

TO/WITH

FREUD

ZINE





TO/WITH FREUD

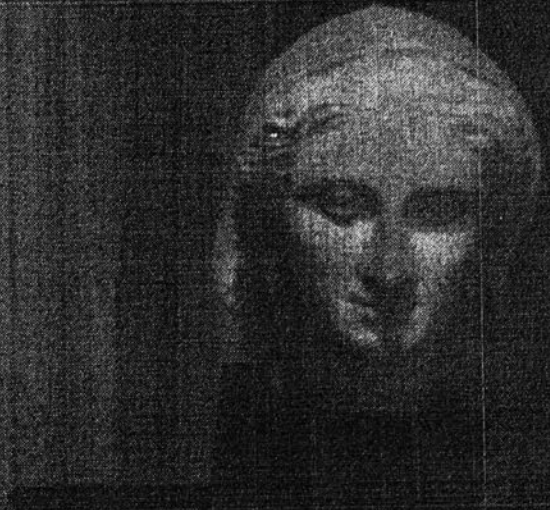
**Mika Hannula
Roland Persson**

Design: Olof Werngren

p. 4

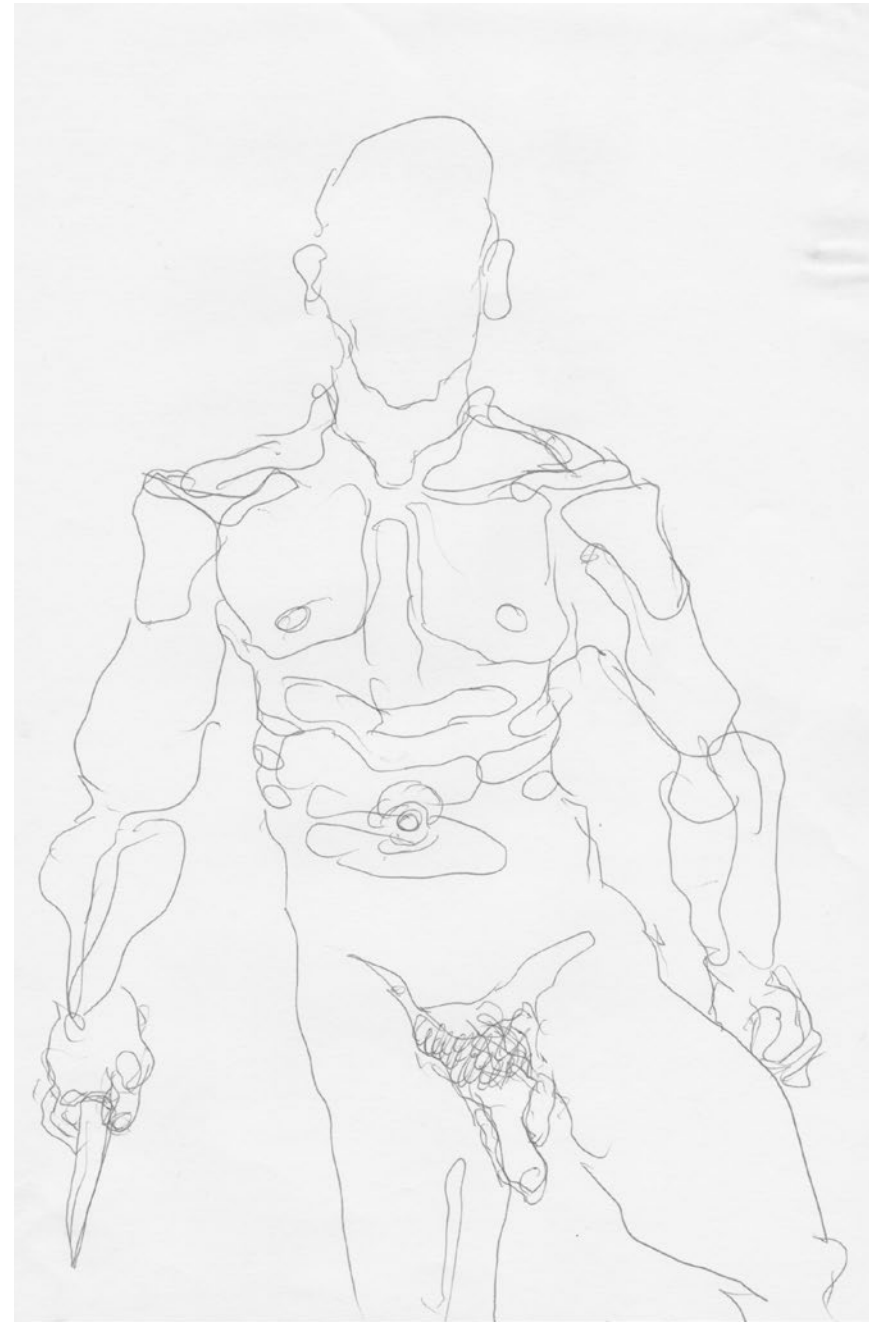


p. 5



**“There are three aspects to the work of memorization.
First of all, the everyday examined from every angle, next
the search by traditional means for my own life-story, then
finally the fictive memory.”**

Georges Perec, Species of Spaces and Other Pieces, 2008

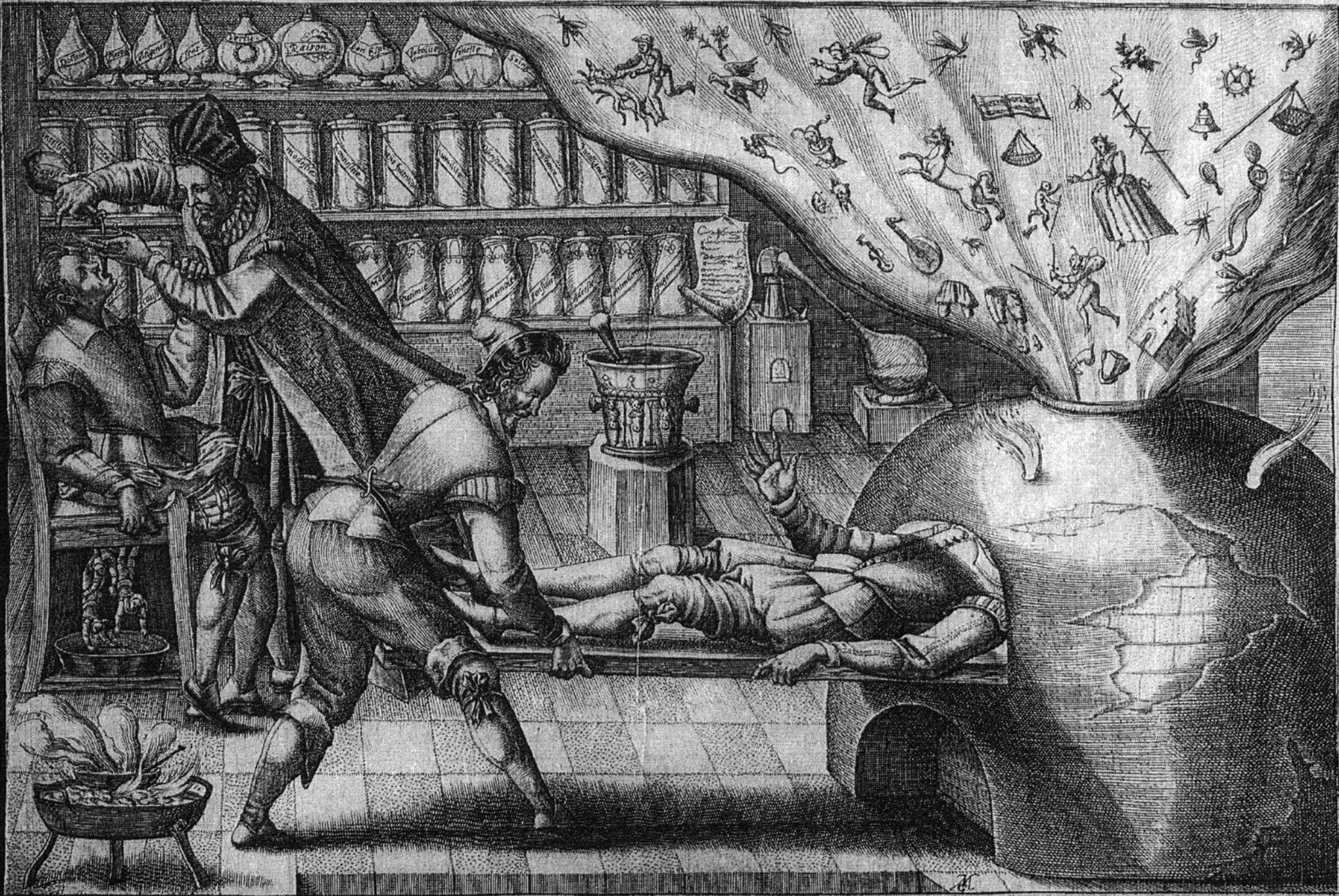


Notes XIII

I started to wonder,
Oh yes I did,
I started to think about it
I began to think about alienation,
real deep and real seriously

How is it, actually, I asked myself,
reflectively and oh so critically,
is alienation to be seen and understood as fashion-wise,
street smart or just plain casual?





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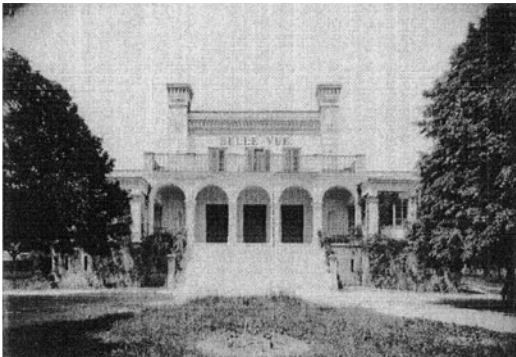
Calme
 l'ame, vous saurez la teste pleine,
 qui vous met en grand peine

appeurez vous de ce Maistre sçauant,
 qui vos humeurs secherat tellement,

dedans ce four, qu'avez en peu de temps,
 grand allégeance de beaucoup de torments,

