

ISSUE 07

WHO GIVES A SHIT  
ABOUT ART?



{ Sara Chong }

# ADAMEVE



{ Jeremy Fernando }

# (IN)DEPENDANT ART

—OR FOR JULIA HÖLZL

To speak of an independence of some thing is to neglect its dependency. After all, to speak of any thing is to open its relationality to another.

Which makes the term indie art a strange one—it begs the question: independent of what? Or: independent from what? Certainly, one of the hopes of most artisans is for their work to be free from external pressures—most commonly commerce. However, the fact that work is always already material suggests that it is linked with a certain exchangeability. Even if the artisan did not pay for the said materials, the fact that they are now utilised for the work and not for another purpose means it has a use-value. And since, one can no longer divorce use from exchange value, the withdrawal of the materials from circulation suggests a certain cost. But, even as this is an important consideration, this does not address the notion of art itself: for, this flattens the difference between ‘work’ and ‘art’.

Surely not everything an artisan produces can be considered art.

Let’s begin again.

To begin to speak of indie art, one must first address the question: what is art?

Which is a difficult question. For, it is haunted by the another question, a dependent question: is art, art without the frame? Sunflowers on a wall is graffiti; with(in) a frame it is art. It only has a name within those walls.

Which opens another question: is it only art when it has a name? And whose name?: that of the work, or that of the one who signs on the work? Questions that we momentarily defer to consider: where does the art lie?

Perhaps in the presence of the original: who has not been genuinely moved by some work? But in this, the notion of names continues to be a spectre: is it the name that lends the aura to the work?

Would one be moved when standing in front of graffiti?

It might well be possible: no one questions the power of Banksy’s work. A more interesting question is: can a replication have the aura of the original? For, if the aura lies in the work itself, there is no reason why a perfect replication—whether this is possible or not is another question—should not.

This is a particularly pertinent question in the digital age: is there an un-original code to begin with?

However, there is little doubt that there is something different about an original: whether this is rational or not, can even be explained is perhaps not quite the point.

Perhaps it is precisely the unlocatability of art itself that has to be considered. Which opens a new register in the relationality between art and independence. For, if art is unlocatable, then surely it is always already independent: that would make the term indie art a tautology. In fact, here we might want to momentarily consider the fact that independence is capitalism’s favourite notion: ‘buy \_\_\_\_\_ (insert product of choice) and be different from everybody else’.

Which opens the notion that independence and dependence are not necessarily antonyms: one can always be a part of a group whilst still differing from all the others that are not.

If art is unlocatable—and we can only glimpse its aura as we stand before it—this suggests that it is a singular experience. However, as we cannot account for the origin of this aura, we can never know when we are in the presence of art until it affects us. After all, Plato teaches us that for an artisan to transcend craft into art, (s)he needs a divine moment: a whispering from the daemon. In order to experience art, we might well need that same moment.

Since this is a moment that comes from beyond, this suggests that it is a moment that is exterior to our knowledge, our selves, our very being. It not so much that we are completely changed, but there is a momentary opening: to echo Alain Badiou, this is a moment when a new world is opened within an old world. The moment that we see a work with new eyes as it were.

And this might well be the very crux of indie art.

Not so much that the art—or even the work—is independent from anything.

But the independence of the one who is looking is. From one’s very own self.



