

Art, another vision for technological mediation in E-Learning

By Evelyn Elenes¹

Abstract

This article works on the construction of the Pattern Language from the perspective of art. For this, I link the Duchamp's Large Glass and my author's own experience as a visual artist, to finally demonstrate that Patterns Language is not the only valid one for the production of knowledge, this from the demonstration of the work of John Nash captured by the book, *A beautiful mind* by Silvia Naser. This article is one of the products of the main source of research in Postdoctoral Stay, Friendship Politics.

Key Words

Art, Pattern Language, Feminism, Social Intelligence, Collective Intelligence, E-learning Education, Friendship Politics.

Pattern and Art Languages

Every Language has a Minimal Unit, Writing has Sign, and with that, Virtuality of Each one of Alphabet Letters as Raw Material for Literary Discourse; Drawing uses Point as Action Basis for Graphic Event, Music listens Musical Note as the Smallest Intervention Figure in the canvas of Time and Space; and in the same Way, a Pattern is a Primary Model of an object designed to be repeated in series as many Times as Necessary, and from here it is held that it is the Minimal Unit of Technical Reproducibility, and with it of the Industrial Revolution. Now, for giving an example of What a Pattern implies, I must take the case of a Seamstress who imagines, draws and cuts the mold of a dress; she'll make a Sewing Stitch ready to put on Countless Fabrics to be cut in an identical way for creating as many dresses as she has the possibility to sell; and if that Seamstress owns a Factory, then the

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clothing quantity will be such superior that is going to be able to satisfy the Clothing needs of a broad Population Sector.²

Then, that minimal unit called Pattern gives us the *Pattern Language*, which raises the articulation of models willing to be repeated, which would come to represent the Minimal Discursive Rhetoric of the Industrial Revolution itself as a temporal space axis in which it is inserted. Now, if I go back over the previous example, I get the seamstress, having her Dress Factory and her employer to create all dresses she wants, she'll also have the option, if she wants, of expanding her business and her income, but first she must have different patterns to create diverse garments and thus cater to varied tastes and needs in population as far as clothing is concerned. It must be said the art of the seamstress will be then based on the articulation of her different designs to create her own language, her own fabric rhetoric, and finally, her speech through her fabrics pattern language. It is necessary to mention that the articulation of models to be repeated in the pattern language is linked to a term I have been working in the postdoctoral stay, which I have taken up and reinterpreted a French philosopher whose name is Jaques Derrida, and this concept is *Friendship Politics*, which is aimed at being a code in which, in this case, the models to be repeated enter, without there being a breakdown by adverse interests, which in the case of a group of human beings it would be linked to enmity, but in the articulation code of pattern modeling from the workshop of the seamstress, it should be associated rather with quality control.

I then arrive at the point of departure in which I realize Pattern Language as an Art; and by Art I refer to a human artifice that goes over the modeling of an articulated creation to function in a massive way and to give creative surprising results that do not leave at any moment to be subjected such quality control as *Friendship Politics*, whose initiative will hide behind the standard word, this one of the Pattern

² The theory of patterns is worked in this case, from the need to address the inclusion of the sign to the linguistic system, although in other chapters of the book is approached from a Vygotskian approach from the Russian psychological parameter, also Saussure in the American school of systems and Foucault from the genealogy of the French school.

Language. Quality control, as a friendship policy, it will be a pattern language mechanicism, something equivalent to style correction in writing, that would try to effect the logic of written discourse for a more assertive and forceful Communication; then, in the case of the seamstress, Quality control will result into the guarantee of a reliable reproducibility of each of her garments to fully meet the market requirements.

Quality control as a friendship policy in the seamstress workshop can be compared to an object devised and developed by Marcel Duchamp, whose conventional name is "*The great glass*". It should be noted Duchamp "*The great glass*" consists of a drawing on a glass of a train boiler, from whose upper part several branches hang, tubes that owe their rotary movement ad inifinitum to the presence of the central boiler. From these ramifications-tubes lie seven sewing patterns that are willing to remain in that rotating action endlessly as desiring machines. The name Marcel Duchamp gave to this work, it should be mentioned, is *La fiancée mis a nue par ses sept celibataires, même* [The bride laid bare by her seven celibates herself].



Above Marcel Duchamp, *The bride laid bare by her seven celibates herself*, Dadaist current, varnish, wire, paint, oil, sheet metal, 1915-1923.

