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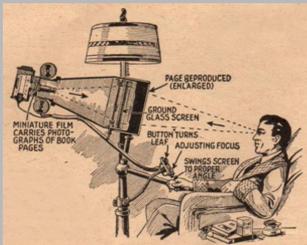
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**On the Upgrade
WYSIWYG**

May 2013

Artworks by: Jamie Allen, Renee Carmichael, David Horvitz, IOCOSE, Michael Kargl, Sara Nunes Fernandes, Julia Tcharfas, Maria Theodoraki and Richard Sides

Front cover images (clockwise): damaged book, image sourced from the web; edited portrait of Ángela Ruiz Robles, Spanish teacher and inventor of the Mechanical Encyclopedia (1949) which was intended to make reading more portable and accessible to students, image displays results of editing code using WYSIWYG text editor; book screening concept (anonymous, 1935 ca), image sourced from the web where is disseminated as 1935-ebook-sm.jpg; metric ruler.

Back cover images (clockwise): on screen example of luminosity using Ángela Ruiz Robles portrait; The Blue Screen of Death (BSOD), the error screen displayed by early versions of Microsoft Windows operating system upon encountering a critical error; punched card, also known as IBM punched card, a data storage device widely used in the 20th century until it was gradually replaced by magnetic tapes around the 60s; text editor displaying image code for Ángela Ruiz Robles portrait on back cover; pixel ruler based on a 1440 × 900 resolution Macbook Pro screen, 2011.

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Foreword

On the Upgrade is a publishing series that launched in September 2011 with a customised A3 postal box containing a collection of unbound printed artworks. These works were produced by six artists in response to their online counterparts,* that is the artworks featured in the online exhibitions at or-bits.com.** It is with that postal box that our exploration of print publishing, of other modes of production and distribution across the online and offline, began.

With *On the Upgrade – September 2011*, we looked at the concept of moving from the online mode of display to that of the print support – specifically from the web page to the loose printed page – as sites of production and presentation. This led to the creation of six artworks encompassing different print processes and formats, simulating the richness of mediums which can be simultaneously employed when working with a webpage: the folded poster, the oddly-sized digital print, the postcard pad, the booklet, the multilayered print and the stickers on a square page – all to fit and be contained into one shippable cardboard box.

The note, *Dear Reader*, of *On the Upgrade – September 2011* stated:

'But this space [*the postal box*] is different: it's physical and tangible

– you can hold it in your hands
– it is not programmed to respond to one's action, and it does not have hyper-links and pages that open within pages. It is not a medium comprised of [*all*] media, an all-embracing medium: it is a site that hosts a collection of mixed printed works which have moved between different spaces and formats. Yet, there are some similarities or commonalities of intention between the two [*the web page and the printed page*], or, better to say, possibilities, that offer a reflection on the relationship between the idiosyncratic characteristics of a medium (or, medium comprised of all media) and a site.'

We did so with the aim of suggesting a way of engaging with an artwork that would combine a physical interaction, with a support in the present, with the act of browsing a website as an extension of that interaction, as a complication in the reading of the artwork itself. This is why we stressed the concepts of coupling sites, of a dual mode of engagement and of 'works [*existing*] in response to their online counterparts':

'You are going to be looking through this collection of works and, ostensibly, link back to the site from which *On the Upgrade* has originated:

or-bits.com. You will not be doing that by using hyper-links, but you will most probably be physically moving between sites and formats: between a box and a website, between the offline and the online. You will be shifting to and from these two spaces hosting artworks, two sites that have had an impact on the conception and production of these very same artworks, modifying their inherent "condition".'

This time, with *On the Upgrade WYSIWYG*, our exploration has taken a different route. The starting point was that of conceiving the book format as an interface and reflecting upon the tensions that might exist between this holdable interface and the web interface along with that of the computer. Thinking about reading patterns, the specificity of engagement with the material presented in a book and about what site-specificity might be when moving between online and offline modes of presentation are some of the aspects we considered. Also deliberated upon was how to devise a method for arranging material which came from various exhibitions on display on or-bits.com: from *Superposition*, which was launched in September 2009, to *Accordance*, the latest show featured on the website at the time of the making this publication. All this has led to the nine artworks by **Jamie Allen**, **Renee Carmichael**, **David Horvitz**,

IOCOSE, **Michael Kargl**, **Sara Nunes Fernandes**, **Julia Tcharfas**, **Maria Theodoraki** and **Richard Sides** featured in this publication.

Furthermore, a reflection upon Soren Pold's definition of interface (*Interface Realism: The Interface as Aesthetic Form*, 2005) seemed necessary in order to set a common starting point from which to explore the correspondences and divergences between these two sites of display, presentation and consumption:

'What is an interface? The purpose of the interface is to represent the data, the data flow, and data structure of the computer to the human sense, while simultaneously setting up a frame for human input and interaction and translating this input back into the machine. Interfaces have many different manifestations and the interface is generally a dynamic form, a dynamic representation of the changing states of the data or software and of the user's interaction. Consequently, the interface, is not a static material object. Still it is materialised, visualized, and has the effect of a dynamic representational form. [...] Instead of focusing only on functionality and effects, digital art explores the materiality and cultural effects of the interface's representationality. What are the representational languages of the interface? How does it work

as text, image, sound, space and so forth, and what are the cultural effects, for instance of the way it reconfigures the visual, textual or auditory?’

From here we moved on to thinking about some of the characteristics that a book might have when conceived as an interface, namely in terms of its structure in comparison with that of an online exhibition display. Some of these characteristics can be simply summarised as: the linear reading that a bound book might offer rather than the hyper-linked organisation; the support itself which is made of fixed size, margins and binding, for example; the print processes available, such as the number of colours or the type of print; the kind of relationship with the material, which is often that of flicking pages rather than clicking on links leading somewhere else. These are just some of the structural aspects that have been taken into account and employed to provide the artists with a specific context, or better still, site, to work with.

Because each of the artists featured here had worked with different mediums on the website or for the online radio broadcast,** and very often with the merging of text, sound, HTML code, found images and video, they have been invited to ‘follow’ a set of guidelines when rethinking their work for this new display:

- The book will be an A5 size bound book
- The work should take up 5 consecutive pages
- The work should be presented as material that spreads linearly across 5 pages
- The work should be monochrome or black and white with the option to include 1 full-colour page out of the 5

The responses gathered in the following pages are varied and multi-form, which in part might hint at the ‘struggle’ with following the guidelines in the process of translating the artworks while keeping to their original intentions. From this comes our decision to accompany each artwork with a brief introduction, outlining the relationship between that which is presented here and its online counterpart, and also the decision to publish short interviews with each of the featured artists, with the intention of contextualising their artistic processes, and what the movement from the online to the offline might have entailed for them in terms of production and choices of presentation.

On the Upgrade WYSIWYG is a book exhibition, or an exhibition in a book. It is a new configuration of selected material that was first presented online or for web broadcast, and it ranges from artworks to excerpts of editorials and interviews. It operates as an artistic,

curatorial and design re-alignment of material originally compiled for online consumption for the book interface.

And as for WYSIWYG, it stands for the *What You See is What You Get*, the slogan for the GUI (graphical user interface), which was widely distributed on the computer market in the 80s, a product of the experiments conducted by Ivan Sunderland (SketchPad) and by Douglas Engelbart (Online System NLS) at the Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park California, USA, in the 60s. These experiments were made with the idea(l) of offering a more 'real' and user friendly interface for computer users; an interface that would not be too intrusive, moving away from command-line interfaces (CLI) which required users to type commands on the computer in order to 'get to something'. The clickable icons, the progressive 'hiding' of the limitations and the control exerted by interfaces started from there.

Marialaura Ghidini

Founder director of or-bits.com

* *On the Upgrade – September 2011* contains works by Patrick Coyle, Benedict Drew, Jamie George, Tamarin Norwood, Damien Roach and David Rule. More details available on our website.

** All artists featured in the *On the Upgrade* publishing series (now on its second instalment) have taken part to previous or-bits.com shows by responding to the themes of the exhibition they are in, and engaging with the aesthetic and structural characteristics of the web page within a group exhibition online, or of the web streaming within an online radio exhibition. All exhibitions since or-bits.com inception in 2009 are archived and browsable on our website.

*** In October 2012, or-bits.com presented a week-long radio exhibition, *128kbps objects*, in partnership with the online radio basic.fm (Pixel Palace programme at Tyneside Cinema, Newcastle upon Tyne, UK); an exhibition which was also presented as an edited version at The Metre Room project space, Coventry, UK, in February 2013. More details available on our website.

Michael Kargl *Orbitals* 2013

Distribution, the movement of a work from one form to another, could be a useful way of looking at what we cannot see, what we nebulously might call content or perhaps even value, what is not form and not only content, perhaps what we could call for the sake of argument, the informal.

The distribution of a form immediately problematises the valuing of an artwork on purely its formal, physical qualities because of this movement.

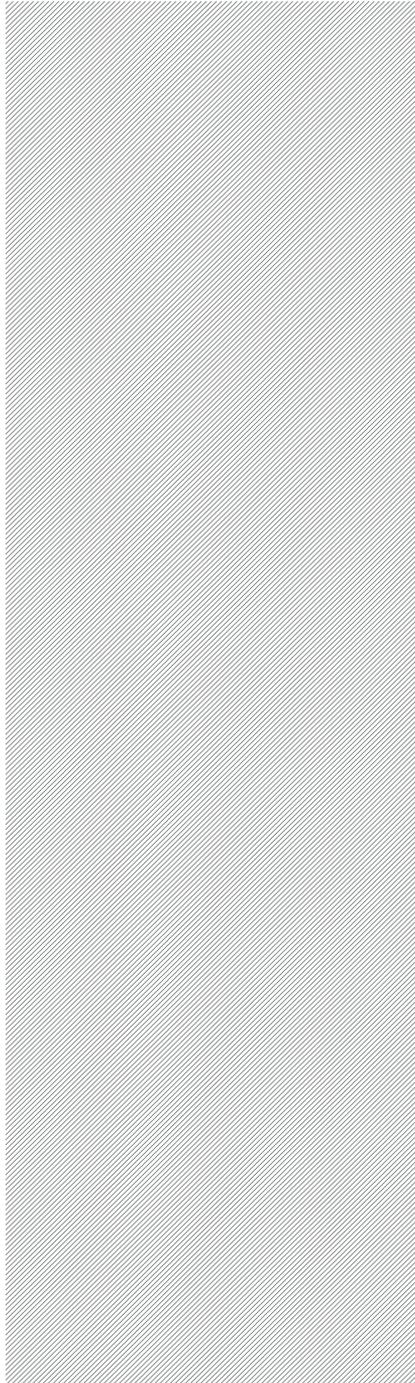
The question becomes where the work is, where the value of the work lies rather than what the work is.

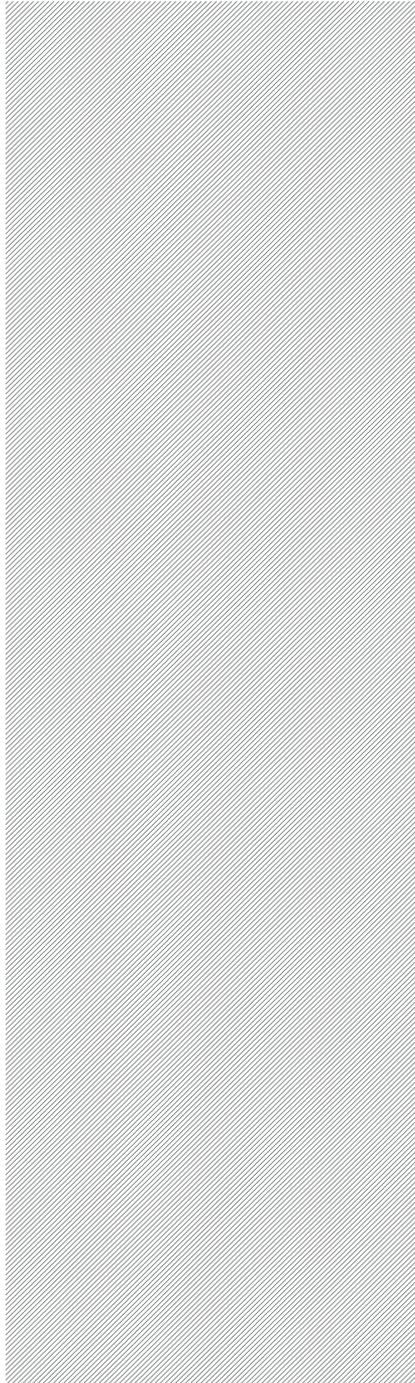
Excerpts from the editorial of the exhibition *Informal*, co-written with Gil Leung, March 2012

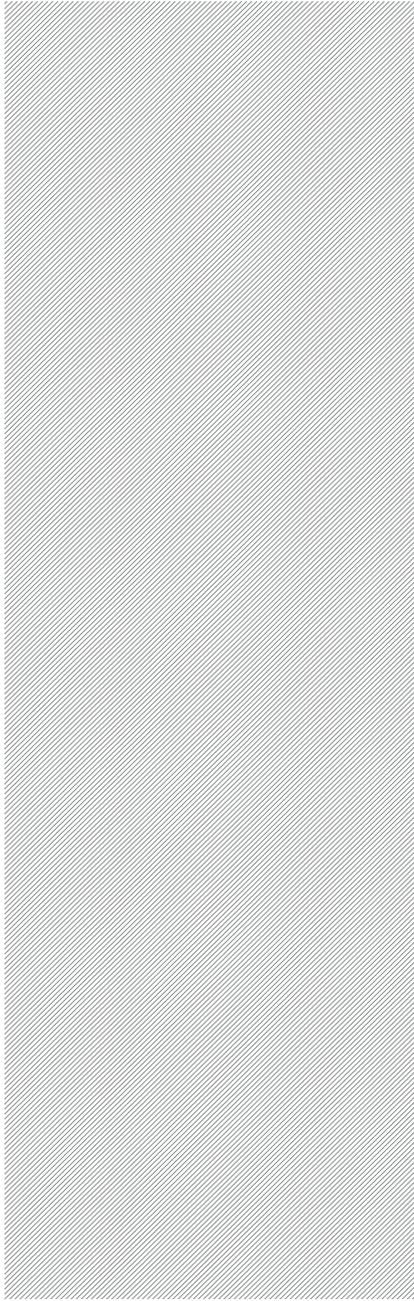
Interested in the relationships between simple units of knowledge — like height and width — Kargl decided to use the website or-bits.com as material for the production of a new piece. What is displayed online in the exhibition *Informal* are placeholders for the editorial texts of each past or-bits.com exhibition, each presented in their respective size and position. Transferred to print resolution the relationship between text and placeholder-image changes; while the texts stay more or less the same, the resolution of images has to be changed dramatically to maintain the quality. Thus the downloadable PDF versions available on the website are very different from their online counterpart.

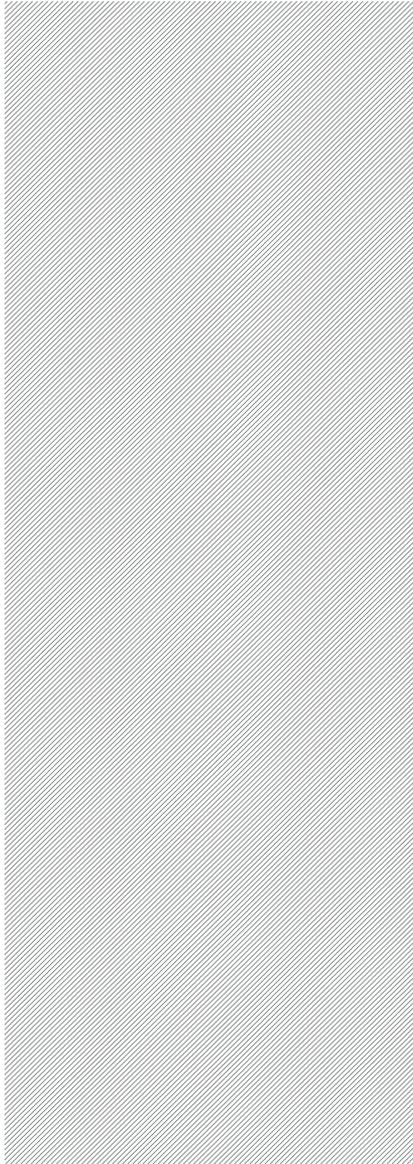
Re: Michael Kargl *Orbitals* 2012

INFORMAL: www.or-bits.com/informal.php











Orbitals:

- [1] Truth
- [2] Acceleration
- [3] on-looking
- [4] Simplicity
- [5] Superposition

In the morning I walked to the bank. I went to the automated teller machine to check my balance. I inserted my card, entered my secret code, tapped out my request. The figure on the screen roughly corresponded to my independent estimate, feebly arrived at after long searches through documents, tormented arithmetic. Waves of relief and gratitude flowed over me. The system had blessed my life. I felt its support and approval. The system hardware, the mainframe sitting in a locked room in some distant city. What a pleasing interaction. I sensed that something of deep personal value, but not money, not that at all, had been authenticated and confirmed. A deranged person was escorted from the bank by two armed guards. The system was invisible, which made it all the more impressive, all the more disquieting to deal with. But we were in accord, at least for now. The networks, the circuits, the streams, the harmonies. (Don DeLillo, *White Noise*, 1985. New York: Viking Press; p.46)

Quote accompanying the editorial of the exhibition *Accordance*, December 2012

Renee Carmichael An Homage to the Death of Print: a Reading of the Remains 2013

'An Homage to the Death of Print is the beginning of a larger research project into the structures of the internet and print and the new ways in which they can be explored. I am looking at the possibilities arising from them and how this effects, changes and / or creates the content.'

The first instance of Carmichael's project is featured in the online exhibition *Accordance*.

