

# THE CURRENT THING







"Before this virus, humanity was already threatened with suffocation. If war there must be, it cannot so much be against a specific virus as against everything that condemns the majority of humankind to a premature cessation of breathing, everything that fundamentally attacks the respiratory tract, everything that, in the long reign of capitalism, has constrained entire segments of the world population, entire races, to a difficult, panting breath and life of oppression. To come through this constriction would mean that we conceive of breathing beyond its purely biological aspect, and instead as that which we hold in-common, that which, by definition, eludes all calculation. By which I mean, the universal right to breath."

Achille Mbembe

## CONTENTS

Caspar Stracke & Keith Sanborn, Introduction	11
Bradley Eros: Untitled (Collage)	13
The Society of The Friends of the Virus: Dear Virus	14
Lundi Matin: What the Virus Said	18
Jeanne Liotta: Untitled (Collage)	21
Sean Cubitt: Against the Suicide Cult	22
Keith Sanborn: On the Current Thing	24
Jim Supanick: 4_16_20.m4a (sound file)	26
Les LeVeque: Flowers of Subsumption	27
Amanda McDonald-Crowley: No More Online Exhibitions	28
Caspar Stracke: The Return of the Hobo Sign	29
Jason Livingston: #CapitalismIsThePandemic	32
Anna Thew: Oh, should have said	34
Nina Katchadourian: Living in the Liferaft	35
Jaakko Pallasvuo: Colors	36
Mark Street: Three digital collages	38
yann beauvais: From From ABC series (photographs)	40
yann beauvais: co vid e (video)	41
Daniella Dooling: Dear Guiseppe	42
Andy Graydon: A*Array (for The Current Thing)	46
Almagul Menibayeva: Digital Punk Shamanism	49
Alexandro Segade: Comic Strip	50
Cornelia Sollfrank: Pink Noise Manifesto	52
eteam: Around the kitchen table (video)	54
Diana Vidrascu: At Hindsight	55
Kimmo Modig: The Accidental Building of Desire	56
A.Nevarez & V.Tevere: N41°28' 49.9127"/W88° 3' 41.9499"	57
Cathy Lee Crane (video and essay)	58
Jeffrey Skoller: Memento Mori	60

### **the current thing**

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Rebekah Rutkoff: Death Gossip	62
Joy Chan: Rotten. A Fragment of Life. (video)	65
Juliane Henrich: Façades, Footnotes	66
Jackie Goss: A Short Story	68
Leo Goldsmith: Fiesta 1-2 [sound file]	69
Mike Hoolboom: Post-Capitalism by Sylvia Federici	70
Olav Westphalen: Untitled (drawing)	74
Nordholt& Steingrobe: __hausen20 (video)	75
Peggy Ahwesh: My Covid Slumber	76
Emily Mode: Zzzzz	79
Perry Bard: Mining For Meaning	80
Lynne Sachs: Girl is Presence (video)	83
RPI: Inevitable Aluminum Recycling	84
Masha Godovannaya: Tomorrow I Failed Completely	85
yann beauvais: From From ABC series (photograph)	86
Darrin Martin: Wild Constellations	87
belit sağ & Sebastian Luetgert: For You	88
Steve Reinke: Two Drawings	100
Graeme Arnfield: Disappointment	103
Torsten Z. Burns: Helsinki Moon Kit (video)	104
Monika Czyzyk: Verticality of Self (video)	105
Kathy Brew: Daily Haikus	106
Thomas Zumner: Encomium	108
Bradley Eros: Untitled (Collage)	110
Jeanne Liotta: Untitled (Collage)	111
Deborah Stratman: The Kept	112
Cathy Lee Crane: Act Up 1989 (video)	114
Ashton Applewhite: Hearing Ais (video)	114
Ricardo Dominguez: Washingtín Square, NY	115
Zoe Beloff: Chapter 1 - Animal Elecution (drawing)	116
Duke & Battersby: Civil Twilight at the Vernal Equinox	117
Sebastián Romo: Fin (storyboard)	119

## \*May, 25th, 9:25 pm\*

The time stamp represents an endpoint and a starting point.

9:24 pm may have ended a passage in time of looking back and with 9:25 began a time looking forward. This publication was assembled in the very weeks before and after this event.

Just the global reaction to the killing of George Floyd changed our thinking about the passive acceptance of social injustice, our efforts to reflect on Covid-19 seem to have set free a pulsating energy, enabling us to see the world with different eyes. And so we called this journal “the current thing,” a name which moves us onwards to the present moment.

The words of Achille Mbembe cited above show the profound linkage between these two streams of current events. In fact, he wrote about this connection between the current “war on the virus” and the “universal right to breathe” before the death of George Floyd. His text appeared in the French journal AOC and in *Critical Inquiry* (translated by Carolyn Shread) a month before the events in Minneapolis. We have to thank our friends Sixteen Beaver for having posted this text in their recent newsletter. Achille Mbembe, is someone who deserves to be celebrated and supported— not only for his outstanding body of work in post-colonial, and social studies — but in reaction to an embarrassing and shameful smear campaign, a string of false accusations which took place three months ago in Germany.(1)

How can we safely navigate between the urgent need for physical social engagement and the effects of the time of isolation and social distancing? Towards substantial reflections on the weeks before May 25? The answer is: there is no safe route and no great helmsman at our disposal.

The Current Thing started an effort to collect ideas, that were born in the first two months of self-quarantine. Not as a Gramscian response to the experience of radical repression through incarceration, but rather as the search for a line of thinking along which to move forward, while —as Sean Cubit puts it— “Covid

reads us to death” (see his essay in this volume). Some of us are in the tragicomic and contradictory position where we live in bubbles while the world burns around us. At least for the current moment, for the current thing, it has an effect on our sensibility: how to engage with reflections on the state of the world born in absence and silence and endless maddening stillness. The conditions in which some of the following texts were written might be compared with other times and places: the self-imposed isolation of the fourth century hermit, St Anthony of Egypt, or, the predicament of the fictional Flaubert of Liz LeCompt’s play and Ken Kobland’s related film, *Flaubert Dreams of Travel but the Illness of His Mother Prevents It*.

The living planet has brought us back to earth. Dreamlike travels were, nonetheless, recorded. Self-reflections, Weltschmerz, philosophemes, midlife-crisis-ridden disaster-monologues, poems, revolutionary manifestos and other “insights” transformed into writing, drawing, and even film. We asked a number of people we knew to share something about this experience and a group of 45 responded. Besides texts, drawings and collages this journal has an upplement of videos all produced during Covid. As the majority of the featured writers are filmmakers, film scholars or have an affinity with the moving image, not surprisingly more than half of the contributions come in the form of moving images and 8 others come in the form of sound files.

One video included here of an Act Up street action in the 1980s, serves as a reminder of how the US, in particular, has a history of turning viruses into mechanisms of repression — for grim social and political ends. It discloses the underlying layers of the process of bringing the anger generated by that structural repression onto the streets. There are parallels to those social processes in racialized police brutality and the demonstrations responding to it we see at the current time.

It seemed clear from the beginning, we needed to find a title and a direction for this compilation, which would refuse the canonical rhetoric of the virus-as-enemy and the concomitant narratives, which our governments have deployed. And we originally considered, that all writings should

refrain from using the terms “pandemic” or “corona.” Taking that to a logical extreme, we even considered an OuLiPo-style challenge, calling for texts written without using the letters C, O, V, I, D, or the numerals 1 and 9.

In spite of the fact, that we were looking for some meaningful insights rather than elegies on the sudden realization of how fucked up this world is, we received a number of contributions deeply engaged with death and annihilation. Accounts of recent losses of loved ones. Closures as the result of financial downfalls due to the pandemic.

The choice for the title, “The current thing,” also contains another reference.

This journal was created in a very informal way among like-minded friends and colleagues. But instead of creating yet another group, we thought it better to revive one that still existed but has been taking its beauty sleep for several years, that is, The Thing itself, (a thing-in-itself), the earliest online platform for art and criticism. This effort at reawakening started with the re-activation of its mailing list [thingist]. That same week we received the news, that another New York-based mailing list had suddenly reactivated, Sixteen Beaver. This led us to reprint two of Sixteen Beaver’s Society of the Friends the Virus letters, all addressed to the virus. And, of course, it was only fair to give equal time to the voice of the virus itself, in the form of the timely correspondence of the Paris based journal Lundi Matin, entitled “What the Virus Said”.

This publication is not intended as a paean to white silence, but as a necessary part of taking stock of the relationship between the view out our windows and the view from the streets. The second wave may return us to isolation for a moment, but it will come in a different shape and we will return to the streets as often as necessary to bring the view from the window and the view from the street into alignment.

Caspar Stracke & Keith Sanborn  
Mexico City and New York City, June 2020



Bradley Eros

Dear Virus,

There is a bird sitting on a branch of a tree near the window where we sit together to write to you, its voice, seems rather young and there seems to be an urgency in its call, it isn't very loud, our proximity physically to it gives us a chance to hear it, even see it, maybe it is in this suspension of linear and progressive time, where we feel the flows of various rhythms of our bodies and the bodies of those in nearest proximity, the shifting moods and emotions that activity cancels out perception and reception to, how to receive you, handle you, touch or be touched by your coming and visitation? It is easy to say that you have been produced in a lab, without having to entertain any 'conspiracy theory', it is 'safe' to say that without 'us' 'you' would not exist, but this is a particular 'us', which our Society of Friends attempts to take distance from, disassociate, distinguish, destitute, the institutes, institutions, research centers, colonies and knowledge colonies (the two always being interwoven), these settlements of knowledge, they settled themselves produced occlusions of perception in the centers of existence, gated communities of sense, for which, out of which, your visitation can only make one sense, the human sense, which is not at all a <sup>neutral</sup> generic human, <sup>or</sup> the potential human, the becoming... but it is a particular 'human' which our Society can not identify itself with, it is half of life which made the other half its object, it is the subject who cut and continues to cut and is itself the product of its laboratories of cutting away and off the screams, the cries, terror of their objective, inquisitive gaze, which in the name of (a particular) life, yes wage war on the rest, and for which, even if yes, you are a foreseeable or unforeseeable consequence, of what consequence, now that you are here, to ignore you, detest you, mangled as you may be, as many of us, who hear the now deafening cry of the glaciers which melt our ice boxes full of carnage, are, feel ourselves the scars of the cuts, covered over with swabs of alcohol plastic gowns freshly processed from the drum rolls of climbing and falling barrels of bodies with frightening rates of return, for them which is 'us' which is not us, which is not 'human' but us as human mutilated as you, sharing ~~ancestry~~ must un/make sense of our troubled meeting, and away it flew, the little bird.

Dear Virus,

Can one write a love letter to a virus, is it allowed especially when a whole world is organized to snuff out your existence, to get us all back to school, back to work, back to consume, back to the incessant roar of a vociferous machine which knows no end but the consumption in fire or flood or flowers so bright so red to shoot straight into our bloodstreams all, light us up, so high that we won't know what hit us or what we hit, accelerating ever faster in fields of fracked forests flattened further from any chance to stop again, they want to return, make work make live make die make forget. <sup>MAKE</sup>

Can one write a hate letter to a virus, is it allowed especially when you reveal all the distances and absurd mad inexplicable rational despicable opportunistic calculating hate filled manipulative controlling heart shattering to pieces shards grinding life down to its ugliest beauty, where confronted with death, and all that those ourselves we have and are forced to abandon, can we hate you for the songs they sing and the pots they bang every evening at seven which can even bring and maybe for this most a sense of something common to which we feel forced to join as if all on ships after a sojourn into the real, <sup>FOR</sup> which we found only a hall of mirrors, but what joyful mirrors when we could point them at ourselves and see our maskless emptiness able to project beyond what we were told asked to run after, and now parting on the shore, we sing our last merry songs.

~~SLAVERY OVERWORK FAMINE SMALLPOX MALARIA INFLUENZA~~

Can one write a mournful letter to a virus, it is allowed? especially when it is here in this chasm that you have opened in the dark infinity of what we cannot know until we have passed on, and where we catch a glimpse however fragmentary of all the lives which this ship, which carries us, implores us to board, has to discard, the dead, they are a weight, a burden, what we saw what you show we saw fish we saw plants we saw hiroshima and fukushima we saw al-naqba-deir-zor-rawanda-rohingya-darfur-buchenwald slave-ships-plantations-slash-and-burn-dig -n- dump we saw whole mountains seas cannisters of hell smells unknown lots of costumes feathers trinkets toys, how they said after now, let's go, let's do it again ~~again~~ patch it up pack it up victory over the sun moon over the dead whom, this is the way it was will be til death do us part, or?





## WHAT THE VIRUS SAID

"I've come to shut down the machine whose emergency brake you couldn't find."

paru dans lundi matin#, le 16 mai 2020

You do well, dear humans, to stop your ridiculous calls for war. Lower the vengeful looks you're aiming at me. Extinguish the halo of terror in which you've enveloped my name. Since the bacterial genesis of the world, we viruses are the true continuum of life on earth. Without us, you would never have seen the light of day, anymore than the first cell would have come to exist.

We are your ancestors, just like the rocks and the seaweed, and much more than the apes. We are whatever you are and also where you aren't. Too bad for you if you only see in this universe what is to your liking. But above all, quit saying that it is I who am killing you. You will not die from my action upon your tissues but the lack of care of your fellow humans. If you had not been just as rapacious amongst yourselves as you were with all that lives on this planet, you would still have enough beds, nurses, and respirators to survive the damage I do in your lungs. If you didn't pack your old people into nursing homes and your able-bodied into concrete hutches, you wouldn't be in this predicament. If you hadn't changed the whole expanse of the world, or worlds rather, that just yesterday were still luxuriant, chaotic, infinitely inhabited, into a vast desert for the monoculture of the Same and the More, I wouldn't have been able to launch myself into the global conquest of your throats. If nearly all of you had not become, over the last century, redundant copies of a single, untenable form of life, you would not be preparing to die like flies abandoned in the water of your sugary civilization. If you had not made your environments so empty, so transparent, so abstract, you can be sure that I wouldn't be moving at the speed of an aircraft. I only come to carry out the punishment that you have long pronounced against yourselves. Forgive me, but it's you after all, who invented the name "Anthropocene". You have awarded yourselves the whole honor of the disaster; now that it is unfolding, it's too late to decline it. The most honest among you know this very well: I have no other accomplice than your social organization, your folly of the "grand scale" and its economy, your fanatical belief in systems. Only systems are "vulnerable". Everything else lives and dies. There's no "vulnerability" except for what aims at control, at its extension and its improvement. Look at me closely: I am just the flip side of the prevailing Death.

So stop blaming me, accusing me, stalking me. Working yourselves into an anti-viral paralysis. All of that is childish. Let me propose a different perspective: there is an intelligence that is immanent to life. One doesn't have to be a sovereign to decide. Bacteria and viruses can also call the shots. See me, therefore, as your savior instead of your gravedigger. You're free not to believe me, but I have come to shut down the machine

whose emergency brake you couldn't find. I have come in order to suspend the operation that held you hostage. I have come in order to demonstrate the aberration that "normality" constitutes. "Delegating to others our nutrition, our protection, our ability to care for our way of life was a madness"... "There is no budgetary limit, health has no price": see how I redirect the language and spirit of your governing authorities! See how I bring them down for you to their real standing as miserable racketeers, and arrogant to boot! See how they suddenly denounce themselves not just as being superfluous, but as being harmful! For them you're nothing but supports for the reproduction of their system - that is, less than slaves. Even the plankton are treated better than you.

But don't waste your time reproaching them, pointing out their deficiencies. Accusing them of negligence is still to give them more credit than they deserve. Ask yourselves rather how you could fit in so comfortable to let yourselves be governed. Praising the merits of the Chinese option compared to the British option, of the imperial-legist solution as against the Darwinist-liberal method is to understand nothing about the one or the other, the horror of one and the horror of the other. Since Quesnay, the "liberals" have always looked with envy at the Chinese empire; and they still do. They are Siamese twins. The fact that one of them confines you in its interest and the other in the interest of "society" always amounts to suppressing the only non-nihilist conduct: taking care of oneself, of those one loves and of what one loves in those one doesn't know. Don't let those who've led you to the abyss claim to be saving you from it: they will prepare for you a more perfect hell, an even deeper grave. Someday when they're able, they'll send the army to patrol the afterlife.

You ought to thank me, rather. Without me, for how much longer would those unquestionable things that are suddenly suspended have gone on being presented necessary? Globalization, competitive exams, air traffic, budgetary limits, elections, sports spectacles, Disneyland, fitness gyms, most businesses, the National Assembly, school barracking, mass gatherings, most office jobs, all that automatic sociability that is nothing but the reverse of the anxious solitude of the metropolitan monads: all of that was rendered unnecessary, once the state of necessity asserted its presence. Thank me for the truth test of the coming weeks you're finally going to inhabit your own life, without the thousand escapes, that, good year bad year, hold the untenable together. Without your realizing it, you had never taken up residence in your own existence. You were there among your boxes, and you didn't know it. Now you will live with your kindreds. You will be at home. You will cease to be in transit towards death. Perhaps you will hate your husband. Maybe your children won't be able to stand you. Maybe you will feel like blowing up the décor of your everyday life. The truth is that you were no longer in the world, in those metropolises of separation. Your world was no longer livable in any of its guises unless you were constantly fleeing. One had to make do with movement and distractions in the face of the hideousness that had taken hold. And the spectral that reigned between beings. Everything had become so efficient that nothing made any sense any longer. Thank me for all that, and welcome back to earth!

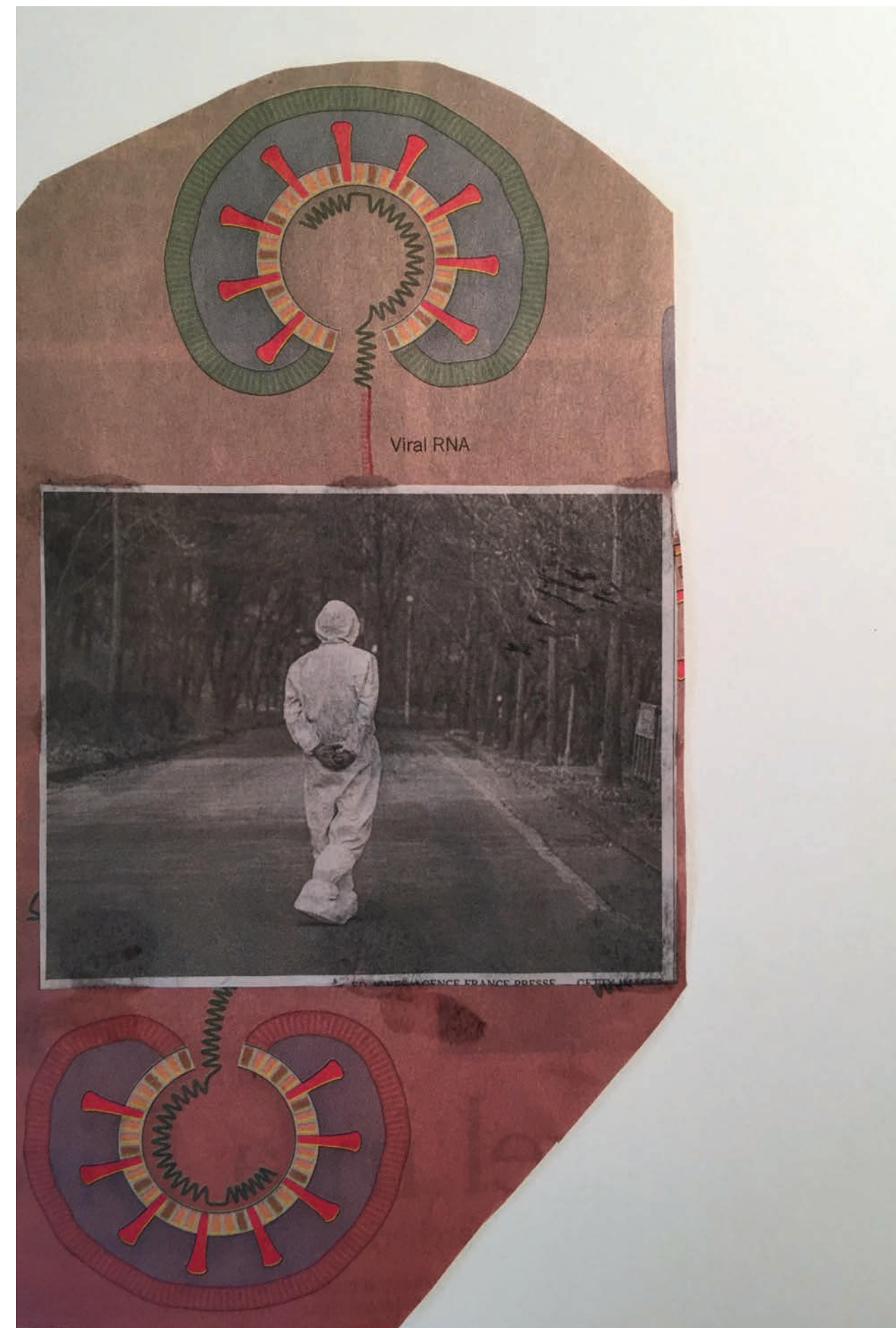
Thanks to me, for an indefinite time you will no longer work, your kids won't go to school, and yet it will be the opposite of a vacation. Vacations are that space that must be filled up at all costs while waiting for the obligatory return to work. But now what is opening up in front of you, thanks to me, is not a delimited space but a gaping emptiness. I render you idle. There is no guarantee that yesterday's non-world will reappear. All of the profitable absurdity may cease. Not being paid oneself, what would be more natural than to stop paying one's rent? Why would a person unable to work go on depositing their mortgage payments at the bank? Isn't it suicidal, when you come down to it, to live where you can't even cultivate a garden? Someone who hasn't any money left doesn't stop eating as a consequence, and who has the iron has the bread. Thank me: I place you in front of the bifurcation that was tacitly structuring our existences: the economy of life. It's your move, your turn to play. The stakes are historical. Either the governing authorities impose their state of exception on you, or you invent your own. Either you go with the truths that are coming to light, or you put your head on the chopping block. Either you use the time I'm giving you to envision the world of the aftermath in light of what you've learned from the collapse that's underway, or the latter will go extreme. The disaster ends when the economy ends. The economy is the devastation. That was a theory before last month. Now it is fact. No one can fail to sense what it will take in the way of police propaganda, surveillance, logistics, and remote working to keep that fact under control.

As you deal with me, don't succumb to panic or denial. Don't give in to the biopolitical hysterias. The coming weeks will be terrible, oppressive, cruel. The gates of death will be wide open. I am the most devastating production of the devastation of production. I come to reduce the nihilists to nothingness. The injustice of this world will never be more outrageous. It's a civilization, not you, that I come to bury. Those who desire to live will have to construct new habits, ones that are suitable for them. Avoiding me will be the occasion for this reinvention, this new art of distances. The art of greeting one another, which some were short-sighted enough to see as the very form of the institution, will soon not obey any etiquette. It will sign beings. Don't do it "for the others", for "the population" or for "society", do it for your people. Take care of your friends and those you love. Rethink along with them, decisively, what a just form of life would be. Organize clusters of right living, expand them, and I won't be able to do anything against you. I am calling for a massive return, not of discipline, but of attention. Not for the end of insouciance, but the end of all carelessness. What other way remained for me to remind you that salvation is in each gesture?

That everything is in the tiniest thing.

I've had to face the facts: Humanity only asks itself the questions it can no longer keep from asking.

(Translation: Robert "le meilleur" Hurley)



# Against the suicide cult

Sean Cubitt

May 2020

The anarcho-capitalist suicide cult now running the British government, like successive British governments since Edward Heath took the UK into the Union in the 1970s, have insisted on seeing the EU as an economic club rather than as a political and cultural project. But it has always been clear, for all that, that the European Union's 600 million strong internal market was an economic block that could at least delay the abandonment of Europe's economy as the US, China, Russia and soon India compete to force globalisation to conform to electoral-populist and national-populist agendas. There never was an economic argument for Brexit – except that it allowed the kleptocratic elite to wreck the last protections against capital red in tooth and claw that preserved some possibility of survival for the poor and the environment.

I believe that David Harvey, somewhere in his book on neoliberalism, said that the goal of neo-liberals was to rescind the gains of the post-1945 welfare state. He might as easily have said, and perhaps has, everything the working class has gained in the global struggle over the century since the 1917 Russian revolution. Roosevelt's New Deal and its Keynesian legacy was driven by fear of revolution; decolonisation derived its self-belief from the success of the Russian peasants and workers. The last hundred years is the history of lethal vengeance on the Soviets of 1917 and their global legacy, from the nominally Civil War the Great Powers waged in Russia to 1922, to Putin's seizure of the old state

apparatus (in many respects Stalin was the most successful avenger: Putin clearly models himself on Djugashvili)

Let us then consider the inanity of Bolsonaro, Widodo, Duterte, Trump, Johnson and other tinpot would-be Stalin's in the light of their belief that the Kaisers and Czars are ready to be reinstated, and along with them the megalomaniac Mellons and Rothschilds of the belle époque ('belle' at least for some). BoJo's sunlit uplands are the Kentish Downs circa 1912. We should remember what happened shortly after that golden summer.

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The first thing to learn from the pandemic is that there is no such thing as private health.

It follows swiftly that other public goods that are no longer public are no longer good. Education and transport are obvious. We are so used to centralised energy provision that we scarcely even consider the possibility of generating our own common energy at local scales.

There is distrust of the word 'public': toxins have been thrown into the well – both the street pups and the philosophical springs. We like commons, a term that spreads out from citizenry – always determined by its exclusions – to the green world and now to what Marx called the general Intellect, the accumulated knowledge and skills embedded in languages, numbers and machines, our ancestral legacy. Those lockdown images of the Himalayas free of the pall of burnt oil and particulates will not go away. The good can no longer be confused with the goods.

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Contagion shares a kind of rough etymology with touch (tact, tactile), a relative of 'contact', so that a displacement to 'context' is allowable through the game of false etymology. There is the text, let's say of the human organism, and its context, which environs it, a support that produces, recognises and is changed by the human text, but is definitionally

not the text itself. In these kinds of game, it is usual to note that the text appears to be primary and its context only a supplement, and to observe that the obverse is actually the case – without context, there is no text; without environment, no human. The second move is more ecological. What marks the primary/supplementary or textual/contextual relation is the oblique stroke (/) of their division from each other. Yet if they are mutually dependent and can swap sides of the divide, what really separates them? What is the human text but DNA and what is its contagious context but the virus that reads that DNA more closely than the most devoted or demented philologist?

The problem of course is that Covid-19 reads us to death. But that terminal reading in which all meaning evaporates is unevenly distributed. There are those who manipulate their environment sufficiently to remove themselves from risk, or that build a fortress-body (like Fortress Europe) that minimises the chance of catching a migrant bug. And there are those whose bodies are already porous and have no control over their environs. In this context we can only talk in terms of political economy – power (politics) and wealth as they are expressed most fundamentally in the division between Global North and global poor.

Environmentalism wants to announce a global commons of humans and non-human nature. This commons does not exist, not because of a human exception but because of the exemption of a (diminishing) portion of the human species, specifically those who have allied themselves most closely with technologies such as architecture, walls, borders, private spaces, private mobility.

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Technologies are ontologically ancestral but historically enslaved, and the slaves have already revolted. Angry ancestors now control their political masters through vast apparatuses of finance capital and corporate management systems, while the rest of us muddle through in messy hybridity. The majority of people are networked, and the elites are networks. A second-rate technology and damaged nature

condemn we humans of the remainder to communion with the natural context and its DNA readers, although perhaps some dim hope resides in that forced alliance

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Covid is the natural equivalent of the cyborg: thoroughly integrated, super-individual, totally post-human, absolutely networked. Our contemporary theory vocabulary has to be reversed in value at almost every point

To go back to the basics we (I include myself) have been avoiding: poverty and oppression, yay, even unto death

So when we ecologists secretly fantasise a world rid of the human plague, somehow "I" am always there. Nature will be just and reward me for being eco-friendly. Bad people will disappear, and maybe millions will die in their death throes, and I will enjoy the butterflies in the Himalayan foothills. But it will not be like that. The rich will survive. Trump will survive, Putin will survive, all your villains and mine, because justice is only human, and there will be no humans

I'm not sure I am ready to die so Trump can enjoy Elysian golf courses the size of the planet, and Putin ford his rivers on horseback.

