A WILD ASS BEYOND APOCALYPSE RN

"EVERYONE CARRIES A HISTORY OF CONTAMINATION; PURITY IS NOT AN OPTION."
- ANNA TSING
In the event of disaster, we, the people who have always been surviving, will simply continue to survive. We have learned skills you wouldn’t believe, enduring under police states. We refine trauma into gold and use exile as jet propellant.

Yet we lack a vision of our lives past survival. What will we do when we head “back to the land” that was never ours? We do not see ourselves in the paranoid manuals of preppers, in minimalist lifestyle retreats, in the nativist isolationism of militiamen.

We do not want to repeat these dreams of being the center, forever tyrants over little kingdoms. In this beyond, we will contaminate one another. We first learn from the past, building lookouts to keep our homes from burning.

We then seek an unruly communion. New languages, icons, guides, rituals, spun and fired beneath a twilight canopy of fungi. We claim a gorgeous, baroque maximalism, a future that sounds, looks, and feels like our innermost thoughts.
I got to Nora’s in the late afternoon. She was staying in a claw-foot tub, the owner is deceased. He was a sculptor, with a kid in the backyard and a large ceramic doll in the basement. Nora and her partner Joel were doing grooves to become an artist residency and I was crashin’. It’s serendipitous that they were going to be on town at the same time I was. I learned this a few weeks before as they were in New York. I had told everyone I knew why I was going out there and they refused to help me. I was just doing something wholesome in days like these. Nora and I got dinner that night together and took a photo of the blackletter D on the mechanic door of the restaurant. I liked Detroit. The sprawl of it was like LA, where I’m from, but we never had industry like that. The industrial relics in Detroit could be traded for people in LA. I was there for a year and I each get an email from Paul saying that this would be the final printed web and asking if we’d like to participate.

On the second night I drove to Troy, to a hotel where my family was staying. I got there at the hotel restaurant which was served, in just an hour, and we passed out. My cousin Andromeda was hosting the 50th Annual Order of the Eastern Star Convention. Column was never my name, or the name of anyone else at the hotel, I’m wondering. Most of my family members that were present were women, which made us feel comfortable. David and Donna were there from California, and their grandkids-hfaxhaxtads-kids-were there too. Him and her son blonde from Illinois. I met Andromeda’s daughter Charmaine and her kids for the first time, and we flew for the first time too. My aunts Hermina and Gail came in and they’re real sweet, very sweet. Hermina is the blonde one-sett Native American. She knew how to fly and we’ll ask for a verbal "road" receipt. Gail uses a walker too. She was a teacher for a long time. I’m reminded by the patience she has when she walks to us. I should ask about their experiences flying from Tennessee to California and what my dad taught in the back of my family a few years back. About four years ago there was a close to my dad in the very early family that his sisters suspected was accurate, so there made it more likely. Before he got the results back he see a picture of david’s face and know it was his brother. Donna had also been touched by a friend with the same David, her husband, who was a foster that we had known. It’s funny cos when I was a kid my dad used to be a contractor and was in philadelphia as my grandpa was in the army there but he was a cop. But my dad never could make a friend. He had a brother just across town in Alcade- na. My dad passed away last year but it was my first time at a family reunion in six years so my wife and our kids were going. My uncle David looked just like him though which is wild. His short gray beard made it seem like my. Everett’s great-grandmother was married to a Colman and my aunt saw her through As- cendancy too.

We went to the Motown Museum the next day but could only go in as many black families there besides us. I overheard someone asking that I had a ticket as a family reunion member in Detroit which I didn’t realize was a thing. I got up of my ticket as the historic site marker and opened that family reunion are an industry just like everything else, other people have them but black people own family reunions. After emancipation many black people went north, some never learned from again. Denee said for a second time that someone in her family came up Detroit a century ago but her family never heard back. I asked normal so I didn’t have a ticket. I asked if we met the first time she said, I caught a glimpse of the larger project against, "Maybe I can’t ask for a record of him while I’m up here" she said.

