

The case of the
Writer:

“The Debt Box”

In the upper part of the homely wooden walk in wardrobe there is an old cardboard box and it is possibly the most far away object within the whole room, if measured from the main work place position, either the desk or the comfy orange checked pattern sofa. One has to use the ladder or at least a chair to get in hold of the box. This particular cardboard box has a kind of postal box function as, whenever the postman delivers any letter including the printed published evidence of a latest new text I had written or any kind of printed reference or invite cards, I would ritually take the publication out of its envelope and would jump up there to let it disappear in this special cardboard box, an action, which makes me feel that what I have done and produced kind of disappears, but only half way, as it still would remain somehow within my space, most far away, but guaranteed that it would not leave a big mark within memory. Eventually the box would be opened, but only whenever serious evidence about my life or my businesses is required, like for instance whenever evidence of my work for sort of immigration papers has to be presented. Its inside space of the box would suddenly be exposed to the light again and its papers interrupt their sleep mode and I would have to face the loose unconnectedness of its real content, an almost disturbing arbitrariness of all the past text production efforts revealed. The infantile fascination with the cardboard boxes specific non existence magic might quite be similar to a general modern obsession with all mechanisms within our private interior bourgeois space, that guarantee the disappearance of personal objects. Instead of cultivating the container of the evidences as proof of achievement, like framing at least some of it in vitrines or similar furniture, or by purchasing so called portfolio folders to protect them in some logic order, I through them into the box, to which I only can ascribe abysmal qualities. Of course I know how most people I know don't cultivate the collection of their “literary” results at all as well, but still I wonder what determines the degree of these so called regressive infantile rituals of rejection, of not wanting to see and to know anything at all of what has been successfully done, as if it were stinking useless objects of misbehavior. Is it a kind of feeling of shame or even of guilt?

But one day it happened to me that this cardboard box moment had an unexpected very different effect. Suddenly I perceived that the reappearance of the collected items inside the box contrary to disgust and repulsion was establishing an almost proud self consciousness, as if specifically it became evidence of some achievement, as if without knowing, I found a very practical useful skill, but was knowing now how to use at least once one simple tool in my life, as much as writing could be called as one, formed both by desire and by torturous discipline. And consequently I had to rethink therefore, that the publication of all these loose text results demands a new and responsible attitude, a taking care what to do about it attitude, how and for what greater aims the tool should be used in the future, and that it should be used for more useful matters, useful for the society particularly.

My life, I said, finally has the chance to become useful. It just has to follow the demands of the tool and choose the right subject, I self confidently felt, it should be as simple as that and that finally I will find a mode to fulfill my earlier long lost desire, that I can work like a servant and as someone whose responsibility would be the cultivation of this tool every and each day and that I would participate in the positively in the society and that I will not be the kind of artist any more, who is ironically seeking distance from society, but then in fact secretly suffers from real guilt each day until the end.

I have put into my cardboard box the papers which contain my production. But whenever they fell into it, I treated them as if they turned the same moment into debt papers. The box made me feel uncomfortable infinitely. I felt I would never put enough into it and the imagined deficit adds up to the feeling that I have not done enough to redeem the debt and this debt was without doubt the result of a feeling towards my family and towards my educators. Under the shadow of the heritage of debt my very evidence of production seemingly turned into evidence of debt. I often forgot that the deal was imaginary, but that the transformation of me, the producer, into me, a slave of debt, might be real, even if result of an imaginary expropriation. But the feeling was real.

One thing would be to use my tool for the sake of engagement, for the sake of participation, but then as well it should be dedicated to represent the real lives of other people. And my earlier idea reappeared that writing should be similar as in a Wolfgang Tillmans photographic mode, like in his portraits, as they seem to show real people in all their real existence but often they show them as if they are reflecting bodies of the condition of life in certain socially determined positions and sometimes would even be the reflection of certain values which represent their reaction to certain social and cultural conditions that way representing so called values. This special magic plus, the narrativity of the photos is what gives them the element of engagement, I thought, as I was dreaming for long through the potential opportunities of my possible new work and of my new life when I pondered above the cardboard box with its messy content, carried away by the self overestimation

As it happens with many other dreams the specific dream of becoming a servant of my work tools and servant of engagement in general as alternative to my eternal production crisis, for months I kept doing things the same way and the sudden earlier new cardboard box moment I mostly forgot about it. As if I owed something in an apriori kind of state, owed enough evidence for meeting anyone's demands in any case. But then, I realized the naivety of my earlier portrait plan and the erroneous judgement of selfworth, which was misguided by guilt in such an imaginary way. I called it the natural portrait project, implying that there is no natural portrait possible, if a certain kind of realness or truth is expected.

