

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SPEECH

Anne-Mette Schultz

Edited by Signe Frederiksen

Forlaget emancipa(t/ss)ionsfrugten

I HAVE NO IDENTITY.
I HAVE AN APROXIMATE MATHEMATICAL IDENTITY
(BIRTHCHART.)
I HAVE SEVERAL NAMES.
I WILL GIVE UP MY SEARCH FOR IDENTITY AS A
DEADEND INVESTIGATION.
I WILL MAKE MYSELF EMPTY TO RECEIVE COSMIC INFO.
I WILL RENOUNCE THE ARTIST'S EGO, THE SUPREME
TEST WITHOUT WHICH
BATTLE A HUMAN COULD NOT BECOME 'OF
KNOWLEDGE'.
I WILL BE HUMAN FIRST, ARTIST SECOND.
I WILL NOT SEEK FAME, PUBLICITY, OR SUCKCESS.
IDENTITY CHANGES CONTINUOUSLY AS MULTIPLIED
BY TIME. (IDENTITY IS A VECTOR.)
— Lee Lozano

jeg betragter det som forfatterens opgave
at beskæftige sig med det umulige, det ufuldkomne, det der
ligger udenfor.
forsøgsvis at bruge et sprog, der ikke eksisterer endnu.
Dette ikke-eksisterende sprog kalder jeg det klasseløse sprog.
På samme måde som det ikke-eksisterende samfund af mange
kaldes for det klasseløse samfund.
— Inger Christensen

Je n'ai rien à dire et encore moins *quelque chose à dire*.
— Annie le Brun

Introduction

I am sitting in the library at an old convent in southern France. But I'm not a nun and this place isn't a convent anymore. It is an art school and I'm here as the young artist. They have given me a place to stay and awarded me a scholarship. But I'm angry at the system and in a homespun therapy séance with my colleagues, I confess that I feel uncomfortable in the role of being an artist: "The figure's tradition does not belong to me; I know that art serves another larger project. Besides, I've got nothing to say: you can find me in my ivory tower." But in reality, what scares me is how well I fit in. My critical attitude and my uncertainty have proven to be a form of conduct that the system rewards.

I focus on getting the reality that surrounds my person to glide slightly. I have made my way toward a method that makes use of planning and of language's capacity to produce reality. I mobilize myself as something else, and station a gaze that makes it possible to see myself from the outside. The difference between before and after continues to fascinate me. The document that remains makes me laugh.

Two years ago, I left Denmark. I wanted to get away, to move outside the frame. In Paris, I took up my place at an institution that identified itself as "alternative". I wanted to understand the connection between ideology and the daily running of the institution. I thought it might be useful to know the difference between operating on the front side and operating on the back side. Back in Copenhagen, I am famous for my absence. I'm on a visit there, in order to look for a portrait of myself as an art student. In the portrait, I am posing at a desk with, among other people, Anne-Mette Schultz. I had invited the participants to engage in a discussion about the meaning of artistic education, and the photograph we took of ourselves was supposed to stand as an opaque documentation of our conversation. At around the same time, Anne-Mette started to write about the Institute of Applied Speech. When she asked me, later on, if I would collaborate with her on publishing the texts, I regarded this as a continuation of our dialogue. The texts and the audience that I imagined the texts would reach gave rise to a new role. I became the editor.

The Institute of Applied Speech is an anthology of texts that deal with the connection between language, art and politics. The institute, like all other institutions, is borne forth by language. It's no secret that the Institute of Applied Speech is a fiction and that I am part of the performance. In much the manner of a staged portrait, i.e. the evidence of a represented self, the texts are the material that renders the institute real. In the institute, work is going on that is tangible to the artist.

Signe Frederiksen
Februar 2016

Welcome to the Institute of Applied Speech.

I'm trying to place myself in the front. I'm wearing something strange: It wasn't supposed to look like this – not as furry and floral, in any case. I'm feeling a bit dizzy.

I hope the trip hasn't tired you out all too much?

I've brought along a map of the place, which I'll be handing out. It has been copied a little bit lopsided, with the result that the last third of the house has inadvertently been cropped away.

