

CRACK MY WORLD!

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Gadekunst som relationel æstetik på hverdagslivets scener.

I don't smoke the crack – I get The Crack now ... We are all the saviors.

- Yogi von Horn. Besøgende i *The Crack*, House of Futures by Fiction Pimps, 2010.

Omdrejningspunktet for dette bidrag er det, man kunne kalde levende oplevelsesrum på gadeplan forstået ud fra kuratoren Nicolas Bourriauds begreb om den relationelle æstetik set i forhold til begrebet gadekunst.

Den type gadekunst, jeg beskæftiger mig med i denne artikel, er levende gadekunst – kunstrum, der åbner sig og tilbyder sig som en rammesat begivenhed, som påvirker og muligvis ændrer relationerne mellem de deltagende og den enkelte væren eller oplevelse af væren. Jeg vil forsøge at indkredse den kritik af hverdagslivets normer og præmisser, som den levende gadekunst lægger op til, ved at undersøge hvilke alternative former for værens- og relationsmodi, den levende gadekunst åbner op for.

Artiklen indledes med en afklaring af det relationelle æstetikbegreb og af hvordan den relationelle kunst skaber rum for en anderledes væren og samværen end den, vi kender fra hverdagslivet. Én af filosofierne bag den levende gadekunst er, at den kan åbne sprækker i hverdagslivet og derigennem skabe mulighed for en alternativ tilgang til verden og livet – eksempelvis en æstetisk tilgang – forstået som en sanselystorienteret omgang med verden. Men også ideen om demokratiseringen af kunsten spiller en væsentlig rolle

i den levende gadekunst; nærmere bestemt muligheden for at alle mennesker og ikke blot kunstneren kan frigøre sit kreative potentiale inden for det relationelle rum. Når mennesket aktiverer sin æstetiske og sanselige dimension i en kunstnerisk skabelsesproces, opstår der en mulighed for at træde ind i en værensmodus, hvor denne kan opleve verden forstærket og intensiveret.

For at illustrere disse udgangspunkter vender jeg blikket mod det relationelle æstetikbegreb og eksemplificerer med Fiction Pimps poetiske gadeaktioner i forlængelse af vores manifestation *The Crack*.

Den relationelle æstetik

Nicolas Bourriaud anvender termen relationel æstetik som en samlebetegnelse for en fremtrædende tendens, der kan spores i 1990'ernes kunst³, og som forsat radikaliseres. Denne æstetik beskæftiger sig med det mellem menneskelige møde som kunstens sted⁴. Det relationelle kunstværk består således af en intersubjektiv substans, hvor værket er uafsluttet, når det imødekommer betragteren og består af selve den formskabende proces frem for at være en lukket form. Det relationelle værk kan ikke ejes for bestandigt af en køber ligesom et værk, der har form som en genstand. Det, der købes, er relationer i et alternativt socialt rum⁵. Dermed kan man endvidere argumentere for, at kunsten får en funktion og et formål, der rækker ud over iagttagelsen af kunst for iagttagelses skyld, og bliver eksistentiel og social. Bourriaud beskriver det således:

Muligheden for en relationel kunst – en kunst,



Fiction Pimps og Reverend Shine performer poetisk gadepolitik. Fiction Pimps er rejst til denne galakse hele vejen fra *Where The Birds Go* i *Vertigo* i galaksen *Chora*, der eksisterer uden for tid og rum. De er her for at manifestere *cracks* i hverdagslivet. Et

mulighedsrum, hvor hver enkelt kan udforske livet på en sanselig og æstetisk måde. Fiction Pimps går ofte på gaden – her synger og taler de om *The Crack* for at inspirere forbigående til at tage kreativ aktion i deres eget liv. Foto: Rolando Diaz.

