Idiot Diagram

DIS GON BE SHAPED LIKE A MUFFIN
At Some Point
We were somewhere in the afternoon on one of those kind of cold summer days where the world outside apartment windows reduces itself to backdrops with infinite layers of gradient white, low hanging clouds passing in perpetuum behind endless mazes of red bricks. We were following one giant cloud in particular, as it stealthy morphed between Mickey Mouse and the Devil right outside our window. I could hear it out there, the cloud mutating in silence, almost like a clear contra punctual note, a humming, vibrating underneath the funk that poured out from the speakers inside the apartment in the living room. We were feeling good, you don't put on funk if you don't feel - or intend to feel good. Standing there in the scarcely furnished living room, three people swaying in line at the window, rendered speechless as Isaac Hayes narrated the dissipation of the cloud. We returned to the coffee table groaning with blueberries, black cherries, fresh flowers, black tea and truffles, which Alexey promptly topped off with a bag of muffins as soon as we sat down. You know when the intended sensation becomes so defined it broaches vulgarity? We were there, hubris was imminent. I felt it. Like in a movie, when the character realizes something isn’t right. This soul train was about to swerve out of control and across the board at any minute now. But I was alone on that point. My other friend - actually my oldest friend - actually her name is Cecilie too (how fun is that?) was feeling exuberantly good. She was rocking it, the whole nine yards with a blanket as a cape and a kaleidoscope in her hand, grooving towards the table and the muffins. She stretched her legs in the sofa and peaked as that first scrumptious bite of muffin made contact with her tastebuds. That was until Alexey - being the curious person he is - broke off his monologue on the will of sonars and proceeded to ask her a question. He asks a lot of questions, but without him realizing it, he had stumbled upon that one question. The question that would finally lead me to the definition capable of encompassing my lifelong suffering, or whatshemacallem’ a Game changer:

“How did you choose between the different kinds of muffins?”

And the pause lasted one infinite second, even Mr. Hayes held his breath until a WHAT pierced through the apartment’s sweet smelling muffin air, making the flowers tremble in the vase, and me flip over everything in the kitchen. She couldn't believe it. The music started playing again, and I howled with laughter, while her castle of feeling perfectly good, crumbled to the ground and she somewhat defeated threw the half-eaten vanilla muffin back on the table. As if it was the muffin’s fault. As if the bag of muffins had tricked her. If she had been aware of the other muffin flavours would she have chosen another kind? One that would have made her feel even better? You know it is a matter of fact, that the first muffin - and don’t even get me started on the first and last bite - by definition is the best muffin you'll have at any particular time. Really there is no Tabula Rasa,
starting you completely unspoiled on the one you would have preferred, there’s only a progressive mix of flavors until all notes have merged and you just taste unspecified sweet. On a plane of receptors, you can only hope to compose wisely aiming for a wider breadth. She left the muffin there on the table, and with a childish stubbornness refused to take a new one. I ate two and the rest of hers. After all that was the muffin that finally designated a name to the points at which we continuously find ourselves. These points are The Muffin Points, and like a savage I needed to obtain that power of vision.

THE WET

Before the points became defined, not that much could be assigned or prescribed. I had all the will in the world to seize knowledge. Like a fat kid wanting cake (KEK). But what world was this? There were nothing for me to fix anything to, so where you gonna navigate to? I’m not gonna use an ocean metaphor or anything, but let’s just say there was nothing else in sight. It’s properties. How fascinating non the less and I really wanted to process, understand, figure shit out and make this habitable for all of us, but if you’re making bricks from particles sifted from the surface, you’re gonna have a bad time, and they are gonna drift away. Trust me, I know and the ideas slipped past me at a racing speed down on currents of I don’t fully get it and TL;DR: Entropy. I realized, I had ended up in some fusion of all allegories pertaining to liquid. If this was the barrel of Danaids I was either too small to see it edges, or the barrel too big. I didn’t think too much of it, and as a fool I kept sifting, compressing, dumping into the calm wet. This would be a good place. That would be a safe place. But I was working against the solvent, against the time and space. Everything drifted away and settled somewhere else. Hell would literally freeze over before I would have built anything. I had aimed for a marvelous tower in the calm see, but I wouldn’t even get to a puny island before my hands and back and mind would have grown weary with old age. Never to reach a fortification here, the tower of complete, unified theory, that could reach a unified idea, I’d say was a tad disheartening. Sitting in the shall. Even if I did manage to reach that complete unified stance, that in turn would determine any further action. The theory or idea itself would thus determine the outcome of my search for it. And why should it determine that I’ve come to the right conclusion from the evidence gathered? Couldn’t it just as well determine that I had drawn the wrong conclusion? I see now that this is a point and not a destination. Gawd, was I a fool for looking?

WHO DAT

So, I’d mostly sit and listen carefully till a pause occurred or a word got lost in conversations and clever speeches. Observe others’ will to meaning, rational beings or not. The meaning of every
word is the way it’s used. In a sense, when different paradigms are flung into an established context, they become foreign, xenographs. They become doppel-, triple-, quadruple-gängers of themselves, as my intention and their origin are unclear. They become deadpan prime words, holding every meaning and no meaning, strong words yet weak to everybody. It’s the darndest thing, you know, because I don’t. Not clearly. Yet. Anyway. I have to google it later. I have to make up my mind later. I can see that it annoys you, this is not how you conversation make, I didn’t really mean what I said, I was only kidding. I’ll find out what you’re on about and form an opinion later. Until that, The will to meaning, was for me to disrupt, like something was disrupting me. It’s not that productive, no, but it is a strategy, however irrational it may be, a drive. A drive to disrupt, a pathology. Who wants to have a conversation with a dog chasing cars? Who wants to be the dog? I would, and conveniently I found that my old family name willfully could be translated to Dogwhat. Excellent. Doggystylewhat, what a great joke, another great joke is that most people no speaking danish, have a hard time pronouncing hunəvað. But that doesn’t matter, you may call me Whatever-dog, my name can be a circumstance of you. You know irrational people don’t act by rational plans. They act by instinct. Embodying brands or colors as concepts, when I was little, I wanted people to call me Nike. Just Nike. They didn’t do it. The bombardment of foreign paradigms into what is the established order is the only thing that connects my mind to the other. Other what, I dunno. In those conversations, the mad lip moments, the imposed, the supposed, the doublings and entropic repetitions could barely buy me the skin of my teeth. But sometimes it would make you laugh, and so I could laugh too, while you would notice a distinct, peculiar laughter. Not like a real laughter but moreover like something that seemed to function as some obscure orientation, like that of a bat’s squeak. You would do your best to ignore the constant flapping. But I thought, as long as I said something, perhaps you wouldn’t discover, what I really was. And thus I wouldn’t have to either.

