

Images 1-3. Taken from [butterflowers](#), a digital playground designed by rick and scored by david in which users tend to a garden nourished by memories from the past

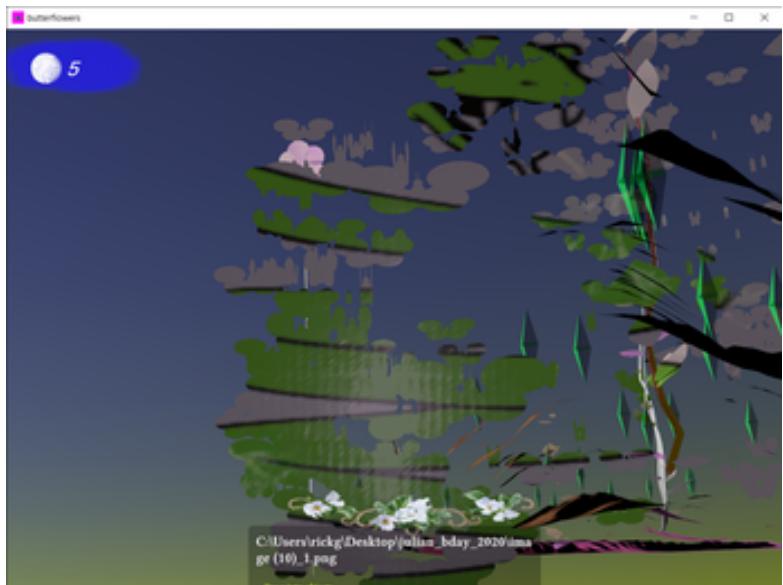


Image 1.

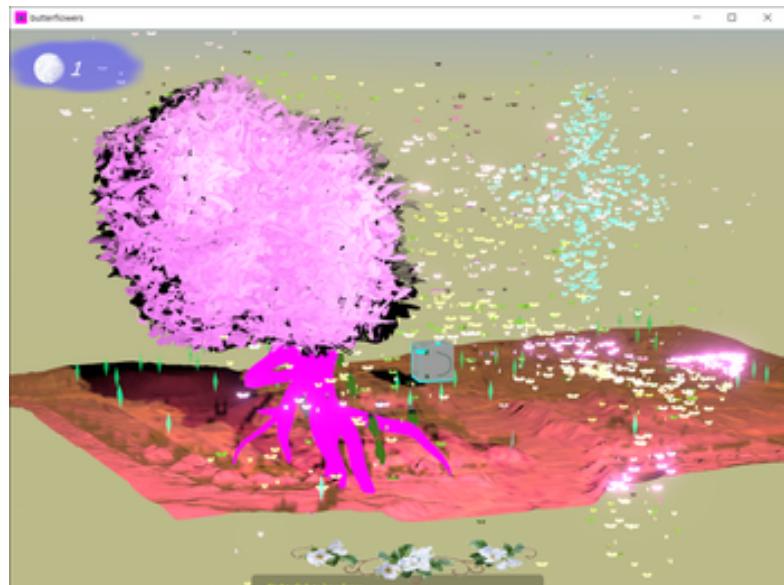


Image 2.