*hvis teoretiske horisont snarere er de menneskelige interaktioners sfære og dens sociale kontekst end bekræftelsen af et autonomt og privat symbolsk rum – vidner om en radikal omvæltning af de æstetiske, kulturelle og politiske mål, som den moderne kunst har sat i gang.*⁶

Bourriaud kommenterer endvidere på, hvorfor tidens kunstnere beskæftiger sig med relationel kunst, og hvorfor et publikum er villigt til at betale for det: Årsagen er, at det relationelle kunstværk repræsenterer mellemrum (interstice)⁷:

*Mellemrummet er et rum for menneskelige forbindelser, et rum, der, alt imens det mere eller mindre harmonisk og åbent indgår i det globale system, foreslår andre udvekslingsmuligheder end dem, som er fremherskende i dette system.*⁸

Således skaber den relationelle kunst frirum og varigheder, hvis rytmer står i kontrast til dem, som dagligdagen er indrettet efter⁹. Den relationelle kunst udfolder således et politisk projekt, når den vil intensivere og problematisere vores mødesteder¹⁰. De relationelle kunstværker skaber midlertidige ”udvekslingsområder”, der er mere eller mindre intense alt efter den grad af involvering, der lægges op til. *Kunsten er en mødetilstand*¹¹, og jo mere intens udveksling det kunstneriske rum skaber, des mere har værket opnået sin hensigt.

Æstetisk væren og samværen

Et fællestræk ved de mellemrum, som den relationelle gadekunst producerer, er, at omdrejningspunktet er en søgen mod en anden type væren og samværen end i hverdagslivet. Kirsten

Drotner, som er historiker og forsker i pædagogik og æstetik, har beskæftiget sig med, hvordan udøvelse af kunst er blevet mere og mere eksklusiv. Hun tilbageskriver begyndelsen på denne proces til industrialiseringen og finder den problematisk fra en pædagogisk synsvinkel, fordi deltagelse i kunstneriske skabelsesprocesser rummer et erkendelses- og erfaringspotentialer, som de fleste mennesker ikke har adgang til i deres hverdag¹². Hendes argument tager således et historisk udgangspunkt, idet hun hævder, at opprioriteringen af den økonomiske produktion har medført en uddifferentiering af den æstetiske sfære. I denne bevægelse manes der til pligtoplevelse og behovsudskydelse, hvilket medfører en underkendelse af den sanselige erkendelse, som er central i æstetisk produktion. Denne proces tildeler æstetikken en tvetydig rolle; på den ene side placeres den nederst i samfundshierarkiet, men på den anden side handler den om en særlig erkendelse, der rækker ud over den rationelle. Dette dilemma løses ved at isolere æstetikken fra arbejds- og hverdagslivet og gøre det til et særligt område, hvor man gør særlige erkendelser. Det bliver et reservat, hvor det ellers utilladelige bliver tilladt. Samtidig følger en indsnævring, der medfører, at kunst, der nu produceres af beåndede genier, kun kan nydes af mennesker med smag og dannelse. Aktivering af lysterne, sanserne og fantasien bliver for de få, og æstetikken mister sin status som muligt erfarings-, oplevelses- og erkendelsespotentialer hos det ”almindelige menneske”¹³.

Kunsten skaber altså et rum for en særlig erfa-

(Øv.) *The Swamps' SwimCats* rører i gadens hverdagsliv. Foto: Alexander Christensen. (Ned.) En *SwimCats* ligger på gaden, og forbigående venter nysgerrigt på, at det modne øjeblik opstår, hvor de kan lade sig synke ned i eller forlade *The Swamp*. Foto: Andreas Ingefjord



ring, men dette rum er blevet eksklusivt. I den optik kan man foreslå, at den levende og relationelle gadekunst indebærer en slags demokratisering af kunsten. Det bliver ikke kun de eksklusive få, der har adgang til deltagelse i kunstneriske skabelsesprocesser og dermed det særlige erfaringspotentiale – men derimod alle. Men hvilken erfaring høster man som deltager i det æstetiske oplevelsesrum?

Intensiveret nærvær

Den canadiske politiske filosof og socialteoretiker Brian Massumi¹⁴ argumenterer for, at meningen med livet er at opleve intensiveret nærvær. Det sker ifølge ham gennem gensidige påvirkningscyklusser; des mere vi er i stand til at indgå i affektive møder, des mere intensitet tilføres vores liv. Det er i denne intensitetsforøgelse, at der kan brydes med konformerende strukturer og åbnes for et liv levet i magtstrukturernes mellemrum – i interstice¹⁵. I Mary Zournazis konversation med Massumi, som denne redegørelse bl.a. er baseret på, er omdrejningspunktet begrebet *hope*, og hvor håbet er placeret i dag. Hos Massumi er dette håb placeret i deltagelsen:

“... *your participation in this world is part of a global becoming. So it's about taking joy in the process wherever it leads ... it's a desire for more life, or for more to life*”¹⁶.

