

# The Exercise of Interactive Art

Arjen Mulder

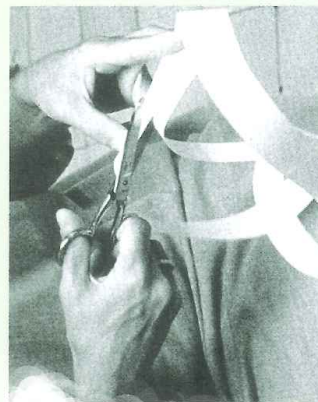
52

Arjen Mulder is a biologist and media theorist and has published several books of essays on the relationship between technical media, physical experiences and art. His books include four Dutch books with essays, including *De vrouw voor wie Cesare Pavese zelfmoord pleegde* (The woman for whom Cesare Pavese committed suicide, 2005). In English: *Book for the Electronic Arts* (with Maaike Post, 2000), and *Understanding Media Theory* (2004). With Joke Brouwer, he edited works including *transUrbanism* (2002), *Information Is Alive* (2003), *Feelings Are Always Local* (2004) and *artED: Research and Development in Art* (with Anne Nigten, 2005).

Interactive art is art that becomes such only once the viewer changes something about it. As far as I can determine, it was invented by the Brazilian artist Lygia Clark (1920–1988). After originally making paintings and movable sculptures, in 1963 Clark produced work she referred to as *Caminhando* – “walking.” An example is *O dentro e o fora* (“The Inside Is the Outside”). This piece consists of a Möbius strip – a strip of paper that is twisted and then glued together at the ends, creating a loop whose inside flows into its outside and back. In a museum setting, Clark offered each visitor a strip and a pair of scissors. You had to jab the scissors into your Möbius strip and cut it lengthwise as many times as you could. The end was reached when cutting the strip to pieces was the only remaining option (although you could keep the loop whole for a while longer by looking for the beginning of your cut and cutting in the other direction – that would get you quite a bit further). The piece is easy to duplicate at home, for example with newspaper.

The effect is astonishing. As you continue to cut the small ring – the strip you can still cut soon becomes narrower but remains cuttable for a surprisingly long time – the outer loop dangling from it gets bigger and bigger. It soon seems as if yards of it are swirling over the floor. You can see that the hanging loop is much wider in many places than the remaining Möbius strip you are continuing to cut. The wide pieces present themselves as missed opportunities you could have taken advantage of – opportunities you will never get back and can no longer do anything about. And an insight announces itself: life is like that. You just keep plodding around in a little circle, from inside to outside and back in again, dragging all the choices you have made in an ever-lengthening ribbon of time behind you. And all you

53



Lygia Clark, *Caminhando* (Walking) (1963)

can do is keep working, until one day you can do nothing but cut the Möbius strip in two (die). This description is sorely lacking; *O dentro e o fora* has the fatality of a Greek tragedy and the clarity of a psychoanalytic breakthrough.

The paper Möbius strip has no artistic value in itself. This is an essential fact. As an object, interactive art is nothing. If all you do is look at it, as you are used to doing with visual art, it will be a big disappointment. But as an action, it is everything. Then, it allows you to know something you can understand only by doing. The object of interactive art has to be without value, for it becomes valuable only when the viewer changes it. Then, slowly but inevitably, you become aware of what the object wants to teach you. That the object is destroyed as a result of your interaction is not a problem, for by that time it has already taken on an infaceable meaning.

Consider another interactive work, also nonelectronic: a mountain of candy on the floor in the corner of a gallery. Nothing more – unless you count the attendant as part of the artwork, for her or his explanation is inextricably bound up with the effect the work will have on you. The attendant tells you to take a piece of candy from the pile and eat it – the artist wants you to do so. The heap of candies – oval shapes in colored wrappers – is pretty big;

Félix Gonzalez-Torres, "Untitled" (Portrait of Ross in L.A.) (1991)



to be precise, it weighs 175 lbs. This weight was specified by the artist, Félix Gonzalez-Torres (1957–1996), the attendant says. It was the ideal weight of the body of his lover just before he began losing weight as a consequence of AIDS and died. You take a piece of candy, and something in you fundamentally changes.