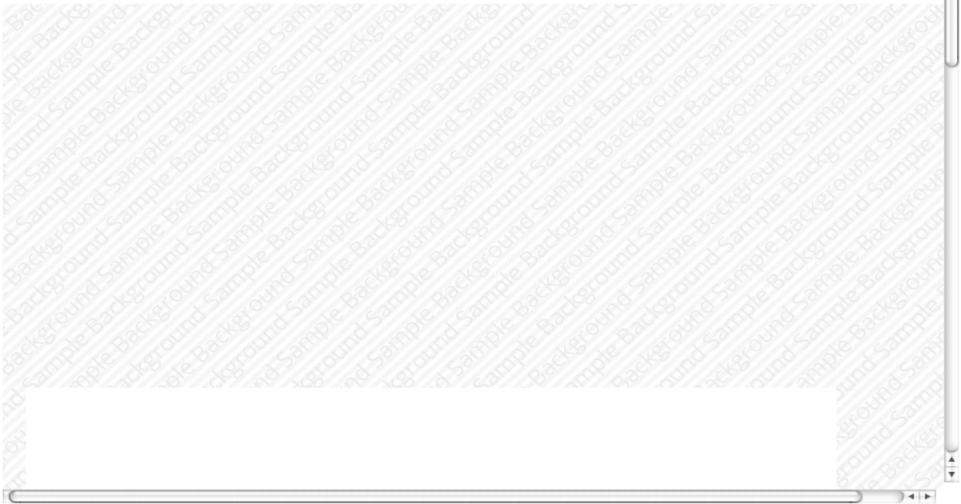
Re: Renee Carmichael An Homage to the Death of Print 2012

ACCORDANCE: www.orbits.com/accordance.php

Header: a page is a page is a page,
and that is all that remains of
An Homage to the Death of Print

– placing.

Create a WIX site!



Print, née moveable type, née woodblocks, née laser, née offset, née
passed away as a result of the rise of the internet epidemic. She wa
cultures and impress onto clay tablets. From there she traveled the
and receiving, among many degrees, a degree in Xerography. She

Print is survived by the library collections of the world; paper re
books; history; memories, memories, memories, amongst other th

A reading will be held in the near future.

*

A near death experience, a premature obituary, this is the mis-re
actually never happened. But the obituary was not another web ho
every mountaintop the finite words on their printed scrolls. Every
their users (readers). Forget it, all you ever needed is right here w
it, signified it, in the form that it was actually laying to rest bookm
refuge in the control room.

A control room is a place where the lucky few with keys and acces
screen after screen after screen blinking and blurring into the sar
scrolling their eyes around into the forms, they control the patter
nothing stands out of the ordinary and accepted. As gatekeeper to
be a place that can withstand when disaster strikes. The blinking l
world passes by, this time in uncontrollable chaos and despair.

Content: a page is a page is a
page, and that is all that
remains of the fine lines of
print taking refuge in the
control room

Refuge stems from Late Middle English 'to flee back.' Print flees
joining the enemy side. Traitor Print may in fact be dead to some

*

Print infiltrates the control room of the web, helping to dictate i
information can be read at one time. The margins of paper dictat
their potential infiniteness. The code of the page is masked under
colour marks are masked under the knowledge of the printer. The
The control room has access to both this knowledge and its conten
gallery, sidebar, scanning between the blue and black and white
sidebar, header, footer, blink, blink - normality: Print defies death

The infiniteness of the web is caught up in the histories of the ac
the web as convention and the web as possibility. We learn to read
of infinite possibilities, but it is specific to our time. A page has s
and the control room watches their normality blink happily, easily
on one side of this control room, the specificities of the possibilit
obituary but an autobiographical explanation of control instead.

*

My name is Print and I thrive on the liminal threshold of death.
I would like my memorial to be inscribed as such: header a page i
a page is a page is a page – read between the lines pixels.

et, née dot matrix, née lithography, née inkjet, née digital press,
he was born around 3000 BC, Mesopotamia, the daughter of oral
d the world, graduating from the Gutenberg printing press school
. She was married to ink and paper production.

er recycling industries; conventions of reading; lists of banned
er things.

is-reading, as in predicting the future, of the death of print that
eb hoax. It was shouted as if from the town criers enunciating to
very byte and network had ~~transmitted~~ (distributed) the news to
re within a ~~click~~ (flip) away - and they meant it. But they meant
okmarking in remembrance. And instead the death of print takes

ccess codes can hide away to survey the world pass by. Through
e same blue and black and white, watching, listening, blurring,
attern of this blinking, flicking clicking switches to ensure that
er to the normality of this looping system, the control room must
ing hum of the blue and black gives solace to the refugee as the
r.

flee back into the arms of its killer, somehow gaining solace in
ome, but there is no need for an obituary just yet.

- binding.

ate its normality. A page is a page is a page, it tells how much
dictates this, the limits of screen pixel size takes this up despite
nder the knowledge of the web developer; the bleeds, crops and
The folding becomes cropping. The flipping becomes clicking.
ontent. Header, content, sidebar, header, content, sidebar, footer,
white, with a tinge of yellow, variations, variations, variations,
leath and sticks around to immortalise her conventions instead.

e accordance of print. Print is caught up in the liminal space of
read and we read in this way. The webpage may be from a land
has standard pixel sizes, locations for content, and menu items,
asily, beautifully designed webpage. With the finiteness of print
bilities of the web on the other, perhaps what we need is not an
ad.

th.
age is a page is a page, footer a page is a page is a page, content

Footer: a page is a page is a page, and that is all that remains of the death of print – reminding.

My remains serve to remind that my name is print and I am not dead yet. My remains do not bleed off the page to escape into the world of possibilities, but bleed into the page to bind. My <head> may decay with each new place. File>print and I am given a place and a time stamp. File>print in a different browser and my place is the same but what remains of my <head> is different. File>place in Indesign and my remains are embedded. Print into book and my embedment is there, the outlines of my history are present. But my content is lost along the way. By taking refuge, I bind my content to the structure of a material world. The webpage may be dynamic, my content may be clicked and changed and seen differently with different





technologies, but my structure is bound to a contract with print. A page is still a page, and it remains in my (physical) <head> as that. After all, it is I print as experienced objectified judge who still pulls the strings. It is I print with years of history that reminds you of my form even with decay. It is I print who allows for the refuge of easy reading. And - if - it is I print who is to be laid to rest, it is only I who am in control of the facts that remain to be seen in the binding of my contract.

And so to turn the page of this reading, I leave you with a reminder: a page is a page is a page, and with each turn you are still reading between the lines.

Maria Theodoraki *the line* 2010 — on-going

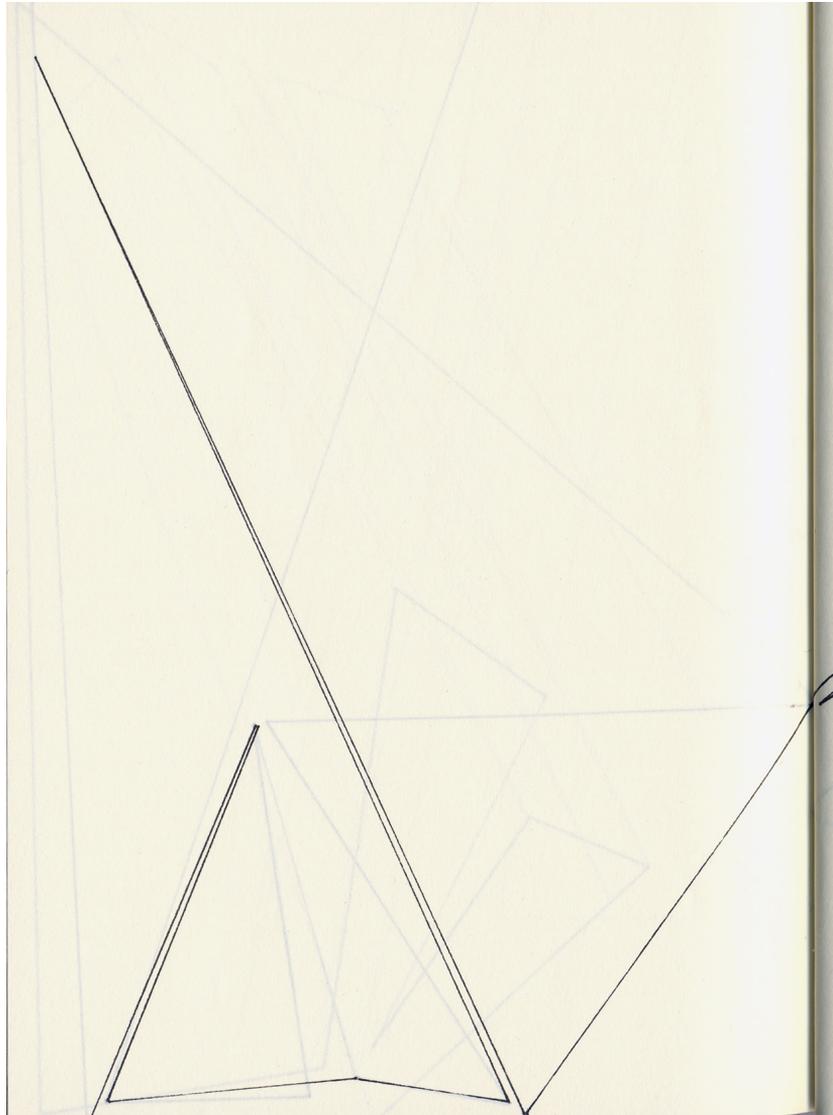
But here is a third scenario. In the framework of contemporary culture, there seems to be a tendency toward everywhere-ness, which I would define as the neither here, nor there, up nor down. Electronic, before, and media culture, later on, has proposed a shift in the common conception of position, in that it has generated a materialisation of the realm of possibilities theorised by quantum theory. The possibility of objects' movements from a context to another has intensified, and created networks within which the objects are translated and redistributed, often under different guise. What has been brought forth is a scenario characterised by simultaneity and fields of relations, which take place anywhere and anyhow. And the act of determining a position may seem to be superfluous, or unnecessary even.

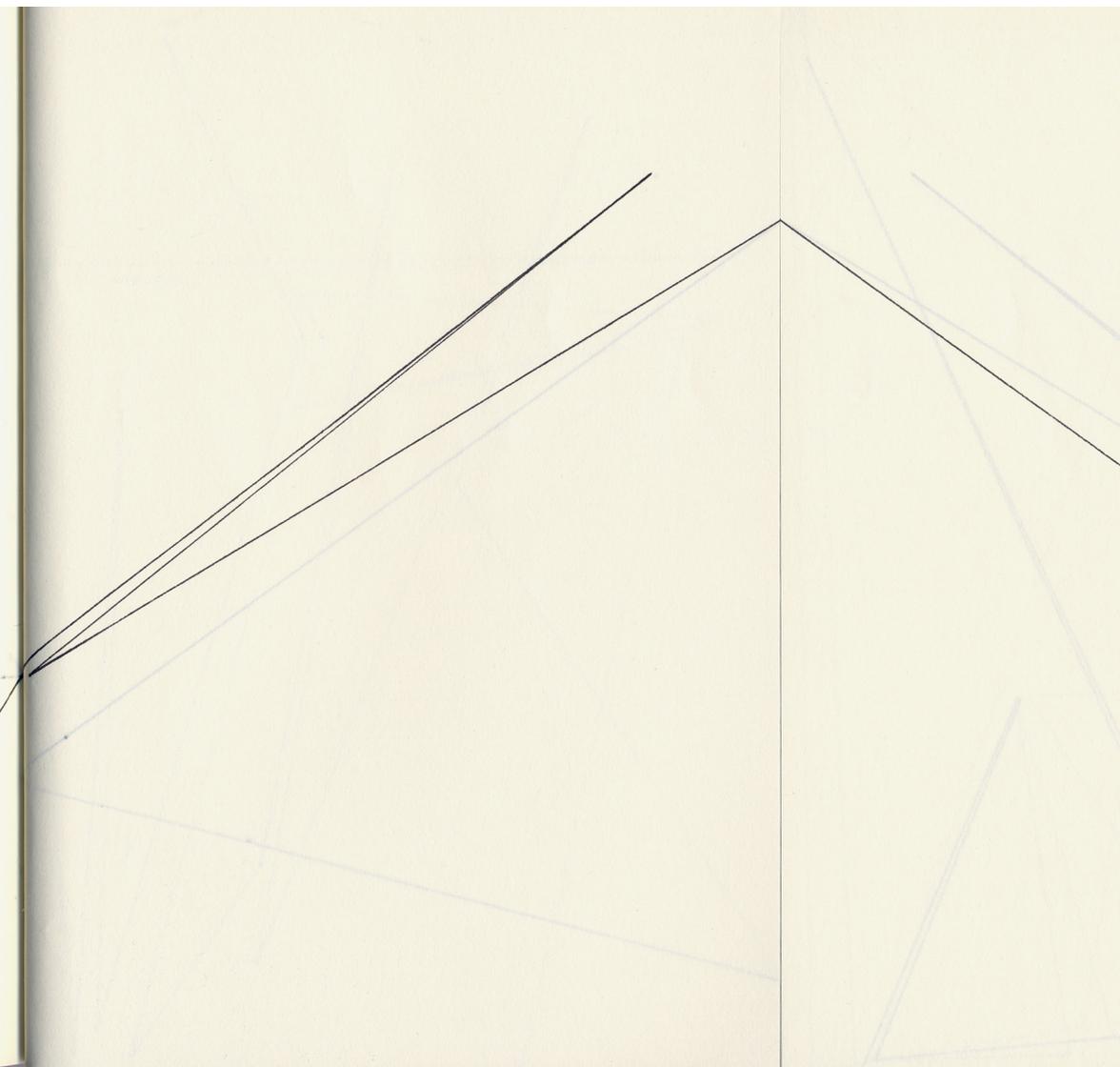
Excerpt from the editorial of the exhibition
Superposition, September 2009

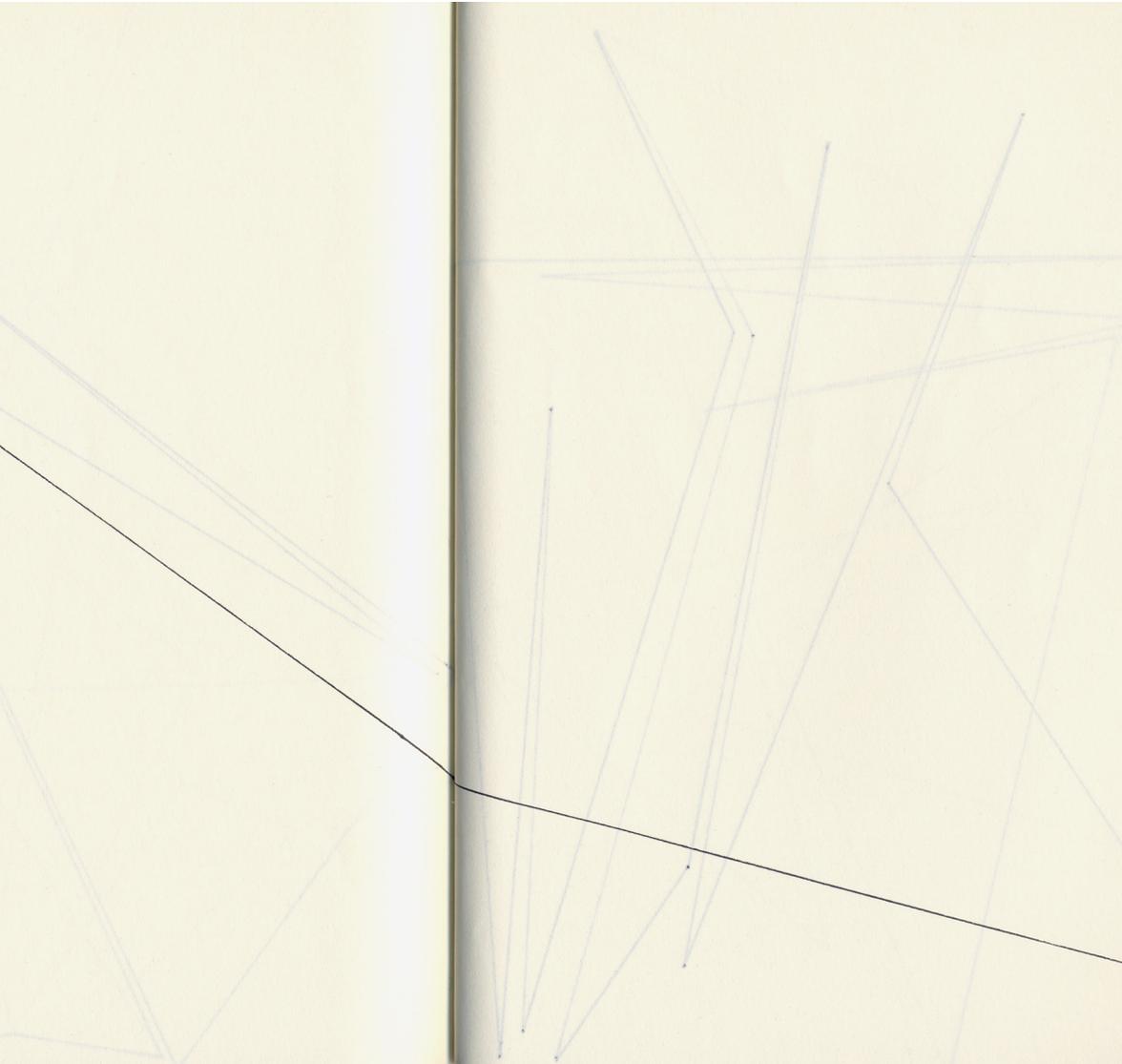
In the web-based work *Here* six generic postcard views are transposed into a representation of places as they might exist in the mind of the artist, as a newly unified mental (and visual) landscape brought together through a series of connecting points. 'They [the postcards] sit comfortably one next to the other, they somehow connect, they click', in the words of Theodoraki. *Here en Route* was a spatio-temporal expansion of this previous work. It was a journey between an A and a B that did not focus on the start and end places, nor just on the route, but on the way in which the As and Bs were brought together through the encounter with the inhabitants living on the artist's route from her home to the James Taylor Gallery (London) over the course of a month. *the line* started with that journey.

