

essay.doc

2005 copy left by Kira Carpelan

I am not alone. This text comply with *practice*, an established way of operating.

I write mostly on Sundays. All days of the week are okay for writning, but I name the Sundays. It means that I write as I breathe. I exhale on Sundays. A year or two ago I made a thourough study so I know this.

The author died, resurrected, died again, became a sign, part of a discourse, a parable in a system.

Language in this kind of writing is not about reference to a signified, but rather it's about the play among signifiers. F

It was one of the sunny days. We talked about buying a TV, the german cable net and club hits, trying to remember the title of the film and make up a translation. We had breakfast. I very much enjoyed beleiving it was Thursday.

I try to remember that they mean well.

A little more than fifteen years ago discussion about the creative subject within the arts were constructive in Sweden. An even longer time ago theory was written about who says what to whom and why. About a hundred years ago the matter was not even considered. Today the world is in lack of rules and people are unprincipled. Insufficient confidence makes more people than before wanting the author to take the responsibility of beeing clear and available, account for perspective, method and intention. I cant help thinking we are speeding. There isn't patience enough or room for the slow ones. The tone in conversation is fluting, voices are distorted and the debaters stumble into bed sick-listed for stress and depression. Demands on delivering a point is mistaken for conversation. Wanting to talk in a different way might be an insult. I think one reason is constant distraction. The awareness of parallell activities in other places make people distant and careless. It is not strange that one wish for the author to be present when one so intently miss to be adressed with full concentration. But then who is that author who has the strength to live aside of his time in order to gather all thoughts in one steady direction? Isn't that a bit too much to ask? I would also like to find the exact expression but it requires a control that few peolpe are capable of. I want to stress this before also this conversation leaves its track and ramifies.

From: kira carpelan <kira.carpelan@konstfack.se>

Date: Tue 28 Sep 2004 01.36.19

To: Maja "Hammarén" <banderoll@yahoo.com>

Subject: Re: cardigan

Attachments: There is 1 attachment

good news about paletten!

I have bought four sweaters and I shall become a god mother.

sorry, haven't seen your sweater.

autumn is fantastic. I eat apples and turkish youghurt and practice round kicks, training balance and concentration.

we had some whisky at Kjellsons after the cinema.

Stockholm is beautiful. We walked right in to a film shoot on Kungsgatan. I am dreaming of having a driver's licence and going to Japan next year.

Is the wind blowing from the sea?

The place from where thought is extendable has to be created anew every time, out of a void or a noise. One can not save it. But sometimes traces of it can be kept. I can paint the memory of it to help me believe it is possible, so that I might be able to find it again.

He is playing now. For a while it has been soft. He apologizes for rehearsing. I try to say that I live of that sound, that he mustn't stop. I can forget things. I am allowed to not remember anything but the recent past and chosen parts: one night last week, how he close his eyes in white, the headlights on the snow, the warmth in my gloves and a complete feeling in my stomach, when I can breathe deep. It is my room. I can keep it and bring it with me. I only forgot that it takes time. Maybe there will be a Monday. At home I am confident in the early days of the week but it is uncertain in an unknown place. It takes time to get to know days.

While waiting I have played with memory: words said, gestures without great meaning, smiles, a clumsy greeting and my distraction. There is comfort in the interspace: what wasn't said, what I didn't hear, what I forgot to ask, what I missed by falling asleep. This is a mirror disguised as place of work for the one who doesn't know oneself, a detour. I have spoken badly today. It is Sunday.

Writing is that . . . space . . . where all identity is lost, starting with the very identity of the body writing. B

Everybody knows that the author lives between the lines, an eternally long, slow, lonely and insecure existence. Everybody knows a signature can be false. Everybody knows one cannot patent ideas. Everybody knows the originator has been dismissed, ordered off, redundant. Everybody knows that everything created belongs to everyone. So when someone states something, through everyone who has ever said the same, everybody knows it could just the same have been someone else, me or you. That is why we all talk at the same time. That is how words have become entertaining toys again. That is how language has become gestures and sounds and is more about looks than pronunciation. That is why I wonder: Where is the author? Are we then that agreed? Does it count if I say it is my experience, my impression or does it also have to be true?