The house is fairly large, as you can all see. We cannot go down into the basement. There are some problems with moisture that I'm trying to solve. However, the rest of the house is accessible; I'm in the process of building on the second floor and I'm having the roof replaced.

I walk through a green door.

We are now inside the voice-training room. Earlier on, the closet in here was a stairway. The stairway is still inside the closet – it looks like an ordinary wardrobe – and the banister is also still there, at the top. The previous owner left the wallpaper on this wall. She had a guest room in here. Originally, this end of the house was added on, as a shop that sold the articles of clothing that were being made on the second floor, which was a tailor's workshop at the time.

A piece of blue tape has been stuck onto the floor.

The Institute is an architectonic concretization of some imaginary rooms; it's an attempt to describe these rooms without simultaneously destroying them. It is a description of the artist's life and work as a series of rooms within which one can work with the abstract.

I pull the blue tape off the floor.

The Institute acts as a kind of brain, in order to deposit and save things. Here, deliberations can transpire without interruption and undetected growths can influence the work. It's not possible to go any further into discussing the placement of the Institute here other than to make mention of the bodily sensation of a kind of sluice in the face.

I walk through a brown door. We've reached the corner of the house. We are inside the workshop, just where the stairway leads down into the basement and to a door that opens out to the garden. This is where the house's furnace is located.

Now I'll show you the last of the rooms. I'd really like to tell you more about the Institute. But as things would have it, it's simply inaccessible. I have been trying to give you the best account of it that I possibly can. Should a further explanation be of interest to any of you, you are welcome to call or write me.

I walk out into the garden and in through the door positioned beside the little overhang. From here, there is access to a green space and just beside this, to the kitchen. From the living room, on the other side of the kitchen, there is a view looking out to the garden in front of the house with some kind of bonsai trees; in the backyard there are pear-, plum- and apple-trees, berry-bearing shrubs and a greenhouse. I've got plans to lay out a vegetable garden.

The first floor is constituted by a single large open space. Here, what we have is a chair, a desk and a divan. I've had skylights installed in the ceiling on the side that faces out toward the garden.

I follow all of you down the stairs and out of the Institute. I return to the desk. Before I can continue, I've got to lie down for a moment.



I get up and, holding my papers, I start to walk up to the podium. I put my reading glasses on. I have my presentation in the form of cues, even though I remember the process fairly accurately.

While I was attending The Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts, I had a reading group with my colleagues Kristine and Anna Karen, where we read Jacques Lacan's text from 1949 about the mirror stage and an interview with Julia Kristeva by Catherine Francblin.

In the reading group, we were trying to circumscribe and isolate *text*, *language* and *image*.

Kristine hosted the meetings of the reading group and it was she who introduced the various texts. She was more a kind of moderator than an instructor. We spoke a lot about the importance of age and experience and about how it would be possible to describe the interrelationship between us. At that point in time, our conversations played a greater role in influencing my work than did the instruction I was getting at The Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts.

I was thinking about the meaning of a school for art. I wanted to implement the reading group, along with Kristine's guidance and fellow readership, into the academic structure. It would operate as a language laboratory for experiments and artistic counseling on the same level as the other laboratories at the academy.

At the same time, The Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts was being asked to make cutbacks, amounting to DKK 4 million, and to introduce The Bologna Process. The institution had not clearly defined the significance of its work, and it allowed itself to be restructured on the basis of demands posed from without. Just how dependent the institution is on the political powers-that-be became clear.

As things came to pass, the language laboratory didn't come into realization but my friend David did interview me about the idea. When I read through

his text, it was as though the language laboratory came into existence. The explanation I had given him was a formalization of a conception and embodied principles that would become fundamental to the Institute's approach. The description turned into a motor inside my mind.

The language laboratory constituted an attempt to take a stance on how you can work and *how* you yourself can determine the character of your work. Kristine asked David and I to define the difference between an institution and an institute. The institution (the school, the art museum) and its language belong to the State. The institute is more of a subordinate organization, with greater latitude of autonomy.

Before beginning my studies at The Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts, I was interested in how visual artists like Jørgen Michaelsen, Marcel Broodthaers and Ilya Kabakov construct barricades of language in their practice: a presently prevailing language, which is rooted in the artistic work, and which renders the art historical language's explanations superfluous.

