

Subject  
to  
change

**Machineries of Joy:** proposal for  
an immediate publishing practice



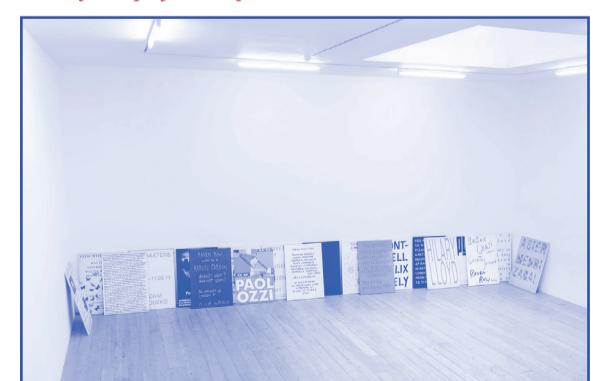
This book is printed in 3 layers. Layer 1 — is a laser print of material released by Machineries of Joy. It is the main reference material.

Layer 2 — is a risograph print on top of that layer in red, it features annotations and writings.

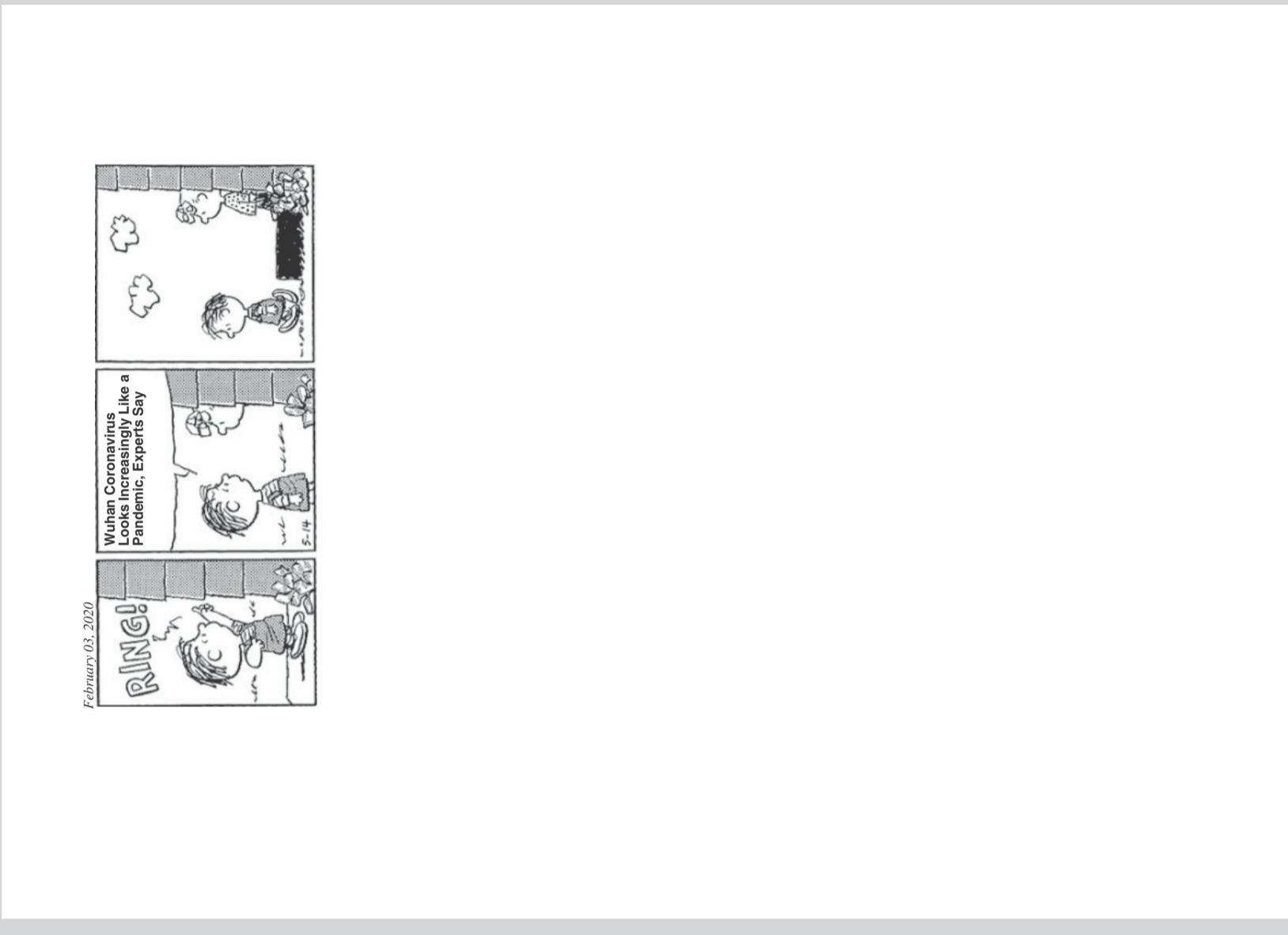
Layer 3 — is a second risograph print of references and images that expand the perspective on the project by providing context.

The main text for annotations is set in Monotype Janson 9pt Roman. It adheres to the main material and is placed to provide essential information about the key decisions in the project. It is printed in red.

*The images of references and important resources during the development of this project are printed in blue.*



*The image annotations are printed in Monotype Janson 9pt Italic. They provide information for the image, like the name of the author, name of the piece or resource.*



February 03, 2020

News was the first test publication that was made using a python script that edited the Peanuts strip to add a headline Grabbed either from Guardian or New York Times RSS feed. The choice of the strip signified the beginning of the formal identity of the project as it would later be used as a logo or a symbol of the whole operation.

A HOUSE OF DISCARDED CLOTHING  
IN A METROPOLIS  
USING ELECTRICITY  
INHABITED BY LITTLE BOYS

A HOUSE OF SAND  
AMONG HIGH MOUNTAINS  
USING ALL AVAILABLE LIGHTING  
INHABITED BY LITTLE BOYS

A HOUSE OF PAPER  
AMONG HIGH MOUNTAINS  
USING ALL AVAILABLE LIGHTING  
INHABITED BY PEOPLE WHO SLEEP VERY LITTLE

A HOUSE OF LEAVES  
IN JAPAN  
USING NATURAL LIGHT  
INHABITED BY HORSES AND BIRDS

A HOUSE OF PAPER  
IN JAPAN  
USING CANDLES  
INHABITED BY FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

A HOUSE OF GLASS  
IN AN OVERPOPULATED AREA  
USING CANDLES  
INHABITED BY COLLECTORS OF ALL TYPES

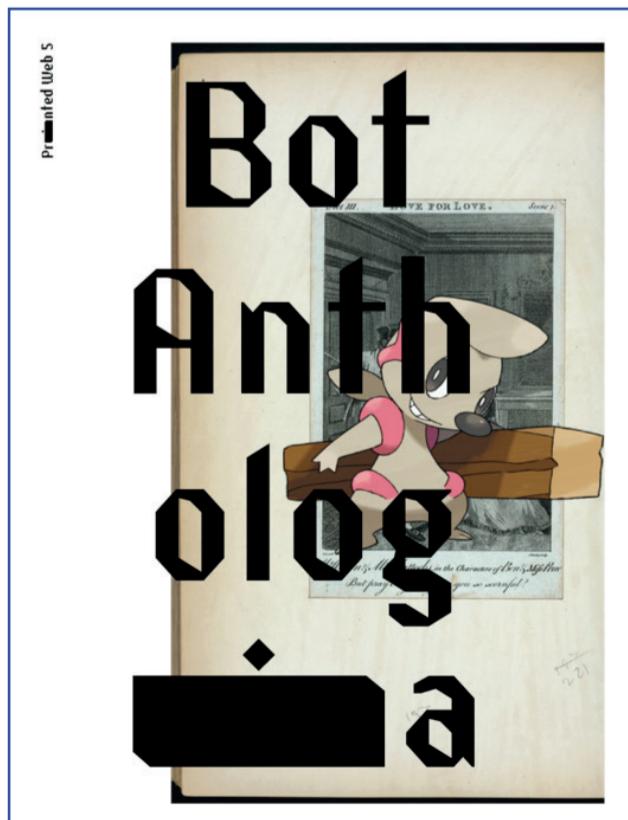
Red Bishop which thinks  
about it's own  
release - red see

I like the idea of a system that generates work. It's important to me for some reason. Maybe because I'm very lazy and sluggish to react fast enough when it comes to form. This ad by Will Stuart was very interesting and exciting to me because it represents an approach to design as a tool that not one person could wield. And I discovered it after I made this flower pattern generator, which wasn't very thoughtful. It was just to see how many variations could there be with a limited input. \n", '\n', 'The next reference \xe2\x80\x94Meta-The-Difference-Between-The-Two-Font by Dexter Sinister explores this typesetting software called meta font that is a predecessor or to modern type editors like Glyphs. This project is very multifaceted but the standout application for me was the Kadist foundation identity that was using this typeface for ten years. The program Dexter Sinister Made would create a variation of the typeface that Would then be used to typeset the identity and all of the immediate projects the foundation would produce. \n", '\n', "Next is a website called Drudge Report. Which ostensibly is run by one person with an occasional staffer. It posted links to news articles and communicates with its user only through headlines. It's interesting to me as a model for editorial. Because there is a limitation on what one person could say at any given point in time, update the website when some fresh news come in. It's a very effective tool, because it's been running for so long and so easily maintained. It fascinates me. \n", '\n', "The principles of cover design for NYRB has not changed in decades. You can clearly see that the these weren't done by any precise system. No typographic program. Whatever was convenient. But I find these strangely beautiful because they are so authentic. In a sense this lack of treatment is a treatment on it's own. This is a cover for a literary journal that is designed like a primary school info poster. It's exhilarating to me.\n", '\n', 'This raw production is also what makes Drudge Reports so fascinating.\n", '\n', "What I suspect happened there was that the magazine is so focused on actual writing, there isn't much space for anything else. It shows you what's on the inside what else do you want.\n", '\n', 'But that flows into how designers can produce things. OSp makes their own open source tools to create

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After the first test came a an attempt to create a completely autonomous publication generator that would scrape the web for paragraphs to add to a stream of text, that then would be automatically typeset.

The version above was an attempt at a template that would fit the scraped text.



Paul Soulellis — Printed Web #5 Bot-Anthology

# THE GLUTTON

The following are drafts of covers, designed to begin working from the title, most of them remained unrealised.

In 1275, the kingdom of France ruled on the rights of stationarii (copyists) and librairi (librairies, the French for “bookshop”), newly emancipated from the yoke of the Church (Friedrich Karl von Savigny (author and publisher), *Histoire du droit romain au moyen âge*, Tome III, Charles Hingray, Paris, 1839 (1815), p. 415). The main question was and has always been, even before the invention of printing, the regulation of the circulation of writing, and the designation of those responsible for their inscription and distribution.

Robin Kinross identified the emergence of the modern figure of the typographer in the 17th century, with *The doctrine of handy-works*: applied to the art of printing by Joseph Moxon (Robin Kinross, *Modern typography: An Essay in Critical History*, Hyphen Press, London, 2004 (1992) pp. 15-16). But long before this, graphic artists, copyists, and typographers such as Geoffroy Tory and Henri Estienne the elder were both booksellers and publishers who gave much thought to their practice and the contents that they released into the public space.

It would seem that the time has come to reassess this ancient tradition, with more and more graphic artists and designers choosing to establish their own publishing houses in order to defend their editorial approach in both senses of the word—that of “editing” and the choice and organization of graphic material, but also in the sense of “publishing”, applying a certain ethic to the distribution and advertising of the contents.

*Revue faire #19*

THE FUNNYMAN

KADIST **KADIST** KADIST  
**KADIST** KADIST

The Initial Work Order that was proposed for the project did not take long to change. It was apparent that the standard described there was not immediately achievable so it relieved some iterations.

Despite this it provided a framework for the consequent work. And was a start from away from programming work towards something more involved.

#### HOW TO WORK BETTER.

- 1 DO ONE THING  
AT A TIME
- 2 KNOW THE PROBLEM
- 3 LEARN TO LISTEN
- 4 LEARN TO ASK  
QUESTIONS
- 5 DISTINGUISH SENSE  
FROM NONSENSE
- 6 ACCEPT CHANGE  
AS INEVITABLE
- 7 ADMIT MISTAKES
- 8 SAY IT SIMPLE
- 9 BE CALM
- 10 SMILE

Fischli & Weiss — How to Work Better.

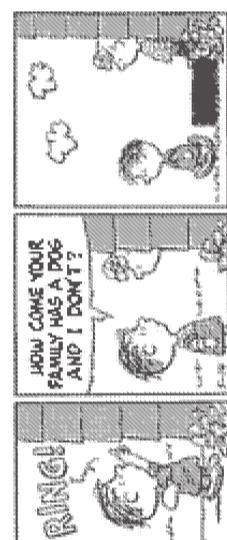
Work Schedule, 1932–1933

—Henry Miller Miscellanea

#### COMMANDMENTS

1. Work on one thing at a time until finished.
2. Start no more new books, add no more new material to "Black Spring."
3. Don't be nervous. Work calmly, joyously, recklessly on whatever is in hand.
4. Work according to Program and not according to mood. Stop at the appointed time!
5. When you can't *create* you can *work*.
6. Cement a little every day, rather than add new fertilizers.
7. Keep human! See people, go places, drink if you feel like it.
8. Don't be a draught-horse! Work with pleasure only.
9. Discard the Program when you feel like it—but go back to it next day. *Concentrate, Narrow down, Exclude.*
10. Forget the books you want to write. Think only of the book you *are* writing.
11. Write first and always. Painting, music, friends, cinema, all these come afterwards.

Henry Miller — Work Schedule/Commandments



# Working Order

Think of 5 or more titles that will get you started at making something. They can be things to write/reflect about or they can be something to make an image about.

Out of the titles that you've generated choose 3 that have a starting point in them.

During the course of a week write up to 5 pieces on each theme that the titles that you've chosen suggest.

Print 5-10 copies of each titled publication.

# Subject & Chauvin

The true story of org inc. On Jan. 3, 2000, the graphic designer David Reinfurt formed the New York State corporation ORG Inc. (EIN 13-4094918). One year later, the board, stockholders, president and employees totaled one, with no plans for future growth. Nonetheless, ORG is often mistaken for a much larger, and perhaps more credible, company. This is good for business. The following plan, in seven simple steps, explains how to form your own organization of one.

## 1. Pick A Name

Three-letter acronyms are standard in the world of large organizations. This strategy works best if your acronym doesn't actually stand for anything.

2. Incorporate This isn't difficult in the state of New York, but a lawyer can be helpful. If possible, choose an auspicious date. ORG was incorporated on the first business day of 2000.

## 3. Issue Stock

There will be only one stockholder in your company. Still, stock certificates will convey organizational stability to your clients and associates.

4. Create A Corporate Seal The corporate seal, required by law, is the thumb print of a legitimate organization. It is useful applied to correspondence when a signature is not sufficient.

## 5. Furnish The Office

Your corporate office should project efficiency and strength in its interior design. ORG's one-person space (right) is modeled on the former headquarters of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company (left) in Bloomfield, Conn.

## 6. Print Business Cards

These are essential for completing your charade as a large organization. A good corporate telephone number is equally important (as many zeros as possible), as are an appropriate midtown Manhattan address and, of course, a Web site.

## 7. Design A Logo

A logo is the crown for your newly minted organization. But be careful: yours should look similar to all other large-organization logos but not so similar that you encounter legal problems.

*HOW TO; Make a One-Person Firm Seem Like a Giant Corporation, New York Times Magazine, David Reinfurt.*

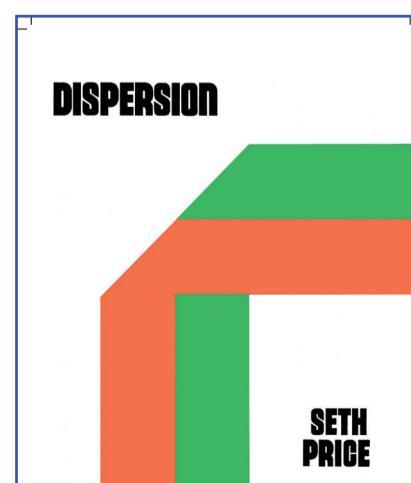
**THE PLEA**

# THE LAGGARD

The Laggard was the official inaugural publication within the project. It is an exploration of feeling like one is not performing to the standard that is expected of them.

It features an introduction and a small article about a blues song, written by me and a collection of typographic musings and editorial compositions.

This edition was typeset in InDesign and rushed out and because of that is plagued by some editorial inconsistencies and typographic oddities. But ultimately it falls within a special category, as it defined the editorial strategy of further issues.



Dispersion, Seth Price



Marcel Broodthaers — Departament of Eagles.

JOHN THE REVELATOR

"Well who's that writin'?"	John the Revelator	"Well who's that writin'?"
John the Revelator	Who's that writin'?	John the Revelator
Take him up to the highest high	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Let him till his book of lies John the	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
mountains app	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Let's him down to size	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Take him by the hand	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
And put him on the stand	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Let us hear his ditchBy claiming	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
God as his only right	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
He's stealing a God from	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
the last love	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Stealing a God from a Muslim, too	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
There is only one God through	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
and through	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Seven lies, multiplied by seven	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Multiplied by seven again	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Seven angels with seven trumpets	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Send them home on the morning	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
train Well who's that shouting? John	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
the Revelator	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
All he ever gives us is pain	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Well who's that shouting?	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
John the Revelator	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
He should bow his head in shame By	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
and by, and by	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
By and by, and by, and by, and by,	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
multiplied by seven	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Multiplied by seven again	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Seven angels with seven trumpets	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Send them home on the	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
morning train	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
Well who's that shouting?	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
John the Revelator	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
He should bow his head in	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
shame..."	Revelation he's a smooth operator	Take him up to the top where the
John The Revelator/Lillian by	Dwight M.J. - 2005	Take him up to the top where the
The Group Six	Introduction, May 75, no. 1, 1975	Take him up to the top where the
John The Revelator by Blind	Willie Johnson, 1930	Take him up to the top where the
House.	John The Revelator by Blind	Take him up to the top where the
An effort to originate and creating	An effort to originate and creating	Take him up to the top where the
An alternative to the contemporary trend of shaping works of art through the compartmentalization of media and presenting it exclusively through institutions.	An alternative to the contemporary trend of shaping works of art through the compartmentalization of media and presenting it exclusively through institutions.	Take him up to the top where the

**A composite of works by several artists.** The quantity of contribution depends entirely on the artist's internal reasons. Works are not complementary except in the sense that they are produced.

The problem of information:

*Who's that writin'?* John the  
Revelator  
*Tell me who's that writin'?* John the  
Revelator  
*Tell me who's that writin'?* John the  
Revelator  
*Wrote the book of the seven seals*

*Who's that writin'?* John the  
Revelator  
*Tell me who's that writin'?* John the  
Revelator  
*Well who's that writin'?* John the  
Revelator  
*Wrote the book of the seven seals*

House would perform the song as a gospel, using nothing but his hands, to accent the rhythm by clapping, and his voice. In a rare recording of the performance House would recall his time as a preacher before performing the song to a silent audience. It could be argued that the intended effect of the song in his barebones rendition is amplified. House's raw, relatively high, voice penetrating dry air in the preaching the horrors and ecstasy that awaits.

His version differed slightly from the version sung by Johnson, although as well loaded with biblical imagery, House's rendition is as if more somber calls back to not only the Book of Revelations, but also the Old and the New Testaments as if to show man's history of sin and to affirm the belief in revelation.

*You know God walked down in the  
cool of the day  
Called Adam by his name  
And he refused to answer  
Because he's naked and ashamed*

*You know Christ had  
twelve apostles  
And three he led away  
He said, "Watch with me one hour,  
till I go yonder and pray."*

*Christ came on Easter morning  
Mary and Martha went down to see  
He said, "Go tell my disciples  
To meet me in Galilee."*

John The Revelator by Son  
House, 1969

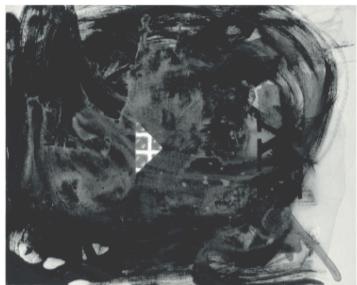
The publication features an article on blues music comparing versions of the song "John The Revelator".

JOHN THE REVELATOR  
PERFORMED BY SONHOUSE  
NOVEMBER 16, 1969  
<https://bit.ly/3aj6CC7>



## USE ME UP (REMIX)

The following essay by Jan Verwoert originally appeared in *Metropolis M* magazine in 2007.



*Jan Verwoert*  
Black and white photograph by Ruth Buchanan, 2007

But in the same way that bodies can exhibit the potentials of exhaustion, objects, signs and images can equally do so. Modern life produces all forms of waste, it exhausts bodies, amasses litter and drains the meaning out of cultural signs through their prolific overuse. Together with many of the ideas sketched out above, this realisation has come out of an ongoing conversation with Ruth Legg, Eveline van den Berg and Ruth Buchanan about their work at the Piet Zwart Institute in Rotterdam, as all three in their own ways seek to bring out the sense of unspecified potentiality that can re-emerge from exhausted materials or drained signs of utopianism. It is this immanent, potentiality of the radically exhausted image that also draws me to Jutta Koether's black paintings.

certain temporal latency. But in a high performance culture there is no time for latencies, because all potentials of production must be actualised right away, the faster the better. Under the economic imperative of high performance, just-in-time production is boosted by the buzz and justified by the necessity of the moment because any choice taken under extreme time pressure is without alternatives. As the range of possibilities is always already exhausted when there is no time to consider other options, acts performed in the nick of time appear to be powered by the full force of necessity. Anyone working under the conditions of just-in-time production by definition thereby labours and lives in a constant state of exhaustion.

But is an economy based on systematic exhaustion not bound to collapse at any time? If the current form of capitalism purposefully sustains a sense of crisis to increase the urgency of production, it does indeed seem inevitable that the whole system should soon spiral out of control. Still, such apocalyptic prophecies have been popular ever since in the 1960s consumer culture came to increasingly thrive on excessive overspending and thus seemed to head right towards economic meltdown. Yet, until now nothing like that has happened. So it seems more probable that overspending and exhaustion are simply moments in the cyclical patterns of capitalism's reproduction and regeneration. As more and more people burn out the whole machine gets fired up.



**I GIVE UP**  
Ruth Buchanan, 2007

The erotic force of this desire to be exhausted in turn points to the sexual dimension of a high performance culture. Sex work is one of the fastest growing industries today. And, without wanting to turn 'sex work' into a loose metaphor, I still feel that the unconditional readiness to perform whenever and wherever that is expected from freelancers as well as from artists and intellectuals operating in a project-based arts economy somewhat resembles the pressure put on the sex worker to always get it on. Yet, even though this pressure can never be disconnected from the potential to perform, it should also not be confounded with it. For there undeniably is a genuine joy in recognizing one's own potentials in the act of realising them.



Will Stuart—Metropolis Magazine

## SII SOM THE PLANE OF ORACLES

"Though its medieval milieu of besieged castles and mutant enemies may be familiar, *Dwarf Fortress* appeals mainly to a substratum of hard-core gamers. The game's unofficial slogan, reined on message boards, is "Living is fun!" *Dwarf Fortress*'s unique difficulty begins with its most striking feature: The way it looks. In an industry obsessed with pushing the frontiers of visual arts, *Dwarf Fortress* is a defiant throwback, its interface a dense tapestry of letters, numbers and crude glyphs you might have seen in a computer game around 1990.

A normal person looks at *Fig* and *sees gibberish*, but the *Dwarf Fortress* initiate sees a tense tableau: a dog leashed to a tree, about to be mauled by a goblin."

*Dwarf Fortress* is hardly a kip on the mainstream radar, but it's an object of intense cult adoration. Its various versions have been downloaded in the neighborhood of a million times, although the number of players who have persisted past an initial attempt is doubtless much smaller. As with popular simulation games like the *Sims* series, in which players control households, or the Facebook *Farmville*, where they tend crops, players in *Dwarf Fortress* are responsible for the cultivation and management of a virtual ecosystem — in this case, a colony of dwarves trying to build a thriving fortress in a randomly generated world. Unlike those games, though, *Dwarf Fortress* unfolds as a series of staggeringly elaborate challenges and devastating setbacks that lead, no matter how well one plays, to eventual ruin. The goal, in the game's main mode, is to build as much and as imaginatively as possible before some calamity — stampeding elephants, famine, vampire dwarves — wipes you out for good."

This section features a excerpts civilisation spec-list from the game Dwarf Fortress, while on the side excerpts from a New York Times article on the creator of the game are displayed.

### Civilized World Population

5328 Dwarves
4244 Humans
446 Elves
14097 Goblins

Total: 24115

### Civilizations

#### The Glorious Clasps, Dwarves

#### Worship List

Um Scarrights, deity: fortresses, war, valor, rulership  
Frost: the Crystalline Gold, deity: metals  
The Silvery, deity: minerals  
Roi, deity: jewels

Trid the Dust of Blossoming, deity: death, rebirth, birth

Strek, deity: mountains, covers

Boren, deity: wealth

#### King List

[\*] Lorban Swallowchannel (b.??? d. 7, Reign Begun: 1),  
\*\*\* Original Line, Never Married  
4 Children -- Ages at death: 5 4 3 1  
Worshipped Um Scarrights (86%)  
[\*] Deduk Wallpractice (b.??? d. 9, Reign Begun: 8), \*\*\*  
New Line, Never Married

No Children

Worshipped Eost the Crystalline Gold (26%)  
[\*] Mistlm Glazegorges (b.??? d. 16, Reign Begun: 10),  
\*\*\* New Line, Never Married

"This bare-bones aesthetic allows Turn to focus resources not on graphics but on mechanics, which he values much more. Many simulation games offer players a 'log of building blocks, but few dangle a bag as deep, or blocks as small and intricately interlocking, as Dwarf Fortress. Beneath the game's rudimentary facade is a devious array of moving parts, algorithms that model everything from dwarves' personalities (some are depressive, many appreciate art) to the climate and economic patterns of the simulated world. The story of a fortress's rise and fall isn't scripted before-hand — in most games narratives progress along an essentially set path — but, rather, generated on the fly by a multitude of variables.

*The brothers themselves are often started by what their game spits out. "We didn't know that carp were going to eat dwarves," Zach says. "But we'd written them as carnivorous and roughly the same size as dwarves, so when just happened, and it was great."*

1 Child -- Ages at death: 4  
 Worshipped Ral (82%)  
 [\*] Nil Plungetorch (b. 5 d. 35, Reign Begun: 17), \*\*\*  
 New Line, Never Married

5 Children (out-lived 1 of them) -- Ages at death:  
 (d. 31) 15 4 3 1  
 Worshipped Ral (100%)

[\*] Zas Widpatinted (b. 20 d. 57, Reign Begun: 36), Inherited from father, Married

6 Children (out-lived 2 of them) -- Ages at death:  
 10 9 6 (d. 54) (d. 54) 0  
 Worshipped Ral (98%)

[\*] Morul Inkphrases (b. 37, Reign Begun: 58), \*\*\* New Line, Married

11 Children -- Ages: 73 72 71 70 68 65 64 57 56 55

52 Worships Ral (100%)  
 Shrudibigleagus, Kobolds  
 The Confederation of Merchants, Humans  
 Worship list

As the Seeds of Dawn, deity: children  
 Doslut, deity: inspiration, art, beauty, treachery, trickery, lies  
 Thep Haledban, deity: plants, animals, happiness  
 Gogol Starvedate the Spurting, deity: death, disease  
 Sacoth, deity: victory, war  
 Nifh Tearlingbeached the Fragrant Moistness, deity:  
 food, fertility, the rain  
 Raji Trustcherished the Righteous Lovess, deity: charity, generosity  
 Iro Boatssink, deity: rivers  
 Necar, deity: dreams...

*"Tarn, 33, lives in an apartment complex situated one of the many shopping places that make up Siberlade, a town he calls 'a strip mall.' His place has two bedrooms, the larger of which he uses for programming and which is nearly empty except for his computer desk, a framed picture of his pet Mans, part Maine Coon cat, Scamps, and a fud cat tree. In the living room are two grey folding tables for playing board games like Arkham Horror and Descent, and a box of Xbox 360 and PlayStation 3 games. Tarn said he seldom touches these because 'most of them suck.' The only furniture in the small dining room is Scamps's litter box.*

*If much of Tarn's apartment suggests a tenant who never fully moved in, his bedroom suggests a tenant who never sees a sock anywhere. When I peeked inside, rumpled underwear, discarded boxes and books lay scattered across the carpet. A sheet of plywood, edged with black foam rubber, was wedged into the window frame and affixed thereby metal clamps. Tarn wakes up around 3 p.m. every day, comes around 6 a.m. The plywood keeps him from disturbing daylight out of the room, masking it a chamber fit for a vampire dwarf — or at least for a computer programmer.*

*Tarn the Branded Treuse was a Dragon. She was the only one of her kind. Ebbok was associated with wealth and fire. Ebbok settled in Ringcracked the Emancipation of Bulbs.*

*In the early winter of 14, Ebbok routed The Fair Spider of The Tick of Painting and destroyed Wretchedsmile's left lower leg was torn off by Ebbok.*

*In the early spring of 76, the human Umcii Shelteredsmile's right upper arm was torn off by Ebbok.*

*At about 1:30 a.m., a family of hippos, represented by light grey H's, swam into the tunnels from a nearby river. Their arrival was an unintended development born entirely of the game's internal logic. Tarn was pleased. "The hippos like the sewer!" he said. He took a celebratory swing of Dr. Pepper and rocked back and forth.*

*Near midnight one evening, after a chat with Zach about incorporating sewers into the game, Tarn settled into his coding routine, opening his C++ software and firing up Pandora playlist of upbeat soul (Zach, less adept at programming, contributes to the game by brainstorming ideas.) Tarn surveyed the code, arranged before him in tiny types, and began rocking in his wheelchair so vigorously that its joints squeaked.*

## INQUIRY

Philip Johnson Interviewed by Susan Sontag

I can't help but be seduced by Philip Johnson's black-comic exchange with Susan Sontag — described by Marshall Berman as 'pop nihilism at its most nihilistic'. As someone who was encouraged to do 'good work' and join hands with Goddes, Ashbee, Leibay, Read, Mumford and co, I find Johnson's honest amorality both shocking and refreshing. His voice resonates with self-mockery and self-delight. His candid disclosure offers one way to live and live in the modern world. In the absence of values, his pragmatic pick-and-mix vision offers an abundance of possibilities. 'To be natural is such a difficult pose to keep up.' (Oscar Wilde)

Charles Jencks places Johnson's modern self-awareness under 'camp' — a sensibility Sontag knew a thing or two about. 'I am strongly drawn to Camp, and almost as strongly offended by it. That is why I want to talk about it, and why I can. For no one who wholeheartedly shares in a given sensibility can analyze it; he can only whether his intention is clear or not. The ability, however, to draw its contours and recount its history, requires a deep sympathy modified by revulsion.' (Susan Sontag, 'Notes on Camp', 1964).

As the required result of this inquiry is a large-format print — perhaps encouraging 'design as art', just as Johnson appeared to encourage 'architecture as art' — I must note, as Sontag warns, be 'too solemn and treatise-like', or else I run the risk of producing an 'inferior piece of camp'.

SJ: ... I think in New York your aesthetic sense is, in a curious, very modern way, more developed than anywhere else. If you are experiencing things morally one is in a state of continual tension, and horror but they laugh if one has a very modern kind of humor.

PJ: Do you suppose that will change the sense of morals, the fact that we can't use morals as a means of judging this city because we couldn't stand it? And thus we're changing our whole moral system to suit the fact we're writing a ridiculous way?

SJ: Well, I think we're learning the limitations of the moral experience of things. I think it's possible to be aesthetic...

PJ: ... I mean your moral approach is the [Lexical] Mumford one that you're speaking about.

SJ: Yes.

PJ: Patrick Geddes, the greatest good, and we should be good to do these things. That's criterion for you, isn't what we have today, so we've retreated, or maybe advanced, our generation — if I can lift you up.

SJ: Oh it's nice of you [they laugh].

PJ: To merely, to enjoy things as they are — we see entirely different beauty from what Mumford could possibly see.

SJ: Well, I think, I see for myself that I just now see things in a kind of split-level way... both morally and...

PJ: What good does it do you to believe in good things?

SJ: Because I...

PJ: It's feudal and futile. I think it much better to be nihilistic

and forget it all. I mean, I know I'm attacked by my moral friends, er, but really don't they shake themselves up over nothing?

SJ: Well people do things.

PJ: Do you mean they done in New York City since the start? You read all the reports the other day in the paper — the chief man said

you might as well spend your time writing to Santa Claus as talk

about any possibilities of city planning in this city, and incidentally the English that are

so good about morals and city planning, and have the London County Council, and things they are

so proud of, have ruined their city in the name of morality. Even worse than New York in this hopeless chaos...

this very same time you're doing one thing, you flip moods, you do something entirely different, quite opposite.

SJ: But this is the very essence of modernity [PJ: Sure] in all the arts. I mean you see it even in somebody like Picasso [PJ: Yes, probably is rather, he's the first person who understood the principle of artistic plagiarism. [Goes to flowers]

SJ: Yes — and these are real, real —

PJ: Real flowers — real, fake flowers.

SJ: Real, fake flowers, of course.

PJ: You see the level of fakeness, that's real [telephone ring] three-dimensional [voice says hello]

imitation, you of an advertised something and it's those various levels of reality that make it all so fascinating...

© BBC 1985 Quoted in Jencks, *Modern Movements in Architecture*, pp. 208–10

After examining various Johnson's collection:

PJ: ... Can we look at architecture, or do we always have to look at painting?

SJ: Oh no, no, we can look at everything, because it all fits together.

PJ: ...[pointing to works] I'm a plagiarist man — you see, you must take everything from everybody —

SJ: See this is copied from Corbusier, that's copied from

Le Corbusier, this is taken from Japan, India. This is, I don't

SJ: Well, maybe this is original. It's

PJ: an underground house. We have some ponies grazing on the roofs, you

SJ: see one come down to the water, but it just shows you that at

something in it that makes the cat refuse to drink it. Tarn consumed "maybe one glass" of water in the last three months, hydrating with soft drinks instead. "Tarn's not doing it for these days," he said.

"I know it's bad, but the sugar goes right into programming the game.

"If I don't drink soda now, I get a headache and can't do any work."

Tarn and Zach's parents live on several wooded acres in nearby Bremerton, and Zach, who is 25 and between jobs, has lived with them since 2002. Zach brought over a drinking glass from the house in case I get thirsty, because Tarn

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*"Despite the modesty of Tarn's setup, he has a lot riding on Dwarf Fortress. For much of his adult life, he was headed in a very different direction. He'd enrolled at the University of Washington, where he became a star math student. He wasn't much interested in the social atmosphere of dorms and spent his Freshman year splitting a Seattle apartment with Zach, who was a senior majoring in ancient history at the university. When Zach graduated, Tarn moved into a string of "dinky one-bedrooms" with "bad microwave problems"—in one, he discovered a shelf full of growing behind his couch. Tarn didn't take notes in class, and was his facility with the material, and he still "knew almost everything."*

*In his final year, the faculty named him best math major.*

Lulo was a jungle titan. It was the only one of its kind. A towering three-eyed nite. It has a short trunk and it roves about carelessly. It's midnight blue exoskeleton leathery. Beware its deadly spittle! Lulo was associated with trees, rivers, plants, nature and animals.

In a time before time, Lulo began wandering the Lucid Forest.

\*\*\*

*"Tarn has been single since graduate school, when he landed a Cisco systems administrator for a short time. I asked him whether he wanted children. "I don't mind the idea of never having kids," he said. "I want to stay focused on the game, and if I had kids, I'd wind up paying attention to them instead."*

*He expressed similar ambivalence about finding a romantic partner. "If I were in the supermarket one day and someone came on really strong and it was a mutual thing, I'd probably get pushed along, but it's not something I'm anticipating," he said. His interest has dwindled. "It's easier not to care about that stuff when you're in your 30s."*

In the late autumn of 121, The Contemptible Drills and Tundra was authored by govin Azstroq Poisondents in Valleybeard in order to glorify Threp.

\*\*\*

*Tarn applied to 17 Ph.D. programs, got into 15 and, wavering briefly between M.I.T. and Stanford, chose the latter. He earned his doctorate in 2005 with a dissertation called "Flat Chains in Banach Spaces," a ramification on concepts in advanced geometry that he describes as "not that interesting to that many people, but a nice little paper." He published a version of it in *The Journal of Geometric Analysis* and, landing a position at Texas A&M, seemed destined for the academic career he envisioned since his undergraduate days.*

*In the early winter of 87, We See Hogs was authored by the*

*He wanted to do math but also to make video games, juggling acts, he managed as an undergraduate. This had become impossible. "They wanted 60 hours a week from you, giving you problems that would take 20 hours to solve," he said. He grew depressed and, in his only encounter with drugs, snorted meth."*

*But Tarn wasn't entirely happy. He'd had doubts about pursuing a career in math since the "pressure cooker" of his first year at Stanford, when he failed his qualifying exams (students get two chances; he passed the second time). Faced with the school's highly competitive and professionalized environment, he came to regard himself as a second-rate mathematician. "The issue wasn't aptitude so much as passion.*

"Though it may seem ungainly at first, the game's interface — rendered in what we know as extended ASCII characters — has a sparse elegance. As seasons change, trees, represented by various symbols, shift from green to yellow. Goblins'

eyes appear as red quotation marks; if you shoot out an eye with an arrow, the symbol becomes an apostrophe. On a message board, one fan likened the ASCII experience in *Dwarf Fortress* to the imaginative pleasures of reading a book: "You can let your imagination fill in the gaps."

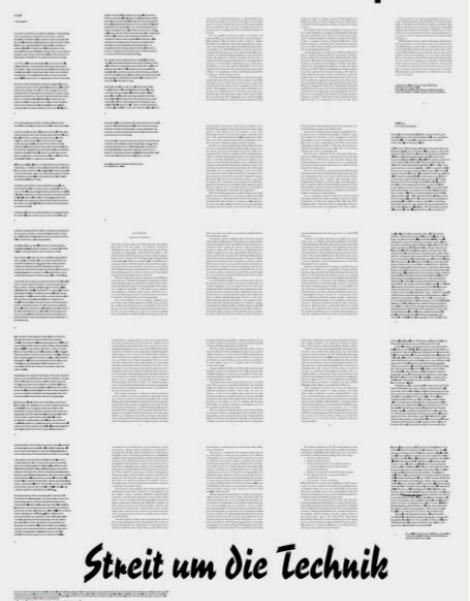
"But the game's profile is slowly growing on Tarn's own terms. This week, the Museum of Modern Art will include *Dwarf Fortress* in a major design exhibition called "Talk to Me," which Paula Antonelli, senior curator of architecture and design at MoMA, describes as

being about the "communication between people and objects." Antonelli selected several simulation games for display in the show but was struck by the combination of "beautiful aesthetics" and "mind-boggling" complexity in *Dwarf Fortress*. "When you are playing *Dwarf Fortress*, you are God, and the world is talking back to you," Antonelli said. Then she added, with a laugh, "And you are a very anal god."

— "Where Do Dwarf-Eating Carp Come From?" Jonah Weisberg, New York Times Magazine, 21 July 2011 (*This & Before*).

