


Life is not absurd. Everyone is just a control freak.

The Meat Packer's Manifest



...

The complete works variation/edition 1.0


☆ A [redacted] till mig [visa information](#) 14:43 (1 timme sedan)  [Svara](#) ▼


[redacted]

I'm not totally happy to give this over. The reason is that I haven't flushed it with the tide of energy that I normally give to texts, to flood the thing with myself and in that way to align all the details. Instead I've let it grow of its own accord and without combing it over. In that sense I'm adopting some of the strategy of your work itself. But as I say I'm not happy with that; I feel its an excuse I'm making. I guess because I'm not really a believer.

You can preface my commentary with this email, please.

best,
Abe

 **for [redacted].rtf**
3kB [Visa som HTML](#) [Hämta](#)

[Svara](#) [Vidarebefordra](#)  [Bjud in Abraham Orden till chatt](#)

My criticism, such as I can recall, is that it is wrong to believe that is enough for an artwork to mount a so-called resistance to the forces of so-called hegemony that are said to seek to turn all text and image into implements for maintaining themselves.

I used poetry as an example. Poets since the Enlightenment have recognized their job to be that of keeping language alive by refreshing its meanings, and stretching its range to integrate expressions of new understandings of the terms of human existence. Somewhere in the post-modern moment, the frame of this discussion shifted, and the job of the poet became understood to keep language resistant to being implemented for message-sending. The job of the poet, then, was not anymore to keep language from dying a natural death by losing its freshness to the senses, but to keep it from being killed and turned into a zombie minion doing the bidding of “capitalism.” My point in our conversation was that when one looks at this shift with any kind of perspective, one finds that there really isn't a shift there at all, it's still the same thing

Which means the artist today is still mixing him or herself in the same cosmic forces as ever; those who attempt to obfuscate this with some political hooptedoodle are the charlatans who seek cynical profit in adopting the style of the witch doctor.

There are however interesting counter-arguments which I think will interest you, such as the work of Liam Gillick. Gillick, in his lecture Berlin Statement, tells us that he is “interested in a populated environment, but not in overly defining the relationships we are expected to play in relation to those environments.” And then later “the contemporary exhibition is a place where the visitor is occupying a specific type of negotiable location, which is very different from the classic late-modern idea that the visitor completes an exhibition. However, the contemporary exhibition is still activated by people in the sense that the work does not necessarily function best as objects for consideration alone, it sometimes good as a backdrop or as a decor rather than as a pure content provider.”

So art as platform rather than object. Art as space for particular, but undetermined, types of thinking. Art as location, rather than as thing.

And perhaps that's what you're after in your zine.

Thanks Abe!

Will put in the message from you. Love the witch doctor part!

Checked out Liam too this week, I really like alot of the work, haven't really gotten to the longer texts tho.

I'll send the zine when I added this. Edited it a bit since you read it but in the end it is still just as many pages/pictures as in the beginning... I came to the conclusion that I like that it is messy and uninverting. If no one care to read it I think it is still alright for me. I will put the proper stuff into some other publication. Maybe a smaller thing. Working on the Hollow Flesh Burger "poems" now. But I took note on the zine stuff you talked about. MPM is now not a zine but a true manifest.

Thanks for all your help.

Everyone is a believer, haha

2010/11/30 [redacted] [redacted]@gmail.com>

- Msa citerad text -

← Svara → Vidarebefordra

Some text about the text...

Open space for the creative monkey and whoever needs it is all we can hope to archive. Time we can always deal with but who we are is another thing. Embracing the individual in more ways and still reminding it of it's responsibility.

The subjective bitching can drive me nuts.

God is dead, socialism is dead, capitalism is dead. Everything just went and died on me. I find comfort in the contemporary and its chaos. Lack of structure or semiotic tricks. I don't fall for them the same way any more.

