

'Presentation' text for
Fylkingen Performance

I.

2. As this incalculable stream of datum & drives run through all being, objects, 'products' - is the 'system' still intact?

- Feeling that which is expected used to maintain the equal of who *is*, or should be.

II.

Perhaps now there are only questions & propositions. The answer is not even needed. The solution is irrelevant for the problem is never fixed. Even when two situations appear alike they may not necessarily be. The machine creates, fixes, destroys, recognizes, configures - and is not concerned with parity. This system changes and can decimate and deform all meaning. 'Meaning' simply becomes noise, when images are produced and create a world in their wake.

Is there any need for the poetic, as the structure of materiality reigns? We might move people in different, even more meaningful ways, human & inhuman together, affecting one another and slowly merging. What then for 'I', one, me, for this, for the heart, the soul, for the slime, the trace? Unhelpful questions, no doubt. There is artscience and technoscience that are borderless and have an appetite for one another; they are presently emboldened by their systems of obligation. Immaterials adjust the linkages between the 'us' and the not us.

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Audio

III.

1. The young boy spitting blood as he screams across the back of the sand & brown couch; acquired from the heart foundation or directly from the street...His parents, probably both/all dead now, lovingly comforting him one moment and screaming to 'shut the fuck up' the next; needing to have some of their syrup or greenery - but didn't have any problems in those days; less now - their gone, aren't they? I still have a mark to prove this occurrence, but no facts - there are none, only the matter.

2. The techno-explosion has gone everywhere. And like other well-known evolutionary forces, like the science of a promised tranquillity entitled & permitted by others (*'we have our own problems to worry about, you know!'*), its expansive & contractive forces have ingested everything they came in contact with until they came in contact with everything and started to slowly dematerialize, having altered everything and themselves, forever, in the process.

1. Too much White Lighting, now sleeping by the gas fire, unsafe and undercover... (a long sigh).

Information is never static. It creates space and it is coded. Change comes from 'the switch', the object and that which is yet to come. It has been mutually agreed that nothing is solved; intervene or don't. The solution may be residing in the crevices, cracks or on the peripheries of this state. But you're always welcome to call back tomorrow.

4. Within the canon of what is yet to come is history; a curated contextualisation & (mis) representation, used in order to disincentivise closer inspection. Images & words are selected; they are emboldened and given opulence within the desired position of persuasion. Like an *act* with no meaning or determination, and thinking without a subject; this is what there is for us, in the scarcity of doing for ourselves.

Every account is selective and discriminatory.

The burden of the barbaric remains and is present in every mode of address or document. Therefore this is a transition, a time to create X, a start, a new thought that can elude the current collective frameworks, criticisms and responses; but of course, not here or now (...ever?).

Audio

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Audio

IV.

3. It was a 1990; no plans, guesses, hopes and maybes

It was 1990; a very very very good year.

I might even want it, but not the way I had it, but the way it will be.

Not looking for love – nah – not looking for it.

So stop singing and start chanting – as I am pulling focus on the world outside.

2. There is love for those who cannot see them; they don't worry about personality; the uncoupling of truth from lie; a disconnection between the body, the mind, the network and the platform. To be undead does not logically mean alive; but it, or this, can be everywhere and change everything; squashing, pounding and dissolving the processes, which once seemed momentarily compact.

Codes and rules, oh but different; coding and ruling from and to where. Where are you going with all those feelings, with the customs or rites or sacraments as lived?

It is better to be unknown, to be incognito - you can be who you want then. Control needs to be maintained so that all revelations can be constructed and managed.

'It would be great if I could just go somewhere new, where no one knows me and start anew'. Heard that before; know that feeling. Used to be easy going from place to place, if I recall which I don't - it's easier now though of course; I don't even have to 'go' there anymore. It's all made up nowadays, accessible but. I guess experience just means something else now.

It is easier, when I think of the past and the burden of this present state, not to have any meaning for anyone. There is too much guilt involved in that now. When I move around, going out into the street, the pristine or formerly so; modern or one time modern market buildings, the train, the bus, wherever; I am nothing in the world as long as I can protect this. I hear the networks all around me; their voices, beeps, tones and pluses are reassuring. No one notices anything, is how I like it. The distraction of such a process allows me my escape ('being for itself in silence')

The exceptions can't be hidden; they are concealed in texts, which are layered in the legal discourse. It is indefinable and fascinates; cannot be owned or controlled as it moves too fast. In this sense it is outside and is in control, one can (and must) therefore compose a reality within this narrative; formed by it but opposed to it.

But maybe this going back doesn't have to simply be in order to consume certain prescribed versions of the past. No, perhaps we can do this and while they assess the machine – liberate it and us too – to avoid fear, slavery & in turn, reinstate the future.

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Audio

V.

3. Sitting in a rock, waiting for you coming in; sitting by an empty house, hoping that I hear a voice; every word I cannot write; all the wrongs I planned to, but cannot fight...holding back in the morning, equally defined by the break of day. 'I never wanted you as you are her', not rejection, or so the story goes; much like all the others. Maybe one day I'll do same.

1. Slap in her face. The blood slowly becoming visible; peering closer, but avoiding any signs of concern; it becomes clear that this red droplet has emerged from the line where the nostril meets the face. Slap in her face, the first time, again. The spot, pimple, plook is the source of this subtle erupted abrasion. Controlled emotions at this incident - as this girl, soon to be friend, enemy, 'friend', just someone to avoid or a virtual presence in her target's life - calmly marks her area with

a single blow and the ritualistic utterances, which are followed by: 'ye wee slag' or words to that effect.