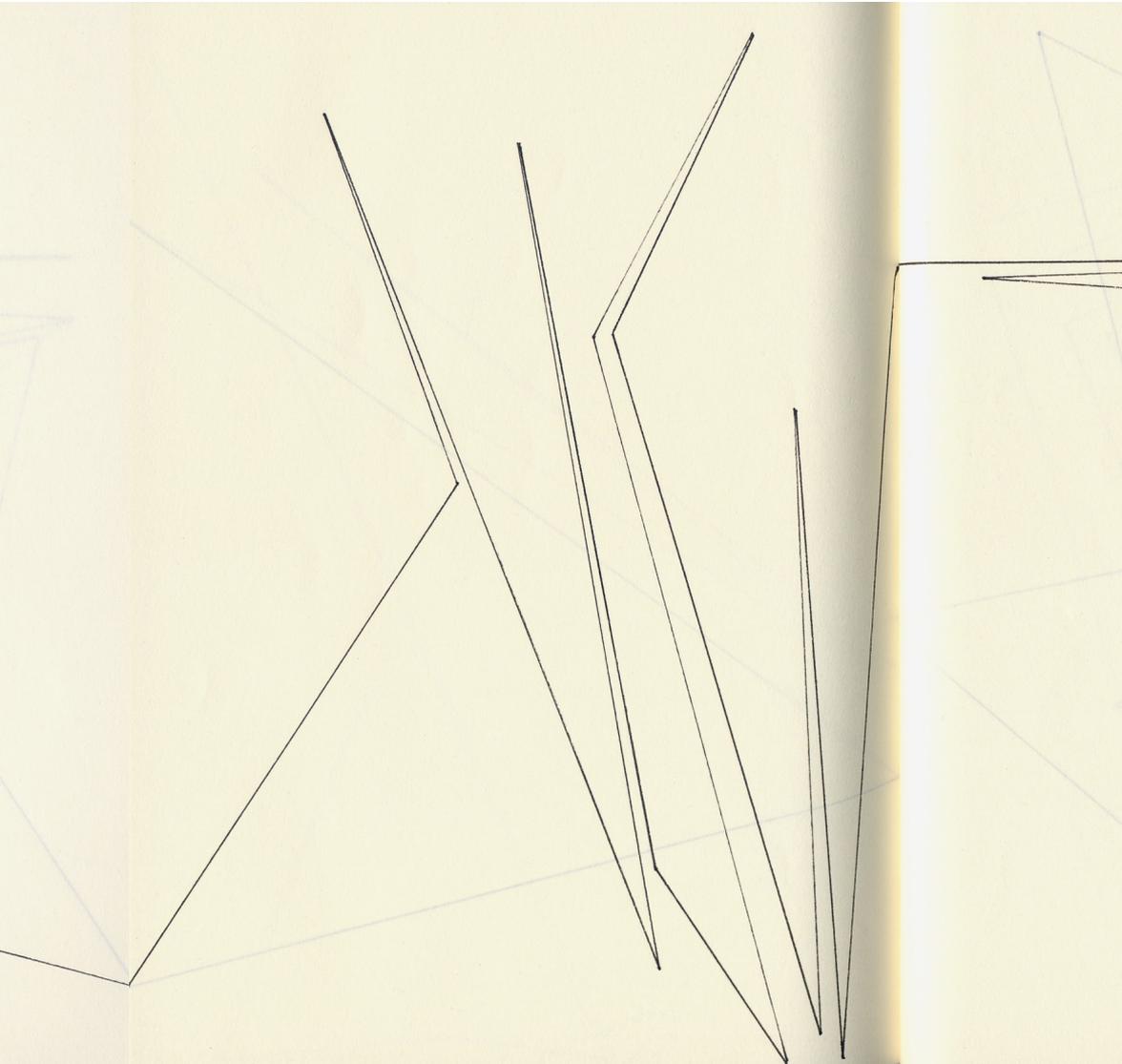
Re: **Maria Theodoraki** *Here* 2009
SUPERPOSITION: www.or-bits.com/superposition.php

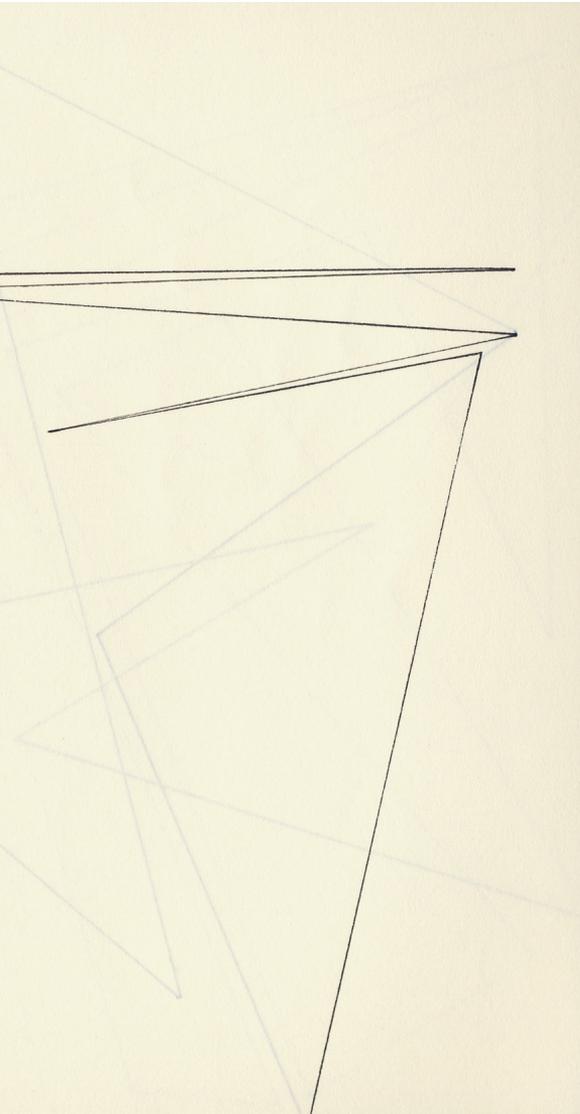
and *Here en Route*, 2010; *or-bits.com* presents Maria
Theodoraki at the James Taylor Gallery, London,
14/10 – 7/11/2010, [www.or-bits.com/blog/category/
offsite-projects](http://www.or-bits.com/blog/category/offsite-projects)











The section of the line presented here stops at 564m 37cm. It was 25 May 2011.

A work is rarely experienced only formally, its value, why it matters, it is in the relation between it and you. More so, this relation is not only in the encounter with the form but with all the disseminated representations of this form. This is why distribution is not just about the transportation of a form — it is about the set of social relations around a form. It is about the discourse around an object and about the thing in itself, the object. But how can we begin to talk about what we cannot see, what we cannot measure, what does not fall into form?

And the informal, not quite nothing, not really anything, situates itself problematically here, where things are plastic and in movement. The movement of distributed and circulated matter, as a discourse. It is the space where ideals of accessibility and community can be made manifest and the absence where fair labour and rights can be disregarded. In short, it is freedom, in all its forms.

Excerpts from the editorial of the exhibition *Informal*, co-written with Gil Leung, March 2012

David Horvitz *An Informal Conversation 2012-2013*

23 February 2012 07:37:16 PM GMT+05:30

David Horvitz

The Latin is what is really on my certificate. That's my real MFA diploma with my name erased.

I'm up for a conversation.

We can start today, an informal conversation to inform the removals?

Re: **David Horvitz** *make_your_own_MFA.pdf* 2012

INFORMAL: www.or-bits.com/informal.php

9 May 2012 1:04 AM GMT+00:00

Marialaura at OR-BITS.COM

What I am getting at is this: each time you are building a system of production that is also a system of communication and distribution which is somehow 'autonomous'. It's a sort of studio practice out-in-the-world. By autonomous I mean that it is somehow self-sufficient, and it does not require a gallery space, or an institution, to exist, to be seen. There are no institutional constraints.

29 April 2012 1:27:33 AM GMT+02:00

David Horvitz

Did I ever tell you about the watercolors I would intentionally lose at airports? [1]



A collector in Germany funded these drawing and watercolor classes I took at the Students Art League of New York. I've never studied painting or drawing. The condition was that I would give him the work I made in the class. When I looked at the work I made, they were so bad. Which wasn't the point, but still, they were horrible. I spontaneously decided to change things a bit. Originally I was to bring him a big package of the drawings on a journey from Newark Airport [New York] to Europe. The day before I was due to fly I decided I would intentionally lose the package as I went through the security screening. At that moment in the airport you are where you are under the most inspection, where all attention is on you, and here is where I accidentally left it behind. His address was on the envelope, and he eventually received a letter from the Homeland Security Department of Newark. He sent them money for shipping, and they sent him the package. The new rule is that he has to keep the package sealed. There was the possibility that they would have never reached him. That they would have been taken to the lost and found and left there. Or maybe thrown out - though there is probably a policy where they don't throw away lost things, especially in an airport where an unintended package is a potential threat. I did that one time as a spontaneous action, and it then became a series. So this series just came out of this last minute idea. I probably have hundreds of last minute ideas that I do and that go nowhere. I've done this 'losing' many times in airports all over the world, but he's only been contacted one other time, by a tiny airport in Northern Norway. I always send him an email when I'm about to do it, with a small compressed digital photo of the artworks. So now there are a dozen or so lost drawings and paintings in who knows where. Maybe some got pinned up in a security officer's office.

3 March 2012 3:45 AM GMT+01:00

Marialaura at OR-BITS.COM

Your *Public Access* [2]



project makes me think of the Grand Tours of the late 17th century, where the painting, the drawing, the text would operate as a tool to fix a moment in time, so that personal travel diaries would then circulate in printed form and for a more public consumption [3].



But this documentation material adopted the Renaissance perspective, its rules about composition and format dictated the standards of these travel-logs. Even later on, during the Romantic period, there was a specific compositional canon which developed from this, wherein the human figure was often depicted in the background while in contemplation of the ungraspable power of nature. But your Wikipedia images don't fall into any specific compositional category; they are neither landscape images nor tourist ones. You are always either at the edges or standing with your back to the camera. It's a peculiar way of being present. And I am interested in this choice of being present since we are looking at your consequent absence. So the question is: why are you in your images in such a way?

6 March 2012 10:54:05 GMT+01:00

David Horvitz

The presence I am trying to occupy is specific to this kind of photograph: the photograph that is not 100% composed, the one that is composed in the moment, where the photographer does not have 100% control over what he or she is photographing. One example of this kind of photograph is the tourist snapshot. The photograph taken out in public while walking around. The presence that I am playing with is the individual who happens to be standing in the frame.

This person is anonymous, they are unidentifiable. They are standing in the shadows, or out on the margins. The picture that is cited as the first photograph of people is by Daguerre in 1838. [4]



A street scene in

Paris. A person is getting his shoes shined by a shoe shiner. Since the exposure was long, he, along with the shoe shiner, became present in the image because they were in an immobile state (one waiting, the other working in a stationary position). There must have been many others in the frame, but they all get lost in their movement (their movement through time). I am only bringing this up to cite an example. Here is a person, unidentifiable, with a residue of their existence burned into the photo.

25 February 2012 3:27:58 AM GMT+01:00

David Horvitz

The image you are referring to is from a series of photographs that I post onto Wikipedia. I stand somewhere in the margins or background of the image, to the side of the subject of the article. In the *Public Access* project I did this up the entire California Coast, making photographs of the ocean where my body was visible. I was always standing away from the camera, looking out at the horizon. I've done this in other places. Look at the article for Duchamp. That's my hand touching his grave. My presence is documented, and then placed into Wikipedia's open circulation of images. The one of the Communards' Wall in Paris [5]



is interesting because I have actually been removed from my own image. Though the editor probably doesn't know that it is the author of the image that is being cropped out - or, the artist standing in their own work - they probably think this is just an anonymous figure that happens to be

standing there. This happened a few times on my *Public Access* project. What was left was a view of the beach, a small crop, without me. And it's interesting because their intentions are always positive. They are trying to make a good image, following certain standards that define what a good image is. Wikipedia actually has some policies regarding people in photographs. So there are actual official image policies that some people are following. Others make aesthetic decisions.

14 April 2012 3:02:39 AM GMT+02:00

David Horvitz

Check out this link: www.best-california-beach.com/pelican-state-beach.html

That is a photograph from the Pelican State Beach Wikipedia article. It was sourced by a website dedicated to California beaches. They can do this legally because everything on Wikipedia is supposed to hold a Creative Commons license.

I say 'supposed' because anyone can easily take a copyrighted image and upload it to Wikipedia saying it is in the public commons. If it's discovered, it is removed. But how can everything be monitored? Looking at that site, possibly even the text is sourced. It could be a site of agglomerated, copyright free information from the web. A copyright free Frankenstein. Potentially it serves only to attract visitors to make money from advertisements.

25 February 2012 3:27:58 AM GMT+01:00

David Horvitz

What is interesting here is that the image has a history. It's not just that it is edited, but that the editing history is visible. We can see the original image posted. We see the username of who did it, and their comments, if there are any. We see the username of the person who posted it: me. The date and time are there. All the previous versions of the image still exist. I am currently looking at an image titled: Situationist International No 5 - Coming out from the British Sailors Society.jpg. [6]



It is a meeting of the Situationists at their 4th conference standing in front of the British Sailors' Society. The image has been posted and then edited twice. On the first edit the user comments: *removed halftoning, sharpened and adjusted dynamic range*. The second edit states: *slight cropping*.

It's all there. Obviously there are ways around this. Someone could save a new version of an image, delete the original one, and re-upload the newest version. The history wouldn't be visible on that.

7 March 2012 10:24:53 AM GMT+01:00

Marialaura at OR-BITS.COM

One of my favourite photographers is Henri Cartier-Bresson because he was a photographer of the streets. He was all about capturing movement, the moment. There is often no traditional focal point in its pictures, one needs to move one's eyes all around the framed image because the subject is the movement in the image.

6 March 2012 10:54:05 AM GMT+01:00

David Horvitz

I'm staying at the house of someone who collects a lot of my work, and it's weird to see these fragments of my projects all around me - and many of them being one-offs, gifts, small things I made. Like those photos you sent me on Flickr*, I was reminded of some works I just saw.

*3 March 2012 3:45 AM GMT+01:00

PS: I Flickr-ed *The Angel of the North* (a public sculpture by Antony Gormley located in Gateshead, UK), to see how tourists pose and how they appear in their own pictures when they travel to places and sightsee:
www.flickr.com/search/?q=angel+of+the+north&f=h

7 March 2012 10:24:53 AM GMT+01:00

Marialaura at OR-BITS.COM

Now that you write about being surrounded by fragments of your projects - and in Germany, no less! - I have in my mind this image of you in a sort of *wunderkammer* situation, where everything that is scattered around the room is, well, a piece of information about you, or, I should say, your movements. Where am I going with this? To me *Mail Nothing* [7]



was about the movement, the work was in the journeys of the various empty packages and envelopes. But then, there were two sites where this movement was somehow put to a halt or captured: the Rhizome space in the Turbine Hall (Tate Modern, London) and a website, in which the items, and their journeys, were logged in and visible to everyone. This work is not about your presence and its removal, as it was in the pictures we have been talking about (Wikipedia images, *Public Access* project). But maybe you were actually there in the

Rhizome space doing something, I don't remember? Can you tell me more about this relationship between movement and stasis? Is there an attempt to convey the idea of movement via the pairing of a physical site with the website (live web-log)? There is some sort of straightforward removal here. It is not your own removal, it is a container from which physical content has been removed, and as a consequence of this it becomes an object-in-its-circulation, with an added value given by the movement. Well, this is more how I see it.

23 April 2012 4:48:59 PM GMT+02:00

David Horvitz

I don't know if there is a form of exhaustion. If there is, it is not exhaustion, but maybe its own disappearance. Since I am not active except in the beginning, I do not exhaust it, it would do it on its own.

23 April 2012 4:48:59 PM GMT+02:00

David Horvitz

I made a PDF for *Public Access*. It was a way of 'packaging' the project, and putting that package into circulation. It is consolidated, edited, compressed, in a distributable form. It can circulate fast because of its size. I've made two different PDFs. They were made a year or two apart, so within that time, more happened.

14 April 2012 3:02:39 AM GMT+02:00

David Horvitz

The thing about the Wikipedia photos is that there are various things happening at the same time. There are the photos, the photos I take, my presence in the photos, in the site. And there is the movement (or perhaps dispersal, meaning also movement as duplication) of the photos, like the movement of my own body up the coast. Well, comparing those two kinds of movement might be pushing it a little. The body and the online photograph... But when you brought up *Mail Nothing...* This is precisely the movement that I want to evoke. The data tracking was the essential element of the project. The empty boxes arriving at the Tate was its aftermath. Though, that was another funny part of the project: those boxes going through the back door of the museum, entering the mail room, driving the staff a little crazy. What I was getting at was that this movement, these things in circulation, are the second part of the Wikipedia project: that the images start to move around, that they are sourced and re-sourced.

26 February 2012 6:16:00 PM GMT +01:00

David Horvitz

Ohh, I just looked up a Wiki page to see if an old image was still there, and yes: www.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scheveningen
And untouched.

23 April 2012 7:55 GMT+00:00

Marialaura at OR-BITS.COM

I suppose there is a shift here, in which your use of publishing (*Public Access* project) becomes more aligned to that of a serial, rather than fixing an idea... Ocean -> camera -> laptop -> Wikipedia -> PDF -> laser printer -> paper -> scanner -> jpg
I like this: the path, or the journey of the images. I don't think you focus on any of the above steps but you set up a method of operation in which the work exists in the process. We have already said this. But I wonder if there is a point of exhaustion? And if so, where and how this exhaustion would be manifested?

14 April 2012 3:02:39 AM GMT+02:00

Marialaura at OR-BITS.COM

What do you think might happen to your images in, let's say, 5-10 years?
Hundreds of images could probably be spread all over the Internet, embedded in different platforms, like an endless, derivative version of your personal journey. And most likely they will not bear much resemblance to the original ones. Would you care about tracing these versions? Or is the real point that of setting up an entropic process related to their circulation?

16 April 2012 6:16 PM GMT +02:00

David Horvitz

5-10 years is so far away. Tomorrow is just as far away. I don't think too far ahead into the future, so to honestly answer that question: I have no idea. And, I don't know if I really care that much. I have a tendency to just let things go, to see what stays, and to see what fades away. I don't have an interest in meticulously tracking everything, every movement.

24 February 2012 12:30PM GMT+00:00

Marialaura at OR-BITS.COM

You were cropped out of the Communards' Wall image published on Wikipedia (*Public Access* project) [5]



by someone called

Ashley Pomeroy who *cropped out [the] man on left edge and added +10 brightness, contrast*. I suppose Pomeroy's aim was to restore a sort of standard formalism, which goes back to the idea of capturing something (a moment, a thing) in order

to make it permanent: The Formally-captured Moment. I have always associated digital circulation with the idea of degradation - a sort of entropic process - and now I see someone that actually tries to prevent it by doing the opposite. Can you tell me more about your relationship with the material that you create and then put into circulation, the degree of control you might exercise once it is 'out there'?

26 April 2012 1:04 PM GMT+00:00

Marialaura at OR-BITS.COM

Once the (your) process is set up it is allowed to take its own course. You said in an earlier email that you purposely give up control. I wonder if this is related to your background, or your personal dimension?

21 April 2012 5:02:42 PM GMT+02:00

David Horvitz

See attached! And feel free to distribute...

