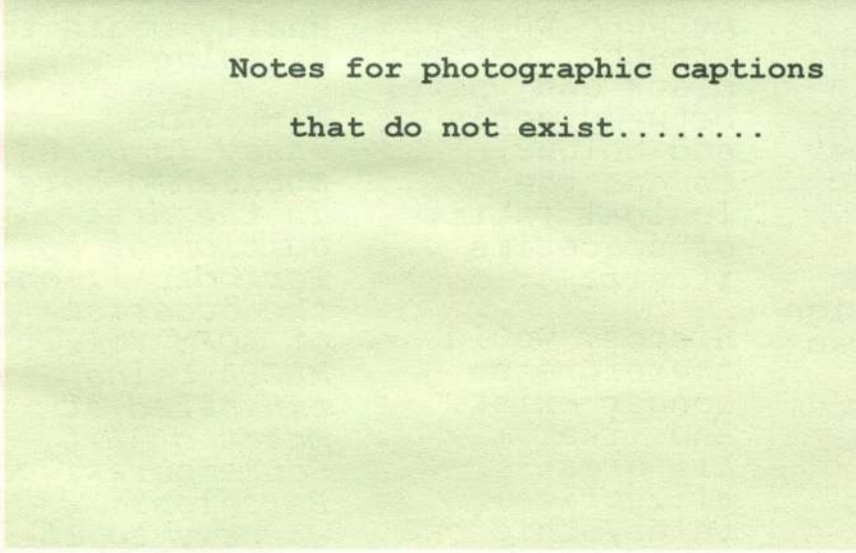
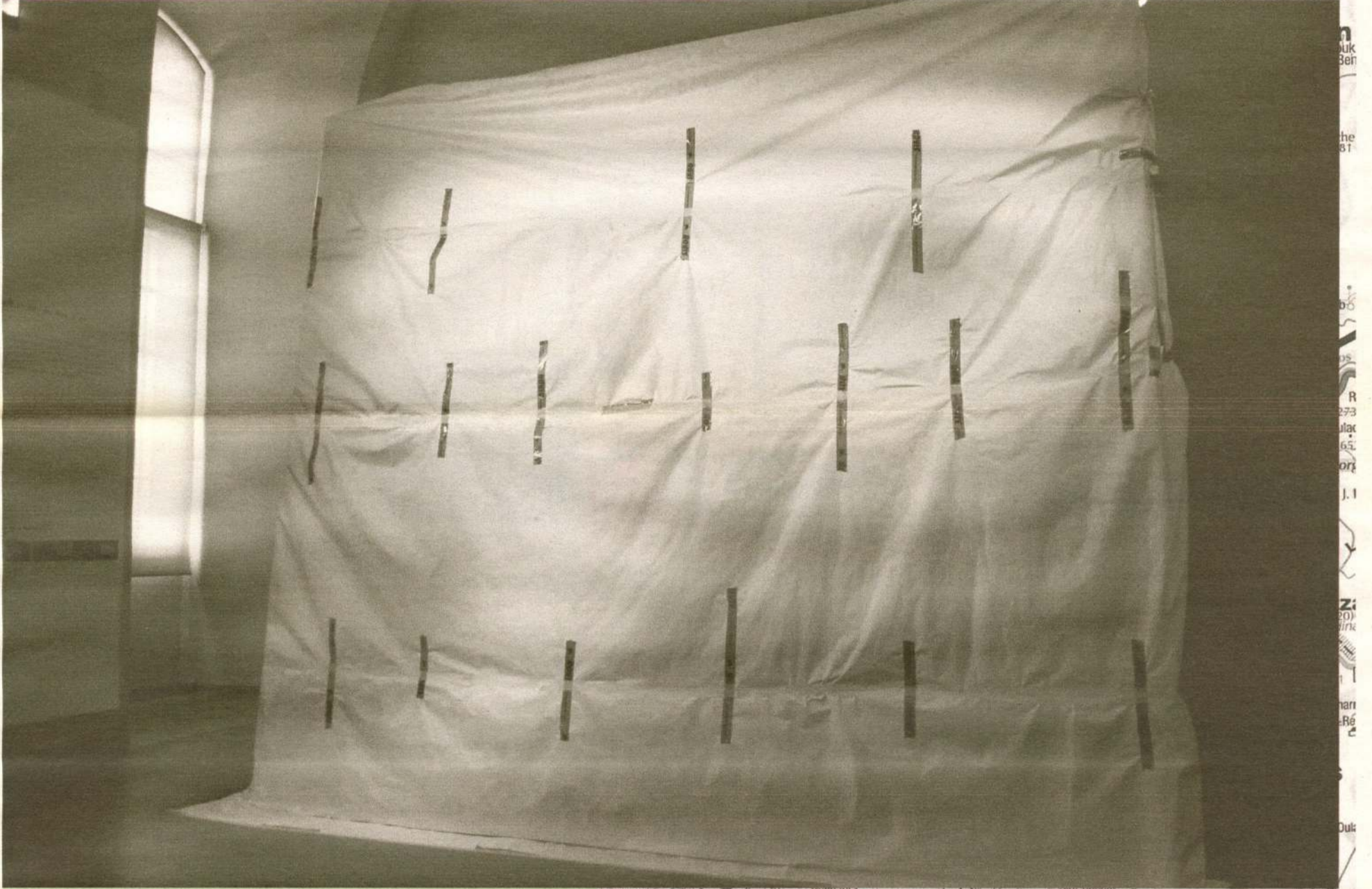
