

Sabina felt lost.

The wild compass whose fluctuations she had always obeyed, making for tumult and motion in place of direction, was suddenly fractured so that she no longer knew even the relief of ebbs and flow and dispersions.

5 She felt lost. The dispersion had become too vast, too extended. A shaft of pain cut through the nebulous pattern, Sabina had always moved so fast that all pain had passed swiftly as through a sieve leaving a sorrow like children's sorrows, soon forgotten, soon replaced by another interest. She had never known a pause.

* Her cape which was more than a cape, which was a sail, which was the feelings she threw to the 10 four winds to be swelled and swept by the wind in motion, lay becalmed.

Her dress was becalmed.

It was as if now she were nothing that the wind could catch, swell and propel.

For Sabina, to be becalmed meant to die.

15 Anxiety had entered her body and refused to run through it. The silvery holes of her sieve had clogged. Now the pain had lodged itself inside of her, inescapable.

She had lost herself somewhere along the frontier between her interventions, her stories, her fantasies and her true self. The boundaries had become effaced, the tracks lost; she had walked into pure chaos, and not a chaos which carried her like the galloping of romantic riders in operas and legends, but which suddenly revealed the stage props: a papier-mâché horse.

20 She had lost her sails, her cape, her horse, her seven-league boots, and all of them at once. She was stranded in the semi-darkness of a winter evening.

25 Then, as if all her energy and warmth had been drawn inward for the first time, killing the external body, blurring the eyes, dulling the ears, thickening the palate and tongue, slowing the movements of the body, she felt intensely cold and shivered with the same tremor as leaves, feeling for the first time some withered leaves of her being detaching themselves from her body.

As she entered Mambo's Night Club she noticed new paintings on the walls and for a moment imagined herself back in Paris, seven years back, when she had first met Jay in Montparnasse. She recognized his paintings instantly.

30 It was now as before in Paris exhibits, all the methods of scientific splitting of the atom applied to the body, and to emotions. His figures exploded and constellated into fragments, like spilled puzzles, each piece having flown far enough away to seem irretrievable and yet not far enough to be dissociated. One could, with an effort of the imagination, reconstruct a human figure completely from these fragments kept from total annihilation in space by an invisible tension. By 35 one effort of contraction at the core they might still amalgamate to form the body of a woman.

* No change in Jay's painting, but a change in Sabina who understood for the first time what they meant. She could see at this moment on the wall *an exact portrait of herself as she felt inside*. Had he painted Sabina, or something happening to all of them as it was happening in chemistry, in science? They had found all the corrosive acids, all the disintegrations, all the alchemies of separateness.

40 But when the painter exposed what took place inside the body and emotions of man, they starved him, or gave him Fifth Avenue shop windows to do, where Paris La Nuit in the background allowed fashions to display hats and shoes and handbags and waists floating in mid-air, and waiting to be assembled on one complete woman.

45 She stood before the paintings and she now could see the very minute fragments of her acts which she had believed unimportant causing minute incisions, erosions of her personality. A small act, a kiss given at a party to a young man who benefited from his resemblance to a lost John, a hand abandoned in a taxi to a man not desired but because the other woman's hand had been claimed and Sabrina could not bear to have her hand lie unclaimed on her lap: it seemed an affront to her powers of seduction. A word of praise about a painting she had not 50 liked but uttered out of fear that the painter would say: "Oh, Sabina... Sabina doesn't understand painting."

55 All the small insincerities had seeped like invisible rivulets of acid and caused profound damages, the erosions had sent each fragment of Sabina rotating like separate pieces of colliding planets, into other spheres, yet not powerful enough to fly into space like a bird, not organic enough to become another life, to rotate on its own core.

Jay's painting was a dance of fragments to the rhythm of debris. It was also a portrait of the present Sabina.

And all her seeking of fire to weld these fragments together, seeking in the furnace of delight a welding of fragments into one total love, one total woman, had failed!

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Anaïs NIN. *A Spy in the House of Love*. 1954. Penguin Books. 1973. pp 97-100.

Concluded by [unclear]
Year: 2004

USD hosts a conference on "Art and the Fragmentation of Urban Space: Gated Communities, Global Links, Non-Places" on Friday and Saturday, November 5-6, 2004. The conference co-organizers are Dr. D. B. Smith, Artist and Clerk and Dr. Can Blizel, both in the department of art at USD. They describe the conference as follows:

5 "The globalization of the world's economy and culture is curiously coupled with a radical fragmentation and loss of autonomy of urban spaces. Most urban centers, since the 1980's, have been built in an historical and geographical vacuum, detached from the social, political, and national contexts of traditional cities—perhaps not unlike the detachment of the Post-Kandian concept of 'art' in a museum as an object of pure contemplation. The autonomous urban fragment is said to be 'agogeographic' (Gordon), hermatically sealed from its actual locality, often inaccessible to its immediate vicinity, and yet connected to a vast network of "non-places" (Augé), conspicuous in the uncanny repetition of identical malls, theme parks and airports across the world, its detachment from the traditional fabric of the city, and its ontological character is made manifest in its staging of "authenticity," often turning urban space into a tabula vivens. And, perhaps most importantly, the reduction of "urbanism" into a mere formal, semantic exercise that has disengaged architectural space from social space, severing the city from a genuine public realm. The "agora" where participatory democracy, rhetoric and market place had once intermingled, has left in its place hubs of global communication in a network of gated communities, leftover neighborhoods, commercial malls, and theme parks, isolated from their margins, and in the absence of traditional urban hierarchies, old cities are also connected into the network of non-places. The recent operations to re/design and rescue downtown (like Los Angeles's now notorious "Renaissance"), far from restoring civic place, resulted in further fragmentation, ruthless gentrification and re-segregation of the city."

