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HYPER SPECTRAL DISPLAY (:HSD)

Adam Amalia
Chon Clara Cruces
der Dunbar
Hamilton Hanson
Jack Joe
L. Linde Lugt
Matthew Megan
Oliver
Ulman
van

TRANGO

IT TAKES A MUSCLE TO FALL IN LOVE

SPECTRAL DISPLAY

28/6 - 14/7/13

OPENING FRIDAY NIGHT 28/6/13 6PM TILL LATE

.HSD artists exist as agents of their own production, they are the altar boys and girls of the perpetual present in a so-called secular society.
.HSD is a way of finding meaning.
the Icons of the 21st century are the brands that define us and the marketing that binds us.
bound but unflinching, we subsume and are subsumed, that's the point. endless movement to and fro; no right, wrong way.
seeking guidance as externally-assigned difference dies a slow death, like the euphemistic democracy of police state and internet alike.
the bible is screen-like but is neither virtual nor material, we experience it everywhere, to the extent that we forget it is present.
we invest souls and bodies into the Iconography of the palliative-capitalist dreamscape of cyberspiritual 130 BPM rhythm and spatio-temporal fluidity.
psycho-tropicalia; medico-synth; depressiv-Speed.
non-concrete, our beliefs are ancient.
they take new form in the products of Earth's messengers, no longer a separation high/low. why care when all is spectral. spectacle.
label : me
boredom-generated, exceptional productivity becomes extinct. productivity is status quo ∴ identity is constant agitated senses.
salvation is working together to invest meaning into the daily ritual.
HOW TO LIVE, VIRTUALLY, MATERIALLY ?
Religion should teach us that there is always more in common than there is different.
.HSD is one dream made manifest for a moment, we are all in it together. HOT MESS.
eternal sunset, low frequency hard-core, marry me tonight.
you're not alone.
(21/5/13 & 17/6/13)
love, Eleanor

12-18/1/14

I commenced research into what would eventually become *Hyper Spectral Display* (.hsd) due to curiosity and attraction. I wanted to know more about the 'post-internet' tendency in art and doing an exhibition seemed the logical way. I don't relate to internet (sub-)culture in a profound way (though of course the internet is a constant in my life). Then I started to consider that the artists engaged in the 'post-internet' line of work didn't necessarily relate profoundly to the Internet per se either. They didn't necessarily use social media, didn't necessarily code, didn't necessarily have a website, a history of teenage chat-rooms, or a techno fetish. Often, it's the surface that matters. And the Internet's surface is smooth and persuasive, slick like Windex licking a mirror, fingers gracefully gliding slowgif-like against the glass of endless screens. (Endless orgasm or perennially delayed orgasm, I'm still deciding.) I was allured by this culture's signs, symbols and trend-cycles; the sense and importance of design and colour; the quasi-3Dimensionality of flat images, their wiles and seduction; the blatant disregard for high culture in favour of trash and 'bad taste'; where artists could unashamedly 'like' design and mainstream brands, where mass commodities are embraced and recontextualized for the www slipstream. To then, sometimes, be made manifest IRL (why, I'm still trying to work out). I guess this is all precisely what 'post-internet' is? Now, only 6 months down the track, it all feels slightly retro. And, of course, it should.

It was not long after the show (even during?) that the possibly apolitical conditions of this online-offline work, of .hsd as a whole, would begin to disturb me. What was it really about, what does all this desire and fetishization amount to? The cynic in me: What at all could possibly be interesting about middleclass artists appropriating the lived culture of the workingclass for private gain? (High class chav styling, content sucked out like a stick of cheese in plastic. Ironically. On the Jogging.) What is interesting about attempting to disrupt the systems of validation within the art world by simply reproducing them in a different guise?ⁱ (Art fads are never, ever revolutionary.) A pastiche of real, lived culture because there's none left for us, thanks to the cynicism of our era? We go so far as to ridicule ourselves, because we're so deeply ashamed of our privilege, yet so consumed by it we don't recognize it as the vacuum of our existence (ESC doesn't really do anything). So we just reproduce. Unable to harness. I say, on a bad day.

On the other side, however, this thought doesn't go far enough. What would lead anyone (class, privilege, etc., aside) to invest so much thought and energy into these practices, these products, these brands, these assemblages, this craft, this collage, or this form of devotional sculpture? I thought: it must be something to do with *higher powers*. Unspeakable drives to make meanings that project into world and produce Icons. The higher power is harnessed and turned, trance-like, into something that reveals the world more spectacular than it is. Another word for this is hope. Which is probably what makes art art.

Interestingly, apparently some *people* are wildly offended by this type of ostensibly skill-less, appropriation-based, commodity-reminiscent art (irony not lost). (I have an aversion to people, especially artists, who hate fashion.) Confused, unable to read it and (much to my pleasure, as this is kind of what I'd hoped for) pretty uncomfortable in the exhibition space in general, perhaps due to what I called 'shop aesthetics'. LOL. Or: the consumer experience pushed to the sarcastic limit of art critique – and vice versa. Tainted art. But it's nothing new. I mean, I was uncomfortable, too! Part of me hated the show and everything it stood for (i.e. nothing?). Tautology might reign.

So, anyway, I wonder if the 'real, lived cultures' I mention are in fact all the same; it's just the approach that differs, the way it comes out? I.e. our real, lived culture simply *is* about reproduction of the same in a new guise – appropriation of the oppressor in order to identify with something rather than be alienated. Hence, what is shared is spectral and elusive, but present to those who know. Something spiritual, almost? Like, e.g. we share the religion of Nike and iPhone, of art and of being educated in a particular way. We are repulsed by mainstream brands and mainstream culture but simultaneously beguiled into being their loyal subjects. The question is whether there's a choice, and if so whether we want it, how to take it.

We make icons out of the everyday because these days there's nothing else that gives meaning to existence, nor form to meaning. Is our culture's art any different to religious frescos, tributes to saints? Today the profane rises as the highest form of deity.ⁱⁱ

ⁱ See Ben Vickers' talk at the *Post Net Aesthetics* panel, ICA/Rhizome, Oct 2013

ⁱⁱ See Jan Verwoert's essay 'Heaven & Earth', *frieze*, Nov-Dec 2010



B[®]
new balance

An Unattainable Certainty

There are two absolutes we can never attain. One is freedom and the other is authenticity. So why is the best art that which fluxes desperately in a carry-on struggle to reach both?

Ultimate freedom would inherently be one of an anarchist individualist position perhaps – following from Fromm, negative freedom in purity is myopic libertarianism. And ultimate authenticity cannot even be described it is such a useless paradox.

We imagine authenticity to be that of a ‘natural state’. Indeed Rousseau, in his work describing the different formations of authentic and inauthentic, claimed that the authentic is the natural self (prior to or outside of external factors, like society). Heidegger ([the Nazi](#)) said that it is one’s *choosing* of identity that makes one authentic, that and the awareness of mortality, that incredible human gift of knowing we are all going to die. That’s fucking real.

Angelo Plessas’ artwork *Re-Twittering Machine* (2012), used a programming code to collect tweets hashtagging #freedom. This was a perfect visual example of the idea of freedom under collapse. Amongst reams of pro war, anti abortion, and bible belt America fundamentalist tweets, there were some left wing hopes, some liberal hippy whimsies, but generally, #freedom was violent and in opposition to the rights of other humans as individuals. Freedom for each person isn’t a promised land. It is a restriction of the freedom of others.

For Satre, authenticity is bound with angst of one’s apparently ingrained personal freedom to act. Satre moved past ‘natural essence’, or choosing of essence, and into a notion of authenticity, which too acknowledges and incorporates the responsibilities of an individual within society. This version of authenticity is the easiest to believe. It is an authenticity that understands existence before essence, and existence of an individual as one that continually self-forms (or becomes) via the grabbing of responsibility of one’s actions. Angst is then what becomes from the realisation of this taking of responsibility, that we are to blame ourselves, that we are the forces of our own nature; yet, thankfully, Satre acknowledges that this is constrained by context, or ‘facticity’.

Both terms, Authenticity and Freedom, negate the debt and desire we have to ourselves as a pack. Of wanting to form and live in groups, as a society (whether that be utopian, utilitarian, hierarchical, et al.), and the fact that, due to sheer numbers, we’ve got to coexist even if we didn’t want to at all.

He’s gripping me towards his body, weakly. We are both clothed, he doesn’t really touch my body, more that he just wants to make material a security. Over and over again he mumbles that *everything is going to be ok*. And I don’t know if he means this or is just reassuring himself. There is no methodology for how we are to make this matter. There is only the repetition, *everything is going*

to be ok. I can smell the washing powder and the remains of the mornings roll-on. Its kind of how 'we' smell, but I associate it wholly with him, like me smelling of this too further cements my body as part of the furniture. I turn my head away from his flank because I no longer want to be reminded of my neutralised smell. I can see him looking down at my form in the mirror across the room. This scenario is playing out, it's always the same, but everything is never ok.

I am thinking that if I think it enough he will say it, he will say why it will be ok, he will say what precisely will become action and make matter right. The words don't come and *everything is going to be ok* hangs in the air as just representation. I don't understand why he can't see how he could make exist words that would wrap themselves around my body and actually shift the material construction of our selves laying here, respond to me like it had a smell of its own. They could exist and I could hold them. And no matter how much I try to explain they never seem to crystallise into objects to be placed between our sides lying loosely on the duvet. More we just inhabit a space.

The infrastructure of coexistence that we know as reality is completely material in both its ecological foundations to the Earth's core and outwards, and all the simulacra that form lived narratives. Both the physical structure, for example the industrial grid of electricity up and down, left to right, and all directions in between that run across the country, and the affect that is spun into our relations through intercourse, language, 'culture', et al., are, as explained by Karen Barad, material realities. One of the best ways for visualising and conferring these simulations, these affects-as-material (as opposed to representations), is to understand them as being intrinsic to the body. Not only in a semi-Satrean sense of the body intersected with facticity, but also the body as a historicised locus for matter. Barad terms this as *agential realism*.¹

These collections of material realities, memories, histories inscribed onto a gendered, raced, classed body, love letters sent through your wifi to the swoosh sound effect of Apple Mail, can be understood through Foucault's term *biopower*. That is, the illustration of forms of power as being part of our implicit and complicit life, relations, realities, through the structural institutions that make up society, to our personal life, or sex-bio-selves within the grid. *Biopower* is the understanding of these sets of relations that form the web-like layers of power dynamics as inseparable micro and macro worldviews ~ material ontologies completely interrelated. This is how we coexist, forever chained as we reproduce systems of power, wholly affected by our surroundings, which are 'inauthentic' in the sense that material realities (or agential realism) and the forms of power which compel said agential realism, are in constant formation, replicating and

¹ From Karen Barad's *Posthumanist Performativity: Toward an Understanding of how Matter Comes to Matter* (Signs vol.28 no.3), where the author states that agential realism is part of "a direct challenge to the metaphysical underpinnings of representationalism, proposing an agential realist ontology as an alternative. In the following section I offer a posthumanist performative re-formulation of the notion of discursive practices and materiality and theorize a specific causal relationship between them. In the final section I discuss the agential realist conceptions of causality and agency that are vital to understanding the productive nature of material-discursive practices, including technoscientific ones."

adapting, becoming within both the body and its socio-political context. I.e. there is no 'original'.

