

The Acceptances in Action. (part 1)

"A place one falls down"

Is how the Eskimo describes the cliff that one jumps off to commit suicide.

"We have no rear view mirror"

Is how James Hetfield justified Metallica's need for progression.

Am I in need of a pretentious essay that can plough through what was not seen in NO SEX NO FACE NO NOSE? And this pretentious essay, or should I use the English word, to try, no, should I say attempt, yes, attempt is the word, that is the word I choose attempt. Here is the dyslexic attempt, a press-release posing as an essay, hiding behind the word attempt. I will attempt to justify nothing.

I am carving some self important thoughts into an electronic field so that I can be read, pathetic really. To write is an action. To read is an action. To accept is an action. Being pathetic is a form of behaviour, based on, in may case, an action.

I, Victor Boulet lived with an art critic for five days. I slept next to the art critic. I heard him snore, an art critic snoring!

I, Victor Boulet, the artist, constructed an art show with an art critic present. I worked, I painted, I used the colours green and grey. I had flags and rubbish in my suitcase, I made art. Art? But we, ate chicken. Chicken?

Was it art mannerisms that I performed in NO SEX NO FACE NO NOSE? Did he, the art critic notice my pretentious false art gestures? Did the art critic see me apply the paint? Did he hear me, those sounds of suffering, the human grunts I gave off while painting. Was I pretending to be Glenn Gould moaning while playing, suffering through Bach's Goldberg's variations (1981). Did the art critic see straight through my faceless facade of nothing? Do they, the art critics, the art critics see, or hear, the nothingness, the hollow attempts, the shallow approach, the nil? Do they see those lifeless actions, actions from a man desperate for acceptance. Actions of self promotion in order to climb the ladder of success.

(I repeat words so that it becomes more interesting, an art effect I guess)

Example, I will write, I will write, I will write, I will have to write or, might write, might write, or, should write, should write for the eternal self obsessed legacy. Estate of this and that.

Some people have looked into my eyes and said; By writing an essay you can make a difference. Several human beings also believe that with some paint strokes added to a canvas you can express yourself, you can even express change they say. To my surprise in our society today it does nothing, nothing, never. Just cash.

Please be disappointed, stay disappointed, obey your disappointment, yes the latter, you, the viewer are the disappointment, you harbour your own sad disappointment that you need to understand and define. You are on idle speed, therefor disappointment, I am so sorry to be the one to inform you. You suffer from Idleism.

I will follow and obey. Obey, If I don't obey, if not, if not, what can happen? Who really cares? Plant a seed, look, look, enjoy growth, that is action, the rest is all human illusion.

As I was self excessively preoccupied documenting my art and the art critics life in the NO SEX NO FACE NO NOSE (STIAN GABRIELSEN IS AN ART CRITIC) I never came to any conclusion about my future as an artist, other than what I have already expressed through my work. oh yes, my work, I should emphasise that, my work, my art work, I am my work. I my AM I work.

(a digression, need to look at this. You meet them, the people in the art world, they ask; *what are you up to these days?* I should answer; *what do you want me to be up to?* but I don't, I must remember this for next time.)

I have decided to share some snaps, photo snaps or are they photographs, I will come back to this, this, being the definition of my photographs, there I go again, photographs is the word I choose, and not snaps or photos. Among the images below you can choose to see what you want to see, but do you see what I see? Do you hear what hear? Do you do what I do?

Below, in the snaps, photo snaps, photos or photographs you can see the art critic, Stian Gabrielsen at work. But look at how he integrates into the work and the space so easily, without any hesitation, this worries me. I am not at all sure that we should entirely believe what we read or see these days. I have even doubts about our own history, being art or whatever, why should we trust someone who writes? Or who has written something that makes us throw our hands in the air. I am not at all sure, I hesitate over everything.

I was given a white cube, a shabby white cube far, far up in the north of Norway, where hardly anyone lives. Reindeer. Will I ever be upgraded? An artist in a pristine beautiful white cube, do I need to be upgraded? In which case I would have to update my CV and personal web site? Oh, I might need to ad a studio@ email address, that will project seriousness. Should I change my domain to .org or .net? or even .biz

I do wonder if I should have left the art critic Stian Gabrielsen there, in that shabby white cube, the art critic abandoned for a few weeks in my art, art work, art piece, art installation, art, art, god forsaken art rubbish art talk.

Once branded a loser, you'll remain a loser, and the ways out that the branders provide you with are actually tools for digging yourself further into an inescapable nightmare, and a "good day" is one in which you are simply left alone for once. Chris Kraus's *Summer of Hate* (Semiotext(e), 2012)

Let me present myself, my name is Victor Boulet and I ask myself why? why as in why am I here, why do I need to do this. Pretentiously why. Arrogantly why. Why why. For all the good reasons on this planet, our beautiful mother earth, I ask myself why why?

