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A professor friend describes how when students kept walking out of classes on genetics and boycotting visiting lecturers whose points of view did not coincide with their ideology, he invited them to his study for discussion and for viewing a video of the actual facts. Half a dozen youngsters in their uniform of jeans and T-shirts filed in, sat down, kept silent while he reasoned with them, kept their eyes down while he ran the video and then, as one person, marched out. A demonstration -- they might very well have been shocked to hear -- which was a mirror of Communist behavior, an acting out, a visual representation of the closed minds of young Communist activists.

Again and again in Britain we see in town councils or in school counselors or headmistresses or headmasters or teachers being hounded by groups and cabals of witch hunters, using the most dirty and often cruel tactics. They claim their victims are racist or in some way reactionary. Again and again an appeal to higher authorities has proved the campaign was unfair.

I am sure that millions of people, the rug of Communism pulled out from under them, are searching frantically, and perhaps not even knowing it, for another dogma.

A young friend of mine from North Yemen saved up every bit of money he could to travel to Britain to study that branch of sociology that teaches how to spread Western expertise to benighted natives. I asked to see his study material and he showed me a thick tome, written so badly and in such ugly, empty jargon it was hard to follow. There were several hundred pages, and the ideas in it could easily have been put in

es, I know the obfuscations of academia did not begin with Communism -- as Swift, for one, tells us -- but the pomposities and verbosity of Communism had their roots in German academia. And now they have become a plague of mildew blighting the whole world.

It is one of the paradoxes of our time that ideas capable of transforming our societies, full of insights about how the human animal actually behaves and thinks, are often presented in unreadable language.

The second point is linked with the first. Powerful ideas affecting our behavior are visible only in brief sentences or even a phrase -- a single phrase. All writers are asked this question by interviewers: "Do you think a writer should...?" "Ought writers to...?" The question always has to do with a political stance, and not the assumption behind the words is that all writers should do the same thing, whatever it is. The phrases "Should a writer...?" "Ought writers to...?" have a long history that seems unknown to the people who so casually use them. Another is "commitment", so much in vogue not long ago. Is so and so a committed writer?

A successor to "commitment" is "raising consciousness." This is double-edged. The people whose consciousness is being raised may be given information they most desperately lack and need, may be given moral support they need. But the process nearly always means that the pupil gets only the propaganda the instructor approves of. "Raising consciousness," like "commitment," like "political correctness," is a continuation of that old bully, the party line.

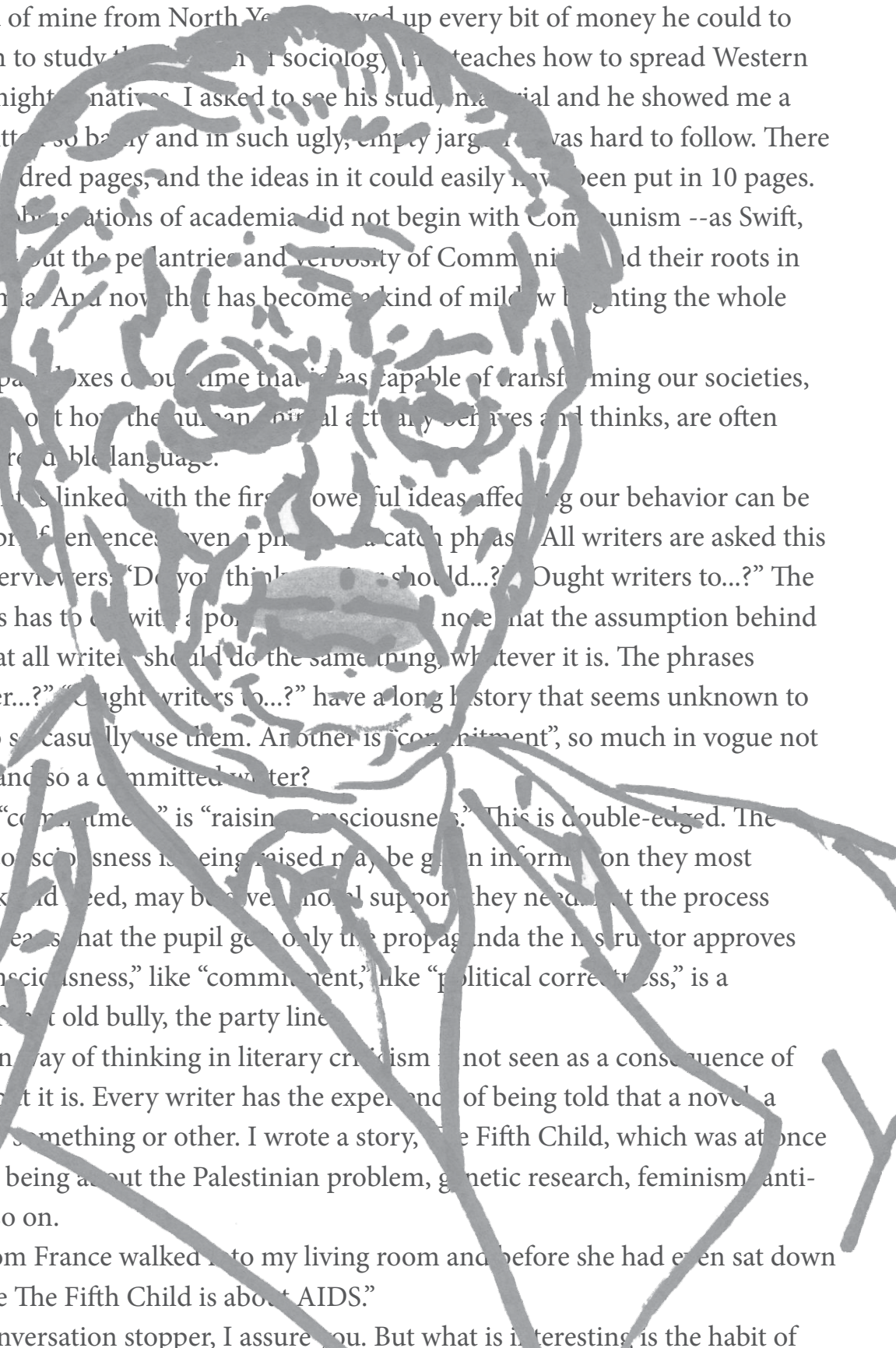
A very common way of thinking in literary criticism is not seen as a consequence of Communism, but it is. Every writer has the experience of being told that a novel, a story, is "about" something or other. I wrote a story, *The Fifth Child*, which was at once pigeonholed as being about the Palestinian problem, genetic research, feminism, anti-Semitism and so on.

A journalist from France walked into my living room and before she had even sat down said, "Of course *The Fifth Child* is about AIDS."

An effective conversation stopper, I assure you. But what is interesting is the habit of mind that has to analyze a literary work like this. If you say, "Had I wanted to write about AIDS or the Palestinian problem I would have written a pamphlet," you tend to get baffled stares. That a work of the imagination has to be "really" about some problem is, again, an heir of Socialist Realism. To write a story for the sake of storytelling is frivolous, not to say reactionary.

The demand that stories must be about something is from Communist thinking and, further back, from





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The demand that stories must be about something is from Communist thinking and, further back, from religious thinking, with its desire for self-improvement books as simple-minded as the messages on samplers.

The phrase political correctness was born as Communism was collapsing. I do not think this was chance. I am not suggesting that the torch of Communism has been handed on to the political correctors. I am suggesting that habits of mind have been absorbed, often without knowing it.

There is obviously something very attractive about telling other people what to do: I am putting it in this nursery way rather than in more intellectual language because I see it as nursery behavior. Art -- the arts generally -- are always unpredictable, maverick, and tend to be, at their best, uncomfortable. Literature, in particular, has always inspired the House committees, the Zhdanovs, the fits of moralizing, but, at worst, persecution. It troubles me that political correctness does not seem to know what its exemplars and predecessors are; it troubles me more that it may know and does not care.

Does political correctness have a good side? Yes, it does, for it makes us re-examine attitudes, and that is always useful. The trouble is that, with all popular movements, the lunatic fringe so quickly ceases to be a fringe; the tail begins to wag the dog. For every woman or man who is quietly and sensibly using the idea to examine our assumptions, there are 20 rabble-rousers whose real motive is desire for power over others, no less rabble-rousers because they see themselves as anti-racists or feminists or whatever.


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I wanted to talk about systems and structures. Political, social, art-grant ones. And about before and after, about now and then and hopes and dreams and homeland and new homeland. About prejudices and wishes and about how the grass is greener on the other side. Also, about social (in) security and socialist illusion and capitalist bling - and the sunset of the welfare states of Europe. And about that attractive silliness called nostalgia. I wanted to remember the heavy, sound-proofed, always closed doors of scary socialist offices and think of the open, airy, transparent Swedish spaces. And then about the people occupying the different facilities. About Slovene pressure cookers and Swedish refrigerators. I wanted to talk about politics-schmolitics and hypes and trends and washed brains, now and then; about the institutionalized hatred for smokers instead of that for the tobacco industry, and times when an ash tray and sexism were given parts of any office interior - and when media space was not saturated by adds for web-casinos and quick loans. I wanted to talk about the omnipresent Plus and Minus. And also, about the privilege of living in a country where people can freely depict their Titos as a flower or a bee or a lady. But I can only draw.

I had applied for and was granted a two year work grant in order to work with my Yugoslav heritage (from the Swedish Arts and Grants Committee). For a while, Tito payed the rent.

 In true spirit of both totalitarian communism and democratic neo-liberalism, this book utilizes (self)censorship. The green rectangles obscure embarrassing or possibly incriminating parts.

The language used herein is Sloswenglish laced with lapsus calami.

There are two memories. One school yard. Two girls. Fifty years and Tito-come-Tito-go in between.

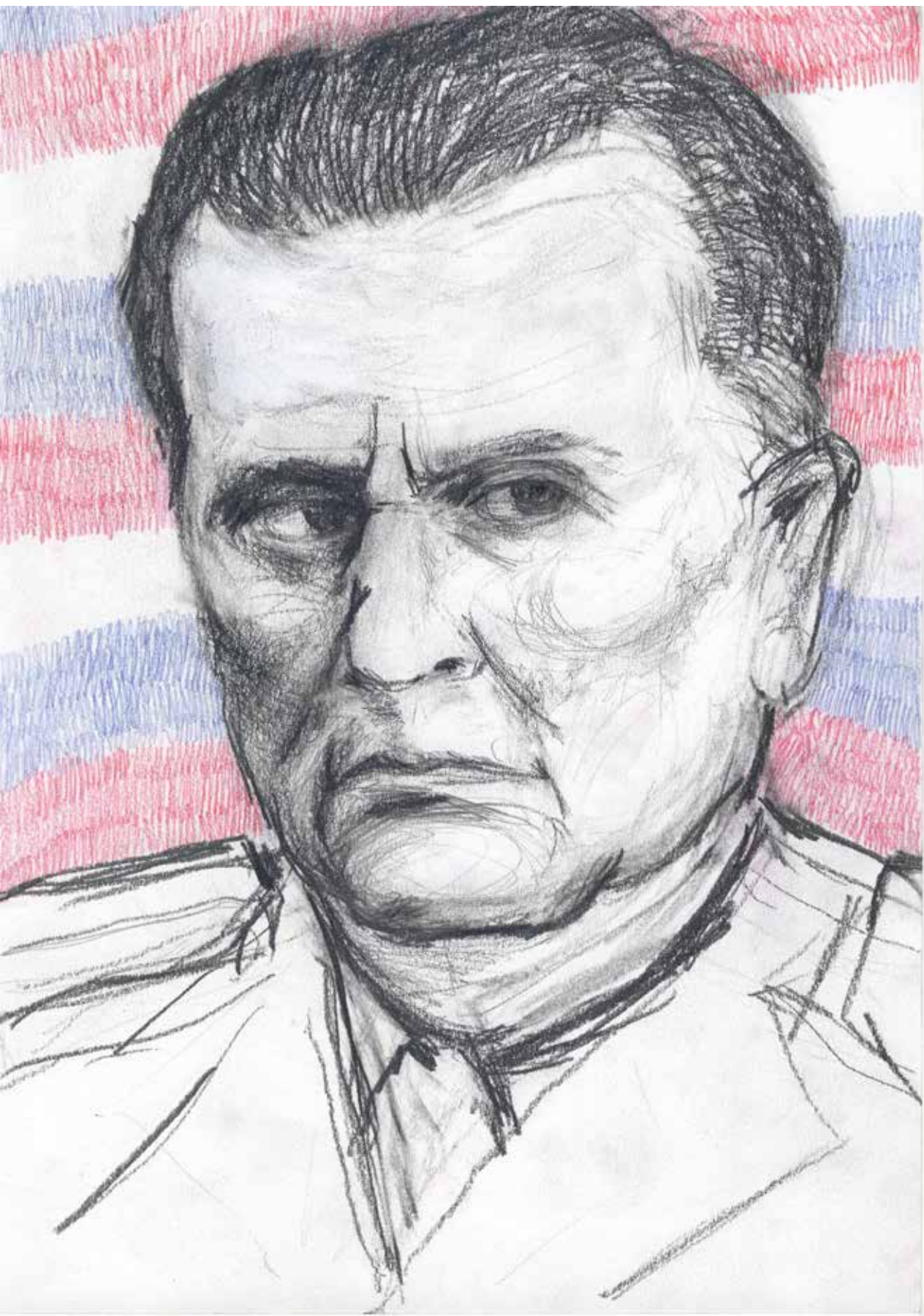
One girl learned how to hate there. It had been a good day, school just over, she was happy, running to meet her friend - and calling out a greeting in Slovene before both her feet touched ground outside the school yard line. Then, she was stopped short by her Italian teacher and slapped across the face, so she would learn how to speak properly.

She learned how to hate properly and when Italy capitulated she scolded with insults a frightened, cold and hungry young Italian soldier on the run. And regretted it ever since.

The other girl was born in happier times, so she learned less. Perhaps her lesson was of how life is made of unfulfilled wishes and unrealized yearnings. She had always wanted to be a little courier. To run through the forest and eat paper messages. Be driven in a jeep and fed cherry candy. Be part of the group with all the other brave and proud and important child-soldiers in training.

But she never got the chance. By the time the girl was old enough to participate in the field trip day, Slovenia has become a democratic republic, school-children were starting their days by greeting the sun in place of Tito and one realized that making kids play war for a day rhymes poorly with the modern school curriculum.









ZA DOMOVINO  
S TITOM NAPREJ!

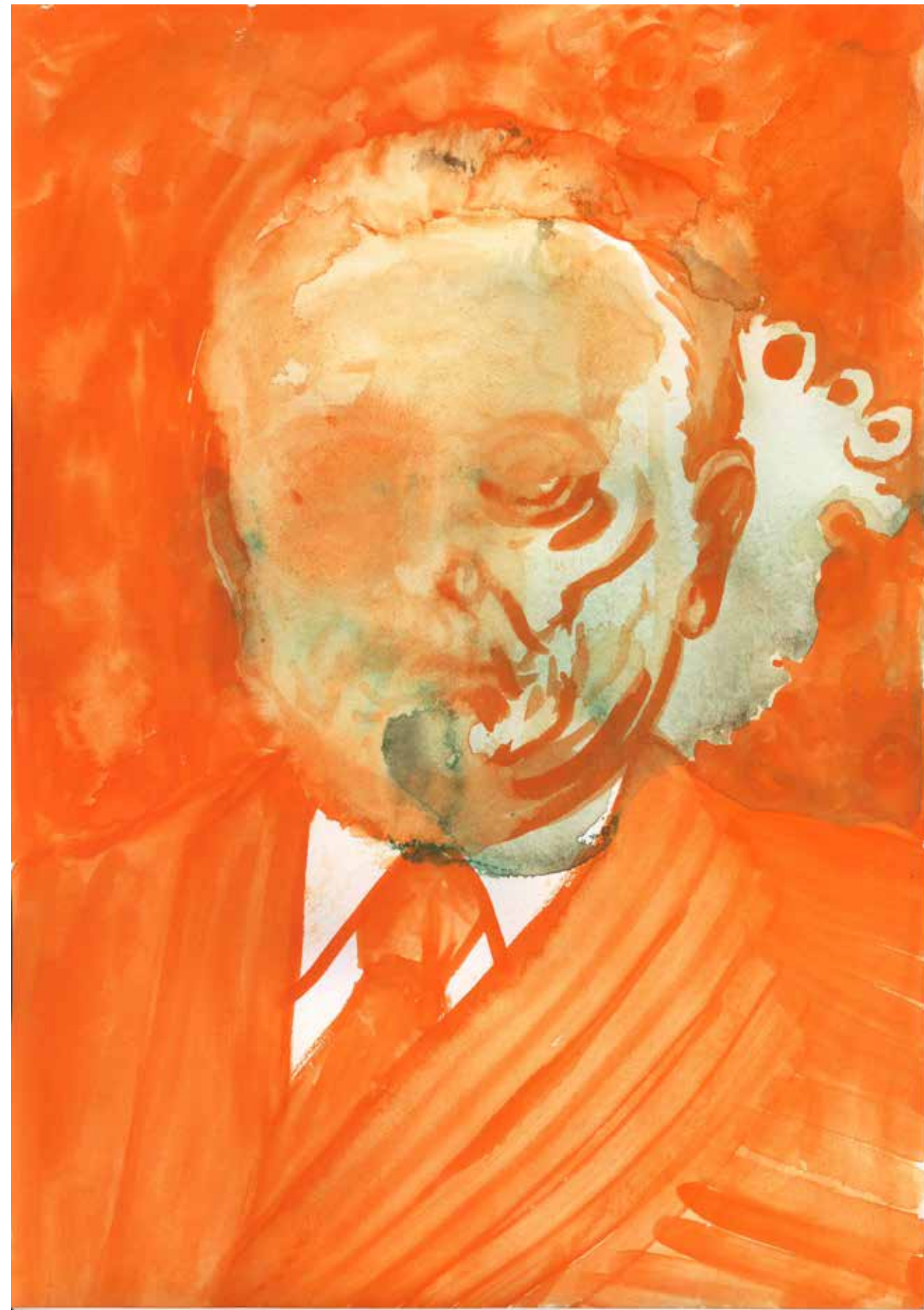
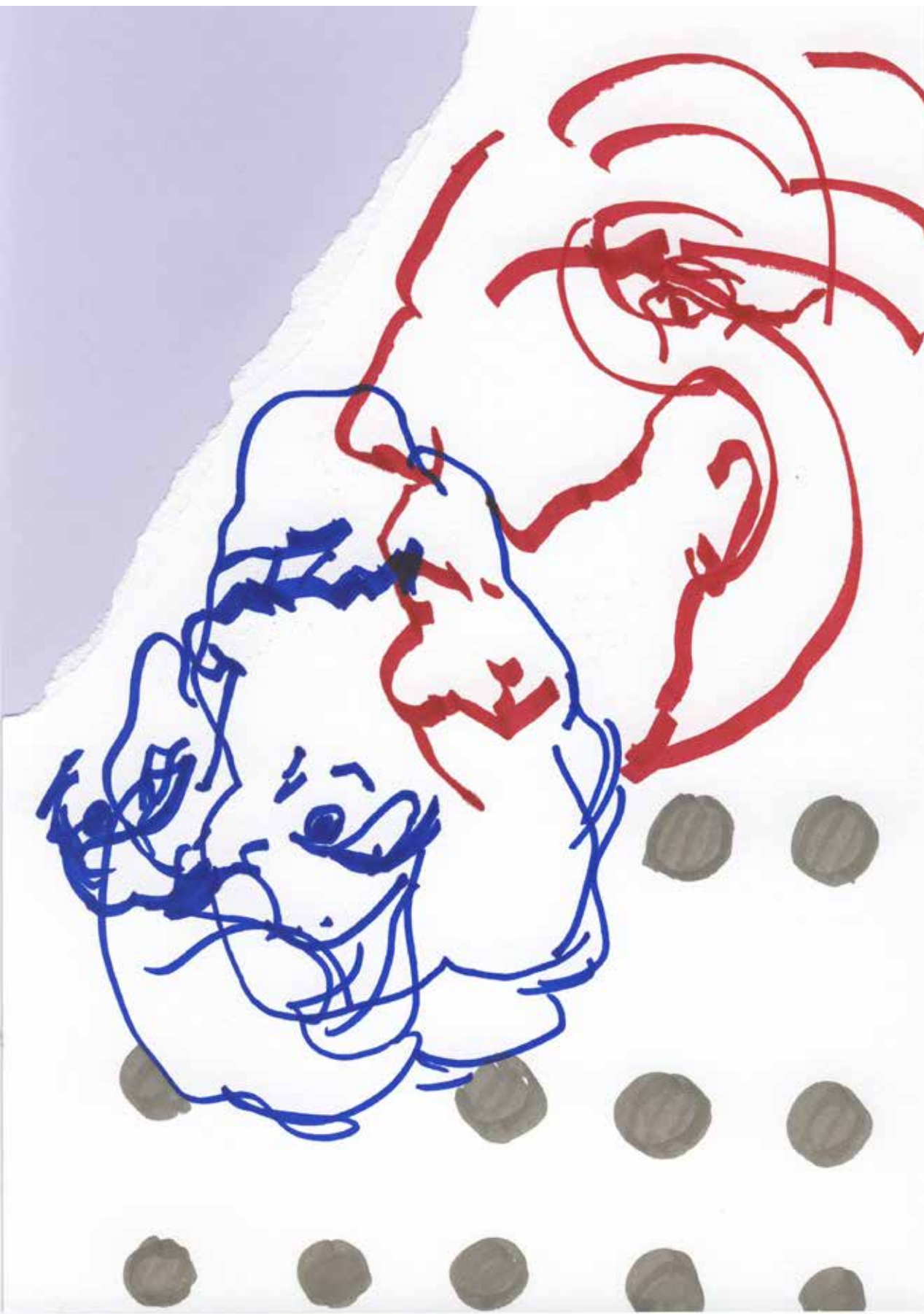




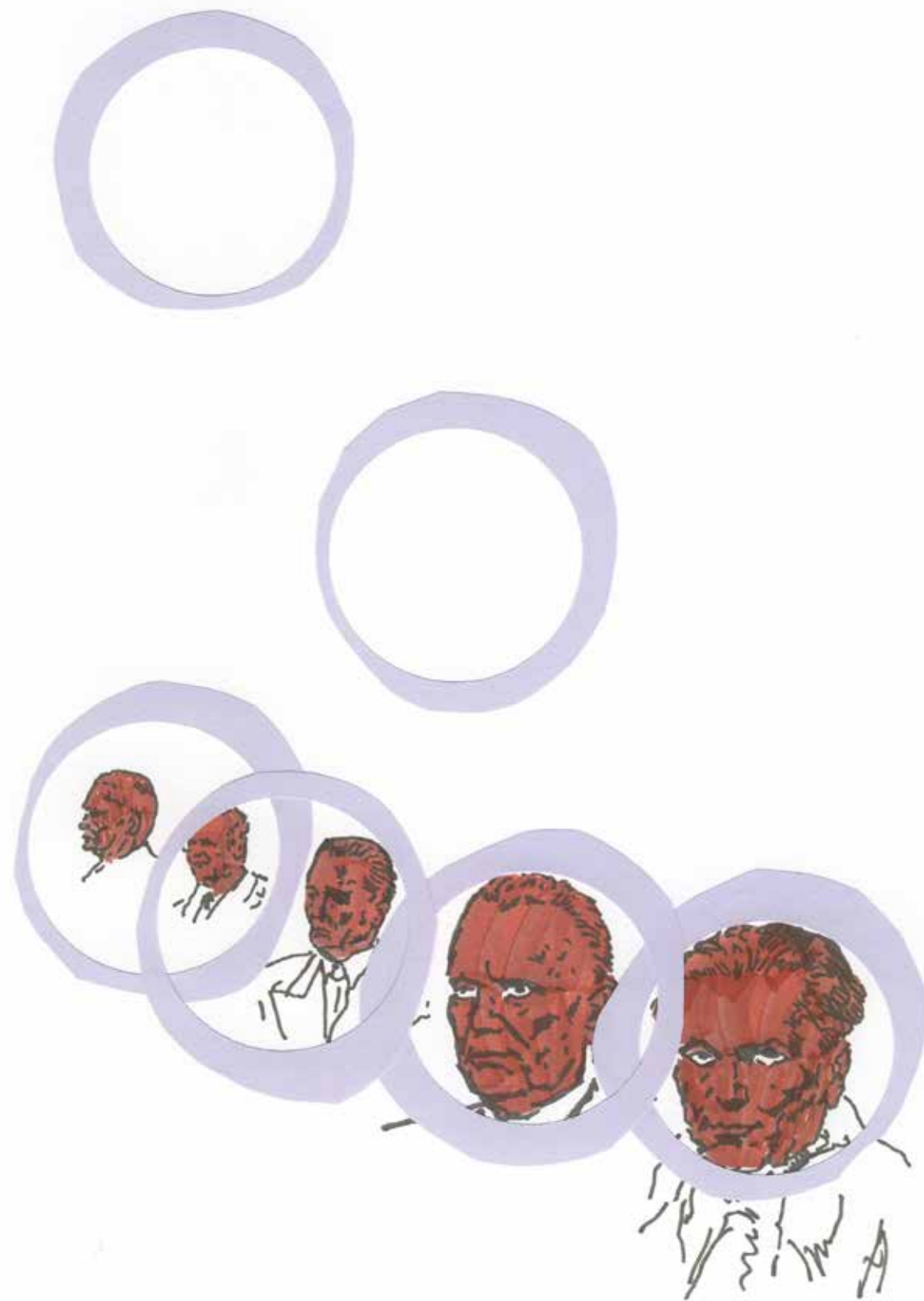


















WHEN TITO HUNG ON A WALL  
IN OUR CLASSROOM, I WAS  
NEVER GLAD HIGHER  
THAN WAS IN ART (ON  
A - 1950S CASE)



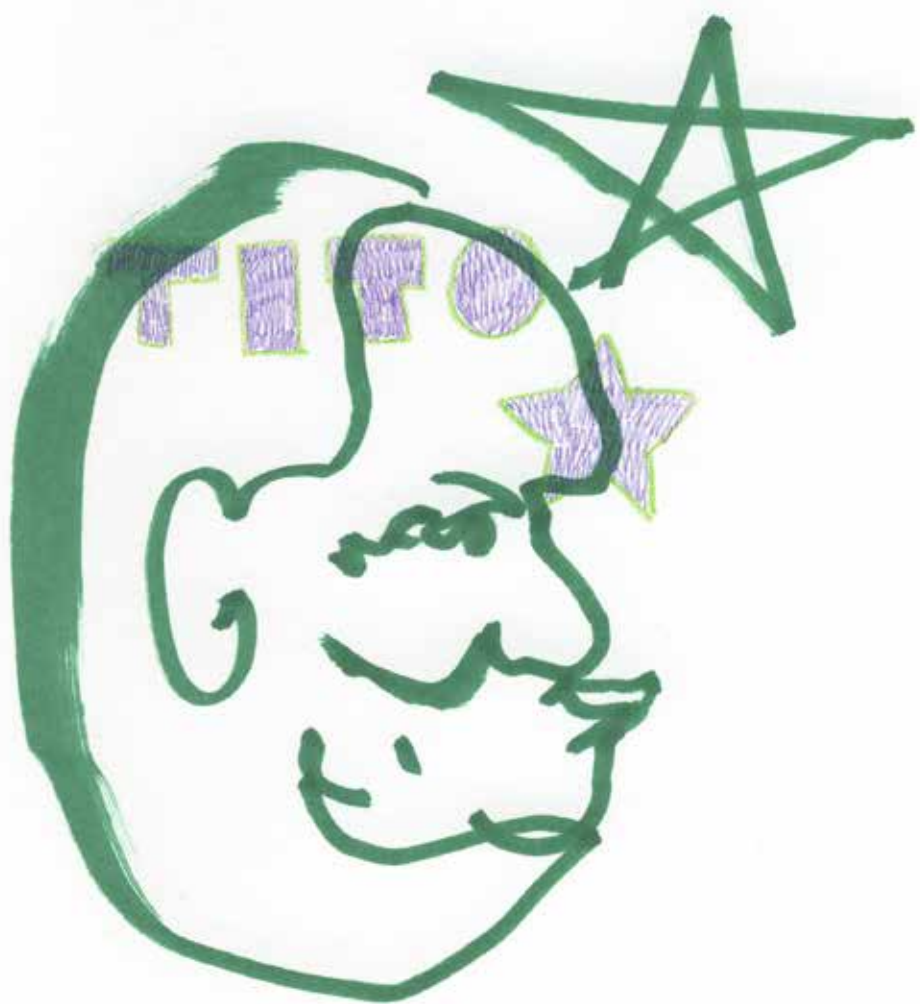


DID GRANDPA WANT TO OR HAVE TO  
HAVE TITO IN HIS STUDY?













a guineo Tito  
is better than  
no Tito



(I copy these on windows...)

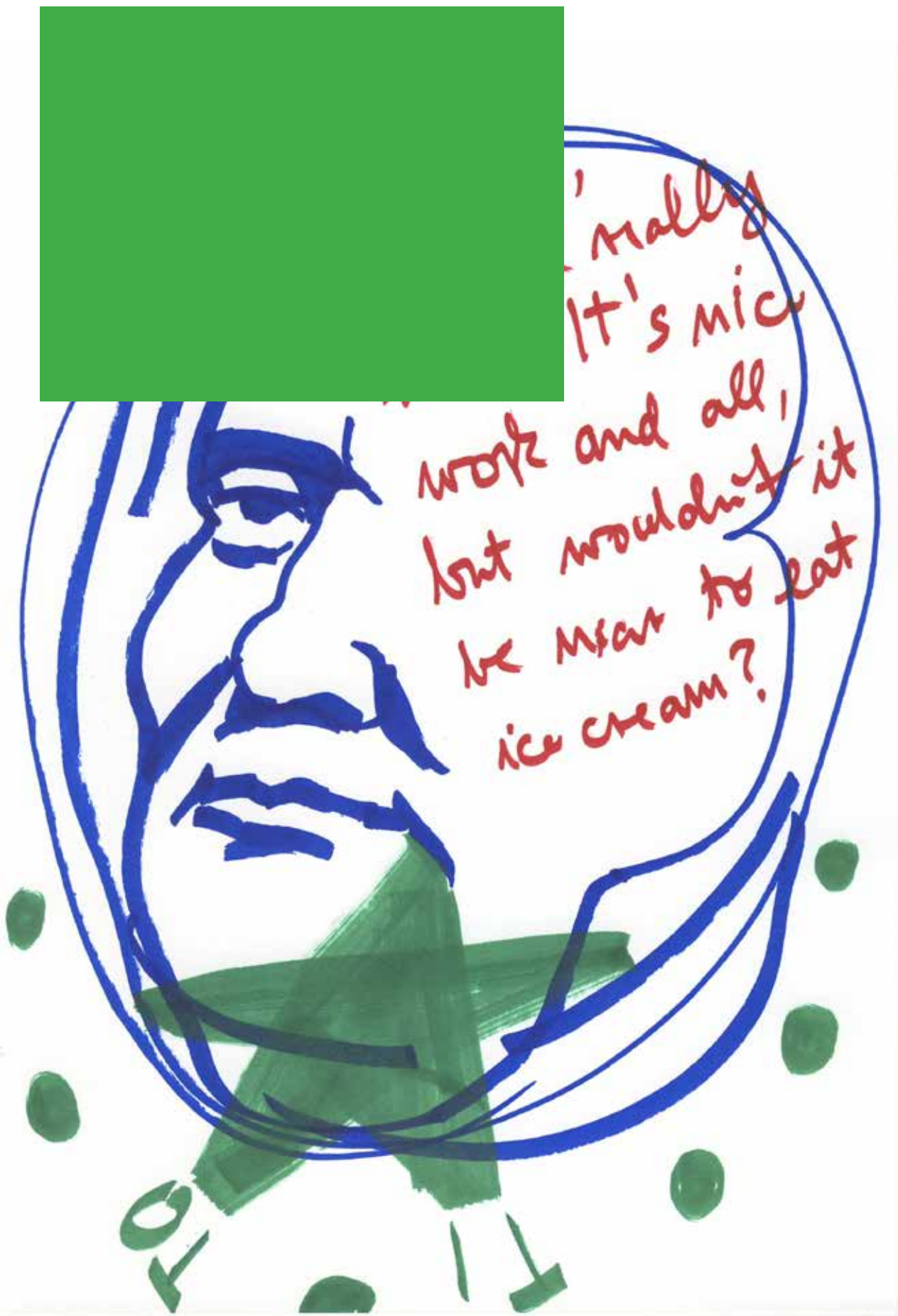
Tito looking through a window.  
Every day. In Sweden. In 2016.









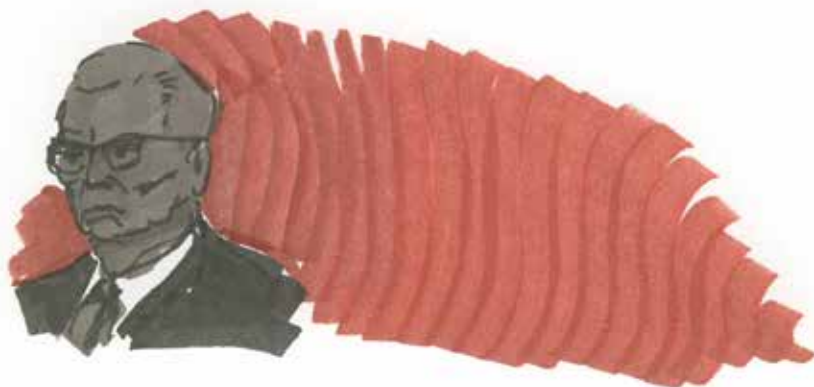




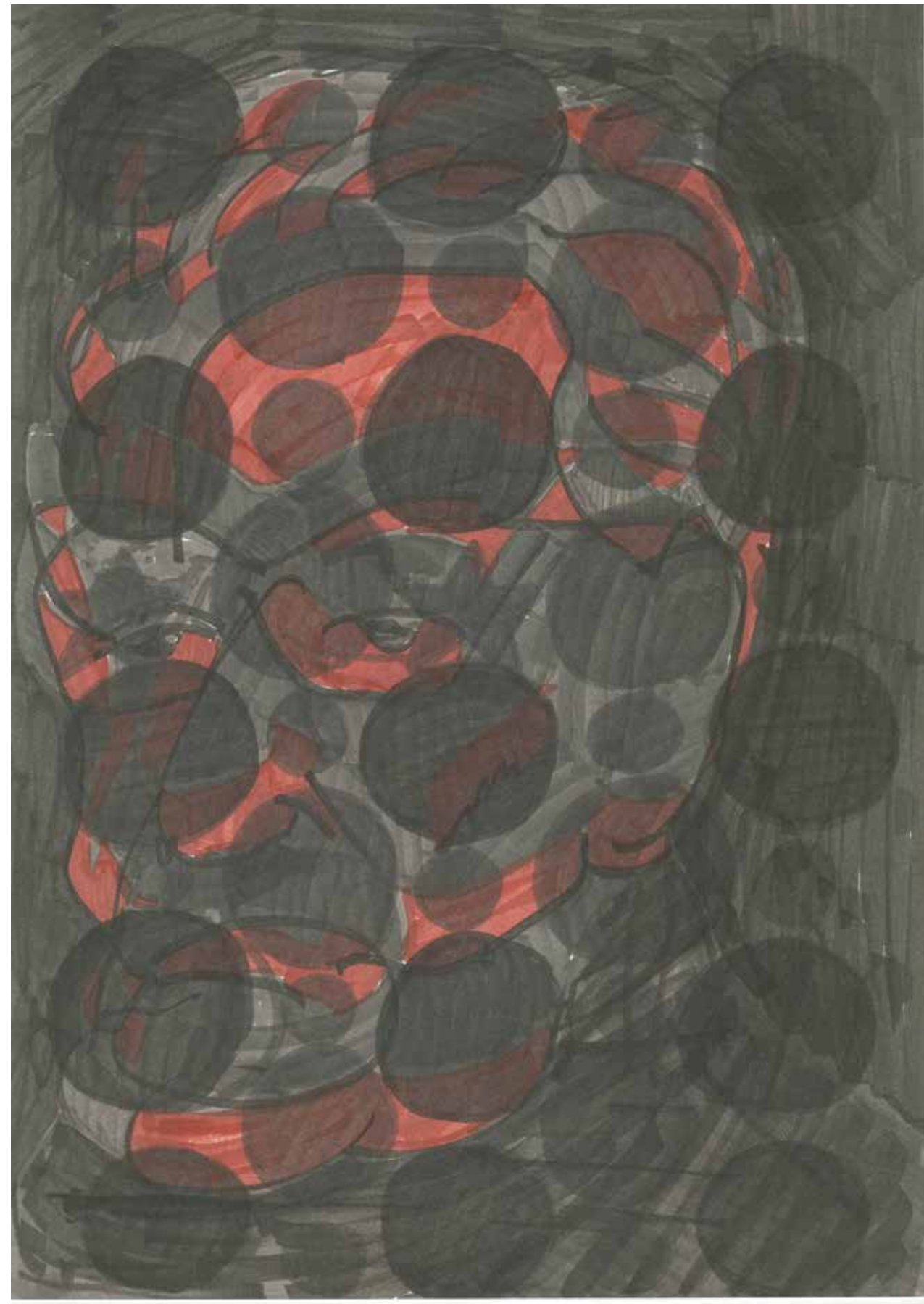


all these little misfortunes,  
first the watch & then this  
fiasco with the cheese &  
now it turns out I've been  
drawing in wrong format

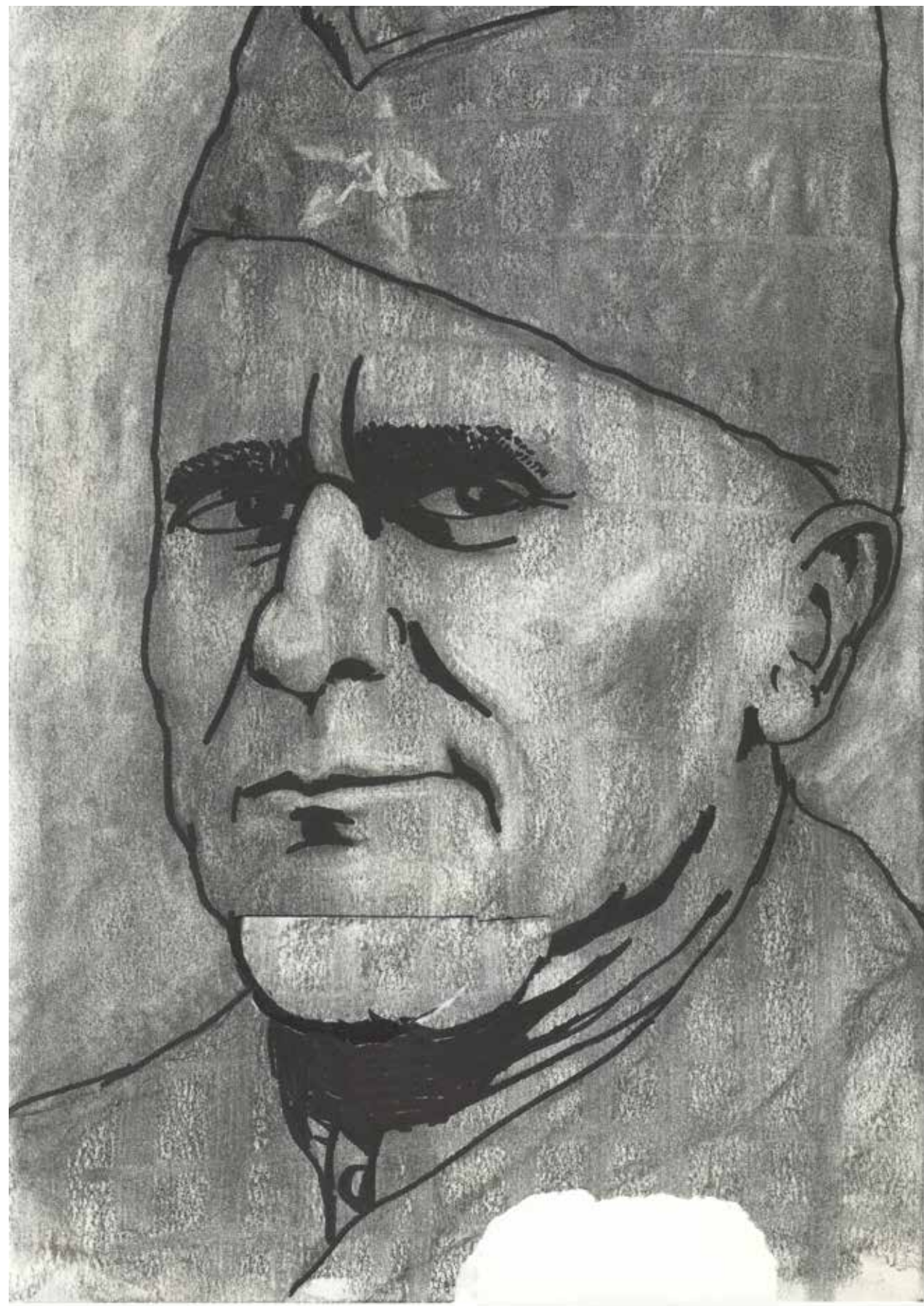


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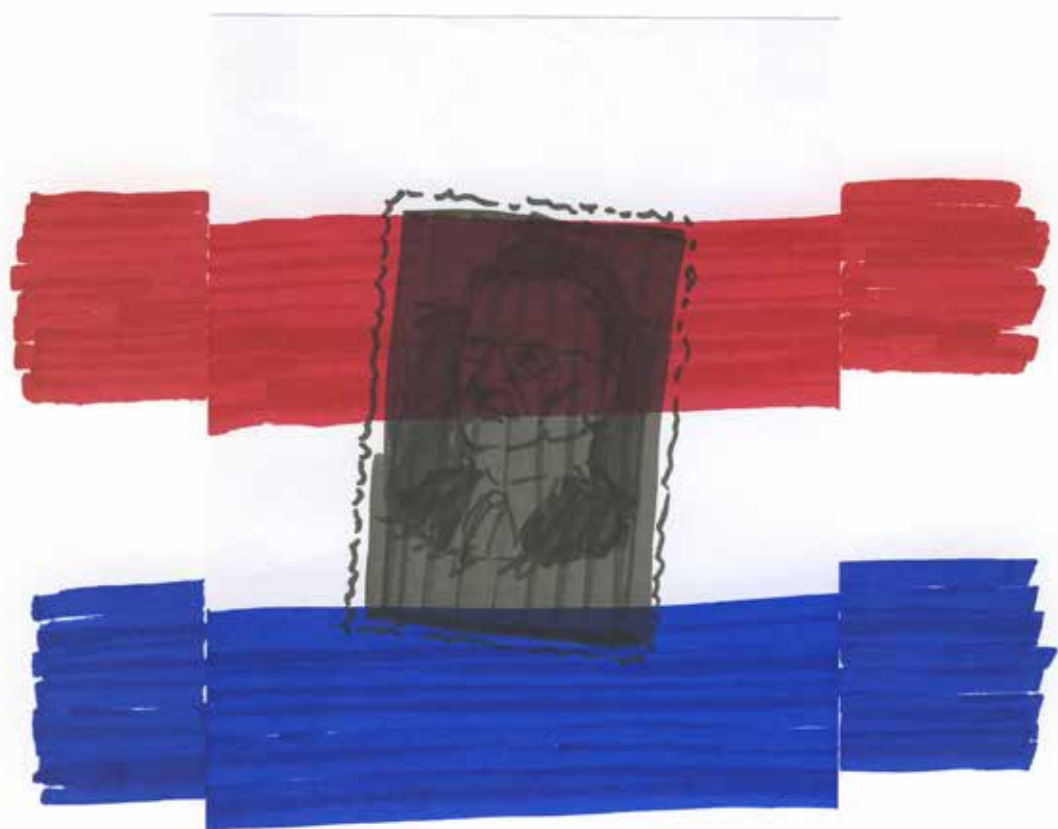


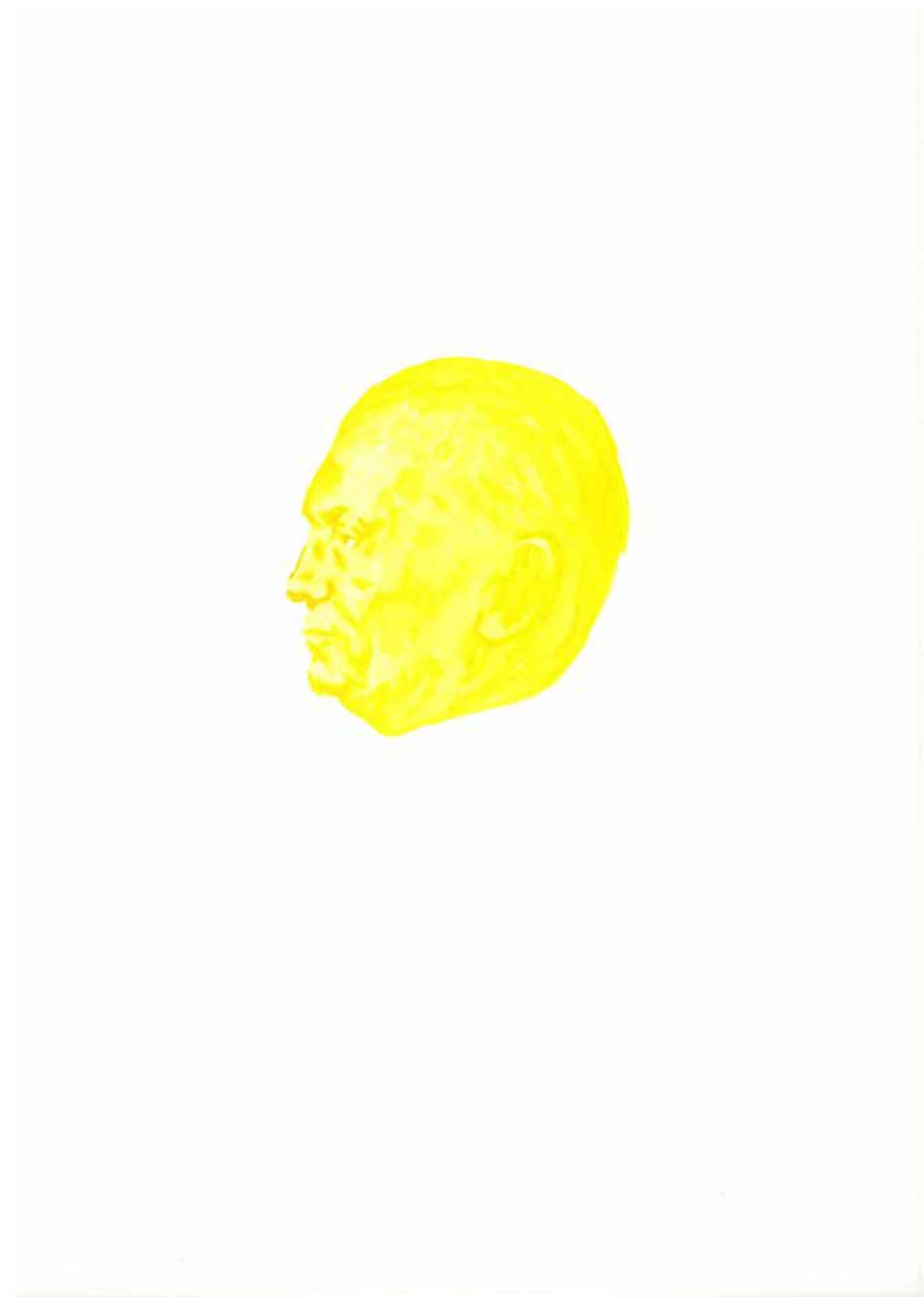
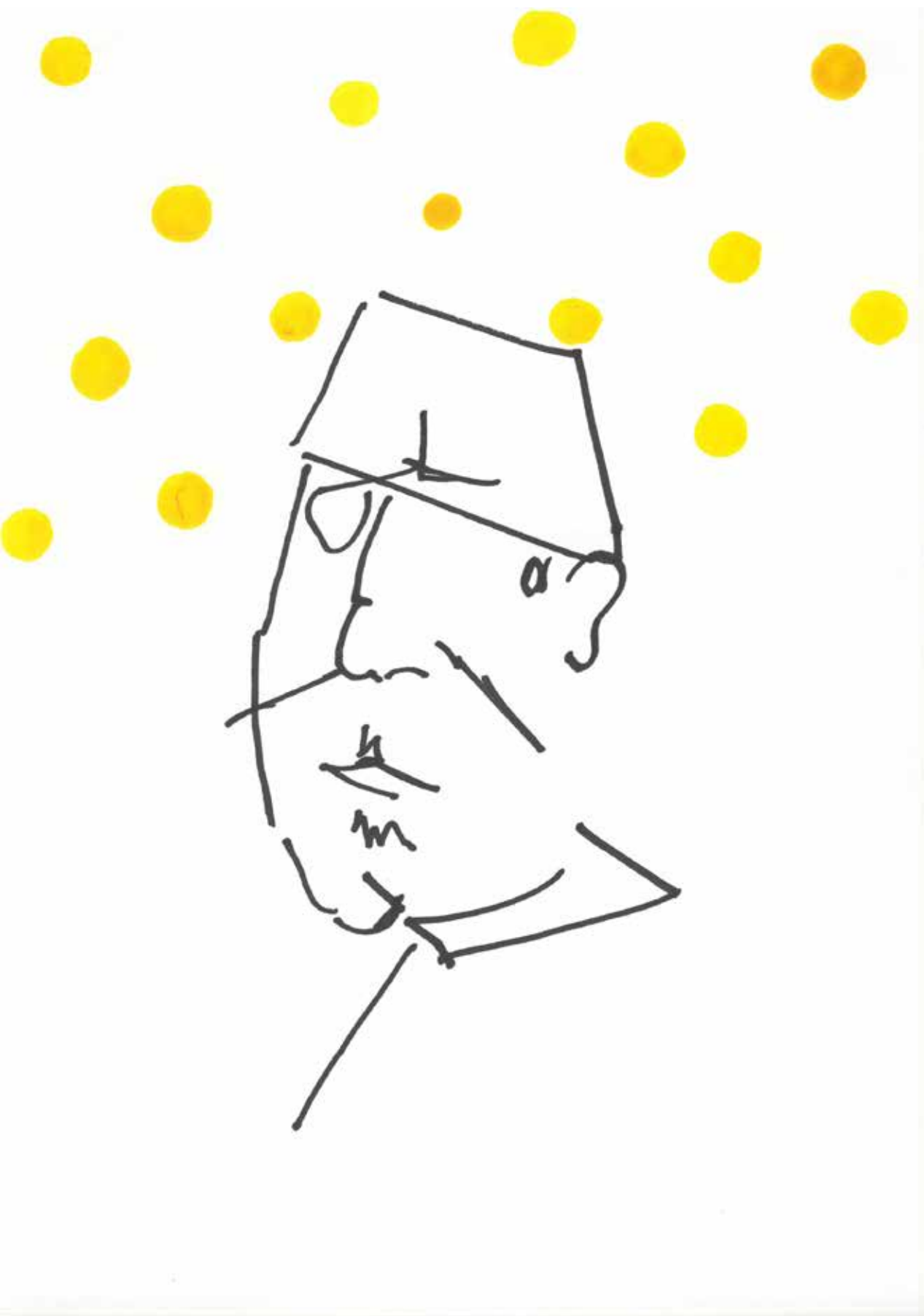


He must have liked his left  
side better.

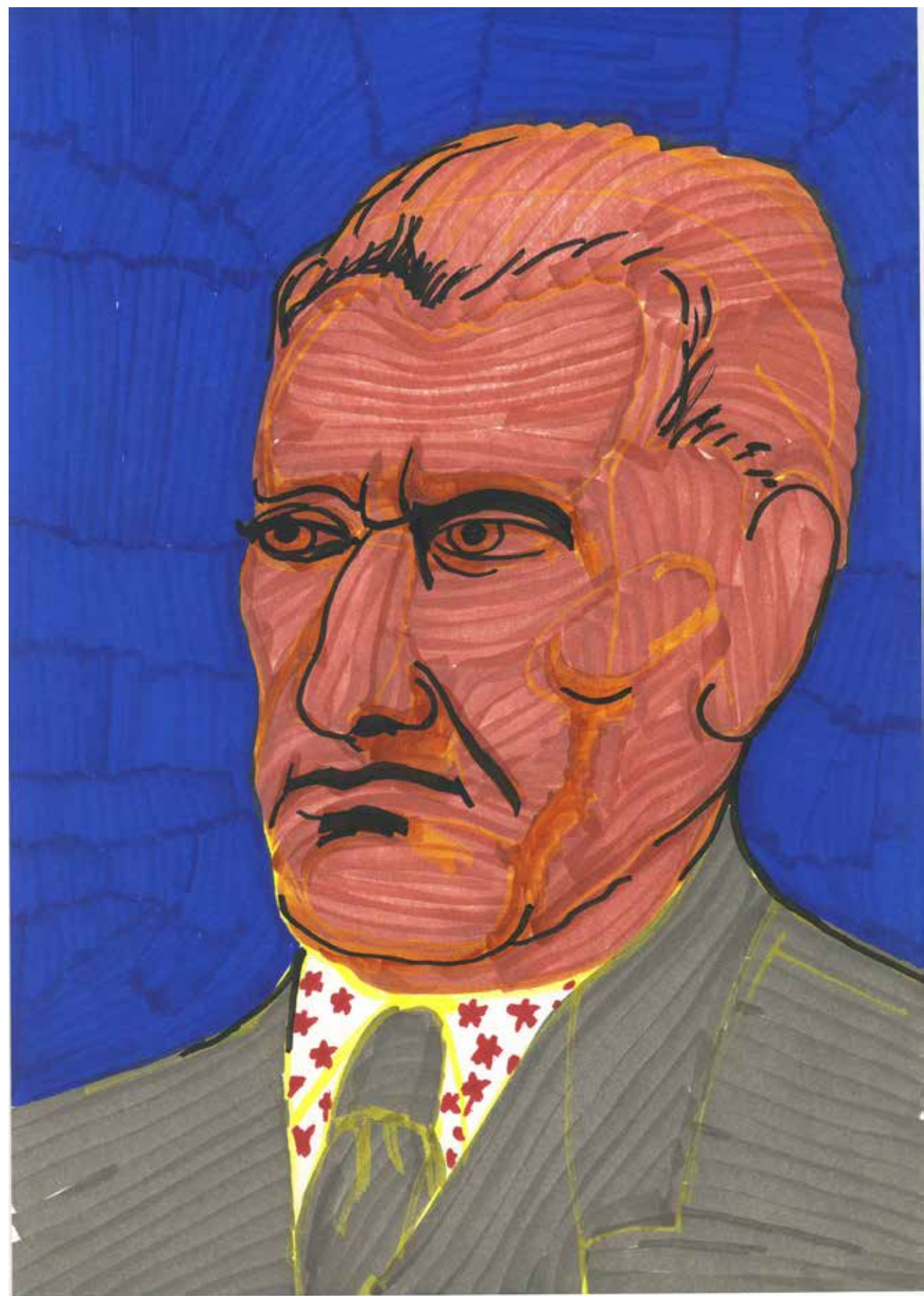






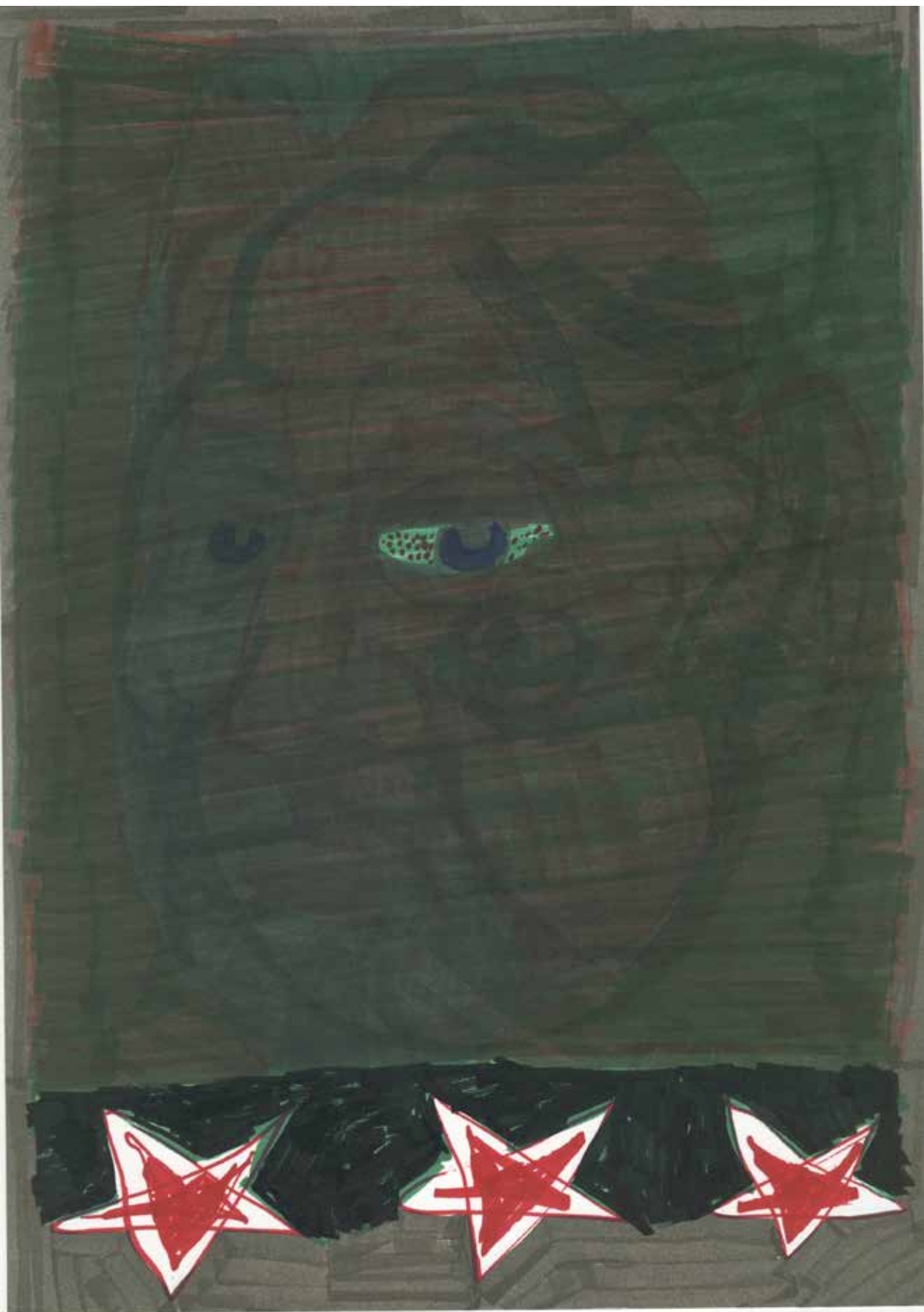












TITO





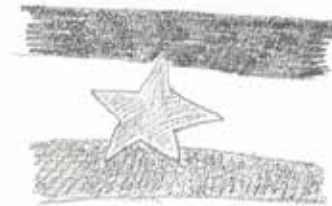


TIT



MAN  
MÅSTE  
TA DET  
GODA MED DET ONDA

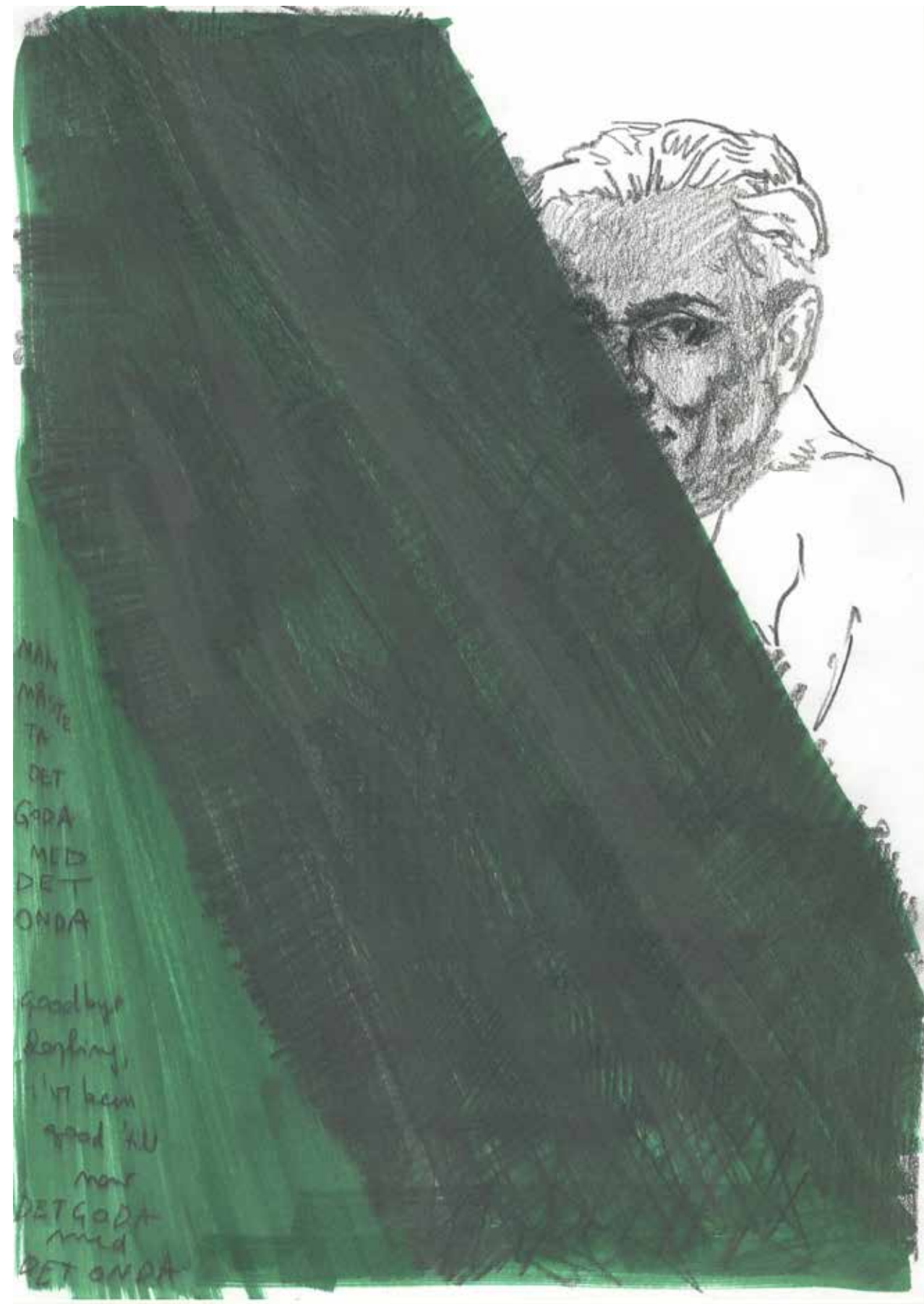
man måste ta det  
goda med det onda,  
said Van Trier



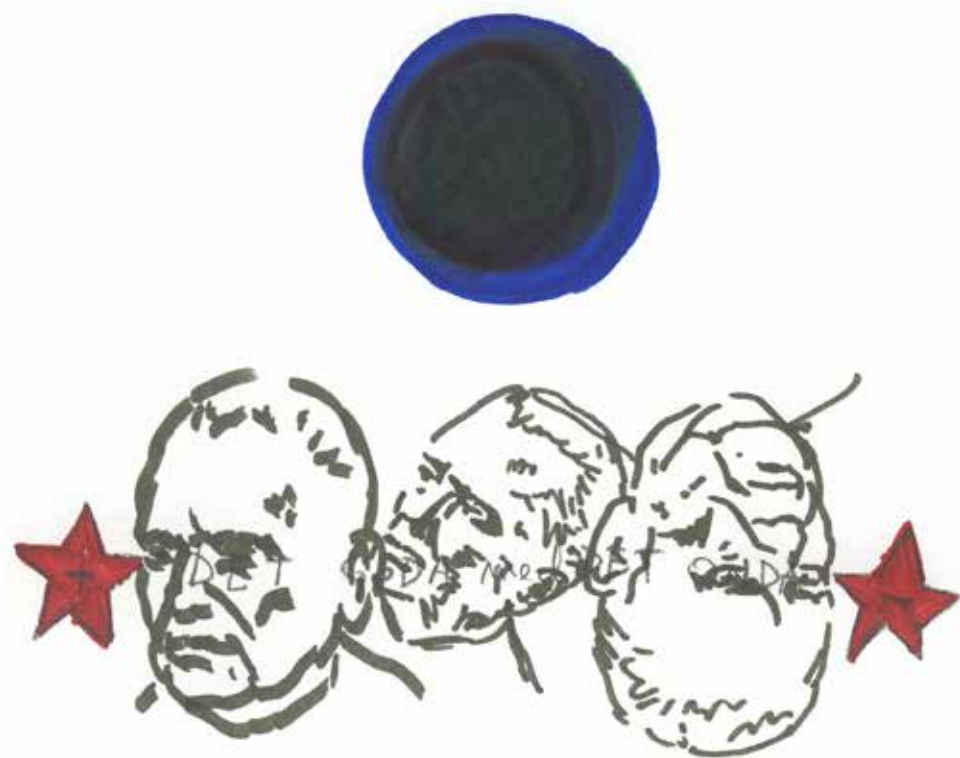
plus and minus, said  
my aunt.

plus and minus  
det gode med det onde  
Sad and happy  
plus in minus



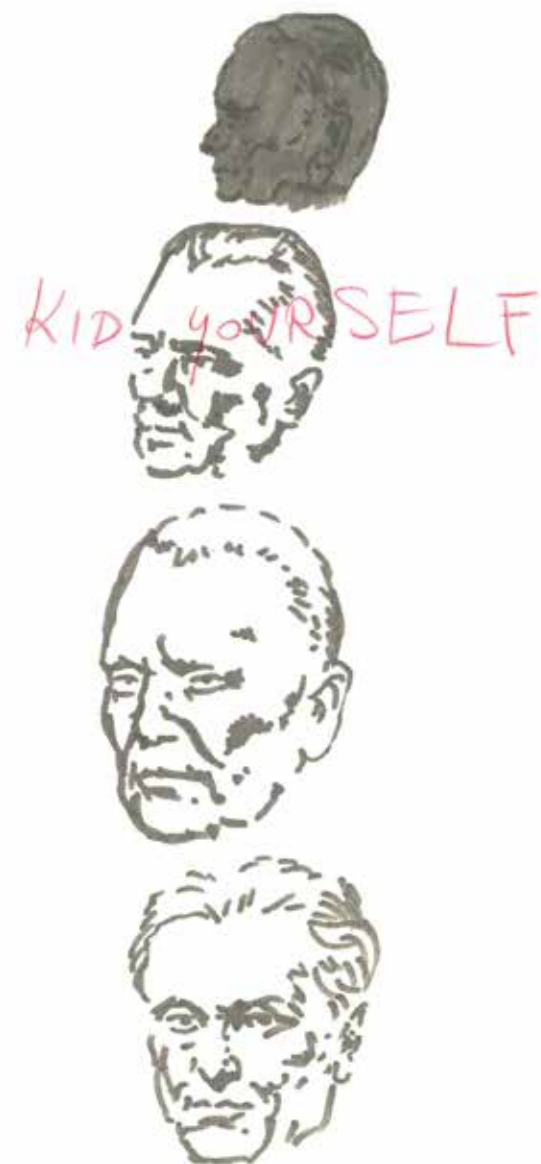






TITO

IIIO



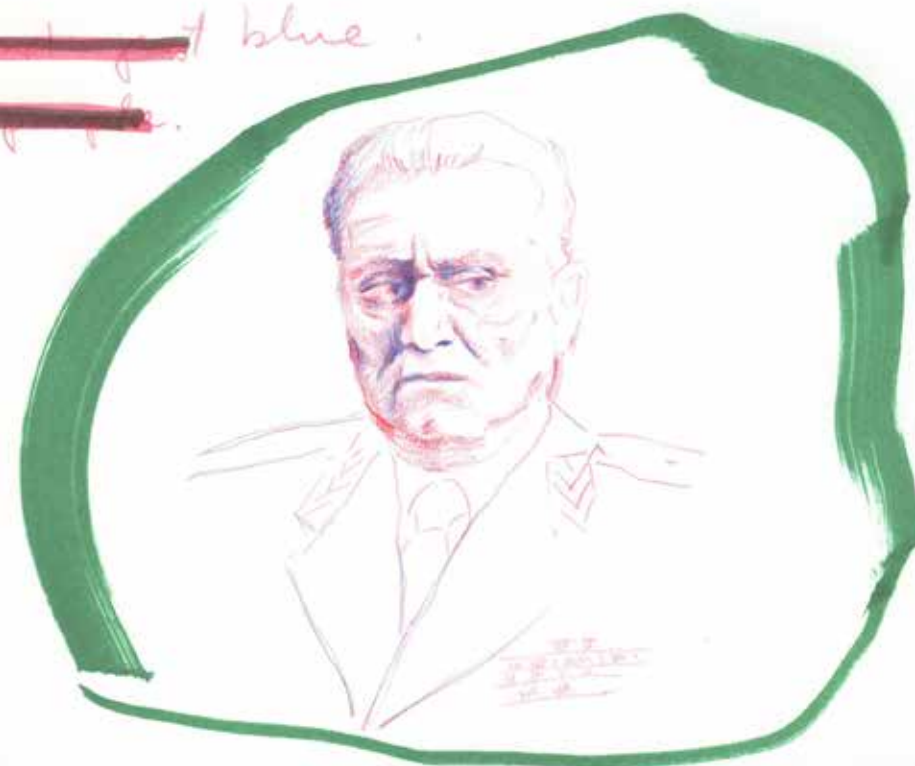


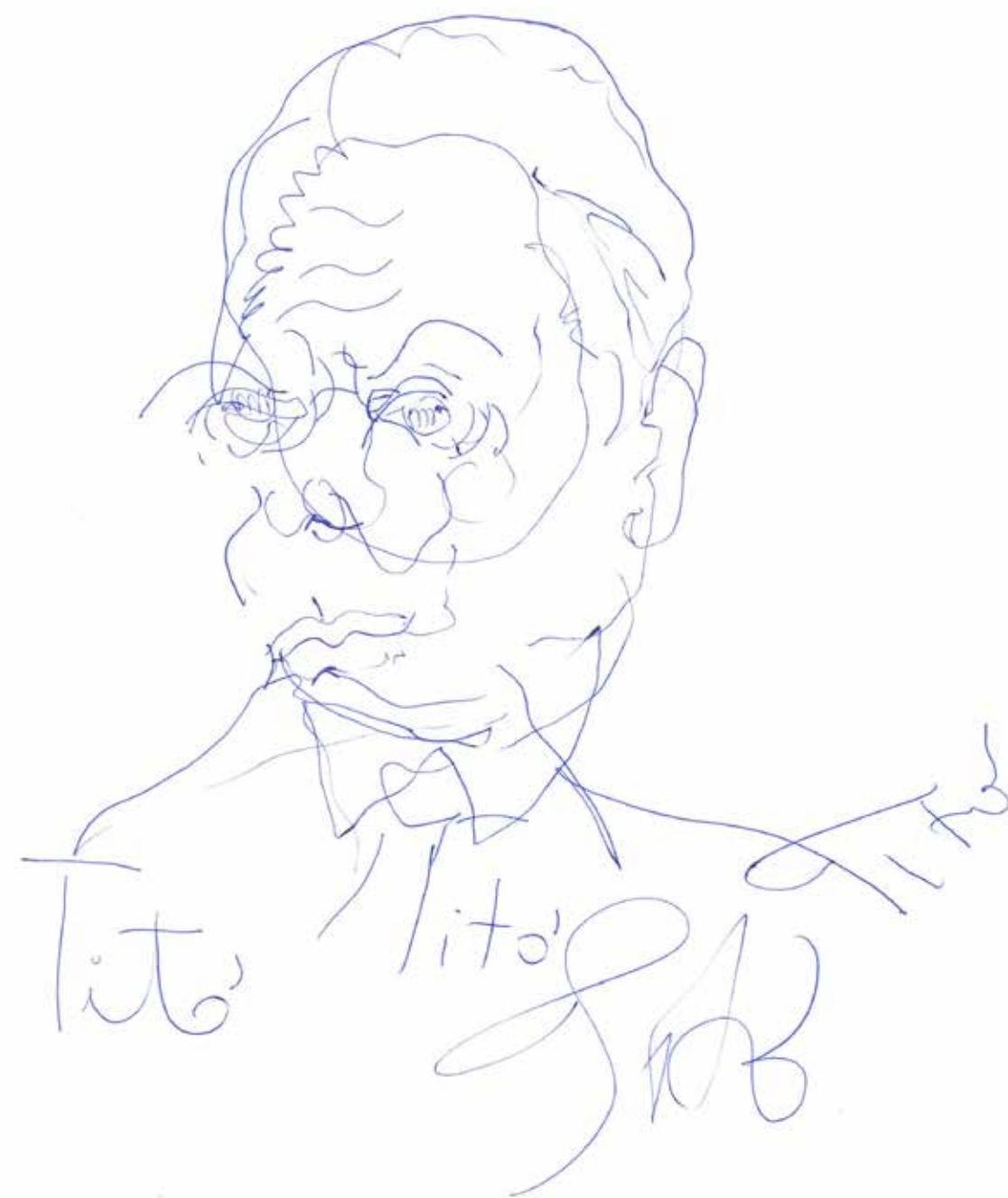


Odd ~~first day~~ of happy ~~me~~.  
~~He~~ trained her by. And language.  
 Read Cabinet and wanted to. Loved  
 to drink tea. ~~For such a long time~~ p.  
~~And~~ boozed too. And drank too  
 coffee ~~for such a long time~~.  
~~He~~ happy.

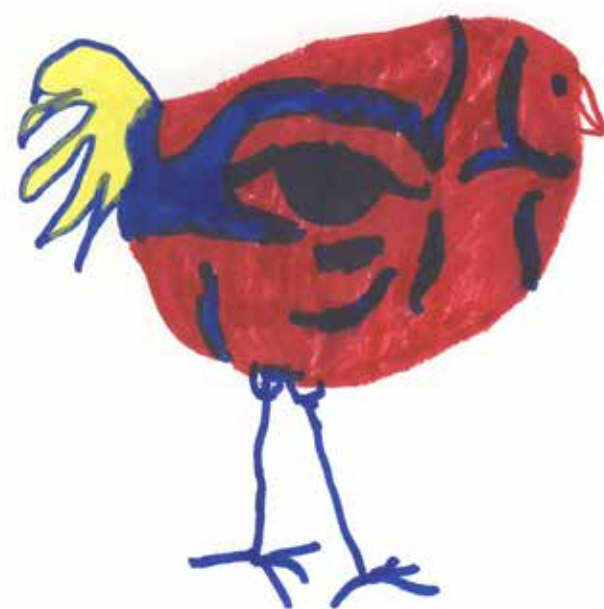
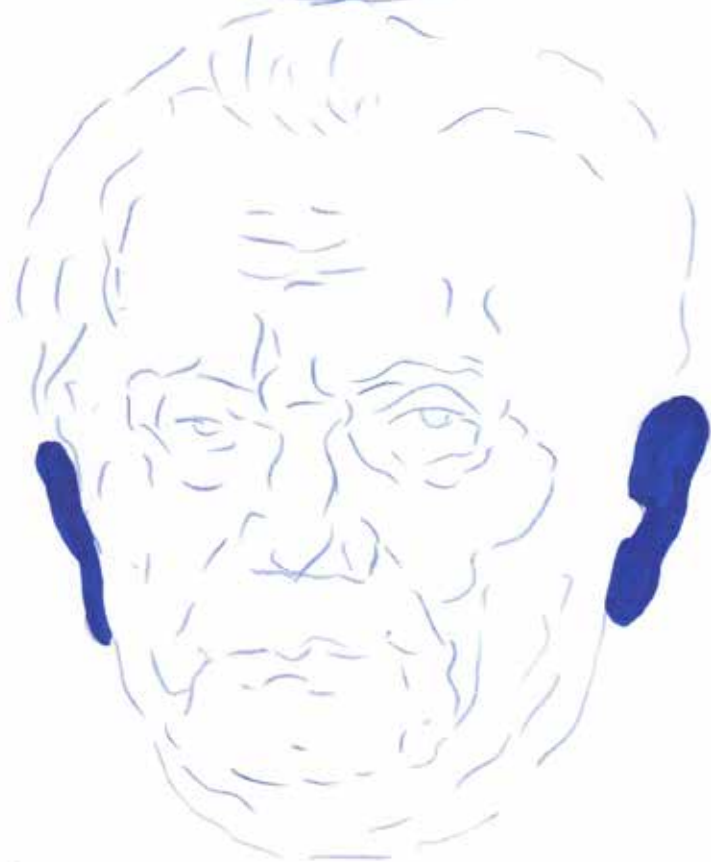
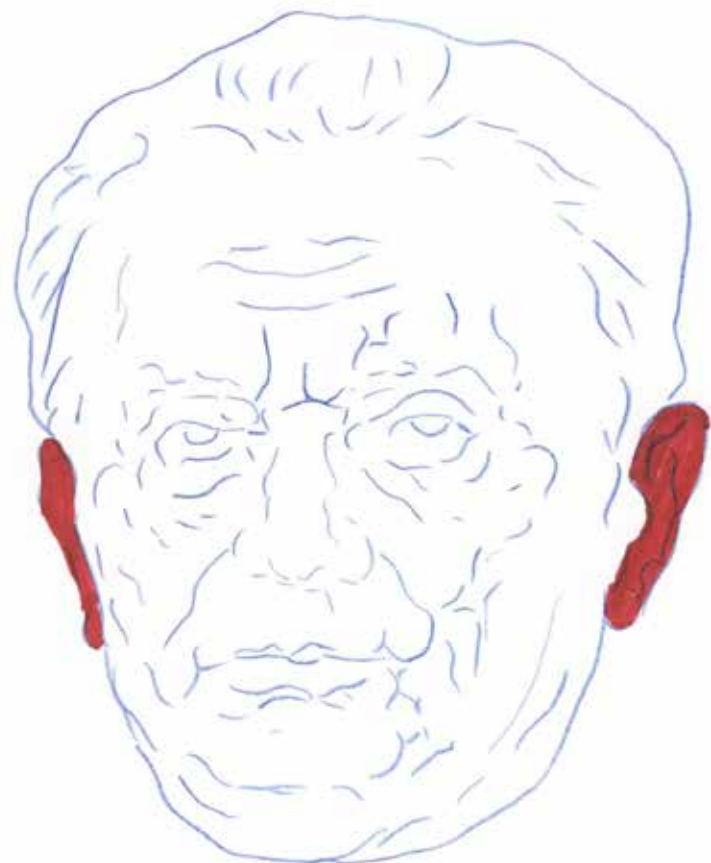
Life ~~is not~~ ~~what you think it is~~ <sup>what it is</sup> dreams.

~~11. ...~~ just blue  
~~12. ...~~



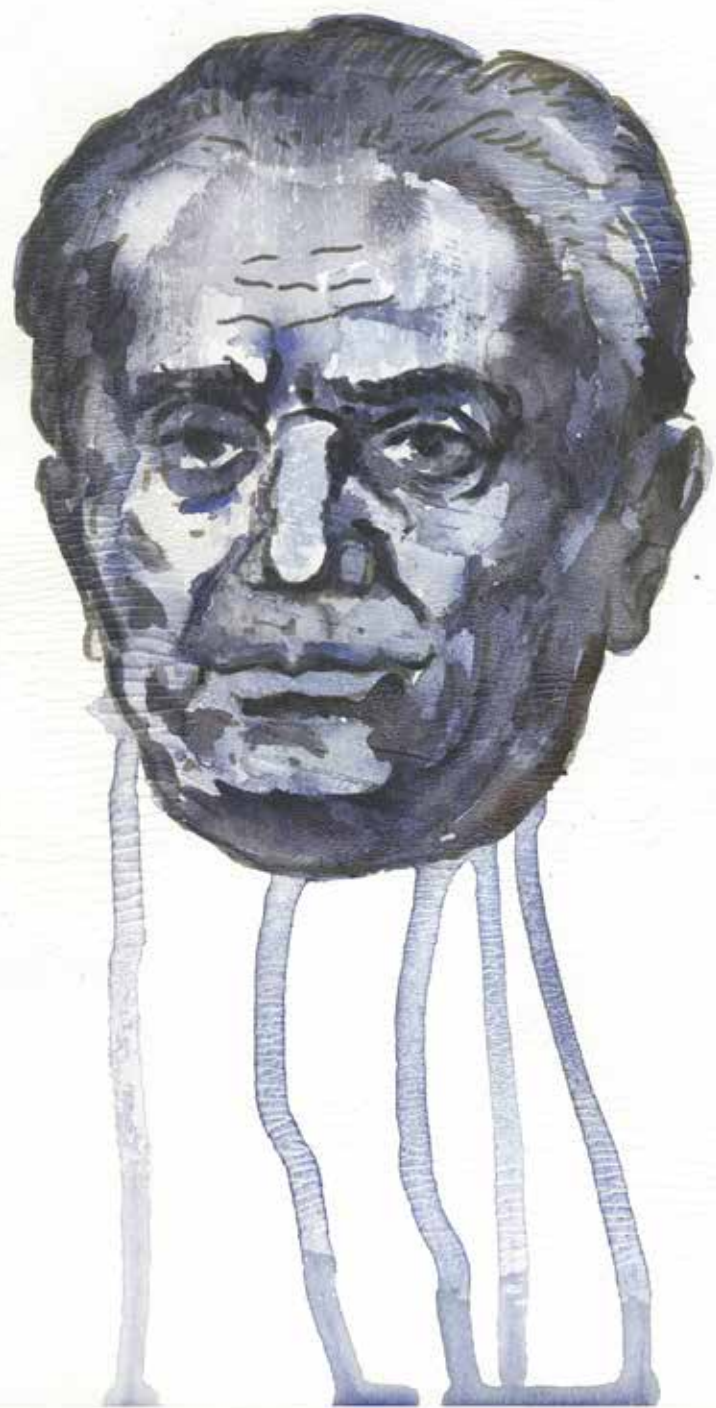


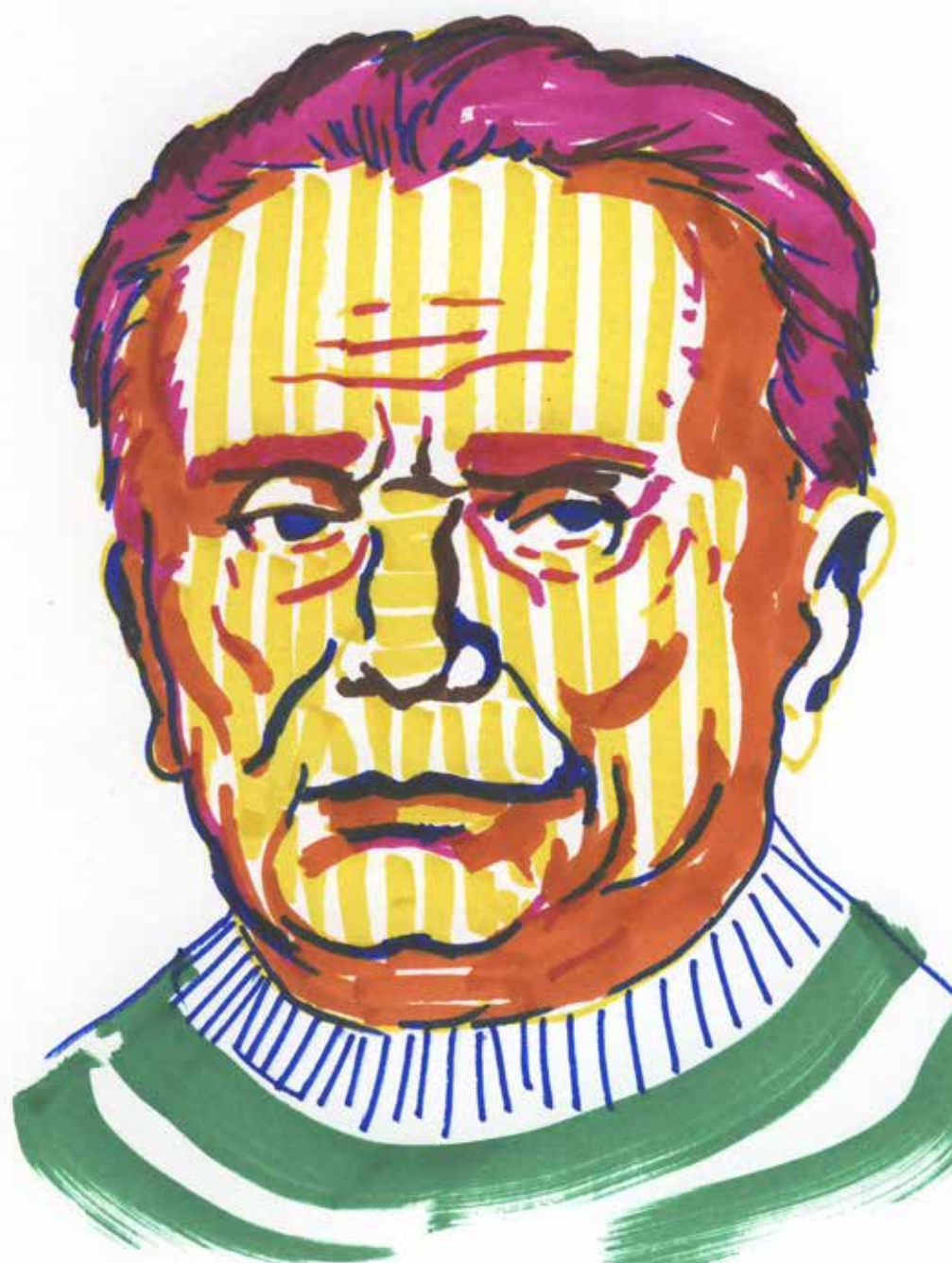






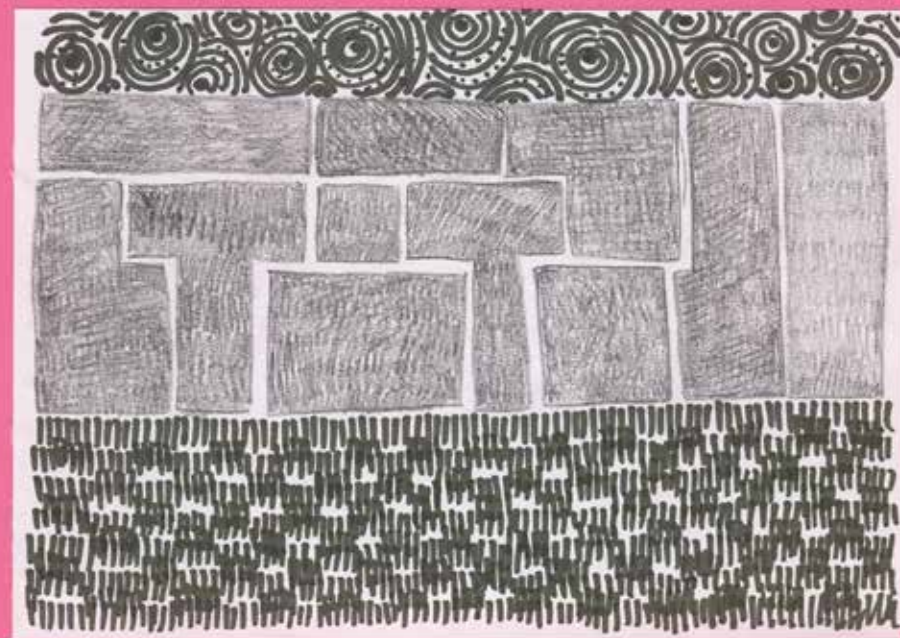




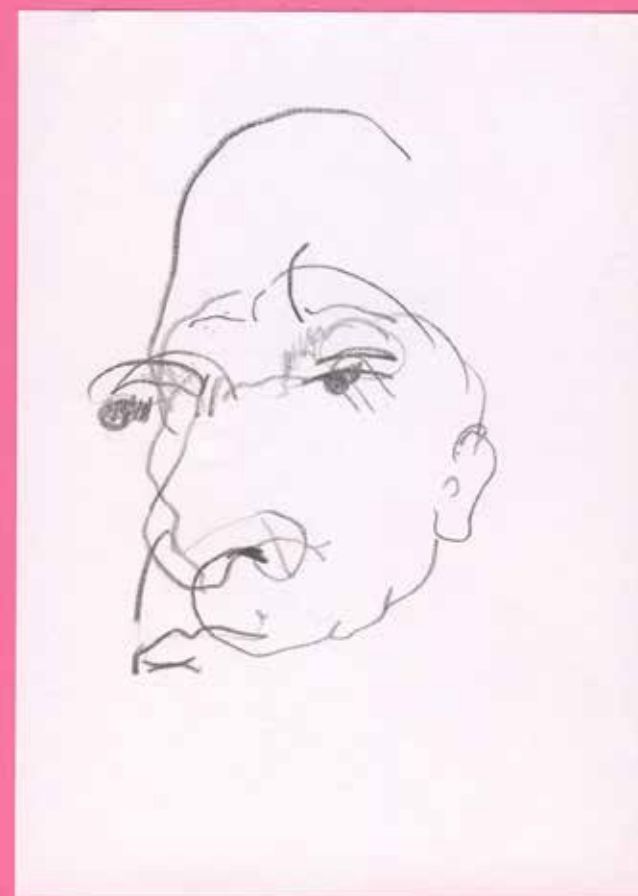














. TITO







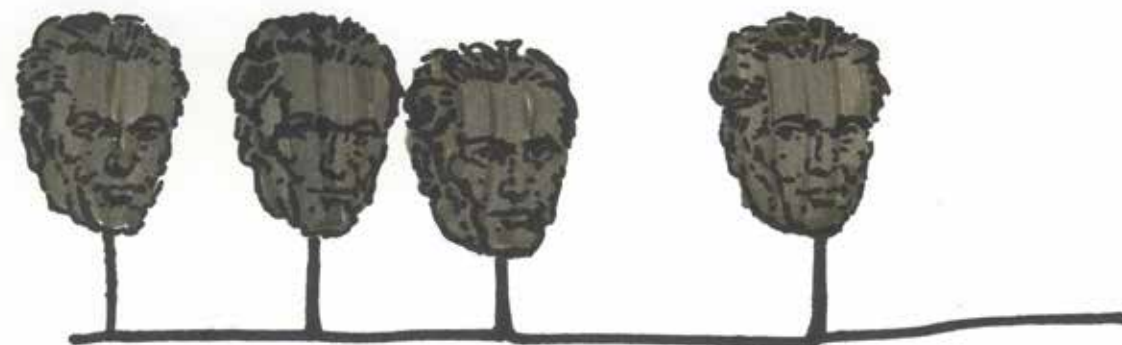
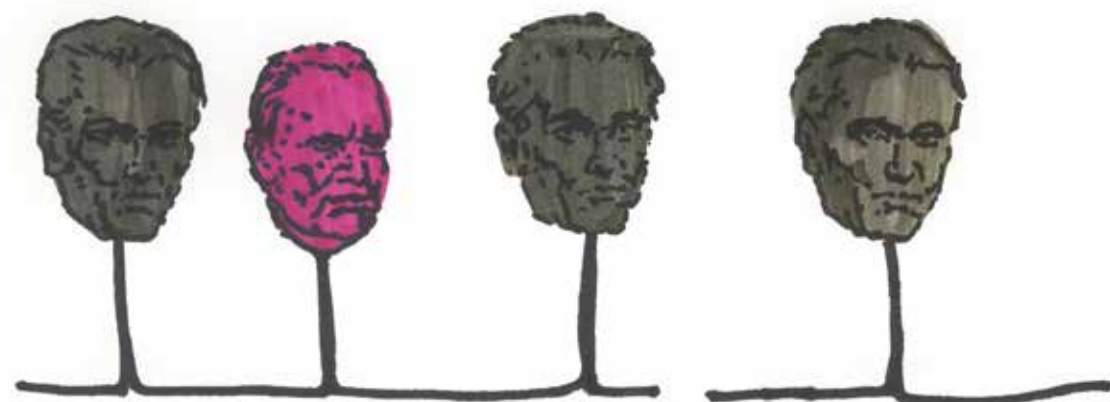
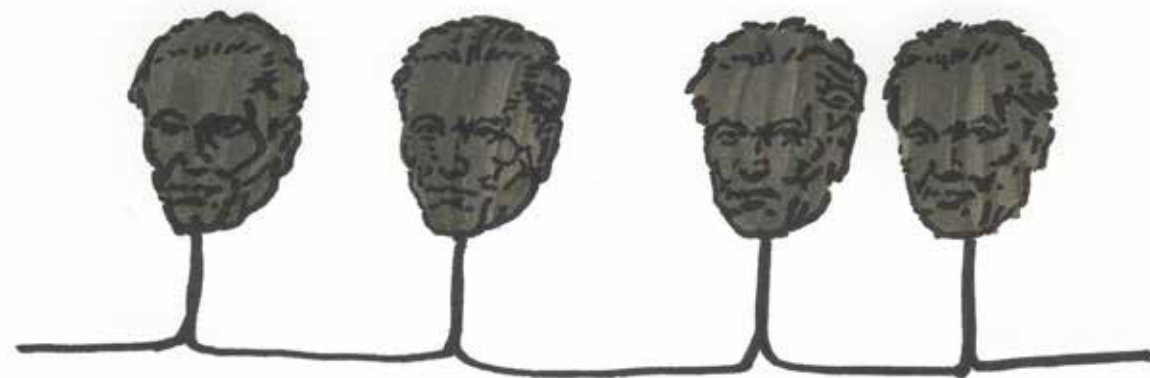






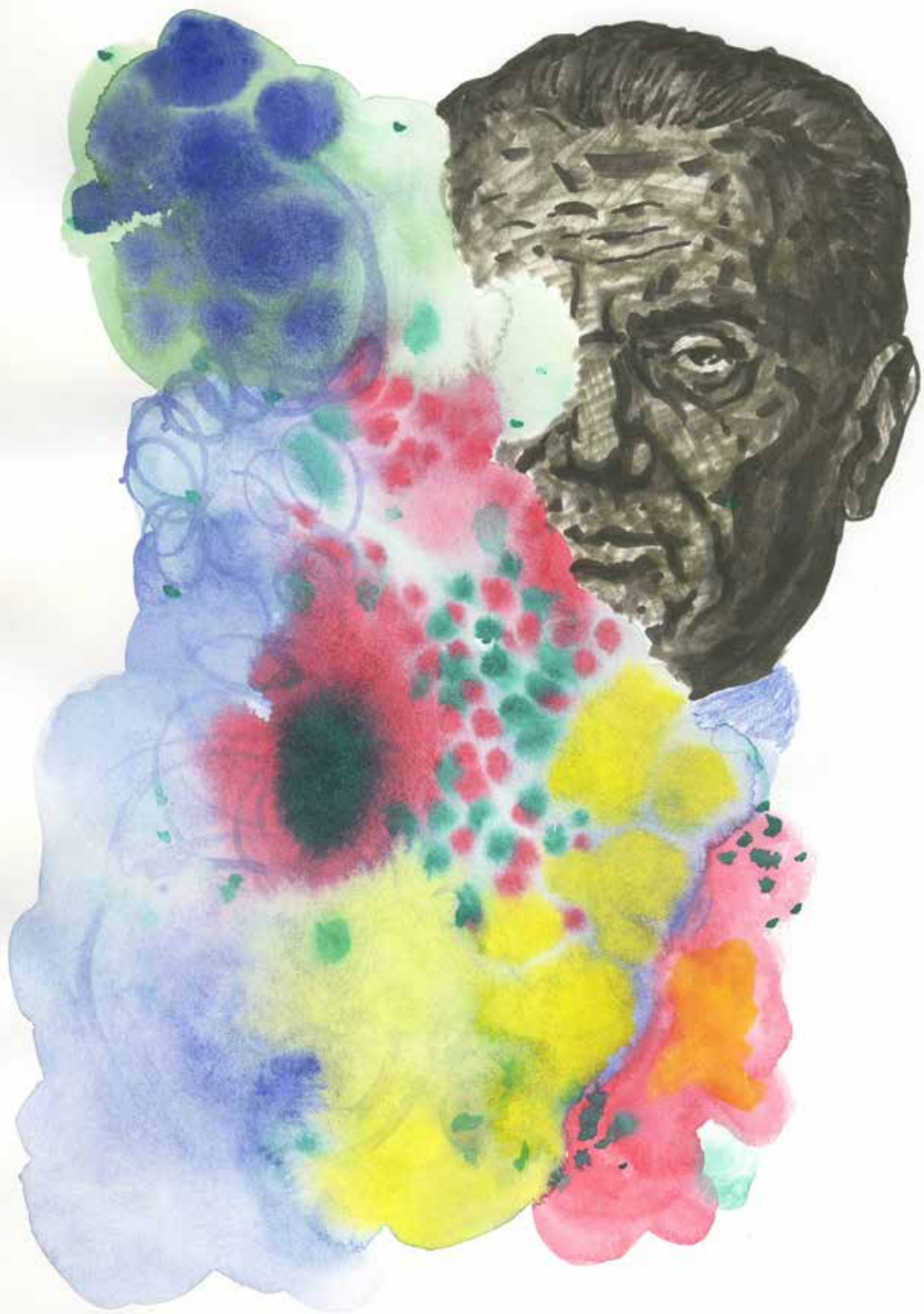


AND WE TRY  
NOT TO LET  
THOSE BASTARDS LET US  
DOWN



+ -







Alfie West, *Twin Roses with My Hair One Hair*, no date. Verso text reads: "13 split parts and 2 ace of diamonds."