Hyper Spectral Display as a curated frame for artworks is aware of this. Hyperspectral: the different refractions layers of supposed intangible materialities. Display: its inauthentic representation-as-ontology. This is seen too with artists, operating in inauthenticity to become always, in that unsuccessful grasping of freedom and authenticity. Post-happening performance, post-Peggy Phelan's performance (as only in the present), instead attempting a pre-failed feat, only through the representational as relational qualities that inform their practice, and its distribution (as practice). By this I am thinking of artists such as Amalia Ulman, Bunny Rogers, Megan Rooney, Alex Dolan, Jasper Spicero, Holly White and Steve Roggenbuck. Some are artist-poets, others just one or the other, narrative cutting through their practices as object. All have various research interests, and different ways of conducting their practices; what is concurrent between them, however, is the embedded relationship between discursive and non-discursive practices. Or, the representational and relational as holistic praxis.

As a practice, this is all forms of material making up the art object, which is distributed through both its documentation and language, just as much as its physical presence. Roggenbuck publishes his poetry online, part as vlog readings, part as print on demand, part as downloadable pdfs, asking for PayPal contributions to fund himself as a poet. 'Poet' encompasses also a life of roadtrips, veganism; experience as material to feed back to us the viewer. Holly White's fanfics, first person shot YouTube videos and printed out celebrities sellotaped together to be life size and strung up in a space, all disseminate through her blog, Twitter, YouTube, website, all made up of matter in conversation and embroiled with each other. Braidotti's nomadism of practice as existential condition.²

These approaches to practice provide our constellation of affect, and are submerged with experienced biopower. They crystallise the interwoven narrative across sites, as art object. They know we are mining the Earth and on the edge of the stack.³ Hybrid life.

This move by artists to both understand and present their distribution and narrative as, or a part of, the art object ~ and this an object of life, simulation as reality, representation as matter (as opposed to representation), is a move in coherence with Barad's understanding that:

Representationalism separates the world into the ontologically disjoint domains of words and things, leaving itself with the dilemma of their linkage such that knowledge is possible. If words are untethered from the material world, how do representations gain a foothold? [...] representationalism never seems to be able

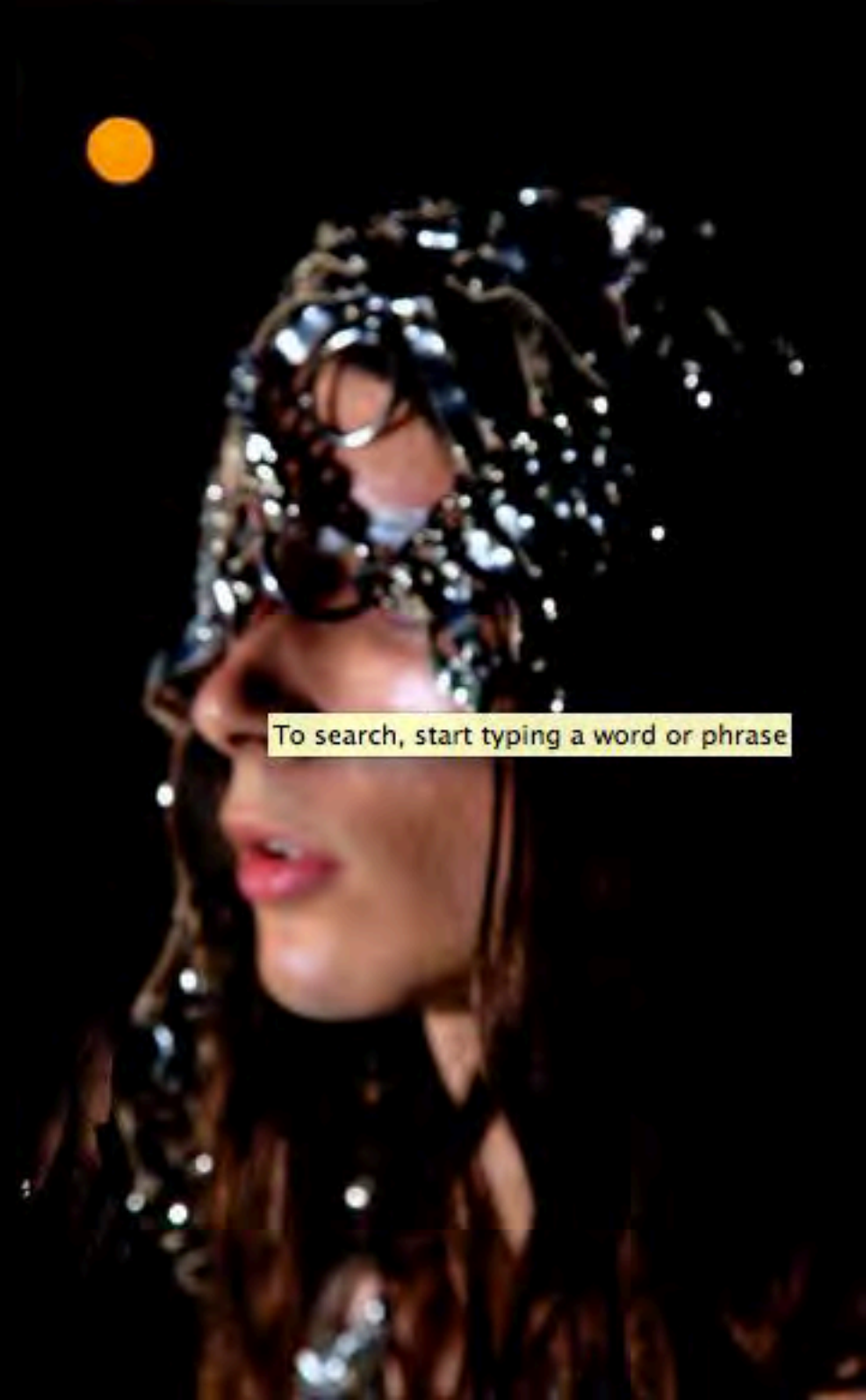
² See Rosi Braidotti, *Nomadic Subjects*

³ <http://stacktivism.com/>

to get any closer to solving the problem it poses because it is caught in the impossibility of stepping outward from its metaphysical starting place.

Language cannot be representation, a way to describe an ontological state, to mediate between us; our relations are not clung together by words. Words appear under our skin as effecting objects. As phenomena ~ described as 'comforting' by Theresa M. Senft, permeating her stack of reality way ahead of us: "I can't see any bodies here, online. Yet words, seemingly attached to bodies in some way, fly past me on this screen." Barad's posthuman performativity is far from a Senft-style 90's posthumanism, as in, it is not grouped together with TAZ dotcom dreams. It doesn't look to an existential condition, but rather the inauthentic, our performativity, as part of the conditions of power that construct material reality in all its forms.

I don't really mind that I am an inauthentic self, that I romanticise myself and my sex, life, my love, and my affect over Tumblr, or writing this right now. I am a subject and object of posthumanist performativity, one that can't negate or escape the facticity/events/histories within and on top of my body. 'Performing', in the posthuman context, is never post gender, or post identity, it performs these things knowing they are enforced through material realities, through matter. My experience and feedback is still moderated by the essentialised identities stitched into subjecthood under biopower. It knows it's reacting to the controls invested and reproduced within it, knowingly inauthentic yet loving to perform towards authenticity anyway. Hoping that the understanding of these biopowers, of these forms as matter, may in part lend itself to attempt, somehow, to become with infrastructure. Still un-free, yet perhaps with more comprised? between all beings and things, piercing through each layer and into the core, mindful of the matter existing with us and making up a body.



To search, start typing a word or phrase

FUZZY LOGIC

[1]

You've got your shoes on so should probably start working but you'd rather sit at the computer and watch traces of media fall and rise again with your finger tips from numerous tabs of light.

Why does wasting time on the Internet often feel less like being wasted-by-time than in the 'real' world...

* * *

Searching for something, anything, on the Net is like a kind of cognitive prostitution. Every piece of data an alluring tangent of itself, of itself, and so on, floating roomlessly, until you can't remember where you entered or why you came in anyway. Never mind your memory though, because tabs are there to be 'restored' at a later point, post power-down, in the unlikely event that you remember what you weren't sure of before.

* * *

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PYs5zyM9zk8>

[2]

+46° 24' 56.12", +7° 48' 30.00" - <https://maps.google.com.au/> - then turn right, across the gully

* * *

For what reason do we trawl the infobahn or become immersed in an online platform other than to satisfy some inexpressible desire that drives us to sit wide-eyed in front of a metaphorically tactile and participatory screen? Networked-reality – the ultimate alternative, reshuffles the obstacles that restrict us from obtaining whatever legal or bootlegged thing we may covet. The previous physical limitations to our behaviors or psyches are circumvented by the relatively open systems of writable space. Like a pastiche avatar it lets us adapt our surroundings to images that sit with the many versions of our selves.

There are of course desires the web can't totally afford us yet: time travel, physical intimacy, love, immortality, telepathy, but the spirit of our age assures us we'll have them soon enough. It wouldn't be a stretch to say that those banked-up research programs – The Human Genome Project, High End Particle Acceleration, SETI (Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence) – are the phantasmagoria of a sci-fi future where desire and satisfaction are hermetic.

* * *

<https://soundcloud.com/criticalheights/diva-cyborg-sweetie>

[3]

<http://www.hotdoom.com/>

* * *

On April 14th 2010 several eruptions took place underneath the ice cap of Iceland's mount Eyjafjallajökull releasing thick clouds of volcanic ash into the atmosphere and disrupting air traffic across Northern and Western Europe. In eight days the sheer mass of the event revealed the fragility of a tightly bound and complex network. A series of causal relations between ash particles, the mechanism of jet engines, flight networks and logistical chains brought the geopolitical organisation of European airspace together, but it did so in failure.

