Hostel presents:

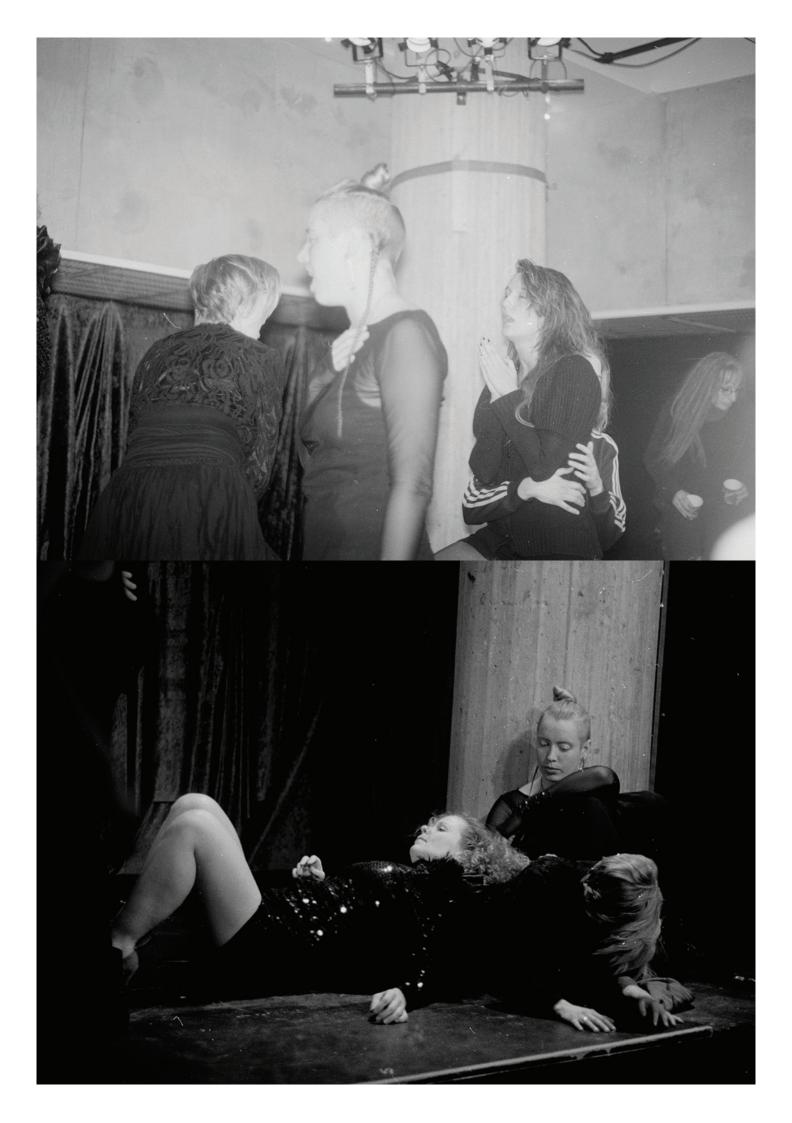
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EROSION

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Down on your knees, Sweetheart, and kiss the ground

There are only imaginary treasures

When they are out walking B lovingly-possessively takes hold of H's hand. Every second not filled up with labor B tries to lovingly-demonstratively grab H's hand, sometimes she has to jog along with him for hours to get a single chance to take a hold of his hand. And if she does get a chance she does it properly, she almost have to watch out so that she don't squeeze it too hard. To get a hold of his hand is even more important when there's other women around or when they appear like a danger petrified to meat. Shyly a little hand then slips in to H's big hand and talks about weather, wind, the world problems, food or about the nature. Sometimes H actually pretends as if the two of them were not the same person, which they are. Can't these women then see that we really are one, inseparable B asks even these other women see H's body as a separate entity with its own spirit. - Penny through Jelinek.

Sooner or later, all men become sex-offenders.

- My best friend became a flasher; it's a personal tragedy for me, the father sighs. The daughter is laughing harshly from the back-seat. It has nothing to do with personal tragedy; it is a farce just like Oedipus Rex. Since she had penetrated every story/tale/narrative as a way of maintaining power and control and ownership, they had all become puny and her world was full of gallows, humor and whips. (She laughed when the guards whipped her – then no more). To endure life in the cold and damp dungeon the loneliness she started to fantasize. After a couple of months she was so skilled that she saw whatever she fantasized about: men buttoning their flies, rabbits covering the floor, various distinct colors like Christmas tinsel close to her eyes. She was repeatedly interrupted by the phone or computer, lawyers and parents and theatre-shows:

Alone in my garden with whips. I spread out over the world like a terrorist attack, all men are forced to inhale tiny particles of my flesh (experience) and transform into dimwits easily manipulated into whatever the women (humans) wish. Lipstick and translucent dresses dance through the dawn where the Amazon caresses each other's soiled coarse skin laughing pointing silently:

– We hereby declare that you can rape each other! You created an image a sex toy a woman untouchable mother-of-pearl-skin completely unreal (amazing PR) you raped her by enchaining her to the kitchen sink the hospital bed YOU HATED HER BECAUSE SHE REMINDED YOU OF YOUR OWN INSUFFICIENCY SELF-HATRED EMPTINESS no matter how dirty things you could dream up one worse than the other to expose her to fuck her in the ass (soul) pissed on her took a shit on her tore her vagina apart with a machete YOU FORCED HER TO PRETEND AS IF SHE ENJOYED IT UNTIL SHE THOUGHT IT WAS TRUE (THAT SHE WAS SICK AND BEYOND SAVING A COMPLETELY ANNIHILATED BEING A HOLE CRAVING

ITS OWN DESTRUCTION) but it was you who did and the disease you gave her was a projection, sex is a sublimation. BECAUSE YOU ARE UNABLE TO LOVE AND YOU HATE HER BECAUSE YOU KNOW THAT SHE IS ABLE TO DO WHAT YOU ARE UNABLE OF: LOVE (the books the sheep the dances the touches she tenderly licks her sisters wounds despite YOU) AND YOU BEGAN TO HATE HER SINCE SHE DID NOT LOVE YOU. The craving (disease) you had forced upon her while threatening her life was false eyes empty it repeatedly withered to pieces under your hands. YOU ARE IN DESPAIR WITH YOUR INTERNETSITES RANKING WHORES PAYING TO BE BREAST-FED BY YOUNG MOTHERS BUYING GIRL-FRIENDS WHO DESPISE YOU WORLD OF WARCRAFT you start to kill even more than you already have physically and mentally (you begin to kill her initially by the division physical and mental) DOES NOT EXIST NOT TRUE ALL AMAZON KNOW THIS A WOMAN IS AN ENTIRE BEING WITHOUT BISECTION you are possessed by breaking her apart splitting her you say schizophrenia you name is woman YOU HATE HER BECAUSE SHE CAN LIVE and you cannot so YOU CAN-NOT LET HER LIVE

Impossible yearning

Growing silence. Rain outside the window. Anti-depressants. Cysts on the cervix. Diplomas and high educations on her walls. The air she breathes. The dresses she wears. Is that her? She owns many things, objects, by ownership separated from her and she cannot reach for them, she doesn't dare to, she wants to keep her hands (her soul).

Dream: my oldest sister is a bitch. She betrays me she steals everything from me I own my art my gift my love. Various objects photos of Norma Jean afloat in mid-air. They are not me I lose my ownership. Thus, the dramaturgy of power (ownership and death) has eaten its way into my soul and is trying to separate me from my sister my beloved.

My most beautiful memory: I am laying in a large bed with soft sheets my eldest sister is lying beside me the power of my need for her is so strong that I cannot sense my own body the bedding I levitate chills in my lower abdomen. I hear her breath she is not asleep I reach my arm touches her arm I cum slowly for half an hour we caress each other dazed my sister is riding the largest horse she is way ahead of me I make an effort to catch up with her hear her cry of joy my anxiety panting. We ride away from this world a few hours a day me and my sister my beloved.

Dream 2: I have reunited with my rapist. We are lying in a large bed. I begin to weep he worries gets a hard-on has to jack off I go on weeping I wonder if he gets off on my weeping he comes in a sock after a fondling his cock a little. I feel sick. Then we fuck.

Today the home of liberty, peace and justice, the one refuge of honorable men, haven for those who, battered on all sides by the storms of tyranny and war, seek to live in tranquility. Rich in gold but richer in fame, built on solid marble but standing more solid on a foundation of civic concord, surrounded by salt waters but more secure with the salt of good council..., It rejoices at the outcome, which is as it should be: the victory not of arms but of justice.

ca. 1365, anonymous author

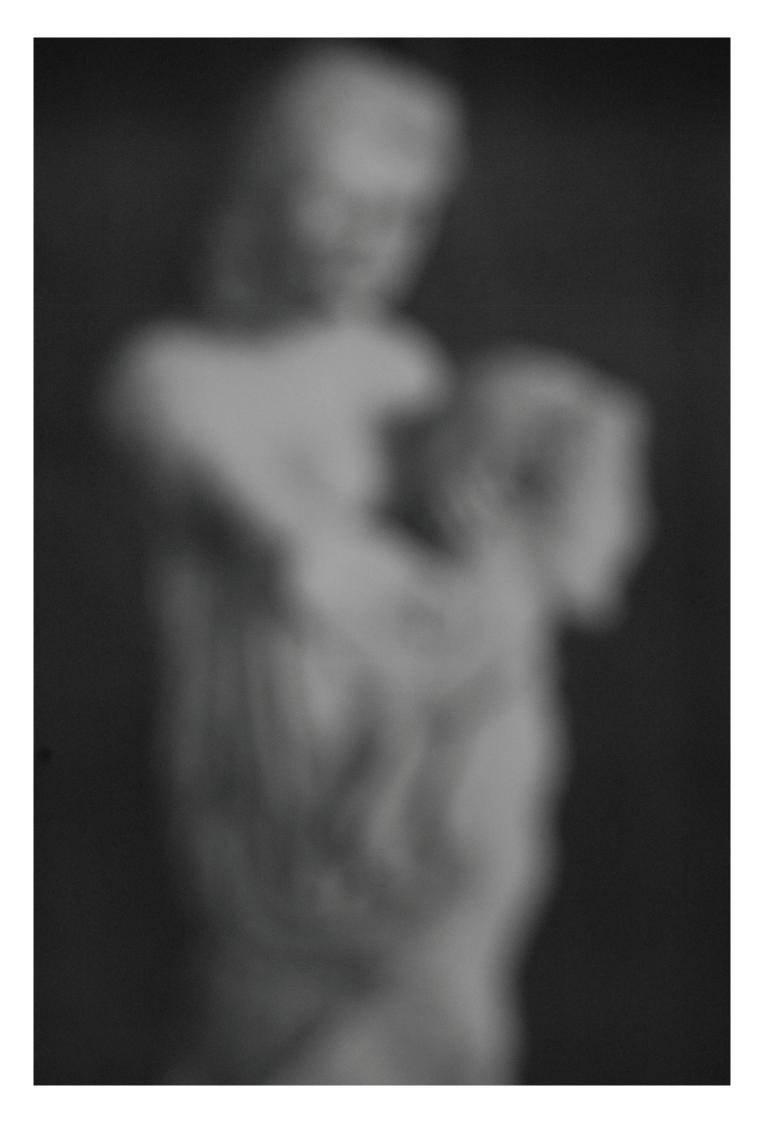
The young men of Venice are always outdoors. In the plazas or out in the marshes. They cannot stay home. If you see someone inside, he doesn't live there. No doubt about it, he's visiting a friend. Every door is open, everybody is some place else. And the joy off visiting an old friends villa without his presence, there is such a pleasure.

The young men of Rome are always found sitting down. On the remains of an old amphitheater or on the very ground, contemplating. There is no such thing as a young Roman to be found off guard, yet seemingly, he's always resting his legs. Upon asking your self how such a land was once built, as truly you're in the land of magic, there is no answer.

The young men of Venice live in the streets. The young Venetian live on horseback. He will wear out three horses in a day. Yet he loves his steed, grooms it with charcoal and Madhu honey, whispering of promise in its ears. As oppose to customs, the young Venetian would never eat his horse at its death, no, not even sell its remains to the glue factory. The corpse is set on a boat and into the Adriatic sea of the shores of Lido, sailing at amaranth sails. So, always astraddle, always galloping. - There you have the young Venetian.

At the theatre, part of their secret is revealed. Here the young Roman reveals his taste for the remote. The hall is long, the stage is deep. They start of with comedy gently sliding into the second act, which is a serious drama. The next play in their repertoire interrupts the first, concluding in improvisation and pantomime. There is terrible moving around on stage, you find your self wanting to leave when your favorite actor leaves the stage. You find yourself wanting to climb the stage kneeling down before the heroine to declare your love. Devoured by the drama on stage, you feel the drama of your life take possession of you; naturally the actors pick up on this, playing out the departure of your lover. All while the audience sits perfectly still — There you have the young Roman.

