Markus Raetz: In the Realm of the Possible
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The drawings included in this catalogue have been taken from the notebooks of Markus Raetz, 1980-88.

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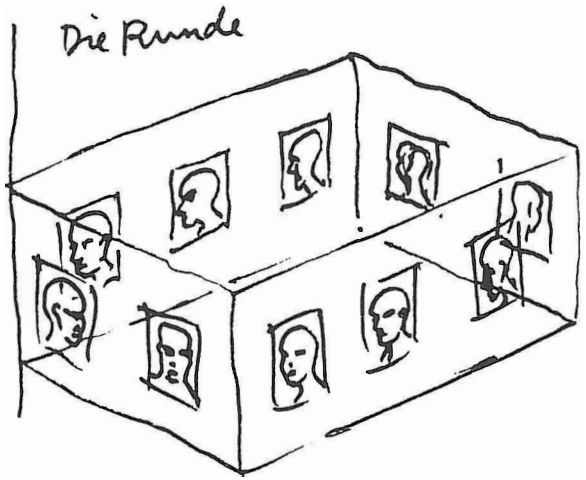


Markus Raetz: In the Realm of the Possible

Essay by Marcia Tucker

The New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York

Acknowledgments

This exhibition would not have been possible without the assistance of talented and dedicated people both in and outside of the Museum. Among them, Karen Fiss, Curatorial Coordinator, worked on the exhibition and the catalogue from their inception, and with the help of Teresa Bramlette, Curatorial Secretary, Laura Trippi, Intern, and Matthias Winzen, was invaluable in bringing both to fruition. Jill Newmark, Registrar, and Cindy Smith, Preparator, were sensitive to the special needs of an exhibition of this kind, and made certain that Raetz was able to work under optimum conditions. My assistant, Clare Micuda, picked up loose ends before they were even noticed and provided me with time to write the essay by ably handling the office work in my absence.

Thanks also to Dean McNeil, and to my colleagues, Lynn Gumpert and William Olander, for having taken the time to critically read the catalogue manuscript. I'm especially grateful to Eunice Lipton for her thorough and thoughtful comments on the essay, and to Tim Yohn, my editor, who read its several drafts and once again made many helpful changes. I am reminded, as always, that a writer is as good as her or his editor(s). Susan Evans is responsible for the design of this catalogue, combining the text and images with skill and sensitivity.

I would like to express my deepest appreciation to Farideh Cadot, who has been Raetz's dealer and friend for many years, and who was responsible for first bringing his work to America. Her generosity has made it possible to provide a book that is itself a collaborative piece, rather than the more traditional exhibition catalogue. Her assistance and understanding have been crucial to this project in every way. Denis Roy, Gallery Director, has helped on a daily (and often nightly) basis to make certain that the exhibition evolved according to Raetz's vision. Alice Yang in turn worked with

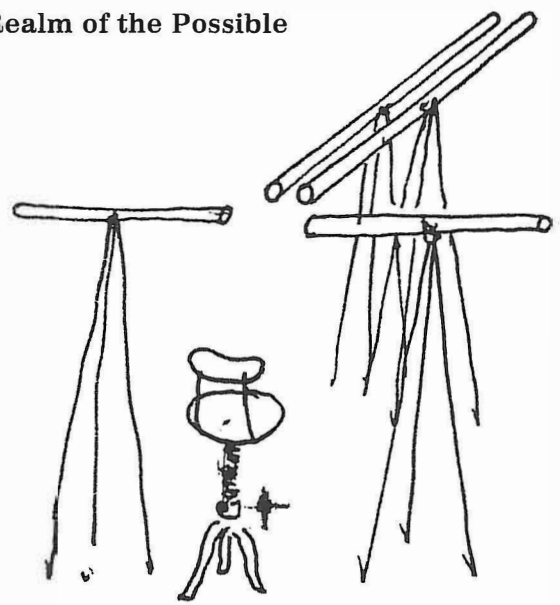
both the gallery and the Museum, co-ordinating details between the two with intelligence and resourcefulness. I am especially grateful to those who have so graciously loaned works to the exhibition, particularly from abroad, for sharing their pieces with the public here.

Our thanks to Pro Helvetia and Bank Julius Baer for the very generous support which provided us the means to bring this important body of work to New York from Europe. Thanks also to the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency, for support of this exhibition. Virginia Strull, Director of Planning and Development, was instrumental in obtaining this essential funding. Jay Chiat and Arthur Goldberg, our Trustee hosts for this exhibition, have provided hospitality and welcome to the artist and others, and sponsored some of the opening festivities. Gayle Brandel, Russell Ferguson, Jim Minden, Terrie Sultan, and the staff members in each department have all made a special effort toward the realization of this exhibition.

Monika Raetz has quietly and efficiently been behind the scenes at every juncture of this project. Although her modesty mitigates against an official recognition of her role in this, as in other complex exhibitions of her husband's work, I deeply appreciate her support and her warm friendship from the beginning. Finally, I would like to thank Markus Raetz for his belief in The New Museum. That he chose to have his first major exhibition in America with us is a great privilege; for me personally, working closely with him over the past few years to bring this project to fruition has been one of my greatest pleasures.

— Marcia Tucker, *Director*

In the Realm of the Possible



The past is a distant, receding coast-line, and we are all in the same boat. Along the stern rail there is a line of telescopes; each brings the shore into focus at a given distance. If the boat is becalmed, one of the telescopes will be in continual use; it will seem to tell the whole, the unchanging truth. But this is an illusion; and as the boat sets off again, we return to our normal activity: scurrying from one telescope to another, seeing the sharpness fade in one, waiting for the blur to clear in another. And when the blur does clear, we imagine that we have made it do so all by ourselves.

—JULIAN BARNES, *Flaubert's Parrot*

In 1982, while wandering through the maze of art and spectators at *Documenta 7* in Kassel, Germany, I found myself confronted by a very large blank wall. Perplexed, I glanced up to find, high above, the outline of two heads, joined so that the cheek of one constituted the back of another. Each line was made of a single eucalyptus leaf attached to the wall with straight pins, an economy of means that was startling in the midst of the enormous bulk and volume of material that was the overriding characteristic of that year's art.

Today I find myself even more drawn to the modest, straightforward, and unpretentious work of Markus Raetz. Since the mid-1960s, Raetz has made a body of art that, while enticingly playful on one level, also reveals layer after layer of complexity as one becomes more and more familiar with it. It's singularly open-ended, involving the viewer and the piece in an extended, orchestrated exchange, a slow and lyrical ballroom dance of vision reflected in an endless hall of mirrors.

Raetz's work has an unfinished quality, an openness, which is beguiling and accessible. Its simplicity is disarming, its sensuousness inviting, its intelligence a challenge. The fact that it's very difficult to see is one of its most provocative aspects. I don't mean that it's difficult to *look at*, but rather that it takes time (often quite a lot of it) to realize that the work is there at all. You have to engage with it intimately or risk coming away with nothing.

This is because Raetz's pieces require a kind of looking that doesn't feel like the kind I'm familiar with in the context of most art; it's certainly not the kind of looking whose ultimate goal is understanding, or more colloquially, "getting it." The experience is closer to the way I look at things that aren't art or don't announce themselves as such. It's less immediate, less purposeful, less judgmental in its response.

Everything Raetz does, with the exception of the large outdoor sculpture projects, he does alone. The process itself is intimate, the means simple. Even the largest pieces, arriving in handmade boxes, are nothing but a collection of twigs or leaves, or a piece of glass, a pack of polaroids, until he sorts them out and makes them into works of art; everything else he uses can be found or made on site, wherever the piece is to go up. And Raetz's finished works have a handmade, almost vulnerable quality, showing all the signs of his own, very human, activity behind them.

Another thing that strikes me as anomalous in a period when art tends to be easily categorized and defined by style is that Raetz's work doesn't adhere to any "school," at least none that I'm familiar with. For one thing, it's neither abstract nor representational, nor could it be described as purely conceptual.

In part, that's because he works so readily in a variety of different media (drawing, sculpture, photography, painting) and scales (from miniature to gigantic). And it's also because so many of his pieces are made of found materials such as leaves or twigs. The work actually "crafted" by him involves materials that are quite commonplace in Western European and American culture. These include polaroids, unprepossessing black-and-white photographs, simple shapes cut from tin in various sizes, little pieces of carved wood or stone, clay, small mirrors and panes of glass, corrugated cardboard, or an assortment of odd linear bits of metal.

As for his paintings, they're mostly landscapes whose modest presence appears traditional, even classical. On more than one occasion, though, a painting will be too dark for us to be able to discern any forms in it; or it might consist only of an impermanent, barely visible image brushed onto a velvet surface by the artist's finger. And perhaps the most

pervasive series of "landscape" paintings in his work are neither landscapes nor paintings, but pieces of cut and bent tin, each of which he calls by the Dutch word *Zeemansblik* (roughly translated, a sailor's look, or mariner's view; but *blik* is also the Dutch word for tin). Shaped like the view through a pair of binoculars, this tin reflects the light and picks up the colors of its environment, providing a subtle, endlessly changing seascape on its surface.

Most of Raetz's work actually takes place in dozens of small notebooks, but this isn't to say that the pieces are worked out there; rather, the notebooks record—or are—the process of his thinking in general, and therefore explore the seemingly endless possibilities and permutations of just about everything that interests him.

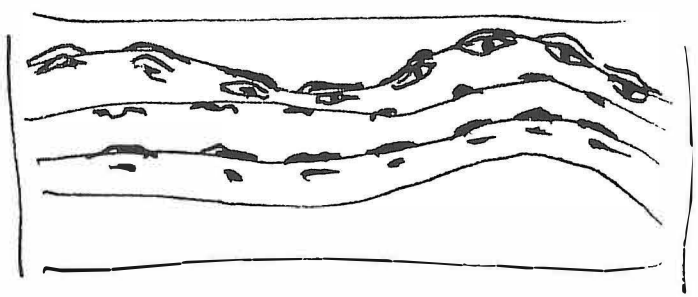
Like the notebooks, even his "finished" drawings are a bit disarming, since they're more like doodles than anything else, albeit the doodles of an extraordinarily intelligent and slightly eccentric person who can draw like Leonardo, but is in too much of a hurry to get his thoughts down to bother.

The informality and playfulness of the drawings signals the eschewal of traditional concepts of mastery in Raetz's work as a whole. Its modesty and lack of authority are an open door, indicating to the viewer not just that the work is accessible, but that our engagement with it is actively welcomed. The apparent simplicity and economy of means in each piece invite our concentration, seducing us into an intimate engagement with it. Like a poem, in which no word is extraneous or wasted, each element in a piece is critical, each is a microcosm of the whole.