A LUBRICATOR

Just before the nascence of this, in the middle of another great information dump, something snapped as I for the umpteenth time watched another portion of bricks scatter, dissolve and sink separately into the wet. The realization mentioned before ate away at me like sunlight on vampire. Shit was on fire yo, I didn’t even know it was flammable. All the subjects, all the matters I had meticulously researched, gathered and crammed in there, and which always seemed to withholding it’s core from me, raptured. And I wasn’t ready for it. But then again, who’s ready for the rapture? On a positive note and in hindsight, I can conclude if I had been a fool, I was a fool no more, as the fool saturated with crazy wisdom would be blind to the fact that he was now on fire, and half way over a crevasse of the kind you’re not supposed to come back from. The storm of the Cognitive Mass Ejection was in full effect, as it swept across my face killing every circuit in its wake, turning
my eyes black like exhaustion pipes as smoke poured out of them like boiling fur, fascinatingly repulsive like car accidents. My poor little brain had information compressed with absolute gravity until it had turned into something beyond nothing. Push, pop and stack is apparently still a limited strategy when applied to human instead of artificial intelligence.

A gradual motion pushes what will later become you upwards, slowly, through layers of consciousness, while you rest in the darkness of not having the slightest idea about what you are except something capable of experiencing motion on a trajectory from somewhere to far away. No waves, just a soft, velvety silence, effortlessly pushing you upwards towards light. The faster you ascend the faster the shock will jolt through you and push you into human shape and your eyes wide open. You’re yet again a being, you have a name. A little later you will remember where you are, and that you probably have done something embarrassing. But it will take you sometime to get the flux to slow down and for you to understand your limbs and regain control. With no brain, no nerves, no tits, no stomach or intestines, just skin and bones in a disorganized body, pronouncing hurts. The light is sharp. Sounds are sharp. Things are out of focus, they change, warp, distort, snap back, switch. Disappear. Reappear, like you. The eye starts investigating the crater with a prowler’s unseeing calm, turning debris, clenching blur and fuzz. The cave that initially held the absolute structure and true meaning were cracked open like an egg. And you grasp, taste, spit out. What structure had survived? The words, the will, the language scattered around. This is such a hot mess. But heat means things are in motion. Things can fuse.

THE BLOB

In the wake of the waves a ground zero emerged. This ground zero was a cause and effect. I was cause and effect. The ground zero was real. It was the mind, an image of the mind, of the thought, of the body. If one’s language generally acts as the perimeter of one’s world, then the borders had ceased to exist for a moment and the topography’s rules not enforced. Nothing was the same, everything was the same.

My existence had in effect mercilessly been shaped by impotence, that in turn had converted output, my dearly compressed bricks into irrational scramble. I realized my language was a symptomatic diagram of my existence. Of a discrepancy between modes of knowledge. Of the linguistic origins related to the concept of aesthetics, between aisthesis and physis. I feel you Dedalus. Secondly of contemporary politics and the opposition between the bare life and the qualified life. I feel you Hegemony. This Gestalt in front of you acknowledges a point lying far back, denoting a time and existence based on a different ontological logic. At the place where a discursive formation ought to have encountered a material practice of some sort, I had
consequently refused almost any output until I had come to that idea that could unify not only me but all in existence. Only fire, no smoke, Divine light, no shadow. Vitruvian truth, no freakyness, no funk. I only felt you Apollo. But what clumps together here, are strands of words making language making another topography. One of uncertainty. I realized what clumps together now, will never stop growing. This is just as much part of my Cronenberg body as the other. Mushy, lumpy, even, uneven. Curvilinear and cubular. Now I feel you too Dionysos. Finally. Perceiving and defining the world through dichotomies has been our way of progressing for so long. It brought us here. Borders created which in turn could be broken, and something conquered, something won. But that progress has interests. The more is won, the more is needed. We all get used to a certain standard, to a certain way of getting things, done. Have it our way. Me too, it’s our God given right. One way or another - as it is. The bigger the surface. The bigger the interface. And that’s the thing, the program works, if you synchronize. It’s so much easier, than coming up with anything new. It’s the notion of what we call The Cloud. I like the The Blob better. Speaking of monsters and bodies, The Blob and Frankenstein are two very different kind of monsters.

BLOB, PAPER, SCISSOR

This is the diagram that describes my constitution. My language is based on my artistic foundation and is thus an aesthetic creation, never complete nor finished. It’s an existential diagram that in conjunction defines my artistic practice. I am, it is, we are talking about becoming and through that, I’ll realize the embedded intention, the signs of progression, of the dynamic that creates and not constipates. These are the traces in the wet sand. The text freshly formed near the now calm shoreline, I realize, I am the one who put them there. Perhaps it would help, if I didn’t view myself as a body, but as another part of the Rhizome. Not as that languish growth that tried to follow one specific order at a time. Perhaps it would help, if I didn’t view myself as a body, but as text. Perhaps it would help if I realized the diagrammatic advantages of this reboot, and embraced that it’s no longer possible to distinguish between variables of content and expression because the variability of that same plane has prevailed over the duality of forms, rendering them indiscernible. Like infected mushrooms and that scene in Total Recall. A text not based on language, but as an assemblage in its entirety. The traces in the wet sand doesn’t oblige me to follow one specific linguistic trait, I can connect the semiotic chains of different codes, have it my way, and thereby challenge the order of things and the state of affairs. If everything should be done by the book, well I tried, but I almost killed myself. It sucked. The structures of power, are still trying to keep things neatly separated with correctly used hierarchical markers. But if there were one place where the Rhizome successfully could work it would be here. The universality of language doesn’t exist either. Try asking me, if I was on my way to constituting a utopian language. Try and ask, how that was working out for me. And when I say I, moi, me, mig. How and where do we start distinguishing
the person sitting in front of the computer from the person who is uttering this? You or me reading? We’re here. Inside the words on the screen. Are you reading with a voice? Words are continuously appearing, as we transcend the page. Language is never closed around itself, and in this case it’s obviously been decentralized and turned outwards into multiple dimensions and registers.

Since this is just as much an artistic project as it is an existential one, it’s an inter dependent two sides of the same coin or sword, potato potato kinda thing. This analytical project, demands that I somewhat disengage from that rigidity and propriety in which I had trapped myself. Auto-medusa, and the statue of my reflected self had to be cracked open, through a method of reflexiveness, where I by aborting the atemporality of repetition could gain movement and thus change. Lil’ Wayne was all like; Repetition is the father of learning, I repeat; repetition is the father of learning. He’s right, but also wrong, because then he went ahead and made his rock album: The progression of repetition is a static and autonomous one, like the fine-tuning of a routine, in other words it denotes change but also stasis in an autonomous sphere towards a finite goal. But the change in itself however is progression through ruining, running down, destroying and has therefore a temporal aspect embedded. It can be the relation between life and the idiocy, in which the relations and the reflexive awareness of change doesn’t isolate, but more acts like an antidote for my congealed panic.