15 "The conference "Art and the Fragmentation of Urban Space: Gated Communities, Global Links, Non-places" at the University of San Diego aims at exploring the manifold dimensions through which contemporary art and design relate to the fragmentation of urban landscapes. We seek to problematize the ideological commitments of "public artists", post-modern architects, and neo urbanists in creating and maintaining non-places; the uses and abuses of art and design in enforcing the social segregation of urban spaces; as well as questioning the possibility of art as a critical practice. We invite historical analyses, art criticism of art works that theorize the fragmentation of the city, and the paradox of the utopia of hyper-connectivity / unlimited communication and the dystopia of total control / security that has created the new urban landscape."


25 "The vast urban landscape of Southern California illustrates the growing distance between affluent gated communities and immigrant neighborhoods—so much so that the idea of a shared metropolis has arguably come to an end. New "cultural centers" like the Getty Center and Universal Studios (occupying respectively the "high" and "low" ends of the "culture industry") actively negate the traditional role of civic centers in urban integration. Los Angeles's Bunker Hill presents a sad example of how the autonomy and segregation of the urban fragment is endorsed with perpetual urban warfare. San Diego, on the other hand, which gave the world Horton Plaza and Qualcomm Stadium in the recent past, is getting ready for Petco Ballpark in the midst of its East Village. The conference will be an invaluable opportunity to bring renowned artists, architects, art historians and cultural anthropologists across the world together with scholars, artists and community leaders in San Diego. We shall solicit the interest and contributions of a number of institutions in San Diego and Southern California, with the hope of reaching out to a larger public. International and comparative analyses will be especially welcome."

Conference at USD: "Art and the Fragmentation of Urban Space: Gated Communities, Global Links, Non-Places"

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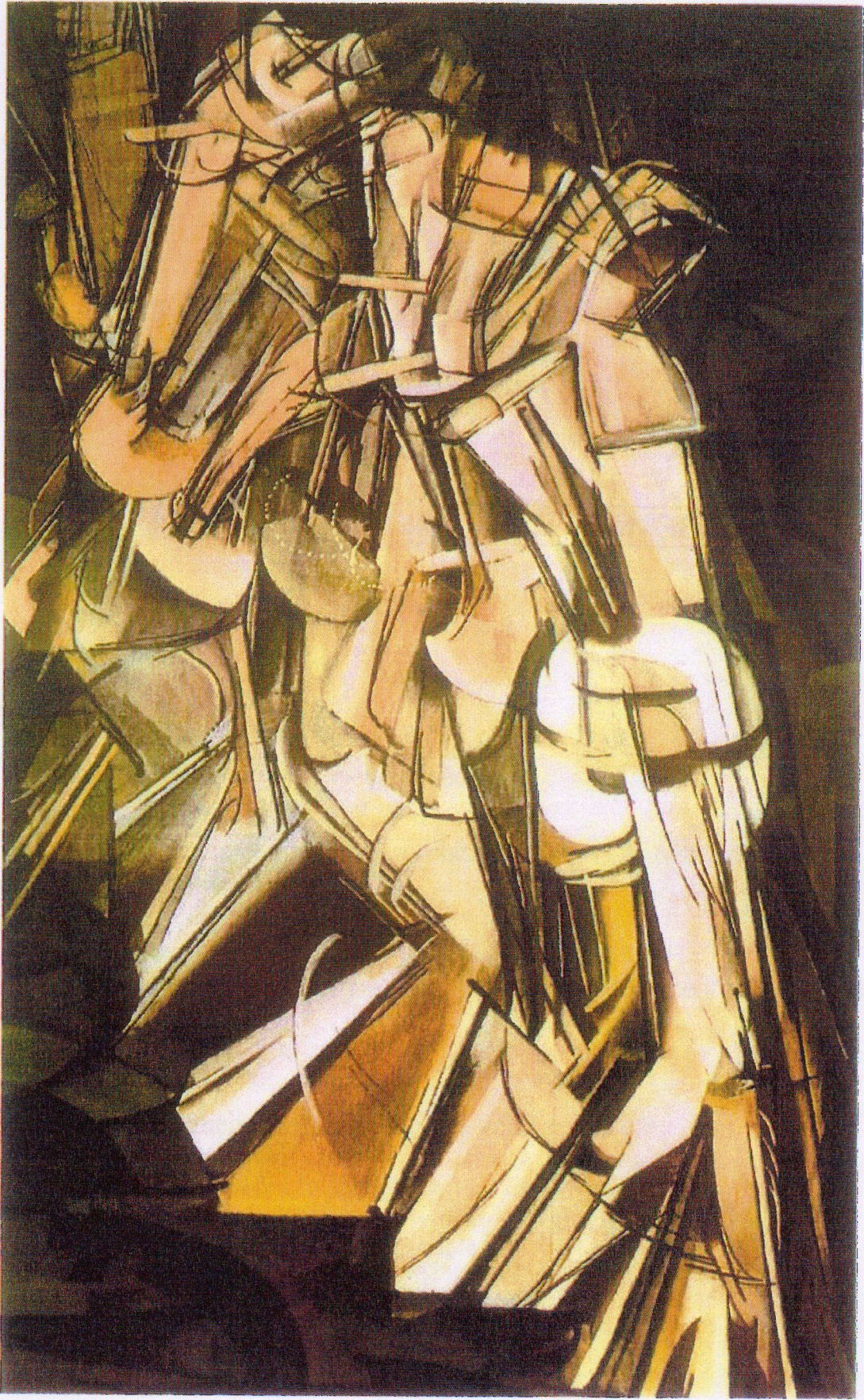
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Document C



Marcel DUCHAMP, Nude Descending a Staircase, N°2, 1912, Oil on canvas, 146 x 89 cm, Philadelphia Museum of Art.