

## Mind Sweeper

Poem by Kathrin Zöller

online only, available at [www.aspeers.com/2008/mindsweeper](http://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  
(“Resist 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. Difrancò)

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 agains 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 loose 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)

1,2  
top, bottom  
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