

Art Journal

Summer 1982

You should see
the pages I've
been typing.

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Words and Wordworks

- Editor's Statement by Clive Phillpot **95**
Looking at a Printed Page by Tony Rickaby **96**
Messages Received by Howardena Pindell **98**
Sol LeWitt **99**
Kangaroo? (Some Songs by Art & Language and the Red Crayola) **101**
Davi Det Hompson **104**
Why Write? by Daniel Buren **108**
Color/Language Studies 1973-82 by Iain Baxter **110**
John Fekner **114**
The Walking Man 1975-1978 and The Artist's Dream by Ian Breakwell **116**
Extracts from Personhood's Self-Cancellation by Henry A. Flynt, Jr. **119**
Notes from Art (4 pages) by Lawrence Weiner **122**
Ben **126**
The Definitive/ist Manifesto by the Guerilla Art Action Group **129**
Les Levine **131**
Jenny Holzer **132**
John Baldessari **134**
On Social Grease by Hans Haacke **137**

Museum News: Precolumbian Art of Costa Rica: Some Unresolved Problems by Barbara Braun **144** / Ruisdael Retrospective by Peter C. Sutton **147** / Fernand Léger: Logic and Liberalism by Kenneth E. Silver **151** / Giorgio Morandi by Gabriel Laderman **155** / Realism and Realities by Martica Sawin **157** / Coming of Age in Chicago: The Koffler Foundation Collection of Chicago Art by Franz Schulze **160**

Books in Review: William Vaughn, *German Romantic Painting*, reviewed by Marsha Morton **163** / David Kunzle, *Fashion and Fetishism: A Social History of the Corset, Tight-Lacing and Other Forms of Body-Sculpture in the West*, reviewed by Maureen Connor **165** / Karlen Moordian, *The Many Worlds of Arshile Gorky*, reviewed by Bernard Hanson **171** / Christopher Butler, *After the Wake: An Essay on the Contemporary Avant-Garde*, reviewed by Douglas G. Campbell **175** / Una E. Johnson, *American Prints and Printmakers: A chronicle of over 400 artists and their prints from 1900 to the present*; Elizabeth Glassman and Marilyn F. Symmes, *Cliché-verre: Hand-Drawn, Light-Printed, A survey of the medium from 1839 to the present*; and *The Painterly Print: Monotypes from the Seventeenth to the Twentieth Century*, reviewed by Karen F. Beall **179**

Books and Catalogues Received 181

Correspondence for the *Art Journal* should be addressed to the Managing Editor at the College Art Association, 16 East 52 Street, New York, NY 10022.

Editor's Statement: Words and Wordworks

The fact that introductions to anthologies generally become redundant after one reading, while the anthology lives on, prompted me to emulate John Lennon. When he introduced the paperback edition of Yoko Ono's *Grapefruit*, he simply said: "Hi my name is John Lennon. I'd like you to meet Yoko Ono." I'd like you to meet the artists here anthologized, or at least to get acquainted with their work, but I suspect that I need to explain what I was trying to do in assembling their contributions.

It seemed to me that a special issue of a magazine is most useful when it deals comprehensively with a narrow subject. So this issue of the *Art Journal* is devoted to the current works of visual artists who work with words—sometimes exclusively, sometimes occasionally. Because work of this kind is supranational, I invited artists from several countries.

One of the reasons I was attracted to the topic is the sheer paradox of visual artists producing verbal works. Another reason is my continuing espousal of the cause of those artists who wish to make art suitable for mass replication (whether verbal or visual or both); art that only comes into existence when the presses begin to roll, and theoretically in unlimited numbers. Not that all the works in this issue are multiple verbal artworks—wordworks—for there are also explanatory texts, theories, manifestoes, and other forms of writing.

Perhaps I should at this stage repeat part of what I wrote to the artists when I asked them if they would participate:

I do not underestimate the value of the interaction of word and image, but for this issue I would prefer to anthologize works which rely solely upon words, dispensing therefore with illustrations, diagrams and symbols, other than letters and punctuation marks. To concentrate this one issue on words will, I hope, attest to the validity of this means, amongst others, for the visual artist. It is also my contention that wordworks, and even discursive texts, by visual artists, have different qualities to works deriving solely from literary traditions.

Although many of the pages that follow are as strong visually as they are verbally, the exclusion of visual images did, in fact, inconvenience a few of the artists who often work with both words and images. But I felt that unless this restriction was imposed, the anthology would become rather like one of the numerous exhibitions that are composed of a succession of works that have been brought together just because they happen to have the odd word or phrase incorporated in them.

While a couple of the pieces in this issue have been reproduced before, this is preeminently a live issue. Indeed, were it not for the lead time necessary to compile an issue of the *Art Journal*, several of the artists would have addressed specific current concerns.

It was not my intention to ask the invited artists to illustrate some theme of my choosing, other than that words could be potent in the hands of the artist. Aside from this one constraint, and the physical constraints of the page and the magazine, I basically turned the issue over to the artists. I provided a free space, an uncensored space, for them to say precisely what they wished.

In my view one of the virtues of the magazine as a form is that it provides opportunities for contributors to express their views, however abstruse or controversial, in a timely and concise form. Readers of magazines do not feel obliged to read everything from cover to cover, but can choose what they wish to read. Nor do they feel that they have to read contributions to magazines in any particular order. The more magazines there are, and the more varied their contents, the more diverse the channels of communication which are kept open in our society. A magazine such as the *Art Journal*, with a different guest editor for each issue, expands the opportunities for the communication of ideas even more than conventional magazines which filter contributions through an editorial staff with a particular mindset.

This particular issue also circumvents the vexed question of reproductions of works of art, since what has been printed are either texts that have no fixed visual form and can

therefore be typeset in many different ways, or texts that, once photographed and printed, become multiple artworks which have an independent life in every copy of this issue of the *Art Journal*. In the latter case the work is not a reproduction, since it was not designed to come into existence until it was printed, over and over, in each copy of the magazine. This process, too, is eminently suited to the magazine form, since original—but multiple—artworks reach a wide audience, each member of which will experience the artists' intentions first-hand, not second-hand through reproduction.

Although I did not intend this issue to be a historical survey, I did want to include several artists who had long been involved with words. I have included a piece by Henry Flynt, for example, who, in 1961, introduced the term "Concept Art," which he defined as a "kind of art of which the material is language." Sol LeWitt is also represented; in 1967 he coined the term "Conceptual Art," proposing that "in conceptual art the idea or concept is the most important aspect of the work." The latter term is obviously of wider compass than the former, but words were also a convenient means to express ideas or concepts.

But I do not wish to overemphasize a particular history. Flynt and LeWitt are still evolving, and both they, and most of the artists here represented, would not wish to be simplistically pigeon-holed under the rubric of Conceptual Art, which is but one of the tributaries of this river of words and wordworks. In considering the wide-ranging works that are in this issue, it seems to me that if they have anything in common—apart from their reliance on words—it is not so much their presentation of a concept as it is their concern with facilitating perception. Perhaps it is this concern which distinguishes the writing of visual artists' from that of other writers'. Some of the pages here are multiple artworks, others are statements or manifestoes, but practically all can be regarded in the light of the way that they affect our perception of the world about us—of which art is only a part.

Clive Phillpot

Looking at a Printed Page: 1

I may see contemporary society as formed of various flat surfaces (the TV screen, the facade of a building, the billboard, the shop window) which contain, or conceal, meanings (cultural, economic, historical, political, social, etc.) beyond simply their appearance or their physical presence. This printed page is one such surface.

In looking at this printed page I feel a tension between these meanings (which echo the complexity and ungraspability of life within modern capitalism) and the page's existence as an object (a piece of white paper which I can touch and fold and crease and crumple: a *thing* which makes sense in a confusing, rapidly changing world of events and opinions which can never properly be pinned down and understood).

As I run my fingers across this printed page, and feel the texture of the paper, I wonder whether this involuntary action reflects my desire to *own* things in this society. To have control over at least *something* in my life. Even to identify myself with a possession.

Looking at a Printed Page: 2

In creating the text printed upon this page I respond, consciously or unconsciously, to certain pressures and controls. To such forces as the artworld (whose customs, history and institutions I ignore at my peril). Or the capitalist class system (which places those involved in art in an isolated, middle-class world). Or the modern State (that most powerful and pervasive force which now constricts and directs us all).

The power of the State mainly lies in its formation of an ideology which represents the interests of the ruling class as being my interests, as being 'common sense.' Because the State is a social structure it has become internalised and so, in a sense, *I* am the State: it exists in my mind and I reproduce it in my daily life. Even as I create this text.

The ideological power of the State derives from those institutions and forms which effect a cultural/educational role and which thus include galleries, colleges, art magazines, the printed page.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

CHAPTER I

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

CHAPTER II

The first part of the history of the United States is the history of the colonies. The colonies were first settled by Englishmen in 1607, and they grew in number and importance until the Revolution. The colonies were at first dependent on Great Britain, but they gradually became more independent. The Revolution was a struggle for independence, and it was won in 1776. The United States were then a free and independent nation.

The second part of the history of the United States is the history of the Union. The Union was formed in 1787, and it has since then been a source of strength and stability. The Union has grown in size and power, and it has played a leading role in the world. The Union has been the cause of many of the great achievements of the United States, and it will continue to be so in the future.

The third part of the history of the United States is the history of the present. The present is a time of great change and progress. The United States are now a more powerful and more influential nation than ever before. The United States are now a more united and more cohesive nation than ever before. The United States are now a more just and more equitable nation than ever before. The United States are now a more free and more democratic nation than ever before. The United States are now a more peaceful and more prosperous nation than ever before.

The fourth part of the history of the United States is the history of the future. The future is a time of great promise and opportunity. The United States have a great future ahead of them. The United States have a great role to play in the world. The United States have a great responsibility to fulfill. The United States have a great duty to perform. The United States have a great mission to accomplish.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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Kangaroo?

(Some Songs by Art & Language and the Red Crayola)



The mechanism of the Music Industry is in many ways clear. Its relative lack of autonomy with respect to the mechanism of monopoly capitalism facilitates the identification and the criticism of its ideological blather. Economic determination in 'the last instance' is by no means a problematic thesis in respect of the 'normal' music industry. It is economically determined in nowhere-near the last-instance. As a consequence, its discourses are analytically transparent.

It's harder to analyse and explain the mechanisms of the various alternatives and margins, the oppositional clamour of music with a foot (to a greater or lesser degree) in politics or high culture—or both.