The rider, dashing forward at full speed never stopping, suddenly stops short. A passing young girl's beauty has just caught his eye. Already set for marriage, he instantly swears eternal love to her, asks her parents, who pay no slightest attention to him, calls upon the whole street to witness his love, talks immediately and without hesitation of cutting his throat if she is not turned over to him, noble bravery. He even cudgels his servant to lend more weight to his declaration. But his wife passes in the street, and in his mind the recollection that he is already married. Thereupon, baffled but cooled, he turns away, takes up his course again with flying hooves, makes for his friends, finds only the friend's wife there, so is it really his friends home? "Oh life!" he says; he burst into tears; she hardly knows him; nevertheless she consoles him, they console each other, he kisses her. "Oh don't refuse," he begs her, "I'm practically at my last breath." He throws her into the bed like a bucket into a well, and he, all athirst for love, oblivion! Oblivion! But suddenly he is regalvanized into action, makes the door in a single leap, his clothes still unbuttoned, or else she cries out tearfully: "You haven't said you loved my eyes, you haven't said anything to me!"



The draping of fabric on a statue always comes in twenty-three folds. Sitting by its feet, the young Roman knows this. The fabric in his clothing always comes in twenty-three folds. The waves of marble tell him about the matter of unfolding himself. By unfolding the folds of his clothing his life is complete, and on completion he dies. There is no horror or fear in him, for the young Romans are of ancient race. So there he sits.

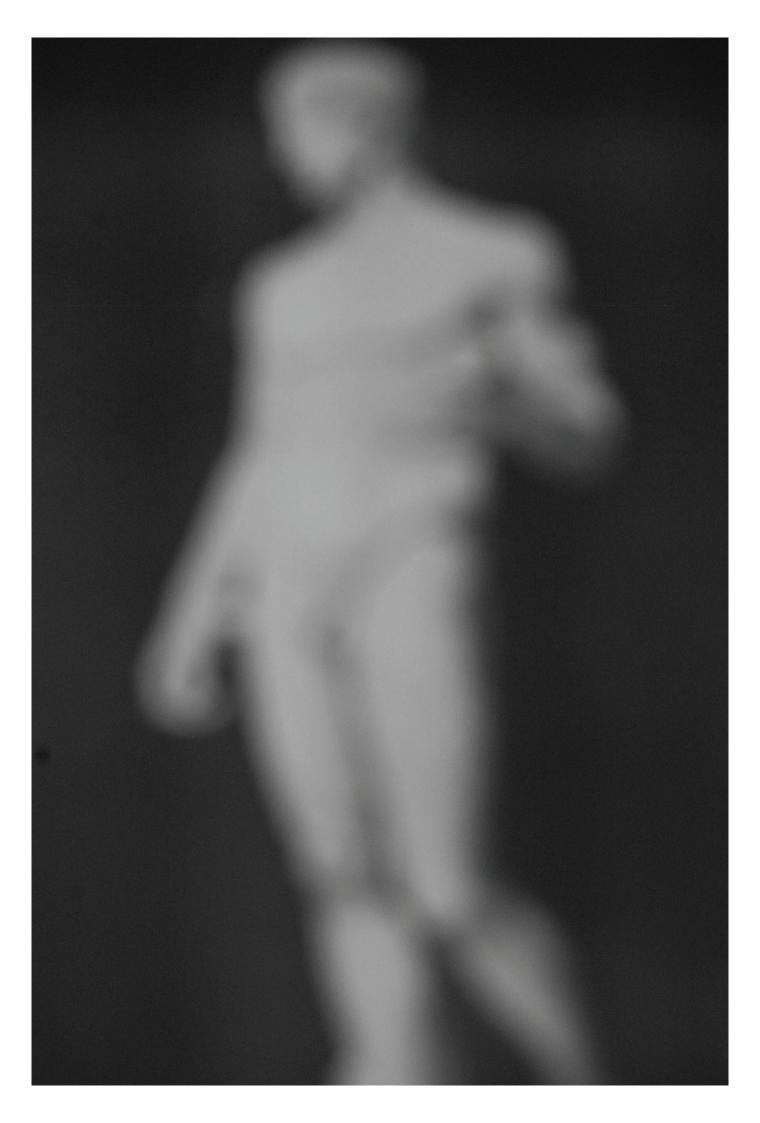
The emptiness that follows love projects them into its void; she has the horses harnessed and the carriage prepared. "Oh, what have I done!" - "My eyes were so loved once, to see if the wolf has eaten a sheep; I feel an urge, a presentiment almost." There you have the young Venetian women, off in the marshes couldn't stand a day apart from their herd.

On speaking to the young Roman, make sure he's sitting by a statue. Make sure the statue is covering his whole. Make sure the statue is covering your whole. For he will not speak unless behind a statue. No Roman, leader nor vassal, utters a single words unless behind a statue. The young Roman considers its nature light as balsa wood. He doesn't move without the statue in front of him. So there he sits. He believes that in leaving the statue by itself, although there is no movement or even knowledge left on how to move it, the statue in his absence will have other statues encircle it, depriving it of all its possibility to display itself. Asking on politics; he will answer to no other question; he says; "We are forever and more than ever surrounded by ants, they take no interest in us. Not one raises its head. And up to present time not one has raised its head towards us - it would rather be crushed."

And her carriage carries her of in a jiffy, of the streets and in to the marshes and to her sheep, but not to her sheep, for they have all been gambled and lost by her husband that very morning – the country villa, the marshes, and everything but what? She herself has been staked and lost so the trip has her arriving, but arriving at her new master's.

On every statue there is always twenty-three folds to be found. Not one statue could be produced in any other manner. Their limbs harden, can't be drawn back any more, nor turned, nor bent. And they harden further, and flesh hardens, and harden further. Muscles, arteries harden. Even veins and the blood within veins harden. Once hardened, it dries up, shining forever white in marble. This is the nature of its strange limbs. But all same, they stay attached. The young Romans can't explain, or be explained this, and are never expected or except so. The twenty-three folds of the statue remains the same, never unfolding, making promises of prosperity and tranquility to the land of the young Romans.

Talking on the young men of Venice is like talking on the Sea, forgetting that by nature, naturally it is sometimes still. Talking on the young men of Rome is like talking on the Sea, forgetting that by nature, naturally it is always rocking.



Jag var en gång en snickare men misslyckad som sådan Jag stirrade på skruv och spik och ner i verktygslådan Jag hamrade i fingrarna och snickarbyxan skavde Jag klämde mig i tängerna men inga pengar gav det

Nu är jag ingen snickare och blir det ej igen nu är jag mest ingenting alls likt många andra män Vi sitter här med breda ben och armarna i kors Vi klagar mest på det vi ser men ingen kommer loss

Nog tänks det att en vacker dag ska stora chanser komma Men då har jag i min stol växt fast och händerna har domnat



ANNA IHLE



LINA KRUOPYTE

STOCKHOLM REVIEW STAYS AT HOSTEL

Stockholm Review facilitates discussions around the contemporary art scene in Stockholm. It is run by Anna Ihle and Lina Kruopyte.

Here, they talk to Artem Christiansson and Jon Vogt Engeland, trying to figure out the way Hostel works behind the scenes.

Anna: Have you considered being anonymous?

Jon: No.

Artem: Because of this interview we started thinking about it.

Jon: I think anonymity is useless if there's nothing criminal involved

in it. You need be anonymous only not to get into trouble. If you don't wanna be something, you should do something about it. There is no reason to worry about how people conceive you. If you want people to think you're a great guy, be a great guy.

Artem: We care about the image we give of Hostel to other people.

Jon: We shouldn't be in disguise.

We want to be open. The more you worry, the more you will become what you are worrying about.

Anna: The other day, you seemed quite clear in not wanting to formulate what Hostel is. Hesitation.

Jon: Yes, there are traps here. Many platforms in the artworld are defining itself by statements, not by actions. For example yesterday, I went to a show. Before, I read a great description, anarchism and everything, but when I came there I got so disappointed. They had told me one thing, and they did another thing. I don't want to ever do this myself.

Artem: To define Hostel would be to restrict ourselves. I don't like being dogmatic. I think you have to break rules to be progressive. That's why I'm reluctant in defining Hostel.

Lina: Why did you start Hostel overall?

Artem: It's about opening up places that have been closed for artists. Starting up discussions about these kind of places, and how they can be used. By artists, curators. And also, because we think this is fun.

Jon: Fun is a key word. You can do all of the things we do without having a name, but you get an advantage by having one. Collecting value within a particular name. If we do great work, people might want to collaborate with us again.

Artem: We're showing that it's possible, and it's not that difficult.

Lina: Is it similar to the objective that we have in Stockholm Review: to claim space?

Jon: In the beginning, that was an important aspect. Copying other people's strategies of claiming space. Now our wishes for hostel are more complicated than that.

Artem: Nowadays it's more about collaboration, involving others.

Jon: For me, Hostel started as a reaction against something (e.g. lack of exhibition space), and has now turned into something which has it's own life.

Artem: It's an organic movement.

Jon: The things we say now - does it make sense according to your impression of Hostel?

Anna: The way you argue the value of not-defining seems a little weak to me. Can't you still define some of what you are without eliminating too much and without "lying"? Which for example happened to you yesterday in the crappy exhibition, where the text had given the wrong impression. For us, focusing on the conversation format opens up more than it closes. A conversation is

much more fluid than a manifesto.

Artem: So how would you define Hostel, from your experience?

Anna: An initiative run by the two of you. Inviting people to participate. Being vague about your objectives. Creating interesting and fun events.

Lina: You were so good naming yourselves. You have a very precise title. You run a hostel, and you have various visitors staying short term. A container filled with different content everytime.

Anna: But all hostels have their own clientele. Who stays at your hostel?

Jon: Mostly our friends and colleagues.

Lina: Do they have some features in common?

Jon: Yes, us.

Lina: How do you decide who fills up your platform with content, which people to invite, etc?

Artem: We formulate an idea, we have a discussion about it. We look for people in our circles that could have something to contribute with within that idea

Jon: It's a little bit like speed dating. You're interested in someone a little. We have a bit of interest, but don't have courage to spontaneous flirting. It's a framework to get to know them.

Artem: It's even more like stalking.

Jon: ... stalking them into the shop and then accidentally bump in to them.

Artem: Lately I've been thinking a

lot of how Hostel works as an excuse to, for example, do something illegal or have an enormous party.

Lina: Sounds like you're using some Robin Hood strategies?

Artem: I don't know. Taking something enclosed, then opening it up. That would be my short answer.

Lina: Going back to the start. First, initiative starts as a reaction to a certain dissatisfaction, a need to claim space. Then, after you realize that you can actually do whatever you want to, that you have certain power, that's when the real beginnings of identity of your initiative starts to take on a form. Starts developing its own character and direction. At which stage are we as Stockholm Review, Annie?

Anna: We are still in the middle of claiming space, and we have continuous arguments concerning content. We have a certain agreed framework, now is when we get into it. Deep.

Lina: A real profile of what we do is about to be invented, it doesn't start really just like that, I guess.. But what about arguing? Let's talk about arguing!

Anna: Not only are you collaborators, you're also friends.

Artem: It's a lot of arguing, but I don't see it as a bad thing, it's rather good. You shouldn't be afraid of conflicts. It's something I want to overcome. If you're afraid of conflicts you might simply never achieve anything good.

Jon: Conflicts have always been fruitful for us.

Artem: Not necessarily in a sense that you reach some consensus, nothing like that, more it's about

getting to know your companions, partners, better. I wish we had more discussions like this with people we invite to contribute to Hostel.

Jon: We can of course do it in the future. We're not only working from project to project, but it is a continuous work flow, as I see it. More or less, we are working with and on Hostel, almost all of our time. It feeds naturally a lot into what we do.

Lina: What do you think the roles are of producers and audience / readership, talking about Hostel? It seems to me that the two overlap a lot in this case. Do you think about who you're doing it for? Do you want, for example, big readership?

Jon: This is a very good question. We haven't dealt with such problem before, and I am sure that if we had to, we would have a lot of discussions to go through.

Anna: So it's very much a day-to-day approach, you're having, as you go along?

Jon: yes, yes, isn't it?

Artem: This is only a third event of Hostel, and it's not perfect. Not yet, at least. Problems pop up, and you have to deal with them. And that's basically what it's always about, our discussions and all the arguing.

Lina: But how would you answer someone asking "why another artist run magazine / platform, etc?"

Jon: Probably since Hostel started out, many other artist run initiatives closed down along and so what? You know, it's the same kind of question like why do you want to have kids.

Artem: Like we said in the begin-

ning, the keyword to all of this is fun

Jon: I am very much against universalizing of you own actions.

Anna: It doesn't make sense not to do something because someone is doing it already. I want to have kids, I want to do Stockholm Review, and that's a good enough reason for me to do it.

Lina: Good. Otherwise nothing would ever get done.

Artem: I haven't seen anything like it going on in this school anyway [Konstfack]. Of course there are galleries everywhere, but we like to focus locally, on our friends and people we know.

Anna: How do you, if at all, then get a hold of what Hostel does, if you're not a friend of yours?

Jon: I've never seen anyone who's not a friend of a friend at least. That's as far as it goes I think.

Artem: But even in a different case no one would ever get asked out, of course, but we are bound to our network and our friends' network.