Alfie West, *Fork Lightning Flashes from a Hair*, 1960. Verso text reads: "One shoving has been cut down this hair, and no more. But that fine shoving has been split into five parts to make fork lightning, 1960. Guinness Book of Records. Unchallenged since 1976."



Alfie West, *The England Football*, 1965. Verso text reads: "7 split parts are seen with this hair 1965."

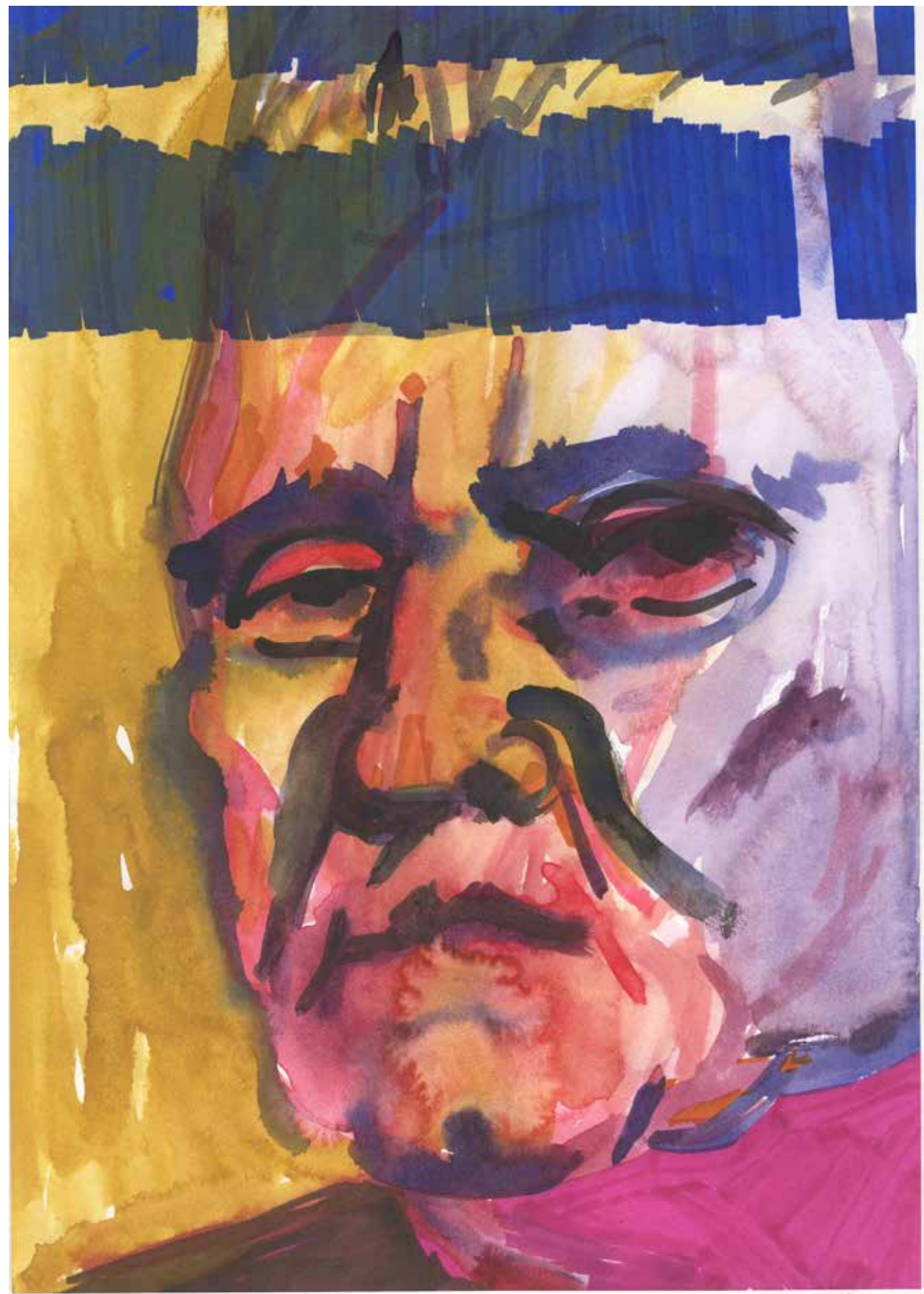
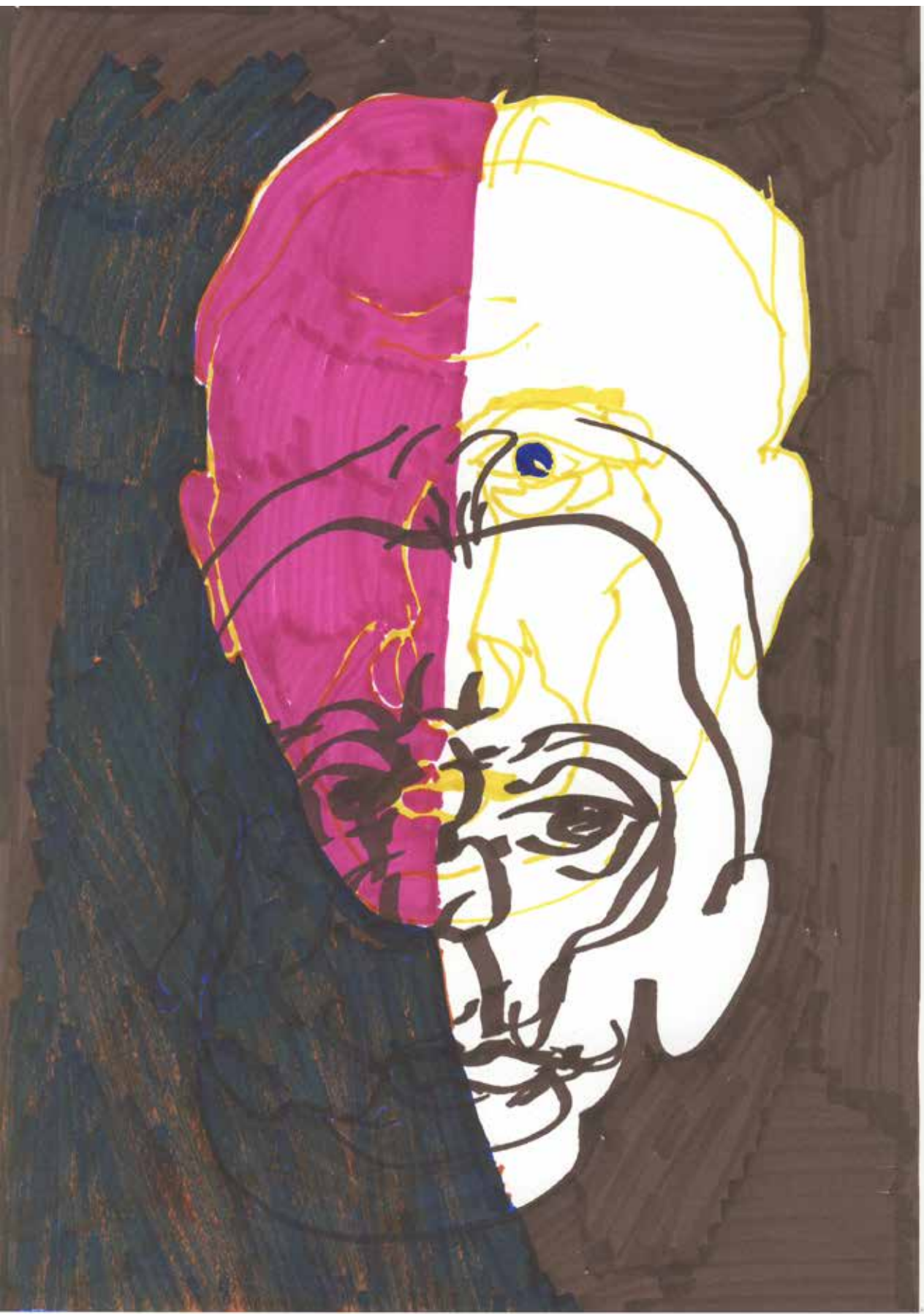


Alfie West, *The Leaf of the Lime Tree, World Record*, 1980. Verso text reads: "World Record No. 6 One human hair split into 18 parts televised by Japan 1980 Guinness Book of Records since 1976."

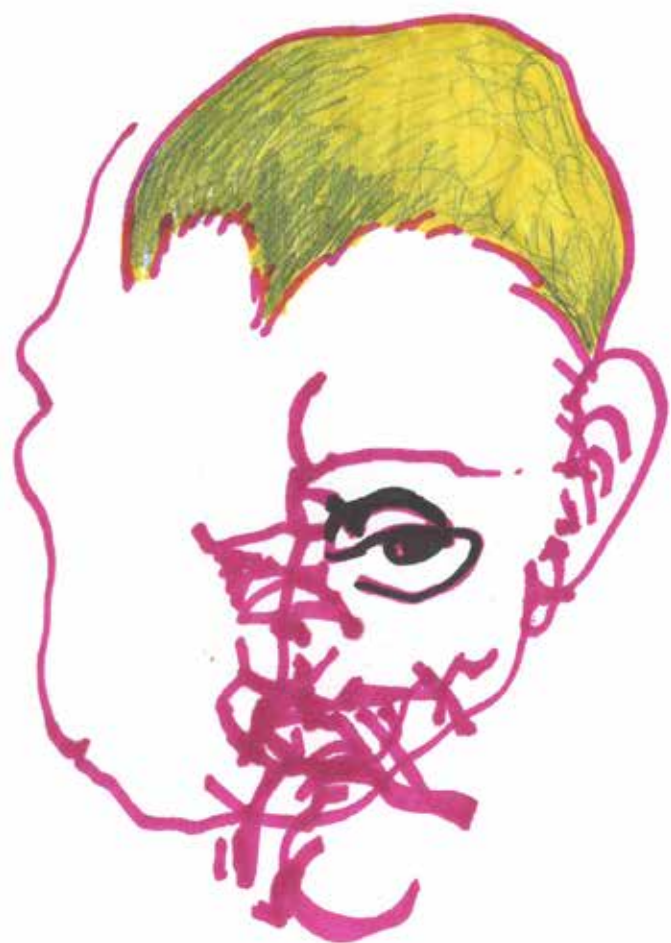


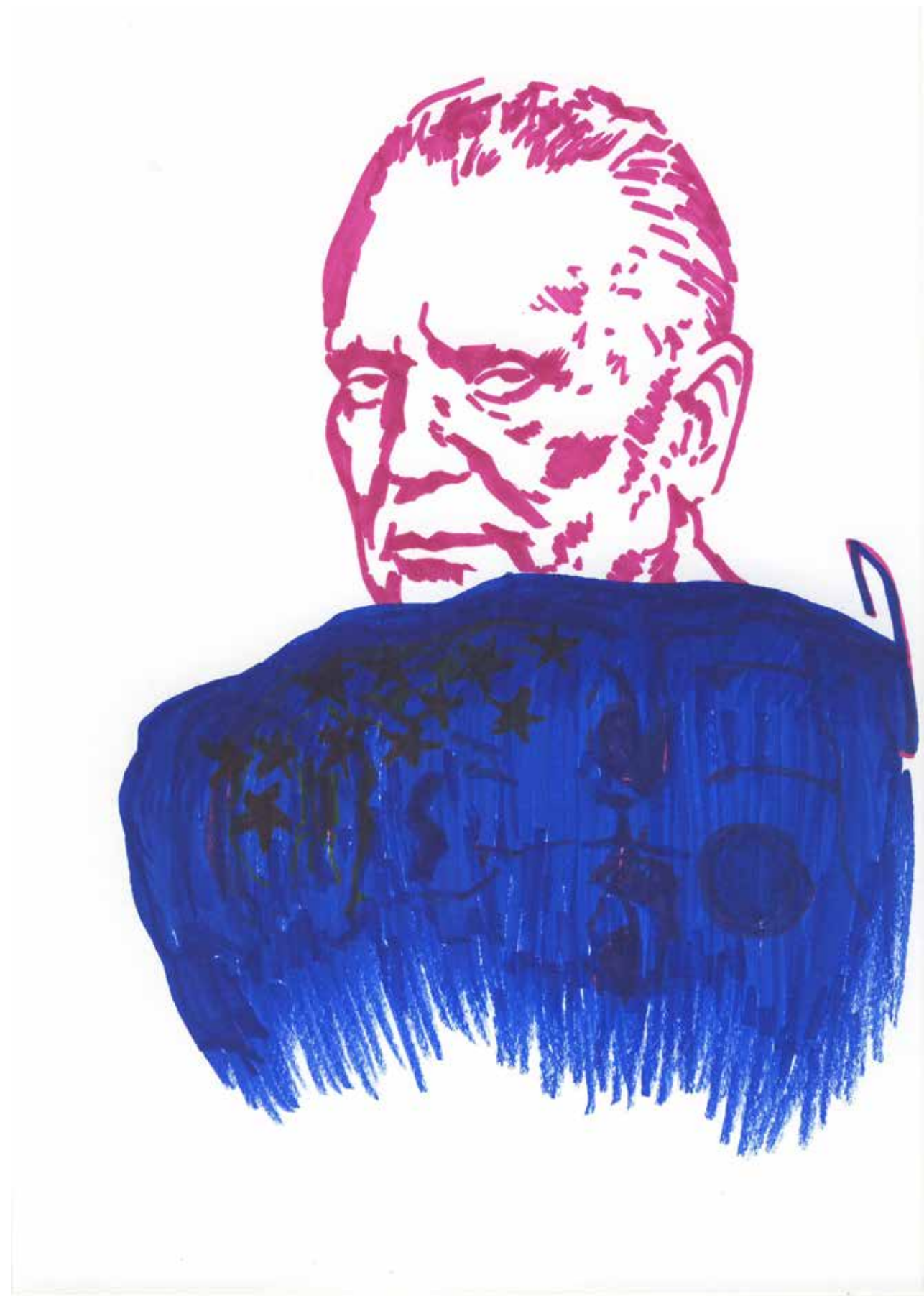
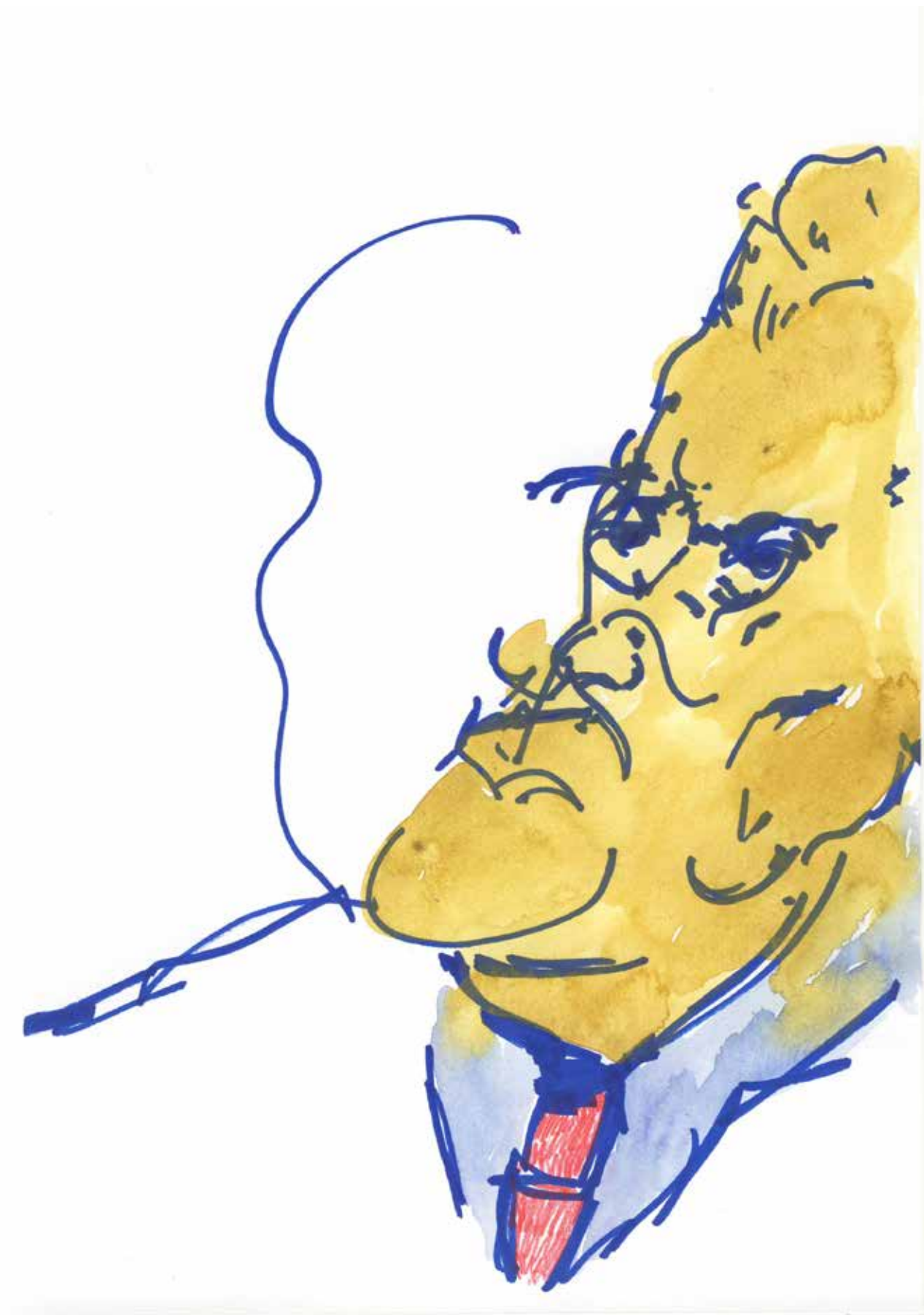












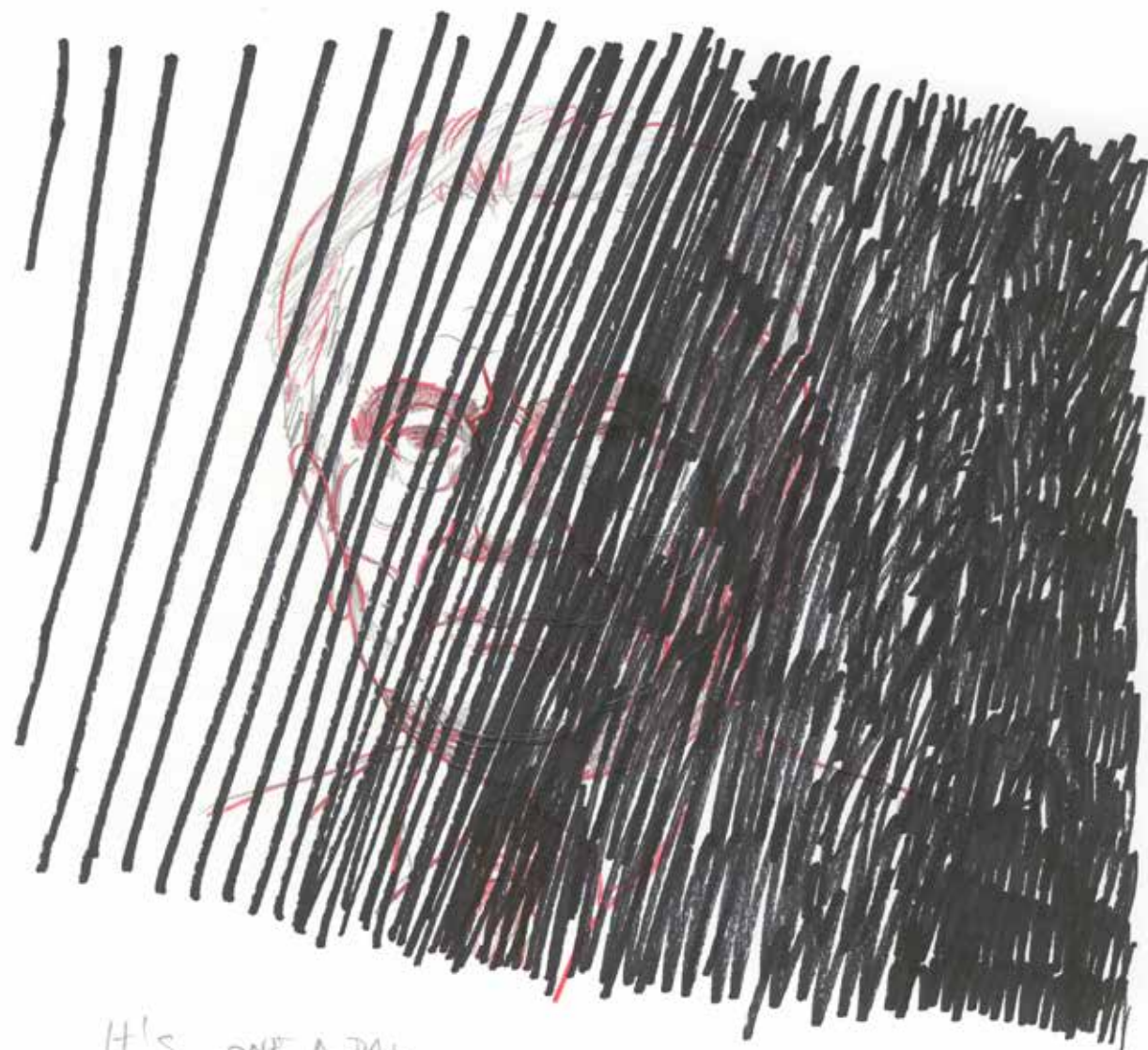




~~SOVIETSKA~~  
SOCIALISTIČNA FEDERATIVNA  
REPUBLIKA ~~REPUBLIKA~~



~~LOOK IT UP!~~



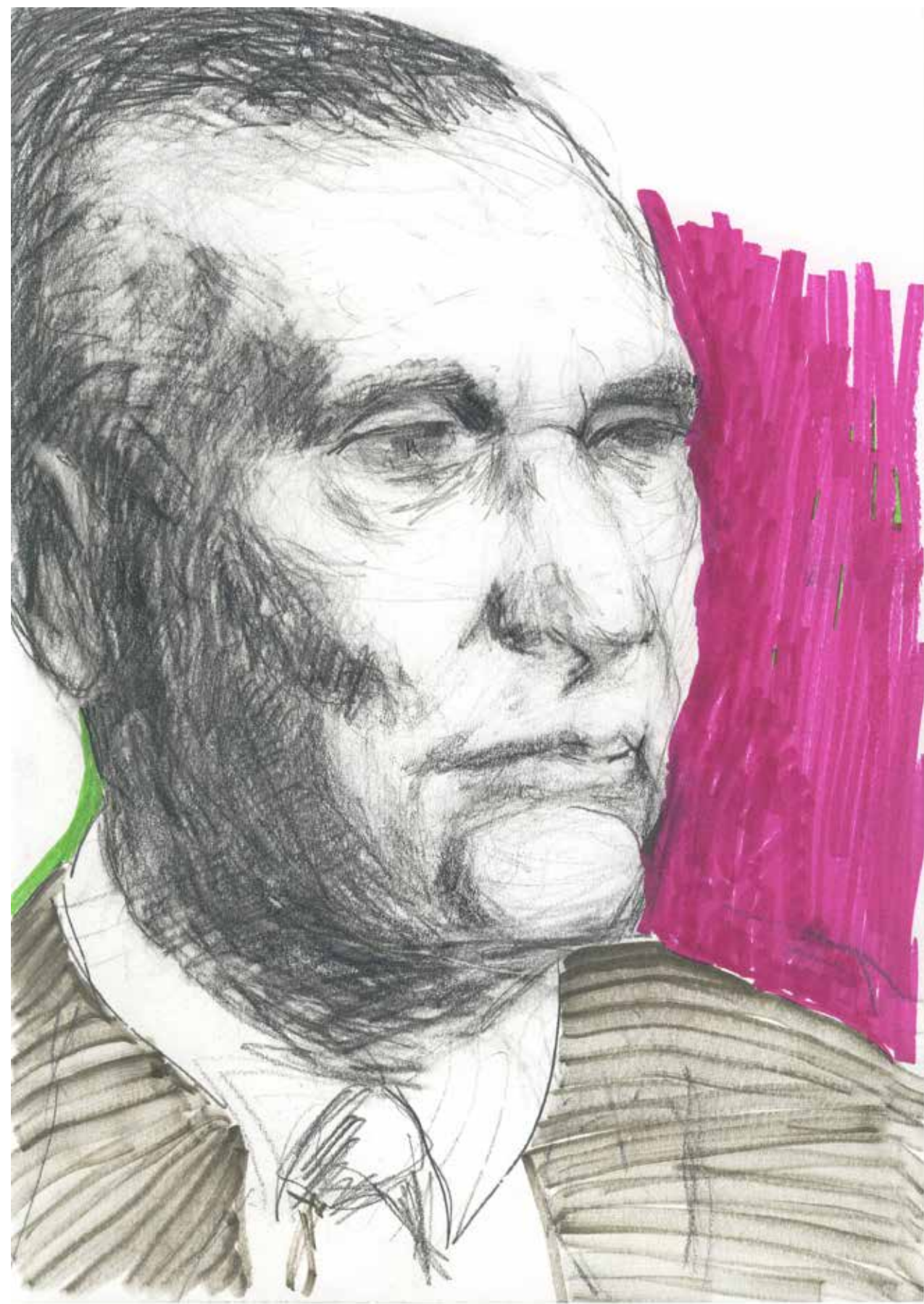
IT'S ONE A DAY.

NOONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT GOOD.

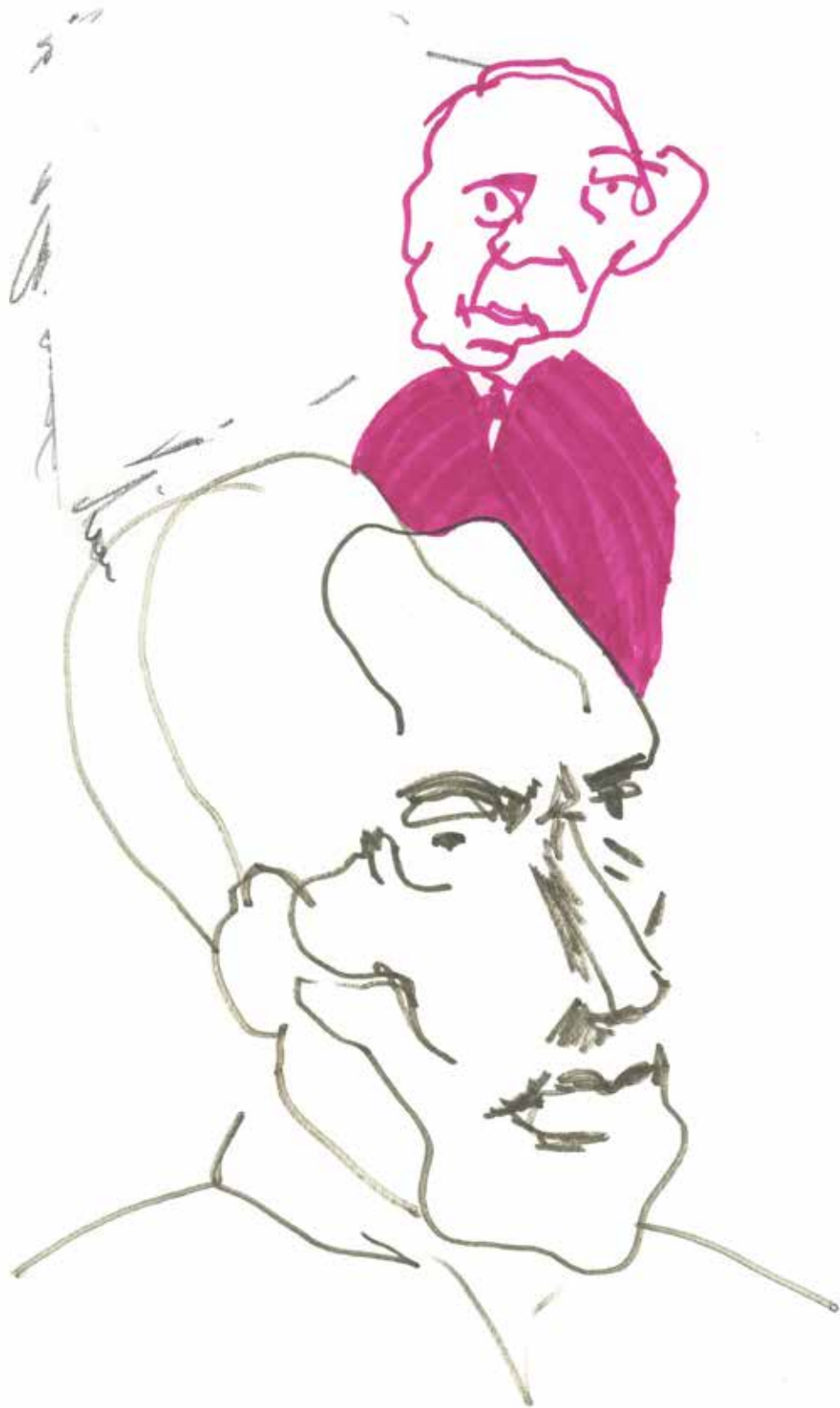
























BERLIN SMÖRLIN



T T T T  
T I T O T T I T O  
T I T O T T I T O  
T I T O T T I T O

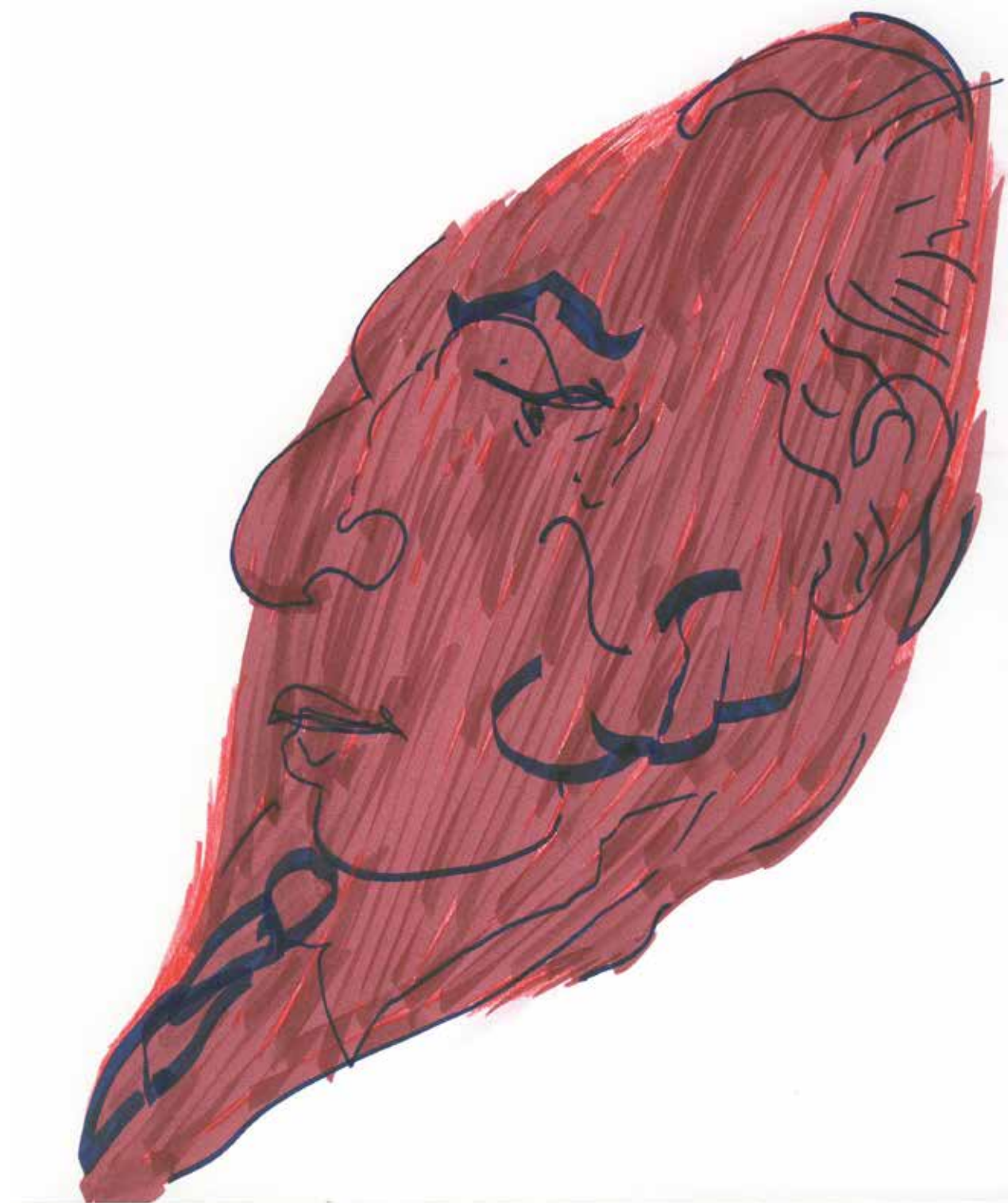
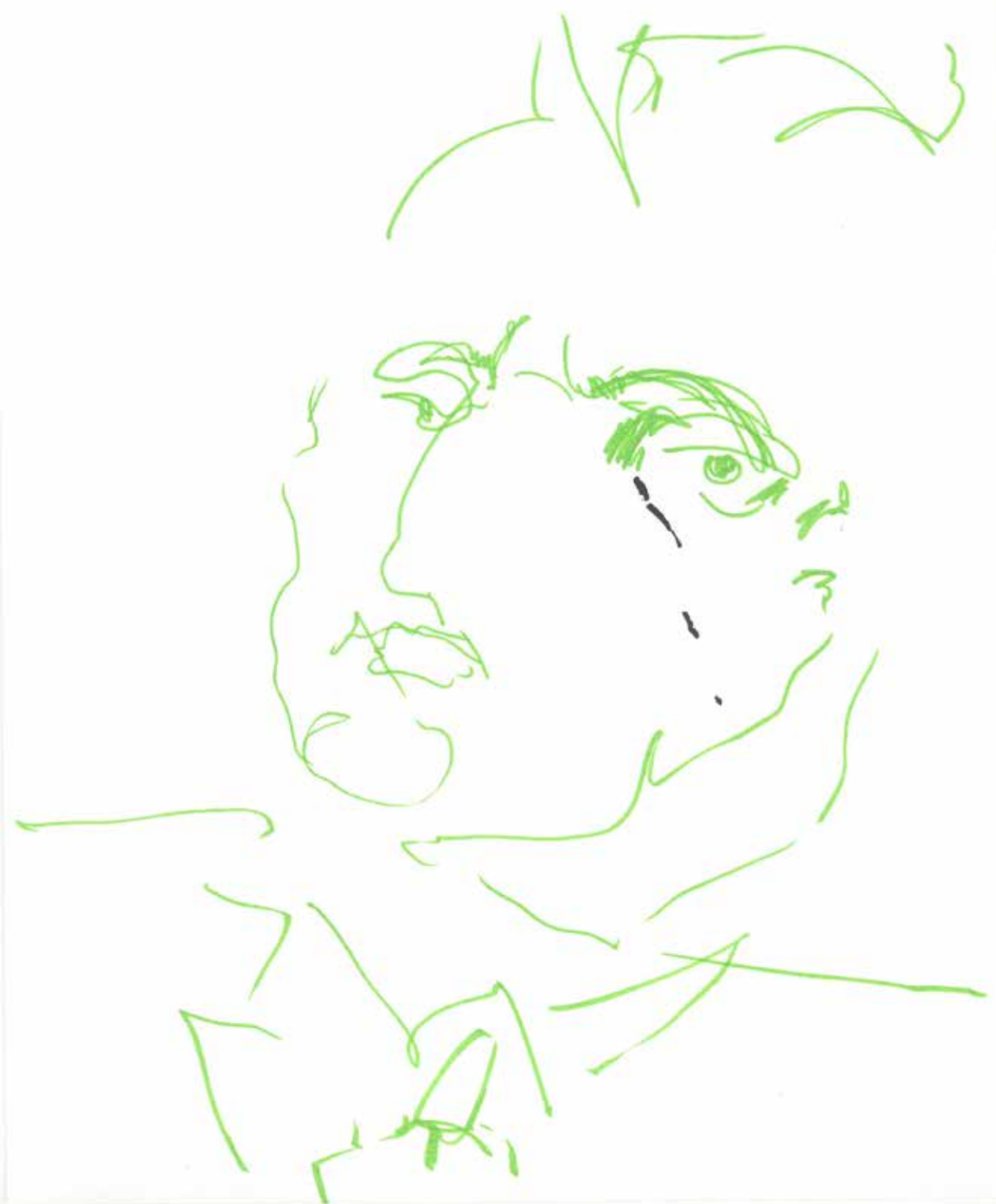
[illegible]

Wouldn't that be nice









NOT NOSTALGIC. JUST WEARY. AND  
FED UP WITH CAPITALISTIC ASSES AND  
DONKEYS. GOYA HAS A NICE DRAWING.



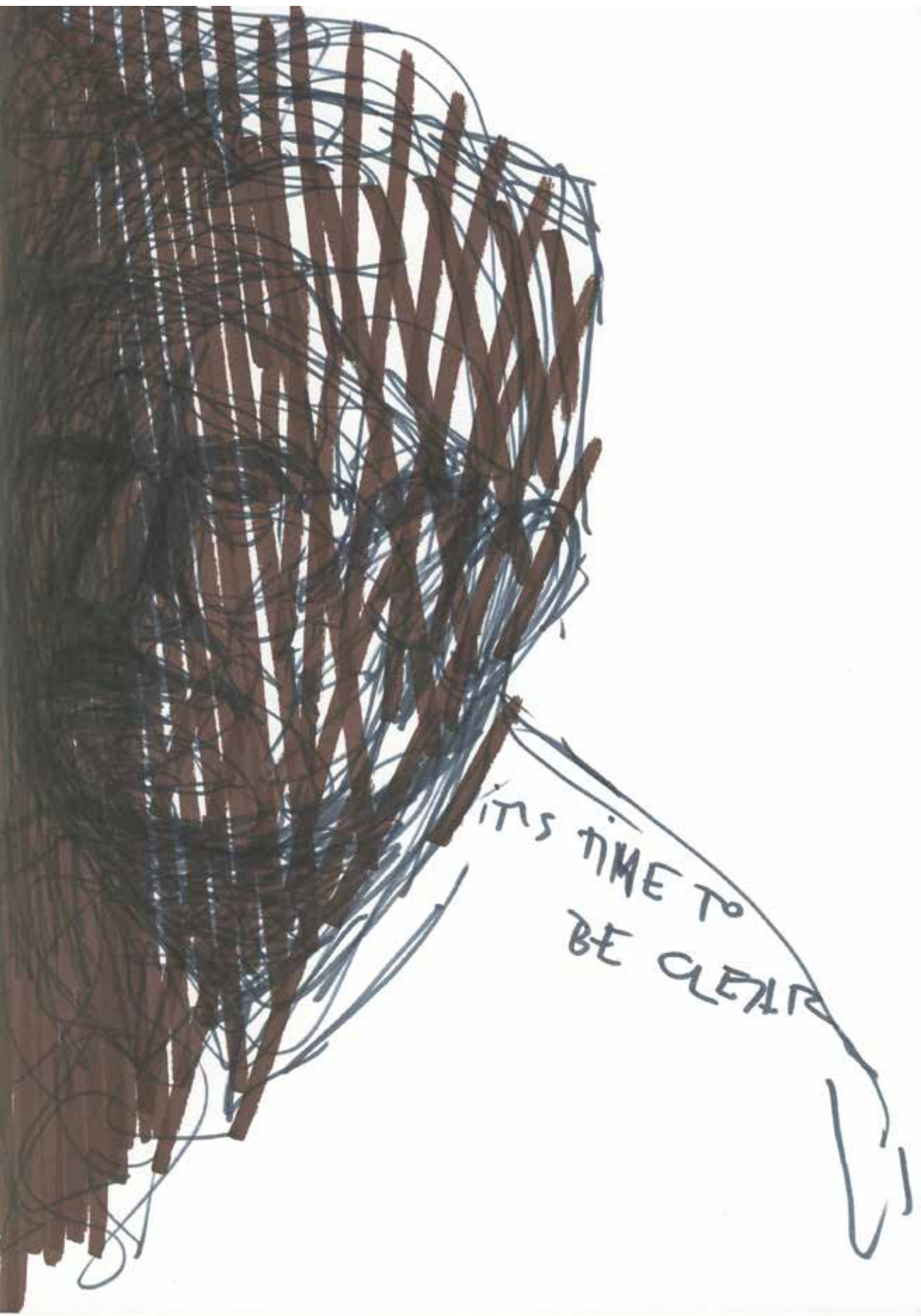
MONEY WAS ACTUALLY REALLY  
LESS IMPORTANT.

EVEN IF BECAUSE NO-  
ONE HAD ANY.



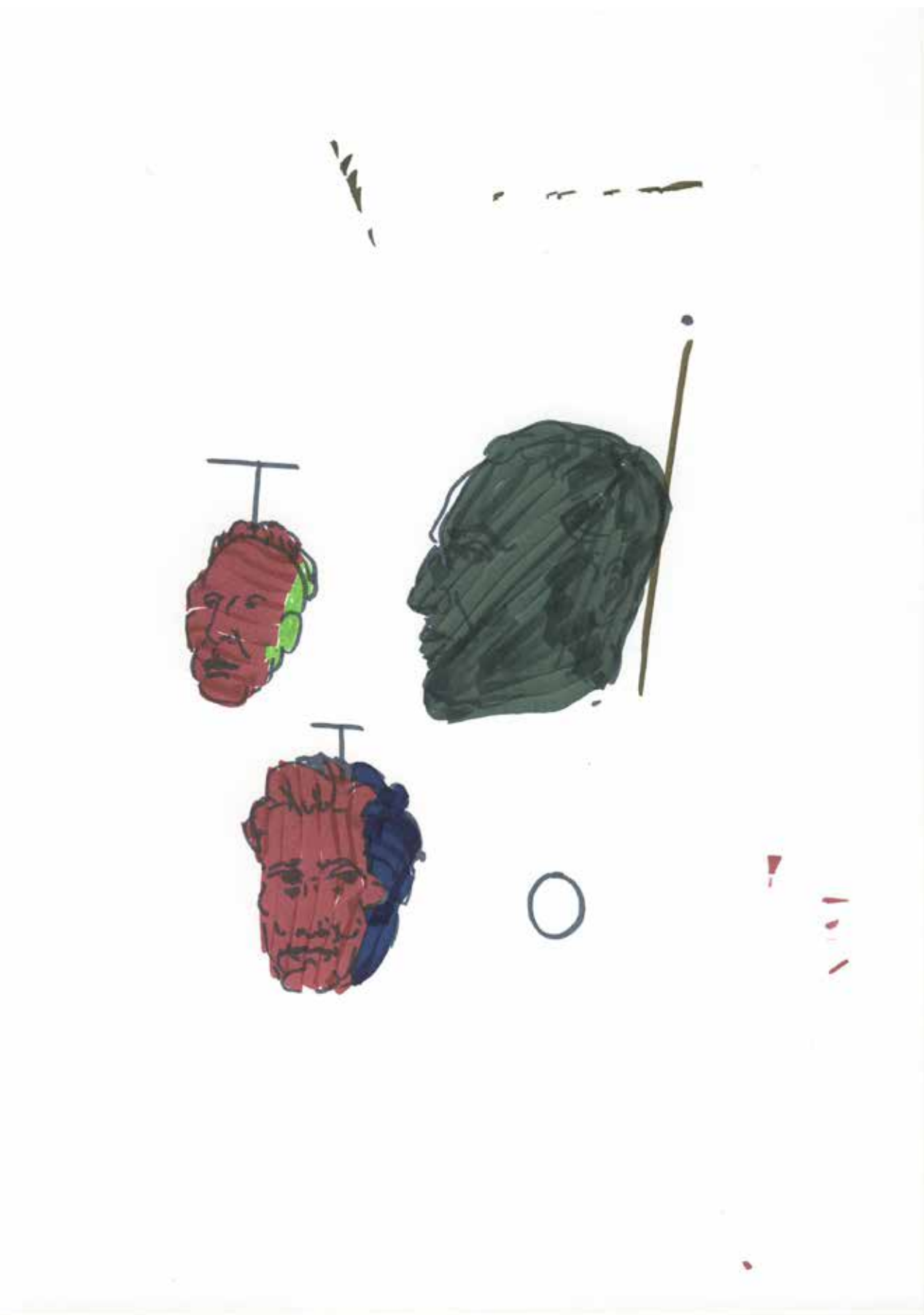




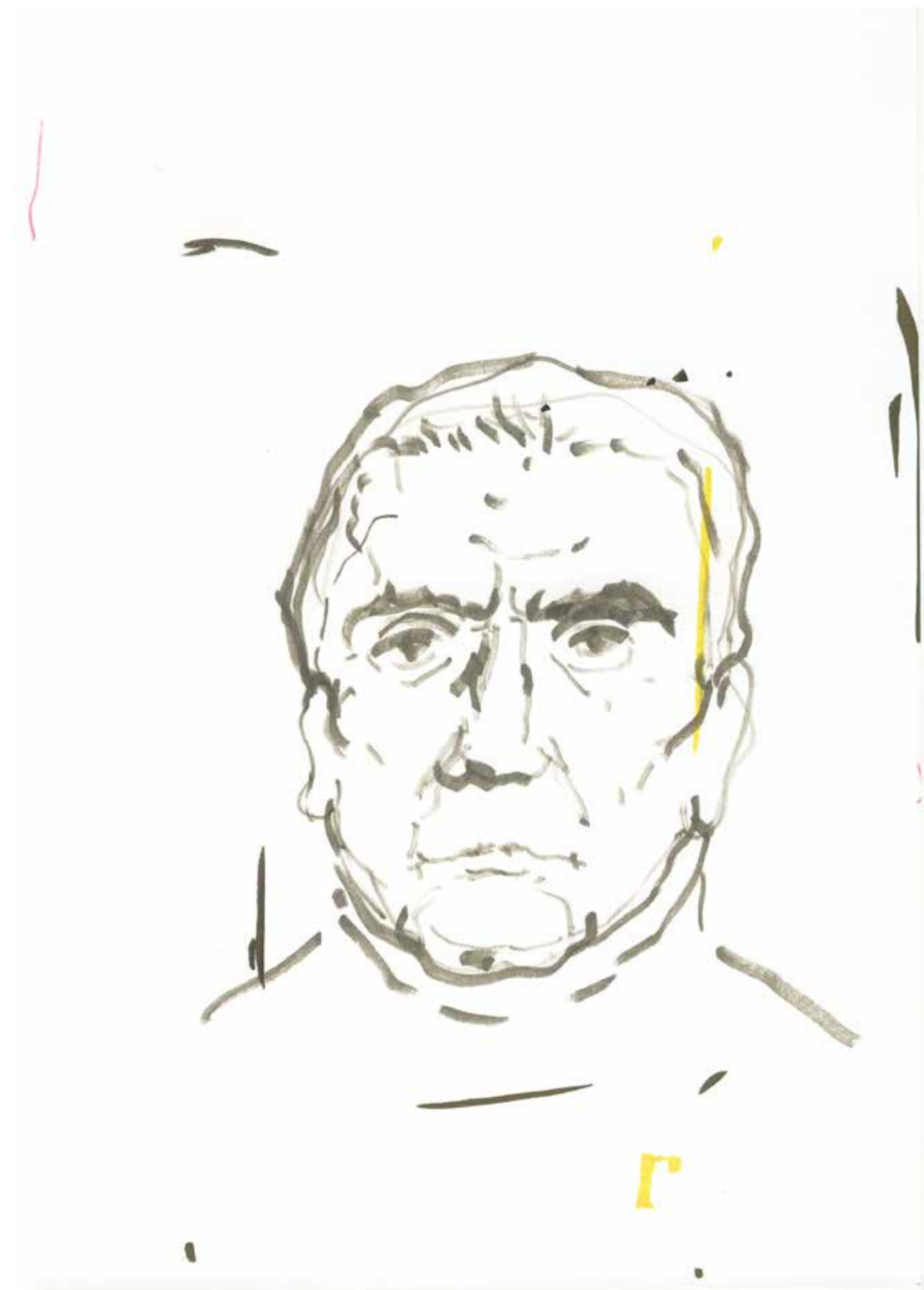


I COULD BE <sup>SUCH</sup> AN ASSET IF THE  
WORLD WASN'T SUCH AN ASS







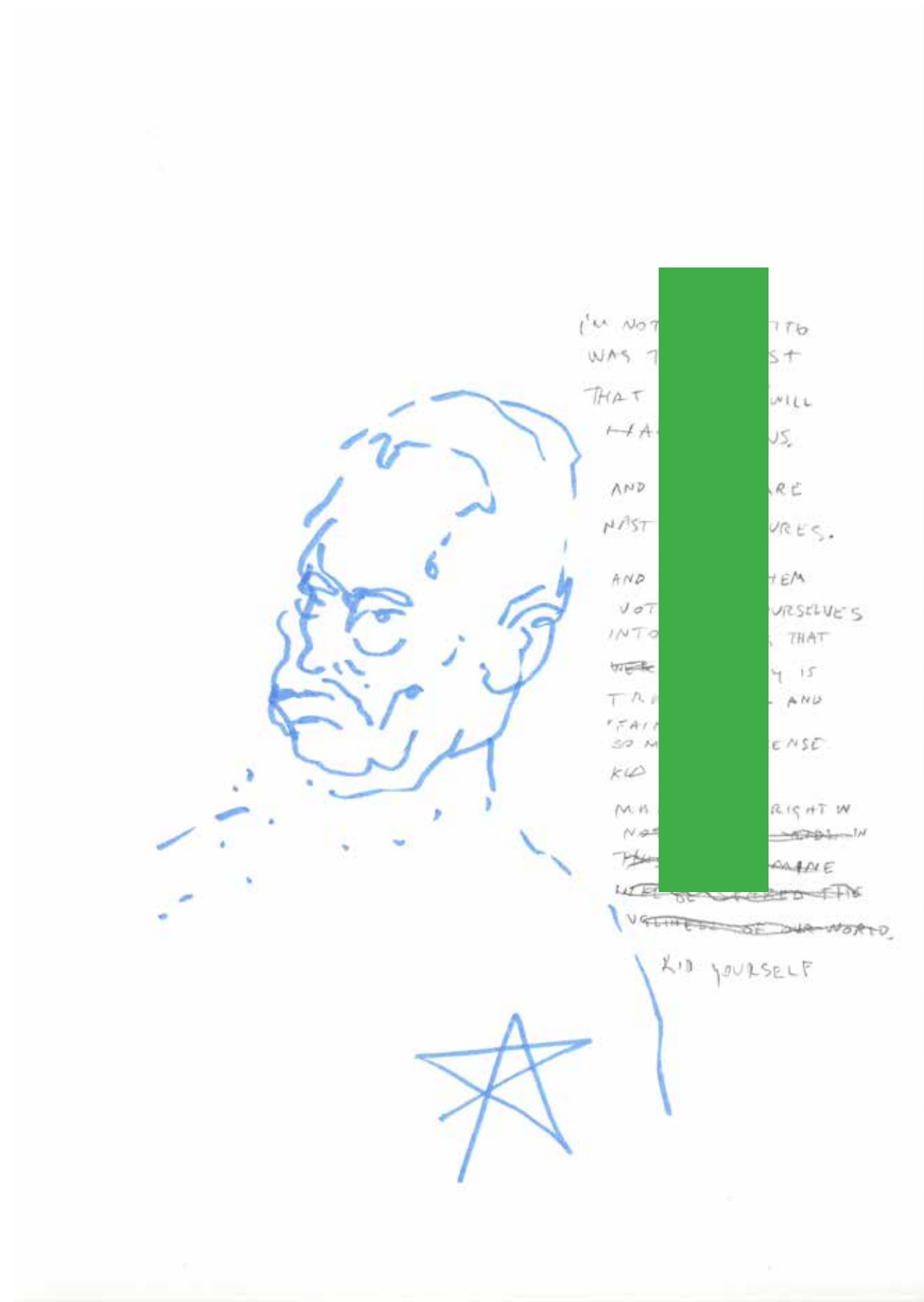






BLUE, LIKE ME









IF MY HEAD

IN THE WORLD

733 P5P SSS P555 7553 TPSS SSS P5P53535



Who cares? - P555 P555 -  
Who cares? - P555 P555 -

WHO CARES.







!



!

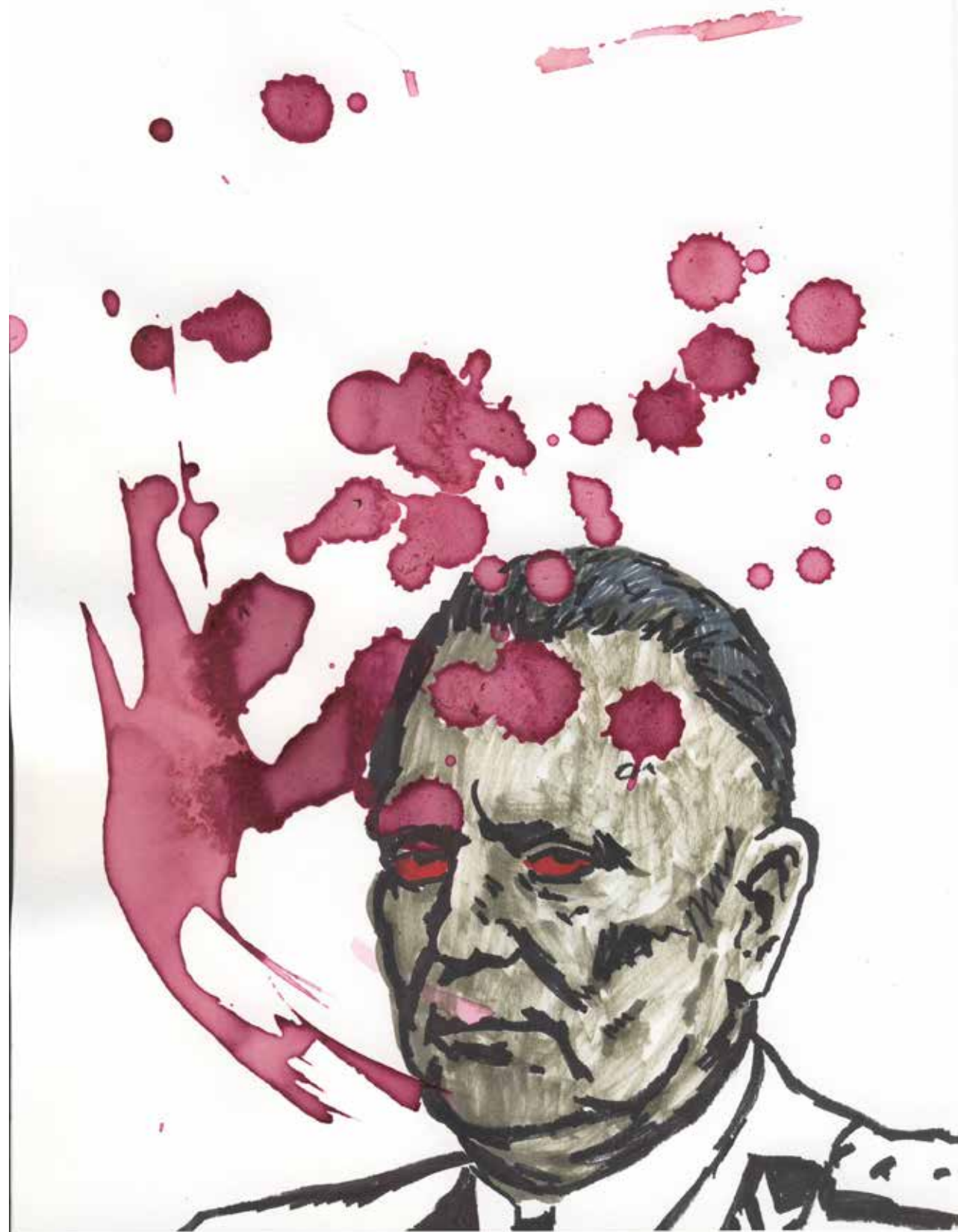






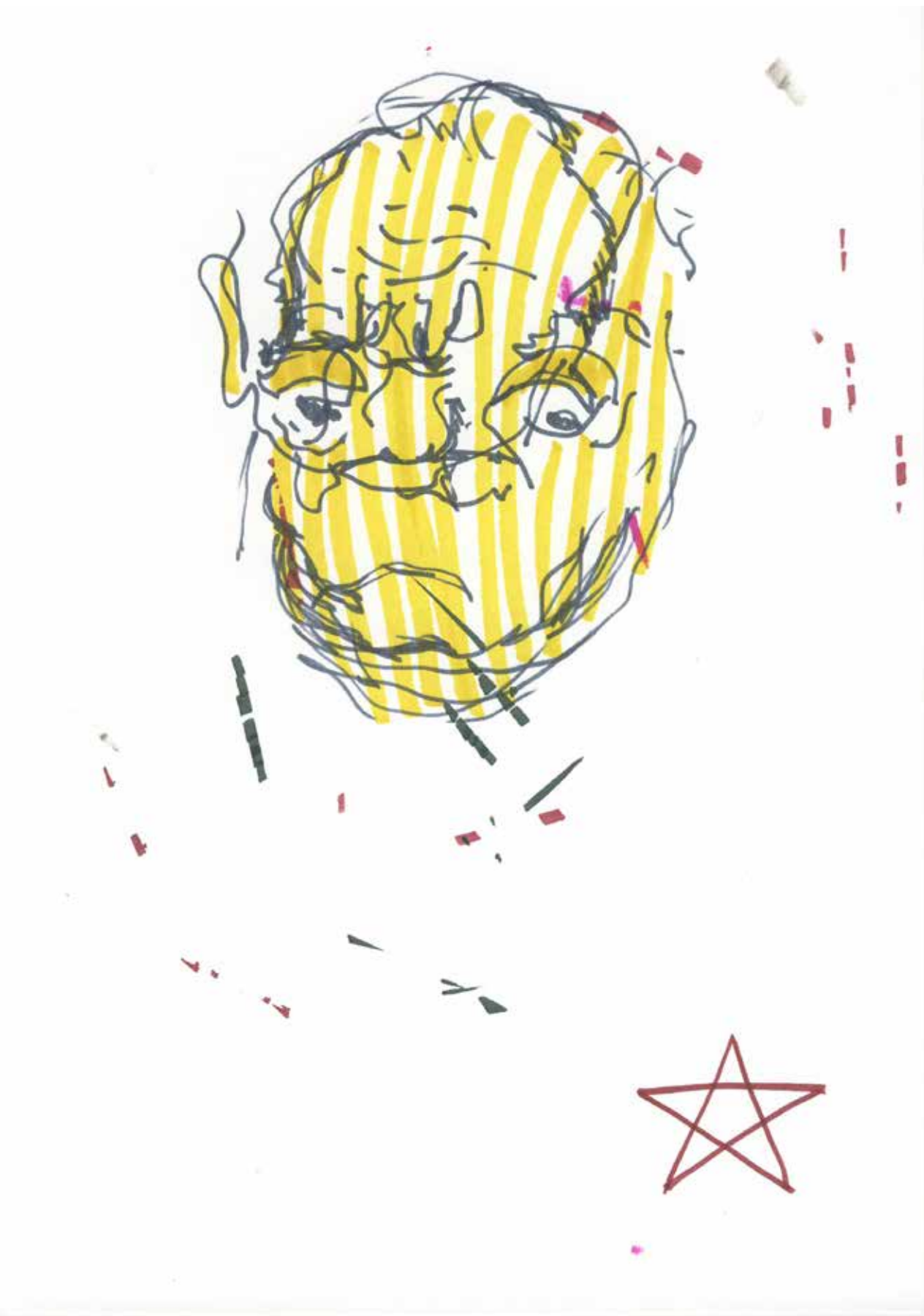


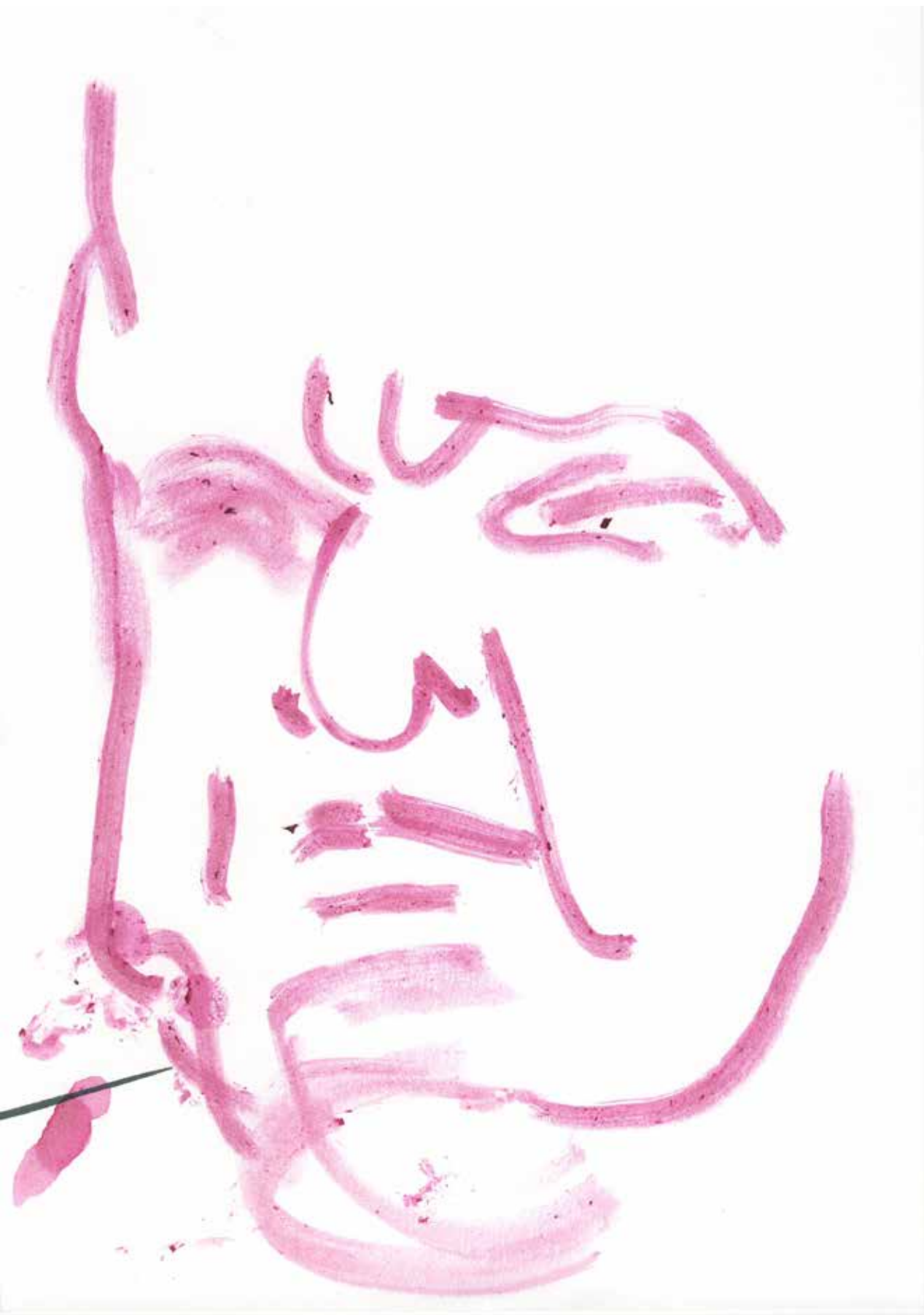
at least 100,000







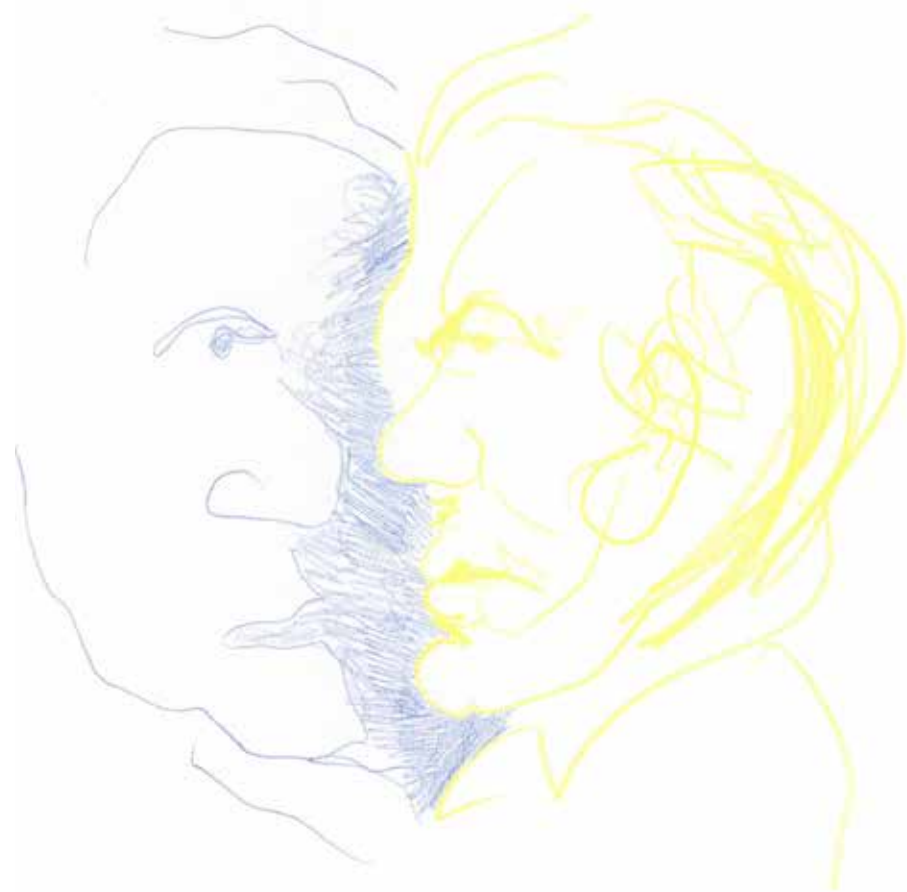




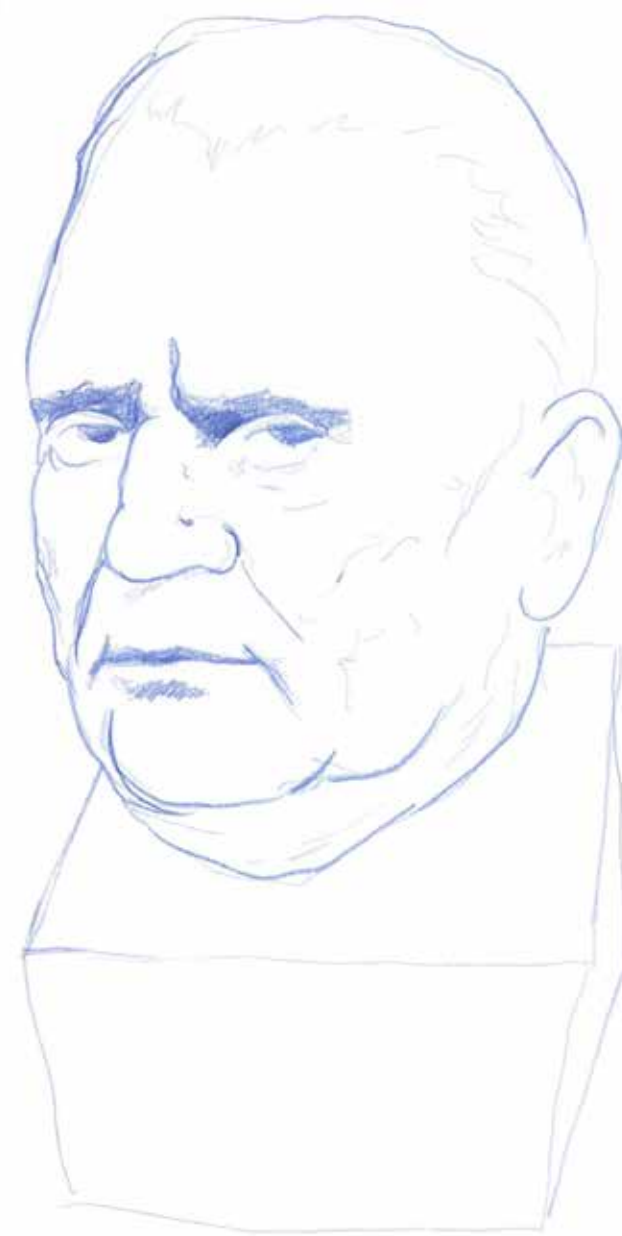












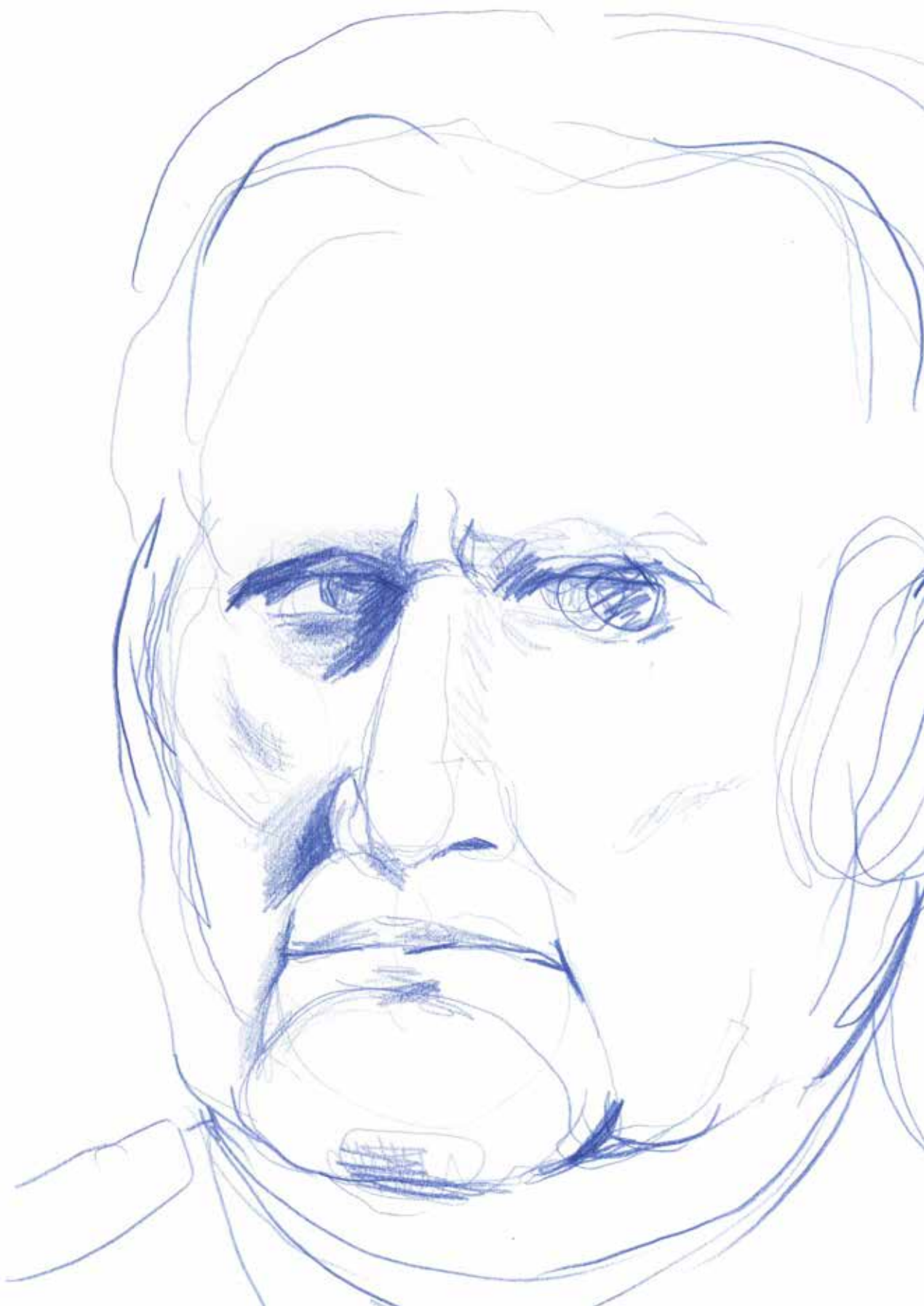


dictator's nose





dictator's eye

























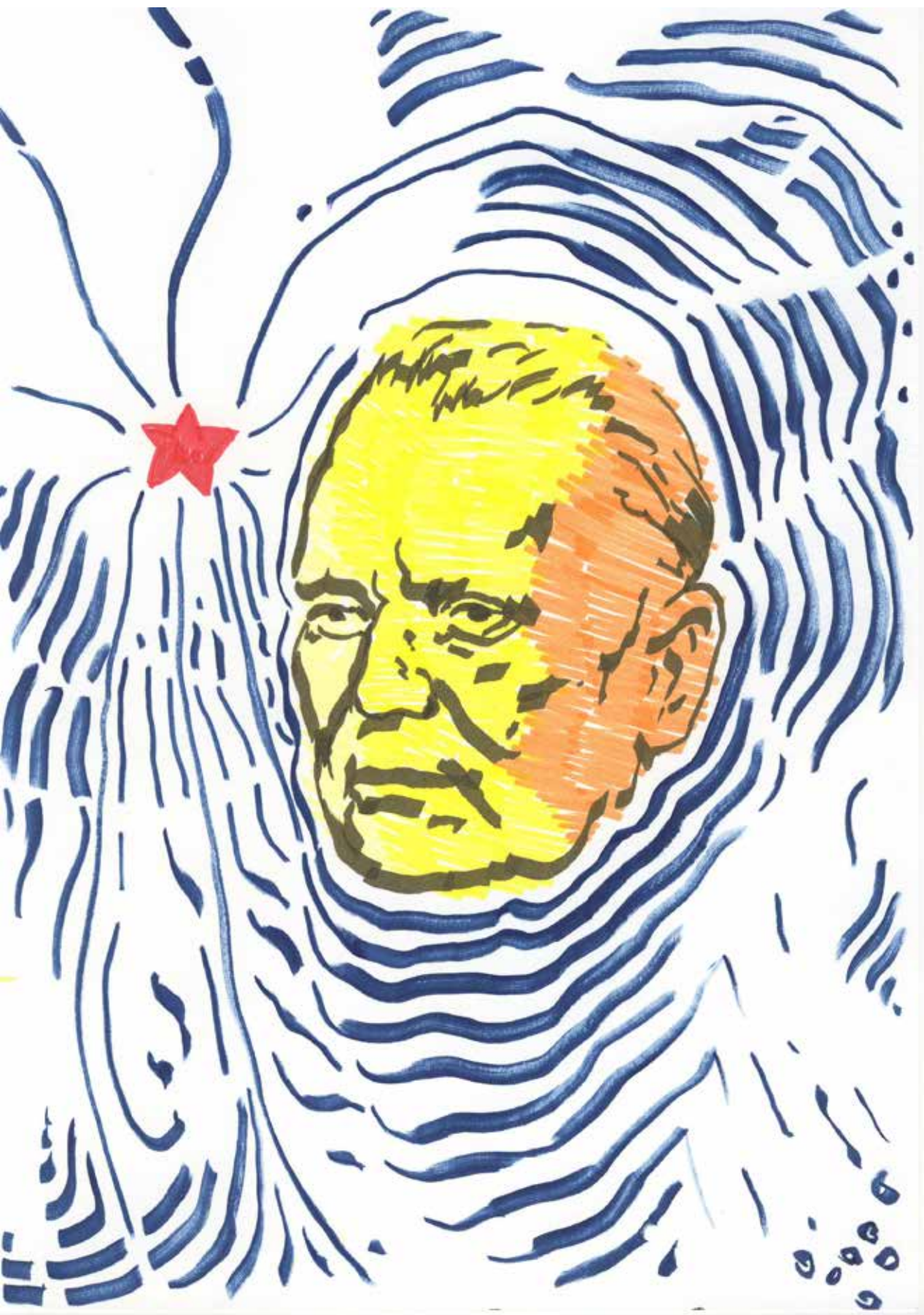






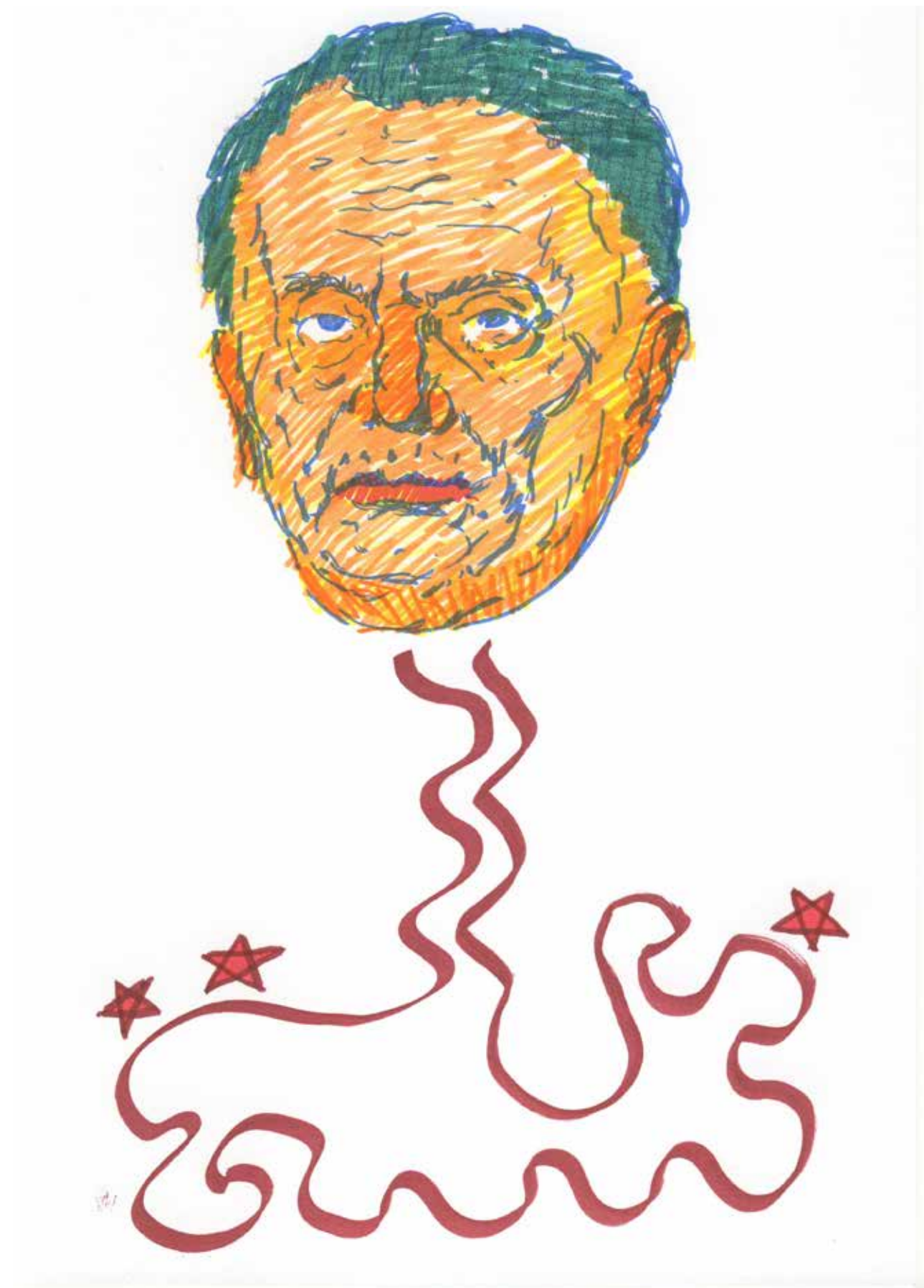












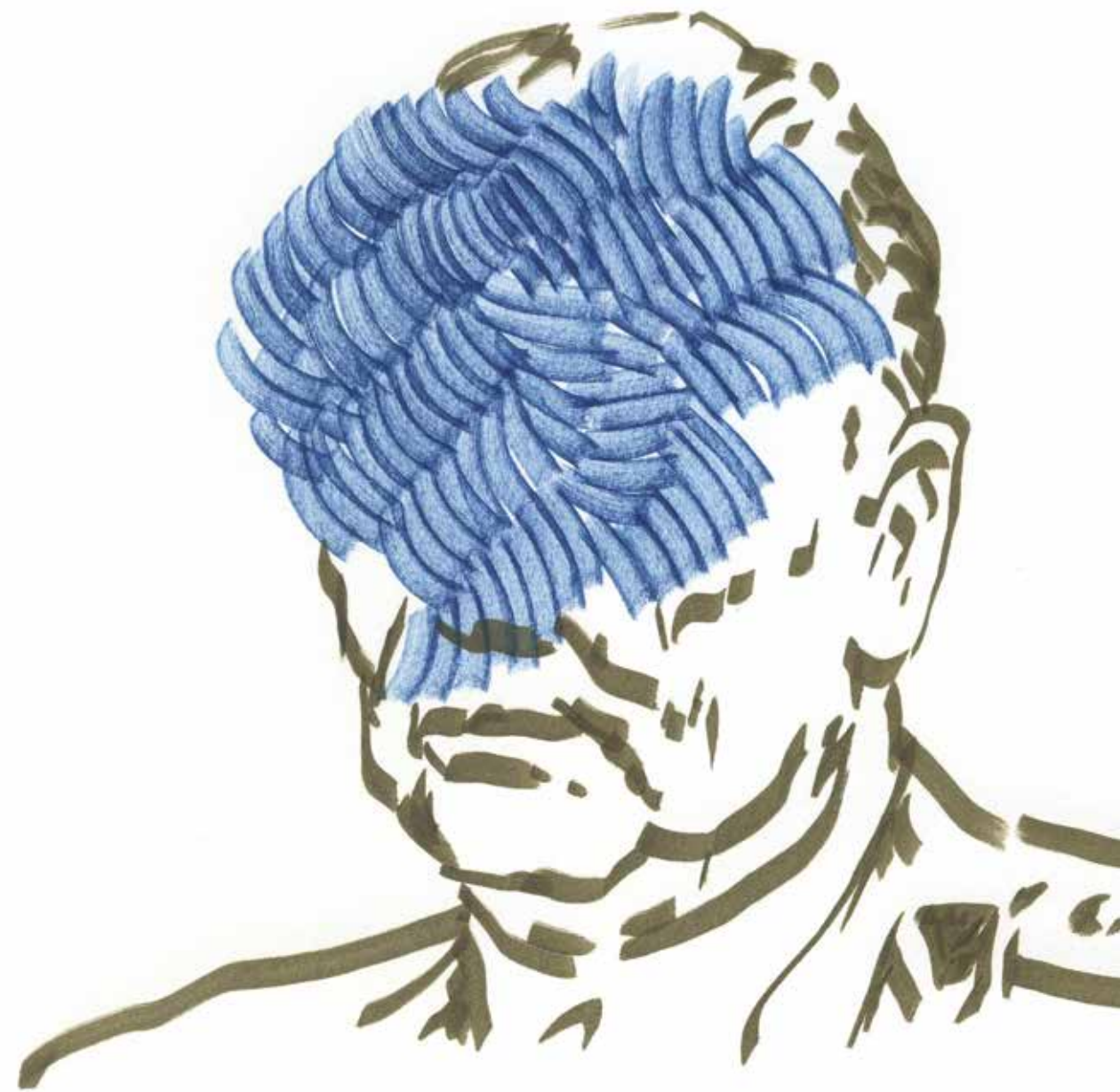
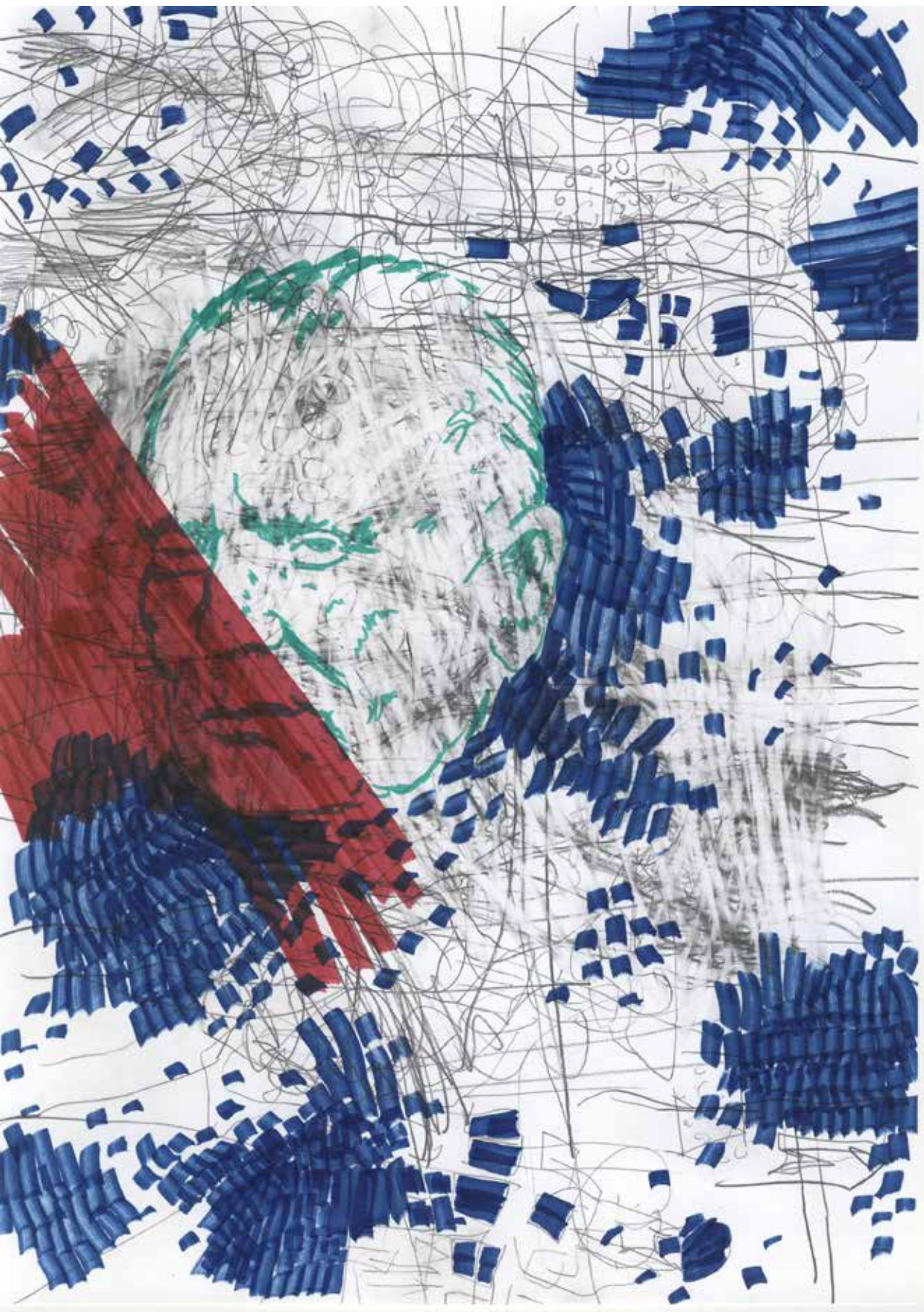