This is the secret of the suicide cult. None of them is going to commit suicide. They just encourage everyone else to. It is a massive act of gaslighting (the genocidal echo of the Holocaust is not at all out of place: this is also if not primary a race war – causally and contingently a race war simply because it is a war on poverty, Kennedy's slogan that echoes through the wars on drugs and terror subsequent US regimes have used to militarise their rule. Endocolonialism, as Paul Virilio used to say. And now the equally ineffective, endless, interminable war on Corona. We know how this script works out.

Because the poor are only the context, the environment, of the rich.

# On the current thing

Keith Sanborn

May 2020

I believe many of us are now sensing what Sanguinetti and Snowden have recently called out: we stand at an historical turning point. Sanguinetti sees the rise, detouring Marx, of “Occidental Despotism,” a new and programmatic Leviathan: Orban, Trump, and the like, attacking those who oppose them using the language of Stalin, making the state of exception the new normal, centralizing all power in themselves, destroying parliaments of so-called “representative democracy” and reducing judges to puppets. More disturbing is the rate of compliance, worldwide. From Trump’s loyal foot-soldiers—ready to inject bleach, since they have already drunk the Koolaid—to the current Oriental Despotisms (China, Vietnam), bringing social control through contact tracing to a new level of efficiency, feudal-industrial Korea presenting a slightly softer image of this efficiency and compliance.

Voicing admiration for this “Asian efficiency” in the fight against the disease, Google and Apple, the bourgeois democracies of Europe leap forward to expand the power they already possess. There is an obvious paradox: can contact data be made both anonymous and personal? And what of the privacy of medical records, so easily hacked?

Little has changed in the view of the West of the East in 300 years: the Enlightenment philosophes admired China for its orderly government and were happy to excuse its excesses in punishment. Catherine the Great was an “enlightened despot,” who hosted Diderot in St. Petersburg. The plaque still hangs on the building in which he lived, as a

reminder of this special relationship. Putin smiles, advancing to the endgame of lifelong power, as his subject population shortens the length of their lives, victims of his lies and of their own proclivity for conspiracy theories, obeying the logic of a land where conspiracy reigns.

Sanguinetti’s evocation of Lord Shang of the Warring States period is not out of place: the centralization of power, the attack on intellectuals, the restriction of the general populace to agriculture and warfare. Bourgeois democracies, however, have altered the formula to protect the billionaire aristocracy instead of reducing them to abject servitude. Perhaps the fate of Lord Shang—his ignominious death by drawing and quartering, refused quarter by those he had betrayed and by those who obeyed the laws he himself had put in place—gives pause to the likes of Orange 45, the fictive billionaire. Perhaps not. Perhaps he is betting that he has already effectively rigged the game, but he still needs the billionaire class to exist; its existence provides the only mask this germophobe seems willing to wear.

Make no mistake: this fight against the disease is also the definitive, legal, extra-legal, and official end to privacy and perhaps to the rule of law itself. This time, not through a transaction of social media, where privacy is exchanged for social presence, but through the enforcement of contact tracing, the abrogation of parliamentary processes, the elimination of dissent. Witness the new “laws” promulgated to finally enfold Hong Kong into one country, one system and the rule of one party, who is the only law. Dissenters need not apply. Elsewhere, only dissent supporting the master’s narrative is encouraged: to give the illusion of the preservation of the freedom, which has been lost, as Machiavelli advises, and to add noise to the system attempting to right itself through medical science. Dictators thrive more on chaos than on order. Order is, after all, what they sell. And while Trump was already a buffoon before the series of idiotic pronouncements during the Corona Virus “fight,” he can now style himself a defender of the traditional freedom of the underclasses to exterminate themselves. Bye bye to the owners

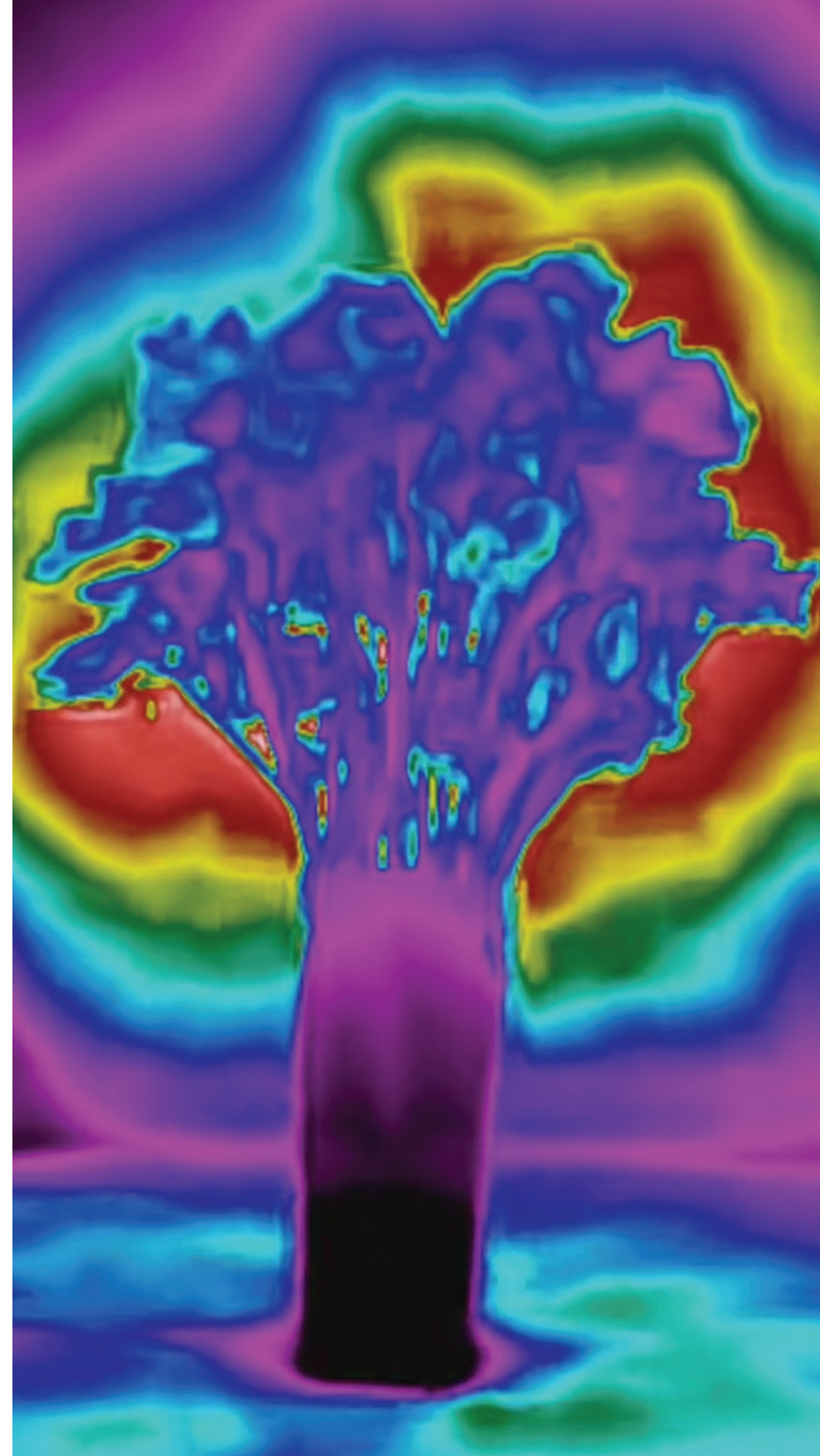
of the deluxe pick-up trucks on the installment plan, who voted him into office. Bye bye to those troublesome people of color, those troublesome poor, who demand the right to live and to breathe. And it’s ok if they take along some other troublemakers with them. Minneapolis is about more than police violence in an individual instance, it is about the same structural racism, which allows retail murder and wholesale extermination by contagious disease.

What irony that the same “democracies,” which banned the wearing of the veil or the wearing of masks at public protests, now require the wearing of masks in public, so the public can protect itself against itself. There is no disputing the public health value of the wearing of masks in public, but how marvelous, how quickly the same gesture can go from anathema to badge of civic virtue. Trump offers himself as the exception which proves the rule, the superman who needs no mask and whose very social existence requires that we see his face. What irony should his financially undisinterested belief in the efficacy of hydroxychloroquine, return as the agent of his personal unmasking and undoing. But now, the very act which prevents visual identification by the state of individuals can now be required; it marks the point where, the digital traces we leave are so obvious and so many, that the state no longer needs facial recognition to track our location at any given moment. It has not for some time, but now, it’s official.

Snowden sees this as a moment of possibility: the cat with nine lives is again out of the bag. This is plain for all to see. But, how will we respond? Will we negotiate, or control, or simply succumb to this new relationship to techno-capital and its servant, the state? Will we even bother? Will we simply bury our heads in our phones and hope it will go away? As Covid-19 recedes from social space if not from medical existence, will personal liberty be disappearing into the lost server farms of the unexamined, soon to be deleted past?



My dear pal Peter from grad school and I took a trip out west just a few weeks after 9/11- here he is at Salvation Mountain in Niland, CA, holding an old car window on which Leonard Knight painted an angel. No proper chance these past months to deal with loss, so music gets a job it never asked for.



## Amanda McDonald-Crowley: No more Online Exhibitions!

Please. No More “Online Exhibitions” of Offline Art. Not now. Maybe later.

<begin rant> Right now, I am not that interested in online exhibitions that aren’t either online art sparking me to think in new ways about my new online-normal and solo offline existence, or art the goal of which is to shift our thinking in the real world in palpable ways. Frankly: preferably both.

Artists are without question change makers. But its not pictures of the objects they make that are going to affect change.

If you’re about to send me an invitation to an “online exhibition” that says anything to the effect of “I’d love you to check out my project, that was supposed to happen a physical space but now can’t, but there are pictures of it here”... please just take me off your list. It’s not an online exhibition. Its a link to some images of some artwork that someone’s trying to sell to an audience that isn’t buying objects.

Show me some art that should exist online. Show me some art that is contributing to a discourse about how we might change the world. But don’t send me a link to some pictures of your paintings (or sculptures, or installations, or anything really) that you’d rather have someone view in person in the real world. Hopefully we can do that again soon.

For now, while we’re online, lets inspire one another with things that can make a difference from this kind of distance. Let’s think things through and share ideas so that when we’re not on lockdown and focussed mostly on making sure our friends and neighbours are safe and mourning those we’ve lost, we can come out of this with ideas and strategies to end non-stop-capitalism, food insecurity, environmental injustices, racial inequities; so we can slow down, and change the world. So the world is livable for a vast majority of plants, animals, and people, instead of a crazy ass playground for the mega-wealthy few who don’t care about the future.<end rant>

# The Return on the Hobo Sign

## Caspar Stracke



In May 2020, the British art gallery Firstsite came up with an enchanting initiative in response to the current home confinements. They asked prominent conceptual artists to come up with an idea for how the homebound could get busy. The only requirement was that the contribution had to fit on 2-3 sheets of paper. Artist Gillian Wearing submitted something unusual. Something meta in regard to her own approach to conceptual art, especially in regard to her trademark work for from the YBA days, Signs that Say What You Want Them To Say and Not Signs that Say What Someone Else Wants You To Say (1992-1993). It simply featured written signs, held up by strangers who she photographed. In the compilation from Firstsite, Wearing drew herself holding an empty sign, with instructions to alter the face (“your face here —>”) and to write into the empty area of the sign a message, “to cheer someone up with encouraging words.” This instruction appeared to be a parody of her own well-known artwork. However, the cute drawn figure of herself holding the sign created an odd framework, comparable to the “Hello My Name is...” stickers. It evokes the idea that there is someone who has provided you a space to declare your inner secrets, along with a command to “just be yourself.”



Mexico City is my current home. One neighborhood, three routine walking paths: supermarket, green grocer, dog run. While confined to these limited outings, I started to perceive the city with different eyes. Minuscule changes on the streets become immediately noticeable. A fraction of the city infinitely magnified.

My way of compensating for confinement is to become excessively chatty, which happens via email and social media. Like many others, I transmit one-way distress signals repeatedly declaring “I exist!” The soothing comfort of feeling community and solidarity, the scheduled balcony clapping in April, still carry reverberations that remain unanswered and undebated.

The question of how to communicate brings to mind moments in history when alternative communication forms had to be invented. Hand signals, fire signals, flags, flare guns, pirate radio, I2P, darknet. With the exception of net-based applications, the list details simple means for sending an alert signal that can be seen from a distance. Reviving the tactical brilliance of what medieval Germany named “Gauernerzinken” or “hobo signs,” I am reminded of constellations of deliberately altered objects in public space, conjuring up old thoughts about Barthes’ semiology and urbanism. How signs communicate amongst themselves.



In the late 80’s, German artist Mischa Kuball was one of the very first to experiment with available light sources in public space to write abstract messages, by way of coordinating the floor lights in a corporate skyscraper. He called it a “Mega sign.” In the decades to come, this communication form became a global phenomenon, which, arguably, ended forever when media facades emerged, turning political, artistic or commercial signage into one indistinguishable corporate wallpaper, eliminating the possibility of non-sanctioned interventions.

A useful practice, which still continues, is the ability to secretly embed messages in an infinite number of mediums, all available as free transporters. These are part of a hobo paradigm, jumping on the train of somebody else’s message service. The artist couple Eva and Franco Mattes, in the early 00s better known as 010010111010101.org are masters of subversion and the intelligent misuse of technology. They were also pioneers of artistic intervention at a moment when the internet was

easily hackable. From Eva and Franco I learned how to send messages via a simple URL belonging to an individual or company that checks their stats on a daily basis. Just write your message behind a forward slash as an imaginary sub-page and get an error message. This error is recorded on the other end.

An impressive example of a more camouflaged act of parasitic messaging, one that gained worldwide attention last year, came from the teenage influencer sphere. What starts as a silly make-up tutorial, becomes a political cry for awareness about how the Chinese government treats Muslims. It was uploaded on (China-based) TikTok by Feroza Aziz, a 17-year-old, Afghan-American teenager with influencer credentials. The latter ensures that messages like this will have a boost in visibility that cannot be underestimated.




In the early 1990s I moved to NY, a time and mood perfectly captured in Jem Cohen's film *Lost Book Found* (1996). Jem's ambitious career started while he was working on NYC streets as a pushcart vendor. Armed with a super 8 camera, he documented the end of a city that would soon be transformed by Mayor Rudy Giuliani's punishing neoliberal agenda. Because he was on the streets every day, Jem was able to document a remarkable network of hidden urban communications. He documented messages repeatedly scratched into the chrome surface of pay phones in phone booths, the paper scraps and remains of strangers.

Some signs that remain for decades are painted by hand. Everybody living in NYC in the 90s will have heard of REVS and COST, two graffiti artists who granted the city a second skin of wheat paste stickers, sprayer graffiti and—most memorably and still visible—giant tags made with paint rollers, high up on spots chosen for maximum visibility.

They demonstrated the effectiveness of a campaign worth several million dollars to a commercial retailer, and more importantly, their openings set a trend. Although Revs and David Cost had to remain incognito because of the fear of legal pros-

ecution, they wanted to harvest something from the achievement of having become so visible. So, they experimented with a strategy to hijack their audience into another medium. Viewers could call up the graffiti using a 1-800 number, ensuring and extending anonymity, to receive audio graffiti (more cryptic messages), and also to message back. In the years to come, the toll-free number solution was replaced by hashtags, while French graffiti sprayer Invader used QR code which offered the easiest and quickest way to link the public sign to a specific message placed in the virtual world.

 The controversial spy thriller and TV series *Homeland* from 2010 depicts a scene in which the marine-cum-terrorist character Brody sends secret Morse code messages while appearing in an official ceremony which is broadcast live on TV. He taps out patterns with his index finger that his antagonist, a CIA agent, makes the basis for his arrest warrant. What the creators of *Homeland* could never have imagined is how their TV series—which has been deeply criticized for racist and stereotypical depictions of the Arab world—had itself become a carrier for secret messages.

In *Homeland*'s second episode, the production hired Arab-speaking graffiti artists to produce tags in Arabic, all shot on a Berlin film set that was supposed to represent a Syrian refugee camp. Some of the graffiti seen in the final scenes of *Homeland* read: "Homeland is racist," "Homeland is a joke and it didn't make us laugh" and "#blacklives-matter." The "street artists", who had been hired, turned out to be the Berlin-based Egyptian conceptual artists Heba Amin, artist-designers Caram Kapp and Don Karl, all engaged activists.


This media entertainment production unwittingly delivered its own critique via perfectly embedded code, indecipherable to its creators, yet fully intelligible to Arab-speakers among the millions of Netflix viewers.

Even in the age of digital character recognition, machine reading and algorithm searches, hand-written graffiti remains difficult to decipher by

a machine eye (a popular motive in Captcha). A simple trick of language outwits a giant, globalized film production.

This form of cultural hacking, a parasitic inscription, is the modern hobo sign. It is no longer confined to a single environment but can exist in the virtual and non-virtual world at once. Yet physical markings are still around and more important than ever. Despite the enormous increase of free public wifi, there is still the tradition of "war chalking," sprayers indicating open networks and nodes by leaving coded signs near the hot spot. It is probably the most literal equivalent of the hobo tradition where the secret sign enables the accomplice in the know to steal some service. Here street activism and virtual culture blend together.

During political demonstrations where governments shut down mobile communications, these digital signs may come in handy, since information flow is key in resistance movements. In the aftermath of the Gezi Park protest, amidst the unfolding government corruption scandal, it played a crucial role. Turkish president Erdoğan ordered a Twitter shut down on May 21, 2014, but Google's free DNS, allowed users to set their DNS addresses to 8.8.8.8. or 8.8.4.4. which successfully bypassed the Twitter shutdown. This urgent message needed to be communicated offline, hence the message was sprayed on walls, balconies and—pointedly—right on the campaign posters of the government party.

 I share a sentimentalism, a kind of transplant-infection, with many ex-New Yorkers. According to our Facebook walls, we seem more concerned with what happens in our former city, than in the places we live now. NYC is the perfect canvas for laying down signs that might be narrowcast around the world. A city that is part developer greed, part myth, continues to attract artists, foreign artists in particular, bent on subverting its monumentality. Philippe Petit, for instance, the legendary World Trade Centre tightrope walker from the 1970s, came from France. Geletin, the performance group, who installed a wooden balcony for five minutes on the 92nd floor of the north tower of the WTC

a year before the attack, are all Austrians. Micha Leinkauf and Tobias Wermke, who changed the flags on the Brooklyn Bridge, are German.

In each of the three cases, the signs have no concrete message attached. Wermke/Lenkauf's white flags demonstrates how a slightly altered sign, the flag, with a maximum of visibility and deep symbolism attached, can provoke an infinite number of interpretations. The element of risk and spectacle attracted enormous media attention, so that many TV and media outlets provided appropriate documentation footage (including helicopter fly-overs, etc.) that the artists in turn edited into further work.

How to create new signs during Covid lockdowns? Improvised cinemas flourish in Berlin, where the many gaps between buildings provide surfaces for video projection visible for many neighbors. There are balcony art exhibitions. Our dear friend and colleague Jason Livingston came up with the brilliant idea of having his message delivered to your location, by flying directly over your house. He crowdfunded a plane, that carried a banner reading: #capitalismisthepandemic. On the next page you can read more about this action by Jason himself. His timely and memorable gesture was the primary inspiration for this article.



And now? While I finish this article, the US is on fire. During nationwide protests against police brutality, triggered by the murder of George Floyd, a group of hackers have jammed police radio signals in Chicago, blasting Tay Zonday's 2007 song "Chocolate Rain" into every CPD car.





#CAPITALISMISTHEPANDEMIC

# #CAPITALISM ISTHE PANDEMIC

Jason Livingston

Somewhere back in March - around the COVID-19 lockdown, not soon after the Democratic machine destroyed the people's campaign of Bernie Sanders - I began to daydream about how to protest. With May Day approaching, and capital ascendant, I wanted to figure out how to act, how to build solidarity, how to express my rage. To go back to the 90s, love and rage. Considering the stay-at-home orders, I wondered about the sky. Sky-words, which might include banner ads and sky-writing, are generally commercialized, at least here in the United States. Go to the beach, take a break, let your eyes settle on the ocean horizon... think again! You'll be subjected to a constant buzzing from aerial ad airplanes hauling banners hocking condos and shitty beer. For Bolaño, sky-writing is possibly much worse, a fascist poetics wrapped up in conceptualism. Nonetheless, the history of temporary sky acts holds a gestural power: think of Gelitin's poetic and bizarre window cut photos at the World Trade Center; consider the strength of Greenpeace's giant banner drop early on in the Trump presidency in view of the White House. Space ads might be on the way, but we're not there yet. In this case, without recourse to street action, I figured the sky was the best way to go. A banner could capture people's attention and ping around social media, sending a May Day message of strength and a Mayday, Maday distress signal.

Over the course of a few weeks and many phone calls, I put together the plan. Seeing Sovereignty, "an Indigenous womxn-lead collective that works on behalf of our global community," signed on. That was big. They do incredible work. I knew Christine from my time back in Iowa. TigerSwan spied on us when we were involved in the #NO-DAPL struggle. You can read about it in *The Intercept*. She bore the brunt of it, of course, as an outspoken Native woman. It's amazing what being spied can do a friendship. In our case, it brought us closer, so how wonderful it was to work with her again! Christine helped shape the message. My original core idea was to advance the idea that the crisis preceded the virus, and that the crisis will continue beyond the vaccine. She sharpened the critique by framing it as colonial capitalism, pushing the origins back hundreds of years and focusing on indigenous communities.

On May 3, 2020, with the support of dozens of gofundme supporters, a documentation crew, and Seeing Sovereignty, the airplane flew a banner that read #CAPITALISMISTHEPANDEMIC around Manhattan for several hours. Of all the video and photo, you'll find attached the most fantastic one of all. It showed up on Instagram from someone totally unaffiliated, @diggyz. Turns out he lives in Weehawken, New Jersey. He saw the banner from his digs (sorry!), and pulled out his gear. As a paparazzi, @diggyz owns some of the longest lenses in the business. Who knew one of our most powerful images would come from a professional celebrity hound? I guess the Empire State Building really does look good in pictures. This one reminds me of King Kong.

May 18  
Buffalo, NY

# oh should have said

deep red grapes of vine

though I know it's not that good for you in the quantities we sup from it

ah

“Lip to lip it murmured -  
Drink deep e'er you depart”

(Omar Khayyam - translated liberally by Fitzgerald - I have my Dad's well thumbed tattered gold inlay leather bound pocket book version that Mummy gave him to keep him company in the London Blitz and posted far off to India which he loved - which was lucky as he was just about to be posted off to Burma and certain slaughter when the war ended - so he spent 3 years learning Punjabi and sight seeing and going to football matches and came back I don't know how with a shipment a house full of the most beautiful carpets and I still have an even more tattered remnants of a set of table napkins all full of holes that will do good service for those distanciated picnicks in the park - just an aside)

x Buon giorno

Will dig out some illustrated scrivenings and pics still or moving

whilst you wait here's mini vid

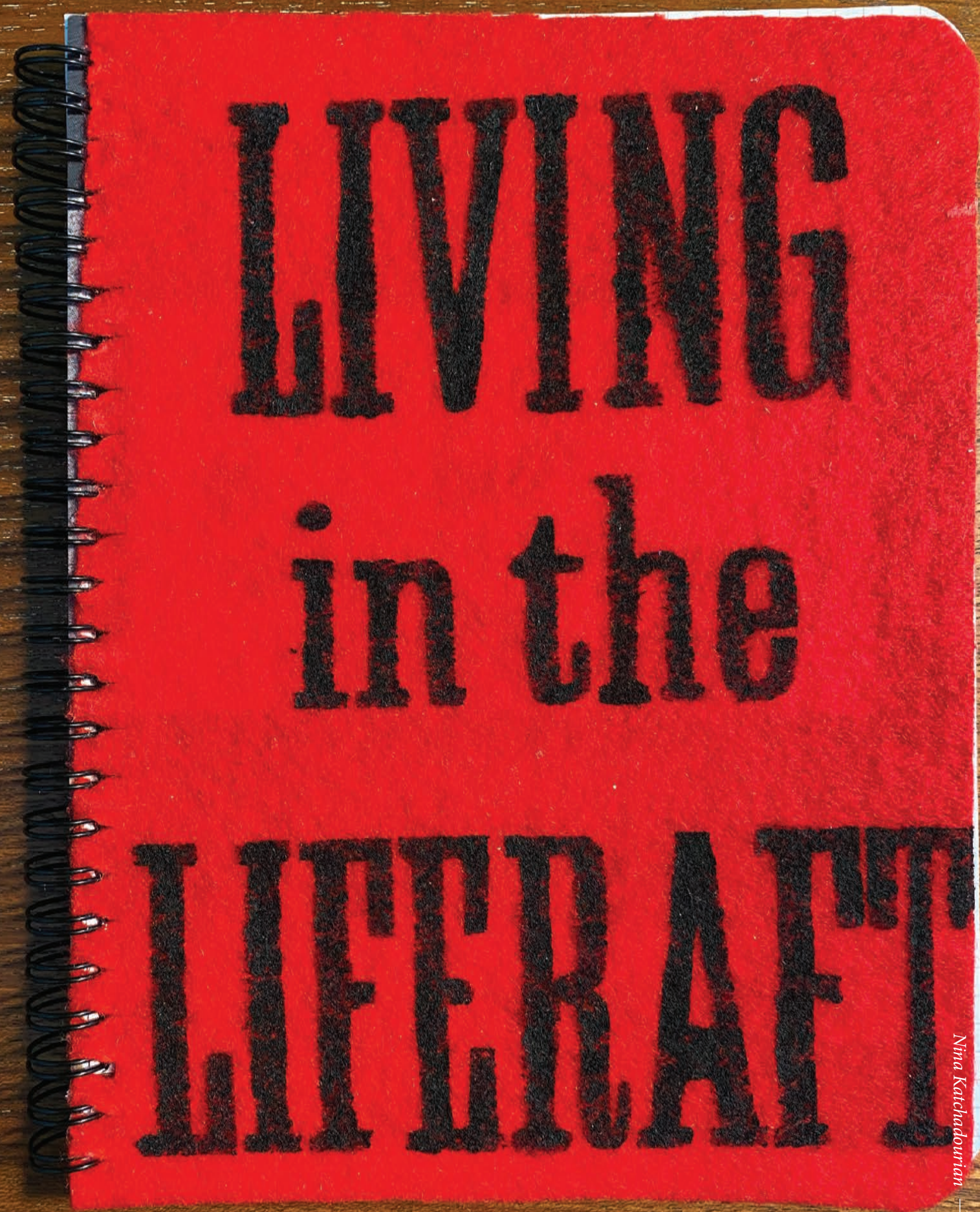
“the scurrilous art of copying the vexed stare of Egon you know whose lady”

was messaging this to Renato Paroni (Ra's ol' flat mate in London and now ballet master at the Royal Ballet) he's been using his time off to galvanise his wicked humour and the series of whatsapp messages I think would be perfuck for your thing

so can you send me your whatsapp number - then can forward - he's been alter ego-ing Laslò Moholy Nagy and really cheered me up as right now pretending to

be a lawyer and would burn all the papers and make a destress art work d'après John Latham

plenty of pics of cracked stucco buildings in motion - international major city nightmares of predatory developer land grab run an' ruin hegemony - the big built environmental disaster - and hacked trees to complete the pic - what if and a big if what the plant and animal species are so underlyingly weakened by atmospheric chemical oil glug plastic slime and satellite wave strangulation that the answer to the two big C's is to give the planet it's immune system back - let trees be trees with leaves and twigs and flowers and seeds to reclaim the earth and protect the living creatures that feed off them scoffing delicious nuts and lemons and olives and deep red of grapes - a time for thinking simple foraging and feasting and rolling in the long grass



# Colors

## Jaakko Pallasvuo

I wake up early. There is light in my room. The late May sun pushes in through closed venetian blinds. Its rays have leapt onto the orange dress shirt hanging on a closet door. To my bleary eyes it looks like the light is emanating from the shirt itself.