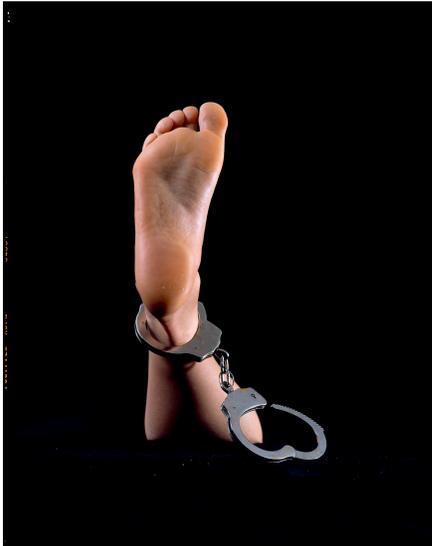
It is undeniable the pattern language is closely linked to the Industrial Revolution. The standardization needing of Educational Process in this Revolution is of the first order in that sense, since the categorical imperative of Revolution was every child had to know how to read and write for the sake of being a potential worker or a worthy candidate for the military. unemployed willing to compete for a job at all times with the background of lower costs in the workforce. The figure of apprentice and teacher of the past, which was closest to the production of art in the workshops, was discarded. Hence, hunger, mass, public education, army and vanguard are then some of the concepts that would sponsor the future origin of the Patterns Language in the eves and dawn of the Twentieth Century.³ However, the workshop of the seamstress and her sewing *machotes* (kit sewing by its name in Spanish)were still far from the objectives defined by public education with respect to Pattern Language.

It must be said the works of art have their own discourse and history to talk about Pattern Language, I have talked about Patterns in Sewing Workshop and in the Large Glass of Duchamp, but I want to play a performance that I worked a little more than ten years ago. Years where I also played that rhetoric, this to exemplify the treaty. I must emphasize that I want to talk about this performance in order to understand from the perspective of Art, the notions of *Collective Intelligence* and *Civic Intelligence*, which are also extremely necessary to cement this other focus of visions on Technological Mediation.

The bride laid bare by her seven celibates, same / Metacognition

³ As a side note it is noted that the pattern language was worked by Alexander in a book called Patern Language to give a series of advice to people who wish to embellish their space, their cities, from repetitions in the images which included 253 patterns of rooms, houses that could embellish life.

My performance is the laughter of what modern celibates have made of my love ...



“Orphans of Eros. Eros we can be sure, he has not died. But, banished from the kingdom that belongs to him by inheritance, he has been condemned - as once was Ahaspher, the wandering Jew - to wander and wander, to wander the streets in an endless, and therefore vain, search for refuge and shelter. Now Eros can be found anywhere, but none will stay for long. It has no permanent address: if you want to find it, write to the remaining post and do not lose hope.”⁴

What is characteristic of Modern Societies is not that they have forced sex to remain in the shade, but they have been destined to talk about sex always, making it worthwhile, highlighting it as the secret. We see the human masses are still at the mercy of blind forces that push them towards inexplicable hecatombs, and that, meanwhile, they offer them a morally empty, materially miserable existence... We have before us the horror of human impotence.⁵

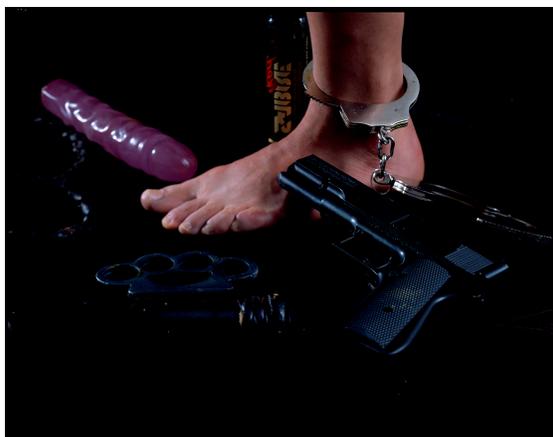
I depart of the question, Is there a control of the *Celibate Machine* (male sex / the name is parodied by Marcel Duchamp)? If deprived of all its real substance, the lady functions as a mirror in which the subject projects his narcissistic ideal?⁶ I have elaborated a performance to answer this question / I look for my limits and those of the people of my city (any passers-by) / the moral limits of the consumer society.⁷ The most important of the inspirational pillars of this performance is that carried out by Marina Abramovic in 1974:

⁴ BAUMAN, Zygmund, *El amor líquido*, p. 61 (Translated from Spanish)

⁵ BATAILLE, Georges, *La abyección y las formas miserables*, en: *Obras escogidas*, México, Ediciones Coyoacán, 2006, 523p. En el mismo libro: *Frente popular en la calle*, p. 205 (Translated from Spanish)

⁶ Here I confront my interpretation of the fiancée mise à nu par ses sept celibataires même by Marcel Duchamp in his *Large Glass* with the characterization of Slavog Žizek within the metastasis of enjoyment in his article *La mujer no existe*, p. 138 (Translated from Spanish)

⁷ I understand the moral limits as the set of rules (usually of a spiritual nature) written or not that circumscribe the individual certain canons of conduct allowing him to live within a social group in exchange for his freedom.