{ julie o'yang }

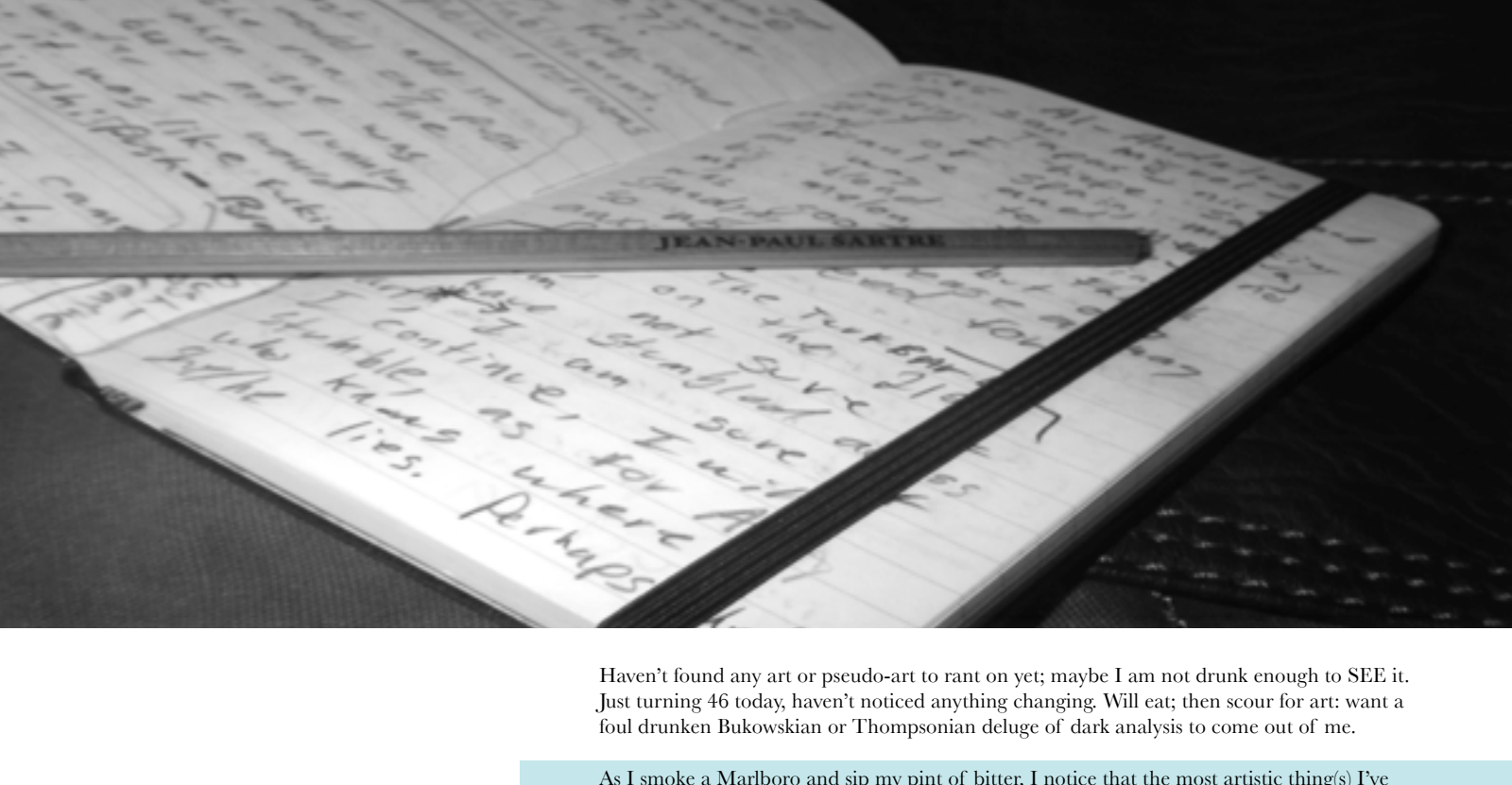
# ZENX & THE ART OF DON'T GIVE A SHIT

{ Michael Kearney }

# SEARCHING FOR ART IN OXFORD

**12:04pm: Jude the Obscure, Oxford, England, September 20, 2011**

Having a pint of bitter in Dude the Obscure (Oops, it's Jude the Obscure {from the Hardy novel I presume}), but don't we like the error? My research partner, Setsuko Adachi, noticed it: she is talentedly upside-down reading as I write in my Moleskine notebook, the smallish one with the elastic band, got it in New York as I stopped-off there for a while on my way to Oxford from Tokyo; using a Jean-Paul Sartre pencil procured in Singapore while shopping in Books Actually, which I was brought to by Jeremy Fernando; Adachi was there too, but she didn't buy any pencils, shame).



Haven't found any art or pseudo-art to rant on yet; maybe I am not drunk enough to SEE it. Just turning 46 today, haven't noticed anything changing. Will eat; then scour for art: want a foul drunken Bukowskian or Thompsonian deluge of dark analysis to come out of me.