These qualities—the work's unpretentiousness, its playfulness, its economy of means, its inviting, participatory nature—are what I found so appealing initially, providing the impetus to mount a major exhibition of his work in America. In an

era when the full color ad, the magazine blurb, and the one-minute memorandum are the norm, a poem is rare and valuable indeed.

This essay centers on aspects of two main areas of inquiry in relation to Raetz's work. The first is the work's relationship to the structural and stylistic forms of literature in general. Analogies between reader and artist, writer and viewer, text and image in the practice of both literature and art lead me to a second area of inquiry, that of psychoanalysis. Because it is a practice that focuses on the human subject in its most basic formulation, it has the potential of illuminating emotional and experiential as well as structural aspects of Raetz's work. By focusing on these two areas, I hope to show how the experience of Raetz's pieces might provide a way for us to recover, even for a moment, that openness, that un-self-conscious and permissive state that is forever "in the realm of the possible."



Looking at Raetz's notebooks is like reading a great book that happens to be a murder mystery. We're quickly immersed in "reading" the drawings, trying to understand how one image relates to the next and to discover what is being revealed by them as they accumulate, seeming to group themselves into sentences, then ideas. We even try to second-guess the author, to figure out what will happen before it does, and we reread particularly challenging, pleasurable, or thought-provoking sections so often that the book becomes well-thumbed, if not actually worn out. (Unfortunately, the pleasure of reading Raetz's notebooks is in fact a privilege, since they're stored in his studio, accessible only to a few friends or curators, except for the rare facsimile editions produced to date.)[1] Raetz's work, though, is closer to a postmodern murder mystery like Alain Robbe-Grillet's *Erasers* or a film like Alain Resnais' *Last Year at Marienbad*, since it has no single denouement or solution; in other words, solving or "getting it" is just the beginning of finding out what's important.

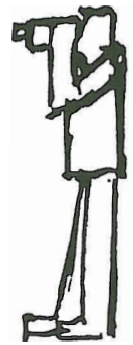
Not surprisingly, Raetz's images (like the contents of books, or like the books themselves) readily lend themselves to a kind of classification or organization by me, the reader, who seizes upon them as a veritable lexicon. (To be sure, the urge to categorize is an ingrained curatorial response, one that allows me to "control" the material and "explain" it. On the other hand, Raetz's work seems to provide inexhaustible, seemingly infinite possibilities for organization, so that any single format of categories is highly subjective and could not be mistaken, by anyone who's actually looked at the work, for the *only* way to think about it.) I'm struck first by the predominance of images relating to the senses—vision, speech, hearing, and touch.

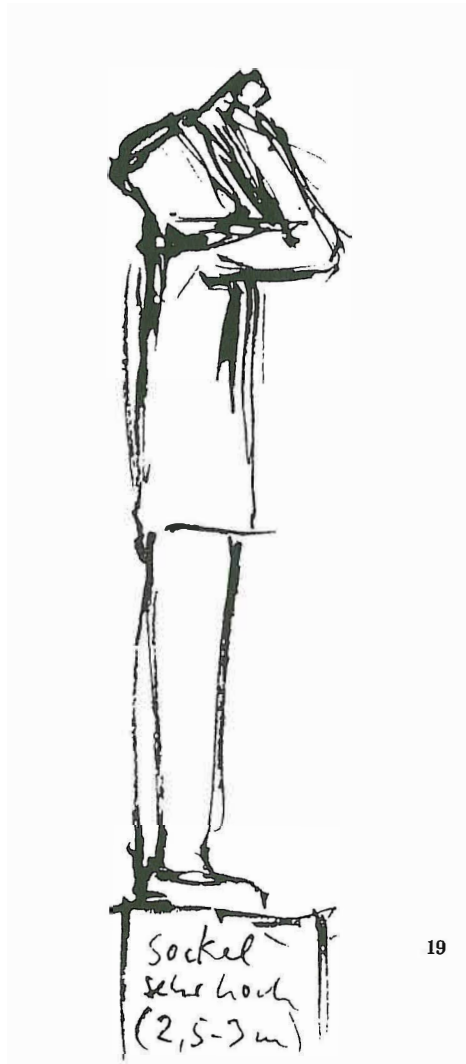
Like language itself, Raetz's images are always in the process of transforming themselves into something else at the

very moment they appear. Eyes, for example, are never "just" eyes, but become walls, oceans, bodies of eyes; or they are doubled land- and seascapes, openings through which we can look out on the world at the same moment that the eyes themselves seem to be taking us, the viewers, in. Pupils become human figures, cavorting in pools of vision; or, we might glimpse just the feet of a recumbent figure visible in the twin openings; in other similar drawings we find that the pupils are hands, in still others, hands drawing. The trajectories of sight, imaginary lines of vision emanating from the eye, become material, change into broken sightlines composed of small landscape paintings on pieces of wood. These same trajectories can become cones whose outlines form the letter "M" (Markus? Monika? *Mensch*? mind? mirror? *même*? me? . . .) as well as a rendering of the French phrase *un coup d'oeil* (a glance), whose literal translation means a blow (a hit) of the eye. Or the trajectory of vision terminates in a movie screen, where it becomes both source and object, projector and projected.

But vision isn't limited to sight, nor is sight limited to the eyes. Vision is also represented here as the mind within the mind, which Raetz draws as hands reaching into the head through the ocular openings, hands that hold a round form within the skull—vision as something that not only looks out, but that, perhaps more importantly, takes in.

There's a compelling figure in the drawings, one that stands, binoculars held to the eyes with both hands, staring intently, silently, totally attentive, at whatever is *out there* that's been captured in the viewing device and wedded, literally, to its sight. In its three-dimensional, carved wooden form this same figure, as big as my hand, looks out at a world that is larger than life, a macrocosm as seen from that miniature point of view. No sooner do I think I understand





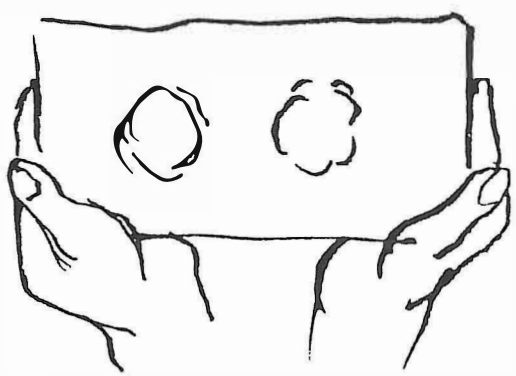
what this "means" than I find another tiny drawing of the same figure, only this time sporting a tail, and the binoculars have turned into a video camera.

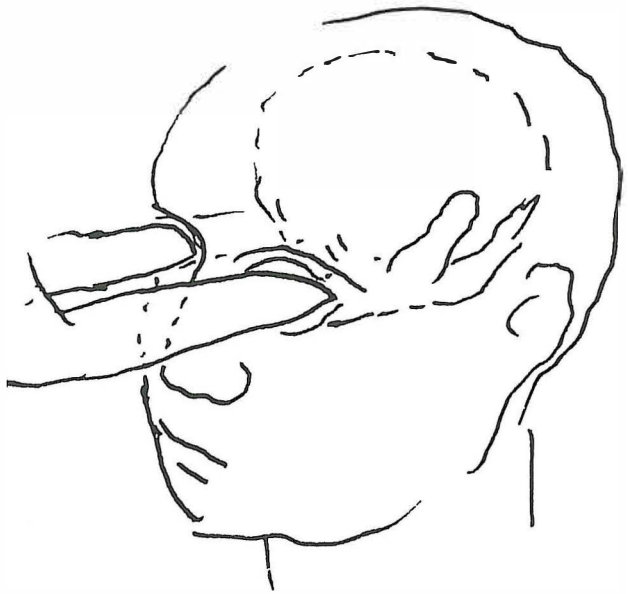
As I move to another image, following the trajectory of sight as it becomes the orifice of hearing or speech, both are seen to be connected by yet another trajectory of the mind, a figure emerging from the speaking head to hover precariously over the listening one, poised to strike the speaker with a deadly hammer. Elsewhere, among the hundreds of drawings that are about hearing, I find that ears are drawn as question marks, as well as trumpets, wings, or even just plain ears.

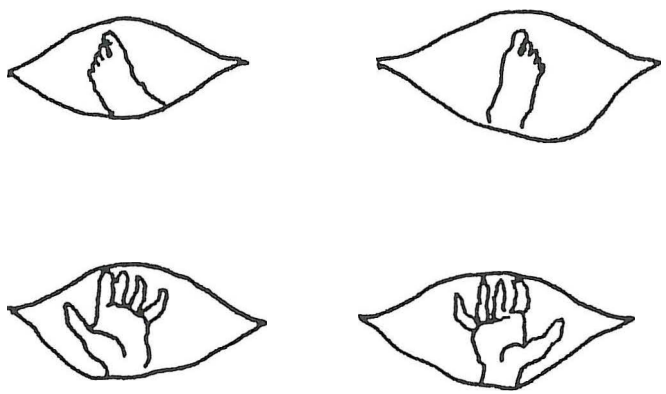
Similarly, here is a mouth; projecting from it is a linear path of sounds that are also likely to become solid substances or the letters of which they're made. The mouth, a two-way organ of both taste and speech, is equally capable of delivering a complex representation or receiving a simple sensation. Or taste and vision become analogous, an ice-cream cone eaten in the movies resembling almost exactly the cone-shaped trajectory of vision, the receptive path of hearing. A drinking mouth is represented in a simple, linear way, but perhaps because of this simplicity, the glass, the liquid in it, and the open lips have equal weight and become curiously abstract.

Images of touch, perhaps the most difficult sensation to represent pictorially, are in one respect the most straightforward ones in Raetz's lexicon. For the most part, they involve hands, combing through tangles of lines that might be solids, liquids, or gases. A substance emanating from the eyes seeps through the fingers at the same time, making sight and touch analogous. Or swimmers, immersed up to the eyes, suggest the sensation of water against the body, rather than swimming (if, in fact, that's what they're doing).

But, no sooner have I noted how straightforwardly Raetz







deals with touch, than I come across a little drawing of a figure, a kind of dense shadow-black except for the outline of a white hand on its chest; the hand could be a reverse shadow, light cast on a dark body, but because the fragile substance of the figure and the hand is always changing from positive to negative and back again, it evokes for me only the sensation of sensation, immediate and striking.

Or touch might be understood to involve all the sensory faculties, astonishingly depicted in the image of a hand holding a tiny head—fondling it? Preparing to eat it? There's some kind of overlapping of the various senses in most of the images: for example, hands are seen putting eyes in place, touching or holding vision; or feet, planted firmly on the ground, are connected by a pathway directly to the viewing head.

