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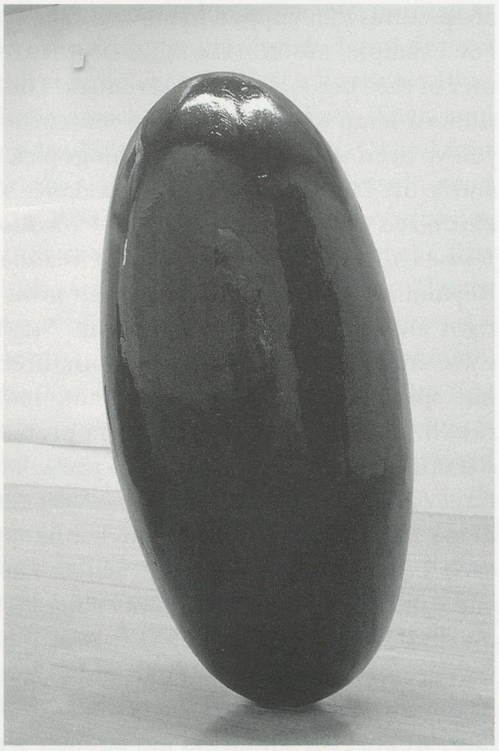
FRANCIS McKEE

BEYOND WORDS



A new series of works by Fiona Banner appears, at first, to signal a rupturing of her earlier practice. *Parade* (2004) is a large group of model fighter planes suspended from the gallery ceiling; each represents a real fighter plane in commission somewhere in the world. There is also a work with words—a large, square sheet of paper, on which airplane nicknames are handwritten in a rough manner. The other accompanying works in *Parade* include multiple, real, life-size sections of a Harrier jet fighter: its wing (WING, 2004), nose cone (NOSE, 2004), tail fin (TAIL, 2004), and Perspex cockpit canopy (EYE, 2004).

For the most part, these works are mute. The model airplanes remain unpainted and, in a sense, naked. Detailed markings, such as roundels, chevrons, and fin flashes, have not been added. The larger pieces, taken from real jets, have been left untouched as well—their weathered metal, blank.

The absence of intense color places all of the emphasis on the objects' form. The tail fin, which has been positioned on the gallery floor, takes on a sculptural presence—it is minimal, tough, and beautiful. Hanging from the ceiling, the swarm of model planes appears to dive, bank, climb, tilt, and swoop, while standing perfectly still. The stripped shells' surfaces are austere and anti-cosmetic; with such focus on their sleek line and form, it is hard to deny that these machines are incredibly sexy. They've been designed and engineered with the same knowingness as automobiles, combining speed, power, and physical attraction into a concise visual statement. A fighter plane's beauty, however, is inextricably linked to its basic function as a tool for destruction, and the awesome firepower of the modern fighter, with its incredible ability to manoeuvre at high altitudes, evokes the sublime in a way matched by few other things. Banner has touched on this idea in earlier works as well, such as TOP GUN (1994) and THE NAM (1997), both of which she once described as transcendent scenes where high technology merges with the natural landscape:

You hear the chopper's blades wpwpwp gently but you can't see it. You can't see anything but the green jungle floating beneath. Then from down below a light shines in

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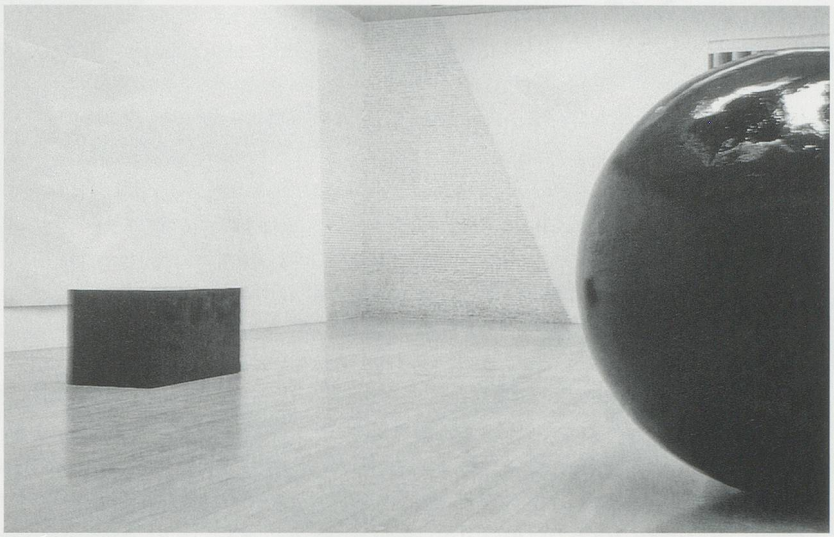
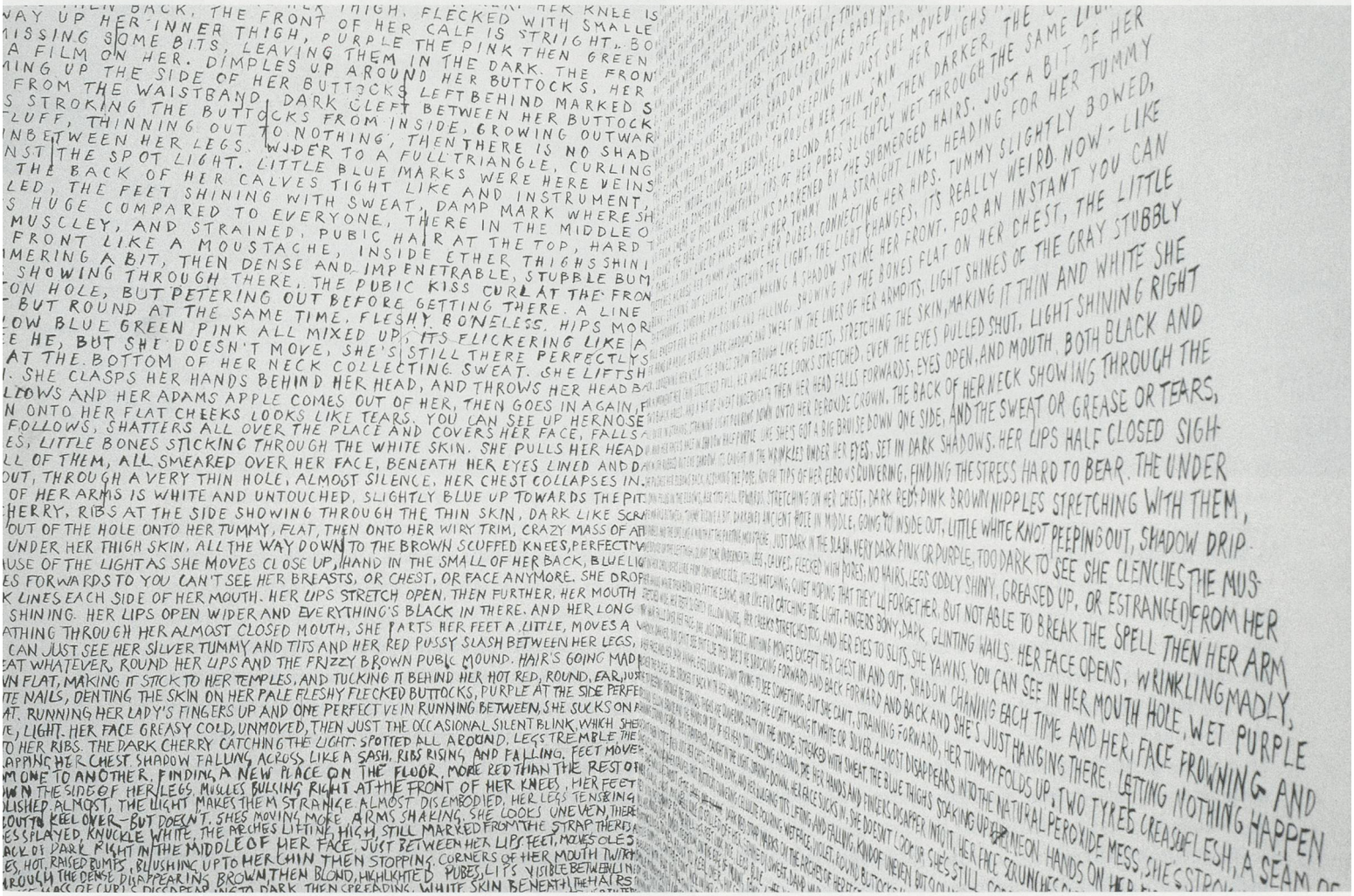
FIONA BANNER, FULL STOP SCULPTURES, 2002, installation views, Tate Britain: SLIPSTREAM, bronze and car paint (left); FALLEN AVANT GARDE, NUDE, AND COURIER (right); NUDE, indian ink on wall, detail (below) / Aus der Serie SCHLUSSPUNKT: WIND-SCHATTEN, Bronze und Autolack (links); GEFALLENE AVANTGARDE, AKT und KURIER (rechts); AKT, Tusche auf Wand, Ausschnitt (unten).





