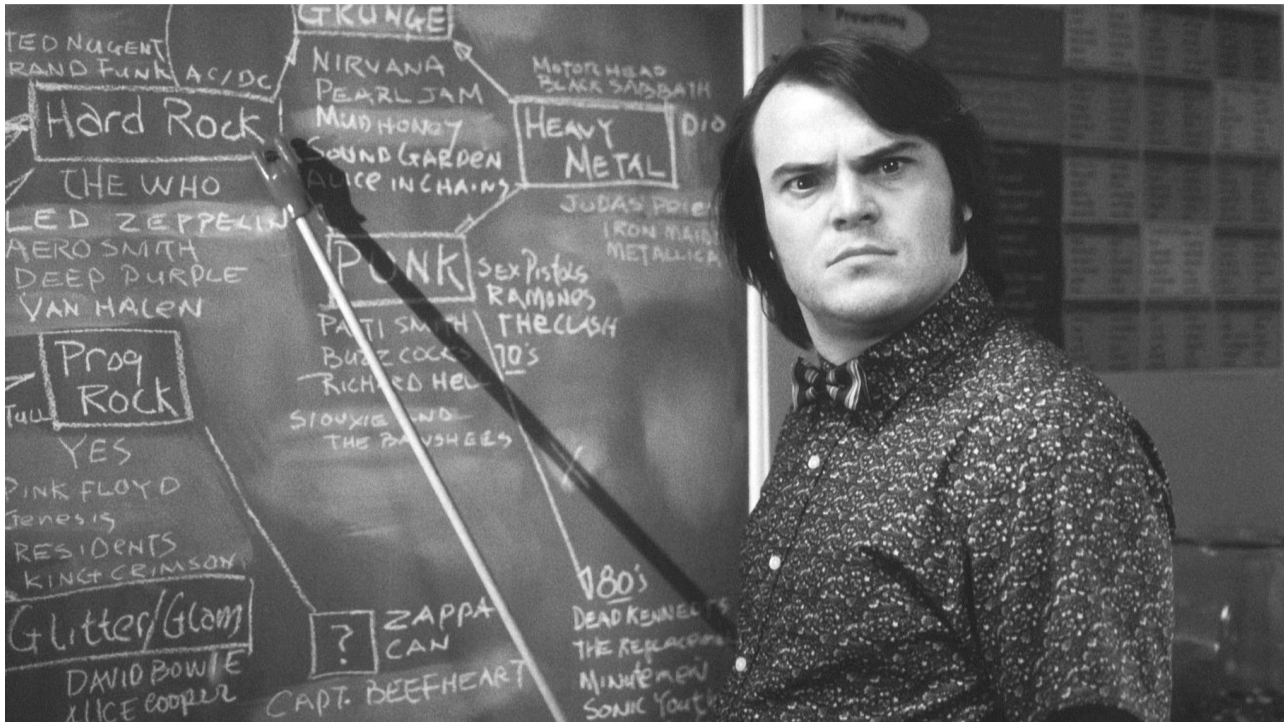


SUPER INTO ON TO IT



A PAF DAILY - WEDNESDAY MAY 7th 2013



FUCK SHARING TWICE

Mårten Spångberg goes down on sharing.

Sharing, how many times do I have to hear it? [A question mark in the first sentence, not a good thing.] The importance of sharing, new forms of sharing, shared resources, knowledge sharing, web pages for sharing, file sharing, sharing fuckin' everything – except perhaps the bed, if you know what I mean – why do we only consider safe sex, free sex and group sex and never shared sex. Seriously gööööö – of course I'm into it – but shit goddamn shared sex must be some sort of mashup between let's look at X-hamster together, an AA-meeting series of tear-sucker confessions, i.e. aha this is 2013 confession equals telling your bio, and a bunch of people jerking off making sure not to come. In any case I love sex... [OMG, get out of town – TMI – no no TMS – Too Much Sharing] – sharing has become the new ubiquitous of the sophisticated classes, I don't mean the dirty to be condemned shit heads that has no name financial capitalism, no I mean the sophisticated that I'm knee deep in shit with, that work in the creative sector, that discuss cultural policy, the apply for grant [or if they don't know how to, reject the very idea of application, seriously], that react in a the person is political kind of way to new forms of disguised [more or less] contemporary racism, genderism and innocent concessions to extreme right parties sitting on just couple but yet positions in our parliaments. I mean those the conscious, the educated, the ones that don't know what KFC is an abbreviation of and pride themselves with food related intolerances [but make faces anytime when tolerance is mentioned in any respect in relation to humans or politics]. I mean myself most of all, but I also mean the naïve and amazing believing in social movement, the ones that consider NGO something good per se, those that consider socially active art to be a good thing, helping hand and not just a narcissistic self-celebratory emptiness good for fuckin' nothing except for further funding. I mean those that think that performativity is a good thing, something positive, something active, something eye-opening, something identity good for some something, something perhaps even – give me a seriously looong break – something subversive, something sexy, something glam, something not curatorially wet dream, something not a new territory into which visual art can expand, something alternative, something sharing. It is not!

Sharing, how how, how often – I hear sharing more frequently than Rihanna. There's presently so much sharing around I need to get the app. Totally, I put it next to my Nike training app. Whoop whoop. Sharing like all the freakin' time. Sharing has become the most important currency around, dollars Euro and what was that thing in Japan called – no good no more we are trading in sharing. Fuck the stock or derivatives markets we are on the