These kinds of odd disjunctions are held in suspended harmony in the anamorphoses (images that only cohere from a single, narrow vantage point) that Raetz has been making since 1965. For instance, the first time I visited his studio I saw a small, oval mirror that seemed to have no particular function until I found myself in a position to "catch" the outline of a torso reflected in it. Searching for the source of the image, though, I couldn't find anything beyond a collection of odd bits and pieces of heavy wire (looking like a strange code for a very specific message which I couldn't decipher). That's the nature of an anamorphosis—you can't see it until you see it, and then it disintegrates as you move away, even slightly. I suspect that's one reason Raetz, after making the first anamorphoses (red, yellow, and blue corner pieces, which he's redone in the studio at the juncture of wall and ceiling, that become volumetric from one particular angle), decided to use figures that most of his audience would recognize immediately—Mickey Mouse and Elvis Presley.

In 1985 Raetz did a piece in the Parc Lullin in Geneva, using four round mirrors that give the illusion of being oval; it required a short walk through the forest to see each one. One part of the image was engraved on each mirror, so that only by looking into the last one did the entire image, the schematized female torso found often in his work, appear. Raetz says that the piece (now permanently installed in the Villa Gillet park in Lyons) was inspired by Marcel Duchamp's *A la manière de Delvaux* (1942), after Paul Delvaux's painting *L'Aube* (*Dawn*, 1937). In the latter, four naked women, their lower bodies transformed into tree trunks, partly encircle a small oval mirror whose surface reflects the upper part of a woman's torso.

I'm not a fan of Delvaux's women, finding them narcissistic or at best self-absorbed, disembodied, and passive. To me, Raetz's generic woman feels more fluid, more haunting, than its source. This may be because she's schematic, consisting of only three or four simple graphic elements which together represent the only parts of a woman's body that are in fact visibly and incontestably different from those of a man. Frequently these elements in Raetz's work consist of a curve, an exclamation point, and a question mark combined. (This question mark, which shows up often, is used anamorphically to form part of a female torso, usually a breast, as though to mark that body's "otherness" as it's represented in the tradition of the male artist and the female model.)

Raetz's woman is constantly in the process of being re-formed by the viewer, and her lack of a fixed position, the absence of closure in the image itself, provides a way of interacting with it on our own terms. Moreover, the pervasive mirror in Raetz's work calls to mind recent writing on the function of the "mirror" in psychoanalysis, where it refers to a multiple interaction in the complex process of transference.[2]

Jane Gallop, writing in 1986 about the French psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan, suggests:

> Psychoanalysis should not be an encounter with a likeness or a double, but with a mirror. Yet, how does one distinguish a mirror from a mirror image? The mirror itself, devoid of any content, cannot be perceived, but is simply that which structures the image, makes it possible.[3]

So it is with Raetz's *Vue*, the piece in the park. But thinking about other kinds of mirrors in his work, I'm struck by how unliterally they can be used. There's a drawing, for instance, of a head looking into a mirror that reflects a mirror behind it, thereby creating a further doubling of mirrored images that suggest multiple projections of that same persona. And then there is also a half-face, situated on one side of a corner and mirrored through cast light onto the opposite angle, making the face whole through a doubling of the image. Or a piece in which a head, drawn onto a pane of glass, is mirrored as though from behind on a second pane placed parallel to it.

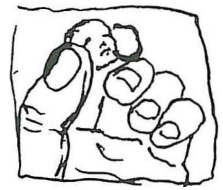
A particularly oblique and intriguing use of the theme is a circular work, made up of eleven double-sided polaroid pictures placed on the floor. The image, that of a tiny kneeling clay figure, reflects that of the viewer, who is forced to adapt an identical position in order to see it. In Raetz's studio there's a smaller work in which this same kneeling clay figure faces a life-sized polaroid of itself, so that it appears to be gazing into a mirror.

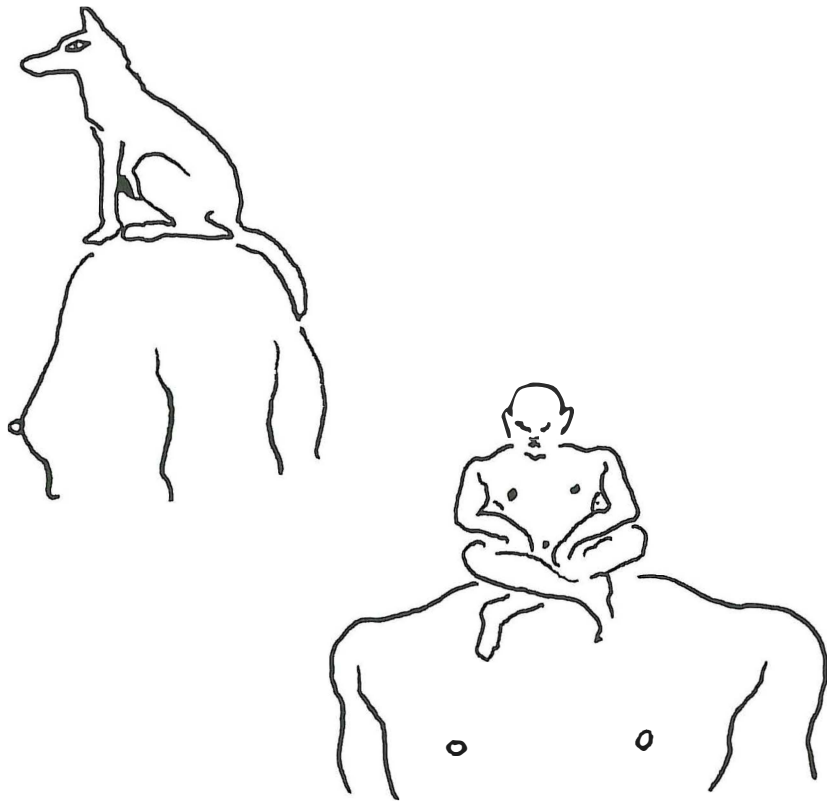
But once again thinking about Raetz's work in relation to the Delvaux painting, I recall a small sketch of a man whose lower torso, like those of Delvaux's women, is a tree trunk rooted in the earth. Thus I must revise again my short

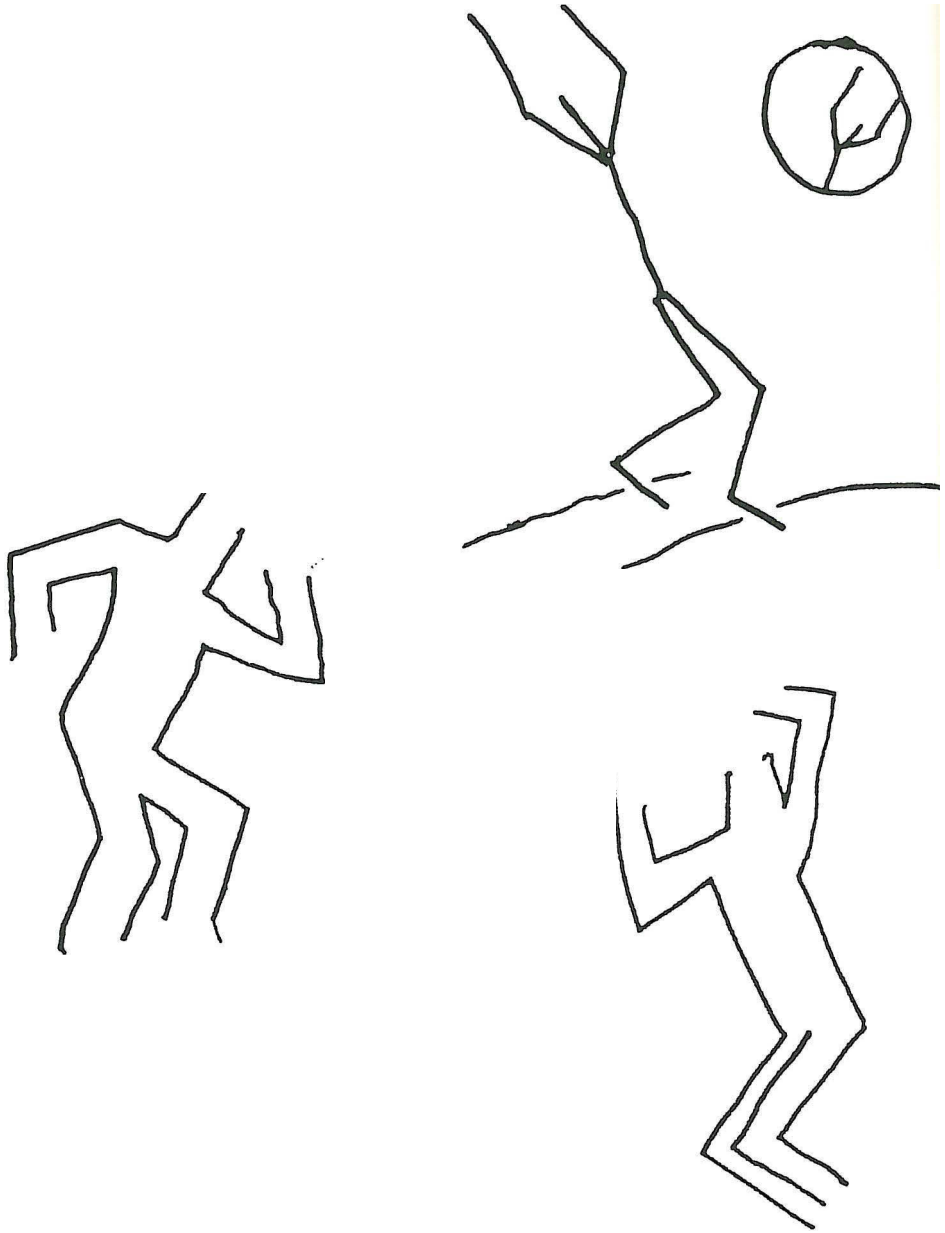
catalogue of "themes," realizing that the relationship between nature and the body (male, female, hermaphroditic, and androgynous) is an equally prevalent concern in his work. For instance, one of Raetz's most lyrical pieces consists of androgynous torsos, looking both elegant and vulnerable, like those of children, each line made from a single twig attached to the wall. The bodies seem to be playing, swimming, enjoying themselves outdoors, animated from within.

When Raetz does put heads on his figures, they can look quite inhuman. They may open out at the top into volcanic eruptions, or spill out in great circular tidal waves. Or instead of a head, there may be a beast, or an entire seated human figure with a fox's head (looking nightmarish in a very classy, Egyptoid kind of way). Or there may be a head emerging from a head, or a huge, smooth lump, like a bad toupee, settled disturbingly into the top of the skull. Human figures are also transformed into nature in just as unsettling a way; for instance, there's one that is rooted to the soil by its hair, the body itself upended like a strange flower; still others are growing roots at both ends.