Muligheden for intensiveret nærvær i det relationelle kunstværk handler dermed om at overgive sig til dets parallelunivers – dets mellemrum – og dermed indirekte forholde sig konfronterende til det eksisterende. Denne holdning er, som vi har

set, ikke fremmed for æstetikken, som, siden den opnåede sin status som en autonom størrelse, ofte har betragtet sig selv som værende i opposition til det eksisterende. Som autonom behøver kunsten ikke stå til regnskab for sine gerninger, og med tiden har det gjort kunsten til et frirum, hvorfra det etablerede kan kritiseres.

Den levende eller relationelle gadekunst indskriver sig i dette frirum, men i modsætning til den etablerede kunstverden, der er forbeholdt kunstnere, åbner den relationelle gadekunst sig potentielt for alle.

The Movement: Cracking My world!

En bevægelse er ved at rejse sig. Sammen vil *Crack Assistents* fra mange forskellige sammenhænge – men alle med samme iver efter at udtrykke manglerne og skabe og fylde hullerne med poesi – rejse sig og i flok inspirere til intensiveret nærvær og sanseligt mellemværende. Når street art bliver relationel, udvider dens grænser sig også, og nye muligheder inden for dette i forvejen voksende mulighedsfelt opstår. Det handler om at skabe rum for en ny måde at være og at være sammen på. En måde, der adskiller sig fra hverdagslivets normer og præmisser og inviterer ind i en poetisk, sanselig, æstetisk, kaotisk og magisk dimension. Her er næstkommende moment uforudsigeligt, og de deltagende må overgive sig til det, der er i det deltagende moment. Mange overgiver sig, og det, de modtager retur, er adgang til en ellers mere eller mindre eksklusiv oplevelsesdimension, nemlig den æstetiske dimension som åbner sig, når gadekunsten bliver relationel.



There is a crack, a crack in everything, that's how the light gets in. – Leonard Cohen. Fiction on Pimps i *The Crack*. Level Kit-chen. Foto: Andreas Ingefjord.

Crack Reflections

We are one but we are not the same. We get to carry each other, carry each other.

This is written from the heart or from that core where unfiltered energy pour, and in a flow that doesn't contain many breaks to reflect. This method has been chosen for two reasons. One of them being that this will enable me to actually get this done now, so that it will not flow into the ocean of amorphous ideas. And the other reason being that The Crack in itself is much about that which exists outside the structures and norms we usually work within – maybe especially in our theoretical and academically writings.

So, The Fiction Pimps, has just recently returned from The Crack that they manifested at House of Futures. They have lived and slept and worked there for the past week. As you might know by now, they had traveled there all the way from Where the Birds Go in Vertigo in the galaxy of Chora. They travel all over to manifest these Cracks in everyday life as they find of utmost importance. They sincerely and deeply work toward an everyday life where the aesthetic that is the sensory and bodily dimension of being and interrelating is activated, to enrich the given situations.

In The Crack of House of Futures the visionary guests were invited to go through different levels. They were welcomed in Level Kitchen, where they could find themselves tuning into another frequency – a frequency with no need to measure chronology and thereby follow its structure. A big bed covered the floor, and invited itself as

an object of relaxation and contentment, while a landscape of sound embraced them. While seated or lying in the bed the guests could enjoy some the or coffee, were served sense-explordinary treasures, could watch the favorite movie of The Fiction Pimps, Barbarellah or the favorite TV-channel of The Fiction Pimps in this galaxy – The snow of a channel with no signal. Did you know that the most extraordinary patterns take form here and that the fantasy is welcomed as a dear guest while watching it?

Level Kitchen was also the frame for the Daily Visionaries that Fiction Pimps invited in The Crack. Through dialogues with them and other important and intriguing observations in this galaxy, they, among other, discovered that the concept of measuring chronology seems to be a problem in this galaxy, since it causes people to suffer. This is due to the gesture of chronology, which we found out, is the gesture of reaching. When people reach for that which is ahead, they can never be completely satisfied with the place that there are at. This was called the hunger.