When a structure breaks down, the patterning of its parts is revealed. Through its immobilization of peoples the cloud taunted our desires for omnipotence and undermined our abilities to comprehend or handle it. It lacked the consistency and distinction of boundaries – simultaneously material and immaterial (matter and network), formed and formless, both massive yet composed of millions of impossibly small particles. The similarities between the Eyjafjallajökul event and our cyberian situation are striking. The cloud offers a climatologically analogy for our data cloud, and its fragility.

And these similarities weren't missed. Verne Global, a multinational organisation, in late 2010 saw a unique opportunity to build a green data centre that could run 100% of the year on the natural resources produced by the volcano – a site that could house the physical repository for our coming digital cloud.

* * *

The cloud cried out against the logic of capitalism, while capitalism acted out against the logic of Nature.

[4]

Lets all ride this cosmic shit smoothly into paradise

* * *

The seduction of the internet and sci-fi phantasmagoria fascinates. It dwells in waking dreams intermingling fantasy and banality and oscillating between things and focus into that which happens to a spectator as a moment of impact.

*"Fascination is a seeing which presupposes distance, a decisiveness that separates, and fosters a power to stay out of contact and in contact, to avoid confusion."*ⁱ

And so we stumble as our bipedalism tries to find balance between technological and moral progress, between what we are and what we can become. Yet the digi-scape is also as autonomously-dependent on us as we on it. Where every subject is always a co-subject of moods, resonances, sympathies, sadnesses, and so on, that filter into their own diffuse bubbles of companionship. And it

is here in these foamy space-multiplicities that we find the drama and the evocation of fascination that keeps us there and not there, constantly.

* * *

<http://s3-ec.buzzfed.com/static/enhanced/webdr06/2013/6/16/8/enhanced-buzz-30507-1371384703-0.jpg>

[5]

<http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-OfXsghXRvIE/T5mOPjM9wtI/AAAAAAAAAC3I/MSM1IKN8yTI/s1600/world+wide+web+logo.jpg>

* * *

Which platform do you use? Which device do you own? How do you customise your interface? These mundane choices form the tenor of your cyber-gestures. As a moment of introspection, the different technologies we choose to use and how we use them affects the way we see ourselves positioned within networked space.

Having fed on the system we have ourselves been fed into it – we have become each other's appendages. Today baroque narratives and mythical occurrences pulsate just beyond the screen generated through the interweaving of our distracted collectivity. Our lives are now an aggregate of micro-spheres.

And this network-centricity has cyber-morphed us into creatures of communication technologies. Now that we have been (mostly) given a podium to speak from we can speak endlessly. Each day, week, minute is a newly outmoded-past to forget. The Internet is the ultimate confessional booth and in an attempt to stay visible we keep no secrets.

* * *

Anything can become real, be produced, read, manipulated, visualized, and then simulated to make up everything that is the world

[6]

In this infinitely total space we are damned to act

* * *

The networked screen recalibrates the way we imagine performing sociality, offering us a tactile idea of what it is to 'participate'. Never has it been truer that we are lackeys to the machine – potential commodities with exchange value that can be realized by re-sale, -post, -tweet, -blog. But if "liking" KONY2012 or texting Amnesty International is a form of support, it's a pretty weak one. The Coke Zero of protest, where subjugation is now re-branded as a more palatable invitation to 'participate'. Interpassivity is the mood-lighting, and communication technologies now perform the anti-capitalist gesture for us – just follow the prompts and press '1'. So we can continue as we were (time-light

already) and excuse ourselves for shoving past that person while we were texting our five-dollar donation to some disenfranchised child. The worths have been weighted, counted and marketed for us.

One the other hand, the astroturfing of information used by many network-centric political organisations can and sometimes even does generate conscious agency. The only difference is *if* we can get it, and if we can get it without being force-fed it.

* * *

<http://blog.seattletimes.nwsources.com/philanthropy/mobiledonation.jpg>

[7]

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tgBViHeiSKM>

* * *

The definition of the world as bound to the interpretation of electrical signals doesn't invalidate anything. It just means we can easily make another one and we do/will/have. But this has been true as long as truth has been something to ask for.

And the pharmacy has always been there, it's just more accessible now that it's digital. It can call up, and call forward, for us. But it's hard to say whether we are the scapegoat or the sorcerer.

Either way, we can still delete, which is like a digital forgetting. A forgetting that can punctuate the omnipresent cyber-matrices and temporarily collapse – as a moment of necessary failure – the kingdom of data storage that permeates the space-time of daily production. We just need memory sanctions. Or “quite literally” Google will remember more spam about our selves than ourselves.

* * *

www.google.com/settings/ads/onweb/

ⁱ Ronell, Avital, *The UberReader: Selected works of Avital Ronell – Delay Call Forwarding*, Urbana : University of Illinois Press, 2008

BEING CAUTIOUS



Student 1, INTRA High School, Gijón 2013

Intro

First world, second world, third world. There is a categorization, a hierarchy, a ranking. And even when there is a chance for runners to exchange positions, there is always a podium.

Art should be accessible to everyone but it's well known that the creative industry proliferates in richer countries –for then controlling the market and even trending aesthetics.

Spain was for a few years, maybe in an illusory manner, part of the first world. After the crash, southern European countries, or PIGS, were slowly kicked back to the pigpen, to that second place for *inbetweeners*.

Last March, the School where I did my A-Levels, offered me to do a workshop. I was asked to do conduct a seminar to advise to students on *How to Survive in The Art World*.

Many concerns about the financial crisis in Spain have been bugging me for a while, and this seemed like the perfect opportunity to do a small sociological study on the recession generation.

The province had seen growing into a small paradise of culture and leisure was going

back into being an industrial black hole of drugs and mediocrity: my aim was to analyze it's current situation and forecast its future.

The Workshop

Even after leaving the country, I never lost contact with Asturias, and flew back many times, always aware of the ongoing changes in society, on people's life. From cars to clothes, to the amount of shops closed down.

If the first year of recession was the toughest, with it's empty streets and a general feeling of despair, hopelessness and terror; what came after has served for readjustment, not into what the country used to be, but something different and still unclear.

When I left school my contemporaries could be classified as chavs, when I left for University, everyone was a fashionista; those were the last years of wealth. People knew about labels and girls would hold their bags in the crook of their elbows like the Olsen twins and Victoria Beckham did (The Sling). There was a street style blog for every town, and seemingly for every event.

And that was, more less, my latest impression of Spain, some sort of wannabe upper-class: fake vintage clothes from H&M, Starbucks cups, ray-bans and Gossip Girl.

Stupidly, I focused my workshop on street style, like a young(er) teacher who thinks she knows her students, or worse, trying to apply what I experienced in larger cities, out to the rest of the world, omitting the fact that there are other realities aside from that of the 1st world mainstream. Such an assumption was certainly a mistake.

I expected these art students to express themselves as my classmates and I did when we were their age, five years ago, extravagantly.

Our styles were excessive and defined, we were all part of some sort of subculture and we were proud of it, our tastes came from international sources and we were pompous about it. We felt close to our sources too, because we could afford it: Spain was going well financially, everything was fine, we were a first world country too: there was an illusion of proximity.

We were allured by street style and our outfits proved that we could make it there in Asturias as well as we could make there in the big city –dream and goal for most of us. I'd say that we dreamed big because we didn't think we were even dreaming. We just deserved it: our education, our clothes, and our access to information. We also had been brought up without the Internet and had just gotten into it... so we devoured it. We drowned in information, and we loved it. We argued about all the new things we'd learn and we'd try to separate ourselves from the rest of our peers through our knowledge.

Our Ebay purchases expressed our cultural capital.

There were Goths walking up and down the corridor with their full-length leather coats, there were hippies playing bongos during lunch break, emos, indies, punks...

Once, these two girls, who were into anime, got sent to the director's office because of their Gothic-lolita outfits, wearing blood stained mini-skirts, suspenders and real knives attached to them. They were punished with an assignment – to write an essay about Carnival.

Everything was intense and tightly defined, and everyone would be argumentative about what were they wearing and why. Everyone had big dreams and high expectations. There was too much energy: youth culture was glorified.



Student 2, INTRA High School, Gijón 2013

When I first got to the building, the first thing I asked to my photography teacher was if they were any art-kids with crazy styles. He smiled. He understood what I meant because he remembered my outfits. He said he hadn't seen anyone wearing weird clothes, he said that it didn't happen anymore.

When I got home I prepared a set of questions that'd help me to throw some light over the current situation. I'd do my best to look at it with a new perspective understanding their goals, wishes and future plans.

But on the other hand, I was terrified. I had been asked to visit the school as someone who had left the institute and "made it" in the art world... and the grants I received to move to London and study in Central Saint Martins didn't exist anymore. What was I supposed to advice them?

On the day of the workshop, I was given the theatre. I requested the 1st and 2nd year tutors to provide with the largest amount of art students. A horde of teenagers filled the space.

Having the camera and the recorder ready, I started to pick and choose. First, they would come individually and pose in front of the grey backdrop. However, very quickly they decided they wanted to take part in couples; and later, in groups. There was a sense of community and cooperation that seemed new to me, opposed to the fierce individualism I was used to. Solidarity that reminded me of the "acampadas" and the "indignados" protests that had taken place all across the country a few months before.

The questions were simple:

How would you define your style?

Do you consider yourself privileged?

Why do you study arts?

What do you want to do when you're older?

To the first question: *normal*. A storm of "*normal*" showered me. No word popped out

from their mouths as much as this one. It became a litany. Comfy, sport and modern followed normal: no references to specific subcultures. And this doesn't mean that all of them wore plain sportswear (although in their majority, they did); but weirdly enough some students wore subtle Goth and punk attires or band t-shirts while not labeling themselves as anything in particular.

They weren't interested.



Student 3, INTRA High School, Gijón 2013

There was also a sense of embraced and celebrated ignorance. Because of the feeling of distance, everything that would come from afar, from fashion to art, seemed too difficult to grasp, to the point of making its appreciation pointless.

If anyone dared to mention certain foreign labels, their peers would instantly attack them. There was booing to the girl who said she was a hipster, booing to the girl who mentioned Clara Delevingne. (And so on).



Student 4, INTRA High School, Gijón 2013

This wasn't the Generation Y that I expected. They had access to everything, yes, in theory, but an access to something illusory, at the other side of a crystal wall. The world was there but not for them, the doors were closing... and it hurts less to look somewhere else. Their trajectory didn't look forward or outside, they planned to stay and sort things out.

And finally, to the question regarding their privileges, they mostly considered themselves lucky and were grateful that they had shelter and something to eat. "Taking into account the current situation..."

