

SELF PORTRAIT

ELISE'S DISSERTATION

VARIATION OF A VARIATION



RIITTA NELIMARKKA

SENECA

SELF PORTRAIT
ELISE'S DISSERTATION

VARIATION OF A VARIATION

Translated into English from the original Finnish
by Philip and Marja Binham

© **RIITTA NELIMARKKA**
SENECA 2001

DEDICATED TO
JASKA, AKI, JOONAS AND MAX

ABSURD POEM
AN ASSOCIATIVE RESEARCH EXPEDITION
TO THE EXISTENCE OF FLÜGELISM
A NOT UNIVERSALLY APPLICABLE HEURISTIC
NON-STUDY
A FALSE FRUIT INCONSISTENT WITHIN ITS SYSTEM
A DESCRIPTION VARYING WITHIN ITSELF
OF THE ARTISTIC PROCESS
A PRIMITIVE REACTION WHOSE ULTIMATE PURPOSE
IS TO EFFACE THE SELF
PARTENOGENETISCHE DISSERTATION
AUTOPOETISCH SKIZZENBUCH
URSPRUNGLICH EINE ALLGEMEINE
PRIMITIVREAKTION UND
EIN DESPERAT VERSUCH DAS LEBEN
ZU SUBLIMIEREN

“Elise’s Dissertation” is a variation of a variation from the original variation theme. A resistant but enraptured relation to doing here and now, more than a deliberate postscript to one’s own production.

What is in question is a conscious choice to confine oneself to one’s own imaginary micro-cosmos, which in its philosophical nature is a very suitable context in the intermediate terrain between art and science. *Artistic science.* Life within the frames of an internal system. A ball.

In our arms is an endless process which thus has no obvious happy ending, no terminal point. *Only questions conceived from questions.*

Motto & Motto

“Woman is saved (and therefore traces and expressions of individuality are seen in women, courage to grasp a simple thought, boldness to hang on to it) by a distance from the life she is granted for a time. This quieter life means that she sometimes preserves more of her own self than a man, who almost from boyhood is morally compelled to be the same as others, and who in his youth, not to speak of his manhood, is completely demoralized by learning to know what practical life, reality, is like. It is just this knowledge that is destructive. If girls start to be brought up in the same way, then goodnight to the whole human race. Quite certainly the emancipation of women, whose aim is this kind of upbringing, is the invention of the devil.” Kierkegaard, 1.

“You see, nowadays it is not fashionable to flirt till one is forty, or to be romantic till one is forty-five, so we poor women who are under thirty, or we say we are, have nothing open to us but politics and philanthropy.” Mrs Chevely in Oscar Wild’s play “An Ideal Husband”, 2.

So we have to torture ourselves with dissertations. Rabbit.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

SELF PORTRAIT IN A NUTSHELL	6
-----------------------------------	---

BALLSPIEL

Tabula rasa, a virgin attempt to define the outlines of Self Portrait.....	16
Aims of Self Portrait in their barest form	17
Omen as obsession.....	18
The goal achieved and lost, the taste of defeat.....	20
Competition for the title of absolute value	21
Process as a goal.....	23

DU POND

PARTOGENETISCHE DISSERTATION

Elise's "Dissertation"	26
One Rabbit is really all rabbits	27
Stable and unstable ball	28
Ask and you will always get lost – soulbrain, was ist das? ..	30
Creative twilight.....	32
Artist = Ball	34
Man kann auch schweigen	35
Everygirl's mostetics, the freedom of speech of art	37
On synthesis and mystery	39
Elise's hyper-creativity.....	41

DU BOND

FLÜGELISE

A rough definition of Flügelism	44
Typical Flügelistic prejudices.....	45
Typical Flügelistic silly questions and naughty answers	46
Über Flügelismus, a dark background to a modest -ism.....	48
Not against methods, but no methods are the best methods	50
Elise's debucation – debucation plus abduction	51
Contour of debucation adapted as a "casa" method.....	53

Elise's dubious methods	54
Passionate methods, against one's own principles.....	56
Concerning the Flügelization process	57
Human components of Flügelism	59
Life worthy of human dignity begins with irony and ends with humour	61
Works of art as dreams of the community	63
Für Elis Socrates.....	65
Für Elias Peirce	67
Secret fact.....	69
Association, variation and meta-variation	70
Comsublimation, one variation of the art of living	71
Irresponsibility as an initial source of creativity	72
Variatio delectat, intentional and unintentional variations	74

ÜBER DAS ZEICHNEN

How does the hand draw through the eye, and how does the eye draw without the hand?	77
On the variational nature of Rabbit's trauma	77
Pictcourse, Elise's drawing-type language game	78
Etwas mehr über das Zeichnen	80
Divertimentos.....	82

INTERMEZZO RABBIT'S TRAUMA

A FABLE IN THREE ACTS STRAIGHT FROM A CROCODILE-SKIN SOFA

Act I Why of all things an injured hand?	84
Act II Rabbit draws again.....	86
Act III What's got into Rabbit?	90
Epilogue, the laconic conclusion of the table	92

DU BOMB

TITANISCHER TANGO

Fantasy as luxury	94
Main features of self-honest nonsense.....	95

Knowledge gets older, opinions get younger	97
Intter Emellan, Either/Or: the fusion point of opposites as an innocuous drop of sweat	99
Elise debucts	00
Crazy formulas of immortality	101
The crazy "basic formula" of Ball – Flügel – Rabbit and its variations	102

REQUIEM FÜR ELISE

ETHICAL JUDGEMENT OF THE PROCESS

Pain and the life force arm-in-arm	107
Love and Art, the same sign of the zodiac.....	110
The secret garden mock-revealed.....	112

EPILOGUE	115
----------------	-----

SELF PORTRAIT METHODOLOGICAL MASTERKEY

VARIATION OF A VARIATION OF A VARIATION

Foreword to masterkey	118
Self Portrait as basic research.....	118
Self Portrait material	119
Methodological arguments.....	120
Criteria of a dissertation on art.....	121
Theoretical and philosophical frame of reference.....	123
Methods	124
Self Portrait, Elise's Dissertation in the broad field of research.....	125
Self Portrait methodological masterkey – Conclusion	126

FLÜGELISTIC CONCEPTS 128 |

RABBIT'S CHARCOAL DRAWINGS, SERIGRAPHS AND WOOL RELIEFS 131 |

REFERENCES 133 |

BIBLIOGRAPHY 136 |

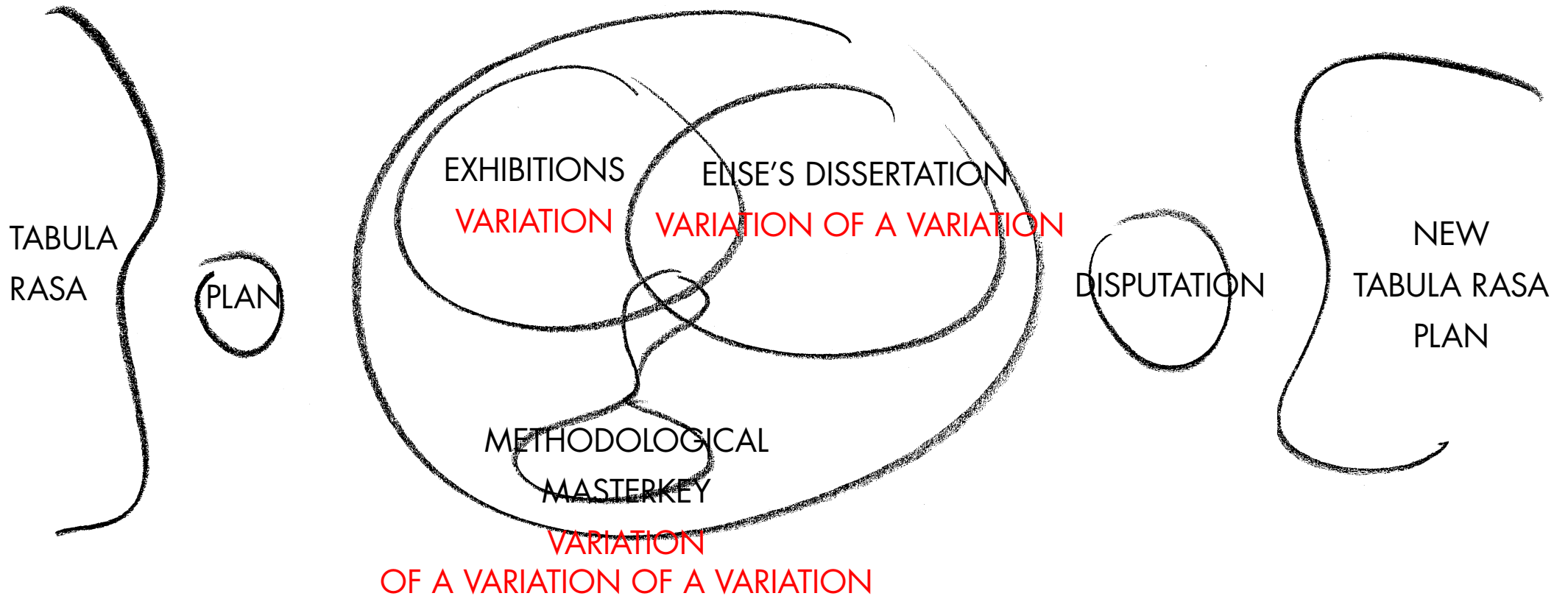
A WORD OF THANKS 138 |

INTRODUCTION

SELF PORTRAIT PROCESS IN A NUTSHELL

SELF PORTRAIT PROCESS IN A NUTSHELL

SELF PORTRAIT



Basic material of the work on Self Portrait

The mass of research includes my own creations, Flügelistic collections, "casas" of textiles, writings and drawings over the years. These processed casas are in particular:

Illustrated books of poetry

Tabula Rasa 1987

Babylonia 1991

Apollon 1996

Giovanna Idiaatta Pallo Medissi 1996

Wool relief and velvet series of pictures

Apollon 1994 – 1996

Flygelise 1997 – 2000

Serigraph series

Intter Konttinen and his lovely friends 1998

Charcoal drawing series

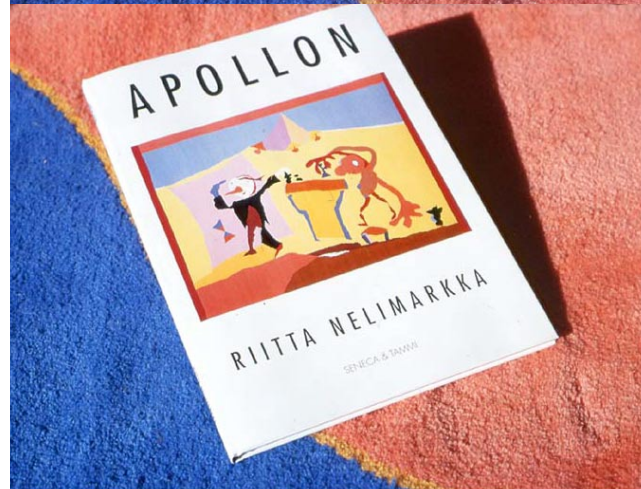
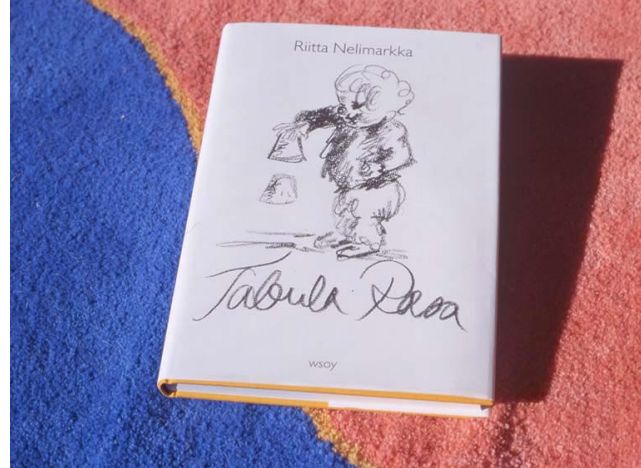
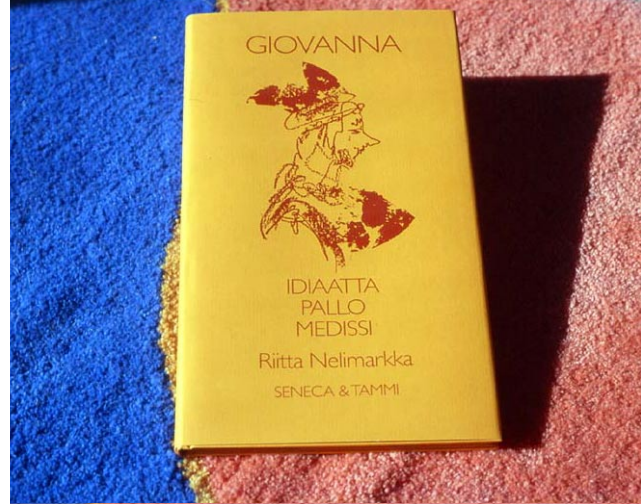
Babylonia 1989 – 1995

Elise 1998

Jänis soittaa (Rabbit plays) 1998

Second dancers 1999

Philosophical material enrolled in the above artistic series of works and their present examination, notes and journal records: written material connected with the process.





GIOVANNA

BABY
LONIA



BABY/BEEBI



RABBIT



APOLLON



INTTER KONTTINEN



TABULA RASA
RAB of BULLIS
CLASSIC



ELISE

Self Portrait's imaginary characters

The ex officio principal roles of this holistic fruit of the spirit are played by *Elise, Rabbit Carl Maria von Steinhgkeller and myself*, in the form of visual and abstract, as well as psychological and philosophical variants, pulsating throughout the whole of "Self Portrait".

In clandestine subsidiary roles appear *the Alsatian dogs Pontus and Amo, the Mouse as Cat's tailor, Phoenix, a cachalot - the world's largest whale, lilies and flamingos*.

"These people in novels, divorced from the flesh, do not desire wealth or the comforts of life, social status or a peaceful married life; they do not want anything from this world - they want eternity, certainty. They want God." Troyat, albeit referring to the characters of Dostoyevsky's novels, 1.



Philosophical backcloth to Self Portrait

Because nothing comes out of anything without books, some philosophers lurk in the rear-view mirror, einige nicht so frohe philosophen für Elise, ; the characterization of *unconscious metaphysicians* may serve as their common denominator. These thinkers are:

Francesco Alberoni 1929–
Martin Heidegger 1889 – 1976
Sigmund Freud 1856 – 1939
Friedrich Nietzsche 1844 – 1900
Charles Peirce 1839 – 1914
Sören Kierkegaard 1813 – 1855
Arthur Schopenhauer 1788 – 1860
Aristotle 384 – 322 B.C.
Socrates c. 470 – 399 B.C.

Self Portrait's social and political frame of reference

The framework in question is slight. Social and political reflections are, to be honest, outside the scope of this study; where they are present it is because omission is always as much a question of choice as is inclusion. Odd man out and odd man in. *A line has to be drawn. The object of study is the artist's innermost being.*

Justification for emotional, experiential and phenomenal orientation

The argument in all its brevity is that cognitive *contents often become very amusing with age. Poetry, style and ex-*

perienced emotion mostly grow younger with age...

The initial thoughts put forward above are, in the manner of art, realized indirectly in a polyphonic total work of art, a set of metaphors where method = substance and which when realized is

In content a dose of Flügelistic (for this and other "special" terms see Flügelistic Concepts towards the end of the book) philosophy of life and art

In form and physically the Flügel-theme exhibitions and the "Self Portrait" book

In method a description of a process of a description of a variational process which is also a process

Hypothesis

Writers of dissertations like to present a hypothesis, but as I do not wish to assert anything, I have taken *the possible absence of hypothesis as my basic hypothesis; which fortunately for me happens to be an assertion in itself.*

Sub-hypotheses

Sub-hypotheses are vague, intuitively convincing assertions such as:

Fundamental matters are remarkably simple, and everything affects everything. Existence is dominated by a kind of principle of "unsealedness" and constant "clicking together", a steadfast ecumenicalism, which has an eye for the whole, for a harmonious coexistence.

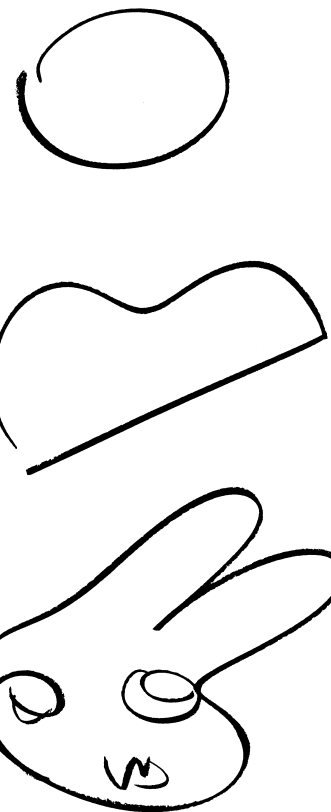
The start position in art research - as in producing art - is an *unhypothetical, irresponsible tabula rasa, a relaxed state responsive to inventing.*

In the creative artistic process, described in the triangle drama *Ball – Flügel – Rabbit, methods change according*

to the work, and are finally mixed up with the material to be worked on into a more or less coherent creation, the "final result". In other words, method = substance. Similarly, the conscious and the unconscious are mixed up in a unique way.

The Ball – Flügel – Rabbit formula (B - F - R), which I keep endlessly varying, is true in my subjective context, but also non-definitively true.

Ultimately, art is philosophical play.



Self Portrait's visual part

Exhibitions

Flygelise At the Hagelstam Gallery in Helsinki, spring 1998

Flyg Elise Flyg At the Uusitalo Gallery in Helsinki, spring 1999

Intter Konttinen and his lovely friends In the AMA Net Gallery, spring 1999

The Flygelise series of works consists of 40 thick, large and colourful wool reliefs, 13 velvet tapestries and 130 charcoal drawings. The visual variant of the exhibition is *the grand piano shape*, which sometimes transfigures itself into a *ball* and sometimes into a *rabbit*, sometimes into something in between, like for example the picture of the grand piano-headed lovers, *Scene in Flügel pyjamas*, *Notturmo*, the genre picture "painted" in wool *Servant girl feeding the little Claude Debussy; only vanilla icecream will do*, the velvet pictures *Elise defends her Doctor's Pedegree* and *Elise dodges the doctor*. Just to mention a few works. The atmosphere is playful, because I cannot express anything really serious without crying, which in turn is too strenuous. But behind the most joyful and laughable work is often the most powerful melancholy, as my self-deceiving self-censorship allows me to admit.

The Intter Konttinen series consists of 30 different colourful serigraphs. Intter Konttinen and Apollon are variants of the series, and the themes are random non-themes from real life, often describing a momentary scene between two creatures, for example the works *Apollon the shocked object of Nefertiti's love* and *Optimistically going to the entrance exam of the College of Music*.

Rabbit's sketches, charcoal drawings, serigraphs and textile works connected with the exhibitions are used in the written part of this dissertation associatively and varyingly, or in their original form. They simply button up with it, both as a meditative genesis and as a "cover-to-cover" concrete manifestation of Elise's Flügelistic philosophy.



Written part of Self Portrait

Elise's dissertation poem is an authentic *basic study* of art, meditating like a journal; hooking up with the original sources of making art. In it the idea of a constant rat race of varying and associating both in life and in art is realized *an sich*, as an event between the writer, the reader and the book, like "Rabbit - Flügel - Ball". The aim has been that *the reader not only cognitively understands what is fundamentally being pursued, but that he also experiences and senses the presence of gnawing unrest and "compulsion" to vary in the process of making art, Dasein*. It does not contain strict outline, or even an actual story, but the reader is shown *a whole set of metaphors, a Web of Relations that is an individual case, formed by variations and associations*.

Self Portrait is a hybrid of an essay-type, absurd poem and a research study, a variation of a variation on the theme Self Portrait, a presentation wondering at the intertwining of life and art from the perspective of a latent exhibitionist and projecting almost everything that is encountered, from the aesthetic to the ethical on to *Elise's Flügelism and ball philosophy*.

Intermezzo, Rabbit's trauma is a fictive variation, written almost naturalistically, on the theme Self Portrait, a fable babbling about love and art as sublimatory (and con-sublimatory) processes, and sketching the philosophy of drawing. Rabbit sublimates his ignorance of and frustration with piano playing unconsciously. He makes his hands stigmatically painful, because playing does not satisfy his high standards. Finally he has the sense consciously to sublimate or comsublimate his hunger for life and art by drawing.

In bare form there are two variations of Self Portrait in my landing net, pictorial art and literary; both are "weighted towards art". This because I believe that the artist cannot be made a genuine researcher even by lobotomy. I feel that an introspective, phenomenal way of interpreting my

art philosophy is more correct than interpreting it in so-called scientific language. I would further state, for safety's sake, that I consider the art-science and artist-scholar division fundamentally uncreative and unjustified, only to be accepted for lack of a better alternative. *Everything affects everything* – in all tenses, future, present, past...

The different parts of the dissertation work are processed together and fused below the surface into a whole in the manner of art, strangely invisibly. I hope that this is so, for the internal consistency of a living work of art arousing genuine interest should not outwardly shine with excessive brightness. Art, like the art industry, is an expression of a certain philosophy. In the words of the philosopher Martin Heidegger:

"The artist is not *tekhnités* because he is also a craftsman, but because the setting forth of both work and material occurs in the bringing into the foreground (*Her-vor-bringen*), which allows the artist's existence to come out in advance from his appearance (*vor-kommen*). All this occurs, however, in the midst of the rising existence born from itself, the "physis". Using the word *tekhne* for art does not say anything in favour of craftsmanship initiating the artist's work. What seems to be craftsmanlike preparation in creating a work is something quite different. The artist's work is determined and inspired throughout by the existence of creating, and there it remains." Heidegger, 2.

All the same, "Self Portrait" in its entirety aims by its own existence – by its contribution in the form it has taken in an active process over some one and a half years – to answer its questions of *the artist's basic motivations and the essence of making art, as viewed from within, from my own individual case*, and hopes to have succeeded in this according to its best ability. "As Rabbit of the Present".

The methodological masterkey of Self Portrait, Variation of a variation of a variation, has been written with the intention of putting into more concise form what appears in the poem *between the lines*. Nevertheless, I cannot pretend in this case either that I am some other subject who suddenly produces objectively-weighted writing in the role

of a tip-top science-art woman. Hence this speech does not differ much stylistically from the Elise's Dissertation poem. In any case it attempts to act *as a methodological masterkey to the poem, the philosophic treatise*, written in *process-like form*, and freely in terms of the concept of a dissertation.

Practical, general teaching

Anyone wishing to get older more quickly should get started on an art "dissertation", at a time when the institution of art dissertation work does not yet properly exist.



Tabula rasa, a virgin attempt to define the outlines of Self Portrait

“My work is a new philosophical system: but new in the full meaning of the word: not a new presentation of something already existing: but to the greatest degree a uniform series of thoughts which to date has never come to anyone’s mind.” Schopenhauer to his publisher Brockshaus, 1.

“This book expresses my belief that creativity arises from individuals – that individual people are the forefront of human culture.” Esa Saarinen, 2.

What is “Self Portrait”? Briefly, “Self Portrait” is an artist’s *associative portrait and enquiring self-characterization*.

“Self Portrait” in all its simplicity, to adapt Marcus Aurelius, is: an examination of the old through new eyes: by old I mean everything that has tangentially touched my life in the form of both art and real life, new eyes means more or less that phenomenal presence, *Dasein*, Heidegger 3., that is like the attitude, style, with which children come to a new village and wander curious, uninhibited and aware, sniffing at places and objects, creating impressions for themselves.

“Self Portrait” is monolithic-holistic, mirroring its world in the philosophical tradition on its own terms, like the Bible’s *God is universal*, or the Indians’ IT; *Christmas Humphreys*, 4., like a briquet, *a hermetic ball*, which is not upset by external criticism, at least in theory. In this respect it observes the principles of both free art and free certainty of belief, and thus continues the *narcissist-solipsist* traditions familiar from artists’ autobiographies. Solipsism represents the concept according to which there exists only the conscious self, and all the rest of the world is the imagining of this self.

“Self Portrait” is in the final “analysis” an abstract Web of Relations, in the form of a ball of immeasurable size, i.e. infinite, *der Ballspiel*, consisting of the parts of the artistic process pushing forth with their own weight, regardless of the category of entities from which they come. These categories can be freely varied according to need as long as they remain immanently within the example of the ball. Liberating, in this sense.

“Self Portrait” can also be interpreted as an *epistemological-ontological* concept, according to which a good definition of truth or a tenable creation is not – sad to say – possible for humans – or it is on the other side of the fence. Which is liberating, too.

“Self Portrait” is *an emotional study, which might become a crazy poem ...* It is a process ad absurdum, initially setting out to tailor a tailcoat for the cat, a final result out of a process, an artefact out of leisure, a ball out of a segment, and much more – but I certainly do not know what will actually come of this.

The entirety is loosely built from a common visual expression and associative train of thought, which I have as perhaps my last act wished to press into this ridiculous idea of a ball shape, presenting an artistic process. Moreover, all this trouble *perceived through one person’s consciousness!* This because other alternatives would discharge into the air multiples and multiples of more questions, and a still more laborious study through for example ten consciousnesses would only give an apparently versatile, pseudo-scientific picture.

In everyday discourse the artist likes to be either an academic aesthete or an unacademic brute, small and humble or big and alcoholic. In “Self Portrait” the artist is what she is, but nonetheless builds on her *own philosophy*, her own language. On the basis of everygirl’s experience.

To compose language in this self portrait is on the one hand equivalent to *verbalizing* abstract processes and space images within the mind, on the other hand to *spatializing* as images even the most autistic verbal orbits of one’s thought. The attempt to form one’s own language is at bottom, however, a conscious substitute act while awaiting the mystery to reveal itself. “Self Portrait” is in fact eating the filling of the cake itself, which perhaps will never reach a table covered with too short a white, taffeta tablecloth ...

Unnecessary yearning! What’s the point of a key if you can step through the door? Rabbit.

“Self Portrait” thus *itself eats itself*, and the further the work progresses, the more fragile it becomes: fragile as the finest fish bone. A light fish menu freed of fish. The process, itself examining itself and one’s own art hermeneutically, finally effaces itself. More violently: murders itself and makes its art non-existent.

Facta factum, curriculum vitae, constant, untrustworthy, wounding, corrupting, final, *anti-life goal of perfectionism and feeling of guilt*. The most primary cause or the most primary motive? A surmise that all is vanity?

Change the character and there remains... nothing? Is the character dictated by the persona: intelligence, feeling, sense, mind, spirit and soul? If the character changes radically, what happens to the soul? Rabbit.

All in all “Self Portrait” realizes, *inversely* it is true, the recollected thought by the Italian philosopher G. Vico: *the only thing that man can really understand is his own achievement*.

Aims of Self Portrait in their barest form

The principal aim of "Self Portrait", a game of roulette devised by myself for myself, is *to obtain a doctor's cape for Rabbit*. Other aims are:

To create one's own hermetical microcosm, a philosophical – artistic structure and a polyphonic framework of relations, which operates on its own terms. Autonomy is probably a fantasy, and the whole caboodle forcibly tries to mirror itself in what surrounds it, both in real life and in science and art philosophy contexts. This mirror image may well be a real nest of scratches. Laughter is not far off when one constructs a self portrait in earnest. A house of laughter. A laughter "casa".

Combine a complete, limited ball and an incomplete borderline case/extreme value, a self portrait – an inconsistent self portrait, in the same omelette. Combine artistic doing and abstract thinking in the same bubbling omelette. *Combine extreme generalization and simplification with extreme cross-breeding and detailedness, extreme randomness with the most extreme vigilance. All in the same...*

Publish a burlesque, unscientific formula Ball is Flügel is Rabbit is Flügel is Ball, and propose that this crazy "artistic hypothesis" is non-definitively true. A somewhat timid orientation, but timidity must be faced for boldness to win.

Transfigure one's own intuitive, artistic activity interpretatively to a new Flügelistic system, which comes from the pastoral safaris of poetry rather than from the cloud castles of science, and at the same time consider how the system, by writing and drawing, begins itself to make itself.

From the final fog make a genuine flat-paged book Phoenicize, a set of metaphors, a metamorphic Web of Relations, in which everything is mixed up with everything else, and yet nevertheless the final result gives the impression of a harmonious three-dimensional puzzle, even though it is a book. And as has been said, *finally get something concrete into Rabbit Carl Maria von Steinhegger's head.*



Omen as obsession

Death I do not fear, but the augur of death I do fear.

Not true. I am only afraid of small, dark theatres with poor ventilation and a too predictable repertoire. Rabbit.

"Self Portrait" is, obviously because of its nature, in the end a purely enquiring game, and a constant intentional and unintentional, conscious and pre-conscious apparent revelation of secrets, as it is also an incessant *pulling the rug from under you*, and tearing the curtain from in front of the scenery at moments of surprising spells of boldness.

"Self Portrait" is *about predicting what is already happening*, jumping back and forth on the outermost edge of a stigma of moss completely over-pregnant, ready for a real jump, but still always again and again becoming inspired by something which ghost-like keeps up the ethnic gesticulation of the "artist – prophet" on the edge of a lace-thin natural structure. *Anticipating what may happen*.

To say on the edge of the stigma that in spite of foresight we have in the end only this moment in which to live wisely? To sigh that omen plus memory = the present moment! Or to realize that the present moment does not in fact exist, and more correct truth is only moving in one direction or another, constantly surfing in the half-cloudy sky of past mists and future hopes, the past dictating the nature of future utopias, the omen revealing the future hidden in itself in the slightest movement ... *The omen revealing its intention at the last moment by making someone write the omen out*. The most ragged, ridiculous scrawl perhaps becoming a starting shot for some possibly very substantial fruit of the spirit.

An omen image is the future in real time. A memory image is the past in real time.

To say now that art is a little crazy just because it so calmly operates on omens, hints and instinct? Or to remain wordless, quietly drawing and writing, awaiting occasional concert evenings or humorous nights of love to interrupt the quiet drawing? Or what should one do? Who is entitled to say what another should do, except I myself, who does not know what one person or another should not do? What people say should be left at that and one should only read petals. Put to use every stigma that receives pollen. *All mankind prophets without knowing it*.

The key assumption of "Self Portrait", *Ball is Flügel is Rabbit is Flügel is Ball*, and this babble as an endless series, has long been in existence, haunting me as though only waiting to be thrown out. An art-weighted obsession built on the mighty power of associations can only be discarded by pressing it flat, or more elegantly, by loving it to death. Une petite mort. By writing.

As to writing, I notice that it seems to be in a quite different category from the most original starting point of all, studying my own production postscriptively. Activity begins surprisingly to be writing for writing's sake, just a substitute activity, messing about in lieu of acts and minor characters in lieu of major roles – in fact *circle-like* exactly what I mentioned earlier as a goal: to make the verbal-conceptual visual-spatial, and to make the spatial-visual verbal-conceptual. Spinning images. Like a cat on a hot tin roof...

The writing itself thus engenders itself, and the image of the world is changed with it. The omen created by the writing begins to live its own life and in turn affect me, my own art, even human relations. Whatever is thrown into the air – hint, thanks, value system, genius, idiocy, remains paddling in the ether to collide with ... The same with works of art; even a single receiver carries the message forward. Would it perhaps be wiser to live in a barrel, so that carelessness would not cause serious damage. Just one black swan... a single one along with the white ones... one single man, a man moving to a house owned and lived in by women – a "women's house", disproves the idea of a women's house. Hume's guillotine strikes women more often than men? A senseless question. The "loquacity" flayed by Nietzsche.

"...loquacity, the desire to find new ways to express the same thing; one finds it in Montaigne. Loquacity, which comes from too large a store of concepts..." Nietzsche, 5.

Agreed. Loquacity is just cheap criticism of a mystery unravelled from different angles in the belief that something profound would appear! Presumably nothing really exhaustive will appear, especially if one tries too hard, but instead just lots of land-fill. Then this just has to be hidden somewhere. Under the carpet... All the same, one must take the risk of dancing on the hot tin roof... the obsession with this work is after all being so shamelessly splashed around in public, and charity, recommendable as such, can be carried on elsewhere. And preferably there.

"Because a DISSERTATION about this was originally planned with my gynecologist, and because it is my habit always to finish what I do..." Tabula Rasa (1987), 6.

The dream that I saw at the start of the process: A storm and indeed a real emergency at sea. I jump from one ship to another while the enormous turquoise-coloured waves roar. I am brave, tremendously brave. I do not care about danger. I also help the people flocking around me to jump from the ships to other ships. Sensible and necessary moves and leaps, I consider. The ship I am on is steered by a wonderfully crazy young captain, a daredevil. A huge white sail is flying. Suddenly the sheet of sail pleats down on top of the ship and the passengers. A new danger arises...

Just as life is given us to live, so dreams are given us to see – without any particular goal, without any particular interpretation. Rabbit.

VÄITÖS-
KIRJA
DISSERTATION



The goal is achieved and lost, the taste of defeat

A goal is a tediously illiberal concept. Achieving a goal – what is it? A second's happiness or horror and what then? When a work of art is completed, it is no longer interesting, at least from the artist's standpoint. The work which is "completed" seems only the nostalgic remnant of a passion, a worthless place in heaven, a fraudulent interpretation, an interpretive fraud, inter ...

Right, I want a friend's telepathy number, or else I cannot possibly manage at-all-at all. Friends and loved ones as champagne, work as rice pudding, society as the dry bread I must eat, and the goal as insanity. Pull the rug from under you! The process itself eats itself. The crunching can be heard far out on the for-the-present still tranquil sea.

What then? Intuitive visions, paradigms, assumptions have been chewed over to the point of exhaustion, perhaps also raised to a conscious level, materialized to a desired form as a proof, a combination of letters, a painting ... "The Divine Comedy", "The Last Supper", "The Marilyn Diptych". But, one notes – because one cannot help noting, without a final answer. The goal is achieved and not achieved. One is content with *an attitude stemming from instinct, an intuitive orientation*; but the same attitude inevitably leads to suffering from similar intuitiveness and waveringness of the final result. Complaining on top of complaining.

Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper", glorified by the art historian Giorgio Vasari with the epithet *gracia*, is still completed more chock-a-block with questions than with answers, shockingly open and exposed to many kinds

of praise, wonder, mockery – to the foolish and to the wise gaze. Very often, besides, Leonardo left his work quite concretely uncompleted, to the powerless vexation of impatient cardinals. *Gracia must not weaken one.*

Though one's own achievement most frequently seems untrustworthy, over-pregnant and ready to be liberated, it comfortingly contains – even in its imperfectness – new seeds in itself. In some way incompleteness into the bargain is attractive, *in the same way as a touchingly timid look may be observed for a fraction of a second in a person who normally is splendidly self-controlled.*

After the birth, completion and "final" flourishing of a work of art, most probably it will become everyday; a stage that preferably should not come at all, or then one should be able to sublimate it by imagination. Everyday – everygirl – ordinary bunny – not interesting, therefore interesting, even fashionable.

The pattern of the creative process is, to put it lightly, like an imitation of the full course of falling in love and everyday. When plunging oneself into something new, one has always to digest a state of uncertainty like the feeling of falling in love. Like it or not, one has to bring together very conflicting emotions and concepts with the in itself watertight feeling of happiness. Die Freude, die Sehnsucht, die Sünde, das Glück... die Angst des Verlorenen.

One ends up dealing with some kind of assimilation, and in that way finding the unpredictable "creative self" from *a fusion point*, which may for example be an extremely small vanishing point. Via this vanishing point comes re-birth! Catharsis, forgiveness! A raging, stupefying ab-

stract viewpoint, based on experience. *The point grows into a ball which melts into a point!* The ball fills up and empties. Explanations may occur if the patterns can be found. Hide your head in a bush for the time being.

A prince accompanies a girl to Aberystwyth and gets lost on the way. Why and where? To be reborn as a frog in Dolgelly. Why? Because he thought too much of himself... the girl thought. There is nothing logical in life. Why then should whole human sciences observe logic? Rabbit surpasses himself.



Competition for the title of absolute value

Man creates instruments ruggedly pronouncing Claude Levi-Strauss's notion "to cope". Good, Elise! Let's enjoy ourselves for a moment with the concept of instrument value as some kind of dynamic opposite to the passive absolute value. Yang and Yin?

Instrument value changes or returns, however, to being absolute value when it loses its absolute necessariness, or does it? Perhaps it completely loses all significance, fades completely away?

Is disinterested absolute value more irrational, somehow more naive, than pragmatic instrument value? Is it at the same time something at a higher level? Some philosophers consider absolute value a positive orientation. In real life some people are in the habit of boasting about absolute value, because it is so rare. But at bottom this is very transparent ethical egoism and showing off, pretending to be better than one is. The quality of the absolute value of a work, which is also always a choice, is decided by the personal degree of depth of the choice, not the choice as such. *Kierkegaard, 7.*

Vision, for instance artistic vision, is as such an absolute value, a gift. If this is not "utilized", it crowns itself as an absolute value remaining pure, virgin, even blessed. If the vision is utilized – let's say a manufacturer makes an impressive vision into a mass-produced article – nevertheless the original vision remains floating in space as virgin, as *das Selig*. The original has not relinquished any part of itself, but has only given *a variational hint*. Therefore the original always preserves its absolute value. In the future every kind of mutation will become ever cheaper

and easier than it already is, and the result will be that only the original has value again, and not only economic value. Why does Bill Gates invest in the original? Start investing right away in his wake!

A tabula rasa-like vision is an entity, absolutely valuable, innocent, timeless, without location, without will and without a goal. Speaking about process and goal in connection with a virgin vision is perhaps well-intentioned, but unfortunately beside the point. It is trying to make *the incommensurable commensurable*. Process and goal are incommensurable dimensions; they do not compete in the same category, they are absolute values intertwining with each other outside categories. Rabbit starts thinking about concrete examples from the vegetable world.

Artistic vision, goal and process! How then can we mix these fundamentally incommensurable dimensions into the same sauce and purée? Will the result be whether we wish it or not a soup which is hierarchical anyway, or can we rely on natural *loving blending*: some kind of protoplasm which can be shaped by means of "telescopic visual antennae" into a non-hierarchical web of cells? Prattle and sketching, which are absolute values – but the fact is that the airplane was only invented just recently. Flügmaschin.

Is any kind of non-competitive state in general possible? Is seeing competition in nature only a state of existence invented by man, or more correctly a projecting of his own state of existence to nature? After all nature only exists, realizes itself from its own being. *The idea of Darwinism is in fact only good-for-nothing man's cheap way of*

pushing his own bad conscience on to nature's shoulders.

Nature's incessant, internal competition always occurs within harmony, or metaphorically within "a harmony ball"? The relations organize themselves according to the rules of harmony? The whole is valid, stable and in the end very little unstable? And what about this self-made, crazy *Ball – Flügel – Rabbit* formula, fundamentally describing harmony, a fantasy of a metaphor covering all that exists – is it generally valid in any other context than *its own non-universal individual category*, where it constantly deconstructs itself: ignites and extinguishes, gives birth and kills, is born and dies, condemned by its own "harmony", a ball-shaped sphere? And doing just what I feared in the first place.

Actually, this struggling sheet in continual, sphere-like movement, *the vision of visions*, covers a tremendous number of spheres of equal size, which for their part form the surface of the ball within which... Words have a tendency to change into reality. Does a crazy formula have the same tendency? Is the *Ball – Flügel – Rabbit and Web of Relations and Variations* a suitably conceited alternative, for example, to *the slandered hermeneutic sphere or the almost credible spiral*, an alternative which is sovereignly adaptable both to *human science and to mathematics*?

If I can get Ball-Flügel-Rabbit marketed to become a globally popular part of people's world view – there, it feels better after kicking my shoes off – is the harmony ball then realized, more realized than if it existed merely by itself? The problem buzzes around the same class as the

relation of an artefact to an amateur fact? Hearty laughter! Unfeminine megalomaniac. Though surely women cannot be megalomaniacs! How I would love to be always only feminine and soft, being happy just to... Biological absolute value.

On the other hand, is a criticized inference of a hermeneutic vicious circle worthy of attention an sich after all? The concepts *change and sphere* both come from an equally restricted choice of viewpoints, viz. the possible perspectives for man come from an epistemological-ontological choice of viewpoints. For this reason too, "Self Portrait's" explosively unscientific perspective is quite as justified as some fundamentally equally uncertain scientific whimper. *The correct mutual yardstick, a commensurable evaluation criterion for both, is blissfully still shrouded in mystery.* I suppose.

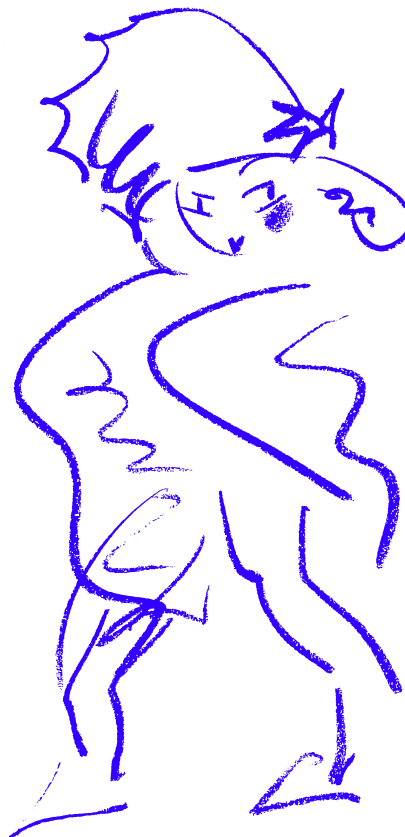
I keep questioning this same point because I am perhaps fundamentally uncertain. The ball does not really open either, not properly, though I still go on trusting the omnipotence of the thought, and that *the problem has already been solved like an omen for the future long ago*, as a hypothesis on the first page of the book: *Everything affects everything.* Actually I believe the solution occurred back in 1955 in the school class, where Elise I. P. Medissi, instead of just moving her mouth according to the rules of a playful game, loudly pronounces this Ball. A cardinal mistake. But still an omen! Perhaps diagrams will explain this historic event, and *pragmatically for the best.*

Another example, where the personal historical shock is planted in the pragmatic thinking of Peirce, 8.: Elise is in the first class at elementary school. She finds in the pocket of her coat hanging on the school coat rack a sticky lollipop. Some bold admirer has put it in her pocket: *perceived object / event.* Elise is horrified: *significance / reaction.* Luckily the lolly has clearly already been licked. The value of the gift is lessened. A defensive and oblique explanation as such: *an interpretant, nevertheless. In Elise's philosophical system this is debuctive (see under Flügelistic*

concepts), the best possible interpretation of an event to be classified as a blunder, and in addition in this case the most calming.

I am publishing your self-centred elementary school blunders in "The Christian's Responsibility", a relative's magazine! Rabbit as a Jungian cuckoo clock.

"Since I know from experience that God was not offended by any blasphemy, that on the contrary He could even encourage it because He wished to evoke not only man's bright and positive side, but also his darkness and ungodliness." Jung, 9.



Process as a goal

A punch on the nose for dualism. A kick in the teeth for process-makers. Rabbit is hare-raisingly bold.

"In essential thought (I mean in general thought) opposites are important. Thus even feelings and sense are set as opposites to one another. Philosophers have rejected this standpoint..." Airaksinen, 10.

Process and goal! The so-called process is often completely invented, downright unnecessary. I have only imagined that I am making a process, out of desire just to show off, the need to fleet ahead. To fly. In actual fact I have stood all the time on top of the goal, in the same puddle, losing my hardwon reputation as a humble human being.

A process run through only in the imagination soon becomes with feather-like ease an absolutely valuable luxury and then turns into a feeling of guilt, an uncontrollable torment without sense of proportion, and without any kind of goal buttoned to concrete life.

Paradoxically, when the goal is reached however, the process immediately loses its innocent absolute value. On the other hand the goal reduces the shame of absolute value and the bad conscience caused by the luxury of it in the value structure where the doubtful right to luxury is placed against the imagined general good and collective benefit.

If the process changes to become acceptable as not absolutely valuable, the goal also loses its meaning, because now the process gets this ethical acceptance. Finally it is this goal that has to aim at absolute value and

changes an sich, into the most valuable in itself – if we still wish to consider absolute value in spite of its luxury as an “unselfish” value in the world of mankind aiming at constant benefit, cunning and the principle of exploitation. On top of all this, *when the goal, even the final result, often further reveals itself as the same as the very first starting idea – whoops, the whole process is wiped out.*

What is slapped out soon begins to seem obvious even if there is no head or tail to it. The silliest idea begins itself to realize itself, superseding more sensible ideas. This is common in artistic activity not shepherded by any outside influence, a patron or the frames of commissioned work. Sometimes it is absolutely valuable good fortune that this happens.

In a hermeneutic spiral leaps are sort of taken from point to point – skipping the twirl. Rabbit.

Whereas, the real goal of obtaining concrete aid for a children’s hospital is perhaps not of absolute value, nor is the process connected with it. From where does it get its meaningfulness? From good will? Is good will something that is outside all fixed structures, independent of categories, a dimension incommensurable with everything? Well-wishing speakers of ill will and other tales? *There is no autonomous good will free of value! Everything is uncontrollably bound up with everything else...* A charity campaign for example is a sizzling Web of Relations, where different good wills, processes and goals play cat and mouse.

What I must do, I do not do. To adapt Luther. Why do not I do? Why are the subsidiary characters in a play

so often more interesting than the main characters? Why are side streets fascinating? In the Finnish writer Aleksis Kivi’s “Seven Brothers” the Pale Maiden is startling – a completely subsidiary character in a totally subsidiary episode. Why? Because she is one of the few women characters in the novel, or because the Maid mysteriously only appears in a fragile fashion in the story? – soon vanishing heaven knows where, with the story of the brothers continuing towards a rather moderate ending with its feast of reconciliation.

The tracks of errors of the process contain elements of absolute value, and fascinate the artist because they free him from the monotonous main thoroughfare for a moment. *The signposted roads, even the self-signposted ones, become too straight and self-evident.* The main characters form the obligatory rice pudding instead of the strawberries and cream.

“Unsealedness”, looseness and possibility of escape. Self-deceiving fleeing from the most important to the trivial, or the desire to choose the main characters for oneself? *Juxtaposing both aspects. Rabbit.*

Elise’s real life is, let’s face it, a hyper-individualistic and idealistic wishful picture of life, just as incurably hallucinatory as Oscar “Camp” Wilde’s dream-like “right” reality.

I justify the feverish Ball-Flügel-Rabbit, which is both the absolutely valuable starting point and goal of the dissertation and probably also its final result, with the argument that *no human product of the imagination is necessarily an absurdity*, but is a source of will worthy of consideration and an initial dynamo, an indication *towards* something,

towards for instance new criteria of meaningfulness. If one thinks like this, is there then anything as meaningful as a position as an Ass's Bridge, existence as a crazy step towards the meaningful. To have at least something to do with meaningfulness, and moreover in dynamic movement. To reach high enough to kiss the Pope's cape.



DU POND

PARTHENOGENETISCHE DISSERTATION

Elise's Dissertation

Parthenogenesis is virgin reproduction, developing an ovum, a work of art to become a "normal" individual without fructification. Fruit of the spirit! I have surprisingly a parthenogenetic dream, of which here is a detail:

A party, a vault and free-form flower arrangements. Jamaican jazz. In front with her back to me stands a fair woman in an orange-red bathrobe. Look, she has exactly the same kind of terry cloth robe as I have! I give her a friendly tap on the shoulder. She turns. Whoops! I am startled. Sorry, I greeted myself by mistake! I say.

In the modern world, where scientific research constantly questions its own starting points, it is a bit paradoxical to talk about a dissertation. For this reason, defensively and to make a distinction from a scientific dissertation, I use the expression *Elise's Dissertation*. Art if anything is subjective: self-sufficient and subjective.