In a night performance through the exploration of dynamics of passive aggression. Abramovic stood on a table and offered herself to the spectators, who could do what they liked with a range of objects and her body. A text on the wall said: "There are seventy-two objects on the table that can be used on me as desired, I am the object." The objects included a pistol, a bullet, a saw, an ax, a fork, a comb, a whip, chains, nails, needles, scissors, honey, grapes, plaster, sulfur and olive oil.

Towards the end of the performance all her clothes had been torn from her body with the razor blades, she had been cut, painted, cleaned, decorated, crowned with thorns and had been with the pistol loaded against her head. After six hours the performance was stopped by disturbed spectators. Abramovic described this performance as the conclusion of her search for the body.⁸

I continue; to address this performance I have taken up the concept of Intelligence, Collective Intelligence and Civic Intelligence that have been addressed in the book. The intelligence is the integral set of processes that allow the agent to act according to their own objectives, in such way, the agent has to face the challenges the diverse circumstances put to him, and take advantage of the opportunities he or she has to fulfill their fully projects. On the other hand, Collective Intelligence tells us about a process of cognition where the mind does not work alone, but as a whole and attached to others. Finally, Civic Intelligence is understood as a type of Collective Intelligence, where different agents work for a common purpose, in this case to understand the nature of Technological Mediation in Education. I approach it from art to explain my field of action. And for that reason I have to expose a performance that I have elaborated a while ago and that serves for that purpose. Then I want to cross this notion of Civic and Collective Intelligence with that of power, body, social body, technology, body technology, to give space to the reflection of this performance that works on Cognition and Metacognition, Non-institutional forms of Education in Social Space.

⁸ Helena Reckitt (Comp.), *Art and Feminism*, p. 100

At some point, when Foucault speaks of the Power Logics, he focuses on a Marx, of whom he would interpret the mechanisms of Power as Technologies: invented and improved procedures that were used in workshops and factories Foucault understands that it is wrong to posit power in terms of who has it and who does not.⁹ This is the discourse of academic Marxism, which uses the antagonism between the dominant class and the dominated class; however, Foucault starts from the fact Marx does not work on this dualism, but he recognizes the multiplicity and ubiquity of power relations and how each individual is placed in this mesh. How power affects you and at the same time how you exercise it. Now, here we start from the idea that Formal Instruction, what is Schooling, leads to a process of normalization that is undoubtedly an exercise of Power through cognitive discipline, both individually and collectively. From those Technologies of empowerment, the technology of the body has to be treated (insert footnote of body technology in Latin America), where each one of the individuals introjects that exercise of power to adapt to the norms and thus survive in Society. Finally the social body is the set of individuals that also responds to the logic of Power in a generalized way that emphasizes the coercive. From this theoretical discursive position I want to introduce the performance narrative that makes evident the aforementioned. Initially I mentioned I stopped in the street of Genova at noon, just behind a Sirena Sculpture that welcomes the Zona Rosa to the passer-by coming from the Insurgentes subway / The Zona Rosa is a place of tolerance to which they come gays, sadomasochistic pleasure items are sold, prostitution dens are easily found, besides being an ideal placed to go for a walk and admire sideboards that promote products beyond the reach of the common pocket.

I stop in this last activity to walk and admire, which could be specified even better: to wander without determined object. My audience has been the one who wanders without a specific purpose. "Their movement is the figure of love unable to stop over a particular being and moving quickly from one to another."¹⁰ To this I will

⁹ Estética, ética y hermenéutica. Obras Esenciales, vol. III, p. 240 (Translated from Spanish)

¹⁰ Bataille, *El ojo pineal* (Translated from Spanish)

return lines later. So I stopped in *Zona Rosa* dressed as a bride.¹¹ I placed in front of me to choose a tray of the raw, from which they could take a fish, a heart and a pig kidney, an egg and three albino frogs (representation of dead princes when they were waiting for the love of their lives / the figure of the prince turned into a frog is taken from medieval western myths). To one side and to the center they were the dressings that would take the bride to the boiled, among them there were olive oil, sardines, a lard of pork and sweet melted flavor chocolate Hersheys trademark. To the left of it, in a third tray, there were the items to woo the virgin: a white rose, a teddy bear, a dried flower, a heart of kitschy plastic heart, lips paint and yellow paint for work in offset (preferred material for the poster-common place to admire the modern muse).