They all admitted to be happy with what they had, most of them seemed aware of the impossibility of studying abroad or even in Madrid or Barcelona.

Being politically correct I'd say that I was happy to hear these comments, denoting some sort of "maturity" that I'm sure my classmates and I lacked of. Supposedly. But I missed the anger, the energy and the naiveté.

For the first draft of my text I got some peers to double-check it, to give their opinion and feedback on it. I needed help; I just couldn't interpret what I had recorded. What could I get out from such responses, when all I could hear was a repetitious *normal, normal, normal*?

I was understood and backed in my attempts to parallel a bland aesthetic to a culture of safety and austerity, but also criticized for, and warned against, being nostalgic of a past, supposedly more creative or explosive, that was supported by a very dirty economic system.

I don't miss art students being ridiculously accessorized with absurd amounts of clothes from high street stores: I just miss seeing people with a future.

Depression (mood)

Sad, empty, hopeless, worried, helpless, worthless, guilty, restless

Spain has moved downwards to second division, with the feeling of shame that entails. Shy street-styles for a humiliated culture.

Many of the students talked about "past mistakes", pointing out credit-card craze from older generations. All seemed aware of the consequences and ready to accept them, to digest them. They are ready to pay for others' sins. Where has the demand on young people, for salvation, come from?

Would it be possible that within narrower limits, sensibility had become more attentive to detail, more acute? What I found, I align with the times: everything was mild, soft and discreet. No one would try to surpass the limits of conformity; no one would try to be more than the rest.

Gone were the times when a new outfit, even though shoplifting, had to be developed on a weekly basis. No one carried expensive Super Dolfies imported from Japan in their bags or knives in their suspenders. Everything was quiet.

Economics are abstract and dogmatic. Economists function as priests and these students behaved modestly like repentant devotees. They seemed cautious: cautious in every single way. Normal.

To stay in Asturias, rebuild what is left to them, rise from the ashes, and walk towards a financial recovery: seemed the only option.

And they can stay, but recovery will not happen, because there is no recovery.

Exacerbated neoliberalism emphasized the virtues of youth –and with that came the explosion of street style, self-expression, energy, passion and growth.

Passivity and acceptance: those are the keywords right now. These students are willing to pay the debt. They have been convinced; they think they deserve to be punished growing up into a system where they will be exploited with tortuous internships and low wages.

But in reality they have the right to insolvency: they shouldn't be feeling such guilt; they shouldn't be facing such fate.

They deserve the right to complain, to revolt –but in a wholly new and different way.

As we have seen, violent riots don't do more than give excuses to a ruling class for the continuation of oppression, and while "peaceful demonstrations are effective in the frame of democracy" they are not effective *"now that techno-financial automatisms have taken the place of political decisions"* (Franco Bifo Berardi).

So how can the PIGS revolt?

They've defeated the monster and legend of street style, of youth culture. They disregard artifice in clothing the same way they are suspicious of the financial system they were born into.

Their relaxed outfits and disregard for materialism exemplifies how cognitive labor has become the main productive force. They are aware, even if unconsciously, that what has been left to them is information.

There will be no recovery but, if there is money to recreate Las Vegas in the outskirts of Madrid, there are funds for these students to enjoy of further education, to be entitled to free healthcare and unemployment benefits. With the cuts, the most affected are the minorities. The girls I interviewed are *"one husband away from the welfare line"* (Silvia

Federici) more than before.



Student 5, INTRA High School, Gijón 2013

Narcissistic Personality Disorder

"The 'local' is a necessity in Asturias, while in the UK it has become an aspirational term, an aesthetic project and proposition" (Cadence Kinsey). And this necessity should become the momentum to attack at the heart of power. Not violently, not peacefully but cognitively.

In cases like the Spanish one, turning to the local is a necessity inflicted by disgrace, while in places like the UK it is something related to pride. If the UK is now exploiting an aesthetic of retro, organic, old-school, classicism; is to generate a feeling of discomfort to the ones alien to it –minorities, immigrants, outsiders.

Again, I would start applying human attributes to countries. It helps. From my perspective, I think it makes it easier to understand how things work (and how could they develop).

I previously attributed (in past writings) a strong level of narcissism to colonialist countries because they aren't better but they love themselves more, shamelessly and without boundaries.

Here's how I'd explain the cultural success of western culture over the rest; it's not that the content is better, what matters here is self-promotion and manipulation: narcissism. A narcissist country would suffer from the following symptoms, the same way a person with a narcissistic personality disorder would do: they expect to be recognized as superior and special (without superior accomplishments), needs constant attention, is

preoccupied with thoughts and fantasies of great success, enormous attractiveness, power and intelligence etc.

They are self absorbed, some to the point of grandiosity, and preoccupied with protecting their self-image. Their interpersonal behavior tends to be inflexible, and they often have an inability to admit faults or to feel empathy.



Regina George (Mean Girls) MEME

Codependency

When it comes to their relationships with others, the narcissist attracts the weak, getting them to believe that whatever illusion they are convincing themselves with, is true.

I'd say that there are some countries that for a while have been the Queen Bees and some other countries that have been the wannabes. As simple as in the structure of a High School (Mean Girls, 2004), to confront the bullies the solution isn't in fighting them (violence, war); but in re-adjusting the understanding of the existing power relations and abolishing the hierarchies.

For many years western culture has been on a codependent relationship with their subordinate foreign cultures and "otherness".

For a while, Spain, Greece and Portugal have been the wannabes of the United Kingdom, France and Germany (who as a block, has function as a leading Regina George).

Now the first are being bullied and need to think of a strategy for stopping so. Narcissists, have an ability to get others to buy into their vision and help them make it a reality, are natural magnets for the "'co-dependent' who have a tendency to put others' need before their own: this explains why now the PIGS have to follow the silly rules of austerity, blindly, as if it was a hazing to go through to be able to be part of the (cool) fraternity of Europe.

My culture is better than yours

There is a phenomenon that I have only been able to talk about with friends from southern European countries that have moved to the UK or the USA (that I'm sure applies to immigrants from many other countries). I'd call it a double-layered culture. It's well known for my Italian girlfriends how, to be able to even start a relationship (amorous, friendly) with an English person one has to semi-renounce to one's personal culture just to avoid isolation. One has to have a personal and secret background culture (that of the place you come from, with your language, your jokes, your TV programs and musicians) and a day-to-day sharable culture, which is that of the western mainstream.

Since we are little, many people from countries like Spain, Italy, Portugal, have grown up knowing about their own countries' culture as much as we had grown up watching anglo/mainstream cartoons, listening to anglo/mainstream music and watching anglo/mainstream films...just to keep up; in the same way a servant learns about her patron tastes, just to please, before having to be told to do so.

Effortless understanding of western culture equals to oneself being well-read, well-travelled, well-mannered. Always available.



Blair Waldorf (Gossip Girl) Screenshot

Now, those who were born in a Regina-George-Country don't even consider it an option. If they don't know of a cartoon I used to watch when I was little, they don't rush into trying to understand it, just so I can share my experience with them. They don't have to face the double-layered culture of the servant.

Because this applies to culture, it affects artistic production, or at least any attempt for art created out of the mainstream to be part of an "accepted" cultural dialogue without falling into the category of "outsider" art or "world" art.

Double-layered culture explains why Andy Warhol was making pop culture out of the graphic design of daily-life American items without being considered an ethnic artist. His work was pop culture, because western culture is the only culture. Otherwise, Oscar Murillo using empty packages of flour is considered ethnic.

*I'd say, my culture is your culture
and my culture.*

You'd say, my culture is my culture.

For a long while, to acknowledge foreign culture wasn't too far from looking like a Deep Forest video clip. Mash-ups, appropriation, orientalism and deep fetishisation of the unknown: the future is to avoid this sort of condescending approaches to "the other".

The future is to abolish "capitals" of artistic creation and to actually generate a decentralized net of independent creative minds.

Torture & Pain

One of the main characteristics of narcissism is the lack of empathy. Lacking of empathy, we don't understand others' pain.

Pain, doesn't limit itself to the physical. We could be talking about a country's financial problematic and social struggle. PIGS are countries in pain. And those other, financially in charge of the European Union (the Regina George Block), have demonstrated to suffer of an intense lack of empathy by applying the solutions they coldly and boldly have suggested: cuts, austerity, punishment.



Blair Waldorf (Gossip Girl) Screenshot

As Elaine Scarry cites in her book *The Body in Pain*, "*physical pain does not simply resist language but actively destroys it*".

The PIGS have been long tortured and therefore their capacity of expression has been lacerated.

Southern Europe is in pain and unable to express its suffering, incapable of articulating an adequate response to Northern Europe's torture.

Shyness includes discretion: visibility receives more attention. The lack of language

becomes invisibility.

On the other hand, contemporary western culture is a culture of cynicism and "*mass cynicism results from the dissolution of social solidarity.*" (Franco Bifo Berardi)

When there's no solidarity there's no empathy and no communication.

Destruction Of Language & Lack of Empathy

"The limits of my language mean the limits of my world" (Ludwig Wittgenstein)

Like in every relationship, the problem is miscommunication. Like with every other dispute, the root is a lack of understanding. But if we are living in the era of information, communication and connectivity, how can there be so many difficulties and so much confusion? Pain is a destructive force and as such it swallows up speech. Atrophied empathy and sensibility cannot interpret the now incomprehensible cries of help.

The problem are semiotics. The students I did the workshop with, had been given the tools for interconnectivity from a very young age, but at the same time their language has gradually been dilapidated through a gradually inflicted political and social pain, from the media, from their parents and surroundings.

Their suffocated and exhausted expressions are the result of years of fruitless peaceful demonstrations that have drained their energy.

There is no more cognitive fuel to persevere with futile protests; and never-ending struggle will weaken the subversive. The solution is to adapt to exhaustion and proceed by changing one thing: the mindset.

PIGS youth have nothing but one thing: the tools for being interconnected globally. That and their language is the only thing that has been left to them.

First, they will have to recover from depression in order to stop suffering and heal their capacity of communicating. As soon as they do so and recover their speech, they will be able to be part of the global dialogue.

Secondly and most importantly (but also most difficulty), they'd need to learn to ignore the cultural hierarchy in order to abolish it. To accomplish that, the narcissistic lies should be identified and ignored. And if these students have been able to surpass the legend of street style, they'd be able to develop their own personal ideas and aesthetics and be able to be part of the cultural dialogue straightaway, through immediate concatenation, without having to be absorbed by appropriation.

