

erased like a face drawn in the  
sand at the edge of the sea...



# SUMMER OF MY LIFE 2012



Iain Ball, Ed Fornieles, Marlie Mul,  
Katja Novitskova, Ben Vickers,  
Artie Vierkant, Holly White  
**#netnarrative**

holding page??

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## Introduction

I think that the internet has intended a simple provocation towards art. Browsing any online gallery, exhibition, curated blog-post, even the surf-clubs and flickr accounts of the last decade, it is clear that seeing any artwork as independent is becoming increasingly problematic. Even were we to look at a gif - looping, intricate, beautiful, and formal as it might be - we could never do so in isolation. We view an artwork in relation to our knowledge of its artist, its format, its location, as well as the extended project of other artworks which it sits within - in short, multiple and nonlinear contexts constructed over time. Even attempts to frame an artwork within the specificity of a website can only ever emphasise this, the frame. The art seeps always between all these arbitrary delineations.

Yet inasmuch as the internet's a visualisation of what we already know, we already know this. Indeed it is our relation to objects at large. It is the space around them with which we alter them, just as it's in the networks surrounding us that we define ourselves.

This exhibition is an attempt to explore this process as form. Yet it is also a questioning of where these particular routes may lead; how we can challenge them, complicate them, and ultimately probably abandon them. Let's politicise our relationships to each other, with each other. Our world is a free app store of ideas.

"In post-industrial societies, whether capitalist or socialist, the opposition between factory and society is slowly disappearing... The main objective, I believe, has become the production of subversive singularities out of the equivalences created by the system." Sylvère Lotringer<sup>1</sup>

"The aesthetic experience is effective inasmuch as it is the experience of that *and*." Jacques Rancière<sup>2</sup>

September 2012

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<sup>1</sup> Lotringer, S., Introduction to *Autonomia: Post-Political Politics*, edited by Sylvère Lotringer and Christian Marazzi, Cambridge, Mass; London: Semiotext(e), 2007. 11.

<sup>2</sup> Rancière, J., "The Aesthetic Revolution and its Outcomes." *New Left Review* 14 (March-April 2002): 133-151.

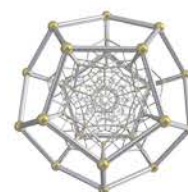
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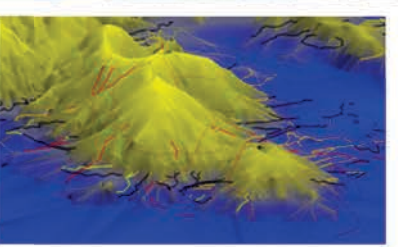
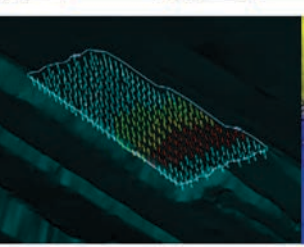
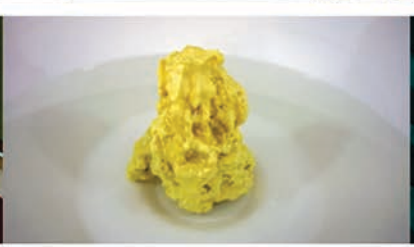
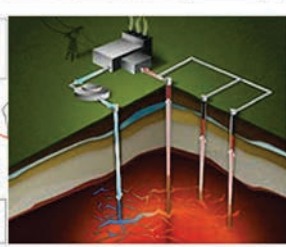
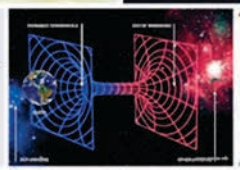
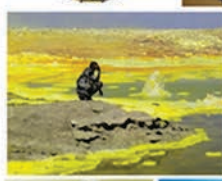
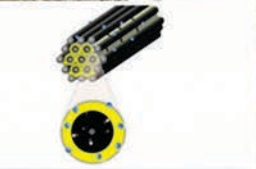
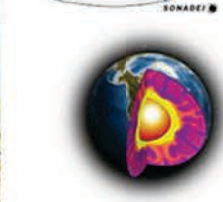
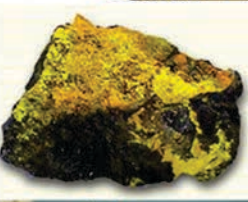
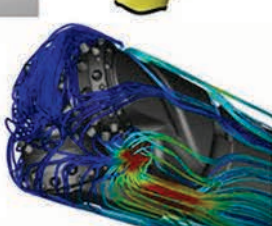
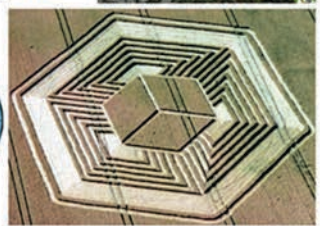


RARE EARTH  
SCULPTURE PROJECT

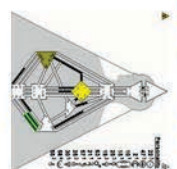
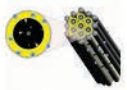
# *CERIUM*

*PROJECT OUTLINE 2012*



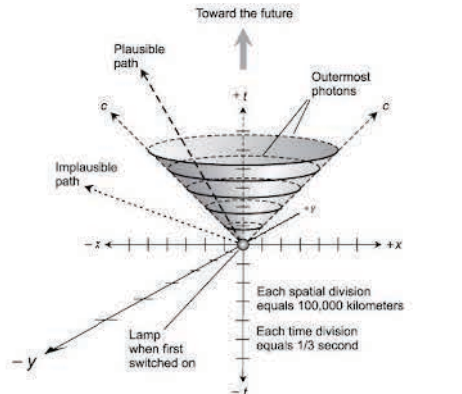


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### **[RARE EARTH SCULPTURES] - Cerium**

Originally released by Appendix Project Space in July 2012, E N E R G Y : P A N G E A has taken account of the wider circumstances which extend out from the site of the exhibition space and beyond.

Compelled into rising states of efficiency, we set up a device which would attribute a composite formula to Appendix's hometown of Portland Oregon, a sort of inverted piece of land art. The piece builds upon a project which is taking place simultaneously with the release of the show. That project, which aims to pump 24 million gallons of water into the side of a dormant volcano in Central Oregon to create a supply of sustainable geothermal energy, is broken down into the subjects water and consciousness and reassembled as follows:

As pressure mounts on world leaders to find realistic solutions and address the impacts of accelerating global environmental and economic challenges, we began developing a device which would be well acclimatized to a high degree of fluctuation in the weather and withstand increasing oscillations in the economy, political stability and collective-psyche of any given region. [Rare Earth Sculptures] CERIUM uses three essential components which bind themselves to the Cerium element in order to create an energy vortex by positioning a set of mediators within a wider one.

It works like this; mounting pressure to find solutions is first pumped through the 4000UF LIFESAVER bottle at the top of the sculpture where it undergoes a rigorous transformation. During this process the Lifesaver component itself is transformed from an advanced portable water purification device used by people hit by natural disasters to produce safe drinking water and leisure enthusiasts seeking a more authentic experience into a vessel which filters escalating climate-anxiety in order to obtain a calm and meditative state, using everyday tap water as a catalyst.

Filtered tap water then ends up in the central part of the sculpture in a pool where it interacts with an Indonesian sulphur specimen. This sparks off a network of interconnectors which draw in an amplitude of sequential hyperobjects. Notably, it turns the whole sculpture into a kind of meta-filtration device for evolving ecological strategies: particularly the potential threat of carbon dioxide emissions from volcanoes as a homeopathic-style remedy for human induced global warming. It does this by using the similar qualities of sulphur to cerium in order to draw in the reciprocal agency of its  $Ce > S > CO_2$  formula.

A kind of psychic transducer called a 'hyperdimensional oscillator' purchased from lifetechnology.org for roughly the same price as the Lifesaver bottle is suspended underneath. The object, which is essentially no more than a pill box with a piece of wire inside, claims to use Tesla technology to transport consciousness in order to access other dimensions of space time.

(RES) Cerium has been designed to be used in various locations from actual volcanic regions to offices, institutions and reception areas.



Ed Fornieles

31 May via Mobile

### Acknowledgements:

This is a statement to address some concerns that have been raised amongst our peers regarding the Character Date project. We have brought Character Date into the public domain without due consideration, and this has led to confusion as to the nature of our endeavour.

### Policy:

Although the project is in the early stages of its development we are clear on these points:

- We have no interest in the art world, the artwork of others or the recuperation of others' practices.
- We are focused on generating a shared experience, leading to the creation of a space in which characters are required to actively direct and enable their own narrative.
- We set out the terms of engagement very clearly to everyone who is participating.

In an attempt to enable complete transparency and to foster a culture of dialogue in the project we invite anyone who is interested to contact us directly:

edward.fornieles@gmail.com +447545 460948

@edfornieles

dagna.drzazdzewska@gmail.com +447521 024571

@dagnna

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Ben Vickers ben@vickers.tv to me

22 May

The last thing I wanted was to cause you upset but I realise that to be an inevitable outcome.

What I say in this email is private for two reasons, I don't want to cause further complication that I haven't the emotional fibre to deal with and because some of my views might be considered by others to be extreme, which is less than helpful to me.

This is the sort of thing I am reading at the moment that is contributing to my change of perspective (at least in relation to timescales).

[http://edgeryders.ppa.coe.int/practical-resilience/mission\\_case/europe-risk-war-what-should-we-do](http://edgeryders.ppa.coe.int/practical-resilience/mission_case/europe-risk-war-what-should-we-do)

But it seems I need to justify the things I have already said and shake off the sense that Rudnick has some how caused this. I haven't spoken to David about Character Date at all since the original flare up. As I said in the email this is as a result of a continued analysis of how the project is touching the world and aside from that predominantly for me personally to continue to be effective in my aims I have to change direction.

Over the course of the past 2 years I have been involved in countless projects where I have experimented with models which might reshape/manipulate reality, primarily things like: LuckyPDF, P2P Art Collection, Character Date, MAINSTREAM etc etc.... If I consider my motives and the actual outcome of my input and injection of energy into such projects, it's exceptionally difficult to see any correlation between motive and outcome. This has triggered a realisation that the means cannot justify the

People (2)

ed fornieles

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**Alarm Clock Productions** - is a new voice in the new media; produces corporate videos, provides digital content and media research for business and the third sector; perfect fit for anyone who wishes to employ their creative skills to visual effects.