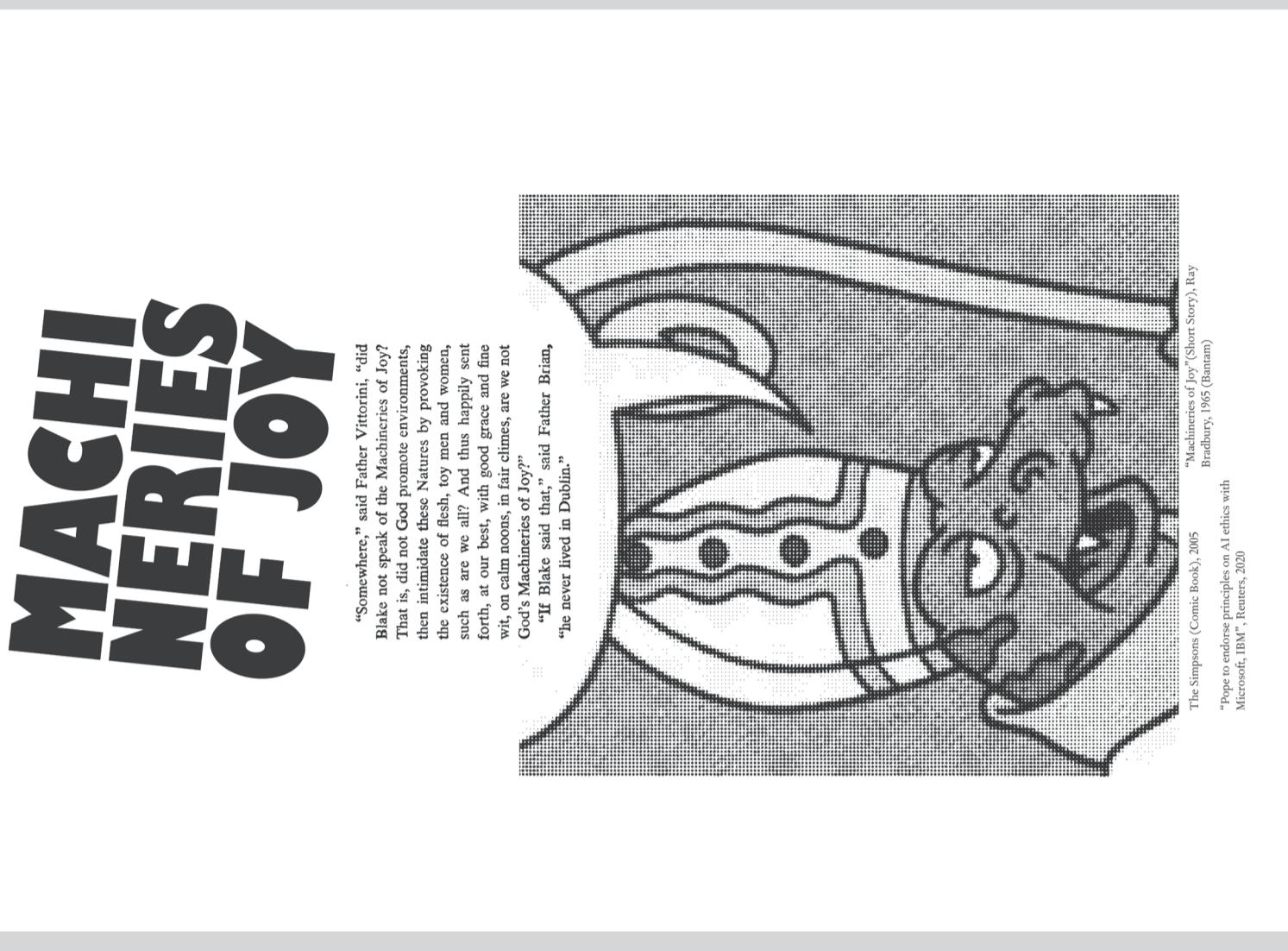
*Machineries of Joy*

### The Bill—Tschichold dispute



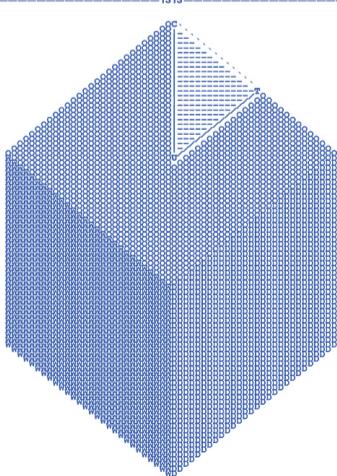
*Streit um die Technik*

*John Morgan — The Bill—Tschichold dispute  
(Forms of Inquiry)*



Machineries of Joy the publication was conceived as a way for the project to converse with the viewer by relaying important insular topics, the ideas that the project explored and were significant for its direction.

It also became evident that the project required a different style of typesetting, and this publication is an exploration of potential new territories in this regard.

<p><b>TYPE, SMILE, AND FACE...</b></p> <p>Earthenware Type 3rd millennium BC</p> <p>Woodcut Type – Wood Block and Strips of Bamboo to Mark the lines 1313</p>  <p>WOOD CUT [2019] <b>24</b></p>	<p><b>JUNGMYUNG LEE</b></p> <p>2019.</p> <p>My parents asked me to send them a handwritten letter. Damn.</p> <p>I can't even recall the last time I wrote. The act of physical writing. It even makes me blush.</p> <p>But, surprisingly enough, the movement of my writing hand is fluid and effortless, as if I have been regularly writing or practising, though I grasp the pencil too heavily, my fingers clutching around it. The pressure against the page makes the pencil rattle and exhausts my fingers and wrist.</p> <p>I write, "I love you both so much," while my eyes are tightly closed. First, I erase "I", and then, "so much".</p> <p>I write the words back down and erase them again.</p> <p>Koreans don't say the "L" word often, especially not to family members, as we believe that there's no need to formally tell one other that we love one another. Every action in our day-to-day life signifies the love and care we have for one another. We are the embodiment of</p> <p><b>25</b></p>
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"*THE BLIND'S ASSAULT ON SPACE*"

"Vatican officials on Friday planned to release principles promoting the ethical use of artificial intelligence (AI), with the backing of Microsoft Corp and International Business Machines Corp as the first two technology industry sponsors.

The "Rome Call for AI Ethics" asserts that the technology should respect privacy, work reliably and without bias, consider "the needs of all human beings" and operate transparently, an area of ongoing research because AI systems' decisions are often inscrutable.

Father Kelly reached one finger out to touch the editing system with his finger nail; simultaneously, he laid the news story half closed, underlining each word with his fingernail:

*...Pope Francis gave his blessing today to mankind's efforts to conquer space. The Pope said, 'We mustn't let a limit to man's conquest of space be the limit of his desire to conquer space.' The old delegation to the Vatican was received by Pope Francis at his summer residence here. The Pope said, 'It should concern all humanity... Man has a mission to conquer all the universe. We must make the effort to put himself in new orientation with God and his universe.'*

The document reflects growing interest among companies and institutions to set guardrails for the fast-evolving technology. Police have used facial recognition systems to investigate crimes, and Fortune 500 companies have used AI to vet job applicants - both examples of high-stakes tasks where deployed inaccurate or biased software could lead to harm.

The Vatican's initiative grew out of concerns that Pope Francis raised about AI and its effect on society more than a year ago, according to John Kelly III, executive vice president of IBM and one of the signatories.

"His major concerns were, will it be available to everyone, or is it going to further bifurcate the haves and the have-nots?" Kelly told Reuters in an interview. Vatican officials also had concerns about AI displacing jobs and Pope Francis was due to receive the document Friday, to conclude a conference that the Vatican's Pontifical Academy for Life hosted this week on AI ethics. Others participating included the European Parliament's AI David Sassoli and Microsoft's President Brad Smith.

"There is no doubt in my mind"—and here, Father Brian Quinned off in the general direction of the Vatican. "That it was you, if you could've been there, might've put the Holy Father up to this whole space-travel monkey-business."

It was not immediately clear which other technology companies might sign on to the document going forward, or how signatories would implement the principles.

IBM for instance wants a doctor to be in the loop when its AI makes health-care recommendations - something that may increase over time following a deal it announced this week with the Bambino Gesù Children's Hospital in Rome. That partnership will focus on developing technology to speed up diagnosis and treatment of brain tumor patients.

Both IBM and Microsoft have said they turned down business when they felt uncomfortable with how a customer wanted to use their technology. Still, according to Kelly, about a third of the ethics questions IBM typically no obvious answer.

"Going forward we're going to see more falling in that category, only because the technology is advancing so fast," he said."

The theme of this publication concerned the church and technology. The project shares its title with a short story by Ray Bradbury exploring the very same topic.

The excerpts from the story were interspersed with a Reuters article, reporting on a summit meeting in the Vatican, where the church and Microsoft would discuss artificial intelligence.

I'VE GOT A FRIEND.  
EVERY NIGHT, AT  
AROUND TWO IN  
THE MORNING HE  
WOULD COME OUT  
TO THE BACK YARD  
OF HIS TWO STORY,  
FIVE BEDROOM SUB  
URBAN HOUSE AND  
STARE AT THE SKY.  
HE WOULD HAVE A  
REALLY STUPID EX

PRESSION ON HIS  
FACE TOO — FULL OF  
WONDER AND SEEM-  
INGLY — EXPECTA-  
TION.

I'VE NEVER ASKED IF  
HE WAS AN ATHE-  
IST, OUR CONVERSA-  
TIONS NEVER REAL-  
LY TOUCHED UPON  
THAT, BUT AT A CER-

The other side of the publication featured a short story describing an encounter with the bizarre and the unexplained.

Mark Owens

## A Note on the Type

J. G. Ballard's 1974 novel *Concrete Island* culminates in a scene of writing. Speeding along the M4 outside London, architect Robert Maitland crashes his Jaguar through a guardrail and into a vast triangle of waste ground beneath an intersection of overpasses, finding himself injured and unable to climb the steep embankments to rescue. As night falls he manages to ignite the engine of the mangled Jag with the car's cigarette lighter, but the brief, intense blaze fails to halt the rush of traffic overhead. Left to sleep in the charred hulk of the automobile, Maitland awakens to notice a retaining wall across the island: "The rain-washed concrete shone brightly in the sunlight like an empty notice-board. A message scrawled across it in three-feet-high letters would be legible to drivers on the motorway."<sup>1</sup> Desperately in need of writing instruments, he harvests the blackened, burnt rubber terminals from the engine's distributor caps, using them to mark out "in wavering letters"

on the concrete: "HELP INJURED DRIVER CALL POLICE."

Soon, storm clouds gather and it begins to pour, and Maitland is forced to take cover, fashioning a crude shelter in the crumbling remnants of a basement doorway. Bruised and feverish, he gazes down:

*A small printing shop had once been here, and a few copper-backed letterpress blocks lay around his feet. Maitland picked one up and examined the cloudy figures of a dark-suited man and a white-haired woman. As he listened to the rain he thought of his parents' divorce; the uncertainties of this period, when he was eight years old, seemed to be replicated in the negative image on the letterpress plate, in the reverse tones of this unknown man and woman.*<sup>2</sup>

It is a brief, reflective moment, and when Maitland emerges following the storm he notices that the letters of his hand-scratched message have been "reduced to black smudges." Delirious with fever, he finds that "the rounded smears were exactly those of a windshield wiper," and wonders: "Was he still trapped inside his car? Was the entire island an extension of the Jaguar, its windshield and windows transformed by his delirium into these embankments? Perhaps the windshield wipers had jammed... and were tracing

some incoherent message on the steaming glass."<sup>3</sup>

This scene of writing and erasure, interrupted by the interlude in the basement print shop, traces the contours of western typographic history—from the marks made by the human hand and the mechanical reproduction of text and image made possible by the printing press, to a vision of an automated, machine writing that exceeds both human agency and comprehension. So too, the contraction of the island in Maitland's mind to the space of the crashed Jaguar is mirrored by its expansion in Ballard's narrative to encompass the recent history of Great Britain: as he explores the overgrown rubble Maitland discovers the remains of a churchyard, Edwardian houses, an air-raid shelter, and a postwar cinema. Similarly, the shattered body of the Jaguar echoes Maitland's own, just as the inhabitants he soon encounters—a radical hippie dropout named Jane Sheppard and a brutish former acrobat known only as Proctor—double his riven psyche. The scene itself is doubled, too, when Maitland attempts to trick a reluctant Proctor into spelling out a rescue message on the retaining wall under the pretense of teaching him to write his own name: "Already the wavering letters of his first alphabet had become strong and well-formed. Using both hands he

struck at the concrete slope, slashing his A's and X's side by side." Maitland traces out words for Proctor to copy, but soon enthusiasm gets the best of him and he begins to mix up the letters "into an indecipherable mass," eventually rubbing out the message and refusing to go on.<sup>4</sup>



From  
Geoffroy  
Tory,  
*Champ  
Fleury*,  
1529

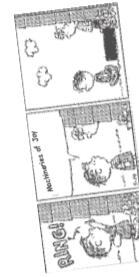
The failure of Maitland's writing lesson, read off against the earlier episode in the ruins of the printshop, foregrounds what remains "uncertain" and "indecipherable" in the mechanization of human language. For, the writing lesson is the lynchpin of all western typography. Beginning in the fifteenth century, humanist handwriting, secured through a pedagogy of imitation and a disciplining of the body, transformed the hand into a writing machine.<sup>5</sup> While low-eraser roman letters emerged from this prosthetic pen-in-hand imitating the "literae antiquae" of Carolingian manuscripts, capitals traced their origins to the letters engraved on classical roman monuments, the work of stone carvers wielding the simple machines of hammer and chisel. Geoffroy Tory's 1529 *Champ Fleury* was one of a

TAINT POINT IN THE  
NIGHT HE WOULD  
YELL

**“Don’t  
question it!”**

AT THE TOP OF HIS  
LUNGS. AND FOR  
SOME REASON THAT  
WAS ALL I NEEDED  
TO FALL ASLEEP.

THIS MIDDLE-OFF-THE-  
NIGHT BLUNDER  
WOULD LEAD ME TO  
SWITCH OFF ALMOST  
INSTANTLY. EVEN IF I  
WAS ON AN OVER-  
LY-CAFFEINATED LATE  
WORK BINGE.



**St Paul's Cathedral**

**Whispering Gallery**

Featuring:

**Voices Falling Thru the Air**

**MATTINS n'LITANY-7.30am**

...Holy Communion-8am/12.30pm

Plus...

**Evensong-5.00pm**

...And Live

**BASE JUMPING**

£10 Entry fee (Concessions avail)

DOMINE DIRIGE NOS

### *One-Man Band*

With the advent of activist, or violent, black metal, the band as a multiple entity disappears. The one-man collective comes into being, a single person who operates under his own logo. Music and logo become the vehicle for the distribution of highly personal ideas.

The creation of the one-man band can be traced back to punk's influence on metal at the end of the 70s, when hard rock had degenerated into a symphonic genre for middle-aged men with ponytails and overly expensive audio equipment. Under the influence of the punk movement, metal bands became smaller and the music louder and faster. Metal split into countless sub genres, with metaphysics as the overarching theme: evil and the supernatural.

During 'grindcore', the technique of metal was used to transform punk into a metaphysical protest against a nameless total dominion, with the near apocalypse of Chernobyl, the deplorable living conditions in 'the dirty old town' under Margaret Thatcher, and the threat of nuclear war between America and the Soviet Union being thrown in as small change. Black metal opted for the encryption of logotype and music and a further elaboration of hate, Satanism and heathenism, and after awhile, action was suited to word. People got killed.

Venom, the legendary pack of brats from gray Newcastle who invented black metal, could hardly play, and in that sense were more of a two-man band than a trio. The Norwegian Darkthrone, with illegible logo, is one of the most famous and dubious of two-man groups. But the bizarrest metal band ever is probably the Swedish duo Abruptum, with a dwarf named 'It' as frontman. Abruptum's music was produced through self torture. The influential

Swedish black metal group Bathory was in essence the one-man project of Ace Börje 'Quorthon' Forsberg, who died of a heart attack in 2004. And then there is Burzum, with Varg Vikernes as the only musician and Leviathan in his personal holy war of everybody against everybody.

*Daniel Van der Velden — Crypto Logo Jihad Black Metal and the Aesthetics of Evil*

### THE FUNNYMAN

Humour is a ubiquitous, highly ingrained, and largely meaningful aspect of human experience and is therefore decidedly relevant in organisational contexts, such as the workplace.[36]

The significant role that laughter and fun play in organisational life has been seen as a sociological phenomenon and has increasingly been recognised as also creating a sense of involvement among workers.[37] Sharing humour at work not only offers a relief from boredom, but can also build relationships, improve camaraderie between colleagues and create positive affect.[36] Humour in the workplace may also relieve tension and can be used as a coping strategy.[36] In fact, one of the most agreed upon key impacts that workplace humour has on people's well being, is the use of humour as a coping strategy to aid in dealing with daily stresses, adversity or other difficult situations.[36] Sharing a laugh with a few colleagues may improve moods, which is pleasurable, and people perceive this as positively affecting their ability to cope.[36] Fun and enjoyment are critical in people's lives and the ability for colleagues to be able to laugh during work, through banter or other, promotes harmony and a sense of cohesiveness.[36]

Humour may also be used to offset negative feelings about a workplace task or to mitigate the use of profanity, or other coping strategies, that may not be otherwise tolerated.[36] Not only can humour in the workplace assist with defusing negative emotions, but it may also be used as an outlet to discuss personal painful events, in a lighter context, thus ultimately reducing anxiety and allowing more happy, positive emotions to surface.

The Funnyman was supposed to be a continuation of the same principle of working from the title. It was set to feature articles on tv comedy writing and curiuos cases, like the birth of Adult Swim.

The production hit a blunder while I was trying to differentiate between what needed to be done to further the project and re-affirm the idea and what wasn't working.

Ultimately this idea never got anywhere, but drafts remained.

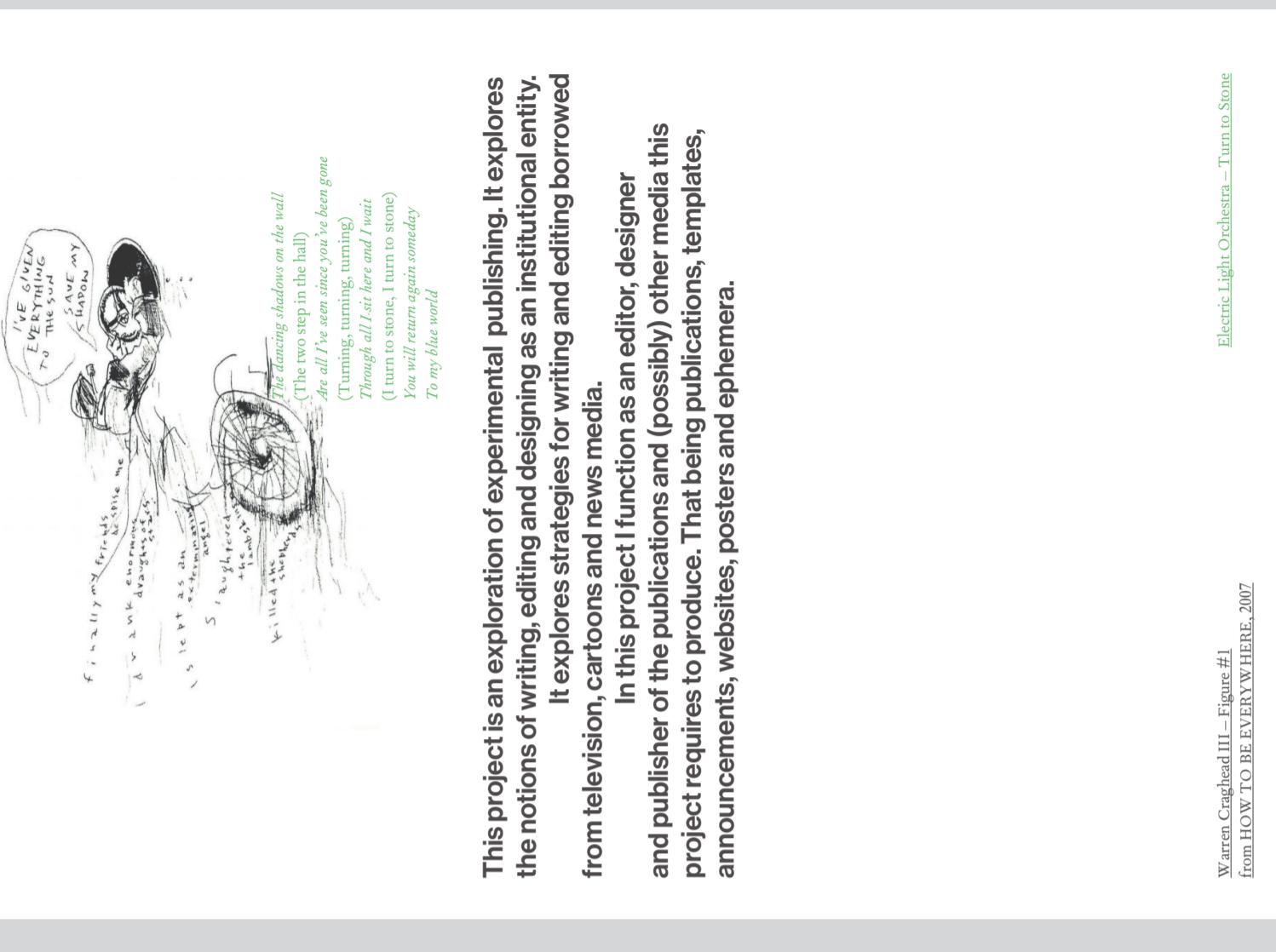
The layout featured an A4 sized section where all of the text would go and an outer area, that would contain a setup for a joke. I was specifically looking for jokes on the internet just to strip them of the punchline and put them in the layout.



A4

what does a CNA  
agent do when it's  
time for bed?

This diagram illustrates the layout for 'The Funnyman' project. It features a large central gray rectangle representing an A4 page. Above this page, the letters 'A4' are written in a bold, black, serif font. To the left of the A4 page, there is a decorative border consisting of a series of small, diamond-shaped patterns arranged in a grid-like fashion. The text 'what does a CNA agent do when it's time for bed?' is written in a black, cursive, handwritten-style font, positioned to the right of the A4 page.

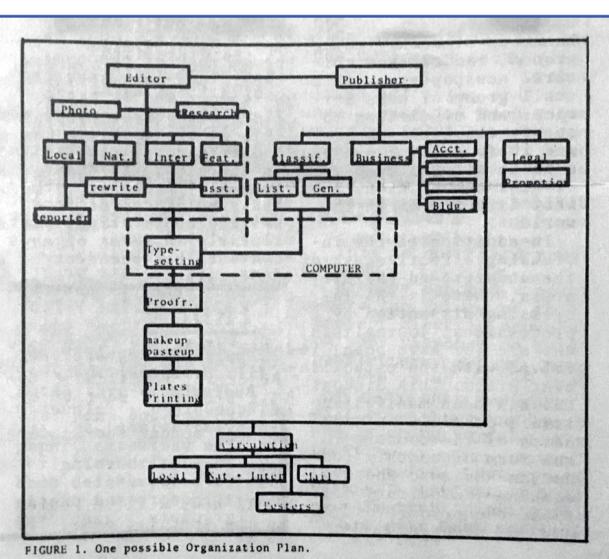


This project is an exploration of experimental publishing. It explores the notions of writing, editing and designing as an institutional entity. It explores strategies for writing and editing borrowed from television, cartoons and news media.

In this project I function as an editor, designer and publisher of the publications and (possibly) other media this project requires to produce. That being publications, templates, announcements, websites, posters and ephemera.

Warren Craghead III – Figure #1  
from HOW TO BE EVERYWHERE, 2007

The Proposal is an attempt to define the project in a single document.



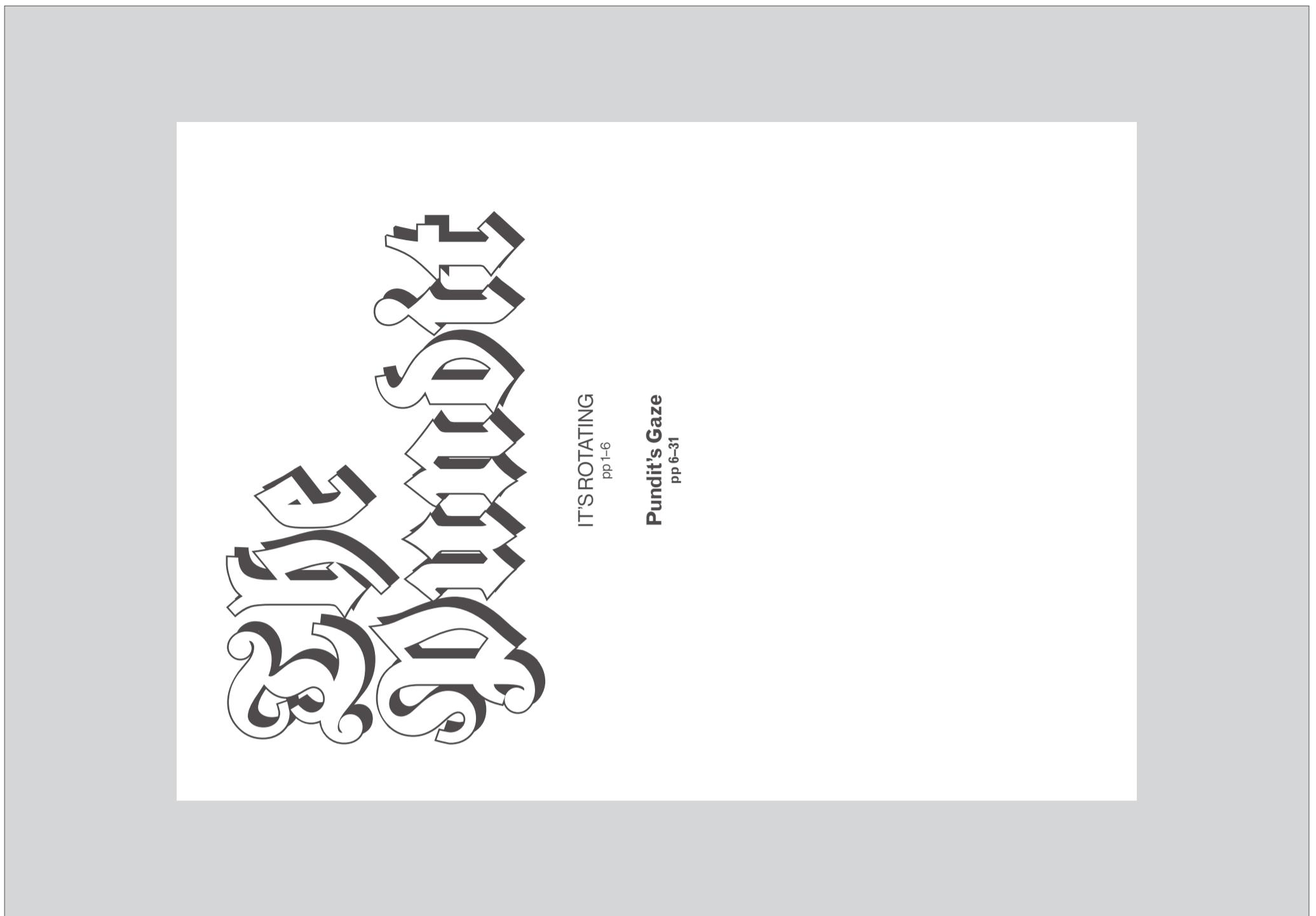
Seth Sieglau — One Possible Organisational Plan

## 1 Defo

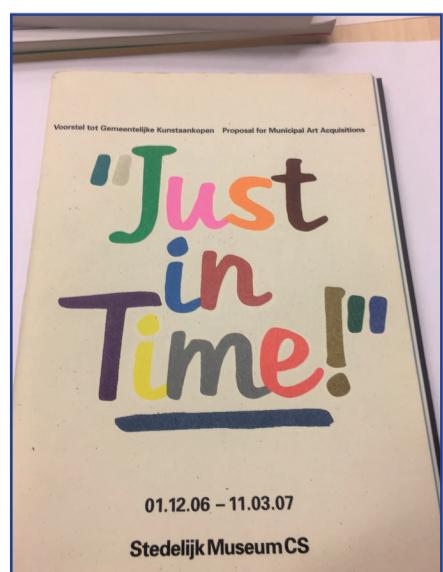
Video game soundtracks appeared in the early 1980s, when primitive analogue oscillators allowed for the first real musical accompaniments. Previously, most of the noises emanating from the machine were isolated sound-effects, layered on minimal, repetitive backgrounds, such as the menacing 'putti-putti-putti' of Asteroids. Today, the industry-wide use of sampling has produced a genre generally indistinguishable from commercial pop. Between these two eras, however, composers made due with the scraps of technology at hand, generating an eerily beautiful back-catalogue of obsolete approaches. I don't want to attempt a proper history of the genre, rather to make some suggestions or observations around the release of this album. 1. The soundtracks were encoded into arcade games, disks and cartridges, and were not available beyond this context. Unlike film soundtracks, then, video game music was inseparable from its original medium. Composers had to assume a transience for their work, since game systems changed rapidly and the games themselves were often discarded or forgotten. By the same token, this medium-specificity assured a well-defined audience, constituted largely of adolescent and teenage boys. 2. Structurally, the genre presents unique limitations. A track must be energetic but not distracting, the consummate "background music". It need not follow a standard musical trajectory, since it must be capable of looping ad infinitum, allowing players as much time as needed with a given screen or level. Because of this, many of the album tracks start abruptly or quickly peter out, their duration determined by the programmer who removed them from the circuits. For this reason, many of the tracks must be considered extracts or samples of larger and arguably infinite compositions. 3. Dictated by a game's theme, the songs reference vernacular musics such as horror soundtracks, carnival music, and vaguely ethnic genres. However, even as a song may sound like, say, 'Asian music', it's not clear that the composer knew much about the idiom. In any case, this is irrelevant if a listener gets the shorthand; in this there is a similarity to advertising jingles, which also quickly supply complex discursive cues to a broad audience, with little concern for authenticity. 4. While today's computers and game consoles can reproduce entire sampled bands, these older soundtracks were programmed, not 'played' in the traditional sense. They have always existed solely as strings of numbers, and do not derive from analogue or 'real world' signals. At the time, this was uncommon among commercial pop music, which relied heavily on microphone recording. At times, the game music's reliance on programmed mathematical progression suggests classical sequencing. 5. The release of this album enacts the corporate strategy of uprooting an 'underground' or otherwise obscure cultural

1

An attempt at typesetting an issue in TEX did not seem uncalled for. But it later became evident that it was an inferior solution to the alternative workflows.



The Pundit was a publication that cemented a new approach and workflow. It used a combination of generated and found content and programmed and made layout.



Will Holder, Stedelijk Museum — "Just in Time"

*IT'S ROTATING*

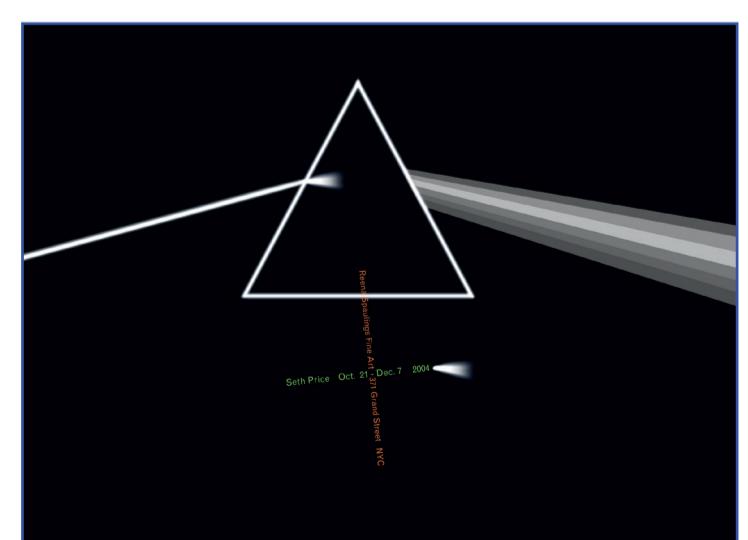


The first section is an account of U. S. Navy documentation of unidentified flying objects, with stills from a video capturing the encounter.



2





Reena Spaulings Gallery — Seth Price Announcement Poster

*Three videos posted online that have been described as being related to UFO sightings do indeed include footage of “unidentified aerial phenomena,” a U.S. Navy spokesman confirmed.*

*But as for specifics, spokesman Joseph Gradshter said the Navy doesn’t know exactly what the objects are.*

*“The three videos [one from 2004 and two from 2015] show incursions into our military training range by unidentified aerial phenomena,” Gradshter told NBC News in an emailed statement.*

*“The Navy has characterized the observed phenomena as unidentified,” he said.*

[...]

Gains, Moabesh, and Phil Helzel. “Navy Confirms Videos Did Capture UFO Sightings, but It Calls Them by Another Name.” NBC News. com. NBCUniversal News Group, September 19, 2019. <https://www.nbcnews.com/news/us-news/navy-confirms-videos-did-capture-ufo-sightings-it-calls-them-n1056201>.

4

**In the \$600 billion annual Defense Department budgets, the \$22 million spent on the Advanced Aerospace Threat Identification Program was almost impossible to find.**

**Which was how the Pentagon wanted it.**

**For years, the program investigated reports of unidentified flying objects, according to Defense Department officials, interviews with program participants and records obtained by The New York Times. It was run by a military intelligence official, Luis Elizondo, on the fifth floor of the Pentagon’s C Ring, deep within the building’s maze.**

The Defense Department has never before acknowledged the existence of the program, which it says it shut down in 2012. But its backers say that, while the Pentagon ended funding for the effort at that time, the program remains in existence. For the past five years, they say, officials with the program have continued to investigate episodes brought to them by service members, while also carrying out their other Defense Department duties.

The shadowy program — parts of it remain classified — began in 2007, and initially it was largely funded at the request of Harry Reid, the Nevada Democrat who was the Senate majority leader at the time and who has long had an interest in space phenomena. Most of the money went to

## NOTES TOWARDS A MENTAL BREAKDOWN

A<sup>1</sup> discharged<sup>2</sup> Broadmoor<sup>3</sup> patient<sup>4</sup> compiles<sup>5</sup> ‘Notes<sup>6</sup> Towards<sup>7</sup> a<sup>8</sup> Mental<sup>9</sup> Breakdown<sup>10</sup>, recalling<sup>11</sup> his<sup>12</sup> wife’s<sup>13</sup> murder<sup>14</sup>, his<sup>15</sup> trial<sup>16</sup> and<sup>17</sup> exoneration<sup>18</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The use of the *indefinite* article encapsulates all the ambiguities that surround the undiscovered document, *Notes Towards a Mental Breakdown*, of which this 18-word synopsis is the only surviving fragment. Deceptively candid and straightforward, the synopsis is clearly an important clue in our understanding of the events that led to the tragic death of Judith Loughlin in her hotel bedroom at Gatwick Airport. There is no doubt that the role of the still unidentified author was a central one. The self-effacing ‘A’ must be regarded not merely as an overt attempt at evasion but, on the unconscious level, as an early intimation of the author’s desire to proclaim his guilt.

<sup>2</sup> There is no evidence that the patient was discharged. Recent inspection of the in-patients’ records at Springfield Hospital (cf. footnote 3) indicates that Dr Robert Loughlin has been continuous detention in the Unit of Criminal Psychopathy since his committal at Kingston Crown Court on 18 May 1975. Only one visitor has called, a former colleague at the London Clinic, the neur-

an aerospace research company run by a billionaire entrepreneur and longtime friend of Mr. Reid's, Robert Bigelow, who is currently working with NASA to produce expandable craft for humans to use in space. On CBS's "60 Minutes" in May, Mr. Bigelow said he was "absolutely convinced" that aliens exist and that U.F.O.s have visited Earth.

Working with Mr. Bigelow's Las Vegas-based company, the program produced documents that describe sightings of aircraft that seemed to move at very high velocities with no visible signs of propulsion, or that hovered with no apparent means of lift.

Officials with the program have also studied videos of encounters between unknown objects and American military aircraft — including one released in August of a whitish oval object, about the size of a commercial plane, chased by two Navy F/A-18F fighter jets from the aircraft carrier Nimitz off the coast of San Diego in 2004.

Mr. Reid, who retired from Congress this year, said he was proud of the program. "I'm not embarrassed or ashamed or sorry I got this thing going," Mr. Reid said in a recent interview in Nevada. "I think it's one of the good things I did in my congressional service. I've done something that no one has done before."

Two other former senators and top members of a defense spending subcommittee — Ted Stevens, an Alaska Republican, and Daniel K. Inouye, a Hawaii Democrat — also supported the program. Mr. Stevens died in 2010, and Mr. Inouye in 2012.

While not addressing the merits of the program, Sara Seager, an astrophysicist at M.I.T., cautioned that not knowing the origin of an object does not mean that it is from another planet or galaxy. "When people claim to observe truly unusual phenomena, sometimes it's worth investigating seriously," she said. But, she added, "what people sometimes don't get about science is that we often have phenomena that remain unexplained."

In response to questions from The Times, Pentagon officials this month acknowledged the existence of the program, which began as part of the Defense Intelligence Agency. Officials insisted that the effort had ended after five years, in 2012.

"It was determined that there were other, higher priority issues that merited funding, and it was in the best interest

of the DoD to make a change,” a Pentagon spokesman, Thomas Crosson, said in an email, referring to the Department of Defense.

But Mr. Elizondo said the only thing that had ended was the effort’s government funding, which dried up in 2012. From then on, Mr. Elizondo said in an interview, he worked with officials from the Navy and the C.I.A. He continued to work out of his Pentagon office until this past October, when he resigned to protest what he characterized as excessive secrecy and internal opposition.

“Why aren’t we spending more time and effort on this issue?” Mr. Elizondo wrote in a resignation letter to Defense Secretary Jim Mattis.

Mr. Elizondo said that the effort continued and that he had a successor, whom he declined to name.

U.F.O.s have been repeatedly investigated over the decades in the United States, including by the American military. In 1947, the Air Force began a series of studies that investigated more than 12,000 claimed U.F.O. sightings before it was officially ended in 1969. The project, which included a study code-named Project Blue Book, started in 1952, concluded that most sightings involved stars, clouds, conventional aircraft or spy planes, although 701 remained unexplained.

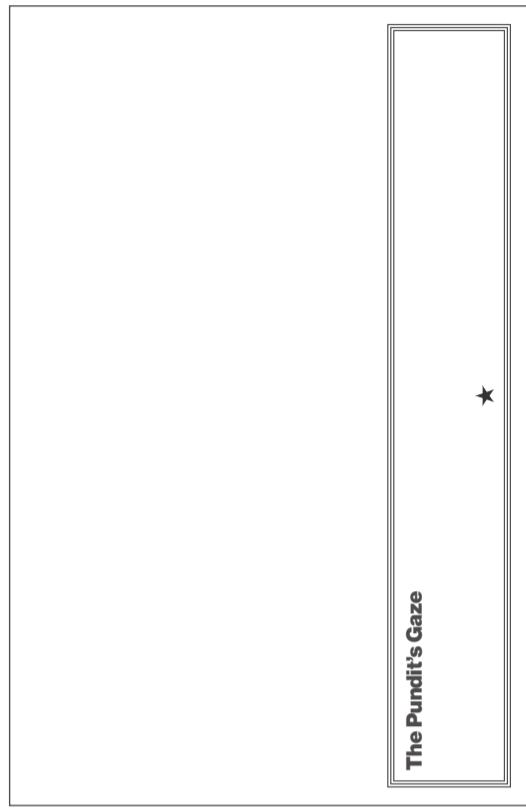
[...]

Cooper, Helene, Ralph Blumenthal, and Leslie Kean, “Glowing Auroras and ‘Black Money’: The Pentagon’s Mysterious U.F.O. Program.” The New York Times, December 16, 2017 <https://www.nytimes.com/2017/12/16/us/politics/pentagon-program-ufo-harry-raid.html>.

*One thing is for certain: there is no stopping them; the ants  
will soon be here.  
And I for one welcome our new insect overlords. I'd like to remind  
them that as a trusted TV personality, I can be helpful in rounding  
up others to toil in their underground sugar caves.*



"The Simpsons," Deep Space Homer. Fox, February 24, 1994.



8

This chapter of the publication was made using a Python script, that automatically searched the internet for pictures that would be described with the word - "pundit", and then laid out the 26 found pictures as pages in the publication.  
Apart from an occasional blunder (Pages 13, 23), the script returned pictures of tv pundits with graphics spelling out important news.  
Consider this section as a typographic score for a musical, and people pictured singing the underlying text.

The second section is a compilation of news stills depicting pundits and accompanied by television graphics.



# Machi neries Of Joy

INTERNAL MEMO NUMBER ONE

Internal Memo Number 1 uses the same formula as  
The Pundit for content generation. It serves the very same  
function as the original Machineries of Joy now focusing  
mainly on art sources.

**As Cocteau writes:** "Decorative style has never existed. Style is the soul, and unfortunately with us the soul assumes the form of the body." Even if one were to define style as the manner of our appearing, this by no means necessarily entails an opposition between a style that one assumes and one's "true" being. In fact, such a disjunction is extremely rare. In almost every case, our manner of appearing is our manner of being. The mask is the face.