The notion of authenticity is especially relevant for those who's meaning it is that whoever says something should be honest and appear as subject. It is fair. And it doesn't have to contradict the meaning that whoever says something can do so by using other people's voices and knowledge. That is one method amongst several. But perhaps it is a method that needs to be accounted for? In order to make dialogue possible the statement has to have a sender. If a text is written with the intention to communicate it is necessary that the author makes himself available to possible answers.

But do all texts want to communicate? Is it built in in language? Does an explicit expression to be meaningful have to be an addressing? Is a questionmark always a sign turning towards another and an expression for a wish to continue in a conversation? Do I need to go on?

Rethoric is a tool in politics and is used for argumentation. Thereby suspect. Since to convince is related to manipulate and may be used to conceive the question of what truth is become relevant. And since what is true is what makes it true then what I say become true if I make it true.

The possibility of having an intention, to be able to be assigned an intention, depends in its turn on the existence of an apurtenant practice to give, and act according to, such explanations. This idea of practice is also a conclusion drawn from the discussion about what it means to follow a rule. The following of rules is a practice, not something done "privately". W

By identifying himself with language, the author looses all claims to truth. B

The truth is impossible. But one has to respect it. To me it become the same as God. An absolute paradox. An ever escaping constant.

W

(stating)

I can't with meaning doubt my
own existance two weeks ago.

It is Monday.

How come someone gets upset by encountering a quote from Foucault?

The concept of authorship is basically a variable and the subject should not be abandoned but reconsidered. F

Beckett: What matter who's speaking?

Foucault read Beckett and wrote that down. I read the paper and wrote this down:

Eagleton carefully underlines that he though the title of his book is "After Theory" in no way is pleading for the abolishing of a theory of the humanities. If one by theory means somewhat systematic reflection upon our basic assumptions, concepts and methods, then theory is absolutely indispensabel, he writes. And the theory boom has according to Eagleton also gained a lot of benefits which we would not want to be without. One among these is the understanding of the fact that there is not just one way to appreciate a piece of art. That art is always more or less ambiguous and subject for many different readings, depending on the piece itself but also on the knowledge, expectations and experiences of the beholder. Theory has also taught us that there are strong connections between culture and power. A piece of art can just like a TV show be a carrier of ideologies – which of course does not mean that they are reduced to beeing only that. It is probably this aspect of power that is seen as the most controversial and potentially threatening to many of the adversaries of theory. Magnus Persson

I note things. My flat mate has called me morbidly observant. I agree. Right now I practice beeing as self-centred as a male author would have been without reflecting

upon it. I read Paul Auster. But I stay away from the lunch room in school. It is haunted. And I will never learn not to know where he puts his glasses and keys.

"The Death of the Author" blows itself to pieces. I don't see how I can possibly be expected to summarize it. Steve Schroer

Thursday.

I weave you in here instead:

From: kira carpelan <kira.carpelan@konstfack.se>

Date: Thu 9 Sep 2004 13.54.48

To: bjorn_kjelltoft@hotmail.com

Subject:

Attachments: There is 1 attachment

hello friend!

how is fund raising going today? I am making some flash films but I would rather go bike riding and drinking hot chocolate or something. autumny stuff. our school is weird. would you like to come and see? maybe not that fun perhaps. I like that it's like a factory and that there is no school yard and that we are neighbours with ericsson. I don't like that there is so many people wining about school and everything that's not working. and I don't like getting to know new people.

apart from that the white sea is nice. we are having an exhibition there. I am supposed to make something that can fit on a shelf that is 60x90 cm. what do you think I should do? I am thinking of something with fibre optics. I like fibre optics. or a robot. don't know.

Most of all I wanna do taekwondo all the time. It was so fun.