sharing market. Who, Gordon Gekko... nah we like it Sean Dockray – we are sharing, and sharing is good – but look at this sharing is not good – neither is collaboration – who isn't sharing also the really bad guys. Weapon industry also share, it's just that they call it lobby. Europe is sharing a lot, sharing the very idea that Greece isn't worth the trouble. But too us, the good people, sharing is good, in fact whatever it is that should be shared it is good. Jezuz, sharing has become our salvation from capitalism in general, and the neoliberal pandemonium in particular. We the sharers are not deep inside NL [you get the abbreviation, kind of KFC just a bit bigger] because we are better or something, but get it, get it – you know what – the centerfold of NL is exactly that anything goes, whatever can and must be made capital, symbolic or actual, tokens or real ass dollar bills NL doesn't give shit, it doesn't even give a little shit about the one or the other. There's no laundry too dirty to wash through financial capitalism, it's an endless state of emergence. Check it out NL and financial capitalism is like Harvey Keitel in "Pulp Fiction", no worse. Give me a break, do you – do we – seriously think, imagine, öhhhh that sharing is not equally and as deep as anything else in the business. Sure, we can run the errands of the present differently – there certainly is no other way to take than the wide and well paved by late capitalism but we can take it differently – but we shall of course also know that that's what is wanted of us, we should follow the wide path in alternative ways in order to open new opportunities to more openness, further expansion – but look expansion is not a breach, it is always built on something already available and stable. Our second or whatever order problem is to differentiate between structural and strategic sharing. We need to work out modalities of sharing that are structural and formulated as ideology – or perhaps not but initially in order to develop some paradox – thus a sharing that is stable and can produce secondary orientation, an ideology of sharing can stand model for modes of production etc. for life, or hopefully not for life. A strategic model of sharing is not acceptable as it is built on needs, in other words on markets, on economy, investment and affordance. The difference here between ideology and ethic [our current political landscape] is – btw fuck affect – the problem with affect since it's return in whatever 2005 is exactly that it's been pushed into strategy – affect is more or less this or that – affect has been degraded from the echelon of n'importe quoi to what matters more or less – deep shit, and affect lost all its capacity to serious fuck us. Affect must be like art and art like affect is not supposed to do anything good or bad, not that we like it but affect is affect exactly because it's not good for fuckin' nothing, because it is n'importe quoi, no matter what – the moment it, even just a little closes up

to efficiency, ability, technique, direction, causality, time and space it's not n'importe quoi anymore – allé essactly n'importe quoi isn't more or less, it just is – it doesn't deal with consciousness, it doesn't care about you or me, affect so goddamn doesn't share, it's unconditional, get it – it's unconditional but as much as it is unconditionally generous its also the nucleus of stinchy, as much as it is pure love it's the whole gradient to utter and pure hate, but whatever that is – in the gradient – it is it unconditionally. Affect is not composed, it's not divided, it's not here or there, it just is, and if at all it comes around, it doesn't on invitation, it just shows up.

The dark ass part however is that affect is particularly close to NL, it's like it's first buddy, the best man at the wedding, the Thelma of freakin Louise, the Cage in Merce, the Gilbert in George, Phrenia in Schizo, the loneliness in "Just The Two Of Us", that's how bad it is – yep, the anthem of the merged states of exception NL and Affect will feature the sleazy soft yell-O voice of Bill Withers – consider that the next time you share anything at all. And yet, the superbness with NL is that as ubiquitous it also got immune to itself – in a certain way NL has managed to become in itself, NL is the 21st century version of a Heglian absolute. And hence, therefore and all the way, no more war machines can help us, no more nomadism [jezuz Christ] will be any good, nope – neoliberalism as post ideological affective politics can only be fought with the means of homeopathy – not in the sense of curing ourselves from NL through more of the same – but aha – through more of the same n'importe quoi – NL can not be evacuated, can not be slain, not vanquished – no smoke will clear on the battlefields – it can only be fought through more of itself as foreign to itself, homeopathically through and with affect, but even more importantly the moment we engage with affect – with unconditionality, without and zero identity, with absolutely no belonging or not, with only absolute, we must understand that NL will make everything to make affect and us, the unconditional, we who don't share for any reason, that share only structurally and only, that fucks strategy, that fucks perspective, that is absolutely and excessively flat, completely and utterly horizontal or horizon. But no no there is no immanence here, pad de... something – there is only flatness and no matter what, n'importe quoi.

Sharing is not good, it's just another name for networking, for affordance and investment, sharing is the 21st name for leisure, what the precarious call themselves when they return from their temporary jobs, when they return from some demonstration or occupy schtuff, or even worse after a good day in the art centre doing something even Bill Cosby would feel guilty for doing [I'm waiting for the first pedophilia case from the art world – not funny]. We don't really want to, can't we just admit it? We are not interested in sharing – except a few convenient versions like... Fuck, I can't come up with anything, perhaps oh yes, files are good to share, a PDF of a recent Rancière volume with democracy in the title. Stop the sharing mania and get real, sharing is not enough, it fuckin works and great, it's pleasant and everybody is in, it has not ideology, it is only when it fits the one with bigger resources, sharing is the new version of we can't pay you, but we share our resources also when we lack them. Sharing is just the tacky yellow sauce of economical and temporary relations, sharing is like an enchanting meadow in the dark forest – the place to which Pan doesn't bring us but we stumble into almost like by accident – fuck that – sharing is like having a bath surrounded by candles and a glass of red wine in a too big glass that you bought in IKEA, oh my Bingo. What the fuck happened to stone me into the groove, the only version out of here, and it certainly ain't no promise – and I'm already a reactionary after all I wrote this – is to go absolutely flat – not as a refusal you fat Italian – no way – as pure affect – as pure stone motherfuckin hard homeopathy, to go seriously n'importe quoi – just before no matter what, to not be depressed – but to produce depression as a freaking plague – yes goddamn it – no salvation, no meaning i.e. strategic regret – this is the moment we turn zombie, aha. No consciousness but pure existence, no differentiation, no identity, no qualities, no attributes – stop sharing – plague, squander, loot [fuck virus or contamination], plague, infect in all directions and with whatever, accelerate. Zombies [and I'm in love with her] don't waste time, they don't share, they or we – The Zombies – don't share, don't shop, don't make exceptions, don't invest, don't think twice not even once, we are – without consciousness and nothing else than no matter what.

CINÉMA À TERMINAL 2F

THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST

Editor Marcus Doverud

Upon the release of David Bowie's most thematically ambitious, musically coherent album to date, the record in which he unites the major strengths of his previous work and comfortably reconciles himself to some apparently inevitable problems, we should all say a brief prayer that his fortunes are not made to rise and fall with the fate of the "drag-rock" syndrome — that thing that's manifesting itself in the self-conscious quest for decadence which is all the rage at the moment in trendy Hollywood, in the more contrived area of Alice Cooper's presentation, and, way down in the pits, in such grotesqueries as Queen, Nick St. Nicholas' trio of feathered, sequined Barbie dolls. And which is bound to get worse.

For although Lady Stardust himself has probably had more to do with androgyny's current fashionableness in rock than any other individual, he has never made his sexuality anything more than a completely natural and integral part of his public self, refusing to lower it to the level of gimmick but never excluding it from his image and craft. To do either would involve an artistically fatal degree of compromise.