## A CURRENT PROPOSAL



www.wiley.com

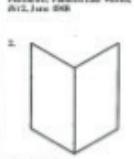
"From kindergarten, most often remember their old Telephone Game. One person whispers a word or a picture into the ear of the person next to her. That person, in turn, repeats it quickly to the next. And so it continues, at the end of a long line of people, the original game finds its echo. Disseminated information is information spread this way. In efforts to stop information, younger artists have said that rockers operate outside of all rules. Telephone Game, go around in groups of six, seven and eight persons from different states." A letter to *Illustration*, San Francisco.



"At Gairloch we have an Enterprise, at the University of Groningen, in Holland, New York. We aim at doing for a while the printed statement that we hope to have as the guide of the course of study. It says what a school does, what the work is. It is worth \$100,000 by Martin. Consider the importance of this. In the United States there is no such printed guide that we can use to model the style of Native Soil Theory. Underneath this simple sentence is again simple. See That. That is of the What. A What is not a question or anything in the what world and the *Week*. So, in the *What* World, we see the *What* World in one sentence.



In "Quasi-infinities and the Wining of Space" (*Arts Magazine*, 1998), late-Futurist precursor Robert Smithson leaned heavily on Yale historian George Kubler's little book *The Shape of Time* to assert that there were no lifeworlds or straight lines, but instead, inextricably linked, coincidentally in retentive and



"It's quite the same here as anywhere else, but here it's easier to leave space intentionally. In fact, I'd say it's kind of like to take a walk. You simply project in front of you in an empty space which you walk across as and when. The success of the show is down to the way we have done things which she looks, so you can see the time you all make those when you can also do a lot you pre-call along this is the last hand is visible but you could easily in front of them. That key lies in working as you probably... — Bill Blass, a gift of 30 years, director

and Homer on the grounds that  
no one knows where they did by  
saying "you see me and they are  
precisely what we know," Helle  
Frøstrup, "Invitation without a  
Future", lecture from November  
17, 1979

This leads us to my last point about ancient Greek participation and civic-mindedness in one perspective or another. That is their view of time. They saw the future as something that came upon them as something that had links with the past and calling up before their eyes. When you think about it, that's a more accurate metaphor than our present one. Who really CAN see the future? All you can do is project through the past, even though the past shows that such projections often are wrong. And who could say enough about the past?

"As far as I am concerned, there are no such things as forms; that

All I Forms, materials, classes, and  
courses are available and to be  
used. Wall rugby cases of step-  
ping. Books will taken out of the

systems that goes straight ahead. There is no goal before us with reward after the first two trials and a chance for the last." Michael Langdon

Pittsburgh, Famous Last Words,  
612, June 1948

1

1

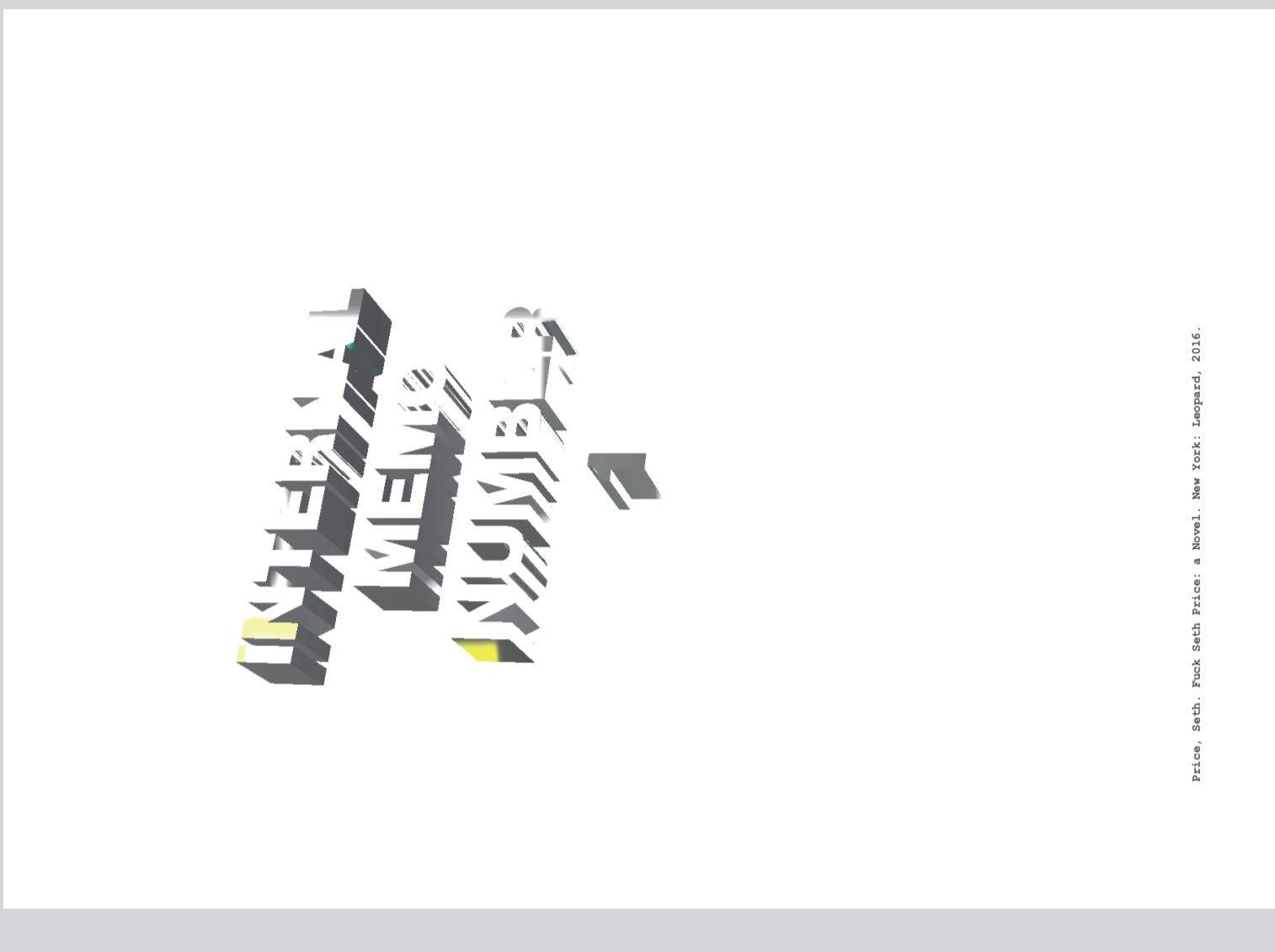
Optical Illusions

Monday morning.

Dexter Sinister — The Current Proposal



In response, certain common artistic practices had emerged. The first to hand was the most literal: printing, in both its flat form (e.g., ink-jet on paper) and its volumetric form (e.g., 3-D printing). Flat printing had become a lifeline, a quick and easy way to bridge the gap: you seized circulating data, tamed it, plasticized it, caged it for later observation. In flat printing, image became skin. You didn't have to print on paper, of course; maybe you printed on aluminum composite to signify cold, unyielding corporate modernity, or on acrylic, which lent the impermanence and vulgarity of packaging and commerce. Maybe you printed your image not on a rigid plane but on a supple material like Mylar, which folded, crumpled, and slumped, thereby aggressively asserting material presence on the hap-less image. But the image was a sly skin, and any apparent hapieness was illusory, because skin always triumphed over skeleton. Wasn't that the lesson of 3-D modeling? The computer-rendered world was only secondarily about wire-frame volumes and chiefly about surfaces, the way virtual light refracted, played across them, broke on their shores, continuously collapsing and reassembling in shivering algorithmic waves. An artist might attempt to grab such a substance only to wind up with a handful of—what? Never image itself, only more material: sighing industrial substrates, the lingering aroma of the primeval factories that once blanketed the land, the spew from a neurasthenic ticker-tape machine. Drawn to these paradoxes, many artists abandoned printing in favor of modeling and rendering, yielding haunting new worlds



Price, Seth. Fuck Seth Price: a Novel. New York: Leopard, 2016.



Dexter Sinister et al. — Dot Dot Dot #15

*Internal Memo Supercut*

This chapter of the publication was made using a Python script, that automatically searched the internet for pictures that would be described with the words - "internal Corporate Memo", and then laid out the found pictures as pages in the publication.

MS-PCAIA2 00000046  
CONFIDENTIAL

Will Stuart

**Microsoft Memo**

TO: Bill Gates, Mike Marpus, Jeff Palmer, Chris Mason  
FROM: Peter Jackson  
DATE: December 17, 1989  
RE: Opus Development Postmortem  
CC: Adrian Wyard, Bill Badler, Laurie Boehm, David Bourne,  
Clif-Chap Chan, Brad Christians, Greg Cox, Judy Crichton, Paul Fassett,  
Chase Franklin, Jodi Green, Sylvia Hayashi, Anne Hayes, Doug Kunkler,  
Tony Krueger, Laurel Lemmers, Jurgen Lashmet, Elyan Leofshoutrow,  
David Liebert, Brian MacDonald, Ford Martin, Karen Marion,  
Bob Matthews, David McKimis, Dave Moore, Kristina Mullenix,  
Jeff Mazy, Chuck O'Leary, Len Orlin, John Parkes, Rose Peters,  
Chris Peters, Diana Petersen, Ghan Poon, Tom Reeves,  
Darren Remington, Rick Sasse, Jeff Satter, Tom Seiden, Doug Scott,  
Mark Seaman, Jeanne Sheldon, Greg Slingland, Marshal Smith,  
Brandy Thurn, Doug Timpe, Brad Verheiden, Paul West (file),  
Greg Whalen, Bob Zawalich

1. Attached is the Development Postmortem for the Opus project.

ADVERTISEMENT

**FOR SALE**

Design for a contemporary art magazine. As new. Image pages: large-format, finest quality reproductions of artworks (see example, accompanying); as *white cube*; full colour on off-white coated paper (135 grams). Text pages v. readable; large main type area; 13 pt. Fournier type; as *book page*; black ink on white uncoated paper (120 grams). Considerable margin area around text page accommodates reference images and/or supplementary material (see example below/right), 10.25 pt. Fournier type. Cover: composite of image and text pages; complete list of contents and page numbers; full colour on ivory card (260 grams). All folded and staple-bound; general symmetrical layout organised from centre spread out; basic container adjusts to specific content; further sections possible, pending discussion.

Available 1 January 2006. Contact: fppgood@xs4all

WILL STUART

It seems to me that reality is fractured right now—at least the reality I live in—and the difficulty about writing about that reality is that text is very linear, it's very unified so I am constantly on the lookout for ways to fracture the text that aren't totally disorienting. I mean, you can take the lines and jumble them up, and that's nicely fractured, but nobody's going to read it. So there's got to be some interplay between how difficult you make it for the reader and how seductive it is so the reader's willing to do it.

## Memo Format

Letters and memos are two common formats for business communications. The general rule is to use letter format when your audience is outside of your organization, and use memo format when your audience is within your organization. However, often memos are used when communicating with clients and other external parties that you work with frequently.

Memos are formatted differently from letters:

- Omit the complimentary opening (Dear Dr. Bartle) and complimentary close (Sincerely, Mary Walker) that are included in a letter.
- Omit the mailing and return address (because memos are typically internal—sent between employees of the same company—no addresses are needed).
- If sending a hard copy, initial or sign the memo next to your name on the “from” line.
- Label the memo “Memo,” “Memorandum,” etc. at the top of the page, as in the examples below.

The examples below show possible ways to set up your memo. When you begin to work for a particular company, you will likely format your memos in a company-specific way. Many companies have memo templates pre-formatted with the company and/or department logo. However, any memo you write will include the date, recipient's name, and a subject line.

### Memorandum

Date: October 9, 2006  
To: Bob Manger, Team Coordinator  
From: Sam Steinberg, CPA  
Subject: Treatment of the restructuring issues for NetWorth Corporation

### Internal Memorandum

October 9, 2006

To: Bob Manger, Team Coordinator  
Cc: Debbie Partner  
From: Sam Steinberg, CPA  
Re: Treatment of the restructuring issues for NetWorth Corporation

The subject line should be very specific to the topic or purpose of the memo. Subject lines are important to memos (as well as emails) because they have a large impact on whether or not the recipient actually reads the message. A vague subject line could cause the recipient to discard the memo (or delete the email) without reading it.

**MADE IN USA, MADE IN GERMANY, MADE IN JAPAN, MADE IN CHINA, MADE IN POLAND.**

Bernadette Corporation: three people in New York City (today, 1999 or 2000) working together on a new fashion magazine called 'Made in USA' and making art. We came from different backgrounds but we had something in common: we wanted to change the world because we didn't like the way it was. Now we are more mellow and interested in turning our backs on the world, exploring new, wild spaces and telling the world what we found, how great it is, how you can do anything out there ... 'It's a very American mentality', said Daniel Boone the explorer. But we call our magazine 'Made In USA' because it is the title of the worst movie Jean Luc Godard ever made (also a very good movie).

Name: Bernadette Corporation. Current Number of Members: 3. Founded in 1994. SONY CORPORATION, DISNEY CORPORATION, TIME WARNER CORPORATION, BEATRICE CORPORATION, BERNADETTE CORPORATION. We call : ourselves a corporation because corporations are everywhere, and it impresses people ... pretending we are business people while we sleep all day like cats. Our work is like the one street lamp out of 100 that flickers on and off. How did we manage this? We started a fashion magazine yesterday.



Gauss PDF

ABT GPDF001-150 GPDF151-300 EDITIONS TWITTER

GPDF291/GPDFE050 : Clara B. Jones : /masculine nature/

**Organizational Change Announcement - Law & Finance Pyramids**

Target Communications

Re: Whitehall, May 11, 2014 8:24 AM  
To: All Target Team Members

**TIM BAER**, Executive Vice President, General Counsel and Corporate Secretary, and **JOHN MULLIGAN**, Executive Vice President and Chief Financial Officer, announce the following changes.

In order to create an environment in which all functions that relate to security and compliance are synergistically non-conflicting and ensure clearer accountability throughout the organization, we are redefining the roles and reporting structure for our Chief Information Security Officer and Chief Compliance Officer and will be undertaking an external search for these roles. In addition, the Compliance and Information Protection functions will move to the Law Pyramid while Assurance will remain within Finance.

**RALPH BOELTER**, Vice President, Corporate Security, will assume additional interim responsibility for Compliance and Information Protection, effective immediately. Ralph will continue to report to Tim Baer.

New reporting to Ralph will be **OPEN**, Vice President of Information Protection and Chief Information Security Officer (CISO) and **[REDACTED]** Vice President, Compliance and Legal. **Claudia Cimino**, General Counsel, Senior Director, Legal, Information Protection and Nancy Myton, Director, Corporate Compliance and Ethics will report to Ralph and these positions are filled. -dalc

Current direct reports will continue to report to him.

**ANN SCOVIL**, Vice President, Assurance, Risk and Compliance, has announced her retirement, effective March 28. We thank Ann for her many contributions for the past 22 years and wish her well in her future endeavors. Ann looks forward to spending more time with her family, enjoying golf and volunteering personally and professionally.

**MATT LANDERSFORD**, Director, IIS and HQ Finance has been promoted to Vice President, Assurance, effective March 30. Matt joined Target in 2010 as Director, External Financial Reporting & Capital Accounting. Matt has experience in both Assurance and Controls at various organizations including Prudential, Aon and Health Care. He was named to his current position in June 2012. Matt received his BA from the University of Iowa.

Reporting to Matt will be **Seraphina Anderson**, Director, Assurance, and **Nicole Martinez**, VP Assistant.

Until a replacement is named, Matt's direct reports will report to Scott Rull, Vice President Finance Management.

Please join us in congratulating Matt on his promotion, wishing Ralph success in assuming new interim responsibilities, and wishing Ann the very best in her future.

Bernadette Corporation Surfaces Are for Slipping Up: Made in USA. Made in USA, no. 1, 1999

**Cory Arcangel**  
New York Magazine  
May 2011

**ART**

**THE JOYS OF OBSOLESCENCE**

When high-tech products become old and awkward, that's when artist Cory Arcangel gets excited.

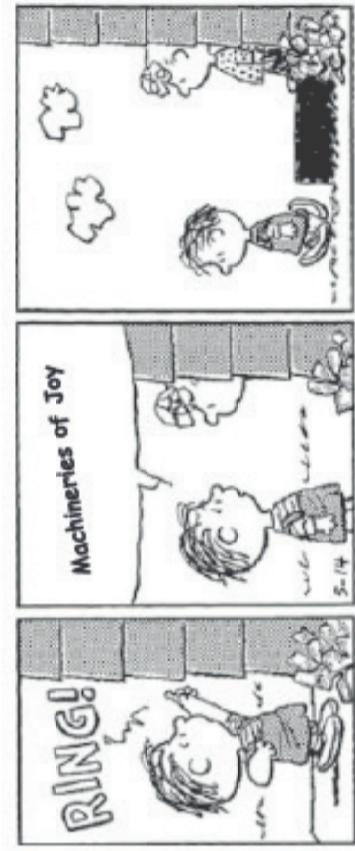
By Miriam Saper Published May 10, 2011 | Share

**W**alk into Cory Arcangel's studio space, and you're immediately met with one ludicrous product after another: a VHS tape recorder that can only play portable video cassettes from 1970 that accepts only one impossible-to-find tape format. Neatly, there's also a VHS tape recorder that's a projector that worked by actually drawing with institutional pens and pencils on paper; not far away lies a 1980s portable VCR that's been converted into a display of late-seventies, complete with film that expired in July 1990. On his computer, there's an iPhone with a screen that's been replaced by a 1990s "Game Boy Color," which he plays constantly. There's even a bustle of Crystal Palace, a relic of the early-silicon age, sitting on a shelf. And there's a "hand book" (it still has seals in it!)

"I work for culture to survive by it, and then I jump up," says Arcangel, whose exhibition "Pro Tools" is currently on view. "Then I point on things and I say, 'Wow, this thing does that but you're ignoring that, that you forgot about ... this thing says something about us.'"

Especially if it speaks loud in the eighteen. Arcangel, who turns 33 next week, is best known for his now Whitney Biennial piece *Super Mario Clouds*, in which the busy graphics of Super Mario Bros. were reduced to a minimalist sequence of blocky clouds drifting across a blue sky. To make it, Arcangel had to learn how to program the game's engine to strip away all of its color and complexity, turning eight-bit graphics into something otherworldly and serene. From an aesthetic standpoint, it was hypnotic; from an art-historical standpoint, it was layered with references. But for a generation of people who grew up with Super Mario, it was also deeply nostalgic. "It's like you have these thousands of childhood hours trudging your way through Mario's world; this piece had the ability to take you into an altered state." It's not just that he's obsessed with technological

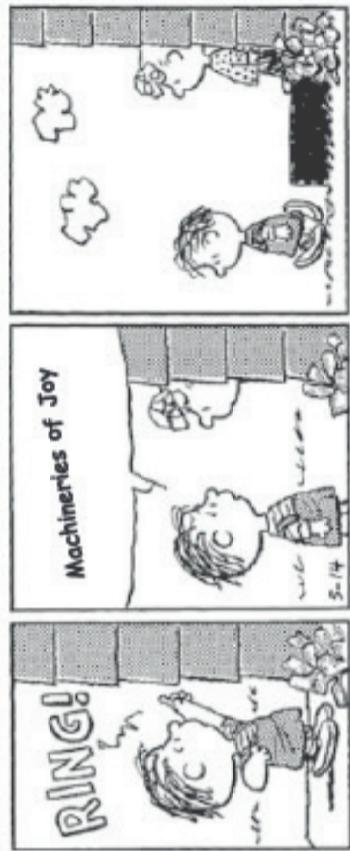
**Photo:** Justin Lubin/Redux  
**Inset Photo:** Cory Arcangel is licensing to Little Books.  
**Inset Photo:** Cory Arcangel is licensing to Little Books.



It was clear at a certain point that Machineries of Joy became something a little more than just a name for a project. This new status required new considerations and arrangements to be made — one of them is a set of loose guidelines for a kind of an identity. It mixes a collaged Peanuts strip with a colorful logotype to create something that is not necessarily easy to place on its own, but unmistakable when applied to output.

E. LUSTIG 103 E. 86 N.Y.C. 28

## Machineries of Joy



Charles Schulz, "Peanuts" (cartoon). The Complete Peanuts 1995-1998, November 10, 2015.

# Machineries of Joy

Dexter Sinister  
7th Regiment Armory  
430 Second Avenue, 47th Street  
New York, New York 10005  
tel: 212.533.1000 / fax: 212.533.1001 / 917.741.8849  
info@dextersinister.org

Dexter Sinister will occupy the Commander's Room at the 7th Regiment Armory every day from 4pm to 7pm during 2008 and will post new and past texts through numerous channels which reflect on the 2006 Whitney Biennial.

23 March 2008 / Open Letter  
23 March 2008 / It is not one reason for anything.  
23 March 2008 / "It" for Bartleby  
23 March 2008 / Artwork through Amoury Show (Demo)  
23 March 2008 / Der Konsul at abwärts  
23 March 2008 / Dexter Sinister's Responses to the Review  
23 March 2008 / How To Make Our Ideas Clear  
23 March 2008 / I am calling from a -9-  
23 March 2008 / The Parallel Campaign II  
23 March 2008 / The Parallel Campaign I  
23 March 2008 / Further questions without question marks  
23 March 2008 / I am calling from a -9-  
23 March 2008 / The Poorest [SIC] Almanack  
23 March 2008 / Dear X, (The Review of The Preview)  
23 March 2008 / Dear Y, (The Review of The Preview)  
21 March 2008 / Dear Z, (The Review of The Preview)  
21 March 2008 / Depart From Zero  
19 March 2008 / Dear A, (The Review of The Preview)  
18 March 2008 / Audio Guide  
15 March 2008 / Writing Directly  
15 March 2008 / What Is The Hundredth Monkey Effect  
15 March 2008 / Elevator Operator  
14 March 2008 / The Blind Man  
14 March 2008 / The Blind Man  
14 March 2008 / The Blind Man  
13 March 2008 / But that's the confusion the contemporary scene poses  
12 March 2008 / The Parallel Campaign II  
12 March 2008 / The Parallel Campaign I  
12 March 2008 / Clement Greenberg is a conceptual artist.  
11 March 2008 / Dear C, (The Review of The Preview)  
10 March 2008 / Re: OPEN LETTER from Dublin as dooblin' signed Dexter Sinister  
7 March 2008 / facts are totally untrue.  
4 March 2008 / The Shadow Case



# THE ORDINARY SPACEMAN

\*\*\*\*\*DEEP\*SPACE\*HOMER\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Grim music plays at the nuclear power plant as Smithers' voice comes over the PA system. "Attention. All workers trudge immediately to the main yard for the mandatory 'Worker of the Week award' festivities." Each person must walk through an X-ray machine watched by several security guards. One of them watches each worker: "Clean. Clean. Pistol. Uui. Two kids posing as an adult. Oh --" he says, seeing a Neanderthal-looking skeleton, "hey Homer."  
Carl: I hate these "Worker of the Week Award" ceremonies.  
Lenny: Who even cares any more? Everyone at work sure has already got one.  
Carl: Except foocoocor --  
Homer: Hello! Well, today's the day for Homer J.! I know. I'm going to win this time!  
Lenny: Yeah? How come?  
Homer: Union rule 26. "Every employee must win 'Worker of the Week' at least once regardless of gross incompetence, obesity, or rank odor." Heh heh heh heh.  
-- He's a shoo-in, then, "Deep Space Homer"  
Smithers uses a megaphone to make an announcement.  
Smithers: Attention, everyone. Let's have an awed hush please for Mr. Burns.  
[Everyone gasps]  
Burns: Comrades, it is imperative that we crush the freedom fighters before the start of the rainy season. And remember, a shiny new donkey for whoever brings me the head of Colonel Montoya.  
[Smithers whispers to him] Huh? What? Oh, and by that I mean, of course, it's time for the "Worker of the Week Award". I can't believe we've overlooked this week's winner for so very, very long. We simply could not function without his tireless efforts. So, a round of applause for...this inanimate carbon rod!  
[Everyone cheers]  
Homer: [growls] Ooh...inanimate, huh? I'll show him inanimate!  
-- Homer, master Impressionist, "Deep Space Homer"  
Homer is despondent that night at dinner.  
Homer: Stupid carbon rod. It's all just a popularity contest!  
Bart: Wow! Did you actually get to see the rod?  
Marge: Oh, I'm sorry, Honey.  
Homer: [mournful] Nobody respects me at work.  
Marge: Well, we respect you!  
[Bart writes "Insear Brain Hare" on the back of Homer's head]  
[Lisa and Bart laugh]  
Bart: I told you, don't draw on your father's skull.  
[Marge reads it and begins to chuckle]  
-- Once a Simpson, always a Simpson, "Deep Space Homer"  
  
Since everyone's laughing, Homer asks, "What does it say? I want to see!" He tries spinning around to see it, but only ends up falling on the ground and gasping as he continues to run in circles. The family's laughter tapers off slowly. Soon, they all groan.  
Homer: Ah, TV respects me. It laughs with me, not at me!  
[Turns it on; a man points at him]  
Man: You stupid -- [laughs uncontrollably]  
Homer: D'oh! [switches channels]  
-- "Deep Space Homer"

The Ordinary Spaceman was a kind of perspective study. It was an unrealised draft that would consist of a script of a Simpsons episode called Space Homer superimposed with its Wikipedia page.



Homer and Marge arrive at the NASA launch site. Homer asks Marge if she wants to go see the launch. Marge says no, but Homer insists. They walk up to the launch pad, where they are met by a scientist and his assistant. The scientist tells them about the rocket and its purpose. Homer is impressed and asks if he can go on the rocket. The scientist says no, but Homer persists. Finally, the scientist agrees to let Homer go on the rocket as a passenger. Homer is overjoyed and jumps into the rocket. The rocket launches and flies into space. Homer is in awe of the view and the experience. He returns to Earth and tells Marge all about his adventure.



Production

The show's producer, Matt Groening, has said that the episode was directed by Christopher Miller. He has also stated that the episode was shot in a single day.

Production

The show's producer, Matt Groening, has said that the episode was directed by Christopher Miller. He has also stated that the episode was shot in a single day.

Scientist: We need a fresh angle to keep the public interested.

Assistant: The public see our astronauts as clean-cut, athletic go-getters. They hate people like that.

Woman: Well, who do they like?

Assistant: Well, here are the most popular personalities on television, or "TV".

[Turns one on, shows "Home Improvement"]

Taylor: I did it! I supercharged my riding mower. [Makes his characteristic noises. Backs through a fence by mistake]

Al: Ehh, no Peg.

[Audience laughs and claps]

[FBI flushes a toilet, and everyone hollers and cheers]

-- Fox: only the best programs, "Deep Space Homer"

Scientist: I wish there was an easier way.

The scientist sees the common theme in the popular shows.

Researcher: Why, they're all a bunch of blue-collar slobs!

Scientist: People, that's who we need for our next astronaut. Assistant: I suggest a lengthy, inefficient search. At the taxpayers' expense, of course.

Peg: [Whines] Al...let's have sex!

Al: Oh, no!

I've killed Wilson. Looks like it's back to jail for me.

[Makes more train noises]

[The next channel shows "Married...With Children"]

Peg: [Whines] Al...let's have sex!

Al: Ehh, no Peg.

[Audience laughs and claps]

[FBI flushes a toilet, and everyone hollers and cheers]

Scientist: How did you get this number?

Homer: Shut up! And another thing: how come I can't get no Tang

'round here? And also --

[a toilet flushes]

Scientist: People, our long search is over.

-- At no expense to the taxpayers, yet, "Deep Space Homer"

Homer's next phone call from Moe's is to the President of the United States.

Homer: Hello, is this President Clinton? Good! I figured if anyone knew where to get some Tang, it'd be you. ... Shut up! I know what I like on TV.

Scientist: How did you get this number?

Homer: Shut up! And another thing: how come I can't get no Tang

'round here? And also --

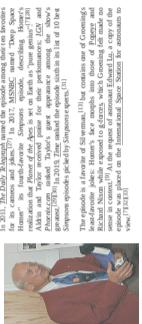
[a toilet flushes]

Scientist: People, our long search is over.

-- At no expense to the taxpayers, yet, "Deep Space Homer"

Assistant: Are you the person that called NASA yesterday?





verlord meme



Scientist: Thank you, that's all we have time for.  
-- The NASA press conference, "Deep Space Homer"

The scientist tries to impress on Homer and Barney

**Scientist:** Now of course only one of you will be chosen to go into responsibility.

space. So the next few weeks will be a grueling series of tests to determine which one of you is most qualified.

Assistant: Oh, and Mr. Gumble: for the duration of the training there will be no more beer.

Barney: What? Three whole weeks with only wine? I'll go crazy!

Homer: And may the best man win. [whispers to assistant] He's got big drinking problems, could embarrass the program. Meet me up in that tree later and I'll tell you more.

At their new homeette on-site, the family sits down for dinner. -- Good sportsmanship, "Deep Space Homer"

Bart: Wow, my father an astronaut. I feel so full of...What's the opposite of shame?  
M. M. D. S.

Marge: Prices?  
Bart: No, not—that—far from shame.  
Homer: [quavering] Less shame?  
Bart: [happy] Yeah...  
— English has a word for everything, "Deep Space Homer"

Homer: Who's doing what now?  
-- Does Marge read "Life in Hell?", "Deep Space Homer"  
The next day, Homer shows up for training eating a pink donut. (But no  
smelling you have to do.)

weaning a pink shirt. Careful, he wets his -- oh, never mind.)

nowher, well, here I am, ligul on lame. I don't see bally we's crash the rocket into the White House and kill the President Gumble...

Assistant: Actually, he's been here since sunrise.  
Barney: [Barney works with a punching bag]  
Hi Homer: Since they made me stop drinking, I've regained my balance and diction! Observe: [does backflips] "I am the very model of a modern major general," I've information

once was a man from Nantucket, Whose --" [smashes into a wall]  
s not complete that limerick. "Deep Space Homer."

MANUFACTURE OF POLY(1,4-PHENYLENE TEREPHTHALIC ANHYDRIDE)

Both men are tested on the centrifugal force machine, their faces taking on obscene-looking shapes (Homer's remarkably reminiscent of Popeye). They both blow into small tubes connected to columns filled with water and a white ball, to test their lungs. Homer drinks his water instead, sighing, "Mmm...medicay." (They are even forced to do battles in a futuristic arena while everyone watches. The assistant whispers, "I wager 400 onations on the newcomer.")

**Scientist:** Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet the two astronauts who will accompany the winner into space.

Buzz: (Second names all right after first.)  
Baron and Buzz Aldrin, the second man on the moon!

[long pause]  
So Barney, we hear you're kickin' ass.  
Homer: [contemptuous] I, er, don't think this contest

**Scientist:** There's no swimsuit competition, Homer.

At last, the big day arrives. Barney does somersaults while holding

onto some gymnast's rings as Homer stands there. The sassistant approach, and Barney does a perfect dismount.

**Scientist:** Gentlemen, you've both worked very hard. And in a way, you're both winners. But in another more accurate way,

Barney is the winner.

Homer: [downcast] Congratulations, Barney.

SCHIRMER: That's very gracious of you, however. Please join us in a toast...to the mission!

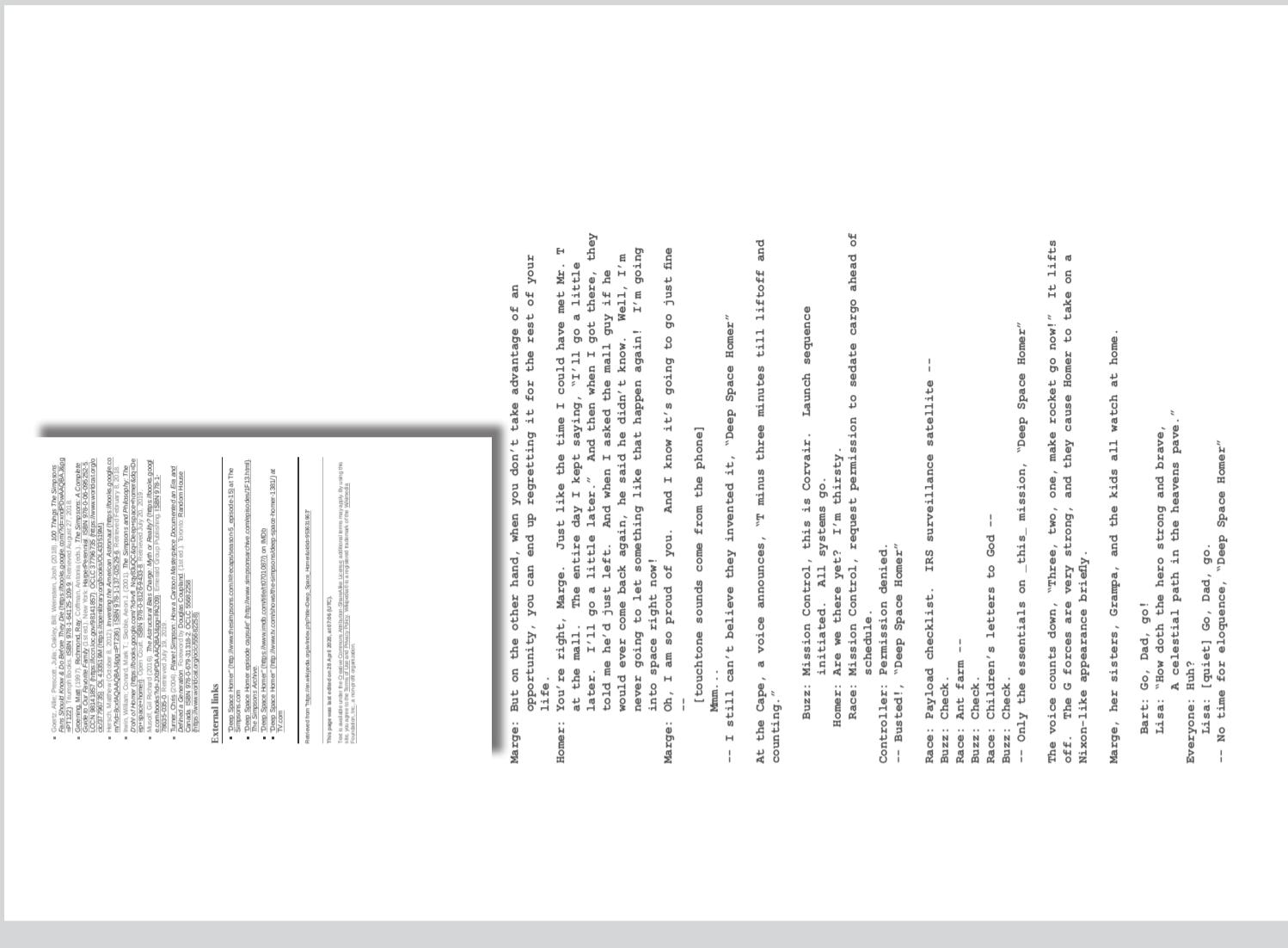
[The four of them drink, and Barney looks slightly crazed]

Barney: It begins... [grabs the bottle and changes]  
-- So close and yet so far, "Deep Space Homer"

"I don't understand it," says the assistant. "that was non-alcoholic beer." Barney bounces in the middle of the road, only to be run over by a marmalade truck.

champagne."





Marge: But on the other hand, when you don't take advantage of an opportunity, you can end up regretting it for the rest of your life.

Homer: You're right, Marge. Just like the time I could have met Mr. T at the mall. The ennie just like the time I could have met Mr. T later. I'll go a little later. And then when I got there, they told me he'd just left. And when I asked the mall guy if he would ever come back again, he said he didn't know. Well, I'm never going to let something like that happen again! I'm going into space right now!

Marge: Oh, I am so proud of you. And I know it's going to go just fine

-- [touchtone sounds come from the phone]

Mum: -- I still can't believe they invented it, "Deep Space Homer"

At the Cape, a voice announces, "T minus three minutes till liftoff and counting."

Buzz: Mission Control, this is Corvair. Launch sequence initiated. All systems go.

Homer: Are we there yet? I'm thirty.

Race: Mission Control, request permission to sedate cargo ahead of schedule.

Controller: Permission denied.

-- Busted!, "Deep Space Homer"

Race: Payload checklist. IRS surveillance satellite --

Buzz: Check.

Buzz: Ant farm --

Buzz: Check.

Race: Children's letters to God --

-- Only the essentials on -this- mission, "Deep Space Homer"

The voice counts down. "Three, two, one, make rocket go now!" It lifts off. The G forces are very strong, and they cause Homer to take on a Nixon-like appearance briefly.

Marge, her sisters, Grampa, and the kids all watch at home.

Bart: Go, Dad, go!

Lisa: "How doth the hero strong and brave,  
A celestial path in the heavens pave."

Everyone: Huh?

Lisa: [quiet] Go, Dad, go.

-- No time for eloquence, "Deep Space Homer"

Good news at Mission Control, too.

Assistant: Sir, the TV ratings for the launch are the highest in ten years.

Everyone: Yay!

Scientist: And how's the spacecraft doing?

Assistant: I dunno. All this equipment is just used to measure TV ratings.

-- Equipment purchased at the taxpayers' expense, "Deep Space Homer"

It's beautiful. It's the most awe-inspiring sight I have ever seen.

[Gives of life, mother of us all - hey guys, look what I smuggled aboard! shows a bag of chips]

-- Homer, just after lift-off, "Deep Space Homer"

Buzz warns him, "Homer, no!" But it's too late: Homer opens the bag nonetheless. The chips float about the cabin, and Marge rues, "They'll clog the instruments!" Buzz is worried: "Careful! They're ruffled."

Homer has the solution, however: he unbuckles his seat belt, and accompanied by "The Blue Danube Waltz", he floats about the cabin, eating the chips. But his head drifts perilously close to the ant colony.

Ant 1: Protect the queen!

Ant 2: Which one's the queen?

Ant 3: I'm the queen!

Ant 1: No you're not!

Homer: Nooo! This head smashed the colony, and the ants float free!

Ant 1: Freedom! Horrible, horrible freedom!

Buzz: You fool! Now we may never know if ants can be trained to sort tiny screws in space.

-- The bane of humanity, "Deep Space Homer"

Controller: Er, some good news, gentlemen. We have quite a treat for you. We've been able to coax superstar James Taylor in here to Mission Control to wish you well and play you a little bit of his own brand of laid-back adult contemporary music.

Homer: Wow, former President James Taylor.

Taylor: How ya doin', fellas?

Buzz: With all due respect, Mr. Taylor, this isn't the best time for your unique brand of bittersweet folk rock. We have a potentially critical situation here. I'm sure you'll understand.

Taylor: Listen, Aldrin, I'm not as laid back as people think. Now here's the deal: I'm going to play, and you're going to float there and like it.

[Sings]

When you're down, and troubled,  
And you need helping hand,  
And nothing, oh, nothing going right...

-- Strangely apt choice of lyrics, "Deep Space Homer"

Kent Brockman reports on Channel Six.

Kent: We're just about to get our first pictures from inside the spacecraft with "average-naut" Homer Simpson, and we'd like to -- aah!

[Camera shows a close-up of an ant floating in front of the three astronauts]

Everyone: Aah!

Kent: Ladies and gentlemen, er, we've just lost the picture, but, uh, what we've seen speaks for itself. The Corvair spacecraft has been taken over -- "conquered", if you will -- by a master race of giant space ants. It's difficult to tell from this vantage point whether they will consume the captive earth men or merely enslave them. One thing is for certain, there is no stopping them; the ants will soon be here.

And I, for one, welcome our new insect overlords. I'd like to remind them that as a trusted TV personality, I can be helpful in rounding up others to toil in their underground sugar caves.

Marge: Mmm, don't worry, kids. I'm sure your father's all right.

Lisa: [pause] What are you basing that on, Mom?

Marge: [with forced cheer] Who wants ginger snaps?

-- I do! Me too, please!, "Deep Space Homer"

James Taylor continues to sing to the hapless astronauts. "{'There's hours of time on the telephone line,'talking 'bout things to come...'} Sweet dreams, and flying machines,/And pieces on the ground -- um..." He pauses, then continues, "Sweet dreams, and flying machines./Flying safely through the air..."

Things go from bad to worse on the spaceship. Some of the ants land on the controls and crawl into them.

Race: Oh my God, the ants are shorting out our navigation systems!