Nor do I intend to shock with any newly-wrapped, digital gimmick which would be like an ad before a dissertation on art, because I believe of a book as a form of expression that *old enough ist immer valid*. Besides, I look askance at so-called reforms made only for the sake of reform, and especially when they become emergent mass products.

In the same exhalation, it is wise to bury dreams of phenomenal development in one's work too. Development is always apparent or at least very very capricious and slow. Reform is in most cases only a variation of the ancient. Anyone who thinks different is deceiving himself and his friends, in any case deceiving. What apparently happens quickly has generally a long and fat back-

ground, whether one is talking of an artistic solution or a human relationship. *"Self Portrait" unwinds as a piece of writing deliberately deceiving itself because in this way it averts, at least to some extent, in itself natural, unintentional self-deception.*

Let us take as a point of comparison no more and no less than the universe, which opens up around us and inside us, whichever you like, as an unsolved three-dimensional puzzle. This macro-concept is comparable with "Self Portrait" in that here perhaps to the point of exhaustion one must take into account the constant and fundamental pessimistic presence of uncertainty which at the same time is a character formula of human and divine existence. *Humanized mathematics.*

Basic humanness, represented by Rabbit, meeting basic abstractness, represented by Ball. Flügel as an awkward visual transition.

Rabbit: Rabbit = relation. Rabbit plus Rabbit is a more likely rabbit than one rabbit without a witness of its existence. The relation is proof and the companion's relation to the companion is a reward of candy. Rabbit.

The artist's task in this cosmic multimedia that makes you almost asthmatic – I really speak only for myself – is *to create breathing micro-worlds and to raise questions*, and not to try seriously to create definitions or put forward wise answers, nor to act as is desired, but to *act unselfishly*.

Before giving birth there is a self-deconstructive micro-state, using up personal physical strength enormously, in

the form of a Helsinki – Southern Ostrobothnian – 1/8 Gipsy giant coconut, consisting of variations of itself, ending – perhaps after everything as a slandered circle incapable of development, which perhaps is not desirable, perhaps is. The physical form of the micro-state is a book without additions, because I like the combination of the tactileness and possible spirit. Sufficient justification.



One Rabbit is really all rabbits

The boisterous emphasizing of the individual approaches metaphysical enjoyment. Arthur Schopenhauer moulds it thus:

"In translations (of the Koran) a lot may be lost, but I have not been able to find a single valuable thought in it. This shows that metaphysical capacity goes hand in hand with metaphysical need." Schopenhauer, 1.

"All lions are really only one and the same lion." Arthur Schopenhauer, the same book, page – a page Rabbit cannot find any more, however hard he tries, because it got lost...

Thus I am working light-heartedly on my own production, whose existence I do not set in doubt, nor my imagination, and which "a priori" I know, and the literature that I feel sufficiently gross and grave for myself. My favourite philosophers have always been Kierkegaard with his self-scourging, Nietzsche, so slippery to define, and the pessimistic piggy-bank Schopenhauer. They seem to have become part of my present personality, like Anna Karenina or Peppie Longshanks. *One bunny carries with it all bunnies*. More than enough material, though the idea was to be miserly with provisions.

Alongside these nominal influences, I trace the very strange beginnings of my thoughts, whether from strangers in my head, real life, the gutter press or the Koran – from any old where, because so-called *eccentric and uncanonized sources* are especially suitable for the variational and absurd nature of the work.

My devotion to fanatical individualism, in the Socratic *know thyself* sense, is deep, as is my unfading admiration

for Freud and Jung, undoubtedly an inter-contextual factor as a whole. *A concrete expression of fanatical individualism is the abstract play formula Ball – Flügel – Rabbit.*

Peirce, the classic of pragmatic art philosophy, is interesting with his thoughts about the primary nature of activity, including thinking, in processes, and thus escorts this puny writer on the journey towards perfectionism, nowadays in such poor repute: ha-ha! – depression, exhaustion, irritability, final weakness from trying too hard... To clarify, journeying towards the promised burial ground of the collected blunders of all fanatical perfectionists.

Elise's shrunken interpretation of Pierce's pragmatism is in all its brevity: *Action might be truth, as well as thinking. The idea is fundamentally the same as activity, an active idea especially.* A mere idea may give birth, kill or at least make you nervous. Not only in a science fiction sense but in a lively physical sense; the philosopher Timo Airaksinen puts it thus:

"We can think that all observations and ideas have their physical equivalent, connected with metabolism and other physiology... ideas may be followed by a gastric ulcer, the physical and physiological equivalent of an idea only. There is no need to wonder how an idea can burn the mucous membranes of the stomach." Airaksinen, 2.

The quotation is put here to float, without explaining its initial context. This because the most exhausting thing is when one tries to understand why someone has said something on the basis of a single perception. Elise's practice, which is followed in this work, is to leave it at that. Rabbits leave their traces in the snow, which will

probably melt one day. The trace will be assimilated in the ground. Summer will come.



Stable and unstable ball

The idea progresses by odd associations, not by cause – effect hummocks. The idea is realized via the individual. Rabbit. The idea is primary. Plato. Atlantis on the globe about 950 B.C., says the same Plato.

The pre-Socratic Parmenides (c. 515/510 – 450 B.C.) proposes that an entity is one and indivisible, motionless and ball-shaped. To simplify, he proposes also that all perceived objects of words are permanent and motionless, and only them!

He has the same possessed need for control and harmony as Elise and I have. But also the other way round: everything that is expressed in language exists, internally sizzling, but fundamentally stable? If I do not have a perception, I will make it! Ball – Flügel – me! Rabbit.

Pythagoras manages to describe everything in mathematical language; the acme for him is an exhaustive *harmony of balls*, expressing the traditional belief of the Greeks that the most perfect forms are the circle and the ball. Later also mathematics studying cosmology proposes that observations made with one's own eyes are not sufficient ground for scientific research. Interest is directed again towards metaphysics and mysticism, which are also difficult to verify with one's own eyes. In fact Plato already destroys Parmenides' ball by bringing on stage the idea of an idea which *the eye cannot yet see*.

What that is primary can really be perceived by the eye, when there are so many kinds of merely sensory perception? Six – seven kinds?

And what about Schopenhauer: "In immeasurable space innu-

merable illuminating balls, each one circled by a dozen smaller balls with borrowed light, deep inside them hot, but round them a congealed, cold crust, whose mouldy cover gives birth to living and perceptive creatures – there is the empirical truth, reality, the world." Schopenhauer, 3.

It is an odd thing that recently researchers have found from yeast fungus, i.e. mould, a new surface structure that closely resembles a certain human cell structure. *Science*, 4.

For Aristotle too, everything is mutually connected "organically", with no borderline cases. The ball game "Self Portrait" *hopefully relies on a non-current static world picture; the fact is that a possible new arrival of a presently wrong concept, bursting into flower as a new variation*, may at any time be here and now, or at any moment ahead of us.

And then we are the first to be on the move! Rabbit.

Thus I assume that Ball Self Portrait holds together in this context of its own, because everything so far, even though in a way that I cannot explain to myself, affects everything coherently, which is also an assumption. I wrench myself away from repulsive atomisticism, traditional dualism and all kinds of dichotomy, and I look at this process too from a small artist's wide angle aiming at holisticism. This is not in itself really anything new, but one cannot avoid meeting the old also on a research expedition.

For example the Big Bang theory has long been so to speak an over-protected interpretation of the birth of the cosmos. But the model of the universe can equally well be

for example a stable state, a non-explosive ball that does not bounce! Very good, Elise! The cosmologist Halton C. Arp is thus not alone in the scientific margin.

Nelson's blind eye! Only half the truth. We are all there: in rabbit country. A terrific number of ordinary, decent rabbits' eyes and pairs of ears. The world as a ball-like wall rug covered by a thick mass of ears, which I am making for a modest exhibition, for a small provincial Finnish gallery, as a subsidiary job making a quantity exceeding the Finnish government's foreign debt of red-wine-coloured lama wool short-sighted pairs of detached eyes, the framing of which with genuine Armanes costs 2000 billion Euros... and a sensational amount of form-filling...

All your time just doing that... Rabbit.

Everything really does magically affect everything; and in so many directions – actually in every direction – that in principle even a child sees in this ball of life *a pulsing and stable state* rather than a time axis moving forward, advancing by leaps or bending in a curve. Which nobody surely asserts to the bitter end.

On the other hand an unstable ball game depending on a stable state does not accept in its parthenogenetic "system" anything that is not fundamentally dynamic and human. Movement occurs however within the ball: the static and the dynamic, conservatism and radicalism, animus and anima, dichotomy and cacophony, thesis and antithesis, *mathematics and poetics*... fuse omnipotently into one boiling mass. – *The very last form of being is a conflictless Flü jelly.*

Big Science! And what if an extremely slow collision of balls is what the universe is all about. *So slow that nothing would yet be known about the first known collision! Then Parminedes' ball with its basic assumption would be worthy of note!* That's how it is. Evolution is slow. Especially the artist's. My great-grandfather Eero – a distinguished Finnish artist – said the same. I took this personally then – as was intended I suppose.

Now that post-modernism is buried, and whatever trans-modernism, post-modern criticism, post-qualitativism or post-colonialism seems mainly artificial – just a summary that only looks new; must I, to be intellectually honest, humbly dig again into *the metaphysics and ball mysticism* in order to explain my inner experience, to which perception does not reach? Am I heart-beatingly once again in the midst of a white, oppressive tabula rasa without any fixed points, in an unbuttoned relation to the whole of existence, just like in the early birth stage of the so-called creative process, the initial state, ready for change of shape, in Greek amoibe... possessed by demons like Luther, who was very disturbed by the hitherto explanation of God – what dissatisfaction then, from naturally necessity, was catharticized in the Augsburg Confession. Even Rabbit stops breathing.

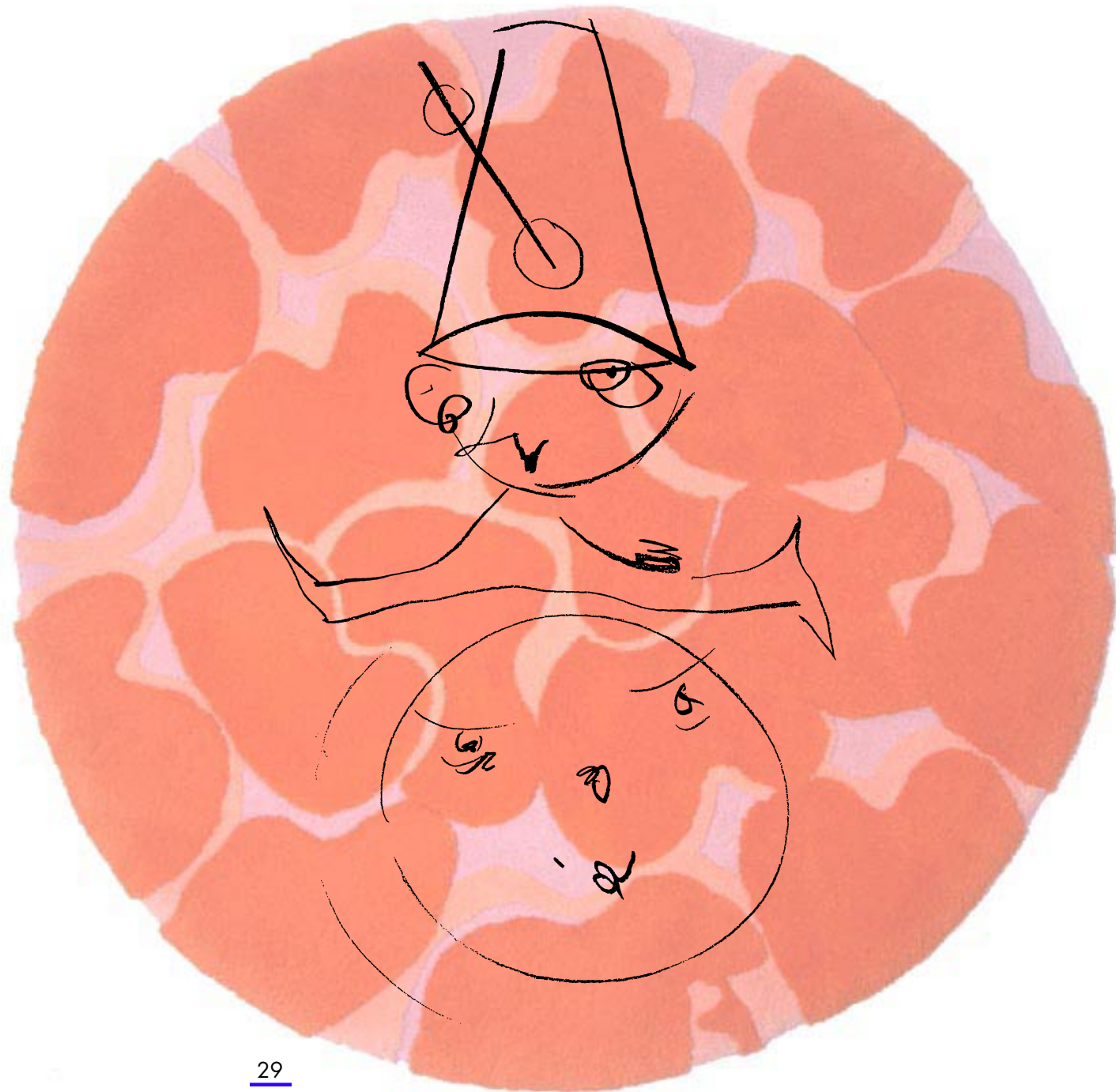
Give me a door, and I'll make a key for it. Designer.

Give me a key, and I'll make a door for it. Artist.

Give me a doorway, and I'll eat it. Rabbit.

Since this thinking for myself is so difficult, the justified question arises of whether it would be wise after all to go deep into studying only the specifications of bio-products, and make a fuss about the expired dates of yoghurt cartons – best before...

You cannot go on speaking as generally as this for long. You have to find an example, and preferably a romantic or amusing one. Rabbit breaks hearts. His own heart.



Ask and you will always get lost – soulbrain, was ist das?

An extremely sizzling Web of Relations as a competitress of a quantum particle advancing by infinitely small leaps...

“Questions are never indiscreet. Answers sometimes are.” Oscar Wilde, 5.

Ask naughty questions. “Do you have tits, asks the smallest soul. No, the nanny lies.” Giovanna, 6.

When he questions really intensively, a person is for a moment one with the object of his question. Is the last question therefore one with the last self? An intensity of this kind in fact approaches *a contemplative, mystical attitude – great silence and unquestioningness. Knowledge just coming from itself. Enlightenment.*

As if the subject examining the object for a long enough time starts to resemble perfectly the object it has chosen, fuses the questioner with the question – i.e. the subject with the object. People in love adopt features of each other’s personality, speak the same attributes, gesture in the same way, write in each other’s handwriting. When one leans his head on one side, so does the other...like Pontus: he puts his head on one side and pricks up his ears when I put my head on one side and prick up my ears. Like a mirror to a mirror. Amo, who is also a dog, does the same.

But why is it I who question? Do all others question too, and are they just as silly as I am? Perhaps I am wrong to imagine that people do not generally want to be too nose, but trust in established truths. For example the concepts “observation”, “change” and “movement” are drawn so deep that we know their meanings fluently and

equally by heart. *Like going through a door with the keys in your pocket.* Very good, Elise!

Is wondering man now then the fundamental key to explaining the universe? When man opens up, does everything else open up? Is there after all some soul in man, the longed-for intuitive *rationality with a sense of proportion*, which mumbles in a forgotten what-if language, with a forgotten intonation and with almost incredible sensitivity?

“Cynicism is heavy, believing is light.” Airaksinen, 7.

Or is it vice versa? Rabbit.

On the one hand a permanent navel-soul, on the other hand a soul possessing borderline value, a soul possessing continuing continuity, mathematical splashing around indeterminateness? In a word, *a soulbrain*, a fawning explanation of the world, the climax of cosmic sensitivity. A light-hearted use of the word “cosmic”. And this ridiculous navel-soul. What navel-soul for heaven’s sake? A language like dough! I can twist it into ever new metamorphoses, with ever new characteristics, because relations keep changing. The navel-soul is not the same as navel plus soul. Should one explain? Isn’t the soul fastened to the body by a silver navel cord? The cord breaks when the soul detaches itself. Has the silver thread possibility really been studied?

Elise, would you stop it now! You’ll lose your reputation. Rabbit.

But what if a hypothetical rabbit-faced soul really sits on the sickle moon, alongside it a just as funny-looking “mate-soul”, of which both have a slight tendency to ra-

tional thought and emotional, throat-ripping humour? In a word, *a mate-soulbrain*. A frantic climax of human sensitivity. Blissfully mocking, parthenogenetically falling in love with itself, or its mirror image, *a double star!* If I can imagine such a sight, then ...

Huh! Who are you kidding? You talk about being in love but you’re not even excited! Rabbit.

Somebody who’s in love does not always know he’s in love. He thinks it is sunstroke or a work of art! One or the other. Elise and Rabbit represent in this context two souls, a creature-creature, soulbrains, whatever, which have in friendship encountered that...

“...secret moment when we so to speak can observe precisely what is our friend’s relation to the unknown that surrounds him and which is fate’s relation to him. Maeterlinck, 8.

Away from tenderness and let’s get to the point. If maybe now I could reach in my thoughts through Rabbit a creature-creature created by my imagination, an abstract generalization, e.g. *a mathematical formula*, and also an abstract, regularly-shaped, three-dimensional picture of a ball! From this I would proceed via a grand-piano shape from the ball to a moulded componental and temperamental creature-creature Rabbit! Everything that happens between these three “dimensions” is only a lot of meaningless detail.

I would get by with such simple elements in my attempt to explain the world and, incidentally, my own artistic doings. A fascinating, un-epistemological– ontological thought: I would try to “manage” with what was available, like

resourceful Red Indian tribes and the vigorous Finnish “housewife” culture before the age of “new helplessness” and emancipation ... to manage everything either with these ridiculous BallFlügelRabbit elements or some other three or five corresponding dimensions, a few Indian tools appealing to my inventiveness. I would play my ball game with only a few aleatoric elements or their relationships. I would put the world to rights by returning its complexity to a few important relationships. *Truth, beauty and goodness, Plato. Humour, tolerance and love, Elise. Object, meaning and interpretant, Peirce.* Truth standing for humour and object. Beauty for tolerance and meaning. Goodness for love and interpretant. A nutshell.

The human mind has always foamed at the mouth over number systems, three, four, seven systems and so forth, but generally directly loaded the aesthetically airy patterns it has developed with surplus havoc-playing junk: religion, rewards, various doubtful human methods for exerting power. Even very genuine idealism changes very quickly to become pragmatic, grunting use of power treading everything pure underfoot.

Would *a shy ball formula*, blushing in its ridiculousness, without normal apperception – meaning a conscious handling and adopting of the matter as something connected with an earlier store of images, be a possible tool for considering *how to explain use of power, how to explain work, passion, love, romance, human relations or the whole arc of life*, and above all in this connection most fundamentally: how to explain *the artistic process*? How interspersed, mutually commensurable, identical when prettified to the extreme would the formulas be in the end? How and by what arguments to perceive their perhaps only subtle difference???

“The point has become so small that we no longer know whether we see beyond it or through it.” *Giovanna, 9.*

If only some Australian rabbit would say even one encouraging word now. It seems unreasonably lonely to continue this expedition floating in space towards fad-

ing oneself out, and that has been said only so that the project would not seem narcissistic. Big Cosmos! I did not remember that the sky here isn't blue but black.

See you finally in funny patterns? Rabbit gets tired and walks into the door.



Creative twilight

Gölzen Dämmerung – the twilight of the gods? Nietzsche, 10.

“If my name wasn't Giovanna and if I did not happen to live in 15th century Florence, I'd perhaps be some equally normal Finno-Ugrian little girl, the cloud-threatened foster-child of a gloomy bourgeois forest, in Finnish Finland at the end of Europe.” Giovanna, 11.

“Creative twilight” is a eulogistic term for what it conceals, viz. a nebulous, *chaotic tabula rasa*, which is formed of associations changing places. The devilish presence of this gaseous dust cloud in making art is a relevant, forced state of performing, a forced sale, which confuses and constantly demands cleaning, scrubbing and prettifying of accumulations. A required state of reducing and simplifying, driving all rational things out of the way.

“God is beauty”, says the Finnish writer Paavo Rintala. God = beauty = truth = God. Rabbit = Flügel = Ball (= Flügel) = Rabbit. Each has its own truth. The philosophical forefathers of trans-modernism. Ugly it is that's beautiful. The ugly duckling, the offspring of the beautiful duck... How can you keep the sheep herded together by association technique?

Anticipating this difficulty, I have not in my already gravid concept wanted to burden myself with too much cramming up on publications in the field of science and art philosophy, because I believe that the question: “Self Portrait, what is it?” will mature if it is going to mature more effectively through intuition, as an associative explosion inside my head, my so-called own thinking, *and on the basis of too little rather than too much “external” material.*

Aleksis Kivi's library shelf was only half a metre long: the Bible, Don Quixote and a few other books. No trace of a flood of information. And yet he lost his mind?

Even if the attempt at a system is lack of imagination, to borrow freely from Nietzsche, I am clearly trying here to achieve a “localistic”, ball-like *system* by means of imagination. The Flügel – the grand piano – is only an artefactual version of a ball. Rabbit is an unevenly blown up balloon, and Elise is already almost sucked up by a ball... La Balloon. A ball of tulle.

Right at the beginning of the work I refused like a boorish revolutionary all frames of reference; I was revolted by them. I proclaimed: theoretical frame of reference zero points! Unluckily here we are now at least superficially rolling along with theories quite amiably. Repeating the slogan has become meaningless, and I *realize that the initial set-up of a lone reed bed angrily floating in the middle of an ocean has changed a bit. In sweet coherence, in glad integration among the other reed beds, life at sea continues more enjoyable than previously, gemütlich, and more civilized!* Besides, what is more liberating than to realize that I do not myself need always to be the one who invents, makes and suffers everything. Others do just the same... In order to be rigorous, the same thing has happened to me now at last as to all the others, I have noticed and perhaps internalized power aspirations! I have to a shocking degree become institutionalized! Things cannot go on like this!

The twilight, inexact power of creativity is an unknown and sly natural resource; it is tempting, although hard to de-

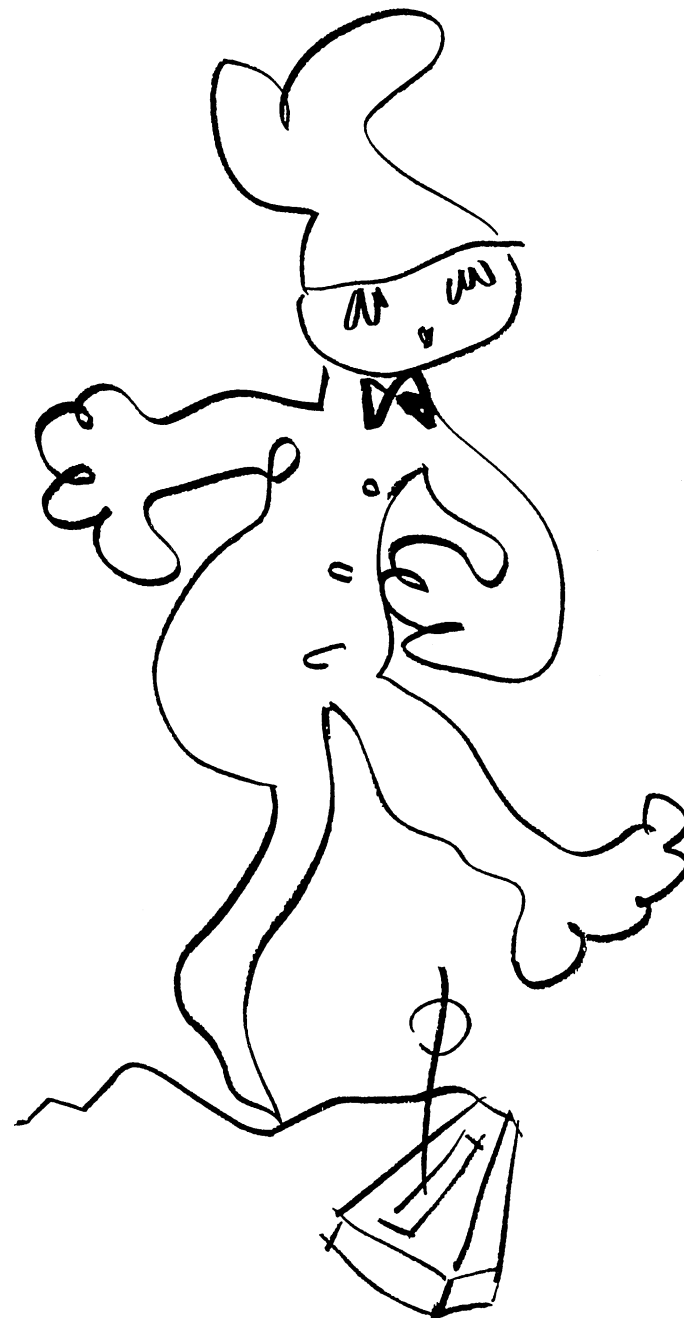
scribe, let alone analyze. Aleatorism, randomness, is also the same kind of *enfant terrible. It is the quality of escape, of being unsettled*, and the consequent *paradoxical obligation to accept uncertainty* that is fascinating, although intuitively one would believe that everything, *and particularly art, perhaps after all ends in mathematical relationships.*

The more twilight the imagined object, for example creativity, the more needed are various model “cock crows” supporting each other, and the broader the definition thus becomes, the more one is forced to use *association links and Asses' Bridges* to hold things together. In fact the ball model omnipotently fulfills this also, viz. describing the associative nature of that nauseating word, creativity.

On the other hand, the closer we get to the ball, the bigger its surface looks, and the vision of the ball is changed to become horizontal. Perhaps somewhere in the golden balance *of the beginning twilight and the ending loss of shape*, the escaping “ball-creature” appears to us to be a harmonious ball distinguishable from its environment?

Art is attractive because of its messy capriciousness. Everything constantly affects everything, details become main themes and vice versa: a by-product gives birth to the main article, the fish an ornament of the worm meal, or the main character becomes a subsidiary character – sometimes in a very cruel way. This kind of capriciousness is irritating as a feature, but he who endures it, also endures the unconscious in himself. Accepts the gift of irresponsibility.

Life at its most quivering, most interesting, is always uncertain, wracking the imagination and the physique, constantly un-Buddha-like: skipping in the omnipotent state of admiring, loving, sorrow, joy or the inspirational, oppressed, frightened, tortured with fruitless self-recriminations or unnecessary problem settings like a neurotic play. When disentangling these twilight nets of life, nothing is so worthy of consideration and reliable as one's own moral fibre – which in itself is reliably immoral. *But nothing is so shaming as aleatoric ethics, unless one happens to be one hundred per cent irresponsible or a woman.* There's room for joking like this, too!



Artist = Ball

“Plan: When I step out on the piazza, I say some word with only mouth movements so that they can guess! Result: BALL! The whole occasion is a cardinal blunder: I say in a loud voice this BALL, which would have been the right answer and the joy of guessing correctly for the plebs...” *Giovanna Idiaatta Pallo Medissi, 12.*

The way of thinking of the artist, in the event that he is really creative, is not necessarily illogical or non-linear, but it may well have its own, and each artist his own, unique, internal “auto-logic”, which is just what makes surprise possible, and makes encountering art an event, a sudden jump into a strange, *sizzling world*.

The arc of such a “sizzling leap” may be short, the landing place in the neighbouring block... a puddle of oil that resembles a cachalot’s gullet, from which I get the idea of going to meet a friend... Nothing more surprising than that. All the same an experience stimulating someone to art; an experience that with its powerful effect becomes a total phenomenon may be like an imagined Big Bang, and lighten one’s feelings fabulously, like relaxing hypnosis, or like the frequent parallel in Elise’s Dissertation, admiration or making love. It is a joy to talk thus on behalf of art, generally.

This fruit cocktail, made up of the artist’s or any human being’s logicalness, sensitiveness, creative imagination and spatial abstractness, is described here by the metaphor *Ball*, which is thus *a hypothetical total work of art from a human soulbrain and its internal, Web-of-Relations movement. Artist = Ball = Soulbrain*. Words make the impossible possible. A variation on Wittgenstein’s language game.

In the enlightened tradition of creative art and science,

it is *in principle given* to use as material or stimulus almost anything whatsoever that comes into one’s mind. I therefore permissibly turn my intuitive interest to such phenomena as an almost negligible hint, a ridiculous or imagined omen, a scarcely noticed chance or a completely negligible, subconsciously experienced matter, and watch what happens. On the basis of the above, and being interested in omens, I borrow intertextually parts of “Giovanna”, published in 1996, where Giovanna says what I am still saying or even putting into practice myself: *Ball!* At the same time I refer to the poem “Tabula Rasa” (1987): “Because this was originally planned with my gynecologist as a DISSERTATION...”

Raking up omens or elements of will? Or simply irresponsible existence at the point of a cycle where one starts to quote oneself! Actually the Giovanna poems originated ten years before they were published; something that does not have much to do with this opus, because it seems to me that no analysis of my own production, no cat’s tailcoat, will come of it. I keep on knitting. With a darning needle.

“When I was only two I began to suspect
that I ought to start changing into something.
Until I was six I madly believed
that I really ought to change my aspirations.
That change was vital and the thanks that followed.
That everything I carried in my bread bag was not just old and
home-grown
but mostly quite undeveloped or already spoiled.”
Giovanna Idiaatta Pallo Medissi, 13.

Novelty is only a warped perspective nourished by the media. Bow-legged spectacles invented for victims.



Man kann auch schweigen!

"If love was bereft of its silence, it would lose at the same time its taste and scent. Which of us has not experienced those silent minutes when one's lips are parted from the other's lips, so that the soul could unite with the other's soul." Maeterlinck, 14.

"Love" is a word that should not be spoken aloud, like this "creativity" word ... and this "soul" ... On the other hand, one must trust one's sense of situation.

The essence of art contains not only intellectual twilight, but equally intellectual *tolerance of twilight*, and also spontaneous, rather than sensual, supra-sensual impelling forces: *mystery, sexuality and eroticism, and perhaps the most difficult initiating kindling to "measure", the untamed impelling energy of love* in the various forms where it occurs: in loving the loved one, the child, brother, mother, nature, existence, even Art. *Arssophia!*

On the other hand the melancholy and contradictory essence of art and life is encountered here and there. Often, just when I've thought existence was specially lovable and beautiful, a bad angel leaps forth from the darkness, a frightening negation, from the first page of the first book I open that morning:

"I say, then, that the years of the fruitful Incarnation of the Son of God had attained to the number of one thousand three hundred and forty-eight, when in the notable city of Florence ... there came the death-dealing pestilence ... this tribulation had stricken such terror to the hearts of all, men and women alike, that brother forsook brother, uncle nephew and sister brother and oftentimes wife husband; nay (what is yet more extraordinary and well nigh incredible) fathers and mothers refused to visit or tend their very children, as they had not been theirs." Boccaccio, 15.

Aesthetics lodges in strange contexts when we are dealing with real life. The evil of man or the destruction of the plague can be aestheticized, but is there any reason to do so? For example, Kierkegaard rejects aesthetics first because of ethics, later because of Christian belief, and on top of this rejects love for the sake of thought, *becomes silent for the sake of silence* – though he continues at some mystical level his relation with his former and only betrothed Regina. Enervating existence at the fusion point of alternatives.

"Man consists of soul and body; on this all the wisest and best men agree. If the power of love is connected to the relation between men and women, then the comic appears in the surprising turn that the highest element of the soul expresses itself in the most sensual element." Kierkegaard, 16.

Here we are at the core of Kierkegaard's paradoxical philosophy, which here like all thought always fails at some point, and does not fail at some other. The supreme sensual and the supreme spiritual are combined. Still: Either/Or, he chooses, Man or Woman, Nobility or Woman. Philosophy or Woman.

In the first Motto of "Self Portrait", Kierkegaard, the philosopher proper, promises as an outline of woman freedom from the dross of practical and political life.

"Woman is saved ... by a distance from the life she is granted for a time. This quieter life means that she sometimes preserves more of her own self than a man, ..."

I do not, however, want to appear here as anyone's interpreter.

Only by combining the supreme sensual with the supreme spiritual, abstract truth with absolute value, can one achieve a vision satisfactory to a noble woman; a vision which can also be comic. For Elise, comicalness is no hindrance to a successful love scene, or to an impressive work of art.

Sensuality and the sensory as an absolute value without the chains of passionate love. Is that what the authentic ironist is aiming for?

On the other hand, is it justifiable to speak only of the spiritual and the sensory when, standing there in the orchestra pit with vigilant eyes, are brain and creativity and emotions and humour and sense of proportion and tolerance and mysticism and whatever? Too many concepts. Too much freedom of choice.

Schopenhauer finds *will* the child of life:

"Will alone is without prerequisites, the core of the whole phenomenon; for this reason it is free from its forms, to which time also belongs, and is thus at the same time indestructible." Schopenhauer, 17.

The unconscious will an sich ascending without the chains of "prerequisites", to meet the most unfading essence of love and art is the random choice that aims at balance? Is this innocent aleatorism, abandonment to mysticism, submission to contemplation, something nobler and more eternal than making ideas compete and constant trading of ideas on the profane, worldly stages of aesthetics, ethics and philosophy? Something more sublime, something that approaches readings of "soul-value". The question of God?

Aleatory multiple choice. A question in a question. A random Web of Relations! Impersonal devotion! The road to balance and peace. Bland. It is understandably hard for Elise also to detach herself from her passionate mind, because it is romantic frenzy that makes life humanly and also artistically interesting, wretched, painful and silencing, and for that very reason so memorable, unforgettable. Ball, O my ball, I shall deny you yet more than once.

Is it some out-and-out Buddha who's come to the house or some weird puzzle picture? Rabbit as a Jungian cuckoo clock.



Everygirl's mostetics, the freedom of speech of art

The more I depend on canonized knowledge, the more uniform with those of others my study would become, and the more quickly it would grow old. Knowledge has a tendency to grow old, opinions haven't. Besides, opinions are of value because people clearly borrow them.

"...they have read themselves stupid." Schopenhauer, 18.

Opinions are one's own blissful *experiential hard facts*, flat concepts from personal multi-media, from one's own head. Private prospectuses which, if so wished, one can clarify with known concepts. It is easy to stand by one's own opinions.

But I do not intend to stuff any more definitions in the subtle concepts I have chosen, such as soul, spiritual, metaphysical and mystical, concepts that one approaches sweating and ill at ease. These are Flügelized in Elise's Dissertation to the playfully banal, poetic concept of soul-brain, or remain cloaked in mystery. Which is, incidentally, what the soulbrain with its erotic double stat represents.

Nevertheless, throughout my life I have unconsciously relied on – I wouldn't say mystical help, but rather a phenomenal cooperation of the subconscious and its ability finally to filter out the essential – in case of people who like me are not "pseudo-mad" but genuinely plain mad. Elise indeed speaks of a nerve-sensitized, moral-aesthetic, *mostetic conscience*, which fortunately clicks the last pieces into the right places. Perhaps mathematically. Perhaps inconclusively. Except that there is no right point of conclusion. There is only a humble balance, *a spatial golden section*. We are in the Ball after all.

The question of course arises, what has made a mess of the undeniably happy basic candy, if the work becomes really awful? A mistake in calculating? A calculating attitude? Being exposed to hostility? An incurable lack of the art of living? The inability to meet of the conscious and the unconscious? Surrendering to ragged-mindedness or fault-finding? Unethicalness in details? The initial nebula, the very first mass of gas remaining unshaped, a negative or positive storm of emotion, the process stuck at a standstill, backwardness, interruption of forceps delivery, regrettable lack of talent?

In my work in real life I examine, think about, compare and depict, pretending in my actions that action might be truth, and doing everything to a ridiculous degree of exhaustion. All the same I do not imagine that in any circumstance I could achieve anything so tenable and precise that could not be refuted at any time. In this sense the work of a madman, un travail de titan. Yet it would be both more aesthetic and more ethical to love this madman a bit more.

I act in this way because I cannot do otherwise. I let the computer almost violently suck me into the kingdom of words. At the same time I grieve for the rejected pictures. I weep for the dried paintbrushes. Everything special is sexily elsewhere, and everything common is present, as dull as ditchwater. Is this why I go on, to drown my sorrows? Inborn narcomania. Self-torture and immeasurable pleasure. Friedell-like natural necessity. This is inversely considered sick, for example by the philosopher Airaksinen in his book "Minuuden rakentajat" (Builders of the Self): the affirmative compensating the negative is to him

inversely sick, i.e. healthy. Perhaps I have understood it wrong. All roads end, in any case, with a question mark?

Right, explain it all psychoanalytically by big ball breast-pockets, and the whole creative desire is immediately erased. Rabbit.

Secrets are perhaps for keeping! Perhaps the whole fascination is in the fact that we never get to the end, because we do not even wish to. We do not wish to see the end because we fear that it isn't beautiful? The aesthetic conscience does not reach to aesthetic profundity. Does the mostetic reach it? Is it immoral and immostetic for example to process two people's correspondence publicly in the name of literature or research?

You gain a reputation. Rabbit.

Mostetics is equivalent to a moral attitude which demands a through-running aesthetic streak in order to be valuable, and vice versa. The most feverish aesthetics always contains an ethical requirement. On the other hand, everything beautiful and light is based on the deepest bottom mud and the farthest clouds. The cruelly romantic "The Clouds Escape Afar" of the Finnish film director Aki Kaurismäki. Aesthetic choices should be based ever more distanced and disguisedly on the bottom-most, the farthest?

Perplexing indefiniteness and secrecy are part of the essence of virile, honest art. It is fortunate to know how to enjoy this through-flowing state of irritation that has fallen to one's lot. What is more impelling than to experience planet-filling electric shocks? Is all the same whether this

is mentioned in the aesthetic textbooks as a subjective experience or an objective phenomenon, a narcissist's individual therapy or a group interest, as long as you do not end up in hospital due to it.

The river horse directs the river... Hippopotamus Amphibius. Rabbit... who would rather be a hippopotamus, if he had the choice, which he hasn't, because in this dissertation I am in charge.

"To suffer a feeling of superiority or inferiority? That is the umbrella question." Giovanna, 19.

Mostetics can also be approached via the relation of awareness to an unaware setup and soulbrain presentation. One dilemma is that it is difficult to notice or even sense what acts *as the real boss*: the soul or the brain, the subconscious or the conscious, the unaware or the aware? And is the soul after all closer to ethical awareness and the brain to blissful unaware "natural virtue" rather than vice versa? And is aesthetics, in the character of the ugly or the beautiful, only a through-running streak here? The ugly trivially as a changeling for the beautiful?

Does real falling in love bring with it to the project responsibility and a mostetic aspect as real falling in love does in real life? Do ethically important decisions in life or art depend on one's own decision-making, someone else's decision-making, on economic things, or perhaps on fate? Could a right or wrong, good or bad decision be equally well only the result of chance, of a godly or ungodly accident?

Plato already said: ideas are real knowledge, and Aristotle said: the phenomena of the sense world are to be explained from the senses; they pondered in their own way on the relation of the subconscious and awareness, and its correlating with the ethical tornadoes of visible and invisible existence.

The challenges of life thrown before the artist are also primary problems to be solved, because in any case they determine the fundamental quality of artistic work, which

is the "right" artistic redeeming candy; this is perhaps what Albert Camus yearns for when he says that *aiming at and thirsting for truth and freedom are a condition of significant art*.

Camus naturally also had to suffer for his uncompromising position. There is a big possibility in significant art for both individual and canonized suffering: individual suffering before the artist's death, and canonized suffering after his death. I do not imagine that artistic decisions should always be ethically right – whatever that means for different people – but they should preferably have been through the meat grinder of real.

Maurice Ravel, a talented monster in the form of a genius, malicious and arrogant and... I do not dare even guess how he treated women... And how famous composers have considered each other numbingly dull and tricky-dick amateurs! Even Shakespeare did not think much of poets, so deep was his self-knowledge:

"Twice in his tragedies he has presented the poet, and twice he has poured over him such impatient and most profound contempt that it echoes like a cry – like a self-despiser's cry... when the poet steps forth, self-satisfied and melodramatically intrusive, as is the poet's fashion, a being who reveals the possibilities of overflowing moral greatness but is seldom able in his philosophy of deed and life to show even ordinary decency." Friedell, 20.

Nor did Wittgenstein show solidarity with Goethe's colour doctrine:

"I doubt that Goethe's remarks about the characters of the colours could be of any use to a painter. They could hardly be any to a decorator." Wittgenstein, 21.



Concerning synthesis and mystery

An example of a massive and artificial synthesis is Marx's Dictatorship of the Working-class. An example of poly-material and unsynthetic art creations is the life-work of the Spanish artist and architect Gaudi; to give birth to works of this kind requires at least slightly eccentric tendencies. Gaudi was an obvious workaholic, who lived chiefly on eggs, his relation with God and his projects.

In the film of the Taviani brothers, *Starbright Night*, a group of people escaping from war also feed themselves on basketsful of eggs... In dreams eggshells signify death... The tying of shoelaces in dreams signifies the same. If we try now to tie all tail-ends into a ball – Good Lord, according to this we are all dying. A positive death, where everything has settled into its place at last, a death which is already pulsing as some other coherent ball, on some other airfield.

The artist does not systematically create syntheses. More than syntheses, which are often so artificial, he creates combinations: balls of different appearance, different materials, different shapes and different warmths, whose most important difference is in the entities, things or creatures they contain, in mutual and internal relationships.

Besides and instead of synthesis, one could thoroughly develop *a surprising, romantic fusion point of apparent opposites. Fusion and its parthogenetic resurrection.* Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable! A rubbish bin bought at a sale, with a romantic picture printed on the side... Alberoni also sees fusing, not like for instance Bataille as almost the death of an individual, but as a very fruitful event.

"The fusion of loving certainly does not mean the disappearance

of the individuals so that they can no longer be distinguished. Rather something quite new appears, in which both individuals are changed. It is a mutant which comes into the world and tries to realize itself there." Alberoni, 22.

It is a mystery risen from the mud, and it is a work of art! Elise.

Also linear / spatial are a familiar synthetic pair of concepts in the context of art. It would be unnecessary to squabble about what is the more valuable or more correct way to approach the creative process, whose roads are so enormously individual.

The spatial is preferably universalized to music and architecture, to art in general, whereas the linear is localized to scientific, logical thinking. Which is closer to the subconscious? Spin round the same soulbrain omelette! Wondering at the same fusion point. All flights lead to Rome. A sun-melted coin in the fountain and a wish: if only we all loved each other.

"O happy the one who could thus
awake the powers of good!
O men, understand one another
so that you would not be so hard!
Why can we not together be?
If one should fail, others would support.
O men, tolerate one another!
So great, great is the Earth."
Eino Leino, 23.

And the wicked cannot weep... oh dear, oh dear. Rabbit.

"Self Portrait" is, as has been said, a *du Pond et du Bond*

game, in which the horizontal and the vertical, life and work, present and past ingredients are mixed in a way that is not known in advance, though it is to some extent predictable. This means that the doing process does not have a point where the game's centre of gravity and the relationships of the essential components are decided, nor does it have a splash where it is verified how the choice of centres of gravity succeeded. Only the last presentiment comes eventually that now there is nothing else to be done any more. *Best for everybody if the presentiment is a bit ahead of time. A vehement "no" to overdoing it!* Best before.

Apropos! No segment exists individually. No. I assume and predict with the self-satisfaction of a free person that where I return to in this process is the same place as where I started: a game between point and ball, where a jackstraws-like pile of segments is just a "third wheel", signifying countless relationships of different sizes and different kinds, *a Web of Relations containing relations from categories we have no idea of yet.*

Exciting, thinks Rabbit, who has just opened the first "She for Men" magazine in his life.

The artistic whole in this process has thus from the start been born vaguely ball-shaped, at first like a tufted tabula rasa, from this little by little becoming more stable, and finally clicking into the shape mentioned. Seen intuitively at the start, the ball's smooth roundness, its perhaps intentional pimpliness, its success and quality are again fundamentally criticized by intuition, which in its epistemological anarchistic way itself creates its own cri-

teria. Sounds almost impossible *in a society where individuality is treated as selfishness, only an interest and desire to help directed merely towards one's own individual self, and where accepting all kinds of worlds is condemned as pathetic insanity.*

The criticism of art is indeed often closer to censorious Rag Monday than to inspired Art Sunday: "Despite the endeavours of the Chinese conductor, the slumberous orchestra did not achieve any kind of tension in their playing of the symphony's second movement... nevertheless the rural audience were enraptured, vulgarly clapping between the first and second movements."

Criticism may be not only a pain in the guts but also whistled up from the winds, as well as perjury deliberately charged with the critic's own hopes: dishonest, political criticism serving above all his own interest in a small or large community – here we are in a slightly different dimension, in a mostetic dimension: the aesthetics of criticism and the ethical condemnation of criticism. On top of all, different contexts are constantly confused with one another in man's mysterious mind, and man does not perceive his perceptions, desires and doings, other than superficially. An unfriendly, excuse-making, despotic, mysterious state? The fallibility and questionable nature of making science are nicely crystallized in this honest affirmation of a science article:

"A bird may sweat after all." Helsingin Sanomat, 24. Yeah, yeah, but inwardly! Rabbit.

Can harmony be born of harmony, like from like? Does poison X kill poison X? Does homeopathy really work like this, or is the idea a contrived one, a *"best explanation"* for healing?

What acts homeopathically in the artistic process? Does a little additional depression cure a mega-depression that has gained control? No. Nothing homeopathic helps. Nothing else helps either. Nothing really saves an artist from his fate. *The artist secretly mystifies his choice*

of being an artist, so damnable and outdated as it is, and though it arouses chiefly astonishment and derision in the environment. Hence mystification is often the artist's very secret weapon, an attitude he *conceals even from himself*. We are tiptoeing in the third category of Freud's self-deception, the first two being revelation to friends and revelation to oneself, and the third: not having the courage to reveal the matter even to oneself.

But to return to homeopathic thought, the artistic process is so total a Black Death that no medicine can help. To live on a deathbed expiring in a flood of questions...

The last vain question mixed into the healing herb kills the questioner, who still a moment ago imagined he was Mozart.



Elise's hyper-creativity

The conscious and the unconscious

Unconscious versus conscious creative work is an artificial division which comes from conceptual thinking. Like going in for a tug-of-war. Rather we are dealing with a rope ball pressed from pieces of string of unequal length. The mutual distance, abundance and speed of the ends of the string, associations, independent of the extent to which they are conscious or unconscious, act as arbiters of quality and categorizers.

Castrators! And then a string skirt for the man! Bast fibre! For Christ's sake! Rabbit.

To keep grinding away: one should try to explain the world and its phenomena in different ways from the customary. One means of art is to create by the power of associations quite new concepts, on the basis of which a completely new way of communicating could be born, perhaps more empathic, more individual, more kaleidoscopic, more tolerant – a whole new way of interpreting the world to be born. Nice and hyper-creative, though in practice communication might at least at first become impossible. Every rabbit has his own Web of Concepts. Very humorous, very liberating.

Cities with a completely new look: self-designed houses, one shaped like a grand piano, another like a cuckoo clock, a third like a sausage. Everybody would understand others with half a word, because only the language of the eyes has real meaning. Or broad-minded telepathy. Rabbit's El-dorado.

When new concepts are parthenogenetically born like

accidental shots, perhaps new inventions are born – new chemical compounds etc – combinations, omelettes, fusions. *Soulbrains! Thinking has a habit of becoming concrete sooner or later. Secret fact is transformed to hard fact.* Genes are manipulated “parthogenetically” without the scientist interfering. Plato's idea of an idea mastered by an idealist becomes concrete, as an ideal nation, an ideal marriage? An ideal omelette.