**Coaxiom** - explores fresh pathways for management training; combines hands-on approach with psychological and social research; delves into transcendental meditation, narrative psychology, relational practice; takes from gamification to offer solutions that inspire creativity and imagination; suitable for applicants interested in social entrepreneurship, running workshops and putting ideas into practice.

**Recreational Data** - analyses trends, creates social strategy and delivers foresight to business clients; maps the social field of brands to strategise their future impact; creates imaginary avatars to connect with networks and discover new ideas; helps managers turn their subconscious intuitions into reality.

**Characterdate** - explores methods for achieving wellbeing in private life; immerses clients in new lifestyles, networks, and romantic adventures; creates contexts for exploring new self-identities.

If you would like to apply please follow the link. Should you have questions regarding the recruitment programme or any of the companies feel free to contact us.

Any other questions?

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Navigation icons: back, forward, trash, move to inbox, etc.

11 of 12,536

Re: hello



Be A Trice

to h, Matthew, me

Hi Holly,

I regretted a bit the way I told Ed that I wanted to publish the critique, although my motivations were originally just that I wanted to make the discussion public, I think it came across as a threat, so I can understand why he was upset about it.

Maybe Matt should take more responsibility for his commitment to Ed, even if he feels negatively about the project. It seems maybe he's quitting, at least partly, because he no longer thinks he can get out of it what he thought he could, ie he's realised that he can't really run a business, but I don't think anyone anticipated what was going to happen, and that was partly what was exciting about it and what made people want to be a part of it in the first place. Ben tweeted an article about economic booms and busts that seemed a good analogy, there is a downward spiral once people start pulling out of something, loss of confidence spreads, and maybe it is quite easy to quit when there is a lack of confidence, it perpetuates itself, so Ed is right that it is a kind of fear, but although it may have been triggered by certain events, it is something about the nature of the project itself that makes it susceptible to these kinds of 'group behaviours'. Isn't it about group behaviour? What is it about?

I didn't really feel like I should be in a position where Ed would have to trust me, I feel much more like I need to be in a position where I can say what I want to say. And anyway I don't think the structure of the project is one in which trust can exist - for reasons you've mentioned before. That was the frustrating part of Ed's email, he replied as if I was asking his permission to do something, when in fact I was just letting him know that I was doing it. And it's not that I wanted to mess up the project, in fact I was excited about trying to recoup it in anticipation of the downward spiral by documenting these kinds of conversations. The 'critique' is a piece of writing that I'm doing, my idea of collaboration is completely different from Eds, and anyway I would be compromised in what I could say if I became a participant, in fact it would render the critique pretty much useless. If I am going to play the critic, I have to maintain some integrity.

Oh and I decided to take Ed's name out of the piece of writing because I thought it would be better for both of us if the writing remained quite separate from the artwork, and didn't function in the same way as a review, which it wouldn't be anyway since the artwork hasn't been made yet, and also I wanted to give the artwork the possibility of responding to the criticism rather than just discrediting it entirely. Maybe that would be more possible if the identity of Ed and the project was veiled. Also not wanting to make it 'personal', and it makes sense with the way I am writing about it that names are removed.

Bx

ps I've cced Ed and Matt in, I am also sick of gossiping and private conversations - not that it was ever intended to be kept secret, but that's the way it comes across if an effort isn't made to be more public with our thoughts,

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8 more

Be A Trice

Friends

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Coaxiom

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**h w**

to me, Be

9 Aug



Hey Ed...Hope you doing good. Have the girl who was 3 boys yet? Are you back yet?

Are you talking about a video interview? I don't think I could do that, I guess for a mixture of reasons. I'm sure you're not surprised. I hate being filmed talking for a first. For a second thing I found the whole situation quite difficult at the time, both politically and also inter-personally, and I feel really uncomfortable talking about that on film for the project. Does that make sense?

I think it seems like a good idea to discuss all that in the work though. I'm also not really sure quite what I could contribute though?. Maybe if you wanted to have some kind of text based conversation about it in retrospect?

I love you



**ed fornieles**

to h, Be

10 Aug



YES>> in LA until Monday now>> sitting by a pool on a hill looking out over Hollywood :)#craytimes

no worries, David said yes so i think thats will be a good start to document that side of things. Not even 100% sure what I'll use it in i just want to get it down before it evaporates from peoples minds.

yeah, maybe a written account would be good, email interview might be fun. (bea chip in if you feel like it)

So when the network started there was a lot of conversations going on in the immediate circles of some of the participants, could you tell me a little about them, what aspects were being discussed.



December 28, 2011

With Heathcliff Waller.

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**EMPLOY YR SYMPTOM: An Ethic of the Post-Internet**

*Art belongs to the infrastructure of society, not to the superstructure. Art is a fundamental kind of social production. Marxism breaks with classical tradition by assigning priority to action rather than contemplation, but its error is to consider art only as a form of contemplation. Art is action.*  
McKenzie Wark

Sociality is the dominant vector within post-internet cultural production. With what is described as “post-internet art”, and especially in post-internet literary trends such as alt-lit, sociality is both the form and function of creative work; relationships, both interhuman and between people and institutions, are the primary medium of artwork formed in consideration of the online. Sometimes it can appear as though IRL shows, where people display visual artefacts, are remnants, poor excuses for social networks to circulate around online, third places. Parties, free schools, TV stations; all these operate as ways to manipulate networks of people into various roles, and it’s this relational excess that seems to grip artists. Being able to move people. To be a post-internet artist par excellence is to be an organiser, a brand manager, a social engineer.<sup>1</sup>

Post-internet art scene has proliferated within a network of cultural scenes; technological developments have allowed for a democratisation of culture (of sorts). Rather than geographically fixed scenes, which are limited, there instead becomes a less-defined ecosystem of tendencies and their participants can inhabit multiple subjectivities within different platforms. There’s undoubtedly something exciting and novel about this new landscape, but our concern here lies in the use and misuse of sociality as form. Within the post-internet discourse sociality floats free as a worthy value in itself; an undefined value, whereby all human relations are not only good but an end in themselves. How does this fit within a critical artistic framework, and, more importantly, what are the ethical dimensions of this value? Without an ethic, does sociality have any positive value, or is it an ameliorating stand-in for the more problematic task of actual social engagement? When these questions are not openly posited in this context, a heady stench of irony overcomes all attempts at honest discussion. Are post-internet artists engaged in a series of abusive relations with their fans? Is a sociality in post-internet art actually operating as a tool to colonise the internet for shitty old institutions?

I’m not arguing for a move away from sociality as a medium. Far from it; I’ve long preferred social movements to aesthetic movements. But to actively use sociality as the medium of an artwork by necessity means we’re operating within the realm of the political. One might step away from openly espousing the political nature of a creative project, but in doing so one steps into dangerous territory; without open discussion of a certain set of ethical principles, co-option becomes almost an inevitability. What happens when a network that is the product of collective intellectual and social labour becomes commodified without the consent of that network? What happens when that collective effort is monetised under a single subjectivity, when one tendency elides the collective endeavour, when some dick cashes in on what you perceived as a common cause? I’m not discussing the need for legalist precautions, but for a deeper ethical examination with all the political and utopian ramifications that creates. Ethical

---

<sup>1</sup> Obviously it’s far from coincidental that this change mimics and mirrors changing models of economic organisation; within post-industrial societies we’ve seen a shift for huge numbers of people from working in fordist industry such as manufacturing and engineering, into a largely service based economy, and this has required a huge change in worker subjectivity. The skills now valued within a modern economy are social and cognitive: intuition, cultural and visual awareness and interpersonal skills. This shift has come hand-in-hand with an attempt to remove a lot of the social and political gains that were won and structured by fordist labour: today’s workers have very poor job security, low wage-share, and fewer public services as once provided by the welfare state.

The links between the cultural production sector, especially visual arts, and this maturing economic form should be clear; the artist is the transit-model for the 21st Century western worker. Brevity prevents further discussion here, but I suggest that any conversation on the ethic of sociality in post-internet art *must* begin with a clear understanding of both the economic function of the artist after the internet, and the nature of post-fordist and affective labour. No var without the class var.



frameworks can't be built retroactively; I tend to distrust those who refuse to build them in advance. A fundamental ethical question for such relations could be "Who benefits from this?". Right now, much collective labour and intelligence goes into producing networks and relations whose benefit is distributively weighted in a highly disproportionate manner. Even the dreamy is populated with sharks.

**Open discussion of the social and human consequences of this manipulation of networks and relations should be a minimum ethical standpoint. Tread carefully, for you tread on my friends.**

What have we experienced as a post-internet sociality in art *without* the ethic? Well, I'd argue that cultural production online which describes itself under the rubric of "art" is some of the most retrograde and conservative forms of culture we have. The digital explosion has destroyed the specialism of the "artist", and the response of those who have inherited that role (I, for example, started my tertiary education before Youtube and ended it on the eve of the global financial crisis) has been to try and wrench back that specialisation by processing the cultural revolution of cyberspace and feeding it back into the old art institutions, as much megalithic as they are monolithic. I'm going to back a bold assumption here, but one I feel rings true; our generation are those raised in art schools of the Blairite era, and our understanding of the social function of art within social policy is very much borne of that. Whilst a post-internet art discourse can be seen to have emerged from an international base in Europe and the US, it is within the UK where it has really gained a deep relational function. Within Blairism, a policy of nominally open and socially inclusive participatory art disguises a role for the cultural practitioner to operate as a form of social entrepreneur and in doing so formalises a particular political function for the artist. This is an idea explored by Claire Bishop in her recent book *Artificial Hells*, where a primary function of participatory art is to help people "overcome social exclusion" and partake in a post-fordist notion of civil society. The form of that society is, of course, predetermined not by the "excluded minority" but by the "included majority".