FIONA BANNER, PARADE, 2004, assembled kit model planes, nylon thread, detail / diverse Modellbauflugzeuge, Nylonfaden, Ausschnitt.

and makes everything hazy. Hexagons of sunlight pass across the screen. Trees seen from below fringe in at the side, moving slowly along. Light comes through in shards, and the top of the trees look miles away. You can hear the sound of a stream, frothing white in the middle, spindling through the mammoth trees. Everything else is damp green, and murky.[1)]

Here, Banner refers to a strange moment where stillness is found in the midst of wild movement. Similarly, the tableau of model planes in *Parade* functions as a photographic still, calling to mind Susan Stewart's comment that "the reduction in scale which the miniature presents skews the time and space relations of the everyday life-world, and as an object consumed, the miniature finds its 'use value' transformed into the infinite time of reverie."[2)]

Banner's new work reveals connections to earlier pieces in other ways too. The unadorned objects

bear some relation to the rough plaster finish of CONCRETE POETRY (2002); and an even more complex link can be made to her raw, handwritten account of APOCALYPSE NOW (1997), and to her later series, *Arsewoman in Wonderland* (2001). The most obvious link is that the model aircraft are "homemade," a word Banner uses to describe her original Tiffany Mynx film called *Asswoman in Wonderland*. The *Arsewoman* series turned a pornographic image into words, giving a detailed account of the film's action in the artist's own words, clarifying what Michael Archer has described as "the unbreakable link between bodily existence and the language by means of which we vainly and unceasingly attempt to infuse it with significance."[3] In parallel works which were made at this time, such as FOREVER AND EVER (2002), Banner also grapples with the slippery inexactness of our vocabularies. In this work, she uses an immense field of punctuation marks to describe a story from which the words have been removed; FOREVER documents a breakdown, or crisis, in language.

Banner's new work simply gives us objects instead of words; the objects evoke a visceral and physical response through their lines and form. Fighter planes, like many modern weapons, are fetishized; in military magazines there is normally a centerfold image of a jet, a feature which echoes the layout of pornography publications. Such images of aircraft are viewed with an awareness of their destructive capabilities, providing, like pornography, an almost guilty, erotic pleasure.

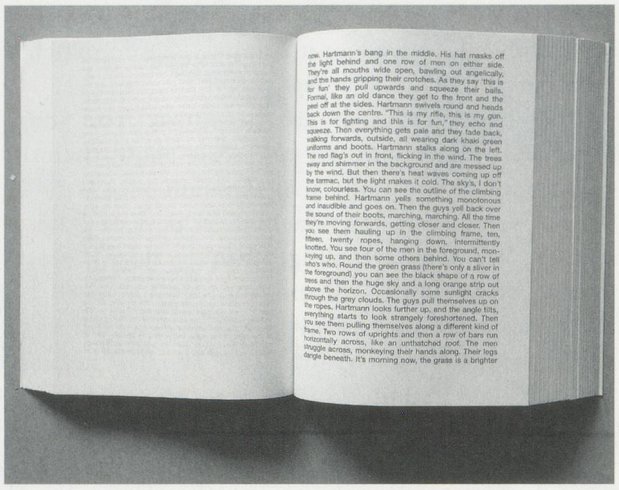
Seemingly beyond words, Banner's objects constitute their own language. It is tempting to view the tail fin and nose cone in the gallery as a form of punctuation. Like Banner's earlier *Full Stops*, both sets of works demand that we address a crisis in communication on a physical level. It may be even more compelling to construct a Lacanian approach to analyzing these works, and to see them as things in themselves—beyond the shifting world of signifiers (especially in the case of EYE). But the works have their own complex inner dynamics. While some of the airplane parts are found objects, others have been cast; as Banner's hand-written guide to viewing the work points back towards "signifying language," it reminds us that the models are themselves "signifiers" of the larger planes. At the same time, her guide is so densely rendered that it is impossible to match a name to a model.

Appearances though are deceptive. The wing, nose, and tail fin have an epic scale about them in comparison to the models. As Vietnam pilot Mark E. Berent points out, the machine is designed for a snug fit; "We don't actually get into the thing," he explains, "we put it on." (Banner's titles for these works make this same point.)[4] While the larger airplane parts spawn heroic narratives, the kit-sized helicopters and fighters lose none of their fecundity. Such model airplanes, after all, were designed as props for a child's daydreams of imagined battles taking place in the high altitude of his/her bedroom ceiling.

Banner's delicate, hand-written guide to viewing the aircraft also points to, and questions, the macho nature of these machines by such fictional names as Superstallion, Havoc, Tiger, Persuader, Cobra, Haze, Hormone, Hokum, Gazelle, Bronco, Lancer, Tornado, and Fagot. She seems to pump testosterone through each one in a way which brings to mind Carole Cohn's 1980s study of subliminal sexual imagery found in the language of nuclear weaponry. In this study, Cohn argued that, while there was a thrill in learning this coded language, what was more important was one's "sense of control," and "feeling of mastery over technology."[5]

Despite its innate muteness, contemporary weaponry seems to breed myths, images, languages, and narratives. Fighter aircraft are known to have spawned other names as well, such as bumblebees, nightmares, tomcats, bulldogs, jaguars, bats, hawks, black sheep, black hawks, panthers, marlins, cheetahs, and vampires. The association with animals is ubiquitous, acknowledging the bestial dimensions of war, and claiming the most extreme attributes of each creature. Behind Banner's new works, there is the formidable energy of nature to metamorphosize planes into hurricanes, helicopters into hawks, and jet sections into limbs.

All of this turbulent power is then stripped and crushed into the confines of a gallery space. The Harrier wing and tail fin could inspire visions of high altitude dogfights, explosive velocity, and unbridled kinetics beyond the reach of the human senses, but



now. Hartmann's bang in the middle. His hat masks off the light behind and one row of men on either side. They're all mouths wide open, bawling out angelically, and the hands gripping their crotches. As they say "this is for fun" they pull upwards and squeeze their balls. Formal, like an old dance they get to the front and the peel off at the sides. Hartmann swivels round and hauls back down the centre. "This is my rifle, this is my gun. This is for fighting and this is for fun," they echo and squeeze. Then everything gets pale and they fade back, walking forwards, outside, all wearing dark khaki green uniforms and boots. Hartmann stalks along on the left. The red flag's out in front, flicking in the wind. The trees sway and shimmer in the background and are meshed up by the wind. But then there's heat waves coming up off the tarmac, but the light makes it cold. The sky's, I don't know, colourless. You can see the outline of the climbing frame behind. Hartmann yells something monotonous and inaudible and goes on. Then the guys yell back over the sound of their boots, marching, marching. All the time they're moving forwards, getting closer and closer. Then you see them hauling up in the climbing frame, ten, fifteen, twenty ropes, hanging down, intermittently knotted. You see four of the men in the foreground, monkeying up, and then some others behind. You can't tell who's who. Round the green grass (there's only a sliver in the foreground) you can see the black shape of a row of trees and then the huge sky and a long orange strip out above the horizon. Occasionally some sunlight cracks through the grey clouds. The guys pull themselves up on the ropes. Hartmann looks further up, and the angle tilts, everything starts to look strangely foreshortened. Then you see them pulling themselves along a different kind of frame. Two rows of uprights and then a row of bars run horizontally across, like an unthatched roof. The men struggle across, monkeying their hands along. Their legs dangle beneath. It's morning now, the grass is a brighter

FIONA BANNER, THE NAM, 1997,
1000-page artist's paperback /
1000-seitiges Künstlerbuch.

