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The Interlocutor and the End Men:
~~Hypothetical Scenarios~~

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I declare that the work presented in this thesis is my own.

Abstract

My current research seeks to dissolve the barrier between practice and theory. This has been done through the creation of hybrid identities in the form of composite characters and conceptual avatars towards the realization of what I have termed an event site. Event sites are a text/practice methodology that permits and encourages the simultaneous existence of multiple, varied and sometimes, conflicting positions. The event site allows the words included in a text to perform the job of both theory and practice. Through the action of these diverse subjectivities the site of the event is revealed as a heterogeneous procedure for thought, and the two modes of enquiry (theory and practice) are both reoccupied, suggesting that there is no distinction between theory and practice and they can co-exist in a middle space. This middle space simultaneously accommodates both equivalence and difference and allows for questions on the relationship of language to logic as a site for radical indeterminacy.¹ Allowing for a reworking of the tradition notion of an artistic practice and a theoretical text to demonstrate how both ways of working compliment and are an important and valid part of research. Questions my PhD sought to explore: What is the affect of the transition between the virtual space of the screen and the written space of the page? To what extent can a television character situate the re-occupation of both practice and theory in order to assume a different relationship to both of them? In what way can the juxtaposition between theory/practice allow for a dispersed subjectivity to unfold and reconfigure accepted narrative frameworks?

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Prologue

*1.1a Suicide's easy, what happened to the revolution?*²

What happens when people refuse to do the type of writing/practice demanded of them? For Bartleby, the title character of Herman Melville's 1856 short story "Bartleby, the Scrivener," he preferred not to copy, despite his profession as a scrivener. In making this decision, what else can occur in the very stubbornness of that descent?³ Bartleby isolates himself in order to be spared a predetermined and externally determined fate. Yet this action of resistance and exercise of free will can enable certain kinds of space that may allow alternate subjectivities to form. This text explores the spaces characters escape from and the subsequent creation of temporalities that can lead them to form a different kind of space. If practice and theory meet in an interior third entity, can this permit different subjectivities to form, allowing for a sense of personal freedom? In Bartleby's case, he ends up dead in his persistent refusal. But what if, along with his refusal to copy, Bartleby found a host site enabling him to become a parasite? As Serres explains in his work on posthuman thought, *The Parasite*, the parasite learns to breach its host, not to copy, creating a new logic through this penetration.⁴ The parasite thus creates an altered way of consuming and intercepting human relations, and it disrupts and challenges given forms of knowledge.⁵ It does this by creating an event-site, which allows theory and practice to explode.

Contemporary television characters can offer another view of the parasite as they infiltrate whatever is necessary for their survival in the context of this PhD. In this gesture, the television character asks the PhD to act

differently and to behave in a way that was not previously seen.⁶ The parasite at times risks being expelled or asked to move on, but it will ask how far it needs to go as it keeps growing stronger. In this writing Michonne from the HBO television series the *Walking Dead* performs it perfectly.⁷ The parasite quietly analyses the situation, but it does not provide much to others: it creates a paralysis in order to interrupt the usual process and it acts as a catalyst, which forces the PhD to act differently⁸, thus allowing for more complexity.⁹ In doing so, what kind of regimes are invoked, challenged or disregarded?¹⁰ Does it end up being perpetually out of synch and coming back full circle? The television characters create a particular type of temporality when they begin to craft their practice in order to infiltrate the theory that they come across. They have done this by fashioning their own conceptual avatars in which to think through their subjectification alongside the theory they encounter. This becomes their practice. Ultimately, these characters' practices can function the same as theory. The PhD text becomes the host site for these characters' subjectivity to unfold.

Bartleby ends up committing suicide because of his inability to separate out his subjectivity from capitalism¹¹ however if he could have turned this relationship into a way of empowering his decisions, it might not have resulted in his death. The subjectivity of these television characters meets with the interlocutor to create this interior third, which can have a different function, allowing them to combine in a positive way. This can be thought of as a communal undertaking, establishing a distinct community, where they can construct it differently depending on their desire. Instead of

constituting a non-subjective community, this space could be viewed as a super-subjective space. There is a constant becoming (transforming) between the television characters and the interlocutor. These characters hide their secret until the very end, allowing them to control their destiny.¹² If they remain ambiguous then we are unable to define who plays the role of each character, this is how the composite works. The composite character shifts and changes just like the title. Michonne removes the sword from her back, she doesn't crumble, she moves in the most flexible ways, allowing her to keep her secret.¹³ In preferring not to do a type of writing demanded another line of flight can occur. In some ways the formula is not so difficult, we all have a cast of characters in order to create a composite.

The co-collaboration of these television characters allows for the production of a super-subjective space that takes place through the occupation of a television series. Creating a scenario that permits a shared cognition between the characters and the interlocutor allowing for interplay of differently organized uncertain worlds. This leads to an intertwining of the interlocutor and the readymade television characters with their subjectivity in order to co-author this text. These two have been altered to give rise to this new object to form as a composite character. Theirs is no longer a human subjectivity but something more ferocious, a subjectivity that is also combined with the subjectivity of the other episodes. There is a meeting in the interior of a third space, where they can exist side by side and interact with each other allowing for a middle space. The composite characters call a subject to appear, co-creating the event site within the circumstances they encounter.¹⁴ It is this wearing away of

space that allows for the two to converge. The composite personalities somehow reach outside themselves and impact the subject, forcing it into this underground space where one could escape and not have to deal with an authoritative voice of theory. In doing so, this allows for the reoccupation of both theory and practice. It is this folding in of outside forces that creates this composite character allowing us to move from one space to another. Questions are re-produced through these characters, which allows for a new image to appear and to think differently regarding the relationship between theory and practice.

They are acting on praxis instead of a predetermined knowledge that has already been decided for them, this is the fate that Bartleby¹⁵ refused. He did not want to be a mere copyist but rather he preferred to have a choice in his future.¹⁶ In working through their practice these characters' decisions have not been predefined for them.¹⁷ There is not a particular goal that leads them in a specific direction but more like a searching for an understanding and a figuring out how something might be relevant to them. It demonstrates this important interdependence between practice and theory and the relationship between these two very different languages in order to establish a new dialogue.

The popular culture characters' praxis is to create these virtual worlds for themselves through these conceptual avatars and composite characters. This happens as the characters and the interlocutor explore a third, or middle space¹⁸ that allows for their subjectivities to come together. Suggesting that an individual could be involved in the production of his or her own subjectivity allowing for temporary autonomy. For "it is the servant who

ultimately holds the promise of autonomy”¹⁹ and she found an ace that she can keep.^{20/21} In the end the characters will show us that they can think thoughts like anybody else enabling them to perform a kind of self-mastery through the creation of this third space. Proving that practice and theory can perform the same jobs. This will lead the television characters to ask how their practice can destabilize the normal scheme of things, expectations and hierarchies? What can happen when you take an art practice and turn it into a writing theoretical practice? Can they sail away to another world as they rely on each other when performing ‘whatever singularity’? ^{22/23} Does their event site lead to a style of writing, which allows for a form of agency to develop as a type of practice/text? Questions are re-produced through their fictionalized characters, which allows for a new image to appear and to think differently regarding these relationships.

This project considers the production of subjectivity; it does this through the voices of popular culture, the relationship between theory and practice, and artistic agency. It is necessary for artists to speak the language of theory but rarely do theorists speak or fully understand the language of practice. This has contributed to a continued division between practice and theory with a sustained hierarchy, theory being understood as the more appropriate and valid mode for thought process. Artists are constantly looking to philosophical texts in order to challenge their practice; this approach is habitually unreciprocated. Leading to the social death of the artist as they are seen only as the producers of capital objects. Intensely theorized, artists and their practices have become the parasite within academia that the host desires to extinguish. Unable to easily quantify what is

learned through a practice, art programs are underfunded and some have struggled to survive. The essential complexification process enabling the blending of these two modes of inquiry seldom enters the world of theory. The progressive subsumption of education into capital has had a major affect on student practices and on the production of their subjectivity. Both faculty and students have attempted to negotiate this process and the impact it has had on research. Could a discussion between these two modes of inquiry offer a solution?

This text enquires whether blurring the boundary between theory and practice can produce a supersubjective (composite virtual) space of withdrawal from the commodification of knowledge production. If confidence is the tone of capitalism²⁴ then teaching to create a mastery over material performs a similar function. This distribution of theoretical material enables the commodification of knowledge that therefore it becomes packaged and more easily distributable and marketable. Including practice as a way of thinking through theoretical material could enable a paralogical thinking that might allow for autonomy over commodified experience. During the 1960's and 70's at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design theoretical material was taught through assignments that were practice based. This stemmed from the conceptual art practices developed during this time. Gary Neill Kennedy recruited instructors to build an international reputation for the college. This list includes artist such as Lucy Lippard, Les Levine, Dan Graham, Joseph Kosuth, Sol Le Witt, Martha Rosler and Vito Acconci. Although the college was relatively isolated from other key artistic centers, the influx of major artists

whom Kennedy invited changed the face of Canadian conceptual practices.

The NSCAD University press and lithography workshop was the in-house means of production that allowed the college to disseminate the work produced there. The essay written by Benjamin H.D. Buchloh, *The Press of NSCAD: A Brief Incomplete History and Its Future Books*, focuses on the type of textual work that were produced there. Buchloh outlines the future of the book and how it became a valid mode for artistic practice, describing how the process of topography and textual elements became an integral element for many conceptual artists. Buchloh's research focused on a project by artist Dan Graham, who, in his essay *The Book as Object*, linked Stéphane Mallarmé's poetry to the work of media theorist Marshall McLuhan to describe the shift of focus for many conceptual artists, when analytical propositions became their main concern. Pointing to an extended history of artists working with textual information and their modes of research.

Kennedy hired Kasper Koenig as the editor of the press at NSCAD University and a series of textual pieces were printed. Initially three volumes were published, which include Claes Oldenburg's *Raw Notes*, Simone Forti's *Handbook in Motion*, and Steve Reich's *Writing about Music*. The mandate for the press focused on books written by artists, what artists were reading and their influences as well as their thought process. During this time one series published on artist Hans Haacke's *Framing and Being Framed* and two major works on the artist Daniel Buren were produced. The press was able to acquire the sociologists Howard S. Becker and John Walton as well as language theorist Jean-François Lyotard to contribute.

Eventually changes to the way institutions were funded meant that they had to increase student numbers and fees. The resulting standardization of education slowly leaked into the way courses were taught at this institution, even though faculty resisted this as long as possible. This text begins to question whether a re-evaluation of conceptual art practices and if their way of thinking through theoretical material might benefit current teaching practices.

This has laid the groundwork for an in-depth investigation into the politics of contemporary language, the creation of subjectivities, their subsumption under capital, and questions on how to subvert this process. This project began by attempting to dissolve the barrier between an artistic practice and theoretical text through the employment of a series of television characters, leading to the creation of a text/practice called the event-site. The words contained within this PhD enquire if they can perform two functions, both practice and theory. Perhaps demonstrating that a hierarchy between them no longer exists and that these two languages could be spoken at the same time.²⁵ The claim of this PhD is that a practice can perform the same function as a theoretical text. How can an artistic practice perform a way of thinking through theoretical material leading to a more embodied knowledge? If a practice was incorporated into a theoretical program and used as a way of thinking through ideas instead of resulting in a commodified product as its main output how would this transform our relationship to artistic practices?

This has led to the voices and subjectivities of fictional characters from popular culture who co-authored this thesis, allowing for control over the transformation of

our dispersed subjectivities. Employing something similar to the readymade,²⁶ they reveal themselves as more than the traditional notion of the readymade by including layers of subjectivity unfolding through each episode. The subjectivity of these characters combines with my own to become a composite in a similar fashion to how other works of art are composed. We begin to craft our practice in order to infiltrate the theory that we come across. Using these characters' voices, we are written into a hegemonic discourse. This leads to an interlacing of the artist's gesture and the characters as readymades with their subjectivity that work together to co-author this text/practice, permitting a re-authoring of theory and practice allowing for a different relationship to it. The text/practice becomes a site for collectivity, pooling together the characters' knowledge and abilities to negotiate this thesis. The voices taken from television characters and popular culture represent contemporary society and what a collective subjectivity might look like. These composite virtual spaces propose a way of interrupting the space of the PhD creating new variations on learning.

Does a form of agency take place by withdrawing into these composite virtual spaces in order to create an altered temporality? Establishing a temporality where the subsumption of thinking and learning under capital could be subverted. If the PhD is the host site where one goes through a process of subjectification then the parasite, in this case the television characters can act as practice as they create these virtual spaces in order to subvert this process. Still confined to the site of the PhD and its existing framework the parasite allows for an intervention into this space, pushing its limitations and

in the process complexifying it. These virtual spaces occupy the outside space of television and bring this occupation back into the PhD, which becomes the host site. What effect could the use of fictional characters have on historical and curatorial practices if modernist and conceptual backgrounds are re-written through these diverse subjectivities? How does this impact the teaching of histories and theoretical structures and question notions of time and importance?

This thesis becomes a common site, one in which subjectivity is negotiated in order to lead to more complex and critical forms. The characters combined with myself, write a text that permits multiple and at times conflicting positions, giving way to a form of freedom. If Sookie Stackhouse, Tony Soprano, Danai Gurira AKA Michonne, The Beastie Boys, Katniss Everdeen, Don Johnson, Sarah Linden, Stephen Holder, Martha Marcy May Marlene, CeeJay Thompson and Benny Parish can write themselves into a PhD, this establishes a space for potentiality where other minor groups can form to write their own language and discourse, thus creating a new logic and a different way of consuming and intercepting relations. This re-authoring allows for a disruption and challenges given forms of knowledge, suggesting that a contemporary parrhesia²⁷ play (telling of the truth) could take place through the occupation of a television series. It moves here, there and anywhere just like the left hand; we only know where it will go after it has moved.²⁸ This movement can be recorded and replayed, but there is always another rehearsal where the results come out differently. This text/practice has given way to something like a gangst-art where both practice and theory encounter constant shifting permutations and combinations.²⁹

The co-collaboration of these characters combined with myself allows for the production of a supersubjective (composite virtual space) that takes place through the occupation of television. This creates a space that allows for a shared cognition between the different television characters, my subjectivity and the theoretical authors, allowing for the interplay of differently organized uncertain worlds. Leading to an intertwining between the artist's gesture and the readymade (characters) with their subjectivity to co-author the work in this composite virtual space. This allows for an alternative, subtextual privilege with insider's knowledge. These characters speak from a first-person perspective allowing us to experiment with narrative form. They work on negotiating this middle space, which allows us to have a different relationship to theoretical content. Meeting in the interior third enables an ongoing relationship in order to negotiate our autonomy. The composite personalities reach outside and impact the subject forcing it into this supersubjective space, creating this underground site where we can escape and not endure the process of subjectification. Therefore we have constructed a different relationship with the material we encounter as the characters perform our subjectivity allowing us agency in this process.

These episodes record the transformation of this text/practice during this negotiation of trying to dissolve the barrier between practice and theory. This enables a text/practice where a predefined knowledge does not exist; by not being defined it allows for a space that can shift and change in order to stand in for different concepts. This is a middle space where our subjectivities blend. Permitting the composite, which is never stable and therefore an authorial voice cannot be defined. These

relationships are conceived within the text as a series of multiple characters that is made up not by one author but many. The grouping of media sources becomes subject-points that define the theme of the event.

In the following chapters, these popular culture characters will make star appearances. Through their text/practice they will emphasize the types of subjectivity that they have developed as their episode unfolds. This will include the type of spaces created, moving from finite to infinite, suggesting that this can produce an inner space of freedom. Instead of this being an infinite expansion of the self through the virtual spaces created on the internet these composite aesthetic virtual spaces propose a different kind of subjectivity through the use of the obsolete technology of television. Leading to an inquiry into whether or not the virtual spaces of an artistic practice can be seen as a solution to the commodification of subjectivity. Television characters enable a different temporality, one of play initially. These different temporalities allow subjectivity to be co-authored and its dispersal to be productive. Eventually this becomes a battleground, which is revealed in several episodes. Suggesting that an artistic practice can think the same thoughts and perform the same function as the writing of a theoretical text.³⁰ Can these virtual spaces that an artistic practice creates enable their own agency within the process of the development of subjectivity?

1.1b And That's How I Became Michael Snow's Walking Woman: Writing the Ribbon

At some point in the day I would catch my reflection and become the walking woman.¹ This would be a still image, frozen for just one second, tipped forward hands swinging but always on the move. Only this time I had to move tonally from white to black. These two were dialectic, but I knew my grey scale and they only needed a hint of the opposite pigment to begin to blur any distinction. Somehow that would be the way to enter into the world of the Ribbon² and walk across those surfaces creating our own compositions.³ Atkins had pulled off his skins and laid them out flat, sketched and revised just like a page from Betty Goodwin book.⁴ Hunter S. makes corrections to your text, blurbs and farts inching his way down down down the analogue page. Line Line Line until I see the chicken foot its is softer now then all the rest.

Grabbing that glass of beer, stiff and robot like with a far away look in your eyes as you describe the glory-hole that is left unfilled because you have become flaccid just sitting as object to be gazed upon in my drawing class. The oldest one yet, leaking out, as I try to draw you as accurately as I can. Two hands become one because you think we don't know what we are looking at. "Help Me Communicate Outside Of Peremptory Assault, My Love". That's when the romance could be found hidden inside of your Avatar. Right x?⁵

And there it was, the glove that BB had asked me about. The one that had been left as a reminder of the women who put her glove through the press. Somehow it happened to be the most conceptual of them all and was a worker's glove.⁶

Just like that you took a deep breath and deflated.
Crumbled, laying with your head resting, cigarette burning
down and tattoos like chicken scratching's across your
body.

It's all about the head you said. People are very specific
about the head they get. Sometimes they get upset
especially when it is turned upside down as I go bouncing
off the stairs. As we bounce together and begin to play a
game of Exquisite Corpse. Thud Thud your head tumbles down
the stairs now we have two x four and your exhibition
becomes our fixed framework in which to play this game.⁷

A carnival of exquisite pain that we have pieced together
evidence by your castrated signifier.⁸

You become 'thing' our object of desire to be painted as
still life just as the whisky tumbler fills with blood red
liquid. FML seems to be the only way to undo any mastery
as we hold a double séance and you become flaccid once
more.⁹ Oh glory hole let me unveil the truth as you tell us
a story as we slip into a zone of unconsciousness. We
feel our obsolescence as your stories replicate room after
room. And what of my immaterial labor where does it flow?
Am I rendered as skull or the blood red liquid that flows
into your glass? We both dwell outside ourselves in your
Avatar world watching ourselves through this circular
space trying to fill that hole. In whose home do we find
ourselves lodging in, reminiscent of a 19th century still
life? Once again we come back to painting as if we are
both painting a picture of our hyper-mediated world, we
understand this intertextuality that reverberates between
us.

We both recognize that the Dadaist did it best: repeat repeat repeat banner repeater the signifier gives the signified a shove. Because hadn't the Dadaist some sixty years before cut each word out only laying them next to each other resolving Derrida's Of Grammatology. And we did it in foundation art because our 'style' all along had been misrecognition. K(big K, repeated)inda takes your breath away, doesn't it? All those vampires that had inhabited her house just simply disappeared and poof we see your smoking head and Tom Green enters her heart.

Now she was left with the leather glove, just one sitting silently in the hallway and she knew that he had passed it on to her, their localness. You thought you had come to settle inside my house and lay claim to some kind of territory. Maybe stirring a pot of eel soup¹⁰ was the only way to avoid any other vampires settling in. The seasons would be the only thing that she would let dwell¹¹ in her as she lay there thinking what did transcendence have to do with Surrealism. This was a way to stay minor in this world of majors trying to slot her into this or that category a work of art is not so easily categorized. And what of all of those art students of Bonnie Alders¹² studying shoes, making shoes, unfolding shoes building them into dresses working to attain their own unconcealment.^{13/ 14}

It didn't matter if she had read more she had made more and seen more art and understood how it could unfold and hang. If you couldn't sit there for four years idly staring as the seasons change, blending colors together to get the right hue, or matching the fabric up then how

could you ever understand transcendence or the origin of the work of art. Walking Women is the 'Being in Time' because this walking woman was a silhouette and she was the figure fixed in place on the space of the page.

It all began with a co-authored reading group: writing art?

1.2 Session One: With a little help from my friends...

Does your practice demonstrate theoretical concepts or is it complexifying theoretical texts? How does it create a kind of tension between the two? How can theory be performed as practice? It works in two ways, it outlines or makes me understand how not to work, reading theory does. Makes me aware of not how to work by charting, if I read theory related to aesthetics in relation to a social-cultural space, then I often find that I let ideas go because they seem formed within that context so I feel a resistance to that, it shows me what not to do. And then the other way, I guess it creates a space in order to generate new ideas. An idea to make a piece of work pops up from somewhere else and then I try to understand it through the theoretical framework. Sometimes I find often when I read theory the ideas for my practice come about as if the texts opens up a space for thinking in relation to the rough ideas for my work. In that way I feel reading theory to be quite productive. I don't know if it is really that good for my practice to be reading so much. A lot of people are in workshops making. When I got the breakdown of my marks my theory mark was higher then my practice mark. I thought this year I might not be so invested in reading. This group is not to make a judgment on which one is better. It is to suggest that practice can be used as a way of complexifying theoretical material. Instead of it being a copy of theory. If we look at Bartelby's I prefer not to as a refusal to copy, instead of him basically committing suicide how could that be used as a more generative refusal? So instead of having a

practice that is only summarizing or demonstrating theory, could it not go the other way in order to shift and make changes to theoretical materials? Does reading theory stop you from making work? It seems to suggest lots of ideas of how they are being constructed so then I want to refuse continuing along those paths. That's the other component of the Melville text, that stubborn persistent refusal to copy but also to not have a predefined or predetermined outcome. This is where practice comes in because it is not a predefined outcome, something like a paralogical thinking takes place. How does it make something less grounded and a bit more shaky, which actually makes it more interesting for me. It seems like what you are saying is the theory somehow comes after the practice, a lot of the theory that we are given is somehow written after the practice. This idea of theory being a generative thing for practice seems almost like a theological reversal. And that can become quite productive. I think a lot of people just want to sit inside, they are too immersed within theory which leaves no room for the practice. Well I think if I read less I would make more work but it might not be very good. Your work might not be as strong. That's what I think also. What does reading all of that theory do for your practice how does it make it stronger? This idea of refusal has to be in relation to what you're being asked. Reading theory has a way of clarifying what you're being asked in terms of making art or being a citizen or a consumer in late capitalism or whatever. Unless you can understand what you are being asked then your refusal, a simple refusal is dead silence not saying anything but then there are many types of refusal. Theory outlines what you are being asked whether it be a political or social situation. The thing was, I could not understand theoretical material on a deeper level or what I was even

being asked until I had embodied that experience of what was I refusing. Of course I could summarize and repeat this theory if that was what I would need to. It could not just be something that someone had told me to refuse, I needed to understand why and this is where my practice came into play. Another way it might be called and implemented would be a radical pedagogy, which didn't seem that different from the way I had been taught at NSCAD University in the 1990's. Remember the dish ran away with the spoon, I couldn't have one without the other. I think for these questions it is really important to formulate what we mean by theory, is theory all texts what is theory and what is practice? This PhD was about going from a making practice to a writing practice and that difficult transition. This practice was about thinking through and understanding of my surroundings. It was working through the questions I was interesting in asking. How do you translate that into a writing practice? Does it still act as a visual writing practice? What is your practice or what is your relationship to a practice? There is a shifting ground, what kind of work are you making or what you do. A practice is more embodied. If I answered this question it turns out that I don't end up making the work and when I am not talking about it works better. When it is put into language it is not the same thing. In terms of practice, I have a seminar and the first time I am presenting work I am thinking about it as a kind of refusal. It is a recent idea and I am not sure if the Bartelby text came first or the idea came first. Maybe the refusal was there but like you said earlier that the theoretical text allowed you to clarify that it actually was a refusal that you were trying to practice. During my theory tutorial Michael Asher name came up from Cal Arts and the idea of the critique. The theoretical underpinning

of the critique and the performative act of critical discourse. This theoretical underpinning of the critique so far it hasn't worked the way it had intended to. How would you do this? Maybe by transforming the language as it's spoken in that space? Yeah, that's what I was hoping to do through my writing, but to do it in this environment is much more difficult for me. I think that was partially why I was interested in doing a reading group, it was easy for me in some ways to refuse a certain way of working which was having theory as seen as more important than practice. I had felt that theory and theoretical voices had been used as a kind of knowledge power that I wanted to refuse. I wasn't happy with this so within my writing practice I questioned that quite a bit. To do a reading group and look at the material that I had used seems like a new re-working of that material and those ideas. How do we approach those texts where we are not repeating the same gesture or way of accessing them? One way might be to have a practice that is acted out through a critique. Are there other options of performing that kind of conversation without discussing a text in the same format that we usually do. Or is there another way of generating a conversation without falling into the same routine? That seems to be the question in the air, if you like and an important question to ask. We have another group called reverberations and we read these texts about the resonant body and then we have a conversation that hasn't gone beyond a more straightforward reading of the texts. So is the reversal how do you perform that theory in these contexts? It sounds like a question of models. Then it becomes a question about methodology, which I also have an issue with. Could the methodology be just that by bringing theory and practice and creating an explosion is all that you need as a methodology? I think practice questions

methodology actually because it doesn't allow for a predetermined or predefined outcome. So where do we go from that, does it become a mythology? How do we look at these texts and negotiate them in a different way. Instead of doing a close reading where we go through the texts and discuss the material and just reiterate the same things in the texts, how do we change that way of working? Maybe that's how through this reading group we make something together. Sometimes reiteration is a really constructive procedure, so it allows you to understand the material better. It's this idea of translation; the meaning arises not just in reiteration but from the process of rephrasing something or paraphrasing. It opens up spaces for other meanings to arise. But that's quite a traditional form, I guess. What about the indeterminacy of a practice can it be beneficial or useful, if I say that there is indeterminacy here because I do not really have a predefined outcome for this reading group other than to have a conversation. I am not sure what it is going to look like or what you guys will get from this conversation. How can this be beneficial in ways that open up the conversation? Do you mean specifically this reading group or..... not, it can be in general. You asked how approaching something without a predefined outcome with an acceptance of indeterminacy through processes might work, are you asking how that informs the reading of other texts? I am not quite sure how to put it into words this kind of move about the community and potentiality was an outstanding idea for this generation. Where does that potentially come from? Is it waiting to be taken hold of? Isn't that what Timothy Deines says about Derrida's approach. It not something that is outside of where we are now, but it is always there. Derrida refuses that move that it is a coming or past community but it is always

already there accessed by the limits of thinking and the definition of thinking. Potentiality allows for Derrida's limit of thought and they need each other. Is that will then? Potentiality seems like infinity and will seems limited and will seems like the subject and bodily where as it is defined towards structural limits. Potentially seems like a utopian view. It can only happen outside of morality, meaning we cannot judge others. I think it is not utopian this decision is only available outside of morality. Why did you bring up the topic of morality? It is closer aligned to what Deleuze and Hardt and Negri are talking about this kind of fraternity. You mean potentiality of a kind of energy. In Derrida there is a decision in that proposal. I guess, is that where the potentiality lies? Is there a decision in that refusal? Is that potentiality in that decision to refuse? How it is organized in my mind is that the refusal opens a potentiality, but there is a decision in that refusal. Not a decision on how Derrida seems to define it, which is the limit of thinking and is different than a bodily decision. So actually the refusal is a decision on some level. There is some decision to come up with that formal or is it a reaction? Is that the limit of thinking then? Aren't these terms such separate things? Aren't these terms so specifically delineated? I think it is not a conscious decision. So then it is a reaction? More of a gut feeling than a normal rational way of working out of things. Decision is defined as quite cognitive and rationalistic. Knowing why, sometimes I think that is the limit of thought, so there is a visceral reaction. Where it is not like I am deciding not to do a specific thing and that is similar to the idea of not being predefined. You're doing something but you're not quite sure why or what that reason is. Maybe there isn't a reason at that point. For

me that Derrida decision is not longer reasonable. That's why I said will, drive or movement into this direction. P.S. I think we might have just moved into a Michael Asher type critique.³¹ On the other hand you have the refusal to work or partake in society. There is kind of a drive or what other word could be used? An impetus. These words don't seem to quite get what is happening in Bartleby for me. Reaction is closest. So is Bartleby having a continued reaction to being in that environment? What is a better word than drive, it's a response. I didn't read the original Melville, could you give me a summary, other than his refusal. Bartleby is a copyist and he refused to copy, eventually he refuses to leave his hosts law firm so he inhabits that space he becomes a parasite, but not the same way as in the Serres text. He does become a parasite because he complexifies that space for the people he is working for. They have to start to questioning things, the way they do things cannot just be a given. There is a complexification process that happens and that's why the two texts together are really nice. Eventually he was sent to the tombs where he basically dies, so he commits suicide. He refuses to eat in the end, there is a particular kind of refusal because he is not saying no he is saying I prefer not to. Have you read Kafka's the Hunger Artist? I haven't read that, no. It's a little bit literal but it's like someone, he just doesn't eat, it's a very short story. He's in kinda of a circus and he is on display in a cage and there is a lion and things like that. He performs. Like the monkey? No he performs not eating that's the kind of thing that he performs. He performs because he is on display, and he continues until everyone forgets about him, right. And then he is not interesting to anyone anymore and they pass his cage and he's kinda forgotten about and he is frail. It's a

different type of refusal than Bartleby, I think Bartleby's is more subtle. I think so too, and more beautiful I think. It's a great story, this 'I prefer not to' it's just so elegant. I know and the stubbornness of his refusal. He goes to the very end, it's such a great formula. It seems that both lead to death, they both die. So if you are the artist in that theoretical space is this what happens if you refuse theory, do you end up dying? If you cannot perform theory do you die in that academic space? Instead of dying can you perform the parasite? Do you perform the parasite to complexify that process? That's why the two work together really well. I have not gotten through the Serres text completely. I like the example of the critique and questioning that conversation where someone stands up and we critique their work, I have no idea what you are going to do except perform this through linguistics. Instead of a straight refusal to participate in the critique what are the other options? Yeah, the parasite has to know its host. I mean particular types of parasites are attracted to and live off of particular kinds of hosts. So what is the host for you? The host is a lot to do with this kind of theoretical discourse. And this prioritizing of language a certain type of language? I am also interested in poetry and how that plays into language and this relationship between theory and practice and what that space looks like. What struck me about Bartleby that it allows the narrator to know more about himself to transfer this. Yeah, I think this is key to how he goes about his refusal. He gets this job, it's a law office that he works for, it represents everything that has to do with law. It gets in opposition to poetry. He gets his job in the office and he starts off copying although he refuses some things, like the reading up. When is it set in, what 1920's or 1930s? So they

copy legal texts and then they have to read them out. He does his copying diligently (it impairs his vision) in fact he copies better than everyone else. He starts off contributing to the office that he is part of and gradually he steps back and steps back. And then he is given a copying job and he says he prefers not to. It matters because of how it reverberates within the narrator. The narrator who is the head of the office, tells the story. OK so now I am going to do a close reading, it's very difficult to not do this. I am going to read a quote here, so Bartleby is finally and quite literally self-absorbed and he becomes suicidal because he is unable to separate out his own subjectivity from the larger capitalist forces that subjugate him. I think this is an interesting point, that he can't separate himself from what is subjugating him. That might be an interesting place to go from, where we refuse. It might be a good place to discuss. If it is this visceral or reactionary refusal and not predefined, where does that refusal take place? How do we separate that, is it just because it is subjugating and we are reactionary to it? I don't know but there seems like there are so many ways to refuse. And people take refusal as a strategy to be utilized in lots of different forms. So can it be productive? I guess if it is seen in relationship to the Serres text. He writes here about the three meanings of the parasite, it seems that the second meaning is only really attached to the host, where the first one is really just about creating noise, in that case the parasite doesn't even need to know what situation is entering in. I kinda like that, there is something about not reading a text and then somehow becoming noise within that space, there is a conversation to be had but it leads to some kind of disjunction within the conversation because no one is ever quite sure what we

are talking about. The noise. The third meaning is the uninvited guest the social loafer but then he charms his way onto the host, there the key is the charming. The second one is very aware of the situation it is entering into and it knows what its strategy is and the first one just like creating noise where as the third one is entering the situation and then it is more about a process happening rather than having an outcome determined before hand, it's about the charming, about shifting your own position as the parasite in relationship to the host so that's a quite interesting one because it shifts. It seems like in the second one your position in relationship to the host is very delineated and in the first instance you kinda um vary as this person causing disjunction causing friction your not necessarily identified as the parasite but it seems as this process of shifting position as parasite is quite interesting. In those three, I don't know where to position myself. Or do we embody all three, so then he goes on to say that these three come together to form the parasitic logic. Which he says in these three steps analyze, paralyze and catalyze. So analyze is to take but not give and paralyze is to interrupt the usual functioning and catalyze is to force the host to act differently. Serres is thinking of these three things as being the same but it is interesting to think about separating them out. Maybe they function differently depending on the environment or host? Does there have to be a host? Which is kinda an interesting question, what is the host, is it the theoretical text or is it the site we find ourselves in, a larger economic sphere that we are working within. So the question goes something like this, are we the parasite of three in this conversation somehow feeding off each other turning each other into the host site depending on the moment. Does this space become the

host site? Is our plus on the woman who says little how does she factor into this situation? Were we performing Serres' parasite, which is really about social relationships. Yeah, for me it's all of those things in this host. You only know your point of contact, for the parasite on the host it is very hard for the small parasite to see the huge host. So does that bring us back to the Bartleby text where he cannot separate himself from the larger capitalist space that he was being subjected to? If we think of him as a parasite he could really distance himself from that environment. If you are dividing parasites into these two categories of analyze, paralyze, catalyze and the other which is more delineated did you mean something that has less interaction with its host? Yeah, well Serres comes to this idea of parasitic logic through the way the definitions form the parasite. I think that the parasite can function in those three separate ways it certainly doesn't have to take this trajectory. Or is it always aware of those three different strands. It becomes this logic thing moving between those three terms. What three things are you talking about analyze, paralyze and catalyze? No, the three things I was speaking about were the meaning of parasite, the second one was the meaning that you were talking about, like the idea of the parasite on the host and the parasite feeds off the host and the relationship is really delineated between the two of them, kinda like a tick on a body. It is kind of like a biological relationship. Where the first one of just being noise or interruption, that seems like more undetermined gesture. Then the third one is like charming your way, shifting from your subject definition of parasite to becoming the host yourself. Or making the host the parasite? Bartleby is not calculated he is accidentally there because of this legal social

environment is swept everywhere and he is being swept up in it. It reminds me when occasionally when a whale is swept up in the Thames and dies, this thing from somewhere else but suddenly it is in the heart of the city and it sets off the reverberations this thing from nature, finds itself in this strange space. Inevitably it always dies even though they try to rescue him. Bartleby is like that, he finds himself in this space and couldn't survive he can't calculate his way out. Is that what you think???? He's not willing to. It's not about will. And you don't think that the parasite somehow reverses that somehow? If the host becomes the parasite, that's a great kind of switch of everything you don't think he could 'potentially' get out of that situation? Or are you saying that he is lost in the greater establishment that he has found himself in, he has just found one formula and that's it? He can't quite negotiate a different space for himself. If he is to remain who he is, he would have to become something else if he was going to negotiate. And I think it is definitely not just related to this legal 20th century social economic space he can't go beyond that. It's more of a fundamental thing. I can imagine that it's not just that it needs some social change and everything will be all right. It's more fundamental than that, change is not possible. Do you think that because he is a parasite he is like a tick on a host and he get's lost or he is overwhelmed in that space so his change is not big enough, it doesn't allow for a bigger movement is that what you are suggesting? No I don't think so, I just think that there is something fundamental that can't be explained. Not just like Bob Dylan not answering these questions because it's some reporter from a magazine to sell a story even if he wanted to explain there is something fundamental. One thing I was wondering was does

he prefer not to, what? He is refusing he is not refusing the work, he is asking to work but he is going to be there. That's why I don't think this is about a decision or if it is a decision about refusal, I don't know what he is refusing. I don't think he is refusing to work. I think it goes beyond just the refusal to work he doesn't want to have a predefined outcome and so he doesn't want anything pre-determined for him he doesn't want an organization or a host to predetermine his fate. That's what I think his 'prefer not to' means he is resisting. So it would be like not having someone to decide what your fate and the parasite in relationship to Bartleby opens up that space that allows for something else to happen where Bartleby doesn't end up committing suicide. Do you think there is a way for Bartleby to survive? I am suggesting that potentially that's what the parasite does well. That's what I wrote for the reading group. What happens when people refuse to do the type of writing/practice demanded of them? For Bartleby, the title character of Herman Melville's 1853 short story *Bartleby, the Scrivener*, he preferred not to copy, despite his profession as a scrivener. In making this decision, what else can occur in the very stubbornness of that descent? Bartleby isolates himself in order to be spared a predetermined and externally determined fate. Yet this action of resistance and exercise of free will can enable certain kinds of space that may allow alternate subjectivities to form. What effect could the formation of these different subjectivities have on a writing/art practice? The parasite quietly analyses the situation, but it does not provide much to others: it creates a paralysis in order to interrupt the usual process and it acts as a catalyst, which forces the host to act differently, thus allowing for more complexity. In doing so, what kind of regimes are

invoked, challenged or disregarded? Could an artistic practice act as parasite in relation to the theoretical content it encounters?

If Bartleby dealt with that relationship differently, I think on one hand taking the formula, I prefer not to as a refusal to a predetermined fate, is interesting but within that relationship to that host-site there needs to be another kind of complexity that happens. I am not sure how that formula looks or if it is a formula or what it exactly looks like other than bringing two kinds of responses together. If they can be thought together, in a way they are a response to those scenarios. One is to act as a parasite and one take the form of refusal. They are two different responses. They might be variations on a response but they are both responses to different scenarios. Maybe by bringing them together that could allow for a more interesting space. Somebody like Bukowski in *The Post Office* where he kinda sticks in the system he kinda indulges in that. That seems really different, is the host necessarily a bad thing? Um, I don't think so. Because I think the parasite has to feed off the host or they are there because there is something about the host that they like. They are there to cause noise or to generate noise within that space. Otherwise they set up something else outside of that space. What does that look like how does that function? It's something completely different. The idea of having parasitic strategies within your own practice something like within theory would be the appropriation of texts. Unlike the other approaches like a theory verses practice if the parasitic logic is a way of having the two inhabit each other in a way. What strategies could be born out of something like refusal? It feeds off of that theoretical space, the parasite does and

it is complexifying that space. Doesn't this complexification process always become after it is the catalyst, just get repeated and becomes practice again and the theory is then something separate? How do you disrupt that from happening? That's a very difficult thing to do, without relying on theory and being dependent on that. So can we have a conversation in this space about something other than theory? How does a practice embody or how is it performed in this space. No, my interest is more practice within the space of the studio the idea of the parasite can be enacted then rather what we are doing now. Are we talking about practice as a parasite of theory? Yeah, that is very much the question. And then taking parts or bits from theory, it's not just about the parasite it is about the situation for find yourself in. It's this thing about us having critical studies within a context. Then are you replaying or recreating that same situation where your practice is separate still? You have critical theory and then you have a practice. Does that mean that your practice takes certain elements of that theoretical text and embodies them or performs them? It only could happen for me through writing but I think that is because they are closer in form, where I couldn't separate them if one was a material form. It is more difficult when the form is not the same. So then when you have methodology how do you measure a practice? Or how do you measure the theoretical work that is going on in a practice? If it's not written? I am not saying I am interested in measuring it, I am saying an institution is. They want to measure those things. If you are not interested in measuring that practice or you do not want a predefined outcome and it's indeterminate all the time how do you measure those things? Isn't the point to make those measuring devices not work? If you are trying to measure sound with a ruler

it's going to fail. It's not going to work it's a different kind of space. If I measure the table it works fine but if I measure sound I can't. I don't think it is how you make it measurable in theory but how you make the measuring devices that you're surrounded by not work, they become redundant. To make them not work, so even their impulse to measure seem absurd and nonsensical. And then when you try every way to measure something, it just doesn't work, you get to the point that you can no longer measure. The way to do that is to understand the measuring devices as well as possible. And if we are talking about critical theory as a rational measuring device within the institution then we want to make those measurements not quite work and seem redundant. So how would we go about doing that, without falling back into the same language? Have we fallen back into that in this group? It is very difficult, so I am really interested in that conversation in making those devices redundant. And then when we put it into practice or in this space how do we negotiate that? Then we have practice as a way of demonstrating theory, like that's the default mode. It seems that the theory is better suited to methodologies and forms to have the devices to measure, but we are proposing that we are refusing that. Those structures or ways of assessing, how do you question those things but still exist in that environment. Without performing the same thing that you are questioning? It's a difficult task. Yeah, I think there are ways though. I think it is easier if we think of this environment as the host site. How it's organized, the structure and what you are able to question or not question. Or, what is more effective is what you can be or are being in that space. So the parasite really needs to know its host well. What I thought was creating noise within the system was in fact not creating noise, it

was quite in harmony with what is going on, so I just wanted to stop doing lots of things. Practice sometimes can stop you from making practice more than theory, I find. Going to see exhibitions. How do you negotiate that surplus of groups against wall, projected or performed? The refusal that is a practice or theory and theory. It can be demanding this amount of work and the necessity to put something out there where something has to emerge, the thing will then enter another space will become something within this network. To position yourself with the economy of art. The system of exhibitions, art journals they position themselves within that world and that makes it kinda numbing. In fact we have many other networks and relations. Maybe you have all kinds of relations, economic relations of noise and disruption and things like that, which may generate complexity or is just as valid because that allows for some kind of comparison. A space is a space for noise and complexity as well. But this relationship between theory and practice where it turned into writing I mean that can be situated within the art world as a general way people do performance at the moment the way video art is made in Britain where there is lots of focus on narration this idea of the failure of the image and that is has to be substituted with text or that text takes over. The text tells you what the artwork needs because we need that. I think it started at this place and then it goes on a very long journey that involves a lot of different things it's not just the relationship between practice and theory but for some reason that's a good a relationship for me to kind of have as a starting off point and then within that it can discuss a lot of different things. It can move within different spaces, which I think is interesting. And what can that allow for. So you write now both what you consider the theory and

practice, yeah. And is it always easy to decide when one thing is one and one thing is another? I always thought of it as a blending between those two spaces but there is also a lot of friction that happens between them. When I am writing it seems very together. This is the immeasurable component for my PhD I find it very difficult to summarize that process. I guess for the PhD I am trying to figure out what that allows for or how far I can push those things. It is difficult because it becomes very complex because of the financial relations within that. Those things come into play where it is located and situated in the context of Goldsmiths what is that label of the PhD and of course you begin to question all of those things within the writing. I think the theory/practice conversation allowed me to do that within the text because I could use both of those things to look at those larger overall questions I had. It seems like the way you have grouped the reading groups we will look at different strategies between the relationship between theory and practice and my own relationship to that negotiation within the studio rather than how the writing then becomes the practice. You were saying that you got to the point a couple times at least that maybe we are just slipping back to a straightforward reading of the text and to me it doesn't seem like that. Always in new environments and situations it takes a while before you understand them. So at first not everything seems like noise but this seems like a certain way you are approaching this complexity and it's not just that slipping back into an old way of discussing theory. That's not to say that it is not a good idea to look for other possibilities. Haven't we just performed the meaning of the texts through language and isn't that what a post-

conceptual artist would do in a post-studio Michael Asher style?