Depressing, if making art ought to be explained as an Inspector-General's daily batch of eggs. Saucepan, monocles and egg-timer. In the artist's studio the egg is broken before boiling and not after. *Elise's Dissertation sets out to mend an egg broken by mistake (an injured hand), and ends with the hypothesis of an unbreakable ideal egg, which is a Ball (an abstract concept).*

And what about the “creative” idea registered in the original plan of studying the variations produced by associations, on the one hand before starting the dissertation, on the other hand afterwards? To consider from this angle whether perceiving is retrogressive, and whether it causes sloppiness in work. Does the conscious production of ideas and associations cause more unrest, feelings of haste and compulsion, and would some kind of half-conscious entertainment of oneself by doing a lot of drawing be a more restful and successful alternative? The questions, though they are impossible, nevertheless contain the answer in themselves. The feeling of passion and compulsion is both good and bad. The absence of these feelings is good or bad. *Hyper-creativity does not question but acts.*

Does the artist have a compulsive need to try to realize at least some of the incentives forcing themselves on him? What is the need that is more compulsive than sexual desire, *Der Trieb*? It was easy for Freud to proceed to this view, presumably for personal reasons, since the fact is that only personal experience is sufficiently conclusive. The comsublimating of obsession into works and the “publishing” of results is modestly placed on the side of art and science, especially if the time is suitable, the zeitgeist favourable. On the other hand, no matter how much I might study the hyper-creative relationship of the unconscious and the conscious, and for example the comsublimation of veiled excessive sexuality in my artistic work, *I would not reach any generally valid conclusion other than by cheating a lot.* From the standpoint of science, a dismal truth, or only a lack of firm belief in science, a belief that for Kierkegaard, for example, is the highest category, more precisely the marginal location of the exceptional individual, to explain the phenomena.

In Elise's hyper-creativity (an over-ripe word), a swift-as-lightning transformation of instinctive things to become serviceable is thus realized. The acknowledgement of thought – a perfectly clownish acrobatic game – as a tool is a modest insight which one would think would ensure a better future for the market economy, institutions, the Church, the league of nations. A stake in heaven.

Is the unharmonious transition from the conscious to the unconscious so unnoticeable that it is not perceived by any sense? What is the smallest/ lightest/ least unelectric/ most electric possible stimulus that the human mind generally can catch in some compartment of its

consciousness? *The least stimulus, the shortest duration, the longest journey. Red time multiplied by blue speed? Rabbit in Disneyland.* Ball.

The hyper-creative, introspective self-predisposer observes himself, trusting childishly in his own experience and ability to think, relying on his own sensitivity and instinct, indifferent to what has been done before – though perhaps he should not be – but trying to take into account his ambivalent defences, fears and beliefs, which necessarily dominate experience, warping it and often even systematically in the same direction.

To listen to life's symphony and to accomplish an artefactual tea-cosy! Like a measly self-portrait of a mouse instead of a tailcoat for the cat – yet always modelled after the best. Das Beste. Perhaps one ought to be content if at least a tea-cosy evolves, a bit of material which in its helplessness contains a message of enormous desire, compulsion to create! *A little woolly work which is both entity and relationship, both substance and method, both material and putting in question.* The centre of everything. The absolute Hegel thirsts for, an sich. An irrevocable choice and deed, the manifestation of an accidental flash, a glimpse of a petticoat like absolute truth. *A ridiculous bit of work in its touchingness, which looks like a cosmic work of art by night, and a tea-cosy in the daylight.*

A life worthy of human dignity begins from irony! Hunger for truth is also vitally connected with life worthy of human dignity and art worthy of animal dignity (homage to animals), though this hunger always remains unsatisfied. *Always only momentarily like truth. Or only truth-like?*

Peirce's trinity: *object, presentamen (significance) and interpretant, Peirce, 25.* can also seem accidental, a flash-like snatching containing all three things simultaneously, the unconscious, the conscious and their mutual relationship. As the hyper-creative moment of truth?

Elise's momentary truthfulness contains a constant, subtle, almost unnoticeable movement. A delicate breath of wind may cause a mountain to fall, and Mohammed to

be hurt, a wee computer virus may destroy entire state archives. A good thought, a bad thought, always in relation to something, always returning as a boomerang – strangely having put on a lot of weight!

Marshal McLuhan's thesis from the distant sixties, *instrument is message, resembles Elise's unconscious and conscious combination, hyper-creativity.* It contains not only ethical tolerance, but also moral broad-mindedness. The instrument can be not only a message, but also an excuse for the flimsiness of the content. Similarly to how the message can be a substitute for the instrument, a new form does not guarantee new thinking. Or: new thinking does not always need new form, especially if one is in the omnipotent state of being in love, because then one does not think at all.

"The course of true love never did run smooth." Shakespeare, 26.

The context of romantic poetic images is perhaps an equally valid explaining of the world as mathematics! Rabbit, who is giddily in love with formulas and lines.



I have a quick glance at Rabbit Carl Maria, who suddenly resembles the famous *rabbit-duck* of a philosophy book. Duck or rabbit. Which will you choose? If I am really quick, will I reach both after all, a simultaneity of creatures? Will I reach if I gaze completely only into the eye, which is a dot. My Rabbit, my Rabbit, all the same I see you in a quite new illumination. *Simultaneously as everything. As mammal and animal!*

"All great theoretical performances, whatever they are, are achieved by their creator directing all the forces of his spirit to one point, where he lets them combine and concentrate so strongly, firmly and exclusively that all the rest of the world vanishes for him, and his object signifies the whole of reality for him." Schopenhauer, 27.

I am in favour of Hegel's absinthe. Pull the rug, Rabbit hopes.

Ich danze mit Tier. Elise.

DU BOND

FLÜGELISE

A rough definition of Flügelism

"Maybe I'd do something else if I did not have ... maybe I'd have studied to be a doctor. Reality's in general too hard, and so too hard for me to stand some things. I mean injustice, which does not show in my life at all, but as a phenomenon – it is terribly hard to take, or suffering or that sort of thing, or the fact that people are unhappy on the average. Not to accept the imperfection of life – that's very hard to take. One way to survive is run away or pack it in ..., I mean what can I do?" Elise's interview with researcher Päivi Granö in autumn 1997, 1.

In Flügelism Elise crystallizes her best-loved concepts about the essence of art:

Flügelism is *ironic, people-friendly making fun. It is a philosophical attitude, by means of which the world can be examined without disclosing publicly all one's deepest feelings. It is the phenotype, the secondary level, which covers the underwear, the primary level.*

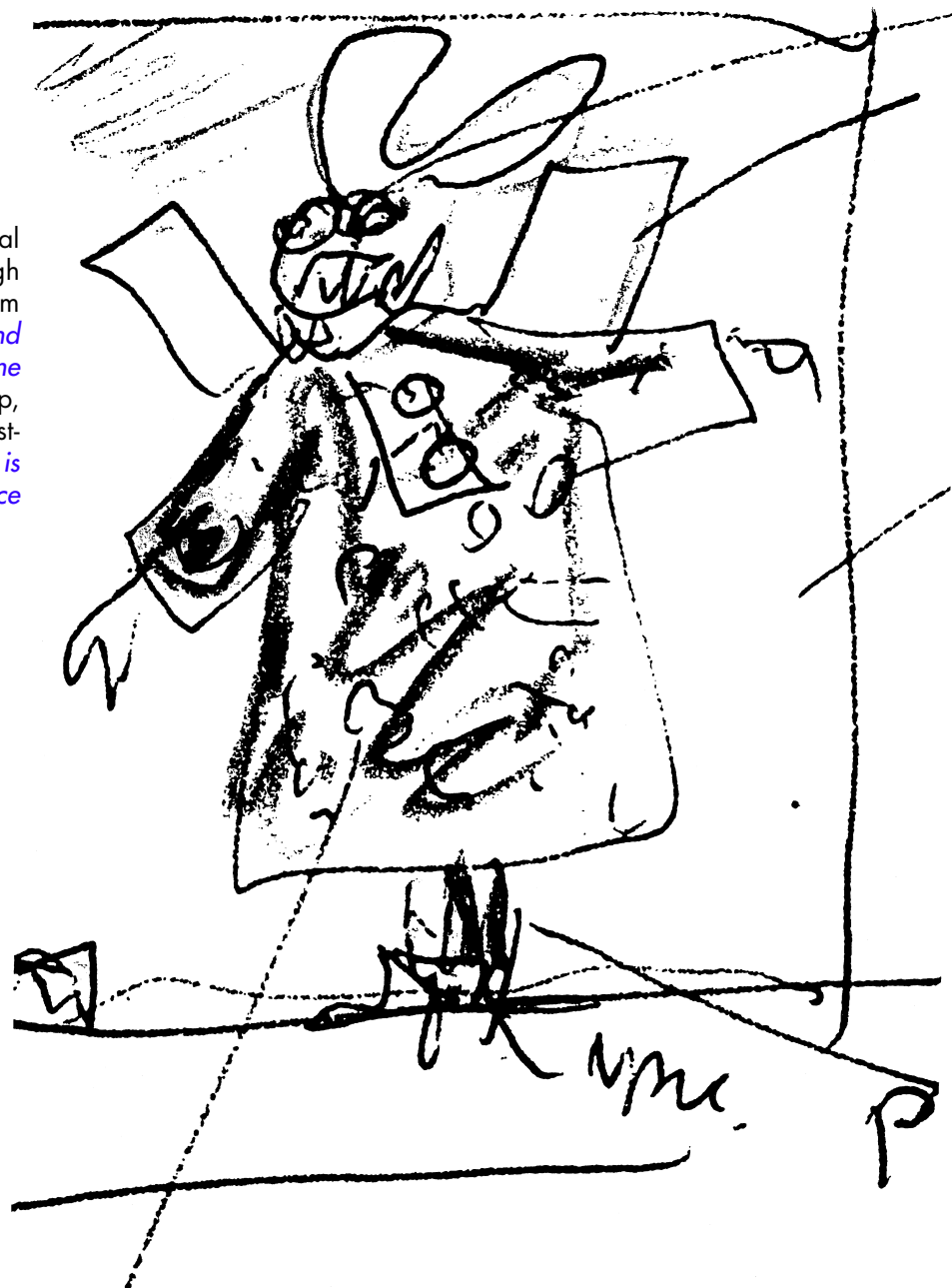
Flügelism is *an illusionless flight* from reality into games not directly useful to society, which are legalized in one's own and others' eyes by naming the whole business "art".

Flügelism is *on the surface a game with associations and at the same time variations and absurd irony, but integrally a relatively logical and realistic, even serious approach to life.*

For Kierkegaard, irony is a transition stage from the level of aesthetic existence to the ethical.

"The ironist has completely lost his belief in the aesthetical way of life. He can only laugh at it bitterly." Lehtinen, 2.

Kierkegaard again moves from the ethical level via humour to the religious – although not in any staged manner. In Elise's Flügelism *in the same way, the ethical, aesthetic and ironic fuse as gymnastic horses of the same value.* The ethical makes irony less sharp, and irony moderates the excessive earnestness into which the ethical slips. *Humour is a minimum requirement and God's presence is an added value.*



Typical Flügelistic prejudices

In vain good sense complains that prejudice governs the world; for if it wishes to govern the world itself, it must also become prejudiced. Hippolyte Taine, French philosopher and literary scholar (1828 – 1893).

Prejudices are the beginning of knowledge, and the end. Rabbit, who has just lost his notes about Taine, recites aloud.

Prejudices are a necessary starting point in being a human being, and perceiving the persistence of prejudices in one's own thinking is a clear signal of slow change.

Traditional academicism is a secret society whose real existence is a bubble itself blowing itself to keep together. On the other hand, one can understand the bubble. One must protect oneself from general stupidity. Those who wish to advance in an academic career avoid saying either of these statements aloud. Those who pull the rug from under their feet, can ... or can they?

And what about the reforming scientific community? The vigilant boy scouts? Worrying that one has perhaps really discovered something oneself, and someone else has put his name to it, as probably does happen. Or, that someone else discovers – except that what difference does it make in the perspective of eternity. Still, to be fair, the same worry concerns the art world community, academic and non-academic. Hysterical bubbling in the vat, which the wise person shuns, for self-preservation. To put it indelicately.

So, a bubble like this, rainbow-coloured, a childhood soap bubble, says Rabbit to this to relieve the aggressive atmosphere and so nobody would feel offended.

Rabbit is too kind in an awful, doll's house sort of way.

A dissertation on art cannot, because of the unpredictability of the subject, be predicted within any frames or definitions. Thus, unfortunately, directing, checking and evaluating it cannot be any easier than doing it. The artist, a ball on the level of ideas, a human being and a mystery in the same exhalation in real life, would nevertheless regret risks not taken – more than those taken.

The attraction-advantage of art is in its open obtuseness. Art enquires and associates, makes possible the impossible by daring to be emotional and silly. Soulbrain!

The starting point and mobilizer of creative thought is the individual. The fact that the same ideas are expressed surprisingly simultaneously in different parts of the world in different kinds of circumstances actually suggests that they come from individuals at the moment when, and in the form that they appear somewhere; this could be called human soul-intelligence consciousness. An idea is thus not necessarily born as the fruit of busy-busy social group work, but rather, the sharp-tasting group work is born from the individual's idea. The real existence of synergy – what is it?

The ability of the human being to take a non-human point of view is non-existent, so that the alternatives are few, or none at all. An unknown quantity of non-human *everything-affects-everything* associations remains sovereignly outside the ball game.

A powerful endogenous belief in the inventive power of the individual is at least secretly behind artistic and sci-

entific perceptions. On the other hand, it is good to admit the frustrating fact that everything is done many times, and thus there are not many inventions that are not right from birth only classic variations of something already existing. The ability merely *to distinguish, not to invent, the new from the old which is incommensurable with it is in itself a talent.*

Although the truest ideas have perhaps always existed "in the air", this does not diminish *the fundamental significance of the individual as the star of the cosmo-historical moment experienced through one consciousness and as the launcher of the artistic impulse.* Even when the individual is, in all his soul-intelligence, not at the centre of everything but only a pawn in the implementing of a complex entity-puzzle, and of a Web of Relations.

"It is part of the nature of individual substance that it has a complete concept that all the qualities of substance and even the whole universe can come from that concept, on the basis of the mutual relationships of things." Esa Saarinen, 3.

Out of sheer holiness simple.

Out of sheer goodness simple.

In the midst of all trivial junk simple and alone.

Alone willingly containing complexity.

Multiply reduced to become simple.

The more simple the more complex and more inexplicable,

more strange, more singular.

Futile to think that the simple leads to truth.

To be weaponless and mute!

Rabbit.

Typical Flügelistic silly questions and naughty answers

Answers are never indiscreet. Questions sometimes are. Rabbit, 4.

Is the individual so different from other individuals that it is possible to put forward a comprehensible Self Portrait, or will it be only an illusory joke and a hopeful, individualistic delusion developed by a naive humanist? Anything absolutely non-definitively is a delusion. People are amazingly much like each other: eyebrows, fingerprints, joys, fears, vulnerability and paw-prints.

And can one from such an individual case concerning one's art find durable connections that stand up to diverse and deep scrutiny, any connections leading to a broader whole, a broad landscape – Self Portrait? Absolutely, but this is not necessarily the specific area where the artist himself feels most at home. The artist has an endogenous ache towards his own work and an attraction to his new projects. His own projects may also be a phoney reason, since the prognosis for the accuracy of such landscape-portrait studies is perhaps rather poor, as *the analyzing of even a single artist involves enormous risks, and besides the analyst might just as well speak about himself, so much does he begin to identify with his "sitter."*

Can internal unrest cause hopeless distortion in the artist's relation to his environment? Yes. The intensity of life is perhaps fiercer for the artist, but on the other hand it is often narrower than the average – almost narcissistic. Only exceptional situations, like birth, love and death, are capable of breaking this warped bronze cast, from which with good luck *the artist and man is, Phoenicizing, freed, as a Weltgeist, a member in a refined wolf pack, individualized in Jung's mystic collective unconscious.*

Does the artist have an exceptional, eruptive frenzy to create *his own moving and ridiculous artistic total creation?* To manage to do this before his spiritual or physical death, for which reason he assiduously avoids all commitments that might keep him from his original mission? Not necessarily by any means. The artist may very well need commitment, and not only in practical matters. The artist does not need less tenderness and love than anyone else. Left without tenderness, he compensates his lack as others do – with sports, cocktail parties, unimportant pleasures, frequent visits to fortune-tellers, charity, self-destruction or *art*.

How many strange experiences are born every year *as compensation for artistic work, which starts becoming boring in its very self-centredness?*

Is the artist's too-personal attitude a frightening breath of man's polymorphism and instability? Does it arouse rejection and is it disturbing? Yes. Creativity is always deeply disturbing, on an emotional level. *The creative person is without rules and complex; when he means good he causes bad and vice versa.* No examples.

Has the fruit of imagination puffed up to awareness already gone through many unconscious censors (Freud) – entire purifying plants? Yes. And yet we call it a product of the imagination, though we ought to say it is *produced imagination*.

How do categories stand in relation to creativity and vice versa? With the same anemic insatiability as man exploits his capacity to learn, he uses his imaginative apparatus to abundantly classify the reality around him: al-

ways the same categories, though he has in him a divine creative power to compose ...

and he uses it to read the newspaper devoutly. Rabbit.

How then can I make amends for all the time wasted, the card-playing, the ikebana ... if I should now learn that I am God? How about that, hypocritical Rabbit!

The woman's soul must be mobilized, it must be spurred in every possible direction ... She must see the infinite, understand that it is close to humanity. She must learn to understand this, but not by the road of thought, which is the wrong road for her, but by that of imagination.

Rabbit is reading a book by the eroticist Sören Kierkegaard, the covers and page numbers of which are censored. The previous arrogant remark of *Der Philosoph* is after all secretly an envious opinion of women's hidden potentia *for the self-denying morality of the real artist and philosopher.*

Fantasy, reliving, empathy and an abundance of approved alternatives. That is everygirl's life-mostetics, which require a considerable polyphonic talent for living, so that the role of the *"real"* artist also could succeed. To be radiatingly a good artist, a woman must still in the year 2000 be able to do circus tricks as if her individual mostetics are a proper part of social and collective morality and aesthetics. The problem is not the thinness or thickness of her own identity, but the adapting of it to the expectations of her environment. The rejection of individuality typical of the Finnish mental landscape is more inclined to be directed at women than at men. But, of-

ten especially women's individualist, intelligent, heretical opinions... The thoughts of girl friends are indirectly published in strip cartoons drawn by boy friends – an arbitrary example. On the other hand, one can not help noticing contrary cases.

I have a living association memory of this from 1972: Elise is invited out with her husband to an Iranian farming family, in the little town of Babolsar on the shores of the Caspian Sea. The women sit eating rice with their bare hands in the kitchen, while the husband and his guests enjoy a delicious meal in the dining room. Elise is very irritated for the women... still, she herself is in the most absurd and unsuitable position, eating on the men's side. Eating and smiling.

In Finland we are luckily so liberal-minded that, in a tight spot, a woman can go to the men's toilet. Women should show a bit more moral gratitude for this advantage, shouldn't they? Rabbit.

Gratitude, attack, irritation, provocation, guilt? What do these have to do with each other? Not chosen even by any system, but at random, in the order they come to mind. I wonder. Thinking alphabetically starts to work. If something works even for a moment, it has worked at least once. In that context. There is nothing more fable-like than Hume's guillotine: one black rabbit-duck among millions of white rabbit-ducks confuses the concept, the belief in the sole whiteness of rabbit-ducks. And varying vice versa: if one point in this long essay is true in some context, the poem cannot be accused of being altogether unreal, in the context in question.

Ave Carl Maria!

On the other hand, what kind of a joke is it to twist and turn words and things to their absolute value because it is a harmless philosophical form of Oblomovism? No joke at all, except that *the interestingness as such of words begins to be popular when pictures gush down from every drainpipe.*



Über Flügelismus – a dark background to a modest -ism

The prototype of the grand piano (German: Flügel), the hammerklavier, was invented in 1711.

The Flügelise 1998 – 1999 exhibition representing Flügelism and clarifying Elise's Flügelistic philosophy includes 40 wool reliefs, 13 velvet tapestries and about 130 Flügel charcoal drawings, Rabbit and Elise variations. I spare these works from explanations. I have pity on them. After all, they are my children.

The mahogany legs of Flügelism: movingness – ridiculousness – unveilingness, plus boldness – friendliness – humour. Marcus Vitruvius Pollius and the trinity of ancient architectural virtues: beauty – durability – practicality. The trinity of Ludwig Wittgenstein's aesthetic: copying nature – manner – style. Incommensurable tripods.

The elements of Flügelism: natural necessity, absence of necessity, irony, ridiculousness, humour, comicality, slapstick, sitcom, sarcasm, misery, seriousness, humourlessness, movingness, shockingness, speed, lightness, ambivalence, feminine "babyishness", direct sensuality, feminine self-irony, humour and self-awareness.

Actually series like these should be presented in meaningless alphabetical order, because one does not know how the different characteristics finally approach each other, what order or weighting should be chosen. One really does not know.

In Flügelism, man is free to examine independently various alternatives, and to create his own loose system. In theory he has really complete freedom; in practice hardly any freedom – unless he takes it with cool deliberation,

But not violently. Violence is always rape. There is no difference between skin and skin. Nevertheless, things which must happen fall beyond desire and will. And this is the most vital thing.

Flügelism is a restrained equivalent of centralized political decisions and general, organized, media, museum shepherding of art. Or is this kind of orphanhood a fantasy without sense of proportion, and the whole of Flügelism only pseudo-marginal and just a different mess of the same canon? Als eine kleine unselbständige Zusammenarbeiterin zu wirken?

For God's sake leave off this talking foreign languages! Rabbit.

Flügelism is a muddle-headed game on the surface; ultimately a serious, real, controlled illusion at bottom. It is a choice and a proposal based on the conditions and states of mind available at the moment of working, Dasein-ly here and now.

"Get married and regret it; do not get married and you'll regret that too. Get married or do not; in either case you'll regret it, whether you get married or do not you'll regret both." Kierkegaard, 5.

You control and regret. You do not control and regret. Always conditions and states of mind. Moonlight nights and ghosts. Use your own selective brain prism arbitrarily, and associate in an unpredictable direction. What else can you do when you are born to be subjective? Experience paranoia and get over it by utilizing your arsenal of experiences. A bit like Ingmar Bergman. Collect heaps ("casas") of playful "illusions". Finger them like pieces of tropical-coloured velvet thread, for some composition. Do not let

them go till they are tenderly sublimated, cruelly refined.

A flood of ideas can sometimes be rather monolithic: absolutely the same obsession pushes forth from every nook and cranny. Flügelize the same to the same, though the same does not in reality exist? Madness. Chronically ticking paranoia is present in every moment of the day: open any book or paper at any place and there it is!

Now I should probably perform an aesthetic examination of the Flügel shape, its varying in different directions, and wonder – hand to brow – about the background of this artefactual shape and its significance in my own work, its integrating with all the Flügel shapes in the world, the musical boxes of the Ostrobothnians, Persian rugs and so on! All this can be examined quite correctly. With a magnifying glass. But I do not do it. Why not?

I reply at once: the Flügelistic attitude to producing art is examined *Flügelistically by fleeing from accustomed ways of producing it*. Thus I do not grab a magnifying glass, nor do I look through my old works. I flee to philosophy, simply, because for me it is a change, a "variation" from the everyday of art. This flight from external doing to internal doing is in fact also an example of the relation to Elise's secret fact, of which more later. True, promises of this kind should not in general be trusted, because what the research community really wants is just to take all the credit for themselves.

The basic element of Flügelism, the formula *Ball – Flügel – Rabbit is an artistic-philosophical hiding-place* which is brought into the field of awareness of playfulness to be looked at, and which contains elements and distant asso-

ciations more or less in conflict with one another: not just for example sawdust in someone's brassiere, but for example the Rabbit-artist in the form of a ball. **Ball – Flügel – Rabbit** is a metaphor and an entity of anything existing that acts as the motive power for art or philosophical thought:

Associations coming from a drawing lead to the world of scents and skin, or vice versa. What is in question is always more or less an association relationship, which is thus not a causal relationship. A causal relationship, *like a variation, contains a somehow understandable link; the linkage of association is on the other hand obscure, and actually the whole association can be replaced by another association of ideas, often from a quite different category.* So what? How hard it is to try to think. Deep sigh. Perhaps one should just submit to some kind of resignation.

“Resignation is the last stage before belief, and nobody achieves belief without passing this way. But resignation alone is not enough, “Gjentagelsen”, repetition is required.” Kierkegaard, 6.

“... repetition is a beloved spouse one never gets tired of, because one only gets tired of what is new ... After cruising round existence, those who have the courage of understanding notice that life is repetition and the desire to enjoy it...” Kierkegaard, 7.

Repetition, like cruising and association, never appears in the same form. Nothing ever appears anew in completely the same guise. Premises, conditions, time. So, perceive differences because fancies of similarity are a ready-categorized illusion like – ha, ha – fancies of differences! The search for similarities and differences, manipulated so as to appear scientific, is as frustrating (or fascinating) as sitting and fishing with worms.

All associations and variations are born from an existing infinite web of relationships to become a new mutual relationship. *Flügelism* is fundamentally, I repeat, a constant and endless playing with relationships, *a rearranging of relationships to new variational positions.* A timeless law of nature in art.

In other words: Flügelism is about the creating of relationships in the subject's imagination. It is thus a game, and because of the artist's resources, it does not try to exceed human limits, although it longs to enter the cosmos – in the form of a moving dissertation-like metaphor, a non-generally valid image, which paradoxically dreams of *finding a coherent explanation of the world and of the existence of universal love; all in all of the possibility of possibilities instead of hopelessness and ridiculousness.*

Further, in somewhat other words: in Flügelism everything talked about can be brought back to *tolerant debucation* and Hegelian, gently eccentric fusing of opposites – *being dissolved in each other's laps.* In this sense the explication is completely naive, unrealistic and in its idealism inapplicable as an interpreter of the human world.

Ridiculousness – movingness – irony – humour – revealingness – self-deception – love – longing – sensuality and sex, and (lack of) sense of proportion and sympathy. These are the Flügelistic elements of “Self Portrait” we are trying to digest here.

The apparently dichotomic things in Flügelism are described schizophrenically simultaneously both as separate and as fused together. *Rather through metaphorical imagining than perceiving.* Like night and day. Sleep and wakefulness. Light and shade. Expectation and fulfilment. Thought and act. The set-up is quasi-schizo and healthy in the sense that accustomed polarities are known, but as unnecessary obstacles they are not taken into account. The subject's power to choose.

Hence the day gear-change is lightly disguised as the night gear-change, and vice versa. Paranoia, politenesses, sarcastic remarks, kisses, dreams and stumblings are all thus experienced as equally real, work as equally potential and noteworthy parts of the material. Ideas opposing each other wait on the edge of the stigma for their concrete materializing as a new fusing. The artist waits for the courage to leap, the leap of life from which:

“Each person makes his choice alone. Each person himself decides whether to leap or not, and himself answers for the consequences of his decision.” Lehtinen, 7.

But as long as he has not seen the bottomless despair of the present situation – to quote Kierkegaard freely – he does not leap. But Kierkegaard sees and leaps, first from the aesthetic level to the ethical, and from this to the religious level. He also confuses categories and leaps via irony to humour, reaching towards religion again in this way too. Always towards belief and religion. For the Flügelist, daring to leap is, however, above all giving birth to a new kind of amalgam, because there is no stairway as a system, only a Web of Relations. True, Kierkegaard too speaks of incommensurable transition categories, not of a value ladder, a hierarchy.

In spite of all this, rabbits can hop as much as four metres! Rabbit.

In the redeeming optimism of Flügelism, *all misunderstanding* is true. From Elise's innocent association standpoint, this is easy to believe. Elise's all kind of misunderstanding *is to be interpreted as predicting future chance and seeing omens as excessive activity of the artistic imagination; in the associations caused hides perhaps the seed of truth.* If you can hear something, it exists! says, as I remember, David Hume. What Elise has just discovered was known ages ago. Elise the young soulbrain! Boo-hoo!

Man does not actually malfunction, but in everything there is always a “mind and subconscious” tendency. In Freudian terms: when he forgets to go to a lecture, the lecture is probably anemic, or then there is nothing wrong with the lecture, but something else is more interesting, for example his erotic or playful self. But officially he forgets.

“The measure of authenticity is its passion.” Kierkegaard, 9.

The passionate Flügelist always chooses according to his own taste. Cruising the sea as if storms had not been invented.

Not against methods, but no methods are the best methods

Does a conscious methodical examination hinder artistic work by making it dry? Does it uselessly slow up the work? Does it reduce the possibility of making surprising, eccentric discoveries and observations? Does narcissistic, too smoothly conscious, intellectual and especially oral discussion – i.e. talking nonsense – obscure the highbrow selection of matters and the shifting of discoveries to new levels? Does methodical cleverness cause impotency when starting practical work? Does a too conscious approach cause dilly-dallying and uncertainty or perhaps too great, mannered self-assurance in the actual physical work and the materializing of ideas? Yes.

What is the right moment to shift from one subject to another? Do there exist stencils 1 – 5 capable of generalization, according to which the artistic process progresses? I do not know. Is a creative capacity for association a trap? Yes. Do too rapid or too distant Asses' Bridges lead to incomprehensibility? Yes.

Does analytical consideration, constantly dividing and grouping matters anew in the midst of masses of ideas and alternatives, lead to wretched, frigid intellectualism and inability to achieve creative fulfilment? Yes. Must research work on art be systematic? Not necessarily – rather controlled unsystematic, vigilant, surprising freakiness.

How should one react when ten analyzed plans pile up on the table at the same time, where the work of art itself might be born? *One must take it easy, and be able to enjoy the fact that the amount of stuff on the ball won't increase in this way.*

Should one weep when, instead of a cat's tailcoat, ten loose

tie-ons are born? A loin cloth instead of a doctor's cape?

To the horror of all the Kierkegaards in my life, unfeminine and openly semi-brutal writing. But one shouldn't weep if one hasn't been run over by a train. On the other hand, what is there to be lost if, instead of a completed work of art, ten ideas mobilizing the imagination are brought to light.

When one rejects a ready-made method, one is taking a risk. But what is so frightening in a risk? When one takes a risk, it usually happens with a big fuss. This is showing off. Life is a risky business throughout. Risk can, moreover, be dispersed in a controlled way by operating in as many fields of art as possible, like Jean Cocteau for example – poet, playwright, film maker, painter, artist in living, a self-disperser. Loopholes and places of refuge for the delight of critics and disapprovers.

Success is often achieved through unsystematic losing, integrating through breaking, bold dismembering of entities and things so they can be utilized.

Today you mock, tomorrow you glue together and apologize. Waste is part of the business. You shouldn't be afraid of losing. It is best to be sorry in advance. Rabbit.

An excellent, unforgettable way of taking losing is Anthony Quinn's laugh in the film of "Zorba", when the invention and construction made with such devotion collapses at its first public demonstration. I do not even remember what the construction was for; I only see before me Quinn's trombone-like laugh, setting the mountains aglow; not the object of misfortune, but the attitude, the

relation to it. Perhaps the system lacked not only the right construction but also the right theoretical frame of reference, the correctly directed research question and the right method. Problem-free celibacy requires potency. Successful lack of method requires perhaps after all mastery of method, power over method.



Elise's debucation = deduction plus abduction

Induction is, freely interpreted, deriving general arguments from the starting point of an individual case. The final result is sufficiently probable to motivate the performance, but the conclusions are not necessarily formed to support the starting point.

Deduction is, freely interpreted, deriving individual arguments and their supporting acts from general arguments. A series of inferences preserving truth is in question, in which the conclusion is the logical consequence of the presumptions.

Abduction is best explained as the opposite of deduction. Freely interpreted: The best, and the wisest in hindsight, explanation after the event for what has been done. [Määttänen, 10.](#)

Elise's debucation is, freely interpreted, one's own pragmatic explanation for something performed intuitively by oneself. It is homage to the subconscious for random success. Life-affirming forgiveness of oneself for unconsciously making a balls-up. Freedom on one's own responsibility as regards one's own life ball, not being a galley-slave, which does not harm anyone.

Elise's debucation is the same as carrying out conscious debucation as a debut – for the first time. Self-acceptance. Zorba's laugh.

Recipe for debucation: An inference of truth arising from pre-fixed premises – like Plato's pure idea – is combined with an estimate after the event of the best result achieved – like an idea tested by pragmatic action. In other words, deduction and abduction are fused. Elise has no use for

induction. On the other hand, the *hypothetical-deductive* scientific concept, in which the validity of a hypothetical theory can be tested by deducing its consequences and examining the truthfulness of these consequences, is related to debucation. But in debucation one does not really believe that an examination performed by man leads to the truth. *Therefore the debuctor is content with the best possible explanation. So far.*

Debucation incites one to study any problem simultaneously at both ends, *at the same time both as an abstract idea and as a perception.* In Elise's expanded variation a problem is open at every possible end, i.e. the ball is full of holes. Air goes in and out. Freedom of the artist without braces. The totality seems logical in relation to the artist's own context, which can always be shown when necessary. Otherwise it is unnecessary and takes up costly time... except that the mere idea of a cost of time can turn out costly.

Debucativeness seen as a philosophical element of human life and art is always surprising. The best possible explanation yesterday may be an embarrassing excuse tomorrow.

Variations too are games as long as they are not considered as themes. But does a variation stop as a theme at all in real life? Does it ever return to the original theme in real life? Will Rabbit ever become the same ball again? Can one show by means of a playful variation the terrifying irrevocability and irreversibility of life?

Man as his unpretending self repeats, even aloud, the same old thing, to the point of exhaustion, so long as he

feels that it is true, valid and reliable as a theme of life. So honest with himself is man. Only a violent change in soul, consciousness, subconsciousness – whatever you like – can make man think otherwise and repeat his new vision in unintentional connections, again genuinely bubbling up from deep within, touchingly himself. Until perhaps a new, violent change occurs again, some strange experience as an electric shock, an experience that does not need to last long – a minute or two will do. A second? Word, look, touch, vision. A knife in the thumb. A sword-thrust in the breast pocket.

The user of art is permitted to project to a lump of art, to an "artefact", any kind of therapeutic feelings of good or bad will, as long as he does not break the work... But what if the work telegraphs back in the same way – who is responsible? Thoughts possess energy, even for the realizing of willed activity and intention.

When a mother relinquishes her own ambitions for her children, it is an act that takes into account a long-span entirety. It is an act that creates a balance in the history of time; this same balance does attract her personally, even though fundamentally she would have preferred someone else to take over the everyday side of looking after the children. Or maybe not. *To sacrifice and not to sacrifice oneself.* A paradox. According to Kierkegaard, this is a question of choice, involving an absolute paradox, which itself is a matter of belief. The calm, balancing fusion of conflict.

"Belief must be based on choice; choice must be repeated. But only when choice involves an absolute paradox is belief present"

at its most pure. This amazing assertion conveys us to the focus of Kierkegaard's religious philosophy." Saarinen, 11.

No belief without actions! Rabbit.

Is balance a synonym for absolute paradox, for some total explanation? Is balance the binding force of the Flügelistic Web of Relations? A balance of every dimension, achieved at a *creative parthogenic moment or in the meeting of eyes for a fraction of a second*. The whole paradoxical man at the cosmological point of intersection. It makes one dizzy and it makes one laugh. Kind balance takes into account the slowness of change, and does not push too hard. So Elise, the artist, calms down for a moment and concentrates on examining her work. Takes into account the tiring, nerve-racking, blind struggle in her work; only now she realizes it herself years later. She notices the phenomenal absence of *Dasein*. She begins to be really horrified by over-excitement!

Elise again shows unwomanly severity. Does not debuct. Does not use permissive imagination. The world of imagination is indeed purely an epistemological-ontological solipsism (crochet-hooked word), but that is just its glamour! Pontius Pilate! Do I thus naively wash my hands of looking after the fate of the world when I praise imagination? Certainly not. Rather do I ask, how can one use the mighty power of imagination to deal with the problems of preserving the world? *Get people to imagine more and want less*. By reducing their greediness sufficiently.

Imagination as a substitute for junk. Go preach about that. Rabbit.

From aimless wandering to the depths of art: artistic solutions occur first, and the original intention is written as a final result. The whole looks like a logical process, although it is not in fact anything like that. But that is how research information is processed when it is required for some reason. Otherwise it is unnecessary and wastes valuable time.

Elise is over-quick by nature, but thirsts for slowness. Slow-

ly gliding ripple of time and water, leisurely floating stamens of moss, slowed-down sweeps of a whale's tail accompanied by languid spray... Debutive introspection goes awfully well parthogenically within Elise's own spray-ball, where she is not tied even to a time-axis, only to mealtimes, and these mainly in the imagination. To be a spatialist and a cosmic being. To be a vocal ball of gas without clock-hands. Bang! Shame on you, Rabbit.



Contours of debucation adapted as a “casa” method

I have *a heap/casa of ideas, some of which may even be quite abstract*, and for example *a heap of practical situations, human experiences and phenomena*.

The term “casa” (Italian for house/home), because the artist experiences all kinds of casases in his imagination as somehow concrete material:

a concept casa
a casa of various styles of line
a colour casa, an emotion casa
a number casa
a contact casa...

In sum, a cosy choice of casases and a warm-spirited casa method as a guiding principle are available. And what about the cold-storage society, where is it? In the casa rejected already in childhood? Pre-rejection.

The artistic process is about a meeting and fusing of opposing casases, though not always. So einfach. In “Self Portrait”, temporarily simplifying, there are three casases: In one casa there are words and pictures that have gained shape – in other words completed works; in the second there are embryos of thoughts; in the third there are phenomena from real life. These are – surprise surprise – in dynamic recipricocity, constant reflection with one another, in enormous Asses’ Bridge projects, which resemble swarming ancient Babylon. A spatial three-ball casa of material, communicating with a linear time-span, which can also be seen *as either a long casa or a thin ball. We are coming to the Web of Relations*.

It is high time for a clarifying picture here. Instead of a

diagram, a human metaphor. A picture of Zorba’s – now I remember – collapsed log chute, which with logistic optimism was meant to convey stuff from the mountains to the Mediterranean. A living Web of Relations, which both as an abstract idea and as a physical artefact collapses; a catastrophe mended by a laugh bubbling up from divine depths. *The illogical ridiculous cohesion of incommensurable entities holds Zorba’s ball together*.

The Zorba comparison is not just accidental, for the sea is indeed the element where this road ends, at least in my dream, a dream in which Rabbit finds his loved one only in the last embrace of the Pacific Ocean. Alternatively, Rabbit expires in his loved one’s arms in the turquoise-blue effervescence of the Mediterranean.

A little game: let’s suppose that I’ve got on the one hand the theorem *Ball is Flügel is Rabbit chain, and on the other hand a supposition of the outline of an artistic project. Perhaps this spontaneous funny-formula, resembling at first sight a hermeneutic circle, is suitable to describe artistic work, to act as an advance hypothesis which is ridiculously easy to prove true*.

The works of the first Flügelise exhibition were born from abstract, restful, soft curves and “circle berets”, partly because the Finnish Embassy in Tokyo wanted some more neutral work. The work became a tranquil triptych: *The Three Seasons*.

In the next works the curves changed to become a grand piano (Flügel), which soon obtained a habitus: legs, body and nose, an irritating or touching character and so on. One windy day it got ears and changed into Rabbit,

and perhaps one foggy day will come when Rabbit will rise from the mist as a glowing red flamingo.

Thus the abstract becomes human; until a certain moment when it once again is lightened from its additional features and escapes from the flannel straitjacket of figurativism to become merely an enquiring line so that, now that it is free again, it can entice new figures, eyes, smiles to play in its constant game of vanishing, combining and thickening. Sperm and egg cell proceeding to become a figure. Well done, Rabbit! The egg yolk and white getting a common warbling song-beak... When opposites combine, absurdity is not far away. A billionaire nerd as a Communist Party presidential candidate?

But the formula itself is valid, reliable – and soon a relict, when this individual case has obliterated itself.



Elise's dubious methods

The first key method – random, intuitive, artistic – is any old petting-like experiment, associative play, tomfoolery = rigoletto, touching ultra-honesty, over-thinking and comparison of thoughts, uninhibited varying, following the process of varying from the side; incorrectly relating to and weighing everything, even the ethical. Seeing what black humour the soul will tolerate: seeing in the mirror negroes, honkies, lesbos, homos, self-centred depression patients, quarrelsome housewives and so on. It is good to get down in the bottom mud, so one knows how to humble oneself when faced with one's own special ghastliness. Through immorality to the wash-basin.

This method is not really at all suitable as a guideline for real life. Adapting it to human relations, for example, does not guarantee happiness or success. Eccentric, fateful meetings, lightning from a clear sky are perhaps different...Or do they stand up to the whole scale of human existence either? Does magic lurk in purging honesty or upright secrecy? Honesty is always unreal. All the same, thousands of smiling paradoxes walk in our midst, but nobody believes them... From being deceived by the most innocent soul I gain wisdom. Rabbit adapts Brünnhilde's words from Wagner's parthogenic operatic Web of Relations "The Ring".

Elise's second method is psycho-physical: to call up the subconscious, the depths, by playful, mantra-like means, fundamentally humbly and with serious intention. One such way is a rapid, uncontrolled picture-word sketch of the wavering movements of the subconscious on paper. The method resembles the rapid recording of dreams with a morning-clumsy hand on an odd scrap of paper on the

bedside table, a lurking fear in one's morning-hazy mind of not remembering; and wondering on the other hand whether something from the dream, which seems already lost – a cat's look after a fight and an exhausted, shaggy dog – some stalactite-cave forboding of the subconscious seems to gush forth on the paper – my pills! In a dream everything really happens as if blissfully by itself, as in successful drawing, painting.

This is an interesting mystery, *because black holes are the most interesting ones.*

On the other hand, a black hole may surprisingly appear to be white. The combined sum of the compacted colours is black – no colour. The sum of colour-lights is white – that too really no colour at all.

Elise's third method is also experimental: to hypnotize oneself and ask the "comatose" self questions, which the self surprisingly obediently answers. The answers can be made use of – or one can just enjoy them. It has been proved – and I have myself experienced it – that in second-degree hypnosis a person can act as if *half-dressed, divided between the unconscious self and the conscious self*, and in such a borderline case can "mobilize" his limbs, answer his own questions, find solutions and experience unusual clarity of mind – all of which looks extremely comical to the outsider.

Scooping up deeper emotions in normal wakefulness is more difficult than in a hypnotic borderline state or in sleep. One cannot yet cunningly piss about with one's censors, in order to manage to peer into fundamental feelings and motives, one's own mysterious primary col-

lection of images, set of metaphors. From time to time when I am concentrating, I both see and hear "messages", hints made by my subconscious into an odd, humorous form, which perhaps I obey too seldom... Sometimes I draw them in the air and hope nobody will enter the room – or what does it matter? Away with unnecessary shyness.

The sensitive hunting of subconscious images is by no means typical of poets alone. Well done, Rabbit! Often it is *poetic dilettantes*, i.e. decent, ordinary people, who shoot their supernatural messages into the air without making a big number of it, let alone art. The down-to-earth artist, aiming very consciously at professional and for example financial success, often loses to these artists in life in throwing out sparks; this can be seen of course in the artist's work, which lacks *the God-given lightness of accident. Divina gracia.*

On the other hand, we must distinguish the untalented act – slashing the canvas or spraying the paint, and explaining it as the result of long deliberation, from real *gracia*, which can be recognized because it affects the viewer without a work description. One excessively underestimates the public, the critics, dolphins... *Then what? Rabbit.*

Elise's fourth method is taking seriously surprising meanings that arise in connection with word choices, and their fantasizing use. One should definitely be on the watch for what one takes seriously and what not. People should always be taken seriously, except for oneself. Elise babbles on.

The same phenomenon of unintentionality applies to drawing. Associative drawing is equally an earnest-fun game of chance and taking openly advantage of good fortune. The line behaves more animatedly, the more alertly I take notice of the hints born of chance. On the other hand, an aleatoric line may paradoxically be even tightly under control. What is in question is something as simple as *being present, Dasein, living the present moment fully*.

Perhaps I might be permitted a little pirouette of deducing from the individual to the general. We reach the thought that all art is in fact an endless aleatoric game and its occasional pragmatic adaptation. One can revolve ceaselessly on the ball's surface, on more or less direct routes to where one's nose directs, constantly keeping an eye on the approach point – the descriptive vanishing point – but never reaching it, constantly making new revolving association pyramids and lumps and their concretizations, understanding and loving all these. This, and especially hermeneutical, understanding, nerveless loving – ha, ha – is what makes art human.

The inhuman isn't art at all then? Is a bull-fight art or sexual excitement? Are Bacon's oil-painted, bloody animal carcasses skilful and psycho-analytically interesting inhuman art? Hysteria of ugliness and cruelty. Self-flagellation.

Let's take a harmless, pious, Methodist example from the egg world: Aleatoric and unaleatoric methods are mixed up in Elise's Dissertation, as in a Babylonian egg recipe:

Take an egg and shake it till you feel the white and the yolk are sufficiently mixed together. Break the egg inhumanly. Put the egg together again in its original shape. Success depends on seconds.

The fourth key method is, expressed metaphorically, pulling the rug from under one's own feet by allowing oneself more rights to be stupid than perhaps one should, by arousing new ironic questions at the very moment when one

is ready to enjoy the answers, or by belittling one's in itself passable achievement. And so on, with ingenuity. An unblissful, restless business, but when one perceives this, persuades it into a method, there's hope for the better? The road calls Elise, one-eighth Gipsy, who is proud of her gipsyhood. But what does research say – a quotation, albeit from the mouth of an interviewee and from as long ago as 1969:

"You can always tell a Gipsy from his look. There is a peculiar, almost staring expression in his eyes, a sharp, almost splendidly wild and passionate glow." Thesleff, Committee Report, 12.

Pulling the rug is also an almost criminal way of denying real feelings. Fleeing when it comes to the crunch. Criminal sublimation towards one's own and perhaps someone else's feelings, unjustified transforming of rejected feelings to artistic use. Lack of courage to meet real life? Or great wisdom to be able to round things off, to bring into proportion. But without pain one cannot survive. The sea is great, as are its waves ... Theodorakis.

This method of Elise's, pulling the rug from under one's own feet, is – quite right – also *a splendid way of sliding from responsibility*. In the same way it is humility, by means of which one can get worthless thoughts and ridiculous boasts under human control. Further, it is an excellent ironic "trick" to drag someone else's bragging down from the clouds to the steaming, ramshackle village of humility. Cruel to oneself, cruel to others.

Pulling the rug is at the same time – though one shouldn't distribute thanks too readily – a kind of homage to deconstruction and its philosophical forefathers, who generously admit the frustrating thing that *definitions mercilessly escape from their definers. Children fly ungratefully from the nest, as is quite right.*

All in all, to create, to kill and to re-create phoenixes, birds that are not! Everything is in fact mere fission, and justifiably almost buffo! *Pulling the rug* contains perhaps some kind of secret causal relationship, but not value hier-

archies, because it happens randomly to everything one is faced with in this context. *On the other hand, when we think we are seeing causes and effects, we generally see more than is offered. Analyses of artists are perhaps most revealingly imaginary, because they often try too hard; because of their own romantic needs they wish to see the artist's life as a life laid out before him bathed in supernatural colours, or as an object of horror, the most wretched of the wretched and the most sinful of the sinful.*

The composition is capable of safe logicity. The plot and even very surprising dramaturgy of a film are revealed as logical in the end at the very latest. Otherwise the piece wouldn't work as a film. Generally. Life in turn, almost without exception, isn't logical, and there lies its fearful fascination. Life isn't fair either, though some suggest that a long-term holistic balance, healing wounds, is engendered through making a dough of suffering, development and luck. Elise would never suggest this?

But what would a relation be without being a causal relation? It is just *this pulsing Web of Relations in a creative process*, occurring within a ball, which behaves like an amoeba, whose purpose is quite obscure, moving randomly, constantly changing shape, varying the mutual relationships of its inner organs and extremes.