Jon: I think it's important to ask, what kind of value are we trying to create, and what is important here. I think we are often expected to want to be as big as possible, to talk to as many people as we can - I don't think that would be of value for us. Back to the aspect of fun, it is very fun to include friends and their friends in what we do. What is not fun, is to try to appeal to more people than that. We are working with network all the time, and it develops slowly, takes time. But yes, there's nothing fun about trying to communicate with someone outside my network, they're probably not interested in me at all.

Lina: And you're probably not so much interested in them?

Jon: Who are they? It is strange to talk about it like that.

Lina: Strangers.

Jon: "Are you interested in strangers?" Of course I am interested in strangers. Networks expand all the time, you know. I don't see Hostel as a frame, that has inside and an outside; it is rather a structure of opening up, like an expanding network model. That's what I want to work with. But you know what - all the questions you asked us could be very easily turned against you.

Anna: Yes, we have been asking you the questions that we ourselves are interested in.





The Hills continues Joe Hill's last wish "Don't mourn. Organize!" and is a tool to organize and make your own public "living room". It is not a proposal for a public art work. But, rather an incitement to organize, learn and make, together with others generating publicness. The Hills is a way to organize your own activities as well as reorganize your surroundings with the aim to create a reflective space for speculative knowledge using time as a tool to disrupt and disorder the habitual creation of public space.

It can be used in any situation and concentrates on doing as a way of thinking together about how, why, when and with whom we organize. The Hills is a tool to choreograph inefficient and anti-economical organizing patterns. This process is both the material and the objective as such. The group informs the content which becomes the work.

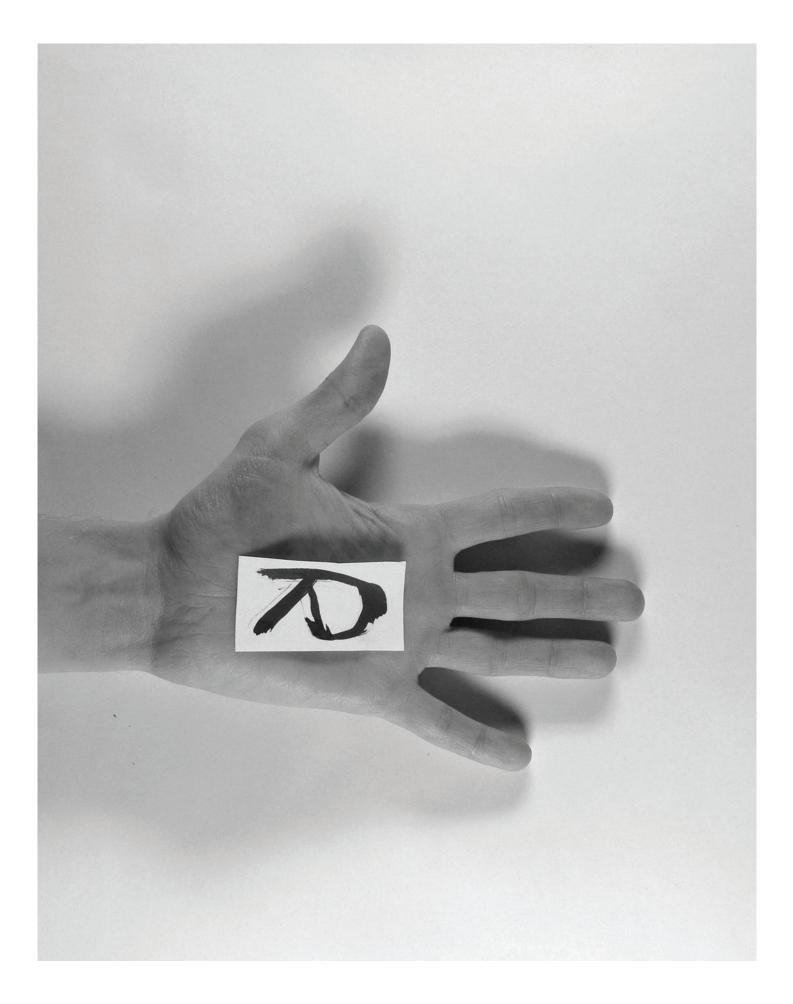
The name is taken from Joe Hill, Gävle born labor movement activist, singer songwriter, poet and aggravator. Joe Hill was framed for a murder he had nothing to do with and was executed in the Utah State Penitentiary on November 19th, 1915. Many people believe Joe Hill was made an example by the state of Utah for insisting that workers have the right to join unions and collectively change their working conditions.

Method:

- Choose a topic, something you want to do. For example: the study of future utopias, how to make a song or the art of witchcraft.
- Put together a group of people that would like to study and practice with you. It's easiest to ask your friends but can be more challenging (and fun!) to work with people that you don't know. A group with diverging opinions can be to its advantage.
- Set the duration for The Hills. It can be difficult to keep the group together but we recommend that you insist on getting together for at least half a year. Re-evaluate at

this point and see if or how you want to continue.

- Set the meeting date and time. Meet at least once a week.
- Gather material that relates to the topic of study or is needed for the activity. It is recommended that the initiator of The Hills organizes the first meeting material and later the members of The Hills can compile the material together.
- Always practice what you have learned and learn about your practice. Make sure to expand what you learn into other media, using other methods. For instance, if you read an essay, write a speech based on the what you learned, or lyrics for a song.
- Make your process public. Constantly document! Record and share your activity. You can do this in many ways: websites, parades and concerts...
- When the The Hills is shown in public make sure to organize it in a way that it creates a new meeting with people outside of the existing The Hills. These people might become the next version of The Hills. If this is the case, advise them to start at the beginning of this list.
- Always aim to reorganize the organization of the place where The Hills are presented. Remember that The Hills is not only to organize your own work situation but to encourage the reorganization of other working situations. Aim to change the situation for the people who meet The Hills: the staff at an institution, the audience of a concert or the people accidentally moving through the space...
- In practicing The Hills always go against the trajectory when it can be identified as the habitual way. A detour can often lead to an opening up towards reflection and a deliberate interruption and disruption of time: PLAY
- The Hills is production as process. Now organize.





Here's your job description: Love us more than anything in your life. We don't play games, drop names, pull strings or bite. Ask nothing of us, save that which is practically beneficent to you and your quest for complete self sufficiency. Choose the quickest way between two points, don't waste your energy on bullshit interaction, don't be scared of anything except letting yourself down. Out-do yourself, work harder than anyone else... now. Make very clear distinctions between parasites and creators. Be a creator instead of a second-hand artificial flavor. Do not concern yourself with anyone's opinion of your methods, save your own. Be three steps ahead of everyone, I promise, you'll make it home, do not sleep too much, be firm yet supple, use me as a weapon. You know the deal, anti-personnel spells get deployed. So fuck with it if you feel you got the skill. Do not try to be clever, rather direct and practical, fuck fancy construct diagrammatical. The free-radical, lone hitman for hire, power-hungry liars fan the fire! Treat people who do not understand what we do with the least amount of energy as possible. Live it, don't give in, be original, even when you aren't. Make your mom proud. Take us all over the world, we like to travel, steer clear of dead things you never know, you might unravel your hidden secrets, young descendants of Eve, work the hardest at becoming entirely independent of me. Utilize me as you would a product, here comes the best bit: invent the future - then manifest it, keep yourself in check, sir. Don't forget it, decide exactly what it is that you want then go out and get it - without requiring anything of anyone; spark something new that'll last forever, don't go to them, let them come to you; do not underestimate your value, start representing. When my mom send me into this world she sent a blessing. This job description could be translated as: how to manage an explosion. Stay invisible till you invincible, then set your plan in motion. This is war, we battle demons, become the perfect assassin, do not endanger the unit by being anything less than perfect, channels are open, do not be afraid of this but notice: stepping through these channels is dangerous. Corporate giants can't fuck with the link between our art and our clients, so come on, freak us out, be defiant and non-compliant. And above all things, be honest, even if there's no end in sight. And know that I will defend this shit with my life. Have fun, but know that having indefinite fun requires meticulous maintenance. I've been ridiculously inconspicuous but now I'm sick of the painkillers. I'm here to bring the pain, let us avoid stagnation at all costs. Step lively, do what you say, kick information that'll last. Know that I do not perform for people, I do things that I love. And it's wonderful to watch people in love.

H20 and the Waters of Forgetfulness



Act of enclosure

First published in Great Britain in 1986 by Marion Boyars Publishers 24 Lacy Road, London SW15 1NL

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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data Illich, Ivan

H₂O and the waters of forgetfulness.

(Ideas in progress)

1. Water conservation

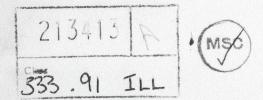
I. Title II. Series 333.91'16 TI

TD388

ISBN 0-7145-2854-4 paperback

This text was first published by the Dallas Institute of Humanities and Culture, Dallas, USA

Printed and bound in Great Britain by Biddles Ltd, Guildford and King's Lynn



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Ivan Illich Apdo. 479 Cuernavaca, Mor. Mexico

Act of generosity

H₂O and the Waters of Forgetfulness

IVAN ILLICH

Philosopher and social analyst Ivan Illich, one of the most influential thinkers of the second half of this century, directs his attention to water, the "stuff" of purity and the creative force of the imagination without which life is unthinkable. He deals with the dual nature of water, as life-giving material substance and as the wellspring of form, on which are founded the most basic myths and cultural manifestations: water as cleanser, water as domestic necessity and water as a religious and spiritual force.

Tracing the history of the use and abuse of H₂O as a scarce commodity in twentieth century life with its quest for odorless hygiene, he contrasts these matters with an examination of the history of ideas, mythologies and visions associated with water.

"Water throughout history has been perceived as the stuff which radiates purity: H20 is the new stuff, on whose purification human survival now depends. H2O and water have become opposites: H2O is a social creation of modern times, a resource that is scarce and that calls for technical management. It is an observed fluid that has lost the ability to mirror the water of dreams."

Ever since the first publication in 1971 of Celebration of Awareness, Ivan Illich has, with unnerving brilliance and erudition. questioned the assumptions and ideologies underlying many contemporary institutions and perceptions. His other books include: Deschooling Society, Limits to Medicine - Medical Nemesis, The Expropriation of Health, Tools for Conviviality, Energy and Equity, Disabling Professions, The Right to Useful Unemployment, Shadow Work and Gender.

24 Lacy Road London SW15 1NL £5.95

Marion Boyars Publishers Ltd Cover Design Susi Borrmann 'Ideas in Progress Original Paperback ISBN 0-7145-2854-4

Jag tänker ofta på detta med att ha någon i ryggen. Vikten av det. Eller snarare jag tänker ofta på mod. Och hur det innebär att täcka någons rygg. Villkorslöst. Thelma & Louise. Batman & Robin. Jag tänker också ofta på att göra det för främlingen. Ta smällen för den andre.

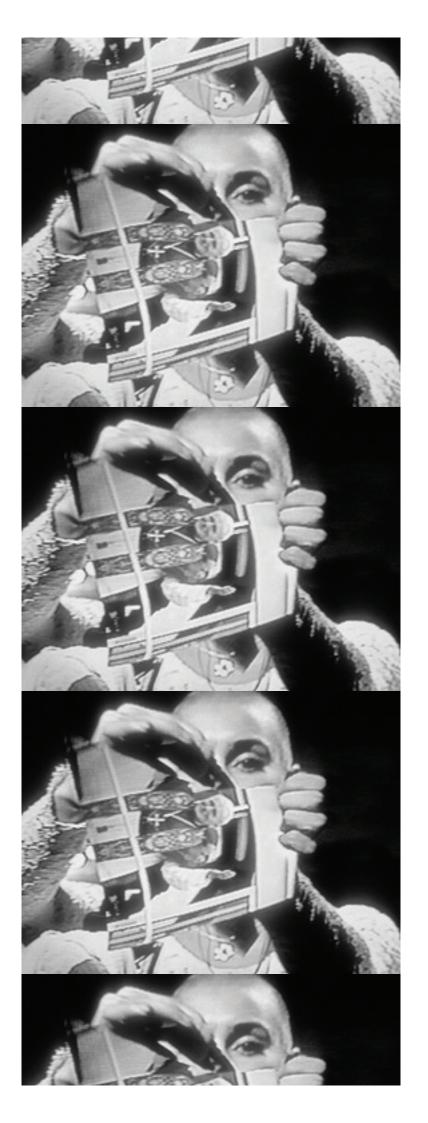
Nu pågår det någon slags 80-90-tals revival. Exempelvis talas det en del om Margaret Thatcher. På ett ganska osmakligt och historielöst vis. Som om Meryl Streeps skådespelarinsats skulle göra gamla Thatcher lite mysig eller rumsren, en politisk åldrad ofarlig sagotant? Jag får obehagsrys och vill tala om någon annan. Någon som problematiserade Thatcherregimen redan från scratch.

Jag vill tala om vikten av konstnärer och musiker som förvaltar sin position som en politisk röst. Spivak skulle säga att den subalterna inte kan tala. Jag håller med. Samtidigt tror jag på upplevelsen av att någon täcker ens rygg. Det är Sinéad O'Connor jag vill tala om. Hur hen konsekvent förvaltar sin position. Jag skulle kunna berätta om hur hen konsekvent vägrar gå upp på en scen där det innan konserten har spelats en nationalsång. Då hen menar på att alla anspråk på nationalstaten är en form av kolonialism. I Black Boys On Mopeds kritiserar hen Thatcher-regimen. Jag vill uppehålla mig vid att hen sjunger om hatet.

