

ENCYCLOPÆDIA

for KÖTTIS

A LIBRARY OF KNOWLEDGE
IN **one** VOLUME

edited by Josephine K-C
and Ellen S

Entrance

She liked to arrive about ten minutes late for her own performance: let the crowd work up a little anticipation. She would saunter to the podium, light a cigarette, kick off her shoes, and in a throaty voice say, "I'm going to read a poem that tells you what kind of a poet I am, what kind of a woman I am, so if you don't like it you can leave." Then she would launch into her signature poem, "Her Kind":

(<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=btz8RZHSQ2Q>)

I have gone out, a possessed witch,
haunting the black air, braver at night;
dreaming evil, I have done my hitch
over the plain houses, light by light:
lonely thing, twelve-fingered, out of mind.
A woman like that is not a woman, quite.
I have been her kind.

I have found the warm caves in the woods,
filled them with skillets, carvings, shelves,
closets, silks, innumerable goods;
fixed the suppers for the worms and the elves:
whining, rearranging the disaligned.
A woman like that is misunderstood.
I have been her kind.

I have ridden in your cart, driver,
waved my nude arms at villages going by,
learning the last bright routes, survivor
where your flames still bite my thigh
and my ribs crack where your wheels wind.
A woman like that is not ashamed to die.
I have been her kind.

Poem by Anne Sexton

Encyclopedia

1. The question is not: is it true? But: does it work? What new thoughts does it make it possible to think? What new emotions does it make it possible to feel? What new sensations and perceptions does it open in the body? – Deleuze and Guattari in *A Thousand Plateaus*

2. An encyclopedia or encyclopaedia (also spelled encyclopædia, see spelling differences) is a type of reference work or compendium holding a comprehensive summary of information from either all branches of knowledge or a particular branch of knowledge. Encyclopedias are divided into articles or entries, which are usually accessed alphabetically by article name. Encyclopedia entries are longer and more detailed than those in most dictionaries. Generally speaking, unlike dictionary entries, which focus on linguistic information about words, encyclopedia articles focus on factual information concerning the subject for which the article is named.

The word *encyclopedia* comes from the Koine Greek ἐγκύκλιος παιδεία, transliterated *enkyklios paideia*, meaning "general education" from *enkyklios* (ἐγκύκλιος), meaning "circular, recurrent, required regularly, general" and *paideia* (παιδεία), meaning "education, rearing of a child"; it was reduced to a single word due to an error by copyists of Latin manuscripts. Together, the phrase literally translates as "complete instruction" or "complete knowledge". - Wikipedia

Fear

"Me? I'm scared of everything. I'm scared of what I saw, I'm scared of what I did, of who I am and most of all I'm scared of walking out of this room and never feeling the rest of my whole life the way I feel when I'm with you."

Sublime

The question is no longer to please a public by bringing it into a process of identification and glorification but to surprise it. "The sublime", wrote Boileau, "really isn't something that tenders its own proofs and demonstrations, but a marvelousness that seizes, strikes, and inflicts sensation". Even imperfection – aberrations of taste, ugliness- play a role in this shock appeal. Art would no longer imitate nature but would create a whole other world, eine Zwischenwelt (a between world), as Pauls Klee would later say, where monstrosity and malformation have rights because of sublime potential. (Forgive this simplification). - The sublime and the avant-garde, Jean-Francois Lyotard

Hollywood

"I think I'd miss you even if we'd never met."

Celebration / uterus poem: In celebration of my uterus

Everyone in me is a bird.
I am beating all my wings.
They wanted to cut you out
but they will not.
They said you were immeasurably empty
but you are not.
They said you were sick unto dying
but they were wrong.
You are singing like a school girl.

You are not torn.

Sweet weight,
in celebration of the woman I am
and of the soul of the woman I am
and of the central creature and its delight
I sing for you. I dare to live.
Hello, spirit. Hello, cup.
Fasten, cover. Cover that does contain.
Hello to the soil of the fields.
Welcome, roots.