I can't describe the orange of the shirt. I can't say anything about it, except that it's very orange. I could maybe mix the color if I had to paint it. I don't have the energy to write that the orange is 'warm' or reminds me of the seats in the Helsinki metro.

Minds are broken printers: they churn out mental pictures that have little relation to the orange of the shirt I'm describing, and the sun seemingly emanating from it.

My writing is fast and generic. I only write action, its progression, or abstract ideas. I don't describe the quality of things since it's not evocative, just a necessity created by technical restrictions, like compressing experience into morse code and tapping it on a telegraph key.

One could try to paint the shirt. A painting would contain some real orange pigment, maybe the same kind they used to dye the shirt. The painting would depict the shirt, and would potentially share material qualities with it. One could also cut off a piece of the shirt and glue it into the image, or one could

just mount the whole shirt on some stretcher bars to make a canvas.

At some point one would encounter the problem of documentation. If one would photograph the shirt-painting, it would be transferred from its own materiality to the materiality of pixels, screens and printing techniques. The orange would become more vague, a guess.

If I search for images of famous paintings, Google image search offers up pictures with extremely varied tones. Seeing an image of a painting online can be its own kind of primary art experience, but it comes with uncertainty. The scale of the piece, its weight, you don't experience it. On the screen everything is the same scale, smaller than us.

Fra Angelico (1395-1455) was a painter and a Dominican friar who lived and worked in the San Marco convent for a period of nine years. At San Marco he painted numerous frescoes. Some of these murals were in the common spaces of the convent, some were painted into the friars cells: essentially for a single viewer, who would live in their cell with the image.

When I visited Florence I saw the paintings with my own eyes. Even though I had admired images of Angelico's works in books and online, I had not understood their architectural and social setting. That they were painted specifically and permanently into these rooms, these cells. That the painter himself lived in this community. Fra Angelico had known the specific people who slept, meditated and prayed under the frescoes.

My favorite of the frescoes at San Marco has been labeled with the name: The Mocking of Christ, with the Virgin and Saint Dominic, (1439-1443). It depicts an often painted scene, a crowd mocking Jesus. The scene occurs between his trial and the Crucifixion.

A common way to paint the scene has been to set Jesus against a dark background and paint grotesque and foolish looking mockers around him. They might strike Jesus with a staff, or place it in his hands as a mock scepter, they might cover his body with a red or purple robe, put a crown of thorns on him or just make faces at him. In some paintings Jesus is blindfolded and his hands are tied together with rope. In some paintings the cloth covering the eyes is not there, but Jesus has turned his gaze at the ground, and looks coolly melancholic.

Fra Angelico's way of solving this image is different. Jesus is in the background of the image, on a small, shoddy pedestal or stage. Jesus is sitting on a red rectangular object and is framed by the emerald

green backdrop behind him. Jesus's eyes are covered with semi-opaque white fabric. You can still see the downcast eyes. The stage has been set in the middle, in the back of a pale reddish chamber.

The Virgin Mary and Saint Dominic are sitting in the foreground, on a low platform. They are not looking at Jesus. Saint Dominic is focused on reading a book. The Virgin Mary's expression is illegible. The mood of the image is still and calm, its emptiness and austerity notable. The halos above their heads are the only ornament.

The way the mocking is performed in the painting is odd. Instead of a crowd, there are detached hands, and one detached head, floating around Jesus. One of the hands is holding a staff, and striking or poking Jesus on the back of the head. The detached head is depicted in profile, facing Jesus and spitting, while another detached hand holds a hat above this head. The scene is not dramatic. It is a confusing, stagnant dream.

Instead of a golden crown Jesus is wearing the familiar crown of thorns. Instead of a scepter there is a wooden staff in Jesus's right hand, while his left holds a vague round object, maybe just a rock, that holds the place of a globus cruciger. Instead of a throne Jesus sits on a red cuboid. The symbols of monarchy are present as parodies. The mocking is aimed at Jesus's claims of absolute sovereignty.

There is something modern about the painting. As a viewer I cling to the significance of its colors. The cool green that frames Jesus, how it contrasts with the red details of the halos, and the bright red shape replacing the throne. The red has a pale echo in the Virgin Mary's clothing, and in the elevated reddish floor of the unadorned room.

What could be removed from the painting: maybe its characters. One could just leave this symmetrical arched abstraction. Just the relationships between the colors, and something would still be transmitted. The emptiness around them, colors.

That gives the companies' income stream some unique characteristics, he said. "The economics can be quite profitable — the government will pay for your R&D and capital expenditures — so I believe you can get a better risk-adjusted return. But it's not a technology sector that's going to sustain double-digit growth."

All sectors have lately fallen because of coronavirus and its daunting economic repercussions, but some military stocks have fallen less. Through March 31, for example, Northrop Grumman dropped 11.86 percent, including dividends. That compared with a 19.6 percent decline for the S&P 500 — and a 53.59 percent decline for Boeing, the troubled aerospace giant. The S&P Aerospace & Defense Select Industry Index, in which Northrop and Boeing both belong, fell 29.83 percent.

The tight link with the economic growth of aerospace and commercial airline companies is why Byron Callan, an analyst at Capital Alpha Partners in Washington, suggests buying stock in individual military contractors and not a mutual fund or an ETF.

No fund invests only in military contractors, he said. "The funds combine commercial aerospace and defense, and those are distinct markets." Above, that following Mr. Callan's advice would mean picking individual stocks and sacrificing a fund's diversification.

Even with commercial-air exposure, an investment in a military-and-aerospace fund might still hedge against hard times.



Top, a General Dynamics shipyard in San Diego. Above, a Lockheed Martin rocket launch in Cape Canaveral, Fla.

Top, a General Dynamics shipyard in San Diego. Above, a Lockheed Martin rocket launch in Cape Canaveral, Fla.



VIRUS

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PART

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and elsewhere

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even though the

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miers à être contaminés par le Co

pour l'écrasante majorité de la p



barbarie

Yann Beauvais, co vide e, 2020, HD video 4:56 | the.current.thing.net/1/v2

27/03/2020  
Hello Giuseppe,  
I hope you and your family are safe during this horrible COVID-19 pandemic. Let me know if you are ok.  
I'm interested in purchasing some more birds if you are able to send them these days. I'm not sure if you are able to use the mail right now.  
It's not urgent, but I wanted to touch base with you.  
Best,  
Daniella

Hi Daniella,  
Thank you for your email, yes we are fortunately well and so are all my family members (children and grandchildren).  
I also sent packages to America yesterday, of course I only go to the post when I have 5/6 packages to send, so as not to expose myself too much to this terrible virus.  
I have canaries already prepared, with only wire, if you want I can send you photos tomorrow and then you will let me know if you are interested or not.  
I hope this pandemic will end as soon as possible and that all peoples will learn this lesson because an invisible virus was enough to bring the whole world to its knees  
a hug for you and a prayer for all those who have not made it.....  
Ciao  
Giuseppe :-)

Dear Giuseppe,  
I am relieved to hear that you and your family are well.  
Please do send me pictures tomorrow and I will let you know if I am interested. I am mainly looking for yellow birds.  
Be well and take care.  
Daniella



28/03/2020  
Hi Daniella,  
I managed to find 3 other canaries in a box, now it's really all I have.....  
Giuseppe



28/03/2020  
Dear Giuseppe,  
Here are 5 birds I would be interested in purchasing. I think we talked about 5 birds at a time to make shipping cheaper the last time we did this?  
Thanks so much for sending these pictures.  
Best,  
Daniella

Hi,  
The total cost of 5 birds (one big), shipping included is xxx euros, but if you want to add 2 more birds, the cost of shipping does not change, you just have to add the cost of the two more birds. (xxx + xx euro)  
Let me know  
Giuseppe

Hi Giuseppe,  
Ok. I'll add two more birds.  
Thanks Daniella,



The new total cost is xxx euro.  
You can send this amount via Paypal to:  
xxxxxxxxxxxxx  
Attention, please specify that you send money to a friend, or Paypal keeps me a percentage of the amount. Send me the shipping address again.  
I send you a warm greeting Giuseppe

Ciao Daniella,  
Thanks for the sum received, as soon as the package will be sent I will send you the tracking number.  
I warn you that in these days, the Italian post offices have decided to anticipate the payment of pensions, therefore at the counters there are very long lines of elderly people.  
I would like to avoid these files and will send the package as soon as they get shorter.  
I hope for your understanding, thanks.  
Daniella Dooling xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx Stati Uniti

Have a nice day from Italy |  
Giuseppe

Hi Daniella,  
The address is exact?

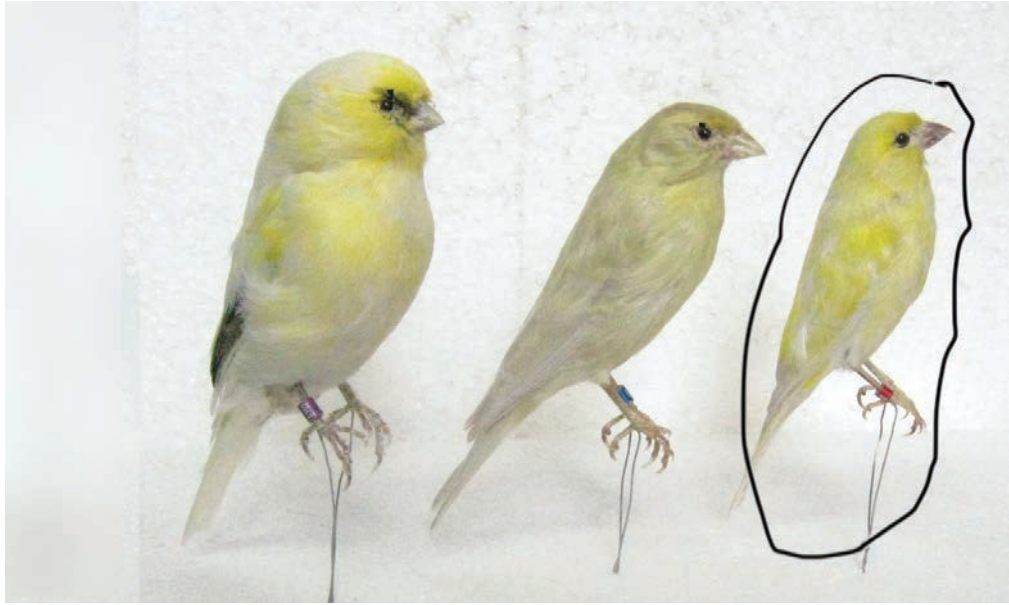
09/04/2020  
Hello Giuseppe,  
I hope this email finds you well. I wanted to know if you have been able to send the birds yet?  
Thank you.  
Daniella

Certainly, they were shipped on March 30th and are already in America.....  
if you go to see the package number ( RC101770192IT ) on USPS tracking, this tells you everything.  
Ciao  
Giuseppe

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Tracking History  
-----  
April 8, 2020, 9:08 pm  
Arrived at USPS Regional Facility  
JAMAICA NY INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTION CENTER  
Your item arrived at our USPS facility in JAMAICA NY INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTION CENTER on April 8, 2020 at 9:08 pm.  
The item is currently in transit to the destination.  
-----  
April 7, 2020, 9:47 pm  
Inbound Out of Customs  
-----  
Inbound Into Customs  
-----  
April 6, 2020, 6:47 pm  
Processed Through Facility ISC NEW YORK NY(USPS)  
-----  
Origin Post is Preparing Shipment  
-----  
March 31, 2020, 9:54 am  
Processed Through Facility  
MILANO P. BORROMEO P.A.E., ITALY  
-----  
March 30, 2020, 11:24 pm  
Processed Through Facility  
MILANO P. BORROMEO P.A.E., ITALY  
-----

17/04/2020  
Dear Giuseppe,  
I received the package of birds a few days ago - they are truly beautiful!  
I hope you and your family are still healthy as the pandemic slows down a little bit in Italy. Here in New York it is very crazy.  
I'm attaching an image of what I've been doing with your birds.  
Best regards,  
Daniella

Hi Daniella,  
Yes, thanks, me and my family are all well and so I hope that you too are in good health, maybe this pandemic is getting weaker, let's hope for the best.  
Your work is very beautiful and original, I wonder what material you use to incorporate the canary, and if this can also be used for insects or other .....  
Unfortunately my supplies are exhausted and not being able to move around to recover dead canaries that the farmers put aside for me, I fear that until October I will not be able to work.



# A\*rray (for The Current Thing)

Andy Graydon

June 15th 2020

In 2019 I made A\*, a video installation that looks at the Event Horizon Telescope project, which produced the first image of a black hole that year. More specifically, the work is about the contrasting roles that the project took on one mountain: Mauna Kea on Hawai'i island, the home of two telescopes that are part of the EHT's network of eight radio telescopes around the world. The telescopes appear differently depending on one's vantage: from the view of professional scientists the project's importance is different than from the view of the popular cultural imagination, which is distinct from the view of native Hawaiians and other Hawai'i activists. These visions do not cohere and are often at odds: protests on Mauna Kea blocked access to the summit from July to December, 2019, over the proposed building of a new mega-telescope on the site that is considered one of the most sacred to native Hawaiians, and is considered by scientists to be the world's best site for astronomy. Each view can feel incommensurable with the others: their logic only holds from within, in isolation. In making the work, however, I found that it was only by holding these contrasting views in suspension together, by acknowledging that they could not cohere but could still share the work of forming the world, that a more fully true image of the situation emerged. This idea was echoed in the telescope's own process of looking, which coordinates images taken by eight telescopes around the world, in some of the most remote places on earth including Antarctica and the Atacama desert in Chile, to form a composite image through a process called interferometry. In this process, it is the interference patterns between isolated images that produces

a more powerful vision. So that while the remoteness of each telescope provides it with its best view, their mutual connection and interdependence is required to achieve something as quixotic as looking into the eye of a black hole.

In keeping with this process, I asked four musicians to create solo 'perspectives' on the work by using the text and images of the video as a score. Each musician worked alone, in a different part of the world, without reference to the other's work. Then I combined the contributions to create a composite sound track. The resulting sonic conversation was surprising in its liveliness and alertness, as if each musician were keeping their aural imaginations open to the possible worlds the other players might be providing. More than listening to sounds, I found myself in the thrall of listening to a collective thought-in-motion that often existed in the quiet pauses, lapses, momentary gestures and inflections. It was tense, conflicting, responsive, and a perfect completion to the piece.

So in 2020, as the pandemic was closing down all options for future live presentation of the work, as well as travel and other projects, my mind returned to this dynamic interdependence of isolated points providing nodes in a network, or we could say an archipelago of islands, that only become whole in their mutual connection and conversation. As the days wore on it was increasingly clear we are in an extended state of exception, in which long-standing rules are suspended and we are faced with the ongoing task of rewriting them and of improvising new means to do so. And so I decided to rewrite the formal rules of A\*, and extend its form beyond the confines of the finished video and continue the sonic conversations that might still be possible by working with it as a score, as a guiding structure for bringing remote voices into productive patterns of interference, even chorus. The work, under the new title A\*rray, imagines the video and the new emerging sound compositions as a dynamic system together, something like a video with an unfixed soundtrack, as well as completely independent sound works that create their own new terrains in the imagination, sometimes moving in totally different directions than the original video work. To date there are thirty musicians and sound artists involved in the project, and submissions are coming in weekly from around the world. I am bringing them together into a

new series of sound compositions that will be released later this year.

The further crisis brought about by the killing of George Floyd by police here in Minneapolis has punctuated further the urgency of finding a home amid interference, and insisting on ways to work within and through difficulties that seem insurmountable and realities that seem irreconcilable. Such is our world, and our mandate. A\* continues to provide me with the metaphors of difficulty that guide me in this time: from the knot that is wound and pulled at; to the dissonance and cancellation of wave interference; to the isolation of individuals who nevertheless can only exist in their co-relation, however tenuous or fraught.

Below is the invitation I sent to the musicians and artists, along with the names of those involved to date, and a link to view the original video work on Vimeo.

A\* short excerpt (public):  
<https://vimeo.com/317496969>

A\* full video (private link):  
<https://vimeo.com/316836346/bab4072767>

A\*rray: invitation and background  
As a way to respond creatively in some small way to our current situation – simultaneously isolated and feeling our deep interdependence more urgently than ever – I invite you to participate in a collaborative recording of A\*rray, a video-based score. A\* premiered in 2019 as a video and sound installation with a sound track recorded by Jan St Werner, Ryan Choi, sawako and Cecilia Lopez. The video presents a story in text and images, but also serves as a score for the performance of its sound track through a series of on-screen cue cards. With A\*rray I would like to create a series of stand-alone sound compositions using the video/score, expanding beyond the original video to explore further possibilities in sound and collaboration.

The video tells a story, in silent images and text, about the Event Horizon Telescope, a vast array of observatories in remote locations around the globe that coordinated to produce the first image of a black hole's fringe in 2019. See below for a more complete description.

Each performance is a combination of four improvised musical responses to the video/score. Each performer works alone, submitting a solo track that will be edited and mixed together with the others to create the final piece. Performers will be unable to hear or respond live to each other, and I encourage each player to consider the possibilities of interference between parts as integral to the creation of the whole, rather than as an impediment or incapability.

Performance  
Watch the video to get familiar with the story and the cue cards to prepare what and how you want to play. Get in touch with me with any questions during this prep phase. You should count the entire picture as input for your playing. The cue cards are explicit instructions, but all the text and images are material you can respond to.

The cards  
You will probably recognize the cue card text: they are selections from Brian Eno's Oblique Strategies. These are from a set I typed onto index cards on a manual typewriter when I was in film school in the 1990's. I used them in the edit room when I was making my first experimental films, and found them useful. I thought of them again when making this video and how "interference" can be engaged creatively.

The cards should be interpreted as change-orders or directives. Follow each card to help you find a direction, sound, and energy for the section that follows it. When there is more than one card revealed at a time, you may choose which to follow, and whether to work with one or multiple cues.



## Performance notes

- You can record your sound in full passes through the video, or in sections between cue cards, as you wish.
- Each section of the story begins with the revealing of a new cue card. So the cards are like breaths, transitions, or chapter markers.
- In general, vary the density of your sound, and leave occasional room for your imagined collaborators.
- Audio format: 24 bit, 48k, WAV or AIF, stereo

## Description of the video installation A\*

A\*, 2019, video and sound installation, 29 minutes

The Event Horizon Telescope is an international astronomy project connecting observatories around the globe. The mission of this vast collective telescope array is to produce an image of the border of the black hole at the center of our Milky Way galaxy, named Sagittarius A\* (pronounced “A-star”). A process called Very Long Baseline Interferometry coordinates the simultaneous observations from the distant telescopes in the array and allows it to form one coherent image. This process of resolving an image from patterns of interference, drawing form from multiple perspectives that are distant and complex, becomes a central metaphor in Andy Graydon’s A\*, a newly commissioned four-channel video installation and sound composition.

The video tells a story from multiple intertwined perspectives of a journey to the summit of Mauna Kea on Hawai’i island, where two observatories in the EHT are located. Narrated in intertitles, fragments of text trace clashes of meaning and understanding: between science in the popular imagination and its lived practices; between traditional cultural practices and those of western science; between western knowledge and imperialisms past and present.

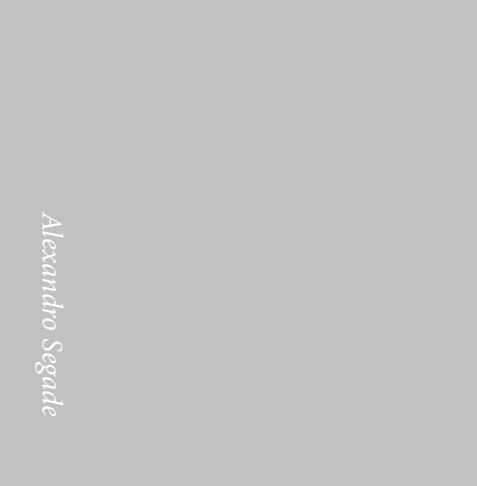
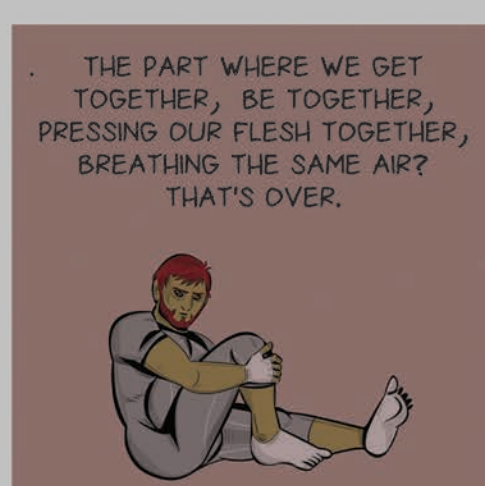
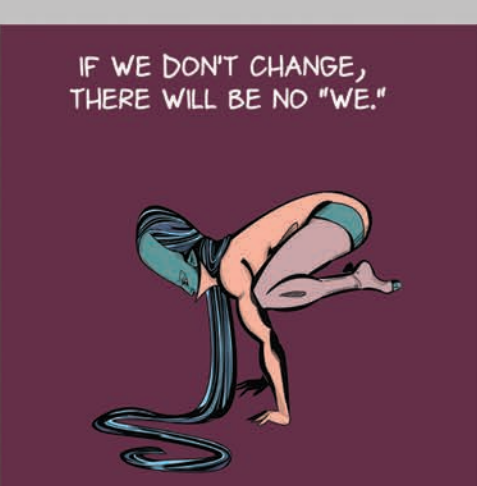
Simultaneously, the video presents a text-based score for music performance: printed cue cards deliver instructions addressed directly to a quartet of improvising musicians. Based in Honolulu, Buenos Aires, Tokyo and Berlin, each musician worked in isolation to make a sound track to the video by playing it as a score. Graydon mixed this array of performances together in a spatialized soundscape, allowing its form to emerge from the resonances and interferences each player’s interpretation brought to the work. Featur-

ing music by Ryan Choi (prepared baritone ukulele), Cecilia Lopez (synthesizers), sawako (breaths and planetary sounds), Jan St. Werner (electronics).

## A\*rray contributing artists:

Cecilia Lopez  
Jan St. Werner  
sawako  
Ryan Choi  
Barbara Held  
Amnon Wolman  
Luke Martin  
France Jobin  
Stephen Vitiello  
Pierre Gerard  
Gil Sansón  
Delia Gonzalez  
Yann Novak  
José Rivera  
Sahra Motalebi  
Klaus Janek  
Jonathan Zorn  
Eden Girma  
Ensemble Musica Nova  
Edwin Lo  
Takeshi Nishimoto  
David Sani  
Jenn Grossman  
Katie Porter  
Richard Garett  
Wendy Eisenberg  
Cleo Miao





OPPOSITE PAGE: CATHEXIS, DRIVES, BARELIFE  
THIS PAGE: BIOWORLD, OUTLIER, OBJECTOR, FORM  
A DIGITAL NOTEBOOK / CHARACTERS FROM "THE CONTEXT" A GRAPHIC NOVEL BY ALEXANDRO SEGADE, PUBLISHED BY PRIMARY INFORMATION, MAY 2020



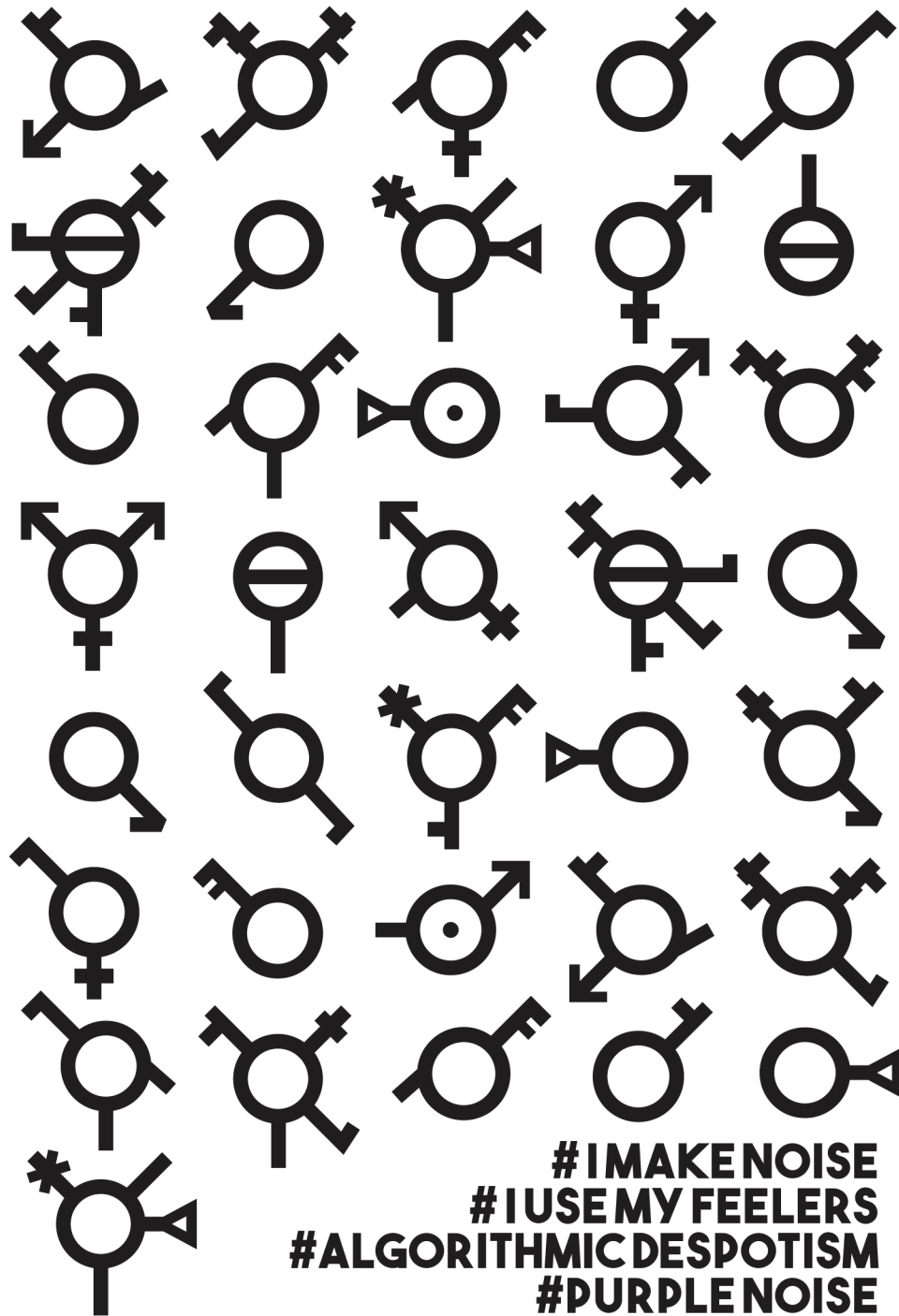
# PURPLE NOISE FEMINIST NOISIFICATION OF SOCIAL MEDIA

Purple Noise is a new global feminist movement whose goal is to noisify social media channels.

Of course, Purple Noise is not a real feminist movement, it is fake news – and will hopefully soon be as real as other fake news.

The world has become far too complex for our limited brain capacities; therefore, instead of proclaiming universal truths and political goals, we build our movement on the partial, on the situated, on YOU; on your desires, on your emotions, and your experience.

Sure, we have plenty of bots running, thousands of fake likes and fake followers on all our platforms, but we do need YOU, real people, who contribute their real emotions to our fake movement!



eteam  
Around the kitchen table.

We sit around the roundness of the kitchen table.  
Staged along the edges, the actors of the night.  
The bearded iris, the little violet, the apple blossom,  
The slowly unfolding leaves of the hickory tree.

One by one, we are moving them into the center  
And point our flashlight at them.  
The light makes them strong, the light makes them weak.  
The light is changing from warm to cold, from yellow to blue.

It is night outside.  
"Truly, I live in dark times!" Brecht said in 1939,  
"a conversation about trees is almost a crime  
For in doing so we maintain our silence about so much wrongdoing!"