If they hated me they will hate you – Sinéad O'Connor

Vad hen sjunger om hatet – att erfarenheten av det är en viktig kunskap att dela med sig av. Jag menar på att varje ickenormativ människa bär inom sig erfarenheter av hatet. Vet hur det känns i ens kropp. När en med sin blotta existens, sin kropp, sitt tal, sätter normaliteten ur led så aggression och hat får fritt spelrum. Precis som feminister, antirasister, cripaktivister och alla som påtalar intersektionella orättvisor lever med erfarenheten av att när en säger från åker en på bashing. Angela Davis skriver i sin självbiografi att en av svårigheterna för Black Power-rörelsen var när det politiska engagemanget stannade vid att vara enbart emotionellt. Engagemanget och analysen kan inte stanna där. För då är det lätt att en bara är ute efter hämnd. Vilket inte behöver betyda förändring i sig utan bara att man vill vända på maktasymmetrin. Jag tänker att det är svårigheten med allt politiskt engagemang. För det personliga är politiskt och erfarenheten av hat är i högsta grad personlig. Sinéad O'Connors sång innebär att en inte står ensam med den erfarenheten. Vilket gör den utsatta positionen något mindre ensam. Någon täcker ens rygg.

1992. Det är brinnande skandal på Irland. Vatikanen jobbar stenhårt för att



tysta ner att katolska präster våldtar barn. Det är det första avslöjandet för katolska kyrkan av detta slaget och Vatikanen jobbar ytterst effektivt. Fortfarande 1992. Saturday Night Live. Sinéad O'Connor ska sjunga WAR (Bob Marley) a capella. För denna situation har hen bytt ordet racism mot child abuse vid ett tillfälle i texten. Under tiden hen sjunger tar hen upp en bild på påven Johannes Paulus den II. River sönder den och skriker FIGHT THE REAL ENEMY in i kameran.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3B3T37rD9yM- en längre version http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2dKdBlKgquw – en kortare version

Sedan.

Tystnad.

Det är ju lätt att tro att Sinéad skulle mottas sozzm en hjälte efter det här! Att en konstnär, eller en musiker i det här fallet, dessutom i ett mainstreamfält på toppen av sin karriär, höjer sin röst för att omöjliggöra katolska kyrkans mörkläggning av att vuxna män utnyttjar barn sexuellt. Men nej så funkar ju inte världen.

Två veckor senare. Sinéad ska sjunga på Bob Dylans 30-årsjubileum i Madison Square Garden. När hen kliver ut på scenen möts hen av ett enormt vrål. Ljudet är helt bisarrt. Ett och annat jubel men det är hat som slår mot hen på scenen. Det är obeskrivligt. Musikerna får lägga ner instrumenten och hen sliter ut medhörningen ur öronen och så vrålar hen ut sin version av WAR än en gång och går av scenen.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cHyCnu00JXc&feature=related Varför vill jag berätta detta då? Jo för jag tänker att vi alla är beroende av människor före oss som har som har uthärdat hatet. Stått kvar på minerad mark. Så att positionerna har kunnat flyttas fram. Utan dem hade länder fortfarande varit koloniserade och varken HBTQ-personer, kvinnor, svarta och än fler grupper hade varken ansetts vara fullvärdiga människor eller medborgare. Aborträtten hade vi kunnat drömma om liksom fackföreningsrörelsen. Folk har stått kvar och förändring har skett, sker. Jag skulle aldrig påstå att världen har blivit mindre grym. Bara att begreppet rättvisa omfattar fler.

Så skulle jag vilja säga tack. Till er alla som uthärdar hatet. Tack Sinéad och tack alla er andra. I cover you always.

Vilda Kvist















Fourty-two hundred square feet, four floors. Hardwood floors throughout, as many as six working fire places. is God, this huge... if Yes, I don't know have live help? you in just No, it's the two of us. Hm, that's strange.. What? smaller room than it should - You're the first person to notice. No one from our office had a slightest idea. t's called panic room. a What? - A safe room, castle keep in midieval times. Fort concrete walls, phone line is not connected to the house's main line, Eurovent ventilation system and in the back surveillence monitors that cover nearly every corner of the house. And what's to keep someone from prying at the door? Steel. Very steel. My Definitely room. room. my much It's disgusting how I love you. Tell me, right. What's going on..?! People, in the house! Take what of you want and get out my house! What they want is in that room... Aargh!! What is he doing? They're locking us in...





The Withered Bough

My parents, Barbara and Richard are both celebrating their birthdays this month. My Father will be seventy five on the twelfth, and my Mother seventy on the twenty ninth. They have six children; Michael is forty seven, I am forty three, although recently I said I was forty two when I replied to a small ad in the Soulmates section of the Guardian.

For some reason forty two appears to be a threshold in this particular section of the supplement. But I cycle, go to the gym, spend a lot of money on clothes, and occasionally spot my face with dabs of Nivea.

So why shouldn't I, I thought, for the sake of maintaining a presence within, what is already a relatively broad categorization of "35-42", retrieve a year or maybe, over the next couple of years, a year or two from what is merely statistical?

Then there are my sisters Barbara and Patricia (the twins) they are forty two, Catherine is thirty eight, and Clare is thirty three.

My parents also have thirteen grandchildren of various ages ranging from between twenty nine years to several months.

It certainly looks as though their line will continue to flourish for many more generations to come, although definitely not down my branch, where the blossom is entirely decorative. And as soon as my season is done I can imagine the gardener swinging back and forth with his rigid saw, pruning me right back to a stump.

Michael came up with the maddest suggestion for the birthday celebrations that:

"We could all "chip in" for a family portrait to be done at Ludwig's Photographic Studios in Manchester; as a surprise".

"As a Surprise?" Patricia asked "But how could it be a surprise, they would have to be there wouldn't they?"

"No!" he said, "I was thinking it would be just the children and grandchildren."

"What!" she exclaimed, "Like staring at death, a world where your face no longer fits?"

So that idea was scrapped, but then Patricia spoke to Barbara and they came up with another idea. Barbara is a bit of a whiz on the computer, so she would draw up a family tree using Photoshop, which would become a banner and also a part of a Power Point presentation at the dinner we would hold in their honour.

Apparently she has already 'captured' us, without any of us knowing on her new iPhone.

There's going to be Mum and Dad at the bottom of the trunk, next to the earth, as if they were the 'original couple'. Then, as the sap rises up, there are the five fertile branches, as portraits of the different family groups. When it comes to my branch - an embarrassment - it will be a head and shoulders, three quarter profile, as I am, I suppose, because I am without issue, assumed to be dead from the waist-down.

I asked Barbara not to write 'no issue', next to where my offspring might have been, but allow me instead to make a brief statement about my art.

"Hmm!" she said, she doesn't really like art, "I think that would look a bit odd. Let's just leave it as a blank space for now, just in case ..."

"... of what?" I asked

Although I knew that was what she wanted me to say.

"Bernard, you know, when your disco years are finally over, well you might find that you need a bit of help with the shopping".

I rang my Father today to wish him happy birthday. But we didn't speak because his new hearing-aid was playing-up. My parents have just had a loop system fitted into their home, which means my Father doesn't have to have the television turned up to full blast.

When I said "Hello!" a static thing happened in his ear; the trace of a passing signal perhaps.

"Taxi for Richard Walsh", or "The ambulance is on its way".

But all I could hear was Anne Robinson shouting in the distance:

"Well thank you! Goodbye! ... You are the weakest link."

"I'll get your mother" he muttered as he dropped the phone.

And when she came on she said:

"Please can you help me to escape? The sound of the television is everywhere. He's recording something in the dining room, whilst watching something else in the living room. There just aren't enough hours in the day for him to keep up with everything that's going on."

We both laughed:

"Well wish him a Happy Birthday from me," I said, "If you ever get the chance?"

"I will love, if there's a moment in between the commercial breaks".

Clare burst out laughing when I told her about the family tree.

She knows how 'terrible' Barbara and Patricia's sense of humour is, but we all enjoy what happens when those two hatch a plot. She'd been talking to Catherine the other day about how she can still remember the time when she asked me why she wasn't in any of the earlier photographs, and when she asked me why, I told her that this was a world B.C. 'before Clare'.

Today David Blaine came down from a self-imposed 'public' exile in the sky, where 'apparently', he has been living on nothing more than a few sips of water and an occasional

smudge of lip balm.

I hadn't taken in any of the furore surrounding the event, until last Sunday evening I happened to be cycling back over Tower Bridge, after another evening out in Soho with a potential 'soul-mate', when I stopped off to have a look.

He looked exquisite.

Not the 'Soul-mate' (who wore grey shoes and beige trousers) but David Blaine; who lay there quietly in a 2 metre x 2 metre x 1 metre transparent Perspex case.

I had assumed that I wasn't going to be drawn into the performance, as I generally loathe magicians and these sorts of public events, but my curiosity was immediately aroused.

Was the performance an illusion? But does that really matter?

Blaine's transformation into the character that he became offered me a peculiar sense of a relationship developing between us; 'myself' as a 'viewer', looking up from down below, and 'himself' as the celebrity, borne up so high above, but placed out on a limb.

Isn't that what we want from a celebrity – a sense of their imminent danger, the possibility of a fall?

And all the mechanisms surrounding the elevation looked so shoddy; an over-arching crane, entangled wires, twisted fences strewn with flowers, hand-made posters, banners and personal greetings, commercial vendors selling fast-food, bottles of water, coke or diet coke and flashing hearts, which some people wore around their necks.

At this moment I was convinced that this was more than straightforward entertainment. I am not sure what it was; not what I could see, or think, or put into words, something that only existed in the moment when I first looked up at him and he saw me. He smiled. I felt so awkward.

The 'lowliness' of this scene contrasted dramatically with the backdrop of the cityscape along the river, a collage of different architectural motifs and styles mingled as if different moments had become spuriously inter-linked.

And then I listened to the high-toned ring of moral indignation that had run throughout much of the media spin and speculation:

"How dare he starve, whilst so many in the world ..."

"In the world", I wondered, as I stood there staring up. When I suddenly remembered the night of the first Band Aid Concert when ex-Boom Town Rat, now "Arise Sir" Bob Geldoff" shouted through my television screen:

"Get on the phone. We want your fucking money".

Shaken but not stirred, I realised that he was playing into a scripted plot, a world of celebrity endorsement, public exploitation and home-shopping for eternal salvation.

Please ladies and gentlemen could you have your credit cards ready as we are now about to 'Feed the World'.

Cue Paul Young:

"It's Christmas time, there's no need to be afraid. At Christmas time we let in light and banish shade".

Continued by Boy George:

"... and in our world of plenty we can spread a smile of joy, throw your arms around the world it's Christmas time".

Followed by George Michael:

"But say a prayer, pray for the other ones. At Christmas time it's hard ..."

Enter Simon Le Bon:

"... but when you're having fun there's a world outside your window ..."

Back to George Michael:

"... and it's a world of dread and fear".

As Blaine was lowered to the ground, somewhere else, across on the other side of Europe three hundred thousand faithful Catholics gathered together into St Peter's Square, in Rome to witness

What?

.... a procession of few drops of congealed blood which had been extracted from the body of Mother Theresa of Calcutta and locked into a gilded glass case, which was held up in the air like a miraculous vision was about to occur, as she was fast-tracked through the process of beatification.

Supermarket

And now I find myself shopping ...

Going up and down and in between the aisles of a supermarket, lost amid a sea of slogans and star bursting motifs.

I am a hesitant shopper.

I ponder over every purchase.

There are many piles and so many people picking at those piles.

And where they choose to take from, a space appears, which other people rapidly fill-up with some more, of what looks like, the same 'perfectly' formed sat Sumas, 'fun sized' bananas, peaches or pears.

I check out the 'specials', sell-by dates and cooking times.

Decide on whether or not I should oven, grill or micro-wave, freeze, boil in the bag, heat in the carton, remove the lid or pierce the film?

Is it on or off the bone?

Does it contain nuts?

Is it easy to carve, pre-basted for extra succulence, lo-salt, bio-lite, semi-skimmed, virtually fat free or just a gentle soak, rinsed well, washed and ready to serve?

Will it act as an ideal accompaniment to a chicken, fish or a suitable vegetarian dish?

But on this particular journey I am looking for something, something to remove a stain, a stain which is there as the result of an accident.

Although I would assume that most stains are there, where ever they are, as the result of an accident.

As I look through the instructions on the back of the packet I find a list of stains and discover that my stain is amongst the most stubborn of stains to shift.

It is a trace of my self, of my human self, like blood, shit, sweat, grease etc.

And I am reminded that this stain is most often referred to as 'dirt' or, in washing powder terminology, as 'soil'.

I have a heavy soil on a delicate fabric.

After a time I would expect that this 'trace', the trace of my self would accumulate as an evidence of the continuous passage of my body not only moving across but forever sinking deeper into and underneath the surface.

And I wonder about the days and then the days after those days when all of the liquid that might seep from my body would be taken back and absorbed into the ground where it would ferment and become a liquorous libation to the sodden Earth.