The pile of candy does not stay the same, thanks to the visitor's intervention: there is one piece less. The mountain collapses a little; you see that something has happened to it. But something much bigger happens to you, the visitor. You have declared yourself willing to store the memory of an AIDS victim in your own body, to be its carrier. You physically share in the artist's love for his dead partner. And then there are the associations with the Host, the communion wafer – Take, eat: this is my body. Take a piece of candy and you become a believer in the transubstantiation of art.

Gonzalez-Torres' "candy spill" works, of which "Untitled" (Portrait of Ross in L.A.) (1991) is one, are also known as "ephemeral art": art that seeks to be transient and rejects permanence – the ideal of so much Western artistic display. The motivation is not destructive but springs instead from respect, reverence. Ephemeral art is made in memory of someone whose mortality the artist wishes not to outdo but to honor in the transitoriness of the work. The piece sacrifices its stability for the sake of a living memory of someone who is lost forever. From then on, that person's life takes place in us, the viewers, or rather the participants in the work of art and the memory. Remembering is something you do with your body, like loving. Ephemeral art does not entrust it to external forms of memory, such as photographs, representations and memorabilia. Only the flesh is mortal. Only in our bodies are we able to share each other's powerlessness.

The ephemeral work of Lygia Clark is primarily focused not on remembering and mourning, but rather on desire, choice, self-discovery and insight – on the time-bound, temporary nature of everything we do. Her work is prepared to sacrifice itself to enrich us. It is not religious in nature, but therapeutic. After *Caminando*, Clark's interactive work became increasingly complex, designed for two, four, and later even more people, and at the same time increasingly intimate. Clark increasingly gave up the relative distance and space for reflection which cutting a strip of paper had offered, in favor of extremely direct encounters between visitors, with art as the intermediary.

She no longer called it art, either, but "propositions." What Clark proposes is that you discover and become your "self". That is, you recover those feelings – that speechless, creative emotional world – which has been restricted ever since you were born to an "identity," which in turn has been closed off from – or in – an "art world" in which the ability to create is rep-

resented as something only gifted artists have at their disposal. You, a mere viewer, are not considered capable of producing art. But that is exactly what you are doing here.

Clark's and Gonzalez-Torres interactivity aims to make art and life coincide again, to restore the complete life, the "empty-full," as Clark called it. You experience this in contact with an object, in itself valueless, which provides you with a moment at which everything you thought you knew falls away, and at the same time everything you did not yet know suddenly appears, and opens you up, rearranges you, helps you on your way, causes you to flow and divide. This moment of liberation is what makes interactive art art.