Who is the narrator really? A neutral medium for the story? A filter? A mediator or a transformer? How can I use and/or dismantle the authority of the narrators voice? What kind of distortion of the narrators voice could be meaningful and have an impact on the story? What is "the story underneath the story"? Is there within a piece of art a struggle for power between its form and the documentary or communicative (where the documentary/communicative "colonises" the aesthetic statement?) Magnus Bårtås

I wonder how one with or against digital technology and new media can vindicate the subject. I wonder what happens to the individual in a systemized world. Who is man in the code, in the database, in the artificial intelligence? I use storytelling and make systems visible by applying a dramturgy on them. Since all information is mediated a classical dramturgic structure is a language understood and used by all people in western society to create their image of the world, although it is not always made consciously. I have made some breathing space on the internet. I have built a hole in the matrix by using the wrong tempo and type of adressing. I think that other than the ones serving the market needs to use the technology to a wider extent so that we won't get caught up in questions of ownership and strict power structures when we are dealing with something so important as how we build the image of or in fact the real world around us. More people need to play with and do wrong or different with new technology. Stop the copy right movement.

Tuesday.

From: kira carpelan <kira.carpelan@konstfack.se>
Date: Tue 22 Feb 2005 09.18.46
To: einarsson kim <kim@tenstakonsthall.se>
Subject: ZLATAN

hi what are you doing tonight?
you have ZTV haven't you?

its juventus-real madrid at 20.30. Pleeeeeeeeeaaase could we watch it at your place? Pretty please!?! I work at the book sales til eight. call me there if u want/can 7969740!
xxxx

Dear Dr Frankenstein, I have made two robots that have a relationship. It is one mechanical and one radio controlled toy that I have built out with sensors and a Stamp processor so that they can react on their environment. Inbetween eachother they communicate via radio. Though it only goes one way: one of them has a transmitter and the other one has a receiver. It is a he and a she. I am having difficulties with power supply. I need help to solve that

About the crafting: to be able to concentrate on the abstract, I do knitting or Indian pearl mosaic. Obviously according to neurological theories on brain functionality, but my reason for doing it has been a need to focus my attention beside things. I have exhibited these works once and I will do it again during spring. I use them for telling stories and describing time.

From: kira carpelan <kira.carpelan@konstfack.se>
Date: Fri 18 Mar 2005 06.42.58
To: Björn Kjelltoft <bjorn_kjelltoft@hotmail.com>
Subject: Re: RE:

yes the pearls will be so big that you will only see a couple of them in each picture and there might not be a hole image anywhere because there is no whole image only a lot of pearls lying around. that is how I think it will be. but I haven't photographed it yet only put some pearls in a pattern. and I have written a good essay.

I will let you know if I come to think of any more films. it was fun thinking about that. maybe you have seen them all. I have to get a new TV that I can connect to my DVD player. I also want to see film. it is a great way to feel good.

today is toves birthday so we are going to nada tonight. she will get a pearl necklace from me with really big violet nacreous pearls.

chip chop chinaman. listen to daft punk!

I can understand why some people get angry when thinking of quotes by Foucault. Most theoretical texts about text and writing or art with text or texts about art begin with a quote by Foucault. His sentences are now the most commonly used way to put something in that context. I don't know if I think it matters all that much. We can exchange him for anybody.

BO MELIN: Text is a very quick and easy way to communicate.

You hear my voice even when it speaks other peoples words. Text is a very quick and easy way to communicate.

From: kira carpelan <kira.carpelan@konstfack.se>
Date: Tue 15 Mar 2005 02.17.05
To: nystrom per <per.nystrom@konstfack.se>
Subject: extensions

hello per

i think the film is really good as a kind of trend report from our institutional art world. everyone speaking is dropping names of people we are expected to know about and talk in a selling way about ideas about art / design / economy using loads of superlatives. it is a fascinating image of how everything is going in circles on an international art scene where people constantly are talking about doing something new but they say it by repeating what is already so obvious to everyone. it gives examples of how many conversations about art is more about stating the obvious and experience the feeling of consensus than it is about seeking knowledge. and now i am talking about the people you have interviewed. when it comes to how you relate to the subject matter it is not given where you stand and it is interesting to ponder over it, but at the same time i find it problematic in relation to the film's form and the tradition of documentary. since there is a statement in the beginning of the film that i get is written by you it makes me aware of you as senders all through the rest of the film even though you never actually appear as characters in the film. it makes the film more difficult to take in. i also get the feeling that what is described in the film is happening elsewhere or will happen in the future. it is abstract. all information is spoken. a little bit old fashioned talking heads style. the direction off screen is also pointed at in tobias' or garrick's humming and the interviewed's looks to the side and references to something between the lines or just a reference to you whom i can't see, only hear – when you laugh in concord for instance. i as viewer is not spoken to and i feel a bit left out. that feeling is furthermore fortified when the interviewed use the same references to theory and even refer to each other directly. it feels as if they are part of a community and have a conversation to which there is no clear entrance for the viewer.

