

(Disconnecting apes, and vivisection of human languages)

**When you turn off the light, the
world is gone**

Your logic hurts against my skin

Brynhild Winther 2018

KMD, faculty of Art, UiB

Text tutor: Daniela Cascella. Main tutor: Adria Julia.

The beast lacking a rational soul, is not related to us by a common nature.

Augustine

Contents

6.6.6.This is not the introduction

3.2.1.

6.6.7.

1.1.1. Introduction:

3.2.2.

3.3.1.Disconnected Rhizomes/The Animal and the reductionist cave

3.7.1.

3.3.2.What first got me interested in human beings

3.2.4.

3.2.5.

3.2.6.

3.2.7.

3.2.8.

3.8.1.

3.7.1.

4.1.1.Truth concluded

3.2.9.

5.1.1.

3.8.4.

7.1.1.Becoming Human

8.1.0. Working with Chapter 8 Language and thinking, from *Psychology, The Science of Mind and Behaviour*; by Holt, Bremner, Sutherland, Vilek, Passer and Smith (and *The Study Guide* that goes with it)

8.1.1.Define language

8.1.2.Describe the key properties of language

8.1.4.Describe the hierarchy of language

8.1.5.Use the examples of speech segmentation and pragmatics to explain the role of bottom-up and top-down processes in language.

8.1.6.Describe how biological factors influence language processing.

8.1.9.Contrast evidence for and against the acquisition of human language by apes.

8.1.13.Using the linguistic relativity hypothesis, explain how language influences thinking.

8.1.14.Define concepts and propositions, and explain their interrelation.

8.1.15. Recognize and contrast (examples of) deductive and inductive reasoning.

8.1.16. Describe how irrelevant information and belief biases affect reasoning.

3.7.4.

0.0.0.

3.2.10.

Images of my artworks

8.2.1. LITERATURE AND OTHER INSPIRATION

8.3.1. Books

8.3.2. Lectures on language

8.3.3. Chaos (on YouTube)

8.3.4. Short texts, essays and magazines

8.3.5. This next list contains books I only read parts of. And some of them do not have text at all

8.3.6. Film

8.4.1. Art

6.6.6. This is not the introduction

Someone told me that world is a linguistic construction...

...that gave me the idea that world can be changed through language.

I wanted to write this in a way that made the reader feel the same as a hedgehog would, if reading the words of a biologist writing about its species. But some persons got upset by reading words from someone positioned outside of humanity. Maybe that is why nobody has asked an ape or other animals to write about humans. Maybe that is why I was asked to re-write this in a different voice.

Then

you asked me how I could know what a hedgehog feels, and I tried to explain that this is not relevant, and that I cannot know what a hedgehog feels, the same way that I cannot know what a human being feels.

And

I imagine myself trying to explain

that a hedgehog has the shape of a brain with small feet running and nails

on the top of it, and that if it is cut in half, it probably looks like a slice of bread

inside, because

it has the same shape. And in the skin of the hedgehogs, there are small pockets where they hide away the treasures they collect

Then I imagine myself trying to explain to you the importance of getting lost, and that I did not even care if you understood it or not because the forest will be there anyway. But maybe I care too much.

And

I go on, in my mind, explaining to you that this text is not an attempt to explain anything, and I could define this text as a text in the field of performativity, but

then I stop

because defining means closing doors

The next day I was embarrassed.

1. If you call it THE world, it means that world is defined

Svimekjøtt.

3.2.1.

Between cups of coffee and silence there are words, there are human words. Spoken or written or words read. This is my attempt to translate fragments from my thinking into a language that is not mine. Thinking does not appear in words.

This

could be the silence in between,

between words or between lines. But

there are no silences, only

things not listened to. Only things

not translatable into human logics, like

black matter and the philosophy of the old cat in my chair, or

ignored. Because

the logic of world does not fit into the

rules and limits of human languages. World contains multiple logics, and

the idea about ONE truth

is an attempt to eliminate as much as possible to reconstruct world as a reductionist cave

World reconstructed as something understandable.

6.6.7.

The wind is not blowing in only one direction. Time is never experienced at the same speed. Some creatures live for only a day, while a mountain most of the time lives and moves unnoticed by other creatures. (Mountains are only noticed when they throw rocks at you.)

My lines are not timelines are not linear are not pointing in one direction, but takes form in an attempt to get lost on purpose to find new roads and detours.

The first written word was a drawing of an animal.

I'm drawing with no intention to create a result, but creating a trap, to make animals, or world stuck in floating contradictions. Floating between solid cores that stretch and push the liquidity of matter and for a while keep it together in one body, before letting go and re-organizing in new forms, new multiplicities of chaos.

I'm stuck in the lack of connection between words and world, between the word and the object it symbolizes and the objects human beings produce and the meanings projected into things in relation to the multiple meanings an object refuses to uncover. Maybe an object created by humans has a sort of relation to its name, to its word, since both are constructed within the same kind of logic even if one of them is physical and the other exists as an idea or as a sound or a sign.

It seems like humans have a need for using words the same way they produce objects and images with no purpose other than the joy of transformation. There are enough objects being made by human beings, to make the spinning wheels of capitalism roll faster, and this need to construct, is also what makes them destructive by over consuming and transforming matter. The Norwegian philosopher Peter Wessel Zappfe writes in his PhD, *Om det tragiske* on how human beings have capabilities that they do not really need. Therefore they are overtrusting compared to other animals, because their abilities are not fixed towards their survival needs. I think it is more the opposite way, which means that this overtrusting might be what a human being needs to survive and be able to navigate within the meaninglessness of life. Also, I think that if human beings did not have the ability to mentally try to connect with reality, they would die out from a collective suicide brought by frustrations of being too distanced from world by having a poorly developed sensing system.

