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| <p>I had the idea for this story when I came across two different paintings of dishwashers within a short period of time. They reminded me of an exercise that I had to do in twelfth</p> | | <p>grade, where I ended up taking photos of the inside of a dishwasher. The fact that all of a sudden – with some distance and a different perspective on art and domestic labour</p> | | <p>– these images became exciting to me again, reminded me of my approach when I first came to art school, that is, how I understood the act of making art and my role as an artist.</p> | | <p>I do somehow still remember how and out of what interest I took those photos of the dishwasher. The book that I put together for the exercise bears witness to it. The images</p> | |
| | <p>are glued into the book with descriptive notes. They are mainly formal comments which show that I approached the whole thing in regards to the images (results), which were</p> | | <p>meant to appeal to me (aesthetically). I hadn't thought about the dishwasher as a symbol. At the time, it meant nothing special to me. I am not sure if I had been considering</p> | | <p>something like the ›poetry of everyday life‹. Today, I think of Irene Rakowitz because I saw the film a few days ago. It makes everything more complicated. At first, I just thought</p> | | <p>that there might be something about the dishwasher photos given my present-day perspective. And since I'm currently confronted with domestic labour in a new way due to my</p> |
| <p>child, the dishwasher - and hence the photos - now mean something else. And the memory of how I thought that I would make art myself and subsequently how others would be in a</p> | | <p>position to ›read‹ it; that I can now ›read‹ it in a different way than I could back then, even though I know that it wasn't meant that way. And it's still there, nevertheless. Later I</p> | | <p>googled that essay by Carlo Ginzburg again and falsely typed in ›Spurensuche‹ [search for traces] instead of ›Spurensicherung‹ [securing of evidence], which is why the book <i>The Secret</i></p> | | <p><i>Language of Art</i> was suggested to me. Because of the film this suddenly all becomes even more banal than it was before and it makes me think of all sorts</p> | |
| | <p>of other things. For the film, I didn't need the secret art language. One thing I still remember clearly is that emptying the dishwasher was one of the very few tasks</p> | | <p>I had to do in our (family) household, and how badly it got on my nerves. I remember being equally indignant when our mother didn't do these things as a matter of</p> | | <p>course, but pointed out how much she was already doing, and we thought of that as inappropriate. For us, it was simply normal that you do everything for your children and</p> | | <p>constantly restrain yourself. I wonder if it would still hurt me as much if circumstances were different.</p> |