

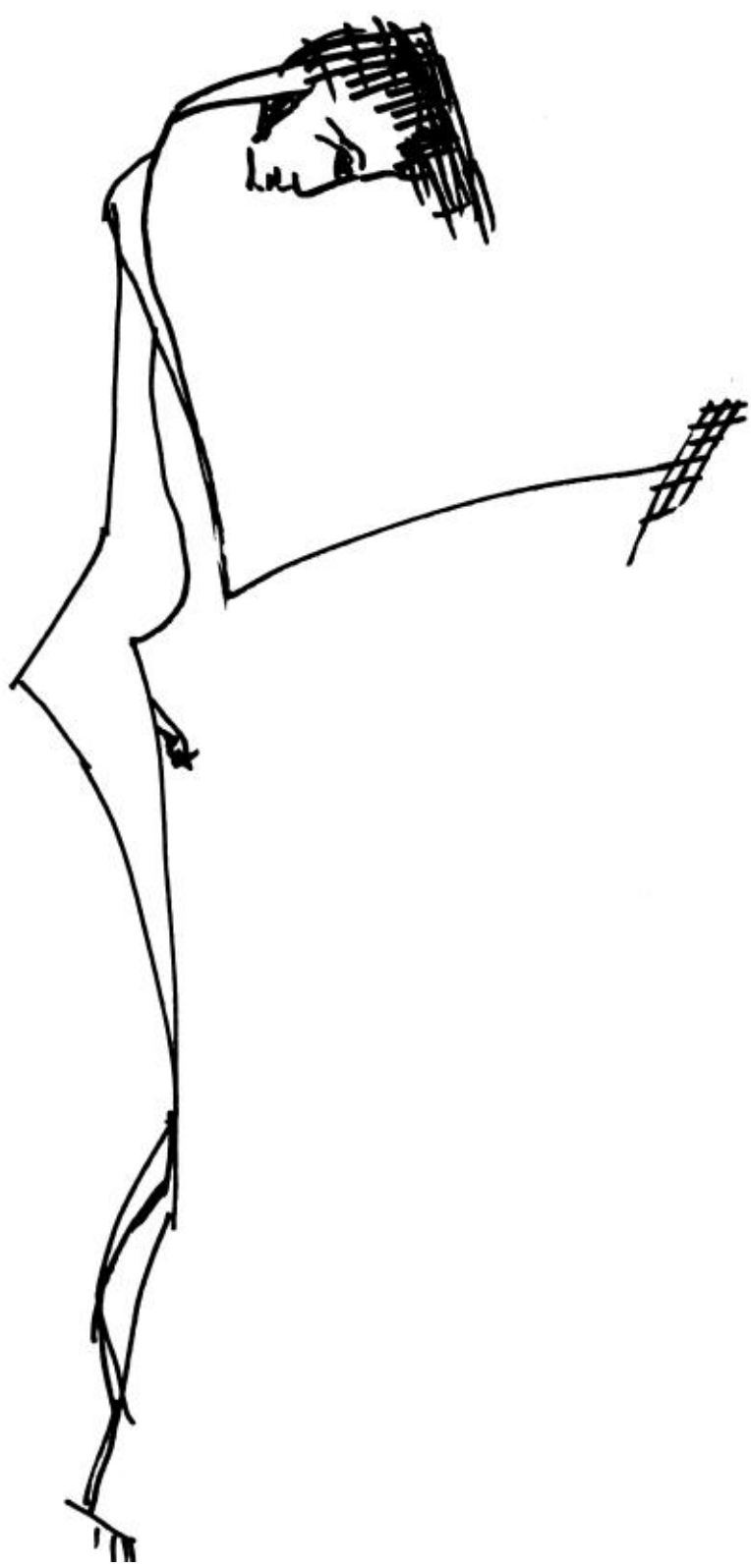




Arthur X

Paintings Poems Songs





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Photography- text- design-production

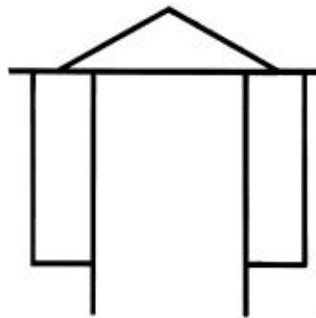
Elisabeth Kaskens ArthurX

Printing and Binding
Delft Holland

with thanks to "Scribus and Gimp" Open Source software.