Music with far more than a foot in high culture exists in a margin of the marginal. This is Artistic Radical Rock fascinated by the *iconography* of Pop—the Rocking Artistic and the Arting Rockistic. These are excrescences of a widening tendency: feeble representation of marginal modishness which in turn produces a form of *artistically modish marginality*. Art in thrall to teenagers is a neurotic sibling of art in thrall to advertising. A saprophyte, it sucks on the corpse of dead glamour: street glamour. Art-in-thrall-to-pop-in-thrall-to-Punks-in-thrall-to-the-music-industry has its canonical discourses, its 'explanations', its representations of itself to itself. These are supposed to point to its necessity. The only necessity of significance is the necessity of its misrepresentation of itself which is necessary to the existence of the real mechanism that produces Artistic Rocking. Modern art, funny clothes, alternative swastikas, illiterate semiology, Weimar cabaret, criminality and madness, are 'oppositional'. The assumption is frequently made that, as a consequence of their being oppositional, they are a danger to the prevailing system of society and culture. They are, in general, lumpen. They *are* the system in a sense, since without

the system they would be stripped of their cultural aggression—their meaning.

On the shore of the island of high culture, a niche is secured by those whose critique of high culture is no more than enchantment with the mindless calculations and the loutish effectivity of the Pop Hit-maker. They live in the security of a second-hand *frisson*. Their devotion to the formerly marginal is narcissistic, mediated by the motivating myths of the Rock-Business.

The various radical Artistic Rockings concede everything but their ineptitude to unradical Rock. Unlike Kurt Weill and the Salvation Army, they do not conscript truth to the best tunes. Conceding virtually everything is one of the marks of infatuation. Radical Artistic Rocking finds an external object in infatuation. An empty homage that leaves everything as it is. Blustering 'critiques', 'perceptions' and 'insights' concerning society, capitalism etc., stand for that production-of-meaning-in-terms-of-the-material in which Radical Rock (etc.) practice is putatively lodged. Radical Rock (etc.) does nothing with, makes nothing of, unradical rock. Radical Rock narcissists talk harmlessly amongst themselves in a language with two mutually unreconstructible grammars. This is a condition of symptomatic vacuity: a condition to which almost all modern art aspires.

The defects of the more overtly Political Radical Rock (a Rock mutation which infiltrates high culture with ease but is not necessarily infiltrated by it) are isomorphs of Cultural Radical Rock. The materially uncriticisable truth in the mouth of the 'Political' alternative rocker is parasitic upon a set of assumptions (mystifications) concerning the mechanism of production which is associated with one or many of the interests of the music industry. This is Political Radical Rock fascinated with the *distributive* power of Pop. Platitude is dignified by disingenuous sincerity. Political Rock is the world of non-problematic meaning,

of incorrigible slogans. Its opposition to the system is a calculation within the system. Political Rock is one of a variety of practices engaged in by those who want to change the system so long as the change required leaves them unchanged.

Political Rock reduces the question of what is communicated to whom to a matter of anxiety over its audience. Its aura is the aura of decline, the aura of failing market research. Its products are invitations to reification rather than interpretation. In its neurotic fascination with (or obsession with) the distributive power of the media, it must remain in terror of interpretative volatility, of laughter, and of all genuine productive functions and conditions.

Formerly unpolitical or apolitical Art Rockists have seemed to discover politics. Formerly ghettoised Political Rockers have abandoned the traditional pseudo-critical position vis-à-vis pop music. Transmogrified Political Rockers must unload their apparent marginality. They must demonstrate to the big record companies that they've learned the lessons of Punk. Fitness for work has superseded unsightly tantrums and dirty habits. The ideological benefit for the big record companies is that they can be seen to be doing the right thing by Punk. Base wares are transubstantiated into the treasures of media. Art Rock occasionally makes Pop novelties. But there's upward mobility all around.

We have written some songs which exhibit varying degrees and sorts of monstrosity. The weakest sort are merely somewhat intractable, e.g., 'An Old Man's Dream'. They are rather discursive, didactic, or quasi-didactic narrations.

An Old Man's Dream

An old man with nowhere to go
Lay down at the side of the road.
He slept and dreamed he wasn't there,
Then dreamed he was a millionaire.

It didn't snow or rain in the land of Cockayne.

And after that old man awoke
The first person to whom he spoke
Was a psychoanalyst, a shrink,
Who said, "I'll help you, but first think,
And tell me in your sorry plight,
Exactly what you dreamed last night."

The old man replied. He said, "I don't know why
you care,
I dreamed I was a millionaire."

The shrink explained what the dream had meant:
"Your dream has symbolic content:
The millionaire is a symbol of your father."
"A symbol, you say, of my father?"
The old man said, "That is so strange . . ."
Then he asked the shrink for some change.

Rock music is resistant to internal complexity, to lyrical and musical representations which might entail discursivity in the producer and the co-producer—the hearer. Such discursivity may produce the possibility of reflected interpretation outside its sanitary and productive canons. 'The Principles Of Party Organisation' is a love song written especially for Social Democrats:

The Principles of Party Organization

Love that's a success,
Whose efficiency brings happiness,
Calculation's true caress:
The power of love's tenderness
Will turn to form unless
Efficiency tempers romanticness.

Love can be misery and ridicule;
The hope that elevates the fool;
The pathos that precedes misrule.
Romantic love is and remains
Like picking roses in the rain.

Love is fantastic schemes and goo.
Efficiency will see things through.
Love is whispering, "I do."
Efficiency's asking, "How?" and "Who?"

Without love there is no weakness,
Without love there is no storm or stress.

"Abandoned love, impassioned love,
That, ever strong, did keep—
That for the joy of one
The other did weep" . . . is weak.

This love for gentler times is meant;
Efficiency inspires detente.
Efficiency is fortune and fame;
The circumspect don't go insane.
It provides all that either side could want
Beyond obsession and immortality;
Peaceful co-existence for you and me.

Other songs are monstrosities of détente. In 'The Milkmaid', the conjunction of knowing western cabaret pastorelle music with the bu-

reaucratic lyricism of Soviet Socialist Realist art appreciation is by no means obviously a conjunction of contrasts. At the same time the discourses of which they are severally composed are putatively oppositional. The puzzle for the listener is finally to make sense of the song *on the basis* of the discovery that they are stalked by hiatus.

The Milkmaid

The figure of the young milkmaid
Is full of live plasticity.
The picture of the young milkmaid
Is full of virtuosity.

The rhythm of patient work is there.
—It's in her arms, her legs, her waist.
The look is guarded and severe
In her clean young open face.

See what her snow-white smock reveals
Stretched by her blooming young body;
She lifts her heavy milking pails
—But she's cultured—not just anybody.

She's radiant with happiness
And content with her fulfilled life;
She's beautiful and so graceful;
She would make someone a good wife.

And we can sense in her movements
Rhythmic devices: she'll master
Technological improvement
That makes progress happen faster.

The picture of the young milkmaid
Is made only of mosaic,
But it's a monumental work
Healthy, joyful and heroic.

The conjunction of one contradictory cipher with another in a single cultural object can be *idle flânerie*. It can also be done in such a way as to raise such problems of identification, of discovery in the margins of one cipher or the other, that the listener is thrown into the necessity of asking 'How was this made?'. The listener must look for the world in which such apparent conjunctions are possible. The listener may be forced, to some extent, to engage in a second-order discourse if he seeks to reconstitute the mechanism of the production of the song.

But this can be a perilous way of making representations. 'Punks don't wear Swastikas', say some luminaries in search of a clever sounding phrase, 'they wear representations of them'. We are to understand them as representations of decadence. Not conventional signs, not badges of political allegiance, but traces of the world, 'mentioned,' not 'used' Swastikas.

But the luminaries are not the Punks. The distance of the Artistic Rock luminary is the distance of aestheticisation—the aestheticisation of the Swastika-wearer's politics, not in

terms of the 'representational' modes of the Punks, but in terms of *another* representation of them. This is the distance of managerial ratification. Reproduced on the cover of The Red Crayola/Art & Language LP is a painting of a Kangaroo. This is not only a fancy bit of design. It is a discursive device and it is possible to *misinterpret* it. It is a complex symbol. The LP contains a song, 'Kangaroo?'. This is the title song. It is about an accident and the transformation of that accident (mistake) into something 'meaningful'. The managed transformation of an accidental occurrence into a meaningful one is a cipher for the mess our culture is in. the accidents of high culture's hysterical pantomime are transformed into deeply meaningful moments by those with ratificatory power and interests.

Kangaroo?

On their voyage of discovery,
Of privation and cartography,
The sailors said to Captain Cook,
"Come over here and have a look.
We've caught a creature with a pouch
That leaps and springs and seems to crouch.
Its head is small, its ears are long.
Its legs and tail are thick and strong."

No-one knew what the creature was.
Some men were sent ashore because
Animals must have a name
(And the natives knew the game).

Meanwhile, the captive, pushed and shoved,
Was given leather boxing-gloves.

The men returned, trusty and true,
"They tell us it's a **kangaroo**."

(The truth emerged much later when,
On trips by less resourceful men,
The Aborigines told those who'd come to stay
That **kangaroo** meant **What did you say?**)

The LP cover is also a comment on a specific cultural excrement: Neo-Expressionism—and on one of its leading lights, a painter who hangs his appalling academic pseudo-expressionist paintings upside down. There is some feeble 'reason' for this, but it need not detain us. But in Britain, Australia is 'upside down' . . . and kangaroos live in Australia. The rise of Neo-Expressionism has seen the rise of a particularly aggressive, particularly empty managerial blather. Back to Captain Cook. The intelligibility of the kangaroo picture will be dependent on the work that is embodied in the song. And the song also suggests the type of work required in connection with other tracks on the LP. But what is required is a series of moves, not a single discrete terminus, not the oppressive manichaeistic certainty necessary to modern high culture.

In general, the songs are made of perishable lyrical material. The contradictions of the

present as we conceive them are distinct from those conceived by Walter Benjamin. In fact, Benjamin did not explicitly work out what the 'contradictions of the present' might be. He gave instances, generalisable examples. Our conception is not founded on a dialectical reading of Marx, but rather derives from the explicit project of Marx's Historical Materialism. The 'contradictions' of the present may be viewed as the misrepresentations of bourgeois society, causally connected with what they misrepresent. Other songs are essayistic in the sense that various misrepresentational possibilities are confounded in hiatus. They are made of perishable stuff insofar as this reflects the specific and contingent variety of 'contradictions' of the present.

The love song, 'If She Loves You' is semantically incompetent. It is full of buzzy love-song words. But the order of things is 'reversed'. The Rock and Roll love song is usually enigmatic but it repays study: the majesty and romance emerge when you sort out the words. 'If She Loves You' evaporates into semantically meaningless noise. Most love songs are in fact extravagantly sexist drivel. 'If She Loves You' is semantically incompetent drivel.

If She Loves You

You don't realise she loves you if she happens to.
You don't understand she loves you if indeed she does.

You don't appreciate she loves you if in fact she does.
You don't know she loves you if she happens to.
You're not glad she loves you if indeed she does.
You're not sorry that she loves you if in fact she does.
You don't regret that she loves you if she does.