Behind these articles I placed a table on which I arranged the objects to torture the bride, among them, there were a boxer, a pepper spray, a whip, scissors, a dildo, a pewter spoon to cook, handcuffs and a pistol. To give the final touch to my trousseau I put a plaster mask and over it a bandage that would cover my entire face / I thought that by removing all the expression on my face and thereby abolish my ability to observe / ability that gives me my role as a subject, I would be more attached to the notion of a girlfriend of Marcel Duchamp's celibate machine. / Abolish identification through the negation of the face. / Faceless was not a woman, but a controller of celibate machines. A furnace around which the sewing *machotes* (kit sewing by its name in Spanish) revolve, the *Friendship Politics* or the

¹¹I bought the dress in a second hand bale just outside the Pino Suárez subway for only twenty pesos, which indicates that there is a democracy in what refers to the acquisition of matrimonial trousseau to carry out the rite of marriage.

articulatory code of the Pattern Language around violence. I picked up a sign that read "I'm an object. Do what you want with any of these objects."



I return to my audience: a mass of people of undetermined economic and social status, entertained in the wandering *n'importe où* of no place. In the infamous moment between boredom and the hustle and bustle of modern life / In the infamous moment of wandering to dullness.

The extreme case of this experience of emptiness of time is boredom. In this, in its repetitive faceless rhythm, time is experienced to some extent as a tormenting presence. And in the face of the emptiness of boredom is the emptiness of the hustle and bustle, that is, of never having time, always having something planned to do.¹² I became in her show as the street mime or as the fortune-teller, but it was

¹² Gadamer, *La actualidad de lo bello*, p. 104 (Translated from Spanish)

my passive spectacle - a celibate machine gunner willing to be stripped and assaulted to death by any of my boyfriends. And the original fact / the withdrawal of the subject in itself was given I felt the first approach, my body began to wobble when someone emptied something on me - I do not know what, but I calmed myself by not feeling the blow.

Then a roe on the head and sardines thrown against my face (I knew by the stench). A few minutes passed. In that a violin approached: the wedding march and then I played a requiem very closely. It was the most extreme feeling I have experienced so far. My legs succumbed until almost faint, but an impulse from within encouraged me to continue standing and continue.



With the egg thrown on me, I dropped the poster, they put the plastic heart in my breasts, then in my hand the rose. Someone took me by the hand and was photographed by my side. They took my heart out of my chest and put on the pig's heart. They cut my dress off one leg, then the other, then up to my waist. They took the flower from my hand and put the dildo in the left and the pewter spoon in the right, they interlaced it with handcuffs / whoever did it, a boy, said that this was the role of women in Mexican culture: and make eating. Some girls went by and saw my buttocks exposed. One of them warned -Guácala / she has cellulite / How dare she? / And look - commented the other: she is thinner than us who are not like that. The crowd / my celibates began to get excited and intimidated / Do I like lashes? / I'm going to put the dildo into your ass / I ran out of the frogs in my queen - they threw the frogs in my face / They put the gun in my hand pointing towards my head and the body in the other, shooting with my hand to the sky / taking my gun away and tie it with the piece of the dress to my leg / They shouted: / Come on crime! /

They covered me again. / A man came to my defense and told them they were going through why they did that to me / began to clean me up. / They wound the whip around my neck / They wanted to keep cutting my dress but they did not dare.



Two hours had passed and someone whispered in my ear - that's enough and he began to unveil my face. He was my main self-proclaimed celibate. The rest of the celibates also stayed there. They wanted to see my face - representation of the unhealthy muse / the indestructible vital substance. There were buds of enjoyment.

They knew about the displacement of the opposition that defines the Platonic space, that of the supersensible Ideas and their material sensible copies, towards the opposition of substantial-opaque depth of the body and

the pure surface of the event of meaning. This surface depends on the emergence of language: it is the non-substantial vacuum that separates things from words. As such, it has two faces: one is turned towards the substantial things for which these events occur; the other side is turned towards language, that is, it is the pure flow of meaning in contrast to the representational meaning, with the reference of a sign to material objects.¹³

They wanted words and I spoke about Orlan:

My work is not against cosmetic surgery, but against beauty standards, against the dictates of the dominant ideology that are hooked by themselves more and more in the female flesh ... and male ...¹⁴

The paradox: THE BRIDE PUTS THE NAKED BY HER SEVEN CELESIS OR / AND PRIMARY NARCISSM.