Each cell has a life.
There is enough here to please a nation.
It is enough that the populace own these goods.
Any person, any commonwealth would say of it,
"It is good this year that we may plant again
and think forward to a harvest.
A blight had been forecast and has been cast out."
Many women are singing together of this:
one is in a shoe factory cursing the machine,
one is at the aquarium tending a seal,
one is dull at the wheel of her Ford,
one is at the toll gate collecting,
one is tying the cord of a calf in Arizona,
one is straddling a cello in Russia,
one is shifting pots on the stove in Egypt,
one is painting her bedroom walls moon color,
one is dying but remembering a breakfast,
one is stretching on her mat in Thailand,
one is wiping the ass of her child,
one is staring out the window of a train
in the middle of Wyoming and one is
anywhere and some are everywhere and all
seem to be singing, although some can not
sing a note.

Sweet weight,
in celebration of the woman I am
let me carry a ten-foot scarf,
let me drum for the nineteen-year-olds,
let me carry bowls for the offering
(if that is my part).
Let me study the cardiovascular tissue,

let me examine the angular distance of meteors,
let me suck on the stems of flowers
(if that is my part).
Let me make certain tribal figures
(if that is my part).
For this thing the body needs
let me sing
for the supper,
for the kissing,
for the correct
yes.

Criticism

PAUS

A critic wrote:

Repetitive

Copying

Fairy painting

Moreover

Meaningless

Besides, reviewing her life is more appealing

Moreover, too often she borrows tropes from other Surrealists without making them her own: De Chirico's sense of melancholy emptiness, the ant-like, distant figures we find in Dali, Miro's biomorphic forms, or a pelt-like, furry quality reminiscent of pictures by her lover Ernst.

Besides, her predominant finish is so at odds with the diabolical forces she claims to be channeling. If you want to see modern art doing demons with gusto, Google the Dutch artist Karel Appel.

How does it stack up, these paintings of the woman surrealist? How do they stand on their own legs?

The answer is Modestly!

Synonyms: humbly, plainly, quietly, simply

Besides, it could be a scene from a movie by the Mexican filmmaker Guillermo del Toro.

At her best she was a brilliant fabricator of memorable, poetic, dream-like images.

Synonyms to fabricator:

Coiner

counterfeiter

fabulist, faker falsifier, fibber

liar

Moreover storyteller

Moreover distorter

-Anna Bontha in "Leonora Carrington" for RUDY

Imagined art practices in the future

The construction of a virtual persona through for example Facebook, Instagram and Twitter, the need for unique selling points in funding applications and extreme creativity and entrepreneurial spirit frequently requested by employers can be considered to build for a strong focus on the self, the individual and the individual's ability to market, promote and network oneself. Because of this, in combination with the effect screens and nomadic, entrepreneurial lifestyles and precarious living conditions have on our life, maybe art practices will be about other things than the self, originality, creativity and self-promotion. Maybe they will be more like a massage session or a place to cry together, a group therapy session or a slow-dance disco? Maybe they will be more awesome than anything we can imagine. Maybe they will include sleep, drugs and choir-singing.

—Ellen S, 17:53, July 1st 2015

(cf. *disaster; labour*)

Each

Since each of us was several, there was already quite a crowd. Here we have made use of everything that came within range, what was closest as well as farthest away. We have assigned clever pseudonyms to prevent recognition. Why have we kept our own names? Out of habit, purely out of habit. To make ourselves unrecognizable in turn. To render imperceptible, not ourselves, but what makes us act, feel, and think. Also because it's nice to talk like everybody else, to say the sun rises, when everybody knows it's only a manner of speaking. To reach, not the point where one no longer says I, but the point where it is no longer of any importance whether one says I. We are no longer ourselves. Each will know his own. We have been aided, inspired, multiplied. -Deleuze and Guattari in *A Thousand Plateaus*

Dance

1. "Get going and call it dancing" —Deborah Hay.

2. I want a dance that....

...crashes capitalism/ fascism all ism

...everyone can do

...makes people laugh a lot

...en dans som fortplantar sig

...is viral / contagious

...heals broken bodies

...is no matter on earth or sky

...heals broken hearts

...makes people like me

...invents something

...is to dance the truth

...is a revolution

...is tango but not tango

...has me carrying the big guys around

...is in the top of the trees

...creates music

...feels like I can't stop

...keeps me interested

...is like "what the fuck was that!"