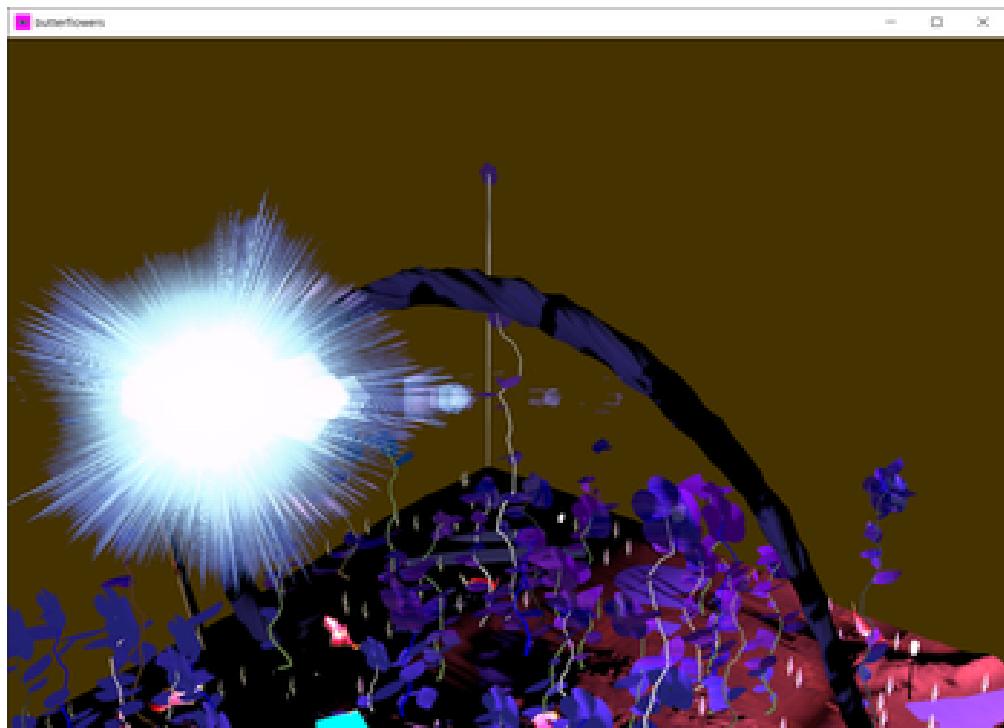


Image 3.

Images 4-5. Taken from butterflowers: how to be a perfect human being, a collaborative audio/visual installation between david and rick. The installation deploys audio/visual interactivity between hardware samplers and butterflower's AI, webcam surveillance footage, and multi-channel projections to immerse participants within an alien landscape.



Image 4



Image 5

The following are work samples from david's work with [evil dentist](#), a research and performance collective. Image 6-10.



Image 6: A performance from the first installation of our ongoing series *The Corporate Retreat*, commissioned by Issue Project Room, in which evil dentist transforms underutilized office spaces into venues for experimental music and installations.



Image 7: Audience members interact with evil dentist's *Phone Kudzu* sound sculpture.



Image 8: A shot of evil dentist's project *The Battle for Trash Bridge*, in which we organized experimental music performances around a public bridge to consider the politics of public space.



Image 9: Audience members climb inside a giant designer handbag at evil dentist's *Horrors of Capitalism* installation, an immersive haunted house exploring the capitalization of art and life.



Image 10: rick's contribution to the horrors of capitalism installation: an imprisoned video game character subject to torture on a Mars workcamp in which players add to the prisoner's torment.

Writing sample: Below is an excerpt from evil dentist's [Craigslist Zine](#), a pamphlet detailing an event organized through craigslist exploring the politics of urban performance space. While david drafted this with another collaborator, david is exploring similar conceptual territory in their collaboration with rick.

Low Ceilings and Loud Noises

430 east 13th street, unit 6f is the weirdest living space i've ever seen in new york city. we'll never know how it came to exist, but it's clear that the apartment was the result of a fateful miscalculation, or maybe leftovers that needed to be made use of, rather than any sort of intentional design. last year, my friend david moved in and threw a housewarming party. the ceilings were all the wrong height, the rooms were the wrong shape, and attendees bumped into each other almost constantly because of the nonsensical floor plan, but it created an unexpected feeling of endearment to the space and its patrons. after a year and a half of isolation due to covid, the strange intimacy created by the apartment was more than welcome. thus, it became the venue for a series of increasingly unconventional diy shows, installations and parties. i played my first show there as a solo musician, david played their first show as certain lives, and we had the honor of hosting many talented friends and artists. the apartment grew to be very sentimental and artistically important to both of us.

when david found out that they would not be able to renew the lease, we decided to create a ritual to say goodbye and send the apartment off into its next, probably much less exciting phase of life. at the time, i was reading *man and his symbols* by carl jung, and felt as if i was waking up to the wealth of hidden magic in the world. the notion that there are secrets waiting to be pursued and symbols asking to be decoded by those who are willing to stop and look around is exhilarating, especially in contrast to the forceful yet ultimately shallow attention-grabbing tendencies of social media.

musicians have been compelled by the instagram algorithm to develop a particular template for attracting audiences to their concerts. show posters are text-based and get bumped down in the feed to make room for pictures of people, so artists start posts about our shows with selfies in order to increase the visibility of the post. the show info, which is what we're actually trying to communicate about, is relegated to the second slide. there's no room leftover for ambiguity or mystery in this formula. so instead, david and i decided to weave a web of clues about our final apartment show into a craigslist post.