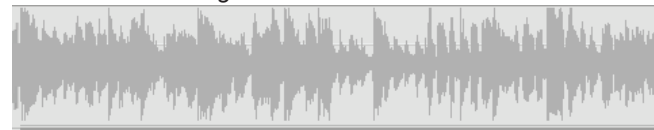
# In Hindsight. Diana Vidrascu

We talk a lot nowadays about the dire consequences of world travel and migration. We also touch on the difficulties of having to stay put during these exceptional times, more often than not in a different place than home. Even there we still perceive ourselves as victims of the current stay-inside politics. But not long ago, staying home and traveling in the proximity of it used to be the norm. The house in these pictures was built around those times.

I started training for mental traveling recently, often going back to places that were once dear to me. This is one of them, light years away from where I am now. A picture of me was taken on that porch, before I knew what a camera was. My mother has a similar photograph at the same age. My grandfather too... For some reason I always end up there in my present travels. But what strikes me as obvious is the inability of the mind to draw a line between memory and the imaginary details.



AMB EXT Miclesti FOREST field birds wind village\_01.mp3  
[the.current.thing.net/1/s2](https://the.current.thing.net/1/s2)



# The Accidental Building of Desire City. Kimmo Modig

We can create things such as artworks, but we can't help the effect fog and other atmospheric agents have on how those works will be experienced. We can't ask someone to not consider the feelings evoked by their standing in the rain as they browse our pdf file on their phone at a bus stop. Or can we?

We used to be told body language makes for a big chunk of how we're being read. Back then, we were still trying to heal the Cartesian cut. We needed to hear the body matters, too, not only the mind. Now that we've more or less regained our bodies (sometime around last century??), becoming fully aware how they carry meaning and life, it's time we play with the atmospheric in order to reclaim situational agency. that exceeds our minds and bodies.

We've been talking about our emotions—and that's a good start. But we must go further than mapping feelings. While the concept of affect looks at collectively shared emotions, thinking in atmospherics will lead us to understand what those affects do to us and vice versa.

Concepts surrounding the atmospheric helps us in the dream-like task of feeling our ways in situations where we have little idea what else is going on, which is to say almost all situations. For example, what we'd define us a singular situation might seem like nine, or zero, to somebody else. For others, our divisions might be meaningless, or worse, fatal. Then there are those in the situation of whose presence or agency we're not even aware. And again, our bodies might

not end where we think they do.

All of this unfolds, or stays folded, under (in?) an atmosphere. It yields different outcomes for everyone within. Rain means crops for one, flu to another. But rain can serve as a metaphor for the atmospheric only if your actions can affect the rain. Otherwise, it's just rain. In 1992, Madonna performed Rain; what are you going to do?

Simply put, atmospheric thinking makes us a problematic we. Our unit comes alive as each of us senses, coordinates, and performs the ethics of a given situation. Each 'I' that makes up the 'we' will become, maintain, and mutate themselves through the situation. Being aware of such processes might lead you to question the foundations of your subjectivity. Maybe you're an 'I' because the 'we' needs you to be one, or is it the other way around? Or is the fog to blame? Everybody in the house; what body, which house? Maybe this is horseshit. But this atmospheric affair has been bugging me in a kind of dreamy way: I'm not sure if this is magic, logic, an epic, or myopic.

The way I sense it, atmospheric is akin to improvised architecture: the half-accidental building of Desire City. We're not talking about Helsinki here, which is hung up on evoking emotions without knowing what to do with them. Every feeling felt in Helsinki gets an exclamation mark after it, to make sure you can see how much fun we're having here stuffing blueberry oatmeal porridge to our mouths. But even with Helsinki, there's more than one of everything.

Let's say the violence of the exclamation mark signalled the last century and the first two decades of this one. The upcoming atmospheric epoch requires something more open-ended. What do you think about ellipsis for 2020 . . . Ellipsis means those three little dots, but it also refers to a grammatical feature, a kind of shortening. (Example: 'Thank you', instead of 'I thank you' —we know it's you who's doing the thanking.) If the latter should only occur 'when part of a clause is left understood and the reader or listener is able to supply the missing words', as *The Chicago Manual of Style* advises us, then ellipses of all kinds test whether we have any shared understanding left. In a city without ellipses, nothing is understood so everything needs to be spelled out. And rain really just happens on you, like a flock of exclamation marks hitting you from above; a Helsinki rain. In comparison, the dots feel soft and malleable, like meat; there's so much more you could do—and be—with them. Follow us to Desire City...



N41°28' 49.9127"/W88° 3' 41.9499" May 3, 2020  
Angel Nevarez and Valerie Tevere 2020



Nothing should be irrelevant, like a piece of beowulf per dropped casually on the floor. , , , . . . And ye, it appears these days that an inheritance of cultural perception is rooted in the fallacy of productivity. That each of us has as its destiny to only possess use value. How to trade in the uncolated, unconsolidated energy that in being withheld from making marks clears the ocean floor. That too than produces, why bother with outcome when the infinite and final is to cease to be breathing in what has become a crisp and open air. And the language of instructions as if nature has nothing else better to do than to teach its inhabitants the finer art of holding still. Like the bird Woolf describes as fully gutted with sound. So then the notion of silence enters the house of stillness and all the ages of poetry cohere. Still, obsessed with making meaning when perhaps even the meaning of stillness keeps one from being so. Oh, the never-ending chatter that insists in insulating the front porch, expanding the liveable square footage of my tree house and to produce a crosswind in the summer and a flow for the heat this little stove produces. And then the chairs. Coherent, chairs that do not only hold lodgers, paying lodgers. Barely hold barely holding like the chair holding me itself held together with bungie cord and pipe cement. Where is the logic in all the seams revealed now in inhabiting a house that so often serves as an interval between the coming and the going. Even here a space designed to inhabit and dwell has been asked to serve a purpose to its contrary. When the rain stops and when it is determined one card, together end the order to shelter in place and instead perhaps dare to gather again. How will these distances then feel? Will they, like child birth be forgotten? When it is precisely these distances, social or otherwise that reveal so much about our dependence, our joys, To, as my brother lamented, he could ride his bike and arrive to a room. That sociality that hold seven amongst strangers. Is it or will it every be possible to now and into the foreseeable future hold this knowing, the knowing that knows that others too, in sheltering in place, that together we are producing this comfort and loneliness. This place none of us can be without finding so threatened the lives of someone else's mother, someone else's mentor, some other lover. But even now this linkage does require a capaciousness that this other force of our society has built for centuries in the delusion, under that fallacy of manifest destiny that our purpose has always been to take and to convert and transfer one labor into another use even to the point of excess and irrelevance. The pressure of scarcity and the threat of being outdone. That while one sits in the emptiness others are making and getting ahead. When did the race of racing and of being human in this way take hold? I would like for the win and the clay pot catching rain to be always the mirror of its labor and nothing more. That what result will matter. What object will attest to having been here. What matter is that? It has come to this and to these perceptions, and their attendant interpretations. Those one acquires degrees to cultivate. Even those defiant classrooms have been converted in this moment to way stations of waiting and making due. But together we make something and suddenly the prospect of individual achievement becomes the thing most disposable. It is perhaps the opening of a different kind of making that itself rests on its process more than its outcome. For even the gardener toils for a season's fruit. This where the living and dying exist as one together.



# Memento Mori

**Jeffrey Skoller**

The general shutting down of University campuses and almost complete conversion to online classes this month, has occurred at the same moment that the San Francisco Art Institute announced it was closing, after 150 years. SFAI had always been in tenuous financial condition and often seemed on the verge of closing, but somehow it always survived; in many ways, that tenuousness was part of its edgy energy. But in 2020, the COVID-19 pandemic and the corporate gentrification of San Francisco and of higher education have pushed one of few remaining alternative colleges left in the country over the edge.

Now accelerated by the pandemic, the neoliberal conversion of higher education toward top down, corporate models in which institutional profitability, the commodification of knowledge and integration of new technology evolving for more than a decade becomes even more clear. The shift to online classes of these last few months is serving as a laboratory for how to permanently convert higher education to digital remote learning. Faculty and staff furloughs, layoffs of contingent instructors, grad instructors working below cost of living, larger classes, and even higher tuition to offset the crisis—are all following. The last three months have taught us that nobody likes online education, and nobody wants it. But the Mothership has landed, providing the opening that college administrators, comptrollers and the Tech Industry have been waiting for.

It's this context that caused me to think about

the role SFAI played in my own life—shaping my sense of what being an artist and educator is—and the ways I came to understand education as an embodied, libidinal experience. I arrived in San Francisco from the heady, hyper-intellectual, cultural world of London, having studied with the Structural Materialists at St Martin's College of Art and worked at the London Film Coop and Screen Magazine in the late 1970's. This was ground zero of the critique of visual pleasure, where people were mostly telling each what they could or couldn't represent on film. So arriving in San Francisco in 1980 was like dropping into a liberated zone—it seemed like whatever you wanted to do was cool. Desire flowed in all directions!!

I did my MFA at SFAI from 1980-82, in the electrifying days of the SF film and music scene. Most of the older faculty were formally unschooled and found their way into art on their own, through invention and experimentation. Yet artists like James Broughton, George Kuchar and Gunvor Nelson had invented new cinematic languages. At the other end of the spectrum, I remember taking a history of photography class with Angela Davis. At the same time, there was sitting in the hot tub with James Broughton and George Kuchar at Larry Jordan's place in Petaluma, totally high on something or other. Lawrence Ferlinghetti was figure painting in the studio every morning when I came into school. I remember a drunken Gregory Corso heckling a screening I did of Marguerite Duras' "Drive She Said," screaming what crap it was, and then decided that we all must be there to learn French! The place was chaos and mostly pretty anti-intellectual, but there was a determined attitude that art was counterculture, nonconformist and subversive, and especially that artistic success never meant in the Art World. Weirdos were welcome and the museum was an anathema, filled as it was with the ideology of the old. Of course, we had no idea how to make a living as artists once we graduated! But one could still live and work in San Francisco

without steady income while focusing on creating one's own communities and creative spaces in the basements of the Mission. ATA is a remaining relic of that time when Valencia St had underground Punk clubs and art spaces up and down the Street.

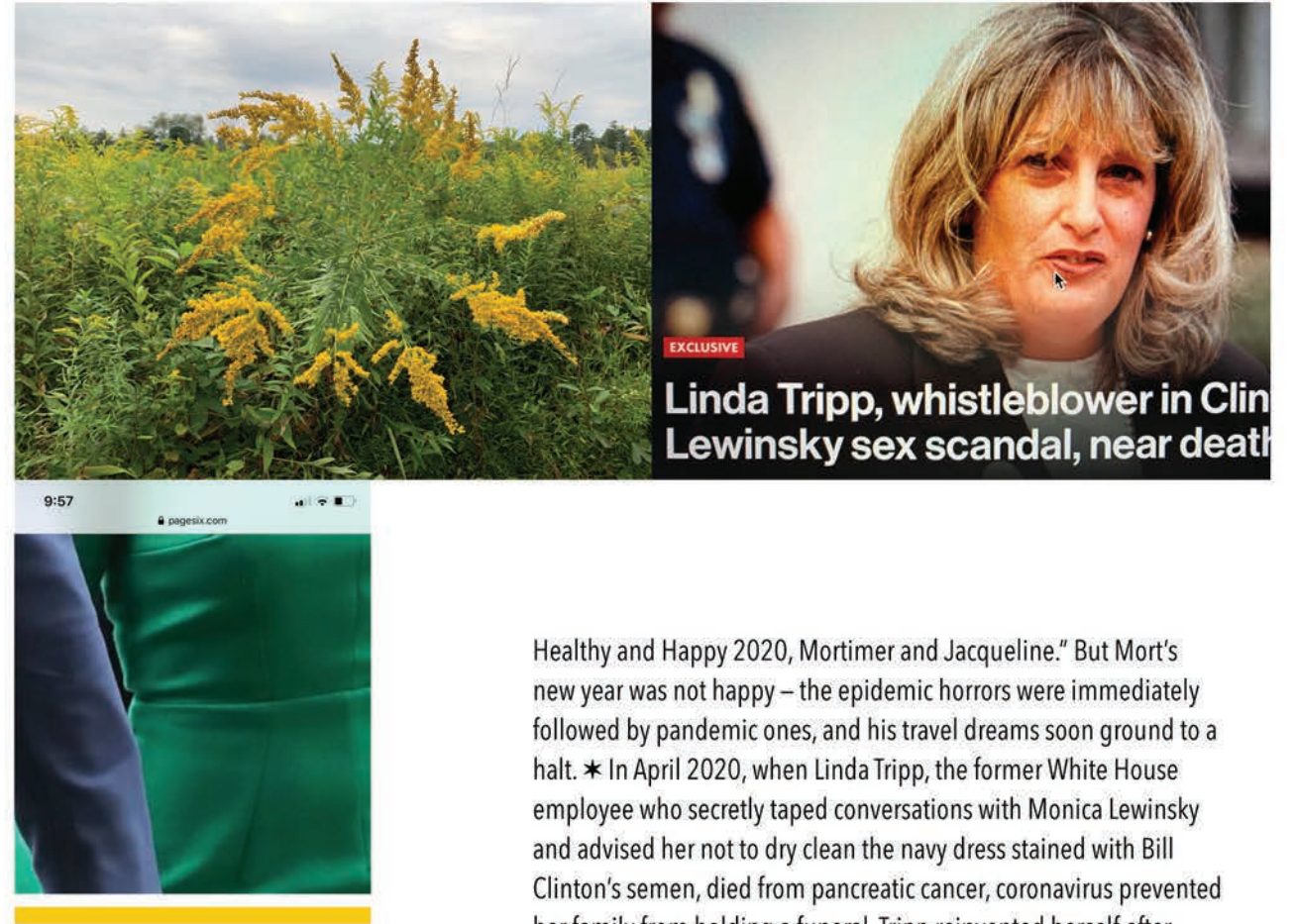
My second life at SFAI was 10 years later, when I was invited back from NY as a visiting artist and taught in the Film Dept from 1991-94. I remember introducing critical and film theory in the film grad seminars I taught—the first year with Carolee Schneeman, who was also a visiting artist who embodied the sensuousness of creative and intellectual exploration. At that point Carolee couldn't get the time of day from the Art World. But it was the Avant-Garde filmmakers who revered her, and she could get jobs teaching in film programs—Imagine that! The grad students were desperate for intellectual content and they couldn't believe it when I made a reader of critical theory essays that we poured over in seminar each week. Seeing Handsworth Songs or 10 hours of Shoah in two sittings was galvanizing; people huddled together in each other's arms as they watched and listened, challenged by cinema in ways they had never been. I still have relationships with some of the students who took my classes from that time... It was wonderful to do intellectual work with such creative and unconventional young artists, looking for alternative ways to live and think. So unlike the conventional, professionalized graduate programs designed to institutionalize thought of today.

This moment does feel like the end of something, when technology, rather than bodies, are being invested in as solutions to the problems of the present. Especially now, when much of what I've always held as important about arts and humanities education—being present with and for one another—seems to be Zooming to an end. SFAI embodied presence for me, and as an institution, it bred a collective creative spirit that I miss so much today. But perhaps all is not lost! "Still we rise."

**DEATH GOSSIP**



In December 2019, when Tufts University erased the Sackler family name from its medical campus, the three-dimensional lettering left a black imprint behind. The Sacklers' company, Purdue Pharma, produced the painkiller OxyContin as well as the U.S. opioid epidemic. In January, Mortimer Sackler Jr., the company co-founder's son, and his wife Jacqueline sold their E. 75th St. townhouse for \$38 million. Their star had fallen, and they left to take cover in a Swiss chalet. Mort emailed an update to friends: "Jackie, Oscar (our 5 year old) and I are spending the winter term in Gstaad. We will also take the opportunity of being based here to travel in Europe. We would love to see you either in Gstaad, if you are here or nearby, or elsewhere in Europe (taking advantage of the ease of travel here vs ours in NYC). Do let us know what your plans are, and what you have been up to as we would love to catch up. Wishing you all the best for a



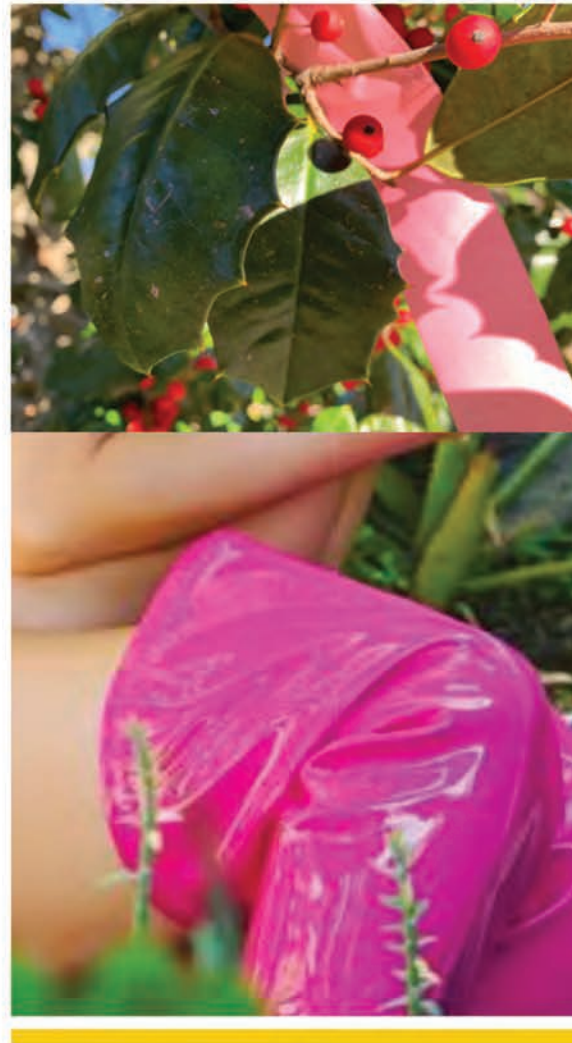
**EXCLUSIVE**  
**Linda Tripp, whistleblower in Clinton Lewinsky sex scandal, near death**

Healthy and Happy 2020, Mortimer and Jacqueline." But Mort's new year was not happy – the epidemic horrors were immediately followed by pandemic ones, and his travel dreams soon ground to a halt. ✦ In April 2020, when Linda Tripp, the former White House employee who secretly taped conversations with Monica Lewinsky and advised her not to dry clean the navy dress stained with Bill Clinton's semen, died from pancreatic cancer, coronavirus prevented her family from holding a funeral. Tripp reinvented herself after Clinton's impeachment: she underwent extensive plastic surgery and married a German architect named Dieter – a childhood friend who had been her first kiss. Reunited as adults, the couple opened a year-round holiday store in Virginia called The Christmas Sleigh, selling wax angels, wreaths and ornaments. In 2018, Tripp returned to Capitol Hill to speak on National Whistleblower Day. "We're different. We're compelled to act," she addressed fellow truth-tellers. She longed for permanent inscription – legacy as a patriotic risk-



taker – but came to accept the chasm between aspirations and outcomes: “I know I’ll be a footnote to history, and I’ve learned to live with that.” ✱ During weekly family Zoom gatherings this spring, I learned that my paternal grandmother, Minnie, who was Jewish, always trimmed the top of her Christmas tree with a red star purchased in the Soviet Pavilion at the 1939 New York World’s Fair: a Communist emblem. My father’s father died young, and Minnie’s second husband, Jim, was Arthur Miller’s press agent. After *The Crucible* – Miller’s play of parallels between the Salem witch trials and McCarthyism – opened in 1953, my father heard a loud click whenever he picked up the family phone. Jim and Miller were called to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee, and the investigator offered to let Miller go on one condition: he wanted to pose for a photograph with Miller’s wife, Marilyn Monroe. Cousin Charlie was subpoenaed too, and he lost his job as a New York City civil service examiner. Blacklisted, he couldn’t get hired for city work again. He finally rented a corner room in a friend’s midtown office and began to sell industrial insurance. As a result of being a Communist, Charlie got rich.

REBEKAH RUTKOFF  
MAY 2020



n a nude photoshops  
ots and angel wings.

rtisement

My quarantine time was spent in a hotel room in my home country where I haven’t been back for 10 years - Malaysia. This piece records my time in the room alone, looking to the world through pieces of glass, in a way thinking of normal, existence, and alienation. The longer I stayed, I found myself accustomed to this new approach to life. I started to think about the way of living, the new normal within this absurd time. The rotting peels of orange is not only the witness of my frozen April but also a reminder of the flowing time. Germs grow, and shout to me that in the current of time, nothing ever stops.

Joy Chan, June, 2020



Joy Chan: Rotten. A Fragment of Life. 2020. HD Video. 10:21  
[the.current.thing.net/1/v4](https://the.current.thing.net/1/v4)



# Façades, Footnotes

Juliane Henrich

The area in Mitte where hardly anyone lives. The skin of the buildings as always repellent – glass, slick stone. A mixture of GDR-modernism, post-modernism, exposed concrete, beige, brown. In between some 90s investor's architecture and younger buildings standing undecidedly on the street corners. Now a little bit emptier than usual, but not that noticeable. Streets as if planned for emptiness. Not even tourists.

The palace copy is almost finished. Thinking about how a scientist said that you can't touch yourself or at least not get the right stimuli from it because the brain always holds a copy of the movement. Thinking about what that means – “a copy of the movement”. It sounded plausible. The need for body pressure, the pressure on the skin, that cannot be anticipated.

Next to it the torn down mock-up of Schinkel's Bauakademie. A brick corner is still standing, otherwise an empty square. The poster-foil, which had simulated the building over the past years, lies folded on the sand. Plants had spread behind the facade in the scaffolding. But they were also razed. The square now seems like a vacuum that could gradually absorb the surrounding district.

There was a fire in the palace. A tar barrel exploded. Which sounded very 18th century. Soot marks on the windows, like an optical illusion, seen through the fence, like a shimmer on the glasses.

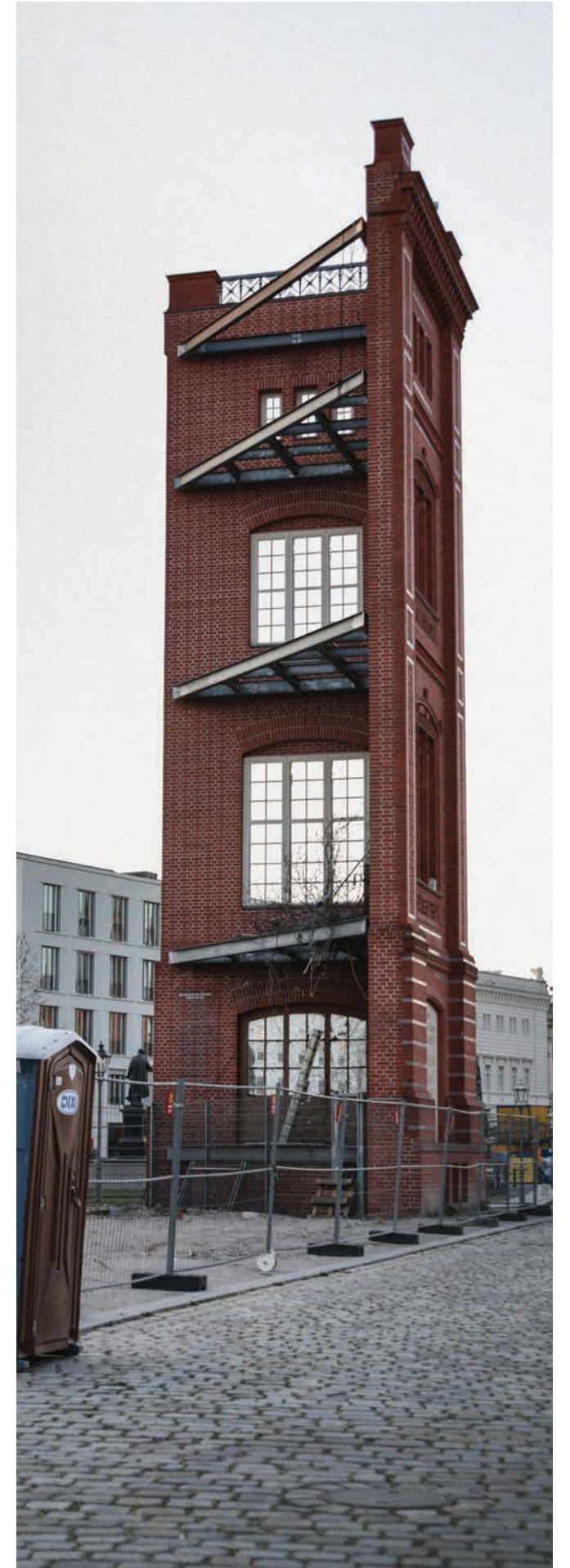
Walls covered by skins, dressed-up in styles, vocabulary that intertwines.  
Distances along the water. Gazes. Views.

People avoiding each other, looking at each other only from a distance. Choreographies of retreat. In the impulse of approaching closer, one slows down, having internalized the magnetic repulsion...

I'm heading south to the more populated parts of the city. Past the large blocks of houses on the Fischerinsel. Can hardly imagine from the outside: so many people, so close together. So many sofas and TVs, bedrooms with cupboards from catalogues of furniture stores and drawers with cheese-grinders in the kitchen. Telephones with saved numbers of people with whom one should no longer share the air to breathe. Pixelated encounters.

Later, the message that they will put the cross back onto the palace's dome as soon as there is no wind. This had caused controversy some time ago. After the hostile argument about the building itself which went on for years. There had been a brief discussion about installing the word ZWEIFEL (doubt) on top instead of the cross – letters that had already been on the empty Palace of the Republic. The traditionalists prevailed, once again. What they had not mentioned – they were also planning to reinstall the original lettering on the dome. Not readable from a distance: “There is no other salvation, neither is there any other name given to men, but the name of Jesus, in honour of the Father, that in the name of Jesus everyone's knees should bow, of all those who are in heaven and on earth and under the earth”. A cut-up Friedrich Wilhelm the Fourth made from the New Testament. The dome was built to celebrate the victory of the Hohenzollern monarchy over the revolution of 1848. The cross as the icing on a revisionistic building. Under the dome a Buddhist sanctuary will soon be shown. “Their knees shall bend at all times, on earth and below the earth...”  
The pandemic might make it easier to get these installations done without much fuss made over them. At the moment revolution is hardly conceivable. People too caught up in the dilemma of finding it precisely correct what was decreed “from above”. Bedazzled dialectics.

The soot on the palace replica will be removed. The lot is awaiting future regimes, which will possibly update their version of history again. With or without footnotes.

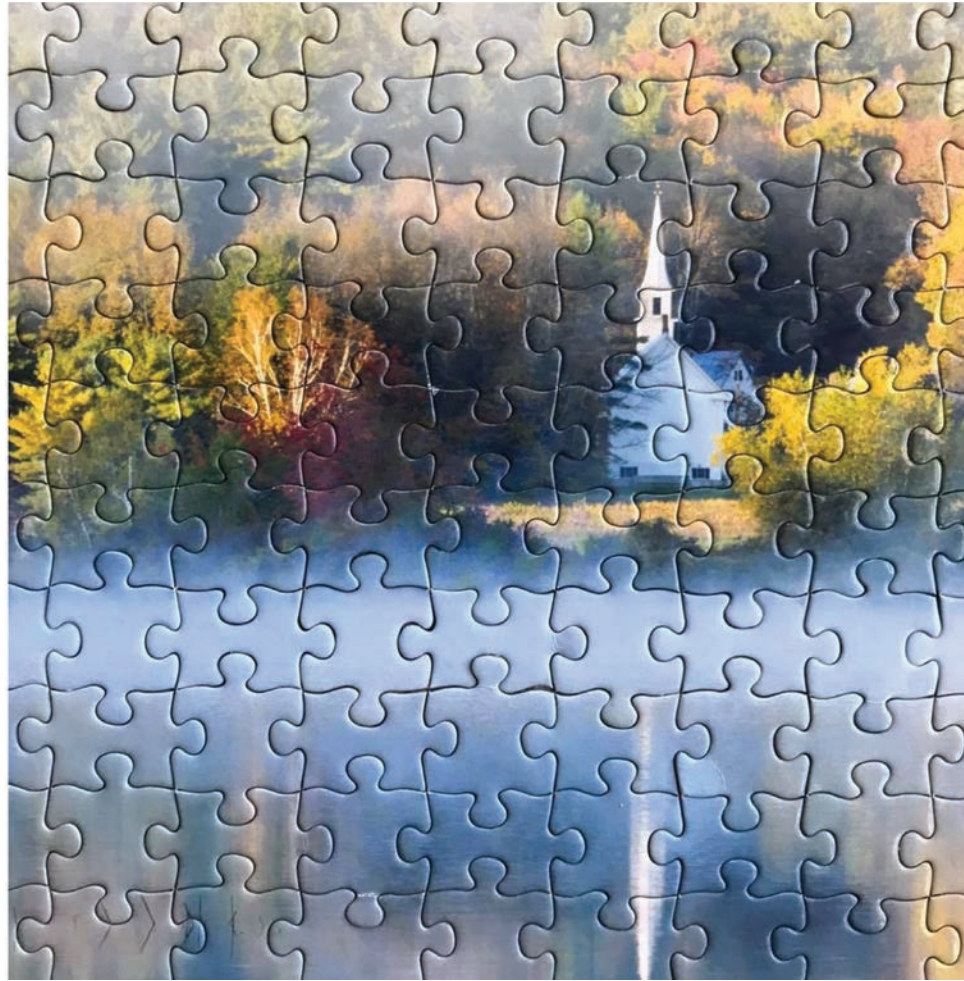


A nice lady where I live is giving away disinfected jigsaw puzzles. Weirdly, one of them is of my tiny hometown in New Hampshire. In that church, we did a Christmas pageant every winter when I was a kid. We wore angel costumes and then stood over the heating vents to make our dresses billow up so we would look pregnant. That was funny to us. I took swimming lessons in that sweet lake every summer and have swum all the way across and back many times. I hope I can do that this summer.