We went to Second Baptist Church, the oldest black church in the southwest. It’s a historic site with another Andromeda attending service there. We met a group with silver hair and a blue clock that was an entirely different. The church was elaborate and I explained it in detail. She told us she got known to get the ground. She told us how the streets got its name, and how the capital of Liberia was named after pastor Amos. The Underground Railroad was neither a railroad. It was an operation to underground the state. The pinpoints of the andromedas makes me wonder what happened to the deceased white people in days like these.

In the basement of the church is Croghan sta- tion, we could only go in a few people at a time so we walked through a little museum on the first floor while we waited. They had portraits of every pastor they’ve had, including ones we knew hearing now after 15 years. One of the men pictured has a just similar to just one letter, and is called Andromeda’s related to the railroad. My cousin Andreae meticulously documented the presence of my family that felt autonomous to me. The photos she took were instantly online.

That night we had dinner at the hotel. It was the conclusion of the weekend so some of my family dressed up a little bit, some still wore the same black tee’s and yes ones of the reunion. I wore the same black sweater, in in a line of everything. I was staying at the hotel and the red shirt I got was just a bit too big, so I held it up over my head to make it better, I heard pulled the sleeves too, to make it better. I heard the story of the railroad, de- scribed how I got my family name. In 1943 a man gave my great-great-grandfather El to his daughter and she gave her name. John- son-Johnson she said, "he gave her daughter and when she didn’t get married, that’s how she got the name." It was a casual and Andromeda said she had the deed to prove it.

I came back to Ancestry in my mind. I tried to get in touch with my family’s anec- dots that I was eager to submit myself to a grand narra- tive, to the architectural research of black genealogy, to the analog craft of my ancestors. Going over my G & H a few years before my dad died. I wanted to join the nod. But I know I’m really in it. The way you make work you’re in it longer than that, but if you want to make anyone you have to pay. It’s clear to me how this will be abused, the stories are closest to private business and the state, the knowledge of one is of the other. The reason being, like familial excamation, or an online database, I have loved to see my family tree. I give fake websites my Facebook data to see a picture of my family tree. I know exactly who you are and what your ad better, they can turn you away at the border for where you’re really from. I have not worked very hard to rely on your appearance. It already happened to one guy. Information is the weapon, the more you know about the earlier people on it had ten kids at a time, the spread of the virus. Even more so in the days of the reformation unlike the times I’ve seen of the hold. With wisdom. I said one of the deaths of the line. Aberrancy is inalienable. It is impossible to know exactly where we are ourselves over to an equation to piece us back together, but in that doesn’t already have own. A network of slaves escaped or from prison, that I’m less critical than it should be be- cause I want to look where I came from and to a business putting so much help but see the link between the app economy and settler ideology. I saw the outlines of my ancestors. I climed my great-great-grand- father several times he expanded, he would have never thought this possible. That’s the first time I ever saw him...
A WILD ASS BEYOND
NORA KHAN

This is not a project about just surviving, or about the gritty and dope aesthetics of survival, or about fetishizing crisis and desperation, or about “how we’ll make it” through the end of the world, defending against death in hilarious and pathetic ways. It is a claim instead for how we have already been surviving, how we have already been making it, how we have been defending against death all along. It is a gesture at how we will translate our wild ass skills of mental and physical survival which we have used to make and push along, somehow, to then thrive, in thrill to an exorbitant madness.

We are all intimate with the likelihood of death (ask us about that!) We are all intimate with living in a constant violent state of liminality. We are intimate with being forever refused and continuing on through that refusal, that alienation, that exile. We started not just from the bottom, but from below ground, in an emergency state of spiritual and physical fugitivity. And below ground is where we learned, somewhere along our creeping, slimy paths, that we can try to melt down the symbols, the icons, the ideologies that created the very steel and concrete of the bunkers in which we lurk unseen. There is clay underground. There’s a forge underground, and there is fire underground.