I only started making art as soon as I positioned myself as an equal in relation to the western contemporary artists I liked, instead of putting myself on a different level, that of the fan or the admirer. I only started producing a genuine body of work as soon as I stopped experiencing culture on a double-layered basis and considered my background as valuable as anyone else's.

The new generation is really the one who will be able to generate a decentralized network just as they are the ones who haven't grown up with the one-way structure of television. They were born participating and collaborating: they aren't spectators anymore.

But even though these students are part of the generation Y, they do behave as beholders and have gone back to utilizing connectivity tools just for chatting to their classmates after school. They need to recover from the trauma generated by austerity to go further in their exchanges of knowledge and to stop being scared of reaching out.

It's nearly impossible for them to generate a flow of cash or goods, but it's in their hands to create a flow of words, expressing themselves creatively with what happens in larger cities, not in parallel but intertwined with them, in a never ending stream of feedback. Only then, western dominance can stop in favor of a richer culture, born out from creative minds from different backgrounds.

The same way good feminist art can only be so when its criteria stops being "*how much it seems it was created by a man*", great art from non-western creators, from film directors to musicians and writers, will only be genuine when it escapes the "*it looks as if it was foreign*" criteria.

The talent of these students will find its way through details and a new appreciation of the little that has been left to them, and this, in the age of semio-capital, is language.

As soon as codependency is over, there will be no power structures: the narcissist won't be able to dominate anymore.

Spain, PIGS, and every other oppressed country, should recover their self-esteem and start from scratch with a healthier mindset while ignoring the delusional character of western culture and the illusion of being superior, exceptional and admirable.

Only then there'll be equality and culture will be accessible to everyone -and generated by everyone.

Notes

At the time of writing this text EuroVegas was going to be built in the outskirts of Madrid. Now, at the time of finishing this text (24th Dec 2013) it has been said in the news, that EuroVegas won't be developed in Iberia anymore. Instead, having to be always evil, in some way or the other, the government of Mr. Rajoy, approved a new restrictive abortion law, something I'll write about another time.

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Thanks

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Marta ;)

Noam Klar

Harry Burke

<3

(UP)DATES & (UP)GRADES

Adam Cruces

Zürich — 2013

TASTE

Advanced warning,
Miniature diptychs,

Past influences,
Present form,

Mustn't stagnate,
Clear connection,

Current decisions,
Future shape,

Progressive tech,
Systemic cope,

Adaptive effects,
Cultured networks,

Generational gap,
Utility transformation,

Geographical perspective,
Identity shift,

Circumstances unique,
Situation universal.

SMELL

Before now was another now.
Hard, raw, optimistic exhilaration.

Small entity with power defined by verticality, vitality.
Grid swarming, its breath solely heard at night, from the
center.

Competition constant,
Opportunity always,

And before that, a previous now.
Best intentions, isolated solitude.

Segregated,
Rare promise.

NYC \neq KC
HTX = HTX

The familiar, the known, the missed, the absent.
Not necessarily the better.

Home from home. Same and different - the feel, the eyes.
Winters of warmth and summers of disgust.

Organic spread, manufactured bodies,
Ubiquitous heat.

The scent of known moments. Comfort in true laziness.
No place like it. Welcoming arms, greeting hands, loving
smiles.

Large portions,
Great value,

Glowing rectangles of entertainment,
Selection unnecessary.

Bust that block action.
Jerk that tear drama.

Out – hearing folk, psych, rock,
Strings, sticks and skins.

Beards, plaid and denim,
Uniform unanimous.

In – seeing black and white, subtitles,
Other times, distant places.

Analog, grains;
Simulacra suffices.

Vintage this, vintage that.
Respect, definitely.

Ancient vocabulary framework update,
Empty mouths speak hollow gestures.

Longing for time not their own,
Not experienced, though not unknown.

(Not mine,
I'm bored.)

The current present less romantic.
Give it a spell.

One day this will be memory.
Remakes/ reboots remain.

Unfavorable?
TBD.

Brilliance now will be brilliance then,
Or absolutely forgotten – YOLO.

Chance for lack of acknowledgement,
Unexpected is calling.

Eliminate subjective conditions.
No, thanks.

Sip through the narrowest of straws,
Not enough minutes to thaw,

Abundance of prerequisite synergy,
Inevitable readjustment,

Sample this.
Not my cup of tea.

Level the field of _____
Risk (/) reward.

Designed obsolescence, granted.
Programmed perspectives, acquired.

Contagious speed bumps,
Dodgers have razzmatazz w/ immunity boost,

Hybrid tolerance,
Flavor stretch.

Hands on manual,
Slide tap cyber,

No faith on deck.
Certainly not in the hole.

Cyclical repetition,
Momentary extraction,

Following waves come, as they must.
Regardless relent,

Zoom out,
Still works.

Don't force it.
Slick.

TOUCH

Natural occurrence,
Human construct.

Species-wise: horse, wheel, boat, propeller, jet, rocket,
And so forth. Consistently persistent.

Gimme, gimme, gimme, I need,
I need, please, please.

DVDs are streams.
Emoticons as modern hieroglyphs,

Sensual stimulation storage,
Context converted content.

Confusion is just fusion.
Serving a purpose serves us.

Use is flexible, appearance futile.
Works and workin' it.

Camouflage is flash,
Obnoxiousness blends in.

Tender, transaction,
Electronic, transfer,

Single function objects become accessories.
Multi-purpose (h)as the edge.

Decorative pets, lavish skins,
The status is shared, keep up!

Applied embellishment,
Neutered gadget,

Deny the purpose.
Replace the function.

New fossils,
Avoid/ preserve?

Brands rule bodies.
Trademarks claim frontiers.

Products identify entities.
Presence placement,

Accessorize the tool.
Defaults slip in to sleep.

Virtual materialization,
Physical digitization,

Networks cast expanding cloud coverage.
Distances shrink in response.

Waste converts to power.
Relics cycle into contamination.

Living predictions of prior imaginations,
Underwhelming sophistication,

No life,
Just style.

Days of worship,
Pastime leisure.

Ones plus zeros,
Equals substance.

Symbols convey complex feelings.
Abbreviations as time management,

Reassign user memory.
Nourish user preferences,

Customize standards.
Blank is the new and improved blank.

Higher on the ladder,
Necessities obscure,

Containers and utensils flossed,
Provisions exaggerated, excessive.

Below is the foundation,
Compulsion dominates.

Animals: Humans,
Oldowan: Green.

Escape to -
Escape from.

SOUND

Foreign sight, foreign tongue,
Surrounded, alone, satisfied – relatively.

Exclusive, high end, upscale, well financed,
What an island!

Lack of space creates absence of spatial awareness.
Surplus personal bubble encourages traffic
consciousness.

Disgusting smells have different definitions,
Tones flipped.

Over-processed chemicals,
No substitute for barbaric delights, well, sometimes.

Suffocating secondhand stench,
Afternoon libations,

Privacy on the table,
Not alfresco.

The emphasis on the vista cannot be compromised.
While on the other side, unyielding rearrangement.

Where are the laughs and smiles?
Are they reserved for other settings?

Deep, stark voices transform;
Outcome, light and subtle, yet versatile.

Accommodate at will,
Not on demand.

Dressing down,
Out of the question.

Solid infrastructure, strict schedules,
Holidays of plenty.

Intimacy comes with passing years,
Sausage fests and/ or taco fests.

First impressions unlimited,
Clockwork conquers,

Control and discipline – paramount.
Convenience, too costly,

Nickel this,
Dime that.

Self-interested strategies prove successful for conflicts.
Consequence: true colors on display.

Cold, miserable; damp, annoying; warm, pleasant; cool,
refreshing.
Repeat with subtle variations... preferable. Transitions
perpetual.

Evade the collective umbrella.
Unite through stubbornness.

Family structure, local reinforcement, secret codes,
Every chance capitalized UPON.

Beware of outside influence, unless contained.
Infiltrate at own risk. Profit?

Cons bring attention to pros.
Pluses for better feels,

Best, lack of complaint fodder.
Geo-socio-politico-blah, negligible,

Running smoothly, more or less.
\$ proportionate, more of less,

Options limited.
Better selection? Probably.

Celebration of the mainstream
From afar.

Little to cause friction,
Trigger trouble for appearances.

Rap lyrics, ghetto vibes, guns, rides, spring break, east
coast, west coast,
Vin Diesel, really?

The sexiness is an artificial version.
Never crave true trashiness.

Green is always grassier.
I'm exotic.

SIGHT

Experience
Object

Receive,
After need.

‘The world’s mine oyster.’
(Shellfish allergy)

Self-referential mirrors reflecting loops,
Over-privileged, shoulder chip.

Most, closest companions consist
Of briefest history/ furthest away.

No true understanding, judgment only.
A positive light, of course.

Labels no longer stipulate poise,
Limits slippery slope dilute fingerprints.

A stranger in its own hometown, yet,
Alien @ current residence.

To broaden horizons,
To uproot the base,

Straddling sacrifices position in both standings.
Too many ripples between no clue available.

Enjoyment of the unaccustomed,
Due to being detached.

No firsthand knowledge,
Only indirect familiarity through prophylactics.

Still
Moved.

Rather be lonely,
Instead of alone.

Everything, nope.
Anything, yep.

Sincere facade tussle without any struggle,
Just restlessness. Expectation.

Dissatisfied with constant satisfaction.
Conscious, nonetheless.

Appreciates the significance of the message.
Trouble walking the talk.

Maturity delay,
Out of hand.

Moderation's tricky balancing act,
Easily said, difficultly done.

Maintain pretenses of optimism,
Fortune is partial to preparations.

Smooth sailing,
Preoccupation along the ride,

Goal within sight, and reach.
Circumstances in favor.





We can be m00t

Use of 'We' is not to advocate solely for participatory structures of art but to insist on a participatory view of culture at large, and ultimately taking iconoclasm itself as a quotidian activity.¹

We live, work, and play as part of a collective society. All that we are and all that we do is implicated in a network of social relations crisscrossed by handshakes, highways and hyperlinks. We are all already implicated in a network that is ubiquitous and pervasive, and it is part of the contemporary condition that this notion is taken as convention. What comes with collective action is a subversion of old hierarchies that otherwise position cultural production as dominion of the elite masters and institutions who in turn inform the masses below. Through the collective, cultural production today tears icons off their pedestals and forces them to participate in the swarming mass and bog that is the networked world as we know it. The Internet appears a complementary associate of this network, offering us forms of cultural exchange that seem to continue the will of the collective drive towards individual emancipation. However, while the Internet might connote the utopic collective, as Artie Vierkant reminds us, it is at its core a system of management and control.² What follows is a brief argument for the importance of the sustained collective struggle towards individual emancipation in our digitally augmented political terrains, alongside an anecdote illustrating an instance of iconoclasm in our post-Internet society.³

Edward Joseph Snowden recently released information pointing the finger at the American Government and its National Security Agency (NSA) for violation of citizens' rights to privacy. Snowden revealed secret surveillance laws passed by Bush and resigned by Obama that allow the NSA legal access to collect and catalogue users' online data. Internet providers such as Google (Gmail), Microsoft (Hotmail), YouTube, Facebook, Skype, Apple and others are all implicated in this program.⁴ Without warrant, the US Government can legally access and survey our activity within these platforms, helping themselves to our emails, video chats, photos and the like. Monopolies like Google and Microsoft bolster hierarchical systems of control through claiming possession over our action within their territories, and we accepted this long ago. The question is, how might we now assert agency, and force a shift in the distribution of power?