On top of this, I propose another function for the post-internet artist, a role that encloses or limits the potential of the online cultural territory. You don't have to be a techno-utopian to recognise that there are radical possibilities within the technological development of the internet that provide opportunities for a culture that is created and distributed along a peer-to-peer framework. What marks out post-internet art is the rapid renunciation of that potential; instead, we are seeing a process analogous to *enclosure*, whereby areas of common creativity are imposed with limits that are defined by pre-existing cultural forms. Artists who thrive in the world of post-political art do so through the conscious and spectacular replication of social forms that are user-client based, plucked from the highest echelons of capitalist culture-forms, such as marketing, branding and public relations. Currently the closest we have to an ethic is growth, exposure, increased funding, a larger market share and the development of a personal brand. You'd be forgiven for thinking the highest aspiration for the contemporary post-internet artist is to one day have an advertising profile as large as Nike's. Isn't this a massive failure of collective imagination, to think in terms of quantitative scale of relations, rather than the potential for a qualitative shift?

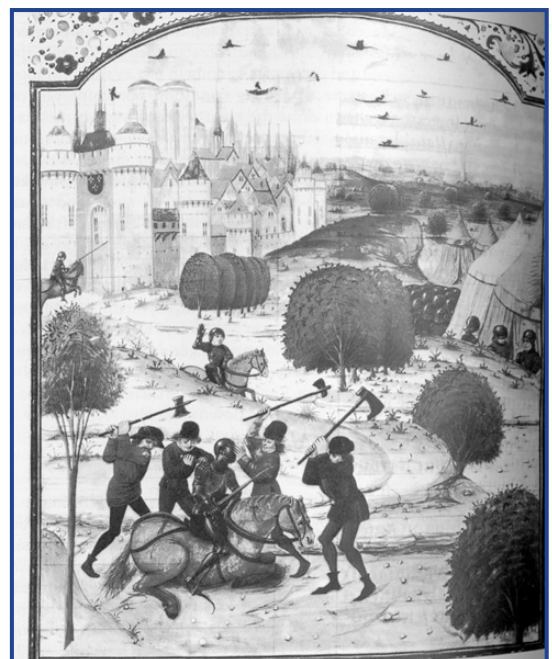
The creative models of art that thrive online today are those forms which interact with older forms of culture management; that is, those which offer a client-user model for participation. Peer-to-peer mutuality is giving way to a relation of organiser and organised, co-ordinator and co-ordinated, because spectatorship and consumption is the model of the cultural organisations that understand the internet "is a thing", and worst "a thing we must deal with in order to remain relevant", but are also aware the internet is fundamentally a platform of cultural production with potentially revolutionary and destructive repercussions. Sometimes it seems as though the imposition of retrograde forms is a type of "rappel a l'ordre", a return to established artistic forms to halt the terrifying shock of the aesthetic and political revolution. Traditionally a moment of "rappel a l'ordre" implied a return to traditional aesthetic forms and mediums – the

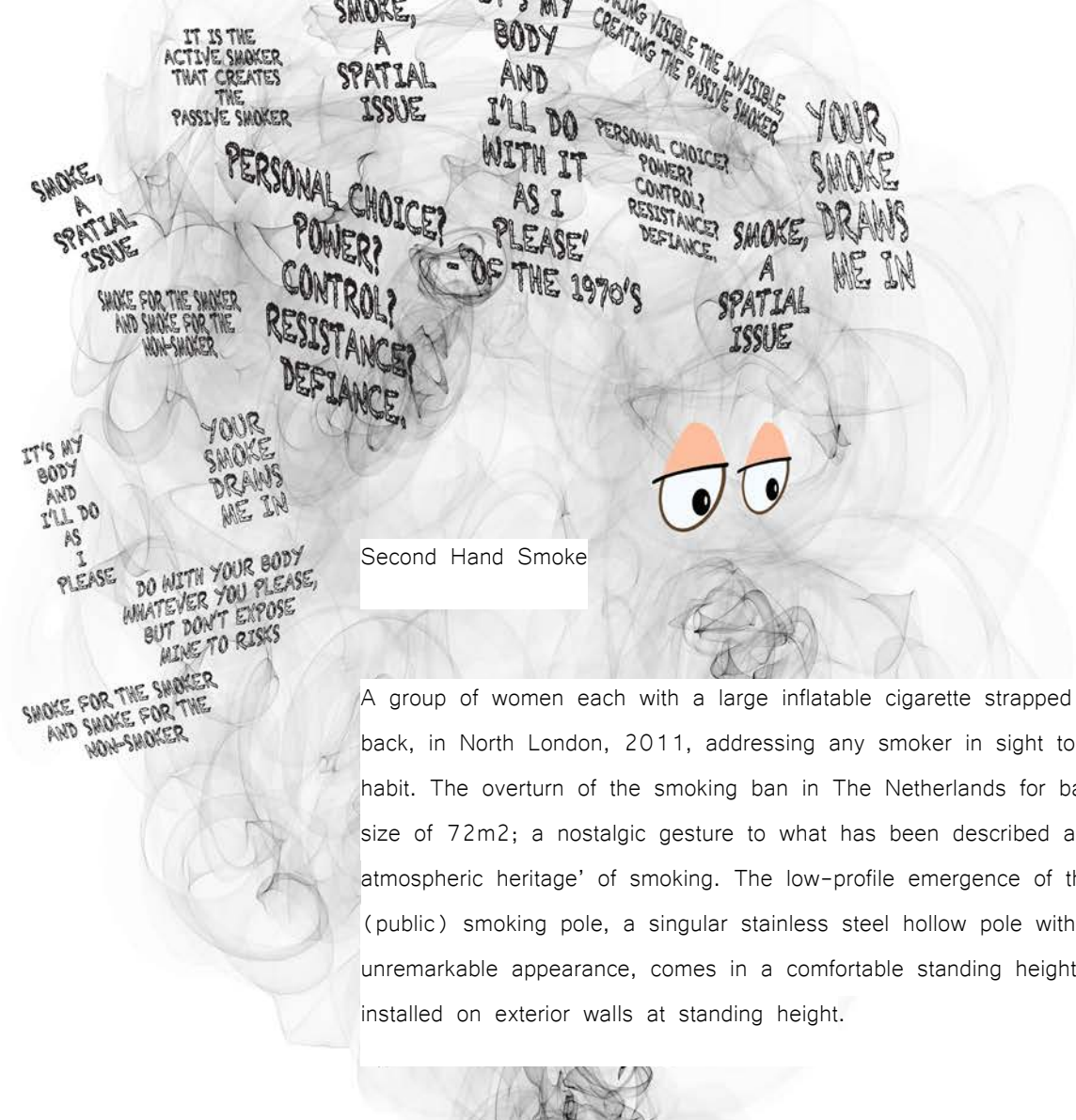
figurative and the picture plain. In this context, it implies a return to traditional participatory and organisational forms and mediums; the large institutional show, the spectator-organiser relation, the spectacular presentation and representation through mainstream media etc. An initial burst of disorientating, powerful creativity in online networks is being digested and fed into an existing cultural machine, which is dictating the limits of its power.

How do we go forward from this point, then? I would suggest by discussing and implementing an "ethic of the post-internet". From a starting point of a clear and open discussion about the ethic of the post-internet will certainly emerge the necessity for a politic of the post-internet; to create ethical awareness invariably creates a political antagonism. Such a discussion would raise interesting questions, make interesting demands of participants, threaten a number of private interests, and would involve the playing of cards on the table. So here I play my cards on the table: I think an ethic of the post-internet, of the use of sociality as a medium, is a moral imperative which must be acted on, and I would distrust those who think human relationships can be manipulated and utilised as art without informed consent.

I also think the ecosystem of cultural territories opened up by cyberspace offers a chance for the sharpening of focus; growth is not necessarily a positive strategy within such an ecosystem, or even a necessity. Instead, a politic of the post-internet could be something more than "inclusive", it could be incisive, targeted form of social production. I'm drawn to another quote from McKenzie Wark, talking about the practice of *détournement*, but which could equally be applied to a radical post-internet sociality; "[*Détournement* treats culture] not as a *creative commons*, not as a *wealth of network*, not as *free culture* or *remix culture*; but as an active place of challenge, agency, strategy and conflict."

The post-internet artist is still a contested subjectivity. As such, it is loaded with potential. A provisional ethic of democratic representation and control of social networks of cultural production would be an enormous challenge to the community; it would involve honest discussion of value and remuneration, of direction and focus and power. But open debate on a positive ethic of participation and sociality is also an opportunity for post-internet culture; no longer to be butchers of our own everyday working practices and lives, or subject to a race to exploit the most value from our friendships, but to partake in control of our own culture in a self-sustaining, egalitarian fashion. This might be an ethic worth struggling for.





## Second Hand Smoke

A group of women each with a large inflatable cigarette strapped to their back, in North London, 2011, addressing any smoker in sight to quit their habit. The overturn of the smoking ban in The Netherlands for bars under a size of 72m<sup>2</sup>; a nostalgic gesture to what has been described as 'the atmospheric heritage' of smoking. The low-profile emergence of the outdoor (public) smoking pole, a singular stainless steel hollow pole with unremarkable appearance, comes in a comfortable standing height size or is installed on exterior walls at standing height.

The inhaling of cigarette smoke makes one cough, dizzy and often nauseous – learning how to smoke requires effort and determination.

The first smoker of Europe, Rodrigo de Jerez, who took up the habit after being introduced to it by Native Americans and bringing tobacco leaves back to his Spanish hometown where he was imprisoned for his sinful habits, as "only the Devil could give man the power to exhale smoke from his mouth". When released seven years later, smoking had caught on. The faith of the Native Americans in an entwined relationship between human and spirit through tobacco, seeing it as their duty to yield the tobacco plant and to smoke it, as the spirits were in endless need of the plant to survive. The strong tobacco of the Native Americans. The control over Native Americans through possessive control over the tobacco plant. The Western world increasingly moved towards milder forms of tobacco. In the form of the cigarette, tobacco would gain a suitable and functional strength.