...is really airy fairie (Kate Bush dance)

...makes human encounters possible in ways they are not outside

...satisfies all my needs

...has me in a big diaper full of pee / baby body

...makes fear go away

...is a telepathic feedback loop

...invents social rules

...makes all war go away

...erases cynicism

...questions everything

...has me braiding people's hair

...penetrates / erases irony

...makes people feel love

...is freeing from jante law

...inspires

...breaks the rules

...gets me laid

...makes people fall in love with me

...is peace

...spreads love

...makes people calm

...makes a difference in the world

...makes people think

...makes me cum

...makes a delicious dinner for everyone watching it; a dance that cleans up after itself

...is hypnotizing / controls people's minds

...makes you wise

-The freedom workshop at Skeppsholmen (Malin, Jenny, Kajsa, Anna, Sara, Muktar, Anna-Karin, Ellen, Tova, Nelly, Caisamarie, Mariana, Lisen, Tove, Larry)

3. Dance is hard to see. It requires or asks for another kind of seeing, and that seeing does not start with recognition. -Mårten Spångberg

Contemporary dance

1. At the airport, in the customs, travelling from Europe to the U.S to perform, Chrysa Parkinson was asked: "what is contemporary dance?" Chrysa: "We make up." Questioner: "What does it look like?" Chrysa: "I am doing it right now."

—ES, 16.10, July 3, 2015

Making, maker culture

Walk through a museum. Look around a city. Almost all the artifacts that we value as a society were made by or at the order of men. But behind every one is an invisible infrastructure of labor—primarily caregiving, in its various aspects—that is mostly performed by women. As a teenager, I read Ayn Rand on how any work that needed to be done day after day was meaningless, and that only creating new things was a worthwhile endeavor. My response to this was to stop making my bed every day, to the distress of my mother. (While I admit the possibility of a misinterpretation, as I haven't read Rand's writing since I was so young that my mother oversaw my housekeeping, I have

no plans to revisit it anytime soon.) The cultural primacy of *making*, especially in tech culture—that it is intrinsically superior to not-making, to repair, analysis, and especially caregiving—is informed by the gendered history of who made things, and in particular, who made things that were shared with the world, not merely for hearth and home.

...

A quote often attributed to Gloria Steinem says: “We’ve begun to raise daughters more like sons... but few have the courage to raise our sons more like our daughters.” Maker culture, with its goal to get everyone access to the traditionally male domain of making, has focused on the first. But its success means that it further devalues the traditionally female domain of caregiving, by continuing to enforce the idea that only making things is valuable. Rather, I want to see us recognize the work of the educators, those that analyze and characterize and critique, everyone who fixes things, all the other people who do valuable work with and for others—above all, the caregivers—whose work isn’t about something you can put in a box and sell.

-Debbie Chachra “Why I am not a maker”

Individual

Porträttet av individen i den ekonomiska berättelsen är kroppslöst och påstås därför vara könlöst. Samtidigt besitter den ekonomiske mannen varenda egenskap som vår kultur traditionellt kopplar ihop med manlighet. Han är rationell, distanserad, objektiv, konkurrensinriktad, ensam, oberoende, självisk, styrda v förnuftet och i färd med att erövra världen. Han vet vad han vill ha och ger sig ut för att skaffa det.

Allt det han inte är, känsla, kropp, beroende, gemenskap, självuppooffring, ömhet, natur, oberäknelighet, passivitet, sammanhang är saker som traditionellt associerats till kvinnan. Men det är en slump, säger ekonomerna.

När Chicagoekonomerna upptäckte att det fanns kvinnor skulle de adderas till modellen som vore de precis som han. Men det visades sig vara svårare än vad Gary Becker hade tänkt sig. Teorin om den ekonomiske mannen har ända sedan Adam Smith hela tiden förutsatt att någon annan står för omsorg, omtanke och beroende. Den ekonomiske mannen kan vara förnuft och frihet just för att någon annan är motsatsen. Världen kan påstås styras av egenintresse för att det finns en annan värld som styrs av något annat. Och dessa två måste hållas isär. Det manliga för sig. Det kvinnliga för sig.

