

# **Project Experience**

*Museums, Archives, Monuments, Bureaus*

by Joshua Schuster



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## **Project Experience**

*Museums, Archives, Monuments, Bureaus*



**Project Experience** is an independent business which plans memory destinations, specializing in: *museums, archives, monuments and bureaus*. This document contains limited notes on some projects currently in the works.



# Museums



## **The Museum of Wounds**

Scatched on bathroom wall inside museum, now adopted as mission statement: “I come here to visit my wounds. I come here to let my wounds breathe. Scars are sealed gills.”

## **The Museum for the Awake**

That security guard looks familiar. Maybe he looks familiar because he keeps watching me. His eyes are hanging on me like my clothes. It is making me tired, all this looking. What would happen if I fell asleep in this museum? Would they put me in the Museum for the Asleep? And if I woke up there? That's probably rather difficult, for that museum must try as hard as it can to keep visitors asleep, that is, to respectably *curate* their exhibition.

## **The Museum of Mounds**

### *Architectural and Exhibitional Notes:*

An audience of heads, one mound after another.

A smoldering mound: a pile of black burnt dirt constantly giving off smoke to be placed in front of any structure which was burned down.

A temple is burned down. One does not clear it away, but let it remain in its remains. This is now the holy place, a place of unplacement, a burned and charred temple to remain standing still burning in the minds which live among it.

*That mound, there, it is breathing.*

The thought mounds up.

# **The Museum of the Wisdom of Three Things**

## *Exhibits:*

Nostalgia is sustained by three things: the nostalgia of the dissident, the nostalgia of attention, and the nostalgia of a night full of meaning – but the nostalgia of failure transcends them all.

Memory is sustained by three things: the memory of a day of hunger, the memory of an escape route, and the memory of the paranoia of memory – but the memory of running out of hands transcends them all.

Skin is sustained by three things: the skin of the rash, the skin around the heart, and the skin at the edges of the body – but the skin of the scream transcends them all.

Privacy is sustained by three things: the privacy of the unspeakable, the privacy of the backside of one's body, and the privacy of a headache – but the privacy of being on one's knees transcends them all.

Writing is sustained by three things: the writing which represents being dead, the writing which represents being in a hurry, and the writing which represents being numb – but the writing that represents at least four fingers transcends them all.

The kingdom is sustained by three things: the kingdom of broken secrets, the kingdom of splitting images, and the kingdom of the expiration of meaning – but the kingdom of a bird on a leash transcends them all.

Sustenance is sustained by three things: the sustenance of pollution, the sustenance of hiding as a way of seeking, and the sustenance of a thought that consumes itself – but the sustenance of your mouth left over in my mouth transcends them all.

Three things are sustained by three things: the three sides of the body, the three seconds in between each breath, and the three rings around one's eyes – but the three names in your face transcend them all.

# **The Museum of Redemption**

Mastering the same thing over and over  
again:

the experience of no experience

the pain of no pain

the removal of removal

the touch of touch

the center of the center

the orgasm of the orgasm

the dream of no dream

the machine of the machine

the immediacy of no immediacy

the disappearance of disappearance

the jealousy of jealousy

the preservation of preservation



# Archives



## **The Archive of 20 Lines A Day**

Our town prides itself in its living archives. Everyone, as a citizen, must write 20 lines a day. At the end of the day people are required to hand in their lines. (Note: lines can consist of anything, a shopping list, a personal letter, just lines themselves.) A line collector comes to each house each week. If you hadn't yet written your lines, you would be required to do so then. In the center of each town would be an archive for these lines.

## The Archive of Hands

The hand is *inseperable* from the archives.

Those hands are agreeing. The conclusion passes through the skin, sinks to the teeth: you stand in for the unshaking hands. A pile of hands gather around the written witness, the archives. People come here looking for a pair of unused hands. They left their hands propped in a crooked arc over the keyboards. Taking their fingers with them, they rub the tips through the archives, unpiling fingers to find and open other fingers.

## **The Archive of the Masses**

Etched in stone above entrance: “There is a mass of smile waiting to be broken into.”

Below that: “Those in Mecca need a Mecca; those in heaven need a heaven; those on hold need a hold; those in love need a love; those in prison need a prison; those in TV need a TV.”

## The Archive of Hearing

The ear blinks, then eats the whisper. You speak in a line of words, the ear curls the air and folds it into words so I can understand you.

The archive is an ear. We speak into it to store our information. So far we have not yet perfected our *retrieval*. We think it has something to do with our inability to control our hearing, to close our ears, to stop being seduced by those whispers. Perhaps we have not yet learned properly how to hear, but we have also not yet learned how not to hear.

The archive is the gossip.

## **The Archive of Organs**

You are the sum of your storages: organs of memory, organs of the morning, organs of waiting, organs of identity. To tend the archive is a kind of organology.

## **The Archive of Names**

Names, functioning like stocks or rent, are getting harder to purchase. You typically check out one for a week or two, like a book. They tax you based on how often your name is mentioned.