i think i miss your voice. it was a relief when garrick was talking interviewing chris on service design. since you so obviously are present in the film as being addressed and somewhat even responding by way of humming and laughing, plus in the editing, it is frustrating to not know your position.

i hope you can see how i mean?!

if you want perhaps i can say it better when we see each other.

good night
xx

I am the daughter of Indra.

It is stupid to focus on solitude. It easily gets old-manish and silly. Lonesome Cowboy, Lone Rider, Sole Survivor, Lone Wolf, Ernest Hemingway, Lucky Luke, Black-Pete, The Phantom Blot. There is one exception. She is not ridiculous.

I was all alone, no one around, and all I could hear was this fucked up sound.

I summoned a year. One year ago I was in Germany. Between there and now is some strange days, the black, training and newly-fallen snow. People become others. Change. How you see means everything. What you see means nothing. When did I see him the first time? When did I see Paris, London, Berlin? Did I see London? I saw Paris. I saw myself in Berlin. Then you. What other people do close to you makes a depicting difference, makes last year fit into one sentence. A sentence that is correct.

We went to Germany. You left me in Berlin.

You always smile but in your eyes your sorrow show.

From: kira carpelan <kira.carpelan@konstfack.se>

Date: Mon 21 Feb 2005 23.12.59

To: Tove Leffler <tove.leffler@chello.se>

Subject: Re: Re:

great with the game of silence. i think i just need to rest from all of that. thanks for the wisdom!

i work tensta saturday but there is a party in the evening you might want to join? that would be fun!

later!

xxx

A year later we baptise your son. And for the first time I hear a heartily sermon. I am totally fascinated with the mans transformation with and without the cope. But it was the same man, look, handshake. I shall always and never again miss him. He is the bishop of Norway.

SHE, low.

...Listen to me.

Like you I know oblivion.

HE

No, you don't know oblivion.

SHE

Like you I am gifted with memory. I know oblivion

HE

No, you are not gifted with memory.

D

That night at the pier in Hastings, when I thought your nose was broken, I have forgotten it. There was blood. I have forgot. You got a blue eye and looked like a boxer. I didn't want to understand it, couldn't stop beeing afraid of it. Like new years eve in Karlskrona. We stayed with a man who beat up his children. We felt like prisoners. I was sick and was only allowed to drink Coca-cola. A friend of yours told me about a bicycle you had thrown into the river and how you had been thrown out from the abusing mans house. The day after we moved to another house where beds had been made for days without us knowing. We were served breakfast. I got well and went home to Stockholm. How I got from the party to your place, I don't remember. And what you told your mother so that she met me in the door in the middle of the night with my necklace and a greeting, that I have never known.

**Buy it, use it, break it, fix it,
trash it, change it, melt - upgrade it,
charge it, pawn it, zoom it, press it,**

snap it, work it, quick - erase it,
write it, get it, paste it, save it,
load it, check it, quick - rewrite it,
plug it, play it, burn it, rip it,
drag and drop it, zip - unzip it,
lock it, fill it, curl it, find it,
view it, curl it, jam - unlock it,
surf it, scroll it, pose it, click it,
cross it, crack it, twitch - update it,
name it, read it, tune it, print it,
scan it, send it, fax - rename it,
touch it, bring it, bay it, watch it,
turn it, leave it, stop - format it.

The interface is the dress of the code. How we meet and handle machines is crucial for our relationship to them and decides how hierarchies between people and machines are built. Our robots mirror the image we have of ourselves and I would like to stress the importance of exploring the designed boundaries between system and user, producer and creator.

B – Roland Barthes
F – Michel Foucault
W – Ludwig Wittgenstein
D – Marguerites Duras

Other quotes:
Dave Clarke, Daft Punk, Harry Nilsson

I need to remember that day in Tooting when it was raining. You were at work and I was alone in the house. And I want to remember the winter days in Berlin. I took a lot of walks. You called me in the evening and you almost got angry. I also want to remember the buss ride to Paris, Michelles smile and the look she gave that told me about something I was missing.