Vill du vara med i ekonomins berättelse måste ju vara som den ekonomiske mannen. Du måste anamma hand version av manlighet. Samtidigt bygger det vi kallar ekonomi hela tiden på en annan berättelse. Allt det som exkluderas för att den ekonomiske mannen ska kunna vara den han är.

För att han ska kunna säga att det inte finns något annat.

Någon måste vara känsla för att han ska kunna vara förnuft. Någon måste vara kropp, för att han ska kunna slippa. Någon måste vara beroende, för att han ska kunna vara självständig. Någon måste vara öm för att han ska kunna erövra världen. Någon måste vara självuppooffrande för att han ska vara självisk. Någon måste tillaga den där biffen för att Adam Smith ska kunna säga att det inte spelar någon roll.

-Katrine Kielos, ur “Det enda könet”

Him (universal pronoun)

That's who I am. I am the generic he, as in, "If anybody needs an abortion he will have to go to another state," or "A writer knows which side his bread is buttered on." That's me, the writer, him. I am a man. Not maybe a first-rate man. I'm perfectly willing to admit that I may be in fact a kind of second-rate or imitation man, a Pretend-a-Him. -Ursula K. LeGuin in "The Wave in the Mind: Talks and Essays on the Writer, the Reader, and the Imagination"

Ideology

So the lesson is: true freedom means looking into and question the presuppositions of everything that is given to us by our hegemonic ideology. And my ideology I don't mean here some explicit deep shit but simply the way, in our daily life that we experience our reality. To question everything, including the notion of freedom itself. (Zizek)

Neoliberalism

It doesn't manage directly, it manages from within the soul. That is to say, it makes each of us into specs of human capital, who must appreciate our value in order to survive, and by appreciate I mean increase our value in order to survive" -Wendy Brown

Freedom

1. Freedom is to have an employer (DN 9/10 1984)
2. In contradiction to the classical liberal freedom defined by an ability to do or say or believe something, the text "freedom from everything" describes a very contemporary state of freedom: the freedom from everything.

We are accustomed to regarding freedom as primarily positive—the freedom to do or have something; thus there is the freedom of speech, the freedom to pursue happiness and opportunity, or the freedom of worship.² But now the situation is shifting. Especially in the current economic and political crisis, the flipside of liberal ideas of freedom—namely, the freedom of corporations from any form of regulation, as well as the freedom to relentlessly pursue one's own interest at the expense of everyone else's—has become the only form of universal freedom that exists: the freedom from social bonds, freedom from solidarity, freedom from certainty or predictability, freedom from employment or labour, freedom from culture, public transport, education, or anything public at all.

These are the only freedoms that we share around the globe nowadays. They do not apply equally to everybody, but depend on one's economic and political situation. They are negative freedoms, and they apply across a carefully constructed and exaggerated cultural alterity that promotes: the freedom from social security, the freedom from the means of making a living, the freedom from accountability and sustainability, the freedom from free education, healthcare, pensions and public culture, the loss of standards of public responsibility, and in many places, the freedom from the rule of law.

As Janis Joplin sang, "Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose." This is the freedom that people in many places share today. Contemporary freedom is not primarily the enjoyment of civil liberties, as the traditional liberal view has it, but rather like the freedom of free fall, experienced by many who are thrown into an uncertain and unpredictable future.

These negative freedoms are also those that propel the very diverse protest movements that have emerged around the world—movements that have no positive focal point or clearly articulated demands, because they express the conditions of negative freedom. They articulate the loss of the common as such.

Now it's time for the good news. There is nothing wrong with this condition. It is of course devastating for those who are subject to it, but at the same time, it also reshapes the character of opposition in a very welcome way. To insist on speaking about negative freedom opens the possibility of claiming more negative freedoms: the freedom from exploitation, oppression, and cynicism. This means exploring new forms of relationships between people who have become free agents in a world of free trade and rampant deregulation.