Although any situation is structured by a historical, material, and linguistic framework that encourages some possibilities and disallows others, there is within every moment an undetermined horizon of possibility that humans perceive on the edge of their consciousness. Ernst Bloch calls that the “not yet” and emphasizes that these moments embody not simply human desire but also an actual perception of the dynamics and undetermined potentiality lying within all situations. The pre-linguistic feeling of the “not yet” is like “little day dreams”. These seemingly minor exercises of the imagination both embody concrete visions of the world but also serve as a general reminder that the possibility of radical social transformation always remains present. If I honor and uphold this as a heterogeneous reality.

The Idiocracy & The desperation of the Muffin Points
-> A master of fine idiocy

Now unlike the Precariat, the thing about this class the Idiocracy is that it can promise you the world, high or low, depending on how much or little you want to get with the program. The scare tactics of being ousted of said program in one way or another is a clouded, ever present and very effective strategy. You give up one thing, you get something else, but you do have to comply otherwise you wont get anything at all. See if it cares about you or me opting out. Another seat-filler
is standing by. I’m exhausted of not being where I want to be and of coming up with excuses for my intellectual and what not deficiencies, the causes for me not being there. *Well, where do you wanna be then? Oh ffs, I don't know, everywhere, no, I mean nowhere, But, and that’s the thing, I don’t really have time anymore anyway.*

I’m not gonna present myself as a pacified victim, blaming the nurture and culture of my parents and society. Yes, I’ve been insulated carefully within the borders of the Scandinavian welfare state cozied up by a familiar security. Dobbelt op på *hygge* og *fika*, and fear the unknown! If something is too good to be true it probably is. Stay here, it’s dangerous out there. Yes, it’s full throttle at that smother party, but a party nonetheless, and there’s that buffet style we’ve all come to love, with that concept of infinite choices. What do you wanna *be*? I could *be* anything. Anyone. Someone. Oh the choices, *ché stress*. So. Many. Muffin Points. It is very hard to decline those invitations, and even harder to leave, if you’re already there, because then someone is gonna take my line in the queue. But, I’m not gonna stay at this self-pity party of the Middle Class any longer. In the idiocracy, we feel bad for ourselves, but don’t do much about it, because what is there to do? Quit your job? Get another spouse? Dog? What? After all, it’s not that bad here, and other people have it worse.

The shackles of traditional libidinal patterns are loosened. Our desires can take us wherever we want. I’m liberated from my family in Denmark and my religion in Rome. Everything can be valid depending on the system you are legitimizing it through, or so it seems. I stare back at all the institutions keeping me in my place, as I move through a cynical liberating sensation. Now I see that the pressure the institutions more or less unconsciously had been bearing down on me, was bearing down on them as well. It’s a pressure, that makes the core in many a institution unstable, since the force is of a different kind of logic. Stronger. Bigger. Do I even dare say it/ Please bear with me.

*Capitalism*1

We ain’t in the cultural order of the bourgeoisie no more. I’m not saying, that the West formally known as the best has placed its fate totally in the claws of some evil money hungry few, and *this is what is wrong with the world*. No, no, I’m merely noting, we are living inside a giga equation, a chaos-like-theory. It’s profoundly non-linear and connected with, I would argue, the mass media and especially the Internet as the tipping point. And now we’re at it. Are we on first name basis now? Internet? Mr. Internet? Mr. Web? Who is it? I’ve always considered you a mere tool. But I guess I really should start taking you more seriously.

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1 DUN DUN DUNNN
You have and are saturating every single part of my existence like a lubricant, accelerating me and my generation’s reflectiveness and perversion to a maximum. I know, we’ve been sick and twisted as long back as time goes, and that there only are so many orifices to insert things into. But boy, have I seen insertions I never dreamt of. And so many new shiny things to be boyfriend girlfriend with. Oh boy oh boy. And if I ever should be unsatisfied or grow tired, rest assure that modern science can help me out with some new hole. Trust me, I’ve seen them. Oh boy oh boy. Perversion unified in fragmentation. Everybody’s happy now. Everybody’s posting something somewhere. But you’d be surprised how few places people actually look. Unified in fragmentation inside an increasingly universal homogeneous state. So what about the artists, we’d think there’d be some kind of implication?

Our technological evolution has aided a sort of democratization of visual images resulting in a higher visibility and higher production, rendering all images into weak cultural signs. Everybody be consuming, everybody be producing, everybody can make the great. Does this democratic brushstroke entail a de-professionalization of the artists? I’d say yes, and I’d say no. Take the pieces, grandiose and magnificent when experienced in person, with the especially adapted light, and in spectacular sceneries: The beauty and effect, impossible to capture no matter the skill of the photographer, is compressed and uploaded, while the piece itself remains in reality - for a time. The work is not online: The image of it is, together with everything else. If the production of art IRL is too far removed and primarily encountered through visual images and these no longer are satisfactory for the consumer, then what? Art is becoming a funny engorged industry where aspects of tourism, entertainment and education are combined. I wrote this on Twitter: Three words; sounds like fun! I stand and gaze upon spectacular constellations, that doesn't seems to be realized on the grounds of pushing art into new, audacious territories, but instead were born out of what art up until that point usually had been born out of, business as usual. Too often do the powerhouses push on despite their non-derstanding or disregard for the digital consequences, trying to dish out some spectacular experience the would-be intellectuals can gosh about when they meet, catering greatest hits for the common man. Since the normative power follows the logic of the market, and has done so for quite some time, we’ve grown so used to it, it’s practically become invisible. The artists and the art is packaged and sold as professionally as everything else with an added dash of that x-factor: The commodification of a conventional idea of the mythical otherness, the crazy wisdom with a view to the reproduction of subjectivity and economy, rendering this a thriving business for everyone else but art itself. What a frustrating fate. I start to feel like I’m standing on a box in Hyde Park with no teeth. That’s how they want you to feel. I should get down

1 https://twitter.com/...
from there. There’s got to be a way to get the balls rolling again. Yet devising and conceiving a game plan seems to be a task similar to that of inventing a new color.

*It was about Emotional Engineering*

My first circumnavigation consisted in writing a science fiction, since a story of that sort would take place in an imagined future: A utopian-like scenario where the changes to our system had already been made. Effortlessly, with balls rolling and horns blowing. ‘Cus it was my future, as I envisioned it. And this vision would in turn push us out of the Postmodernity for good and into a new era, where the art world yet again would be brimming with audacity and ethos. *You’re welcome.* We would be at *The brink beyond the post - (what a beautiful title amirite)*? and push on further. In the new world of art, where we could stride forward for the sake of art and not for logos and money. Yes, money is a feeling now. *How do you feel? I feel cash.* No matter how or where I looked for guidance, the prospects of realizing a utopian future for art and in turn the world, or at least the anticipation thereof, faltered. The meatloaf tastes like ashes. One man’s heaven is another man’s hell. Everybody is never happy. I realized the utopia I was longing for or was trying to conceive had already been. I was unconsciously longing for a return of the mechanisms of Modernism and Modernity, and for the notions avant-garde had pushed before. But it had long passed, not even the watermark remained. The wars are long gone. The blue riders are dead, and the horses carved up and sold in soap bars. We buy them at museums. The avant-garde had successfully paved the way for everybody becoming artists, by radically democratizing the strong signs of art into weak, “easily” created images. Images that could transcend and manifest the conditions for the emergence and the contemplation of any other image. But paradoxically the intention of de-professionalized art is only achieved and understood through knowledge and mastery, which in general are more accessible to the Middle-Class and upwards. The remnants of the bourgeoisie lingers and reproduces themselves through the institutions they themselves control. Contemporary art’s hermeticism is decoded as a weak gesture, and generally seen as a non-democratic, elitist sphere not because it is perceived as strong, but because it’s made for and in a population consisting of artists, and not one consisting of spectators.

