Work produced for the occasion of my MA is work made within work. Happening and arriving within fictionalization and entanglement of life into performance. It's always in company where I as one among many co-originators become a representation alongside the subjects at hand. The distinction between beginning and end, subject and object, process and product, life and work, map and territory, is blurred. To describe my work is necessarily to perform it, to have the work continue on its outside where it goes on to occupy the threshold set to terminate it.

and I imagine printing this page. Imagine that when I print this page, laminate it, and tape it to one of the columns outside the entrance to the institution that I'd now graduate from, just beneath the A-frame sign, next to the rat-trap rhododendron area, I would have finally acknowledged that I'm only in this in the capacity of an impossible main character.
Hidden underneath all the fruited wrapped leather laces is a woven rainbow of colourful steel wire.

This Freerange Pad - Leather & Fruit Parrot Toy is packed full of chewable, preenable (chewable, preenable) materials your bird can happily work away at. Untying the leather knots is loads of fun, especially if your Parrot enjoys tearing things apart. Perhaps you can tie even more knots in the leather laces or tie no wood blocks for your bird to chew?

Hang your bird’s toy at the side of the cage for easy access, or hang from the roof of the cage so they can climb on and swing about.

http://www.northernparrots.com
Hidden underneath all the natural coloured knotted leather laces is a woven rainbow of beautiful silk ropes.

This Preening Ring - Leather & Rope Parrot Toy is packed full of chewable, preenable (chewable, preenable) materials your bird can happily work away at. Twisting the leather knots is loads of fun, especially if your Parrot enjoys pulling things apart. Perhaps you can tie even more knots in the leaf- or lace or tie on wood blocks for your bird to chew?

Hang your bird’s toy at the side of the cage for easy access, or hang from the roof of the cage so they can climb on and swing about.

http://www.northernanimals.com
a. 2014
19:39-20:14 lowercase ð£ & (Exploited parallel texts)
When I had indeed watched an unofficial trailer for the film My Winnipeg (I had up until that point, from this point in time now, remembering then, been sure, been sure that a winnipeg is a type of household appliance or a type of tame pig (the world ’winnipeg’ is pronounced in British English and not misspelled (2)). So I had also watched it in the graveyard in a city-town.

I’d want the city-town context made anonymous, or at least blurred.

What’s offered and made accessible is Lund, which we write into it’s rebranding as part of Greater Copenhagen. I don’t know anything about Lund, and Lund is an active founded around 990. If so, under Danish King Harald Bluetooth’s (Bluetooth would arrive from Lund a couple of years later) time, when Scania indeed was a natural part of Denmark. The towering Lund Cathedral, built, still stands at the centre of the town. The city is in possession of not all the centrality in the world, extremely generally speaking. Conquests only follow (…) remembered. The university and its buildings continue to dominate much of the centre of the city again, and have led to Lund becoming a centre for high-tech industry in the south (exploited parallel text) of Sweden’s in whichever place that has exactly the same graveyard. Not the active kind, where people are buried up until this today, but a historical graveyard that is in that regard dead, inactivated, along with its content. I imagine that the region of the bakery (or baker’s house), (3) shortly after midnight on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, or Sunday, and spread across the moonlight, barren landscape. The barren land is not barren, the grass and the trees and the moss and the reflections and the stones and the air and the moths and the light and your eyes.

Vibrant like Astroturf.

Seeing this isn’t the scene of the crime scene:
(To watch is a pyromanic impulse.)

*TICKS (1:27:15 16:9 + 4:3?)*

 alınA: This in its entirety. Then we're gonna put a real limit to what we need to come back here in an act of... Ce*

B: Yeah, but we're making sure that's clear.

A: Also it looks like a type of dynamite... Can you, like, in the west* that you used* to blow up stuff or dynamite?

B: Ehmm... yeah it's the Napoleon plate in Sweden. He made those dynamite. He blew up all of the candles.

A: See the reflection in your eyes where there's fire in your eyes.

B: Oh.

A: Yeah, that's great. But also in another version we blow out the, the fire because,

But then:*

Can you turn off the light in? Or no, don't turn off the light in there.* Blow out all of the candles blow out all the candles so we leave in a cloud of smoke, but then we need to go.*

* We will constitute a whole through a reenactment.
** We will put a real limit to it.
*** Going to completely avoid elaborations on local binary problem areas as it won't fit on this
The stars align.

This is the first time in your life you see a hedgehog, and my friend,
not the hedgehogâ€”the hedgehog is not my friend (we canâ€™t be friends).
And we can be friends and you grew up just outside of Winnipeg, Canada, seeing a
hedgehog for the second time, while another animal doesn’t see itself. Moles are blind.
Something would or is listening to our conversations because a phone is
present. Offered, I had some years ago presented a performance titled Black
Socks (based on wearing black socks), at this friendâ€™s project space which
contained an interweaving of real and fictional relatives of mine that migrated to
Winnipeg, and the circumstances which would bring me to present my performance.
The project space is in Calgary, but for fictionalâ€™s sake Iâ€™d prefer to write that this
was also in Winnipeg (4).

For realityâ€™s sake I accept an inconsistency so that it can be made consistent later.
Anything not optimal at the moment is as optimal as it ever gets because it can be more
optimal. Attaining the ultimate point is to make the ultimate point impossible. Ideals
arrive from impossible elsewhere and beautiful moments in lived life.
We will reach an attainable point of total resolution and integration, but and the trailer
introduces the plot of the movie regardless: the name of the place is charted for what
feels like several minutes (2 min 41 sec) and it obvious to all of us that we:

- â€œ...need to get out of here...What if [we] filmed our way out...â€ of here?
Then there's a pause.
...the hedgehog is curled up next to a hedge maze in the grave yard with and within the dune motif and the forest of the woods. We'd reconstruct the archetypal scenarios of my past, (and)

- A...sublet the apartment...
- ...
- ...

in which I grew up in(...) for one year.
Back where I had been before. Where variations of conditioning (have) arrive through sent photographs, kept videos, and hypochondria and the internet.

- A...it's time for extreme measures...
- ...
- ...

And the time for extreme measures (against others)
It's time for reasonably matured (at least). To let go of any lingering impulse to transgress and unfold with and within the procedures. To let go of the (second) stage. Hidden in plain sight. Not all-world war (military) were painted.

- A...only here can I properly reconstruct the original moments of my childhood...
- ...
- ...

and I don't hire any actors so as to diminish the chances of film as theatre arriving at documentary realism. Maybe also because there is a grant I don't receive. Maybe I don't receive the grant because I never apply (myself) and: r maybe I don't receive it because I'm really all about not receiving what would likely not be able to be traced, at least not traced without consuming most time otherwise spent on writing that some naturally-sourced funding never occurs, and I take a small loan from the self-appointed executive director of my parents (5).

Radisson
My signature is faked on a document that makes my twin brother and I co-owners of a company that rents property to small businesses. I haven't gotten to the bottom of why this is, but it seems that this is a gesture of their affection coupled with some sort of tax-evasive maneuver. For a while I don't rule out that I actually signed the document, but can't recall that I did using my own memories. I don't tell myself that this has happened, but my brother does, and (I trust him)

•

He tells me he will be using one of the illegal constructions on the lot to build a sculpture in, and that it will also be a musical instrument.

1. Mode leaves without saying goodbye from till 16.00, bey434

2. 40 i agÅke mästeradæ o skribenten, till ca 16.10. bey434

3. the cloud

4. till ca 16.30

5. till ca 16.59 but I have no exception on the island

6. A 16.45 Å Å Å Å Å because it needs to be the same6C

7. till 22.30

8. a cloud6C

9. My brother Frédrik

Something about bodily organs and other organs.
While there, (and) before and after, there is a nut-roasting couple of individuals and one of them is kidnapped. He is kidnapped and he disappears and doesn’t pay the rent because he can’t pay it as kidnapped and I receive this on the phone.
The space where he roasts the nuts never smells of roasted nuts.
Next door, for there are a total of three or more businesses here, is a place that repairs German cars of various colors.
They only operate on cars of a certain model, and all of these cars, according to the other business that has found a way for people to buy casual clothes through their company when buying work clothes, have bullet holes in them.