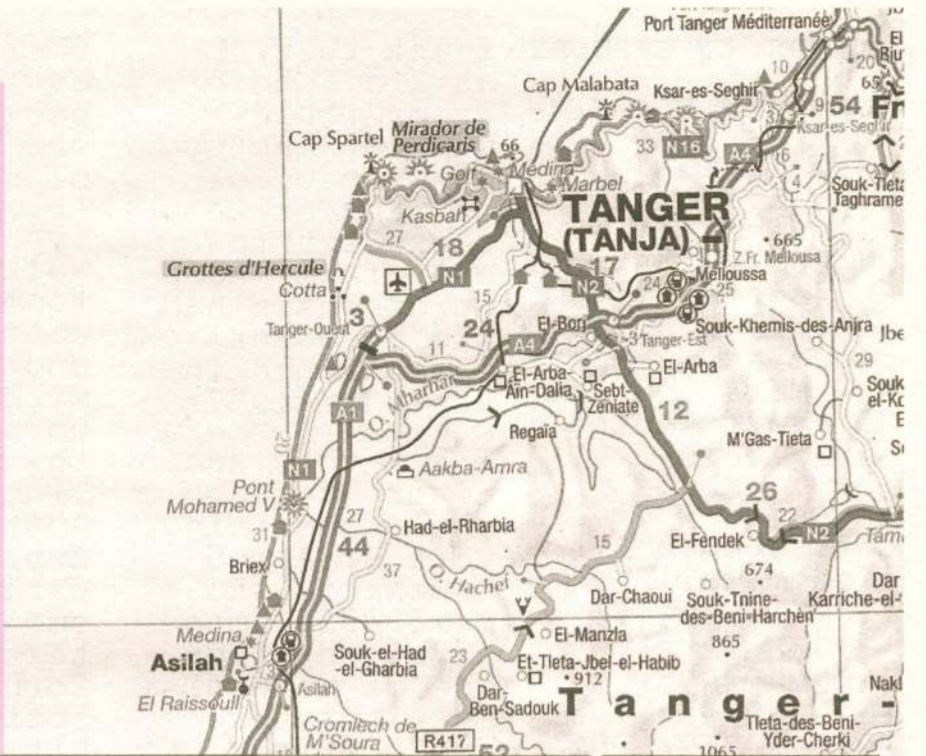
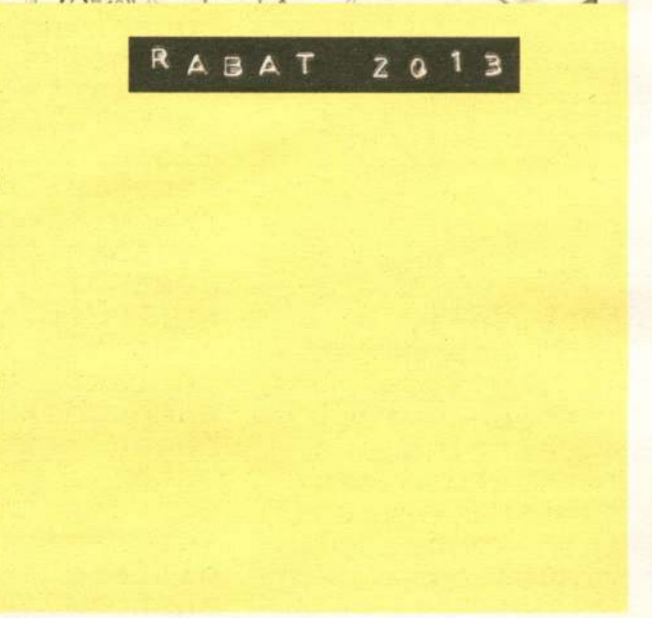