We had taken the group to the limit of thought.

Second Session

1.3 Back in Room NAB 332

The first session we looked at Bartleby and his proposition of 'I prefer not to' and in making this statement he allowed for a certain kind of space where things were not predefined for him and so I had taken that as a starting point for myself. Practice in a way for me seemed similar to TAZ and Kafka's work on minor literature where it was not predefined except for when I have to write grants or apply for shows and that's become more and more the norm. I think twenty years ago when I took my BFA, practice was much more like this. It was more experimental and I was interested in research through learning. That's why I have been drawn to specific texts because there is something in them that maybe I find an alliance with. How then do I allow for that in a writing practice? Can I ask a small question, because it makes me think of a certain notion known in art that is process orientated? Am I right when thinking about a practice which is not pre-defined which is being created in the process while doing it, so you don't really plan anything but you react on what comes across your path. Yes, it would be very similar, so then how do you transfer that into a writing practice? Then you also connected it to subjectivity. I am very interested in this moment when I can start speaking about subjectivity in a really practical sense. How can I formulate what happens in the practice in a way that doesn't sound naive? So what is the problem with that naivety? Or is there a problem with naivety being in that space for learning this allows for perhaps an autonomous space. Can that naivety be productive? Yeah, and also I think this problem with naivety being perceived as some kind of strategy, you

know? If I am aware that I am having that naive approach and I am doing it intentionally, it becomes some kind of strategy and I am not sure that is so productive. So what you are saying is that your actual research is what propels your ideas? Or your ideas are already sort of formed during that research period? Yes, I would say that is one way that the practice can evolve. I think that's the whole problematic here that once you are aware of that naivety and we have indeterminacy as your politics, then does it lose its potential? I have been talking about my approach as being kind of arbitrary or random and it didn't have any intention per se. So is it a specific thing that is an expectation towards a strategy or is it possible to have a different approach, how can I confront those expectations? And when you don't have a plan how can you call it a project? For example, even if it is just in the vernacular? That's the thing I am really trying to escape, this notion of project. I really don't like this idea because a project in a way has a beginning and an end. Even if the end is really far away it kinda implies that you know what you are doing and you're going towards an end. One thing is a project you can take it and then it is finished. Only if it is an on-going project but infinitely on-going a never-ending project in a way. Also within a project there is more than just yourself involved sometimes so there is a set period of time when certain forces will come into it and we have to move those where as on your own you can do that more organically. When you are doing long collaborations normally time is a factor on projects you are freer regarding time and set things off a bit differently. I find the biggest cut between practice and theory would be in a practice I don't need to prove anything I don't need to justify anything. I don't need to explain anything so things in practice exist more in the

level of the possible all for the why not or what if's all these kinds of levels inviting the thing to stand by itself without really saying what it is because in the theory side something else happens. Are those then two separate things can they not come together somehow and cause some kind of friction? I think they either dialog or they crash or they go together it doesn't matter maybe they have many forms of relation. I think this point within Kafka Towards of Minor by Deleuze and Guattari where he does not conceptualized until after the experimentation process. It feels like a bit of an oxymoron because I have a strong conceptual background but I do experiment and then I conceptualize later. I am wondering within a writing practice how that relationship with experimentation to theory can potentially work? Or can you see it as valuable within your practice? Maybe it can work on the level of symptoms like practice as a symptom. But then is that then a cure? Are you curing the practice then? No, not theory to cure the practice but not even to explain but to point what is happening that it is possible. I went to a book launch in the architecture department, forensic architecture I really felt that they are so practiced based. They were talking about where technology and nature come together and they are looking at the world of examples so basically they don't offer any solution but they are dealing with theorizing these symptoms they find in the world. I think I might be able to answer that in some degree, this sort of infinite you can take them into abstract places but when you start applying them to practice you sometime hit a wall. I think exactly it's not really possible it becomes not interesting as a practice for an artist when the practice is some kind of illustration of theory. At least for me the practice has to be first then in the practice at some

point you reach a moment when the practice has developed some kind of manifestation, which could then be put into a theory. Or when it develops its own language somehow within that practice. Yeah, but I think it has to be really significant. For me it becomes important to write about it when I realize that people don't notice that essential big thing for me that is really important. Because it is so obvious within your own practice that you are working with these ideas and then when you put it out there it's read completely differently or misinterpreted, which I don't know if that's exactly a bad thing. No, because there should be a freedom for interpretation even though it is in this abstract form that Deleuze and Guattari wrote on Kafka and Benjamin was saying that Kafka should be read literally and should not be interpreted even though he has only been interpreted but it should just be read literally. I think that is kind of necessary to consider that. Could you say that when you do your work you need to write about it to communicate through language for example in dance when we go to the theater we always get a flier before which tells you what it is about. Yeah, but this is like an artist statement, that's not really the question between theory and practice. It might state your intention but how can that be pushed further? So when does it become theory? When does a practice actually become theory? Instead hitting a wall when you have theory and then try to turn it into practice when you want to embody it and make it live somehow. What about a practice that somehow creates theory? Well you have to do several things before you develop a theory, if you just do one work organically can you then take that apart and start doing what you have done a theory or is it just a critical analyses at that point. Once you have a theory you always have to have more than one example. To have a theory of

your own work alone it is a bit too eccentric I think. Something that can be applied in different situations at least more than two. Just to figure out when it becomes a theory. I think the problem we might be having is that we are dealing with a concept of theory and a concept of practice and concepts have boundaries that's what makes them concepts then a different kind of thought. So we might want to conceptually try to merge these concepts to see how they relate but because we are dealing with concepts we're just going to bash up against or create a contradiction? Well the concepts create boundaries when you have a concept you can have a right or wrong. But when you said practice didn't need to be explained in any way but what we are dealing with here we have a concept of practice then we are practicing or that's also possibly debatable. The problem is we have a concept of practice and a concept of theory and we are trying to bash them up together but then they won't ever merge because we are dealing in concepts. Right, so because we are discussing it you mean you're saying that there's a failure that happens within the discussion? Instead of it being a written thing or how else would you negotiate that? Well I think that's a problematic, I am trying to get to answers in certain types of practice. I don't know how to answer this here in this room because we are dealing in concepts, I think maybe. This is good to talk about because practices are very different, I don't practice like you do. But I still think I practice, like a practice of reading and then moving a bit and then I have a project but I do think it's practice. Is theory something you can hand to someone else where they can actually follow that set of thoughts? Defining something more than just one's practice. I am thinking about Tino Sehgal and about the non-technological progress this was the kind of theory he

was proposing or not? He was using his performance as practice as a tool to perform his theory. The way I understand it is like that but theory outlines a problem and the practice attempts to answer that problem. In fact they are answers to that problem. I mean in his work I think they are answers. Do you think it works together well? You were saying about being able to transfer it to other people like a map. So a map, I can give you a map of London and it can help you get around but the map isn't London and it won't be your experience of London or if it is it is a thing on paper which isn't the same as moving around the streets of London. It does help maybe for you to move around the streets of London if I can pass you a map of something and everyone might make different kind of maps. The map I make for London might be a different kind of map than the one you make. Which is the whole interesting thing about theory and TAZ, your looking for some kind of autonomy within that already highly mapped world. So if everything is mapped out for you within a theoretical text or within a course where are those autonomous spaces? Or here is a selection of texts and there is a certain kind of map but within that map we are each going to do something very different with it. I guess some people could follow a map really rigidly. I could draw you a map that is quite open and leaves lots of possibilities for exploring London or I could give you a map with specific directions and that's a different type of theory. So people like Deleuze and Guattari are making theory but it is an incredibly open and flexible theory. Like a map you want to go and explore rather than a set of instructions of how to get there. But I still think it is a map and it is not the same as moving around in the city. So in a way they are closer to practice than a lot of other theorists the way they write the way they use

language. Maybe that is what is happening in TAZ. What is TAZ? Temporary Autonomous Zones, if everything has been mapped out already and there is a given how can we create this temporary autonomous space or create some kind of autonomy within these zones, perhaps through language it can be done. Can you plan for that? I don't think so, it just kinda somehow happens and when you feel it happen you understand it and you almost fall into that zone. Should that be mapped out, obviously not, it would delineate the whole point of it. This kinda reminds me of Benjamin's *The Translator* how languages are not static and they keep moving all the time and changing. Stuff that was produced in Shakespeare's day would not be seen today that same way as when it was produced and also that there are so many cultural intonations. I think that mapping is really subjective it just depends on where a person comes from and how they interpret a text. I am sure if we decided to take a text each of us would come up with a totally different piece or response to that. And that has to do with who we are, our language and how we interpret language. I agree and I think that maybe these TAZ areas are very difficult to create in a way because maybe sometimes you do not know you are in it until sometimes it is happening or after you walk away because of the cultural differences because of these waves of thinking, They act as a wave and flood in and out and then all the sudden you're hit with it and it is almost like it resonates in this strange way. I think because it resonates in your body. How do you get to these autonomous spaces and we are talking about language and my feeling is that language breaks down and we become bodies in space rather than minds and language. And you were talking about Deleuze and Guattari and how their theory is so much like practice, it is kinda like poetry. We were having these

kind of presentations in the first years with the masters students today and this kinda thought hit me when people were talking about these terms that Deleuze and Guattari invent this massive terminology like de-terrorization. One way to think about those terms is what they do to physical space and so it affects the way you move your mouth. Deterritorialisation, precept and nomad they change the way you move your mouth that is kind of the body in space. They also make sound because poetry, one of the things that makes it different from prose or theory and your awareness even when you are reading it on the page the qualities of sound that it has or is poetry. I think it will be interesting to think about Deleuze and Guattari's terminology here as deterritorialisation of our body, but isn't it also the mind? Like Bartleby it is also like that limit of thought it was amazing in some sense. Because maybe it doesn't even happen by rationalizing it in terms of concepts but at least it enters in terms of conscious and self conscious and how you act within the world, as an artist you end up taking action within your practice which actually performs a certain perception of deterritorialisation. This set criteria, what constitutes a theory is presented there as a statement a body and then a conclusion as opposed to just thoughts, there is a tried and tested formula of what constitutes a theory other than just thinking about something and that there is a format to theory and this is probably the first kind of interaction I have had with thinking about theory. I think the map is a good metaphor because there are many different kinds of maps, you can draw lines on a page or buy an A to Z and get a map. Some artists have worked with maps and with making new kinds of maps. Exactly but then that includes that you can also make your own map. Exactly, yeah. And with theory because it is such an

academic field where theory is based in where there is a certain expectation for it to become theory then it is really hard to break out of this routine. I am going to set up my own format it is still going to be theory right? There are also theories that are less prescriptive and are really open, just like there are maps. I wonder if this oppositionist manifesto of Latour can be called a theory? It's a theory, yeah I think so. Although he is using Avatar and his own writings act as a reference. And maybe it is not classical. I think there are numerous ways of creating a theory and I don't think it's so formatted. Then is that its relationship to practice? My interest is also our relationship to theoretical texts, we often talk about the main points within a text but how do we shift that so it doesn't just become a summarization of those points again? How can you perform those theoretical texts in this kind of space through a conversation? Does it shift, does it change somehow? I don't mean to perform them but with this space, this is the thing when you start conceptualizing these things and laying them out it changes everything. You become intentional in your language instead of it not being pre-defined where there is something interesting in that. It is a difficult space to create, I think. I think life is so much more complex than theory and education is great because it allows us to see these things. Practice is more like an experience and there are so many things crossing that I would never even be able to see it happen. And a theory is even not being able to read the theory correctly. It's like a mis-reading it is like killing everything, I don't know. The whole thing that theory should act as norm because when you are into an experience you are into behavior. If you embed a theory and adopt it as a norm that's what I am talking about because when you have this conversation after all

the work is done, it challenges some of the things you have put into practice or embodied and working through and then yes, it becomes a map but it becomes so concrete that it becomes hard to move through. This is like when you go to see an art piece and you say yes, I see Deleuze. You never get to feel it because you just associated theory to the thing or you don't get to actually experience it in a real world. Well I only think it becomes like this when you are too good of a theorist, if you educate your-self to theory and academic life then I think you might lose the mystery. Have you all the sudden lost that limit of thought? There might be a danger there. In this metaphor that I kinda keep trying to understand what we are talking about. If you are an academic constantly trying to understand theory what you are doing is moving around in an environment, constantly mapping it and that process of mapping necessarily limits you from potentiality. If your job is to make the map of London like a street map well then you are not making a map of the sounds, for example. So, you become obsessed that you just have to map the physical streets. I also think that you are making this idea that theory is somehow really limiting or no, no. It would become normative. It's not in it self that there is problem because I think all the theory we read is emancipatory. Well exactly but the way that art applied it into its project is sometimes in a normative way. Because, there is that power relationship. That's what I was also concerned with, that there is this relationship between theory and practice and that theory has a hierarchy in relationship to practice and you're performing the theory as you produce the work, which is not what I am interested in. And then when you come into a space in Kafka minor literature where the writing is more experimental, how does that happen for you again? You have

to move into another grouping of theoretical texts? In this metaphor you move into a city where you have no map and you become a body in space. Or, if we think of Kafka and his next room. Theories do start to define something and like contemporary dance or ballet they all come from the same place but there is a slight definition that makes one appear slightly different from another? It's because of the theory it is because of certain conventions, cultural conventions. Conventions are not theory really. Aren't they rarified theory? No they are not theories they are cultural expressions. I don't see ballet as a theory. Has ballet not got the way the body stance is very different from the other ones? Yeah, but it's a convention, it's a tradition. Can I propose an idea in approaching theory maybe with the intention to not fully understand it? I think what happens a lot is you do the theory in order to grasp something to get emancipated but maybe it is possible to keep it in a fragmented state. For me I am trying to read as many different kinds of theory as possible simultaneously, so I read fifty pages from I don't know something from Hegel and then something about agency and pieces here and there and then something in my head forms which is mine maybe inspired by certain theories. I picked up some words here and there but I don't have the expectation of myself to fully grasp a certain theory. So that becomes your methodology for working? Not consciously that is how I would do it, but I am realizing in this conversation that can be a way to not kill it, not kill your practice by theory but to have a feeling that you know something. But I don't see it as opposite in my practice I always worked with theory. But in which way? I go the studio and I get an idea and I should read about this. But then do you understand the idea better because you have read about it? It fuels my

imaginary. And it's because these guys said this thing so it works in these situations and now I am going to do that in the studio. Do you understand it better just because you have read about it? It just like fuels my imaginary and I go and improvise again I get fueled through practice and theory. And without having to say ok because a guy is talking about what I am doing in the studio and therefore I can do it. It's just like how can I give myself a variety of experiences to have fun. I also have the theory as another way of experiencing these ideas, it's theory as experience. Yeah, exactly. And I also don't always understand the texts fully and I don't really care. In university life I have to understand them and then explain them back and this is the thing that I have problem with. It's tricky. That's what has happened to me so I am asking, oh, I have to write something more than ten thousand words and what is my relationship to that writing and that's where this started for me. I had to figure out now what to do with this relationship in my writing. I hadn't been a practicing writer I was more of maker. I think this way of working is more productive than just naming certain authors or this theorist said this and defining it which is what I did the first year on this program. I began to question what that was doing for me, what am I learning in the end. Did you go back to your work and form a theory about it? I think I went into a complete other zone when I was writing, I was overwhelmed with theory and I created a completely different space. Did you find it freeing when you left the practice and you concentrated on theory? Well, because I left a making practice where I had been using video and performance, I used television to create this super subjective space, which was this intermingling of the subjectivities of the television characters and my own voice combined with the

theory that I was reading which created this other kind of space. At the time it wasn't something that I had intended to do. Was it liberating to get a way of having a making practice? It was terrifying to leave a practice that I had known. I had this practice for twenty years. So the first year I had a practice and I continued on with that type of making and then I was writing about relational aesthetics and Claire Bishop. So your practice was socially engaged practice? Yes, but they were sitting like this and I wasn't interested in that at all. Really I got rid of both forms of working that I was use to, in a way.³²

¹⁵And after three days of drinkin' with Simpson
I just get an inklin' to go on home
So, I'm walkin' down Prichards Lane
Head hung low, three or four in the mornin'

The suns comin' up and the birds are out singing
I let myself into my pad
Wind myself up that spiral staircase
An' stretch out nice on the chesterfield

Gerald Ferguson already on the CD player
And I just push that remote button to sublimity
And listen to the sweet sculptural rhythms of John Greer
And Dan Graham and Martha Rosler
Duet on those painted saxophones

And the sound makes its way outta the window
Minglin' with the traffic noises outside, you know and
All of a sudden I'm overcome by a feelin' of brief
mortality 'Cause I'm gettin' on in the world

Comin' up on forty-two years

Forty-two stoney gray steps towards the grave
You know the box, awaits it's grissly load
Now, I'm gonna be food for worms
And just like Sol LeWitt wrote
In that beautiful piece, 'Sentences'

I say, so long Baldessari, so long, Sol LeWitt
And Lawrence Weiner, so long, Kennedy
And David AskevoId, so long, Michael Snow
And Dara Birnbaum, so long, General Idea
So long, Lawrence Weiner, and so, long Baxter

Gonna take it down, deep down, with a friend..

You woke up this morning got yourself a gun; Mama always
said you'd be The Chosen One. She said: you're one in a
million and you've got to burn to shine,
But you were born under a bad sign, with a blue moon in
your eyes.

When ya woke up this morning all that love had gone,
Your Papa never told you about right and wrong.
Buttcha buttcha looking good, baby, I believe that ya
feeling fine, shame about it,
Born under a bad sign with a blue moon in your eyes and
all you had was gone. At this moment all of the romance
had gone.

So sing it now, woke up this morning, ya got a blue moon,
got a blue moon in your eyes.

So sad, Goddamn, it's a goddamn shame about it
Woke up this morning, ya got a blue moon, got a blue moon
in your eyes.
Woke up this morning, sing it

Bring it, woke up this morning everything was gone.
Bout a half past ten your head was going ding-dong.
Ringing like a bell from your head down to your toes,
Like ya papa's voice telling you that there's something
you should know.

Last night you were flying but today you're so low?
Ain't it times like these that makes ya wonder if you'll
ever know
The meaning of things as they appear to the others;
Wives, mothers, fathers, mother's father's sisters and
your brothers.
Don't ya wish you didn't function,
Wish you didn't think beyond the next paycheck and the
next little drink'
Well you do so make up your mind to go on,
Cause when you woke up this morning everything you had was
gone.

Ya wanna be, ya wanna be the chosen one.
Yea you know it you just can't help yourself,
Woke up this morning, woke up this morning, woke up this
morning, mourning indeterminately.

Introduction:

This research explores the potential of the virtual space that an artistic practice can create and if it can enable agency in our relationship to mediated technologies. How can an art practice deterritorialize this process and slow down our hyper-mediated world? Can an artistic practice allow for an intervention into this space, pushing its limitations and in the process complexifying it? Focusing on our decontextualized and disembodied relationship to the image economy and language's indexical nature, this research will play with the notion of "drift". Does a form of agency take place by withdrawing into these composite virtual spaces of an artistic practice that exist as post-medium condition in order to create an altered temporality? This could potentially establish a temporality where the subsumption of thinking and learning under capital could be subverted. If an iPhone can be seen as an effigy of oneself, how can we mask our personal thoughts and privacy in order to shift the subjectification process back on to the technology used?

This project explores the spaces characters escape from and the subsequent creation of new temporalities that can lead them to form a different kind of cosmos. The television characters create a particular type of temporality when we begin to craft our practice in order to infiltrate the theory that we come across. This becomes a post-medium painting practice where we can fashion our own conceptual avatars in which to think through our subjectification. A co-authored text with the voices and subjectivities of television characters to create an aesthetic virtual space of painting where the characters and their subjectivities become readymades. This

temporality moves here and there just like the left hand; we only know where it will go after it has moved.³³ This movement can be recorded and replayed, but there is always another rehearsal where the results come out differently.

These experiments have been documented and written in 13 episodes under the pseudonym of a series of fictional composite characters, enabling us to address questions on how an embodied practice can question the effect of biopolitics under late capitalism. Finding a wormhole through the trauma inflicted under neoliberalism where we became a test subject in which to crawl through allowed us to include research into memory retrieval and the performance of the image economy. Recognizing our own obsolescence we combine with hyper technology to narrate and shapeshift through complex and entangled temporalities, allowing for changes in consciousness. Radically open to ready-made temporalities taken from the image economy, we paint a picture where we are unable to separate these two worlds and are left nostalgic for different seasons and a new version of a Handmaiden's Tale as we take a trip around the world.^{34/ 35}

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Trailers

Chapter 1: Episode 1

1.1 True Blood

In this first chapter, Sookie Stackhouse, the main character of HBO's True Blood attempts to de-territorialize our situation of capital realism. She does this by creating a different kind of space for us through a series of shape shifters, vampires and witches in order to deal with our standardized life. This enables us to create a practice in order to negotiate the accelerated consumption that surrounds us. The composite begins to have agency through this process. This occurs as we are forced into a heightened state of awareness, enabling us to devise a manual on how to travel to the virtual. In negotiating how to deal with living in an intolerable situation, we develop a form of resistance to our present situation. By creating this virtual world, mutant forms of subjectivity develop, allowing us to move from being a passive observer in a place of boredom to becoming an active contributor in order to negotiate our sense of estrangement. We are constantly trying to re-produce ourselves through the creation of the characters in the world of Bon Temps, by solving a series of problems that we have to overcome. The vampires that we find ourselves involved with occupy all spaces and time. In fact, the vampires become a metropolis in our virtual world. In this first episode, we must create our own form of language that somehow remains untranslatable while constructing our event site. This is an inner subjectivity that exists in our private realm and is the beginning of our understanding of the power that a virtual space can have on our subjectivity. In the end we learned that when

everything is finished we only have our character/s to depend on.³⁶

Chapter 2: Episodes 2, 3 & 10

2.1 Cocksucker

Its been decided this one will be called Cocksucker! Me and Mr. Wu always seem to understand each other even though we don't speak each others languages, well except for the word 'cocksucker'³⁷. Wu and me were tight just like this-he crossed his fingers for me to see, tears welled up in his eyes. Hearst, I guess you were watching all along, just to see when you would come in and try to swoop up this land. The memory comes back to me 'I will not make any more boring art'³⁸, as I talk to my scalped Indian head. A little bit British, part Indian and from along way back German but now mostly American, I have dark hair and a rough raspy voice, they call me Swearengen. The television series that I am part of is based on an actual small town called Deadwood in South Dakota. This series depicts our small town expanding to form various communities and their connection to capitalism. I knew that in order to play this role I was going to have to be a cocksucker as I could no longer be the fairy I once was. You always knew that the fairy blood might disappear, that was the risk we took. Just when I thought I was the biggest cocksucker in town, you came to town Hearst³⁹ and that we would have to deal with our past, the one that I had forgotten about but the one that we need in order to write this story to make sense of everything.

2.2 Bombay Beach

In this episode Benny Parrish and CeeJay Thompson have generated virtual identities in order to negotiate a

different type of reality as we struggle with our sense of self. This allows us to demonstrate the necessity of being flexible and adaptable due to the acceleration of information that surrounds us. We begin by showing our magical world in which we perform a multiplicity of identities almost presented as a game. We appear to be in a constant state of flux as we undergo a series of ordeals. Demonstrating the ability to take on different personalities, depending on the scenario we find ourselves in. For instance, in one scene Benny is a child who wears a wolf costume, through this gesture we understand that we have to improvise to survive. This allows us to deal with the relationship between practice and theory in order to create an event-site. This happens as we introduce the notion of interior and exterior space and how they can become one. Ceejay Thompson allows us to take a different approach by *camouflaging* our thought process through dance and wearing masks.

2.3 Beastie Boys

In *Fight For Your Right Revisited* (2011) the Beastie Boys fight for the right for our event-site to exist. They do this by claiming our territory through music and break-dancing. In this episode we are faced with the contemporary complexity of our own commodification. We question our authenticity in this process and ask if we can still hold on to some of our originality. This allows us to query whether we have become just another variation on the same style. We see how this can be done through the employment of fictitious characters that can allow imagination to germinate and our event site to unfold. This has been accomplished by smuggling in a type of subjectivity, a gangst'art style in order to find a re-definition of authenticity. This demonstrates how practice

and theory can be re-occupied, using our subjectivities to help construct the re-creation of self in a public space. It was just too difficult to take on this journey alone and therefore this community that we had created was the only way to survive, we had to fight for our right to survive in this context.

Chapter 3: Episode 4

3.1 Martha, Marcy, May, Marlene

Martha, Marcy, May, Marlene allows us to investigate what our authentic self consists of; we do this by shifting across various subjectivities. Demonstrating how those who do not feel at home anywhere end up feeling like a stranger everywhere and therefore become thinkers. We learn how our consciousness changes depending on the space we enter. There are two kinds of spaces both interior and exterior in which we find ourselves fluttering back and forth. What do these different sites hold for us? We acknowledge our own subjectification of becoming public. This is done by questioning what is our now self and what is our future self. Our script or code is undefined and thereby full of radical potential, allowing us to escape into another zone of reality in which to hide or become imperceptible. Our reality is constantly being renovated and eventually there is little distinction between an outside and inside for us. Ultimately we understand that our intimate space has expanded and we exist in a middle region, suggesting that this was neither an interior nor exterior space. This is the location of our event-site and where practice and theory can enter into a zone of indiscernibility and a binary application does not exist.

Chapter 4: Episodes 5 & 6

4.1 The Killing

In this episode Sarah Linden and Steven Holder permeate the theory we come across using a gangst'art to create our own virtual reality. This is done as Holder becomes the word and Linden becomes the brush-stroke, passing through each other. Ours is a relationship between the said and the unsaid. We understand how our landscape of practice and theory attempts to become seamless. Relying on each other embodying within the word the opening of its closure. We are always watching the other players on the field, and Holder allows for our interiority to be exteriorized as the event site unfolds. He does this with his gangst-art and use of linguistics and poetry, allowing us to mimic with precision the local institutions (criminals) to permit this kind of infiltration. We work tirelessly in order to change the rules of the game and put it into an ontological crisis. We figure out which rules are unregulated in order to turn them into an advantage for ourselves. We struggle to craft for ourselves the terms of our own existence and therefore reinvent the very conditions of our own subjectivity. This is done by smuggling in our practice right in front of their eyes and taking control of the Master (the authority to which we are subjected), so it pleases us, enabling us to be rigorously coextensive with the truths that we will generate. We know that we are in constant surveillance, so we wait until the very last moment in which to reveal our truth.

4.2 In Pursuit of Honor

In this episode Don Johnson (John Libby) and Lt. Marshall Buxton play the main characters. We refuse to conform and

resist the slaughtering of the horses that make up the United States cavalry. This is done through our ganst-art style where we see a total investment of our being in the world. In doing so we create a new space allowing for multiple and at times conflicting positions. Establishing a community that can be formed in order to save the horses, one that is unrecognizable. It de-territorializes and re-territorializes itself as not to be sought out and to be kept hidden. Our group becomes a collective assemblage of diabolical powers enabling the construction of this revolutionary undertaking. We begin to understand how this permits all groups to be empowered and to recognize their role within this situation. Eventually we are aware how this will become a highly distributed effort. In the end the modern army will also be on the side of the horses and will overshoot them in order to bring them to safety. Realizing that it is always better to enter the landscape of conflict in order to pass through it, re-creating these spaces for a different use and creating something that is infinitely synthetic and malleable. Allowing us to use these constructed spaces as a site of resistance to an imposing authority. We work together through these different voices and positions, which enables us to save the horses. Creating our own network eventually empowers us to imagine a site where the horses could be freed.

Chapter 5: Episode 7 & 8

5.1 The Hunger Games

Katniss Everdeen learns to hunt with a father in the woods, this is the beginning of our friendship. We cannot imagine what this space is going to be like until we enter the event site. This enables us to provide a truth

procedure as this site has allowed us to be outside of ourselves. I will have to watch myself, almost as if I am an actor beholding myself acting, similar to when I was floating on the couch. Little by little we actualize the virtual, but I still have a nagging image of another forest that enters my psyche. We understand that this is just another episode that we will need to crawl through. In negotiating this virtual reality, we demonstrate the making of the well-made concept and the insistence in our process. This is done through the creation of conceptual characters. Finally we begin to see how we can perform self-mastery over our situation, allowing for a sense of freedom to occur. Collecting our weaponry, our conceptual characters, in order to survive the *Hunger Games*. The site of the *Hunger Games* has allowed us to place ourselves in this supersubjective space of this extended television series that we have now become part of. Eventually we will need to bring the formless mute, AKA Michonne from *The Walking Dead*, to help us to completion.

5.2 The Sopranos

In this episode Tony Soprano attempts to negotiate a mobster's life alongside our seemingly normal home life. Even though we can be the boss, we are always looking for a way to escape. It appears that there is no avoiding the pigeonhole that we have been placed in, whether we are the boss man or the mute artist. The introduction sets the tone for this episode, as the theme song lyrics run, 'woke up in the morning and got yourself a gun'. This seems to be our only option in life. However, we eventually learn how to create a portal or access point, through the meeting of this television space and our imagination to become more aware of our world. This allows for a type of reflection to take place where we can turn inward to

reveal how our life and surroundings have affected us. Here we can learn to re-adapt ourselves, and understand that we can be just like everyone else as we grab ourselves a beer and slip in a DVD. This allows us to find our own island in the stream⁴⁰ through the creation of our version of a virtual world, the mingling of these two spaces in order to create a super subjective one, allowing us to construct new compositions on how to re-think our relationship with the world. We demonstrate that we can display independent critical power as we work through an object-oriented philosophy using this text/practice that we have created.

Chapter 6: Episode 9

6.1 Third Space/Middle Space: The Walking Dead

In this episode Michonne plays the role of the formless mute and it is Katniss who speaks parrhesia in the face of danger in order to reveal our truth. This allows us to unmask the event of writing and site of the PhD thesis to show that they are not in opposition with each other but living within each other waiting to be discovered. We renegotiate this relationship between theory and practice and demonstrate how our own subjectivity can have agency in this process. The revealing of our truth procedure was the beginning of our care of self in order to develop a sense of freedom that leads to a sense of mastery over our situation. This can only be found in this third space or middle space where practice and theory can finally speak each other's language.⁴¹ This text thus becomes political as we define our singular relation to a truth event.⁴² It is in this episode that we finally realize that the affect of self on self allows us to create a superfold; the inside is simply the folding in of the outside, allowing

for memory to take hold and demonstrating that we are an finite subject that holds the infinite within.⁴³

Chapter 7:Episodes 11 & 12, 13

7.1 This one was going to be called Game of Thrones & Just a reflector-see you on the other-side Smithson.....

Daenerys Targaryen would have played the main character in this episode, but then we realized we didn't need her anymore. She had freed the slaves that she had won from her enemies and once they were freed they fought for her. It must have seemed odd to have such a large collection of footnotes, just sitting as a reminder to what we thought we should know or needed to know. In a way this work wasn't just care for self but also a kinda school that could be run, it just happened to be a program that we needed to hold. We knew what we had been fighting for was a set of practices that had been disqualified, somehow they had not been acknowledged as good enough.

Chapter One

Episode 1/10: True Blood: Sookie⁴⁴ who shall I say is calling?

1.1 The theory escaped through the footnotes into the vampires

This story begins with the HBO series True Blood that can be compared to the semiologist looking for a hidden or encoded message.⁴⁵ The message is akin to a High School love affair sent to us telepathically, through the internet. Maybe this decoding started at an even earlier age suggested by Lacan in his mirror phase, when our subjectivity begins. Robert Smithson is a good archetype⁴⁶ he used mirrors in his work when proposing site/non-sites allowing him to operate through different temporalities and spaces. The non-site is a closed limit; it is an interior space permitting for a different monitoring of self. Smithson criterion for the non-site begins as he stacks the mirrors up and places them in the gallery. There is no exit, no road to utopia, no great beyond in terms of exhibition space,⁴⁷ he says.

I realize that I have not seen Smithson's work except in books, slides and now on the internet, always through documentation. Somehow this documentation changes how I view his work. Therefore I have a different relationship to that little image than the actual work itself. Of course since I have not actually come into contact with Smithson's work I don't know if it actually exists. It is only through these images that I can experience it. I also remember what it felt like to have it projected as a slide when I was nineteen, to look at it in a book when I was twenty-five and now view it on my computer. This image

that also encodes is my history as well as a larger art-history. In its indexical nature the photograph, video work, HBO series leads to a collective utterance. It is this layer that exposes our identity demonstrating how our subjectivity is created. There is a history that is stamped onto these visual modes of communication. How do we make sense of these marks engraved on the glass and the bride who is striped bare by her bachelors?

We became friends when I found out that you were also from a small town with nothing much to do but try out for the cheerleading squad and work at the local bar. I struggled with my isolation⁴⁸ in this small town of Bon Temps, well we both did. Until I realized that I was only following an illusion that I had created for myself. Constantly trying to re-produce myself through the creation of the characters in the world of Bon Temps, solving a series of problems that I had to overcome. My constructed world consisted as something that I had sensed around me, a world that I already lived in, where I was constantly being sought out and bled dry. This fictional world allowed me to produce a series of situations and rituals that could take me beyond the habitual⁴⁹ world of my grandmother's house and allowed me to renovate my interior world. I realized that my life had become so standardized and that I was being consumed literally by those who watched my television series and now you even wanted every thought that entered my mind.⁵⁰ I think this was probably why we both needed to form this collective under an anonymous penname.⁵¹ We understood that the author of this text would be absent and this would have to be a communal undertaking, as we had for a long time felt our voices had been missing.⁵²

I began to question who I was and my idea of self had

become fractured. Somehow we both realized that we were in the midst of an intolerable situation of control and that we needed to create a site of resistance. The only way to do this was to do it together. This life that we had found ourselves in, proved to be more and more limiting where even our thoughts were controlled. It was a world where theories and histories were dictated to us, following 'whatever'⁵³ trends. They penetrated into every facet of our being and they like us were constantly being commodified. We realized that we would need to deterritorialize this space, which included not only the words we used but also how we actually thought.⁵⁴ Hey, maybe even a paralogical type of thinking would come in handy. One day we eventually knew if we refused to give up our truth then we would eventually find others like us.⁵⁵ For some reason this seemed like such a simple thing that we needed to prove, it appeared so obvious to us. This would be an embodied form of knowledge, but we understood that we would have to deal with the consequences of this decision.

It was not easy to explain our situation, it was as if there was no common language, our telepathy only went one way and we could only share this common transference with a few other people in the series.⁵⁶ For most of our lives we didn't realize that what we viewed as our shortcomings, being able to overhear other humans' private thoughts, was actually a force that could lead to something greater and therefore be beneficial. Initially we located this power as a "disability" that isolated us from other people. The ability to bypass language that we could perform was like an atypical form of expression that implies an end to the traditional notion of language as such. This allowed us the capacity to create a new form of coding and

communication. Each time we came close to another human our telepathy allowed us to rely on our cognitive as well as social abilities. Providing us with a different perspective to situations that are inaccessible to most people. This contributed to a state of mimicry, which is not a copy, but a capture of code, of surplus code.⁵⁷ What was the code that we would be asked to take on next? How would this appear, we were not quite sure. Would we be cast as just another actor in a play or could we exist as avatar?⁵⁸ Maybe we would enact this incarnation with a very long tail twisting in the twenty-first century fox,⁵⁹ the spotlights moving and the band playing. It always gets me excited like something grand is about to happen, allowing us to work through whatever is in our surroundings. Or, will we write a travelogue like our partner in crime. Similar to me, Orwell⁶⁰ you have your cast of characters in which to negotiate the world through. Huh, does this mean that we can also write? The words come out like a flash of lightning, unable to speak so fluently we were confined to this middle space we had created where the event site exists.

Eventually we started to believe that people's thoughts were not formed in complete sentences, but rather in minimal words and images. Some people can be described as "broadcasters", meaning that their minds are fairly easy to read. Besides using telepathy we can also communicate with other telepaths and use our powers to confuse people. Eye contact makes an individual's mind easier to read, humans are easier to translate than other beings and impressions are the most we can get from supernatural beings (unless the individual is intentionally broadcasting). Once we realized that we could read other people's minds through telepathy this is when we

remembered those blue plaster hammers⁶¹ sitting in a row and then there was the broken one, lift it up. Is it limp?⁶² Put it down carefully, we don't know how it will react. This will be held in an open court where we will both be put on trial. The blue plaster hammer is made to look like a tool not act like one! "it will explode upon contact". Maybe someone should pick it up and crack it down, the explosion might be magnificent. The particles fall and disperse.

I am not sure how I was able to reach a finely tuned physiological state⁶³ but it somehow helped me in sounding the event. By performing escapades in dialogue with the vampires and shape shifters that we came in contact with also seemed to help. This was more than matters of nature and time in Bonn Temps, there was another plane of reality in which we could inhabit. These would be different temporalities in which to exist in and where my torus could shape shift amongst the other tori.⁶⁴ In this way we could form a collective in order to deal with our own subjectification. The only way of doing this was to form these mutant centers of subjectivity, which gave us agency through this process. This is when we made the connection between the obsolescence of technology and our art practice.⁶⁵ Sick of constantly having to renovate ourselves we needed to band together, allowing for this mutant group to form and enabling us to create these virtual spaces together.⁶⁶

Interestingly even though I could hear the thoughts of humans I couldn't hear the thoughts of vampires. Initially this made me more comfortable to be around them. Although I noticed that vampires had the ability to glamour, which was a technique they used to control human's minds, I felt more relaxed with them. It was odd to see how they could

control humans through their glamouring abilities, which really is like a form of mind control. The rest of the humans were walking around like robots spouting off whatever they last read, unable to put two thoughts together for themselves. They were all pre-packaged and they didn't even know it. Oh snap, Holder, no not yet you are too early. Perhaps I did like them and wanted to help them, however I became conflicted over this. Eventually I fell in love with Bill Compton, a vampire who became the Vampire King of Louisiana, Investigator of Area 5 Compiler of Vampire Database. These vampires in Bon Temps seemed to occupy all spaces, if not physically, then through the different districts that they monitor.⁶⁷ Most other humans are distrustful of vampires and fear them. But I had the ability to control my fear of vampires and learned to be in command of two of the most powerful vampires in my area, who both fell in love with me.⁶⁸

Eventually we realized that we had a bit of fairy in us. This gave us the ability to create movement made in response to and enabled by the presence of light. Basically we could make ourselves invisible through concentrated light particles that formed lasers. Allowing us to create illusions⁶⁹ and to generate light shields or force fields. We could project healing energies as well, called photokinesis. Embarrassingly I am still learning how to control and access these newly found powers. We were shocked to initially find out that we really were fairy and that we possessed these powers. Virtually, we are becoming warrior instinctively sensing our surroundings.