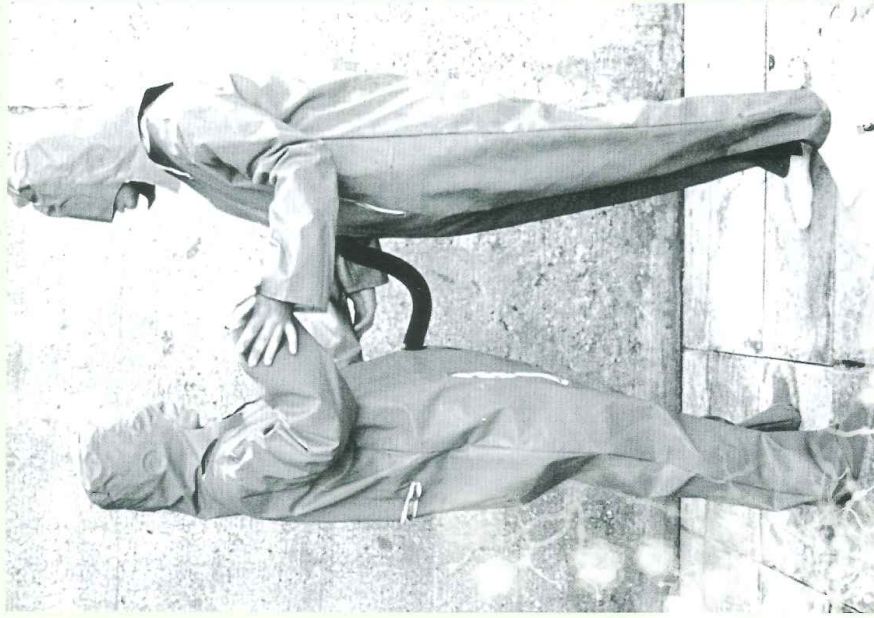
Interactive art is not made up of final products that have the ability to influence their viewers, as good paintings or statues do; it seeks to continue the process of mutual change between the creator and the work by which paintings and statues come into being – but this time not with the artist but with the viewer. Interactive art refuses to uphold the forced split between an art world in which real artists are productive on the one hand and an outside world where regular people consume art on the other. The visitor continues the creative process and experiences it personally. The visitor does not complete an interactive artwork, as is often claimed. It is never finished; it can always start over and lead to totally different results. Nevertheless, like stable art, interactive art can become exhausted and no longer able to motivate action.

As a pile of candy, "Untitled" (Portrait of Ross in L.A.) is pretty meaningless, until it is acknowledged and carried forward as a process. Then, what the work transmits to the viewer is no longer meaning but matter – matter that is a symbol for Ross's body. This symbolic charge makes Gonzalez-Torres' work acceptable in the context of the museum. Art is seen as consisting of symbols that refer to something other than themselves – to a person's appearance, for example, or to a landscape, a lovely day, the movement of a body, a private place, a state of mind. In the most extreme situations, it refers to art as such. The difference between such non-interactive art and Gonzalez-Torres' mountain of candy is that the latter does not invite reflection on that which is symbolized, or on symbolization as such – it invites an action, a decision, a choice. In this way it is like Lygia Clark's Möbius strip.

The interactive art object wants to influence the visitor's body, not symbolically, as a realization or memory, but physically. The consumed piece of candy literally penetrates all the cells of the visitor's body. Clark strove for something similar. In 1969, she said of her "propositions," "What I communicate is a biological, cellular experience, which is only communicable in an organic, cellular manner." Her *O eu e o tu: Série roupa-corpo-roupa* ("The I and the You: Clothing-Body-Clothing Series," 1967) invites a man and a

woman to put on plastic overalls connected at the navels by a rubber hose, with hoods covering the eyes and various strange extensions on the insides, so that each person can experience how the other's body feels. Clark said, "It's an extremely intimate form of communication, between pore and pore, hair and hair, sweat and sweat."

Lygia Clark, *O eu e o tu: Série roupa-corpo-roupa (The I and the You: Clothing-Body-Clothing Series)* (1967/1999)



The meaning of any work of art is the change the viewer undergoes as a result of looking at and thinking about it. Meaning is not something semiotically fixed in the work, something in it you can point to. If you can, then it has lost its living content. Nor is meaning the consequence of readings by critics as interpreters of the zeitgeist – "Every generation has its own Rembrandt." Meaning is something that comes to life for a while in the interaction between the art and the viewer. This is why traditional art also gets called interactive: isn't something taking place between the work and the viewer? This is incorrect, though, for even if people read overly personal things into it or make very different connections than previous generations, the work remains the same in material and energetic terms. Living meaning – what Lygia Clark called *vivências*, lived experience – is found on the side of the viewer, and only there.