In December of 2017 I tried to recreate a caricature of small-business Malmo recognized in the media several times as a type of Chicago, where I played my father confronting his father when he changed his name from Nilsson to Degraff so that he would be more successful in business. According to my father, nothing sketchy (or as he would put it, if he had talked to me about this: nothing out of the ordinary) led up to him changing his last name. I don’t want to represent Malmo this way, the beautiful and beautifully integral part of Greater Copenhagen.

The type of clothes they sell can be described as preppy, and the owner of the company always dresses in their latest fashion so that he looks like the owner of the company.
His jeans are tight, and his son is the one who doesn’t actually run the business, although, seventeen years young, I sold him an acrylic painting depicting a Three Wise Monkeys statue against a background of turquoise houseplants. I have bought many black socks from there myself.

- They are businessmen and we have a lot of money
- There are several kinds of chinos and dress pants, polo shirts with years

and established and since and authentic embroidered on them, blazers, and dress shirts with white and pink collars in bright colors and patterns. I think it would look appropriate if I eat at any bar wearing these types of clothes, and pay for my meal using real money. Then there’s next door, where I think there was once a taxi company that went out of business. He says that there is this man in there who designs websites and operates a (exploited parallel text) he says, you’ll see it’s one of the top places listed, and I have never seen the rental property in a co owner of with my own eyes yet. My brother says the owner of the message school has a glass eye, and that there is an amazon parrot, or several, screaming in the office on the second floor.
In the summer seagulls nest on the roofs in this area, and when they have their babies they will often attack you on sight. It's said they aim for your throat or your eyes and sometimes there are men up on the roofs of the buildings who shoot the birds. (Exploited parallel text)

By now they put up bird scaring kites, and I took a video of one of those decoys once where it flies around in circles (where it flies around in circles). In a couple of stories the witnesses of the crimes are parrots, and as for surveillance cameras: the one-eyed man who is apparently "well-connected" and Danish was said to want to install security cameras around the property to keep out foreigners.

Along I think it was imaginable that the wristwatch-wrist-bellows of the fictional island are not from my dad's (Exploited parallel text) oldy would bake in the heat and the sun. That it would dry out and flakes would gracefully depart from the threshold of my body, or at least what is left of me. Left behind like breadcrumbs and artifacts from programmatic choreography.

Moreover it's bread that induces heavy sleep. Pizza crumbs left in the wake, left like noticed feathers and consumed by birds, and these birds don't consume any bread, nor are they regular birds or parrots.

At least they're free. Pigeons are free, and so are seagulls. These seagulls don't live off of bread and or water. These reproducing birds live off of the goop of passerbyers, chewing gum, and leftover vegetarian hot dog bun-crums, and rain.
This is all happening on the phone, told to me by my brother.

Being on the phone, and a phone being what’s available to immediately record something on video, is to not record things on video because these two applications can’t be opened at the same time. When we watch my Winnipeg on my phone in the graveyard it feels filmic although were not being recorded. To be online is to be recorded, and after the video has been watched enough times, you will have used up all your monthly data.

The aim is to (re-)create an all-encompassing docufictional reality to be captured in a feature-length art video project about the idea to create an all-encompassing docufictional reality to be captured in a feature-length art video project that interweaves life and art, with a real as well as symbolic intent to capture & everything. & reads a text I’ve written when I read it once again. It would have to be through comedy, because comedy provides the only spacetime of exception possible for such a project to survive within. Meanwhile the comedic narrative is necessarily self-referential in that it operates to resolve itself: happy, beginning>complication>crisis>extraction of scapegoat>unraveling>happy again, continually onward ending.

To start to even get at the idea of a featured & everything & I think it reasonable to invest in research into my past. My hypothesis being that if I scratch the surface, something gross will ooze out (If I puncture the skin, the posing blue-blooded bloodred red-threaded lineage line will form a flat puddle for reflection). Feelings or emotions of off-centerness follow, and probably precede. Suppose ads are sometimes always integrated anyway. Rarely do ads occur by themselves. I don’t occur by myself. (Exploited parallel text)

I can’t say I meet advertisements today with the reluctance I did now years ago: Of course this message is here now. I’ve been waiting. Yes I know this. What took you so long. Yes. Right again. I’ve already let go.
Confirmation. All is making sense, all is working, all is producing. Onwarding. This like a broken or unbroken ad-space (a text that poses a relationship to advertisement in a coincidental space) and &e;right again;&e;

&e;Take a right, and then another, right, and then a right, and a right, and then a right (a right until were no longer wrong and we have a lot of rights, as for the possibilities: we are in possession of the possibilities. We have the rights, we are the right writers. Lowercase t is a pirate captain and he molest all of the eight oceans of the word. And then a right (again):&e;

After the phone call, I google the supposed massage school and I confirm my fear with my own eyes and fingers typing the words, and after the phone call and the confirmation &e;™ on the phone again. This isn’t being recorded, it’s being recorded in our own mind and my brothers mind. I can’t believe &e;™ in possession of my own mind, I can’t believe the possibilities we have, have us. Cameras are based on remembering individuals. Not all individuals. Only some individuals.

(Exploited parallel text)

this being the time for measures, right away, pronto, and not soon. Another person gets in on the conversation as well, we are only halfway related, and I’m not the one out of the two of us managing hedge funds for corporate America. No one in this room manages hedge mazes for CORPORATE AMERICA. If my work could enter the stock market, it would enter actual reality. (Avanza footnote)(Exploited parallel text) here we don’t agree that it’s because we share this made last name and that the name will be tainted, though it’s a fine and well and good idea to change your name, that we need to put a stop to all of this. I really do think this highlights a complicity with the evil of this world always at play. That the nemesis is inside of me, though I wouldn’t suppose it’s inside of you right away as well. How do we, I mean I, get to the bottom of this and how do I, I mean we, get to the bottom of this? Is to get to the bottom of something to get to the bottom of bottomlessness?
I don't ask this on the phone, I just write it down, but we agree that we will talk to each other soon again (we talk to each other soon again, in my dreams you're alive). Has someone talked to dad, correction (Exploited parallel text) the Primordial Importer/Exporter Spray about this, and do they know that if he poses to not know he will consider himself not responsible for whatever goes on at that address where the ship vanished one day?

The ship vanishes one day.
Report this to the police on two separate occasions first time. This is to report myself as well, but I only see this as a narrative bonus as I encase any self-implication in fiction for the job to get done.

Work is produced by storytelling. While it may be to act in possession of my own ignorance by acknowledging (I allow myself to acknowledge that this text arrives too late, that it rests firmly on failure, loss, while I in a separate document attribute this lesson to the beauty of forgetting) the trying capacity. The sophomoric half-pipe cleverest keepings.

We know about this, and we have known about this, and we are trying to do something about this.
-What are you doing to do?
-What have you done? (my god what have you done?)
-Well it’s just that the way the law is looking right now
-Oh the law, yes.
-Well the law is looking like we can’t do anything about it right now.
-Plus your priority is probably crimes of gun violence, I’ve seen several cars with their windows
-Well we appreciate you reporting this
-Can I take your information?
-Yes my name is Christofer DegrÅCr
-Actually?
-Actually can I remain anonymous?
-Just for the time being? (Exploited parallel text)
(because if you switch between a swedish and english keyboard setup on a computer and if the keyboard is english, then a hyphen becomes a plus sign. I didn’t say kiss in swedish after i got off the phone but was almost about to.)

This man has earned no kisses from me.
No sir. No Sir.
And will not receive any kisses on the phone.
This is the antagonist, the to-be scapegoat (6).
My whole brother (not my half brother) comes up in conversation with my half-a-unicorn logo-on-his-business-card therapist.
My therapist may as well be my dad.

Absent.
Weird.
This man has earned no kisses from me.
No sir. No Sir.
And will not receive any kisses on the phone.
This is the antagonist, the to-be scapegoat.
My whole brother (not my half brother) comes up in conversation with my half-a-unicorn
logo-on-his-business-card therapist.
My therapist may as well be my dad.

Absent.
Weird.

Appreciated.
(Exploited parallel text)
Trying to probably hear, and we conclude that it may be the case that this is some sort
of Wild West-situation. Need to take the law in our own hands, and when we do a
morality tale will be told through individualism, freedom, and colonisation.
I talk about dad to my therapist who may as well be my dad about the time I talked to
dad and was talking to a wall and I told it like it was.
(Exploited parallel text)
ashamed of himself, that he is making the world a worse place and that there are no
such things as endings really. Emails are forever and TV and time are too obsolete to
fossilize in time.
Appreciated.