-Hito Steyerl, "Freedom from Everything: Freelancers and Mercenaries"

Metaphor

. "A hot wind was blowing around my head, the strands of my hair lifting and swirling in it, like ink spilled in water." *The Blind Assassin* by Margaret Atwood.

History

"Shakespeare had a sister; but do not look for her in Sir Sidney Lee's life of the poet. She died young—alas, she never wrote a word. She lies buried where the omnibuses now stop, opposite the Elephant and Castle. Now my belief is that this poet who never wrote a word and was buried at the cross-roads still lives. She lives in you and in me, and in many other women who are not here tonight, for they are washing up the dishes and putting the children to bed. But she lives; for great poets do not die; they are continuing presences; they need only the opportunity to walk among us in the flesh. This opportunity, as I think, it is now coming within your power to give her. For my belief is that if we live another century or so—I am talking of the common life which is the real life and not of the little separate lives which we live as individuals—and have five hundred a year each of us and rooms of our own; if we have the habit of freedom and the courage to write exactly what we think; if we escape a little from the common sitting-room and see human beings not always in their relation to each other but in relation to reality; and the sky. too, and the trees or whatever it may be in themselves; if we look past Milton's bogey, for no human being should shut out the view; if we face the fact, for it is a fact, that there is no arm to cling to, but that we go alone and that our relation is to the world of reality and not only to the world of men and women, then the opportunity will come and the dead poet who was Shakespeare's sister will put on the body which she has so often laid down. Drawing her life from the lives of the unknown who were her forerunners, as her brother did before her, she will be born.

-Virginia Woolf, "A room of one's own"

Delightful

She would not give her time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her wife, called out as she entered the library, "Oh! Mrs. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar. You must come and make Lizzy marry Mrs. Collins, for she vows she will not have her, and if you do not make haste, she

will change her mind and not have *her*."

"I have not the pleasure of understanding you," said she, when she finished her speech. "Of what are you talking?"

"Of Mrs. Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she won't have Mrs. Collins, and Mrs. Collins begins to say she will not have Lizzy."

"And what am I to do on the occasion? It seems an hopeless business."

Original text by Jane Austin

Courtley love

Courtley love does not love the self anymore than it loves the whole universe in a celestial or religious way. -Deleuze and Guattari

Romance

"You are everything I never knew I wanted"

Art

1. Someone once said "Art is whatever you can get away with". Another artist once gave the advice "learn the rules so that you best know how to break them". A third other someone once said "Whatever I say is art is art". That was funny because the person that said the latter, happened to be extremely famous and important in art history, because of a piece of art that was most probably submitted not by this person, but by the lover of the person. The lover of the person thought that the art club had stupid parameters of quality and therefore sent in a thing found in a bathroom. The claimed, so to say "thief-author" named the artwork "The fountain." Here, the idea of authorship and ownership gets very confusing considering maybe the act of using, naming or claiming or stealing authorship as making. In our times, when different social media platforms can be said to encourage us to present ourselves through our choices the idea of choosing as making gets exciting. Since the beginning of what has been called "the affluence society" in the west, choosing is important in building one's persona, one's identity, label or unique selling points. What does this have to do with art? Because the art market function within a capitalistic system where artworks are commodified and artists or artist groups or companies function similarly to "exclusive fashion". The amount of work put into the product, or the "quality" of it is not of importance for the market. More important are world famous names, functioning as fashionable, fancy labels and having someone with a lot of prestige telling people and writing about that art or posting pictures of it on Instagram. Or pictures of the face of the artist because faces are always more likeable on Instagram. And in Instagram, Likeability is important. If one is of the belief that one needs to risk social belonging to dare to do great art, the branding of artist and likability issue in social media used for branding could definitely be considered a problem.

(A good point is who cares about the art market? But since capitalism is functions through the circulation of values and one need to reproduce oneself within this, one can say that it is relevant because it decides who has the right to make a living meaning spending most of one's time and energy on art. There is also the general confusion of quality and quantity or artistic value and finicial value, totally confusing!)

