characters take each other for someone else and speak without knowing exactly who they’re talking to, at the same time as Lubitsch’s verbal fizz generates an endless, fifty-fifty mix of misapprehension and much ado about nothing. His narratives are underpinned by innumerable ellipses and omissions which, paradoxically, turn out to be the best way of holding things—the characters, their trajectories, their bonds of affection—together. Lubitsch starts out with turmoil and dysfunction and never tries to put things right: in his fictions this is where he starts and where he finishes.

The ties in Katinka’s work are weak. There are plenty of them, though: countless pieces and sculptures moored, anchored, connected, attached, suspended. Looking at her work through the filter of linkage and interconnection, we see that most of her pieces hinge not only on being tied together— assembled—but also that they rarely free-standing: in *Dan* (2014) a leather ball keeps a terracotta sculpture upright, and in *Farben dieses Meeres: Tuch* (2014) a length of strap holds a bronze sculpture against the wall.

While interconnected and hardly ever abandoned to their fate, these sculptures and other pieces sometimes appear a little weakened. Cubes collapse slowly (*Grund und Boden [einfach]*, 2014), balloons deflate (*Radio*, 2014), fountains leak (*Wet Ground*, with Guillaume Leblon, 2008) and the folds and rolls of terracotta falter (*Turmspringer Willhelm*,
2012). Mischievously, some of Katinka’s objects resist: the zinc-embellished balloon of Alex (2011) and the lemons that taunt us from on high in *Balance for Books* (2013). No major problem—all these objects ‘hold together’— but even so there’s a palpable weight and fatigue.

Describing the ties as weak has several implications. Firstly, almost all the objects seem to refuse to obey the triumphal injunctions to function. None of this ‘works’ very well. This way of evading the functional resides, maybe, in the fact that all the items supposed to restrain, attach and strap are not too sturdy; not as ‘supportive’ as all that. The ensemble remains fragile. Many visitors to Katinka’s exhibitions undergo the experience of a great fragility lying, paradoxically, in her assertion of interconnections and in the relationships and associations she sets up between *failing* objects.

Part of the humour to be found in her objects has to do with their apparent sharing of our situation. Their weakening, to follow this line of thought, is not unrelated to our own. This ‘fatigue’ is quite distinct from a defect in their making; it depends more on the life each of these objects leads once created—a life that causes it to lean, bend, sag slightly. It is not a matter of deliberately producing something that malfunctions, but of letting time and chance do their evolutionary work. Similarly Katinka’s plumbing interventions have nothing to do with repairing in the strict sense. On the contrary, they are more a matter of making malfunctions visible, of making play with a situation—but certainly not repairing or even improving it.

This question of fatigue or, let us say, ‘weak ties,’ has particular resonance today, impacting on disciplines including aesthetics, literature and sociology. Various meanings have been attributed to this term, and while it crops up in discussion of sometimes similar problematics, the common factor is an emphasis less on objectively intense phenomena, whether aesthetic, political or sociological, than on the basso continuo working away much more effectively at establishing forms of resistance. The term ‘fatigue’ allows us to describe the difficulties we face in respect of the many demands made on us. To focus on our fatigue is the same as saying that we can no longer consent to giving the world our supportive attention and that we are now unwilling to understand everything. Given a vulnerability so openly expressed, how are we to maintain our capacity for movement and action? If this fatigue governs our lives, what fragments of our existences are the most severely affected by our exhaustion? Does not fatigue act directly on the ties still capable of unifying us?

If we follow Jonathan Crary’s explorations of sleep in his most recent book, two situations stand out clearly: lack of sleep increasingly
isolates us and renders us vulnerable. At the same time it is a strength in that it can still be seen as part of a ‘collective form’: ‘Rather than being autonomous or self-sufficient, an individual cannot be understood except in relation to what is outside them, to an otherness that faces them. Only around this state of vulnerability can there be an opening onto the dependencies by which society is sustained. However, we are now at a historical moment when this bare condition of exposure has been unhinged from its relation to communal forms that at least tentatively offered safekeeping or care.’6 ‘In the face of a global system that never sleeps’, our sleep, and thus our fatigue, represent ‘the durability of the social ... As the most private, most vulnerable state common to all, sleep is crucially dependent on society in order to be sustained.’7 Whatever the interpretations offered by researchers like Crary, it seems clear when we read them that they are writing in praise of weakness, or in any case seeking to draw something worthwhile from our state of slight, but regular disconnection.