[the astronauts smack back and forth into the walls]

Taylor: Ants, huh? We had quite a severe ant problem at the vineyard this year. I had Art Garfunkel come by with his compressor, and we created a total vacuum outside the house, and we blew the ants out the front door. But I'm sure you high-tech NASA people could care less about our resort-town ways.

Assistant: [Imitating] Quiet, you --

Scientist: Wait a minute...this unkempt youngster might just be on to something.

-- Unkemp? Young? Nash. "Deep Space Homer."

Race and Buzz prepare the shuttle to be evacuated of air. Buzz pushes the button with a "Weke hatch blow now!" The ants and chigs get sucked out, as planned, and Homer (who has forgotten to attach his seat belt) dusts off his hands, says, "And that is that!" He, too, gets sucked towards the hatch.

Luckily, he manages to grab the handle of the door, but it bends under the strain. "Oh my god," says the scientist, "this is a disaster!" James Taylor uses the distraction to run away.

Homer hangs outside the shuttle still, and the handle finally gives in and snaps off. Fortunately, Buzz and Race are there to grab him.

Buzz: Homer, you broke the handle.

Race: With that hatch open, we'll burn up on re-entry! That's it: if I go, I'm taking you to hell with me.

Homer: Wait a minute, Buzz. Wait a minute...wait!

[breaks off a support rod]

Aha! Now I'll bust that pretty face of yours!

[tries to swing it, but it catches in the door]

Aw stupid bar.

Buzz: Wait, Homer. If that bar holds, we just might make it back to earth.

Homer: Oh. [voice rising] I'll bash you good!

-- One-track minds, "Deep Space Homer"

Wall, this reporter was...possibly a little hasty earlier and would like to...reaffirm his allegiance to this country and its human president. May not be perfect, but it's still the best government we have. For now.

[notices "HAIL ANTS" sign taped up, tears it down]

Oh, yes, by the way, the spacecraft still in extreme danger, may not make it back, attempting risky reentry, bla bla bla bla bla. We'll see you after the movie.

-- Kent Brockman, backpedaling furiously, "Deep Space Homer."

On the dangerous trip back through the atmosphere, the shuttle heats up until it glows red. Buzz and Race hum, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," while Homer sings, "Oh, those Golden Grahams. Oh, those Crispy, crunchy, graham cereal, brand new breakfast treat..."

The Simpson family still watch in suspense.

Lisa: Come on, Dad. You can make it!

Abe: Aw, of course he'll make it. It's TV.

-- Metahumor, "Deep Space Homer"

The spaceship hurtles towards the earth at a dangerous speed. It smashes into the building where the press is housed, which is convenient in terms of post-trip interviews.

Tom: Uh, how'd you solve the door dilemma?

Buzz: Homer Simpson as the real hero here. He jury-rigged the door closed using this.

Man 1: Hey, what is that?

Man 2: It's an inanimate carbon rod!

Everyone: Yay!

-- Rod Flanders? Nope. "Deep Space Homer"

A parade is organized in honor of the rod. It gets to ride in its own limousine. The family watch the parade, but Homer turns the TV off angrily.

[Homer shuts off the TV]

Bart: Aw, they were just about to show some close-ups of the rod!

Homer: Oh, stupid rod! I got grapped. Marge: Oh, Homer, you should be proud! Only a handful of people have done what you've done.

Lisa: Yeah, Dad! How many people have seen the icebergs and the deserts all at once, or the majesty of the Northern Lights from one hundred miles above?

Homer: Yeah, maybe I do have the right...what's that stuff?

-- Uh, stuff?, "Deep Space Homer."

Homer thanks his wife and elder daughter. "Bart, do you have something nice to say to your father?" Bart, who has just written "HERO" on Homer's head, says, "Eh, he knows how I feel." He tosses the marker in the air, and we watch it close up, tumbling slowly

It turns into a FOX satellite in space, descending slowly to "Also Sprach Zarathustra". It hits a glass ball containing a baby Homer in it, who says, "Doh!" indignantly.

[End of Act Three. Time: 21:24]

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# **Slogans for Useless Corporations**

Slogans for Stupid Corporations was an unrealised draft for a publication that would consist of unlikely, self-deprecating and outright sardonic slogans that would describe a fictional corporation.

# Spearheading Innovation



Marcel Broodthaers — Department of Eagles

**Solution 2020**

# The F Word

**Seth Price**  
Reena Spaulings Fine Art, through  
Dec 7 (see Lower East Side).

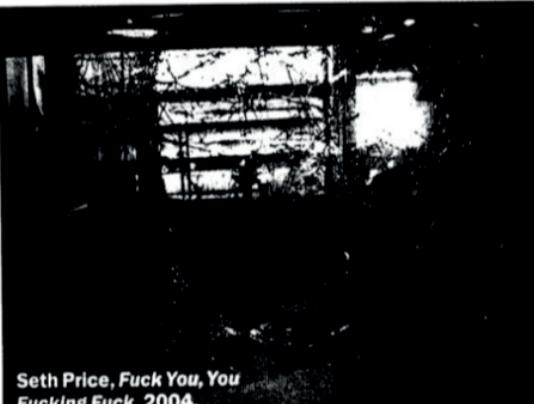
In 1913, Marcel Duchamp famously asked: Is it possible to make works that are not works of art? Some 60 years later, Belgian poet-cum-artist Marcel Broodthaer attempted to answer this question at Documenta V with

his *Museum of Modern Art, Department of Eagles*, which displayed 266 artworks and kitsch objects, all depicting eagles and each accompanied by a plastic sign saying THIS IS NOT A WORK OF ART. Broodthaer's fictitious museum highlighted the system of exhibitions, institutions and magazines through which works are displayed as art.

In his first solo exhibition in New York, Seth Price follows this line of inquiry to create works in which the means of distribution and reproduction constitute the message. For example, in *Untitled Document* (2004), the

artist has downloaded a controversial video showing an American journalist beheaded by Pakistani fundamentalists; the video is available for \$10 at the gallery on a black, caseless DVD. The piece gives sculptural weight to information that the FBI attempted to prevent from being disseminated. Alternatively, *Fuck You, You Fucking Fuck* is nothing but a cracked sheet of safety glass. The title implies the violence inherent in the material's commercial applications—from a shattered door to a smashed car windshield.

Elsewhere, three slabs of what appears to be marble lean against the wall; they're actually Plexiglas-mounted digital prints created by scanning slices of moldy bread. In this work, Price mocks the objectivity associated with photographic reproduction and, like Broodthaer's museum, complicates our attempts to separate a medium, such as photography or sculpture, from its framework of circulation and reception.  
—Benjamin Carlson



Seth Price, *Fuck You, You Fucking Fuck*, 2004.

**Sporadic  
Entitlement**

**Definitely  
Maybe  
Not**

*Dejected  
And  
Depraved*

# An-Aesthetic

Machineries of Joy

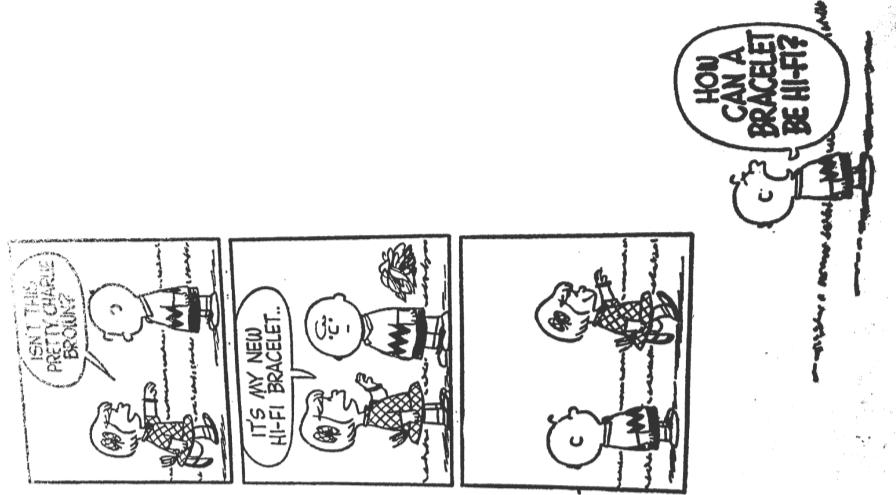
An-aesthetic was an unrealised draft for a publication that attempted to explore the aesthetic underpinnings of Machineries of Joy as an internal document (part of Machineries of Joy the series). That job is now relegated to this book, but it was an important idea to consider — Machineries of Joy would become aware of its own design to a certain extent and it was an idea worth exploring.

The generosity of an underground film is that it produces cheap or free glamour in the midst of a crowd. The pretentiousness of a documentary is its benign eye letting reality be (yuck), as if reality was some kind of nature to protect. The fascination of reality TV is in how it forces reality to act itself as such, and how stupid it is to see. So the best thing to do is lure the pedestrian back into fiction, reappropriate the image of the city and glamorize its passing, but there's something to remember: the post- cinematic city does not know how to act.

This cognitive dissonance between the affirmative Pop artwork and the Pop artist's personal life, persona, and statements made for the headiest Pop, and not coincidentally this area of friction was where its most powerful aspects of negation were to be found. Already known for his narcissistic self-promotion, Koons went and married a notorious porn star and portrayed them fucking, in photographs and sculptures that dismayed the art world and put a kink in his career. West, who also couldn't contain his chronically narcissistic behavior, married a TV personality whose fame stemmed in part from a leaked sex tape, and whom he promptly made a costar in his life and videos. It was almost a recipe: take an unbounded talent for Pop affirmation, temper it with excessive control, and you got negation. But this was what made such artists so fascinating, because with all their own internal contradictions on display they were able to embody their era and its more general contradictions. The cognitive dissonance produced by transgression would only temporarily hurt their careers; over the long term it would bolster the legend. In hindsight their personal and professional tumult would come to represent the warp and woof of history itself.

West and Koons were not just chosen for the role of embodying an age — they seized it and thrived on it. The truly great Pop artist needed to affirm the insane state of affairs that resulted when you danced in the public eye; they had to milk it, and their very hubris was what ultimately redeemed them in the eyes of the public. Koons's stated goal was to be as culturally powerful as the Beatles, who themselves had outraged people with their claim to be more powerful than Jesus, which was itself updated by West's proclamation "I am a god." Of course none of these ambitions could be fulfilled, because none of these powerful and *sui generis* people would ever escape their assigned box: the Beatles remained a pop-music phenomenon, Koons would forever be an artist whose name was only vaguely recognized by most, Kanye would stay Kanye, and God was God.

Is what we call 'obeying a rule' something that it would be possible for only one man to do, and to do only once in his life? - This is of course a note on the grammar of the expression 'to obey a rule'.  
It is not possible that there should have been only one occasion on which someone obeyed a rule. It is not possible that there should have been only one occasion on which a report was made, an order given or understood; and so on.  
To obey a rule, to make a report, to give an order, to play a game of chess, are customs (uses, institutions), To understand a sentence means to understand a language. To understand a language means to be master of a technique.



This unified phenomenon of the future that makes present in the process of having-been is what we call temporality.<sup>12</sup> Roughly put, we thus ek-statically form ourselves by projecting ourselves into a future and the present becomes present through this projective transcending and self-transcending movement. We experience the present via the anticipation of the primary phenomenon of time that is the future, that is, via something that is not present yet and renders the present something that will have been. Without going deeper into the existential-ontological register of Heidegger we would like to connect this insight to broader reflections on current possibilities for social and political change in a time when it seems that the phenomenon of the future is being extinguished (or usurped by predictive algorithms), when collective ecstasy and protection have been rendered seemingly impossible.



## The Player

© *Machineries of Joy*

**The Player** was a stepping stone in a sense that it was the first “official” publication to be fully digitally typeset and laid out. It features found material on playing and a generative string of images of tennis players, that creates an impression that they are playing with each other.

Video game soundtracks appeared in the early 1980s, when primitive analogue oscillators allowed for the first real musical accompaniments. Previously, most of the noises emanating from the machine were isolated sound-effects, layered on minimal, repetitive backgrounds, such as the menacing 'putt-putt' of Asteroids. Today, the industry-wide use of sampling has produced a genre generally indistinguishable from commercial pop. Between these two eras, however, composers made due with the scraps of technology at hand, generating an eerily beautiful back-catalogue of obsolete approaches. I don't want to attempt a proper history of the genre, rather to make some suggestions or observations around the release of this album.

1. The soundtracks were encoded into arcade games, disks and cartridges, and were not available beyond this context. Unlike film soundtracks, then, video game music was inseparable from its original medium. Composers had to assume a transience for their work, since game systems changed rapidly and the games themselves were often discarded or forgotten. By the same token, this medium-specificity assured a well-defined audience, constituted largely of adolescent and teenage boys.
2. Structurally, the genre presents unique limitations. A track must be energetic but not distracting, the consummate "background music". It need not follow a standard musical trajectory, since it must be capable of looping ad infinitum, allowing players as much time as needed with a given screen or level. Because of this, many of the album tracks start abruptly or quickly peter out, their duration determined by the programmer who removed them from the circuits. For this reason, many of the tracks must be considered extracts or samples of larger and arguably infinite compositions.
3. Dictated by a game's theme, the songs reference vernacular musics such as horror soundtracks, carnival music, and vaguely ethnic genres. However, even as a song may sound like, say, 'Asian music', it's not clear that the composer knew much about the idiom. In any case, this is irrelevant if a listener gets the shorthand; in this there is a similarity to advertising jingles, which also quickly supply complex discursive cues to a broad audience, with little concern for authenticity.
4. While today's computers and game consoles can reproduce entire sampled bands, these older soundtracks were programmed, not 'played' in the traditional sense.



They have always existed solely as strings of numbers, and do not derive from analogue or 'real world' signals. At the time, this was uncommon among commercial pop music, which relied heavily on microphone recording. At times, the game music's reliance on programmed mathematical progression suggests classical sequencing.

5. The release of this album enacts the corporate strategy of uprooting an 'underground' or otherwise obscure cultural artifact and exposing it to a broad audience. Fans extracted these songs from long-dead cartridges, tapes, and arcade machines, and placed them on the internet for trade with other fans. Historically, this is a practice of hacker culture, with its credo "information wants to be free". Free, in other words, from corporate control; put more romantically, this means the liberation of art from commerce. The aim of this album is not to profit, rather to raise questions of access, distribution, and circulation, by reinserting these songs into the marketplace. The market is their original context, a context without which they could never have existed. The fans who mined these soundtracks and placed them on the web might object to the gesture, recognizing the labor that goes into finding and guarding the troves of popular culture. But free circulation of material on music trading sites is as legally suspect as the release of pirated compilation, which only returns the problem to a traditional distribution model. The cover was reproduced from an album on cdcovers.cc, a web-database of downloadable record-cover art that derives its content from user input. When asked about the site, a lawyer for Warner Brothers remarked that it was no big deal. It is CD packaging, however, that is the industry's last line of defense, and the only added value that they can append to musical content.

6. Until now, these songs have existed solely as digital information: programmed, encoded, extracted, uploaded and downloaded, finally burned to compact disc; all the while passing through numerous data compressions and file formats. The album release wraps them in plastic and cuts them loose from their origins. In a sense, the shift of context is a liberation; on the other hand, they are stamped with the authenticity accorded to genuine cultural articles (as opposed to mere electronic data)—and this raises the question of how much an authentic article of culture depends on legitimization by the packaging and distribution systems of the market.

Price, Seth. "Early Video Game Soundtracks 1982-1987." In Magazine, 2001.

In contrast, 3D computer-generated worlds have the exact flexibility one would expect from media in the information age. It is not accidental that 3D CG representation, along with hypertext and other new computer-based data representation methods, was conceptualized in the same decade when the transformation of advanced industrialized societies into information societies became visible. In a 3D computer-generated world, everything is discrete. The world consists of a number of separate objects. Objects are defined by points described by their coordinates in a 3D space; other properties of objects, such as color, transparency, and reflectivity, are similarly described in terms of discrete numbers. As a result, although a 3D CG representation may not have the richness of a lens-based recording, it does contain a semantic structure of the world. This structure is easily accessible at any time. A designer can directly select any object (or any object part) in the scene. Thus, to duplicate an object one hundred times requires only a few mouse clicks or typing a short command, and all other properties of a world can similarly be easily changed. And since each object itself consists of discrete components (flat polygons or surface patches defined by splines), it is equally easy to change its 3D form by selecting and manipulating its components. In addition, just as a sequence of genes contains the code that is expanded into a complex organism, a compact description of a 3D world that contains only the coordinates of the objects can be quickly transmitted through the network, with the client computer reconstructing the full world (this is how online multiplayer computer games and simulators work).

Manovich, Lev. "Image Future." *The Machinima Reader*, March 2011, 73–89. [https://doi.org/10.7551/mitpress/9780262015332.003.0006](http://doi.org/10.7551/mitpress/9780262015332.003.0006).

**Sound Collector:** I guess the first question I have is about the *Game Heaven* project. You got that put on sale at the Whitney store for the Biennial. Did anyone buy any?

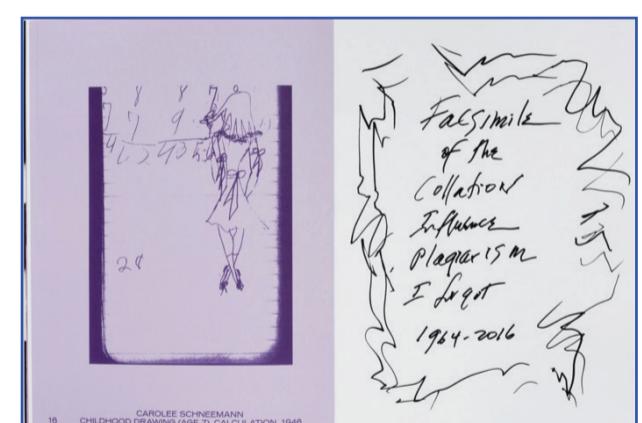
**Seth Price:** The Whitney bought 20 off me outright, and I have no idea if anyone bought any copies. There was a nice piece in *i-D Magazine* about it, which listed the Whitney as the only supplier, so maybe that generated some sales.

**SC:** It's on CD?

**Price:** It is on CD now. I would like to see it on vinyl, but I don't have the money at the moment.

**SC:** How did the whole project come together?

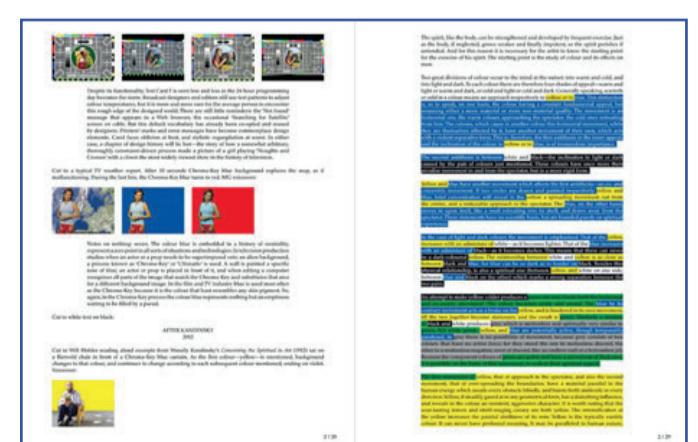
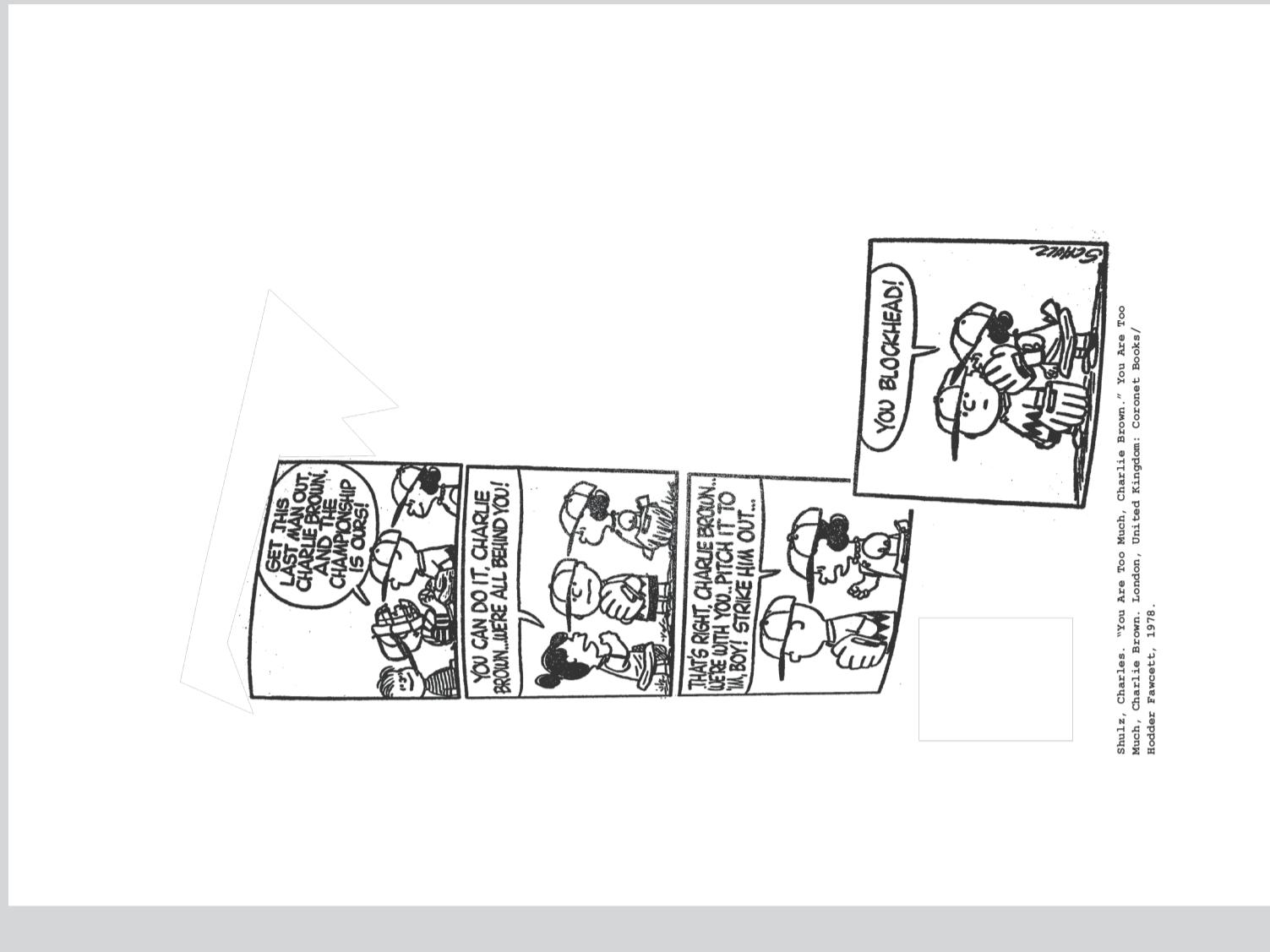
**Price:** Well, about a year and a half ago, or at any rate last spring, I was looking for the soundtrack to *Rastan*, which is an arcade game from 1987 or 1988, and I figured that I could find it on the Internet. There are these incredible trading sites run by video-game enthusiasts, where people hack the soundtracks from arcade games and cartridges and consoles. I don't know how this is done, but the information is converted to files that can be uploaded and swapped on these sites. So I downloaded about three hours' worth and put together the best 40-minute mix tape that I could think of.

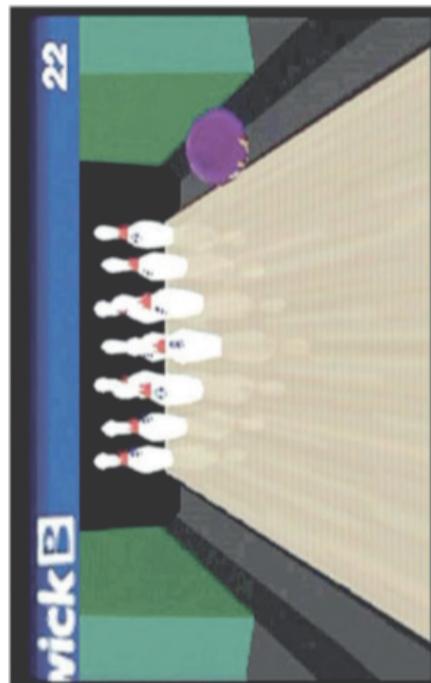


Carolee Schneemann, John Morgan Studio — Carolee's Magazine  
(The Artist's Institute)

At this point I wasn't really considering it anything other than something I was doing for my pleasure, and for my friends. But at a certain point I noticed that everyone responded so strongly to it that I started to think about the implications of ripping stuff off from the Internet, stuff that was already kind of circulating in the public domain. In many cases it was impossible for me to discover not only who had written these songs but also what video games they had even come from, because stuff on the Internet material comes with very little information attached, sometimes. Some of these songs were downloaded from Napster with no more information than "video-game soundtrack." And it started to become exciting as a project beyond the interest simply in the music but also the whole methodology, or the strategy, of taking material that was circulating publicly and shifting it from one form of distribution to another.

Role Playing Games: An Interview with Seth Price.  
Sound Collector, 2002.





Cory Arcangel - Self Playing Bowling Games  
Siegel, Miranda. "The Joys of Obsolescence." New York  
Magazine, May 15, 2011..



The following sequence of Images was attained using a  
Python script that downloaded specific images under a  
specific search term.  
Search Term - \*tennis player\*



Duration Piece #31  
Boston

On December 31, 1973 a young woman was photographed at the exact instant in time determined to be exactly 1/8th of a second before midnight, inasmuch as the aperture of the camera was set at 1/4, (1/4th of a second) and the shutter speed was set at 1/8th of a second past midnight, put another way, after the first 1/8th of a second of 1974 had elapsed.

As the subject of the photograph faced toward the south, the left side of her body was oriented toward the west; as time «moves» from east to west, the photograph represents the young woman during an instant when approximately half of her body existed within the old year, 1973, while the other half had entered the new year, 1974; indeed, consistent with the spirit of the season she wears the costume of the New Year's Baby.

One photograph joins this statement as the form of this piece.

January, 1974

*On December 31, 1973 a young woman was photographed at the exact instant in time determined to be exactly 1/8th of a second before midnight. Inasmuch as the aperture of the camera was set at '4', (1/4th of a second) the image on the film became «complete» 1/8th of a second past midnight. Put another way, after the first 1/8th of a second of 1974 had elapsed.*

*As the subject of the photograph faced toward the south, the left side of her body was oriented toward the west; as time «moves» from east to west, the photograph represents the young woman during an instant when approximately half of her body existed within the old year, 1973, while the other half had entered the new year, 1974; indeed, consistent with the spirit of the season she wears the costume of the New Year's Baby.*

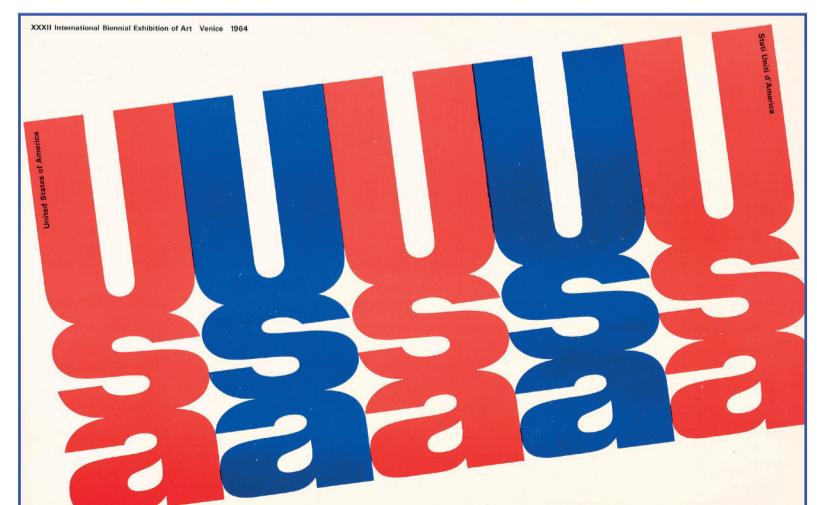
*One photograph joins this statement as the form of this piece.*

*January, 1974*



**Website Draft** — it was important to establish a mode of distribution that would be true to the premise of the project and expand its possibilities.

The layout is borrowed partly from a news aggregator & That kind of media entity is close to the premise of the project.



Elaine Lustig Coben — XXXII International Biennale, Venice (USA)

## Machineries of Joy

This project is an exploration of experimental publishing. It explores the notions of writing, editing and designing as an institutional entity. It explores strategies for writing and editing borrowed from television, cartoons and news media.

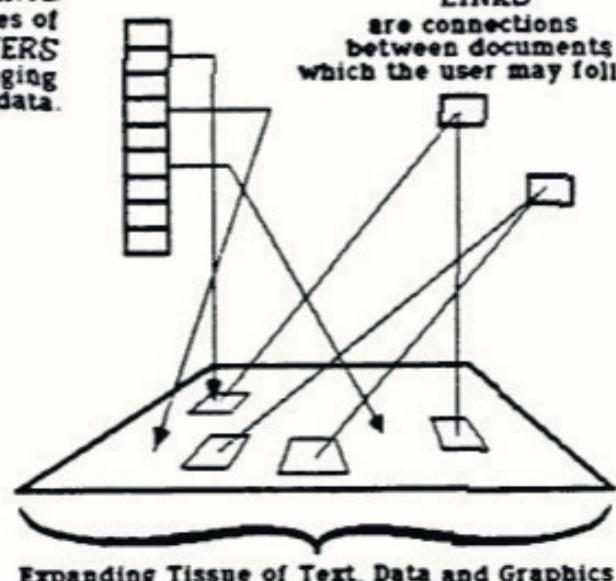
In this project I function as an editor, designer and publisher of the volumes and (possibly) other media this project requires to produce. That being journals, templates, announcements, websites, posters and ephemera.

back

## IMPROVED ORGANIZATION FOR SINGLE USER OR OFFICE

DOCUMENTS  
are series of  
POINTERS  
into the changing  
web of data.

LINKS  
are connections  
between documents  
which the user may follow.





Faire Revue — [empire@s-y-n-d-i-c-a-t.eu](mailto:empire@s-y-n-d-i-c-a-t.eu) — Revue Faire  
Published by Empire books — [www.e-m-p-i-r-e.eu](http://www.e-m-p-i-r-e.eu) — Publié par les Éditions Empire

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Published by Empire  
Closed format 210x297 mm, 20 pages

*Revue Faire Website*

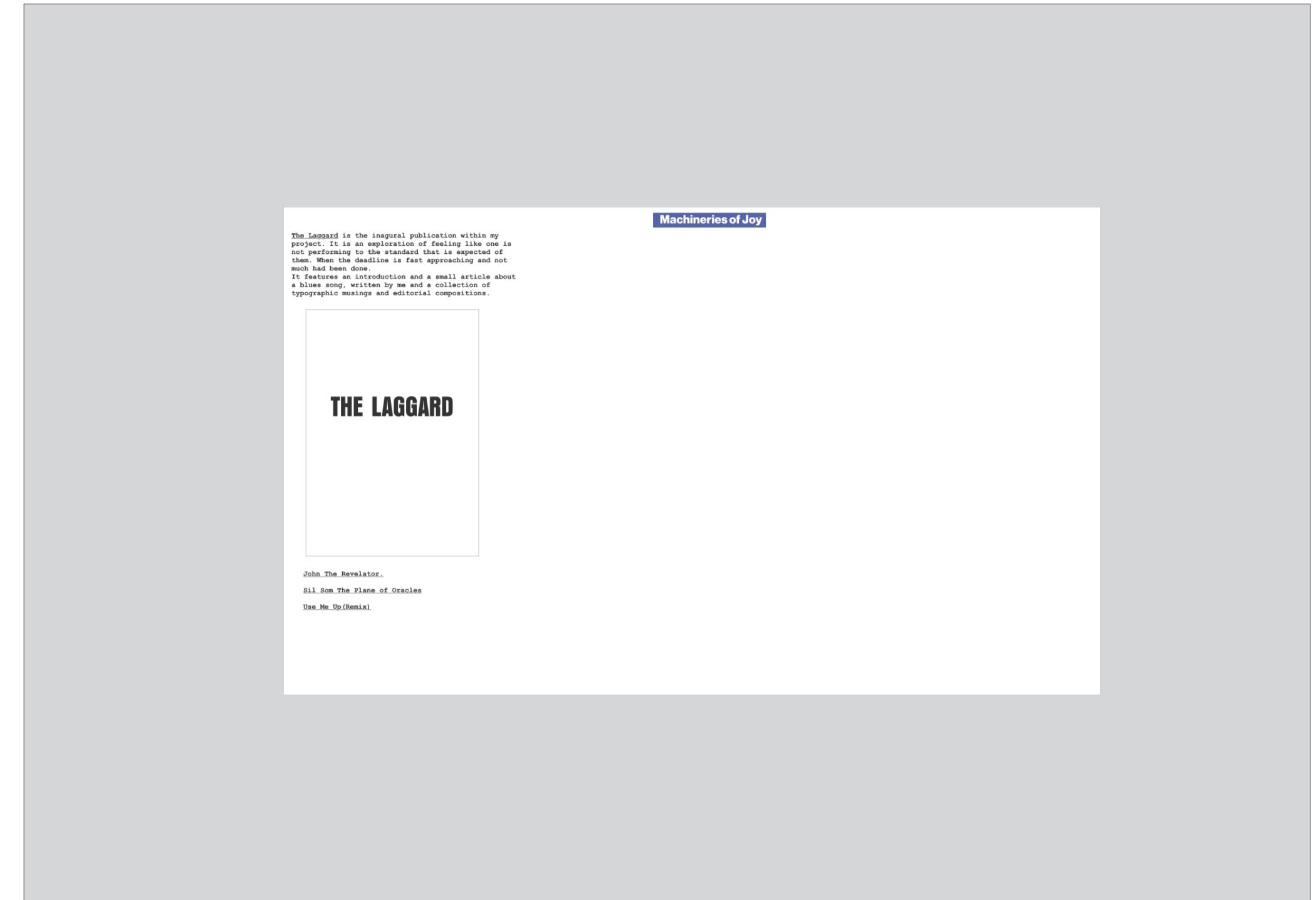
## Machineries of Joy

The Laggard is the inaugural publication within my project. It is an expression of feelings like one is not performing to the standard that is expected of them. When the deadline is fast approaching and not much had been done.

It features an introduction and a small article about a blues song, written by me and a collection of typographic musings and editorial compositions.

### THE LAGGARD

[John The Revelator](#)  
[Sil Som The Plane of Oracles](#)  
[Use Me Up\(Remix\)](#)



A screenshot of the New Models website. At the top, there is a dark banner with a horizontal bar and the word "Advertisement". Below the banner is a large, abstract image of a bushfire in Australia. Underneath the image, the text "AU BUSHFIRES: MANAGING DISINFORMATION" is written in red capital letters. Below this, the word "NEW MODELS" is prominently displayed in a large, bold, black font. At the very bottom of the page, there is a footer with links and small images.

## Machineries of Joy

### Publications

The Pandit

Machineries of Joy

The Player

Proposal

Internal Memo #1

The Laggard

Hacking Order

Website was conceived as vehicle for dissemination of machineries of joy material. But the possibilities of it becoming something a little more were still there.

The structure is as follows:

Publications section contains the various material designed and published by Machineries of Joy.

Description section contains the rationale and some notes on website navigation.

Feed section is a place where the visitor can witness a publication in the making through an assortment of links, excerpts and images.

Machineries of Joy

Machineries of Joy

View PDF



**JOHN THE REVELATOR\***

52 Blind Willie Johnson  
Americana, 2x, 1929-30

Song of an obscure African-American religious singer he recorded who made by guitar single for Blind Willie Johnson (1890-1959) from Beaumont, TX. He was born near Mexia, TX, in 1886 and became blind at age nine when he was thrown into the fire. His father was a gambler and prostitute, and his mother died when he was two. He was raised by his grandmother, who taught him to sing and play the blues and in the Baptist Church throughout his career. His songs have been recorded by many other blues and rock performers over the years, including Eric Clapton, Al Green, and Bob Dylan. The song "I'll Tell My Baby" became popular during the 1960s as performed by Peter, Paul and Mary. In 1999, it was chosen one of the 100 greatest songs ever recorded. The title of the song, "John the Revelator," refers to the original meaning of the name John, meaning "the revealer." The original recording was released on a bootleg, and sold

JOHN THE REVELATOR

"John the Revelator put him in  
an ole cage  
Take him up to the highest high  
Take him up to the top where the  
mountains stop  
Let him tell his book of lies John the  
Revelator he's a smooth operator  
It's since we cut him down to size  
Take him by the hand  
And pack him on the strand  
Let us hear his ability claiming  
God as his holy right  
He's stealing a God from  
the Revelator  
Stealing a God from a Muslim, in  
There is only one God through  
and through  
Jesus has, multiplied by seven

"Well who's that strain?  
John the Revelator  
Who's that strain?  
John the Revelator  
Who's that strain?  
John the Revelator  
A book of the seven seals  
Toll me what's John strain?  
Ask the Revelator  
What's John strain?  
Ask the Revelator  
What's John strain?  
Ask the Revelator  
A book of the seven seals  
Well who are worthy, thousands  
cried daily  
Bound for some, Son of our God

A blues song is a social song. A blues performance is an act of sharing. Be it moments of joy or hardships, the song is a conversation and a statement of its own.

The usual John the Revelator song that you might hear is a Depeche Mode rendition. A darkly homoerotic tune that affirms a nihilistic suffering of its singer, almost mocking the original lyrics for their hope of a righteous revelation, the second coming, the apocalypse. One might picture it being played in one of those men's perfume commercials, where a hunky male model drives a glossy black sports car to a posh dance party, where he almost kisses a scantily clad girl in a red or a white glowing dress before the product shot suddenly fills up the screen space. John in the song is an evil liar, that messes with ordinary people by his threats of damnation.

The original blues rendition though speaks of the Revelator in a

[Go back](#)

## Machineries of Joy

### Description

Machineries of Joy is a publishing entity set up to explore the notions of writing, editing, publishing and identity in graphic design. It functions as a catalyst for strategies for writing and editing borrowed from television, cartoons and news media communication by appropriating material and sources in swathes of publications, writing and other media.

This website is set up to communicate the activities of the entity and provide anyone with the ability to spectate.

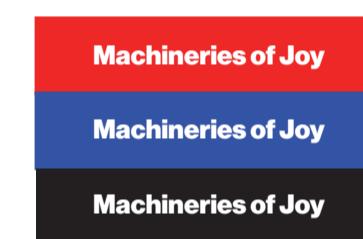
Publications (click on the logo twice) section contains the various material designed and published by Machineries of Joy.

Feed (click on the logo once) section is a place where the visitor can witness a publication in the making through an assortment of links, excerpts and images.

Machineries of Joy

## Machineries of Joy

Uline POP





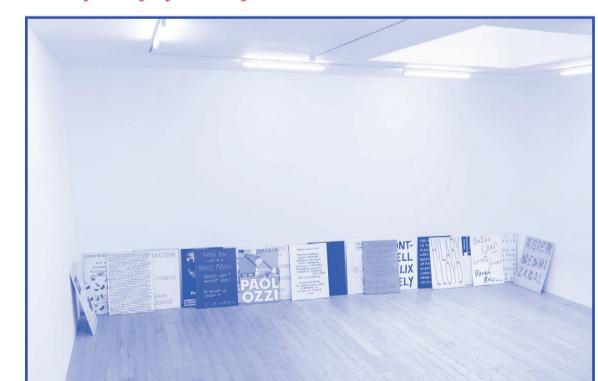
This book is printed in 3 layers. Layer 1 — is a laser print of material released by Machineries of Joy. It is the main reference material.

Layer 2 — is a risograph print on top of that layer in red, it features annotations and writings.