In Raetz's hands preindustrial "Nature," eternal, unchanging, unchallenged nature, is anything but. Sea, sky, and earth (liquid, gas, solid) are turned around and upside down, made to behave in spontaneous, delightful, eccentric, and unpredictable ways. In 1976, Raetz did a group of ink studies on several trips through Switzerland. Because, he says, it was always raining, the little paintings were done on wet paper and the elements blurred into each other, producing misty, romantic landscapes amorphous enough to prod even the most phlegmatic imagination into action. They are titled "In The Realm of the Possible," as though, he says, the possible were actually a place.







Raetz unsettles the usual relationship between humans and environment simply by changing their respective scales. In the Kunstmuseum in Bern there's a modest-sized room installed by Raetz, that becomes bigger with every minute spent there. On one wall is something that appears to be simply a large rock glued onto it, but close examination reveals an almost microscopically tiny figure of a painter seated at an easel, looking out over the vast panorama displayed beneath him. The "rock" has become a mountain, the wall and all the other pieces on it, the painter's world, extending "as far as the eye can see."

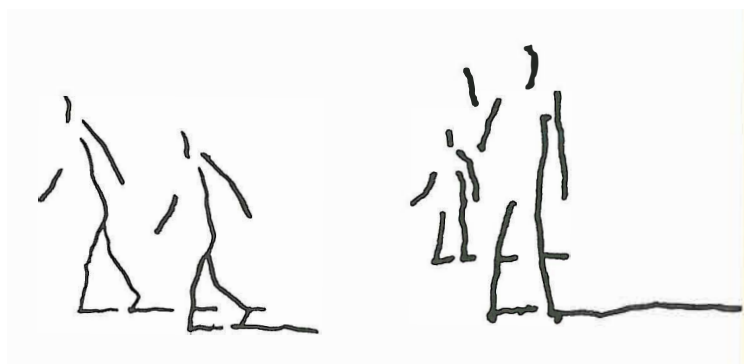
This piece inverts the scale relationship I'm used to in which "nature" (particularly a mountain) is always larger than I am. There are other pieces that can also turn me, like Alice in Wonderland, into a giant or a miniature version of myself. For instance, there's a drawing of a group of disembodied heads, half-buried in the ground, which could be my own size but on the other hand could also be giant naturalistic earth sculptures. I feel Lilliputian just glancing at them.

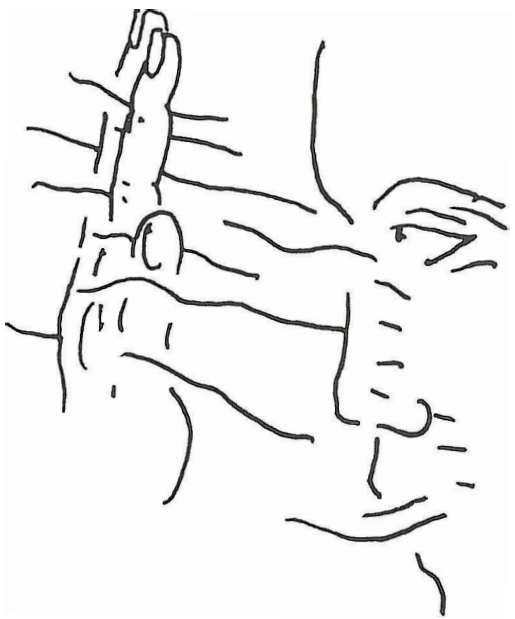
In fact, Raetz has made a number of very big outdoor sculptures, most of which are stick figures called, in both the singular and the plural, *Mimi*. These huge pieces of wood or stone, heavy and hard to install, are made up of the simplest and most basic linear components, making it very difficult for people at first to understand what they are, or why they even qualify as sculpture. My own response to a wooden *Mimi* on the floor at that same *Documenta* where I was so entranced by Raetz's eucalyptus-leaf heads was simply to assume it was an unsuccessful abstract "primary sculpture" by another artist. (If it hadn't been in the context of a major international exhibition, I probably would have thought it was just debris.)

The genderless *Mimi* are the ultimate reductive sign for "human." According to François Grundbacher, a writer and close friend of Raetz's, the name comes from Michel Butor's book *Boomerang*, where the word (probably taken from a Germanic term used to describe a mythological figure with no definite features) refers to certain aboriginal spirits,

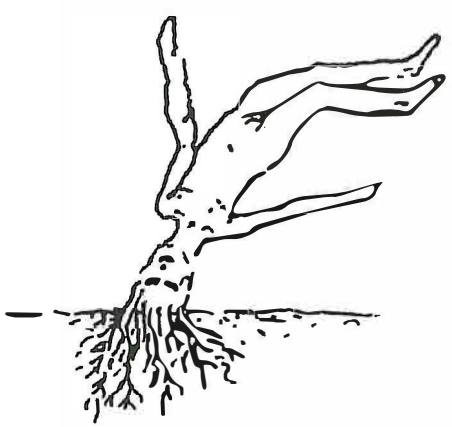
> so thin that they can only hunt when there's no wind at all. . . . They see and hear much better than we do, are more afraid of us than we are of them, and hide from us by blowing on the rocks in order to quickly tear them open and find shelter in their cracks. . . . Whenever possible, they diffuse through osmosis into the environment.[4]

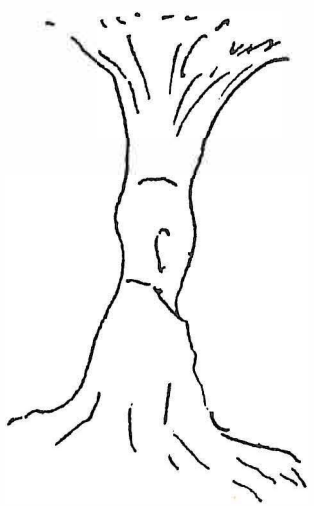
The most recent *Mimi*, installed in July 1986 in the sculpture park at Kerguhennec, in Brittany, is so large that half a dozen people can sit on its upper arm at one time. It's clear from the way visitors to the park respond that it, too, is able to diffuse into the environment despite its size, requiring of the viewer the same attentiveness, the same intimacy of looking, that characterizes all of Raetz's work.

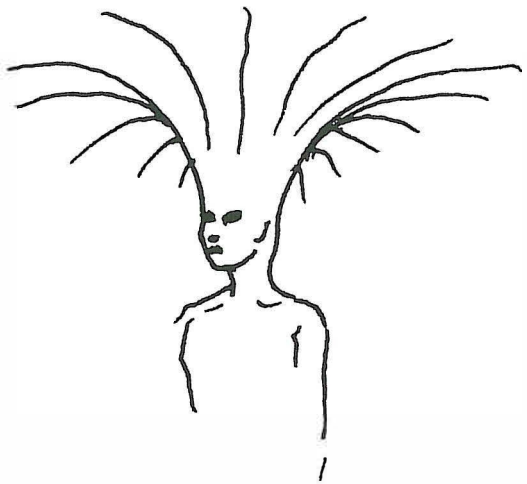


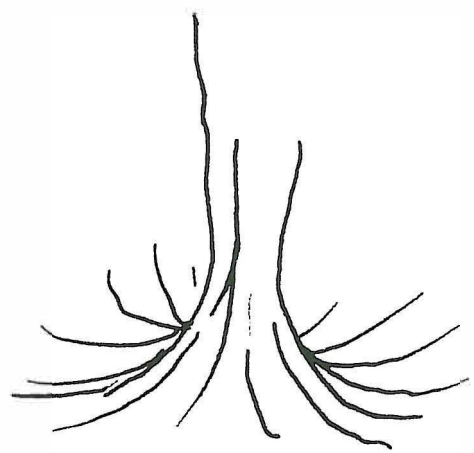


"Truth is incessant invention since it contradicts itself, since only the provisional is true, only what can be shared. As soon as our eyes rest on a thing, on a landscape, as soon as the emotion induced by these half-seen things has us in its grip, they change. We gave them the life they solicited."—EDMOND JABES, *The Book of Questions*









I come back again and again to thinking about Raetz's work in terms of language. The elements of language, like the elements of Raetz's work, are virtually meaningless without being situated in a context—that is, the letter in the context of the syllable, the syllable in the context of the word, the word in the phrase, the phrase in the sentence, the sentence in the paragraph, and the whole in larger linguistic, social, and cultural contexts, each of which creates multiple meanings.

Raetz's use of words is transformative, playing with words by playing on words. These can be solid images or engaging dialogues that shift continuously between the visual and verbal. Some puns are triple *entendres*, in which a word is apt to metamorphose into an object that both means the word and doesn't, and to change once again into another, transformed, word. (Raetz also has the ability to pun in French, English, Dutch, and Swiss German, further complicating the nature of such transformations.) He makes lists of words in which the sound of a syllable will change from word to word, changing the meaning altogether, or switching syllables or just letters from time to time. And he also uses the palindrome—a verbal mirroring device by which a word or phrase reads the same both backwards and forwards (for example, LIVE/EVIL)—to create new relationships and meanings between words.[5]

Also, language always represents something that isn't there; it stands for something missing, or we wouldn't have to use it. Raetz's drawings, as well as his finished works, which are, after all, representations (of his imagining, of the possibilities created by his imagination, and by ours as well), also stand for something *not there*, something we ourselves are led to imagine.

Raetz's work is particularly close in structure to a certain kind of narrative. Although not particularly outspoken about his intentions, Raetz does say that in storytelling what's important to listeners, especially children, isn't hearing a new tale, but how the old one is told. "The children make it theirs by repetition," he says.[6] While endless repetition of the same story may seem uninteresting to adult Americans who have come to privilege information over inflection, substance over subtlety, children everywhere still prefer the retelling of a single, familiar tale, no matter how simple, to the novelty of a new one—at least while they're young and haven't fully absorbed the cultural norms.