In the film Matrix, there is a beautiful scene where one of the agents talks about humans being a virus. I think I have a sort of attraction towards viruses, towards things I dislike, or things I cannot really understand. I have read about how one can understand human body language and I read psychology to understand how their minds and psyche works. Trying to transfer my readings into a world outside of books, I'm not really sure if human beings have minds. While still not being able to understand their body language, I ended up being more interested in decoding a personality from analyzing handwriting. Maybe this analyzes is transferable to the artworks some of them make.

(Where do all the deleted words go?)

I'm not inspired by art. I'm inspired by words, apes, and by high-pressure pipes, and what Noam Chomsky refers to as the limits of human cognitive capacity. I'm inspired by nothingness and all that it contains, by bad taxidermy animals, and by everything that fall between chairs or lines or other categories. I'm inspired by the physicality of contradictions and the human fear of not knowing. I'm inspired by my readings, but my works are always based on my own theories in dialogues with those. I'm inspired by what happens in the act of drawing as a method for reflection, and by changing points of view by drawing in different ways and with both hands, and by world. I'm inspired by my own words, and what is not translatable into words. But maybe most of all, I'm inspired by my first love, René Descartes, and all the discussions we have been having over the years in my mind. I will not directly involve him here, but everything I'm interested in can at some level be related to his writings. His ideas about a sort of ultimate truth that human beings could conclude things within as soon as they could manage to decode it, the questions around what it means to be human or animal, his search for the soul inside of the amygdala in the brain, and ways of experiencing world/reality. My theories on sensing and experiencing "reality" are close to Maurice Merleau-Ponty's writings on how humans understand world through the body. Only I see the senses of a human being like a filter separating them from a more direct contact with world, and, maybe the theoretical ways of concluding world in words are their only way to come any closer to world, as a way of filling the gaps. I also find Jean-Paul Sartre and his writings on freedom relevant. It looks like few human beings want freedom. Freedom is deeply connected with a great responsibility that makes the whole idea about freedom a contradiction. Birds or other animals are often used as metaphors for freedom, assumed free from responsibilities and consequences. Well,

none of those are *directly* relevant here, but they play an important part in my thinking and therefore exist as an underlying layer.

Someone once said that all art is philosophy. To me that is like saying that all literature is philosophy.

This is personal.

1.1.1. Introduction:

One thing was sure; I could not figure out human beings from observations only. Their habits did not show much signs of consciousness of being in world, nor did their actions show traces of intelligence.

...could this be connected to being afraid of speaking their own minds without quoting a book?
Like a fear of appearing irrational?

3.2.2.

Some words must be about something else than words

One word cannot be described or explained by repeating the same word. Or
by repeating what you already said yesterday, when
I did not listen, like always, in my mind
drawing lines
between asphalt and silence, between
liquid words and
fluently spoken
nothingness

I'm addicted to silence. Birds' song is not silence, nor is the river, or
the sound of grass bending in the wind. Silence
is what appears after the glass is broken

Words are connected to other words, not as fragments, but in the possibilities of an uncontrolled
detour, and the act of getting lost

Words are animal traps

traps are stairways to elsewhere, linking
and creating meanings or
cutting your foot off

to make you stay

Was there ever any true meaning inside of words? Hidden
between curves and lines and strokes of a bad violin
playing
on the nerves in my arm when
I stretch into
a black hole, where
the sentence ends, like
this.

But just to start again, tapping
sounds on paper constructing meaningless new meanings for human beings only

covered in ink, like sperm from an octopus, or whatever

3.3.1. Disconnected Rhizomes/The Animal and the reductionist cave

I was talking about how human beings construct truth in a language limited by the laws of contemporary rationality and logic. Then I talked about “aping” reductionism to see things in a more human perspective, and the idea about truth appearing in a vacuum separated from the rhizomes of world. I wanted to discuss this in relation to *A Thousand Plateaus* by Deleuze and Guattari, but nobody had been reading it, and therefore I would have spent too much time explaining their ideas, and I only had 30 minutes. Anyways, I was also talking about the idea that truth appearing in words eliminates co-existing truths and logics. Meaning that if a truth is not translatable into human words in the logic of syntax in sentences, then it cannot be true. I talked about using the gallery space as a laboratory because of all the similarities, when it comes to separating a phenomenon from world in a space meant to be anonymous. There is an idea amongst human beings that a thing is seen more clearly, by removing it from its context/rhizome/habitat/chaos/environment, and that truth will appear in a form to be concluded within this kind of vacuum. I talked about an attempt to disconnect art from world in a neutral gallery space, and the way a phenomenon is taken out from its context, tested and looked at in a milieu where multiple complex outcomes is excluded as far as possible.

I talked about studying human beings inside of a gallery space, to see how they look at other animals, and to make the gallery space even more like a laboratory, a reductionist cave; I disconnected things and aped the reductionism of science that maybe was inspired from Descartes and the way he divided body and soul and cut both live animals and thinking into small parts as an attempt to find the ultimate truth. Or maybe the idea about truth appearing in a reductionist perspective is inspired from Christian mythologies and their idea about *one* truth. At some point I knew that I could keep on talking till the point where nobody else would care to follow.

When I finally stopped talking, you asked me what I meant by the word “aping”, and I realized that the word *ape*, had only *one* meaning in your language. That means that different human languages contain different ways of relating to a word and an object and to world. And, as I used the word, like it had multiple meanings, I questioned if I might have misunderstood the entire usage of human words...

3.7.1.

(What does the moon smell like?)