FIONA BANNER, BLACK HAWK DOWN, 2004,
pencil on paper, detail, 67 x 39 3/8" /
Bleistift auf Papier, Ausschnitt, 170 x 100 cm.

instead, ruthlessly dismembered, they lie tamed and aestheticized within walls, mocked by the nearby models that reconfigure their violence in the terms of solitary hobbyists and daydreamers. This act of being humbled explains the queasy sense of pleasure that *Parade* delivers. It reminds us of our sometimes unspeakable fascination with images of war and destruction served up by the media and catered to by multitudes of movies, toys, and videogames. To the hobbyist, the lonely, obsessive hours of model-making and the isolated study time of pornography both draw on the primal human need to construct vicarious, unattainable fantasies.

Deeper still, there exists the disturbing thought that the world of raw objects and actions always evades precise expression. *Parade*, if it is to be seen as an A–Z manual of fighter aircraft, is an alphabet at war with itself. Both menacing and fragile, these objects do not connect or collide, but remain separate and still. It is a language unmade, a series of indecipherable, tantalising hieroglyphs on the verge of making sense. Charting Banner's engagement with fighter aircraft—from TOP GUN, through the Vietnam movies, to these more recent works—one finds a clear trajectory. On one level, all of these artefacts mythologize battle, but while TOP GUN reflects the confidence of a resurgent U.S. Air Force in the eighties (associated with movies such as *Apocalypse Now*, 1979), its focus is clearly on the trauma of defeat; one of its most telling images is of a downed American fighter plane rotting in the jungle at the edge of the Mekong River. Over twenty years later, the opening scenes of *Black Hawk Down* (2001) revel in the dizzying glory of state-of-the-art military technology before crashing back down to earth through the image of a fallen helicopter in Mogadishu. Both films dwell on the impossible defeat of a highly sophisticated, technological empire at the hands of lightly equipped Third World soldiers.

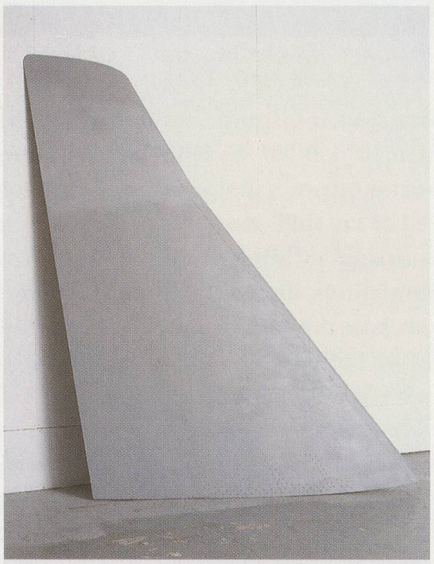
Banner's fragments of a Harrier jet go further than the wreckage depicted in these films. Her amputated sections of aircraft sit and lean against the gallery wall like classical ruins, denoting, in their fatality, the collapse of an empire of signs. As much as any mere military defeat, it is the impossibility of communication that is being mourned, and as grand tourists, we enjoy the shiver of fear and find ourselves oddly at home in the debris.

1) Fiona Banner, *The Nam* (London: Frith Street Books, 1997).
2) Susan Stewart, *On Longing: Narratives of the Miniature, the Gigantic, the Souvenir, the Collection* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1984), p. 65.
3) Michael Archer, "Your Plinth Is My Lap" in *Banner: Your Plinth Is My Lap,* ex. cat., Katrina M. Brown, Susanne Titz, eds., Neuer Aachener Kunstverein/Dundee Contemporary Arts/Revolver, 2002, pp. 57–66, quote from p. 62.
4) Jon E. Lewis, *The Mammoth Book of Fighter Pilots: Eyewitness Accounts of Air Combat from the Red Baron to Today's Top Gun* (London: Constable & Robinson, 2002), p. 450.
5) Carol Cohn, "Slick 'ems, Glick 'ems, Christmas Trees, and Cookie Cutters: Nuclear Language and How We Learned to Pat the Bomb," *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists,* 43:5 (June 1987), pp. 17–24.