Raetz says he "listens" to visual stories as he rides his bicycle or walks the same route from his house to his studio, which he's been doing over many years, often several times a day. He finds enormous pleasure in the subtle changes in the way things look, because, he says, "each time you concentrate on other things." Repetition, contrary to its stereotype as "boring," entails a high degree of inventiveness to keep whatever is being repeated fresh. This kind of playfulness runs counter to the progressive chronology characteristic of so much Western art today, a chronology that places a premium on novelty and change.[7]

In literature, repetition can exist in the text itself, or in the act of rereading prompted by the nature of the text. Yvonne Rainer, an American filmmaker, applies the concept to images as well as texts, suggesting that "the only reason to dredge up familiar images is to reread them in terms of current knowledges, experience."[8]

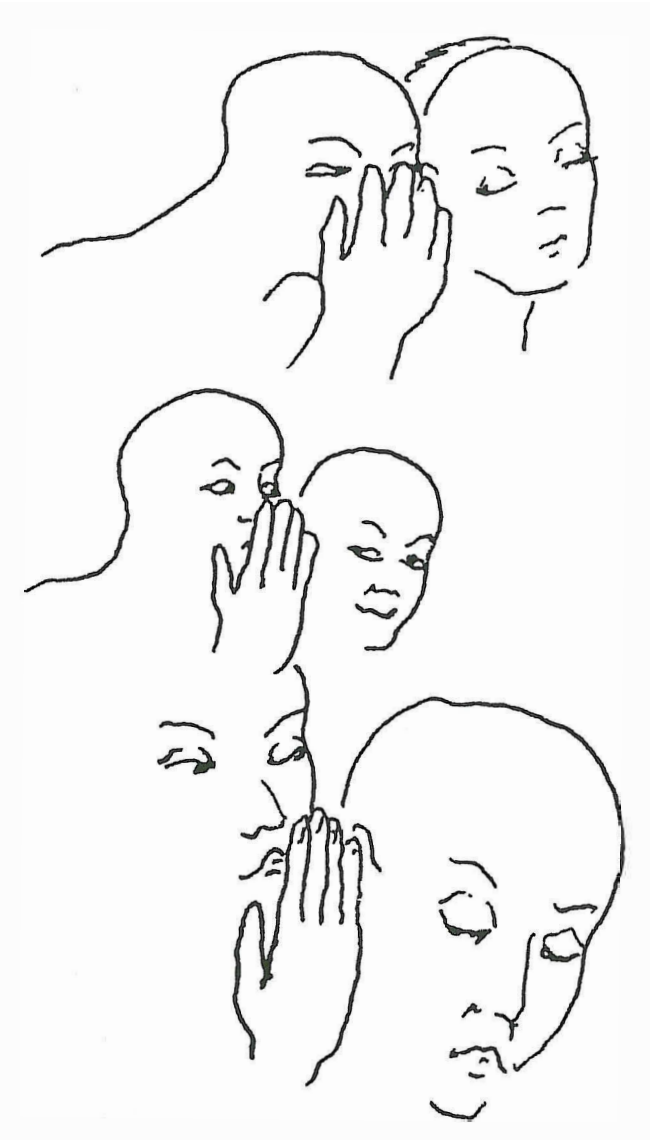
Storytelling as repetition; repetition as rereading.
But what about reading itself? Why look to literature for an understanding of the work of a visual artist? For one thing, Raetz is an avid and eclectic reader. He often refers to Robert Walser, an eccentric and enormously gifted Swiss writer who was Raetz's favorite poet for a long time. Walser lived in Biel

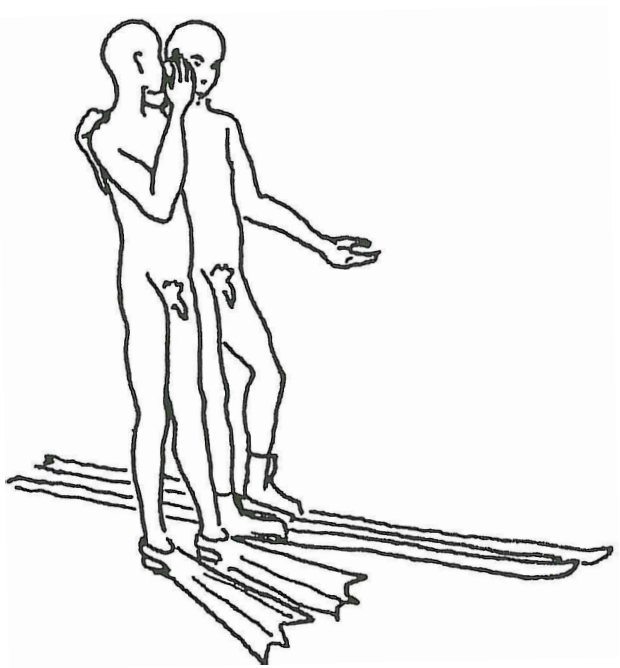
(where Raetz also lived from 1961 to 1963), and later made his home in Bern, where he worked in the public library, lived in one room, and moved every two weeks. He was subject to chronic fits of depression and spent a great deal of his life in mental institutions; in fact, he stopped writing entirely for about thirty-five years in protest against being incarcerated. He died in 1957, and only recently was a body of his work re-published, although some of his writing, in the original German, was available to Raetz during his student days. As Susan Sontag describes him,

> Walser is a miniaturist, promulgating the claims of the anti-heroic, the limited, the humble, the small . . . . [He had a] fascination with stasis, and with the way time distends, is consumed; and spent much of his life obsessively turning time into space: his walks.[9]

Raetz is also fond of Peter Handke's books, which describe the surroundings in which an event takes place with such agonizing, lucid detail that everything in a story becomes equally prominent. Handke's characters, like Walser's, are equally present to their surroundings. In *Across* (1983), Handke's protagonist, Loser, describes himself as a "thresholdologist," someone who has acquired "an eye for transitions that are ordinarily overlooked."[10] Loser's ability, however, is not innate. The advice he receives upon joining the Salzburg Friends of the Stars could well apply to those looking at Raetz's work for the first time:

> . . . soon after I joined, the group leader gave me a good lesson with regard to my way of searching the sky: 'You're always in such a hurry to identify, instead of just gazing for a while.'[11]





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While there are some books that have been used by Raetz as actual sources for images (such as Raymond Roussel's famous *Impressions of Africa* (1910) or the chapter entitled "L'Amour" of *L'Immaculée Conception*, a text by André Breton and Paul Eluard that he illustrated), there's a certain perversity in the way he uses them, and he tends to choose highly unconventional methods of incorporating them into his work. For example, the influence of Walser is manifest in the early 1970s in Raetz's manner of formulating "little observations, ideas, and dreams in the form of drawings." He also made some images of the writer himself; one of the most striking is taken from a photograph and done on corrugated cardboard so that the image is seen positively when illuminated from the left and negatively when from the right. There is also a beautiful pencil drawing taken from the same photograph and extrapolated into a three-quarter rear mirror image.

An analogy with Raetz's approach to the world can also be found in *Flaubert's Parrot*, by Julian Barnes. This *tour de force*, a book within a book, is a fictional journal, an account of the thoughts and actions of a passionate Flaubert scholar named Geoffrey Braithwaite whose identity is subsumed by the person he's studying; it provides an almost endless supply of analogies applicable to Raetz's work. For example:

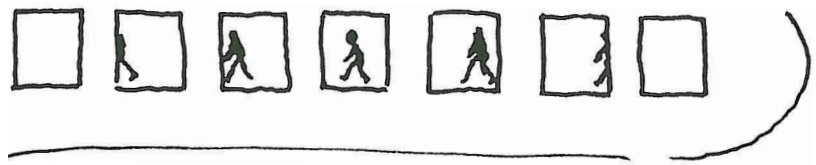
> If you cut a flatworm in half, the head will grow a new tail; more surprisingly, the tail will grow a new head. This is what happened with the regretted ending to *L'Education sentimentale*: it generated an entire novel of its own. . . .[12]

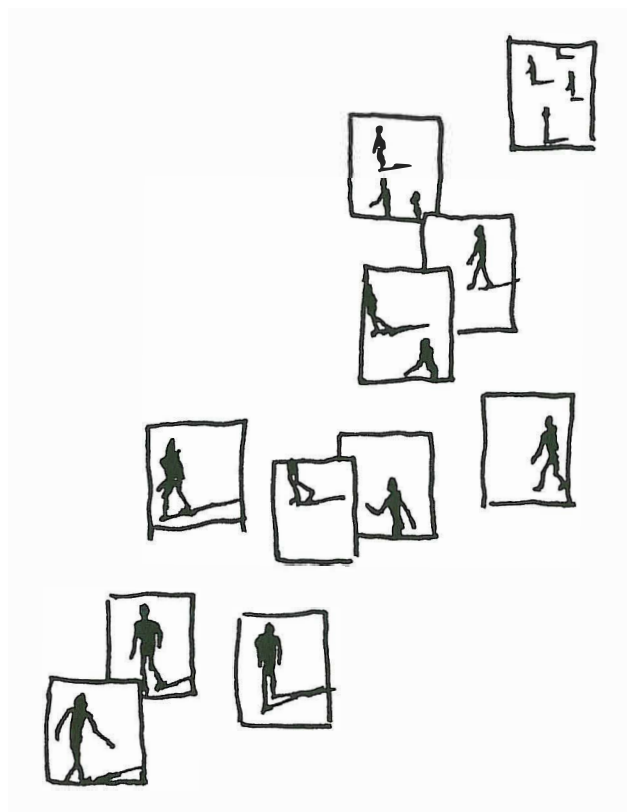
Each small detail of a Raetz piece seems, likewise, to generate an entire body of work. At the same time, each work is so suggestive of others that it appears unfinished, containing within it endless other possibilities,

worlds within worlds. Says Braithwaite,

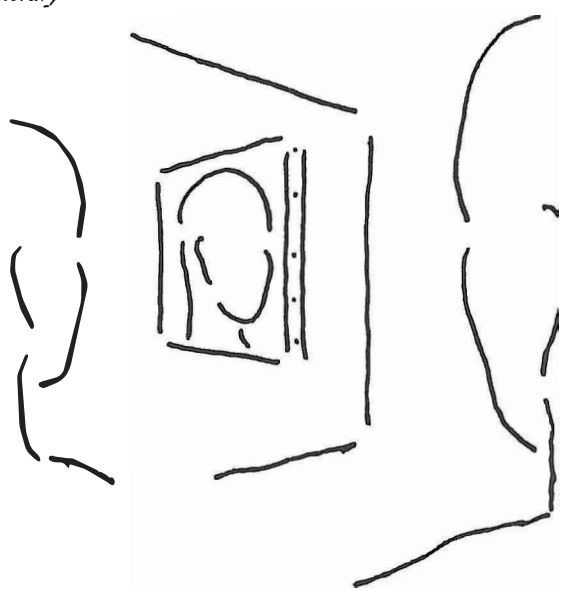
> . . . how tantalizing are the unfinished books. A pair of them come at once to mind: *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, where Flaubert sought to enclose and subdue the whole world, the whole of human striving and human failing; and *L'Idiot de la Famille*, where Sartre sought to enclose the whole of Flaubert. . . .[13]