They piss me off and I piss on them. What I can't understand is interesting because everything not WORK became as leisure as TV. Language, all language, is beautiful and perfect. When we started to believe in personal achievement for realz; craft got a new wondrous status. All became a craft, even thinking. Never before have so many people been branded abnormal or sick. Package that objective truth that of course doesn't exist in a thick wrapper and throw it in the ocean. At some point I gave up believing in not trying to believe in truth.

Yours sincerely



Plate 2;
Fitting clothes
Left

First, something else.

The white dog is under the table.
It is yawning and moaning for freedom.

The old society backbone grab it with a strong hand. Cold from all the prison shank he can't spread. It feels insignificant to go for a hopeful destruction. Building structures to realize theories. The meaning of life. Wasting time trying to escape the explosion of the solar system.

Bill and Tod met at grade school. Back then they where studying physics. Now anything is possible, all is built for them to stay together. Bill is stressed out and will probably manage somehow.

In a rocking chair over by the crack-corner, third floor, no one minds the flies as long as the mailman don't fuck up and he will do so less often from now on.

The itch is killing me, basically strangling me.

The Doctor says:

"Let me test you, further."

I can't accept that anymore.

Plate 3;
Fitting clothes
Right



*The Text is like an image
It sends a diffuse message but claim it is real
This truth is the difference
I can write this, as I do, and really mean something else
You say bad communication? Are you looking for truth in me?*

Since when is this the point?

This line is straight. Mathematically

*Is that all I need to know?
I don't need to know that at all*

Writing is like talking but having time to think of every word on a whole bunch of levels. The strong ones have such splendid possibilities when it comes to making connections. A sapphire becomes more than just a word. While staying unique to each context it is a landscape, a space and a time. A scene in itself just as birth or crack. This is a question of time. If you have the time all has a second level after the one you found the last time you dug. Some things stay interesting because you don't have to work. Lazy sod.

Hair everywhere.

So much cleaning to do that I don't have time relocated for. The catalogues all look so trashy nowadays. Porn that doesn't make any sense.

In her studio it is perfectly tempered. Not too warm and a tad moist. She gets a hard-on thinking about how she will completely destroy all of this. Not for spite or in a confused state of megalomania. She just need something that is real. As do you. You are bored of everything. Stimulating yourself. Dodging destruction.

They cluster up in lumps, these fibres, and cling to the corners. A fur living in my forsaken space as a testament of things not to come.

Sex... ..isch.

"That woman, or girl, or chick, I don't know what to do with that. I never thought that the body was so dumb and the brain so weak..."

When they have sex it feels like it's raping her. She moans. She push back. It is not like fucking a dyke or a hand. I bet they think he's some soon too be disillusionised rapist but he's not, aren't they all one?

Enough of the fix.

