

Mind Sweeper

Poem by Kathrin Zöller

online only, available at www.aspeers.com/2008/mindsweeper

House of Fiction

Collage by Kathrin Zöller

everything written in *courir new* are quotes from different feminists and/
or songwriters

words in ***bold italics*** are lines from Ani DiFranco's "House of Fashion"

lines in [] taken from different Ani DiFranco songs

the rest, and subsequently neither *courir new*, nor ***in italics***, nor in [],
are my own words

"feminism is always more than a body of academic texts... " (bell hooks)

1,2
top, bottom
up, down

the rhythm in which she is caught
a beast in a cage
a pet in his hands
ah - beware of her dangerous claws
ah - go touch her very soft skin
the bars, the bonds,
the rhythm that dominates the song
the boy
always gets to play
the tom

"It is a curious thought that the human cortex has been generally employed for make-believe, pretense, pretension. Pretending to be superior because of "x" nationality, pretending to be better because i have six TV sets, a bigger house, a better car than you, pretending to be better than you a woman, I a man. Pretending that We Are Right because we have nastier and more totally destructive weapons than They have.

Why all this deadly pretense?

Is it not possible that the cortex might have a real and positive function such as the search for truth?" (Leonora Carrington)

~~..but truth is elsewhere to be found~~
~~not on the inside and not on the outside~~
~~and not inbetween~~
~~it is wrapped inside the spider's web~~
~~it is the spider's web~~

*i had to leave the house of television
to start noticing the clouds
it's amazing the stuff you see
when you finally shed that shroud*
THE RESISTING TELEVISION CONSUMER

There's more than two ways of thinking
there's more than one way of knowing
there's more than two ways of being
there's more than one way of going somewhere
(“Restist This Psychic Death”, Bikini Kill)

*i had to leave the house of conformity
in order to make art
i had to be more and less true
to learn to tell them apart*

art is why i get up in the morning
but my definition ends there
(“Out of Habit”, A. Difrancio)

today, the singer stepped out of
the poster on my wall
wearing three inch platforms
just to make herself tall
and she said:
we're only tourists on this planet
until we go back to where we belong
so we keep taking pictures
and write poems and songs

1,2

top, bottom
left, right

the beauty of a man
is never the beauty of a woman
is never the beauty of a man

high heels vs. high hopes
eye liner vs. hard liner
make up vs. make believe

the right hand : moral
the left had : dirty

together they draw images:
the most colorful two-color pictures, look!

LOOK

aGAIIn!

*I had to leave the house of fashion
and go forth naked from its doors*
[a guy tried to rub up against me]
[my cunt is built like a wound that won't heal]
[i want to pull out my tampon and start splashing it around]
[we are made to bleed and scab and heal and bleed again]
[i woke up one morning thighs covered in blood]
*'cause women should be allies
and not competitors*

"get off your catwalk
i want you to talk
i want you to be the seer
instead of the seen"
("Another Mystery", Dar Williams)

"i want to be more than a pretty girl"
("Not A Pretty Girl", Ani DiFranco)

"Are women human? [...]"

"Women are not aliens. Take away men and we will not automatically lose our fire and intelligence and sex drive; we do not form hierarchical, static, insectlike societies that are dreadfully inefficient. We do not turn into a homogeneous Thought Police culture where meat-eating is banned and men are burned in effigy every full moon. Women are not inherently passive or dominant, maternal or vicious. We are all different. We are people." (Nicola Griffith)

*...and the goddesses were all out in the garden
with plants that nurture and heal...*

i had to leave the house of god ...

I've written a song called "God" about patriarchal religion and how it's fucked the whole thing up. Basically, I say to him: you know you need a babe and I've got nothing to do Tuesday and Thursday.
(Tori Amos)

above, below

the ladder that points to a dream
the steeple that points to a god
go climb, go climb, never stop
work your way up to the top
and if you can't go pray
you don't deserve it
anyway

the overarching matrix of domination houses multiple groups
[...]
(Patricia Hill Collins)

i had to leave the house of privilege ...

1,2

top, bottom
black, white

a game of chess
if you're not white, you're black
if you're not us, you're them
never vice versa
gray at the most
(the undefinable merge of two non-colors)
an ancient silent film
a house of fiction

the rhythm, the dreams, the white
the handmade tales of pleasure and joy

what about purple?
she asks