## The Archive of the Patient

You convince the doctor you are sick to enter this archive. Why don't they just let me in, you ask yourself, since it is obvious you are ill? Ill to whom? Your illness is a kind of *argument*. The doctor is full of belief, in that he doesn't believe you. Who should believe you? After all, you wear your illness like a badge, a patch of identity, like you are in the army of the sick. But you have a family to take care of, a family of illnesses. You deserve to be in these archives.



# Monuments



## **The Monument of Attention**

Inscribed in stone at the base of the monument: “Television invented attention.”

While visiting this monument, I noticed an old man, resting on a bench which would rather be a billboard, mumbling, thinking half of a thought behind his mumble. He was watching another old man, who was whispering into his own ear, and seemed to enjoy bringing attention to himself despite the fact that no one else was around.

## **The Monument of Explanation**

*“Your monument is my litter”* — quote on the tomb of the unknown terrorist

A brief outline of the Belief Wars as issued by the independent Bureau of Decision:

Belief has been a noble project, a worthy enough pursuit for the many critical minds that have preceded our adventure. Yet the belief-world is no greater than the sum of its broken promises. Religion, which once had the greatest belief-investment in this world, has paradoxically lost on its stock as being the arbiter of suspicion. What is clear, today, is that religion is merely the bomber exploding with his bomb.

It is critical, then, at this juncture, to understand how the law has sought to use up belief to affirm the “non-specific specificity” of our time. In other words, why, at this moment in history, does it make sense to be tired of history?

At this point, one would like to cite the “United States,” whose apparent purpose seems to be to prove that the law can be used in resistance to memory and thus perform as a third kind of decision making, neither yes nor no, but “don’t ask don’t tell.” Yet we are not persuaded that a law which both establishes and denies precedent could find itself out of the maze of the logic of decision.

To reconsider the field, we ask whether humanity's knowledge-system was not an accidental outcome of the resistance inherent in the law? In that case, what could be the resistance of resistance? Here is our way out of the logic of decision:

If we are to withdraw from the bankruptcy of decision, we must use to our advantage the truth-effect of knowledge devices which are made possible by the law's conscience. As we speak, the empirical sphere tumbles off into the distance. Distance is defined as the resistance to reach. This distance, putting decision out of reach, is what would jam the present so as to prevent the future from being fired off, and henceforth, we would catch the logic of decision off its guard.



# **Bureaus**



## **Bureau of Enclosure**

In America, the general illegitimacy of any business transaction that takes place outside: if you're not part of the solution, you're part of the slogan.

## **Bureau of Dreams**

### *Currently Researching:*

Dream of Woman Squirting Semen out of Breasts

Dream of Moss Growing inside Lungs

Dream of Woman Waking Up with Penises instead of Fingers on Hand

Dream of Suicide by Self-Devouring

Dream of Heart Sinking into Left Leg

Dream of Man Waking Up with whole Hand up Asshole

Dream of a Constant Tickling inside  
Stomach

Dream of Fly Buzzing Around inside  
Lungs

Dream of Asshole as Coffee Cup

Dream of Left Brain Forgetting about  
Right Brain

Dream of a Constant Drooling from Head

Dream of Waking Up with Earlobe Stuck  
inside of Ear Canal

Dream of Eyeball Accidentally Falling Out  
of Eye Socket

Dream of Swallowing Own Hand while  
Sleeping

Dream of Labia In Place of Earlobes

Dream of Walking Up with Body Folded  
in Half

Dream of Unending Echo inside of Head

Dream of Lips in a Uniform Circle Around  
Mouth

Dream of Man with Nipples on Testicles

Dream of Waking Up with Throat Acci-  
dentally Tied in a Knot

Dream of a Headache All Over the Body

## **Bureau of the Subversive**

The rumor is the head of this Bureau has created another Bureau inside this Bureau to police itself. Word is that both groups are using their powerful political influence to change the law to give themselves legitimacy and designate the other Bureau as illegal and therefore as criminals to be arrested. Some call this a self-destructive Bureau, yet it is the most vibrant and expanding agency in existence.

## **Bureau for Con-Artist Management**

A decade ago, the public proposed to the con-artists that, if they registered themselves and received permits, they would grant them a margin of legality. The Bureau issues licenses and monitors foul play as foul play. Some dissenters argue that the Bureau itself is one big con job, a thieves union, that has swindled everyone, even the bureau. Others respond that the mutual swindling is evidence of the success of the Bureau.

## **Bureau of Public Memory**

Oversees all archives, monuments and museums.

At first, the Bureau of Public Memory was created to just keep records of the artifacts of public memory. This task soon became enormous. Controversy quickly arose over what aspects of memory should be made public. Many people claimed this was a violation of their unconscious. The Bureau responded that its purpose is to collect memory, not freedom. There is continual disagreement as to how the Bureau of Public Memory should be managed. Some people have suggested the Bureau be sold to a private company which could better manage its resources.