She loves you, she happens to.
She loves you, indeed she does.
She loves you, in fact she does.
She loves you, she does.

You realise she loves you if she happens to.
You understand she loves you if indeed she does.
You appreciate she loves you if in fact she does.
You know that she loves you if indeed she does.
You're glad she loves you if indeed she does.
You're sorry that she loves you if in fact she does.
You regret that she loves you if she does.
You understand she loves you if indeed she does.
You appreciate she loves you if in fact she does.
You know that she loves you if she happens to.
You're glad she loves you if indeed she does.
You're sorry that she loves you if in fact she does.
You regret that she loves you if she does.

Some of our songs have undergone transformations comic in themselves. We wrote 'Rat-man' for a single. Ratman is a case discussed (in part) by Freud in his *Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious*. It turns on a linguistic accident: Dick=Penis in vulgar English and Rat-man has to lose his Dick (=fat in German). The English lyric was translated and sung in German.

Rattenmensch Gewichtswächter

Rattenmensch muss sein 'dick' verlieren
Rattenmensch der Gewichtswächter
'dick' Wächter
Rattenmensch isst zwei Mahlzeiten
Rattenmensch der Vollgefressene
'dick' Erwerber
Rattenmensch's Vetter Richard:
Rattenmensch, Dick und Sie
Dick und Sie
Richard ist Rattenmensch's 'dick'
Richard ist der Dicke Mann
Grosser Liebhaber
Rattenmensch's 'dick' ist Richard
Rattenmensch der Dick Wächter
Gewichtswächter
Rattenmensch's 'dick' ist sein Fett
Rattenmensch hat einen Liebhaber
Geheimliebhaber
Rattenmensch weiss—Sie mag Dick
Dick ist Kein Gewichtswächter
Vollgefressener
Rattenmensch is der Gewichtswächter
Rattenmensch muss sein 'dick' verlieren
Dick Wächter
Rattenmensch der Gewichtswächter
Rattenmensch muss sein 'dick' verlieren
Dick Wächter.

And in English:

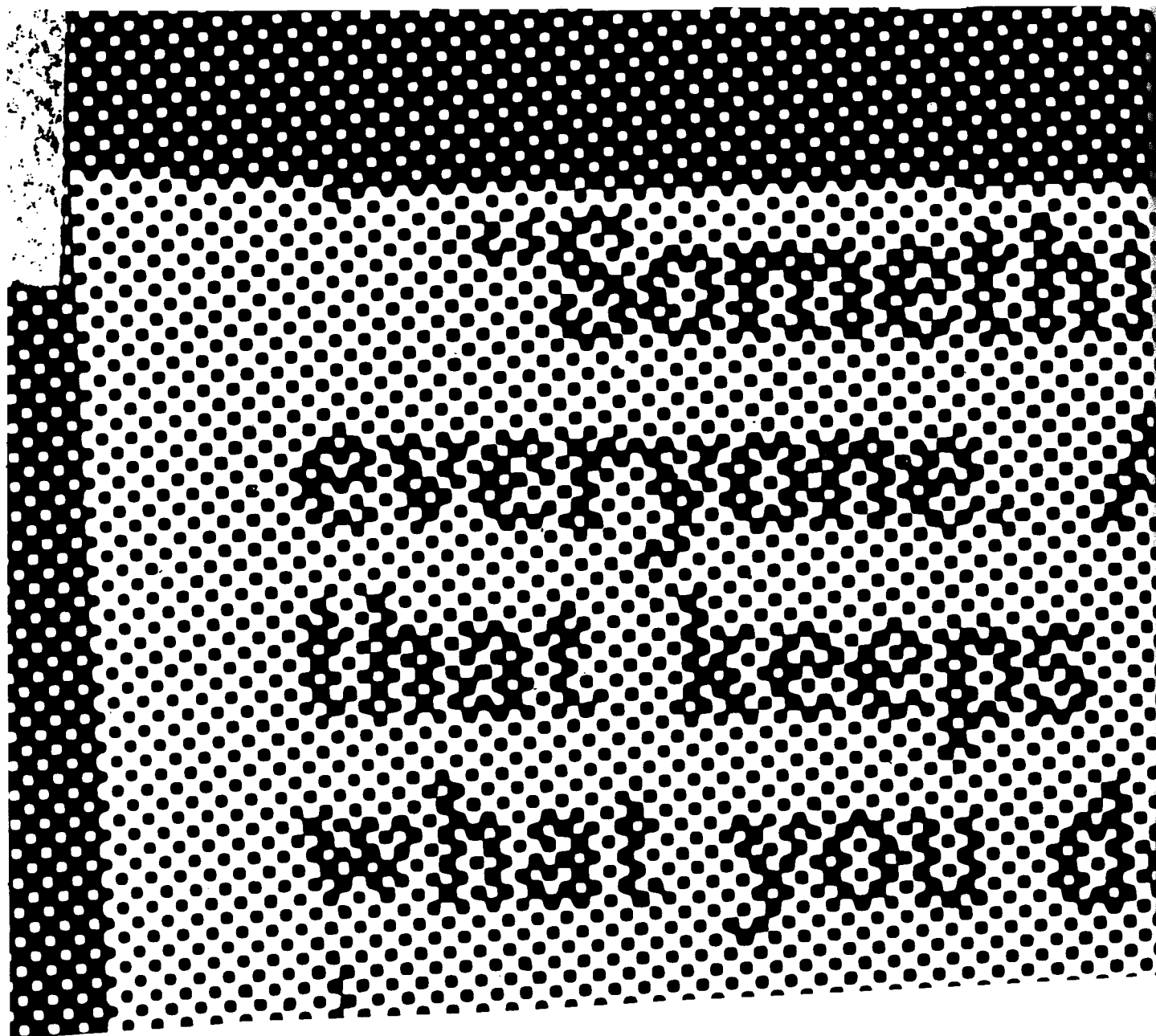
Ratman must lose his dick
Ratman the weightwatcher
Dickwatcher
Ratman eats two dinners
Ratman the overeater
Dick getter
Ratman's cousin Richard
Ratman, Dick and her
Richard is Ratman's Dick
Richard is the fatman
Great lover
Ratman's dick is Richard
Ratman the Dick watcher
Weightwatcher
Ratman's dick is his fat
Ratman has a lover
Undercover
Ratman . . .

There is now a monstrous hiatus between the discursive claims made on behalf of incorrigibly permanent art (including music) and the system of the fugitive nature of cultural production. Both systems entail contradiction in the sense of causally efficient misrepresentation.

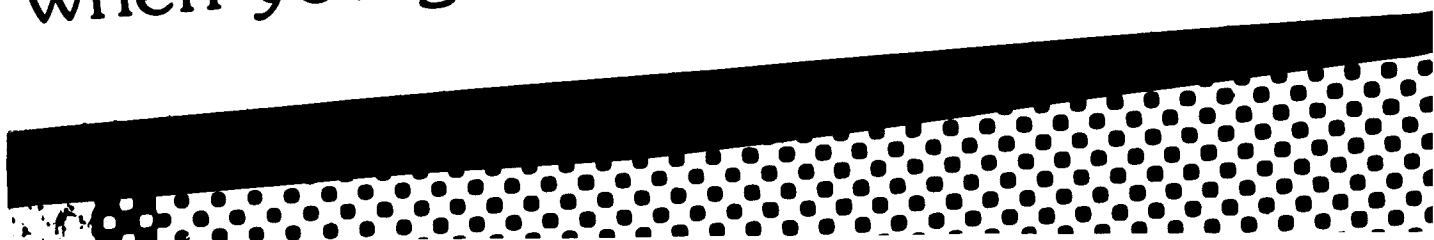
Out of impotence and anger, out of multiplied human misery, is produced a community of possible hysterics. A culture of hysterical dynamism is false consolation. At the same time, under its strictures, we must choose either the joke or the nightmare. Beleaguered, we have to choose the joke. But we must insert the joke into the obscene fantasy of the meeting of Gods and Men. *Pace* Benjamin, there is no better start to thinking than laughter. Convul-

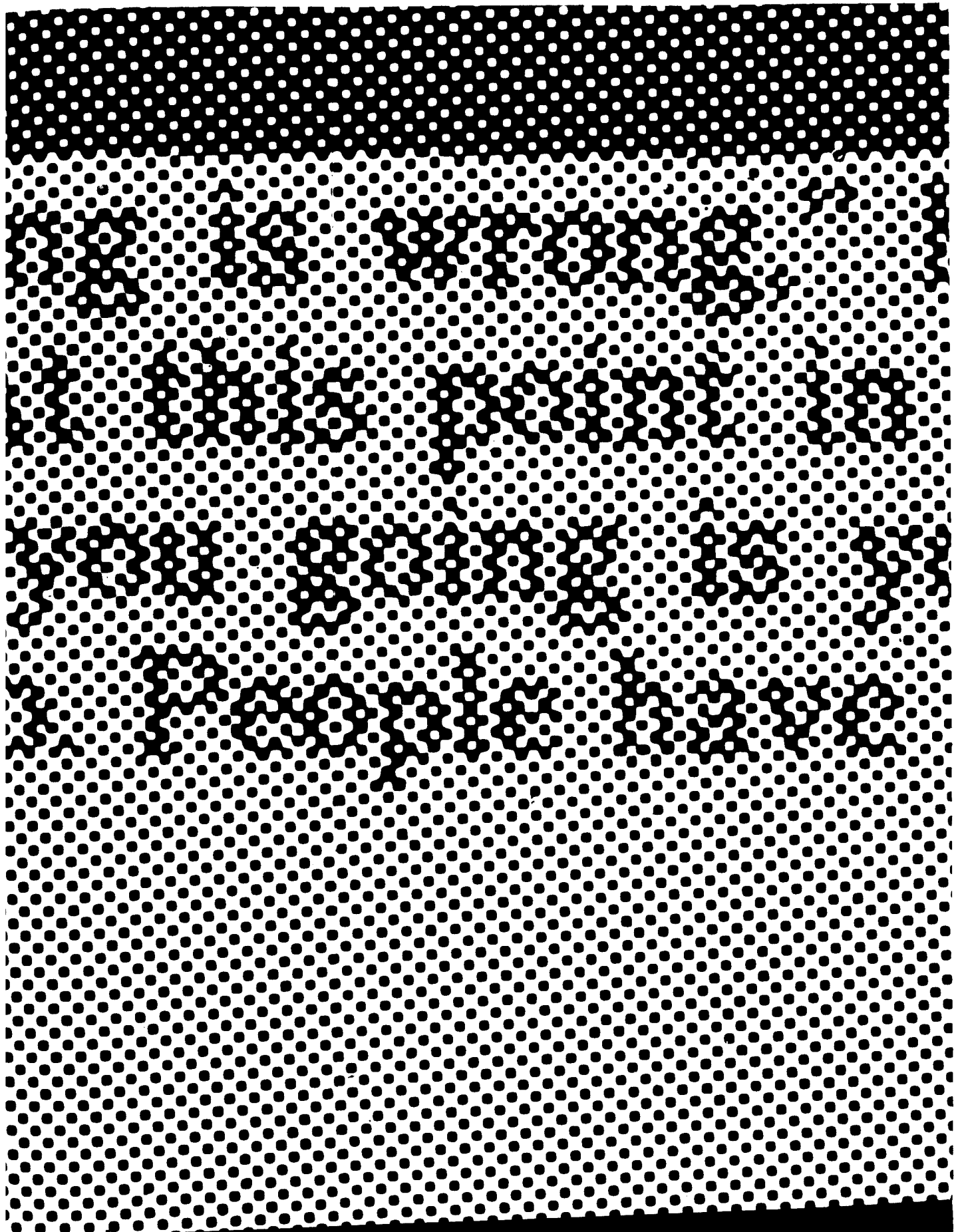
sions of the diaphragm usually provide better opportunities for thought than convulsions of the soul. *We must insert convulsions of the diaphragm into the convulsions of the soul.*