¹ Artie Vierkant, *The Image Object Post Internet*, jstchillin.org, accessed June 25, 2013, <http://jstchillin.org/artie/vierkant.html>

² Ibid.

³ Post-Internet in this context refers to the contemporary condition whereby the Internet is perceived as everyday, banal. Informed by Marisa Olson's definition of the term. In Regine, 'Interview with Marisa Olson.' *We Make Money Not Art*. March 28, 2008, accessed June 20, 2013, <http://we-make-money-not-art.com/archives/2008/03/how-does-one-become-marisa.php#.UdkLcD48ogR>

⁴ Glen Greenwald, 'NSA Prism program taps in to user data of Apple, Google and others.' *The Guardian*, June 7, 2013. Accessed June 20, 2013, <http://www.guardian.co.uk/world/2013/jun/06/us-tech-giants-nsa-data>

Iconoclasm exposes mechanisms of control and destabilises hierarchies that otherwise assume dominance over many. Brad Troemel, in his essay *What Relational Aesthetics Can Learn From 4chan*, recounts an instance of what I argue is a glorious moment of collective iconoclasm.⁵ In 2009 TIME Magazine's 100 Most Influential People of the Year online readership poll was hacked, and the outcome manipulated. The winner of the contest: m00t. m00t is the pseudonym of Christopher Poole, the founder of 4chan.org, which is a web-based platform with a community of anonymous members. What is remarkable about his win is that he was placed at the top spot by a massive margin as the result of software developed by anonymous 4chan users. Further to boosting m00t to number one, the hackers used the first initial of the names of the top 21 place getters to intentionally spell the message 'mARBLECAKE ALSO THE GAME'. What this act reveals is quite beautiful. Through taking control of TIME's popularity contest, the hackers catapulted m00t to a position ahead of Obama and Oprah (also nominated), essentially debunking these icons for a preferred reverence of individual power and agency within collective action. Here m00t does not stand in place of the man behind the pseudonym, Christopher Poole. Rather, m00t is representative of the collective of emancipated individuals, standing as radical agents against mechanisms of control and coercion. In my opinion Christopher Poole did not win the contest for Most Influential, the anonymous hackers did.

To upset mechanisms of control, we can learn from the anonymous hackers behind m00t's victory. These individuals exert power over the hierarchy through their literacy in computer programming. Their aptitude shows us the potential scope of a digitally augmented world that is collectively populated by agents in charge of their own digital destiny. While it might sound a quaint notion, I think there will come a day when literacy in computer programming will be generally perceived as equally fundamental as literacy in language. That future will see the individual within the collective holding proprietorship over their own digital histories. In the meantime Google and Microsoft will continue to provide us with rented space in their digital lot, all at the low, low cost of our right to privacy. What a bargain.

⁵ Brad Troemel, 'What Relational Aesthetics Can Learn From 4Chan.' *Art F City*, September 9, 2010. Accessed June 25, 2013, <http://artfcity.com/2010/09/09/img-mgmt-what-relational-aesthetics-can-learn-from-4chan/>



Retrograde Cyber Neurosis¹

No one really uses the word “cyberspace” anymore. It evokes digital Cases and Lindas standing eternally on coded virtual beaches,² pixelated visualisations of the catastrophic ‘Da Vinci Virus’,³ robotic dogs in Janet Jackson film clips, MUDs, dungeons and dragons, Alta Vista.

And that’s just not the kind of Internet we inherited. Nobody wants a virtual reality anymore. Second life may as well be a floppy disk. There is a reason we have shifted from the metonymic discourse of virtual reality to that of augmented reality; it is the best techno-conceptual framework to signify our current relationship with the digital interface and indeed our broader technological Umwelt. It has been a long time since the Net was interpreted as a portal to somewhere from which we can dump off all our meat bodies and transcend the limits of the physical in an enteral cyber utopia. The average user now accesses the Net as an interim between the empirical reality we experience as embodied beings and its abstracted representation in code stored in massive servers that are ironically much further away geographically than the approved friends of our geosocial networks.

The cyber-spirituality of the eternal that I was promised as a young cyberpunk fan seems pretty far from the clichés of web 2.0 that not only have an inbuilt means of grounding a post in physical time and space but have an almost obsessive relation to the body in its content. This is exemplified by the .jpg haloumi panini, documented and uploaded ‘37 minutes ago in Sydney’⁴ or my Blendr’d/ Grindr’d dick pic, a penis that is a mere 200 meters away. Actually I don’t have a dick, but I wish I did. Not in that classless retro Freudian kind of way, but specifically so that its digital presentation could be shared, spread around lap top screens and phones in a kind of sublimated penetration. Especially if it ends up on a touch screen. I like the idea of the dick abstracted into numbers and trusting its way through the code to remerge in a (perhaps unsuspecting, perhaps throbbingly expectant) hand that grasps the smart phone in much the same gesture you would if it were the member itself. It’s like a kind of reverse ejaculation. Instead of cuming at the code (as in the presentation of those thousands of tiny flagellating gametes with their associated Gs and As and Ts and Cs) we have a coming through the code. The 1s and 0s of transmission and what we arrive at is the reproduced⁵ pic. A pic that conventionally depicts the penis either semi or fully erect, prior to ejaculation.⁶

¹ Full title “Retrograde Cyber Neurosis: A Sketch Written in Thanks To My Ex-Lover For Taking Care of Me Last Friday When I Got Too Stoned With Those Unidentified Boys From Adelaide And A Hypothesis As To Why, Really, That Whole Situation Was Hans Morevac’s Fault.”

² Gibson, William. *Neuromancer*. New York: Ace Books, 1984.

³ Softley, Iain. Dir. *Hackers*. United artists, 1995.

⁴ Cheers to FB for that elaboration and specificity.

⁵ #punintended

⁶ In an ideal world this kind of coming and cuming would be distinguished by their prospective duration. Snap chat is after all, pretty much instantaneous... But I’ve beaten this pun into a reddit dead horse GIF meme and should probably aim to be marginally less vulgar than absolutely necessary.

But this is a silly transgender cyborg erotic imagining because all I have is this shitty uterus.⁷ And it just doesn't have the same resonance; an inverted and abstracted void space travelling via data transmission through another inverted and abstracted void space. I refer you to 4chan's rules of the Internet⁸ number 30: "There are no girls on the Internet", and if you should be in possession of a XX Chromosome⁹ and decide to lurk less and post more, I present to you rule 31: "Tits or GTFO". I know some of you artfags¹⁰ might be trolled by this but just keep in mind that this becomes progressively less offensive as one considers that this is not necessarily a rule of just the Internet alone. Don't let the initialization or point blank syntax fool you. Don't feed the trolls.

James Gleick's "The Information"¹¹ proposes the connection between Shannon entropy and the concept of the information code with the cognisance of the biological code and the mapping of the genome. This understanding of humans, indeed life itself, as essentially embodied forms of data recalls the old cyber-fanatical ghosts of the prophets of the old Read-Only Web like Hans Moravec. You know, the kind of 'download your soul into the Internet ether and live forever with a divine knowledge of the infinite and a connected experience of All'. No no not Mr. Slippy,¹² this guy was IRL.

As an obvious techno fetishist this deviation from the autonomy of the liberal humanist subject to the determinism of the code holds erotic repercussions for me. But I'm not that kind of techno fetishist like those who are into vibrating appendages or kissing robots or Californian Mac Fags or any number of Shibuya shoppers. I think of myself as kind of... ummm... theoretical techno fetishist.¹³ It's not the machines; I'm not a Babbage, I don't care about the cogs. I'm a Turing, I care about the code.¹⁴

⁷ All you swap.avi fans can get your mind out of the efukt gutter. That's not the kind of shitty I mean.

⁸ For anyone who was intended to rebuff me with Rules 1 and 2 my preemptive reply is: "Bitch please. Nobody has paid attention to that since courage wolf appeared on Adult Swim".

⁹ I always thought XXXchromosome would be an awesome name for a porn site. But triple X syndrome is a real thing and can have quite serve health repercussions. Triple X Syndrome would also be a fantastic name for a porn site.

¹⁰ Relax artfag. Troll on troll. Metatroll.

¹¹ It is somewhere towards the end. This is not an academic paper, I'm writing for the lulz and I so CBF rummaging through my books just to get a page number. Read it yourself.

¹² I would Ibid. the sentiment of the last footnote except I have academic feels now. Like in the above footnote, the part that I am specifically referring to in the body of the text (an uploaded experienced of infinity) happens towards the end of the narrative. And the narrative to which I am referring is Verno Vinge's *True Names*. Actually its writers such as Margaret Wertheim and N. Katherine Hales that were making these connections between the predictions of cyberpunk fictional writers and its serious futurist proponents. They did this in the 90s, back when Morevec was hip and it is Wertheim and Hales that I really should be footnoting here.

¹³ Perhaps what I mean is best communicated by example. I like robots, I have a robot. But I like robots because they test the subject. They signify the way we project sentence and perceive an imagined consciousness a la Turing test philosophy. It was never really the circuitry that got me off, and that's why poor little Kaspar the robot, an eponymous homage to Gary Kasparov, gathers dust in my studio. I guess it is the same reasoning that indicates why, despite that fact that some of my favorite artworks are electronic, I often don't enjoy exhibitions of electronic art in general.

¹⁴ Here I was going to go on a tangent based around a techno fetishist reading of Turing's life and legacy but that's so 2012 and most of it would be cospasta from notes on the progression of my MFA and everybody knows how boring cospasta is.