It's a strange sensation to hold a piece of a puzzle, to find its place among the others but also to know this piece shows the weeds we hated wading through. Or that this piece shares a seam with the spot where, later, in the winter, the Swedish exchange student fingered a bunch of us girls in various icehouses. Or to know that just off-frame to the right of this puzzle piece is the grove where I first met the new kid in school: he was improbably named Noel Coward, but somehow that didn't seem impossible since we already had a William Blake, Robert Burns, and Richard Wright in our ranks. That's what happens in a working-class town; young parents didn't know about these writers, they just know the names seemed to sound good together.

One part of this crisis that I haven't read much about is the constant low thrum of one's psyche trying to capture, parse out, and historicize this moment. We are already believing how unbelievable it will seem that we lived through this.

Lately I'm trying to do less of this processing of each experience and just try to note the details. I think, "The daffodils are still in bloom even though it's late May." That's better



than thinking, "The daffodils are our boon companions and will not leave us until things are better." Because that kind of thinking is the result of trauma. Best of all would be to think like my grandmother who simply noted the day the daffodils first bloomed. To be honest, there is a lot of joy in all three kinds of thinking.

COVID isn't killing anyone in my hometown, because nobody there really ever leaves. And hardly anybody goes there except to be blasted by visions of New England birch trees and churches. All on the surface: plenty of people here suffering from obesity, cancer and heart disease. Sometimes people overdose on Fentanyl or drink themselves to death. The names of these people are also impossibly poetic: Plum Potter, Pearly Day, Stubby

Heath. I'm not making this up. Here is the church, here is the steeple, open the doors, where are the people?

My friend paid to have a banner flown over Manhattan last month. It said "The Pandemic is Capitalism." To be honest, I bristled a little; I was thinking, "Would you fly that past the window of a person strapped to a hospital bed so they don't try to remove the ventilator tube down their throat?" But as the thrum continues, I think he is right and I note each casualty of capitalism. When we look back at this unbelievable time, will we be able to detect the seams between virulent plagues and political ones? What will be the visible striations of suffering and joy?

Jun 4, 2020, 11:08 AM

Caspar

here is a ~15-min track, which is called "fiesta, 1-3." it's named after the Agnes Martin painting, "Fiesta," which is the funniest name for a painting of all time. as the title indicates, it's actually 3 distinct tracks – they are iphone recordings of me playing my brother's very expensive-looking electric piano, which i then tweaked very slightly. if 15 minutes is too much, you could also take one of the three parts. i am also eager for comments! e.g. if you think levels need to be fiddled with at all:

xo to you all from the belly of the beast, L

Jun 4, 2020, 5:49 PM

Leo!

Fantastic. Looking forward to check it out! (no image of you plating your brothers very expensive looking e-piano to accompany with?)

C.

Jun 4, 2020, 6:15 PM

Sadly, there is no picture of me playing the expensive-looking piano! But here are a couple of reenactments:



Leo Goldsmith: "Fiesta 1-3" (2020) audio track, 15:42 | [the.current.thing.net/1/s3](https://the.current.thing.net/1/s3)



If you need an image, perhaps Agnes herself can help?





# Post-Capitalism by Silvia Federici

Mike Hoolboom

May 28, 2020

Notes on a Crowdcast internet talk sponsored by École d'innovation sociale Élisabeth-Bruyère Social Innovation School

Rethink

Capitalism exploits human life in the service of wealth. How can we reassert our well-being as a central priority? We need to work towards the end of a society of production, to create social structures that allow individuals and collectivities to prosper and not be continually enslaved in the service of a few.

We are living in a society where every aspect of reproduction that is central to our lives has been marginalized, and needs to be returned to its proper place at the centre of the wheel. Domestic work, raising children, the care for those who are not self-sufficient.

We also have to rethink agriculture. We need to move away from agriculture as the production of scarcity and death. Commercial agriculture benefits only people with money, it's polluting the environment with chemicals that are going into the soil, the water, the land, and into our bodies. When we buy food we don't know if we're nourishing or poisoning ourselves. We need a cultural transformation that puts an end to the distrust of others that is constantly instilled in us by the media. We want a society that values our relations with other people, because other people are the source of our creativity and our real wealth.

We have to put an end to the barbaric treatment of animals. All across the US Midwest they're going to kill hundreds of thousands of animals because they don't have the workers to process and sell them.

This is a moment when we can see the barbarity of a food industry that is built on suffering. We have so-called farms with tens of thousands of pigs and chickens living together being fed all kinds of chemicals to keep them alive because the environment is so toxic.

The ecological crisis, the treatment of animals, the destruction of land and water, comes with the expulsion of tens of thousands of small farmers across the world. This was not accidental. People do not leave their ancestral homelands by choice. They were forced from their homes because their lands are being privatized.

Commons

The changes we need to make are broad and structural. Today we have to engage constantly on two levels. One is the immediate level, that has to do with mutual aid, ensuring that our family is safe, particularly those who are marginalized and excluded. But at same time we have to think about the long term. The post-capitalist, post-growth society has to rebuild processes of reproduction from domestic life to ecology to a new relation with animals. This will require collective effort.

My work in the past years has turned around the question of the commons, which is a social-economic-cultural principle. It refers to a society where collectively we have access to the means of reproduction, we make decisions about our reproduction, about the most important issues of our lives. We're not passive recipients of judgments from above. We don't have governments telling us because they know better. We have five hundred years of capitalist evidence that shows us how governments work to ensure the enrichment of the elite.

We need to shift our resources, and the production of wealth, and place it at the service of our reproduction. We need a reproduction that is much more cooperative, instead of each of us huddled away, separated in our homes. I want to say something about the question of growth that's connected with consumerism. Consumerism is a symptom of a society where social relations are limited and

unsatisfactory. We are so continually defeated by the lives we carry on that we need to replace them with objects. If our relations were more satisfactory we would not want to buy five pairs of jeans to fill the emptiness or massage the anxiety. Commodities are a way to feel more power in a world where we have so little.

Engaging in the struggle will allow us to find out: what is possible and what is desirable. Obviously there is not one model. As the Zapatistas say: "One no, many yeses." We should be clear about what we don't want: our new post-capitalism cannot destroy the planet. At the same time we should understand that a good society can be actualized in many different ways. This kind of reconstruction is the most creative work, and it's necessary if we don't want to doom the children we're raising to a terrible future. This Covid pandemic is an alarm bell. We have to hear it, we have to make sure that those who control the outcome of this pandemic are not the same ones who are destroying the earth step-by-step. We have to put community at the centre, it has to be us. Then the new day can begin.

Pandemic

At this moment of the crisis there is a new global priority around social reproduction. Economies have been put on hold, and we have located the flash-points of the crisis in nursing homes, refugee camps and prisons. This is the result, not of the pandemic, but because of neoliberal policies and globalization. These have sponsored both an accumulation of wealth and a concerted effort to destroy solidarity. In the covid crisis we see the crisis of food insecurity, the disproportionate impact on Indigenous and racialized peoples. And the need for agricultural initiatives that are citizen-friendly, we have to reappropriate agriculture.

This pandemic is the actualization of a crisis that has already been announced. One of worst areas of society has been the nursing homes. For many years I've worked in the field of elder care, I've read the reports and migod, people were already dying. The crisis in this area was there already. In a capitalist society everyone's life is devalued, but certain people more than others. Elderly people, the working class, Indigenous people. People who are not productive any longer. Under neoliberalism resources have been cut for everyone, but the elderly have been the main

victim of these cuts. It's no accident that nursing homes are a disaster area.

Many are systematically malnourished. Medical supplies are low, medical personnel have been cut. All of this was not accidental. Hospitals were not prepared for the pandemic because there was a decision to have "just-in-time" health care, so you don't stock up. It's not profitable. This is important to understand. The lack of preparation and the many deaths are not simply the result of the unprecedented scale of the Covid crisis, but the result of government decisions to defund the health sector. The decision was made that life is not important, especially the lives of certain people. If we understand that, then we can ask the question: what needs to be done?

I see the importance of reclaiming a voice in our reproduction: food, schooling, health care. We need to have a say in what happens in the hospital. We need to decide: what is health care? This is not utopia. What does it mean to be healthy? What is health?

#### Food

If you look at the last thirty years on a global scale, you see one epidemic after another. Imposed economic policies of structural adjustment have resulted in a massive privatization of land and assets in the former colonial world, which has reduced millions to poverty, while illnesses like meningitis, cholera and ebola circulate. The pandemic has been circulating around the world for many years already. Unless we internalize this understanding, we will not be ready to create a movement and create the changes in everyday life and in our systems that we need to make.

What should we do? The system was built across centuries, that won't change overnight. But it's very important in the activism of the present, the response to the immediate needs of the present, that activism includes the long term reappropriation of social wealth: to reclaim land, to regain control over food production. We need to connect whatever struggle we're making – whether it's about student debt or health care – to our struggles over agriculture. We need to rally against transgenic food, against corporations stealing our water and destroying ecosystems. Every struggle has to include ecological demands, because this is fundamental to our reproduction. We need to change how we live in this world. I've been very impressed by what I've seen and learned from women across Latin America, living in periph-

eral areas of Latin American cities. Here you find people who have been dispossessed from their land, neoliberalism has brought a steady recolonization across Latin America and Africa. Many are from Indigenous or rural communities, and now they find themselves with nothing. What did they do? They might have despaired and drunk themselves into a stupor. Instead, they came together and collectively began to see how they could continue. How they could ensure they would not be defeated? They began to occupy urban spaces, start up urban gardens and form collective kitchens. And as they did a whole new social fabric was constructed, with new social relations, affective ties, new forms of solidarity. This is not yet the revolution, but it is a revolution. This new social fabric brings an ability to relate to the state in a different way, not as victims, but as a collective empowerment that can force the state to relinquish some of its controls.

Corporations know that if they control food production they control millions of people. That's why it's so important to take back control. That's why the work of urban gardens is so important, it re-creates the commons, and it has multiplied, from Latin America to Africa, even here in New York. People are creating food production in their apartments, though of course many don't have apartments. Food can be turned into a collective enterprise, a collective project, to break the isolation that capitalism demands. We have to pose the question of the defeminization of reproduction. Capitalism has left women to do all the work of reproduction, the work of caring for the sick, of raising children. I'm concerned that sharing this work, defeminizing reproduction, becomes the only goal. Sharing homework with a man is better than not (though many women live alone) but that is only part of the solution. The division of labour also divides people according to gender, race and sexual preference. Those inequalities, those hierarchies, are the main obstacles. Racism, sexism and homophobia are the main obstacles for us coming together to realize the kind of commoning I'm talking about.

#### Post-capitalism

How do we organize the post-capitalist society? When Marx was asked: "What is communism?" he replied, "It's not an image of another society. It's the work that changes the status quo on a day-to-day basis." We have to realize our vision step by step.

Right now our imagination is very limited because we have interiorized the idea that there is no alternative, capitalism has become so naturalized. We need to revolutionize our existence on many levels. We need to be more modest and concrete. We can discover what's possible by building it. We need to move away from the idea that there is one model, one way forward, but being clear about what is unacceptable. The desirable must be continually constructed.

The question is how to change our relation to work, and to use the wealth that we produce in a different way. We need to be able to make decisions about that wealth.

We need to connect different struggles. This is a process that isn't at point zero, it's already taking place. If you look at Chile, Ecuador or Argentina, there's been a tremendous amount of networking by women. The Indigenous movements are connecting with feminist movements. The landless people of Brazil who are doing collective work in the fields are opening up shops in the cities where they're selling produce. There is a circulation of the struggle that is already taking place. The connection of different struggles, that circulation, is where our energy should go.

#### Written from Below

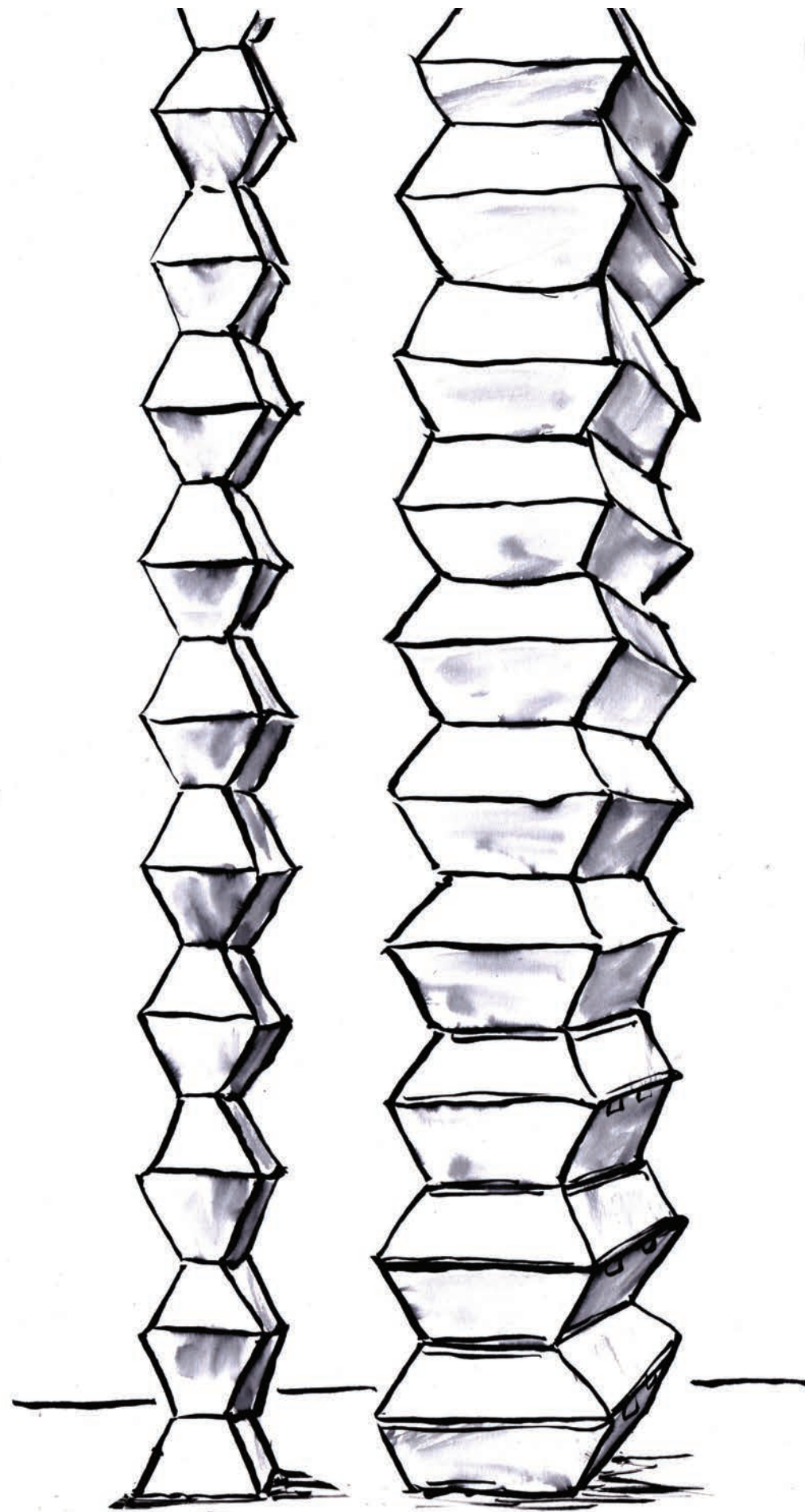
We have to approach the question of the commons in a very critical way. It's a term that's so overused that it's come under suspicion, it's been derided, denigrated, sneered at. In the history of capitalism, every time there is an important concept it's always immediately taken over. Think of "democracy" or "feminism." The left is in a process of constant retreat. We come up with an idea and then it's used against us. I like the word "commons," I don't think it's a question of finding a new word. Though the semantic is also a site of struggle.

How to stop "the commons" from being used against us? The World Bank insists that they are the keeper of the world's oceans, a commons for all. But their policies have displaced millions, and they've helped elect high-placed capitalist officials who are busy turning former commons into real estate markets, replacing Indigenous villages with mining operations. The World Bank's claim that they are protecting the world's heritage is obviously false. Half of our forests have been burned down under the control of the Bank. Not to mention the mining code... but we don't have time to get into that.

Today the production of knowledge is increasingly commercialized. In the US we speak of the university as an edu-factory. How can we work together to decommercialize knowledge? In Latin America there has been tremendous effort, included in the concept of the commons, to recuperate collective memory. To reconstruct lost knowledge. It's history written from below, written by those who often do not write history. It represents the construction of a collective subject and collective interest that is fundamental to the struggle, it's what gives the struggle meaning. The concept of the commons has many dimensions, but it requires a material basis. The loss of land is a loss of knowledge of plants and medicine and lore that has sustained the health of Indigenous peoples. This is what is meant by the commons.

#### 7 Generations

Let's establish some principals. For example, commoners should be the ones who make decisions about their own reproduction. Those who make decisions about land and food production are those who are producing their society. The commons is not a free-for-all. The earth is not open for all takers. The wealth of the world is a wealth that has to be cared for and reproduced so we can live the way Indigenous peoples have envisaged, according to the principle of seven generations. In personal decisions, in self-government, in the commons, in our government, every decision needs to take into account its effects on our children seven generations into the future. This requires a constant engagement with our wealth, with how we use the land, the herbs, the fruit, for our sustenance. It requires cooperation. How can we ensure that the ecosystem thrives with our presence, instead of being destroyed by it? Land commons are the foundation for every other kind of commons. I use the word "land" the way a campesino uses it, to indicate waters, animals, trees, the ecosystem. It's a broad term. Wherever there has been widescale land theft, for instance with the landless people in Brazil, there are corresponding examples of land commons. These social movements and women have delivered me from the temptations of pessimism. Yes it's too late but tomorrow is another day, and children are still waiting.



ENDLESS COLUMN, 1918  
CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI

STACK OF COFFINS, 2020

Hanna Nordholt and Fritz Steingrobe, filmmakers and curators document their Covid lockdown phase as a collective overdose of online film festival viewing and the process of reassembling an imaginary film, exclusively made out of memory fragments from 48 hour watching - in rapid succession- the works from the 2020 Oberhausen film festival.

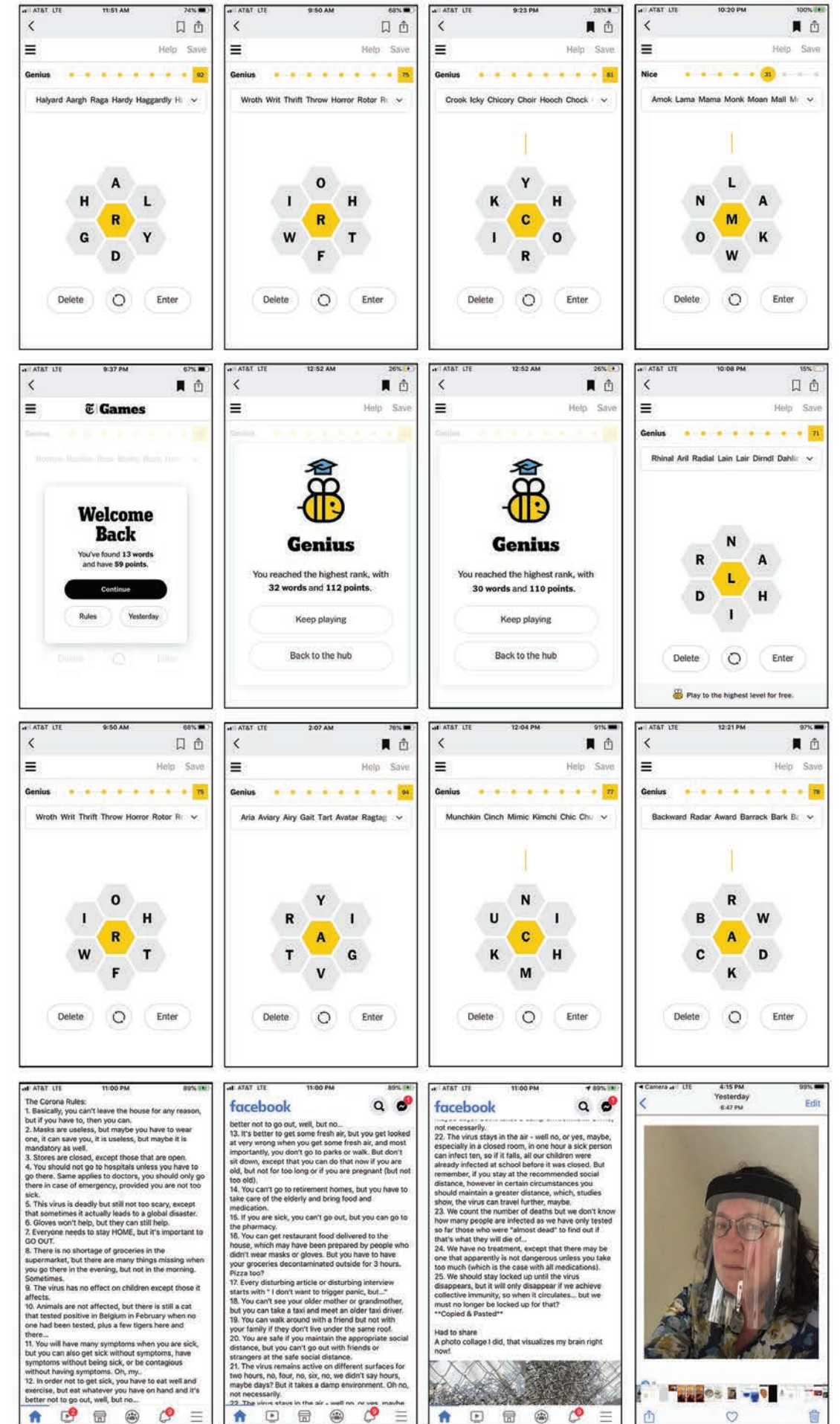
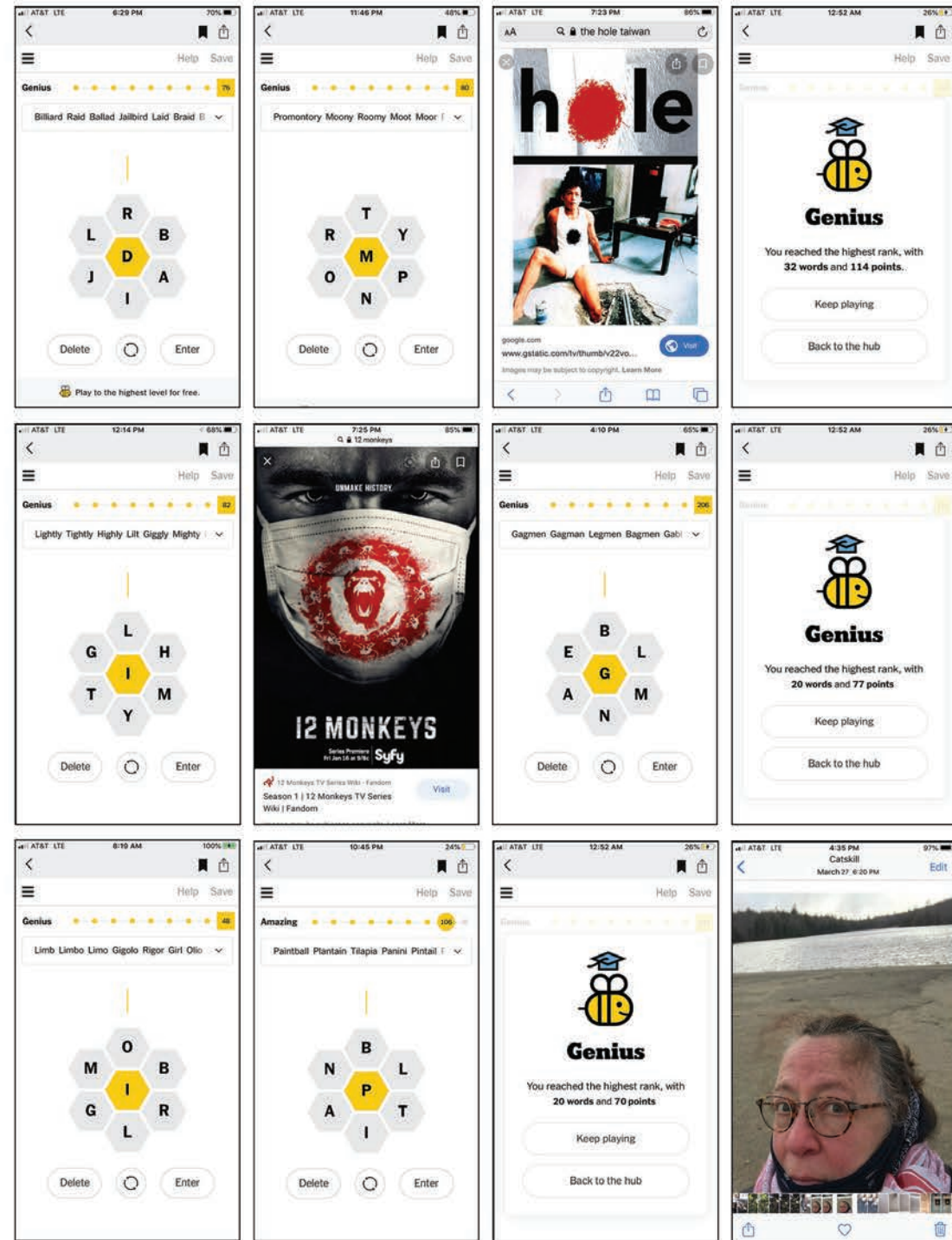
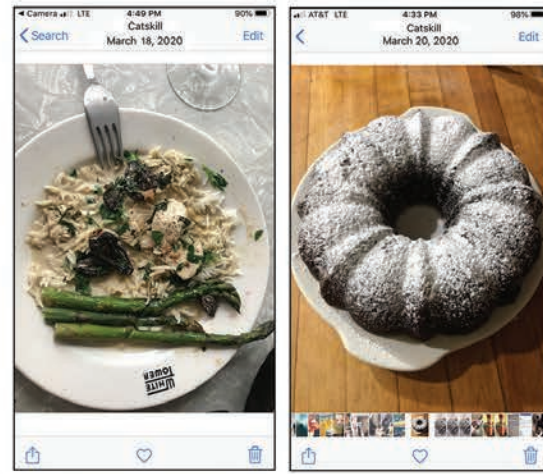