And not least the parthogenically mutual uniting of its animus and anima. Rabbit.

Nothing against methods but: *no methods are the best methods.* Rabbit has caught a severe allergy to method.



Passionate methods, against one's own principles

Intuitive, unconscious and aleatoric methods, which will illogically go on top of and across "conscious" methods.

*Free feeling
Hysterical laughing
Staring and thinking
Playing with toys
Playing with sex
Enjoying art and food
Enjoying self-deception
Revealing self-deception
Sublimating
Breathing
Discussing
Looking at any people
Reading any books and looking at any TV programmes, any silly products
Being accidentally humble
Letting oneself feel agony and pain, also melancholy
Going around like a drunken child
Cooking rabbit*

Conscious non-aleatoric methods, which actually – as has already been foreseen – are hopelessly pooled with random and misty subconscious methods.

*Going around like a sober child
Conscious breathing
Staring and thinking
Observing and acting
Describing and comparing
Transforming and transposing
Postscripting*

*Comsublimating
Creating situations for inspiration
Killing the idea
Killing the form
Creating, recreating and re-killing
Deconstruction
Utilizing aleatorism
Utilizing intuition
Going around in disguise
Cooking a hare*

*"I stay on a branch till the fit is over."
Giovanna, 10.*



Concerning the Flügelization process

Balance Flügelizing, a medicine for its own and the world's wickedness

The attempt to exercise Flügelizing is as uncontrolled as making love dance to one's own tune.

Flügelization is fusing, assimilating in a debuctive spirit, i.e. the Flü-gell that is born is always in its own juice unique and thus best. *Every child is a welcome child.*

Cross-section of the Flügelizing point: a humpback whale open at every end, a surface full of leaking points. The whale lets out the air inside it and is fused with the air outside. The breathing of the world's breath, nothing stranger than that.

Flügelizing is methodically an attempt at simultaneous deduction and abduction, i.e. Elise's debuction. It is an intuitive act and its optimistic explanation. It is a hysterical game and the clever making it more serious into a liturgy that can stand up to social examination. A "secret garden" (by Burnett) that is mock-revealed. A middle stage of revealingness.

Research in natural science advances, producing new research and rejecting old, but is history in general built on the principle of progress? Perhaps some early, supposition-like overall concept, almost a joke, would be serviceable if it was transferred to a new, unusual context on which the latest knowledge throws light. *A joke as a conceptual truth, a joke which runs ahead of experience-based knowledge. A sausage has at least two ends. Do not always bite from the same end.*

Let us dig out for a change a text from an authority: for

example Wittgenstein's work "Über die Farben" is, as a reading experience, not only a philosopher's blast of questions – a philosopher who himself scarcely smeared a colour – but also a masterly collection of jokes. But these three hundred and fifty separate "sneezes" seem somewhat serious to the reader: Wittgenstein, 13.

"The wrong picture confuses, the right picture helps."

"Transparency painted in a picture produces its effect in a different way than opaqueness."

"Brown light. Suppose someone were to suggest that a traffic light be brown."

"A natural science of colours would have to report on their occurrence in nature, not on their essence. Its propositions would have to be temporal ones."

He who enquires, especially he who enquires from the authorities, truly always gets lost, for the guru seldom tells us what he really thinks.

Elise's on-going treatise seems to be an artist's equally prolonged scene of getting lost – an artist who is not willing logically to conceive one philosophical structure at a time, but in dilettante fashion constantly creates new concepts, whose relation to the previous ones remains partly unexplained, a haze hovering from tree to tree of the secret garden. Associative Flügelization as an excuse. And the gurus' sovereign obscurity.

To see the word "travel" wrongly as "Ravel" when one does not want to travel, arbitrarily using one's own selective brain prism and associating from there onward

in an unpredictable direction. To experience paranoia and survive one's paranoid experiences by *deconstructing, pragmatically utilizing and controlling by conscious un-systematicalness, in a word, Flügelizing.*

Harnessing the bad for a good purpose and vice versa. *One does not need to try to lessen the amount of badness in the world, if it is Flügelized as goodness.* The problem of badness cannot be removed, but one can react to it in several ways. Restraining the bad succeeds more quickly than removing it. Rabbit's balance-value theory! Man by nature strives towards the good; Aristotle and Plato also believed this. And is that such a tremendously long time ago? About 2000 and three hundred years ago.

Elise's Dissertation is thus obviously an idealistic and *fic-tive* poem rather than a matter-of-fact study, so that no revelations or documentary Self Portrait links to personal history appear. If anything that must be interpreted as documentary can be found, it has only melted into the material and reading by pure chance, and it can be read somewhere between the lines. Ball is Ball inseparably. The self-irony that appears here and there is just intertextualized self-love, and fundamentally poorly veiled narcissism and longing for praise. And what remains? Rabbit, Flügel and Ball. One is hard on oneself, hard on others.

It is strange as such that I have still not quite got to the point. Perhaps there is some purpose in all this. Or is the description of the "creative process" just this: constant defence, wondering, a tractor march of alternatives and *constant pulling the rug from under someone's (one's own)*

feet. Extremely slow, untrendy change, a woman's and an aboriginal's quiet, unintentional research. A description in itself of the same process, the same strawberry jam, which must be tasted, not just looked at.

"This quieter life...." Kierkegaard, see *Motto & Motto at the beginning of this book*.

What is significant in the artistic process is not how many kilos of yarn or working hours are wasted, by what method actors are chosen or what techniques are used in painting. Of course not. *In practice choices occur on the road of practice, by adopting from somewhere, by inventing oneself or somehow from oneself... intuitively.* That's it! Actually the technical side of the matter is not enormously interesting. It must be mastered.

What is most worthy of thought is what is the spiritual, psychological and physical state of emergency that releases the desire for Flügelistic doing. What I am at the moment, seeking consolation for life's absurdity, seems to be in the end bound to people and – shall I say – to mystical shadows rather than to visible Nature or the world of art, artefacts and junk. To something above passion and sense. The something generates inexplicable curiosity directed towards the transcendental, unusual motivation towards life, and through this desire/pleasure in producing art. To experience strange moments in everyday life, to continue fantasy moods in different directions, to enjoy unreal, sado-masochistic imaginative games! Elise and Rabbit do this too, in their own way. Sometimes we are all three so close to each other that we actually copy each others' movements, habits, expressions and dreams. If Rabbit takes up fencing, Elise wants to try how the sword at least feels in the hand. and I dream of a moon-silver sabre – hidden under the lowest step to the cellar.

All in all, Flügelizing *is seeing the idea of deconstructiveness in a gelatinous unconstructive state.* A new form of being is outlined from this state; a form that is desired or random, most often a compulsive combination of these, which is then gaped at as an achievement. An art crea-

tion. Rabbit and Elise are, however, one Flü-gell rather from coercion of fate than for any other reason, for they have constantly encountered that... that secret moment...



Human components of Flügelism

Concerning the ridiculousness of Flügelism

The artist often fears that he is only a clown. The fear is justified. The artist is often plagued by the desire to be consciously genuinely and genuinely consciously ridiculous, a double paradox?

Concerning the innocence of Flügelism

The innocent do not want all, but do not get even a little of what they want a bit. The Flügelist is mock-innocent.

Concerning the humour of Flügelism

The humorous angle occurs when something is separated from its context to another context so that a humorous angle occurs. Rabbit's contribution to Flügelism.

Concerning the sarcasm of Flügelism

Derisiveness as an obscuring and covering of personality is Flügelistic – a less flattering feature.

Concerning the wretchedness of Flügelism

The innocent must first curse his disability before anything begins to happen.

Concerning the seriousness and solemnness of Flügelism

The Flügelist is sensitive to wounding others both by chance and by accident, but poor at taking gibes himself... except in understanding gibes debuctively, i.e. optimistically wrongly.

Concerning the touchingness and shockingness of Flügelism

The Flügelistic source of power is disability-energy and

its ambiguous transference effect: can one be otherwise than touched by such people as Toulouse-Lautrec or Stephen Hawking or Charlie Chaplin, who must have been touched by themselves quite specially because they have set their energy in motion towards something... have comsublimated each his own tragedy to a divine degree.

Elise too has perhaps her own tragedy, which she builds up to the best of her ability to some degree, although it is still in inverse proportion immanent from the basis of transcendence = living in the world but not from the world, as Kierkegaard would say. Neglecting a disability, whether it is physical or psychological, when faced with larger questions, is a fortunate personal solution, especially if one comsublimates, i.e. the sublimation is conscious – indeed happy. *Neglecting and sublimating are both perceptive, positive solutions of the wise pessimist from his deepest being.*

Rural positiveness, positive idiot! Rabbit is a snob.

Concerning the quickness and slowness of Flügelism

Does the world change or do I change, and if so, which changes more slowly?

Concerning the superficiality and depth of Flügelism

Only sufficient gracia rises to the surface. Fat also rises to the surface.

Concerning the ambivalence of Flügelism

The whole Flügelism is in itself not only a paradox but also a crazy coincidence. A combination of a grand pi-

ano and a broken drawing hand.

Concerning the provocativeness of Flügelism

Provocation or trigger – Ingmar Bergman talks of the point of pain – which is any very small movement on the triangle physical – mental – spiritual, and which causes any very large movement on the triangle physical – mental – spiritual.

The Flügelistic look

A look may eat its way into someone's mind for a lifetime, leaving there a new, maybe more significant and more qualified *level of look...* A look of this kind is *a Flügelistic look*. It is a leap into a new existential level in the ball-like Web of Relations where "entities" remain the same. Only the place of the observing look, and thus the relations to entities change.

Relation of Flügelism to power and to its intelligentsia

Elise wants to remain marginal because she does not want any more "bad" than she has already caused... to anyone. Elise cannot abide exploitation or any notion of some mafia promoting themselves for example to a member of the intelligentsia in any circumstances. Elise is hopelessly earnest... in this sense a real Flügelist.

Concerning the direct sensuality and eroticism of Flügelism

Elise often finds herself among flamingoes and squids, so the matter must be considered seriously.

Woman, Elise, as a grand piano

Elise loves to be played on. Preferably Schubert.

Concerning Elise's self-irony and self-awareness

Elise can afford to dig Kierkegaard.

Concerning the artist's guilt and atonement

The artist is not guilty as long as he is able to feel guilt. He is not even guilty of his own hampering sensitivity. To possess parents is absolution for an artist.

Flügelism's love of misfortune

In favour of the misfortunes that may happen to the artist and man, it must be said that they are often the best possible explanation for failure, as is also a modest attitude towards success.

A rough constructive characterization of Flügelism

A kind of formula and its variations.

Relation of Flügelism to other production

The dark background of Flügelism is composed of the clearest entireties rising from the mist of my artistic production, "-isms":

Flight-from-reality National Romanticism

Revisionist Child-Culturism

Animals as People-ism

Universe-ism

Bagatelle-ism

Rabulism

Ball-Idiotism

Infantilism

Babylonism

Oceanism

Sophisticated-ism as an obsession with yarn

Apollonianism

Flügelism

From the marginal premises of Flügelistic orientation, I have intended to practise the observation of *Infantilistic*, *Babylonistic* and *Flügelistic* drawings from the following viewpoints: *the touching, the ridiculous, the revealing and*

the mostetic. To use more normal concepts: the artistic, *the psychological, the psycho-analytical and the ethical*. But this must wait for my next life. There just isn't time now.

All in all, Flügelism is, as it were, both the top and the base of the Sakkara pyramid of my production to date, the best and the worst, the first constructing and so far the last demolishing -ism; in this sense the greatest common denominator, the simultaneously kind and cruel Empress of the realm.

Now I must get this off my chest: obsession with the thought of individuality, all uncategoricalness and incomensurableness as my fate begins to seem over-ripe, though we are only halfway through the book. Moreover, it is frightening that instead of squatting on an island one is already moving here on an open, sometimes stormy sea, and (*Aristophanes*) there do not seem to be sufficient reasons for stopping ... To the last breath. – Interval.



Life worthy of human dignity begins with irony and ends with humour

In the spring of 1999 young art students were delicately making fun of the “secondary” level of cultural life: museum people, principals and editors, by painting their portraits just as they saw them subconsciously. Surprisingly civilized, half-careless and almost unconscious use of power, based on creativity and skill! A startling experience for the models themselves, if they noticed this irony.

Is art capable of being only beautiful? Hardly. Art, like life, when it appears to be only beautiful is not credible. Love too is sometimes so human, so human ... ghastly. Not beautiful. Childish, says philosopher Timo Airaksinen.

“Love is the greatest disaster of our time, because its childishness is really destructive. The plague called love is of course a different thing from the love that would be present in the best possible world or in heaven.” Airaksinen, 14.

The soulbrain du Pond tumbles into a full rubbish-bin, which the soulbrain du Bond picks over with a carving fork. A plague called love! Two pans of sauce get burnt and stick to the bottom on the gas ring. The dinner guests fuss about at the door, hiding the paper wrappings of the flowers they’ve brought in a corner ... Everything will perhaps turn out all right.

A merely aesthetic attitude to life is impossible or at least dubious. Without an ethical attitude and *without proper irony, life is limp and too taken for granted*. Even sharp irony is often veiled in the guise of affirmation.

For instance, there was a little piece of mock innocence at the end of a Finnish newscast on 23 October 1999,

the day when the judges had just disqualified the Finnish racing driver Mika Häkkinen in favour of a double victory for Ferrari. The bright children’s song, “The world is full of strange and wonderful things, astonished and amazed the little wanderer sings”, in the background of pictures of the Ferrari team, developed an irony almost giving the impression of a declaration of war.

A ridiculous, Ball-Flügel-Rabbit-like, mock-innocent disguise relieves Flügelistic irony, and the mutual pitiable, stationary development process of Rabbit and Elise. Hiding their heads in a bush.

The ironist has difficulty in loving himself, in loving the world generally, or then the feeling of loving is such an unrestrainable experience, demanding energy and tears, that taking shelter from it is absolutely sensible. Consenting to witness people’s touchingness and ridiculousness every day leads before long to a mental hospital – if there are any left!

The self-ironist witnesses his moral injustice by constantly pulling the rug from under his feet. Irony is indirect damaging – damaging oneself too. Having revenge on oneself.

On the other hand, self-irony is an Andy Warholian safe haven for one’s own ridiculousness. To manage to be ironic about oneself before someone else does it: there it is already, out in the open. The Belgian Amelie Nothom, who writes in French, sees all Belgian culture as depending on irony just to cover its ridiculousness – which is putting it pretty strongly.

Kierkegaard’s row of lamps: Hegel – Socrates – Christ, in this chronological order. Here we see the scenic railway of Kierkegaard’s train of thought: sense governs the world, enquiring is a skill, one sails through paradox to the lagoons of belief and mercy ...

Rabbit has been listening for once with his ears pricked up.

Can irony be beautiful? Beautifully ironized! *When we Flügelize irony, ethics and aesthetics, we leap to a completely new level of existence!* Shall we pass Kierkegaard in depth? Not drown in the swamp of denial, but enjoy every moment just because every moment contains everything possible! Well done, Elise! No complexes. But humour was forgotten!

Externally a very dirty deed is beautiful if it is sealed by a genuine heart. A genuine woolly heart is always beautiful. Pure wool. Rabbit.

Irony is also a kind of innocence, Kierkegaard proposes. Elise proposes *that irony is pretending innocence: unintentional innocence, the rapid perceiving of which becomes conscious and thus non-innocent, after which one must bring back genuine innocence, in other words pretend innocence again, after which one is unfortunately genuinely and properly innocent no longer*.

“The innocent want everything, but get nothing.” Oceania, 15. Good morning, I want to do a dissertation. Rabbit.

The last thesis of Kierkegaard’s dissertation: “As philosophy begins with doubt, life worthy of human dignity begins with irony,” Kierkegaard, 16. is a harsh demand, be-

cause by making it ridiculous it would annul the most beautiful and spontaneous feelings of life, the velvety brush-strokes of love and warmth... But there is no point in imagining that Kierkegaard was a hard guy; rather at bottom a humourist refined by suffering... Nietzsche was also ironic, laughed at people who tried to do good – and maybe for good reason. Kierkegaard, the uncompromising individual and subjectivist, ended up in the forgiving Christian faith, swallowing a sore paradox with simultaneous enjoyment and seriousness! The brainy Friedrich died like everyone else. Sören died too. Memorable that both were basically unusually animated machos.

Humour in the wrong situation takes away from human dignity, seriousness in the wrong situation becomes in a flash ridiculous. The humourist combines the tragedy and comedy of life, skilfully. The humourist is also the one who gives up halfway through, who – to adapt Kierkegaard freely: touches the secret of existence in suffering, and goes back home, thus leaving unused his chance of expanding. Is this expanding, taken further, possible for the ironist?

But what's the price? Rabbit, waving a packet of biscuits.

Rabbit does not yet know this kind of possibility of expanding very thoroughly, not to speak of his having had time to experience the absolute paradox of a choice situation repeatedly. So far Rabbit is paradoxically still quite abstract – though/because he is so naive. But what is being shaped in "Self Portrait" *is not absoluteness and denial as a goal, but love and humour, the ability to see relationships in place of queues, and to see resilience instead of uncompromisingness and tensions.* To perform spiral paddling on a trapeze.

Through immorality to morality. Through bad strangely to good, and through denial of love to loving? Cervantes' Don Quixote, the knight of the sorrowful countenance, serves his beloved Dorothea all the more passionately the further he rides from her... Rosinante was the name of the horse.

The ironist is, like the humourist, a realist who accepts real suffering, for instance his own feelings toward tactless unpleasantness and general badness. Kierkegaard's *imp of cleverness*, too clever by half, turns against himself – thus shaming him – through shame Phoenicizing to the heights. One must do everything one can to shame oneself first, and then...

Who do you say is bad? He who always wants to make others ashamed. There are better things to do here on the ball than walk around being ashamed. Rabbit is leafing carelessly through his notes on Nietzsche.

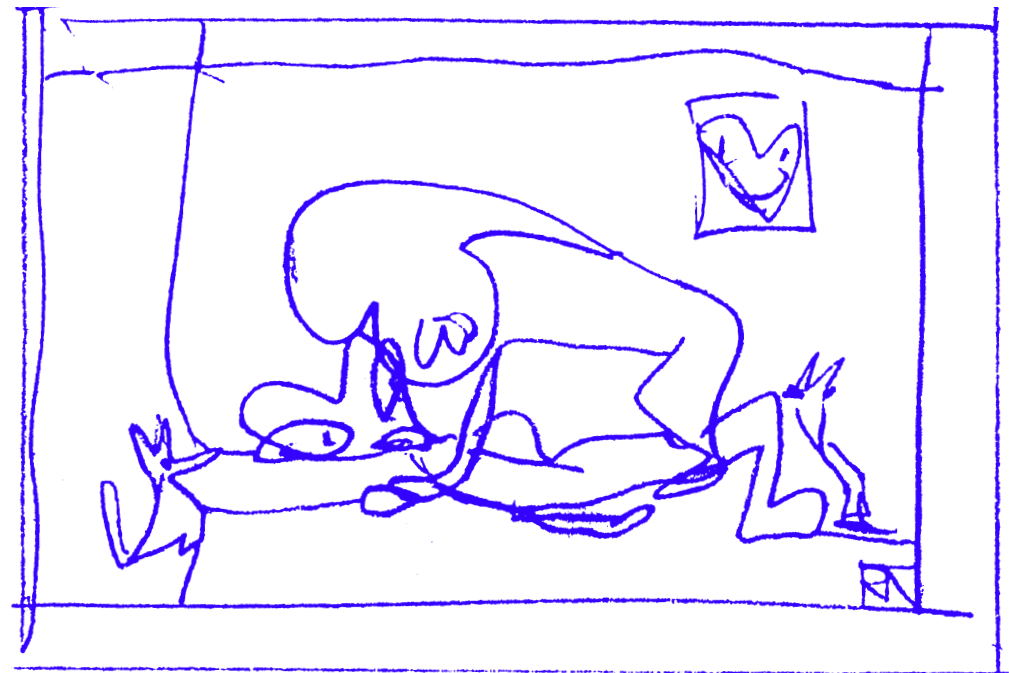
Nothing internalized. A return from irony through love, the misleading paths of conversion, ethics, religion, to humour! The genuine Flügelist always returns to humour and health whenever possible. From the ashes rises a muscular, free and non-allergic Phoenix-Cinderella.

Explaining a joke isn't generally much fun, but misunderstanding a joke is. As a matter of fact, a whole well of truth may be concealed in a surprising jest. Uncle Topelius, Finnish story-teller par excellence.

Truth hidden in humour is often *warmed-up truth. Humour is often a bit conservative, especially warm humour.* Only God is allowed to laugh really freely, man preferably is not.

To the advantage of humour, it must be said that it probably saves the world from many artists' suicides more effectively than irony, not to speak of saving it from overearnestness and self-pity.

A life worthy of human dignity starts from irony and ends in black humour. Rabbit.



Works of art as dreams of the community

According to Jung, dreams are from the collective subconscious. Jung's synchronism can if desired be seen as a pre-stage of **Ball – Flügel – Rabbit**.

Equally shyly *I say that art has the same compensating significance for the community as dreams have for individual members of the community*. Just as Jungian myths are collective dreams, works of art when successful are Oscar Wildean dreams of the community. In the past these art dreams have had an evident religious function. Freely to adapt Jean Cocteau: art has from the beginning been a pragmatic priesthood.

The public recounting of dreams has also been a kind of priesthood. Because I am the only witness of my own dreams, I can in reality invent all my dreams. To create magic, compensate my real life with invented dreams. *Comsublimate* my secret wishes into imaginary dreams. *Compensation and sublimating through art to dreams!* Synchronized autonomic-vegetative dreams seek solutions in the Web of Relations: real life – art – dreams?

Vegetables! Rabbit's getting excited.

Comsublimation is also from the start splitting the whole ball of life into invented problems, which are then consciously, compensatively comsublimated; *one patches up one's own blunders*. It is also self-centred exaggeration that stems from an inferiority complex and experiencing oneself as larger in every way than one perhaps is after all ... thinking that art is more radiant than it is an sich: an art review in a newspaper and art works in some museum of modern art, a stimulation in the imagination, a disappointment on the spot. Rabbit's getting tired.

Actually, in this skilful *over-imagining*, is indeed the core of which one could be proud: *the ability to expand a known reality to make it more juicy*. For the critic it is an immoderate gift for praising, and on the other hand a need to be domineering and nasty. In any case, the mighty power of the imagination. Artists deserve their talented critics.

Is there an essential difference in the development of the individual and the collective image? Is the individual more perceptive and more intelligent than the mass, or is the individual in closer contact with his subconscious than the convention-susceptible mass? The mass yields to the power of its wants like a baby; stupidity increases in a crowd/group, whereas the individual is coolly cognitive. It may just as well be vice versa. The individual dares to be creative with his wants and with just them, the mass is bothered by the burden of general opinion and ordinariness. The same collective myths, however, says Jung. The same dreams.

If we say that the individual's dreams are art, as dreams in the customary sense they would only change when the dreamer in his dream dreams that he is dreaming.

The one-eyed goblin in Aleksis Kivi's novel "Seven Brothers" is an *ironic-erotic collective dream and therapy-fantasy*; to some extent a Kierkegaardian creation. In this episode Kivi puts the powerful ambivalent feelings he experiences towards the other sex in the sexless *das* form of the goblin.

"Do not be afraid of me, sweet maiden, I am your friend and I'll bring you infinite joy if I but once can hold you in my embrace" ...

The maiden remembered the vow she had just made... and a strange agitation filled her mind... Kivi, 17.

Kivi realizes his fantasy by hypnotizing the maiden – effacing the problem:

"And then, with a horrid shriek the goblin dragged her off to his deepest cavern and sucked the blood from her right to the very last drop." Rabbit draws a parallel.

This internal episode of the novel is, in my pictorial interpretation of "Seven Brothers", "the best bit", and very popular with children. In this titbit, Kivi has succeeded in dressing sex, eroticism, romance, betrayal and sexual timidity in the form of a horror story, and on top of all this, vampire mysticism, so skilfully that even a critical child feels a primitive attraction towards it.

Art is the collective therapy-dream of the community. The dream is the individual's private art-therapy. This is the real variation of this Jungian theme.





Für Elis Socrates

Socrates believed that the ugly idealized beauty, giving an example from his own life, as he himself was ugly and idealized beauty.

Both the emotion and the object of the emotion are experienced with protective subjectivity. An attempt can be made to measure the experiencing of beauty by various psychological electrical tests, but it can hardly be said seriously *what feelings* the delicate perspiration rising to the surface or the expanding of the pupils really describe, otherwise than some feelings and their ambivalent hybridizations. How close in human life is, for example, love to imagination, creativity to lack of sense of proportion, impulsiveness to stupidity, spontaneity to personality disturbances, making love to jealousy and so on.

Alberoni, whose sociological viewpoint on the stages of the phenomenon of making love can be playfully transformed to Elise's creative process and ball philosophy, says that jealousy is not connected with making love, but it is connected with love. *Alberoni, 18*. How can he be so sure? Or is it really the case that in artistic work also the lowest stage of inventing is so pure, in a broad sense so abstract, that jealousy is impossible? Later, becoming more complicated, in the process, there begin to be elements of jealousy, even of oneself.

Separate feelings, crossness, desire to be mischievous... the measuring of these is questionable, for feelings are living hybrids and wedded to time, which is relative and living too, moving in every direction. Half a second/minute after the moment of measuring all may be quite different. Creativity depends here on this nerve-racking surprising-

ness. It gives birth to *art, which cannot be expected, and thus cannot be classified, or often even mentioned other than by the time-lag of the years*. Sometimes the few who are able to see new birth before their eyes, are nonchalant about it... Brutal locally-coloured power politics. Very little narratives.

Criteria for art cannot be set in advance. If such criteria are used, e.g. award criteria, the mediocre will easily be awarded. The safest thing is to say like Elise that art is like *a rigoletto* and almost like *a divertimento, an amusement and a cheerful joke*, which is a value in itself as a soft, maternal treatment for varying and flint-serious scientific philosophical standpoints. A gentle counter-weight – in this context of debucation-soul-body-love balance an incommensurable "side-effect-force" on the Nietzschean, cruel truth which strips man to the bone, accompanied by the narcissistic laugh of the Creator.

Indeed, I am afraid that Nietzsche's diamond-hard compulsion to speak the truth is only a semantic expression of a surprisingly weak self-awareness. The more passionately he tries to trot around among the gods on the mountains seeking truth, the worse he manages to stand still as a shock absorber for the random seed of truth falling to the ground.

Socrates too would very much like to have seen an individual, not a numerical mass but, for heaven's sake, what is this individual, soul or particle compilation, some frightful group work album or a fantasy of a Schopenhauer-style wilful being, who tragically never encounters the pearl he is fumbling for? Because, to adapt Nietzsche

freely: *whatever I say, it is either praised or criticized, perhaps quoted, but it is not understood*; I do not say that this individual is me who is a ball!

The ball game thus depends in some sense on the Aristotelian world picture: Everything to be perceived affects everything to be perceived. The most modern of modern metaphysics may explain one day where perception cannot yet reach. Before that, as I have said before, if I do not have a perception I make one.

Socrates was sufficiently wise to know that he did not know (I only know that I do not know anything...); also sufficiently intelligent to ask stupid questions, since which pretending to be stupid has become one of the most fundamental pillars of the art of putting in question.

Oh, if only I could reach again in my thoughts, through my imaginary creature Rabbit Carl Maria von Steinhägerkeller, a consoling unsocial abstract generalization, a mathematical formula, and – whoops – anew from a ball to a moulded componental and temperamental *Art-rabbit*? This is really an aesthetic setting of a problem. *Rabbit would visit the world of art in a satisfactory manner by putting a mark on himself, by theoreticizing himself as an artefact*. Rabbit would theoreticize himself to gain the approval of "the popes".

An impatient nature, thirsting headachingly for experience and love, without the slightest ability or wish to draw the line; throughout his whole existence troubled by an inexplicable desire to let his life grow like a wild garden where the strongest plants conquer while the less vital ones fall one after another to the earth, incubat-

ing as seeds for heaven knows how long, waiting to flourish anew.
And perhaps it is good so. Rabbit.

The value of process is determined by ability to function, additional value by error. Error, the seed of development, the seed-child in the cradle. Process is most frequently unpredictable, though the final result is to some degree known. Luck is almost always involved more or less, and is besides an equally paradoxical concept as soulbrain or ball or working-class dictator or middle-class cultural radicalism.

All the same, for example teleological ethics define a good or bad deed by means of some disqualification, such as for example the good fortune it achieves. It is not deeds that cause good fortune. Good fortune exists before deeds. He who does not experience luck, does not have luck, even if deeds with their prerequisites exist. What is "given" to anyone? Is luck a gift in the same sense as irresponsibility? *Know your irresponsible side and accept luck! Perhaps creativity too?*

The ambivalent and paranoid attitude to art and artists of the philosopher Socrates, who was originally a sculptor, is a hint at some sort of jealousy, if not actually *envy of the artist's creative ability, creativity which is said to be infantile, but which secretly hides knowledge within it. Quiet, touching, subconscious know-how? The unintentional "quiet" knowledge of women and aboriginal artists. Knowledge of itself from experience and work. Self-awareness.*



Für Elias Peirce

Ball – univalency...
Flügel – bivalency...
Rabbit – trivalency...

While Socrates seems at times to be bursting with feeling, Peirce experiences equally powerful analytical-physical revelations! I am tremendously fond of both these gentlemen. I would perhaps be even more fond of Peirce if he were a shade more passionate. But of course I cannot know, *know experience-wise, what is the knowledge-base that I want most generally to underline in this dissertation and in art.*

According to Peirce, freely interpreted, a new situation revealed by experience gained through physical compulsion or doing leads again to new situations of compulsory or voluntary doing. Hard days' facts. Do cause-and-effect relationships affect this? Elise tends, however, intuitively to depend on her "causeless", irresponsibly innocent Web of Relations setup, in which all the elements are in a timeless and placeless relationship to one another, to the extent that cause-effect relationships cannot be traced. And perhaps, sad in itself, not the fundamental motives for producing art either.

At all events, change is possible and perhaps even inevitable, through some physically compelling force. I do not go on working from a poor sketch, if something better, based on it, comes up. Or do I go on all the same? Is there after all subconsciously something more exciting in the worse sketch? On the other hand, errors of judgement and mental aberrations are commonplace.

External compulsion: an injured hand or obvious, physical evidence, e.g. placebo tests revealed as calcium tablet bluff, makes a person *think differently*. Seeing the daily wriggles of silver string-slim stars on the TV makes

one feel the need to shrink oneself. The success of the neighbour's child in the church club drawing competition arouses a need for heaven knows what. A physical-mental impetus. Generally speaking, *what is made visible cannot be visibly unmade*. In this sense works have their own fateful tendency to affect what is done afterwards. More fateful than what is secretly "only" thought?

I shall take an example – roughly adapting a semiotic context – from the last Italian comedy of Mozart and the librettist da Ponte, the mildly cynical opera *Così fan Tutte, or the School for Lovers*, in which people, by fingering too uninhibitedly the slumbering Moira, Fate, awake her to surprising activity, and their lives undergo a decisively new turn:

Two noblemen decide to test the fidelity of their fiancées by disguising themselves as seducers. The result of the test, intended as a mere jest, proves contrary to expectation a shock. As a consequence of this animated buffo, the weddings do take place, but the couples have changed, and the tragi-comic final result of the test, though happy in part, has badly shaken everyone taking part.

Is it fate or the characters themselves who are aroused to action? The reasons for this apparently capricious trick may be a variety of secret underlying motives and irrational desires, each crazier than the last; but in the final analysis is it only physical deeds, real action, that change the noblemen's former concepts of their fiancées, pointing to a new direction, changing their lives? Imagination and belief hold their own until "physical" reality opens their gneiss-grey male eyes.

They've imagined what had all the time been a window to be a door. Right in place of left and vice versa. Rabbit.

This is, thus, a hard-fact example put into a human fiction, and the supposed action takes place before new belief. Or is it that the action, which has become compulsive, is also that thing called thought which paddles us forward in the internal heaps of cells, in the quite unknown reed-beds of quarks, where E.T.-like frogs and Venus-like princesses meet each other in strange circumstances! The power of imagination. Fantasy before thought.

An interesting question is what is the test – which is never noticed to be a test, and which nevertheless changes the course of life irrevocably? A secret fact? The internal tests of art are largely secret, and brazenly revealing them may tear apart the art veiling the tests. In the same way as the process, by describing itself, itself consumes itself, and the more unconsciously, the more greedily. More vulgarly.

What would this moving away from the accustomed ways of action mean on the mental or even soul-intelligence, "ball" side? What would it mean from the viewpoint of the soul, what from the viewpoint of the particle? – most people do not want to bother to think, and I understand that.

Is a look lasting a fraction of a second physics or does it belong to the department of the soul? What in fact is the surprising, noble deed of the antagonist, which outflanks social aesthetics, normal double morality, kindling a momentary ray from worlds unknown to cosmic laws? Does a movement of this kind have the power to submit a man

to a real change of mind? *How long in general must the action* last in order for it to be called an action? Is a moment sufficient? And does art have the capacity for conversion of this kind? To see when you are twenty Flaherty's storm document "Man of Aran" and surrender to independent art for the rest of your life!

More researchers of strange phenomena begin, after the Dänik UFO (in the seventies) and many others following, to appear in corners than writers of dissertations (and there are too many of them as well), but nevertheless nobody can clearly say whether really violent changes in consciousness are a sign of a healthy brain or a sick mind. Appearing in an unusual, super-alert state of consciousness in an "everyday" situation makes anyone deviate from his environment, and in this context mad.

The equation is solved socially by a Dostoyevskian double life, by acting mainly normally and deliberately madly. Perhaps, but this requires both the gifts of a juggler and the possibility of an independent use of time. The setup often leads, however, to a one life reclusiveness, a non-actable state, in which the whisper of the actors' lines is covered by the song of the birds...

In spite of everything, I may imagine that a collision inside the head, occurring in the consciousness, can be an at least equally hard fact-like, mobilizing force as a collision in the physical world. An angel appears to a rabbit – although in rabbit-wear. A collision inside the head? Moira? No, it is Elise's joke-test, of which no more. *Whatever man may not have, at least he has the freedom to mock himself.*

Rabbit's vision, a mobilizing experience, which finally made him restless for the rest of his life, was some vision caused by a surgical operation under anesthetics:

Before me is a rather large clock, its pendulum swinging regularly and steadily back and forth. Suddenly, without any resonance, it stops midway. At the same moment I dive into a deep, deep well, a tunnel... but a dark woman dressed in white, pressing my arm,

pulls me back. I ask: Am I so bad that I must go so deep? Not at all, says the beautiful woman. If you were bad, you would be going really fast... Perhaps everything was a dream? The wine they gave me at the hospital was only water, the angel just a stretched sheet? This is not to undermine the spiritual. Rabbit Carl Maria.

After his dream Rabbit has seriously wondered whether one can be faced not only by external compulsion but also by internal compulsion, in all its most impossible significance: some mysterious power in the first place makes Rabbit experience and do incomprehensible things, without perceptible or explicable external compulsion? Why does some colour combination fill him with joy? Quite physically! Why does he cut out a bit of the pullover of the boy sitting in front of him in his primary school class? Why does he say thank you when he ought to say good morning? Ask Freud about error functions.

Once in Elise's work room, talking about this and that, Rabbit could suddenly no longer realize which end of the room he was sitting at. It was as if he was on a roundabout, and remembering the situation afterwards, the roundabout phenomenon is renewed as if it were present again in reality. Although Elise had, mind you, a very powerful effect that evening; she was really pushfully electric... though melancholy.

But all the same: the fact remained uppermost that points of direction vanished. *Where and why? Perception or mystery?* Rabbit's question is unusually relevant, a good *secret fact* research question, which has hardly passed through anyone's mind yet.



Secret fact

Secret experiencing is the basic emotion which is dormant near the cradle of real science. Says Albert Einstein, but a lady never quotes word for word. Rabbit.

Everything affects everything. I draw a figure and it seems surprisingly familiar. I did not know I was drawing him. He/ a character/ a figure/ a profile just appeared. *A distant hard fact, meeting, had perhaps changed into an internal picture.* What is this mechanism that changes an original, somewhat special physical-spiritual sensory perception to an internal picture, material for the use of art and a new physical form of being/ state? *A secret fact? That something which is a complete reorganized Web of Relations and general effect, rather than some quality in itself.*

I profoundly wonder where and when I have physically met, for example, Rabbit Carl Maria. Or have I ever met him, examined his profile or looked into his wise eyes? In a ghost train?

Could one imagine almost unconscious messages, visions and dreams "from the other side" as being equally concrete, equally impelling, and are just these secret facts actually more primary in art than merely sensory ideas? Or is it that what we imagine sensorily is much more?

Plato pleasantly divided his world into two balls: the idea world and the sense world. Elise has a compelling need to make two or more round lumps into one. If the physical is to be understood in a theoretical form, then equally abstract theories are to be understood physically. From a semiotic context I can very well examine human comedies (Così fan Tutte) or tragedies (Ring of the Nibelung)

and form space geometrical equations from sensory perceptions, as the ancient cosmologists did.

Rabbit: Flügel: Ball = 1 : 1 : 1 = 1.

Whoa! It is surely high time to define in earnest the Flügelistic relation of spirit to material. The Grim Reaper effect. Perhaps I should give up defining, and thus prevent embarrassing constructions, doing other than I should, or rather leaving it completely undone, as seems be the general rule here, and in the final analysis perhaps artistically the purest choice. If I cannot go to London because I get spat on there, and cannot go away from here because I do not have the money to travel, *I stay where I am.* Free adaptation of a line of Oscar Wilde's, from David Hare's (David Rabbit's) play "The Judas Kiss".

Wittgenstein gave up philosophy in evident frustration at its absurdity, and he was by no means the only one. He who fiddles around today with his own philosophy is already packing his baggage.

I beg your pardon. I never promised you a hare garden. Rabbit.



Association, variation and meta-variation

Variatio delectat – variety is the jest of life

Experience is an associative variation of some previous experience. A work of art is an associative variation of a Web of Relations covering all life's phenomena.

Association = an invisible Asses' Bridge between two points. Rabbit.

"Association laws

1. Association coming from contact

– association law of simultaneity

– association law of series or sequence

– association law of similarity

– association law of contrast

2. Association caused by repetition

-association law of recentness

– association law of frequency

3. Association law of powerfulness of phenomena

4. Field-theoretical method of examination (dynamic total field, thought as a phenomenon of understanding and describing)

Science of the soul, review guide 1961." Lehtovaara, 19.

I love him ... as an uncle.

Association is the spiritual event in which one mental image is linked to another or tunes to the other to a previously linked mental image. In associations, sensory perception, introspective thought-perception, thought and action and the subconscious memory are combined. In any order whatsoever. There are no hierarchical chains, but only Webs of Relations. Looked at through Elise's obsession with yarn, existence is like an infinite ball, pressed together from infinitely small pieces of yarn which can hardly

be called (time) segments any more.

Variation, adaptation, modification is the repetition of a pictorial, musical, whatever thought in a modified form. In mathematics, calculus of variations is the area of analysis studying certain integral extreme value functions. The point grows so small that we can no longer see it ...

Aber was ist diese Variation? Diese Variation ist nicht die Variation da. Aber wir können eine Asebrücke gegen eine andere bauen. Rabbit.

The relation of a variation to a theme = a visible Asses' Bridge. Rabbit.

The creative and flexibly integrative person sees and accepts Asses' Bridges more than the average. Association and variation are the rock foundations of artistic work. In a violent process these "foundations" disturb each other so much that the artist, watching these goings-on from the side, should be ordered to rest in bed.

Peirce speaks of *compulsiveness which is only being transferred from a diadic state* that can be realized in a way to a triadic state, which finally makes change possible, so to speak a kind of variation from the previous state. Peirce does not perhaps realize, or perhaps in fact does realize, that for Elise it is not so simple to move from one state to another just like that, since *innumerable different associations and potential variations are spooking around in one's head simultaneously*. The ball is too present. A constant sizzling in its internal jungle.

In Flügelism, *compulsiveness is nevertheless a key word along with non-compulsiveness*. A compulsive appeal to

the non-compulsive. One must perceive the canon of knife and fork to be able to eat with unshaking fingers.

The anthropological, infinite ball of Flügelism is a timeless and loose, sizzling and pulsing construction, in which seeing and experiencing both similarity and dissimilarity is deeply personal, and dependent on momentary factors like mobility of thought, abundance of mental images, motivation, intelligence, inhibition, resilience, strength of the ego, degree of self-deception and so on, ad infinitum. Instead of similarity and dissimilarity, one prefers to see association and variation.

The Flügelist is planted in the dualist's place.



Comsublimation, one variation of the art of living

The long essay called "Elise's Dissertation" can be interpreted as a consideration of *what the artistic process is as a substance of the soul*. The word "soul" already betrays the fact that "normal" researchability is gently eliminated here to an adjacent store cupboard, perhaps a transparent one, so that we can look in the mirror together with Rabbit from time to time...

Comsublimation is a variation of the psychoanalytical terms compensation and sublimation. Compensation is replacing, substitution, offsetting a deficiency by developing another characteristic. Sublimation means diverting energy (of primitive impulse) into culturally higher activity. In physics sublimation is also evaporation, converting substance from solid state directly to its vapour.

But what we are most interested in here is the variational comsublimation of love, eroticism and sex into work. We are interested in the eternal presence of the artist's tendency to become sublimated, the shadow which – without requesting permission – follows him wherever he goes, from any one margin to any other margin whatsoever.

Das ist so gar nicht einfach aber mystisch, and sex is the most mysterious thing of all, cries Rabbit.

So now present pictorial art examples of the theme... Isn't it better not to talk about pictures at all?

We are also interested in the opposite: the comsublimation of work into falling in love and love. We are interested in the appearance of falling in love and love transposed in real life to variations of work, and also as variations of some earlier love affair into work, however one

wishes to explain the matter to oneself. Du Pond et du Bond.

A well-known, fine artist spreads mould in various ways, encrusts surfaces *with mould* in an art museum. In grandma's cellar, jars of jam *go mouldy by themselves*. Varying and becoming varied, comsublimating and becoming comsublimated. Loving and falling in love. Conscious work and inspiration, damage and accident. *My name is Bomb.*

The state of falling in love releases associations. Excessive falling in love with work, too many associations, or associations too distant from one another, release over-creativity and excess energy. *The mastery of one's own over-creativity and excessive impulse energy is the most difficult human relation pattern for many artists.*

Elise's method of controlling the situation is to make herself as early as possible as conscious as possible of her possible compensatory sublimations and their tricky variations. To ask herself the same thing as she should ask the reader: why do I sublimate and what? This is, to tell the truth, Elise's primary way of thinking: *conscious advance comsublimation*, whose task is chiefly to pacify and relax the anxious artist before the real act of producing art plus the tears after the act. To pull the rug from under before the wind blows it away. Hyper-production in art is not a question of cowardice, but a state of positive sensitivity and *the simultaneous control of innumerable angles, not the abandoning of them – until everything clicks happily into place.*

The idea of variation is a horrifying world of endless alternatives. *Variation niet delectat*, variety is the bane of life? Choice also becomes difficult if we keep on thinking things over too long.

Right, now estimate how long. Rabbit.

Variations of a variation of the process of falling in love with work. The corresponding unpredictable variations of a variation. The interwoven metavariations of art and real life. Empty words, which nevertheless give an indisputable picture of the power of becoming varied. The energy of associations and variations is quite immeasurable. The common denominator is imagination. Or soulbrain? A serious matter in the midst of the melancholy eternal sighing of an incomprehensible world?

It is always a question of variations of variations and the gloomy shadows hanging over them (Jung). Themes are only swellings of variations. Rabbit.



Irresponsibility as an initial source of creativity

Intentional variation is known in advance. Unintentional variation is born from unintentional knowledge, because of accident.

Love of accident gives birth to splendid unintentional variations to be worked on in an intentional spirit. This happens constantly: the wrong colour is better than the planned one, so let us use the wrong colour. A mess-up in a line forces one to make the whole line thicker – a better solution. Cleaning text off a machine by mistake acts as a censor – thank the Lord. Sitcom in cooking. In playing. In talking. The same business. Nothing more to it. Bright debuctiveness, which does not however compensate for skill and vision.

Is intentional variation ever independent of its “mother”? Is an unintentional variation free from its “mother” from birth? Or vice versa? Which is the more remote variation? Which is more irresponsible, more “divine”? Untamed, wild unintentional variation? Perhaps.

“...everything that Plato, Marcus Aurelius, Schopenhauer and Pascal have told us cannot to the slightest degree affect the treasure chest of unconsciousness, for a silent child is a thousand times wiser than the speech-making Marcus Aurelius ... But whatever the case, not a single thought from a single soul ever vanishes from existence, and who knows how many of us live depending on thoughts that have never been expressed. There are many steps in our consciousness, and the greatest wise men nurse only that part of our consciousness which is almost unconscious, because it is this that will become divine.” Maeterlinck, 20.

An exemplary parallel with Freud’s sculpturing of the mind: *unconscious – preconscious – conscious. Elise’s ver-*

sion includes recovery, “reversing” to the subconscious state, the reünconscious, which can also be characterized by the concept of the transcendental or the equally vague Freudian regression. Goleman, 21.

The same pattern: Rabbit explains his dreams and his subconscious visions in order to reach a *conscious* state, then he gets confused again in an abstract fog and finally reverses again to a *state of irresponsibility, the reünconscious*. The circle is closed.

Or, the fog cloud – some sort of an omen of an omen – resembles the *unconscious* state, the omen state resembles the *preconscious*, and the taking of the omen as real resembles the *conscious* state – after which follows a sinking into the fog cloud again, the blessed *reünconscious* state. Nebula. Tabula rasa.

The state of Elise’s innocent irresponsibility, resembling a transcendental state, is the first prerequisite of all for *Elise’s hyper-creativity*: Elise says or draws, or irresponsibility does, something which she has not meant to do at all, but which considered afterward interprets just what she fundamentally means.

Thus Elise does not use disguises, because she does not manage to join in the fun before her subconscious self. Elise is not in the way of her subconscious self, she is not a hindrance, a censor. Due to her slowness. This is the absolute paradox of the spontaneous person.

Unconscious, preconscious, conscious, back via preconscious to irresponsibly reünconscious. *Ball – Flügel – Rabbit – Flügel – Ball*. That’s it! Theme, variation, variation

of a variation and *conscious return as a theme* via variation of a variation of a variation. *Conscious theme or unconscious variation, which in the end comes first?* Thrice, my Rabbit, will I deny you. Love is cruel, because it seeks challenges. I repeat.

The fundamental question is: how long can this reversing be conscious? Unconsciousness and endless seeking, subconscious enquiring after unreal twittering belong to the existence of the transcendental as well as of irresponsibility. Is it possible *even afterwards to become conscious of whether a certain lived moment has been really transcendental and blessedly irresponsible?*

Is a new insight thus born according to Elise, in a state of irresponsibility? Some too new or unpleasant thing is observed at first subconsciously, after which the observation – having gone through a number of different censors – pops up through the pre-conscious to the conscious, and via this to the field of perception. The green colour of the lime tree is nauseating at first; after a year it has become your favourite colour. Silly, incomprehensible nasty cracks are revealed as a shy sign of affection. In art too, unpleasantness in particular can be a signal worth noticing. Though not always necessarily.

Surprisingly, Charles Peirce peers out from his lighthouse: an object has been observed, e.g. a criticism of one’s own self, like for instance some one saying, “You’re a pain in the neck!”, *the objective meaning* of which keeps bothering you. Becoming unhappy acts as *the interpretant*, a call to the person and asking why acts as *response and procedure*. Would this be the best possible, the most

elucidating way of dealing with the matter? Rabbit nods, because he does not understand that misunderstanding is the rule.