g, FANTASTIC, FROM SOME WHERE ELSE." "ONLY THE DEAD HAVE SEEN THE END OF WAR - PLATO" I GUESS THAT'S RIGHT. BIG LETTERS WHITE, BL
THROUGH SHEER BLACK SCREEN. FOOTPRITS, ONLY JUST IN THE SAND. VERY SLOWLY MOVING OVER TO A SACK. SOMETHING IN IT SLOW
S A BODY, WRAPPED UP LIKE A BAG OF RICE, LONG, STICK LIKE - DEAD, DUSTY BLACK BACK OF A MAN LEANING OVER WRAPPING
LY CHEWED FACE IN A RANCID PIECE OF MUSLIN, TRICKLE OF SWEAT RUNNING DOWN HIS SPINE. THE SINGING CONTINES SLOW
LING HAPPENS SLOWLY. A CLEAR SINGLE TEAR OF SWEAT ALONG HIS SPINE, SHINING ON THE DARK, MATT, DUSTY SLOW SKIN. G
MAKE BLOW INFRONT, STRETCHED OUT IN THE WIND. HES PALE THEN HES GONE BITS OF TWIG STICK UP OUT OF SAND. THE CORPSE'S
ACK OF A TRUCK. JUST HIS FEET STICKING OUT OF ~~HIS~~ ITS SACK, CLOTH ON HIS FACE SUCKED TO HIM LIKE A MASK. HES SITTING UPRIGHT LIKE THE
HE TRUCKS ROARING TOWARDS THE FRONT, DUST BLAREING UP FROM ITS WHEELS, UNTIL ITS DRIVING IN ITS OWN CLOUD, NOT GETT
OSER THEN BURNING THROUGH THE BLACK," YEARS OF WARFARE AMONG'ST RIVAL CLANS CAUSE ~~WAR~~ FAMINE ON A BIBLICAL SCALE
ED CROSS FLAG FLAPPING IN THE DUSK, MOVES THROUGH A CAMP. ALL STRUNG OUT TENTS, GUYS HANGING AROUND, DUST. AGAIN IN LETTERS
ARRAH AIDID, THE MOST POWERFUL OF THE WARLORDS, RULES THE CAPITAL OF MOGADISHU" THE CORPSE, RIGORMORTIZED IS LIFTED OFF THE TRU
OVEMENTS OF THE TWO FACELESS BEARERS LUGGING HIM OFF THE BACK, LETTERS INFRONT OF IT ALL" HE SIEZES INTERNATIONAL FOOD SHIPMENT
RTS. HUNGER IS HIS WEAPON - THE WORLD RESPONDS, BEHIND A FORCE OF 20,000 U.S. MARINES, FOOD IS DELIVERED AND ORDER RESTORE
EAD, OR NEARLY DEAD, LIES IN THE FOREGROUND, OTHER HUGE EYED VIRTUAL CORPSES STARE OUT THE FRONT. EVERYTHING DEAD BUT TH
HIVES OF THEIR EYES. HE SEIZES INTERNATIONAL FOOD SHIPMENTS AT THE PORTS. HUNGER IS HIS WEAPON. LIGHT DAPPLES THE LENSE, MAKIN
ES OF FLARE." AIDID WAITS UNTIL THE MARINES WITHDRAW, THEN DECLARES WAR ON THE REMAINING U.N. PEACEKEEPERS. SKIN SUKKERS THE
NAKED MAN LYING ACROSS THE FRONT. ALL'S BLUE AND DUSTY. "IN JUNE AIDID'S MILITIA AMBUSH AND SLAUGHTER 24 PAKISTANI SOLDURES, A
RGETING AMERICAN PERSONEL." EMACIATED BLACK FIGURES WALK THROUGH THE GUSTS OF DUST. "IN LATE AUGUST, AMERICA'S ELITE SOLDIERS, DEL
ZMY RANGERS AND THE 160th SOAR ARE SENT TO MOGADISHU TO REMOVE AIDID + RESTORE ORDER. THE LANDSCAPES WRECKED AND DERELICT "THE MISS
RE THREE WEEKS, BUT SIX WEEKS LATER WASHINGTON WAS GROWING IMPATIENT. THE SLOW HEARTBEAT OF HELICOPTER BLADES IN THE DIST
RDS EXPLODE UP FROM BEHIND THE JAGGED SKYSCRAPER SKYLINE, A BLACKHAWK COPTER SAILS OVER THE TOP, BLADES INVISIBLE THEYRE BEATING S
SERT STRETCHING BEYOND. PEOPLE SCATTER THROUGH THE DERELICT CITY, BUILDINGS TORN TO THE GROUND, SAND, AND PILES OF WRECKAGE, O
IT, BUT FOR THE LOST, WANDERING, THEN FRANTIC CROWD, SCATTERING AS A CHARGED TRUCK TEARS THROUGH. THROUGH THE GAPING SIDE O
COPTER. THE LOOK TINY, FRANTIC, EVERYTHINGS IN SLO-MO, DEAFEND BY THE POISIONOUS BLADES. CHOPPING CHOPPING CHOPPIN
DETTED AGAINST THE WHOLE GOD-AWFUL SCENE. THE SIDE OF THE GUNNERS HELMIT BREAKING THE PERTECT RECTANGLE OF THE CO
W. SMOKE OR IS IT DUST, RISING UP FROM THE PILES OF WRECKAGE. THE CROWD GOING MAD, SURGING AT THE TRUCK, A HUNDRED ARMS
THE BAGS OF GRAIN. SHOTING, YELLING, SCREAMING, AND ALL THE TIME THE COPTER BLADES BATTING MADLY. ANOTHER TRUCK COMES IN FROM THE L
G OVER THE HILLOCKS AND DEBRIS, HUGE GUN WIELDING AT THE FRONT, SEVERAL GUYS PILED ON THE BACK. EVERYONE THAT WHO CAN'S GRABBING A
AIN, LUGGING THEM AWAY FROM THE TRUCK. THE GUY IN THE COPTER SPOTS THEM, "THERE, TECHNICALS NINE O'CLOCK." HE SCREAMS INTO HIS MOUTH
ALLY MAD DOWN THERE, EVERYONE JOSTLING FOR THE FOOD, AND BEING BEATEN OFF BY THE THUGS WITH STICKS AND RIFLE BUTTS. THEN IT GOES MA
HUGE A MACHINEGUN EXPLODES, BAM, BAM, BAM, HUGE DULL SOUND, EVERYONE FLAYING AROUND, HANGING ONTO EACHOTHER JERKING LIKE CRAZY. BI
ERY INNARDS SPLAT UPWARDS, DARK, SHIVERING INNARDS EXPLODING. THE BULLETS STILL EXPLODING, SPITTING OUT OF THE SIDE OF THE MACHIN
AK, WHAK. FLASHES OF ORANGE FROM THE END OF THE GUNS. MORE RED, EXPLODING THROUGH THE AIR, SPRAYING ALL AROUND, SHARDS OF PINK BLOOD EXPLOD
S. THE COPTERS STILL HOVVERING CLOSE BY THE GUYS LEANING OUT THE SIDE AGAIN, MOUTH GAPING WIDE. "OH SHIT DID YOU SEE THAT" HE ROARS, SOMEOWE ELSE
R MIKE. "CHIEF WEVE GOT UNARMED CIVILIANS GETTING SHOT DOWN HERE AT NINE O'CLOCK" THE DUSTY, BLOODY MAYHEM CONTINUES BENEATH. BLADES
Y IN THE OTHER COPTER SAYS' I GOT IT MAT, I DONT THINK WE CAN TOUCH THIS," JUST AUDIBLE OVER THE SOUND OF THE COPTER BLADES. DOWN BELOW THE SILLOETTE
KING INTO A MEGAPHONE, STRANGE FORM TRUMPETING FROM HIS FACE. THE WARPED AMPLIFYED VOICE SOUNDS "THIS FOOD IS THE PROPERTY OF - GO
OMES" THE SUN GLINTING OFF HIS SUNGLASSES, SWEAT SHINING ON HIS BLACK FACE. THE CROWD SCRAMBLES, THINNING FROM THE OUTSIDE, SCATTING OVER THE D
CCUMALITIVE YELL' CLOUDS OF SMOKE GHOST INFRONT OF IT ALL, A FEW TINY CORPSES LEFT YOKING BLOOD ON THE GROUND. THE CLOUDS OF SMOCK THICKEN
OPTER BLADES GETS LOUDER. JUST AUDIBLE OVER ALL THAT THE GUY IN THE COPTER SAYS "... WE GOT MILITIA SHOOTING CIVILIANS AT THE FOOD DISTRIBUTION CENTER. R
SSION TO ENGAGE... OVER" THE WEIRD "VOICE" COMES BACK "SUPER 64, ARE YOU TAKING FIRE? OVER." IT COMES BACK, "UNS JURISDICTION, 64. WE CAN NOT INTERVINE,
E OVER". "NEGATIVE COMMANO". "ROGER" "64 RETURNING" YOU SEE THE COPTER PULLING OFF WAY UP IN THE SKY, SPINNING BLACK BIRD AGAINST A BLUE C
THEN THE CLENCHED DEFIANT FIST OF THE WARLORD BENEATH, AND THE MEGAPHONE TRUMPETING, THEN THE SKY DISAPPEARS AND THE GUY BELOW FILLS THE SC
SKYS JUST A RIM OF BLUE AROUND HIS CARKELING SHILOETTE. THE SOUND OF THE COPTER DISSAPPEARING, BLACK DOT SWALLOWED UP BY THE BLUE. THEN THE CITY BELOW
WN LEGO, ENDLESS ROOFS, DOING NOTHING, A JEEP ROARS ALONG THE DUSTY ROAD, BIG CLOUDS OF SMOKEY ROAD FLAREING UP BEHIND. MOTORBIKES, PEOPLE, OTHER CARS CLO
ROAD, NOISE, ENGINES, SHOUTING, ALL THAT STUFF. THE PICTURE SLOWLY DIALATES. FURTHER IN THE CROWD, JUST A PATCHWORK OF PEOPLE MOVING, THERES A GUY WAT
THE SCENE REFLECTED IN HIS DARK WRARAROUND GLASSES. HE SITS QUIETLY OBSERVING THE CROWD. PEOPLE CRISS-CROSS THE FOREGROUND, SOME MAKING EYE CONTACT
ER, CANT REALLY TELL WHO IT IS HE'S WATCHING, HES JUST SITTING THERE STARING THROUGH INVISIBLE EYES. THE WHOLE SCENE REFLECTED SMALL IN HIS DARK GLA
E BUSSLES AGRESSIVELY ON, UNSEEING. RIFLES SLUNG OVER SHOULDERS, CLUTCHED AT GROIN HEIGHT, CHECKED SHIRTS, STRIPED SHIRTS - T-SHIRTS, BARE BLACK SKIN.
CING BLACK FACES, EYES LIKE STONES. EVERYWHERE. HE TAKES A SWIG FROM A GLASS, AND STANDS, DRIFTING SELFCONCIOUSLY INTO THE MAN CROWD. THERES A STALL
AND AMMO - SOMEONE COMES ALONG AND FIRES A BARRAGE INTO THE SKY. NOBODY FLINCHES, JUST CARRIES ON. HIS GAZE FOLLOWS A GUY, BLACK, SHINY FACED, AS HE GOES UP TO THE