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Geodelta BV, Delft,
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ABF Research BV, Delft
Ringnalda Foundation, Snits.



What is the function of Art?

Does art has a function or is it just entertainment?

We live in a complex society. Most people do work in highly specialized functions. Specialization has evolved ever further during the development of our culture and economy. Specialization has brought enormous economic benefits. Specialization makes life simpler, because we don't have to learn all the skills in the world, but we learn selected skills. We can become butcher, and gain skill in the way you cut the meat of a cow to economic portions. Or we can become a surgeon in the most prestigious hospital in Switzerland. While the skills in handling a knife and making a clean and efficient cut are the same, the remuneration and function are quite different. Nobody will doubt the function and value of a surgeon and butcher to society, except an vegetarian. Specialization always implies an increase in scale. If I am a Medicine Man in a small tribe and I perform the functions of communicating with the gods, leading the festivities to hail them, exorcising the malicious ghosts and doing herbal healing, I might have a full time job, but if I want to improve in herbal healing and want to devote all my time and efforts to that, it would be better to start serving more than one small tribe. I would need to increase my area of practice to include more tribes and this is an increase in scale, even if it does not have such visible artifacts as big factories with large exhaust stacks, that could pollute the whole continent. If a society has highly specialized professions and companies providing the society with a plethora of goods and services, this implies communication. Communication is as important as specialization, because the one can not go without the other. If I live in a forest on a small patch of land and I'm hungry, I pick up the next chicken, I see, and chop off his head so that I can eat meat. I do not have to go to the butcher and explain to him that I want an ecological responsible piece of poultry meat, which had the possibility of walking in the wild outdoors to enjoy a quality of life far above the average city dweller. It's not words, but action, chop off the chickens head.

But what happens if I am a developer at one of the leading chip factories and I read an article about a new production process in a scientific magazine and I want to send an email to the lead researcher at an university at the other side of the globe? Yes, that is communication and specialization.

By email I make an appointment to meet him at the next solid state

physics congress. Specialization can not go without the infrastructure to communicate, be it magazines, email, congresses or groups of likewise interested friends. It together builds the infrastructure so specialization can work and develop and that those fruits of specialization can be put to use. It might be interesting if I develop a new theory, but if there is no way of sharing it, what is the use of all those thoughts, if they travel back to oblivion.

Besides communication, specialization also requires transport. If I eat and live on that same plot of land, there is no need for transport. Everything I need is produced at the location where I live. In modern society we live in the opposite way, everything I consume is produced far away at different locations, in different sub-stadia by different sub-contractors. Before you put on a T-shirt, the cotton from which it originates, has traveled the world three times. History can be defined in terms of transport and trade. When the region grows from a single village to a small town surrounded with a few villages, which support the town with daily food. The dynamics of war and trade change. If there is little trade between villages or tribes, war between villages and tribes is an option, when the villages have grown together to form a mesh, with a city in its center, there will be no more war between the villages, but between the bigger economic trade power entities, the towns. Slowly towns will form a mesh and become a small province. At the end we get nations and wars at that level of economic trade power. Everybody ridicules the times when those tribes and villages and towns and provinces made war between themselves, because now, we know we are one nation, we don't fight with ourselves, it makes no sense.

When one questions whether a border between two nations is still a valid economic border, one should compare a stretch of border with a total random line inside the economic entity and calculate trade and investment that crosses the two line pieces. If the border line has an equal or higher trade through put, one could consider it already to be one economic trade power entity.

Transportation plays such an import role in the development of societies that all civilizations and cities have grown around an efficient transport infrastructure. Mostly that has meant water. Babylon at the Euphrates and Tigris; Egypt along the Nile; the Greek empire as a web of connected islands; the Romans centered around the Mediterranean sea. Transport over water provided and still provides the cheapest transport of goods.

Can anyone fancy the Spanish or British empire to flourish without ships. No trade and no colonies without ships: it was true for the Greek Alliance till the British Empire till the American Dream till

the Japanese Quality Export miracle till the booming of China.

