



... hundsfröttische Bestie die hat alle deine Angehörigen umgebracht. Weib verfluchtes...



...Wasser ist kein Wasser, Seife ist keine Seife, Butter ist keine Butter *meischuks* Seife...



...sind Menschen Warburg wasch keine Menschen ab. Nein *meischuks* Binswanger das Aas...



...lieber sind Menschen Warburg wasch keine Menschen ab. Nein *meischuks* Binswanger das Aas...

From the slope of Munch's *Scream*, we are in a privileged position to contemplate the outcomes of consequential choices that have been made in Oslo, over the last 100 years. Patí Passero's one-day exhibit is sure to be ignored by the bathing crowd at Sørenga, which is surely not accidental.

In place of the scream I found some healing. In the place of display and exhibition, I found excavation and reclusion. Perhaps the circle of my readers can exceed the small crowd gathered at Gallery RDR. If not, they are likely to gather a different crowd. What passes over is passed on.

Over the years, the design MA has featured projects like Thea Urdal's—who took on and passed on Warburg's work—or, [Tone Bjerkaas](#), who similarly took on and passed on ways she found in the [Whole Earth Catalogue](#), in developing a networked way of developing her fashion barn in Tromsø.

Patí Passero has ventured a simile approach to the *site*; Gallery RDR on location. At this level of general features, this turn is by no means exceptional. There are many examples of it. However, as an intervention into the norms and forms of *work-life*, in a broader sense, it has some purchase.

That is, can we be expected to *believe* indeterminately—in a foreseeable future—in *what we see*? This is a simple question. It is *not* a matter of faith: in fact, the more we have faith in ourselves, the less we may be inclined to believe in what we see. Moving *existence* from a philosophical problem.

The troubled *washing-jingle* that subtexts my photo-shoots from Patí's one-day exhibit, provides us with a disturbing example of *that* exactly. Warburg does not manage to believe in what he sees. He appeared as a paranoid schizophrenic. Later he was re-diagnosed when his condition improved.

Bipolar, or manic-depressive. His psychiatrist's—Ludwig Binswanger's—approach can be summed up in the following terms: **1)** we can improve but never fully heal [healing beyond the asylum remains the human condition]; **2)** our philosophical queries into being and existence are *not* sublimations.

He therefore *never* became part of the psychoanalytical movement, even though he stayed in correspondence with Sigmund Freud for 30 years. Freud expressed—with some mischief—that he stayed in correspondence with Binswanger, for his fine nuance and command of German language.

So, he may have enjoyed corresponding with Binswanger as he enjoyed his cigars. Binswanger, on the other hand, insisted that Freud was too attached to the backdrop of natural science—and neurology—from which psychoanalysis had sprung. What is *there* at the end of the rope of *consciousness*?

Is there a *body* given to the pitiful state of its gradual degeneration and eventual demise? The unconscious is one answer to what goes *beyond* that point. But also the *work that is earned* with some *difficulty*—and considerable *effort*—by us human beings. The realm of *mediate* articulations.