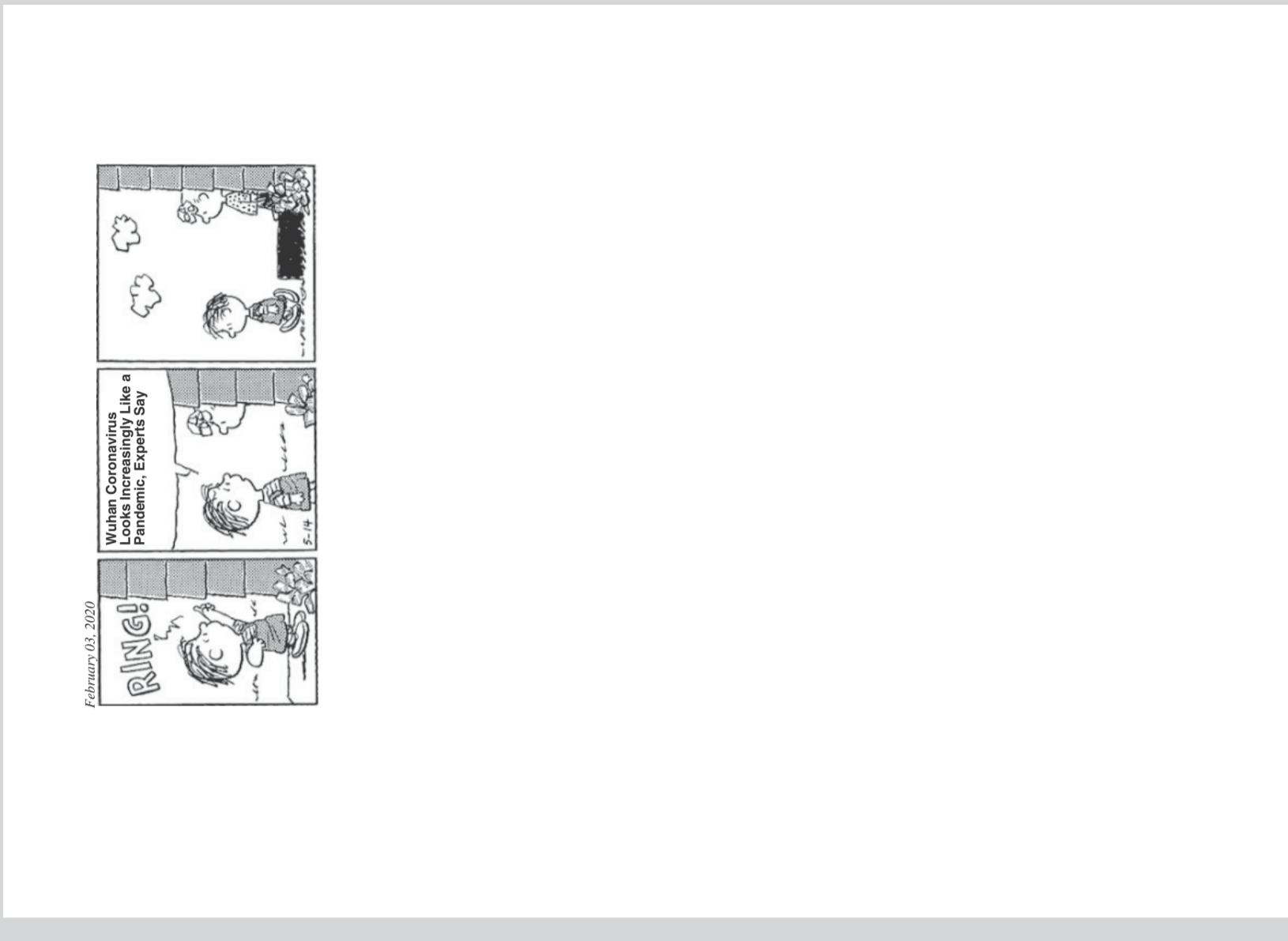
Layer 3 — is a second risograph print of references and images that expand the perspective on the project by providing context.

The main text for annotations is set in Monotype Janson 9pt Roman. It adheres to the main material and is placed to provide essential information about the key decisions in the project. It is printed in red.

*The images of references and important resources during the development of this project are printed in blue.*



*The image annotations are printed in Monotype Janson 9pt Italic. They provide information for the image, like the name of the author, name of the piece or resource.*



News was the first test publication that was made using a python script that edited the Peanuts strip to add a headline Grabbed either from Guardian or New York Times RSS feed. The choice of the strip signified the beginning of the formal identity of the project as it would later be used as a logo or a symbol of the whole operation.

A HOUSE OF DISCARDED CLOTHING  
IN A METROPOLIS  
USING ELECTRICITY  
INHABITED BY LITTLE BOYS

A HOUSE OF SAND  
AMONG HIGH MOUNTAINS  
USING ALL AVAILABLE LIGHTING  
INHABITED BY LITTLE BOYS

A HOUSE OF PAPER  
AMONG HIGH MOUNTAINS  
USING ALL AVAILABLE LIGHTING  
INHABITED BY PEOPLE WHO SLEEP VERY LITTLE

A HOUSE OF LEAVES  
IN JAPAN  
USING NATURAL LIGHT  
INHABITED BY HORSES AND BIRDS

A HOUSE OF PAPER  
IN JAPAN  
USING CANDLES  
INHABITED BY FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

A HOUSE OF GLASS  
IN AN OVERPOPULATED AREA  
USING CANDLES  
INHABITED BY COLLECTORS OF ALL TYPES

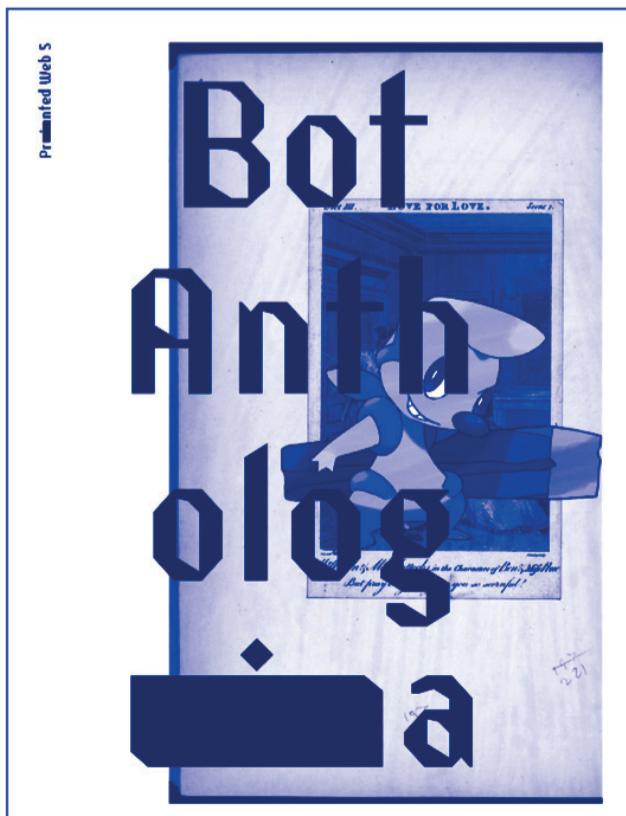
Bob Bippigwich thinks  
about my  
font release - v0.0e

I like the idea of a system that generates work. It's important to me for some reason. Maybe because I'm very lazy and sluggish to react fast enough when it comes to form. This ad by Will Stuart was very interesting and exciting to me because it represents an approach to design as a tool that not one person could wield. And I discovered it after I made this flower pattern generator, which wasn't very thoughtful. It was just to see how many variations could there be with a limited input.  
 '\n', '\n', 'The next reference '\xe2\x80\x94Meta-The-Difference-Between-The-Two-Font by Dexter Sinister explores this typesetting software called meta font that is a predecessor or to modern type editors like Glyphs. This project is very multifaceted but the standout application for me was the Kadist foundation identity that was using this typeface for ten years. The program Dexter Sinister Made would create a variation of the typeface that Would then be used to typeset the identity and all of the immediate projects the foundation would produce.  
 '\n', '\n', 'Next is a website called Drudge Report. Which ostensibly is run by one person with an occasional staffer. It posted links to news articles and communicates with its user only through headlines. It's interesting to me as a model for editorial. Because there is a limitation on what one person could say at any given point in time, update the website when some fresh news come in. It's a very effective tool, because it's been running for so long and so easily maintained. It fascinates me.  
 '\n', '\n', 'The principles of cover design for NYRB has not changed in decades. You can clearly see that the these weren't done by any precise system. No typographic program. Whatever was convenient. But I find these strangely beautiful because they are so authentic. In a sense this lack of treatment is a treatment on it's own. This is a cover for a literary journal that is designed like a primary school info poster. It's exhilarating to me.  
 '\n', '\n', 'This raw production is also what makes Drudge Reports so fascinating.  
 '\n', '\n', 'What I suspect happened there was that the magazine is so focused on actual writing, there isn't much space for anything else. It shows you what's on the inside what else do you want.  
 '\n', '\n', 'But that flows into how designers can produce things. OSp makes their own open source tools to create

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 '\n', '\n', 'But that flows into how designers can produce things. OSp makes their own open source tools to create

After the first test came a an attempt to create a completely autonomous publication generator that would scrape the web for paragraphs to add to a stream of text, that then would be automatically typeset.

The version above was an attempt at a template that would fit the scraped text.



Paul Soulellis — Printed Web #5 Bot-Anthology

# THE GLUTTON

The following are drafts of covers, designed to begin working from the title, most of them remained unrealised.

In 1275, the kingdom of France ruled on the rights of stationarii (copyists) and librairi (librairies, the French for “bookshop”), newly emancipated from the yoke of the Church (Friedrich Karl von Savigny (author and publisher), *Histoire du droit romain au moyen âge*, Tome III, Charles Hingray, Paris, 1839 (1815), p. 415). The main question was and has always been, even before the invention of printing, the regulation of the circulation of writing, and the designation of those responsible for their inscription and distribution.

Robin Kinross identified the emergence of the modern figure of the typographer in the 17th century, with *The doctrine of handy-works*: applied to the art of printing by Joseph Moxon (Robin Kinross, *Modern typography: An Essay in Critical History*, Hyphen Press, London, 2004 (1992) pp. 15-16). But long before this, graphic artists, copyists, and typographers such as Geoffroy Tory and Henri Estienne the elder were both booksellers and publishers who gave much thought to their practice and the contents that they released into the public space.

It would seem that the time has come to reassess this ancient tradition, with more and more graphic artists and designers choosing to establish their own publishing houses in order to defend their editorial approach in both senses of the word—that of “editing” and the choice and organization of graphic material, but also in the sense of “publishing”, applying a certain ethic to the distribution and advertising of the contents.

*Revue faire #19*

THE FUNNYMAN

KADIST **KADIST** KADIST  
**KADIST** KADIST

The Initial Work Order that was proposed for the project did not take long to change. It was apparent that the standard described there was not immediately achievable so it relieved some iterations.

Despite this it provided a framework for the consequent work. And was a start from away from programming work towards something more involved.

#### HOW TO WORK BETTER.

- 1 DO ONE THING  
AT A TIME
- 2 KNOW THE PROBLEM
- 3 LEARN TO LISTEN
- 4 LEARN TO ASK  
QUESTIONS
- 5 DISTINGUISH SENSE  
FROM NONSENSE
- 6 ACCEPT CHANGE  
AS INEVITABLE
- 7 ADMIT MISTAKES
- 8 SAY IT SIMPLE
- 9 BE CALM
- 10 SMILE

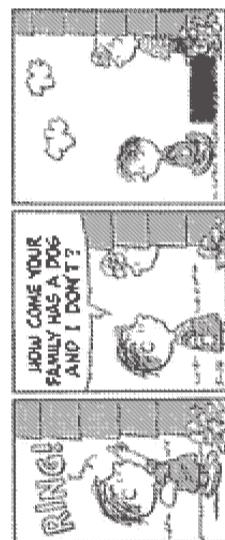
Fischli & Weiss — How to Work Better.

Work Schedule, 1932–1933  
—Henry Miller Miscellanea

#### COMMANDMENTS

1. Work on one thing at a time until finished.
2. Start no more new books, add no more new material to "Black Spring."
3. Don't be nervous. Work calmly, joyously, recklessly on whatever is in hand.
4. Work according to Program and not according to mood. Stop at the appointed time!
5. When you can't *create* you can *work*.
6. Cement a little every day, rather than add new fertilizers.
7. Keep human! See people, go places, drink if you feel like it.
8. Don't be a draught-horse! Work with pleasure only.
9. Discard the Program when you feel like it—but go back to it next day. *Concentrate, Narrow down, Exclude*.
10. Forget the books you want to write. Think only of the book you *are* writing.
11. Write first and always. Painting, music, friends, cinema, all these come afterwards.

Henry Miller — Work Schedule/Commandments



# Working Order

Think of 5 or more titles that will get you started at making something. They can be things to write/reflect about or they can be something to make an image about.

Out of the titles that you've generated choose 3 that have a starting point in them.

During the course of a week write up to 5 pieces on each theme that the titles that you've chosen suggest.

Print 5-10 copies of each titled publication.

# Subject & Chauvin

The true story of org inc. On Jan. 3, 2000, the graphic designer David Reinfurt formed the New York State corporation ORG Inc. (EIN 13-4094918). One year later, the board, stockholders, president and employees totaled one, with no plans for future growth. Nonetheless, ORG is often mistaken for a much larger, and perhaps more credible, company. This is good for business. The following plan, in seven simple steps, explains how to form your own organization of one.

## 1. Pick A Name

Three-letter acronyms are standard in the world of large organizations. This strategy works best if your acronym doesn't actually stand for anything.

2. Incorporate This isn't difficult in the state of New York, but a lawyer can be helpful. If possible, choose an auspicious date. ORG was incorporated on the first business day of 2000.

## 3. Issue Stock

There will be only one stockholder in your company. Still, stock certificates will convey organizational stability to your clients and associates.

4. Create A Corporate Seal The corporate seal, required by law, is the thumb print of a legitimate organization. It is useful applied to correspondence when a signature is not sufficient.

## 5. Furnish The Office

Your corporate office should project efficiency and strength in its interior design. ORG's one-person space (right) is modeled on the former headquarters of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company (left) in Bloomfield, Conn.

## 6. Print Business Cards

These are essential for completing your charade as a large organization. A good corporate telephone number is equally important (as many zeros as possible), as are an appropriate midtown Manhattan address and, of course, a Web site.

## 7. Design A Logo

A logo is the crown for your newly minted organization. But be careful: yours should look similar to all other large-organization logos but not so similar that you encounter legal problems.

*HOW TO; Make a One-Person Firm Seem Like a Giant Corporation, New York Times Magazine, David Reinfurt.*

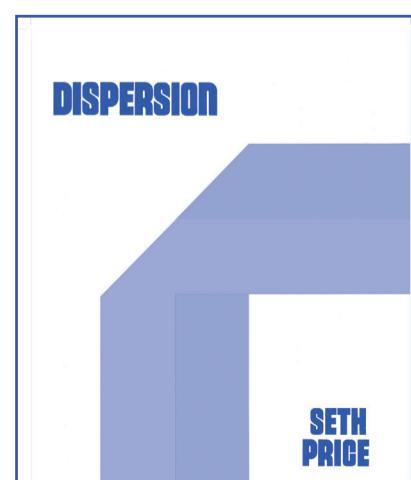
**THE PLEA**

# THE LAGGARD

The Laggard was the official inaugural publication within the project. It is an exploration of feeling like one is not performing to the standard that is expected of them.

It features an introduction and a small article about a blues song, written by me and a collection of typographic musings and editorial compositions.

This edition was typeset in InDesign and rushed out and because of that is plagued by some editorial inconsistencies and typographic oddities. But ultimately it falls within a special category, as it defined the editorial strategy of further issues.



*Dispersion, Seth Price*



*Marcel Broodthaers — Departament of Eagles.*



House would perform the song as a gospel, using nothing but his hands, to accent the rhythm by clapping, and his voice. In a rare recording of the performance House would recall his time as a preacher before performing the song to a silent audience. It could be argued that the intended effect of the song in his barebones rendition is amplified. House's raw, relatively high, voice penetrating dry air in the preaching the horrors and ecstasy that awaits.

His version differed slightly from the version sung by Johnson, although as well loaded with biblical imagery, House's rendition is as if more somber calls back to not only the Book of Revelations, but also the Old and the New Testaments as if to show man's history of sin and to affirm the belief in revelation.

*Who's that writin'?* John the Revelator  
Tell me who's that writin'?

*John the Revelator*  
Tell me who's that writin'?

*John the Revelator*  
Wrote the book of the seven seals

*Who's that writin'?* John the Revelator  
Tell me who's that writin'?

*John the Revelator*  
Well who's that writin'?

*John the Revelator*  
Wrote the book of the seven seals

*You know God walked down in the cool of the day*  
*Called Adam by his name*  
*And he refused to answer*  
*Because he's naked and ashamed*

John The Revelator by Son House, 1969

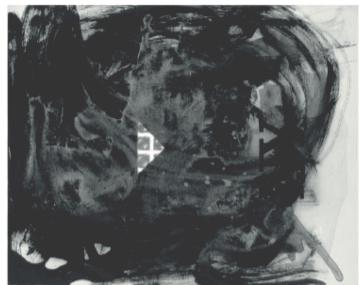
The publication features an article on blues music comparing versions of the song "John The Revelator".

JOHN THE REVELATOR  
PERFORMED BY SONHOUSE  
NOVEMBER 16, 1969  
<https://bit.ly/3aj6CC7>



## USE ME UP (REMIX)

The following essay by Jan Verwoert originally appeared in *Metropolis M* magazine in 2007.



Jan Verwoert  
Drawing for definition  
of contemporary art  
and culture. Metropolis M  
magazine

But in the same way that bodies can exhibit the potentials of exhaustion, objects, signs and images can equally do so. Modern life produces all forms of waste, it exhausts bodies, amasses litter and drains the meaning out of cultural signs through their prolific overuse. Together with many of the ideas sketched out above, this realisation has come out of an ongoing conversation with Ruth Legg, Eveline van den Berg and Ruth Buchanan about their work at the Piet Zwart Institute in Rotterdam, as all three in their own ways seek to bring out the sense of unspecified potentiality that can re-emerge from exhausted materials or drained signs of utopianism. It is this immanent, potentiality of the radically exhausted image that also draws me to Jutta Koether's black paintings.

certain temporal latency. But in a high performance culture there is no time for latencies, because all potentials of production must be actualised right away, the faster the better. Under the economic imperative of high performance, just-in-time production is boosted by the buzz and justified by the necessity of the moment because any choice taken under extreme time pressure is without alternatives.

As the range of possibilities is always already exhausted when there is no time to consider other options, acts performed in the nick of time appear to be powered by the full force of necessity. Anyone working under the conditions of just-in-time production by definition thereby labours and lives in a constant state of exhaustion.

But is an economy based on systematic exhaustion not bound to collapse at any time? If the current form of capitalism purposefully sustains a sense of crisis to increase the urgency of production, it does indeed seem inevitable that the whole system should soon spiral out of control. Still, such apocalyptic prophecies have been popular ever since in the 1960s consumer culture came to increasingly thrive on excessive overspending and thus seemed to head right towards economic meltdown. Yet, until now nothing like that has happened. So it seems more probable that overspending and exhaustion are simply moments in the cyclical patterns of capitalism's reproduction and regeneration. As more and more people burn out the whole machine gets fired up.



I GIVE UP  
Metropolis magazine

Editorial  
Metropolis magazine on contemporary art  
2007/08 | 8 - 47 / 68



Will Stuart—Metropolis Magazine

## SII SOM THE PLANE OF ORACLES

"Though its medieval milieu of besieged castles and mutant enemies may be familiar, *Dwarf Fortress* appeals mainly to a substratum of hard-core gamers. The game's unofficial slogan, reined on message boards, is "Living is fun!" *Dwarf Fortress*'s unique difficulty begins with its most striking feature: The way it looks. In an industry obsessed with pushing the frontiers of visual awe, *Dwarf Fortress* is a defiant throwback, its interface a dense tapestry of letters, numbers and crude glyphs you might have seen in a computer game around 1990.

*A normal person looks at Sifg and sees gibberish, but the Dwarf Fortress initiate sees a tense tableau: a dog leashed to a tree, about to be mauled by a goblin."*

*Dwarf Fortress* is hardly a kip on the mainstream radar, but it's an object of intense cult adoration. Its various versions have been downloaded in the neighborhood of a million times, although the number of players who have persisted past an initial attempt is doubtless much smaller. As with popular simulation games like the Sims series, in which players control households, or the Facebook fad Farmville, where they tend crops, players in *Dwarf Fortress* are responsible for the cultivation and management of a virtual ecosystem — in this case, a colony of dwarves trying to build a thriving fortress in a randomly generated world. Unlike those games, though, *Dwarf Fortress* unfolds as a series of staggeringly elaborate challenges and devastating setbacks that lead, no matter how well one plays, to eventual ruin. The goal, in the game's main mode, is to build as much and as imaginatively as possible before some calamity — stampeding elephants, famine, vampire dwarves — wipes you out for good." \*

This section features a excerpts civilisation spec-list from the game Dwarf Fortress, while on the side excerpts from a New York Times article on the creator of the game are displayed.

Civilized World Population
5328 Dwarves
4244 Humans
446 Elves
14097 Goblins
Total: 24115
The Glorious Clasps, Dwarves
Worship List
Um Scarrights, deity: fortresses, war, valor, rulership
Frost: the Crystalline Gold, deity: metals
The Silvery, deity: minerals
Rol, deity: jewels
Trid the Dust of Blossoming, deity: death, rebirth, birth
Strek, deity: mountains, covers
Boren, deity: wealth
King List
[*] Lorban Swallowchannel (b.??? d. 7, Reign Begun: 1), King
*** Original Line, Never Married
4 Children -- Ages at death: 5 4 3 1
Worshipped Um Scarrights (86%)
[*] Deduk Wallpractice (b.??? d. 9, Reign Begun: 8), ***
New Line, Never Married
No Children
Worshipped Eost the Crystalline Gold (26%)
[*] Mistlm Glazegorges (b.??? d. 16, Reign Begun: 10), ***
New Line, Never Married

"This bare-bones aesthetic allows Turn to focus resources not on graphics but on mechanics, which he values much more. Many simulation games offer players a 'log of building blocks, but few dangle a bag as deep, or blocks as small and intricately interlocking, as Dwarf Fortress. Beneath the game's rudimentary facade is a devious array of moving parts, algorithms that model everything from dwarves' personalities (some are depressive, many appreciate art) to the climate and economic patterns of the simulated world. The story of a fortress's rise and fall isn't scripted before-hand — in most games narratives progress along an essentially set path — but, rather, generated on the fly by a multitude of variables.

*The brothers themselves are often started by what their game spits out. "We didn't know that carp were going to eat dwarves," Zach says. "But we'd written them as carnivorous and roughly the same size as dwarves, so when just happened, and it was great."*

1 Child -- Ages at death: 4  
 Worshipped Ral (82%)  
 [\*] Nil Plungetorch (b. 5 d. 35, Reign Begun: 17), \*\*\*  
 New Line, Never Married

5 Children (out-lived 1 of them) -- Ages at death:  
 (d. 31) 15 4 3 1  
 Worshipped Ral (100%)

[\*] Zas Widpatinted (b. 20 d. 57, Reign Begun: 36), Inherited from father, Married

6 Children (out-lived 2 of them) -- Ages at death:  
 10 9 6 (d. 54) (d. 54) 0  
 Worshipped Ral (98%)

[\*] Morul Inkphrases (b. 37, Reign Begun: 58), \*\*\* New Line, Married

11 Children -- Ages: 73 72 71 70 68 65 64 57 56 55

52 Worships Ral (100%)  
 Shrudibigleagus, Kobolds  
 The Confederation of Merchants, Humans  
 Worship list

As the Seeds of Dawn, deity: children  
 Doslut, deity: inspiration, art, beauty, treachery, trickery, lies  
 Thep Haledban, deity: plants, animals, happiness  
 Gogol Starvedate the Spurting, deity: death, disease  
 Sacoth, deity: victory, war  
 Nifh Tearlingbeached the Fragrant Moistness, deity:  
 food, fertility, the rain  
 Raji Trustcherished the Righteous Lovess, deity: charity, generosity  
 Iro Boatssink, deity: rivers  
 Necar, deity: dreams...

\*\*

"Tarn, 33, lives in an apartment complex situated one of the many shopping places that make up Siberlade, a town he calls 'a strip mall.' His place has two bedrooms, the larger of which he uses for programming and which is nearly empty except for his computer desk, a framed picture of his pet Mans, part Maine Coon cat, Scamps, and a fat cat tree. In the living room are two grey folding tables for playing board games like Arkham Horror and Descent, and a box of Xbox 360 and PlayStation 3 games. Tarn said he seldom touches these because 'most of them suck.' The only furniture in the small dining room is Scamps's litter box.

If much of Tarn's apartment suggests a tenant who never fully moved in, his bedroom suggests a tenant who never sees a sock drawer. When I peeked inside, rumpled underwear, discarded boxes and books lay scattered across the carpet. A sheet of plywood, edged with black foam rubber, was wedged into the window frame and affixed there by metal clamps. Tarn wakes up around 3 p.m. every day, codles through the night and goes to bed around 6 a.m. The plywood keeps him from getting out of the room, making it a chamber fit for a vampire dwarf — or at least for a computer programmer.

Reinblocks the Absolute Storms was a legendary conglomerate slab. This is a conglomerate slab. All craftsmanship is of the highest quality. The slab reads "I am Ngopek Pobozstithngat, Ngopek Ruthlessprofane, once of the Underworld. By Um Scarrights, I bind Myself to this place."

In a time before time Um Scarrights aided the pig friend Azmol Mirrordevils the Demon of Twilight in becoming a permanent part of the living world that war might rage forever. The ritual took place in Shotward using Rein-blocks the Absolute Storms.

\*\*\*

Ebbok the Branded Treusre was a Dragon. She was the only one of her kind. Ebbok was associated with wealth and fire. In 1, Ebbok settled in Ringcracked the Emancipation of Bulbs.

In the early winter of 14, Ebbok routed The Fair Spider of The Tick of Painting and destroyed Wretchedsource.

In the early spring of 76, the human Umcii Sheltersdmile's right upper arm was torn off by Ebbok.

At about 1:30 a.m., a family of hippos, represented by light grey H's, swam into the tunnels from a nearby river. Their arrival was an unintended development born entirely of the game's internal logic. Tarn was pleased. "The hippos like the sewer!" he said. He took a celebratory swing of Dr. Pepper and rocked back and forth.

Tarn and his parents live on a small wooded acre in nearby Bremerton, and Zach, who is 25 and between jobs, has lived with them since 2002. Zach brought over a drinking glass from the house in case it gets thirsty, because Tarn can only afford a couple of glasses. In the oven, only a couple of dishes. In the fridge were three sodas and a jug of water and nothing else. Tarn said I was welcome to anything, although the jug technically belonged to Scamps — the top water has

The rocking had nothing to do with the music. "It's in its," he explained later. "Sometimes I am even notice I'm doing it. During tests at colleges, people would yell at me to knock it off."

As Tarn got into the game, his muted profanities and grumbles about "x distances" took on a mantralike quality. Conjuring servers, he would type out lines of code, let the software effect its changes, favor at the results, then tweak. Initially, the servers appeared as an illogical tangle of blue gooshes, but line by line, Tarn worked them into coherence.

"Near midnight one evening, after a chat with Zach about incorporating servers into the game, Tarn settled into his coding routine, opening his C++ software and firing up Pandora playlist of upbeat soul (Zach, less adept at programming, contributes to the game by brainstorming ideas.) Tarn surveyed the code, arched before him in tiny eyes, and began rocking in his wheelchair so vigorously that its joints squeaked.

## INQUIRY

**Philip Johnson Interviewed by Susan Sontag**

I can't help but be seduced by Philip Johnson's black-comic exchange with Susan Sontag — described by Marshall Berman as 'pop nihilism in modernist form'. As someone who was encouraged to do good work and join hands with Goddes, Ashe, Leibhey, Read, Mumford and co, I find Johnson's honest amorality both shocking and refreshing. His voice resonates with self-mockery and self-delight. His candid disclosure offers us a way to work and live in the modern world. In the absence of values, his pragmatic pick-and-mix vision offers an abundance of possibilities. 'To be natural is such a difficult pose to keep up.' (Oscar Wilde)

Charles Jencks places Johnson's modern self-awareness under 'camp' — a sensibility Sontag knew a thing or two about. Tarn strongly draws to Camp, and almost as strongly offended by it. That is why I want to talk about it, and why I can. For no one who wholeheartedly shares in a given sensibility can analyze it; can only, whatever his intention, exhibit it. To be natural, finally, to draw on others and recruit in history, requires a deep sympathy modified by revelation. (Susan Sontag, 'Notes on Camp', 1964).

As the required result of this inquiry is a large-format print — perhaps encouraging 'design as art', just as Johnson appeared to encourage 'architecture as art' — I must as Sontag warns, be 'too solemn and treatise-like', or else run the risk of producing an 'inferior piece of camp'.

SS: ... I think in New York your aesthetic sense is, in a curious, very modern way, more developed than anywhere else. If you are experiencing things morally one is in a state of continual tension, and horror but they laugh if one has a very modern kind of humor.

PJ: Do you suppose that will change the sense of morals, the fact that we can't use morals as a means of judging this city because we couldn't stand it? And that we're changing our whole moral system to suit the fact we're in a ridiculous way?

SS: Well, I think we're learning the limitations of the moral experience of things. I think it's possible to be aesthetic...

PJ: ... I mean your moral approach is the [Lewis] Mumford one that you're speaking about.

SS: Yes.

PJ: Patrick Geddes, the greatest good, and we should be good, do these things. That's criterion by which we see what we have today, so we've retreated, or maybe advanced, our generation — if I can lift you up.

SS: Oh it's nice of you [they laugh].

PJ: To merely, to enjoy things as they are — we see entirely different beauty from what Mumford could possibly see.

SS: Well, I think, I see for myself that we now see things in a kind of split-level way... both morally and...

PJ: What good does it do you to believe in good things?

SS: Because I...

PJ: It's feudal and futile. I think it much better to be nihilistic

and forget it all. I mean, I know I'm attacked by my moral friends, er, but really don't they shake themselves up over nothing?

SS: Well people do things.

PJ: Do they?

SS: Do accomplish things.

PJ: Do they do what they done in New York City since the start? You read all the reports the other day in the paper — the chief man said

you might as well spend your time writing to Santa Claus as talk about any possibilities of city planning in this city, and incidentally the English that are so good about morals and city planning and have the London City Council and things they are so proud of, have ruined their city in the name of morality. Even worse than New York in this hopeless chaos...

SS: Yes.

PJ: Patrick Geddes, the greatest good, and we should be good, do these things. That's criterion by which we see what we have today, so we've retreated, or maybe advanced, our generation — if I can lift you up.

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this very same time you're doing one thing, you flip moods, you do something entirely different, quite opposite.

SS: But this is the very essence of modernity [PJ: Sure] in all the arts. I mean you see it even in somebody like Picasso [PJ: Yes, probably is rather, he's the first person who understood the principle of artistic plagiarism.] [goes to flowers]

SS: Yes — and these are real, real —

PJ: Real flowers — real, fake flowers.

SS: Real, fake flowers, of course.

PJ: You see the level of fakeness, that's real [telephone ring] three-dimensional [voice says hello] imitation, you're an advertised something and it's those various levels of reality that make it so fascinating.

© BBC 1985 Quoted in Jencks, *Modern Movements in Architecture*, pp. 208-10

After examining various  
Pop paintings in  
Johnson's collection:

PJ: ... Can we look at architecture, or do we always have to look at painting?

SS: Oh it's nice of you [they laugh].

PJ: ... pointing to works I'm a plagiarist man — you see, you must take everything from everybody — you see that is copied from somewhere, that's copied from Raman Chatterjee — this is taken from Jaipur, India. This is, I don't know, maybe this is original. It's an underground house. We have some ponies grazing on the roofs, you see one come down to the water, but... it just shows you that at

this very same time you're doing one thing, you flip moods, you do something entirely different, quite opposite.

SS: But this is the very essence of modernity [PJ: Sure] in all the arts. I mean you see it even in somebody like Picasso [PJ: Yes,

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that's real [telephone ring] three-

dimensional [voice says hello]

imitation, you're an advertised

something and it's those various

levels of reality that make it so

fascinating.

*"Despite the modesty of Tarn's setup, he has a lot riding on Dwarf Fortress. For much of his adult life, he was headed in a very different direction. He'd enrolled at the University of Washington, where he became a star math student.*

*He wasn't much interested in the social atmosphere of dorms and spent his Freshman year splitting a Seattle apartment with Zach, who was a senior majoring in ancient*

*history at the university. When Zach graduated, Tarn moved into a string of "dinky one-bedrooms"*

*with "bad microwave problems" — in one, he discovered a shelf full of growing behind his couch. Tarn didn't take notes in class, and was his facility with the material, and he still "knew almost everything."*

*In his final year, the faculty named*

*him best math major.*

*In the late autumn of 121, The Contemptible Drills and Tundra was authored by govin Azstroq Poisondents in Valleybeard in order to glorify Threp.*

*Tarn applied to 17 Ph.D. programs, got into 15 and, wavering briefly between M.I.T. and Stanford, chose the latter. He earned his doctorate in 2005 with a dissertation called*

*"Flat Chains in Banach Spaces," a*

*ramification on concepts in advanced geometry that he describes as "not that interesting to that many people,*

*but a nice little paper." He published a version of it in *The Journal of Geometric Analysis* and, landing a postdoc at Texas A&M, seemed*

*destined for the academic career he envisioned since his undergraduate days.*

*But Tarn wasn't entirely happy.*

*He'd had doubts about pursuing a*

*career in math since the "pressure cooker" of his first year at Stanford,*

*when he failed his qualifying exams*

*(students get two chances; he passed*

*the second time). Faced with the*

*school's highly competitive and pro-*

*fessionalized environment, he came*

*to regard himself as a second-rate*

*mathematician." The issue wasn't*

*aptitude so much as passion.*

*"Tarn has been single since graduate school, when he landed a Cisco systems administrator for a short time. I asked him whether he wanted children. "I don't mind the idea of never having kids," he said. "I want to stay focused on the game, and if I had kids, I'd wind up paying attention to them instead."*

*He expressed similar ambivalence about finding a romantic partner.*

*"If I were in the supermarket one*

*day and someone came on really*

*strong and it was a mutual thing,*

*I'd probably have pushed along, but*

*it's not something I'm anticipating," he said. His interest has*

*dwindled. "It's easier not to care*

*about that stuff when you're in your*

*30s."*

*Lulo was a jungle titan. It was the only one of its kind. A towering three-eyed nite. It has a short trunk and it roves about carelessly. It's midnight blue exoskeleton*

*leathery. Beware its deadly spittle! Lulo was associated with trees, rivers, plants, nature and animals.*

*In a time before time, Lulo began wandering the Lucid Forest.*

**\*\*\***

*Thep Hailedbbean was a deity that occurs in the myths of the Confederation of Merchants. Thep was most often depicted as a male thriops. And was associated with happiness, animals and plants.*

*In the late autumn of 121, The Contemptible Drills and Tundra was authored by govin Azstroq Poisondents in Valleybeard in order to glorify Threp.*

**\*\*\***

*Gica was a force which was said to permeate The Occult Forest. Gica was associated with rivers and nature.*

*In the Spring of 27, Nourishment and the Purple Utterance was authored by the elf Lena Waterpelt in Stormgroups in order to glorify Gica after praying to Gica.*

*In the early winter of 87, We See Hogs was authored by the*

**\*\*\***

*He wanted to do math but also to make video games, juggling acts, he managed as an undergraduate. This had become impossible. "They wanted 60 hours a week from you,*

*giving you problems that would take 20 hours to solve," he said. He grew depressed and, in his only encounter with drugs, snorted meth."*

"Though it may seem ungainly at first, the game's interface — rendered in what we know as extended ASCII characters — has a sparse elegance. As seasons change, trees, represented by various symbols, shift from green to yellow. Goblins'

eyes appear as red quotation marks; if you shoot out an eye with an arrow, the symbol becomes an apostrophe. On a message board, one fan likened the ASCII experience in *Dwarf Fortress* to the imaginative pleasures of reading a book: "You can let your imagination fill in the gaps."

"But the game's profile is slowly growing on Tarn's own terms. This week, the Museum of Modern Art will include *Dwarf Fortress* in a major design exhibition called "Talk to Me," which Paula Antonelli, senior curator of architecture and design at MoMA, describes as

being about the "communication between people and objects." Antonelli selected several simulation games for display in the show but was struck by the combination of "beautiful aesthetics" and "mind-boggling" complexity in *Dwarf Fortress*. "When you are playing *Dwarf Fortress*, you are God, and the world is talking back to you," Antonelli said. Then she added, with a laugh, "And you are a very anal god."

— "Where Do Dwarf-Eating Carp Come From?" Jonah Weisberg, New York Times Magazine, 21 July 2011 (*This & Before*).

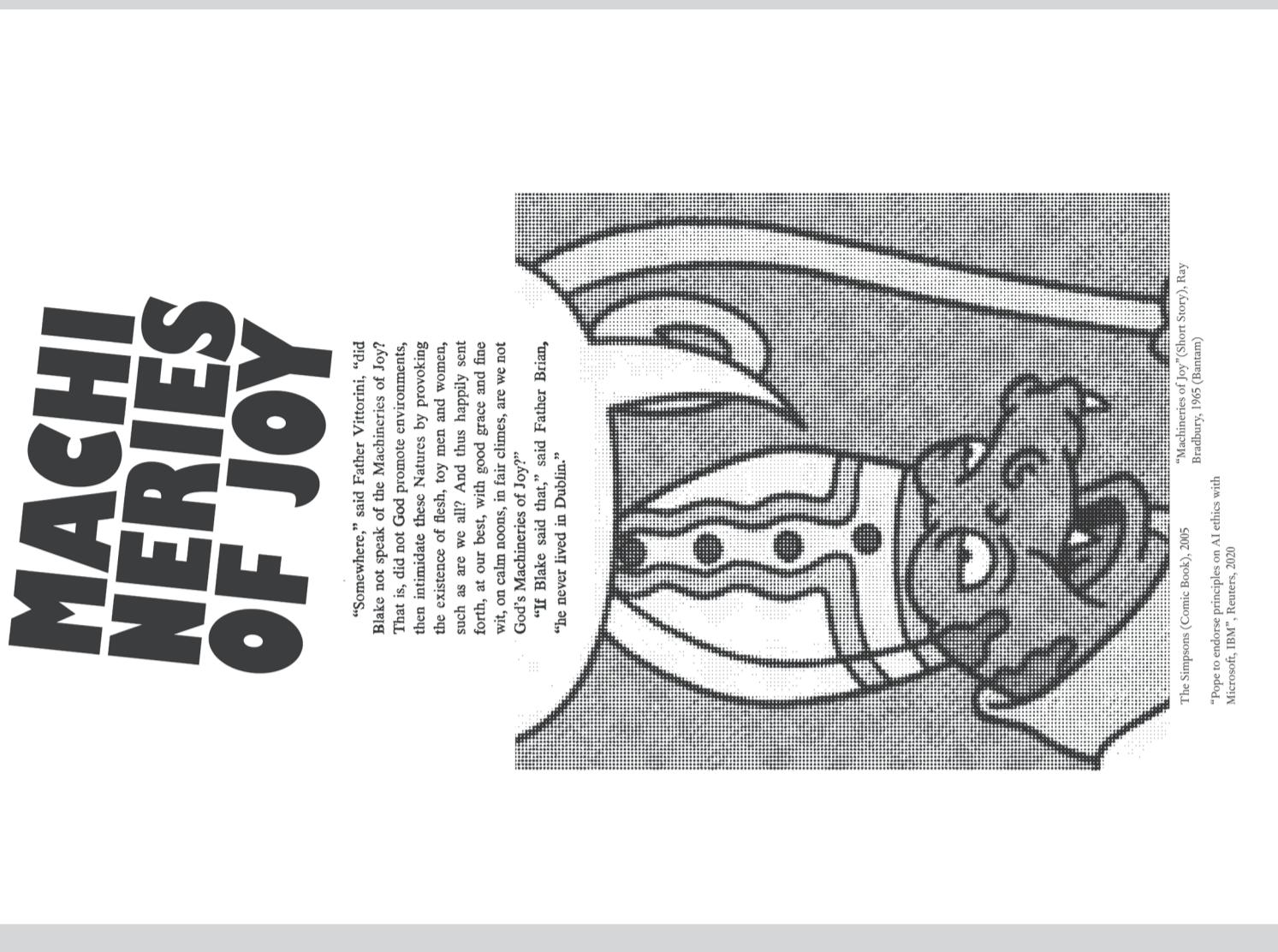
*Machineries of Joy*

### The Bill—Tschichold dispute



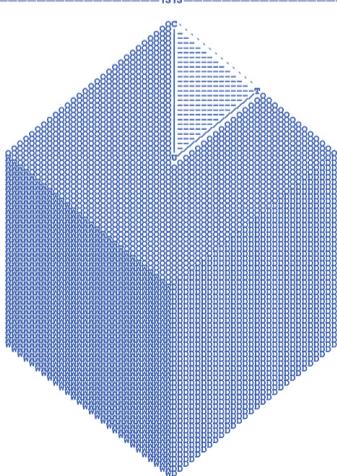
*Streit um die Technik*

*John Morgan — The Bill—Tschichold dispute  
(Forms of Inquiry)*



Machineries of Joy the publication was conceived as a way for the project to converse with the viewer by relaying important insular topics, the ideas that the project explored and were significant for its direction.