The difficulties and costs of transportation and communication form a friction force, which hampers a further specialization. A change in transport capabilities creates a change in specialization. And a further specialization must warrant the higher transportation costs.

When the railways were introduced and the web of lines grew denser and denser after 1850, transportation became much cheaper and was no longer tied to the canals, rivers and seas. At that moment the big department stores like LaFayette and Harrods start to blossom: the goods can be cheaply transported and the client mass can grow to include the surrounding provinces. New suburbs can be build, because the people can be moved in and out, cheap and fast.

If I am a blacksmith working in a small village and serving the farms which surround it, it is no problem to cover the distance of two kilometers with an ox cart. It will only take half an hour. But if I had to deliver those same goods to the capital 100 kilometers away, it would be a three day journey both ways and that would add significantly to the costs. The question is then whether the products, I make, are better or cheaper to qualify for those additional transportation costs. I can choose a specialization and produce only that product better and cheaper. But still, the ox cart transportation would eat a large bite out of my profit and hence the ox would put a break on further specialization.

A country like Holland has than an advantage. It is so flat that everywhere there linger rivers, which can easily be connected to get a water based transport web. The ox that pulled the cart can now pull the boat, that holds hundred cart loads.

But we are here talking about art, not ox cart business. What role can that art play in this ever specializing society? Does it add in some way to the efficient flow of our economy or is it just superfluous vanity? And our economy, what is the ultimate aim of the organization of our society?

I asked doctored economists this question and got long answers. They are specialists and do like questions about the market growth at a certain price point or what a change of interest rate will have on household spending. I seek a radical simple answer.

Luxury!

As a teen and twenty I used to think this society is about efficiency and technology. But what is the greater goal of this efficiency and technology? What do we produce if everything is made automatic, with smart machines in lesser time? For what will we use that part

of the saved-out time?

My grandfather was a civil engineer and build bridges and tunnels over and under the Rhine. It was simple post-war technology, but like all technology with a feel of optimism and progress. But after some time you realize that the only reason for the existence of that bridge is, is the need to transport nice, quite bottles of perfume out of Paris and new shiny shoes out of Italy. All together summed up as luxury. Technology is not the aim, but the enabler of that higher and vaguer goal of all times: luxury!

If I walk through a shopping street, the last stand of luxury in its state of distribution, and I look around and ask myself what I see, it is the women's world. It are nice clothes, shoes, necklaces, smells, pink phones, all for the female world. All this industrious action has created all those props with the sole purpose of being bought by women or to be given as a present to women. We live in femiarchal society: all action is directed to the satisfaction of her luxurious desires with the aim to increase her sense of feminarchality.

Some people claim that while the shopping street is for the women, the more expensive things like cars are bought by men. Nothing is less true: 85% of car-buying decisions is taken by women. That leaves only 15% for the gay and men, who would like to seduce a woman by their impressive red colored open sports car. Men are not interested in cars. The only purpose of buying a car is to show that you have money and thus are a valid mating partner.

I was sitting in the university library at the window next to a few female students of the fraternity type with big mouths, a bit too loud, in a kind of a positive hype, that live would be great. An antic green open car with lots of chrome parts and a juvenile driver passed by. This is not the scene of a B-film. The girls started to yell and scream in excitement. They saw their prince on the marble white horse. The horse is an indicator of your future wealth.

Women do not need men, save five hot seconds in their whole live. There is no interest in men unless it, that useless creature, provides a mean to gain more luxury. At the moment she finds an easier way to luxury, she will not hesitate and get disposed of him in the shortest possible way.

This is nothing new. It has not to do with our so called modern society.

In an Amazonian tribe the women have a small garden behind the big long hut where they live. She does not waste her time, stepping in a car, driving to a shopping mall, parking, walking through the whole supermarket and finally coming home with not so fresh food of a disputable origin. No she is a different type: she throws, five seeds in the ground and she can harvest the ripe mango's and tomatoes and fresh herbs right behind her door. No refrigerator needed, no men either.

So the men hang around comfortable in hang-mats and after a while the women say: "Get lost in the forest and find something to eat."

The heroic men get some food for on the road and move out in a small group armed with knives and bows. After a few days of walking through those beautiful forests, they have hunted down one small buidel dier the size of a tit and two colorful feathered birds as big as a fist. The moment they come back in the village, there is a grand fiesta, because our heroes have survived all their ferocious battles with runaway ghosts.