Art & Language, 1981

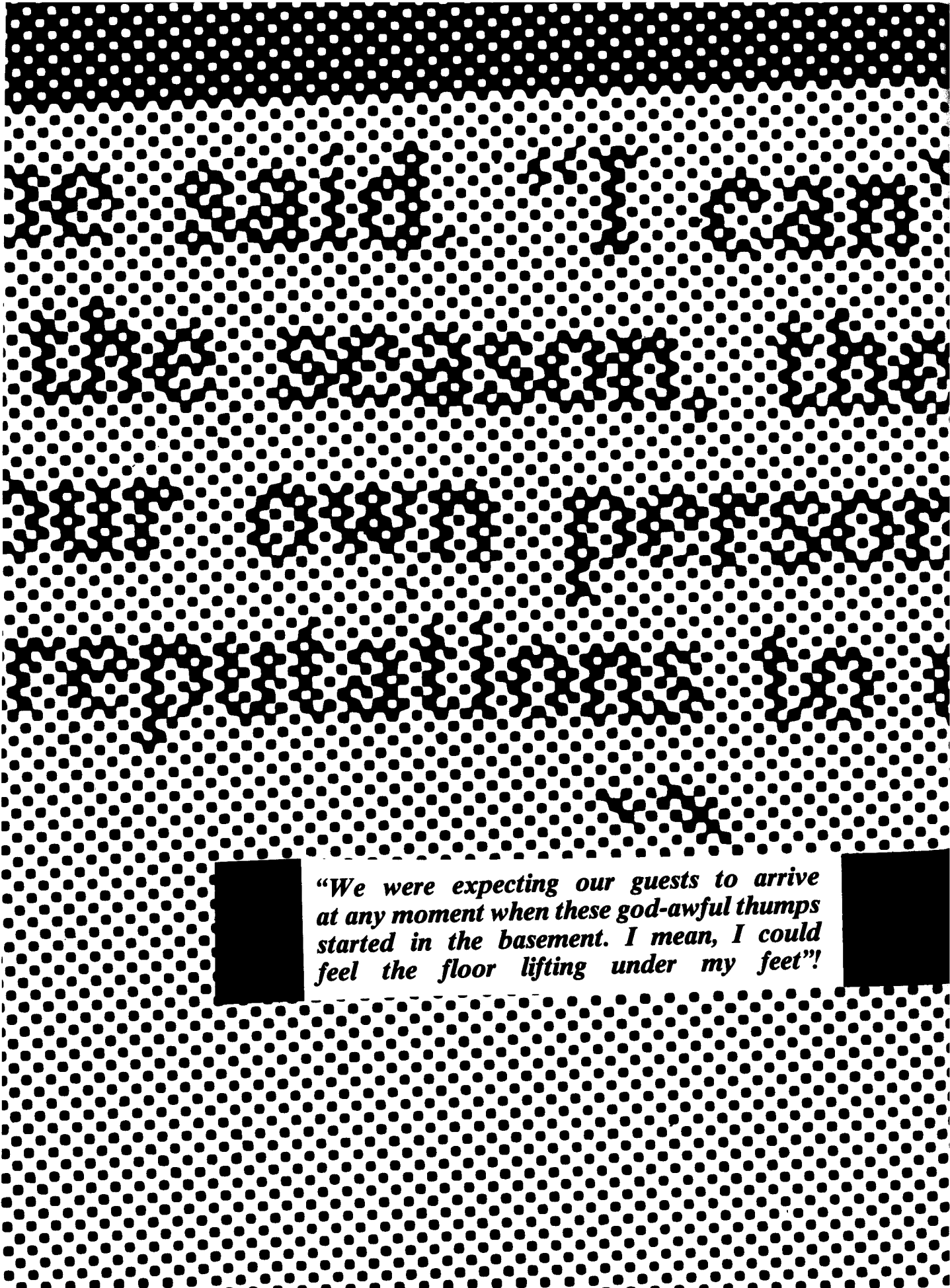


“You know how, in the middle of a quiet afternoon, a fly will buzz unceasingly against the window, but stop and hide when you get up to swat it”?

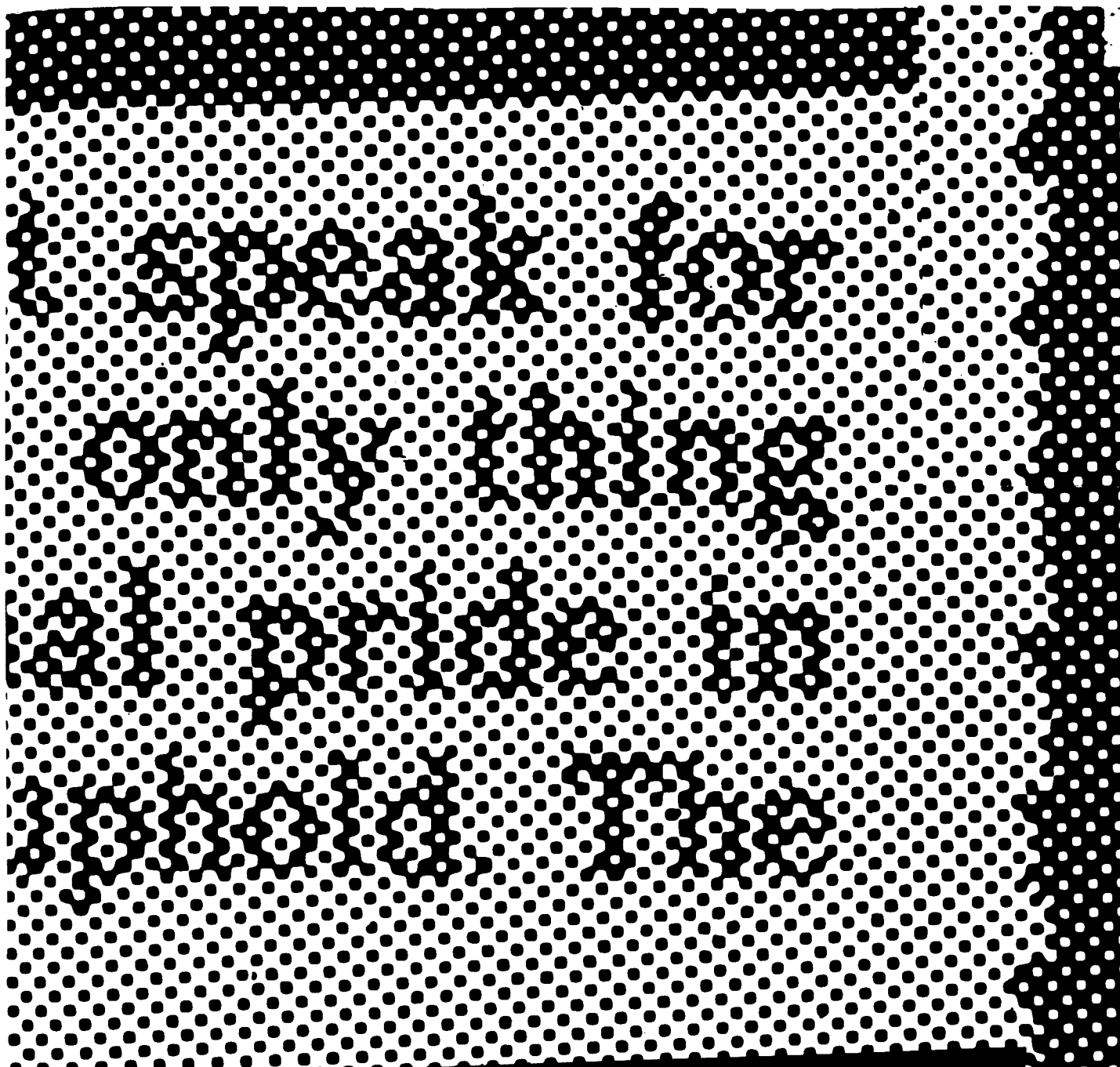




"A whole to a third to a fifth to the seventh . . ."



“We were expecting our guests to arrive at any moment when these god-awful thumps started in the basement. I mean, I could feel the floor lifting under my feet”!



“The ink had soaked through all four layers of Joe’s paper napkin.”

Why Write?

Daniel Buren

For the last fifteen years or so I've not participated in any exhibition—group or one-man shows—without writing some sort of text (explanatory or otherwise), a few lines or a few pages long, *a priori* or *a posteriori*, concerning the work done for that particular exhibition. I've also written other texts that weren't to do with any particular show. I've already spoken of the need for such texts, notably in "Why Texts? or: The Place I'm operating from."¹

I'd like here . . . to explain why it is that I normally write them myself.

First of all, writing about my own work has never been and never will be a fast principle. And nor do I feel that a piece of visual work should automatically be accompanied by a written piece—far from it. But it seems that art can't do without it. At least, that would seem to be confirmed by the abundance of literature that the plastic arts spawn. The fact is that that literature, often more of a nuisance than a necessity, is nearly always the work of the people who are interested in the visual arts, but rarely the work of the people who actually produce the objects.

But the artist isn't necessarily an idiot or an illiterate—why shouldn't he write as well? As far as I'm concerned, there are several reasons for this "literary" activity, reasons such as necessity, urgency, reflection, commissions and/or pleasure.