(Exploited parallel text)

Trying to probably help, and we conclude that it may be the case that this is some sort of Wild West situation. Need to take the law in our own hands, and when we do a morality tale will be told through individualism, freedom, and colonisation.

I talk about dad to my therapist who maybe as well be my dad about the time I talked to dad and was talking to a wall and I told it like it was.

(Exploited parallel text)

Ashamed of himself, that he is making the world a worse place and that there are no such things as endings really. Emails are forever and TV and time are too obsolete to fossilize in time.

I'd say to him in a different language that: Life is more complicated than some stupid comedy watched on TV that you can just turn off with a remote, or if you don't find the remote you use the button on the TV.

(Exploited parallel text)

I say, because while I don't say that the parallel text is exploited like some kind of device I have to finally confront him and tell him:

(Exploited parallel text)

The bringing into fiction of the unravel is funded by something so fucked up. Tell your father all of this?
Appreciated.

(Exploited parallel text)

Trying to probably help, and we conclude that it may be the case that this is some sort of Wild West-situation. Need to take the law in our own hands, and when we do a morality tale will be told through individualism, freedom, and colonisation.

I talk about dad to my therapist who may as well be my dad about the time I talked to dad and was talking to a wall and I told it like it was.

(Exploited parallel text)

ashamed of himself, that he is making the world a worse place and that there are no such things as endings really. Emails are forever and TV and time are too obsolete to fossilize in time.

(Exploited parallel text)

I’d say to him in a different language that: Life is more complicated than some stupid comedy watched on TV that you can just turn off with a remote, or if you don’t find the remote you use the button on the TV.

(Exploited parallel text)

I say, because while I don’t say that the parallel text is exploited like some kind of device I have to finally confront him and tell him,

(Exploited parallel text)

The bringing into fiction of the unraveling of this fact that the bringing into fiction of this is funded by something so fucked up. The money is really really (Exploited parallel text) and he says how would that make you feel afterwards if you told your father all of this?
Appreciated.

(Exploited parallel text)

Trying to probably help, and we conclude that it may be the case that this is some sort of Wild West-situation. Need to take the law in our own hands, and when we do a morality tale will be told through individualism, freedom, and colonisation.

I talk about dad to my therapist who may as well be my dad about the time I talked to dad and was talking to a wall and I told it like it was.

(Exploited parallel text)

ashamed of himself, that he is making the world a worse place and that there are no such things as endings really. Emails are forever and TV and time are too obsolete to fossilize in time.

(Exploited parallel text)

I'd say to him in a different language that: Life is more complicated than some stupid comedy watched on TV that you can just turn off with a remote, or if you don't find the remote you use the button on the TV.

(Exploited parallel text)

I say, because while I don't say that the parallel text is exploited like some kind of device I have to finally confront him and tell him

(Exploited parallel text)

The bringing into fiction of the unravelling is funded by something so fucked up. I bring it into fiction of this and he says how would that make you feel. You told your father all of this?
So he goes on to say, as if cartoonified and screen-locked, that sometimes artist make art about their problems and that that can be a great form of therapy on its own and now my banking brother knows as well. He says hell change his last name. There's more hell in goodbye than hello. I don't think it's time to change (Exploited parallel text) yet. But I was thinking about my work occupying the circumstances that enable the work to be made for a while. And that self-expression is nauseating. If I change my last name then the work could take place within my last name.

Rejected proposal (Exploited parallel text):
and complete with corruption, varying degrees of plasticity of emotion, but sharing the same machinic vitality.

What if we confronted the pirate with a transparently-sourced discombobulating practice?

In this my twin brother would play himself as a reference to a &e; Western &e; we made, I would play myself, and the camera would be played by a fake camera that we could destroy to show that we were not recording any of this. (Exploited parallel text) Not that we would film anything going on there, the more we thought about it. Maybe we could interview his parrot and film his tattoos on his arms?

We make arrangements to have a script unfold somehow. This is exactly the way it would have been:
FINAL TOMMY SCRIPT IN WHICH TOMMY IS THE FINAL MACHINE

SETTING:
kitchen in Lund. All drawers open one containing a gun. Fridge and window open. All is open.
Crushed glass on floor. Chicken breasts in pot with eggs.
A empty paper sheet on the fridge.
A camera is hidden in a shelf.

COSTUME:
FD cowboy hat, moustache, sunglasses, flower shirt. Fredrik is wearing a wire, zoom recorder
with foot head phonograph taped to his body with cameo tape.
FD wears band-aid.
FD has some cuts and wounds on his wrist.

PROPS:
Gun, chicken breasts in pot, empty sheet of paper, Mysterious sound ring tone.

Sad orchids. Whisky bottle. 300 km with helmet, in and extra cam with two ties inside to be
smoked backwards inside a camera.
A bunch of clocks on the table.

SCRIPT OFF CAM: Fr., daytime. Fredrik is costume, space set up.
OFF CAM: FD ask to wait if he can come by for 15 minutes. It's about the ventiilation, and all.
Order him.

FD in kitchen. Tommy enters the apartment. FD greets.
FD locks the door behind tommy and follows him upstairs.

FD positioned before open drawer with Gun in it. FD behind with camera, film the Gun, and
Fredrik leans in to close shelf. Set timer.
Start
FD: CLOSE SHELF

My brother just needs to try some things. We all try, sometimes we try to hide, sometimes to get away...

Remove sunglasses.
Okay number one.
Ok, component one. Only this one is in English. I'll explain. This is a continuation.

There are prospective buyers now.
Selling the apartment.
They're American as they...

READ DIRECTLY FROM
want to distill life into work and make a kind of show-type performance art work and document it, so the; wanted to see how it looks on you and you will be a part of their lives. Even if you're not there, you are still
Still
part of my life.
Do you want to see?
Offer a seat

Sunglasses on

READ DIRECTLY From screen
This is their project description:
Our intention is to propose our project as a provisional re-enactment of the archetypal situations from our past. The final piece is a proposal that arrives from a future where we:
Sublet for one month the apartment we grew up in...
address the camera
(if this isn't where they grew up it's just a makeshift solution so it just happens)
And record ourselves out of the situation we're locked into, and propose an escape. Meanwhile we'll be able to comment on life's dissolution into work etc.
also we are businessmen, and we have a lot of money.

Sunglasses off
Stretch out and and show the room)

We aren't unreasonable so we will give you the money
Point to money on table
It's not real blood its love.
No I mean it's berry jam.

So we have to send them a short video.
because we could get a really good price for this piece.
But we will blur you out Well blur everything out.
You can sign something.

Gesture hand signals:
I'm now gonna suggest something remedial.
You sign something. Here.
Hand gesture
This is not a script. I'm not a patient. Sign chicken feet.
Look at pot boiling.

Second access hole.

You are at once T but we take out your name.
Just like the antagonist who is resolved on the outside also named T,
and also my relationship

to my father instigated by hand stuff in the woods just outside here...
On the bench...

Sunglasses on
Point to outside window

Can you feel this multiplicity?
Point to diff things in the room at least ten.

We would go to the mutated factory
building, confront the criminal.
but enter him in the back through his parrot, but the parrot was sold, and he put me in a choke hold so we left. This is a police matter now, integrated into the threshold.

Check pot with chicken. When we all need to eat we all need to contaminate
Contain ourselves

But T,
I can't confront you. I never could do.
our dad strangled me with a phone cord in this apartment.
Drops glass. Quick to read following lines:

And in wanting to get to the bottom of bottomlessness, I've been looking for you all over, while I realize, you wear hatred along
Points to the chest.
Buried in the chest...so deeply
Touch tommy shoulder.
This is not the site for repetition no more
Incest is different, --I mean insistence is different than repetition.

Now when you're here translated
I need to read from this script because this is so hard to say. You don't need to say anything, your silence will speak.

——
The questions
This is not a script and I'm not a patient

Read directly
How can I integrate you.
How do I arrive as your father, as my own father, how do I possess myself, from the beginning?
Why are you hiding why did you leave?
Do you have to go now?
What's happening in the basement?
(These questions don't appear in order, they're cut like the phone cord, the landline is broken.
Now you're alone)
If you are my fixation of entanglement, then does that make you the rat king? you carried a dead one at night once
Who is gonna take over when you're gone again?
Are you chronologically ill?
Why did you do the things you wanted to do?
Can I escape the confines of my past?