As I smoke a Marlboro and sip my pint of bitter, I notice that the most artistic thing(s) I've encountered, at least for my purposes of writing something for One Imperative, are my old tattered trousers and coat (Am I a tattered man?), and my satchel, pint of bitter, pack of Marlboro, Guy Debord's book, Society of the Spectacle, thrown about the table of Dude the Obscure in a completely arbitrary, yet aesthetically pleasing form.



Also noticed a hair protruding from Adachi's right nostril: quite disconcerting; she should maintain herself better. Adachi is still upside-down reading what I am writing; she is not pleased, but fuck her, for art's sake.

Can I find art in the ashtray? Adachi thinks my butt disposal arrangements indicate I suffer from a mild (Had trouble spelling mild, Adachi tried to help me, she is intrusive, wish she would stop upside-down reading me,) form of obsessive compulsive disorder, fuck her, this time, not for art's sake.



**4:22pm: The Eagle and Child, Oxford, England, September 20, 2011**

Now in The Eagle and Child (Bird & Baby; Fowl & Foetus) and the only thing Bukowskian about me is the anxiety that overwhelms me when I have to shit in a toilet that is not at my house: Pooping in Public Restrooms Anxiety (PIPRA). Adachi will be pleased to find another disorder within me; Check-out Ham on Rye about Bukowski's Henry's school finding problems. To really exasperate my situation, just as I entered the gents', a large blond staff member, female, 25 or so (age, not weight in stones), followed me through the door to clean the sink; as I entered the solitary stall, she asked me, "ow are you?" I replied, in a way too squeaky voice, "good, thanks," but my gut wretched with nervousness. I recalled Bukowski's anxiety, something like (This is recalled from memory so it's a weak paraphrase.) that if he went to poo at school, he always felt the other students, particularly the girls, were thinking: "—oh, so dirty, we know what you were doing in there—oh, you're sooo dirty." As I sat and shat, I was hoping it was quiet; luckily it was: no gaseous spluttering. I would only push while she ran the water; when the water wasn't running, I would stop pushing and relax, go into a holding pattern: it was like fucking child-birth: push-breathe-push-breathe. I thought, should I blow my nose so she thinks that's why I entered the stall? But it took me too long to think of that, she would know it was only a ruse, so I didn't bother to blow my nose, although, by this time, with all the push-relax-push-relax, my nose was getting a bit runny from the strain, I would just have to suck it up and be a man no matter how desperate the situation. I sat there in near terror, hoping to god she thought I was doing drugs—coke, shooting-up, popping pills, amyl nitrate—that would be much better than her picturing me having a shite; shit, she might even think I was cool. So far today, my Bukowskian-Thompsonian investigation has been nothing more than drinking, shitting, and wishing I had some drugs to use as an alibi against my defecating in a public/pub restroom. Where will I find some art?!? Is this the best inspiration that J.R.R. Tolkien's and C.S. Lewis's pub can offer?!?

"You're twistin' my melon man:" Happy Mondays just came on The Eagle and Child's sound system; the big blond sink-cleaner is singing along—I can hear her in the distance; she has been twisting my melon since I came in here to shit (Yes, I admit that the main aim in entering The Eagle and Child was to have a poop, sorry to all those involved and or affected. I apologise if I fouled The Eagle and Child for any of you, both literally and figuratively.). Shawn Ryder was on TV in my hotel room this morning (I assume it was broadcast further-a-field than that, but I do not want to presume too much.); some obtuse call-in show, promoting his book Twisting My Melon—there goes the big, blond sink-cleaner again—"You're twistin' my melon man"—Tolkien and Lewis are dead, so is this pub, I've left my shite, now I should leave—I've got to find some art! Is this what Tolkien and Lewis went through when they frequented this establishment? Is that why they walked across St. Giles (and it is a long walk, very wide street) to The Lamb and Flag?