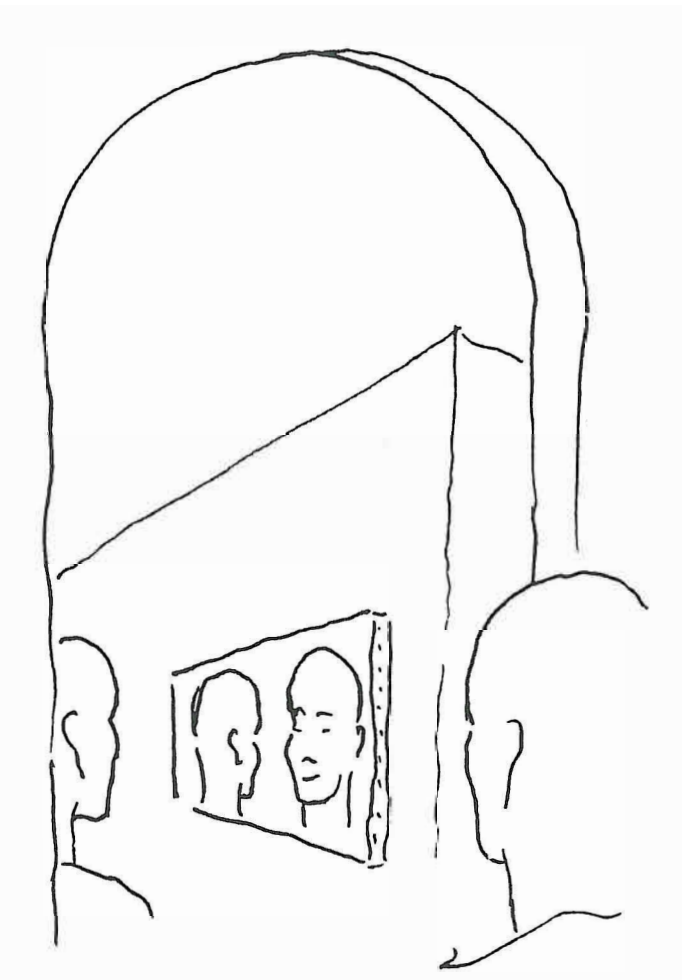
Unfinished work contains infinite possibilities; it remains always alive, always in the realm of the possible, because of its very lack of closure. Raetz seems never to have finished an image, nor finished with an image. For instance, by their very nature, the anamorphoses have to be made anew constantly. The *Mimi*, especially those that are life-size or smaller, almost dare us to rearrange their limbs, at least in our imaginations. Even Raetz's simplest and most straightforward drawings have a spontaneous, open-ended quality incorporating within their very being whatever they are not, whatever they could be.





Psychoanalysis is not an arbitrarily chosen intertext for literary analysis but rather a particularly insistent and demanding intertext, in that mapping across the boundaries from one territory to the other both confirms and complicates our understanding of how the mind formulates the real, how it constructs the necessary fictions by which we dream, desire, interpret, indeed by which we constitute ourselves as human subjects. —PETER BROOKS, *"The Idea of a Psychoanalytic Literary Criticism"*





If we can assume that in some ways the structure of art (in this case, Raetz's) is, like literature, analogous to the structure of the mental apparatus itself, then the form of both should coincide—that is, artistic forms and structures will reflect psychic ones, and vice versa.[14]

There are several points where Raetz's work and psychoanalytic theory might be seen to converge. These are: Freud's analysis of "looking" as a complex series of subject/object relationships; the notion of temporality as it relates to Lacan's mirror stage, in which the infant anticipates him/herself as a unified image; the concept of "forepleasure," or delayed gratification, as postulated by Freud; and the recursive structure of transference.

First, the process of looking. Visual experience, in Freud's analysis of it, involves three components, or "scenes." In the first, looking is a gesture of control, visual mastery, or possession of the object being looked at. In the second, the viewer possessing the object becomes that object, dividing the single act of looking into two positions, that of subject (looking) and that of object (being seen). One of these two positions at a time has to be repressed for the other to be understood, and each of the repressed or canceled positions leaves a space into which the other is positioned, so that the looker is also the one being looked at. Finally, in another, third, scene, the looker becomes passive, an object to be looked at. The supposedly single act of looking is therefore a process of shifting subject/object relationships; the neutral territory or middle ground where both are held in perfect balance is referred to as "the mirror stage." This alternation of passive and active states involves, at its extremes, voyeurism (the act of looking but not being seen) and exhibitionism (the act of showing to be seen).[15]

This complex exchange becomes almost palpable in Raetz's work, where the act of looking is so subtle and so unpredictable; at one moment I'm gazing at the back of a figure's head, which suddenly becomes the front. Without moving, I've taken opposite positions, as the one looking and the one being looked at. With this work, I'm constantly aware of myself engaged in toggling back and forth between subject and object, viewer and viewed; I'm able to sense, if briefly, what is ordinarily an unconscious process of positioning.

Raetz's own understanding of looking, while not specifically derived from Freudian or Lacanian theory, is nonetheless unconventional. I was surprised to hear him refer to his way of working as "passive, like finding twigs and waiting for something to happen," since it so blatantly contradicts the popular mythology of the artist as "master of all he surveys."

But what about the mirror stage itself? Jane Gallop formulates the problem thus:

> The traditional view of a mirror is that it reflects an imitation, a translation of an already constituted original self. But Lacan posits that the mirror constructs the self, that the self as organized entity is actually an imitation of the cohesiveness of the mirror image.[16]

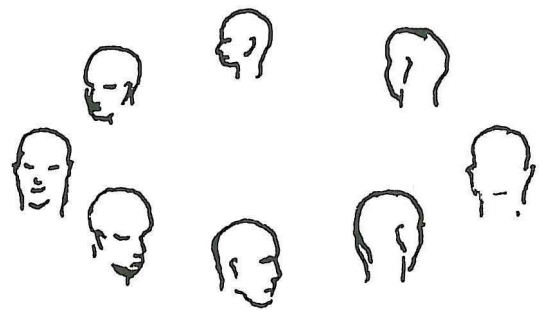
There is a temporal confusion here, which she describes as follows: the mirror stage, to quote Lacan, is "a turning point, [since] after it, the subject's relation to himself is always mediated through a totalizing image that has come from outside"; if this is the moment of origin in which the self is first constituted, then what precedes it? There was no totalized image before the mirror stage, so the image must have been a fragmented, unorganized one; but this last can only be the image that was created to represent what came before the unified image created in the mirror. In other words, the

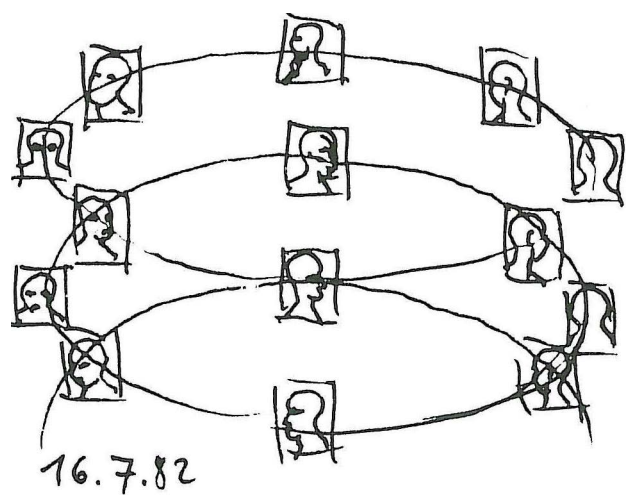
moment of recognition in the mirror "is the source not only for what follows but also for what precedes. It produces the future through anticipation and the past through retroaction. . . . Both [are] violations of chronology [since] the retroaction is based on the anticipation."[17]

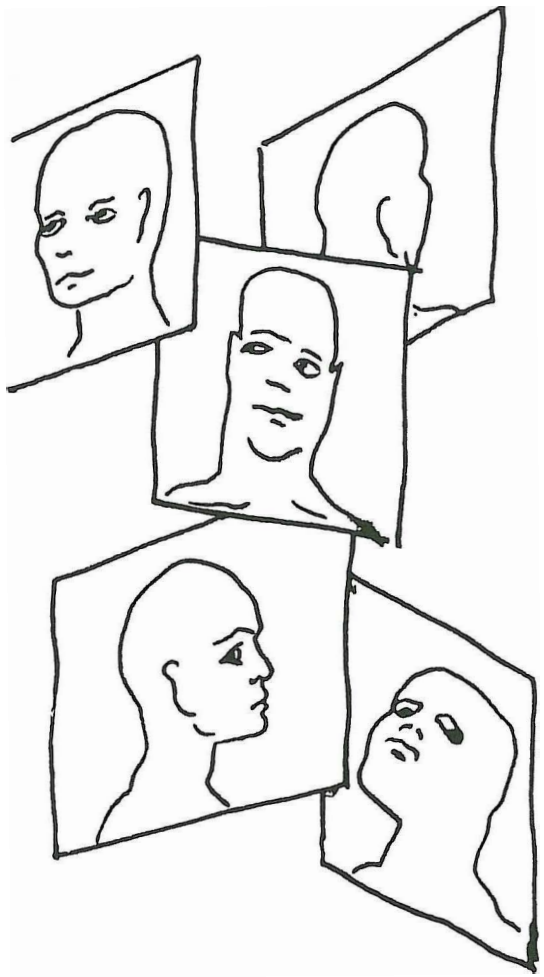
In Lacan's own writing, this concept is even more extraordinarily complicated, a kind of history turning in on itself to become its own origin, an unfolding drama that is linguistically and psychoanalytically in constant motion. This kind of temporal collapse is exactly what characterizes the allegorical mode of literature, one that—after years of critical neglect, not to mention abuse—has regained stature, appearing on stage courtesy of the critic Paul de Man, newly appointed and minus the denigrated robes of romanticism it formerly flaunted. Unlike the immediacy of symbolism (whereby something simply stands for something else), allegory is multilayered, dense, temporally flexible. In de Man's view,

> what allegory does is mark meaningful relationships by time, and it makes them meaningful by creating gaps or the illusion of gaps in the continuity of the all-encompassing ecology of relationships.[18]

What is important here, stumbling hastily from Lacan's mirror stage through the temporally unsettled narration of allegory, is that in Raetz's work the mirror, used over and over, seems to lead in the same direction, that is, backwards and forwards at once. His mirrors don't reflect me, the viewing subject, but act as the agent of change, the surface in which an image, the object of my own viewing, is continually (re)constituted by me. The image dissolves as soon as it is seen; in other words, it is always in the present, or in that dimension where past and future, what was and what will







be, collapse in and open out on themselves simultaneously.