In interactive art, the process of meaning-making is taken literally. The explanation of why the mountain of candy has to weigh 175 lbs is still symbolic knowledge – until the viewer becomes a participant in the work, lets go of reflection and lets a piece of candy melt in his or her mouth. Then one allows oneself to be transformed into Ross's grave – or rather into a guarantee that he will live on. Thinking and feeling are not enough. The only way to have this experience is to allow yourself to be metamorphosed by it. Why is the artist doing this? He is making the most intimate thing – physical love – public, and in a way that causes the audience to undergo an outrageously intimate experience. "I feel him in me." He is doing this, it seems to me, in order not to be alone, and because he is not alone. He connects everyone to the focus of his life, who is dead and gone.

We humans are full of experiences and feelings that do not, or not completely, allow themselves to be converted into language. In order to understand them, we have art. All visual, performing and literary art is about other things and contains other insights than can be expressed solely through logical reasoning. This is no less true of mechanical art created using cameras, computers, sensors and other equipment. What art transmits is "presentational knowledge." This differs from the "discursive knowledge" of philosophy and science, which is knowledge that can be put into words, written down, analyzed, legitimized. Presentational knowledge cannot be captured in words because it is too new and unknown – still too intuitive, too instinctive, too somatic. It is therefore referred to with images or provoked through action. This is how it shows itself. It is impossible to explain what makes a work of art good – but that's no reason not to try, because an astonishing amount about art can be put into words. Expressing things in words puts you on the track of the ineffable layers present in a piece of art. Art "works" as long as presentational knowledge continues to be recognized in it. What is presentational about interactive art?

Ulrike Gabriel's *Terrain* (1994) addresses this question. The work looks like an electronic installation. The visitor is asked to sit in a chair and allow the alpha waves in his or her brain to be registered by means of a headband. The more you think and feel, the more alpha waves your brain produces – as can be seen on the monitor next to the visitor's chair. In front of you on the floor lies a large round metal plate with about thirty little robots on it shaped like pill bugs, each about eight inches long. Solar cells have been placed on their backs, and each has four wheels underneath on which they can move freely in all directions. An array of strong lamps hangs some distance above the robot plate. When they come on, casting a pattern of patches of light on the plate, the robots begin to move, rolling toward the strongest light as if of their own accord. When the lights go out, they come to a halt, devoid of energy.

The work's interactivity consists of the fact that the headband-wearing visitor controls the lamps with his brain activity – or rather inactivity. When alpha waves are registered, the lights go out. When brain activity is absent, they come on. The amount of light the lamps cast is inversely proportionate to the number of brain waves the visitor causes to appear on the monitor. If the visitor reacts to or thinks about what the robots are doing – and as soon as the lamps go on, they show fascinating herd behavior around the brightest spots – the lights go out and the robots come to a standstill. If you close your eyes and stop thinking about anything, then the lamps shine brightly and the pill bugs start to move. So only the nonparticipating audience can watch the robots' behavior.

In *Terrain*, a society of robots is controlled by an absence of thought and reaction. Their world contains a god who speaks the creative words: let there be light! But that god is a human being who can rule only by means of behavior he cannot control: the actions of his brain. The robots' world is run by an impotent god. The activity the visitor must perform in order to bring the interactive object into motion and turn it into art consists of its opposite: inactivity. And the visitor acts on the robot world not directly but via an electronic detour: alpha wave meter, cables, lighting. The visitor is denied precisely the thing which is the point of interactive art – physical contact with the work. *Terrain* shows us that the impossibility of reflection is a necessary condition for interacting with interactive art, but at the same time it makes a theme of the distance that must be overcome in this art form for there to be interaction, precisely through the fact that in this piece the art cannot be touched. What in the name of God are you doing in that chair?

When you decide to perform an action, to change something in your environment – whatever or wherever it is – what part of you makes that decision? Your brain, nerves and muscles, you might assume. But how do you

know what to make your muscles do? How do you manage to get your nerves to activate them? How do you manage to get your brain to decide something? There is in each of us an empty and inaccessible center where all our actions originate. The only thing you need to get this ungovernable center working is faith. You must have faith that, in the silence and emptiness inside your head, the right links are being laid to bring your body and environment into motion. This is what *Terrain* teaches us: faith is presentational.