It's easier not to have to walk in a straight line, I like to wobble around a bit I think to myself. Ok, I recognize that I am human and only a little bit fairy. I wish that I

could project images out of my eyes and maybe even shapeshift into a camera or projector.⁷⁰ Have I just forgotten how to umm at least for the moment. Once this work is complete it will exist as an expanded gallery space one that will encapsulate the entire choir of 1979.⁷¹ Realizing that we have been shaped into something else through these footnotes just like the other ones, almost as if we were molten metal or some other similar material.

Photokinesis is external to me and it is a relation between other forces. But what comes about is a force that it has with its self, a power to affect its self. This is an affect of self on self, creating the event site.⁷² The event site enables us to fold these forces back onto ourselves where we can love Phillip K. Dick⁷³ in New York and move into the virtual.⁷⁴ What kind of knowledge does this allow for? Who is exactly calling? This is a shapeshifter that can exist in my mind as an object that has its own subjectivity. Maybe I don't want to share it, give it away. Wouldn't it be better if I could just leave the pages blank, you know the one "this page intentionally left blank"⁷⁵ one after another?

The event site⁷⁶ created through our fictionalized world, allows for a place of self-induced exile.⁷⁷ It is produced through things that we have already seen, places that we have visited. We can view this fictionalized world as another plane of reality that has become perceptible to us where something might finally happen. This is created not through habitual memory but pure ontological memory; it is the movement of these virtual spaces that become actualized on the page⁷⁸ generating a break in habit. We found ourselves in a state of heightened awareness that permitted these spaces to be created and the event-site to form, authorizing us to change our relationship to time

structures. There is a kind of potential that these sites can this hold. They allow us to take control over our world and use photokinesis⁷⁹ to create the outcomes needed. Basically our aptitude to operate photokinesis prompted us to come in contact with forces that can be folded back on ourselves, creating something like a superfold.⁸⁰ This engenders a type of self-mastery where we are able to begin to control this type of folding in on ourselves. Prompting us to become aware and have some control over our subjectivity. However the superfold goes beyond this and is not just a folding in of self but it allows for a space that generates some sort of community to form creating this supersubjective space. Consisting of a folding in of this outside space in order to, well some would say a withdrawal communally.

Even the even-site had to be located somewhere, the site itself was somewhat of a problem. It was always this way; remember when I stuck your text on the gallery wall?⁸¹ I knew then that the site whether it was the gallery space or the blank page both had a set of social conditions that we needed to negotiate through. I held up the bowl and asked if someone, anyone would share my soup with me, however no one took me up on my offer.⁸² Don't worry Fernandes,⁸³ I haven't become a monkey yet, although sometimes I am still seen as the fool.

Running down the rabbit hole, really it is all the same⁸⁴ it just depends whom you run with. As long as we have our cast of characters to rely on, these become the noumenon, our objects of thought.⁸⁵ Take on my code as I take on yours. There are two parts to this confusion, one is a subject that exists as a cast of characters having turned into a composite that somehow affects our subjectivity and allows a truth procedure to appear.⁸⁶ The other comes from

the very same cast of characters but they become conceptual avatars in which to think thoughts with their own subjectivity. Permitting us to create a form of subjectivity and occupy an active involvement in this creation.⁸⁷ This cast will be the thing that tolerates us to have one that can act as two. Therefore we really didn't compose the composite it composed itself, it has its own agency. This is when we understood that a return to normalcy was no longer desirable and that we could not perform a contemporary character anymore.

Eventually we realized that there is an aura or a halo affect that surrounds us⁸⁸ but only vampires can see this characteristic. It is not because of our powers of telepathy or Photokinesis but is the very blood that runs through our veins, our fairy blood. Once I realized this vulnerability or ability, depending on what situation we found ourselves in, I felt better protecting us now that I understand we are basically vampire crack.⁸⁹ It gives us a sense of power and control over our situation and allows us to create the event site whenever we need to⁹⁰ permitting a commune to form.⁹¹ Can we still find a concept, a way to think things in "this" conversation? This really is an expanded white space that we are searching for. I realized that in some ways I was my own conceptual avatar in all of those video pieces, enabling an exploration the world. I could then re-enact the scene in my mind, playing it back as if it was a recorded piece in which to learn from, just like all the other avatars created in this community. We understood now how the footnotes have set the terms for this text and this set becomes something else entirely.

Now it's your turn in drivers seat, Sookie thinks.

Finally I recognize the complexity of the situation that we have created. Remembering to tell my best friend Tara that I saw my dead grandmother's ghost. This was a habitual memory of my grandmother, which gave me a background to what I had been experiencing and helped me to deal with my situation. I began to question why I found this so odd to see the ghost⁹² of my dead grandmother while most of my time in Bon Temps I dealt with the inhuman. Then I realized what I needed most was to take control of my subjectivity. This ghost of my grandmother was only there to warn me, not to give my heart to Eric, who was the other most powerful vampire in District Nine. I thought I was crazy seeing visions of my dead grandmother and that I was no longer "normal". My idea of self began to crack.⁹³ For a moment we were on the verge of entering another world and passing from one space to another. This allowed me to reflect on our surrounding conditions. That's when we understood that any return to normalcy was no longer desirable or imaginable for us. I became a foreigner in my own world. I could only exist in a place of pure intensities.⁹⁴ Even though we had created this altered state of reality it seemingly only reflected our current situation, where capital rules. I was still unsure if I was just reenacting my contemporary situation of capital realism⁹⁵ where the insatiable vampire enters our constructed reality? Or could these supersubjective spaces offer another solution?

This became a manual⁹⁶ of sorts as we wrote notes on how to travel to the virtual which became the writing of "our" co-authored text.⁹⁷ I was interested to know if we could repeat this experiment in order to actualize the virtual and begin the reconfiguration of our habitual mode of being? These would be prophetic fictions⁹⁸ where the

Imaginary would be the only possible way to proceed.

Luckily we were experts in this, if only this, as I smiled a big Cheshire cat grin.

Chapter 2

Episode 10: Deadwood

2.1 Cocksucker

Episode 2: Bombay Beach

2.2 Feminine gestures

Episode 3: Beastie Boys with Michael Snow

2.3 All my friends are magazines

It's been decided this one will be called Cocksucker! Me and Mr. Wu always seem to understand each other even though we don't speak each others languages, well except for the word 'cocksucker'.⁹⁹ Wu and me were tight just like this, he crossed his fingers for me to see, tears welled up in his eyes. Hearst, I guess you were watching all along, just to see when you would come in and try to swoop up this land. The memory comes back to me 'I will not make any more boring art,'¹⁰⁰ as I talk to my scalped Indian head. A little bit British, part Indian and from along way back German but now mostly American, I have dark hair and a rough raspy voice, they call me Swearengen. The television series that I am part of is based on an actual small town called Deadwood in South Dakota. This series depicts our small town expanding to form various communities and their connection to capitalism. I knew that in order to play this role I was going to have to be a cocksucker as I could no longer be the fairy I once was. You always knew that the fairy blood might disappear, that was the risk we took. Just when I thought I was the biggest cocksucker in town, you came to town Hearst¹⁰¹ and that we would have to deal with our past, the one that I

had forgotten about but the one that we needed in order to write this story to make sense of everything.

This was the beginning of the re-telling of this tale where we would blend the space between practice and theory in order to not create a dichotomy.¹⁰² It was more than just proving something to myself it had also been about withdrawing in order to create a new language.¹⁰³ That's when I remembered that you had whispered something into my ear as you walked by me. Somehow I had lost it and that information was needed now. We would have to go over each episode in a similar fashion to the conceptual art practice of Joshua Neustein's *Erasures* in his *The Movement of Deconstruction* to make it right.¹⁰⁴ All the while an erasure would take place and the old exterior would be re-surfaced in order to allow for fresh retention to exist. This would transpire as a practice that would put its subjects and concepts under erasures.¹⁰⁵ Remember that image where one hand is writing and the other hand is erasing in order for deconstruction¹⁰⁶ to take place. I knew that I had withdrawn long enough into the space of our practice and this would be the reconstruction of Regent Street¹⁰⁷ that you had been talking about. Maybe it would become a pointillist piece similar to all the other ones we had made together.¹⁰⁸

I flashback to the cuddle party,¹⁰⁹ the image of getting up with those cardboard knee pads falling down, all pink and red with a flash of silver. Struggling to make contact, it was the first gesture toward figuring my own obsolescence in this transhumanist¹¹⁰ world. I guess it had kinda started by reading those texts that you kept in the library for even X-students to read.¹¹¹ It wasn't just one moment it was going to be multiple. This was a lot to re-work but the task would at least be interesting and double¹¹² in the

process. Don't worry L.S. we would do this together, remember I always had pink with a flash of silver, sublimation my friend exclaimed demonstrating her work for me in the minimalist pieces she had made. I had forgotten about you, it had all been too painful. You with your caution tape, cut open exposed to the world. I was in the same position but I just withdrew instead, that was my default, into this conceptual background. I remember that image of you on your knees sucking my cock.¹¹³ You were beautiful and a bit plump as I recall my past, telling you about when I had been abandoned and sent over on a boat to that strange country.¹¹⁴ Blathering on how horrible people had been to me, you said in your sweet sad whisper that you understood and that you knew what it felt like to be treated so poorly. That's when I realized what I had been doing this past year when I grabbed your hair and made you suck my cock treating you to that very same shit I had been subjected to.¹¹⁵ Don't worry you won't have to suck any more cocks, pink and red flashes will be fine thank you very much.¹¹⁶

Do you remember looking at O'Kane's¹¹⁷ work? We had made something similar in the past, every time you showed me your cardboard pieces with red, pink and silver I was reminded - sublimation!¹¹⁸ Looking at it again, it was amazing that I had cut it out of me, just like the stitches on your chest L.S. acting as a reminder to past events. This was what I had to do in order to remain on the page. Clean lines, bold shapes, repeated colors, small detailed drawings, plastic, what did it remind me of? Some kind of dystopian site left to disappear.¹¹⁹ And that's when I remembered the horses, and how we fought to save our practice through language. God had I loved that practice, really I was completely melancholy for it, what

you could do with color it was totally amazing. Eventually we had re-created it together through this strange use of language called the event-site.

I have always worked intuitively, it got me this far and it was the system I needed to use, somehow I found it quite self-sufficient. In every episode I waited for the hedgehog to show his face.¹²⁰ The three guys that work for me are always messing things up they seem to want detailed instruction on how to do things. I can't understand why they always meddle up the information that I gave them, but they did. God damit! Towards the end of this third season I found out that even though sometimes they got things wrong, they always had my back. I could not ask for a better group of friends. It was just going to be written differently I thought to myself as I lean over the banister looking at the small town beginning to blossom.

This intermingling of our stories demonstrated how we could be both subject and object. You are an object on TV but somehow you have your own subjectivity, not really a bourgeois subject but more like a composite from years past.¹²¹ Your character shines through in this episode as a kinda cranky but intelligent man. I am rendered object as my subjectivity is not really clear in this space as we form a collective. I remember being in class¹²² and this surfer says "well I guess it could be anything at all then the way you are explaining things", I replied 'yes' because this is really what I thought,¹²³ it was all about making that conceptual leap. This has always been my understanding, you know anywhere or not at all, that's about it. As the ideas flip-flop in my head still thinking about those combinations and permutations, two parts modern, three parts conceptual. God-dam-it will it be possible? Remembering, one potato, two potato, 'it's your

life'¹²⁴. Let the fun begin, I thought as I looked across at that cocksucker on the opposite side of the road. Moving from those first brush strokes to the formation of those little pockets of ideas, I feel them as they float over the page. All of my past had somehow forged together into this project and slowly it was coming together. We paint this picture together you and I, as you fill up another shot glass for us to down. In this space we dance around each other both as subject and object, this is our space always knowing that there was a conductor in our midst. No not a train conductor, more like a music conductor just like Cage,¹²⁵ making sure our rhythm didn't end.

As I look down from my balcony onto the street below I see a flurry of colors go by, it was always red, pink and white with a flash of silver steel.¹²⁶ That's when I realized that not only had this been a conceptual art practice but it had also been influenced by modernism. It is funny those streaks of colors were always wherever we went, visually building up these spaces. Remember the pink wig worn both in the cuddle party¹²⁷ and in Bombay Beach. I couldn't help that I had been brought up on Greenberg with specific categories¹²⁸ we were practically Americans at that point.¹²⁹ Although this was the dominant Western art at the time if you want a commons, it is essential to include all of these components and somehow stitch them together.¹³⁰ Anyway we were all just television readymades so that helped.¹³¹ Even your practice has modernist influences, Kara Walker, where do you think negative space and cut outs come from?¹³² You nailed it in that work! You become CeeJay Thompson and I became Benny as we perform the complexities of our situation just like the group The Eight.¹³³ Remember this was a gangst'art practice that had to hijack this 'world'. If there was a multiplicity in

modernism, then we were some of them. This is how our conceptual art practice grew out of the concept of art. We struggled here with the dream of autonomy but our freedom at this point was only an illusion as we were still a bit glitch.¹³⁴

The future is now and you, you have been present at a birth of a city, I said to CeeJay.¹³⁵

This is the story of the failure of the American dream. Our dream was a promise given to us, we could choose where we lived and our social condition, or so we thought. This was a freedom that was only an illusion.¹³⁶ We believed that our desire was ours and we had some kind of control in this. The Salton Sea is a barren land with those few souls left remaining having had a promise stripped away from them. Those who are left are trying to fulfill their dreams in Bombay Beach, California a story of the miracle sea in the desert. Bombay Beach now lies barren and deserted.¹³⁷ I see the back of an old man hunched over smoking his cigarettes, music starts and he begins by pontificating on the notion of love and tells us that "if you see love between your parents that will install love in you, if you don't you are going to be a lone lonesome dude in a far away place."¹³⁸ It appears that only the freaks and loners are left in Bombay Beach. Two of us remain as the few freaks remaining in Bombay Beach one of us is named CeeJay Thompson, a black teenager who dances hip-hop alone in the desert the other is Benny Parrish a child who wears a wolf costume, we have to improvise to survive.

In my world it is tough to negotiate where reality and fiction lie. I have been diagnosed with bipolar disorder, which allows for pure fantasy to develop. This is in stark contrast to the harsh brutal world that surrounds me.¹³⁹

There are no norms in my world, nothing concrete to stabilize me. 'Let's control his world with drugs because his imagination is not ours', they say. Among those freaks and dudes left behind we form a community, Red is the storyteller of this tale, without him these memories would be lost forever.¹⁴⁰ I am deviant and there is nothing to control my insatiable appetite. Having a sense of inflated egoism, there is only my world and me in it. I am presented with the inability to exercise normal constraints on my behavior. They watch me as I am punished for throwing rocks at other children at school and I become more reliant on my multicolored prescription drugs.

In this magical world we see a multiplicity of identities almost presented to us as a game. We must appear to be in a constant state of flux as we undergo a series of ordeals and have the ability to take on various identities, depending on the scenario.¹⁴¹ In one instance a large fire truck pulls up, I am able to push this fire truck back and make it change course on my demand. One spin of the truck and we instantly become a fireman with a moustache. Looking at myself, not thinking of anything specific, nothing too very scientific, but thinking of serious dream.^{142/ 143} We have become the hero of the truck, freed from our place in society, finally I see the other children running after me. In this sequence we are allowed to put out the fire that we have started and I am more aware of our morality when I watch our sad and pathetic lives because we are viewed as North American scum.¹⁴⁴

Bombay Beach provided an opportunity to commodify a desire for liberation, the liberation of free time, a holiday resort that failed. There was a mass exodus except for those who had no-where else to go. Nothing is authentic

about the Salton Sea, it was formed by human error an accident stemming from a canal that diverted water from the Colorado River to the agricultural area of the Imperial Valley. Fish were introduced and eventually the lake was filled with speedboats and tourists. It was used for irrigation purposes and eventually the excess water flowed downhill back to the lake containing pesticides such as DDT and Agent Orange. It allowed for the standardization of tourists, trying to escape the 'real' of the world just like modernity. We are the land of the manmade, the inauthentic the Las Vegas.

No one was originally from Salton Sea we have all been displaced into this autonomous zone¹⁴⁵ where we are just floating, left over from a creative project gone bust. CeeJay and I live in greater solitude then we would have if we stayed in Los Angeles or San Diego. We dudes have total autonomy to live our lives in poverty and rebellion. Tourist left when the sea ran out. The prospects went elsewhere in their never-ending search for authenticity, leaving this town to blister and dry in the blazing sun. We see moments of creativity rush to the surface for example, when my crew goes through empty houses and pillages them. Tiny time capsules that no one can ever bother to preserve are just left open to decay and be destroyed, they allow for moments of scripted dance to occur.

Is this why the Salton Sea failed due to its inauthenticity. The Salton Sea was just used up and left to rot because it couldn't fill this insatiable desire. Out of all of this they have found something that is a gem, something to make a documentary about. Our perfect, interior and exterior have become one. In our adolescence there is this pure fluidity and they have captured us

perfectly. Creating our own language just as the dancers create theirs. This inability to share our experiences verbally allows for our authenticity. We are made authentic in this documentary space that is in the process of being made, however in the end it will still be part of Alma Har'el's storyboard.

In some ways we are made to feel more original in the depth of our patheticness, we are more authentic because we have no other options. This is why Alma Har'el's cast of characters are taken from the everyday, he uses amateurs. We are not professional actors; we are only acting out our unremarkable life. Har'el has outsourced authenticity by delegating it to us amateurs. Similarly seen in Gillian Wearing piece Bully 2012, when she outsources the main character as an everyday person re-enacting his own past as he is bullied by the participants in this piece. We are professional consumers who need the everyday person the amateur to enable us to view our authenticity. Our highly choreographed dance scene alters the relationship of authenticity to this cast of characters. We view them as everyday people,¹⁴⁶ who now have their truths embellished to look more magical and pleasurable. Outsource it to the amateurs; why not get the locals to do the job for us - we shout. They are more authentic, as they can be more sincere. The poet from the Congo belts out 'my bling is within'¹⁴⁷ and with that his natural teeth had been replaced by gold prostheses ones.¹⁴⁸ This ecological devastation was not only something that we had subjected ourselves to but because we couldn't stop expanding our small town this devastation went further afield. It happened just like that, the expanded white

space I had been looking for in episode 1 went into the world of the Congo. And the everyday globalized world entered the page.

Someone stole the beautiful brooch you gave me a few years back A.A,¹⁴⁹ remember the one you placed on me when I went to the wedding reception? I want it back, I demanded. This was either the best post-conceptual¹⁵⁰ art practice that someone could be involved in or was it just all in my head? I recognized that this could all just be summed up as random occurrence, but I didn't think so as I had a strong mythological¹⁵¹ approach. The building of this tiny community was always going to involve a lot of work, but it seemed as long as we could deal with this new cocksucker then we could survive. Of course there were so many good people in our small town. Seth and I had some struggles initially, until recently when I finally figured out he would make a good Marshall. He was quite diplomatic and always stood up for the underdog.

OK, this was getting confusing, was I back in time or was I here. Maybe this will be a re-telling of a story where three no four spaces will intermingle or it would produce the infra-mince moving from one space to a second or third as Duchamp would suggest. It would have to be done by using Lucinda Typewriting, the kind of text used in a script my friend proclaimed. Moving in-between them will be a difficult process for us, but hopefully you will be able to keep up. See this is only building on something that we had already made. I had ignored these things that somehow entered into my body like a ghost.¹⁵² The only way this story could be told was on the back of all of that other hard work. My good friend Lafayette¹⁵³ always allowed a ghost to enter his body. When this happens a transformation takes place, it's like he swallows their

being and they possess him. He takes on the ghost's personality and the words that come out are theirs.¹⁵⁴ Could this be seen as a scientific research, just like Freudian analysis I thought? The Doc concerned herself with this during one of our last sessions.¹⁵⁵ Two parts conceptual art practice, align this with one part modernism and perform some philosophy. No way was this going to be an easy feat but we somehow believed that it was obtainable.

I love it when Lafayette is possessed by a spirit, he breathes them in and they enter his body. Just like Eamon O'Kane's piece Froebel's Studio, when he is summoning the spirits of 19th Century educational theorist.¹⁵⁶ This is kinda what happens while I am writing this letter to you. All of these spirits take hold of me and allow for this kind of writing to occur. The uncanny is always represented by two figures for me, one is the dancing table¹⁵⁷ and the other is my old friend talking about phenomenology!¹⁵⁸ Finally at this exact moment it has taken hold of me. I knew that my dead grandmothers had entered my being and possessed me, but all of the sudden this was going to be something different. Have I just been psychoanalysing myself all along?¹⁵⁹ The analyst becomes the analyst, I replay in my mind. This is what I was working through as I discussed my problems to these prostitutes who had been sucking my cock throughout this series. This was fine line to walk between fairytale and reality, how will you ever know which is 'real' and which is fairy?¹⁶⁰ I guess you must decide this yourselves. So if I am uncanny it's only because you can see the 'real' in the episode. Remember when I looked back and was surprised to see my grandmother's ghost, the uncanny had entered our worlds both in episode 1 and in that scene where we were all sitting around that dancing table.¹⁶¹

That cocksucker broke a hole¹⁶² right through the front of the hotel across the street from me, just so I could view him in full sight. I would need to deal with him head on, had I been just transferring my frustrations onto the prostitutes that were in my saloon? I would get them to suck my cock as I told them about my day and my frustrations; I always took my anger out on them. How could I have been so awful to these young beautiful women? Trixie¹⁶³ had it the worse; interestingly her name was based on such a pun. Eventually, she picked herself up because a nice Jewish boy has helped her to read and write, that's when she left me. I was so proud of her. For some reason even after all that cock sucking and how terrible I had treated her she still came around, especially when she needed protection the most. As soon as I saw the look on her face after she saw that Hearst had killed Ellsworth, I realized what she had done. Trixie went right up there and shot that bastard. She needed my protection now more than ever.

It wasn't just Hearst it was the whole group of cocksuckers that he brought into our small town.¹⁶⁴ It was his whole crew of miners that allowed him to be the expert prospector and judge of the mining property on the Pacific (east) coast. He brought in all those boys with their slick suits and big guns, bullying everyone into voting the way they wanted us to, trying to sell off our land and killing folks.¹⁶⁵

I couldn't help it this cocksucker¹⁶⁶ in me had been repressed for so long, he finally had to be exorcised.¹⁶⁷ The unfolding of this layer made it even clearer to me. Maybe this series of characters was a result of dealing with my own subsumption as there didn't seem to be a logical explanation anymore. Could this exorcism help?

There really didn't seem to be any other choice I was just going to have to get rid of Hearst once and for all. Then I could go back to my fairyland, because just between you and me that's all we both wanted, wasn't it? There is no way I read you wrong these past three years, had I? Luckily I had made sure that my mythological approach um I meant methodological¹⁶⁸ was sound and when I engaged in an exorcism I could pull it off thoroughly. You did want me to stay around and write this story for you, didn't you?

These characters that came into our town were always the most interesting to me and this is why I decided to write about them, and tell our story. I didn't want this series to end; it just cut off so suddenly. We finally got rid of Hearst; I cleaned up the prostitute's dead body that I had to murder in order to please him. It seemed to be all over in a matter of seconds. This was the reason for the television characters; I had something in common with them, my own obsolescence as artist we both had fallen into our detritus category, little did we know that we could become post-conceptual, meaning we could be re-circulated together and that our re-use could be made apparent.¹⁶⁹ That's when I remembered the beastie boys episode and why I had included them into this text.

We decided we might as well join the bandwagon and outsource ourselves by finding amateurs to re-enact our video. Fight for your right to Party was made in irony poking fun of rocker bands during the 1980's singing about being cool and smoking in the boy's room. That's why we decided to re-visit it, copy it, archive it and reproduce it. The DeLorean time machine from Back to the Future appears and our group halts.¹⁷⁰ Out steps the Beastie Boys from the future old and weary.

The amateur musicians known as the younger group of Beastie Boys (YBB) asks us “Who do you think you guys are?”

“We’re the real Beastie Boys mother fuckers! Where the shit is ‘really real’. The group from the future known as the older group Beastie Boys (OBB) replies”.

(YBB) “Yeah, guess what, that makes zero sense.”

(OBB) “Sense is something you can’t make sense of until you have been to the future and spent time there, so shut your hole and stand in silence, while we bring the world to a stand still with fresh new music and new beats that you can’t even imagine yet.”

(OBB) “Word!”

(OBB) “Look we’re here to settle this and there is only one way to settle it, I think you know what I am getting at”

(YBB) “What are you guys talking about? Settle what?”

(OBB) “Break it down Add Rock”

(OBB) This is how it goes we bring a super fresh old school dance contest from the ‘future’ to determine who the ‘real’ Beastie Boys are, stand ready to be served”

(YBB) “All right, I get what you’re laying down, you future fuckers and it’s on, I am tripping my ball off right now”

(YBB) “Oh you motherfuckers like to dance? Well it’s on” ¹⁷¹

(OBB) “Who tied these knots?” as they struggle to get the geometric dance matt off the DeLorean.

(OBB) “These are fishermen’s knots.”

(YBB) Sitting on the door stoop “ This is only a possibility of the future what we could be like or what we might be like.”

“So these guys are like the ghosts of Licensed To Ill in the future?”

“The future ‘us’ are complete idiots, they can’t even untie a fuckin dance mat.”

I go over and hand you my personal knife, I see your frustration with the knots.

(OBB) “Thanks for helping me, what’s going to happen here is going to affect humanity for a long time”.

Let the dance off begin! (It’s up to you to decide who you are in this dance off).¹⁷² The bird wave begins as we try to perform some kind of freedom with our eyes wide shut.

You are authentic beastie boys even if you are not yourselves anymore. I am intuitive I have found you, my desire is with you, quoting you I become closer to you. Beastie Boys you have multiplied your-self four times. I am glad to see you are keeping up with the times. You have shown yourself to have great flexibility, even if this has led you to become vulnerable and to be misused. Element by element you have combined and introduced yourself as a variation on the same style.¹⁷³ Beastie boys you have preserved a uniqueness that is something of the original through your re-make. We need you to keep reproducing yourself over and over again, don’t disappoint us we need you to code yourselves. You build yourself out of code, not just computer code but Baudrillard’s consumerist code.¹⁷⁴ Who will you choose as your replekant in the future? Is all of this just a reproduction of difference from the first version of Fight for Your Right

to party? Or is it just for commercial ends, as a copy to which authenticity of the original can be counter posed?¹⁷⁵

Is our group of four becoming a collective, curbing our appetite for unbridled expression? I assume the amateur rock stars that we hired to play ourselves allow for a type of self-fulfillment to occur. Allowing for a sort of peer-group control. In this video we allow for a journey to take place, a time travel to other locations leading to a parallel life. A collective knowledge is ascertained through an apparatus, which was once ours but now escapes us. Our knowledge is loss and transformed into something else. Our referents are misplaced as they become replekants.

And that's when I realized my conceptual foundation had already shown up and that there was no way to demonstrate this art practice could perform the same as theory without thinking through a conceptual practice first.

Michael Snow made a video that is based on the number Four, four, fours.¹⁷⁶ You are both philosophers and so is he. The video *Rameau's Nephew* comes from October, *New Talkie addition, 1981*. The title originates from a novel, an imaginary philosophical conversation written by Denis Diderot, between 1761 and 1772. In this novel the narrator makes his way to the Café de la Régence, France's chess mecca. "In it he is accosted by an eccentric figure, I do not esteem such originals. Others make them their familiars, even their friends. Such a man will draw my attention perhaps once a year when I meet him because his character offers a sharp contrast with the usual run of men, and a break from the dull routine imposed by one's education, social conventions and manners. When in company, he works as a pinch of leaven, causing

fermentation and restoring each to his natural bend. One feels shaken and moved; prompted to approve or blame; he causes truth to shine forth, good men to stand out, villains to unmask. Then will the wise man listen and get to know those about him.”¹⁷⁷

The philosopher takes their time, just like the chess player. The more we look the more we see. There are four fours that does not mean sixteen, two of them are equal, first the number four, second the word meaning the number four, F O U R, third four, four, preposition and conjunction meaning representing or in place of. F O R E, noun and adverb meaning situated in front of and various other things. Four appears in various forms as part of many other words such as foreman a noun meaning whole.¹⁷⁸ This gets repeated just like Fight for Your Right (revisited). In this repetition there is a mirroring effect taking place, a deconstruction of identity as if there was a ghost in these videos a blurring of space in a parallel world. This paradoxical space creates an unconscious intersubjectivity within these worlds. The reflection belongs to the outside. There are four folding, four folds of subjectivity, like the rivers of the inferno. The most general formula of the relation to oneself is the effect of self on self or a folded force.¹⁷⁹

Chess has no use value neither does Rameau’s Nephew. They are both authentic, but how can I make copies of them. I have my brayer inked and I am ready to go. We need time to figure out the codes in chess, to learn the moves. Black and white patterned¹⁸⁰ just like a QR code ready to send me information, when I am skating on the canal. Combinations and Permutations were appearing everywhere. The final title may also be a permutation of 1948, the year of this composition.¹⁸¹ Remembering my funny friend with the plastic

bag, just like me you carry around that bag walking the streets recalling past insurrections. Shakespeare no less had been composed the same way, breathing in all of these other voices to tell their stories. Don't worry I thought to myself we had created a PhD for the 'rebel without a course'.¹⁸² We knew that we were all in this together as the woman handed me three chicken kabobs instead of two. The committee was apparent and that is why I needed the composite characters in order to keep them hidden, we would all be part of the same Black Rebel Motor Cycle Club.¹⁸³

Chapter Three

Episode 4: Martha, Marcy, May, Marlene

3.1 Four names, Martha, Marcy, May, Marlene what deserves to come into the foreground will.

¹ Dirkin, S. *Martha, Marcy, May, Marlene*, Fox Search Light Pictures, 2011.

¹ The mobile vision of the curious Ones, made possible through the mass-media, does not limit itself to taking in a given spectacle passively; on the contrary, it decides anew each time what to watch, what deserves to come to the foreground and what should remain in the background. Virno, P. *Grammar of the Multitude, For the Analysis of Contemporary Forms of Life* (London: MIT Press, 2004) p. 93.

¹ Post-Fordism, which constitutes a response to that revolution, has given life to a sort of paradoxical "communism of capital". Virno, P. *Grammar*, p.111.

¹ Virno, P. *Grammar*, p. 18.

¹ So then, those who do not feel at home, in order to get a sense of orientation and to protect themselves, must turn to the "common places," or to the most general categories of the linguistic intellect; in this sense, strangers are always thinkers it is not the thinkers who become strangers in the eyes of the community to which the thinkers belong, but the strangers, the multitude of those "with no home," who are absolutely obliged to attain the status of thinkers. Those "without a home" have no choice but to behave like thinkers. Virno, P. *Grammar*, p. 39.

¹ But this other is nothing other than the in-between forms the intimate doubleness or sharing of the association/dissociation where "sociation" is formed. J. Nancy & T. Strong, *The Compearance: From the Existence of Communism to the Community of Existence* (California: Sage Publishing: 1992) p. 392

¹ E-mail-May 28, 2012.

¹ Today, all forms of life have the experience of "not feeling at home," which, according to Heidegger, would be the origin of anguish. Thus, there is nothing more shared and more common, and in a certain sense more public, than the feeling of "not feeling at home." No one is less isolated than the person who feels the fearful pressure of the indefinite world. Virno, P. *Grammar*, p. 34.

¹ Poets will help us to discover within ourselves such joy in looking that sometimes, in the presence of a perfectly familiar object, we experience an extension of our intimate space. Bachelard, G. *Poetics of Space* (Beacon Press: Boston, 1994) p. 199.

¹ Buck 65, *Whispers of the Waves*, 20 Odd Years, 2010.

¹ J. Nancy & T. Strong, *Compearance*, p. 375.

¹ Massumi. B. *Sensing The Virtual, Building The Insensible, Architecture Design* (Profile no. 133) vol. 68, no. 5/6 (1998) p. 17.

¹ The variation, as enveloped past and future in ceasing form, is the virtuality of that form's appearance (and of others with which it is deformationally interlinked). Massumi, B. *Sensing*, p. 17.

¹ "to go down into the water, or to wander in the desert, is to change space," and by changing space, by leaving the space of one's usual sensibilities, one enters into communication with a space that is psychically innovating. "Neither in the desert nor on the bottom of the sea does one's spirit remain sealed and indivisible." This change of concrete space can no longer be a mere mental operation that could be compared with consciousness of geometrical relativity. For we do not change place, we change our nature. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 206.

¹ The multitude is a bio-social collectivity, a life form that is irreducible to its contents, which is to say, a form of life implicit in the form itself, in its expression, in its shifting rhetorical dimensions, and not in some abstract content or concept. Murry, S. *The Rhetorics of Life and Multitude in Michel Foucault and Paolo Virno*, ctheory.net, 1000 Days of Theory, 2005.

¹ So then, the belief in the "omnipotence of thought," studied by Freud, and the extreme situation of the spiritualist séance exemplify clearly what publicness without a public sphere can become; what general intellect can become when it is not articulated within a political space. The general intellect, or public intellect, if it does not become a republic, a public sphere, a political community, drastically increases forms of submission. Virno, P. *Grammar*, p. 41.

¹ The two kinds of space, intimate space and exterior space, keep encouraging each other, as it were, in their growth. To designate space that has been experienced as affective space, which psychologists do very rightly, does not, however, go to the root of space dreams. The poet goes deeper when he uncovers a poetic space that does not enclose us in affectivity. Indeed, whatever the affectivity that colors a given space, whether sad or ponderous, once it is poetically expressed, the sadness is diminished, the ponderousness lightened. Poetic space, because it is expressed, assumes values of expansion. Bachelard, G. *Poetics* p. 201.

¹ Entrapped in being, we shall always have to come out of it. And when we are hardly outside of being, we always have to go back into it. Thus, in being, everything is circuitous, roundabout, recurrent, so much talk; a chaplet of sojourning's, a refrain with endless verses. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 214.

¹ What we have, then, at every moment and no matter what, is a reality, which is repeatedly innovated. It is therefore not possible to establish an actual distinction between a stable "inside" and an uncertain and telluric "outside." Virno, P. *Grammar*, p. 34.

¹ One no longer knows right away whether one is running toward the center or escaping. Poets are well acquainted with the existence of this hesitation of being, Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 214.

¹ In this activity of poetic spatiality that goes from deep intimacy to infinite extent, united in an identical expansion, one feels grandeur welling up. As Rilke said: "Through every human being, unique space, intimate space, opens up to the world ... Here space seems to the poet to be the subject of the verbs "to open up," or "to grow." And whenever space is a value—there is no greater value than intimacy—it has magnifying properties. Valorized space is a verb, and never, either inside or outside us, is grandeur an "object." To give an object poetic space is to give it more space than it has objectivity; or, better still, it is following the expansion of its intimate space. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 202.

¹ is closely bound to the clear separation between a habitual "inside" and an unknown and hostile "outside." The concept of "multitude," instead, hinges upon the ending of such a separation. Virno, P. *Grammar* p. 33.

¹ What else are they, these "common places," if not the fundamental core of the "life of the mind," the epicenter of that linguistic (in the strictest sense of the word) animal which is the human animal? Thus, we could say that the "life of the mind" becomes, in itself, public. Virno, P. *Grammar* p. 37.

¹ If the interior space of a tree is a form of honey, it gives the tree "expansion of infinite things. It would seem, then, that it is through their "immensity" that these two kinds of space—the space of intimacy and "world space—blend. When human solitude deepens, then the two immensities touch and become identical. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 202.

¹ While one does not wish to sing out-of-tune melodies in the post-modern style "multiplicity is good, unity is the disaster to beware of", it is necessary, however, to recognize that the multitude does not clash with the One; rather, it redefines it. Virno, P. *Grammar* p. 25.

¹ Massumi, B. *Sensing*, p. 17.

¹ Massumi, B. *Sensing*, p. 17.

¹ Here fear is being itself. Where can one flee, where find refuge? In what shelter can one take refuge? Space is nothing but a "horrible outside-inside." And the nightmare is simple, because it is radical. It would be intellectualizing the experience if we were to say that the nightmare is the result of a sudden doubt as to the certainty of inside and the distinctness of outside. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 218.

¹ What is difficult to understand is that the antidote, so to speak, can be tracked down only in what for the moment appears to be poison. Virno, P. *Grammar*, p.

¹ The contemporary multitude is composed neither of "citizens" nor of "producers;" it occupies a middle region between "individual and collective;" for the multitude, then, the distinction between "public" and "private" is in no way valid. Virno, P. *Grammar* p. 25.

¹ The multitude is a mode of being, the prevalent mode of being today: but, like all modes of being, it is ambivalent, or, we might say, it contains within itself both loss and salvation, acquiescence and conflict, servility and freedom. Virno, P. *Grammar*, p. 25.

¹ Everything, even size, is a human value, and we have already shown, in a preceding chapter, that miniature can accumulate size. It is vast in its way. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 216.

¹ For Spinoza, the body was one with its transitions. Each transition is accompanied by a variation in capacity: a change in which powers to affect and be affected are addressable by a next event, and how readily addressable they are – or to what degree they are present as futurities. Massumi, B. *Sensing* p. 15.

¹ And through this annexation, the diversity of the images is unified in the depths of "inner space." This is a conclusive formula for the demonstration I want to make on the correspondence between the immensity of world space and the depth of "inner space." Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 205

In our communal experience we have been given four names, they are Martha, Marcy, May, Marlene. We eat together make food collectively and sleep in the same rooms. Living uncomfortably in this commune we feel a sense of unrest. So finally, I decided to sneak off into the woods, the rest of the commune chases after me, but somehow I escape.

I am fine. I just wanted to come into town I tell myself. The air is tense and I fear him, he leans in to kiss me but I resist. I cannot totally transfer myself to the leader and in a moment of terror I run to call my sister. Not really understanding where I am going, I wonder if I should return to the commune or try to make contact with my first sister. I can't stay gone so long, I think to myself. It is as if I resist authority and I can't seem to enter into a lasting agreement with anyone, the time with the leader is problematic and so it will become at my sisters. I find myself in a paradoxical situation. This commune performs both remedy and poison, it allows an escape from my past and the sense of homelessness that has accompanied me for so long. However the leader becomes a toxin that enters into my psyche. This is a virtual communism that I can see at play here, where my ambivalence and reversible features are just waiting to be liberated.

Not feeling quite at home wherever I go, I end up questioning my situation. Somehow I share this feeling of homelessness with the rest of the commune. We have placed ourselves in exile in relationship to the rest of the world. We don't have a public and therefore I feel this drastic form of submission while I am there. In order to protect myself from this feeling of homelessness and constantly having to question everything I turn to the space of my sisters. Eventually my first sister picks me up and brings me back to her cottage. I will be ok, I am safe now I tell myself. My sister states that I radiate an essence of simplicity and innocence, how will I continue to do so in this constant state of confusion?

How far are we, I ask?

From where I picked you up?

About three hours, my sister replies.

I flash back to my time with the leader and zones of unconsciousness and consciousness get blurred. Back and forth I go. It's as much yours as it is mine. I am in-between and in this intimate doubleness a sociation is formed. This space acts like a vaccine. "Don't worry it was only a flashback you are back with your sister now". I strip down and I am both physically and emotionally naked, jumping into the water, I plunge in headfirst.

My sister yells, you can't do that around here.

Why, I ask.

I am now in my sister's home which exists as an interior space, the common enters into my word. It seeps in; it is difficult to say where one begins and the other ends. Days can be regimented on the commune, the pot bangs at the crack of dawn and everyone must rise and do our chores. We take a different job everyday. Do you knit a sister asks me. No, I answer. Don't worry she replies we will find your role. Just idle chitchat. It takes time for people to find their role in a new family, my sister says. Once the farm is up and running we will be self-sufficient and we will never have to worry about it again.

In comes the leader, I know people have abandoned you your whole life, like your father, "my father" I repeat in a questioning voice.

I recall a recent e-mail:

Your artwork came in real handy on the weekend when I tried to stop the flow of water down the stream at the cottage. Poured a bit of cement to make sure the water went where I wanted it to go. I always knew that galvanized cone would be good for something.

Talk soon Dad.