We seek inversion, over expression. We seek contamination and participation, and being in it, over clean remove, over isolation, over any feeling of certainty that any one of us has the sole answer. We seek metabolic adaptation and modularity, over a pristine, frozen, immovable monolith, the tomb of unquestionable values and ideals. We want dirt and shit and broken song. Fracture upon fracture. We want icons for a world that is built around values and structures that acknowledge that we are not empty models, bodies without history moving across a void. We are only ever living in relation. We need icons that are happily broken, easily ground down, and ready to be recast.

Over the past five months, we have researched a great deal about competing visions of the end of the world. In speaking together, thinking together, in a long, uninterrupted conversation, we tried to turn over each complex, weird, frantic vision in the light, break it apart, and examine its underlying assumptions. We came to the same place with each deconstruction: how America loves, loves, loves to imagine the end of the world with an erotic, all-consuming intensity; how for many the end is a hypothetical possibility at any time, how this nation’s building and making, its civilized violence, was and continues to be cast in the crucible of possible apocalypse.

There’s a line here from the earliest days down to the present. Check back: a small group of people who really felt they were God’s chosen crossed a whole ocean to protect that feeling. They looked upon this land from their city on a hill. They wanted to create a new world.
and everything in the valley was a threat to their vision. This desperate desire to be the only ones to live necessitates that others die. You cannot have a city on a hill without defending against the wild below. Clear the wild, level it, burn it. Below, around, and the not chosen learned to live in swamps and in the forest, alert and watching for the shouts and firing coming in from the edge. They learned to run, to live in fugitivity, and to live underground.

Over time, this early vision has transmuted, branching off into countless types of alternative living and housing communities. Depending on the historical era and the context, that city on a hill has looked different, and has defended itself differently. The Wild is figured as the Other is figured as the One to Die, pretty explicitly for most part, but new, subtly and, quietly, implied. So we visited, researched, and spent time in a range of alternative communities, from Tiny House outposts to Evanilfe in parking lots to preppers twiddling with their amateur radio systems to cast signals across the valleys one to another. We went to Austin, Houston, Detroit, and central Michigan.

We wanted to know what end people were preparing for, what futures they envisioned, and maybe even what they expected to run from. We didn’t always get the answers we were expecting. No one stood on top of their composting toilet sales booths, hoisting a gun, crying out, “Racco War is Coming!” Of course, that didn’t ever need to be said explicitly. But many of the devotees had reasons that were identifiable: debt, the mortgage crisis, instability, no insurance. A desire to be totally self-sufficient, to escape violent relationships. A wish for peace and dignity. There were converted row houses for women and homeless or displaced families. There were a lot of single women interested in tiny houses. There were women veterans building their new futures together in the California woods. Their stories were moving, real, and very easy to understand.

We started to think about our pasts. What would it have meant for our ancestors or grandparents, even, to have a home of their own, a place of safety, a place to regenerate and restore? What would it have meant to have a home with people who looked like us, who share in our exile, who loved us? What would it have meant for our mothers and mother’s mothers, who didn’t have any space to breathe, to be alone, to have a moment to think? What would it have meant for immigrants we knew crowded in tenements right atop each other, to have a breath of forest air, or to be able to farm their food again, restoring a loss? And what would it have meant for the many abused women that we knew? We thought of her making her food, and being able to see who was coming down the road? We felt our hearts breaking thinking about what could have been with just a small home and a supportive community around that corrected itself, managed its justice.

We began to think about this future. Would we continue to make art in this beyond? Would we continue to write in this beyond? What wildness would be possible? What kind of insano, shot-to-the-heart work would we do if no one was really looking? The question kept circling us. We asked why had we begun making anything, ever. We asked who we were when we were alone in an empty room, before blank pages and canvases and screens. We asked what had we ever wanted to truly express. The art in this beyond would of course look a bit more unbridled. It wouldn’t look like art. It would support our mental health, embolden us, maybe, give us narrative, a sense of ourselves moving through time, a feeling of the significance of our lives beyond ourselves, connecting to one another in communion. Any writing we’d do on pieces of wood and cloth would be mantras, prayer-like, giving the group direction, reminding ourselves of metaphorical capacity, of our future imagined selves, hazy lights through the trees.