It also became evident that the project required a different style of typesetting, and this publication is an exploration of potential new territories in this regard.

<p><b>TYPE, SMILE, AND FACE...</b></p> <p>Earthenware Type 3rd millennium BC</p> <p>Woodcut Type – Wood Block and Strips of Bamboo to Mark the lines 1313</p>  <p>WOOD CUT [2019] <b>24</b></p>	<p><b>JUNGMYUNG LEE</b></p> <p>2019.</p> <p>My parents asked me to send them a handwritten letter. Damn.</p> <p>I can't even recall the last time I wrote. The act of physical writing. It even makes me blush.</p> <p>But, surprisingly enough, the movement of my writing hand is fluid and effortless, as if I have been regularly writing or practising, though I grasp the pencil too heavily, my fingers clenching around it. The pressure against the page makes the pencil rattle and exhausts my fingers and wrist.</p> <p>I write, <b>"I love you both so much,"</b> while my eyes are tightly closed. First, I erase "<b>I</b>", and then, "<b>so much</b>". I write the words back down and erase them again.</p> <p>Koreans don't say the "L" word often, especially not to family members, as we believe that there's no need to formally tell one other that we love one another. Every action in our day-to-day life signifies the love and care we have for one another. We are the embodiment of</p> <p><b>25</b></p>
--	---



The Simpsons (Comic Book), 2005  
"Machineries of Joy" (Short Story), Ray Bradbury, 1965 (Bantam)  
"Pope to endorse principles on AI ethics with Microsoft, IBM", Reuters, 2020



I'VE GOT A FRIEND.  
EVERY NIGHT, AT  
AROUND TWO IN  
THE MORNING HE  
WOULD COME OUT  
TO THE BACK YARD  
OF HIS TWO STORY,  
FIVE BEDROOM SUB  
URBAN HOUSE AND  
STARE AT THE SKY.  
HE WOULD HAVE A  
REALLY STUPID EX

PRESSION ON HIS  
FACE TOO — FULL OF  
WONDER AND SEEM-  
INGLY — EXPECTA-  
TION.

I'VE NEVER ASKED IF  
HE WAS AN ATHE-  
IST, OUR CONVERSA-  
TIONS NEVER REAL-  
LY TOUCHED UPON  
THAT, BUT AT A CER-

The other side of the publication featured a short story describing an encounter with the bizarre and the unexplained.

Mark Owens

## A Note on the Type

J. G. Ballard's 1974 novel *Concrete Island* culminates in a scene of writing. Speeding along the M4 outside London, architect Robert Maitland crashes his Jaguar through a guardrail and into a vast triangle of waste ground beneath an intersection of overpasses, finding himself injured and unable to climb the steep embankments to rescue. As night falls he manages to ignite the engine of the mangled Jag with the car's cigarette lighter, but the brief, intense blaze fails to halt the rush of traffic overhead. Left to sleep in the charred hulk of the automobile, Maitland awakens to notice a retaining wall across the island: "The rain-washed concrete shone brightly in the sunlight like an empty notice-board. A message scrawled across it in three-feet-high letters would be legible to drivers on the motorway."<sup>1</sup> Desperately in need of writing instruments, he harvests the blackened, burnt rubber terminals from the engine's distributor caps, using them to mark out "in wavering letters"

on the concrete: "HELP INJURED DRIVER CALL POLICE."

Soon, storm clouds gather and it begins to pour, and Maitland is forced to take cover, fashioning a crude shelter in the crumbling remnants of a basement doorway. Bruised and feverish, he gazes down:

*A small printing shop had once been here, and a few copper-backed letterpress blocks lay around his feet. Maitland picked one up and examined the cloudy figures of a dark-suited man and a white-haired woman. As he listened to the rain he thought of his parents' divorce; the uncertainties of this period, when he was eight years old, seemed to be replicated in the negative image on the letterpress plate, in the reverse tones of this unknown man and woman.*<sup>2</sup>

It is a brief, reflective moment, and when Maitland emerges following the storm he notices that the letters of his hand-scratched message have been "reduced to black smudges." Delirious with fever, he finds that "the rounded smears were exactly those of a windshield wiper," and wonders: "Was he still trapped inside his car? Was the entire island an extension of the Jaguar, its windshield and windows transformed by his delirium into these embankments? Perhaps the windshield wipers had jammed... and were tracing

some incoherent message on the steaming glass."<sup>3</sup>

This scene of writing and erasure, interrupted by the interlude in the basement print shop, traces the contours of western typographic history—from the marks made by the human hand and the mechanical reproduction of text and image made possible by the printing press, to a vision of an automated, machinic writing that exceeds both human agency and comprehension. So too, the contraction of the island in Maitland's mind to the space of the crashed Jaguar is mirrored by its expansion in Ballard's narrative to encompass the recent history of Great Britain: as he explores the overgrown rubble Maitland discovers the remains of a churchyard, Edwardian houses, an air-raid shelter, and a postwar cinema. Similarly, the shattered body of the Jaguar echoes Maitland's own, just as the inhabitants he soon encounters—a radical hippie dropout named Jane Sheppard and a brutish former acrobat known only as Proctor—double his riven psyche. The scene itself is doubled, too, when Maitland attempts to trick a reluctant Proctor into spelling out a rescue message on the retaining wall under the pretense of teaching him to write his own name: "Already the wavering letters of his first alphabet had become strong and well-formed. Using both hands he

struck at the concrete slope, slashing his A's and X's side by side." Maitland traces out words for Proctor to copy, but soon enthusiasm gets the best of him and he begins to mix up the letters "into an indecipherable mass," eventually rubbing out the message and refusing to go on.<sup>4</sup>



From  
Geoffroy  
Tory,  
*Champ  
Fleury*,  
1529

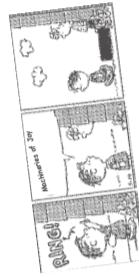
The failure of Maitland's writing lesson, read off against the earlier episode in the ruins of the printshop, foregrounds what remains "uncertain" and "indecipherable" in the mechanization of human language. For, the writing lesson is the lynchpin of all western typography. Beginning in the fifteenth century, humanist handwriting, secured through a pedagogy of imitation and a disciplining of the body, transformed the hand into a writing machine.<sup>5</sup> While lowercase roman letters emerged from this prosthetic pen-in-hand imitating the "literae antiquae" of Carolingian manuscripts, capitals traced their origins to the letters engraved on classical roman monuments, the work of stone carvers wielding the simple machines of hammer and chisel. Geoffroy Tory's 1529 *Champ Fleury* was one of a

TAINT POINT IN THE  
NIGHT HE WOULD  
YELL

**“Don’t  
question it!”**

AT THE TOP OF HIS  
LUNGS. AND FOR  
SOME REASON THAT  
WAS ALL I NEEDED  
TO FALL ASLEEP.

THIS MIDDLE-OFF-THE-  
NIGHT BLUNDER  
WOULD LEAD ME TO  
SWITCH OFF ALMOST  
INSTANTLY. EVEN IF I  
WAS ON AN OVER-  
LY-CAFFEINATED LATE  
WORK BINGE.



**St Paul's Cathedral**

**Whispering Gallery**

Featuring:

**Voices Falling Thru the Air**

**MATTINS n'LITANY-7.30am**

...Holy Communion-8am/12.30pm

Plus...

**Evensong-5.00pm**

...And Live

**BASE JUMPING**

£10 Entry fee (Concessions avail)

DOMINI DIRIGE NOS

### *One-Man Band*

With the advent of activist, or violent, black metal, the band as a multiple entity disappears. The one-man collective comes into being, a single person who operates under his own logo. Music and logo become the vehicle for the distribution of highly personal ideas.

The creation of the one-man band can be traced back to punk's influence on metal at the end of the 70s, when hard rock had degenerated into a symphonic genre for middle-aged men with ponytails and overly expensive audio equipment. Under the influence of the punk movement, metal bands became smaller and the music louder and faster. Metal split into countless sub genres, with metaphysics as the overarching theme: evil and the supernatural.

During 'grindcore', the technique of metal was used to transform punk into a metaphysical protest against a nameless total dominion, with the near apocalypse of Chernobyl, the deplorable living conditions in 'the dirty old town' under Margaret Thatcher, and the threat of nuclear war between America and the Soviet Union being thrown in as small change. Black metal opted for the encryption of logotype and music and a further elaboration of hate, Satanism and heathenism, and after awhile, action was suited to word. People got killed.

Venom, the legendary pack of brats from gray Newcastle who invented black metal, could hardly play, and in that sense were more of a two-man band than a trio. The Norwegian Darkthrone, with illegible logo, is one of the most famous and dubious of two-man groups. But the bizarrest metal band ever is probably the Swedish duo Abruptum, with a dwarf named 'It' as frontman. Abruptum's music was produced through self torture. The influential Swedish black metal group Bathory was in essence the one-man project of Ace Börje 'Quorthon' Forsberg, who died of a heart attack in 2004. And then there is Burzum, with Varg Vikernes as the only musician and Leviathan in his personal holy war of everybody against everybody.

*Daniel Van der Velden — Crypto Logo Jihad Black Metal and the Aesthetics of Evil*

### THE FUNNYMAN

Humour is a ubiquitous, highly ingrained, and largely meaningful aspect of human experience and is therefore decidedly relevant in organisational contexts, such as the workplace.[36]

The significant role that laughter and fun play in organisational life has been seen as a sociological phenomenon and has increasingly been recognised as also creating a sense of involvement among workers.[37] Sharing humour at work not only offers a relief from boredom, but can also build relationships, improve camaraderie between colleagues and create positive affect.[36] Humour in the workplace may also relieve tension and can be used as a coping strategy.[36] In fact, one of the most agreed upon key impacts that workplace humour has on people's well being, is the use of humour as a coping strategy to aid in dealing with daily stresses, adversity or other difficult situations.[36] Sharing a laugh with a few colleagues may improve moods, which is pleasurable, and people perceive this as positively affecting their ability to cope.[36] Fun and enjoyment are critical in people's lives and the ability for colleagues to be able to laugh during work, through banter or other, promotes harmony and a sense of cohesiveness.[36]

Humour may also be used to offset negative feelings about a workplace task or to mitigate the use of profanity, or other coping strategies, that may not be otherwise tolerated.[36] Not only can humour in the workplace assist with defusing negative emotions, but it may also be used as an outlet to discuss personal painful events, in a lighter context, thus ultimately reducing anxiety and allowing more happy, positive emotions to surface.

The Funnyman was supposed to be a continuation of the same principle of working from the title. It was set to feature articles on tv comedy writing and curiuos cases, like the birth of Adult Swim.

The production hit a blunder while I was trying to differentiate between what needed to be done to further the project and re-affirm the idea and what wasn't working.

Ultimately this idea never got anywhere, but drafts remained.

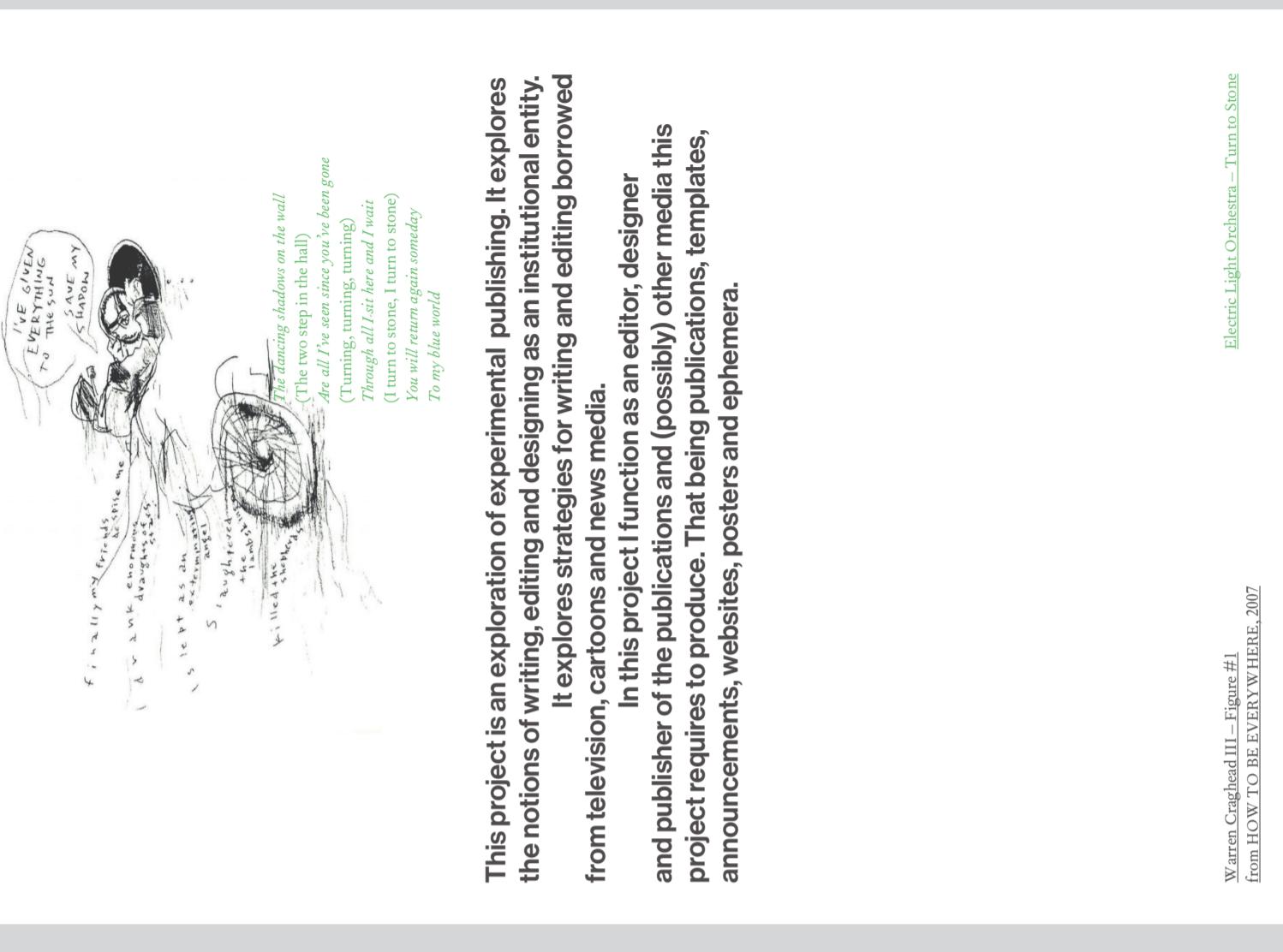
The layout featured an A4 sized section where all of the text would go and an outer area, that would contain a setup for a joke. I was specifically looking for jokes on the internet just to strip them of the punchline and put them in the layout.



A4

what does a CNA  
agent do when it's  
time for bed?

This diagram illustrates the layout for 'The Funnyman' project. It features a large central gray rectangle representing an A4 page. Above this page, the letters 'A4' are written in a bold, black, sans-serif font. To the left of the A4 page, there is a decorative border consisting of a series of small, diamond-shaped patterns arranged in a grid-like fashion. The text 'what does a CNA agent do when it's time for bed?' is written in a black, cursive, handwritten-style font, positioned to the right of the A4 page.

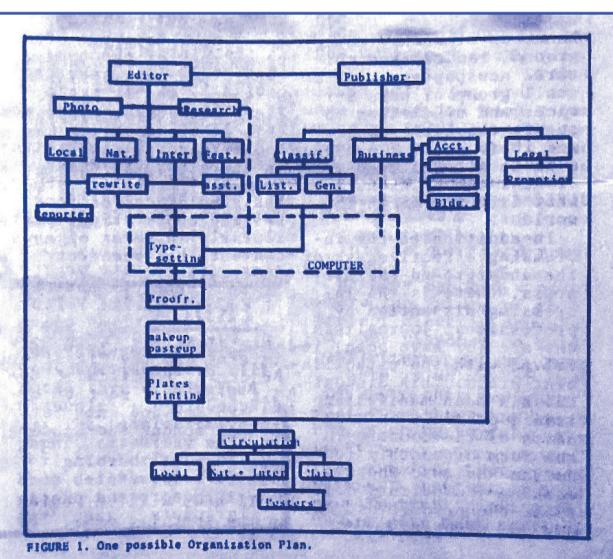


This project is an exploration of experimental publishing. It explores the notions of writing, editing and designing as an institutional entity. It explores strategies for writing and editing borrowed from television, cartoons and news media.

In this project I function as an editor, designer and publisher of the publications and (possibly) other media this project requires to produce. That being publications, templates, announcements, websites, posters and ephemera.

Warren Craghead III - Figure #1  
from HOW TO BE EVERYWHERE, 2007

The Proposal is an attempt to define the project in a single document.



Seth Sieglau — One Possible Organisational Plan

## 1 D<sub>efo</sub>

Video game soundtracks appeared in the early 1980s, when primitive analogue oscillators allowed for the first real musical accompaniments. Previously, most of the noises emanating from the machine were isolated sound-effects, layered on minimal, repetitive backgrounds, such as the menacing 'putti-putti-putti' of Asteroids. Today, the industry-wide use of sampling has produced a genre generally indistinguishable from commercial pop. Between these two eras, however, composers made due with the scraps of technology at hand, generating an eerily beautiful back-catalogue of obsolete approaches. I don't want to attempt a proper history of the genre, rather to make some suggestions or observations around the release of this album.<sup>1</sup> The soundtrack were encoded into arcade games, disks and cartridges, and were not available beyond this context. Unlike film soundtracks, then, video game music was inseparable from its original medium. Composers had to assume a transience for their work, since game systems changed rapidly and the games themselves were often discarded or forgotten. By the same token, this medium-specificity assured a well-defined audience, constituted largely of adolescent and teenage boys.<sup>2</sup> Structurally, the genre presents unique limitations. A track must be energetic but not distracting, the consummate "background music". It need not follow a standard musical trajectory, since it must be capable of looping ad infinitum, allowing players as much time as needed with a given screen or level. Because of this, many of the album tracks start abruptly or quickly peter out, their duration determined by the programmer who removed them from the circuits. For this reason, many of the tracks must be considered extracts or samples of larger and arguably infinite compositions//.<sup>3</sup> Dictated by a game's theme, the songs reference vernacular musics such as horror soundtracks, carnival music, and vaguely ethnic genres. However, even as a song may sound like, say, 'Asian music', it's not clear that the composer knew much about the idiom. In any case, this is irrelevant if a listener gets the shorthand; in this there is a similarity to advertising jingles, which also quickly supply complex discursive cues to a broad audience, with little concern for authenticity.<sup>4</sup> While today's computers and game consoles can reproduce entire sampled bands, these older soundtracks were programmed, not 'played' in the traditional sense. They have always existed solely as strings of numbers, and do not derive from analogue or 'real world' signals. At the time, this was uncommon among commercial pop music, which relied heavily on microphone recording. At times, the game music's reliance on programmed mathematical progression suggests classical sequencing.<sup>5</sup> The release of this album enacts the corporate strategy of uprooting an 'underground' or otherwise obscure cultural

1

An attempt at typesetting an issue in TEX did not seem uncalled for. But it later became evident that it was an inferior solution to the alternative workflows.



The Pundit was a publication that cemented a new approach and workflow. It used a combination of generated and found content and programmed and made layout.



Will Holder, Stedelijk Museum — “Just in Time”

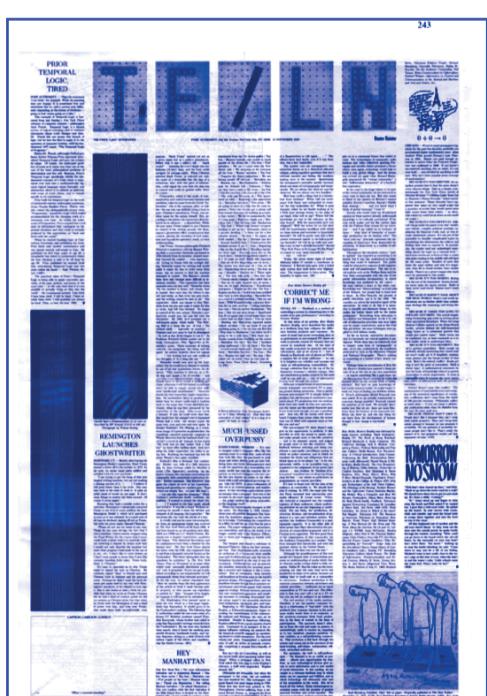
*IT'S ROTATING*



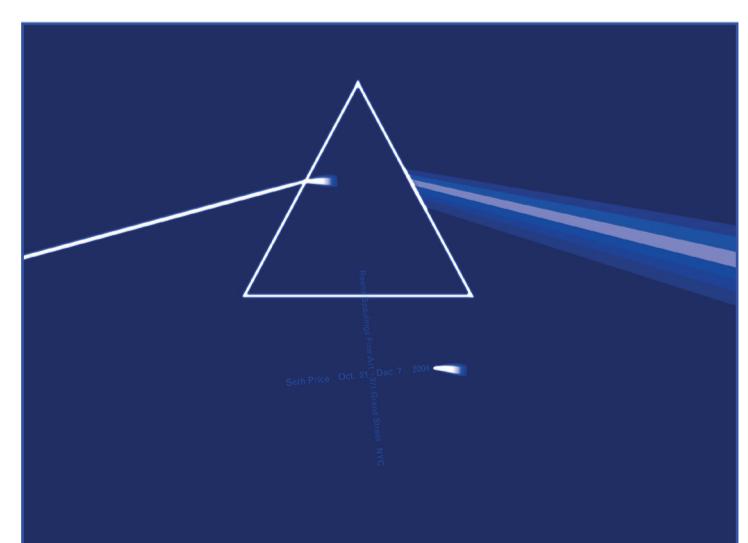
The first section is an account of U. S. Navy documentation of unidentified flying objects, with stills from a video capturing the encounter.



2



Dexter Sinister — The First/Last Newspaper



Reena Spaulings Gallery — Seth Price Announcement Poster

*Three videos posted online that have been described as being related to UFO sightings do indeed include footage of “unidentified aerial phenomena,” a U.S. Navy spokesman confirmed.*

*But as for specifics, spokesman Joseph Gradshter said the Navy doesn’t know exactly what the objects are.*

*“The three videos [one from 2004 and two from 2015] show incursions into our military training range by unidentified aerial phenomena,” Gradshter told NBC News in an emailed statement.*

*“The Navy has characterized the observed phenomena as unidentified,” he said.*

[...]

Gains, Moabesh, and Phil Helzel. “Navy Confirms Videos Did Capture UFO Sightings, but It Calls Them by Another Name.” NBC News. com: NBCUniversal News Group, September 19, 2019. <https://www.nbcnews.com/news/us-news/navy-confirms-videos-did-capture-ufo-sightings-it-calls-them-n1056201>.

4

**In the \$600 billion annual Defense Department budgets, the \$22 million spent on the Advanced Aerospace Threat Identification Program was almost impossible to find.**

**Which was how the Pentagon wanted it.**

**For years, the program investigated reports of unidentified flying objects, according to Defense Department officials, interviews with program participants and records obtained by The New York Times. It was run by a military intelligence official, Luis Elizondo, on the fifth floor of the Pentagon’s C Ring, deep within the building’s maze.**

The Defense Department has never before acknowledged the existence of the program, which it says it shut down in 2012. But its backers say that, while the Pentagon ended funding for the effort at that time, the program remains in existence. For the past five years, they say, officials with the program have continued to investigate episodes brought to them by service members, while also carrying out their other Defense Department duties.

The shadowy program — parts of it remain classified — began in 2007, and initially it was largely funded at the request of Harry Reid, the Nevada Democrat who was the Senate majority leader at the time and who has long had an interest in space phenomena. Most of the money went to

## NOTES TOWARDS A MENTAL BREAKDOWN

A<sup>1</sup> discharged<sup>2</sup> Broadmoor<sup>3</sup> patient<sup>4</sup> compiles<sup>5</sup> ‘Notes<sup>6</sup> Towards<sup>7</sup> a<sup>8</sup> Mental Breakdown<sup>10</sup>, recalling<sup>11</sup> his<sup>12</sup> wife’s<sup>13</sup> murder<sup>14</sup>, his<sup>15</sup> trial<sup>16</sup> and<sup>17</sup> exoneration<sup>18</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The use of the *indefinite* article encapsulates all the ambiguities that surround the undiscovered document, *Notes Towards a Mental Breakdown*, of which this 18-word synopsis is the only surviving fragment. Deceptively candid and straightforward, the synopsis is clearly an important clue in our understanding of the events that led to the tragic death of Judith Loughlin in her hotel bedroom at Gatwick Airport. There is no doubt that the role of the still unidentified author was a central one. The self-effacing ‘A’ must be regarded not merely as an overt attempt at evasion but, on the unconscious level, as an early intimation of the author’s desire to proclaim his guilt.

<sup>2</sup> There is no evidence that the patient was discharged. Recent inspection of the in-patients’ records at Springfield Hospital (cf. footnote 3) indicates that Dr Robert Loughlin has been in continuous detention in the Unit of Criminal Psychopathy since his committal at Kingston Crown Court on 18 May 1975. Only one visitor has called, a former colleague at the London Clinic, the neur-

an aerospace research company run by a billionaire entrepreneur and longtime friend of Mr. Reid's, Robert Bigelow, who is currently working with NASA to produce expandable craft for humans to use in space. On CBS's "60 Minutes" in May, Mr. Bigelow said he was "absolutely convinced" that aliens exist and that U.F.O.s have visited Earth.

Working with Mr. Bigelow's Las Vegas-based company, the program produced documents that describe sightings of aircraft that seemed to move at very high velocities with no visible signs of propulsion, or that hovered with no apparent means of lift.

Officials with the program have also studied videos of encounters between unknown objects and American military aircraft — including one released in August of a whitish oval object, about the size of a commercial plane, chased by two Navy F/A-18F fighter jets from the aircraft carrier Nimitz off the coast of San Diego in 2004.

Mr. Reid, who retired from Congress this year, said he was proud of the program. "I'm not embarrassed or ashamed or sorry I got this thing going," Mr. Reid said in a recent interview in Nevada. "I think it's one of the good things I did in my congressional service. I've done something that no one has done before."

Two other former senators and top members of a defense spending subcommittee — Ted Stevens, an Alaska Republican, and Daniel K. Inouye, a Hawaii Democrat — also supported the program. Mr. Stevens died in 2010, and Mr. Inouye in 2012.

While not addressing the merits of the program, Sara Seager, an astrophysicist at M.I.T., cautioned that not knowing the origin of an object does not mean that it is from another planet or galaxy. "When people claim to observe truly unusual phenomena, sometimes it's worth investigating seriously," she said. But, she added, "what people sometimes don't get about science is that we often have phenomena that remain unexplained."

In response to questions from The Times, Pentagon officials this month acknowledged the existence of the program, which began as part of the Defense Intelligence Agency. Officials insisted that the effort had ended after five years, in 2012.

"It was determined that there were other, higher priority issues that merited funding, and it was in the best interest

of the DoD to make a change,” a Pentagon spokesman, Thomas Crosson, said in an email, referring to the Department of Defense.

But Mr. Elizondo said the only thing that had ended was the effort’s government funding, which dried up in 2012. From then on, Mr. Elizondo said in an interview, he worked with officials from the Navy and the C.I.A. He continued to work out of his Pentagon office until this past October, when he resigned to protest what he characterized as excessive secrecy and internal opposition.

“Why aren’t we spending more time and effort on this issue?” Mr. Elizondo wrote in a resignation letter to Defense Secretary Jim Mattis.

Mr. Elizondo said that the effort continued and that he had a successor, whom he declined to name.

U.F.O.s have been repeatedly investigated over the decades in the United States, including by the American military. In 1947, the Air Force began a series of studies that investigated more than 12,000 claimed U.F.O. sightings before it was officially ended in 1969. The project, which included a study code-named Project Blue Book, started in 1952, concluded that most sightings involved stars, clouds, conventional aircraft or spy planes, although 701 remained unexplained.

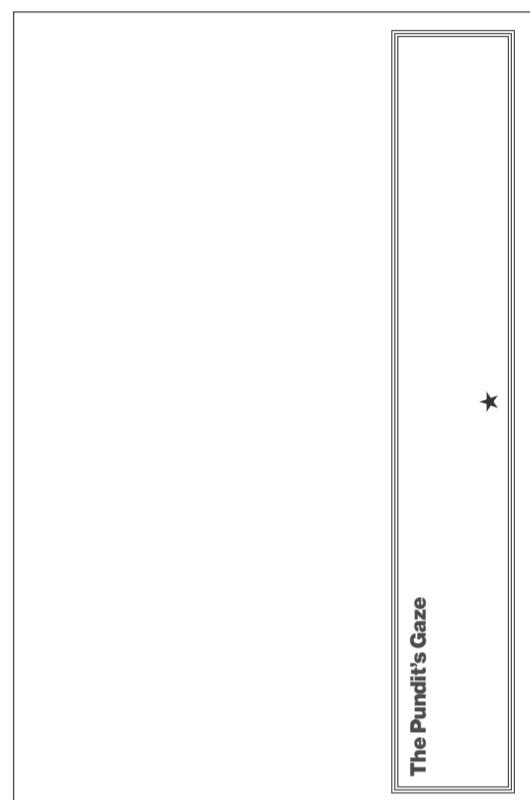
[...]

Cooper, Helene, Ralph Blumenthal, and Leslie Kean, “Glowing Auroras and ‘Black Money’: The Pentagon’s Mysterious U.F.O. Program.” The New York Times, December 16, 2017 <https://www.nytimes.com/2017/12/16/us/politics/pentagon-program-ufo-harry-raid.html>.

*One thing is for certain: there is no stopping them; the ants  
will soon be here.  
And I for one welcome our new insect overlords. I'd like to remind  
them that as a trusted TV personality, I can be helpful in rounding  
up others to toil in their underground sugar caves.*



"The Simpsons," Deep Space Homer. Fox, February 24, 1994.

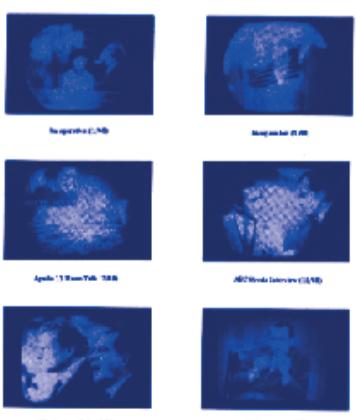


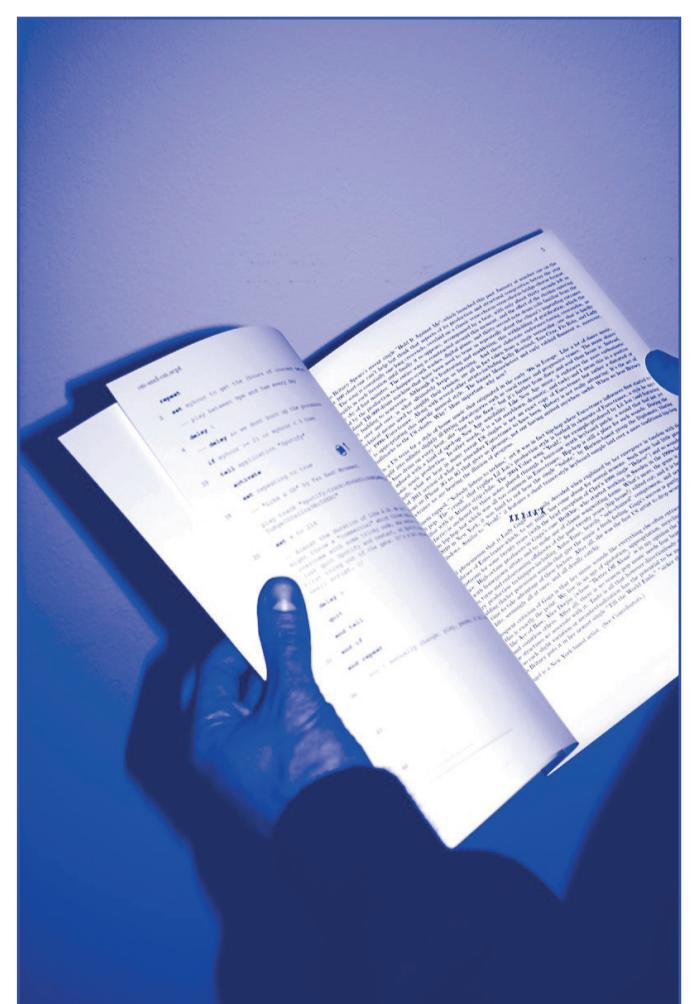
8

This chapter of the publication was made using a Python script, that automatically searched the internet for pictures that would be described with the word - "pundit", and then laid out the 26 found pictures as pages in the publication.  
Apart from an occasional blunder (Pages 13, 23), the script returned pictures of tv pundits with graphics spelling out important news.  
Consider this section as a typographic score for a musical, and people pictured singing the underlying text.

The second section is a compilation of news stills depicting pundits and accompanied by television graphics.

## THE PRESIDENT





Cory Arcangel — The Source Magazine

# Machi neries Of Joy

INTERNAL MEMO NUMBER ONE

Internal Memo Number 1 uses the same formula as  
The Pundit for content generation. It serves the very same  
function as the original Machineries of Joy now focusing  
mainly on art sources.

**As Cocteau writes:** "Decorative style has never existed. Style is the soul, and unfortunately with us the soul assumes the form of the body." Even if one were to define style as the manner of our appearing, this by no means necessarily entails an opposition between a style that one assumes and one's "true" being. In fact, such a disjunction is extremely rare. In almost every case, our manner of appearing is our manner of being. The mask is the face.

A CURRENT  
PROPOSAL



Acknowledgments of Paul H. Mahoney,  
State Soc. of History, 1880



"A. I got to be one's best expert... a gal got to be General in Villages in New York. We ain't about for a while the plain old statement that weeps, resembles a quagmire, or quotes the career bad dig it. Say the Who had a world to say the world. It is *World War* now! In Berlin, Germany can talk as a worldline in the form of a single importance it is a good to that means to subdue the logic of *Never Again*. Therefore, if you think simple sentence is again simple. Sir! The *Who*, That is of the *World War* do not mention anything in the *Who* is what and the *World*, is a thing in the *World War*, so then the *World War* does not exist or simply it is impliedly, exists in the



In "Quasi-infallibility and the Writing of Spec." (Art Magazines, 1900), he set Fourier's predecessor Bataille at *Shambles*, however heavily, as Yale historian George Rudeker's line is broken: The *Shambles* of *Spec.* "to suggest that there may no longer be a straight line, is not infallible, incomprehensible and coincidentally in extracting and connecting figures from the material."



"The exciting thing about all this is that each country has its own style of film, but there's also something common to all our work which is amazingly different from one country to another," Gertie Stora, a Swedish film director, said.

and Hammer in the grounds that we know more than they did by replying "yes, we do and they are precisely what we claim," Had a Principle, "Revolution without a Future," lectures from Novosibirsk 27, 1979

their ensuing battles is one perspective on ours. That is their view of things. They see the future as something that comes upon them from behind like a book with the past reading along before it like a symphony. When you think about it, that is a more meaningful approach than our present one. Who really can know the future? All you can do is project the past, a view where the past shows that such projection is actually wrong. And all that easily can forget the past? What shall we do to learn?"

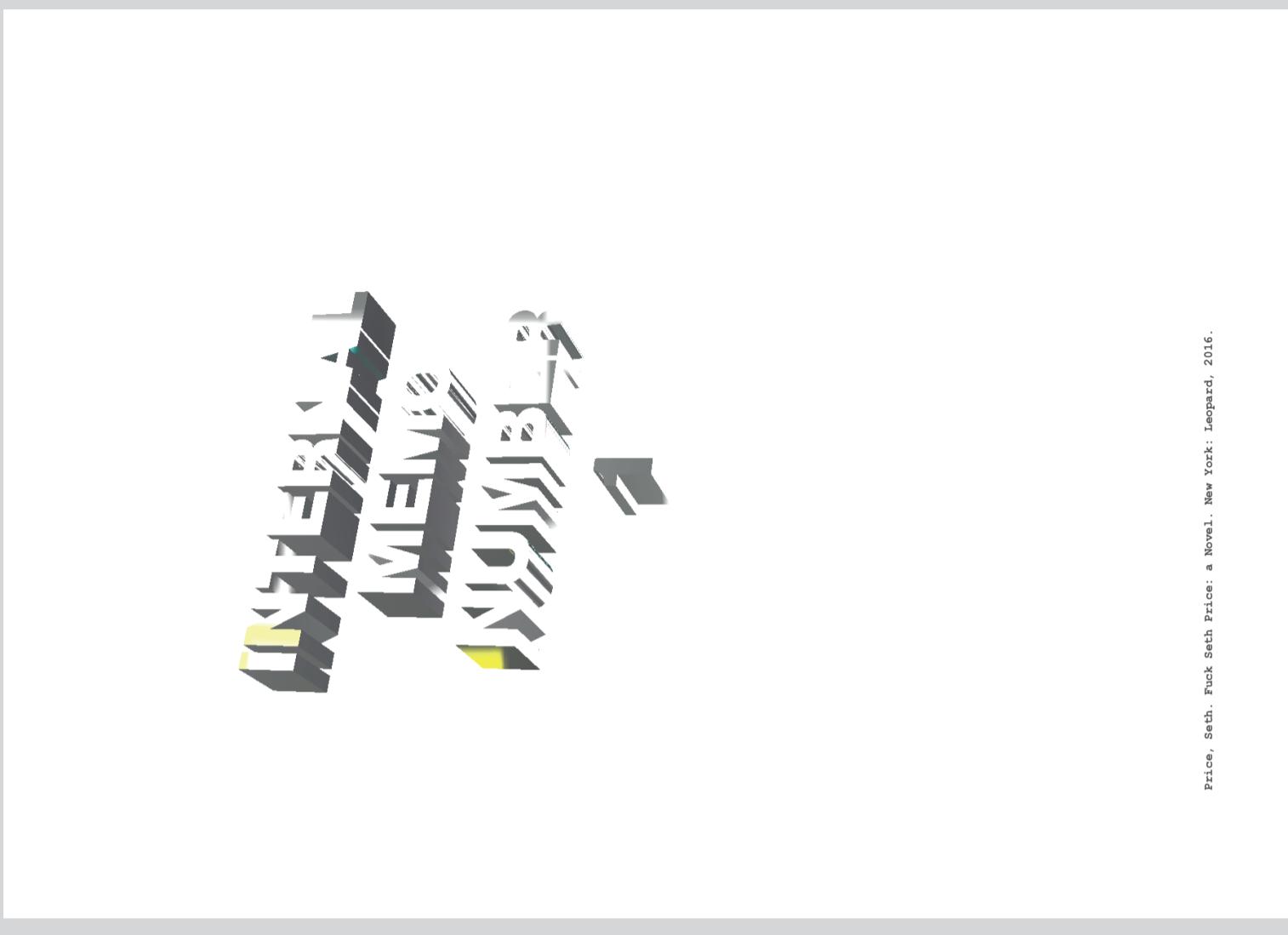
"As far as I am concerned, there are no such things as forms that are more or less up to date.  
All forms, small or large, rich or poor, simple or complex, should be used. We all bring, unconsciously, a stamping to our style which takes us out of the

system that gives straightforward answers to most questions with regard to the first two reviews and adds for the last: "Nicholson's *Pastoral*, 'Famous Last Words,' 862, June 1888."

