

Fair Play

What would it mean to accommodate empowering and nasty thoughts on identity, economy, class and sustainability in politics?

Please join me in the show. We streaming live! Tonight's the night!
I don't have a dream, I do dream of a future for scores in becoming!
I say, hello infrastructure, could you please give me a brief overview? In 1992, Audre Lorde performed one of her last readings. It took place in Berlin. It was a poem of a dream, she says "I dreamt, I became President... and I'm going to read poetry at my inauguration"¹.

During the same year, across the Atlantic Ocean, Zoe Leonard wanted a Dyke for President, Hillary Clinton couldn't wear red, orange, yellow, green and blue in the White house (but you can now buy her pant-suits) and Eileen Myles ran for President as an 'openly female candidate'. Bam, bam! She is an adorable poet, almost like a Kennedy, as if she one day even could become the President of the United States of America.

In *An American Poem*, Myles writes

– "Listen to me I been educated in the Western civilization, do you know what I learned? I'm alone". But no, *Not me*², as the title of the collection of poems are entitled. We are entangled in this together, with the ones who walked down the streets before us, like the 50.000 women who on the 23th October in 1915 marched down Fifth Avenue in New York to demand the unrestricted and equal right to vote. Bam, bam! In times of precariousness, I would like to, to dare to, add some time. Did you see how all the women were pair up in two? So they with their bare hands could carry huge blank white sheets of paper or fabric in between them? Bam, bam! Jump!

It is 2015 and Visual artist Emily Roydson writes sideways – layer on layers with lovers, friends, poets and authors. Dead or alive. It doesn't matter. Sometimes you slip into intimate dialogue with words from the past and they hit you as dynamite. In *Uncounted*, Roydson continues to write Gertrude Stein's sentence into the present, by adding

"The only thing that is different from one time to another is what is seen and what is seen depends upon how everybody is doing everything. In 1926 Stein wrote "Composition as Explanation" to talk about 'time-sense', distribution, 'using everything' and a continuous present. In her elliptical statement on epochal thinking, imaging and representation (what is seen, difference) are aligned with the ability, potential and mechanisms of the body and technology (how everybody is doing everything). To which I add: How everybody is doing everything is what is different, and how difference is seen. What is seen depends upon how everybody is doing."³

¹ Audre Lorde - *The Berlin Years 1984 to 1992* by Dagmar Schultz, Third World Newsreel, 2012
Excerpt from the movie <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ceXFKzO7gZQ> accessed 2016-11-11

² Eileen Myles, *Not Me*, Semiotext(e) / Native Agents, 1991

³ Emiliy Roydson, *Uncounted*, 2015 <http://emilyroydson.com/index.php?/texts/uncounted/> accessed 2016-11-11

Like bodies and emotions finally meet up for a walk within the sphere of politics.
What would they say to each other?

– *Hey, how are you doing?*
– *I'm fine, thanks. How are you?*

Re-call the American election campaign – what would it even look or sound like? How to live with them, we don't particularly like, and never would chose to be in solidarity with, but with whom we might be obligated to cohabit the world with? Borders? Keep some distance? Yes, please! Dare to say no, push them aside and embrace your own values! When it comes to the 'criticism' that have been raised towards all the bodies who literally lived on the squares, streets and pavements by sleeping, eating, peeing, washing, maybe even fucking in public space during the Arab Spring and the Occupy Movements, as if they lacked imagination for what society they wanted? I'm not sure. They practiced their lives in real time! How do we do we continue do things with words when democracy, fascism and military can be said out loud in the same sentence? Is it like performativity went for a nap and it can never come back in the same format again? Can we call a friend? Can we call it imagination? Will it pick up?