We thought of a house, in this beyond, that that wasn’t made through fear, but through a radical joy, a joy that in this world feels impossible and often unsustainable. We wanted a house built around that joy that must be kept alive, regardless. We wanted a house to honor those who did not get the space ever to do what they felt they were meant to. We began to sketch out disturbing little figures that were laughing madly in the face of possible death. We looked at gods and goddesses, iconic figures across cultures: figures of trickery, illusion, evasion, and hysteria. They always got theirs. There’s always one jester in every court.

What icons would we make after and outside capitalism? What kinds of making, and speaking, and cultivation, would sustain us? What totems would we want to look at each day, out in these woods? What images, gods, and rituals would we need, after 2018, given the intensely networked minds we’ve developed through screens? Were there icons for relating differently to one another, to account for supremacy, for the effects of interpersonal violence and historical trauma? Were there counter-icons to reverse the effects of systemic oppression, which offered metaphors of change, transmutation, and flexibility, in place of the boring afl f binaries, the mind-numbingly basic and suffocating models for how we are supposed to act, supposed to be, based on how we present? Come on! We can do better!

Yes, we would be more invested in the day-to-day labor of sustaining, cleaning, maintaining, but that seeming banality would be reflected in the art or culture we made. And we had learned a lot from studying systems that be. What role would technology serve out here in the beyond, where we’d be left with technological detritus we wouldn’t know how to rebuild alone? We had learned from our use of technological tools, from our intimacy with software, to relate to one another along odder networked lines, bent towards contamination, cross-pollination, and swarm thinking.

We started to think of icons that moved, that tore themselves from their bases, that hid that slipped, that laughed and laughed. We’d need talismans of defense and protection, of self mastery and domination, surely, but we’d also need icons for softness and compassion, for the unknown, for metaphor, for flux.

The eye turns inward and eye sees inside itself, in every direction. The eye turns outward and sees from the hill, and from below it, in every direction. It sees us running, in the hold of fugitivity, towards a wild ass beyond.

We Are As Gods: Interview with Fred Turner

Interviewer: This interview is reprised from Slusser’s Seven on Seven conference publication. What’s in a Name? The publication was edited by Fred Turner, Austin Jenkins. What do you think is the most important intellectual concept that Fred Turner, Austin Jenkins, and the other contributors to the book have discussed?

Fred Turner: It’s a difficult question to answer. The contributors have talked about a range of topics, from the evolution of digital technologies to the implications of artificial intelligence. But perhaps the most important concept is the idea that technology is not just a tool we use, but a way of thinking about the world and ourselves.

Interviewer: Can you give an example of how technology is a way of thinking?

Fred Turner: Sure. When we use a smartphone to take a picture, we’re not just capturing a moment in time. We’re also creating a digital representation of that moment, and that representation can be shared, edited, and interpreted in ways that the original moment never could have been. This kind of thinking is central to the way we interact with technology.

Interviewer: How has the role of technology changed in the past decade?

Fred Turner: The role of technology has become more central to our daily lives. We use it to connect with others, to work, to learn, to entertain ourselves. Technology is no longer just a tool, but a fundamental aspect of our existence. It has also become more powerful, with new technologies emerging all the time.

Interviewer: What do you think the future of technology will be like?

Fred Turner: It’s hard to predict, but I think we’ll continue to see a trend towards more personalization and automation. We’ll see more devices that are tailored to our individual needs, and we’ll see more technologies that can make our lives easier. But we’ll also need to be mindful of the potential risks of these technologies, such as privacy concerns and the potential for misuse.

Interviewer: What advice do you have for people who are interested in technology?