Fiction Pimps have had troubles explaining what the time is like in Chora, since the time in Chora exists outside time. A Daily Visionary, though, taught them, that the time in Chora is Kairos. Kairos is the time of the moment – or of losing sense of time in the moment even though it passes on and works it's own sweet way through space. We learned that this is not an unusual sense of time in this galaxy, just that people need Cracks to practice it. Many talked about music, festivals, dance halls as contexts

that would push them into experiencing time as Kairos.

We also discovered that the concept of The Guru seem to be a concept that cause people to suffer in this galaxy. This is due to the attachment to another person that this leads to. Which further means the dis-attachment to oneself. Furthermore, when you declare a man or a woman good, that person can be good no more. The good person is good because he or she or it or that, is in it for the sake of the situation and the other. But when they are declared good, that good action or intention dissolves, because what they put out into the world, will point right back at them and paradoxically lead to the narcissistic act. Furthermore aesthetics are closely related to ethics. If the aesthetics are good, which we have now learned, means 'in it for the sake of the situation or the other', then the people involved in the aesthetics will activate their ethic apparatus and carry on the good action altruistically.

When Fiction Pimps went into the streets with their good friend and Daily Visionary The Reverend to create poetry in everyday life, sing about love, and encourage the by passers to envision and create their future now, they were stopped in their action by the law enforcement of this galaxy. Fiction Pimps thereby learned that too much structure will kill poetry.

But, well – Let's move on to the next level.

When ready the guests where led blindfolded into the room where The Crack was experienced intensively. As our guests were told, the blindfold is one of the many tools, a Fiction Pimps

and Crack Assistant can and will use, in order for the guest to dive successfully into The Crack. By entering the room a landscape of sounds and scents from Chora would meet the guests.

The first level in this room was Level Bird. Gently the guest was seated in a comfortable and warm chair covered in the finest lambskin. Their hands were washed in temperate water enriched with the oils and soaps of Chora. While a film containing this introductory text was played:

You have now entered The Crack. Welcome. Here you will find yourself in the aesthetic dimension of experience. We ask of you to let your self become enriched by it's different techniques to set you in deeper state of mind.

We, the Fiction Pimps, have traveled here all the way from the city Where the Birds Go in Vertigo in the galaxy of Chora that exists outside time and space.

Now, focus – Look into my eyes ...

Now you are ready to enter Level Bird

Pick the ball of your personal choice. Look closely, this choice is important and will influence the future. What does you fingers tell you? What does your kidney tell you? What does what does what does what does ...

When you have picked the ball of your personal choice, place the delightfully yellow ball in the warm balm of your right hand.

Now, close your eyes – focus!

Now, you will do something that is very important. You will not write a question, you will write an answer. I repeat: You will not write a question, you will write an answer. You will write it on the ball. When you are finished, take the ball to the birdcage.

Thank you for your participation, your answer will be processed into the stream of human consciousness and contribute to the making of the future in the present.

When you have done this you may proceed to the next level.

Once we, the Fiction Pimps, had ensured that the guest had understood the instructions the blindfold was removed, and the guest was gently asked to write an answer on the soft yellow ball – when ready it goes without saying. As instructed, the ball was then passed on to a birdcage in the middle of the room containing all the answers of previous guests. Thereby the answer of each individual guest was processed in to the spiral of human consciousness.

We observed that our guest took time and waited for the right moment to write and process the answer. It was as if the scents, the sounds, the gentle touches and slow movements of The Crack led the guests to dive into a mode where the chronology of the everyday was actually escaped, and another flow of energy and task management enforced. This also meant that the journey to each new level in The Crack wasn't rushed, and

therefore could take amounts of time – Kairos time, the time concept of Chora, was activated.

When ready the guest moved on to the next level in The Crack – Level Dream. At this level the guests were invited to lay themselves softly on the solid ground. This ground, though, was as the chair of the former level, covered with the finest lambskin and pillows of rosy and peachy flowers in the most delicate satin.