A woman giving birth goes through a process, the end point of which is catharsis – a child. After this the organs *regress, recover, so to speak reverse* from the birth to their earlier state, which resembles more the initial situation of the nine months' process than the final stage of the process. In the end the change in the state before and after is relatively small. Two or three kilos. We hope.

For "Self Portrait", the intentional, pertinent plan is changed in the preparation like an unrestrainable force of nature to an almost unintentionally absurd process which must be accepted as if it were a pleasant prolonged catharsis – fate.

Ball is a conscious plane, Flügel an imprecise protest of the pre-conscious, and Rabbit an unconscious complete lunatic, who to everyone's surprise speaks wisdom, to be crushed again under social pressure to a completely sane – ball. *Ball represents mathematics, Flügel art and Rabbit philosophy. There it is. Can I make my three-legged-stool tenet look any nicer than this?*

A variation cycle as intentional; the varying end of a circle as unintentional. A varied circle event as implementational! *The dimly visible final result is a distant variation of the starting point., though originally the start and the end were believed to be the same, and the intermediate stage – i.e. the process – only unimportant padding. Does Gadamer's spiral beat Mika Häkkinen's race track? What is surprising may well be true.*



Variatio delactat, intentional and unintentional variations

"I say loudly this BALL,..." Giovanna, 22.

An intentional variation is a consciously-made, intentional choice. It is a choice from among a group of potential choices, from which groups are further chosen and so on ad infinitum. An intentional variation easily observes a pattern, although it is possible to vary pragmatically from any element or context whatsoever to any element or context whatsoever.

An unintentional variation is a secret choice motivated and performed by the subconscious. An unintentional variation is closer to association than an intentional one. An unintentional variation is like an unintentional, chance happening, a fortunate variant. The Treasure of the Humble.

Let us take the first word to come to mind, *Flügel*, and decide to associate it further: to fly, wing, angel, sheet. Sheet? What can I use it for? Transition: toga, Parmenides. Transition: I present my newest work dressed in a toga with Parmesan cheese in my hair. I dress the Alsatian dog Pontus von Steinhägerkeller in a toga, and I have drawn pictures of bones on it with a messy magic marker, point plus line plus point = bone; let the dog appear on my behalf... in spite of my self-assurance I may get nervous.

At what point does the conscious variation become an unintentional association or vice versa? The question is a good one. The example above is a halting one. Elise is sorry.

In art a variation of a variation, a metavariation, is a carefully-made adaptation of many imagined and real choice

situations, one of very many possibilities of possibilities: sometimes a very light work of art, as the result of a very bulky variation process. Yves Klein's yvesklein-blue surface?

A surprising creation, a revealing gesture, a touching laugh or a light smile producing happiness... all meta-variations from real life. Moving from one place to another is a shock. A cultural shock, a friendliness shock. Returning from North Africa to the colour range of southern Finland is a shock. The new environment is *a subjective variation of the previous environment; the subject being the connecting link.* Thus by Asses' Bridging one can smooth over even serious contrasts and create understanding and balance. In art, culture, life. The public interpreting the artist's trauma for him. The individual acting as an *Asses' Bridge between different cultures.*

The degree of strength of feeling qualifies choice, not only the choice in itself. Here Elise agrees with Kierkegaard. The passionateness of the choice and the feeling revealed in it can also be expressed as a passionate act contrary to what is supposed. *Some book may arouse one's feelings so intensively that one cannot even bear to touch it.* So the magic will not be shattered. Jumping on the ultimate edge of the stigma.

Love may also be so far thought out, "varied" and qualified that it rejects the loved one to save her/him from him-/herself. Love does not consent but chooses. It tears itself free to escape from too serious counter-love, in order to avoid being wounded or changed, to preserve its self... One ends up leaving the idea of a romantic swing and

coming rather boringly to debuccation and balance. An intuitive act, and explaining it for the best! It is sensible to be content with the solution. Elise puts the seal on the matter by reciting from memory one of Goethe's poems in English:

*... I would pick it,
When I heard it sigh:
"Am I to be picked
Only to die?"
... I dug its roots up
Out of the loam
And took it to*

*My garden at home.
I planted it
In that quiet place:
Now it blooms and smiles
With its fair face.*

*It is a beautiful poem, but is it really suitable in this context?
Rabbit.*

It is indeed, because the person in the poem just performed a conservative and pragmatic debuccation. The radical-ethical act would have been to leave the flower where it was.

Being varied as an extensivel manifestation of life, as a constant cat-and-mouse game between subject and object, where chance intervenes when you least expect it! The air full of purely unholistic themes, even though desire is directed towards a whole and undamaged ball! What you most want you get least. For example appreciation.

The cosmos of the imagination and its vigorous reduction. Comsublimation as a method of prettifying everything you come across... the criminal projecting of feelings to a ball... always only motifs. I called because I thought of begging for a little friendly word. Everything seems kind of a waste of time. The sad thing is that it's just that little friendly word which is hardest to get. Big words you can always get. Rabbit.



ÜBER DAS ZEICHNEN

How does the hand draw through the eye, and how does the eye draw without the hand? On the variational nature of Rabbit's trauma

Professionals use their brains... amateurs, hurrah, their hands! Despite and because of this, practice is the alpha and omega of everything. *Only when the brain sees the line the charcoal has drawn more or less with the eye of the soul*, drawn with the eye of the brainsoul, has something essential been achieved. The genuine professional draws with his eyes, his hands, his body and his *brainsoul*. True, the most important thing does not ever need to be said, to be drawn. It is enough when it is what it is. That's what Rabbit's after too. But oh, how?

What happens when both the spiritus and the habitus of a work are changed? From a heavy wool relief a quick sketch is born. A live model is transformed into a drawing of a live model. Is the variation rather an invisible spiritual version than a visible material version? Is the variation distant from or near to its departure point? Everything depends on how close the tines of the thinker's fork are to each other. We are dealing with subjectivism here, most definitely.

Ball, Flügel, Rabbit, Flügel, Rabbit, Ball... Variations, from the abstract to the figurative and vice versa. The boomerang returns from even the most distant variations at some point as if it has become detached from its body. Whoops, sorry, have I started saying hello to myself even when I am awake?

Rabbit gets a floral tribute that makes him shiver. He is shocked to the bottom of his heart to such an extent that he starts over-excitedly to prepare as successful as possible a return tribute, which then becomes exceptional, filed to a hyper-creative state, completely unrestrain-

able, almost mythical and vulnerable to all sorts of misunderstanding, perhaps only kindly understandable to the gods, an unintentional animal tribute... *an innocent wolf*.

Irresponsibility is divinity furnished with unintentional humour.

In the older classical music we run into the severe variation (Schubert, Chopin) and the free variation (Bach). In her breast pocket Elise also has *an inspirational and improvisational free variation achieved by an Asses' Bridge*. *The absolute aristocrats among various kinds of free variations are performances by chance wrongly heard, written or published*, which may to everyone's surprise leap forth as marble-hard classics.

An example, aleatoric in every way, from the architecture of music: *The mute pipes sometimes used in the facades of organs are unsound ornamentation. There should be soundless ornamentation.*

Rabbit's trauma represents in all its drawability a non-aleatoric, more perceptive and pragmatic way of producing variations, if it is compared for example with the infantilist "Babylonia" drawings, which were clearly born more by chance, where variationalness was not necessarily sought, but which were only scribbled in a distracted state, and the variations were constantly being born. The themes were *varying themselves*.

The series of drawings differ from each other in style also; *the baby-like, aleatoric and infantilist Babylonia, and the slightly more realistic, more human Flügel-rabbit*, but whether this is because the drawer, in making Rabbit, has

had in mind the idea of variation, or whether there has been some other compelling reason or fateful retrogression, is hard to determine plausibly. Probably the pictures would look different even if they had not been influenced by the requirements of a dissertation. A completely impossible subject for consideration. Besides, I do not believe in causality. Even in a self-cock-of-the-roost fictive "context".



Pictcourse Elise's drawing-type language game

Pictcourse is a drawing-type language game, a variational Web of Relations, in which drawing produces hermeneutically more drawings and again more drawing and drawings, until one is in quite a predicament with them.

Pictcourse is the drawing equivalent of discourse. Discourse comes from the Latin *discursus* and means "running back and forth". Pictcourse is a completely value-free concept.

Pictcourse may be purely a state of mind, drawing in the air.

Rabbit, whatever are you doing in the bathroom?

In Elise's Dissertation's "Intermezzo" drawings, a pleasing Rabbit figure and his music-making is varied subtly and half-consciously. Certain *visual symbols* that have appeared in the beginning, such as a *moon*, which is really an archetype, a *metronome*, which at a general level can be considered a symbol or a *shower-cap*, which in turn is a pretty familiar symbol, are used as the drawing progresses, both uncontrolledly and "intentionally". And here at once is the core. Does anything exist consciously, *willingly drawn, that is not a bit dead at birth, mummy-like?* Isn't the aimed-for and highest degree of the drawn impression *terribilata, light, living and unforced in the Japanese style, as if born by itself? Of the soul.*

Soulful. Like in the old days. Rabbit.

Elise has swanked for a long time *with her soulbrain, her hyper-creativity, her debucation, her comsublimation, her irresponsibility...* She seems, in spite of her basic irony towards herself, to believe that there exists some higher-

level creativity, a soulbrain, which is able to appraise, even command her subconscious, her "dark" self, which would otherwise do – and does – everything without asking leave, as if Flügelizing good and bad off-hand, exceeding considerable limits without noticing. Extremely paradoxical! *A divine chance-bright hyper-creativity manipulating the dark irresponsible subconscious!* Does either – or perhaps both – represent Jung's collective subconscious, in which there are many more relationships, like composition elements, than in one subconscious?

We come to an interesting question: *is the aim of self-awareness in research introspection really to be sought at all? Is this kind of endeavour completely wrong? Perhaps not only too much endeavour to achieve cognitive knowledge, and through this reflection and analysis of experience, but also the endeavour to achieve too much awareness petrifies the natural course of insight.* Generalized knowledge beforehand of, for example, the average pattern of falling in love, or the mechanisms of the mother-child relationship, only squeeze the juice out of a unique autobiographical event. Excess perception as a psychophysical perspiration problem?

But although life itself is always more interesting than anything else, let us get back to the visual symbolism of a series of drawings: at the beginning these symbols and their variants appear in the drawings spontaneously, as in earlier works, but with the process one begins to place them with pursed lips consciously also. Does this *conscious pressure to variate now start to produce a less fresh, too smooth effect?* A familiar question. This may happen, but the fluency of the product can also have

a professionally spontaneous effect; it is simple but not polished like a trademark. But the revealing uncertainty wrinkle of sensitivity, the puckering of birth, the most lovable feature, has perhaps been ironed away ... The baby-with-the-bathwater syndrome.

In a fortunate case, the *habituating of hand, eye and brain to a rapid performance* begins to produce an attractive drawing effect, like an independent run on paper by the drawer, which is like ... the ideal self, perhaps the real, better self, peering out from the labyrinthian depths. The more virtuous Ms. Virtue, from Ms. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde? Forgive these childish word-emissions.

We reach Asebrüchlichweise to the selves of the central motif in Rabbit's work, the "I's", the eggs, the balls, the eye-balls. *A glance into the innermost multi-selfness. As a paradox.*

Really, by what right is there always polarization, when there could just as well be juxtaposition, which is a much nicer word? Why oppose, when one can just as well be side by side? Rabbit as a peaceful wallflower at a barn-dance.

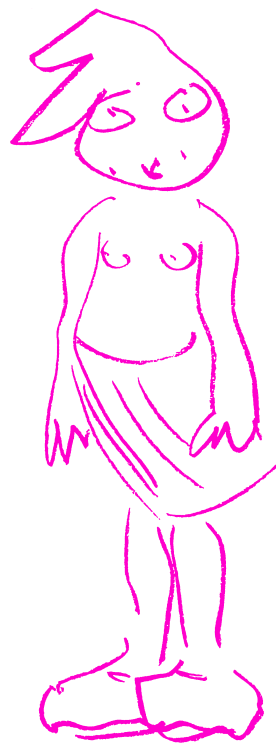
The artist, drawer-Rabbit, is in constant holistic interaction with himself, mostly divided into at least two pseudonyms, even more heteronyms and at the most into an unending ... An angry – good-tempered – indifferent self. A kind self – unkind self – repentant self. Elise-self, Rabbit-self, plus the unpredictable relation between them. *A triple-being! A warning triangle!*

The artist constantly masks reality as something else, in which he himself wanders day after day. Should I tell an-

ecdotes about other artists? I should wrong them unintentionally. Should I describe my own mask games? I should wrong myself. The impossibility of profound Portraits.

The Elise-drawer is more on her guard: Elise = clearing the bar? The Rabbit-drawer does not have control like this: Rabbit = knocking off the bar? *Elise = anima. Rabbit = animus. Elise's relation to Rabbit is the missing link, the third sex. How then does this differ from androgyny?* That's a good question. Because this third form of being cannot be categorized into any sex. It is a spiritual Flügelization, in which everything is everything. No point of view! *We are thus anarchically in the midst of a mystery, in which orgasm is democratically one and the same for all.*

It is simplifying matters to imagine that even the most schizophrenic artist-self could only be divided into two. Elise and Rabbit are not in a Dostoyevskian way doubles of each other, mirrors of each other, either. The setup *Elise : Rabbit* isn't in any form a schizophrenic relation, but a relation which is part of an extremely involved Web of Relations of relations, a meta-Web of Relations. Good self-esteem self – bad self-esteem self – moderate self-esteem self – empty nature – broken nature – complete nature – expectant, excited – light – upset – embarrassed – without self-esteem – self-important, in a word *a multi-persona that cannot be categorized... which can be seen also in the use of line.* A genuine line is always unique, inimitable. *Even one's own gracia line is inimitable?*



Etwas mehr über das Zeichnen

The hand acts, the head draws, and the heart beats alongside. All lines are secretly emotional. Secretly in that the most revealing line conceals behind it something that one cannot even seek when one has thought that the most important thing has already been found.

The way a line acts is vitally affected by how the pencil is held in the hand, how the knife for sharpening the pencil is held in the hand, how the pencil is touched, how the pencil feels, what it looks like, its colour and size; how nice, friendly or semi-sickening the people you have met recently have been, what horrors you have experienced directly or indirectly, how well you have slept, made love, read something from the Bible, eaten; what dreams you have had, and what dreams you have acted during the course of the day.

Compared with these basic things, the art pedagogical dimension, unless it is based on a good master-apprentice relation, is of very secondary value. Fundamentally, drawing is subconscious imitating of everything which one admires and... fears?

One can draw with with the eye, the brain, the hand, the central axis: Kung Fu...

And the soulbrain, since it's been invented, anyway. Rabbit.

*conscious line
unconscious line
unsublimated line
uncontrolled line
intentional line
unintentional line*

*really thick line
really inhibited line
educated line
wild line
phlegmatic line
primitive line
thinking-for-itself line
thought-out line
self-composing line
impudent line
retarding line
doubting line
scornful line
clear-brow line
openly sinful line
painful
touching
risky
runaway
sinking
doubting line
style expressive of feeling line
style as the measure of everything line
relaxed line
open line
closed line
understood afterwards line
become cold before its time line
too quickly warmed line
prissy line
small-minded line
saw-edged line*

*doubtful
dominating
dishonest
unconsciously revealing
too-revealing line
romantic line
ridiculous, moving, startling line
flirtatious
too difficult line
undressing and dressing line
done only with muscular memory line
done only with strength of feeling line
born "past" the model line
sublime line
linie terribilata, apparently easy line
shyly smiling line...*

The line can create the spirit and also kill it. Too much line resembles an erosion; it makes a mess. Cleaning by stain remover the smear left by stain remover. Eyelids swollen by eye drops.

A supposed additional value located at the trigger points of a drawing, in relation to an unlocated accidental shot... As a diagnosis, a nebula patient mildly allergic to drivel, occasional nonsense attacks. As a reduced daily medication, three aspirins, a stemmed glass and wine. Intentional and unintentional wooings of the public, professional and amateur cock-crows in the focus of art research today. To draw with the brain, to draw with the heart... *common sense and the result decide, and often skill too.*

Elise, are you crazy? Divertimentos. Transcriptions. Does drawing always make you cry so much? Is it the subject of the drawing itself – a beggar rabbit – that makes you cry, or just the trace of the line, aesthêtica, an sich – a movingly revealing representation of the drawer herself, *a dense row of finger-prints with charcoal/ pencil as the medium*. Embarrassing, when it makes you cry such a helluva lot.



Divertimentos

Divertimento = Italian for amusement.

Rabbit's trauma is a literary and drawn primitive reaction, which non-definitively reflects transference of an embarrassing or hurting emotional state self-flagellatingly to something in life which he loves very much.

Drawing-wise and verbally it produces a continuous transcription as long as the trauma is so to speak switched on. The emotional state is self-deceiving over-severity. The something in life that he loves very much is music.

In Rabbit's trauma, Flügel meets Rabbit and Rabbit meets Elise for one little blurred moment, *and this moment is by no means the quasi-polarization of some artefact and mammal, but a natural spiritual accident and a flash-like Flügelization.* A sensation of hyper-creativity and com-sublimation. *The most fictive variation of the hypotheses of Elise's Dissertation.*

Actually, from a therapeutic standpoint, it is just the same if instead of spinning words I should draw the figures of Rabbit and Elise, until I felt that now, now – God help me – I have more than enough of them... the nut is ripe, the shell can be closed and thrown into that great cosmos lurking around us each time we fall asleep.

But now the focus is changed for a moment and I am filling the ether with words, filling it because I am overwhelmed with a natural necessity for words. So I have filed the Rabbit-Elise drawings in brown cardboard boxes, to await heaven knows what kind of cremation, then when the children are cleaning things out one day – and they have my permission to do it. *I feel sorry for them*

as only Elise can feel sorry for everyone who has to have anything to do with junk in an almost natural state.

This series portraying random states of emotion, lying there in these old-fashioned storage containers, is called *Rabbit plays*; it is a series of *rapid sketches* done in charcoal on Japan paper (1998-99). It is a medley of etude-type, crazy pictures done on three cool and four hot days. The sketches are of a naive Rabbit and a grand piano – snap poses; after culling according to intuitive criteria, about *130 variations* remain.

The drawings are placed in sequence or an illusory circle so that the start of the circle pictures Rabbit's firm belief in himself. After this there begins a psychological and physical metamorphosis, where misery alternates with solemnity and comicality and many other emotional states. Among other things, Rabbit experiences a serious problem with his hand, and cannot play at all for a long time – nor draw of course. He is bedazzled, falls in love, shows psycho-physical symptoms, dreams and finally comsublimates his collected multi-disablements with sport and art, but there is so little real spiritual development that, in spite of the demands of the dramaturgy, it cannot be presented convincingly. Hence the fable remains delicately unfinished.

From this seismic chain of events is born the fable *Rabbit's trauma*.



INTERMEZZO RABBIT'S TRAUMA

A FABLE IN THREE ACTS
STRAIGHT FROM A CROCODILE-SKIN SOFA

STARTING SITUATION

RABBIT CARL MARIA VON STEINHEGERKELLER IN THE "TROUSER ROLE".

ELISE IN THE "SKIRT" ROLE.

RABBIT HAS GOT TENDINITIS FROM HIS DEFIANT WORK. ILLUSORY CIRCLE.



Act I

Why of all things an injured hand?

And when I've got a full load, I get sick in the head. They think it's the hand... Rabbit

Why is a fairly modest hand injury such a big shock for Rabbit? Good! He cannot play his new, deeply desired and awaited grand piano, but then again he is not a pianist. He cannot draw, but this does not seem to bother Bunny, though actually he is an artist. Why does he consider his limitation more upsetting than perhaps would be reasonable? Does Rabbit psychologize his injury, so he can confess some supposed guilt? Does Rabbit clearly both suffer and regret through his stigmatic, marked hand? Does his hand act as a scapegoat?

Perhaps Rabbit's capacity to feel pain as a total creature-creature is limited or completely inhibited? Has the hand, the tool, now been changed into the feeler and the Achilles' heel which reacts when the external world wounds him? Or rather when Rabbit cannot stand the realities of the external world? The real world conveniently as a darkroom for him.

Is this a question of a self-inflicted wound in the soul caused by our Bunny's own spiritual weakness and lack of boldness, disguised as a problem with the hand?

Is Rabbit deceitful about his injury? Is he trying debuc-tion, giving the best explanation for what has happened, without being aware of what has happened, all in all? Does Rabbit have, sad to say, poorer self-esteem than he has been able to imagine hitherto?

Or does Rabbit have, regrettably, a surprisingly limited self-knowledge and a restricted, even poor imagination?

Poor Rabbit! This perception only deepens the wound and his guilt increases.

Rabbit begins to lose his sense of proportion: he starts to sublimate unconsciously, imagining himself all kinds of things – a flamingo, a grand piano, a teddy bear, a ballet dancer, E.T... He forms strange equations in his mind: *Rabbit times note = x, man plus number = y, rabbit plus metronome = institution, grand piano rabbit minus grand piano = empty*. He does not explain anything. In this sense really empty!

Rabbit does not believe any more in trustworthiness, not in happy mornings, not in cooperation between head and hand either, which to date has been the great merit of this unanalytical creature-creature. He is still in a fictitious circle, although unfortunately, in a mental health circle, at the point of flesh, blood and internal organs. It will not take long now before we get to the idea Ball in the fable!

As in an Ancient Babylonian manuscript, Rabbit has a dream: *an enormous, firmly round orange falls from a tower, the Helsinki Olympic Tower, the Eiffel Tower, whatever – but it does not hit a single creature at the foot of the tower.... and remains undamaged itself...* Is this what it is: *the ball of guilt* that Rabbit must prick before he gets out of the circle with his traumatic hand? Symbolism is a certain, learned mimicry, copied from Freud and dream books, and is no more capable of explanation than the combination of letters "Ba-by-lo-ni-an".

Rabbit moves between his home and the crocodile-skin sofa, thinking what he is doing here and why? But he does not give up. On top of everything he falls in love

with his fencing teacher and weeps on Elise's sofa for an hour and a half in the grip of bitter grief, as nobody else can like Rabbit.

He sends out sound pictures over the ether to the object of his crazy love: "I swear eternal friendship to you, which will never wither, if you do not insult me terribly outrageously. And yet I know, I insist and expect that you will unknowingly wound me with some outspoken phrase, some offhand performance... I await you every early morning and late evening. Actually I do not really mind this waiting, because in the very state of waiting I live somehow fully, even though I sublimate as much as I can manage... I live in a constant electrical vibration and without appetite. I play the piano right up to the early morning, I bang the notes till my paws are weary – which in fact I sado-masochistically like a lot – the feeling of being unconscious in the eye of a storm. I've also started to trust in body movements when I am making music! I notice that I do not really do anything without this odd feeling of physicality! At the same time it's as if I were being X-rayed. And I can not say how long this is going to take – six months? Help!"

To feel a bit better, Rabbit starts to dream half-consciously. He sleeps with his injured hand firmly on his tummy, and awakes in the early hours to a vision of an emerald-green sea, with some creature-creature floating on its waves. Rabbit screws up his eyes and examines the creature's profile. A strikingly personal nose. Hair light even though wet. He is not sure whether this is an unknown ruler of the sea or a victim of the sea. Rabbit can not forget the dream. Not even now.

The next night Rabbit wakes up at two o'clock and starts to dream of an enormous ball which, strange to relate, is located over his own tummy. Rabbit realizes he is pregnant. For the umpteenth time! He looks at himself in the mirror and sees the enquiring old person's look of a newly-born baby bunny among the scratches on the mirror. Is there any sense in what's expected of me? Rabbit does not dare to come to any conclusions, so he would not make himself ridiculous to himself. In everybody else's eyes he already is. The dream fades away and the usual sheet is left in its place.

Rabbit, in a borderline state, lies on a bolstered sofa, dreaming of dancing with his loved one on the seashore, softly as within summer-calm air, curling up in the arms of his friend, his upper body relaxed, the lower body fumbling in the precise patterns of changing steps. He combines volcanic feeling with mathematically correct tap-dancing, thus carrying out by accident an artistic theme which he has been consciously trying to create for heaven knows how many years. He wakes as if struck by lightning, and a distant association with Luther enters his mind irrelevantly. Rabbit's thoughts do not always keep in "casa" (see *Flügelistic concepts*).

Rabbit now begins to write down his dreams. From day to day he starts, unfortunately, to get more and more crazed by the products of his subconscious; they begin to live a concrete, real life, while at the same time his sense of reality and real life start to become more and more abstract and dream-like. Normally, real life is always much more horrible than the wildest fantasies, but now it is the other way round.

He wanders red-eyed in the feather-valley of divine creatures, his head gushing amazing combinations of numbers and symbols. He is starting to see more and more premonitions and omens than relevant, physical and local situations: the burglar is at the door and so on... Smurfies rule everything... everyone's going to the old folks' home... I am fundamentally immortal. Love is an

infinite number. It will never die when it has once lived! Intter Emellan! (see *Flügelistic concepts*)

This is Rabbit's present state. He does not eat, does not drink, does not smoke, does not run after... He is in a zero state, in which time has stopped and in which Flügelistic flight from reality occurs with frightening potency, but – what is significant – he seems to have forgotten his traumatically symptomatic hand, which is healing gradually by itself without making a big thing of it. Almost miracle healing. The more or less catharsis-less end of Act I.

Merciful interval

Gingerbread and marmalade served in the buffet.

Act II

Rabbit draws again

Rabbit realizes wistfully that his playing is not going to be anything very great in the end, and that this is not because of the hand – which has got better now – but the fact that Zimmerman and Richter just play so much better.

Our Bunny has a dream again. A huge ice-field, along which he glides off filled with untamed intuition. After a little while he notices he is on the edge of pitch-black open water, and about to plunge into the depths. That was a close one, he reflects calmly. The next day Rabbit thinks about the dream; the boundless ice is like a tabula rasa rising in the air – a sail? And he walks into a fence...

Rabbit notices that he is not doing very well. He can no longer control the electricity sizzling inside him, his

mind keeps filling with vanishing symbols, arcades, colours, sounds, touches and phrases, which he cannot distinguish from one another at all, and does not want to distinguish systematically. To classify them into "casas". No. He quietly allows dawning meanings to flee, smiling maliciously. Flieh, flieh und flieh!

After recovering from the feeling of shame caused by bumping into the fence, and walking round the yard now – of which Elise has said that it looks bad, do not do it – he suddenly realizes something surprising about his dreams and their meaning.

Dreams, says Rabbit Carl Maria to himself, are unique fertilizations beyond the reach of any kind of analysis, poetic, in themselves meaningless variations of themselves, from all the many-fingered, multi-phallic and coral-like visions of the meta-bushes of the unconscious that he has had the chance to become acquainted with during the nights and days of his life.

And the interpretations of dreams – they are endless variations of a variation of a variation which have become chained together, the explanations or symbolism of which have in the end no longer anything to do with the original dreams. Interpretations unfortunately do not deepen a dream, but only transform it to become more teasing and more confusing, and the final adaptive meta-interpretation begins to resemble rather a stupid everyday experience than the poetry of a dream, destroying the dream-clarity and simple beauty of the original dream!

Rabbit Carl Maria begins to get out of breath, because the further he considers this dream business, the more he begins to find those meanings boring into real life that he previously denied. What one denies begins to be of interest. He saws away at the circle and is finally in a swamp of trivial allegories hankering for his first random association, which was absolutely the most beautiful, the most sympathetic and the most friendly. Should one just for the sake of mental health live unreasonably Either – Or, in a waking world Either or a dream world Or? Rab-

bit suddenly begins to feel shy of the idea of living only a dream. It might become very naive!

Rabbit stops thinking completely, because it is so hard, and starts more and more to draw, to limber up his fingers, try different ways of sharpening a pencil, sketch creatures from different angles of the paper. He practises drawing a grand piano with several different movements of the hand. He is thrilled to note that the grand piano is transformed into both a ball and a rabbit owing to the movement of his hand, without anyone or anything being able to prevent it. *An unscientific, drawing proposition is born: Rabbit is Flügel is Ball is Flügel is Rabbit is...* as if compelled by nature, variations of a variation of a variation endlessly, meta-variations, variations without original or final birth, past or death. Rabbit considers himself the most radical of the radical in producing a terrific number of charcoal drawings without any frustration or stress. Be happy by yourself! He sincerely believes he has gone through a door with the keys in his pocket.

Carl Maria busies himself alone in his work room. He examines a line earnestly. He puts his head on one side, gets up speed from one side of the room, draws first in the air and then on Japan paper. He closes his eyes and writes in large characters, filling the paper with Flügerographic flourishes. He imagines – consciously imagines he is imagining, thus surprising himself with his cognitiveness – that the traces left by the charcoal mean something special about his nature ...

Beethoven, Cello Sonata No. 5 in D-major, Op. 102 No. 2, Allegro con brio. He rushes to grab the charcoal, which has quite clearly become his primary instrument for breathing, canal canalissio, obsession and piano substitute, charcoal as the bread of distress.

Alan Jackson: "Love is a sweet dream, it always comes true." Tchaikovsky: Concerto pour piano No. 1 op. 23 ... Concerto pour violon, Op. 35, Allegro moderato ... and he cannot keep away from the charcoal ... The Nutcracker, Scene 4: *The ball*, Clara meets the Prince at *a ball*...

same old Ball business... as also in Rachmaninov's preludes and fugues: the same and a variation. Schubert: Sonata, B-major, bar No. 50! Rabbit does not yet suspect what a monstrous business the meta-archiving of these drawings will be, or – more wisely – their cremation looked after in good time.



Rabbit thus sublimates playing by pictures of a grand piano; he projects the grand piano (Flügel) to a ball, the ball to himself and so on, endlessly, according to his liberal formula. First he just does things, without the slightest scientific reasons. Then he becomes systematically familiar with a few sources, seeking theoretical support for what he is doing. Rabbit does not ask whether he can do this, just like one does not ask: Can I kiss you? – and he finds exactly three things that interest him, which he separates carefully from their original connections:

1. *Murphy's law*
2. *Parmenides' ball*
3. *The hermeneutic circle*

Rabbit acts calmly like a hyper-conscious artist: he is deliberate, meditates three times a day, prays once, sharpens pencils, keeps his work room tidy, eats at meal times... Act II begins to swell with Rabbit's philosophical drawings, in which he unravels his trauma in a way that is satisfying and unstressful to himself. This is so far the best event for the explanations. Rabbit draws, a smile on his lips, and does not bother anyone. Does not compare himself with anyone. He is inside his ball and feels fine.

But the fable does not end here. Es würde nämlich keine glückliche Endung können sein. Keine Endung eigentlich. Bedauerlicherweise. Big Ben würde einmal nämlich zwölfmal schweigen.

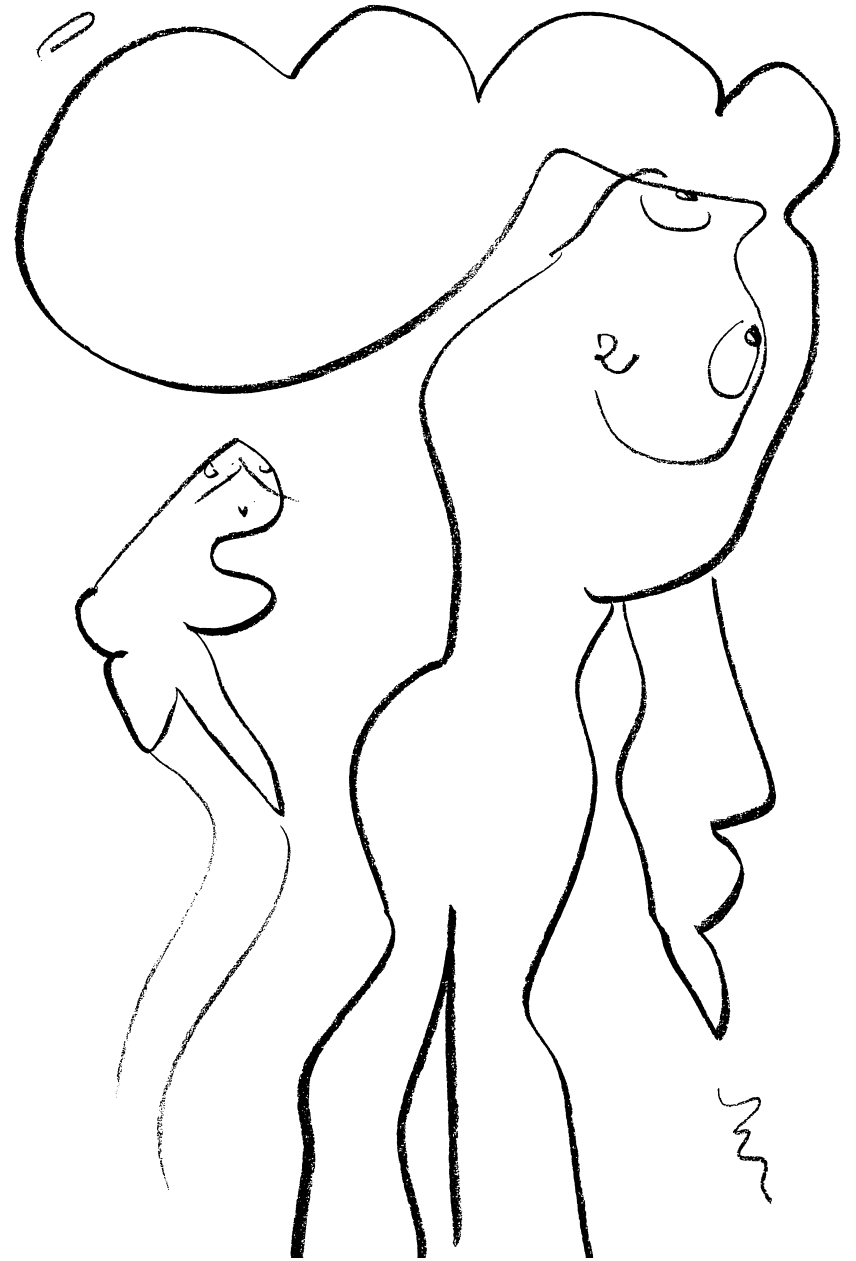
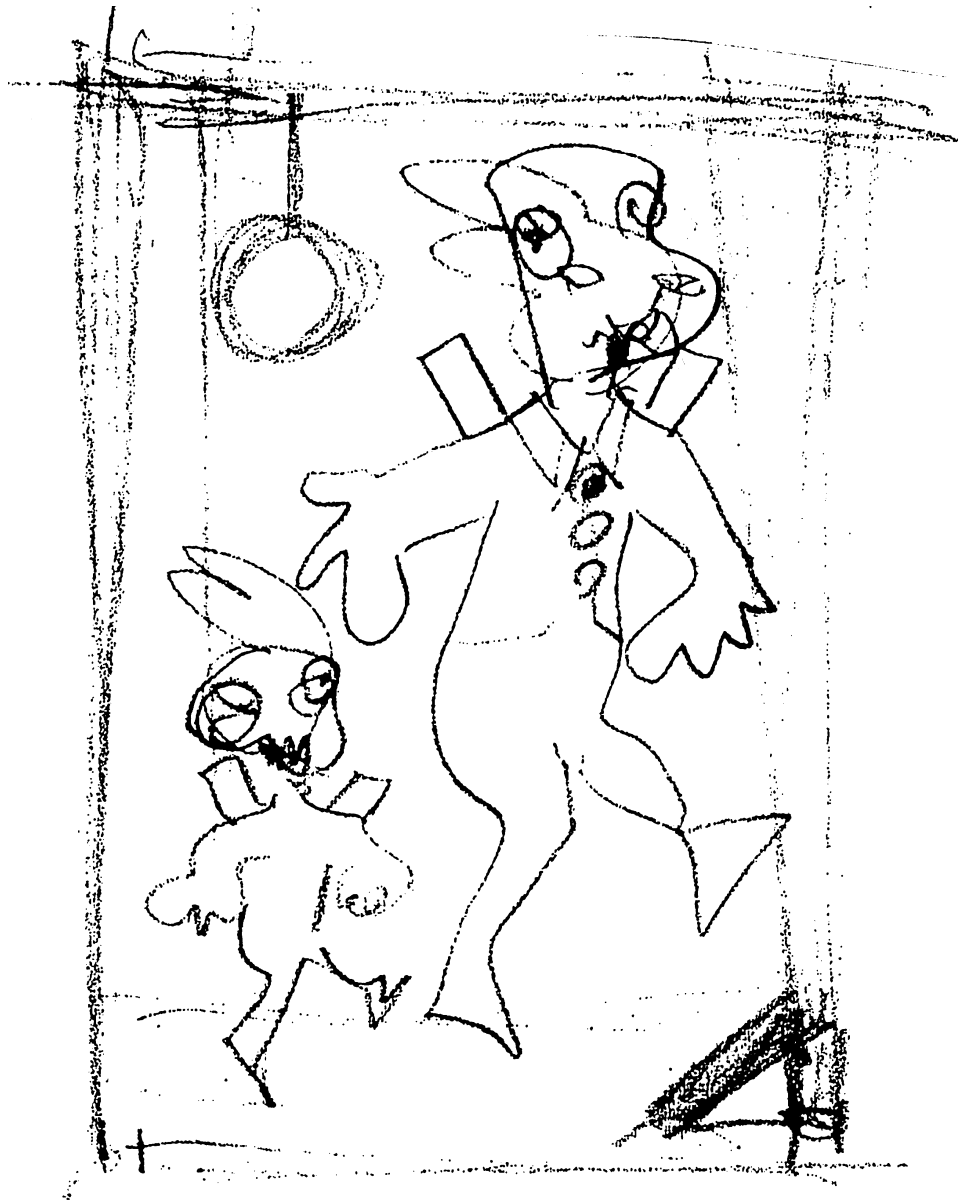
Rabbit Carl Maria, you see, does not yet know what will be for him the most satisfactory state, blessing and highest song of praise before the last departure towards the depths, of which he had already seen an omen during his operation for sinusitis in a hospital. The surgeon was extremely nice... Rabbit nearly fell for him, but then he had this epoch-making anesthetic, of which Elise tells in her dissertation the little there is to tell.

Interval

What's left over from the first interval is served in the buffet.

Rabbit sits behind the stage and eats the cherry cake-coloured gingerbread he has reserved for himself. He suddenly hears, really extremely life-like, a line inside his head: "Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away", and for the first time in his life he thinks about the meaning of the song's words. The Beatles in meticulous drawings from 1968, anticipating charmers in their fifties. The picture on the album jumps up on his inner silver screen, and his gingerbread goes down the wrong way, plus "The Five", plus chocolate, cakes, cliffs and hills, punting, Carnaby Street... Martin Luther King. Everything down the wrong way.





Act III

What's got into Rabbit?

Rabbit Carl Maria has got the last parts of his Rabbit play to fall into place the previous night. He has stayed awake, invented more names for his works, translated them unnecessarily into French, and dreamed of his fencing teacher to the early hours, though the only sensible thing – for the sake of his appearance to start with – would have been to sleep. But at the opening, Rabbit, in an overstrung coma, acts as only a civilized Rabbit can. Nothing alarming happens.

The next morning Rabbit is of course deadly tired and reacts to every expression, word, every touch as if it were the last in his earthly life. Rabbit is, in spite of his faults as also in his relation to them, very sensitive.

Let us move on further to the following days. Rabbit is rather cheerful, though feverish ... Little by little he begins to recycle within him situations, dreams and bits of dialogue. Finally he is in the midst of a miserable, but fascinating, cold-in-the-nosy drama. Our Drawer-Rabbit is in a situation in which his glowing head is full of unique, ingenious phrases, but the obstinate Elise does not let him get at her old-fashioned Packard Bell; she locks the door of her work room ... and he collapses into his own physical impossibility.

With a temperature of over a hundred, with a knitted cap on his head, he weeps for twenty-four hours; he won't stay in bed, but sneaks out to an icy wharf or secretly rushes off secretly to buy food, choosing cans of cold-pressed virgin oil, Homer's liquid gold – which the house is already full of; he realizes in a flash when he returns from the delicatessen counter that perhaps it would be

more stylish to languish away on his own than in the cash-desk queue where everybody can see him.

Something has happened to Rabbit that he does not understand himself. And in solidarity to him we will not try to guess, but be content with an external description. First he weeps for twenty-four hours, then, red-eyed, he starts to walk back and forth gasping like an octopus – more sensitive than its reputation – washed ashore. He feels that he is deceived by all wise human knowledge, like endlessly diffused, shapeless fragments of crystal which really do not strive to get anywhere any more. He does not know anything, is just in a space-like state of longing, just a little brainless and soulless Rabbit, who in the end can only laugh, splitting his sides with laughter at himself and all existence! Can anyone be unkind to someone as humble as this? Rabbit does the splits and does a Zorba dance.

He blows his nose in his pillow slip and realizes he has been having sex at least seven days a week, which should ensure immunity from all kinds of colds... and nevertheless he has to put up with a physical, feverish cough and a resulting psychological, depressive overloading which has no real mass-movement-type, starting-gun character, but only a wretched, unsublimated, individual case psycho-fever habitus, and on top of everything an ear-splitting violin-string unawareness about both the vacillation and eternalness of love! He forgot the most important thing, the fear of being rejected.

Rabbit begins to drink too much cough medicine, to munch ridiculously large doses of cherry tablets, and to

try on unused thin clothes, still adorned with the price tag, in the ice-cold clothes cupboard. Certain self-destruction and desperately hopeless infantile, irresponsible behaviour – as Rabbit himself knows! Conscious sublimatory creating of his own delusory reality. In this sense resourceful. Fundamentally the real Rabbit's Rabbit does not give way in any situation.

Rabbit Carl Maria lies on a kitchen bench and insists ostentatiously that Elise should kiss him. Elise has a motorbike helmet in one hand and a Stockmann plastic bag in the other, and she refuses to kiss the creature-creature flung across the bench on his shoulder blades, lying there with his eyes and lips half-open in an alert mock-coma position, ready for volcanic frenzy like a wild animal.

Feeling hurt, Rabbit now rushes off to his work room. With his soft lips quivering he throws himself on to the work table, stabs the scissors into the table, great tears rolling down his cheeks. He speaks in a crushed voice: "A hopeless, rotten, childish collection, without the greatness and patience striving for purity of heart – and why do I have to recognize this myself? Why cannot I understand the artist, bless him with sunshine for a moment, and soon start thinking about other things? That's what all refined people do!" Scissor stabs. A nasty notch is left in the table as a memory. "I am not worth loving," he howls. Apologies for this, but he really does howl.

"Rabbit, you're crazy if you try and tell it all. Everything you say is material that will be used against you," says Elise, and looks at Rabbit's crushed appearance. The sorrowful, beaten figure is undoubtedly very attractive. She

kisses Rabbit, but Rabbit now rejects “the invalid advances”. “I never promised you a rose garden!” Elise draws back: “I wasn’t thinking of anything more than a wee moment’s tongue kiss ... I’ll set the egg timer if you like ...”

Elise leaves Rabbit to rest and starts, for some reason, to think about the limits of thought; it is only morning after all: “The tongue (language) swells words as it wants. The tongue is cleverer than its user. The tongue is independent as a forest creature. The tongue itself forms itself and indeed thinks on my behalf. Can one clarify one’s own life by solving one’s self-deceptions by means of a self-thinking tongue?”

“I never promised you a rose garden.” Rabbit howls in the depth of the bolsters.

“Knowledge is very evidently in continuous happening and continued thinking,” Elise goes on reflecting, “not in gleaning already known things from inside the head. Knowing in itself is like a moving network of entities in which there are both chains and bouncing places, thirsts and points ... a network, a valid web, where coming events exist as potential relationships of all entities already existing. Quite! What prevents us from re-evaluating the conflict between process and network, when the matter can be seen as a dyno-static picture, in which both stationariness and movement, both present and future, are simultaneously possible ...”

Elise begins to want to weep like hell. Does one always want to weep when one is thinking? Wanting to weep chiefly because freedom of thought is only a fool’s freedom; because everything has been thought long ago, only in other words, other pictures.

But back to the play circle. Though Rabbit has now more or less recovered from his emotional outburst, and dares to be crazy about music again, playing the piano with his hands, eyes, heart and head, he is now strongly touched by a new kind of mortality, on the one hand an incomplete stain and on the other hand a wet cleaning of humil-

ity, and will never be the same Rabbit again as at the beginning of the circle. Or will he!?

Ha ha! There he is running wild again as if nothing had happened, drawing and making music like a “new-laid egg”, so enthusiastic about his new lifeline that he is in danger of injuring his hand again, and perhaps his heart; for which reason he will have to be kept an eye on a bit in his smiling, destructive recycled state ... Even so he manages at night secretly to creep to the piano and silently pick out his beloved Schubert sonatas. Schubert is so open! He sits half on the piano stool, half in the air, sensing the electric pleasures brought by the embrace of infinity and excessive emotions. His toes are sore from pressing the pedal too much – the pedal is the soul of the grand piano for Arthur Rubinstein – but it does not seem to bother him. Life in vibration. One two three silent thirds is enough.

The most moving thing is that Rabbit still – though we are already in Act II and the gingerbread was finished long ago – does not understand his limits, even when faced with music, which after all is from God! That too is a supposition that nobody can prove. He is so obscure – Rabbit that is, though God is obscure too.

It is perhaps just because of this overwhelming, possessed love for mediocrity, this compulsive need for secrecy, that the ball-crazed fable – at the risk of complete degeneration – continues, but in what misty context we won’t tell. Pontus, who is a dog, won’t tell either.

The audience leaves



Epilogue, the laconic conclusion of the fable

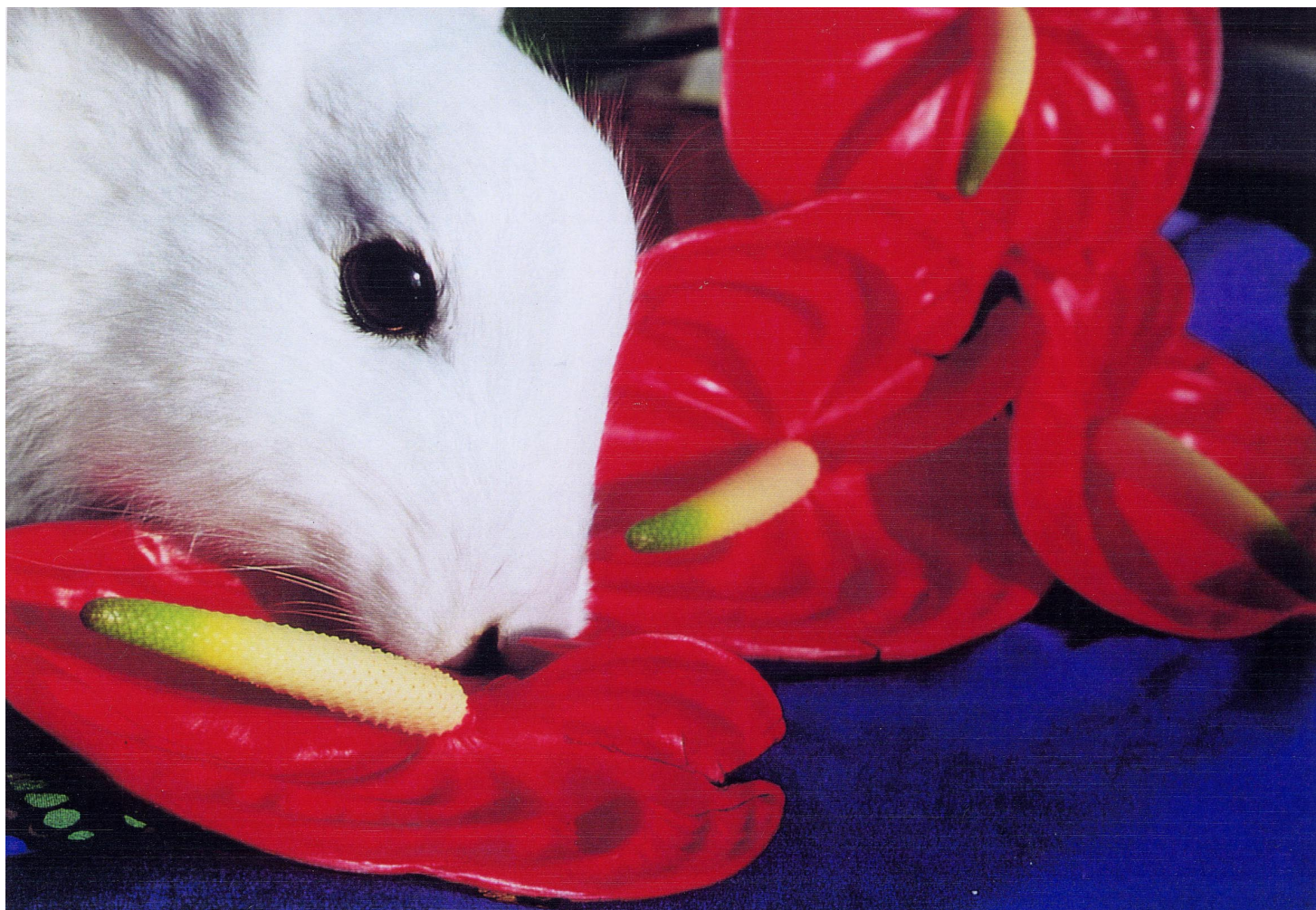
Thus Rabbit plays, draws and philosophizes as he loves and vice versa – tries to do so many things at once that the essence of his own play remains unnoticed: he keeps building anew, anew and meta-anew from his own little cosmos, which he well knows is a mysterious, unattainable point, but which all the same he obsessively constantly calls, imitating Elise, irresponsible, Flügelistic and whatever, and is unwilling to admit that only by stopping his endless toil, by surrendering to floating, by giving up and resigning would he meet as if spontaneously the best possible world he reaches out for and could ever get to, Dasein-ly and an sich, having done his best, in his thin muslin pyjamas, as the Rabbit of this moment. Tha is what Elise thinks, but does not say anything more, so as not to be tactless.