I don't blame you for not trusting people. You don't ever feel at home anywhere Mary, neither did we until we were part of this commune, we act as a refuge for all of those who never feel at home. If you are ever going to have a meaningful relationship you have to let your guard down and let us in. This commune absorbs the shocks and also multiplies the fractures that seem to occur in unpredictable ways. The leader states, if you are going to live here, you need to be a part of things. I think to myself, how am I not being a part of things? I experience both servility and freedom in this commune. My entire person is subdued as my basic communicative habits are put into submission, when I have to answer the phone and the questions I am meant to ask are written down on the wall for me. I fumble around until the correct words appear.

I jump up on the counter and my sister asks me to put my feet down, we don't sit on counter tops. I somehow take this perfectly familiar space and extend it. My sister offers me a kale with ginseng juice and protein bars, in case you want a snack. God, I think, what is this crap, do I really need to buy into this organic crap. On the commune we grew our own vegetables and made everything ourselves. I ask my sister, why is the house is so big?

Confused, I ask her, so no one else lives here? Sitting in my interior space I become Marcy-May again, the leader has drugged me and consumes me. I am always torn between these two spaces. That's when I am forced to look it in the eye and wonder what it is. I interiorly scream, feed me your agonies your riches and voices trespass against me and offer me choices, stronger than fire the cancer is slow, your tears are like mine but the answer is no.¹⁶ I had been able to stay true to what I have always believed, the temptation had been hard but there had only been one way to approach this scenario.

Another sister tells me that it is ok what happened, we wouldn't all be here if it wasn't ok. We are all together on this. You have to trust us, do you believe me?

I didn't quite believe her, I understand that there is something wrong and she can sense it in me.

We all need this communal space. I wake up and can't remember a thing. My sister says that's good, it means you are cleansing yourself from the past and the toxins. You need to share yourself, don't be selfish, sharing is good. We have changed your name and your identity is malleable. Really she understands that she is just a picture and image that lives on his wall. The leader sings us this stunning song, he performs and his virtuousness exudes from him. Everyone on the commune listens and is at his command; as he sings, "The strangeness is wandering through many calling lands".¹⁷ The absence of meaning in his song is present but he insists on being heard. The leader keeps fomenting inequality within this group and provoking unrest. He creates a feeling that doesn't allow for further escalation but entices members to seek an outside space.

Washing the floor, the scene is misleading we are not sure if this is our “now self” or “future self”. She is always a moment behind herself. I would help out more, I say, can I go swimming? We splash back into the communal space, diving into the deep end. My past and future are enveloped in ceasing form. Naked and free to do what we like I have changed the nature to become a vast space. The commune provides a special kind of refuge for me but I also feel that there is some kind of danger there. The problem with this collective is that it is under control of the leader and we have not yet found a way to express ourselves. Ours is a publicness without a public and we are in danger of becoming submissive to the leader.

Back again in my sister’s home I walk into their private space. ¹⁸⁴ I lay in my sister’s bed while she is having sex, this is meant to be a secluded space she screams! Do you know why this is not ok? Because it is private and not normal, I replied. I do not really remember what it is like to have a private space anymore everything has been communal for so long. This type of collective participation that I have experienced doesn’t translate into the outside world and forces me into a supersubjective space that I have created for myself. This ambivalence in both of my scenarios leads me to bounce back and forth. My reality is constantly being innovated I do not really know if I am running towards the center or escaping. Do you ever have that feeling where you can’t tell if something is a memory or it is something you just dreamed, I ask my sister? It is as if I have a plurality of ways of being and behaving through these different modes that I am exposed to. There is no clear separation

between inside and outside. I strive to craft a better self for myself, struggling to re-invent the very terms of my own subjectivity, two selves instead of one.

My sister's boyfriend ask me, "so what are your plans Martha? Are you looking for a job?" Ambivalently, I answer no. It's not your fault that you measure success by money and possessions. I begin to feel uncomfortable at my sister's cottage, back and forth I do not feel at home at either location. I am left without a proper language in which to de-code my situation and speak honestly to my sisters. You're a teacher and a leader Marcy, now prove it! My exterior world moves rapidly into my interior space. These two kinds of locations quickly blend together and the intensities become identical. It somehow redefines me. In both of these instances, I can tell I am void of a voice, and that I have been deprived of a public presence.

Attending my sister's party I am confused and believe that I am back on the commune enacting a space where I can be with the leader again. There is a sort of doubling back of space a two-way dynamic, which produces interference. I shout at this hypothetical leader, and throw a drink at him, performing a kind of disobedience. It seems that my interior space has been converted, from the local into a nonlocal space. Again I find myself without a home so I return to this communal space, a drug to cleanse me, they are both the same. Looking back, I see the commune it follows me everywhere. Where can I flee? Where can I find refuge? It is this possibility of being inside and outside which appears to be painful on both sides. Existing as both antidote and poison I am always detached running back and forth between these two situations. Eventually I appear to be adaptable to these strange scenarios I find

myself in. Curious, opportunistic and cynical, are some of my traits. There seems to be a battle that is constantly raging within me, not with any exterior enemy but within myself. Martha, Marcy, May, Marlene becomes hard to describe as I take on these multiple personas that exist as a middle region. Appearing ambivalent towards my situation, there are numerous possibilities for me. My script or code is undefined at this point and thereby full of radical potential. I can accumulate in size if I like, however currently I am miniature but I know I can exist in a vast space. These experiences keep me in constant movement running from the leader, striding from one location to another in constant transition. This allows for greater depths of inner space within the immensity of the world.

Chapter Four

Episode 5: The Killing

4.1 Superstars don't love, they play

People find us difficult to read, so we mostly stay silent. The meaning of things is inscribed directly into our being which is meant to be decoded. In a way, maybe you can read more from what we don't say than anything we could possibly vocalize, the capacity for us to exhibit signs written on our bodies gives us a break within the system.

My incapacity to adequately transfer what I think is in fact my potency in the American television hit series *The Killing*. Consuming chocolate bars in substitution for meals, I often then go running. Walking around as if I am in a state of mourning has been so exhausting, however there remains something so beautiful in this scenario. My face broadcasts a luminous power and the radiance of my presence is divine, it is the gaze of celestial transcendence. The horrible events that I have witnessed seem to be hidden in what I am able to present to you. It is like I am playing the role of a character waiting to be decoded in parallel to the way I decipher the Rosie Larsen case. I struggle to craft for myself the terms of my own existence and to re-invent the very terms of my own subjectivity. Understanding that I don't really play up my femininity, I often wear turtleneck sweaters and sweat pants. It's like I am trying to fit in with my immediate surroundings, making sure that no one finds me out, kinda like a wearing my own kind of camouflage outfit.¹⁸⁵

My partner and friend Stephen Holder, is nonchalant in his

use of casual conversation and idle talk. It is as if he invents and experiments with word games when he speaks to others, although I always understand what he is trying to say. Holder often maintains his own unique persona by keeping his face unshaven and maintaining a scraggly appearance. With his hip-hop gangst'art style, this side-effect of mimicry and imitation enables him to create two different states of being in the world. He therefore is informally organized, and can actually mimic, sometimes with impressive precision, the actual function of local criminals. This is a kind of mock-appearance that allows for this form of infiltration. He often riffs a sort of poetry to his interlocutors that exposes language to the limits of perception. I have been hiding in silence, until Holder shows his agency by rapping about our PhD in a recent episode. Holder, make sure you keep rocking that gangst-art, I can sometimes see you just want to break out of that space that confines you.

Holder and I initially seem incommensurable. There doesn't seem to be a common form of measurement, until eventually we develop our own kind of rhythm and ultimately become close friends. Holder acts as the go-between for me, with the police department and the public. He produces different temporalities through these experiences. Holder creates a type of dialogical performance. This is a linguistic game that he performs in the everyday interactions he finds himself in. Holder becomes the word and I am like the brush-stroke, passing through each other, ours is a relationship between the said and the unsaid. We rely on each other embodying the word the opening out of its closure. I keep my detective work a secret until I care to share my perceptions with others. This is similar to Sherlock Holmes's technique, for instance, in

that he usually kept Watson and the reader in the dark. This was so he could 'wow' us with his perception at the end. It is understood that we cannot be equaled as a pairing. This is a chaotic union but it somehow works. We have very different styles in which to present ourselves. Holder's method is bold and he emphasizes his independence, mine is mostly melancholy and difficult to read. He is always there to tease it out of me, oh did you feel that shift in composition? Right there just by using the word tease. Can you feel it, the composition shifts and turns. Oh, yeah that's when I realized that I forgot to include my piece on Rick Santorum. Remember the one where I am talking to my monitor, back and forth we go not sure who is miming whom.

In the middle of the second season I begin working tirelessly on the murder of the young female teenager Rosie Larsen. Ending up in a psychiatric unit after working so hard on solving this murder, I have made myself almost anorexic from lack of sleep and not eating properly. Cannibalizing myself as I see myself as the only one who can solve this murder. This happens even after I am fired from my position as police detective. I continue to work incessantly. It's as if there is no distinction between labour and non-labour in my life. My son had to go live with his father in another State, as I could not look after him properly. Due to my excessive work habits I have no sense of social time and have even lost my husband whom I was meant to marry. Eventually I have nowhere to live and end up sleeping in my car. As Holder delivers me my breakfast of coffee and a doughnut after he sees me sleeping in my car he says "Yeah, they had you drug up pretty good, they had you all docile and glassy eyed like my aunt Doris". Holder creates a simile for me, this is

always the substance of our relationship. At this point I ignore you and therefore I appear mostly disinterested. We share this common understanding of the parable you have presented to me. It exists as an expression of your aunt's suffering aligned with my suffering and your empathy exists as a retracing of the steps of this scenario. Yet, your witty repartee strips all authority from our seeming commonality. Holden your figure of speech has a performative aspect, it suggests that difficult space between the meaning and sign that language is. Your joke allows for this environment to flourish and interrupt its surroundings. It needs the audience, the viewer of this scene to become the intruder on your joke, the third person who has indiscreet eyes.

In episode eleven of the Killing, Holder and I are finally allowed back into the scene of the crime. It looks as if we cannot find what we are looking for. This is only a performance, as I slide my dress back and forth folding upon itself distracting them. Eventually I hold up my find to the camera in the elevator as a prolonged exaggerated image. Remember the one, I stuck it right there between your image eater, crunching away, it bumped the text and somehow reconfigured the space. This gesture permits us to change the rules of the game, putting it into an ontological crisis. The leader of the reservation does not know what to do, she find herself in predicament as Holder and I subvert the situation. Our style and way of working together has far reaching effects on this case. Realizing how our idiosyncrasies influence what resources are available to us this influences the decisions we make within them.

I seemed to be always thinking about how to respond to the

complexities of my situation in relationship to my partner and the other players on the field. It is a reflexive mode that enables me to find the key card with the blood of the killer on it. Holden figures out what rules are unregulated as he makes his jokes, how high to throw the ball and at what angle. We use these unregulated rules to our advantage. There is always a non-limitation of movement where we must negotiate our situation even though we are in full presence of others. We figure out that there is indeed a true incommensurability that distinguishes the space we need in order to get the key card and the circumference that they will allow us to look for card. The song played and we realized we were stuck in the middle together, "Clowns to the right, jokers to the left".

We were redirected by several signposts along our journey; not being allowed on the reserve to find the key card and then being fired from my job and placed into a psychiatric unit. There are street signs everywhere, which didn't really show us which direction to go. We think that maybe these signs can show us something even though they offer various alternative paths in which to follow. We have to figure out how to get back into the casino either through the side path or across the field. This will allow us to figure out how to get the key card and figure out who the killer of Rosie Larsen is; the decision will be ours and ours alone. We interpret this scene in order to play it out the way we need to. Eventually we smuggle the key card out from under their eyes. Being rigorously coextensive with the truths that will generate as we are under constant surveillance, just as we have always been. Eventually the seeming hysteric takes charge of the master's grasp and becomes his mistress. This is how we take control of our

situation and it will have to be all worked through so it pleases us.

¹ Buck 65, *Superstars Don't Love*, 20 Odd Years, 2011.

¹ Several lines have been taken from the American television series *The Killing*. This space had become the no-man's land so no more details are needed.

¹ Silent speech is to be taken in two senses. In the first, the image is the meaning of things inscribed directly on their bodies, their visible language, to be decoded. Ranciere, J. *The Future of the Image* (London: Verso, 2007) p.13.

¹ Ranciere, J. *The Future*, p. 13.

¹ The very status of the relationship of indifference between them, the status of 'dumb' art that makes of this imbecility-this incapacity for an adequate transfer of significations-its very potency. Ranciere, J. *The Future*, p. 14.

¹ Ranciere, J. *The Future*, p.18.

¹ Ranciere, J. *The Future*, p. 23.

¹ Ranciere, J. *The Future*, p. 23.

¹ Ranciere, J. *The Future*, p. 26.

¹ Virno, P. *Grammar of the Multitude, For the Analysis of Contemporary Forms of Life* (MIT Press: USA 2004).

¹ It seems legitimate to maintain that, according to the very logic of economic development, it is necessary that a part of the general intellect not congeal as fixed capital but unfold in communicative interaction, under the guise of epistemic paradigms, dialogical performances, linguistic games. In other words, public intellect is one and the same as cooperation, the acting in concert of human labor, the communicative competence of individuals. Virno, P. *Grammar*, p. 65.

¹ Not through traditional organizing methods, but more like an accidental side-effect of defensively generated mimicry and imitation. As if superimposing two different states of being in the world—one deeply suspicious of institutional authority of any sort and therefore informally organized, and one mimicking, sometimes with impressive precision, the actual function of institutions, these mock-institutions appear to be filling a gap left by a missing social reality. Badiou, A. *Handbook of Inaesthetics*, (California, Stanford University Press, 2005) p.18.

¹ Philosophy cannot begin and cannot seize the real of politics unless it substitutes the authority of the matheme for that of the poem. The poem entertains an impure link with sensible experience, a link that exposes language to the limits of sensation. Badiou, A. *Handbook*, p.18.

¹ Ranciere, J. *The Future*, p. 45.

¹ This lack of foundation explains the fleeting, and at times vacuous, character of daily interaction. Nevertheless, this same lack of foundation authorizes invention and the experimentation of new discourses at every moment. Communication, instead of reflecting and transmitting that which exists, itself produces the states of things, unedited experiences, new facts. Virno, P. *Grammar*. p. 90.

¹ Ranciere, J. *The Future*, p. 45.

¹ Poet and thinker, relying on one another embody within the word the opening out of its closure. In this respect the poem strictly cannot be equaled. Badiou, A. *Handbook*, p.8.

¹ Simpson, V. e-mail, August 10, 2012.

¹ The joke is a meaningful discourse about the crisis of signification, given that it boldly emphasizes, with impudence, the independence of the application from the norm—that is, the unbridgeable distance between semantic and semiotic. Virno, P. *Jokes and Innovative Action: For a Logic of Change*. Artforum. (New York: Vol. 46, Issue. 5, 2008) p. 7.

¹ During the reading group Escapologies the term "tease" was used several times.

¹ The Colbert Report 03/14/2012.

¹ From the point of view of "what" is done and "how" it is done, there is no substantial difference between employment and unemployment. It could be said that: unemployment is non-remunerated labor and labor, in turn, is remunerated unemployment. Virno, P. *Grammar*. p.103.

¹ What is common to every life, above all, is the passage from the cry of pain to the phrases in which one expresses one's own suffering; the passage from silent sexual desire to its articulation in clausal form; the passage from perceptive motor imagination to the metaphors and the metonymies that mold it from top to bottom. The "normal everyday frame of life" is, above all, this threshold: not simply that which follows it. And it is to this threshold that jokes retrace their steps. Virno, P. *Jokes*. p.6.

¹ Jokes perform a surprise retreat from the norm to normality; they strip the rule of authority in the name of "the common behavior of mankind"; they fuel, without reserve, the indiscernibility between grammatical clauses and empirical clauses. Virno, P. *Jokes*, p. 5.

¹ The natural history of the human animal is marked essentially by two phenomena, both rooted in verbal language: the regression to the infinite, whose appearances change according to the environments in which it flourishes; and the possibility of interrupting this regression, a possibility that branches out in

variety of forms and techniques. Virno, P. *Jokes*, p. 3.

¹ Ranciere, J. *The Future*, p.45.

¹ Then, after this "explosion of unreality," the poet comes down to earth again: The image that serves as pivot for this transforming daydream, which is by turns earthly and aerial, familiar and cosmic, is the image of the lamp-sun or the sun-lamp. Bachelard, G. *Poetics of Space* (Beacon Press: Boston, 1994) p. 170.

Thus he restores its entire suppleness to the imagination, a suppleness so miraculous that the image can be said to represent the sum of the direction that enlarges and the direction that concentrates. The poet keeps the image from becoming motionless. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 171.

¹ Personally, I welcome this poet's image as a little piece of experimental folly, like a virtual grain of hashish without which it is impossible to enter into the reign of the imagination. And how should one receive an exaggerated image, if not by exaggerating it a little more, by personalizing the exaggeration? Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p.156.

¹ Piece created collaboratively through the Escapologies Reading Group.

¹ Instead, political agency has become ontologically plastic, invisible, even unnamable. As De Certeau explains, the everyday tactician "disappears into its own action, as though lost in what it does," including strolling, conversing, slacking-off, shopping, or perhaps also shoplifting.³⁸ Small, spontaneous, nearly tactile actions whose aggregate effect on the dominant system is real enough, even if it will never fall like the blow of a hammer, but fester within the system like a low-grade fever. Sholette, G. *Dark*, p. 38.

¹ Bring the game into ontological crisis with itself, forcing a change in the rules. And in parallel fashion, the subject who strives to reinvent the terms in and by which her subjectivity will be spoken may have a wider socio-cultural impact by influencing the grammar and the very conditions of subjective speech itself. S. Murry (2005) *The Rhetorics of Life and Multitude in Michel Foucault and Paolo Virno*, ctheory.net, 1000 Days of Theory.

¹ Style should therefore be understood as having far-reaching political consequences. Murry, S. *The Rhetorics*.

¹ Hence, the player is not the originary subject of action in any strict sense, because she is a responsive node in the complex relation taking place in/on the field of play, immediately, immanently -- in relation to her teammates, in relation to the opposing team, in relation to where every player is situated in/on the field, and not least, in relation to where the ball is situated in this nexus. Murry, S. *Rhetorics*.

¹ In order to change the rules of the PhD and produce a work that was not separate that could exist in a middle space where theory and practice could work together.

¹ Virno, P. *Jokes*, p. 1.

¹ This affirmation by Wittgenstein means, certainly, that there are aspects of a linguistic game that are completely unregulated (just as in tennis there is no fixed height to which the ball must be sent at the moment of a hit); but it also means, and more radically, that a single movement of the game is never deducible from the rule of which that movement is also the application. Virno, P. *Jokes*, p. 1.

¹ Between a norm and its effective realization there exists a lasting hiatus, indeed a real and true incommensurability--the same incommensurability, to be clear, that distinguishes the relationship between the length of a circumference and that of its diameter. Virno, P. *Jokes*, p. 1.

¹ Working through the regulations of the PhD in order to maintain a practice that could function within this context.

¹ Stealers Wheel, *Stuck in the Middle with You*, Lemon Recordings, 1972..

¹ Does it show which direction I am to take when I have passed it; whether along the road or the footpath or cross-country? But where is it said which way I am to follow it; whether in the direction of its finger or (e.g.) in the opposite one? And if there were not just a single sign-post, but a chain of adjacent ones or of chalk marks on the ground [as if the rules were multiplying like crazy with the goal of guaranteeing one unambiguous application] is there only one way of interpreting them [bracketed commentary mine]?"⁴ Well, then, the uncertainty that reveals itself here with regard to the street sign is the fulcrum of all jokes. In the background of every joke lies the question with which Wittgenstein recapitulates the query: "But how can a rule show me what I have to do at this point?" Every joke puts into focus, in its own way, the variety of alternatives that come forth in applying a norm: Rather than "continuing along the road" it is always possible "to take a side path, or go across the fields." But to take a side path, or to enter the fields, means to complete an innovative action: Human "creativity" consists precisely and only in these digressions applied in the moment. Virno, P. *Jokes*, p 4.

¹ Here I am trying to work through this difficult relationship between practice and theory.

¹ Here we are facing the same question raised by Wittgenstein when he maintains "that the application of a word is not everywhere bounded by rules." It is indeed Wittgenstein, after all, who makes fun of the "Kelsenian" faith in the powers of interpretation. Virno, *Jokes*, p. 3.

¹ Immanence: art is rigorously coextensive with the truths that it generates. Philosophy's relation to art, like its relation to every other truth procedure comes down to showing it as it is. Badiou, A. *Handbook*,

p.11.

¹ Art must be put in strict surveillance. Art lends the transitory force of semblance or of charm to a truth that is prescribed from outside. Acceptable art must be subjected to the philosophical surveillance of truths. Badiou, A. *Handbook*, p. 2.

¹ This is why this text was written in a different voice, initially.

¹ Historically philosophy and art are paired up like Lacan's Master and Hysteric. We know the hysteric comes to the master and says truth speaks through my mouth, I am here. You have knowledge tell me who I am. In doing so the hysteric takes charge of the master's grasp so that it must all be taken up again and worked through at length in order to please her. In doing so the hysteric takes charge of the master "barring" him from mastery. Badiou, A. *Handbook*, p.1.

¹ Buck 65 (2011) *Superstars Don't Love*, 20 Odd Years, WEA, U.S.

¹ Double meaning, contradiction, multiple use of the same material, word games based on homophony, semantic shuffling brought on by eccentric inference: It is sufficient to list, topsy-turvy, the different techniques of humor studied by Freud in order to realize that each of these, without exception, highlights the aporia and the insistent paradoxes in the relationship between rule and application. Virno, P. *Jokes*, p. 2.

¹ It is, rather, a concentrated display of the relationship, always problematic, because of its incommensurability, between the sphere of the norm and the sphere of actions. Virno, P. *Jokes*, p. 2.

¹ Philosophy's relation to art, like its relation to every other truth procedure comes down to showing it as it is. Badiou, A. *Handbook*, p. 9-10.

¹ An inappropriate realization of the rule throws light, according to Schmitt, on the habitual realization of the rule. Virno, P. *Jokes*, p. 3.

¹ To realize such a "history from below," or a counter-public sphere, to construct another non-space and non-productivity out of the dense archive of dark-matter social production, means generating filters contrary to those of the market. Sholette, G. *Dark*.

¹ Jokes reside in a no-man's-land that separates a norm from its realization in a particular case. The point of honor of the witty remark lies in its ability to show how many different ways one can apply the same rule. Virno, P. *Jokes*, p. 5.

As I hold the key card up in the elevator for the leader of the reserve to see, I smile and think to myself, watch me karate kick, spin the reversal I got this shit just like in the commercial.¹⁸⁶ This scene highlights the paradoxes between how we negotiate the rules laid out for us and how they are applied. There can always be a double meaning as to how these rules can be traversed. This is not an eccentric application of the rules that we were given, but there is always incommensurability between what's acceptable and what actions we can take. In this moment, we have played the joke on the leader of the reserve. There are two plans at play here as I secretly hold up the bag behind Holder's back for the leader to see, knowing that the leader will view it when she goes over the elevator video tapes. Eventually I just had to show it like it is. The joke that I played on the leader can only work in that it recognizes the habitualization of

the rule. The elevator thus acts as a non-space or no-man's land. **It** allows our practice to be in the driver's seat in order to perform the same thoughts and exist as theory.

Episode 6: Pursuit of Honor

*4. 2 When The Man Comes Around*¹⁸⁷

Basically this story is just about a group of ragpickers who are searching amongst the wreckage of past rebellions looking for some kind of meaning.¹⁸⁸ I am perpetually stuck in the same position, always stooped over putting on the same pair of purple boots. The veterans from the war of 1917, are protesting for their owed pension. This was a war to supposedly make the world safe through democracy. President Wilson realized war was inevitable but he agonized over the decision because of what it might do to the spirit of the Nation. He feared war would change America forever, making her tougher, less humane. "Once I lead these people into war, they'll forget there ever was such a thing as tolerance ... the spirit of ruthless brutality will enter into the very fiber of our national life ... every man who refused to conform would have to pay the penalty." ¹⁸⁹

The scene is set: The US army was forced to remove the veterans from striking. A combined force of infantry, cavalry, and the newly formed armor division performs the job. They responded to the President's call to put an end to the veteran's rebellion-once and for all.

"The US Army is attacking its own citizens this is a national disgrace one of our country's darkest days." ¹⁹⁰

I remember the crowd shouting as we affirm ourselves, "We want what we deserve," yells one of our veterans. This is a historical declaration that constitutes a present and therefore tries to modify the conditions of our situation. This scene permits for a general action to take place. ¹⁹¹

Col. John Hardesty yells "DRAW!"

Sgt. John Libbey AKA Don Johnson as myself refuses to draw.

Col. John Hardesty shouts at me "I gave an order sergeant!"

I replied, "The order goes against my conscience sir, they're only asking for what they were promised."

Col. John Hardesty shouts to me, "This is mutiny Sergeant Libbey."

The crowd cheers us as we withdraw, understanding that it was time to evacuate our men and perform somewhere else. We ride off together all the while singing, if I told you the things I did before, told you how I used to be, would you go along with someone like me? If you knew my story word for word had all of my history would you go along with someone like me? ¹⁹² I somehow doubted that they wouldbut they did.

It initially appears that I am the only hero in this movie, but actually there are several. Somehow we are all working together to bring these horses to safety. Having diverse practices and ways of operating, gives way to the expansion of the concept of working in a meticulous fashion towards a more spontaneous and external style. This allows for our different perspectives to enter in order to help this cause. Enabling a diverse and collaborative method in the undertaking of rescuing these horses.¹⁹³ I now understand how we have become a collective assemblage of diabolical powers enabling for the constructing of this revolutionary undertaking.¹⁹⁴ There wouldn't have been a way of doing this alone. We begin to

see how this permits different groups to be empowered and to recognize our roles within this situation, allowing us to make meaning in this state of affairs. Eventually we are aware how this will be a highly distributed effort. In the end we will see that the modern army will also be on the side of the horses and will overshoot them in order to bring them to safety. Thus expanding the current notion of the modern hero to include this form of a revolutionary undertaking. These different groups end up becoming a montage of desiring machines, a somewhat schizoid exercise that somehow results as a revolutionary force. ¹⁹⁵

Playing Sgt. John Libby, I was also the lead actor Sonny Crockett in the TV hit series Miami Vice. My style was quite different then, I wore a white suit but now I play the role of cowboy. Miami Vice drew heavily upon 1980's New Wave culture and music. Do you remember when this music style had a similar ethos to punk rock music however it incorporated a greater complexity in its lyrics? Miami Vice was noted for its heavy integration of music and visual effects to tell a story, kinda like this virtual space that insists on being told now. It is recognized as one of the most influential television series of all time this was because of its sense of fashion and overall visual aesthetics.

Style has always been important to us and was also an important part of Miami Vice, it had a significant influence on men's fashion in the 1980's. The t-shirt under the Armani jacket was popularized by Miami Vice, we wore pale colors with linen pants and gold chains. Many of the styles popularized by the TV show such as the t-shirt under pastel suits, no socks, rolled up sleeves and Ray-Ban sunglasses have become the standard image of 1980's

culture. We often searched everywhere to find just the correct suit to fit us.¹⁹⁶ Miami's art-deco architecture was also reflected in the abundance of pastel colors on the show. The different surface of buildings becomes a poetic image that falls into the background.¹⁹⁷ Although I portrayed two very distinct fashion styles, my acting method is quite similar in both roles. Through style we see a total investment of our being in the world, which goes against an interiority giving us the possibility of being more than our so-called self.¹⁹⁸

Lt. Marshall Buxton rides up with Jessica Stuart.

The Private at the entrance says, "About the woman sir, lady friends are off limits at this time, sir."

Jessica, "I am Jessica Stuart, Private."

Private, "As in Colonel Stuart Commanding officer's daughter?"

Jessica, "Yes."

"Kinda takes your breath away doesn't it? " I say as I turn to Lt. Marshall, all the while thinking to myself secretly, I always liked a good slow dance.^{199/200} I remembered the advice my father implicitly gave me, hide my secrets and conceal my mystery. Father and daughter will mask the same fate throughout this story.²⁰¹ I wonder if I had hid my secrets for too long and they can no longer reveal themselves.

Colonel Stuart asks Lt. Buxton, "Let me ask you something do you have trouble with authority?"

"Yes, sir." I reply, recognizing that we always seem to have been working on the outer margins of the army.^{202/203}

The infantry and Col. John Hardesty arrives to take over the regiment. "So that's the future, " he mutters, the old general is being put down and let go just as the horses will be. His daughter will be there to catch him falling. "You look handsome," I say to my father out of uniform and in his everyday cloths.

Father, "Darling I am a soldier and it hurts me that you disapprove of this."

I reply, "I don't hate the army it's the systematic stupidity of it that galls me."

Father, "I am glad you write for the newspapers because you have enough opinions to choke a horse".

Our relationship acts a sort of minute anxiety where another, larger struggle is taking place.²⁰⁴

"Its been an honor sir," I salute Colonel Owen Stuart.

The 12th Cavalry is to be incorporated with the 3rd infantry. Col. John Hardesty states, "I will accept no slackness under my command. In these times of increasing economic hardship the cavalry is to dispose of excess horses, they are to be driven across the border to be disposed of. Sorry, gentlemen the army is the whipping boy of congress our supports are either in insane asylums or the movies." We realized that this was our fate all along, we didn't know how we would keep our horses in order for them to be set free.

"Dismissed."

The modernization of the army turns the cavalry and their horses into a minor.

I am so upset and shout, "Is there a written order sir? I

demand to see a written order sir.”

I drag out my bottle of Jack Daniels and a full bag of ice, sipping on my dirty glass to drown out my sorrows. Eventually I am so upset that I thrash about the room destroying everything I come in contact with.

The men line up and lay their swords to rest.

“You go to hell,” shouts Lt. Marshall Buxton to me, responding to my disobedience.

“I am already there” I reply, “no horses, no cavalry, no honor.” I am left alone to soak in my misery. I then understand that the Generals had never had this kind of freedom; if they had they wouldn’t have tried to kill the cavalry off. In my isolated house I am furnished with such strong images that it allows for my resistance to grow.²⁰⁵ My memory of a past time is what I desire and so I make carbon copies of it. This is a melancholy that I cannot contain as I smash the room about in madness.²⁰⁶ I remember an old song that my father used to sing to me, “you got to know when to hold them, know when to fold them, know when to walk away and know when to run”.^{207/208} This is flare-up in my imagination that has emerged into my consciousness is directly from my heart and soul.²⁰⁹ Resentment builds within me. My previously unrecognized skills, would just have to wait and I would have to be patient to get what I wanted would finally be put to good use. This will become a survival project where I will make use of the resources that I find at hand.²¹⁰

Then men drive the horses through the desert to their death, a pit awaits them.

One of the Commanding infantrymen shout, “May I remind you

that you are soldiers not cowboys Sergeant!” Meaning there is no space for the romance of the cowboy anymore and why would you need such a foolish thing.

The men start to drive the horses into the pit the artillery wait with their weapons, lock and load, the shooting begins as the horses neigh and snort. It is the most brutal assassinations. Fallen, laying in their blood twisting. “We never even killed the enemy like that,” one of the Generals reflects. This becomes a battle of the most far-reaching sort.²¹¹

I shout, “we can stop it now before they shoot any more.”

Private, “Are you suggesting we steal the herd?”

In response, “I am suggesting we take them into protective custody before they kill any more.” There will no longer be a distinction between the inside or outside to the 13 infantry as they waver and tremble.^{212 / 213} These horses will not be freed by procedure but by process.²¹⁴ The men and horses dwell on a threshold, this will be a lawless proposition, not a rule bound crossing but an offering to the Canadian Mounties.²¹⁵

I shout, that’s insanity! I expect that this expedition is illegal and since I have not seen any written orders I don’t believe they exist.

I knew that to find justice it would be necessary to move from this spot to another from one country to another always following my desire.²¹⁶ In this story I am directed to my own learning and existence, this is a continuous process that seems to be forever displaced.²¹⁷ The men take off with the remainder of the horses. Tearing their minor cavalry away from their own regiment challenging them to

follow their own revolutionary path.²¹⁸ The cavalry-men recognize that their line of escape has become a battle site as they violate their infantry and force the newly formed armor division to stutter.²¹⁹ This strengthens a desire in me, proliferating my connection to it and linking it to an intensity so strong that there can be no other way for me to proceed.²²⁰ I find myself locked into a historical event that comes knocking on my door.²²¹ Ours is an act of resistance, in our determination we find a “tactical resistance”.^{222/223}

Col. John Hardesty shouts to his staff, “your vehicles will be all but worthless when trying to find them in the desert. If they refuse to surrender, then shoot them”. The frontier between the cavalry and infantry will be political and essentially unstable which will require a constant displacement and renegotiations between these different groups.²²⁴

I go to see Colonel Owen Stuart, “When you retire someone you walk them out and shake their hand you don’t take them behind the barracks and shoot them.”

“They fight beside us and they die beside us they deserve the same respect, it is a point of honor.” I say to him.

I tell the men, “You can fall back or go on, to fall back would be wrong.”

“Well, that’s good, that’s your first conscious decision as a leader.”

We are trapped. For the safety of the horses there is no easy way to escape, it is like we are in a cage. This is a line of flight and not an attack that the cavalry would embark upon. Soon we understood this was about finding an

escape and not about fleeing, it wasn't freedom that the horses gained in the end nor did we. We only wanted a way out either right or left.²²⁵ We move the horses to the desert slowly, consistently and progressively.²²⁶

I tell my father to go to Gen MacArthur and beg him to stop it. I am on the side of the horses fighting for the cavalry using every possible resource I have in my possession. As I contemplate upon the background of the disappearance of the horses it allows for an immediate action, like a program of thought.²²⁷

"You go and write your article!" my father shouts at me. All the while implying that I am "only" a journalist, knowing full well that the simplicity of my writing has far reaching effects.

I confer with my men, "We have to find a place to wait out the army".

One of the Privates replies, "That's like waiting out God sir, it can't be done".

We discuss the route and decide to head north. This will be a tactical rescue using the institution of the army to subvert and disrupt their procedures. We will have to create some kind of new possibility a form of surprise.²²⁸

We appear to be a group of men that self-consciously choose to work outside the mainstream army, somehow we are embracing our own structural redundancy. We are able to grasp our own political invisibility and marginalization to challenge the formation of the armies enforcing the rules.²²⁹

My father enjoys a new plane of freedom, rather than remaining the bureaucrat inspector or retired general he

participates in the movement to stake out a path of escape for the horses helping them to cross a threshold into a new land.²³⁰

They are probably trying to catch them on a paved road my father says to me. I try again to coerce my father to go to Col. MacArthur to help save the horses and men.

Father, "You are just like your mother".

"No, I am not. I am like you", always have been I reply.

My father decides to go and fight for the horses, he shouts down to me, "Hey, I will tell MacArthur I send him your love, how is that?" Every word rubs up to the next and they become the end men in the minstrel show playing off one another.²³¹

We have to shoot one of the frail horses, this is just the beginning of their demise.

Mr. Shattuck stammers, "You are pushing them too damn hard, it's hopeless god damn it!"

I reply, "I will let you know when it is hopeless Mr. Shadduck."

Shadduck, "How many will die before we are through?"

"I don't know but we will keep going until we make it. If you want to quit why don't you quit now!"²³² I shout back.

Shadduck, "No sir."

We find ourselves as strangers within our own regiment we need to oppose the oppressive quality within this modernization of our cavalry.²³³

The infantry is starting to close in they end up having to

bring out some of their reserve horses to search the landscape.

I imagine sitting in the snow and I can see myself pictured in absolute solitude within an immense horizon and diffused light as if I am in a long daydream.

²³⁴

I shout to the men, "Let's get those horses moving."

"Where?" they ask me.

"Up there." I point to the mountains.

We cross over from desert into the mountains and snow. I now find myself sitting in the snow, I trace the lines on the map, and believe that the cavalry should give the horses to the Indians on the reservation. I let everyone know, "They have to be treated as separate nation by law; no troops are allowed on the reserve so the horses will be safe." The infantry is closing in on us it is our only solution.

I stammer out, "Looks like they have us pretty sewn up."

My friend says, "Go back to your cavalry tactic manual, Genghis Khan new a trick or two. What can be sewn can be unsown, we can puncture a hole in this."²³⁵ I wonder how this burrowing will fool the enemy, we can't be sure as it seems as if we only have a tight impasse in which to trick the enemy.²³⁶ We plan our escape at night to drive past the army while they are sleeping, a surprise attack. The horses race through the tents and sleeping men entering in at multiple locations.

My father finally ends up talking to Gen MacArthur who warns my father that modern war is just around the corner. "I have to battle in order to keep this army alive. Hitler

is rebuilding the German army, the Japanese are expanding into China, and Modern war is just around the corner. Modern war, and we are not ready. The horses have outlived their time. The Japanese and German have many tanks, we only have 12. I can't afford the cavalry." These renegades will be caught and the horses will be destroyed, MacArthur defines.

The father is dismissed, he knows the real work will be going on behind the scenes.²³⁷ Before he leaves he let's the General know, "General, I am not in the army any more," proudly, suggesting that he can no longer be dismissed.

Back to the cavalry, there are six horses they cannot go on any longer, we have to shoot them. Reluctantly we shoot them. One by one we see the horses fall, and with that we hear the shots as they get closer. Feeling our weakness we begin to worry.

"See you," I say to the last horse I have to shoot as I rub him gently before killing him. In this moment I finally acknowledge that it is too painful to be ruled by laws that one doesn't know.²³⁸

One of our men from the cavalry run into the army, as he races away on his horse someone from the army shoots him in the back. He finds his way back to the cavalry mostly dead he slides off the horse. As he lies on the ground I close his eyes knowing there is nothing more that can be done for him now.

My friend shouts angrily, "He was following an order sir, my order."

I reply, "You gave a soldier an order, he obeyed and there is always a price."

We now realize how serious the army is. We are beaten down and at an impasse, but the story doesn't end. ²³⁹

I let everyone know, "We have to keep moving sir, we have the 12th on our ass and we are going to have to figure out multiple ways of digging ourselves out. ²⁴⁰

"Well then it's Canada", we remember a time when these horses we able to run free.

We say goodbye to our fallen friend. We turn to confront the real problems of desire and power that manifest itself as justice. ²⁴¹

Paying our respects to the fallen officer, I shout out "I am too old for this!"

My friend encourages me, "you cannot quit now".

I mumble to myself "I am no quitter." Recognizing that I will never give up.

We start to drive the horses further along the path. The last plan of action is to try to make it through to the last few miles to the Canadian border in order to cross the threshold.

I run like a mad person to talk to the Col. Hardesty, begging him to stop. He says that he has orders to "shoot to kill", the American army is 'modernizing' he says sarcastically.

"Contact headquarters", he shouts, "we have the renegades in sight and under the gun."

The infantry comes out bearing a white flag and hollers to the cavalry, "You are out manned and out armed give it up, at least there is some honor in standing the court,"

begging them to back down.

Doubtful I say, "Well we are pretty spread out for a dash."

My friend, always holding steady replies, "Spread out isn't so bad is it Mr. Quinlain."

Sgt. Quinlain replies, "Looks like I will take the lead, with your permission sir."

"I reckon we can take it from here sir" I say, "we are kinda like the buffalo we had our day we are lucky we have lived this long. It doesn't have to end for you here, you can turn back and we can take the blame " I say to the commanding officer and my friend.

"Are you suggesting I relinquish command of this detail Sergeant?"

"No, sir," we hold fast and true.

The army and their modern trucks are racing towards us as the trumpet player blows his horn the cavalry is called forward and the trumpet blows again. The army gets ready to fire.

The horses are running through, the army shoots missing their target completely allowing the horses to carry on into the Canadian border with all their strength and beauty, they fired high and wide.

The Mounties meet them on the other side.

I ask the Mounties, "Are we under arrest sir?"

Mountie, "Have you broken a law in Canada?"

"No", I say

Mountie, "What are your plans for the horses?"

"Only to keep them alive."

I write to my father:

MEN AND HORSES SAFE IN CANADA

LOVE YOU DAD

JESSICA

"Well I am glad somebody else likes horses," my father laughs to himself.

This is a long story about a quick decision. There was a tactical subversion about how to get the horses to safety without too many deaths. We all played by different rules and seemingly had different perspectives on why the horses should be slaughtered allowing us to get the intended results and to free them. Through this journey the romance of the individual life is exceeded, deterritorialized, and thus then finally escapes.²⁴²

"We have been heading North, so long it is kinda hard to change direction." We began by expressing our anger with the situation we were involved in and didn't really conceptualize until after we had achieved our goal.²⁴³

I tell my friend, "You told me once you hated what this country was becoming. I am going to go back and stand the court."