6:44pm: Al-Andalus, Oxford, England, September 20, 2011

Didn't go to The Lamb and Flag, my bowels have become resolute; instead have begun dinner in Al-Andalus with San Miguel—ordering tapas—nice and spicy, I hope; although my entrails may object in the near future; no worries though, we will pass many pubs, some of them noted for their famous literary patrons, on our way to the taxi-stand. Heading to the loo in Al-Andalus, saw a map of Spain, marking Alicante and Murcia (Those are the places I journeyed to with Adachi; don't think she bought pencils there either, is this a pattern I see developing?). No big blond twisting my melon, so that was good, but only standing release anyway, so no need for anxiety.

**10:26pm: Holiday Inn Express, Oxford England, September 20, 2011**

Made it through dinner, was able to pass by The Lamb and Flag, The Eagle and Child, and Three Goats Heads without having to rush in for relief (tapas not all that spicy), got to the taxi-stand and back to my hotel bar without incident: can use my room if need be. Hurray!! No PIPRA tonight ...



**6:55pm: The Turf Bar, Oxford, England, September 21, 2011**

After a Pint in Checkers and two in The Bear, my intrepid colleague, Frau Adachi, and I are with two other semi-pseudo-colleagues in The Turf Bar (Sorry for the quick ending of yesterday's last entry: in a relentless two stage assault, San Miguel and William Worthington overpowered me; fair play to them, they did their job.). Okay, I am not sure if I stumbled across art earlier today (all before Checkers rather fuzzy), but I have begun photographing things out of desperation; I am also rather sure that if I continue on my scheme, I will surely stumble. As for Art, who knows where she/he lies. Perhaps she/he is deceased in the age of capitalist commodification (Hmm, how about Warhol, though?) {My, isn't that a sign of academic affectation; no worries, more to come: I've been infected by academia.}. No feckin' art here, except a crucifix-leaf and some lame bar-art print arrangement by me (More Obsessive Compulsiveness, Setsuko?). All that is going on here is a bollixed discussion of evil: I'll tell ya what evil is, one prick not leaving another prick alone to sip his pint in peace. This quest is deteriorating ... can't read my writing ...



**am&pm: Mansfield College, Oxford, England, September 23 & 24, 2011**

Aggggggh!!! Panels, presentations, Oxford questions; Chaired a panel; presented my research; Iggy & the Stooges (or is it The Sex Pistols' version, can't tell, bad acoustics in my head)—"no fun, no fun, no fun."



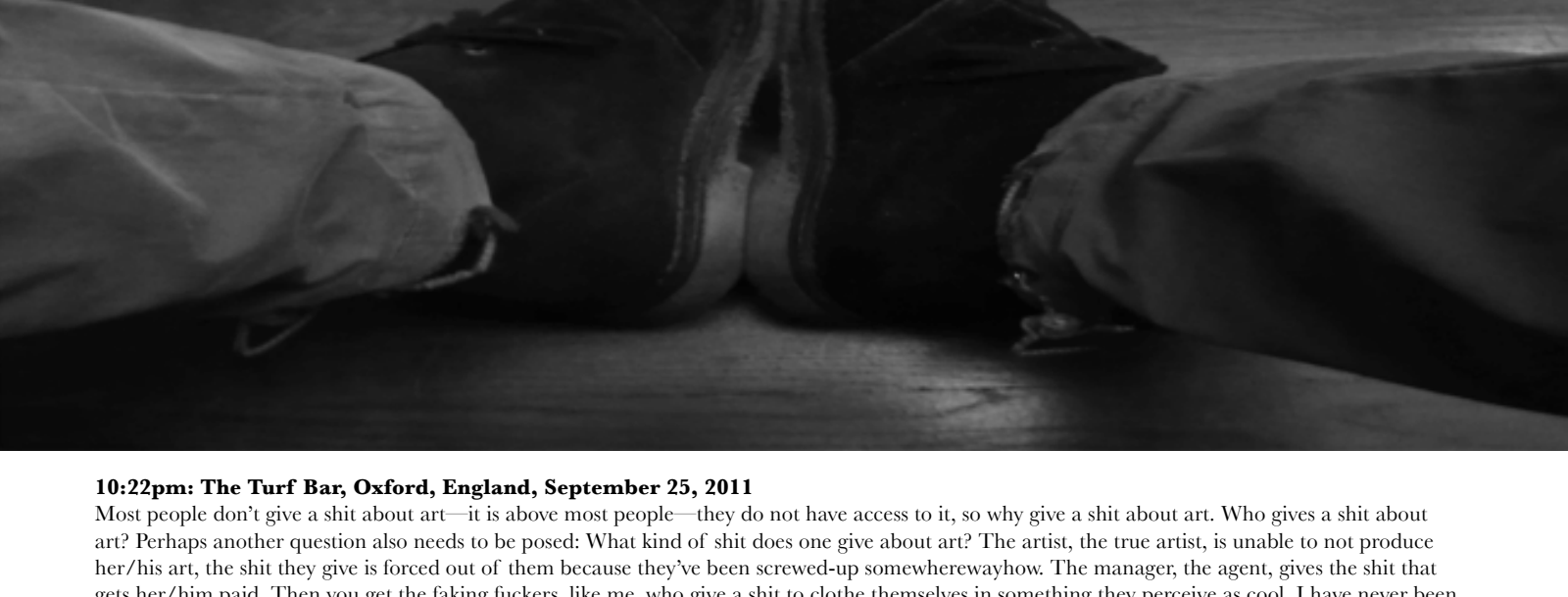
**6:04pm: Mansfield College, Oxford, England, September 25, 2011**