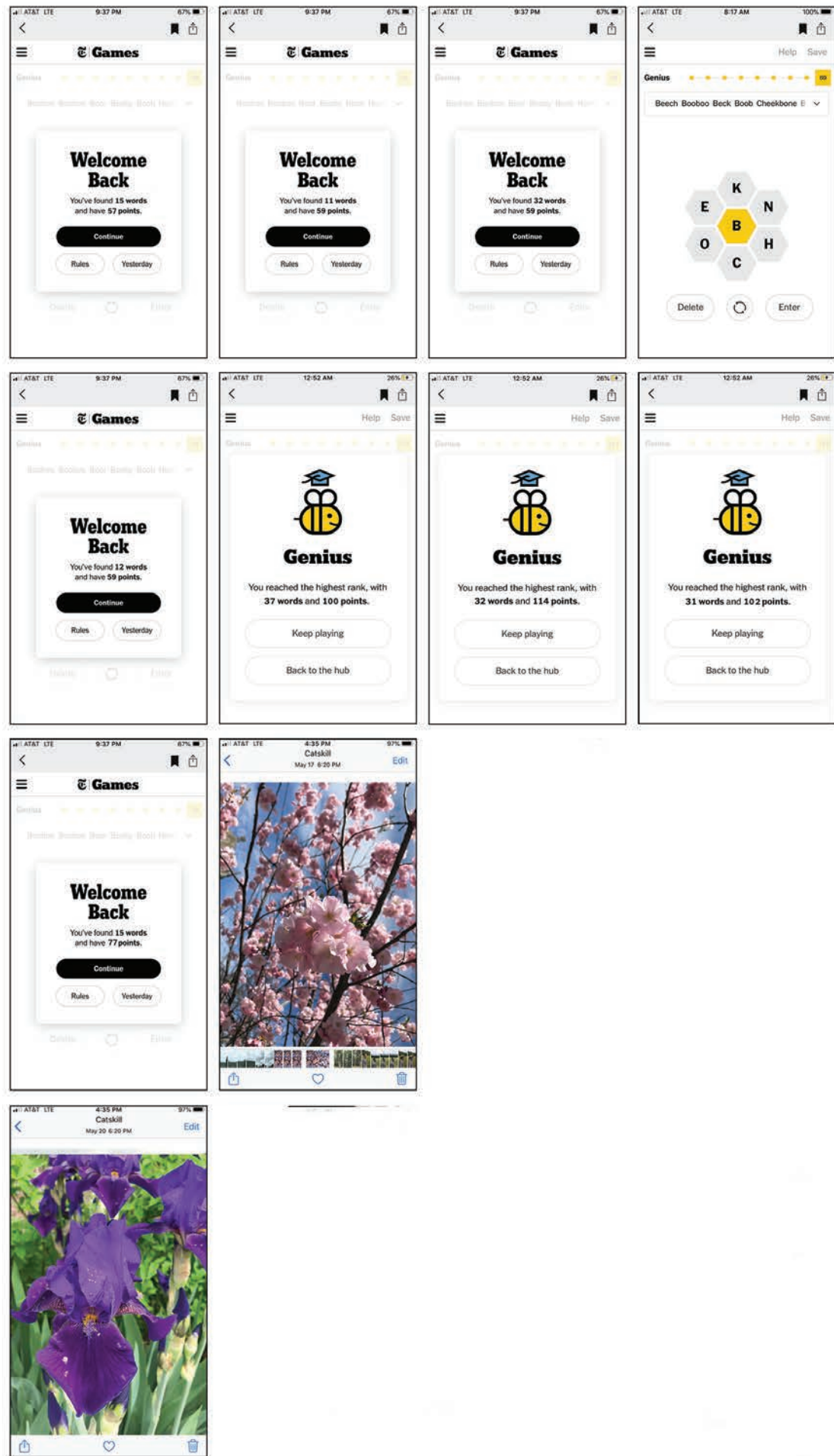
Hanna Nordholt/Fritz Steingrobe: \_\_\_hausen20 (2020) HD Video | 02:05 | [the.current.thing.net/1/v5](https://the.current.thing.net/1/v5)



# My Covid Slumber

Peggy Ahwesh





Emily Mode: "Can you change the title of my image or just leave it as untitled? It's basically a dream I had on May and woke up from it hearing myself yelling 'Wake up!' multiple times..Now I am wondering if it was a bit premonitory.." (2020)



It started this afternoon when I looked down at my boots. The displacement of a question certainly forms a system. Pale as death the young woman stretches across the foreground of a photo that displays all the hallmarks of a staged image. Every sentence has meaning, not as being the natural means by which a physical faculty is realized but as we said, by convention. There is still no theory of the state of exception in public law. Great star: what would your happiness be if you had not those for whom you shine. *La sottise, l'erreur, le péché, la lésine occupent nos esprits et travaillent nos corps et nous alimentons comme les mendiants nourrissent leur vermine.*

We meet Sergei, a Romanian exile at the Queens Burger Coffee Shop. Is *The Cidadan* a prosthetic gesture across language? The story so far: God has created the heaven and the earth, and night and day. Censorship has always been a dirty word. It derives

from the Latin for census taker or tax collector designating one of the most reviled citizens of the Roman Empire. Adieni and Horkheimer's essay published in the mid 1940's remains the classic denunciation of the culture industry. It offers a vision of society that has lost its capacity to nourish true freedom and individuality.

Now let me call back those who introduced me to the city. For although the child, in his solitary games grows up at close quarters to the city, he needs and seeks guides to its wider expanses, and the first of these - for the son of wealthy middle class parents like me - are sure to have seen nursemaids. The 20th anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall should have been a time for reflection.

In 120 days the construction of the integral will be complete. The great historic hour when the first integral will soar through outer space is nigh. Every work of art is the child of its age and, in many

cases, the mother of our emotions. One should open one's eyes and take a new look at cruelty. Women yearn for change and will make great sacrifices for it.

**Row 3.2-4**

I was trying to survive. As soon as she came out of the institution, she tried to put into effect her resolution to eat only fresh fruits and vegetables. Modern thought has realized considerable progress by reducing the existent to the series of appearances which manifest it. Accept nothing as true which I did not clearly recognize to be so. It was a long walk home to the little house just below Pumpkin Seed Point. Bunjil seems to be an old man, the benign Ngurungaeta or Headman of the tribe with his two wives and his son, the rainbow whose wife was the second rainbow which is sometimes visible from primitives to Zen.

Through all sorts of changes the same dream sometimes after an interval of several years recurs to me. The shark he has his teeth and there they are for all to see. The Howard Johnson's restaurant centered in New York City's theatre district offers a spectacle extraordinaire : vinyl upholstery, fake wood laminates, Formica moderne and a turnover of players savoring their French fries, overboiled vegetables and Jello cubes to the latest Muzak. Krapp remains a moment motionless, heaves a great sigh, looks at his watch, fumbles in his pockets, takes out an envelope, puts it back, fumbles, takes out a bunch of keys, raises it to his eyes, chooses a key, gets up and moves to front of table. I'm afraid I have to protest. I do not belong to the circle of philosophers. I neither feel like a philosopher nor do I believe I have been accepted in the circle of philosophers as you so kindly propose. Why should one tell the truth if it's to one's advantage to tell a lie.

**Row 3.3-4**

One sunny April day I set out to find Charles. Here they are, two North Americans, a man and woman just over 40, come to spend their lives in Mexico and already lost as they travel cross-country over the central plateau. That afternoon was the first time in her busted out life rings 'n things had met a man who wanted to know her real name before

banging her silly. "Daddy, why do things get in a muddle?". I really had no damn business there. Midway on our life's journey I found myself in dark woods, the right road lost. I dreamed the thong of my sandal broke, nothing to hold it to my foot. When your mama was the geek my dream lets Papa would say she made the nipping off of noggins such a crystal mystery that the hens themselves yearned toward her hypnotized with longing. His two girls are curled together like animals whose habit it is to sleep underground in the smallest space possible. Orlando had become a woman, there is no denying it. Jung's most basic and far reaching discovery is the collective unconscious or archetypal psyche. Happy families are all alike. Every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way. Sitting beside the road, watching the wagon mount the hill toward her Lena thinks, have come from Alabama: a fur piece. In 1890 during the pontificate of Leo XIII Antonio Armand DuBois, unbeliever and freemason visited Rome in order to consult Dr. X the celebrated specialist for pneumatic complaints. I know I was alright on Friday when I got up; if anything I was feeling more stolid than usual. Two mountain chains traverse the republic roughly from north to south forming between them a number of valleys and plateaus. Troy, you ought to stop that lying. Three gulls wheel above the broken boxes, orange rinds, spoiled cabbage heads that heave between the splintered plank walls, the green waves spume under the round bow as the ferry skidding on the tide, crashes, gulps the broken water, slides, settles slowly into the slip. Afterward he tried to reduce it to abstract terms, an accident in a world if accidents, the collision of opposing forces - the bumper of his car and the frail scrambling hunched over form of a dark little man with a wild look in his eye - but he wasn't very successful. The sun shone having no alternative on the nothing new. I shall soon be quite dead at last in spite of it all. Up to the time George Weber's father died, there were some unforgiving souls in the town of Libya Hill who spoke of him as a man who not only had deserted his wife and child, but had consummated his iniquity by going off to live with another woman. It's different with me. I don't like waiting. Estragon, sitting on a low mound, is trying to take off his boot.



Vainberg, age 30, a grossly overweight man with small deeply set blue eyes, a pretty Jewish beak that brings to mind the most distinguished breed of parrot and lips so delicate you would want to wipe them with the naked back of your hand. I am in the kitchen cooking spaghetti when the woman calls. I wanted to ignore the phone not only because the spaghetti was nearly done but because Claudio Abbado was bringing the London Symphony to its musical climax.

In Africa you want more I think. I didn't know much about autos at the time - I still don't for that matter - but it was an automobile that took me to Taliesen in the fall of 1932, through a country alternately fortified with trees and rolled out like a carpet to the back wall of its barns, hayracks and farmhouses through towns with names like Black Earth, Mazomanie, Coon Rock, where no one in living memory had ever seen a Japanese face. My objects are to be seen as stimulants for the transformation of the idea of sculpture

**Row 3.4-4**

We need first to understand that the human form - including human desire and all of its external representations may be changing radically, and thus must be re-envisioned. When *Thelma and Louise* was first released in the spring of 1991, I was conducting a screenwriting workshop for Austrian filmmakers in Vienna, a city of great beauty and culture, home of Mozart, Beethoven, Goethe, Schiller, Strauss, Mahler and Freud to name just a few and more recently the home of Billy Wilder and Arnold Schwarzenegger. We come to see ourselves differently as we catch sight of our images in the mirror of a machine. At about the time inventors began to perfect the photographic process in the late 19th century, they also began to consider techniques by which they could photographically reproduce motion. The concept of the body politic is not new. You mean to tell me that you went all the way to Crimea because of one sentence writ-ten by Susan Sontag? To show something as every- one sees is to have accomplished nothing. At first glance except for the twin beds, the room resembles any number of small classroom almost anywhere in the country. I remember that

month of January in Tokyo, or rather I remember the images that I filmed of the month of January in Tokyo. I resolved to shun storytelling, I would write about life. The American handed Leamus another cup of coffee and said "Why don't you go back and sleep? We can ring you if he shows up." I am more interested in a phenomenon that has been more maligned than understood: the appearance in the 19th and 20th centuries of a wide variety of erotic and pornographic images - both still and moving - produced in the era of mass produced in the era of mechanical reproduction.

Humankind lingers unregenerately in Plato's cave, still reveling in its age-old habits, in mere images of the truth. San Francisco's changed, the things that spelled San Francisco are changing fast. During the Fall and Winter of 1974 - 75, millions of TV. both in England and the U.S. followed week after week, the events of the second world war as depicted in the 26 consecutive episodes of the Television production *The World at War*. The completion of Ivan's Childhood marked the end of one cycle of my life, and of a process that I saw as a kind of self determination. The inventors of cinema who were legion, included diverse showmen and others with interests other than showmanship. Make no mistake, this essence of the absolute is circulated by enemies of the established order. Archaism can be appropriate, and above all, the archaic cannot simply be repeated although it is true that the cultivation of things archaic is a proven device in art production. Although Robert Morris has lately been telling us that we are living through a period in which the private sensibility has taken precedence over the public. I myself can't recall a time when the politics of art were so openly and heartily discussed. Delay call forwarding and yet you're saying yes, almost suddenly, sometimes automatically, some-times irreversibly. The 19th century in North America and Western Europe saw the beginning of a process today being completed by corporate capitalism. The femme fatale is the figure of a certain unease, a potential epistemological trauma. The best way to appreciate the merit and consequences of being digital is to reflect on the difference between bits and atoms.

During the 2020 global pandemic, filmmaker Lynne Sachs and her daughter Noa collaborated with Anne Lesley Selcer to create *Girl is Presence*. The work is a form of reading and listening in response to disquieting words from Selcer's poem "Sun Cycle." The film's multitude of disparate objects sensorily reflect back a disharmonious and tense list of voiced nouns. The poem's original tone, contextualized by a book that deals with gender and power, takes on an expanded sense here. Against the uncertain and anxious pandemic atmosphere, inside domestic space, the 'girl' arranges and rearranges a collection of small and mysterious things.



*Girl is Presence*  
4 min. color sound 2020  
a film by Lynne Sachs and Anne Lesley Selcer | [the.current.thing.net/1/v6](http://the.current.thing.net/1/v6)



[www.recyclingplasticinevitable.com](http://www.recyclingplasticinevitable.com)

# “tomorrow i failed completely”

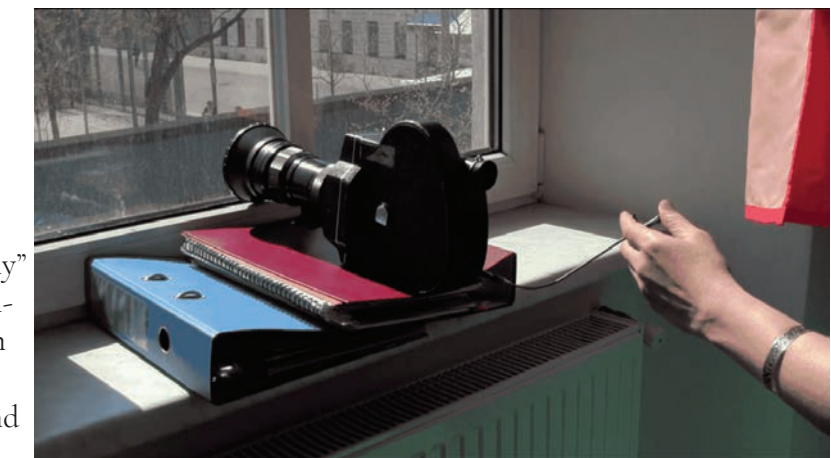
6:30 min., 16 mm and HD  
video, sound, 2020, Austria

## Masha Godovannaya

Combining 16 mm film and digital video with poetic storytelling, the project “tomorrow i failed completely” is built on mundane actions and narratives of an individual who tries to keep herself alive, safe and sane in the times of the catastrophe (the Covid-19 outbreak, national lock-downs, self-isolation, closed borders and the ensuing economic crisis), while escaping into the past through writing and filming in order to imagine the better future.

Like everyone else, I have been locked in my Vienna apartment since March 14, 2020. Locked in solitude trying not to go mad and pushing myself into all kind of activities, including writing about my recent films for my PhD dissertation. I had my 16 mm camera near at hand loaded with expired 16 mm stock: Kodak color negative, Soviet Svema color reversal and Orwo b/w negative; all meant to be hand-processed in the DIY lab in Vienna. The camera captured affectively, through a window, how the park at Yppenplatz was getting emptier and emptier; how people still tried to get some fresh air and meet each other; how the police had been chasing them away; how day slipped into night, and how the night was broken by the day; how trees started to blossom regardless of the curfew, social distancing, and human preoccupations...

The camera was near at hand as well as my pen and a writing pad during all those days of the lock-down. Following the autoethnographic approach I have developed, I continued keeping research diaries interweaving personal observations of these challenging



Masha Godovannaya: “tomorrow i failed completely”  
6:30 min., 16 mm and HD video, sound, 2020, Austria  
[the.current.thing.net/1/v7](http://the.current.thing.net/1/v7)



days with theoretical texts and reflections on my films. Diving into queer utopia and looking back at the works (this “backward glance that enacts a future vision” (Muñoz), I tried to skip over the maddening present while “encountering and documenting the past” (Freeman). But it was a failed attempt and the imbedded contradiction in verb tenses in the film’s title reflects that. The present, this horrific “now and here”, to which José Muñoz tried to counterpoise an alternative queer futurity, clamored for attention in a most violent and unimaginable way.

Those months passed – March, April, May. I casted another retrospective glance which, according to Craig Gingrich-Philbrook, is crucial for turning an autoethnographic account into literature and in my case – into a film. I was back to the film lab, to solitude and darkness which were productive at this time. Back to the images and texts, which became evidence and ephemeral traces of the catastrophe, which divided lives and the world “before Covid-19” and “after”.

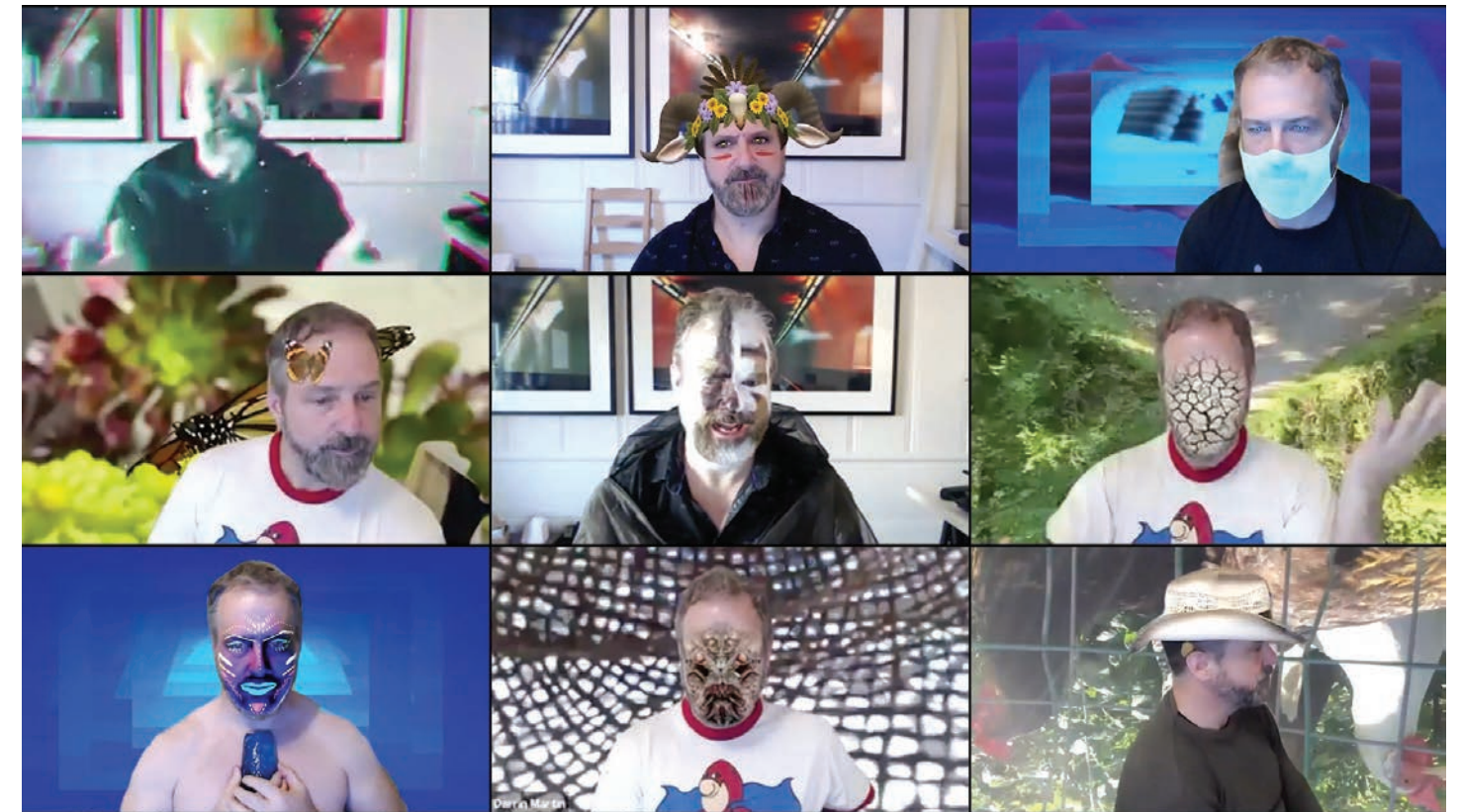
CETTE AFFICHE  
N'A RIEN À  
VENDRE

ON EST  
JUSTE TRÈS  
HEUREUX DE  
VOUS REVOIR

### Wild Constellations

Boomtime histories do not a cultural epicenter always make. Shadows of Funk loom large as the white noise of tech is the latest AbEx to rebel against. How do we make a home in a nomadic soup kitchen of need? The capitalist shell game could save an art school or queer drag bar to live another day but often chooses not to. You can't divest if you've never nurtured to begin with. The so-called creatives are not the artistic foot soldiers arising to aggregate communities around cultures of change. Projectors beam light through the dark to find a semblance of visions whose pixels never remain the same, but the conglomeration of curious images spark more imagination than a market can contain. What constellations will arise in the night sky on the other side the quarantine and be used to navigate this craft through the waters of the Bay?

Darrin Martin , Oakland, CA



Darrin Martin: Zoom Meetings (with myself), 7:40, 2020 | [the.current.thing.net/1/v8](https://the.current.thing.net/1/v8)

Zoom Meetings (with myself) is the synergy between an artist and the latest application of personal/professional communication. Feedback loops, anti-facial recognition make-up, and snapchat disguises flicker across the screen accompanied by rambling soliloquies and song in an attempt to know oneself better in times of unending transmissions.



# For you [second person plural]

belit sağ & Sebastian Lütgert

**From:** @alison.c.nguyen, Andrei Tarkovsky, Ariane Müller, Arto Tunç Boyacıyan, Arundhati Roy, Le Comité invisible, Dmytri Kleiner, Eric D. Clark, Fang Fang, Graeme Thomson, The Go-Betweens, @good\_vietnam\_shirts, Hazal Halavut, Hieronymus Bosch, Isabel de Sena, j@, Jean-Luc Godard, Kolektif Istanbul, Lanzifer Eligos Longinus, Mariano Llinás, Mhysa, Michèle Graf, Mitski Miyawaki, Namita Malhotra, Nida Ghouse, Pieter Bruegel, @sahirious, Salma El Tarzi, Scarlett Johansson, Selina Grüter, Shuddhabrata Sengupta, Silvia Maglioni, @somo795, Zoe Leonard

**For:** Ahmet Gürata, Alper Solaris, Ashish Rajadhyaksha, Ashok Sukumaran, brokep, Defne, Deniz, Deniz Buga, Fang, Güliz Sağlam, Hande Sakarya, Helin Bölek, Inder Salim, Iram Ghufuran, Iz Öztat, Joulia Strauss, Lawrence Liang, Madhusree Dutta, Maha Mahmoun, Malak Helmy, Mansour, Marcell Mars, Mirene Arsanios, Neşe Nogay, Onur Metin, Özge Celikaskan, Pelin Tan, Phalguni Desai, Philip Rizk, Ravi Sundaram, Sanjay Bhangar, Sean Dockray, Shahira Issa, Shaina Anand, Tomislav Medak, Vasif Kortun, Yetkin, Zebal Yesayan, Zinnia Ambarpardiwala, [i don't remember your name]

**High-resolution online version with audio, video and other extras:**  
<https://bak.ma/documents/RT>, <https://rolux.org/emaf2020>



I want a d  
with aids  
vice presi  
health insi  
up in a pla  
with toxic  
choice abou  
president t  
I want a ca  
evils and I  
last lover  
their eyes  
who held th  
they were d  
aircondition  
line at the  
office and h  
sexually har  
I want someo  
tombs and ha  
survived rap  
love and bee  
made mistakes  
Black woman

I mean I know I'm in a privileged place, I find it difficult to think about things that I can not find a way to support, deportation centers for example, or prisons. I'm furious, but where this fury end up? the situation asks us to be even more active and I feel I don't yet have the means in this situation.

What does solidarity mean now? What are its tools in this situation?

my theory is that solidarity is exactly where it was before. those who practice solidarity practice solidarity now, just more so. but the thing is: solidarity must begin in peace time. lets say: why do i feel "solidarity" with bak.ma? (and of course that's not just one thing, bak.ma, it's nothing monolithic or coherent, many different perspectives or struggles went into it, many different perspectives or struggles come out of it, many different people are involved in it in very different ways.) my solidarity with bak.ma is because i like you [second person plural, maybe that's more interesting than first person plural anyway], i like to spend time with you, i like to watch films with you and get drunk with you. it's not because some asshole head of state of turkey is making your life miserable, and murders people and drives people into exile and turns istanbul into some sad disneyland and makes life extra miserable for everyone who is not a male asshole like himself. if my solidarity started at that point, when you were already miserable, it would come too late. this i why i find it weird when people say now: oh, we have to practice solidarity with egypt! we have to practice solidarity with india! because either you have been practicing that solidarity anyway, or you're a bit late to the party.

WISH YOU WERE

# Cancelled

2020 European Media Art Festival

Feedback



Kind of hesitant, and she was like: do it, and it turned out she was right). yet, more broadly, at the same time i think: what the fuck is everyone doing? do we really still need another almost non-existing online catalogue for yet another almost non-existing online media art festival? do we need zoom meeting schedules and translation deadlines, as if the world wasn't on fire? (to a certain degree, the answer is yes, because you can't just stop everything immediately, that would be unhealthy, it's okay to "cherish a few old habits"), but i sometimes have the impression that some of these habits are \*escalating\* - and that's not just an observation of others, also of myself - and people are spending way too much time in front of screens and way too little time dancing to music or observing birds or making nice food or taking care of their plants and such things. it feels a bit like this panicked "business as usual" in germany in the 1950s. lets just work work work on stuff stuff stuff so there's no time left for questions, no space left for being unsure about anything. so... i guess i'm super glad we have a chance to talk more tomorrow, but i also don't think we're like animals in a zoo, maybe we talk about some stuff we can share, but maybe also we talk about stuff that is not a performance in front of an imaginary online audience. we'll see...

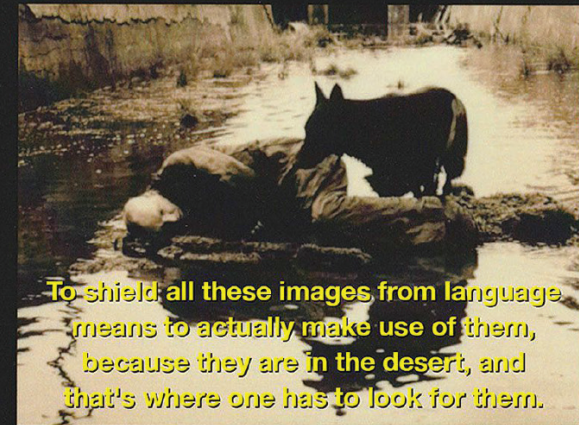
1- it is cloudy again\_Fang Fang.gif  
It is cloudy again. A bit chilly, but not too cold. I walked out to look at the sky.  
A sky without sunshine is somewhat gloomy and dismal, I thought.

i have a similar feeling, yes. dark humour is important, but dark humour is best practiced in small groups of two or three or maybe five people, not on the internet.  
I don't want an online exhibition, or a screening, and online x or y, not sure if this is the answer. A conversation online could be good, I yearn for it, but things that ask my attention again and again, giving me times and dates to attend this or that... Cultural institutions dominating the online space as capitalists they are, I don't have any wish to be part of this. But also trying to figure out if there is any part of that is about me being conservative, old school or just being old :) I would have a long good conversation, but don't want to have an exhibition as if nothing is happening, business as usual attitude... The recognition of the loss is the first thing I want to acknowledge, and maybe stay in that recognition and that feeling till I figure out the next move.  
Like this Calvin and Hobbes comic:), "my feelings have feelings", I don't want to have feelings about my feelings, I just want to feel them without distractions.  
The attention economy is over the roof, overwhelming.

