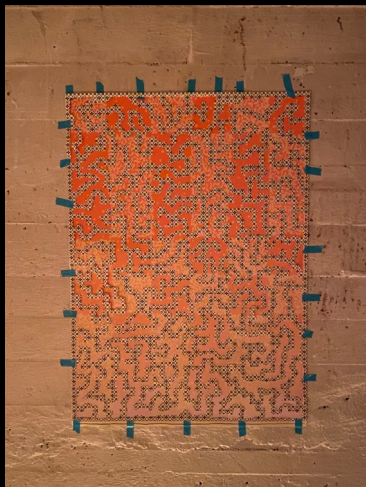




...meischarax helfen Sie mir, warum, ich will den Boden nicht, der Schweinehund Binswanger...



...meijuks das Aas die Oberin, meine Mutter, wo ist die hin, nein das geht ja gar nicht an...



...Schwester Frieda. Helfen Sie mir warum nei meischuks. Haymann verfluchter, Schwester...



... das Aas meischuks meischiras. Ne ich will das nicht, arme gute Tasche ne ich will um...

Having pawned my wellbeing to *probe, study* and *process* the physical changes that happened to Aby Warburg during his breakdown—to consider these as part of his work—the changes I experienced in my condition from the experience in Pati's *crypt*, were of course valuable to me *in the moment*.

In the *tail* of this experience—since it happened yesterday I am living its wake— I want to query whether it also might be important, beyond the scope of my individual experience. I am telling my students *not* to get lost in self-reflection and *also* think collectively. And now *I am* in this situation.

As always, when something finally breaks through to me, I discover that this moment has been cooking for a while. For instance, I attended the opening of [Marius Engh's](#) exhibit at [HULIAS](#)—a space behind a metal door, mid-way down the slope past Vulkan to the Aker river—his [Alfred Jarry](#) installation.

It was almost dark. Only red light was admitted. The contour of the items in display were softer than in hard light. They had to be imagined, to some extent created, by the mind and senses. An artist book for sale—dealing, on a similar note, with Engh's encounters with [Albrecht Dürer](#)—was sealed.

Of course, this was a clever and slightly wicked act: who would open the seal—even after having purchased the book for NOK250 on VIPPS—would *betray* the terms of the exhibit. Adding light would not bring truth to the moment nor to the idea, but would betray them both. Mine is left *unopened*.

In this state, it can remain a keeper of the experience from Marius Engh's exhibit. With [Bjørn Blikstad](#) we discussed alternatives, on the backdrop of what the *contents* from one of his furniture-works—a cabinet topped by a huge *peacock* tail—would reveal as a *container*: the contents of the *cabinet*.

Can we conceive a contents which—in a single instance—also is a container? In Pati's cave-like *crypt* the question came through as a flicker: it was *impossible* to determine *which one* was the content and the container—the material qualities and manifestation of the space, or the works on the walls.

So, why did this make me so *happy*? How is it that it worked a kind of *mini-catharsis* on my present condition? I think that it might be because in Pati's case the joint search for a wanted *attitude*—as material body-matter—comes through so clearly to me. His practice of *living in a site* of his search.

It relieves me from having to do it for him, or on his behalf, as theoreticians so often do (like the choir in Greek tragedy, whose presence is testimonial and to make the heroes/heroines look great). It is probably is part of the job of a theoretician in the art-world/stage. But it cannot *only* be like that.

For the theoretician—over the years—does not come out as a prophet, but more like the 'useful idiot' (which was ascribed to Lenin, but is more likely a Russian turn of phrase). Somehow needed, but also met with a fundamental disbelief. But is the designer considered in similar terms, in the art-field?