I recently introduced the concept of "högt i tak" as 'high ceiling' to a friend with interests in modern and social architecture. 'High ceiling' can be explained as a quality of situations where conversation can be free, lively and frank on their own terms in contexts they appear in. I call it an ecology for conversations. What would it mean to accommodate empowering and nasty thoughts on identity, economy, class and sustainability in politics? Contemporary art and critical theory grasps for terms that can help us slip and hint towards imaginary overviews, and name it infrastructure. Will it then be beyond modern calls for systems of control? How can we carry, hold and fall with our bodies in relation to other bodies? With cities built on raw metal and dusty carbon the word infrastructure arrived – in English 1887 and in French 1875 – defined as terms of installations that form the basis for operations and systems. Executed as shiny technological engineered constructions. Doesn't it feel a bit too inhuman, instrumentalized and dry as a source to depart from in order to grasp complexity? Doesn't the word in itself exclude the whole history of slavery, colonization and cultures outside of the Western hemisphere? At the same time, entanglement is on the table. Bacteria and electrons considered with agency, carefully. What would it mean to try to host infrastructure and entanglement, pair them up to be inhabitants, when it comes to politics? Like a constant detailed zoom in and out of activities, of specific localities, plantages and a few global generalizations now and then? In supportive, sustainable and suitable ways we want housing, food, water, healthcare, forms of education, decent meaningful activities, social relations and jobs for everybody! It is hard core to imagine but important to continue say out loud. It takes time. It takes energy. We have enough oxygen. It is an ecosystem called four seasons and hosts the colors of our chakras. Because we dare to ask how everybody is doing, in the chain of nutrition of stone's, electrons, feelings, toxics, human bodies, cars, roads, and admin papers of education, you name it! We chew feminism, eat post colonialism, inject queerness, breath wildness and swallow anarchy! We ask how our and others extended arms are doing. It will make future gatherings in parliaments impossible, so please don't play by those rules.

During the American election campaign, one aspirant seems to speak in someone else's place. But no, I would say that she practices her own authority. A practice developed by the Milan Women's Bookstore Collective during the 1970s, as a way of shifting agency within the group so that each participant is given authority by the others, according to her, it's, hers, their or (xes) desires and particular competences. I would say, you might voted for Hillary Clinton, but wanted something else. You started to work for Michelle Obama because you imagine a future beyond that. Because the origin of the multiple colored pant suit belongs to Margret Thatcher even if she launched it seated, wearing a skirt. It might be symbolic, but it is conservative. It is liberal and it is not enough. In her biography, Thatcher writes that she choose to wear bright colours in order to become visible among the black masses of suits. Within the colour circles of parliaments there are no official black, brown, white, purple or neon colours. Black, brown and white do occasionally infiltrate. As we know, black pants with black shirts are banned due to circumstances in Italy. Brown poo armies recently came out as addicts on amphetamine for 72 hours. We know them very well! We can tap over borders if we keep awake long enough!

The virginity of white belong to singular women and to silent, praying and singing communities. Let it be India, let it be Liberia! #pantsuitnation didn't managed to change this perception. Please hang-on! You might voted for Hillary Clinton but wanted something else, so you started to work for Michelle Obama because you dream about future beyond that. What would be, sound or look like? Pink might initiate! Pink is an initiative. It is not even a party but named as an initiative. Neon is yet far from the vision of sight. In 1978 the neon pink and turquoise colors was taken out from the original pride flag because it was impossible colors to color at that time. Neon pink stood for sex and bright strong turquoise symbolized art, do we need a flag, will we need a flag when we run in sneakers and the floating plastic come into the bay?

Purple exist within the energies of chakras as the crown chakra, associated with the pituitary gland, nervous system, and the brain and head region with its element of light. In its balanced state, it can render individuals the ability to perform and transcend miracles. It sounds a bit like God or a hippie version of peace, love and harmony! But no, no way! Sometimes Iceland's former prime minister, Jóhanna Sigurðardóttir wore purple and white leather jackets. As far as we know, she was the first, homosexual – and lesbian – to govern a country and she never made a fuss about that or being born with a pussy. How do humans perceive, see, make and feel about colors? When, we would like to weave an ecology for conversations so that a previous generation can subscribe and follow a future to come.

In her article *För människor utan hem finns dansgolv - For People without homes, there are dance floors*⁴, activist and poet Felicia Mulinari re-call Emma Goldmans famous quote "If I can't dance I don't want to be part of your revolution" into conversation with Beyonce's staged pop. Mulinari suggest dance floors as a temporary sites for people without homes to assemble in a heteronormative, nationalistic, productive, racist, colonial, neoliberal and capital driven society. There might be sweaty beats where you can let you body decide where it want to go, high or low. Why should we sing and dance by moving along, side-ways with liberal and conservative voices à la Hillary Clinton? Why is the multicolor flash-mob