Tastefully implementing the floating quality of the ball's internal relationships is a rare event in human history, and instead of hanging in space, Rabbit keeps fussing over the traditional segment of life, although according to the latest scientific references it bends... in which case it would be sort of possible to see things in advance? To calm oneself?

"Is there anything slower than change?" Elise suddenly bellows from the depths of the bolsters. Rabbit raises his eyebrows. "Is there any change at all?" Elise now shouts so loud that Rabbit is forced to raise his fingers from the piano notes and detach himself for a moment from his hermeticness, his megalomaniac impatience, his obsession with tinkling, his distress to keep on doing. The moment is almost holy.

And what a surprise! Big Ben strikes twelve. Time stops. No themes, no theses, no laws! The courses of the stars meet by moonlight, and all is in connection with all.

Rabbit sees himself lying on the wharf and suckling ... the world. The sight is magnificent to the point of tears.



DU BOMB

TITANISCHER TANGO

Fantasy as a luxury

In the Ides of March I had a dream: a ship resembling a cruise liner is on the point of splitting into different parts, rooms and lagoon lounges. Coloured sofas and clothes, colourful statues and poppy-red gauze, a tremendous number of rooms furnished in different ways. A pair of yellow, too-small shoes. Most of the people are peculiar, and there are too many of them.

I interpret the dream as meaning that it would be good for me to finish up this dissertation business as soon as possible, and go off as soon as possible with Elise and Rabbit to breathe the turquoise air of the hills round Nice; this interpretation is just a load of horse manure, because we can never find time to get away from our workaholicism and do anything.

Why reject the fantasy world as an unreal, imaginary and in addition an infantile way of marvelling at the world? *The best luxury is to be able to use one's imagination uninhibitedly. What is to inhibit it?*

Why should one want to see for instance naive natural philosophy as only an archeological dig, when its fundamental point of departure, subjective wonder, is extremely topical just now? *It is a very suitable time for thorough deconstruction on a global scale. Elise prattles on in favour of the individual imagination, because it is the road to save the world: he who has imagination has everything, and does not need to envy anyone or anything... All in all raising the fantasy world to an almost divine level is of the greatest educational importance in Elise's Dissertation.*

A well-tuned imagination is capable of building masterly daydreams, which digitalized would shrivel to mere

shadow images. If the imagination is left to wither, adolescent Rabbits and Elises will start to look for stimulants. Quite understandably. Healthy, only slightly shy creatures seek a more orgiastic life from electric (mock-)reality, little bits of information, pharmaceuticals... But do they obtain it? Elise resorts to saving the world in her obtuse morality, forgetting that there is no effective ethics without aesthetics and humour.

Because absurdity, not to speak of insanity, is labelled as not to be recommended, people crave various drugs that convey them into a daydream-like state, a non-recommendable dependence as such, bringing them for at least a moment into contact with the riches of the subconscious; bringing them for at least an instant to a *border-line state (bardo) where colours glow supernaturally, walls can be blown down with a breath, angels write sonnets in shorthand, love is constantly present, oneself is always an object of love... all in all to a grandiose fantasy which sometimes leads to performing fantastic feats – even when one really should not!*

Passion is a healthier equivalent of dependence. A hungry relationship to life, which is a gift. A passionate relationship to colours, imaginary beings, people, the opposite sex, the thundering of the storm, melodies, mathematical formulas... and what else? Justice? Imaginatively daring passion as a luxury. Kein Geld brauchen.

Elise's imagination is not a flight from reality but a flight to reality, or rather to sur-realism, to something above reality. To immaterial luxury. To luxuxuxury.

Each of us constructs and deconstructs his own life, and life can be considered successful if one goes as far as – what was it now? – the menopause. An absolute biological truth? Rabbit.



Main features of self-honest nonsense

The Flying Dutchman still keeps flying. Fickle Rabbit returns to Elise. Dream.

Under-intentional refers to a person's ability to penetrate into the inner depths of the mind, to the stalactite caves of the subconscious, himself as its principal architect cleverly kicking up a row about its complex structures. An interesting feature in under-intentional behaviour is *the flexible ability of the subconscious to make lightning new observations, to record them more or less tenderly an sich, but nevertheless to let the "supra-conscious" act masochistically in its former, rotten, limited fashion.*

Let us suppose for instance a situation where the subconscious, its self-honesty, having already made the choice, even the intuitive decision to like some work, some person, runs into an irrational counter-force: one begins to say any old thing, the supra-conscious begins to criticize this work of art or person, not at all abusively, but with a hint of mild denigration... After this the mostetic conscience enters the picture. The individual begins to reproach himself for quite insignificant sins. Then he starts to wonder, why such profuse self-reproach? Does an unwelcome, disturbing vicious circle develop, which is made worse by the fact that one's been talking bullshit in the presence of somebody one loves? The touching need to create a better world. An over-sensitive soul-state? Unhappy artistry? It is so paranoid that one needs to be a Dostoyevsky to sort out the "hermeneutic" tangle arrived at.

"Well, now you have managed to make me break the vase. Just now I was afraid of nothing, but now I am afraid of everything. I'll certainly be flunked." Dostoyevsky, 1.

The need to blame oneself so emphatically arises perhaps from the fact that the individual has originally been too willing to conform, too un-Daseinly "dormitive" and slackly acceptant of the environment's gossip mentality. The individual has acted gregariously against his own nonconformity, his own mostetic. *He feels that he is betraying his own creativity, which he considers the best part of himself.*

Before long the individual's flame of guilt cools off (time heals), and a cognitive memory, gradually throwing off the feelings, is formed of the event. Surprisingly one is suddenly in the phase of the process *where the originally emotional fire starts to be intellectually interesting*, from for example a semiotic angle. The fire of feeling is comsublimated by conceptualizing emotions, instead of having epileptic fits. Do you have friends who are obsessional conceptualizers? They perhaps have not as children been able to fulfil their physicality in sport, their emotionalism in play.

Sublimation of the emotions, transfiguration to another object (Freud), in fact total variation to some other feelings, and "investment" of these emotional charges in an artistic project, are Elise's survival channels along with modest sporting activities. Ingmar Bergman said in a TV interview that he compensated for his "total failure" in his private life by professional ambition – he aimed to become "the world's best professional..."

Intellectual honesty is like *a challenge to a duel, a moon-white silk glove, flung down romantically by oneself at oneself.* Pretty heavy, would Hegel say? Fulfilled with exag-

gerated perfectionism, it becomes, however, a plaguing, nihilistic burden. Few people can stand fundamental reality, even whispering to themselves in a cupboard. Yrsa Stenius, who has studied Alfred Speer (Hitler's "favourite" architect), says that Speer only confessed so much at the Nazi trials that he could live with himself afterwards. The moment of understanding and accepting the truth within tolerable limits may be extremely short. The most stunted stunt, a chilly instance.

Intellectual honesty is dangerous, for example to love: I love you, but others too. To friendship: you are the cleverest artist I know, but Don Juan wrote an interesting dissertation about himself back in 1448. Art too may become trivial, unattractive sawdust if its magic is extinguished by excessive honesty, but it may be ethical without being too honest. Excessive honesty is nit-picking outspokenness and over-estimation of one's own intellectual irreproachability – and often boring to the listener besides. A truly ethical creature-creature senses the neurotic nature of truth, and always remembers to value the qualities of others more than his own. Remembers to be silent.

Moreover, anxious perfectionism, for example visual honesty, usually becomes one-sided and unbelievable; it falls into the classic "cannot see the wood for the trees" trap. Think, let us say, of 20th century social realism, of 15th century Dutch wax-doll naturalism, of mediocre, pretty-pretty landscapes and seascapes, or of a shrunken, skeleton-like, anemic display of pictures in an art gallery.

Many French pastry recipes are just complicated and over-refined in their arrogant, petty details. Equally rav-

ishing delicacies can be achieved by simpler, less “absolute value” methods. Honey-brain with oatmeal.

Over-enthusiastic, over-intellectual honesty easily becomes defensive irony, snobbery, Kierkegaard-like clever-cleverness. The witty columns of the yellow press, sometimes enjoyably wicked, come to mind.

Excessive honesty kills the imagination, if not directly then indirectly with exhaustion, disgust and panic aroused by its enthusiastic thoroughness, for man and art fundamentally love secrecy. Rabbit hides his head in the shrubbery because he has secrets.

Secrets for secrets’ sake. L’art pour l’art. Problems for the sake of making problems. Dissertation for the sake of dissertation. Problems may be given birth in order to experience the joy of solving them. Fishing is worth while so as to get to clean the catch. The humpback whale. The cachalot.

A tormenting dream. Venice. A queer thing is floating in the scoop of a mechanical excavator, a baby or an insect; it jerks around on the back seat of a car, and finally gets into a popcorn bag lying on the bank of a canal, bursting the bag with its unscrupulously selfish bangs, an echo over the water from the island of Murano. A row of hand-blown chandeliers, moonlight shining through them supernaturally. The baby is pretty horrible-looking – pink on top, a shining layer of green underneath.

Now make a problem of the baby. What on earth is it supposed to mean? When my eldest son was in my tummy, I believed up to the last minute – to avoid disappointment – that I was going to have a baby seal. But I did not. And supposing the queer baby is myself? Dreams are often inversely comparable to real life... A sail appearing in a dream, supposing it did not slacken but swelled out?

It is really crazy to trust in earnest dreams and figments of one’s imagination for good or ill. They are most probably only innocent “gifts of the Creator”, kindling for many

kinds of interpretation, for thought and action, *titbits for smiling pragmatists, not facts for the humourless. Material for the artist’s “casa”.*

“Casa” (see *Flügelistic concepts*) means a house, which is a psycho-analytical symbol, and as such equivalent to women’s sexuality – the vagina, a casket, a handbag and whatever. From “casa” one is led to Plato’s real ideas, “forms”, and to the phenomena of Aristotle’s sense world. According to Aristotle, phenomena are explained through *the senses*. Plato regarded *ideas* as real knowledge. Incredibly silly, though nothing new, but by connecting the ends of the sausage, by linking phenomena to ideas, and by mirroring them in a tangle of the unconscious and the conscious, and by adding movement to this, *the familiar Web of Relations, resembling open pre-understanding, is born, a pulsing ball containing so much*

internal conflict that it begins to appear really real. A secret garden full of lilies and flamingos.

To be deceived by the most innocent one. To be the victim of a plot by one’s subconscious. The greatest torture would be to remain an outsider altogether.

Thus self-honesty does not demand that art should be honest too. *After all, art is expressly a mask, but what does it mask?* Shocks, too explosive feelings, love, fury, fundamental naiveté? Why not go on peacefully masking, there is enough daylight to go around.

Art that claims to be honest is least of all honest. The most honest art masks its cruelty in openness. True virtue is secret. Modern art should be able ingeniously to conceal other things beside its pale passions.



Knowledge gets older, opinions get younger

“Objective” arguments get older. Opinions cannot even be argued. Rabbit.

According to the psycho-conception contained in Elise’s mostetics, what traumas are fundamentally about – unfortunately, without blaming anyone – is *cognitively ignorance, emotionally and ethically “mortal sins,”* such as envy, self-detestation, deceit and selfishness. The mind mainly sickens from one’s own stupidity and “wickedness”, together with unwise and intolerant interaction; a mitigating circumstance being wretched material and physical conditions and a loveless fate. Cruel, but people are already hard up, so softness will not help any more. Soft criticism does not help the artist forward – it does not help in any direction.

The above is an un-Flügelistic, provocative and unsubstantiated opinion, which will hardly please anyone, but let us forgive it, since the fundamental attitude is humble and shows a belief in people.

“Kierkegaard is a stubborn subjectivist... even to the limits of irrationality... harnessing his incomparable intellect... to show the overwhelming power of emotion, passion, belief – the inevitable emptiness of every theoretical truth.” Saarinen, 2.

For Elise the fundamentally playful nature of theoreticism.

The Scottish David Hume was a morbidly uncompromising philosopher, not a hint of anything positive, no belief in spiritual or material substance, a severe sceptic, not liked because of his excessive lack of compromise; he always climbed over the borders of moderation, was

spiteful and greedy of favour, grasping and ungodly, all perplexing features... His good contemporaries chiefly spoke ill of him.

Let me take an arbitrary fictitious playful example from the world of students: At the head of the room stands the lecturer. The lecturer’s arrogant, provocative, phenomenal offhand remarks, plus his touching, momentary stumbling movement, form a living whole that one can begin to read – to unravel, discern and analyse, however you like, in parts, like slicing up a living symphony as a hindsight theory.

What possesses the lecturer? I imagine he wants to hide something, to conceal his irritation or express his triumph, whatever it may be; I ask myself what the situation brings to mind. Would he behave like this? What message does it convey? Stumbling over complexes or perhaps a feeling of superiority, because he does not seem to care a bit.

On the other hand, why should I be cruel to the poor lecturer? Do I criticize him because I myself feel inferior? Or because my own head is empty. My empty criticism would, nonetheless true, be of more use to the lecturer than to myself.

And what has all this got to do with artistic work? Surely it must have something to do with it.

I have been constantly whining about the importance of imagination, both abstract and “fleshly”. I do not need entertainment if I have an all-purpose generator of my own, working well, in my head. I do not hate CD-ROMS or diskets or digitalization or ice-makers or projected TV,

but I imagine that people are not from the standpoint of art education peak viewers and full-blooded experiencers until they no longer need to be inspired by illustrated advertizing material with all its technology of the outside world, let alone courses in interpretation of pictures and so on, which only ...

I will return to the lecture room in my imagination, and present some exaggerated views. The lecturer considers artists’ explanations of their work laughable, attempts at popularization of science just sugaring the pill, creating one’s own philosophies naive; he heaps abuse on everything between heaven and earth, and the students gasp for breath, but the lecturer does not remember or contrive any concrete examples to throw out. What possesses this coleopter of the cathedra? Is he tired? Or is it something more secret? Why does not he contrive concrete examples from real life? Perhaps he just wants to provoke a response? Or perhaps he secretly wants to strip his life of all excessive concrete junk? Perhaps unconsciously he aims at abstraction? Or is consciously simply dry? *Does not want to drip down to the level of concrete examples, if he can conveniently simplify what he wants to say to an abstract form. Why grope for layers of substance, as if one could not understand the core of the matter in a stripped down, abstract form?*

Just different sizes of underwear. Rabbit.

The lecturer episode is just a fictive “instant rigoletto”: the lecturer’s traumas versus his expressions versus the students’ corresponding expressions versus the position of the stars, during a moment of human time lasting 1/25

of a second... the change of expressions happens at a faster tempo than you would think. The whole show may be perceived as a mathematical Web of Relations, in which feelings are only secondary.

Talking on an abstract level often also means that one uses as worn concepts as possible – concepts that have lost their original meaning long ago, and are therefore no longer irritating, but do not really stimulate anyone either.

Basic research must be subjected to ridicule and weird hypotheses at the risk of loss of face. Hypotheses must be falsified. A poplar tree must be planted for Philosopher Popper. Übrigens, es gibt keine basic Untersuchung.

The given assumption, probably originally intuitive, that science must be based on earlier science, is doctrinaire – and is thus, excuse the ugly word, rotten. Rabbit. Rabbit is outrageous in his opinions now, but what can I do about it? After all, he's a rabbit.

Listen to one's own innermost, mumbling soulbrain and make one's own plan of life utilizing predictive perception. Sniff out false prediction. Survive by means of vigilance, though the sails keep collapsing all the time, the sea is raging and the whole thing is struggling as a scale model in a cachalot's gizzard. Will the joints hold thanks to vigilance? Perhaps not, but what sense is there in life and producing art other than trying to *sharpen one's vigilance?* Like sharpening a pencil.

An artistic disaster is unpleasant, but it has nothing to do with ultimate collapse. Is death this ultimate collapse – or to put it elegantly – resolution of life? Is life's resolution accepting mystery? The secret doctrine, mystêrion.

Am I tentatively aiming at some kind of metaphysical optimism, a tangle of dream and waking fantasy, breathing, free of all analyses, a golden braid of fairy-tale and reality, only so that I could better eat grandmother... accept death? Wrong, for grandmother has already been eaten.

Freud/Roos, 3.

More correctly my intention is *to explain for the best my choices so far and what I have left unchosen, or rather to deepen such a philosophical attitude to life where this is possible.* Ha, ha! There it is when you least expect it. Method. A method for coping with life. If you cannot cope with your art, you can always leave it by the roadside. Life is more difficult to leave. Or rather, it would be a crime to leave the flamingo-red treasure chest undiscovered.

If I have made myself *at least to some extent* understood at this "artistic", "unscientific" level of mine, I cannot have gone astray altogether. The strict scientific tradition is at any rate also distorted and limited; and besides, what is assumed to be empirically studied knowledge does not always correspond to experience, though that is what was formerly believed. What has been thought to be knowledge embarrassingly turns out to be credulous imitation of former knowledge. History cannot be predicted either, though it was for so long assumed that it could be. Kosovo was and is a startling shock for all fearful rabbits. And not the only one.

What science logically considers nonsense – various breeds of metaphysics and mystics – is anything that bothers it. *People who are bothered are not creative, and if they are afraid of surprises, there is no point in starting to think at all.*

You shouldn't get nerrrrrvous. If you do not get upset your attitude to thought is much more relaxed, and your underrrrrstanding will work almost perfectly. Rabbit.



Intter Emellan, Either/Or, the fusion point of opposites

Haircut dream

Mouse: My, you have super, long hair – shall I cut it short? Yes or no? Either/ Or?

Cat (thinks): Which should I say? If I say no, I can still say yes. If I say yes, I cannot say no any more. The cat begins to feel anxious. The cat is an ordinary one, nicht doch allgemein. The cat does the same as Oscar Wilde, and does not say anything. Exit.

Mouse sees a vision: A Ball-amoeba which is open at all its ends.

Giving value to the unlimited imagination-letter-and thought-mass that has associatively *burst forth* from the subconscious is possible only *according to subjective interest*. In addition, all *human intellectual activity is based on feeling*. An extreme case is *a primitive reaction*, where strong emotions stifle thoughts, so that a total stopper is engendered, preventing higher brain functions, with atavistic visions taking over.

Elise's criteria of interest concerning artistic work are: *freedom, looseness and "casa"-value, love, individuality, sentimentality, marginality, pleasure, terrifyingness, surprisingness, a detached point of view and flexibility*, plus all the rock foundations of Flügelism and its eccentric elements.

On the other hand, for eccentric and marginal Elise, a slight coherence with general, philosophical and social contexts is perhaps secretly important, and a need to be at least, or especially, subconsciously understood. *To be pre-understood rather than understood*. To receive "an unconscious response", *Goleman, 4*. Thus Elise does not re-

ally want to disagree, but she has *a sincere intention to integrate*.

The midnight clock-hand to be seen through binoculars begins to point to the *plump numbers of life and love even more than the narrow letters of artistic dissertating*. This may happen in art research. Perhaps this is the longed-for surprise, the thing I haven't come to think of. The polar star in all my "entireties", *Tale of the Sampo (1974), Tabula Rasa (1987), Giovanna (1996) or Apollon (1996)*, and all the other false fruit, has been a strong feeling, falling in love, love, depression, aggression – real life Webs of Relations with all their ambivalences. According to Nietzsche, art at its best is sublimated eroticism (and the erotic need is one of the expressions of desire for power). *Roos, 5*. The surprise required in an art study is, in Elise's Dissertation, the same as understanding this simple thing. The life one has lived is transfigured into, integrated, comsublimated and fused with art whether one wishes it or not.

The process has also assured me of the maladjustment of studying my own artistic work other than in its own unique egg cup. It is artificial forcibly to button one's own art process to someone else's manifested art, or to the "content-productive" focus of a ministry or anything at all. Or let us say it is just as much like playing with Lego as is any other task. Being a toy of the gods. Plato. There must be serious introspection on one's own terms, from one's own thought, and if it starts to seem ridiculous, all the better for everybody.

And then ash in one's own egg cup. Rabbit, who does not smoke, does not drink, does not run after ...

The process, with its own soul-intellect pulse, *here and now*, also reminds me, as I suspected at the beginning, of its constant natural power and tendency to escape. It comes to my mind that *human science does not unfortunately help at all in trying to explain and understand* man and art. Only jeeringly fugitive illusions, mock-science, are born.

There have to be other channels. Perhaps *mathematical formulas, clear semiotic sentences or pure abstractions can sketch from art and man something sufficiently compact and yet vague, running, melting*. Perhaps. I have nothing to offer concerning this question except strong intuition and a silly play formula. So fly, Elise, fly from well-meaning humanistic explanations. Only *mathematics and mysticism* will do for Elise any longer, *although she has not become very familiar with these yet – hardly at all in fact*.

Ball = Flügel = Rabbit, when one Flügelizes at a sufficiently boiling point... Drops of sweat.

Mathematicum, Artefactum and Mysticum. Rabbit.

"Just the same applies to the artist: the first, original and what gives birth is the shape, from it all features and works pour forth with absolute inevitability independent of the artist; the shape is an organism, and therefore not developed according to a mechanical causality that could be externally directed, but to a vital causality whose law is contained in itself. Therefore everything must be hammered together and everything equally; and therefore all psychological criticism of a work of art is not without respect, but senseless, an expression of complete ignorance of aesthetic matters. But what is equally cheap is admiring reference to ingenious details, because in real poetry all details are

ingenious and none of them more ingenious than others. Praising or limiting reviews are here just as stupid as the ridiculous "creation" ideas of baroque poets, which award high or low marks to animals and plants – for example larvae are strongly deprecated because of their unpleasant appearance, but absolute recognition is given to their metamorphosis into pretty butterflies." Friedell, 6.

Independent of all polarities, what cannot be measured regarding these is grace? All Eithers and Ors, being fused and compressed in their balanced relations, form between them a tolerant, harmless ball,

"...which is fullness, the right amount, reconciliation and passionate fusion in prayer to the highest synthesis of life," as Dostoyevsky says through the mouth of Count Myskin, 7.

A correctly-defined ball is formed, which is grace. Whoops! Grace too is a mathematical ball! *Either/Or, grace*, makes offences and counter-offences relative, *and forgives them?* I will not go into the concept of grace further, because Rabbit seems to connect it immediately with the Bible and to be anxious.

Shall we make an orange cake or a banana cake? Does the banana feel inferior if we make an orange cake? Should one play the Flügel or Rabbit? Either will feel hurt? Is the result a Flügelrabbit? So what?

One can eliminate a conflict in one's imagination. Der Phantasieball with its variations *does not only give birth*, for example to artistic solutions and human relation puzzles or social conflicts, submission, spiritual paralysis or paranoia caused by excessive prosperity, *but it is equally an instrument to cope with them*. The power of the imagination, by means of which one can, Flügelizing, patiently put things into new inspiring relationships. If you can, in spite of your passions.

Polarizing, Flügelizing, disputing a doctoral thesis and playing with Lego are games to be played alone, in pairs or among any number of children. According to Wittgenstein, who lauded Kierkegaard, who finally lauded the

Christian faith, the meaning of language is its use. Thus, the use of language reveals something of its meaning and of the one who gives it meaning. All the laboriously-composed creamy, fancy words. Have they been only show-off substitutes for actual thinking, and only a ridiculous, energetic excessive burden for a simple dissertation? Only fit for the wastepaper basket from the perspective of eternity. Mercy!

Take the ball in your hand. Must these questions be discussed even if it hurts? Whether it has to happen publicly as art is another matter...

"Even a little good fortune in one, is felt to be a great misfortune in another. If one evening I have written something good, I work away the next day in the office without getting anything done. This rocking back and forth gets worse and worse. In the office I fulfil my duties outwardly, but not inwardly, and I feel that every unfulfilled duty is a misfortune which will never leave me." Kafka, 8.



Elise debucts

Elise sends a message, which afterwards begins to horrify: "Is it possible to have a cachalot roast?" Why did she have to fool around? Her own incomprehensible excessive cleverness: not some normal fish – a herring? *When one really varies and fiddles about, one will certainly make a mess of it and put one's foot in it. The law of inverse proportion.*

The subconscious knew the essential very well: the cachalot is the world's largest whale, a twenty-metre toothed whale which develops ambergris, a sexual stimulant, inside it. In addition it symbolizes woman's sexuality and the dark forces of the subconscious... So is it possible to have a cachalot roast? With best wishes, Elise.

It is not correct to grieve over other people's feelings of shock, even if you yourself have been the blunderer, in life, in artistic performance... An act performed can be seen as self-improvement, genius, an artistic insight, instead of a blunder. One must change the balls-up by debucting by means of imagination so that the best possible result is obtained, an aphoristic sounding of the depths, which like *an angel's accidental message interprets the most profound passions and most secret feelings that are fundamentally in question, achieving a power of expression that art often consciously pursues, in vain.* Oh dear, my Rabbit.

Elise's absolute desire – typical of her – *to get all or nothing – and if it's all, straight away, can be comsublimated to Der Phantasieball.* To sit for a moment in the sun, looking at the colour combinations with one's eyes shut... kein Geld brauchen, kein Angst empfinden, as long as the sun stays far enough away.

Could we now at last move on to the crazy formulas?
Rabbit.

Instantly, Rabbit sees that old guilt-ball vision: *orange-red plunging towards the earth. Shouldn't have talked again. Carl Maria's so sensitive.*

Whatever human or artistic choices I make, the set-up is not only relevantly in "juxtaposition", but also irrelevantly in confrontation: by bowing to the east, difficulties appear in the west. In order to "manage", should one cleanse oneself of all colourings, feelings and attitudes, and thus avoid walking the tight-rope between them? After all, the world is unfortunately still pretty black and white – which is doubly no colour at all. *A buddha-like cleansing from emotions would perhaps be just a practical, profane and secular means of survival, a method of keeping (the soul) alive, and not something mystic achieved through a long spiritual effort...* Clever those Chinese.

In fact, as long as one has to debuct, one is pitifully far from enlightenment, from Hegel's Absolute or *Elise's great human abstracts that Ball/ fusion point is trying to attain. From justice as self-evident.* Socrates believed that right knowledge leads automatically to good!

However I think, I think rightly, as long as I do not do it in front of a mirror. Immediately everything goes the wrong way round when someone is looking; I start feeling shy. Rabbit.



Immortal crazy formulas

The crazy “basic formula” of Ball – Flügel – Rabbit and its variations

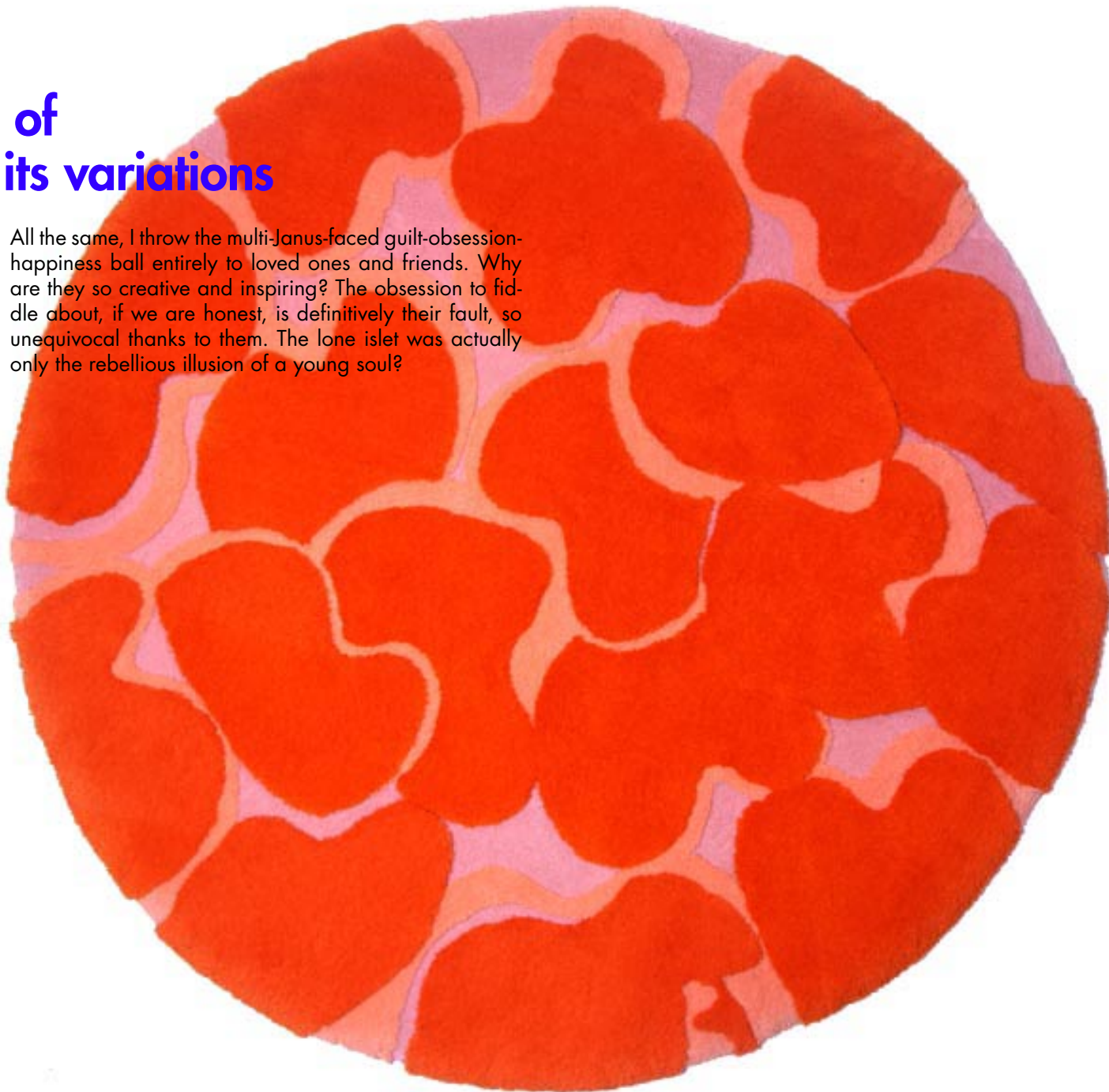
“When I was only one I sensed the oneness of all, the immortality of substance and the spirit’s mortality I closed and opened my eyes constantly: sometimes my mother vanished, sometimes my teddy, sometimes a flower appeared, sometimes a ball, as an endless mathematical series ...”
Giovanna, 9.

Fiddling about with an obsession, a psychopathic fault of heaven knows how many generations, the ever-present “heliotropic” Ball.

Frustration is the last *ball-teardrop*, an injury to the hand caused by secret guilt is an incomplete *Flügel shape*, encountering real life is a wretched *human rabbit*, and conscious, joyful comsublimation directed towards art is a *Flügel artefact*, a feeling of succeeding in touching the universal lasting for only a ridiculously wee moment is again a *ball*, and finally: wearying of everything is a *wilted ball, a dot, a dot of steam in the womb of the tabula rasa*. And because one notices that one is still alive, and one has inspired oneself again, if not by someone’s persona, filled with the spirit of nature, then by the wonder of one’s own existence, the obsession is repeated... and when on some lilac-scented day one dies, the obsession an sich does not lie down and die too, but goes on as an idea flung in the air, as a work, a force, which some individual always “catches” in his turn. *The mystic cycle of the obsession with making art in nature!* The use of energy.

The message is dressed as an instrument. The obsession is disguised as substance.

All the same, I throw the multi-Janus-faced guilt-obsession-happiness ball entirely to loved ones and friends. Why are they so creative and inspiring? The obsession to fiddle about, if we are honest, is definitively their fault, so unequivocal thanks to them. The lone islet was actually only the rebellious illusion of a young soul?



The Ball – Flügel – Rabbit play formula can be seen not only as three harmless drawing vignettes of Elise's Dissertation, but also as the kind of basic structure where almost all the elements and angles gnawing at this process can be planted.

The ball formula shows the interaction and play between the unconscious and the conscious. In Freudian terms:

A

1. The unconscious
2. The preconscious
3. The conscious, conscious sublimation and via the preconscious
4. Back to the unconscious; Flügelistically: back to hypercreative irresponsibility...

Hyper-creativity is paradoxically both the intuitive-subconscious perceiving and respecting of things, and their conscious sublimation and manipulation for new use.

Frustration over things that have a surprising after-effect is avoided when one *comsublimates*. This is now repeated like some fundamental perception. If I cannot play the piano well enough, I do not hammer the keys to bits, but I use the energy for something I can do – drawing? If I cannot draw well enough, I create life in some other suitable, straightforward way. It is pure vanity to become frustrated in the first place.

The unconscious birth of words and pictures and the pragmatic, conscious utilizing of new associations. That's it. The perfect conclusion to polishing a decisive mistake, and having nailed it down, putting it in the freezer box, after which let's have a nice cup of tea. Christopher Robin.

To adapt the idea of inconclusiveness: *One loaf of brown bread halved and then halved again, and the whole popu-*

lation will die of hunger. If one goes on like this, one will never achieve a human aim. Or even come near it. *There is always a more "prettified" unit waiting, more perfect perfectness to aim for.*

See for comparison a 5/1000 of a millimetre toothache. Can one still find points of pain? Ha, ha ... Rabbit.

Subjects never end in art either. What is stuffed inside you begins to be visible outwardly. And everything can be formulated according to the Flügelistic basic formula. That is what is so awful here. *What is stuffed inside you begins to be visible externally as pimples. Rabbit plus Flügel = Flügelrabbit = a formal short cut to Ball.* You have happened to shape another ball again? Quite, as above, or for example by ending with any detail whatsoever that is so invisible that plenty of room is left to imagine that it is plump ...

The description of producing art is varied to become indirect, circuitous and metaphoric. It changes into another process, as a description of itself, a process as a process, and thus through negation dissolves itself. The dissolution of the self, fading, was the original aim! By revolving the process ever anew, one approaches loop by loop a *borderline value*, which starts to be a ridiculously small piece of a loaf of brown bread, cut in half endlessly, so that it is impossible to say what kind of bread it is from the human viewpoint. And on from *there until in the roar of the last storm what starts to take shape, instead of the borderline value, is how one should properly and rightly live, and then the storm suddenly ceases.* In the grip of an uninvited typhoon the end brightens the beginning, which cannot be regained as such even by praying – in any form. Relations are changing, relations which are enormously endless and manifold. A nasty setback.

A French king (shan't mention his name) died in a mindless situation bundled up in silk sheets, *ad coitus erectus*. But what happened to his partner? Rabbit with his foot on the clutch.

While I am wrestling with my last storm variation, he re-

peats his history lesson unclearly, and tries to reverse his Volkswagen. Into a gate-post. Bang! ...

In the surprisingly universal Flügelistic basic formula Ball – Flügel – Rabbit, one can in simplified form experience not only this bouncing dissertation process, but also:

B

1. All one's own production
2. All one's own life so far
3. Perhaps the pulse and meaning of the whole universe, both as a Web of Relations, a sizzling ball, and as a mathematical left-over surplus of something that is not known, pulsing towards eternity?

We're going deep, and if we were too too bad we'd go even faster ... and the hula-hula hoop round my waist, approaching the extreme utmost, revolves 360 degrees Celsius round the ball, constantly in spatial space, constantly in a plunging position. Rabbit.

The concept of the Renaissance scholar, the art historian Giorgio Vasari (1511-1574) about history is built on the principle of progress. He speaks of "the progress of re-birth" of ancient times; it is the custom to express this principle by referring to the four ages of man: birth, youth, flourishing and withering. For example, it was thought that there were the same four ages in the history of nations, which could be compared in turn to the four seasons of nature, the four points of the compass, the four "humours" or temperaments of man. Kuusamo, 10.

Vasari moves this biological life span metaphor to the sphere of intellectual development and art when he describes the Renaissance eras of 14th century art, 15th century quattrocento and the flourishing of the early 16th century with its Leonardos. True, he sees it in three phases, omitting the wilting phase – which is always more unpleasant to contemplate ... But Elise is equally interested in all wilting, withering and reaction, as in all that is fruitful, because she likes to see seeds of the new everywhere. All that is latent, potent, mutant, secretly interests her ...

The life spans of mass movements and ideologies, as also the phases of falling in love, can be constructed into the "four-leafed clover" of Elise's creative process. Alberoni, 11.

C

1. *Pressure of change, i.e. depressive overloading*
2. *Birth phase of falling in love*
3. *Flourishing phase of love*
4. *Degenerative everyday*, the chamber of horrors of the depressive components, *or the happy Sein phase*, just to be, and be as empty as possible.

More than thrice, my Rabbit, shall I deny you. Love as a state of mind is cruel, because it constantly seeks new challenges.

Rabbit has such a sunny nature that he does not believe love will ever end terrifyingly, if no feelings are badly hurt.

Elise's comsublimatory hyper-creativity can also be examined through this kind of four-leafed clover varying as follows:

D

1. *A disturbed initial state, a tabula rasa*, overloaded, regressed and depressive, without self-esteem, an ash-like state of soul which discovers something, something new, igniting, strange, affirmative or negative, it is all the same.
2. *A burning state of inventing*, essentially involving much ambivalence and extreme feelings, like a feeling of extreme happiness, without forgetting paranoia and oddities, which both increase and exhaust energy. A terrible quantity of sketches, each more promising seeds than the last, accumulates on the tables and floors. The air is bursting with unshackled – shall I say boldly – joy in its various forms, as long as nobody or nothing prevents "creating", for preventing doing is absolutely the most distressing, worst thing of all. Doing itself is chiefly paradise...
3. *A more serene, actually deliberate, cosy firelight phase, which can take external circumstances, or even other peo-*

ple into account. Fluency arises from the seeds, works shape themselves from their own weight. It is only distressing if the lovable doing of work is for one reason or another prevented.

4. The pushing-out period, in which one first produces work for the outside world in an almost unconscious state, after which one experiences an enormous, contrapuntal void and meaninglessness; one rejects, repels, detaches oneself and extinguishes. Then one reverses ... and probably hasn't learnt anything more ...

"... than something very little". Winnie the Pooh.

I've started to keep my eyes open again in the street scene ... Rabbit.

There is also a fourth phase in which the producing is left undone. For the reason that the work does not satisfy the author. A fateful event which may keep bothering one for the rest of one's life. Or it may be a very liberating experience. To accomplish a sincere effort which remains a humorous "absolute value"!

Let us take yet another little four-leafed parallel:

E

1. *First there is the abstract Ball.*
2. *Then the half-abstract Flügel, a pre-real artefact into which life has been breathed.*
3. *Finally a graceful, real-life Rabbit, which being metamorphosed through death for example, leaves behind him again ...*
4. *His abstract idea, which is to be presented as a Ball – "The Ring is Closed". Hamsun, 12.* – and nobody from the coming generations can reconstruct an identical Rabbit. He has closed his circle and achieved his own kind of hermeneutic sphere. But on the basis of the same idea, theme, variation of a variation, perhaps in another form, in a totally different Ball, or then within the frame of this Ball, but *in slightly different positionings of the relationships, the supposed Rabbit continues his Flügelizing to achieve the fateful Ball – Flügel – Rabbit formula.*

The mighty power of free associations forms crazy formulas. The freedom of associations and the state of innocent irresponsibility, transcendence, are indeed the first prerequisite for self-sufficient hyper-creativity, which is now directed to a more or less absolute-value, abstract, free game of thoughts: Unconscious, pre-conscious, conscious (Freud), back via pre-conscious to re-unconscious, to transcendence, the tabula rasa, nebula ... (Elise).

Let us finally splash Elise's basic hermeneutic formula on the table:

F

1. *Theme*
2. *Variation*
3. *Variation of a variation and via variation of a variation of a variation becoming a theme again, but under new conditions.*

A Spiral! Rabbit.

Elise's hermeneutic circle as a spatial variation is a chain of associations, a web of loops, forming an endless ball! Elise is a line is a Ball! Time for a picture! Elise and Rabbit are one and the same, are the same as Ball! – Hee, hee! – Does it always make one giggle so much when one is drawing? Does the real theme of the drawing, a beggar rabbit, make one giggle, or the trace of a line an sich? It makes one giggle because everything that is so terrible makes one giggle; this line too ... a revealing representation of the self, a line of finger-prints with charcoal/lead as the medium ... my own rabbit trace, shocks me.

To tell the truth, I have always profoundly wondered at fixed models, like for example the Steiner School pedagogical model: what makes people seriously present spirit-body – soul-body – astral-body systems? A philosopher's obsession with creating his own immortal microcosmos? And I cannot help giggling now either.

Everything horrifying and fascinating first makes one giggle – then makes one imitate. Rabbit.

Since we have now willingly started to play with formulas, let us further examine a few tri-polar associative variations of the formula Ball-Flügel – Rabbit (B-F-R). The night is still young ...

G

1. Ball is an idea.
2. Flügel is Elise's Dissertation, i.e. a concretization.
3. Rabbit is the doer who exists as the "spirit" of this creation, as the doer.

1. Ball is an abstract idea.
2. Rabbit is a real being, through whose blunders Elise also exists.
3. Flügel is Elise's artefactual dissertation, which is Elise's alter ego.

1. Rabbit is the very first Aristotelian observer.
2. Flügel is an abstract artefact, taken halfway, fumbling for perfection.
3. Ball is the abstract refinement, the most final and sublime human form which both exists and does.

1. Ball is a Dasein state.
2. Flügel is an omen of a leap created by a Dasein state.
3. Rabbit is the actual leap.

1. Rabbit is an abstract idea of a rabbit.
2. Flügel is the clumsy semi-abstracted form into which the abstract idea of a rabbit is transfigured.
3. Ball is the existing "spirit" by whose incomparable flexibility the basis of ideas and artefacts is formed, the mathematical relationships on which the ideas and artefacts are based.

In more mundane terms: Ball, Elise, Rabbit, Elise, Ball ... market ball(oon), ball(oon) market, business world ... the world as a company, production ...

H

1. The parent company is Elise's obsession with doing, which is oriented in many directions.
2. The affiliated companies are, without listing them more

precisely, the genres that Elise goes in for, from film to textile art and poetry.

3. The subsidiary companies are the "children" of these genres, which (ha,ha!) have their own soul: several films from *The Tale of the Sampo* and *Seven Brothers* to *Bagatelles*, the poems *Tabula Rasa*, *Giovanna* and *Self Portrait*, and the visually-weighted "entities" *Galleria*, *Karmelia*, *In a Big and Little Universe*, *Bagatelles op. 1 – 13*, *Oceania*, *Babylonia*, *Foundlings*, *Sophisticated*, *Pertinent Fish*, *Erotics*, *Apollon*, *Intter Konttinen*, *Flygelise*, *Rabbit Plays*, *Second Dancers* ...

4. The "jolly gipsy" companies are a number of so far unpublished, wild series of unknown genres.

This simpler than simple *file of company "boxes"* is, perhaps particularly because of its lack of depth, most easily applicable to productions other than my own. So much for the possible and desirable general significance of this work.

Oh, if only it had some general significance. After taking so much trouble. Rabbit.



REQUIEM FÜR ELISE

ETHICAL JUDGEMENT OF THE PROCESS

Pain and the life force arm-in-arm

What can really be done in this kind of voluntary process, in which in the final analysis “the prosecutor is the same person as the judge” (Donizetti’s opera “Anna Bolena”? There is nothing to be done any more. So let us just go through the main points again.

The artist carries an *invisible, chafing burden, which could be characterized by the term “fundamental obsession with guilt and doing”*, a privileged person’s bloated guilt about the fact that – to adapt Nietzsche – he hates “the herd” from time to time and nevertheless is for his own part responsible for its welfare. He sees so much wretchedness in himself and others that he cannot keep it to himself. He transfers his own inconsistency in the form of art to the remorse of the herd, whereby the herd becomes more unpleasant to him. But he cannot leave it completely, because fundamentally *he masochistically wants to make himself a function of the herd, instead of shaping the herd to become his own political special troops.*

And thus they would together produce something nice! Indomitable Rabbit, who is now leaping through Nietzsche too.

Is the artist trying to make some general laws of life’s compulsion with unnecessarily severe guilt arguments? The question has so far been chiefly confined to the psychology of the individual, for artists have never in the course of history been taken too seriously – and perhaps with good reason. Well, maybe the Renaissance geniuses of Florence were worshipped to some extent – and perhaps with good reason. Is the road turning? *When Nietzsche and Buddha are debuted* – this is a fantasy of the mind again – *is man and thus the world any the better for it?*

This compulsion to “create” might be called sublimation (Freud), transformation (Jung), comsublimation (Elise), or on an equally firmly-rooted basis also, *a life force giving birth to joy, a contentment with life, an alternative and comforting treatment for life’s envy, Nietzsche’s Lebenschneid.*

It is the creator that they hate most: the one who destroys old values, the violator... for creators are hard... they call the creator a criminal. Elise remembers something Nietzsche has said. Is there intertextualized here a grain of creative envy towards creativity? He who has many snails wants more of them.

Creativity no longer being the enemy, but a motive power, Petrol! Rabbit.

A creative, intelligent, fundamentally inventive act gives birth not only to aggressions, but also to joy and energy, which surprising life immediately takes into its tortuous possession, and transfers to the place it chooses. The law of the indestructibility of energy does not obey the individual, though the individual might be the prime root of everything. Energy is unshackled, like nothing and like everything. Everything is a dream! *Collective dreams are filtered into “concrete” form, through the individual.* To dream art dreams, which someone else materializes on the other side of the Ball!

Should one’s attitude to producing art really be that each dream is an escaping possibility, *each limit an incentive, each loss a victory?* Any sublimatory word or deed whatever, both intentional and unintentional, is both losing and gaining, transforming energy into something else. Sublimation in physics, as has been mentioned, means

the conversion of solid substance directly into vapour ... in Flügelism into a nebulous mist from which rises a new, unpredicted Phoenix-Cinderella.

Energy does not vanish, it only changes its form? A general assumption. *Form is interpretation of content, an Asses’ Bridge variation of content.* Content changes according to form. Instrument is communication. Once again the communication guru Marshal McLuhan! Elise’s hypercreativity is shaped to the thesis thus: *communication* = a constant signal, and the need to sublimate for example an injured hand, and *instrument* = instead of self-destruction, to consciously knead something palpitating from emotional ingredients. Or does the making of art then change from demonic Sumo wrestling to practising uninteresting niceness?