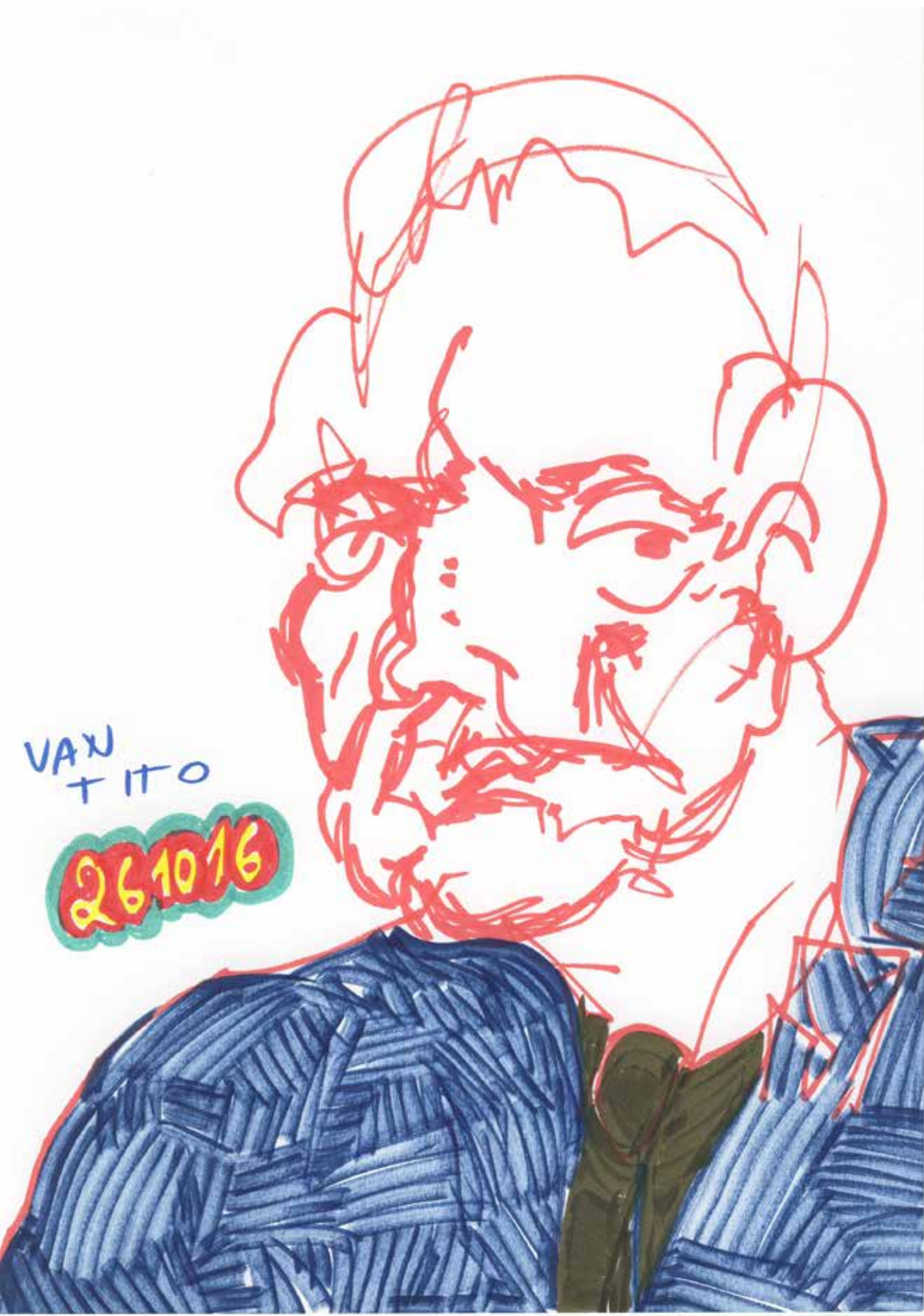


















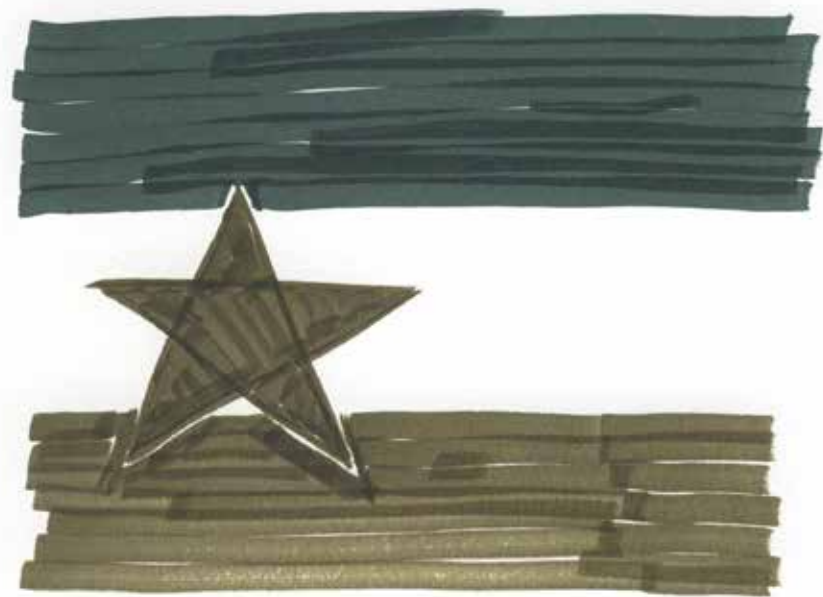




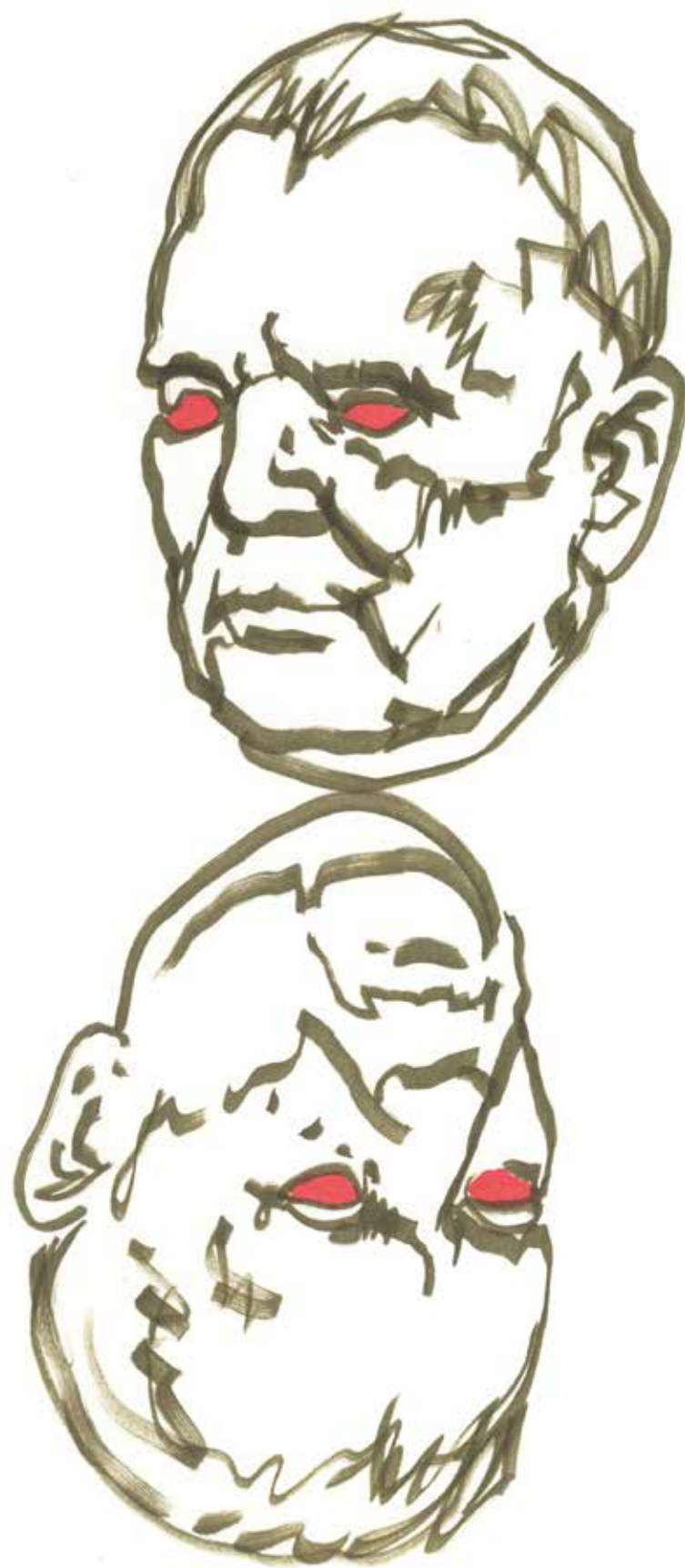








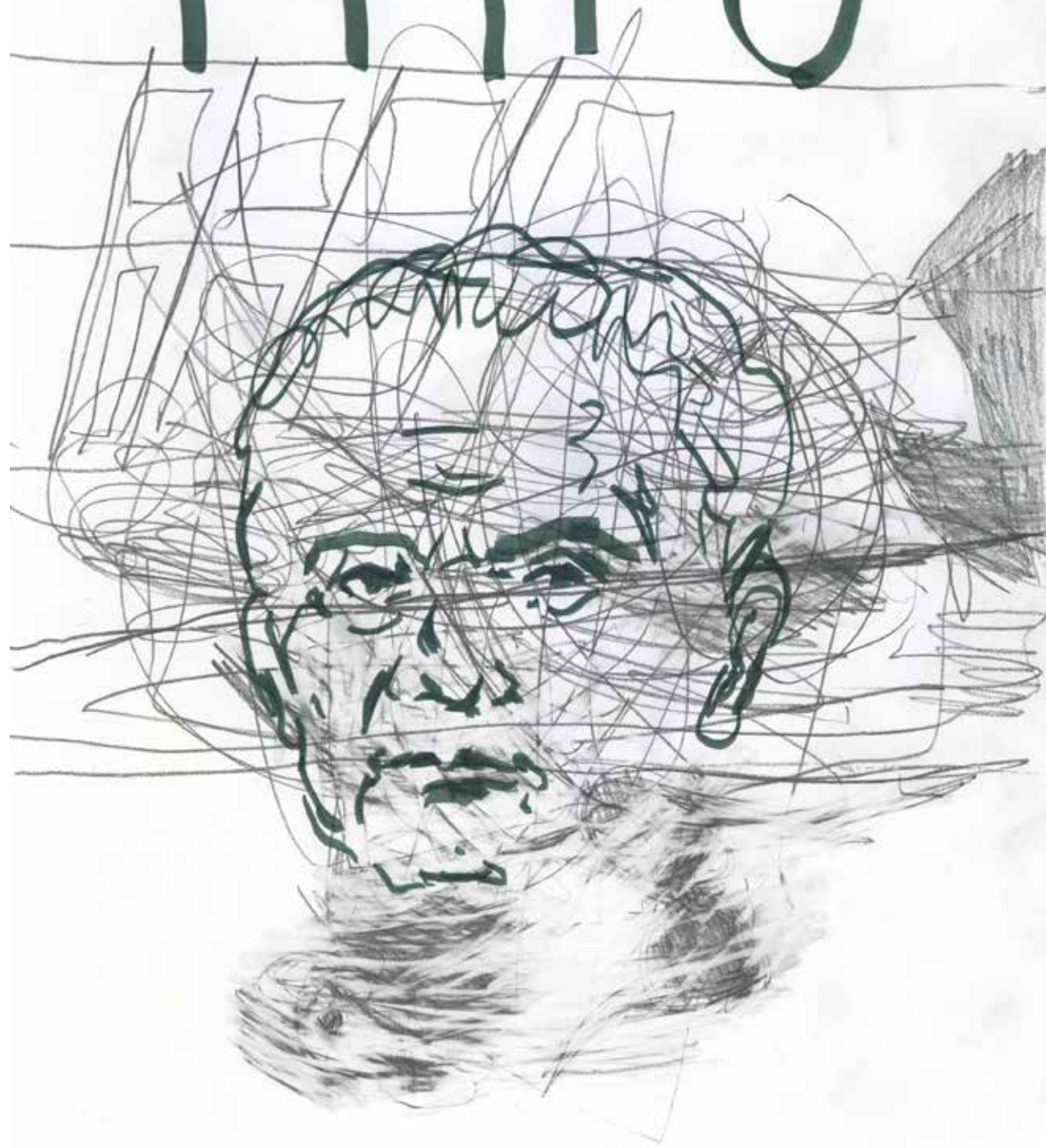
Yugo





48d + h  
RED

TITTO







PURE  
HANDCRAFTED



TITO'S

VODKA



FROM USA



ŽIVEL  
TITO!



ŽIVEL ŽIVEL  
TITO! STALIN!

ŽIVEL  
TITO!  
ŽIVEL STALIN!





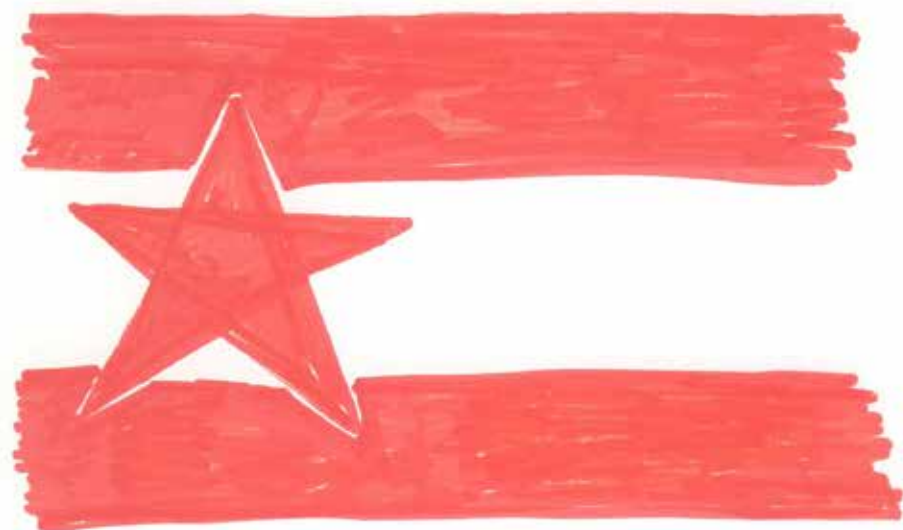
ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ!  
1981





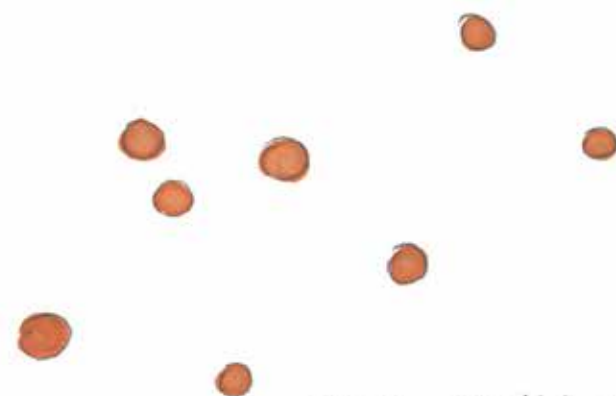


we've been  
good till now



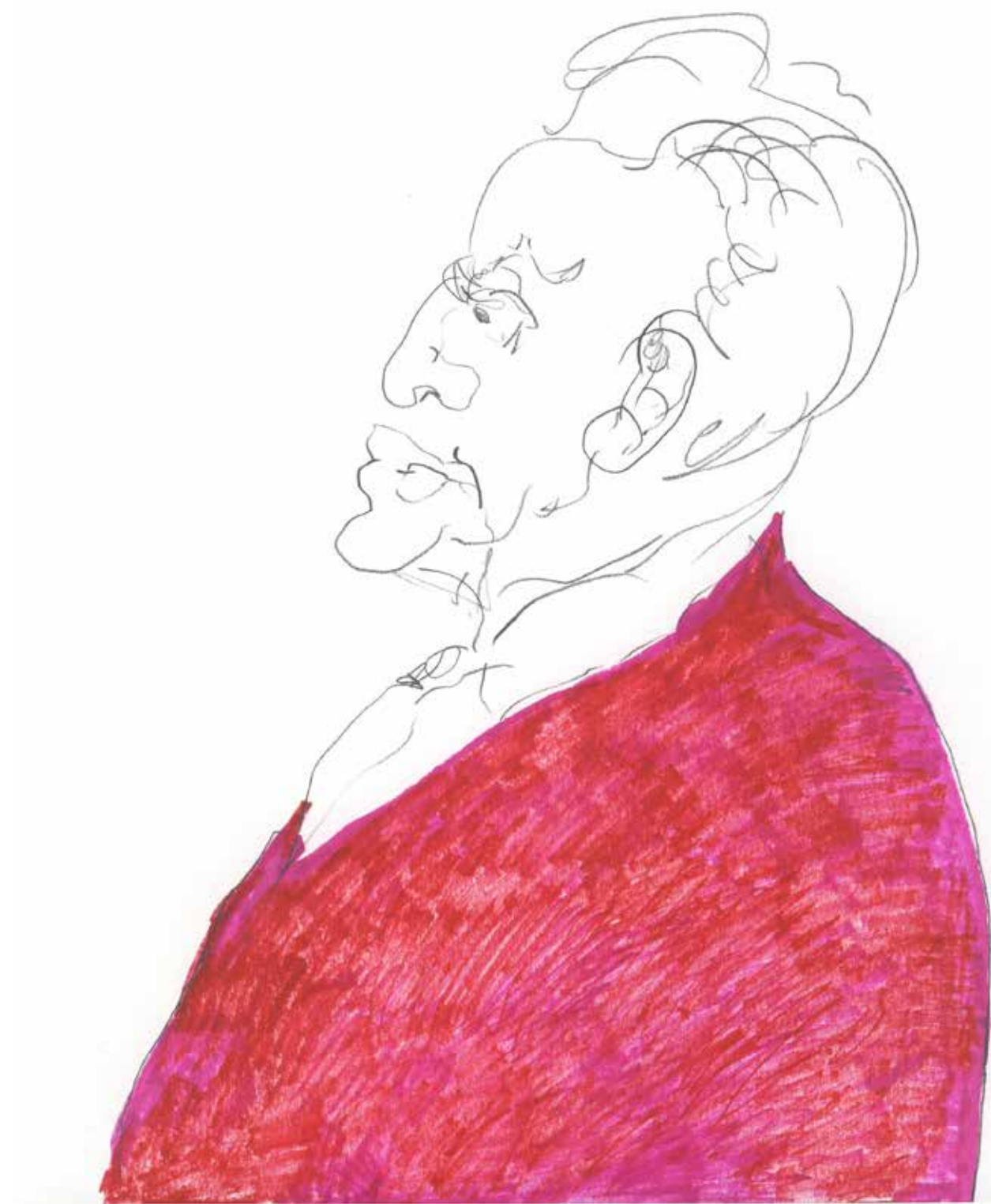
~~Stalin~~

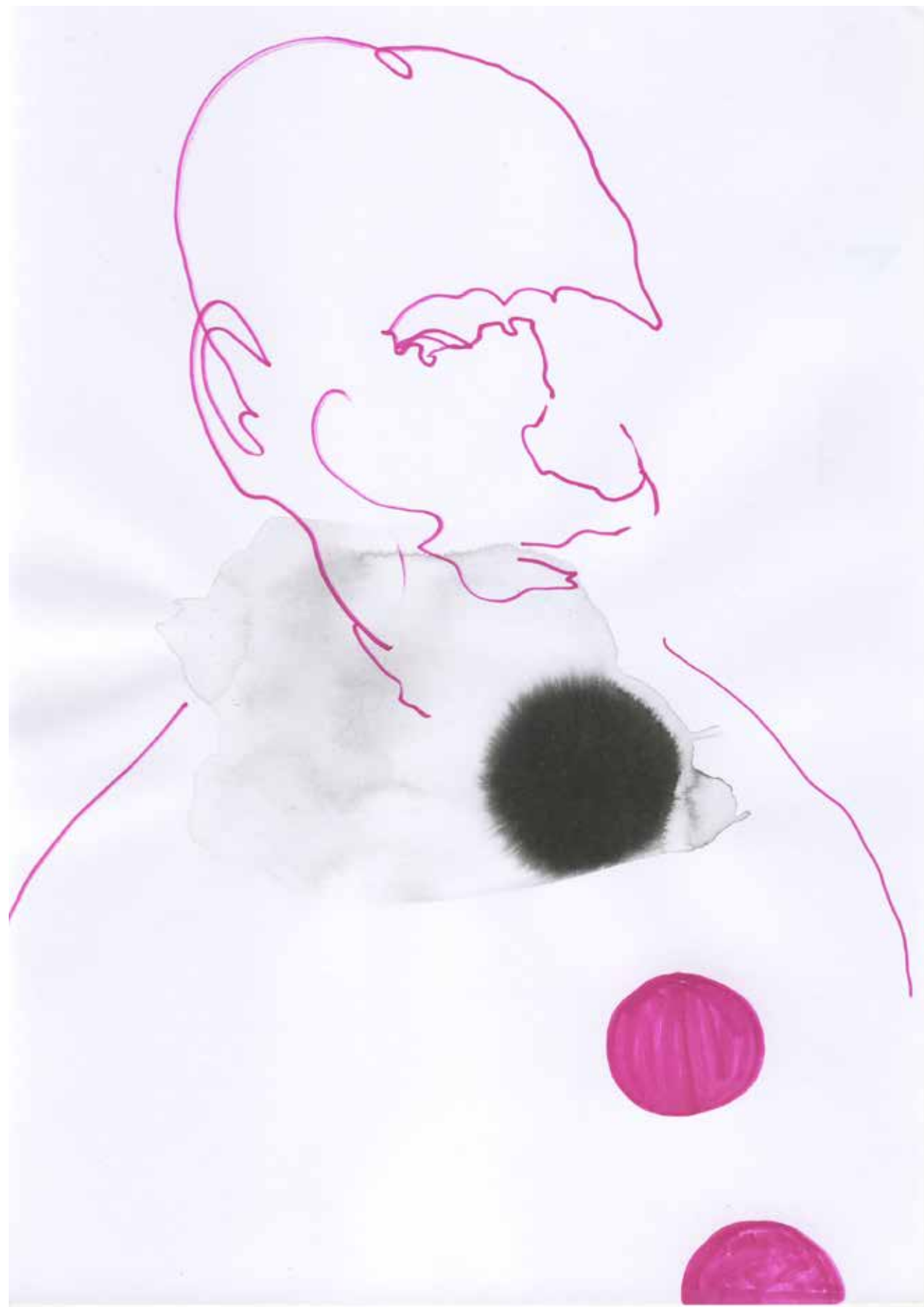
was always nice  
to be near



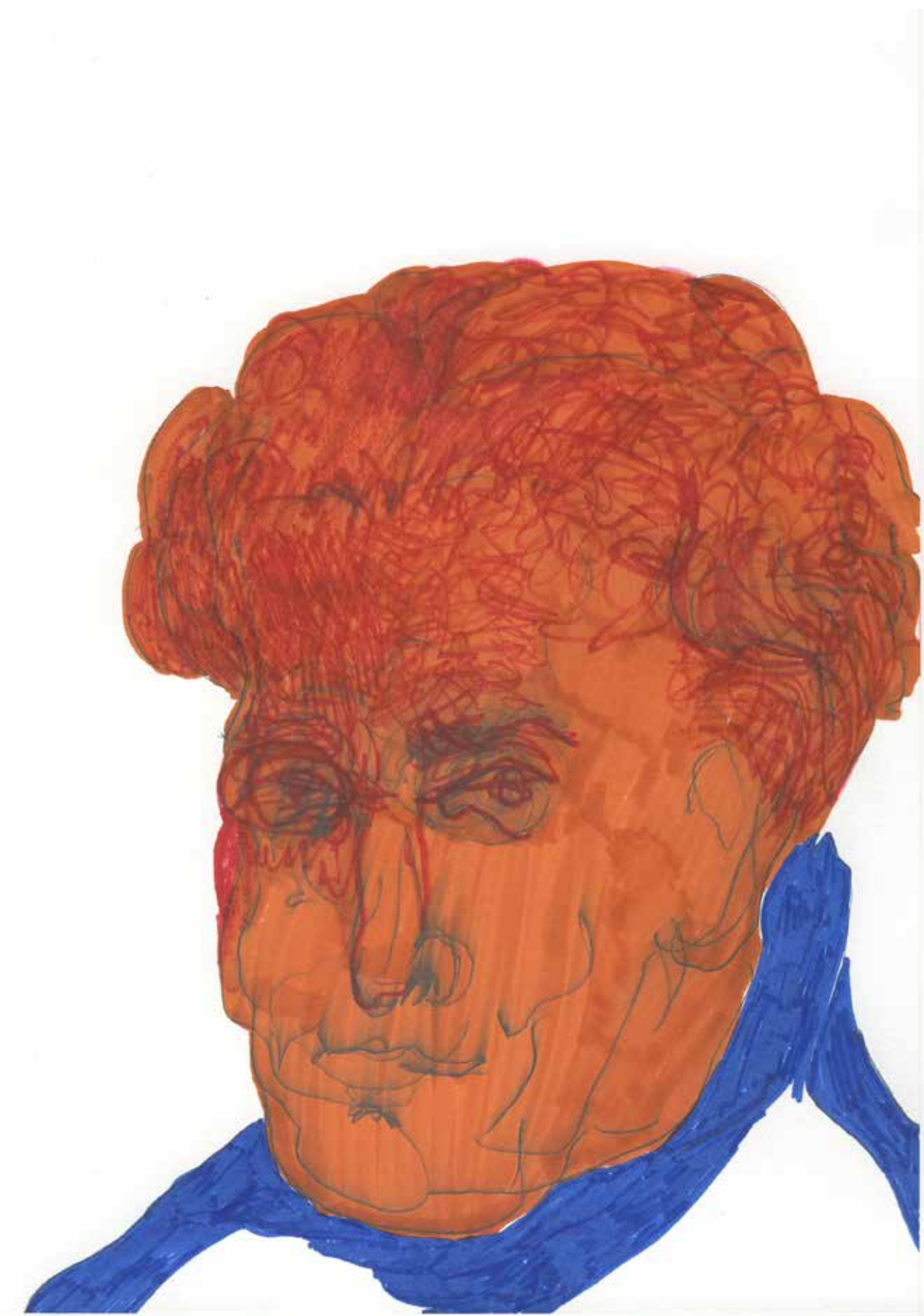
TITO DIDN'T MAKE  
MY LIFE NICE. BEING  
UNDER 10 DID.

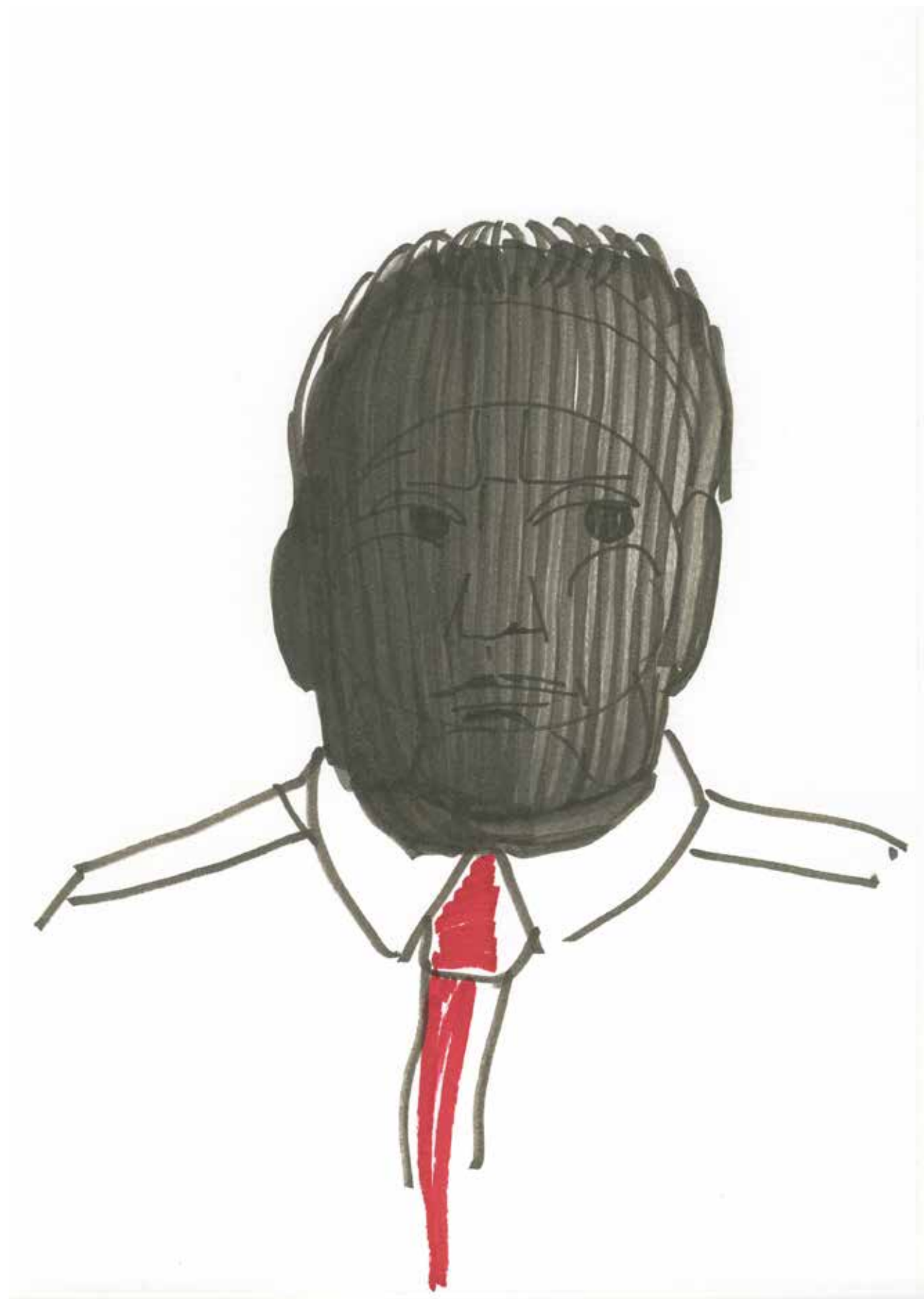




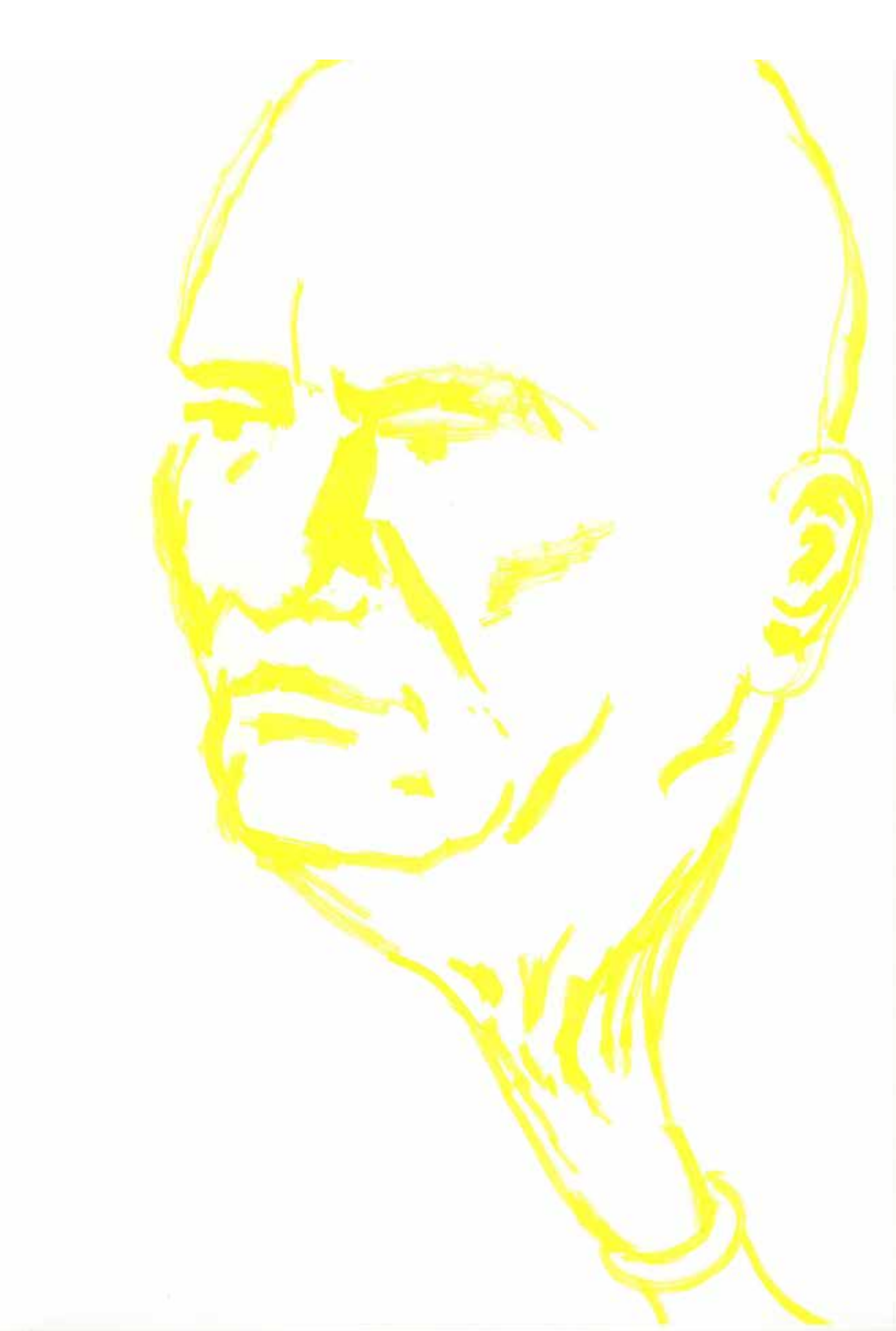








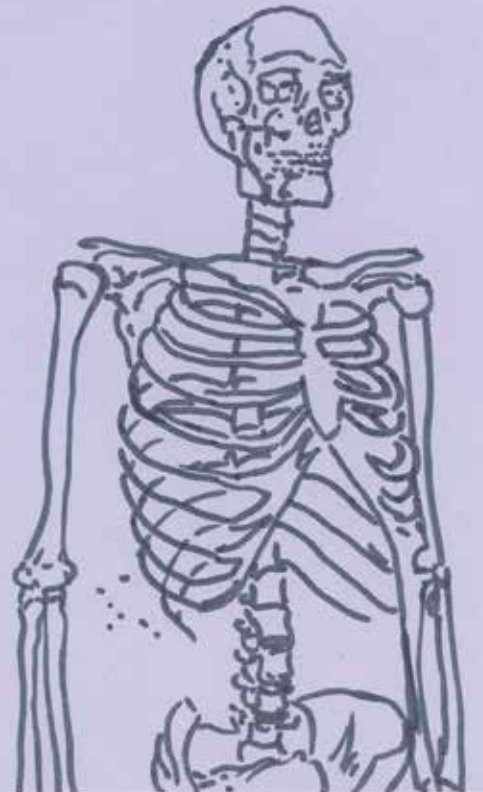




ZA DOMOVINO, S TITOM NAPREJ !  
1986-89



ZA DOMOVINO, S TITOM NAPREJ !  
1985





ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ !  
1985



ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ !  
1984



ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ !  
1984



ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ !  
1983





ZA DOMOVING STITOM NAPREJ !  
1983



ZA DOMOVING STITOM NAPREJ !  
1983



ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ !  
1982



ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ !  
1982





ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ!  
1982



ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ!  
1981



ZA DOMOVINO, S TITOM NAPREJ !  
1982



ZA DOMOVINO, S TITOM NAPREJ !  
1981





ZA DOMOVINO, S TITOM NAPREJ !  
1981



ZA DOMOVINO, S TITOM NAPREJ !  
1980



ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ!  
1980



ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ!  
1980





ZA DOMOVINO, STI TOM NAPREJ!  
1980



ZA DOMOVINO, STI TOM NAPREJ!  
1980



ZA DOMOVINO, S TITOM NAPREJ!  
1980



ZA DOMOVINO, S TITOM NAPREJ!  
1979





ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ!  
1979



ZA DOMOVINO, STITOM NAPREJ!  
1979



ZA DOMOVINO, S TITOM NAPREJ!  
1979



ZA DOMOVINO, S TITOM NAPREJ!  
1979







+ AND - , MY AUNT SAID.

SHE ALSO TOLD ME TO BEWARE OF TOO  
SWEET AND KIND MEN.



MY OLD GOLD AUNT WHO  
LEARNED TO HATE WHEN  
A TEACHER SLAPPED HER  
FOR SPEAKING SLOVENE  
ON A SCHOOL YARD, A METER  
TOO EARLY.  
SHE SLAPPED HER SO SHE'D  
LEARN, AND SHE DID.  
TO ONLY SPEAK ITALIAN.  
AND TO HATE.  
MOSTLY TO HATE, MY  
AUNT SAID. MY SWEET  
AUNT WHO SHOUTED  
ANGRILY  
AT RUNNING HUMBLE  
AND SCARED  
ITALIAN SOLDIER  
MONTHS LATER  
AND IS STILL SORRY  
ABOUT IT.

+ AND —

+ AND —

+ AND —



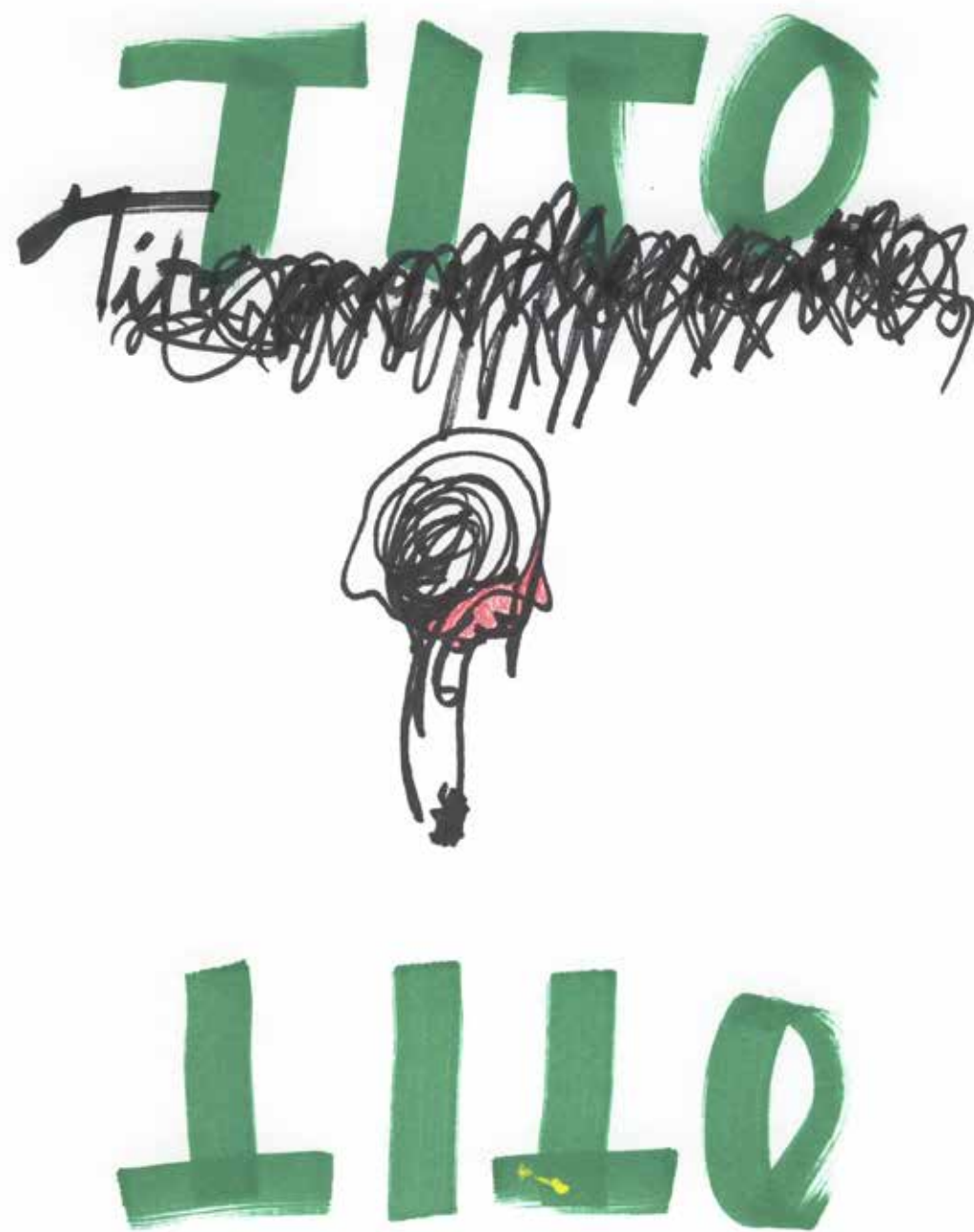
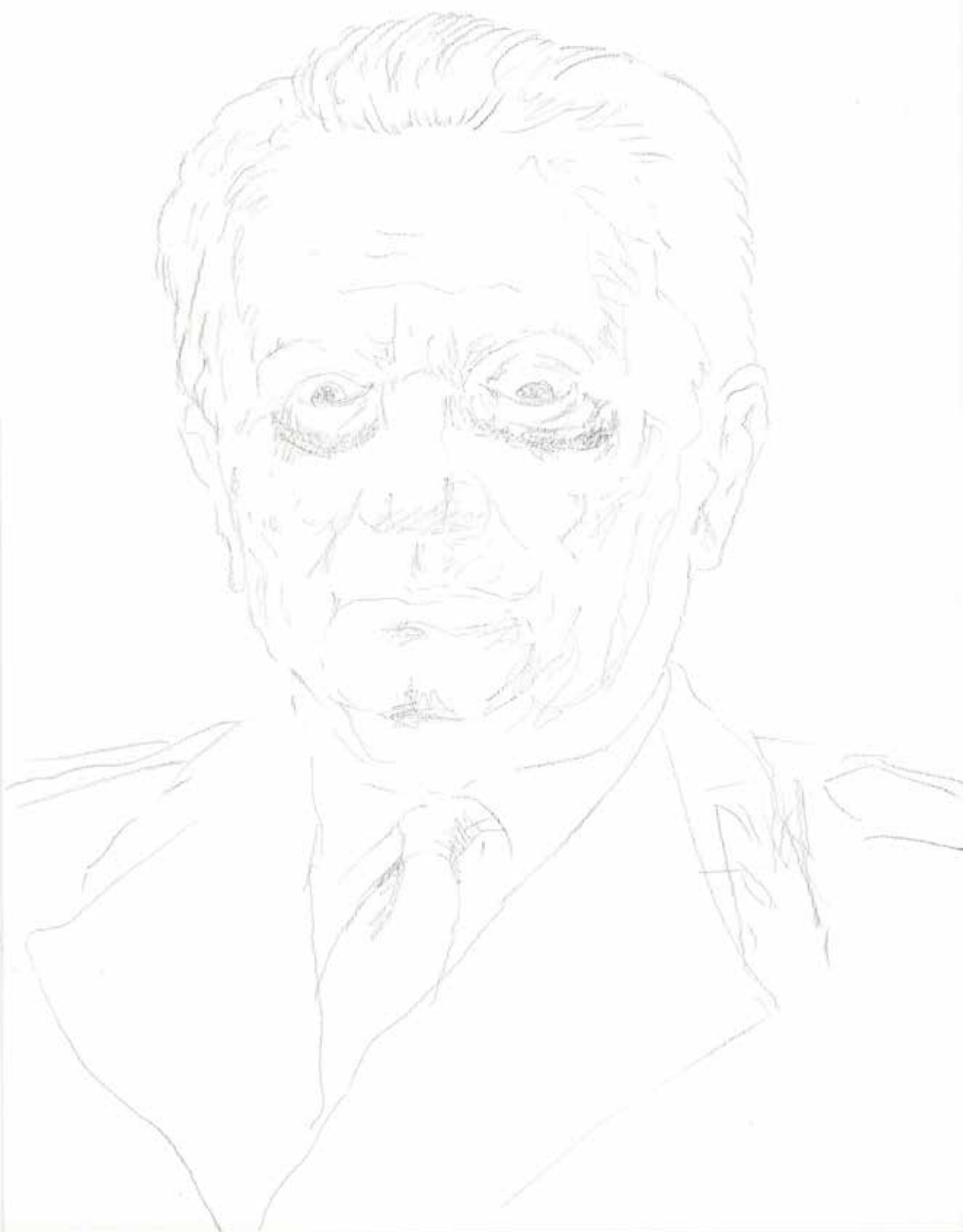


IT WAS :

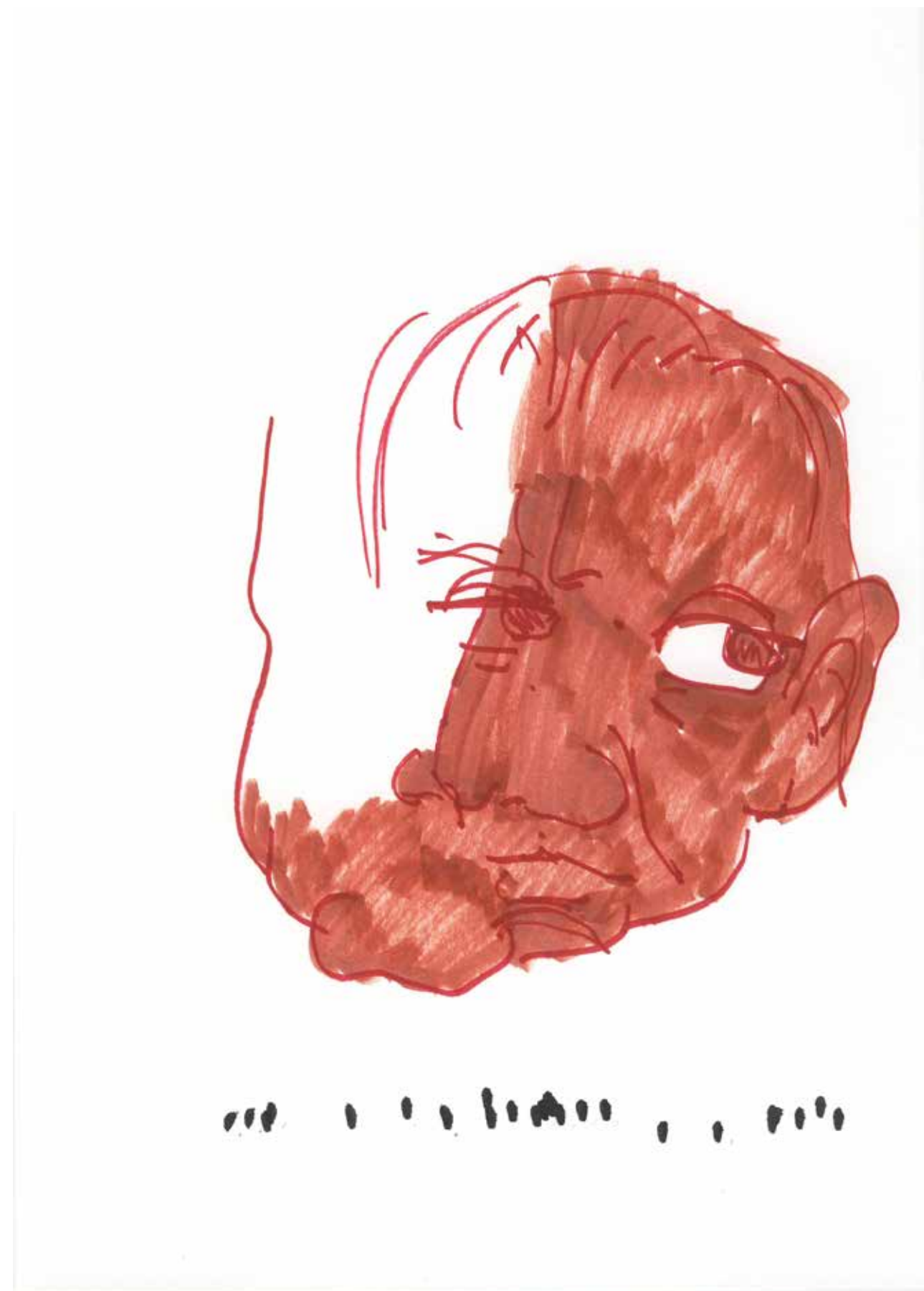
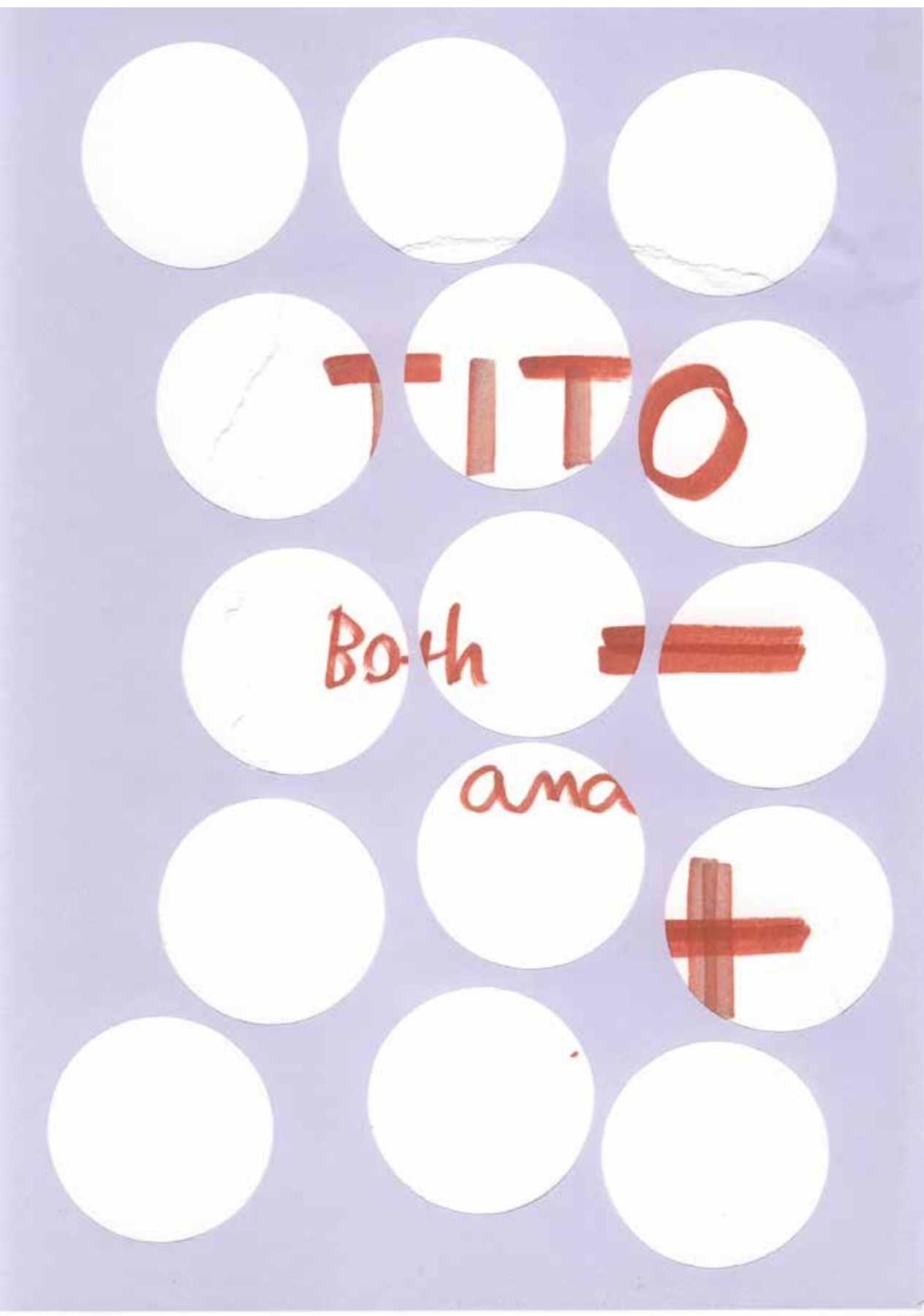


AND NOT :

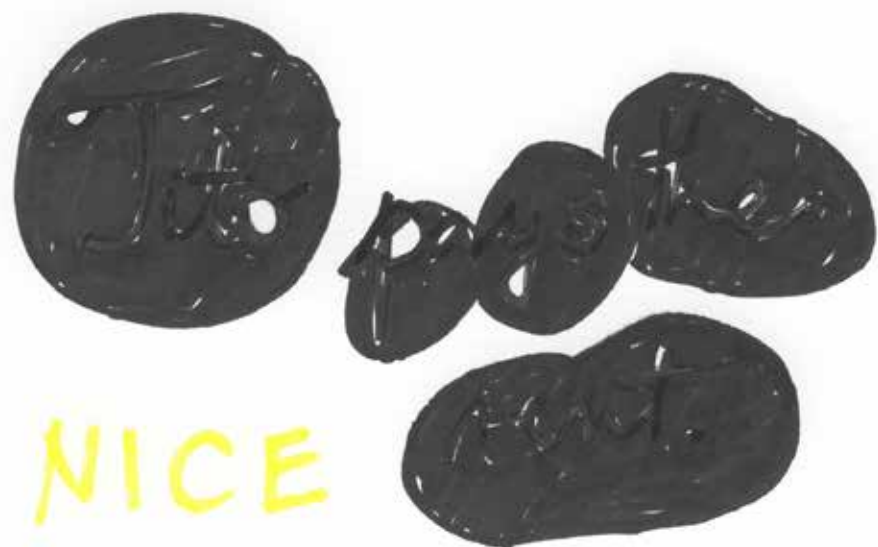








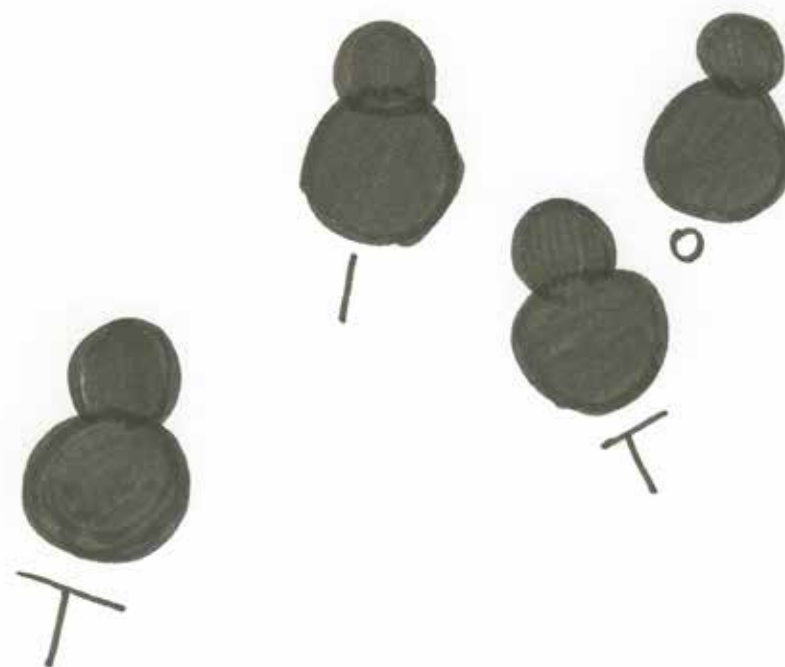
IT'S



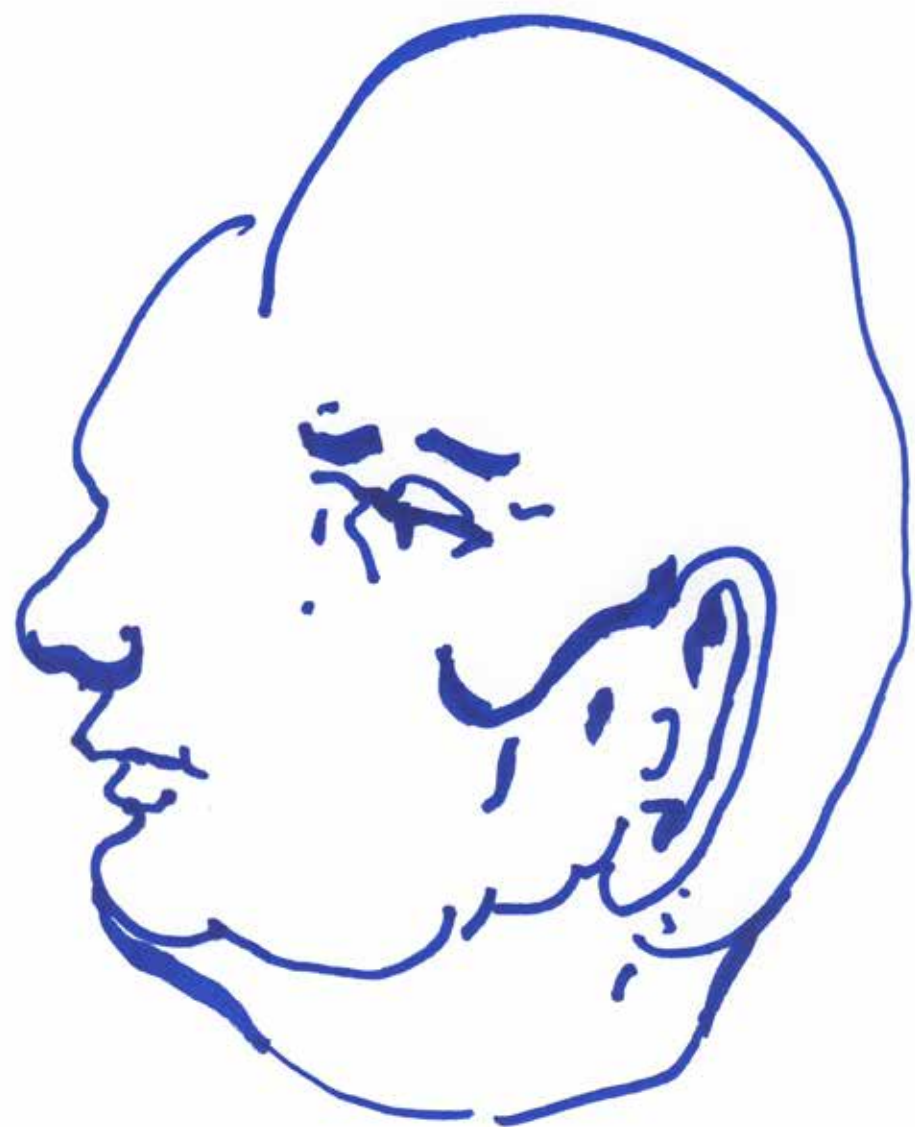
NICE

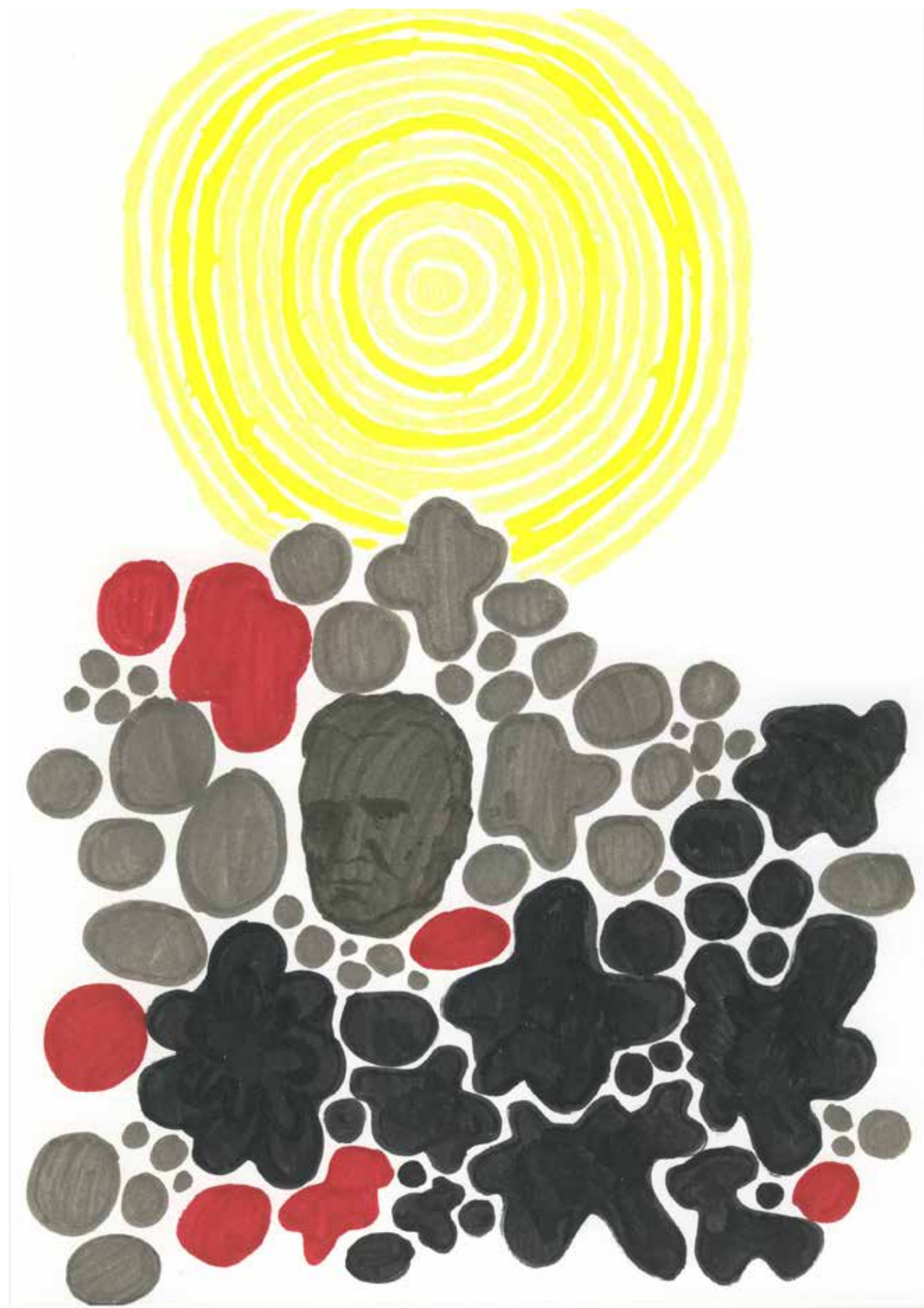
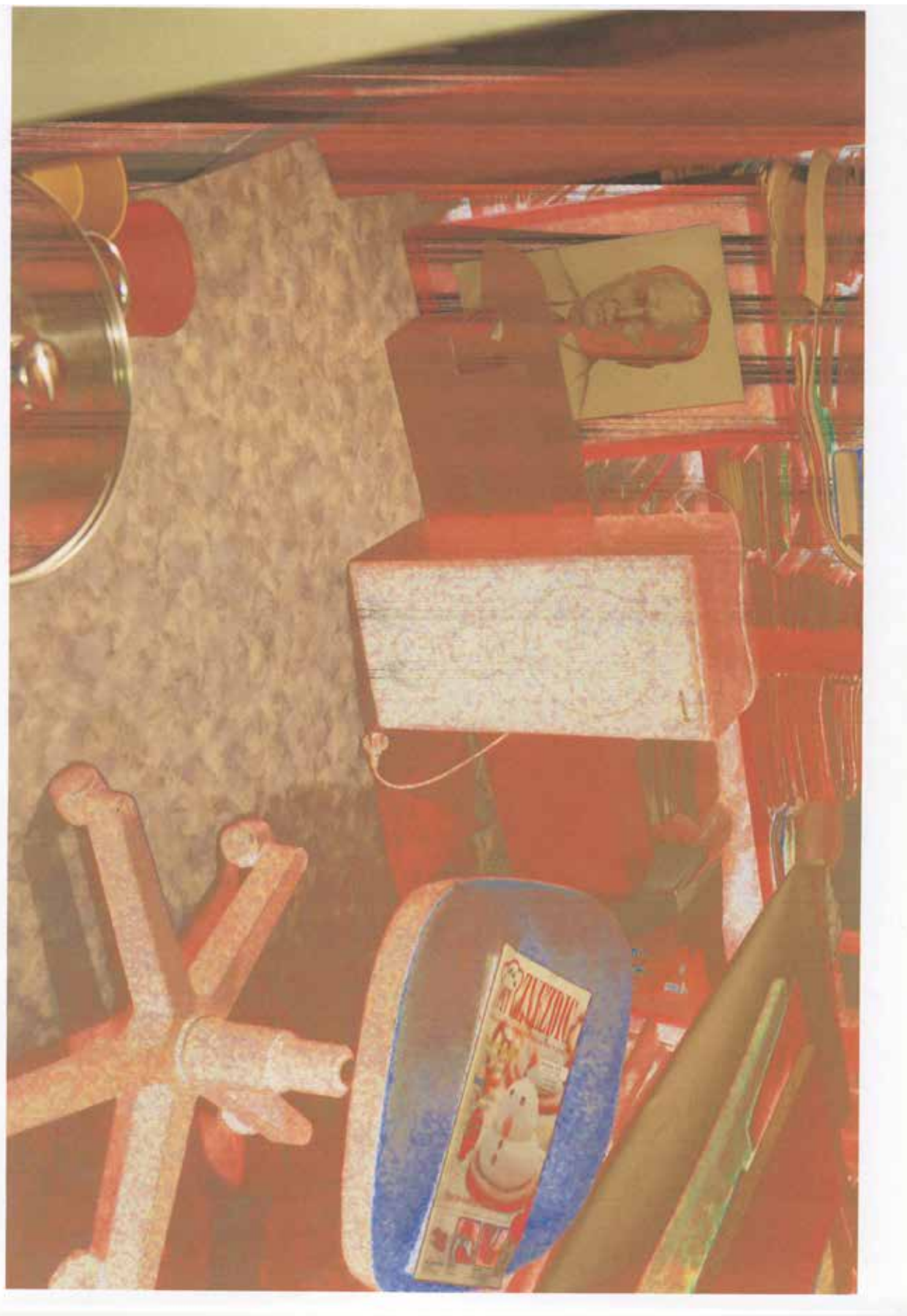


TO BE ABLE TO  
DRAW EVERY  
DAY.

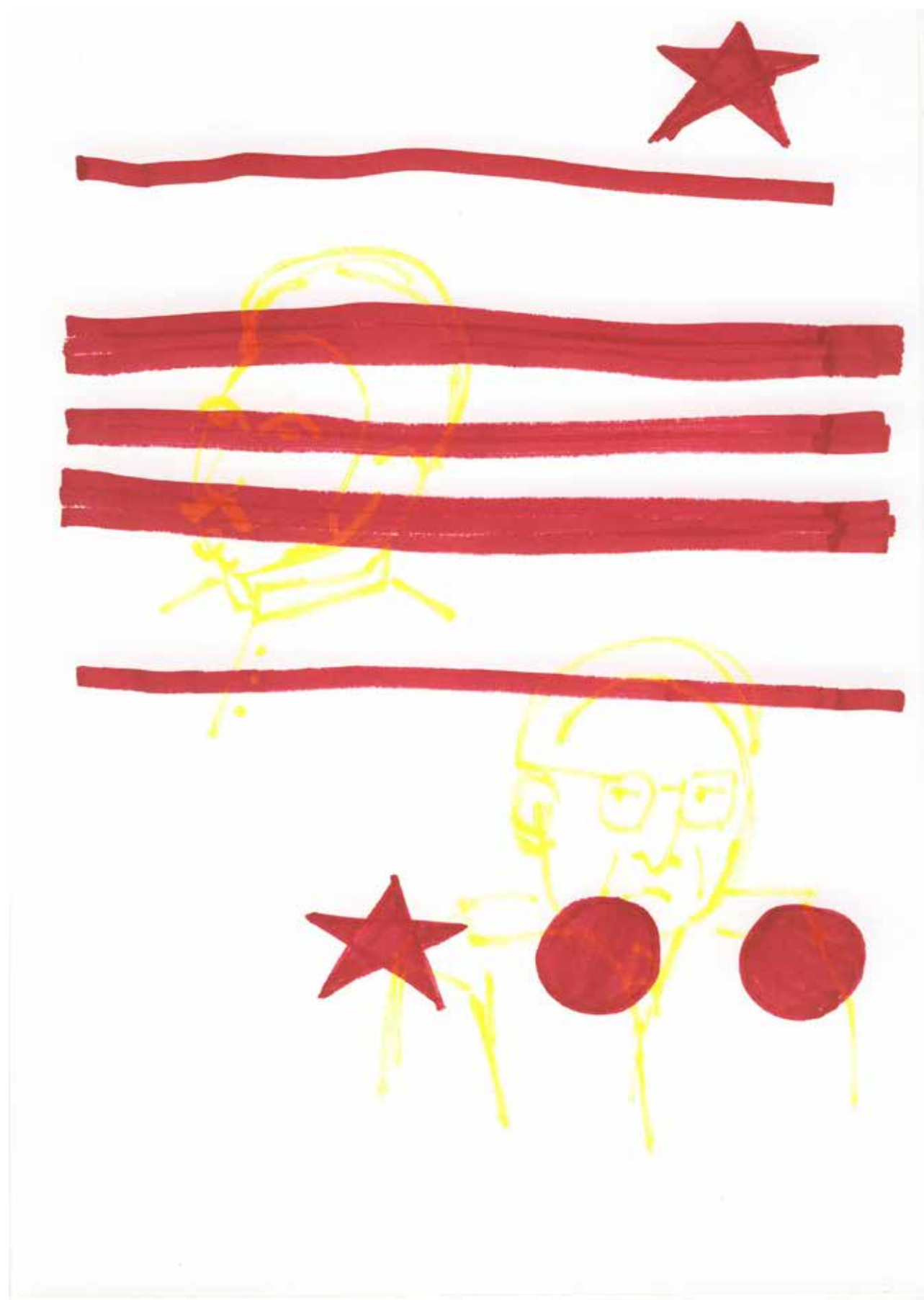
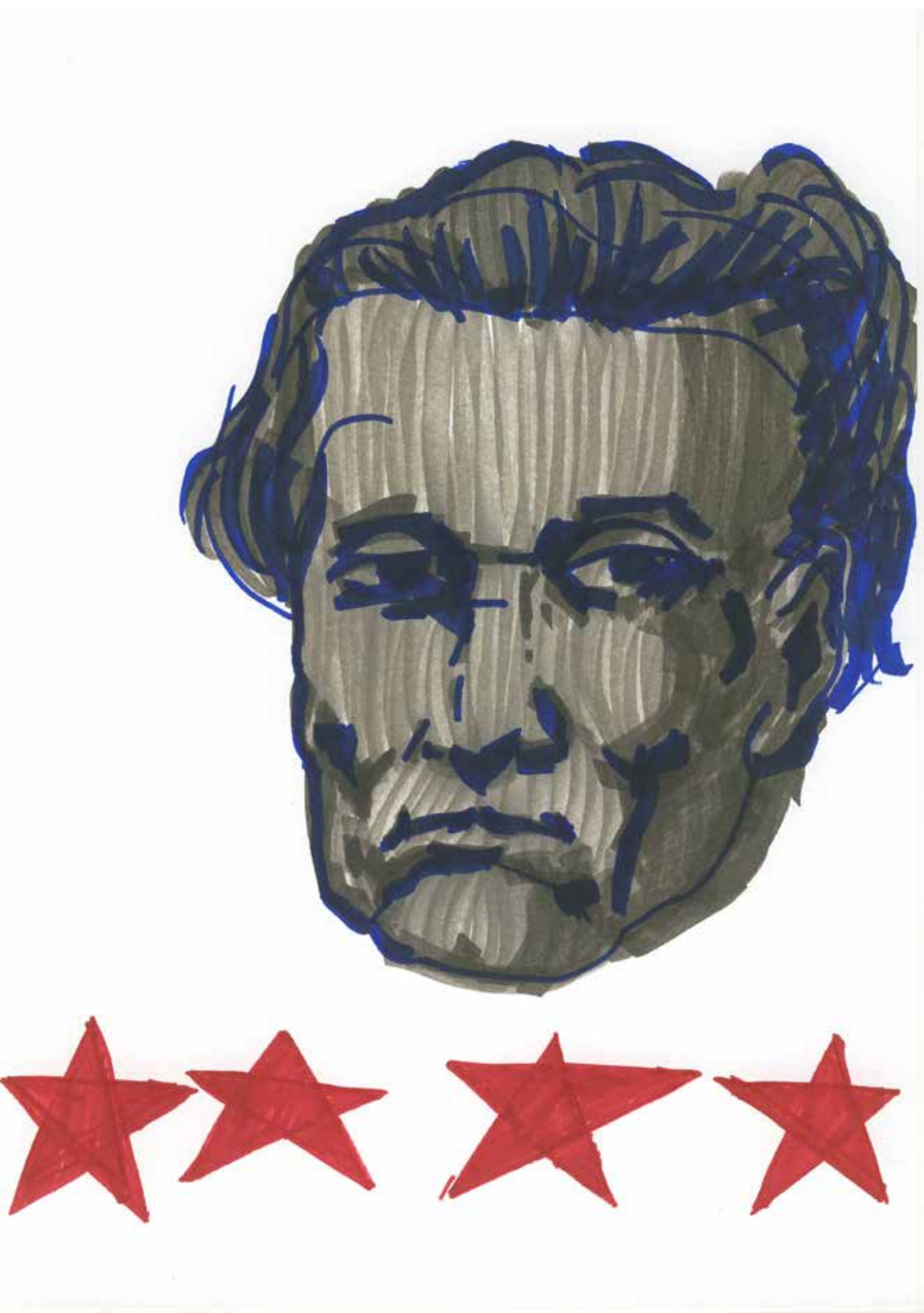


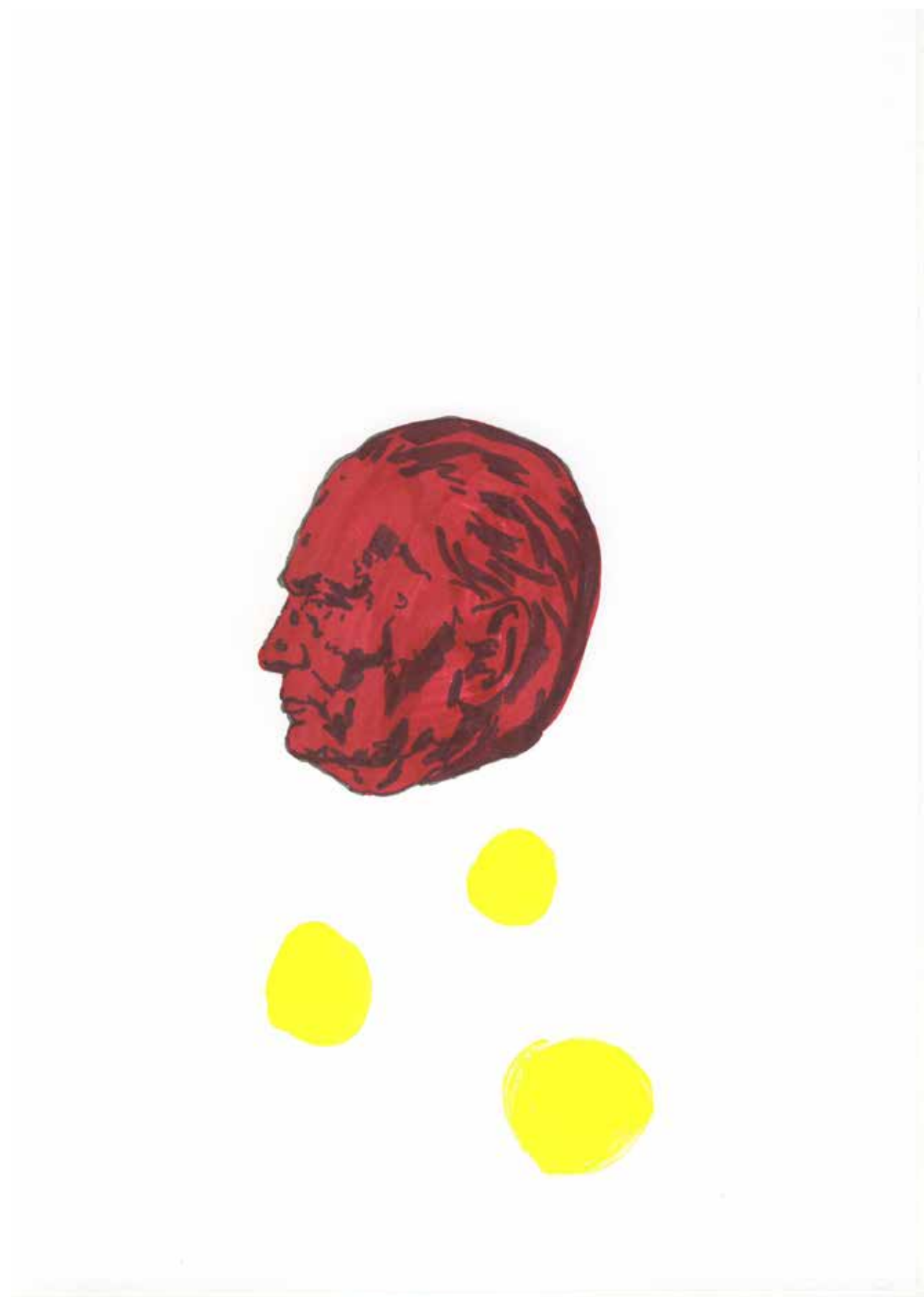




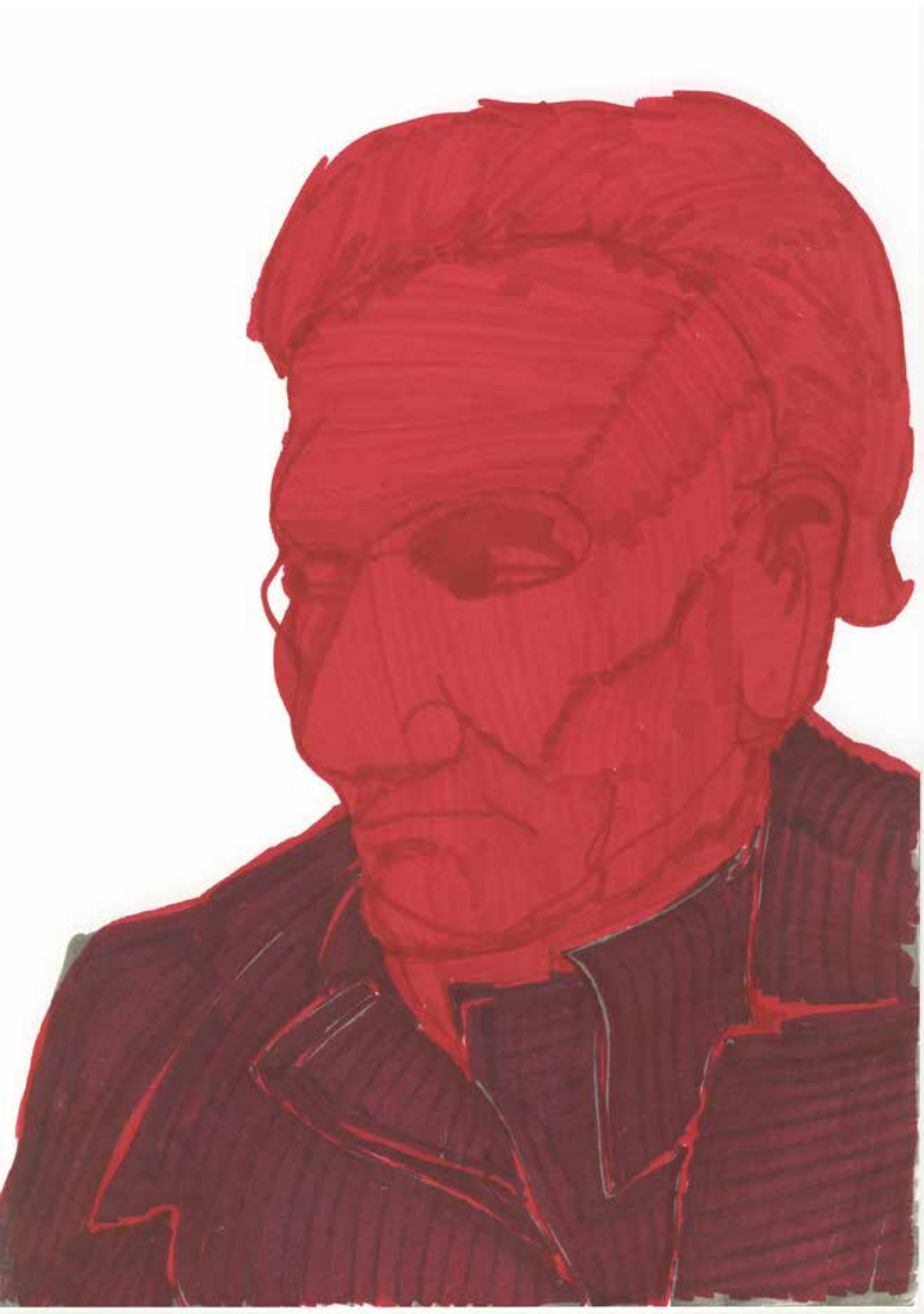
















ITO

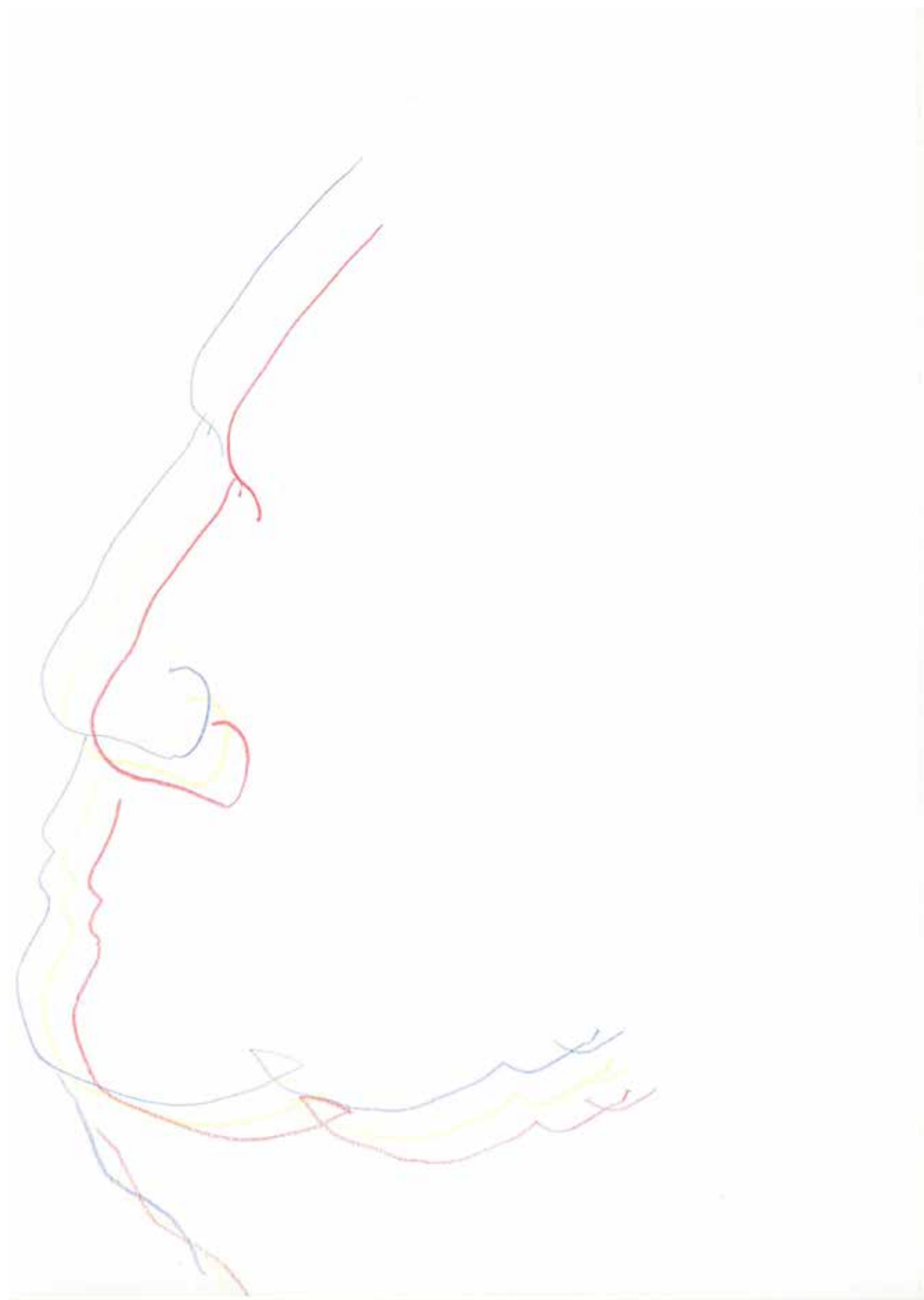
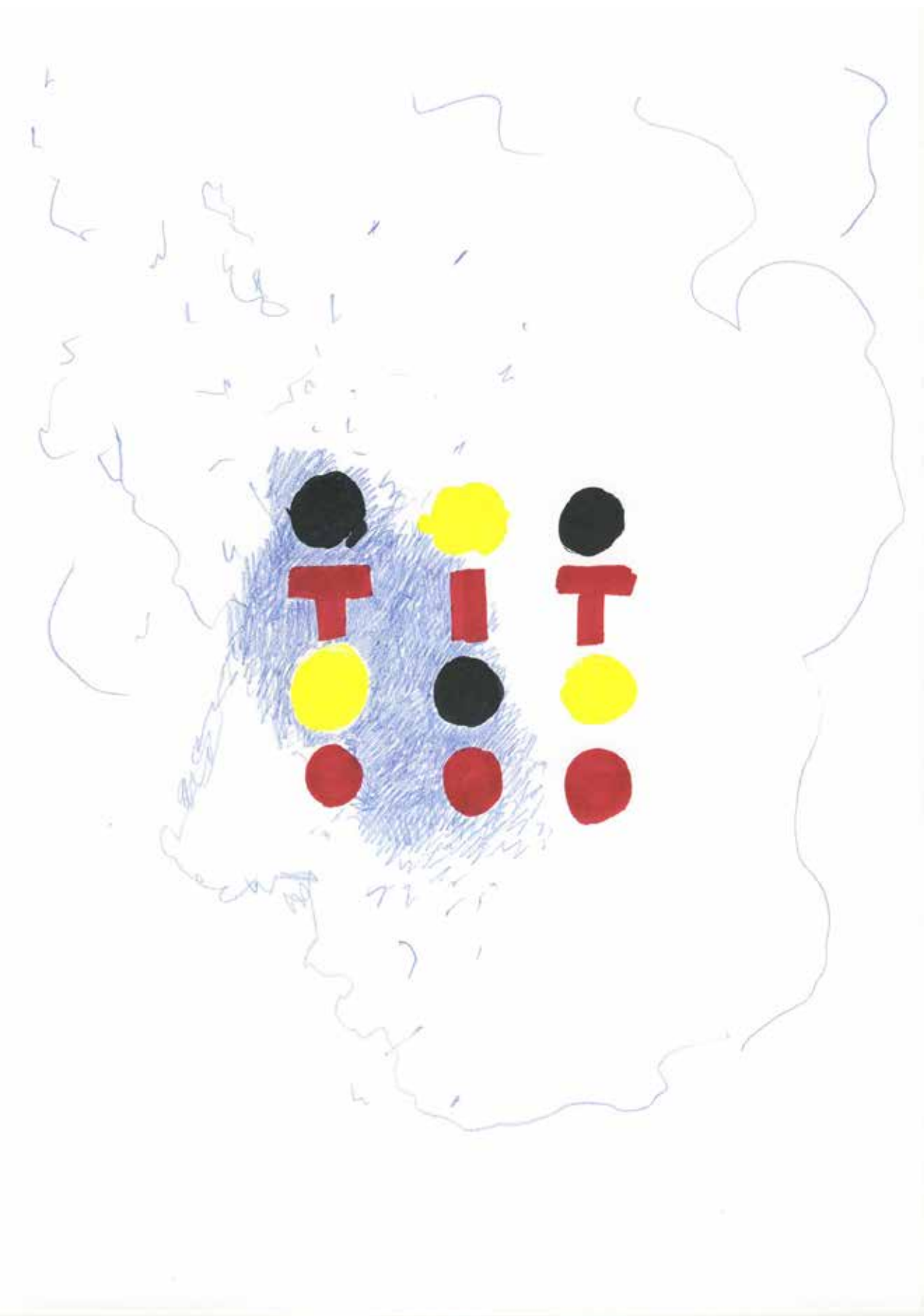
ITO

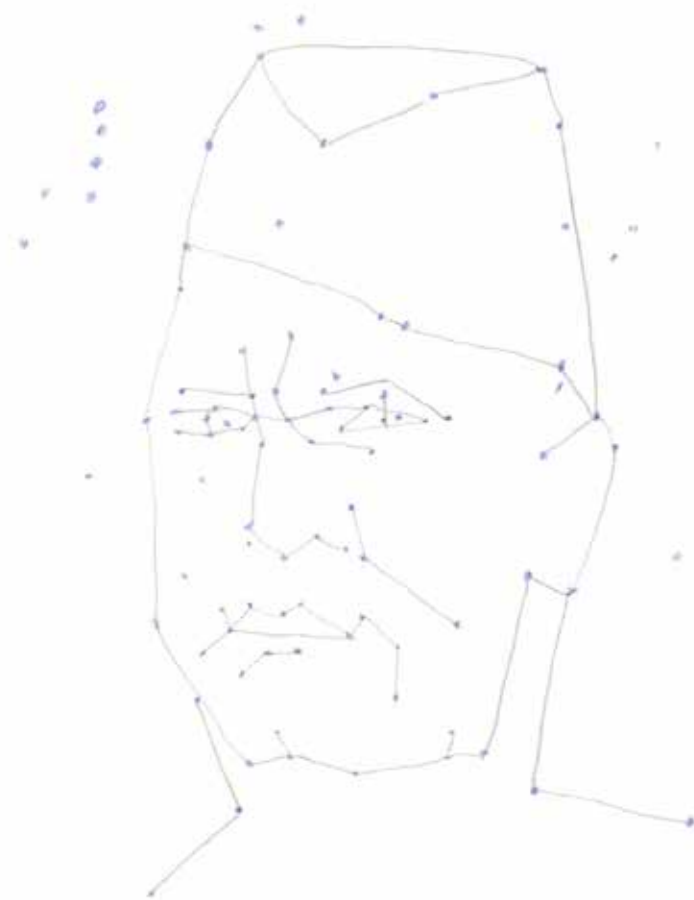
SOMETIMES DRAWING  
MAKES ME FEEL BETTER  
~~BETTER~~ THAN NUTELLA

AND SOMETIMES NOT.