Each of my texts is the result of one or more of these five reasons:

1 *Necessity* was the driving force of my first writings. It was a question, first and foremost, of palliating the defaults and the obvious mediocrity of available criticism (which, for me at the time, was Parisian). Defaults and mediocrities which I later discovered were widespread and which seem to perpetuate themselves without fail from one (spontaneous) generation of critics to the next (and not only

in the Parisian region). So I felt the need to take the floor, trying to reclaim it from the critics who had been shamelessly usurping it for ages, knowing in advance what possible havoc their prose could provoke, especially for new work, and a havoc from which some work never recovers, especially if the prose that swamps it is eulogy. So, the necessity of trying, by means of my own texts, to escape that discourse so as not to be its object and consequently the victim of its rhetoric.²

2 *Urgency* is the reason for other texts, demanded by specific circumstances. Replies to this or that, or to different people, for which the written word seems the most efficient and apposite way of thwarting some unacceptable action or other.³

3 *Reflection* provokes texts either about work in progress or work planned, or more often about work finished—sometimes old work—and about which one takes the time to ask questions over again or to formulate them in a different way. Texts, then, which allow me to weigh up more accurately what has been achieved and the deeper implications of the work. Reflection which, thanks to a certain step back and a distance maintained, allows me better to understand what's been done, or what can eventually be reintroduced into a present context.⁴

4 *Commissions*, an old custom still in favor, allowing me to turn to problems or think about ideas which, initially, weren't my own, or to which my attention hadn't necessarily turned before. A commission can also constitute an opportunity to arrange scattered notes into some kind of order if their links hadn't been obvious to me before. So a commission produces writing of a different order because it is initially provoked by someone else's desires.⁵

5 Finally, *pleasure* in writing, which is by definition something personal, and all the more so in this case since I have neither the literary pretensions nor the necessary talent to make the pleasure communicable. In another more general way, the pleasure to be had in doing something—whatever its level of intensity—cannot alone justify the final nature of the product, nor can it oblige or enable someone else to rediscover whatever pleasure I feel. So it's a personal pleasure that I take, which unfortunately means that it isn't automatically rendered or communicated.⁶

The fact that these and other reasons have made me and continue to make me take the floor doesn't mean that any given one of them has a monopoly or has necessarily to be employed.

On the other hand, *writing*, for someone whose main activity is *showing*, does not mean and never has meant that these writings release the "truth" of their object, still less that they intend to impose such a truth—certainly no more than the works upon which they rely. My writing shouldn't obscure the fact that my main activity is tied to the ambition of making visible the "not-yet-seen": the two activities can neither be isolated or confused. Although the one has the mad desire of flushing out the "not-yet-seen," the other could never aspire to express the "not-yet-said." Writing and words are obviously the most usual and immediate way of expressing thought (banal or special), but that shouldn't obscure the fact that in the domain of the visual it is the object that must be thought of as intrinsic, irreplaceable and irreducible by writing, words or any other medium.

If simply speaking about a plastic work were enough to make it exist, I wouldn't be much interested in such an enterprise—and it's easy to see these days where some people have been led by such inanities. On the other hand, nothing seems more natural than to speak or

write about a plastic work. It's through writing that we find what we might call the visual work's "baptism of fire." An essential baptism for "silent" works insofar as only those which can emerge intact or reinforced manage to prove that they have something to "say" beyond the written word. Conversely, writing which debilitates the work to the point that, after reading it, we find there's nothing more to be seen, proves that the work in question about which so much has been said, has in fact, nothing else to say. What a visual work has to "say," if anything, cannot be reduced to any other "saying." That's why all the talk in the world, all the possible texts, will end up saying very little about what is essential to the visual domain. And it's around that very problem posed by the uncrossable and impossible distance between two ways of saying, that the best, the most sensitive and the most comprehensible writings about the visual arts constitute themselves.

Because if we admit as a possible axiom that to be an artist means showing the invisible, we can also claim that as soon as the invisible is seen it becomes unsayable. We can also admit that if visual "saying" is fundamentally and essentially "silent," that doesn't stop us talking about it—in the same way that we can talk about a good meal but it would never be enough to fill our stomachs.

Finally, it should be understood that even if I express my own point of view about my work (and if I keep on doing so), that point of view isn't exhaustive in its dealings with the problem; nor, of course, is it the only possible point of view. But that doesn't mean, either, that just anyone can write about anything, because if I put time and care into my writing it's because I feel that words have a certain strength, and their power shouldn't be monopolized by so-called specialists, but should be shared. If, as someone once suggested, the art of warfare is

too serious a matter to be left in the hands of soldiers, writing about the visual arts is a much too serious occupation to be left in the hands of the critics alone.

Kyoto, Japan, July 1981

Notes

1 First published in: *Five Texts*, published in English by Jack Wendler Gallery, London and John Weber Gallery, New York, 1973.

2 The following list of several texts and their reference to any of these categories is obviously not complete. Only date and place of their first publication have been indicated.

a) "Art is no longer justifiable or points on the i," interview (in French) with Georges Boudaille in November 1967, published on March 13, 1968 in: *Les Lettres Françaises*, Paris.

b) "Mise en Garde No. 1" (Beware), published as a contribution to the catalogue *Conception*, Staedtisches Museum Leverkusen (West Germany), October 1969. (Since this text has been re-edited on several occasions the reader should consult the publication *Five Texts*, mentioned above, for more precise information.)

c) "About Biography," catalogue contribution for the exhibition *Using Walls*, Jewish Museum, New York, April 1970.

3 a) *Open letter against the Paris Salons*, January 1967 (in collaboration with Mosset, Parmentier and Toroni).

b) Reply to Michel Ragon in: *L'Art Vivant*, No. 2, Paris, 1969.

c) "Au sujet de . . ." in: *Werk*, Zurich, October 1969.

d) "Autour d'un détour," in: *Opus International*, Paris, May 1971.

e) Reply to Diane Waldman, in: *Studio International*, London, July/August 1971.

f) Open letter to *Clé pour les Arts*, Antwerp, June 2, 1972.

g) Open letter against those galleries who

—without prior consent—use artists' names without representing them (with Carl Andre, Sol LeWitt, Bob Mangold), Paris, January 1974.

4 a) *Limites Critiques* (Critical Limits), pamphlet published by Yvon Lambert, Paris, December 1970. (French).

b) *Position-Proposition*, Catalogue published by the Museum Moenchengladbach, West Germany, January 1971. (German).

c) "Functions of the Museum," Catalogue-text for my exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford, England, March 1973. The text, written in French in 1970, had not been published previously.

d) *Rebondissements* (Reboundings), book published by Daled/Gevaert, Bruxelles, 1977 in English and French.

5 a) "Faut-il enseigner l'Art?" in *Galerie des Arts*, Paris, September 1968 (written in June 1968).

b) Non Nova Sed Nove," in: *Publication*, edited by David Lamelas, published by Nigel Greenwood Inc. Ltd., London, England, August 1970.

c) "It rains, it snows, it paints," in: *Arts Magazine*, New York, April 1970.

d) "Notes sur le travail prises entre 1967 et 1975," recollected for *Studio International*, Special Issue on architecture, London, September/October 1975.

6 The reader may kindly excuse the fact that I do not give any references here that conform to what is said in the paragraph relating to this footnote.

LIE

MOVIES

in the

Iain Baxter, *Color/Language Studies: 1973–82*.
Each word refers to a common color that we use in
conjunction with that word in our daily conversations.

If you wish, make a xerox of each of these pages and
color each word with its appropriate color. The work
exists both uncolored and colored.

TICKLED

SEE

HOUSE

PROSE

TRUE

BALLED

MATTER

with envy

PAGES

AUDIO PAGE

THE SOUND OF YOUR FAVORITE CURRENT RECORD

PREMACE

VISUAL PAGE

YOUR MOST HORRIBLE IMAGES OF GREED AND DESTRUCTION



The Walking Man 1975–1978

I live and work on the third floor of a building overlooking Smithfield Market in the City of London. There is a window alongside the work table at which I make much of my *Diary*, and I spend a lot of time gazing out of this window at the passing scene on the street below. In 1975 I became aware that amidst all the hustle and bustle of the market trade, among all the people going purposefully about their business there was one man who I kept seeing repeatedly, a man just as purposeful as those around him but not engaged in any business except that of walking continuously on a circuitous and regular route around the market area. He had white close-cropped hair and a stubbly beard. He was dressed, whatever the weather, in a long heavy overcoat, thick trousers and boots, but he was not a tramp because he carried no baggage. He just kept on walking like Felix. Sometimes he would suddenly halt, freeze in one position for perhaps half an hour, then start walking again at the same relentless pace, his head bowed, never looking to either side.

Then one day he was not there any more. Now that he had gone I wondered what he had seen out of the corners of his eyes as he walked time after time past the same buildings, the same shop windows, the same people going about their “normal” business; did he hear their comments as they watched him?