Which is not to say that he hasn't had a great time with it. Flamboyance and outrageousness are inseparable from that campy image of his, both in the Bacall and Garbo stages and in his new butch, street-crawler appearance that has him looking like something out of the darker pages of *City of Night*. It's all tied up with the one aspect of David Bowie that sets him apart from both the exploiters of transvestitism and writer/performers of comparable talent — his theatricality.

The news here is that he's managed to get that sensibility down on vinyl, not with an attempt at pseudo-visualism (which, as Mr. Cooper has shown, just doesn't cut it), but through employment of broadly mannered styles and deliveries, a boggling variety of vocal nuances that provide the program with the necessary depth, a verbal acumen that is now more economic and no longer clouded by storms of psychotic, frenzied music, and, finally, a thorough command of the elements of rock & roll. It emerges as a series of concise vignettes designed strictly for the ear.

Side two is the soul of the album, a kind of psychological equivalent of *Lola vs. Powerman* that delves deep into a matter close to David's heart: What's it all about to be a rock & roll star? It begins with the slow, fluid "Lady Stardust," a song in which currents of frustration and triumph merge in an overriding desolation. For though "He was alright, the band was altogether" (sic), still "People stared at the makeup on his face/Laughed at his long black hair, his animal grace." The pervading bittersweet melancholy that wells out of the contradictions and that Bowie beautifully captures with one of the album's more direct vocals conjures the picture of a painted harlequin under the spot-light of a deserted theater in the darkest hour of the night.

"Star" springs along handsomely as he confidently tells us that "I could make it all worthwhile as a rock & roll star." Here Bowie outlines the dazzling side of the coin: "So inviting — so enticing to play the part." His singing is a delight, full of mocking intonations and backed way down in the mix with excessive, marvelously designed "Oooohh la la la" and such that are both a joy to listen to and part of the parodic undercurrent that runs through the entire album.

"Hang on to Yourself" is both a kind warning and an irresistible erotic rocker (especially the handclapping chorus), and apparently Bowie has decided that since he just can't avoid cramming too many syllables into his lines, he'll simply master the rapid-fire, tongue-twisting phrasing that his failing requires. "Ziggy Stardust" has a faint ring of *The Man Who Sold the World* to it — stately, measured, fuzzily electric. A tale of intragroup jealousies, it features some of Bowie's more adventuresome imagery, some of which is really the nazz: "So we bitched about his fans and should we crush his sweet hands?"

David Bowie's supreme moment as a rock & roller is "Suf-

ragette City," a relentless, spirited Velvet Underground-styled rush of chomping guitars. When that second layer of guitar roars in on the second verse you're bound to be a goner, and that priceless little break at the end — a sudden cut to silence from a mighty crescendo, Bowie's voice oozing out as a brittle, charged "Oooohh Wham Bam Thank you Ma'am!" followed hard by two raspy guitar bursts that suck you back into the surging meat of the chorus — will surely make your tum do somersaults. And as for our Star, well, now "There's only room for one and here she comes, here she comes."

But the price of playing the part must be paid, and we're precipitously tumbled into the quietly terrifying despair of "Rock & Roll Suicide." The broken singer drones: "Time takes a cigarette, puts it in your mouth/Then you pull on your finger, then another finger, then your cigarette." But there is a way out of the bleakness, and it's realized with Bowie's Lennon-like scream: "You're not alone, gimme your hands/You're wonderful, gimme your hands." It rolls on to a tumultuous, impassioned climax, and though the mood isn't exactly sunny, a desperate, possessed optimism asserts itself as genuine, and a new point from which to climb is firmly established.

Side one is certainly less challenging, but no less enjoyable from a musical standpoint. Bowie's favorite themes — Mortality ("Five Years," "Soul Love"), the necessity of reconciling oneself to Pain (those two and "It Ain't Easy"), the New Order vs. the Old in sci-figarments ("Starman") — are presented with a consistency, a confidence, and a strength in both style and technique that were never fully realized in the lashing *The Man Who Sold the World* or the uneven and too often stringy *Hunky Dory*.

Bowie initiates "Moonage Daydream" on side one with a riveting bellow of "I'm an alligator" that's delightful in itself but which also has a lot to do with what *Rise and Fall* ... is all about. Because in it there's the perfect touch of self-mockery, a lusty but forlorn bravado that is the first hint of the central duality and of the rather spine-tingling questions that rise from it: Just how big and tough is your rock & roll star? How much of him is bluff and how much inside is very frightened and helpless? And is this what comes of our happily dubbing someone as "bigger than life"?

David Bowie has pulled off his complex task with consummate style, with some great rock & roll (the Spiders are Mick Ronson on guitar and piano, Mick Woodmansey on drums and Trevor Bolder on bass; they're good), with all the wit and passion required to give it sufficient dimension and with a deep sense of humanity that regularly emerges from behind the Star facade. The important thing is that despite the formidable nature of the undertaking, he hasn't sacrificed a bit of entertainment value for the sake of message.

I'd give it at least a 99.

First published in *Rolling Stones* 20 July 1972

Editorial, Stefano Harney

IS THAT IT?

'A school for communism, a school of management.' The Queen Mary business school's squat out of which School for Study emerged? The School for Study itself? No. Lenin.

In the trade union debates with Trotsky we get the fullest expression of Lenin's commitment to study. And in CLR James's accounts of Lenin, the fullest interpretation of Lenin as a figure you grows more committed, right up to his untimely death, to study.

Trotsky has been brought in to save the railroads. He has already distinguished himself by organising the army, and he brings that approach to the railroads and saves them. He organised the railroads along military bureaucratic lines, hierarchy, clear chain of command, discipline, specialisation. Now he wants to do this to the trade unions. Lenin says no. Lenin says this administrative approach is only for the state and the state belongs to the realm of coercion. 'Not education and management (that is, the state and trade union leaders, the management, training, educating, the millions of workers) but a school of management' he repeats.

Lenin's idea was that the rank and file members go away and study, that this was their business, and this was their capacity. The state should stay away because it could not but be coercive. A twist on Buddhism, not if I fail to teach you, I hit you with a stick, but if you fail to teach yourself, the stick will come. In the event, Stalin took over and applied Trotsky administrative method of state leadership, destroying the trade unions and the revolution. That was stick's self. James teaches us all this and he does so to say famously 'all the organising is done.' That was capital's job and it did it all too well. Our job is living together, already together.