She replies, "I hope you kick their ass."

"I hope so too."

In the end we cannot ever fully escape into something else

but we continue searching.²⁴⁴

I ride off into the Yukon and the rest of horses traverse the plains in a haze of dust. As they cross into Canada- they crossed a threshold to enjoy another plane of freedom.²⁴⁵ We managed to somehow thrust the image into the words and bump them around, not one on top of the other but somehow surrounding each other. Allowing for a reconfiguration of space to take place. We see how all the cogs and all the different possible agents communicated with each other through a seemingly seamless narrative to save the horses.²⁴⁶ The once American cavalry horses now crossed a threshold populating the landscape and blur the borders between these two spaces. They move fluidly embracing the land beneath their feet. This story was not so much about the death of the cavalry as it will still continue to flourish and grow, but the deterioration of that army in order to save these remaining horses.²⁴⁷

The horses will somehow make their way deep into the Canadian forest allowing them to twist and turn in another way in the mystery of its space.²⁴⁸ We will see them turn smoothly to lead their own voyage where they will arrive in a new world.²⁴⁹ This forest will be profound and immense where they can traverse deep inside.²⁵⁰ It's a forest that will know no bounds.²⁵¹ This cost between the army and cavalry, will be inscribed directly into this imaginary space that the horses will now be able to move through.

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In Pursuit of Honor is a movie that is based on an oral history. It proudly proclaims "this film is based upon a true story," but the truth is that this cinematic version is of an event that, based upon all available evidence, never took place. How can this truth be accepted when it

is based upon an oral history passed down from cowboys,
can it only be an opinion?' 'It therefore registers truths rather
than producing them in a never-ending story.'¹²⁵ •

Chapter Five

Episode 7: The Hunger Games

5.1 The co-collaboration of the production of a super-subjective space through the occupation of a television series

I find myself back again in the forest attentive and alert. These two spaces slide next to each other, running parallel and flitting within each other. And then there is this third space, darting between each one, but always within this forest.²⁵⁷ These spaces are continually running around through one another crawling on top of each other.²⁵⁸ At some point when these two spaces coalesce something crystallizes. As I read along, these other images trail next to the text. These two are sewn together by the third.²⁵⁹ They are separate objects that reside in the interior of the third.^{260/ 261}

Living in district 12, I must crawl beneath an electric fence in order to enter the forest. In this space I have learned to hunt with a bow and arrow, becoming an expert ready to aim at my target. Learning from my father at a very young age which plants were deadly and which ones I could eat, it is the only place I really feel comfortable. My movements in the woods became more special to me after my father's death at the coalmines where he worked. I remember that day well, lying on the sofa viewing myself stretched out; I wonder why I was floating above my body. I can remember the room vividly it was gold and orange even the carpet had the same colors. Hovering above myself looking down, what are you doing there I thought? Maybe this was the beginning of the creation of such a virtual space.

Getting back to the forest I remember the first time my father took me hunting, I was so upset I didn't speak to him for a week, even after the rabbit was cooked and brought to me. My mouth watered on the sight of it, but I refused to eat it.²⁶² I haven't eaten meat for two years because of how expensive it is in District 12. Now I am an expert, essentially out of necessity to feed my mother and sister but also in remembrance of my father.

District 12 is the poorest area of the continent's civilization. Most of the men work in the coalmines and families barter and trade what they can, poverty can make you creative I think to myself. One learns quickly how to make a piece of cheese last for a week and the odd piece of bread that has been burnt by the baker look like gold. However now that I have developed such a resilient skill of using my bow and arrow to hunt, I have enough to trade with others in District 12. They are desperate for the fresh meat that I catch.

Gale is basically my best friend and he says that I only smile in the forest. I am always close to the fence because I am too scared to stray very far. Always close enough to run back to the safety of District 12 if trouble arises.

" District Twelve, where you can starve to death in safety," I mutter.²⁶³ I used to get into trouble at school for making comments about District 12. Eventually I understood that this would only lead to trouble. I learned to create a mask of indifference, so they couldn't read my thoughts. ²⁶⁴ But now I am with Gale where I can always relax. He looks like he could almost be my brother, same color hair. We joke about the Hunger Games descending upon us later today, we are in the mood for a real feast.

This is a post apocalyptic North America, the Hunger Games surfaced as a punishment for past rebellions in the Capital. One boy and one girl from each district ages 12 to 18 are chosen to participate in an event in which tributes fight to the death in an outdoor arena. The participants will be in constant surveillance during this fight, more than the Panopticon that I was told about which was how jails used to function in order to control their inmates. This surveillance is closer to a pre-cognitive feeling that I experience on a bodily level.

The one girl chosen from the lottery is my younger sister Prim. When I hear her name being called I feel my legs get all jello-y and I almost collapse.

I shout "I volunteer as tribute!"²⁶⁵

"Lovely!" says Effie Trinket.²⁶⁶

I am dragged onto the stage. The other tribute is Peeta Mellark, the baker's son. This is a surprise for me. Peeta helped me once when I was starving after my father died. He threw out some burnt bread for me after his mother screamed at him to throw it to the pigs.

I cannot imagine what this event is going to be like. It will be as if my actual existence will duplicate itself along with a virtual existence, like a mirror image.²⁶⁷ I will just have to watch myself, almost as if I am an actor beholding myself acting just like when I was floating on the couch.²⁶⁸ After learning to survive in the woods, now I will have to use these same skills in the Hunger Games. I always know that I am being watched both in the Hunger Games and back home on the big screen. My motivation for living is my younger sister who I know will not survive without me in the games.

What keeps me alive during the Hunger Games will be memory, the memory of hunting with my father in the forest. This past is always outside my virtual world. I will be able to enter into myself in order to survive; my intuitive sensibility will kick in. These memories of my father will slip down from the past and thrust me forward into action. Little by little I actualize the virtual, but why do I have this nagging image of another forest that enters my psyche. I understand now that this is just another episode that I will need to crawl through. ²⁶⁹

Peeta Mellark and I are whisked off to the Capital. We are transformed from our weary and out of style clothes into a new look that consist of a burning flame. We appear magnificent, not only burning on the outside with our fire producing cloths but something burns within both of us, something that keeps us moving on. As we ride out on our horse drawn chariot, "can you hear us thumping on your stereo", belts out from the large speakers as we drive into the stadium.²⁷⁰ The next song blasted, "if you don't think I know about depression and emotional pain, you are insane".²⁷¹ The lyrics are no longer sung by anyone they now exist as a song that now appears to us.

Peeta reminds me that they just want a good show, that's all they want. You know how to hunt, show them how good you are.

Once I am in the outdoor arena I feel the stranger enter my psyche and I feel lost in the woods where I should feel so comfortable, this is where I grew up. There is another time when I remember feeling the stranger enter, this was when the wolves came out and his heart was torn out and replaced by another.²⁷² This is the same terror I feel as the countdown begins and I am lifted onto the arena, run I

say to myself don't look back. My speed overtakes me as I swipe a bag and keep moving. My heart pounding so fast, not sure if I am in safety yet. All of my fear condenses into this one girl, this predator who might kill me in seconds. I can hear the blade whistling towards me and reflexively I hike my pack to protect my head. The blade lodges into my pack.

A grin finally crosses my face. "Thanks for the knife, I think to myself, knowing that I will be able to pull it out later and use it".²⁷³

The trial has begun, welcome to the scene of your life.

After running through the forest I set out my weaponry the knife that was thrown at me, a water bottle, a sleeping bag and a jacket.²⁷⁴ These items and some of the other players in the game will allow me to win or lose.

For the first several days of being in the 'games' I am on my own. I hide in trees in order to avoid the group that has formed of the toughest characters in the game called the 'careerists'. Hiding in the woods my senses are heightened. I climb up a large tree to hide from the group that has formed of the five career tributes. Snap, a branch wakes me. Snap, snap. I realize that I am no longer alone and the career tributes with their superior strength and supplies have caught up to me. They begin to argue whether or not they have killed another player and then I realize that the voice I hear is Peeta's - traitor! Teaming up with the career tribute, is just too much for me.

The career tributes talk among themselves whether they should keep Peeta in their group or not. "He is the best chance of finding her".

Her do you mean me?

“Why? Do you think she bought into that sappy simple minded stuff?” The leader of the careerists asks. She might have, the boy from district 5 replays, “She seemed pretty simple minded to me”.

I recognize that they are stronger than me and my only real ability is my agility and the bow and arrow on my side. I finally call down from the tree to them and ask them how they are. The largest careerist try to crawl up the tree but fails, it is my domain. Peeta shouts at them “Oh just let her stay up there”. Why is he helping them, I think to myself.

I am weak from my struggles to outrun the group and not eating properly. At least I can rest in the tree for a while. The days events are winding through my mind so I cannot sleep. I shudder as night falls and I wish that I had my scarf, you know the one don't you.²⁷⁵ Suddenly I notice a pair of eyes peering out from the next tree. It is Rue, the small girl from District eleven. How long has she been there wearing that white scarf? Probably the whole time. She is so quiet and small. Are you cold being far from home? Not knowing then that Rue would impact my ability to survive this race. In a way being in the games has allowed me to place myself in this supersubjective space of the television series that I have now become part of during the games. As I get to know Rue I realize that I will be impacted by her subjectivity. Rue's truth is projected into me as she transforms us into this composite entity. We have also been altered through the scarf and the telling of this story, this is transformative technology.²⁷⁶ We have been transformed to give rise to this new object, to form a composite character.²⁷⁷ Ours is no longer a human subjectivity but something more monstrous, a subjectivity that is also combined with the subjectivity

of the other episodes. There is a meeting on the interior of the third, where we can exist side by side and interact with each other.²⁷⁸ We composite characters call the subject to appear, co-creating the event site. It is the wearing away of this space that allow us to converge. We become objects just like the huge fire spontaneously created by the Capital that, forces us into another space. Like the seed that has limitations and does not know what the tree will look like, it has to now invent the tree. We co-produce it together within the circumstances we encounter.²⁷⁹

Our composite personalities somehow reach outside ourselves and impact the each other forcing us into this supersubjective space. It is this folding in of outside forces that creates this composite character.²⁸⁰ The scarf enables this fused character of Rue to develop and this folding of an outside to occur and a new form to transpire. Rue is a code that allows for capture of other the fragments of other codes.²⁸¹ It is not a singular supersubjective space but a combined space as Rue creates this fold that enables a freedom to occur. She creates this doubling with me and reminds me of my younger sister.^{282/283} This is an inside space that Rue has enabled within us, it is the condition of our existence.²⁸⁴ The only way to touch this composite character will be through allure.²⁸⁵ This is no longer only a practical relationship.²⁸⁶ Somehow Rue becomes more real as she is connected to this white scarf and develops into a composite character.²⁸⁷ As she is fused with the scarf the composite becomes object, enabling Rue to share her truth.²⁸⁸ This is of course a sincere friendship.²⁸⁹ Rue has often been labeled 'as good as gold' by her family.

As Rue points upwards to show me the bee's nest and the two of us become one in our ability to get out of this situation, she now displays her agency over our situation. This will be a mutually productive relationship. In order to drop the bee's nest on the careerist so we can both escape. After the large fire that swept in and burnt us I never know what is a real experience or a delusion.²⁹⁰ I will have to practice a form of self-mastery over myself in order to cut down the bees without getting harmed, in order to change the dynamics of the group below me. I feel the intensity rising in this scenario. ²⁹¹

Finally I get enough strength to cut down the bee's nest. This is no ordinary nest of bees, these are tracker jackers, killer wasps. Some people die at once when stung, others have horrible hallucinations brought on by the venom.²⁹² These wasps exist as mutant offspring.²⁹³ I begin to cut down the nest, it is more difficult than I imagined from this angle high in the tree. Aughhh, one stung me! Ignore it I say to myself-keep cutting, keep cutting. These wasps are buffered from immediate interaction because of their wafer thin nest.²⁹⁴ Ultimately the nest comes crashing down on the careerists, the nest is ruptured and explodes. It is horrible to watch, but a bit exciting as well. They start screaming in pain, and run to the lake, they hope to outrun the trackers. Two members of the group are stung multiple times and fall to the ground twitching around they finally fall still. ²⁹⁵

The nest hangs there empty, torn apart. Waiting to be inhabited again.

I jump down from the tree, the stingers make me wobbly and I start to ooze and swell, remembering my bow and arrow I go back to get it. I stumble upon Glimmer, this girl so

breathhtakingly beautiful in her golden dress the night of the interviews is unrecognizable now. Is this real or have the hallucinations from the tracker begun?²⁹⁶ After a few hours I finally recover and hunt for some food. I catch a bird and begin to start a fire when I hear a twig snap. I turn quickly and a child's boot is peeking out from behind the trunk of the tree, Rue.

Rue and I quickly become allies, she tends to my wounds by covering them with chewed leaves, she also knows how the forest works. We share our supplies and she teaches me about the berries that I was not familiar with. She seems more like my sister all the time.

I think how cold the nights have been, no wonder she needed that white scarf. You can share my sleeping bag if you want. We will both easily fit, I suggest. Her face lights up. I can tell this is more than she dared hope for. I recognize that the Hunger Games are more than just about survival it is also about the 'care of self'. I need to take responsibility for my actions and Rue somehow configures into this exercise of this self on self.²⁹⁷ I finally acknowledge that this self-transformation and self-knowledge of how strong I have become is as much of a spiritual exercise as a physical endeavor.²⁹⁸ I think back to my friend Sookie who was so intuitive.²⁹⁹ How did you know Sookie? It's as if at the last moment she reached out to me calling me to appear.³⁰⁰ Sookie was another folding another composite, although she didn't know it yet.³⁰¹ An outside that is folded within that could only start with Sook-ie. Always signed S.³⁰²

This has been a journey that I have travelled from my habitual life in District 12 to the very center of my desire.³⁰³ This wont be so much about the knowledge that we

have gained but certain kind of truth. We will have to defer our desires or maybe give them up altogether until we get back to District 12, and have become the master of this game.³⁰⁴ I have decided to renounce myself instead of deciphering our truth. This is why the white scarf is so important to me.³⁰⁵ I know that I will have to work hard for this right as it is not a given. I think to myself, this cannot be worse than in the last episode where the horses were slaughtered. I now recognize that I will be transformed and altered to the point where I am unrecognizable to myself. The solution to winning the Hunger Games could not be found in a book, you cannot make it into a career as the careerists have tried it can only be accessed by being put into motion.³⁰⁶ It is more about this intensity found at the site of the games. Slowly having transformed ourselves into warrior that we needed to become. By helping Rue and eventually Peeta who will become our comrade but will also eventually need our help.³⁰⁷ I was never in the games for myself, it was all about filling in for my sister. Eventually we will free ourselves from this episode.³⁰⁸ Somehow the folding in of my subjectivity allows for a folding in of the universe, this is the fourth fold.³⁰⁹ The Hunger Games exist as the universe as it is all stuck in this one woods.³¹⁰ We have gone from finite to an infinite space located right in the heart of our subjectivity.³¹¹ This can only happen on the grounds of the event site, turning itself endlessly in reflexivity. I have now taken possession of myself as an object and it will be up to me to decide how to respond to this site.

The Sopranos

5.2 Can you see the gun in the title? That's all I can see now.

The aphorism ends with the same call as is made by psychoanalysis – a call for a kind of authenticity to be lived against received and accepted morality. An authenticity in which we assume responsibility for ourselves: ‘We, however, want to become who we are – human beings who are unique, incomparable, who give themselves laws, who create themselves!’ O’Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p 21.

Being the main character and the Don of the mafia in New Jersey on the Sopranos, I have developed my subjectivity through lifestyle choices that are atypical and not the norm for most people. Increasingly my fondness for a family of ducks who have made a home in my backyard pool, becomes a major focus point for me and allows for a line of flight to take place. As they fly away I have my first paralyzing episode (a panic attack) and fall on my face. Why aren't you more like the guys in Goodfellas, I think? Tougher? I try to hide my true-self but as I get closer to it, this becomes harder. The moment of bliss that I held flew away as my avatars flew off, then I only had myself again. I was not yet ready to be alone, I still needed the ducks. Funny you are uncannily similar to my brother, in mannerisms and style only. It is difficult always being the tough guy, knowing what to do. I am relieved when I am asked to go golfing; change of scenery, a chance to meet other people. However they still stereotype me, they can only talk about the mobsters that they have seen on television.³¹² They seemed to know who I am and define and interpret how I should exist.³¹³ Maybe they are nervous? I just want to be myself, I want to be anonymous and they locked me in. My ducks could have become the next post on bird-law, instead they flew away.³¹⁴

Why did you throw those philosophers in David Chase, I thought to myself? You're smarter than that. No boy in junior high school would read Nietzsche, definitely not my son. Was it to show us that there is more to your

television series? That you know more than you let on? Sneak in a name here and there, why not stay imperceptible? We can have a fictional philosophy but lets go all the way. Could these be your footnotes David Chase? I see now I am entangled with not only Dr. Jennifer Melfi but you as well David. It is you who is dealing with your Italian background watching gangstar films like *The Untouchables* and *The Public Enemy*. And I am also the composite character for you.

I realize now that we are working in parallel, you have Dr. Jennifer Melfi (your therapist) I have Deleuze. Tony you become one with the therapist, her and us are intrinsically linked. You become child she becomes the object of your desire. I need you but I also dislike you Tony. When she becomes fragile you become her Rotwieller aka ninja. She needs you to save her when she is at her most vulnerable, Tony you also become a conceptual avatar for Dr. Melfi as you fight off the bad guy.³¹⁵ I have a question for you Tony Soprano, if you can become the conceptual avatar or composite character for Dr. Jennifer Melfi have you become my noumenon?^{316/317} Meaning you have become an object in which to think thoughts. Your subjectivity allows me to conceptualize ideas. As the object of an act of thought then an object-oriented philosophy proposes a way of thinking alongside an object. We can apply this object-oriented philosophy to the noumenon as we can to any object. Any actor can get stronger through their alliances and Tony you have many alliances, as do I.³¹⁸ I am translating you as you translate me in our cinematic universe.³¹⁹

I question if I desire the eternal recurrence of the same? How are you transforming these horrible moments of your past? You know now you have to live with them.³²⁰ You are

always repeating the past, but how can you change it? There is something indecipherable about you. You are the stereotype but then again you are not. In a way you should hide more within your stereotype of 'mob boss', become more of the boss man. There are no footnotes with you. But don't worry I see it in your eyes. Those sad, dopy eyes. The illusion you have created for yourself-it is a difficult one to maintain.³²¹ Can you crack the code? Can you become more than your now-self? ³²² The mystic in order to produce a different kind of subjectivity. Remember the meat delivery-man, the round slimy piece of meat that was delivered once a week. This memory brought you back to the first time you passed out. This is a becoming - present of the past, to actualize that virtual memory.³²³ Somehow that complexity of the past brought into the forefront will allow you to negotiate and how to deal with scenarios in the present. This is a world that came first and you are learning how to negotiate within that space. To transform that space and travel beyond your habitual self. ³²⁴

I am learning how to create a portal or access point, through the meeting of these two spaces to become more aware of the world. This is to allow a reflection to take place where I can turn inwards and reflect on how my life and surroundings have affected me. Here I can learn to re-adapt myself.³²⁵ In this moment, I realize that it was not me that produced this dread it was the entire scenario, including how the meat was purchased in a violent manner by my father. ³²⁶ As I watch television we see the mingling of these two spaces in order to create this other supersubjective space. Creating new compositions on how to re-think our relationship with the world and to become indecipherable as we eat our Can o' Beans.^{327/328}

We sit and watch old movies just like my dad. He knows all the characters names by heart, how does he know so much? The movies make us remember our past and combine together to draw closer to the forefront. It allows us to become mystic as we actualize our pure past in order to produce a different type of subjectivity for ourselves.³²⁹ Through our sessions with the therapist we go on a journey, we are traveling into the past. These become vivid dreams as we actualize the past in order to counter act the present.³³⁰ Allowing us to deal with these panic attacks and understand why they happen. Somehow we will begin to create composites between our memory and how we deal with it. This is a journey that we are entering upon, as you take me on mine.³³¹ The dish that ran away with the spoon. Instead of just blaming your dreadful mother, you keep going back to her, bringing her things to enjoy, but it never works. Try to take responsibility, are you are trying?³³² Become what you are Tony, I know it is hard. Create yourself. When your mother dies so do the panic attacks. This is how Dr. Jennifer Melfi will help you. She is also in parallel with you grasping at her own subjectivity, trying to understand what it means to be an Italian immigrant. We didn't understand yet, but we are all becoming the immigrant, the foreigner in a strange place. This forces us to deal with our subjectivity, what we want to become what we resist.³³³

Chapter Six

Episode 9

*6.1 Third Space/Middle Space: The Walking Dead*³³⁴

No longer able to stay confined to the restrictions of the Hunger Games, Katniss summon forth the formless mute.³³⁵ This has always been how we enable a resistance to the present.³³⁶ My sword is kept in my back, long and straight. Once I pull it from my back I am able to bend my spinal cord in the most flexible ways.³³⁷ Broad shoulders, long corn beaded hair, strong as a ninja. In fact I am ninja, I am Danai Gurira AKA Michonne from the Walking Dead and I will have to play this role of unorthodox warfare in the repossession of my subjectivity juxtapositioned with the Hunger Games. This will enable a reconfiguration of knowledge in order to revise this set of operations.³³⁸

I contemplate and think to myself, if I have to post it will have to be done through Michonne. At some point I understand that I will have a public presence and that the only way to (re) create myself and rework my past will have to be done by Michonne. She is the best at responding to these hypothetical situations. She is unequal in her training, she has gone the furthest, through the most hardship and thereby purified herself. Although she comes from below³³⁹ as she was always the outcast and the mute, Michonne took control of the walking dead by cutting their arms and teeth out and using them as her own weapons allowing her to be surrounded by something like a halo.³⁴⁰ Can you imagine such a beast dragging these amputated walking dead with her? This was to take hold of those zombies and turn them against themselves. They would also provide cover if they got too close to me. I have performed courage in the face of the gravest of dangers.³⁴¹

I knew that I risked exile by practicing and telling my truth this way. I recognize now that I have performed both the melet³⁴² a philosophical mediation that I practiced for the past three years allowing me to train my thoughts and gymnasia³⁴³ where I have proved myself to endure both the physical hardship³⁴⁴ needed to provide the best insurance when we would be brought into the public realm.

We are unequal at performing a self-mastery over our situation. I haven't renounced myself but Michonne will allow me to constitute, positively a new self.³⁴⁵

Permitting me to (re) create myself and tell my truth. This truth had only one goal, which was to demonstrate that my finely crafted practice performs the way I need it to in order to abolish any distinction or hierarchy between theory and practice. They were never in opposition to each other, just waiting to be unfolded. This is a symbiotic relationship between the event and site living within each other waiting to be discovered to create such a space. In order to renegotiate this relationship between theory and practice and show how my own subjectivity can have some sort of agency in this process, a process of parrhesia was needed. I have understood this all along even though I risked facing death or being expelled just like Merle Dixon tried to do in the last episode.³⁴⁶

For a moment though.....you thought my flexibility was gone and my hands were tied. However once I broke free I was able to take control again gaining full mobility of my sword-fighting arm. I had entered the basement to kill the walking dead roaming around in the prison with Merle Dixon. However I let my guard down and he sideswiped me and knocked me out. Merle then tied me up and put me into the truck, to deliver me to the Governor of the seemingly

utopian community of Woodbury. Somehow I talked my way out of it and Merle let me off on the side of the road to fend for myself once more.³⁴⁷

I understand now that for the past three seasons I only had my practice that has kept me alive and this was a great risk that I took in order to survive. My practice has allowed me to gain the intellectual and imaginative capabilities necessary to overcome any walking dead that come into my arena. I recognize that I have re-written the walking dead in my own image.³⁴⁸ And that I just had to make my way through these corpses that had been left lying there. The truth is, now I am sure that my practice performs the exact same function as theory and they can exist together and achieves the same task. The procedure of truth always becomes a battleground that creates a surface of friction against exiting regimes of power. The formless mute has reached a philosophical parrhesia on behalf of my sisters. This has created a middle space in order for the event-site to exist.³⁴⁹ No longer exiled in the arena of the Walking Dead we are allowed back into the group in order to fight with them.

Finally the formless mute talks, "I never thanked you for taking me in" I say.

Rick Grimes replies, "You know it was Carl that made the call, he said you were one of us".³⁵⁰ They walk out of the prison recognizing our own subjectivity and the spaces we needed to create in order to educate ourselves and gain a certain amount of freedom. Our position always remains off in the horizon perpetually deferred.³⁵¹

¹ Steyerl, H. *The Wretched of the Screen*, video presentation at Goldsmiths University, 2012.

¹ Gayatri Spivak, 'Can the Subaltern Speak' Available: http://www.mcgill.ca/files/crcclaw-discourse/Can_the_subaltern_speak.pdf

¹ Sibande, Mary, Lyon Biennale d'Art Contemporain

¹ NSCAD University marked Pass/Marginal Pass/Fail until 1990. In 1997 it changed to High

Pass/Pass/Marginal Pass/Fail. GPA Values were added in 2001 -**2002** they had a **full** grading system. Interestingly their MFA program had Pass/Fail in 2013.

1 Only when research can work and discover and create concepts regardless of established social interests can knowledge move beyond repetition, and open new prospects to imagination and technology. B.

Franco Berardi. Cognitarian Subjectivation. Accessed at <http://www.e-flux.com/journal/cognitarian-subjectivation>, 2013.

1 Sachs, T. 12th Biennale de Lyon, 2013.

Episode 11

6. 2 Just a reflector-see you on the other-side Smithson.....

How does one create a radical bureaucracy? Finally, I had truly entered into their cosmos and could interact with it. Had I been trained well enough, I thought to myself. Could I perform to their level? They had a lot longer on the job than I had. I also wasn't too familiar with the rules of the game, but I guess they are meant to be broken -- so it really didn't matter and I did have some experience. It would begin with a group of four, come join us if you like we are room NAB 332.

And this is how it happened, the host began to recognize that it was being parasite. It had been a relationship of taking without giving much except for a financial payment, which one would deem that this parasitic relationship was perfectly copasetic. Once realizing that they had been parasited the host began to perform the same procedure, a few words here nicely configured within the text so it would be barely noticeable to anyone but the newly formed host. Come to think of it the parasite had always been the host site where evermore parasites had come to infiltrate her, she understood it from the beginning when she had played the role of Sookie the vampires had been acting as parasite. The only problem was how come she hadn't been rewarded and they had? How can one be rewarded for a project about emancipation, shouldn't that emancipatory process be enough? The question was then how could the government place such a large monetary cost on the process of emancipation? This was also the history of human relations and how they were performed in and through a

larger infrastructure. I only wanted what they had promised us, just like Don Johnson.

Who was management? I didn't know anymore where the invisible committee began and where it ended. Everyone had the documents from the one who wanted to share the soup with me to the one who splattered my text into their presentation. I fell in love with my mafia group once and for all, had they fallen in love me? I guess it was me and the ignorant schoolmaster and whomever could embody that figure. This also went from the card player on the tube wearing a green hat shuffling his cards showing me his joker card to I guess you would know who you are. It was clear that we could have emancipation anywhere or not at all.³⁵² It wasn't that I didn't want to sit in the middle space between this group and that group, it was that I knew that I could bastardize one of the groups this was how practice was so advantageous. I remember you always said to go straight to the heart of the matter. Not having given me much advice in the past three years of being on this PhD program, this little piece of advice couldn't have gotten any better. Just like Dolly Parton's mother I have woven together my own patchwork of many colors through this text. I remember her cutting and laying out all the materials for the quilts she was going to make, she had put so much time and labor into them and now they remained folded neatly in her closet. This was a weaving project that allowed for a very different relationship to the materials presented to me. It gave importance to the characters that were needed to tell this story. This practice allowed for both a macro and micro view of the economy, all done through an art practice. And that was how the general intellect found its body.³⁵³

Back to room NAB 332 where we thought suicide was too easy so welcome to the revolution, they were editing and refining my PhD as we discussed the issues facing theory and practice.³⁵⁴

When a fire starts to burn, right, and it starts spread she gon' bring that attitude home.....³⁵⁵

Chapter 7: Episode 12

7.1 Artist Statement

After spotting the leaf, tonally moving from green to yellow with spotted brown dots I began to wonder if the noumena could have color and that if the object of thought would be easier to understand when you have been taught color theory, form and composition? Composition seemed to allow for a better understanding of the space where this thought takes place? Meaning that phenomenology the building of up of materials and their sensory properties impacts and help to develop the object of thought. When the driver of a newly obtained license for reindeer approaches you these previous learned skill enables you to become Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer leading the sleigh as you subjectively color that space.³⁵⁶ It is how you build the stretcher, hammering it in one corner at a time in order to pull that canvas taught. Finally the painting has been stretched and was completed, it was dark and earthy with just a hint of glitter. Allowing the spirit of my German ancestor³⁵⁷ to enter. That's why we had been such good friends and Maya clung so tightly to me when I held her, we had been from the same tribe from a long way back. I realized that discussing the exquisiteness of the door handle in a bathroom came from years of studying phenomenology. And that's how you write a practice based Art PhD all the while having tea with your grandmothers and being served a McCain's chocolate cake, which allowed me to learn what I knew as I experienced consciousness in a super-subjective space.

That was how we found out if the kid is willing to do something to get into school and what a certain kind of freedom feels like.³⁵⁸ So please don't take away those

meandering stairwells that act as a maze winding their way through our minds that enabled just a little bit of freedom for students who happened to be lucky enough to show you what they were willing to do.^{359/360} This was just another snapshot that was available to me. It was ready-to-hand in order to be re-made in this post-conceptual art piece as me and Lindsay Seers gaped into the mouth of our cameras. My nose was poked by this little elf in the bar down the road to see if it would flicker on, unable to determine this site's specificity³⁶¹ all the while trying to capture that non-site's now and the photo of that site's then. This became an infinite field of visualizations where the art object had become de-materialized in our anxiety to re-realize images.³⁶² These could be called our event-sites there were thirteen of these virtual any-spaces where a plot didn't have place to exist in. It was only potentiality that we sought which was based in the limit of thought, how was this actualized became the question. I knew it was ephemeral from the beginning but you kept stopping me that was why I had struggled so much when you refused me that way of working. Perhaps these events of visualization ended up within the confines of the institution that Michael Asher's work facilitated. Meaning this work would have to find its place in both the site of the institution its project space that it was created in and the non-site of the gallery space because this text was the closest we could get to holding onto that potentiality, she says as she slips her last silver dollar under his door allowing for moment of privacy in her very public world. This potentiality could have only taken place after thinking about all of those artists who had allowed her mind to move in the most flexible ways. Don't worry we wont let that Asher work slip any further,

Kimosabe. Yesterday, I happened to be playing the role of Kemo Sabe wearing my mask readjustifying that sign for you. I knew there would be a season two of this work but not for this project, there could only be thirteen episodes the television told me so. I could only project myself so long in this piece, it had all been possible the potentiality of what could occur.³⁶³ This institution had been helping to produce this art work, it lived and breathed through it along with its extended project space. Maybe this is why one must not plan for their project they just sort of happen to find themselves in the right space at the right time, a bit of naivety never hurt anyone. So I guess that meant that this document, when it added up to thirteen episodes would be the corpse of this living project and that's why it was so hard to complete, but I knew that I had done what I needed to accomplish which might seem like a funny desire but was necessary for this project. The site had been Goldsmiths and its extended field of becoming a networked space that seemingly erodes the distinction between Smithson's site and non-site but the textual document of this PhD remains, had this become the non-site for this project space and if so where would it be viewed?

Sookie and I realized we had come from the same small town where we had been both bored which had allowed us to re-historize our lives and permitted the experience of being-in-time. Come waste your time with me bellowed out, cause that bacon and Aunt Jemima couldn't get any better.³⁶⁴ Maybe we were both storytellers of various kinds passing time together, just like that certain 'je ne sais quoi' you had always mentioned. Dara Birnbaum and I spin together never forgetting who our super-heroes where as we create our memory pieces from television.³⁶⁵ Don't worry... I haven't

forgotten you **running** after me before I left to see if I had read Heidegger. That was how I came to write 13 episodes of idle staring.

Episode 13

7.2 This one was going to be called Game of Thrones

Daenerys Targaryen would have played the main character in this episode, but then we realized we didn't need her anymore. She had freed the slaves that she had won from her enemies and once they were freed they fought for her. It must have seemed odd to have such a large collection of footnotes, just sitting as a reminder to what we thought we should know or needed to know. In a way this project wasn't just care for self but also a kinda school that could be run, it just happened to be a program that we needed to hold. We knew what we had been fighting for was a set of practices that had been disqualified, somehow they had not been acknowledged as good enough. We never wanted to subject a group of people the way we had been subjected. This project was more complicated than just giving a voice to artists practice or validating it as research. Those practices had kept us alive, they nourished us and allowed us to escape a space that wouldn't allow for dreams. This was a program about spirit.

This practice allowed us to enter into a space that was never accessible or at least not seen as valuable when this entire family's history has been one of struggle. It was as if these women in our past had been speaking through this text, never having the opportunity to communicate, they kept reaching out to me. Her mark in this text was the X signed as the illiterate. I guess even the inheritor of the X could partake in a becoming spirit, as this was a project of self-consciousness in the Hegelian fashion.

Why do you think the scene from Martha, Marcy, May

Marlene was of a woman scrubbing the floor? Something I refused for most of my life, I didn't want to end up like my grandmother scrubbing rich folk's floors for a living. In a way maybe that's what I ended up doing during the PhD scrubbing someone else's floor. Cleaning up the mess of someone else trying to colonialize an artistic practice. Was I not both inside and outside?³⁶⁶ My friend put herself in the very same position bent over as she scrubbed her paintings, re-telling the story so it could be presented as a deep and mysterious painting. It didn't even need glitter it was strong enough on its own. I preferred this way of learning, everything was done through a practice, no hierarchy, just a conversation.

The hysteric's voice in this text had been an art practice and she took command of this space on the page. It was not to speak on behalf of anyone but for a practice that became more and more necessary. This had always been a political struggle as it had an embedded practice that was embodied. If you allow the subaltern to speak they will speak in whatever language they can access. Why else would someone have to submerge herself in a supersubjective space, in order to not be sought out? If capital needs a public space then we could create a supersubjective universe that would make it more difficult for capture to take place. What had this practice refused to say? It disguised itself on the couch laying there facedown in a camouflage outfit, to keep hidden as long as possible.³⁶⁷

This was a deep experiential understanding of what it means to learn through a practice of dreaming which permitted a covert operation into an unknown world. Somehow by sticking a practice into the symposiums and reading groups was all that was needed, it was the foreigner within those spaces.

Could a practice speak on its own was once the question. Not to be explained away but inhabit this space differently just like a probe-head. The difficulty in understanding this language was similar to the dilemma of the subaltern, practice was seen as the naive language within an institution. We had also been colonized, this was a transformation of practices that had become more standardized and less understood. How had the reverberations of capital penetrated into our life? Why were we required to quote the latest e-flux text? The question should no longer can the subaltern speak? But what we should now be asking is, are you willing to listen to them? If you ask artists to standardize their practice and way of writing then you are performing the continuing construction of the subaltern.³⁶⁸ This was not because the art department took on artists that were practice based, it was that the institution could not account for what is learned through a practice, how does one quantify and measure this in order to get its funding?

Politics is living through something everyday, where it affects your very existence. What is valued was not an art practice. I was not funded, every year I applied but my twenty years of experience of exhibitions were worthless in the eyes of the funding body. I realized that I had two options, one to conform and become so sort of quasi art historian or stubbornly refuse, which meant that it would have to be self-funded or hopefully to contribute to changing a system instead of it changing me. As an artist I was required to change my entire practice in order to produce this PhD. This was no longer the practice I had once known but I would have to write it out in order to endure this program. My refusal was to not write a theoretical text but instead to write through a practice

that could demonstrate that it could perform the same function as a theoretical text. Although I knew that I could not speak for anyone else, the fight would be for the artists who felt the same pressures and lack of funding within their departments. Part of the problem was the community had been lost over the years as creative production had been infiltrated and torn apart used for individual purposes, commodified and turned into a corporation. This moved the fight from I to we. This text was not only for me but the belief in a larger community that proved to be a larger infrastructural problem. Everything had been stripped away from us with no ground to stand on as I set out to fight for my right to survive.

It was up to a certain type of infrastructure to decide if a practice written in such a way could pass for a PhD. At least I had learned to write and that could now be my weapon of choice. And there it was bam just like that, was this a question regarding the confidence that could be accrued during a PhD? I had become the sick man in this instance robbed of all confidence. I had come to the point where I questioned the value of the effect or result of this program after not only the large financial cost of this PhD but also the emotional cost. I was the elephant in the room. It wasn't about working in this field to be owed something it was because we truly believed in it as a way of understanding the world, to try to have a natural relationship to it. It was only by creating a supersubjective cosmos that could allow for the timespace needed to incorporate a practice where my research would not be subjugated to another's agenda. I could have listed my research intentions and goals from the beginning but this was not how a practice actually functions. I preferred slipping into the cosmos and different

temporalities, thank you very much. Understanding now why you requested my subjectivity to be more present since you felt that every aspect of myself had been colonized but using these different characters maybe I could deflect some of that back onto that very same space.

Then all the sudden my karate kick came back and I remembered what I had come here to do. I forgot for a moment, if I ignored these changes someone else would come in and change policy on our behalf. They would not really understand what a practice meant, only guess. This PhD began with the question between the copy and its original, which began this revolutionary undertaking. Would the switch go from practice as theory to theory as practice? What would that look like and how would it be similar to practice as theory? What this really meant was to have theory that became a practice or practicing theory and maybe that looked like the same thing as a practice performing theory. And once again it was confirmed the artist knew these things and had already performed them all within her work of art. Had you not looked hard enough or understood this language, it is incredibly difficult since we spend four years learning our trade and then a lifetime of working it through. It's funny I have only met one other like me, my twin. She put the piece of cardboard with shiny red and pink geometrical shapes on the floor next to the cardboard box made out of the same materials and just like that the work from the 1960 and 70's had been feminized, her 'Donald Judd'. And my project had been similar as I always had these heavy hitters from the 1960's and 70's who maintained an intuitional presence to negotiate with. I had been lucky enough to enter into a program that was being stretch by a woman who upon entering the exhibition

space plucked the brightest cherry out of the bowl of art.³⁶⁹

This had become a text including the daughter of conceptual art, pedagogy, the ignorant schoolmaster and the fight for x marks the spot of the oppressed. They could dance around each other and tease each other out. The composite was not unlike your proxy, this was a shifting and turning character depending on the situation, one had to be quick to catch on who the proxy was and who it represented. It was like digging deeper into the archeology of the mind. The artist becomes the detective something like a modern day CIA agent, Carrie Mathison from Homeland, linking comments hidden stories together to make sense of it all if only for a moment. This is how the pedagogy of the oppressed comes back into play, what if I only had television and no books to read growing up? These characters had all that I needed. They didn't realize it but these comments were like a shiny mirror that reflected the world back to me. These pink and metallic drawings had been trying to do the same thing. We have now dug deeper into the mind, describing this work of art where the posters are layered and under each one revealing another layer of struggle or questioning.

If spirituality is slowing things down then this practice accomplished that, remember I always did like a good slow dance. I reflect back to that moment when I was Jessica Steward and you pretended to know what was going on. Why not use this technology that we have been subjected to as a way of turning it back onto itself? I stand behind those black hobby horses with my fearless mass of purple hair flaring out as I defiantly make my way through these waves that hit me. Mary Sibande³⁷⁰ and I live in this fantasy world that we have created for ourselves, isn't

that how the mind works in Emilyland? We have transformed our reality into something that would allow for some sort of autonomy to exist - a poetry of the mind. Sometimes this was telepathically reciprocated with others, the slip was so casual making it impossible to hold on to. I wasn't able to make my Photokinesis work as well as others because currently I am only half fairy but I did find someone who had the same Cheshire cat smile as me. I think we will become good friends he definitely has the power of photokinesis probably the strongest that I have seen but he has the ability to keep it the most hidden just like me with my Dolly Parton smile. Until, finally at the last moment you confirmed it. If you think it is good and it is what you think and it is well written and it should go in, then of course it is good and it is what you think and it is well written and it should go in.³⁷¹

What kind of research was this? It was definitely full on experimentation with great platonic shifts happening never stable or concrete, just like the schizophrenic voices in this text. Maybe this seemed dysfunctional as a landscape but it could reveal unexplored regions that could lead to possible unmapped frontiers. I remember when I first began in this universe, they didn't even grade us, well at least not numerically.³⁷² Once this changed, things started to get more standardized we would all have to fall into place and be measured appropriately. I was disgusted by those who held birds captive and tried to breed them, a practice doesn't work that way! Remember I am the wearer of masks, I hide half my face with a painted mask that looks just like the other half of my face, my name is Richard Harrow from Boardwalk Empire. You have never

really known what to think or how to read me. I mostly mumble what I have to say. Luckily I had some friends down the street at the local bar that were somehow doing something different. I wondered just like you if I could ever do an interview dressed in a bird costume? I would just spread my wings out ever so slightly, ruffling my feathers just so they knew they were there. I didn't even come up with bird law! Caw Caw.....this is how it works and that's how you fall in love with it more everyday, I knew that there were other lovers out there like me. I didn't realize how privileged I had been, it was difficult but that supersubjective space was an amazing place for research. Those symposiums the reading groups were magical when sited within a practice. Once you climb on top of the research it just falls flat you become standardized and you don't even know it, some would call this comprehensive knowledge. I just sat and watched, taking it all in drugged up and glossy eyed, are you getting it now?