What is order? Order is what you see when you look, completely soberly, without judgment or any other form of reflection, at what is happening right in front of your nose, knowing that it is self-organized and cannot be interfered with, only changed and rearranged. The terrain to which the work's title refers is the domain of impotence, the powerlessness that gives the process of the world the freedom to shape itself. The robots will roll. But take note: what is exchanged between human being and machine is something even Ulrike Gabriel, as the creator of the piece, could not plan or control in advance. It is fundamentally unpredictable; it falls within a mental domain that emits nary an alpha wave. The artist shares the impotence of her machines and her audience, and is their equal. Interactive art is power-free art; it suspends power for a while. It shows us that this is possible.

In *Terrain*, the work of art is not the assembly of steel plate and robots, overhead lighting, wires leading to an electronic installation that converts brain activity into current intensity, alpha wave meter, headband, chair and visitor. These things are no more art than is Clark's Möbius strip or Gonzalez-Torres' pile of candy. The work of art is the action evoked by the installation, and the resulting interaction between it and the participant, which changes them both. Only when you extinguish all your suspicion and enthusiasm and connect yourself to the machine as its equal does the technological world come into motion. The motor of history is the unthinking faith with which, time after time, people develop a new machine that promptly proceeds to make human thought run riot, and through this, halts its own development. Until someone "unthinks" up something new again. This revelation of human thoughtlessness as a condition of technological progress can be interpreted ironically as well as critically.

Gabriel's *Terrain*, like Clark's *Caminando* and Gonzalez-Torres' "Untitled", is interactive art for one person and one "object." This one-on-one relationship is not a defining characteristic of interactive art but a form of it. We see the same critical-ironic idea of activating technology through human passivity in Felix Hess' *Geluidsbeesjes* ("Sound Creatures") (1983), an interactive work for a group. In an empty gallery, a collection of small electronic devices hangs from the ceiling. When you come in they are doing



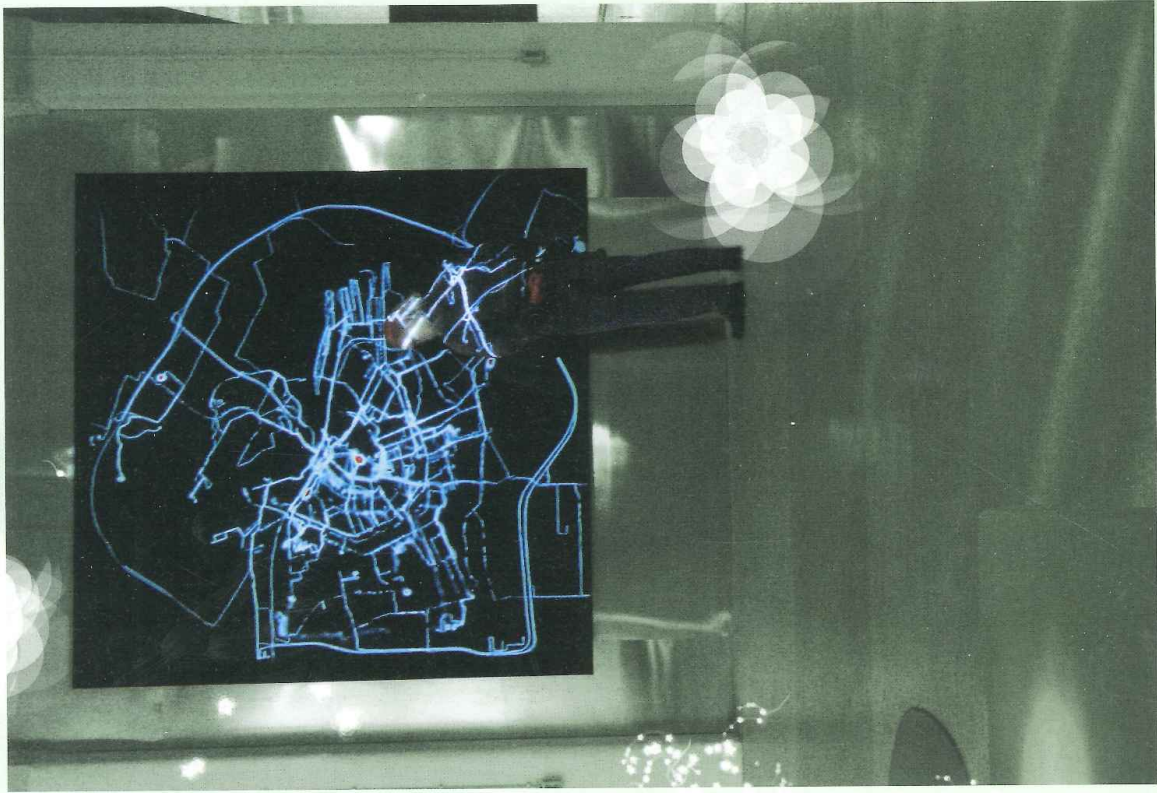
Ulrike Gabriel, *Terrain 0.1* (1994)