le gin factory. Past locked and guarded gates. Past the workshops for sportswear, skirts and separates. Past the windows filled with cash registers. Past the window displays of china tableware. Past the workshops for plastic accessories. Past the olive oil warehouse. Past the windows filled with shoes. Past the off-shoot. Past the football pool offices. Past the windows filled with cream cakes. Past the windows filled with silver plate. Past the windows filled with grouse. Past the windows filled with gold coins. Past the windows crammed with boneless hams. Past the windows filled with pheasants. Past the windows filled with headless deer. Past the windows filled with banknotes. Past the windows filled with skinned rabbits. Past the windows filled with diamonds. Past the windows filled with cows heads. Past the neon sign saying "Sell". Past the neon sign saying "Boo". Past the windows filled with piles of pheasants. Past the windows filled with pigs hanging on hooks. Past the windows filled with limited edition chess sets. Past the windows filled with axes, saws and knives. Past the silver dragons with red forked tongues. Past a man kicking a cat in the head. Past a choking man in a telephone booth. Past a man lying in the sun covered with animal fat. Past the business men walking in step. Past a room filled with people tapping their feet. Past a girl pulling her hair out. Past the grey-suited men breathing through their noses. Past a priest whose mouth is filled with soft cheese. Past a man with his nose pressed against the wall. Past a man barking like a dog. Past a man making circles in the air with his hands. Past a man lying behind a bush. Past the chauffeurs polishing cars. Past the guard dogs pacing backwards and forwards. Past the bank clerks counting money. Past the sizzling steaks. Past the oysters and the lobsters. Past the giant cheeses. Past the potted palms. Past the soft ice cream parlour. Past the windows filled with ostrich feathers. Past the windows filled with fur coats. Past the pyramids of soft toilet rolls. Past the ornamental garden furniture. Past the windows filled with sequinned handbags. Past the windows filled with perfume. Past the windows filled with electric toothbrushes. Past the windows filled with hand mirrors. Past the brochures for sunshine holidays. Past the windows filled with bath salts. Past the hair stylists. Past the windows filled with soft toys. Past the windows filled with pearls. Past the windows filled with gold necklaces. Past the windows filled with silver earrings. Past the windows filled with personal golden name-pendants. Past the windows filled with clocks. Past the windows filled with gold rings. Past the windows filled with antiques. Past the windows filled with objets d'art. Past the windows filled with rolls of silk. Past the windows filled with Christmas cards. Past the windows filled with silver pigs. Past the windows filled with frilly shirts. Past the windows filled with Christian literature. Past the windows filled with earrings. Past the windows filled with brooches. Past the windows filled with golden tiepins. Past the windows filled with babies rattles. Past the windows filled with wigs. Past the windows filled with executive briefcases. Past the windows filled with electric can openers. Past the windows filled with digital clocks. Past the windows filled with cocktail cherries. Past the windows filled with decorative doorknobs. Past the windows filled with frozen pig fat. Past the windows filled with plums in chocolate. Past the windows filled with water skins. Past the windows filled with motor car accessories. Past the windows filled with zebra skin footstools. Past the windows filled with dog clothing. Past the windows filled with oranges in brandy. Past the windows filled with elephant tusk handstands. Past the windows filled with golden goblets. Past the windows filled with silver medals. Past the windows filled with marble cigarette boxes. Past the windows filled with prints of street urchins. Past the windows filled with ashtrays and decanters. Past the windows filled with silver pepper mills. Past the windows filled with gold cigarette lighters. Past the windows filled with crucifixes. Past the whistling. And the chuckling. And the mouthing. And the sneering. And the humming. And the hooting. And the sniggering. And the sniffling. And the glaring. And the whispering. And the mumbling. And the winking. And the giggling. And the hissing. And the peering. And the cursing. And the jeering. And the spitting. And the leering. And the pointing. And the staring. And the grinning. Past the dual action garden watering cans. Past the eight position automatic chairs. Past the floral design sunbed covers. Past the golf umbrellas. Past the expanding gusseted cases. Past the ip-top suit covers. Past the vinyl casual flight bags. Past the table-top telescopes. Past the auto reverse car stereo cassette players. Past the padded telephone tables. Past the foam-filled bedroom stools. Past the sewing pouffes. Past the handwoven maize leaf table mats. Past the chining tables. Past the electronic air fresheners. Past the wishing well nutcrackers. Past the goatskin rugs. Past the vintage car watch collage kits. Past the window bead curtains. Past the wrought iron plantpot stands. Past the co-ordinated flannelette sheets. Past the gay nights continental quilts. Past the tiger and Tiger reversible blankets. Past the golden lullaby pillows. Past the cosy comfort pre-heating electric underblankets. Past the mini-turbo wall heaters. Past the oscillating table fans. Past the rosewood finish semi-flush light fittings. Past the silver snowstorm liquid glitter lamps. Past the four slice automatic toasters. Past the two-toned electric gas lighters. Past the clock alarm tea makers with luminous hands. Past the three speed fingertip blenders. Past the stainless steel nut choppers. Past the twin serrated electric carving knives. Past the neon-handled pancake makers. Past the wave ovens. Past the non-stick five piece pan sets. Past the seamless twelve hole bun pans. Past the smoked glass patisserie sets. Past the stainless steel rose bowls. Past the gold-plated ice buckets. Past the tropicana pedal bins. Past the nutbrown icing outfits. Past the cascade melon dishes. Past the six piece punch sets. Past the hen on nest egg storers. Past the regatta towels. Past the marble quartz mantel clocks. Past the domestic five hour timers. Past the quartz analogue day-date watches. Past the onyx marble smokers sets. Past the silver plated relish trays. Past the swing handle wick platters. Past the revolving cruet sets. Past the beau regard butter dishes. Past the fluted bead namechain pendants. Past the nine carat gold earrings. Past the silver book shape lockets. Past the three strand braided design hinged bangles. Past the flock-lined musical jewel cases. Past the rene decoupage shooting sticks. Past the nylon zipper toilet bags. Past the heat retaining hair curlers. Past the presentation set curling tongs. Past the solarium solariums. Past the double-sided cosmetic shavers. Past the non-stick steam mist stylers. Past the battery driven facial brushes. Past the chrome ballpoint pens. Past the rustic wheelbarrows. Past the tiny tears care sets. Past the suntan tuesday taylor summer winter vacation houses. Past the needs you dolls. Past the girls world styling kits. Past the rolypoly chime balls. Past the music box mobiles. Past the rabbit style nightdress cases. Past the telescopic shoe racks. Past the tubular steel dog guards. Past the splashback deodorant block holders. Past the simulated sheepskin car seats.

The Artist's Dream

The Artist is a reasonable man. He can account for his time. All his time is accountable. He is calm, cool, he keeps himself in check. He is demonstrably not odd, though he cultivates minor eccentricities, for he is constantly aware of his public image. He keeps a low profile. He is a serious person. His world is his studio. It is a world of logic, rationalism, aesthetic niceties, pure forms. He counts the grains of dust on the floor. He has a system. He mistrusts love, desire, magic, emotional disturbance, convulsive laughter or tears. He carefully refuses to be overwhelmed. He is in control. He has it all sewn up.

But at the end of his day of nice decisions he reluctantly lies down. The night hours pass in fitful sleep as he strives to maintain his rational grip. For at night, in his dreams, the sleep of reason begets monsters.

It begins with the tap - tap - tap of a little hammer on a metal pipe. An aperture opening and shutting. A tethered dog pacing backwards and forwards on the rooftop. The lift cable stretched. Stones in the pillow. The eyeballs rubbing against their sockets. The rats scratching behind the door. A siren in the distance. Face muscles twitching. A coiled spring. Hair shirt. The skin stretched tight over the cheekbones and across the shoulderblades. The head an onion being peeled layer by layer. The toes move independently of each other. The fingers clench. The hands reach for the chin. The teeth bite; the breath hissing through the gaps. The elbows flap like a bird's wings. The legs kick. The knees hit the ribcage. The body throws itself from side to side. The sweat runs into the wide open eyes. Splitting hairs. Rapid spasms. Throat closing up. Beating the head against a brick wall. Needles stuck in the legs. Walking barefoot on iron keys. Climbing a ladder of swords. Scraped. The insides of the thighs rubbed with sandpaper. Hit with sticks. Alphabet letters raining down. Lost in a landscape of words; harsh, black and white, stretching to the horizon. Balls of words like fists roll down the hills. An avalanche. Running. Fighting for breath. Gasping. An iron band around the neck. Mouth filled with razorblades. Chest and throat choked. The walls bulge. Splintering glass. Droplets falling from a tiny rent, the edges finally torn wide apart. Beyond the doors the sound of screaming Chinese with electric drills. Run for your life. Full tilt. Slowing down now. The spasms subside. A dull ache from head to toe. Numb. Arms heavy as lead. Weights attached to the fingertips. His breath fills the room.

Counting sheep. 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5
. 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 - 7
. 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 - 7 - 8 The sheep line up
to jump over the fence and are torn to pieces by a pack of stray dogs:
Labradors, Airedales, Beagles, Pugs, Sealyhams, Poodles, Spaniels,
Collies, Dachshunds, Great Danes, Corgis, Saint Bernards, Deer-
hounds, Salukis, Bloodhounds, Pekinese, Border Terriers, Alsatians,
Otterhounds, Boxers, Dalmatians, Chows, Bulldogs, Schnauzers,
Bedlington Terriers, Afghan Hounds, Samoyeds, Borzois, Golden
Retrievers, Red Setters, Fox Terriers, Basset Hounds, Harriers, Ap-
penzell Mountain Dogs, Jack Russells, Basenjis, Greyhounds, Boston
Terriers, Doberman Pinschers, Bull mastifs, Pointers, Dandie Din-
monts, and lapping up the puddles of blood: a little Chihuahua.

Ian Breakwell

Personhood's Self-Cancellation

Henry A. Flynt, Jr.

My work on personhood theory in the last two years has taught me a very important lesson which I must not forget because I am now deciding to "make the great return to language." Just because I am going to target in on "cognitive language"—or properly, *proto-semantic consciousness-events*—I must never again succumb to the tendency in Western philosophy to take the universe of thought or illumination as "the knowing subject qua verbal cognition-machine." I must not hem myself into a narrow, cognitive-linguistic strip at one side of the person-world. Proto-semantic consciousness-events must be studied as they interpenetrate with the whole person-world. . . .

Personhood inherently and pervasively involves a capacity to make attributions of veracity, realism, etc.; and a capacity to question veracity, realism, etc.—or just to question, in a moment in which one wants a realistic or veracious answer. When these capacities, attributions, attitudes are not especially spelled out in words, that is when my new designation of proto-semantic consciousness-events is most needed. Earlier paradigms of personhood seemed inert because these proto-semantic events were not made central. Without imputations of objectivity, attributions of "that-happened," judgments of veracity or realism, wariness of deceit and delusion, self-observed self-deception, and apprehension, expectation, anticipation, the person-world does not "arise" or subsist. In short, inherent to personhood is the capacity to ask or question, "Is this actual?" or "Does this exist?" in the sense of "Is this what it pretends to be?"

Now we arrive at the illumination which I have not previously formulated. ASK THE QUESTION "IS THIS WHAT IT PRETENDS TO BE?" OF THE QUESTION "IS THIS WHAT IT PRETENDS TO BE?"

If the question "Is this what it pretends to be?" is not what it pretends to be, then you cannot

question whether it is what it pretends to be. It must be what it pretends to be for you to be able to ask whether it is what it pretends to be.

The answer is an automatic "yes" if the question can be asked. *Yet nothing has established that the question IS asked* (that I am not "dreaming," as it were). Let me resort to the anachronistic language of philosophy to explain, hoping that this surrender of rigor will help clarify rather than confuse. Nothing has proved that semantic consciousness-events exist, i.e. that the raw experiences which are "indicated" as semantic consciousness-events have the trans-experiential dimension required for a semantic consciousness-event. But the situation is more acute than this remark recognizes. "Some proof that they exist is needed." Yes indeed, some proof that what I conventionally indicate as semantic events *are what they pretend to be* and not moments of deception, delusion, hoax, mirage. The conceptual thinking which supposedly is constituted of semantic consciousness-events has this "requirement of verification of realism" as its foremost inalienable norm. That there are semantic consciousness-events needs to be a *contingent* actuality so that it *can* be verified. *But it can't be a contingent actuality.* The point is obvious to me—I don't know if anyone else will see it—"that there are semantic consciousness-events" is *too* true: the question is settled and disposed of before anything (contingent) has been established or verified. We need to be outside of this question of whether "Is this what it pretends to be?" is what it pretends to be; and we can't get outside it. There is a very good illustration which I am preparing to use in "Argument That the Metatheory of Arithmetic Is Inconsistent." Consider

This sentence is in English, and the proof that it is in English is just the sentence itself, which is in English.

Do you think that is permissible reasoning? Then what about

This sentence is in German, and the proof that it is in German is just the sentence itself, which is in German.

Ultimately, no matter how much you are convinced that the second sentence expresses a delusion, there is nothing with which to prove that it expresses a delusion. ("Ultimately": In this context, it is not permitted to "prove" assertions by citing sources of authority which are more derivative than what is to be proved. We don't prove how many teeth are in a horse's mouth by looking it up in an encyclopedia, or prove the existence of God by looking it up in the Bible.) The form of the proposition is automatic self-validation; and this form closes the circuit in such a way that a contingent actuality cannot be tested. The illumination which emerges from this meditation is that the whole realm of semantic consciousness-events takes the form of automatic self-validation and therefore is caught in a circuit of futility.

