

He has been wondering if there is something he can eat or drink in advance to make the wax stick more easily to the inside of the stomach, because at times, it seems to pass right through (not to mention the times it comes back up), and that is far from the purpose. What he wants is to glaze himself on the inside, build a landscape in there that is not so rough and uneven and imperfect, and human, something smooth and milk-colored he can carry with him at all times, without anyone knowing. If Karl were a coarse piece of wood in the process of rotting, the wax would be the healing liniment that stopped the process and rendered the rot harmless; if only the thick layer of resin gets to harden on the tree, would he feel calm. An art installation in miniature inside

the body space it will be, only wax formations and beauty, goldenly pure, regular and shiny in an otherwise stained and rugged organism. A secret he can think of and feel joy over whenever he likes, among others or alone, the way he imagines it must be for a pregnant woman during the first weeks, before she has told a soul about her circumstances. He does not fear the pain. He looks forward to it. The throwing up probably stops as soon as the body accepts this is how it is going to be with him.

[...]

My first Eureka moment in terms of curating was when I met Fischli/Weiss in 1985. They sent me to see Alighiero Boetti in Rome and soon after I met Christian Boltanski in Paris. These conversations had freed me up in terms of what curating was about. I started to think about exhibitions that were unlike anything I had thought about before. They taught me the importance of experimentation, that there was not a prescriptive way of doing exhibitions. They also taught me that we only remember exhibitions that invent new rules of the game. These conversations and many other conversations led to my first exhibition "World Soup the Kitchen," where my kitchen was transformed into an exhibition space, and then one thing led to the next. Soon after these first conversations with artists, I became very inspired by literature, mainly the Nouveau Roman which, after the often-described "death of the novel," made visible a literature-after-literature where a new kind of writing was born. Particularly important for me in relation to the invention of new

rules of the games and innovation in relation to exhibitions was the Oulipo group. Innovation is a process that requires specific rules, which leads us to Oulipo—a literary group that functions like a permanent research laboratory for innovation and the invention of new rules of the game, producing literature that plays with arithmetical ideas.

In Raymond Roussel's *How I Wrote Certain of My Books*, the author describes the games he plays with language and how these games would produce what Harry Mathews, one of the protagonists of the group, calls "absolutely unimaginable incidents of fiction." Francois Le Lionnais, another Oulipo protagonist, emphasizes the importance of the term "potentiality"—which he prefers to "experimental"—meaning the attempt to find something which has not yet been done and which could be realized. It was my reading of Oulipo that also started to connect me to the list as a curatorial format.

The following future list has been compiled over the last few years and is an ongoing project.

Hans Ulrich Obrist

The future will be
chrome
Rirkrit Tiravanija

The future will be
curved
Olafur Eliasson

The future will be
"in the name of
the future"
Anri Sala

The future will be
so subjective
Tino Sehgal

The future will be
bouclette
Douglas Gordon

The future will be
curious
Nico Dockx

The future will be
obsolete
Tacita Dean

The Future Will Be...