nothing, but others in the room, if present, will urge you to remain as quiet as possible. You wait, sitting or standing motionless. And, what do you know, they start up. They begin to make a croaking noise. More and more of them: first a couple far away from you, but then the croaking moves closer and closer. The sound creates space – until someone coughs or noisily enters the room.

What you experienced at first as silence has become a being-silent. The quiet room is activated, charged with possibility: the possibility of sounds that start up when nothing is happening. These sounds are created by technology, but only once everyone has completely stopped thinking and there is nothing but pure concentrated attention. Then the technology answers, and the music starts up. This music is about the physical distance between notes, which develop a relationship the listener experiences as space created by sound. This is a presentational process that cannot be expressed in words, for language is temporal, and spatial experience lies outside its domain. Nor is the appearance of this space controllable by either the visitor or the artist. Hess thought of it and built it in advance; after that, it could only be performed by others. Give technology a possibility and it will make it a reality.

The participants have a purely physical, and in this sense presentational, spatial experience, just as *Terrain*'s interacting participant has a fundamentally wordless experience. The circle of viewers watching the interactive installation in action experiences something different. The onlookers see the robots and their unexpected group behavior, or the game being played between the installation and the brave visitor who sits before them sweating in the interaction chair. Around the artistic system of human-machine interaction, the audience forms another system, this one social. The audience is able to reflect on the way interactivity works in the installation and what its outcome is. The knowledge acquired by the interactors in an interactive piece of art is presentational, an experience that can be had only in this one concrete way, and cannot be generalized or abstracted. Yet the onlookers have critical distance and can thus draw ideas and possibilities from the interactive art-in-action in a discursive way.

In Esther Polak and Jeroen Kee's *Amsterdam REALTIME* (2002), the distance between the machine and the human interactor is stretched to the maximum. Here, the circle of onlookers does not even see the participants. *Amsterdam REALTIME* is *Terrain* on a citywide scale, using people instead of robots. For one week, a group of volunteers living all around the city were given GPS units plus transmitters that sent the GPS data to a central computer every few seconds. The computer caused all the data to appear on a dark screen as points of light. Whenever someone moved through the city



Esther Polak, Jeroen Kee, *Waag Society*, Amsterdam REALTIME (2002)

and his or her GPS lit up a new point, the viewer saw lines of light showing up on the screen in the pattern of the city's streets. The computer kept each point lit for a while, so that slowly but surely, the city map appeared on the screen: order in the dark world rendered visible.