(Should write a paragraph containing a view on Van Gogh's wooden clogs (that would be good)

This is a press release hiding behind the terminology, an essay, or in my case an written attempt explaining NO SEX NO FACE NO NOSE, no, I will compare my work to a chicken, I am poultry, a domestic fowl to be exact. Let's say, my art practice is chickens, or maybe, ducks, no, I will stick to the wonderful domesticated chicken as my allegory.

Pluck a chicken and you will have feathers. Make a meal out of the bird, and you wont be hungry. Boil the bones, make soup or stock, a second feeding. Use the bones for tools or other implements. This is how I look at my own art practice, everything can be reused just like little chickens given qualities for domestic survival. I am a chicken. I could type more rubbish like this, or should I find my way back to the content of this attempt press release essay.

Entertainment, what is entertainment? Just involve everyone that you know and have been in contact with your whole life and then entertain them? Promote yourself and make it all seem bigger than it is, was, while be, is that entertainment? No, entertainment is making other folk not becoming bored by you, or your way of promoting your existence and birth given creative talent. What was Mozart? W A Mozart was in my view a social puppet pushed into the limelight because he was born with a talent. He could have been born with Down's syndrome, he would have then been pushed into an other art institution and that for people with rare deceases with or without talent. (Have to mention, the directors of all Institutions are the same regardless. watch out!)

Kurt Cobain managed to make me see, not hear, but see and then understand the word, the word entertainment. It popped out in his lyric like a sore thumb and changed something, something inside me, that something is still changing and is just as new and fresh as it was that day in 1991, and it has nothing to do with Kurt, his death or his band.

With the lights out, it's less dangerous
Here we are now, entertain us
I feel stupid and contagious
Here we are now, entertain us
A mulatto
An albino
A mosquito
My libido
A denial !! [x9] (x9 is fantastic)

Here we are now, entertain us. Is Kurt demanding to be entertained? This made me question my own sad position in 1991. By reversing the understanding of this sentence i.e. Kurt and not the audience is demanding to be entertained. Reversing that massively ingrained middle class need to be entertained is an undertaking greater than simply understanding it.

I come from a working class family that has been craving middle class approval since that family, my family, thought that they were something they were not. I was born and bred into this hypocrisy. To be accepted one has to entertain the class above your own.

When accepted by the society or the social rung that you have entertained, what then? You have become a phoney middle class player, and what then, and for what reason? There are no reasons to climb the social ladder that comes with your mother's milk. When you climb, you sadly reach some one else's insecure plateau, that has been climbed before you. So there you find yourself, with that someone, another and now you have to share their unbelievably dull opinions.

The first phrase in this particular Nirvana chorus "*with the lights out, it's less dangerous*" underlines everything that entertainment is and has always stood for. By turning the lights off one makes a phoney ambiance to lure the souls of potential punters / fans / suckers into your own crib where your mind bending nurture begins, and this only to project your shallow message that needs sugar coating for survival. Why not simply turn the light on, and face the so called danger. And be surprised right before impact, that there is no danger, and there is no impact other than your ingrained middle class understanding hitting you over the head.

Kurt also utters: *I feel stupid and contagious*. The nerves of performing, If you don't succeed in the act you believe that you are perceived as stupid. Contagious on the other hand is all power. If you manage to entertain and grab the public's attention with your talent you gain a contagious power that you can use or rather abuse.

Denial, Denial, Denial, Denial, Denial, Denial, Denial, Denial, Denial, Denial. (X9)

(Regarding switching the light back on, the correct and honest impact I had then, has nothing to do with Kurt, but another fellow, James, who has lost it completely. I try to keep my lights on, they are on, I like them on. Or should I say, my light is on, singular rather than plural. Why singular? Because I come alone. That one light punctures your hope I hope.)

(The expression 'a one liner', has become an art world adjective. A one liner is pure entertainment (not art, what is art?) An expression that defines only the demanders own undefined ego and selfish act of needing his / her insecure acceptance by others. A one liner art piece survives only for that trendy moment, just like the creator or the demander.) (a trendy moment is one week maybe two weeks, depends on the blogs)

Living with an art critic was an action, and I have a reason for this particular action. The action was / is acceptance in rejection. Only by an action can one receive the acquired acceptance that our society requires. People need to be lured into their own prejudged default in order to justify your action, an action they have already judged. This is what our modern society eagerly, naively believes we should all be part of. The blind lead the blind and our culture is yet again being formed and shaped for our next generation, but sadly by people that we should not ever trust. NEVER.

There is no part 2 to this essay, press release, attempt, whatever. Do not get too involved and please wait patiently for the part 2 / II. Not sure I am done, I have more.

Kurt also sings; *I'm worse at what I do best And for this gift I feel blessed*. Listen, go see an Eddie Murphy flick instead.

VB 2013

ps. A white man An artist A player My libido Yeah (X9)