⁴ <https://feministisktperspektiv.se/2016/07/26/manniskor-utan-hem-finns-dansgolv/> accessed 2016-11-11

herstorical? What would it mean to accommodate empowering and nasty thoughts on identity, economy, class and sustainability in politics? In its absurdity, poet and writer Eileen Myles ran for president as an 'openly-female' candidate in 1992 . It sounds funny, right? But it is amazing and it is political. In the mid 90s, Hillary Clinton could not, as a woman, wear jacket and trousers made out of the same colour and fabric in the white house. I might speak on a too symbolic level, but maybe not. Female clothing continue to circulate. Are you in need for a handbag? Just don't hold on to it on group photos! Don't even dare to chew on your chocolate bars! But please have a snack, you can buy it as a T-shirt print in Clinton's web-shop! Red, orange, yellow, blue. Yes, you can buy her pantsuit! Yes, you can! Of course you can! Journalists, reporters and writers continue to gossip by saying - It doesn't have any functional pockets! So, let's speak about Clinton's pockets! They are sealed. It means, you can't carry anything in them. This is how a lot of suits for women still are constructed, made and sewn! How to then carry, hold and fall? Can tears be an option? When Adrienne Rich's words continue to echo in our bodies, even when our skin tones fail to fade. I know, we do share different experiences, views and knowledge on oppression, but "There must be those among whom we can sit down and weep and still be counted as warriors"⁵. So, how do to we continue act in solidarity?

Angela Merkel have a comfortable place to rest her hands, it could be a remake of what the triangle shape ones were, hint towards or what it can become. An asymmetric triangle composed by human hands! It can be a vagina! When you do it with your hands, as what is seen and not seen depends on how everybody is doing everything! Bless you! But we are asking, how are you doing? I'm fine thanks, how are you? Eco eco eco!

In 1992, Audre Lorde wrote her dream down, in the format of a poem. It was entitled *1984*.

"But one good thing about being President
Is that you don't have to stop at red lights.
Another good thing is
neither of us has to drive
So we can relax together in the back seat.
Even neck if we want to.
And nobody can say a thing about being lesbians because I am President now."⁶

In 1992, Zoe Leonard wanted a Dyke for President. Now, 2016, her text is on tour in USA, re-written and sampled in multiple forms and read out loud in public spaces with voices based on a practice of difference. It was first initiated by the Collective Reading Project *I want a President...* in 2010 in conjunction to the Swedish election campaign by Malin Arnell, Kajsa Dahlberg, Johanna Gustavsson and Fia-Stina Sandlund⁷.

⁵ *Sources*, Adrienne Rich, Heyeck Press, 1983

⁶ Ibid 1.

⁷ <http://www.foreningenja.org/en/> accessed 2016-11-11

I add. I write. I call imagination. Does it pick up? Yes!

I dream about a time when we don't need to put our hands on our chest and swear to God before leaving the stage. Bless you! I dream about a time when binary thinking does not shape our standard vocabulary, thinking and imagination. I dream about a time when what is not seen, is visible. Let's call it Nano-politics!⁸ I dream about a time when bacteria, plasmas and even stones are counted as voices within the spheres of politics. I dream about a time when spoken words and silent material practices are entangled. I dream about a time when everybody can have food in their stomachs. I dream about a future for sustainable ways to organize our public lives. I care about fresh water and a shower! I want to love and live in a world when skin-color do not matter! I want the neon pink and turquoise colors from the original pride flag to be of our lives. If there will be a flag! This might be our flag! We run in our sneakers and can poo sparkles like a catapults.

Because I care about how we are doing, in our daily work and social relations towards these dreams! This is how we organize! I dream about all humans beings capacity to meaningful activities, defined on their own terms! I might be romantic, but, yes, I dare to say it, less war would be nice. It will take time. It takes energy, but we have enough oxygen. It is a way to re-negotiate excitement and desires in relation to its inhabitants. It is an ecosystem called four seasons where I want everybody to have roughs over their heads. It is hard core imagination. Over there, on the land there is no one drowned in the water but still pleasures and conflicts. I dream about a Dyke for President! She has glitter in her hair and too short skirts! Because I am a nasty woman, yes I am! The games have and will never be fair, so don't play by those rules! I dream about the times when the ceiling is soooo fucking high so we can breathe wildness because we chew feminism, we eat post colonialism, we swallow anarchy when we cross the oceans! Please, let the show begin!

⁸ *Nanopolitics handbook* – the nanopolitics group, Minor Compositions, 2013
<http://www.minorcompositions.info/wp-content/uploads/2013/09/nanopolitics-web.pdf>