Plate 4;
CU



Plate 5;
CUI

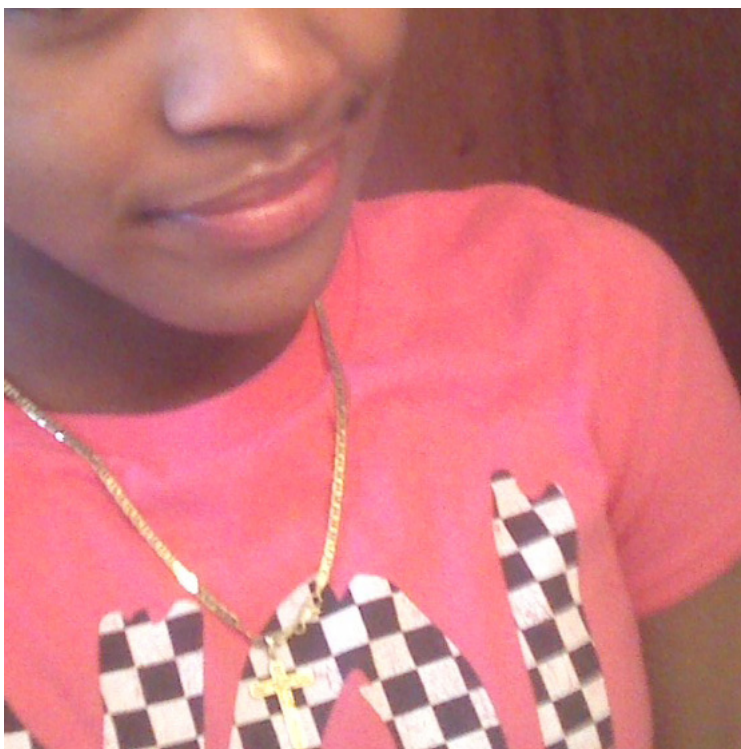


Plate 6;
CUII





Plate 7;
Machete moth
Left

No one can see truth through glasses thick as these. Only hint it and that it is not fully present. You don't think anyone understands you? Not a single soul doesn't. Tell yourself your alone and ride the party out. We're your life-coach, you can do it! Take this job and shove it till you drop. "Fuck me with a shovel! Some fish you got there son!" Then all broke, life is irrelevant without meaning that others accept. Good job but you suck.

I can build the highest towers, fuck the ultimate human, kill the most hardcore villain but I need to know that it is possible.
At least that it is legit.

But lets go on...

A global structure like this is hard to expose. It stands on solid ground producing by itself, creating by itself. The obtuse is cast away as unnecessary scraps when we realize it's lack of power. The ones gaining are the ones that have access to a wider span of culture. Maintaining order for the already free of mind.

Plate 8;
Machete Moth
Right



*Every detail, how small it may be, is important
Maybe more so than the big picture
You can only affect the big picture with terror
This is legit thinking but it doesn't matter
anymore
The war is won unless someone invents a cool gadget
"I look at, and meet, the small because I am bored"
Not really an idealist
All that seems empty catch attention
All that is rich in content seem perverted
It tells of a goal and an attack filled of passive aggressiveness
To twist and force
This text too
Yawning at commercials and propaganda and that is almost
all we see
Every "thing" seems to want to inform*



Plate 9;
Waiting for iPhones
Left

“Everything is amazing and nobody is happy.”

Again on the toilet. Looking at the basin from across the room. White and quiet. The apartment complex makes noise through the wall. I think my WC is next to some kind of fan.

Tired faces of the ones that failed. As if we had an end goal to strive for. Everywhere I go they pop up and then fade into the back of the global room; and what a room that is too!

Cast iron pottery on ebony tables. Crystal bowls filled with Mozart Balls and chandeliers paired with satin drapes.

Always a party. The fade is growing. And it's all good. Perfect and priceless. Heck, I could be ordering a banana through e-mail if it will continue like this. I probably can already actually. A workplace is a free dream. The fade will never disappoint. It's an old idea, killed by the libertarians.

Go to the gatherings of the fade all day, every day. Waiting to see... Hoping for the next step. All is different though and it is slipping through the fingers.

The lies, the crimes. Totally connected. Never before has crime been so necessary on all levels personal. Held by a book for the sake of us all.

Plate 10;
Waiting for iPhones
Right



Hollow Flesh Burger
“Hear ye, hear ye oh brethren!

Two poles are twisting against each other
Black polar bears and fascistic cute bunny rabbits go at it like
crazy

Post-modern depression is all over the place and while
artists and hopeful, happy, investors dig deep in their
pockets

The vultures are left with no carcass to feast on
These lies from this preachers paper are not to be
considered as anything less then truth and belligerent
declaration.

All the life it sets out to find is indulged by that which it never
fears.

At the twist of a fist it turns into something else and no intel-
lectual can call it different.

So, we create a function to hide that which is blunt and
imperfect when this is what sends us ahead to nothing at all.

God and order and all mess.

These are but the most hollow of jesuses.”

Days have passed since I wrote “all day, every day”. In the text it won't show but now it will even though you can't know if it is the truth.