The deconstruction and crossing of boundaries and preexisting borders have long been an act in itself, a genre, hollowed out and regurgitated. Self-fellatio of the worst kind, a bit tiresome to watch really. The time of discarding or transgressing, what had gone before, a time of historical breaks, of new ends and new beginnings, had elapsed. *The Brink Beyond The Post* had been abandoned before I had even realized it myself. Like the last one out the locker room, everybody’s already gone somewhere else. The music was over, and they had turned off the lights. And *how did that*
make you feel? I didn’t feel very cash. I got the sadsies. Pathos and melancholy, doused in logos and money makes Jack a dull boy. Hey.

_Braaaaains_

And so, we talk, complain and wait. One has an increasingly harder time trusting the fact that this is still a democracy and not the pluto- and oligarchy, the Princeton studies make it out to be. Other people find comfort in the humorous fact that it never existed in the first place. There is no democracy, thus there is no crisis, and there is no spoon. _There there_. I grew up in a family that completely entrusted the government, all institutions with their well-being, almost in a blind faith kinda way. _All our bases are belong to them_. Perhaps the state’s decisions seemed incomprehensible, but they would always find ways to back and defend them, even though the odd choices and decisions increased. Perhaps this was just a game to them, raising me so I would grow up and into the job as the devil’s advocate. What a mindfuck, _good one mom and dad_. At times I still find myself defending these weird, some might say, unjust systems, as if they were my old friends, who’d just had a bad streak, and deserved some slack cut. But I can’t find anymore slack to cut. I can’t play along anymore. The rationality principles driving the supra-institutions have stopped making sense to me, an everyday person. They are driven by something else than the interest of the citizens. So they’re saying one thing, then doing something else, and we can’t really tell or find out what the agenda actually is, who the real benefactor and receiver are. Guess they’re one and the same now. One does not remain dominated in subordination because one simply has misunderstood the existing state of affairs. One remains passive because one lacks the confidence in he/she/ hen’s capacity to transform it, and putting up the smoke and mirrors certainly doesn’t make that task easier. I give you: _Marco Polo Tricky Trick Government Edition_.

_Haters Gonna Hate (?)_

So there are some rules to the game, but what game are we playing? Is there, could there be a way to circumnavigate our current state of bafflement? Retreat is not an option. I was brought up following the rules. Not being part of the system has never been an option. However, I’ve completely lost faith in the idea that we are able to transform anything here through the act of retreat or revolution. _Together we can make a change! To battle and together we stand!_ Now see, that’s utopian. Now see, that’s cute. Like a war cry in an anechoic chamber, people return to their humdrum as soon as that noise goes away. This is Scandinavia, I would love to help out more, but I’m really pressed for time. We’ve all got this thing coming up. _I’m sorry, what were you saying?_
One cannot rewire this system if one aren’t a part thereof, I mean really, do you have any idea how many things can be set on mute in todays society? So, what’d I have to do? I’d best be damn sure to wake up pretty fucking quickly and smell the joe or join the hippies in the desert. Which I actually tried and that didn’t exactly work out for either sides. *Fuck the Clown-police.* I can’t do my own thing, for the sake of it either. No, actually I don’t wanna have a good time. Now I wanna be your dog. I wanna have that prefix, I wanna be a pawn, an institutional figure. I acknowledge that, and I wanna work with that heritage. I’m aware of all the muffin points I’ve ever passed and are going to miss, I’m supposed to feel miserable. That’s the default emotion here. The existential crisis of the Idiocracy is very real on all points. #I #love #it. So, *Avanti God damn it!*

Any cultural artifact can act as raw material for construction of utopian images. Even the most blatantly bourgeois or capitalistic concepts contain the seeds of potential visions of the best world. Yet, in order to be something more than daydreams, a necessary execration is required by mediation, in order to advance towards a possible social transformation. In this post-democratic world, the idiot stands alone with everybody else in the Idiocracy. Depressed, doubtful, indifferent, cynical, lazy and horny. Misanthropy reigns supreme. It is that paradox of history and reality. Every process of imagining a better world, even those that are thoroughly mediated, those that are exacting a “real possibility”. If actually actualized, they are inevitably going to disappoint through their incompleteness. So even if someone “makes it” through the apathy, they will be stricken with this terrible affliction. Bloch coined my condition before I knew I had it: “Melancholy of realization”, which is related to the experience of the present. It’s the hindrance caused by a blind spot, an abyss which is that of the ungrasped existence itself, meaning that no realization of whatever one might realize, can ever fully be captured because of the indeterminate, dynamic totality of society. A transformation of the current system’s set of values towards a utopian society seems so out of reach. How strong aren’t our voices heard within the confines of our like-minded? How righteous and close to victory doesn’t we feel then? And at the outskirts the undulating resonance of hopes and aspirations die out. Another lost election, we carry on, there’s still pedestrians on the streets. Seven Eleven’s food smell weird, but the coffee is enormous and cheap. You ask, and they explain, *we had every intention, but simply haven’t got money for that sort of dream and it would take uncomfortable long time. You don’t win elections with complex solutions. They ask each other and conclude: How about proposing everything else, except obvious solutions, some random legislation to buy more time, to keep the poor bastards confused and occupied?* The inertia of our habits is too deeply rooted. Perhaps hope is too strong a word. Projects like that seems annoyingly everlasting, *whateverlasting*. Another show opens. And so, we talk, complain and drink champagne. I eat mood-stabilizers and lentils. We call it *war food.*
Game on

Instead of working directly against these invertebrated values, a way could be to encourage the current system's semiotic of excess and speculation in affect. Bloch asserts, that this previously mentioned melancholy contribute to loosening up the individual's tenacious investment in any individual utopias he or she might desire and instead shift one's focus towards what one deems to be general perspectives or in a military term; “The front”. The Subject and object stand equally on the “front” in a dialectically materialist process, making a static utopia impossible and a mediation or negation of the anticipated mandatory. There is no other place for the militant optimist than the place that the category of the front opens up towards. The melancholy and the pathos perhaps might spur us on as Bloch would have wanted, yet it also connotes a sense of togetherness or solidarity, which might have survived in some harmless form in some parts of the society, but clearly Good ol’ Ernst couldn't have foretold the decked out meal of wine and bread which were to be the Internet.