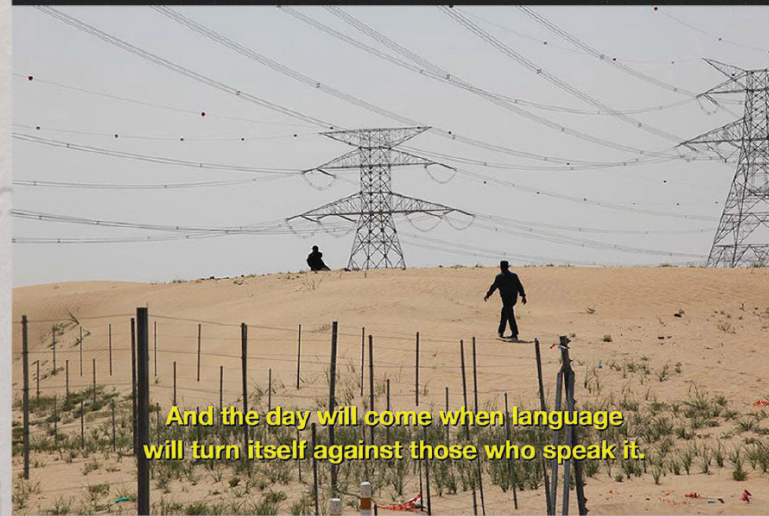
GERMAN



So, the image... Historians don't search, they find.

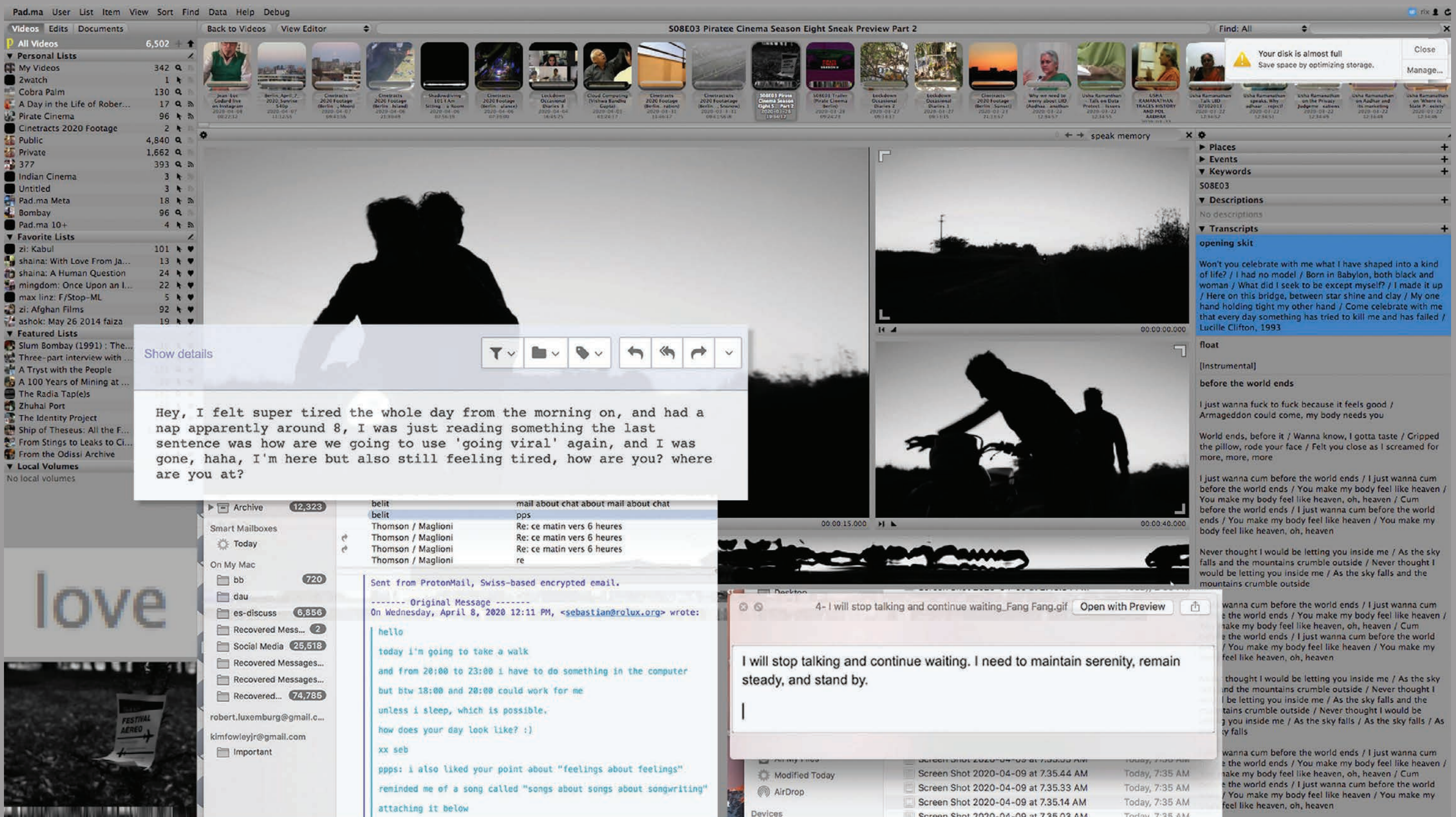


To shield: all these images from language means to actually make use of them, because they are in the desert, and that's where one has to look for them.



And the day will come when language will turn itself against those who speak it.





Show details

Hey, I felt super tired the whole day from the morning on, and had a nap apparently around 8, I was just reading something the last sentence was how are we going to use 'going viral' again, and I was gone, haha, I'm here but also still feeling tired, how are you? where are you at?

belit mail about chat about mail about chat  
belit pps  
Thomson / Maglioni Re: ce matin vers 6 heures  
Thomson / Maglioni Re: ce matin vers 6 heures  
Thomson / Maglioni Re: ce matin vers 6 heures  
Thomson / Maglioni re  
Sent from ProtonMail, Swiss-based encrypted email.  
----- Original Message -----  
On Wednesday, April 8, 2020 12:11 PM, <sebastian@rolux.org> wrote:  
hello  
today i'm going to take a walk  
and from 20:00 to 23:00 i have to do something in the computer  
but btw 18:00 and 20:00 could work for me  
unless i sleep, which is possible.  
how does your day look like? :)  
xx seb  
ppps: i also liked your point about "feelings about feelings"  
reminded me of a song called "songs about songs about songwriting"  
attaching it below

4- I will stop talking and continue waiting\_Fang Fang.gif  
I will stop talking and continue waiting. I need to maintain serenity, remain steady, and stand by.

To paraphrase What The Virus Said (2): Don't give in to the biopolitical hysterias. Take care of yourself, of those you love and of what you love in those you don't know. Rethink along with them, decisively, what a just form of life would be, organize clusters of right living, and end all carelessness now.

12 hrs · 👤  
 Egyptians are with safety procedures, isolation and distance and expand a little, Haj, don't breathe in a trash, miss, with the same logic that most men deal with the ku..  
 ⚙️ · See original · Rate this translation

6 hrs · 🌐  
 The thing is, what if in a couple months nobody wants to start going to schools and offices and conferences and stuff anymore?  
 🗳️ · See original · Rate this translation

' I want to think of you as if you are spring in diyarbakir. So glad I have you. In the middle of the day  
 ⚙️ · See original · Rate this translation



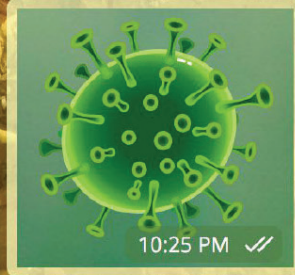
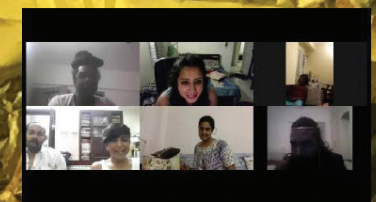
naar intensive care  
 "In de loop van de avond is de gezondheid van de premier achteruit gegaan", staat in een verklaring van

MAMA Zagreb  
 16 hrs · 🌐  
 Get sick with mom on the internet! Free!  
 ⚙️ · See original · Rate this translation

the end of corona and capitalism, all at once

the attention economy is going mad, i agree. of course, many people in culture or in the arts have a lot of free time, so they can produce a lot more than usual, and some of it is really good, but in the end, a lot of this is going to end in exhaustion and post corona depression.

I want to keep being unsure. I think being too certain, too clear about my views feels like the opposite of political. a transition period like this one, needs a change that shakes the earth for all, it should not take the form of a clarity that is not open for conversation. 'Maybe', 'perhaps' and other questioning sentences... to be able to imagine an "otherworldly" world that will/might follow this one... I don't mean a mode where one can not do anything but question, but a combination



2- Today I saw this phrase\_Fang... Open with Preview

Today I saw this phrase: "When you hear someone say 'we will do this at all costs', do not assume that you are the 'we', you are only 'cost' that is being paid."

DAS WAREN DIE NACHRICHTEN

I hope you keep in mind, you and I are left behind

Michèle Graf und Selina Grüter

Wenn ich von mir spreche, meine *ich*, das sich auf *du* bezieht. Kaja Silverman beschreibt, dass *ich* und *du* und *es* auch *hier* und *dort* endlos umkehrbar Signifikanten sind, der Signifikant *du* der von einer Person an eine andere gerichtet wird, übersetzt sich in der Vorstellung der zweiten Person sofort in *ich*, und *hier* und *dort* funktionieren auf ganz ähnliche Weise. Ich muss betonen, dass diese Signifikanten ebenso wenig wie andere Signifikanten mit realen Personen und Objekten in Verbindung stehen, der Begriff *Ich* hat also keinen Bezug zur organischen Realität des Subjekts, das ihn benutzt, und *dort* auch nicht mit einem physischen Ort zusammen. *Ich* bezieht so seine Vollständigkeit aus *du* und *hier* auf.

Nun gut, ich frage mich, in Sprache ich diesen Text schreiben muss wohl auf Deutsch sein, denn was ich sagen werde, wird tigerschein, in der Übermittlung,

126

piratecinema thegermanstage indiancine bak grandtheftdata

Folder Folder Folder

Folder Folder Folder

grandtheftdata.com twitter.com greateranglia.com

bak + Add a Site

50 Years of Nothin...



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No Memories Today

Thanks for stopping by. There aren't any Memories to see today, but we'll let you know when you have some to look back on.

rosemary Re: Jan's 40th birthday  
belit Re: re

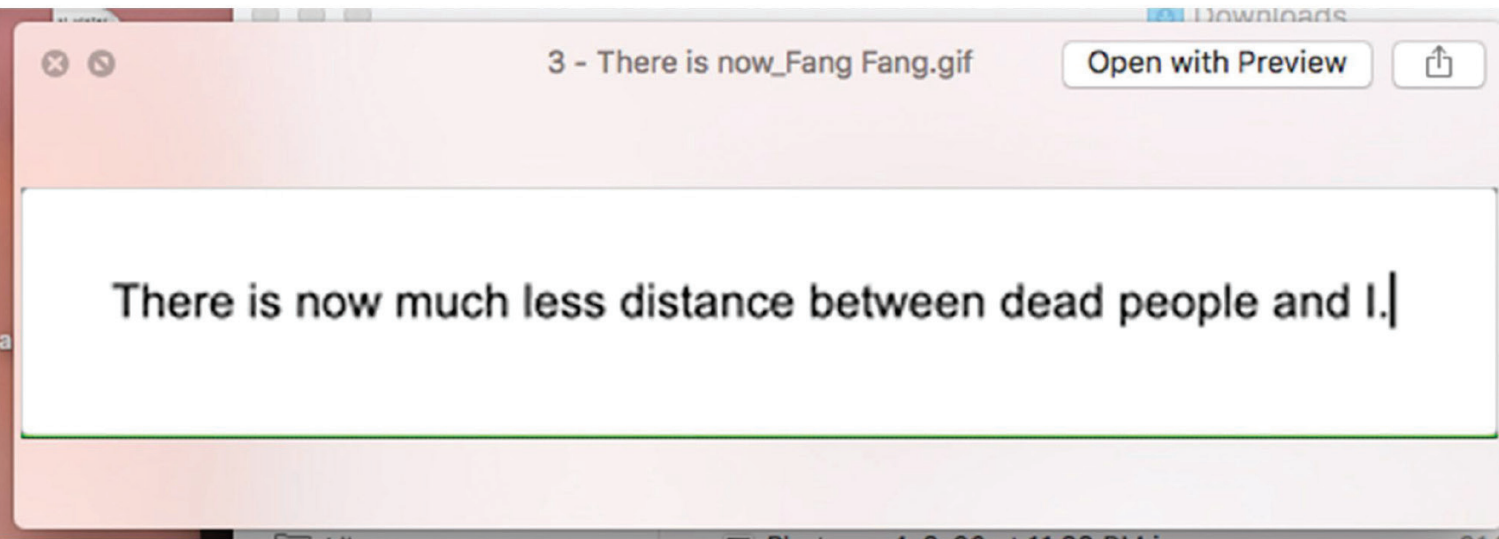
Apr 10, 2020 22 KB  
Apr 9, 2020 3 KB

but it should have music from you too  
no rush, big hug, see you soon & take care ~s  
<Screenshot 2020-04-10 at 18.09.38.png>

there is no 'we'... when 'we' has to be protected, another 'we' might need to be sacrificed. fragile, non-existent, seemingly inclusive, but excluding...

Es gibt kein "wir", keine first person plural, ausser vielleicht in einer Demonstration, wo alle zusammen "wir" sagen. Siamo tutti antifascisti. Wir sind nicht alle es

There is no "we", no first person plural, except maybe in a demonstration where everybody says "we" together. Siamo tutti antifascisti. We are not all of us, there is a



sebastian

You cannot lose if you do not play. -- Marla Daniels

03 (GMT+2) Berlin, Germany

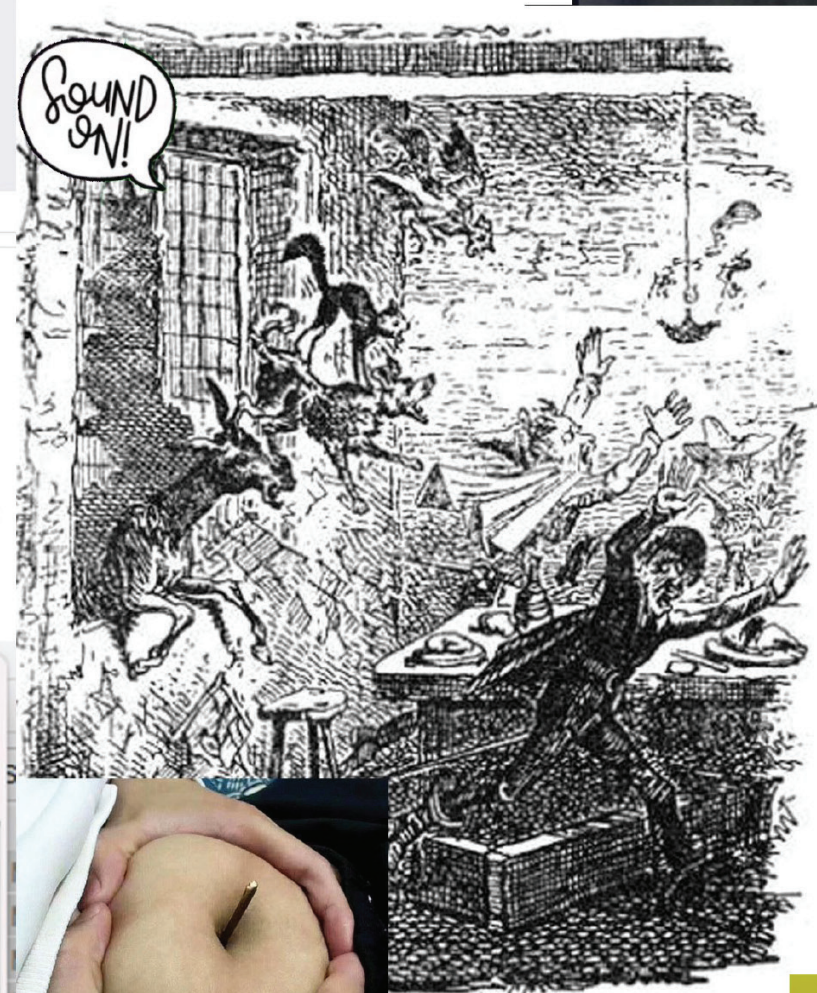
ALEXANDRIA, WISH YOU WERE HERE

Historically, pandemics have forced humans to break with the past and imagine their world anew. This one is no different. It is a portal, a gateway between one world and the next.

We can choose to walk through it, dragging the carcasses of our prejudice and hatred, our avarice, our date banks and dead ideas, our dead rivers and smoky skies behind us. Or we can walk through lightly, with little luggage, ready to imagine another world. And ready to fight for it.

"dxnzptvlzmm1ytkzlm1ycwnibmxvwdkbkuuk3vxjplwjhrerzqlrys2dvbu1oywtsb1laakqtrk9wmerob19vwlz3bvjhwbtjm2xoodfsvffhvxoztldbofftr1hgms00sepbjtnejtnejnprzd0ynjbkzmuwmwe3ntq0owzhoti5mtdlmgqyotn2iymg"... kelimesi çok uzun. Lütfen daha kısa bir kelime kullanmayı deneyin.

I MIGHT LOOK INNOCENT BUT I SCREENSHOT A LOT



- +11
- +475
- +147
- +105
- +2
- +89
- +3
- +18
- +6
- +33
- +15
- +3
- +4
- +2

everyone in their online classes now



Lanzifer Eligos Longinus added a new photo to the album: Medieval Hysteria Illuminated. April 8 at 5:52 PM

It's all fun and games recreating medieval paintings under quarantine, until you go Bosch.



## Deutsche Übersetzung

[english here: <https://bak.ma/documents/RT>]

Mit dem Titel fängt es schon an: ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>sechs!</sup> Buchstaben, zwei englische Wörter, eine der gebräuchlichsten Phrasen der Welt, und doch: absolut unübersetzbar ins Deutsche. Ich muss gestehen, ich war froh, als mir der Titel eingefallen ist. Ich wollte nämlich keine deutsche Übersetzung machen – wovon auch – bloss weil das mal ein formales Requirement war, bevor Dear Virus kam und Festivals und Filmprogramme und Kataloge sich virtualisieren machte. Ich hoffe das ist okay. In meiner Erinnerung waren die besten Momente in der Quarantäne Momente resoluten und unbürokratischen Handelns – zum Teil deutlich heroischere Akte, als sich bloss um eine Übersetzung zu drücken! – und das ist unter Freunden und Freundinnen natürlich einfacher als für Institutionen. Ich spüre da eine gewisse Desynchronisierung, ganz unterschiedliche Arten, ins incommunicado der Quarantäne zu verschwinden. Auf der einen Seite das Bilden von Einzelzellen oder Kleingruppen, auf der anderen Seite der Rückzug der Institutionen. Ich hab gerade selbst ein Stipendium bei einer, aber ich weiss gar nicht so genau, was diese Institution gerade macht, und ich selbst mache ganz andere Sachen als geplant.

Es gibt kein "wir", keine first person plural, ausser vielleicht in einer Demonstration, wo alle zusammen "wir" sagen. Siamo tutti antifascisti. Wir sind nicht alle, es fehlen die Gefangenen, Ermordeten, Vergessenen. Wir wollen schlafen! Selbst das gab's mal, in den 90ern, in Berlin. Demo der KPD/RZ gegen nächtliche Ruhestörung und sinnlose Gewalt. Das war eine first person plural, zweitausend Leute, auch wenn wir alle kaum brüllen konnten vor Lachen. Bis die Demo in der Admiralstrasse von den Berliner Bullen zusammengeknüppelt wurde. Die Türkei hat liberalere Traditionen(?), ich erinnere mich an die Demonstration während der Istanbul Biennale 2015, hunderttausend Leute, und die wurden nicht zusammengeknüppelt, obwohl am Nachmittag schon Twitter und Facebook abgeschaltet worden waren. Ich war mit meinen türkischen Freundinnen da, und obwohl die Stimmung aggressiv wurde, war ich froh und erleichtert, weil nämlich meine Freundinnen noch am Leben waren, und zwar bloss, weil wir uns in Istanbul verabredet hatten und sie deshalb am Morgen nicht auf der Demo in Ankara gewesen sind, wo über 100 Linke von der Lieblingsguerilla des türkischen Staates ermordet worden waren. Das war ein "wir", mit dem ich zwar verbunden war, zu dem ich aber nicht dazugehörte. Die Biennale wenigstens haben sie zugemacht. Ist schon auch okay, mal was ausfallen zu lassen. Tod den deadlines! Nieder mit den character counts! Facebook faşizme mezar olacak! (\*\*\*)

Es gibt das "wir" in der Revolution, und das ist selten genug. Ansonsten ist "wir", wenn eine first person singular "wir" sagt, meist eine Anmassung. Im Namen anderer zu sprechen solltet ihr euch alle abgewöhnen. Und wo ihr schon beim Abgewöhnen seid: zu allen zu sprechen, das ist das Schlimmste. Belanglosen intimen Scheiss in die weite Welt rauszutweeten, oder einen Vortrag zu halten, ohne sich überlegt zu haben, an wen genau sich der richtet. Nicht alle Bilder sind für alle. Nicht alle müssen alles verstehen. Manches sind geheime Botschaften an nur ein oder zwei Personen. Und trotzdem können sich die anderen das ja auch anschauen. Die sehen dann halt was anderes.

Und die, die gemeint sind, wissen, dass sie gemeint sind. Deshalb auch der Go-Betweens Track, Streets of Your Town, ein Missverständnis von internationaler Solidarität als love song: Es sind eure Strassen und Städte, in denen ich mich bewege, an eurem Stacheldraht entlang, eure Flüsse und eure Boote, in denen ich gefahren bin, jeden Tag(\*), und von wo aus ich jetzt den Rest der Welt sehe.(\*\*) Wir haben tausend Sachen gemacht, zu denen uns niemand gezwungen hat. Ihr und ich, das war immer etwas ganz anderes als ein "wir". Ihr und ich haben Dinge vervielfältigt, nicht bloss zusammengehalten.

Es fehlt der Teil darüber, was ich an Belit mag, warum ihr Film so gut ist, und was sie vor ein paar Jahren auf der Transmediale gemacht hat, als sie in einer "Diskussionsrunde" so super idiotisch eingeführt wurde: als eine andere von woanders, der "wir" vielleicht helfen können. Belits Film ist nämlich concise, ein einziger Satz, ein paar mal wiederholt, fast schon wie bei Straub. Und ihre Antwort auf der Transmediale war auch concise, indem sie nämlich einfach den Frame verlassen hat, in dem man sie da eingerahmt hatte, und bloss gesagt hat, dass sie nichts sagen kann.

> the situation at transmediale came to my mind  
> "how can we help this ~~xxxxx~~ person singular" second!  
> and i wanted to promote something different  
> what can the i and the second person plural form  
> that is better than just another illus~~xxxx~~ary we

Und jetzt setz ich mich noch einen Tag hin und übersetze das alles nochmal ins Englische, damit irgendeiner meiner Freunde, für die das hier ja geschrieben ist, es auch lesen kann? Nö, ich bin ja nicht blöd. Morgen gehe ich raus, an irgendein Ufer, Vögel beobachten.

(\*) auch wenn "Flüsse" das falsche Wort ist für Istanbul oder Bombay oder die grösste Stadt der Welt ohne fliessendes Wasser, Bangalore. Und der Yamuna River in Delhi ist auch nicht so toll. Den Fluss in Kairo, vom Piratenboot aus, mochte ich allerdings schon. "Solidarität" ist natürlich nichts davon, solange ihr nicht mit der gleichen Selbstverständlichkeit auf der Spree fahren, am Landwehrkanal sitzen oder in den Schlachtensee springen könnt. Wenn die Deutschen ihre Freiheit in aller Welt verteidigen, könnten sie euch ja zumindest hin und wieder mal dazu einladen, eure eigene Freiheit in Deutschland zu verteidigen – ohne euch immer so viele Steine in den Weg zu legen.

(\*\*) in the long run, this is an unsustainable perspective.  
International air travel is a race to the bottom.

[ALT ENDING: + vielen Dank an Emaf für die Gelegenheit, länger mit Belit zu sprechen, als ich mich sonst mir ihr unterhalten hätte vermutlich. Und ich hatte mich auch schon gefreut, Belit und Shuddha in Osnabrück zu treffen. Mir schon vorgestellt, wie Shuddha auf mich zukommt und fragt: "What extraordinary coincidence brings you here?"]

(\*\*\*) not unproblematic, see  
[https://thegermanissue.com/texts/notes\\_for\\_what\\_happened\\_to\\_sharing\\_is\\_caring\\_5.html](https://thegermanissue.com/texts/notes_for_what_happened_to_sharing_is_caring_5.html)

BRUISE IS  
BLEEDING'S  
PERFECTION  
CONTAINED

ANTI-  
SPHERE  
DEPRESSIVE  
SPACE

# dis appoint ment

## Graeme Arnfield

In the winter of 1973 people gathered. Some peered out from apartment windows. Others stood on their drives, huddled with their families. Some fled into nature, expecting the worst. Others eagerly monitored scientific equipment. And somewhere beyond the Earth's atmosphere three Americans orbited the planet. All stared into the void of space hoping to catch a glimpse of "the comet of the century".

**In 1911 on an unremarkable morning in Egypt no one was expecting anything in particular. A farmer, Mohammed Ali Effeni Hakim, had no plans of note when he went out to feed his dog. When he got there his dog was nowhere to be seen.**

Luboš Kohoutek had a knack for witnessing the unseen. One night at the observatory in Hamburg, which he had worked at since fleeing Czechoslovakia, he spotted a bright dot, one he didn't recognize. In the years prior he had discovered 35 minor planets but this discovery would be his most significant to date. He named his discovery 1973 F - it would be colloquially referred to as Comet Kohoutek.

The night before the sound of explosions had echoed across the sky. In the morning a

mysterious column of white smoke greeted those that looked upwards.

Through out history comets were taken as prophetic signs, messages from the gods. Their arrival signified the coming of great disasters - pestilence, wars and the death of rulers, all predestined to occur. In the century since these comets have transformed. Rather than predicting the future with them comes information about the past. That through patient observation of their morphological state these comets reveal the history of our celestial neighbors. Expectations were high for Kohoutek's comet. It's predicted trajectory coupled with its suspected origins for the depths of the Oort cloud meant that it offered a rare chance to study matter in its untouched primordial state. And that as a consequence it would burn brightly, vaporizing spectacularly, smearing its vibrant tail across the heavens. It would be visible even to the naked eye.

**Scanning across the landscape for any sign of his dog what did Mohammed first consider? Perhaps that they were hiding? That they ran away? That they were attacked by something in the night? Did he think about the unnerving noises that had awoken him? On closer examination of where his dog usually lay he found several strange rocks - his dog had been killed by a meteorite.**

A few mornings before his comet becomes visible to those waiting on Earth Kohoutek spoke to 3 Americans floating in space. Days prior they had witnessed his comet, the first human beings in space to study one. Sent up a month earlier to challenge the limits of human activity, to test how long someone could live, and more importantly work in those conditions they would be in space for longer than anyone before them. Days after their conversation

these astronauts would go on strike, downing tools in zero gravity. Tired of the labour conditions forced upon them by those on the surface, they spending their days instead staring out the window, reflecting on the space where "the comet of the century" had crossed their path. In order to appease the striking astronauts NASA would collaborate with them on an agreement of rights. But upon their return would discredit their emancipatory actions, blaming them on mental instability and inexperience.

**Geological authorities flooded this new meteorite site, the once home of Mohammed's dog. Extracting them from the ground in the coming months 40 pieces of meteorite will be collected for the region - samples that were sent across the Atlantic to the Smithsonian for testing.**

As the day came closer comet fever took hold. Johnny Carson made jokes about it on The Tonight Show. Luxury liner QE2 sailed from New York with 1,700 passengers on a special "comet cruise". Sun Ra organized his arkestra to serenade its journey across the sky. While predicting disasters to come, members of the Children of God cult fled each other, spreading across America to protect the future of their organisation.

