

## ***To write about work***

**-Yearbook 2008, Malmö Art Academy by Stine Ofelia K.**

To write about work as part of the work or maybe even to write working is indeed to work: working about work, writing. It's the same with talking: talking about work is working. No closed systems exist and any layer added to the work is not just a layer added to the work but a transformation of the work: it's a becoming. So when talking and writing about work is working for the work to become, why is it that I'm asked to separate my work from my writing?

It seems to me like asking Aristotle to separate what he defined as bare life from what he named political life. How to imagine any human being without both of those two spheres and how to talk, write or in any way work with human life without including both of the spheres? Isn't that exactly the criticism that any European state of today should face: the violent separation of bare and political life—not to mention the total rejection of the latter; the absurd demotion of political life to a mere sub-category of bare life?

The European tradition of separation, rejection and transformation of one into not another but *the* other, is indeed a concern for my work—that being working, writing or writing working as well as working writing. For how to separate life from art and how to accept the transformation of life to simply a matter of bare life?

There is a tendency to want art to be an outsider—and sometimes I even think the desire is for art to be *the* outsider. Now, how can artists want their work to be a concern outside *the* concern: what is there to work with if not what Hanna Arendt so beautifully called the human condition? Why should art abandon political life just because our politicians do so? I see absolutely no reason for that, call it writing, working, talking or even talking, working, writing about work.