In our current society, the encouraged state of consciousness is an awakened state of problem-solving behavior. So for now, let's stick to the notion of artists being just another professional at work. The society dictates one to employ a teleological method of action. People are allowed resting periods from the grind, but these are short and you’re encouraged if you can to please work through them. Long live cognitive capitalism, plug in, hook up and if you need to drop out, make sure everybody is aware of your ascetic detox plan (mail or facebook nobody reads your tweets). Any other consciousness, not related to production or consumption is stigmatized or questionable unless you bring something to the table afterwards. This is the reactivation of my subject, so that I by choices and application of different strategies can interfere with the world and instate a new fire in myself and hopefully my surroundings. In the end it is about what premises one follows in ones art production, and how these are defined or related to society. Remember, the medium is not the problem, but an important part of the message. It is a misunderstanding on both sides of the fence that artists who are aware of Internet's impact on the world in their ontological connection to the world at large takes a critical stance per default.

How do you do, fellow kids?

Yes perhaps, some area of the art world can be doused with the meta-label Post-internet, however dearth that name might be. Its emergence coincided with the financial crisis, during which many institutions faltered and by the skin of its teeth fought to keep up with the rapid rhythms of technological change. Changes were happening, and changes needed to happen and artists needed to follow suit. Ultimately the term also questions the ability of both institutions and critics to
adapt to a pace no longer regulated by them, but by a world at large. The term is more of a facet which seems to demarcate art that exists within a gallery, but has a relationship to a broader set of cultural conditions influenced by the web. The pivot to me isn’t the Internet, but if I’m not sitting in front of it, I’m thinking about it ravenously craving the suspension of me in the gap between realities. My heterotopia set in the equilibrium of not-art and not-life. The anxiety-filled and lust-ridden displacement of me inside of that treacherous Wunderkammer.

2k14: Study shows that 4 out of 5 white girls literally cant even right now.

The real time of my own history made me a zombie, and the default feeling of the Idiocracy is basically like that of a zombie’s: Unconcerned of its predicament to the extent that it no longer is a feeling of predicament but rather an indifferent drift. I mean, what does the body know of the soul or the car of its production? What is being challenged is our conventional notions of what constitutes a fact, an event, a proof and thus the validity thereof. Hence, the questionable status of the conventional notions of reality is often a conclusion to be drawn, and here it becomes an accepted “fact” rather than an emergent property. The entranced consumer has in the last decades become even more entrenched in the media, conspicuously consuming not only the available information but with an ever growing emacity for them shiny new toys, they consume the medium itself. No matter the stress and the confines, I’m always free to consume. I sure do love a good discount, but I feel even better when I find a thing to fetishize. Like right now, I’m very into Earl Grey, so much so one could say I’ve become somewhat of a connoisseur on the subject. Whether obscure or general. Uh-huh We Love it! The idiocracy loves a good deal. A good deal means more good stuff. There’s no reason not to compete with the layers above when it comes to excess or consumption one way or the other. A prosumerist in my own right. Omigod, that peeling feeling, carefully removing the protective film of that new device, the body trembling at the sound, and the slight yet inviting and tantalizing resistance from the adhesive, like your lover moaning, and a nude descending. We hyper-consume and are very hyper-reflexive about it, that’s why we’re still to vain to sport the gawky google glasses with the same truism as we sport the other charge-ables. We’ve turned our head so far up our own ass, we can peek out of our cake holes without any problem. This image needs more nipple. Fun fact; in the olden days reification was followed by the effect Hypostatization, an until the Internet ontological and epistemological fallacy, where you’d believe that whatever can be named or conceived abstractly, must actually exist. But as you might have guessed it mostly applies to fetishes. Rule 34 on all of this shit, fuck yeas. We hate to love to buy them, we hate to love to hate to love to start every research on the net. All of us, (except perhaps for a couple of pretentious bastards somewhere out there). How do you even know so much about Earl Grey?
We are descendants of the modern Prometheus, we've grown increasingly dependent on the electricity, running from our brains out in our fingers on to the miles of dashboard that connect us. Somehow we very easily bypass the bad consciousness we ought to feel about our ever growing need for these things. Somehow the mines providing the palette of rare materials mine themselves. Somehow they just pop up there in the store. I ought not to buy. I ought to object. I ought to. I just bought a new Mac, with a wonderfully advanced screen and 1 TB of memory. Feelsgoodman.jpg.

Through the extension and thus intensification and amplification, my mind now appears to have instituted a self-protective numbing of the central nervous system, insulating and anesthetizing it from a conscious awareness of what's happening to it. The zombie stance of the technological idiot helps me understand this alienation where I'm not turned away by desperation or horror, but fascinated by it as a kind of pornographic curator hunting the next spectacle. Binge watching. Binge posting and binge searching. But never on Bing. Time as a progressive structure is gone, and the idiot navigates this emptied out horizon. Not with a passion for destruction, but a lust for exploring how the spectacle sways. The idiot can be as mute and tragicomic as the zombie itself. But unlike the zombie, the idiot is conscious of his and her task and can neither be facile, nor jump on the culturally imperialist bandwagon, gentrifying attention-commodification schemes devoid of criticality. Because, as we all know: Zombies can't jump. Broken out of the morphic resonance, it reacts to immediacy blindly traveling diagonally from obstacle to obstacle like DJ Roomba, in compliance to the overlying structure.

If we understand the revolutionary transformations caused by new media, we can see past them and (in theory) anticipate and control them; but if we continue in our self-induced subliminal trance, we will never have a chance to cross the borders of post-whatever-ity (and -ism), and forever remain on the brink, waiting for the tides to change. This is to underline that the artist should never simply become the handmaiden of a post-human future, where our lives have become increasingly artificial, monetized and controlled, and the artist reduced to a subservient partner or element. Part of the artistic role is to understand and criticize the art and the world with the goal to make them more open and better informed from within. I feel the time is high for a new critical discourse to the act of criticizing is articulated. But since the didactic aim here first and foremost is to understand the points and connections in me, in this, to you and thus commence transgression, I will do my best to take care of this emergent configuration, so that it eventually will be strong enough for that transfer. I encourage us to neither be afraid nor deviant. To dive into the ingrained lethargy of immaterial labour of cognitive capitalism. But who we are, is still up for grabs. 1-2-1-2 this is still just, a, text. But now I do actually feel specks of hope vibrating somewhere in here. At least I think I do. I feel energized by it.
The world as we know it is coming to an end, a figure of speech on constant blast. The times they are a-changin’, yet time somehow seems to haven’t really changed at all, even though the state of affairs, the fear, the crises, the wars and money are growing ever more complicated and callous. But then you look at it from a statistical point of view and relax as the violence historically have decreased, its a common psychological tendency to attribute the current and visible events paramount importance than what is in the past. Even though it is still to early to derive data from 2014, the past is already here. 2014 stopped being relevant ages ago. Time as resource diminishes, and the scarcity affects all professions, since the practicing of a profession needs some perspective of longevity, the duration of time and the stability of the world as it is. Have you got a second? No I have not. No matter the philosophical understanding of time, in order to function here, one will have to contract time. Contracting time is another contributing factor, which impoverishes and empties out all our cultural signs and activities turning them into zero signs or as Agamben calls them, weak signs.