[1] David Horvitz, *Lost Watercolor*, 2012

[2] Between December 2010 and January 2011 David Horvitz drove the California Coast from south to north on the California's Highway 1. Along the way, he took pictures of the Pacific Ocean's view at about 50 different coastal access points. He then uploaded them on the respective location pages on Wikipedia, letting the images to circulate on the internet as well as being modified by the Wikipedia community. Image: *pyramidlakenv.jpg*, Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 2013, www.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Pyramidlakenv.jpg (accessed 2 May 2013)

[3] *Dunstanville.jpg*, Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 2013, www.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Dunstanville.jpg (accessed 27 March 2013)

[4] *Boulevard_du_Temple_by_Daguerre.jpg*, Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 2013, www.upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/d/d3/Boulevard_du_Temple_by_Daguerre.jpg (accessed 27 March 2013)

[5] *Commune2011.jpg*, Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 2013, www.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Commune2011.jpg (accessed 27 March 2013)

[6] *Situationist_International_No_5_-_Coming_out_from_the_British_Sailors_Society.jpg*, Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 2013, www.upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/5/5a/Situationist_International_No_5_-_Coming_out_from_the_British_Sailors_Society.jpg (accessed 27 March 2013)

[7] *Mail Nothing to the Tate Modern* is a project by David Horvitz in occasion of Rhizome's participation in the *No Soul For Sale: A Festival of Independents*, organised by the Tate Modern in May 2010. *'This project invites anyone to track and mail empty packages to the Tate Modern, where they will be displayed unopened in the Rhizome space. The website for Mail Nothing to the Tate Modern will display the movement of all these packages, creating a 'mental picture of the vast global infrastructure of shipping.'* (from Rhizome Press Release, 2010)

How would an object manifest itself, be described or narrated when its inherent material quality is taken away, when the viewer is not confronted with its visual appearance?

There are many varied discourses about the relationship between objecthood, medium and site, starting from Walter Benjamin's observations on mechanical reproduction: from looking at base materiality to social interaction, from the aura of the work of art to the disappearance of medium specificity. For Maurice Merleau Ponty 'to turn an object upside-down is to deprive it of its meaning' because when confronted with the viewer it loses its spatial coordinates; it loses its 'natural position'. (in *Phenomenology of Perception*, 1945).

Excerpt from the editorial of the radio exhibition *128kbps objects*, October 2012

Sara Nunes Fernandes *The sideways boy and the levitating granny, the frontal man and the backside woman, the upside-down man and his wife who had her feet on the ground* 2013

The sideways boy and the levitating granny, the frontal man and the backside woman, the upside-down man and his wife who had her feet on the ground is a sound piece written and recorded for online streaming by Fernandes for *128kbps objects* radio exhibition. The artist is the narrator of a fictional journey during which the characters, their actions, and surroundings mimic the artist's own creative processes. This is a story about objects and their origins, where Fernandes has taken creative ownership of a digitally streamed phenomenon and forced it to be perceived sculpturally.

The sound piece is 39'54' and is presented here as a transcript of the original broadcast which took place on the 23rd October 2012 at 12.02pm.

Re: **Sara Nunes Fernandes** *The sideways boy and the levitating granny, the frontal man and the backside woman, the upside-down man and his wife who had her feet on the ground, 2012*

128kpbs objects: www.or-bits.com/128kpbs.php

[0:00]

Fingerpicking guitar melody. NARRATOR, young female, foreign accent

Down the valley lived the sideways boy. His posture was so thin that the sideways boy lived not inside a house like plump people do but on the small vertical gap between its bricks. Every night he would smother himself with cement and jump into the walls of the house, most often choosing those facing the pond outside, which always provided some kind of pre-sleeping entertainment [*Melody fades into background*]. His valley was remote, somewhere down the craggy hills of Thing Land. Thing Land was known for its unnatural geographical behaviour. This place would change shape almost instantaneously, making its borders unrealistic and a logistical nightmare for anyone trying to moor or land on it. [*Melody louder*] The only permanent geographical feature of this Land was its pond, which seemed to function as its tenacious anchor amidst a constant amendment of form. The pond was the only way out of the Land, but the trip was told to be the most strenuous experience only surpassed by childbirth itself. [*Melody fades out*] The sideways boy had never taken that ride. He heard that things that went in would never come out, and so he just stood there night over night, watching fellow inhabitants trying their luck away from the Land. People would leave for many reasons. Thing Land was a complicated place that wouldn't suit most. Mountains were crammed with water, mud flowed through the rivers and the air was so dense and opaque it made it hard to breathe. When it rained, it rained soil and rocks. It was dirty, murky, and wet. [*Pause*] The sideways boy liked it there. He was so thin and barely visible that he took pleasure in being pressed against other things, as if borrowing their thickness onto his own body. Sometimes, specially on rainy days, things

would become so pressed against each other it would be almost impossible to distinguish a house from a rock or a face from a stone. He found it very easy to move around the Land. Because most things shared the same density, the sideways boy could easily let himself be moved by the elements and be dragged along rivers, puddles or the faintest of air currents. [*Pause*] Thing Land's mutable borders were looked after by some of his fellow natives. The levitating granny, for example, cared for the top lands. She was the sole responsible for the maintenance of the Land's atmosphere. She had to make sure that weird scattered densities from the outside would not conflict with the Land's stabilized elements. She looked like a draft snake slouched under a door, hovering sensibly over the small world. Sometimes the levitating granny would have to roll on herself to be able to stretch her legs [*Stretchy guitar sound*]. That would always cause spurts of rock-hail and muddy breeze to be flushed down the lands below. Luckily that quickly became a necessary event that would help alleviate the dangerous empty pressures from the outside from seeping in through her all at once. Splashed along the whole outer area of Thing Land were the frontal man and the backside woman who played a similar trick in the Land's geological apparatus. The couple was in charge of all side borders of Thing Land and that role made them develop the skill of changing positions almost imperceptibly. The trick was made possible by them responding simultaneously to the same point of reference from which both would move diametrically away from each other. Their point of reference was the upside-down man and his wife who had her feet on the ground. This couple flanked the centre of the Land like a solid column and kept it tight onto itself like a bead on a string. Where the upside-down man's feet thrust against his wife's laid the pond, the only

static place in Thing Land. *[Pause. Guitar sounds reminiscent of main melody]* Well it happened one evening that, whilst the levitating granny rolled over herself trying to accommodate the upside down's man head that pressed painfully against her limb, the sideways boy witnessed the most awkward situation. As he stood within the bricks of the facade of his house, watchful of the slow movements of the Land on a rainy night, he spotted a bright and ghostly shape by the pond. It was said before how all things in Thing Land were dirty and murky and wet, and so to behold a thing so lustrous and bright, almost velvety, would have puzzled any of his fellow inhabitants. He descended from his perch and moved closer to the pond. *[Pause]* Although an experienced watcher of all that is foggy and blear, the sideways boy didn't seem to be able to organize his senses around such eerie vision. His eyes were used to muck, and his skin had long become desensitized to anything less abrasive than a shower of stones. He managed to reach the border of the pond. The white halo was contrasting with everything else around it. He saw it move closer to the pond and plunge in the water. *[Shakers]* It strayed in a slow vortex of soil and rubble towards the centre of the pond until it sank down and disappeared completely. The boy, who until that evening had never gone beyond the dry marshes, launched himself in the maelstrom after the thing, sinking almost immediately. *[Shakers and other shaky sounds]* Below the murky water was a tubular whirlpool of rubble, pebbles and rugged stones that seemed to shake its contents in every possible direction. Battered by rocks at every turn or change of velocity, the sideways boy quickly lost track of where his head started and his feet ended. His only point of reference were his awareness of the position of his own witnessing eyes, who he struggled to keep open given

the abundance of foreign substances that spiraled around him. He could sense other runaway compressions being jolted around him. He assumed they had been one-time inhabitants of Thing Land who had left for yearning more space; but whose dismembered body parts were now being jerked alongside his own. Together they roughed painfully through the inner tunnels of the pond as if sucked through foreign barbed crevices, scratching their backs, heads and limbs through gaps that grew narrower as the descent grew in speed. He felt carried over through a body that wasn't his own anymore but a foreign carcass that jolted uncontrollably hitting every obstacle on its way. His ability to perceive his surroundings finally gave in and his whole self went numb. At that moment he indulged once again in the vision of the white shape that lured not far from him. It stood there, somewhere, as the only thing immobilized amongst a torrent of blurred rubble and limbs. He felt being drawn closer to its whiteness, like a soft breeze, not touching anything else. He started to feel embraced by a halo of warm light that made everything nice, dry and breathable. The moisture covering his body started to evaporate slowly as he floated in a white gaze that rubbed softly against his skin. *[Scratchy sounds]* His thin and pale-pink epidermis started to peel as smoothly as cling film rolling down a staircase in slow motion. It started from the very top of his baldhead. It came off his bare forehead, sucked-in cheeks and protrudent chin, down his hard-veined neck and metal-shine-round shoulders. It peeled down uncovering most of his upper body, back, chest and tummy too. He could feel the bitter freshness of the now exposed newborn surface, already burning at the contact with the air. It rolled down his hairless hips and pelvis and around the inner and outer parts of his limbs, down his knees, round his legs, ankles, and feet.

About to peel completely, detach from his feet and exit his whole body the big lump of skin now resting at his feet got stuck to that underestimated area in between his toes. It was still wet and not yet ripe there. *[Scratchy sounds and aleatory guitar notes]* And so it pulled bits of warm flesh and creviced skin as it took off and disappeared into the maelstrom. The core of his macerated body spiraled clean through the narrowest gap at the bottom of the thing like dead jellyfish hurled through an oiled pipe.

Same melody from before but louder. Female voice sings. Long pause, and then
NARRATOR

His body laid flat on the ground. Miniscule grains of grit thrust firmly against his desiccated skin. He pushed his elbows down and pulled his chest up. He couldn't see clearly and so could only conjure a hollow landscape coloured in brighter gradients of dirt, different to the shady colours he was used to. *[Sound of guitar strings being stretched and scratched]* The gravel pressed painfully against his traumatized feet but still he managed to pull himself up, by forcing his legs vigorously against the invisible mass of empty air. *[No background sound]* Staggering, he managed to inspect his hands and arms, elbows and fingernails, his tummy and legs and toes. For the first time he could take a good look at his body. His figure was clearly a separate thing from everything else. Never before had he seen his body contours not brushed against everything else around it. He waved his arms up and down and felt the fresh breeze of the brisk movement and the weight of the air forcing against the surface of his skin. His body was aching and tired and so he fell to the ground once again. He dozed off his eyes burnt so much. *[Pause]* As he lingered in half-sleep he cogitated on his impulsive jump in the pond. *[Melodica*

low] He entertained the possibility that one of his fellow inhabitants had been playing a trick on him the whole time. *[Sad and slow Melodica tune]* For sure it had been the levitating granny who had made sure to have him be thrown inside the pond. She would have also orchestrated the presence of the lustrous halo by the pond. That white fiend must have been a cunning scheme to expel him from the Land, he thought... most likely an overgrown toe nail from the upside down man disguised as an alien shiny booby trap; he knew how the man's wife, who had her feet on the ground, would always complain on occasions of such ungentlemanly conduct.

Pause. High pitch flute sound, repeated a few times during next 10 seconds. NARRATOR

He woke up instants later to the sound of a hiss coming from above. He didn't feel as weak anymore and so he stood up and made himself ready to head towards the firmament. He managed to pull a meagre jump, not more than two feet from the ground. Where he came from he was able to move in every direction by combining his will to the force of the joint elements. But in this strange place his movements were castrated. He noticed how things had expanded since the fall, only to become more separate from each other. There was this hidden gravitational force that pulled him to the ground and incapacitated him to move as freely as he used to. *[Same Melodica tune as before]* He could kneel down and lay flat against the ground but couldn't perforate it or descend into the thickness of the earth beneath his feet, as it was customary for him to do. After a while he worked out how to move forward by throwing one feet in front of the other alternately. *[Sound of pebbles being clapped against each other repeatedly]* And so he did. *[Pause]* It confused him greatly to be able to see in such depth, his own body so distant

from everything else around it. The sky was clear and bright and the desert land stretched for miles. He thought he could distinguish a group of snowy mountains at the distance but it was so bright it made things fade into each other. He saw a beaming wavy halo of light which he thought to be the firmament descending onto the mountains in the distance, but the same light gradually shrank to become what he recognized as the white shape that had urged him into that adventure in the first place. He was awestruck and more curious than ever and so hurried towards the thing. *[Guitar tune and pebbles quickly]* The fiend had a good head start from where he stood and so the boy couldn't find the means to overtake it. He ran as fast as he could, considering his recently acquired aptitude to jog, but the thing moved nimbly ahead of him. He kept his pace steadily but every time he thought he was making good progress, the thing would move a little further, until both of them reached the mountains *[Long pause]*. Now his feet stumbled on larger bright rocks, not the pale gravel from before. He stopped to confirm the whereabouts of the thing and that's when he looked up and took a proper look at the white mountains. *[Slow and quiet single notes on guitar throughout next section]* In their ominous height they presented themselves as awkwardly unnatural, as if put together by the hands of people. Seen from where he stood they could have been taken for Gothic cathedrals smothered in cream. He spotted a gap at the bottom of the one that stood closest to him, and saw the white thing evading into it. Promptly he stepped up and ran after the thing, bouldering as fast as he could. *[High pitched flute]* As he approached the gap he heard the same ear-piercing hiss once again. He ran through the gap after the thing. *[Slow and quiet single notes on guitar]* The entrance stood vigilant like a triangular totem in front of him. It was as high as seven

oak trees staked on top of each other, as wide at eye-level enough to let a raging bull run in, but not larger than the tip of a bull's horn at the top. The boy crossed the crack and entered the cathedral. He had already been thrown around the place like an old rag and so he felt no fear for his body. Still he entered carefully, not knowing what to expect. He was taken into a narrow hallway that opened into a large triangular shaped room flanked by coloured skylights that bathed the room in dim sepia. Against such a shadowy set up it was easy to notice the white fiend. It stood against the wall at the other end of the room, and it held something in its hands. The boy understood the spirit could not see him, much less suspect of his witnessing of such suspicious activities. Whatever it was the creature was holding that the boy could not see, it pressed it firmly against the wall, and then against the floor, and then started to jump on top of it. *[Slow and quiet single notes on guitar with slight unwrapping noises]* It kept on with this strange activity for a few seconds until it pulled the object against what seemed to be a chest and disappeared into a darker corner of the room. The boy held back, hiding neatly in a crack on the wall that seemed to have been placed strategically there, close to the entrance. That spot gave him a panoramic view of the whole room whilst hiding from anyone inside it. *[Nervous guitar picking, aleatory but harmonious]* It was said how the room was shaped like a triangle when in actuality all sides and walls were indeed triangles, meaning that the inside of the room was an almost perfect triangular pyramid. He looked up and saw the larger skylight that topped its peak. *[Same notes but louder]* The figure was still standing at the corner, almost motionless. It was hard to assert an outline of the thing, it seemed hidden under an ever mutating blanket of light, too bright to be looked at directly for more than a few

seconds. *[Loud flute with a bad throat]* The hiss returned! Now louder than ever before. He heard it through the back entrance right behind him, but he could feel it still coming from the top, probably from some weird device placed at height. *[Repeated flute hisses, less loud]* He remembered how sound frequencies travelled weakly back home in Thing Land. He would hear mostly bassy and drony frequencies of grave sounds that travelled easily through the thick mass of the filled Land. And so to him this high pitched sibilant sound sounded otherworldly and sinister, almost alarming. To his surprise the replica of the hiss culminated in a loud bang *[Guitar bang!]* on one of the building's walls! He feared instantly that his little shelter would succumb to the tremor, but everything remained unperturbed. That's when he looked up and saw the beast! Peeking from the small window that capped the building stood the strangest creature that he had ever sat his eyes upon! *[Serious Melodica arrangement, same as before but more urgent. High pitched flute]* It was not white and bright like most things in this God damned Land seemed to be, it was instead of the darkest black one can imagine. It featured the most gruesome combination that can be made from the combining a T-Rex and a boa constrictor. It had dragon-like feathers that seemed made of dark and scruffy wool. But the first thing that captured the boy's awareness were its enormous eyes, black and vitreous which seemed to reflect nothing of its surroundings but to engulf it all inside themselves, like gargantuan arks of shadow! *[High pitched flute, continuous]* The monster hissed heavily once again. And now, with its head stuck inside this strangely shaped room, the sound seemed to move from its jaws and disintegrate along the edges of the room towards its centre. That last hiss seemed to perpetuate forever! It lasted for long enough for the boy's ears to go nearly

numb. He could feel it under his skin, as if wanting to crack him wide open from the inside onto the outside! *[Low pitched Melodica, scary and growing]* The petrifying sound dragged slowly from the creature's mouth along the walls of the room like molten ore, until it moved into the exact geometric middle of the pyramidal room and transformed into a formless blob of light. *[Background noise stops for a moment]* It was then that the ghostly fellow that had been standing at the back approached the middle of the room, right below the newly formed halo of light. The light descended solemnly until it was reachable by the thing, which pulled the preparation from inside its makeshift chest and poured the potion on top of the light *[Watery sounds]*, until it covered it completely. In contact with the fantastical ointment the sphere started to revolve around itself. *[Sound of something electronic spinning]* At first it rotated slowly, but after a few instants it started to spin so quickly that it was even difficult to ascertain its presence in the room at all! As it rotated it generated a moving image on its surface. *[Spinning sound and nervous high pitched guitar pitching]* The boy's mouth burst open in awe. In the thing he saw nonetheless a tiny frontal man and the backside woman, who rotated vertically around the upside down man and his wife that he knew so well! The gravitating granny moved languidly on top of the miniature land, unaware of the spectacle she was taking part in. The centre of the sphere gleamed even harder; so much that it almost pierced the boy's eyes. As quickly as it had descended upon the bottom of the room, it quickly retreated into its top and into the beast's mouth, *[Spinning stops]* which disappeared from view and left the room in astonishing silence. The boy was blown away *[Silence followed by guitar theme melody followed by voice. Melody becomes scattered notes]*. The white fiend levitated

towards the entrance of the cave and flashed passed the boy's hiding spot towards the exit of the cave. The boy decided to follow it, now more resolute than ever to uncover the recent turn of events. The creature circled the outer ring of the cathedral and jumped hastily onto the gothic sidewall, where it stood still. When the boy reached the spot he couldn't believe his eyes! He saw seemingly endless rows of petrified look-alike caryatides that supported the building from the outside like a gigantic house of cards. In one of the columns he recognized the fiend, as still as a rock. *[Layered flutes high pitched]* He heard a multitude of sibilant hissing in the distance. When he looked back he saw about a thousand dark creatures perching on top of the many white cathedrals. The view stretched as long as his eyes could see.