This is especially true of the work of Sianne Ngai, who teaches in the English department at Stanford. In her book Ugly Feelings (2007) she concentrates on a series of affects she identifies as states of weakness. These are minor, non-cathartic sensations springing from situations involving not action but suspension, and are sometimes trivial, ambivalent and explicitly contradictory. Ngai’s adroit analysis of these affects, sensations and moods demonstrates that, in contrast with what one might think, they possess no little political power. Drawing on examples from cinema, literature and art, she reveals what, in the case of these minor affects, works in favour of a kind of discreet resistance. At the core of her book is the list she uses as her table of contents, a grouping of minor affects with their roots in aesthetic experiences: anxiety, envy, irritation, paranoia and others. As opposed to the way the history of aesthetics functions—in the final analysis according to classical narrative rules—these affects lead to no cathartic form of relief. They remain suspended. Ngai’s aim is to subvert the way aesthetic emotions have been ‘absorbed’ by the canonical notions of pity and fear that fuel tragic drama. By focusing on less distinguished concepts she distances herself from the grand passions—melancholy, sympathy, shame—which have served as benchmarks and which, in the course of multiple explorations, have been ‘ennobled’ by aesthetics. The sentiments she examines are explicitly amoral and negative: they provide no satisfaction and have no virtuous function. The effect of this concentration on less dramatic affects is to spotlight something much more diffuse, something less oriented towards resolution and acting out. Use of these ‘negative emotions’, Ngai says, should lead to a form of cultural praxis whose starting point is a stance:
that of Bartleby, the modern hero of her book. Through Bartleby she stresses a kind of failure in the very idea of emotional release, to which she prefers what she calls ‘suspended agency’. Bartleby’s passivity is a radical contradiction of the grand passions, vehemence and hyper expressiveness, and effects resistance through inaction, temporal dilution and the non–event, all of which are forces for obstruction.

Weary, sagging objects, leaks, precarious balances: Katinka’s propositions are reminders of our own exhaustedness. But despite their maladroitness, their determination to keep ties intact is a sign of a precarious persistence.

‘Has someone you don’t know given you something?’

At the Quatre-Chemins intersection Katinka and Clara Gensburger, who works at the Laboratoires d’Aubervilliers, proposed a deal to some of the local shopkeepers: Katinka gave each of them a sculpture—a folded sheet of terracotta—in return for something from their shop. The butcher gave an oxtail, the wedding shop a big white hat, the optician a pair of red frames, the stationer a stack of gift-wrapping, the bakery a poppy-seed breadstick, the delicatessen a box of tea, and so on. Then, in a further folding operation, Katinka wrapped all these items in a new sheet of terracotta and sent it off to be fired. That was the process behind the work titled *Zarba Lonsa*.

This was not a commercial affair, obviously, but it did belong to the realm of barter. It involved items whose value was in no way equivalent and people who had never communicated with each other before. Its venue was a place of exchange—the shop—but the venture changed the standard expectations as well as the outcome. It created a tie, but once more an extremely weak one. This was an ephemeral encounter that would go no further. It was asymmetrical, too, setting up a connection between elements incapable of real intercommunication. It was founded on the incompetence of all concerned. This incompetence is visible in the photographs taken in the shops, whose owners all kept their sculptures. More or less visible, the works were frankly anomalous in terms of what the shops displayed and sold. There was no parallel between the objects given in exchange, or between Katinka’s sculptures and the things around them in the shops. Put away, hidden, protected or displayed, the sculptures will henceforth live a life separate from hers: not intended for sale, they belong to the shopkeepers who will decide, individually, what they want to do with them. For the artist, no further question of looking after them (one has already been broken), no cleaning, no special attention, no conservation requirements. A no-win exchange, but one based—al–
most—on over- production, on a surplus from somewhere off the stan-
dard circuits.

