

***RUN***

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RUN

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# 1. Potsdam Exhibition

*I ran on December 9<sup>th</sup> from Neukölln, Berlin to a gallery in Potsdam, Germany. This was my contribution to the exhibition "Kunst im Bau" that opened the next day:*

Directly after the run, I bump into my friends Johan and Micha on the street and I am embarrassed. I am sweaty, tired and my knee hurts.

My boyfriend Arnold cooks me dinner. I give him a heart cookie I bought from the Christmas market in Potsdam. My friend Rina calls but I decline her invitation to go out.

At the opening, I repeat to Rina and my roommate Fritzi that I don't want my art to be used for raising real estate prices. I tell them it was Arnold's idea that I run to the gallery instead of making something. Rina says that I should have run to the opening.

There is confusion about whether I was running or walking because the word "laufen" means both run and walk in German. Nico, another artist in the exhibition, tells me that

the organizer Miguel wrote the word "stroll" in the press release.

The real estate developer who owns the building says just, "Hallo." I am disappointed that there aren't more people at the opening but I am very proud of how pretty Fritzi and Rina are looking tonight. I think Nico is flirting with them. We watch his videos.

Jim, an acquaintance from whom Arnold had once subleased an apartment, and Jim's girlfriend Serena appear. Since I don't know them very well I thank them very much for coming. I ask Serena three times what she studies and she says each time, "Economics." Since Jim showed me his special running sandals last summer, I am reluctant to tell him about my work for the exhibition. I try to explain it and Jim tries to tell me it is a good idea. I

tell them about the big trees and the snow.

On the train returning to Berlin, Arnold and Micha ask me how I feel about the exhibition. Then Micha recalls Potsdam when he was a student there writing screenplays in a cabin.

## 2. Herr Tapp Class

*On the 14<sup>th</sup> of Dec. I ran from my house to the University of the Arts. This run was presented shortly afterward in the class of Wilhelm Tapp:*

The students in the course immediately raise hands and start asking questions.

“Where do you live?” someone asks.

“You live in Neukölln, right?” Angelika answers eagerly.

“What kind of shoes did you wear?” -from the other side of the room.

“These shoes,” I point to the black shoes I am wearing.

“Why should we believe you?” says Marina.

“That is your choice,” I say.

“Is that why you were late to class?” the guest student asks.

“Yes,” I say.

"How did it feel to run in jeans?"  
Marina asks.

"I didn't run in jeans. I changed my clothes," I say. Professor Tapp looks at my backpack.

"How long did it take? In kilometers?" Saaghir asks.

"I am not sure."

"Why not ride a bicycle?" asks Sara.

I said, "I wanted to have a new experience. I have an ability to run."

"Is it art?" -from the middle of the room.

I say, "I don't care if it is art."

"Did you plan your route?" asks Vladik.

"No, I did not plan."

"Did you listen to music?" asks Vladik.

"Yes," I say.

"To what?"

"At first I listened to philosophy lectures and then pop then my battery was empty."

Someone turns on the projector and projects a route on Google Maps next to me.

"Did you have fun?" comes the voice of Pedro from near the projector.

"Less than I thought." I laugh.

Herr Tapp interjects, "How did you feel? Did you sweat, did you feel the temperature, your legs?"

"Yes I felt those things. It was pretty normal."

Sara says, "You are not sharing much about the run. What exactly do you want to share with us?"

I say, "That's an important question. I don't think it is really possible for me to share my experience."

"Why should we think this is interesting?" Jadranka asks.

I tell her, "It is not my goal to make something that is interesting."

"Ugh," she grumbles, "I have seen this before."

A few more questions are asked and Mijat says, "For whom?"

Other voices can be heard and my classmates speak over one another.

"Does this mean that your everyday life is your art? Like, drinking tea can be art?" Jadranka is scouring.

"My life can come close to my art and my art can come close to my life."

Professor Tapp asks about my intention. He gets up and goes to the chalkboard.

I don't understand everything he says. "The topic of this seminar is medium... The body as a medium... Prosthetics... Was Alexis doped? Did Alexis have electrolyte drinks? Some students can't do academic work without drugs or caffeine... X

percent of men use so-called penis-enhancements.”

He writes in chalk on the board, “medium.” Under he writes “subject.”

