

Walden Pond

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“This is a nickname. It is also a description. A few summers ago, I was in Paris during the run of a show by Tacita Dean. Many of the journalists I was meeting had seen the show and I asked them what they thought of it.”

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TACITA DEAN BY JEFFREY EUGENIDES

* bombmagazine.org*

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23 minute read *

Formidable!

This is a nickname. It is also a description. A few summers ago, I was in Paris during the run of a show by Tacita Dean. Many of the journalists I was meeting had seen the show and I asked them what they thought of it.

What's the opposite of a Gallic shrug? A shrug that indicates not resignation but amazement? This is what the journalists did. Lifting eyes heavenward, spreading arms wide, the journalists cried, "Tacita Dean. *Formidable!*"

That was how Tacita got her nickname.

Let me tell you why it fits.

At 40, Tacita Dean has accomplished a lifetime's worth of work. At her upcoming retrospective this May in Schaulager in Basel, no less than 24 of her films will be shown. She has also exhibited chalkboard drawings,

photographs, sound pieces and found-object installations. Though mainly a filmmaker, Dean is driven by ideas rather than a particular medium. Her talent is polygamous and prolific.

There is something formidable even about her hair. Its frizzy electricity puts you in mind of Golda Meir overseeing the Knesset. Her eyes exert a Rasputin or Madame Blavatsky force. (Meanwhile, her lips are forming a joke.)

Dean's Berlin studio occupies part of a warehouse alongside the Hamburger Bahnhof. Her fellow tenants are the artists Thomas Demand and Olafur Eliasson. Demand and Eliasson have huge, hangar-like operations. Tacita works in a cramped, second-floor office, alone, editing her spools of film.

She works long hours and always arrives late for dinner. She comes in smiling, and limping. For years now Tacita has suffered from rheumatoid arthritis. Her right leg is very bad, also her left wrist. I

know this mainly from observation, because, though she's in constant pain, she never complains. It's difficult for her to walk, to climb stairs, to carry her one-year-old son (my godson), Rufus.

None of this slows her work or dims her humor.

I agree with the French.

"Tacita Dean. *Formidable!*"

She is an overpowering force and I cower before her in admiration.

Jeffrey Eugenides Hello there!

Tacita Dean Hello.

JE This is rather awkward, but I think I think we should make clear under what circumstances this interview is being conducted. I'm in Chicago—where it's the morning—and I'm doped-up on cold medicine. And you are in Berlin, where—it's what, about six or seven o'clock?

Six-fourteen.

JE So we're not in the same country or time zone or, probably, mental health.

TD I've had longer to get worried about this than you.

JE That's true. I was just drinking coffee trying to get awake. I was going to start by bringing up the one thing in your work that I know has influenced my own work, which is the green ray, because I put that little bit of dialogue in *Middlesex* about people talking about a green ray, which I learned about from you, not having seen your film *The Green Ray*. I think you said that you got the green ray in the film, but it never appears in any single frame. But you can see it momentarily when the film is running. Is that right?

TD Yes. The film is 24 frames a second but you can't isolate a single frame that has it.

JE Describe what the green ray is.

TD In America they call it the green flash. When the sun sets, in a very clear horizon, with no land mass for many hundreds of miles, and no moisture or atmospheric pressure, you have a good chance of seeing it. The slowest ray is the blue ray, which comes across as green when the sun sets in perfect atmospheric

conditions. It's the last ray as the sun recedes with the curvature of the earth. Like a pulse on the horizon. It's totally fractional, though it can last longer.

The bizarre thing is that I filmed *The Green Ray* in Madagascar, and then in the same month, I had to fly back from Washington for an exhibition. On my Lufthansa airplane back, while we were nearing the coast of Ireland, everyone else was asleep and I got up and looked out the window across three sleeping bodies, and just at that moment the sun rose above a very sharply defined cloud, and it was the most extraordinary green ray. I mean, not like the one I have on my film, I mean a real ... and it lingered ... a second of emerald before the sun rose. I was *so shocked*, having this whole wait for it in Madagascar and then actually getting to see it so vividly. To see such a full-blooded green ray —

JE Does it last longer if you're airborne?

TD Probably. People see it at sea. I think air pilots must see it more often. To see it from land is

unusual.

JE Does everybody see the green ray when they see the film, or does it happen too fast?