It is at this point that I would like to make an explicit differentiation between the ‘technological’ and the ‘digital’. Only idiot n00bs don’t know the difference between the web and the Net. But even the educated, the eloquent, the erudite¹⁵ can sometimes appear to use the words ‘technological’ and ‘digital’ interchangeably. When we are talking about digital, we mean something absolute. It is discrete and discontinuous, as opposed to analogue, which is continuous. Digital has bits, it has switches. It just so happens that most, in fact pretty much all, of technological innovation happens to be digital these days. Hence the bleeding definition that leads to those fugly catchphrases like ‘digital revolution’. But at the end of the day it’s about the binary. It’s about encoding. I can have a magical digital watch that says 16:06 point whatever to infinity and it will still be digital because numbers are discrete. But I, in my inept little wetware head, experience time in analogue. A cleaner and less philosophical example would be the analogue to digital converter or ADC. Definitely not to be confused with AC/DC, (a tool to direct electronic current and an Aussie rock band) but musos will be familiar with both initializations because ADCs convert voltage to amplitude. Physical and continuous to discrete and digital. Of course this is confusing because we measure voltage in numbers too. But we measure many things and that may not necessarily change it in its actual form to something that is digital. And the alphabet is digital,¹⁶ existing in 26 letters. I have encoded my undoubtedly analogue ‘mentalese’¹⁷ into digital letters that are manifest in a digital binary right now on my laptop.¹⁸ To form ‘laptop’ it looks like:

L A P T O P
1 0 0 0 0 0
0 1 0 0 0 0
0 0 1 0 0 0
0 0 0 1 0 0
0 0 0 0 1 0
0 0 0 0 0 1

With the 1 being when a QWERTY button was switched on and the 0s when it is off.¹⁹

And low, the Great Code of the Universal Computer was born in the head of Alan Turing as he rested in the grass after a marathon jog around the English Country side, and then he died. He died for and because of our own and his own sins.²⁰

But this is boring and wasn’t I going to write about sex again? Why yes, petulant and horny reader, not doubt in a state of desperate depravation and anxiety from the

¹⁵ And I might add, the alliterative and assonant.

¹⁶ I had originally written ‘language is digital’ but then I realized that this would necessitate a kind of post-structural disambiguation aside to avoid being misconstrued and in my intellectual lethargy I figured it would be easier for me to use a more exact example.

¹⁷ This is the word Steven Piker has repeatedly used in *The Language Instinct* (1994) and *How The Mind Works* (1998) to describe a thought before it is articulated in language.

¹⁹ It is an increasingly specific taxonomy: Technological > digital > binary. Binary being digital with base 2 instead of the base 10 we use in counting. An apology if this is already common knowledge.

²⁰ The suicide of Alan Turing is historically understood in the context of a depression induced by forced chemical castration. That’s what the mother country did to convicted homosexuals back in the 50s.

seeming eons of unstimulating of seconds that you have been looking at letters instead of nipples. Yes I am going to get back to sex.

It doesn't happen often, but occasionally I am overwhelmed and affronted in cataclysmic bursts by a compulsive visualisation of a one sign (1) penetrating a zero sign (0). And it is horrible to me. I am distressed and haunted and unsettled and sickened to the point of vomiting when I think of it. I'm not easily nauseated. Abjection and the Internet are like, my favouritest things.²¹ When it comes to abject pictorial representation on the Net, I'm a fucking tough bitch. Especially after the gore.jpgs of the Boston bombings. But those clean ones and zeros, made ever more respectable in Times New Roman, the thought of any touching, let alone passing the boundaries of the square designated for 0 with a squares designated for 1... my jaw clenches uncomfortably tight. I am repulsed. That's object/subject transgression. Yip. That's the abject all right.

And it's crazy because it's not even real. Those gore.jpgs aren't real, but they documented something that was. And these 1s and 0s, this is the thing- Universal computation. You can lose a bunch of resolution, and you'll get a bunch of noise, all of that for sure but get it in the 1s and 0s. Just don't. Contravene. The system. It triggers a kind of ontological crisis. It's like an amoral NSFW GIF where genitals have been abstracted into the universal binary and it's playing ad infinitum in my sadomasochistic nightmares. "Story of O"? Nope, it's "Story of 0". It is shamefully hetero-normative. It is nuts. It is Rule 34 gone made.

I think the reason I get so upset is because I really really really want to experience subjectivity in digital. I want it to be an absolute. Not in the sense of Hegel's Absolute Idealism, Marx ruined that whole aufheben thing for me; I guess its closer to Fichte. Definitely Fichte. But I just end up feeling like those classic modernist neurotics that Karen Horney writes about who cling desperately to their imagined and complete selves, and then make them visually manifest in nice binary form on Facebook and OKStupid profiles. That kind of murky area we call data representation, but I can't quite articulate which is which. A being of nice, discrete DNA and selfish genes made all gross and analogue through sentience and time and existence but now can be comforted by the absolute/ absolution of self-representation on social networking designed for the specific purpose of data mining.

This year I definitely went from being in a relationship to not being in a relationship and let me tell you that was experienced in analogue. To extricate myself from that sublime unito caro when I had the luxury of absolving all explicit sense of personal responsibility²² by consciously conceiving myself as an accessory in someone else's

²¹ I wont be able to see the exhibition at 55 because I'm elsewhere talking smack about abjection and the Internet. The knowledge of my absence at the opening, and for the duration of *HYPER SPECTRAL DISPLAY* is of great comfort to me. It has no doubt influenced the composition of this text and goes some way to explain its uncharacteristically sexual content and characteristically drifting structure. My writing is tangential at the best of times (I blame the cognitive bias of hypertext, as I explain later) but this is down right scatter brained and I optimistically believe that all its failings will be forgotten by the time I return to Sydney and I'll probably never have to discuss it with anyone tête à tête, vis-à-vis, IRL.

²² Referring to Fichte's concept of self now seems crass given his overt pre-suffrage misogyny, essentially denying women any subjective liberties of their own. I should feel ashamed to so flippantly and voluntarily dispose of that ego proclamation that many women around the globe still fight for.

life.²³ As if I really were just a profile of myself. On Facebook it was really easy. I just went from being in a relationship to being single. 1 and 0. I like²⁴ to think of the ‘single’ status as the 1. I like to think of life as a 1. I like to think of death as a 0. And I like to think about what it is like to die.

You might think that The Code has nothing to do with how we experience life on the Internet since Old Man Mac hid the mechanics of computation between the start-up icon of the smiling computer screen. The little screen depicted in bits on the larger screen, grinning back like a robo-Paracelsian homunculus. I would have been at primary school then.

We all use the Internet and unless one decides to be a semantic asshole about the difference between a user who tweets and a creator who can objective C or C++ or whatever, what does it all matter? Well, it matters on an immediate level because of the structural implication of (albeit increasingly sophisticated) binary media. And we all know that the structure of media has a cognitive bias, thanks to McLuhan²⁵ and then Postman²⁶ and now Carr.²⁷

But I like to think that this piece of writing is probably a good example of that influence already. That kind of constant stitch between lineal sentences and new tab that is really the binary essence of hypertext, with my obvious difficulty in integrating an overabundance of information and textual awareness into an inchoate experiential consciousness. My contiguous trains of thought are over indulged and under developed giving the Absurdist impression that perhaps the only point I can make is not point at all which I am not nearly pretentious enough to call a stylistic boarder line hyper textual linguistic flaneuring. That, dear reader, would be far too obvious a troll. And PDFs, with their off line readability independence, don’t lend themselves too well too hypertext. I guess the stylistic gravity of hyper textual media is more like a context convex. Hence this troll face sub-linearity. And is probably symptomatic of the portable screen. You try and churn out a piece of writing in a Virgin economy lounge on a day of flight delays induced by torrential downpour and see how easy it is to stay on topic. God I can’t wait to get back to Sydney right now...

Anyway forget all that. There was some kind of pertinent content a while back... Where were we? Cognitive bias and coding and... Oh Yeah! There it is...

Numbers, binary, as a framework for those big bad frightening things like existence and the self and the soul, oh yes, numbers and the soul go way, way back. I’m sure y’all remember Pythagoras. I think we met at around the same time I met that little

²³ Bet that dropped “Story of O” reference makes a bit more sense now doesn’t it? I guess if I was more Romantic and less fucked up I would have used Aristophanes as a signpost for the tumultuous questioning of subjectivity that codependent love can bring about. But that wouldn’t be quite accurate since even all those years ago, back in the height of my solipsism, it never was a meeting of two equal parts.

²⁴ The ‘like’ of FB is an example of binary made for optimal data mining. The ‘like’ is binary not because it is a good representation of the sliding scale in which we humans experience appreciation or affection for things, but because its very, very easy for algorithms to read.

²⁵ *Understanding Media*, 1964. Seriously if you need to know the publishers just google it.

²⁶ *Amusing Ourselves to Death*, 1985.

²⁷ *The Shallows*, 2010.

smiling mac screen in school. I bring it up because Pythagoras had a particularly prescient hunch about humans and numbers.²⁸

I could equally have mentioned something about Galileo's faymas and over-quoted observation about 'the book of nature being written in mathematics' through it's actually not the same thing. Galileo is talking about our world as an analogue to digital conversion, and Pythagoras is saying the exact opposite, essence is digital and this analogue life is not the ultimate truth.

He had these theories about the interconnection between numbers and the soul, which pretty much boiled down to an algorithmically essentialist version of humanity that would give today's epigenesists a run for their grant money. Numbers have form; therefore, numbers could be the essence of form. Numbers had a magical immateriality; numbers were, literally, gods.²⁹ But for us humans shit gets real when you die and your soul goes into an abstract world of pure mathematics, a gnostic number plane that I imagine to be somewhat like Edwin A. Abbot's *Flatland*. And here you wait in geometric bliss until you are reincarnated to take up abacus and calculator in your hot little human hands once more.

Even though pre-Christian, I'm sure we can see the dualistic roots of a superfluous body that can be peeled from the spirit and disposed like glad wrap. Then the Judeo-Christians came along and changed that to a 'one time only' deal but still got that whole self versus body separation thing that we now so intimately associate with Descartes. Excuse me for rushing through the centuries like this but really, there is an infinity of tabs out there that can flesh it all out if your have any predisposition to do so, and I'm loath to over-embellish in historical narratives because I wasted the word count talking about dick pics. And I am SO not editing out the part about dick pics.

And then Nietzsche comes along and does a stern Germanic gig on the grave of God so what is Poor Hans Morevac gunna do when he wants to purport his dualistic understanding of selfhood and relate it intimately to the attainment of divinity? Why! He goes to cyber space of course!!!

