

CROOKED MIRROR

I ts summer, it really is. I been watching birds and sunrise from some really cute apartment with live piano and flute, coffee and popcorn, I been feeling lucky and really really sad. I been working a lot at the museum, walking around in the nice clothes, minimum salary authority. Looking at Van Goghs pink roses and at The view out the window, from the hospital in southern France. Two pearls, I'm lucky to guard those two. Hanging out with Degas Ballet dancers and horses, not bad as well. There's especially one horse I really like, it's really alive. They recently put up cameras in every room, every angle. It makes everybody a little touchy, cant stop thinking about the Director sits there and look at me watching the artworks.

But actually I don't care, she can look as much she wants I can make her a show, a little thing for her office, a little ass and a pussy, no private life, all these jobs will probably soon be automatized and only the cameras left in the building for robots to play. It feels more like a theatre, The need of the museum guard, someone you pay to ignore. The guards are a part of the institution, a part of the idea of a public show. The guards take care that people are playing there roles out, they smile and they make sure nobody touch, they call in radios and take care disabled people gets in elevators. They call the police if someone steal, So here we are, the guard is not a property authority, the police is sovereign here. But it's the guard who chooses what is art and how to act around it, the guard takes care nobody touch, so only the one who owns the big lion can put his hands in the mouth. Ha! who is the authority of making decisions, the thief, guard, police, collector, director, artist, friends, it's all politics

To sell tickets is different, Sometimes I'm selling tickets, I'm feeling like getting robbed, im disappearing, all these people wants papers, papers for getting in the museum. I'm sweet, u welcome, u welcome. After 3 hours of that, there's no more soup. Going home cooking

Truly yours, Mira

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CROOKED MIRROR - a weekly column - Det Kosmiske Hierarki



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