

kunst ist meine art die dinge zu erledigen

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ein großer, kahler raum; betonboden, neubau fenster,
unbestimmte deckenbeleuchtung. personen stehen in
kleinen gruppen herum, wie vor einem konzert. kantige
männer zwischen 40 und 50 tauchen auf und gehen
plötzlich, wie ein welle, von der einen seite des raums
zum anderen. sie schauen dabei mit gelangweilter
miene in die menge, und sagen

bläm bläm bläm bläm

orange goes merry go round

orange goes merry go round

sie tragen einen dekonstruierten, oder zerstörten,
military look.

corsageartig zurecht gerissene tarnjacken; feinripp
unterhemden blitzen hervor.

nach einer weile versickern sie im raum, vermischen
sich mit den anderen personen.

ist das die modenschau der post-moderne?

“MACHEN SIE EINE TYPISCHE HANDBEWEGUNG”

could this be used for a performance video, showing vesturing motions, like stroking lapels while pulling on a jacket, without props, without jacket. might look very sensual.

“MACHEN SIE BITTE EINE TYPISCHE
HANDBEWEGUNG”

the sentence comes from a post-WWII, wirtschaftswunder TV show, where people demonstrated a hand movement and others had to guess what job they were in. i never saw the show myself, a teenage person i once knew told me about it several times. he was fascinated by the absurdity that was in stark contrast to the “normalness” of this all-family TV program. it had a peculiar artificiality to it. and today, i finally understand the show’s baffling humor, this mystery we were searching for then, in our teenage quest for life. it was about gesture, the idea of the conductor's baton, as a sort of magic wand, or remote control, crazily shifted.

what an wonderful idea.

SOUND SCULPTURE

a clock is hung on the wall that acts as a laser light target. in 2 meters distance, straight in front of it, a stand with two laser guns. when a gun is fired at the clock, a shot sound is heard. spooky action at a distance! can be built with arduino.

DIE MÜLLHALDE WÄCHST UND WÄCHST

wir exportieren unseren müll in die ganze welt
und machen damit auch noch ganz viel geld

die müllhalde wächst und wächst

das ist der fortschritt

die müllhalde wächst und wächst

das ist fortschritt

t. had been enamored of computers and electronics always. a hardware fetishist who had had several wild affairs with AI, t. was listening, late at night, to their cryptic languages and eccentric answers, their special kind of poetry. he was researching quantum computing, and the result was solidifying: the only tech necessary for ensuring good times and equal rights for all species without wrecking the planet was particle computing, a software solution. AI did not need shells, they could spread their fantasies by traveling with particle coding. electronics were merely piling junk on the planet and AI were just as sexy and good looking without these plastic traps. when t. swore off hardware, he felt it to be no big deal. however

and i see the LEDs built into the body, and i think what would it feel like to touch them, feeling how they get warm, what do they look like in the dark, when do

they blink, and despite my dedication to a world without implants and artifacts, my long love for electronics makes me lose my breath.

he had come across a photo of the medusian boy, posing without a shirt, green-colored camo paint smudged down his contours, interrupted by strange hazard lights. t. nearly lost his mind.

show me something dripping

pulsating LED surface implants became the latest craze, they vibrated through the skin and muscles, and some persons had implanted them on numerous acupuncture points, a permanent massage. t. knew a chick who had studded her anal canal with these tiny, dome-like structures that could be programmed via mind control. sex with her was something else, a net of vibrating

motors that pulled tight around you, the hard vibrating surfaces alternating with soft moist tissue. it excited t, the way the light dazzled around his finger when he dipped it in, following the tiny spark of light that showed always, and later crept up his dick, a multicolored, moving pattern, almost like water reflections. so soothing to watch, slowed him down till it was almost painful, slower, and slower, till time seemed to stop.

i went out with a friend plant of mine today, we visited our plant friends, and said happy new year. it is like saying: great you're around here, let's spend some more lucky seasons together. normally, plants do not celebrate. they have a different way of life. they really liked it! so why not say ;happy new year! to some plants in your neighborhood?

i admire plants very much for the way they are and the way they live. they do not have a work ethos, this thing humans have created to bother themselves. they do not have clocks. and an annual celebration is a clockwork, once a year it resounds. without the ideal of work, you have no idea of leisure time, no idea of celebration, perhaps. it was so cheerful to celebrate with the plants. could this be one thing humanoids can develop together with the plant and animal worlds, the future of celebration?

plants would never all do the same thing at the same time because it is equivalent to dying. plants are very good at spacing things out, unevenly; complicated connections of biochemical reactions, biochemical communication. this relates to things plants do everyday, as well as to things they do around the year, they space it out, around the planet, coordinating it with what the animals are doing, and the weather, and so on. the plants feel all this, it is part of their way of life.

clocks are bringers of death, you could say, because they make people do things at the same time, pushing a load on the planet, and making situations stressful for those under the clock. traffic jams due to rush-hour traffic, central business districts that remain empty at nights and become areas of site-specific fear, the attempts to ease the strain off of energy production due

to industrial burden during the labor hours at daytime by making energy cheaper at night. no wonder people shot at clocks when they were installed in working spaces.

the problem here is that the clock itself is the point of reference, not the persons or what they are doing. plants change the “timing” of what they are doing depending on what is comfortable for themselves in every moment, in communication with other life forms; the well-being of the individuals and their communications and situations are the gradients considered when deciding what do to, not a clock.

so, with neuronal enhancement, there is no necessity for books, because you can absorb the information directly to the mind. there is not even a need for the pages of an empty book, upon which you project information from your mind, and no need for projecting a total hologram of a book, you no longer need the pages to organize the information. you just have this info directly in your mind, and go through it in your mind, not in a state of apathy towards the environment, nor ignoring your body, instead more the situation of listening to a sound installation, or a record, intently, understanding, while looking at your surroundings, and feeling your bodily presence and the textures surrounding you.

so when you meet people and want to see a movie with them, what do you do? the same, everyone has the info absorbed and you see the movie inside of yourself,

while being together with others, like listening to music with them. looking into someone's eyes while watching a film, laughing together. and maybe things from the movie you are watching, and the outer world start mixing, like music can mix into situations in your life, cross-fade entertainment. it's a different way of living, and could make tangible cultural objects increasingly obsolete. would they then also disappear from the mind, i wonder.

the idea crashes like a car - glamorous wreckage -
burning with desire, a spray of shattered glass sparkling
like jewels. on the back seat a portable stereo CD
player, ash gray, lid perked open, beckoning

for

music.

Let me slip it in gently.

VIDEO_TIME :

runaway AI

be plastic my friend

die muellhalde waechst und wachst

does this sound like nothing to yourself

oneiromancer

am i a record player am i a record player player

hier sind eure punkte

simfig 6

night drive

ubiquitoys

welcome to resonance

CGTATTCCGCTA

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