When laid a Fiction Pimp would whisper softly into the ear of the guest: *We invite you to envision the image you want to give to Chora while you travel in your dreams. This image will be sent to Chora and as the answers contribute to the spiral of human consciousness. An option is to think of a vision for the future, that is important to you, and that you want to contribute with to Chora and the spiral. Now close your eyes while this visionary and Crack Assistant of this fine earth in this galaxy of The Milky Way will guide you through your dreams.*

The guest was then provided with an audio device that contained small speakers, which were charily placed in their ears. Through the earphones the guest would then perceive the sound of a choir of Peruvian Shamans.

When asking the guests to open their eyes after this journey into their dreams, we, the Fiction Pimps, were amazed and moved by the beauty, vulnerability and depth in these human eyes. Their dreams had been opened and hearts and spirits moved – The unknown was moving – Moved by the guests.

In this state of total presence and openness,

most of them were ready to move to the next level – Level Image.

At Level Image the guests seated themselves on the ground, once again cuddled in the most delightful lambskin. Piles of books full of images offered themselves to the guests. They were invited to cut, collect and glue, match and envision their images. As they knew these images would be sent to Chora and processed in to the spiral of human consciousness they put the utmost skill into the production of them. The images illustrated their dreams, visions, hopes and inner state of being at this level.

At Level Image they were also offered the most delicate brandy and other taste sensory treats. A lot of guests meditated over all the images produced by people that have passed and lived through The Crack, all the time with the landscape of sounds of water, wind, birds – the sounds of Chora – as a meditative background of comfort and disturbance.

Gently a Fiction Pimp would at a certain point in time that seemed right ask them: “Are you ready to move on to the next level – Level Question?”

Level Question was the last Level of room of The Crack. The guests were invited to take their time and space to think of a question, that they would like an answer to. This question was obviously very important When ready the guests would receive a leaf of a pink sugar rose with a piquant drop of the finest liqueur. This led to an explosion of taste and flavor and prepared the guest for the asking of the question. “Are you ready to ask your que-

stion?” a Fiction Pimp would say. If the answer from the guest was positive, he or she was led to the birdcage to pick the answer of his or her personal choice.

As you might remember the answers from the guests of The Crack was initially put in this very same birdcage, which means, that every guest in The Crack would both give an answer to and receive an answer from the birdcage. Many guest were deeply touched to the answers they received, and have referred to them in the documenting and reflective dialogue we took with them, once they left the room of The Crack. Also we have observed that these answers have been communicated and led to conversation on the virtual social communication devices of this galaxy, such as Facebook.

As ‘the right moment’ is an important guideline for us, the Fiction Pimps, we as it is always the case waited for this moment to appear. Once it illuminated the guest was placed in a chair covered in the finest lambskin. The letters, the words, the sentence of the answer was written with in ink with a paintbrush on the inner side of the lower arm. This act can create chills and goose spots of pleasure, as the somatic senses are activated and utterly engaged. Once again the guest would furthermore receive a leaf of a sugar rose dipped in the finest sweet liqueur. This would be placed on a delicate and elegant hand mirror from previous times in this galaxy of The Milky Way, resulting in the guest being invited to mirror his or her own image as the act was taking place.

“Now, take your time to reflect on the answer

you have received” the Fiction Pimp would encourage the guest through a whisper.

Some guests sat and looked into the air, or somewhere in them selves, others observed the ceremonies in the room, yet others went into a dialogue with a Fiction Pimp more Fiction Pimps or other Crack Assistants or visionaries in the room. A microphone in the daintiest design was at times handed to the guest at this stage, and he or her would share their thoughts, dreams, hopes and visions through this audio sound device. In these dialogues we learned a lot of interesting and intriguing things about this galaxy, and once again we must take a moment to thank you all for this.

When the guests felt content, filled, ready, they could now leave the room of The Crack. Though, we observed that many guests wanted to stay. When asked why, they responded, that they were not ready to be sucked into the measurement of Chronology yet.

Now, the constant exercise for us, the Fiction Pimps, as Crack Assistants, is to hold on to that sensuous and poetic mode of being and being together, even though we are met by the measurement of chronology, the structure of the authority headquarters, the declaration of being good and other constitutions that can cause people to suffer and reach and stay unsatisfied with what is here right now at this moment when we are here, together. This would then also be the exercise of the guests leaving the room of The Crack – To hold on to that poetic and sensuous sensation and go out there, into their world and create cracks in their everyday life.