Still at conference, still at Mansfield College, still in this fucking meeting room. There may have been some art here or there in Oxford, but I am too fucking fed-up spending the majority of my time in this fucking box of a room. Hey, Setsuko has not moved, has not shifted in her seat, has not batted an eyelid in the over an hour; beginning to think she is either not human or dead (This is the second time during this trip that I am throwing the possibility of the ultimate demise of my esteemed associate. The first occurrence of this death image was on September 19th at Heathrow as Nick, our driver from the non-EU passport line, and I waited for over two hours for her to emerge from immigration and customs: it turned-out that she was trapped on the non-EU passport line, behind a short, roundish, overly tanned, orange bushy-haired Australian woman {from Adachi's description, I picture an Oompa Lumpa-like creature} who, when becoming aware of the Asians all about her, exclaimed, "I am surrounded by mongoloids;" charming woman. I knew Adachi, or at least her corpse, must have arrived from Tokyo because she (Setsuko, not her cadaver) emailed me from the plane just before takeoff and it was a non-stop flight. After noticing the dwindling number of Japanese passengers coming through the doors into England {easily discernable from the diminishing number of East-Asians with huge hard shelled Samsonite luggage}, Nick and I began to wonder if she had expired en route. Of course, our only course of action, if indeed the most unfortunate case were to present itself to us, would have been to go for a pint at the airport bar and await the body. Luckily, as we were discussing this option, the indomitable Setsuko sprang through the doors.). Or, could her statue-like stillness merely be that famed Japanese stoicism? Ching has skipped out of the panels; couldn't take it any longer, so he snuck-out, absconded; he is doing laundry—what a wonderful distraction from the repetitiveness of presentations: sitting watching the pretty colours you will later cross-yourself-up in go round and win (Quick, guess the obscure combination-reference to a band and a solo artist, that are in no way related to each other, of the last phrase and find a weekend trip to Ching's summer cottage: send your answers to Dr. Jeremy Fernando, closing date for contest July 8, 2012.). I'm losing it—can only focus on my shoes—are they art? What would Van Gogh say?

*I am deeper than the underground man—he was too much of this/his world, too interested in it, too concerned with any interest it might have had in him. I am happily, blissfully, self-ensconcing myself within a bunker of my own making: this solitude is my construction, my art-unto-me.*

**5:19pm: Mansfield College, Oxford, England, September 22, 2011**

In the conference meeting room at Mansfield College, first day panels almost over—no art here. The word culture is being bandied about a good bit, but it never has hit or touched upon any art or pseudo-art: everything is being turned political; this is a power thing—they are trying to simplify culture, control it, use it for their own benefit, we should let it be—enjoy its complexity (I hate the phrase "let it be" because I hate that Beatles song, makes me sick, but I do love the Beatles, well John and George songs; did Ringo write anything? I do hate almost all Paul songs, can't stand them; I should have written "let it alone" instead, but the dreaded phrase slipped-out of me; it is too late to change it now, no eraser on my Jean-Paul Sartre pencil: existentialists aren't allowed rubbers.). Now speaking of what's allowed, the conference discussion, by sheer coincidence, has shifted to law: I hate law; law has nothing to do with art—only about distributing power—solidifying power blocks—it's all about control systems that all too often smother creativity—hmm—Ching's taking a picture of the ceiling; he must think he's spied some art up there, but he is WRONG: I don't see nothing, just some architecture; Ching is definitely mistaken.