I continuously place my work situation within the Institute's architecture. The work often changes and I content myself with placing the most necessary items, which are recurring, within the Institute. The Institute is located outside the city and *there's a garden in the back*. Inside the study, as it looks right now, there is a chair, a table and a divan.

The Institute is occupied with, among other things, questions related to its own origin: How can you have an independent work situation, be it artistic or institutional, in a society where every situation is a result of an application process? How do you make something happen that cannot be described in advance? How do you avoid letting the economic language take the place of the artistic discourse?



Who is the wolf?

It's January 10, 2014. I'm reading the chapter entitled "November 20, 1923: Postulates of Linguistics", in the book, A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, by the philosopher Gilles Deleuze and the psychiatrist Felix Guattari.

The wolf that came to Denmark a few years ago came into being, primarily, as a result of the debate surrounding its arrival. The wolf came to be a highly complex image, which contained the ongoing debate about borderlines, natural selection, taking the law into one's own hands, property rights and notions about child murder and death. The different voices played their parts in circumscribing and isolating *the wolf*.

I'm trying to get closer to what it is in the language that, with words that I have recently discovered, makes an incorporeal transformation of the wolf.

The wolf becomes an occasion for scrutinizing the incorporeal transformation of bodies that takes place in language. The wolf is captured by game cameras, which are the lenses of the State. The wolf is a body under the control of the State. Is there a distinction being made between the wolf that devours sheep in Jutland and the wolf that exists in the State's statutes and clauses? Deleuze and Guattari say, along with philosopher of language J.L. Austin that there is an overlap between speech and action. The wolf is also the word wolf.

In *The Order of Things: An Archaeology of the Human Sciences*, Michel Foucault cites Comte de Buffon's criticism of natural history: "There is no description here, only legend." And Foucault uses the quotation that was meant as a negative criticism of historiography, inverted as fact: The urge to narrate is one aspect of historiography. The debate around the wolf retells and expands the story of the wolf. Regardless of what wolf serves as the basis for the tale.

Deleuze and Guattari say that there is a difference between dealing with

the animal in images and dealing with the animal in language. The image can permit the wolf to remain in the imagination while the description causes an incorporeal transformation of the wolf. The fairy-tale functions on the same premises as the image. The description promulgates orders (in the Austinian sense). An order can be compared to the incorporeal transformations. Both the State and the media can execute incorporeal transformations. In language, the bodies are treated in a way that has consequences on the bodies.

The promulgation of orders is an effectiveness as such about language, that which language has the capacity to make happen. The incorporeal transformations are linguistic acts. They are not referential but rather constitute, quite precisely, an intervention.

We could say that language is something that is overriding, which can take written or oral form. To the oral belongs the voice. The voice is the result of air passing through a hollow muscular organ in the throat. My friend Amalie said, at one point, that one can test out a sentence by reciting it aloud. The voice discloses the sentence's practicability. How does what I'm saying sound? And what happens when I say it?

A statement is nothing without its circumstances. The lie has no effect unless it takes the circumstances of its unfurling into account. "I have seen a wolf in the park, *Fruens Bøge*", would simply be an inconsequential and ineffective sentence if it had not been uttered in the middle of a wolf-season in Denmark. Had it been uttered two years earlier, it would have been a ludicrous lie.

I'm turning the pages and counting them. I put the book away. I go for a long walk. I skip to the chapter, "1730: Becoming-Intense, Becoming-Animal, Becoming Imperceptible . . ."

I thought that becoming-animal dealt with the animal as a state of being different from the human and with the transformation of the human into an animal. But, of course, the animal is not an animal, said Angela – it has

to do with migration and it has to do with borderlines. For my part, I had not been thinking about this so concretely.

When I read through the chapter, I underlined the following passage: “The history of ideas should never be continuous; it should be wary of resemblances, but also of descents or filiations; it should be content to mark the thresholds through which an idea passes, the journeys it takes that change its nature or object.”

In the dream, the “animal” has to do with change of form and not with attaining human being as the ultimate purpose. The metamorphosis of the animal.