Ah, but you say why talk about Lenin or James? We are so small, a study collective here of eight, a cooking collective of four there. What do states and trade unions have to do with this puny, unserious politics?

In the English-speaking Caribbean if someone says to you, 'you won't have me to study, or don't study me so' they are saying a lot to you. That person is saying 'don't look at me like that with such expectation,' or 'you will no longer be able to look at me with expectation.' But what expectation, or better, what intention is implied? Because there is more to this phrase than that. Because the intention is here matched by attention, one might even say care, but certainly by atunement, vibration, sensing. To study with someone, to have this intention and to be granted this consent which is always the consent given and taken not to be a single knowing subject to paraphrase Edouard Glissant, is also to pay attention, even if that attention takes forms that must remain out of focus, not yet formed, like the AI Green song *Hypatia* played, like the falsetto Fred talks about, at the edge of a form of voice, song.

What are our capacities for attentiveness? I would say they are small. I would say that though the senses may be amplified and magnified by capitalist operations on and through our bodies that the senses remain what they are, for now, you can see only so many people, hear some more, feel in a rhythm still more, touch only a few, feel the proximity of only one perhaps, or else you miss singularity altogether and live life to the fullest in capitalism. Then you will just, as Erik Empson says, be living the dream. We are eight, or four, a dozen, or a party because this is our attention. I intend toward a world of sensual intention. I don't respond to demands to circulate my attention in a flat pack. I've been shipped already, contained, packed. I learned proximity. It is not just that small is beautiful, though it is as Lauren said, but that large is only as beautiful as our senses allow. It's that, or Trotsky's administration.

MARIAM THE BELIEVER: BLOOD DONATION

By Marcus Doverud

Mariam Karolina Wallentin Riahi was raised in the suburbs of Sweden by a Swedish mother and an Iranian father and even lived in Beijing for a while. *Blood Donation*, her solo debut album as *Mariam the Believer* (she's also known as one half of *Wildbirds & Peacedrums*)

The mix of inspirations works fabulously on the first part of the album especially on the songs *Blood Donation*, *Dead Meat* and *The String of Everything* where Middle Eastern warmth finds a home in Scandinavian pop. All three songs have rock solid melodies but also a sense of urgency and relevance that only make them better with more listens.

The album takes a stylistic turn as soon as *Invisible Giving*

begins its intensive march. A voice that sounds a bit like Nina Simone on the first few tracks breaks out of the soothing niceties and starts exploring its wild and more eerie sides. Gone is the sense of home which is instead replaced with an erratic search of something else. The search is curious and goes on. Listen to 3 or 4 songs in a row that don't seem to have a home anywhere.

Blood Donation is a FAB album that showcases Mariam Wallentin's fantastic and diverse vocals, deep drum, careful basplaying and in more than just glimpses Mariam proves that she has huge potential as a songwriter.

Repeat Until Death / Playground Music Scandinavia



THE ARMY OF ARTISTS

INSTRUMENTALIZED FOR NEOLIBERAL'S PROFITMAKING PURPOSES OR AN AGENT FOR TO CHANGE A PROTECTIVE, OVERLY RULED, EXCLUDING BOURGEOIS SOCIETY INTO SOMETHING RADICALLY ELSE?

By Jan Ritsema



The artistic sector proliferated ferociously the last decades in the western world. When New York counted in the fifties 800 artists, now their number is 80.000. Many countries nowadays count more artists than soldiers.

The Army of Artists is accompanied by an army of artist related administrators organizers, programmers, curators, critics and administrators.

Western societies pay for this and make money with it.

After having very well served as agents for gentrification in all big cities, now artists serve as agents for colonizing the rest of the world into economical and ideological globalization. A new task is in preparation. I will explain.

The times of the big artists are over. One is famous nowadays for maximum 3-5 years and then replaced by other talents. Being an artist nowadays is less a profession than a lifestyle. The artist is master over its own time and space. When is one master over ones own time and space: on holiday and in the weekends. The artists define where and when they will produce art. Or better to say the artist manages his activities permanently 24/7. The artists has a low income, prefers to be mobile and it values good quality of life above high or stable income.

What I describe here is what the neo-liberal semio-capitalistic economies foresee for their future workforce: everybody permanently on holiday but managing the work 24/7 all by themselves, but not without capital holding power over the profit lines. Artists serve as the missionaries, as teasers and examples for to inseminate this 'free' life.

From the slave of somebody else, labour, much more people will become their own slave.

This will happen when we let history go its own way and when we watch it from the sideline, critically about it or not, but not doing anything to resist it. Only when we want to redirect this movement consciously we can change it into something else.

And from my point of view I don't mind in which direction it goes as long as it does not take the predicted one.

People are not desiring machines, not motorized by their everlasting insatiable chain of desires, no on the contrary

they are liking machines. Our instrument, the machine that we are, operates in the world through the simple equation: I like or I do not like. What one likes or dislikes can change and changes all the time.

Capitalism understood this and offers a constant chain of what we could like or not like. We call this fashions.

To like or to not like is not based on rational reasoning, it is more a believe system: I don't know why I don't like Brussels sprouts or BMW's, but I 'know' I don't like them. We operate in Belief. Our operations lack ground, they navigate through taste. Because of this, we all suffer from a God-complex. What is a God-complex? That is the conviction that what you think and how you think things should work is right. It is this conviction, call it belief if you want, that you are always right. You know it better. You know it the best. This God-complex is as ungrounded as one's likings. One operates in the cloud of believes of ungrounded convictions.

Artists are distributors of values, among others, like teachers, journalists, scientists, the what Noam Chomsky called manufacturers of consent. They have the tools to formulate, propose, to present, to disguise, to modulate, to transpose, to mutate, to mutilate, together with others what people might start to like. The creative industries are perfect servants for the capitalist operations to constantly change the likings of people. Not seldom change them into their opposite.

Imagine that artists become aware of their historical position and put resistance to being instrumentalised for the purposes of others, capital? Would it be necessary that they formulate common goals and develop the same perspectives for a future society? I don't think so. The times of the common and the communal are over. This was always already an artificial construct that could only be implemented by force despite its ideal perspectives. Can people than still make history and be conscious of doing so, can they do this consciously, on purpose? Yes, they can, they can break the circumstances, change them into something else, but nowadays they have to break them alone, without being connected to a common goal or ideology.