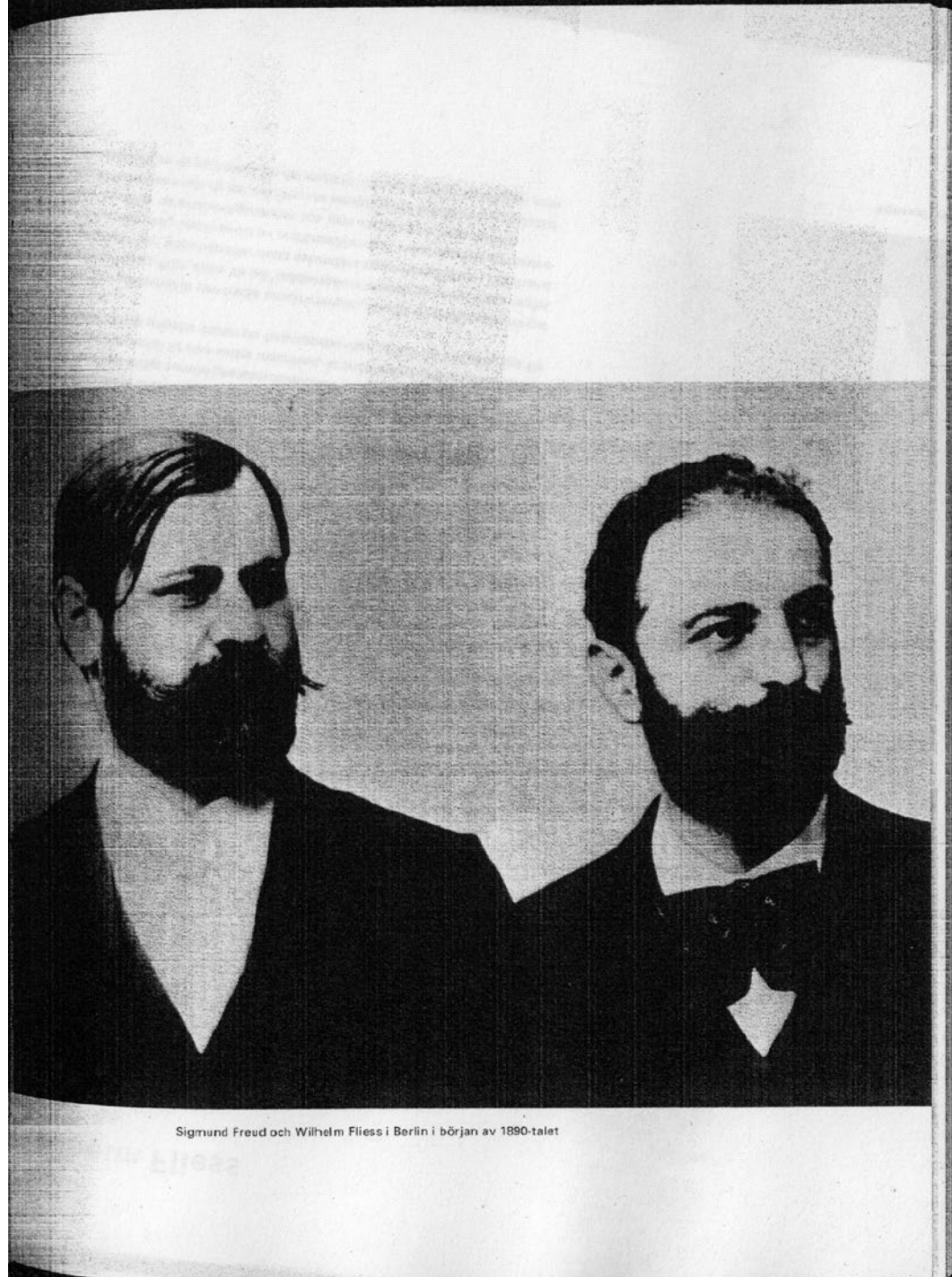
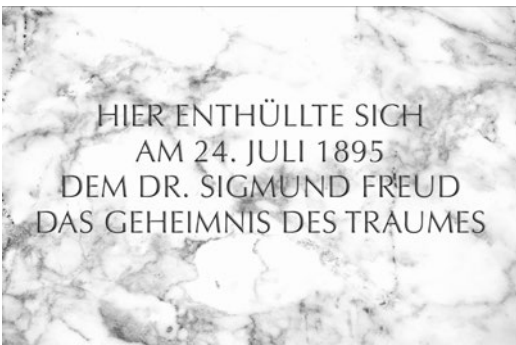
Aussi serez purge par ses breuuages,
 qu'incontinent deuenidez du tout sages

Haupt- u. eigentliche Ursache der
 Lösung aller dieser Traumstoffe
 zu sein sein wird?
 Und schließlich ist am 24. Juli 1895
 dem Dr. Sigm. Freud
 das Geheimnis des Traumes
 in der hierstehenden Haus hier preis gegeben worden



"Do you suppose that some day a marble
 tablet will be placed on the house,
 inscribed with these words: 'In this
 house on July 24th, 1895, the secret of
 dreams was revealed to Dr. Sigm. Freud.'
 At this moment I see little prospect on it."

*Sigmund Freud, 12 June, 1900
 Letter to Wilhelm Fließ*



Sigmund Freud och Wilhelm Fließ i Berlin i början av 1890-talet

Divanen



p. 14

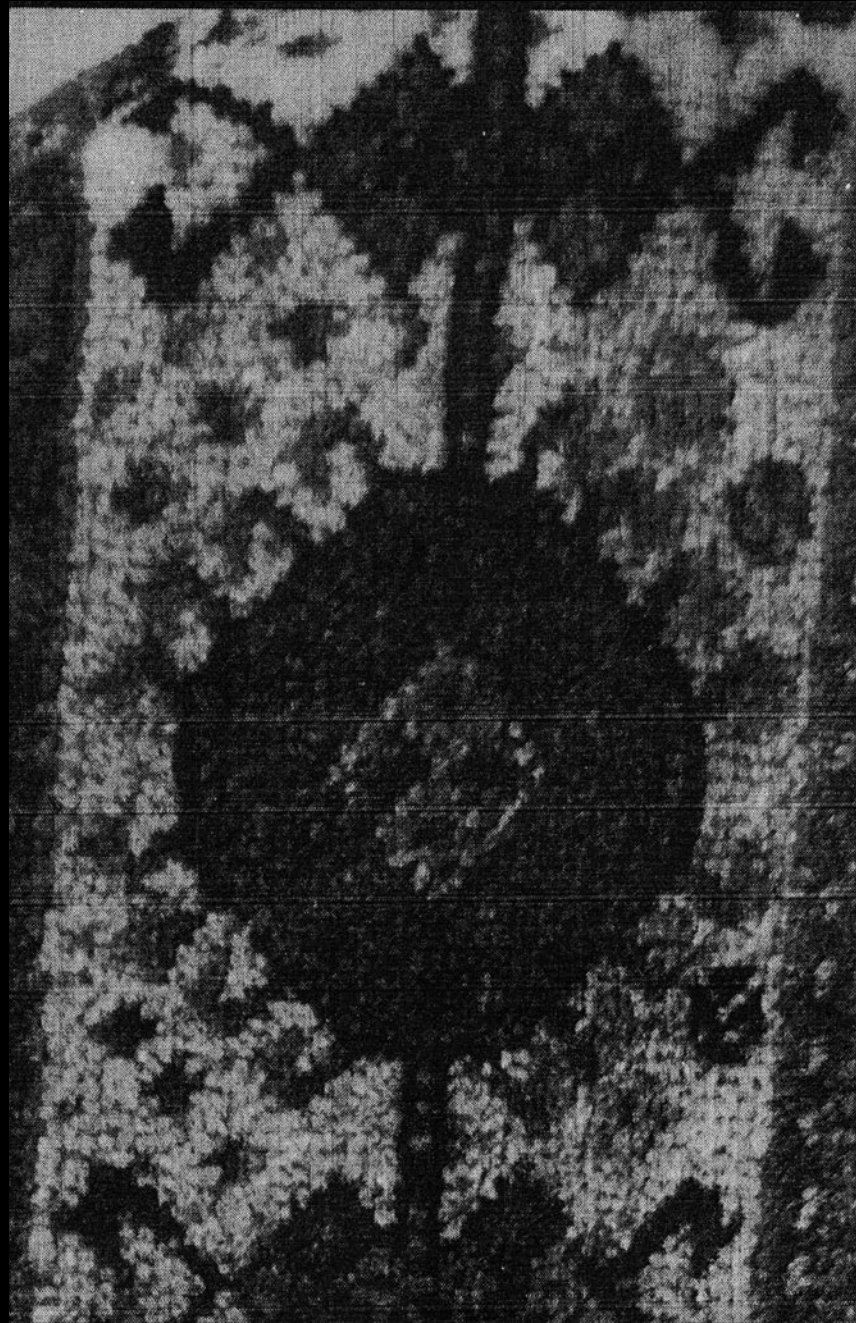
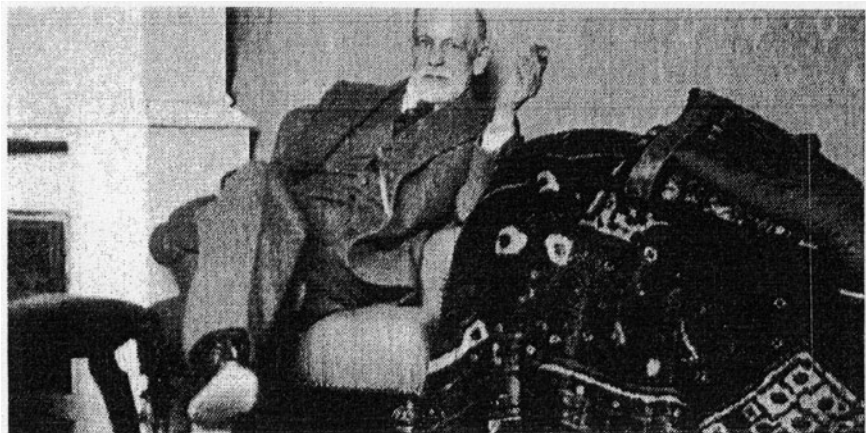
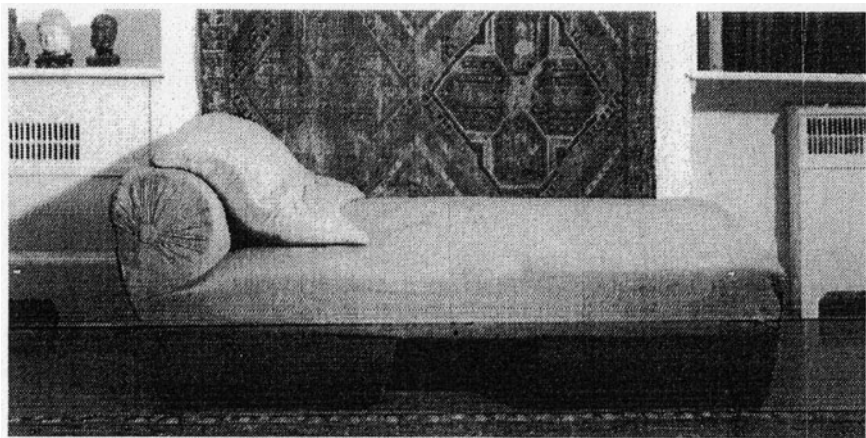
p. 15

Det magiska i mönster

Varför valde Freud en Iransk
matta att ligga på?

DET ORDLÖSA MÖNSTRET

Alla vindlingar i mattan med
sina delar och passager är ett
utmärkt verktyg att använda sig
av i en terapeutisk situation.