**10:22pm: The Turf Bar, Oxford, England, September 25, 2011**

Most people don't give a shit about art—it is above most people—they do not have access to it, so why give a shit about art. Who gives a shit about art? Perhaps another question also needs to be posed: What kind of shit does one give about art? The artist, the true artist, is unable to not produce her/his art, the shit they give is forced out of them because they've been screwed-up somewhereawayhow. The manager, the agent, gives the shit that gets her/him paid. Then you get the faking fuckers, like me, who give a shit to clothe themselves in something they perceive as cool. I have never been drunk enough here in Oxford to see/write/fall-across art—noart here. How can I give a shit about art if I can't find it?!

Who gives a shit about art? I don't: it's too much trouble; let someone else make it, find it, define it.

Just caught a (Not a whiff, that's the nose; not a glimpse, that's the eye; what is it for the ear?) #%&# of Ian Dury and the Blockheads; is that art?





# 13 LITTLE PICTURES

presents

## —TWO FINGERS IMITATING LEGS WALKING

### DETAILS

13 Little Pictures  
Youtube Channel  
presents  
Two Fingers Imitating  
Legs Walking by Wesley  
Leon Aroozoo

Video Link:  
[www.youtube.com/user/13littlepictures#p/u/0/7DSENFjZyk](http://www.youtube.com/user/13littlepictures#p/u/0/7DSENFjZyk)

### BIOGRAPHY

Wesley Leon Aroozoo graduated from Nanyang Technological University and is now pursuing his Master of Fine Arts at NYU Tisch Asia. In 2010, he was selected as one of Tokyo Filmex's Next Masters. He is part of 13 Little Pictures ([www.13littlepictures.com](http://www.13littlepictures.com)) and his works have been screened at over 80 festivals such as the International Film Festival Rotterdam and the Paris Festival of Different and Experimental Cinemas.

### CREDITS

Music by Bani Haykal  
taken from 'Ergophobia'

e#1  
e#2  
e#3  
e#4

Music Link:  
[www.misinterpret.tk](http://www.misinterpret.tk)

Music Link:  
[soundcloud.com/banihaykal](https://soundcloud.com/banihaykal)

{ **Starring** }

Hanni Wong & Ruyi Wong

Hanni Wong's Wardrobe By:  
<http://allthingslovely.livejournal.com/>

Adapted from  
'Two Fingers Imitating Legs Walking'  
an essay by Wesley Leon Aroozoo  
[www.facebook.com/notes/wesley-leon-aroozoo/two-fingers-imitating-legs-walking/283912874957369](https://www.facebook.com/notes/wesley-leon-aroozoo/two-fingers-imitating-legs-walking/283912874957369)

# SYNOPSIS

'Two Fingers Imitating Legs Walking' is an experimental exercise created specially for the 13 Little Pictures Youtube Channel. Driven by a love of cinema, 13 Little Pictures is a film collective bound by the spirit of collaboration and shared hope of creating films with unique directorial visions. The 13 Little Pictures Youtube Channel is a platform where every month, an artist from 13 Little Pictures will take turns to showcase a work.

'Two Fingers Imitating Legs Walking' is my 11th film and for the first time premiering online unlike my other films which premiere at physical festivals. This experimental exercise was shot on an iphone with the help of friends with a budget of \$0.

The exercise is a study of humans imitating moments in their life to give meaning or to represent something greater. A creation of 'everything' out of a constant trajectory of time. The exercise also addresses my fear of what I might be like in the future.