People are not equipped to know the outside although there is only outside. They can see it but not be it. They swim in it, but as a separated entity. One could say there is no outside and there is only outside. As one cannot not be outside the outside.

The same counts also for the inside. There is only inside, all we know happens inside, but we cannot know this inside. It slips away all the time. The inside and outside are not two different sides of the same coin. They are completely different and differently operating intelligences/instruments/machines. They are not equipped to understand each other. They are only equipped to appreciate or not appreciate each other.

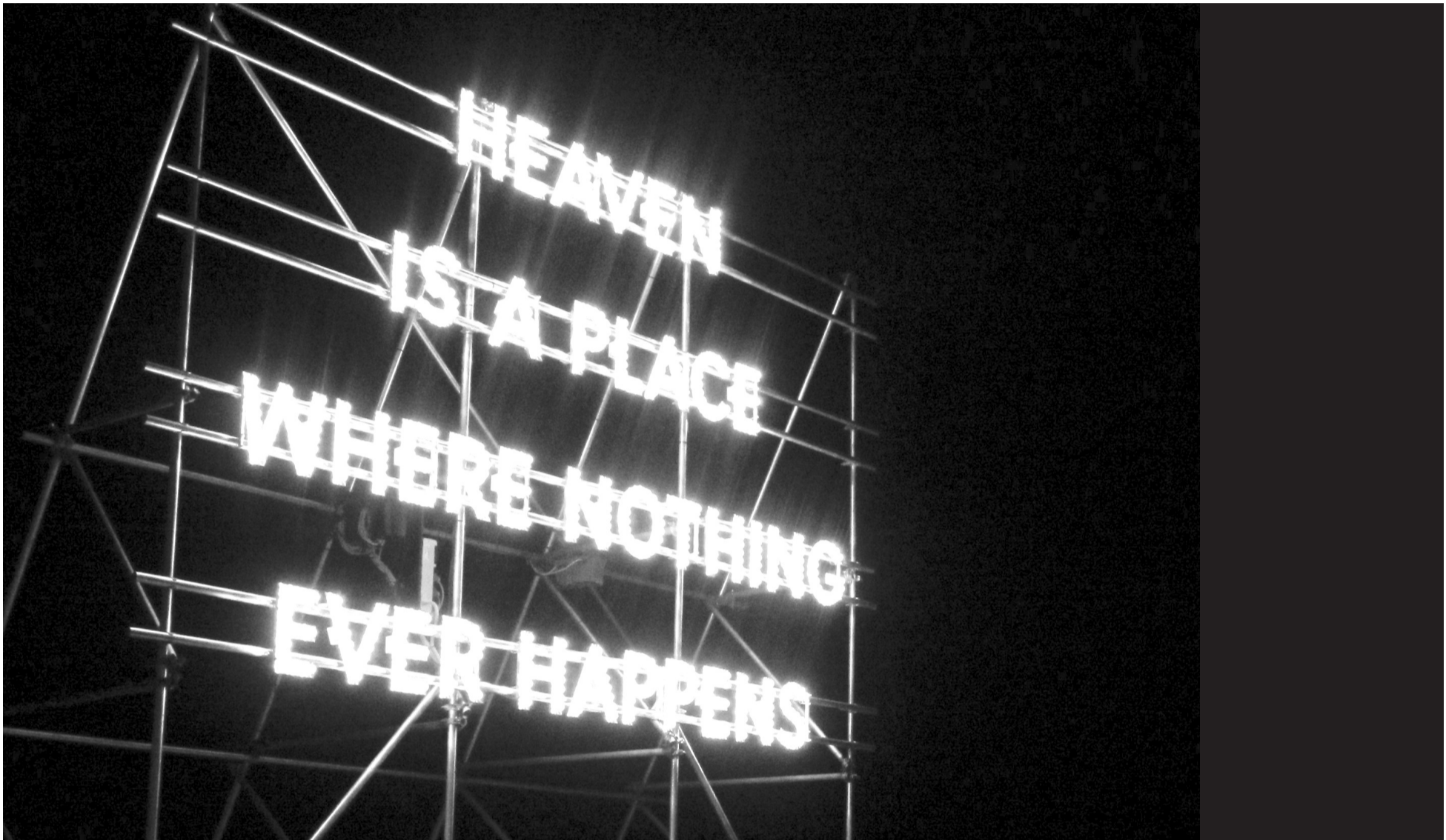
Since we are unreachable for each other and for the world, we cannot really unify. We are all different, unreachable entities. One could say there is no common or communal and therefore there should be no one. But at the same time we are in the common, we swim in it, but we are connected individually, each one with a unique IP address sending and receiving messages in and from many directions.

The times that revolutions will be made by streamlining what all people should think and do are over. The future revolutionary force will be much stronger and much more sustainable as it will be based on personal and individual perspectives that produce the will to change for a best thinkable world, that will change how we live together into something radically else. The modern revolutionist operates alone, based on the knowledge not to be alone, but alone together. The future common will do without glueing ideologies, no management, no leaders, not one ideology. Will be an army of individuals of which the army of artists can play an initiating role in opening up unexpected perspectives. The new common is immanent and invisible, it is not a tool, just a given.

Let's have fun and go for the new revolution.
Let's help to push history in another direction.

PAPER KNOWLEDGE

Education has over the last so many years been the groovy all over the place not least in relation to dance and performance. Obviously education turned performance already ages ago but with austerity et. al. the show has taken new measures and here we go immaterial labour and the whole menu. Professor in dramaturgy Goran Sergej Pristaš inspects the territory - we don't call him Hawkeye for nothing - with a meticulousness close to an inquisitor - especially that one, you know in *The Name of Rose*, so good.