Morpheus: I can see it in your eyes. You have the look of a man who accepts what he sees because he is expecting to wake up. Ironically, this is not far from the truth. Do you believe in fate, Neo?

Neo: No.

Morpheus: Why not?

The springs fade the quickest. Summerdays are like leaves in the trees against the sky beside the road outside the car window. Autumn is where it begins, and ends. The winters are mine. My own. I don't have so many landscapes but the snowdrifts are mine. Like the pine trees.

In Karlstad or Örebro the railway station is haunted. I was training boxing blows against the wall in one of the terrace houses. You said it was a way to forget. That was what you were best at, making me laugh and think of something else. Maybe because you yourself always thought of something else, something forbidden. And you forgot, you too. You forgot how to behave. Forgot who I was.

But noone forgets like I do.

Morpheus: I know exactly what you mean. Let me tell you why you're here. You're here because you know something. What you know you can't explain. But you feel it. You've felt it your entire life, that there's something wrong with the world. You don't know what it is but it's there, like a splinter in your mind driving you mad. It is this feeling that has brought you to me. Do you know what I'm talking about?

Neo: The Matrix?

I liked going by car. I remember the Essinge high way, the curve down under the viaduct by the Stora Essingen turn-off. We were listening to ACDC. And laughing at that you once had the speed record in the south bound tunnel. Then you went to Austria and I forgot about you. It took me one week. You were sad for a week when I told you I had forgotten about you. I called in sick for two days.

Epilogue

The presentation of this work was made with consideration to every fancy.

Some days I work directly towards the server because I like to see the process. The computer is saving JPEG, connecting to printer, printing. I watch the little clock or carousell in rainbow colours that the cursor has turned into. I think we have a beautiful relation.

Images generates images, like text generate text, like talk is talk, a web, knitting, a mosaic of indian pearls, a way to exist in peace and quiet.

My grandmother taught me to twirl my thumbs.

It is meant to look like this. My tutor was a bit worried that my things wouldn't be seen. I can understand that. But I said it doesn't matter if they are not seen. I know they are there.

I can't stop thinking about Caroline and her father. They have nothing to do with my text but for a week the only thing on my mind has been the image of Kenneth in the kitchen in his apartment in Bandhagen.

Where did you end up Caroline? I live in Högdalen near the bowling and the pub your dad owned then. Sometimes we had hamburgers there before we went home to lie down in the waterbed with the flourescent bed cover with the image of New York's skyline. It smelled good and the bed was rocking and gurgling and we used to dim the light and put the nice cealing fan on slow so that it became a lullaby. The whole of the room was like a fairy tale with its baby blue carpet and fine white curtains. He had probably learned to decorate from your mother, Caroline. In the morning we were Sweet Darling and got sailor breakfast in the sun in the kitchen and while we were eating Kenneth were smoking having his coffee and looking at us one at a time smiling and talking with his east sea island accent and his sleeves rolled up so that one

could see the tattoos. There was a smell of after-shave in the bathroom and his nice watch used to lie beside the washbowl or on the kitchen-bench. I always wanted so much that your parents would get back together again, Caroline, but then again it just wasn't possible. Several years later I understood that even better when I heard the song "My Princess" by a band called Stockholms Negrer. The name of the album is "Love" and I bought it together with all the other most important albums in my life the year of 1989. It was you who were the princess Caroline. I have a nice view of the centre in Högdalen since I live on the top floor in the huge building between the churches. I don't know who is running the pub now but someone I know has taken over the restaurant in the bowling alley. Before that she used to work in the bookshop where I work extra sometimes. She was there for fifteen or sixteen years. It was really strange when she worked her last day in the bookshop. But she seemed happy and I think things are going well for them.

My sister works at Ikea. Last weekend we borrowed Erik's light blue sport Volvo convertible and drove to buy the frames and the coffee table. His car is like a lion and it just wants to go really fast. From Årsta to Gubbängen we downfolded the top. It was the first day of spring.