TD No. That's what's nice about it, because otherwise the film would just be about a phenomenon. But in the end it's more about perception and faith, I think.

JE Did you always see it?

TD This is really interesting, because I filmed it on this beach in Madagascar, and there was this couple who were hanging around. They didn't see the green ray, and they'd videotaped the sunset to document it. Then they replayed their video to me for proof that it wasn't there. But I was absolutely convinced that I had seen it, so it had to be on my film, which was optical and analog. When I got the film back, it was very, very faint, and I had to really push it to get more color in the film, to bring out the green ray. But it's definitely there. It's not a fiction. Some people think the green ray is an illusion, but it's not.



Tacita Dean, Installation Views, *The Green Ray*, 2001, color film, 16MM, silent, 2½ minutes.



Tacita Dean, Installation Views, *The Green Ray*, 2001, color film, 16MM, silent, 2½ minutes.

JE There was a French filmmaker who spent weeks and months trying to film it and couldn't. Then you went down there and got it in a couple of days—

TD Eric Rohmer. But he faked it! It looks fake—it's terrible when you see it. They sent some camera guy to the Canary Islands for months—

JE (*laughter*) Just send your camera guy! Rohmer wanted it to be real, but he just couldn't do it, so he had to have special effects?

TD He must have done his in a very early form of digitalization. It's very heavy-handed; it's like this huge, green thing. I mean, the real green ray makes your heart miss a beat, because you look, you look, you look. And then you see it so suddenly, and it's gone. Somehow rapidity is part of its beauty.

JE When you're developing the film though, I mean, film is not an exact replica of reality, so the coloration of the film obviously isn't proof that there's actually *greenness* on the horizon. How do you know that it's not something in the solution?

TD It was *there* but it was very faint. You have a scope in which to process film: it's called grading, where you can change color. I grade my films warm. Most feature films are graded cold, so they have a greeny, colder light to them. I have a lot of trouble pushing my guys to go magenta. I like that warmth. For them, they just look at skin tones. When I have filmed people, the skin tone does have quite a high color!

But with *The Green Ray*, it wasn't like it wasn't there. It was faint, and by pushing it slightly, I was just putting a bit more color in the film to bring it out.

JE Is it always people you like who see it?

TD (*laughter*) I don't know, that's a very interesting question. How the world divides.

JE I'm really eager to see it, if I see it. But I know it'll be like the Emperor's New Clothes—I'll feel very awful if I don't see it.

TD The film is only two and a half minutes long, and I just have it on a push button—you start the film and the sun sets. It was Madagascar so of course it sets very quickly, and it's in real time. But if you blink—

JE You miss it.

TD You miss it.

JE Like everything nice.

We're on the verge of talking about chance and coincidence—about your being on the plane and seeing the green ray after you filmed the green ray. I know you've had a

number of experiences where chance played a role in your work, and sometimes your work has actually been about the role of chance. With your film *Girl Stowaway*, when you were filming on the coast of Devon, you camped out overnight and, while you were there, wasn't there a murder nearby?

TD How that whole story began was I found a photograph of this girl stowaway in a second-hand book at a flea market, *The Last of the Wind Ships*. She stowed away in 1928 on a ship called the *Herzogin Cecilie*, which was sailing from Australia to Falmouth in England, Cornwall. I was instantly attracted to this image of her so I bought the book. It was actually my first relevant flea-market purchase. Then I took it with me on a trip to Glasgow, Scotland, and in Heathrow Airport I put my bag, which had the book in it, through the hand-luggage x-ray machine, walked through the security arch, and then went to collect it, and the bag had just disappeared. It was extraordinary. Then quite mysteriously and strangely, a week later I got a phone call, while I was still in Glasgow,

saying that my bag had been found going around and around the Aer Lingus luggage belt in Dublin Airport.

JE Was anything missing?

