Assumptions

It assumes that there are lovers.
It assumes that some lovers have secrets.
It assumes that those secrets can be put into words.
It assumes that each lover will have only one secret worth keeping, or (a) an overriding secret among minor, trivial, or banal ones that renders choosing the critical one neither impossible nor of such difficulty that one quickly abandons the effort; or (b) a few secrets of some brevity, which, quickly ordered, amount to an assemblage of secrets, forming perhaps a meta-secret, so once more we are in the territory of the one; or (c) several secrets of equivalent merit and not of any particular brevity but of a form such that with a bit of editing or a reordering paraphrase it might be possible, and without losing the long line, to give each quickly, which is to say succinctly, so as to ensure that they might fit into a safe of 20-by-25-by-20 centimeters, which, all told, is not a large amount of space.

It assumes that these lovers would find it frustrating, agonizing—grating, at least—to live behind Vaseline-glazed glass knowing they cannot see all clearly, in proximity to the material reminder of the partner's intimate life, to see the physical manifestation of a distance from each other, measured in the sliver of wall separating the safes and given at the remove of this slip of language. Rephrase as: it assumes that love is a form of knowing, wanting to know, dying to tell. But maybe the only secret the lover cannot bear is whether the other loves one at all, and does the existence of the couple, the reference to "their" shared home, in which, on a wall, the two safes of 20-by-25-by-20 centimeters will hang, not imply some certainty on the matter of some quantity of love existing, so that the single basal question is in fact known and settled? Will we dwell together? At least this answer is yes.

For the one who knows who this is for

It also assumes some other things.
A lover’s thing. This revision narrows the class of enforceable contracts; it is the sole contract that requires the consent of both parties. A contract might be nullified because of mutual mistakes, separate or divorce in the contract means that at least one certainly will. I love the arrogance of a contract, living body destroyed). All three endings might well occur; the artist can die, transferring responsibility to her representative (the couple destroyed); the work can no longer be declared a work of art (the artwork destroyed); or the artist can (the couple destroyed); the work can no longer be declared a work of art (the artwork destroyed). This contract is not very ambiguous. Three paper, and a bit of metal. It is also some other things. The work is a work of art, according to the strictures of some old lies. Yet rain, never having been loved, and falling all seem real, as the dishwash cycle of the contract. One could even say, as a general rule, that in mass privatization (or mass privatization) the contract is validated in order to validate its ambiguous destination. This contract is not very ambiguous. Three antigone can undergo change; the changes can break up (the couple destroyed); the work cannot longer be declared to be a work of art (this is a problem); the artist can disavow responsibility to her representative (the living body destroyed). All three endings might well occur; at least one certainty will. I love the arrogance of a contract, insisting it can account for endings in advance. If they separate or divorce in the contract means when they separate or divorce. Loves like bodies are provisional works. After a certain upheaval in the history of contract law, a contract might be nullified because of mutual mistakes, voiced because both parties did not consent to the same thing. This revision narrows the class of enforceable contracts, and means that art is less interested in meaning than in what the parties did—it is what they lived among their walls day after day. The law, as elsewhere, must rely on external, and judge by its conduct. His weight is given to states of mind. The contract here is signed by Calle, each Owner, and the Artist’s Representative. A signature is more than a name but less than the trace of the entire absent body. It is, at least, a mark made by the weight of the side of one, hand, accompanied by a date specifying what has happened and now as a one-time-asserted taken place. In this sense, it is like some secrets. Destroy Temptations to, I mean. As in the left foot of Michelangelo’s David. Calle’s work proposes a new form of intimacy, the proof of which will be the violation and subsequent vandalization of the artwork. The works are not beautiful but they are effective. Put another way, the contract transforms love into the possibility of innocence. Does this raise the stakes of love or lower them? The work’s a work of art, according to the strictures of the Agreement, solely under specific conditions. Situation 3: If ever the Artist realises that one half of the Couple attempted to break in physically or intellectually or succeeded in obtaining the secret kept in the other half of the Couple’s safe, the Work shall be inauthentic and no longer a work by the Artist. The same shall occur in the event of a break in the safe. No other situation—the death of the Artist, death of the Couple, sale of the work, donation to a gallery—nullifies the Work as an authentic work of the Artist. Unaddressed is the thief’s disappointment. For no particular reason, one day it becomes unbearable to think that there are worlds of your lover you cannot access. If you knew X, you would no longer love me (as much, at all, at all, again). The context of this declaration is less important than the formalism of a perceived threat to love (because it reduces shame, because it suggests fault, to trivialize, recast fantasies, maybe it cheapens or else compromises, tarnishes or bruises). Grammarians regret the conditional as ideal for specifying an unreal, improbable, even impossible situation. Yet real, never having been loved, and falling all seem real, possible, ever probable.