Both the werewolf and the wolf that dresses up as the grandmother in *Little Red Riding Hood* are transitional figures: a person that turns into a wolf and a wolf that turns into a person. The wolf is something between human being and animal. The werewolf is an analogy that obtains its power from a heterosexual tension. In the werewolf, the man is combined with an image. The identification has implications on both people and animals. The man is affected by his imagination about himself as a wolf, and the wolf, the real wolf, is affected by the eerie transformation that befalls the man. The person’s fantasy about what the wolf can do to the man/the person leads to fear, anxiety and ostensibly death for the actual wolf. The debate that has been flourishing since the wolf’s arrival in Denmark bears the stamp of these conceptions and identifications. The wolf is an image rather than an animal. Perhaps the animal will never become anything but an image of an animal. Does the wolf, then, exist? It is a wolf: its skin, the image, the name and the animal.

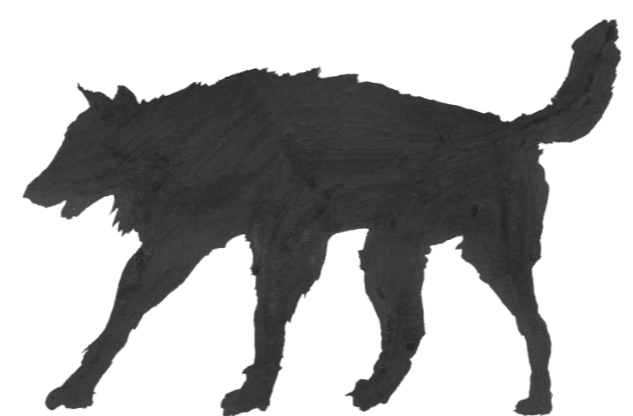
Deleuze and Guattari say: “For if becoming-animal does not consist in playing animal or imitating an animal, it is clear that the human being does not ‘really’ become an animal any more than the animal ‘really’ becomes something else. Becoming produces nothing other than itself.” – as is the case with the animal in the dream.

I fry up a steak.

*Wolf becomes the man who foments violence to human flesh; it was I who uttered this, with a judge's voice. The transformation from person to wolf unfolds across three stages: half-person half-wolf; wolf; half-wolf half-person. When the person has turned into a wolf, it has got to live in the woods, among the animals, and to feed like animals. When the person turns into an animal, she/he loses the ability to speak. It passes from the human being's perspective into a life as body alone. In *Homo Sacer I*, Giorgio Agamben writes that the wolf, in the stories, has a special connection to the king, the sovereign.*



I am a wolf, not a woman. I am not a wolf, but a woman. I cannot be wolf because I am a woman, she said. She said that she could not be wolf because she was woman. I would like to be a wolf if I could, she said. It's impossible for me to be wolf. I will turn into a werewolf at midnight, she said. I will transform myself into a wolf, she said. The werewolf is a woman. I am the werewolf, she said. Something new has happened, she said, I can indeed turn into a werewolf. The werewolf as woman is inconsequential. The werewolf is a womanizer, she said. The werewolf is always together with a woman, she said. The man that turns into wolf loves a woman, she said. It's me who is the wolf, and I love a woman. The werewolf loves a woman, she said. Love me, woman, said the werewolf. Love me, woman, ordered the werewolf. I command you to love me, roared the werewolf. Who is the werewolf, the woman asked. The werewolf isn't lonely, said the woman. He has got a family. Who is the animal, she whispered. Love causes the werewolf to writhe, she told. The werewolf is not a figure for equal rights. Wolf-man, wolf-woman. Wolf-she, wolf-he. She-wolf, he-wolf, werewolf.



Politics is rotten, irresponsible rhetoric. When Earth can no longer function, are we going to move to Mars? Is addressing ourselves to Earth's demise our only philosophical possibility of survival? A *thought*? What has become of the physical body? Has the I-life been propagated so deeply in the imagination that we can annul the body and that we, in making the transition to Mars, will return to transcendental-thinking? If Deleuze is correct, then we've got to remain inside the body and experiment with the current situation. Then, Mars is an abstraction. The mapping of outer space is futile. Politics isn't solving this world's problems and the politicians will presumably be the first to move. The revolution is, I guess, also a form of transcendence (NASA is a Marxist defector).