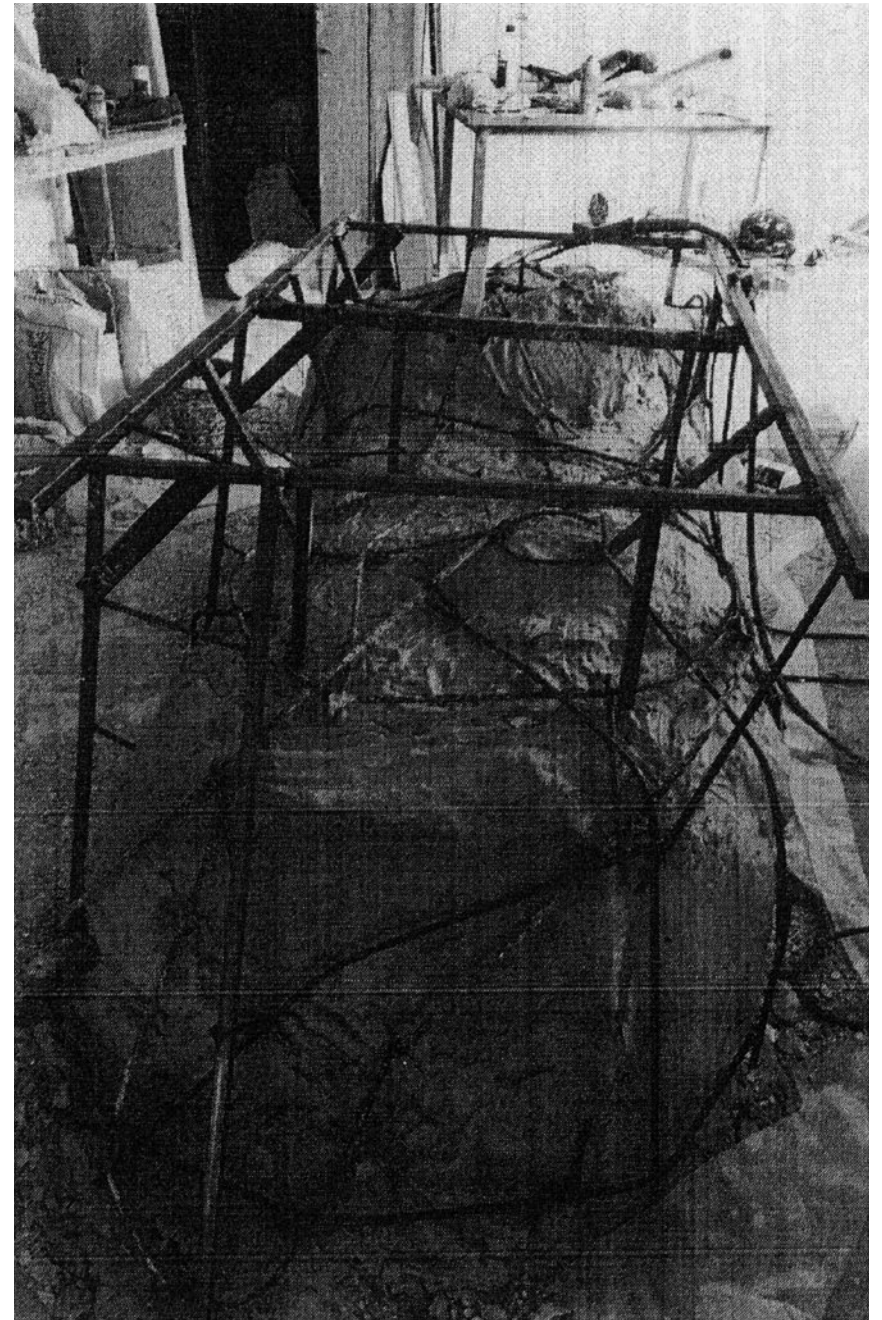
A visit to Freud Museum, London, 2019





“ ... we belong to a historical tradition through a relation of distance, which oscillates between remoteness and proximity. To interpret is to render near what is far (temporally, geographically, culturally, spiritually)”

Paul Ricoeur, From Text to Action, 2007



The Art of Almost

The act. The very thing to strive for, the art, the art of the almost.

He got it, he did not invent it or even define it, but he did achieve to make a long-term commitment and situated effort in and through it.

Freud listened. He did not talk talk. He tried to listen listen listen. He did, already then, he tried.

Perhaps we should try the same. This thing called listening, the ethics of allowing, letting the other to speak to us, not in our ways, not in our words, but in his and her ways and words - and letting those words, their individual and particular world to be opened and operated, to get and gain engagement and encouragement.

**What if we could say: you first, I will listen, and then, its your turn, your turn to listen to me.
But first, it's you. And I will listen.**

Not for the truth, not the hidden secrets, not the prepaid solutions, but for the stories, for the cultured but oh so confused stories of who you are, where do you come from, how do you negotiate and navigate with both the roots and the routes that you are coming from and getting acknowledged here and now.

I will listen, to whatever you say, and however you say it. I might not understand it but I will try, and I will challenge your story by putting forward my story. We will not take part in a competing or a fight. It is more like a catch and a release, a continuous act of give and take, push and pull.

You throw me or pass me your story, I try to catch it, and then I, in my turn, throw and pass you my story. And then it's your turn again - and again. Back and forth, day time and night time, in and through the day and in and through the night.

Stories of and about where and when and within which a difference talks to a difference and a difference that respects and cherishes the differences that generate certain uncertainties but which certainly remain comparable and bearable.

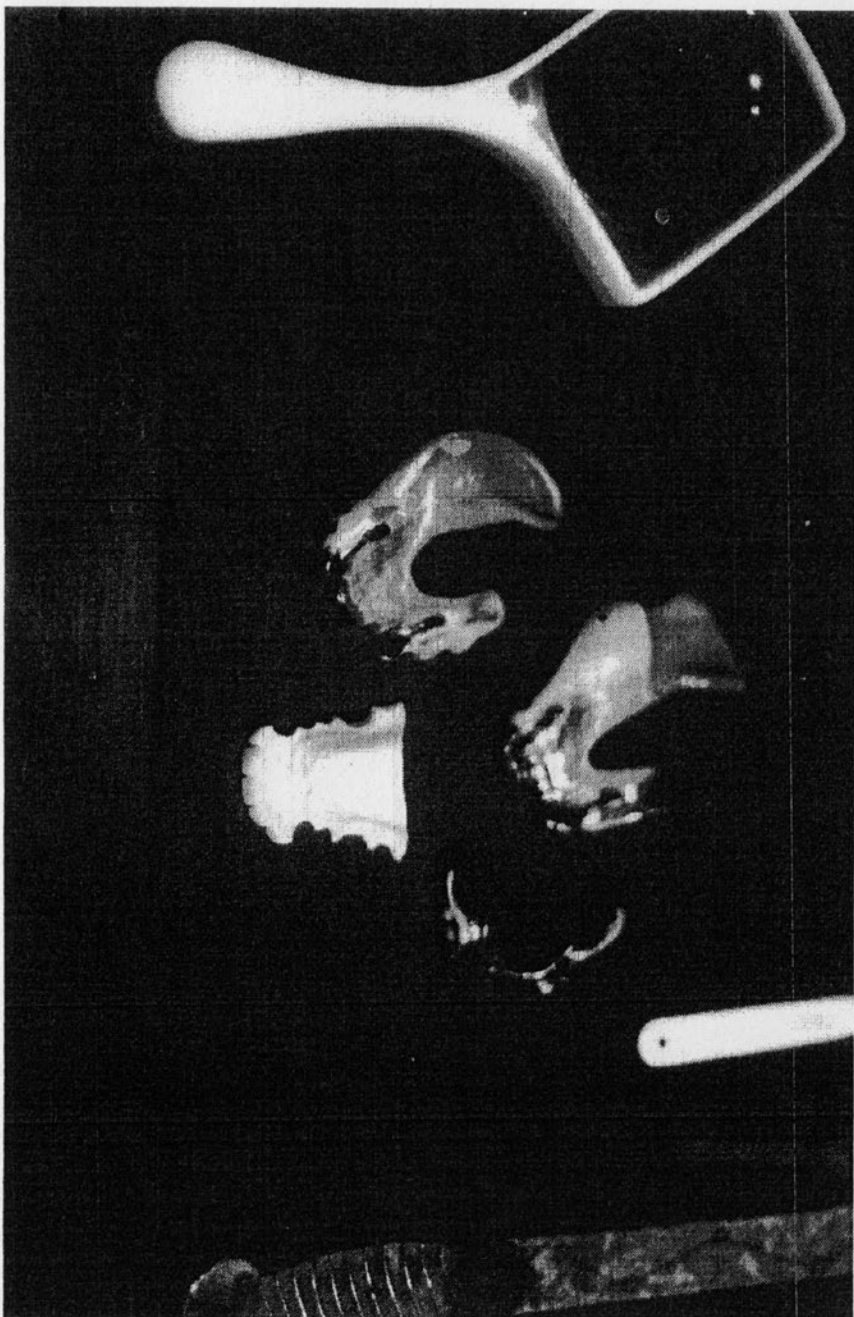
Stories.

Narratives as a time and site bound means of reflecting and thinking with about what's going or, what's going down and how to admit that if there is a hell below, we're all gonna go. Or we are at the verge of it, already.

Narratives that potentially, not probably, can, or might, just could make our lives a little bit more bearable and intelligible.

Stories.





On Monsters and Friends

Objects, everyday objects have their respective and sometimes distinguished histories. These objects that we have around us, items that bring comfort to our daily life, they all tell stories - if you let them, and if you are willing and able to listen to them, listen to them carefully.

One such rather remarkable but nevertheless common object is located at the Freud House, a museum celebrating the memory and the work of both Sigmund Freud and his daughter Anna Freud. There, in the study and consulting room, is a desk; the very desk at which Freud received patients at his short stay in London during the last months of his life. This desk has been kept as it was; all the objects on it and in it are like Freud left them when he passed away.

On this wooden Schreibtisch, typical for offices of early 20th century, Freud placed objects that were important for him, objects that he needed and also art objects that he had collected through the years. When he and his family were forced to move from Wien to London in 1938, he took his desk and his objects with him.

In the London display, the desk

has its usual utility objects required - from pencils to magnifying glass, not to forget a caliper and a paper knife. Facing the one sitting at the desk, placed in line carefully, and near to one another, close to the edge, covering the whole end surface horizontally from left to right, staged in two neat rows are over 30 small sculptures. These objects are not that tall, highest reaching a bit over 30 cm while the smaller ones are closer to 10cm.

But they have a function and an intent. They look on, they gaze at, and I would claim that they definitely perceive what's in front of them. For all those years, most of the time in Wien, then later in London, these objects, embodied with refined grace, even if sometimes odd or clumsy, some of them dating to the Mesopotamian days, some refer to Chinese roots or to Roman ancestors, they watched over, they kept keen company to Sigmund Freud. He called these sculptures his friends.

This is what is perhaps most striking with the composition of the objects on the desk. You immediately recognize their power and beauty, and start to

pay attention to all these rich detail, all these wide varieties – awakening vast connotations to ancient age and regimes, memories shared and perhaps forgotten.

But there are also items that the visitors normally cannot see, these objects in the desk, in the drawers, which can hardly be a surprise because it was not always a guarded object in a museum. It was the daily working desk for a person who was known to work long hours from early morning to the late evening.

Inside one of the drawers is a metal box. It is not big, nor small, we could call it medium size. Inside this box, there are four pieces, these mouth prostheses, consisting of the palate and the teeth, materials that Freud had to use in order to be able to speak, to produce words. This takes us to his cancer treatment and the operation in 1923, and to the years that he had to suffer these prostheses to be able to work, to act and exist.

These four objects are, to say the least, quite strange. They are, indeed, Unheimlich. They are not threatening or

cruel, but they certainly are weird. They are like a perfect definition of the uncanny: recognizable but beyond exact comprehension. You do realize what they are, and you get their purpose, but you can't really figure out what they actually bear with them and what they mean. They date back to the 1930's, but they do look as if they could be used today - even if we do realize how this technology of the prosthesis has advanced exceedingly through the years.