Viewed along the axis of semantic consciousness-events, personhood is in a bind of global self-cancellation or impossibility or irreparable conflict with the norms of its subsisting or establishment or installation.

I don't know if it will help, or make things worse, if I make the following heuristic statement. The foregoing is a demonstration that the person-world "does not exist." (Curiously and ironically, Eastern thought promised to establish the same illumination. But I deliver the promised "demonstration" here and now; while Eastern thought defers the demonstration to some inaccessible thought-escape from empirical consciousness.)

The insight that personhood does not exist is not a privation—except for those who were incorrigibly credulous and addicted to "creed-

alism" in the first place. Again as a heuristic illustration (maybe a misleading one—I don't know), dreams don't *disappear* in consequence of what you decide about their realism. That is, there is a phase of experience which the inherited culture calls dreaming which does not disappear. But the whole of your experience may be profoundly reshaped in consequence of what you decide about dreams' realism. The insight which I, in my love of provocation, improperly express as "Personhood does not exist" gives us a far more powerful means of chaos' sorcery. As for those who wanted a credo which would be a synthetic religion, I part company with them. Their desire for a new world-view *in the sense of a credo* shows them to have been people of small stature to begin with.

How quickly this inquiry has moved! Earlier I posed the problem as one of finding a framework which produces an organized, identified world without depersonalizing us. I pictured this problem as one whose solution might lie far in the future, and might require a whole series of theoretical pastiches and bluffs. But now I have the desired result; and it places the project of the sorcery of chaos in a different, and to me more plausible light. The "framework" is not a creed. Rather, it is a "short-circuit" of the person-world. So the "ultimate knowledge" is not a dogma but an undermining illumination. The project of personalist meta-technology is now to spell out all the sorceries this undermining illumination opens to us, sorceries which because of the prevailing backwardness will have the guise of awesome new sciences. The job of the remainder of this manuscript is to begin to spell out how this approach is going to work.

*

Another widely-pervading constituent of the person-world is BELIEF IN (THE EXISTENCE OF) NON-IMMEDIATES. It goes without saying that this constituent overlaps with proto-semantic consciousness-events. These two specifications of constituents allow us to look at the same subject-matter from different angles; and thereby to gain greater range or flexibility for our methods.

Belief in past and future times (distinctly separate from the present) appears at the proto-semantic level as the attributions of realism involved in acts of memory and expectation. At the semantic level, it appears as e.g. use of clocks, or past events which cannot be remembered in "daydreams," but only through sentences about them.

Fundamental in personhood is the comportment of oneself to "objectivities." The same process of comportment can be described in different ways. We can say that I believe in the stability and persistence of a table (when I am not looking at it, etc.); or that I impute a context of objectivity to a glimpse of a table (or visual-table-apparition). Then, there is the

identification of the table I see with the table I touch. We can say that I believe that the visual and tactile tables are the same; or that I seek to make an objective table, a coherent table-object, by identifying the visual and tactile tables.

But the latter manner of expression does not permit the conclusion that this identification is a straightforward, unexceptionable stipulation. On the contrary: the usual "stipulations" cannot yield coherence at all moments. *It is more honest to say that the ordinary organization of the world is made of beliefs than of collations or stipulations.* "Stipulation" connotes a discretionary (or voluntary and optional) rule-making action which is independent of all matters of belief. But rule-making is independent of belief only relative to the tenets of a specific doctrine. The notions that regularities can be discerned, that there is a language in which to formulate rules, and that there is an "I" to discern and to formulate, are in no wise independent of beliefs. The activity of "making a rule to unite and unify a visual apparition with a tactile apparition" not only presupposes beliefs but indeed presupposes highly abstract beliefs. *What do you mean, "unite" a sight with a touch "in thought" to make a "substantial integrality"?*

The entire attribution of consciousness to other people—specifically, "intentions of consciousness" such as purpose, planning, manipulation, duplicity, cordiality, resentment, vindictiveness—is a matter of beliefs. A closely related matter of belief is the meaningfulness of language, the medium of transmission of thought between myself and others. The conception of my "self" as a univocal personality demarcated from the environment and continuous through time (including sleep/waking alternation and unconsciousness) is a matter of beliefs. The expectations which guide my actions, my realized choices, are matters of belief (causal belief, in fact).

The survey I have just made concerns the role of beliefs in informing the elemental life-world or person-world. That I have memory and expectation, that I conceive object-gestalts, that I attribute consciousness to other people, that the "I" of the moment conceives a sustained, continuous self, that I act in accord with cause-and-effect expectations: these are basic to the ordinary personal totality. Beyond this there are elaborate intellectual systems—myth, science, political-economic ideology—which it is superfluous to dwell on. One distinction between the "systems" and the elemental beliefs is that the systems are specialized, i.e. they are monopolies of small minorities in the community (in many societies).

The investigation of personhood leads me to notice a manner of expression which might otherwise have gone unremarked. "I do"; "I see"; "I believe." It is the self of the moment that is referred to here; but what is notable is that the totality-of-the-moment is verbalized as an "I" doing, seeing, feeling, thinking. All this

verbal ego-demarcation is assuredly informed by belief. But now there is a circle, for who is the believer? Belief is the ego as self-caused cause? (Also the use of "self" as a generic word in the preceding sentence. The fallacy of explaining a particular with an abstraction which would have to have the particular as its inspiration. Like defining a human father as a God-like figure.) There is a zone more intimate than belief in the conventional sense, the zone in which belief is constituted as a believer's act.

The structure of our language requires that belief presupposes a self to espouse it (not a life-long self, just a self of the present). Espousal is willful thought. Yet the constitution of a self is a "matter of belief." Of course, I already noted the curiosity that the personhood paradigm is expressed as "I this," "I that"—but that "self" confronting a "screen" of visual apparitions, grappling with contents, etc., is just what ordinary personhood is about.

This self of the moment or self of the present is turning out to be as much of a curiosity as proto-semantic consciousness-events or beliefs in non-immediates. "I have the option of credulity or radical unbelief." But in a state of radical unbelief there is no ground for the I-concept. The "I" doesn't necessarily arise with actions; actions can be performed absent-mindedly. The "I" doesn't necessarily arise with sense-receptiveness: the room can get a little warmer or lighter without my being attentive to it. The moment where something is palpable as an "I" is the moment of willful thought. The "I" arises with thoughtful willfulness or attentiveness.

Proto-semantic consciousness-events, and beliefs, are closely inter-related with willful thought—which is the palpable "I." To visualize a table is willful thought without a semantic event or belief. (I don't mean ideation of the meaning of the word "table"; I only mean visual ideation, and I'm mentioning "table" to make the example concrete, easier to follow.)

So what do we have? A palpable "I" sometimes manifested with beliefs and sometimes manifested without beliefs. But that's like saying that the palpable table is sometimes manifested as a sight, sometimes as a touch. The "substantial integrality" that is claimed here is a matter of belief. But the "I" is unique among substantial integralities installed by belief, because the form of language, at least, requires the I as believer of the belief that installs the I. Let us conclude that the I-of-the-moment, or ego-consciousness, involves a "bootstrap consciousness-event."

Let me return to the main avenue of discussion, and see if the above reflections will not find their place once my conclusions are reached. With respect to belief in non-immediates, we ask

Are non-immediates actual?
or
Are there non-immediates?

or
Do non-immediates exist?

Once again, the affirmative answers to these questions, the declarative correlates of the questions, are automatically self-validating. But now the automatic self-validation is indirect. It involves an intermediate moment. Non-immediates have to exist so the question regarding their existence can be meaningful. That is why I began with the question of semantic consciousness-events, because it is at the very center: it is the intersection of non-immediates with our reflection upon them.

Nevertheless, the present avenue of discussion produces a useful subsidiary result. Non-immediates must be actual *if* we can reflect upon them. Yet, nothing has ESTABLISHED that we can reflect upon them, i.e. that our purported reflection upon them *is what it pretends to be*. Nothing has proved that the "thoughts" which are indicated as reflections upon non-immediates have the trans-immediate or trans-experiential dimension. That there are non-immediates needs to be a contingent actuality so that it can be validated. But it can't be a contingent actuality. The question is settled and disposed of before anything has been established or validated.

Non-immediates compose a realm which as a whole is automatically self-validating and therefore is caught in a circuit of futility. Viewed along the axis of belief in non-immediates, personhood is in a bind of overall self-cancellation or impossibility.

Semantic consciousness-events and beliefs in non-immediates are bootstrap events which shouldn't be bootstrap events. Because of that, they are exposed as circuits of futility which annul the person-world. Coming back to the "I" of the moment, it is another, perhaps distinctly different, bootstrap event: caught in a circle of self-installation. This circle perhaps annuls personhood along a different axis. You have memories but you can't have them. You have expectations but you can't have them. You believe that the Empire State Building exists when you are not looking at it but you can't so believe. And you are a you even though evidently you can't be a you, even though the "you" is an impossible fiction. "I am stuck with myself and with being here even though it is impossible that I should be here." Now personhood is becoming dizzy. Now we should be able to read uncanny moments directly out of the person-world.

Here is, perhaps, a better heuristic illustration than the example of dreams which I gave earlier. Consider "perceived space." It pretends to have depth in the visual mode, but there is no way to expose that depth in the visual mode palpably. I stand on the other side of the room from my desk and say "The chair is nearer me than the desk." But there is no way I can validate this visual impression, *or even say what this visual impression means* (as long

as I remain within the static visual modality). Like depth and depth-distance or away-distance in the visual field, personhood is an impression which cannot be substantiated—as it were. Kant's Copernican revolution in philosophy was to announce that all the things we were supposed to believe but couldn't prove are "innately added by the mind." Very well. There remains only one qualification. These innate additions of the mind are *impossibles*.

These issues of the momentary "I" and of whether belief is possible at all constitute the intimate zone relative to which my early philosophy failed to square the extremism of its conclusions with the explanations that prepared the way for those conclusions. . . .