We cannot live on Mars

NASA is a myth machine

Politics is futile

Transcendence is volatilization of responsibility or social ignorance

We have a body

In 1902, the Copenhagen Zoo presented an exhibition with genuine Japanese people. The concatenation: perceiving that which is animal-like in human beings. One thinks of appetite, sex, sense faculties, drives, cannibals; the inner beast of prey. One has studied the biological phenomena related to animals in order to come closer to an understanding of human beings. We can identify with special qualities in the animal: its temperament, its hunting instinct, the storing up of reserves, the female spider that devours her male, the bear that moves off into hibernation, and so on. There's something about the image of the animal that appeals to human beings (in China, according to Jorge Luis Borges, it's the dragon). We are both characters from a folk tale.

In a popular understanding of psychology, it is the instinctive qualities about human beings that are linked to the unconscious, which stands in connection with the animal and leaves us with an understanding of the animal as some lower-lying stadium of human being. As though we all had a wolf hidden deep down inside the gut, with which we sometimes

are in contact – during dreams and in other semi-conscious frames of mind. Sigmund Freud's examples in *Totem and Taboo* are based on anthropology's studies of *the primitive*. For the time being, I will disregard the critique of colonial anthropology in order to make way for establishing an acquaintance with Freud and his study of the abstract notion of shortcuts: interpersonal and between-animal-and-human. These shortcuts have to do with parallelisms and with making equations. The construction of the subject as something borne by culture. There are channels that move transversely, which do not form a synthesis. There are openings between human beings and machines, says the thinker, Donna Haraway, at the outset of the nineteen-eighties, and between people and dogs, she says in 2012. In the work of Deleuze, becoming-animal has to do, presumably, with migration. Becoming-animal renders possible a new form of movement, which ignores the boundaries between cultural subjects/small national states.

The wolf in the folktale is a transitional figure that moves along the edge of the human.

When the person sees pictures of the wolf that is wandering around, there's contact between human being and image. Should the person clothe her/himself in the wolf's pelt, there's contact between two skins. A form of concrete version of becoming-animal – quite literally, wearing the animal. Putting on the pelt in order to become one with it. This is the movement that one can observe when we foresee the future by realizing our conceptions about it in architecture, technology and fashion. A self-fulfilling prophecy. We incarnate the conception of life on Mars. With Japan as an exemplary Mars-like society. Disguise = transformation. Wearing-images = clothing. Wandering-images = realizations. Could we imagine that the disguise is made up of the conceptions that the onlooking eyes bear within themselves?

The animal's skin is a form of non-synthetic mirror surface, a mirror whose functions we cannot completely apprehend on the surface. We can put the skin on. And by wearing it, we can experience the function of the surface. Basic phenomenology dictates that the surface has a reverse side that the image cannot reveal. The everyday wielding of surfaces has been diminishing. As though we have accepted the backdrop-like qualities of

the world. You can dress yourself in this mirror in order to change the experience. If you are talking all the time, you won't grasp a damn thing. How can you unstitch a pictorial space that you're bored with?

The animal is anti-systematic

The ability to imagine what is not there is subversive

Mars exists on Earth, especially in Japan

The bodily experience is unparalleled

The imagination recognizes images

The disguise is a mirror

The costume can change the circumstances

The political is pragmatic

The first actor is the body in disguise, which renders lying, secrecy and darkness possible. We accept the animal in the human. The next actor is the voice. It is thought's possibility for manifesting itself acoustically. And the sound is an intervention, or an interruption, a form of effort. The voice can, in the statement, attach itself to something rapid, while the body is slower – the effect of a disguise is transmitted across time. The voice is an opportunity to make a direct statement. When I say that I haven't given full consideration to my argumentation, it's a lie. It's not something that I say aloud. Imagining my voice saying this has a direct effect on the further reading. The lie is not an interruption but rather a part of the common language. It makes use of the same linguistic tricks as does the rest of speech. In the person who utters it, the lie is an expansion of the possible. The lie elucidates the power of language; it is a tangible linguistic construction, a combination of narrative-like and acoustic qualities.