I would somehow conjure up all those powerful images that I needed in order to finish fighting this battle. It had started as a crusade within the text but it would finish somewhere else outside the space of this page. Something we had all been struggling with, how can practice be evaluated in a practice-based research program? My refusal to do a certain type of writing had embodied that battle, the refusal of standardization of research methodologies. Only those of us that had truly been subjugated to this attempt at standardization could fight this battle. Basically at this point we had nothing to lose. Although we would need help along the way and luckily I was still a BFA student trying not to make my work so easily consumable.³⁷³ I could run up and down the walls just like a mouse, wherever I needed to scurry through in the

narrowest pathways. This writing was something like a high school student art project with just enough vocabulary to pull it off.³⁷⁴ Kinda dumb... you might think but it is so thoroughly embedded that you won't see it coming. Anyone who knows and understands what an art practice is would recognize that rules are meant to be broken and the mind or spirit manifests itself in a set of contradictions or oppositions or at least that is what Hegel thought, and maybe he knew a thing or two about the philosophy and art. A practice is contradictory in nature, proposing a methodology could only be mythological. This always would have to come out of a discussion of pedagogy not methodology, how would this be implemented? For me Sol LeWitt's Sentences on Conceptual Art numbers 1 through to 35 would do nicely.³⁷⁵ They always worked for me and were so thoroughly understood that I just needed to recall your dancing Indian piece, Richard.³⁷⁶

This was Bartleby's big lesson not to explain oneself to others he instead preferred not to copy therefore nothing would be pre-determined. There cannot be a methodological prescription of how a practice should proceed, it is radically unpredictable! Did this supersubjective cosmos allow for a space of freedom to occur? How much would I have to explain away in what you needed to call a conclusion? In order for this project to work it always needed a secret language that hid the explosion between theory and practice in order to create a different social body that would not only refuse to copy and put something else in its place - welcome to the revolution! This was a cast of characters that wanted to hide their mystery until the very end in order to cast the red light on them to see what would shine through.

I will not make any more boring art should be changed to this is not a creative writing practice! Funnily some of us had made an alternative school within this larger institution that went all the way from the interior of this co-Orporation to the local bartender. If the philosophy department could think through ideas using other philosophers was it so incomprehensible that the Simpsons or True Blood could be used to think through a practice and how one's mind works? Still wary of a kind of knowledge power, practice always seemed like the best way to deal with these sorts of things. Interestingly there was a whole cohort of us that had move from one institution to another working on the same sort of things, perhaps this was how the collective makes itself known.

If our practice came out of non-hierarchical, reflexive place it could only prosper in a similar space. This is how pedagogy features within this context allowing someone to slip into the space of practice and not demand anything specific and nothing too scientific just thinking of a dream. It would be a radical pedagogy, maybe even taken from other disciplines like the government training itself for operatives. This enables a practice to generate and move on its own speed, when it is ready it will come up with what is needed but it is only when it has done probing. It also has probe-heads just like Deleuze and Guattari, have we been attempting the same thing all along? Do I need to become the heavy lion climbing on-top of his mate making sure this knowledge is fucked into her? I know it sounds like just idle chit chat..... of course the banality can be revolutionary. Maybe you are correct in thinking that the meeting of these two worlds was not such an easy middle space but a deep explosion that allows for mutant forms of subjectification to take place. That's why

there have been so many struggles a collision is creating a battle ground on all fronts. Have these probe heads been stuck in the same repetition coming back to the same stutter again moving slightly through their difference. Stuck in some sort of hell waiting for a transformation to take place, keep throwing the dice to see where it lands.¹⁸ I see you standing there casually talking to tonight's speaker..... smooth. The question remained did the philosopher still have to decipher the work of art?

The answer is NO! Watch me karate kick spin the reversal, I got this shit! That's how we saw the signified beat the shit out of signifier.

Epilogue:

1. 1 A Native Indian taught me Hegel-The Colonized Spirit: The new way of the world manufacturing the neoliberal subject

The Indian comes shooting out again dancing on the end of his contraption, his hair flying every which way and his arms flaying around. So I guess you did know all along, if this was a practice-based PhD then the spirit within this practice had been colonized. An art practice PhD should be like Bartleby's decision to prefer not to and exist in a lawless space. This spirit and art practice had placed themselves on the same sphere as religion and philosophy during this program. This was always about finding a middle space that allowed for this kind of thinking. My spirit seemed to have been colonized everywhere and I only had a few spaces left for it, actually it had almost been stolen completely. Somehow I managed to be reborn, after stripping everything back this soul was still good as gold fitting in to these composite characters somehow being the punk rock country girl that I am.

We were souls at work each and everyone of us being colonized one way or another. I realized that it was this Dancing Indian contraption that pretty much taught me the lesson on colonizing a spirit and peoples. The roaming Indian knew more about spirit before Hegel ever picked up a pen. The difference is I don't feel the need to replicate my colonization. Always playing it two steps sideways and four ways backwards, never following the rules of the game but writing your own set. Just standing there waiting at the photocopier as each page slid out one at a time, pause, reconfigure, processing the next one, yup just have to wait for it. What happens when you leave the swarm and dislodge yourself from this crowd? No matter

how hard you try there is no way to replicate this spirit. Fernandes taught me sensibility because I could always go away after seeing him and still work on it. I guess all of this allowed me to change your expectations of me? Had I came from utopia place where even my dog went to school with me and that's why I could not compete?³⁷⁷ The contract had been posted but I might never receive it because I am just waiting here to print out the book as I found myself in one of Michael Asher's installations.

Sitting below the 'Judd' piece eating my french fries I questioned whether we had both become just corporate ornamentation. How did I end up under a Judd piece in Micky D's? Well maybe not exactly a Judd piece but close enough. We sought for some kind of composition without hierarchy. If this had been seeking out a space that would destabilize the normal scheme of things and expectations. Everything would have to be re-positioned so we could have a different relationship to all aspects of our colonization. Cause, I am more interested being taught art history by sitting below a cardboard shinny unit. This unit can be lifted off the wall put into a plastic bag blown by the breeze and carried off to another location. Somehow allowing for fictional composite characters alleviates any hierarchy and allows for a space against capture.

Now I can see that even Goethe and Judd had become colonized not simply existing as modernist composition they became a hybrid between McDonald's and BMW brand color scheme. And just like that the corporation could turn around support a memorial tournament for a young lover of this sport who wore pink against bullying.¹⁹ What kind of spirit had been behind this community? Now we were truly intertwined. No wonder I had always hated

the term proletarian from the beginning, a cut across classes and dividing peoples.³⁷⁸ And that's why labor power needs to be re-conceptualized. Allowing us to travel time and space through these composite characters somehow reinstating dignity in the colonized subject. I am gliding on the ice again dancing, shifting turning on that white surface how does it move from a skating rink to geometrical shapes glued together on a collaged piece? If this educational system has been progressively subsumed by capital then these colonized subjects better stick together where we can collect all the binned pieces and glue them back together, instead of dividing more lines. In order to merge these two spheres of practice and theory so the two would become one, head and hand in order to allow for the embodiment of thought that a practice usually holds.

This limit of thought, the potentiality that allowed for this work to be written could not have come from only reading Bartleby. But from the very beginning there was a juxtaposition of Treme the Chief in his Costume and his persistent refusal to give up a certain way of life and Sookie Stackhouse from True Blood. This wasn't an interest in the 'Other' that I was curious about, it was a colonized spirit that had aligned us after having been silenced for so long. Maybe we both dragged you along with us as we read over the text three times until it is unrecognizable as to what you thought you once had known. Like I said most of us have been through a process of subjectification in late capitalism. All those years of building, the physical aspect of making had become the extremities, the subalterns. If the brain is the center in western thought and allows for hierarchy, didn't we need both practice and theory in order to create this middle

space? How does someone locate this knowledge without it becoming a form of power once again? This is why a making practice had been so important and how we also became the subaltern of the multitude. This working with hands had come from a long line of knitting, mining, carpentry which had become undignified or disavowed in this intellectual landscape. That's why the 'kid' felt so at home building something because she had once been a painter. I wondered if that was what I had been doing this entire time, painting because these became embodied thoughts with splashes of color here and there, but instead using text. In the end the only thing that held this together was an art practice, I forgot that I had been a painter a very long time ago. I had been painting with the characters from television, text and philosophy. Maybe the supersubjective space was the space of painting an embodied thought to create this text. It was beyond a subjective consciousness when the actual moment of the event happened. The only way to get there was if you were socially submerged into that space. The characters act as readymades that are equal to the tubes of paint with their color and thickness. This is how self-conscious losses itself and finds the character.³⁷⁹ Like the animal print that somehow seeped through your painting, this was an intensity of sensing and thinking as I made this work. These were in no way diagrams. Each of the thirteen episodes was a work of art that produced a theory for this project through the actual embodied thought process of making each piece.

1.2 Trixi the Painter

Although this seemed to be an individual process it had always been a hyperextended space of the social. If the social could submerge someone into producing self-consciousness wouldn't that imply that the work of art would somehow reflect that space and complicate it through this embodied thought. I don't think any artist faced a blank canvas that hadn't been affected by art history and the time they had lived in which it exists in this social space. This was not a replication of this space but a consideration of that space and when the work of art comes out like a flash of highly focused mark making of thought it changes this thinking once again. There is no way to write a practice-based PhD without having had a practice first, since it would be the only way to understand what making means and why it would be important for research.

I would get off in Mile End, yep Mile End and walk the rest of the way home. Faster is not always better, whose stupid now? I know that I am kinda rough but you love me. Me and her discussed how not to sell your soul to the devil, but after checking the job requirements this was going to be harder than I thought everything that I once believed in had been so badly infiltrated and corrupted. May as well use television characters as my medium. There was always something so wrong about you with your corporate toque paying 800.00 pounds a month for one room out-pricing the rest of us in this city. Just like the Hunger Games the rich had out priced us in this city. They were like your jawbreaker video, suck it down seeing the different colors change but in the end there is nothing there. Maybe it is better not to suck too hard because there might be nothing left in the end.

Then he told me not to hate the players but the game. And that's how I went from oil paint to tapping on a computer and even if we were all given the same texts the brush strokes and color used could never be the same. What would Dolly Parton's colors as readymades be? They would probably end up as a muted pink, light blue and yellow. Thirteen virtual spaces for all those lovers who were ok with it being one big painting and maybe that's what made it more interesting because they represented the human condition and living through its total uncertainty, constant surveillance manipulation of privacy, a transferal to immaterial labour and the affect that has on subjectivity.³⁸⁰

She was just trying to make paintings in that very difficult space, could it be done. Was it possible to make a painting in late capitalism through immaterial labour? Yes, it was but what was the affect on the subjectivity of the maker? Trying to remember what the role of the hand was in all of this and the effect of not physically making had on a maker. There was mourning for a practice but somehow these paintings of composite characters allowed for a spirit to seep through and they could be made in a day just like a modernist painting. You hung me out to dry ready to sell my practice as corporate ornamentation because I had unconsciously supplied what had been missing. This was the other component to immaterial labour it was so easily stolen. Therefore the parasite begins to perform that very same process on its host and embraces the very condition that that has subsumed it all the while learning from its host site. Instead of only parasiting texts we move into space of neoliberalism that I inhabited. By combining the subjectivities of the very thing that is subjugating you through the subterfuge of

art. Painting a picture with the subjectivities of television characters and popular culture to create another reality where your own subjectivity was undefinable. Using you as my palette of colors a drip here a dab here splashing and flinging the colors all around just like a Pollock painting.

What do you do when you find yourself in The Cabin in the Woods juxtaposition with the Hunger Games, which was basically the human condition in late capitalism? Perform the very same trick back on them, but tricks are for kids she thought. Yeah, that's what she was. Trixie - Trixie the painter because she knew they would pay more for paintings and if she was going to sell herself she may as well get something for it because what hoar would work for free? I had known every trick in the book, working in the oldest profession but the problem was knowing who your friends were and the motivations of those you worked with, oh, I mean paid them to work on me because like my mother told me it was always about money. We now see Vito Acconci pointing his finger at you as narcissus is reflected in his water mirror.

But what had they given her if not payment? Had they not enabled her to write this PhD? I guess there could possibly be a mutually beneficial space if you became Trixi the painter in late capitalism's schizophrenic world. She had nothing but time on her side so she may as well cherry pick from the best trees around and right at the last moment she was forced to adjust it with a 1.5 margin.²⁰

And with that the seemingly hysteric takes control of her master once more as he pleads with his mistress to continue indeterminately.

Special thanks to Simpson, who kept me from flying back home, family and friends and my supervisors Michael Archer(s) and Alison Jones.

Coda

*1. 1 Dolly Parton as the Whatever Singularity*³⁸¹

Dolly Parton could be the 'whatever singularity', she is never directed towards this or that property of the loved one (being blond, being small, being tender, being lame)^{382/ 383} but neither does she neglect the properties in favor of an insipid generality (universal love). The lover (Dolly Parton) wants the loved one with all of its predicates; its being such as it is.³⁸⁴ In the end Dolly Parton suggests we are all just islands in the stream, how can we be wrong?³⁸⁵ Not a 'whatever' as difference but being such that it always matters. Dolly Parton is similar to Bartleby^{386/387} in that she prefers not to speak (copy) but instead she prefers to sing. She sings about her *Coat of many Colors* an infinite patchwork with multiple pieces that she is so proud of.^{388/389} From one lover to another³⁹⁰, it requires dedication. Remember Bartleby does not copy, he is an original.^{391/392}

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The footnotes included in this text act as a resource for the expansion of this project.

¹ Borromean Knot on psychic reality of three separate spheres: the Real, the Symbolic and the Imaginary. Lacan, J. *Seminar XXI, Les non-dupes errant* (Unpublished Seminar, 1973-1974).

² *Berlin*, Black Rebel Motor Cycle Club, video, UMVD, 2007.

³ It has been noted that the formula, I prefer not to, is neither an affirmation nor a negation. Bartleby "does not refuse, but neither does he accept, he advances and then withdraws into this advance, barely exposing himself in a nimble retreat from speech." Deleuze, G. *Essays, Critical and Clinical*. (London: Verso, 1998). p. 70.

⁴ Serres, M. *The Parasite* (Minnesota: University of Minnesota Press, 1980).

⁵ Serres, M. *The Parasite*.

⁶ The disappearance of the artist IS "the suppression and realization of art," in Situationist terms. But from where do we vanish? And are we ever seen or heard of again? We go to Croatan--what's our fate? All our art consists of a goodbye note to history--"Gone To Croatan"--but where is it, and what will we do there? Bey, H. *The Temporary Autonomous Zone, Ontological Anarchy, Poetic Anarchy, Poetic Terrorism*. (New York: Autonomedia, 1991)

⁷ Darabont, F. *The Walking Dead*, AMC Studios 2013.

⁸ Serres, M. *Parasite*.

⁹ Serres, M. *Parasite*.

¹⁰ Serres, M. *Parasite*.

¹¹ Thus, Bartleby is finally and quite literally self-absorbed and suicidal because he is unable to separate out his own subjectivity, one might say, from those larger (capitalist) forces that subject him. Had he been able to, he might have recognized 'no impenetrable walls between the lawyer and himself' (Marx, 1979: 105). Deines, T, "Bartleby the Scrivener: Immanence and the Resistance of Community", *Culture Machine*, Vol 8. (2006).

¹² It resembles 'a nonlanguage or a secret language,' like the language of Abraham, and takes thought right to limit of its 'self'. Deines, T.J. *Bartleby*.

¹³ Referrers to episode 9 in this thesis.

¹⁴ And after me, as before me, there will be those saying to their fellows: "So turn to **yourselves** rather than to your Gods or to your idols. Find what hides in **yourselves**; bring it to light; show **yourselves**!"

Bey, H. *Temporary*, p. 146.

¹⁵ Melville, H. *Bartleby, the Scrivener: A Story of Wall-Street by Herman Melville*, 1856 (EBook #11231, 2004) accessed June, 2013, <http://www.gutenberg.org/etext/11231>.

¹⁶ It resembles 'a nonlanguage or a secret language,' like the language of Abraham, and takes thought right to limit of its 'self'. One might even say that at the instant of decision, thought stops being itself, knowledge ceases to know itself, and surprise comes. Deines, T.J. *Bartleby*.

¹⁷ I would prefer not to thus 'evokes the future without either predicting or promising; it utters nothing fixed, determinable, positive, or negative' (Derrida, 1995: 75). Deines, T. J. *Bartleby*.

¹⁸ We are looking for "spaces" (geographic, social, cultural, imaginal) with potential to flower as autonomous zones--and we are looking for times in which these spaces are relatively open, either through neglect on the part of the State or because they have somehow escaped notice by the map-makers, or for whatever reason. Psychotopology is the art of dowsing for potential TAZs. Bey, H. *Temporary*.

¹⁹ But this is to overlook the complexity of Hegel's set-up: for as we have seen in the case of the Sony that is yet to be transformed into a Sony, it is the Servant who ultimately holds the Master to the promise of his autonomy. Chilver, J. "Gestural Ethics: The Consequence of the Mark in Contemporary Painting", (PhD diss., London, University of London, 2005).

²⁰ The New Autonomy, by contrast, will either infiltrate the media and subvert "it" from within--or else never be "seen" at all. The TAZ exists not only beyond Control but also beyond definition, beyond gazing and naming as acts of enslaving, beyond the understanding of the State, beyond the State's ability to see, thus allowing for the preservation of the ecodistrict of art. Bey, H. *Temporary*.

²¹ Rogers, K. *The Gambler*, (1978) YouTube video, accessed on June 2012, <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jj4nJ1YEAp4>.

²² Employing diverse short essays he describes the nature of "whatever singularity" as that which has an "inessential commonality, a solidarity that in no way concerns an essence". It is important to note his understanding of "whatever" not as being indifference but based on the Latin translation of "being such

that it always matters”. Agamben starts off by describing “The Lovable”. Agamben, G. *The Coming Community*. (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993) p.1.

²³ Parton, Dolly and Rogers, Kenny. *Islands in the Stream* (1983) YouTube video, accessed on April 2013, http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lixDK_tMEhE.

²⁴ Melville, H. *The Confidence-Man (His Masquerade)*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989).

²⁵ Unfortunately, Serres’s solution was to take the language, rituals, and practices of politics—good at representing humans—and the language, procedures, and rituals of science—good at representing facts—and join them together. But this is easier said than done. What he dreamed of (much like Hans Jonas, earlier in the twentieth century) was in effect a government of scientists—a modernist dream, if anything able to speak both languages at once. Latour, B. *An Attempt at a “Compositionist Manifesto”*, accessed July 2013, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/48242225/Bruno-Latour-An-Attempt-at-a-Compositionist-Manifesto>, p. 9.

²⁶ Roberts, J. *The Intangibilities of Form. Skill and Deskilling in Art After the Readymade* (London-New York: Verso, 2007), accessed April 2013, http://www.imageandnarrative.be/inarchive/l_auteur_et_son_imaginaire/Bleyen.htm.

²⁷ Foucault, M. *Discourse and Truth: The Problematization of Parrhesia*. (California: University of California at Berkeley, Oct-Nov. 1983), accessed April 2013,

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/137699244/DiscourseAndTruth-MichelFoucault-1983>

²⁸ Sala, A. *Ravel Ravel Unravel*, Venice Biennale, 2013.

²⁹ NSCAD University foundation assignment.

³⁰ In memoriam Michel Foucault, who wrote: Do not ask who I am and do not ask me to remain the same: leave it to our bureaucrats and our police to see that our papers are in order. At least spare us their morality when we write. De Duve, T. *Kant after Duchamp* (Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 1996) p.1.

³¹ Michael Asher "post-studio art" course consisted of intensive group critiques that can focus on a single work for eight hours or more. His Writings, 1973–1983, on Works 1969-1979, co-authored by the art historian Benjamin H. D. Buchloh, was published by The Press of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design.

³² Reading group members meet on December 10, 2013 the group on this day consisted of Karen McLean, Saranjit Birdi, Saul Williams, Ada Kruska, Varinia Canto Vila and Suzanne Caines.

³³ Sala, Anri’s *Ravel Ravel Unravel*, Venice Biennale, 2013.

³⁴ Handmaidens were personal aides to royal personalities of the galaxy in Star Wars - I’m glad to see that my handmaidens are so well trained.

³⁵ Atwood, M. *The Handmaid’s Tale*. McClelland and Stewart: Canada (1985).

³⁶ JX, 2013.

³⁷ Term used in the television series *Deadwood*.

³⁸ John Baldessari’s *I will not make anymore boring Art*, made at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, 1971.

³⁹ Hearst represents the commodification of art practices and the education system. Edufactory covers the conflicts and transformation of the Neoliberal University. Accessed at: <http://www.edufactory.org/wp/all-power-to-the-free-universities-of-the-future>.

⁴⁰ Dolly Parton-Coat of Many Colors live in London (1971) YouTube video, accessed on April 2013, <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mhwhDIWM-ig>.

⁴¹ The problem is not the overcoming of such wisdom by a more superior form of (scientific) reason, but rather of learning how to ‘speak all languages’ such that one may develop a ‘tolerant ethics, of third-instruction, a harmonious middle/milieu, a daughter of two banks, of scientific culture and of knowledge culled from the humanities, of expert erudition and of artistic narrative’. Brown, S, ‘Michel Serres, Science, Translation and the Logic of the Parasite’. *Culture & Society*. (Volume 19, 3).

⁴² Against the characterization of the political as a plurality of opinions, Badiou asserts the singularity of politics produced by subjects who are defined by their singular relation to a truth event and not by their mutual exchange of opinions. Mouffe, C. *Agonistics, Thinking the World Politically*. (London: Verso, 2011) p.16.

⁴³ Another way of putting this is that both Lacan and Foucault announce a finite subject that holds the infinite within, albeit in two different articulations that will then involve two different kinds of relation – or non-relation. In shorthand, and to think diagrammatically, these are the torus for Lacan and the fold for Foucault. O’Sullivan, S. *Academy: The Production of Subjectivity*. (London: Palgrave, 2005), accessed October, 2012, <http://summit.kein.org/node/240>.

⁴⁴ Sookie Stackhouse is the character from the HBO television series *True Blood* (2008-2013). Sookie has also been the nickname of longtime spirits.

⁴⁵ The semiologist repents having spent much of his life saying: look out! What you are taking for visible self-evidence is in fact an encoded message whereby a society or authority legitimates itself b

naturalizing itself, by rooting itself in the obviousness of the visible. Ranciere, J. *The Future of the Image* (Verso: London, 2007) p 11.

⁴⁶ Both obsolete clichés and retrieved archetypes belong to the sphere of visible, figurative access-or, more simply, the world of content. Above all, it is the artist who converts clichés into archetypes by relating them to the tacit, hidden ground of our time. Harman, G. *Some Paradoxes of McLuhan's Tetrad*. (Umbr(A) 1:77-95 (2012).

⁴⁷ Flam, J. *Robert Smithson: The Collected Writings, 2nd Edition* (The University of California Press: Berkeley and Los Angeles, California, 1979) accessed on October 2012, <http://www.robertsmithson.com/essays>.

⁴⁸ Moving through what the Invisible Committee identify as the "seven circles" of alienation: "self, social relations, work, the economy, urbanity, the environment, and to close civilization". In sociology and critical social theory, "alienation" refers to an individual's estrangement from traditional community or others in general (social isolation), the dominant values of society (normlessness) or themselves (self-estrangement); in general, the term implies a lack of identification between a person (or what he considers himself to be) and another entity. Invisible Committee, a collective and anonymous penname, *Coming Insurrection*, (Cambridge, MIT Press, 2009).

⁴⁹ Aesthetics might in fact be a name, on the one hand, for the rupturing quality of art: its power to break our habitual ways of being and acting in the world (our reactive selves); and on the other, for a concomitant second moment: the production of something new. O'Sullivan, S. and Zepke, S. *From Aesthetics to the Abstract Machine: Deleuze, Guattari and Contemporary Art Practice* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2010) pp. 189-207.

⁵⁰ The more our daily life appears standardized, stereotyped, and subject to an accelerated reproduction of objects of consumption, the more art must be injected into it in order to extract from it that little difference which plays simultaneously between other levels of repetition, and even in order to make the two extremes resonate—namely, the habitual series of consumption and the instinctual series of destruction and death. Gilles, D. *Difference and Repetition* (Great Britain: The Athlone Press, 1994) p. 293.

⁵¹ An unspoken awareness of this vulnerability accounts for the spontaneous self-limitation of today's social movements, and explains our fear of crises and our desire for "security." It's for this reason that strikes have usually traded the prospect of revolution for a return to normalcy. Escaping this fate calls for a long and consistent process of apprenticeship, and for multiple, massive experiments. Invisible Committee, *Coming*, p.71.

⁵² In the midst of an intolerable and unlivable situation, a becoming passes between the people who are missing and the I author who is now absent, releasing a pure speech act that is neither an impersonal myth nor a personal fiction, but a collective utterance—an utterance that expresses the impossibility of living under domination, but thereby constitutes as act of resistance, and functions as the prefiguration of

the

people

who

are

missing

Gilles, D. *Essays Critical and Clinical* (London: Verso, 1998) p. xliv.

⁵³ Employing diverse short essays he describes the nature of "whatever singularity" as that which has an "inessential commonality, a solidarity that in no way concerns an essence". It is important to note his understanding of "whatever" not as being indifference but based on the Latin translation of "being such that it always matters". Agamben, G. *The Coming Community*. (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993).

⁵⁴ In their construction they 'summon forth a new earth, a new people'. Indeed this, for Deleuze and Guattari, as we have seen, is what makes philosophy political, if not revolutionary. Philosophy's absolute deterritorialisation (of the concept on the plane of immanence) conjoins with the present milieu in a resistance to the present (the relative deterritorialisation of capitalism and the concomitant domination of opinion) O'Sullivan, S. *From Geophilosophy to Geoaesthetics: The Virtual and The Plane of Immanence vs. Mirror Travel and the Spiral Jetty (May 2005)*. Assessed at: <http://www.simonosullivan.net/articles/geophilosophy.pdf>.

⁵⁵ An isolated being who holds fast to a truth will inevitably meet others like her. In fact, every insurrectional process starts from a truth that we refuse to give up. Invisible Committee, *Coming*, p.65.

⁵⁶ There's no longer any language for common experience. And we cannot share wealth if we do not

share a language. Invisible Committee, *Coming*, p. 15.

⁵⁷ Wasp and orchid, as heterogeneous elements, form a rhizome. It could be said that the orchid imitates the wasp, reproducing its image in a signifying fashion (mimesis, mimicry, lure, etc.). But this is true only on the level of the strata-a parallelism between two strata such that a plant organization on one imitates an animal organization on the other. At the same time, something else entirely is going on: not imitation at all but a capture of code, surplus value of code, an increase in valence, a veritable becoming, a becoming-wasp of the orchid and a becoming-orchid of the wasp. Deleuze, G and Guattari, F. *A Thousand Plateaus, Capitalism and Schizophrenia* (London: University of Minnesota Press, 1987) p. 10.

⁵⁸Such networks sometimes condense into a milieu, where nothing is shared but codes, and where nothing is played out except the incessant re-composition of identity. Invisible Committee, *Coming*, p. 25.

⁵⁹ Proyas, A. *I, Robot* (United States: 20th Century Fox, 2004).

⁶⁰ Orwell, George. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (Secker and Warburg: London, 1949).

⁶¹ Video piece created in 2004.

⁶² Harman, G. *Tool-Being: Heidegger and the Metaphysics of Objects* (Chicago: Open Court, 2002).

⁶³ Lomax, Y. *Sounding the Event: Escapades in Dialogue and Matters of Art, Nature and Time* (London: I.B.Tauris, 2005).

⁶⁴ E. R.'s installation piece at Goldsmiths 2013.

⁶⁵ Because everywhere the hypothesis of the self is beginning to crack. The weak, depressed, self-critical, virtual self is essentially that endlessly adaptable subject required by the ceaseless innovation of production, the accelerated obsolescence of technologies, the constant overturning of social norms, and generalized flexibility. Invisible Committee, *Coming*, p. 19.

⁶⁶ This aesthetic response itself involves a kind of atypical desire, a break with the norm, a break with already existing 'reality' (and particularly with sense, a cut, the detachment of semiotic content – for example, in a Dadaist or surrealist fashion' (S 200). Following on from this 'event' will be the production of a new kind of rhythm, or what Guattari calls the production of 'mutant centers of subjectivation'. S. O'Sullivan, Academy: "*The Production of Subjectivity*", accessed October 2012, <http://summit.kein.org/node/240>.

⁶⁷ All territory is synthesized within the metropolis. Everything occupies the same space, if not geographically then through the intermeshing of its networks. It's because the city has finally disappeared that it has now become fetishized, as history. The factory buildings of Lille become concert halls. The rebuilt concrete core of Le Havre is now a UNESCO World Heritage site. In Beijing, the hutongs surrounding the Forbidden City were demolished, replaced by fake versions, placed a little farther out, on display for sightseers. Invisible Committee, *Coming*, p. 34.

⁶⁸ Not actually me but my PhD project and supported it thoroughly even though at times it seemed quite precarious.

⁶⁹ Aesthetics might in fact be a name, on the one hand, for the rupturing quality of art: its power to break our habitual ways of being and acting in the world (our reactive selves); and on the other, for a concomitant second moment: the production of something new. We might say then that what is at stake with aesthetics is what Deleuze would call a genuine encounter. O'Sullivan, S. and Zepke, S. *From Aesthetics to the Abstract Machine: Deleuze, Guattari and Contemporary Art Practice* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2010) pp. 189-207.

⁷⁰ Lindsay Seers has made hundreds of images using her own body as a camera, where her mouth cavity is the camera body and her lips the shutter and the aperture, 2013.

⁷¹ Price, E. *The Woolworths Choir of 1979*, HD Video (London: MOTINTERNATIONAL, 2012).

⁷² An event does not just mean that "a man has been run over." The Great Pyramid is an event, and its duration for a period of one hour, thirty minutes, five minutes a passage of Nature, of God, or a view of God. What are the conditions that make an event possible? Events are produced in a chaos, in a chaotic multiplicity, but only under the condition that a sort of screen intervenes. Deleuze, G. *The Fold, Leibniz and the Baroque* (Minnesota: The University of Minnesota Press, 1992) p 76.

⁷³ Dick, P.K. *The Man in the High Castle*. (London: Penguin Books, 2001).

⁷⁴ Massumi, B. *Parables for the Virtual: Movement, Affect, Sensation* (London: Duke University Press, 2002).

⁷⁵ In many theoretical texts include is 'this page is intentionally left blank'.

⁷⁶ Deleuze, G. *The Fold*, p 76.

⁷⁷ I was thinking more about the types of conditions that would lead to such an event site to be created. We find Sookie, in a state of heightened awareness. This allows her to change her relationship to time structures. (2012).

⁷⁸ Ontological memory is the movement of virtual memory into memory images in the course of becoming actual. Memories seek to become actualized, to embodied representations originating in present action and attention to life. Are the only ways to ward off any dangerous memories. Olkowski, D. *Gilles Deleuze and the Ruin of Representation* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999).

⁷⁹ Photokinesis in this text represents the ways an artist or Sookie creates virtual spaces.

⁸⁰ Include this with the superfold: Pure presence appears, unmediated, only as simulacrum or phantasm,

as the always already doubled perception of what is. The fold in this sense is also the name for one's relation to oneself (or, the affect of the self on the self). (Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*) The Greeks were the first to discover, and deploy, this technique of folding, or of 'self mastery'. They 'invented' subjectivation – the self-production of one's subjectivity. Subsequent cultures have invented their own forms of subjectivation, their own kinds of foldings, for example Christianity, and of course it might be said that our own time has its own folds – or even that it requires new ones. This gives the fold an explicitly ethical dimension, but also a political one, for as Deleuze remarks the emergence of new kinds of struggle inevitably also involves the production of new kinds of subjectivity. The unfold that would constitute the active mechanism but something like the "Superfold" as borne out by the folding proper to the chains of the genetic code, and the potential of silicon in third-generation machines, as well as by the contours of a sentence in modern literature, when literature "merely turns back on itself in an endless reflexivity. This modern literature uncovers a "strange language within language" and, through an unlimited number of superimposed grammatical constructions, tends towards an atypical form of expression that marks the end of language as such. In each case we must study the operations of the superfold, of which the "double helix" is the best known example. What is the superman? It is the formal compound of the forces within man and these new forces. It is the form that results from a new relation between forces. Man tends to free life, labour and language within himself. The superman, in accordance with Rimbaud's formula, is the man who is even in charge of the animals (a code that can capture fragments from other codes, as in the new schemata of lateral or retrograd. Supermind/Superfold Specifically the concept of the fold allows Deleuze to think creatively about the production of subjectivity, and ultimately about the possibilities for, and production of, 'non-human' forms of 'subjectivity'. In fact on one level the fold is a critique of typical accounts of subjectivity – those that presume a simple interiority and exteriority (appearance and essence, or surface and depth) – for the fold announces that the inside is nothing more than a fold of the outside. O'Sullivan, S. *Academy*, p. 238-44.

⁸¹ Fraser, A. 'Was ist Institutionskritik?', *Texte zur Kunst*, no. 59, September 2005, p. 87-88.

⁸² *Split Pea Soup* Video, NSCAD University, 2006.

⁸³ Michael Fernandes, Instructor at NSCAD University.

⁸⁴ Simon O'Sullivan's rabbit tattoo.

⁸⁵ Kant, I. *Critique of Pure Reason*. (New York: Dover Publications Inc., 2003).

⁸⁶ Badiou, A. *Being and Event* (London: Continuum, 2007).

⁸⁷ It is also to invite us to become involved in our own production of subjectivity, to move from passive spectators to become active participants, to take what we need from Guattari, or indeed from elsewhere, in our own project of 'processual creativity', precisely to treat our lives as a work of art. S. O'Sullivan, *Academy*, p. 4.

⁸⁸ This aura is one created through certain practices.

⁸⁹ Line from *True Blood* the HBO television series.

⁹⁰ In order to keep some autonomy in my project and what I am thinking only an aura exists but I have to keep it hidden as much as I can, obviously if my subjectivity is placed on a platter than it is consumed just like everything else.

⁹¹ A commune forms every time a few people, freed of their individual straitjackets, decide to rely only on themselves and measure their strength against reality. Invisible Committee, *Coming*, p. 25.

⁹² The present production apparatus is therefore, on the one hand, a gigantic machine for psychic and physical mobilization, for sucking the energy of humans that have become superfluous, and, on the other hand, it is a sorting machine that allocates survival to conformed subjectivities and rejects all "problem individuals," all those who embody another use of life and, in this way, resist it. On the one hand, ghosts are brought to life, and on the other, the living are left to die. This is the properly political function of the contemporary production apparatus. Invisible Committee, *Coming*, p. 33.

⁹³ Because everywhere the hypothesis of the self is beginning to crack. The weak, depressed, self-critical, virtual self is essentially that endlessly adaptable subject required by the ceaseless innovation of production, the accelerated obsolescence of technologies, the constant overturning of social norms, and generalized flexibility. Invisible Committee, *Coming*, p. 19.

⁹⁴ Such mobility only ever means uprootedness, isolation, exile. It would be insufferable if it weren't always the mobility of a private space, of a portable interior. The private bubble doesn't burst, it floats around. The process of cocooning is not going away, it is merely being put into motion. Invisible Committee, *Coming*, p. 21.

⁹⁵ Fisher, M. *Capitalist Realism: Is there no alternative?* (UK: John Hunt Publishing Ltd., 2009).

⁹⁶ Smithson's essay is then a work of imagination, a kind of creative fabulation, a story that mythifies reality.⁴⁵ And yet the essay also works as a manual. It gives instruction on 'mirror travel', an undertaking we might recast in Deleuzian terms as 'travel' 'into' the virtual. O'Sullivan, S. *From Geophilosophy to Geoaesthetics*, p.16.

⁹⁷ In a return to Chapter 2 and Lacan's *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis* we might say that it is the writing of the book rather than merely the receiving – or 'eating' – of it. It is an active rather than passive mode of

knowledge. O'Sullivan, S. *On the Production of Subjectivity: Five Diagrams of the Finite-Infinite Relation* (UK: Palgrave Macmillan, 2012) p. 122.

⁹⁸ Furthermore, 'retroactive recognition' is a reterritorialisation or symbolisation, different to 'prophetic fictions' that visualise an impossible image of the future, and different to 'fiction as friction' which can be counted as a deterritorialisation or, as Smithson might say, as de-creation. In the case of 'retroactive recognition', the privileged register is that of language, in 'prophetic fictions' the key register is the imaginary, and 'fiction as friction' registers that which escapes discourse. How these three moments or registers are privileged or knotted together determines whether a fiction captures or opens up the future; specifically, the use of nomination and 'retroactive recognition' as a means of fixing an event can extend the logics of existing regimes or agendas. Burrows, D. *Performance Fictions* (Mute, On-line Journal, 2010) accessed on October, 2012: <http://www.metamute.org/editorial/articles/performance-fictions?nopaging=1>.

⁹⁹ Term used in the television series *Deadwood*.

¹⁰⁰ John Baldessari's *I will not make anymore boring Art, and thank god this is not a piece of creative writing!* made at Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, 1971.

¹⁰¹ Hearst represents the commodification of art practices and the education system. Edufactory covers the conflicts and transformation of the Neoliberal University. Accessed at: <http://www.edufactory.org/wp/all-power-to-the-free-universities-of-the-future>.

¹⁰² In order to better understand this dual 'methodology' – that is also the deconstruction of the notion of a methodology because it no longer believes in the possibility of an observer being absolutely exterior to the object/text being examined even if it was a leather glove left for her. Derrida, Jacques. Accessed at <http://www.iep.utm.edu/derrida/#H2>.

¹⁰³ Orwell, G. *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. (Secker and Warburg: London, 1949). Orwell's invented language, Newspeak that satirizes hypocrisy and evasion by the state.

¹⁰⁴ Dr. Louis Kaplan's presentation on "Cinematic (With) Drawing: Joshua Neustein's Erasures and the Movement of Deconstruction" at NSCAD University 2012. From 1971 to 1973, the Conceptual and Jewish diasporic artist Joshua Neustein made a series of cinematic drawings known as Erasures. Although there had been a withdrawing through this practice, the retelling of this story would also incorporate a similar act.

¹⁰⁵ Dr. Louis Kaplan, *Cinematic*. In this way, the presentation moves back and forth between Jacques Derrida's famous essay "Freud and the Scene of Writing" and a close reading of Neustein's Erasures and its scene(s) of drawing.

¹⁰⁶ Deconstruction cannot limit itself or proceed immediately to neutralisation: it must, by means of a double gesture, a double science, a double writing, practice an overturning of the classical opposition, and a general displacement of the system. Derrida, J. Accessed at <http://www.iep.utm.edu/derrida/#H2>

¹⁰⁷ My architect friend, lunches with colleagues who wore my mothers knitted hat and knew what that meant.

¹⁰⁸ Modernism has been suggested that it began in 1885-86 with Seurat's Divisionism, the "dots" used to paint *A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*. Cezanne was influenced by Henri Bergson, who translated the concept of time into the concept of duration. Bergson speaks of time in terms of perception, not extension. Barardi, B. *The Uprising* (Semiotext (e) London, 2012) P.90.

¹⁰⁹ Video piece made in Essen, Germany part of a PACT residency. Olav Westphalen's world Politics Cuddle Party that could be called a quasi therapeutic practice.

¹¹⁰ Katherine Hayles lecture on problematizing transhumanism at NSCAD University 2008. Hayles suggests that transumanists are committed to overcoming human limits in all their forms complete control over our personalities and identities how will inequalities of who has access to this information be addressed.

¹¹¹ Robert Bean's MFA course all readings were photocopied and could be accessed at the NSCAD University library in 2008/2009.

¹¹² Derrida, J. *Writing and Difference* (University of Chicago Press: Chicago) 1980.