The idea of talent within art is amazing. Most people that I know that are considered talents are people that breaks rules or invents new and better ways to cheat or convince. This is nicely

illustrated by the opening quote. Talent is connected to quality and quality is floating within art. Proof for this can be found in art made during wartime functioning as propaganda, art painted in churches designed to instill respect, maybe fear and the idea of the greatness of God. This might be compared to things like “The black square” or “The fountain” or “Touch sanitation”. In “Touch sanitation” the artist shook hands with all sanitation workers in New York. The artist also wrote an amazing manifesto in which question are asked about the relationship between reproduction and life’s dreams. Reproductive work has since the beginning of capitalism been made invisible since it is not paid, and therefore not visible in statistics or the gross national product. One can take a pause and consider the consequences of that.

Can it also be so that many artists work is made invisible or not considered art for the same reason?

Some artists use art to express themselves, sometimes called self-expressive art. One very famous artist once hired an actor to talk about the works in a museum. When caught in the action, the author replied something like “the actor was simply much better at performing myself than I am”. The same artist also at one point came to Stockholm and the museum of modern art to see an exhibition of their own work. One artwork included shiny silver balloons that hovered close to the ceiling. In the exhibition in Stockholm, the responsible people could not find balloons like this, so instead they had filled plastic bags with air. They were lying on the floor. The author of the original artwork then said “wow that is so much better than anything I could ever have thought of”. This can be considered a successful example of transcreation. A translation that includes destructive and creative acts or elements. It also in a way illustrate the difficulty of valuing innovation so highly in contemporary art. If one considers innovation as collective and ongoing, art is like everything else in a culture “always again, but never as before”. (Or: creativity is as often a mistake as a sign of genius?)(Or: it is not about the art, it is about who is sensible enough to appreciate it.)

Some people like to distinguish art from design, meaning art is “useless” for anything else than being art, and design being made to make us like something. Other people claim that there is political art and unpolitical art, while others say that all art like everything else always is political, and that there is a big difference between making artwork about something political as a theme, and considering the specific politics of the methods, modes of production, product and proposed logic of an artwork. It’s complicated.

—ES, 15:54, June 30, 2015

2. MANIFESTO

FOR MAINTENANCE ART 1969!

Proposal for an exhibition “CARE” by MIERLE LADERMAN UKELES

I. IDEAS

A. The Death Instinct and the Life Instinct:

The Death Instinct: separation; individuality; Avant-Garde par excellence; to follow one’s own path to death—do your own thing; dynamic change.

The Life Instinct: unification; the eternal return; the perpetuation and MAINTENANCE of the species; survival systems and operations; equilibrium.

B. Two basic systems: Development and Maintenance. The sourball of every revolution: after the revolution, who’s going to pick up the garbage on Monday morning?

Development: pure individual creation; the new; change; progress; advance; excitement; flight or fleeing.

Maintenance: keep the dust off the pure individual creation; preserve the new; sustain the change; protect progress; defend and prolong the advance; renew the excitement; repeat the flight;

show your work—show it again keep the contemporary art museum groovy keep the home fires burning

Development systems are partial feedback systems with major room for change. Maintenance systems are direct feedback systems with little room for alteration.

C. Maintenance is a drag; it takes all the fucking time (lit.) The mind boggles and chafes at the boredom. The culture confers lousy status on maintenance jobs = minimum wages, housewives = no pay.

clean your desk, wash the dishes, clean the floor, wash your clothes, wash your toes, change the baby's diaper, finish the report, correct the typos, mend the fence, keep the customer happy, throw out the stinking garbage, watch out don't put things in your nose, what shall I wear, I have no socks, pay your bills, don't litter, save string, wash your hair, change the sheets, go to the store, I'm out of perfume, say it again—he doesn't understand, seal it again—it leaks, go to work, this art is dusty, clear the table, call him again, flush the toilet, stay young.

D. Art:

Everything I say is Art is Art. Everything I do is Art is Art. "We have no Art, we try to do everything well." (Balinese saying).

Avant-garde art, which claims utter development, is infected by strains of maintenance ideas, maintenance activities, and maintenance materials. Conceptual & Process art, especially, claim pure development and change, yet employ almost purely maintenance processes.

E. The exhibition of Maintenance Art, "CARE," would zero in on pure maintenance, exhibit it as contemporary art, and yield, by utter opposition, clarity of issues.