TD Nothing was missing, no. I picked it up at the airport on my way back to London, and at first I was trying to get some press attention on how unsafe it can be to put all your best belongings into that x-ray machine. But then I decided to write the newspaper article myself, telling the story of how my stolen bag containing the stowaway's picture had made its way to Dublin by this strange circuitous route. I made and printed it in the style of the British newspaper the *Guardian*. At the same time I wanted to make a parallel article in the style of the period that I imagined she had stowed away in. I had studied at Falmouth School of Art, so I already had a relationship to that town. I rang up the *Falmouth Packet*, the local newspaper, and told them I wanted to fabricate an article about the stowaway, and they actually had a record of her arriving in Falmouth on the *Herzogin Cecilie* in 1928; her

name was Jean Jeinnie and she stowed away from Port Lincoln in Australia. So in my fake 1928 article, I had her stowing away in order to try to get to Dublin. So when you first encounter these two newspaper articles, you read that she was trying to get to Dublin but you don't know if she made it or not, but you do know her photographic self made it there nearly 70 years later.

After that, I decided to take it even further and I fabricated a film with a windup Kodak camera of her, I mean of somebody who looked a bit like her, aboard my version of the *Herzogin Cecilie*. She'd stowed away in 1928, and I found out the ship had wrecked in 1936. At that point I decided to go on a sort of pilgrimage to find the place where the real *Herzogin Cecilie*sank, off Bolt Head in Devon, the county up from Cornwall. It had been a calm night, but the ship hit a rock and let in a lot of water, and in its hold was grain, and grain when it meets salt water goes rotten very, very quickly. At that point the boat could still have been salvaged, but Salcombe harbor, which is protected on all sides by the wind, refused to let her in because the local council were

afraid the stench of rotten grain might scare off their tourists, so they towed her into this little bay called Starehole Bay, which is exposed from the southeast, and the wind changed and the boat was immediately wrecked.

I went to Starehole Bay with a friend and camped above the wreck (which you can still see) which you're technically not supposed to do. We filmed the wreck of the *Herzogin Cecilie* the next morning on this beautiful July day, and then left. Then a day or two later, we saw that on the very day we were there, hours or even minutes after we left, a young woman had been raped and murdered in daylight. The whole thing became sort of uncanny and unpleasant because we became the last people who—the friend I was with in fact turned out to be the last person who had seen her alive and he also saw her murderer.

JE And the film you shot became evidence?

TD Well they tried, the police tried to impound the film, but there was literally no information on it. I had a show coming up, and I couldn't release it, but I was questioned in

Brixton police station, my friend was questioned down in Cornwall. We had to make maps of where we were, and of course our maps just didn't match at all.

JE (*laughter*)

TD The most extraordinary thing is that suddenly in the *Guardian*, there was a photograph of Starehole Bay showing the wreck of *Herzogin Cecilie*. And within my own narrative, you know, the whole thing began with me fabricating the *Guardian* article.



Tacita Dean, *Girl Stowaway*, 1994, color and black-and-white 16MM film, optical sound, 8 minutes.

JE I've probably told you about the strange coincidences that happened to me when I was writing

Middlesex, and I don't want to go over them now, but I had a similar experience. I'm always wondering how to think about them. How do you feel about the story you just told? When something happens like that, do you feel that your mind is ordering the events and creating the coincidence, or do you think that there's actually a power in the universe that's somehow communicating to you? I mean, I know the latter choice is a step toward insanity, but the excitement about those moments is that you feel for a moment that the universe is essentially helping you, speaking to you. Even though you know that, rationally, that's crazy, it's impossible to let go of that feeling.

TD I think that being very open to coincidences, they happen more. I also have spells where I'm quite closed to them. But I sometimes feel quite panicked about mentioning this particular coincidence, because, you know, it worked very well for *my* own narrative, but—

JE A little hard to get excited about an artistic coincidence when the reality is that a murder has been committed.

TD Yes!

JE Right. My view on coincidences is this: I think that coincidences are always happening, but when you're focused on producing something, that attention makes you aware of them, and suddenly they start to cohere. I let myself believe in them to the extent that they keep me from despair over my work.

When they're happening, and it feels like the unseen powers are on your side, you actually have a better working day.

TD You have that many then?

JE I have them now and then, and if they happen I just let them sort of—

TD —take over?

JE Lift my mood. The other day I was writing about a section in my book about Calcutta, I'm writing about a flock of crows, and as I was writing about it, a bunch of crows appeared outside the window of my studio. I know it's obviously a meaningless coincidence, but at such moments I get a very primitive feeling that what I'm writing is manifesting itself in the world. I let

myself feel that for the day, even though I don't really believe it. Do you ever use them as aids or as—?