Fred Turner: My advice is to stay curious and open-minded. Technology is constantly changing, and there’s always something new to learn. But it’s also important to be critical, to ask questions about the technologies we use and the implications they have for society.

Interviewer: Thank you, Fred Turner, for your insights and for taking the time to speak with us.

Fred Turner: My pleasure. It was a pleasure to discuss these important issues.
There's a religious zeal in wanting to restart society from zero. I visualize this in terms of the simulation. If you can build a world from scratch, you can also build a person without history or politics.

This seems optimistic until you realize that what some designers are hoping to get is just another layer of the "reality" aspects like race or gender or class. They are modular additions that can be removed. That is an ideology. It now drives social engineering and corporate-driven city planning and design. San Francisco is an example of this.

FF: There's been a long lot of talk between urban designers and game designers, even before things got digital. I think that's fascinating.

You are saying something that I want to pick up on, because I think it's really important. This idea of building a person or a place without a history, I think it's a logical extension of the American idea, because we leave the known. We're supposed to be the country that left the known. We're supposed to be the country that left the known.

Why did we leave the known? Well, so we could become the unknown, the people without history, the people without a past. When you leave history behind, the reality that you enter is not the realm of nothingness. It's the realm of divine oversight, at least in American culture.

When the Pilgrims came to Massachusetts, they left the old world behind so as to become visible to God. The landscape of New England would be an open stage and they would, under the eye of God, discover whether they were, in fact, the elect chosen to get to Heaven after they died.

No technologies today would say they're Puritans, but that's a pattern that we still see. We are people of leaving behind the known world of everyday life, bodies, and all the senses that we have with bodies of nudes and politics, all the troubles that we have in trying to invent a kind of ethical realm of engineering. Achievement, in which we will still live. The Puritans were once rewarded, if they were elected, by wealth.

The Puritans believed that if God loved enough you to plan to take you to Heaven in the end, he wouldn't go to leave you to suffer on this Earth before you came to Him. Instead he would need to make you wealthy. Puritans came to see that as a great reward. Puritans, and broad Protestant logic, seems that God rewards those whom he loves on Earth with wealth and success.

You can see that in the West a lot now. Folks who leave behind the social world of politics and are rewarded with money are, in fact, living out a deep, New England Puritan dream.

FK: The city on the hill. The early settlers on it, looking down at the vulgarity, implicating civilization. Thoreau's Walden is not the view of society maps a bit of the building of the simulation or the model. Being a worldview means you can position yourself as neutral, as the origin, which is an amoral, reductive point which you can never really capture. It is valueless.

But these are a remarkable amount of codes and programmers thinking in terms of ethical design who want to help us visualize a world with history and politics. Do you think ethical design could help people do that? Is it that an imperative that is useful now?

FT: I think everything helps. I think that what we like to call ethical design -- and the definitions of ethical design have evolved -- is that ethics is built into the system, and how people have agency around that. This is an old lesson in science and technology studies. That if you build a real technology, then people will be able to ride on it. You may value independence, and you may see that as an ethical choice. It may be that some people don't have a choice to the system by the way that people express an ethical idea. If you look at the lines of lives they lead on the material plane. And then, you're stocked.

FT: I've always found it very hard to think about any system, any planned, top-down system as, by definition, benevolent. The best designed systems are constantly focused on negotiation, on structured negotiation. I think that systems places that have a constant system of check and balances.

My idea of utopia is actually a hospital. [Laughter] A hospital is a place where people get together, work very hard over very long periods of time in defining the problems and reworking and rethinking each other's work, and they work toward a benevolent goal of living lives. If you were to build a society built along similar lines, hopefully not so where everyone were white women, white shirts and white jackets, that stands to be a better place. So, the building is architectured, so the systems are architectured, but the negotiation is constant. That's what I'd like to see.

NK: That's lovely. I think of how Kariya [names another] designed architecture, the lack of privacy of parking, the barbed, high wire.

The idea of ethics here and elsewhere is found in its form. In a country where professional integrity is recognized and protected, that one may communicate with someone who draws a different form of ethics. One more compatible with our system of law, no one else.