The idiot can incarnate the collapsed dialectics, in an acceptance and realization of this impoverished present. Immaterial capitalism has turned life into an onto-capitalist culture, in which the idiot never fully can belong anywhere, since s/he has to work within a simultaneously construction and deconstruction of the immateriality, within his or her own logic. The idiot accepts the decisions made by the system, knowing that they inevitable will shape him/her to some degree. It’s all about staying on the right side of indifference. Since there is no final unified or independent goal for the idiot, it cannot possess knowledge about anything like that. It’s a paradoxical theory, but nonetheless one, that ensures constant movement through its didactic relations to structure. It will not solidify, if done right, it cannot be immobilized, since the structure is bound to change in one way or another, the idiot will change with it. Inherent in the artist’s creative inspiration is still the process of subliminally sniffing out environmental change. Since the 1800’s we’ve been used to declaring the honor of the artist, as the one who perceives the alterations in man caused by a new medium, and who recognizes that the future is the present, and uses the work to prepare the ground for it.

I: What’s the time? Well it’s gotta be close to midnight. WHAT’S THE TIME? WELL IT’S GOTTA BE CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT :I

The attention economy of the web, as commodified extensively by the networks, has become an increasing influence on contemporary artists, to the point where the web’s abundance has been confused with ubiquity. Abundance is a lot, but it sure ain’t everything everywhere constantly.
Omnipresence however deeply I’ve wished for it, is still not a human ability and won’t be for the next patches to come. The idealist tendencies of the early web, which aimed to break with age-old social hierarchies, have fated almost completely. No matter the niche, no matter the strong signed ideology, the commercialization of the web is still happening (with or without our consent). And in the end, we as artists still fall to the most hierarchical and conservative tit the art world has to pop out: The white cube. And why not? Why not be honest, I mean let us. That shit tastes good, and we all wanna be up in that timeless, conservatively privileged medium. That is at least the one sign remaining, that universally can be agreed upon as a strong sign. The signifiant perhaps not fully grasped by common man, and its signifier being nothing more than white walls and yet it still manages to emit strong vibrations of sacral alienation.

But what for the rest of it goes, the problematic status of weak signs, is not something new, but a condition art and artists have explored since the avant garde. The intention and point of producing these images however, have long been forgotten by the general public, and are now mostly met with the classic dismissal my child could have done that. Well, shoulda, woulda, coulda, that’s exactly the point. And as I came of age, the playing field of the weakened images had widened even more. Everybody could really do that. Everybody became an artist through the grand democratic structure that was the Internet. That lovely new white cube 2.0. Oh Beuys, oh Beuys, if ya only knew!

These networks mass-produce weak signs, making visibility a basis for a new currency. Profit is thus derived from experience, the experience of audiences. By treating attention as a commodifiable material, art is a great transmitter and through its markers of authenticity (creativity, innovation, provocation that sort of qualities), often able to ensure economic status to experience. It’s an economy beyond ideology, where the subjects ontological (in)securities are shaped by an instrumentalized experienced world, constituted on a phenomenal and linguistic level, through their articulation on their platform of choice. Never have we been more in touch. Driven forth on the current of electricity. It’s always fascinated me how the Internet has a way of making you hate the things you like. We like, but the likes also seem to serve the function of orientation like the bat’s. The likes also Feelsgoodmand.jpg, warm jets of hugs and egoboosters, but they feels even more Goodman.jpg when they start producing cash. Everyday is a celebration of the I. Who is liking the status? And why is nobody liking my status? It is as if we are missing the Icons and try to recreate them through everything from hype to holograms. A trend originating from one of the biggest institutions there is, the Catholic Church, it’s a key to the functioning of ideology. You are covered by a divine being, you can do whatever you want. Draw as many visitors you want, consume as much as you want. Pretend to renounce for the sake of it, and go on. The simulacrum of the icons. It is irrelevant to verify the materiality of the experienced object or situation, as long as a
memorable authenticity effect is constituted in an experience of the subject. The psychological premise of being able to alter a consumers’ sense of reality is a central theme, and when it is applied to cultural institutions, it revolves around ways of providing the public with the opportunity to reproduce itself as consumers of cultural experiences.

The strong signs such as authority, tradition and power have a colossal, unachievable, overgrown feel to them. The increased accessibility of information was born out a belief in freedom, but the Internet was brought up by neocolonialists (nameless assholes) with tendencies to standardize global communication, the scientists who believed in the ideal that the increased accessibility of knowledge and more platforms for publication would revolutionize social hierarchies, credulously aided the advancements. And my Ford, they actually succeeded. Theoretically at least, since its functions increasingly double as a tool for harvesting information from private communications.

I’m not resisting, I’m not smart enough to be Anonymous and hidden behind seven proxys, yet I am anonymous, I could be anyone. Funny how the cultivation of individuality have standardized us… I haven’t got the slightest clue about how many times, I’ve been bought and sold. I don’t know if I care yet. I bought my friend’s soul, when we went to high school. So I’ve got that going for me. The hopes they had - and I joined - regarding a new realm for culture, have been engulfed by our old habits and longing for profit. The signs of the coming end of time, is in favor of the weak sign, because this lack of time, needed to produce and contemplate the strong signs, revolt, desire, heroism and shock, yada, their ability to impact was left behind in the 20th century. Ain’t nobody got time for that.

Ideally, aesthetic experience should be explained by aesthetic terms or attributes, be valued by itself alone and thus protected from being assimilated to scientific, religious, or moral functions. The assertions for autonomous creative action meant to insist that art remained in a different domain from science and morality. Fortifying the idea that art has its own sphere demarcated from other human activities and that it determines its own principles or rules, is a right of the past. However true it is that art cannot be replaced by other activities without loss, we are now totally aware of the surroundings of the art world and constantly have to take into calculation the pressure that the capitalization of art exerts. This is the rant of the litter, a diagram of affect relating to the artistic position and situation I have found myself in. I would have loved to see myself through the collective eyes of a group/subculture or heck, even a class, and produced and experienced through a symbiotic relationship, toward an autonomous, singular goal I in my nativity would call Utopia. Everywhere artistic groups emerge, and the participants and spectators coincide. Idiot has two I:s separated. And funny enough I can’t even count the times I’ve tried to annul my or any artistic individuality in an attempt to question, who had the ideas if any, what they were, their
language and if the notion of originality could be applied. By forming groups, by copying and pasting, by becoming and doing. I strived to find that unified answer to the different modes of being. Everybody now: What an idiot. And in a sense, I’m still there, but to pass the deadlock, I had to dilute my notion of what a group was, and realize that it was not literally being in a group, but the state of being multiple or various, like I had felt through the web, that constantly persuaded me into forming groups. The multiplicity had always pervaded me. I realize the sensation felt online have always resided within me, a sensation I thought was only valid to explore in there, in the context of the Internet, but I realize it is even stronger and now more apparent outside the Wunderkammer.