Then the rest are very personal and should be directed at my father instead thank you.

Put down iPad. But get it again.
Drop another glass.

Also T, we say T because your name (Exploited parallel text), is not gonna appear here,
and it's in lowercase, because the only place you will appear is in the orbit.

Uary
The moon
The moon hits your eye (...)
Each sequel is similarly sufficiently different from its prequel.
Memory-loss, corrupted files, amnesia haze.
point to out window

Third reason
this is the third component to the work,
this is an ode to the email you forwarded,
an ode to procedurally generated resistance to the onwarded lie.

Line

we wanted to clear the rat problem once and for all.
Raise voice It is enough!!!
Gesture enough

I know
You know
We've been working on the inside all the time
Pull down sunglasses

I smell the rats all the time at night, when it's dark inside. That's also when the moon comes out.
Gesture toward window.

Sunglasses on again

T, we want to be as open as possible with you.
Closes a drawer.
Hands on the table.
These are our hands.
Look what happened to my arm, will you grab my arm.
Hold up arm wrist

Take my hand,
Holds up hand for the duration of the sequence

Suppose I'm holding a glass in my hand, suppose I say well
Raise voice What is our situation dad?

But No cheers, this isn't a welcome, it's a farewell.
Sunglasses off

For ten years you've been here and you will still be here
When you see this video I will already be gone
I leave it all to you to do as you will with it

Gesture to everything

Read from script directly
I want to support you and your art
I want to supply you with blood money for a project so that you can make the project about the blood money but you need to hide me
You need to hide me, my son
My son

Sunglasses on

That that was always hidden

That dad that was always hidden needs to be hidden for it to be hidden

What is the point of searching then
That's why after this, you will be absent.

We are saying this for you to go away because you will go away
Thank you for all these years

Give a watch
I didn’t talk about this when I got my (exploited parallel text). No book (exploited parallel text) The scapapad must enter through a cloud of smoke a stillness, of obliquity-iconography, stylized cartoonification – as flat as an earth, as circular as a circle, and up.

anywhere in these stories because she must be reserved as the true saint she really is.

I realize I must’ve failed to resist telling my father. I feel to resist my father all the time. I’m no longer a co-owner he says, the rental contract is no more. I managed to say I don’t care about being a co-owner as much as I care about doing something about a problem in the world. In dim light of the event, the manner that it all falls into a place of unbearable reasonableness is a key to the materialization of (artistic) mention.

I find that I can’t resist care. There are times I don’t believe this. There are times I believe this.

My brother has at this point contacted (exploited parallel text) and my dad says that the glass-eyed man had violated his contract and that this was cause to terminate it. What it all comes down to is that the Primordial Importer (Hebo

His dog died recently.
When we're about to do this over christmas I get a phone call from my dad after having been on the phone with my friend. I cry a lot that day, but not when on the phone.

(Regular parallel text) crying, says he doesn't (Regular parallel text) anymore, says (Regular parallel text) he's sorry for (Regular parallel text) done.

A part of this work takes place inside a microchip of my cremated biddog Daisy whose ashes are scattered in a hotel garden fertilizing a thorny bush with poisonous berries consumed by a lab

Dogs, as are inkjet prints, are perversions and accesses (Regular parallel text)

I realize I must've failed to resist telling my mother (though she is not mentioned anywhere in these stories because she must be preserved as the true saint she really is.
Hi mom.
I miss you)
about the project and she must've failed to resist telling my father. I fail to resist,
my father all the time. I'm no longer a co-owner; he says, the rental contract is
no more. I managed to say I didn't care about being co-owner as much as I
care about doing something about a problem in the world. In dim light of this
event, the manner that it all falls into a place of unbearable reasonableness is a
key to the materialization of (artistic) intention.
I find that I can't resist care.
There are times I don't believe this.
There are times I believe this.
My brother has at this point contacted (Exploited parallel text) and my dad says
that the glass-eyed man had violated his contract and that this was cause to
terminate it. What it all comes down to is that the Primordial Importer (Hello
father) onwards molestaion of the world, and that the person in charge is really
capital. I don't need a sign for this. In my dreams this happens over and over
again. I really mean to say that these dreams work the same way Youtube trash
content does. There comes a point when it all turns violent, as if blood is only
meant as fireworks.

(Exploited parallel text)
I don't know what (Exploited parallel text) (Exploited parallel text) (Exploited parallel text) (Exploited parallel text) meaningless bips in a soup of cosmic
oblivion.

One week after, though it could've been an entire month as time moves fast living in
times atemporal, ahistorical, (Exploited parallel text) I'm told that the pirate had
another heart attack.

I want to have a heart attack and never fall in love with my best friend.
They say he has only months, which may only be weeks, left to live. His wife is said to
take over the business.
The parrots are sold and survive their pirate. Big data.
(Exploited parallel text)
Sometimes things end.

This produces a story, a narrative, now written down, (Exploited parallel text), and just
as rotten as (Exploited parallel text). I wanted to present my dealings with the whole
situation with my dad and the company and everything for my master exhibition, but
there is still so much to digest. This chair is very comfortable.
He says it's a good idea to focus on taking my medication again and that maybe this should be saved for when I'm feeling more in balance. I hold prescribed medication key to the soul as I know I'm being influenced with and without it. I'm played by the logical conclusion of lobotomy several years later. (Exploited parallel text)

Elevator music. Why did I fall in love with my best friend no question mark.

Sometimes I just talk about art with him because he's not listening.

The video work caps Moondated number ****** ****** 8 (Orbit uary)

became about navigating inscriptions into real, actual, fictional, probable, and, just as real, wholes. All along were other stories, or not even stories, but tropes, and images. Comedy produces some images, while reproducing others, and when it recedes, for comedy is but temporary, left are itchy patches. Psoriatic scarring denoting a complicity with genetic chronologial disease.

To tattoo my father's psoriasis is to write myself into complicity, and into the relentless narrative of the onwarding line. To make visible that is that is that is that has always been hidden (not always, (Exploited parallel text) but saying always adds weight to the narrative while emphasising the timeless dimension that language creates.

That is my father, as a perennial as the summer, as ancient as light exposure. A magnetic pull. A direction from which I can't turn for long.

We bought a parakeet with us; we'll call him off if you go and make us some meatloaf. Right now.

I have lost the recipe for the meatloaf copy of my hand. Gorgeous food is there to be consumed, it's how my friend's lab passed. Devoured an entire huge bucket of innards, and all along the hand holding the camera can't be shot, and what's not there is not there for a reason. Consumed by its medium. I can't resist telling my father: I can resist telling my father. I lose the following recipe for the meatloaf copy of my hand:

2 1/2 bread crumbs
1 small yellow onion, caramelized in sustainable butter
1 kg ground real meat preferably not lean
2 duck eggs
2 garlic cloves
1 tsp Worcestershire Sauce
1 tsp fish sauce (preferably real boat brand)
1/2 cup sundried tomatoes (minced)
1/2 cup chopped parsley (optional), or 2 tsp dried parsley or basil
1 tsp dried thyme
2 beef bouillon cubes
3 tsp black pepper
1 ring from a red onion

Instructions:
1. Preheat oven to 180°C. Oil or spray the most reflective side of a tin foil sheet.
2.
3. Place breadcrumbs in a very large bowl. Grate over onion. Mix so the breadcrumbs are all wet.
4.
5. Add remaining ingredients. Mix well using your hands. Form into a hand shape with five fingers, pinching together then smoothing over creases and cracks (helps prevent cracks during baking).
6.
7. Transfer into tin.
8.
10.

Once this filmed reenactment is complete, I can free my selves from the heifer?

From the heinous power of family and does he say cinema or symmetry or synergism? Once this filmed reenactment is complete I’ll know exactly why and how everything happened:

Necessity to get in out of here

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sY9BdRQpNQ4

the quotation marks flutter away and sometimes you get intrigued by something (it depends on a lot of things but...)