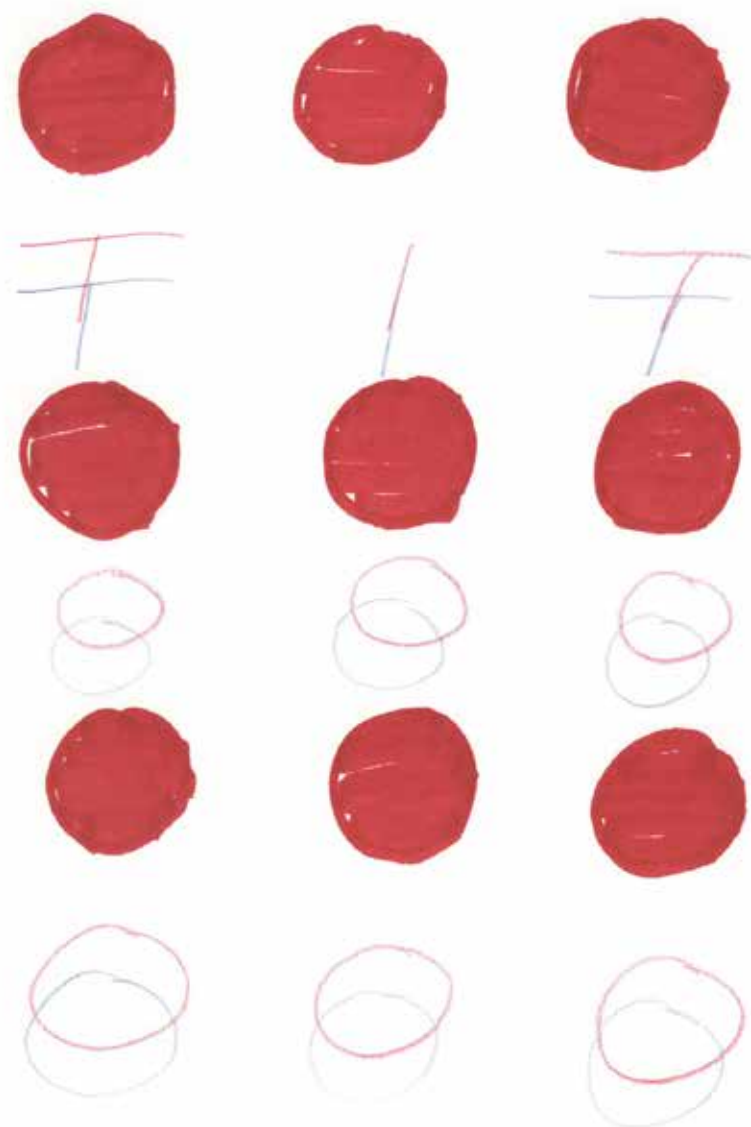






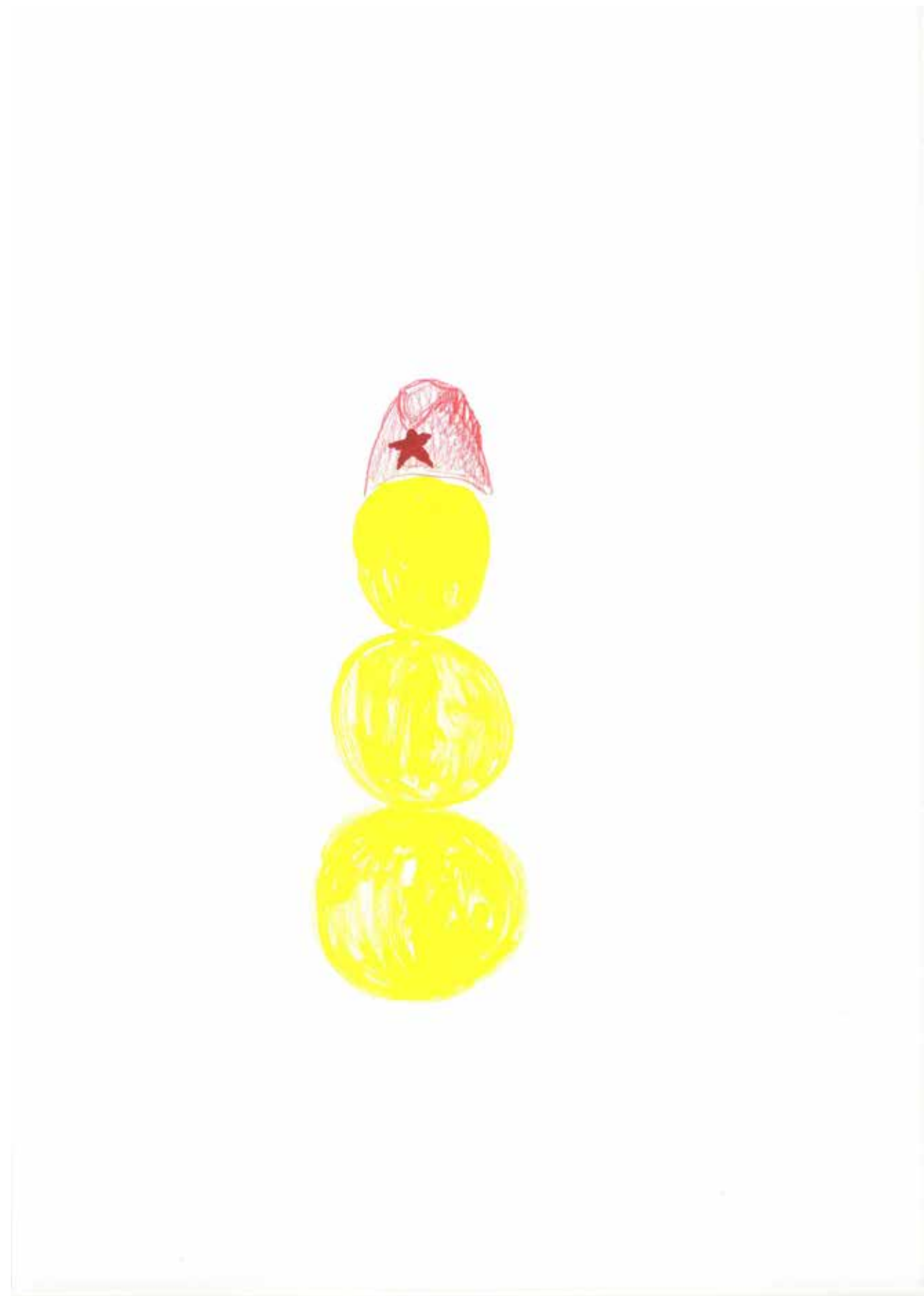






















**HARD TIMES**

*ain't*

**GONNA RULE**

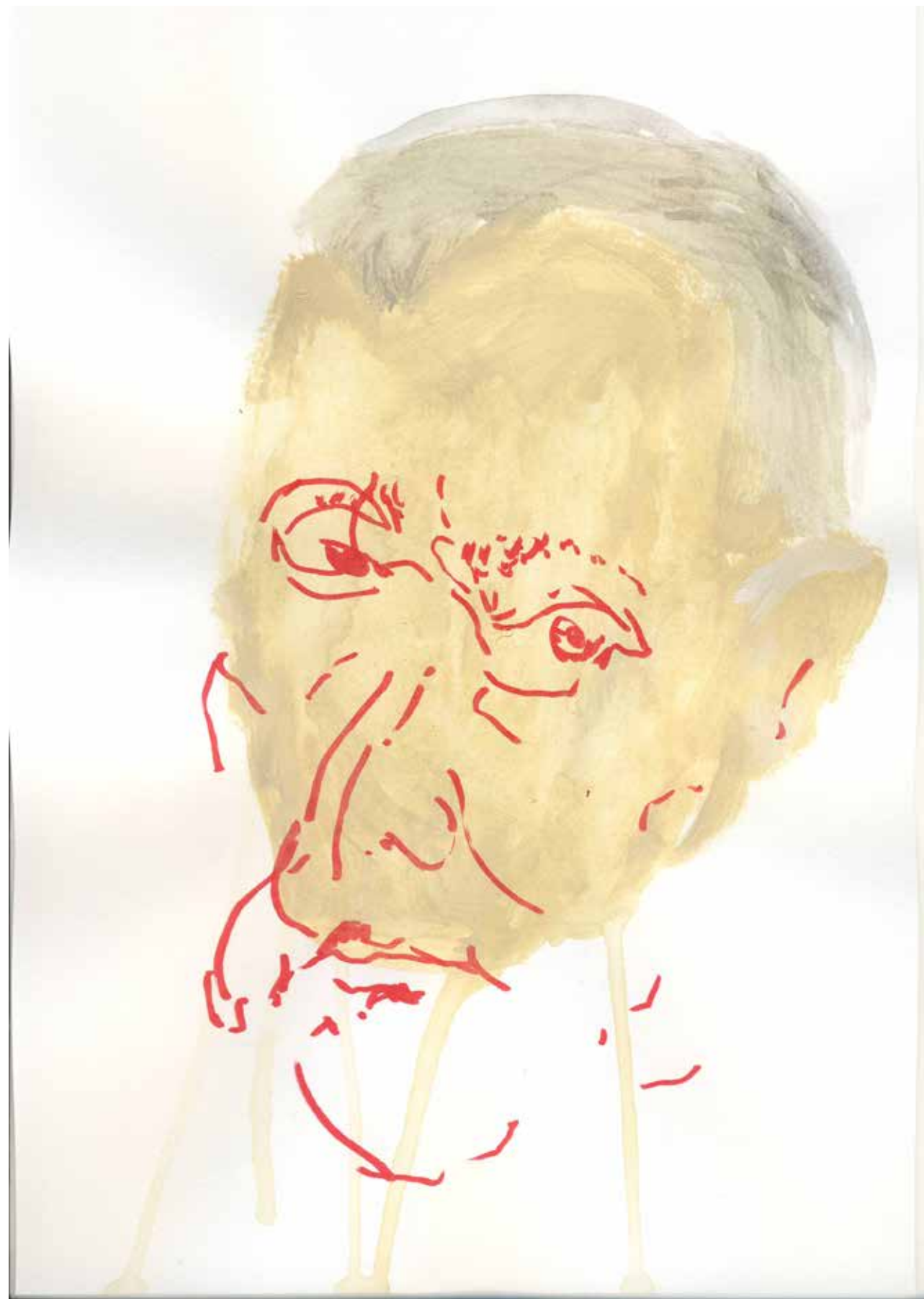
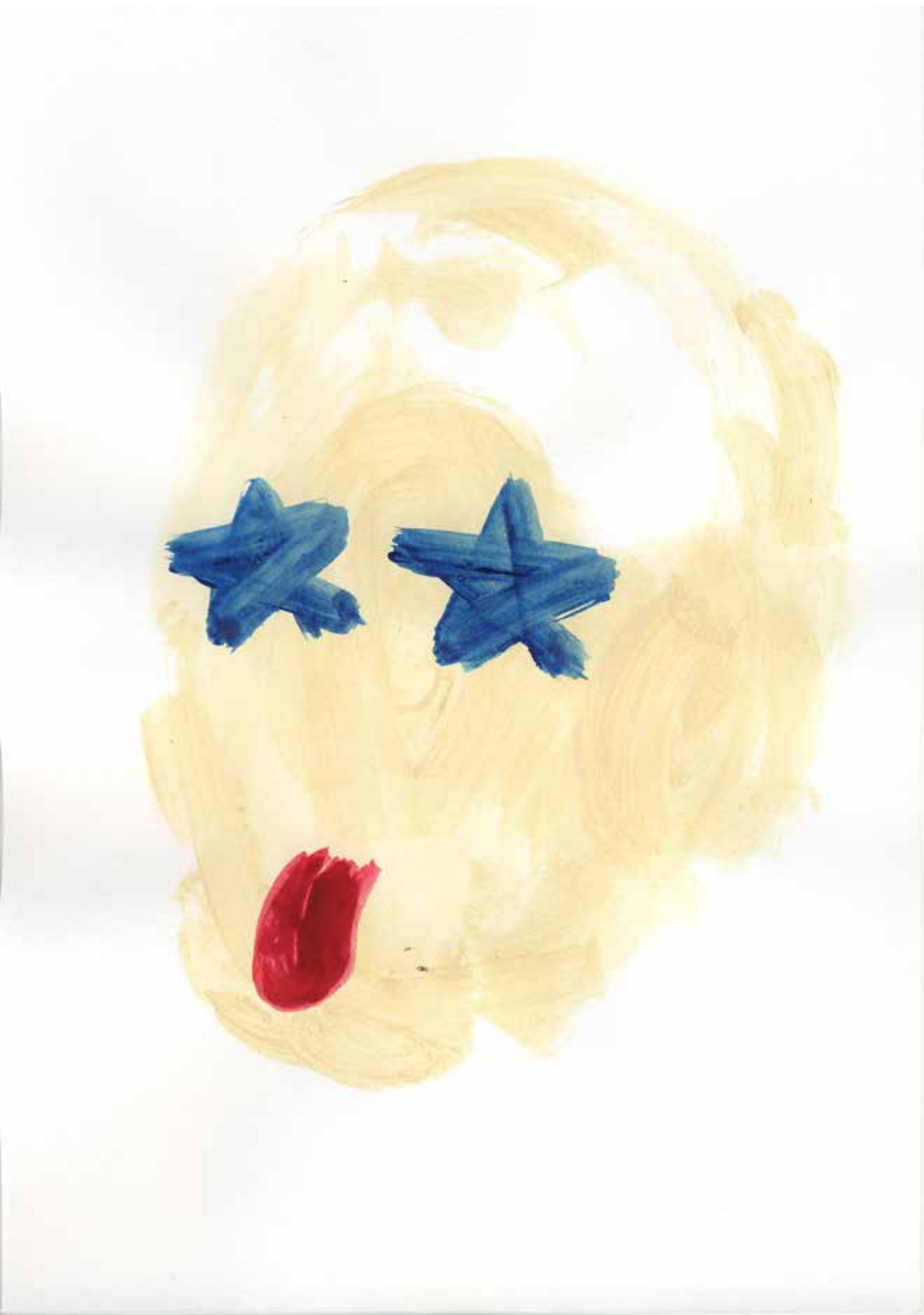
*my life*

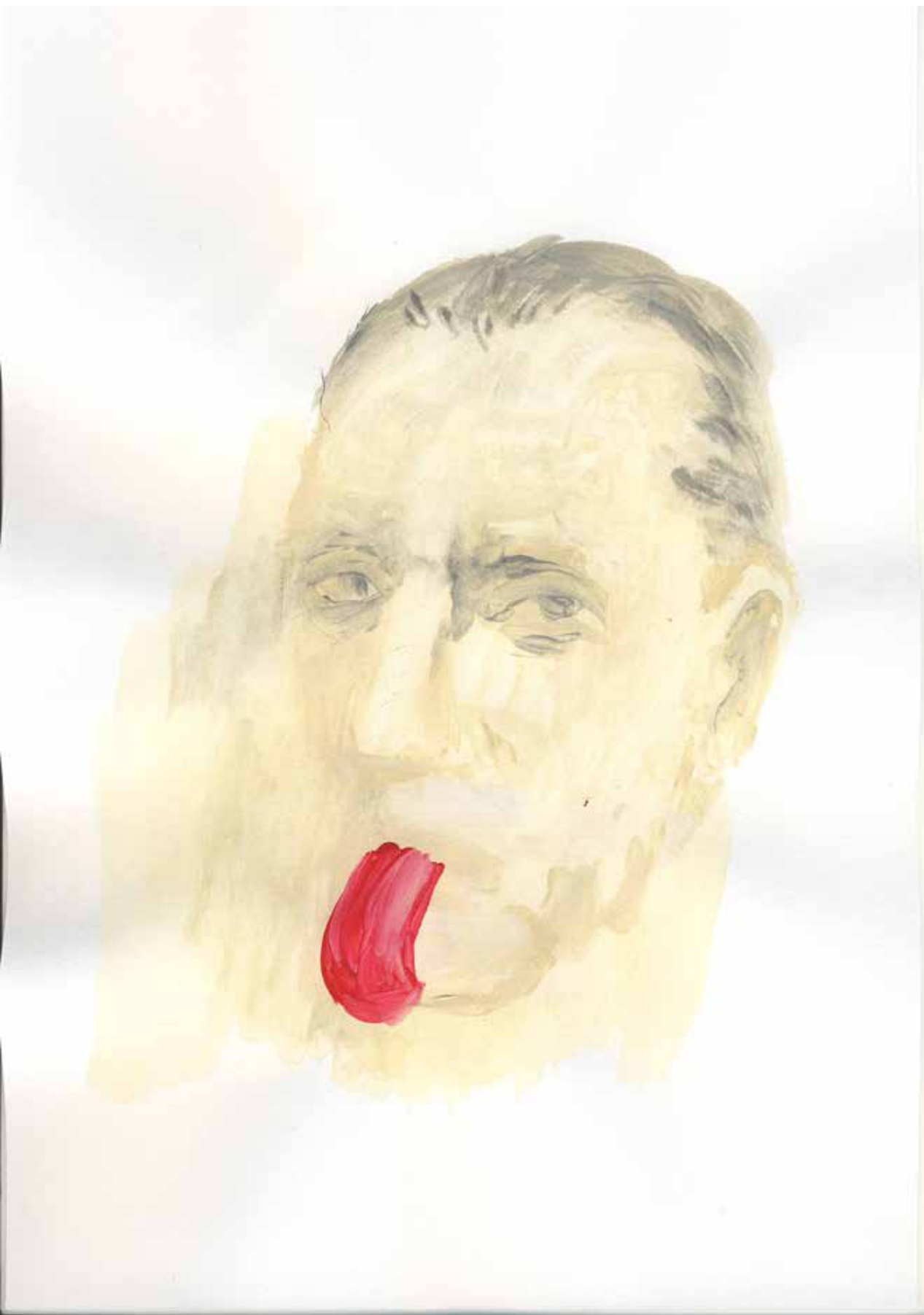
**NO MORE**



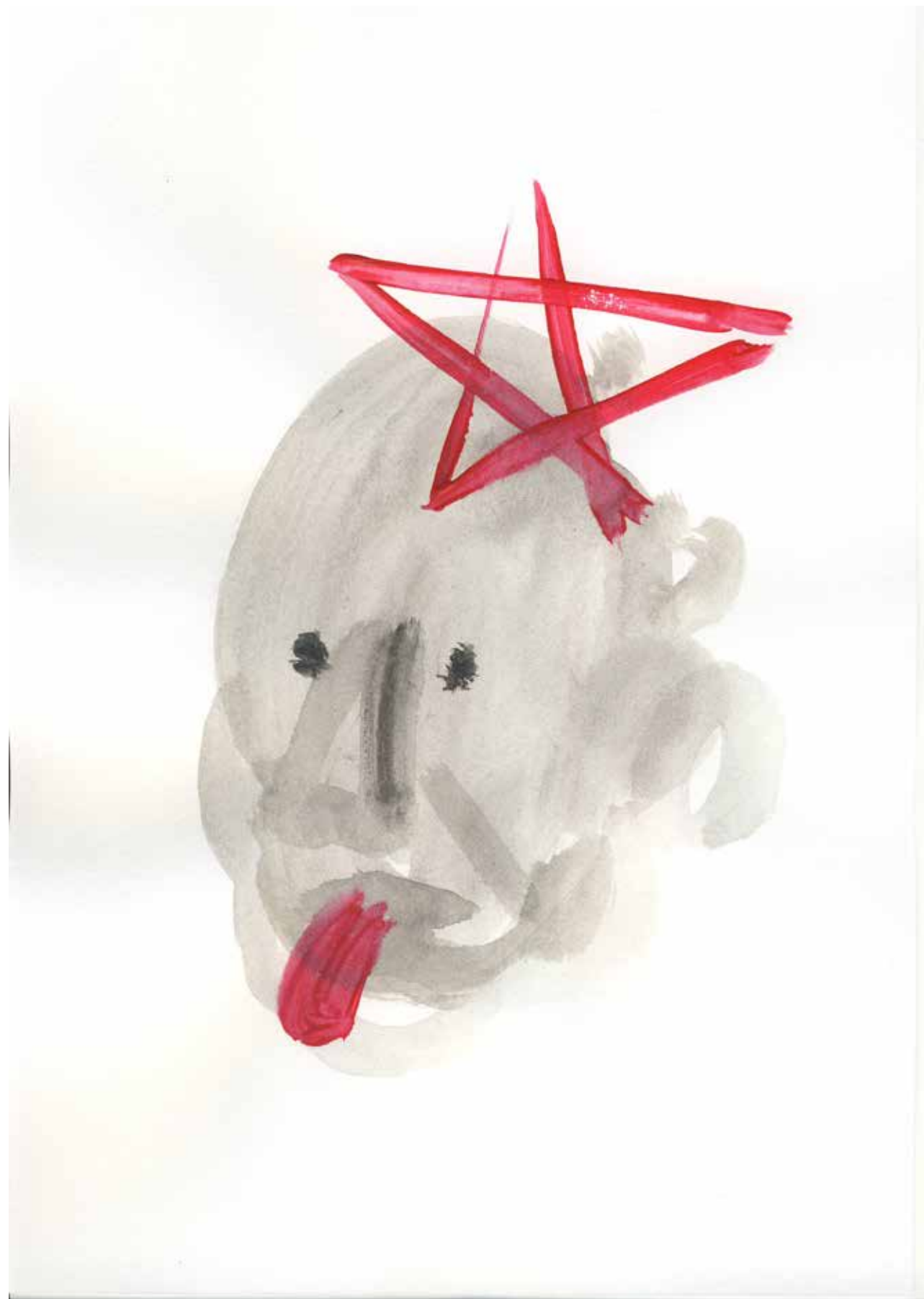
T



















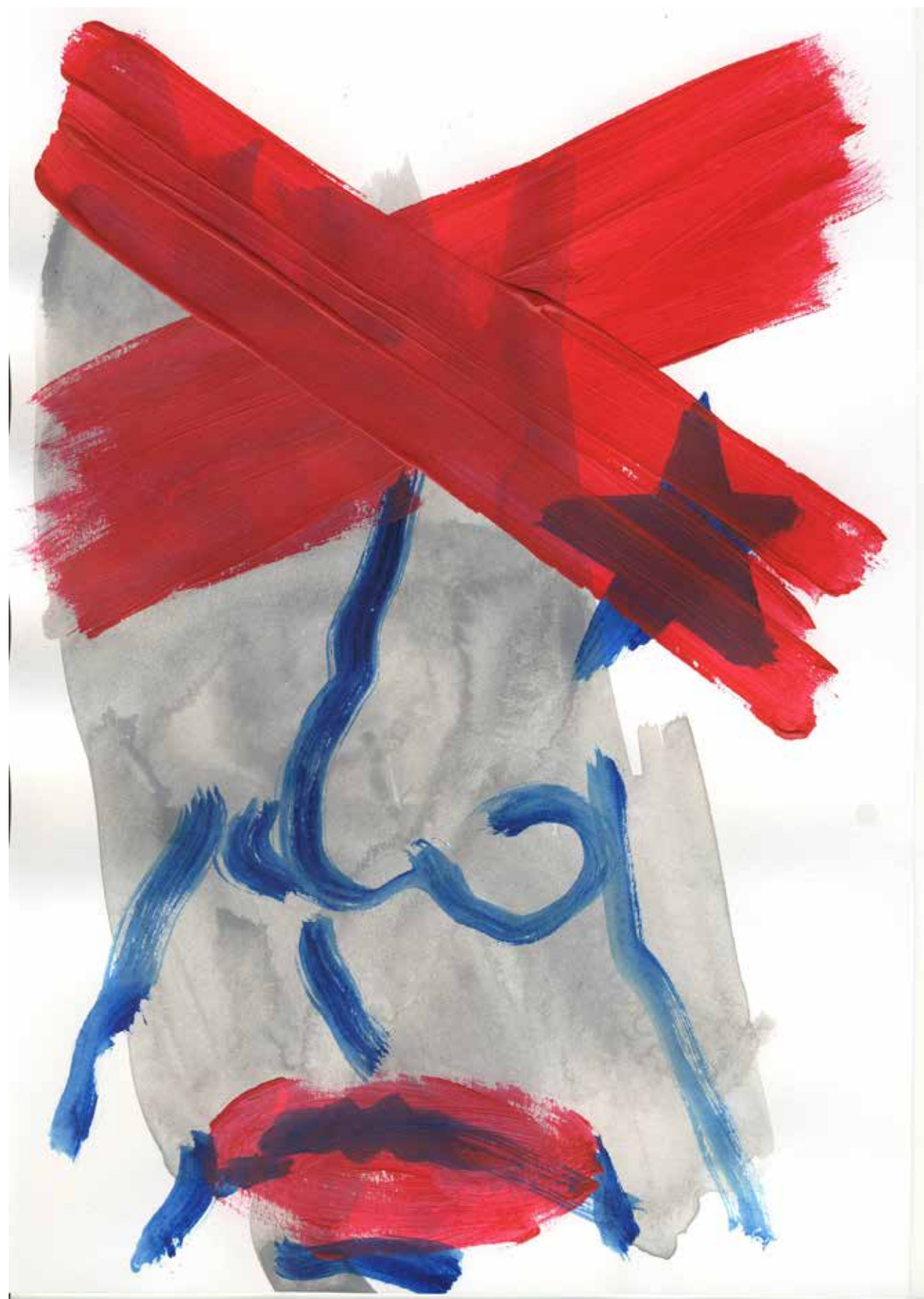
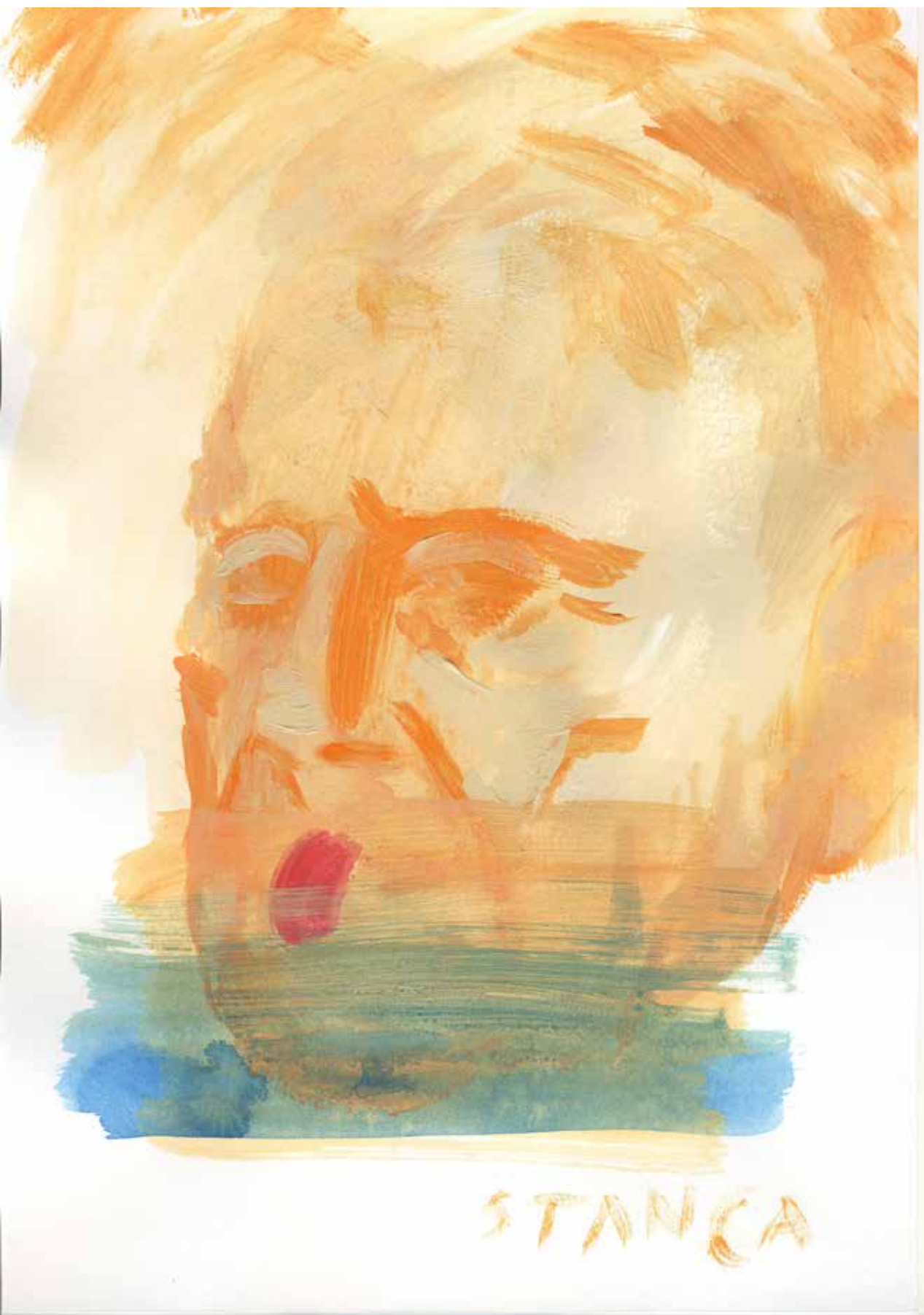


EGG









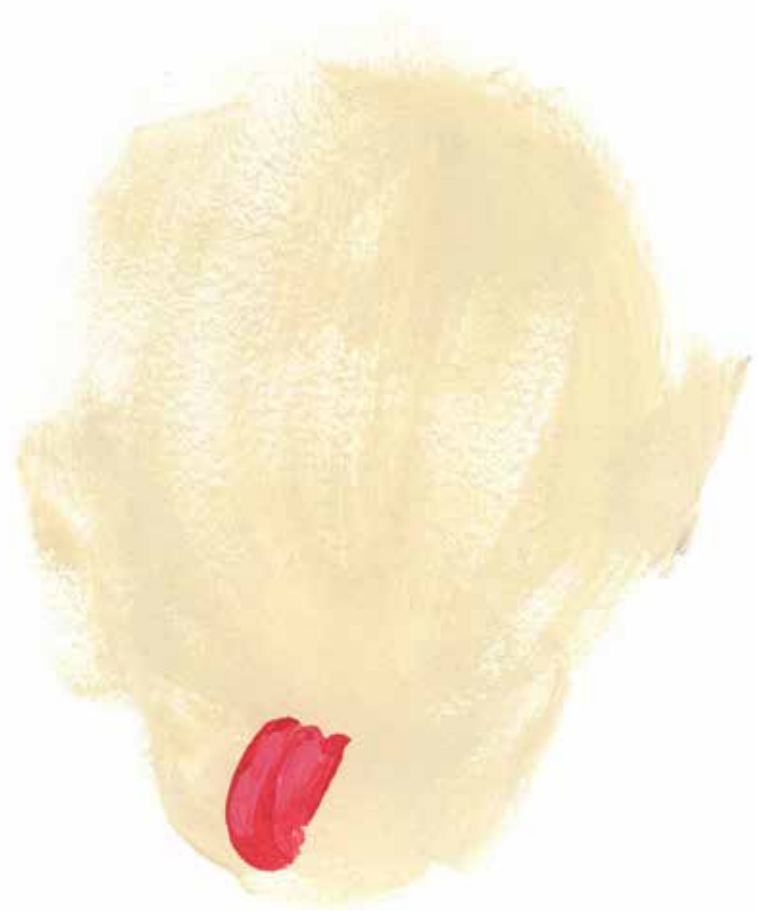














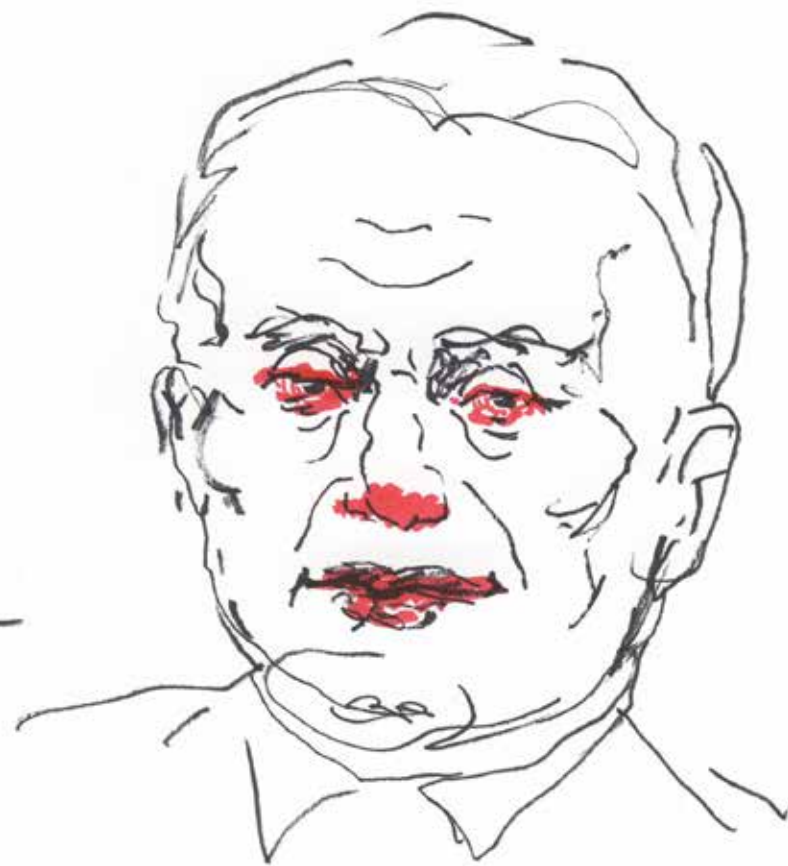


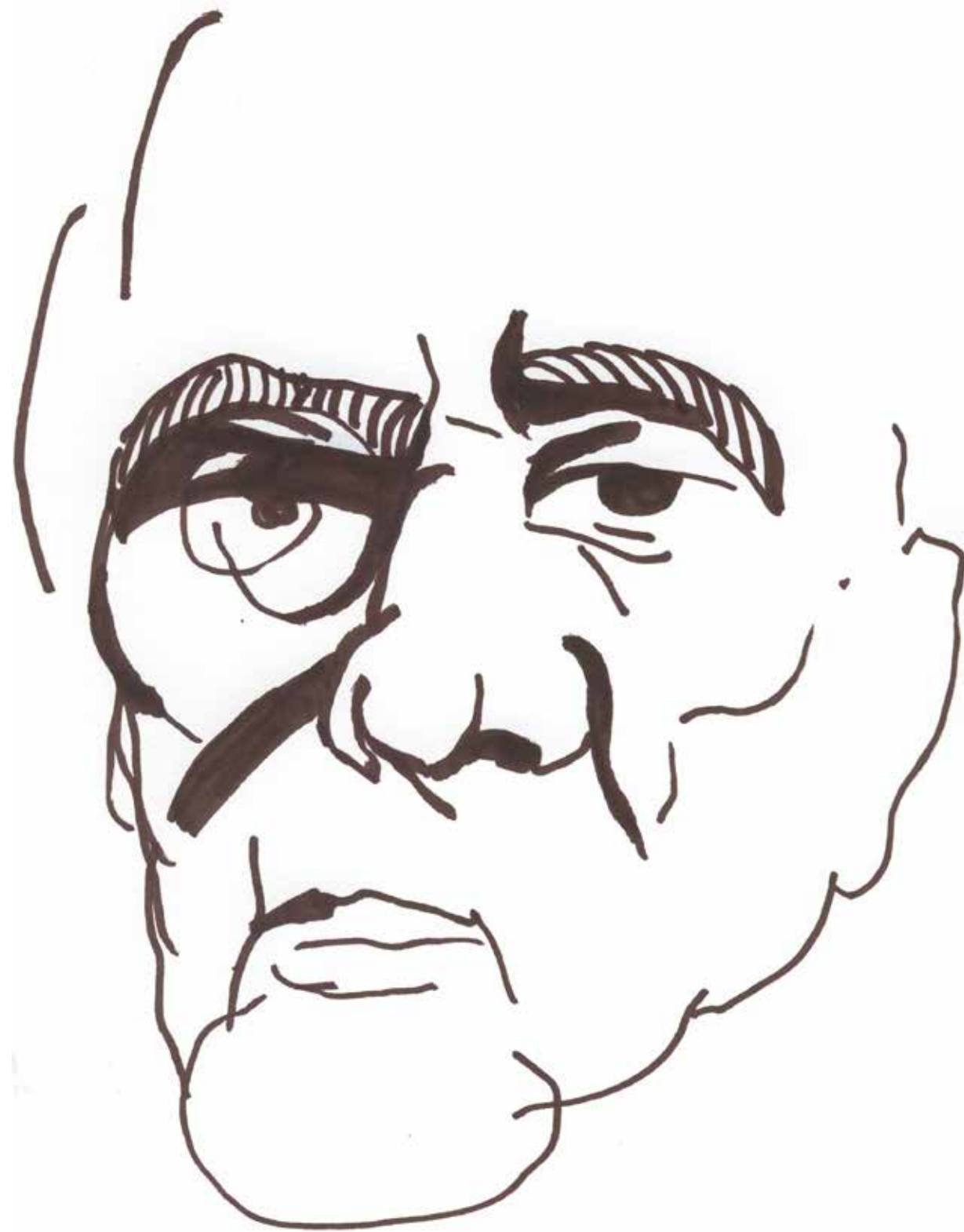
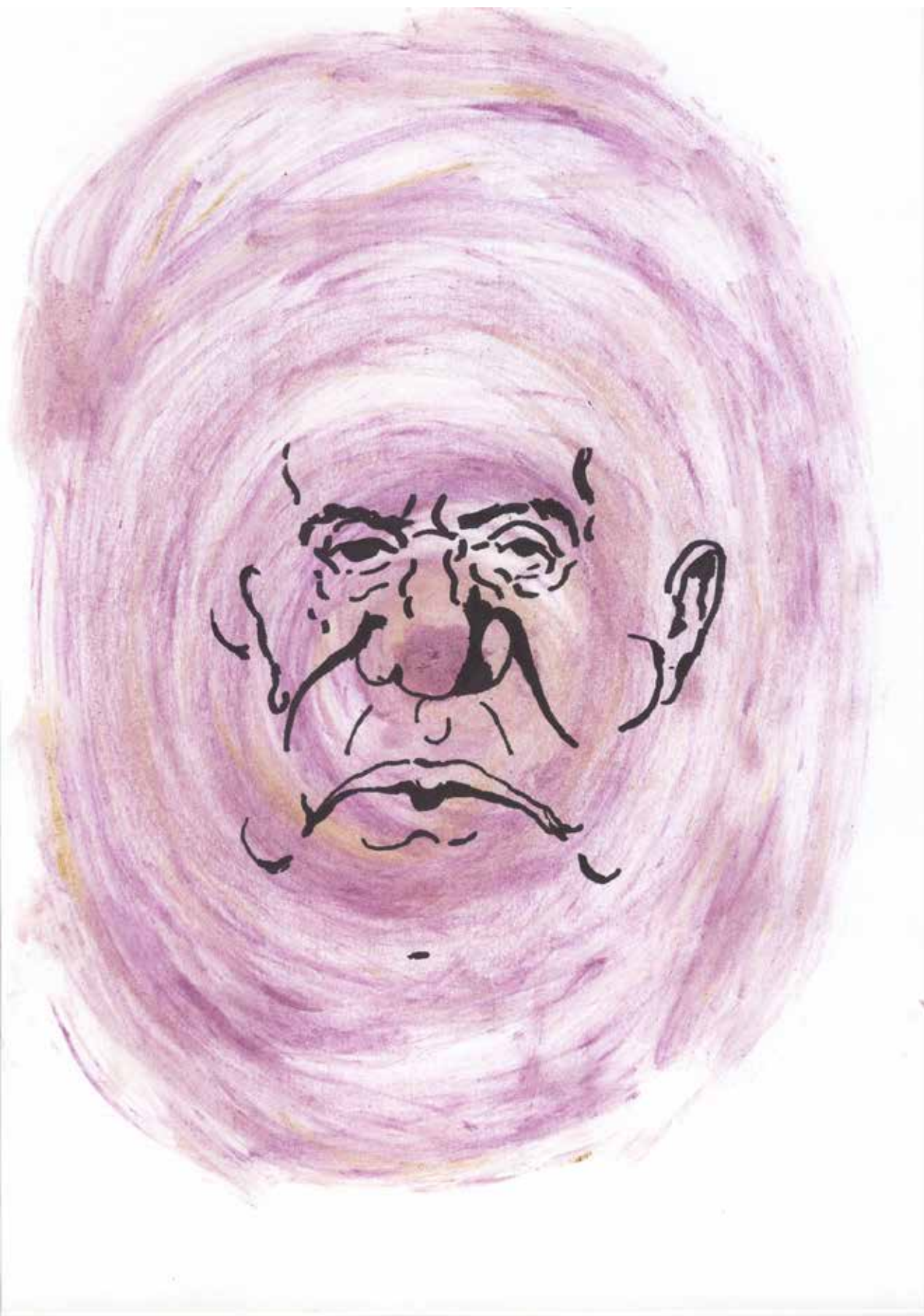






SREČNO

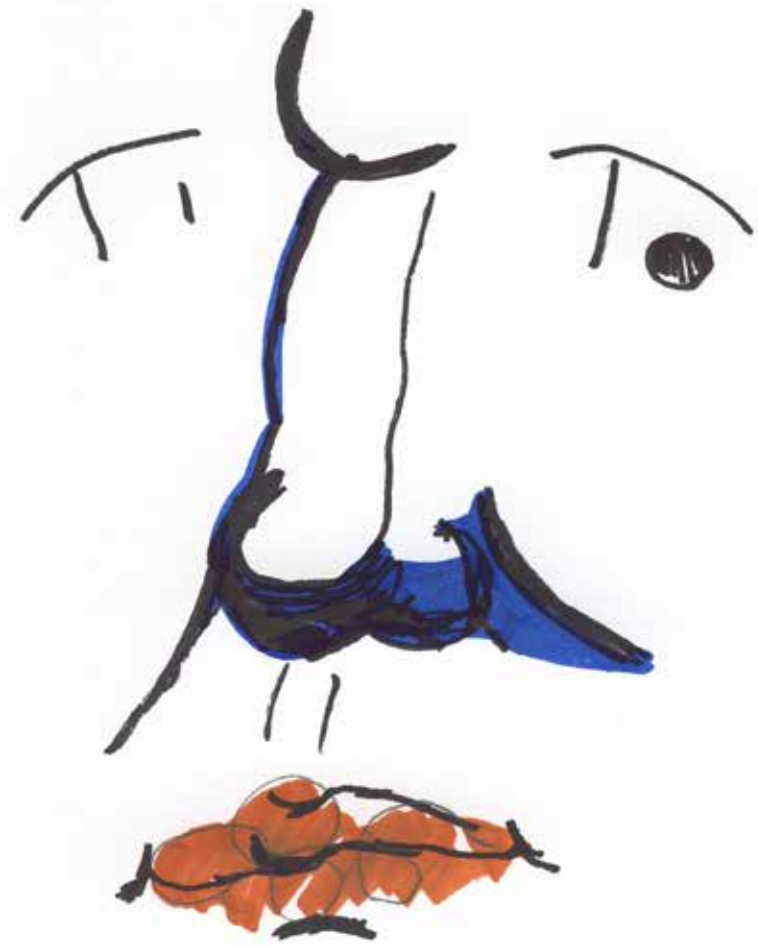




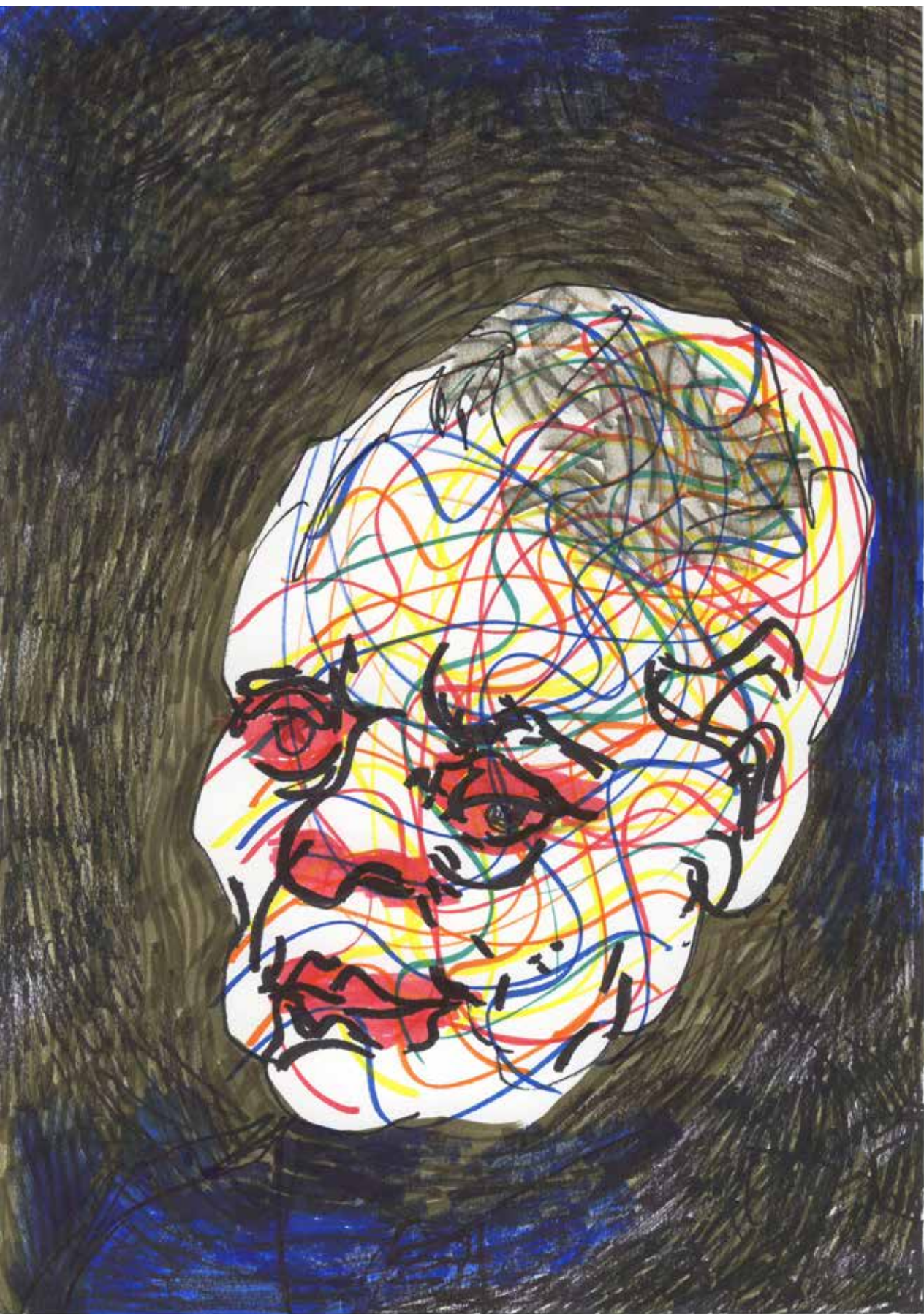




Tiio











I DON'T.

I WON'T.

I CAN'T.  
I SHAN'T.

TITO.









IT REALLY DOESN'T FEEL

GOOD TO FEEL BAD



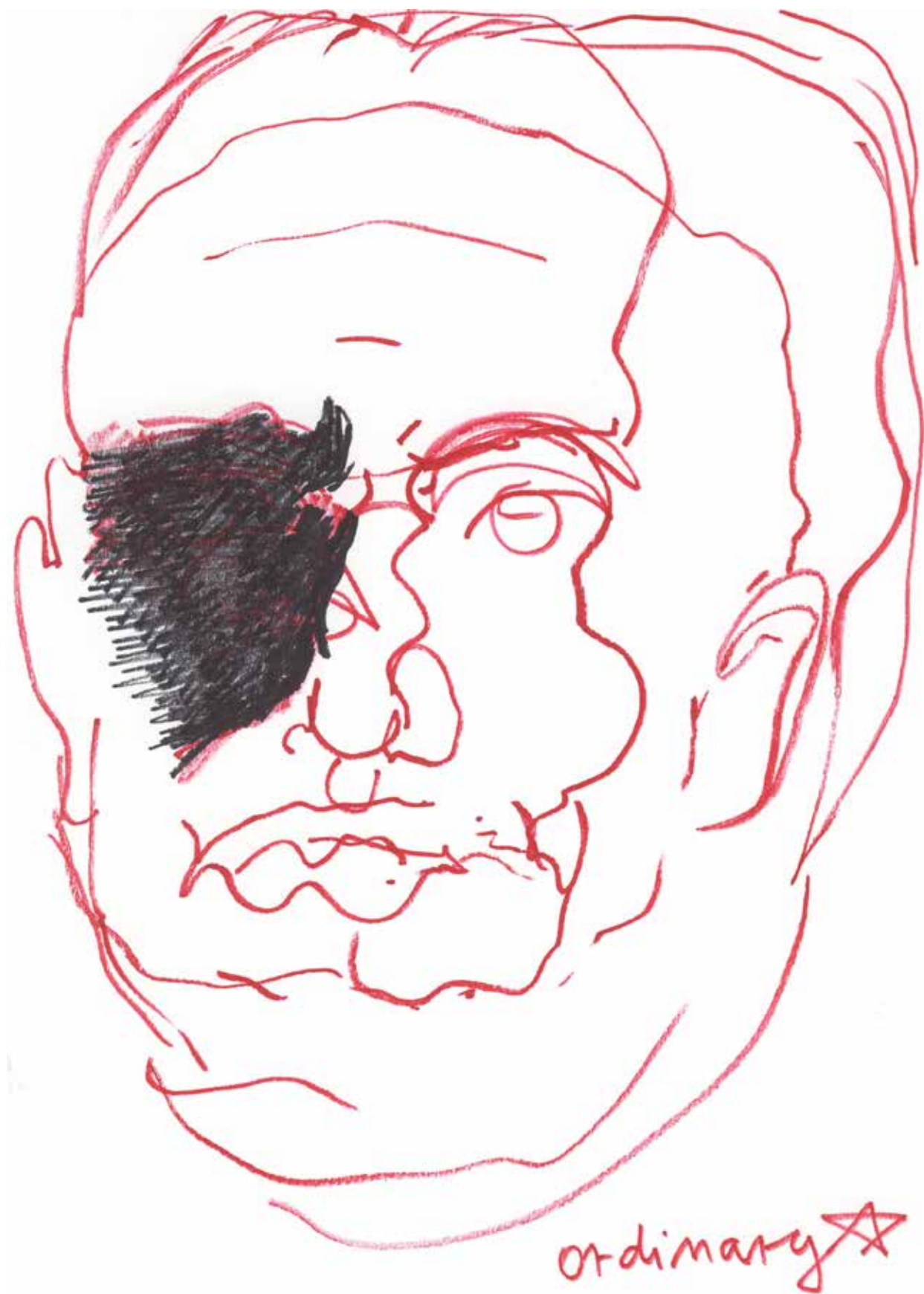
DOWN WITH ~~KLARASAXS~~ !!!

UP WITH  
KLARASAXS!!

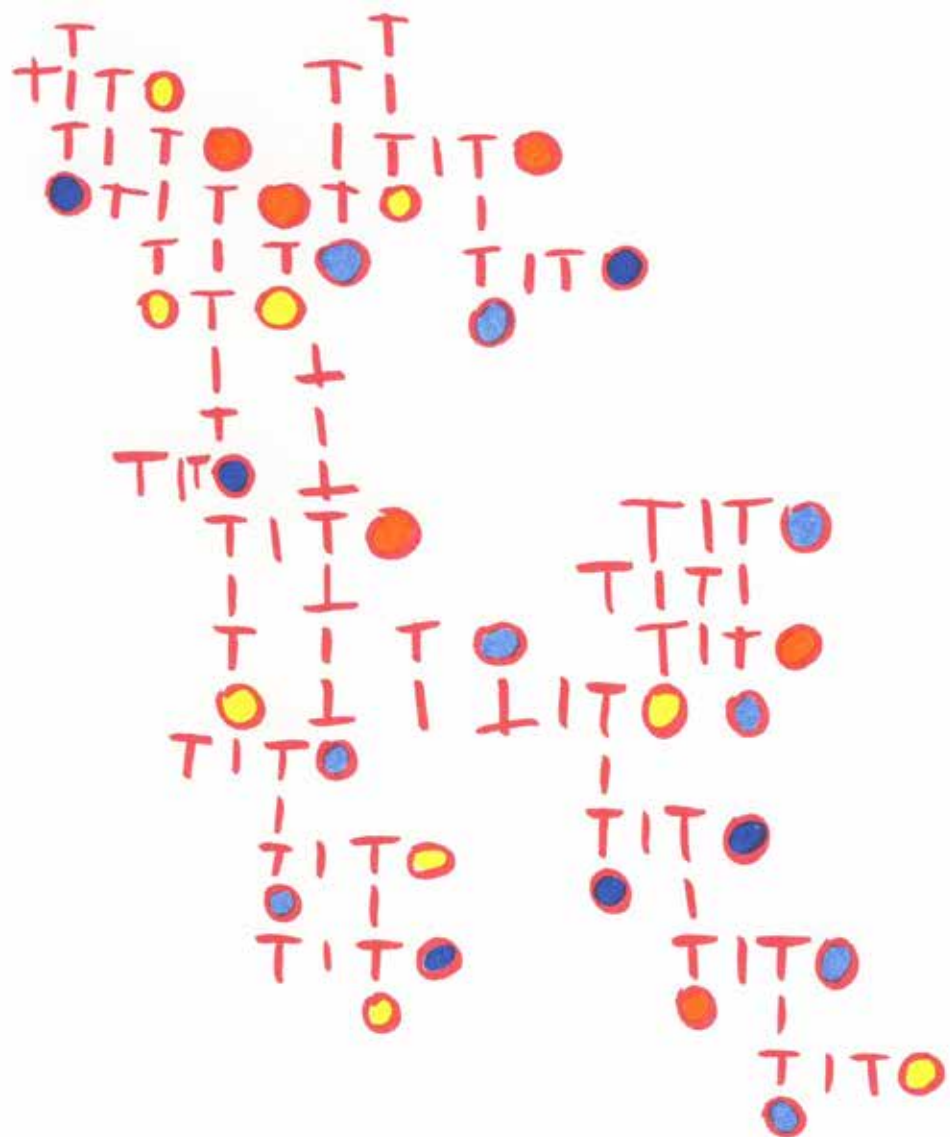




ma, why!?







many tits.  
many os'.  
and some titos.





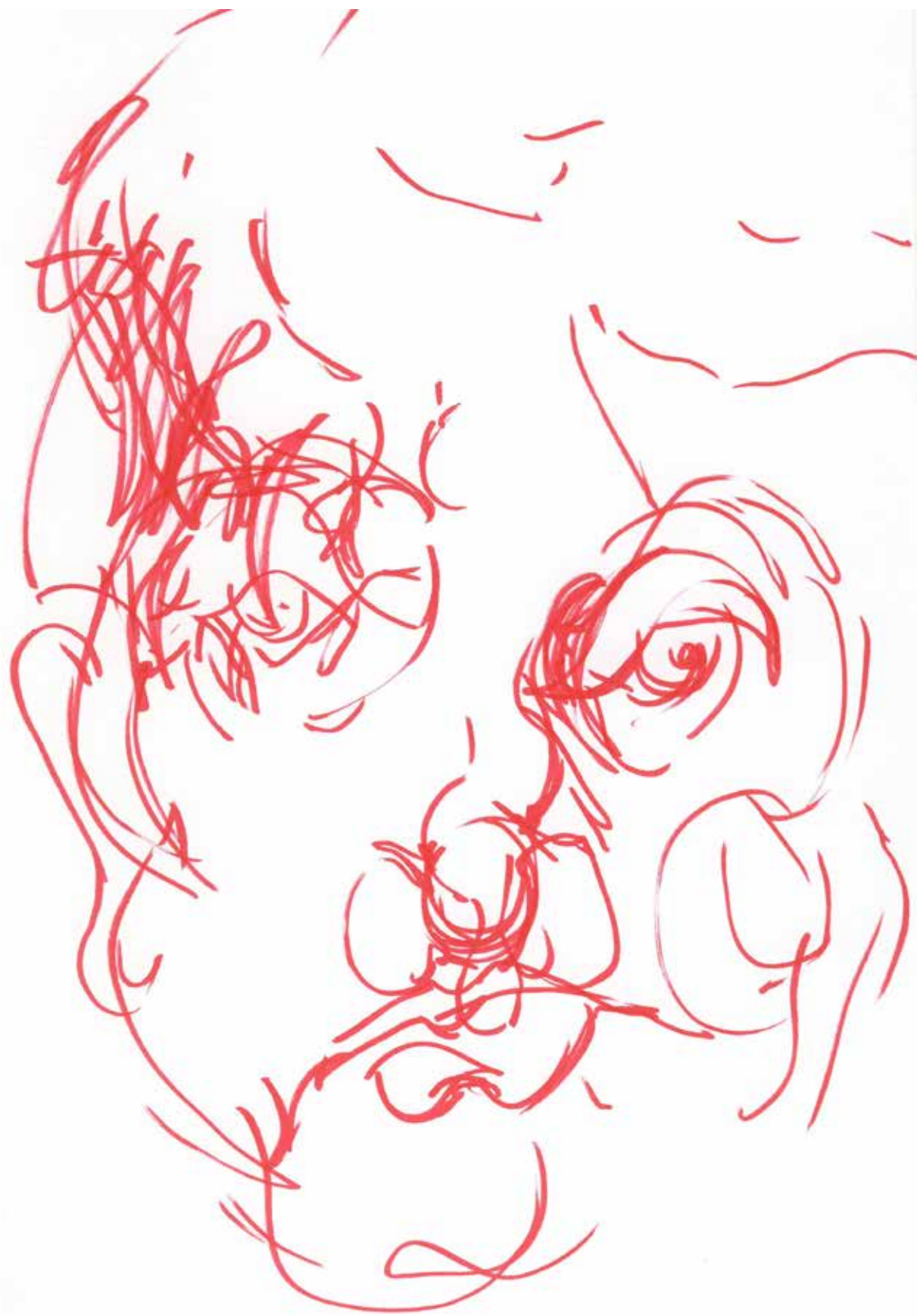










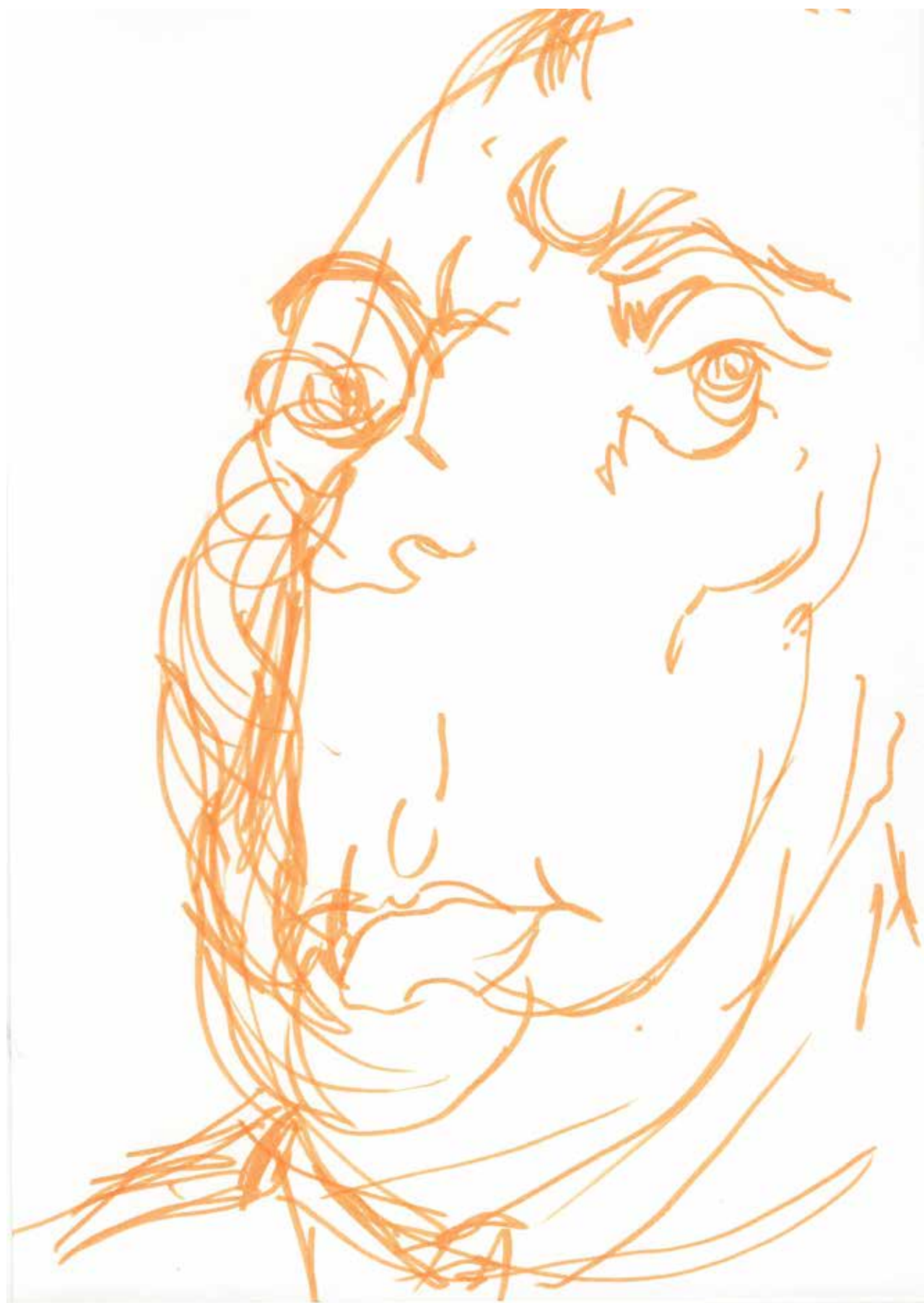




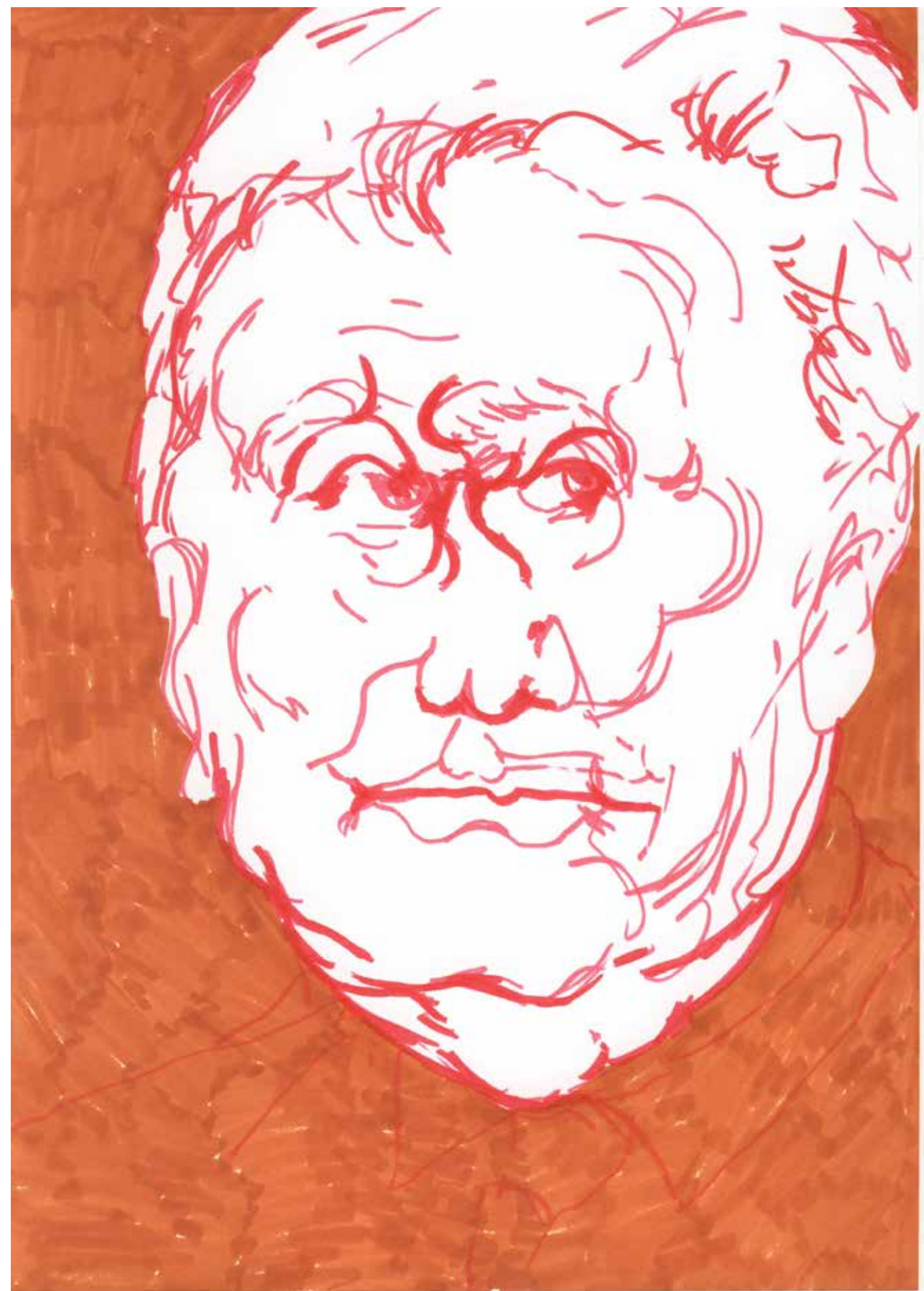




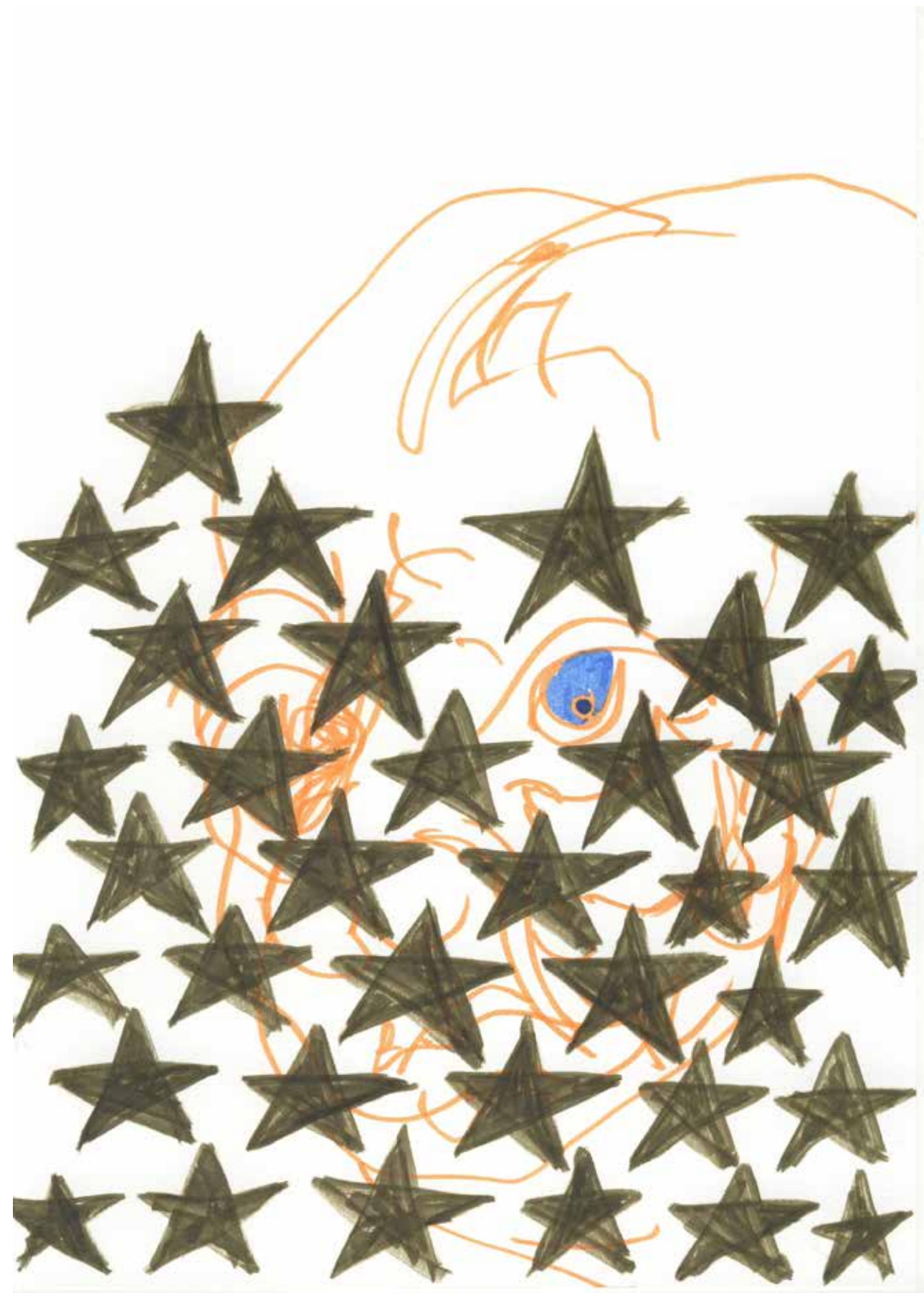


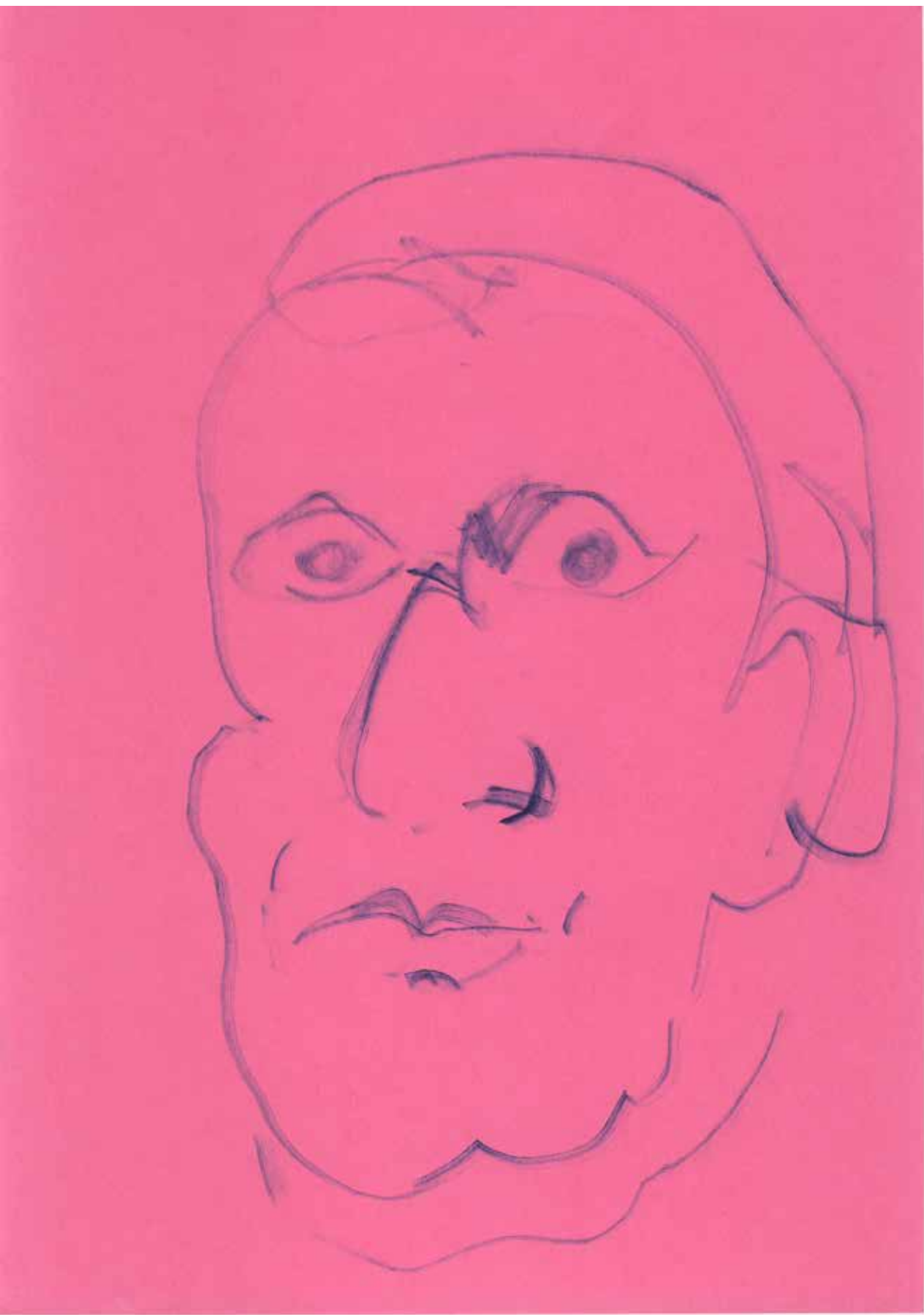




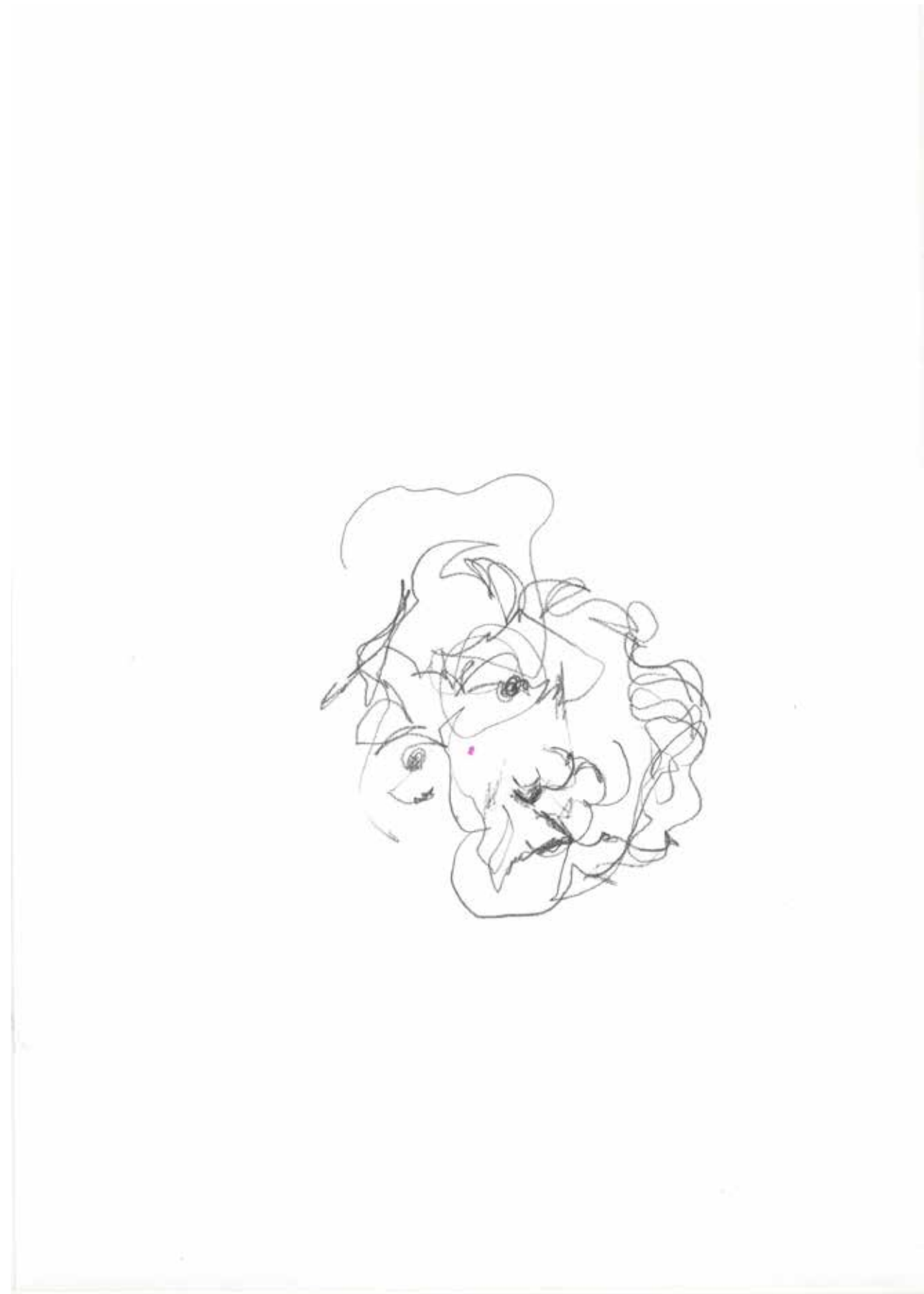
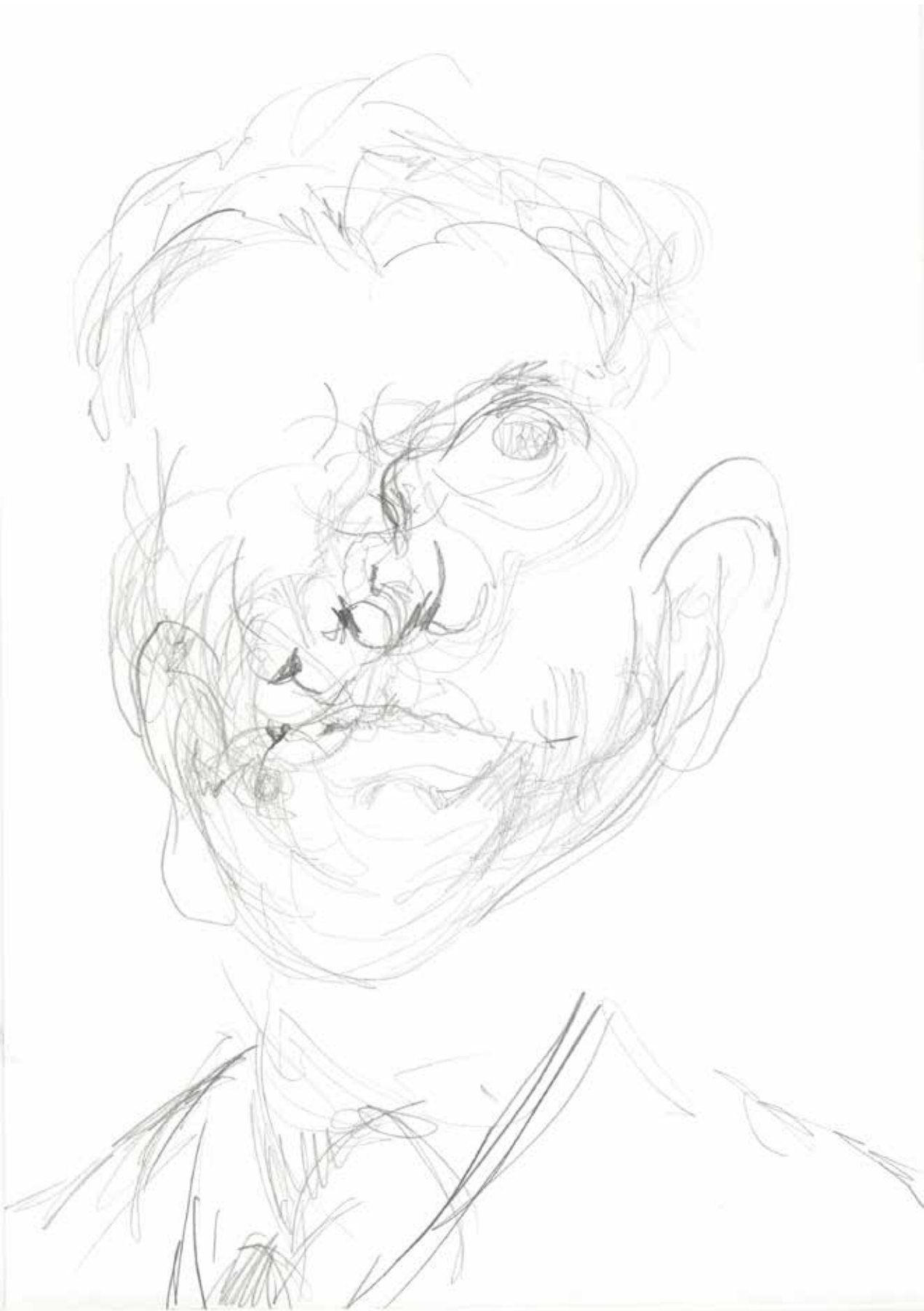