RS TO SOMEONE. DARK, CLOSE-UP - IT'S A MOMENT, BUT YOU CANT HEAR WHAT HES SAYING, THE CROWD JOSTLES AROUND. HE GOES OVER TO A GUY READING USA TODAY HEADD HID
SPAPER. HE FLICKS THE PAPER OVER AND STARES OUT AHEAD. THE GUY CHEWS NONCHENENTLY ON SOMETHING. THE GUY APPROACHES, TAKES OFF HIS SHADES AS HE ENTERS THE
UP TO THE DESK, SAYING "HES WAITING". NO MORE. THE GUY SITTING DOWN, GRUNTS, RAISES A FINGER, DROPS THE NEWSPAPER AND FOLLOWS HIM OUT OF THE DARK. THE SAME BLO
DE LOOKING ON, AS THE TWO PILE INTO A JEEP HE TILTS HIS HEAD AND SAYS "THEYRE COMING" INTO HIS ~~A~~ COLLAR - A HIDDEN MIKE. THE SUN GLINTS PURPLE AND PINK OF
DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM, A PLUME OF CIGAR SMOKE SHOT OUT AS THE ENGINE RUMBLES AND THE JEEP SETS OFF. A HEAVY BEAT, ALMOST REGGAE OVER THE LANDSCAP
K ROARS THROUGH ITS OWN DUST, A CONVOY OF THEM, SUN GLARES DOWN THROUGH THE DUST MAKING A TUNNEL OF YELLOW. THEY DRIVE CRAZILY ALONG THE DUST
BILLOWS OF SAND AND SHIT BLAREING UP BEHIND THEM. THREE TRUCKS... THEN THE SOUND OF COPTER BLADES BEATING ALL AROUND, GETTING LOUDER. A BLACK-HAWK COME
DE, CLOSE TO THE TRUCK, CLOSE TO THE GROUND, ALMOST LANDING, SKUDDING THE SURFACE. THE GUY INFRONT, ON HIS MOBILE COOKS OUT TO THE SIDE AND SEES THE HELICO
KEEP DRIVING!" AND CARRIES ON TALKING INTO THE PHONE. SOMEONE, NONE OF THE COPTERS TAKES AIM, SWINGING THE VAST FIXED GUN ON ITS PIVOT, AND FIRES AT THE RO
ROCK, SPLAT! THE TANK EXPLODES BLACK PETROL ONTO THE WINDSCREEN SHATTERING THE IMAGE OF HIS FACE BEHIND. THE COPTER BEARS DOWN INFRONT, THE HUGE POD-FUSELAG
ENTIRE WINDSCREEN FORCING THE TRUCK STILL, THE SOUND DEAFENING. ONE OF THE GUYS FROM THE BLACKHAWKS ON THE SAND, CHEST SASHED WITH GUN, WRAPPING ON
THE JEEP. THE PASSANGER SAYS' IM GOING TO BE LATE!" INTO HIS MOUTHPIECE, AS IF IT'S NO BIG DEAL AND SUCKS ON HIS CIGAR. THE COPTER BLADES STILL BEATING MADLY ON
OF THE WINDOW. INSIDE, DINGY, SUNLIGHT ON THE TABLE, A PAIR OF SUNGLASSES LYING THER, SLOWSCAN ACROSS THE EMPTY SUN-DAPPLED SURFACE. A HAND OUTSTRETCHED, CIGA
EEN FOREFINGERS. NOTHING HAPPENING, SLOWLY. HE TILTS HIS HEAD, THE SUNLIGHT SHIFTS ON HIS WIDE BLACK SWEATING NECK. SOMEONE WALKS INTO THE ROOM, NOW THE
K SHADES, HE APPROACHES THE DESK - DOOR SLAMS TINNILY ~~IN BACKGROUND~~ BEHIND. BLUE LIGHT SHAFTS IN FROM THE WINDOW. HE GOES OVER TO THE TABLE, GLASSES
S. THE BLACK GUY SITTING SAYS, "GENERAL GARRISON?" OFFERING HIM A BIG FAT CIGAR FROM A CASE. "OH NO THANKS I GOT ONE" ANSWERS THE AMERICAN, SUCKING ON HIS OWN. "BUT THESE
R BELICOSO." HE'S MICKS BACK, "SOS THIS", GESTURING WITH HIS CIGAR. "MIAMI, MY FRIEND IS NOT CUBA". HE SMILES AND LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW, SUN SQUINTING INTO HIS FACE. THE
UP HIS CIGAR, SUCKING ON IT TO MAKE HUGE FLAMES, UNTIL HES SITTING THERE IN A BILLOW OF SMOKE. HE SAYS IN HIS LOW BILLOWY VOICE "I SEE NOT CATCHING AIDID IS BE COMING A ROUTINE. THE
RES HATEFULLY BACK AT HIM, FACE LINED WITH SWEAT. EYES JUST VISIBLE THROUGH THOSE SHADES. "WE WERENT TRYING TO CATCH AIDID WE WERE TRYING TO CATCH THE G
FFS "ME" BUT AM I THAT IMPORTANT! IM JUST A BUSINESS MAN... TRYING TO MAKE A LIVING" HE LAUGHS, BUT IT'S NOT A REAL LAUGH. THE OTHER GUY LEANS FORWARD, ACCUSES, "YEA SELLING G
LITIA." THE BIG BLACK FACE SUCKS ON THE CIGAR, PLUMES OF SMOKE OBSCURE HIS FACE, "YOUVE BEEN HERE HOWLONG... SIX WEEKS?" "SIX WEEKS YOU ARE TRYING TO CATCH THE G
T UP REWARD POSTERS... 25,000,000 DOLLARS. WHAT IS THIS - A GUNFIGHT AT THE ~~OK~~ CORRAL?" HES LOOKING ACROSS THE ROOM, THROUGH THE HAZE OF CIGAR SMOKE. A DEAD A
. "TIS THE OK KORRAL!" THE GUY LAUGHS. THE OTHER GUY DEAD SERIOUS "DO YOU THINK BRINGING ME IN WILL MAKE HIM SUDDENLY COME TO YOU?" "MAKE HIM MORE AGREEABL
H, THE OTHER GUY ACCUSES, "YOU PAY FOR HIS BEDS, NOT TO MENTION HIS MILITIA" HE GAZES OUT OF THE WINDOW AND REPLIE CONTINUES, "WERE NOT LEAVING SOMALIA UNTIL WE FIND H
ILL FIND HIM..." THE OTHER GUY REPLIES, FURIOUS, "DONT THINK MAKE THE MISTAKE OF THINKING THAT BECAUSE I GREW UP WITHOUT RUNNING WATER THAT I AM SIMPLE
KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT HISTORY... SEE ALL THIS. ITS SIMPLY SHAPING TOMORROW... A TOMORROW WITHOUT A LOT OF ARKINSAS WHITE BOYS IDEAS IN IT." THE OTHER GUY SMILE
SAYING, "WELL I WOULDNT KNOW THAT..." "IM FROM TEXAS..." HE LOOKS BACK, HIS CIGAR LIKE A SIXTH FINGER. "MR GARRISON - YOU SHOULDNT HAVE COME HERE... THIS IS CIVIL WAR... TH
LIGHT SHINING ON HIS SWEATY BLOATED FACE, EYES BLOODSHOT BUT WHITE AS ANYTHING BEAMING OUT OF HIS FACE. EVERYTHINGS STILL BUT FOR THE SMOKE PLUMEING F
ENS CIGARS. THE OTHER GUY FURIOUSLY RIPSOFF HIS GLASSES, SQUINTING THROUGH THE SUN, HE LEANS FORWARD THE WORDS PIERCING, "300,000 DEAD THATS NOT WAR THATS SE
OS UP, PUSHING BACK HIS CHAIR, "NO YOU ENJOY THAT TEA YU HEAR" HE STANDS AND WALKS OUT, LEAVING THE GUY SITTING THERE SUCKING ON HIS CIGAR IN THE HALF
CKS INTO A BLUE ROOM, DOOR CLANKING BEHIND HIM, HE SAYS WITHOUT LOOKING UP OR STOPPING "HOW'R THE STRIKE TEAM?" THE ANSWERS COMES "URDANE, CORPORALITE, CO
NG ALONG TOGETHER NOW THE TWO GUYS. HE TURNS AND SAYS, MAKING EYE CONTACT FOR THE FIRST TIME "IT'LL TAKE SOME TIME, BUT AIDID WILL FEEL THE LOSS" THE OTHER GUY LOOKS DOWN, THEN BACK
ENS WE'VE GOT IN GREAT SOPPLY. THE GUYS TURNS HIM STRAIGHT BACK... "THIS ISNT IDAHO, YOU KNOW. MUCH MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT." "THEYVE BEEN CALLING FOR THESE DAMN SITUATION REA
SOMETHING WE'VE GOT IN GREAT SOPPLY. THE GUYS TURNS HIM STRAIGHT BACK... "JUST THE BACK OF THEIR HEADS AS THEY GO DOWN THE CORRIDOR..." "THEYVE BEEN CALLING FOR THESE DAMN SITUATION REA
OFF. "BOSS, I MSURE MOST OF WASHINGTON MIGHT DISAGREE..." "WELL TELL THEM THE SITUATIONS.... FRAGILE. THE BRIGHT WHITE/BLUE LIGHT BEHIND THROWING HIM INTO SHILOETTE. HE PUSH
NG THIS WEEK" THE OTHER GUY TURNS, PUTS ON HIS GLASSES AND SAYS, "... WELL TELL THEM THE SITUATIONS.... FRAGILE. THE BRIGHT WHITE/BLUE LIGHT BEHIND THROWING HIM INTO SHILOETTE. HE PUSH
NO THE NOISE COMES IN, HIS BACK TO THE BRIGHT LIGHT, HELICOPTER BLADES SWELLING UP TO A FEVER PITCH, A TRUCK MOVING OFF BEHIND "MOGADISHU AIRPORT U.S. ARMY H.Q." A LONG SHOT OF THE
TALKING OFF AND LANDING. COPTER BLADES LOW IN THE FOREGROUND. TROOPS RUNNING TOWARDS THE DARK FUSELAGE, LIGHT FROM THE COCKPIT SHINING ON THEIR SWEATING FACES. THE INTERCOM AGAIN, "FEDERAL REC
INTERCOM THE COPTER BLADES WHIRR TO A PITCH AS THE CLIMB INTO THE DARK FUSELAGE, LIGHT FROM THE COCKPIT SHINING ON THEIR SWEATING FACES. THE INTERCOM AGAIN, "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MY NAME IS CHRIS ELIS WALCOTT... I'LL BE YOUR PILOT TODAY... THE
THE WEIGHT OF THEIR KIT SIT AT THE EDGES, MUSIC KICKS IN "BOOM DE BOOM BOOM... IM CAUT IN A TRAP... I CANT HOLD BACK..." BECAUS
IN THE SEAT BACK INFRONT OF YOU... NUMBER ONE INDICATIONS ARE GOOD GEIRS... PUT HER IN TWO" THE
SHILOETTE OFF THE RUNWAY, LEAVING A ROW OF PERFECT
NOSE STILL DIPPING IT LIFT