Sometimes its always because it’s written that everything around the same thing. It signs almost magically and

(Exploited parallel text)

Life which is not even meaningless alien to a plot track sliding onto many plot tracks. Imagine a photograph or a sculpture made out of boating knots (rat-tail stoppers, figure-8-knots, poachers™ knots), flashlights with low battery, imported bird seeds, breadcrumbs, carbon filters, scented candles, dead and/or sleeping crickets (Acheta domesticus) onto inactive train tracks in a meadow at night, and that the word astra is included in its title.

A description departs from its source.

A to-do list becomes a plagiarized poem because of the width of a phone screen.
A poem becomes a to-do list.
Transparency
Connectivity
Reasonability
Consequentiality
Inauthenticity
Incongruity
Reflexivity
Self-referentiality
Consistency
Complicity
Narrativity
Urgency
Associativity
Inconsistency
Plot holes
Unincluded parts
Onion
Garlic
Cooking oil
Some kind of meat
Bread
French herbs
Cigarettes
Dissolution
Paranoia
Entanglement
Adaptation
Idiocy
Pretentiousness
Animatedness
Messes
Missing you
Loss
Remediality

Love ties all of this together, and then it's followed by stating that
Å€æœ€ don't know what love is, Å€ followed by a transcription of a voice
memo I recorded on the train at night or during the day: Å€æœ€ love ties
all of this together! and then you stare deadpan into the camera and
you say/no! love ties all of this together! and then you stare deadpan
into the cam, and then you say (in a certain tone of voice)! oh well
love ties all of this together! but you stare deadpan so you think it's
not true, so there's some level of self awareness!/ but
the love aspect, insofar as that is, an inexplicability!/ a
non-commodifiable! no actually it can be commodified! sorry it's
me)/ let's say then, love, then, ties all of this together it's also to say&€
That those words don't appear online and are not followed by the
english document.

Find a way to utilize the space about the shipping containers
Find a way to include the shipping containers
Use the to do list as a way to include the shipping containers

The development toward effectivization is one of increasingly sophisticated machines,
which generate more time to be designed as new zones of exploitation, more work,
more stimulation. (Exploited parallel text) Saved time is always already lost but lines
intersect (and the word Å€æœ€ intersect! is not mixed up with the word Å€æœ€ intersect! because it's alive) and knots are formed. Å€™m here with my brother too, and we
remember this the same way. This has been established many times over and over in
the apartment we Å€™re staying in at the time, where my Canadian relative is staying in
at the time as well. My twin brother and I are not the ones staying in the kitchen, but we
agree we grew up together. My friend, not the same friend (everybody knows
everybody. The enemy is in me. If and when there is an enemy, our acts of opposing
and resisting it, is going to also enact it. Going to enact and reproduce the heinous
power of family and narrative and everybody knows everybody and everybody is friends
with everybody) said to me on the phone when in the kitchen when my other friend has
left: we don't talk anymore, nor do we after the call and the dialed number, talk
anymore.

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sometimes plots are punctured, sometimes plot holes are found.
Badiou actually doesn't write nor say that humor punctures knowledge,
but uses the word
\textit{estruth}" as well as
\textit{eopunches}".

Had I not made the call/received the call/missed the call/made the call, maybe I wouldn't
have realized the sculpture that followed the one tied to the astral train tracks.
The sky is influenced by German Expressionism,
and it wasn't conscious that Brook Hsu's shoes were the shoes I had been working
on that year. We'd made a Western some years before, recorded in a run-down theme park
made out of an abandoned movie set used in Spaghetti Westerns in the Tabernas
Desert, Almeria, Spain.
It was in fact not a photograph, but a printed photo of an oil painting painted somewhere in southeast Asia based on a photograph of my brother and I as children (the photograph was taken when we were children. Someone else took the photograph).
the man pulls out a knife. my camera is in my hand. i can't tell what he is saying, and we had payed him the extra 20 he requested. when he turns to walk away we hear he's the knife is in "forsaken" dir. i'm not a vegetarian but i have a list of things that are based on cognitive ability. in the absence of structure, when all else fails, there is always domination. how many holidays. how long is a welcome extended for. this man is in the town/movie set/theme period/maybe somewhere else, and it is just visiting. my collaborator and i are both wearing cowboy costumes, standing in a land that isn't ours through a video camera. this town is not big enough for both of us.

And it doesn't matter that mine are made out of concrete.
not made out of clay,
and put inside a gray cat litter box,
not on the floor.
I'm glad that we are friends.
Friendship is a lubricant for original inauthenticity.
Something always comes from somewhere.
Clarity of expression, of situation, like unshaved eyebrows, always helps.
No pictures of brook hsus shoes are to be found recently, so my inclusion of the shoes
that look just like her shoes ought to also be considered a means to make visible her
shoes. They're in a video now. Brook's shoes are never forgotten.

I made these in the apartment, only conscious of arriving at this work through the pop
cultural trope of so called &eacute; cement shoes. The largely fictional method of
execution and/or body disposal, usually associated with criminals such as the Mafia or
gangs. It involves weighing down the victim, who may be dead or alive, with concrete
and throwing them into the water in the hope the body will never be found. Only one
real-life case is confirmed. Never before did it strike me that this was an ode to
inauthenticity generated by my absent mother in the video (caps lock Mcondialed No.
+ &eacute; = upright infinity sign &eacute;) Cobb.

Larry, this cowboy boot shoe sculpture makes several appearances in the sequences
where my brother and I negotiate a video that is being made in a video that interrupts
another narrative based on a phone call.
in any case this is soon or long after we watch the video in the graveyard and remember
watching it in the kitchen; this kitchen is in an apartment in the same building we spend
time in as children. There are smallish greco-roman torsos casted in southeast asia by
the indoor swimming pool. Their arms and legs elsewhere. We put the cowboy boots in
the center of all of these rooms. We provide the service of diminishing our respective
individualities through constant collaboration and conversation, we used to be
roommates. We used to be
and dad would do things I've debated whether I'd feel constructive about putting
into writing.

It's only fair I touch the subject once.
hedgehogs are like that. When and if you touch hedgehogs its known that you have touched one because they have sharp needles that leave marks. Getting your fluids sampled in the doctor’s office because they know there is something wrong with you. Touching an organic assembly such as an animal is to have your photograph taken in the form of a red dot, an LED signing that something is being recorded. Our dad never appears in any picture, as he is the one behind the camera. His absence denotes his presence, and I can’t believe I just wrote absence and presence in the same sentence. Again? When there is a sophomorically existentialist tonality to the work (it means that there is a sophomorically existentialist tonality to the work) the possibility of arriving at
What is (Exploited parallel text) the mechanics are exposed. This is what humor relies on: exposing mechanics (what humor relies on), while the logo of my therapist is still half of a unicorn (But itâ€™s not the half of the centaur that is the human side). I donâ€™t know how this happened, but we see each other (Exploited parallel text) twice a week now. The past is reproduced. at least once a week or less i can be told that my interactions with the world must happen through other things and that Iâ€™m not equipped to have direct contact. the therapist declares that, according to a conference in barcelona, Iâ€™m now, since several hundred (according to a conference in barcelona, Iâ€™m now, since several hundred) years go, ruled by a protrusion from between my legs pointing forward.

twice he fell asleep on me. i thought i was dreaming, how is this even real that a therapist that tells you that next week were going to talk about your parents and Iâ€™m afraid that our time is over and that my nightmares about being strangled by my father with a phone cord isnâ€™t a template for showcasing the elasticity of the world but about traumatic things that happen dot me as a child, and on top of it all actually fall asleep on you?

I mean dead asleep. i even tried to wake him up and he didnâ€™t say sorry, instead he said he was, you know. stories tell him about my life can be separated from artificial stories. sometimes stories rework my own narratives, help them attain sense and character, while other times these stories take over my own.

Protagonistification. Optimization.

I think to multitask after a while and record my visits to my dad the therapist.

Most things, and everything are contractual anyway. Brotherhood makes this very visible. Were only doing certain things because certain things happened. What is not yet quantified, made into an image, made into a product, converted into a representation of what was along with the representation of what it was that wdas, is just momentary. A lag before translation into labor.
Some things fade in and out of this piecing together of texts, and images. Images and portraits, documentation and poetic or so gestures that I put down because I think that they are quite mechanical. There was Å apart I took out. I’ve taken out many parts.