TD —totally. For example, I'm just doing this research into old and deformed trees at the moment. I made a photograph for an edition recently for *October* magazine called *Fontainebleau Postcard*, and I had to phone them up to check the title, and it reminded me that I had found all these old postcards of The Forest of Fontainebleau when I was in Kitakyushu in Japan, and I remember thinking that's so strange, why would they have so many postcards of Fontainebleau? And then I went onto the internet and I looked up the Forest of Fontainebleau, which took me to the famous oak of Fontainebleau which in turn led me to look up old oak trees and then the oldest of trees in England, the yew tree. Before I knew it, the tiny village where I grew up came up as the place where there once was a 1400-year-old yew tree. I always need that tiny thread to get myself going. I'm now shortly off to photograph similar trees in the area for a new project.

JE Well that's almost a methodology of producing a work, using chance. You decided to work in that fashion with the recent show you curated at the Hayward Gallery in London, *An Aside*.

TD Well, I didn't think, I'm going to create a show based on an objective chance, it was just totally associative. I started with a slide projection work by one artist, Lothar Baumgarten, who told me a story that led me somewhere else, and then that in turn gave me a thought, which was probably absolutely tiny, almost too embarrassing to express, but it made me think of something else, which in turn guided me to the next artist I included, and so on. A series of coincidences something like your crows, which are pretty small compared to some of your *Middlesex* coincidences.

JE Yeah, the crows are small, but the *Middlesex* ones are big. My old teacher, Gilbert Sorrentino, used to use these things he called “generative devices,” which were ways of writing, taking away any kind of intention of what you were going to write. I guess it goes back

to surrealism, in that he's trying to tap his unconscious. And write stories, write fiction without having any plan in mind, because he thought that a plan would inevitably end up as something tired. Does that strike a chord with you? I mean, I don't write that way at all, I get an idea and I plan it, and then I change the plan. I let things change all the time, but I never proceed in complete darkness.

TD I have definitely worked in that way. I tend to think that the work by other artists that I am attracted to works because you seem to imagine that they had no real sense of their destination when they started. And I think a lot of pre-imagined work can be quite inert.

JE There's a great poem by Frank O'Hara, of course I don't remember it, (*laughter*) but, he's trying to write about a fish, I think. And when he's finished, the poem has nothing to do with this fish, except the title remains "The Fish," because that's where his thought process began. So as O'Hara wrote the poem, it

became something else, and finally had nothing to do with his original impulse. The title is the only sign. I find that quite true with writing. I'll have an idea and as I work on it, the idea changes until there's nothing left of the original idea.

Nevertheless, while I'm writing, I'm aware of my basic narrative intentions. I don't give up my rationality, having so little, really, to spare. I proceed in a logical manner, but it always takes me to illogical conclusions.

TD And I proceed illogically. (*laughter*) But I'm very formal strangely enough. The final manifestation isn't chaotic, although the process is, I think.



Tacita Dean, Pie, 2003, 16MM color film, optical sound.



Tacita Dean, installation view, *Pie*, 2003, 16MM color film, optical sound, 7 minutes.

JE I think your films have a classical order to them. They don't seem chaotic to me in the way they're filmed or edited.

TD But the thing is, with film, I'm totally uneconomical. I cannot make decisions before the fact, so I actually film far too much. I never know where I'm going when I cut my films. And that's why I have to cut alone in a very solitary fashion; I need the actual medium, because I can't delegate or use a computer. I need to have the spools piled up beside me in order to work.

JE But a lot of your films are fairly static. For instance, *Pie*, the film about the magpies roosting in the tree outside your studio in Berlin, or even *Fernsehturm*, filmed in the

revolving restaurant in Berlin's TV tower. You say that you don't know where you're going when you begin filming. But that's actually a fairly limited possibility if you're going to film a tree and just have the magpies coming and going.

TD So I have to make some decisions. With, *Fernsehturm* for example, I wanted to film a transition from day to night in the tower, which has a moving restaurant that rotates 360 degrees in half an hour. I made one strict rule that the only movement in the entire film would be the movement of this restaurant, that there would be no camera movement at all. So it looks like a slow pan, but the camera is still mounted on the moving platform, and the film cycles from day to night. It all happens in one evening, one sunset, and it takes part inside the restaurant so the view is not important, only how the diners react to it. The film begins in daylight when the windows are transparent, but as it gets darker they become more translucent as the lights get turned on inside, until by the end they appear opaque and the view is totally lost and the action

very enclosed. So using the cycle of the day with the cycle of the restaurant's 360 degrees, that's already quite precise. It's just that, when I cut it, I didn't have any pre-imagined view of how it would be ordered.