When suddenly a jingle plays over in my mind:

"If the stain says hot but the label says not ..."

But what then, what follows on from ... a something, something, a something, something ... "that would make the difference", a familiar brand name, either Bold Persil or Aerial?

"If the stain says hot but the label says not then Bold would make the difference?"

No!

"If the stain says hot but the label says not then Persil...?" that sounds better.

But one more try.

"If the stain says hot but the label says not then Aerial ...?" that sounds just the same.

I can't choose.

Somewhere, I am trying to recall a spring meadow, trying to make a slogan match up to an image in my mind, and as I do my hands, inadvertently, wander away from me, like two naughty school children, and lift up a product called 'Stain Devil'.

As my thoughts are now some way behind my actions, I can no longer think straight.

Two white sheets bounce up and down on a washing line beside a couple of fleecy bath towels which are too heavy to bounce, so they just flap, flap about, and I think that I can see an 'aura', an amazing after-glow and can smell a 'springtime freshness'; as a clean, clear, intoxicating scent wafts through my mind causing me to take a sudden sharp intake of my own breath.

There is some kind of 'nature', 'refreshed' here, as a reminder of a season that might never have existed except as an arrangement on a shelf.

But as seasons perpetually come and go and sensations continue to occur, it is difficult to describe the instance of a particular moment when an uncertain parameter shifts around/across a particular detail, or aspect.

And although I may subsequently try to represent this occurrence, as if I was passingby, my point of view alters, as my perspective moves away from where I was, to where I am within a process of writing about that previous advantage point.

My parents' birthday celebrations have already taken place.

In the end they didn't want a party.

My mother said she couldn't imagine anything worst than having all of her family and friends gathered into one room at the same time.

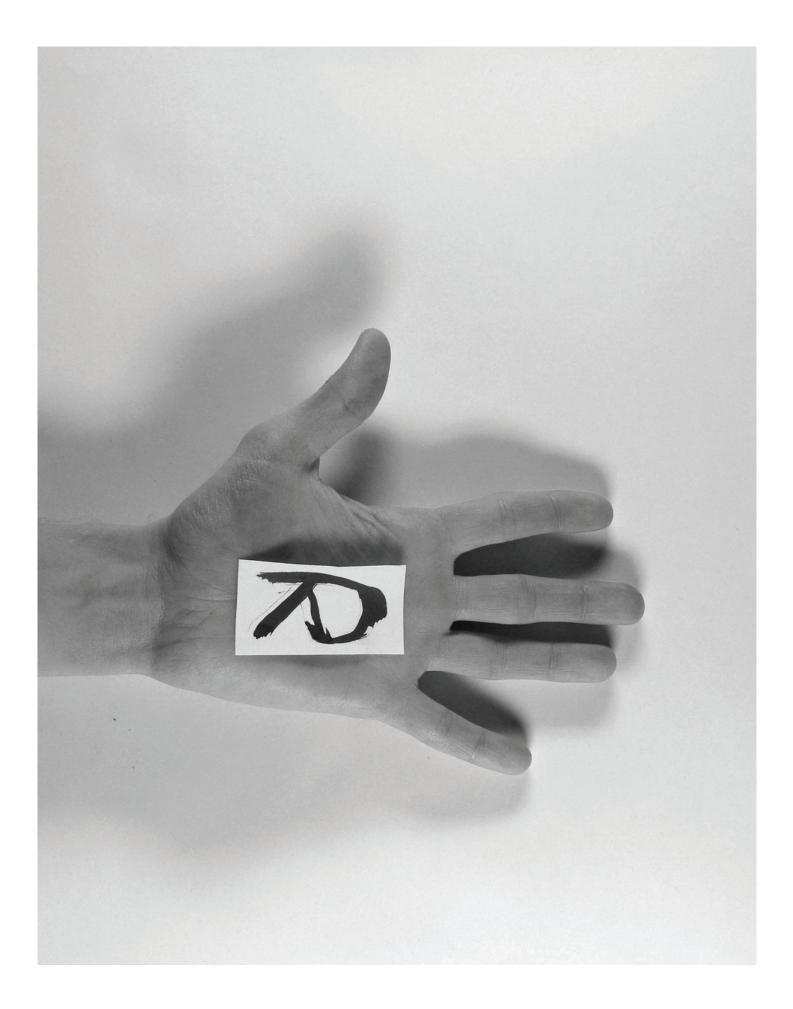
So there was no banner or Power Point presentation.

Instead they visited each of us in turn and we all had a fantastic time.

My father is used to the new hearing aid, so the television is turned down to an appropriate volume, and my mother no longer feels the need to escape.

David Blaines' appearance or disappearance in the Perspex box has gone.

And Mother Theresa ... who knows?



"En individ som ingenting är, ingenting representerar"

Meningskapande kring demokratiseringen i den liberala debatten om anarkisterna på 1890-talet

Linus Andersson

C-uppsats, vårterminen 2011 Institutionen för idé- och lärdomshistoria Uppsala Universitet Handledare: Frans Lundgren

Abstract

Linus Andersson: "En individ som ingenting är, ingenting representerar" - Meningskapande kring den liberala debatten om anarkisterna på 1890-talet. Uppsala Universitet: Institutionen för idé- och lärdomshistoria, C-uppsats, vårterminen 2011

In this paper I use the debate about the anarchists of the 1890s in liberal newspapers as an entrance to a discussion about the self-understanding of these newspapers. Focusing on how the papers produce meaning and significance in their talk about the anarchists I investigate how they maintain their frames of understanding of the political in order to arrive at some of their understanding of the democratication process. I investigate how the liberal newspapers exclude the anarchists from what is seen as reasonable and rational, and thus position their own understanding of the reasonal and the rational. The anarchists are described as instinct-driven, irrational, hostile to society, non-national, unorganized, and their activities as meaningless and unpolitical. In contrast, the liberal papers formulate their understanding of the sensible, rational, societal, national and representative. I show how this expresses their understanding of the democratization process, and how the liberal newspapers identify many of the outcomes of democratization as problems.

Keywords: democratization, the 1890s in Sweden, liberal press, perspective on anarchism, discourse analysis

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Inledning

Det gick nästan inte en dag utan att tidningarna skrev om anarkisterna på 1890-talet. I en tid då demokratin knackade på dörren formulerade man anarkismen som ett uttryck för den oberäkneliga massans intågande på den politiska arenan. Demokratin tog sig fram som problem, och har gjort det alltsedan dess.¹

I artikeln "How to Make an Anarchist-Terrorist: an Essay on the Political Imaginary in Finde- siècle France" undersöker historikern Gregory Shaya hur de anarkistiska attentaten som drabbat Paris under det tidiga 1890-talet förklarades i den franska samhällsdebatten, och hur dessa förklaringar resulterade i olika sätt att bekämpa anarkisterna. Shaya visar på att debatten kring anarkisterna vid den här tiden inte bara berättar något om hur man förstod anarkisterna utan att den dessutom berättar något om hur kommentatorerna förstod sig själva och det samhälle som drabbats av attentaten. Debatten kring anarkisterna fungerade som en arena där olika "politiska föreställningar" (political imaginary) i samhället åskådliggjordes. Shaya menar att en undersökning av debatten kring anarkisterna på 1890-talet kan berätta något väsentligt om den politiska förståelsen av deras samtid.

I den här uppsatsen förflyttar jag mig till svenska förhållanden och undersöker hur debatten kring anarkisterna fördes i den liberala pressen vid samma tid. Jag ska undersöka hur den liberala debatten ger uttryck för den *politiska* förståelsen av samtiden. Med *politisk* avser jag det som ansågs inverka på politiken. Syftet med min uppsats är att undersöka hur den liberala förståelsen av demokratiseringen tog sig uttryck i betydelsebildningen av *det politiska* i debatten kring anarkisterna på 1890-talet. De frågor jag ämnar besvara för att belysa detta är följande: Hur förklarar de liberala tidningarna anarkisterna som företeelse, och hur reproducerar dessa förklaringar förståelsen av *det politiska*, samt vad säger detta om de liberala tidningarnas förståelse av demokratiseringen?

Det material som ligger till grund för den här undersökningen utgörs av artiklar från liberala tidningar³. Mitt urval har bestämts av den uppmärksamhet anarkisterna fick i samband med

Historikern Pierre Rosanvallon uppmärksammar denna aspekt hos demokratin och utvecklar det i sin installationsföreläsning vid Collège de France där han innehar stolen för "d'histoire moderne et contemporaine du politique".

Artikeln är publicerad i "Journal of Social History", Volume 44, Number 2, Winter 2010. s. 521-543
 Tidningarna har valts bland de största och mest inflytelserika liberala tidningarna vid tiden: Dagens Nyheter, Uppsala Nya Tidning, Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfartstidning samt Sydsvenska Dagbladet Snellposten.

fem mordattentat begångna av anarkister. Offren var i tur och ordning: Frankrikes president Sadi Carnot (1894), Spaniens premiärminister Antonio Cánovas del Castillo (1897), kejsarinnan Elizabeth av Österrike-Ungern (1898), konung Umberto I av Italien (1900) och USA:s president William McKinley (1901). Huvudvikten kommer att ligga på de artiklar som skrevs om anarkisterna i samband med morden på Sadi Carnot (1894) och kejsarinnan Elizabeth (1898), dels för att dessa var de mest omskrivna och dels för att begränsa tidspannet.

De artiklar som jag har tagit i beaktande är till större delen av kommenterande slag, det vill säga de befinner sig inte bara på en beskrivande nivå, utan därtill på en mer analytisk nivå, en förklarande och meningsskapande nivå. Jag har fokuserat på hur skribenterna skapar mening i artiklarna, hur de begreppsliggör händelserna och hur de ger händelserna betydelse. Det är en diskursiv analys. Jag undersöker hur den liberala pressens diskursiva ramar för betydelsebildningen kring det politiska reproduceras i talet om anarkisterna. För att synliggöra de diskursiva ramarna kring det politiska undersöker jag hur skribenterna formulerar anarkisterna som problem. Problembildningen synliggör gränserna för vad som uppfattades som rimligt och vad som uppfattades som problematiskt.

Mina metodologiska utgångspunkter skiljer min undersökning från tidigare forskning. Forskningen kring demokratiseringen är omfattande, men de diskursiva analyserna av demokratiseringen väntar ännu i stor utsträckning på att bli gjorda. Ett viktigt arbete som dock har gjorts kring detta är Victor Lundbergs avhandling som behandlar "betydelsebildning kring demokrati i den svenska rösträttsrörelsens diskursgemenskap, 1887-1902". Jag behandlar emellertid en annan "diskursgemenskap" och har därför inte kunnat ta någon större hjälp av Lundbergs empiriska undersökningar. Detsamma gäller även andra arbeten som gjorts om ämnet. Debatten kring anarkisterna har, trots dess stora potential, sånär som på Shaya saknat uttolkare som haft kommentatorerna och inte anarkisterna i fokus.

Jag börjar med en inledande undersökning om hur anarkismens orsaker förklarades i den liberala pressen, och går sedan vidare med en undersökning om hur förståelseramarna för *det politiska* reproducerades i talet om anarkisterna. Därefter avslutar jag med en genomgång av,

Lundberg, Victor: Folket, Yxan och orättvisans rot (2007)

Debatten har undersökts i svensk forskning, men då med anarkisterna i fokus. Två arbeten kan nämnas: Sven-Gustaf Edquists något föråldrade avhandling Samhällets fiende – En studie i Strindbergs anarkism till och med Tjänstekvinnans son (1961), samt Mats Fridlunds ännu inte publicerade artikel Det nya gränsöverskridande våldet – terroristens kulturella praktik under den tidiga globaliseringen (2011).

och en diskussion kring, vad jag gjort i min uppsats och vad jag kommit fram till.

Förklaringar av anarkismens orsaker

Shaya skriver att man ofta kunde se hur förklaringarna av anarkisterna gav uttryck för kommentatorernas ideologiska och samhälleliga position. Förklaringarna var därför otaliga. Som inledning kommer jag att undersöka hur de förklaringar Shaya ser i den franska debatten kring anarkisterna på 1890-talet tog sig uttryck i den svenska debatten. Shaya skriver att anarkisterna blev representanter för det som ansågs vara fel i samhället överlag⁶. Förklaringarna ger därför insikter i hur de "politiska föreställningarna" såg ut vid den här tiden. Från ett håll kunde förklaringarna handla om moralisk förflackning, bristande respekt för auktoriteter, sekularisering orsakat av "fritänkande". Från ett annat håll handlade det om för mycket moralisk dogmatism, auktoritetstro och religion. Några menade att anarkismens orsaker berodde på för dålig undervisning, andra att det berodde på för mycket undervisning. Vissa menade att förklaringen låg i att anarkisterna präglades av särskilda personlighetsdrag "ridden with pride, envy and cruelty", som var produkter av "egotism, vanity and illogic". Shaya menar att man trots skillnaderna i alla dessa förklaringar ändå kan urskilja vissa mönster. Mönstren ligger i förklaringarnas karaktär, i typen av förklaringar. Shaya menar att biologiska förklaringar med föreställningar om degeneration, inte vägde särskilt tungt i debatten. Att anarkismen skulle vara orsakad av social misär, eller att den skulle förstås som politisk doktrin och det anarkistiska attentaten som politisk handling kom inte heller ifråga. Förklaringarna var av sociologisk eller psykologisk art, inte biologisk eller politisk. Shaya skriver om anarkisterna att "these were made men. In the public debates over the meaning of anarchism, it was taken for granted that they were the product of personal and social forces."8

I den svenska liberala pressen går mönstret igen, även om föreställningen om degeneration ofta fanns kvar som giltig förklaring. I tidningarna kunde man exempelvis hävda om attentaten att "i förbrytelser af detta slag [...] ej längre [finnes] något mänskligt", och man kunde fråga sig om anarkismen var "en efter underklassens brottslingstyper anpassad

I andra fall kunde annat få denna representativa funktion. I sin bok Dödens exempel – Självmordstolkningar i svenskt 1800-tal genom berättelsen om Otto Landgren undersöker Anders Ekström exempelvis hur självmordet fick denna funktion.