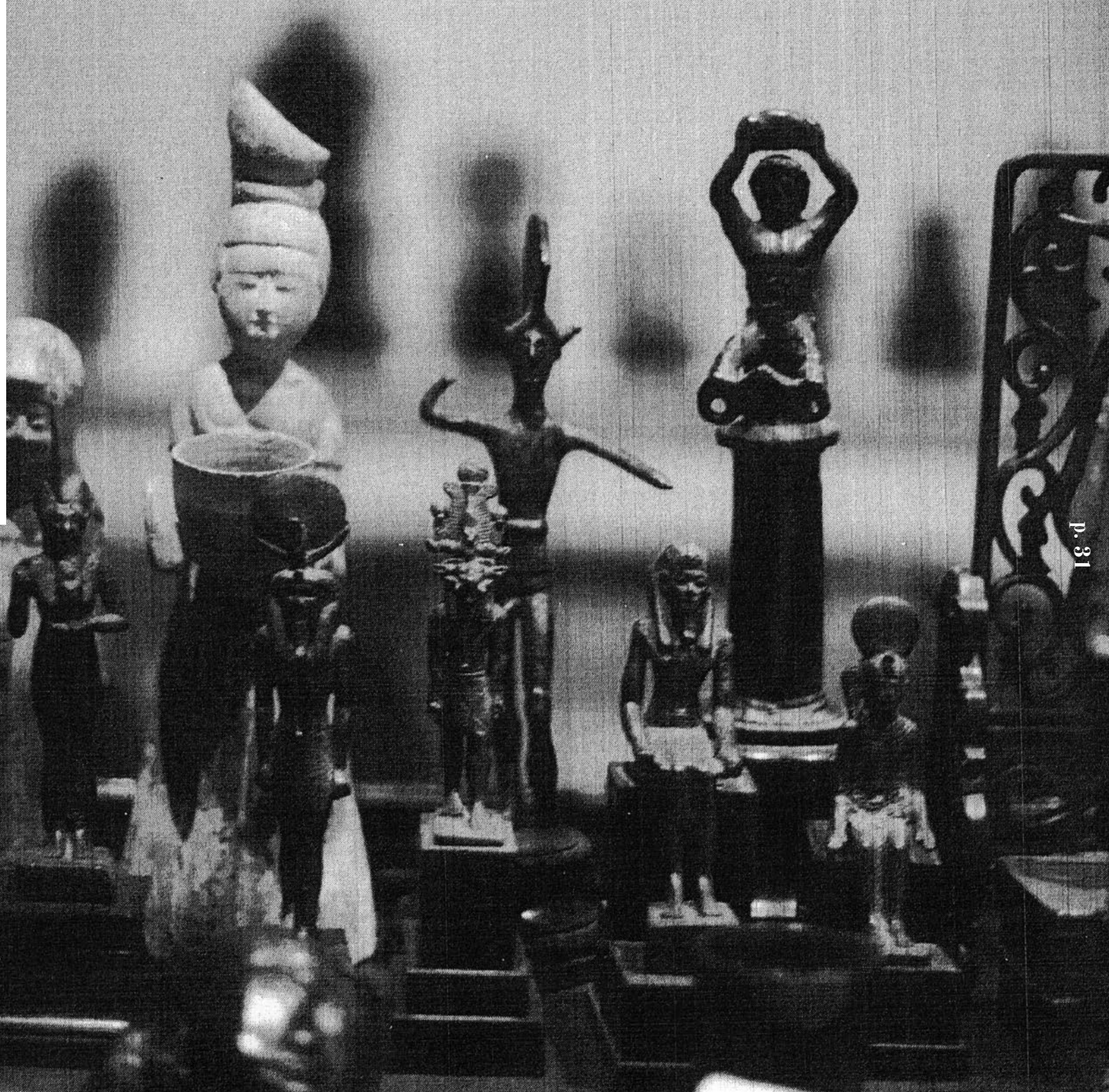
We know from his comments that these objects caused him a lot of pain and trouble. They did not fit that well, and many were the times when the doctor, a specialist was called to help to get them in or out, to get them working, to do what they were supposed to do. It is not very difficult to imagine how much agony, how much suffering they caused, and how annoying it must have felt, ultimately, to be completely depending on them.

But they were his daily companions, among his daily necessary objects, and because of that, these colorful prostheses were kept in the left side drawer of the desk. Freud gave a name to these important and troublesome objects. He called them his monsters. (...)

Monsters and friends.

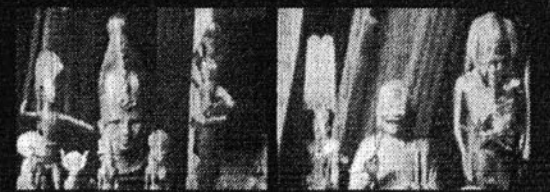
There they are, in and on the desk, existing in their natural inhabitant, living next to each other, so close, and yet so far. Recognizable and irredeemable, everyday and deep-seated, trivial and life-supporting, like, you know, relatives, like friends or neighbors, like something that fits, makes sense and surely is simultaneously co-existing and incompatible - in its inherent interdependency.

Like monsters and friends.





Sigmund Freud: His Offices and Home, Vienna 1938
Gene Friedman





Poster

What was in his mind? Whose?
Well, god damn, pay attention,
in Freud's, of course?

Who would know, and how?

Somewhere in the 1970's, or perhaps a bit before, it does not matter, during those tumultuous times, someone actually thought they knew what Freud thought when he thought his thoughts. The person who claimed to know stated his, I assume it was a man, but well, I don't know, not for sure anyhow, claim in the form and format of a poster.

A poster?

Yes, a poster you must have seen sometime and somewhere, being bought and sold, hang up and torn apart. Not lately, but not that long time ago either. A poster that depicts the head of Freud, poignant beard, trademark of a cigar in mouth, large skull, a significant size of a nose, and instead of a image of the forehead and what is seen outside of it, this poster gives us an image of what's going on inside in - inside Freud's head, that is, in his thoughts when he was thinking what he was thinking.

It is an image of a woman. A luxuriously sexual, voluptuous woman stretching out who, in another vernacular, is definitely ready, is always ready (born to be ready) for some pretty precious heavy-petting.

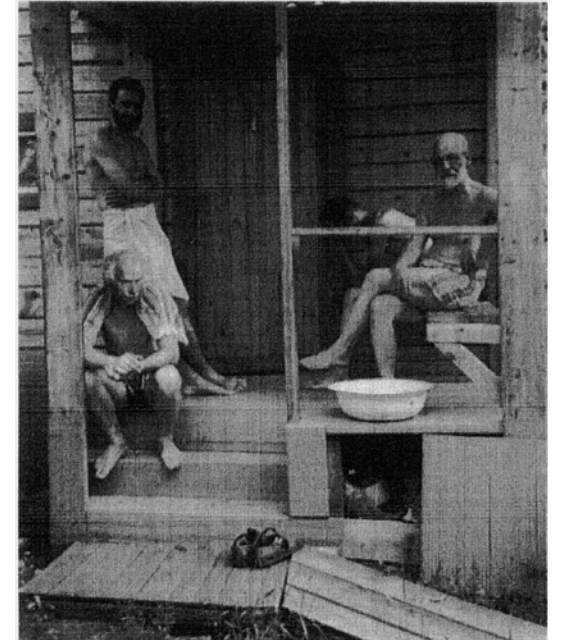
But is that it? Is it really so simple? Was that it what Freud thought when he had his now famous thoughts? Was it part of it, or all of it? Did he really have a one-track mind, something that can be cherished for its ability to stay focused and remain coherent?

And if yes, did Freud really manage to think only and ever about a woman (or perhaps in plural, women) through his years? Did he really, now that we come to think about it, only think about women, in plural, when he finally gave in and moved his office and his house from Wien to London due to political reasons - the impossible condition of daily harassments?

Or, in fact, was Freud, with the vitality of his mastermind, able to separate politics from pleasure, clinically and so finely?

“How should we take account of, question, describe what happens every day and recurs every day: the banal, the quotidian, the obvious, the common, the ordinary, the infra-ordinary, the background noise, the habitual?”

Georges Perec, Approaches to What?, Species of Spaces and Other Pieces, 2008



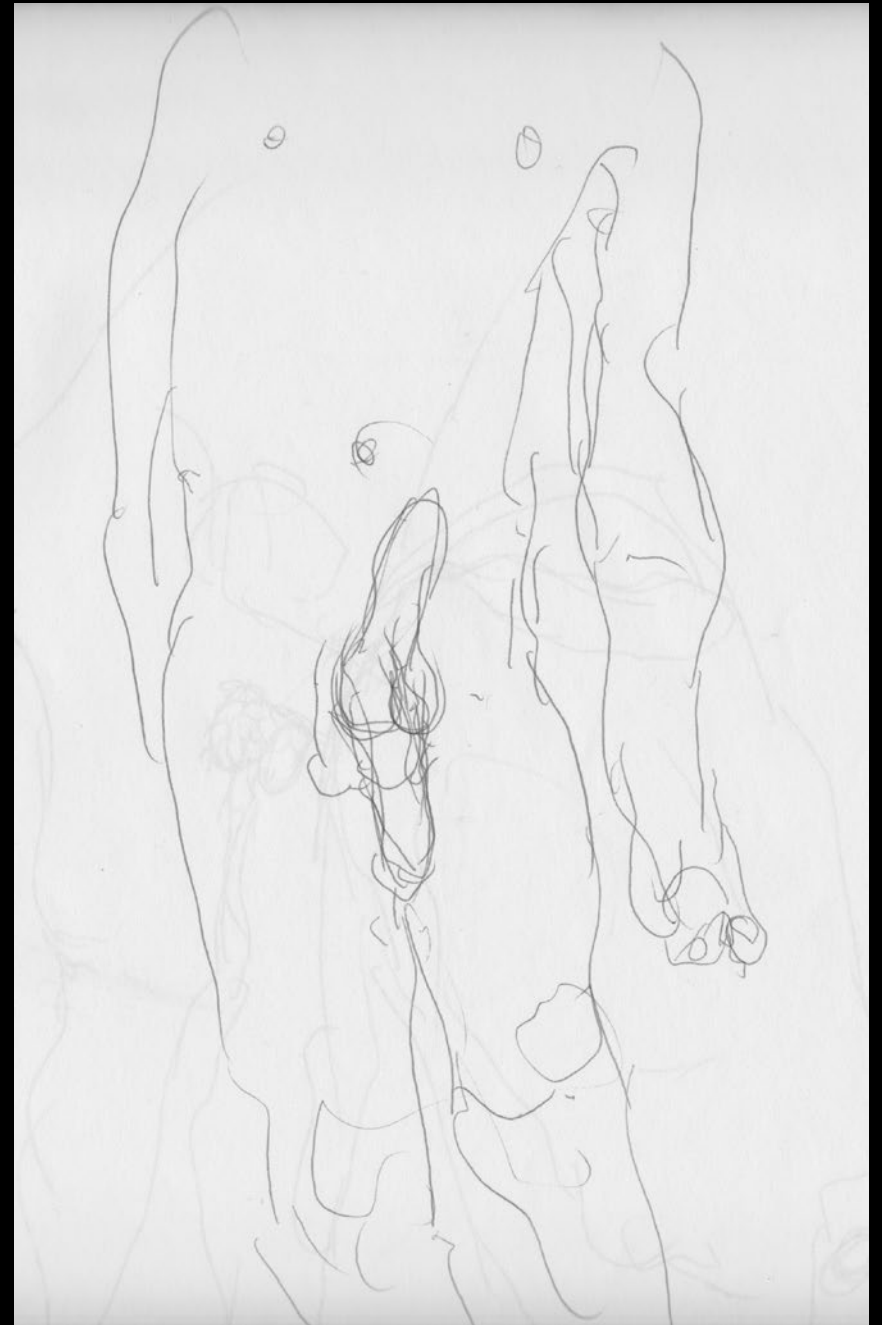
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Traces

I hear the secrets that you
keep,
When you're talking in your
sleep

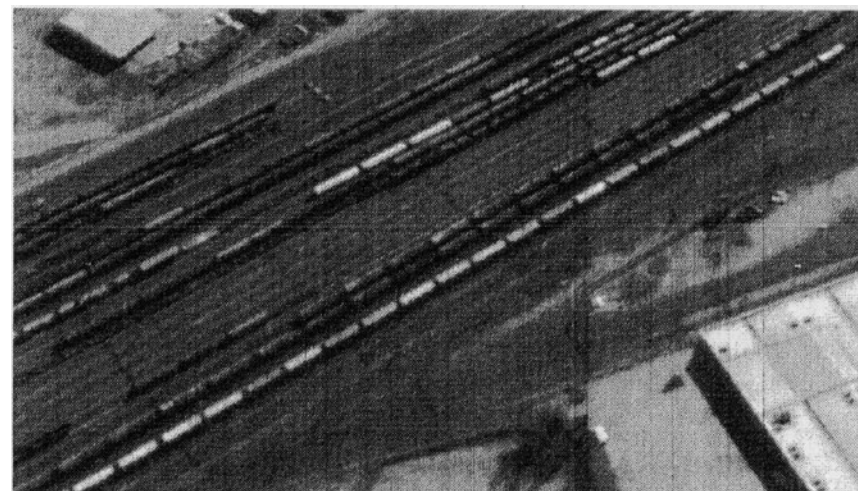


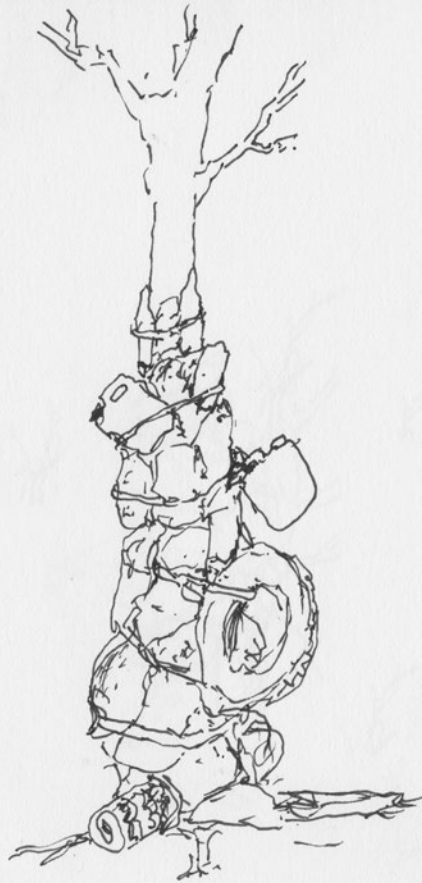
HEAR MY TRAIN A COMIN'



Jag hade en vän när jag var i 17-års åldern, vi tränade boxning ihop för att en dag förhoppningsvis bli professionella boxare. Det gick inte så bra. Han klev upp på taket av en tågagn på en banvall i Gävle där vi bodde. Han dog ögonblickligen, brändes av 20 000 volt. Varje gång jag tänker på honom så kommer hans död fram och färgar hela minnet.