The era of education is behind us. Great acceleration that has befallen cultural institutions, festivals, NGO-s, and collective practices all over the world concerning the production and exchange of knowledge, including education and diseducation, vanished suddenly from the horizon – primarily the horizon of curatorial interests – just about the time when educational institution and the entire educational system have found themselves hit by budget reductions. To be sure, the austerity itself has turned into an interesting artistic subject, but the methodological turn has proven to be even more interesting: whereas the cultural sector tends to co-opt education, budget reduction has co-opted all its activity, down to the level of topics. I myself was rather surprised at the argument of a known curator, member of the committee of an important German fund, who expressed her unwillingness to support a project about waste by saying: “Waste, today – no, sorry, not.” Social capital generated by art is obviously subject to the criteria of equivalence. Art is expected to find a common denominator with the social needs. However, these social needs are not defined from the perspective of artistic practice, but from that of the social imperative, which unfortunately increasingly expresses the needs of capital rather than those of the society. There is an obvious need for a modification of the modernist slogan – if we cannot change art in order to change the world, let's change the world in order to be able to change art.

On the one hand, it is possible to view the recent increase in interest for knowledge as a visionary warning of the artists about the tendencies that the explosion of the so-called Bologna system was carrying inside: expansion and multiplication of universities and university programmes, with gradual privatization. Whether we admit it or not, the Bologna system, even if not officially, has stimulated market competition and opened the gate for commodifying knowledge and research through its normativity and no-

menclature of knowledge, as well as the ensuing increase in mobility and competition. Almost instantly capital could smell fresh blood and art expressed its demand for the right to know and the use of knowledge as a public good, in all possible ways. However, as always, art has forgotten its always already objectness and its immersion into the market, so that the demand for the emancipation of producers and users of knowledge, as well as the emancipation of art as a specific way of knowledge production, soon turned into a technical rather than poetical issue.

Interest in the production and transfer of knowledge was not a novelty in the 20th century; rather, it was a new aspiration to cover the whole by focusing on knowledge, as well as a need of verifying artistic practice as a generator of social mobility and transformativity.

Transfer of the artist's knowledge in the performing arts, after great methods and techniques such as those of Stanislavski, Grotowski, Cunningham, etc., was a regular and evolving phenomenon back in the 1980s, with the entry of workshops into the accompanying programmes of festivals, or workshop festivals such as those at the Amsterdam Summer University. The market drastically increased with the fall of the Iron Curtain and the export of knowledge to the East created the need of special forms of networking and financing of that market, whereby the crucial role was played by IETM network, Felix Meritis, and Soros's foundation. The workshop type of education reached its pinnacle with P.A.R.T.S. dance school of Anne Theresa De Keersmaecker and the workshop/festival spectacle of DanceWEB / ImPulsTanz. Even though P.A.R.T.S. aspired to become an academically accredited programme, its diploma has never been verified by the Belgian government. P.A.R.T.S. presents itself as a dance school, but even more as an art project: its aim is not to teach art, but to encourage the development of artists.

DanceWEB emerged from ImPulsTanz festival as one of the most prestigious workshop projects, with a highly

structured model of organizing workshops and coaching 50 artists in residence, as well as many independent participants. The aim of DanceWEB's is to become a filter of excellence for its users, but it also undoubtedly aspires to define values on the dance market through its selection of educators, rather than in the field of festivals through its selection of performances.

Even though apparently different and even rival in a sense, these two projects are mutually extraordinarily complementary. Thereby it is important to take into account not only their basic programmatic principles and programme structure, but also the orientation of their projects towards the context and the student personalities. Knowledge transfer is curated by the artists – P.A.R.T.S. is defined by the vision of Anne Theresa De Keersmaecker, while DanceWEB issues an annual call for “an artistic coach selected amongst dance personalities who have played a decisive part on an international level in the development of contemporary dance in recent years” (from DanceWEB's website). However, the institutions and programmes themselves take very much care about their students' lifestyle, beginning with their nutrition and ending with their free time, which results in a high level of identity connectedness between the participants – regarding their style of dressing, enthusiasm for the profession, or maintaining companionship and communities created during the project.

Political emancipation of knowledge and learning through artistic practice, which has also affected dance in the past decade, did not influence these institutions in terms of structure. Practices that we have been engaged in or following during the past ten years, from PAF to East Dance Academy, from MODE 05 to Documenta XII, from Highways of Knowledge to Deschooling Classroom, are today a part of their programme in the form of exchangeable research techniques or laboratories.

Differences with respect to knowledge, as well as its political implications, can be shown on two examples from this



year's ImPulsTanz festival – the re-enactment of “Elena’s Aria”, which was choreographed by Anne Theresa De Keersmaeker in 1984, and the performance “Youdream” by the Superamas group. While watching “Elena’s Aria,” one cannot avoid sensing a sort of antiquity, which is primarily linked to the obviously masterful mise-en-scène, which acquired bad reputation in the performing arts during the 1990s. There is nothing in that performance to reveal how young its author was at that time (she was 27 and this was only her third performance). Today it is still very demanding for the spectator because of its executive composition of duration, variation, repetition, and affective speculation, built on elaborating the performing structure that consists of roughly ten movements, several situations, and a fundamental reflection on the relationship between the formal organization of work and the affective regulation of the presented content. In terms of performance, it is a continuous, sometimes brutal operation of a limited number of performative elements, in which the performer’s execution and the choreographer’s interpretation are caught into a permanent process of modulation – overlapping, enfolding, sig-

primacy of aesthetics over ideas, but rather to draw attention to the fact that fetishization of knowledge in the performing arts has not produced new knowledge; instead, it has both announced and denounced practice, be it through the game of naming (consequence of dogmatic interpretation of Roland Barthes), or through semantic claustrophobia (poststructural dogmatism). Performance “Elena’s Aria” undoubtedly offers a very specific knowledge to the world. It does not create a situation for the exchange of knowledge – that is, for teaching – but rather for the experience of knowledge, if we use the words of Mårten Spångberg. That is probably the point at which even the most symptomatic site of the educational idea opens up, idea that is the core of P.A.R.T.S. and DanceWEB alike, even though on two different levels of responsibility – disciplining the experience of knowledge. On the one hand, we are facing the claim that art cannot be taught, that its study is actually an art project by one or more authors who have played a crucial role in the development of contemporary dance, and that it has the status of material, a basis for creation. In terms of authorship, it