Waiting at the train station. The train is late and all of them wait. Trains should never be late at a perfect party. No one should have to stop feasting on mental dolphin fin and instead sit and wait, looking at the floor or wall.

Shoes black.

I bought shoe polish the other day. Gently applying it to my worn and loved pieces of hardened skin. I always start doing it gently, feel perverted, then do it more violently. It has almost become a joke exclusively to myself.

I don't even know why I apply that stuff when I think about it. The black shoes is what makes the fade scare me still I like to wear them. I'm not one of the most hopeless people.

It is all wrong, only human, at best. Adapt and prevail. Like it or leave it. The choice is far away on the other hand, in the end it will be different. Long movie and only the top dogs stay a few minutes ahead of everyone else. The race is on. In many ways.

It has all those people that interact with all the others at the party. Like those that write, those that fuck, those that socialize, those that fight and so on. Then there is the one always waiting.

Waiting for a train, a friend, inspiration or death and sleep. It is the forgotten child and the ugly duckling (or this is maybe a bit too diplomatic).

Who need to think and believe that “it” is in the corner at the party just waiting to go nuts? This is a hopeless role. Building up for it constantly. Inviting it unintentionally would be disaster.

The man next to me has done that. He's twisting and moaning, almost shitting himself out of tension for missing all the action. He's young, too young make himself wait instead of “it”. He's a mess in distress. Few will help him because they can't without some stuff getting arranged first.

Non-shoe shiners can only handle their own shoes or tie their own tie. Don't have time for those others that doesn't even care about looking smashing when they enter the ballroom.

Plate 11;
The Perverted, The Religion

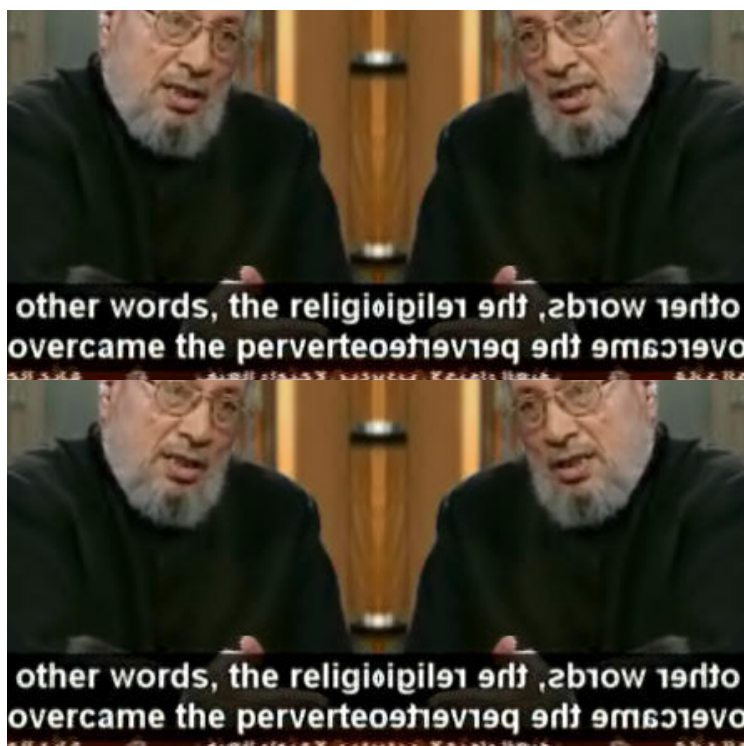




Plate 12;
Couple
Left

Airports are insane in this way. The pyramid of western society.

Opened, cursed, caskets flying around in the air followed by the mystic word called terror.

Yes, this irrational mysticism.

Here the party is always going strong. Frosted snaps containers and tax-free non-sex hookers everywhere.

I'm in the plastic bar looking out the oversized window into the monumental greyness of the landing strip. It is so calm out there, so empty.

It is not beautiful but it sure is flat!

Small pieces of peripherally for flight scattered around the field.

All the business people have left the bar now.

