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## BBBeauty

In Irena Lagator's installation, *BBBeauty*, bags traditionally used for transporting money are hung on a clothesline, reflecting the fact that criminal acts such as money laundering are becoming familiar, customary, even *domesticated*. They are no longer breaking news in the media; in the public eye, such crimes are no longer a scandal, they have achieved the status of "minor", routine events happening in "our own backyard". They do not shock, surprise or excite, but are condoned as "natural" deviations or necessary evils that, it seems, normally occur in neglected transitional societies where the big tidying up is still to come.

From the money bags, stenciled with the logo of Bundesbank, water drips into metal wash bowls. Water also features in Ilya Kabakov's installation *Incident at the Museum or Water Music*, in which a system of plastic ducts fixed on the ceiling simulates a *damaged roof*. The resulting leaks therefore represent potential destruction. However, the latent catastrophic effect of water is translated into the principle of productivity, a moment of creation, into a musical harmony "composed" by drops of water falling into metal and plastic dishes of different shapes and sizes. Thus is created a melody for the refined ear capable of grasping beauty *beyond* or "from the other side" of chaos and demolition. Irena Lagator's installation *BBBeauty* is "on this side" of that reality: it visualizes (i.e. makes concrete) the state of our economic weakness.

This concept asserts that richness is not our own, instead imported welfare, someone else's Good, borrowed Beauty. Therefore, this work is not about a position of conformity, relaxed living on income that comes at regular intervals. "Charity" from others indicates our dependence, our unfavorable and unstable condition. The apparent welfare of slow but consistent inflow of money here emerges as a *dribbling off*, slow and regular: the "thing" starts to "trickle", to "leak", to irritate; it becomes a torment, perfidious because it is not a fast decline, not a "short-cut". It is not a case of "knowing one's position", but of repetition, a continuation of false stability that seems as though it will never end. There is no closure; as with a schizophrenic, contradictory desire – the parallel tendencies to preserve and destroy are opposed.

We collect "life-preserving" drops in wash bowls, using the accessories and methods of an *impoverished household* that manages to survive even when the structure of the house

is cracked, when water “trickles” and “leaks” everywhere. The new, shiny, solid metal wash bowls set in a neat line thus become a prototype of our modern, ‘efficient’ tools for new beginnings, for paths of long ago announced processes of *reconstruction and renovation*.