Ergo, the men add in no-way to society, besides finding five feathers and a pound of meat and inventing stories about ghosts. Five feathers is not a great luxury, but in the rain forest the best you can get. The storytelling about the ghosts and other deities is live entertainment also valued in modern society. [Men are tolerated as long as they don't walk in the way.]

There is genuine question what luxury means in a tribal group, where all the women have the same housing, the same clothes and the same parties. Where everybody wakes up together and share all the tasks. Luxury is a differential property. It is not about the fact, that the blacks in South Africa are richer and better educated than the blacks Mozambique or Angola, but it's about the difference with their direct white neighbours. It is not that the Palestinians feel richer because they earn twice the wage of an Egyptian worker, but they feel like slaves, because they earn only a third of what the Israeli's get for the same job in the same factory. Our pristine rainforestal tribe is simple, daily and straight forward. Depressions absent. There are no CEO's that valuate their own worth at 10,000 times that of an co/worker. The differences are limited to feathers.

In the street, where I live, a few houses next to mine there lived a woman. She was slender and voluptuous like in the glorious times of the Dutch/Flemish Rubens. Once walking out of the street, she stood in the middle somehow bowed over her bike and trying to get her daughter out of her back seat. She was 8 months pregnant of her son and saw me adoring the scene.

'Hi, you!', she said, 'Hold the bike.'

What has this all to do with art? To be continued.



The Metaphore.

After School Arthurx joined, to anyone's surprise,
the commando's to please his
feministic, hidden lesbian mother with her Cinderella-pitiness-complex
and her horrible uniform respect.
All to show that Arthurx was a straight gay.
As good as nature could get.

It reminded him too much of his sixties-like free, progressive
education, in which laughter and sang might not sound without
following of the necessary wiedergutmachungs-arbeit. So Arthurx
landed at a S-4 office, which was pleasing pretentionless. The next
unavoidable blunder was to start studying technical, scientifically
physics. It fitted very well in the social row of his trendy-dandy, hippie
then republic, right-thinking father and his sancty believing,
upfucking, left-turning milkacid mother.

But it wasn't his own choice. His parents lived happily ever after. As in
his mind their voices kept on rattling again and again. And not only for
that, but that too makes every canvas a struggle: does he choose for
hisself or must he pay and perform.

"Do you think, that you're God." "I feel queer, how you're on the
veranda, while I am gardening." "Who did touch my biscuit tin?" "It
wasn't tensed!" "That's your trouble!" "here, they will decide, whether
you may paint!" "We have no quarrel at all!" "You don't need to
scream so loudly!" "And what do you think about it, Arthur?" "You've
done very well, Arthur, very well!"

Extended biography of Arthurx.

Arthurx paints in a very own directive style. You always can recognize
a figure or face. After several years of developing a style and exposing
his works in Amsterdam, Brussels, Antwerp and The Hague, he also
starts writing songs and takes up a guitar..

After a heavy attack of mad cow disease, Arthurx was released in the
wild pasture again, choosing for a solitary existence, watching the
world from a save distance out of his attic window, only committed to
creation and refinement of his skills. In 1999 Arthurx came public
with the CD "Rude Moon" and started performing with his band The
Scars, for which he composed the music and wrote the lyrics. In 2000,
a close friend convinced him to start working on Architecture.

But to be honest, most of the time, Arthurx lays on his back, staring
into the blue sky, thinking the world over and over again. And well, it
doesn't fit after all. Some improvements could be made, but just how.
Nice creamy clouds are floating over, creating relief and new shapes.

Twenty Years After.



*Children teasing the future,
Kicking conventions out of your face,
Lack of respect breathes as freshness,
Breaking space open with laughter,
Squeezing your nose in wild enjoy.*



16 JUNE 91

Mondriaan Face.

If life is like a prison
without escape,

A painting is a message
to prisoners after you.

Kill Roy
was Here.







Paris Pelouse de la Temple Girl

Crying King

*Dreaming of freedom beyond borders,
Jumping over palace hedges,
Closing gates after an golden cage,
The future is here,
Power is a waste of time.*



Abstract signature or mark.