Jag kommer inte förbi det fast det är snart 40 år sedan. Hear my train a comin' efter Jimmy Hendrix låt från 1967. Jag såg ett inslag om honom på TV kort efter att min boxningsvän gått bort. Han framförde den låten på en tolvsträngad gitarr sittande på en hög pall i ett ljust och vitt rum. För mig var den korta filmen väldigt tröstande.





Skiss till verket "Hear My Train a Comin'", 2018
från serien "protection pieces", 2012

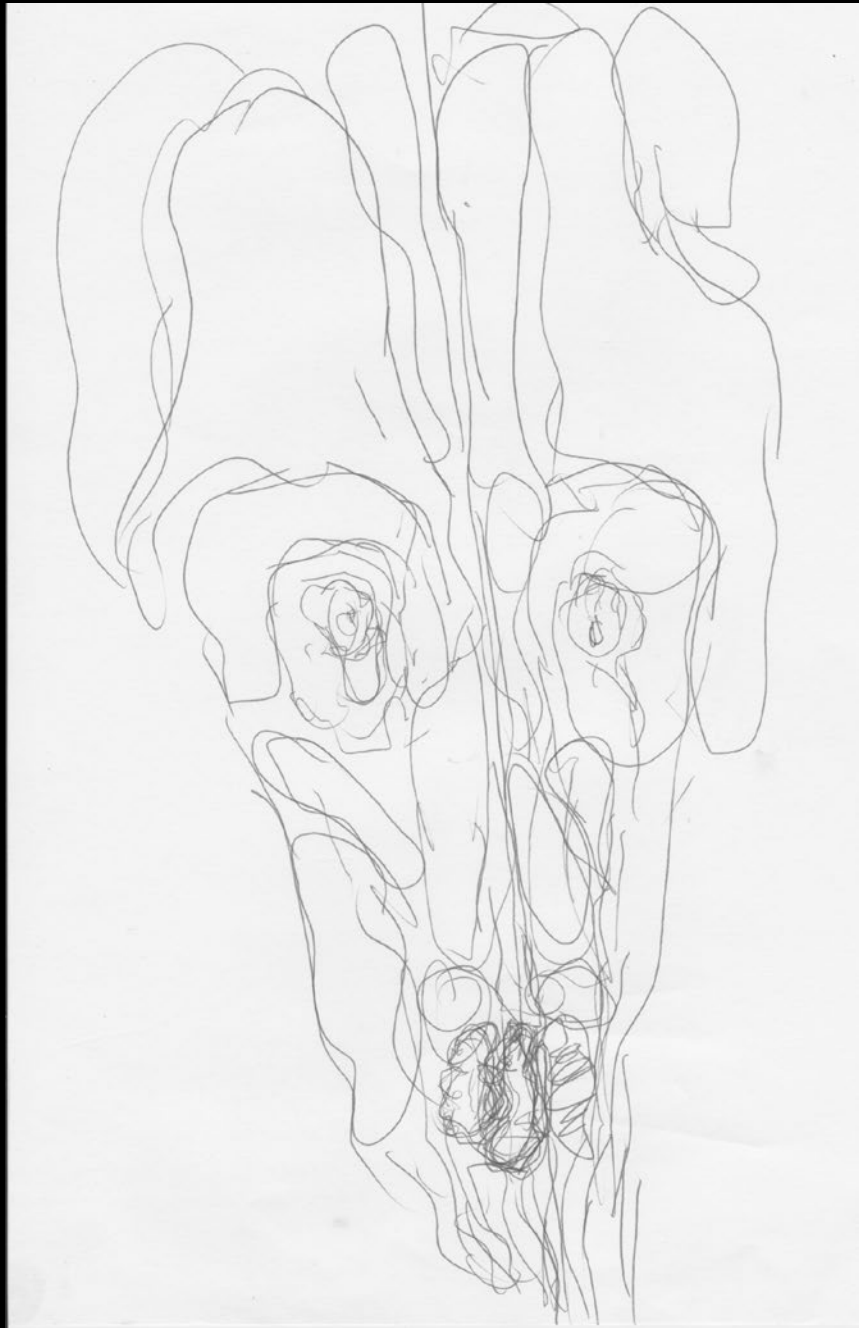
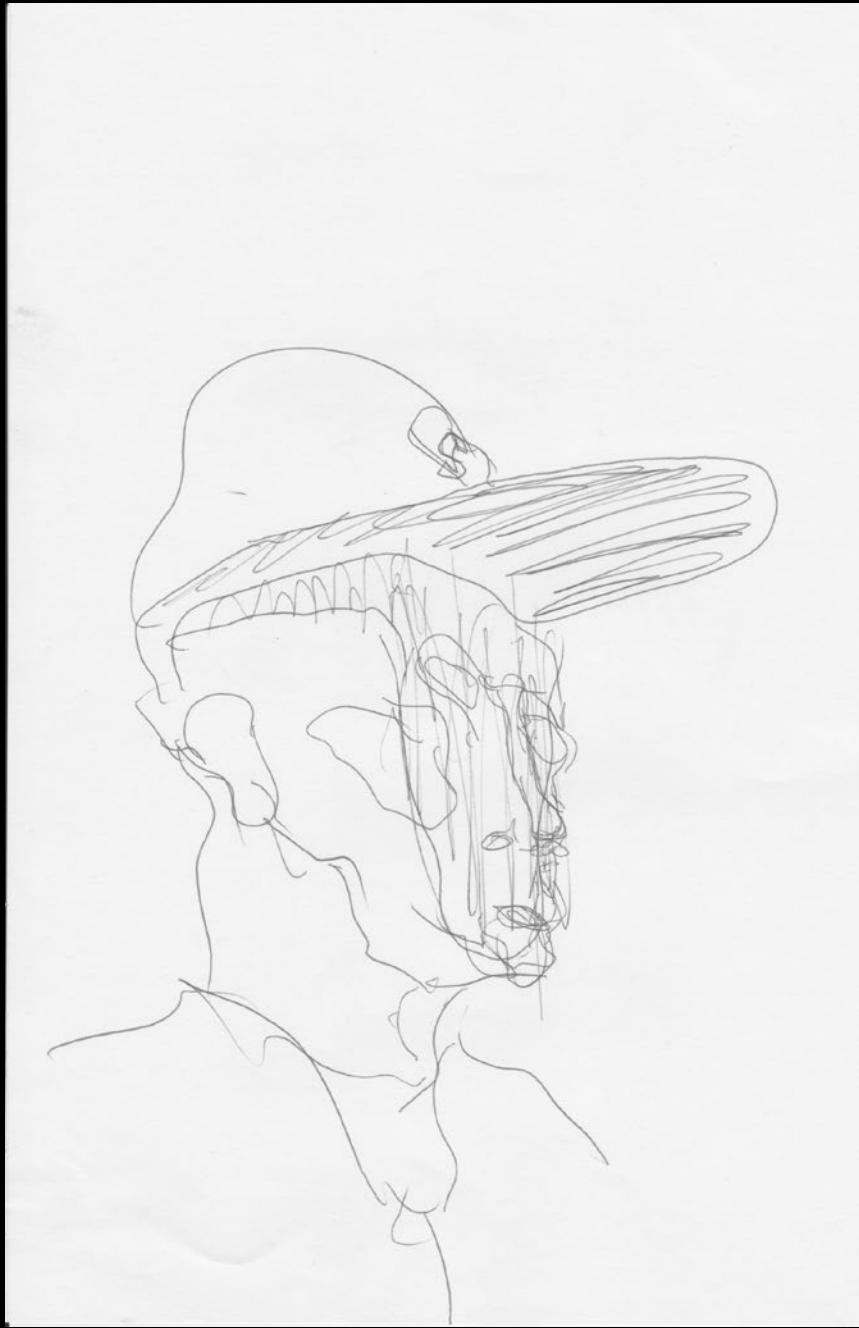
Notes VIII

Where does it go,
when it disappears,
and well, where does it then later appear
or re-appear?

Does it change its clothes, its style and fashion,
Or is it recognizable, the same but different?

What do we face when belonging alters,
and changes into longing,
where does it go to and towards?

This left-over luggage,
This kind and cruel back and forth of
belonging and longing
that keeps us looking, burning for the scratch to itch?



Notes XI

What do you do
when nothing works,
all and everything fails,
and it rains, it really pours
undistilled discomfort

What do you do
when the sweet smell of success
avoids you like honest people
avoid honest work

What do you do?

You buy an umbrella
just in case, just in case

Protesen



2. Hudton

Från: Anonym Anonym
 Ämne: Penisprotes i silikon
 Datum: 20 november 2014 19:02:58 CET
 Till: info@rolandpersson.se

Hej Roland!