Brussels, Performance Studies at the University of Hamburg, SODA Berlin) to choreography as criticism (Master’s degree in choreography at DOCH Stockholm). Some of these programmes have successfully overcome the obstacles of adapting to academic regulations and found themselves in very close contact with the universities, or emerging from them, which means that they entered the system of public financing. Problems which in these programmes thematically frame the field of knowledge, society, politics, and artistic practice, are equally activating and critically defined as they are on the art scene. But while the artists care about knowledge, and educational institutions care for artistic production and creativity, the artists will raise few questions about the educational system as a public good, while schools will question too rarely the conditions of production and programming on the market. It brings about various displacements in which the artists take over the functions of (self-)educators in their own production, while educational institutions act as the prolonged arms of curatorial policies. Since I am myself working at a national educational institution, within the new Master’s



nifying, and dispersing. It is obviously a performance that was made far earlier than the ideology of the emancipated spectator, and communicates with the spectator on the level of problems, quite unlike the serving level of “Youdream”. Whereas De Keersmaeker underwent serious risks 28 years ago while seeking to find out in her work what were the possible epistemological and communicational resultants of juxtaposing a highly formalized performance and the construction of the image of femininity while working on the reformulation of the actual notion of time, Superamas serves the spectator with a demonstration of sophisticated accelerationist lack of criticism towards the knowledge and problems packed in a youthful and popular/cultural fetishism, in which both knowledge and political engagement are only repro-material in the process of artistic production. One of the reasons why “Elena’s Aria” causes discomfort in the present-day spectator, unlike all modern productions that serve or provoke the average, real, ordinary, or specialized spectator, may be that, seen from today’s perspective, it expresses what Brecht and Benjamin were affirmatively calling plumpes Denken, thought applied in practice rather than depending on it. “Elena’s Aria” is even more disturbing because of its insistence on practice, which indicates the present-day lack of practice, more precisely the consequences of an ideologized deprecation of the performing practice in the contemporary “conceptual” production. Today there is hardly any unease with regard to theory, and it has disappeared primarily in relation to critical thinking. Identifying artwork with immaterial forms of work has brought critical thinking and artistic practice into the same sphere, in which criticism has become just another practice. Struggle that used to take place in the sphere of poetics and aesthetics now happens in the sphere of knowledge, so that contemporary performance often seems to be practice applied in theory. I do not mean to invoke and idealize the

rather accurately describes the student’s role as that of a performer in the process of working on the performance. More or less, it is about being immersed in a work that counts above all on your experience, while the objectification of knowledge takes places in the field of possible interpretation, whereby an important role is certainly played by the theoretical segment of the programme. On the other hand, the conventional model of gaining experience is very disciplined, segmented, and normative, practically organized into an academic structure. Such academization of language results in a very recognizable character of performance, sometimes even of worldview, which is close to substituting the institutional objectification of knowledge through a paternal or even patriarchal one. And that is why P.A.R.T.S., like Kafka’s father, often finds itself in an outspokenly oedipal position during work or in students’ comments, regardless of whether they are making a parody out of it or entering into a conflict with the school and dance practice in general (which conceals, in fact, one’s positive attitude towards one’s own unsuitability for choreographing), or they are transforming their own choreographic practice into a constructivist quest for the potentiality of the “paper choreography” in a way in which the utopian architecture was doing it. Disciplining one’s experience is in more than one way related to the family upbringing – since there it is likewise difficult to objectify the acquired knowledge, and additional doubts arise when it comes to transmitting that knowledge. Undoubtedly, educational imagination which emerged from non-institutional sectors has evolved in an even more dynamic way than it can be concluded from the given examples, so that various answers to the needs of the market can also be found in the more radical educational forms, from the resonances of curatorial policies (DasArts Amsterdam) through self-organization and research (a pass in

programme of Dramaturgy, I can see that this principle is universal, regardless of whether the context is traditional or rather differentiated: these programmes still tend to educate the artists such as the market will need them, no matter how radical they are. In all that, it is precisely the field of contemporary dance that reveals itself as rather specific, a field that demands a more serious reflection on the relations between artistic practice and knowledge: the development of techniques and technologies, methods and methodologies, and ideas and ideologies in dance has led to high results in the production of an ideal dancer, a commodity that can serve all needs of production. At the same time, the question of knowledge production in self-organized dance practices has become a commonplace, while its effect is deactivating as to the very practice of performance; to keep it simple, more knowledge means less dance. On the other hand, academic education in dance has still not resulted in any programme for educating choreographers that would gain dignity by asserting itself on the market, while the very notion of choreography oscillates between a social/organizational and a political/economic metaphor. Knowledge about dance has ended in a hiatus between cultural studies, which in the 80s radically individualized and fetishized the body, and the 90s, which turned it into an activist tool for fighting the paranoia of power and control. As for the interpretation and reorganization of interconnections that make it possible for choreography to happen and to be understood as a happening between the bodies, it will nevertheless have to knock on the door of materialism, from which it has been running away for a decade now like devil from incense.

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FLOWERPHILE

By Lauren Craig

Beg you to sing, hmmm and drink

Pearl drop centre:

Wipe my pleasure tears

Dropping from heights, landing only to reach other:

Levels. Layers, lips, lather, light liquid

Laughter

It's raining inside worries rolling away...

Dancing down my thigh, humming

Pitch high, cramped petals inside

Potent pollen at the point

I'll water you, fountain flowing

Thoughts aside

Putting out like a tuning fork

Fuck me!

Vibrations permeate barriers

to things left un – dress me

'your beautiful there' he said

Dark waves, fold away fruits

Put my hope in the top draw

Filed under joy and forgiveness

As the neighbours backs arch, toes curl

stomachs turn into a hollow, harrowing hunger

for some one to hold them

ask them to stay,

miss them when they are gone

make then moan, smile, play

I'm sorry this is getting a little long

But, I am not sorry,

I thought I could not come anymore,

oh how I was wrong.

Just when that wave was done

The next one, like a tremor roll in and

It is so strong...

Wait, watch, wait it will soon be along.

Why such a serious face?

Eyes locked, but not quite vacant.

Are you there?

Are we in the same place?

Is it me in your minds eye

I am here lying naked in your net..