I hear, “Entity, life, Alexis, Malevich, Salon de Refusés, challenge, reception.” Groans from the students and loud angry comments follow.

Herr Tapp draws two lines on the board and writes, “horizontal logic vertical logic.”

Jadranka, outraged, begins again, “But it’s so boring!”

Jadranka’s friend, “Anything can be art. It is not interesting.”

Yannis with some other people raises his hand to defend me, “But

she didn’t say it was art.”

“Annoying,” Jadranka, insulted.

Angelika, “It is more interesting in relationship to Google Maps.”

Katerina, “It is interesting how we wanted to see the route on Google Maps.”

Herr Tapp: “Where does art begin?”

Jadranka loud, “But this idea is old. This was already discussed in the sixties; one can read about this. I have read so much about this.”

Professor Tapp, “On the other hand, we have voluntarily fought about this for more than an hour.”

“But even these questions don’t



interest me," Nicolay says, "I would rather drink tea."

"Me too," agrees Jadranka.

Herr Tapp says, "You are free to leave. Even though the class is officially required, it is an important question when one decides that one will not participate."

He writes on the board  
"Normative... passive... Bourdieu."

"These days artists study for so long. Years. They are used to it. They sit themselves down, listen and are present even when they don't agree at all. Why not leave?"

Nicolay interrupts and speaks very clearly, "I will go soon. I only wish I could see that Alexis herself had some kind of goal or effort or intention or something important to

present. I didn't sense anything like that from her."

### 3.

# New York Ticket

*I will make a run sometime in exchange for a plane ticket to New York:*

December 17<sup>th</sup>: I am working for a friend of mine, an artist, Larry Vinzich in his studio in Kreuzberg, Berlin. We are speaking about my life.

He asks me, "Why don't you fly more often to New York?"

I say, "Because I don't have any money."

"How much money do you need, to buy a plane ticket?" he asks.

"600 dollars."

Larry says, "I'll give you the money for a plane ticket."

On the next day I send Larry an e-mail, "Are you serious about your offer for a plane ticket to New York?"

In his e-mail he explains, "Yes. I would like to buy a work from you but you must also apply to a residency in the USA. Please send me photos of your new work."

A couple of days later, I see him at a party and we talk for almost an hour about his new film. He asks me, whether he can have the e-mail address of an acquaintance of mine, a curator. Larry then meets my boyfriend Arnold and asks him whether he wants to work for him as a cameraman in a project.

A few weeks later I send Larry an e-mail, that I would like to sell him a run.

His answer was not very clear, but very kind. First I send him a very short e-mail and then I send him a few Run- examples as attachments. He says that he would decide what

he wanted to buy later, and that "I should buy my plane ticket immediately."

I buy the plane ticket on January 23<sup>rd</sup> for two weeks in March. I fly to New York. The run for Larry is not yet completed.

# 4. Self- Transcendence Application

*I hereby did not apply for a project grant in order to run the "Prague Self-Transcendence 100 km Run," a road race on a 5km loop:*

I am in distress. I am crying my eyes out. Failure. I miss the meeting, too late. I walk to S-Bahn Ostkreuz and then I turn around. A huge emotion overtakes me. How do I overcome my self-pity, despair, disgust?

Some guys that are standing by a café say, "Freak out."

I say, "Fuck you." My face burns red from crying and talking to myself. I'm in a fit of rage.

I can usually wake up from these fits. Today I feel a lot of pressure. I rip up the application and I throw it in the street. Institutional partnership? I want to run in a circle for twenty-four hours! I want to visit my sister!

I'm selfish today because I did not want to pick up the computer for

Arnold. I went for a purposeless jog in the park, but I didn't want to walk across town to pick up the computer.

The words "Self-Transcendence" make me so angry. I am about to start crying again, but I try again to get to the S-Bahn. I suddenly burst out in tears. I want to hit my head.

I walk over the bridge, then I sprint home.

# 5.

## Kitchen Conversation

*Before I go on a three- hour  
run I quickly see my  
roommate:*

Fritzi is between myself and the coffee machine. She reads a book. The grey winter sunlight streams in through the window. Tulips on which our cat nibbles are next to the steaming coffee machine. The yellow and red tulips are heated from the coffee machine and the radiator. I am waiting for them to bloom.