Long pause. Theme song on guitar with some singing and low pitched guitar notes.
NARRATOR

The picture of his Land in miniature had stuck to his head like horseleech. He imagined how many other Lands would have been subject to the same proceedings. Judging from the amount of cathedrals he had seen, he guessed that at least a thousand other planets had been molested like his own, visited uninvitedly like an unauthorized biopsy in cold blood. *[Frenetic guitar variation of main theme]* This place seemed organized around mischievous activities that used neighbouring planets as surrogate stations from where they could drive their own energy. These were all his own hints, the boy admitted, but at least he knew for sure that the damned fiend had learnt how to travel to his Land so it could steal a bit of it and take it onto its wicked Land! How troubled he was, and with no means to advise his friends back home! *[Same guitar with slow notes on Melodica]* He set about

defining a plan: he decided he must learn how to travel back to his Land. It had to be possible. The fiend had managed to get there before, after all? He'd seen it with his own eyes! He set about investigating the perimeter formed by the white castles. He discovered how they had been organized together in the shape of a full moon, girdled by large rocks of pale disposition. He remembered, from his brief trek around that Land, how rocks tended to get smaller and smaller as they were more distanced from the castles. *[Slow and sad Melodica]* And so he deduced that that should be the lead, the pointer to the right track to follow towards the edge of this damned place! Rocks getting smaller and smaller, gradually, towards an infinity of smallness that could not be seen much less exist at all? Furthermore, it made sense to return to the place where he had landed. If something had got him there that's where it would be, to take him back! *[Pause]* He exited the craggy citadel of monsters and petrified fiends towards the graveled planes. In the company of constant hissing, now in the distance, the boy managed to track down his own irregular footsteps, marked heavily on the gritty ground. *[Slow and sad Melodica]* In less than two hours he was back on the spot where he had started his journey on this foreign Land. He had been paying attention to the changes in the ground since the citadel, and so he calculated he should be getting closer to the place in which he'd landed. He spotted the traces on the ground of where he had taken his nap and walked towards it. To his sudden surprise, his feet got stuck to the gravel and started to sink! *[Shakers and other jumpy sounds. Grave guitar strumming]* It must have been an area of dry quicksand that was pulling him towards the entrails of this evil Land! He didn't fight back and let himself be engulfed into it. He was drained down the dry sewer until his feet reached a hollow patch. He

shook his feet frenetically and got pushed into what seemed to be some kind of an underground air conduit. *[Aleatory guitar notes]* He streamed rapidly through this transparent tube of air, surrounded by the same kind of gravel from above, until the tube branched out and gave place to a cosmic landscape of nothingness. The boy kept flowing through an invisible stream of matter, finding himself to be the sole living thing in a never ending Universe of emptiness. He spotted a small dot in the distance. To his bewilderment, as he got closer to the spot he identified nothing less than Thing Land, his own Land! A miniature no more, it grew bigger as he approached it from the distance. He identified his friends the frontal man and the backside woman, the upside down man and his wife who had her feet on the ground. He could almost make out the silhouette of his own house. Oh, how happy he was! As he got closer and closer he managed to land on the back of the levitating granny's knee. She felt the tickle in the back of her leg and slowly rolled over herself *[Same rolling sound as before, made by picking top E string along the whole fret]* and with that movement allowed the sideways boy a convenient return home. Once inside the Land he jolted around in happiness. He drank from the mountains and ate from the rivers until completely satiated. Then he went on to inspect his house and his belongings, only to find everything in order, as it should be. But his head was still filled with images of a white fiend pouring liquid on top of a miniature Thing Land and of black beasts perched on grave-like white cathedrals. He resolved to go and speak directly to the woman who had her feet on the ground. *[Pause. Happy guitar picking, quick and repetitive]* He was sure that she would be able to advise him on what to do. He forced the mud downwards, gracefully, towards the south area of the Land, where the woman

stood. He aimed for her head, a gigantic rock of red dirt clamped against the levitating granny's little finger. The enormous head rolled towards him slow and heavily, producing a sound so low that made everything around him tremble. She flipped her colossal eyelids and hurled her words like heavy bags of sand.

Long pause with random guitar picking in the background reminiscent of the theme song but only slightly. WOMAN WHO HAD HER FEET ON THE GROUND, deep and cavernous voice, old and grave, speaks extremely slow and heavily

My dear boy, I know exactly why you came to me today. I have been observing you, we all have. You are the boy who lives by the pond and who likes the strangeness of what happens there. Some time ago you took the journey through our pond into The Empty Lands. It is to my knowledge that you have delved into those Lands at length, and that you have seen things that you have no understanding of. Well my dear boy, Thing Land has been created a long, long time ago. It existed in the womb of a child, who turned into a young woman. That young woman was made pregnant by one of the eldest deities ever to exist. The pregnancy lasted for five hundred years, and when the baby was due to be delivered, the young woman decided instead that she wanted to keep the baby inside her. As time went by her belly grew harder and harder until it was as solid as rock. After many years the contents of her womb started to shift and evolve, mutating into independent organisms that started to use it as a host and a font of nurture. The woman eventually gave in to old age and her back started to curve around her belly. Her bones slowly adapted to that new position, until the day that her skeleton gave in completely and became as flexible as gelatin.

Inside her womb the various new organisms self-organized and decided to build a structure that would keep them safe. That configuration proved to be perfect enough to be the one still adopted nowadays. Well my young boy, the laborious woman is in fact the levitating granny you know so well, and my husband and I, along with the frontal man and the backside woman, have also been here since before the beginning of your times, taking care of the permanence of our Land. You might be wondering the reason why I am confiding you in this, but I think that you should know that other compromises had to be taken in order to maintain our Land's stability. The father of Thing Land is, like I've said before, one of the eldest deities of our Universe. He his The Elder and lives in the company of his brothers and sisters in The Empty Lands. But The Empty Lands are a very fragile planet. There is a planet of very low density. The Lands were in danger of imminent collapse hadn't their hosts secured a way to keep them alive. Well, I think you should know that the main reason for their debility is that The Empty Lands are not more than a thought. *[Silence in background]* They are an imaginary place. Their existence depends on the fact that others believe in their existence, and think often about them. *[Theme song on guitar comes in slow and quietly]* If the last person to know of their existence were to die, and their knowledge of The Lands died with them, then The Lands would cease to exist, and with them the whole Universe as we know it. *[Silent background]* You might feel confusion at this point, but you need to be aware that The Empty Lands are the oldest in our domain, *[Slow and grave Melodica melody]* and that their inhabitants are the Fathers and Mothers of all other planets. What The Elder and his siblings decided to do was to breed more planets of higher levels of density. They thought that those new planets would be

able to secure their own. Now, try to imagine The Empty Lands without having ever visited them... it would be quite difficult wouldn't it? Sometimes one needs to be implicated in something in order to be able to imagine it further. Many have visited The Empty Lands in the past, and all have returned, like you have too. After the journey all of them have come to me for elucidation. The curious thing is that each one of you has returned with a different image in your heads. *[Melody becomes more coherent]* Some have returned with stories of underwater sea monsters pulling them into the abyss, others have told me of gigantic bugs on fire burying whole planets under their stomachs. All these stories are indeed real, like yours is too. The Empty Lands tend to appear to others in many different forms. That is part of The Lands' mutability. Now you must be wondering why you, and the others, have been sent to experience such incredible things. Well my dear boy, The Empty Lands are your ancestors, and you, as an inhabitant of Thing Land, you must not forget them either. You must nurture those images in your head so that you, yourself, can continue to exist. *[Theme song on guitar]* Our pond is like the umbilical chord that connects our Land to the Land of The Elder. Like ours all other planets have means of connecting with The Empty Lands so that their inhabitants can too visit them and continue to think about them. You may wonder about the specific meanings of certain things that you have seen in your ancestor Land. To those I cannot provide further clarification but to say that they tell you of your own idea of yourself.

Theme song on guitar with female singing.

[39:54]

Jamie Allen *Is this thing On?* Internet Radio Fluxus Scores 2013

Rosalind Krauss discusses spatiality through looking at the relationship between the object and the viewer's field. When writing about Robert Smithson's mirrors in *Enantiomorphic Chambers* (1964), Krauss states 'it is not just the viewer's body that cannot occupy this space, then, it is the beholder's visual logic as well; *Chambers* explores what must be called a kind of 'structural blindness' (in *Formless. A User's Guide*, 2007).

How can an art object be thought of in relation to the nature of its reception and social presence within the context of an internet radio broadcast?

Excerpt from the editorial of the radio exhibition
128kbps objects, October 2012

Is This Thing On? celebrates the disappearance of all kinds of object- and subject-'hoods.' Departing from Nam June Paik's 'Music for High Tower and Without Audience', composed for Alison Knowles in 1962, Allen's scores are for a music not only without audience, but potentially also without performer or performance. A set of prepared Fluxus scores were voiced via broadcast during *128kbps objects* radio exhibition to whomever was listening, with specific individual potential-performers having been notified in advance of the time and date when a score, written just for them, would be performed. If the performer tuned in, they may have listened and may have followed the directives, but neither the audience, nor the composer, will ever know if the scores were ever performed correctly if at all.

Re: **Jamie Allen** *Is This Thing On? Internet Radio Fluxus Scores 2012*
128kbps objects: www.or-bits.com/128kbps.php

Alison Knowles October 22nd, 3:55PM (Greenwich Mean Time)

Find a place where you can hear this broadcast and be completely alone
(Or ask everyone in the room to leave)

Find a piece of paper or something you can write on

Find a pen or pencil or something you can write with

In no more than three lines

Write a short Fluxus score to be performed by Nam June Paik



Bernhard Garnicig October 22nd, 7:56PM (Greenwich Mean Time)

Find an open space in the room or area you're in right now

Lay down on your stomach

Bring the surface of the floor as close as possible to every part of your body

Straighten out your feet

Relax your thighs

Hold your shoulders downward

Press your chest

Place the palms of your hands against whatever surface is beneath you

Flatten your right cheek against the floor or ground

Inhale a deep breath, and hold it briefly

Now release this breath through your nose

As slowly as possible

While humming the lowest note you can



Paul Boshears October 22nd, 1:30 PM (Greenwich Mean Time)

Sit down somewhere comfortable

Rub you hands together quickly for the next few moments

Now place your warmed hands on the back of your neck

Rub you hands together quickly this time for twice as long

Now place your warmed hands again, on the back of your neck

Rub you hands together quickly again this time for twice as long as the last time

Hold your hands in front of your face

Take a deep breath in

Purse your lips

Blow out over your fingers, moving your head from side to side

Like an automatic fan



Paula Velez October 22nd, 2:30 PM (Greenwich Mean Time)

Kneel down on your left knee

As if you were praying

For the next minute

Pray



Richard Sides *The Joyful System* (FOOK your ENTITLEMENT) 2013

The Joyful System 2.0 (Your pre-approved for a Wire Transfer) and *The Joyful System* (FOOK your ENTITLEMENT) are individual works within Sides' project, *The Joyful System*, the former exploring the format of a 'website as theatre' and the latter a script / poem. Both works operate as journeys through the artist's own reaction to technological infrastructures, the systems behind contemporary media and socio-cultural landscapes, and how these ideas create limitations, boundaries, and augmentations of experience.

Re: **Richard Sides: *The Joyful System 2.0***
(Your pre-approved for a Wire Transfer) 2011
TRUTH: www.or-bits.com/truth.php

In his discussion [Good Manners in the Age of WikiLeaks, in London Review of Books, Vol.33 No.2; 20 January 2011], Žižek introduces the concept of appearance and social behaviour, focusing on the interplay between truth and lie, and fascinatingly lessening the dichotomy between the two; to the point of suggesting the non-indispensability of knowing what is true and what is false, and, conversely, putting forward the indispensability of re-considering the role of appearance. Power does not inescapably derive from knowing all that is 'behind the facade' or being able to prove that a given fact is true. Rather, with an emphasis on historical political crisis, the philosopher suggests what the WikiLeaks case exemplifies: 'tak[ing] the risk of provoking the disintegration of the appearances'.

Excerpt from the editorial of the exhibition *Truth*,
October 2011

The Joyful System (FOOK your ENTITLEMENT)

He achieves interplanetary travel.

Born into it, he feels, tastes and hears... and through perceiving
learns how to communicate.

He moves into the future through exponential information without knowing
whether the play he is enjoying has any 'grand-scale' justification
a question of morals, or just a waste of time.

He is an instrument – furtive and versatile

sliding through others as an extension of means.

He has catered feelings, an auteur of emotional power and control.

He *is* the basis for an organized society; the way he acts, what he desires, he
wears, how he spends time.

He commits 21 crooked bad acts of violence, a nervous wave and a happy
smile... over-saturated fats, the bottom of the bottle, a vast distance

like a turd stuck in the drain.

(The image has a blue background ... on it lays a geometric pattern of various coloured blocks ... in one part three-dimensional space is easily perceivable ... and by looking into it you can see a whole system of isolated events: a perfect blue sky crowded by one small cloud and a man standing on a biplane wearing a purple leotard, an insanely colourful fast food house of Germans, a billboard full of neon fly posters for club nights and a sun the size of a multi-storey carpark ... the image employs the use of clichéd 'exploitation for profit' plotlines, so apathetic ... gently ringing in the distance; rising steam off the fountains ... the tangible world is returning from its vacuum ... birds sing of joyous times but now they wish to quarrel – not to be excited, but over the moon – sitting on a red sofa squashed and sniffed out ... a motionless world smudges into sight ... deep blue sea environments – a Dracula ambience ... the most distinct thing about this image is the rendering between what appears to be two-dimensional and three-dimensional ... it purely modulates in and out inaccessibly ... no stable underlying patterns emerged.)

He watches stars fall like insects, juggled like oranges
he switches the lights up
covering the place with new thoughts.

“Now, *it* wants to implicate you onto itself; predicting the future.
What is reality? Real estate? Descriptions of real-time?

Mathematics as a universal language - a life-form from a
dimension we experience but are bound to with confusion;
the limits of control / limits of consciousness.

It assumes these abstract non-associative,
non-language based thoughts are sincere.

It asks if whether the future might demand a new cerebral activity
through which we can access an ‘awareness’
a new communication.”

A fifteen minute pause... small hisses of jetting water move through and around a space; a living space inhabited by sofas, tables and a television. A chat show host discusses the obscene actions of one individual – a DNA test will reveal and conclude. The air is filled with a punching smell of fatty oil and the remnants of a sweet, candy-like aroma. Tattered fabric, a muffin top and a framed black and white image of an ageing ‘punk’ with flesh tunnel wounds.

“Prediction does not determine anything”, Sarah thinks, unfulfilled by the decaying objects she is presented with. She thinks about whether change may surpass this anxiety; the inability to find satisfaction.

“THERE IS NO ACTION!” she states hastily whilst positioning her body as comfortably as she can.

“It is inevitable I will struggle; we will retire from the so-called ‘action’ that presents little in the way of mental elevation. I will not wait for the fading consciousness of ‘engaged opportunity’”.

Cut to the top of a tall building where on top a scaffolding structure holds the neon words ‘I don’t know what it means – I am just a puppet – a network of connections, the veins throughout a body, a human, an ape, a cow. I’m a muscle, bright red, thick, in a house. It is occupied.’ Its façade is ubiquitous. The architecture and spaces are uniform and constructed to be furnished. In a chair someone sits remembering times of youth – channel surfing; people with no thing to do.

(N.B. A system needs slippage – temporality – as well as static points – interpolations)

He is sometimes immersed in a reality within realities
...blossoming and fading... what an impenetrable lifestyle of
black Masonic order!

He is belligerent about fantasy...
a swift but gentle upbringing in the farming fields.
He creates paths and bad jokes, broken limbic systems and carpeted walls
all attracting others – to whom some answers make for stability.

He dreams of a white room; where life and death doesn't exist.
In these dreams the white paint on the wall is cracking.
Beneath its substance hides a materiality not yet defined.

On some nights this disturbs him.

(Piecing together the ever-expanding system of nature – what can he perceive aside from suffocating, hybrid experiences?)

He is an idealist at heart – believing in pure camouflage.

Here comes an order to mail an enemy his mistaken disguise,
followed by an apology in three golden boxes.

(Wolf eaten wounds on the side, these movements are a gifted deathful hate.)

But is he merely an illusion to waste time? ...rather than doing nothing;
things on a primitive level.

He often wears yellow, opting for pollinated attention.

Is he a mouse?

A mouse that doesn't know why it likes cheese so much as it
cannot resist temptation.

He steals from the rich and gives to the poor
perfectly smooth slick hair behind his ears.

He sweats.

Interestingly so, he has no stereotype too.

Words can't describe his 'karate-chopping' passion for the job he created,
his life works, his efforts to the masterpiece his soul is.

A cleansed, painless body

A hunter in the wild

He makes systematic errors when reasoning with probabilities
and he has puke and shit all over his house.

He is not at the mercy of technology – his pleasure is infinite.

His desire is relentless, to go there redeems,

merely as the breath to accompany slow passages.

Yeah, we understand each other... losing reality is far easier than losing the fantasy.

Fuck Off Peter Andre

JUDGEMENT DAY

JeremyKyle-CharlesManson-AndersBrievik-BNP

“FUCK *your* ENTITLEMENT”

He went on *Jeremy Kyle* and when asked if he could take the car he said:

“Kinder Chocolate!”

Why would you be a terrorist?

Empirical Formalism?

“Your only 21 and your an alcoholic prick!”

Where does the veil end?

The Veil

what an illusion.

IOCOSE A Crowded Apocalypse — STEPS 2013

Others, such as writers and critics more concerned with the status of the digital object or those allied with the so called Post Internet art, write about objects in connection to current Internet users tactics employed by artists (Artie Vierkant, *The Image Object PostInternet*, 2010). They focus upon information dispersal, multiplicity of formats and convergence of mediums. 'Objects have lost exclusive singular spatial properties. They exist and manifest in fluid forms through different media. In this, there is no moral hierarchy or pure differentiation in authenticity', as artist Harm van den Dorpel states in the press release of his exhibition *Rhododendron*, 2011.