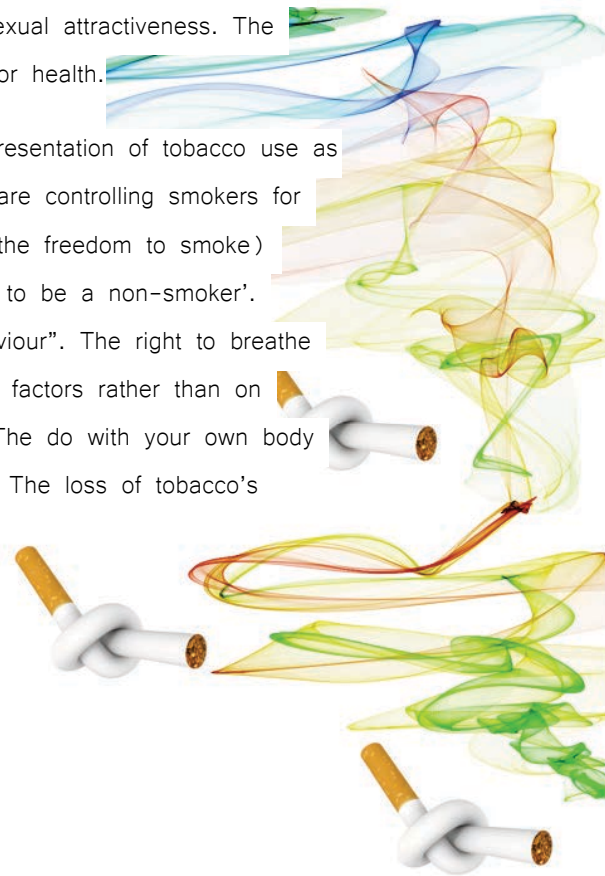
The smoker would smoke in smoking rooms in a smoking suit; the abstinence from smoking in certain spaces or in the company of women was done on the grounds of etiquette. The invention of the lucifer match led to smoking in the open air. The smoking in factories, warehouses, shops and offices possibly started to take place to counter the monotonous, sluggish work of the modern age. The modernist flat-pack cigarette fit in with this age of great activity: the smoking of cigarettes is an individualized, mild and transient habit. The smoking of tobacco went from being a supplementary activity, to a contribution to the enhancement of one's day. The 1920's introduced the cigarette for women as a symbol of freedom, equality and personal choice. The dwindling association between cigarette smoking and masculinity and an analogous increase in associations with femininity, later became a mode by which large capitalist patriarchal tobacco companies could boost profits: "Over the 20<sup>th</sup> century...in industrial countries the cultural meaning of women's smoking as it relates to gender relations has moved from a symbol of being bought by men (prostitute), to being like men (lesbian/mannish/androgynous), to being able to attract men (glamorous/heterosexual)." The filter-tipped cigarette became popular with women because these cigarettes didn't leave behind embarrassing bits of tobacco in the mouth – it has mainly been embarrassment or social etiquette rather than a fear for health that has steered the development of ways in which tobacco has been consumed.




The idea that there was less social control over women brought a growing expectation of personal, individualised control, and with that the responsibility to be informed, civilised. Mg tar, mg nicotine, mg ..., etc. Lights. Safer smoking. Smoking as a product of a growing social pressure toward exercising greater self-restraint. Tobacco and self-control. Smoking to lose weight. "It's not just a cigarette. It's a few minutes on your own," – Eve Lights Slim 100s. The smoking of tobacco was linked to lung cancer in the 1950's. The 1970's formed the end of the baby boom and led to an emphasis on quality rather than quantity of the population. The construction of smoking as a public health problem. Science and media strongly interacted in these health issues. The Saatchi & Saatchi 1973 anti-smoking campaign introduced women-focused materials that concentrated on the links between smoking and losing sexual attractiveness. The connection with wrinkles. Smoking in pregnancy. The discovery of addiction. Poor health.



The global cigarette. The cigarette symbolises both freedom and control. The presentation of tobacco use as overpowering and addictive makes the tobacco companies look evil, as if they are controlling smokers for their own profits. The presentation of tobacco smoking as an act of free will (the freedom to smoke) allows one to 'blame' the smoker. 'The public smoker takes away my freedom to be a non-smoker'. Smoking becomes a spatial issue. "The social consequences of individual behaviour". The right to breathe smoke-free air at the end of the 1970's is still a choice based on aesthetical factors rather than on proven health risks. The it's my body and I'll do as I please in the 1970's. The do with your own body whatever you like, but do not expose mine to risks in the end of the 1980's. The loss of tobacco's freedom in the 1990's.







The Smoker had been recognised. The passive smoker remained invisible in the decisions made about smoking. It was medical discourse that needed to bring all bodies into view, and make them all discussable, including the body of the non-smoker. The debate over whether there's a moral difference between directly causing harm to someone and allowing harm to come to that person. The smoke for the smoker and the smoke for the non-smoker. Mainstream/sidestream; the acknowledgement of the existence of both direct and indirect smoke. Second Hand Smoke is the conception of connected rather than disconnected bodies. It is the active smoker that creates the passive smoker.

# CASTLECOM

-Gene McHugh

“Do you really think that? What you just said to me right there... do you think that in your heart of hearts?”

“What are you talking about, Jeff? Did I say something controversial? My memory is going...sorry...”

“What you said to me here in the grass.”

“Well...”

“Well, what?”

“Well, yes, of course I do—I said it, why wouldn’t I think it? My goodness, Jefferson, I thought you knew me better than that.”

“Ok, well, I just wanted to know for sure...After all, you remember the business with the you-know-what and, quite frankly, we don’t want to go down that road again.”

“Excuse me? Oh, you really didn’t have to say that, Jeff. Please stop doing that. Why, you’re the devil—unadulterated evil, pure and simple. That’s you in a nutshell.”

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“Well...”

“Well, what?”

“Well, yes, of course I do—I said it, why wouldn’t I think it? My goodness, Jefferson, I thought you knew me better than that.”

“Ok, well, I just wanted to know...” And on and on the businessperson vurts looped their insane conversation. Vurts: virtuals. For all you could tell, they were pre-Nano

human—blue flannel business suits fluttering in the wind vurt and bright eye vurts winking at one another to keep things light. But they were software just like everything else in the Vurt world. All around, through the sidewalk system and the fields of grass, thousands of them looped in place—their posture impeccable and their suits crisply pressed. Every one. Over there—at that sidewalk, at about 1:30—the businessperson vurts looped something about death, and the ones there—at that sidewalk, about 6:00 sharp—looped something about numbers. Stats. Of course, the businessperson vurts

near the ruby red orb in the middle of the Vurt World looped about the sidewalk system. One vurt says it’s endless, the other says it’s grey in color. Same thing every time, and none of it makes any sense. And around and around the grass swayed and swayed and the ruby red orb reflected it all like a giant crystal ball.

“What are you talking about, Jeff? Did I say something controversial? My memory is going...sorry...”

“What you said to me here in the grass.”

“Well...”

“Well, what?”

“Well, yes, of course I do—I said it, why wouldn’t I think it? My goodness, Jefferson...”

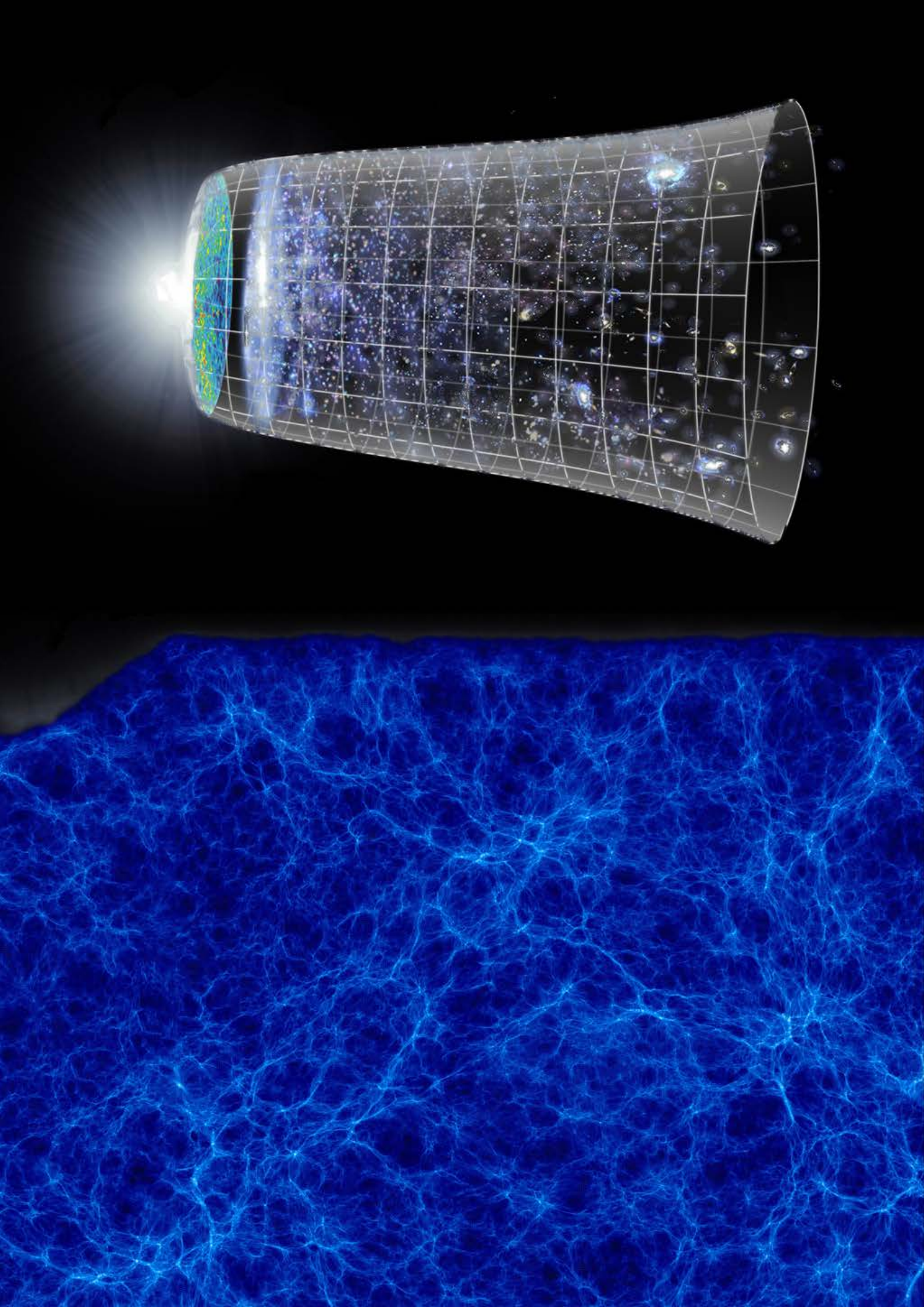
This—one of several loops in the Vurt World that featured a man and a woman vaguely accusing each other of nefarious things—was easily one of Castle’s favorites. “OrgyFuck!” he yelled out when he landed nearby, his tanned avatar form pulsating softly and his large gold penis vurt sticking out like a glimmering royal scepter. His penis vurt was usually modeled to appear erect, but it was particularly stiff and shiny that day. In fact, when, as was typical, he sat down in a lotus position to listen to the businessperson vurts loop, he had to be careful not to get it caught up in his leg vurts. He accomplished this successfully but then accidentally smacked it in-between his palm vurts when he began to Happy Clap. Happy Clap, Happy Clap. That’s what he called the ridiculously giddy