My roommate has pretty blonde hair that she has pulled back into a neat ponytail. She wears a long delicate pullover in cerulean blue with buttons down to her knees. Fritzi's catholic mother knitted it.

On her left hand Fritzi holds our little cat, Dino. Dino is soft, black and white with big green eyes that glow.

## 6. Note from a Friend

*I received a message from a  
close friend on February 1st:*

"I think the running is a problem that seems to be keeping you away from the main focus of your art, which is this special way of painting- installation you have been developing over the past several years. The last major work you did with the lottery was so incredible and such a huge success, and now you are just going off in another direction. That doesn't make sense! You had another idea to do a similar piece with a musical score, but that hasn't come to fruition.

What you are doing with the running idea sounds interesting, but it a slowly developing project no where near as rich as the painting- installation that has taken years to develop.

Maybe the running thing could be further developed, but I think you

are not happy when you are not making art. As in, for example, getting your hands dirty.

Maybe you think I am wrong. But don't forget about who you are as an artist."



# 7. Another Kitchen Conversation

*After a three- hour run I have fantasies about becoming a surgeon:*

I wonder, what does it take to become a surgeon? Am I too old?

My roommate Fritzi will go out and she gets dressed in her room. I see that she has eaten my fried vegetables.

Surprised, I stop, look quickly in the mirror, and slam my door. I am hungry!

I go in the kitchen, make noise and a fried egg.

I had, in fact, given her a sign so that she wouldn't eat my fried vegetables.

I left the vegetables in a hidden bowl with a lid. Not in the pan. Now, I must speak about this with Fritzi. How embarrassing!

## 8. Miniwork

*I ran from my house to work:*

Kathryn asks me, "How are you?"

I say, "Nine out of ten because I ran here." I change into my painting pants and stick my jogging pants in my backpack.

Kathryn seems surprised but Hillary and Brigit are not, because I have ran to work dozens of times. My boss, a slim architect with short hair, wears sporty pants.

Kathryn the intern asks, "Where do you live?" She is small and thin and wears a lavender skirt. She sits at a white desk and builds models in white clay and styrofoam. There is a beautiful view of the city from her desk.

I tell Kathryn that I don't run lately very much to the hotel because I don't clean anymore, instead I work in the office where I must look and

smell good. Today, however, I am here to paint white walls even whiter.

When I am finished, I change my pants again and put on carpenter jeans with big pockets.

I meet Eagleton in an opening. He wears corduroy pants and a beard. We discuss his work. He makes detailed, narrative models of little houses.

I tell him about a story that I heard today on my mp3 player, about a court artist who made exquisite models.

“The more virtuosic the court artist became, the smaller and more perfect did he make his models, until his models were so small and perfect that they were no longer visible. With passion and insanity he

worked until his death on structures he himself couldn't even perceive.”

# 9. Promotion/ Training

*A year and a half ago I was in a job interview to be a counselor:*

The HR woman asks if I like sports, "Because sports play a big role in the job."

I answer, "Yeah, in fact I am training for an ultra-marathon."

"Wow! I like running too but I am injured. There are other people in the company who run marathons."

The same time next year, I have an interview to become a director.

The HR woman asks me if I still run. I say, "Yeah, I ran the Ultra Marathon."

"Wow!" she says, "I am still injured but I do Karate."

"I do Taekwondo," I say, "but I'm only a beginner."

I go to the weekend training in the

mountains in order to become a director.

The man from HR has heard that I have run an Ultra Marathon and asks me how I can run so many kilometers.

“Running or walking?” He quickly looks at my body head to toe.

In order to bond the team, the directors make a GPS tour in the mountains. The landscape is incredible. Many take photos. A sign with the words “Foreigners Out” is seen.

As we walk, the woman from HR introduces me to another coworker who runs marathons. She ignores me.

According to a colleague in my bedroom, our boss, the man from

HR was seen naked in the sauna. We talk about his body for thirty minutes.

# 10. Situation

*I hadn't seen my friend Anton for several months and I had just told him about my running, when he spoke about the Situationists:*

"The Situationists went for long meandering walks with walkie-talkies. The talker would describe what he saw. The listener who was far-away, would experience a kind of split space because the description of the speaker would be overlaid on his own experience."