Is it possible to say that I AM in function of the "other sex" to definitively attribute my existence or actually live the poetics of my vagina?

I am : *Holgazana* (lazy) inhabitant of the very slow / 2 people-masks formed in the same mold. Infra-light beauty of boredom when walking. Life / Etiology / or / How can there be a person if the speaker is not sure She is the one speaking? / If you know that she is made up of words / words that speak of me. Pattern language / Body technology / Collective intelligence:

The ambition to represent the movement, the disintegrated vision of space, machinism. It decomposes the movement and offers a static representation of a changing object. Futurism is a beloved sensation, Duchamp an idea.

Machines that distill the criticism of themselves. Pessimism and humor; a naked woman turned into a threatening and funereal apparatus. Rational violence, much more ruthless than physics. In a way, each of this paintings is a symbolic self-portrait. Transmutations of the human being into delirious mechanisms. The object becomes an idea. Not the philosophy of photography but photography as philosophy.

¹³ Deleuze – *lógica del sentido*, p. 187 (Translated from Spanish)

¹⁴ 275, Orlan- Eugénie Lemoine Luccioni- *La Robe*. (My work is not against cosmetic surgery, but against the standards of beauty, against the dictates of a dominant ideology that impress themselves more and more on feminine flesh... and masculine flesh...)

A free beauty at the end of the notion of beauty. Machines - without human vestiges, and nevertheless, their operation is more sexual than mechanical, more symbolic than sexual. They are ideas or, better, relations - in the physical sense, in the sexual and in the linguistic - contrapositions - machines of symbols.¹⁵

I am a desiring engine and I wish myself. In my experience I am desire / irreducible to the senses born of it. I want to be / What you see of the performance is not but Memory of What I am really. My reality is illusory, my reality is desire. My desire is nostalgic. My performance is the laughter of What Modern Celibates have made of my love. My performance is the mockery of the Old Style Marriage, which my parents and their parents taught me, and so taught to generations and generations in my family tree precedents and with which of course I dreamed throughout my childhood / and sometimes I dream still.

This is the essence of the network that traps the one who wanders and falls in love and entertains for a while. "It is the vomit to the monstrous and repulsive form of the single machine that is nothing but an incestuous and masculine hell".¹⁶

With the bandage on my face I came upon the perception of my perception. Nobody knows what I wanted except me. No response to their repressions. It was a reflexive double of the double convulsive of the event. Desire and perception of the condition. I stopped being to become imperceptible. Becoming / Being-coming / An eternal bride / Girlfriend of the celibate machine who refuses to compromise. "Love exclaims like this in my own throat: I am the Jesuve, filthy parody of the torrid and blinding Sun".¹⁷ However, and despite the force of What happened, it is worth mentioning *qu'il faut le systeme et il faut l'exces*. The performance was the parody of a performance and the parody of violence, parody of love too. / That every gesture towards me was a projection of What their own bodies want / a parody of my control through the management of the positioning of things to choose to relate to me / Communication parody as soon as I was treated as an object by the desiring / Parody machine of the same desire that was not satisfied in the desire to feel a blow or a fabulous dildo penetrating my ass.

¹⁵ Octavio Paz, *La conjuración sagrada*, in all of his book. (Translated from Spanish)

¹⁶ Octavio Paz, *La conjuración sagrada*, p. 86 (Translated from Spanish)

¹⁷ Bataille, *el ojo pineal*, p. 23 (Translated from Spanish)

All in all, this has been hard to work for me for the destruction of a canon. The presence of the pattern language in this case is that of DISCURSIVE PRODUCTION INSTANCES. The discourse of the Matrix in relation to its acefalia / the discourse that runs in the runoff of the vagina that has collected the semen of the main cephalad of male rhetoric./ The impassive vagina on the street / between the brothels-places of tolerance and the power-knowing-pleasure / Rupture regime of self-inhibition and self-repression. THE INSTANCE OF MY SPEECH./ The confession of the flesh and its counter-reformation / Relationships of Sex and Power / "putting into discourse" of sex. / My sex requests management procedures / others and not those requested by the bourgeois and capitalist productive life / others and not those of nine months / management of love rather than desire. It has been a ritual about the parodic debauchery of the celibate and libertine machine led to a discourse in which my sexual and desire behavior is taken as an object of analysis, and at the same time, target of intervention. With the mask I silenced the symbol that speaks of the virginity of the muse-of the woman.