Thus you exchange things that are entirely unrelated, with people
who refuse any judgement, and that way objects are put into circulation,
and (pretty) soon you forget the exchange ever happened. An exchange
that produces nothing but which, inferentially, extends the exchanges al-
ready under way, the transactions that are the shops’ usual business. The
homologous relationship Katinka set up between her act and what habit-
ually takes place in shops was deliberately fragile, and nothing was done
to increase or strengthen its foundations. At best it was plausible, but
from beginning to end it remained an enormous construct, a simulacrum
each participant consented to (and not all the shopkeepers approached
gave their consent) without being fooled.

This great, inviolable law of the circulation of goods, with its inces-
sant process of exchange, is echoed by another work of Katinka’s made
at the Laboratoires for this exhibition. A circle 2.4 metres in diameter
(the widest part of the Laboratoires’ entrance) was made of branches
collected in Aubervilliers, knotted together by Katinka and then cast in
bronze. Suspended in the exhibition space, it will be the show’s driving
force, its Ferris wheel, its mill wheel. Referring to Malinowski, Mauss
notes in *The Gift* that the circle is at the heart of the *kula*, a kind of
‘grand potlatch’ practised in the Trobriand Islands: ‘Indeed it is as if all
these tribes, these expeditions across the sea, the precious things and
objects for use, these services rendered of all kinds, ritual and sexual,
these men and women—were caught up in a circle, following around this
circle a regular movement in time and space.’

The bronze circle interacts with the folded sculptures, those terra-
cotta envelopes that contain nothing and were given to the shopkeepers.
Packages, cases, bags, oblong shapes passed from hand to hand: these
items of exchange now lie in shops, inert forms washed up onto displays,
forms whose ephemeral activation harks back to that single encounter.
In a sense the ties have never been so weak and, at the same time, so
‘strengthened’. They depend, also, on a further quality of Katinka’s work,
one that sometimes injects a note of discord into her exhibitions: the
nuances, or rather the absence of nuance, between interior and exterior.
The blurring of the two concepts is recurrent. *Moscow* and *Recording
Paper* bear witness to this process, but on another level most of her dis-
plays are pervaded by the same uncertainty: we never know if we are
‘inside’ or ‘outside’. The Aubervilliers project explores this tendency on
an urban scale.
All things may pass

Introducing a deviation into her production and modes of exhibition, imagining other paths and other exchanges: when describing the Quatre-Chemins intersection in Aubervilliers which she chose as a venue for Zarba Lonsa, she says it reminds her of a port.

A space caught up in the flow of exchanges and the speed of transactions. A circulation space she wanted to be part of. There was an energy there, something worth having. Yet what she brought to it was a kind of nothing, an emptiness, a donkey card. This displacement approach, which consisted in locating an artistic action a few kilometres further away than the place where it was supposed to happen or be shown, leaves food for thought. Was it more plumbing? A new deviation?

In her fine text on Walter Benjamin’s brief essay ‘The Life of Students’, written in 1914 when Benjamin was twenty-five, Antonia Birnbaum explains that for him ‘study could not take place in the University because it really takes place outside the University’.9 At the University, he says, nothing circulates anymore; knowledge is fossilised, and handed on by teachers who unthinkingly reproduce outdated modes of transmission. There is no more urgency, none of the intensity that we find in that empirical existence which every day forces us to look for, and above all find, answers and ways of living. On the other hand, though, it is this same urgency that prevents us from pursuing the life of study we endlessly postpone: ‘The world of needs is not the world; it demands to be split open, displaced: that is the driving force behind Benjamin’s urge to study. A life given to study has nothing to do with the autonomy of science ... It is primarily to be seen as a break in the continuity of empirical time.’10