AQFM VOL. 1



Notes for photographic captions
that do not exist.....



RABAT 2013

THE END OF HISTORY

BY GRACE NDIRITU

What is it that Francis Fuyukama said in 1992? That the advent of Western liberal democracy would mark the end of new cultures being born?

So as we look at this seemingly random wall of paintings, I mean photographs, what do they mean to me, the author, and to you, the spectator, at this point in

I ask this, as I sit here at my table with my laptop in my studio in Tangier, a stone's throw away from where Burroughs's had the idea for Naked Lunch in the late 1950s.

I ask this again after watching the mesmerising work of Ahmed Bouanani, whose memoratic images heralded a new age of modernism in literature and film in Morocco in the early 1960s.

I ask it a

there is only ever one single book being written, by all of us over time?

Typesetter A walks into the room, looks at the wall, and sees a new mythology being born. She sees the performative lines of Abstract Expressionism caressing the smooth concrete textures of Corbusier's apartment and his gigantic bed.

Typesetter B breathes

for a quest for meaning to be found through a single work of art?

To re-cast the totality of Time through the formalism of painting into photography, birthing a contemporary universal narrative, a postmodern creation story?

Is it possible to render all the conceivable dialogues between a single image and another, across space into the

Like Odysseus trying to get back to his motherland of Ithaca, or Hercules traversing the sea between Europe and North Africa, creating a watery rift between two geological cousins.

Perhaps then, when all the observations I have noted here, eventually do travel back from the future to the beginning of Time, as they



time?

Has the end of History begun?

Most importantly, is daydreaming an essential part of spacetime travel?

I think so.

After all, a photograph can easily slip into becoming a painting and literature can sublimate itself into a work of visual art, can it not?

third time as I experiment with Burroughs's cut-up technique, squashing the offensive words of his talking asshole, up close to the penetrating, raw vision of Bouanani's dystopian stay at L'Hopital and I wonder if, in fact, the same book was being written by both of these extraordinary, yet radically different authors? And if

a rhythmic line between a collection of late 19th century wooden masks from the Congo Basin; a faded newspaper clipping dated 18 June 1925 that depicts a victory in the Spanish Campaign in the Moroccan Rif War and a potted Basilicum perched on a sunlit windowsill.

But what does this all mean? Is it possible

moment called Now? To fuse the connection between past and present, between black and white, between sepia and colour, to end the logical fabric of spacetime itself?

History would therefore no longer exist. And like all great allegorical tales, this one would become about trying to get back home.

already have, the world as we know it will finally begin to dissolve...


N.B. This essay is being published here in the first edition of AQFM Periodical; on the occasion of AQFM Vol.1 MACBA being exhibited at Museu d' Art Contemporani de Barcelona, 23 January to 18 May 2014.



god of the vagabonds and their concubines with pu
 in cloves, I applaud you who inhabit new adventu
 city jail alike, I applaud you, princes of Arab
 no one will every write, let's shake hands, lee at all. P^r back up
 here between these gutted trash cans, and imafrom the bejans,
 impossible dialogue above the gutters draini and knowluffed out
 gleaming sludge, the skies that once were, s himself i're the lens
 in harmony, unless you'd simply rather pultely endangen glistened
 insides? As for me, I'll keep you comparnd celerity, ory to the
 My dreams are over, brutally drawn to : second... Didbis crowned
 retreated just below the surface likesay perform adves and the
 golden dreams where I thought I wou'ces. He would dan nights that
 died! But I haven't left my preser, the patient art's have a seat
 barely manage to emerge from thecer. His speed gine the
 myself whose hands I'm using ridie,' he would sng, through their
 me. The night weighs heavy living undisciplinewhen everything was
 claws and teeth. The trees,he tumor like a ke out your cold
 and the desert, a desert the operating thy, no hard feelings. t a
 the others. It's in thi on the patient.DE close, they've eeo!
 as if laying an ambushhe guts my patien beaten dogs, my crue'ull-
 vomit, the sharp odc for a member of tld remain until the d down into
 myself like a refrils out a concealnt. Like a drunken Bu . few passes
 buddy, heal you all before he is d spindriffts of dust, . The
 without end a's scuffle with theight now, what fever i ally ejected
 here where tne hall. The anestke a donkey's body, maof the
 times...Excer sion to pry a larc the sea, the town, a c patient's
 school, tch.... Did I ever teis watching us, you and taught his
 turn, abshole to talk? His desert that they constve up and down you
 dig farting out t), a hospital stinking of ything I ever
 heard. This ass^r of pharmaceutical produ e quency. It hit you
 right down th-ain: they built this hosp. know when the old
 colon give^s of your rotten ways of lis sorta cold inside, and
 you know bout death and a life ill- loose? Well this talking
 hit you the old man will die a thoy, thick stagnant sound, a
 sound^t for a student in his se worked for a carnival you dig,
 and o whom the microbes seemeca novelty ventriliquist act.
 Re^rll my cohorts are illiterae had a number he called "The



BURROUGHS VERSUS BOUANANI



Exhibition Guide:
Musée du Louvre, Paris
Musée du Quai Branly,
Paris
Fondation Le Corbusier,
Paris
Palais de la Doree,
Cite Nationale
de l'histoire de
l'immigration, Paris
Chateau de Versailles,
Paris
Bibliothèque Nationale
du Royaume du Maroc,
Rabat
Other AQFM Photographs
in exhibition courtesy
of Grace Ndiritu
Typewriter store, Rabat
Caves of Hercules,
Tangier
Musée du Louvre, Paris
Reprint of William
Burroughs 'Naked Lunch'
Published 1959 by
Olympia Press, Paris
Reprint of Ahmed
Bouanani 'L'Hopital'
Published 1990 by DK
Publishing, Rabat;
English Translation by
Lara Vergnaud, 2012