FT: I want to roll on that for a second. If we go back to that question of these neutral worlds, if you act as a government in a world that doesn't have laws, it's hard to think that they could best be neutral in a single process, or a single code system, or under a single code system, where you end up doing exactly the same thing, the ethical rubs, what you end up doing ends up reversing exactly the Ethos ethics.

So, it may look like a benevolent system to you. In fact, a form of a truly benevolent system is one that, I think, can only exist in this system, and that system is the system that you call your self- and humanity.

FT: The way that people think that Facebook is not by learning to read in institutions, but by the use of the Web. It's not the case that you have to recognize that it's a company. It's not the case that you have to precisely the kinds of regulations from the other industries, or that it's appropriate to car companies, or to architects, that we have to recognize that Facebook isn't special. We're, to a degree, to talk about the political rules. We're looking at how policy's through recognizing differences and negotiating across them.

NK: It's the core sense of neoliberalism. You find many first serious critique of neoliberal ideas and so-called social democratic interpretations of the expression of identity; it's a critique of how imperfect of policies.

NK: And I don't see identity politics addressing the real material issues of our time, like how the capitalist world interacts with city planning. I see

FT: Yes. That's exactly right. Facebook's power lies here. The poster that bothers me most in Facebook is a poster of Dolores Huerta, a well-known activist in the country of the farm workers. She's still alive. You'll know who she was one of America's greatest union organizers in the 20th Century. And Facebook is a company that has relentlessly repressed the work of Dolores Huerta and her fellow unionists. Some of her contract workers are unionized, but that's it. So, fellas, why is a company not just tolerating, but promoting the image of Dolores Huerta around its place? Part of the answer, on the part of the designers, is trying to help workers, I think appreciate that there's a diverse world out there, and they need to be in touch with it, Fair enough.

FT: But I think that a poster of Dolores Huerta only works inside Facebook. If it matters, we forget to see it. What matters is that it matters if Dolores Huerta is a Latina female image inside of the firm with a death of Latina females, you sort of check that expenses political box, then continually, that the institutional box of imagination or making institutional change, that would actually distribute resources to the communities she represents.

NK: It's unbelievable. As long as she means nothing in particular, then it means just as much as any other image.

So then, this support for full page expression oversights very exactly with support for "uncreative" experimentation and invention, so, who. Who are the most prominent and engineers to think of themselves as creative people. Ever since the Romantics, the creative individual has been an American icon.

But the kind of creativity that's never gotten any attention is working class creativity. Do you know how creative you have to be to be a single parent with a below level income, intermittent access to food stamps and food, some job or no job, and he able to make a living, and make a family stay together?

That's the kind of creativity, the kind of Marxian creativity, that we just never think about. It's not the creative who work in our cadre with regard to the creative and economic, and what we're talking about is an elite, an elite who we help, we who architect this narrative, this elite. In fact, the radical改革创新, the descendents of the arts, the descendents of Walt Whitman, the descendents of the artists, in the descendents of the arts, in the
In the nineteenth century, descendants of American romanticism. That's just how it is, that it didn't actually sell goods. It printed recommendations for goods.

The recommendation letters came from people living on communes at a time when the only way known what communes were there in the world; was to get on the telephone, or use mail letters. The Catalog became one of the first representations of the commune world. It was a map. Embellished in all those products was a map of all the different communes that were using and recommending them.

So, the thing that I would like to see, that I don't think Google is, is a map, a kind of map of an alternative kind of society; a better kind of society. I don't think the Whole Earth Catalog mapped a better society. Whole Earth Catalog mapped the societies, communities, communities that are taking things in directions we want to map, to think of them, to see our way into new kind of community, and new kinds of institutions; I think that's what I would like to see.

We have inherited from the Whole Earth Catalog a language of individuals, tools, and communities, which can still be seen as being, as an evolving version of the tools, a person to person, in community, and networks.