It is dark outside. Anton and I have finished our amaranth-carrot soup and I notice the light fixture is made of copper.

He says, "Copper reflects a particular kind of light."

As I look at the spot of light on the floor I agree, "Yes it's much warmer!"

# 11. Woods

*I stayed in a hostel along an historical trail and felt a strong desire to run in the woods:*

I don't want to wake Rina up so I pack a bag with water and key before I go to sleep. I set my alarm to five am. I must be back before breakfast at eight.

I excuse myself in order to go to bed early. In the room, I explain to Rina, that I have found the funny tree that is pictured in a painting in the dining room. The tree has two trunks.

While I talk with Rina I dream about the woods and while I sleep I dream further about the power of the woods.

I win of course. I am twenty years older than that slow kid.

# 12. You are it!

*Some time ago, I was playing outside with the neighborhood kids. Because I was the oldest, I was challenged to race to the tree. "One, two, three:"*



# 13. "Nebenart"

*Arnold, Johan and Micha  
have an idea for a gallery  
project space that could be  
called "Nebenart:"*

For the first exhibition of  
"Nebenart" they want me to run on  
a treadmill. I run the whole time  
during the exhibition and nothing  
else is exhibited.

I will absolutely not do it.

# 14. Government Contract

*I need a letter so that I can  
apply for a governmental  
grant:*

The grant funds one while one is  
studying for a test.

Because I don't have any tests in my  
art studies, I have to give the student  
office a letter from my professor.

I ask my professor if she could sign  
this letter:

"Alexis Knowlton works on RUN. On  
the 9<sup>th</sup> of July she will run sixty  
kilometers in order to earn twelve  
achievement points."

On Tuesday, May 10<sup>th</sup> I read in the  
Volkswagen Library in Berlin.

15.

A

## Remarkable Coincidence

*On Sunday, May 8th, I ran the  
Volkswagen Marathon in  
Prague:*

# 16a.

## Problem a

*I want to do a three- day run  
but:*

I have bodily and mental problems.  
For example: pain, boredom and  
fat. Additionally, I have social  
problems: with my boyfriend and  
with other people. And I have  
where- problems: where to run,  
where to sleep and where to eat.

# 16b. Problems b

*I want to do a six- day run but:*

I have twice as many bodily and mental problems. For example: pain, boredom and fat. Additionally, I have double the amount of social problems: with my boyfriend and other people. And also, I have two-times the amount of where-problems: where to run, where to sleep and where to eat.

# 17. Manufactur- ing Fault

*I ran from my house to the  
Office for Public Health:*

I drink too much then I sleep with someone then my waiting number is 123 then I take a free test then I order pills from the pharmacy then I order something to eat then my waiting number is 456 then I drink too much then I take a free test then my waiting number is 789 then I sleep with someone then I order something to eat then I drink too much then I order pills from the pharmacy then my waiting number is 123 then I order something to eat then I take a free test then I drink too much then I sleep with someone then I drink too much then I sleep with someone then I order pills from the pharmacy then my waiting number is 456 then my waiting number is 789 then I sleep with someone then I sleep with someone then I order something to eat then I order something to eat someone.

# 18. At the Helm

*A year ago I ran to Lily's:*

Now I knock on her door and when  
no one answers, I let myself in.

Lily can't write anymore. Her energy  
is a scarce commodity. She can't  
sleep through the night. It is not her  
choice to practice such extreme  
moderation.

I want to tell her what she can still  
do.

She tells me that five different souls  
and a God grow inside her.

# 19. Shorts

*I have to buy shorts in order to run the Prague marathon:*

My sister's shorts are too small and I can't run in long jeans. It is really warm outside.

We go into a mall. I look for a sport- store that is not too fancy. I don't like European shorts because they are tight. I discover shorts that aren't so expensive.

My sister's legs are tired . We walked too much today. She sits outside the dressing room. As I try on the shorts, she looks in the dressing room without opening the curtain too wide.

My sister agrees. The shorts are short enough and long enough. Because I don't have enough Crowns, I buy the shorts with my credit card. (I pay later.)



20.

A

## Fabrication

*My way of running is not like hers because:*

To begin with, I have different intention. Her running is planned and she even uses maps. I use only calenders. She has GPS with, but I listen only to music.