T I T O

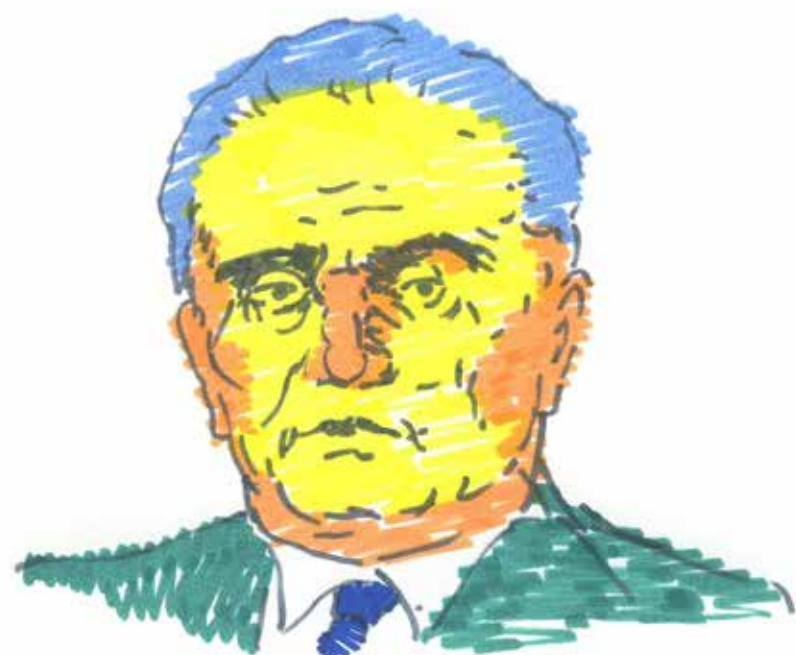






TITO

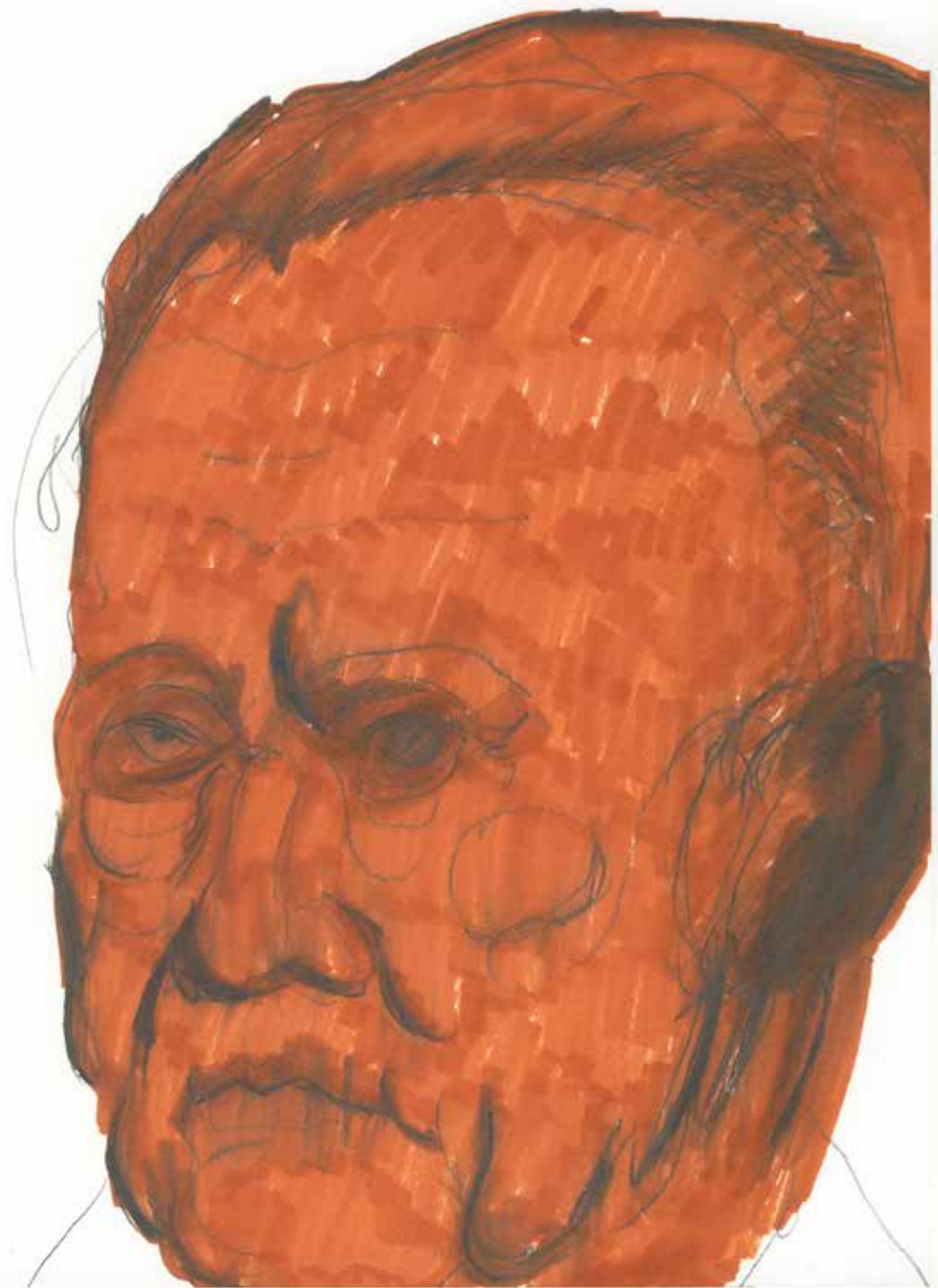








• it's gonna rain again  
today





WHERE THEY BURN BOOKS, THEY'LL  
SOON BURN PEOPLE



WE  
HAVE  
NO



CHANCE  
AND WE  
MUST USE IT



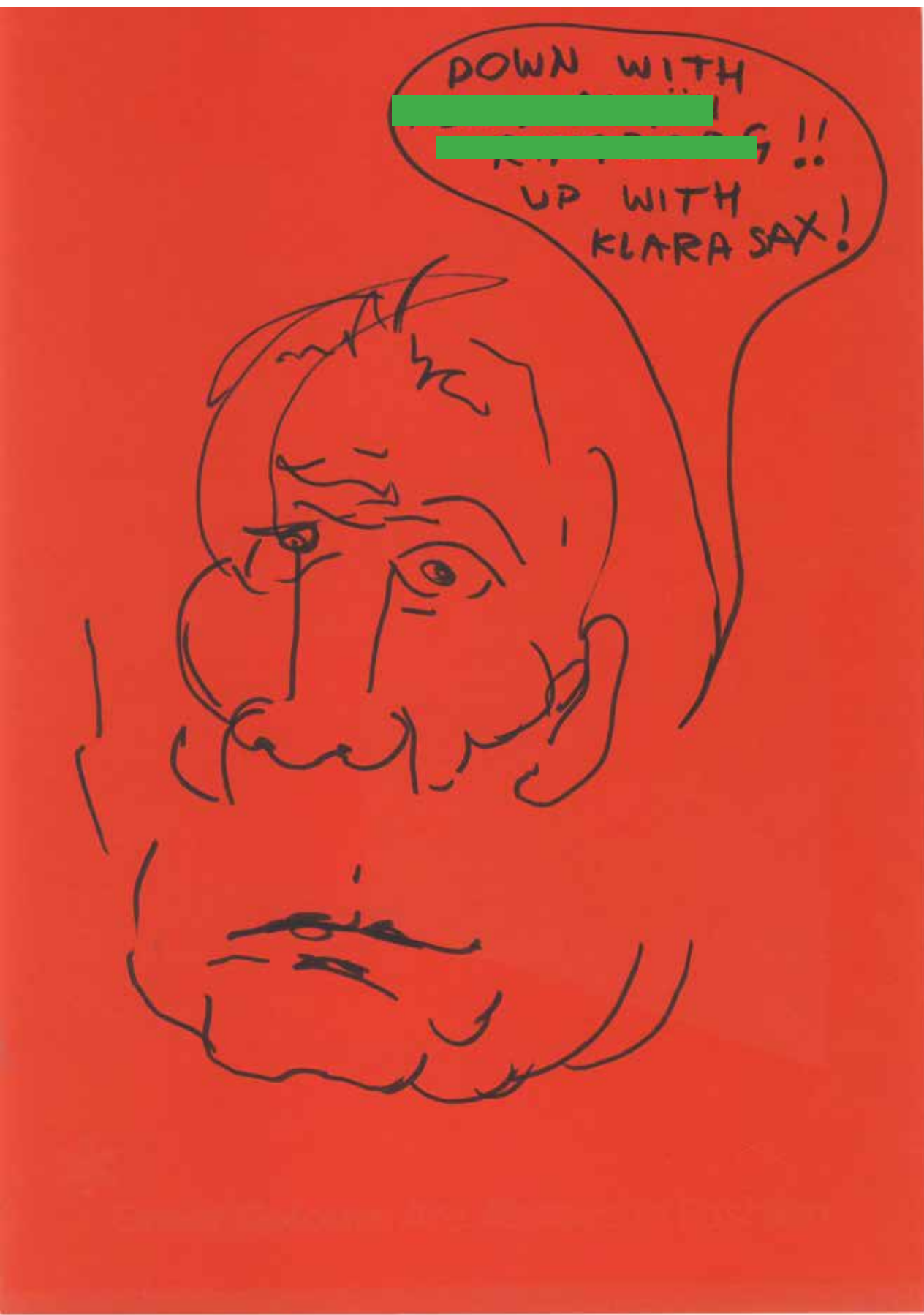




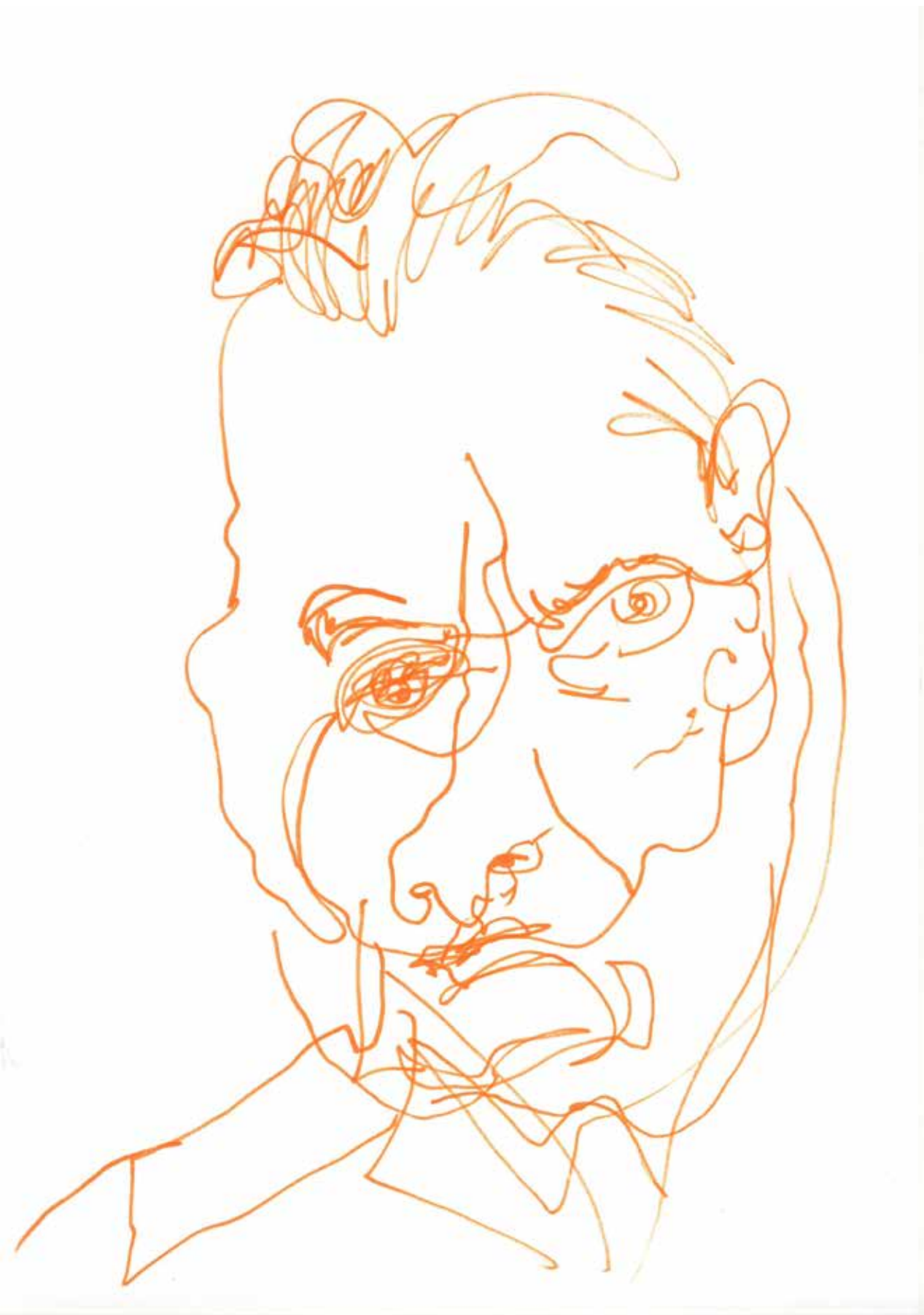






















A TITO A DAY KEEPS

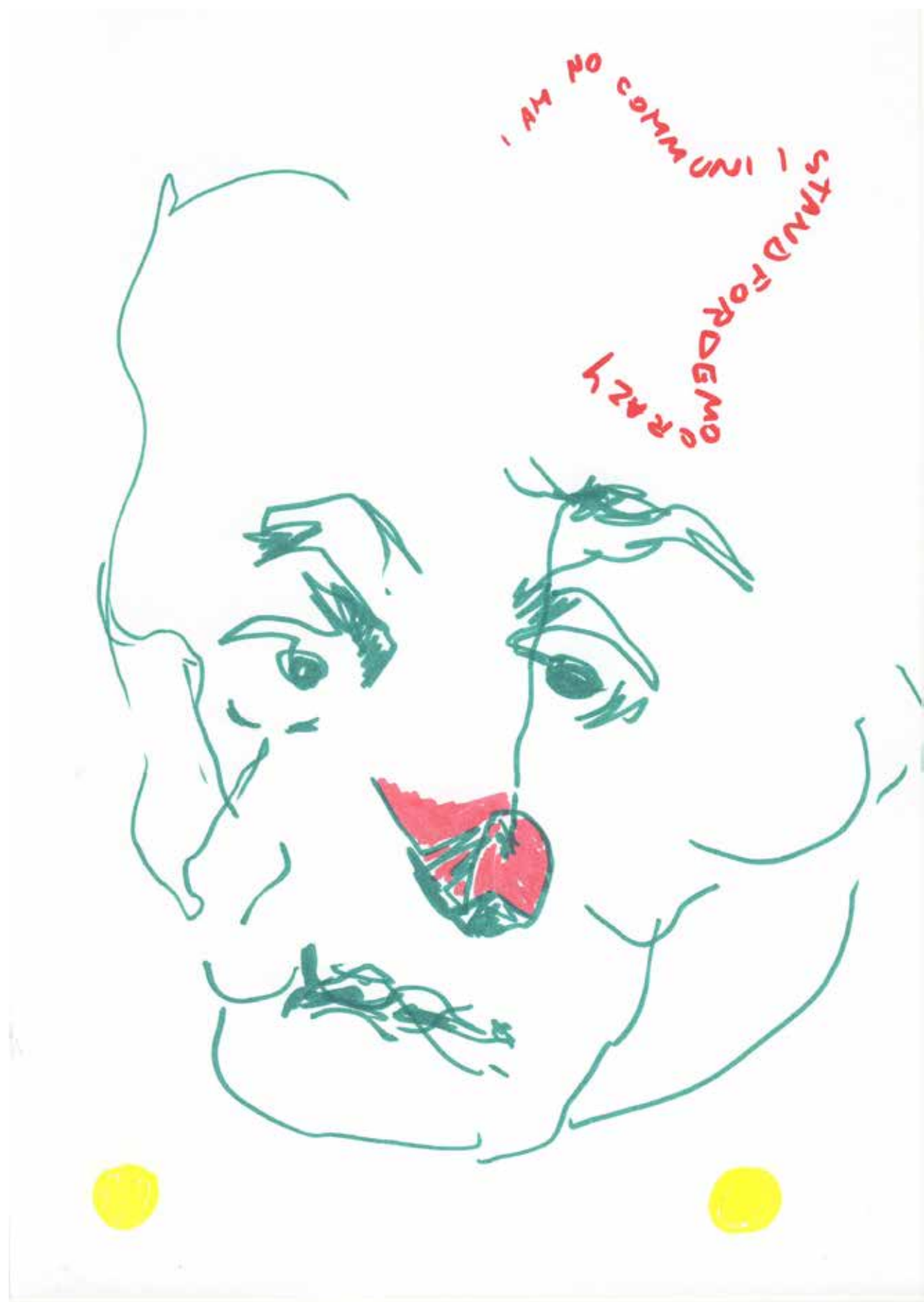
~~RECOMMENDS~~ AT BALY



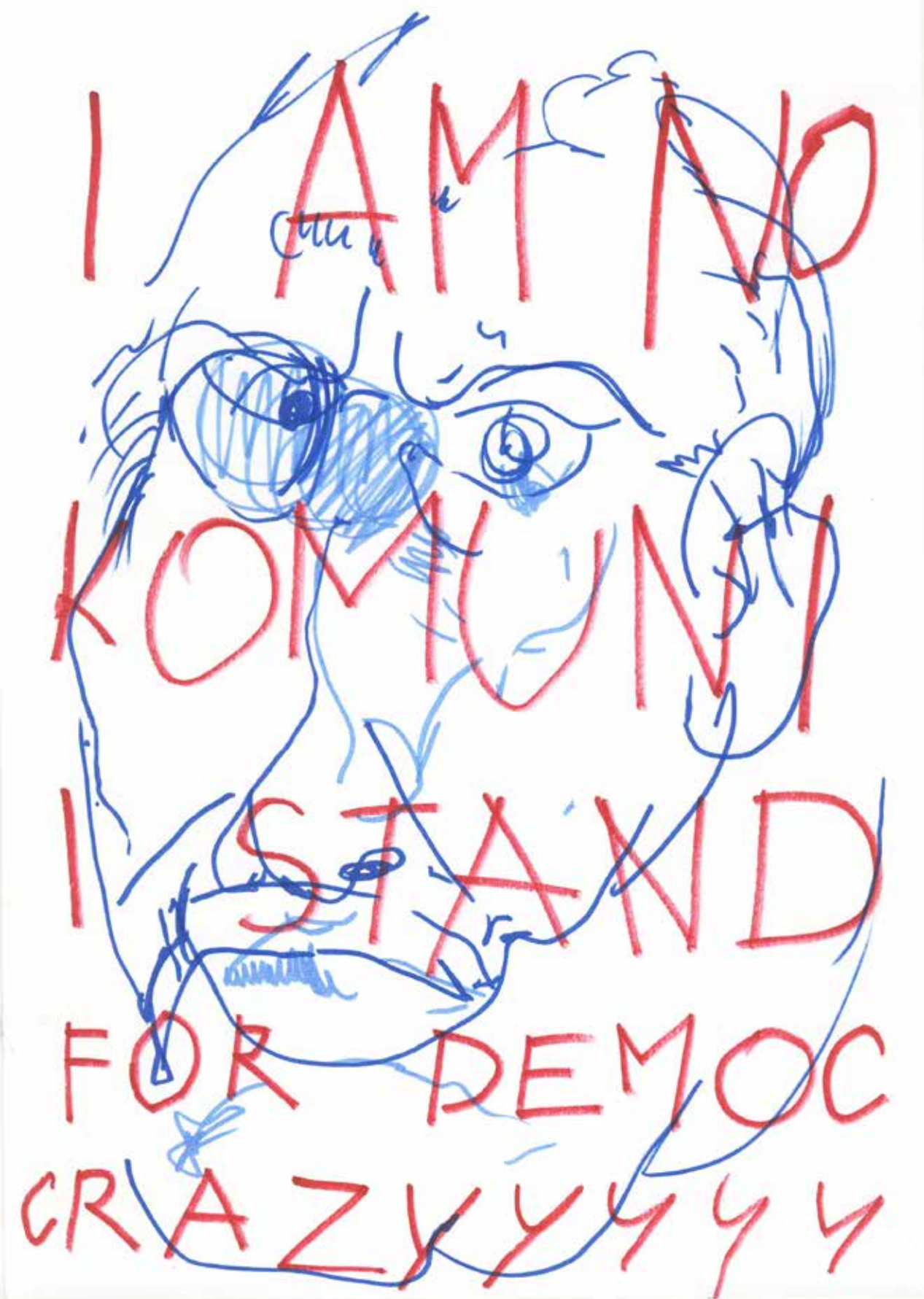




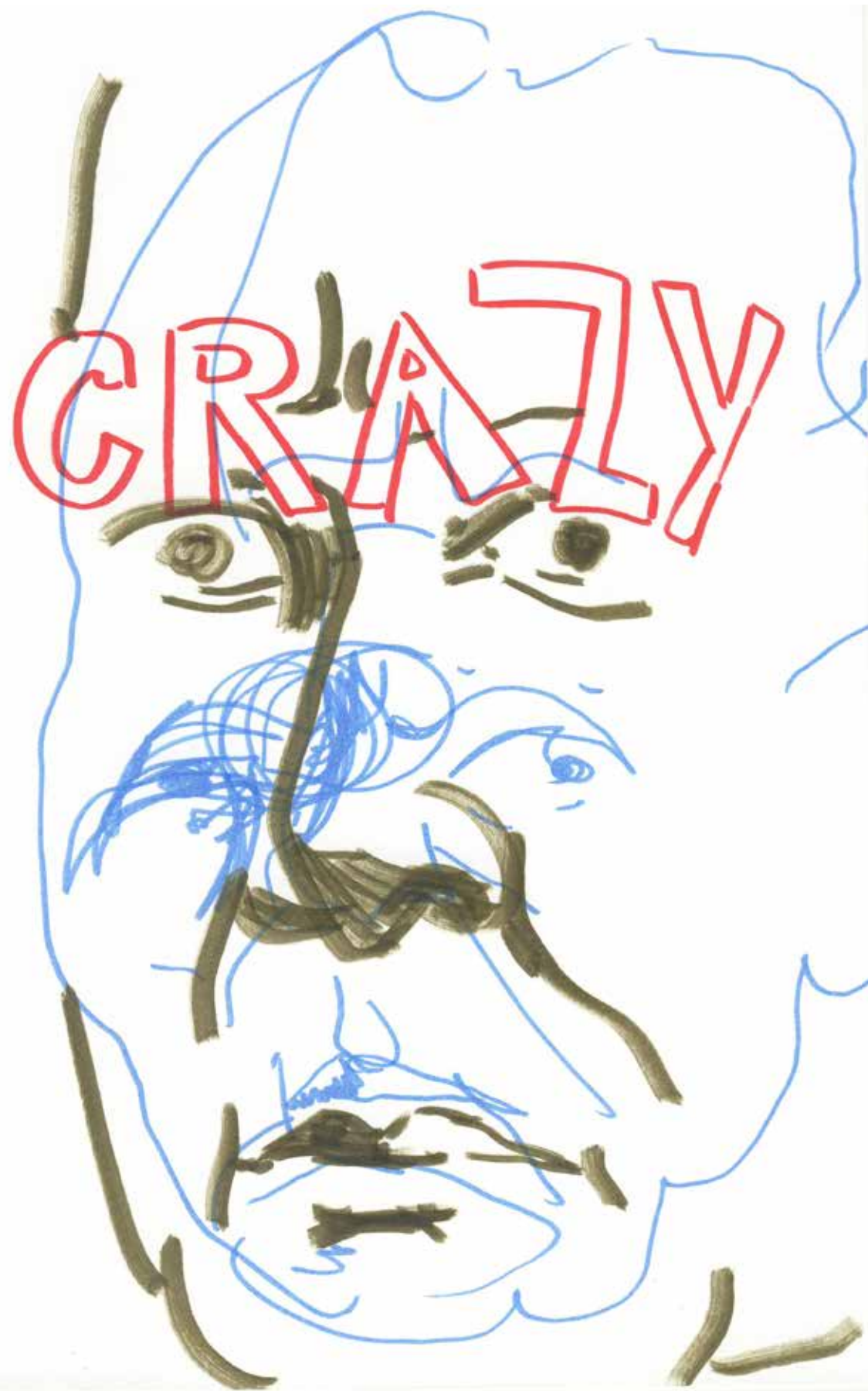




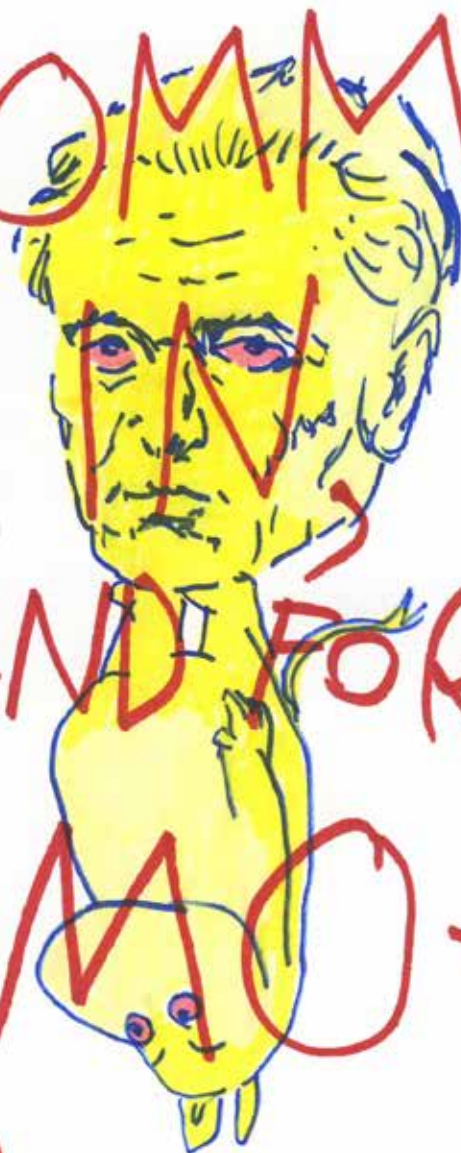








☆ I AM  
NO COMM-  
UNISM  
I STAND FOR  
DEMOC-  
RACY



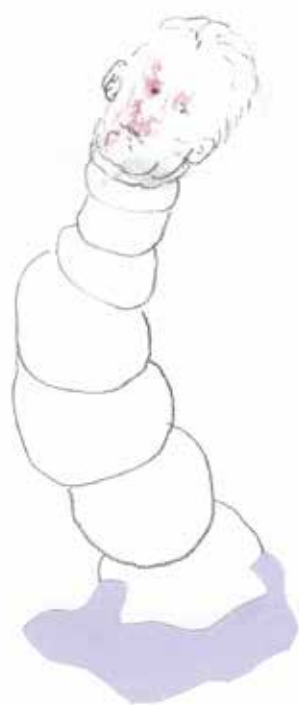


IT'S ART,  
IT'S NOT SMART!



in - ~~Cherry~~  
a ~~red~~  
of ~~red~~

~ ~~Frank~~



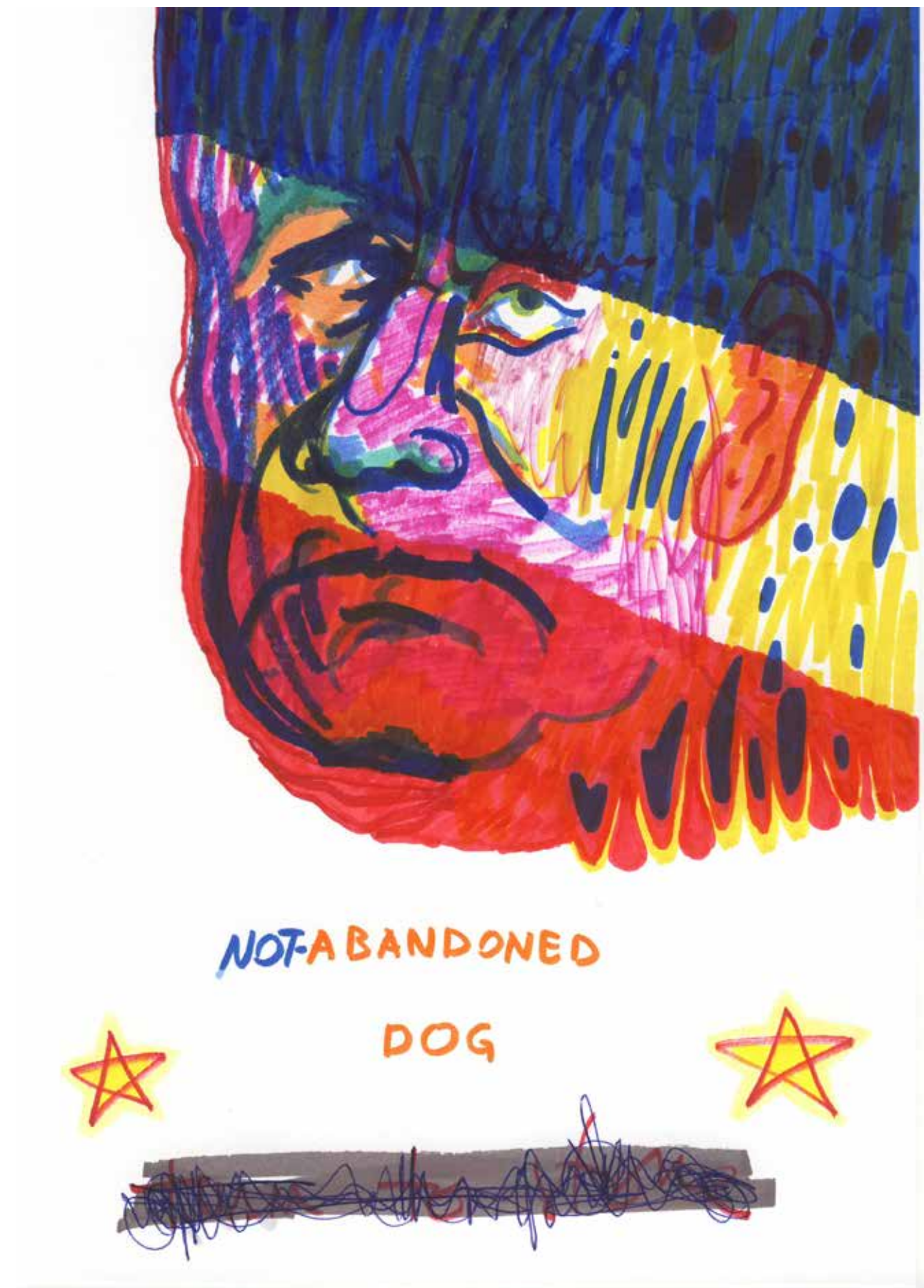


NEXT DOCUMENTA SHOULD  
BE BANNED BY THE ARTISTS!

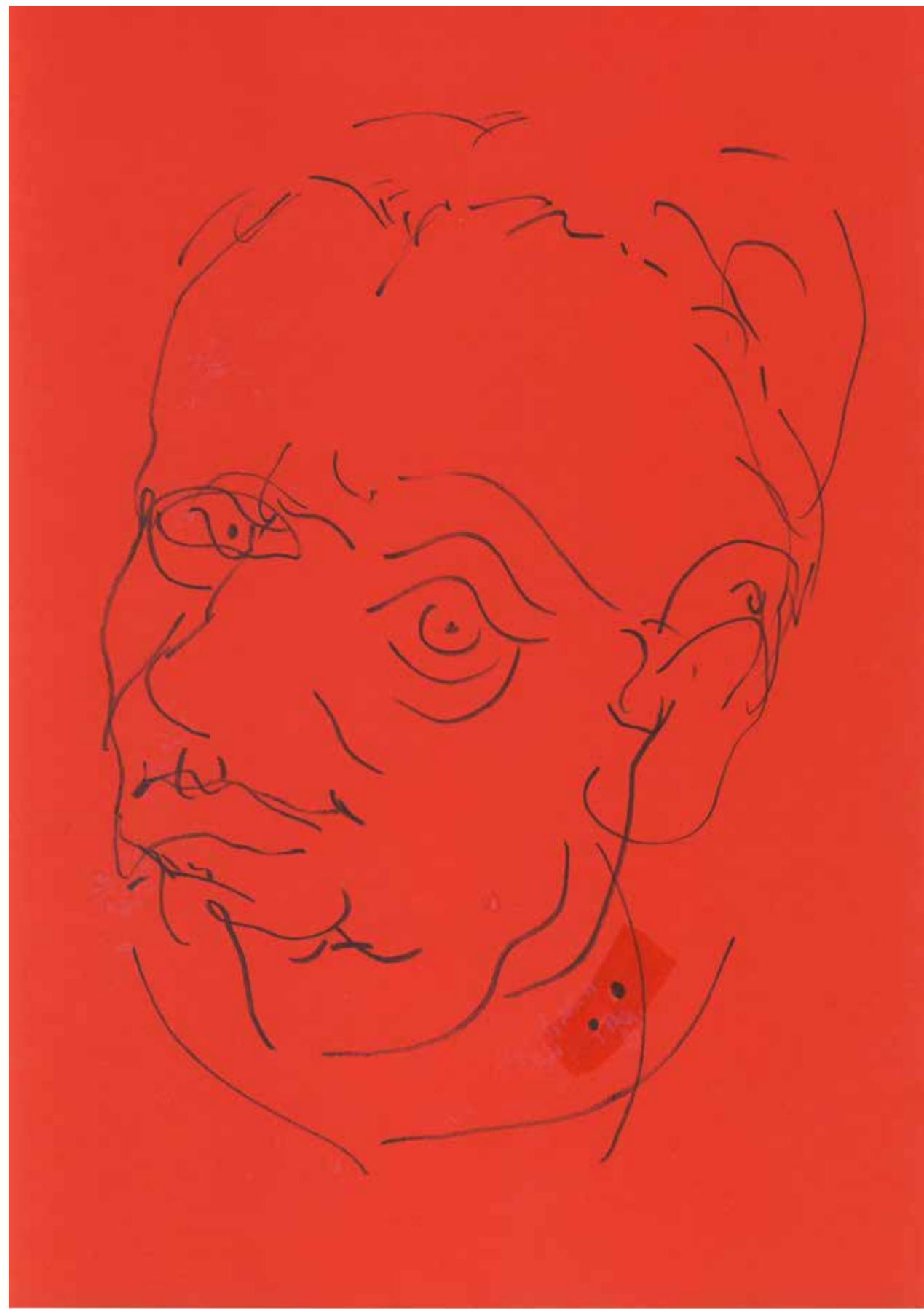
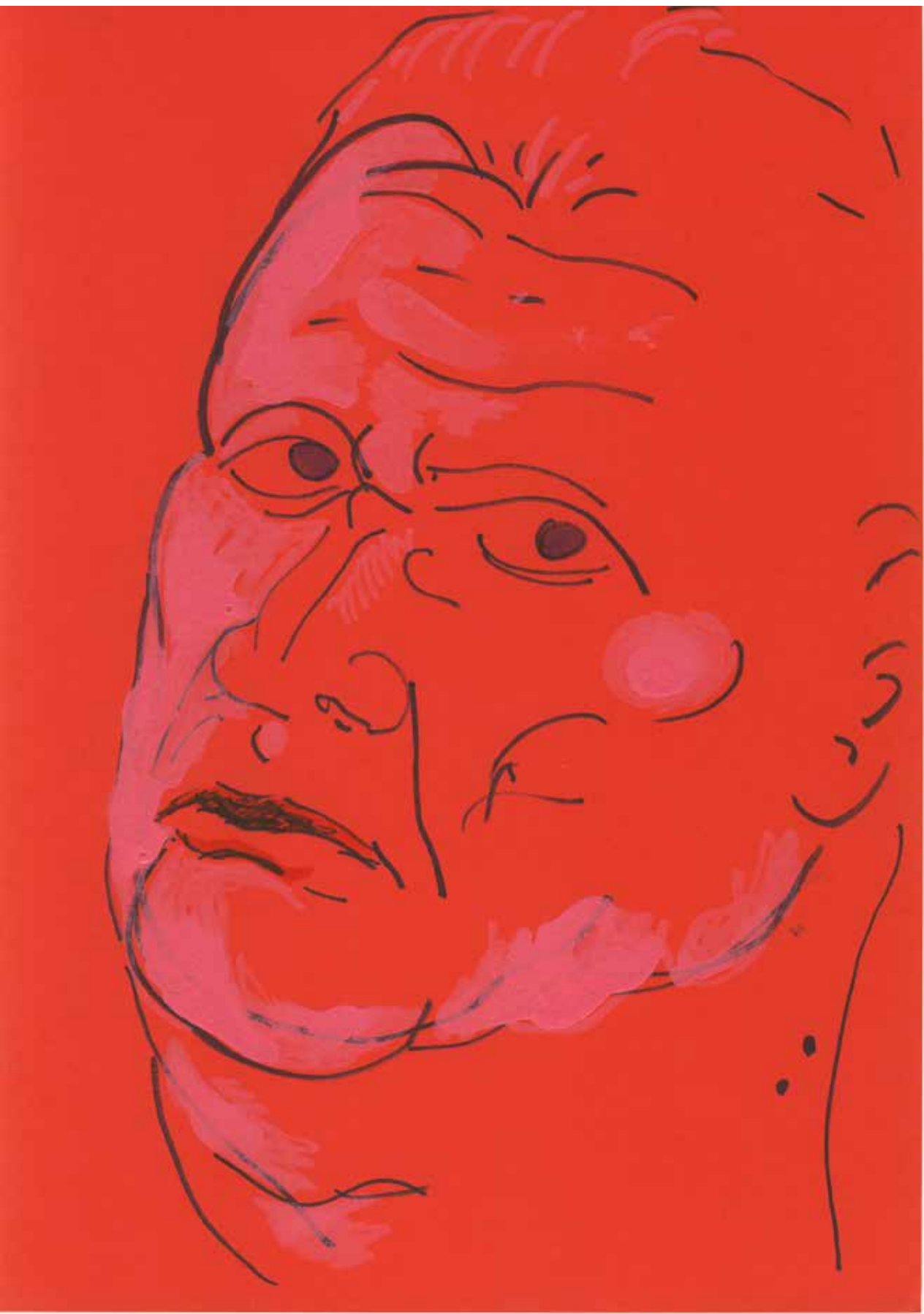


'SELFDESTRUCT  
SELFDESTRUCT







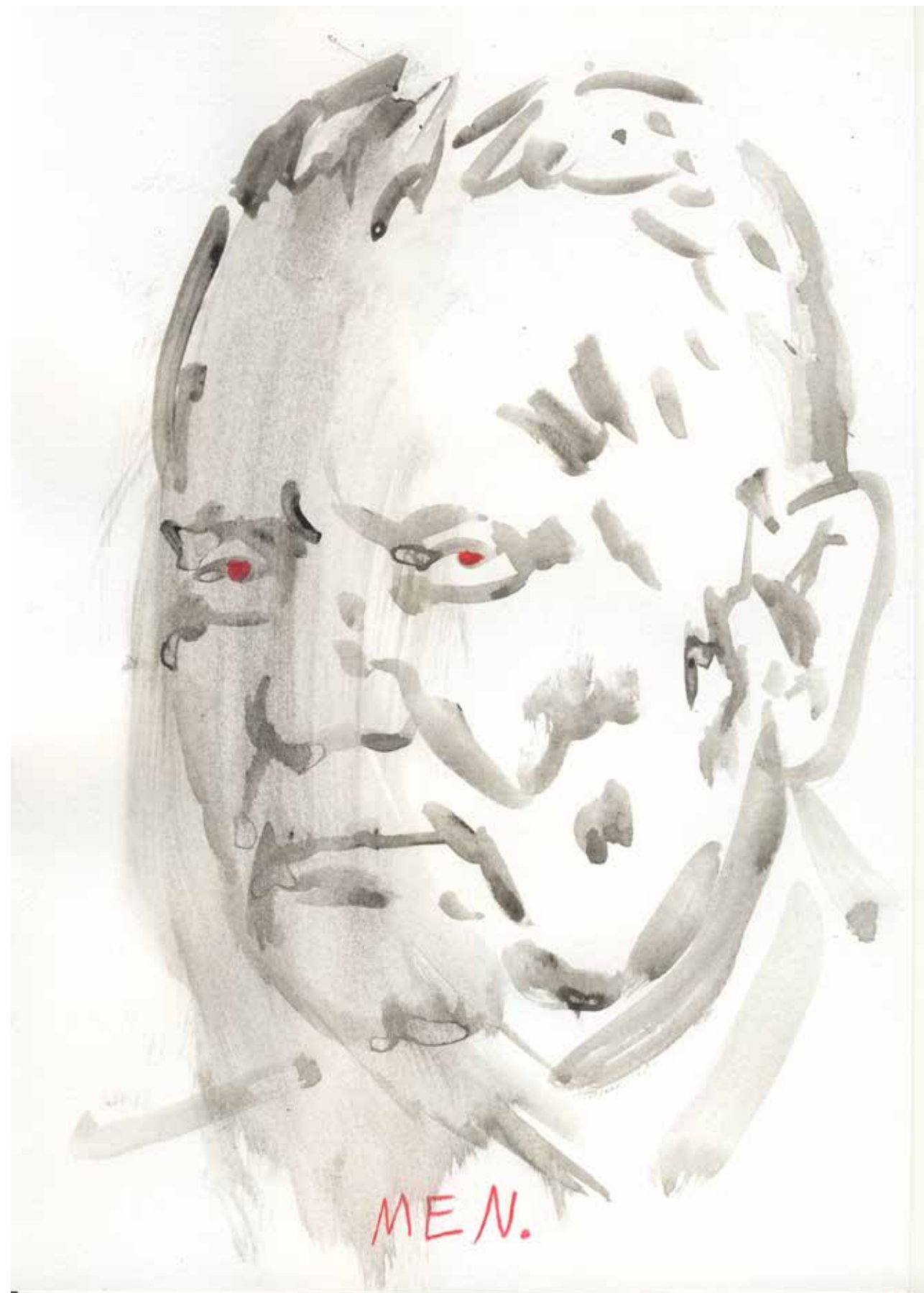
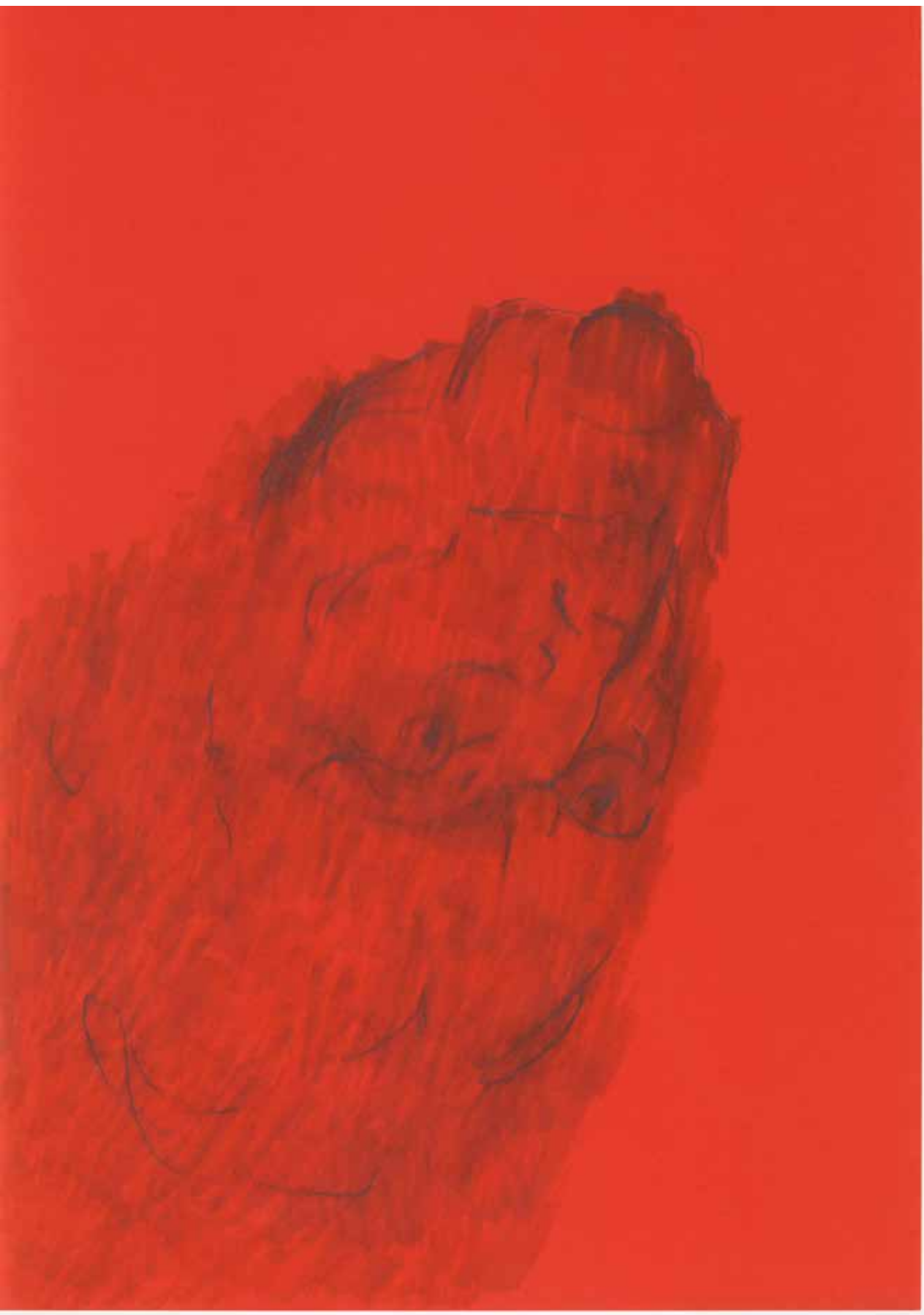




TITO ★









I DON'T MIND FAILING  
IN THIS WORLD.



'CAUSE THOSE WHO  
~~WANT~~ SUCCEED  
ARE



THE SONS OF  
BITCHES

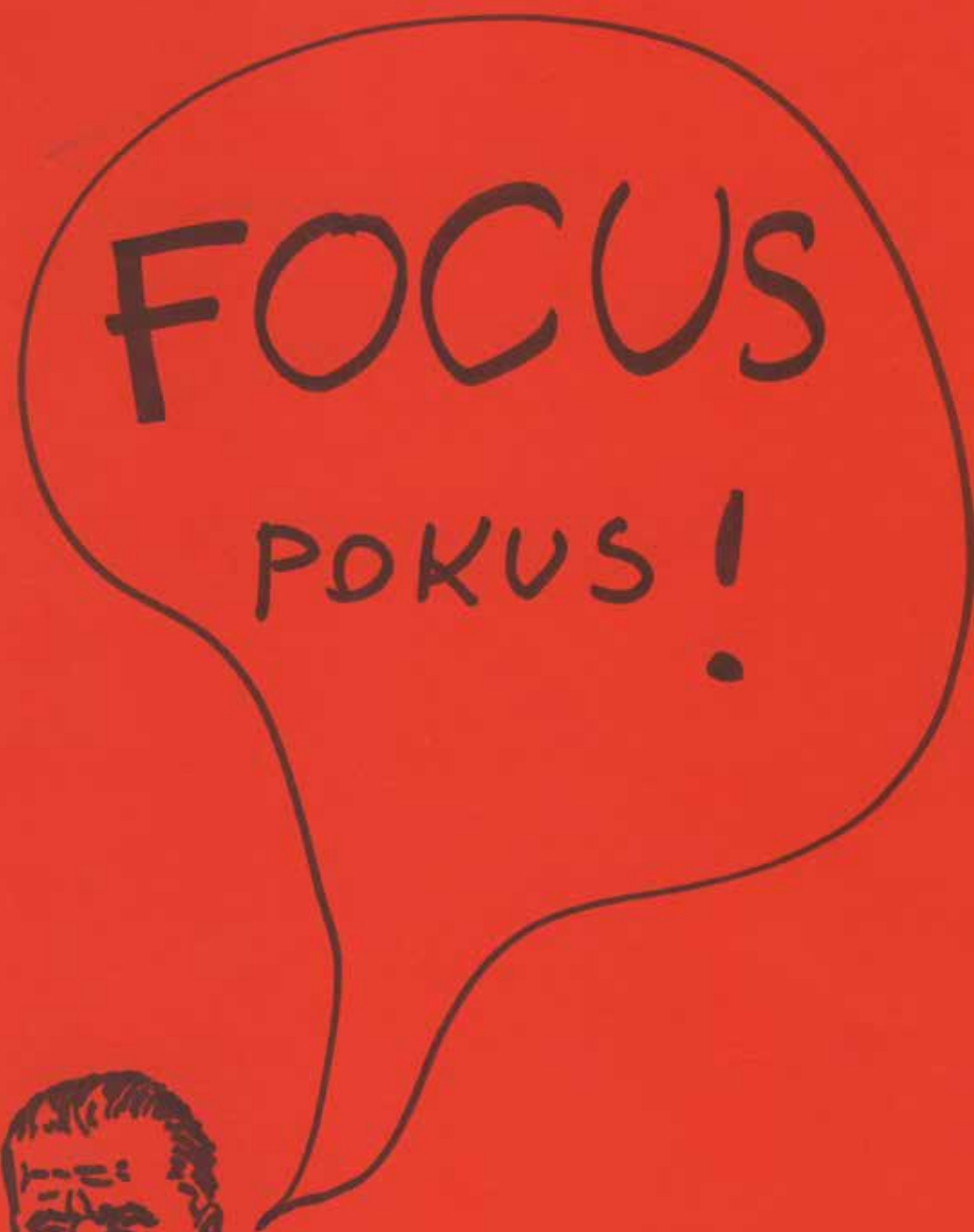
I DON'T MIND FAILING IN THIS WORLD





SHE  
WASN'T  
THIS  
SLOW

OH WELL.





DOWN WITH  
AUTHORS!!  
UP WITH  
SAXS!!!  
SAT!







COMME  
MOON

JAZ-NISEN  
NOBEN KO-  
MU-  
MUMIN  
JAZ SEM  
ZADE  
MOKRA-  
CARIE



★ JAZ NISEM  
NOBEN



JAZ NISEM  
NOBEN KO-  
MUNISM.  
JAZ IN

SEM ZA  
DEMMMMOKRA-  
CARIJE!!!



JAZ NISEM  
NOBEN

KOMU-  
MUMUMUMIN

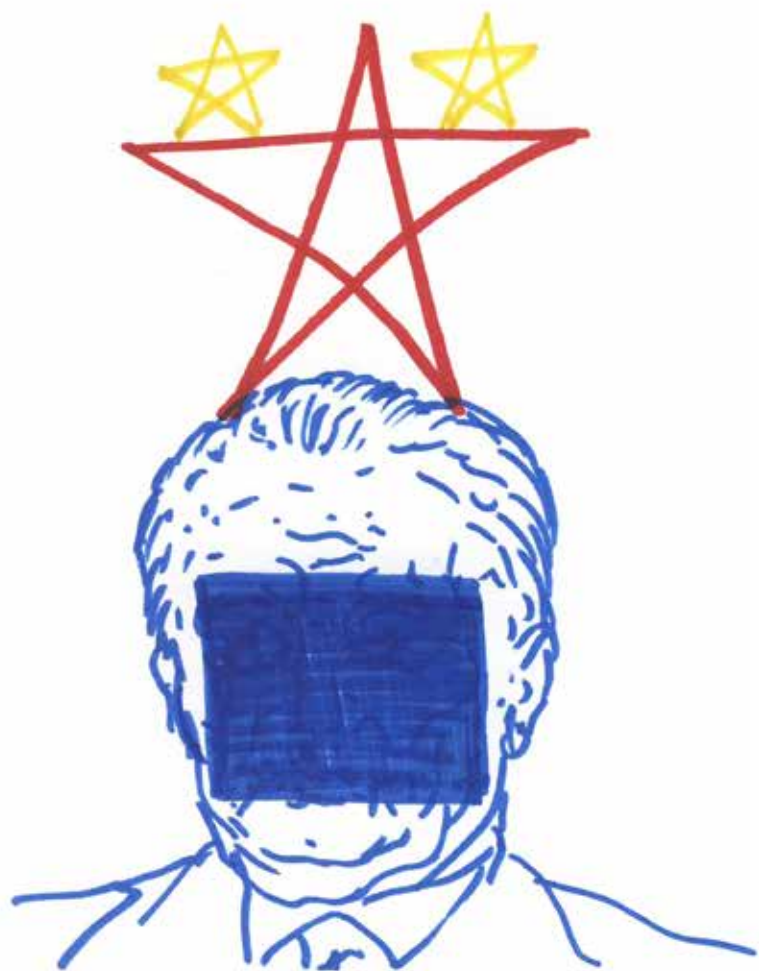
JAZ  
SEM ZA

DEMOKRA-  
CARIE ☆

AND WE  
NISEM NOBEN  
WATCHED  
KOMU-  
MUMMIN,  
GRAND  
JAZ  
SEM ZA ☆  
DEMOKRA-  
CARIE!

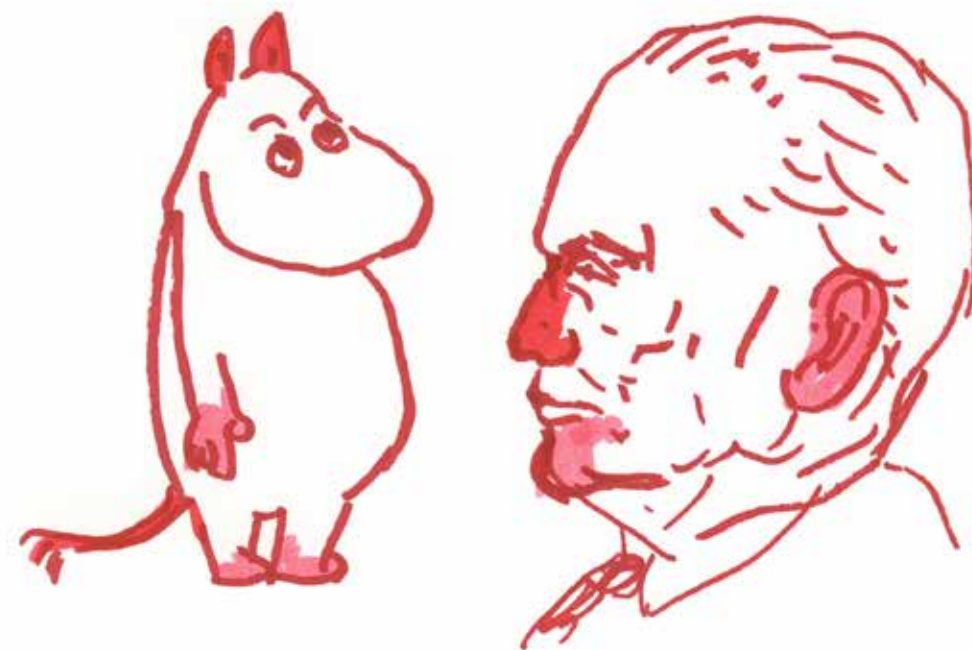






TITO  
steynd

HOW NOT TO BE SEEN



MOOMINCOMMIE





I AM

NO



COMMUNISM

UMINTROLL

STAND  
FOR

DEMO-  
CRAZY

JAZ NISEM  
NOBEN KO-  
MUMMIN

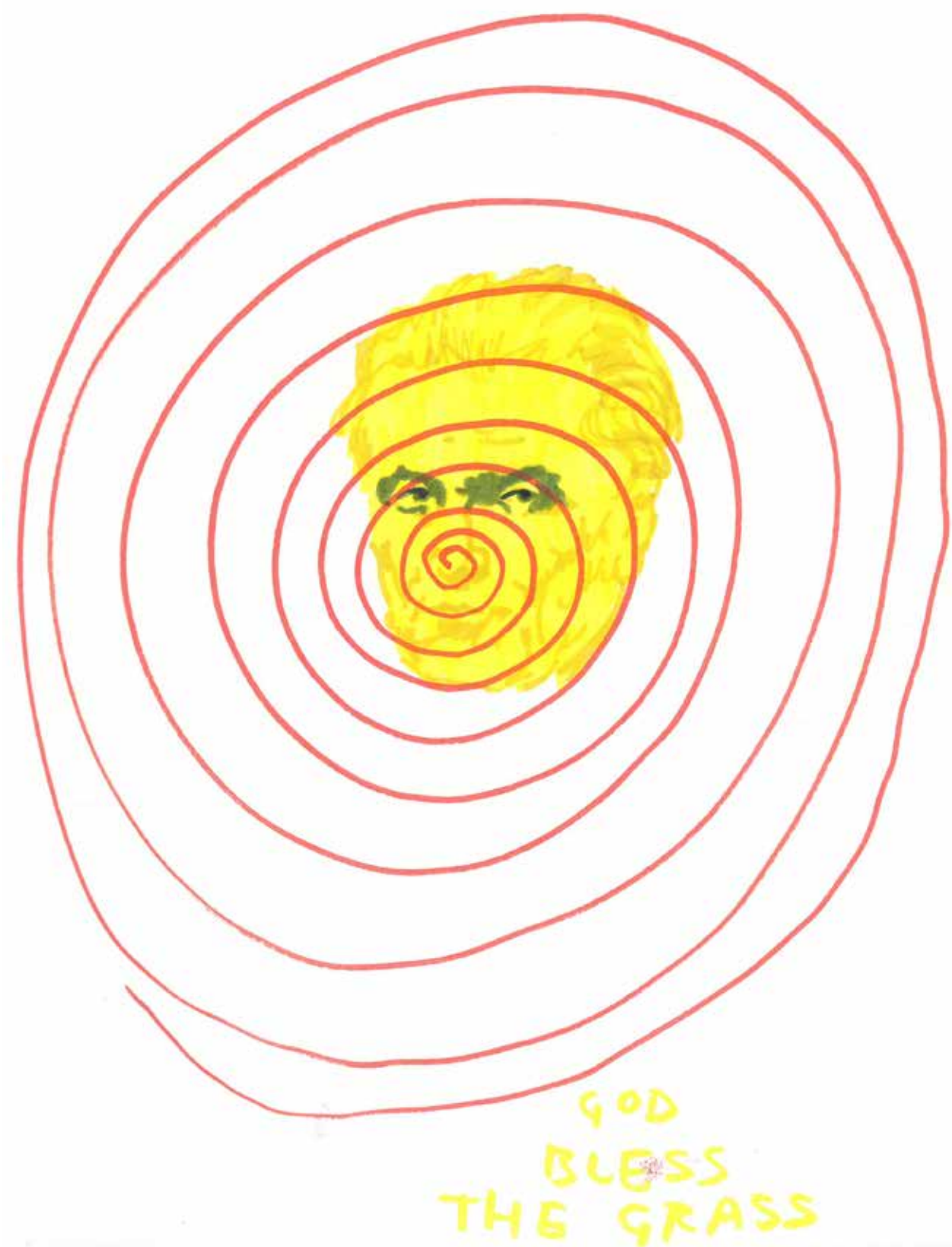
JAZ SEM

ZAZA

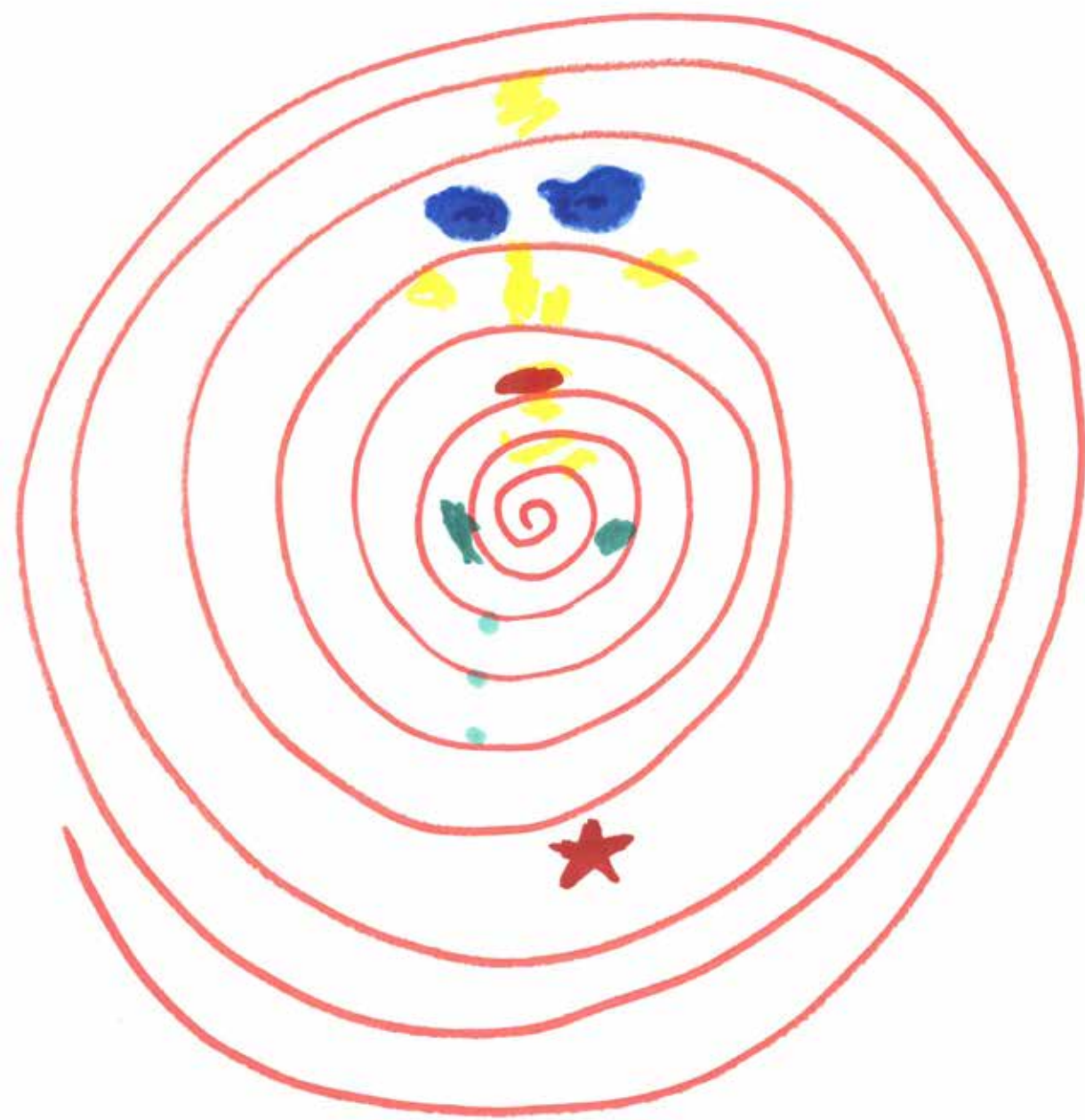
DEMOKRA-  
CARIVE

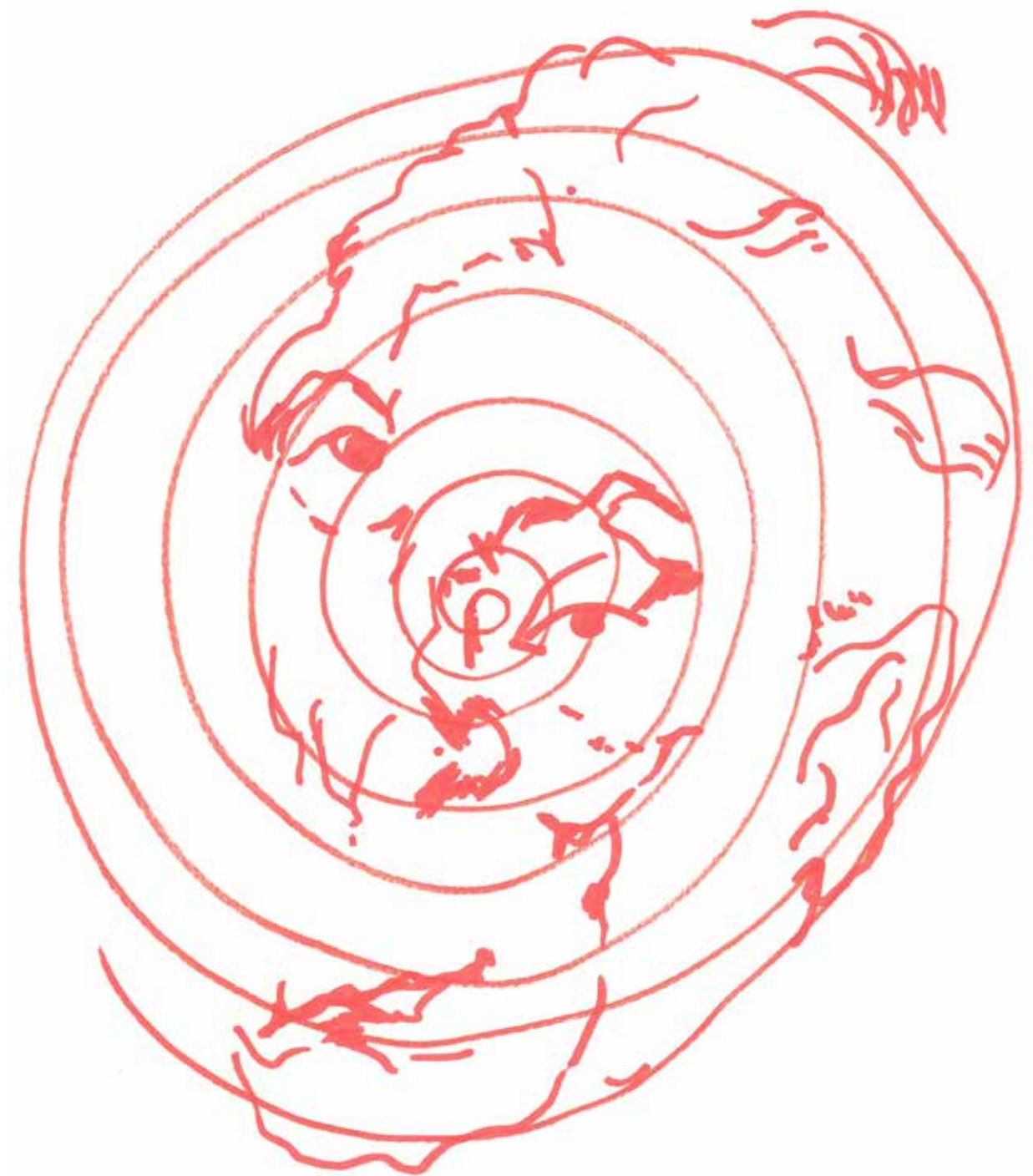
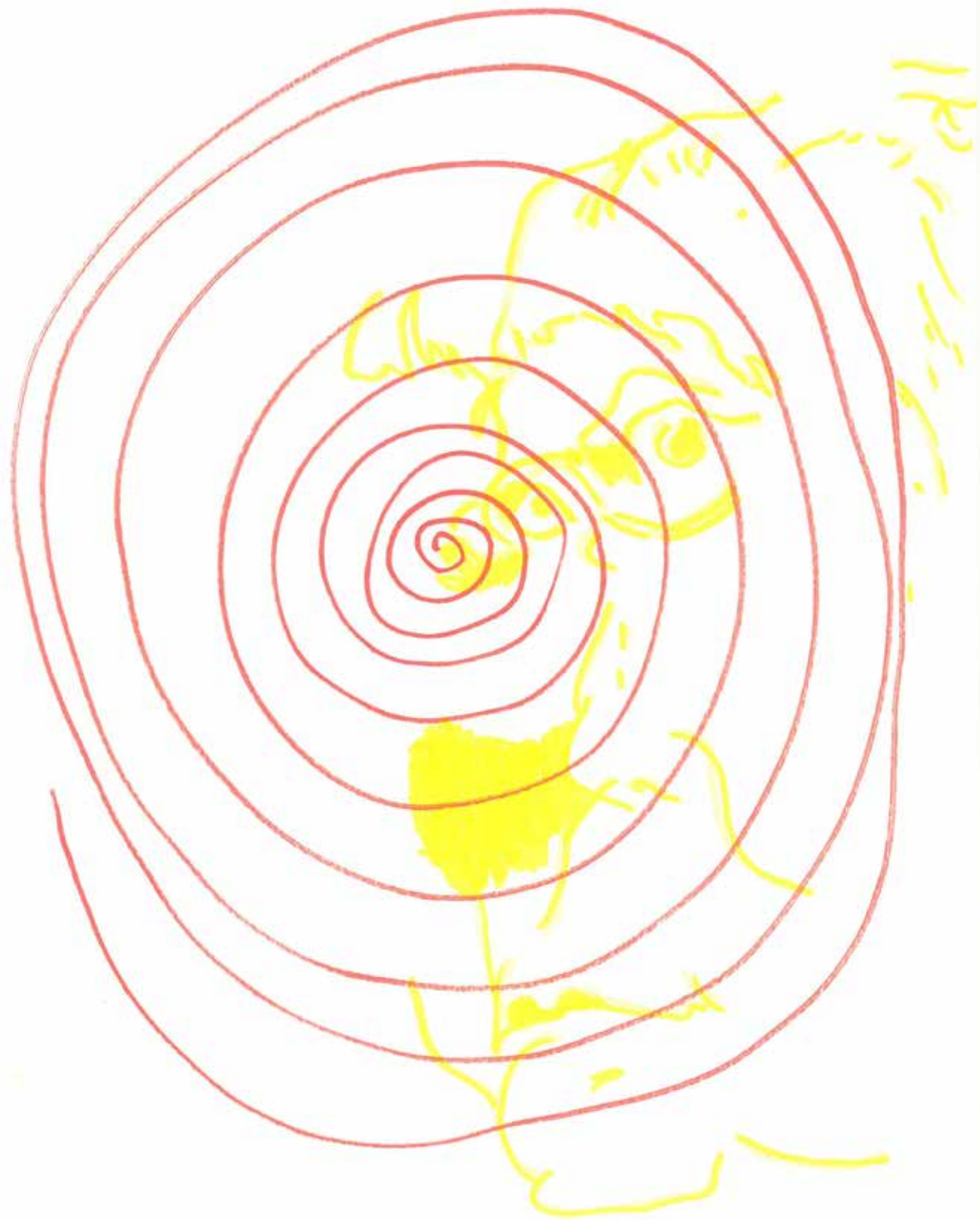






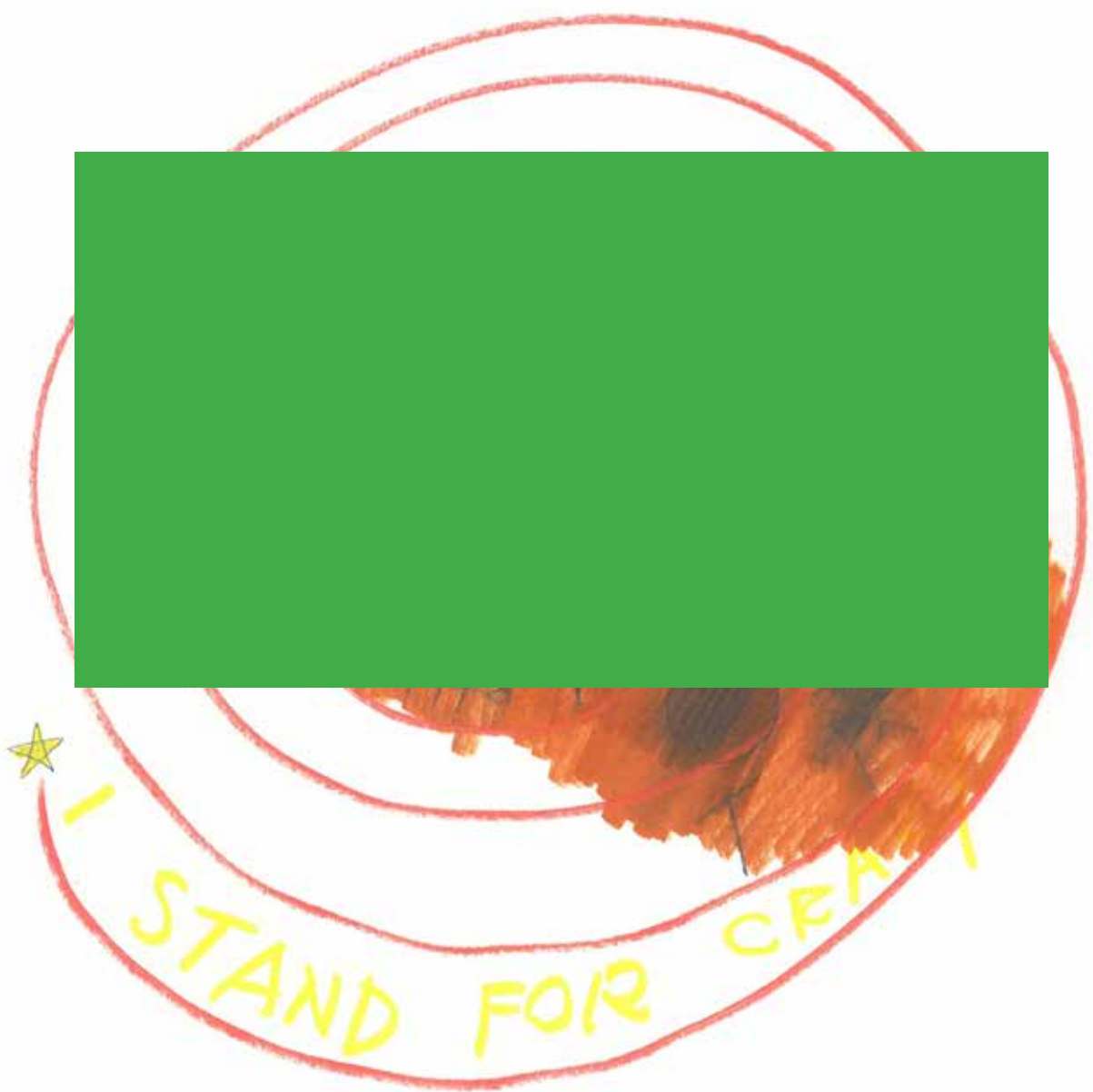












GO  
MARTHA ☆







OTIT



JAZ NISEM  
NOBEN KO-  
MU-  
MUMMIN,  
JAZ SEM ZA  
DEMOKRA-  
CARIJE!



JAZ NISEM  
NOBEN KOM-  
MUMMIN, JAZ

SEM  
ZA

DE MOKRA



O

S

O



O

base

O

(C)

,

O

.

,

.

We all start somewhere.

O

O

O

DO

S

J'

LET

M

O

R

FE



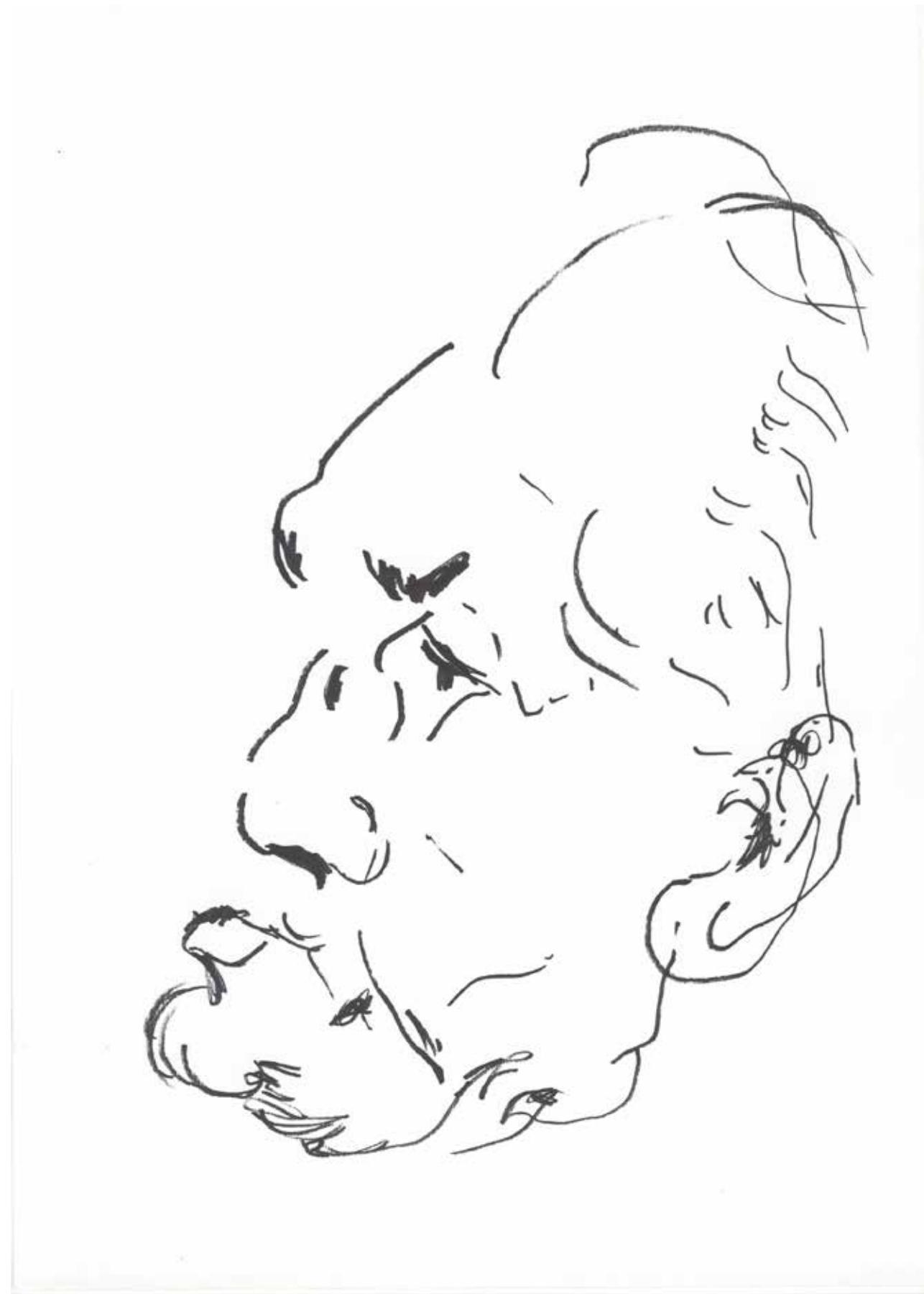


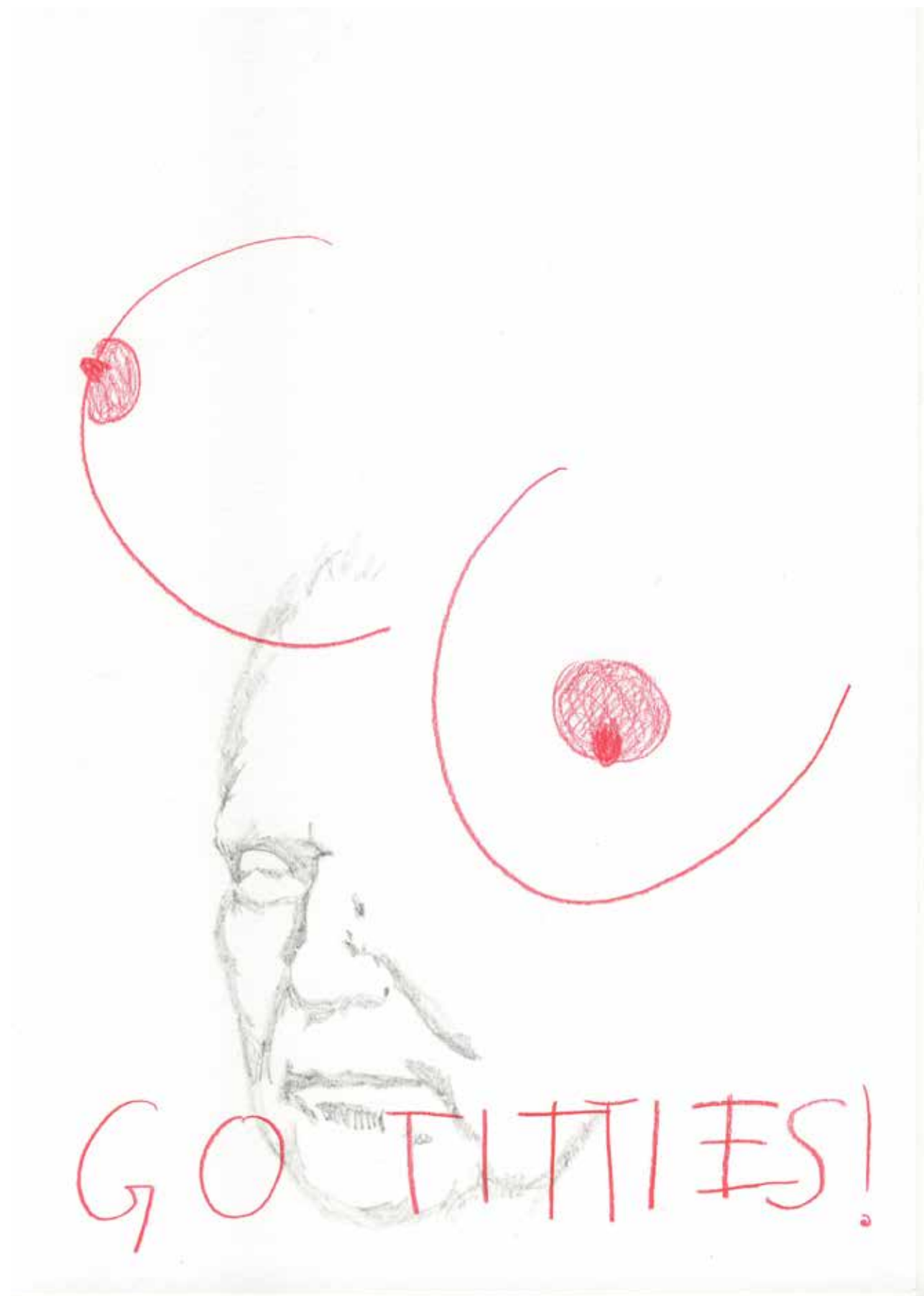








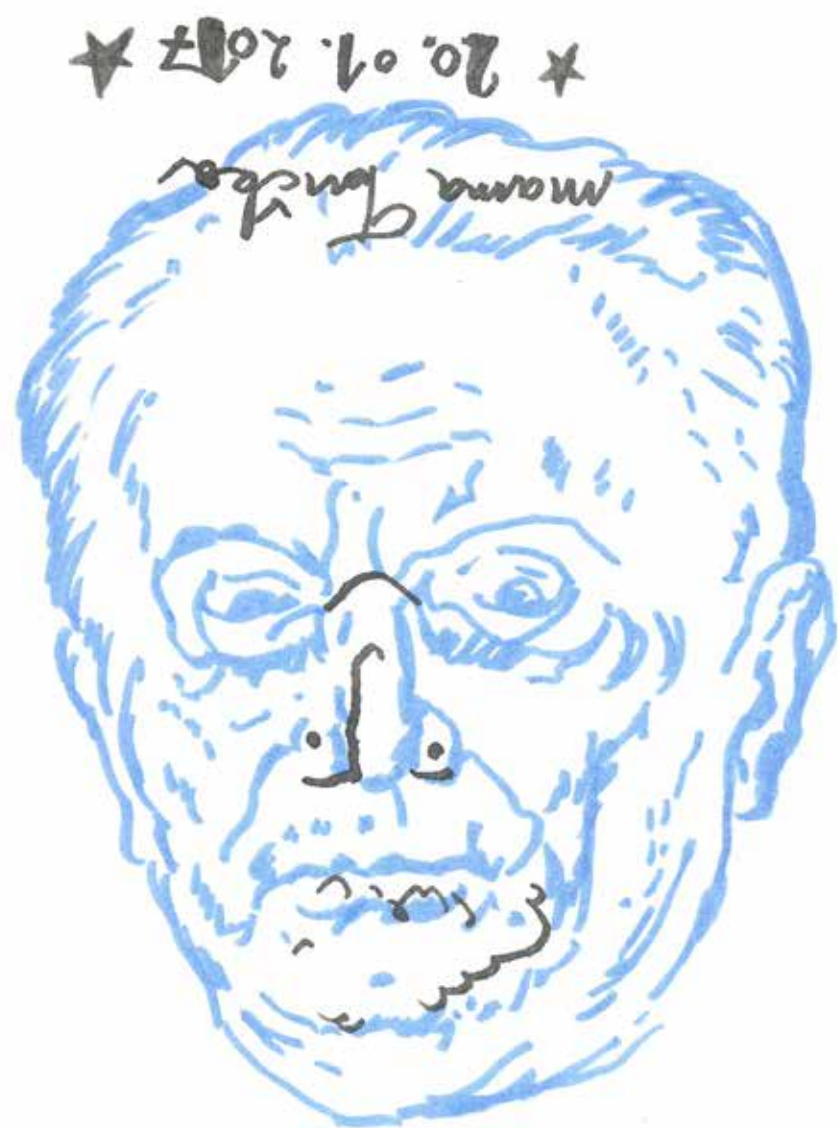








YOU THINK YOU HAVE IT FIGURED OUT THEN COME THE  
CUNTS AND MAKE YOU WANT TO SCREAM AND SHOUT













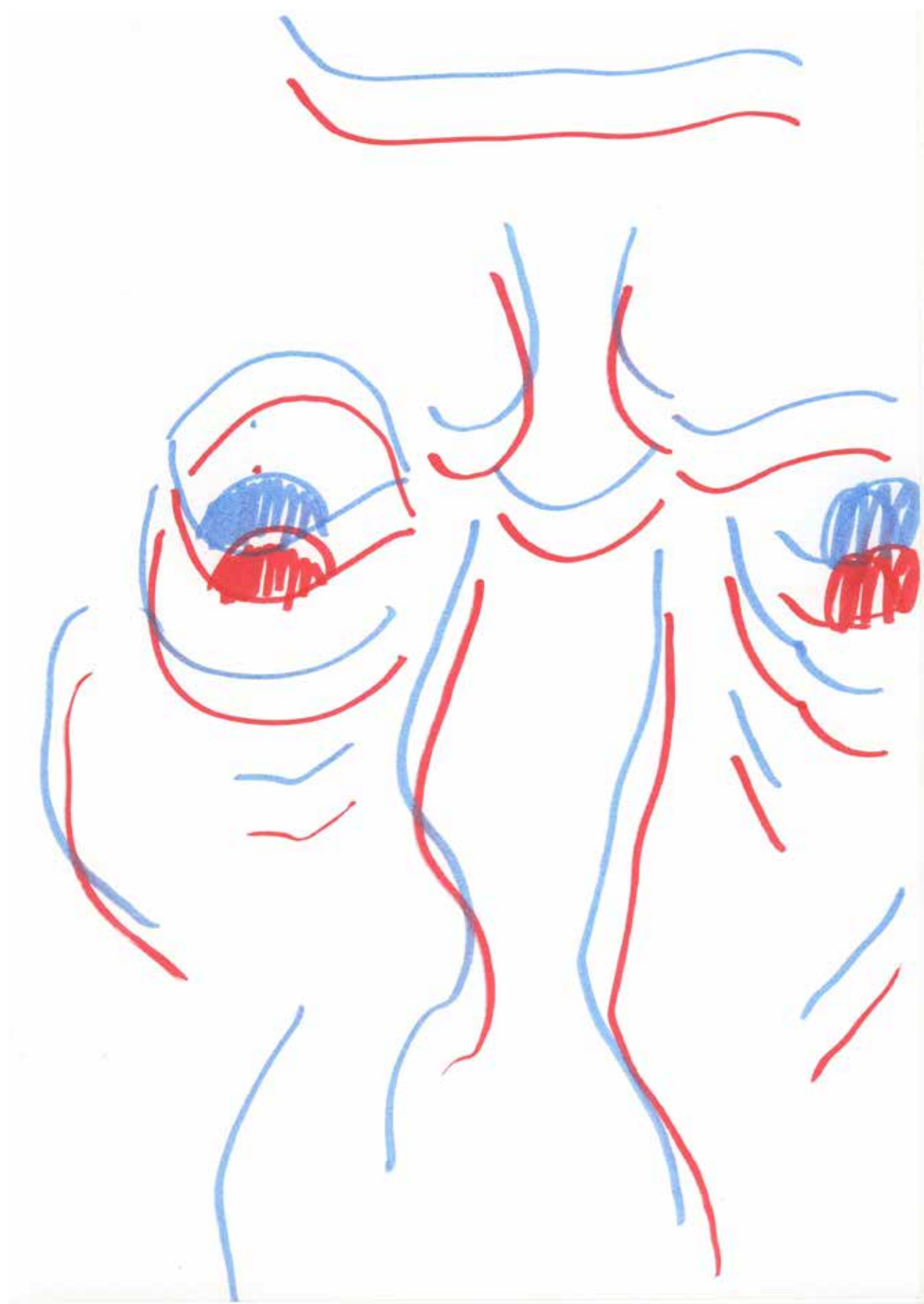


O ★ R  
and

=









me and  
Corny and  
Kosuth and  
Good

TITO







CONCEPTUAL  
**ART**  
BOOK

**TITO**  
(because it has to be)

R T D 2  
I  
O

RTWO DTWO  
RTODITO  
R2DITO  
R2Tito



It takes one to know one

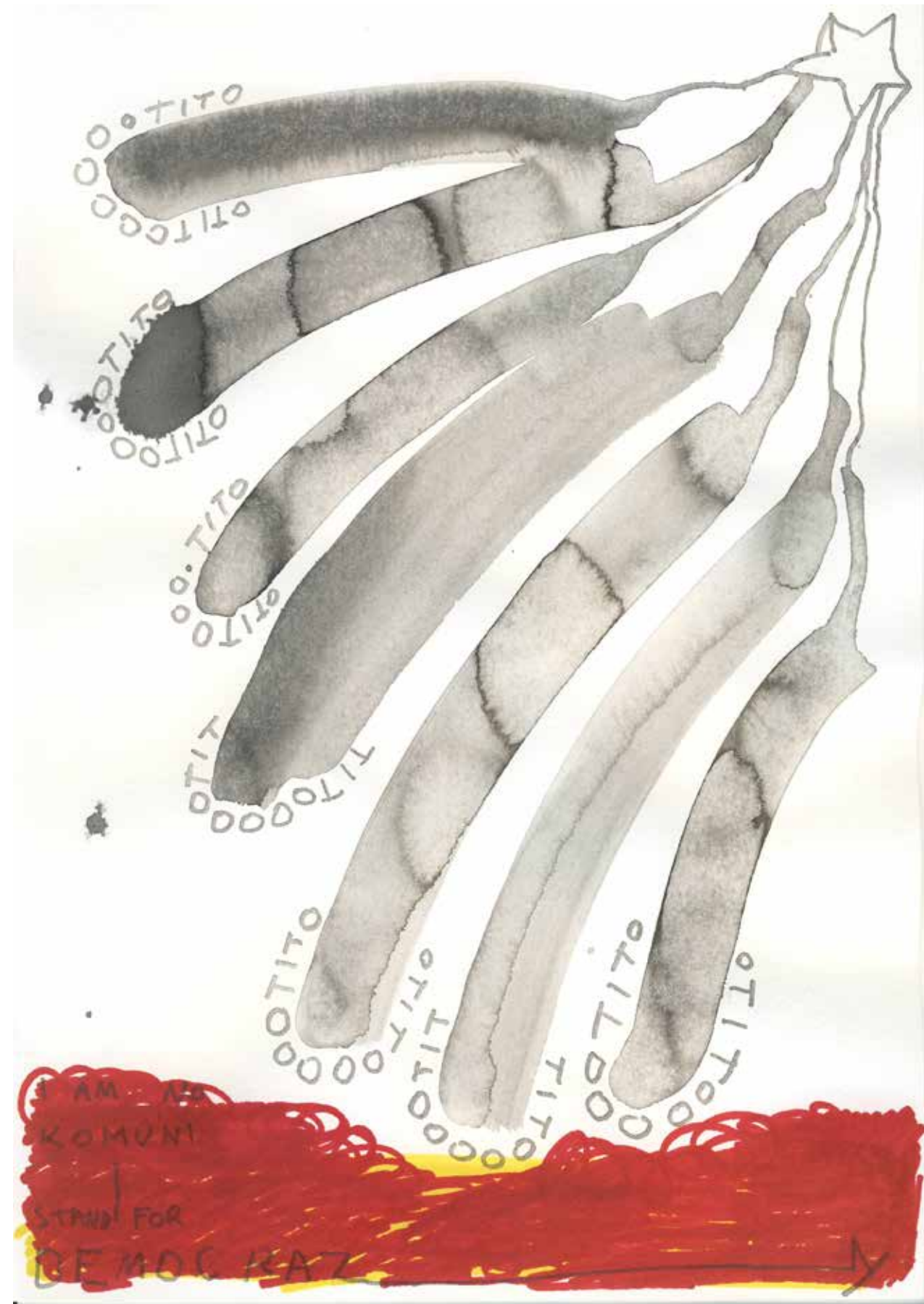
two  
three  
four



PUNK ROCK DOVE

TITC



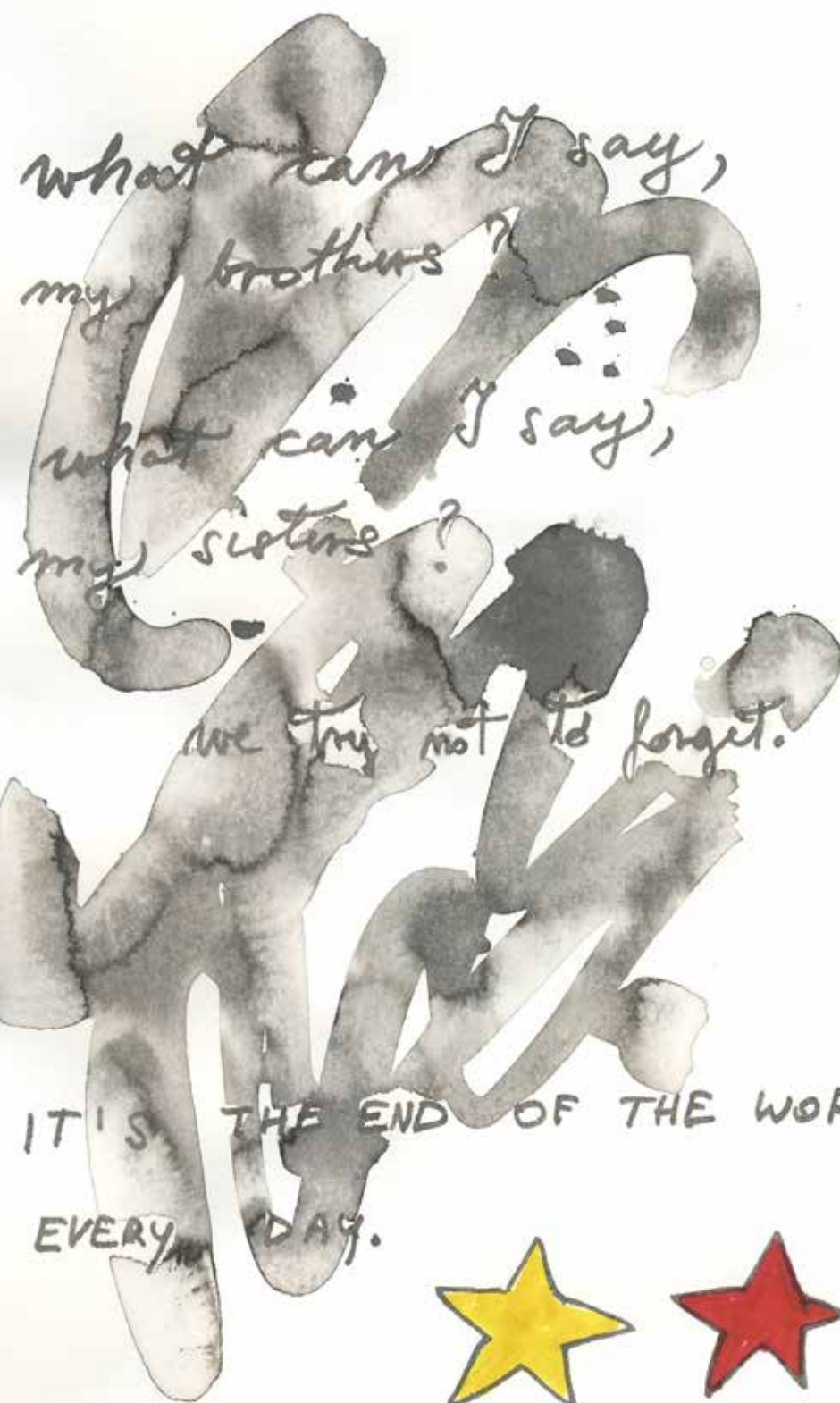




'Cause I am  
your parasite ★







what can I say,  
my brothers?

what can I say,  
my sisters?