"It's said in the histories as any  
place else, but here it's said  
to give a clearer picture of history.  
Well, it's my wish that it's to be  
the first great project in front  
of you, and when you speak with  
you wills as men in the world.  
The one with me, Justice  
Spitzer, can relate this for all this  
is what she claims, so you can take  
this time as our talk time to save  
you time in the day. This press conference  
will be held at the same time as the  
first budget hearing, so I would like  
to finish this one last and come directly  
to the front of the house. That way I am  
working it out properly." — Sen.  
Bennet, at a hearing before the budget  
committee.



In response, certain common artistic practices had emerged. The first to hand was the most literal: printing, in both its flat form (e.g., ink-jet on paper) and its volumetric form (e.g., 3-D printing). Flat printing had become a lifeline, a quick and easy way to bridge the gap: you seized circulating data, tamed it, plasticized it, caged it for later observation. In flat printing, image became skin. You didn't have to print on paper, of course; maybe you printed on aluminum composite to signify cold, unyielding corporate modernity, or on acrylic, which lent the impermanence and vulgarity of packaging and commerce. Maybe you printed your image not on a rigid plane but on a supple material like Mylar, which folded, crumpled, and slumped, thereby aggressively asserting material presence on the hap-less image. But the image was a sly skin, and any apparent hapieness was illusory, because skin always triumphed over skeleton. Wasn't that the lesson of 3-D modeling? The computer-rendered world was only secondarily about wire-frame volumes and chiefly about surfaces, the way virtual light refracted, played across them, broke on their shores, continuously collapsing and reassembling in shivering algorithmic waves. An artist might attempt to grab such a substance only to wind up with a handful of—what? Never image itself, only more material: sighing industrial substrates, the lingering aroma of the primeval factories that once blanketed the land, the spew from a neurasthenic ticker-tape machine. Drawn to these paradoxes, many artists abandoned printing in favor of modeling and rendering, yielding haunting new worlds



Price, Seth. *Fuck Seth Price: a Novel*. New York: Leopard, 2016.



Dexter Sinister et al. — *Dot Dot Dot #15*

*Internal Memo Supercut*

This chapter of the publication was made using a Python script, that automatically searched the internet for pictures that would be described with the words - "internal Corporate Memo", and then laid out the found pictures as pages in the publication.

MS-PCAIA2 00000046  
CONFIDENTIAL

Will Stuart

**Microsoft Memo**

TO: Bill Gates, Mike Marpus, Jeff Paine, Chris Mason  
FROM: Peter Jackson  
DATE: December 17, 1989  
RE: Opus Development Postmortem  
CC: Adrian Wyard, Bill Badler, Laurie Boehm, David Bourne,  
Clif-Chap Chan, Brad Christians, Greg Cox, Judy Crichton, Paul Fassett,  
Chase Franklin, Jodi Green, Sylvia Hayashi, Anne Hayes, Doug Kunkler,  
Tony Krueger, Laurel Lammerts, Jurgens Lashmet, Elyan Leofshoutrow,  
David Liebert, Brian MacDonald, Ford Martin, Karen Marion,  
Bob Matthews, David McKimis, Dave Moore, Kristina Mullenix,  
Jeff Mazy, Chuck O'Leary, Len Orlin, John Parkes, Rose Peters,  
Chris Peters, Diana Petersen, Ghan Poon, Tom Reeves,  
Darren Remington, Rick Sasse, Jeff Satter, Tom Seiden, Doug Scott,  
Mark Seaman, Jeanne Sheldon, Greg Slingland, Marshal Smith,  
Brandy Thurn, Doug Timpe, Brad Verheiden, Paul West (file),  
Greg Whalen, Bob Zawalich

1. Attached is the Development Postmortem for the Opus project.

ADVERTISEMENT

**FOR SALE**

Design for a contemporary art magazine. As new. Image pages: large-format, finest quality reproductions of artworks (see example, accompanying); as *white cube*; full colour on off-white coated paper (135 grams). Text pages: v. readable; large main type area; 13 pt. Fournier type; as *book page*; black ink on white uncoated paper (120 grams). Considerable margin area around text page accommodates reference images and/or supplementary material (see example below/right), 10.25 pt. Fournier type. Cover: composite of image and text pages; complete list of contents and page numbers; full colour on ivory card (260 grams). All folded and staple-bound; general symmetrical layout organised from centre spread out; basic container adjusts to specific content; further sections possible, pending discussion.

Available : January 2006. Contact: fipgood@xx4all

WILL STUART

It seems to me that reality is fractured right now—at least the reality I live in—and the difficulty about writing about that reality is that text is very linear, it's very unified so I am constantly on the lookout for ways to fracture the text that aren't totally disorienting. I mean, you can take the lines and jumble them up, and that's nicely fractured, but nobody's going to read it. So there's got to be some interplay between how difficult you make it for the reader and how seductive it is so the reader's willing to do it.

## Memo Format

Letters and memos are two common formats for business communications. The general rule is to use letter format when your audience is outside of your organization, and use memo format when your audience is within your organization. However, often memos are used when communicating with clients and other external parties that you work with frequently.

Memos are formatted differently from letters:

- Omit the complimentary opening (Dear Dr. Bartle) and complimentary close (Sincerely, Mary Walker) that are included in a letter.
- Omit the mailing and return address (because memos are typically internal—sent between employees of the same company—no addresses are needed).
- If sending a hard copy, initial or sign the memo next to your name on the “from” line.
- Label the memo “Memos,” “Memorandum,” etc. at the top of the page, as in the examples below.

The examples below show possible ways to set up your memos. When you begin to work for a particular company, you will likely format your memos in a company-specific way. Many companies have memo templates pre-formatted with the company and/or department logo. However, any memo you write will include the date, recipient's name, and a subject line.

### Memorandum

Date: October 9, 2006  
To: Bob Manger, Team Coordinator  
From: Sam Steinberg, CPA  
Subject: Treatment of the restructuring issues for NetWorth Corporation

### Internal Memorandum

October 9, 2006

To: Bob Manger, Team Coordinator  
Cc: Debbie Partner  
From: Sam Steinberg, CPA  
Re: Treatment of the restructuring issues for NetWorth Corporation

The subject line should be very specific to the topic or purpose of the memo. Subject lines are important to memos (as well as emails) because they have a large impact on whether or not the recipient actually reads the message. A vague subject line could cause the recipient to discard the memo (or delete the email) without reading it.

**MADE IN USA, MADE IN GERMANY, MADE IN JAPAN, MADE IN CHINA, MADE IN POLAND.**  
Bernadette Corporation: three people in New York City (today, 1999 or 2000) working together on a new fashion magazine called 'Made in USA' and making art. We came from different backgrounds but we had something in common: we wanted to change the world because we didn't like the way it was. Now we are more mellow and interested in turning our backs on the world, exploring new, wild spaces and telling the world what we found, how great it is, how you can do anything out there ... 'It's a very American mentality', said Daniel Boone the explorer. But we call our magazine 'Made In USA' because it is the title of the worst movie Jean Luc Godard ever made (also a very good movie).

Name: Bernadette Corporation. Current Number of Members: 3. Founded in 1994. SONY CORPORATION, DISNEY CORPORATION, TIME WARNER CORPORATION, BEATRICE CORPORATION, BERNADETTE CORPORATION. We call : ourselves a corporation because corporations are everywhere, and it impresses people ... pretending we are business people while we sleep all day like cats. Our work is like the one street lamp out of 100 that flickers on and off. How did we manage this? We started a fashion magazine yesterday.



Gauss PDF

ABT GPDF001-150 GPDF151-300 EDITIONS TWITTER

GPDF291/GPDFE060 : Clara B. Jones : /masculine nature/

Organizational Change Announcement - Law & Finance Pyramid	
Target Communications	Send: Wednesday, May 01, 2014 8:24 AM To: All Target Team Members.
TIM BAER, Executive Vice President, General Counsel and Corporate Secretary, and JOHN MULLIGAN, Executive Vice President and Chief Financial Officer, announce the following changes:	In order to create an ecosystem in which all functions that relate to security and compliance are appropriately coordinated and ensure clearer accountability through-out the organization, we are redefining the roles and reporting structure for our Chief Information Security Officer and Chief Compliance Officer and will be undertaking an external search for these roles. In addition, the Compliance and Information Protection functions will move in-line. Pyramin will remain with in Finance.
RALPH BOELTER, Vice President, Corporate Security, will assume additional interim responsibility for Compliance and Information Protection, effective immediately. Ralph will continue to report to Tim Baer.	Newly reporting to Ralph will be JOPEN, Vice President of Information Protection and Chief Information Security Officer (CSO) and DELL, Vice President, Finance and Chief Compliance Officer (CCO). Brenda L'Ecuyer, Action Director, Legal, Action Director, Legal, Information Protection and Nancy Rhoton, Director, Corporate Compliance and Ethics will report to Ralph until these positions are filled. Ralph's current direct reports will continue to report to him.
ANN SCOVIL, Vice President, Assurance, Risk and Compliance, has announced her retirement, effective March 28.	We thank Ann for her many contributions for the past 22 years and wish her well in her future endeavors. Ann looks forward to spending more time with her family, enjoying golf and volunteering personally and professionally.
MATT LADEGARD, Director, HR and HR Finance has been promoted to Vice-President Assurance, effective March 31.	Matt joined Target in 2010 as Director, External Financial Reporting & Capital Accounting. Matt has experience in both Assurance and Risk Committee responsibilities including PR, General Business Officers and Under Health Committee. He was most recently in his current position in June 2012.
Reporting to Matt will be: Sephanie Armento, Treasury, National; Tricia Ramirez, Finance, Americas; and Diane Marzinek, VP Assurance.	Matt's replacement will be: Matt's direct reports will report to Scott Rull, Vice President Expense Management.
Please join us in congratulating Matt on his promotion, thanking Ralph for assuming new interim responsibilities, and wishing Ann the very best in her future.	Please join us in congratulating Matt on his promotion, thanking Ralph for assuming new interim responsibilities, and wishing Ann the very best in her future.



## Cory Arcangel New York Magazine May 2011

*New York*  
ART

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**The Joys of Obsolescence**

When high-tech products become old and awkward, that's where artist Cory Arcangel gets excited.

By Wizards Weir Published May 15, 2011 10:00pm

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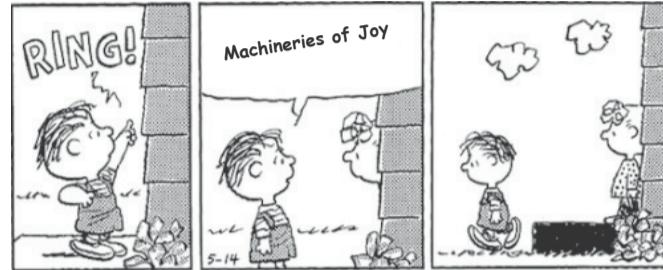
**W**alk into Cory Arcangel's studio space, and you're confronted with one hellacious product after another. There's a Super V-Card, a monstrously large, multi-layered plastic card that seems only ever impossible to flip face down. There's a Modulus XP-plus piano, a computer printer that worked by physically moving the paper forward. There's a Polaroid camera, but not the kind you buy at the drugstore, complete with film that expired in the late 1970s. There's a Polaroid camera that was hand-crafted by Billy Charlot's "Mister U from Outer Space," which plays constantly. There's even a door of Cinnabon Paper, the cardboard door that's sold online as a novelty item. "It still smells like cinnamon," says Arcangel, plodding up the staircase. "It still has味 in it!"

(Photo: Lauren Lund-Bowman)

Cory Arcangel's art—set in motion, his studio—is a veritable museum of失败, or, more precisely, obsolescence. Like a cheapskate hoarding old VHS tape, Arcangel collects this stuff from friends, scavenges it online, or just买 comes across it. He is reverent when it comes to pop culture, but he approaches it with a sense of wonder and awe. He looks up at Billy Charlot. He loves playing with the bleach, originally made to produce architectural drawings, by using it to, say, write out the lyrics to Billy Cyrus's "Party in the U.S.A."

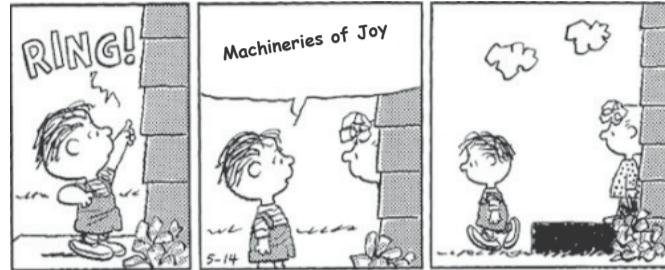
"I wait for people to notice me, and then I snap it up," says Arcangel, whose exhibition "Pro Tools" opens at the Whitney on May 14. "Then I point at things and say, 'Hey, the thing that you're ignoring, that you forgot about...the thing says something about it.'"

Especially if those things look bad in the eighties. Arcangel, who turns 33 next week, is best known for his series *Thirsty*, a series of nine short films in which the heavy-duty liquid of choice is beer. It was very much a product of its time, a hyperbolic response to the idea of a beer in a big city. To make it, Arcangel had to build a 1970s McDonald's cartidge, representing his efforts to make its creamy eight-bit graphics look something otherworldly and gross. From an aesthetic standpoint, it was hideously ugly. But in an era of instant access, it was hyperbolic with relevance. It was a combination of youth, hubris, and movie magic that made it impossible to ignore. If you were a member of your school's art club, there were things that you thought were cool, but you didn't really understand them. And then you saw *Thirsty*, and you were like, 'Oh my God! This is what art is all about!' If you were thousands of childhood hours thumb-jiggling your way through Mario's world, this place had the ability to take you into an altered state. "It's not just that he's obsessed with technological



It was clear at a certain point that Machineries of Joy became something a little more than just a name for a project. This new status required new considerations and arrangements to be made — one of them is a set of loose guidelines for a kind of an identity. It mixes a collaged Peanuts strip with a colorful logotype to create something that is not necessarily easy to place on its own, but unmistakable when applied to output.

## Machineries of Joy



Charles Shulz, "Peanuts" (cartoon), The Complete Peanuts 1995-1998, November 10, 2015.

E. LUSTIG 103 E. 86 N.Y.C. '28



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Dexter Strider @ 10:00pm to the Commanders Room at the 7th Regiment Armory every day from 4 March to 23 March 2008 reissues a series of parallel texts through multiple channels of distribution which reflect on the 2008 Whitney Biennial.

(1) March 2008 / Open Letter  
(2) March 2008 / There is never one reason for anything.  
(3) March 2008 / The Art of the Selfie  
(4) March 2008 / Refreshed Light Though Armory Show (Demo)  
(5) March 2008 / I'm Not Sure If This Will Be the Preview to the Review  
(6) March 2008 / How To Make Our Ideas Clear  
(7) March 2008 / The Parallel Campaign II  
(8) March 2008 / The Art of the Selfie (Part 2) (Medium)  
(9) March 2008 / Further questions without question marks  
(10) March 2008 / The Art of the Selfie (Part 3) (Medium)  
(11) March 2008 / This Was The Review Of The Preview  
(12) March 2008 / Time Machine Wheel Clamped  
(13) March 2008 / The Roasted (B/C) Armansack  
(14) March 2008 / The Art of the Selfie (Part 4) (Medium)  
(15) March 2008 / The Art of the Selfie (Part 5) (Medium)  
(16) March 2008 / Dear IX (NYT, Miroslav Nemec)  
(17) March 2008 / Report On Zero  
(18) March 2008 / Dear 10 (Other)  
(19) March 2008 / Audio Greetings  
(20) March 2008 / Photo Session  
(21) March 2008 / Photo Session With the Handinthe Monkey Effect  
(22) March 2008 / Sleekie Circular  
(23) March 2008 / The Art of the Selfie (Part 6) (Medium)  
(24) March 2008 / The Blind Man  
(25) March 2008 / The Art of the Selfie (Part 7) (Medium)  
(26) March 2008 / But maybe the confusion the contemporary scene poses  
(27) March 2008 / The Parallel Campaign II  
(28) March 2008 / The Parallel Campaign II  
(29) March 2008 / The Parallel Campaign II  
(30) March 2008 / Tales Of The City  
(31) March 2008 / A LETTER From Dublin as doublet signed Dexter Strider  
(32) March 2008 / Feats are stillt untrue.

1

# THE ORDINARY SPACEMAN

\*\*\*\*\*DEEP\*SPACE\*HOMER\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Grim music plays at the nuclear power plant as Smithers' voice comes over the PA system. "Attention. All workers trudge immediately to the main yard for the mandatory 'Worker of the Week award' festivities." Each person must walk through an X-ray machine watched by several security guards. One of them watches each worker: "Clean. Clean. Pistol. Uui. Two kids posing as an adult. Oh --" he says, seeing a Neanderthal-looking skeleton, "hey Homer."  
Carl: I hate these "Worker of the Week Award" ceremonies.  
Lenny: Who even cares any more? Everyone at work sure has already got one.  
Carl: Except foocoocor --  
Homer: Hello! Well, today's the day for Homer J.! I know... I'm going to win this time!  
Lenny: Yeah? How come?  
Homer: Union rule 26. "Every employee must win 'Worker of the Week' at least once regardless of gross incompetence, obesity, or rank odor." Heh heh heh heh.  
-- He's a shoo-in, then, "Deep Space Homer"  
Smithers uses a megaphone to make an announcement.  
Smithers: Attention, everyone. Let's have an awed hush please for Mr. Burns.  
[Everyone gasps]  
Burns: Comrades, it is imperative that we crush the freedom fighters before the start of the rainy season. And remember, a shiny new donkey for whoever brings me the head of Colonel Montoya.  
[Smithers whispers to him] Huh? What? Oh, and by that I mean, of course, it's time for the "Worker of the Week Award". I can't believe we've overlooked this week's winner for so very, very long. We simply could not function without his tireless efforts. So, a round of applause for...this inanimate carbon rod!  
[Everyone cheers]  
Homer: [growls] Ooh... inanimate, huh? I'll show him inanimate!  
-- Homer, master Impressionist, "Deep Space Homer"  
Homer is despondent that night at dinner.  
Homer: Stupid carbon rod. It's all just a popularity contest!  
Bart: Wow! Did you actually get to see the rod?  
Marge: Oh, I'm sorry, Honey.  
Homer: [mournful] Nobody respects me at work.  
Marge: Well, we respect you!  
[Bart writes "Inseet Brain Hare" on the back of Homer's head]  
[Lisa and Bart laugh]  
Bart: I told you, don't draw on your father's skull.  
[Marge reads it and begins to chuckle]  
-- Once a Simpson, always a Simpson, "Deep Space Homer"  
  
Since everyone's laughing, Homer asks, "What does it say? I want to see!" He tries spinning around to see it, but only ends up falling on the ground and gasping as he continues to run in circles. The family's laughter tapers off slowly. Soon, they all groan.  
Homer: Ah, TV respects me. It laughs with me, not at me!  
[Turns it on; a man points at him]  
Man: You stupid -- [laughs uncontrollably]  
Homer: D'oh! [switches channels]  
-- "Deep Space Homer"

The Ordinary Spaceman was a kind of perspective study. It was an unrealised draft that would consist of a script of a Simpsons episode called Space Homer superimposed with its Wikipedia page.



Homer and Marge arrive at the NASA launch site. Homer asks Marge if she wants to go see the launch. Marge says no, but Homer insists. They walk up to the launch pad, where they are met by a scientist and his assistant. The scientist tells them about the rocket and its purpose. Homer is impressed and asks if he can go on the rocket. The scientist says no, but Homer persists. Finally, the scientist agrees to let Homer go on the rocket as a passenger. Homer is overjoyed and jumps into the rocket. The rocket launches and flies into space. Homer is in awe of the view and the experience.



Production

The show's producer, Matt Groening, has said that the episode was inspired by the real-life launch of the Space Shuttle Endeavour in 2007.

Production

The show's producer, Matt Groening, has said that the episode was inspired by the real-life launch of the Space Shuttle Endeavour in 2007.

Scientist: We need a fresh angle to keep the public interested.  
Assistant: The public see our astronauts as clean-cut, athletic go-

getters. They hate people like that.

Woman: Well, who do they like?  
Assistant: Well, here are the most popular personalities on television,  
or "TV".

[Turns one on, shows "Home Improvement"]

Taylor: I did it! I supercharged my riding mower.  
[Makes his characteristic noises. Backs through a fence by  
mistake.]

Al: Ehh, no Peg.

Oh, no!  
Peg: [whines] Al...let's have sex!

[Audience laughs and claps]

[FAL flushes a toilet, and everyone hollers and cheers]

-- Fox: only the best programs, "Deep Space Homer"

Scientist: I wish there was an easier way.

The scientist sees the common theme in the popular shows.

Researcher: Why they're all a bunch of blue-collar slobs!  
Scientist: People, that's who we need for our next astronaut.  
Assistant: I suggest a lengthy, inefficient search. At the taxpayers'

expense, of course.

Homer: Hello, is this NASA?

Scientist: Yes?

Homer: Good! Listen: I'm sick of your boring space launches. Now  
I'm just an ordinary, blue-collar slob, but I know what I  
likes on TV.

Scientist: How did you get this number?

Homer: Shut up! And another thing: how come I can't get no Tang

'round here? And also --

[a toilet flushes]

Scientist: People, our long search is over.

-- At no expense to the taxpayers, yet, "Deep Space Homer"

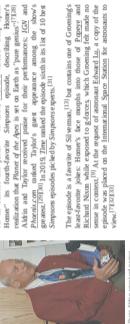
Homer's next phone call from Moe's is to the President of the United States.  
Homer: Hello, is this President Clinton? Good! I figured if anyone  
knew where to get some Tang, it'd be you. ... Shut up!

Assistant: Excuse me --

Homer: Aah!

Assistant: Are you the person that called NASA yesterday?





1. 2011: Dr. David J. Thompson, one of the original supporting scientists for the James Webb Space Telescope and placed 27th in 2011. MSEN's award "Deep Space Homer" was given to him for his work on the James Webb Space Telescope. He is currently working on the James Webb Space Telescope's Near-Infrared Camera (NIRCam) instrument. He is also involved in the development of the Ultraviolet Imaging Photometer Experiment (UIPEX) instrument for the James Webb Space Telescope.

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3. [www.simpsonspedia.com/Simpsons\\_Science.html](http://www.simpsonspedia.com/Simpsons_Science.html)
4. [www.simpsonspedia.com/Simpsons\\_Science.html](http://www.simpsonspedia.com/Simpsons_Science.html)
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8. [www.simpsonspedia.com/Simpsons\\_Science.html](http://www.simpsonspedia.com/Simpsons_Science.html)

Scientist: Thank you, that's all we have time for.

-- The NASA press conference, "Deep Space Homer"

The scientist tries to impress on Homer and Barney the weight of their responsibility.

Scientist: Now of course only one of you will be chosen to go into space. So the next few weeks will be a grueling series of tests to determine which one of you is most qualified.

Assistant: Oh, and Mr. Gamble: for the duration of the training there will be no more beer.

Barney: What? Three whole weeks with only wine? I'll go crazy!

Homer: And may the best man win. [whispers to assistant] He's got a big drinking problem, could embarrass the program. Meet me up in that tree later and I'll tell you more.

-- Good sportsmanship, "Deep Space Homer"

At their new homeette on-site, the family sits down for dinner.

Bart: Now, my father an astronaut. I feel so full of...what's the opposite of shame?

Marge: Pride?

Bart: No, not that far from shame.

Homer: [quavering] Less shame?

Bart: [happy] Yeah...

-- English has a word for everything, "Deep Space Homer"

Marge: You know, Homer, when I found out about this, I went through a wide range of emotions. First I was nervous, then anxious, then wary, then apprehensive, then...kind of sleepy, then worried, and then concerned, but now I realize that being a spaceman is something you have to do.

Homer: Who's doing what now?

-- Does Marge read "Life in Hell"? "Deep Space Homer"

The next day, Homer shows up for training eating a pink donut. (But not wearing a pink shirt. Careful, he wets his -- oh, never mind.)

Homer: Well, here I am, right on time. I don't see Barney "let's crash the rocket into the White House and kill the President"

Gamble...  
Assistant: Actually, he's been here since sunrise.

[Barney works with a punching bag]

Barney: Hi Homer. Since they made me stop drinking, I've regained my balance and diction! Observe: [does backflip] "I am the very model of a modern major general, I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral."

Homer: Oh, that's nothing. Watch this: [does cartwheels] "There

once was a man from Nantucket, Whose --" [smashes into a wall]  
s not complete that limerick. "Deep Space Homer."

MANUFACTURE OF POLY(1,4-PHENYLENE TEREPHTHALIC ANHYDRIDE)

Both men are tested on the centrifugal force machine, their faces taking on obscene-looking shapes (Homer's remarkably reminiscent of Popeye). They both blow into small tubes connected to columns filled with water and a white ball, to test their lungs. Homer drinks his water instead, sighing, "Mmm...medicay." (They are even forced to do battles in a futuristic arena while everyone watches. The assistant whispers, "I wager 400 onations on the newcomer.")

**Scientist:** Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet the two astronauts who will accompany the winner into space.

Buzz: (Second names all right after first.)  
Baron and Buzz Aldrin, the second man on the moon!

[long pause]  
So Barney, we hear you're kickin' ass.  
Homer: [contemptuous] I, er, don't think this contest

**Scientist:** There's no swimsuit competition, Homer.

At last, the big day arrives. Barney does somersaults while holding

onto some gymnast's rings as Homer stands there. The sassistant approach, and Barney does a perfect dismount.

**Scientist:** Gentlemen, you've both worked very hard. And in a way, you're both winners. But in another more accurate way,

Barney is the winner.

Homer: [downcast] Congratulations, Barney.

SCHIRMER: That's very gracious of you, however. Please join us in a toast...to the mission!

[The four of them drink, and Barney looks slightly crazed]

Barney: It begins... [grabs the bottle and chugs]  
-- So close and yet so far, "Deep Space Homer"

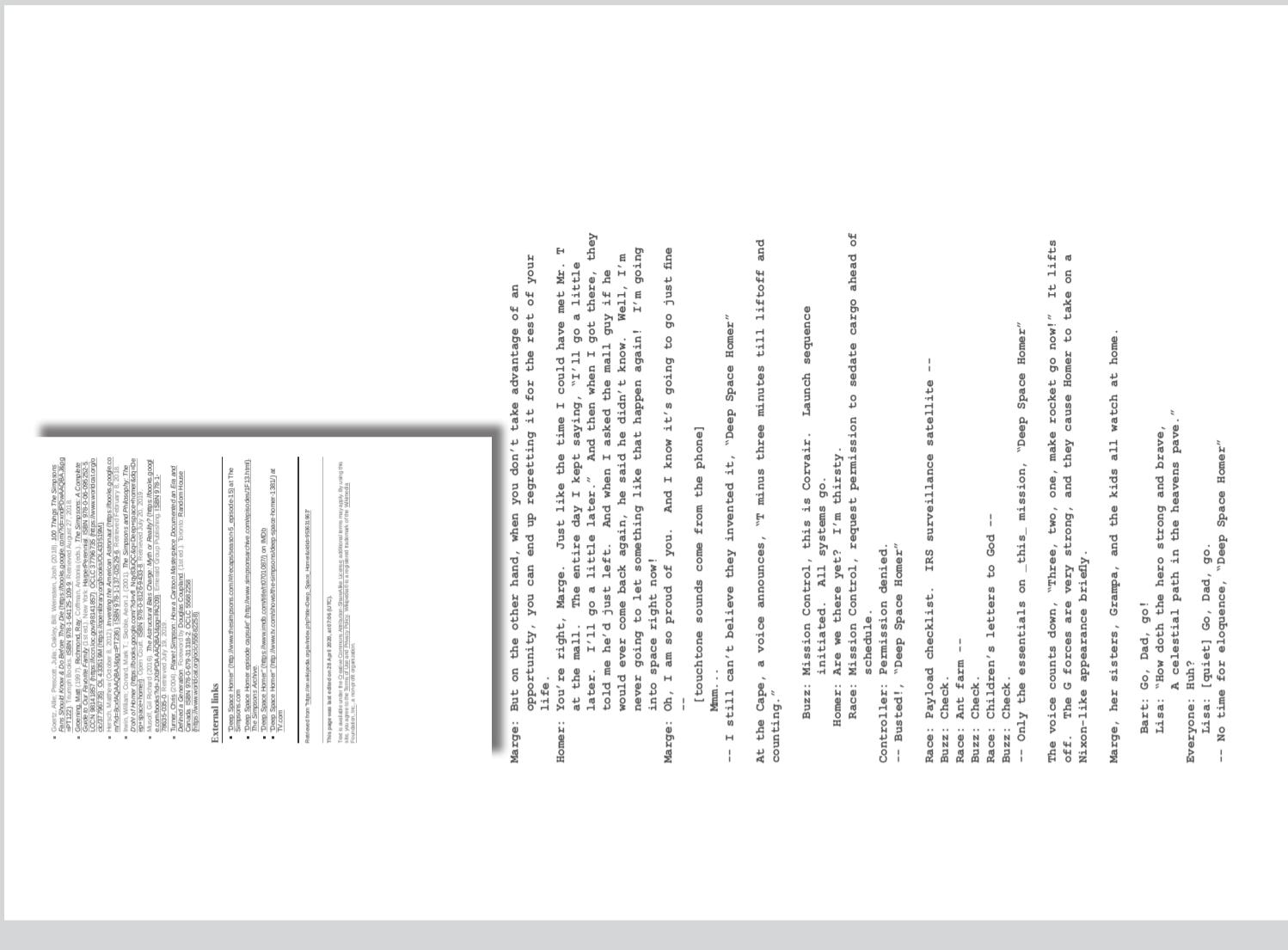
The two men try to restrain Barney, but he breaks free and runs for rocket backpack. Drunkenly yodeling fanfare, he straps it on and blasts off. But it runs out of fuel in midair. Barney bounces

repeatedly off the corrugated metal roof of a pillow factory, then I in the middle of the road, only to be run over by a marshmallow truck "I don't understand it," says the assistant, "that was non-alcoholic

champagne."

Scientist: [scrambled well] Homer I mean won't the winner be def-





Marge: But on the other hand, when you don't take advantage of an opportunity, you can end up regretting it for the rest of your life.

Home: You're right, Marge. Just like the time I could have met Mr. T at the mall. The entire day I kept saying, "I'll go a little later. I'll go a little later." And then when I got there, he told me he'd just left. And when I asked the mall guy if he would ever come back again, he said he didn't know. Well, I'm never going to let something like that happen again! I'm going into space right now!

Marge: Oh, I am so proud of you, and I know it's easier to do just fine.

At the Cape, a voice announces, "T minus three minutes till liftoff and counting."

Buzz: Mission Control, this is Corvair. Launch sequence initiated. All systems go.  
Home: Are we there yet? I'm thirsty.  
Race: Mission Control, request permission to sedate cargo ahead of schedule.

- Busted!, "Deep Space Homer"
- Race : Payload checklist. IRS surveillance satellite --
- Buzz : Check.
- Race : Ant farm --
- Buzz : Check.
- Race : Children's letters to God --
- Buzz : Check.
- Only the essentials on \_this\_ mission, "Deep Space Homer"

The voice counts down, "three, two, one, make rocket go now!" It lifts off. The G forces are very strong, and they cause Homer to take on a Nixon-like appearance briefly.

THE JOURNAL OF CLIMATE

Bai C.: Go, Lau, go.  
Lisa: "How doth the hero strong and brave,  
A celestial path in the heavens pave."  
Everyone: Huh?

Lisa: [quiet] Go, Dad, go.

Good news at Mission Control, too.

Assistant: Sir, the TV ratings for the launch are the highest in ten years.

Everyone: Yay!

Scientist: And how's the spacecraft doing?

Assistant: I dunno. All this equipment is just used to measure TV ratings.

-- Equipment purchased at the taxpayers' expense, "Deep Space Homer"

It's beautiful. It's the most awe-inspiring sight I have ever seen.

[Gives of life, mother of us all - hey guys, look what I smuggled aboard! shows a bag of chips]

-- Homer, just after lift-off, "Deep Space Homer"

Buzz warns him, "Homer, no!" But it's too late: Homer opens the bag nonetheless. The chips float about the cabin, and Marge rues, "They'll clog the instruments!" Buzz is worried: "Careful! They're ruffled."

Homer has the solution, however: he unbuckles his seat belt, and accompanied by "The Blue Danube Waltz", he floats about the cabin, eating the chips. But his head drifts perilously close to the ant colony.

Ant 1: Protect the queen!

Ant 2: Which one's the queen?

Ant 3: I'm the queen!

Ant 1: No you're not!

Homer: Nooo! This head smashed the colony, and the ants float free!

Ant 1: Freedom! Horrible, horrible freedom!

Buzz: You fool! Now we may never know if ants can be trained to sort tiny screws in space.

-- The bane of humanity, "Deep Space Homer"

Controller: Er, some good news, gentlemen. We have quite a treat for you. We've been able to coax superstar James Taylor in here to Mission Control to wish you well and play you a little bit of his own brand of laid-back adult contemporary music.

Homer: Wow, former President James Taylor.

Taylor: How ya doin', fellas?

Buzz: With all due respect, Mr. Taylor, this isn't the best time for your unique brand of bittersweet folk rock. We have a potentially critical situation here. I'm sure you'll understand.

Taylor: Listen, Aldrin, I'm not as laid back as people think. Now here's the deal: I'm going to play, and you're going to float there and like it.

[Sings]

When you're down, and troubled,  
And you need helping hand,  
And nothing, oh, nothing going right...

-- Strangely apt choice of lyrics, "Deep Space Homer"

Kent Brockman reports on Channel Six.

Kent: We're just about to get our first pictures from inside the spacecraft with "average-naut" Homer Simpson, and we'd like to -- aah!

[Camera shows a close-up of an ant floating in front of the three astronauts]

Everyone: Aah!

Kent: Ladies and gentlemen, er, we've just lost the picture, but, uh, what we've seen speaks for itself. The Corvair spacecraft has been taken over -- "conquered", if you will -- by a master race of giant space ants. It's difficult to tell from this vantage point whether they will consume the captive earth men or merely enslave them. One thing is for certain, there is no stopping them; the ants will soon be here.

And I, for one, welcome our new insect overlords. I'd like to remind them that as a trusted TV personality, I can be helpful in rounding up others to toil in their underground sugar caves.

Marge: Mmm, don't worry, kids. I'm sure your father's all right.

Lisa: [pause] What are you basing that on, Mom?

Marge: [with forced cheer] Who wants ginger snaps?

-- I do! Me too, please!, "Deep Space Homer"

James Taylor continues to sing to the hapless astronauts. "{'There's hours of time on the telephone line,'talking 'bout things to come...'} Sweet dreams, and flying machines,/And pieces on the ground -- um..." He pauses, then continues, "Sweet dreams, and flying machines./Flying safely through the air..."

Things go from bad to worse on the spaceship. Some of the ants land on the controls and crawl into them.

Race: Oh my God, the ants are shorting out our navigation systems!

[the astronauts smack back and forth into the walls]

Taylor: Ants, huh? We had quite a severe ant problem at the vineyard this year. I had Art Garfunkel come by with his compressor, and we created a total vacuum outside the house, and we blew the ants out the front door. But I'm sure you high-tech NASA people could care less about our resort-town ways.

Assistant: [Imitating] Quiet, you --

Scientist: Wait a minute...this unkempt youngster might just be on to something.

-- Unkemp? Young? Nash. "Deep Space Homer."

Race and Buzz prepare the shuttle to be evacuated of air. Buzz pushes the button with a "Weke hatch blow now!" The ants and chigs get sucked out, as planned, and Homer (who has forgotten to attach his seat belt) dusts off his hands, says, "And that is that!" He, too, gets sucked towards the hatch.

Luckily, he manages to grab the handle of the door, but it bends under the strain. "Oh my god," says the scientist, "this is a disaster!" James Taylor uses the distraction to run away.

Homer hangs outside the shuttle still, and the handle finally gives in and snaps off. Fortunately, Buzz and Race are there to grab him.

Buzz: Homer, you broke the handle.

Race: With that hatch open, we'll burn up on re-entry! That's it: if I go, I'm taking you to hell with me.

Homer: Wait a minute, Buzz. Wait a minute...wait!

[breaks off a support rod]

Aha! Now I'll bust that pretty face of yours!

[tries to swing it, but it catches in the door]

Aw stupid bar.

Buzz: Wait, Homer. If that bar holds, we just might make it back to earth.

Homer: Oh. [voice rising] I'll bash you good!

-- One-track minds, "Deep Space Homer"

Wall, this reporter was...possibly a little hasty earlier and would like to...reaffirm his allegiance to this country and its human president. May not be perfect, but it's still the best government we have. For now.

[notices "HAIL ANTS" sign taped up, tears it down]

Oh, yes, by the way, the spacecraft still in extreme danger, may not make it back, attempting risky reentry, bla bla bla bla bla. We'll see you after the movie.

-- Kent Brockman, backpedaling furiously, "Deep Space Homer."

On the dangerous trip back through the atmosphere, the shuttle heats up until it glows red. Buzz and Race hum, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," while Homer sings, "Oh, those Golden Grahams. Oh, those Crispy, crunchy, graham cereal, brand new breakfast treat..."

The Simpson family still watch in suspense.

Lisa: Come on, Dad. You can make it!

Abe: Aw, of course he'll make it. It's TV.

-- Metahumor, "Deep Space Homer"

The spaceship hurtles towards the earth at a dangerous speed. It smashes into the building where the press is housed, which is convenient in terms of post-trip interviews.

Tom: Uh, how'd you solve the door dilemma?

Buzz: Homer Simpson as the real hero here. He jury-rigged the door closed using this.

Man 1: Hey, what is that?

Man 2: It's an inanimate carbon rod!

Everyone: Yay!

-- Rod Flanders? Nope, "Deep Space Home"

A parade is organized in honor of the rod. It gets to ride in its own limousine. The family watch the parade, but Homer turns the TV off angrily.

[Homer shuts off the TV]

Bart: Aw, they were just about to show some close-ups of the rod!

Homey: Oh, stupid rod! I got gypped.

Marge: Oh, Honey, you should be proud! Only a handful of people have done what you've done.

Lisa: Yeah, Dad! How many people have seen the icecaps and the deserts all at once, or the majesty of the Northern Lights from one hundred miles above?

Homer: Yeah, maybe I do have the right...what's that stuff?

-- Uh, stuff?, "Deep Space Homer,"

Homer thanks his wife and elder daughter. "Bart, do you have something nice to say to your father?" Bart, who has just written "HERO" on Homer's head, says, "Eh, he knows how I feel." He tosses the marker into the air, and we watch it close up, tumbling slowly.

It turns into a FOX satellite in space, descending slowly to "Also Sprach Zarathustra". It hits a glass ball containing a baby Homer in it, who says, "D'oh!" indignantly.

[End of Act Three. Time: 21:24]

# **Slogans for Useless Corporations**

Slogans for Stupid Corporations was an unrealised draft for a publication that would consist of unlikely, self-deprecating and outright sardonic slogans that would describe a fictional corporation.

# Spearheading Innovation



**Solution 2020**

# The F Word

**Seth Price**  
Reena Spaulings Fine Art, through  
Dec 7 (see Lower East Side).

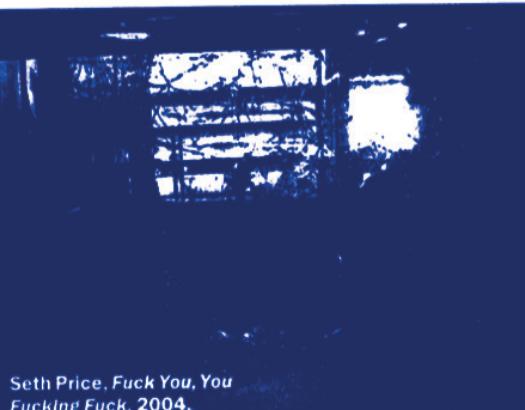
In 1913, Marcel Duchamp famously asked: Is it possible to make works that are not works of art? Some 60 years later, Belgian poet-cum-artist Marcel Broodthaer attempted to answer this question at Documenta V with

his *Museum of Modern Art, Department of Eagles*, which displayed 266 artworks and kitsch objects, all depicting eagles and each accompanied by a plastic sign saying THIS IS NOT A WORK OF ART. Broodthaer's fictitious museum highlighted the system of exhibitions, institutions and magazines through which works are displayed as art.