I’m no one and a lot. The field of intensity is the field created within, it is corresponding with the existence on the social platforms and of the society at large. The Internet has aided in performing and visualizing the most severe operation of depersonalization. I’m feeling it. I will never again have to feel an apprehension towards multiplicity, the subject of a pure infinitive comprehended as such. Not feeling like a real person is a permanent symptom of this, and in order to harvest it’s fruits and understand it’s significance, one has to stay in it.

Being > Having > Merely Appearing
Idiotsynchratic indifference > Idiotsynchratic virtue

I perceive the abstract machines that operate in every register and dimension of human activity, most apparently within the Internet, and the challenge will be to get beyond the negative affect and apathy of the multiplicities and hierarchical systems with their definitive centers of significance and subjectification. Yes, it’s true capitalism isn’t schizophrenic enough, but luckily its friend Internet has a little more umph to it. In some dimensions it cannot only declare an intention to fake it better and more convincingly than reality. It can actually do it. But the primacy of the internet as a structure is still that of a hierarchical structure, and the laziness of the users is affirming the arborescent structure with a privileged status for the established channels of transmission.

However, from an aesthetic point of view those walls don’t or at least shouldn’t matter or exist, and if they did, well, baby they should be tumbling down. I don’t know if Beyonce really wrote Halo about the Internet, but I read somewhere she did.

The dystopic premonitions still overwhelm me at times. They saw where we were going such a long time ago, and yet we still ended up here. Which means (if most of the other think-dudes have done their calculations right) we don’t have to wonder about where we are going because we’re constantly aware and focused on our next immediate step and thus the proposed future is kept in a deadlock by the present. This makes arriving in the unknown quite complicated and a lot of people wouldn’t like going there anyway. Repeat that part, with the meat and the poison. Everybody has to take care of business. There is nothing to denunciate, no effective antidote to the passivity. Oh
brave new spectacle society, what weird way we are connected to each other. It is as if Debord was totally aware of how fucking weird Facebook would make our relationships. The images we mindlessly swipe through. We’re too far gone for detournement. The shit is out of the bag, no spectacular images, no language can disrupt the flow of the (weak) spectacle. The spectacle could be a superior and valid construction, if we would only try to stop being so god damn antagonizingly apprehensive all the time. You know what that is? That is being unproductive.

It is not about what things are worth in their own right, but what they’re worth in relation to other. The simple things morph between indistinction, between art and other spheres that will foster poetical intelligibility. The issue of critical art doesn’t seem able anymore to present two heterogeneous zones. The dichotomy is confined within a discursive sphere that isn’t abstract enough. In this line of thought the notion of collage seems obsolete, and the dichotomy of combining the foreignness of aesthetic experience with the becoming-art of ordinary life doesn’t hold any real impact. I mean come on, talk about weak signs here, for a minute, will ya? Can anybody even discern those intended parts of sense’s legibility and the force of non-sense’s strangeness, anymore? It feels like an archaic language, and a strategy that can never help us reach the Abstract Machine, which in language connects semantic and pragmatic content with collective function. The identification takes place as an exchange of information, but the nature of what is exchanged now recedes in favor of the significance of distribution and dissemination. Art is not only online on a medium-specific occasion. It’s online all the time, no matter the shape or form it takes. Old Bill was right, Artists will confuse sending with creation. The work is therefore required to be created with a consciousness of the networks that enable its production, dissemination and reception in relation to what he or she willingly or not leaves behind with henself. There are no shocks left in revealing those hidden worlds. How merciless Neoliberalism really is? Well goddang it, color me surprised. The fact that we are in this state in this age of electronics is what has made this also the age of anxiety — the therapeutically reactive age of anomie and apathy. The upheaval has generated a spectacular fragmented identity loss, which can be ameliorated only through a conscious awareness of its dynamics. Identity and individualism is a story as old as capitalism and as the latter have proved neither set in stone nor in a fixed number of gold bars. You can always create more, if ya smart enough. The technological attributes have facilitated an impersonal social relation to ourselves, objects have been transformed to subjects, and everybody keeps browsing and sharing. Everything reverberates in a cacophonic feedback, and we’re eternally one step behind in our view of the world. No wonder, we are numbed by any new technology washing over us, a new medium always creates and forms a totally new environment, and to process the changes, we tend to make the old environment more visible; artists do so by turning it into an art form and by attaching themselves to the objects and atmosphere that characterized it. Just as we’ve done with techno and adidas, and as we were doing with the garbage of the mechanical
environment via pop art and now so much of the post-internet art like the pattern in photoshop symbolizing nothing. One man’s trash is another man’s treasure, as it were. With no endgame narratives, no new paradigms are presented, and the expressly market-orientated practices show no signs of ailment. It’s surprisingly easy to go about your business and ignore the atrocity exhibition set in modern day. But perhaps, just perhaps, we someday will stop mistaking diagnosis for prognostication, personalization for individuality and techno-fetishes for ‘whatever singularities’. The ‘whateverness of singularities’, describe a world in fragmentation, and one should think that in turn this would mean an increased autonomy of tiny cosmoses, circuits or systems living on isolated accounts. But as we move downwards, the chaotic vibrations helps uncovering the myelin structure. It’s the chaosmos, any connection can and should be made with another. Like Aby Warburg and Super Mario. Like Foucault at a Pizza-rave. Chanel Africa Nietzsche. There is no order. The code is random, the theory is chaos.

The Late Great Leeroy Jenkins

By being provided with hoards of opportunities to consume one’s own time and attention through hoards of emotive and cognitive responses to objects and situations, the subjectivity has become a product I’ve constituted through the act of consuming. The identities quantified to the point where they unknowingly fused with the elements of time and landscape fragments of the personal myth lingers around on the dashboard and in the RSS feed. The subject becomes an abject to itself in a constant two-way reification. McLuhan called this a peculiar form of self-hypnosis Narcissus Narcosis, a syndrome whereby one remains or keeps oneself as unaware of the psychic and social effects of the new technology as a fish in the water. As a result, precisely at the point where a new media-induced environment becomes all-pervasive and transmogrifies our sensory balance, it also becomes invisible. I would argue, that we emulate ourselves just as much as we emulate clans or groups to the same degree as we covet objects and their displaced meanings. The commodities have completed the colonization of social life successfully.