it started with a poem david wrote about their sentimental relationship to the many eccentric (read: broken) features of the space and ended with a cryptic note about one final, unmissable apartment viewing scheduled to take place the following saturday evening. linked at the bottom was a 'video tour' on youtube that compiled footage taken at an actual showing of the apartment to prospective tenants. the audio is partially distorted into ambient noise, but if you listen closely you can occasionally make out an unsuspecting apartment hunter asking about roof access or whether there's a closet in the bedroom. observant viewers might notice the jump scare around the 4 minute mark, at which, for several fleeting seconds, an invitation to the show including the address, time, and lineup flashes across the screen.

we had a lot of fun sharing around the craigslist ad and inviting our friends to put on their best business casual attire to bear witness to ‘a once in a lifetime real estate opportunity.’ as one friend put it, “i knew it wasn’t an apartment viewing but i had no idea what it actually was.” ultimately only a handful of people showed up, but we didn’t care about amassing a large audience to watch us perform.

in the moments before the show began, as our attendees sat in a circle on the floor of the living room jokingly exchanging satirical investment tips, i felt the power of artistic community built through inhabited spaces.

-alice aka the hellish cellist

The East Village Lifestyle

i never expected to live in the east village. having read about the transition from the 70s to 2000s—punked shooting galleries through the militant squats ending in yuppie paradise—I lamented the excessive rates denying me my no wave fantasy. but the pandemic cleared the investment bankers and NYU undergraduates, making room for an underpaid graduate student like me to live on 13th st.

real estate has always fascinated me. brokers never sell the apartment, but the dream of becoming someone who lives in the apartment, who frequents the neighborhood bars, who lounges in the park scanning for half-glanced gazes, who embodies the bohemian tradition of a particular neighborhood. fantasy is a technique of capital, a means of elevating rents by offering a potential to become a new you.

when we started throwing shows on 13th st, i wanted to emulate the experience of going to strange brooklyn lofts and diy venues, particularly the sense of disorientation and wonder. The cramped architectures created nooks and crannies for strange speaker placement, effecting the sense of a noisy neighbor refusing to turn off the radio (much to my actual neighbors’ chagrin). the space itself mandates intimacy, every sound traveling from

room to room, binding the occupants together involuntarily. the absence of sonic privacy made the space maddening and enlivening, you never felt alone.

but then i was alone. my roommate left weeks before the lease, taking with him his symphony of creaks and thuds, sighs and moans, clattering steps and muffled conversations. to compensate, i placed my speakers in an immersive array. music became inescapable, filling the low ceiling-ed living room, the loft stairwell, my concussion-inducing bedroom, the slender mezzanine dining nook. nights of playing music too loudly coalesced in the idea of alice and i performing in every room in the apartment as a way of saying goodbye to the space. each song mapped onto a room—I hunched over outside my sleeping hole crooning over yuletide broken hearts; i wedged myself in the bathroom door frame yelling about falling asleep on a pile of concrete; i paced up and down the stairs where my ex-friend chastised me about wearing a dress to a bachelorette party; i crawled at the mouth of my bedroom ruminating on my lost bed; i

screamed in my kitchen, bathed in my own reflection, reflecting on the cracks in my fragile intimacy, surrounded by my chopped-off hair left behind by kitchen knife affairs.

announcing this show through a craigslist ad felt natural. at the beginning of my lease, i'd been scammed on craigslist by someone offering five hundred dollars for my ikea bed. creatively, the show was a scam, the ad a play on the real estate industry's commercialization of intimate space. but there is also something beautiful to being scammed, to allowing oneself to be so naïve as to put your trust in someone else. in many ways, the contemporary club scene has lost this sense of wonder. alice and i sought to recreate it through a way of promoting an art event that asked something of the participants, that made them take the risk of going down the craigslist rabbit hole. art is supposed to destabilize the viewer by making a different way of seeing the world visible. the craigslist show taught us that events don't have to be subservient to the instagram algorithm, instead the medium for sharing information about the show is a way to engage new ideas, to question the property relations that structure our lives, and to indulge in the silliness of being a sucker, of falling for the scam.

- david aka noise clown