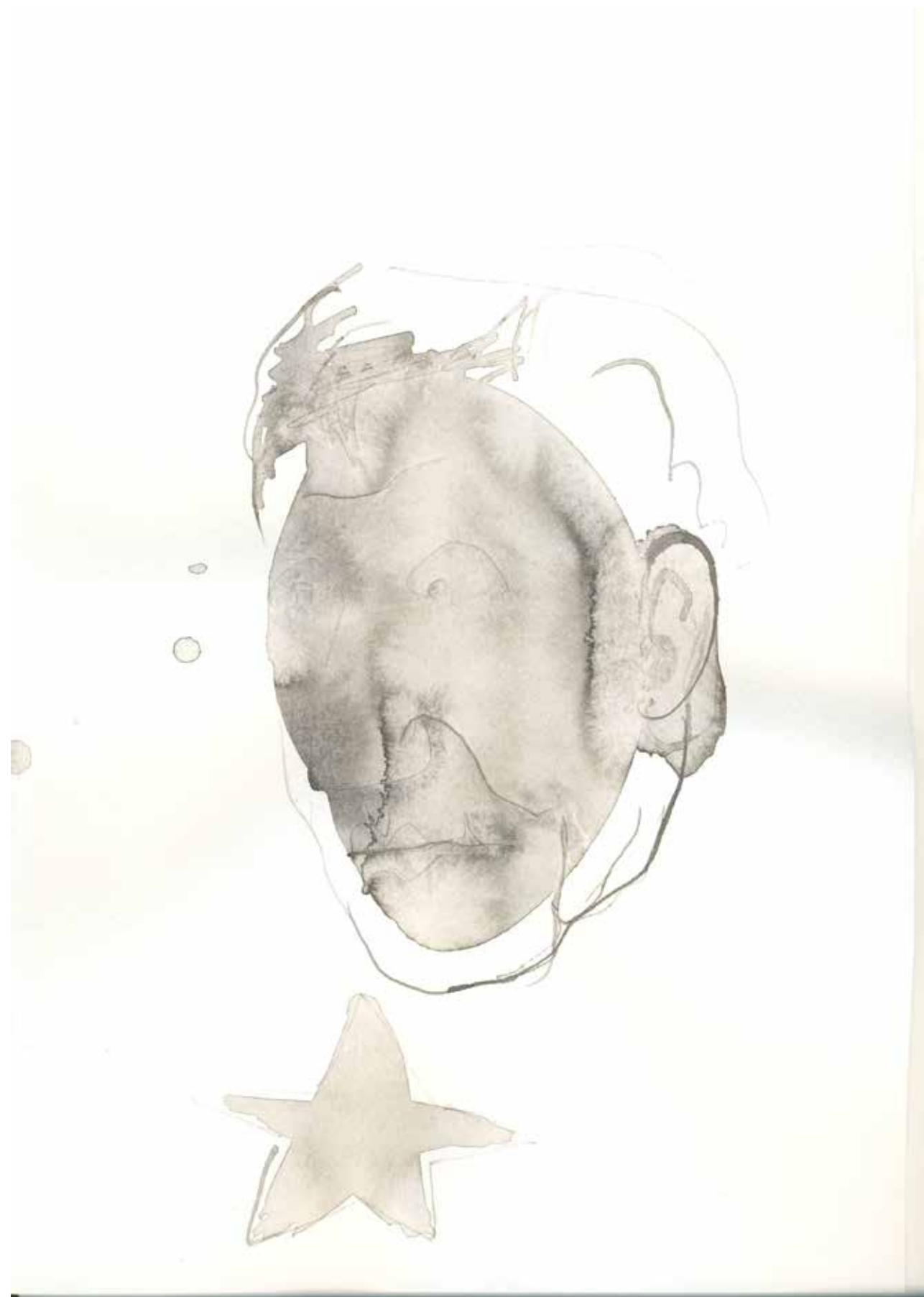
we try not to forget.

IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD.  
EVERY DAY.



when darkness  
surrounds you









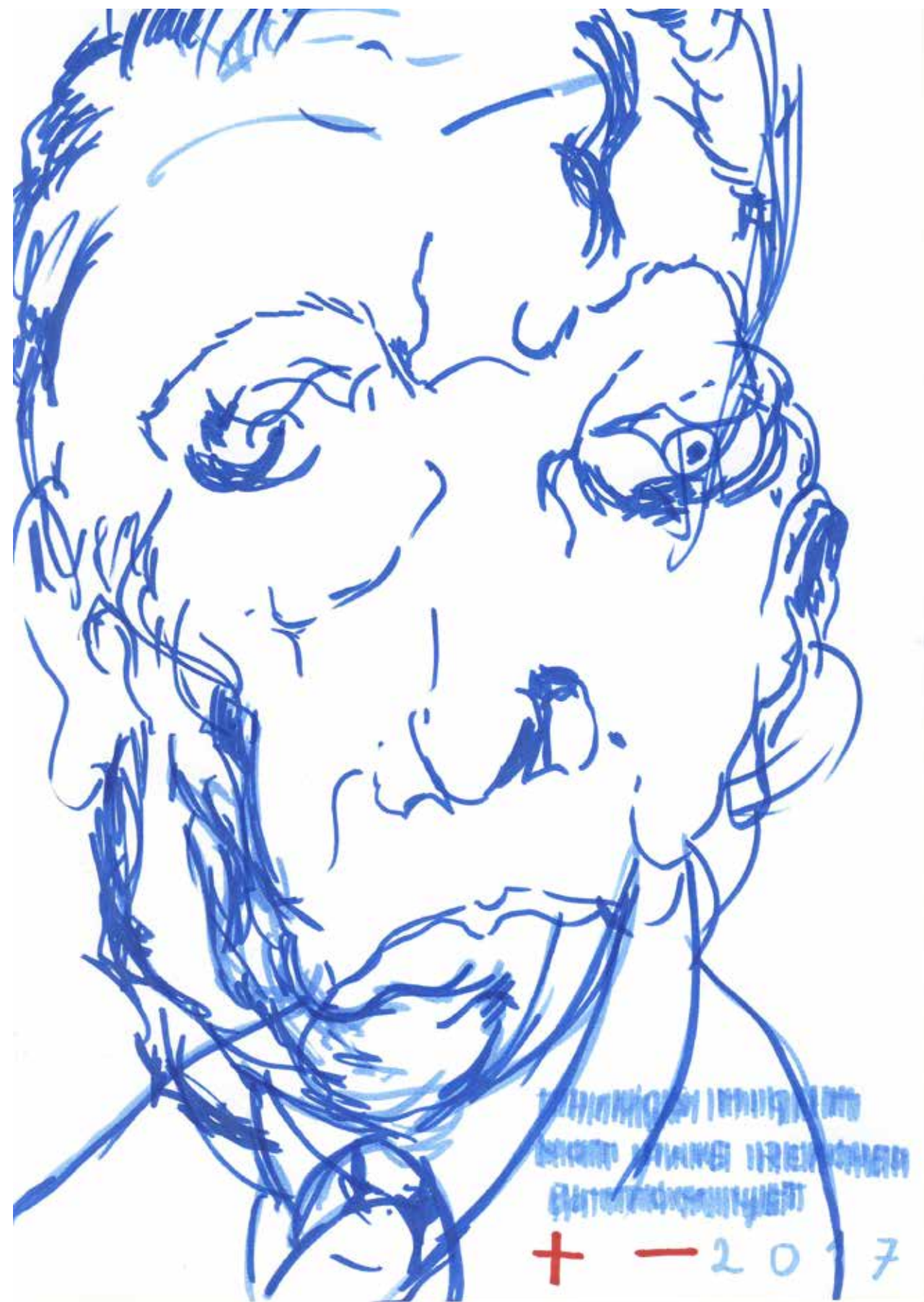
t i t o

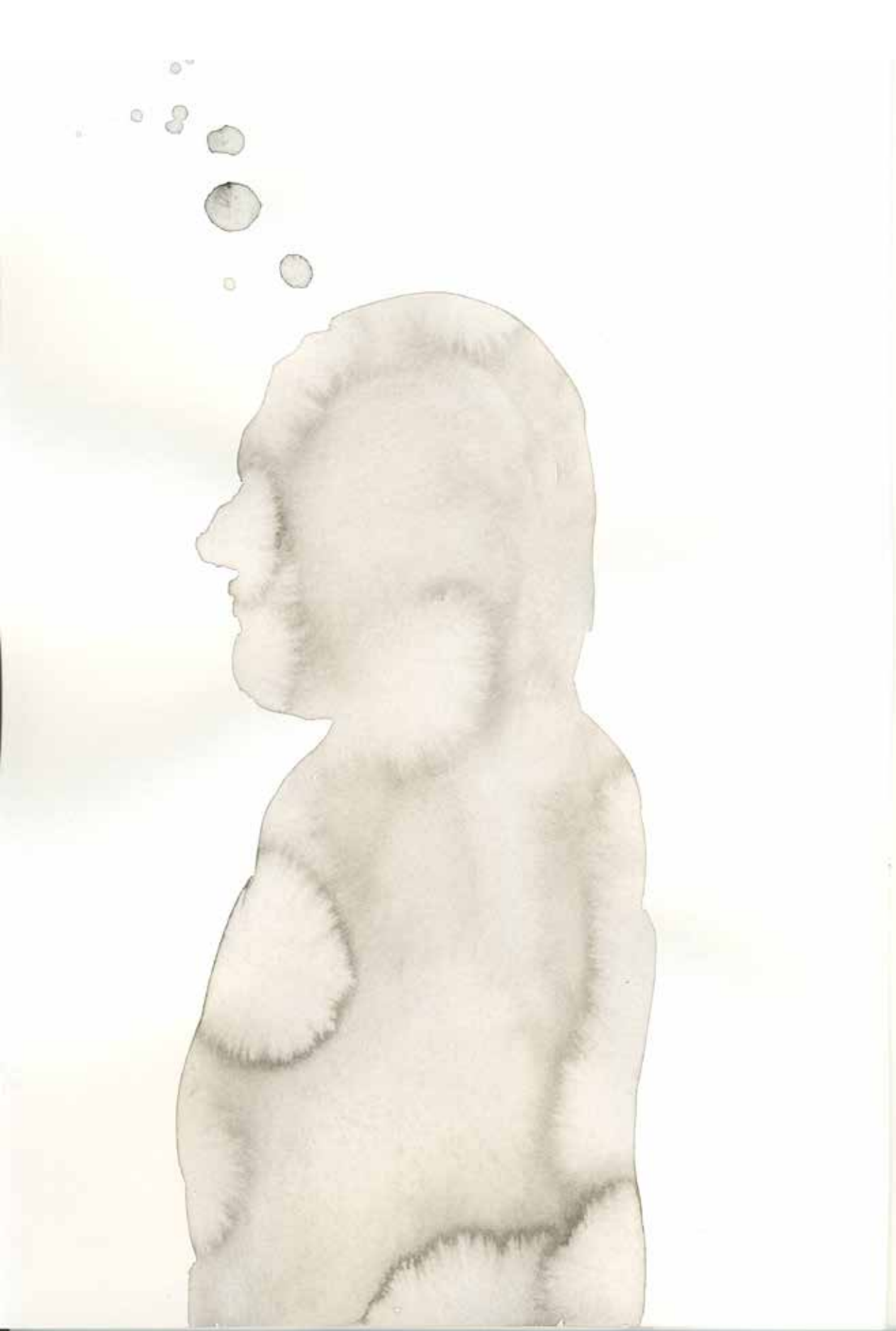


DEMOC  
RAZY

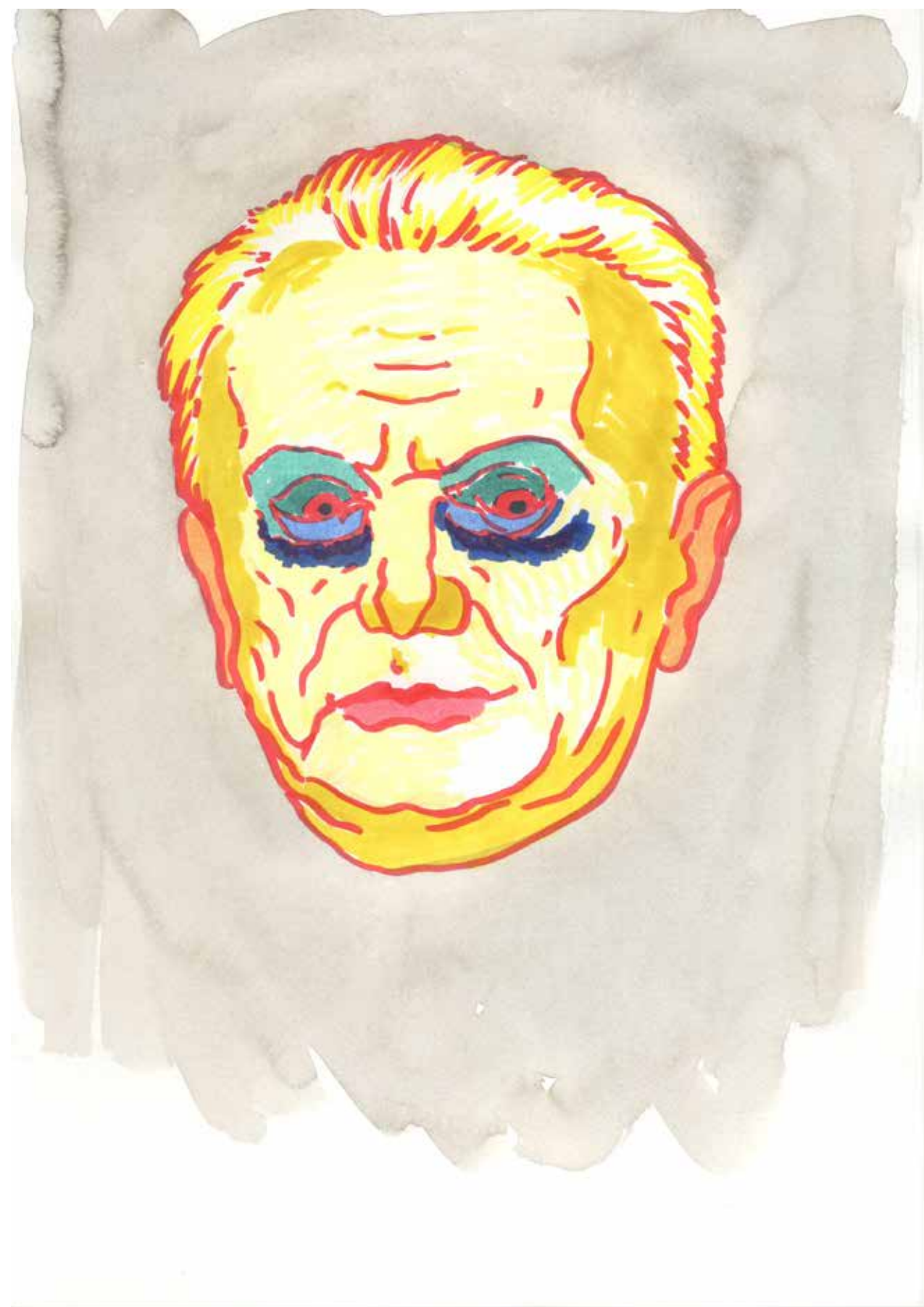


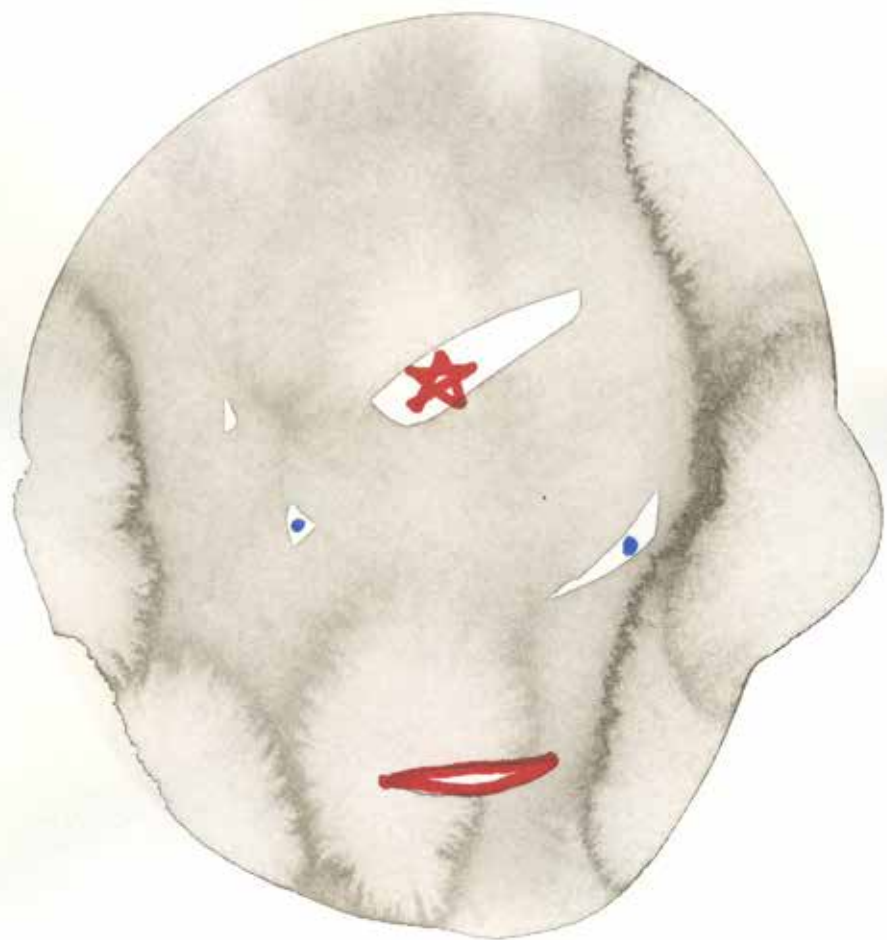












i  
AM  
NO  
COMMUNININI

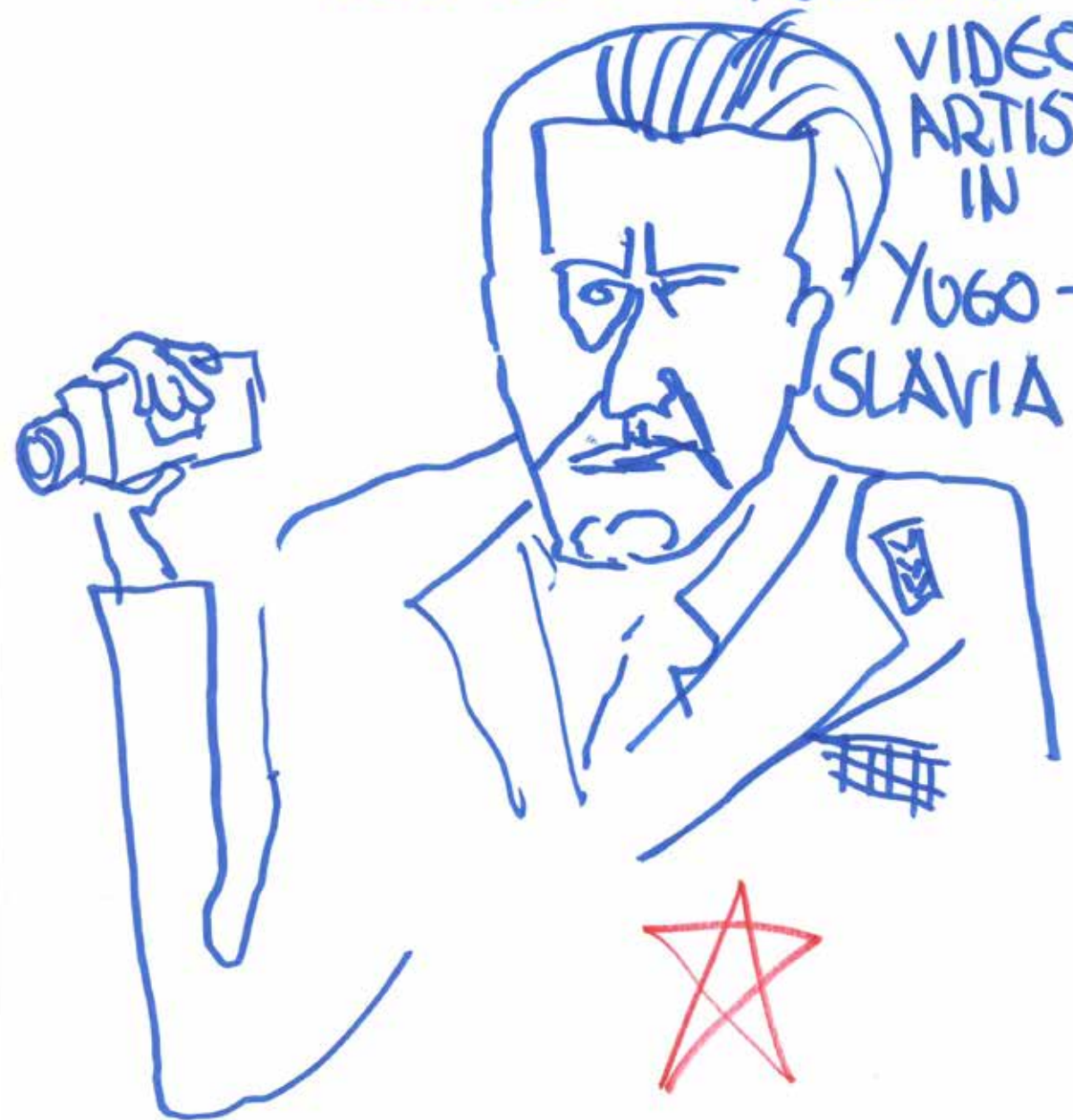
i  
STAND  
FOR DEM  
OCRAZY

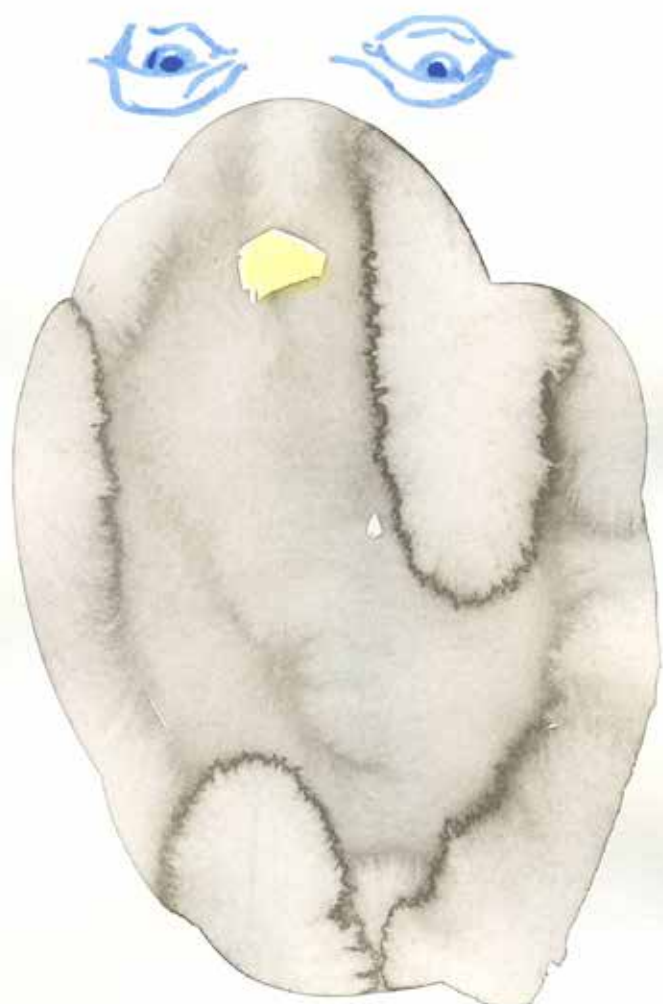


IT TAKES ONE TO  
KNOW ONE★



TITO STEYERL  
THE MOST IMPORTANT  
VIDEO  
ARTIST  
IN  
YUGO-  
SLAVIA





Sometimes





i  
AM NO



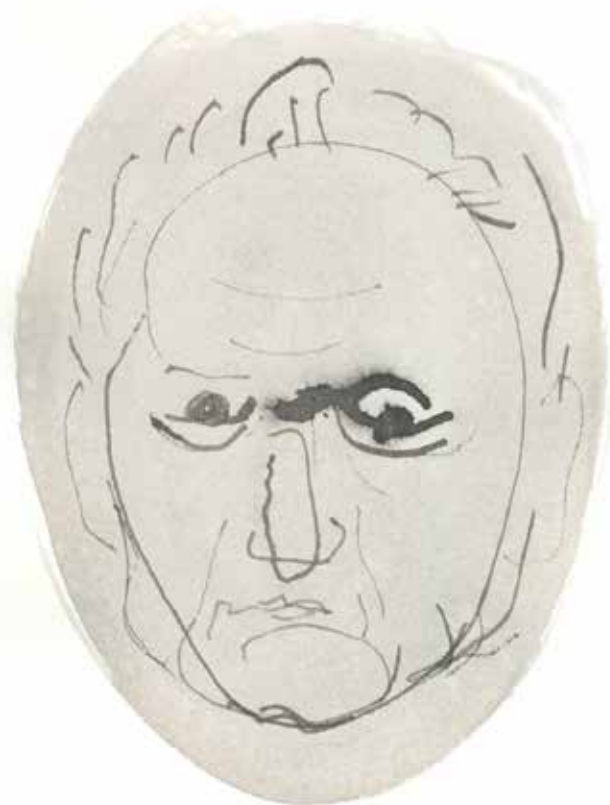
COMMUNIST  
I STAND  
FOR  
DEMOCRACY

☆  
I  
NEED  
PRO  
TEC  
TION









ti to

Ti To



IT  
TAKES ONE



TO

KNOW

ONE

TWO

THREE

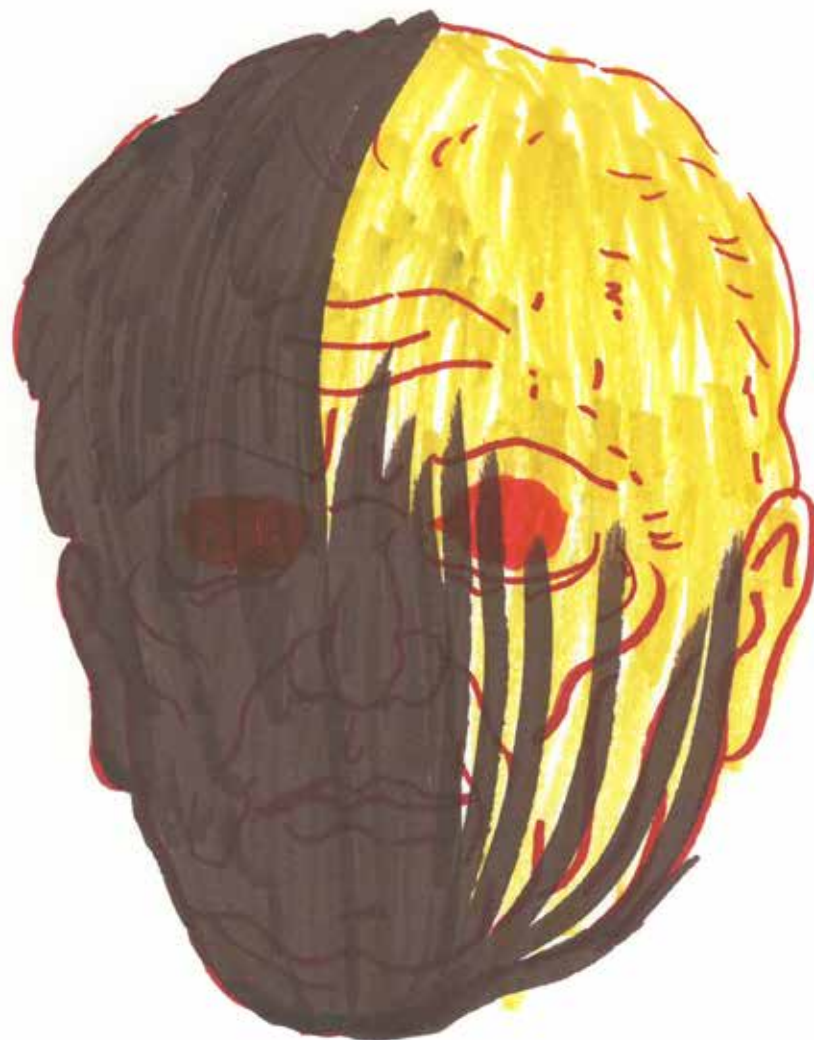
FOUR

FIVE

SIX

SEVEN

FIGHT



LOCK

THE  
DOORS

I  
AM

C O M...

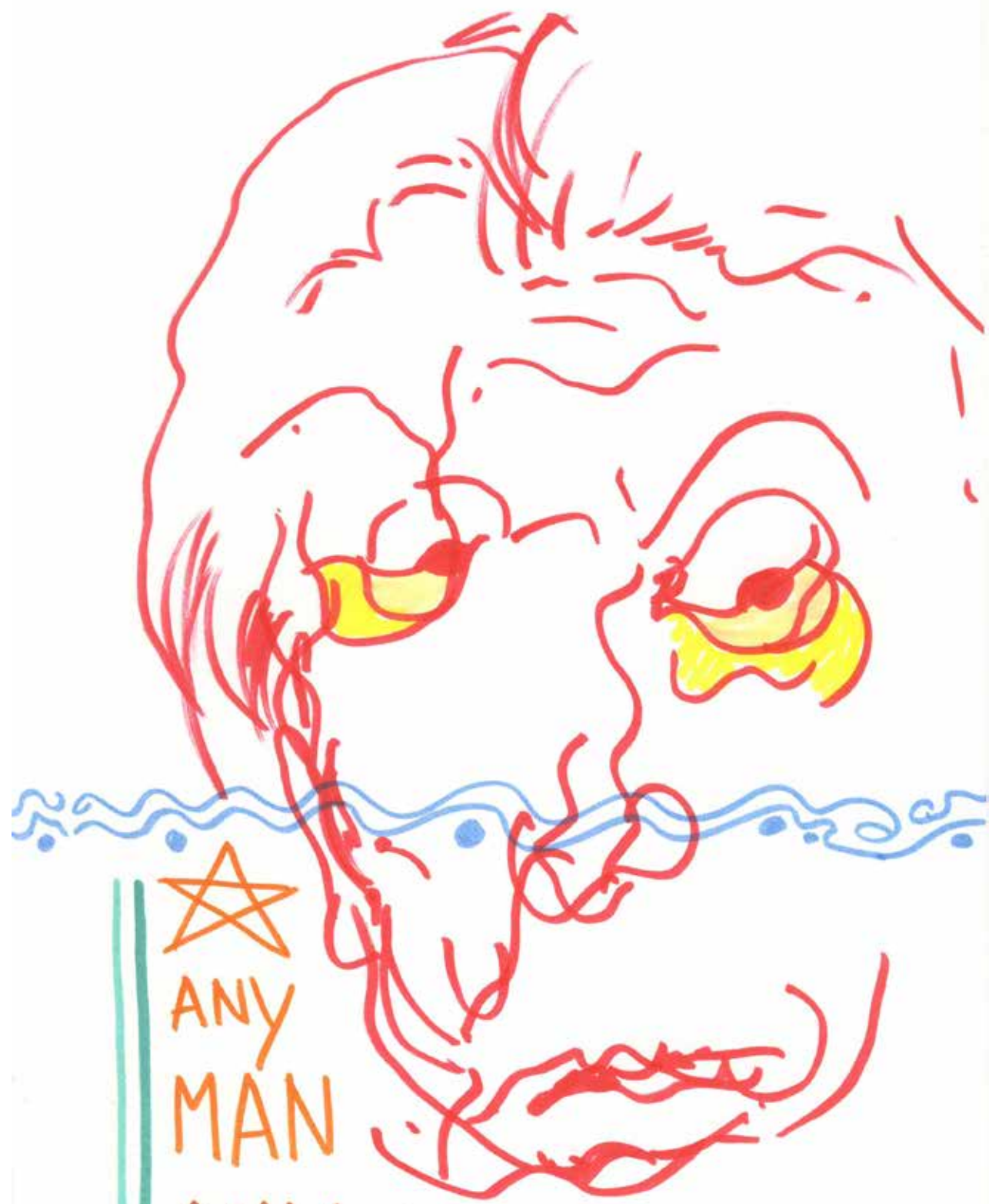








CRA.....Zy



ANY

MAN

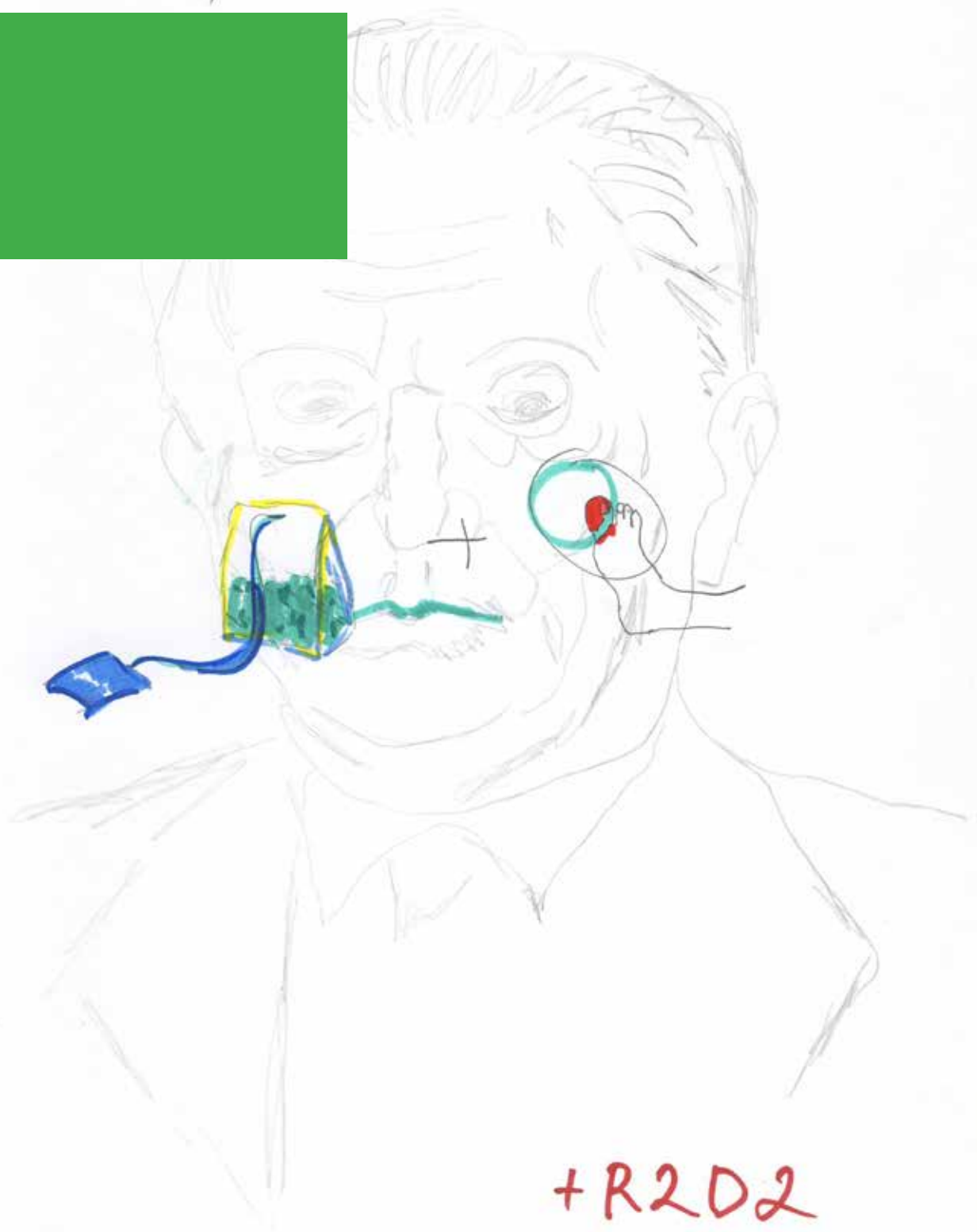
ANY

MANY





3.208, 47



+R2D2



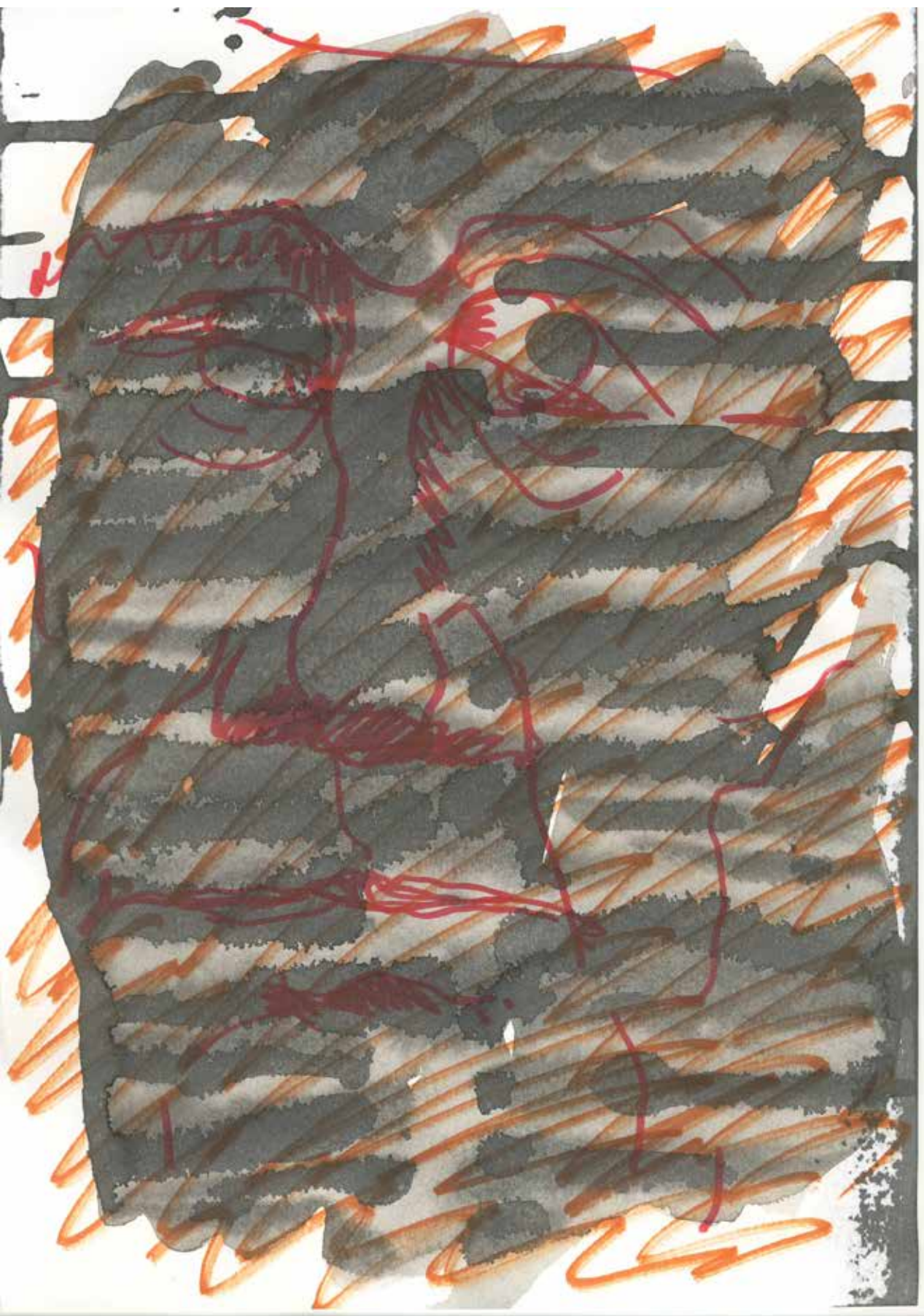
R2



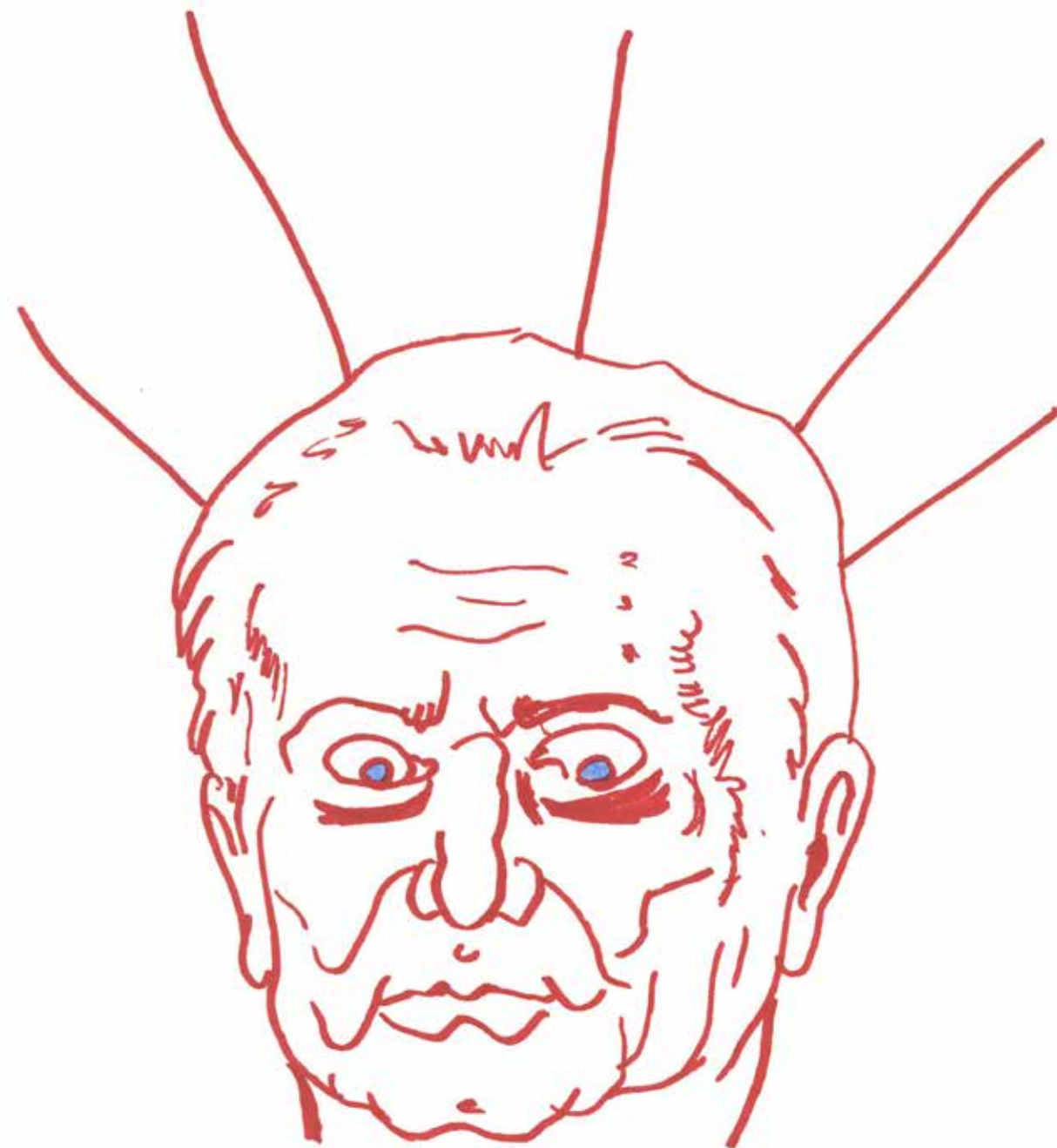
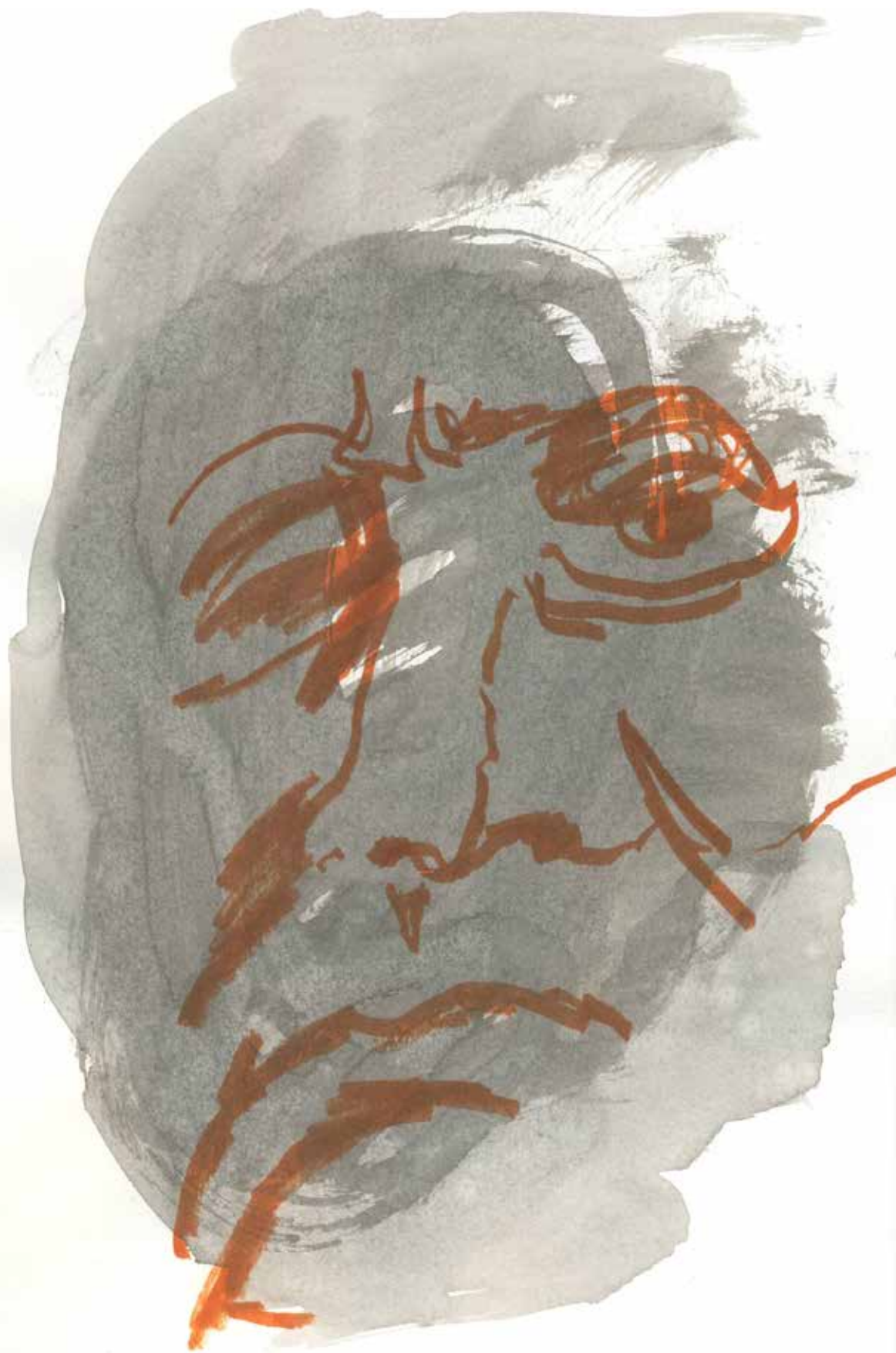












NOT

DEAD



JUST  
A  
HEAD



INVISIBLE  
(smaller than  
one pixel)

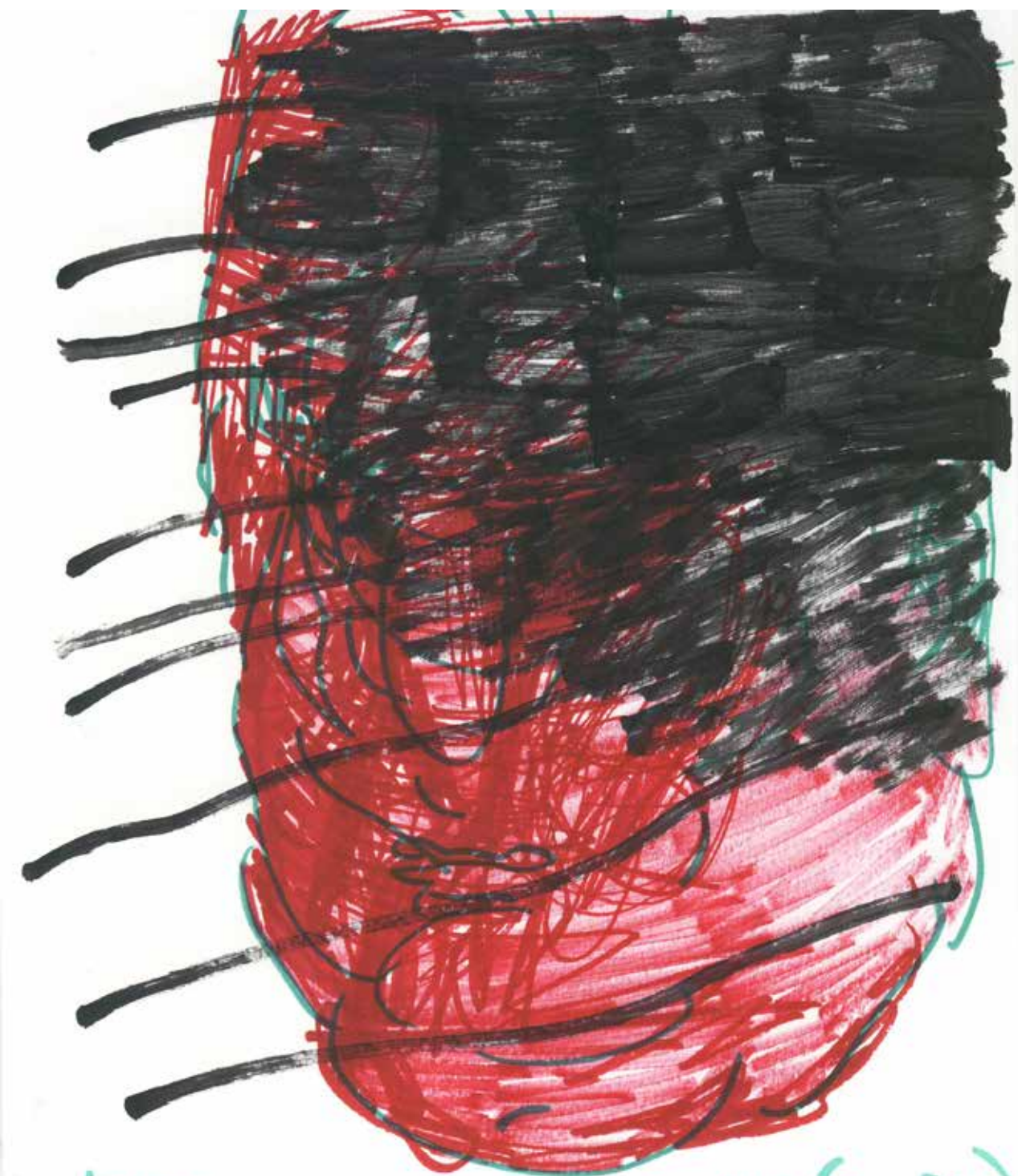
NEXT

DOCUMENTA



CAN <sup>on the</sup> SKIP  
ARTISTS  
ALL TOGETHER AND  
~~DOES ONLY~~ ONLY ON THE SPECTACLE





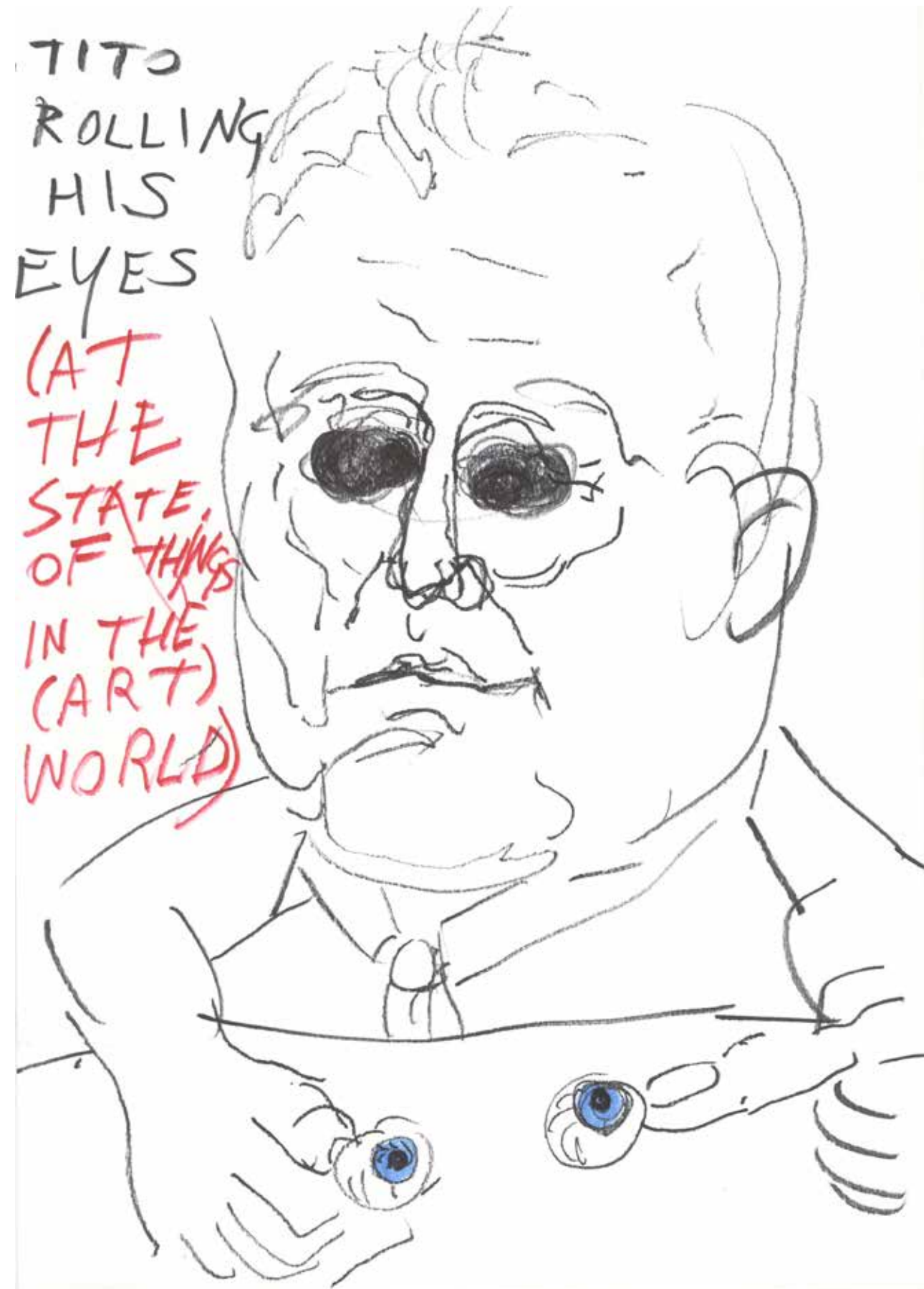
KJER SE PREPIRATA DVA(DOBR)  
TRETJI(ZLOBEN) DOBIČEK IMA.



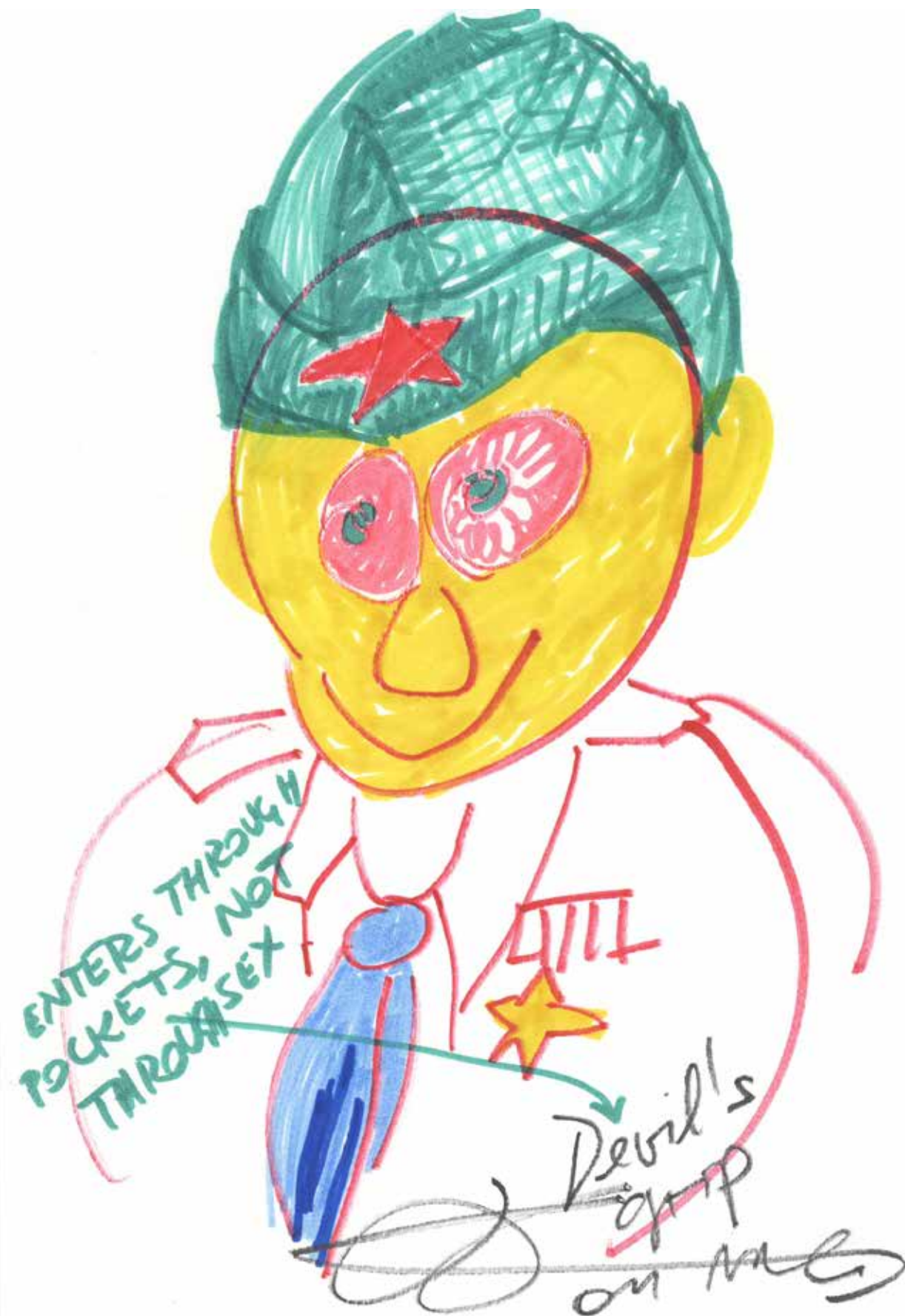


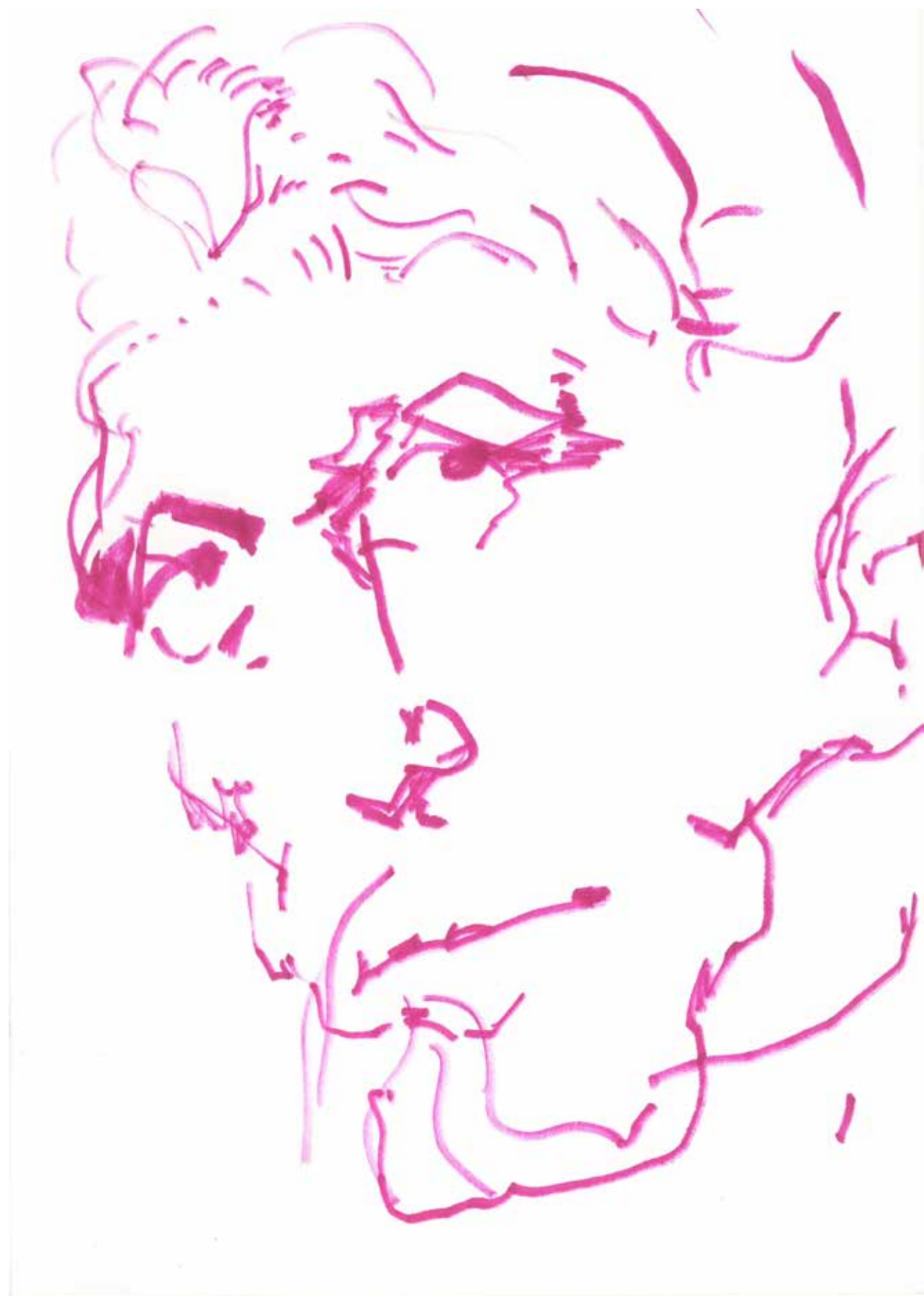
TITO  
ROLLING  
HIS  
EYES

(AT  
THE  
STATE  
OF THINGS  
IN THE  
(ART)  
WORLD)












GOD  
KILLS  
THE  
GRASS



LITTLE ~~HOLES~~  
BOXES  
Some 120 ~~to go~~  
and marry and raise a family



i  
surely  
will  
die



NO

FIRE



BURNS

ON







i am  
Gummy  
! Gu- i am -rage!  
! Gu- i am -rage!  
potato  
&  
potato





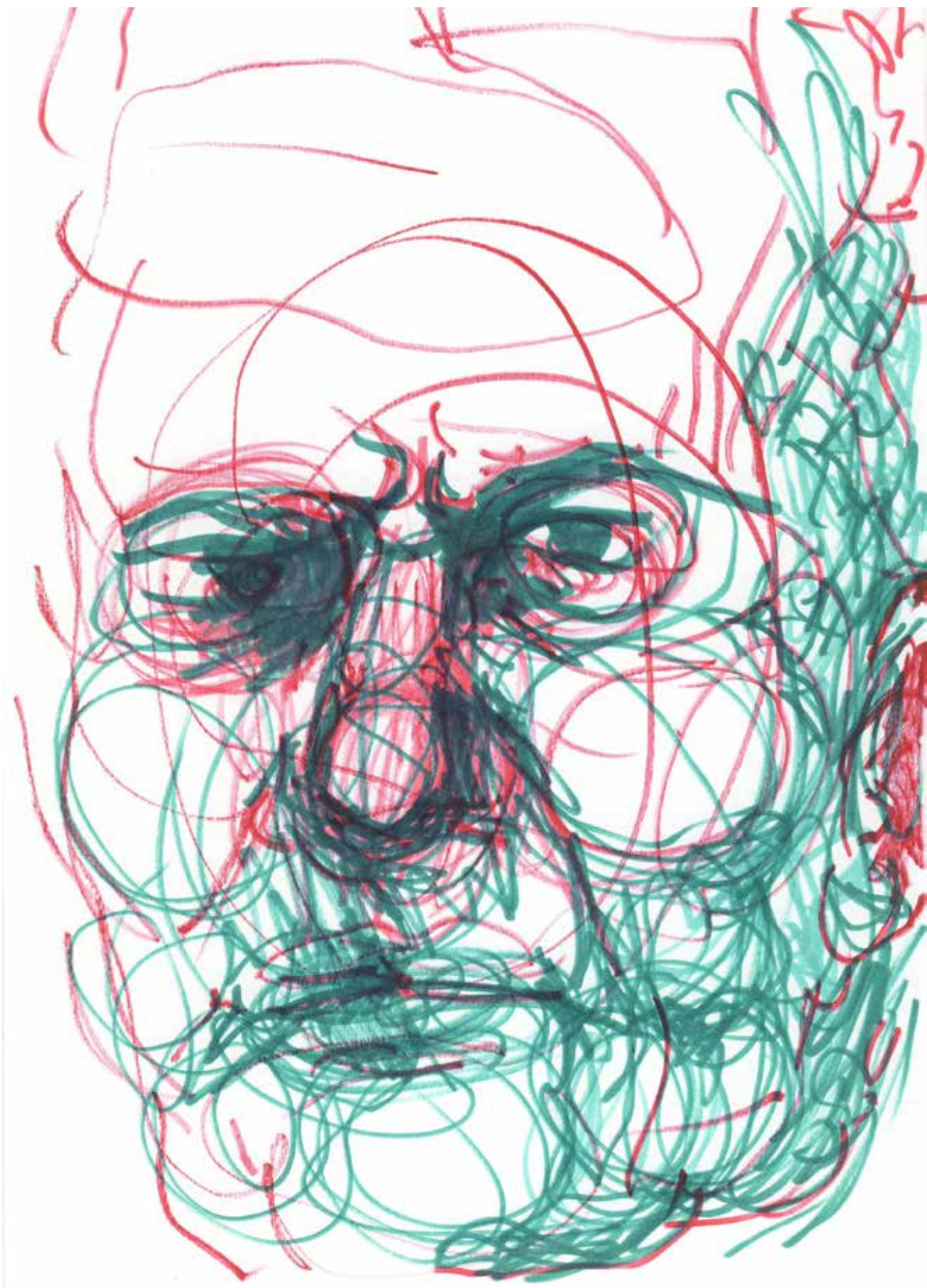


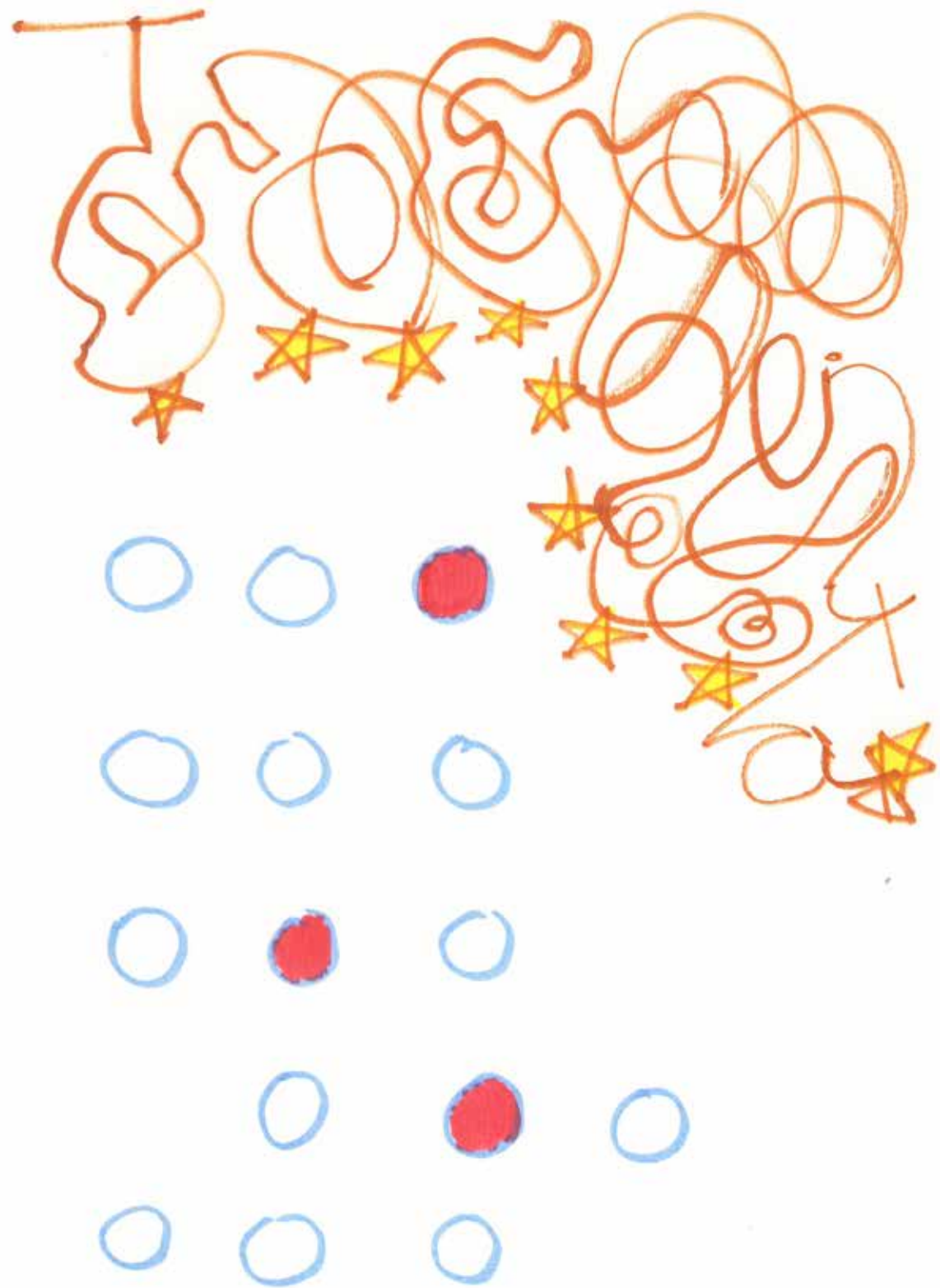






NO COURAGE 'N HIM



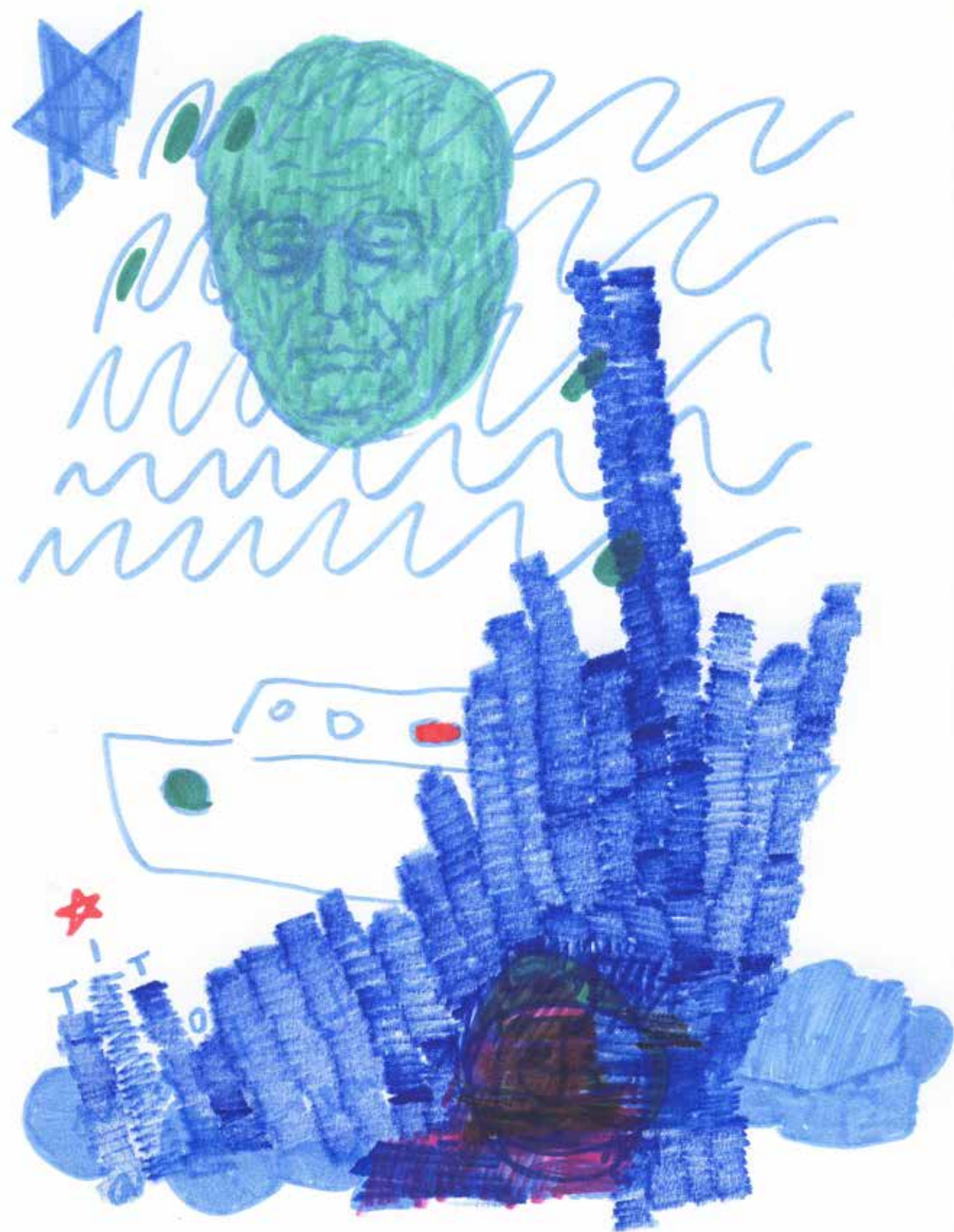


miss  
ing



out





JUST BECAUSE I'M WEAK  
ENOUGH TO CRAVE THAT  
DON'T MAKE ME TOO  
WEAK TO BE BRAVE.



IT'S HARD TO BE STRONG  
IT'S HARD TO BE STRONG



THERE'S NOTHING  
WRONG



with a little longing.