野狐

Mother Queen

I lately overheard a fairytale
of a faraway country.
It sucked on about a MotherQueen
in a pretty big castle.
And in her hands she held a
mirror of the future.
And every line she could
read, write or gum.

So It was a fairly important
Lady there.
Every single person laid
in her hands.
I was a fairly bold boy
then:
I knocked a million times
I knocked a million times
I knocked a million times
On her door.

She opened the door with a
wide open smile.
She asked me kindly what it was
that I wanted.

Did I want to peek in her mirror
for five dollarcent.
Or did I want to change a simple line
in her textbook.

I knocked a million times
I knocked a million times
on her door.

I had been windowshopping
For a bright future:
Every prospect I had read.
Every prospect I had read.
Every prospect I had read.

Fainted away,
Fainted away,
Fainted away,
Became so blank.

Please, give me a glance
At your daughter.
Just a moment and a
Single faint word.

She moved her hands like a
Wild machine.
She dragged on like a
real old Queen,
Invented a mount of excuses,
I should purely fulfil,
No living Man,
Ever
Would
Survive.

Please, give me wings.
Please, give me wings,
Please, give me wings.
And let us fly away,
Let us fly away,
Let us fly,
Let us fly,
Let us fly away.

It would suck dragons,
Out of their bloodfilled
Holes.

Mix Dwarves into
Goldfine Wine.
Let a Thousand snakes
Fly out of my heads.

Please give me a glance
at your Daughter,
Just a moment
and a single faint
word.

Running away on an icy broke.
Hunting an eagle on a rocky cliff.
Finding a spring at the mountainfeet.
Clear water at your mouth,
Kissing a girl under her torn shirt.

Rubbing her lips with an iron belt.
It's a rusty old wreck.
Riding the river on a swollen trunk.
Putting on your nice shoes.
Sewing together the parts I lost.
Tapping the snow with my barren feet.
Leaving my marks behind.

Drawing a line in the airy sky.
Gutting out the meals I ate.
Making attempts at a shadow wall.
Asking the birds how to fly.

Sniffing a rose for pure perfume.
Zipping a girl out of her narrow fit.
Making it look like a devil snit.
Following an ant into the subway tube.
Sucking the sun with my eyes wide close.

Bending a shovel around a hollow tree
Making a nice smile.
Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.
Hi, hi, ,hi, hi, hi, hi, hiii.
Hello, hello, hello.

Clear water at your mouth,
Dripping of the hills,
Into the subshine valleys,
Of God's Golden State.

Bare Naked Women all around,
Teasing the tip of my tongue.
Ringling, ringling, ringling bell.
Is Death calling?
I say Hi!
Flesh, flesh, flesh, flesh,
Give me more flesh.
Hi, hi,hi,hi,hi,hi,hi.

It are rusty old wrecks,
parked along side a shady road,
old as the night,
waiting for a final chance.

Tickling, tickling,tickling all odd spots.
Fundling, fundling, fundling all odd funds.
Man-Machine,
a functional body,
body functions, body lotions.

Sweat, sweat, sweat,
Sweet smell of sweat.
Transpiration cocktails,
Mixtures of flavor,
La Grande Odeur.

Love Peace, Flesh,
Love, Peace, Fish.

Icy Broke

WoodHeadBoy
On an Icy Broke

Bolero Fien



Late, Late Autumn.

*The late autumn sun shines through my attickwindow,
I'm longing for a stroll through the colored woods,
Along the shaded meadows,
Meeting an icy brook in the mountain hills.*

*Smell decay, smell winter in advance,
Step in clay, make a slide,
Throw a rock to make the waves,
Red leafes damping the shock.*

*Water clatters, dampning arises,
Nostrills are stretched, hands wrapped,
Hello, Hello, calls the bird,
Sparrows rise, a black crowd disappears.*

Late, Late Autumn, give me wings!



Pirates Party



*The Lioness rests in her lager,
Confidently awaiting the future,
No-one can scare her into despair,
Not a glimpse of doubt can slip into her bones.*





Flipping Lips



Dripping Teens Party







My Wife Seduces

*It was such an angry woman then,
She shuffled her feed,
Clapped her hair,
It was such an angry woman then.*