How to erode certain of these conditions You can always burn your shared house and the fresh of your shared walk to the ground. (Acquire new shelter) Underwrite to reduce theArtist (or her representative) at a later time proposes, as a gesture of an ardent love—you only require one person to endure censure and disregard the law and betray the rules of the work for you.
In his youth, offered love, the king instead seeks to have everything he touches turn to gold.
Later, he begins the gift to be taken away.

Nothing

Calls kings ensure that nothing is not a possible outcome, this game cannot end in a draw. One is not permitted to declare: I have no secrets, no one in my secret. Nor may one party demand: raise doubts, abstain in protest. Silence, blankness, recitation, and above all asymmetry are thereby curtailable. This is a kind of fairness.

Open

Containing secrets, the safes are closed. Empty, they yawn open. Slightly parted, not unlike stunned or hungry mouths, wouldn’t it be preferable to write of these doors that they are ap’ar or that they are again?

Agape is an interesting word for lovers: because it is the love they do not do; neither ever (I want to claim you like a cat, with my tongue) nor philo (which Aristotle gives as “yearning for someone whom one thinks good, for his sake and not for one’s own, and being inclined, as far as one can, to do such things for him?”—it has been a bad year and I am broken the brand, off with no intent to reduce, replace; I want to unbreak you). Christian agape is the unconditional love that of God and humanity, compassion, radical forgiveness (as in Kandinsky’s agapetic ethic principle, transcendental abstract; what Adams dubs “unreal” in its civil guise). Before then, in ancient literature, it named numerous forms of affection, including loving one’s child and loving the dead, and sometimes, presumably, and economically, those loves overlapped. The agape mouth dates to the seventeenth century, at which point affection is converted into wonder. The etymologies, however, have nothing in common; what gives is a Downtown, an opening in a well-lit, spacious, and has in more common (despite the wondertainment) with the Old English gagan for yearn.

Agap, what is neither open nor shut.

So either term will do.

Psychopathology

“That the dream actually has a secret meaning, which turns out to be the fulfillment of a wish, must be proved a priori for every case by means of analysis. I therefore select several dreams which have painful contents and attempt an analysis of them. They are partly dreams of hysterical subjects, which require long preliminary statements, and now and then also an examination of the psychical processes which occur in hysteria. I cannot, however, avoid this added difficulty to the exposition.”

Questions

For example, what happens between steps two and four as outlined in the plate? Each half of the couple is told the artist a secret. Each secret is to be locked in its own safe. But let us presume some time passes as the safes are being installed—it’s not get distracted by the noise and stud, the levels and sensors, cutting the holes and worrying over wiring—and instead ask: what all the while is happening in those now-secreted dreams which occur in hysteria? Things are no longer adding up; I suspect other scenes. For there is an uninstalled leap between “the artist has told me a secret” and “lock each secret in its own safe.”

How is the secret to be told to the Artist (whispered, in person, in French, all at once, over a plate agonizing negotiations—is she pro or translator, student or artist)? How, effectively, is the secret thus confersed with delight, in haste—she at least requesting this intimacy, for torture room like the receipt of unwanted confidence—or with footnotes and alias, defenses, or just flatly? Does Calle then write down right away, jot a sentence, remember it easily? Are the two secrets told in sequence, or different days, and who gets first, who decided who gets first, and what if there’s a tension about how it was decided who would get to go first? And what happens now (always the question)? By the time the safes are finally fully installed, at the “fix” each secret in its own safe’s stage, what form has the secret taken? Has she written it in ink or pencil, in cursive or print, or is the secret taped, and in what face, and did she rephrase, paraphrase, annotated it, or is it verbatim, transcribed meticulously, and what has thereby been lost—or what has thereby been gained? The details, obviously.
matter—one detail otherwise—so I might have been able to tell you, we might have shared a laugh over the whole episode. And now we are the provisos belleau-en in uttering the secret, presumably there has been an, and she has retained it or has each become its utterance discourse directed into a ‘her’ who ‘said’ some ‘that’ that ‘he’ or in return. What if Calle forgets—there are other projects, others, all, and trains to catch, and she does not stop because two lovers have secrets—or, if the words become confused are they provisos for clarification? We will start but never began to treat the enormous matter of punctuation, including but not limited to those designating terms, emphasis, emphasis, emphasis, irony. All this is the secret of the work. Or, rather, it is to be as we all turn to the contract.