LOBBY

"I AM NO COMMUNIST IN VINYL"

I AM NO  
COMMUNIST  
MMOONIN,  
I BURN FOR  
DEMOCRACY  
ZY

"TITO  
PAYS THE  
RENT"  
SKETCHES  
FOR  
AURA

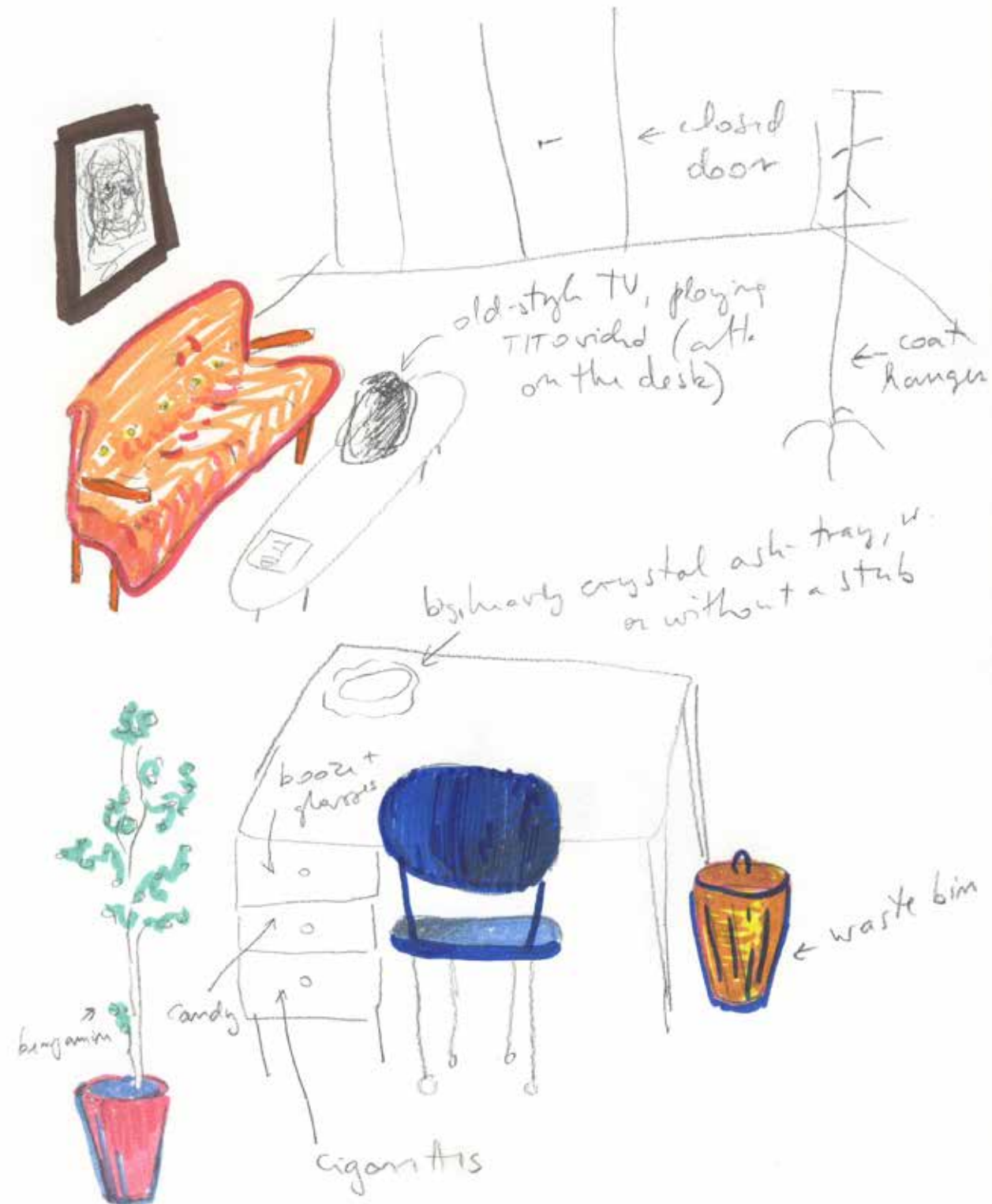
OFFICE

"TITO PAYS THE RENT"



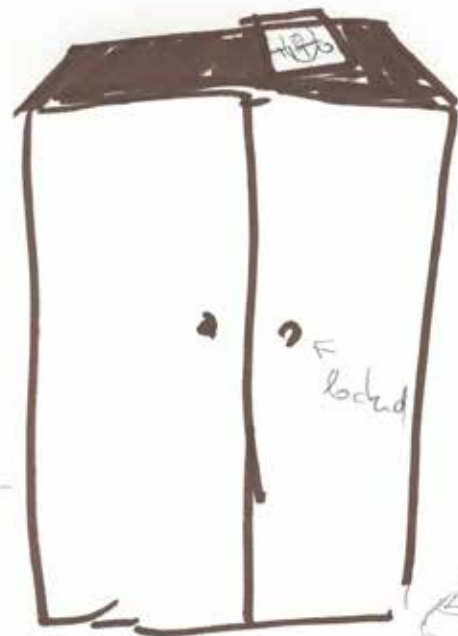
TOP FLOOR

"DRUGS DO WORK (THE OFFICE)"



BASEMENT  
"GRAB ONE, IT'S PRINT ON DEMAND"

almost no light  
l.e. a missing  
basement



← Copies of  
the book



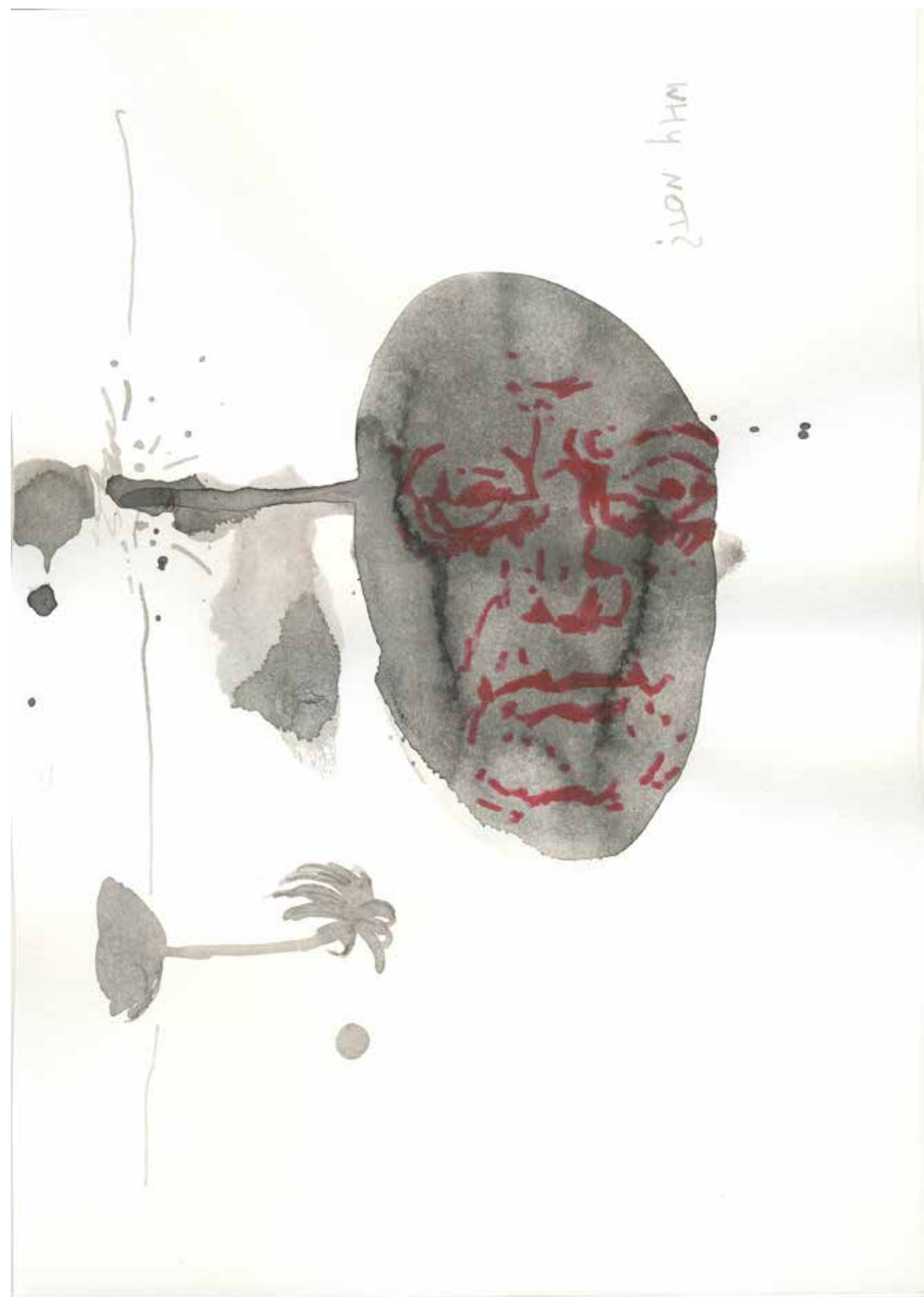
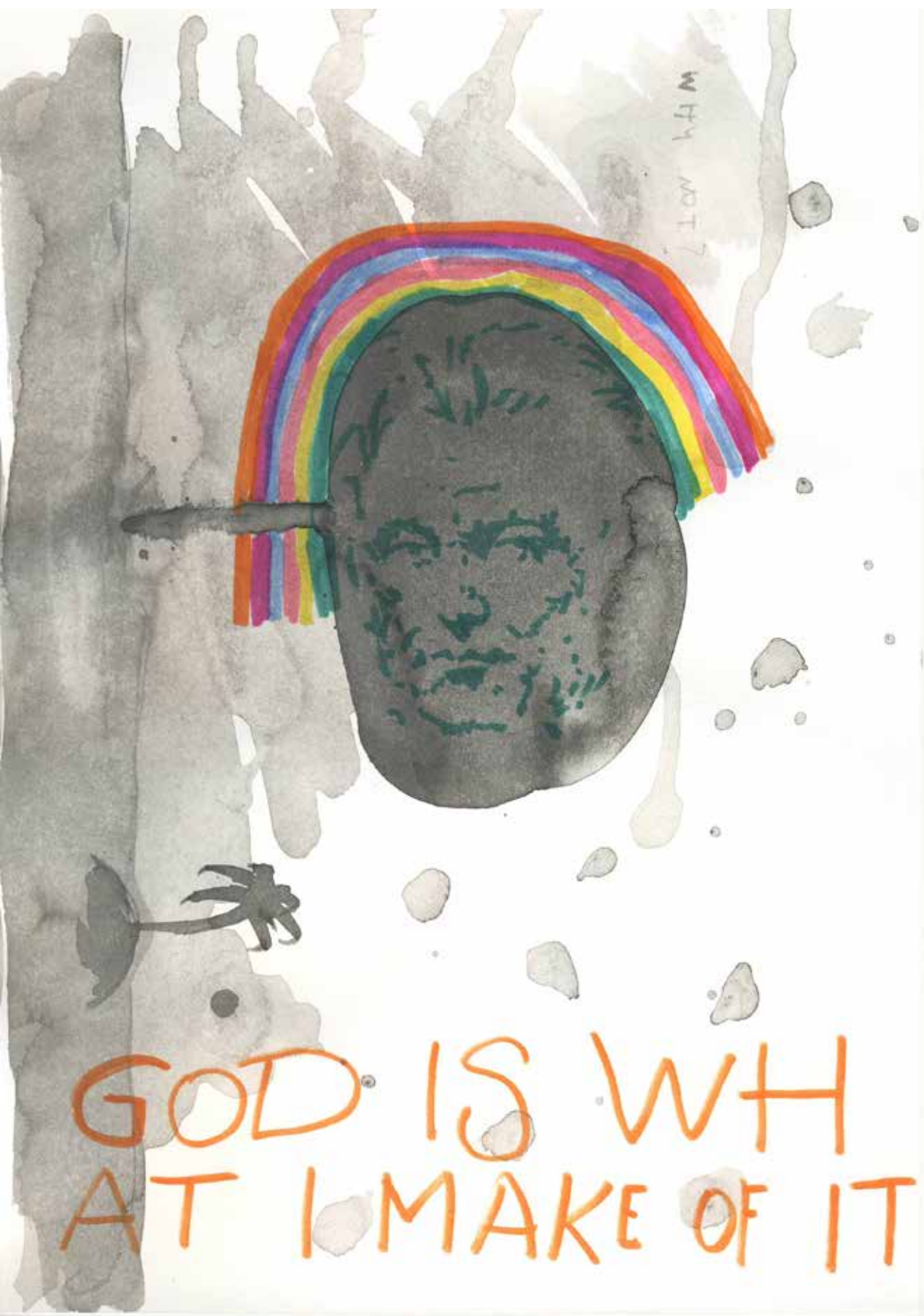




THERE IS NO GOD



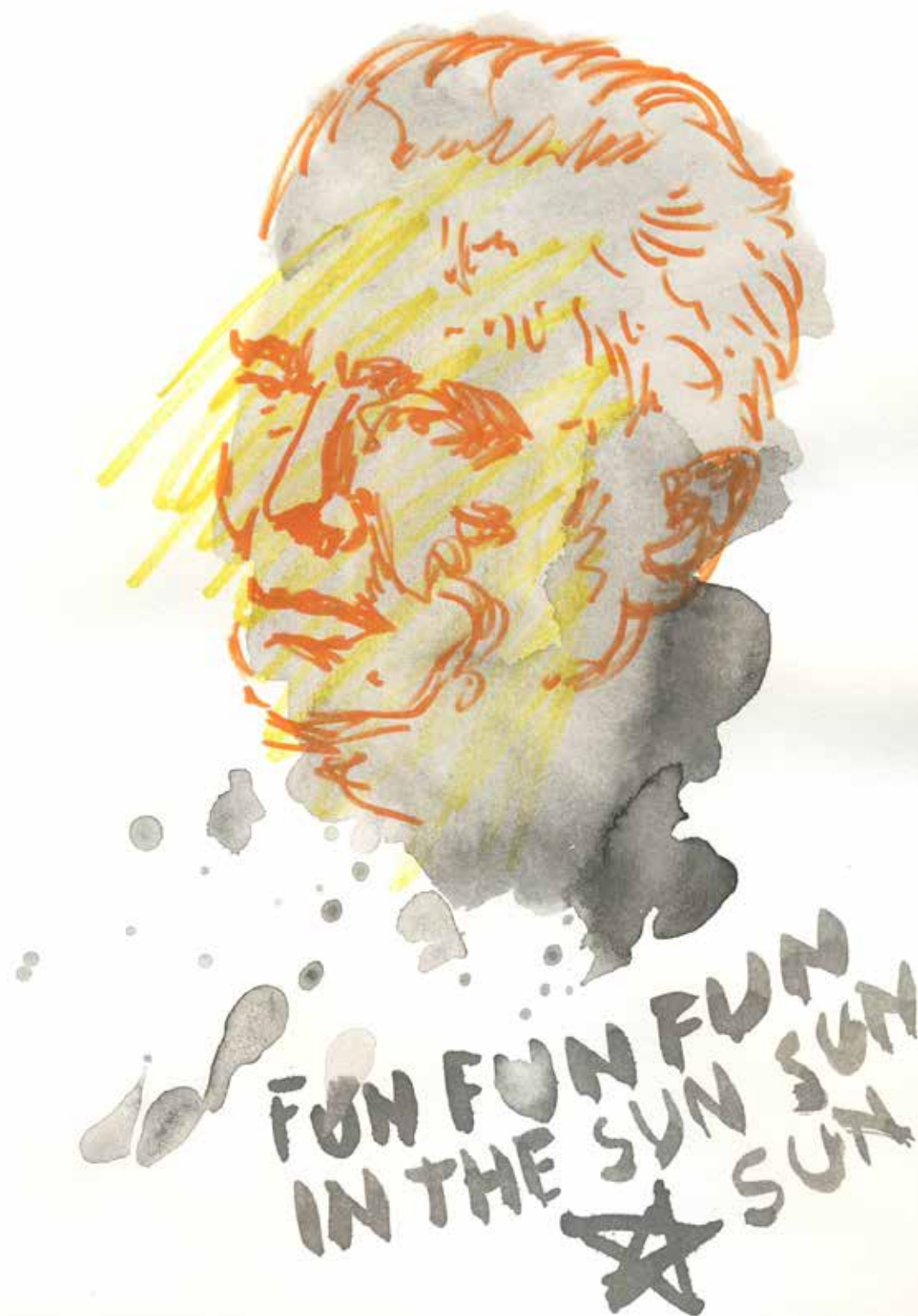
~~OH MAKE THE SAND OF~~  
Tito ☆ ~~AF~~







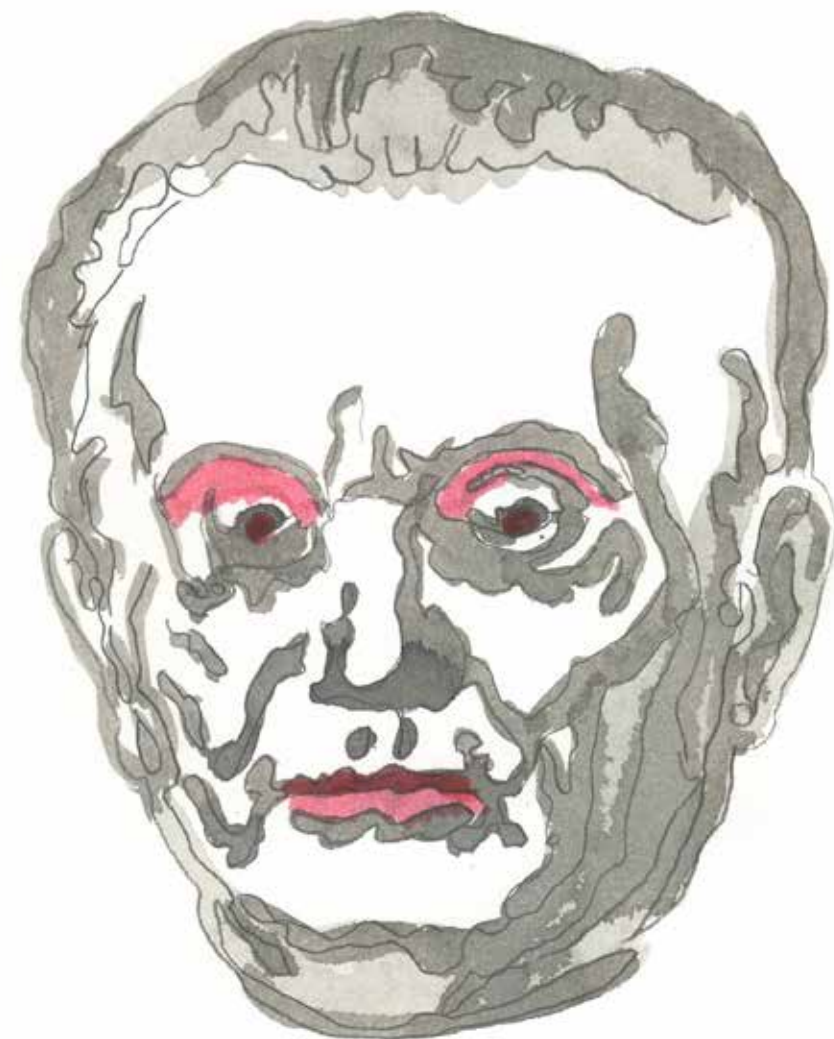




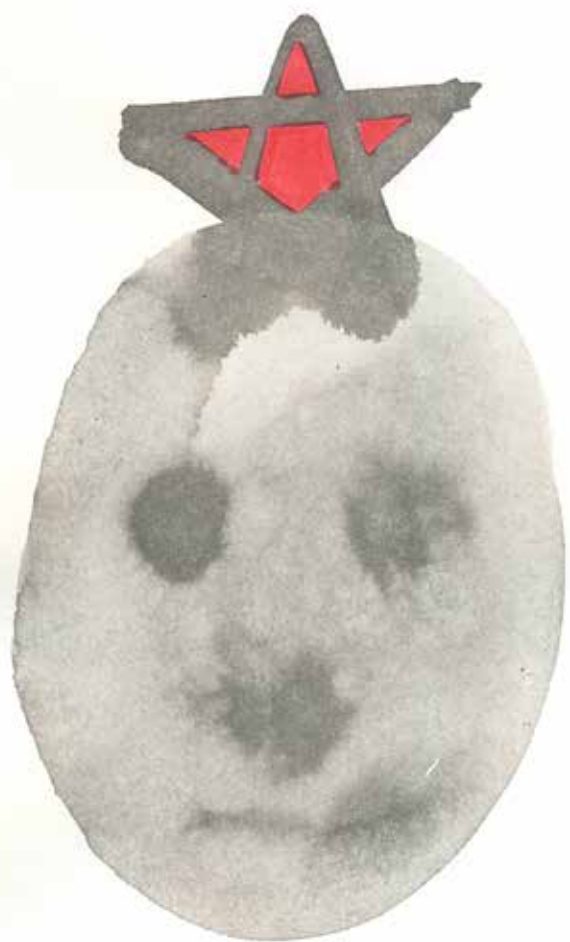




FUN  
FUN  
FUN



FUN FUN  
FUN  
☆



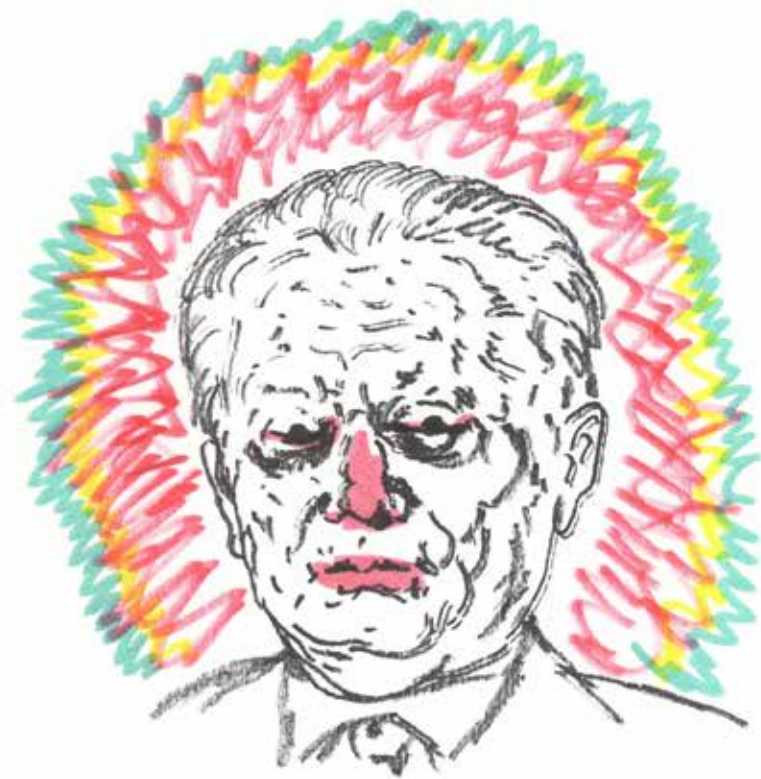
FUN FUN FUN



Stacey



DOWN  
WITH  
AURA



Fred Aura



AUR ☆







FUCK  
AURA!





FUCK

A dense, chaotic scribble of blue and orange lines fills the bottom of the page, partially obscuring the word 'FUCK'.

AURA  
FUCK  
OFF







I  
AM  
DEMOMOOMIN  
AM  
DEMOCRACY  
AM  
COMMUMOOMIN  
COMMUCRAZY  
COMMUCOMMU  
CRAZY MOOMIN  
MOOMIN DEMO CRAZY  
I AM COMMU.D.E.MO



I  
AM  
DEMOMOOMIN

I  
AM  
DEMOCRACY

I  
AM  
COMMUCOMMU  
CRAZY  
MOOMIN  
DEMO

I AM COMMU...

SOMETIMES I AM AN ASS.



Just a little



begging



Nothing wrong with



OH, DEAR, OH



JUST A



LITTLE



CRYING







THESE WORDS,  
WRITTEN JUST FOR ME.



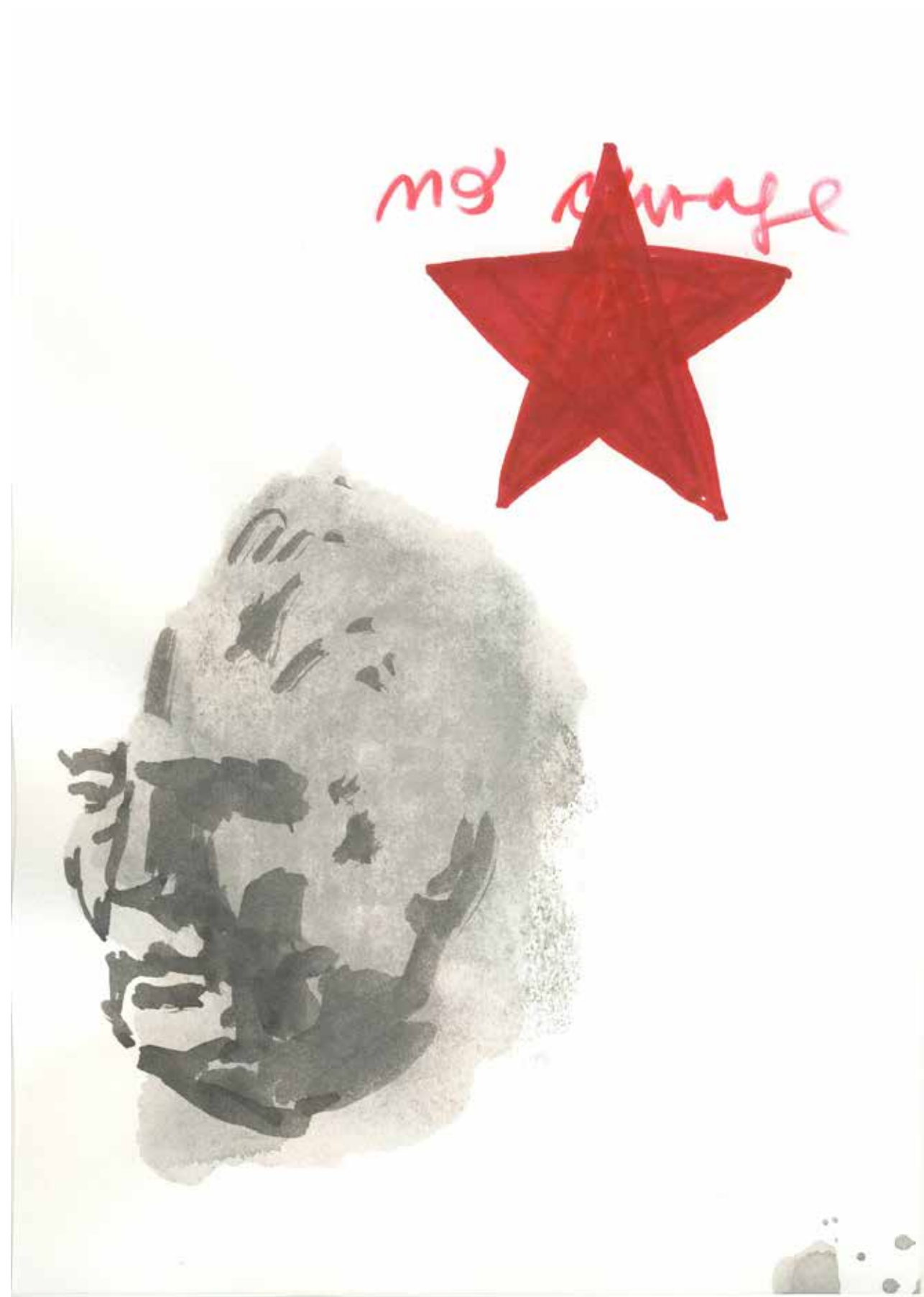


OH, LA, LA, OH

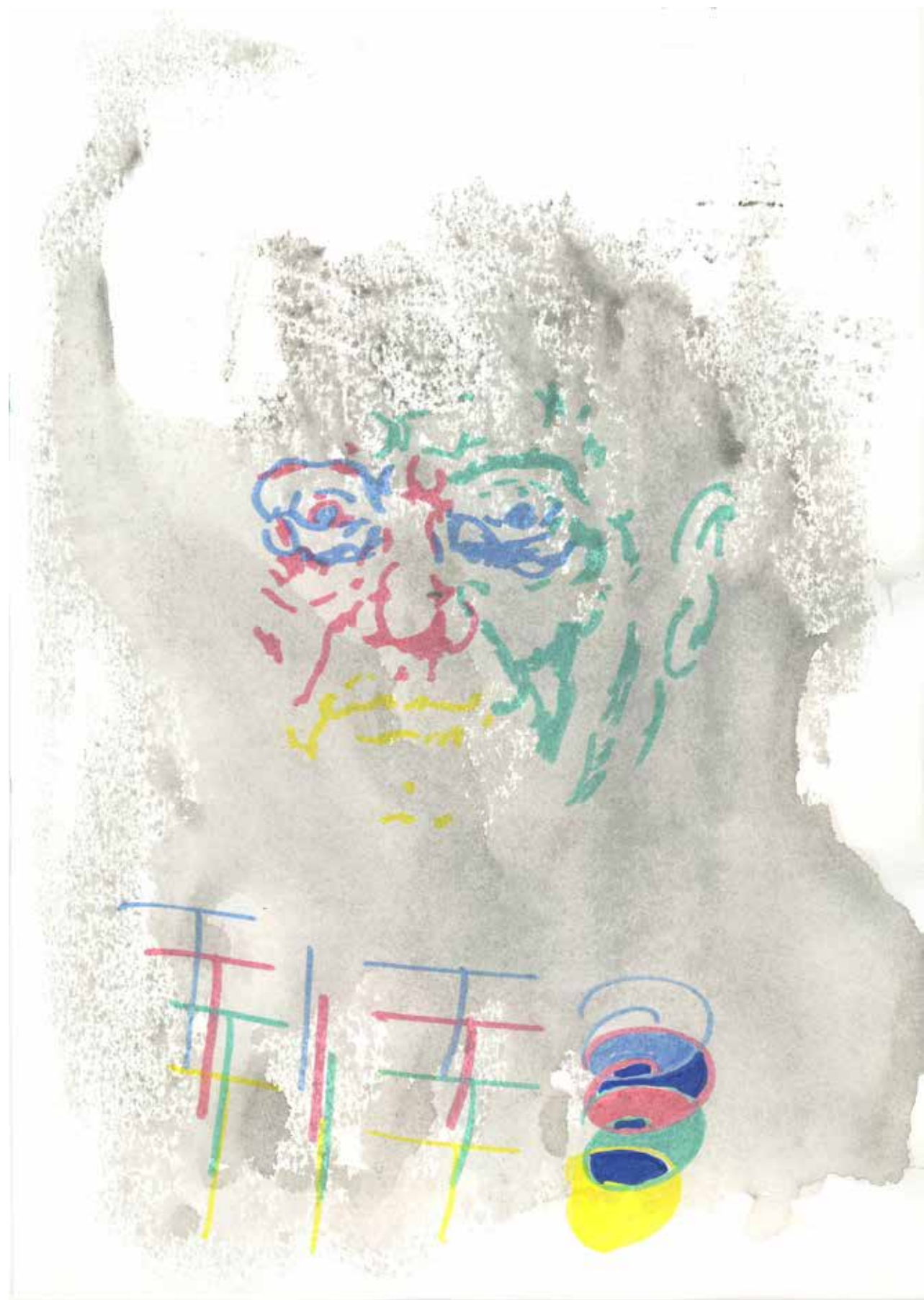
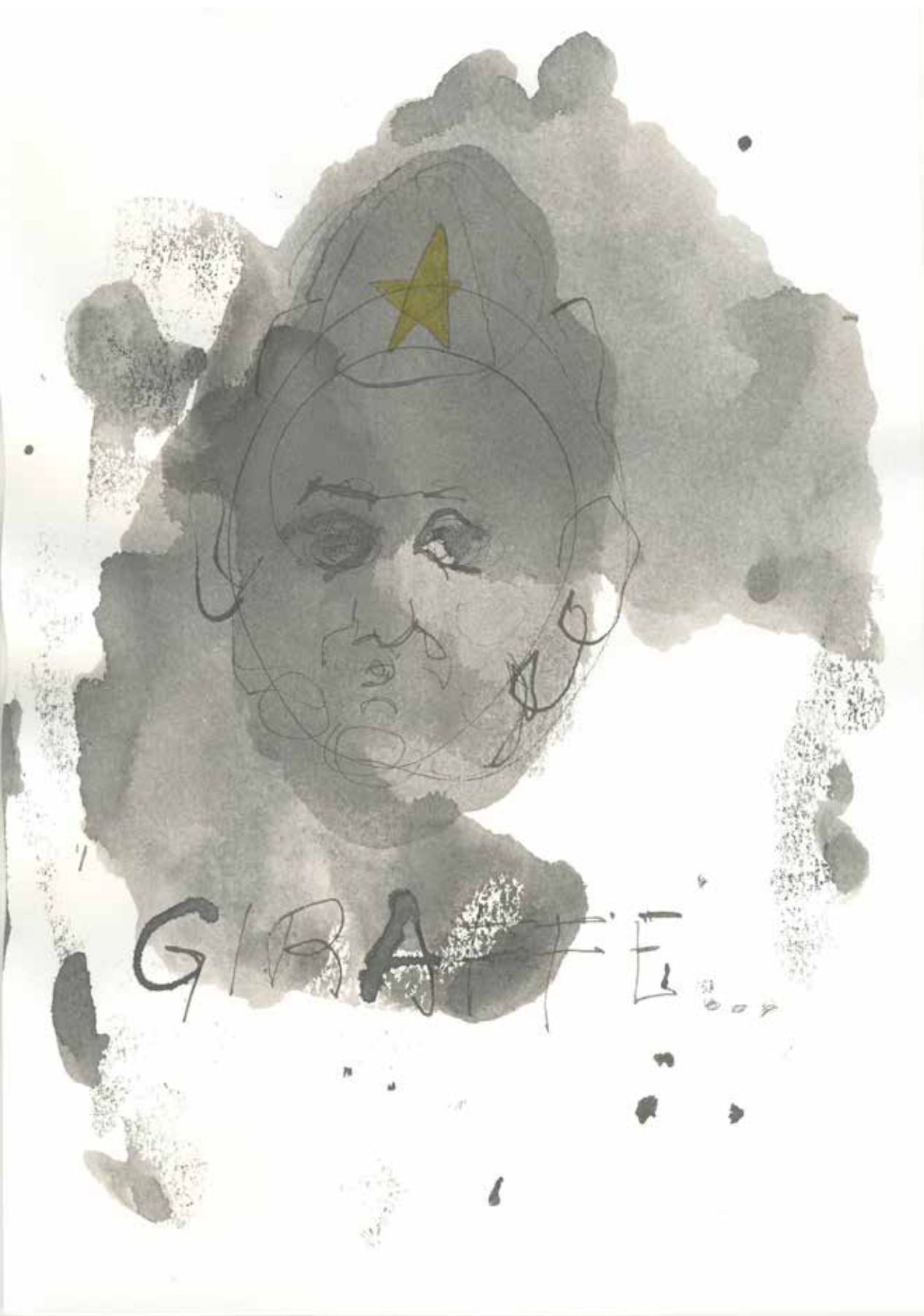


RAMLÖSA  
is also very good

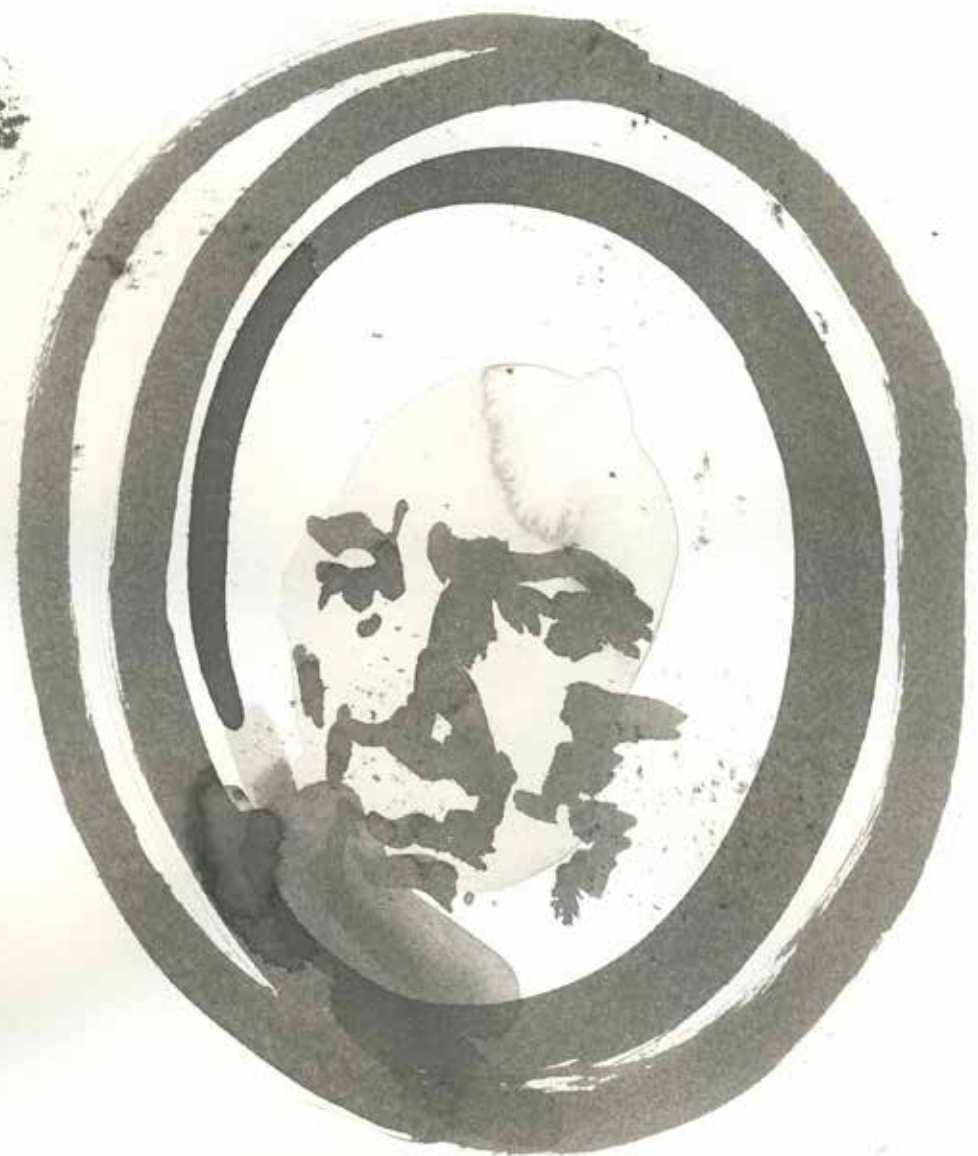








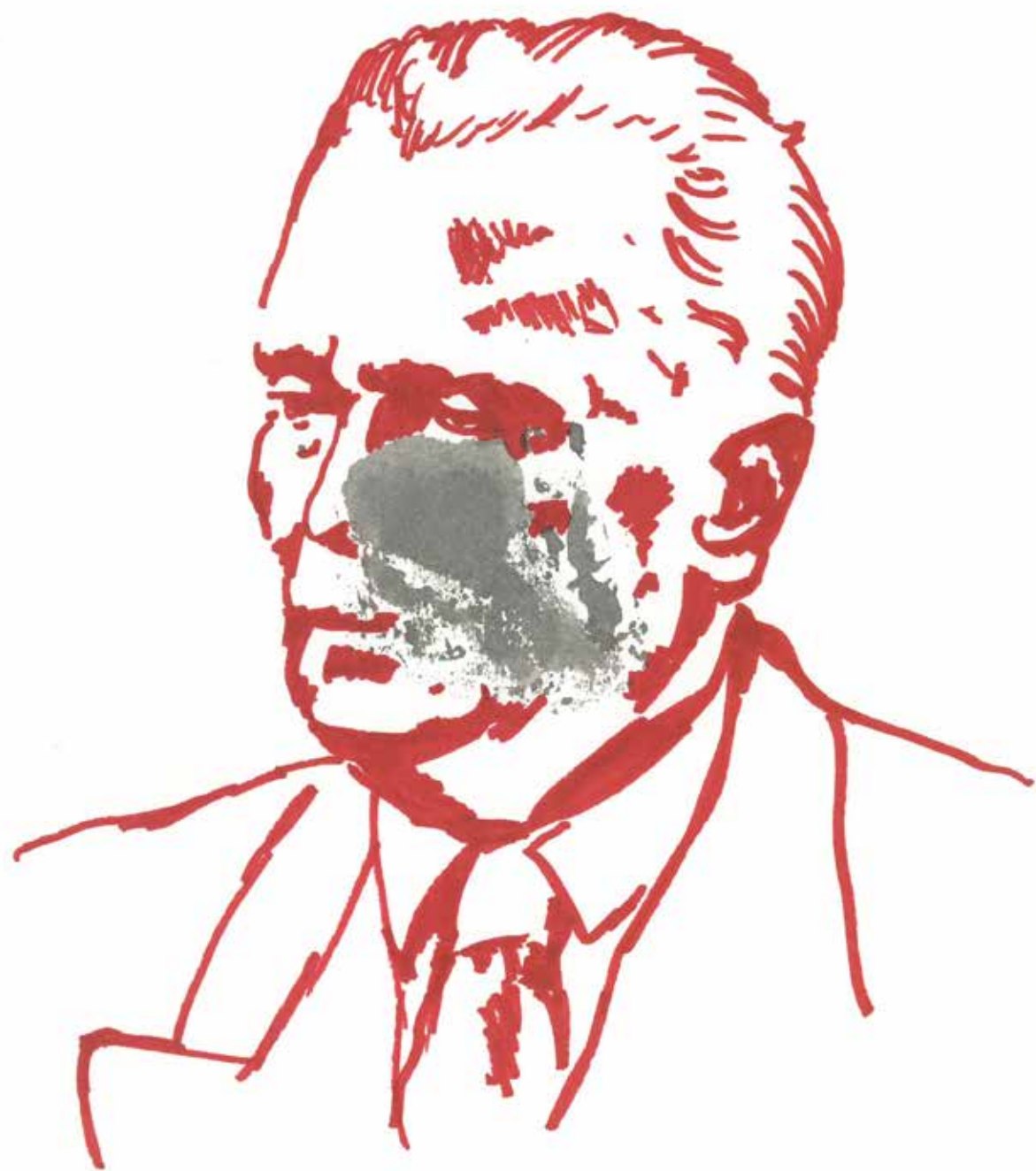




GIRAFFE  
*de long*

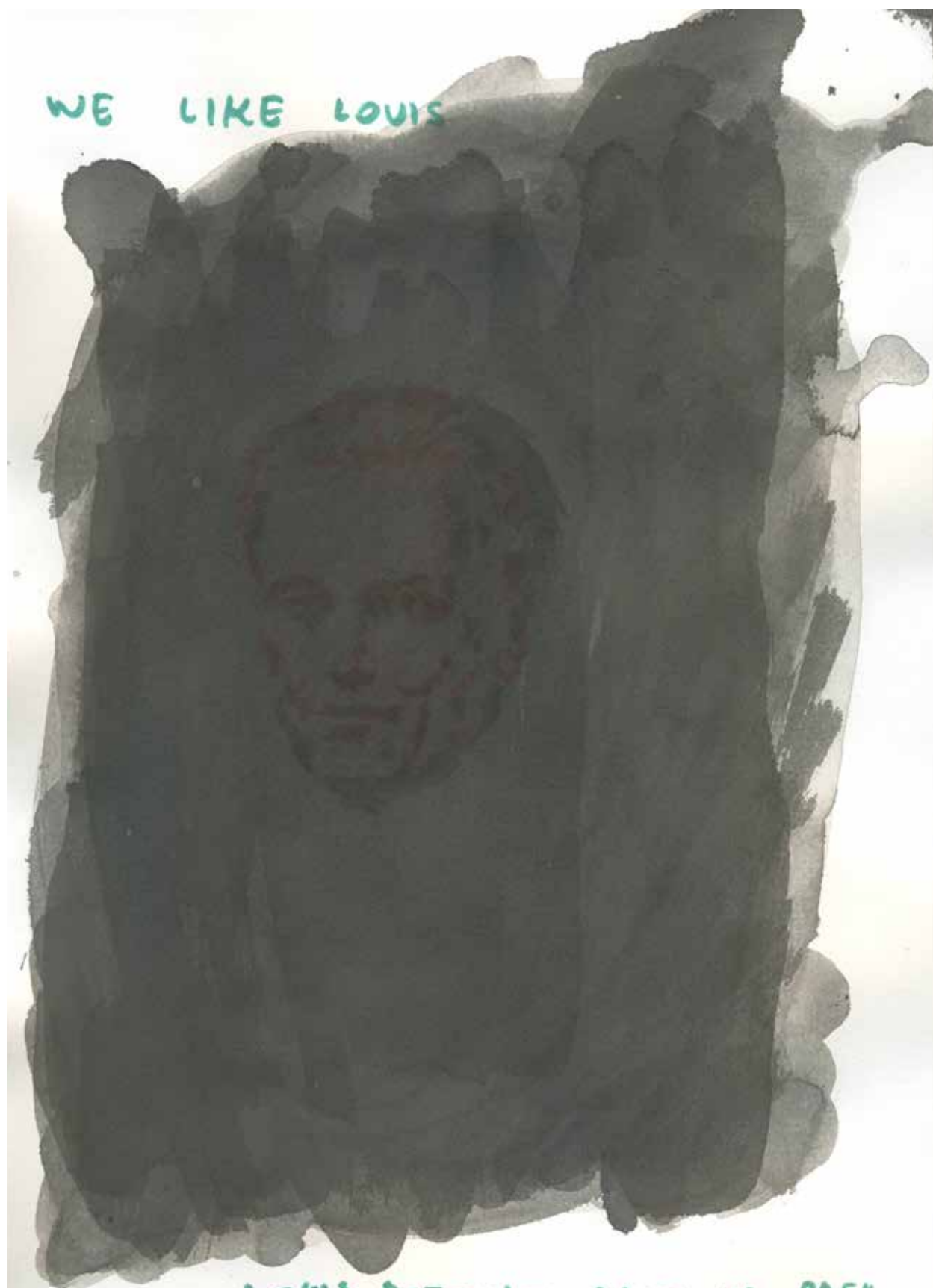






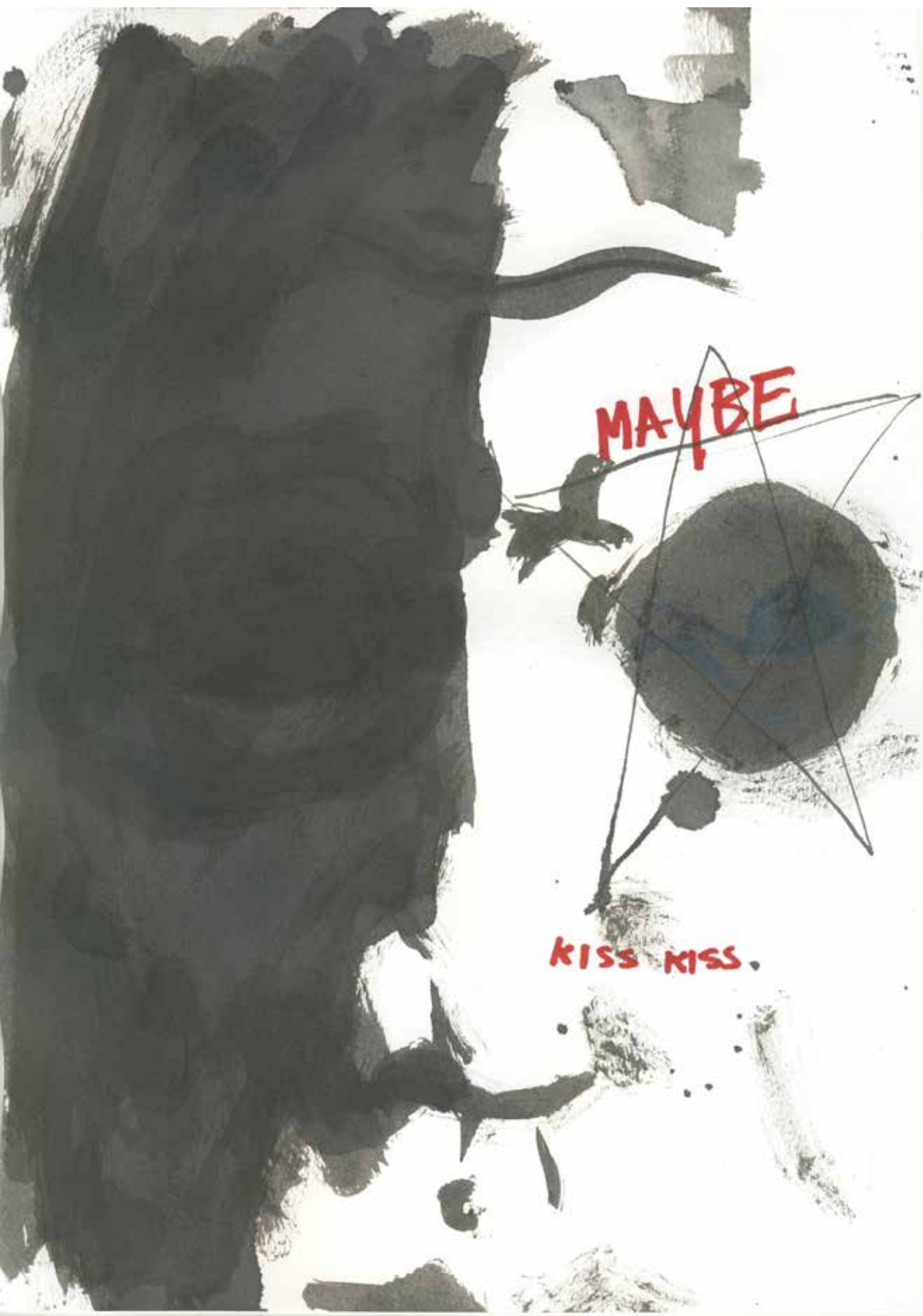
IT'S A NASTY BUSINESS

WE LIKE LOUIS

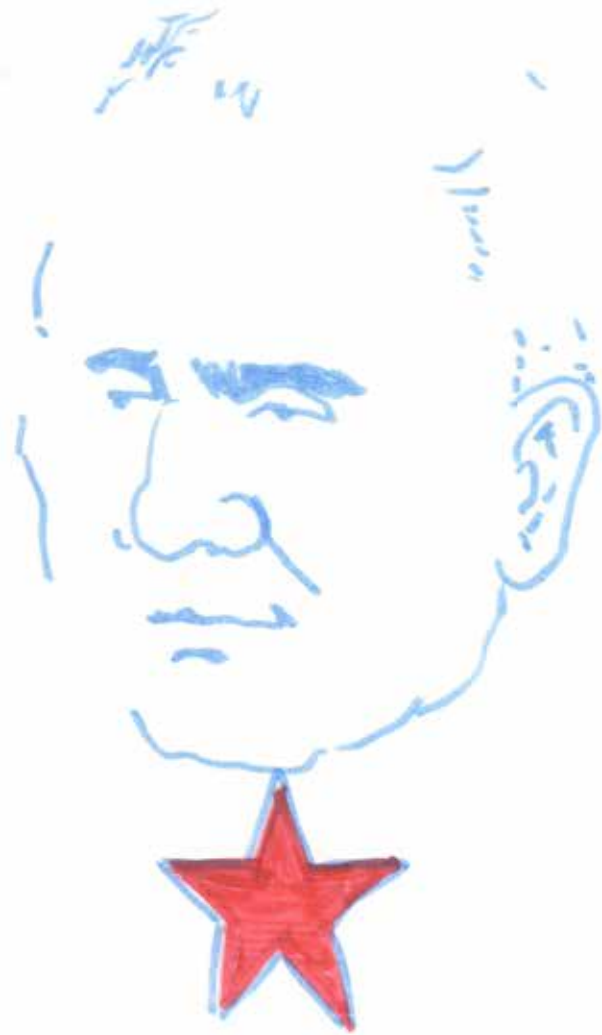


LOUIS DOESN'T LIKE US BACK





we like nature



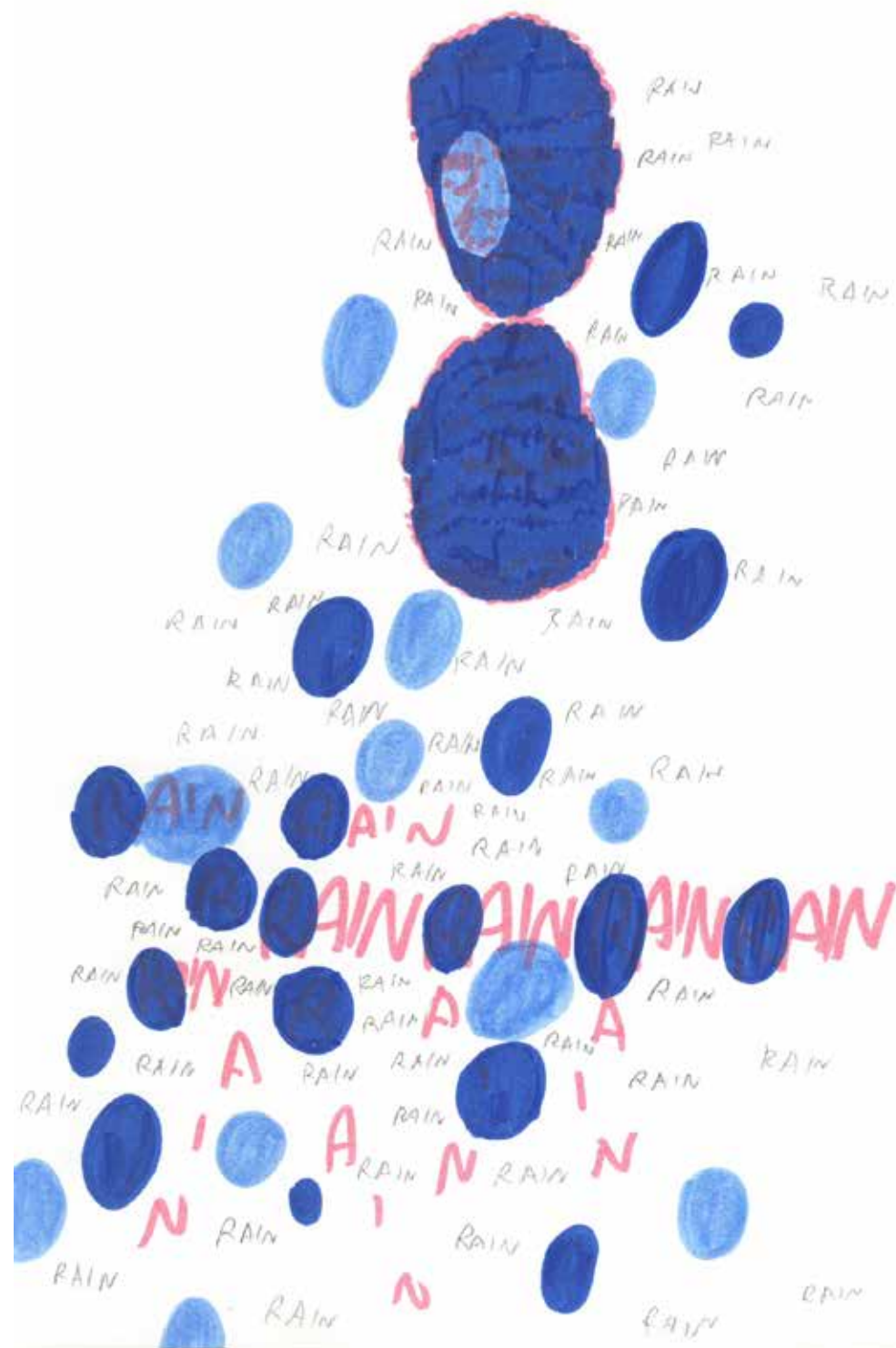
nature doesn't like us back





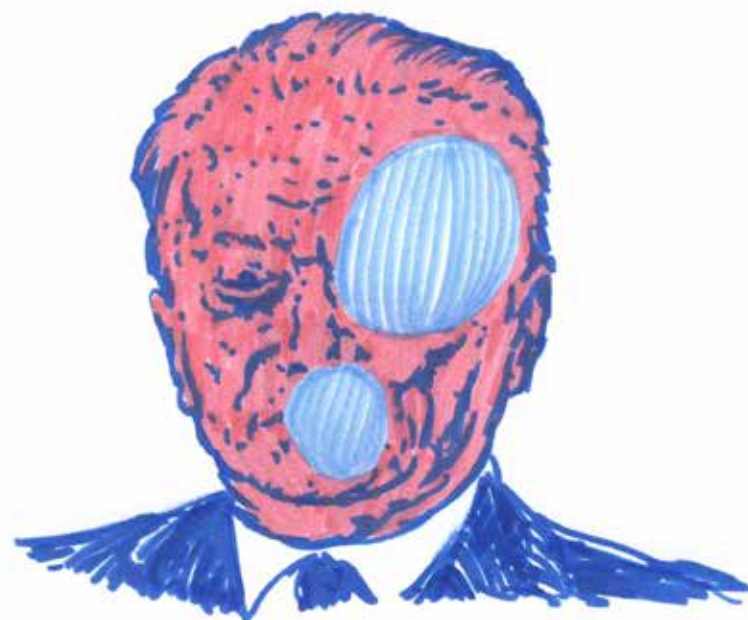


MA  
NI  
FE  
STO



NO

WOMAN



NO

CRY

WINER  
LOSER

MIA  
NU

FE

S  
T  
O

TACIJA

JA

JA

me



I LOVE HUBBY



HUBBY  
LOVES ME BACK



STOP MAKING SENSE.



STOP MAKING HISTORY.





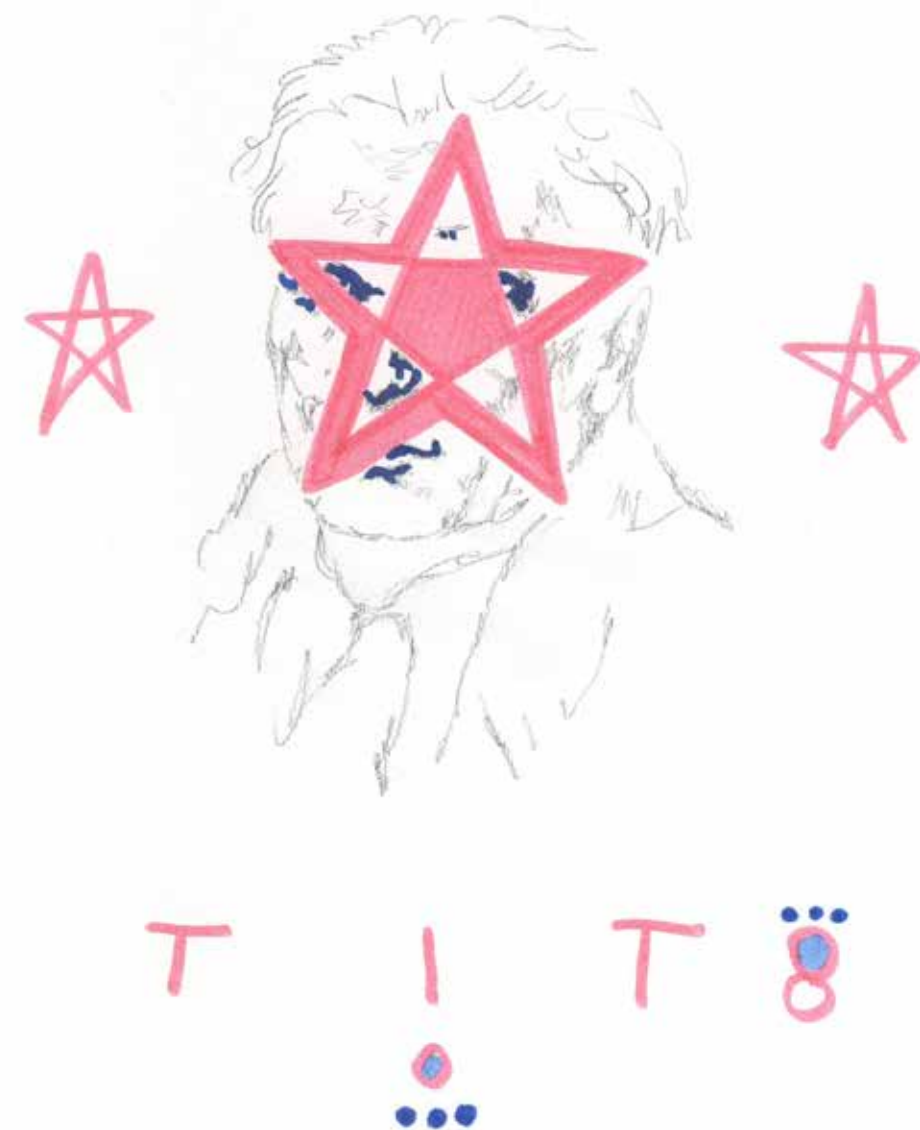


STOP MAKING  
WINN  
MANIFESTO  
SENSE  
LOOSE  
NONSENSE  
HERCUL  
WINLOSE  
PARASITE





STUPID  
FOR FREE  
THINGS





parasites

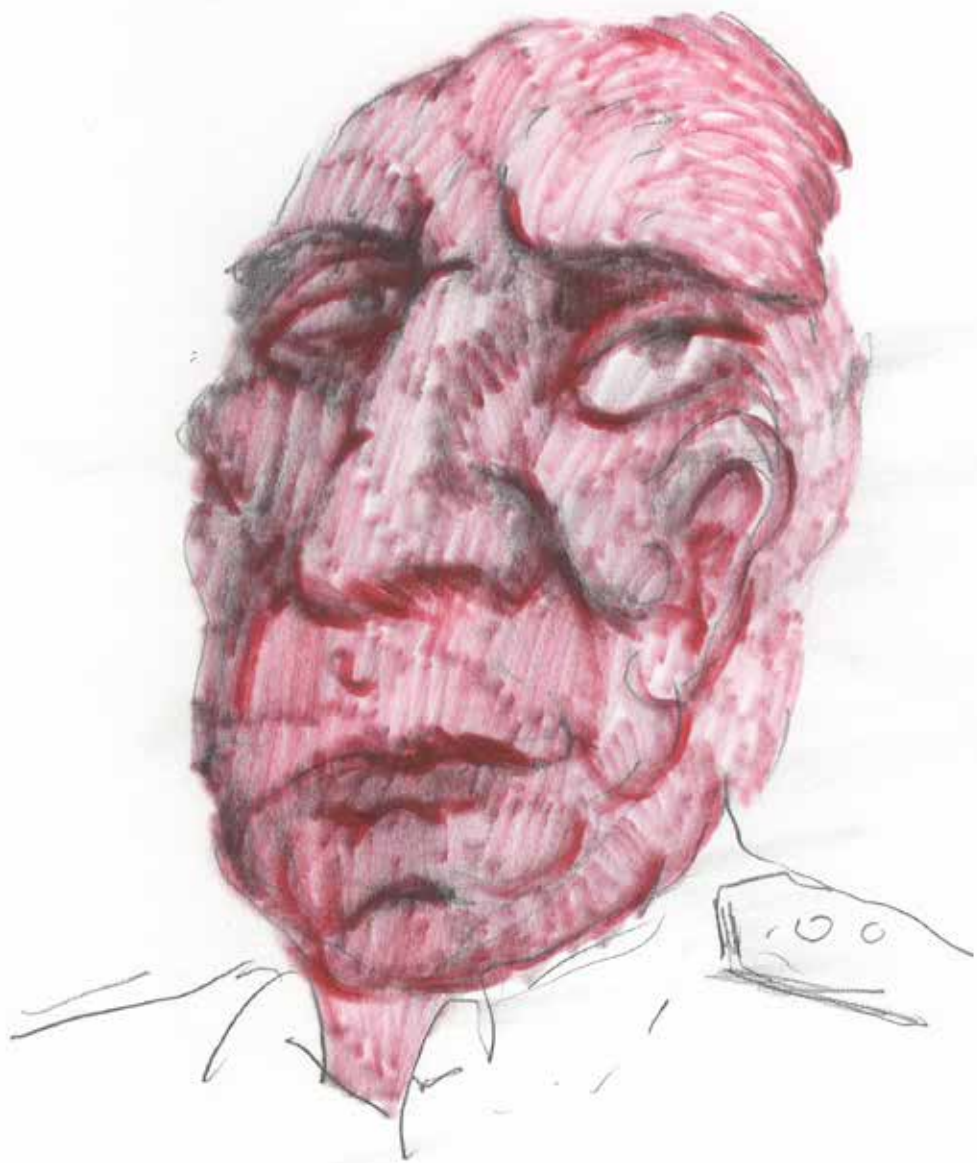
WILL



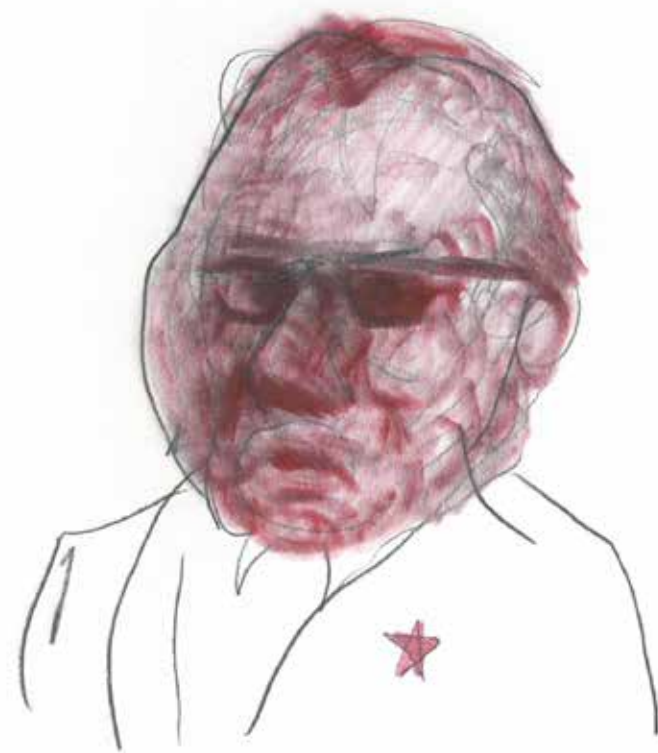
WHEN YOU'RE DEAD



tit.

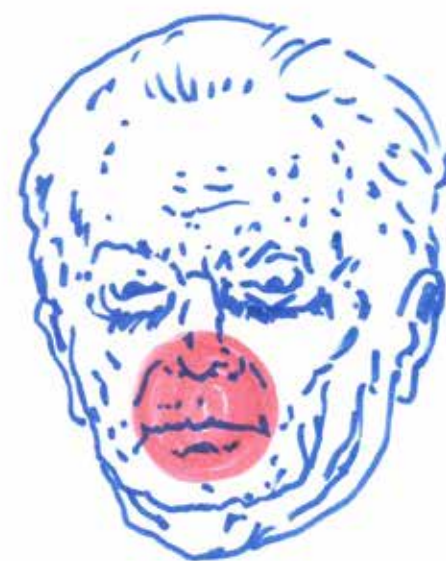


ALWAYS SHINE



TIT + 

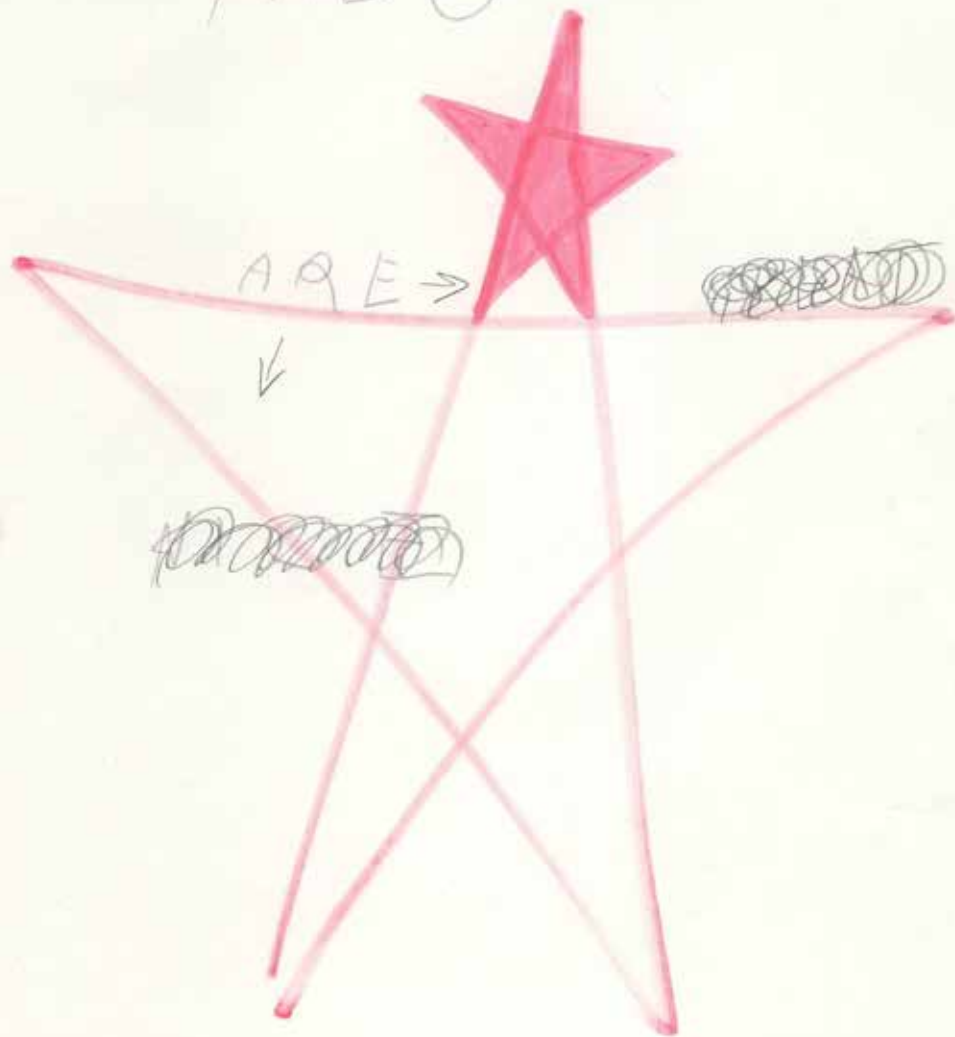




he's funny that  
way



KIDS



KIDS

CH CH

ARE

EC CH

NICE

K K

— CH

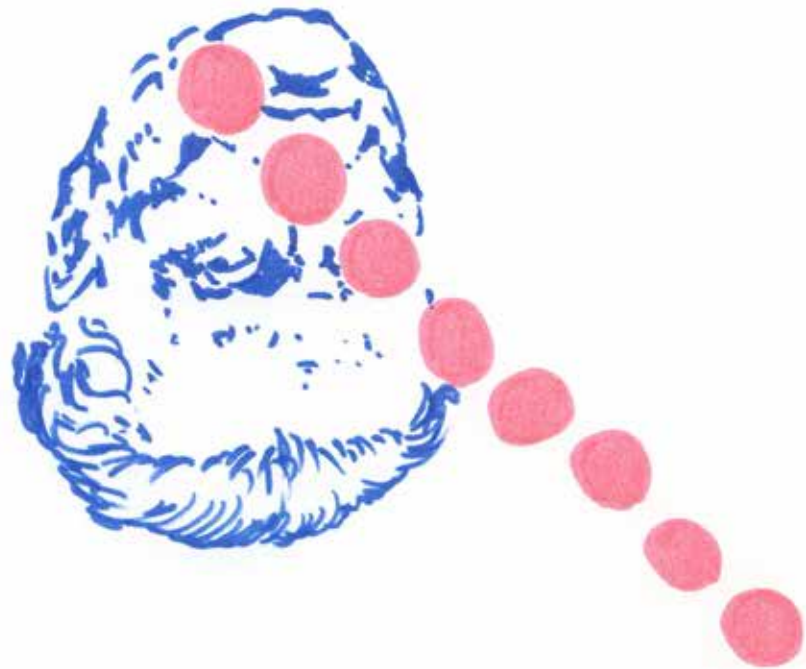


LIAMMAIL



DUMB DUMB DUMB DUMB DUMB DUMB DUMB

STRANGE  
THINGS

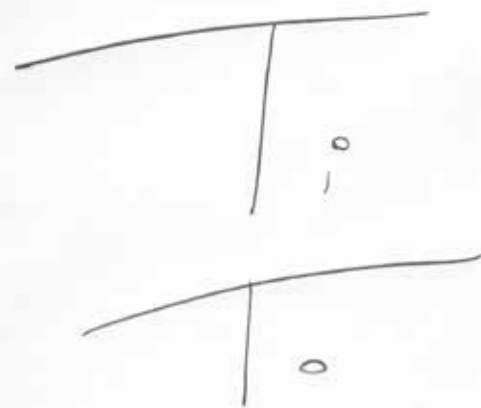


KIDS

ARE

NICE





SMIT.



VS

&

LOOOOOSE

R



BLIP BLIP RING RING RING GOES THE  
PHONE WHEN I TRY TO SPEAAAAAK



1  
LOST



WHO GOT SHITLOADS  
OF MONEY FROM  
JOSEPH KOSUTH? **SBD**





☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆  
SAD = MMT = MMT = MMT =  
SAD MMT = MMT  
SAD = MMT  
☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

parasite



FUCK




HOHO





we like Stovne art scene.



Stovne art scene doesn't like  
us back 



WHAT  
YOU  
GONNA DO  
NOW  
~~WHAT~~

PARASITES



WILL



you

H



when you're dead



*[Faint, illegible handwritten text]*

FOR MOST OF  
MY LIFE -

BECAUSE I KNOW  
YOU ARE GOOD.

FOR MOST  
ALMOST  
I'VE ALMOST  
BEEN A WINNER

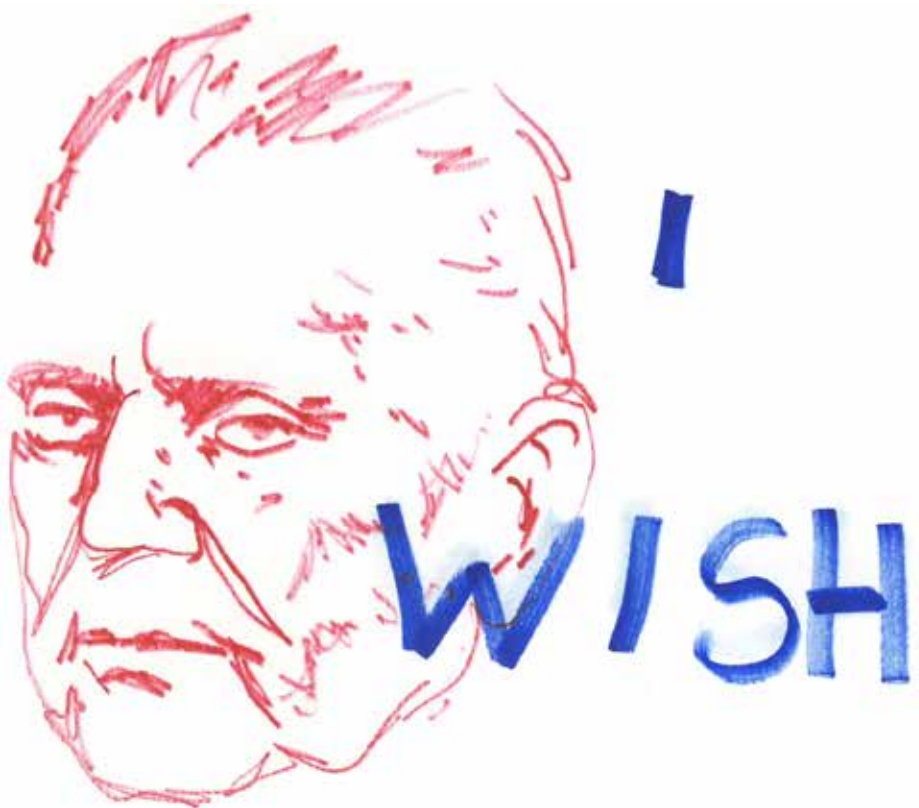
we can be you and me  
in time. ★



I'VE OFTEN LOST TO  
SHIT, BUT THIS WAS  
THE FIRST TIME ~~THE~~  
DUNG WAS AS LITERAL AS IT  
WAS METAPHORIC



I FOUND JOY  
OF MY OWN.  
*Shirley*



I KNEW THEN WHAT I KNOW NOW

FOR  
CERTAIN.





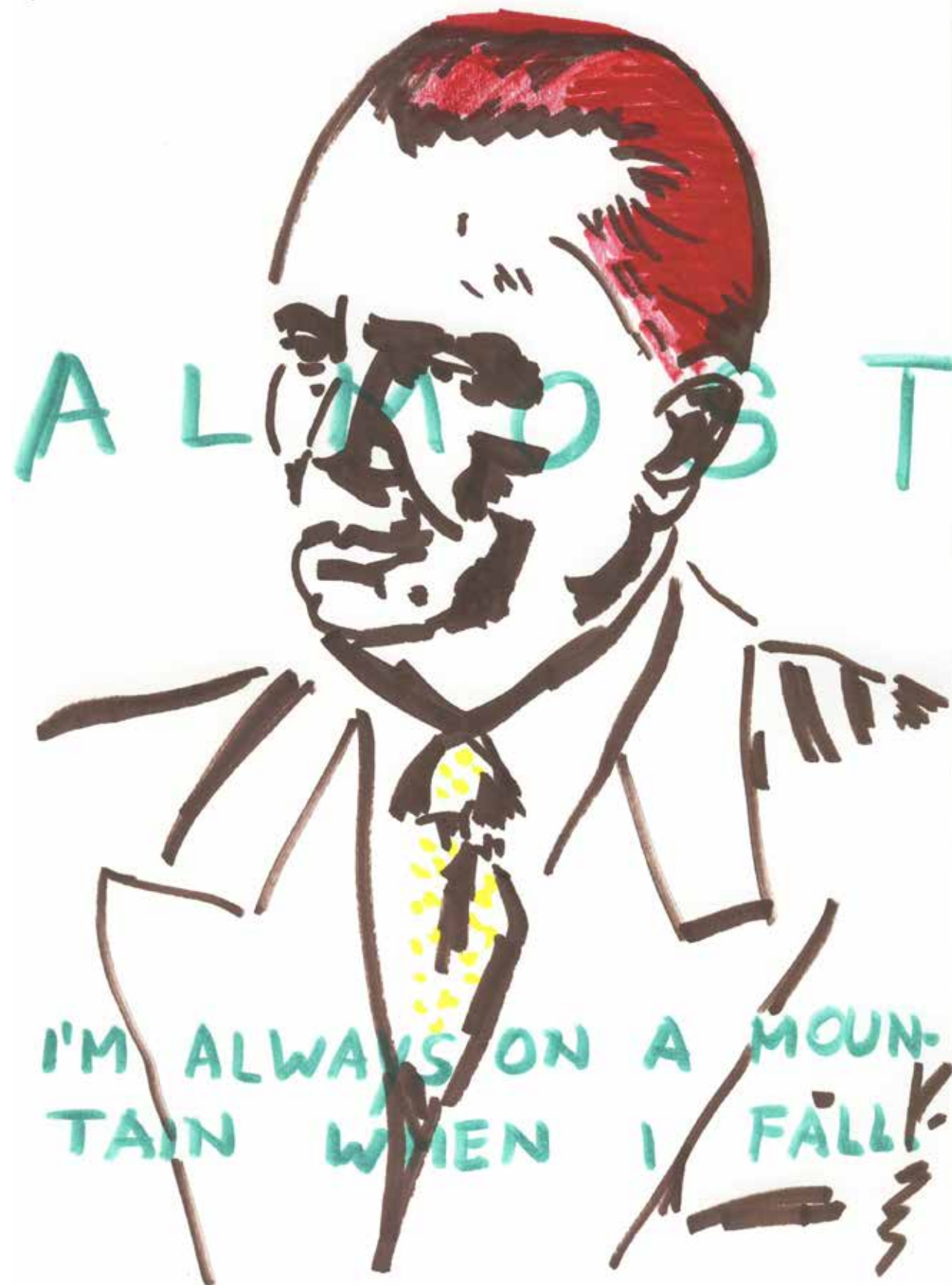
# ALMost



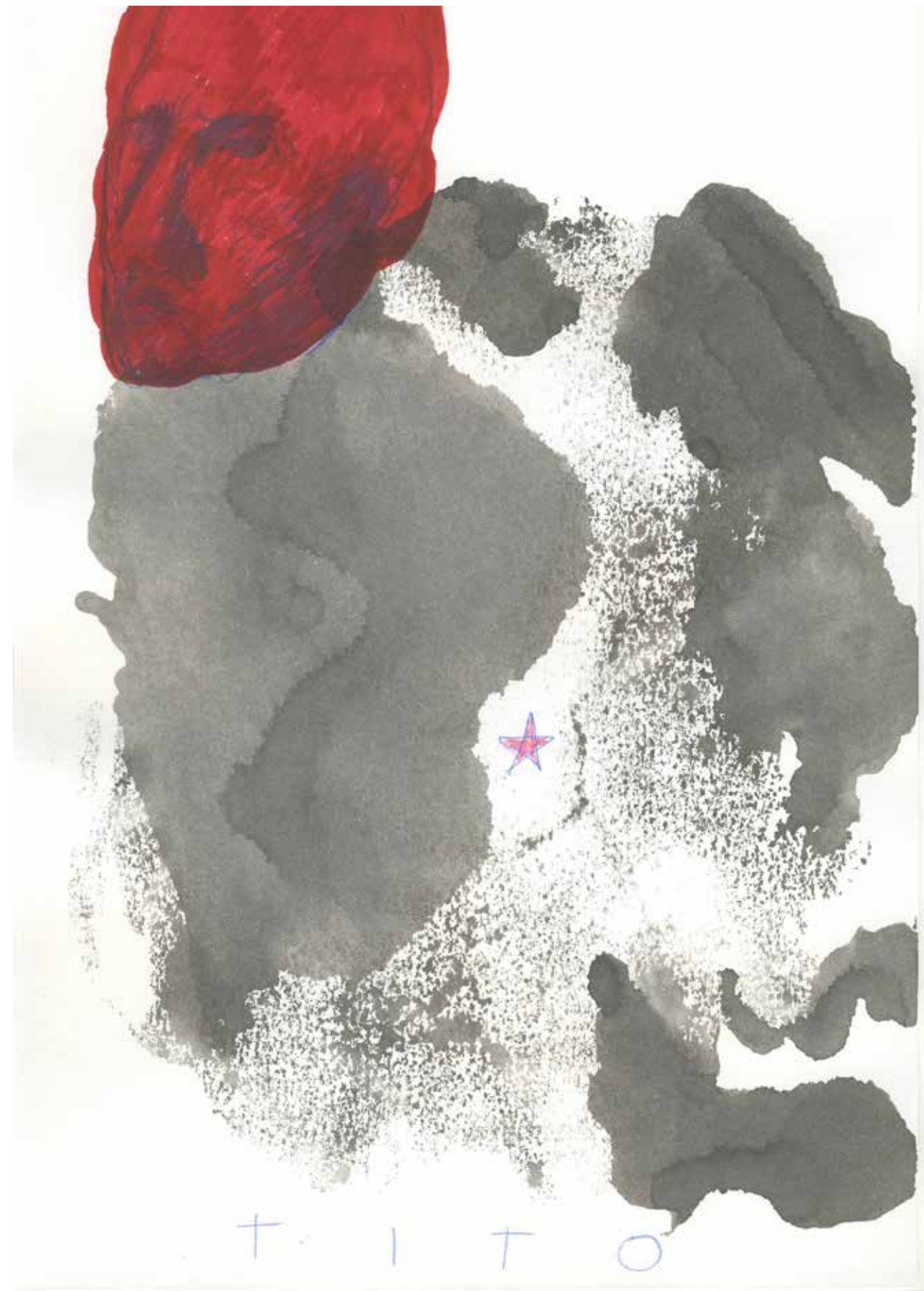
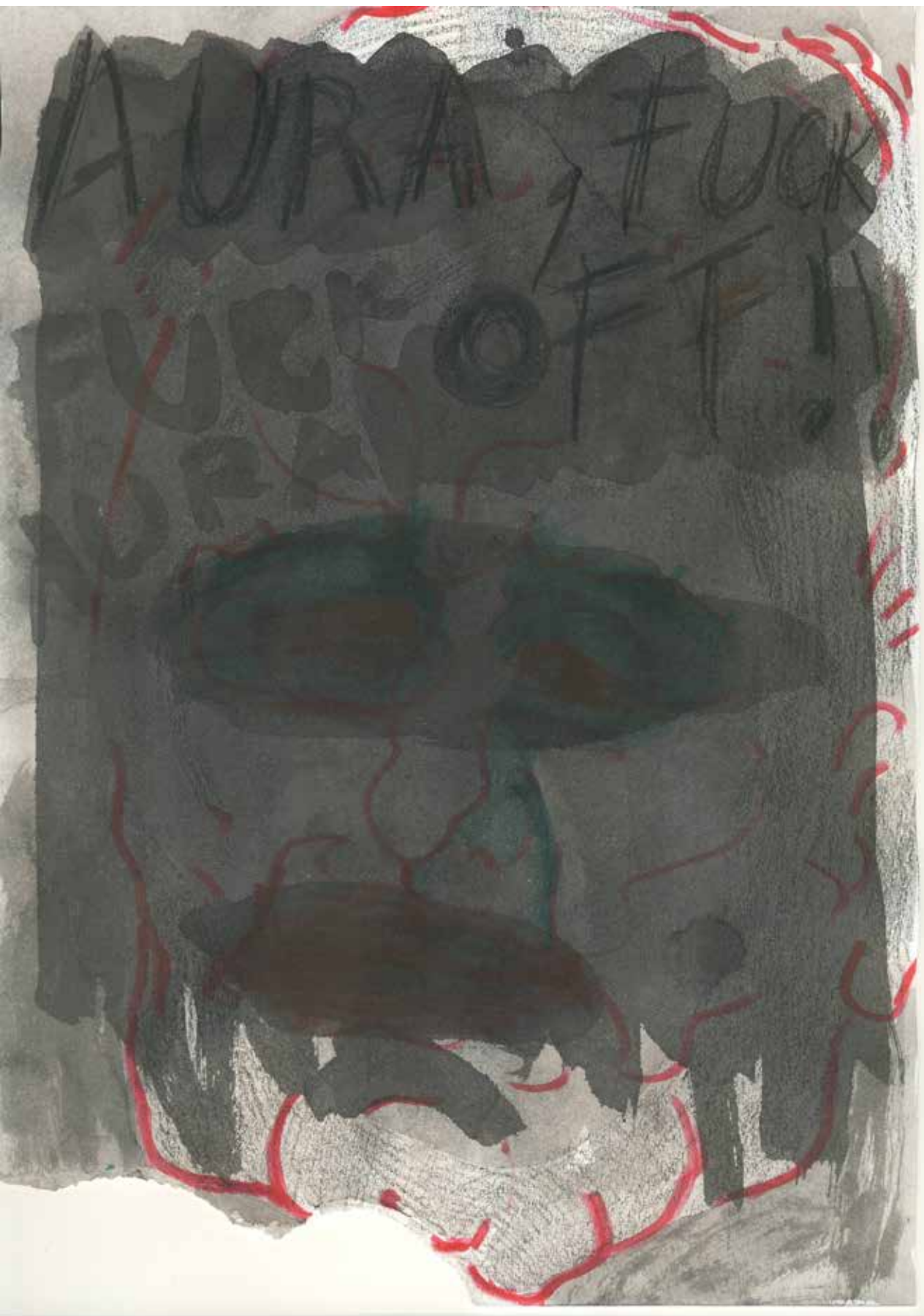
I WISH I KNEW THEN  
WHAT I KNOW NOW



LOSING 'S JUST  
BECOME A WAY  
OF LIVING



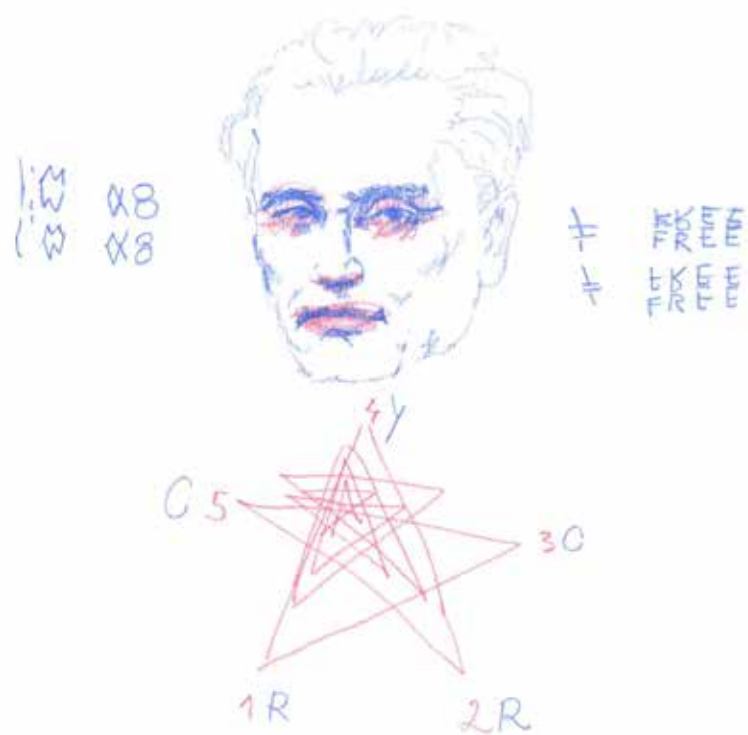








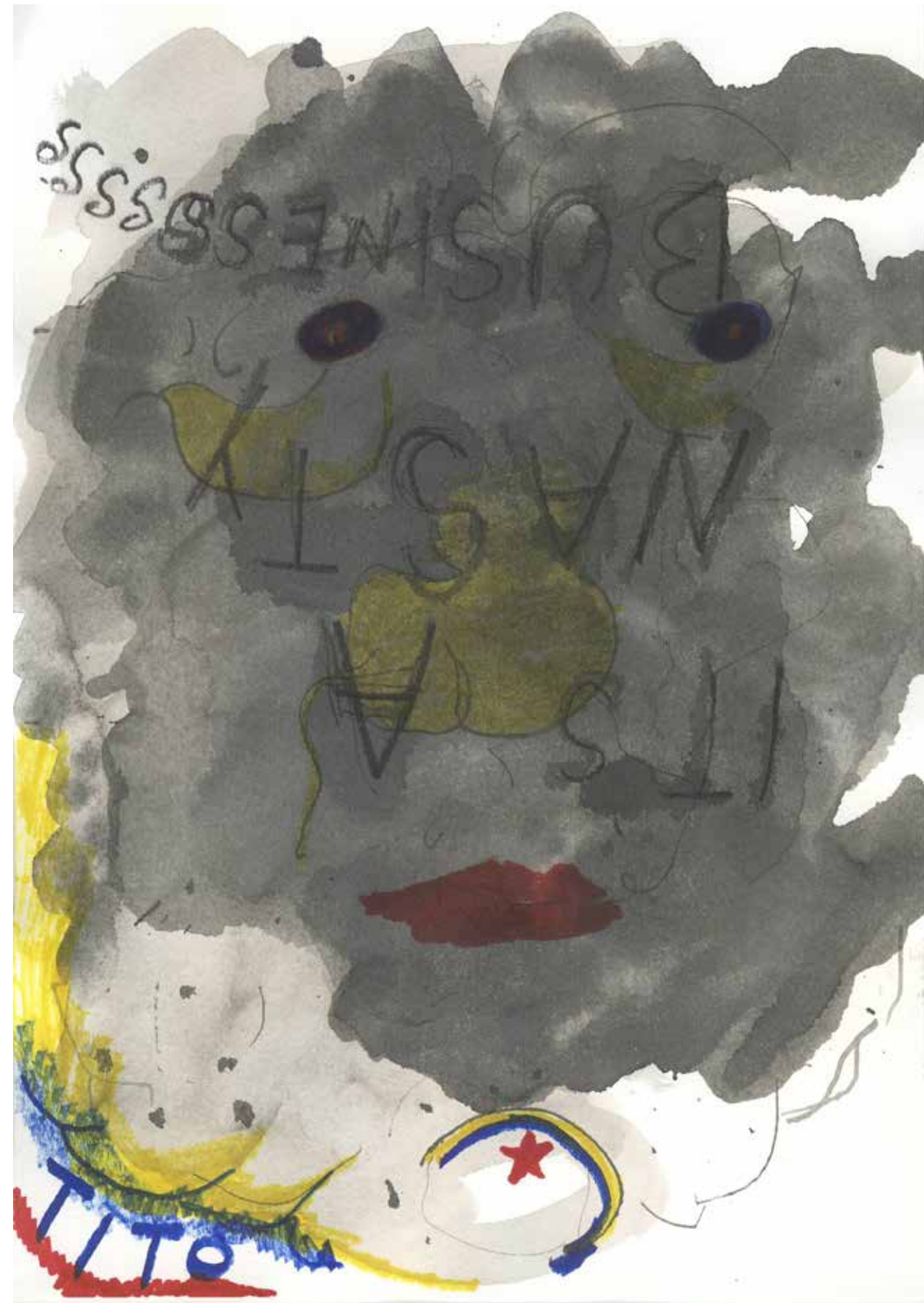




I'M A TULIP IN A CUP  
I STAND NO CHANCE OF GR

## CONCEPT

R E G I R E T





AND WE TRY

NOT TO LET

THOSE BASTARDS

LET US

DOWN

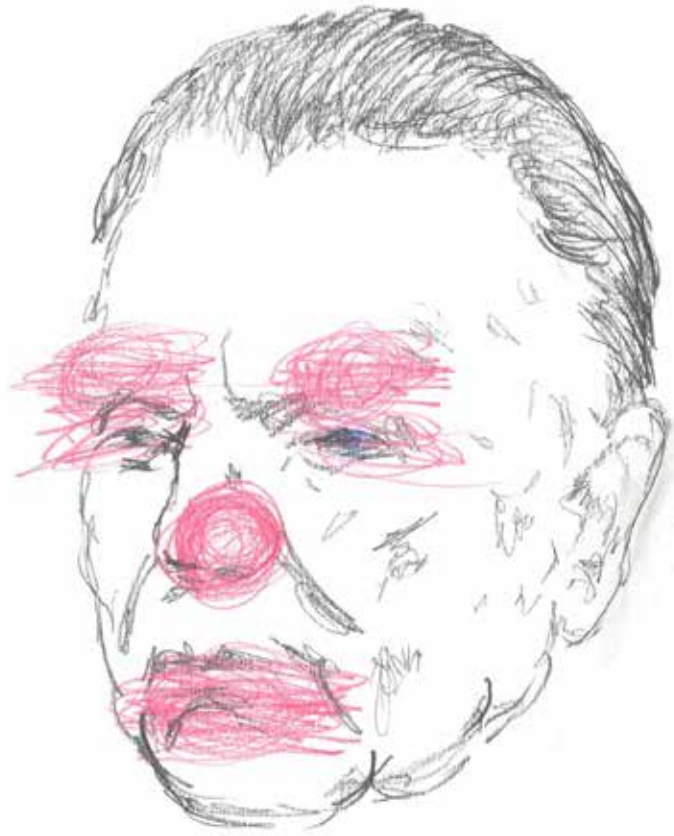




DENT





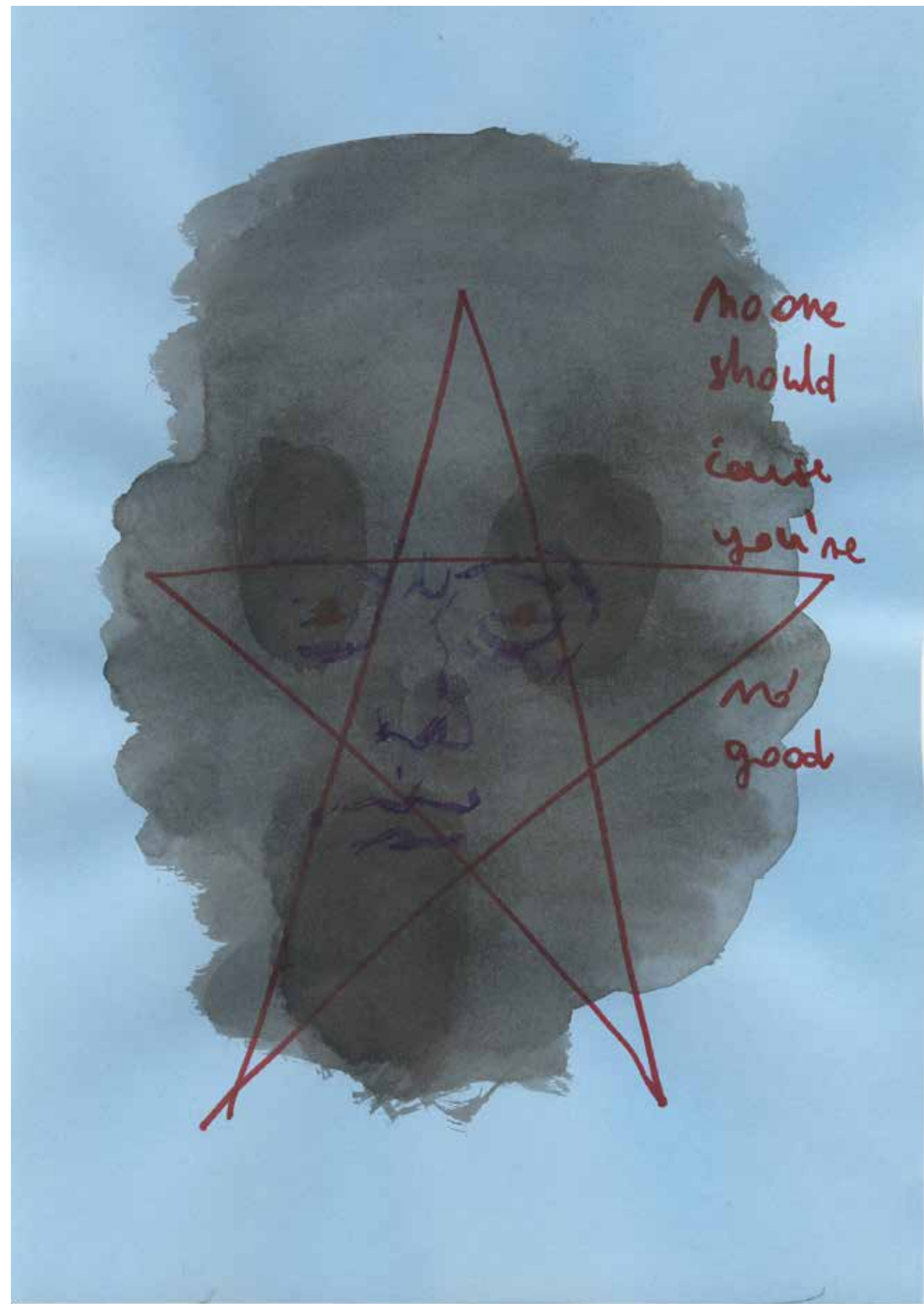


FIRSTLY : YOUR DUTY IS TO  
STUDY. ONLY THOSE WHO  
STUDY, WILL KNOW ANYTHING.