Här kommer en mycket udda fråga men jag ger det ett försök:

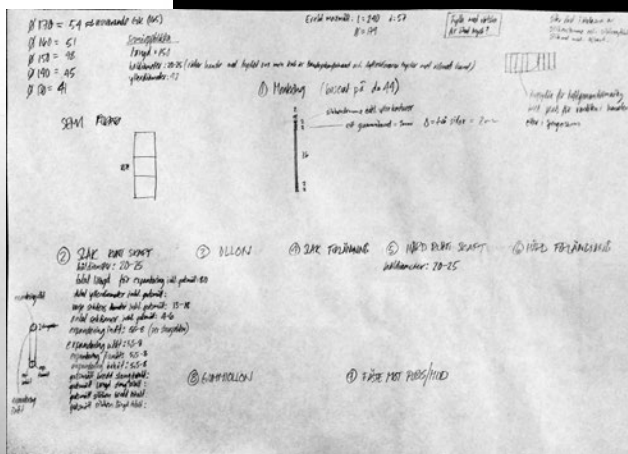
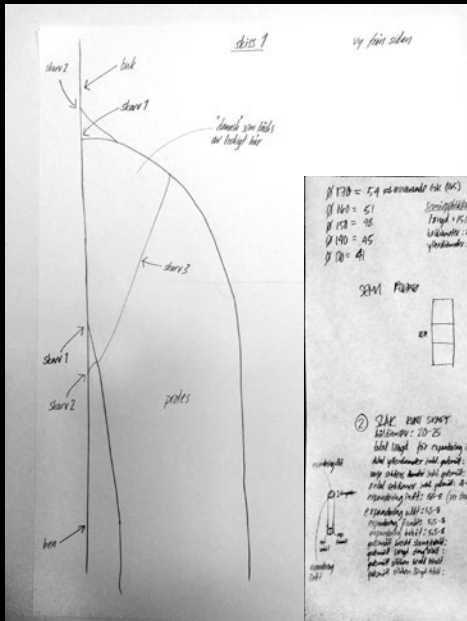
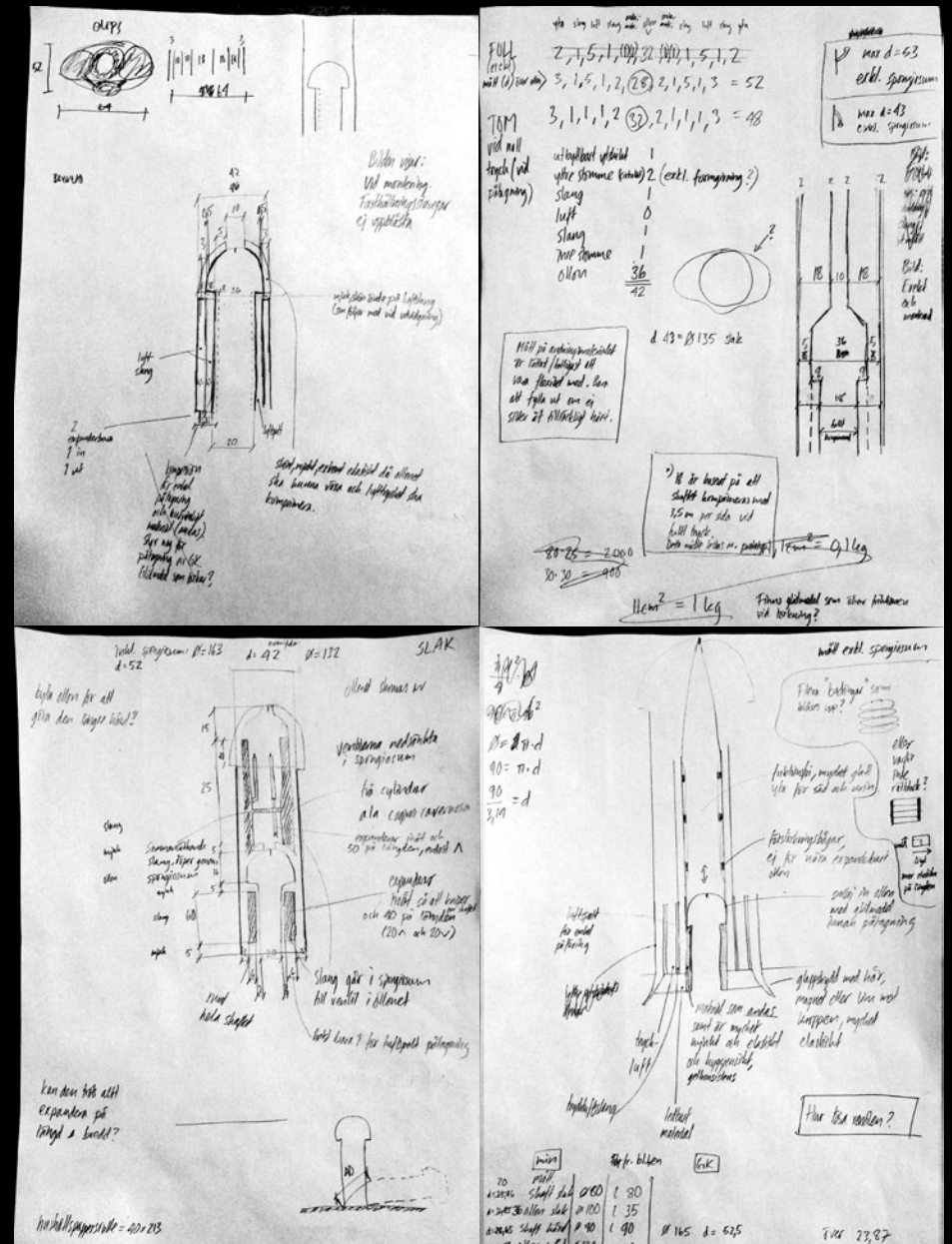
Jag är en man på 34 år. För fyra år sedan råkade jag ut för en olycka som skadade min penis och gjorde mig impotent. Sjukvården kan inget göra, så jag kom i kontakt med en kille som tillverkar medicinska proteser i silikon. Han har nu efter två års (!) tid levererat en protes. Tyvärr ser den allt annat än autentisk ut.

Jag googlade och hamnade på din sida. Bilderna jag ser imponerar.

Skulle du vilja ta dig an utmaningen att tillverka en penisprotes som är gjuten efter min kropp och som ser ut som en verklig penis?

Som du förstår är det ett mycket känsligt ämne för mig, så jag ber dig svara med integritet oavsett om du är intresserad av att ta dig an projektet eller ej.

Med vänlig hälsning, "Johan"



Skisser av "Johan", 2015

- ¹¹ Botazzi, *Leonardo biologico e anatomico*. (1910, 186)
- ¹² Solmi, *Leonardo da Vinci*. Tysk övers. av Emmi Hirschberg, Berlin (1908, 24)
- ¹³ Marie Herzfeld, *Leonardo da Vinci, Der Denker, Forscher und Poet*. 2:a uppl, Jena (1906)
- ¹⁴ Här är kanske hans (oöversatta) samlade skämt – *belle facezie* – ett annars oviktigt undantag. Jfr. Herzfeld (1906, 151).
- ¹⁵ En teckning av Leonardo, som återger könsakten i anatomiskt sagittalsnitt och definitivt inte bör kallas obscen, uppvisar några märkliga brister (fig. 1). Dessa har upptäckts av dr. Reitler, *Internationale Zeitschrift für Psychoanalyse* IV, 1916-17, och diskuterats i följande karaktäristik av Leonardo:

"Och hans överdrivna forskardrift har misslyckats totalt med att återge just fortplantningsakten – naturligtvis enbart på grund av hans egen ännu större sexuella bortträngning. Mannens kropp är i helfigur, kvinnans bara delvis tecknad. Visar man upp den här återgivna teckningen för en oinvigd betraktare och täcker över allt utom huvudet, så kan man förvänta sig, att huvudet uppfattas som ett kvinnohuvud. De böljande lockarna både fram och bak, där de för övrigt böljar längs ryggen ända till fjärde eller femte kotan, är snarare typiska för ett kvinnligt än ett manligt huvud.

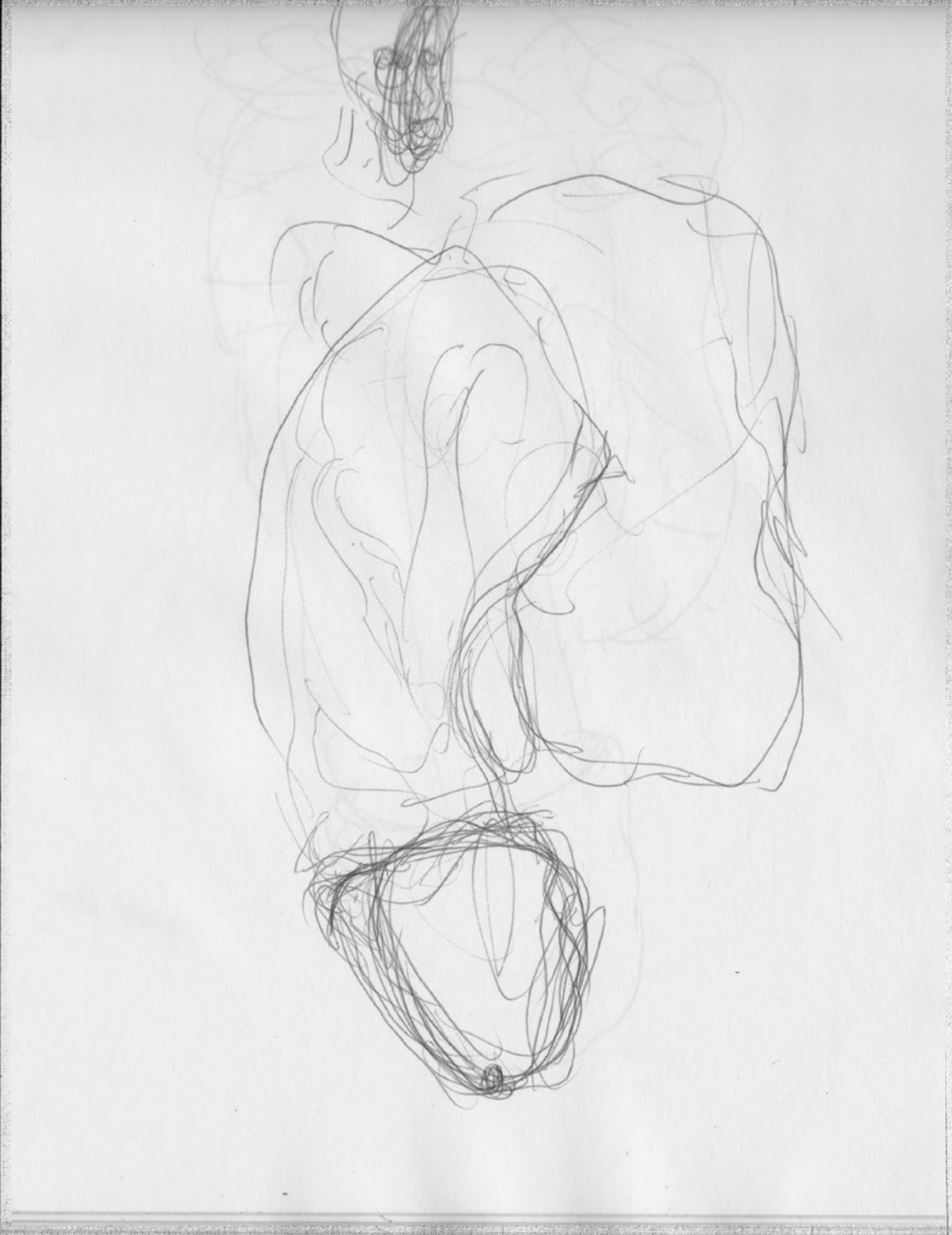
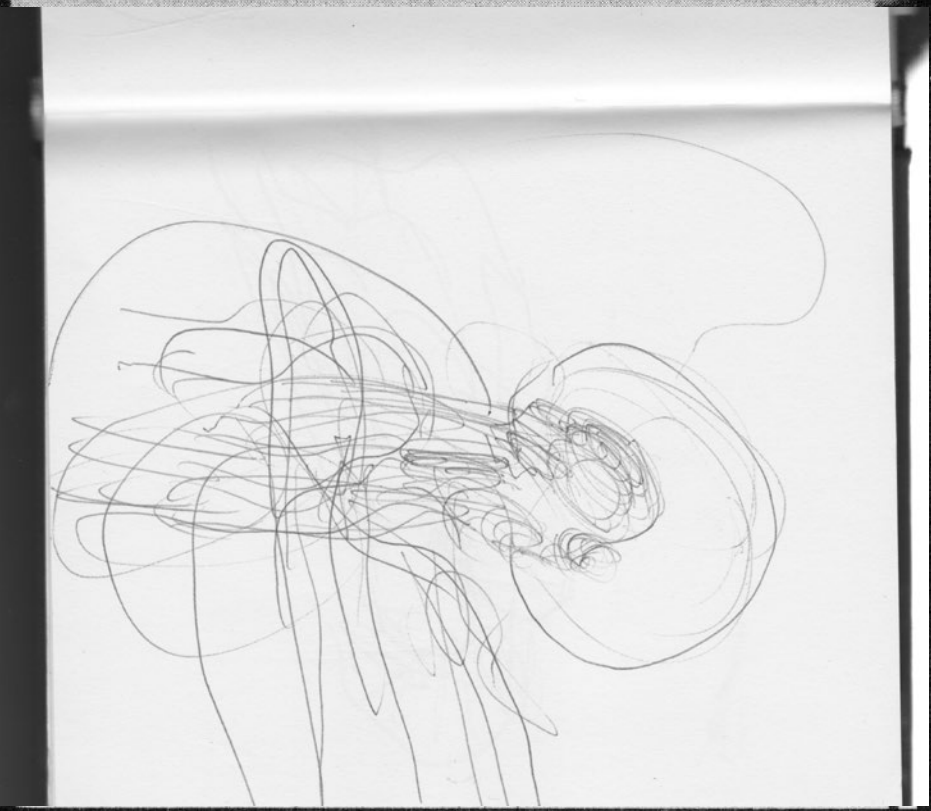
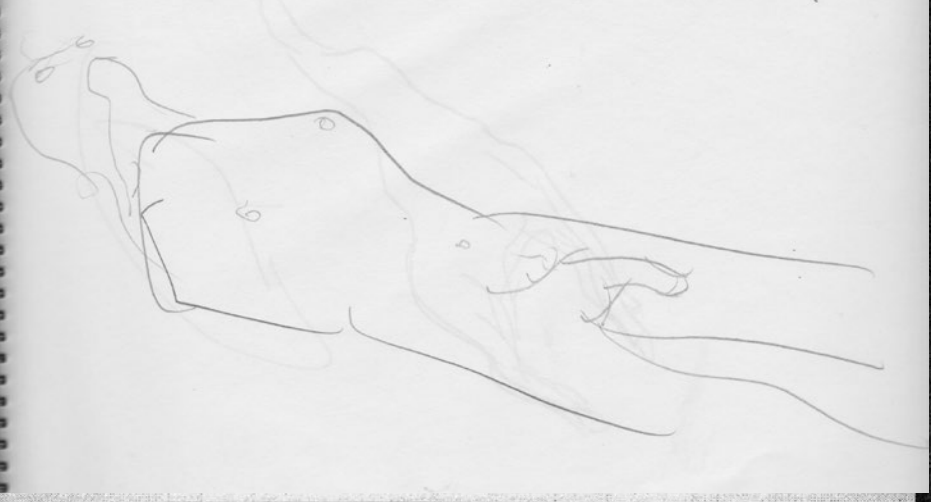
Kvinnobrösten har två fel. Det första är ett konstnärligt fel, ty formen bildar här ett oskönt hängbröst. Och det andra felet är anatomiskt, ty forskaren Leonardos sexualmotstånd hade tydligen hindrat honom från att ens studera en ammande kvinnas bröstvärta ordentligt. Hade han gjort det, skulle han ha observerat, att mjölken strömmar ur flera olika kanaler. Men Leonardo tecknade bara en enda kanal, som når långt ner i buken och enligt Leonardo sannolikt hämtar mjölken från cysterna chyli, och på något sätt kanske också står i förbindelse med könsorganen. Man måste i alla händelser komma ihåg, att det på den tiden var ytterst svårt att studera människokroppens inre organ, eftersom obduktion av avlidna betraktades som likskändning och bestraffades hårt. Om Leonardo, som bara hade ett mycket blygsamt dissektionsmaterial, över huvud taget kände till att det finns en lymfreservoar i buken, är därmed rätt tveksamt – fast han i teckningen förvisso återger ett liknande hålrum. Men när han ritade en mjölkanal, som gick ännu längre ned, ända till könsorganen, så får man anta, att han med drastiska anatomiska samband ville åskådliggöra, att mjölkproduktionen börjar när graviditeten slutar. Men även om vi nu gärna vill skylla konstnärens