If we compare Benjamin’s text with Katinka’s scenario—aimed at getting out of the Laboratoires so as to produce, exhibit and exchange her work—we find certain points in common. This comparison allows us to avoid binary opposites and emphasise the benefits of putting things into circulation. The interruption orchestrated by Katinka is addressed as much to the field of art as to that of retailing at Quatre-Chemins: it slips irregularities into both loops. In the same way Benjamin envisages a more enduring tie between two things that too often remain separate: empirical existence and the life we devote to the mind. In the fields she works in Katinka generates the externality and the influx of fresh air Antonia Birnbaum describes so well in the context of Benjamin’s project: ‘It is the externality of study as a transformer of life which confronts the institution with the demand for an investigation, with its bafflement in the face of this kind of problem; which destabilises its tendency to appropriate
science as a “métier.”” In the reversal suggested by Benjamin, not so far removed from Adam Belinski’s equation, the intention is to come up with means of destabilisation, to ‘create a break in the skills routine’ and stop things from ‘following on naturally’. Katinka took photos of the shopkeepers when she gave them her sculptures. Sometimes they are holding them the way you hold an infant: she really has left them ‘holding the baby’. And if we follow up that curious but evocative expression we have to admit that with the circulation of these sculptures a problem, an issue, is undergoing a shift— and that in any case there’s no question of ‘resolving’ anything at all. This gets rid of all the interpretations reducing the Zarba Lonsa process to no more than an exercise in social work. As this hot potato gets passed on something is simultaneously put into circulation and grabbed with both hands. This is the artist’s two cents’ worth, the object which, as it circulates, bears away with it meaning and all those categorisation reflexes. What these objects and their appearance/disappearance presuppose is the pleasure one feels at not knowing everything, not understanding everything. They let us play with perplexity.

In contrast with traditional systems of understanding depending on a quick, immediate grasp of things, the Zarba Lonsa process chimes with Jean-Marie Schaeffer’s recent thinking about literature, and poetry in particular. Schaeffer’s guiding principle is that of ‘delayed categorisation’, that is to say, ‘a delay in the process of hermeneutic synthesis: one accepts not understanding “straight away”. This delayed categorisation is always experienced as dissonant, for it goes counter to the economy principle and its seeking of cognitive consonance.’ Putting up with this delay, accepting that meaning is not immediate and ready to hand, living with dissonance in a context where flows and exchanges are supposed to be crystal-clear: Katinka’s idea sounds like the right kind of deviation.

The joys of incomprehension and indecipherability are equally crucial in Pierre Zaoui’s article ‘Des joies mauvaises et bonnes de n’être pas compris’ (On The Pleasures and Displeasures of Not Being Understood). Here one ‘finds the pleasure of touching reality, in Lacan’s sense, that is to say something which radically escapes us and which consciousness cannot fully account for; not to be understood is to feel in oneself a real substantiality, something which no one can grasp as such through symbols or names or images, and which nonetheless insists and resists.’ Zaoui later goes on, ‘Actually these pleasures are no longer quite the pleasures of being non-understood in the literal sense, but rather of being misunderstood, badly understood or half understood. These are the pleasures of the invaluable misunderstanding which alone, when all is said and done, can still, sometimes, make people interesting to each other.’ In this sense humour stands out as the one great possible sce-
nario in which pecking orders, weary of themselves, sag or collapse. The absurdity embodied by Cluny Brown, the irreducible ineptness she seems to have no control over and which leaves those waiting/hoping for explanations lost for words, epitomises meaning’s shifts, or its flight. *Zarba Lonsa* functions according to the same type of fuzzy equation adopted by Cluny Brown and her philosopher: letting meaning get away from us while feeling that it is in this gesture of slightly weary abandonment, which lets exchange take its course, that are to be found all the whimsicality and all the strength of what ties us together.
1 - Bazar Salon, in Verlan backslang
4 - See American sociologist Mark Granovetter, ‘The Strength of Weak Ties’, *American Journal of Sociology*, vol. 78, no. 6, May, 1973, pp. 1360–1380.
5 - Regarding this question, see the latest book by Yves Citton, *Pour une économie de l’attention* (Paris: Seuil, 2014). At a seminar chaired by Alexandre Geffen and Sandra Laugier and titled ‘The Power of Weak Ties’, on 9 July 2015 Citton gave a paper titled ‘For an Archaeological Cartography of Our Ties of Entanglement’, which was a major source of inspiration for this text.
7 - Ibid., pp. 24–25.
10 - Ibid., p. 12.
11 - Ibid., p. 13.