☆☆☆ AND ONLY THOSE WHO KNOW  
ANYTHING, WILL BE USEFUL TO THE  
MOTHERLAND. SECONDLY : YOU  
MUST LEARN TO LOVE YOUR LAND.  
IT HAS BEEN SPILLING BLOOD  
FOR FREEDOM. THIRPLY : YOU MUST  
BECOME ~~LIVE~~ <sup>AKIN</sup> YOUR YOUNG COMRADES  
WERE DURING THE BATTLES. ☆☆☆

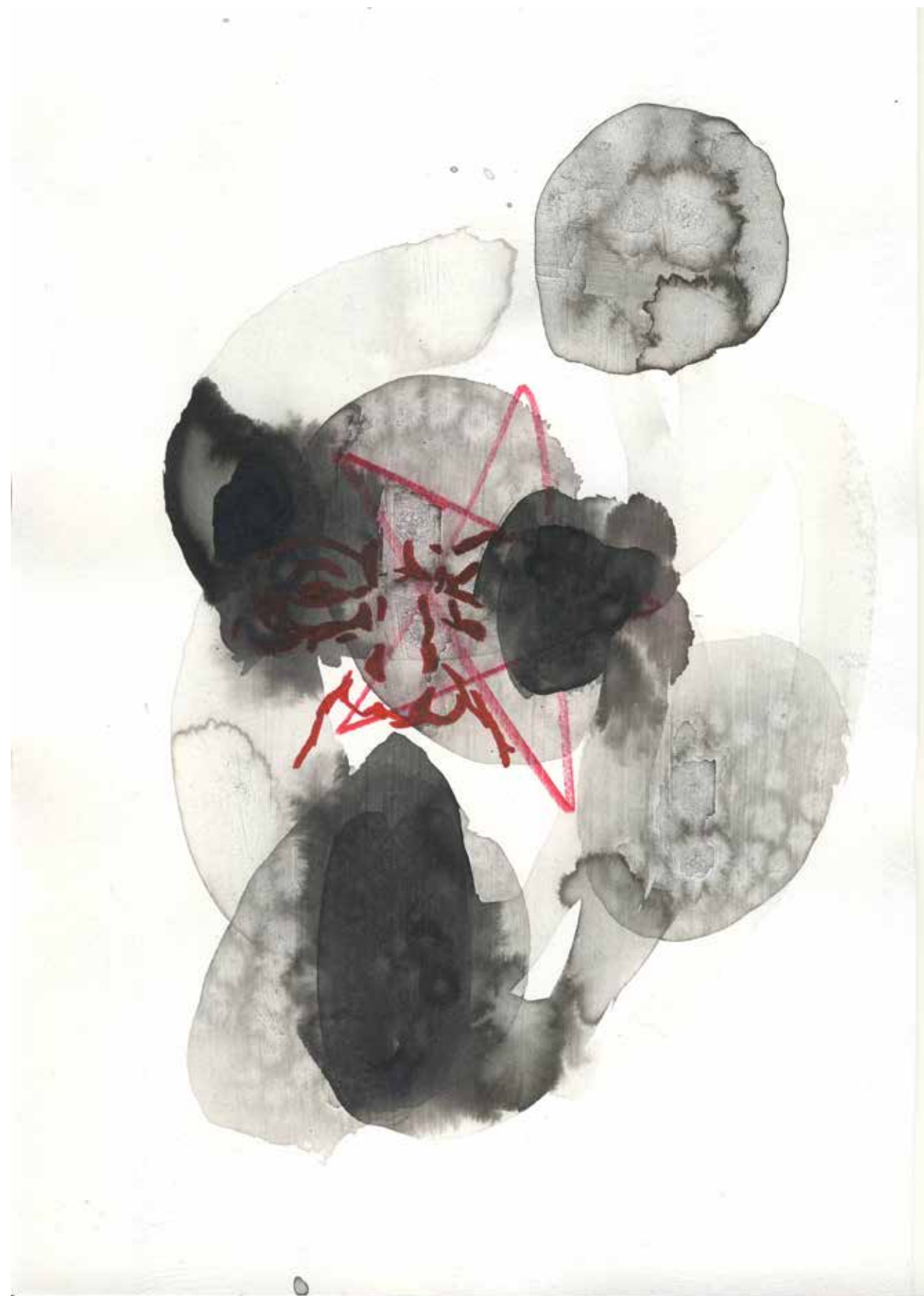
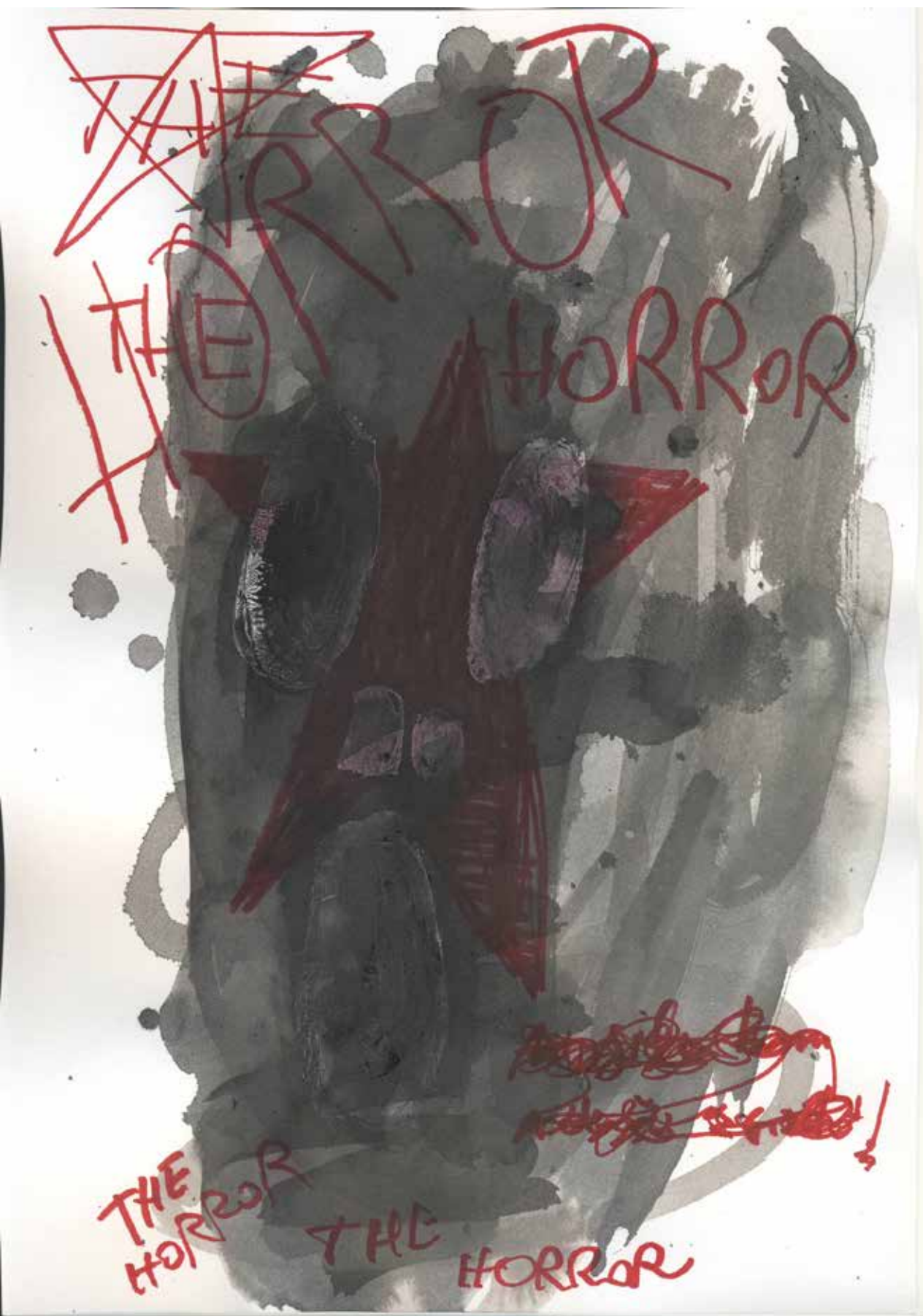






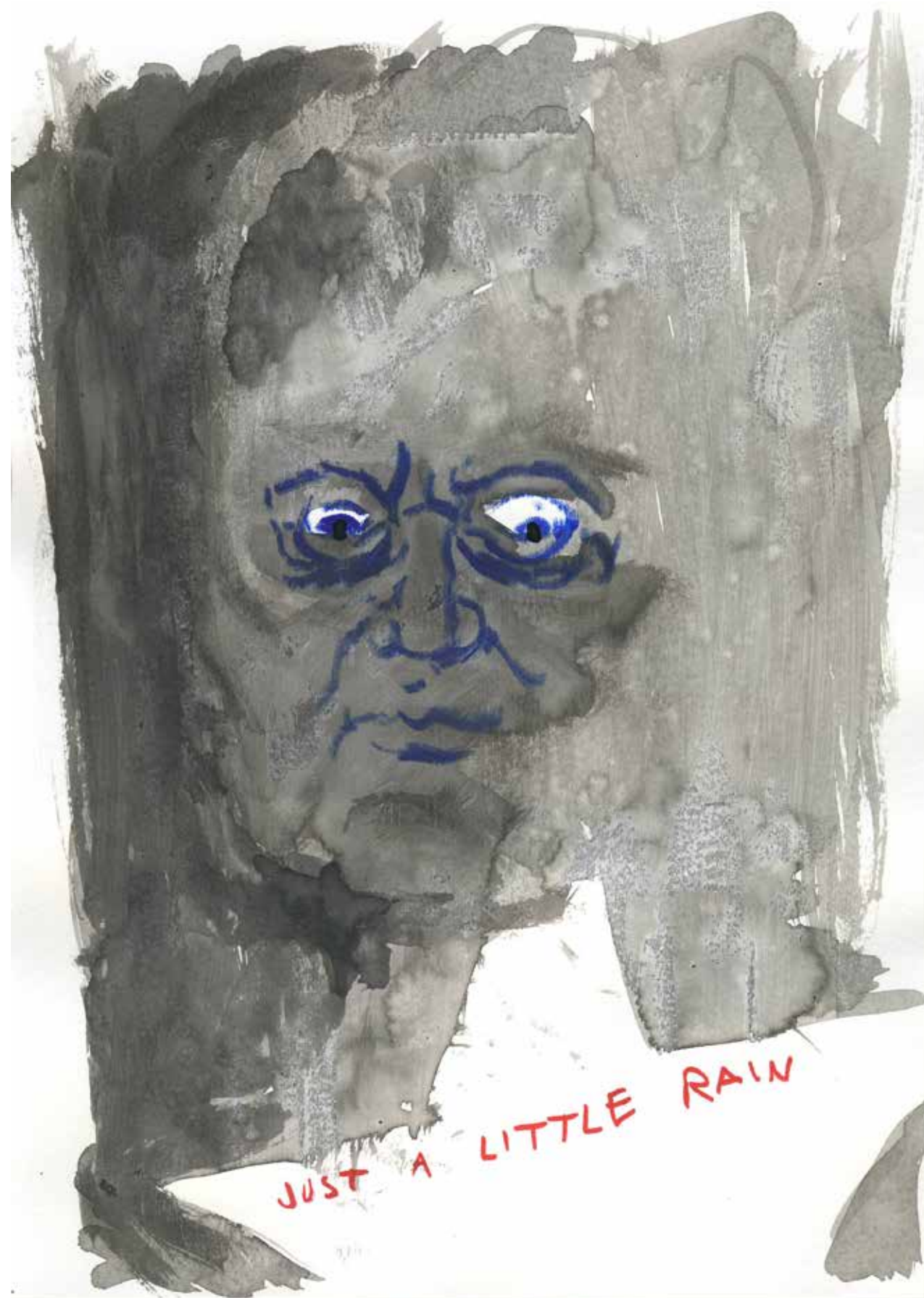




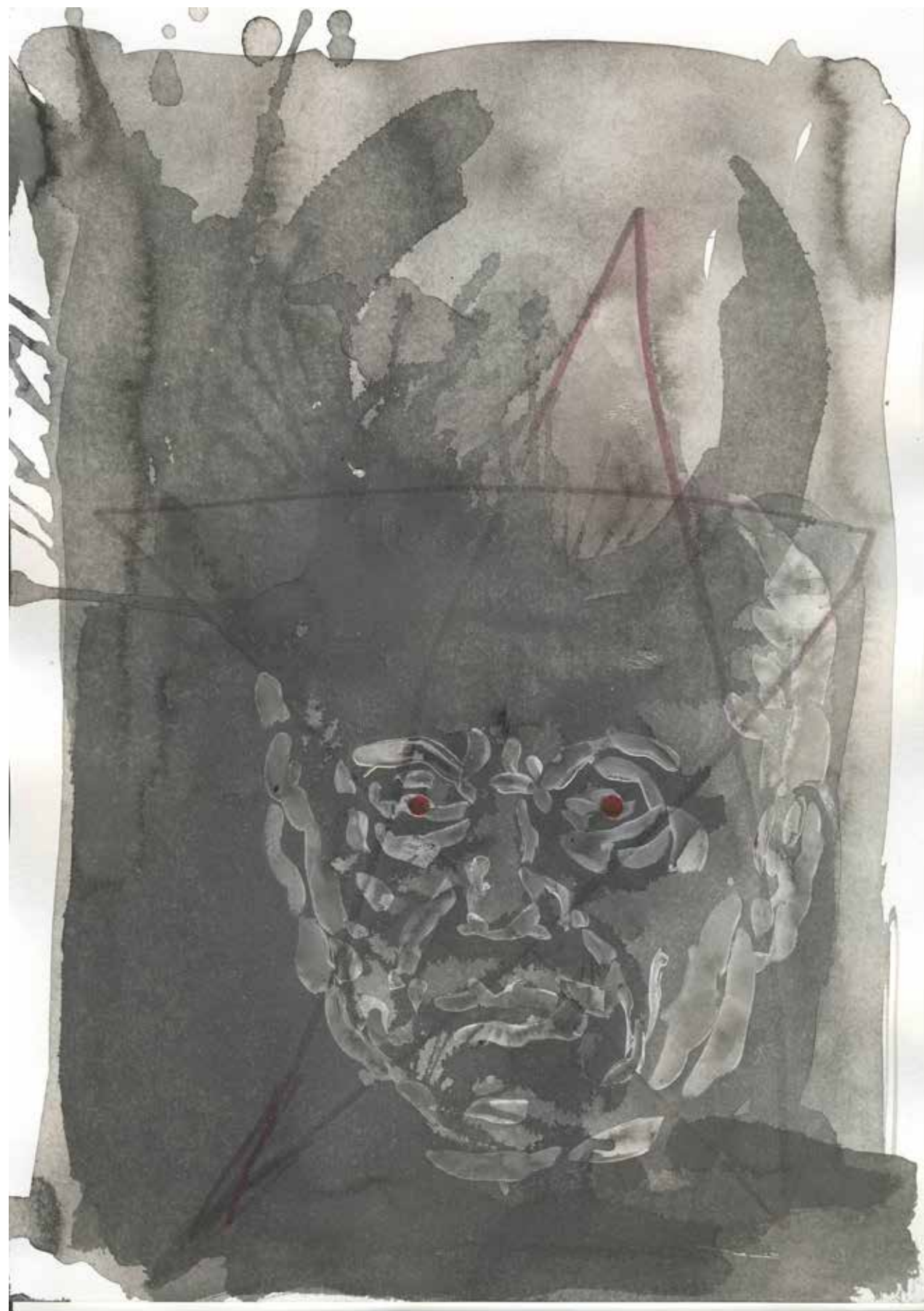
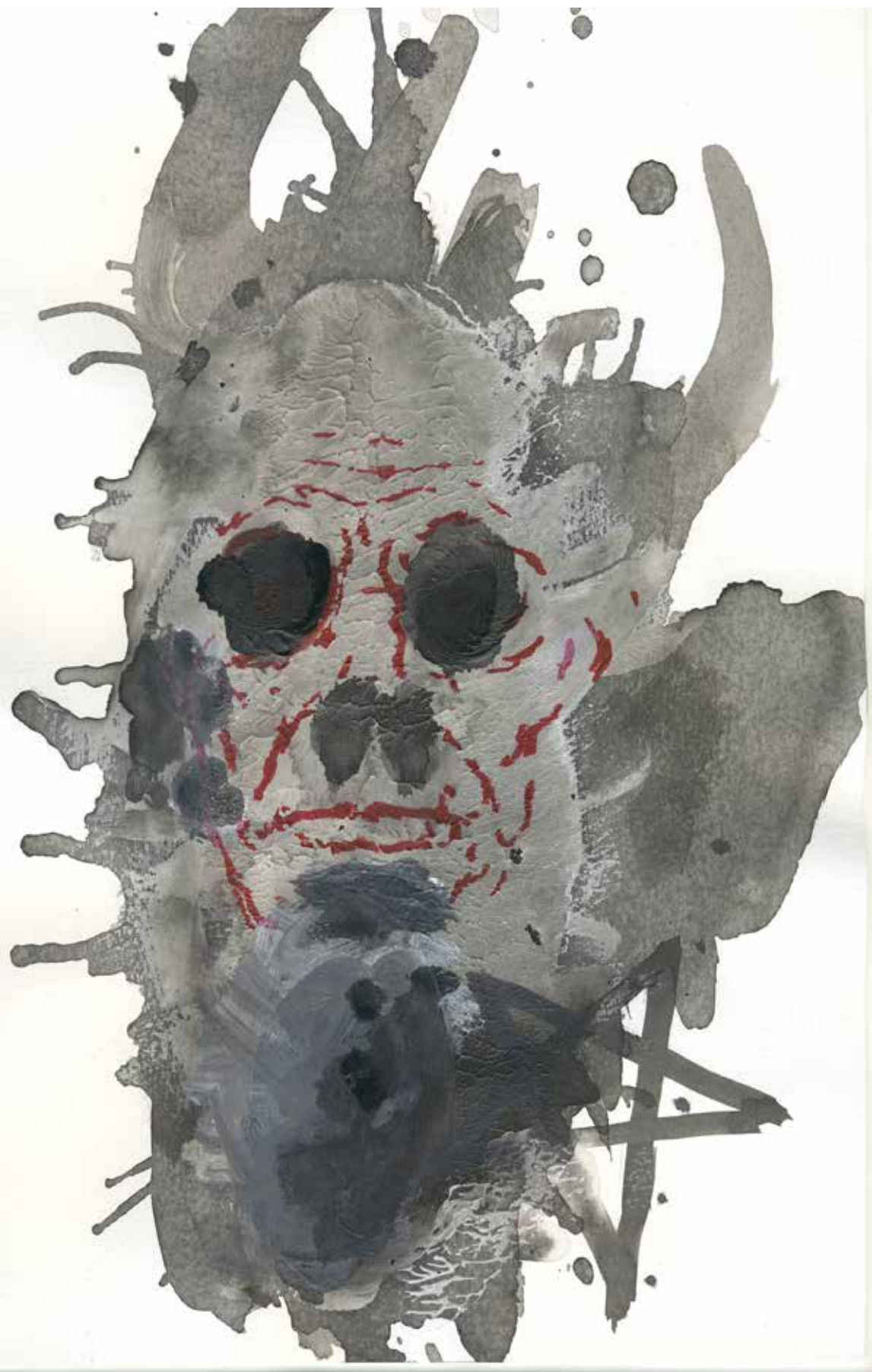








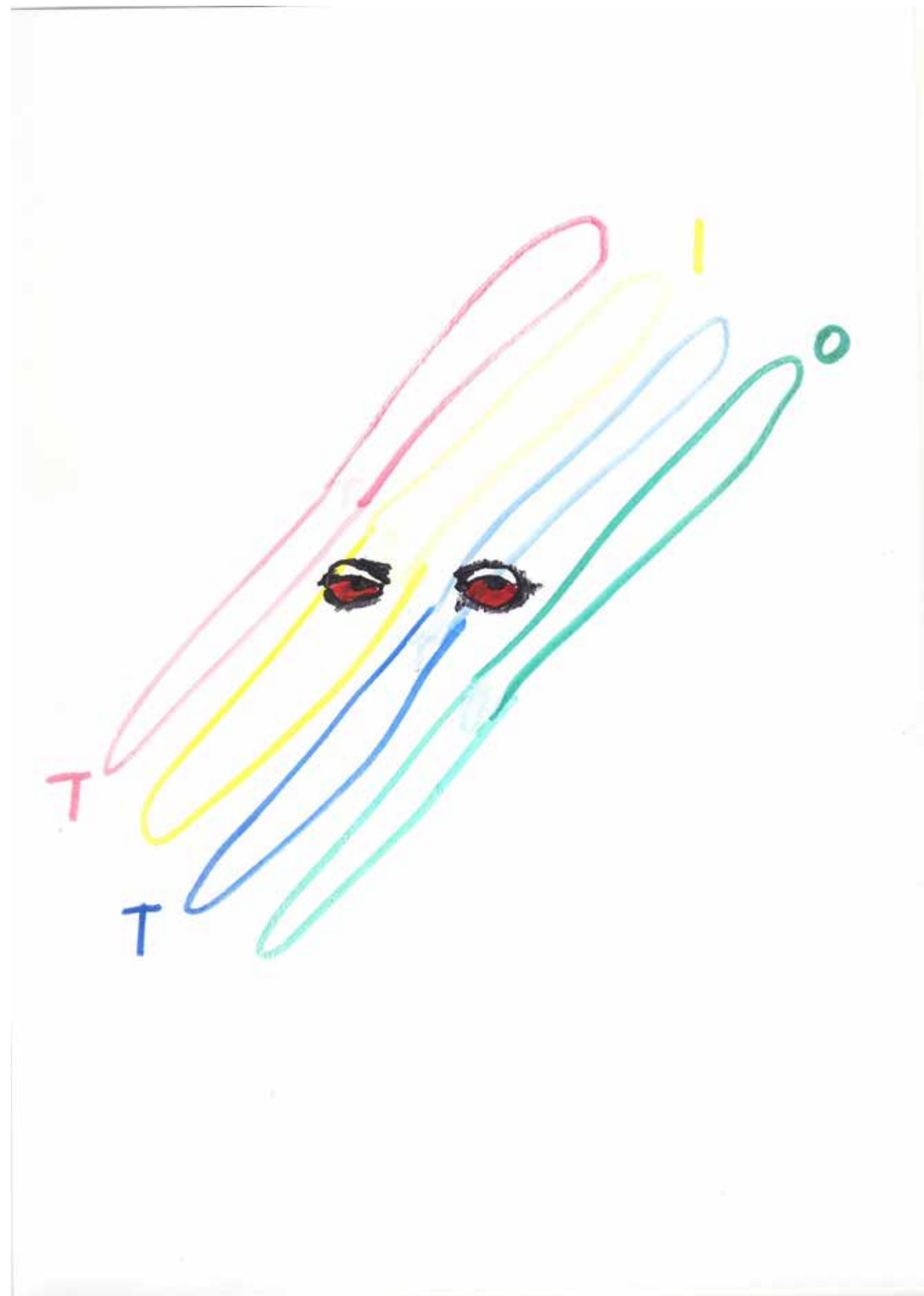
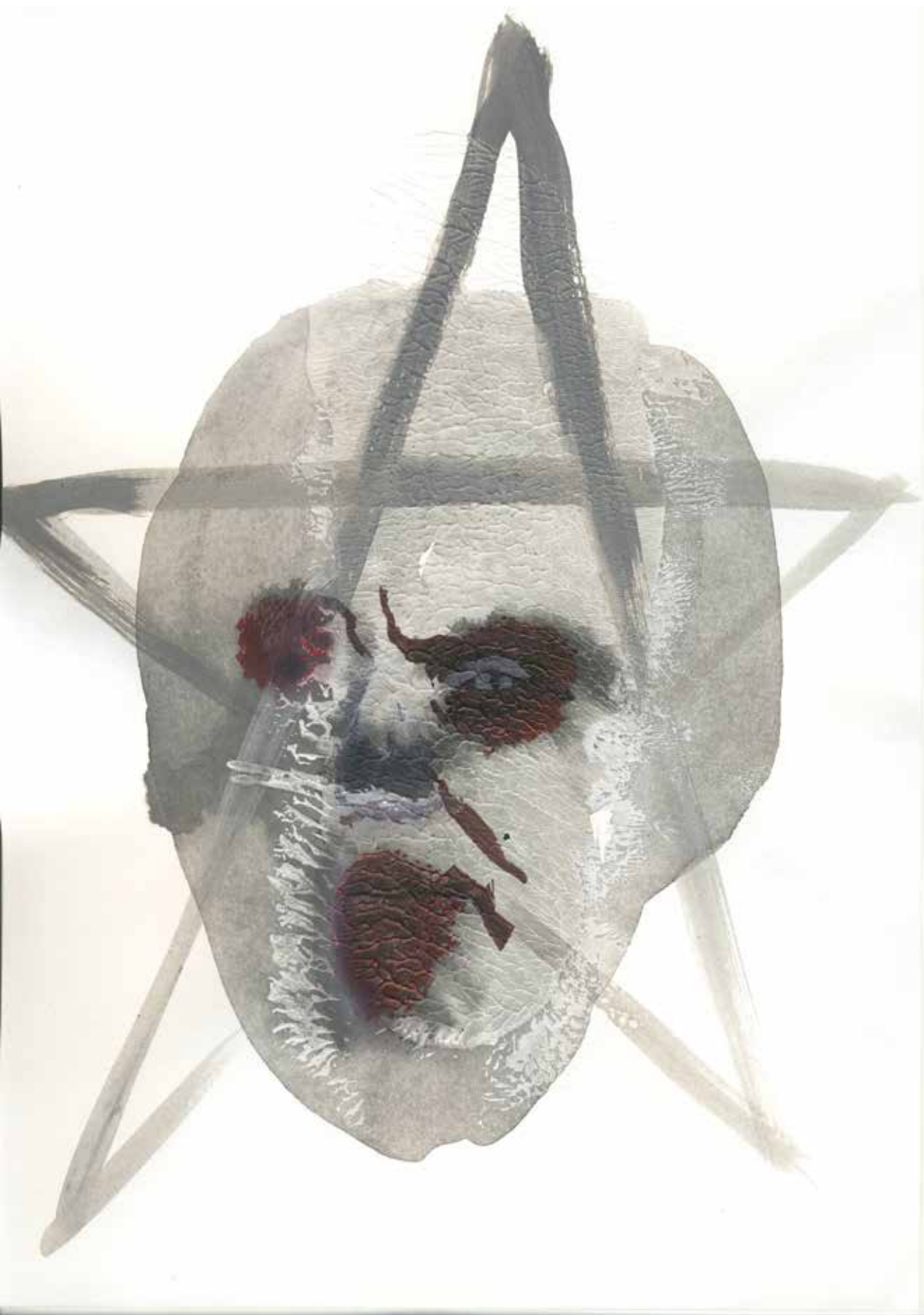








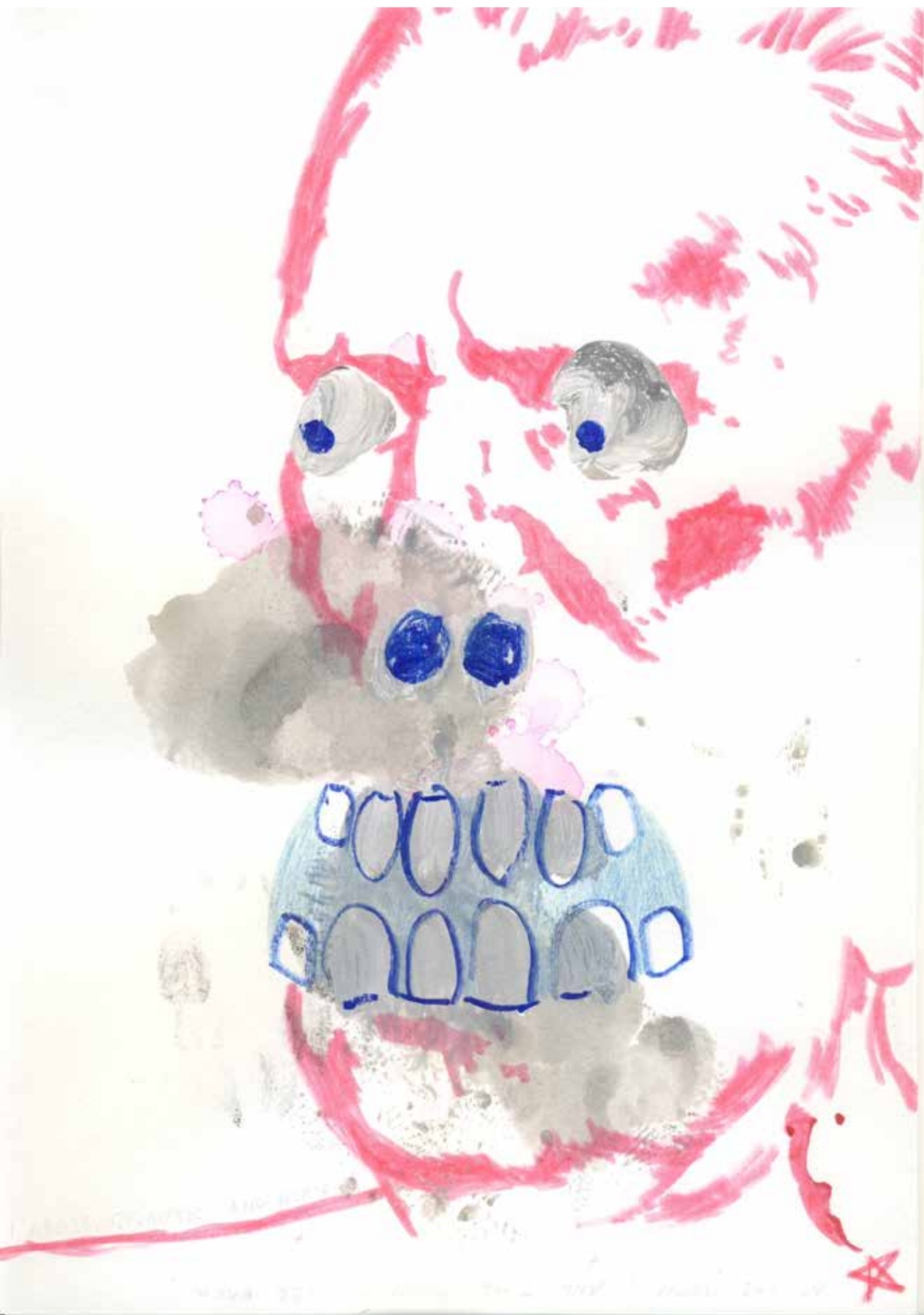




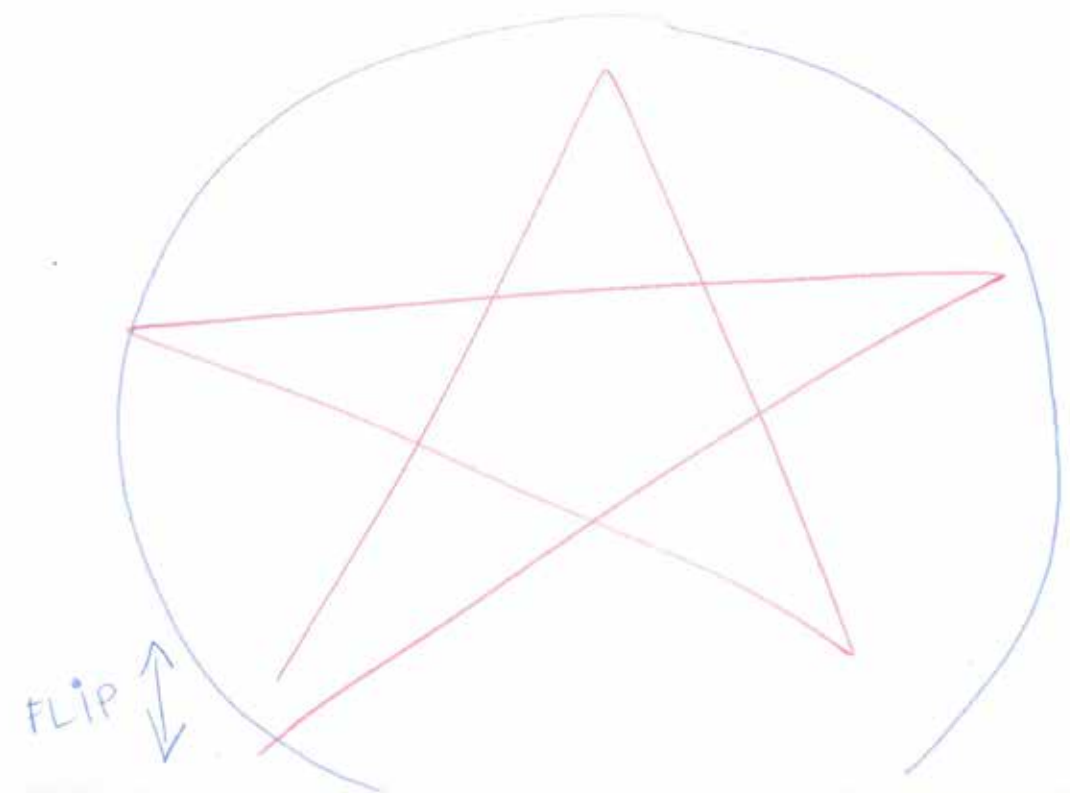








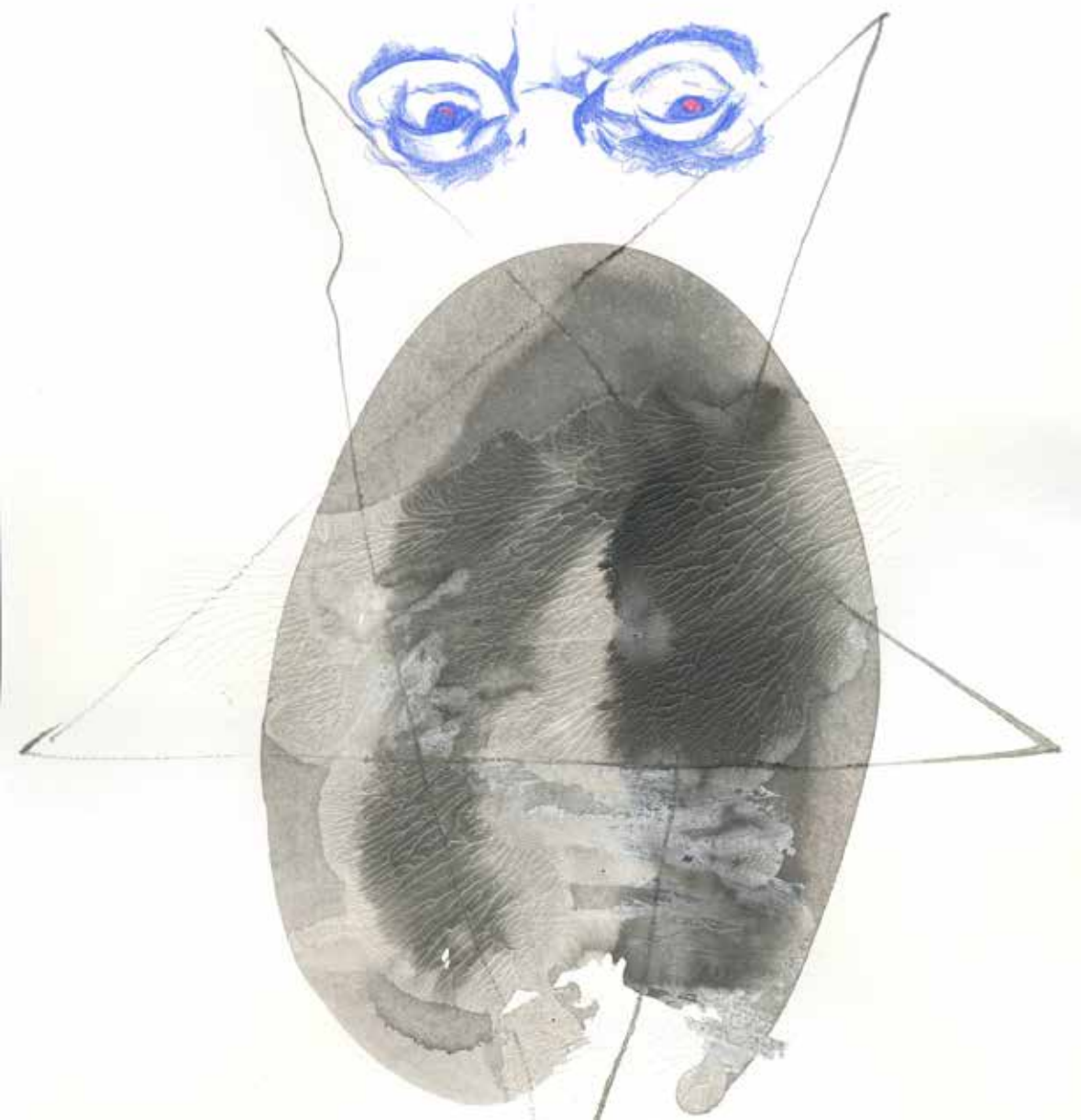
<sup>★</sup>  
FRIENDS, THEY'RE  
ALL HARBOURING KNIVES  
TO IMBED IN YOUR BACK  
OUT OF REVENGE OR <sup>★</sup>SPITE OR  
INDIFFERENCE OR LACK  
OF OTHER THINGS TO  
DO.



0114

FUCK K K K K...

FRIENDS !!!

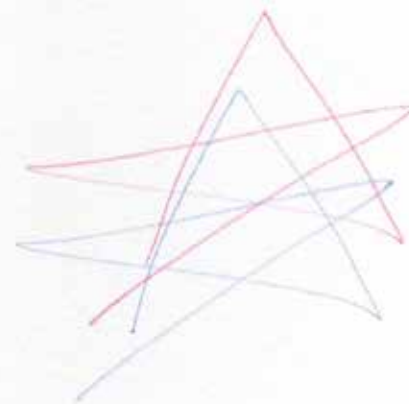


**IF**

ONE LITTLE MOUSE  
CAN SEND THEM ALL AWAY  
WHY NOT YOU AND I?



# TITO



ALL THE EFFORTS I MADE  
TO BE GENTLE & KIND  
~~THEY~~ HAVE BEEN REPAYED  
BY CONTEMPT, ~~AND~~ DEGRADED  
BY SYMPHATY AND WORTHLESS  
KINDNESS AND LOVE THAT  
ISN'T MEAN T.

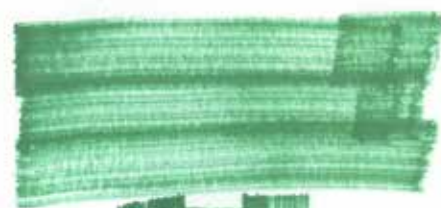


DOWN

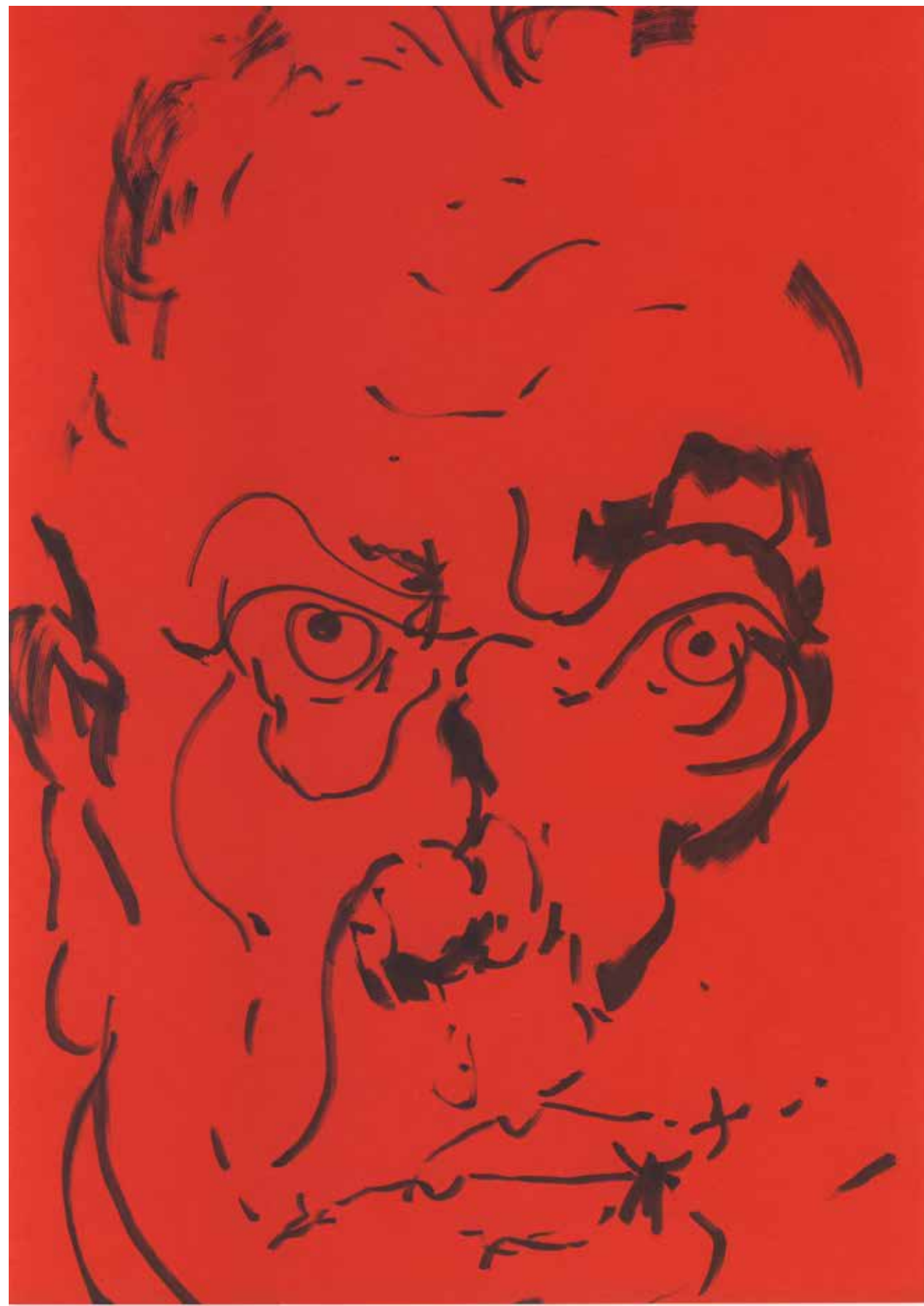
WITH

FRIENDS!

TITO







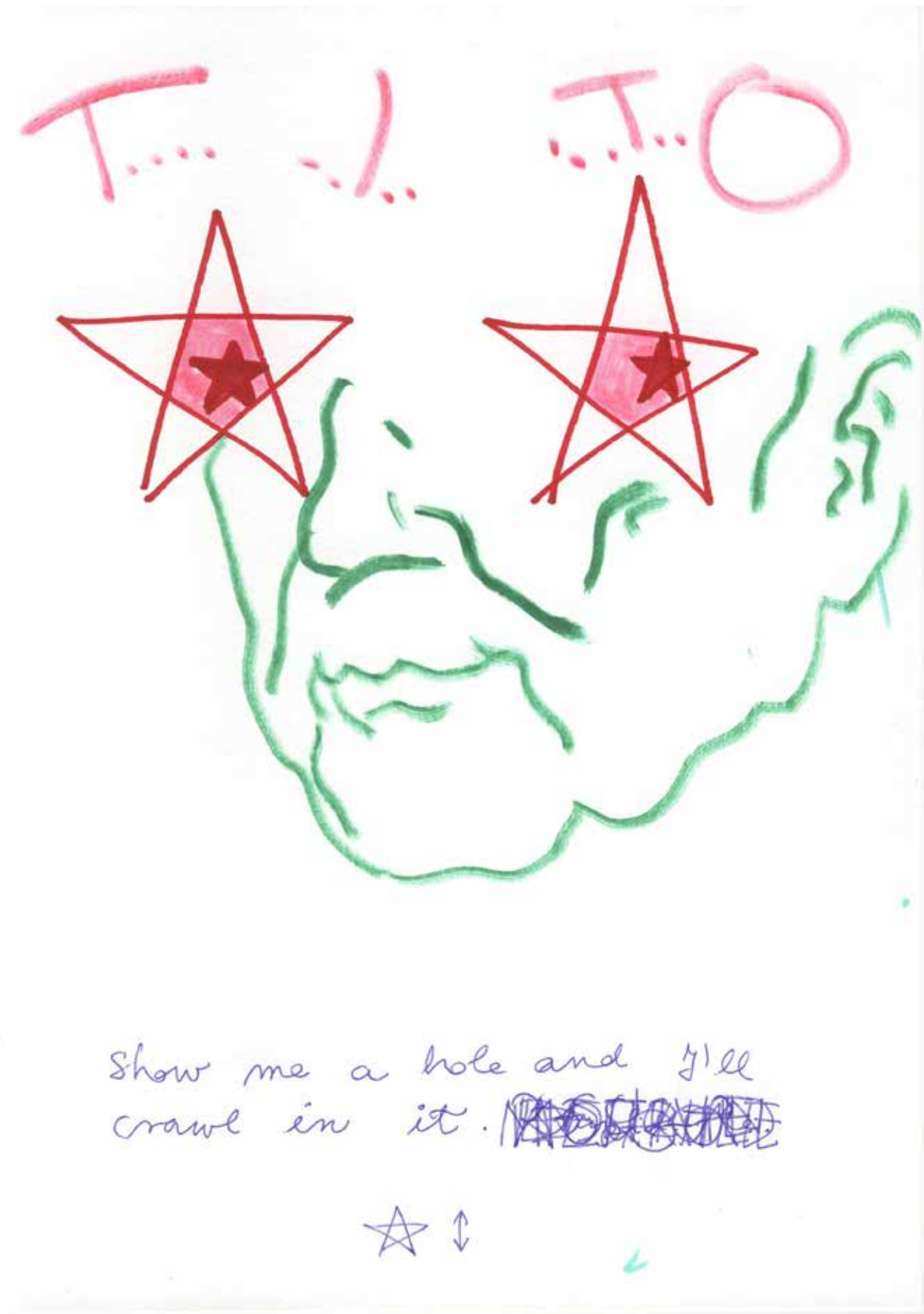




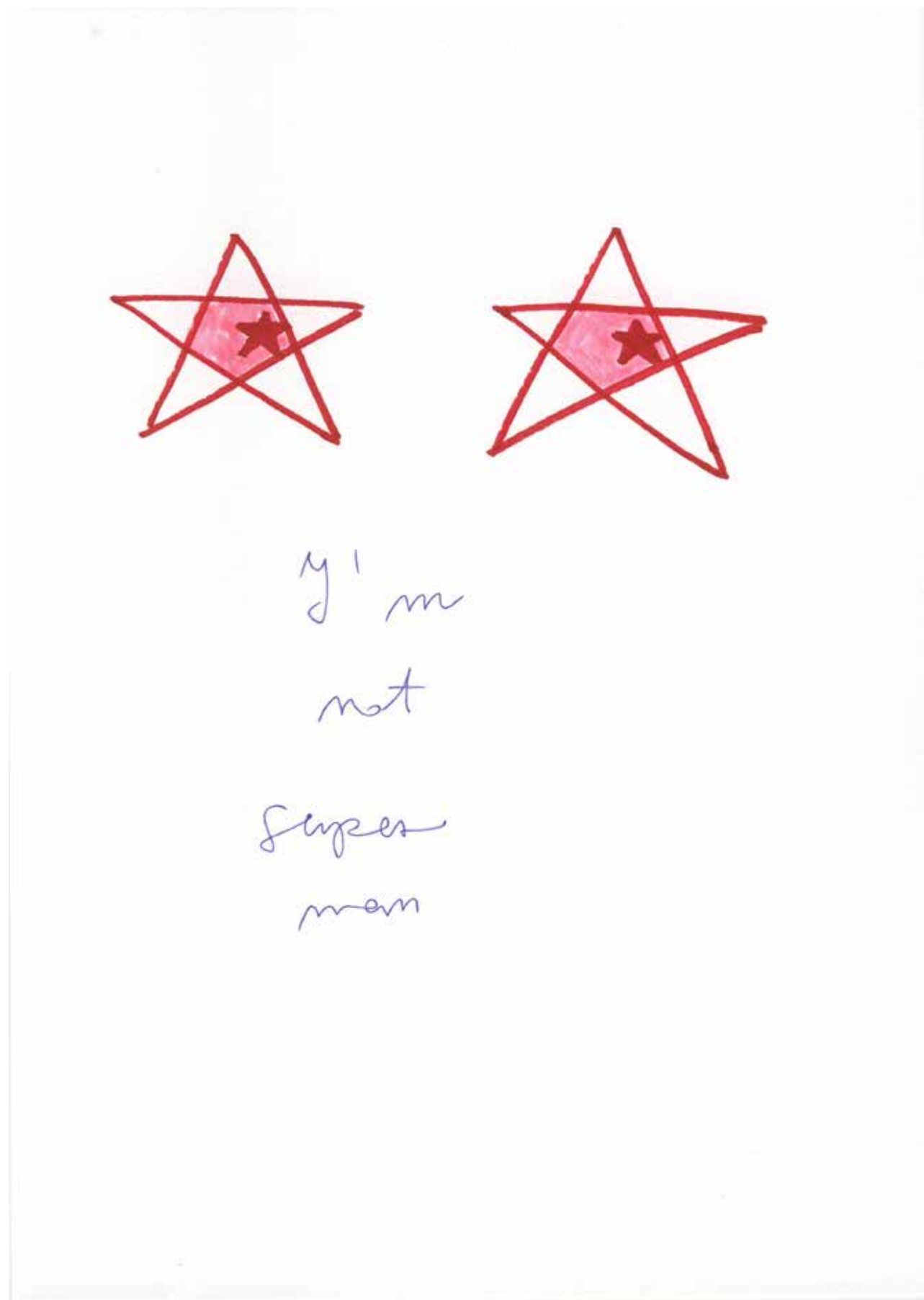














You're not  
super  
man



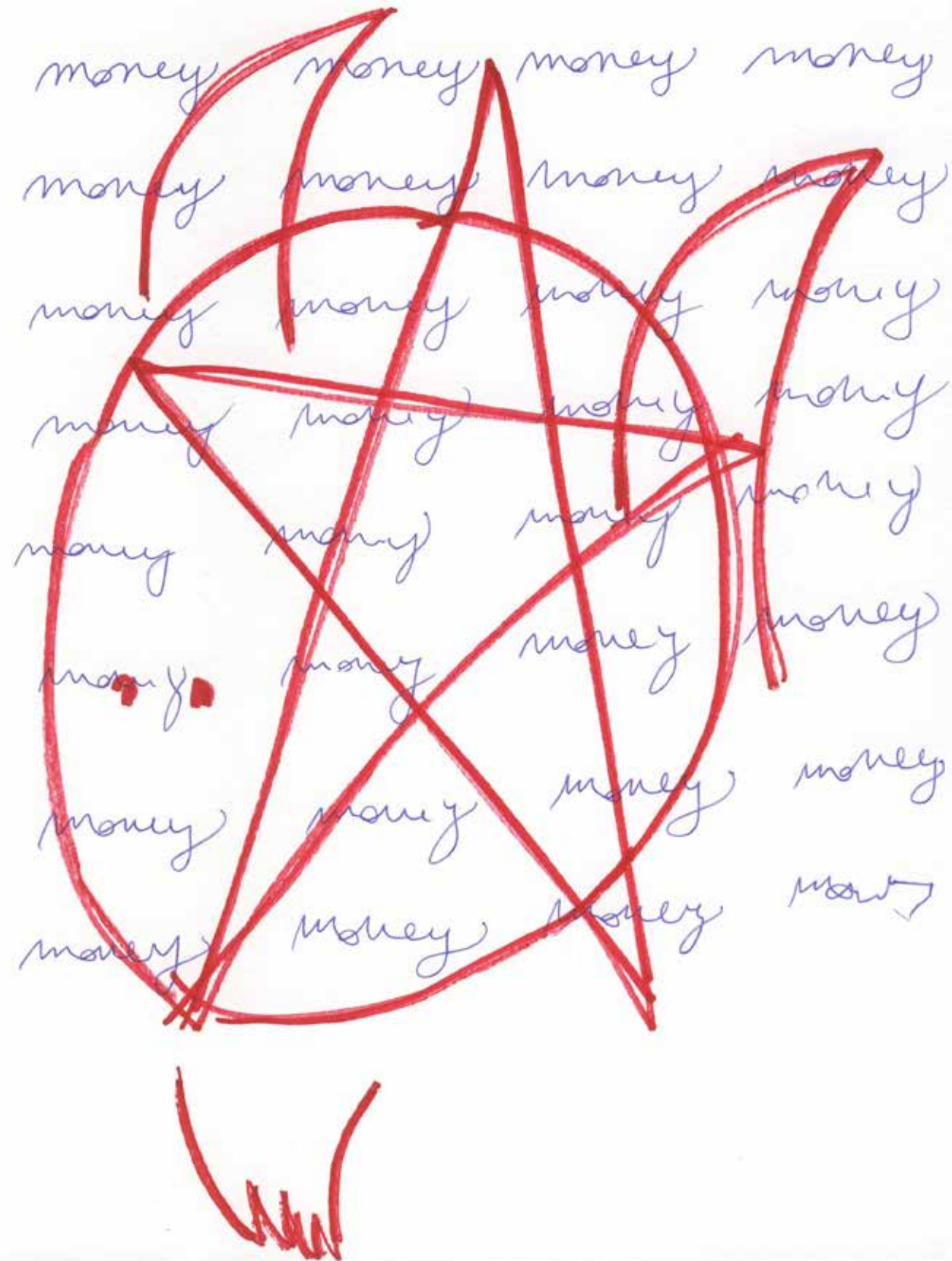
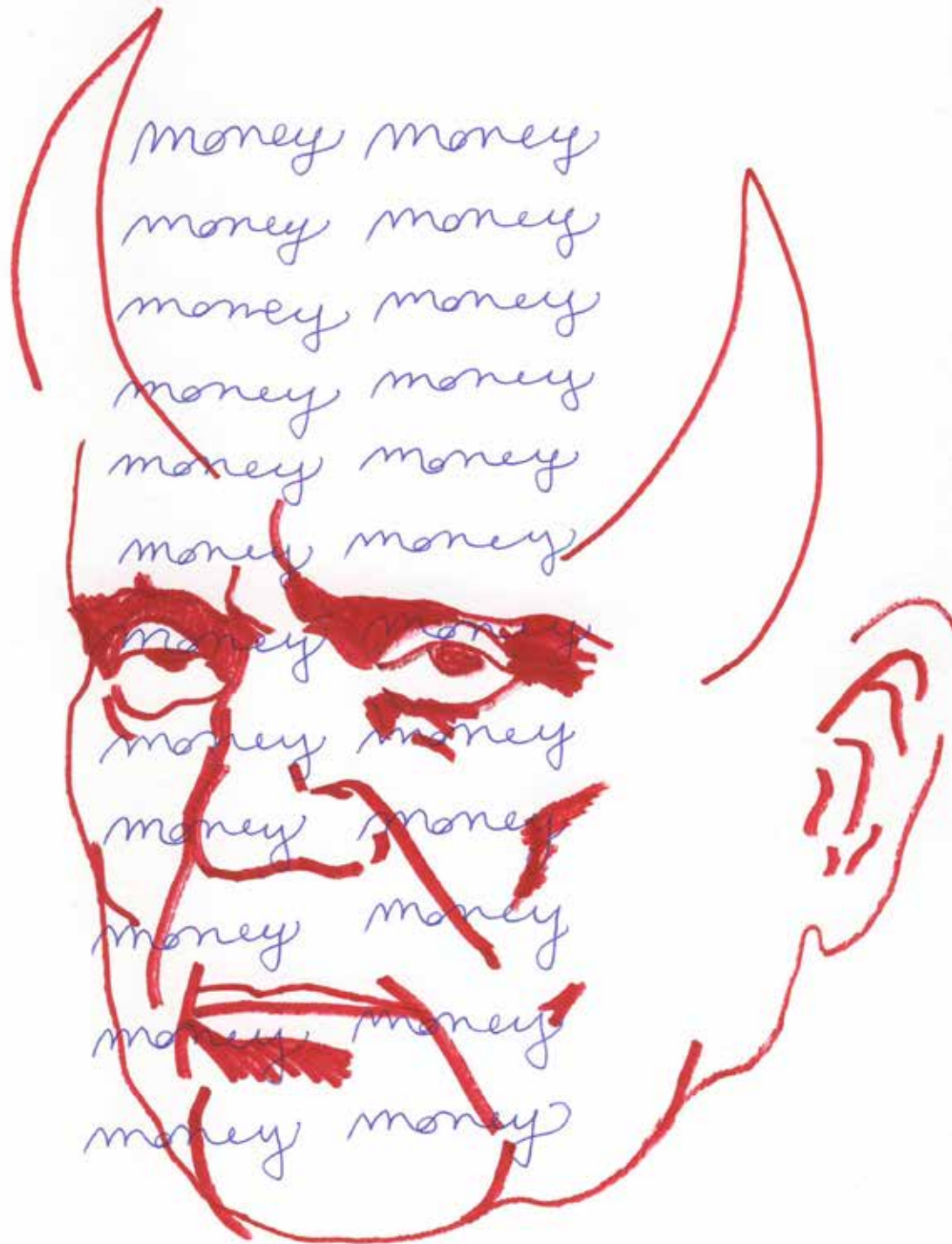
I'm not  
super  
super  
man



YOU

WILL

SHOW

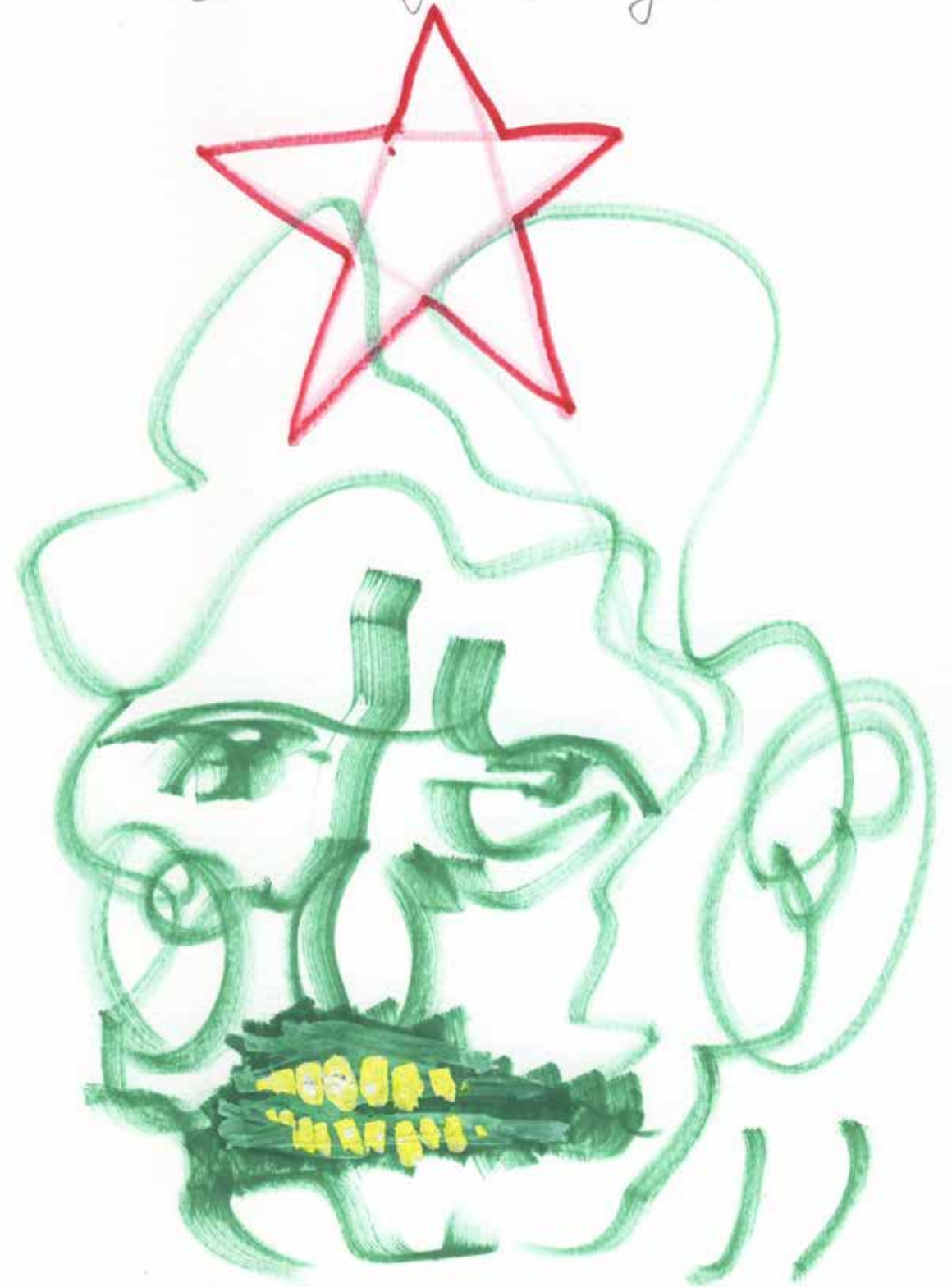


WHAT YOU ARE CAPABLE OF

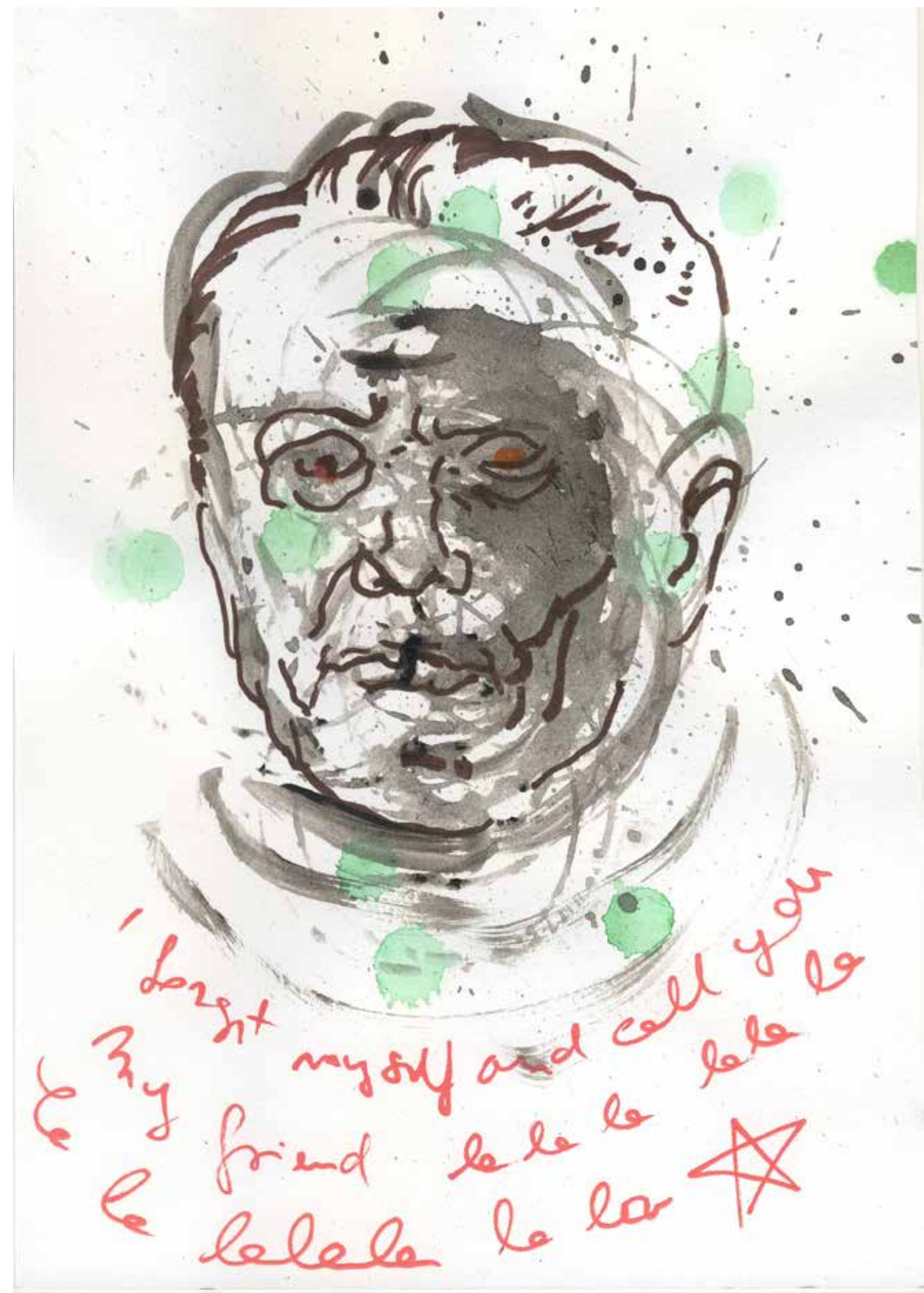




I wish you were fun.  
I wish you were fun.



















AM

COMMUNIST

I

DON'T  
STAND

FOR

DEMOCR

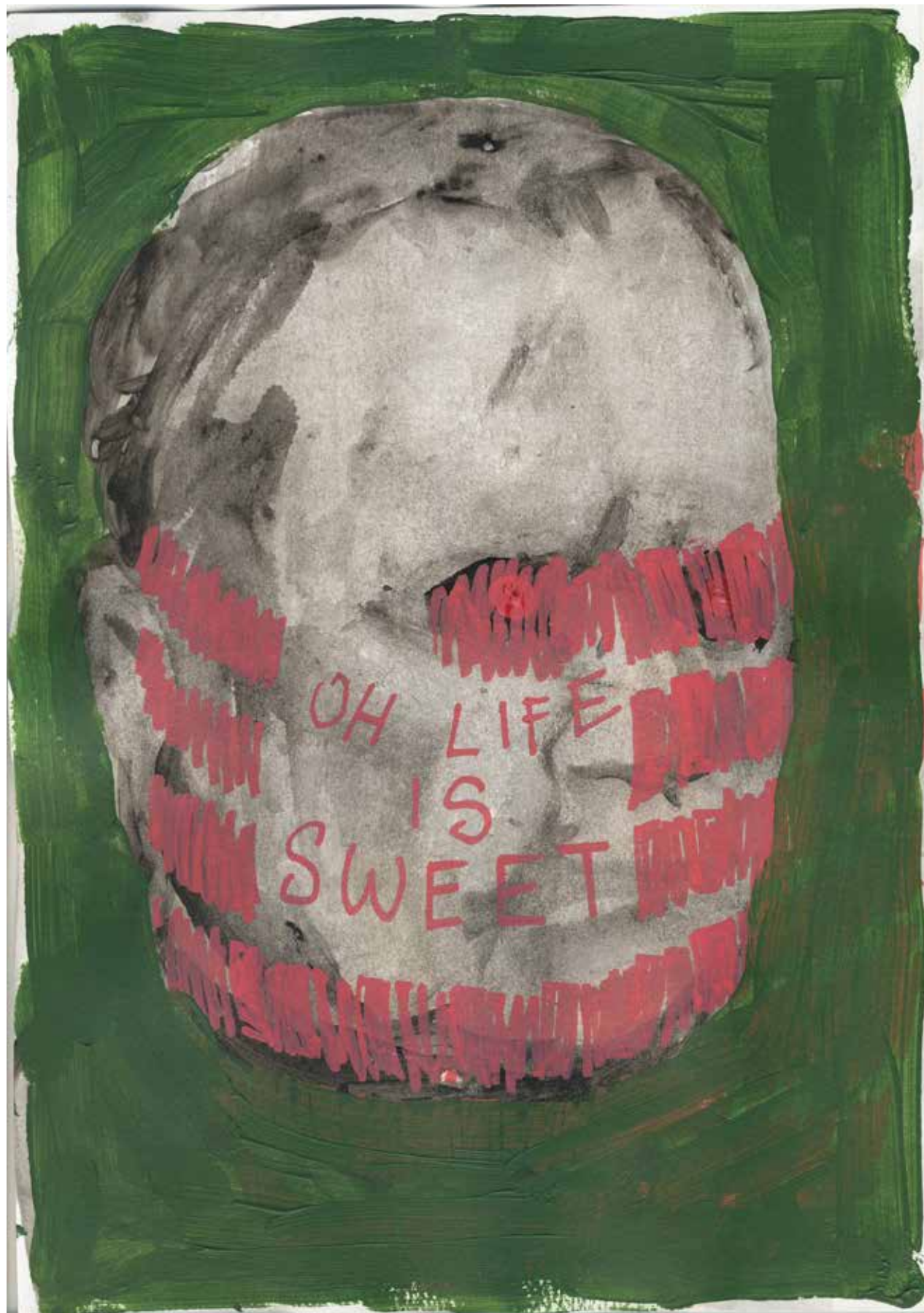
CRAZY

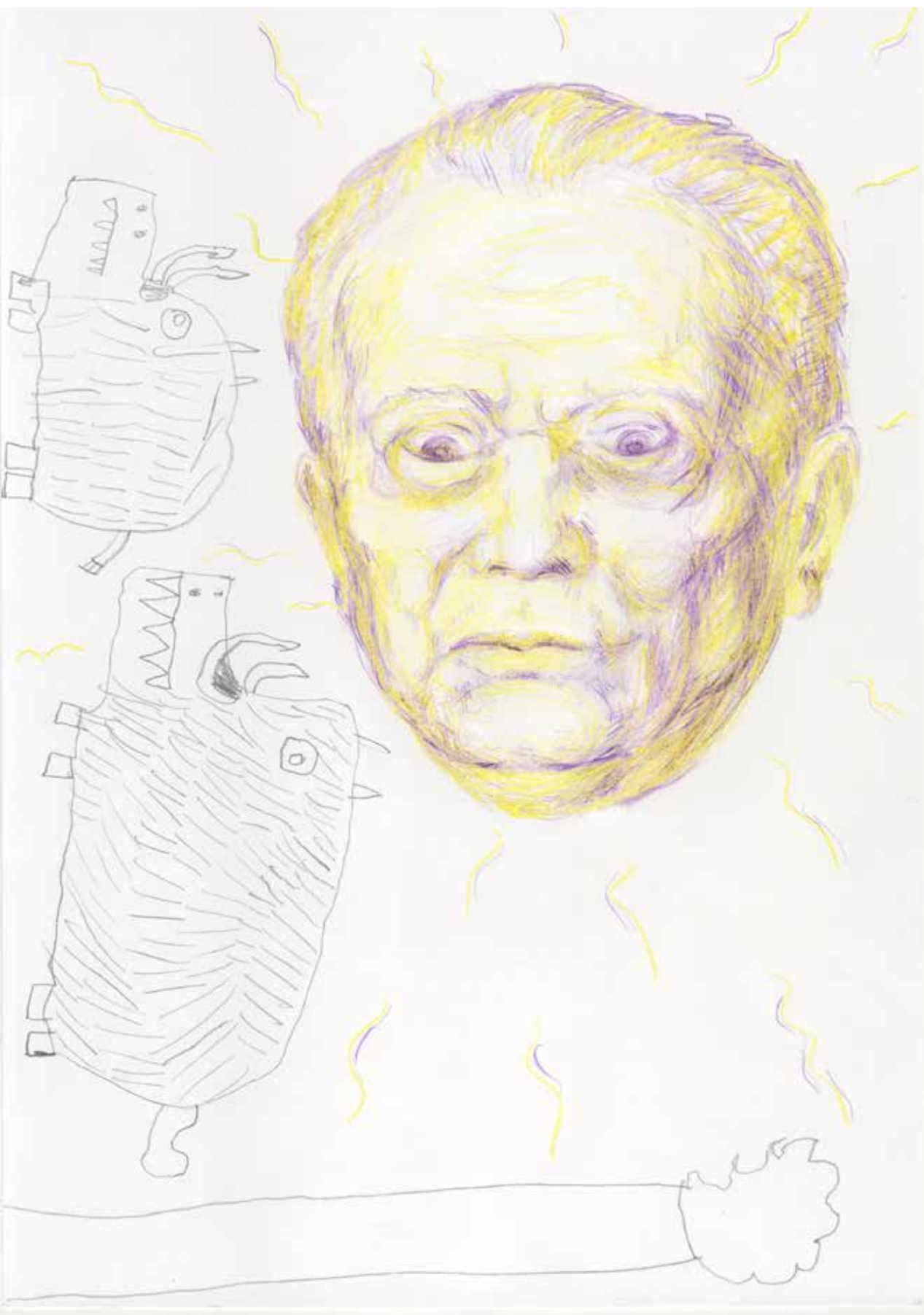




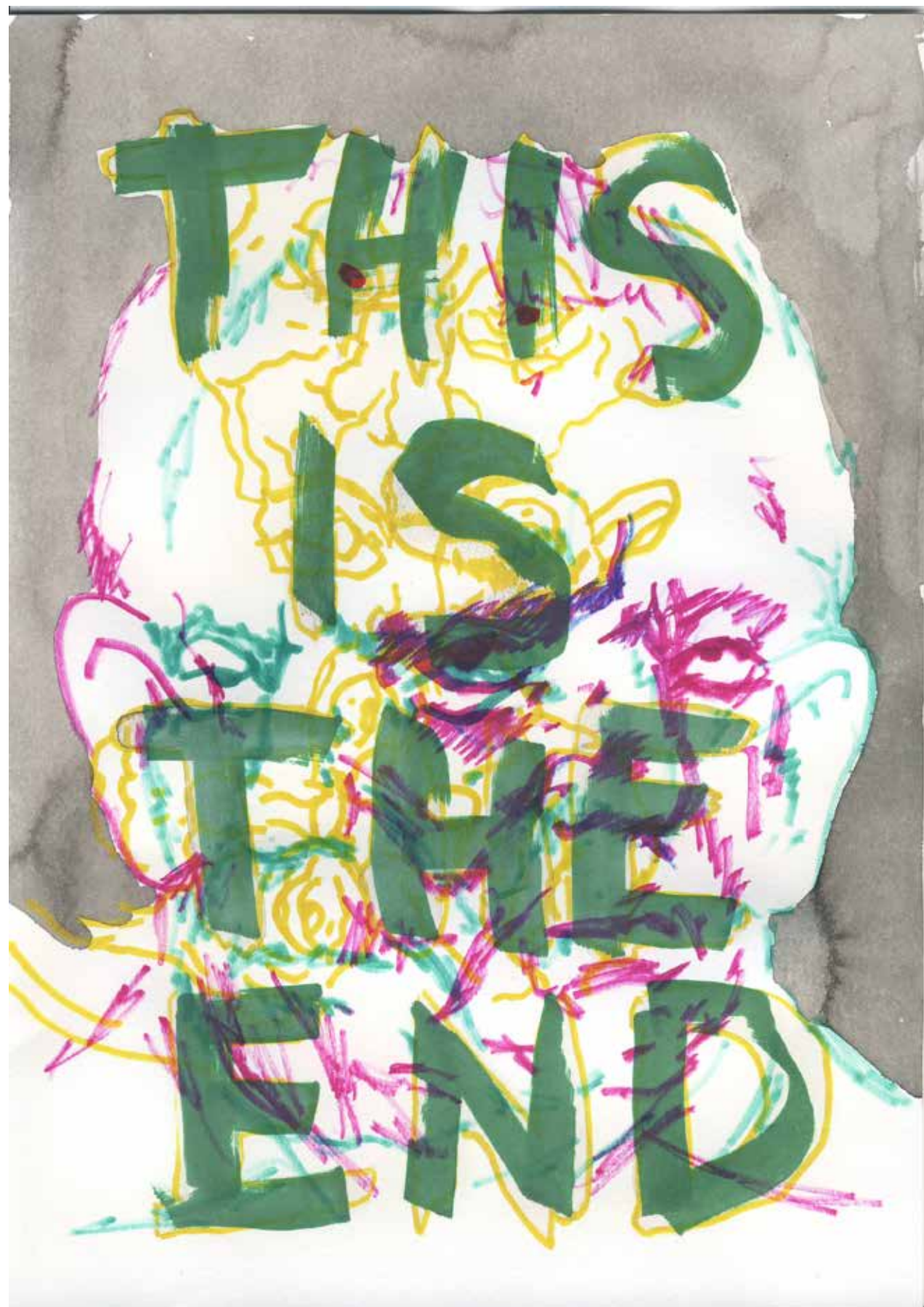


TITO TEVŽ













COMMUNISM

EVERYBODY'S STUPID THAT'S FOR SURE.

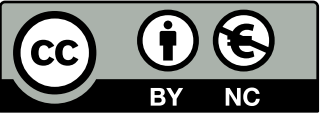
EVERYBODY'S STUPID, THAT'S FOR SURE. ©



Nina Slejko Blom - Tito Pays the Rent  
*731 drawings of Tito, one per day for two years*

On the cover and endpapers are excerpts from *Political Correctness* by Doris Lessing  
(published in New York Times, June 22, 1992)

Printed with financial support from Stiftelsen Långmanska kulturfonden



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CAC 012  
2019

A young friend of mine from North Yemen saved up every bit of money he could to travel to Britain to study that branch of sociology that teaches how to spread Western expertise to benighted natives. I asked to see his study material and he showed me a thick tome, written so badly and in such ugly, empty jargon it was hard to follow. There were several hundred pages, and the ideas in it could easily have been put in 10 pages. Yes, I know the obfuscations of academia did not begin with Communism --as Swift, for one, tells us-- but the pedantries and verbosity of Communism had their roots in German academia. And now that has become a kind of mildew blighting the whole world.

It is one of the paradoxes of our time that ideas capable of transforming our societies, full of insights about how the human animal actually behaves and thinks, are often presented in unreadable language.

The second point is linked with the first. Powerful ideas affecting our behavior can be visible only in brief sentences, even a phrase -- a catch phrase. All writers are asked this question by interviewers: "Do you think a writer should...?" "Ought writers to...?" The question always has to do with a political stance, and note that the assumption behind the words is that all writers should do the same thing, whatever it is. The phrases "Should a writer...?" "Ought writers to...?" have a long history that seems unknown to the people who so casually use them. Another is "commitment", so much in vogue not long ago. Is so and so a committed writer?

A successor to "commitment" is "raising consciousness." This is double-edged. The people whose consciousness is being raised may be given information they most desperately lack and need, may be given moral support they need. But the process nearly always means that the pupil gets only the propaganda the instructor approves of. "Raising consciousness," like "commitment," like "political correctness," is a continuation of that old bully, the party line.

A very common way of thinking in literary criticism is not seen as a consequence of Communism, but it is. Every writer has the experience of being told that a novel, a story, is "about" something or other. I wrote a story, *The Fifth Child*, which was at once pigeonholed as being about the Palestinian problem, genetic research, feminism, anti-Semitism and so on.

A journalist from France walked into my living room and before she had even sat down said, "Of course *The Fifth Child* is about AIDS."

An effective conversation stopper, I assure you. But what is interesting is the habit of mind that has to analyze a literary work like this. If you say, "Had I wanted to write about AIDS or the Palestinian problem I would have written a pamphlet," you tend to get baffled stares. That a work of the imagination has to be "really" about some problem

is, again, an heir of Socialist Realism. To write a story for the sake of storytelling is frivolous, not to say reactionary.

The demand that stories must be about something is from Communist thinking and, further back, from religious thinking with its desire for self-improvement books as simple-minded as the messages on samplers.

The phrase political correctness was born as Communism was collapsing. I do not think this was chance. I am not suggesting that the torch of Communism has been handed on to the political correctors. I am suggesting that habits of mind have been absorbed, often without knowing it.

There is obviously something very attractive about telling other people what to do: I am putting it in this nursery way rather than in more adult language because I see it as nursery behavior. And -- the arts generally -- we have unpredictable behavior, and tend to be, at their best, uncomfortable. Literature, in particular, has always inspired the House committees, the Zhdanovs, the fits of moralizing, but, at worst, persecution. It troubles me that political correctness does not seem to know what its exemplars and predecessors are; it troubles me more that Howard does not care.

Does political correctness have a good side? It does for it makes us re-examine attitudes, and that is always useful. The trouble is that, with all popular movements, the lunatic fringe so quickly ceases to be a fringe; the tail begins to wag the dog. For every woman or man who is quietly and sensibly using the idea to examine our assumptions, there are 20 rabble-rousers whose real motive is desire for power over others, no less rabble-rousers because they see themselves as anti-racists or feminists or whatever.

A professor friend describes how when students kept walking out of classes on genetics and boycotting visiting lecturers whose points of view did not coincide with their ideology, he invited them to his study for discussion and for viewing a video of the actual facts. Half a dozen youngsters in their uniform of jeans and T-shirts filed in, sat down, kept silent while he reasoned with them, kept their eyes down while he ran the video and then, as one person, marched out. A demonstration -- they might very well have been shocked to hear -- which was a mirror of Communist behavior, an acting out, a visual representation of the closed minds of young Communist activists.

Again and again in Britain we see in town councils or in school counselors or headmistresses or headmasters or teachers being hounded by groups and cabals of witch hunters, using the most dirty and often cruel tactics. They claim their victims are racist or in some way reactionary. Again and again an appeal to higher authorities has proved the campaign was unfair.

I am sure that millions of people, the rug of Communism pulled out from under them, are searching frantically, and perhaps not even knowing it, for another dogma.

Political Correctness, Doris Lessing, 1992



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Yes, I know, the obfuscation of academic writing does not begin with Communism -- as Swann, for one, tells us -- but the peculiarities and complexity of Communism had their role. German academic writing and now that has become a kind of model for blighting the whole world.

It is one of the paradoxes of our time, incapable of translating our societies, full of questions about how the human animal actually behaves and thinks, are often presented in unreadable language. The second point is linked with the first. Powerful ideas affecting human behavior can be visible in brief sentences, in a phrase. Such phrases raise a question by themselves: "Do you think a writer should...?" "Ought writers to...?" The question always has to do with a political stance, and note that the assumption behind the words is that all writers should do the same thing, whatever it is. The phrases "Should a writer...?" "Ought writers to...?" have a long history that seems unknown to the people who so casually use them. Another is "commitment", so much in vogue not long ago. Is so and so a committed writer?

A successor to "commitment" is "raising consciousness." This is double-edged. The people whose consciousness is being raised may be given information they most desperately lack and need, may be given moral support. But the process of raising consciousness is the practical work of propaganda. The instructor approves "Raising consciousness," like "commitment," like "political correctness," is a continuation of that old party line.

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