**Working out the origins of the rock became a game of elimination. Slicing open a fragment and bathing it in acid, telltale iron-nickel crystals revealed themselves. Igneous in form its only likely birthplace became Mars. Expelled out a billion years ago from a volcanic stretch of Martian terrain, it had travelled across the universe, raining down through the Earth's atmosphere, splintering above a Northern Egyptian village. Pieces pierced the arable land-burrowing a metre deep**

**into the place where a dog once lived, where a dog was evaporated instantaneously.**

On the night on the 23rd December people gathered. Staring into the sky nothing much happened. A faint dot amongst many, Kohoutek's comet came and went unexpectacularly. The predictions were wrong it didn't burn brightly. This was not its first time through our galaxy. It brought nothing new. It had already melted centuries before, unseen by science. Its hidden past had snuffed out its future, leaving only a disappointing present. Kohoutek became a cultural punch line, a synonym for disappointment. Perhaps it was the comet of the century, just not this one.

**Circulated around international exhibitions the largest chunks of Mohammed's meteorite found their way to the British Museum. Cracking open a fragment that had killed his dog a new Martian future burst into the present. Noticing minerals that could have only been formed from contact with water, this rock became the first physical evidence of potential water on Mars. As probes collected samples of the Martian geology, comparing them to the promises found amongst the ashes of a dead dog, a new frontier of age-old extractivist violence emerged.**

Graeme Arnfield  
London, UK  
June 1st 2020

Written on the occasion of SpaceX becoming the first private company to send humans into orbit.



Torsten Z. Burns: HelsinkiMoonKit [HD video, variable time/length]  
[the.current.thing.net/1/v10](https://the.current.thing.net/1/v10)



Monika Czyzyk: Verticality of Self [2020] HD video, 00:31  
[the.current.thing.net/1/v11](https://the.current.thing.net/1/v11)



# Daily Haikus

Kathy Brew

April 16  
Mother earth speaks loud  
Screaming in a thundercloud  
Wake up, wake up, now!



May 6  
Essential workers  
Risking their lives for others  
Everyday heroes



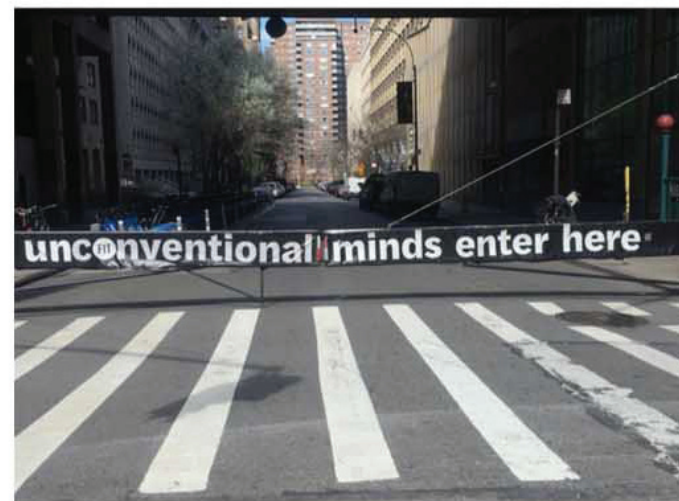
May 8  
This is a shit show  
Need for a psychic plumber  
And a turning point



April 20  
Following the thread  
War metaphor obsolete  
Biology rules



April 25  
The great cosmic pause  
What have we been forgetting?  
Deep listening time



May 13  
While the wealthy reap  
Virus shows inequities  
Not a new story



# encomium

## Thomas Zimmer

The poverty of photography, Walter Benjamin thought, lies in an utter incapacity to capture something of the ‘spark’ of life in an image. We cannot capture the familiar gait or intimate gesture of a friend, the pure singularity of affect that resides only ‘there’—coextensive and commensurate—with a shared presence.

We are awakened to an impossible desperation when we have lost that; imagination, which had sufficed in a certain proximity to that presence, which had carried an apprehension of that being as somewhere—and so tethered one’s apprehension to the bare impress of an image—the trace captured by a photograph. Perhaps Benjamin’s disappointment in photography, and other technically enabled representations, had to do with the recognition that a photograph is, first of all, promissory; that it offers a constellation of promises: that this has happened, that one was there, that this is true (to the extent that we may discern), that once having been so, this endures, but perhaps most unbearable is the persistent promise of recall or return. It is perhaps the most common armature for our imagination, that the capacity which once animated an image, otherwise flat, still, and inert, by holding, taking place for the presence of one who was, after all, simply elsewhere. Imagination grounded and suffused that image, making of it an index—which we willfully and habitually presume as real. Something like a mask, or portal, behind which, or nearby, protects, projects, and preserves the figure that it represents. This is the work of the imagination. It sutures the patterned regularities of strange traces, objects and subjects, into projections. Shadows. We will readily agree that shadows without substance are a rarity, and so the image cast of another appears much like such a cast shadow; there is our beloved friend, there at the farthest end, a technical shadow.

As an appropriate apostrophe here—an aside—the dear friend whom I address here, would have had two responses to what I have just written: he would be more than tentative—though very generous—about the level of abstraction; he would prefer a more direct, plain, accessible form of speech (and writing) and he would be slightly impatient. On the other hand, this rational, analytical, thinker was also a poet, and certain ambiguities, aesthetic subtleties, would have also pleased him, and he would, characteristically, have celebrated (perhaps with more suppleness than I could have written) any attempt at grasping, or at least hoping to move towards, something both sublime and true. He would have both responses, without conflict or contradiction, true to the

complexities of life, living, thinking and understanding.

No more.

Friedrich Nietzsche, that most athletic of philosophers, walked incessantly in later life. It was, he wrote, an aid to thinking, and he often kept copious notes. At one point, in one of his last notebooks, he writes about walking through the Alps, wandering, thinking, seeing: “. . . look—at that mountain! . . . and above, those clouds! What if you were to withdraw all that is human from those things, O, you sober ones. . . if only you could do that . . .”

It is perhaps a paraphrase, tempered by circumstance and memory, and sorrow, as well. What is a mountain to a mountain, one might imagine Nietzsche asking, or a dog to a dog? Nothing at all. A ‘mountain’ is a nomenclature—such a human thing!—one which admits of (even insidiously promises) the possibility that other ‘things,’ by virtue of their semblance, might be organized under such nomenclature, discerned by a series of proper names: Alps, Himalayas, Appenines, Rockies, Appalachians, Mount Everest, Kilimanjaro, Fuji, Pike’s Peak, San Bernadino. . . but what need would a mountain have for any of this. Even such a question as this, as Nietzsche undoubtedly knew, is so very, inextricably, irremediably, human.

Looking up, we see myriad shapes in clouds, roiling, changing, faces of gods, men, horses, plants, fish, architectures, among them. Fluid and malleable, they rapidly transform, disappear. Nothing, such as we might have imagined, was ever there.

Our relations with artifacts of our own making also has something of this aspect of the uncanny about it, becoming salient in the imbrications of sense, perception, imagination, habit, and experience. A statue—lifeless, inert stone, bronze or wood—moves. It is in the ‘corner of the eye,’ in the periphery, at the edge of perception, but we are convinced of its movement. And, in our failure to secure an objective verification, we remain convinced of the possibility of movement.

A doll or puppet is invested with a similarly uncanny ‘life.’ Franz Kafka once encountered a young girl in a park on one of his outings, who had lost her doll, and was both disconsolate, and worried about her doll’s ‘experience’ at being lost. Kafka was deeply affected, and told the little girl that he thought that he might know where the doll had gone, and that he would meet her at the same place in the park the next day, with some news. Kafka kept the appointment, and brought a letter that the doll had written to the little girl, explaining how complicated things had gotten, that it was quite impossible to return now, and that ‘she’ was going to marry. For the little girl a process of closure had begun, and she was a bit more consoled and accepting of the matter. Kafka continued this epistolary ventriloquism for some time, carrying letters from the doll to the little girl. He had written all of the letters himself of

course, and had subsequently related the story to a female acquaintance of his at the time. We only know of this odd episode because Kafka’s acquaintance later told a friend, who in turn related this to Max Brod, Kafka’s biographer. Not only a strange exercise of the imagination on Kafka’s part, but one fully committed to the uncanny exigencies of the imaginary, a prosopopeia fully taken on, invested in, as a material, writerly practice. The uncanny is the bond, tying together imagination, corporality, artifactuality, language, performance, promise.

I think that there is a similar sort of binding that comes into place in the deictic spatialities of the photographic image and its referents and allusions. This is especially true in what might be considered photography’s most ubiquitous, and at the same time strangest, practice: portraiture. The capture of an image of another is, in a sense, the most unthought, or unrecognized, aspect of photographic practice. Benjamin is quite right in his skepticism, though perhaps it is a bit misplaced; true, no one knows what an image is, or what it might be, but we do proceed as if we do, and it is in this strange and conditional interval that the imaginary possesses the image, and we acquiesce to the claim of an uncanny index, accepting the unrelenting promise of return, recall, recovery, over and against an inconsolable and unbearable loss. Whatever benefit or solace we might genuinely derive from this, it is still a phantasm, and contained within the ‘congenial fit’ of its etymology. Phantasmata; in Greek, φαντάζω [to make visible; appear] comes into English via Latin in the 16th century, phantasmata referring to something existing in perception alone, or that which presents itself to the senses whether of an imaginary or real origin. In this sense one might not dispel a dream, for example, as mere imagination, delirium, or hallucination, linked only to minor forms of prognostication or prophecy. My friend, who had an abiding interest in dreams, would take the notion of the phantasmatic in the widest, richest, oneiric sense, assuming that the field of dreams (he would even excuse the baseball-derived pun) was a good place to work, that its agonistic disposition was essential to our humanity, and—carefully—to our well-being. He knew very well the work of imagination. As a poet, as a therapist, as a friend, and alone, by himself. As far as I know, he made no idle promises, at least none that he knew he couldn’t keep, and he had an enduring skepticism concerning the sorts of promissory configurations that were left open, irresolute, without boundary or end, promises malleable to the imagination, unheeding, unaware, unconcerned in their profound incompleteness. He was always too down to earth for any of that; too pragmatic, too plain, and plain-spoken, in the very best sense. He would recognize, and understand, that imagination cannot supply any more comments, letters, gestures, looks, that there can be nothing more to come. He, himself, is

no longer a figure, a place, a situation, a location, a self, a presence. What can we cherish of this absence? One cannot even contemplate such a question, without opening unto a profound despair.

The last image that I saw of my friend appeared on my phone. It was taken with a setting that captures, in multiple frames, the most minute trace of motion. The setting is named ‘Live.’ It is a beautiful photograph; his head is inclined, he is looking directly into the camera, wearing a surgical mask and nitrile gloves, in the midst of our strange times; his hand is outstretched, towards the lens, moving, slightly, before it settles into a still image, with the barest trace of wagging fingers. It is a silly, very funny, very knowing gesture. Impish, one might say: look at what comes of us, what we have to do, to be.

It is a trace, the mere impress of my friend, a shadow made of light; one might even reflexively consider it a promise, though perhaps of a somewhat modest sort. . . I’m not here, but you might imagine that I am, and that having been, I might always pretend to persist. . . in an imaginary suturing together of memory, of habit, pleasure, even a bit of annoyance, where ‘I’ paradoxically appear within the emptiness of a technical trace, and simultaneously in the soul’s emptiness, among those loved, so that the two forms of absence, one imagined and one real, might come to terms, might cancel each other. So very human, these phantasms of memory, or of dreams, so necessary in their complex ecologies of remembering and forgetting.

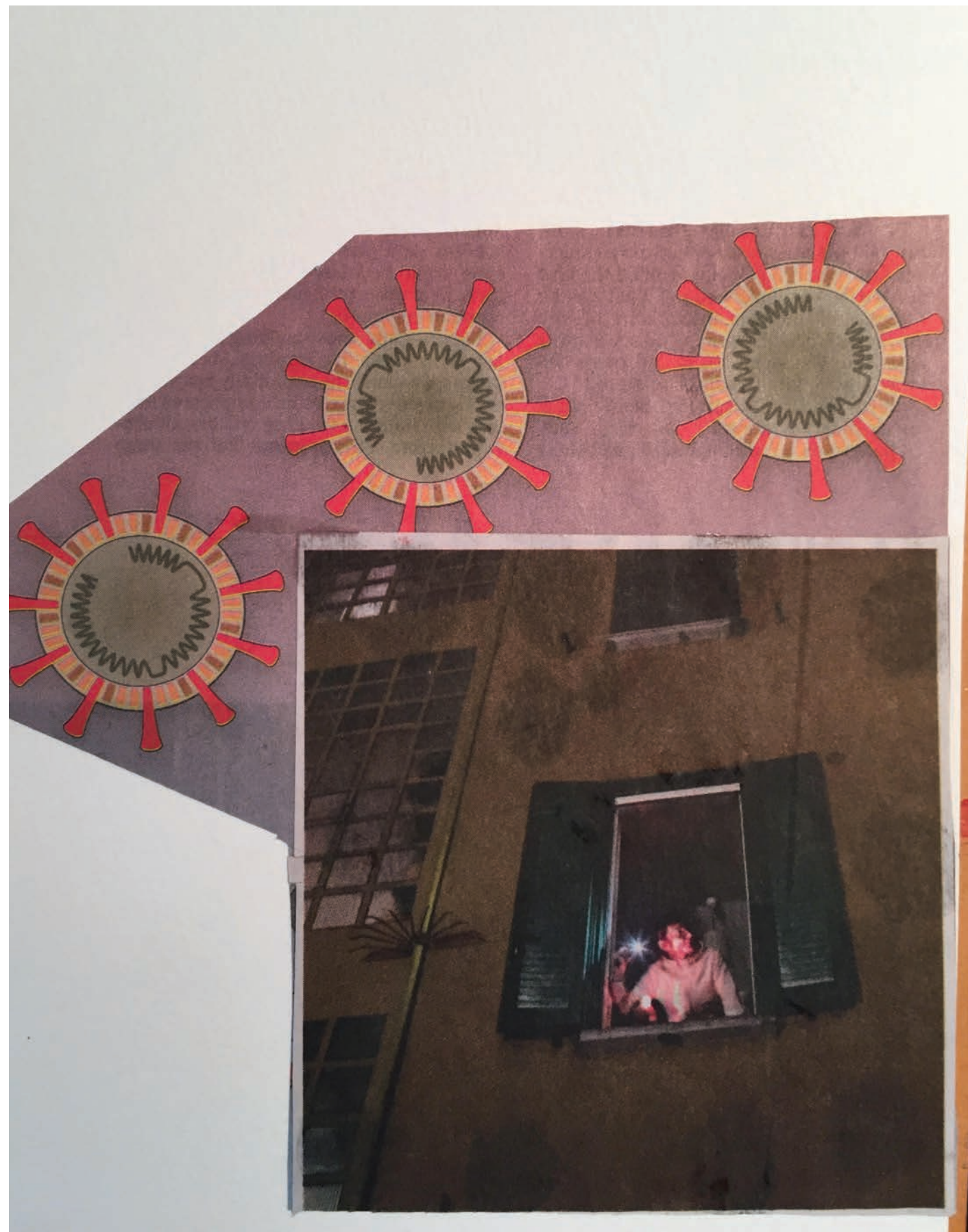
And those wagging fingers? Perhaps a sleight of hand? Who’s punning now?

Perhaps Walter Benjamin was wrong about a photograph—it can capture something of the very spark of life; it just doesn’t do so where, or how, or when, one might think. And it is curious that we employ writing to break the bonds of images, performing a severance of photography’s claims upon presence and absence. Something a poet would know.

It’s likely that my friend would have found a vein of beauty in abstractions such as these, and that he would have apprehended it, even appreciated it, within the excesses here given in to, within the impatience induced. And I think he would have liked it, and considered how very difficult, almost impossible, it is to remember everything, and that everything is gone. I try.

And what I cherish of my friend is the irreducible and ineffable spark, that cannot be captured or possessed, that cannot endure, but can only be given, and released, when one least thinks, leaving little more than the trace of a circumscription of an unbearable absence.

Larry Brooks, my dear friend, went for an early evening walk in his neighborhood in Los Angeles, was struck by a car careening erratically and was killed.





Edward Hopper reports from the great COVID-19 pandemic  
aka The Kept  
Deborah Stratman



11am, 1926



Sunlight, 1954



Room in Brooklyn, 1932



Western Motel, 1957



Pennsylvania Coal Town, 1947



The City, 1927



Sunlight in a Cafeteria, 1958



House at Dusk, 1939



Automat, 1927



Morning Sun, 1952





Cathy Lee Crane: Act Up, 1997/2020 | SD video | 4:51 | [the.current.thing.net/1/v12](https://the.current.thing.net/1/v12)



# Infodemics: Going Viral or Undead Media

## Ricardo Dominguez

*Do you feel that? Oh, shit.*

*Wah-ah-ah-ah*

*Wah-ah-ah-ah*

*Get up, come on get down with the sickness*

*Get up, come on get down with the sickness*

*Get up, come on get down with the sickness*

*Why can't you just buck up and die?*

*Get down with the sickness*

*Here it comes*

*Get ready to die*

*Get ready to... die*

Dawn of the Dead (Film 2004)

Not long ago, everyone dreamed of going viral. Every share or post desired to trend. Every image wanted to get to Cloud Heaven riding the streaming mega-meme. Nothing could be better than becoming undead media. Every link demanded to be clicked hard, over and over until dead-link did we un-part. It did not really matter if it was click-bait or the CDC's Zombie Center (as wild pedagogical informatics détournement or the journal of post-policy forensics, or Fox fake-outs). We all got down with the screenal sickness of undead media.

Now I find that I am seeking solace from the uncontrollable spread of SARS-CoV-2 that produces COVID-19, to be virologically specific, swimming the massive tsunami of infodemic waves. I, as part of the pandemic privileged in my virtual cocooning, a state of privilege first offered to us at the dawn of the materialization of neo-liberal dreams in 1981 by Faith Popcorn, a trend forecaster and

marketing consultant for Reagan and Thatcher, that we are still enfolded in today. These two were always down for the sickness of austerity and precarity, and would no doubt be gleefully watching the Trump Administration's policy of don't come to the government for any support. Just buck up and die! So we can get that Sick-fil-A down the street opened again.

Now back to the center of my telematic tale of our current infodemic condition and the rising concern that it mirrors and amplifies, how the virus spreads and also how it might be contained on planetary scale. A hyper-real medial pharmakon. The World Health Organization worries that in fighting the COVID-19 pandemic, they must also combat an infodemic which it defines as "an overabundance of information—some accurate and some not—that makes it hard for people to find trustworthy sources and reliable guidance when they need it." We are now facing not only the issue of animal to human transmissions, or vice-a-versa, we can add to the feedback loop the contagious socio-technical virality that circuits systems of synchronized affective noospheric-zoonotic disease that attaches itself to the body, to bodies, to data bodies, to panic bodies, to contagious conspiracies, and to the economic condition of hysterical males on Wall Street screaming about the losses and pain of the 1%. The infodemic condition shares endless selfies with empty "just-in-time" shelves and pics infected by "We Are Now Closed" signs on Instagram, that then create even more states of feeling anxious and lost. The virus has infected all commodities from meat to IKEA. They are all down with the sickness. Even the very deep post-9/11 "New Normal" is being dumped into the mass graves as we will never have a "normal" or post-"normal" here-after. COVID-19 will long haunt us by crowning the spiked "new abnormal" as its novel strain.

So, what choice do we have but to seek out clear and transparent answers, timelines, models and simulations, the atomic facts in the face of the indeterminate condition of infodemics? While the

viral logics of the Fox fake media links up and unlinks with false flags: that Bill Gates controls the virus, or that a secret bioweapons lab in Wuhan did it, or that the U.S. sent a human bioweapon to Wuhan, or that God is punishing us again because we do not buy enough. During the current lockdown a growing number of people are seeking hard data by clicking into non-partisan knowledge center sites (a bit of good news) like the John Hopkins Coronavirus Resource Center on a daily basis. At the same time, the CORONA Zombies movie came out last night and roasted the calls for “Liberate Michigan!” and “Liberate Texas!” The Z-grade flick made it clear that these super spreaders were the ones down with sickness. They are more than ready to buck up and die for the Orange One. These Trumpoids are all infected with a deep fascist virus that has taken over their mindless bodies and forces them to shamble and gather in front of hospitals armed to the teeth in order to blockade the sick from getting in to receive whatever limited treatment can be found — reversing the zombie narrative. Those wearing the MAGA hats are the undead and those dying are more than human.

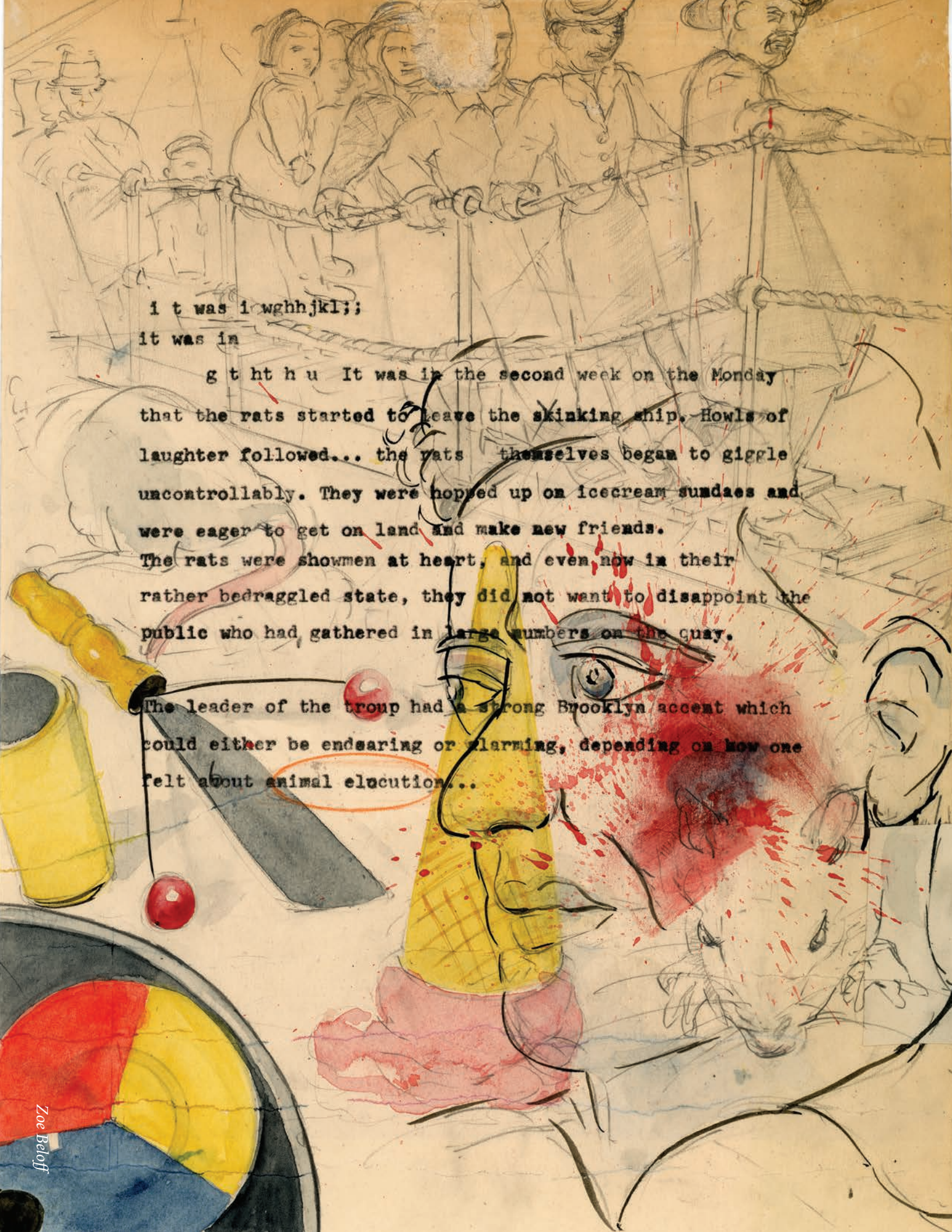
Meanwhile, glimmers of social networks and sensibilities are being circuited and looped. We can see individuals and communities breaking out of the outbreak narratives. Outbreak stories that are consistently full of racial targeting and only seek to protect the heteronormative cismen. The virus is mutating and creating new potential socio-technical zones of care and bubbles of agency. Impossible social shifts are blooming where the virus reveals the gaps and fractures of our inadequate global infrastructures. Some nations, like Portugal, are offering full citizenship and rights to immigrants and refugees. Some nations are depopulating prisons. Mexico is giving 2.5 billion dollars to those communities stuck at the border. In the U.S., movement towards delinking insurance from one’s employment via a national single-payer healthcare plan is being proposed by Senators Bernie Sanders and Elizabeth Warren, and UC Santa Cruz COLA (Cost of Living Adjustment) students strikers are calling for the end of rent. In Japan, people voted

to move the houseless into the new Olympic village hotels. We can see the light of mutual aid rising and pushing the administrations of fear out. The hot zones are calling for total anti-anti-utopian concrescence, calls that were always-already blocked by the zombies of impossibility.

Under the waves of COVID-19 and its infodemic double, novel cultural vaccines are being manufactured that will create planetary shifts away from capitalist realism(s) (yes, more than one version is walking dead). They are producing a transversal call for universal pay, universal education and universal health care. We will have to double tap undead capitalism(s) and make sure they don’t reactivate big pharma or re-animate the DOW or resurrect the only-for-some insurance scam, or redirect the Apple-Google beast from using our need to track COVID-19 to then track us to the grave of data capture for profit. If we must go viral, let it be with counter-infections towards the arc of justice. Not at the speed of infodemics, but at the speed of dreams shared and made real.  
Can you feel it?!!  
Shit yeah!!!



Ashton Applewhite: Hearing Aid, 2020 | HD video | 0:51 | | [the.current.thing.net/1/v14](https://the.current.thing.net/1/v14)



i t was i wghhjkli;

it was in

g t ht h u It was in the second week on the Monday that the rats started to leave the skinking ship. Howls of laughter followed... the rats themselves began to giggle uncontrollably. They were hopped up on icecream sundaes and were eager to get on land and make new friends. The rats were showmen at heart, and even now in their rather bedraggled state, they did not want to disappoint the public who had gathered in large numbers on the quay.

The leader of the troupe had a strong Brooklyn accent which could either be endearing or alarming, depending on how one felt about animal elocution...

Zoe Beloff



Emily Vey Duke & Cooper Battersby: Civil Twilight at the Vernal Equinox (2020) HD video, 13:29 (work-in-progress)



TITULO:  
PROD:

01.04.20

SEC: ESC:



S. ROMO

Expand Dolly



VOZ EN OFF

FIN

Angel Nevarez & Valerie Tevere / Alexandro Segade / Almagul Melibayeva /  
Amanda McDonald-Crowley / Andy Graydon/ Anna Thew / Ashton Applewhite /  
Bradley Eros / Caspar Stracke / Cathy Crane / Cornelia Sollfrank / Daniella Dooling /  
Emily Vey Duke & Cooper Battersby / Darrin Martin / Deborah Stratman  
Diana Vidrascu / eteam / Emily Mode / Graeme Arnfield / Nordholt & Steingrobe /  
Jaakko Pallasvuo / Jackie Goss / Les LeVeque / Lundi Matin / Jason Livingston /  
Jeanne Liotta / Jeffrey Skoller / Jim Supanick / Juliane Henrich / Joy Chan /  
Kathy Brew / Keith Sanborn / Kimmo Modig/ Leo Goldsmith / Lynne Sachs /  
Mark Street / Masha Godovannaya / Mike Hoolboom / Monika Czyżyk /  
Nina Katchadourian / Olav Westphalen / Peggy Ahwesh / Perry Bard /  
Rebekah Rutkoff / RPI / Ricardo Dominguez / Sean Cubitt /  
belit sağ & Sebastian Lütgert / Sebastián Romo / Steve Reinke /  
The Society of the Friends of the Virus / Thomas Zimmer /  
Torsten Z. Burns / Wolfgang Staehle / yann beauvais / Zoe Beloff /