In his first solo exhibition in New York, Seth Price follows this line of inquiry to create works in which the means of distribution and reproduction constitute the message. For example, in *Untitled Document* (2004), the

artist has downloaded a controversial video showing an American journalist beheaded by Pakistani fundamentalists; the video is available for \$10 at the gallery on a black, caseless DVD. The piece gives sculptural weight to information that the FBI attempted to prevent from being disseminated. Alternatively, *Fuck You, You Fucking Fuck* is nothing but a cracked sheet of safety glass. The title implies the violence inherent in the material's commercial applications—from a shattered door to a smashed car windshield.

Elsewhere, three slabs of what appears to be marble lean against the wall; they're actually Plexiglas-mounted digital prints created by scanning slices of moldy bread. In this work, Price mocks the objectivity associated with photographic reproduction and, like Broodthaer's museum, complicates our attempts to separate a medium, such as photography or sculpture, from its framework of circulation and reception.  
—Benjamin Carlson



Seth Price, *Fuck You, You Fucking Fuck*, 2004.

**Sporadic  
Entitlement**

**Definitely  
Maybe  
Not**

*Dejected  
And  
Depraved*

# An-Aesthetic

Machineries of Joy

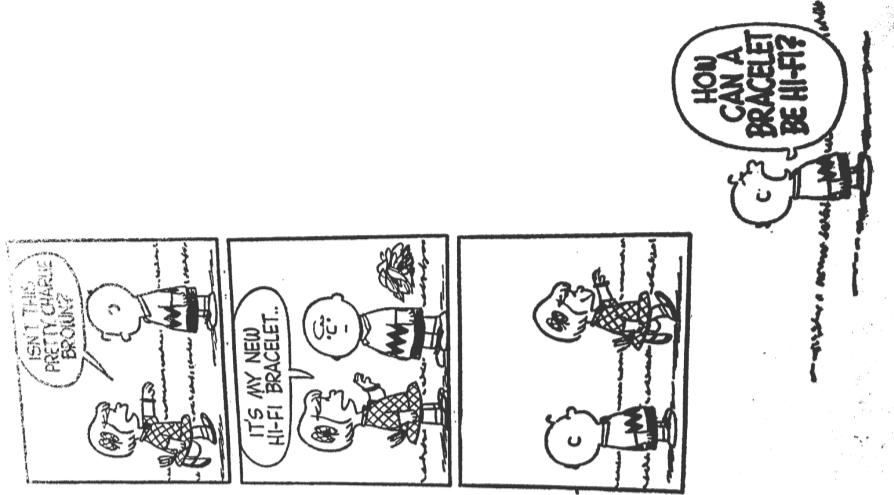
An-aesthetic was an unrealised draft for a publication that attempted to explore the aesthetic underpinnings of Machineries of Joy as an internal document (part of Machineries of Joy the series). That job is now relegated to this book, but it was an important idea to consider — Machineries of Joy would become aware of its own design to a certain extent and it was an idea worth exploring.

The generosity of an underground film is that it produces cheap or free glamour in the midst of a crowd. The pretentiousness of a documentary is its benign eye letting reality be (yuck), as if reality was some kind of nature to protect. The fascination of reality TV is in how it forces reality to act itself as such, and how stupid it is to see. So the best thing to do is lure the pedestrian back into fiction, reappropriate the image of the city and glamorize its passing, but there's something to remember: the post- cinematic city does not know how to act.

This cognitive dissonance between the affirmative Pop artwork and the Pop artist's personal life, persona, and statements made for the headiest Pop, and not coincidentally this area of friction was where its most powerful aspects of negation were to be found. Already known for his narcissistic self-promotion, Koons went and married a notorious porn star and portrayed them fucking, in photographs and sculptures that dismayed the art world and put a kink in his career. West, who also couldn't contain his chronically narcissistic behavior, married a TV personality whose fame stemmed in part from a leaked sex tape, and whom he promptly made a costar in his life and videos. It was almost a recipe: take an unbounded talent for Pop affirmation, temper it with excessive control, and you got negation. But this was what made such artists so fascinating, because with all their own internal contradictions on display they were able to embody their era and its more general contradictions. The cognitive dissonance produced by transgression would only temporarily hurt their careers; over the long term it would bolster the legend. In hindsight their personal and professional tumult would come to represent the warp and woof of history itself.

West and Koons were not just chosen for the role of embodying an age — they seized it and thrived on it. The truly great Pop artist needed to affirm the insane state of affairs that resulted when you danced in the public eye; they had to milk it, and their very hubris was what ultimately redeemed them in the eyes of the public. Koons's stated goal was to be as culturally powerful as the Beatles, who themselves had outraged people with their claim to be more powerful than Jesus, which was itself updated by West's proclamation "I am a god." Of course none of these ambitions could be fulfilled, because none of these powerful and *sui generis* people would ever escape their assigned box: the Beatles remained a pop-music phenomenon, Koons would forever be an artist whose name was only vaguely recognized by most, Kanye would stay Kanye, and God was God.

Is what we call 'obeying a rule' something that it would be possible for only one man to do, and to do only once in his life? - This is of course a note on the grammar of the expression 'to obey a rule'.  
It is not possible that there should have been only one occasion on which someone obeyed a rule. It is not possible that there should have been only one occasion on which a report was made, an order given or understood; and so on.  
To obey a rule, to make a report, to give an order, to play a game of chess, are customs (uses, institutions), To understand a sentence means to understand a language. To understand a language means to be master of a technique.



This unified phenomenon of the future that makes present in the process of having-been is what we call temporality.<sup>12</sup> Roughly put, we thus ek-statically form ourselves by projecting ourselves into a future and the present becomes present through this projective transcending and self-transcending movement. We experience the present via the anticipation of the primary phenomenon of time that is the future, that is, via something that is not present yet and renders the present something that will have been. Without going deeper into the existential-ontological register of Heidegger we would like to connect this insight to broader reflections on current possibilities for social and political change in a time when it seems that the phenomenon of the future is being extinguished (or usurped by predictive algorithms), when collective ecstasy and protection have been rendered seemingly impossible.



## The Player

© *Machineries of Joy*

The Player was a stepping stone in a sense that it was the first “official” publication to be fully digitally typeset and laid out. It features found material on playing and a generative string of images of tennis players, that creates an impression that they are playing with each other.

Video game soundtracks appeared in the early 1980s, when primitive analogue oscillators allowed for the first real musical accompaniments. Previously, most of the noises emanating from the machine were isolated sound-effects, layered on minimal, repetitive backgrounds, such as the menacing 'putt-putt' of Asteroids. Today, the industry-wide use of sampling has produced a genre generally indistinguishable from commercial pop. Between these two eras, however, composers made due with the scraps of technology at hand, generating an eerily beautiful back-catalogue of obsolete approaches. I don't want to attempt a proper history of the genre, rather to make some suggestions or observations around the release of this album.

1. The soundtracks were encoded into arcade games, disks and cartridges, and were not available beyond this context. Unlike film soundtracks, then, video game music was inseparable from its original medium. Composers had to assume a transience for their work, since game systems changed rapidly and the games themselves were often discarded or forgotten. By the same token, this medium-specificity assured a well-defined audience, constituted largely of adolescent and teenage boys.

2. Structurally, the genre presents unique limitations. A track must be energetic but not distracting, the consummate "background music". It need not follow a standard musical trajectory, since it must be capable of looping ad infinitum, allowing players as much time as needed with a given screen or level. Because of this, many of the album tracks start abruptly or quickly peter out, their duration determined by the programmer who removed them from the circuits. For this reason, many of the tracks must be considered extracts or samples of larger and arguably infinite compositions.

3. Dictated by a game's theme, the songs reference vernacular musics such as horror soundtracks, carnival music, and vaguely ethnic genres. However, even as a song may sound like, say, 'Asian music', it's not clear that the composer knew much about the idiom. In any case, this is irrelevant if a listener gets the shorthand; in this there is a similarity to advertising jingles, which also quickly supply complex discursive cues to a broad audience, with little concern for authenticity.

4. While today's computers and game consoles can reproduce entire sampled bands, these older soundtracks were programmed, not 'played' in the traditional sense.



They have always existed solely as strings of numbers, and do not derive from analogue or 'real world' signals. At the time, this was uncommon among commercial pop music, which relied heavily on microphone recording. At times, the game music's reliance on programmed mathematical progression suggests classical sequencing.

5. The release of this album enacts the corporate strategy of uprooting an 'underground' or otherwise obscure cultural artifact and exposing it to a broad audience. Fans extracted these songs from long-dead cartridges, tapes, and arcade machines, and placed them on the internet for trade with other fans. Historically, this is a practice of hacker culture, with its credo "information wants to be free". Free, in other words, from corporate control; put more romantically, this means the liberation of art from commerce. The aim of this album is not to profit, rather to raise questions of access, distribution, and circulation, by reinserting these songs into the marketplace. The market is their original context, a context without which they could never have existed. The fans who mined these soundtracks and placed them on the web might object to the gesture, recognizing the labor that goes into finding and guarding the troves of popular culture. But free circulation of material on music trading sites is as legally suspect as the release of pirated compilation, which only returns the problem to a traditional distribution model. The cover was reproduced from an album on cdcovers.cc, a web-database of downloadable record-cover art that derives its content from user input. When asked about the site, a lawyer for Warner Brothers remarked that it was no big deal. It is CD packaging, however, that is the industry's last line of defense, and the only added value that they can append to musical content.

6. Until now, these songs have existed solely as digital information: programmed, encoded, extracted, uploaded and downloaded, finally burned to compact disc; all the while passing through numerous data compressions and file formats. The album release wraps them in plastic and cuts them loose from their origins. In a sense, the shift of context is a liberation; on the other hand, they are stamped with the authenticity accorded to genuine cultural articles (as opposed to mere electronic data)—and this raises the question of how much an authentic article of culture depends on legitimization by the packaging and distribution systems of the market.

Price, Seth. "Early Video Game Soundtracks 1982-1987." In Magazine, 2001.

In contrast, 3D computer-generated worlds have the exact flexibility one would expect from media in the information age. It is not accidental that 3D CG representation, along with hypertext and other new computer-based data representation methods, was conceptualized in the same decade when the transformation of advanced industrialized societies into information societies became visible. In a 3D computer-generated world, everything is discrete. The world consists of a number of separate objects. Objects are defined by points described by their coordinates in a 3D space; other properties of objects, such as color, transparency, and reflectivity, are similarly described in terms of discrete numbers. As a result, although a 3D CG representation may not have the richness of a lens-based recording, it does contain a semantic structure of the world. This structure is easily accessible at any time. A designer can directly select any object (or any object part) in the scene. Thus, to duplicate an object one hundred times requires only a few mouse clicks or typing a short command, and all other properties of a world can similarly be easily changed. And since each object itself consists of discrete components (flat polygons or surface patches defined by splines), it is equally easy to change its 3D form by selecting and manipulating its components. In addition, just as a sequence of genes contains the code that is expanded into a complex organism, a compact description of a 3D world that contains only the coordinates of the objects can be quickly transmitted through the network, with the client computer reconstructing the full world (this is how online multiplayer computer games and simulators work).

Manovich, Lev. "Image Future." *The Machinima Reader*, March 2011, 73–89. [https://doi.org/10.7551/mitpress/9780262015332.003.0006](http://doi.org/10.7551/mitpress/9780262015332.003.0006).

**Sound Collector:** I guess the first question I have is about the *Game Heaven* project. You got that put on sale at the Whitney store for the Biennial. Did anyone buy any?

**Seth Price:** The Whitney bought 20 off me outright, and I have no idea if anyone bought any copies. There was a nice piece in *i-D Magazine* about it, which listed the Whitney as the only supplier, so maybe that generated some sales.

**SC:** It's on CD?

**Price:** It is on CD now. I would like to see it on vinyl, but I don't have the money at the moment.

**SC:** How did the whole project come together?

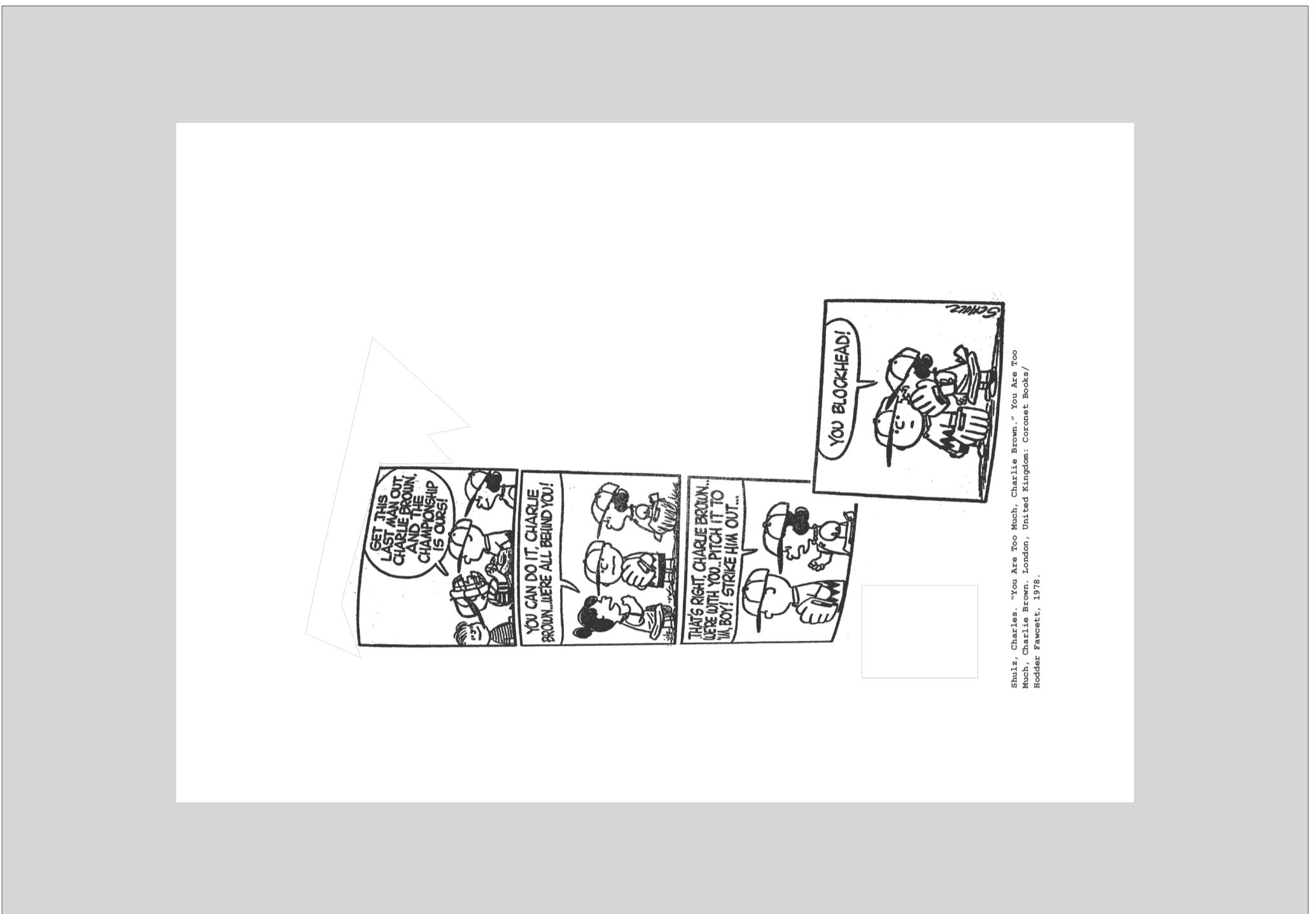
**Price:** Well, about a year and a half ago, or at any rate last spring, I was looking for the soundtrack to *Rastan*, which is an arcade game from 1987 or 1988, and I figured that I could find it on the Internet. There are these incredible trading sites run by video-game enthusiasts, where people hack the soundtracks from arcade games and cartridges and consoles. I don't know how this is done, but the information is converted to files that can be uploaded and swapped on these sites. So I downloaded about three hours' worth and put together the best 40-minute mix tape that I could think of.



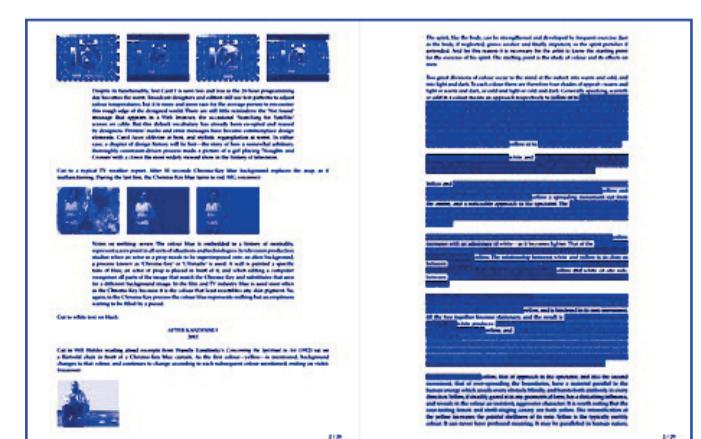
Carolee Schneemann, John Morgan Studio — Carolee's Magazine  
(The Artist's Institute)

At this point I wasn't really considering it anything other than something I was doing for my pleasure, and for my friends. But at a certain point I noticed that everyone responded so strongly to it that I started to think about the implications of ripping stuff off from the Internet, stuff that was already kind of circulating in the public domain. In many cases it was impossible for me to discover not only who had written these songs but also what video games they had even come from, because stuff on the Internet material comes with very little information attached, sometimes. Some of these songs were downloaded from Napster with no more information than "video-game soundtrack." And it started to become exciting as a project beyond the interest simply in the music but also the whole methodology, or the strategy, of taking material that was circulating publicly and shifting it from one form of distribution to another.

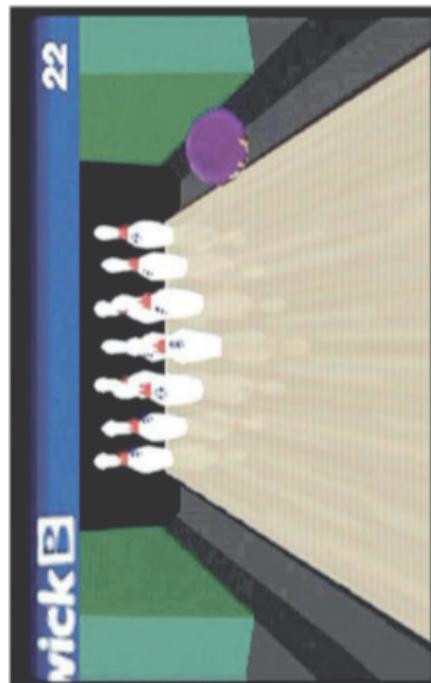
Role Playing Games: An Interview with Seth Price.  
Sound Collector, 2002.



© 1978 Charles M. Schulz. "You Are Too Much, Charlie Brown." You Are Too Much, Charlie Brown. London, United Kingdom: Coronet Books / Hodder Fawcett, 1978.



Ryan Gander, Stuart Bailey — Appendix, Appendix



Cory Arcangel - Self Playing Bowling Games  
Siegel, Miranda. "The Joys of Obsolescence." New York  
Magazine, May 15, 2011..



The following sequence of Images was attained using a  
Python script that downloaded specific images under a  
specific search term.  
Search Term - \*tennis player\*



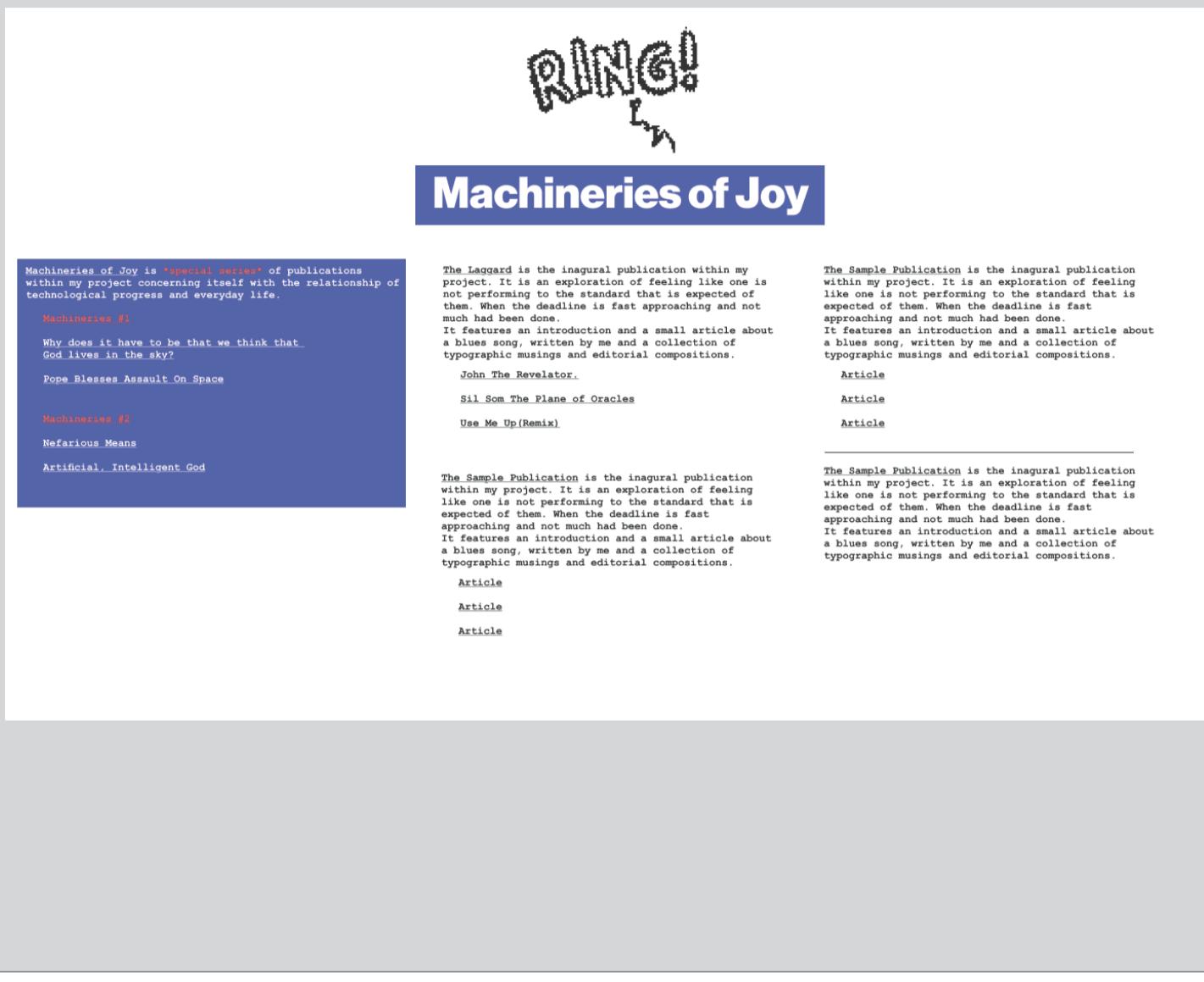
On December 31, 1973 a young woman was photographed at the exact instant in time determined to be exactly 1/8th of a second before midnight. Inasmuch as the aperture of the camera was set at '4', (1/4th of a second) the image on the film became «complete» 1/8th of a second past midnight. Put another way, after the first 1/8th of a second of 1974 had elapsed.

As the subject of the photograph faced toward the south, the left side of her body was oriented toward the west; as time «moves» from east to west, the photograph represents the young woman during an instant when approximately half of her body existed within the old year, 1973, while the other half had entered the new year, 1974; indeed, consistent with the spirit of the season she wears the costume of the New Year's Baby.

One photograph joins this statement as the form of this piece.

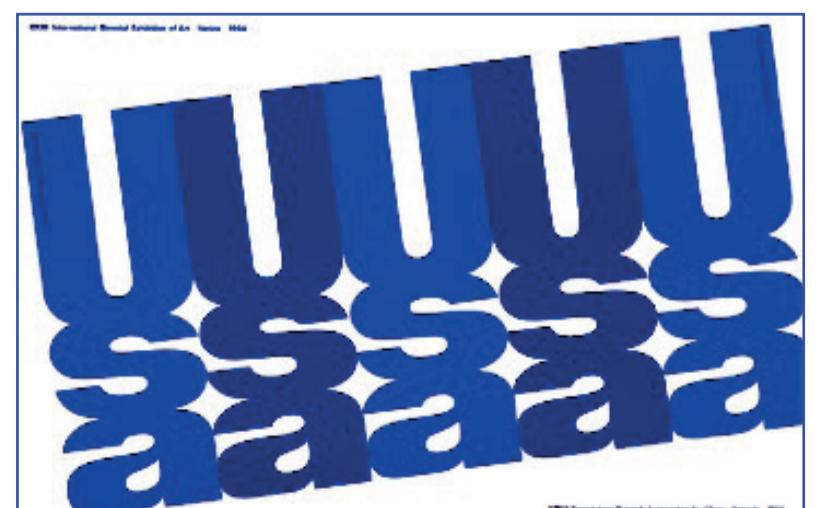
January, 1974

Douglas Huebler — Duration Piece #31



**Website Draft** — it was important to establish a mode of distribution that would be true to the premise of the project and expand its possibilities.

The layout is borrowed partly from a news aggregator & That kind of media entity is close to the premise of the project.



Elaine Lustig Coben — XXXII International Biennale, Venice (USA)

## Machineries of Joy

This project is an exploration of experimental publishing. It explores the notions of writing, editing and designing as an institutional entity. It explores strategies for writing and editing borrowed from television, cartoons and news media.

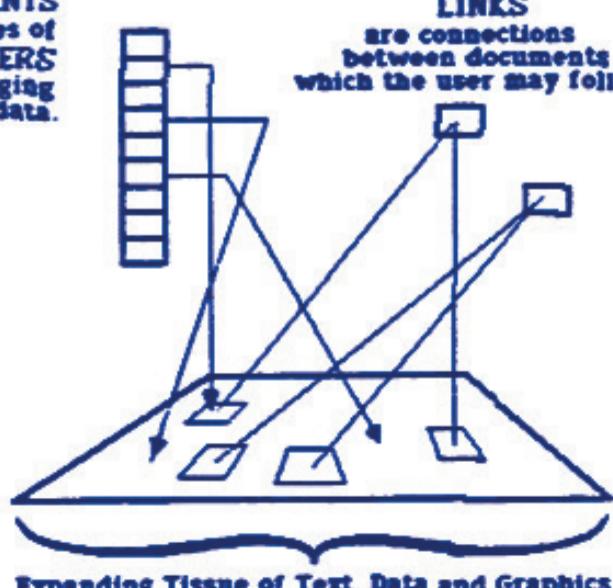
In this project I function as an editor, designer and publisher of the volumes and (possibly) other media this project requires to produce. That being journals, templates, announcements, websites, posters and ephemera.

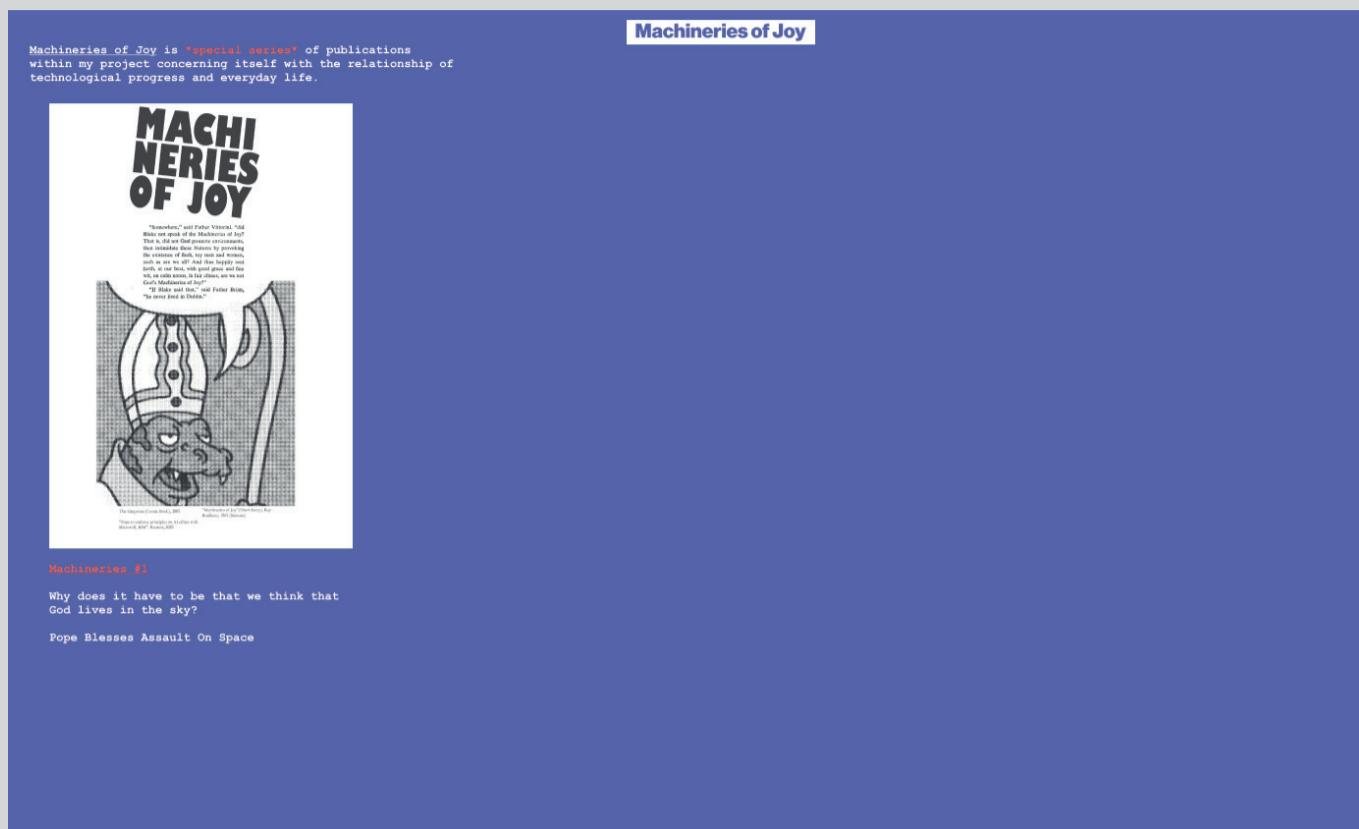
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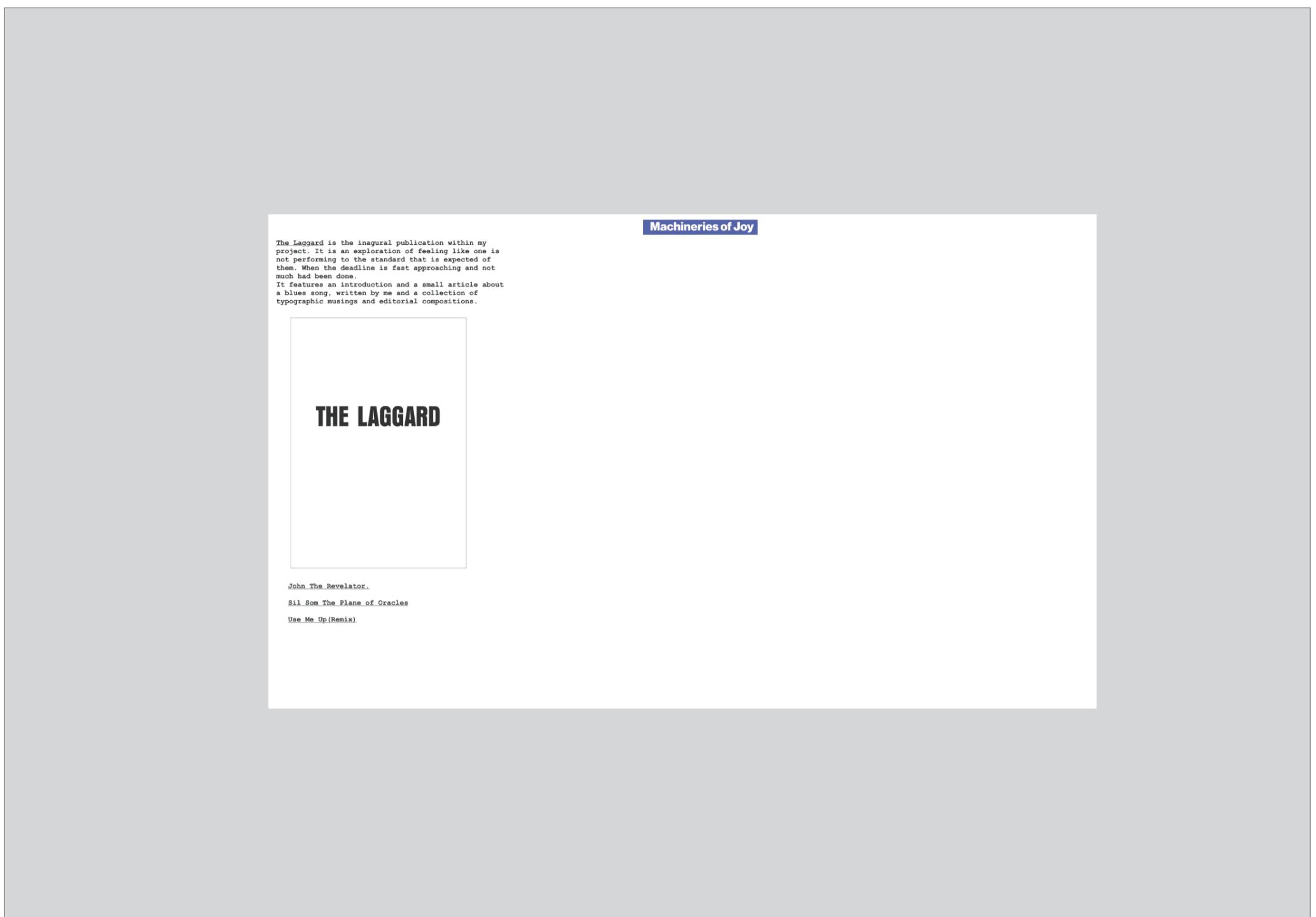
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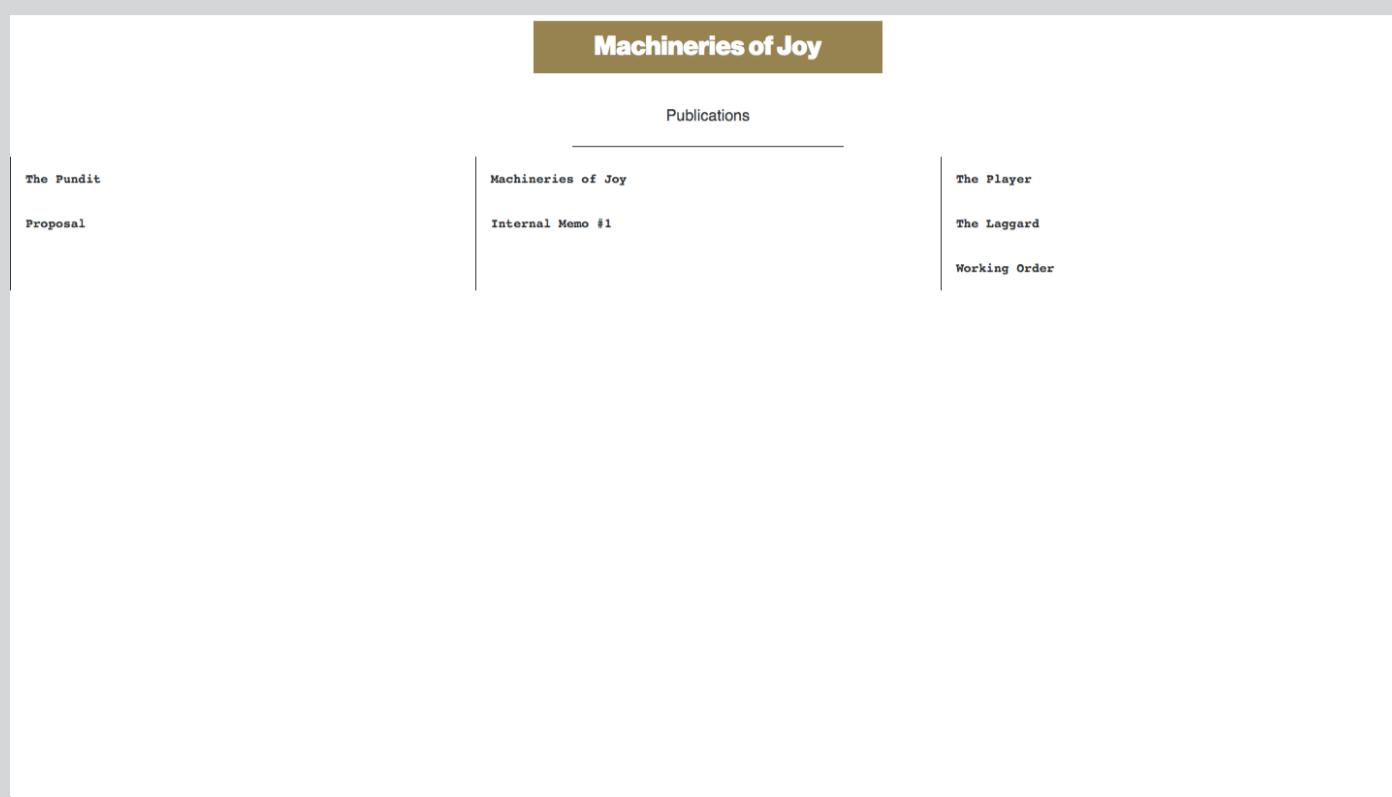
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AU BUSHFIRES: MANAGING DISINFORMATION

# NEW MODELS

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NOW | CLIMATE | THE STATE OF CULTURAL PRODUCTION



Website was concieved as vehicle for dissemination of machineries of joy material. But the possibilities of it become something a little more were still there.

The structure is as follows:

Publications section contains the various material designed and published by Machineries of Joy.

Description section contains the rationale and some notes on website navigation.

Feed section is a place where the visitor can witness a publication in the making through an assortment of links, excerpts and images.



Machineries of Joy



JOHN THE REVELATOR

"John the Revelator pass him in  
an olive.  
Take him up as the highest high  
Take him up as the top where the  
mountains are.  
Let him tell his book of lies John the  
Revelator he's a crooked operator  
It's time we cast him down to size  
Take him by the hand  
And put him on the sand  
Let us hear his alibby claiming  
John he's right  
He's stealing a God from  
the Jewslan  
Stealing a God from a Muslim, too  
There is only one God through  
and through

The usual John the Revelator song that you might hear is a Depeche Mode meditation. A darkly homoerotic tune that affirms a nihilistic suffering of it's singer, almost mocking the original song for their hopes of a righteous revelation, the second coming, the apocalypse. One might picture a boy singing it was one of those men's perfume commercials, where a hunky male model dresses a giddy black sport car to a posh dance party, where he almost knows a scanty clad girl in a red or a silver glowing dress before the product shot suddenly fills up the screen space. John in the song is an evil liar, that messes with ordinary people by their hearts of damnation.

[Go back](#)

## Machineries of Joy

### Description

Machineries of Joy is a publishing entity set up to explore the notions of writing, editing, publishing and identity in graphic design. It functions as a catalyst for strategies for writing and editing borrowed from television, cartoons and new media communication by appropriating material and sources in swathes of publications, writing and other media.

This website is set up to communicate the activities of the entity and provide anyone with the ability to spectate.

**Publications** (click on the logo twice) section contains the various material designed and published by Machineries of Joy.

**Feed** (click on the logo once) section is a place where the visitor can witness a publication in the making through an assortment of links, excerpts and images.

## Machineries of Joy

Harm Van Der Dorpel's Mutant Garden

Allison Knowles & James Tenney - A House of Dust

Ursula K. Le Guin, "Telling is Listening" [n.d.], *The Wave in the Mind* (Boulder: Shambhala, 2004), pp. 185–205.

"What would be the primary information obtained by a hearer who heard those words spoken, in their original language and in the context where they might have been spoken? Probably something like: Ah, Grandfather is going to tell us a story about Coyote. Because "Coyote was going there" is a cultural signal, like "Once upon a time": a ritual formula, the implications of which include the fact that a story's about to be told, right here, right now; that it won't be a factual story but will be myth, or true story; in this case a true story about Coyote. Not a coyote but Coyote. And Grandfather knows that we understand the signal, we understand what he's saying when he says, "Coyote was going there," because if he didn't expect us to at least partly understand it, he wouldn't or couldn't say it."

Steve Rushton - Depart From Zero

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**Machineries of Joy**

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