



...7.30 geweckt sein das hat  
Binswanger befohlen Aasgeier  
verfluchte, Mieken...



... Marieken Frede Detta gemeine  
Verbrecher verfluchtes Pack  
*meischucks mureischaks...*



... *avant ivit.* Nein, he Schwester  
kommen Sie helfen Sie mir  
*mureischaks* sie warum nei...



... *meischuks.* . Haymann  
verfluchter, Schwester das Aas  
*meischuks meischiras...*

The *renaissance*-roots of design ([Vassari](#)) is interesting for at least two reasons: **a)** on account of the dual meaning of *disegno* in Italian [meaning ‘drawing’ and ‘purpose’]; **b)** but also because of the dual work featuring in the search for the *attitude* of an approach, and pursuing a mobile *target*.

These two dualities can readily be spotted in Patí’s work: **1)** at the level of *content*; **2)** at the level of *container*; **3)** their conjoint *work* [when the practitioner has become a *resident* of the site, and *finds* its principles manifested in the *work* itself, as [Norman Potter](#) stated in his *literalist precepts*].

Can we expect such moments of *truth* in design, to “solved” within the work, leave the site after having learned with it, to become commoditised as a product? This is a mind-bender, to be sure. In Patí’s paintings we can see the *spectra* of his basketball cards. Which are still the best in Uranienborg.

He asks his guests: “What do you have?” He invites his audience to a match. That is, basically the cease being an audience. Is it similarly possible to ask people to cease being consumers. It makes me think of [Ida Falck](#)’s work with *transactional aesthetics* in design. Can we meet *midway*?

Or, are designers tied to making and shaping products? The *basic* gesture—shared by Patí and Ida—is that they invite *crowds* into a space where they *do not* usually venture. More generally, we do not visit the production sites of what goods we process as consumers. We do not visit the *amps*.

However, at present we all have lived in one. We have lived in *confinement*. So: what do we have? What do I have to meet Patí *halfway*? I met him with my embodied disbelief. It may not be enough to meet the world broadly with disbelief. We may also have to turn up. To make reception into work.

This, what you have in front of your eyes, is a work of reception. I *wouldn’t* say that it is my way of paying Patí back. Rather it is something to be delivered to take away something from his one-day exhibit. And what I have done is to make a selection of my own photos, and pin them on panels.

They are conceptually similar to the black panels—frames clad with wooden felt—that Warburg used for his Mnemosyne Atlas. What do we have? In a similar sense as Patí has is basketball cards, I am working on my panels. Some work remains before I can really claim to have them. Show them.

But I know feel that the structure of the problem is clear: namely, that the conjoint work between the assemblage and purpose of the panels, and searching to manifest an *attitude* conjoint with a *target*, will constitute a moment of truth, as far as I am concerned. In manufacture & performance.

That is, not a truth reduced to a level of statement, but one to query the match: being invited to a match—as Patí’s exhibit—but beyond that, the telescoped matches within and beyond the work. From one site to another site. Where content and container can be intercepted as *one* in substance.