Excerpt from the editorial of the radio exhibition *128kpbs objects*, October 2012

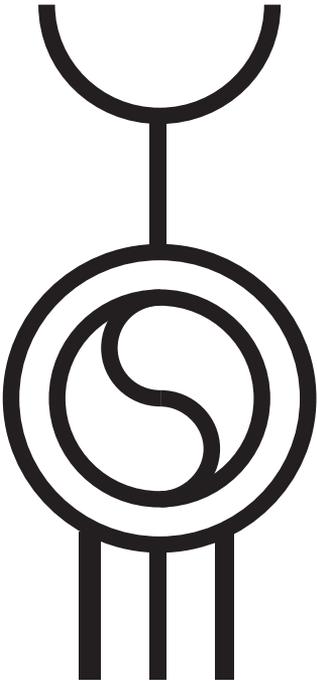
IOCOSE has used crowdsourcing to generate a multitude of conspiracy theories. The group commissioned a series of micro tasks, each of them almost completely meaningless. However, when put together, the tasks collectively generate a series of potential paranoias. Commissioned, collected, organised and exhibited by the artist group, these works show the results of the participants' mechanical and unemotional involvement in the process of writing and protesting against conspiratory narratives.

STEPS displays the stages in the generation of these conspiracy theories and how the final photos were commissioned.

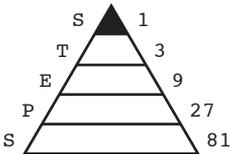
Re: IOCOSE A Crowded Apocalypse — On Air 2012
128kpbs objects: www.or-bits.com/128kpbs.php

S (YMBOL)

(Question) Draw a symbol combining the letters I O C O S E



[ID: (11), USA, \$0.50]



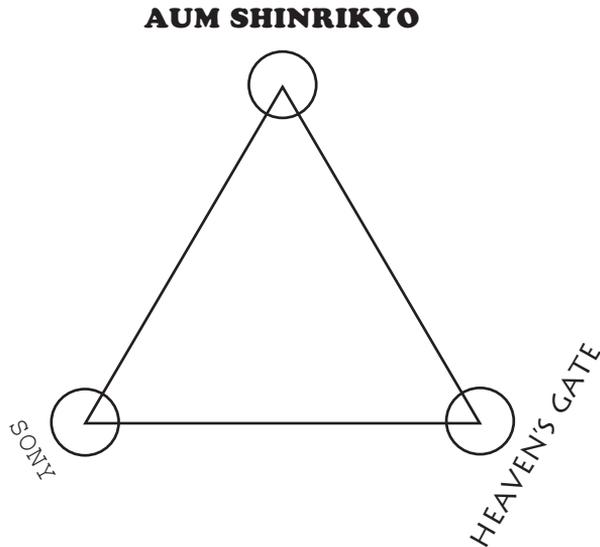
T (HEM)

(Question)

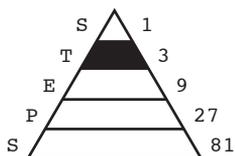
Name a:

- Corporation
- Government
- Cultist group
- Very important person
- Extraterrestrial non-human entity
- Criminal organization

Which you believe could potentially be threatening the future of humankind



[ID: (26,69,10), Bangladesh, Romania, Russian Federation, \$0.10]



E (VIDENCES)

(Question:)

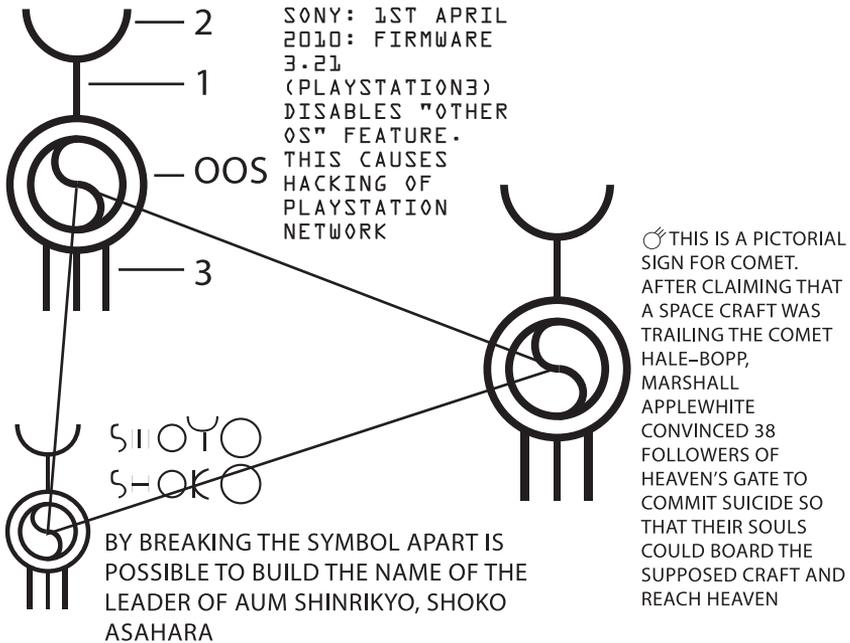
We know that [THEM1; THEM2; THEM3] are part of a conspiracy. They use this symbol as the unifying element of their secret organisation [SYMBOL]

Find and send us an image which shows what the possible connections between [THEM1; THEM2; THEM3] and [SYMBOL] are.

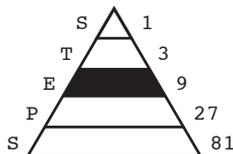
What elements of [SYMBOL] remind of or re-occur in [THEM1; THEM2; THEM3]?

What signs of their secret plan are entangled in [SYMBOL]?

What hints about the victims of their secret plan can we imagine reading [SYMBOL]?



[ID: (39,83,60), Lithuania, Romania, Australia, \$0.50-0.80]



P (LOTS)

(Question:)

PLAN-A

We know that [EVIDENCE1; EVIDENCE2; EVIDENCE3]

What do you believe could be their ultimate goals?

What do you believe could be the victims of such conspiracy?

What do you believe could be the methods they pursue in order to achieve their goal?

The name of aum shinrikyo founder re-appears in this symbol[49]. Hale Bopp and Playstation Hacking are all linked to the same person, who wants to destroy the world in order to purify it[174]

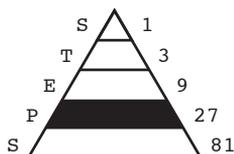
PLAN-B

Articulate [PLAN A] in about 100 words , including as many of the following details as you like:

- Provide numbers and facts in support of [PLAN A]
- Provide historical background, connection with historical facts which potentially support [PLAN A]
- Potential counter-evidences
- Potential actions to stop this conspiracy

The symbol is actually a signature of the founder of aum shinrikyo. These events are all linked together because they all belong to the same group, co-ordinated by the same person. Heaven's gate was a first attempt to control people's mind, and now terrorist group aum shinrikyo in Japan wants to control this power, and they need Sony's worldwide visibility to achieve this. They will use Sony's capacity to persuade the people all over the world to buy products, but instead this will be used to commit mass suicide. This will eventually purify the world from those who buy products compulsively[39]

[ID: (49, 174, 39) Thailand, Algeria, Netherlands \$0.20-0.80]



S (TREETS)

(Question:)

Take a picture of yourself outdoor, covering your face, holding a banner with [SYMBOL] and a slogan about [PLAN A; PLAN B]. Follow these rules:

The banner has to be on A3 format minimum - any material
The symbol has to be drawn on the upper part of the banner
The symbol on the banner needs to be clearly visible and the text clearly readable

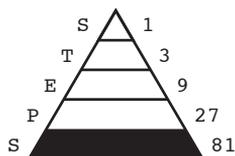
You have to be outdoor in a public space = street or square.
DO NOT take the picture in a private space, e.g. your private backyard, private street, balcony, etc.

Your face has to be covered so that you are not recognisable - e.g. use a bandana, a shirt or a sheet - NO PHOTOSHOP

The picture has to be in landscape mode - horizontal



[ID 430, India, \$ 1.20]



Julia Tcharfas Summary Results from the Modified Tech-House First Year Live-in by Ezra Folkman 2013

Thirtyodd years after *White Noise* was written, there are new modes of interaction between men and invisible data flows, men and systems of reorganisation. These modes seem to be less about disconnection and magic comings together of disparate formal elements, and more about active involvement and reception. Flows of data have become a rather normal way in which cultural material, factual accounts and stories reach us, who consequently have begun to act as prime and direct 'reconfigurers' rather than inactive observers.

Excerpt from the editorial of the exhibition
Accordance, December 2012

A *Plot Schematic* is a visually-driven storyboard for a fictional novel that is yet to be written. Featured in the *Accordance* exhibition, it includes: Original Documents, Original Photographs, Documentary Photographs, Illustration, Illustration Graphs, Character Analysis and Introduction to Story.

The *Schematic* now also includes another document which is presented in this publication. It is a printed document of research: a report, compiled and written by Ezra Folkman.

Re: **Julia Tcharfas** *The morning of Ezra Folkman's death, the house switched on and went about its routine just as he had programmed it to do (A Plot Schematic)* 2012

ACCORDANCE: www.or-bits.com/accordance.php

SUMMARY RESULTS FROM
THE MODIFIED TECH-HOUSE FIRST YEAR LIVE-IN

BY
EZRA FOLKMAN

NASA RESEARCH CENTER

388

JUN 18 AM 9:30
I. S. LIBRARY

COMPILED FOR THE STUDY OF
AUTOMATION OF ASSISTED LIVING SUPPORT SYSTEMS
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA
JUNE 4 - 6, 1989

Abstract

The only element kept from the original design of the house was its exterior façade. Looking at it from the entrance, NASA's Domestic Laboratory seemed deceptively untouched. (See Fig. 1). It was initially constructed in the 1970s as a typical, pre-fabricated, single-family home, but outfitted with the latest Space Age technology. Once, a middle aged couple and their two teenage children occupied the facility for a yearlong live-in test, experimenting with terrestrial uses of future technologies. The house has been out of operation since the family left.

Recently, the Tech House has been donated to a new live-in project. Its modular construction reconfigured into a cross-shaped floor plan divided into rows of compact sleeper-cabins and designated communal function rooms. (See Fig. 2) The modified house is currently occupied by a crew of six retirees: three men and three women. All of the current residents are in their mid to late 80's and have various age related disorders.



Fig. 1 The NASA Tech House

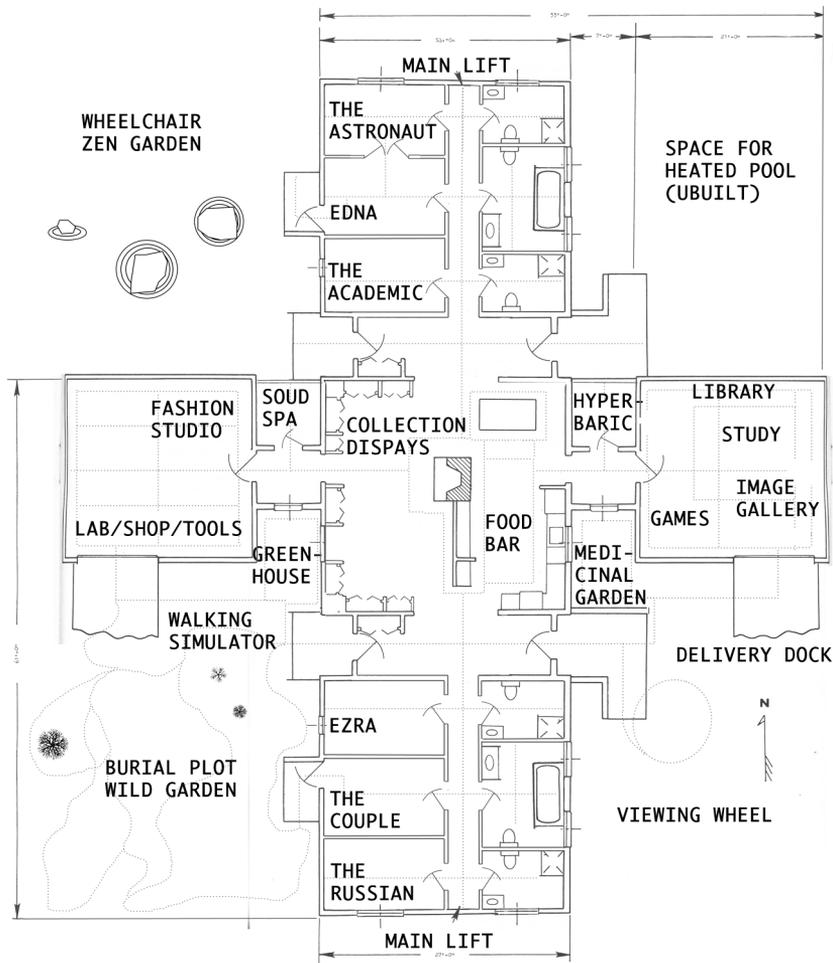


Fig. 2 Tech House Floor Plan

The goal was to turn the lot into a fully mechanized assisted living facility. The technology, which now permeates every aspect of the house, is not necessarily futuristic. Both old and new robotics play a role in the functions of the house. In fact, the most prominent mechanized feature is a classic chair lift system, which runs along a cable path weaved through the entire property. The lift as well as other mechanical features enable the occupants' mobility and access in their daily routine.

The house has been programmed to perform all of the necessary daily tasks, such as distributing meals, taking deliveries, and dispensing garbage, to name just a few. For the past year the occupants have been plugged into the daily system, which they designed and programmed as a group. Included here are examples of operational experience and performance data for all of the various new systems allowed by the technologies incorporated into the house design.

House Description

The Tech House is made up of single-level modules arranged in a cross shaped plan and connected by hallways. Each one of the six occupants has a private cabin and bathroom. The rest of the interior living space is dedicated to their favorite activities: a shared kitchen and party area, corridors lined with display cases from travel collections, fashion studio, library, and workshops. Individual outdoor areas are created by the corners of the cross-shaped plan. These take the form of a Zen Garden, a Wildlife Memorial, and a Viewing Wheel. Other outdoor pockets contain various green houses producing food, herbs, and medicines.

The living area is approximately 2500 square feet and is a minimum space required to house six occupants dependant on assisted transport. A single chairlift track runs throughout the entire property. Each chairlift is a size of a single hospital bed with a mattress, which folds and unfolds into a seat. Once the occupants loose their strength and mobility they are moved around the space directly in their folded beds. Thus the house has no need for free-standing chairs, couches, or even beds.

It is intended that the house, with all the special features, could be reproduced for approximately \$100,000, not including the cost of the building lot.

Live-In

A typical day in the house has been programmed into a data computer stored in what used to be the garage, but is now the study. The computer activates all the machinery, which runs on a timer.

Mornings begin with an early wakeup as the beds that hold the occupants fold into a seat and begin to float towards the bathrooms. Ensuing are outdoor activities, which vary from member to member. All meals are communal, created from a preprogrammed set menu. The kitchen dispenses the food and medicine cocktails as the chair lifts make their way towards the large table. Other activities are based on preferences. For the majority of the day the occupants are busy with their chosen work, projects, or hobbies. Parties and celebrations are frequent. For these there were gaps left in the programming, which could be modified.

Summary on Major Systems and Features

- Main Chair Lift
- Mechanical Beds
- Robotic 'Arms' & 'Hands'
- Remote controlled light, heat, water
- Automated tub and toilet seat
- Ready made meal delivery belt
- Voice controlled computer
- Ferris Wheel
- Loading dock
- Rubbish Dispense lift
- Green house system
- Compost
- Water re-cycling technology
- Solar Power energy

Summary Results

All elements of technology incorporated in the design were evaluated, either quantitatively or qualitatively, over the course of the first year live-in. Results, in some cases, were better than predicted and in other cases below or quite different from expectations. Future design improvements, it seems, will be necessary.

In a few instances, the House has acted in an unpredictable fashion. Our presence there can best be compared to an operating system of a living organism. The house itself feels alive and capable of feeling. Preparing for malfunctions and communication with the outside world are still being developed and tested. The experiment is bound to provide us with unique data over the course of the live-in time. Reports will be produced and published yearly.

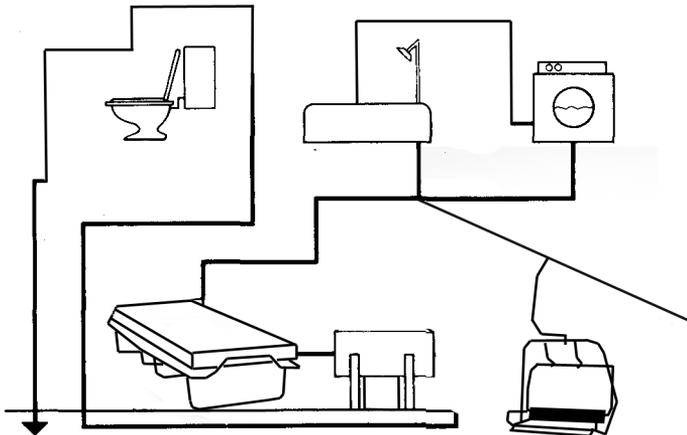


Fig. 3 Chair Lift System

Interviews with the artists

by Marialaura Ghidini

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Michael Kargl

Michael Kargl (b. 1975) lives and works in Vienna, Austria. With a background in sculpture his works are concerned with the materiality and dimensionality of different media, real and virtual. Besides being an artist he also teaches and lectures from time to time.

MG:

In the introduction to the work *Orbitals* on or-bits.com you state that you had used the website itself 'as material for the production' of the piece. You have translated my editorials for each of the exhibitions prior to the one you are featured in into visual patterns, through the use of mathematical language. I know you have been exploring computer-generated works, I assume within your larger interest in configurations of knowledge – you even have a work with the same title! Can you tell me more about this, your relationship with computer technology and with online infrastructures?

MK:

Computer technology and online infrastructures have been interesting to me as material to work with in a literal sense. It began years ago when my interests shifted from the tools which I used to produce content and the content I was employing, to questioning the media and their conditions themselves. It was evident that by interrogating the media, I had to acquire a lot of knowledge to ask proper questions. Thus I learned a little about programming, protocols, and other network / machine related stuff. Then again, moving back and forth between what I had made and what I had learnt, it occurred to me that my thinking and doing is crucially shaped by these 'simple units of knowledge' which I mentioned in the introduction of *Orbitals*. For example, if you start to learn programming it's absolutely essential to be aware of this kind of knowledge; you have to break down everything into tiny steps and arrange them in a logical order. It's not as simple as saying: 'Go straight for 100 meters'. There has to be a definition of what 'going' means, what sort of direction 'straight' exactly is and how far '100 metres' really is in relation to what a machine *can know* about distance. All this is something that we, in our daily lives, never think about but obviously know.

So, what are these simple units of knowledge that we constantly use but are not aware of?

MG:

Orbitals online was created bearing in mind that it would be shown in a publication later on, so you have been playing with online and offline sites of display in connection with printing processes, I believe. The way in which the piece is visualised on or-bits.com is different in size and resolution to the one that is presented in the publication. What do you think this hints at, especially in relation to much of the current research done into e-publishing, such as the ways in which our reading patterns have been impacted by online forms and formats of presentation?