FRANCIS McKEE

JENSEITS VON WORTEN



Oben / Top: FIONA BANNER, FIN, 2004, Harrier Jump Jet tail-fin, paint, 81 1/8 x 61 5/8" / Heckflosse eines Harrier Jump Jets, Farbe, 206 x 156,5 cm.
Unten / Bottom: EYE, 2004, Harrier Jump Jet windscreen, mirror, 29 x 33 x 42 1/2" / AUGE, Windschutzscheibe eines Harrier Jump Jets, verspiegelt, 73,5 x 84 x 108 cm.

Auf den ersten Blick scheint die neue Werkreihe von Fiona Banner einen Bruch mit ihren bisherigen Arbeiten anzudeuten. *Parade* (2004) besteht aus einem grossen Schwarm von Modellkampfflugzeugen, die von der Decke der Galerie hängen, wobei jedes einzelne für einen realen Kampfjet steht, der irgendwo in der Welt im Einsatz ist. Dazu gehört auch eine Textarbeit – ein grosses quadratisches Blatt Papier, auf dem die Übernamen diverser Flugzeuge flüchtig hingeworfen sind. Weitere Begleitwerke zu *Parade* sind echte, lebensgrosse Teile eines Harrier Kampfjets; ein Flügel (WING), die Flugzeugnase (NOSE), die Heckflosse (TAIL) sowie die Cockpithaube aus Plexiglas (EYE, alle 2004).

Diese Arbeiten sind weitgehend «stumm». Das heisst, die Modellflugzeuge sind unbemalt, gewissermassen nackt; Details, wie runde Farbmarkierungen, militärische Kennzeichen und Flossenlichter wurden weggelassen; auch die grösseren, von echten Jets stammenden Elemente sind unberührt – einfach nur das blanke, wettergegerbte Metall.

Das Fehlen intensiver Farben lässt die Form der Objekte umso deutlicher hervortreten. Die Heckflosse auf dem Boden der Galerie hat die Präsenz einer Skulptur – minimalistisch, krass und schön. Der von der Decke hängende Flugzeugschwarm

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FIONA BANNER, PARADE, 2004, assembled kit model planes, nylon thread, detail / diverse Modellbauflugzeuge, Nylonfaden, Ausschnitt.

scheint sich zugleich im Sturzflug zu befinden, eine Kurve zu drehen, aufzusteigen, sich schräg zu legen und zum Angriff herabzustossen, obwohl er völlig reglos dahängt. Die kahlen Oberflächen wirken streng und unkosmetisch; dank dieser Konzentration auf ihre schlanke Linie und Form lässt sich kaum leugnen, dass die Maschinen unglaublich sexy wirken. Sie sind ebenso schlau entworfen und konstruiert wie Autos und verbinden Schnelligkeit, Kraft und physische Attraktivität in einer einzigen präzisen visuellen Aussage. Die Schönheit eines Kampfjets bleibt jedoch immer mit seiner Grundfunktion als Werkzeug der Zerstörung verbunden, und die furchtbare Feuerkraft des modernen Kampfjets zusammen mit seiner unglaublichen Wendigkeit in grossen Höhen hat etwas derart Erhabenes, dass kaum etwas anderes damit konkurrieren kann. Diese Idee des Erhabenen hat Banner auch in früheren Werken angesprochen, etwa in TOP GUN (1994) oder THE NAM (1997); beide hat sie einmal als transzendente Schauplätze bezeichnet, wo Technologie und Landschaft miteinander verschmelzen:

Man hört das leise Wuppwuppwupp der Helikopterpropeller, aber man kann sie nicht sehen. Man sieht nichts als den grünen Dschungel, der sich unter einem erstreckt. Dann sticht ein Lichtstrahl von unten herauf und lässt alles verschwimmen. Achtecke aus Sonnenlicht fliessen über den Bildschirm. Bäume, von unten gesehen, drängen sich vom Rand her ins Bild und bewegen sich langsam vorbei. Lichtflecken dringen durch sie hindurch und die Baumwipfel sehen aus, als wären sie meilenweit entfernt. Man hört das Rauschen eines Baches, der in der Mitte weiss aufschäumt und sich zwischen den Mammutbäumen durchschlängelt. Alles andere ist feucht, grün und düster.[1)]