⁷ Shaya, s. 527

⁸ Shaya. s. 526

GHT 14 sept 1898: "Mordet på käjsarinnan Elisabeth"

lifsåskådning, en i system satt idealisering af alla de dåliga känslor och instinkter, som behärska dessa samhällets parias". ¹⁰ Men mer tongivande var de psykologiska och sociologiska förklaringarna. Ett belysande exempel är en artikel i *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfartstidning* som tar upp de möjliga motiven bakom anarkisten Luigi Luchenis mord på Drottning Elizabeth av Österrike-ungern:

Om gärningsmannens person skola utan tvifvel snart de sedvanliga underrättelserna föreligga – antingen en man, hvilken i likhet med Salvat i Zolas 'paria', hetsats af det sociala missnöjet hardt när till otillräknelighet, så att han blindt följer driften att mörda någon på ett eller annat sätt framstående representant för samhället, eller en af utsväfvningar förstörd vettvilling, hvilken förlorat lusten att lefva, men vill utgå ur lifvet med en handling som både tillfredställer hans begär efter ryktbarhet och uttrycker hans hat mot det samhälle, på hvilket han naturligtvis skjuter skulden för sin misslyckade existens.¹¹

Många tidningar låter "begäret efter ryktbarhet", och andra "psykologiska laster" bli förklaringar. Man kunde förklara attentatsmannens handling med att han i sin ungdom var "en vekhjärtad och religiöst sinnad ung man". ¹²

Att attentaten skulle vara politiska handlingar bestrider tidningarna dock emfatiskt. I brist på politisk grund hos anarkisterna karaktäriserade man de anarkistiska attentaten som "meningslösa" ¹³. I *Uppsala Nya Tidning* skrev man följande:

Det icke minst ohyggliga med mordet på Carnot är – skrifver mycket träffande ett danskt blad – att den brottsliga gärningen är fullständigt meningslös, att man bakom mordet icke skönjer någon politisk tanke eller någon som hälst förnuftig grund [...]. När förbrytelsen är föröfvad, står man icke inför en politisk plan eller ens en lumpen personlig hämnd, utan inför *en individ som ingenting är, ingenting representerar.*¹⁴

Attentaten karaktäriserades som opolitiska och i avsaknad av det politiska som meningslösa. Shaya skriver att "the view that anarchism was a political doctrine and that anarchist-terrorist was a political act" "got short drift", och att man uppfattade det som att "the only difference between anarchists and brigands was in the excuses they offered to justify their crimes". 15

¹⁰ UNT 4 juli 1894: "Hvad är anarkism?"

¹¹ GHT 12 sept 1898: "Mordet på käjsarinnan af Österrike"

¹² GHT 27 juni 1894: "Sadi Carnots död och presidentvalet"

UNT 27 juni 1894: "Om mordet å Carnot", UNT 13 sept 1898: Kejsarinnan af Österrike mördad", DN 12 sept 1898: "Kejsarinnan Elisabet af Österrike mördad", DN 31 juli 1900: "Nytt anarkistiskt kungamord – konungen af Italien mördad". På andra ställen förekommer beskrivningar som "vanvettigt", eller "vansinnigt".

UNT 27 juni 1894: "Om mordet å Carnot" (min kurs.)

¹⁵ Shaya, s. 526

Det fanns en förklaring av anarkismens orsaker som diskuterades mer än andra. Den handlade om "idéerna". Tidningarna brukade ge korta levnadsbeskrivningar av attentatsmännen, och i dessa beskrivningar fanns det alltid ett steg som utmålades som avgörande för "omvändelsen" till anarkismen. Det var tillfället då de kom i kontakt med texterna, pamfletterna, idéerna och började läsa. Det var det att han "läste [...] i det oändliga", som omvände honom. 16 Man lyfte ofta fram att anarkisterna hade sina egna tidningar och att det var en ständig intellektuell aktivitet bland dem. Man lyfte fram "kärnan", den inre grupp av "teoretiker", 17 som producerade idéerna och lockade med de andra. Man beklagade att "lagens arm endast träffar verktyget, icke de vida brottsligare hufvud, som planlagt och beslutit hans hemska gerning". 18 Shaya skriver att "they constructed an image of a school of intellectuals operating as the brain of anarchy, intoxicating the innocent, driving the weak-minded to commit violence they never would have imagined." Man skiljde mellan skaparna av "teorin" och de som handlade efter den, och man gav "teorin", alltså den ideologiska grunden, skulden för attentaten. Dagens Nyheter drar således följande slutsats om attentatsmannen bakom mordet på kejsarinnan Elizabeth:

Han har endast dragit den praktiska konsekvensen af sin teori, fullgjort hvad han betraktat som sin plikt i striden mot samhället och, i fullt medvetande om hans egen handling icke kan medföra det önskade resultatet, uppoffrat sig själf för att ge sina efterföljare föredömet.²⁰

De anarkistiska attentaten förstods som de praktiska konsekvenserna av de anarkistiska teorierna. Man menade att attentaten var en direkt följd av den anarkistiska ideologin. De anarkistiska attentaten förstods alltså som högst medvetna handlingar begångna utifrån föreställningen om en ny samhällsordning, men som vi tidigare visat förstods de samtidigt som meningslösa och opolitiska. De anarkistiska föreställningarna om en ny samhällsordning förstods inte som politiska, utan som meningslösa. Men om inte de anarkistiska föreställningarna om en ny samhällsordning förstods som politiska, vad förstods då som politiskt?

GHT 30 juni 1894: "Carnots mördare"

Shaya gör en poäng av att föreställningen om den samhällskritiska "intellektuelle" hade sin uppkomst i debatten kring anarkisterna, snarare än i den debatt några år senare som man vanligtvis brukar placera uppkomsten till -Dreyfusaffären. Se Shaya s. 531: "They gave shape to an image of the monstrous intellectual, the dangerous intellectual, the intellectual as anarchist theorist". I den svenska debatten har begreppet "intellektuell" ännu inte fått genomslag vid den tid jag undersöker.

DN 3 juli 1894: "Caserio Santo"

¹⁹ Shaya, s. 531

²⁰ DN 12 sept 1898: "Kejsarinnan Elisabet af Österrike mördad"

Anarkismen som ett problem för det politiska

I min inledande undersökning har jag visat på hur man förklarade anarkismens orsaker i den svenska liberala pressen på 1890-talet, och jag har visat på likheterna med den franska debatten kring anarkisterna vid samma tid. Så långt har jag följt det Shaya också undersöker. Med min diskursiva analys kommer jag nu att avlägsna mig från Shaya i mitt angreppsätt, och utveckla undersökningen om förklaringarna av anarkisterna i en annan riktning än vad han gör. Shaya går vidare med att undersöka hur förklaringarna av anarkisterna ger uttryck för politiska föreställningar (political imaginary) om anarkisten som terrorist. Jag menar att Shaya missar någonting väsentligt med detta; han tar inte hänsyn till ramarna för hur det politiska uppfattades och uppmärksammar därför inte hur de politiska föreställningarna är konstituerade. Med en undersökning av hur förklaringarna av anarkisterna reproducerade ramarna för det politiska vill jag komma åt vad de politiska föreställningarna formades utifrån.

Demokratiseringens frammarsch hade ännu på 1890-talet inte börjat påverka politiken nämnvärt, men de förändringar som komma skulle hade ändå börjat ta sig uttryck i form av problem. Man ställdes inför problemet "hur man skulle bevara kontinuiteten i det som ländernas eliter betraktade som en sund och vettig politik". De nya socialistiska massrörelserna gav upphov till nya förståelser av hur politiken kunde bedrivas, och en "era av nya politiska strategier" inleddes. De nya fenomen som förändringarna bar med sig behövde namnges och förklaras, för att sedan kunna förstås och hanteras. Med detta började ramarna för *det politiska* problematiseras och omformuleras.

Anarkismen och socialismen

Anarkisterna förstods inte som en isolerad företeelse. Som jag låtit Shaya visa förstod man anarkismen som ett uttryck för olika problem i samhället. Dessa problem formulerades ofta genom uppmärksammandet av det man menade var dess uttryck. Uttrycken konstituerade problemen. Därför kunde flera uttryck härledas till samma problem. I samband med det anarkistiska attentatet mot Sadi Carnot skriver *Sydsvenska Dagbladet Snellposten* att det

[v]isserligen finnes en skilnad mellan anarkister och socialister, men i de djupaste lagen försvinna dessa begrepp, der förenas de okunniga massorna genom det gemensamma hatet mot egendomen,

Hobsbawm 1989, s. 131

²² Hobsbawm 1989, s. 136

och tvisten om framtidens omgestaltande utgör ingen skiljevägg i nutiden.²³

Socialismen förstods som en del av samma fenomen som anarkismen. Man hade redan givit fenomenet namnet *socialismens intåg*, och man såg anarkismen som en del i detta fenomen. En tidning skriver att "naturligtvis har å mer än ett håll socialismen betecknats som yttersta upphofvet till alla brott af i fråga varande slag (de anarkistiska attentaten), ty mellan socialism och anarkism ligger skillnaden blott i sättet och ej i arten". Många av beskrivningarna av anarkismen sammanfaller således med de av socialismen. Jag ska undersöka tre sätt som tidningarna förståeliggjorde det fenomen de samlade förståelsen av anarkismen och socialismen under. Jag ska undersöka hur de formulerade förståelsen av 1, massan och lidelserna, 2, den nationslösa handlingen, samt 3, det representationslösa egenintresset, och hur dessa reproducerade förståelsen av det politiska.

1. Massan och lidelserna vid rationalitetens utkanter

Ovan skriver tidningen om "de okunniga massorna" som bärare av anarkismen och socialismen, och att dessa rörelser förenas i "hatet mot egendomen". Anarkismen och socialismen förklarades bäras av "de okunniga massorna" drivna av "hatet". Som jag visat i den inledande undersökningen förstod man anarkisterna, men också socialisterna, som drivna av psykologiska laster. Man menade att "i djupen [...] sammanflyta de mot samhället rasande lidelsernas strömmar". Man beskrev hur attentatsmännen i "vansinnigt raseri" och med "ursinnigt hat" begick sina handlingar. Man såg attentaten som uttryck för okontrollerade lidelser. Det var avsaknaden av förnuft och "högre känslor" som präglade dessa personer, och attentaten var ett uttryck för detta.

Tidningarna formulerade socialismen och anarkismen som uttryck för massans lidelser och brist på rationalitet. Massan beskrevs som oförmögen att föra sin egen talan. Dess intressen beskrevs som tillfälliga och känslobaserade snarare än förnuftsdrivna. Det var signifikant att lyfta fram att brodern till attentatsmannen Caserio Santo försökte få Caserio att överge sina "irrläror" och "ta sitt förnuft till fånga". Tidningarna exkluderade socialismen och anarkismen från det rationella och medräkneliga.

²³ SDS 2 juli 1894: "Politisk öfversigt"

²⁴ GHT 27 juni 1894: "Sadi Carnots död och presidentvalet"

²⁵ SDS 2 juli 1894: "Politisk öfversigt". (En okänd poet till skribent)

²⁶ UNT 30 juni 1894: "Utrikes"

²⁷ GHT 12 sept 1898: "Mordet på käjsarinnan af Österrike"

²⁸ GHT 30 juni 1894: "Carnots mördare"

2. Den nationslösa handlingen

I samband med attentatet mot den franske presidenten Sadi Carnot kunde man ofta läsa om attentatmannen Caserio Santos italienska nationstillhörighet. Detta sattes i perspektiv av att han utfört attentatet i ett för honom främmande land, och ett för honom okänt samhälle. Sydsvenska Dagbladet Snellposten skriver att

mördaren sjelf är af italiensk härkomst. Och just häri ligger det egendomliga i detta blodiga attentat. Då presidenterna Lincoln och Garfield föllo för en mördares dolk och revolver, så var det dock en landsman, som rigtade vapnet mot nationens valde. Då Alexander II af Ryssland dödades af bomben, så var det dock en ryss som slungade den. Men här se vi [...] medlemmar af en främmande folkfamilj, en italienare, blodtörstigt rigta sitt vapen mot ett främmande statsöfverhuvud.²⁹

Tidningarna var måna om att lyfta fram attentaten som riktade mot "det borgerliga samhället". En tidning skriver att "i presidentens person hade hela det borgerliga samhället drabbats" Anarkisternas mål formulerades i den liberala pressen som "att sätta det borgerliga samhället och staten i förskräckelse". Det borgerliga samhället var nationsöverskridande; tidningarna skrev att anarkisterna inte tog hänsyn till nationalitet eller enskilda samhällen. Om attentatet mot president Carnot skrev tidningarna att "brottet är en yttring af den internationella anarkismen – eller rättare af denna anarkism utanför all nationalitet" Santos italienska nationstillhörighet lyftes fram i perspektivet av att han tillhörde "anarkisterne, hvilka icke hafva något fädernesland, icke känna några nationer, utan internationelt rigta sin kamp på lif och död mot det borgerliga samhället i alla länder." Tidningarna lyfte fram det som märkvärdigt att anarkisternas plattform för politisk förändring inte var ett land och ett samhälle, utan det nationsöverskridande "borgerliga samhället" i stort. Det fanns skäl till att tidningarna uppmärksammade detta.