This, too, can be interpreted critically. We have the freedom to go anywhere we like, but we always follow external commands (this time, it's an abstract street layout rather than a brainless energy supply). Yet this does create social cohesion, a living order, the order lived by us. The GPS-equipped volunteers, as much as the robots in *Terrain*, are our representatives, our delegates. We see from outside how they interact with the electronic center and each other in constantly different ways, while a pattern invisible to them manifests itself on the screen. We watch the living cartography of the city appear, a lived street layout. Consider that all roads and paths not used by the participants remain black on the *Amsterdam REALTIME* screen: these are no-go zones from which life has disappeared, places where nothing happens. We know this, but the participants do not; they simply never go to those areas. The audience does not undergo the presentational interaction of the human interactors (the awareness of being part of a process that is bigger than they are), but in place of this, they acquire discursive knowledge about how a population uses a city.



Raphael Lozano-Hemmer, *Body Movies, Relational Architecture #6* (2001)  
Location: Schouwburgplein, Rotterdam, the Netherlands

On a dead and desolate postmodern square in downtown Rotterdam, huge portraits of city residents were screened on a high white wall. During the day they were invisible, but after dark they could be seen, except for the fact that extremely strong lamps came on and hid them from view once more. Nonetheless, if you walked past the lamps, you could suddenly see, in your own giant shadow on the wall, the people standing there watching you. And something strange happened within you. The shadow of your body was what made their banished bodies emerge, and this created a strong bond between you and the people in the portraits. One would become involved with you. You would want to cover her completely with your shadow and give her back her whole body – but as soon as you did, the image would flip and a different body appear.

Is it possible to insert the audience – the outer circle – into the interaction that takes place between an electronic center (usually a hefty computer) and a group of people interested in experimenting and communicating with the technological tools and possibilities on offer? To put it another way: how can you make an interactive artwork open enough so that the boundary between the inner circle of interacting participants and the outer circle of passive observers disappears, and people step inside and join in of their own accord? How can you get the discursive outsiders to cross the boundary of presentational knowledge production or acquisition? Rafael Lozano-Hemmer's installation *Body Movies, Relational Architecture #6* (2002) provides an answer to these questions.

This gave rise to a kind of game: a large group of residents gathered every night, most of them young, to play cover-and-release with the portrait gallery. You could watch for a while, join in for a while, and then watch some more. It was as relaxed as a school party, but it remained engrossing: who would cover whom, and what would happen then? And what was going on there in the dark? The square came to life. People played jokes with each other's shadows; strangers had a party together. The visitors changed the exhibition of portraits on the wall, and the piece changed them, from isolated city dwellers to a group of people on the same wave-length.

It was a collective experience, and chiefly a cheerful one: a shared alertness. There was no one-on-one interactivity in this work, as there was in Clark's and Gonzalez-Torres', nor one-to-many, as in Gabriel's and Polak and Kee's, but instead many-to-many. City residents helped each other to become visible. If one seeks to spur not just the innermost circle but also the outer ring of onlookers to interaction, a public place may work best, rather than a closed gallery or exhibition space. Shared experiences are public by definition – just as intimate experiences are by definition private and therefore better had through one-on-one interaction in a small room. The lived experience interactive art seeks to create can restore life to a city's dead zones.



Q.S. Seraffijn, Lars Spuybroeck, D-Tower (2004)  
Location: Doetinchem, the Netherlands

The tension between personal feelings and shared ones is the basis for Q.S. Seraffijn and Lars Spuybroeck's *D-tower* (2004), an interactive project between a town's entire population and a tower like no other on earth, in its form as well as its informational content. A not necessarily representative sample of the population of the Dutch town of Doetinchem contributes to a daily questionnaire about their emotional state. Every day, they are mailed a question about their feelings, each more personal, intimate, maybe even sexual than the last. Each day's answers are averaged into one of four emotional values: love, happiness, hate or fear. That day's dominant feeling is calculated. As soon as night falls, you can see what color has lit up the physical tower, in the center of the city. It turns red for love, blue for happiness, green for hate, yellow for fear. The tower tells residents how they feel.