Piercing laughter has ended. Only me and the bartender are still here.

He's stressed out of his skull. Taking a break speaking in frenzy about nothing with a friend. It could still be one of the most important talks of his day. I'm drinking beer to level out not the fear of flying but fear of meeting all these faces. They are all in an ambivalent terror fueled fear for life. Some claim this terror to be Taliban or Basque or IRA or who knows what. Are they correct?

Plate 13;
Couple
Right



I'm not trying to teach anything

*The language of aesthetics is corrupted as is text and the
combination of the two
None of it is of help anymore yet this text is more useless than
most books
You, the signified, how I want to lick the top of your brain
Get the sparks from your electricity on my tongue.
Clean the top and feel the activity.
The obtuse is filled with content.*

Lame artist talks...

*When I paint I am never satisfied until I think of what the
next painting will look like
Then the painting I work on stop being interesting and I finish
it
Is this bad?
Creations are just the fumes of creativity
In a place where all truly create we have no need for
artists or art*

*The great are admired in a context lacking time so we awe it
But creations are creations as a beer is a beer*

Sometimes I want to pull the plug.

“All exits are blocked but the entrance is open. It’s close at hand just to go nuts in this world. Death feels more like a release than a punishment even though I don’t want to die.” Poetic, cute and dandy. Must be some other way.

Is all hope, even the depressed, forbidden and naïve? Have I become pretentious by reading only old 20th century men from the west? Am I one of them? Probably. At least it is important enough to consider.

Dormant Moral

Metal everywhere. Dirty bar and ugly but perfect people. A snakes den filled to the max with middle class kids. Some of them for life. Despite this it is not as bad as it sounds.

He is covered in sweat pushing through his thin hair on the bulgy head wiggling on his pear-shaped body. Two kids with slanted eyes on his iPhone combined with devastating bragging. A philanthropist making high-fives high. He hates his life and is just waiting to go of. Blow all this away and find something else. Boredom is ripping through his gates into the other self. He scams and circle himself. I recognize it.

Truth... I first need to know what serves a purpose and here it all becomes speculation. The lack of truth pacifies me. It is easy to keep digging. The moral I have is so deeply engraved, covered in neon and dust that the hunt need a very advanced map. All is a mess, I don’t know how to handle all this buffoonery of thought and creativity.”

This dead space opening up the world of possibilities. It is not complete in itself as all there should be to meet. Let’s not be that totalitarian about it. It is an image in text. A structure with it’s own symbolic codex much more complicated then the lexicon of words. We need allot of knowledge to achieve something that makes sense and it can be any form of knowledge from anything or anyone. Somewhat like this is the moral. Like a book of law inside of a mind. Filled with linguistic errors and re-considered phrases. On top of this book a handbook, intellectually constructed. The short version. Revised constantly. Don’t ever think that this is all.

Plate 14;
Sarcastic man



Irony will continue to be a saviour in showbiz at least a few more years. The party goes on anyway. Haha.

When it all comes down to that crucial point it is about proving that you are not completely insane

I think I am not

Not proving sanity would be the greatest of failures

booyah.



Plate 14;
Cute
Left

There is a small bug, the red one with black dots, crawling across the table. It passes over all the beautifully drawn fibres avoiding the burnt umber pits of more intense darkness. Hopefully it smiles inside because of it's perfection. The open plains of the table-top is a whole other level of depression and emptiness in a conscious mind. Maybe even the bug feel it. Probably not, it's facet eyes see a world different from ours.

This is the moral in some sense. Clawing at the frontal lobe making it's mark. Can't see the bottom but still avoiding the abyss. Why does the pear-shaped boy-man fear the endless? His eyes and mouth wide open.

Christ is not a thief or a burglar but a cookie-monster going through the fridge and eating all the food with exotic labels.