Tell me the truth, Exposed I wont lie

Yet your eyes scan me, vet me
Penetrate me with your throws
There is something you should know
I have a vagina like the man eating
plant
From the little shop of horrors
Feed me, I am greedy
Now!
Audrey 2 lives inside
There are deeper levels too me
Almost all I used to hide
Now it is more minimise,
Save as
flower file

Bursting, succulent, soft shapes,
shiny silvia,
Suck
shhhhhhhhhh
I can be more explicit –
You X rated deep sea diver!
Pulsating, petal, push back and play
forward
Hurry up, don't stop
I want to do you afterwards

One day
I know you will tell me
As the archive deepens:
Flower files + volume 4
I think you will show me
More than just lust,
As our intimacy increases
What excites you more...
Stimulate, watch, suspend...
Climaxes
I want to get under your skin
All up in the creases
I'll oil you up if you want.
I know you like that. We're
Swimming like fish where
the grease is...

Maybe it is just my grime you like
Better as the libido decreases
Maybe it is a dildo and other bits and
pieces
Perhaps you just like it raw – dub plate
Test press pressure
As fresh white label releases

WE CAME ANYWAY, IN BARRLES.

By Pablo Larios for Marlie Mul



So We Came Anyway, In Barrels
By Pablo Larios for Marlie Mul

There will be no party, said the Internet man.
So we came anyway, in barrels.
He brought a shovel. We brought beanbag chairs.
We sat for a while. A casual flurry of eggs. Miniature ponchos. We felt like moving in.
There were like millions. We were company larvae moving in stealth, through smoke machines, through glitter.
I have never felt such emoji.
From behind a bourgeois curtain, our girl fled. We blew kisses at her.
Although she didn't smile back, she was still a good queen bee.
I had always wanted a helicopter for my birthday, yuhu.

Later the chairs exploded and it felt good. Have you ever witnessed 30,000 flecks of trash, dandruff, flickering?
Of course not, you were there too, in nothing but lip gloss haha.
We played don't-show-your-face with the camera people, and our props were inspected.
The wisdom of crowds!
Clever enough to leave before the orange peels, plastic slushies, outdoor containers, and/or medium outlets.
Alas, to the victors belong the spills.
They say you, yours is a terrible, vicious tribe.
They ask, How could you do this, as if under a virus? Have you had it with youth? With the Eurozone/suburbia? Why do you all keep drinking Breezers?
We keep telling them, We are so lucky!

TENSION IS GOOD Maayan Danoch

Step into the realm and root yourself.

I am not interested in finding a way to survive, a whole in a fence, a compromise, a piece of bread on the floor, a penny on the ground, a light in the tunnel. I'm not interested in making it work, or work it out or through or on – managing it. I'm not interested in passing by. I do not want to ask myself nor others to be creative about finding inventive solutions. I want to have it all and now and fast. And we should all want and have and go and change the rules to make it happen.

Life is OK when the sun is out and red, when balloons are in the skies and ping pong meets running, when skaters turns in the air and even a child, when smoke goes up and when sitting in circles, and some muscles come out, and even police and Carlsberg shake hands, when the hangover pumps and the book arrives and also summer, when the music plays and I'm silent, when the wrist touches a cheek and when shifting positions.

Tomorrow I change my mind again. Tomorrow I will come down. I will be more smart and driven. I will get out of affection. I will relax. Be less angry. More concentrated, less of a student, or exactly the same. Think straight and be responsible. Ask for help perhaps in filling applications or in staying over. Tell some lies and be self-sufficient, take care of my own business, call my friends for invitation letters or to borrow money. My parents will get a flight ticket and I will forget. Fall into complaining, especially in Slovenia. It is fun and addictive and belongs to everybody. It is social, comforting, a fashion through which we come together, identify with... exhausting. annoying. disgusting. Do not tell me. I do not want to know. I am not interested. Maybe tomorrow. No maybes. No maybes at all. Responding and sometimes also just letting it go. I know it is old, boring, but so what? We have a smoke outside when the sun is out or in the kitchen after midnight and DJ.

HOROSCOPES QUOTIDIENS

Jules Herrmann

manic tiredness wheels the peacock fortyoune



35 SENTENCES ON STUD

After Sol Lewitt



1. Individuals engaged in conceptual study 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 study is essentially rational.
5. Irrational thoughts should be followed absolutely and logically.
6. If the individual engaged in study changes his mind midway through the execution of the study he compromises the result and repeats past results.
7. The one engaged in study's will is secondary to the process he initiates from idea to completion. His willfulness may only be ego.
8. When words such as knowing and knowledge are used, they connote a whole tradition and imply a consequent acceptance of this tradition, thus placing limitations on the studying subject who would be reluctant to conduct a study 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 the result of study; 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 study that becomes physical there are many variations that do not.

13. A study may be understood as a conductor from the individual engaged in study's mind to the recipient's. But it may never reach the recipient, or it may never leave the studying subject's mind.
14. The words of one individual engaged in study to another may induce an idea chain, if they share the same concept.
15. Since no knowing is intrinsically superior to another, the individual engaged in study may use any knowledge, from an expression of words (written or spoken) to physical reality, equally.
16. If words are used, and they proceed from ideas about engaging in study, then they are part of the study and not literature; numbers are not mathematics.
17. All ideas are subjects for study if they are concerned with knowledge and fall within the conventions of knowledge.
18. One usually understands the studies of the past by applying the convention of the present, thus misunderstanding the study of the past.
19. The conventions of study are altered by works of individuals engaged in study.
20. Successful study changes our understanding of the conventions by altering our perceptions.
21. Perception of ideas leads to new ideas.
22. The individual engaged in study cannot imagine his engagement, and cannot perceive it until it is complete.
23. The individual engaged in study may misperceive (understand it differently from others engaged in study) a work of study but still be set off in his own chain of thought by that misconstrual.
24. Perception is subjective.

25. The individual engaged in study may not necessarily understand his own study. His perception is neither better nor worse than that of others.
26. An individual engaged in study may perceive the art of others better than his own.
27. The concept of a work of study may involve the matter of the study or the process in which it is made.
28. Once the idea of the study is established in the individual engaged in study's mind and the final form is decided, the process is carried out blindly. There are many side effects that the individual engaged in study cannot imagine. These may be used as ideas for new studies.
29. The process is mechanical and should not be tampered with. It should run its course.
30. There are many elements involved in a study. The most important are the most obvious.
31. If an individual engaged in study uses the same form in a group of studies, and changes the material, one would assume the individual engaged in study's concepts to involve the material.
32. Banal ideas cannot be rescued by beautiful study.
33. It is difficult to bungle a good idea.
34. When an individual engaged in study learns his craft too well he makes slick studies.
35. These sentences comment on study, but are not a study.

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