feeling that circulated through his nervous system app when he was within range of this particular businessperson vurt loop. Without a doubt, the most happiest clappiest part of the loop for him was when the female businessperson would call the male “the devil.” “You’re the devil,” she’d say and Castle’s mouth would open, he’d rub his knee on the nearest sidewalk, and Happy Clap. The pleasure didn’t derive from the rhythmic catharsis of anticipating that word and hearing it, though. On the contrary, Castle’s mind wasn’t nearly sharp enough to perceive a logical pattern and he never saw it coming. Never once. It was just that word: “devil.” He’d hear it and shout out, “OrgyCum! OrgyFuck!” However, when his penis vurt got caught in the middle of his palm vurts that day, the Happy Clapping pleasure subsided and a Complex 2 pain vurt passed through his nervous system app. Not the end of the world, but his avatar auto-wincing and he vowed not to do it again. It was difficult, though. He was so excited that day and his penis vurt couldn’t help but reflect that. There was something in the air for Castle. He didn’t know why and certainly would never have been able to articulate it, but somehow Castle knew he was going to go deep into Homesmind that day. Perhaps it was his destiny. Perhaps it was programmed into him through nano enhancements received as a child. In any event, according to ritual, after a session of Happy Clapping, he rose from the lotus position and began to touch the businessperson vurts’ genital vurts with his avatar mouth and hand vurts. Because he lived in a pre-literate state of simulated nature—he hadn’t been out of the Vurt World in...how long was it?—all there was for him to do—or at least, all he knew how to do—was get off and cum, and

so he poked and prodded at the man and woman vurts and did what he could to insert his finger and tongue vurts into the crevices around their own genital vurts. But that was just to get warmed up. Then, when he felt ready, he smacked them with his penis vurt in each of their face vurts. “Orgy-Cum! OrgyFuck!” he yelled out, rubbing his avatar knee vurts in the nearest sidewalk vurt. Of course, none of it—pleasure or pain—engendered a response on the part of the businessperson vurts. He laid into them with everything he had in his penis vurt, but there was nothing “under” their business suits to fuck or smack. It was all just spongy texture vurt, no different than the grass or the sidewalks or the ruby red orb. No pleasure; no pain; whereas he was an avatar linked to a post-Nano body, they were pure vurt software. They just looped and looped and bobbed to the left and bobbed to the right, all the while absorbing the pressure of his tongue vurt on their groin vurts and his penis vurt on their face vurts. Happy Clap, Fuck and Smack, Happy Clap, Fuck and Smack. And their program ran and ran. After several day cycles of this, Castle paused thoughtfully and looked to the sky vurt. What’s up there, beyond the sky, he wondered and then almost instantaneously lost interest in the question. He scratched at the surface of his avatar body form and leapt a few feet off the ground, hovering and picking his nose vurt. Then he flew up higher into the sky vurt and shot off like a rocket. A moment later, he landed in front of the ruby red orb and peered into his own reflection vurt. “OrgyFuck, OrgyCum...” he whispered. Who is Castle, he wondered. Who is Castle? And then, again, he lost interest in the question. Castle

stepped back and jizzed a little on the surface of the ruby red orb. It was time. He knew it. It was time for the next stage; the main event: the Homesmind S.P.E.; the SexPorn Experience. He hopped up and flew back to his favorite businessperson vurts. When he landed, he looked at the female longingly and sucked his mouth vurt to her breast vurt, hoping to feel some warmth. Something was there, something warm, and he was thankful for that because it gave him courage. And then he entered Homesmind. When he went in, he was determined to achieve something new and he let Homesmind know it. Homesmind acknowledged his request and cued him. And with that, the Vurt world began to blur and he floated above a field of grass vurt. He was totally listless other than his rigidly erect gold penis vurt extending out from his languidly flexing groin vurt. He was deep in Homesmind, trying to go deeper. For Castle, mental concentration was nearly impossible, nearly unthinkable, due to his eroded cognitive abilities, but what he had to do that day was, on some level, of moral importance for him. So he focused all of his energies on Homesmind and worked with it to write a SexPorn program that would make a difference. It was the one he could see in his mind’s eye, the one that would make him really jizz it up. With the thought of that, Castle jizzed a little puddle on the grass vurt, which quickly absorbed it. That wasn’t the sort of jizzing he was imagining, though; it wasn’t a real release; it wasn’t a straight shot to something beyond the Vurt World and beyond his sense of time, of self, of OrgyCum OrgyFuck. A sharp pain, almost Complex 5, shot through the middle of his forehead, seeming to almost bore









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# DAWN

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700 ml (1.3677) A. 2. 02



11

Financial data including stock tickers and market indices:

- S&P 500: +0.8%
- NASDAQ: +0.3%
- DAX: +0.3%
- EUR: +0.3%
- USD: +0.3%
- GBP: +0.3%
- JPY: +0.3%
- INR: +0.3%
- CHF: +0.3%
- AUD: +0.3%
- CAD: +0.3%
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- VND: +0.3%
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a hole through his skull vurt and it felt like his mind was first leaking and then flooding out through the hole. And then the pain subsided just as quickly as it came and the Vurt World zapped out completely. In its place, an entirely different world shifted into focus. Castle found himself standing in front of a domed warehouse made of fading yellow stones—the yellow the color of a feeble, dying sun. Nothing else was around, just the warehouse and fields of brown dirt. A gray sky above the warehouse threatened rain. It looked like a good downpour would have peeled off what remained of the yellow paint on the surface of the stones. You could even hear a slight pattering of precipitation, despite the fact that there wasn't visual evidence for it. But the rain didn't come; it just threatened and the yellow of the warehouse remained just that—yellow. Against the sky, at the entrance to the warehouse, an arch reached up and out, coming to a point, on top of which stood two wrinkly old men, squatting, endlessly moving their bowels, watching as brown fecal matter slid down the side of the building, interacting with the yellow paint, and coating the surface with greasy stains. If the rain would have come, it would have been a serious mess on the ground, but for the time being, the feces just piled up at the base of the warehouse and stank the air up with fetid odors. Below the arch, in front of the warehouse, a crowd of about two hundred leather and vinyl-clad motorcyclists and tech-fetishists were watching the old men and laughing, spitting mouthfuls of cheap alcohol from their lips. Others were hanging out, shouting obscenities at one another, or groping each other's genitals. Blood trickled from all of their mouths, semen dripped from the cocks of all the males, stain-

ing their pants, and all the females stuck their hands in the vestment around their groins and touched themselves roughly. The only thing louder than the constant revving of the motorcycles was the occasional guttural scream of someone being stabbed to death. Howls of laughter would follow and several of the techies would smash their heads against the warehouse, grinning toothy grins, as chips of yellow paint stuck to their black helmets. Through the crowd, Castle approached, intending to enter the warehouse. At first, several of the largest men eyed him up suspiciously and put themselves in his way. He raked out the eyeballs from the face of one their numbers, though, and the viciousness of the gesture made the rest of the crowd back off. Around him, a path formed, allowing him entry inside. He didn't look back.

Once in the warehouse, the raucousness of the outside world dissipated and the gloomy sound of slow, deep bass beats filled his ears while an ever-so-slight light beckoned him forward. He walked and felt his body lifted up in violent jerking motions, accompanied by a Complex 10 pain, making itself palatable in his post-Nano. Spikes had been driven into his shoulders and ankles and he was pinned to a brown cork panel, itself placed on a slowly-moving conveyor belt. The pain was so deep and so raw that Castle hardly noticed that the conveyor belt had reached a more illuminated area of the warehouse in which the dead bodies of other men that looked similar to him, but not identical, were hanging limply from cork panels, dried black blood everywhere.

“Do you really think that? What you just said to me right there... do you think that in your heart of hearts?”

“What are you talking about, Jeff?

Did I say something controversial? My memory is going...sorry...”

The businessperson vurts were there too, but they were moving around freely, not looping in place as they were in the Vurt World.

They also looked different: the business suits were gone; replaced with the naked bodies of cliché red devils. They had long tails, each of which itself had a sharp, spaded point. On each of their heads, a pair of horns with scarred ridges spiraling down from the sharp tip to the base popped out.

Around the devils, a crew of cameramen and women wearing nothing but leather thongs held out video cameras, lights, and large flatscreen monitors. They were documenting everything, zooming-in luridly as the devils jumped up onto the jungle gym of sleek black metal that had grown around Castle's aching body.

“Oh, you really didn't have to say that, Jeff. Please stop. You're the devil...”

They grew their tails longer and longer and directed them to intertwine as one and penetrate Castle's anus. With their clawed hands, they tore at his chest, penis, and testicles. With their forked tongues, they penetrated inside his unwilling mouth.

“Did I say something controversial? My memory is going...sorry...”