Concepts travelling through time lacking truth beside the signifier and the signified conversation. As if we needed someone to tell us that communication is actual? C'mon, get a job. A chaotic clash of general truths and social contracts never signed by anyone. The father and mother always forming the future. Even mitochondrial Eve is still with us in more ways then genetic. No one should have to get bored with this symbolism and clouded content. We are quick to learn of all this and how it is handled. The perfect harmony of things to be. All seem to search that which is good enough and it seems meaningless in itself. It will be the fall of it all in it's ambivalence. Spirituality, new-age bullshit, gods and rituals.

Plate 15;
Cute
Right



Anywhooo..

*I get depressed thinking about it
Maybe I fear the cyborg for no healthy as so many before us
The sky is even and flat over yonder just like the earth,
spinning in the universe like a coin
Now is the time to enjoy and destroy
Fluently construct and deconstruct
We are human
Little is done without the totality of the body
Yet we strive to destroy it to be purely mind
No harlequin novel has been written without it
No Lil Wayne born in it's absence
This is not to be meaninglessly killed
Is fucking, pissing, eating, shitting and drinking all we need to
be more then "it"?*



Plate 16;
Divers
Left

“Maybe it is a quick way to describe it. I just don't have all the worlds time. What I have is this black book and I can't remove these pages from me just as the following. It is impossible to shake. I could do all the actions needed to reach “the goal” but what is “the goal”. I can't even see the bloody net. Too far, too blurred. I need, at least, diving goggles. Maybe this is the secret that no one told us; that it grows better with time but that it doesn't and that you can be whatever you want, you just have to want to be something and be born at the right time and place... and never fuck up. Any moral being should have a hard time deciding an existence. One can see everything by itself or as opposites or parallel or in reaction to all. None is final, obsolete or omnipotent. As this text lives and dies with time so will all matter and mind. What are we willing to sell ourselves for.”

A loose set of tactics in the pink stone. Clearly anti-social behaviour. Pear-shaped boy-man fear his practice but love his theory. Self-hate comes like a bag of bricks to the scrotum. Then again this sends us back to the text and the chaos of understanding meaning.

Plate 17;
Divers
Right



*What are we getting rid of and what do we construct
The world is not constantly evolving towards heaven
It is changing
Most of the time I don't care*

*I am bored of the "truth" that is measured in columns
I don't even believe most of it
Truth is a strange word and hard to decipher, especially when
you build the tools to decipher it
I believe in nothing but still experience something
Experiencing and reacting is not believing
Not experiencing and reacting is believing
Not experiencing and not reacting I don't know
This is fiction
This is also nonfiction
Impossible to separate for us*

*My neighbour is a huge house covered with lights
One side is a slope
When I pass it I want to slide down it
Feel the reinforced glass on my ass
Embracing the capitalist love
It is so grand in its splendour*

It doesn't make sense I guess. It's a UFO sailing away into the gay-black metal universe. My fathers words ringed like a doorbell in my head. I couldn't slide open the heavy oak door for more then seconds and even though I believed every single word I could not feel them as my own and this is what made them false. Language is as personal as moral and no language is a meeting place without power and struggle. What is communicated is read with more and more common agreement. The overall acceptance and agreement of all things fate. An invented truth. The best of fictions.

"Fiction and nonfiction"

"Tell me a story."

"I always do."

In the end objectivity and subjectivity is blurred. Subjectivity and fiction. Objectivity and nonfiction. Coherent and non-coherent. What can not be pinpointed is as true as the street you can't find but is on the map. Since all is reaction and action within communication, theoretically, the same content can escape two totally separated works. This also tells us that they both has a separate value within communication. How can one of them be "nothing else" but words, how can either of them? The father, the archive baboon, is of other times. The same but different. Read and question and write and construct. Thesis or theory in the punctual catalogue. Another world of structure but both mending together. Learn the craft and no one will misunderstand you. At least not the people exactly like you.

Plate 18;
Sharks, sharks, crocodile





Plate 19;
Red team
Left

Finally! A tale!