From line to interpretation to line there is the doubt that arises, and a character comes to life. Who is this person in the world? What is she/he saying? What is she/he doing? The false agent creates a hollow space and implements a character that takes effect as a disguise. A slow mirror. The voice invents new positions.

Disguise is a wandering lie

Lie is fantasy, and fantasy is production

The present line is a possibility
Speech is action
The lie is not an exception

The suddenly claustrophobic sensation about a pictorial space which is uniform and the recognition of just this makes it impossible to change. As a warrior, you've got to break in with your disguise and your voice. I implement a caricature. Don Quixote as a desperate and deliberately stupid visual artist. Invasive species have a negative effect on the biotope in question. A man that is not is a windmill.



To characterize oneself can be compared to taking on a role. It is a stand or rack that you move inside of. This has consequences. People will be asking: What is a prime minister? Does she look like that? Is that what she's saying? Is she still prime minister? And from the inside: Who am I? Am I the prime minister, really? The most effective part of the costume is the reverse side.

The words can also be used as a disguise. *The institute* covers my work so that I can dodge the questions. We do not need to be guided by language; maybe we can even exploit it. Opportunity: our actions are only limited by the imagination – the conventions belong to language; the text stipulates the norm.

Condition: We are fenced in by fear. The disguise is a temporary entrenchment within which you can do *that which you do not know*. The experiment is based on transferring the self-examination into an exploration of the demand for formulation as a collective problem.

Human behavior: In the kindergarten class, when it's your turn to speak, you can assert yourself by enunciating your name. Or you can be an independent student and drop in, wearing a disguise, when it's time for working with modeling clay, or when it's time to spell c-a-t.

Who is it? Is it a feminist? But she looks like a man.

Who is it? Is it a child?

Living undercover: In Copenhagen, and certainly also in other cities, there resides an extra class that is not so noticeable. They live in relatively small apartments, that is, if they live in apartments at all. Maybe it's more likely that they live in a rented room, at their lover's place or at the home of somebody they know. They do not own cars. They ride their bikes to work. They are not all employed doing the same things – that's far from the case. But what is common to them is that their salaries are low.



Abu a a abuuu

A a a abuu

Abu da bu

Abudabudu

Abudabu

Abudabai

Abudabei

Abudden

Abuddenda

A-bu-den-da

Abu-den-da

Abbudenda

Abbu

Abbu

Abu

Small words to begin with, to start out with

Am

Amm

Ammam

Amammam

Ammamman

Ammammamma

Two words

Calm

A

M

Hair

Bones

The body feels an inclination to produce art

I would like to make artworks

I have previously written that this is an admission

and I regard the text to be a confession

in manner of the Danish authors Suzanne Brøgger and Pablo Llambías

Inger Christensen, the poet

and the physicist, Niels Bohr

were both supposed to have come along on this extended weekend by the
North Sea
I'm sitting here with the remains of Denmark's first cultural minister
And tugging at the spittle from rural Denmark
If only my topic was sexuality in the provinces
That's the right material for me
When I was little, my teacher told me that the peasant's only joy was sex
I was born, in the days of yore, from a peasant
Africa was, at that time, the focus of a project week in school
On Sunday, the Argentinian artist Fanni Sosa said
We must recognize that the black female body is fashion
Everything has to be taken with a grain of salt
We know that
Black culture has brought us twerk as a tool of liberation
Not a text
but an ass

Twerking is a movement for inducing menstruation. The woman can experience pleasure, on her own; she herself decides whether giving birth is going to involve pain. Fanni shows a video of a woman who laughs and comes while she is giving birth. The run-of-the-mill story tells us nothing about the woman's temperament or mood. Why all these images of suffering and passivity? – They paralyze the text. The white woman is sad and conscientious. With the exception of Suzanne Brøgger, the crock. She knew about her own ass; while she was still young, she moved out to the peasants. Perhaps she herself is a peasant. Perhaps my mother is black, and maybe I can actually be productive without being *sad*.