Hier fängt Banner einen seltsamen Moment der Stille inmitten heftigster Bewegung ein. Auf ähnli-

che Weise wirkt das Bild der Modellflugzeuge wie eine photographische Standaufnahme und ruft uns Susan Stewarts Kommentar in Erinnerung, dass die Verkleinerungsform der Miniatur die Zeit- und Raumverhältnisse der Alltagswelt verzerre und dass sich der Gebrauchswert der Miniatur, weil sie als Objekt konsumiert wird, in die unendliche Zeit der Träumerei verschiebe.[2)]

Doch Banners neue Arbeit weist noch weitere Verbindungen zu früheren Werken auf. Die schmucklosen Objekte haben eine gewisse Verwandtschaft zur rauen Gipsoberfläche von CONCRETE POETRY (Konkrete Poesie, 2002); eine sogar noch komplexere Verbindung lässt sich zu ihrem handschriftlichen Bericht in APOCALYPSE NOW (1997) herstellen, aber auch zur späteren Serie *Arsewoman in Wonderland* (Arschfrau im Wunderland, 2001). Die offensichtlichste Ähnlichkeit besteht darin, dass die Modellflugzeuge «selbst gemacht» sind, ein Wort, das Banner auch für ihren ursprünglichen Tiffany-Mynx-Film *Asswoman in Wonderland* verwendet. Die *Arsewoman*-Reihe verwandelte ein pornographisches Bild in Worte; es war eine detaillierte Beschreibung der Filmhandlung in den eigenen Worten der Künstlerin und verdeutlichte, was Michael Archer als «unzerreissbares Band zwischen der körperlichen Existenz und der Sprache» bezeichnet, «mit welcher wir ihr unaufhörlich und vergebens Bedeutung zu verleihen suchen».[3)] In parallelen Arbeiten, die zur gleichen Zeit entstanden, etwa FOREVER AND EVER (Auf immer und ewig, 2002), befasst sich Banner mit der schlüpfrigen Ungenauigkeit unserer Vokabularien. Dabei gibt sie auf einer ungeheuren Fläche aus Satzzeichen eine Geschichte wieder, aus der die Worte entfernt wurden. FOREVER dokumentiert einen Zusammenbruch oder eine Krise der Sprache.

In ihrer neuen Arbeit zeigt uns Banner einfach Objekte anstelle von Worten; durch ihre Linien und Formen rufen diese Objekte eine unmittelbare und physische Reaktion hervor. Kampfflugzeuge sind wie viele moderne Waffen eigentliche Fetische; in Militärzeitschriften gibt es in der Regel eine zentrale ausklappbare Seite mit dem Bild eines Jets, ein Format, das ans Layout von Pornomagazinen erinnert. Die Bilder der Flugzeuge werden mit vollem Wissen um ihre Zerstörungskraft betrachtet, und wie Pornographie bereiten sie ein geradezu erotisches Vergnügen, gepaart mit Schuldbewusstsein.

FIONA BANNER, UNTITLED, 2004, collage on newsprint, 47 1/4 x 19 11/16" / Collage auf Zeitungspapier, 120 x 50 cm.

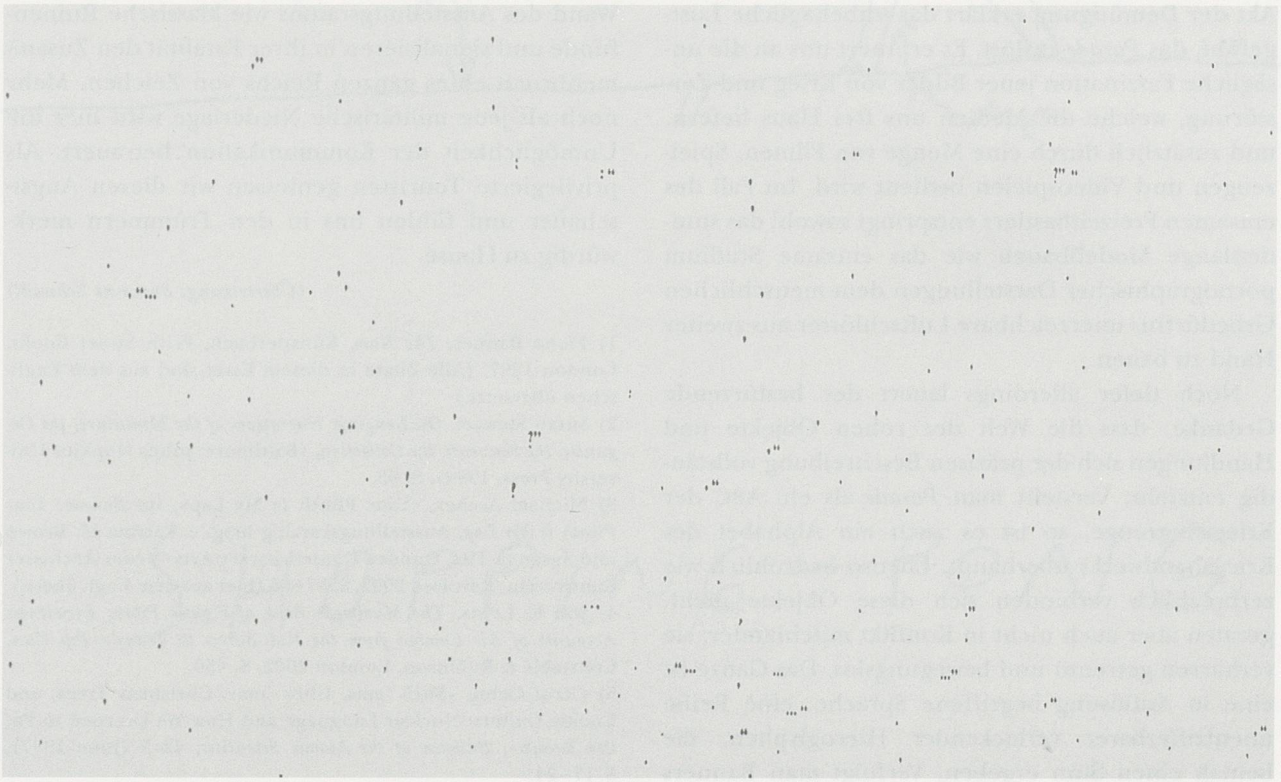
Anscheinend nicht in Worten erfassbar stellen Banners Objekte eine eigene Sprache dar. Die Versuchung ist gross, die Heckflossen und Flugzeugnasen in der Galerie als eine Art Satzzeichen zu betrachten. Wie Banners frühere *Full Stops* (Punkte) fordern uns beide Werkgruppen dazu heraus, uns der Kommunikationskrise auf einer körperlichen Ebene zu stellen. Vielleicht ist es sogar noch reizvoller eine Lacan'sche Analyse dieser Werke vorzunehmen beziehungsweise sie als Dinge an sich zu betrachten – jenseits der veränderlichen Welt aller Bezeichnungen (insbesondere im Fall von EYE). Doch die Arbeiten haben ihr eigenes komplexes Innenleben. Während einige der Flugzeugelemente gefundene Objekte sind, wurden andere gegossen; und wo Banners handschriftliche Anleitung zur Betrachtung des Werks auf den «Zeichencharakter der Sprache» verweist, erinnert sie uns daran, dass die Modelle ja selber «Zeichen» für die grösseren Flugzeuge sind. Gleichzeitig ist ihre Anleitung jedoch so dicht abgefasst, dass es unmöglich ist, einen bestimmten Namen mit einem bestimmten Modell in Verbindung zu bringen.