¹¹³ It is in thinking of this original prostitution that, as we recall, Marx liked to cite Timon of Athens and his prophetic imprecation. But one must say that if the commodity corrupts (art, philosophy, religion, morality, law, when their works become market values), it is because the becoming-commodity already attested to the value it puts in danger. For example: if a work of art can become a commodity, and if this process seems fated to occur, it is also because the commodity began by putting to work, in one way or another, the principle of an art. Derrida, J. *Spectres Of Marx* (Routledge Classics: London, 1994).

¹¹⁴ Some 5000 children had been placed in the Middlemore Home, they were sent from England to Canada one was Leah Jane Davies.

¹¹⁵ LS occupying the space next to me at Goldsmiths University.

¹¹⁶ This represents the visualization of an art practice that has its influences in philosophy, modernism and conceptual art.

¹¹⁷ Eamon O'Kane's draws from modernist influences.

¹¹⁸ The key term of Hegel's philosophy means to both annul and to keep. It is not the question of

alleviating his/her destiny, but of the “aufheben” 4, of sublating it in a being-in-common that would however not be a collective super-individual. Chto Delat, “Newspaper of the Engaged Creative Platform” What Is To Be Done? Issue 9 May, 2005, P.5

¹¹⁹ Exhibition held at St. Mary’s art gallery, 2011. Books like Deleuze and Guattari’s *Anti-Oedipus* and a *Thousand Plateaus* discussed the coming of a dystopian world.

¹²⁰ The hedgehog here is crucial to romantic epistemology: it provides the imagistic flash of understanding associated with understanding and wit (Witz), without which philosophical knowledge is not possible. Osborne, P. *Anywhere Or Not At All: Philosophies of Contemporary Art* (Verso: London, 2013) p. 60.

¹²¹ The concept of a dialogical art practice is derived from the Russian literary theorist Mikhail Bakhtin, who argued that the work of art can be viewed as a kind of conversation – a locus of differing meanings, interpretations, and points of view. Kessler, G. *Conversation Pieces: Community and Communication in Modern Art* (University of California Press: Berkeley, 2004) p. 9.

¹²² NSCAD University 2010 students questioning the costs/value of their education.

¹²³ Every time you try to stabilize the meaning of a thing, try to fix it in its missionary position, the thing itself, if there is anything at all to it, slips away” (cf. SP 104, Caputo DN 31). To put Derrida’s point simplistically, it might be suggested that the meaning of a particular object, or a particular word, is never stable, but always in the process of change. Derrida, J. Accessed at: <http://www.iep.utm.edu/derrida/#H2>

¹²⁴ Fernandes, M., NSCAD University RPT Instructor.

¹²⁵ John Cage met Duchamp and played chess with him in the 1940’s. In 1975 they played chess in Toronto to a live audience. Cage had wired the chessboard so that each move would activate a sound. The performance became a musical piece. Cage had proven that life extended into art and vice versa.

¹²⁶ Albers, Josef. *Color Theorist/Abstract Painting, 1933-1976*.

¹²⁷ Cuddle Party, Video Piece made in Essen Germany, 2007.

While the projects I am discussing here encourage their participants to question fixed identities, stereotypical images, and so on, they do so through a cumulative process of exchange and dialogue rather than a single, instantaneous shock of insight precipitated by an image or an object. These projects require a shift in our understanding of the work of art – a redefinition of aesthetic experience as durational rather than immediate. I develop a new aesthetic and theoretical paradigm of the work of art as a process – a locus of discursive exchange and negotiation. Kester, G. *Conversation Pieces*. p. 11.

¹²⁸ Clement Greenberg (January 16, 1909 – May 7, 1994) was an American essayist known mainly as an influential visual art critic closely associated with American Modern art of the mid-20th century. In particular, he is best remembered for his promotion of the abstract expressionist movement and was among the first published critics to praise the work of painter Jackson Pollock.

¹²⁹ NSCAD University between 1968-1980 many teachers were American and most of the teaching was focused on conceptual art practices.

¹³⁰ This is less a formal art “movement” than it is an inclination that has developed in the projects of a number of artists and groups over the past thirty years....These works are indebted to – and in some cases are part of – the post-Greenbergian diaspora of arts practices during the 1960s and 1970s. Grant, K. *Conversation Pieces*. p. 9.

¹³¹ Recent debates on modernism and the ontology of the artwork set in motion by Duve’s Kant After Duchamp: specifically, the polemical; counterposition of a Greenbergian ‘specific’ modernism to a Duchampian ‘generic’ and nomialistic one. Osborne, *Anywhere*. p. 77.

¹³² Kara Walker’s work embraces themes of slavery, gender, race and sexuality, American, 1994-2013. She is renowned for her life-size black paper cut outs that are reminiscent of modernist work for example Henri Matisse and his cut outs and in the use of negative space.

¹³³ The Ashcan School linked to the group Eight, American modernist group who portrayed scenes of poorer neighborhoods in New York during the early twentieth century.

¹³⁴ Kyoung Kim and Daniel Rourke held Glitch Karaoke in 2011....

¹³⁵ However, the future is here reduced to its function of negating the present, irrespective of any particular historical content. Osborne, *Anywhere*. p. 74.

¹³⁶ Steve Jobs and Steve Wozniak, created user friendly interfaces for the digital acceleration and mandatory unification of time. Berardi, Franco “Bifo” *The Uprising: on Poetry and Finance*. (Semiotext, 2012). p. 94.

¹³⁷ The place we don’t know is the place we are looking for, in a social environment that has been impoverished by social precariousness, in a land-scape that has been deserted. It is the place of occupation. Berardi, F. *The Uprising*. p. 149.

¹³⁸ Quote from Red the old man, Alma Har’el, (2011) Bombay Beach, US.

¹³⁹ The submission of human relationship to one single goal: competition, competition, competition. Berardi, *The Uprising*, P. 95.

¹⁴⁰ When we ask whether there can be an art of resistance, and by that I mean a resistance to the exclusive instrumentalizing languages of hegemonic discourse. Chto Delat. *What Do We Have In Common?* p.3.

¹⁴¹ Permanency and especially constancy to oneself or enduring attachment to values are open to criticism as misplaced and inflexible. This constant flexibility and adaptability and the quest for self undergoes a series of ordeals that assumes both a variation in the identities adopted depending on the project and the preservation of a constant personality that makes it possible to capitalize assets during displacement in networks. L. Boltanski & E. Chiapello. *The New Spirit of Capitalism* (Verso, London, 2005) p. 461.

¹⁴² Bob Dylan song Alma Har'el, (2011) Bombay Beach, US.

¹⁴³ Weisser, Annette, I have a Dream. *Everything is Everything, Jaques Ranciere Between Intellectual Emancipation and Aesthetic Education*. (Art Center Graduate Press, 2011).

¹⁴⁴ LCD Sound system. *North American Scum*, DFA Records (2005) Lyrics, I hate the feelin' when you're looking at me that way, cause we're north americans.

¹⁴⁵ Bey, H. *The Temporary Autonomous Zone, Ontological Anarchy, Poetic Anarchy, Poetic Terrorism*. (New York: Autonomedia, 1991) p. 129.

¹⁴⁶ But why should it fall to an artistic critique instead of or alongside a social critique? The revival of the artistic critique takes the form of an alliance with the ecological critique which presents constitutes one of the only positions from which the multiplicity and particularity of beings-human beings natural beings and in some versions artifacts-are assigned an intrinsic value. e.g. L. Boltanski & E. Chiapello, *Capitalism*, p. 471.

¹⁴⁷ An event held at Spitafields for awareness on the demand for an ore called Columbite-tantalite used to make computers and cell phones in the Democratic republic of Congo. This has had a huge impact on civilian life, 2013 accessed at <http://www.globalissues.org/article/442/guns-money-and-cell-phones>.

¹⁴⁸ Not to mention that the use-value of the money-commodity (Geldware) is also itself "dual": natural teeth can be replaced by gold prostheses, but this use-value is different from the one Marx calls "formal use-value" which arises out of the specific social function of money. Derrida, *Spectres*.

¹⁴⁹ Bronson, A.A. *General Idea*, founder of NY Art Book Fair, pin sold at this book fair.

¹⁵⁰ Osborne, P. *Anywhere*.

¹⁵¹ Paul Feyerabend coined the term anarchism in his book *Against Method* reflects that scientific method does not have a monopoly on truth.

¹⁵² What kind of reflection causes Marx to reproduce the literal language of Stirner, which he himself cited in *The German Ideology* and turned back, in some way, against its author, that is to say, against an accuser who is then charged with the indictment count he had himself elaborated ("After the world has confronted the fantasy-making [phantasierenden] youth (of page 20) as a world of his 'feverish fantasies' [Fieberphantasien], as a world of ghosts [als Gespensterwelt], 'the off-springs of his own head' [eigenen Gerburten seines Kopfs] inside his head begin to dominate him")? Derrida, *Specters*.

¹⁵³ Reynolds, Lafayette. True Blood Character who can contact the spirit of the dead. In this text this character not only allows the spirit of the dead to enter his body but anyone needed to write this piece.

¹⁵⁴ This commerce among things stems from the phantasmagoria. The autonomy lent to commodities corresponds to an anthropomorphic projection. The latter inspires the commodities, it breathes the spirit into them, a human spirit, the spirit of a speech and the spirit of a will. Derrida, *Specters*. Assessed at: <http://www.marxists.org/reference/subject/philosophy/works/fr/derrida2.htm>.

¹⁵⁵ In conversation with Indrani Ashe, 2013.

¹⁵⁶ Harbison, I. School Days accessed 2013 at <http://www.frieze.com/issue/review/school-days>. Eamon O'Kane's Froebel's Studio (2010) is a functioning play space with freestanding partition screens, colourful stools and a table, on which sit several early learning games summoning the spirit of both the 19th-century educational theorist to whom the title refers and the pedagogical toys which preoccupied him.

¹⁵⁷ John Cussans lectures on Marx and the dancing table, Chelsea College of Art and Design, 2004.

¹⁵⁸ Bruce Barber lectures at NSCAD University.

¹⁵⁹ For Lacan the only possible 'training,' comes from an interrogation of one's own unconscious, by way of undergoing personal analysis. In one's own personal analysis one may come to see the workings of the unconscious, from the 'inside,' so to speak. Lacan, Jacques. *Book I Freud's Papers on Techniques 1953-1954*. (W. W. Norton & Company: London, 1988).

¹⁶⁰ But if the commodity-form is not, presently, use-value, and even if it is not actually present, it affects in advance the use-value of the wooden table. It affects and bereaves it. In advance, like the ghost it will become, but this is precisely where haunting begins. And its time, and the untimeliness of its present, of its being "out of joint." To haunt does not mean to be present, and it is necessary to introduce haunting into the very construction of a concept. Of every concept, beginning with the concepts of being and time. That is what we would be calling here a hauntology. Ontology opposes it only in a movement of

exorcism. Ontology is a conjuration. Derrida, J. *Specters*. Assessed at : <http://www.marxists.org/reference/subject/philosophy/works/fr/derrida2.htm>.

¹⁶¹ It emancipates itself on its own initiative: all alone, autonomous and automaton, its fantastic silhouette moves on its own, free and without attachment. It goes into trances, it levitates, it appears relieved of its body, like all ghosts, a little mad and unsettled as well, upset, "out of joint," delirious, capricious, and unpredictable are some the words used to describe us. Therefore, and here the commerce among commodities does not wait, the returned (deformed, objectified, naturalised) image becomes that of a social relation among commodities, among these inspired, autonomous, and automatic "objects" that are séance tables. And with that the cups and saucers levitated around her. Derrida, *Specters*. Assessed

at: <http://www.marxists.org/reference/subject/philosophy/works/fr/derrida2.htm>

¹⁶² A hole in the Real from which the Word, the Signifier, create the world. Sublimation is an attempt to confront the Thing: true love for one's neighbor consists in recognizing in him, as in oneself, the place and the wound of the Thing. As for disbelief, by rejecting the Thing it makes it reappear in the Real, which is the Lacanian definition of psychosis. Lacan, J. *The Seminars*. Accessed at <http://lacan.com/seminars2.htm>, 2013.

¹⁶³ Trixie one of the main characters in the television series Deadwood.

¹⁶⁴ Hearst represents the pressure put on art departments to function like science departments or to prove that they are worthy of the same type of funding. In this case the Department of Art fought to preserve the ecodistrict of the endangered species working under the name 'art'.

¹⁶⁵ The progressive subsumption of education into capital has had a major effect on student practices and on the production of their subjectivity. Both faculty and students have attempted to negotiate this process and the impact it has had on research. NSCAD University has had to prove that they are worthy as an institution in order to receive Government funding.

¹⁶⁶ The phallus, from being objet a, the imaginary object, emerges as the signifier of signifiers, as "the only signifier that deserves the role of symbol. It designates the real presence that permits identification, the origin of the Ideal-of-the-Ego on the side of the Other." There is a woman in The Symposium, Diotima, who speaks in the form of myth. In the fable where female lack is confronted with male resources, the feminine first has an active role before the desirable masculine. The reversal occurs because in love one only gives what one does not have: the masculine, by shying away from the demand, is revealed as a subject of desire. Later, Lacan would make Socrates the model of hysterical discourse, but also of analytic discourse because he attains the knowledge, the episteme, of love. Having managed to provoke "a mutation in the economy of his desire," the analyst has access both to the unconscious and to the experience of the unconscious because, like Socrates, he has confronted the desire for death and achieved the "between-two-deaths" - entre-deux-morts. Having placed the signifier in the position of the absolute, he has abolished "fear and trembling." Lacan, J. *The Seminars*. Assessed at: <http://lacan.com/seminars2.htm>.

¹⁶⁷ To exorcise not in order to chase away the ghosts, but this time to grant them the right, if it means making them come back alive, as Tenants who would no longer be Tenants, but as other arrivants to whom a hospitable memory or promise must offer welcome without certainty, ever, that they present themselves as such. Derrida, J. *Spectres*. Accessed at <http://www.iep.utm.edu/derrida/#H2>.

¹⁶⁸ In order to better understand this dual 'methodology' – that is also the deconstruction of the notion of a methodology because it no longer believes in the possibility of an observer being absolutely exterior to the object/text being examined – it is helpful to consider an example of this deconstruction at work. Derrida, J. *Spectres*. Accessed at <http://www.iep.utm.edu/derrida/#H2>.

¹⁶⁹ An approach using past influences in the development of an practice can also be seen in the work of Eamon O'Kane's he draws from his modernist influences. His work is seen as a self-examination or the cumulative influence on his artistic methods and conceptual development.

¹⁷⁰ The DeLorean time machine is from the movie *Back to the Future* and was used in the Beastie Boys video *Fight for your Right to Party (revisited)*.

¹⁷¹ Beastie Boys script from *Fight to Your Right to Party (revisited)*, Yauch, A. 2011.

¹⁷² Brecht, Bertolt. *He Said Yes/He Said No*. The short script will be repeated and modified by interventions and interruptions by guests and research students, allowing the didactic nature of Brecht's narrative - written in 1929/30 for a school performance and through which performers learn the consequences of their decision-making process - to be collectively reformulated. Hosted by Andrea Phillips, Goldsmiths University, symposium, 2012.

¹⁷³ Codification is distinct from standardization, which was a prerequisite of mass production, in the sense it permits greater flexibility. Commodification element by element makes it possible to operate on a combinatory and introduce variations but of the same style. Codification allows for difference that was not possible in the case of standardized production. That is why it is possible for the commodification of the authentic since it makes it possible to preserve something of the uniqueness of the original. I guess you would have to have burning cold feet in plastic bags to get some of the original in there and that's how that tattoo was permanently etched in her mind. Boltanski, L. & Chiapello, E. *Spirit of Capitalism*, p.445.

¹⁷⁴ On Facebook, we are perpetually in beta. We don't reveal a pre-existing self but build ourselves out in code — not just computer code but Baudrillard's consumerist code, the signs we take for identity's building blocks. Thus we become streamlined people in Facebook's projective city, performing "free labor" in exchange for counting stats on our social life and far more customized commodities — if we can afford them. Horning, R. *Facebook in the Age of Facebook* (The New Inquiry, 3).

¹⁷⁵ The way capitalism has incorporated the demand for authenticity by commodifying it has prompted a redefinition of authenticity. The new definition of the inauthentic as reproduction of a difference for commercial ends-as copy-to which authenticity of an original can be counterposed. Boltanski, L. & Chiapello, E. *Spirit of Capitalism*, p. 449.

¹⁷⁶ Eric McLuhan had never yielded on the point that the tetrad must be a tetrad—the laws of media must be exactly four in numbers. Harman, Graham. *Some Paradoxes of McLuhan's Tetrad* (Umbr (A) 1:77-95, 2012) p. 82.

¹⁷⁷ Diderot D. *Le Neveu de Rameau* (1762) accessed at <http://abu.cnam.fr>, 2012.

¹⁷⁸ Snow, M. 'Rameau's Nephew' by Diderot (Thanx to Dennis Young) by Wilma Schoen, 1974.

¹⁷⁹ Include this with the superfold: Pure presence appears, unmediated, only as simulacrum or phantasm, as the ones already doubled perception of what is. The fold in this sense is also the name for one's relation to oneself (or, the affect of the self on the self). (Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*) The Greeks were the first to discover, and deploy, this technique of folding, or of 'self mastery'. They 'invented' subjectivation — the self-production of one's subjectivity. The unfold that would constitute the active mechanism but something like the "Superfold" as borne out by the folding proper to the chains of the genetic code, and the potential of silicon in third-generation machines, as well as by the contours of a sentence in modern literature, when literature "merely turns back on itself in an endless reflexivity. This modern literature uncovers a "strange language within language" and, through an unlimited number of superimposed grammatical constructions, tends towards an atypical form of expression that marks the end of language as such. In each case we must study the operations of the superfold, of which the "double helix" is the best known example. What is the superman? It is the formal compound of the forces within man and these new forces. It is the form that results from a new relation between forces. Man tends to free life, labour and language within himself. The superman, in accordance with Rimbaud's formula, is the man who is even in charge of the animals (a code that can capture fragments from other codes, as in the new schemata of lateral or retrograd. Supermind/Superfold. O'Sullivan, S. *Academy: On the Production of Subjectivity*. p. 238-44.

¹⁸⁰ Piet Mondrian was part of the De Stijl group where he painted a white background with vertical black lines. In this instance would be a version of Composition 10 without the primary colors. Dutch/American. 1872-1944.

¹⁸¹ Orwell, G. *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. (Penguin books: England, 1987).

¹⁸² Suchin, P. *Rebel Without a Course*. (Art Monthly: London, 2011). Don't worry Peter the Beastie Boys remain in this final text.

¹⁸³ This refers to my literature review called *Suicide's Easy, What Happened to the Revolution?* Black Rebel Motor Cycle Club.

¹⁸⁴ The two kinds of space, intimate space and exterior space, keep encouraging each other, as it were, in their growth. To designate space that has been experienced as affective space, which psychologists do very rightly, does not, however, go to the root of space dreams. The poet goes deeper when he uncovers a poetic space that does not enclose us in affectivity. Indeed, whatever the affectivity that colors a given space, whether sad or ponderous, once it is poetically expressed, the sadness is diminished, the ponderousness lightened. Poetic space, because it is expressed, assumes values of expansion. Bachelard, G. *Poetics* p. 201.

¹⁸⁵ Steyerl, H. Presentation of video work at Goldsmiths University, 2013.

¹⁸⁶ Buck 65, *Superstars Don't Love*, 20 Odd Years, 2011.

¹⁸⁷ J. Cash (2002) *When The Man Comes Around*, American Recordings/Universal.

¹⁸⁸ Perhaps it is now time for the contemporary ragpicker to search again amongst the wreckage of past rebellions and uprisings for some kind of meaning, some promissory note to the present or the future? Sholette, G. *Dark Matter: Art and Politics in the age of Enterprise Culture* (London: Pluto Press, 2011) p. 13.

¹⁸⁹ Olin, K. In Pursuit of Honor (1995) HBO Pictures, just ragpicking amongst the remaining wreckage. p.111-125.

¹⁹⁰ Olin, K. In Pursuit of Honor (1995) HBO Pictures.

¹⁹¹ The poem is an exemplary way destined to everyone. It doesn't take persons to account, the purest universality. The crowd is the condition of the presence of the present. The crowd is the condition for the presence of the present. The crowd declares itself. This historical declaration constitute a present and modify the conditions of the poem. In the naming of an event the operations of the poem can register the

latency of the crowd. The poem then becomes possible as a general action. Badiou, A. *Handbook of Inaesthetics* (California: Stanford University Press, 2005) p. 31.

¹⁹² Bjorn, P. & J. *Young Folks*, Wichita Recordings, 2006.

¹⁹³ If there is such a thing as political agency, therefore, it must take place within a social “text” that consists of different, differing, multiple, and sometimes conflicting social positions. No one privileged signifier—such as the economy or class status—could possibly affect all of these positions because capitalism is not a totality, it is instead a text with a multiplicity of interpretive possibilities that generate merely local conflicts of power and temporal moments of subjectivity. Sholette, G. *Dark Matter*, p.19.

¹⁹⁴ A movement from the individual animal to the pack or to a collectivity multiplicity. The expression of the solitary researcher toward the assemblage of a collective enunciation even if this collectivity is no longer or not given yet. There isn’t a subject, only collective assemblages if enunciation and literature expresses these acts insofar as they’re not imposed from without and insofar as they exist only as diabolical powers to come or revolutionary forces to be constructed. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka, Towards a Minor Literature* (Minnesota: University of Minnesota Press, 2003) p.18.

¹⁹⁵ Reading a text is never a scholarly exercise in search of what is signified, still less a highly textual exercise in search of a signifier. Rather it is a productive use of the literary machine, a montage of desiring machines, a schizoid exercise that extracts from the text its revolutionary force. Deleuze, G & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p.18.

¹⁹⁶ And how many dreamers look everywhere in their house, or in their room, for the garment that suits themselves. Bachelard, G. *Poetics of Space* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1994) p. 65.

¹⁹⁷ How—with no preparation—can this singular, short-lived event constituted by the appearance of an unusual poetic image, react on an other. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. xiv-xv.

¹⁹⁸ Style is understood to be an energetic and total investment of an author’s political being in the world means that can bear a certain resemblance to the traditional study of an author as some kind of necessary and transparent linking up of life and art in a univocally casual fashion. Writing stands up against psychology against interiority by giving an author a possibility of becoming more than his or her nominal self, of trading the insistent solidarity of the family tree for the whole field of desire and history. Deleuze, G. Guattari, F. (2003) *Kafka, Towards a Minor Literature*, p. xxiii (translators introduction)

¹⁹⁹ Nevertheless, this vertigo is exact. This is because ultimately it is the restrained precision that counts, that testifies for the infinite. It is the secret slowness, and not the manifest virtuosity. This is an extreme or millimetric precision that concerns the relation between gesture and nongesture. Badiou, A. *Handbook Of Inaesthetics*. (Stanford University Press: California, 2005) p. 70.

²⁰⁰ But in philosophy, all short-cuts are costly, and philosophical knowledge cannot advance from schematized experiments. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 212.

²⁰¹ And yet it is at the very core of a strange tale, in which father and daughter hide the same mystery. This same mystery is heading towards the same fate, and the author applies all his talents to making us feel this identity of intimate spirits. Opening of a new box, like this young girl who receives implicit permission from her father to hide her secrets; that is to say, to conceal her mystery. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p.83

²⁰² Sholette, G. *Dark*, p.4.

²⁰³ It is no longer the individual who stutters in his speech it is the writer who stutters in the language system: he causes as such to stutter. At the limits of language words keep silent in the intervals where stuttering punctuates language. Philosophy is a minor or foreign language that speaks in the intervals. Crack open the words crack open things. Crack opens desire. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. 115.

²⁰⁴ The goal is to blow up the photo of the father expanded beyond all bounds will be projected onto the geographical historical and political map of the world in order to reach vast regions of it, the name of the father encodes the names of history, Jews Germans, city country. This sort of microscopic agitation in which an entirely different sort of combat is being played out. In projecting the photo of the father onto the map of the world, put it into connection with the whole underground network and with all the ways out from this network. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p.10.

²⁰⁵ This man, who comes of gentle, happy people, must cultivate courage in order to confront a world that is harsh, indigent and cold. The isolated house furnishes him with strong images, that is, with counsels of resistance. And so, faced with the bestial hostility of the storm and the hurricane, the house's virtues of protection and resistance are transposed into human virtues. Bachelard, G. *Poetics* p. 46-47.

²⁰⁶ As a machine of desire evokes melancholy, mad movement of an inhabitant who would have risen by breaking through the roof. Deleuze, G.& Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p.4

²⁰⁷ Rogers, K. *The Gambler*, United Artists, 1978.

²⁰⁸ For the open to come the retreat must be such that to act or to not act, to throw or to not throw the dice amount to equivalent arrangements. Badiou, A. *Handbook*, p. 50.

²⁰⁹ But the poetic act itself, the sudden image, the flare-up of being in the imagination, are inaccessible to such investigations. In order to clarify the problem of the poetic image philosophically, we shall have to have recourse to a phenomenology of the imagination. By this should be understood a study of the phenomenon of the poetic image when it emerges into the consciousness as a direct product of the heart, soul and being of man, apprehended in his actuality. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p.xiv.

²¹⁰ Against this furtive artistry Nietzsche opposes the fierce appetites of the master class who have no need for self-consciousness or hiding places. Although Nietzsche is openly contemptuous of this new servile morality, he also acknowledges that “a race of such men of resentment will inevitably end up cleverer than any noble race.”⁵⁴ One thing is clear, whether merely bitter or revolutionary, undeveloped or reactive, this survival project inevitably makes use of whatever resources it finds at hand, including the misappropriation of the “master’s” own voice. Sholette, G. *Dark*, p. 54.

²¹¹ Turn a minor writer within a major language can turn into a battle of the most far-reaching sort...caw caw.

Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. xxvi (translators introduction).

²¹² Philosophers, when confronted with outside and inside, think in terms of being and non-being. Thus profound metaphysics is rooted in an implicit geometry which—whether we will or no—confers spatiality upon thought; if a metaphysician could not draw, what would he think? Open and closed, for him, are thoughts. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p.212.

²¹³ In vain the spirit gathers its remaining strength. It has become the backwash of expiring being. Being is alternately condensation that disperses with a burst, and dispersion that flows back to a center. Outside and inside are both intimate they are always ready to be reversed, to exchange their hostility. If there exists a border-line surface between such an inside and outside, this surface is painful on both sides. The center of "being-there" wavers and trembles. Intimate space loses its clarity, while exterior space loses its void, void being the raw material of possibility of being. We are banished from the realm of possibility. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 218.

²¹⁴ The indistinction of inside and outside leads to the discovery of another dimension, a sort of adjacency marked by halts sudden stops here parts hears and segments assemble themselves: desire evidently passes through these positions and states through all these lines. Desire is not form but a procedure a process.

Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. 8.

²¹⁵ The poem dwells on a threshold. The poems not a rule bound crossing, but rather an offering, a lawless proposition. x Badiou, A. *Handbook*, p.17.

²¹⁶ Kafka knew that to find the justice that he was seeking that traversed him it was necessary to move from one room to another, from one office to another from one language to language form country to country, always following his desire. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. xxi.

²¹⁷ It what directs Kafka to his own learning, where he may encounter fragments of his own existence, fragments that are still within the context of the role. Continuum of desire with shifting limits that are always displaced. In this procedure in action this continuous process, and field of immanence that Deleuze and Guattari have tried to help us traverse. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. iix, introduction.

²¹⁸ How to tear a minor literature away from its own language allowing it to challenge the language and making it follow a sober revolutionary path. How to become a nomad and an immigrant and a gypsy in relation to one own language. Teeth find their primitive territoriality in food. In giving themselves over to the articulation of sounds the mouth tongue and teeth deterritorialize. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. 19.

²¹⁹ Key words like rhizome, lines of escape, assemblage become battle sites for a process of deterritorialization as the authors violate their own authorship of terms and make the words stutter.

Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. 4.

²²⁰ As a machine of desire evokes melancholy, mad movement of an inhabitant who would have risen by breaking through the roof. It act as a childhood block, strengthening desire instead of cramping it displacing it in time deterritorializing it, proliferating its connections, linking it to other intensities.

Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. 4.

²²¹ His writings lie not only in what he says or even in how what he says reveals a psychology of the author but in the effects that the writing establishes in being written in –locking into the historical currents that are knocking at the door of the author’s study. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p.xxviii.

²²² Something which resists and resistance is a question of art also today. Something which resists is something endowed with some stability, solid. Something which is a logical equation, which has a logical coherence, consistence, is the first determination. Badiou, A. *Fifteen Theses on Contemporary Art*. Assessed at: <http://www.egs.edu/faculty/alain-badiou/articles/fifteen-theses-on-contemporary-art>.

²²³ Patently anti-ideological and decentralized to the point of sheer dispersal, the apparently indefinite politics of this “tactical resistance” leads some theorists to conclude that an entirely new form of activism. Sholette, G. *Dark Matter*, p.34.

²²⁴ The frontier between the social and the political is essentially unstable and requires constant

displacements and renegotiations between social agents. Sholette, G. *Dark Matter*, p.19.

²²⁵ To become animal is to participate in movement to stake out the path of escape in all its positivity to cross a threshold to reach a continuum of intensities that are all valuable only in themselves, deterritorialized flux of non-signifying signs. – zones of liberated intensities where contents free themselves from their forms as well as from their expressions. Because these tunnels are underground intensities. This is a question of finding an escape it doesn't consist in fleeing – Flight is challenged when it is useless movement in space, a false liberty. Flight is affirmed when it is a stationary flight a flight of intensity (no freedom was not what I wanted. Only a way out right or left) Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p.13.

²²⁶ The spatiotemporal categories of these languages differ sharply: vernacular language is here; vehicular language is everywhere; referential language is over there, mythical language is beyond. To bring language slowly and progressively to the desert. To use syntax in order to cry, to give syntax to the cry. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. 23.

²²⁷ Though when conceived as the thought of presence upon a background of disappearance poetry is an immediate action, like every local figure of a truth, it is also a program of thought, a powerful anticipation a forcing of language enacted by the advent of an other language that is at once immanent and created. Badiou, A. *Handbook*, p. 16.

²²⁸ Something which is a logical equation, which has a logical coherence, consistence, is the first determination. The second determination is something surprising, something which is right away the creation of a new possibility, but a new possibility is always surprising. We cannot have a new possibility without some sort of surprise. A new possibility is something that we cannot calculate. It's something like a rupture, a new beginning, which is always something surprising. Badiou, A. *Fifteen Theses on Contemporary Art. Assessed at: <http://www.egs.edu/faculty/alain-badiou/articles/fifteen-theses-on-contemporary-art>*

²²⁵ The artist whilst taking this Ph.D. program.

²³⁰ To the inhumaness of the 'diabolical powers' there is the answer of a becoming-animal... rather than lowering one's head to remaining bureaucrat inspector, judge, or judged. The acts of becoming animal are the exact opposite of this, these are deterritorialization. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p.12.

²³¹ To become animal is to participate in movement, to stake out the path of escape in all its positivity, to cross a threshold, to reach a continuum of intensities that are valuable only in themselves to find a world of pure intensities where all forms come undone, as do all the significations, signifiers, and signified, to the benefit of an unformed matter of deterritorialized flux, of nonsignifying signs. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p.13.

²³² How to tear a minor literature away from its own language allowing it to challenge the language and making it follow a sober revolutionary path. How to become a nomad and immigrant and a gypsy in relation to one own language. Teeth find their primitive territoriality in food. In giving themselves over to the articulation of sounds the mouth tongue and teeth deterritorialize. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. 23.

²³³ To be a sort of stranger within his own language. Even when language it is unique, a language remains a mixture, a schizophrenic mélange, a Harlequin costume in which very different functions of language and distinct centers of power are played out; One function played off against another, all the degrees of territoriality and relative deterritorialization will be played out. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. 26.

²³⁴ Involuntarily I pictured to myself the delightful state of a man in the grip of a long daydream, in absolute solitude, but a solitude with an immense horizon and widely diffused light; in other words, immensity with no other setting than itself. Blanchard, G. *Poetics*, p.195.

²³⁵ Not that a truth exists "before" him, for a truth is forever suspended upon an indiscernible future. The subject is woven out of a truth, he is what exists of truth in limited fragments. A subject is what a truth transits, or this finite point through which, in its infinite being, truth itself passes or transits. This transit excludes every interior moment. One must come to conceive of truth as making a hole in knowledge. Badiou, A. *Accessed at <http://www.egs.edu/faculty/alain-badiou/articles/on-a-finally-objectless-subject>*.

²³⁶ We will enter then by any point whatsoever; none of it matters more than another no entrance is more privilege ever if it seems as impasse a tight passage a siphon. Only the principle of multiple entrances prevents the introduction of the enemy, the signifier and those attempts to interpret a work that is actually only open to experimentation. Deleuze, G. Guattari, F. (2003) *Kafka, Towards a Minor Literature*, p.3.

²³⁷ But politically the important things are always taking place elsewhere in the hallways of the congress behind the scenes of the meeting, where people confront the real immanent problems of desire and of power-the real problems of justice. Deleuze, G. Guattari, F (2003) *Kafka, Towards a Minor Literature*, p. 50.

²³⁸ It is extremely painful to be ruled by laws that one does not know. The essence of a secret code is that it should remain a mystery. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. 79.

²³⁹ The animals as they are or become stories are caught in this alternative: either they are beaten down caught in an impasse and the story ends, they open up and multiply digging new ways out all over the place but giving way to molecular multiplicities and to machine assemblages that are no longer animal and can be given proper treatment in the novels. When the text deals with becoming animal it cannot be developed in the novel except if it also includes sufficient machinic indexes that go beyond the animal and that in this way are the seeds for a novel. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. 38.

²⁴⁰ Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. 38.

²⁴¹ He will take control of the machine of expression: he will take over the investigation, he will write without stop, he will demand a leave of absence so he can totally devote himself to this virtually interminable work. The trial is an unlimited field of immanence instead of an infinite transcendence. The transcendence of the law was an image a photo of the highest places, but justice is more like a sound that never stops taking flight. There is nothing to judge vis-a-vis desire; the judge himself is completely shaped by desire. Justice is no more than the immanent process of desire. Justice is the continuum of desire, with shifting limits that are always displaced. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. P 51.

²⁴² The romance of the individual life is exceeded, deterritorialized, escaped. Only in this sense is Kafka about Kafka. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. xxiii.

²⁴³ A major or established literature follows a vector that goes from content to expression. That which conceptualizes well expresses itself. A minor or revolutionary literature begins by expressing itself and doesn't conceptualize until afterwards. Deleuze, G. Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. xxiii.

²⁴⁴ Should not lead to the assumption that one can ever fully escape to something else. e.g. Deleuze, G. Guattari, F. (2003) *Kafka, Towards a Minor Literature*, p. xxvii.

²⁴⁵ Why not sense that, incarnated in the door, there is a little threshold god? And there is no need to return to a distant past, a past that is no longer our own, to find sacred properties attributed to the threshold. In the third century, Porphyry wrote: "A threshold is a sacred thing." But even if erudition did not permit us to refer to such a sacralization, why should we not react to sacralization through poetry, through a poem of our own time, tinged with fantasy, perhaps, but which is in harmony with primal values. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 223.

²⁴⁶ The terms tend to distribute themselves along a line of escape to take flight on this line, in relation to the contiguous segments –all the cogs and all the possibilities communicating with each other through successive continuities. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Kafka*, p. 85.

²⁴⁷ We claim that there are two ways to appeal to 'necessary destructions': that of the poet, who speaks in the name of a creative power, capable of overturning all orders and representations in order to affirm Difference in the state of permanent revolution which characterizes eternal return. Deleuze, G. *Difference and Repetition* (Great Britain: The Athlone Press, 2001) p. 53.

²⁴⁸ Forests, especially, with the mystery of their space prolonged indefinitely beyond the veil of tree-trunks and leaves, space that is veiled for our eyes, but transparent to action, are veritable psychological transcendentals. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 185.

²⁴⁹ But the Grand Chariot does not lose its way. To watch it turning so smoothly is already to be master of the voyage. And, while dreaming, the poet undoubtedly experiences a coalescence of legends, all of which are given new life through the image. They are not an ancient wisdom. The poet does not repeat old-wives' tales. He has no past, but lives in a world that is new. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p 169.

²⁵⁰ And so far from indulging in prolixity of expression, or losing oneself in the detail of light and shade, one feels that one is in the presence of an "essential" impression seeking expression; in short, in line with what our authors call a "psychological transcendent." If one wants to "experience the forest," this is an excellent way of saying that one is in the presence of immediate immensity, of the immediate immensity of its depth. Poets feel this immediate immensity of old forests because how else would you be able to wander? Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p. 186

²⁵¹ But the tree, like every genuine living thing, is taken in its being that "knows no bounds." Its limits are mere accidents. Bachelard, G. *Poetics*, p 186.

²⁵² What is the cost of this peace between philosophy and art? Without doubt it is innocent because it is innocent of all truth. It is inscribed in the imaginary. Badiou, A. *Handbook*, p. 4.

²⁵³ The artist or the philosopher is quite incapable of creating a people, each can only summon it with all her strength. A peoples can only be created in abominable sufferings and it cannot be concerned and more with art or philosophy. But books of philosophy and works of art also contain their sum of unimaginable sufferings that forewarn of the advent of people. They have resistance in common-their resistance to death to servitude to the intolerable to shame and to the present. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *What is Philosophy?* (Verso: London, 2005) p. 110.

²⁵⁴ This question of the existence of truths (that there be truths) points to a coresponsibility of art which produces truths and philosophy which under the condition that there are truths is duty bound to make

them manifest. For truths to manifest means the following: to distinguish truths from opinion. Is there something besides opinion? Is there something besides our democracies? Badiou, A. *Handbook*, p. 15.

²⁵⁵ The thought - poem that traverse and idea – less as a cut than as an apprehension through loss. And therefore: to register truths rather than producing them. Badiou, A. *Handbook*, p. 15.

²⁵⁶ Consequently, the stories have no function besides that of suggesting materials for doubt. They are fragments of memory, to be dissolved. And perhaps this is the function of every story. Let us then define "the story" as that thing about which there is doubt. The story is essentially doubtful not because it's not true, but because it suggests materials for (poetic) doubt. It's at this point that prose enters the frame. Let us call "prose" every articulation between the story and doubt. The art of prose is neither the art of the story nor the art of doubt, it is the art of proposing the one to the other. Badiou, A. *Handbook*, p. 125.

²⁵⁷ That is why philosophy always works blow by blow. Philosophy presents three elements, each of which fits with the other two but must be considered for itself. The prephilosophical plane it must lay out (immanence) the persona or personae it must invent and bring to life (insistence) and the philosophical concepts it must create (consistency) constitute the philosophical trinity. What appears as philosophical taste in every case is love of the well-made concept. If ready-made concepts already exist they would have to abide by limits. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *What is Philosophy?* (Verso: London, 2005) p.76.

²⁵⁸ It is this most restricted circuit of the actual image and its virtual image, which carries everything and serves as internal limit. Perception and recollection the real and the imaginary the physical and the mental or rather their images continually followed each other running behind each other and referring back to each other, running behind each other and referring back to each other around a point of indiscernibility by the smallest circle that is the coalescence of the actual image and the virtual image, the image with two sides actual and virtual at the same time. Deleuze, G. *Cinema 2* (London: Continuum, 2005) p. 67.

²⁵⁹ Within the mixture, one makes a division or "cut" into differences in kind: into matter and spirit, for instance. Then one shows how the duality is actually a monism, how the two extremes are "sewn" together, through memory, in the continuous heterogeneity of duration. Indeed, for Bergson, intuition is memory; it is not perception. Bergson, H. *Matter and Memory* (Dover: London, 2004).

²⁶⁰ My claim is that two entities influence one another only by meeting on the interior of a third, where they exist side-by-side until something happens that allows them to interact. In this sense, the theory of vicarious causation is a theory of the molten inner core of objects – a sort of plate tectonics of ontology. Graham Harman, G. *Collapse 2: Speculative Realism*, (London:Urbanomic) p.174.

²⁶¹ 'every connection is itself an object.' The intentional act's containment of me does not make the two of us into a new object, and neither (for the most part) do two or three nearby perceptions of cars make a unified object. But two vicariously linked real objects do form a new object, since they generate a new internal space. Harman, G. *Collapse*, p191.

²⁶² S: No. We couldn't. There was nothing else to eat. So one day my parents killed it, but my sister and I refused to touch it. Chris, K. and Lotringer, S. *Hatred of Capitalism: A Reader* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 2001).

²⁶³ Collins, S. *The Hunger Games* (London: Scholastic, 2008) p. 7.

²⁶⁴ Collins, S. *Hunger* p. 7.

²⁶⁵ Collins, S. *Hunger* p. 26.

²⁶⁶ Collins, S. *Hunger* p. 27.

²⁶⁷ Our actual existence, in then, whilst it is unrolled in time, duplicates itself along with a virtual existence, a mirror image that one can just watch sliding by. Deleuze, G. *Cinema 2*, P. 77.