bristfälliga anatomikunskaper på hans samtida förhållanden, så är det dock uppenbart, att det just är de kvinnliga genitalierna, som Leonardo slarvat med. Nog känner man igen vaginan och antydning till livmoderhals, men själva livmodern återges med mycket förvirrade streck.

De manliga genitalierna har Leonardo avbildat mycket mer exakt. Så har han till exempel inte nöjt sig med att teckna testikeln utan har i skissen riktigt nog också tagit med epididymis.



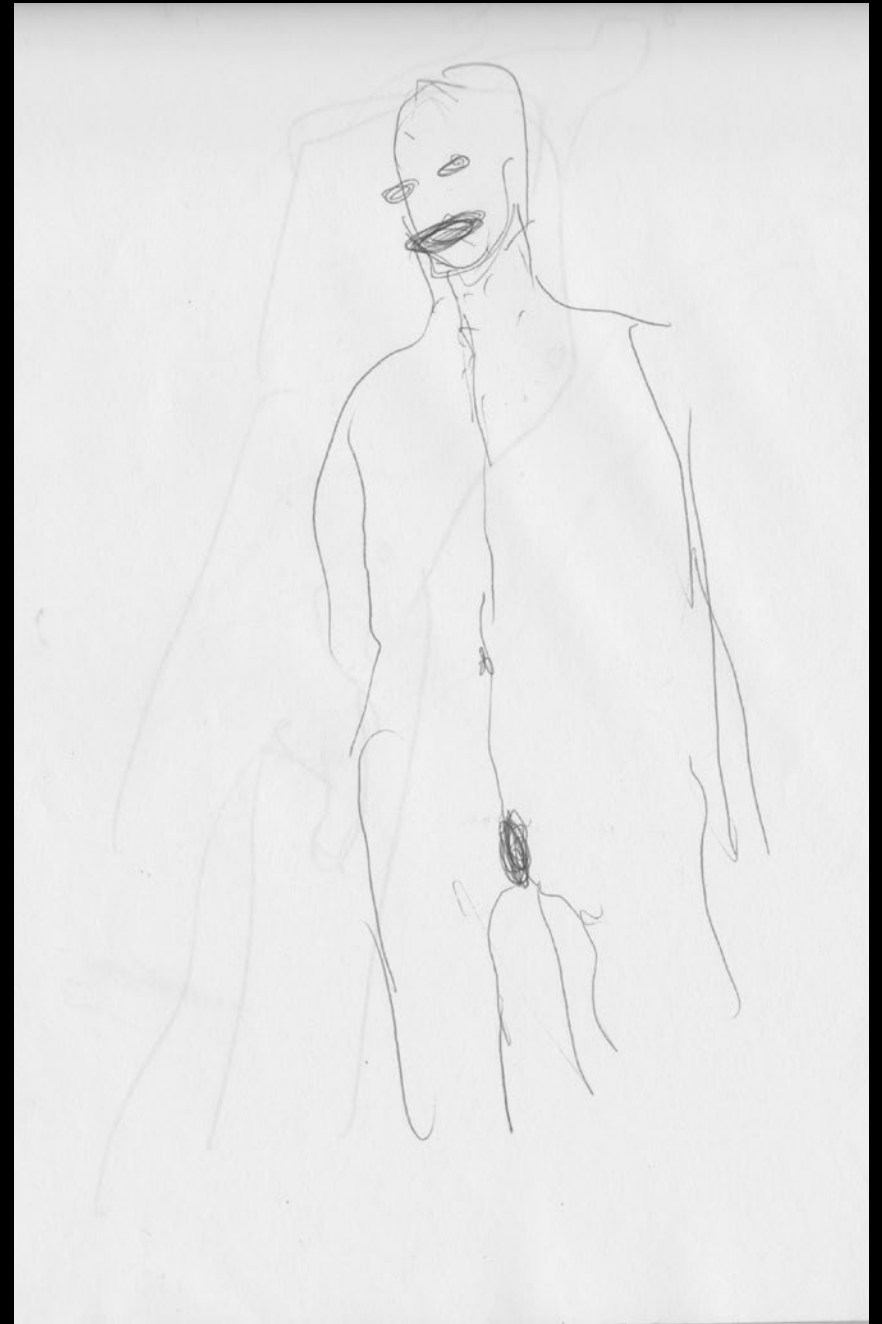
Fig. 1



Traces Part 2

“He was a man – easily
bored and had trouble with
details”

“She was a woman who
knew what she wanted. She
was interested in intentional
imperfections”

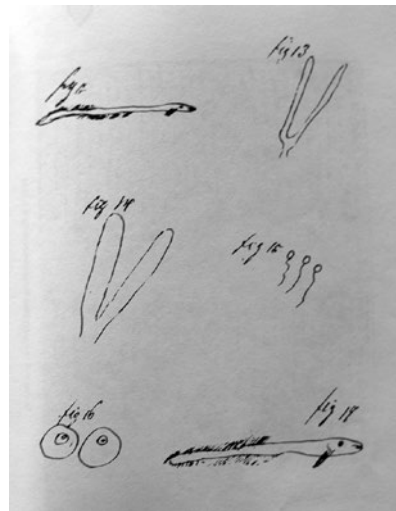
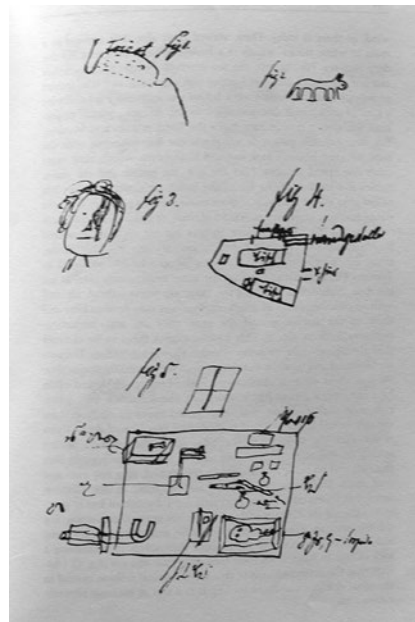


Notes III

Searching for a sustainable strategy
for a remarkably little used civilization

Would you mind
Would you, please, mind

Be gentle and kind
Be gentle and kind



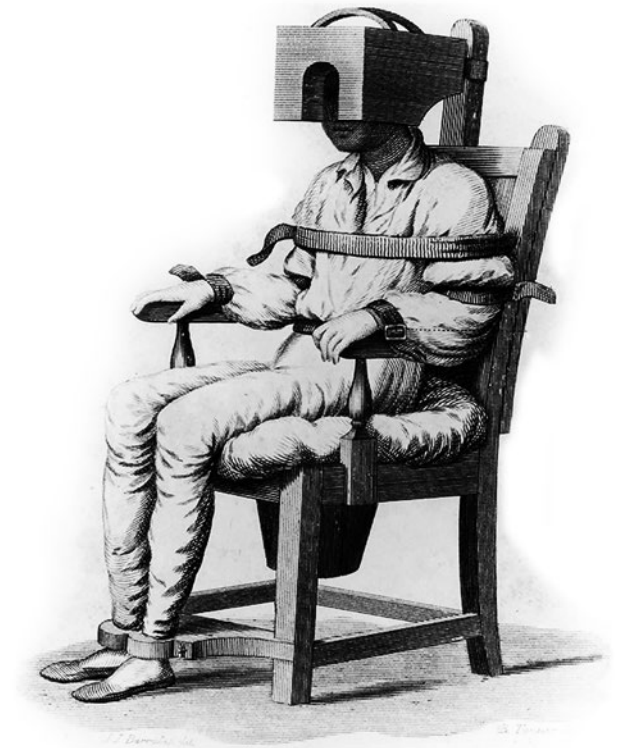
Drawings by S. Freud

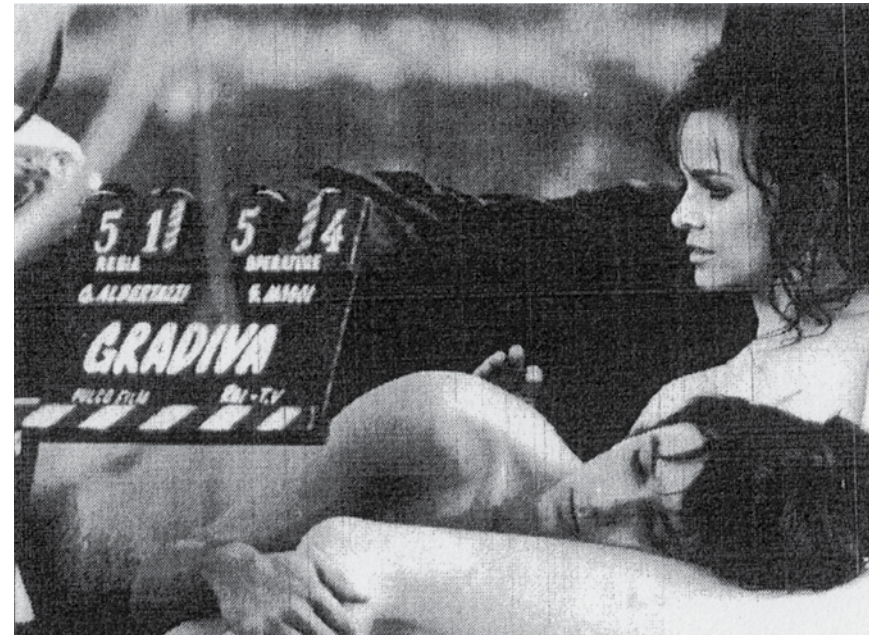




Notes IV

Trust is a social mechanism
that converts the possible into reality
and thus reduces the elusiveness of the future





Delusion and Dream in Jensens Gradiva (tyska: Der Wahn und die Träume in W. Jensens "Gradiva") är en uppsats skriven 1907 av Sigmund Freud som utsätter romanen Gradiva av Wilhelm Jensen, och särskilt dess huvudperson, för psykoanalys.