We, the Fiction Pimps, wanted to remind all the beautiful people of this fine city of Copenhagen of this – To encourage them to hold on to these teachings also when we, the Fiction Pimps, have traveled back to Chora, the galaxy from where we originate.

Therefore we took the birdcage full of wise and utterly important answers, created from the heart, body, mind and spirit of the fair guests that have gone through The Crack – Each and everyone of them being extraordinary and extraordinary visionaries, and each and everyone of them having examined their deep selves before these answers were processed into the spiral of human consciousness.

On the wet streets of Copenhagen under the rainy skies we, among other, encountered and shared answers with the bride and her followers of an Indian wedding, the little people covered in their carriages, Gypsy Men with golden teeth and a young waiter with dapper butterfly around his neck.

Answers were also poured back into the watery flow of life in the great fountain of The Birds – Where the Birds Go...

*With Love from a Fiction Pimp,
Gry Worre Hallberg*

Crack reflections of a Fiction Pimp

By Inga Gerner Nielsen

Entering Chronology. On a rainy day in the galaxy of Chronos, we, the Fiction Pimps, grabbed our three umbrellas, the Reverend Shines mega-



Poetisk gadepolitik.
Fiction Pimps uddeler
svar fra The Bird Cage.
Foto: Rolando Diaz.

phone and the Bird Cage containing answers donated by Visionaries to the Spiral of Human Consciousness. We set out to offer the answers to questions posed by strangers passing by on the streets of Copenhagen. It was what they call a holy day. This means that the shops are closed, and far less people out. Most of the wanderers also brought their umbrellas. We all looked like colored mushrooms, walking in pairs of two, three or four through the dusty grey fog.

At the big fountain of three green bronze birds right in the center of the city, we met to young men on wheels. The rain made them want to hurry to their next destination, but they were curious enough to stay for a little while. Without further reflection, one of them asked What is the meaning of life? He put his hand in the Bird Cage and got the answer We are all unlimited potential. Then the boys hurried along. Eyes wide open, a bit puzzled and very wet. One of Fictions Pimps offered them some thoughts in the megaphone for them to carry with them YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM CHRONOLOGY.

Another young man, who looked rather worried and a bit scared, posed another big question: Why is there hunger in the world? He reached into the birdcage and got the answer: Because we seek answers in the past and in the future.

A woman was trying to find a question. She really wanted to find one, but apologized. I'm very shy, she said. I am too, I said. You know I come from another galaxy outside time and space. Every step in this world is new to me, I said. This seemed to make her kind of calm and she closed

her eyes, and put her hand into the Bird Cage.

Even though we experienced the importance of empathy, there were still odd things about these people that puzzled us. We found that several people were also travelers as our selves. Some had come to this fine city of Copenhagen from afar, like us. But they did not seem to be questioning everything, like we do when out of Vertigo. A young man, who appeared to be from the continent of Asia, was just about to ask a question, when his fellow female traveler dragged him along. She did not want him to linger with us, but had him keep up the pace of the rest of the group. This was strange to me. Why do people travel, if not out of an urge for asking questions and finding unsuspected answers? This was their chance. They missed this moment. Maybe the young man will find his answers for his questions elsewhere, maybe he will never find any. This made us use the megaphone even more: DO YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS THAT NEED VISIONARY ANSWERS?

An older lady and her girlfriend stopped. She laughed. Oh I have so many answers I can't pick one. I laughed too. I know the feeling. She put her hand into the Bird Cage, and got her answer: To think is fun. She laughing even harder, and I asked her which question she had chosen. She grinned: Why do I think so much?

An older man lingered with us. Joking. Teasing. He had one big question How can I be young once more? What a great and maybe typical question in the time of Chronos. We were sure there would be an exciting answer for this



Fiction Pimps at work.
Foto: Andreas Ingefjord

one in the Bird Cage, and we asked him to do so several times. But he did not want to, and could not tell us why. Maybe he thought he knew the answer? I would have pleased me to hear it.