For in the Letter of Agreement that constitutes the final part of the four-part work—two safes, one accompanying plaque, these three to be installed on the wall in the home, and now also this, the contract (which is shown with the plaque, these three to be installed on the wall in the home, at the new distance demanded by living in the wake of the game [It is exhilarating in its own safe, in a bank or in the closet, at the new distance one’s installed, the secrets therein, copied and placed in an envelope. Instead of the couple telling Calle their secrets, The Artist undertakes not to disclose the secrets.”]

The rules are:

**Rules**

1. Find a couple.
2. Have each of them tell me a secret.
3. Install two safes in their home.
4. Lock each secret up in its own safe.
5. Keep the codes to myself.
6. The lovers will have to live with the other’s secret close at hand but out of reach.

**Separation**

If words are to be trusted, a secret is a separation. Perhaps in stating a secret each lover gets to announce that they are ultimately on their own. We have excluded each other at least one time. The Latin secrets, what is hidden or concealed or private—the varied quality most familiar to us—is a form of the more interesting, a form of the more interesting, to set or just apart, to place somewhere, to give away, to sell, to offer or to distinguish; also to decide.

I have distinguished my body from yours. I already wrote this decision, we have not moved on.

Safes also separate in that they hold valuables on safe in safety, free from—excluded, marked distinct from—danger, unguarded, protected, and watched over (earlier forms reply both bound spiritual salvation and the earthly good; solid health); intact; cloistered from all risk, save, of course, those risks each safe solicits; that of being robbed. Safes also, in taking in and absorbing the secrets, holding them outside economies whereby they might be deployed (the secret kept truly safe must never be used), could be said to consumere secernere. I already wrote, “to use, set, decide.” About safes resist the action of heat. Professional burglars speaking against self-interest recommend against safes with thin metal doors, in addition to those bolted to the wall. They are easy to remove in full, to be interfered with elsewhere at a later time.

**Trust**

Calle here takes on the opposite role of the Barthesian Informateur in fragments of an discourse anecdou—she is in the public creative network who “buys himself and tells everyone everything.” This informs Barthes specifies, “by furnishing me insignificant information about the one I know—discovers a secret for me. This secret is not a deep one, but comes from outside it is the other’s outside” which is hidden from me. The curtain rises the window way—now—on an intimate stage, but in the crowded theater. What better to tell me, this information is painful: a dull, ungrateful fragment of reality lands on me. Instead, Calle will address the two secrets housed in her body the pressure of those inside confidences. Though perhaps, at some cost. Who would not be delighted to receive in detail whispered words like, restros, dangers, inversion, and who would remain unmoved by blaze confessions of ovals against childhood pet, or unbothered hearing, debts unspecified by whose encumbrance they will bear as inheritance? Who would not be mildly embarrassed to receive as the secret worthy of residing a card fascination one loved decades earlier?

Secrets are weightier, in that they are intended toward the judgment. Hidden, because they are judged in the negative Exposed, because they are judged unbearable or illuminating, essential or urgent. A secondary humiliation is that always possible to utter, finally, one’s secret and to be truthfully responded. And so one’s secrets are above all one’s own—other’s improper property. To fail to be shocked is to fail to register the other’s inability to possess meaningful property. Those who cannot hold property also often may not enter into contracts.

Calle’s work is constantly said to expose the interment, to reveal in the precisely private how others are uneatable to themselves, into possession, habit (The Deeper, 1960, The Artist, 1991; Cash Machine, 1991–2002); improper words and the effect (Take Care of Yourself, 2007), memories of suffering or the lived dying time of a mother (Désirée, 2002; Rachat, Monique, 2006); but here he becomes the secret’s classifier, its guarantor (Shine my land is not the same as tell me. I will make your last only eight is not the same charge as your secret is safe with me. The function of the work is not to create the secret, but to provide easy obliteration (It is the moment that requires the antithetization). How do it know it was real unless someone else saw, knew, knew… She gives this gift.
The history of safes includes secrets hidden between the inner lining and outer wall. How can you be sure you are not living with her secrets, as well? It might not be a one-sided intimacy. To be sure, one would have to risk ruining everything.

Vanity

Doubtless, I would think it’s about me.

Wearing one’s heart on one’s sleeve

It is very difficult for some people to keep secrets—others cannot help but perceive their inmost feelings. This is often cause for blushing. To be sure, one would have to risk ruining everything. Early in Othello, Iago vows, “I will wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at.” Daws are small birds said to be foolish, worthless, and thievish.

In the expression wear one’s heart on one’s sleeve, the verb functions as a trivalent predictor in a manner no different from its function in the non-idiomatic wear one’s name tag on one’s lapel; the third valence slot is in each case filled by a complement which is realized as an adverbial prepositional phrase with a regular and semantically motivated choice of preposition,” instructs Ernst-August Müller in an essay on “Valence and Phraseology in Stratificational Linguistics.”

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