But forget about the ethic dilemmas of removing the Christian moral framework form Cartesian dualism and replacing it with the Neo-liberal conservatism and Google free lunches in Silicone Valley. I was never that communally minded. What I am really fecked off about is the portal shift. What do Pythagoras, Des Carte and Moravec have in common in their understanding of the heavenly realm? WE GET TO GO THERE. In the end, we get to go there. Stuff goes up. It does NOT come out. Pythagoras's gnostic number plane, Des Carte's Heaven, Morevac's Matrix: they are mouths! They are not anuses. Stuff goes in. It does not come out.

And what do we get in this generation? Forget all that 'net generation connectivity' bullshit. We get: 3 D printing. Talk about a return to the embodied and empirical. And I'm not even fussed about all the gun control ramifications that the press is bleeping

²⁸ I sincerely recommend Margaret Wertheim's *Pythagoras's Trousers: God, Physics, and the Gender War*, and her later *The Pearly Gates of Cyberspace* if you have a special interest in Pythagoras. Though I willing to bet that should you already possess this special interest, you'll know these titles already.

²⁹ This is in the Margaret Wertheim books I could ibid, yo.

on about. Y'all ready got massive gun control problems in the States so lay off the kids will ya? Its not even the much more revolutionary economic ramifications in regards to a completely destabilized economy. Given my previous sentence a few paragraphs back about the capability divergence between users and creators, I imagine the average consumer would much rather buy a dollar shop mug produced from the weltd hands of some oppressed and faceless pauper in the developing world than mock up and print a mug themselves.

I'm not even perturbed by the self-proclaimed sage prophecies of the blogger-happy Neo-Futurists that forewarn a deluge of crappy objects. Last time I checked my life (and bedroom) is already full of crap. The shifting of modes of production and the proportionally predicted increase is unlikely to make anymore than the most unobservable additions to the piles of junk. If anything I may even have less personal clutter because I will lose my habitual retention of potentially useful objects because hey, I could just print a new one when I need it! And don't even bother bringing up those islands of plastic detritus floating someone in the deep blue. I only have finite shits to give about anything and litter never did cut it.

Why such a vituperation then? Why the extra swear words? Why the caps lock? Because I was meant to go into cyberspace. I swear I even got close in my salad days. Cyberspace wasn't meant to be something to empirically merge with RL and then dissipate. And it definitely DEFINETLY wasn't meant to burp out shitty knick-knacks marked by the topographic layers of plastic strata that we can all so readily associate with 3D printing. I wanted digital enlightenment... I didn't want yahoo answers instructions for 3D printed DIY mugs. We've had fucking mugs for fucking ages. Fucking Pythagoras had mugs! Do you think that Pythagoras would be satisfied with Yahoo answers 3D printed DIY mugs? Huh? Well. Why would I be then?

Stuff wasn't meant to come out of that cyber portal. Stuff- real stuff, human stuff- was meant to go in... You fucking owe me Morevac you cunt. Hans Morevac. HANDS Morevac. That's the etymology of digital isn't? The fingers. Those typing, swiping fingers we have. But we were meant to be ALL digital by now, perfectly coded souls in that gleaming Elysian Matrix. I wanted it so badly. But all I get is this shitty ubiquitous Internet integrated into physical reality. Where at every tern I am reminded of my embodiment because everyone is fucking geotagging or photographing me in my body, as my body. And I do it to myself. Keep that iPhone in the hip pocket. Google maps, where am I? Not in some full-body virtual reality suit where I can be my 'real self', an androgynous unicorn in his/her castle made of Pegasus scrotum oh no no. NO. I'm in my filthy, dim room. Won't you show my imperfect reflection in MY ROOM Skype, isn't that what you want? Oh sure, sure, I could run away to an RPG but for how long? Google glass, isn't that what all the kids want? Full integration between the embodied world of my daily experience and that once sacred, that once separate and that now dearly departed cyberspace of my youth. On the Internet, everyone knows you're a dog. And everyone knows what breed. And your favourite brand of dog food. And where you like to go for walks. And your favourite tree to piss on. And that you're a desexed bitch. Actually fuck the androgynous unicorn. That's my cyber otherkin real self: A desexed bitch. Goddam Morevac. Goddam you and your false, false promises. I hope Pythagoras shits triangles on you all the way from Flat Land.

RICHTEXTFILE

multidimensional story PHYSICALLY AFFECT THE
READER ambient THE READER IS ALLOWED TO ENTER
THE STORY physical - A SEQUENCE.docx

HOLLYCHILDS

MBP 15/2.2/2X1GB/120-5400/128VRAM

System kernal panics on startup..
system kernal panics from known good hard drive...
removed airport card...kernal panics
removed 1 ram chip...kernal panics
swapped other ram chip....kernal panics
unplugged hard drive/IR flex cable...flashing folder
booted from netboot.....kernal panics
reset PRAM, SMC... kernal panics
connected Harddrive/IR cable.... kernal panics
booted in verbose mode....hangs
will order logic and retest....
ETA for Part "PCBA, MLB, 2.2 GHZ, REV2" is 25/12/09
system hangs/ panics
The Part "PCBA, MLB, 2.2 GHZ, REV2" has been received
Fitted new logic board..booted ok
Running all tests to verify.....PASSED
can be collected..

ZERO INBOX TENSION

Pressed against a window

An Interflora logo

Sick in my apartment

At the sight of inbox zero

Head leaned back

Words won't form

Aghast at what has happened

Online, alone

I refresh, like 10 times

Nothing happens

Something's wrong

I expect feedback,

Hits,

Spam,

I get none

Is this the golden gloss on a Firefox crash?

Is this the spinning wheel of death I've always heard by never
had?

I move, away from keyboard

Pick up bottle

Water roses and drink,

But my thoughts idle, escape

Back to my inbox blue

I cry:

"Clamshell iBook freeze demon,

Slushie luck,

Misshapen pearl,

Fuck you

Interconnectedness of every thing in the world"

I fear: strewn info willy nilly

My secrets secreted

DNA on eBay

Pincode dissolved

What do I become when I'm not online?

Behind tear streaked eyes

I shutterstock

Every locus leaved

Keystroke swept,

Online casino, sexy web ring, lude message to wrong guy,

midnight bitcoin orgy

~ Never forget ~

Multi-tasking, I panic

But I chill withal

I sashay to the window and pick up a crystal

"duck off a waters back, if they want my data my identity fine"

I lay down on the chaise longue
Dolphins twist from within
I'm curling crystals in my fingers like Baoding bell balls you aren't
supposed to click together
Breathe
I put off restoring
My integrity
My brand ID
Breathe
I die
Just for a minute
Breathe
~ I meditate ~

A flashback or foreshadow
Maybe a commercial
A dream
Me played by an actor, possibly Angelina Jolie:

Too deep to pick
She hacks the dark
Unlocks the facts
POP3-direct
A new message in an old account:
(Truth found)
A key

A RAVE WITH NO EXIT

You & I go to a cake shop.
We order something with a cute French name,
Which turns out to be clematis ice-cream & osage-orange sorbet,
Scattered with linden flowers, snowberries,
Gold flaked seashells
& aquamarine chrism.
We take tiny bites.
Twins at a table beside ours,
Get one tiny rose & pistachio cake to share,
But their eyes don't drift away from their screens as they eat.
That night we listen to techno in darkness,

I'm at a rave in a palace,
Everybody in here looks polite, the same,
The dress code: White.
Which makes me wish we were all drinking milk,
But since we're in France,
Champagne must have seemed the stronger leitmotif to
someone upstairs.
A girl wanders past eating a baguette, under strobe,
No one is distinguishable from anyone else,
My phone is losing charge & I don't see you.
I go to leave but I can't find a way out.
I step around ivory ghosts,
Keeping eyes on the walls,
Looking for a break, an opening.

Finally, I catch people swarming at a door
& I join the crush,
But once through,
I find myself in the gated al fresco fag zone,
Passive smoke there for a minute or two, then,
In desperation,
I scale a fence
& on other side tumble,
Into a plant pot in
The VIP lounge.
Though she must have watched me fall,
A waitress reaches into the bushes & hands me a Veuve Clicquot,

I get street fashion photographed.
By a really cute girl,
She flags me down as I cross a street in Kreuzberg.
I've just bought my favourite Turkish sweet,
Gooey on the inside choc-vanilla swirls,
I'm heading home, finally.
She asks to take my photo & I tell her no way,
I'm not right today,
I can't shake this rave...
She says please,
In the cutest rural English accent,
You're the only interesting person I've seen all day.
She looks at me like...
When our eyes meet, like...
In a flash, I find

My life's telescope's collapsed,
Our first night; our grandchildren;
Our two bodies buried side-by-side, fingers still intertwined.
She shoots me,
Outside Kaiser's—
Perfect.
She shows me me,
On the back of her camera,
Scrawls the URL of her website up my arm in Biro.
I glide home,
Consumed,
Powerless to wipe this damn smirk off my dial,
& that night,
I visit her website but I can't find her photograph of me.
I keep checking,
But my picture never makes it onto her blog.

GLITZ INTO SHADE

I say infinity
like crazy, like it doesn't matter
like it goes on forever

echo

the fifth element's my homegirl,
vanilla impulse body spray

I stomp towards nothing,
I find my fear of missing out
tip it into my laptop powerpack
now turbocharging
I'll post it on here so you feel it too

baggage thronging with aeroplane smell but worse
my signature scent
an emotional page source you can only build civilisation
someplace else

exactly like being in Australia but
in a straight white cis dude's body but
I play rough
in the middle of nowhere
even the moon has a face

echo

fuck this place feels like a gynaecological exam
like the first drop of soul crushing ambient trance
like shaving in the 90s with Madonna
like I get it

I guess we're not destined to
hitch back from other planets
bush bash through techno in Buffalo Boots
draw an automatic dick in Mars sand,

let's wake between dreams to
a middle of nowhere,
Glarefoil sunrise
forever











Hyper Spectral Display (.hsd) is a project initiated by [Eleanor Ivory Weber](#)

the exhibition ran Friday 28 June through Sunday 14 July 2013
@ [55 Sydenham Rd Marrickville NSW 2204 AU](#)

artists : [Adam Cruces](#) / [Amalia Ulman](#) / [Clara Chon](#) /
[Jack L. Dunbar](#) / [Joe Hamilton](#) / [Matthew Linde](#) /
[Megan Hanson](#) / [Oliver van der Lugt](#)

mixes made by [Air Max '97](#) and [Civilisation](#) played during opening hours

sounds : [SoundCloud](#)

event : [Facebook](#)

feed : [Tumblr](#)

installation shots : <http://www.55sydenhamrd.com/hyper-spectral-display>

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design consultation by [Nadia Hernández](#)

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