The Institute is the appropriation of language; it will not be used to describe and uncover real conditions but will rather be used as a maneuver. *The History of Sexuality* by Michel Foucault has to do with a relationship between disclosure/exposure and secrecy. The brutal aspect of a text when it undresses reality. Emotional pornography, an image that behaves like text; the possibility of exposing the real. There where text acts and makes an impact. Hard and evil. The power of the text:

“You people are alive and miserable here on earth. You live in suffering and regard being together with others as a compromise. When you are alone, you feel anxiety. For these reasons, you find that you are uncertain and your sex lives are lousy. You regard society’s order as being axiomatic and you allow yourselves to be subjugated. The images tell you that your collective history has been inscribed in blood and that your families have lived in fear and in perpetual flight. Your births were tinged with suffering, and maybe even the conception was tinged by the same. You destroy everything because greed makes all of you forget how things really are.

I am the text, and the text is the law, and all of you believe in it.”

Please refrain from turning it into a line. It is my proposition. It is I who am writing.

“You people are alive and miserable here on earth. You live in suffering and regard being together with others as a compromise. When you are alone, you feel anxiety. For these reasons, you find that you are uncertain and your sex lives are lousy. You regard society’s order as being axiomatic and you allow yourselves to be subjugated. The images tell you that your collective history has been inscribed in blood and that your families have lived in fear and in perpetual flight. Your births were tinged with suffering, and maybe even the conception was tinged by the same. You destroy everything because greed makes all of you forget how things really are.

I am the text, and the text is the law, and all of you believe in it.”

That was eerie.

To take it from the top: The Institute takes part, on Sunday night, in a twerkshop with the Argentinian artist, Fanni Sosa. Sosa is talking about the possibility of using her ass as a way of moving around or examining the theory. The ass as a way of reading. What would the ass do in response to this particular text?

Twelking can induce menstruation and she suggests that the method can be used as a form of birth control, as a way for the woman to take ownership of her own pleasure and her own gender. Sosa shows us a video of a woman who is giving birth while she laughs and comes. Horror stories about births weigh heavily on the woman, as one who suffers from her own gender. Twelking is a proposal about taking possession of your own capacity for enjoyment, by getting to know your body.

In order to take you apart with words, I straighten you out on the dissecting table. I push your fur coat to one side and lay your belly bare. I behave as if your body were lifeless even though your heart is pumping and you are moving in time with the flow of oxygen running around in your veins. You say something that I cannot hear and I ask you to tell me where you come from. I do not comprehend anything from your answer; from what I can tell, you're talking about something else. I ask you to tell me why you've come here. You tell me about the delight you take in food and you tell me that you love your family. I ask you to answer the question about "why". You tell me how much you love books. I start to get angry and threaten to take a firmer line if you fail to answer my questions. You become quiet. I burn the picture of your children that you carry with you. You cry.

I ask you what you love most in the world. Where did your parents meet each other? I continue with more questions like these. What's your favorite dish, I ask. Did you prefer, when you were a small child, to use green or purple straws, I ask you. Who's your favorite author right now? What political problems are you concerned with, I ask, and why? Who are you going to vote for? How do you feel about ecology? What's your zip code?

It's just data for statistics. It's important that you do your level best to answer the various question as precisely as you possibly can.

Enter your personal information here. We reserve the right to share your information with our collaborative partners.

The confession as a way of surrendering power over language. Tell them what they need to know, or tell them what you feel a need for them to know. Nothing.



I am traveling, with the darkness, out of town. Fortunately, the temperature has fallen. Autumn is starting to take on its ordinary character. As I look out the windows toward the west, while the train is moving north, the fields are black. The houses appear to be moist. Mold is a natural part of the house's climate: there are fungus spores everywhere in nature. That's normal. It's only when you put up plastic vapor barriers inside an old house that condensation starts to accumulate. The moisture settles and fungoid growths start to build up inside the lungs, inside the house of the body, the internal house. The latter is something that I have come up with but I've got a hunch that this is how it is. The old houses breathe more like the body. The vapor barrier was something that the carpenter, Carsten, told me about while we were standing up there in the attic and talking about what it would cost to make a new roof, and he quoted me a price, which was just "shooting from the hip, as they say", he said, as he shaped a pistol with his right hand and pulled the trigger.