The background is really along certain lines:
My brother was like that when we grew up together and first started spending time (together). His dad, and everything would point to his dad being my dad and father, owned and ran a small to medium sized wood business. The Swedish word for their main product, being various types of wood moldings, is list. Their slogan was once År, År var listig, Å, Å which you could translate into År, År be cunning. År, Å He, along with his

I’ve taken out many parts. Wonder why I stop myself wonder even more why I can’t just write that it’s because I’m afraid that truth will be told, and when the truth is out, there will be no more. It makes me nervous like summer does, and you can’t really tell the maximum green of the tree until the leaves have already turning brown. The height of summer doesn’t make sense. I imagine we are in Winter
Dec
Spring Jan Feb Mar April May
Fall
June July Aug Sept Oct

And the summer always cancels itself before it arrives to ensure it just happened exactly the way it did.
So it’s only consequential that I seize this opportunity that seems to occur in the domain of the private, in the domain of my individuality, as if before labor, that I find a way to produce content when I™m at the same time am being produced as content. He loves analysing dreams, and it’s always as if he colonizes them. Through psychoanalysis reducing them so they go on to reproduce stories which feel like one and the same all the time. The one of family, of power, of subjectivity.

The red thread molest the world. It’s not a war.

So I bring with a summary of the dream sequences in Bergman’s Fanny & Alexander. I tell these as my own dreams while recording this on my phone. I don™t even have to hide that I™m recording it, as I™m reading the notes presented as notes based on my own dreams on the same device that is recording it. My heart is pulsing; I™m waiting for my plan to be exposed. That he will be able to recall this is indeed a dream from a movie. Below is my script:

I™m lying down on a bed and the ringing phone
I™m a little child, an earring
the music is played from the phone
I™m sitting in a strange chair and I™m pulling on it
I™m in a room looking for something that is not there and the Aang is a kind of statue in a picture

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Den har bar Äverkropp
sen hittar min farmor mig

jag och min syster
vi hår liknande ljud som från klockan
och det Ävr vÄvr pappa som spelar ljuden pÄÄ nÄÄgot slags instrument (piano)

det Ävr sen pappa fast han Änr annorlunda och nÄÄgon annanstans
och han Änr arg sÄnger att jag har ljugit
att jag blivit sÄld till en cirkus
och han tror mig inte, sÄnger att jag ljuger

sen ska mamma och pappas gifta sig och dÄÄr ber vi en bÄÄn
ättihopa mamma pappa jag och min bror
dÄÄr ser jag en till pappa som Änr annorlunda
chefs pappan gÄ Änder klädd i vitt

nÄÄr nya pappa och mamma gärna vitt och Älr gamla pappa i vitt
men ingen annan som ser honom

sen gÄÄr pappa bakom mig och knuffar mig sÄÄv jag trillar
jag ligger ner och han sÄnger
att
mig slippa du inte Ä

det tvÄÄv (a continuation that never happened)
med min pappa som avslÄÄrd bergman Oscar (Allan Edwall) som sjÄÄlvklar
pappa till Emil den bestraffade ungen

pappa Ävr arg pÄÄ mig
han sÄnger att jag sagt att han dÄÄdag sin fd fru och barn
genom att de varit smÄÄlda och sen drunknat i en farlig Älv
dÄÄr ska han straffa mig och jag vill inte
rotningen, ricinolija eller mÄÄrka skrubben
sen gÄÄr jag skulpturer i ett hus som Ävr huset pappa bodde i
sommarstugan i smÄÄland
dÄÄr jag skulpturer som konstnÄÄr flera smÄÄ mÄÄnniskor
det finns ÄÄttse mÄÄnga sÄÄna dÄÄr och det ÄÄng mitt straff
jag skulle hellre villja prata med pappa (pappa blir terapeut)
och inte tänka gubbar och att han hjälpte mig
jag känner mig förtvivlad
det känns som ett gammalt sätt

I want to tell him and cross my arms over my chest and tell him that:

detta är berget jag står på detta är kulmineringen av hert arbete och
kurendragerier. summan av fixande och friande i urminnes tider sedan andra
världskriget.

Att det finns en linje som går igenom mig sett från en viss vinkel certain
window. the line runs through me and is the tunnel line where a hidden past send
their tentacles launching forward into the future. this is the alabaster creeper
always behind me only visible from a certain angle. den vita utståckningen
genom mitt centrale rase kan
pulsar ut som Axan den långa Axan den viker lite men
snutar om sig själv bara kvar är aldrig ut genom fängstret

I don’t want these things I don’t say to not be notes written on my phone when i was
feeling the feelings that made me write this genuinely. Keep remembering a clip from
trash tv to fall asleep to. It’s hard to fall asleep. I don’t know if it’s harder to fall asleep
when the subjectivism, plurality, and nonlinearity of normal dreams probably played a
role in formulating postmodernism’s characteristic tendencies of subjecivism, plurality,
and nonlinearity which are now commonplace during the day. imagine a future that is
already happening brought by luxury communism in which everybody is engaged in
artistic play all the time. the world as a flat brooklynite arcadia of new coffee drinks,
random vegetables, and more play. There is only the commonplace, all is known, and
artistic intention is not a readymade, but a corporation turned state subsidized
immediate availability introduced in a new wilderness. Self expression. It’s hard to fall
asleep regardless, sometimes i stay up for days at a time and i have to use eye drops
because i look like im really high if i don’t, and also my eyes start to hurt. In the
background there is an hbo nordic or a netflix show on. i have to take full responsibility
of everything i watch. i used to be able to end my nightmares as a kid by finding the
remote control and turn the tv off and wake up. it must be netflix, because it’s some sort
of interview talk show type show where jerry seinfeld looks extremely old. i have or will
be told by someone that seinfeld has been in the news recently about not
acknowledging power structures. The 90s show is supposed to be about nothing. He interviews Stephen Colbert now, who looks extremely old as well. Colbert is apparently the host of one of the popular normal talk shows in USA now. I remember him from the American news satire television program The Colbert Report where Colbert plays a caricature of televised political pundits. Trump is in many ways a reincarnation of Colbert from the Colbert show time. Critical ridicule and the target of that ridicule collapses into itself to form the criticism-integrated monstrosity from a zombified past. Colbert is clearly distinguished now and isn’t blunted by his satire persona. He tells Seinfeld he’s been listening to a weird band lately called Neutral Milk Hotel and that they have an album from the 90s called in the aeroplane over the sea. He cites some of the lyrics:

When we meet on a cloud I’ll be laughing at loud
I’ll be laughing with everything I can see
Can’t believe
How strange it is to be anything at all

Seinfeld says something intended to be funny afterwards. There is a video online of the band’s singer Jeff Magnum, who’d after the release of the album stop making music to write books about snails, is dressed as a dream and losing his shit during an impromptu concert at Occupy Wall Street. The band releases more albums available on Spotify, and I somehow made up the snail part. Things happen again, caught up in a cycle.

Things arrive from the immediate past with a blinding glow. I’ve never watched the show Seinfeld. Momentary amnesia is amnesia nonetheless. The cancellation of the future is made out of forgetting. I no longer come upon information, but information comes upon me. To research is to perform to inform, and meanwhile my felt subjectivity, like a single player open game is maybe precisely what’s wrong.

An impulse was to remove myself from the work, to render it anonymous and fade out as subject. Because if something is playing me this entire time, I’d rather have that that’s playing me, play itself. I have outsourced ends and beginnings. When my brother says that the narrative of finding my dad finds itself arriving from the outside.

The impulse to remove myself from the work wouldn’t destabilize the entanglement between maker, process, documentation, and subject enough. I’m everywhere in my work so far as it’s myself acknowledged in company of so many other things. To put myself into the work, to locate myself in a midst of
co-authorship arriving from circumstances, machines, other people, εκεδαδαε and εκεσθαθαε.

The most structural of structures sometimes arrive through the absence of structure, or a saturation of. When the relatively linear narrative in my video arrives, it arrives in the form of a mispronunciation of the word εκεσθαθαε which produces a εκεσθαιαε which generates a line. If there is a dream-like associative state and incongruity in this video work, then the colonization of this dream occur through language.