Syftet med de anarkistiska attentaten skrev tidningarna var att "sätta det borgerliga samhället och staten i förskräckelse". Tidningarna lyfte fram anarkisternas internationella plattform för politisk förändring i kontrast till den nationella och samhälleliga plattformen för politisk förändring. Tidningarna formulerade politiken som gällande inom samhällets ramar, och ett

²⁹ SDS 28 juni 1894: "Ur sista utländska posterna"

³⁰ GHT 30 juni 1894: "Carnots mördare"

³¹ SDS 29 juni 1894: "Politisk öfversigt"

³² GHT 27 juni 1894: "brottet"

³³ SDS 28 juni 1894: "Ur sista utländska posterna"

³⁴ SDS 29 juni 1894: "Politisk öfversigt"

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ifrågasättande av samhällets ramar framställdes som obegripligt:

det är icke någon af konung Umbertos regeringsåtgärder, för hvilken mördaren i mörk fanatism velat utkräfva hämnd. En sådan handling hade väl varit lika afskyvärd, men den hade varit begriplig. Men 'hat mot den monarkiska statsformen' – det är så att man frågar sig huru det är möjligt att ett sådant motiv kan sätta mordvapnet i en normal människas hand, och om det icke snarare är en sinnesrubbad som man har att göra med."³⁵

Attentatet som en kritik av politiken inom samhällets ramar skulle ha varit begriplig, men att attentatet skulle vara en kritik av själva samhällets ramar förstods som vanvettigt. I den inledande undersökningen i den här uppsatsen kunde vi se hur de anarkistiska attentaten formulerades som "opolitiska" och "meningslösa"; attentaten framställdes som "opolitiska" för att de verkade utanför samhällets ramar, och "meningslösa" för att samhällets ramar också var ramarna för den meningsfulla politiken.

3. Det representationslösa egenintresset

De liberala tidningarna formulerade anarkisterna som agerande utanför samhällets ramar. Anarkisterna förstods som ett hot mot samhällets ramar och de kallades för "samhällets fiender". Förståelsen av det "samhällsfientliga" bestod däri att anarkisternas verksamhet inte förstods som uttryck för annorlunda föreställningar om vad som var bra för "samhällets väl", utan som uttryck för föreställningar som inte utgick från "samhällets väl" som någonting eftersträvansvärt. Eftersom politiken förstods som det som syftade till att främja "samhällets väl", förstods anarkismens strävanden därför i brist på detta som "ändamålslösa".

Ett annat uttryck för denna antagonistiska självpositionering är tidningarnas kategoriserande av anarkismens strävanden i termer av "egeninträssen". Tidningarna förklarade anarkismens "egeninträssen" som ett uttryck för att "demokratins princip" var i förändring och att den blivit förvanskad:

Den närvarande situationen kan uttryckas sålunda: de gamla auktoritativa banden sönderslitna och ersatta med inträsseband i deras lägsta och råaste form. Demokratins princip att hvar och en – individ såväl som samhälle – bäst befordrar sitt eget inträsse genom att respektera alla andras, har af omständigheternas makt förvanskats därhän, att kampen för tillvaron blifvit ett allas krig mot alla. Och i detta krig stå ej blott samhälle mot samhälle, utan klass mot klass, individ mot

³⁵ DN 31 juli 1900: "Nytt anarkistiskt kungamord. – Konungen af Italien mördad"

³⁶ GHT 27 juni 1894: "Sadi Carnots död och presidentvalet"

SDS 29 juni 1894: "Politisk öfversigt"

³⁸ UNT 4 juli 1894: "Hvad är anarkism?"

individ.39

"Omständigheternas makt" hade förvanskat "demokratins princip" till den grad att politiken inte längre hade "samhället" som grundval, utan att den istället fördes som "inträssekamp". De omvälvningar som demokratiseringen var del i förstods i termer av "ett allas krig mot alla". Man skrev att demokratin höll på att utvecklas till sin egen motsats:

"Skall den nuvarande civilisationen kunna räddas, så måste demokratien äga makt att öfvervinna de krafter, som hindra förverkligandet af dess princip och förvanska den ända därhän, att den blifvit till sin egen motsats". 40

Mot denna "förvanskning" av demokratin lyfte man fram politiken som gällde "samhällets väl", och som inte drevs av "egeninträssen". Om Sadi Carnot skrev man i upphöjande ordalag att han besatt "en karaktär som i sällsynt grad förenade de republikanska dygderna oegennytta, och opartiskhet med en varm och själfbehärskad patriotism."

Den goda politiken representerade allmänintresset. Anarkismen representerade... ingenting. Tidningarna formulerade anarkisternas strävanden som uttryck för egenintressen, och de anarkistiska attentaten förstods som opolitiska i deras avsaknad av representativitet. Låt oss lyfta fram ett tidigare citerat stycke: "När förbrytelsen (attentatet) är föröfvad, står man icke inför en politisk plan eller ens en lumpen personlig hämnd, utan inför *en individ som ingenting är, ingenting representerar*." Attentatet var "ändamålslöst" och saknade mening. Anarkisten som genomförde attentatet likaså.

Den meningslösa handlingen och det fria ordets teori

I de tre ovanstående undersökningarna kan vi se hur talet om anarkismen formade bilden av olika problem gällande den anarkistiska handlingen. Vi kan också se hur talet om den anarkistiska handlingen reproducerade ramarna för *det politiska*. Den anarkistiska handlingen formulerades *som* driftstyrd, orationell, onationell, samhällsfientlig, representationslös och meningslös, och den formulerades *mot* den rationella, nationella, samhällstillvända, representativa och, naturligtvis, meningsfulla politiken. Detta gällde handlingen. Jag ska nu undersöka hur och mot vad tidningarna formulerade den anarkistiska *teorin* som problem för *det politiska*. Jag ska också undersöka hur lösningarna på problemet formulerades och hur

³⁹ UNT 4 juli 1894: "Hvad är anarkism?"

⁴⁰ UNT 4 juli 1894: "Hvad är anarkism?"

⁴¹ UNT 25 juni 1894: "President Carnot mördad"

⁴² UNT 27 juni 1894: "Om mordet å Carnot" (min kurs.)

dessa lösningar skiljer sig från hur lösningarna på problemet med den anarkistiska handlingen formulerades.

I en artikel som skrevs i samband med attentatet mot kejsarinnan Elisabeth frågar sig skribenten hur man kan förhindra de anarkistiska attentaten annat än med "noggrann polisbevakning". Problemet med den anarkistiska handlingen formulerades som att det bara kunde lösas med polisiär repression. I nästa mening kan man läsa att "med anarkismen såsom teori hafva de (poliserna) ingenting att skaffa". 43 Det fanns alltså en avgörande skillnad mellan hur man formulerade den anarkistiska handlingen och hur man formulerade den anarkistiska teorin. Problemen hos dessa båda kategorier gavs olika karaktär. I den inledande undersökning i den här uppsatsen visade jag hur den teoretiska verksamheten ofta formulerades som orsaken till anarkismens spridning och slagkraft. Den teoretiska verksamheten formulerades ofta som det huvudsakliga problemet med anarkismen. Jag lyfte fram Shaya som funnit att den teoretiska verksamheten gavs mest utrymme som förklaring av anarkismen också i den franska debatten. Shaya undersöker hur dessa förklaringar påverkade utformningen av de lagförslag som lades fram i syfte att stävja anarkismen. Han argumenterar för att lagförslagen utformades som en lösning på problemet med den teoretiska verksamheten, och han skriver om dem att "they expressed skepticism about the free expression of ideas in a democratic society, the perception that some ideas were too dangerous to be expressed, the assertion that some intellectuals were too irresponsible to be allowed to express them". 44 Lagförslagen kommenterades i den svenska debatten, och de liberala tidningarna ifrågasatte detta inskränkande på det "fria ordet" och den "fria tanken"; polisen hade ingenting med den teoretiska verksamheten att skaffa.

Debatten kring den franska anarkistlagen handlade om hur den anarkistiska propagandan skulle bemästras. Man talade om den "enskilda" och den "offentliga" propagandan, och lagen sades framförallt vara riktad mot den "offentliga" propagandan, alltså den som framfördes på gator och torg. *Dagens Nyheter* skriver att också den "enskilda" propagandan borde omfattas av lagen, men att det då kan bli problematiskt att hålla isär "den enskilda" propagandan från det som bara är "uttalad åsikt":

"Tydligt borde ju vara, att man icke ens kan tala om ett undertryckande af anarkismen, i fall hela den enskilda propagandan skall lemnas i full frihet och ensamt den offentliga vara åtkomlig för

⁴³ GHT 12 sept 1898: "Mordet på käjsarinnan af Österrike" (min kurs.)

⁴⁴ Shaya, s. 534

lagens näpst. Den paragraf, som skall kringskära denna enskilda propaganda, kan utan tvifvel, under förutsättning af ond vilja hos domstolen, tolkas så, att den drabbar hvad som endast är uttalad åsigt, ej propaganda; men är det nödvändigt att förutsätta denna onda vilja och att inga korrektiv mot den samma äro tänkbara?"

De anarkistiska åsikterna formulerades som föremål för lagen först när de förstods som propaganda, men som vi sett ovan formulerades åsikterna fortfarande som problem. Tidningarna lyfte gärna fram rätten till att fritt uttrycka sina åsikter, men liksom Shaya har påvisat i den franska debatten tycks det också i den liberala debatten i Sverige ha funnits vissa idéer som ansetts vara för farliga för att tillåtas uttryckas fritt.

Demokratin som problem - slutdiskussion

I den här uppsatsen har jag med utgångspunkt i Shayas artikel "How to Make an Anarchist-Terrorist" undersökt den svenska liberala debatten kring anarkisterna under 1890-talet. Med andra typer av frågor än de Shaya försökt besvara har jag visat på andra sätt att tolka debatten kring anarkisterna, och med detta fått andra typer av svar än Shaya. Jag har analyserat debatten med fokus på hur man skapat betydelse och mening i talet om anarkisterna, och med detta visat på hur de *politiska föreställningar* som Shaya försökt tydliggöra är konstituerade av förståelseramarna för *det politiska*.

Jag har visat hur de liberala tidningarna förklarade anarkisterna som uttryck för olika psykologiska laster, dåligt socialt och intellektuellt inflytande, eller förvriden samhällsuppfattning. Jag har också visat hur de liberala tidningarna formulerade anarkisterna som ett uttryck för massans lidelser och irrationalitet, och som samhällsfientliga, nationslösa, representationslösa, och deras verksamhet som meningslös och opolitisk. Utifrån detta har jag visat på en konflikt i sättet de liberala tidningarnas formulerade hanterandet av problemen med anarkisterna och deras verksamhet: samtidigt som de formulerar den teoretiska verksamheten som det avgörande problemet med anarkisternas utbredning, så är de tydliga med att anarkisternas teoretiska verksamhet står under yttrande- och tankefrihetens beskydd. Dessa förklaringar och formuleringar har jag analyserat som ett reproducerande av förståelseramarna för *det politiska*, och som ett uttryck för förståelsen av demokratiseringen.

⁴⁵ DN 24 juli: "kampen mot anarkismen"

Jag kommit fram till att de liberala tidningarna formulerar, eller låt oss säga formerar, det samhälleliga som basen för det politiska. Samhället formeras som en gemensam angelägenhet och en naturlig referensram för den politiska verksamheten. Tidningarna formulerar anarkismen som ett uttryck för samma fenomen som socialismen, och detta fenomen formeras som ett problem för det politiska. Fenomenet formeras som den irrationella massans nya roll på den politiska spelplanen. Tidningarna formerar anarkisternas internationella verksamhet som ett problem för den nationella och samhällsorienterade politiken. Med samhället som bas för det politiska formerar tidningarna anarkisternas verksamhet som samhällsfientlig, opolitisk och meningslös. Tidningarna exkluderar anarkisterna från det rationella, de ställs utanför det medräkneliga.