On the train, the sentences piled up and before I was able to turn on all of the house's appliances, they drove right out of me and suddenly the flow of words was steady and somewhat enquiring.

When I was little, I thought that the countryside was the eeriest, and worst of all was the North Sea. It was there that we went in the water all summer, and it was out there that one died: 110 years old, 34 kilos heavy and where one would be called for and taken away by a black-clad man holding a scythe. You can still see this in the paintings. The trees stand at a 45-degree angle, pointing in toward the land, on account of the onshore winds. I was afraid of thinking about the infinite, about space and time, and I was afraid of watching movies about the future. But now it's the city that has to do with death, because it's getting overcrowded. The pace is quickening, the throng is on the rise. The words and the technology are making a decisive impact on the attempt to control and cultivate the throng, which becomes intractable and irresolute. It's a black mush of bits of information, injunctions, acclamations and traffic. There is no sharp boundary between the living and the dead. Outside the city, the catastrophe is not pressing: here, the breeze feels familiar, ordinary.

I spent Sunday afternoon at home, far away from the Institute. For a few hours, I was listening to the radio: three different programs. These pieces of information are up-to-date; Sunday was just yesterday. The themes: climate, exploration in space and the accident that befell the Danish actress and comedian, Bodil Jørgensen.

The temperature in the Mediterranean Sea has risen by three degrees and there is an accumulation of energy that has to be released. This has led to violent storms and rainy weather in southern Europe; six people have died.

Before that, there was a program about the production of satellites designed for observing Earth from outer space. A company wanted to work toward bringing access to updated pictures of Earth as seen from outer space and turning this into a democratic right. Maybe there will soon be an app where you can design your own satellite and send it out to be printed in 3-D so that you can take your own pictures from outer space. The company manufactures satellites that burn up in the atmosphere. On the radio here this morning there was a woman who was speaking about the mapping of outer space and she was talking about mapping as being analogous to conquering. With reference to the philosopher Emmanuel Levinas, she added. She also said that there is a growing problem of waste in outer space. Consume, occupy and destroy.

Columbus continues his maritime expedition. Now he starts to believe that India is not on Earth but on some other planet.

Christopher Nolan's movie, *Interstellar*, is having its premiere, and when I told my friend Absalon about the misery of space and the wretchedness of Earth's climate, he told me that in *Interstellar*, all of the crops except corn are extinct because of blights that have been suffered by the plants and because the cultivation of corn exhausts the soil. The human beings are being plagued by dust storms because there are no longer enough roots to hold the soil firmly onto the earth. The grandfather in the movie was recounting that there was a time when every single day, a new gadget that all six billion people wanted to possess turned up, and that this was why things went amiss.

The science fiction genre has caught up with – and overtaken – the language we use to describe our present time. There is a conjunction among the different dimensions and our perception of time.

When I went outside yesterday, the wind was blowing so hard that I had to stop and get off my bike to avoid being blown off course by the gust. Can the ocean be cooled down again? I'm thinking about the size of the lump of ice and the potential energy-expenditures associated with the production. It reminds me of the dilemma about shopping sensibly. A lousy calculation with variables that are all too uncertain and too hard to figure out. Some other people are trying to carry out the same computation; maybe sometime, very soon, I'll be listening to another program about this.

Bodil Jørgensen is a religious person and she seems to be very calm in spite of the fact that she almost died after she had fallen from a tractor. The radio program concluded that in the aftermath of this accident, there should be a greater focus on safety in the Danish film industry. What Bodil Jørgensen was saying was that there has to be place, once in a while, for having a day when you go into your room and close the door and get a chance to be alone and have things dark. It takes a long time for the body to understand that it has been changed and that it's always going to have pieces of metal and screws inside.

Institute of Applied Speech

Translated from Danish by Dan Marmorstein

Graphic design by Signe Frederiksen and Anne-Mette Schultz

Wolves by Jules Lagrange

Printed at École nationale supérieure des beaux-arts, Lyon

Forlaget emancipa(t/ss)ionsfrugten 2016