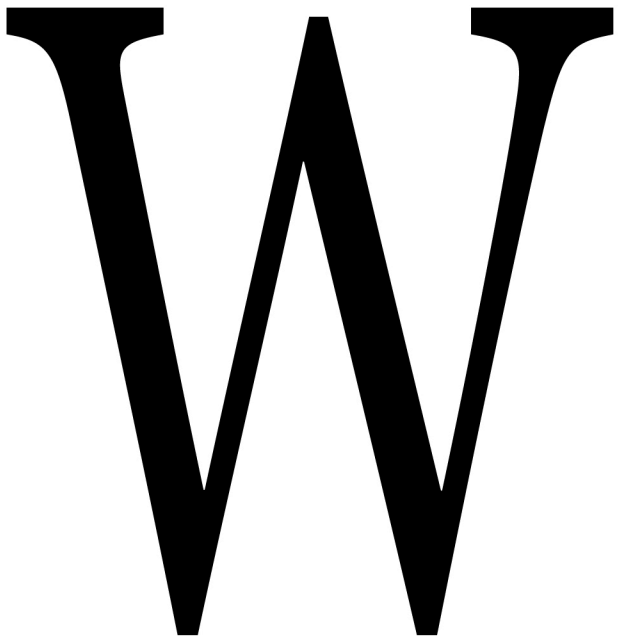
The magic cardboard box turned into a debt box. It is like the so called bad bank. It swallows “toxic” papers. But since we talk in contemporary fashionable economy metaphor, helping the social aim of turning everything into a question of economic, even the modes of our life within our souls, I should affirmatively say the box makes the imaginary debt real, even if it is never real anyway. Or is the debt real in one system, but imaginary in the other and what then about moving the papers from the one box to another one where they would not carry the toxic guilt ingredients at all?

The debt towards the parents is in most cases an imaginary one, and as debts and other civilisatory or even capitalist inventions sometimes can do, they possibly could make us productive and make us move ahead. Henriks act is the act to put the debt papers from the imaginary box to the real box. There it becomes obvious that through his extraordinary efforts as artist, as someone who is not only an artist as administrator of form but an artist of engagement which transcends the horizon of his own individuality he became the real owner of his own production and as I consider his work I realize that my cardboard box could be perceived and celebrated as being full of real ownership and not full of toxic bad debt papers. Maybe many people appreciate other qualities in Henriks work but as an artist I like the biographical qualities of the artist even more, that he is one of these artists who went a long emancipatory way from the conditions of his childhood, moving from “toxic” heritage to the production of engagement in social and subjective issues, and best of all without sacrificing the subjective and “filthy” labor of dealing with irrationalities for the sake of clean object conceptuality. But I am already using my own text as opportunity to extend the given assignment to describe and interpret the specific work of Henrik Olesen, the work concerning the father mother child triangle, towards my own grave conclusions about general artistic values and qualities, and so I extend it as well by incorporating fashionable economic discourse on debt politics and its resistance. I should rather try to make the Henriks assumptions my own, becoming the symbolic administrative expropriator of his practice, instead of dreaming of falsely positive projects as writing of natural biographies is one. In general I wished to say the opposite, urgently demanding that practice like his is a nearly political mode of resistance by means of art, emphasizing on the empirical and on experience, never solely on the administration of opinions and conclusions. The very recent movements of resistance are not only resistance against the repression of economic power but they define as well a new more or less anarchistic notion of resistance against the administrators of resistance politics, by observing them as potential expropriators of the movement itself, in fact by applying tools of cultural industry and just creating political or even national consensus, as the very condition for change is the ability to address your own place and environment. No revolution ever would have happened if the difference between the recognition of the immediate here and now and the abstract critique of an abstract enemy was not the issue and on the other hand many revolution permanently would have happened if this would have been the issue. The same political statement can be most revolutionary in one context as it can be its most opposite in the other context, its most opposite by the creation of resentment.

Recently it was reported that people like to buy with horribly high prices music instruments not because of their quality but because of the “narrative”. Just as if they have learned from art market practice how explaining and referencing can create value they love to tell the story of the instrument, that some musician has played his best sonatas with it and that they traded it directly from the musician and explain that the soul of this musician would be in it, who could even finally improve his old age pension by trading and redeeming it, maybe that's why cello, clarinet or trombone trading and collecting became almost fashionable, as in fact in the art piece you can trade the narrative but not the soul, as no contemporary artist is putting his soul into the material of his product if he or she wants to make it of any good value and no artist would feel any loss in having the work wrapped up and carried away from his home by the transport companies workers, but music instruments might really have the soul of the brilliantly passionate and sensible musician in it.

Although born from my dull heavy argumentation procedure the text catches here a moment, although incapable of applying the precise notions which probably might exist somewhere else easily, a moment of a certain difference so important but so seldom exposed, that is the difference of the art or poetry rules compared to so called reality.

But in the situation of dealing as an artist or poet, one is a risk maker and trader of toxic filthy appearing papers, removing them from the container of the imaginary loss to the field of productive return, the administrators waiting for the too obviously right time to repress or to apply judgement and death, one is a name giver and practitioner and redeemer of direct action in the imaginary field.



Performed by
Stefan Tcherepnin
and Josef Strau

Artist as Writer

The Office of Expression of the Artist
Voice

The conditions of the Artist-Writer

The Writing as Expression of the
Urgency...

Artist Writer as Office Writer

The Glory of Economy of Self-Administration

The Poet Writer is the Artist Writer
and his (her) desire

The
Writer

of the P.A.W.
Tunnel
Composition



pp



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each section will be self contained both thematically as tonally, each section P.A.W. contains distinct and fragmented themes, the CASES and usually has a contrasting character, in sound and text transmitted by the LAMP, sometimes in the form of the antiphon.