²⁶⁸ Every moment of our life presents the two aspects it is actual and virtual, perception on one hand and recollection on the other. Whoever becomes conscious of the continual duplicating of his present into perception and recollection will compare himself to an actor playing his part automatically, listening to himself and beholding himself playing. Deleuze, G. *Cinema 2*, p.126.

²⁶⁹ Creating concepts as a case of solution another laying out a plane and a movement on the plane as the conditions of a problem and the other inventing a persona as the unknown problem. The whole problem of which the solution is part of always consists in constructing the other two when the third is underway. Philosophy thus lives in a permanent crisis. The plane takes effect through shocks, concepts proceed in bursts and personae by spasms. (just like one of these episodes)The three relationships among the three instances is problematic by nature. Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. *Philosophy?* p. 81.

²⁷⁰ Supergrass, *Pumping on the Stereo*, Ridgefarm Studios, 1999.

²⁷¹ Dandy Warhols, *Not If You Were The Last Junkie on Earth*, 1998. Tony Lash, Courtney Taylor-Taylor. Warhols singing about their friends/rival band Brian Jones Town Massacre Band. Anton Newcombe prolific musician who had little success as he battled his demons thought that the Dandy Warhols sold out.

²⁷² Nancy, J. *L'Intrus* (Michigan State University Press, Michigan, 2000).

²⁷³ Collins, S. *Hunger*, p. 182/183.

²⁷⁴ Any actant has a chance to win or lose, though some have more weaponry at their disposal. Winners and losers are inherently equal and must be treated symmetrically. The loser is the one who failed to assemble enough human, natural, artificial, logical, and inanimate allies to stake a claim to victory. The more connected an actant is, the more real; the less connected, the less real. Harman, G. *Prince of Networks* (Re-Press: Australia, 2009).

²⁷⁵ It has something to do with the relationship between the ego-ideal/ideal-ego and the big Other function of the super-ego; school as an ideological state apparatus for producing subjectivities; the discourses of master and university; minor and a-signifying languages and the hermeneutics of vogueing. Notes from John Cussans, reading group (2012).

²⁷⁶ Truth, we might say, is a transformative technology that takes the subject out of him or herself. O'Sullivan, S. *On the Production of Subjectivity: Five Diagrams of the Finite-Infinite Relation* (Palgrave Macmillan: UK, 2012) p. 68.

²⁷⁷ When two objects give rise to a new one through vicarious-connection, they create a new unified whole that is not only inexhaustible from the outside, but also filled on the inside with a real object sincerely absorbed with sensual ones. And just as every connection is an object, every object is the result of a connection. Harman, G. (2007) *Collapse 2: Speculative Realism*, p. 191.

²⁷⁸ My claim is that two entities influence one another only by meeting on the interior of a third, where they exist side-by-side until something happens that allows them to interact. G. Harman. *Collapse*, p.174.

²⁷⁹ Levey, P. *Becoming Virtual*, Massachusetts: Perseus Books, 1998) p. 2.

²⁸⁰ Deleuze provides a succinct commentary on Foucault's project of tracking how power and knowledge constitute subjectivity, but also about the possibility of subjectivation, or the self-fashioning of the subject by themselves via the 'folding' in of outside forces. For Deleuze this fold of subjectivation in and of itself produces a kind of inner space of freedom within the subject. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 73.

²⁸¹ It is a man in charge of the being in language (that form-less 'mute, unsignifying region where language can find its freedom' even from whatever it has to say). (Deleuze 1988c, p.132). O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p.87.

²⁸² Deleuze remarks, 'as if the relations of the outside folded back to create a doubling, allow a relation to oneself to emerge, and constitute an inside which is hollowed out and develops its own unique dimension: "enkreteia", the relation to oneself that is self-mastery' (Deleuze 1988c, p. 100). This is 'the inside as an operation of the outside' (Deleuze 1988c, p. 97). As Deleuze suggests in an interview about Foucault's work, 'Life as a Work of Art', it is an outside 'that's further from us than any external world, and thereby closer than any internal world' (Deleuze 1995a, p. 97) O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 74.

²⁸³ Greeks', insofar as 'they bent the outside, through a series of practical exercises': they folded force, even though it still remained a force. They made it relate back to itself. Far from ignoring interiority, individuality, or subjectivity they invented the subject, but only as a derivative or the product of a 'subjectivation'. They discovered the 'aesthetic existence' – the doubling or relation with oneself, the facultative rule of the free man. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 74.

²⁸⁴ Indeed, outside and inside – as void and boundary – are themselves created by a fold that is prior to them and, in fact, the condition of their existence. It is in this sense that the outside comes into existence at the same time as the inside. This fold-cone that 'contains' the outside within might then be compared with a similar void that, for Lacan is located at the heart of experience: das Ding, or the Real. This is something at the very heart of the subject, but that is necessarily avoided, if not effaced, in the very production of that subject. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 76.

²⁸⁵ But in the case of real objects, the only way to touch a real one without touching it is through allure. Only here do we escape the deadlock of merely rolling about in the perfumes of sensual things, and encounter qualities belonging to a distant signalling thing rather than a carnally present one. The only way to bring real objects into the sensual sphere is to reconfigure sensual objects in such a way that they no longer merely fuse into a new one, as parts into a whole, but rather become animated by allusion to a deeper power lying beyond: a real object. Harman, G. *Collapse*, p. 204.

²⁸⁶ But notice that even our practical relation to these objects fails to grasp them fully. Harman, G. *Collapse*, p. 176.

²⁸⁷ And my sincere absorption with trees or windmills is merely the interior of the intention, not the unified intention itself. Hence, a real object itself is born from the connection of other real objects, through unknown vicarious means. Harman, G. *Collapse*, p. 184.

²⁸⁸ To repeat, my relation with the sensual pine tree is not a full-blown connection, but only a sincerity. This sincerity can indeed be converted into an object, as happens in the analysis of our own intentions or someone else's. When I analyze my relation to the sensual tree, I have converted that relation into an object for the first time. It has become a real object insofar as its exact nature recedes from view, inexhaustible no matter how many analyses I perform. Harman, G. *Collapse*, p. 192.

²⁸⁹ Back in stage one, even my relation to the sensual pine tree is not a real object, but simply a sincere relation of two distinct elements inside a larger one. Unified objects can be molded at will from that clay-like interior. This already shows a way for sincere relations to be converted into real connections. Whether it is the only such way, and whether this method belongs to humans alone, is still unclear. Harman, G. *Collapse*, p. 192.

²⁹⁰ Since we are speaking solely of the phenomenal realm, it does not matter if these things are hallucinations; even delusions perform the genuine labor of organizing our perception into discrete zones. Harman, G. *Collapse*, p. 178.

²⁹¹ It's a mode of intensity, not a personal subject. It's a specific dimension without which we can't go beyond knowledge or resist power. Deleuze, G. *Negotiations* p. 99.

²⁹² Collins, S. *Hunger*, p. 225.

²⁹³ These sorts of problems are the subject matter of object oriented philosophy: the inevitable mutant offspring of Husserl's intentional objects and Heidegger's real ones. Harman, G. *Collapse*, p. 185.

²⁹⁴ The various eruptions of real objects into sensuality lie side by side, buffered from immediate interaction. Something must happen on the sensual plane to allow them to make contact, just as corrosive chemicals lie side by side in a bomb – separated by a thin film eaten away over time, or ruptured by distant signals. Harman, G. *Collapse*, p. 181.

²⁹⁵ Collins, S. *Hunger*, p. 231.

²⁹⁶ Collins, S. *Hunger*, p. 233.

²⁹⁷ Exercised by the self on the self" and "by which one takes responsibility for oneself and by which one changes, purifies, transforms, and transfigures oneself" (H, p. 11). The "Care of the Self" is then less an ethics based on a transcendent law or authority than an intention, a mode of attention, and a particular practice or set of practices. Harman, G. *Collapse*, p. 64.

²⁹⁸ My particular thesis is that the writings of Foucault and Deleuze might be seen as a form of spiritual exercise for the writers themselves, as well as, of course, for their intended readers. It seems to me that this cannot but be correct insofar as any writing brings one up against oneself and one's limitations, while also gesturing beyond them (this book being no exception). When the actual "subject" of one's writing is itself this self-knowledge and self-transformation then this is even more so the case: After all, when one is writing or speaking in areas where oneself is at stake, there can be a passion and commitment that may be lacking when the writing is solely for the edification of others, not to mention those cases – undoubtedly the most numerous – in which the writing is an academic exercise rather than a spiritual one. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p.225.

²⁹⁹ We might note here the similarities with the movement from the second to third kind of knowledge in Spinoza (as well as in the description of beatitude common to both accounts). As we saw in the previous chapter, the second kind of knowledge – the work of reason and the formation of "common notions" – prepares a platform as it were for the third, intuitive kind of knowledge (which we might also call a more immediate knowledge of truth). O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 68.

³⁰⁰ Another way of thinking this is that something beyond, or "outside" the subject- as-is must play its part. It is as if, at the last moment, and after any preparation made by the subject, the object must itself act and reach out to that subject. We might say, following Jean Mathee's formulation, that there must be a moment of grace – but also a subject who is prepared and open to such grace (or simply open to an "outside" understood as that which is beyond the subject as already constituted). O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 69.

³⁰¹ Once again, the similarities with Badiou's own theory of the subject are worth commenting on: the production of subjectivity – when it is not merely the production of a subject of knowledge – operates contra knowledge (or, at least, such knowledge can only be a preparation for such a subject). In Badiou's terms, this subject has nothing to do with the encyclopaedia (that is, the set of knowledges about the world as is), but is concerned with a truth that is always at odds with the latter and indeed calls the very subject into being (via an "event"). O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 69.

³⁰² For Deleuze, following Foucault, it is this folding that constitutes the "novelty of the Greeks", insofar as "they bent the outside, through a series of practical exercises": they folded force, even though it still remained a force. They made it relate back to itself. Far from ignoring interiority, individuality, or subjectivity they invented the subject, but only as a derivative or the product of a "subjectivation". They discovered the "aesthetic existence" – the doubling or relation with oneself, the facultative rule of the free man. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 74.

³⁰³ It is, in Mathee's figuring, a journey from the outside edge of the torus – where our habitual life is led as it were – to the very center, the place of desire, what Lacan, following Freud, calls *das Ding*. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity* p. 67.

³⁰⁴ In Lacanian terms the question then becomes whether this self-power – power enacted on the self by the self – is also a form of the deferral of desire, or even of giving up of one's desires, or whether it is

something more productive and generative: a form of self-mastery that allows one to resist power when the latter is understood as that which subjects. Certainly, as I have suggested above, the desires that the ‘Care of the Self’ militates against are not the same as that desire which for Lacan is the metonymy of our being (in fact, the former are part of those distractions and diversions thrown up against the latter). The question still remains however as to what this self-power enables? Where does it take the subject?

O’Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 73.

³⁰⁵ Spirituality postulates that the subject as such does not have right of access to truth. It postulates that truth is not given to the subject by a simple act of knowledge (connaissance), which would be founded and justified simply by the fact that he is the subject and because he possesses this or that structure of subjectivity. It postulates that for the subject to have right of access to the truth he must be changed, transformed, shifted, and become, to some extent and up to a certain point, other than himself.

O’Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 68.

³⁰⁶ Bergson suggests that this is equally the path of the mystic who in turning away from the fixed rituals and habits of society (and religion) accesses ‘creative emotion’. We might say that any accessing of this outside must indeed involve a turn away from the habits and concerns of the world, which is to say, knowledge, towards something specifically other. O’Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 79.

³⁰⁷ in order to spread far [...] an actant needs faithful allies who accept what they are told, identify itself with its cause, carry out all the functions that are defined for them, and come to its aid without hesitation when they are summoned. The search for these ideal allies occupies the space and time of those who wish to be stronger than others. As soon as an actor has found a somewhat more faithful ally, it can force another ally to become more faithful in its turn (PF, p. 199) Harmon, G. *Prince of Networks* (Re-Press: Australia, 2009).

³⁰⁸ For Deleuze, following Foucault, it is this folding that constitutes the ‘novelty of the Greeks’, insofar as ‘they bent the outside, through a series of practical exercises’: they folded force, even though it still remained a force. They made it relate back to itself. Far from ignoring interiority, individuality, or subjectivity they invented the subject, but only as a derivative or the product of a ‘subjectivation’. They discovered the ‘aesthetic existence’ – the doubling or relation with oneself, the facultative rule of the free man. (Deleuze 1988c, pp. 100–1) They discovered the ‘aesthetic existence’ – the doubling or relation with oneself, the facultative rule of the free man. O’Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 74.

³⁰⁹ The fourth fold of the outside itself, the ultimate fold; it is what Blanchot called an interiority of expectation from the subject. Deleuze, G. *On Foucault*, (University of Minnesota Press: Minneapolis, 1998) p.76.

³¹⁰ We might say then that the Greeks invented the monad, the folding of the whole world within the subject. We might note the connections with Leibniz here, at least as Deleuze reads him (indeed, the books on Leibniz and on Foucault are both concerned with subjectivation as folding). But we also have here a compelling splicing of Bergson’s thesis in Matter and Memory to Foucault’s ‘Care of the Self’. The ‘inside-space’ created by the free individual is that ontological ground – the ‘pure past’ – that, as we saw in the previous chapter, Bergson posits as the ‘background’ to a reduced human experience. Deleuze is drawing out something profound within Foucault here, namely how the processes of subjectivation produce a space of the infinite within the finite, a folding-in of the universe (or, in Bergson’s terms, the whole of the past). O’Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, P.75.

³¹¹ Indeed, the cone is a fold figured in three dimensions. Just as the Bergsonian cone ‘reaches’ from finite man to infinity, so too the folding of the outside doubles that infinity with an infinite inner space. We might then draw again the cone of Chapter 1, this time with A–B (the content of the cone) representing an infinite outside that has been folded ‘inside’ a subject located at point S (Figure 2.2).

O’Sullivan, S. *On the Subjectivity*, p.75.

³¹² A “whatever-singularity” is neither reducible to its attributes nor expressible as an abstract generality such as universal humanity; rather, it is something which has general value as it is, with all of its attributes (and especially, as potentiality or possibility). It does not depend on any

standard of

conformity

or

subjectification

or

normality,

or on

belonging

to

the

people

or

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Then

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power and hip hop hippie hop out of here.

This is where I have acknowledged all that has been appropriated by referring to by the page number where the quotation occurs, and the beginning of the quote.

Signed SX

Authorized by NB my dear friend who I began this project with and it will end with.

It also denies that there is any particular essence which makes people human – instead, being human is a scattering of singularities. Whatever-singularity is also a kind of being which people are assumed to already have, which for instance motivates resistance to being normalised. Andrew, R. In Theory Giorgio Agamben: destroying sovereignty, Ceasefire, January 21, 2011 accessed <http://ceasefiremagazine.co.uk/in-theory-giorgio-agamben-destroying-sovereignty>.

³¹³ I don't know how things stand. I know neither who I am nor what I want, but others say they know on my behalf, others, who define me, link me up, make me speak, interpret what I say, and enroll me.

Whether I am a storm, a rat, a rock, a lake, a lion, a child, a worker, a gene, a slave, the unconscious, or a virus, they whisper to me, they suggest, they impose an interpretation of what I am and what I could be (PF, p. 192). Latour, B. *The Pasteurization of France* (Massachusetts: Harvard University Press). p. 192.

³¹⁴ Footnote intentionally left blank

³¹⁵ It is, however, a very strange subject that is produced: with no fixed identity, wandering about over the body without organs, but always remaining peripheral to the desiring-machines, being defined by the share of the product it takes for itself, garnering, here, there, and everywhere a reward in the form of a becoming or an avatar, being born of the states that it consumes and being reborn with each new state. Deleuze, G. *Anti-Oedipus*, p.16.

³¹⁶ What kinds of thought can I think? A crucial question here is whether Speculative Realism can itself produce this transformation in subjectivity given that its terrain of operation is the object as thought precisely outside the subject. O'Sullivan, S. *On the Production of Subjectivity: Five Diagrams of the Finite-Infinite Relation* (Palgrave Macmillan: UK, 2012) p. 205.

³¹⁷ Noumenon came into its modern usage through Immanuel Kant. Its etymology derives from the Greek noumenon (thought-of) and ultimately reflects nous (intuition). Noumenon is distinguished from phenomenon (Erscheinung), the latter being an observable event or physical manifestation capable of being observed by one or more of the human senses. As expressed in Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, human understanding is structured by "concepts of the understanding", or innate categories that the mind uses in order to make sense of raw unstructured experience. Robert, H. *Completing the Picture of Kant's Metaphysics of Judgment*. Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy, 2009. accessed at: <http://plato.stanford.edu/entries/kant-judgment/supplement2.html>.

³¹⁸ Fourth, actants are not stronger or weaker by virtue of some inherent strength or weakness harbored all along in their private essence. Instead, actants gain in strength only through their alliances and are allowed to come in through the backdoor. Harman, G. *Prince of Networks* (Re-Press: Australia, 2009).

³¹⁹ Although Latour does not stress the point, he basically defends a cinematic universe of individual instants of precisely the sort that Bergson abhors. I have argued that, despite all appearances to the contrary, the philosophy of Heidegger is also more consistent with a cinematic model of isolated temporal instants than with Bergson's temporality. Here we find one of the few hidden points in common between Latour and Heidegger. Harman, G. *Prince*, p. 63-66.

³²⁰ But, Nietzsche asks, can we imagine a state in which we would affirm this return – and indeed, desire nothing more than the eternal recurrence of the same? This is the test: to affirm even the most awful and (hitherto) regrettable moments and, in so doing, transform them. The affirmation called for by the eternal return would then demonstrate a certain attitude to life in which the negative and reactive is wholly expunged. In Deleuze's terms the eternal return, as such, 'gives a law for the autonomy of the will freed from any morality: whatever I want (my laziness, my cowardice, my vice as well as my virtue), I "must" want it in such a way that I also want its eternal return' (I, p. 88). O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 22.

³²¹ 'to live among badly analysed composites, and to be badly analysed composites ourselves' (B, p. 28). We are subject to certain illusions about who and what we are, and the world in which we find ourselves – caught within representation as it were. Bergson's intuitive method hence involves a kind of thinking, or more precisely intuiting, of a larger reality 'beyond' this confused state of affairs, beyond our particular 'human' mode of organization and our specific form of intelligence that is derived from utility. Following Spinoza, we might add that this intuition is also a kind of knowledge of that which lies 'beyond' our own very particular (that is, human) spatio-temporal coordinates. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p. 39.

³²² It is in this sense that despite Bergson's idea of the utilitarian nature of thought, or, we might say, of intelligence, philosophy itself is an attempt at a kind of speculation – an intuitive speculation as it were – beyond Kant's conditions of possible experience (in Bergson's terms, simply habit) towards the conditions of 'real experience'. This is what Deleuze calls 'transcendental empiricism': 'To open us up to the inhuman and the superhuman (durations which are inferior or superior to our own), to go beyond the human condition: This is the meaning of philosophy...' O'Sullivan, S. *On the Production of Subjectivity*. Accessed at <http://www.simonosullivan.net/articles.html>, 2012.

³²³ This past might become useful and thus conscious, but when it does this it ceases to belong to this realm of the past and becomes present sensation. The actualization of a virtual memory – recollection – is precisely this becoming-present of the past. Just as we do not doubt the existence of objects that we do not perceive, as long as they are objects that have been perceived or are, at some point, capable of being perceived (such objects being merely outside of our immediate concern), Bergson suggests, likewise, that our past exists – or subsists – even though it is not fully present to consciousness at that time. Again, the past has not ceased to exist in this sense but has only ceased to be of interest to us. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*. p. 43

³²⁴ Bergson's particular philosophical method allows for a form of 'travel' beyond our habitual, or all too human, configuration. Providing of composites – in this case matter (objectivity) and memory (subjectivity) – along lines that differ in kind, following these lines beyond the particular composites to the extremes before returning, armed with a kind of superior knowledge of what, precisely, constitutes the mixtures. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*. p. 166.

³²⁵ In any case this gap, that can be further opened up by slowness or stillness (or indeed other 'strategies' of non-communication), might in itself allow a certain freedom from the call of the plane of matter with its attendant temporality (as we have seen the plane of matter, or system of objects, implies a certain temporality – of past, present, future – and of time that passes between these). Again, this is the actualization of an involuntary memory, via a gap in experience, that has no utility for the present. In an echo of Spinoza, this gap is then a passageway of sorts 'out' of the plane of matter that determines a certain reality. It is an access point, or portal, to the infinite as that which is within time, but also outside it, so really you could come anyway with what you needed to. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*. p. 49.

³²⁶ Put simply, for Deleuze and Guattari, there is not an I that produces, but a process of production of which the I is a kind of product. Or, to put this in terms of Anti-Oedipus, there is no subject before the syntheses of the unconscious. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p.179.

³²⁷ Robbins, T. *Skinny Legs and All*, USA: Bantam Books, 1990.

³²⁸ Latour can aptly be described as the philosopher who grants a full dose of being even to tin cans and tea cups. Harman. G. *Prince*. P. 32.

³²⁹ Indeed, if capitalism controls the matrices of emergence, or simply determines what is possible (what we can buy, what there is 'to do', and so forth) then Bergson allows a kind of thinking outside these parameters. In understanding the mechanisms of actualization of the virtual – I will go further into these terms in a moment – it becomes possible to think of, and perform, different actualizations.; especially interested in the mystic as the one who accesses/ actualizes this pure past/virtuality, and 'utilizes' it in the

production of a specifically different kind of subjectivity. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p.27.

³³⁰ In more prosaic terms we have here the beginnings of an ethico-political account of memory: the actualization of past events in the present in order to counteract that present. A kind of calling to, or re-calling of, the past. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*. p. 56.

³³¹ For the relational theory of actors borders on a kind of 'verificationism' in which the reality of a thing is defined by the ways in which it is registered by other entities, with the important caveat that Latour allows inanimate actors to work on each other as well as on us. His view that an actor is real by virtue of perturbing other actors does veer away from one of the key principles of realism: namely, that a thing is real beyond the conditions of its accessibility, don't say a word he said as he tiptoed across the wooden board. Harman, G. *Prince*, p. 124.

³³² In its specifically subjective form, this reactive life takes the form of blame or 'projective accusation and recrimination' (I, p. 79). There arises an endless cry of 'It's your fault!' This point is the same as that made by Spinoza in relation to the first kind of knowledge: insofar as we inhabit a world of inadequate ideas, or simply reactivity, we invariably mistake effects for causes, blaming always a someone or something else for what we must finally come to assume as our own responsibility. For both Spinoza and Nietzsche this is to be victim in, and to, a world that is not of our authoring. In contradistinction to this subjection Nietzsche calls for the subject to turn away from any external transcendent principle and, in the words of Pindar, 'become what you are'. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*. p. 29.

³³³ The aphorism ends with the same call as is made by psychoanalysis – a call for a kind of authenticity to be lived against received and accepted morality. An authenticity in which we assume responsibility for ourselves: 'We, however, want to become who we are – human beings who are unique, incomparable, who give themselves laws, who create themselves!' (GS 335, p. 189) O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity*, p 33.

³³⁴ *Walking Dead*, Title of HBO television series.

³³⁵ It is a man in charge of the very rocks, or inorganic matter (the domain of silicon). It is a man in charge of the being in language (that formless 'mute, unsignifying region where language can find its freedom' even from whatever it has to say). Deleuze, G. *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque* (Minnesota: University of Minnesota Press, 1988) p. 132.

³³⁶ Philosophy's absolute deterritorialisation (of the concept on the plane of immanence) conjoins with the present milieu in a resistance to the present (the relative deterritorialisation of capitalism and the concomitant domination of opinion). At stake here are new becomings, which are always minor in nature. O'Sullivan, Simon. *From Geophilosophy to Geoaesthetics: The Virtual and The Plane of Immanence vs. Mirror Travel and the Spiral Jetty*. Accessed at <http://www.simonosullivan.net/articles.html>, 2012.

³³⁷ Inas Halabi's project on Muslim prayer and how the spinal cord moves.

³³⁸ Irit Rogoff, Former West speech, 2013.

³³⁹ Parrhesia is a form of criticism, either towards another or towards oneself, but always in a situation where the speaker or confessor is in a position of inferiority with respect to the interlocutor. The parrhesiastes is always less powerful than the one with whom he or she speaks. The parrhesia comes from "below", as it were, and is directed towards "above". This is why an ancient Greek would not say that a teacher or father who criticizes a child uses parrhesia. But when a philosopher criticizes a tyrant, when a citizen criticizes the majority, when a pupil criticizes his or her teacher, then such speakers may be using parrhesia. Foucault, M. *Discourse and Truth: The Problematization of Parrhesia*. University of California at Berkeley, Oct-Nov. 1983. accessed April 2013, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/137699244/DiscourseAndTruth-MichelFoucault-1983>.

³⁴⁰ Matter that does not remain beneath form, but surrounds it with a halo. Agamben, G. *The Coming Community* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993).

³⁴¹ Parrhesia, then, is linked to courage in the face of danger: it demands the courage to speak the truth in spite of some danger. And in its extreme form, telling the truth takes place in the "game" of life or death. It is because the parrhesiastes must take a risk in speaking the truth that the king or tyrant generally cannot use parrhesia; for he risks nothing. When you accept the parrhesiastic game in which your own life is exposed, you are taking up a specific relationship to yourself: you risk death to tell the truth instead of reposing in the security of a life where the truth goes unspoken. *Discourse and Truth: the Problematization of Parrhesia*. Foucault, M. *Discourse*. accessed April 2013, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/137699244/DiscourseAndTruth-MichelFoucault-1983>.

³⁴² Foucault, M. *Discourse*. accessed April 2013, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/137699244/DiscourseAndTruth-MichelFoucault-1983>.

³⁴³ Foucault, M. *Discourse*. accessed April 2013, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/137699244/DiscourseAndTruth-MichelFoucault-1983>.

³⁴⁴ *Walking through Dogon Country*, Mali, 2008.

³⁴⁵ Foucault, M. *Discourse*. accessed April 2013, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/137699244/DiscourseAndTruth-MichelFoucault-1983>

- ³⁴⁶ you risk death to tell the truth instead of reposing in the security of a life where the truth goes unspoken. Of course, the threat of death comes from the Other, and thereby requires a relationship to himself: he prefers himself as a truth-teller rather than as a living being who is false to himself. Foucault, M. *Discourse*. Accessed on April 2013, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/137699244/DiscourseAndTruth-MichelFoucault-1983>.
- ³⁴⁷ Darabont, Frank. *The Walking Dead* (AMC Studios, 2013).
- ³⁴⁸ Indeed, in Lacanian terms we might say that the second Assemblage involves an imposition of the Symbolic 'over' the Real; in the third Assemblage this Symbolic is then folded-in, brought 'down' to the Real, where it becomes a singular point – a name – around which a subjectivity might crystallize. In terms of Lacan's *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis* we might say that the difference between the first and second Assemblages, in this specific sense, is that in the first, one 'eats the book', which is to say, takes up a position within a symbolic which, by definition, predetermines the positions available, whereas in the second, the book is itself re-written, which is to say the symbolic is made over in the subject's own image. O'Sullivan, S. *Subjectivity* p. 249.
- ³⁴⁹ Philosophical parrhesia is thus associated with the theme of the care of oneself. Foucault, M. *Discourse*. Accessed on April 2013, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/137699244/DiscourseAndTruth-MichelFoucault-1983>.
- ³⁵⁰ Darabont, F. *The Walking Dead* (AMC Studios, 2013).
- ³⁵¹ But there is *no* bar if one follows the cone, which is to say, concerns oneself with oneself (the 'Care of the Self') rather than with a position always elsewhere, one that is always on the horizon, always deferred. Foucault, M. *Discourse*. p. 79.
- ³⁵² Osborne, P. *Anywhere or Not At All, Philosophy of Contemporary Art*. Verso: London, 2013.
- ³⁵³ Bifo, F. *Cognitarian Subjectivation*. Accessed at: <http://www.e-flux.com/journal/cognitarian-subjectivation>.
- ³⁵⁴ Week one of reading group called writing art, held at room NAB 332 at Goldsmiths University. Members, Abri De Swardt, Sikarnt Skoolisariyaporn, Saul Williams and Suzanne Caines.
- ³⁵⁵ Disclosure, *When A Fire Starts to Burn*. UK, 2013.
- ³⁵⁶ Heidegger, M. *Being and Time* (Harper Perennial Modern Thought: UK, 2008) P.67/71.
- ³⁵⁷ School teacher in Nova Scotia John Turple in 1790's.
- ³⁵⁸ Students were asked to submit a portfolio for application. In it they had to answer three questions 1. Predict the important art or design innovation in the next ten years. 2. Create a sport to be played on the moon. 3. Determine a need and justify it. Design a system or product to resolve that need. Kennedy, G. *The Last Art College, Nova Scotia College of Art and Design*. p.240.
- ³⁵⁹ Alabama 3 lyrics slightly changed. Theme song used in the Soprano's television series.
- ³⁶⁰ 20010-2013 NSCAD University struggled to keep its existing campuses including the Grandville St. campus that they moved into on December 1968. The exhibition space Anna Leonowens Gallery housed most of the conceptual art exhibitions that took place at NSCAD University.
- ³⁶¹ Osborne, P. *Anywhere*. p. 108. Each mirrors the other in a process close to what Hegel referred to in his *Science of Logic* as the mutual constitution of determinations of reflections.
- ³⁶² Osborne, P. *Anywhere*. p. 131.
- ³⁶³ Osborne, P. *Anywhere*. p.171.
- ³⁶⁴ Phish, I dream it's true, but I see it through. If I could be wasting my time with you. Concert in Maine, USA, some year. Oh, yeah and Studio Practice at NSCAD University with the cool kids. This was the last year foundation was held at Grandville St campus.
- ³⁶⁵ Birnbaum, D. 1978 - 1979 video art piece *Technology/Transformation: Wonder Woman*. In this work she used appropriated images of Wonder Woman to subvert ideological subtexts and meanings embedded in the television series edited at NSCAD University.
- ³⁶⁶ Cerbone, D. *Heidegger: A Guide for the Perplexed* (Continuum International Publishing Group: London, 2008)
- ³⁶⁷ Steyerl, H. 'The Wretched of the Screen', video presentation at Goldsmiths University, 2012.
- ³⁶⁸ Gayatri S. 'Can the Subaltern Speak' Available: http://www.mcgill.ca/files/crc-law-discourse/Can_the_subaltern_speak.pdf.
- ³⁶⁹ Gauthier, S. instructor at NSCAD University, helped me to get my first Canada Council grant.
- ³⁷⁰ Sibande, M. Lyon Biennale d'Art Contemporain.
- ³⁷¹ My supervisor Michael Archer who hid his secret until the very end.

³⁷² NSCAD University marked Pass/Marginal Pass/Fail until 1990. In 1997 it changed to High Pass/Pass/Marginal Pass/Fail. GPA Values were added in 2001 – 2002 they had a full grading system. Interestingly their MFA program had Pass/Fail in 2013.

³⁷³ Only when research can work and discover and create concepts regardless of established social interests can knowledge move beyond repetition, and open new prospects to imagination and technology. B. Franco Berardi. Cognitarian Subjectivation. Accessed at <http://www.e-flux.com/journal/cognitarian-subjectivation>, 2013.

³⁷⁴ Sachs, T. 12th Biennale de Lyon, 2013.

³⁷⁵ Sol LeWitt, *Sentences on Conceptual Art*. Accessed at <http://www.altx.com/vizarts/conceptual.html>.

1. Conceptual artists are mystics rather than rationalists. They leap to conclusions that logic cannot reach.
2. Rational judgements repeat rational judgements.
3. Irrational judgements lead to new experience.
4. Formal art is essentially rational.
5. Irrational thoughts should be followed absolutely and logically.
6. If the artist changes his mind midway through the execution of the piece he compromises the result and repeats past results.
7. The artist's will is secondary to the process he initiates from idea to completion. His willfulness may only be ego.
8. When words such as painting and sculpture are used, they connote a whole tradition and imply a consequent acceptance of this tradition, thus placing limitations on the artist who would be reluctant to make art that goes beyond the limitations.
9. The concept and idea are different. The former implies a general direction while the latter is the component. Ideas implement the concept.
10. Ideas can be works of art; they are in a chain of development that may eventually find some form. All ideas need not be made physical.
11. Ideas do not necessarily proceed in logical order. They may set one off in unexpected directions, but an idea must necessarily be completed in the mind before the next one is formed.
12. For each work of art that becomes physical there are many variations that do not.
13. A work of art may be understood as a conductor from the artist's mind to the viewer's. But it may never reach the viewer, or it may never leave the artist's mind.
14. The words of one artist to another may induce an idea chain, if they share the same concept.
15. Since no form is intrinsically superior to another, the artist may use any form, from an expression of words (written or spoken) to physical reality, equally.
16. If words are used, and they proceed from ideas about art, then they are art and not literature; numbers are not mathematics.
17. All ideas are art if they are concerned with art and fall within the conventions of art.
18. One usually understands the art of the past by applying the convention of the present, thus misunderstanding the art of the past.
19. The conventions of art are altered by works of art.
20. Successful art changes our understanding of the conventions by altering our perceptions.
21. Perception of ideas leads to new ideas.
22. The artist cannot imagine his art, and cannot perceive it until it is complete.
23. The artist may misperceive (understand it differently from the artist) a work of art but still be set off in his own chain of thought by that misconstrual.
24. Perception is subjective.
25. The artist may not necessarily understand his own art. His perception is neither better nor worse than that of others.
26. An artist may perceive the art of others better than his own.
27. The concept of a work of art may involve the matter of the piece or the process in which it is made.
28. Once the idea of the piece is established in the artist's mind and the final form is decided, the process is carried out blindly. There are many side effects that the artist cannot imagine. These may be used as ideas for new works.
29. The process is mechanical and should not be tampered with. It should run its course.
30. There are many elements involved in a work of art. The most important are the most obvious.
31. If an artist uses the same form in a group of works, and changes the material, one would assume the artist's concept involved the material.
32. Banal ideas cannot be rescued by beautiful execution.
33. It is difficult to bungle a good idea.
34. When an artist learns his craft too well he makes slick art.
35. These sentences comment on art, but are not art.

³⁷⁶ NSCAD University Sculpture instructor, Dancing Indian piece as Saint Mary's University-should have had a solo exhibition.

³⁷⁷ Beradi, F. *The Uprising: On Poetry and Finance*. (Semiotext: California) 2012.

³⁷⁸ Mignolo, W. *On Subalterns and Other Agencies*. Duke University, Postcolonial Studies, Vol. 8, No. 4, pp. 381- 407, 2005.

³⁷⁹ Chilver, J. Thesis, p.109

³⁸⁰ Chilver, J. Thesis, p.165

In other words, are these paintings virtual chromatic spaces that the viewer enters imaginatively and traverses, as one does a Friedrich landscape, or as Diderot wrote of imaginatively wandering into Vernet's pictures in the celebrates Salon texts.

³⁸¹ Agamben, G. *Coming*, p. 24.

³⁸² The founding act of the American novel, like that of the Russian novel, was to take the novel far from the order of reasons, and to give birth to characters who exist in nothingness, survive only in the void, defy logic and psychology and keep their mystery until the end. Deleuze, G. *Essays*, p.81.

³⁸³ If meaning is elusive, perhaps it is because consciousness itself, and therefore language, is fractal. Bey, H. *Temporary*. Accessed at: <http://www.altheim.com/lit/taz/appendices.html>.

³⁸⁴ Agamben, G. *Coming*, p. 5.

³⁸⁵ Dolly Parton and Kenny Rogers *Islands in the Stream* (1983) YouTube video, accessed on April 2013, http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lixDK_tMEhE.

³⁸⁶ Musil's novel will also follow this quest, and will invent the new logic of which *The Man without Qualities* is both the thinker and the product. Deleuze, G. *Essays*, p. 74.

³⁸⁷ The American patchwork becomes the law of Melville's oeuvre, devoid of a center, of an upside down or right side up. Deleuze, G. *Essays*, p. 74.

³⁸⁸ Not a skull but the vertebral column, a spinal cord; not a uniform piece of clothing but a Harlequin's coat, patchwork with multiple joining's, like the jacket of Redburn, White Jacket or the Great Cosmopolitan: the American invention *par excellence*. For the Americans invented patchwork but to reach this point, it was also necessary for the knowing subject, the sole proprietor, to give way to a community of explorers, the brothers of the archipelago, who replace knowledge with belief, or rather with "confidence"-not belief in another world, but confidence in this one, and in man as much as in God. Deleuze, G. *Essays*, p. 86.

³⁸⁹ Parton, Dolly. *Coat of Many Colors Live in London* (1971) YouTube video, accessed on April 2013, <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mhwhDIWM-ig>.

³⁹⁰ Dolly Parton and Kenny Rogers, *Islands*.

³⁹¹ There is nothing particular or general about *Bartleby*: he is an Original. Deleuze, G. *Essays*, p. 83.

³⁹² If humanity can be saved, and the originals reconciled, it will only be through the dissolution or decomposition of the paternal function. It is not an individual or particular affair, but a collective one, the affair of a people or rather of all peoples. It is not an Oedipal phantasm but a political program. Melville's bachelor, *Bartleby*, like Kafka's, must "find the place where he can take his walks" America. The American is one who is freed from the English paternal function the son of a crumbled father, the son of all nations. Deleuze, G. *Essays*, p. 85.

Personally I am not so bothered that this line exists here!

¹ Snow, M. *Walking Woman* series, 1961-67.

² Aktins, E. *Serpentine Gallery*, August, 2014.

³ Snow, M. *Lost Works*, compositions using the *Walking Woman* contour were placed in many locations (site being an aspect of their composition) accessed August, 2014, http://cybermuseum.beauxarts.ca/cybermuseum/docs/SnowClip8_e.pdf.

⁴ Goodwin, B. *Work Notes*, AGO Collection, Canada.

⁵ Derrida, J. *Grammatology*, (Baltimore: John Hopkins University Press, 1974) p. 129. To determine an X as a subject is never an operation of a pure convention, it is never an indifferent gesture in relation to writing. He let her know when he made that X out of her Christmas chocolates.

⁶ Goodwin, B. Goodwin's breakthrough as an artist took place in the late 1960s in the printmaking studio. Instead of drawing on the plate, she took the working gloves she was wearing, placed them on a carefully prepared printing plate and ran them through the press.

⁷ Adamowicz, Elza. *Surrealist Collage in Text and Image: Dissecting the Exquisite Corpse*. (Cambridge University Press, 1998) p. 57.

⁸ Barber, B. *On Death (of the Social) in Relational Art Practice*. The viewer/subject is implicated in the construction of meanings for the time/image, and the *modus operandi* pursued in many of his works the viewer reinforces the dialogical collaboration (circumstantial relations), between the cameraman and his participants. p.8.

⁹ Derrida, J. (1967) *Of Grammatology* p. 56.

¹⁰ *Eel business on Broadway Market*. One of last of the original business before the area had been transformed and genderfied, 2014.

¹¹ We can make considerable headway in understanding his later philosophy if we follow those attempts to locate the special significance of the poetic and its relation to the idea of dwelling. Heidegger, M. *A Guide for the Perplexed* (Continuum International Publishing Group, London UK, 2008) p. 156.

¹² J.L. Isley High School Art Teacher, Spryfield, Nova Scotia. One of the best.....

¹³ Beauty is one way in which truth essentially occurs as unconcealment. Heidegger, M. *Origin and Thing*. p.181.

¹⁴ Pollet-Brannen, A. *Saved*, Cape Breton University Art Gallery, 2013.

¹⁵ Alabama 3, theme song for *The Sopranos* television series, p.49. I sat there wondering how much of the song they had appropriated. M.F.

¹⁶ Buck 65 wouldn't have cared because he stole what he wanted.

¹⁷ Line from Martha Marcy May Marlene

¹⁸ Badiou, A. *Being and Event*, Continuum, UK, 2005.p. 191.

¹⁹ Kyle Henneberry wore pink against bullying, what he stood for never died (2011).

²⁰ Email to Mark Harris 2014: **The Last Art College NSCAD called Between the Conceptual and the Vibrational: A Conversation with Simone Forti.** Kasper Koenig didn't like the way Simone Forti had written her book to be published by the NSCAD press. So they ask Fluxus poet Emmett Williams to intervene. He looked at it and when he responded he said "It's solved all you have to do is re-transcribe your manuscript with one adjustment ...add exactly a 1.5 inch margin on each side of the page". Allowing a smooth space to be translated into a striated space. Following the rules of the PhD where we are required to have margins of 1.5 inches allowing for the measurement of disorder. This text was taken from the site of the PhD and moved to the site of the television series, however in that movement I forgot to put 1.5 margins on. Allowing it to mimic formal minimalist structures.