



Friedrich Schiller's Rotting Apple Collection | ANN COTTEN

Hey, hey, we have a, a augmentation.  
 Hey, hey, look here.  
 Hey it's stuff you know, but it's not yours.  
 Don't touch it ma'am.  
 Ma'am!  
 This is serious material. These are heavy tools. These tools can graze the hair off your arm with a touch of the blade.  
 Ok listen. If you want to use these tools, you have to be part of society. You must be interested in conserving everything the way it is. These are some very dangerous tools.  
 We are worried you might be interested in destroying something with these tools.

I know you promise not to do anything like that.  
 You understand we cannot believe you.  
 No, we cannot trust you all the way.  
 We cannot trust you with such powerful tools, which can be dangerous in the hands of anyone whose relation to the conservation of things as they are has reason to be... ..well, less than stable.  
 You might want something different and it might sway your hand. Even if you don't know it.  
 Even if you believe that you are fine the way it is, and the world is fine the way it is, even if you really sincerely intend no destruction, there is something in your body that knows otherwise. That might not be built for keeping everything exactly the way it is, it might become weak and things could change without your even noticing.  
 If for only one moment you lose faith, you lose vigilance, you know with such machines in your hand – You could destroy people and houses, cities and civilizations with such machines.

You understand why we never fully trust you, if you know what we mean.  
 Your demographic is that you are slaves.  
 You are born slaves, it is not your fault, it is your genes. Genes are too tight. You can't even know what is going on with your bodies.  
 It is in the genes of your movements and your movements make you.  
 It is all in your movements. They talk their own language. You alone cannot change that language and what it tells us, no matter what you may say or think.

So just look at this drawer, ma'am.  
 Don't touch.  
 You can feel the tools when we apply them to you. That's when you can feel them.  
 You know you will always be material.  
 We keep the tools.  
 We have all interest in denying we are material.  
 We will use you to project our materiality. Because of course materiality is important.  
 You are the most holy thing and you mustn't change.  
 We need you. [Who would we use these heavy tools on?]  
 We love you, we love you too much, we put you on altars, you know that.  
 We cut off your tentacles and we eat them at fancy dinners as they slap us in the faces.  
 You are the soul of everything, you are the life of the party.  
 We must protect you from these tools, in fact.  
 Your tentacles would go square if wrapped around a trigger.  
 It is for your own protection that we prevent you from using these tools.  
 You are lucky you have us so you don't need to use them.

Oh your tentacles are so delicate and so tasty as they curl around our dexterous fingers.  
 Oh how we love you.

Oh how we yearn to let you touch the things in our drawer.  
 Oh how we yearn for our destruction.



**MAN**

**DRAWER**



VERONICA BROVALL | Man Drawer

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