It is not possible to make a binary division between What is said and What is silent; One should try to determine the different ways of keeping silent, how those who can and can not speak are distributed, what type of discourse is authorized or what form of discretion is required for one or the other. There is no silence but several silences and they are an integral part of strategies that subtend and cross discourses.¹⁸

Silence / drain / discourse-of the female issue / through the vagina. The starting point of performance-a centrifugal movement of the heterosexual marriage rite as a natural law / form of sexual control.

Pleasure to exert a power that asks, watches, stalks, spies, digs, feels, brings out the light; and on the other side, pleasure that is ignited when having to escape from that power, having to flee, deceive or denaturize it: power to show oneself, to scandalize or to resist: confrontation and reciprocal reinforcement. [...] Modern Society is perverse, not in spite of its puritanism or as counterpart of its hypocrisy; It is perverse directly and really. Multiple sexualities - all form the correlate of precise power procedures. The growth of perversions is not a moralizing issue that would have obsessed the scrupulous spirits of the Victorians. It is the real product of the interference of a type of power over the body and its pleasures. New rules for the game of powers and pleasures: there was drawn the fixed face of perversions.¹⁹

The West, morality, powers, pleasures, vigilance. As an abject figure / although I was not subject / I had no object, even objectual ...

¹⁸ Michel Foucault, *Historia de la sexualidad*, p. 37 (Translated from Spanish)

¹⁹ *Ibid*, p. 59 y 63

Ex-patriotic desire to the self (moi) towards another subject and no longer accept the demands of the self (moi) as narcissists. Then the narcissism appears as a return to a self-contemplative, conservative, self-sufficient refuge ... for a given system of signs, by not integrating, it is of the order of abjection. Then abjection is a kind of narcissistic crisis: it testifies to the ephemeral state that is called, God knows why with reproachful jealousy, "narcissism"; moreover, abjection confers on narcissism (on the thing or on the concept) its status as "semblance".²⁰

I am the bride / fiancée of the celibates who do not want to beget, of a Doitoevski who reflects:

I think Men must stop begetting. Why children, for what the development of humanity, if the end is achieved? It is written in the Gospel, that after the resurrection it will not be engendered anymore, and we'll be all like the angels of God. It's an image. His wife has children? [...] Free and cynical expenditure that is evidently capitalized for the benefit of a private narcissism, but which does not serve an arbitrary and exterminating power. Each one can be cynical without being irremediably abject; Abjection is always provoked by that which tries to make good friends with the mocked law.²¹

Performance as resonance of torture

What is an ordeal? Corporal pain, painful, more or less excruciating, said Jaucourt, adding: "It is an inexplicable phenomenon the broad range of men's imagination in a matter of barbarism and cruelty." The torture is a technique and should not be assimilated to the extreme of a rage without law. Death is an ordeal insofar as it is not simply deprivation of the right to live, but it is the occasion and the end of a calculated gradation of suffering: from the beheading -which refers them all to a single act and in a single moment: the zero degree of the torture - until the dismemberment that takes them to infinity, passing through the gallows, the bonfire and the wheel on which it is dying for a long time. Art of retaining life in pain.²²

My ordeal of desire as a vehicle of power / know / know how. Articulation of the Pattern Language.

Brilliant mind

Finally, and to give an account of the usefulness of the pattern language in the dynamics of art, I want to address the novel "Beautiful Mind" by Silvia Nasar, which tells us the life of John Nash, which was taken to the big screen. When you see the brilliant Mind movie, whose story tries to reflect the life of John Nash, you can appreciate that the protagonist goes crazy by submitting absolutely all his experiences, observations and paranoia to a character of patterns. All his fellow

²⁰ Julia Kristeva, *Los poderes de la perversión*, p. 23-24 (Translated from Spanish)

²¹ *Ibid*, p. 29-30

²² Michel Foucault, *Vigilar y castigar* (Translated from Spanish)

mathematicians and psychiatric doctors in general tell him - Stop! Not everything is patronizable, there are other ways of approaching knowledge, to the appreciation of the World. While Nash's obsession led him to win the Nobel Prize for his theory in market relations, it did not result in a healthy way of living the experience of everyday life. With that I must say that Not every women must have children to have rights and cityzenship. Not every social enviroment becomes from collective intelligence.

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