My runs are not spiritual nor special, instead they are rather banal. My runs are intimate. She collects things on the way, takes photos or videos. My runs are no performances.

In comparison, she doesn't get high like I do. I move my body in an unusual way. I wear different shoes.

She is older than me by about thirty years. She writes articles about her running for popular magazines and is paid for her work. Therefore, she doesn't actually own her running at all.

My runs are in comparison quite confusing. I have less experience

with writing. For this reason, I write neither clever nor clean but instead naïve and fresh.

I run longer and faster. She is very fit, but I am stronger.

In contrast to her, running is fully integrated in my life. I have run for ten years and I ponder my running often. In fact, I am registered in a University, in which I run.

She doesn't even understand her own running. She wasn't where I was. She has never run through the snow to Müggelsee.

She doesn't like my running- project and I don't like her running- project. In comparison with the runs that she makes, mine are fraught with meaning.

# 21. Wink

*Paul asks me how much it would cost to buy a two-minute run:*

He is on a visit from America. We walk in the park. He sweats under his sunglasses.

Paul recalls to me the day where we all went iceskating: his ex-girlfriend, my ex-boyfriend, he and I. "You were really good!"

After I complain about my jobs, he recommends that I should marry a rich man. He says, "I can just imagine that you say to me, 'Thank goodness that I have Dieter to take care of me.'"

I am sort of offended. He says, "You know, my father always told me as a kid, 'Don't forget, it is just as easy to fall in love with a rich girl as a poor one.'"

"I don't want to marry a rich man anyway because it would hurt my reputation", I answer.

Then Paul asks me about the artist who had traded me a plane ticket for a run. He says "Wasn't he disappointed that he didn't get to watch the so-called run? I mean, if I bought a run, would I get a piece of paper or could I watch you? I would rather observe you", Paul says smiling. We walk past the door of my house.

"Can I buy a ten minute run right now? What would it cost? Or two minutes, five minutes?"

# Afterword

*Last winter I needed more money.*

First, I tried to get more jobs. I posted ads online to babysit and to clean. These jobs were illegal because my visa stated that I was only allowed to work as an artist.

I cleaned the house of the famous artist, Richard Briney's, psychoanalyst. During the babysitting job I played tag with kids while a father went running (see "12. You are it!")

A few days after I wrote "4. Self-Transcendence Application" I went to Deutsche Bank to apply for a student loan. I had no idea how I would pay the heating bill and I wanted more security. I was asked a lot of questions, the first whether a (recently-showered) young intern could observe our conversation.

The banker was chatty. I told her I liked living in Berlin and that I would

want to live in Germany a very long time, maybe forever. The banker asked me where my parents lived and I said California and she told her sister's husband lives there. On the computer screen in front of myself and the intern, the banker calculated how much money I could receive per month, almost 800 Euros. and asked me how much I wanted from this sum. I suggested 400 Euros a month. They offered me a 5 percent interest rate.

There were still a few questions to ask, and when we got to a question about debt, the banker and trainee were shocked to find out that I already owed 79,000 dollars in student loans to the US Government and other private banks. I noticed that the intern, who had said he was also a student, was particularly worried for me. I told them that while I study art in Germany, I do

not have to pay back them back. After one or two more questions they told me that I unfortunately have the wrong kind of visa and they cannot give me any money. The banker told me her colleague in the other room said that the visa needed to be "Unrestricted", not "Restricted." She pointed to the word in my passport.

I was ready to quickly leave, but the banker suggested in an English accent that I ask my parents for money. To make things uncomfortably personal I told her that my half- brother is an alcoholic and my dad can't take care of me because he pays for his rehabilitation. She asked me when the last time was I went home? A few days later I presented "3. Herr Tapp Class."

I went to the Student Center during

the hours of social advising and see if they could help me. I told Frau T, I didn't have much work and I didn't know what to do. Frau T told me there was no temporary student loan I could get from the school because my income was too low. Frau T told me they they have no student jobs for me because I have an artists' visa.