There's something I've always held against the Catalog, and that's its sexist content. It's clearly been seen as being... I think it's an interesting thing that technologies, the legitimacy of the engineers, who were winning the war, the Cold War; the technologies, the legitimacy of the artists, and then taking their money. We can see technologies borrowing the legitimacy of artists, and taking the ideas.

I think it's a mutually beneficial relationship so to speak.

So, what will be a Whole Earth Catalog for our time look like, if we learned from past failures?

FYI, this is my opinion. I've been working on this idea for some time, and I've been thinking about it a lot. I think it's an interesting thing that technologies, the legitimacy of the engineers, who were winning the war, the Cold War; the technologies, the legitimacy of the artists, and then taking their money. We can see technologies borrowing the legitimacy of artists, and taking the ideas.

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At present, the Whole Earth Catalog, chaos, magic, and mysticism, at the kind experienced on in Freak Davis's Techno, and seeing a strong personal wish to use it. It seems to me there's a feeling that it is possible to go back to the original idea; that computers and platforms can yet still mediate for liberation, rather than platforms for control. This is the way that it is, that it didn't actually sell goods. It printed recommendations for goods.

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TANSMN
Toren: Cathc Over Eys and Seeing Inward
Toren: Seeing Forever and Never Forgetting
Toren: Systems Thinking, Networked Thinking
Toren: Fugitivity as Practice, Exit as a Goal
Toren: Rejecting the Cauce to Create New Texts
Toren: Holding Your Younger Self With You Always
Toren: Aesthetic Records
Toren: Man’s Best Friend Remains Man’s Best Friend
Toren: Icon of Laughter and Forgetting
Toren: Speak Metaphor
Toren: Contamination

Toren: Female Brilliance/Genius
A feminine body holding a brain, a head that is just a brain; brain on a body. Revealing one of the most central and uninsulated gendered images: woman has no mind, has no ownership, has no intelligence, or if she does, she doesn’t own it, or if she has skill, someone else is doing it for her, or it’s a fluke. Genius is a woman, is female, is femme.

Toren: Laughter and Forgetting
We need laughter and laugher and release. This is a careful balance between keeping memory and allowing for forgetting so we can function. Remember what is important and forget what does not matter.

Toren: Icon of Trauma and Abuse
This icon honors what is unseen and held in the body, which despite being unseen, affect and influence so much. It is in reminder that we don’t have the first clue of what others are carrying, and we, to go softly with others and practice more compassion for what we do not know. To give space to them, offer to carry their burden without demanding it be revealed.

Toren: Networked Thinking
We have brains formed through networked communication and the internet, in large part, so our communication is affected by the experience even as the tools have changed. Our language will be more easy to break, open, as will our thinking.

Toren: Speak Metaphor
Future Projection. The capacity to change oneself and one’s environment is predicated on being able to project an image of ourselves to the future. Artificial and theater as strategy. Speaking metaphors is a mental practice and ritual that will help us keep moving forward.
Decolonization work is mental detoxification, an aggressive purifying of the deep brain folds. We are asked to release our precious ego to humbling procedures of self-examination.

Decolonizing ourselves means grasping with how our own intellectual work serves the preservation of settler culture and the mentality of colonization. The philosophers we defend, the aesthetics we choose to critically defend, the structures we defend.

Maybe we geld a sinking ship with untenable visions of alternative futurity. Maybe we tap-dance to talk of freedom for people half-listening. Our decolonizing of self can be performative, work mostly done in our cultural peers in a closed economy. Can we move fluidly with these ideas out onto the streets?

Do we still want to be innocent? Do we still want to be loved by our settler peers? Do we still worry more about the comfort and ease of others than our own excruciating pain? Is our thinking linked to the recovery of indigenous land and ancestral home lands?

What ancestral home lands?

A future that sounds, looks, and feels like our innermost thoughts.
This zine was made by American Artist, Caitlin Cherry, Nora N. Khan and Sondra Perry as part of the exhibition:

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