JE How much film did you shoot for *Fernsehturm*?

TD We had three cameras when we filmed, almost continuously. We must have filmed six or seven hours of film for the final edit of 44 minutes. Whereas *Palast*, filmed at the Palast Der Republik in Berlin was about ten minutes, and I must have filmed at most double that. The smaller films which are not anamorphic, I film myself. Then the degree of unused material is much smaller. But for the bigger anamorphic films, I need a camera crew because I need more than one camera, and then the control is lost, so I have an enormous amount of material.



Tacita Dean, *Palast*, 2004, 16mm color film, optical sound, 10½ minutes.



Tacita Dean, *Palast*, 2004, 16mm color film, optical sound, 10½ minutes.

JE *Fernsehturm* was the first thing that you did after you came to live in Berlin on the DAAD. And, am I right that you got the idea because you were at the Charité Hospital, and every day you would walk in a glass walkway and you'd see the *Fernsehturm* in the distance?

TD No, I had the idea because in 1987, when it was still East Berlin and I visited the tower on a college trip, I remembered it and immediately wanted to return there

after I arrived in 2000, in August in fact. And it was a beautiful evening with a full Harvest moon. That was the point when I thought: I have to film in here. And when I was editing –it's funny, I was thinking about this the other day and about how much Berlin has changed—I worked in this little cutting room I used to have right by Friedrichstrasse S-Bahn station. And in the mornings I was in this bizarre Poliklinik in Charité Hospital, very close by.

JE You would meet everyday in a group to do physical therapy exercises, wouldn't you?

TD Horrible thing … they made me do these ludicrous dexterity exercises, making paper animals! And the thing about it was then, and this was in 2000, somehow the hospital was still so much the East. There were two sorts of day wards: one that was packed full of women from the East, and one that was just me and this other woman who was from Tempelhof in the West. So they literally segregated East from West, and foreign women meant West. Everyone had to rise hideously early. I had to be there at 7:15 for breakfast. But it was an

incredible time because this was when the Florida presidential recount was going on, and I remember the only thing that made it alright was that I would get out of bed and put on CNN to find out what was happening, to wake me up.

JE Nothing more exciting than listening to the Florida recount—

TD It was so gripping at the time, all these cultural things that have already disappeared. Anyhow, there was this passageway between buildings in the hospital, which I just walked down this morning actually, where I could catch one last glimpse of the Fernsehturm before I had to spend all hours of daylight in this surreal environment. I used to call it my Bridge of Sighs. When the Poliklinik finished, I would walk in the dusk to the editing room, where I would spend my afternoons and evenings editing *Fernsehturm* which also felt very East. So the combination of it all made for a very powerful atmosphere. And at that point, even around Friedrichstrasse, the air smelled of that cheap coal. Do you

remember that, how the East and West smelled different? That's gone now.

JE Yeah, I do remember it. In Schöneberg there are still people who burn coal, but less and less, you're right.

TD No, it was the smell of that cheap coal they used to have in the East. It's extraordinary how rapidly as a country or culture it's disappeared or changed. And now the Palast der Republik, an emblem of the East as the GDR house of parliament—they're supposed to be pulling it down.

JE So what's happening with that? I was just reading that they're still protesting the demolition, and I got the sense that they might do it.

TD The thing is, the German government is under huge pressure, but they have to do it. It keeps getting postponed though. Recently, the artists Thomas Scheibitz and Lisa Junghanss organized an exhibition of international and Berlin-based artists inside a white cube that had been constructed inside the Palast der Republik. It was so popular that on the last day

of the show, there were hour-long queues to get in. It was really a lot about actually getting inside to see the Palast. They can't afford to pull it down really, but they're supposed to do it before the World Cup, which of course is coming to Berlin in June.

JE Oh, they want to tear it down because of the World Cup, I didn't realize that.

TD They're supposed to have it totally flattened, just green land, and to put up a huge screen to project the World Cup on, exactly where the Palast is. So they have to hurry up.