II. THE MAINTENANCE ART EXHIBITION: "CARE"

Three parts: Personal, General, and Earth Maintenance.

A. Part One: Personal

I am an artist. I am a woman. I am a wife. I am a mother. (Random order).

I do a hell of a lot of washing, cleaning, cooking, renewing, supporting, preserving, etc. Also, (up to now separately I "do" Art. Now, I will simply do these maintenance everyday things, and flush them up to consciousness, exhibit them, as Art. I will live in the museum and I customarily do at home with my husband and my baby, for the duration of the exhibition. (Right? or if you don't want me around at night I would come in every day) and do all these things as public Art activities: I will

sweep and wax the floors, dust everything, wash the walls (i.e. "floor paintings, dust works, soap-sculpture, wall-paintings") cook, invite people to eat, make agglomerations and dispositions of all functional refuse.

The exhibition area might look "empty" of art, but it will be maintained in full public view.

MY WORKING WILL BE THE WORK

B. Part Two: General

Everyone does a hell of a lot of noodling maintenance work. The general part of the exhibition would consist of interviews of two kinds.

1. Previous individual interviews, typed and exhibited.

Interviewees come from, say, 50 different classes and kinds of occupations that run a gamut from maintenance "man," maid, sanitation "man," mail "man," union "man," construction worker, librarian, grocerystore "man," nurse, doctor, teacher,

museum director, baseball player, sales"man," child, criminal, bank president, mayor, moviestar, artist, etc., about:"

-what you think maintenance is; -how you feel about spending whatever parts of your life you spend on maintenance activities; -what is the relationship between maintenance and freedom; - what is the relationship between maintenance and life's dreams.

2. Interview Room—for spectators at the Exhibition:

A room of desks and chairs where professional (?) interviewers will interview the spectators at the exhibition along same questions as typed interviews. The responses should be personal.

These interviews are taped and replayed throughout the exhibition area.

C. Part Three: Earth Maintenance

Everyday, containers of the following kinds of refuse will be delivered to the Museum:

- the contents of one sanitation truck;
- a container of polluted air;
- a container of polluted Hudson River;
- a container of ravaged land.

Once at the exhibition, each container will be serviced:

purified, de-polluted, rehabilitated, recycled, and conserved

by various technical (and / or pseudo-technical) procedures either by myself or scientists.

These servicing procedures are repeated throughout the duration of the exhibition.

Happiness

"The trouble is that we have a bad habit, encouraged by pedants and sophisticates, of considering happiness as something rather stupid. Only pain is intellectual, only evil interesting. This is the treason of the artist; a refusal to admit the banality of evil and the terrible boredom of pain."

— Ursula K. Le Guin, "The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas"

Sortering Sortering av Loras hästar

Federico García Lorca debuterade som hästdiktare 1921 med poesiboken *Libro de poemas*. I den fanns fyra hästar. Den allra första hästen var vit som is, den bar en himmelsblå ryttare på ryggen och gick på en oändlig stig i riktning mot norrskenet. Denna häst, Loras Urhäst, kom att följas av 58 diktade hästar fram tills Lorca avrättades 1936.

Debutsamlingen *Libro de poemas* innehåller några av de vackraste hästar som Lorca avlat. En häst beskrivs såhär "den var en himmelskropp av intensivt sken". Sedan kommer "liten häst utan ögon" och därefter "min fantastiska häst" som "tar mig genom en rödlätt skog". *Libro de poemas* följdes upp redan samma år med hästsamlingen *Poemas del canto jondo* som innehåller ordet häst hela nio gånger, men där beskrivs hästarna mindre i detalj.

För att bättre förstå hästarnas roll i Loras poesi har jag plockat ur samtliga aktiviteter som hästarna utför och sorterat dem. Dessa har inte varit möjligt i alla fall, eftersom flera av hästarna är sysslolösa. Till exempel "liten häst utan ögon" saknar verb. Sådana hästar bara existerar, de svävar till synes utan syfte, som spökhästar i Loras diktrader. Andra hästar är negationer: "min kärlek som varken är en häst eller ett brännmärke" eller "Marken slät, ren från hästar." Dessa icke-hästar, ohästarna, tar plats i texten och i bilden genom att inte vara där.