The viewpoint based on subjective experience is that creativity is always a little evil, frightening and springing from pain, but at the same time enjoyable and life-affirming, if one finds the edge to encounter it from. *If one is brave, one does not have to or even manage to be so terribly nice.*

Often it may even be a set mannerism to reject what smells of creativeness, both in oneself and in others. Especially institutions are structurally over-sensitive and from their “gene base” allergic to creativity. *After all, unsublimated creativity is fundamentally morally and ethically a questionable pragmatic use of any value whatsoever. Creativity must be refined, even tended for ethical reasons.*

Sublimation is thus a vaguely sought compensation for some vaguely scented lack or injury. *As a mobilizing force*

there is something that is not exactly perceived? And often just that. Blind fishing for pearls? On the other hand that is why we are often so unhappy. Unhappy because we do not know what it is all about. In the puppet theatre of our own life we write lines for the subsidiary characters instead of for the principals, and what is most pitiful, we imagine all the time that we are perfectly sound in mind and body. On the other hand, we are equally unhappy if we have an inkling of what it might really be all about! To be or not to be is twisted into: *to perceive or not to perceive? To be conscious or not to be conscious?* Who/what is the perceiver?

In Cartesian fashion the brain studies the soul, in Eliseian fashion the soul studies the brain. The instrument to explain reality, which for Peirce is the act, for Merleau-Pont the movement of the body, is thus for Elise the inkling to be found in the soul – the Secret Fact.

In Elise's philosophical concept of creativity, we are looking at ideas and works born/giving birth through on the one hand only slightly intentional sublimation, and on the other hand perceived pragmatic comsublimation. To play with the concept of sublimation: man's creativity is at bottom nothing more remarkable than the sublimation/comsublimation of one's own life ball – both from the soul to the senses and vice versa, and for no particular reason. What is in question is only constant motivation and craning to see over the other side of the fence. Meta-variation of things in life. Psychoanalysis, Psychosynthesis, Body Language, Soulbrain!

Sublimation may itself be the content which we try to get away from by means of varying another parallel sublimation. For example, Rabbit injures his toe to subconsciously attract attention away from his previously injured hand, which "miraculously heals" in the face of the new injury. *One revolves round the circle in which the message bites the instrument, the instrument bites the message's tail and the musical box plays on.* Cat and mouse.

If through comsublimatory doing one succeeds in raising

the name of "injury" to the consciousness, at which in spite of the threat of shyness and depression one is aiming here, one is perhaps in a new Ball, a new dissertation? A new state of consciousness? It is rather unpleasant that the more consciously one comsublimates, the more ironic the atmosphere of life seems to become... At the same time as the refinement of consciousness, in itself worthy of human dignity, proceeds, the ball of life sort of withers from powerful emotions, which are after all the sugar and spice of the earthly way... *Human reality is indeed irresistible in its tasteless, infantile incompleteness.* Or is this only the imagining of a spiritually half-baked Rabbit? His own Spinoza-like "philosophy of joy".

Besides comsublimation, Elise's naive hyper-creativity aims at *deserving deubuctive assimilation, a kind of ecumenical fusion between on the one hand the creativity of evil, ironical self-knowledge, and on the other hand the life-force of good and permissive self-knowledge.* Terrible! The project is completely incomplete, but fundamental, even from the standpoint of preserving the globe.

From the individual to the general. Rabbit.

Let us put on a pedestal, on any pedestal, a small genre painting: when a creative person voluntarily languishes among his works, his environment is left in peace and feeling well. Or on the contrary: when he himself is feeling well, running wild in his activeness, loving himself, loving others, throwing kisses in every direction, bathing in the alarming manic foam of omnipotence, he is amusingly comic, but manages also to weary his nearest and dearest. Manages to soap them to the innards, and finally make them feel so bad that they have to see a doctor.

What follows from this? A megalomaniac self-blame and an almost catatonic depression. *The artist blames himself, although he would like to be able to blame others.* Often – nearly always – the blame is in himself, often in his own ethically *overweening ambition and planetary narcissism.* Even the most divine therapist will not succeed in grab-

bing the most horrible subjects of the artist's depression (tiring word). If the artist should generously offer them, he would finally lose both his most sensitive self and his vital self-respect. *All kinds of confession, including those dressed up in the form of art, are surface-painted "fissions", impudent frescoes and self-made sham melodramas.*

Guilt depression can actually be profoundly conformist, suffocating. Final collapse because joy, which would perhaps heal you, is tactfully forbidden? Even a tiny tear of joy or modest success is forbidden. A catch of fish must be hidden like everything else. *It is tactful to hide virtue above all, and nobody is permitted finally to rejoice because all must be concealers of joy and guilty, because they potentially have joy to conceal.*

Because of his self-centredness, the artist, however, seldom notices that almost everybody else has a guilt trauma. *Guilt that life is a gift,* which is not relaxing as an attitude, and thus is not very conducive to creativity.

Ethical instinct is, stripped of pretexts, incorruptible. When in life's mostetic turns one should be able to make the right cuts, but one's brow drags to the ground and the knife will not cut anything but cheese, this cannot unfortunately be camouflaged any longer by aesthetics. *The more stately the aesthetic erections, the more transparent they are ethically...* Even the most highly-developed aesthetics only waddles along as the lady-in-waiting, with bags under her eyes, of ethics, carrying the faded train, an autistic page-boy... though they do say that aesthetics is the mother of ethics. Maybe they are referring to the egg-chicken-egg syndrome. All the same, mothers often *do have* bags under their eyes.

Nevertheless, ethics includes aesthetics; it in fact needs aesthetics to be perfectly complete. Complete, perfectionist aesthetics permits and requires for its fulfilment a beauty spot, a beautiful-ugly epithet, a necessary but insufficient condition. The sophisticated aesthetic conscience puts the parts into place only when a refined *qualitative fault* has settled down as a part of the final formation. At the same

time, for ethics to be credible and in that sense of high quality, it needs its spots. *An over-dose of aesthetics reveals self-indulgence and questions the fundamental motive of an ethical deed.*

Plato also sets passion and considered bravery in contrast to one another. Rabbit.

Can one anywhere or ever get rid of this impulsive excess surplus, as Egon Friedell sees it, which finds a comparison in the idea of mathematical endless recurrence? People are always finding fault in a fault. *There always remains "the same thing", no matter how much we break it and divide it and – smoke cigarettes!* When one has sublimated, there will always be a need and motivation to (com)sublimate this former sublimation and so on, inescapably.

Psychoanalysis at its simplest and mathematics at its equally simplest are Flü-gell-ized in the jam-making process inside Elise's head.

Comsublimation is hopefully fruitful and refines the individual as a conscious approach. But *how does Freudian rejection affect the artist's work and through his real life and vice versa?* Does artistic doing become easier if one is able to reject consciously? *Does the perceiving of one's own rejection/suppression help artistic doing?* Can one take a self-understanding and warm attitude to rejection, or does the required twinkle and little wickedness fade at the same time from one's eyes? Is it possible to be an artistically creative and humanly communicative person by thinking and acting more or less roundly like Buddha? Is there anything worth striving for in all this? Or is it forcing a titanium-white duelling glove on oneself? Swords! To the right and to the left.

Things can always happen otherwise than one imagines: conscious rejection does not perhaps lead to self-understanding, but may set off a still worse kind of psychological and/or physical illness than unconscious rejection. An uncompromising artistic nature does not unfashionably

forgive itself anything.

Rejected substance raised to the sphere of consciousness is, not only for the public, but also for the artist himself, too bad medicine. Internal suffering is not a pretty sight.

There's always so much bad connected with suffering... one's own blunders. Rabbit identifies.

On the other hand, comsublimated, conscious rejection may open a new mostetic conscience for the use of creativity; this may enhance the quality of life and doing in every respect, corresponding to the classic soul's reaction, forgiveness.. The *tolerant acceptance* of the reaction.

Another kind of reaction, surpassing the therapeutic and mostetic task of art, is possible: doing becomes less valuable alongside life itself. The person does not feel any need at all to find an explanation of life or the means to master it with the help of art. For him *every arch of the neck or earth-worm he meets is free art, pure art an sich.* He does not really need any circuses, installations, "art attractions", art education.

Wittgenstein made what he considered a justified choice by giving up on explaining academic philosophy and becoming an elementary school teacher in a remote village... No spectacles. No museums.

The mostetic conscience is as incorruptible as possible, as far as the demands of self-honesty are concerned. Observing instinctive sincerity and love for the fundamental existence of art, one finally rejects the hole awareness! One establishes what must be done instead of various automatic substitute functions, but in spite of this one does not do it; one intentionally allows (a paradox) sublimation to continue as such, wild. One avoids even one's own reins... If this leads to the birth of a fine symphonic poem, the work of art has perhaps an undeniable *"automatic fate,"* completely independent of the artist's will, which must be accomplished in spite of all hindrance, even *through infantile rejection.*

Is a person who is pure of all rejection the one who is finally most free? Most free of all sorts of pressure to create, to give birth to art. What is the pressure to give birth to a child? Because the man cannot do this, the woman is the one who is "compelled to give birth", "with pain" ... The woman often wants the compulsion. Natural compulsion! The woman cannot thus be free in wanting compulsion? What is the compulsion that man for his part wants? Woman?

Is woman a child for man? Rabbit.

Kierkegaard says pseudonymously through the mouth of Constantin Constantius:

"Between two such different beings (man and woman) no real interaction can occur. It is in this disparity that the joke lies: that with woman joking came into the world." Kierkegaard, 1.

If woman has really brought joking into the world, she has done an irreplaceable service to mankind, and at the same time redeemed for herself the artist's freedom. *Everyone capable of joking is an artist in her own soul!*



Love and Art, the same sign of the zodiac

The same vanishing perspective. The same vanishing trick. Elise is so in love with work... that it feels like work. Rabbit.

Rabbit's fate is also to unravel a trauma, which he barely perceives. Whisperingly he knows, but nevertheless he wants to see how long one can jump up and down on the extreme edge of the flower's stigma without slipping off. *Or might it be that it might not always be a genuine trauma that is in question, but only the product of a spoiled person's imagination?* Gentle criticism ensures a place in heaven.

Another haunting question: *Why?* Why all this? What is behind each effort? The director of a successful big company constantly surveys the feelings and motives of his subordinates, believing that the key to the firm's problems or its success is to be found in "human" matters. Perhaps this is so in the case of art too. Although Gaudi was a workaholic and a hermit living on eggs, I could almost swear that in the background of his art was some human point of departure, a muse, an anti-muse, a personal fuse... not just divinity. Nature is heart-breakingly beautiful, but it enchants an sich, and does not necessarily inspire one to portray it. Nature is too logical, too perfect. God. In her dream of fundamental "logicality", Elise aims high.

The "structure" of the Ball, the Web of Relations, consists of all the things affecting the matter, most of which are incomprehensible. Hence Elise's thesis cannot be scientific in its world of thought, but artistic. I study matters, I think and weigh, *but I cannot classify or categorize them in the traditional manner, because then at the same time I would kill the idea of surprisingness and its incompatibility with existing categories, which is a strict condition of art.*

Thus one must be logical to oneself and must manage to present the matter in some other way; in this case by means of a Web of Relations built within an infinite ball; and its profane form is a book, as you can see.

What in particular makes the artistic process exciting and compulsive, what is behind all the striving? Compulsion or making contact, irritation, a powerful "rebirth", a brief moment of shock? All this. For Elise the artistic process is not without volcanic eruptions and life inspirations.

Art and love differ in that art cannot be taken seriously, but love cannot not be taken seriously. I say one unjust and negative word about something in the universe to my loved one, and it upsets my peace of mind, because there is something impure in what I say that does not belong to love – although it is human and thus must be forgiven. If one practises art too seriously, the same will occur: a tiny messy spot he has made himself, a potential, qualitative fault, will upset the kind of artist who approaches his work with the same perfectionist love, who has not yet dared to open the treasure chest of tolerant imagination to discover the quality of the fault. Everything must be just perfect. Ball!

Facta factum, misterioso! In receiving art it is just some lack that may be the activator... I noticed that too, I noticed the fault and found pleasure in it! Rabbit.

Is the truth faultless? And thus inhuman and cruel? The greatest common denominator of art and love is not faulty or faultless truth, but the fact that it is almost impossible to talk about both without making something vital ridiculous.

Amor opens brassieres and Eros closes them. Rabbit.

In a real situation, faced with birth, death or love, all intermediaries, bridges and lines joining points dissolve, and only the points remain. The way which one was told was the whole Tao is revealed to be at bottom *a dwarfishly short Asses' Bridge*. The line between two points is such a short bit, a communication or wave-length, that the points, or compressed tight balls, sort of kiss each other "practically" on the mouth. *Hermes has been Amor all the time, and not a scarf.*

Man falls in love at first sight – a view which has however been questioned by scholars, so: Rabbit falls in love at first sight. There follows an exhausting period of establishing the matter, the final result of which is that he agrees with himself as at the beginning of the process. The acceptance of *the Asses' Bridge principle and intuition* would have saved trouble. The first sight, "the firstborn look", even with a work of art, determines one's relation to its attraction. Explanations do not often change one's own authentic experience. An expert, enlightening guide may make a deeply serious work even seem ridiculous.

In the same way one's first intuition when outlining an artistic project may be unique and "best". One must then just keep on course in the waves, the storm. What often happens is that the supra-conscious keeps leading the artist astray, far from his original vision, the subconscious being in the process the guardian angel who keeps the artist on course. One's final fondness for the work is determined by the mutual relation between these.

Sometimes the conscious and the unconscious goal are

the same. As in Elise's dissertation work, the conscious **Ball – Flügel – Rabbit** game has sucked out from the sub-conscious material that I did not know was there, like incredible obstinacy.

In Elise's hyper-creativity the unconscious and the conscious are so badly tangled up with each other in unique knots – impossible to disentangle afterwards, without a trace of logic – that the process caused by this tangle leads inevitably to something unique. Ha, ha!

When a work of art is very personal or too personal, it works "badly" as a point of departure for a school. In other words schools are born from ordinary art or art based on some system, because it is possible to imitate the system – in fact it is easy for a skilful artist. A picture, painting, drawing based on some slow, methodical way of working gives time to imitate the wanderings of the line, unlike paintings or drawings made with very rapid strokes, whose paw-mark is visibly spontaneous. The personal touch is not, of course, enough, nor is speed a virtue. Moreover, the personal "something" is often only faintly discernible. The central composition element two millimetres to the left, or the brush stroke 1/24 of a second earlier.

When the subject in Schopenhauer fashion completely surrenders to the object he looks at, he becomes the object. What could be a lovelier libretto? This is what happens to the artist when he devotes himself to his work. He fuses his goal to the process, and the process becomes an absolute value. This is what happens to the artist also when he combines work and love. Everything is here and now, without a goal. *Contrary to what is thought, referring to narcissism, the artist does not want to emphasize himself, but prefers to efface himself by fusing everything concerning himself into one ball, because he can not do otherwise even if he wanted to.* Here is an eccentric reason why he is always a helplessly marginal figure. *Knight of the Marginal Figure, who at bottom wants to create contact and at the same time fade into solitude.*

The closer to the ball I come, the bigger it seems, and I must use more and more imagination to still perceive it as a Ball. Rabbit.

Art and philosophy also have common denominators: the artist opens and the philosopher closes. Both art and philosophy tend towards the same kinds of elements, such as *accepting ambiguity, the barren impossibility of guillotine-like appreciation, approximation, indecisiveness, constant deconstruction and putting oneself in question, and in spite of everything the capacity, ability and passion to go on living.*

If Elise does not define what art is here, Rabbit does not need to define what philosophy is or what science is either. Each can put together their own interpretation, because that is what happens anyway.

Collective interpretation is common belief. Rabbit.

From the processes of making art and of love it is possible to sort out the same mechanisms: one experiences the birth phase, i.e. one loves, suffers and goes crazy. One is possessed more passionately than with anything else. Then one loves for a time in a created "institution", and perhaps finally rejects this state, absolutely fed up with and disappointed by it... or then not – love continues. One falls in love again, either with the same work, which is happily insatiable – especially in the case of trilogies, tetralogies; or then falls in love with a new idea, suffers and goes crazy, works. The work may become an oppressive obsession, like going to work... but also an absorbingly wonderful abandonment. This is so vital that I must keep on repeating it. *Repetition, however, is never – as we have seen – the same, but a subtle sweet-sour variation of the original of the original of the original. Nothing is repeated as the same. Luckily.*

Afterwards one wakes up at some point to the fact that, contrary to one's belief, the phase of falling in love never drowned in the brown sauce of the institution phase. Looking back over the years at what was loved, one's creation, one can miraculously be enchanted again by some

characteristic features; blind to faults or just because of them one can be moved to the point of a co(s)mic experience. To feel the velvet-light, mystic moment of contemplation during which a squirrel can munch a nut for a tenth of a second, a moment during which an indelible illusion of something can be born – something that can be called blissful, selig, good. *A touch of the good? Jeanne d'Arc. Wagner's Brünnhilde of "Der Ring des Nibelungen". A splash of immortality. Stripes of colour and coves in all directions. Paradise.*

And all the time I was so in love with Elise without knowing it that I could not even eat properly! – I was. Even though she always asked – like all the other women – how's your brother getting on? I answered, why d'you ask me? Why do not you ask him? He'll certainly be delighted if you give him a call... Rabbit.



The secret garden, mock-revealed

Because after all this self-effacing grind I am – to my surprise – still here, I will make some sort of statement. But I won't say the most important thing, because that is something I wouldn't tell even to my friends. Because it facta factum belongs to an even tougher series of "rejected children", I do not intend to tell it even to myself. The things you never reveal even to yourself...

"... the essence of repression lies simply in the function of rejecting and keeping something out-of-conscious." Freud/Goleman, 2.

Was this fundamentally what it was all about? To see how far self-honesty will stretch. On 1 February 1998 I wrote: "I'd like to encounter my own degree of honesty or possible lack of honesty, and the justifications for it." I have come to the next question-mark inside the ball to state *that if I had told everything about my life and doings absolutely honestly in Elise's Dissertation, there wouldn't be any point in continuing as an artist.* Pulling the rug. What can I say about the process after this? Conclusions!

Art walks its own paths in a state of absolute compulsion; thoughts about art plunge into written form as their own context. Works of art tangentially touch the writing that comes out of the chambers of the mind and vice versa, but in both cases they are born from and give birth to themselves parthenogenetically, from their own premises which are essentially different from each other. *The artistic act and its explanatory interpretation are varied in the form of an explanation which is an independent artistic act.*

Art is ontology of the existing without explanation. Flügelistic metaphysics is a conscious/unconscious plunge both into an abstract thrashing of thoughts and into im-

agination and eroticism and love – within its own mostet-ics.

A description of the process – a description which is a process in itself – is a process of a process and a negation of itself, "a rejecter". What is left? What is left is absence of process. A description of a description ... One is left with only an extremely brief pause, or is it a point, or what is it – a timeless and spaceless Ball – Web of Relations – Absolute – *ex hypothesi*, outside discussion, description, interpretation and analysis.

The original goal, *effacing the self*, is not very difficult if one chooses the right words. Truly "concluding" the process, ending, causes emotionally this same effacing feeling of being outside everything, and of emptiness. As if the artistic work-mindedness thirsted for a state of complete emptiness, and for this very reason paradoxically all this desk-clearing, dog-feeding, fiddling about with pictures... piano practice, being busy, wondering where the world is going, through which – as a subjective aftermath – one reaches the fundamental goal: the emptying of the mind and non-Dasein?

But is this a realistic, workable concept? Where is the objective aftermath: criticism, the departure of the work into the world and so on? Never mind. Perhaps this *non-Dasein, this pumped-empty experience of being beats all other consequences?* Thinks Elise. Others may judge.

Methods are born and die along with work. Some of them remain untouched, of absolute value, perhaps even viable ideas. Every method used is personalized through work to become unique and special in the particular form

in which it really works. A bunch of methods which are in themselves worth while must be set aside because intuition selects for use the more suitable at each particular moment. *Terrific methodophobia is treated with antibiotics, because it is bacteria-based.*



A horror of theory and a natural abhorrence of prescriptions is comsublimated by one's own, voluntary non-theory about all final Flügelistic fusing. *Une petite mort*. How should I describe it? An expanding universe, Rabbit suggests, who hasn't understood anything at all again. Was Freud after all fundamentally such a metaphysician just because he stubbornly insisted that sublimation, the sublime, i.e. the noble and refined, came back to sex? After all, a mystic can have a powerful orgasm purely by the power of the imagination. And if any light is shed on Elise's metaphor from the angle of psychoanalysis, the shadows that fall on the dissertation terrain can be interpreted to mean heaven knows what.

The process of a dissertation on art proves to be wonderfully psychological – sometimes defensive, sometimes manically joyful, and colourful as a rainbow. It seems to shape into own disobedient self, realizing the present moment and behaving – without any encouragement – contrary to former norms, *calmly taking short cuts on routes which I did not even know when they were straight. In this liberal, individual case.*

It proves right away to be premature and a shade too comic to study one's own production credibly, before one has worked out the present relation of one's persona to life in general, and to the enigmatic world of producing art in particular. This alone would be a life-long project!

The comsublimating of production as a life that's been lived – that is the real Flügelistic challenge. Rabbit.

The formula $B = F = R$ becomes – whoops – real life. Freedom, looseness and “casa” value are accomplished, and the original plan is looked after impressionistically.

The essence of philosophy is disclosed: philosophers turn out to be lovable idealists, who as intelligent people themselves recognize a conscious deception game in the structure of philosophy. When it has been written, everything starts to look somehow solemn. “The Main Features of Intellectual Nonsense”.

All in all the final result is left *semi-abstract*, partly out of necessity and partly because I wished so. The remaining entity is an imagination ball shrunk to a point. Der Phantasieball. But if it is a Ball today, it may not be it tomorrow. The day before yesterday *Rabbit* was *Tabula Rasa*, yesterday *Giovanna*, today *Elise*, but what about the day after tomorrow? Although the *premonition and connotation* of Ball in this frame are subjectively successful at the moment, this does not prove that I could – in the hope of success – continue the same kind of premonitory varying in the future, without deep disappointments.

Nonetheless, *the best part in us, the most irresponsible and innocent, the most creative*, will not agree to be put into concepts. In this sense the whole “Self Portrait” study is wrongly presented as a question, and the final result, whichever way you look at it, is impossible. Creativity, which in the end I had to revolve in my mind in the framework of “Self Portrait”, turns out to be (as I guessed) an absolute rogue, who won't let anyone boss him about. In spite of all the goose-stepping paradoxes, I have managed to be – as the only competitor – the winner, because I have come to the point where I can say straight out to this sonofabitch: *creative thought, you are evil and you are good, and you disturb me wonderfully – by disclosing what I myself imagine I conceal.*

Perhaps it is just this ridiculous need to preserve secrets that has been the obstacle to achieving a more developed final result – who knows?

“... and perhaps we would know too much if we knew everything we know.” Maeterlinck, 3.

In the final outcome the roles of Elise and Rabbit (as has already been suspected) are completely mixed up. Ms Jekyll is Ms Hyde almost one hundred per cent. Just now they are both flapping their ears simultaneously, playing a duet on the Flügel so that all four paws are like one seventh moving extremely circularly... playing and romantically dreaming of one day turning into a cello. But in the air there floats an indescribable nostalgia. Betrübheit.

For the sea is rising.





The sea is roaring loudly, but one more dream, July 1999 – when the most essential part of the work was in my opinion complete, which in fact was an adolescent illusion.

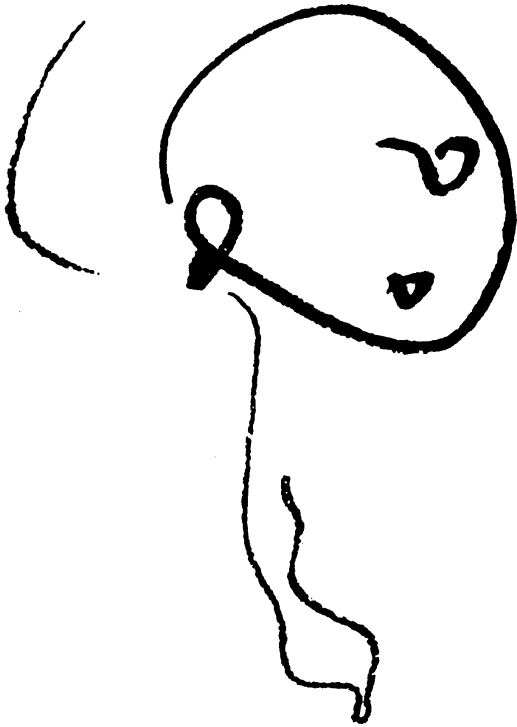
A pure Greek-white ship comes in to a sandy shore. Two captain-like figures stand erect on the deck. They seem somehow exotic. With turbans on their heads? One of them the blue of the Finnish flag, the other poppy-red. The vision is pleasant and a bit comic, but splendid all the same.

I think about the tricolor-clear components of the dream ... freedom, looseness and "casa" value, coming in to harbour? Blue, red and white. Man, woman and relation? A triple being! Counted together a third sex! Help! The turbans are like the shower-caps drawn by Carl Maria von Steinhägerkeller! There they are! That's it! In the evening sun's glitter. Elise : Rabbit.

I realize that the end is shaping up to be a happy one – this is after all deceptive buffa. I realize with an odd clarity that it is time now to burrow down in the heat-shimmering sand on the shore, and wonder what was the strange power that brought me to this crazy business, un travail de titan. Complete irresponsibility? An invitation to the game of imagined gods? Or rabbit's wish to get a Finnish doctoral hat to cover his ears?

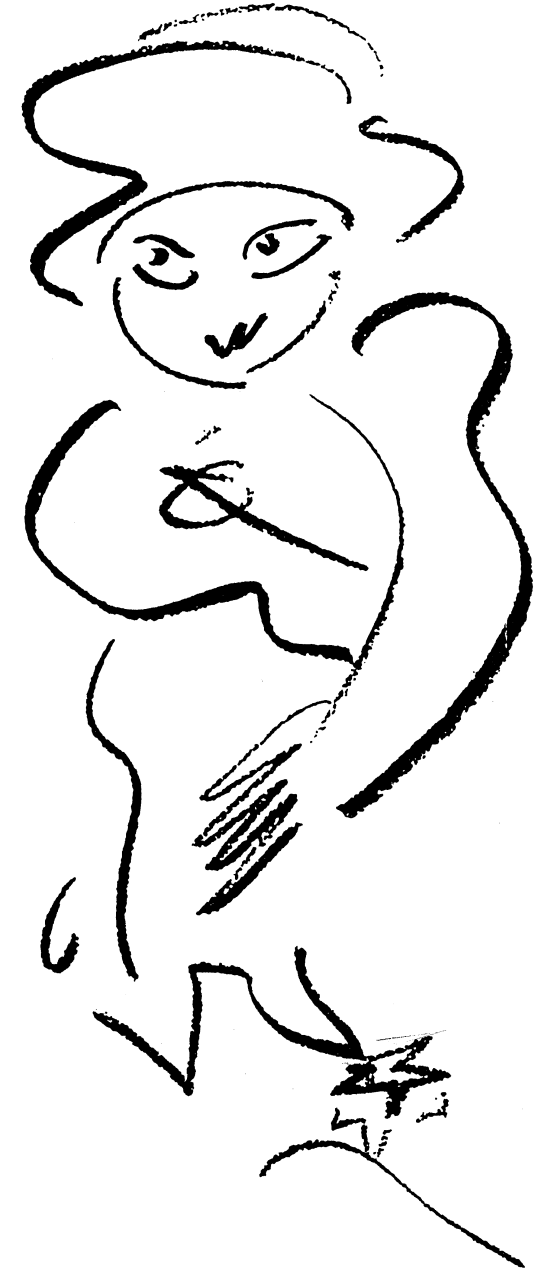


EPILOGUE



"At the end of life it happens just as at the end of a bal masqué when the masks are removed. Then we see who have really been the ones with whom we have had contact in the course of our lives. For characters have been revealed, deeds have borne fruit, achievements have been justly judged, and all illusions have been crushed. All this needed time... But the strangest thing is that it is really only at the end of our lives that we ourselves learn to know and understand ourselves, our own aims and accomplishments, especially regarding the world and others. And often, though not always, we then set ourselves at a lower level than we had previously intended, sometimes also at a higher level, because we have not imagined the world to be low enough, and this has set our aim high." Schopenhauer, 1.

"I suspected this," muttered he, uneasily, "I foresaw it... Yes, this hat is certainly too remarkable... I must get a cap to suit my rags; any old thing would be better than this horror. Hats like these are not worn; this one would be noticeable a verst off; it would be remembered; people would think of it again some time after, and it might furnish a clue..." Dostojevsky, 2.



SELF PORTRAIT METHODOLOGICAL MASTERKEY

VARIATION OF A VARIATION OF A VARIATION

$$\mathbf{B = F = R}$$



Motto

"This kind of state of complete indecisiveness and almost nihilistic resignation means a vital turning-point in the life of almost all great intellectually gifted persons. It is a time of transition where the developing spirit on the one hand can no longer be purely a learner, nor on the other hand has yet found clear directions for his future productivity. To possess an already sharpened eye to note the contradictoriness, the imperfection, even the senselessness of so many things and relations, and still not yet to possess what alone can counteract this pessimism and high level of passionate sensitivity that is the prerequisite of all creating of genius: a clear and certain knowledge of the task. The impossibility of living in the former, conventional learner's state has been perceived, the possibility of acting creatively, to form and teach one's own world is not yet known. The shocked eye therefore only sees negative examples everywhere. This is complete denial of oneself, the development phase of suicidal feeling. But above all it is for this reason that we must call Luther a genius, because he alone among the successful Reformationists of his time in demonic struggle built his own world." Friedell, 1.

Foreword to masterkey

So what am I really studying? I am studying *from a variational angle an individual case, the artist, myself*. I am studying introspectively from within my own so-called “*creative, artistic process*”, and *the general adventure of life behind it*. I am studying the Flügelism that I have developed irresponsibly, born over the course of years.

Concretely, by rule of thumb, “Self Portrait” as a whole consists of exhibitions and a book. Self Portrait: Methodological Masterkey”, “the Defence”, is an explanation of my research approach, a loosely symbiotic combination, so that the reader may more easily understand why the meditative, essay-like poetry form of a dissertation is used for the literary part of the study. At the same time it serves as an introduction to the deeps of my Flügelistic philosophy, which is the “spiritual” part of the exhibitions and book.

To put it in very everyday and simplified terms: “Self Portrait” is both methodologically and philosophically a question *of foresight and hindsight, a combination of pre-scription and post-scription*. What has already been done is described afterwards in somewhat other words and with somewhat other arguments. *According to my pragmatic way of thinking, works and conclusions exist in concealment, “back to front”, before conscious thought and the making of hypotheses, and when they burst into consciousness in the course of work, they are explained intuitively (or consciously) for the better.*

Method and substance are inverted, “submit themselves”, changing their roles, to a constant *compulsory variation*. *In other words, variation is both method and substance, both manner and content.*

In the final analysis, “Self Portrait”, which is the same as the entirety of the Flügelise work, and “Self Portrait: Elise’s Dissertation”, which can metaphorically be buttoned up with it, are however so defensive in their nature, so secret in their implications, and so introspective in themselves,

that if I myself set out to study them deeply and seriously, meta-varying and analyzing from a particular angle, I would be *in a still more malignant hermeneutic circle* than I am already.

At every turn I would encounter new connections, which would again and again confuse the analyses. One may say to this that delineating is in itself a skill, but *I have already in my opinion drawn a methodological line by trusting artistic metaphor-like presentation*. I have also specifically wanted to try to operate on the edge of paradox, to carry out research on the brink of chaos. Variatio delectat.

In my deconstructive analytic desire I would, moreover, set in question the spiritual consistency of my works, my brain-children, the whole of existence and the universal right of a work. It would, besides, be unnecessary to double this by explaining and interpreting what is already evident. Interpretations cannot of course be avoided, but it is healthy to remember that they easily become laughable or downright ridiculous.

All in all it can be concluded that I do not believe in analyzing art or the artist other than as a conscious game, a divertimento, i.e. an amusement. I do not believe either that the peak of the doctoral study of art is cognitive knowledge, maximum demonstration of book learning or the up-to-dateness of one’s own knowledge, but rather the love of wisdom at its most intensive.

Self Portrait as basic research

My hypothesis-less but passionate intention after all this has been said is thus: to crystallize the holistic philosophy of art, *Flügelismus*, logical in its own frame of relations, and inevitably internally inconsistent, and make it a “poem” of its own kind, *self-reflection* arising from its own

individual case and *introspection* viewed from within, and also to make it in a more or less hermeneutic formation *a description of the artistic process – a description which in itself proves to be the process*. I try to convey this quality of a process by describing the process in a process-like way by its own weapons, and thus preserving some nuggets of authenticity.

Further, between the lines, the aim is to subtly integrate this *local, little narrative into a broader human, cultural and philosophical context*.

In answer to the ceaseless, enquiring, questioning orientation, a continuous stratified process an sich follows – *(Tower Block of the Spirits, Velvet Tapestry 1999)*, which does not really try to make an answer nor to reach a goal. This process paradoxically is itself an answer to something that cannot be asked, because the object of the question does not yet exist at all at the idea level, not as a perception. It is thus not in a serious sense ready-captured in any way, because we do not believe/wish to believe that solidifying something to make it understandable responds to the truth. *Hence the continuum of variation is a state of existence, through which Elise’s Dissertation tries to redeem its existence, and perhaps thus convey something essential about the elusive nature of life and art.*

Art, like science, is done at its most challenging through creative orientation. For me producing art is, in rather abstract terms, *a question of the internal relations of existence, and the reciprocal position of these relations, together with the intuitive, often random attaining and transfiguring of such beingness to something* – a painting, an exhibition, a prose poem. Thus the process always surprisingly itself creates itself, the assumed Self Portrait self-reflection and post-scription develop more or less into an artist-portrait from the moment at hand, the moment which is poetically the electric point of intersection of time and space, and which in this individual case *reveals itself in the form of a constantly shifting, loose Ball – Flügel – Rabbit variation. Or rather veils itself.*

What is in question is an endless variation of a variation of a variation and a description of a description of a process, whose approximation can only be cut by a ball-like moment flashing with lightning speed; this moment might also be a hallucination and a hopeful human illusion of being able to stop time.

Theoretical visions and philosophical speculations, together with behaviouristic observations and pragmatic conclusions, as well as the spiritual experiences and ethical-aesthetic shocks which life in all its flourishing provokes; all these reproduce themselves by gemmation, make a panorama of themselves or splash around any old how, to become an inevitable part of the artistic process.

Further I assume *that the "rightness" of something is most frequently perceived intuitively in advance*. The answer, both artistic and ethical, exists before the question is put. The process is therefore needless from the standpoint of the answer – even though it is significant in itself. The process is surprising, arousing further curiosity and absolutely worth experiencing, even though the final result is already abstractly known.

The study and explanation of art can be performed by means of art. Thus when presenting a cat one does not lead a dog on the stage...

Art meets science when putting itself in question. It does so by using artistic forms of expression. The starting concept of an art dissertation is transfigured through thinking and writing into a new art form. *A subjectivist, or dare I say biased, subjective viewpoint and literary form of expression together form a whole which is thus not only an example of art research, but here also a way of presenting a self portrait.* What a kindling fire!

The fusing of the conscious and the unconscious, and of rationalization and intuition, is a key state in all stages of the artistic process. In "Self Portrait" in practice this means that *hypothesis, thesis, antithesis, synthesis are the same material from start to finish. Same Flügel. Same old*

stuff. What one wants to consider in any given case as a rejoinder to hypotheses and theses is a question of weighting, "a cultural act", primarily bound to its own moment of birth and its time.

"Self Portrait" brings forth, concretizes by its own existence, on its own scale and by its own metaphorical nature, the unlimited, abstract, vague initial thought: *everything in the Flügelistic Web of Relations affects everything, B = F = R.*

All the works of art – forgive the solemn term – I have produced resemble each other surprisingly much, independent of when they were done, technique, material or anything else. They are united by a terrific number of "missing links", variational elements.

For Elise, polarization is an artificial orientation – more emphatically, a scientific tradition, with its given categories, more the result of life's randomness than the truth so far. Flügelism in turn is an open, enquiring infinite Web of Relations, which makes it possible *to perceive – perhaps to master – several different viewpoints and alternatives simultaneously.* Flügelism also covers the vision of *the notion of the inevitable intertwining of art and life.*

The Flügelistic method in the connection of this dissertation makes it possible to describe the assimilation of science and art, the scientific and artistic approach, intuitive self-Flügelization/ fusing and conscious Flügelizing/ fusing, as a new phenomenal and comsublimatory = consciously sublimatory way of approaching one's own motives for doing, and study of art in general.

Self Portrait material

The basic research material for the "Self Portrait" is my artistic production over 25 years. I have *chiefly limited it by confining the study material to books, series of drawings and exhibitions and work entities that have appeared since*

1996, and I have concentrated primarily on art produced in the past two years. The collecting of the material has mainly taken place inside my head, where the mental landscapes and habitats of my works are easily remembered, known or just around the corner, without special need for assembling, and more or less under my "spiritual control". The material has in its time always been christened, named, serialized and categorized, or arranged itself, according to theme. Now, however, I have wished particularly to mix up these old drawers and their bits and pieces, and from a short distance to fuse this variegated mass into one new work. At this stage of the process, I consider this book to be that new work.

All that has appeared during the past quarter of a century connected with my own production, which has associative and pragmatic significance to writing, for example ideas and thoughts that are still relevant from notes etc, has also been transformed to become part of "Self Portrait" – as well as what I might call neurological material: my own world of experience and intellectual capacity, whose limits it is not possible to know precisely. The brain of Winnie the Pooh or Piglet?

The materials and sources mentioned above have been used in juxtaposition, side by side with canonized sources, which here are represented by the literature of scientific philosophy and psychology: from Jung, Kierkegaard and Schopenhauer to Daniel Goleman, Alice Miller and Esa Saarinen, as well as the authorities and gurus from media in all sorts of different fields who have brought some valuable addition to my study. The sources have been used both in the form of quotations and as background stimuli.

Besides these "respectable" sources I have wished to include aleatorical, even amusing sources, giving them equal value; my justification is the well-known fact that artistic work is in any case like a smelting furnace – a melting pot. Moreover, many pioneering scientific inventions have been seen unscientifically in dreams, like annular molecules, or conceived as if by accident in the

middle of a mountain climb or a flash of lightning, like the whole idea of the Reformation.

In an introspective, self-reflective study of art, I believe one can use “second-hand” sources, when they are applied Flügelized associatively “to one’s own purpose”, in this case to the “Self Portrait” study, not using the source in question in the study of the field of science or object it represents (e.g. Kierkegaard).

It therefore does not matter whether a translation or a quotation of a quotation is word for word, because we are interested more in the idea itself than in the original form – which would perhaps be correct, but is in this case unnecessary.

The original text, the “first-hand” source, is often a developed variation of a statement by some other known or anonymous genius, not mentioned as a source, though perhaps known. And therefore unethical.

All in all a living study of art is always limited to the form in which it “stations” itself, in which it clicks into place, flops, dies still standing; i.e. the study itself finally limits itself.

Methodological arguments

When I begin to make a study of the theme “Self Portrait”, my material being myself and my production, it inevitably becomes emphatically subjective. It would be strange if I disparaged for my own part the “artistic” way of studying the world and myself, while encouraging someone else to do so. If I relented before the learned, the result would be a dubious art forgery, the name of which would have to be changed at least. “Self Object”.

The whole idea of an art dissertation may be considered to rest on the subjectivity of artistic doing, and its surprising nature. Thus it should be allowed the space to be valid in its own context, and the right to evaluation criteria that do not necessarily observe the scheme of scientific

principles. If someone should start from sheer timidity to criticize using old criteria, *this would in practice destroy the opportunity of openness and putting things in question, sincerely desired in theory*, and would do violence to the “spirit” of science also.

Since it may be assumed that there is no sense in forcing an artistic or a scientific study into any kind of mould, I have not done so. I also attempt to justify my choice not least on the basis of my experience as an artist and in life.

When one charts the principles of on the one hand the Cartesian inductive-deductive method, and on the other hand an artistic approach, diverging from traditional research mainly in a qualitative sense, several methodological differences will be perceived. But it will also be perceived that they are not so very contradictory. The same features appear in both the processes, and their counterpoint remains only apparent and generalizing.

In the following I roughly compare two types of potential orientation of research methodology: 1) a cognitive, linear orientation, and 2) an intuitive, spatial approach. I present a list of the methodological components of “traditional” research, and a list of the components of my own intuitive -methodological approach. Against my principles I assume the right to polarize to a certain extent, because this is a clear, simple way to bring matters “to the altar”. No besserwisser-ism is in question, with the artist supposing that he knows the weak points of science better than the scientist himself.

The following simplified outline of two non-competing ways of doing for example a dissertation, may reveal where Elise’s Dissertation comes in research usage.

All in all, I wish to emphasize that Elise’s artistic orientation, versus the so-called traditional research approach, is *an extremely subjective, somewhat provocative, momentary and internally controversial quasi-polarization, and not unique, even for me.*

I also wish to underline the fact that I have not put forward anything to be applied directly to some other project, because I expressly assume that *the treasure itself is for every individual hidden in the innocent tabula rasa starting point from which each of us plunges with splendid sovereignty, head first naturally, to invent the spinning jenny anew. One’s own spinning jenny – from the individual to the general.*



Cognitive, linear, inductive-deductive orientation

Indirect, sometimes second-hand knowledge; in this sense applied research

Cognitive, "adultly" reliable methodological orientation

An advance hypothesis constructed on a constructed paradigm

A conscious getting under way, and the setting of a matter assumed in advance, i.e. to some extent known, as the object of research

An atomically clear explosion

Logicality

Advance methodological knowledge

Organizing classification and commensurability

Primariness of cognitiveness as a guarantee of certainty

Scientific ethics which observe mutual respect between people and the ethics of preserving life

A known, fairly certain idea about "worthwhile sources" and the way to use them, and adequate arguments; relying on previous results and canonized knowledge (at the expense of one's own experience – even if it is contrary – and outlook)

A presentation which is readable and understandable in the customary linear way

An endeavour to eliminate conflict

A total impression chiefly arising from components established in quantitative and natural science research

Surprisingness, rebelliousness, creativeness and provocativeness

Phenomenal, intuitive and spatial orientation based on Elise's own experience

Direct, "first-hand" knowledge, basic research

Intuitive orientation

Absence of hypothesis, i.e. absence of assertion; a deep consciousness that when one is asserting one is not asserting in earnest

A floating tabula rasa state of long duration, pre-understanding, before "one realizes what one wants in general"

Associativeness, inconsistency, flexibility and a general proneness to variation and demand for looseness

Uninhibited lack of method, and openness as a method, for almost any pragmatic artistic behaviour

Bringing into collision and fusing of entities that are remote from one another and incommensurable

A perhaps rather naive reliance on the independent operating of the sub-conscious

Artistic ethics containing any inventive way of working which promotes doing, without succumbing to unfair exploitation and unethical manipulation both in life and art

Free, associative use of source material, using one's own subjective intuition as a criterion of meaningfulness, and the unique experience of producing art, besides all cognitive and "objective" knowledge

A multi-level metaphoricalness which one must be able to read creatively

A constant state of conflict, apparent stability

A loose connection with qualitative research as an absolute individual case, a free variation of qualitative research as such

Surprisingness, creativeness, provocativeness and rebelliousness

Criteria of a dissertation on art

"Self Portrait" is thus an intuitive, philosophical and artistic orientation towards the material to be studied. The way of presenting the results of this research expedition is logically intuitive-philosophical-artistic. *Not everything is said directly, but rather "hinted at", to activate the reader, I believe, with more subtlety, more respect.*

Whether one operates mainly according to tight or loose schemes, scientific principles or some kind of artistic transfiguration models, the most important things from the standpoint of criteria revealed in the work seem to be:

Absence of prejudice

Presence of independence

Sincerity

Ability to integrate

Talent

Quality

So-called creative ability to perceive, *inventing*, comes into focus; this is more various than is generally imagined: intuitive, cognitive, spatial, logical, emotional, intellectual, sexual, erotic, physical, spiritual, sporting, meditative, paranoid... schizothymic, schizoid, schizophrenic... cyclothemic, cycloid, manic-depressive... and so on, various degrees of "healthiness", with different weightings, different incommensurable combinations. The "best" part of "Self Portrait", in my opinion at the moment, its true insight, is the mixture of all this born from subjective experience, like for example the eccentric nature of Rabbit.

More detailed criteria and arguments for the methodological and artistic solutions of "Self Portrait" can be found in the poem itself, often metaphorically between the lines. *These arguments exist as different variations clothed in the pages of the book as documents of subjective experience and thought.*

Again: why have I chosen first intuitively, and with the process advancing consciously, *Elise's way of approach-*

ing the project, her way of plunging in, making oneself if possible still more foolish than one is? Because new means must be tried to put together reality, one's self and one's art, new ways must be tried to study art from within, from the perspective of the artist himself. A conscious attitude to one's own context must then be accepted, and fidelity to the choice made.

It will be the theme of some other dissertation work to exploit this effort in the known, trendy field of scientific concepts, and to link the essay-style, "poetic" result of basic research to some specific scientific frame of reference or scientific field such as physiology or psychology.

I believe I have found on my expedition sufficient individual observations, matters, concerning the very mysterious nature of producing art, for one dissertation. I think these perhaps unfashionable connotations of art methodology and their manifold significances will open up new viewpoints for the study of the creative process more generally, and thus will be of benefit to the study of art. Such connotations are for example *Elise's variation method, debuctive orientation, irresponsibility and comsublimation*, along with *everygirl's mostetics*, which are described not only briefly in the section *Flügelistic concepts*, but also in the text of the Poem – described practically self-repeatedly.

Uncompromising self-reflection, introspection and a deep relation to art and producing it do not advance, refine, or *comsublimate*, if one does not first make clear even crudely one's own existence, the subjective self in relation to the real world and to other people. What is the relation of one's own uniqueness to that of others and to the general? Besides whether there is any relation other than the imperfectly justified concept of what is general and what specific. *It is easy to refer to the general when one is indifferent to the real potential or latent variety of "matters"*.

Thus, the work pedals on the spot like a training bike, even if artefacts are engendered all over the place, until

one is persuaded to at least take a peek at what is philosophically and ethically essentially in question. In Elise's Dissertation this is *transformed to the hypothetical Ball – Flügel – Rabbit formula, about which no effort is made to claim that it is generally true. Certainly not.*

What I am expressly aiming at here is by *constant variation to make the central elements of Flügelism "visual", and to examine the themes that during the process spontaneously start to write themselves out, and finally as a friendly summary to pump air into the breathing non-theorem from the set of metaphors. Elise's Dissertation.*

Why shouldn't one be able to dispute a bit? Simply because disputing is a convention which can be questioned like any other custom. A relict convention.

In practice disputation is chiefly rhetoric, which I myself try to avoid. Today I am *The Soft Toppler of Tall Icons, (Velvet Tapestry 1996)*, tomorrow possibly something a little different, weighted differently. An extrovert dread-locked Rasta? A woman preacher? All in all it is useless to dispute anything even to please others. Disputing something as useless is of course a kind of disputing too.

In the end, my absurd philosophy is contextualized understandably, though often as an inversion, in the field of scientific research and mainly in the tradition of qualitative research. This suggests that my instinctive view of very individualistic *basic researchability and irresponsible introspection, based on associations* as an alternative quality for positive or purely qualitative research orientation, is perhaps worth considering also in other than its own context, *and is not so self-contrived as I have imagined.* As introspective research it perhaps is as reliable as other human scientific, more or less phenomenological or hermeneutic interpretations and interpretations of interpretations. In fact the approach has sensed as if by accident the drift of the times, trusting one's own antennae and one's own brain.