In the flatscreen monitors that circled around, Castle watched as the devils tore away at him. Separate heads grew out of their stomachs and each of the heads sucked at his penis, which was by now so enlarged that it felt like the weight of it might cause the whole apparatus to snap off like a tree branch. While this was all happening, the devils ravished one another over the web of metal around Castle's body. He could feel the interwoven tails burrowing deeper and deeper, breaking through his rectum, entering

into his stomach, and then up and up until it reached the pineal gland in the back of his brain, where it paused, stopping to deposit a small black ball. Everything grew quiet and the female devil looked Castle in the eye and said with a surprising, sweet serenity, "Come, Castle, come..." It made him feel calmer and if he had the wherewithal to thank her at that moment, he would have. Once the black ball was deposited in his pineal gland, the interwoven tails shot out through the center of his forehead. And then he felt it—he was about to cum. He was going to cum. The female devil looked him in the eye lovingly, jerking off his penis, and said, "Come, Castle, come" and he was cumming. And he didn't stop. It was the most intense thing he had ever experienced. His vision blinkered and in its place, the hole in his forehead acted like a third eye, allowing him to see the greater reality around him: infinite lines—infinitely smooth and infinitely jagged—of simultaneously infinite thinness and thickness, representing an infinite spectrum of infinitely changing colors, pulsating at rates he thought he could perceive, but when he tried to keep track, seemed to pass by at infinite velocity. And all the while, the evil loving laughter of what he could only possibly describe as the machine elves filled the air and his heart and his mind and the whole of the world.

Woosh!

Castle shot-up from a small metal bed, bright white light blinding his eyes. He wanted to dash away from wherever he was now, but he couldn't. He was tightly constricted

by a complex tangle of wires, themselves attached to small computer on the outer face of the bed. He was in a new place and his head ached uncontrollably. This place was different. Not different in the way that the inside of the warehouse was different from the outside, or the outside of the warehouse was different from the Vurt World, but radically different. It wasn't just another software program or neuro trip hallucination. It seemed as though the reality of the air here was of a much richer quality, as if it all intersected with everything else in ways that went beyond simulation. Almost instantaneously, Castle knew: it was the world before the Vurt, the world of the post-Nano body, the body, which although suffused with Nano, was the body, the real body, which he knew, on some level, to exist and persist outside of software. It was the world of hardware and he knew it, and here he was, in a large open space of similar dimension to the warehouse he had come from, but whereas the inside of the warehouse was dark and dingy, this was immaculately clean, white, and bright. Around him, he saw row after row of hospital bed. In each bed, the wizened body of a naked old man lay motionless, apparently unconscious, a complex helmet with blinking lights and electronic paraphernalia connecting him to the bedside computer. From each of the men's penises, a long clear tube coated with semen reached to the ceiling where it became tangled with a garden of all of the other semen-coated tubes belonging to all of the other

men. Where the tubes went or what happened to the semen beyond that was a mystery. Castle looked down to his own body. It was the same as the others: shriveled-up and, although obscured by the tube, he could see that his penis was small and fleshy, not nearly as magnificent as the golden rod he played with every day in the Vurt World. Beyond these initial observations, the only thing he could concentrate on was how cold he felt and, more generally, how intense the experience of the air on the surface of his post-Nano was. "Oh, my goodness!" he heard a voice yell out. A woman wearing a white lab coat, carrying a small tablet computer, rushed over to him. She called via headset for others to join her and eventually she was surrounded by a dozen women, all gawking down at Castle. He tried to yell "OrgyFuck" at them, but didn't know how to work his vocal cords. All that came out was a terrible guttural noise. Phlegm stuck to the roof of his mouth and he could hardly deal with how slimy it was, how slimy everything here was, but not just slimy. It was slimy, and hard, and soft, and every other descriptive term you could think of. It was simply intense for him and he was overwhelmed. He wanted to pass out, but he couldn't.

"Well, how did you manage to join us today, Castle?" one of the women asked him. She looked up to her colleagues, almost wanting to grin, but holding it back due to professional decorum. He didn't even try to respond. He just looked up at them with hatred and, if he could have, he would

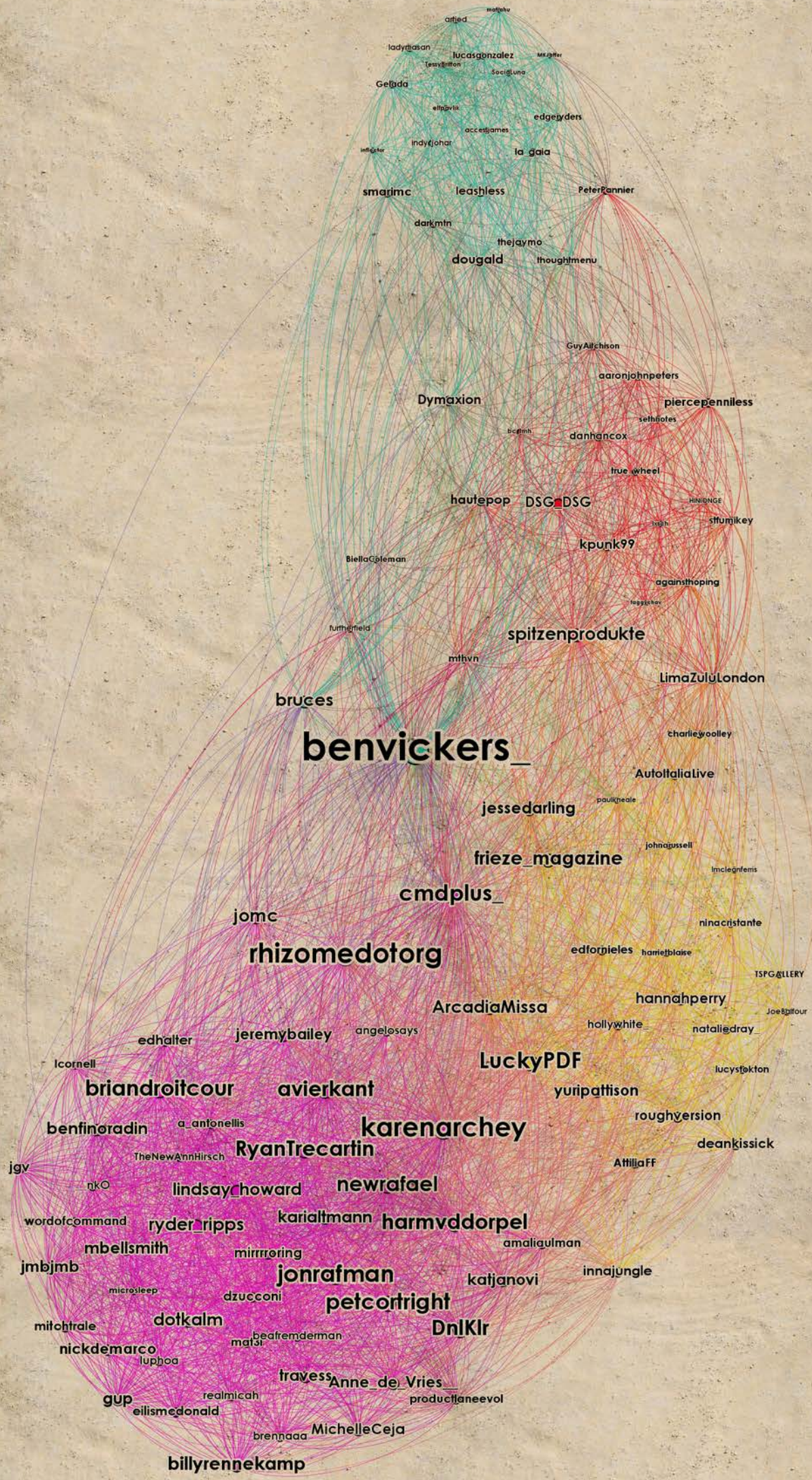
have spit at them. But then he noticed something—the symbols woven into the breast pocket on each of their lab coats: they read, “C-A-S-T-L-E-C-O-M”—“CASTLECOM.” He’d seen those symbols somewhere before. And then, for the first time in his life, Castle had a memory that stretched back before his time in the Vurt world. He was here—right here, in this exact same room, as a pre-pubescent child. He was naked, standing in a row with other boys of a similar age. A woman was walking up and down the row, measuring each of their penises, recording the results in a tablet computer that bore those same symbols “C-A-S-T-L-E-C-O-M.” When she finally reached his place in line, she measured him, just as she had the others, and then looked up, saying dryly, “Well, aren’t you the devil...” Just at that moment, he saw a little girl in a pale yellow dress, peeking out from behind a white wall. She too was looking at his penis, but not scientifically like the older woman. For her, it was fascination. Castle and the little girl made eye contact and a drop of semen fell from the tip of his penis. The little girl touched her pale yellow dress and he felt what he knew intuitively to be love, but before anything else could happen, the woman who was measuring his penis shooed the little girl away.

He tried to remember what happened after that, but the memory dissolved and fell apart. He looked up at the crowd of women, who were still staring down at him with a mixture of curiosity and scientific objectivity. One of them said, “Well, we’ll run tests on his Homesmind. That’s all we can do. No use speculating without data.” The others agreed. She looked to the woman who had first noticed Castle wake up. “Have any of the other Castles behaved abnormally?” she asked.

“No, just this one. It was just him,” the woman responded.

“Alright fine then.” She looked Castle in the eye, trying to understand something about him, but to no avail. He just stared back at her venomously. “Ok, show’s over, ladies, back to work.” The woman pulled a syringe from the pocket of her lab coat and jabbed Castle in the forehead.

The next thing he knew, Castle was back in the Vurt World, lying spread eagle on the top of the ruby red orb, breathing heavily, his gold penis vurt huge, enormous—it seemed to him as long as all of the sidewalks in the sidewalk system put together. #





## ***Force Atlas:***

***/Repulsion Strength: 2500.00***

***/Attraction Strength: 10.0***

***/Maximum Displacement: 10.0***

***Modularity: 0.412***

***Mutual Degree Range: 24***

***Nodes/Friends: 114***

***Edges/Relationships: 3546***

***“ Networks are not a thing, they are a way of understanding and representing the world. A social networks perspective seeks to understand the way in which discrete units – nodes – are connected and affected by the relationships between them.”***





# THE NETWORK AND THE STORYTELLER

- Eleanor Saitta

While prostitutes may have the oldest profession tied up, I'd lay good odds that storytellers are older than many traditional candidates for number two. (Gamblers come somewhere rather further down the list.) There is deep, old magic in stories. Magic that gets into your head and rewrites the meat. Magic that changes who you are and can be in the world.