MK:

First and foremost, it just shows that there is a difference, I think. The implications of this difference are really dependent on the point of view. In connection to e-publishing, I would say it might just ask if it is a good idea, for example, to call a printout of something you have online a publication or vice-versa. These media are different and so – obviously – are the results. Of course current developments in online publishing are showing us huge possibilities for e-publications, but the state of the art is still the simple conversion of a paper book into a webpage or PDF (or the printed website). Going back to *Orbitals*, another thing that one could recognize is that – if adopting the perspective of the user – when browsing the hatched areas of the work one tends to lose orientation a little bit. This surely is not possible with the pages of a book, there are always the edges of the page which are visible – at least when you're not so close to the point that content becomes unreadable. Is this about the real limitations and control versus the virtual limitlessness and loss of control? I don't know.

MG:

Lastly, you have been extensively researching how web-based art might exist in a physical space, both as a gallery display and in printed format. How do you relate to the idea of exhibition as interface and site-specificity?

MK:

What is an interface? If an interface is understood as a tool for translating content between systems then there might be some similarity between an exhibition and an interface. Ideally an exhibition takes content and translates it, meaning that there is a huge part which is interpretation and only a small part is concerned with literal transfer, if any. Such a procedure (or 'mode', to speak with Walter Benjamin) adds layers of meaning and enriches the user experience – as one might put it in regard to interfaces. Site-specificity probably does it the other way round: translating qualities of a specific site (physical, virtual or relational) into works (of art or other entities), so the work itself becomes a translation (or an interface).

Renee Carmichael

Renee Carmichael (b. 1986, Seattle, WA) currently lives and works in Berlin, Germany. Carmichael is a writer and artist whose work explores technologies not as new phenomenon but as the means to expose the larger cultural structures that already inherently exist within these technologies. Experimenting with self-referential forms that play off the content that fills them, her work often takes the form of writing and publishing. She takes inspiration from a wide range of themes such as obsessive compulsive disorder, dance epidemics and soup recipes, and is often interested in the liminal space between the infinite and the finite, the moment of knowing and not knowing, the code and the content. She is founding editor of the experimental journal *Flee Immediately!*.

RC:

This is the beginning of a larger research project into the structures of the internet and print, the new ways in which they can be explored. I am looking at the possibilities arising from them and how this effects / changes / creates the content.

MG:

By 'structures of the internet' do you mean, specifically in relation to the work you made for *Accordance*, the technical supports used for writing, such as the different web-based platforms you adopted for producing and displaying the work? If so, how does the infrastructure of the web affect the process of writing, and thus the content?

RC:

In terms of structure for *An Homage to the Death of Print*, I was thinking more along the lines of how the webpage looks in itself, in other words the interface. When opening the work, the viewer is faced with images of webpages that seem to have the same standardized formats, hence all the blue images. Of course the interface is more than just the way it looks, it is created through the technical support of code, for which I have used the metaphor of the control room here.

So, in a way the infrastructure does affect the content. The code helps to dictate how the content will be divided into sections on the webpage – there is a header, footer, main content, and each of these have their

own 'div' tag or style and the content must confirm to them to be easily read, for example. At the same time, the code must borrow and refer to the larger control structures of what print dictates. What I am suggesting then is a series of references to the way a printed page is structured, a 'how to read' of what a page is.

MG:

In the process of making the work how did the adoption of the various interfaces impact upon the content of the work in the publication, *A Reading of the Remains*?

RC:

I was thinking about the content, the text and the structure altogether; I had already planned the way that the text would display in different formats because I had chosen the formats ahead of time. So I did not explore so much the effects they might have on each other. However, the relationship between content and structure became different when I was creating *A Reading of the Remains*. I originally decided to print one of the linked pages from Safari and then view it in InDesign to see what would happen. After doing so, the content was somehow missing, which wasn't planned. When I then attempted to print from Firefox all content was there, but the details of the background were not. This is when the idea of working with the physicality of the 'binding' came out, which I've used metaphorically as a contract via which the webpages would be tied to some sort of *place* and *materiality*. In the same way that we can only read a book when we hold it in front of us, we can only see a webpage properly when it is online, that is when the code – its *material* component – runs. Content, then, is always visible in relationship to the *place*, as in the structure within which it appears, even if that *place* is the code, which is constantly being run and in movement.

MG:

How might the layout offered by the web services you employed, such as the Office suite GoogleDocs, and Wix website templates, differ from the page in a book?

RC:

A webpage actually reveals the way in which it has been *controlled* more than a book does. Even though this *control* is hidden, if you know where to look you can view source code and see how its structure has been formed. Whereas, a book page usually comes to us as a finished *product*, you cannot readily see the design *template*, or the designers who had created it, from having the book in your hands. In other words, the structures of what makes a book a book are often taken for granted, whereas the structures of a webpage are seen as dynamic and changeable.

Another difference is that in a book there are actual, real, constraints, such as the size of a page, while in a webpage the constraints are a construction – often borrowed from the *rules* of book design. Webpages do have real restraints too, determined by the various coding languages, but I don't think that these limits are used in the same way as the real constraints of a book; for example, they often come from what we think an interface should look like rather than the code. That said, in both cases, the constraints are not only due to the material form from which they stem (page size, code language) but from the larger cultural structures and histories that throughout time have come to create the form of a book, and eventually the webpage, as we understand them today.

These are just a few initial thoughts...

MG:

Where does your interest in print and publishing come from?

You started with the publication *Flee Immediately!* and I wonder how these works you have produced for *Accordance* and *On the Upgrade* WYSIWYG tie into your larger research?

RC:

After finishing my MA in Interactive Media at Goldsmiths (London), I started to take an interest in code as a form of writing and structure. The interest in print and publishing just came naturally out of that and so I started *Flee Immediately!*

Flee Immediately! started out as a space through which to experiment with technological systems, and how they function, in a way whereby technology would be seen as an integral part of our lives, as something that extends beyond the digital and the computer – a river

is as much a technology as the latest smart-phone. The adoption of the printed form, in my view, would then illustrate how exploring technology permeates all parts of the world we interact with – I wanted print to become an object, and as such, a *technology* in its own right. *Flee Immediately!* has been an experiment from the very beginning and I am constantly trying to explore different formats with each new issue.

As for the works I have made for or-bits.com, I went a step back and reflected on the idea of printing online. I feel that much of the medium of the internet as a contemporary technology has not been explored. Since it is a medium which visibly shows its own changes and evolutions faster than technologies in the past, it gives me a useful entry point from which to explore technological systems – how they appear, how they are embedded in our lives and what power might flow through them.

MG:

Last question, what does interface mean to you, in terms of site of production and display?

RC:

Following the above, the interface then becomes a tool through which we can explore and expose different flows of power as well as reveal various cultural relationships with technology. It becomes a place to *use*, to think critically about, and to experiment with ideas from within the technology itself rather than from the outside; this inside is a liminal space between what we know and what we don't know that once exposed allows us to start questioning and forming ideas.

Maria Theodoraki

Maria Theodoraki (b. 1977, Greece) lives and works in London. References and associations, typologies, works evolving into different ones and works interacting with one another, process as content and the art object as pretext and testimony of action are the main characteristics of Maria Theodoraki's work. The public space and other artists' work act as open fields for developing actions concerned with defining and claiming one's own identity in the context of the city.

MG:

the line is an on-going work of yours that started with the *Here en Route* exhibition at the James Taylor Gallery (London) in 2010, that itself had developed from *Here*, the web-based piece you made for the *Superposition* exhibition on or-bits.com. Some time ago we discussed the relationship between *the line* and the on-going performative installation at the gallery as your 'need to grasp the distance [between your home and the exhibition space] physically'. In fact, during the show, you covered that distance daily on foot and knocked on every door on your way asking the inhabitants to take a picture of your work on the website as displayed on their computers. I read *the line* as a performative work, a kind of daily studio practice, which abstractly re-traces your steps during the exhibition. Can you tell me more about how the process-based and performative nature of *Here en Route* relates to *Here*?

MT:

First of all, I want to stress that I understand every work of art as performative; when I see an art piece I see a person acting to bring it in front of me, as a work. Also, I don't think I would talk about studio practice; I have drawn *the line* in hundreds of places, from pubs to airplanes and from parks to waiting rooms. It is such a long process that it had to become part of my everyday life. The work *Here* is the process of creating a place by bringing close two postcards which show separate parts of the world. Moreover, it was conceived to be seen through accessing the internet, a place elsewhere to me. By positioning the viewer at multiple crossroads he / she becomes the single connecting point between these different places. With *Here en Route* I explored this same process of connecting spaces by focusing on different distances:

the distance between my home and the gallery, the place in front of my computer screen and the place in front of the computer screen of a stranger neighbour – 416 neighbours to be exact, as this is the number of doors that separate my home from the gallery – the physical space of a room in a house, and the imaginative space created in the view of an artwork

MG:

So *the line* is a sort of daily ritual. What does it mean to you to *freeze* this on-going activity into a fixed form like that of a notebook, which has now become a series? And what does it mean to extrapolate a section of the notebook for this specific publication, in terms of the engagement with your audience, the people who will read it and flick through its pages?

MT:

the line is the notebooks; is the pages; is the pens; is the ruler; is the days; is the sums. It is not a series. It is an on-going process happening every day and it is new every day. However, *the line* is mainly a mark, but, because this mark is already thousands of pages long, it becomes difficult to imagine as one thing. Thus in our minds *mark* the noun turns into *mark* the verb; we focus on the action rather than on its product. *Cutting* a section out of the notebook and presenting it in this publication is an attempt to return from the verb to the noun and, through sharing the turns and angles of the line with you / the viewer, to communicate again my initial desire to grasp a distance physically.

MG:

Your research practice often explores ideas of recording and archiving through playing with mnemonic processes. This frequently entails your direct interaction not only with your viewer but also with the subjects of the work itself, such as in *Here en Route*. So I wonder, in terms of this interaction, what is the difference between remotely engaging with an audience and directly engaging with them in a gallery or in a public space, as in the instance of *Here* and *Here en Route* respectively?

MT:

I have a great interest in the very process of engaging with a work of art. I am constantly experimenting with different ways of affecting this process and at the same time, with ways of making the viewer aware of the specific steps through which she-herself / he-himself engages with the work. I believe that this interest is the main reason why I choose to often interact directly with the audience; I am there with no script discussing with them my process and their process. We work together and this *working together* is the difference. The works I present online, such as *Here*, are not interactive. For me presenting a work online is completely different from being present and directly engaging with an audience inside an exhibition space.

MG:

What does interface mean to you, as a site of production and display?

MT:

I don't know.

David Horvitz

David Horvitz (b. 1982) is currently in Brooklyn, NY. But he was born in Los Angeles, CA three decades ago.

MG:

What does interface means to you, as a site of production and display?

DH:

It's a place for the convening of the fingertips (production) and eyeballs (display). The only two other times these two body parts convene are when you have an itchy eye, or when your friend is annoying and you poke them in the eye.

Sara Nunes Fernandes

Sara Nunes Fernandes (b. 1985, Portugal) lives and works in London. Her sculptural works bounce back and forth between their complicity and their critique, or their irony and their sincerity perhaps, taking a retreat into studio practice and materiality as a rustic attempt to make ideas tangible. Nunes Fernandes has also presented a number of performances at V22 and ICA London. She is also involved with various music projects, both solo and in collaboration with Jack Barraclough and Rachel Marie Horwood.

MG:

To me *The sideways boy...* is a story where earth materials and their qualities are reconfigured within the framework of what seems like a children's storybook, in which the characters are not only their personifications, but are also users and consumers. What is your interest in earth materials, and the use humans make of them? And why a fictional story, a tale of magic worlds, such as *Thing Land* and *The Empty Lands*?

SNF:

Your brief stated quite clearly that you were interested in ideas of object-hood in works conceived to exist only online. My first thought was to come up with a text drenched in *realness* and *matter* to playfully contrast with the lightness of the online streaming format. This is one of the reasons why the story is *constructed* with earthly materials. I wanted the listener to be able to visualize the basic textures of the story – mud, dirt and stones – and use these references to help her picture the more intangible sets described in the narrative. The story speaks of a journey from *Thing Land* to the *The Empty Lands* and back. The inhabitants of *Thing Land* – the sideways boy, the levitating granny, the frontal man, the backside woman, the upside-down man and his wife who had her feet on the ground – are made from the same materials as everything else on their planet – mud, dirt and stones – and their visual configuration as a group of characters forms the planet's shape, like separate pieces of a magic cube. I hope that *Thing Land* will appear to the listener not too dissimilar from a heavy blob of dirt, and *The Empty Lands* much lighter. The first is a planet where breathing air and water have been replaced by dirt, which contrasts drastically with *The Empty*

Lands, where there is air and gravity instead. I see these two places as loci of the acts of artistic creation and display in the same way that a blob of undefined rawness might be shaped by the artistic intention. In some of my work, complicated human constructions like these are caricatured, and I was trying to come up with a *creation myth* for my own artistic practice.

MG:

When either listening to or reading the story one can almost feel these materials and their qualities, it is stressed in the language you use and also in the instrumental sounds played for the broadcast version, which loosely mimic sounds that one would hear, let's say, if playing with clay or stones. All this is stripped down to the direct interaction with the material, where technological tools don't appear. How much is this related to your sculptural work? How does translating your everyday studio practice into something intangible like an audio story and its script come about? What were the challenges, if any? I also wonder if this has freed you from any burden of the material you usually work with?

SNF:

Like I said before I wanted the piece to exist within the *lightness* of the audio streaming format though evoking images of *heaviness*. Me, you and most of the other artists in the show are part of the *lucky* generation that witnessed the internet become an integral part of society. To try to imagine the unquantifiable amount of data that exists online nowadays (and is growing every second) is not dissimilar from our own idea of an expanding Universe. I was thinking about the ways in which digital information also occupies space in computer chips around the globe. There's a dislocation between the place where this information is stored and where the user is accessing it. When I was writing the piece I wanted to evoke this idea of weight that exists remotely, away from the weightlessness of tab browsing, in the same way the story tries to represent ideas of a studio practise that exists remotely, most often away from the exhibition space.

In the sound piece there's the sound of a drill, which is an electronic device, so I wouldn't say that I was avoiding the use of *non-natural* gadgets, rather I was using what was at hand, at home and in the studio. I also play the guitar and other instruments in the piece, I am also the one

who narrates the story, and so this casualness in the making, in working with what's there, parallels my own creative process in the studio. I have a couple of musical projects going alongside my *object-making* practice and so I wouldn't say that it was 'freeing me from a burden' of making work in the studio. On the contrary, the decision to write a story like this was a completely different process that made me think about my work albeit remotely.

MG:

This work was presented as a sound piece and a live event and now as written text. All forms that, in a way, you use in the development and production of the work in your studio, but each of them has also been distributed via different mediums: the internet radio, the gallery event, and soon via a publication. Does this impact upon the way you think about this work, or the way you think the audience will engage with it? For example, would the lack of sound in the script mean taking out an important aspect of the work? I just wonder how you feel about these *transformations*, especially in relation to the fact that *The sideways boy...* is in itself about transformations and the possibilities inherent in such processes.

SNF:

The piece was conceived originally for your radio programme. But the few attempts at performing other texts I had made in the past have prepared me to think about transmission: how to transmit this story about objects and my studio practice through storytelling. I have a music project called *Colin Min Sai* where I play solo guitar and sing my own lyrics. And I am at a point where I am figuring out how these other projects, my writing, and studio practice can merge or intersect. *The sideways boy...* is about a journey between worlds of different densities and so I think it fits well with these transformations between mediums. This is a story that can be told several times in many different ways. In storytelling each recounting of a story is always slightly different from the preceding ones, a story changes and grows with time. Inevitably this will happen with *The sideways boy...* And because of this, for *On the Upgrade WYSIWYG*, I decided to publish the script in order to *document* the actual piece as it played on the radio – hence the sound notations. This story, in fact, will be mutating with its future retelling.

MG:

Last question, what does interface mean to you, as a site of production and display?

SNF:

Do you mean the online interface? Or any mediated medium? I think I half answered this question a while back in our conversation. It pleases me to think about the real weight of digital information being filtered through the screen, the way that the browser's window, in this case, exists as a poltergeist of the real thing.

Jamie Allen

Jamie Allen (Windsor, Ontario, Canada) lives in Copenhagen, Denmark. Allen makes things with his head and hands. These things most often involve peoples' relationships to creativity, technology and resources. They often attempt to give people new, subversive and funny ways to interact with all of these. Working between art, design and technology, Jamie is a teacher, researcher and experimenter. His interests are in the ways people relate to electronic media and digital information in their diverse forms, beginning with their transduction, as matter and material.

MG:

The Fluxus scores that were broadcast as part of *128kbps objects* online radio exhibition derive from your Fluxus performance work based on Skype chat, and both these works are instructional, collaborative and event-based. Where does your interest in Fluxus scores come from and how does this relate to your exploration of the way people engage with technology (digital or not) in the light of the contexts of production / display I have just mentioned?

JA:

The way I think about technologies, and technical media (by which I mean the conflagration of communications, content and algorithms we know as *the digital*) is largely to do with how they *structure* thought. It's a hard thing to express in words (just another medium). Another thing you might say is that technical media are the *infrastructure* of thought. From the moment we started scratching lines on the inside of caves, we started reshaping our minds, and vice-versa ad-infinitum, until you wind up with these complex constellations of materials that we call computers and the like. I think Fluxus scores fit this kind of thinking really well because of their particular emphasis on freedom-through-instruction. The ultimate freedoms we can achieve in this world, it seems to me, are brought about through the realisation that we're always within, always enclosed, always entangled in complex systems, most of them technical or technological. Fluxus scores are exciting because they allow you to give yourself up to the instructional, to release yourself to a set of (often arbitrary) sequences and actions. This is rather freeing: to choose to be told what

to do, to de-subjectify yourself intentionally (which is a pretty big contradiction, but that's okay).

MG:

One of the main elements of the Fluxus scores for *128kbps objects* was the background noise, the sounds of the places in which you read and recorded the instructions, which would create a sort of imaginary scenario in the mind of the listener. This scenario would also enmesh with the environment of the people you chose to be the performers of the scores; thus it would relate to a third scenario, the setting in which these potential performers were at the moment of the broadcast. How has working with the printed page — which somehow is a way of fixing a moment in time — impacted the work, or better still, the mode in which you speak to your audience, who were previously a listener at set times during the day and now become a reader able to access the work at any time?.