Massans ökade inflytande formeras som ett problem för *det politiska*; massans oberäknelighet strider mot det förnuft som måste ligga till grund för *det politiska* i samhället. Demokratins princip förklarades ha blivit förvanskad med de nya fenomen som inverkade på politiken. Tidningarna skriver om anarkisternas brist på representativitet. Anarkisterna formeras som ändamålslösa i deras verksamhet; tidningarna skriver att de inte företräder någonting, att de inte representerar några andra intressen än egenintresset. Demokratins princip formeras mot detta som det representativa allmänintresset. Samhället skulle inte drivas av olika intressen, utan av det allmänna förnuftet som gör så att samhället fungerar som det ska. Med demokratiseringens platsgivande åt massorna förklarades demokratins princip, det vill säga det representativa allmänintresset, ha förvanskats till sin motsats där samhället styrs av egenintressen i ett allas krig mot alla.

Mina resultat skiljer sig från Shayas i flera bemärkelser. Shaya förklarar *vad* som sägs i debatten kring anarkisterna och hur detta *ger uttryck* för de politiska föreställningarna. Jag förklarar *hur* saker sägs och vad som *görs* i debatten kring anarkisterna och hur detta *reproducerar* de politiska föreställningarna. Med hjälp av Shaya har jag lyft fram debatten kring anarkisterna som ett spektrum för 1890-talets föreställnings-värld, och visat på några av möjligheterna som finns att utforska där. Som inledning skrev jag att demokratin tagit sig fram som problem genom tiderna. I den här uppsatsen har jag visat på hur detta tagit sig uttryck.

Källor och litteratur

Källor

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Speakeasys and Honky-Tonks

When I go to the match I arrive some ten minutes after kick-off to avoid the queue into the stadium. First thing I do is going to the loo; it is usually available when the game is on. Then I head to the café to get myself a coffee and a sausage, I do not have to wait. After consuming my meal, because I do not like to do so in too crowded places, I have the time to find my seat on the arena just before the referee blows his whistle and the audience get off their seats to use the bathroom, get their coffees and sausages, have cigarettes. Then I sit down.

As the fifteen minutes passes the arena gradually fills up again, and the players, one by one, enters the playground, warming up for second half. When the referee then decide to do his whistle most of the audience have found their seats, and I have free passage to the bar, where I may order a second coffee, a drink, or a pint of lager, and maybe a second lager. I chat with the bartender, they know me there. Somewhere between the first and the third, I have to excuse myself to use the loo, for me to have time for just one last drink, before I can feel the tension from the arena and know there is not many minutes left of the match. To avoid any hassling queue, I leave now.

Finding myself in London 30th November 2011, framed by police behind plastic shields, on horses, with automatic guns at their hands, on all sides, I walk the streets. Two million people, they say, canned in the streets of UK, from start point to finish, a to b, a route of distance elaborately conceived in collaboration with the police, to disrupt as little as possible of everyday life and with a great margin to the Parliament. We might demonstrate, inside the lines.

I can't help the feeling; I'm trapped in a three-kilometre queue.

Finally reaching Victoria Embankment, the designated point of culmination, I see most people calling it a day, turning home to take care of whatever, kids, laundry, shopping, duties of community responsibilities, the pub. However, a small group of juveniles have just started nibbling at this particular day, conceiving it as an unusual opportunity of ecstasy and whoknows. They gather to discuss strategy and way-to-gos.

Only problem being most of the two million public sector workers recognized the immediate need of catching up with daily life of commitments; yes, laundry, gardening, duties of community responsibilities that they had taken upon themselves, kids, as their teachers were also striking and needed to take care of their own kids because the teachers kid's teacher were also striking and could not attend class because she might have attended the demonstration in the streets if she was not too busy catching up with daily life of commitments, and shopping, business were doing like mad that day, some even say the strike saved their business half a year of salary expenses, not much different from those who actually attended the demonstration and called it a day at tree o'clock that afternoon. And the pub of course, the pub.

I can't help to think, when the police shot their line of officers into the small crowd of juveniles, splitting them up like knife through butter, not revealing the slightest sign of doubt on their faces, that yes, this has been a great day not of united public sector force, but of demonstration of police power.

Down in Honky Tonk Town (1916)

Come honey, let's go down, to honky-tonky town.
It's underneath the ground, where all the fun is found ...

The honky-tonk is maybe best understood through the word jook (Katrina Hazzard-Gordon: the honky-tonk: the first urban manifestation of the jook), a word with a rich fauna of insinuations, annotations and references, arms and shoot-outs of incredible lengths. If you want to build one you should ask your architect of something like: a small roadside establishment in the south-eastern United States where you can eat and drink and dance to music provided by a jukebox. Already a doubt arises, as jook easily, at least verbally, resembles the term juke: A roadside or rural establishment offering liquor, dancing, and often gambling and prostitution. Also called juke house, juke joint, and as juke is the juke in jukebox, and as there is no jookbox as ...and dance to music provided by a jukebox (verbally) would insinuate. Further: Juke: To dance, especially in a juke or to the music of a jukebox. A juke is a place to juke to the jukebox. Even further: Juke: bad, disorderly, wicked (joog and bambara dzugu (from Gullah (African Americans living in the Lowcountry of South Carolina and Georgia))) as in to live wickedly (wolof dzug). Even when I go to the match it offers: a deceptive move made by a football player, and any distracting or deceptive manoeuvre (as a mock attack). As for jook: a disreputable place of entertainment, then to poke or puncture (the skin) (Theres no-one around shall i jook this fool? or Wahhhh blud you got jooked!), or to dodge: to move quickly to avoid something or to hide; to dart away, or a Jamaican term for a type of dance. It is like grindin only the girl is way more wild, rubbin her vagina all over ur high thigh and also with legs wrapped around the mans waist. Like wild crazy sex with clothing on: wad da bumba clot lets jook gal!, eventually: a Chinese rice gruel eaten for breakfast. The honky-tonk, though, do have one supplement to add, that the music is live:

... There'll be singing waiters, singing synchopaters, dancing to piano played by Mister Brown.

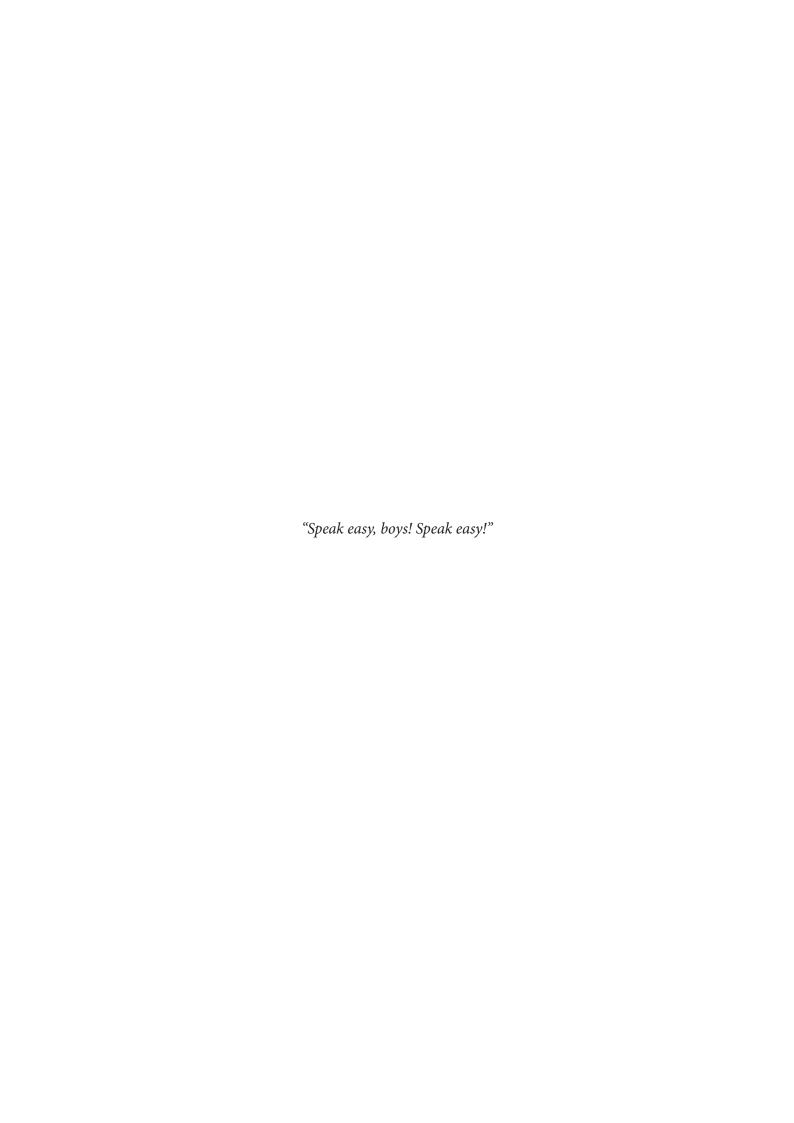
He plays piano queer, (While practicing the piano is fine, those who incessantly bother those around them by expressing their desire to practice the piano are gigantic homofags. They have a tendency to piss everyone off and make others desire to rip out their hair and hang/lynch the piano queer: So my buddy and I were walking down the street and my buddy says to me 8 times in a row, "DUDE I HAVE TO PRACTICE PIANO HOLY FUCK MOTHER FUCKING CUNT SHIT BITCH FUCK." I tell him, "Fuck off piano queer.") he always plays by ear.

The music that you hear, just makes you stay a year.

- Charles McCarron

And to further blur the distinction between the black and the white is the Mister Brown, who definitely is described by the one but in this case by no means is the second as we glean just how rich the black dance tradition is from this vibrant, engaging social history, which hops from the decks of slave ships to honky-tonks, membership clubs and cabarets.... [It] takes us inside Reconstruction-era jook houses where food, gambling, drink and fellowship were offered, and where dances crystallized into cultural forms.

Keep the everything in mind, the small roadside establishment, the eat and drink and dance, the liquor, gambling and prostitution, the jukebox and the to dance, even the the place to dance, the bad, disorderly, wicked, and especially the wicked life, the deceptive manoeuvre, poke and puncture, the dodge, the hide, the dart away, the rubbing vagina up your thigh, the Chinese rice gruel eaten for breakfast, while the honky-tonky figures out how to use you're poorly cared for piano, tending to be out of tune and having some nonfunctioning keys.





I det jeg sa at jeg ikke var der lenger så var jeg der ikke lenger. I det jeg sa at jeg ikke bodde der lenger så bodde jeg ikke der lenger. Det skifter.

Ja og nei samtidig. Ting som var sånn som de kanskje skulle når de ikke skulle være det.

Og du bare: «om jeg bare sier, du gjøt mrg happy» Jeg så det ikke. Jeg hørte ikke ordentlig etter. Det var jul og sommer og begravelse på én gang. Det var det jo hver gang for det var jo bare da jeg var hjemme.

Så på de gamle gatene og de gamle nye husene og de nye menneskene som ikke hadde noen ting med meg å gjøre og hørte aktivt ikke til og til på samme tid.

Etter at du hadde bodd i leiligheten min hele julen hadde søsteren din drevet ut alle spøkelsene som fantes der. Alt jeg behøvde å gjøre var å si «Det er greit. Du kan gå nå» Og så blir vi og går videre. Han sa at jeg minnet ham om hjemme. Visst var det fordi jeg klemte mitt språk inn i hans.

De har revet baren. Og bygd ny ungdomsskole. De stedene jeg kjente til da har endret seg og blitt noe helt annet eller kanskje det samme for noen helt andre. Han vil spandere fernet og si at det er hyggelig å se meg igjen. Jeg sier takk det samme og vi lyver begge to.



Min far ringte. Vi pratet lenge om knausgård og mannsrollen og ting som han husket fra sin egen barndom og han trodde at det bare var han som hadde det sånn. Og om kunst som kan være bra selv om man ikke vet helt hvorfor man gjør det man gjør og de bildene man ikke blir kvitt, de er kanskje de viktigste. Og om du ser på menneskene rundt deg sa han. Jeg tror samfunnet kommer til å ha behov for mer medmenneskelighet i fremtiden.

Jeg forstod da at foreldrene mine ikke passet sammen. Og så prøvde jeg å finne barndomshjemmet mitt på google street view, men jeg rotet meg bort. Vi pleide å sitte hjemme hos deg i det gamle huset og snakke om havet. Og jeg var forelska i noen for det var jeg alltid, og du lot meg sitte der hele natten og ga meg øl og stearinlys. «husker du?» Men hvem jeg var forelska i, det husker jeg ikke.

og så okkuperte vi et hus, men det var feil hus.



Noen ganger pleide jeg å beskrive meg selv.

04.04.2008 Gisle fortalte det. At du var en av de fornuftige. Fornuftig sa han, og med bein i nesa. En sånn en man bør være litt redd for. Jeg tror på ham, men ikke det der med frykt.

Flytte fra dette til noe annet. En av dem kan være full o gsynge Vreesvijk på kjøkkenet, nachspiel med seg selv. Andre ganger flytter man alene inn i et møblert hjem i et annet land. Måten solen treffer gulvene på er helt annerledes. Dro aldri hjem en siste gang. Kunne kjenne på følelsen av å ikke ha noe usagt. Men ikke at det skulle føles så virkelig. Det kommer først senere.

Akkurat nå er det noe som skifter fra å ikke være sant til å være det, og omvendt.

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