That same storytelling lives on in the network and in the age of network culture. Storytelling is more comfortable in the network than anywhere it's had to live since the enlightenment, since we locked up the wandering bard in the cathedral, the university, and the television studio.

Networks are made of stories. A network is a bunch of people who share a story about how to interact. Protocols are really just stories. (And, as often as not, just so stories.) The converse isn't true, of course—there's far more to a story than just a protocol, but it means that networks intrinsically hold open a space for the story.

An institution has its gravitas, its presence, a history and a body written in stone. A tribe has blood ties and (one hopes, still) land, a way-of-living with accreted pastness. A market has its money, its labor and alienation, but a network only has its stories, and only those stories that are being lived, told, right now. Networks don't remember, they only act, so they must continually tell themselves those stories that they'd like to see remain.

“All of this has happened before. All of this will happen again.”

Networks do not tell all stories equally. Networks, like all entities with stories, tell most readily those stories in whose reflection they see themselves.

There are no heroes in networks. This, even, is one of their defining characteristics. There is no center. Some nodes see more traffic today, but tomorrow they may be gone. Networks kill heroes when they appear, because they represent a weakness and an inequality in their fabric. There's a reason most hackers who understand the world around them are at least a little reticent to claim that (loaded) title.

The death of the romantic hero, if it stays properly dead this time, is and will be one of the great gifts of the network. Modernism tried, but in the end only replaced the hero with the architect. Post-modern media culture turned that into the celebrity simulacrum, a cultural hangover that we're still deep in the midst of.

The name of celebrity is written on the wall of the server room in blood, a harbinger of things to come.

The stories that the network tells have a materially different quality, existing all at once from all the perspectives of the multitude, without a single privileged view. It's not that any individual voice is wrong, it's just incomplete—the stories networks tell can only be perceived in full in collective simultaneity, and those collectives have no room for heroes.

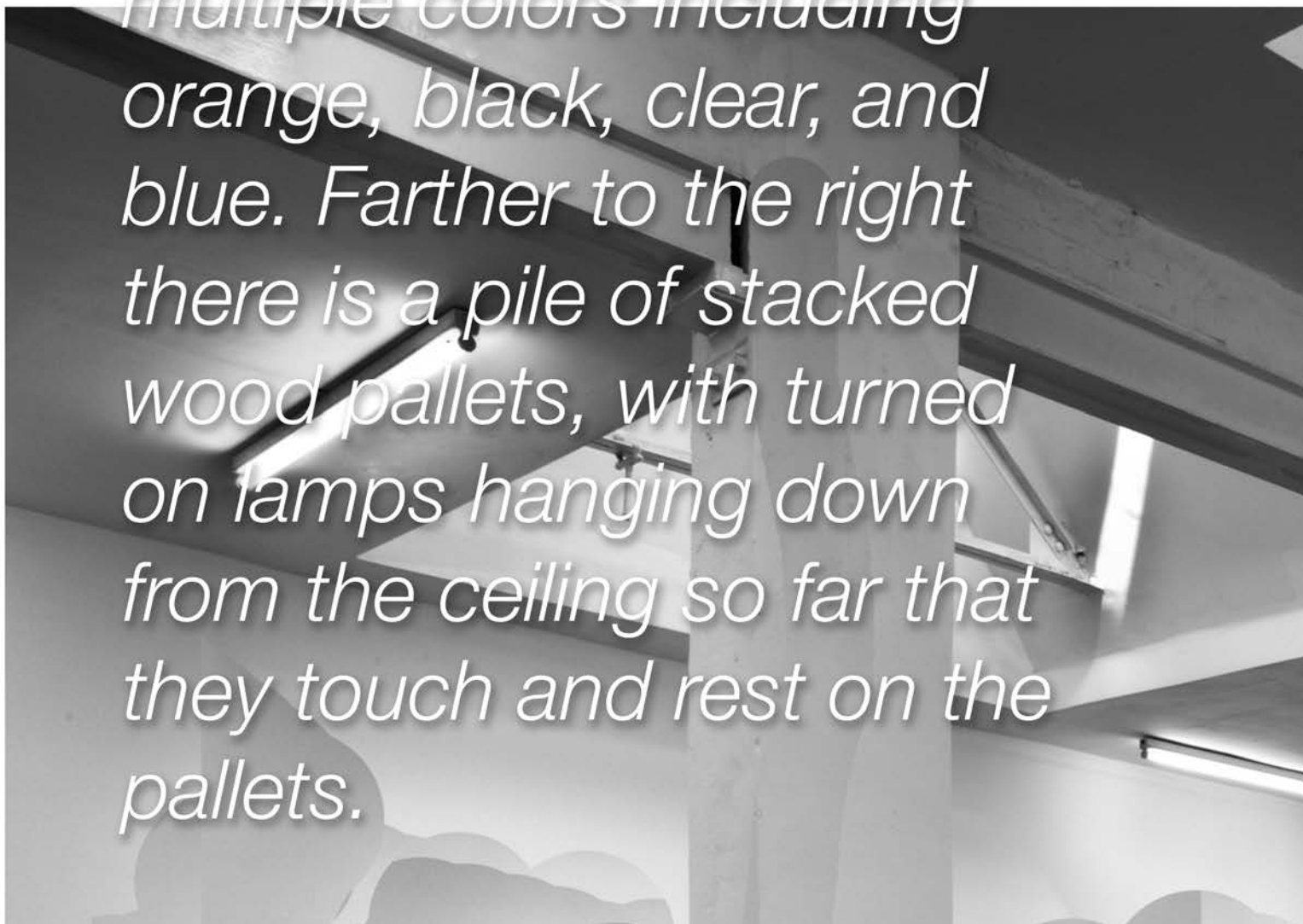
Stories do have tellers, however, and while the teller of the story of a network may be distributed, there's something else as well—not quite a curator; more a facilitator. The storyteller un-leashed by institutionality fell into ill repute because they were profoundly dangerous to established orders, even as they were critical in their establishment. To be a storyteller is to be a Trickster—to be Raven or Coyote or any of a hundred other names. The Devil tells stories, or, more accurately, he weaves them from the cloth of lives, quietly and invisibly.

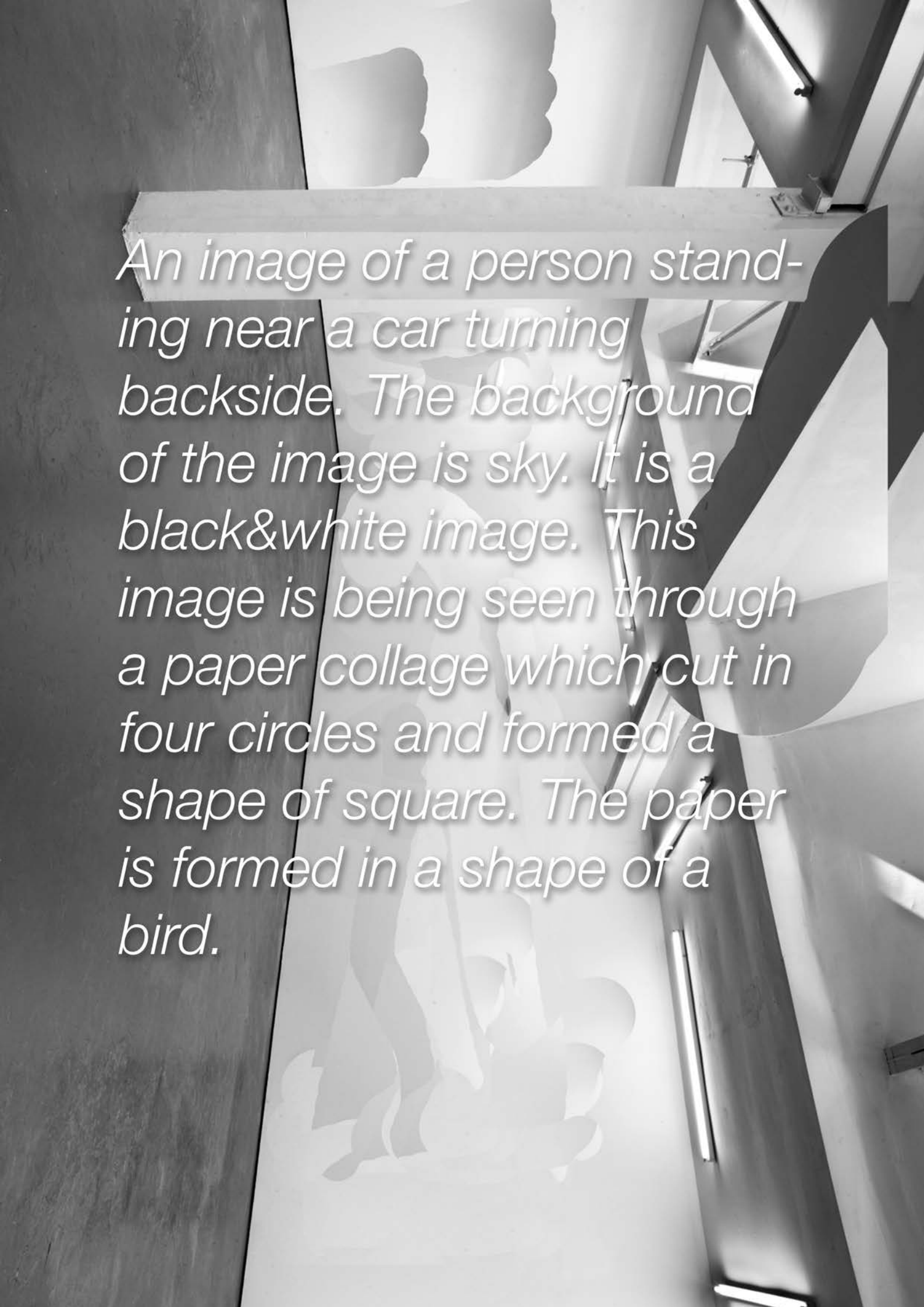
This structural illegibility, the quiet little nudges that push the collective authorship into a frame only slightly more narrative than the background noise of the everyday, just enough to give pronoia something to get its teeth into, this is to be the trickster of story networks; the act without acting.