That afternoon, Frau T e-mailed me to tell me to change my visa to a student visa so I could get a student job. I replied that I didn't want to change my visa because it would ruin my chances for permanent residency and because the student jobs pay less than I earn in the hotel ("8. Miniwork") and counseling ("9. Promotion/Training")

Frau T replied to my e-mail to tell me that I have to wait until after Christmas and the New Year, and

that I can then apply for a grant for foreigners with restricted work permission when they take a test or get sick ("14. Government Contract.") I told her I had a project, not a test or an illness, and sent her some of my financial information. She wrote back and said I must first go to the Federal Student Aid Office and get a signed letter that says I am ineligible for the state Federal money.

Over Christmas I spent some time at Rina's parent's house in Switzerland. When I returned, I met Anton at his flat for dinner ("10. Situation.") At the Federal Student Aid Office, Herr K looked at my passport, typed in a number and then told me, that I was, in fact, eligible to receive state funds for my living expenses, because: I am American, and I have lived in Germany for 3 years as an artist. He told me that I needed to bring

back more documents to him. So I went home and made a large number of photocopies.

When I returned a week later, he asked me for my college diploma. When he saw that it was a real diploma from Harvard, written in Latin, he got very excited, as if he was holding a magical paper in his hands. I told him that I studied only art there. He made a photocopy of the diploma and asked me if my parents gave me money. I told him that my brother is an addict and my father can't give me money, because he pays for my half-brother's rehabilitation. Herr K asked his colleague about whether that was a good reason why my father could not give me money to study art and his colleague shook his head, no, an addicted half-brother was not a good reason why my father could not support my studies.

Herr K concluded by telling me that he will have to see more documents, especially copies of my parents' tax returns from the USA. He said, I could start getting money retroactively from November and he wrote November on a piece of paper in front of me. He asked me if I worked any other jobs after my studies. I told him I worked before and after my MFA. Then he suddenly made a sad face and told me since since I already studied he couldn't give me any money.

He handed me the certificate for Frau T that said, no, I was not eligible. I thought to myself, that it would be possible to come back and lie about the degree, except that there is only one worker responsible for my section of the alphabet. Herr K saw me thinking about this, and said he would have seen the MFA



on my resumé. He suggested I apply for living money from the Neighborhood Finance Office as a low-income student.

I left the Federal Student Aid Office and headed to the Neighborhood Finance Office. I stood in line and got the form for subsidized living money. I brought the form home, and stopped working on the form when I did some internet research that told me, applying might put my visa in danger.

A week later, I returned to Frau T at the Student Center with a certificate from the Federal Student Aid Office from Herr K that said I was not eligible for Federal funds. Frau T asked me questions about deposits made into my account. These deposits came from babysitting and cleaning, but since I could not tell her I work illegally, I replied by

saying something vague about a studio and Arnold. She asked me to bring back more paperwork including all the invoices for the work I have done for the past year, as well as all account transactions. I brought more papers the next day, but it was not enough.

I needed to get my old account transaction records back from my tax accountant because I could print only the past 90 days of my account transactions online. I sent an e-mail to the tax accountant who had prepared the paperwork for my visa. She didn't answer my e-mails. After a few weeks I called her and embarrassed, she made up excuses why she hadn't e-mailed me back. She said I sent my e-mail to her personal e-mail address and she hasn't prepared my taxes yet because there were several people before me who were more urgent.

I told her it had been months since I had asked her to do my taxes and that I would have appreciated a response to my e-mail. Because of this conversation, I decided that I to pick up my financial papers from her office and never go back again.

In order to please Frau T at the Student Center and Frau T's boss (Frau T told me it was her boss who would be angry if the paperwork wasn't complete) I fabricated invoices from babysitting and cleaning as if they were from the hotel. I could work in the Hotel because my work permission states I can work as a "painter and performer."

Frau T told me that I could receive a grant to cover my living funds for the time in which I am studying for a test. I told her that I was working on

a project. Although we have no tests in my art studies, Frau T decided that a confirmation from my professor that I am working on a project would suffice ("15. Government Contract").

I asked my professor for the letter by e-mail. Specifically, I asked her to send the Student Center a letter that states:

"Alexis Knowlton works on 'Run' that she will present to the class on the 6<sup>th</sup> of June. On the 9<sup>th</sup> of July she will run 60 kilometers, write a 6 page-project description and earn 12 achievement points."