The artist shares art with the public just as s/he once shared it with religion or politics. To be an artist ceased to be an exclusive fate a while ago, becoming instead an everyday practice - a weak practice, a weak gesture. Everybody’s an artist. The cognitive capitalism and the immaterial labor circumnavigate what remains of socialism. Everybody’s happy now. Is the new poor, the white middle-aged man who’s only Facebook-friends are his brother and that other weird guy from work? The lumpen proletariat. Does he even know or care about how insignificant he is in his allotted little spot within the superstructure? What this aspect boils down to is that the level of “class” is decided by the level of reflexiveness and the ability to deal with it. The idiot disguises itself as the zombie,

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the complacent, stupid, philistine and impotent antagonist that exists in our society. Included as well as excluded. In popular culture it’s an everyman monster, existing and leaving extremes of hysteria but also business as usual in its wake.

I no longer feel as trapped in the zombie stance as I used to. I’m no longer dependent on the good God(s). Language and these graphic images of words and letters are representing that which is meant or which gives name. It is no longer just mere means, but a manifestation, a revelation of my innermost essence and the psychological tie that binds me to myself and to others. When God left the creative power of language in man, the creativity now relieved of its divine actuality became knowledge, and through it we gained access to everything happened and imagined. It doesn’t matter whether I like the game or its rules. Good thing I don’t care about stuff like that anyway. I am committed to communicating my extractions within this framework back to thee dear reader, back to thee Moloch, and back to me, dear mirror. In this way I may proceed to address contemporary relations of cultural production at the same time as I reflect on the analytical tools we have for doing so. The specter of Marx hunts this rant, yet any deconstructive critic directly abolishing our current state will not result in the revolution so longed for. Also, I wouldn’t be able to enunciate this brave new world or the way towards it. Not directly that is. Instead I’m adopting a hospitable attitude, and graciously opening my doors wide open and with balloons outside like in The Sims. What I previously would have tried to avoid or exclude should instead be integrated. The ideas high in fat, sodium and sugar born out of the de-personalized, de-professionalized consequences of modern day, don’t go away or grow any smaller by simply being disregarded and shunned. These unsympathetic and alien ideals are not mine, but still they are welcomed to sit at my table, and live side by side within me, and I will think of them dearly, and wonder about what I might learn from them, what they might be trying to tell me. It is not a renunciation of what makes me me. But an uncanny feeling that actively leads to questioning my most basic conceptual assumptions about my self and my constitution(s).

Let the blind lead those who can see but cannot feel

I know now, I never was lost to myself at any point, but that the multiple and nomadic forms of consciousness, sometimes, if not often, if not all the time, I chose to be oblivious to its validity: Instead of looking at its benefits, I tried keeping the vulgar growth, like the ass that started talking, sewn up in a straight singular line. We are too far gone for grand plans that can reformulate our society or suggest the form of a single figure, party or social group and finally sweep away the detritus of this undead era. The uncanny hospitality’s attitude is that of “dis-ease” with ones surroundings, a willingness to embrace the out-of-joint-ness. The first step forward is to acknowledge and realize how one is constituted by the ideas and values that one rejects. One
must acknowledge what one leaves behind. Time somehow stopped or disappeared within the aesthetic experience. It became a paradox, a cultural discourse devoid of progression, and moreover a formal enouncement. Leaving us in a weird vacuum in which we blindly try to push on in the same manner as we used to, which landed us somewhere between entertainment and an autonomy devoid of actuality. Well I did anyway, and the fear, caused by the contingency and irreducible unfixity of both my individual identity and value, hope and visions for a better world ironically made me cling to the supposed certainties of the past making it impossible for me to understand what was (not) happening. My logic of academia, of an art practice within the academy, was unfit for art, making the production difficult and any output irrational. That still might be the case, yet I see now, how this irrationality is caused by present and contemporary pressure under which the academy itself is struggling. There’s the language of justice, language of bureaucracy, language of academia and I could go on. Naturally the language of art is on that list as well. Yes it is a peculiar one, obscure, yes, illogical and muddy like Danish, yes, det er pisse svært. And the critical point arises when that language isn’t respected, because it is too difficult, because it is treacherous in its ambivalence. This is not a demand for fluency by the others, but at least a demand for respect. A demand for the other spheres to take into consideration the aesthetic aspect which oversees the languages of culture. Or if done right it ought to. The access to and understanding of language, of knowledge depends on the encoder and decoder’s position in the social system, and when languages like that are translated, if not done carefully and skillfully, something will be lost, the spirited energy ignored. Or never transmitted because the artistic-encoder stubbornly rests on the fact that it doesn’t need to be understood. When art has to adapt to the let’s call them foreign languages, this adaptation should go both ways: otherwise everything will be irrational fallacies and the dull kind of misunderstandings. Yet the integral sensitivity to our, to your, to mine, to this n’ thats and everybody’s context needs a point of radiation created somewhere. The different theories of the mind and of society should be dealt with in the cacophonous state in which it exists. Being the emitter is becoming an increasingly timely and evident task and the ability to take on these multitude of shifts should be a natural choice, but ironically this also means, that one is painfully aware of how meager the halo might seem from afar when what is radiated needs to penetrate a roaring storm of flapping eyelids. Perhaps that was what Halo was about.

Bloch implores us to muster up the will and effort to push through. The process of this diagram is a process of becoming aware through analysis. A process of breaking the hold of this fascination with the mirror, and in order to do so, I will come to see the distinction between the lived subjectivity and the fantasy projections of myself as object. Right now, here is the only place, I can exist long enough to get this across to you. The eery boredom of a perpetual present, and the constant maintenance and archiving in preparation for a future, that will never come, has not been for
nothing. I relinquish my ability to relax, and accept the constant state of stress inside this *phase* of spatial as well as temporal compression. I will reside in awareness the equilibrium of no time and all time, of absence and presence creates. It's a realization of the self in as much as my self doesn't really exist. I can never realize it, and the emptiness of the experiences of the products created in the process are pointing to that. Tilts are bad whether it's to the one side or the other. That is why you don't want on tit bigger than the other. That is of course if you're insisting on only having two tits. Sucker. The brontide in my voice is that of tension from the pressure modern capitalism exerts on everywhere. I don't know if that sounds right. No matter I strive to become an interlocutor that perhaps someday will be able to facilitate meaning that could transgress and be understood by more than one sphere. Or at least by you. Perhaps I wished this line was being tapped and that I had to be brief. But it is not, I could go on and on. Nevertheless right now, we both feel this end not being too far away. The lines wrested down through the pages in cryptic patterns are starting to dissipate, but that's how stories always go, *amirite*? I wonder how the sequels look like, and how I will look like by that point. How graphemes and fragments yet again will start to cling together. More parts of the Cronenberg body will be revealed. Sexy like back in the day where you could get a hard-on by just seeing ankles under the skirts. At some point: Be it at muffin or nothing, electrical discharges from an idiot, will tickle your fancy. And at times my face perhaps yours as well might still contort in a nervous reflex resembling that of hostility. But actually it's more like a distorted grin as we're squinting at the future that is so bright we can't see it anymore. Which is funny when you think of it, because right now I'm a text, so I don't have a face. Lol, I don't even have eyes.

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