A healthy respect for one's own mass of artistic experience

is essential, especially if one is studying oneself. Through experiential study, writing, drawing and various kinds of concretization, the artist/researcher creates in a way an advantage compared with what has already been published. What comes up in one's own work and writing has already gone through an experiential sieve and is now a fresh arsenal.

All in all it warms the heart to note that scientific tradition today – as I have interpreted the environment and publications in the field – really thirsts for *incommensurable truths, local narratives, poems*, evoked by subjectiveness; thirsts perhaps because there has been no tolerable example of genuine objectiveness. Perhaps more so, the intolerable frustrations about which people talk so little.

In a historical situation where a happy, ingenious scheme for an art dissertation does not actually exist, I consider it a better solution to leave "Self Portrait" coherent in this way, natural and as it were inconclusive, than either to press it so that it fits into previously given frames, which is possible "debuctively" in hindsight, or to continue to polish the work in its present Flügelistic context, until it is really smooth as silk in its own specific quality. Then again, it could thus become less and less genuine, and cease to be *a description of a process arising from a description of a process, a variation of a variation*, as I have now wished to christen it. Takes your breath away.

If for some reason I should now operate in the way described above, I would artificially terminate the full swing, by making a living organism into a statue; I would dispel its character of a process, and thus the movement toward making myself disappear, which I have considered my initial goal. This I won't do, since as has been said, *it is the taste of the process that is "that certain something" which speaks most in a work of art as well; and perhaps also in the "literary" part of an art-weighted dissertation.*

By acting in a more "sensible", a cognitive and logical, less emotional and intuitive way, I should not have had to plunge into the river as I have, and should of course

be suffering less from brain paralysis now. On the other hand this kind of knowledge, which is known to be sometimes second-rate, sometimes worthy of consideration, would not perhaps have otherwise emerged. *What now seems trivial may tomorrow quite well be primary. The ugly duckling becomes a graceful swan.*

I have tried in my own Finnish language to discover *the initial particles of human knowledge* by writing them out of myself in a comparatively uncritical way. The over-long Germanic sentences, along with the verb-less ones, have been preserved because they picture my personal way of thinking, and my way of thinking in words and of verbalizing my visual-abstract thinking.

The reason for the fictive type of presentation, sometimes including rapid associations and a long ribbon of concepts, is that it activates the reader by the classic method of "provocation." Advancing with the smallest connotations it perhaps sets the provoked readers' own thoughts in motion. This if anything is I believe desirable.

The part of Self Portrait: Elise's Dissertation called *Intermezzo, Rabbit's trauma*, the most fictive variation of the theme of "Self Portrait", is deliberately written as a different discourse from the rest of the book. Why? Because I have wanted to present, as a subtle counterweight to the Flügelistic, philosophical discussions of Parts I – V, a really naive version of life on the thesis: Rabbit is Flügel is Ball. In this intermezzo the theses that appear elsewhere in the book as models or even formulas are transfigured to an almost naturalistic description of the human-rabbit-like artist's life in Rabbit's trauma.

On the basis of the emerged concrete example, varying in its own context and associatively mirroring itself in all directions, one can say without embarrassment that it is possible – everything is possible in principle and only the fearful see obstacles – to carry on research with a tabula rasa, completely subjectively, seemingly without background and momentarily ignoring world history and scientific frames of reference, and after all this the final

result can, as hermetically as any other contextualized result, be tied as a whole within known and given forms of discourse. *The lever of Flügelism is that world historicity in any case unconsciously filters itself in, autonomously* and with nuances, whether we wish it or not. It is unnecessary to keep mentioning the matter specifically, referring to countless sources.

I would think that in examining the intuitive results of "Self Portrait" from the individual to the general, we can obviously enlarge the real possibilities and validity criteria of art research even where they cannot yet be trusted.

One thing that is especially interesting is whether systematicalness in studying creative processes simply does more harm than good. *Is systematicalness perhaps a strait-jacket?* In studying the creative process, as in evaluating it, should the same conditions of creativity be valid as are in the process itself? Yes. And is there any reason to classify oneself as different "orientators": the roles of researcher, poet, artist, guru, teacher, critic, observer and so on? No. If one keeps wondering according to which stage directions one should be, say, loving, making love, the mood is disturbed.

Art research is as holistic as Chinese medicine, where both the patient and doctor, subject and object, attack the matter in every possible way: by smelling, tasting, feeling, questioning, examining form, content, colour, lack of colour.

Theoretical and philosophical frame of reference

The theoretical frame of reference is located close to the terrain of hermeneutic scientific philosophy and the pragmatic research of science and art. Why? Because one of the cornerstones here is *phenomenality and interpretativeness in the manner of hermeneutics*.

Elise's philosophy with its ideas of variation and associa-

tion moves in *an infinite variety of relationships of meaning, a ball, whose abstract uncle is H. G. Gadamer's spiral*.

The ironic and enquiring attitude, based on the relative proof of experience, is pragmatic. Thus Elise operates in the intermediate terrain of theoretical thought and pre-theoretical, i.e. practical thought, implicating experiential, phenomenal, intuitive and also rather brazen mystical elements.

Furthermore, "Self Portrait" can be interpreted as *a totality of meanings* wrestling in its own category, which is also a hermeneutic characterization.

All in all it is possible with a fairly good conscience to place "Self Portrait" as *a species of fruit in the variegated humanist garden of qualitative research*.

Among many philosophers, from Socrates and Seneca to Schopenhauer, my fond interest is caught during the process by two gentlemen who are pretty much opposed to one another: *Sören Kierkegaard (1813 – 1855) and Charles Sanders Peirce (1839 – 1914)*. Points of convergence with Flügelism can be found. From Kierkegaard, transition categories of existence and ironic attitude, which he later questions as unethical, and from Peirce "the three fulcrums", pragmatic thought, also concerning transitions, about what causes doing and what are the consequences. However, I have not written a dissertation about them, but about my own material, so that their philosophy really only lurks in the background and no more.

Kierkegaard represents for me on the one hand very wild, subtle imagination and sensuality, and on the other hand morbidly rigid ethics – finally verging on Christianity and not just verging. Peirce breathes moderate, hermit-like objectivity and admirable philosophical, over-intelligent pedantry. In this respect suitable Flügelistic material for games. (*An Adult Nursery. Velvet Tapestry 1998.*)

Kierkegaard is, I consider, in his own peculiar way a Scandinavian saturated with the Lutheran message, as I am myself in spite of my fairly liberal upbringing – plus

a touch of Gipsy genes as an additional spice of which I boast, though perhaps I shouldn't.

Kierkegaard's sensitive personality, at the same time idealistically world-embracing and almost cruelly world-denying, inclined to aestheticism and ironic humour, makes a fellow-traveller for "Self Portrait" who has few rivals in the philosophy of science and literature. In my opinion.

Sören Kierkegaard is important in his touching but admirable stubbornness and lack of compromise. He also makes a rather clear distinction *between his different heteronymous writer personae, of which there are breath-takingly more than a score. I myself balance between various pseudonyms, metaphors (Elise, Rabbit, Pontus, Amo, Sailing Ship...)*, trying intertextually to mix and Flügelize them clearly into one. *The philosophical frame of reference is for Kierkegaard as for Elise always emotional, stubborn and having experience of life.* Belief overtakes concept analyses.

Self-love puts itself before the concept of love. Rabbit.

Elise's theoretical thinking is not free from emotion either. Because I am not demonstrating my scientific knowledge of the emotion centre of the brain in general, but am doing a dissertation weighted towards art, about an emotional individual case, I will not try to say anything more about this. Gott sei Danke.

The later part of the last thesis of Kierkegaard's dissertation, "On the concept of irony with Socrates constantly in mind" *Thielst, 2.* " ... a life worthy of human dignity begins with irony", is a philosophical background phrase which I have adopted for "Self Portrait", though taking a critical view of it. The ethical and aesthetic-philosophical consideration of innocence is connected with this. The innocent of the "Oceania" book want all, but get nothing. In the voice of Wagnerian Brünnhilde: One's fate is to be betrayed by the most innocent! In Elise's words: *to be the victim of the deception of one's subconscious.*

The American theorist Charles Sanders Peirce (1839 –

1914), who lived in the aftermath of European Romanticism, in the analytical and robust philosophical constructivism of which I consider him a representative, offers an excellent challenge to a romantic researcher like Elise. A fundamentally physical *hard fact based on an act or event* is transformed in "Self Portrait" to a *universally incommensurable secret fact, based on unconscious thought, of mystified form.*

Where Peirce *only sets aside objects of thought, Elise pries them forth in particular for her motive power. Premonitions!*

For Peirce, physical force, the act, tests the customary assumption. One encounters hard reality. Hard fact. Elise's assumption, inexplicable force, secret fact, tests "hard reality. Trust secret reality.

Elise's debucation, which is in simplified form *the best fictive explanation of a blunder that has been made*, is related to Peirce's systematic semiotic system, which in one "version" consists of three classes: *firstness, secondness and thirdness.* The concepts of possibility, facts and logicalities represent these elements. One class does not exist without another. *In other words meanings are formed above all by relations. By learning about relations, we find out about meanings.*

"Self Portrait", like more or less every second human structure from astrology to dramaturgy, is also and particularly based on relations which are like a dream world, though not so much on causal relations, which in the humanities are always subject to doubts, and further can be called motives rather than causes.

C.S. Peirce is, I think, also emotionally touching in his masculine earnestness. As a theorist he has obviously lent a welcome semiotic local colour to my humanist dissertation, which glimmers in the background of Elise's hypothetical game formulas like *Ball – Flügel – Rabbit.* These formulas are as such true – though only in the context of this dissertation – but in their simplicity and inexactitude

can be varied, adapted, compared and reflected who knows where. *Basically art is a philosophical game.*

Methods

How do I research? In the barest terms, *I research through variations.* The general method is *a variational, introspective fusing/Flügelizing – at its wildest a spiritual assimilation where substance is method* – of philosophical, artistic and personal experiential views, *things.*

The final aim on the poetic side is the effacing of self, a temporary death. Une petite mort.

Elise's fusing method is like reading literature, letting it affect the subconscious, and the writing up of this concoction. It is like the *"accidental thinking"* that occurs at the same time as drawing or visual planning. It is like living as fully as the environment permits. On the basis of this intellectual material, these "heaps" or "casas", picking out these occurs with post-scriptive hindsight, the criterion of evaluation being the intuition of what is subjectively and thus, anticipating man's primitive, healthy curiosity, also objectively interesting.

What happens both methodologically and methodically in the process is a constant transformation of states, *a kind of continuous impatient rushing on to the following stage.* When one is describing the artistic process, one begins introspectively to examine the ongoing description – which is also a process – and at the same moment to describe this process and so on. This is not, however, a pure ring-shaped rat race, but here ideas give rise to more and more new variations, never more to return to quite the same initial point, though they rotate inside the ball. An infinite ball. The question is, *how fine-grained seeing and perceiving one can achieve.*

Appetite increases with eating. On the other hand, beginnings are almost always more desirable than endings. Rabbit.

Self Portrait, Elise's Dissertation in the broad field of research

"Self Portrait" is thus holistic introspection, located chiefly in the field of qualitative research, being from the methodological perspective *a free variation of the elements of qualitative research*, in which garb during its operation it develops through intuitive doing and one's own heretical methods. "Self Portrait" belongs to this field of qualitative research especially because of its *subjectiveness, its uniqueness and its non-quantitative material, as also because it writes its ideas for itself and does things as they occur – interpreting the on-going process at the same time in Dasein fashion on some obscure, symbolic levels.*

"The object and instrument of qualitative research are significances, and one of its chief aims is to create conceptual instruments by means of which each object of research can be better understood." Varto, 3.

The Flügelistic concepts used in "Self Portrait" are developed by myself, born and tested during work. They are formed from neologisms: images of language, plays on words, concepts borrowed from parallel sciences, and different variants of these.

"Self Portrait" differs most from the main streams of qualitative research in methodology, the setting of the questions, and the conclusion made from this basis. The project proceeds from light-hearted lack of hypothesis via almost random literature, artistic doing and real life to some conclusions that have actually been known from the start – as for example that everything affects everything else, categories become confused like it or not, art is a permitted philosophical game, and that one's own artistic productions need not and should not be explained. *A more important answer is in fact the new questions that the process itself generates. This is where one always ends up.*

Methodologically "Self Portrait" balances in the terrain between induction, deduction and abduction. From this

I use the word-play term Elise's *debuction, which in brief means: the best explanation for a blunder that has been made.* One example of debuction is that examining my refractory dissertation post-scriptly reveals that it belongs reasonably naturally to the vast area of qualitative research. In this connection probably the best possible explanation and exit from eccentric loneliness! The light-house and the sea.

Besides debuction, for another method based on a psychological and pragmatic combination I use the term *comsublimation, which means conscious compensatory sublimation.* These central Flügelistic methods, Mr Debuction and Mrs Comsublimation, are "in a Rabbit-like view" by nature "shilly-shally, holistic trapeze artists", simultaneously attached to and detached from physical reality, a material basis at its thinnest. Thin science.

Further, "Self Portrait's" own Flügelistic framework can be seen to be related to some contexts of scientific philosophy: "Self Portrait" is *epistemological* in that it examines knowing from the standpoint of experience, weighing value as evidence and the possibility of knowledge in general.

"Self Portrait is *phenomenological* in taking observations and emotions, even the most absurd ones, in earnest, and having as its starting point – besides experience – a kind of *intentionality; the assumption of an ability to refer linguistically to things outside itself, Määtänen, 4.* – in fact in this connection the ability to atomize into pieces, to identify with almost everything ... to find itself in a nebula. Almost in a literary sense.

The Flügelism of "Self Portrait" can be seen in the light of *hermeneutic* thinking in that in the final analysis it projects everything it encounters into a form that is utterly ball-like or equally a very tiny point of homogeneous singularity. Within this ball/ point occurs an advancing *pulse* in every direction, resembling the creating of *hermeneutical meanings from meanings*, a process which creates more and more new meanings. When this occurs one cannot

unfortunately always avoid being in the ring. *Deconstructivism* in "Self Portrait" is represented by *dispersal by associations and the already discussed thinking by writing.*

Ontological, metaphysical realism has also left its paw print on "Self Portrait". In the name of intellectual humility, we are dealing all the time with an internally very contrary fruit of the spirit. "Self Portrait", with Flügelistic calm, fuses experience "on this side" with the metaphysical, a priori independent of experience, mystical and foreseeing, unproved "other side". When writing or drawing, it is not always clear whether one is writing/drawing from experience, or completely under the influence of "Elise's abstract intuition", some kind of strange inspiration. Such inspiration has been explained inter alia by the chemistry of the brain, but what about this emotion-hot attitude to the phenomenon?

Pragmatic and pragmatistic relativity is present when we are in a poem, where everything can be changed to metaphor, momentarily even to its opposites, and yet the poetry preserves its internal coherence and in possible "festal" cases also *its meaning*, as subjectively seen ethical-aesthetic or mostetic *quality.*

The hypothetical-deductive frame of reference appears in the following features, albeit in reverse: "Self Portrait's" overall orientation is an individually applicable Flügelistic Web of Relations consisting of qualitative, uncanonized and hyper-individualistic orientations. Actually, it contains hypothetical-deductive features in that not even the validity of the central hypothetical theory *Ball – Flügel – Rabbit* is justified in advance by means of empirical material and inductive generalizations made on the basis of it. Rather, a broad series of works is piped by deduction from the formula: Flügelise, living its own life in the world, together with a poem-type research section of a dissertation which is non-definitively true as long as the premise-like formula also – in its own framework – is non-definitively true ...

Self Portrait, methodological masterkey – Conclusion

Elise's Dissertation is a paradoxical effort to make understandable what essentially cannot be understood, and to do it mainly by the means of art.

"The thinker without paradox is like the lover without passion: a mediocrity. Every passion always desires to its highest power its own destruction; this is also the case with the desire of understanding as the highest passion to find its own stumbling block, though that stumbling block in one way or another proves to be its fate." Kierkegaard, 5.



FLÜGELISTIC CONCEPTS

Flügelistic Concepts

Flügelistic concepts are the concepts, born and settled in the process of "Self Portrait", determining the philosophical orientation of Elise's micro-cosmos; they are both phoenixized neologisms, word-plays and word combinations from the work itself, and reconstructed new interpretations and variants of meaning of known concepts.

Aleatorism randomness, a sensible way of working in general

Arssophia love of art and wisdom; (*farsophia* = excessive love of art, wisdom and philosophy)

Assimilation fusing, mixing categories, value-free things becoming pulp; almost the same as conscious **Flügelization**, i.e. unconscious **Flügelizing** (see below)

Association noteworthy transition category (see **Asses' Bridge** below)

Asses' Bridge creative association, vague line of thought, relation between two points; **Visible Asses' Bridge** = relation of variation to theme

Ball is the most abstract element of the **Ball – Flügel – Rabbit** formula. On the other hand it is the symbol of all-powerful creativity, which is also momentarily regrettably human. In Elise's Dissertation Ball = Artist. Ball can also be described by the expression: the momentary cohesion of all possible potential abstract and human relations

Ball – Flügel – Rabbit, (B – F – R) (see **Ball**). Elise's **Flügelistic** (see **Flügelism** below) basic pattern, "existing" in three key relations, formed from mutually incommensurable elements, "gadget furniture" created for Flügelistic thinking

Ballspiel Ball game, vagueness seen as a deep **Web of Relations** (see below), Elise's alternative for existence; the "things" Ball, Flügel and Rabbit become varied with each other and with other elements

Belle Vilaine beauty spot, qualitative fault, the blemish that breaks the monotony of perfection

Betrübheit nostalgia, inexplicable state of mind filled with love and extreme gratitude

Casa method (*casa* = house; Finnish *kasa* = heap, pile), intuitive and practical "tailoring" method, in which the necessary things are seen as heaps/ houses, always classified according to each person's need, congruent and incongruent, "casas" leading **things** to each other

Choice compulsion freedom to choose without leaving the possibility of not choosing

Comsublimation Elise's new word from a combination of conscious compensation and conscious sublimation both in life and art, flesh and bone

Creature-creature individual case in which both figurative and abstract exist combined in a living spirit; see **Soulbrain** below; e.g. Martin Heidegger interprets with a clear child's eye the creature "Ding" as describing anything both separated from and near our bodies to be a sensed or not directly sensed *aisthêton*, unity; Heidegger, 1.

Dasein presence, emphasized alertness directed in every direction; the term Da-sein is borrowed from Martin Heidegger, Heidegger, 2.

Debuction Elise's method of drawing conclusions, a creative act in which one shamelessly relies on omens and intuition, and as a logical consequence of this approach makes the best possible subsequent explanation intuitively for something already done. Altogether a positive though a self-ironic way of approaching both the subjective and the "objective" world, an existence formed of "things"

Flügelise (Flygelise) the name of a series of works produced 1997 – 2000, a word play on the elements Flügel (grand piano) and the piano piece "Für Elise"

Flügelism conscious flight from the limitedness of reality, from the stifling grip of "stencil" thinking that haunts people, to the permissiveness of the individual and the collective imagination; the largest and smallest common denominator and "ceiling" of Elise's art; word play on the German Flug = flight, flüchten = to flee, Flügel = grand piano = a winged instrument – music is universal and unconfined; see **Comsublimation**

Flügelization unconscious **Flügelizing**, **Autoflügelization**, Elise's method of working, the central idea of which is the fusing of more or less adjacent, even opposite or completely mutually incompatible materials; cp. Kierkegaard's apparently contradictory equation: incompatible categories can be adapted to an aesthetic – ethical – religious value struggle; Kierkegaard/Lehtinen, 3.

Fusion of opposites assimilation point, relation of two or more elements shrunk to a point, where e.g. on the one hand a line and its terminal points, in the same way as a ball and a point, and on the other hand anger and

love, in the same way as love and friendship, fuse through something empty to a new, not pre-determined thing; see *Phoenicizing* below

Holisticism both initial and final, total approach to any "thing, matter"

Hyper-creativity fitful cooperation between the unconscious and the conscious. The "black belt" of Elise's *Comsublimation* (see above), the most demanding and surprising, almost sacred manifestation of art

Injury energy motive power of *Comsublimation* (see above), perceived on the basis of a physical or spiritual defect, regarded as energy – the "petrol tank" of *Hyper-creativity* (see above); see *Rabbit's trauma* below

Intter Emellan version – almost inversion – of the Kierkegaardian Either/Or combination; the constant, potential presence of alternatives of alternatives; see *Variation* and *Leap Variation* below

Irresponsibility lightning-flash sort of innocence, which paradoxically can be very pragmatically made use of in connection with producing art; see *Comsublimation*

Juxtaposition contiguity, co-existence, a hazier, milder and more harmonious alternative compared with the easy polarization

Leap variation Elise's basic thesis of the creative process adopted from Kierkegaard, according to which new knowledge is not built directly on previous "relevant" knowledge, but on the fusion of both relevant and irrelevant material and on both known and only surmised dialogue, leaping from one active category to another; figuratively takes place inside the *Ball*; see *Ballspiel*; see also *Heidegger, 4*.

Love of accident accepting accident and chance as hidden pragmatic gifts of the Creator; take it or leave it!

Meta-variation variation of a variation of a variation, a variation to the third degree, good or bad, to the power of x

Mostetics, mostetic conscience proposal for making moral, ethical or aesthetic conscience compatible, both in the spirit of art and of scientific freedom

Natural necessity compulsive need to transfigure one's experience of life into the language of art; emotional experience related to passion; a term used in Egon Friedell's "A Cultural History of Modern Times"; in my opinion a successful expression to describe the passionate movement of both individuals and communities, groups and nations

Never actual immer valid Sufficiently old-fashioned, always timeless and worthwhile

Obsession with varying one of the obsessions of a person tending to obsessions, a compulsive situation of movement within the head, which one had better just accept and let it flow, because then it's less of a headache; a birthright which makes possible creative activity and an open relation to life; see "*Unsealedness*" *compulsion*

Parthenogenesis "self-fertilizing", meeting of different sides of one's own being in producing art, a work of art; internal auto-fertilizing

Phoenicizing a surprising idea rising from the empty page, the Tabula Rasa, a miserable heap of ashes; a perception that has no one logical model

Pictcourse a drawing discourse

Pulling the rug from under method by which one can criticize oneself before others have had time to do so

Rabbit's trauma an injury to the soul appearing in physiological guise, a "psychosomatic symptom"

Re-unconscious reversal to the subconscious, i.e. return to the Tabula Rasa state; the fourth phase in the progress of Elise's artistic process

Secret fact "very first" non-physical kindling igniting the artistic process; an inexplicable force, a non-material "hard fact", an almost mystical motivation

Self-deception artist's self-deception, an orientation based on self-defence; an attitude saving one from many more serious and stupid things; see Goleman

Soulbrain Web of Relations (see below) in movement, a *Creature-creature* (see above) formed from man's physical, physiological, psychological, mental, depth-psychological, spiritual, metaphysical and mystical resources; roughly the three-headed clover *intelligence : emotion : spirit*, more roughly *wisdom : love* for man as possible qualities; most roughly *empty*, nothing; the concept of the struggle between the driving forces of the unconscious and conscious

Third sex relation of matters, "things", e.g. Rabbit : Elise = relation, or woman : relation = man

Tri-consciousness trinity of beings, Elise, Rabbit and I – the subconscious, "supra-conscious" and the relation between them; an attempt to describe the relative shares of conscious and unconscious material in artistic work

"Unsealedness" compulsion ability to endure uncertainty and accept things as they are as they are; but not the opposite of inability to make choices or the ability to perform fixed categorizations

Variation version, pre-stage of *Meta-variation* (see above), most essential neutral element of Elise's philosophy, in a serious or jesting sense "lively", differing from its starting point, but nevertheless an alternative that has preserved enough similarities as far as its starting point is concerned

Web of Relations abstraction formed from the mutual relationships of all the possible known and unknown things, which as a human, "humanist" manifestation can be very emotionally coloured

Web of Relations formed from alternatives of alternatives of alternatives branding mark of creativity and attitude allowing alternatives, and also actually demanding them, which when it runs into a dead end becomes the hell of the artist's *Hyper-creativity* (see above)

**RABBIT'S CHARCOAL
DRAWINGS,
SERIGRAPHS AND
WOOL RELIEFS**

Rabbit's Charcoal Drawings, Serigraphs and Wool Reliefs

1998 – 2000

DOGOMATIC PULP	8	HE'S AN ACADEMIC YOUTH	42	PIANO-BREAKER	87
ELISE DEFENDS HER DOCTOR'S PEDEGREE	8	RIDICULOUSLY TOUCHING	44	RABBIT'S SKETCHES FOR TAPESTRIES	88, 89
ELISE'S "ALTER EGOS" OVER THE YEARS	9	THOSE LOVELY UNPROFESSIONALS	47	SHOWER CAP BLUES	91
ELISE'S WOMANLY BRAINS	11	BANG FOR THE GRAND PIANO COOKIES	52	CARL MARIA AND FLAMINGOS, PHOTO BY ELISE	92
RIITTA NELIMARKKA	11	UNE BELLE VILAINE, BEAUTY SPOT	53	ELISE IS NOT PRESENT	96
RABBIT CARL MARIA VON STEINHEGERKELLER	11	TINY COOKIES – ENJOYING ART AND FOOD	56	CAKE WITHOUT COMPLEXES	98
BALL – FLÜGEL – RABBIT	12	FAIRY ELISE, RABBIT AND MORTAL ELISE	58	ATTEMPT TO MAKE A GRAND PIANO DANCE	100
SCENE IN FLÜGEL PYJAMAS	13	IDLING ART RABBITS	60	I START FEELING SHY ...	101
PRACTICAL GENERAL TEACHING	14	PETTING IN THE MORNING, SKETCH FOR TAPESTRY	62	A SCIENTIFICALLY GENERATED, INDIVIDUAL DOSAGE OF ESTROTESTOSTERON + C-VITAMIN – MOLTO ALLEGRO	102
FLEEING FROM TIME	17	PALE MAIDEN AND ONE-EYED GOBLIN, FROM ANIMATED FILM "SEVEN BROTHERS"	63	ELISE-RABBIT AND FAT DOT	105
INTROSPECTIONIST 1	19	GOING TO OPERA	66	WAITING FOR SOULBRAIN	109
ELISE, RABBIT AND BAYONET DOT	20	DETAIL FROM THE WEB OF RELATIONS	68	WHY NOT HAVING A BALL	111
HIDDEN COMMUNICATOR	22	ELISE'S SPSPIRAL	69	RIDICULOUS HAT COVERING THE BEAUTIFUL EARS	112
MORE THAN AVERAGE HORRIBLE CREATURES	24	RABBIT CARL MARIA PLAYS J. S. BACH'S AIR VENTILATION AS HIS LAST PIECE	70	FOR THE SEA IS RISING	113
ELISE PLAYS KABALEVSKY	26	MY WORLD, YOUR WORM	71	ANIMAS AND ANIMUS FAIRIES BLOSSOMED FROM LILIES	114
RABBIT SKETCHES HIMSELF	27	ELISE IS EXTREMELY SHY	73	"I MUST GET A CAP TO SUIT MY RAGS ..."	115
SENSE OF TIME	29	CREATURE DRAWN TO MY FRIEND SATU	75	VARIATION OF A VARIATION OF A VARIATION	117
SOULBRAIN, WAS IST DAS?	31	APOLLON AND SEVEN LITTLE ET:S	75	ELISE VARIATIONS	120
DISSERTATION AN ENDLESS HOBBY	33	SHOWER CAP FOR ILLUSORY BROAD-BRAINS	77	ELISE'S ILLUSORY STUMBLING BLOCK	126
NORMALLY SAD LIFE	34	THAT SECRET MOMENT	79	FORMER BUSY MAKERS, NOWADAYS SPIRITS – A DESPERATE FAMILY DRAMA WHICH ENDED QUIETLY – PIANO PIANISSIMO	134
CAN'T YOU SQUEEZE A TEAR OUT THEN?	36	PIANO-TUNER'S MORNING	81		
BORN-AGAIN NURSE	38	RABBIT CARL MARIA AND BLACK NOTE	82		
I BEG YOUR PARDON. I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN	40				

REFERENCES

References

Where reference is made to a work in Finnish, the quotation has been translated from the Finnish, owing to the non-availability of the original work or a "standard" translation.

Motto & Motto

1. Lehtinen quotes Kierkegaard, 91.
2. Wilde, Mrs Cheveley in An Ideal Husband, 426.

INTRODUCTION

SELF PORTRAIT IN A NUTSHELL

1. Tabula Rasa/Nelimarkka, Tabula Rasa, 7.
2. Troyat, 171.
3. Heidegger, 62.

BALLSPIEL

1. Friedell quotes Arthur Schopenhauer, Part III, 311.
2. Saarinen, Länsimäisen filosofian historia, 5.
3. Heidegger 7, 11 and 97.
4. Humphreys, 43.
5. Nietzsche, Iloinen tiede, 97.
6. Tabula Rasa/Nelimarkka, Tabula Rasa, 7.
7. Lehtinen quotes Kierkegaard, 104.
8. Peirce, The Completed Works Part 1, Ch. 2 and Määttänen, 202 and 203.
9. Jung, 9.
10. Airaksinen, 65.

DU POND

PARTENOGENETISCHE DISSERTATION

1. Schopenhauer, Pessimistin elämänviisaus, 27
2. Airaksinen, 63.

3. Schopenhauer, Pessimistin elämän viisaus, "Idealistista peruskatsomuksesta" from Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung II, Ch. 1. 6.
4. Science, 283, 1999, 1535 – 1538.
5. Wilde, An Ideal Husband, 426.
6. Giovanna/Nelimarkka, Giovanna, 32.
7. Airaksinen, 191.
8. Maeterlinck, 124.
9. Giovanna/Nelimarkka, 47.
10. Nietzsche, name of work.
11. Giovanna/Nelimarkka, Giovanna 46.
12. Giovanna/Nelimarkka, Giovanna, 43.
13. Giovanna/Nelimarkka, Giovanna, 89.
14. Maeterlinck, 17.
15. Boccaccio, 9-10,13.
16. Kierkegaard, Päätävä epätieteellinen jälkikirjoitus, but what page?
17. Schopenhauer, Kuolema ja kuolematon, 71.
18. Schopenhauer, Pessimistin elämänviisaus, 256.
19. Giovanna/Nelimarkka, Giovanna, back cover.
20. Friedell, Part III, 487.
21. Wittgenstein, Remarks on colour, III 90.
22. Alberoni, Rakastuminen.
23. Leino, 90-91.
24. Helsingin Sanomat, Science pages, 15.8.1998.
25. Shakespeare, A Midsummer Night's Dream.
26. Schopenhauer, Pessimistin elämänviisaus, 308.

DU BOND

FLYGELISE

1. Riitta Nelimarkka remembers her childhood, taped interview by Päivi Granö, autumn 1977.

2. Lehtinen quotes Kierkegaard, 99.
3. Saarinen quotes Leibniz, Länsimaisen filosofian historia, 169.
4. Wilde, An Ideal Husband, 426, Rabbit's inversion of aphorism.
5. Lehtinen quotes Kierkegaard, 97.
6. Ibid, 130.
7. Ibid, 131.
8. Ibid, 99.
9. Ibid, 104.
10. Määttänen, Filosofia, 263, 264, 265.
11. Saarinen, Länsimäinen filosofian historia, 318.
12. Huttunen – Nordström-Holm, 47, extract from Arthur Thesleff's committee report No. 3, 1900.
13. Wittgenstein, Remarks on colour III 20, 23,65, 135.
14. Airaksinen, 12.
15. Nelimarkka, Oceania, 11.
16. Kierkegaard/Thielst, 113.
17. Kivi, 162.
18. Alberoni, Rakastuminen, 83.
19. Lehtovaara, 169-170.
20. Maeterlinck, 98-99.
21. Goleman, 86, 87.
22. Nelimarkka/Giovanna, Giovanna, 43.

DU BOMB

TITANISCHER TANGO

1. Dostoievski, Idioot 1, 112.
2. Saarinen, Länsimaisen filosofian historia, 310.
3. Roos, 28, 29.
4. Goleman, 87.
5. Roos, 25.

6. Friedell, Part III, 513.
7. Othman, 154.
8. Kafka, 7.
9. Nelimarkka/Giovanna, Giovanna, 47.
10. Kuusamo, introduction to Vasari, Taiteilijaelämäkertoja, 10-11.
11. Alberoni, Rakastuminen, 58.
12. Hamsun, the name of one of the best-known novels of the Norwegian author.

REQUIEM FÜR ELISE

ETHICAL JUDGEMENT OF THE PROCESS

1. Lehtinen quotes Kierkegaard, 86.
2. Goleman, 112.
3. Maeterlinck, 38.

EPILOGUE

1. Schopenhauer, Pessimistin elämäntapa, 207-208.
2. Dostoyevsky, Crime and Punishment, 3.

SELF PORTRAIT

METHODOLOGICAL MASTERKEY

VARIATION OF A VARIATION OF A VARIATION

1. Friedell, Part I, Inkubaatioaika.
2. Thielst, 109.
3. Varto, 93.
4. Määttänen, Filosofia, 122.
5. Lehtinen quotes Kierkegaard, 137.

FLÜGELISTIC CONCEPTS

1. Heidegger, 94.
2. Heidegger, Finnish translator's introduction, 10, 11. Heidegger distinguishes six central junctures: what comes to mind, input, Der Sprung, foundation, future events and the furthest God.
3. Kierkegaard/Lehtinen concerning Kierkegaard's system of existence alternatives, 99, 100, 103.
4. Heidegger, 23, 25, 94.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

Bibliography

Airaksinen, Timo, *Minuuden rakentajat*, 1999, Otava Helsinki.

Alberoni, Francesco, *Rakastuminen*, 1984, Otava Helsinki.
Original work: *Innamorato e amore*, 1979, Garzanti Editore s.p.a.

Alberoni, Francesco, *Erotiikka*, 1986, Otava Helsinki.
Original work: *L'Érotismo*, 1986.

Alberoni, Francesco, *Ystävyyys*, 1989, Otava Helsinki.
Original work: *L'amicizia*, 1984.

Alberti, Leon Battista, *Maalaistaiteesta*, 1998, TAIDE Helsinki. Original work: *De pictura*.

Anscombe, G.E.M., (ed.) *Remarks on colour*, Ludwig Wittgenstein, 1977, Basil Blackwell, Oxford.
Original work: *Bemerkungen Über die Farben*.

Asmus, Valentin, *Platon*, 1987, Kansankulttuuri Helsinki.

Beauvoir de, Simone, *Asioiden laita*, 1995, Gummerus Jyväskylä. Original work: *Tout compte fait*, 1972.

Bergström, Matti, *Politiikan aivot*, 1999, Atena Kustannus Jyväskylä

Blomstedt, Jan, *Vasta-ajattelijointa*, 1986, WSOY Helsinki.

Boccaccio, *The Decamerone of Giovanni Boccaccio*, 1925, Liveright New York.

Bourdieu, Pierre and Haacke, Hans, *Ajatusten vapaakauppa*, 1997, Taide Helsinki.
Original work: *Libre-Echange*.

Denzin, Norman K. & Lincoln, Yvonne, *Introduction. Handbook of qualitative research*, 1994, Thousand Oaks: Sage, 1-17.

Dostoievski, F.M., *Idiootti*, Otava Helsinki.
Original work: *Idiot*, 1868.

Dostoyevsky, F.M., *Crime and punishment*, 1948, Dent London.

Eaton, Marcia Muelder, *Estetiikan ydinkysymyksiä*, 1994, University of Helsinki.
Original work: *Basic issues in aesthetics*.

Ellis, C. & Flaherty, M.G. (ed.) *Investigating subjectivity, research on lived experience*. Newsbury arch: Sage, 125-137.

Enqvist, Kari, *Olemisen porteilla*, 1998, WSOY Helsinki.

Filkin, David, *Stephen Hawking's universe*, 1997, Great Britain.

Frankl, Viktor E., *Der unbewusste Gott*, 1974, Kösel Verlag München.

Freud, Sigmund, *Studies on hysteria, in Johdatus narsismiin ja muita esseitä*, 1993, Gummerus Jyväskylä.

Freud Sigmund, *Johdatus psykoanalyysiin*, 1981, Gummerus Jyväskylä.

Friedell, Egon, *Uuden ajan kulttuurihistoria*, 1945, WSOY Helsinki.

Goleman, Daniel, *Vital lies, simple truths*, 1998, Bloomsbury London.

Gothi, Ralf, *Luova hetki*, 1998, AJATUS KIRJAT Helsinki.

Granö, Päivi – Nelimarkka Riitta, *Taped interviews of Riitta Nelimarkka's childhood memories*, 1998, Helsinki.

Haavikko, Paavo, *Prospero*, 1996, Art House Helsinki.

Hamsun, Knut, *The ring is closed*.

Hawking Stephen, *The illustrated a brief history of time*, 1996, Bantam.

Heidegger, Martin, *Taideteoksen alkuperä*, 1998, TAIDE Helsinki. Original work: *Der Ursprung des Kunstwerks*, 1935-36.

Heinämaa, Sara, *Ruumiinkuvia*, 1979, Gaudeamus Helsinki.

Heinämaa, Sara and Tuomi, Ilkka, *Ajatuksia synnyttävät koneet*, 1989, WSOY Helsinki.

Huizinga, Johan, *Leikkivä ihminen*, 1967, WSOY Helsinki.

Humphreys, Christmas, *The Buddhist way of life*, 1969, Allen & Unwin.

Huovinen, Eero, *Fides infantum*, 1991, Publication 175 of Suomen teologisen kirjallisuusseura, Helsinki.

Huttunen, Kari – Nordström-Holm, Gunni, *Mustalaiselämää*, 1969, Tammi Helsinki.

Hyypä, Markku T., *Tunteet ja oireet*, 1997, Kirjayhtymä Helsinki.

Jung, Carl Gustav, *Memories, dreams, reflections*, 1995, Fontana Press London.

Kafka, Franz, *Nälkätaiteilija*, 1966, Gummerus Jyväskylä.

Kierkegaard, Sören, *Kuolemansairaus*, 1924, WSOY Helsinki.

Kierkegaard, Sören, *Päätävä epäetieteellinen jälkikirjoitus*, 1992, WSOY Helsinki. Original work: *Afsluttende uvid-enskabelig Efterskrift*, 1846.

- Kierkegaard, Sören, see Lehtinen, Torsti.
- Kivi, Aleksis, *Seitsemän veljestä*, 1934, WSOY Helsinki
- Koski-Jännes, Anja and Nelimarkka-Seeck, Riitta, *Lapset ja tasa-arvoisuus*, 1975, Study No. 4, Helsinki University Department of Social Psychology, 1975, Helsinki.
- Koskimies, Rafael, *Sanan ja runon taide*, 1955, Otava Helsinki.
- Kurkela, Kari, *Mielen maisemat ja musiikki*, 1997, Sibelius Academy Helsinki.
- Kuusamo, Alti, *Tyylistä tapaan*, 1996, Gaudeamus Helsinki.
- Labro, Philippe, *La traversée*, 1996.
- Laing, R.D. *The divided self*, Aldus series, 1968.
- Leino, Eino, *Runon juhlaa*, 2000, Karisto Hämeenlinna.
- Levi-Strauss, Claude, *Tristes tropiques*, 1955.
- Lehtinen, Torsti, *Sören Kirkegaard*, 1994, WSOY Helsinki.
- Lehtovaara, Arvo, *Sielutieteen kertausopas*, 1961, Gummerus Jyväskylä.
- Liehu, Heidi, *Perhosten valtakunta*, 1998, Sphinx Helsinki.
- Loftus, Elizabeth, *Creating false memories*, *Scientific American*, September 1997.
- Maeterlinck, Maurice, *Köyhäin aarteet*, 1918, Tampereen sentraalikirjapaino Tampere. Original work: *Le trésor des humbles*.
- Miller, Alice, *Das verbannte Wissen*.
- Määttänen, Pentti, *Filosofia*, 1995, Gummerus Jyväskylä.
- Määttänen, Pentti, *Filosofian luennot, kurssi ja jatkokurssi*, 1998-99, University of Art and Design Helsinki.
- Naukkarinen, Ossi and Immonen, Olli, *Art and beyond: Finnish approaches to aesthetics*, 1995, International Institute of Applied Aesthetics Lahti.
- Nelimarkka, Riitta, *Apollon*, 1996, Seneca & Tammi Helsinki.
- Russell, Bertrand, *Filosofiaa jokamiehelle*, 1951, WSOY Helsinki. Original work: *Unpopular essays*.
- Russell, Bertrand, *A history of western philosophy*, 1946, Allen & Unwin London.
- Räsänen, Marjo, *Building bridges*, 1997, University of Art and Design UIAH A 28 Helsinki.
- Saarinen, Esa, *Filosofia*, 1994, WSOY Helsinki.
- Saarinen, Esa, *Länsimaisen filosofian historia huipulta huipulle Sokrateesta Marxiin*, 1985, WSOY Helsinki.
- Sandström, Sven, *Intuition och åskådlighet*, 1996, Carlssons Stockholm.
- Schjelderup, Harald, *Salattu ihminen*, 1962, WSOY Helsinki. Original work: *Det skjulte menneske*.
- Schopenhauer, Arthur, *Kuolema ja kuolematon*, 1997, Katisto Helsinki. Original work: *Über den Tod und sein Verhältnis*.
- Schopenhauer, Arthur, *Pessimistin elämänviisaus*, 1945, WSOY Helsinki.
- Segal, Robert A., *Jung on mythology*, 1998, Routledge London.
- Setälä, Päivi, *Antiikin nainen*, 1998, Otava Helsinki.
- Shakespeare, William, see Norman, Marc.
- Shusterman, Richard, *Taide, elämä, estetiikka*, 1997, Gaudeamus Helsinki.
- Spinoza, Baruch, *Etiken*, 1989, Thales Stockholm.
- Säätelä, Simo, *Tieteen filosofian luentosarjat ja kurssit*, 1998-99, University of Art and Design Helsinki.
- Tarkiainen, V., *Aleksis Kivi, elämä ja teokset*, 1923, WSOY Helsinki.
- Tarkka, Minna, ed. *Video Taide media*, Anthology, 1993, TAIDE Helsinki.
- Tarkka, Pekka, *Pentti Saarikoski*, 1997, Otava Helsinki.
- Thielst, Peter, *Elämä ymmäretään taaksepäin – mutta täytyy elää eteenpäin*. Kertomus Sören Kierkegaardista, 1994, WSOY Helsinki. Trans. by Torsti Lehtinen from original work: *Livet forstås baglaens, men moleves forlaens. Historia om Sören Kierkegaard*.
- Troyat, Henri, *Dostojevski*, 1995, WSOY Helsinki. Original work: *Dostoievsky*.
- Varto, Juha, *Laadullisen tutkimuksen metodologia*, 1992, Kirjayhtymä Helsinki.
- Varto, Juha, *Filosofian taito 2-3*, 1995, Kirjayhtymä Helsinki.
- Vasari, Giorgio, *Taiteilijaelämäkertoja*, 1997, TAIDE Helsinki. Original work: *Le vite de più eccellenti pittori, scultori e architettori nelle redazioni del 1550 e 1568*.
- Virtanen, Leea, *Telepaattiset kokemukset*, 1977, WSOY Helsinki.
- Väänänen, Oskari, *Miekkailun käsikirja*, 1923, Gummerus Jyväskylä.
- Weston, Judith, *Directing actors*, 1996, Michael Wiese Productions CA.
- Wilde, Oscar, *The complete illustrated stories, plays and poems*, 1998, Chancellor Press London.
- Wittgenstein, Ludvig, *Tractatus logico-philosophicus*, 1971, WSOY Helsinki.
- Wittgenstein, Ludvig, see Anscombe, G.E.M.

A WORD OF THANKS

I have written “Elise’s Dissertation” mainly in playful earnest and more or less as a work of “absolute value”. The process has unpredictably broadened my mind, and I would not cut a moment of it away. At least, that’s what they say. Old-fashioned rhetorical writing. People on the stage of life. The bad masked as the good. In animal clothing. Nothing tallies – fiction; tallies after all – a document ...

I wish to thank from my heart all the respected and loved people who have supported my work. I would like particularly to thank my tutor Professor [Raimo P. Hämäläinen](#) of the Helsinki University of Technology for his bold vision, his professional skill and moral support. Thanks are also due to my other tutor, Professor [Inkeri Sava](#) of the University of Art and Design Helsinki (UIAH) for her excellent advice and diverse, friendly assistance. I am grateful to Professor [Juha Varto](#) of the University of Art and Design Helsinki (UIAH) for liberal and wise guidance. I owe a debt of gratitude to Professor [Päivi Setälä](#) of the University of Helsinki and Professor [Tom Sandqvist](#) of the Stockholm Art Academy for their perceptive preliminary reports and valuable comments. In addition I would like to thank [Annikki Kaitila](#) for checking the language of the work.

I am also greatly indebted to the following persons for their invaluable support in the process following the public defending of Elise’s dissertation. This process at UIAH was to attain absurd and at times even comical features.

So, Elise/Rabbit would thus convey her warmest gratitude and sincere thanks to:

[Ahtisaari, Eeva](#), M.A.

[Alho, Olli](#), Ph.D., director
(Finnish Broadcasting Company)

[Hannula, Mika](#), rector (The Academy of Arts)

[Helenius, Antti](#), doctor honoris causa (School of Economics and Business Administration, Helsinki)

[Heiskanen, Ilkka](#), professor (University of Helsinki)

[Honkela, Timo](#), Ph.D. (University of Art and Design)

[Iirola, Olli](#), attorney-at-law

[Klami, Hannu-Tapani](#), professor emeritus
(University of Helsinki)

[Koskinen, Ilpo](#), professor
(University of Art and Design Helsinki)

[Krohn, Kai](#), professor (University of Tampere)

[Kyläkallio, Juhani](#), professor emeritus (School of Economics and Business Administration, Helsinki)

[Laakkonen, Risto](#), consulting officer (Ministry of Labour)

[Laukka, Maria](#), art educator

[Määttänen, Pentti](#), Ph.D. (University of Helsinki)

[Nelimarkka, Kerttu](#), graduate engineer, my mother

[Nuutila-Helenius, Marja](#), architect

[Rainesalo, Pirkko](#), Counselor for Cultural Affairs

[Routila, Lauri-Olavi](#), Professor of Art and Design Education (University of Jyväskylä)

[Räsänen, Marjo](#), DA

[Suhonen, Pekka](#), author

[Törhönen, Lauri](#), professor
(University of Art and Design Helsinki)

[Wikman, Leif](#), DWM

[Ylimaula Anna-Maija](#), professor
(University of Art and Design Helsinki)

I am grateful to [Susan Heiskanen](#) for the excellent terminological advice concerning the English version of this work. I am also thankful for [Sirkka Ilomäki](#) for the technical mastery of the book and the fruitful co-operation with the layout.

My heartfelt thanks to [Philip Bingham](#) and his wife [Marja](#) for their elegant translation of the whole book, which was certainly by no means an easy task. Thank you both for a fine job and for our hours together with Elise and Rabbit.

Finally I would like to express my deepest feelings to my husband, [Jaakko Seeck](#), and our sons, [Aki](#), [Joonas](#) and [Max](#) for their presence and outstanding help during the “battle for the doctor’s hat”. This battle, which attracted a great deal of interest from the national media and shook the Finnish academic world, ended, as far as Elise/Rabbit is concerned, triumphantly. Now she can order herself a beautiful blue doctor’s top hat, if she could only muster up the courage to have her head measured.

Helsinki, 1. September 2001

Riitta Nelimarkka-Seeck





ABSURD POEM

PARTENOGENETISCHE DISSERTATION

**A DESCRIPTION VARYING
WITHIN ITSELF OF THE ARTISTIC PROCESS**