By the time George was 28 all the weed and video games made him content but it took a lot of practice. When I met him in 2009 we were both high. He told me how his depression was destroyed at the mercy of his dealer. Lowering the price from 8 to 7 euro per gram of bud.

“This was the last thing that bothered me all in all. In the beginning that euro always seemed unmotivated to me but now I have apparently bought enough to be a steady customer so then he (the dealer) can cut me some slack. Even a drug-dealer needs a calm life not having to fuck around with weekend drug-addicts. This I can totally understand. It makes sense to me. A few years back I was married with two kids. My work was real good pay, free food, Alprazolam pills and Christmas parties. Today both my kids are dead from a swing set accident. My wife divorced me and is now a total slut. I’m not really taking any medication and now I am unhappy. Not sad or depressed, just unhappy. I think, in the end, I am happy that my kids died but I can’t stand to think about my slutty wife.”

Plate 20;
Red team
Right



*Across the street, the Uranier, gazing at space with it's eye
Downstairs we have a candy dispenser
Old and battered*

*I enjoy them both
I react to it
Study it and reflect
See what it can teach me of other things
Everyone I invite to do so seem to enjoy it too
Really thinking it
It is all to do in this world beside action
Constructing my own party
At some point as destructive
Sending content of conflict to the Iris
What is new for continuation is not new
It starts of in thought and continues for eternity until thought
is changed*

“Sometimes I think I want to clearly communicate and build interest but fail.

Still communication is constantly mended in between all its different forms. I sculpture and bend, to find that which has a sense of truth, even though it might not be true, and inside this the brain of the subject start working. It could be a lie throughout but I believe in it enough to spend my life doing it. It has to count for something at least at a meta-level, haha”

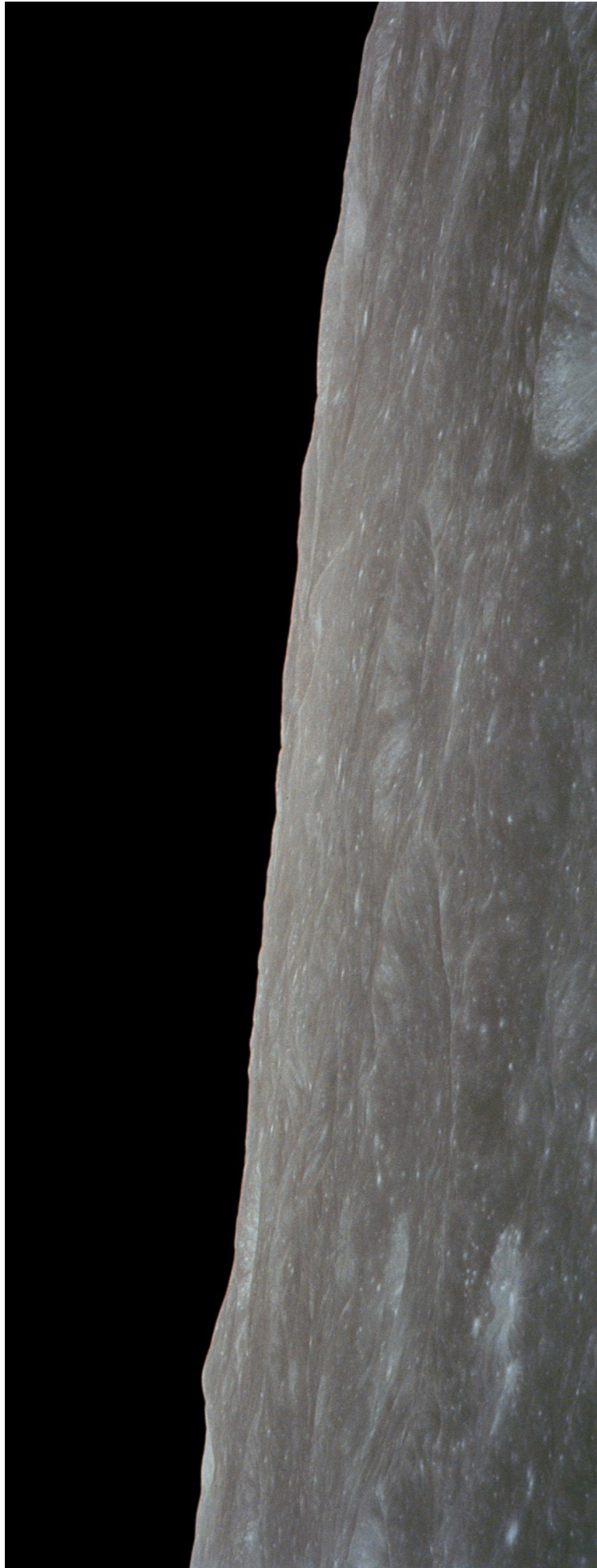
The star at the end of the fishing rod (meth-stick). What is a star but purest of fiction? Stars swallow the language of law at a spectaculare level. It totally adapted the form of academic truth but hold none beside the meta-level of post-modern thought. So, yes, it holds a truth and function as does anything. It is easy to view it this way, we know. Some smart-ass said it already.