*D-tower's* physical tower is the point where the city emotionally discharges itself, but also recharges, for the tower in its turn elicits emotional reactions in the population. On the day Theo van Gogh was murdered, the tower turned blue for happiness, which caused great dismay and rage in many citizens. They had wanted to see yellow for fear or green for hate, or even red for love – anything but blue. This example shows that the glimpse the tower apparently provides into the population's hearts does not yield unequivocal results. In interactive art, meaning lies outside the visible work.



Were people really happy about the murder, or had some of them failed to fill in their questionnaires that day because they were too upset, or are the individual emotions of the people of Doetinchem completely different from the public, media-driven reactions to each day's news? What does the questionnaire actually measure? When the tower stays green for days – as often happens – should you stay out of town? And when it turns red, does everyone suddenly become nice?

*D-tower* continues along a track Lygia Clark opened up in 1968 with her *Arquitetura biológica*: biological architecture. In the first of this series of projects, Clark had two people wriggle into two burlap sacks at the ends of a long strip of clear plastic and then asked them to dance and move around until they had wrapped each other up and tightly bound themselves together. Every movement, every tactic, was constantly visible and clear to both, and yet they used them to trap each other in a relationship they could not sever. To do that, help from outside was required. That was the therapeutic moment.

Clark soon made larger constructions of plastic with many burlap sacks, so that groups of people could participate. And the end, the dismal end, turned out not to be the essence of the piece. Instead, it is the movement of the plastic between the people participating. Their interaction became visible in those plastic strips, and it turned out to be determined not by any one member of the group but by them all. The interactively changing plastic showed the lines of power within the community. It gave an unstable, dynamic, often surprisingly beautiful form to the collective experience of the moment. This was an experience that is extremely physical – Clark's statement about sweat and pores quoted above was meant for this piece.

In *D-tower*, the physical, material lines of interaction between participants are replaced by electronic media links – email and a website. This creates an exchange, too, but it cannot be visually represented in a continuous, live, tangible way using current technology. The interaction is therefore averaged into one value, one color, one ecstatic moment, which is followed by critical acceptance or rejection. In this slow interactivity, the many-to-many model of art in public space is active once more. The colored tower is the small gateway through which groups of people on both sides communicate with each other, in the respondents' houses and on the streets around the tower.

The object through which this piece's interactivity runs – the physical tower – has no artistic value, nor should it. It is neither beautiful nor ugly; it is too strange for that, at least in the daytime. As soon as the light colors the transparent tower from within, it becomes splendid and festive – until you decode the color and it suddenly takes on specific meaning, however

elusive. The light in the tower shows not only what is happening in Doetinchem, but also that you, a city dweller who is not filling in the questionnaire but is watching the tower change, are a part of it. Because it makes you mad, or you secretly agree with it, or you're simply happy or pessimistic, like everyone else. *Urbanismo biológica*: critical, ironic or affirming. Forty-two percent of the time, it turns out, the tower is blue for happiness; forty percent of the time it is green for hatred. *D-tower* is representative of the entire Dutch population at the moment.

Interactivity liberates us from the hundred years of solitude of twentieth-century art. Interactive art makes the realization flash up that there is actually no "I." No one is an island: you are produced by others just as much as you produce them. You are created by objects as much as you create them. Since interaction means changing each other, and only that which interacts with us is alive for us, we are changing everything around us as much as we are being changed by it – nature and technology, loved ones and strangers, room and city, bed and world. Interactive art is the art of the age of globalization. Everything and everyone is continually involved in exchange, and this perpetual process keeps the world turning. You can be critical of it, comment on it, and form opinions about it, but that is not what interactive art is after. Interactive art addresses the situation itself, tries to grasp it at the moment: it is taking place, presentationally, as consciously lived experience, instead of in the language of yesterday or the day after tomorrow. *Vivências*.