De hästar som faktiskt sysselsätter sig går att dela in i ytterligare kategorier. Till exempel en häst som "skär genom tinningarnas mossor", en annan häst "sluter inte ögonen om natten" och en tredje häst "hade ett öga i halsen". Alla tre hästarna verkar vara av den känslösa sorter, alltså känslöshästar. Sedan finns hästar som beter sig så som hästar borde. De springer okontrollerat, går förbi, stannas, blir oroliga. Dem kallar jag djurhästar.

Men vanligast är att hästarna blir ridna. Eftersom svart är den vanligaste hästfärgen hos Lorca väcker det läsarens oro. Var tänker ridhästarna ta sina ryttare egentligen?

Sista gången Lorca visade upp sitt stall vad i *Sonetos del amor oscuro* (1936), med dikten "kärleken bor i poetens bröst" där jagets kärlek är död. "Grupp av människor hoppar i trädgårdarna / de väntar på din kropp och min ångest / på hästar av ljud och gröna manar." Sedan fängslades Lorca av fascisterna och lämnades år deras kulor. Bläckhornet vältes omkull och rann över. Men spökhästarna, ohästarna, känslöshästarna, djurhästarna och ridhästarna fortsätter att kamma vita fält om natten runtom världens nedsläckta bokhyllor. -Inti Chavez Perez

Feminist theory

Concepts, theories, are strategies, struggling among themselves, with forces and effects that make a difference and that are significant beyond themselves insofar as they become techniques by which we address the real, the forces that surround and suffuse texts, that occupy the outside of texts. In addressing the question, "What is feminist theory?" we are primarily addressing the question of what it is to think differently, innovatively, in terms that have never been developed before, about the

most forceful and impressive impacts that impinge upon us and that thinking, concepts, and theories address if not resolve or answer.

Feminist theory, at its best, in its ideal form, is about the generation of new thought, new concepts, as much as if not more than it is about the critique of existing knowledges. It is not, however, so much about the generation of new truths, which must meet complex and normalizing conditions to be part of the true, but new thinking. -Elizabeth Grosz

Transfiktion

-Du kallar det du gör "performativ filosofi"

-Min vän Ann Rower utforskade det faktum att kulturvärlden älskar när något kan ges ett nytt begrepp. Så hon uppfann "transfiktion", en korsning mellan fiktion och transkribering. Orden "performativ filosofi" var ett av våra många skämt för att bli tagna på större allvar. Och folk tog det mycket seriöst.

-För att det ändå är ett relevant begrepp?

-Ja. Och att något är ett skämt betyder inte att det inte skulle vara sant eller avgörande. Den performativa filosofin teoretiserar och formulerar nya teser för verkligheten – och lever ut dem. Huvudpersonen kastar sig helhjärtat in i något – och hon betraktar samtidigt sig själv göra det.

-Christ Kraus intervjuad av Matilda Gustavsson

Comparison. "Nothing Compares 2 U"

It's been seven hours and fifteen days

Since u took your love away

I go out every night and sleep all day

Since u took your love away

Since u been gone I can do whatever I want

I can see whomever I choose

I can eat my dinner in a fancy restaurant

But nothing

I said nothing can take away these blues

`Cause nothing compares

Nothing compares 2 u

It's been so lonely without u here

Like a bird without a song

Nothing can stop these lonely tears from falling

Tell me baby where did I go wrong

I could put my arms around every boy I see

But they'd only remind me of you

I went to the doctor and guess what he told me

Guess what he told me

He said, "Girl, you better try to have fun no matter what you do."

But he's a fool

`Cause nothing compares

Nothing compares 2 u

All the flowers that u planted, mama

In the back yard

All died when u went away

I know that living with u baby was sometimes hard

But I'm willing to give it another try

Nothing compares

Nothing compares 2 u

Nothing compares

Nothing compares 2 u

Nothing compares

Nothing compares 2 u

End

There is no real ending. It's just the place where you stop the story."

—Frank Herbert