JE There are a lot of places to put up a screen in Berlin. It sounds like the same kind of popular uprising that led to bringing down the wall is now happening to keep up the Palast.

TD Maybe, maybe, but it's an ambivalent thing, for a lot of people.

JE Well, I was reading the "ABCs of TCD," and the author Mark Godfrey describes the reflective windows of Palast der Republik as the center of the GDR government, as keeping

the oppressive regime concealed. But from what I've heard about it, it's also where they had a lot of their festivals. I thought it was a place many East Germans remember fondly ...

TD No, it's not actually. They had a lot of cultural activities there, but it was an enforced cultural thing. The government only ever met 28 times in the Palast, but it is still very symbolic of the GDR. And even Thomas Scheibitz doesn't love what the building represents, but I think what he wanted to say was that Berlin lacks a decent contemporary art space. So that was his politics, it wasn't him trying to keep the Palast open out of fondness but perhaps saying, This building functions, why not use it.



Tacita Dean, Palast, 2004, film with sound, 10 minutes, 30 seconds.



Tacita Dean, Palast, 2004, film with sound, 10 minutes, 30 seconds.

JE You said once, "Everything that excites me no longer functions in its own time." I respond to that myself, because a lot of my work is about obsolescence, about ruins. I grew up in Detroit and so, at a very young age, was put on intimate terms with entropy. Places of decay used to depress me incredibly, when I was nine to 12 years old. And sometimes I couldn't even bare to look in junkyards and vacant lots. And for some reason now, nothing pleases me more than looking at a junkyard or a vacant lot or ruined building. I don't know how that changed, but when you speak about that in your work and how you respond to Teignmouth Electron, Donald Crowhurst's beached catamaran on Cayman Brac or the abandoned Bubble House, I can completely understand your fascination.

TD It's an amazing memory for you to have, of those sort of places that once depressed you. I think about structures like the Bubble House or the Teignmouth Electron as futuristic. They were not of the normal build when they were constructed, so they were not contemporary. And I don't know when they ever sat comfortably in their own time.

JE So, you're just going to stay in Berlin for the rest of your life? You've settled there, you have an apartment, you have a child. Going to put some personal history in here.

TD (*laughter*) Cram in the personal history. Well we've lost some of our major friends, who have gone off to far-flung places like Chicago.

JE But otherwise?

TD Otherwise, for the time being, it's nice. It's snowing here.

JE We haven't really talked about anything really, except coincidence, but we're over our time. If we talk

longer, the transcript will get too long.

TD Are you at home?

JE I'm at home in my living room.

TD Okay, so are we going to hang up?

JE I think that would be prudent.
(*laughter*)

TD Can't we end it a while ago?

JE End at something we said a while ago? Yeah, I'm sure we will. I don't want my anguish to be on tape.

TD Your anguish?

JE My anguish, yes. I don't want it to be on tape, so I'm going to hang up.



Tacita Dean, Fernsehturm *still*
From: <https://bombmagazine.org/articles/tacita-dean/>

HOW LONG SPACE VOYAGES COULD MESS WITH OUR MINDS

* bbc.com * Wednesday 30 October 2019 *
Kelly Oakes * 8 minute read *



If we are to settle the Solar System astronauts will have to travel for months and years. Are these missions too taxing for human minds?

In 1973, astronauts on the US space station Skylab downed tools and refused to communicate with mission control. They had complained of being overworked, and when their request for more lenient schedule was denied, they took matters into their own hands¹

– spending an entire day admiring the view from the windows and doing little else.

“We had been overscheduled,” astronaut William Pogue later wrote. “We were just hustling the whole day. The work could be tiresome and tedious, though the view was spectacular.”

Their defiance came just over halfway through an 84-day mission. The astronauts later referred to the incident as their “strike”², others called it a “mutiny”. Either way, it was one of the first indications that prolonged trips into space were going to bring extra challenges that hadn’t surfaced in the relatively quick visits astronauts had previously undertaken.

You might also like:

As humans get more serious about going to Mars, one of the biggest threats to such a mission could

come from the psychological state of the crewmembers themselves.

Researchers are looking to Antarctica to test how our mental health will respond to long-haul space travel. It's a good analogue for several reasons: it's dark, with the South Pole having several months of total night over winter, taking away the day-night cycle we're used to; it's bitterly cold, with temperatures reaching -80C (-112F) so going outside is difficult. Then there's the isolation. It's physically isolated – depending on where exactly you are, evacuation over winter might be impossible. And it's socially isolated – you live in close quarters with the same few people day-in, day-out.