I had been running less and less, rather I had been writing Run in my free time. I saw the contract as an opportunity to commit to a long run. My professor didn't answer my e-mail, and after a few days I sent her

a second e-mail. I wrote "14. Government Contract" in Run. In this contract, I put quotation marks around the project name.

I was afraid to speak with my professor in German about the e-mail because I respected her and I wondered if she did not answer the strange e-mail on purpose. I followed the professor around during the break of the class while she had a conversation with another student with large glasses and beige pants about an art historian (Denis Hollar) who writes about Jorgé Batéy. Finally, I asked her whether she received my e-mails and she said no, and that we should speak after class.

I waited until after class. We walked over to her office and I told her that I needed her to, sign a quick note that says I am working on

the running project. She told me that she needed to confirm it with her colleagues first and that the Student Center must first sign a piece of paper saying they need her to sign a paper, so that she can show this to her colleagues.

I went back to the Student Center the next day and I asked Frau T if she could give me a signed paper to give to my professor. Frau T refused. I asked her what I should do, and then she searched for my professor's last name and looked it up in the computer database. Frau T told me that she could send her an e-mail and she could confirm by e-mail.

I am sure that my professor responded to Frau Ts e-mail , because in early spring, I got an e-mail from Frau T telling me that the Student Center had everything they

needed except a few more invoices.

It was not probable that my professor confirmed I would run 100km, as was stated in the original contract. Because of this unclarity, I decided to change the contract. As I had been writing Run, I used most of my free time sitting at my desk not running and was not trained to do a 100km run by July 2<sup>nd</sup>. In order to make a realistic goal, I edited the "14. Government Contract" in Run. I took out the confusing quotations around my name and running project because they made the contract seem too fictional. I changed the date of the contract to July 9<sup>th</sup>, a Sunday, and I lowered the run length to 60 kilometers.

As I edited the contract with the door to my balcony open, my neighbor looked out his apt window into my room, made a chirping noise

to get my attention, and started masturbating. When I saw him masturbating, I went out on the balcony, waved a cordless phone at him and yelled loudly that I would call the police.

My neighbor closed the window and his curtains, but later, my roommate Fritzi was greeted by him at the front door as she returned from a walk and he told her, to please excuse him and he wanted to buy her a gift. I told her later we should ask him for a pizza to be delivered to us every time he masturbates.

June 6<sup>th</sup> was a few days ago, and staying true to the new contract in "14. Government Contract" I presented Run in class. As my professor was leaving class, she reminded me that I must write a 6-page project description of Run in order to earn 12 achievement points

from the University. Although the first version of the contract included something about a 6 page project description, I had not included the extra 6 pages in later versions, and had totally forgotten about them.

I did not want to do the 6 extra pages of writing because it was not in the contract I had made. If I added the 6 pages of writing to Run, it was only logical that the work I had done would be devalued. I would earn the same amount of achievement points and the same amount of money from the Student Center, for more work.

For example, the contract in Run under "14. Government Contract" clarified that I would run 60 kilometers, earn 12 achievement points, write Run (in English, about 36 pages), and receive money from the Student Center (about a month

of living expenses at 360 Euros).

60 km divided by 12 achievement points is 5 km per achievement point. 360 euros divided by 60 km is 6 euros per kilometer. 360 euros divided by 36 pages is 10 euros per page. 36 pages divided by 12 achievement points is 3 achievement points per page. Or: 6 euros per kilometer, 10 euros per page, 3 pages per achievement point and 5 km per achievement point.

If I wrote 6 additional pages at 3 pages per point, I should receive 14 achievement points, not 12. This means that in doing the extra 6 pages of writing, I am losing the value of 2 achievement points. To translate this depreciation into the running, I would be running 60km but only receiving a value of 50km. With the extra 6 pages, my writing would be worth less: I would earn a

value of 300 euros instead of 360, losing 60 euros. I would write almost 4 pages instead of 3 pages, to earn the value of 1 achievement point.

So that the value of my work does not depreciate, I refuse to do a 6 page project description. If I absolutely must write a 6 page description in order to earn achievement points or the money from the Student Center I will lower the amount of running to be done on July 9<sup>th</sup>. If I do not receive any funds from the Student Center, I will modify the contract even further.

If I do receive the money from the Studentenwerk and it exceeds the amount of my expected monthly costs, I will invest in buying myself a new bicycle, starting with a wheel.