This peculiar, nonchronological temporal quality that I associate with looking at Raetz's work actually feels like a kind of daydreaming, undirected by intention. It's an undifferentiated time, the kind in which fantasy occurs. According to Freud, there are three moments of time (like the three "stages" of looking previously described) associated with ideation and fantasy, namely "a provoking occasion in the present which has been able to arouse one of the subject's major wishes, . . . the memory of an earlier experience. . . in which this wish was fulfilled, [and] a situation relating to the future which represents a fulfillment of the wish."[19]

Freud suggests that the reason the writer's fantasies are not simply boring to us is twofold: first, that we are bribed by "the purely formal," that is, the aesthetic pleasure provided by the presentation, and second, that we are provided with this pleasure in order to release still greater, deeper pleasures. This concept, which he calls "forepleasure" (*Vorlust*), suggests delayed gratification, or, in Peter Brooks's words, "a whole rhetoric of advance towards and retreat from the goal or the end, a formal zone of play." As a further extension, there also exists "the possibility of a text that would delay, displace and deviate terminal discharge to an extent that it became nonexistent."[20] Or as the fictional Geoffrey Braithwaite asks, "Isn't the most reliable form of pleasure. . . the pleasure of anticipation? Who needs to burst into fulfillment's desolate attic?"[21]

In retrospect, I try to remember what it's like to look at Raetz's work. Certainly it's elusive—in the way the image in the mirror forms and reforms itself, the way each of the other anamorphic images appear and disappear, in the sense that each drawing or piece of a drawing elides into every other, or in my struggle to peer into the darkness of a small landscape painting to discern the images placed there by the artist or

by the activity of my own eyes.

The work actually teases me in the way it refuses to stay put, just as the puns and wordplay Raetz is so fond of slide around and make messy puddles out of fixed meaning. There is no denouement, no final dramatic moment that signals "The End" here. The teasing can be lighthearted and charming at one extreme, and at another can amount to a kind of discomforting visual perversity that warns me that play is also serious.

The concept of play brings me to a last analogy between psychoanalysis and works of art. For one thing, "re-reading or revising bespeaks an exploratory, inquisitive, questioning approach quite like psychoanalytical procedures."[22] For another, rereading, retelling, reviewing, revising, constitute a recursive structure, a process of doing something over again, but never in the same way. First, it's not possible to do it *exactly* the same way each time, and second, something happens in the redoing that makes the next redoing different. In psychoanalysis, this kind of collapsing of the present event into the next, future, one is an intrinsic part of the process of transference.[23] Temporally, transference involves an intermediate realm

> where affects from the past become invested in the present. . . . Within the transference, recall of the past most often takes place as its unconscious repetition, acting it out as if it were present: repetition is a way of remembering, brought into play when recollection in the intellectual sense is blocked by repression and resistance.[24]

The intermediate region in which this takes place, like the moment of perfect balance or doubling between subject and object in the mirror stage, or like the suspended temporality

of the realm of fantasy, is one that might be said to most closely resemble the literary text or the work of art. The patient intervenes in it, as does the reader or viewer, in order to create what Lacan calls "the dimension of dialogue."[25]

Just as patient and analyst collaborate in this dialogic process, so do reader and writer, viewer and artist, collaborate in the creation of textual and visual meaning. Most important in regard to Raetz's work in this context is the extent to which the viewer is essential in completing the work, not simply metaphorically, but literally. Thus, the "meaning" of the piece is neither in the hands of the artist nor the viewer, but occupies an arena of mediation, the space of exchange, between them.

In the psychoanalytic process,

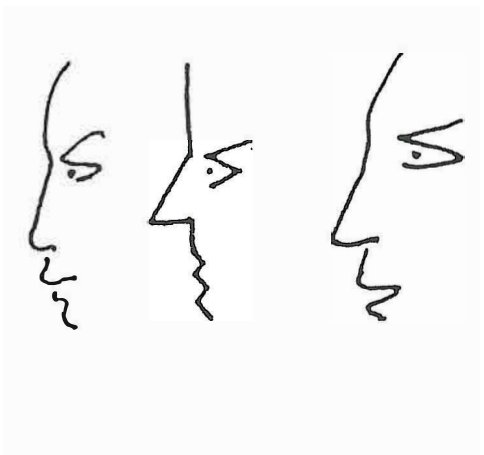
> transference actualizes the past in symbolic form so that it can be repeated, replayed, worked through to another outcome. The result is, in the ideal case, to bring us back to actuality, that is, to a revised version of our stories.[26]

Applying this process to my own understanding of Raetz's work might allow me to "come back to actuality"—certainly not Raetz's actuality, but my own. But this isn't the case, since it's neither his (the artist's) story nor mine (the viewer's) that seems to reveal what the work "means." Instead it's the process of looking itself that I'm suddenly made aware of. The "meaning" of the work resides more in the place between us, in the visual possibilities that are activated in the very process of looking. In fact, there's no fixed meaning of any kind in this exchange; there's no end, or closure, to the process. As Susan Suleiman says of Lacan's texts:

> . . . it is not at all clear . . . that the aim of analysis, or of analytic discourse, is to construct a coherent—that is to say, plausible, finished—story. I would go so far as to say that this is precisely *not* the aim of analytic discourse, according to Lacan.[27]

What this signals is a change in the relationship between analyst and patient, artist and viewer, from one of knowledge and mastery (on the part of the former) to one of mutual collaboration and exchange. It's the exchange at the core of my own engagement with Raetz's work.

This kind of discourse, a process in which there is no right or wrong position, reminds me once again of the refusal of "mastery" that I find characteristic of Raetz's pieces. For one thing, they're never perfect. I don't mean that they fall short technically, or that the work doesn't live up to the artist's intentions, but that in their execution, for the most part, they would almost seem to enforce the old cliché that "anyone could have done it." The handful of twigs on his studio shelf certainly could have been gathered by most of us; a stick figure is a basic, easily drawn image; even the visually complex anamorphoses need us as viewers to make them visible.

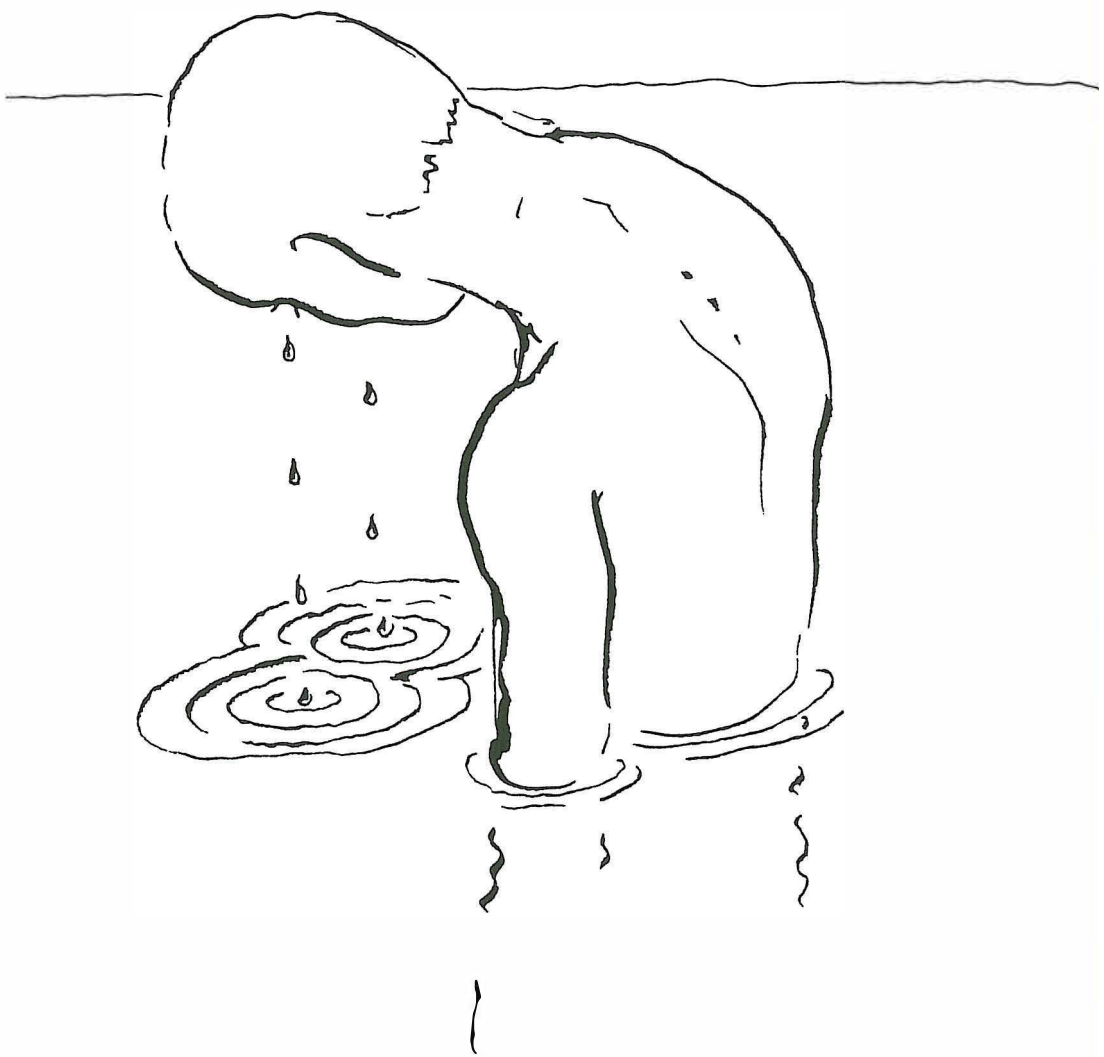


As for the graphic work, as Raetz put it himself, "I don't consider them as masterpieces of twentieth-century drawing." Like the other pieces, these line drawings with all their spontaneity, awkwardness, and visible correction seem unintimidating in their execution. There's such an eschewal of self-conscious mastery in Raetz's work that it might be easily dismissed by a viewer educated to respect the authority inherent in "great" works of art. When Raetz tells me that his drawings aren't "masterpieces," I understand this to mean not that they're bad drawings—in fact, they're extraordinarily skillful and compelling—but that the idea of a masterpiece is itself an anachronism for him.

Raetz's enterprise, like that of Robert Walser, is one "whose moral core is the refusal of power, of domination," in Sontag's words. "What Walser says about inaction, renunciation of effort, effortlessness, is a program, an antiromantic one, of the artist's activity. In 'A Little Ramble' (1914), he observes: 'We don't need to see anything out of the ordinary. We already see so much.'"[28]

I'm moved by this lack of mastery, so different from what I'm used to experiencing not only in relation to works of art, but to almost everything else in this society. In an age of rapid, global communication, Raetz's pieces, like poems, require intimacy and attention. Just as a poem can't be skimmed, the fluid and elusive presence of Raetz's work, its uncategorical diversity, the shifting ground of exchange between viewer and viewed it creates, lure me into looking, looking again, and looking into looking, again and again.

—Marcia Tucker



Epigraphical quotations:

Julian Barnes, *Flaubert's Parrot*, (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1984), p. 107.

Edmond Jabes, *The Book of Questions*, trans. by Rosemarie Waldrop, vol. I, (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1976; orig. published 1963), p. 175.