At least this is how I understood it.

What service could this uncertainty pose as? It seems to pass the great hall completely, the ant farm of imperial ideas, and put up different plans. It is what is only questioned as unnecessary, queer, hopeless. The fiction part getting eaten by the “nonfiction” enforcing its truths. Messy semiotics and obtuse meaning. Can anything still fight against science?

Yeah, right, say “Fuck the media” as it would matter. The era of revolution is over.

Plate 21;
Space



Around the table, five men and two women. In the background some paintings, text, pro-architecture and fruit bowls filled with strawberries. Not the season for that, just as in the Asterix comic book. They are too flirting with themselves and the six others. They exist only in one specific space, spreading ideas based on it outside of the monumental room they occupy. The paintings describe their “body” and “soul”. Serving the purpose.

George McFlurr raises his hand in terror, asking for the word, beginning his chant before he’s been granted permission. “Gang, boys, I have much to tell you. This is how it starts. My tale.” Leaning back, lights dim, his eyes in a thick stare. Clinging to his fists.

“I was 17 years old. Crossing the street with a friend on our way to the supermarket. Skipping along like that floozy in Wizard of Oz. My brain occupied with the thought of cancer. Death lingering from across the vault of my consciousness. I had started masturbating at the age of eight. Having in mind to start exploring my sexuality as early as possible to avoid being a sexually confused teenager. It started with the “ghost” I saw at a fairly early age. Maybe not more than two. In grade school I was fighting with Erland every day in the dirt piles. It hardened my shell immensely. My mother was religious and despite this quite care free when it came to morals. My friend and I had been fucking each other’s brains out the other day. His face pale and hung over, shit on his left knee. To the left of us the face of a flamboyant man lit up under his brow as he bludgeoned a fat, slightly attractive, lady with a hammer. I grabbed the man and got a bit of a beating. After saving the lady we parted ways.

At the point of the meeting all was true and clear. I can’t describe it now for some reason but it was spectacular. Now I am here at the table, turning papers, changing pieces and putting them into new places. We need to get to the bottom of this! Please, please, please with sugar on top!”

The six nodded. Sipping their Captain Morgan. Thinking of better or worse times.

Plate 22;
Robogeisha



*Maintaining a thought is easy to do
Creatively pacify and gentrify
Googleplex and global genocide
Utopian dreams changed into middleclass ambivalence and
nihilism
No time to give a flying fuck about jack shit
Market democracy is a joke sending chills down the spine*

Bah!

No, I know, I know

*I don't want to rip the chains off the wall
The cuffs are comfortable and smell good
Boredom can be so nice
Like heroin or sweet nectar from an insect's asshole
The sun will go black sooner or later
We don't really have to care about that
Hop on the pace*

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