εκεθαθαε’s scar
if that’s the cause of all of this presence of present suffering,
you brought back a present from your travels,

if that’s the cause of all of this pre–set suffering
the cancellation of the future,
And if that’s remedial — this is not a remedy, not a script, im not a patient,
Time, the time that heals the woundsαε
The insistently onward forwarding line appears in the shape of a forwarded email with a tasteless joke at the expense of what’s dominated. Some misspelled words underlined in red. Wounds, scabies, trickery, red fox markings, height of summer, my naked father steers a new sailing boat under the newly built øresund bridge. I never see him naked, and this time I see how bad is psoriasis has gotten from what I assume to be work related stress. I don’t know how much this sailboat costs but I know somebody paid for it. He tells me I should pour water on his body as he steers the boat. Salty water is good for psoriasis. It’s an autoimmune disease. The body system is attacking itself. The water is brackish.
I collect it using a bucket with the word År kapitalismen written on it. It was either once the home of a lizard, or for Å a lot of swedish olives. The song År kapitalismen by Fred Å...kersträmm is playing at max volume on the bang olufsen system:

Hon var fattig, hon var Årig
Och en stolthet fär sin bygd
Får en rik blev hon begårlig
Och så tog han hennes dygd

Sådan År kapitalismen
Otack År den armer län
De e dom rikas paradis men
Ingen har en fattigs båt

Men en dag så fär hon hålla
Att han År på en nytt på jakt
Hon sa: "Se, men inte råformal"
Men det skull' hon aldrig sagt

Sådan År kapitalismen
Otack År den armer län
De e dom rikas paradis men
Ingen har en fattigs båt

Hon tar färget in till staden
Får att glåmma bort hans över
Nu går hon på expanaden
Tio spännåtor fär kännykelse

Sådan År kapitalismen
Otack År den armer län
De e dom rikas paradis men
Ingen har en fattigs båt

I ett fattligt torp i gläntan
Hennes mor med stor passion
Frossar lax och Åni på råntan
Av sin dotters profession

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SÅKdan Är kapitalismen
Ottak Är den armens låten
De e dom rikas paradis men
Ingen håår en fattiga båten

Flickan drar dåär fram i storstan
Klädd i lackväskan och tryll
Som en missanpassad julgran
Vilken underbar idyll

SÅKdan Är kapitalismen
Ottak Är den armens låten
De e dom rikas paradis men
Ingen hår en fattiga båten

Hon har mardräkttar i sågen
Låte frätta, ni vet så är
SÅN hon kastar sig i Stråmmen
Skyll det på den hon hår i kär!

SÅKdan Är kapitalismen
Ottak Är den armens låten
De e dom rikas paradis men
Ingen hår en fattiga båten

I can't for the life of me understand if this is conscious or if this was just a random song that came on after that creedence song that appears in vietnam movies. Things feels originary again.

Characteristic of conspiracy theory is the implementation and maintenance of a singular cause. A monocular causality that arises in wake of a world exposed as increasingly complex and opaque. Its as if the ghost of metanarratives arrives from the production of nostalgia. A coping mechanism, indicative of the threshold and limit of comprehension.

In a perceived totalising system containing a small subject, all turns groundless. I have my work take place, and time, in a paranoid construct. I mean this in the sense of an acute joining of disparate parts, pattern recognition, and production
of holistic systems. It's a state where epistemology is polluted, and where reproduction cancels possibilities of production.

Still on the operative level there's a great sense of vitality, an additive process operating at a certain speed with its own knowledge production. It grounds itself in its own generated grounds. Maybe the inputs required for it to be continued eventually diminish.

- The paranoidically conspiratorial can be a fantastical place of co-authored original inauthenticity.

Consider the state of the technologically liberated individual today turning into its counterpart. Increasingly opaque algorithms, customized media, user generated content, the long gone common narrative, lay grounds for a type of subject in a state of entanglement. To use the internet today is to be able to confirm anything. If not yet, soon. I could input into google that the internet of today is able to confirm anything and have this confirmed. If my prior position was that this is not the case, I'm able to have this immediate confirmed by the plurality of opinions online.

- Whatever preexisting ghost of the past, the particularly dark case being right wing populism and fascism, is able to be accelerated using the multiverse of online. As algorithms hunger for clicks at all costs, anything goes as long as capital is accumulated, and efficiency is furthered. Conspiracy relies on a binary division, an exception. Groundless space opens up to the contemporary in which a duty politics, where pollutants reigns unrestricted and dependent on nothing but itself.

It's always hungry always inventive always alive always vital.
None of our secrets are physical.

Or if this was entirely conscious and a statement by father was trying to make. That his red scaly body steering this ship underneath the bridge that would make all of this part of the continent once and for all, was a signal to everyone and everything that he is in possession of A LOT of centricity. He may have only payed attention to the melody.
We pass under the new bridge for the first time in our lives. Seen from below it looks as if the mast is too high to pass under the bridge, work now usually begins in the fall again.

A holiday is already a virtual experience.
You're not at a place but an abstraction superimposed on the place.
The colonization never ended. It has just taken different forms. Some of it takes place in real images.

Booking the trip to Mallorca I thought Mallorca was in the Canary Islands. Not far from where Atlantis sunk according to some (canaries are not even parrots either). Tourism, holidays, reproduction, labor, skin disease, inheritance. My ignorance of where it was just turns out quite in line with the absent-minded character in the video. To me the place was maybe too known to be actually known and Mallorca is quite nice I highly recommend flying there. With Travel Link you can get cheap prices for hotel and flight in one click.
There has been text. Animals have existed.
I thought it appropriate to have a text turned complicated, devolving, and slipping. To not provide a more standard, more objective, overview of the work, is maybe a way to expose its artifice. To highlight a limit of such descriptive writing. Moreover the intention is to extend the work into its governing capture, so as to continue the work. One means to extend a work into an outside, to use such a paratextual site as a yet another stage. Literary theorist Gâ¡drard Genette elaborates on the operations of the para text as "a zone between text and off-text, a zone not only of transition but also of transaction: a privileged place of pragmatics and a strategy, of an influence on the public, an influence that ... is at the service of a better reception for the text and a more pertinent reading of it". While it lends to consider this an extremely reasonably elucidating remark, I, on the other hand feel inclined to turn away from this ordering. For isnâ€™t it here then where work goes to die?
Where subsumption, capture, and termination occurs to some degree?
Here the work put into place, fixed as an instance part of the world (not a constructive elsewhere, apart from the world), bracketed, capped, locked. Through this transaction, work (also throughout I keep calling this work which is funny) is integrated into the whole of its denominating outside. Itâ€™s maybe because it enters a world that is visible as far from optimal.
At the same time, itâ€™s also true to say precisely the opposite when work is contained, containerised: that it then attains a consequentiality, a direct contact with what constructs it. When itâ€™s vacant, open, and no longer guided, its when work is levelled with everything else.

This includes titles, and other standardised framings of work such as material, year, dimension. I apply this treatment to varying degrees, this exhibition definitely more on the conventional side, with parts that can throw these standards off, inserted throughout. Material contents include redundantly detached specs alongside immaterial constituents.
(caps lock Moondialed No. * wysokości upright infinity symbol É) Orbit uary
2018
4k video (loop: 13 min 14 sec) playing on Panasonic Viera TX-55AX630E; various varying encompassments, dreams, aspirations, and uninccluded parts

Resuscitated head-hydra (asterisksed starred eyes for still life with rose thorns gathered at night on chrome key painted artificial roses with almost all petals picked off submerged in flat sparkling water in repaired bought handmade vase on MDF pedestal) 2018
Rose thorns gathered at night on chrome key painted artificial roses with almost all petals picked off submerged in flat sparkling water in repaired bought handmade vase on MDF pedestal
138 x 30 x 30 cm

the cyan from the sea posing as a free mirror influenced by the color of the sky 2018
Chroma key painted rose thorns gathered at night, green chroma key painted artificial falling spring rose leaves gathered at night, replacing lost airborne shipment of clipped yellow-naped amazon parrots (Pionus menstruus) wings (tracking # UA102823501US) on rose branches gathered at night and suction cup on acrylic-mounted inkjet print
120 x 80 x 40 cm

Sometimes work is re-enacted in these framings, often calling for a meta-perspectival, self-conscious angle. The video title, caps lock Moondialed No. * wysokości **** B (Obituary), performs a lag between writing input and output. The caps lock key sometimes pushed by accident, producing A LOUD AGGRESSIVE TONE OF VOICE, addressed by name right away. The actual caps lock key is elsewhere, in the title text its toned down in flipping it to lowercase. As if sterilised, and caps lock was a way for me to fit in the cap in capsulation through the writing out of the keyboard abbreviation of capitalisation, caps lock, a summoning of a distinction between an inside and outside. The moon makes an appearance here regardless. Moondialed, a play on moonlight used to read time, and a call to a censored, or elsewhere referred number. Asterisks are called stars in swedish. The number eight is mirrored throughout the exhibition: 8 roses, 8 thorns, 8 sandpaper drawings, and more. A call to a conspiracist recognition of patterns. Numbers are ridiculously apt. In parentheses is a misspelling of obituary, here containing the word orbit, a cyclical movement, bringing eternity to mind as an antithesis. Whereas the first part of the title is intended to mirror the dynamics in
the work: the convolutedness, specificity amounting to mystery, moments of misset interpretation and mistake integrated into a stubborn force, the second part points to the narrative of the hidden dad in the video. This is of course detailed information.