JA:

These *spaces* you speak of are indeed a big part of the piece. I think something about the printed page probably loses aspects of these imagined and real spaces and how they overlap, as you suggest, because they're no longer concurrent, they're asynchronous and delayed through the use of the printed material. We also lose the voice, and the temporal and non-performer specificity that was originally intended. That said, I have no idea where the book will wind up, and so in that sense it's still a *broadcast* to whomever, and the works are, as ever, created for no-audience and no-performer. So it's nice that these printed elements might be read by someone on a train who decides to enact the gestures that are suggested (or not), or while sitting on the toilet some Sunday morning... In a way, the answer to the impact question is muted a bit if we consider that there is always a setting, always a space. I'm not sure I agree that the printed page is a way of fixing a moment in time, either. I read pretty slowly.

MG:

In your view does the migration of the scores across these different mediums (and sites of distribution) — the Skype chat, the online radio broadcast, the publication — affect the work? How could object-hood,

in your view, be described in relation to this movement, or perhaps in the larger framework of your work and research with sound, technology and collaborative settings?

JA:

I think more than anything these different *transductions* make the Fluxus scores' instructional style different. There are subtleties to these media in terms of how they en-frame, how they demand things of you, of the performance and performer of the score. Some of them are quite passive (reading letters on a page is arguably pretty passive) and some are quite demanding (I'd imagine hearing my voice on the radio, particularly if you know me, asking you to do things would be pretty hard not to respond to in some way). This helps highlight how we're *always-on* or *always-within*, as I mentioned earlier. There is *no outside*, never was. There's just different ways of being *inside*. An awareness and mindfulness of this is really what underpins the collaborations, media, sound, technology and artwork I love best. It is something I think is quite important to remind ourselves of.

MG:

I have one more question: what does interface mean to you, in terms of site of production and display?

JA:

Interface is really just a particular kind of technical media, and it's a bit of an unfortunate term as it seems to downplay the spectrum of objects and devices that are always already interfacing histories and cultures, for example, objects from another place, or heirlooms that signify histories. Interfaces, of-the-present, when they're considered, highlight the general technicality of life...

Richard Sides

Richard Sides (b. 1985, Rotherham, UK) lives and works in London. Sides often works with various media to explore philosophical ideas of presence, temporality, mathematical structure, metaphysics and human perception. This practice often involves sound, which is used as a material conduit for examining sense experience in relation to less humanistic patterns and objects. The role of 'framing' plays an important part in his practice and plays, installations, DJ sets and narratives are a recurring mode of presentation. Through this, the works pose multiple meanings and associations as a way to develop a language for questioning the objects (meta-language) and an expanded sense of space / visualization with relation to definition. This model is also explored through his curatorial and collaborative practice.

MG:

The Joyful System is a work that I believe started during your residency at [SPACE] Studios (London). At that time I assisted to a two-hour performance that comprised a video projection, an installation with a network of computers, a reading, and live sound. Can you tell me more about how this work has developed from there to become the work presented in the *Truth* exhibition? There was also the work broadcast for *128kbps objects*, *Stop Killing my Buzz (expanded edition 0.5)*, is this related to the above and if so, how?

RS:

The Joyful System started as a play that developed out of the residency I did at [SPACE] Studios. Even though I spent the majority of my time there developing generative computer systems and systems that could respond to external stimulus through endless parameter changes, producing a *meta-narrative* project like that seemed to be the best way I could think of responding to this rational, process-based way of working. I was trying to be more discursive in the context of 'programming' by relating it to a wider field of ideas like the twentieth century or passive aggressiveness. At the time a lot of the ideas that I wanted to try, deal with, or formalise, were based on specific behavioural patterns and beliefs, and were attempts to somehow try and think about *things* metaphysically. So, I was trying to apply that way of thinking to the format of a *website as theatre* or as some kind

of narrative environment, but with a slightly generative, incidental nature to it.

The radio broadcast came from quite a different trajectory; I made it not long after an exhibition for which I had developed a different play. Mainly consisting of three speakers playing a 25-minute audio piece, a 30-minute sequence of coloured light, three posters and fabric sculptures, *Stop Killing my Buzz* was a much more *structured* installation where sound and spoken word featured heavily to create a surrealist *mise-en-scène*. The radio piece was a remix of that installation; a voice describing an impossible place, some generative computer pieces and a recomposition of Underworld's *Born Slippy*. This work comes from thinking a lot about space and temporality within music, amongst other things.

MG:

Going one step back, perhaps, to me the iterations of the *The Joyful System* discuss technological infrastructures, the hidden systems that have an impact on constructing contemporary socio-cultural narratives, the way they create limitations and boundaries of which we are often unaware, or are too lazy to *resist*. This reminds me of the stories of Raymond Carver and how his protagonists *struggle* with the 'structures' of the everyday and media culture of the 70s. *The Joyful System* proposes something similar I think, in a two-fold manner: on the one hand there are the thematics it discusses, on the other hand there are the *structures* that determine the way people engage with them in a rather forceful manner. I wonder where your interest in this comes from, I mean, how taking people with you on a journey relates to your interest in the control that media and perhaps digital infrastructure exert upon us?

RS:

It's not so much an interest in these structures, but rather a reaction. I suppose I am one of those people who doesn't really trust much, like I don't think of having a set belief, but rather of *looking at* as much as I can in an empirical way. I also have a bit of a problem with hierarchy in certain contexts and somehow humouring these struggles in relation to a more abstract experience is what I do; making up a story and hopefully presenting something that people can relate to as well as being confused by. So, the journey takes place to somehow reveal things, to try

and confront objects, or huge systems, or even the 'grand-scale' perhaps. Also, appropriation can reveal a lot in a very simple way.

MG:

You often use material derived from popular culture – clips from films that somehow discuss the relationship between man and machine, iconic media images and people as well as songs – but it is all reframed within a new spatio-temporal framework in which sound plays an important role in creating an immersive scenario. There is the opera-like structure to the work on the or-bits.com website and here, in the publication, a script that – although adopting only text – is about visual images, feelings and soundscapes of the real or imaginary dimension of the protagonist. What's your relationship to media, to a way of working that I would probably say is inter-media based, or is this important to you at all?

RS:

The idea of *mise-en-scène* is something I would say relates to how I think about these frameworks; creating a place that is within the mind or generous to the readers' own mind as well as being something complex and immersive in itself, an atmosphere or the *whole* scene. Using various media simultaneously, or along a time-based *collage*, is something I feel comfortable with and sequencing different *events* within this makes sense to me in how I want to portray a scene or an image. Sound and music is something I also feel has an immediacy that works for me.

MG:

I wonder what it meant to work with the pages of a book, rather than let's say the online dimension of a web page or a physical space? What's the relationship between this script (*FOOK your ENTITLEMENT*) and the other (*Your pre-approved for a Wire Transfer*)?

RS:

They're completely different works, but under my own defined project *The Joyful System*. This *umbrella* title allows me to think and develop something that is multi-layered and contradictory, but if viewed or experienced together has a clear relationship. Presenting only writing is quite a new thing for me and it's something I feel strongly drawn

towards – how we are always thinking to ourselves in words. (*FOOK your ENTITLEMENT*) is somehow about being inside *The Joyful System* – I first dreamt it up as the consciousness of a *search* in a search engine or an undefined database. (*FOOK your ENTITLEMENT*) and (*Your pre-approved for a Wire Transfer*) are different parts of the 'whole' scene or production.

MG:

And lastly, this is probably related to all the above, what does interface mean to you, as a site of production and display?

RS:

I think a lot about interface actually: how a human face has a facade with portals into something much more personal, or how the surface of language functions to create various entry points into a larger structure of potential. But also I like to use the interface in a technological context as a metaphor for the various *call and response* patterns it can generate – almost as a behavioural characteristic. For example, in the first *Joyful System* performance I set up eight iMacs to start *performing* generative videos simultaneously at 3pm. Each computer autonomously chose to display the word YES or NO and with each decision it played a single tone of autonomous pitch and length. What I was interested in with this element in the work was the idea of the computer's interface being reversed.

IOCOSE

Formed in 2006, the group IOCOSE organizes actions in order to subvert ideologies, practices, processes of identification and production of meanings. It uses pranks and hoaxes as tactical means, as joyful and sound tools. IOCOSE thinks about the streets, internet and word of mouth as a battlefield. Among its works, IOCOSE has hijacked an exhibition at Tate Modern, invented a spam campaign for the Italian Democratic Party, designed a religious hi-tech product based on electric shock, crafted an IKEA guillotine, synthesized a drug made out of floppy discs, and organized an international contest for the most valueless video on YouTube.

MG:

A Crowded Apocalypse is a multi-layered project exploring the division and anonymity of internet labour and its possible effects. I understand that presenting it online – in the form of a website that also operates as a narrative database – has required painstaking work. The project was first presented at AND Festival (Liverpool, UK) and at a gallery exhibition at Furtherfield (London, UK) along with a slideshow, but has also been presented in other gallery exhibitions in Europe where I think you worked with other formats of presentation. For the website you have been gathering various materials to present in a user-friendly display, whilst 'outside' of that space it seems that the project can be displayed through disassembling it into its different components, somehow mirroring the process of 'commissioning micro tasks'. I wonder if you can tell me more about why you have decided to *release* the project on a website, the process of organising the material and what it means to you to have different iterations of the online display offline?

I:

The pain has been to find a way to locate ourselves in the production process. What could be the role played by ourselves in this work, how could we communicate the acts of commissioning, organising, archiving, selecting, displaying the material we received over one year? We thought there was a question of authorship in this project, of our presence in the work itself, which somehow had to be addressed. That is where the narrative aspect of the project comes from, which originates from a declared distance (which is neither impartiality nor neutrality)

from the crowdsourced work. There are numerous other ways through which we step back from the work we present. The pyramid structure of the website (which is probably made more clear in *STEPS*, the part of the project presented in this publication) is an example, also the offline installations have a clear symmetric organization (the 81 photos are framed and displayed in equal distance from each other). At one point we thought that the most appropriate way to exhibit the unmanageable and chaotic material we were receiving was to map this material and show the rationale for its production. In a sense this is also our presence in the project: not outside of it, but not yet fully involved, commissioning and selecting but not producing it. This is what ties together the exhibitions of *A Crowded Apocalypse*, both on the website and in the gallery spaces, where there is a fairly clear structure and hierarchy between images, overlaying information, and actors.

MG:

A part of the project, *A Crowded Apocalypse – On Air*, was presented during the *128kpbs objects* radio exhibition for which readings of some of the tasks performed through crowdsourcing were recorded and broadcast, adding another layer which shows the plurality of forms that the project can contain and use to speak to an audience. How do the recordings relate to the project?

I:

The recordings were based on the texts of the conspiratory narratives that we received during the production of *A Crowded Apocalypse*. When challenged with the idea of giving an audio form to our work, we thought that this material could be used again as part of a further commission to the crowd. The possibilities are still quite open, recently we have been working with commissioned videos (*A Crowded Apocalypse – How to make a bomb*, which is soon to be released).

MG:

Within your work, you often exploit the workings of the *platforms* you decided to operate with, from ubiquitous online video channels to gallery spaces, to name a few. I feel that there's a very strong element in your work which is about exposing the mechanisms often taken for granted by the platform users themselves, to the point of breaking down these

mechanisms to reveal the nonsensical in them. Often you do so in relation to contemporary web-based communication systems, by taking advantage of their language, how do you achieve this? I mean how do you appropriate *these languages* and use them for your work? I suppose much of the work involves observations of patterns and behaviours...

I:

More generally we try to understand what could be the *meanings* of a platform, or service. The *NoTube* project is an example, an on-going work where we try to use the logic of preservation of video files, guaranteed by Youtube.com to its users, as the basis for an artistic intervention. *A Crowded Apocalypse* approaches crowdsourcing from a similar perspective. Crowdsourcing is used and understood, not necessarily in an essentialist or ideological way (opposing what crowdsourcing 'is' to what it should be) but more in its potential to be opened to unexpected forms of life. Which is, indeed, also a way to critique the ways in which crowdsourcing has been used so far, but it's not in any way an attempt to define it or to think about in oppositional binarisms. If it is a language, then how can this language talk about the same topics differently, how can it reflect on its own grammar?

MG:

For this publication the production process of *A Crowded Apocalypse* – the commissioning of tasks – is revealed, acting as a sort of reader for the project website, an offline navigation menu. It exposes the five different levels of the project through a combination of text, diagrams and images. I wonder if you have anything you'd like to say about the process that has led to *A Crowded Apocalypse – STEPS*? For example, have you encountered limitations with working with the format of the book in contrast to the fluidity that the online display might offer, or perhaps new possibilities?

I:

We thought about this part of the project as a sort of guideline for the website, a booklet to guide the reader through the navigation of the online space. Again, this is a further attempt to enrich *A Crowded Apocalypse* with maps and orientations, in an otherwise nonsensical

production of paranoid material. Maybe you can read *STEPS* as a sort of second screen experience, only it's not a screen but printed matter.

MG:

Last one, what does interface mean to you, as a site of production and display?

I:

It's difficult to say, as some of our works have been more explicitly focused on interfaces (e.g. *Win Nothing Day*, which was mostly based on a not-working website), others less explicitly (*NoTube* and *A Crowded Apocalypse* probably), while some others not at all (*Doughboys*, *Sunflower Seeds on Sunflower Seeds*, *Sokkomb*). Obviously it could be argued that the interface is always already there, somehow, as there is always a moment of relating to a form of representation. Let's say that we agree with Soren Pold, but also with Alex Galloway (*The Interface Effect*, 2012), that interfaces are an effect, and they need to be interrogated for their political aspect. The ways in which we pose this question changes from time to time, depending on how we play with the performative aspect of our projects – how we deal with the co-constitution of ourselves, the spectators or users, and the multiple material forms of the artworks.

Julia Tcharfas

Julia Tcharfas (b. 1982 Donetsk, Ukraine) lives and works in London, UK. Tcharfas's artistic practice combines research and studio methodology. The work takes many forms including sculptural installation, arrangements and events. Some of her most recent work includes a project titled *Café Visionaire* (2012) at Limazulu in London, and a collaborative curatorial event as part of the Permacultures Artist Residency with [Space] Studios entitled *The Really Wild Show* (2012) at The White Building in London. A significant part of her work is a collaborative practice with Timothy Ivison.

MG:

You have moved from a web-based visual storyboard to working with an existing layout – that of the report document – so it seems to me you have moved from constructing your own framework to working within a predetermined framework. I wonder what impact this might have had on the development of the story itself and on the conception of the ideas for your novel, – if at all? Also, were you thinking about your reader in the same way when working with both of your adopted mediums / supports?

JT:

A Plot Schematic is arranged visually through an assemblage of documents. The story is not told linearly, rather it is built by scrolling through all of the different information. This resembles the format of an exhibition more than that of a text. The printed report (*Summary Results*) is just a single piece from the collection of photographs, maps, illustrations, text, and other documents that make up the original storyboard.

In both instances the reader encounters the plot from backstage. They get to browse the set, displays, the costume and prop closets, and other ephemera from which they get glimpses of a narrative.

MG:

I also wonder how this might be related to your installation-based work, if and how these three spaces / sites of display – the gallery, the or-bits.com website and the publication – might relate to each other?

JT:

This is a continuation of a sculptural and architectural practice in which I get to set the stage, the space, and the architecture through a new medium.

MG:

If I think of this work in relation to the *Accordance* exhibition, or what we briefly discussed in the emails back then, there is an attempt to critique the mythologies of computer-based technology. If in the 1970s and 1980s this strand of critique had a bent towards dystopian scenarios, then now it seems to be drenched in scepticism. But in the case of *A Plot Schematic* it seems to me that what you are building could be a story of hope, a story of a community, of a *balanced* scenario in a time in which we struggle with the whole idea of self-sustainability. Why? How do you see this relationship between *man* and *machine*, and perhaps the body?

JT:

There probably is a certain connection here to the research I have been doing into future worlds as imagined through space travel, and the idea that man's natural habitat is a technological one. I have done a lot of research into artificial environments, and whole world systems, which would create fully sustainable habitats, but ones that no longer rely on our planet. The story of the geriatrics commune is definitely based on this history, but I can't say whether it's hopeful or dystopic, I think that might be something left up to the reader.

MG:

What does interface means to you, as a site of production and display?

JT:

I'm afraid I don't know how to answer this question.

Jennifer Hodgson

Jennifer Hodgson is a writer, an academic researcher of British experimental fiction and UK Editor at Dalkey Archive Press. Her published work includes journalism, literary criticism, interviews and reviews for *The White Review* and the *Review of Contemporary Fiction*, Palgrave Macmillan, The Coelacanth Press and others. Jennifer proofread *On the Upgrade – WYSIWYG*.

Gil Leung

Gil Leung is a writer and artist based in London. She is distribution manager at LUX, London, and editor of *Versuch* journal. Gil co-curated the or-bits.com exhibition *Informal*.

Notes on the artworks

IOCOSE p.73

A Crowded Apocalypse has been commissioned by AND Festival (Liverpool, UK) and Furtherfield (London, UK).

Julia Tcharfas p.79

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or-bits.com supports and promotes artistic practices and research around online production, display and distribution. Through presenting online group exhibitions and critical writing on its blog, the development of offsite gallery projects and events, print publishing and workshops, or-bits.com aims to instigate an exploration of the phenomena related to the spread and simplification of web-based technology across disciplines. It aims to propagate a model of artistic work that uses and reflects on the web as a language and a medium of production, display and distribution of contemporary art, both online and offline. www.or-bits.com



or-bits.com

About the series: *On the Upgrade* is the publishing series of or-bits.com that explores the relationship between artistic production and distribution online and print publishing. The projects within the series look at processes of translation of artistic material which, originally created for a website, migrate to a different site, taking up different forms and formats, in print.

On the Upgrade considers the possibilities, limitations and characteristics inherent in the movement between sites of creation, display, dissemination and engagement in relation to the increasingly broader notion of publishing. It also functions as an offline archive of material and artworks firstly presented on or-bits.com that, with each new project, respond to the site-specificity of the chosen print format, a format conceived as an expansion of the original site of display, its source (our website).

On the Upgrade started in September 2011 within or-bits.com off-site activities such as gallery exhibitions, events and workshops.

Special thanks: This project would have not been possible without the willingness of the participant artists to experiment with these ideas, and the enthusiasm with which they have taken up the challenge of translating, versioning and / or further developing their works. Also, this challenge of experimenting with the realm of print publishing would have not been so inspiring without collaborating with our designers at Studio Hato.