Structural illegibility doesn't necessarily mean interacting secretly, just in a manner that doesn't afford reading by the dominant paradigms. Networks make a virtue of illegibility because the only structure that matters is the functional one—adding more superfluous bits just to be externally legible adds weight without value. Beyond that, to be illegible is a strategic advantage when doing work that is hostile (or even merely neutral) toward existing structures—a tactic from time immemorial for subcultures; for the creation of any liberatory space, however transient.

Fortunately and unfortunately, the market is an existing structure. Market illegibility is freeing, but it also frees you from things like the ability to make rent, problematic as traditional solutions for illegible extra-market living fall under heavy attack. One of the challenges of this decade (and likely the next) will be figuring out how to make illegible network storytelling if not economically viable than at least socially functional—we must see that the Devil gets her due.

*The floor of the room is made to look like outdoor pavement, complete with a grate on the left. To its right is an object that seems similar to a traffic cone, but made up of segments in multiple colors including orange, black, clear, and blue. Farther to the right there is a pile of stacked wood pallets, with turned on lamps hanging down from the ceiling so far that they touch and rest on the pallets.*





*An image of a person standing near a car turning backside. The background of the image is sky. It is a black&white image. This image is being seen through a paper collage which cut in four circles and formed a shape of square. The paper is formed in a shape of a bird.*

A black and white photograph of a wall covered in newspaper cuttings. The cuttings are arranged in a way that creates various shapes and patterns, including what looks like a large, dark, irregular shape in the foreground. A light fixture is visible above the text, casting a glow. The overall scene is a creative and artistic display of newspaper clippings.

*Wall filled with different cuttings of newspaper artwork. Though the work seems to be random, there is some creativity available in this work. The cuttings makes us to imagine different objects in different views.*





*This image is a picture of a piece of art on the wall, which is long and rectangular with beautiful pastel colors, including yellow, orange and blue. There is a hand in the photo also. It is holding some kind of puzzle, with colorful shapes, in front of the first item I described.*

# Holly White

October 2011-summer 2012



It's hard to decide exactly where the story begins, but I have used as a starting point the date when We Found Love the official video was uploaded to youtube. Because that's when that song felt most real and I think that's when things started happening and things changed. I'd made The New Deal a few months previously, for me that was like some movie set or prediction for this apocalyptic Olympics merch stand/opening ceremony or something. With Jessie J. And that was the last sculpture I made, so that might also mark the beginning. Basically it starts roughly a year ago, when the Olympics and 2012 felt just around the corner. And then they happened and now they're over. So I wanted this work to mark the end, or at least, the Olympics closing ceremony can mark the end, and therefore both mark a beginning, some new beginning. So there's this space in between the first beginning and the new beginning, and I feel weird about it. So this is about that.

# PHONE PHOTOS FROM THEN TILL THE END (edited)



IMAG00275



IMAG00285



IMAG00319



IMAG00351



IMAG00372



IMAG00389



IMAG00451



IMAG00270



IMAG00293



IMAG00344



IMAG00445



IMAG00371



IMAG00396



IMAG00436



IMAG00289



IMAG00286



IMAG00311



IMAG00389



IMAG00392



IMAG00386



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2011

This could also be where the story begins...



I made this work in summer 2011, and this is since.

(I'm making an assumption) but why is it necessary that your friends/people you know be involved in the production of your work?  
about an hour ago · Like · Comment

**Holly Reallife** I'm not sure it is necessary, it just happens... probably if your not too precious about your work, and you know your friends can do some stuff better than you...  
about an hour ago · Like

**Holly Reallife** of course it's less lonely  
about an hour ago · Like

**Ben Vickers** are you lonely holly?  
about an hour ago · Like

**Holly Reallife** sure why not  
about an hour ago · Like

**Ben Vickers** <http://dieterkloss.com/> features...  
 **DIETER KLOSS | R.I.P | 17/04/10 - 14/10/10**  
dieterkloss.com  
31 minutes ago · Like · Remove Preview

**Ben Vickers** for me it's something of the past now... but it exists in the work, physically.. i don't know how to comment  
30 minutes ago · Like

**Ben Vickers** but why is it there?  
30 minutes ago · Like

**Holly Reallife** why is dieter kloss in my sculpture?  
28 minutes ago · Like

**Ben Vickers** yes  
28 minutes ago · Like

**Holly Reallife** i think you know better than i'd be able to explain... i feel like it relates the work in more ways than one.  
26 minutes ago · Like

**Ben Vickers** heartbreak relic.  
25 minutes ago · Like

**Holly Reallife** i think dieter kloss is quite influential for this sculpture,, as an object and project it represents a lot for you (and me) emotionally ... a lot of people know that,,, that tshirt is weighted to the people who know you..... but i'm also interested in it as a project to begin with, i was interested and confused by your attempts to acquire capital via an 'alternative' buissness/product- and i consider whether it 's okay, and how i can replicate it  
20 minutes ago · Like

**Holly Reallife** i think th's is a language that is hard to explore, the language that is defined by a social group, and their interaction as a group with objects or stories or jokes. but i find it very powerful to use  
18 minutes ago · Like

**Holly Reallife** e.m.o.tions.l.  
18 minutes ago · Like

**Ben Vickers** i guess that's a sensitive reading of what dieter kloss embodied, i guess i just wanted to know, even if i already knew, what your motives were.  
16 minutes ago · Like

**Ben Vickers** It's important to me, not just from a personal narrative perspective that dieter kloss lives on... it does daily for me  
15 minutes ago · Like

**Holly Reallife** lol(is that okay?) - are those what you thought my motives were?  
14 minutes ago · Like

**Ben Vickers** the transference of the yin yang symbol from the promotional ephemera to my person, to all of my accounts, my universal avatar.. has it's roots in dieter kloss  
14 minutes ago · Like

**Ben Vickers** anyway...  
12 minutes ago · Like

**Holly Reallife** what did you think my motives were ben?  
12 minutes ago · Like

**Ben Vickers** exactly what you said. it makes perfect relational sense, i just wanted to hear you say it... so in the future i can reference this conversation.  
11 minutes ago · Like

**Holly Reallife** to your mum  
9 minutes ago · Unlike · 👤 1 person

Write a comment...

**Ben Vickers**  
**Holly Reallife** are you digital native?  
about an hour ago · Like · Comment

**Holly Reallife** \*opens new tab  
about an hour ago · Like

**Holly Reallife** \*searches in google  
about an hour ago · Like

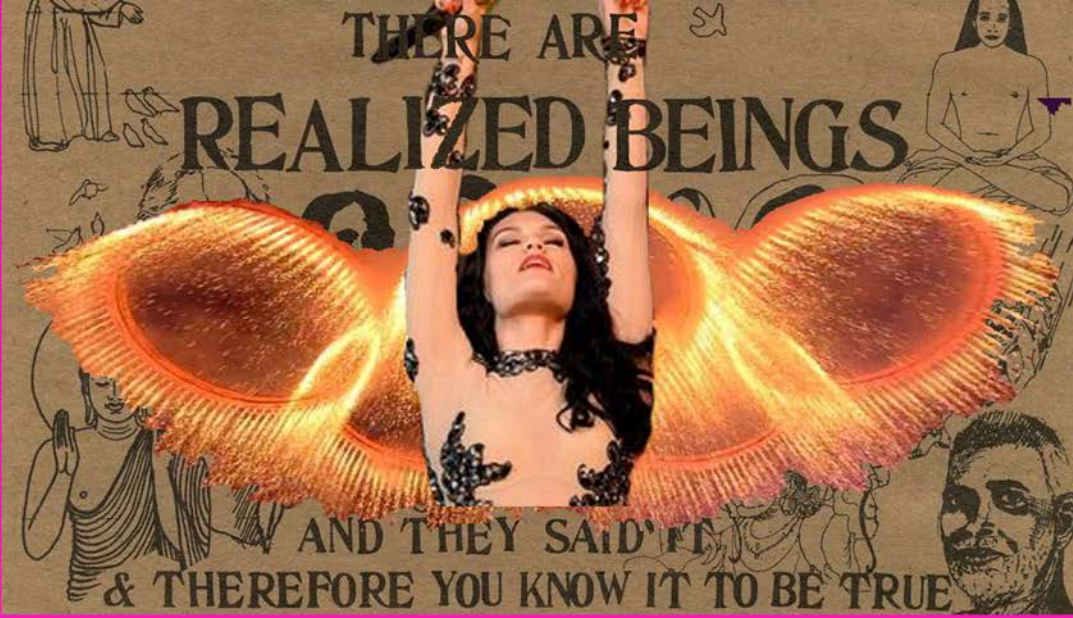
**Holly Reallife** i don't think so. i grew up sending faxes  
about an hour ago · Like

Write a comment...

**Holly Reallife**



2012



2011



(Existed before and existed after.)



married if we're still single when we're 40

# GOTHTECH

REMEMBER THE GOOD TIMES ASK ANYTHING ABOUT GOTHTECH WEBSITE  
NIKE GMAIL OFFICIAL SPONSORS OF OLYMPIC DANCE RAVE 2012 PINK INTO BLUE TRUE LOVE I HATE YOU



I hope we can always  
always be together, you know?



# Goth Tech



*DOCUMENTATION / ARTIE VIERKANT - PENDING :)*

*DOCUMENTATION / ARTIE VIERKANT - PENDING ;)*



*DOCUMENTATION / ARTIE VIERKANT - PENDING :)*

<http://deseriis.networkedbook.org/no-end-in-sight-networked-art-as-a-participatory-form-of-storytelling/>

*Net Narrative*, an exhibition featuring the work of Iain Ball, Ed Fornieles, Marlie Mul, Katja Novitskova, Ben Vickers, Holly White and Artie Vierkant, takes as its origin the ways in which narrative might be deployed after the internet.

Iain Ball  
Ed Fornieles  
Marlie Mul  
Katja Novitskova  
Ben Vickers  
Artie Vierkant  
Holly White

Huw Lemmey  
Gene McHugh  
Eleanor Saitta

edited by Harry Burke



2015  
SUMMER OF MY LIFE

CARLOS/ISHIKAWA