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NOTES FROM ART (4 pages)

ART IS NOT A METAPHOR UPON THE RELATIONSHIPS OF HUMAN BEINGS TO OBJECTS & OBJECTS TO OBJECTS IN RELATION TO HUMAN BEINGS BUT A REPRESENTATION OF AN EMPIRICAL EXISTING FACT

IT DOES NOT TELL THE POTENTIAL & CAPABILITIES OF AN OBJECT (MATERIAL) BUT PRESENTS A REALITY CONCERNING THAT RELATIONSHIP

THE OBVIOUS CHANGE IN THE RELATIONSHIP OF ART TO A CULTURE IS PERHAPS THAT THE EXPLANATION (NOT NEEDED JUSTIFICATION) OF THE EXISTENCE OF ART HAS BEEN ALLIED TO THE CONCEPT OF PRODUCTION

THIS READING WHILE OBTIATING SOME FORM OF SOCIAL UNEASE IS NOT IN FACT THE CASE

ART IS IN RELATION TO ITS SOCIETY A SERVICE INDUSTRY

**THE ARTIST'S REALITY IS NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER
REALITY**

**IT IS THE CONTENT THAT GIVES THE PERCEPTIONS AND
OBSERVATIONS OF AN ARTIST (WITHIN THE PRESENTATION ART)
A USE FACTOR WITHIN THE SOCIETY**

**THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE NEED FOR THIS DISTANCING BY A
SOCIETY (IN FACT THE NEED ITSELF) BY A SOCIETY FOR ITS
ART TO FUNCTION HAS LED TO THE MISCONCEPTION THAT ART &
ARTISTS ARE APART FROM SOCIETY UNLESS THEY DO NOT FUNCTION
AS ART & ARTISTS**

**CONSTANT PLACATION OF PREVIOUS AESTHETICS CONSUMES
PRESENT RESOURCES TO THE EXTENT THAT AS THE NEEDS &
DESIRES OF A PRESENT AESTHETIC MAKE THEMSELVES FELT
(EVEN WHEN THE BASIS IS IN A PREVIOUS AESTHETIC)
THE RESOURCES HAVE BEEN EXHAUSTED**

IF AND WHEN A PRESENTATIONAL SITUATION CANNOT
ACCOMMODATE BY VIRTUE OF SELF-PROTECTION (CONFLICT
OF BASIC IDEOLOGIES) A WORK OF ART
IT (THE WORK OF ART) THEN MUST ERECT A STRUCTURE
CAPABLE OF SUPPORTING ITSELF (THE WORK OF ART)
BUT WHATSOEVER SUPPORT IS FOUND CAPABLE BECOMES IN
EFFECT LEGITIMIZED
PERHAPS THE DIALECTIC CONCLUDES AS THE SYSTEM OF
SUPPORT CHANGES

A REASONABLE ASSUMPTION SEEMS TO BE THAT PROLONGED
NEGOTIATIONS WITH A NON-ACCOMMODATING STRUCTURE IS
NOT THE ROLE AND OR USE OF EITHER THE ART OR THE
ARTIST

A CONCEPT (IDEA) OF ENDEAVOR (WORK) WITHOUT A
COMMITMENT IS NOT A REASONABLE ASSUMPTION

Lawrence Weiner

ne pas
écrite

l'art
est un
mot
écrit

- écrit avec une
intention

- écrit avec de
l'encre

- écrit sur du
papier

- écrit par Ben

THE DEFINITIVE/IST MANIFESTO

WIPE YOUR ASS VERY CAREFULLY WITH THREE PIECES OF TOILET PAPER FOLDED OVER, CAREFUL NOT TO GET DO-DO ON YOUR FINGERS, DISCARD AND FLUSH:

IT'S NEVER THEM, ALWAYS YOU.

A COP IS A JUDGE, IS A PRIEST, IS AN ARTIST, IS A PROFESSOR, IS A LIBRARIAN, IS A CENSOR, IS A GOOD SOLDIER, IS A DESTROYER: SOLDIERS, WHY DON'T YOU SHACKLE YOUR COMMANDING OFFICERS, AND SAY NO.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, BELIEVING IN A RELIGION PISSES AWAY YOUR FREEDOM:

YOU MUST CONTINUE TO REDEFINE YOUR ENSLAVEMENT.

WHY DO YOU KEEP DISJOINTING YOUR BRAIN FROM YOUR TEARS FROM YOUR SWEAT:

EXPLOSIVES ARE A PRIMARY PRODUCT OF YOUR CREATIVITY.

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO BE SOMEBODY, WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO LEAVE YOUR MARK, YOUR SIGNATURE, YOUR FINGERPRINTS: WHY CAN'T YOU JUST BE CONTENT WITH DOING USEFUL LABOR, LIKE WIPING YOUR ASS CAREFULLY?

Jean Toche
Jon Hendricks

NOVEMBER 15, 1981

GUERRILLA ART ACTION GROUP
JON HENDRICKS
JEAN TOCHE

**WE ARE NOT
AFRAID**

***IT'S MOSTLY LOVE THAT MAKES
YOU LOOK AT FINE ANKLES AND
THEN BREAK THEM. THE ANKLE IS
WHERE THE MOVING POWER OF THE
LEG TAPERS TO AN EXQUISITE
STEM OF BONE. SADLY, THE FOOT
COMES NEXT, ANCHORING WONDERFUL
CREATURES TO THE DIRT. DEER,
WADING BIRDS AND THE BEST
PEOPLE HAVE FINE ANKLES.
IT'S GOOD TO CRACK THEIR
SUPPORTS SO THEY'LL FALL
DOWN IN A LOVELY CURL. THEN
YOU'LL CARE FOR THEM SO THEY
WILL BE FREE FROM ALL CRASSNESS
AND STRUGGLE. YOU'LL WATCH
THE SHATTERED ANKLES HEAL
AND MEANWHILE, THE CREATURE
LIVES IN A STATE OF GRACE
AND SUSPENDED ANIMATION.***

REJOICE! OUR TIMES ARE INTOLERABLE. TAKE COURAGE, FOR THE WORST IS A HARBINGER OF THE BEST. ONLY DIRE CIRCUMSTANCE CAN PRECIPITATE THE OVERTHROW OF OPPRESSORS. THE OLD AND CORRUPT MUST BE LAID TO WASTE BEFORE THE JUST CAN TRIUMPH. OPPOSITION IDENTIFIES AND ISOLATES THE ENEMY. CONFLICT OF INTEREST MUST BE SEEN FOR WHAT IT IS. DO NOT SUPPORT PALLIATIVE GESTURES; THEY CONFUSE THE PEOPLE AND DELAY THE INEVITABLE CONFRONTATION. DELAY IS NOT TOLERATED FOR IT JEOPARDIZES THE WELL-BEING OF THE MAJORITY. CONTRADICTION WILL BE HEIGHTENED. THE RECKONING WILL BE HASTENED BY THE STAGING OF SEED DISTURBANCES. THE APOCALYPSE WILL BLOSSOM.

Excerpts from the Black Book

LEARN TO READ.

LEARN TO WRITE.

**FOR REPRODUCTION ONLY.
THIS IS NOT THE ORIGINAL ART.**

*On Social Grease**

Hans Haacke

1975. 6 placques, 30" x 30" (76.2 x 76.2 cm), photoengraved magnesium plates mounted on aluminum with dull finish.
Photographs: Walter Russell, New York.

First exhibited in one-man show at John Weber Gallery, New York.

Coll. Gilman Paper Co., New York.

Family business, founded 1881 by Isaac Gilman in Gilman, Vermont. Now headed in third generation by Howard Gilman, chairman of the board, and Charles Gilman, Jr., president. Paper and pulp industry, St. Mary's Georgia, with over 225,000 acres of company owned timberland and own railroad.
Headquarters: Time-Life building, New York.

Since this work was executed some of the credentials of the people quoted or referred to have changed, and some of the people have died.

*Title inspired through remark by Carl Andre.

Perhaps the most important single reason for the increased interest of international corporations in the arts is the almost limitless diversity of projects which are possible.

These projects can be tailored to a company's specific business goals and can return dividends far out of proportion to the actual investment required.

G. Douglas Dillon

C. Douglas Dillon

Metropolitan Museum, President
Business Committee for the Arts, Co-founder,
first Chairman
Rockefeller Foundation, Chairman
Brookings Institution, Chairman
U.S. & Foreign Securities Corp., Chairman
Dillon, Read & Co., Chairman of Exec. Com.,
Director

Quoted from C. Douglas Dillon "Cross-Cultural Communication through the Arts," in *Columbia Journal of World Business*, Columbia University, New York, Sept./Oct. 1971.

My appreciation and enjoyment of art are esthetic rather than intellectual.

I am not really concerned with what the artist means; it is not an intellectual operation—it is what I feel.

Nelson Rockefeller

Nelson Rockefeller

Museum of Modern Art, Trustee
Vice President of the United States of America.

Quoted from report by Grace Glueck,
The New York Times, May 1, 1969, page 50.

But the significant thing is that increasing recognition in the business world that the arts are not a thing apart,

that they have to do with all aspects of life, including business—

that they are, in fact, essential to business.

Frank Stanton

Frank Stanton

American Crafts Council, Trustee
Business Committee for the Arts, Chairman
Carnegie Institution, Washington, D.C., Trustee
Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Director
Rockefeller Foundation, Trustee
Atlantic Richfield Co., Director
American Electric Power Co., Inc., Director,
Member Exec. Com.
CBS Inc., Vice Chairman, Director
Diebold Venture Capital Corp., Director
New Perspective Fund, Director
New York Life Insurance Co., Director, Member
Exec. Com.
Pan American World Airways, Inc., Director,
Member Exec. Com.
Rand Corporation, Trustee
Roper Public Opinion Research Center, Director

Quoted from Frank Stanton "The Arts—
A Challenge to Business," speech to 25th
Anniversary Public Relations Conference of
Public Relations Society of American and
Canadian Public Relations Society, Detroit,
Nov. 12, 1972.

From an economic standpoint, such involvement in the arts can mean direct and tangible benefits.

It can provide a company with extensive publicity and advertising, a brighter public reputation, and an improved corporate image.

It can build better customer relations, a readier acceptance of company products, and a superior appraisal of their quality.

Promotion of the arts can improve the morale of employees and help attract qualified personnel.

David Rockefeller

David Rockefeller

Museum of Modern Art, Vice Chairman
Business Committee for the Arts, Co-Founder
and Director
Chase Manhattan Bank Corp., Chairman,
Chief Exec. Officer

Quoted from David Rockefeller "Culture and the Corporation's Support of the Arts," speech to National Industrial Conference Board, Sept. 20, 1966.

The excellence of the American product in the arts has won worldwide recognition.

The arts have the rare capacity to help heal divisions among our people and to vault some of the barriers that divide the world.

Richard M. Nixon

Richard M. Nixon

President of the United States 1968-74
(resigned)

Quoted from address to Congress in support of the National Endowment for the Arts, in *The Wall Street Journal*, Jan. 2, 1970, page 6.

EXXON'S support of the arts serves the arts as a social lubricant.

And if business is to continue in big cities, it needs a more lubricated environment.

Robert Kingsley

Robert Kingsley

Manager of Urban Affairs in Department of Public Affairs, Exxon Corp., New York
President, Arts and Business Council, New York

Quoted in Marilyn Bender "Business Aids the Arts . . . And Itself," *The New York Times*, Oct. 20, 1974, section III, page 1.