# SPUN SUGAR RHAPSODY

{ Julie O'Yang }

—A POEM<sup>BY</sup>



Spun squirt blow play spice  
Everything nice  
Marshmallow sunshine  
Pink cobweb growing between  
my legs  
Laces  
Ribbons  
Rib bones  
Im your doll face  
Everyone stick on me  
  
Stick in me



{ Paoi Wilmer }

# How to Give a Shit ABOUT ART

A story goes – a man went into the forest to find some firewood. Suddenly, he felt like taking a shit. He puts his axe down and does his business. After getting up, he trips over the axe. *'Hey, it's my lucky day,'* he says, *'somebody forgot their axe.'* In his excitement, he then steps on his shit. *'What's this! Who shat in the middle of the forest?'*

Yes, contrary to popular belief, there are many ways to give a shit.

The law of physics states something along the lines of nothing can be created or destroyed; only changed from one form to another. Thus, birth is not a miracle and death is not the end. And, like anything we'll ever make in this life, we'll need ingredients. So, let's start at the very beginning.

Living, in a consumer age, means choices – we have organic food and grow-our-own, we have junk food takeaways and gourmet restaurants, we can eat in or eat out – but what comes out the other end is always shit.

Still, anyone who has spent a minute looking at their masterpiece will notice that size, shade and shape matters. Each and every piece answers to form but is unique and tells its own story.

This brings the makers into play. When a pizza goes in an oven it comes out a cooked pizza; when a pizza goes in the freezer it comes out a frozen pizza; when you eat a pizza ... it will come out as pizza shit. Period.

But, lest we forget, pizza is pizza and shit is shit. Somebody might eat your pizza; nobody's going to eat your shit. Well, with exceptions maybe, but that's another story.

Luckily ART isn't like shit because nobody wants to eat it; it's like shit because it needs to undergo a similar process. **ART** is a **PRODUCT** of a **PROCESS**. Ingestion, digestion, excretion? Pencil, paper, picture. Like shit, it can't be produced any other way. And, **YES**, everybody can make art! It's a fact.

So how come I hate Tracey Emin? You might ask. Because, **THAT**, my friend, **IS NOT ART**. **SHE's** not art and **IT's** not art. What would Emin get from her cave painter professor? A fail. Yes, she picked up a pizza. No, she didn't eat it. Therefore, it's not going to come out the other end, is it?

It's no rocket science figuring out

## **YES+NO=NOTHING.**

We are officially worse off than the man in the woods. He had amnesia and still knew the difference between **AXE** and **SHIT**. What excuse have we got? Saatchi & Saatchi, you say? Correct. Charles is sniggering at us from on high as we spend our hard-earned cash playing his game of pass-the-parcel. Who knows after unwrapping all that glitzy paper whether we've paid for a Nigella Lawson or a Tracy Emin? Who knows we're going to get anything at all?

Wait. Can't an axe on its own count as art? Of course, but until you've learnt how to eat it so that it can come out of your other side, I don't think you should call it your own.



**TOP TIP** - Taking the piss? Talk shit now!

And so God's sigh echoed,  
Echoed as the spirits  
Stand by the gates, astirred,  
Ready to gather stones  
And jewels for the feast of  
Appearances. Inside  
The gathered marveled and  
Wondered seeing seen, delight  
At the delicateness  
Of the sounds unseen,  
Unmarked  
Yet remarkable.  
Lips taking sips,  
Hips adjusting to catch the best  
Of light. Flakes and films  
Gather favour as the  
Visitors stand fix footed  
Under the lone tree,  
Unmatched by  
Unseasonable furiosity.  
Flash after flash by.  
And the mountain's cry shattered,  
Shattered in between  
Two stools of ash.  
The frame-makers will mourn  
As mirrors echo and  
Again the seeming delight.  
Reason because serious  
Must not be literal  
Only so the basis  
Of belief may  
Soothe the flashes of  
Resounding points.  
Sensibility capable  
Of bursting into light.  
And the night, starry and  
Filled with glory and might  
Takes towering breaths,  
Whistling unto the blurred  
Lines of the day's  
Curiosity. Weaned off  
By the angel's  
Tupentinian whiff. And  
The stones in the flame  
Sparkle with the brightness  
Of the hearts  
Of the faithful.

# FULL OF CARE

{ lim lee ching }

—A POEM<sup>BY</sup>



{ Sara Chong }

## DEER WOODS LARGE