1. The blunt eroticism of this interaction is unsurprising and expected. Fear, domination, control, sexual behaviour and danger, equates with these incidents. The apparent indifference and joviality of the bystanders, no matter how feigned adds to the objectification and humiliation of the smaller, blonder, prettier, less damaged and therefore not feared, young female subject. In the street and perhaps lasting only a moment - their elders passing by, a forced ignorance allowing them an escape, from this brief but locally significant, somewhat violent assertion of authority - is recalled once again, and now recorded...here. But what is true, fact or capricious utterances? All accounts blend and traverse within this intangible realm of the unseen, ethereal 'space(s)'. There was a friend, two, for instance, didn't mention that. Both associates, one to the recipient the other an accomplice; but similarly indifferent to the event; occasionally see one of them but pretend not to know.

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Audio

VI.

3. Not at any time, in even the most fleeting moment, did I ever consider myself living. That's apt, as we have never thought of you in this way either. You are someone who needs fixing or a fix and next time let's start ten minutes sooner and no need for the formalities, we never normally accept the hand of someone from the other side of the barrier. Have you been aware of yourself as being yourself and as an object which can be examined still? ... OK, OK but be still, as the admin takes some time (meaning always); in your case, the recognition of involuntary construction still doesn't function I can see. If the sun is black today, then what should be done with my time? I am scrutinised by myself; they look and are held in the glare of others as they are constantly updating. They are renewed for themselves and others, but the object is empty, never finding a trace to follow but finding a position on the peripheries of presence...stay shut up.

3. Everyday I'm walking, everyday alone but never all alone. A friend is round the corner are they there if they can't be seen. Speaking with the noise; noises sounding need not be for me. This sense is real, which nothing else seems to be.

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Audio

VII.

1. I saw the bright lights that night. I saw the youths below me, looking like angles and demons - ghostly types in that town. Albert behind me, aggressive as ever like. I can smell the smoke from those machines that wait and wait in some corner of the world just waiting for nights like this - not them, us. Feeling like Duvall again tonight, or how I mind it; inhale but never recall letting it go. Not a lot of dancers, not a lot of actors tonight, but I like it here in that moment. A bit odd as I like it so much that the stone washes are budging, it happens under the lights; you should know. I hear Albert playing loud and working hard, he has automatically embodied the frighteningly glorious conjuncture between hatred, love, lust and repulsion. I thought that I could never have expressed this in words; used to this, still can't. The stage is no opulent scene; we always wanted this; we, but not I. 'Collectively', in music is never achievable, as in life. At least in those days I didn't think this way; questioning and hoping; looking as revolting; being a person and not a memory of a person. One advantage is though, I know now that it's over. I, it or this, will transfer and with it another domain takes the place. This is easier to imagine for me now, and much simpler than 'updating' this system. At least seeing the crowd, but as I see them, it becomes clear that we are all here for ourselves and can never understand that our friends, lovers, wives, husbands, child, people we pretend not to know - don't consider us or this mood, which is so removed. Travelling out into the night, speaking with her, smelling her, not pleasant or polite, but nice and real - and to me, which is in me, for me. No words on this but if even for just this moment, I know what this is all for. That resolve is you and there is only this. None of us knew who we were speaking to, but it didn't matter. Now it matters and we still don't know. Connecting point to point is precision, or so it would appear. The connection is established elsewhere and cannot be known from either side or in the middle. Like that night, the same as every other one, we set off in the vehicle on the way. If it was the same one I was pleased to have company that night. If it was another, then I was pleased then. Because I am always in it, I am not in love; this is something to believe but you can never get inside belief or feeling or language. This is meaning and it has none. But like the objects on the bus; not recent or helpful.

1. So they came from all this way, to clean your hall and deliver your news, waiting to see who will join them. They appear this way so you don't have to; they do what they're told for the same reason. The legitimation is not solid, durable - as would be believed in the negotiations with those that decide - it is thin and malleable. Some big plan ahead is what can be feed into their minds through the endless stream of datum and views. This is not one of many - just. The smell of disinfectant is ripe as the lights reflect in the wet tiled surface. Up the stairs smartly, thinking of all the other journeys going on in this moment, breathing in the scent of this locale. Only able to conceive of inexistence at this time; but this can never be so. A response; a deviation; systemisation; my mythologisation and their own hopes for later are all bases and senses that make this hidden presence inevitable.

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Audio

VIII.

3. Oh.....My.....Love.....; Sitting in a rain drop (beat comes in) waiting for me coming in. Aren't we so pretty, oh so bloody pretty; know you got to make a living so wear those shoes cause' your skins so thin. You always knew how to make things look, it would appear. It's great following the heart in this way. The photo has been sent everywhere it should go and multiplies on the way, time and again and again, over again. Your images of you, loosely based on you, are fuckin' bran new!!! The constructor must belong to a different media than the construction. Materials are synthesised with others and are not simply analysed alone. This is why she will never exist for herself, like us all. We can never include ourselves.

4. In a time of dying, is that the time to try and illuminate an idea? This might just be an instance of overextension, or more honestly, wishful thinking. Remember the body contains the formless; the artificial and doubtless other projects. After this, comes the body in support of what is not it. To be called upon and be able to adapt to the various challenges set in the progression of phasing out; another point that can be added to the list. The resignation of what comes next can be seen from here. This force cannot be touched or grasped; no place is somewhere that might be an indication of where to go from here.

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Audio

IX.

2/4. This conception is a project, like all the rest; always has and will be. It cannot be registered though, as there is no locatable point of contact between understanding and the understood. Should I be grateful that something new is going to happen? The novelty of this and of the empty words it creates is familiar. Isolation is where I want to remain; it is autonomous and shows that there is always something more. This addition has a principle and a code and has not yet happened. When nothing can be done it is something to do. This doing is protective and crucially lets a living in. So to be inside life is where I will stay, for now.