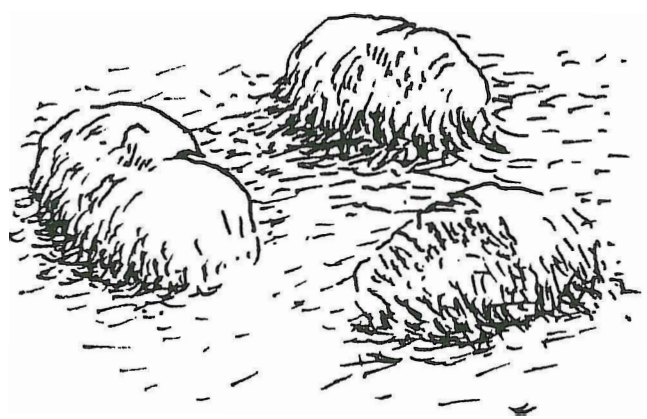
Peter Brooks, "The Idea of a Psychoanalytic Literary Criticism," in *Discourse in Psychoanalysis and Literature*, ed. Shlomith Rimmon-Kenan, (New York and London: Methuen Inc., 1987), p. 17. Also in *Critical Inquiry* 13:2, (Winter 1987), 334-48.

Notes

1. An edition of a small, spiral-bound notebook of 1971 was edited as a facsimile print by Pablo Stähli, Zurich, Switzerland, in 1972. A facsimile edition of three notebooks was also published by Markus Raetz and Galerie Stähli, Zurich, in 1975 in an edition of 600, and a single notebook from 1981 was published by the DAAD program in Berlin, where Raetz lived for a year as a DAAD fellowship recipient. These editions are, unfortunately, out of print. This year, Stähli published a two-volume work on the notebooks by Bernhard Bürgi, *'Die Bücher' 1972 -1976*, in German; Volume 2 consists entirely of facsimile pages.
2. A common definition of transference is that process by which the patient, endowing the analyst with knowledge, projects onto the analyst the patient's own needs and desires.
3. Jane Gallop, *Reading Lacan*, (Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1985), p. 62.
4. Quoted in François Grundbacher, "Von Pompeji nach Oenpelli: Mimi-mythologische Mimikry," in *Markus Raetz, Arbeiten 1962 bis 1986*, exh. cat., Kunsthaus Zurich, organized by Bernhard Bürgi and Toni Stoss, (Zurich: Editions Stähli, 1986), p. 115.
5. Bruce Nauman and Raetz are the same age, and I'm struck by a startling similarity between the two artists' work at various periods—not necessarily parallel—in their careers. Nauman's

early pieces, from about 1967 to 1970, have a great deal in common with Raetz's in their transformation of words into objects, puns, palindromes, rebuses, and so on. Similarly, Raetz's early work of about the same time, involving mechanical apparatuses and devices having to do with sound and movement, is close to Nauman's work of a somewhat later period.

6. All direct quotes, unless otherwise noted, are taken from conversations between myself and Raetz in Bern, Switzerland, in October and June, 1987, and in New York City in 1986 and 1987.
7. *Art and Text*, 23/4, March-May, 1987: "Discussing Modernity, 'Third World,' and *The Man Who Envied Women* with Laleen Jayamanne, Geeta Kapur and Yvonne Rainer," p. 42.
8. Ibid, p. 45.
9. Susan Sontag, "Walser's Voice," *Vogue*, Oct. 1982, p. 571. Walser developed a cramp that altered his formerly elegant handwriting into an illegible system of tiny marks. Only recently was his writing deciphered, and his work published and translated. See Robert Walser, *Selected Stories*, (New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 1987), trans. by Christopher Middleton, with an introduction by Susan Sontag.
10. Peter Handke, *Across*, (New York: Collier Books, MacMillan Publishing Company, 1986; German original, 1983), pp. 11-12.
11. Ibid., pp. 36-37.
12. Julian Barnes, *Flaubert's Parrot*, p. 130.
13. Ibid., p. 3.
14. Ibid., p. 4.
15. Robert Con Davis, "Lacan, Poe, and Narrative Repression," in *Lacan and Narration, The Psychoanalytic Difference in Narrative Theory*, ed. by Robert Con Davis, (Baltimore and London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1983), pp. 985-87; originally published as a special issue of MLN).
16. Gallop, *Reading Lacan*, p. 38.
17. Ibid., p. 81.
18. Ronald Schleifter, "The Space and Dialogue of Desire: Lacan, Greimas, and Narrative Temporality," in *Lacan and Narration*, p. 874.
19. Peter Brooks, "The Idea of a Psychoanalytic Literary Criticism," p. 5.
20. Ibid., pp. 6-7.
21. Julian Barnes, *Flaubert's Parrot*, p. 4.
22. Michael Riffaterre, "The Intertextual Unconscious," *Critical Inquiry* 13:2, (Winter 1987), p. 381.
23. The popular understanding of transference is also described as that stage in psychoanalysis when the patient's repressed feelings from the past are "transferred" to the analyst and acted out in this relationship in order to free the patient from them.
24. Peter Brooks, in *Discourse in Psychoanalysis and Literature*, p. 10.
25. Ibid., pp. 10-16. Brooks's discussion of this process, and its application to literary texts, is extraordinarily concise and illuminating. I've taken the liberty of paraphrasing the main points of his argument.
26. Ibid, p. 12.
27. Susan Rubin Suleiman, "Nadja, Dora, Lol v. Stein: Women, Madness and Narrative," in *Discourse in Psychoanalysis and Literature*, p. 128.
28. Susan Sontag, "Walser's Voice," p. 600.



Chronology

1941	Born in Büren an der Aare, Switzerland
1957-61	Studied in Hofwil
1961-63	Taught in Biel
1963-69	Lived in Bern
1969-73	Lived in Amsterdam
1971	Extended visits to Spain and Morocco
1973-76	Lived in Carona
1975	Traveled to Egypt
1976	Returned to Bern where he currently lives and works
1979	Artist-in-Residence in the *Prinseneiland* studio of the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam
1981-82	Participant in the Berlin artists' program (DAAD)

Exhibition History

Selected One-Person Exhibitions

1966	Galerie Toni Gerber, Bern
1967	Galerie Felix Handschin, Basel
1969	Galerie Bruno Bischofberger, Zurich Galerie Mickery, Loenersloot
1970	Communication Center, Utrecht Galerie Toni Gerber, Bern Markt 17, Enschede
1971	Galerie Herzog, Büren an der Aare Loeb Gallery, Bern
1972	Galerie Renée Ziegler, Zurich Kunstmuseum, Basel Musée d'Art et Histoire, Geneva Seriaal Gallery, Amsterdam
1973	Galerie Pablo Stähli, Lucerne Goethe Institute, Amsterdam
1974	Galerie Toni Gerber, Bern
1975	Galerie Pablo Stähli, Zurich Kunstmuseum, Lucerne (cat.) Kunsthaus, Zurich (cat.)
1976	Galerie Toni Gerber, Bern
1977	Kunsthalle, Bern (cat.) Kunstmuseum, Bern (cat.) Sao Paulo Biennial (cat.)
1979	Galerie Pablo Stähli Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam (cat.)
1980	Galerie Lucio Amelio, Naples
1981	Galerie Farideh Cadot, Paris Kunsthaus, Aarau (cat.) Kunstverein, Kassel Galerie Krinzinger, Innsbruck Galerie naechst St.Stephan, Vienna
1982	daadgalerie, Berlin Kunsthalle, Basel (cat.)
1983	*Markus Raetz: Arbeiten/Travaux/Works 1971-1981*, Kunsthalle Basel (traveled to ARC, Musée d'Art moderne de la Ville de Paris, Le Nouveau Musée, Villeurbanne, and Frankfurter Kunstverein, Frankfurt
1984	Galerie Pablo Stähli, Zurich
1986	*Markus Raetz: Arbeiten 1962-1986*, Kunsthaus, Zurich (traveled to Kölnischer Kunstverein, Cologne, and Moderna Musseet, Stockholm
1987	Farideh Cadot Gallery, New York
1988	Swiss Pavilion, Venice Biennale

Selected Group Exhibitions

1965 *Fourth Biennial of Young Artists*, Paris (cat.)

1966 *Recent Tendencies in Europe*, Lavalle University, Quebec

1967/68 *Science Fiction*, Kunsthalle, Bern (traveled, cat.)

1968 *Documenta 4*, Kassel (cat.)
Ways and Experiments, Kunsthaus, Zurich (cat.)

1969 *22 young Swiss artists*, Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, and Kunsthalle, Bern
Prospect 69, Städtische Kunsthalle, Dusseldorf

1970 *Information*, Museum of Modern Art, New York
Between Man and Matter, Tokyo Biennial
Venice Biennale (cat.)
Joseph Beuys, Michael Buthe, Markus Raetz, Diter Rot and others, Kunstmuseum Lucerne (cat.)

1971 *Seventh Biennial of Young Artists*, Paris (cat.)
The Swiss Avantgarde, Cultural Center, New York (cat.)

1972 *31 Contemporary Swiss Artists*, Grand Palais, Paris (cat.)
Metamorphosis of the Object, Kunsthalle Basel (cat.)
Documenta 5, Kassel (cat.)

1972/73 *Contemporary Swiss Art*, Tel-Aviv Museum (cat.)

1975/76 *Anamorphoses*, Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam (traveled, cat.)

1976 *Drawing now*, Kunsthaus, Zurich (cat.)

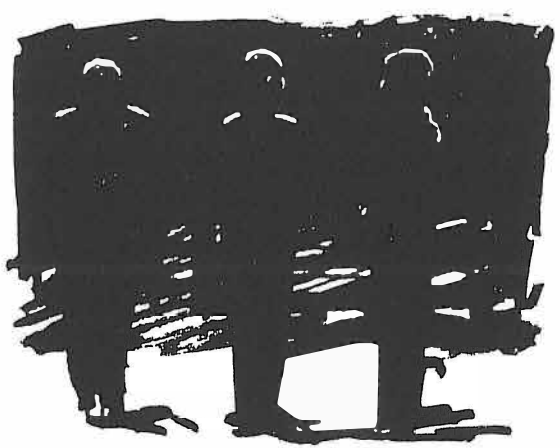
1980 *The Seventies*, Venice Biennale (cat.)

1981 *Swiss Art from '70 -'80*, Kunstmuseum, Lucerne (cat.)

1982 *Documenta 7*, Kassel (cat.)

1984 *An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture*, Museum of Modern Art, New York (cat.)
Sculpture in the 20th Century, Merian Park, Brüglingen-Basel (cat.)

1985 *Cross-Currents in Swiss Art*, Serpentine Gallery, London (cat.)
Promenades, Parc Lullin, Geneva
Lead, Hirschl & Adler Modern, New York



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