Romanen handlar om en ung arkeolog, Norbert Hanold, som upptäcker sin kärlek till en barndomsvän genom en lång och komplex process, främst genom att associera henne med en idealiserad kvinna, Gradiva, på en basrelief.

Freud hade även en replika av reliefen i sitt arbetsrum.



The Science (Condition of Our Condition)

Freud had a dilemma, a very deep-seated one. He realized the importance of stories told and listened, narratives that were repeated, repressed, replaced and resisted - worked through and through and therefore constantly kept in motion, in a state of alteration. Freud listened, and he let the other to speak the way he or she wished or had no choice but to speak as.

Voice, sound and the echo - in acute sites and situations. Round and a round it goes but never returns as the same. And what about this? Question time, part XXII: who gets heard, and why so. As a person, as a human being, as a member of the accepted society?

Freud's dilemma was not the narratives an sich. It was their status. Narratives were not then, let's say 1895, or 1929 nor today, seen as scientific (read: empirical, neutral and objective). But Freud wanted his methods, his practice to rely and to build on a science. How could he not? He was educated

as a medical doctor, and he had a wide and varied experiences in the field of medicine - both practical and research. He wanted, he longed, he carved at to be recognized, to be respected - even to be loved as a scientist. But, alas, he was not.

It must have hurt, it must have really hurt Freud to hear how his efforts and how his narratives, both spoken and published, got so brutally ridiculed. The critics, oh sorry, not the critics crying from sidelines or the margins, but the overwhelming majority, the backbone of the society of the medical profession, not to say anything about the laymen, those doctors, established and respected ones, they could not laugh enough at Freud.

These antics, the professionals who were against the openings and articulations of Freud, the man who had the sheer nerve to claim that a man, the proud king of the universe is not a master of his own house, (his mind), or that a man, a male version of a human being could suffer from hysterics, they called him a charlatan. They (history knows especially one central villain, named Krafft-Ebing) called him, well, a lot of names. But I am sure this hurt the most. They called his narratives fantasies, "fine fairy tales", which is, on might add, the opposite of real science.

Why did this hurt the most? Because the recollections and rehearsals of the stories were indeed narratives, what else could they be - dances or pantomime? - but they were stories, narratives told by people who suffered, who were not well, who were agitated, unhappy and in pain.

Who could be so cruel, so blind, so vile as to call another human being's suffering as a fine fairy tale?

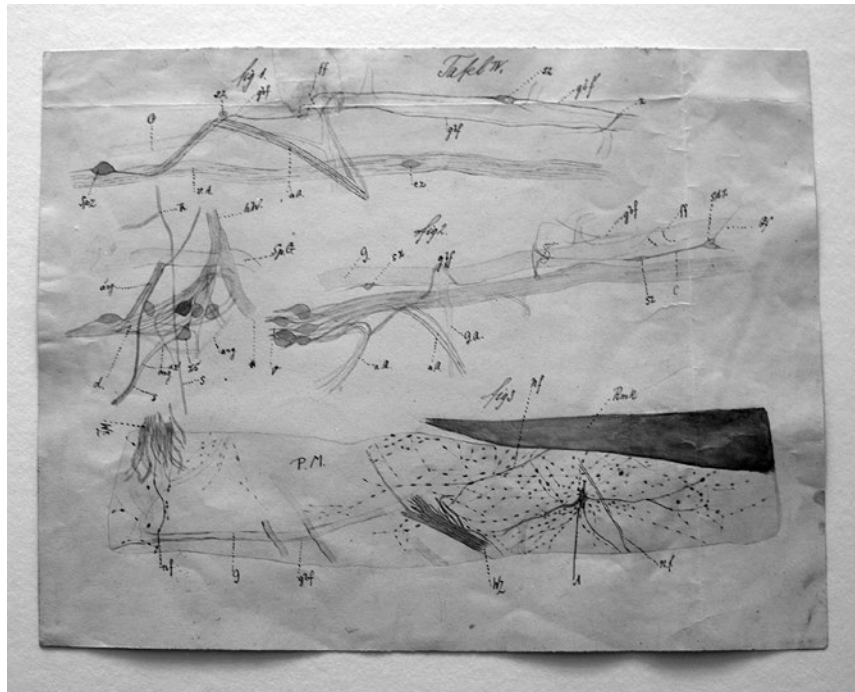


John Coltrane – Interview with Coltrane, Tokyo 7.7.1966

Interviewer: There are people who think your music is too difficult to understand, too avant-garde. What would you say to people who claim they cannot understand your music?

JC: You'd like an answer to this? Well, I don't feel there is an answer to this. It is either saying a person, who does not understand, will understand in time from repeated listenings or some things he will never understand. You know, that's the way it is. There are many things in life that we don't understand. And we just go on with life anyway.

Sleevenotes on John Coltrane, Live in Japan, Impulse, 1991



Första gången som jag var till en psykolog så var jag nästan 4 år.

Jag var på dagarna hos en dagmamma som hade sett mig leka med mitt bajs. Hon sa till min mamma att "den pojken han är inte riktig i huvudet". Så hon gick med mig till en barnpsykolog.

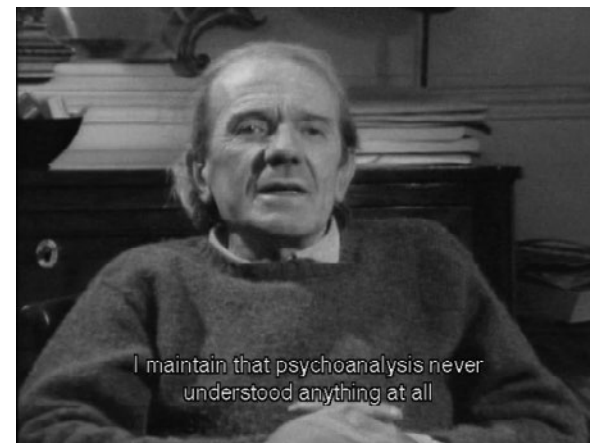
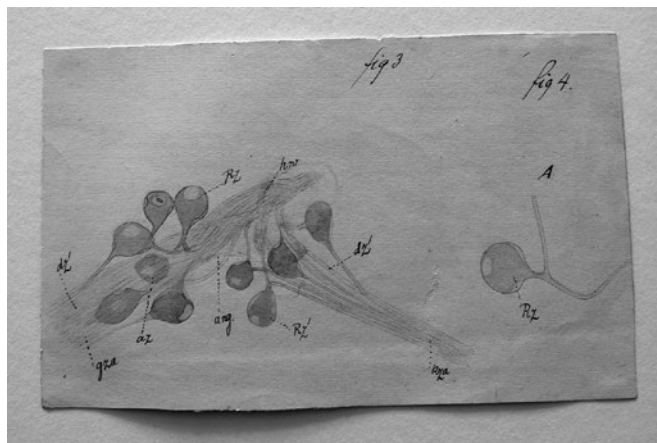
Han skall tydligen dock ha bedyrat att jag var fullt normal förutom att jag inte kunde prata så han bad min mamma ta kontakt med en logoped. En kort stund innan vi skulle komma till logopeden så började jag att prata... Bara så där, pratade ganska så rent tydligen, så jag kom aldrig till någon logoped.

Min mamma bytte dagmamma till mig (för 19 gången, jag skojar inte).

Min nästa dagmamma tyckte jag om, hon hade stor rumpa och var delvis trappstäderska, hon lät oss dagbarn leka i trapphusen med småbilar medan hon stod på knä och skurade trappor. Jag kommer ihåg att hon var snäll och jag skulle kunna peka ut trappuppgångarna om jag var på östra delen av söder nära järnvägsspåren.

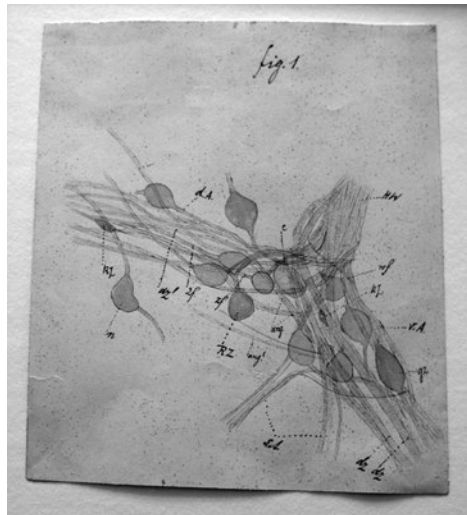
Min mamma hatade mest av allt kommunister och psykologer. Jag trodde alltid att det var ett sådant där fenomen som arbetarklassen bara har med sig utan att riktigt veta varför.

Tills jag ganska så nyligen kom att tänka på detta.



“A tough life needs a tough language – and that is what poetry is. That is what literature offers – a language powerful enough to say how it is. It isn’t a hiding place. It is a finding place.”

Jeanette Winterson, Why Be Happy When You Could Be Normal, 2012



Notes X

How's that for a beginning?

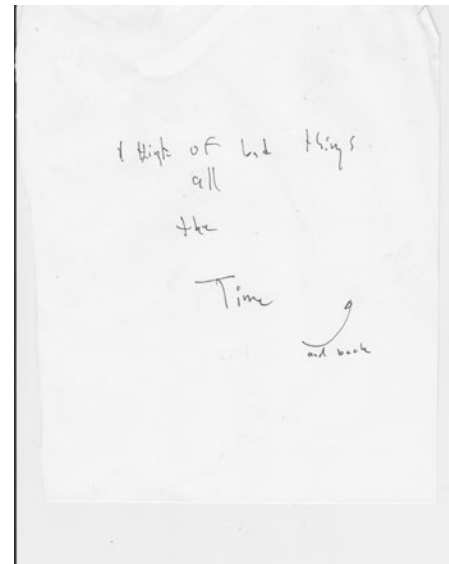
Combination of hate and love, urge to purge,
road block rage and rock steady misery
a wish to throw yourself out of
the closed for construction balcony
or under the train that never comes

Like being hit in the head with a hammer without a nail



“All discourse constitutes the objects which it pretends only to describe realistically and to analyze objectively”

Hayden White, Tropics of Discourse, 1978



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