Aber der Schein trügt. Flügel, Nase und Heckflosse haben in der Originalgrösse etwas geradezu Episches im Vergleich zu den Modellen. Wie Vietnampilot Mark E. Berens meint, ist die Maschine so entworfen, dass sie eng anliegt. «Wir steigen eigentlich nicht in die Maschine», betont er, «sondern wir ziehen sie an.» (Banners Werktitel betonen diesen Punkt ebenfalls.)[4] Wenn die grösseren Flugzeugteile leicht Heldengeschichten aufkeimen lassen, so wirken die Spielzeugversionen der Helikopter und Jets nicht weniger anregend auf die Phantasie. Solche Modellflugzeuge wurden immerhin als Requisiten für die Kindertagträume von Phantasieschlachten in der schwindelnden Höhe der Kinderzimmerdecke entworfen.

Banners feine, handschriftliche Anleitung zur Betrachtung der Flugzeuge verweist durch die fiktiven Namen, die sie ihnen verpasst, auch auf den Macho-Charakter dieser Maschinen oder aber stellt diesen in Frage: Superstallion (Superhengst), Havoc (Zerstörung), Tiger, Persuader (Überreder), Cobra (Kobra), Haze (Nebelschleier), Hormone (Hormon), Hokum (Mätzchen), Gazelle, Bronco (kleines halbwildes Pferd), Lancer (Lanzenträger), Tornado, Fagot (Schwuler). Sie scheint Testosteron durch jedes einzelne Flugzeug zu pumpen, so dass man sich an Carole Cohns Studie aus den 80er Jahren über die unterschwellig sexuelle Bildsprache in der Nuklearwaffen-Terminologie erinnert fühlen mag. Cohn schrieb, dass es zwar reizvoll wäre, diese codierte Sprache zu erlernen, aber viel wichtiger sei, dass man dabei ein «Gefühl von Macht» habe, ein «Gefühl, die Technologie zu beherrschen».[5]

Obwohl ihrem Wesen nach stumm scheinen die zeitgenössischen Waffensysteme ein fruchtbarer Boden für Mythen, Bilder, Sprachen und Legenden zu sein. Kampfflugzeuge haben bekanntlich auch noch zu anderen Namen inspiriert: Bumblebees (Hum-

FIONA BANNER, FOREVER AND EVER, 2002, screen print on paper, detail / AUF IMMER UND EWIG, Siebdruck auf Papier, Ausschnitt. (PHOTO: 1301PE GALLERY, LOS ANGELES)



meln), Nightmares (Alpträume), Tomcats (Kater), Bulldogs (Bulldoggen), Jaguars (Jaguare), Bats (Fledermäuse), Hawks (Falken), Black Sheep (Schwarze Schafe), Panthers (Panter), Marlines (Raubmöwen), Cheetahs (Geparde) und Vampires (Vampire). Die Assoziation mit Tieren ist allgegenwärtig, sie zollt der Bestialität des Krieges Tribut und ruft die extremsten Eigenschaften jedes Lebewesens auf. Hinter Banners neuen Arbeiten steckt die Furcht erregende Kraft der Natur, Flugzeuge in Wirbelstürme, Helikopter in Falken und Jetbestandteile in Körperglieder zu verwandeln.

Die ganze turbulente Kraft wird blossgelegt und in die Grenzen des Ausstellungsraumes gezwängt. Harrierflügel und -heckflosse könnten Visionen von Luftgefechten in höchster Höhe auslösen, von explosiver Geschwindigkeit und ungezähmter Beschleunigung jenseits des menschlichen Wahrnehmungsvermögens, doch stattdessen liegen sie gnadenlos verstümmelt, gezähmt und betäubt innerhalb von vier Wänden und werden verhöhnt von den Modellen, die ihre Kampfkraft in der Sprache des einsamen Bastlers und Tagträumers nachstellen. Dieser Akt der Demütigung erklärt das unbehagliche Lustgefühl, das *Parade* auslöst. Es erinnert uns an die unsägliche Faszination jener Bilder von Krieg und Zerstörung, welche die Medien uns frei Haus liefern, und zusätzlich durch eine Menge von Filmen, Spielzeugen und Videospielen bedient wird. Im Fall des einsamen Freizeitbastlers entspringt sowohl das stundenlange Modellbauen wie das einsame Studium pornographischer Darstellungen dem menschlichen Urbedürfnis unerreichbare Luftschlösser aus zweiter Hand zu bauen.

Noch tiefer allerdings lauert der bestürzende Gedanke, dass die Welt der rohen Objekte und Handlungen sich der präzisen Beschreibung vollständig entzieht. Versteht man *Parade* als ein ABC der Kriegsflugzeuge, so ist es auch ein Alphabet des Kriegshandwerks überhaupt. Ebenso bedrohlich wie zerbrechlich verbinden sich diese Objekte nicht, geraten aber auch nicht in Konflikt miteinander; sie verharren getrennt und bewegungslos. Das Ganze ist eine in Auflösung begriffene Sprache, eine Reihe unentzifferbarer verlockender Hieroglyphen, die beinah einen Sinn ergeben. Verfolgt man Banners Beschäftigung mit Kampfflugzeugen von TOP GUN über die Vietnamfilme bis zu diesen jüngeren Arbeiten, so wird eine klare Entwicklung sichtbar. Einerseits stellen alle Werke den Kampf als Mythos dar; doch während TOP GUN zwar die Zuversicht der wiedererstandenen US Air Force in den 80er Jahren widerspiegelt (die man mit Filmen wie *Apocalypse Now,* 1979, assoziiert), liegt das Hauptaugenmerk deutlich auf dem Trauma der Niederlage. Eines der aussagekräftigsten Bilder ist das eines abgeschossenen amerikanischen Kampfjets, der im Dschungel am Ufer des Mekong verrottet. Mehr als zwanzig Jahre später sonnen sich die Eröffnungsszenen von *Black Hawk Down* (2001) noch einmal im glorreichen Glanz der perfekten Kriegstechnologie, bevor man mit dem Bild eines abgestürzten Helikopters in Mogadischu wieder auf den Boden kommt. Beide Filme befassen sich mit der unmöglichen Niederlage einer technologisch hoch entwickelten Militärmacht angesichts einer Hand voll leicht bewaffneter Kämpfer aus der Dritten Welt.

Banners Fragmente eines Harrierjets gehen viel weiter als die Wracks, die in diesen Filmen zu sehen sind. Ihre amputierten Flugzeugteile lehnen an der Wand des Ausstellungsraums wie klassische Ruinenfunde und signalisieren in ihrer Fatalität den Zusammenbruch eines ganzen Reichs von Zeichen. Mehr noch als jede militärische Niederlage wird hier die Unmöglichkeit der Kommunikation betrauert. Als privilegierte Touristen geniessen wir diesen Angstschauer und fühlen uns in den Trümmern merkwürdig zu Hause.

(Übersetzung: Suzanne Schmidt)

1) Fiona Banner, *The Nam,* Künstlerbuch, Frith Street Books, London 1997. (Alle Zitate in diesem Essay sind aus dem Englischen übersetzt.)
2) Susan Stewart, *On Longing: Narratives of the Miniature, the Gigantic, the Souvenir, the Collection,* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1984), S. 65.
3) Michael Archer, «Your Plinth Is My Lap», in: *Banner: Your Plinth Is My Lap,* Ausstellungskatalog hrsg. v. Katrina M. Brown und Susanne Titz, Dundee Contemporary Arts/Neuer Aachener Kunstverein/Revolver, 2002, S. 57–66 (hier aus dem Engl. übers.).
4) Jon E. Lewis, *The Mammoth Book of Fighter Pilots: Eyewitness Accounts of Air Combat from the Red Baron to Today's Top Gun,* Constable & Robinson, London 2002, S. 450.
5) Carol Cohn, «Slick 'ems, Glick 'ems, Christmas Trees, and Cookie Cutters: Nuclear Language and How We Learned to Pat the Bomb», *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists,* 43:5 (June 1987), S. 17–24.