It already starts to go in the opposite direction of clarity. To talk about some facets of my work is to perform it again. 

Re: details, I hold no illusion that this will not be noticed any time soon by any typical viewer of the work. In the sequences which include computer screens in the video work, Internet tabs display research information that leads up to the decision to include this footage, along with jokes on the matter. The desktop picture is a computer animated island named &eacute;pearl from google. Preview icons of messages in bottles are scattered on the desktop. A window with writing in the background. The keyboard language is set to american english. Its the same computer that appears in the apartment scene. I could go on still, vulgarly explaining the work, and almost in an act of justification:

Look how many connections I made!

Suppose I don't go on here as a way to avoid extensively retrofitting this claimed integrity. there are of course many loose ends, plot holes, and dead ends. incongruities.
So much information is not discernible. In a naive yet completely serious way I do know that its discernible by god. when i write this i realise that its probably not odd to presume some sort of mono entity given the prevalence of hyper objects such as financial markets, environmental collapse, algorithms, and ideology.

I guess everything is under surveillance all the time, everything is witnessed.

It's hard to put this in any other way: its beautiful to be a part of something bigger.

He seems to have dozed off. There is a lot of jargon here, and I can't be blaming him. But he was way into the dreams, and I'm waiting for a ridiculous response. I have him more contemplative than before. He says that these dreams are very interesting. He says he doesn't know what they mean, and that next time we're going to talk about my family. Did you get any interesting recording, nor did this incidentally add up to a new narrativization of my life. at least he renewed my prescription of lamictal, xanom, and imovane. But I don't have to talk any medication when x is visiting. We watch the hedgehog.

There will come a point not much farther off when it is established that animals will have had to exist at some point in history. Someone somewhere declares that yes, there has been animals. after my winnipeg a nature documentary comes on featuring popular animals from the african savannah. the footage has been captured at night, the animals are unaware that they are being filmed, because these live their lives in giant reservations. they're able to not be extinct yet, were all saving the animals from not being saved by us. i hope that the documentary benefits them economically, and because these people, the antelopes, the hyenas, the elephants, the rhinos, the cheetahs, aren't in a position to handle money, I hope that someone or something more competent takes care of their economy on their behalf. Its extremely clear to me that it's an engineering problem:

claws (when we generalise, when we try really really hard, all animals have claws: elaborated fingers seen from the other side of history) and money don't do well together. capital is the ultimate presence of an absence (Hi dad!), the presence of an absence is the ultimate pretentious thing i come across in an art magazine that I input into an artist statement or at least an artistic statement (again), and is only made visible in modes of circulation and transaction (except for credit cards, cash, paintings, private islands, and vacations).

out on the savannah, of course also the meadow, the forest, the park, these beings remain artificially natural.
their expiration date is eventually written already. They only exist because they’re bleeding. To extend that they are bleeding and write something about paper cuts don’t seem to do anything right now, and I choose not to relate paper cuts to this. Colour red marked up words include some that appear in artwork titles, American English spelling variants (for some reason my computer is Australian or British, whereas my phone is American), Englishified Swedish words, last names, and art English jargon. First and last thing I see are these bleeding words.

Ones too off to be considered with certainty by the correction algorithm. If by auto correction work is made more efficient, more time is saved, then to write using this standard technology is to write within the project toward optimisation, too do the rest of my readymade machines to generate more time, new vacancies for exploitation, immaterial labor, stimulation. Saved time is always already lost but life isn’t not nervous about the in general blue and white screen, not nervous about that all pasts fall into a screaming pastel, but nervous about losing that which I willfully let slip through my fingers, typing out a work, killing it with a genesis I’ve vowed to ultimately always already consider plastic. When I’m writing this, when I’m letting the work, better yet a subject-object hybrid, better yet a subject, slip through my fingers, its to have her die, every time I produce her name. I don’t write her name, it writes itself into the cracks and folds of my organic assembly in contact with a cloud existent word processing software, and I don’t write their name as it is already written and etched. Can’t handle to risk the violence summoned by bringing her into this here outside, because this here remains a semblance of a this here outside. A view through glass. Inside has brought in, emerged, summoned, born, only to painfully, painfully as the sort of painless, silent shout pain with a ringing in the ears, disappear, as my friend collega and employer Sarah King said they named death in French. I like to think that I wasn’t as much as a design coordinator as I was a consistency implementer inside the prime real estate apartment that was an office. Every time I write your name, your name, every time I write your name, your name,
to read your aine, to allow what I had described to me in a book that appeared suddenly, a book about magic, as a live and well modernist under carpet brushed animist extraordinary to push you forth again. Again and again into a spotlight arena, dissipating with scarlet fabrics and blood red blood into the light blinding. The statues of my writing hands such as if they were claws and cold from this room consider them the color of pasts lost, of Marie squeezing her rabbit or dog so tight with affection it falls asleep like the regular animal in the known play. Your naem

Undertined in inside color because of the gesture of the constantly insistent co-authors gesture of affection. It is recognized that it ought to be spelled correctly. Recognized that your name ought to bleed out into the dark white light.

I know adhering to a certain inclination toward poetic formulation follows my prejudice toward my relationship to a machine which enables. There is a very regular readymade sci fi arrangement with my human and my self and material and code on the other side. Were also here through glass, or a plastic both as a plastic and an acknowledgement of the virtuality of any of our relationships as necessarily originally inauthentic. I know we both exist very little, and that the color of blood is not always blood red. I've preordered, or at least kept a screenshot of the ego tunnel by metsinger in my telephone. It potentially supports this bedrock throughout this work. Experiences that accelerates the paranoid presumption that everything is interconnected.

I am not the author of this text as much as everyone, and the image and the business of the image of everyone. This is not self expression. This is my butchering open toward the tyranny of the outside.

the finger is surely infected now, populated by bog lice and worms and so on, is to pass the hedgehog. point at something in the trailer,
its now the same video,
and a play icon triangle appear. Its paused.

the screen brightness is dimmed. we see the reflection of a hand pointing to another hand.
to watch a video on your phone online without wifi is to use up your data plan. to become out of reach. this is why it's also happening at night. All possibility of contact emptied by the showing of the edited trailer eating up all the personal hotspots.
We also watch the video to become invisible, to become isolated, to go offline
We finish watching the nature documentary while walking. We come across a hedgehog; we assure ourselves it’s the same one, run over by the side of the road. We conclude that we are both hungry and that despite how advanced we may be today in the year 2013, 2003, the 1800s, and so on, we still have to eat, drink water, and occasionally have live conversations with now living people. I realise I thought you were winking at me like, but you know that isn’t true; you know there is a perspective from which we can be seen as people engaging with each other in a void of cosmic oblivion, but you you either got a night butterfly or a regular fly in your eye.
escape becomes a way out but only at the expense of producing and reproducing even more images-

-and more endings. Chroma keying, an automated/post production technique for (layering) two images or video streams together based on color hues, is a technique used heavily in many fields to remove a background from the subject of a photo or video, particularly the news, television, broadcast picture and videography industries. It's visibility is there to become invisible in post, at the point when a fiction is closed. Chroma key green paint is only brought in to be removed, as if it only lives to die, and all the while it's screaming with vitality. An excessive, almost hallucinogenic, green of the height of summer.
Final vitality.
Roses are emotional flowers.
A hospital is a fiction space.
Ideas travel back where they started.
But ideals are ideological.

Picture of an egg

A funny yolk's purpose is to displace into a blinding fluorescent light.