Outside what they like to call the Café of the North, we met a group of women cackling around a bride to be. They were lauder than the other people we had met. They all wanted the bride to ask a question. And she did. The answer she got was Trust your instincts. Her question, Should I marry him? All of the ladies laughed a lot. I couldn't tell if this answer pleased or scared the bride to be.

The workers in the café of the North, told us that they would probably be happier about this kind of questioning in the café of Europe, on the other side of the fountain. They were right actually. The workers in there were pleased to get their answers.

Our time in Chronos ended with the notion, that you cannot keep visionary answers in a Bird Cage. They must be set free. And we did. It seemed proper to let the balls float around the three big birds in the fountain. There are only so many levels of how to manifest the Cracks into Chora. We have to open up to the potential of the unknown. Who knows who found a ball after and what situations might have occurred, at the ripe moment we went back to Where the Birds Go?

Crack Reflections of a Fiction Pimp By Madeleine Kate McGowan

"We, the Fiction Pimps, went into the streets of the fine city of Copenhagen, dressed in leopard, peach, thigh high and heels. With us we had our

dear poetic friend, the Reverend Shine from the Land of Glass. Our steps were fierce and behind us we had an army of poetic warriors, invisible to others, visible to us. We were singing in megaphones, declaring the observations we had made at the main plaza called Rådhuspladsen. We had learnt that chronology is not bad in itself, but must be balanced by the vertical time experience kairós – the opening of eternity through the moment. Old trash surf music from our apparatus mixed with our strong but soft voices. People stopped to look at us, some seemed open others seemed puzzled. Our presence in the streets was not popular with the authorities, called the Police, they demanded us to stop because one old man was putting his fingers in his ears, they would arrest us. One man's tension killed the situation. The policeman was shivering, he demanded us to tell him where we were from, he did not believe that three youngsters like ourselves, could be from a place called Where the Birds Go, in Vertigo. A place far away, but yet so close. Reporting back to Chora – we can conclude, that too much structure will kill the poetry."

1 Fiction Pimps er optaget som Working Members under House of Futures.

2 Jeg er selv medlem af Club de la Faye.

3 I *Relationel Æstetik* (2005).

4 Bourriaud (2005), s. 22.

5 Ibid., s. 51-52.

6 Bourriaud (2005), s. 1.

7 Begrebet mellemrum blev brugt af Marx til at betegne

de udvekslingsfællesskaber, som undslap den kapitalistiske økonomis gængse rammer, idet de var unddraget loven om profit (tuskhandel, salg med tab, selvforsyningsproduktion osv.). Bourriaud (2005), s. 15.

8 Bourriaud (2005), s. 15-16.

9 Dette sker ifølge Bourriaud i en tid, hvor dagligdagens sociale kontekst begrænser muligheden for samvær i højere grad, end den begunstiger den. De mellemmenneskelige rum "mekaniseres"; vi får ikke et menneske, men en maskine i røret, når vi ringer til det offentlige, vi bliver telefonvækket af en maskine, vi hæver penge i en automat, osv. Ibid. s. 16.

10 Ibid.

11 Ibid., s. 17.

12 I "Æstetik: pædagogik eller kunst", in: *At skabe sig – selv*, Gyldendal (2001), s. 119ff. Drottners udlægning rummer en pædagogisk overbygning, hvis formål er at udføre argumentation for flere kreative fag i de danske folkeskoler og gymnasier.

13 Drottners (2001), s. 121-126. Der findes mange andre om end lignende udlægninger af kunstens autonomiseringsproces. Drottners udlægning er dog interessant i denne sammenhæng grundet dens pædagogiske overbygning. Kunstpædagogik handler netop om potentialet i deltagelse i kunstneriske skabelsesprocesser (vs. nydelse af færdige kunstværker), og det er også omdrejningspunktet for denne analyse.

14 Massumi står ligeledes bag Sense Lab, der netop sætter fokus på sanselighedens betydning for bl.a. betydningsfuld videndannelse.

15 Mary Zournazis konversation med Brian Massumi i "Navigating Movements. A conversation with Brian Massumi", in: *Hope* (2002). Zournazi (2002).

16 Zournazi (2002), s. 242.