

Blue – assigned to Annie

Black - assigned to Martina, but both of us can read whatever part we want, when we want.

*10 minutes before the performance a soundcheck
webcams show a unified surface
at starting time - a first object
one of us starts with a phrase
objects only change when there is a grey word in the text
there will be moments without text
when one of us says „How not to be seen, ...“ the performance ends - we take
off the objects - a unified surface remains (Jan is recording)*

He sent all the plastic bags containing the objects to Mar del Plata. He didn't dare to open them at first. He left them in the garage for two days. He played the dumb-ass, pretending they weren't there. He bought the whole of „Breaking Bad“ and watched it in a week so he wouldn't have to take responsibility for anything. One night he drowned three whiskies and decided to see what was inside. It was nearly 40 years since he had buried them. He took out the objects one by one. He felt like an archeologist. He put them all on a shelf in the garage. Like in a museum. He spent days looking at them.

It is no longer so controversial to say that animals have a biosocial, communicative, or even a conceptual life. But can nonorganic bodies also have a life?

It is here that we begin, where we find each other.

I am an investor.

The subject of capitalism does not assume any responsibility and it is not supposed to assume any responsibility. It is expected to fulfil its role. It is supposed to consume. It does not even desire what it consumes. It desires nothing but its desire, the passivity of a desire that is almost indifferent to what it desires as long as it is new.

It doesn't represent reality. It is a fragment of the real world.

There exists an engineering conceit of 'good enough'. Mechanical / digital constructs can be 'good enough' to be playthings or companions; communications technologies can be 'good enough' to maintain social ties.

Facebook, Twitter and Apple platforms in particular are all US-American services that should be compared to shopping malls. By now we have familiarised ourselves with the reality that shopping malls are not public spaces; these are corporate environments under tight surveillance. Why is it so hard in the case of social media to accept this commercial reality?

Indeed, the space of the supermarket does not know ethical, political or aesthetic thresholds.

This is not a work of fiction. It is a map that is impossible to read.

We do not simply move ourselves, but are moved by what is outside us, by others, but also by whatever „outside“ in us.

My current goal is to fill as much of my wall in my place with images.

I am post-image. But I am not sure if you know what I am talking about.

You are the only one who can never see yourself except as an image; you never see your eyes unless they are dulled by the gaze they rest upon the mirror or the lens (I am interested in seeing my eyes only when they look at you): even and especially for your own body, you are condemned to the repertoire of its images.

I shall try to liberate autonomy for the sake of nonhumans.

We must insist upon an un-proper use of language.

Autonomous Weapons Systems (AWS) are defined by the U.S. Department of Defense as “a weapon system(s) that, once activated, can select and engage targets without further intervention by a human operator.” Since the crucial distinguishing mark of human reasoning is the capacity to set ends and goals, the AWS suggests for the first time the possibility of eliminating the human operator from the battlefield.

The contradictions are becoming absurd.

A visceral media archive emerged from the private collections of accident witnesses, estranged lovers, paramilitary torturers, and ordinary citizens with camera-equipped phones. From the initial affect-charged moment of publicity, this media archive joins the global traffic in poor images, moving away and attaching to new environments.

I pass

But the more you offload your memories onto hard drives and into the Cloud, the more your memory becomes, in a very real sense, artificial. Technically, someone who spends all day in front of a screen has no memories of their own except for going to the fridge for a Coke...

Machines are increasingly talking about you behind your back.

There was a moment when we heard the stones talking.

Seen from above, the hole in the roof is the only visible trace that the building was attacked by drones. But this hole, and the violence it evidences, are also at the threshold of detectability. This is because the size of the hole that a missile makes in a roof is smaller than that of a single pixel in the resolution to which publicly available satellite images are degraded.

Is there something divine about being post-image?

The tools-prostheses are replaced by inorganic pulsations, by the fluid and indifferent sphere of the inorganic. The pulsations, or the inorganic flows, are possessing us.

Anonymous identification is not the knowledge that I too can die, or that I too can have my gender transformed. It is an experience of anonymity. It is the experience of being already dead.

The fictional is already in the words, in language.

I must incessantly utter what is hardest to say.

The objects we inhabit and touch become more like us and we become more like them, their real-live being is never as perfect as their on-screen being and so is ours, not given by nature, but more and more engineered. The way they have sex is to cuddle, then this strange ectoplasm liquid comes out of different parts of their bodies, like a foot or a nipple.

It must all be considered as if spoken by a character in a novel.

Widespread aesthetization absorbs erotic energy, and diverts it from the body towards the signs. The transition always takes you by surprise, she said, so better be prepared.

I nodded. A slug's trail of snot, slipping from my nose. I wiped it with my hand. Your eyes narrowed with disgust. Then you went up to me and placed a cupped hand on my jeans and pulled my chin to yours to kiss me, your lips tasted like salt and your breath was stale like potato chips and beer.

Researchers have previously shown that certain online activities — such as checking your e-mail or Twitter stream — stimulate the brain's reward system. Like playing a slot machine, engaging in these activities sends the animal brain into a frenzy as it anticipates a possible reward (...). The response to this unpredictable pattern seems to be deeply ingrained, and for the most basic of reasons: precisely the same cycle of suspense and excitement motivates animals to keep hunting for food.

Recycled language is politically and ecologically sustainable.

Love is experience and experiment. It is a test of reality. In this way it suspends the established values and brings forth new categories.

Like a waterfall in slow motion. Like a map with no ocean.

Trees had been assigned email addresses so citizens could report problems. Instead, people wrote thousands of love letters to their favourite trees.

In Amarcord the characters are insane and loving at the same time. There is this scene where crazy uncle Teo climbs up a tree and screams *Voglia una donna*, and then the people from the asylum march up the ladder and bring him back to the asylum. We are all mad at times sighs his brother afterwards.

Love is experience and experiment.

Online, time seems eternal. We become aware of it, only when something is slow to download, that is to say, when the system breaks down.

We also falsely equate the audience with the public instead of always viewing it as separate from the public, as something by means of which we temporarily leave the public outside and rehearse new adventures in how to be together through being separated.

How is it to be seen?

How not to be seen, Annie?