The Skylab mutiny could have been an example of the “third quarter phenomenon” reported by polar explorers and others. This occurs when people realise they have as long left in their inescapable situation as they have already lived through, and lose motivation. Though not everyone agrees it exists, the phenomenon does

appear to show up in various situations, including simulated space missions.



The isolation of polar settlements is a good stand-in for the isolation of long space voyages (Credit: Esa)

It's something that Gro Mjeldheim Sandal, a professor in psychosocial science at the University of Bergen, Norway, expected to find when studying the emotions of 27 people at the Concordia Station in Antarctica, where the mean temperature outside is -51°C (-60F), and access to the station is only possible from November to February. But instead of becoming depressed halfway through their stay, participants went into a kind of "psychological hibernation" where they became emotionally flat and detached³.

In some ways, this hibernation could be a good thing, helping crew members save resources, and make it through their confinement without burning out, says Sandal. But despite the potential positives, psychological hibernation could come with risks too – especially if something similar were to happen on a months-long flight to Mars. “If there is an emergency situation, people need to react very quickly,” she says. “So during a long-duration space mission, the safety aspect is a concern.”

In fact, she says, people planning such space missions are well aware of the risks that boredom and monotony could bring, and need to actively find ways to counteract them, through entertainment tailored to crew members, for example.

Sleep will also play a key role in how astronauts react to the mental demands of a Mars mission. But getting a good night’s sleep is tricky when there’s no natural day-night cycle. On Earth, our sleep-wake cycle is regulated both by how tired we are, and by daylight.

“[Astronauts] won’t be able to use that light cue to synchronise their sleep-wake patterns,” says Joanne Bower, a sleep researcher at De Montfort University in Leicester, UK. “People who don’t keep a kind of strict schedule then suffer much more with their sleep patterns.”

It’s something that’s been seen before in simulated Mars missions on Earth. On the 17-month Mars-500 analog mission that ended in 2011, four out of six crew members suffered sleep disorders⁴. One crewmember was chronically sleep deprived, and another eventually ending up on a sleep schedule entirely out of sync with the rest of the group.



ISS astronauts are a perfect candidate group if you want to find people to travel to Mars (Credit: Nasa)

“If people sleep better, they tend to react to the environment better as well,” says Bower, whose main research focuses on how sleep and our emotions interact on Earth. “Protecting your sleep wellbeing is really critical to being happy and healthy, in life as well as in space.”

There are some aspects of a long-duration space mission we can’t simulate on Earth. On a trip to Mars, for example, there will come a point when Earth is no longer visible to astronauts, reduced to just a tiny speck of light in the sky. Yet we know that astronauts report seeing Earth from space is one of the best things about their trips. “If one of the things that’s really keeping them positive and upbeat is this sense of perspective you get from seeing Earth from afar, that’s not going to be there anymore for months at the time,” says Bower. “So we need to be able to find other things that they can draw on.”

Bower and her colleagues came up with a 23-item mental health checklist⁵ for space travellers, tested on people working in

Antarctica over winter. They found that people’s emotions became more variable over time. “The longer that they were there, the more their emotions would go up and down,” says Bower.

It also became clear that focusing on positive emotions⁶ could be key to understanding the psychological traits that will help someone on a long trip in space. “The people who did better reported doing more of things like really holding on to the positive, savouring good things,” says Bower. “They tended to focus much less on the negatives, so they wouldn’t turn things over in their mind and try to fix it.”

While ignoring things that are going wrong might seem counterintuitive – after all, something going wrong in space could be disastrous – in some situations it really could be the best option. “If you’re in space and there’s nothing you can do about it, to some extent, minimising it and putting it to the back of your mind might be the healthiest thing you can do,” says Bower.



The Mars 500 programme tried to keep its test subjects busy enough to avoid depressive thoughts (Credit: Esa)

But astronauts ignoring their own mental state will be out of the question. With up to a 22-minute communications delay on any trip to Mars, astronauts won't always have easy access to people back on Earth to talk to, so they'll need to monitor their own mental health, and do what they can to self-correct. "It's not so much about them being able to feed back to a psychologist or psychiatrist on the ground, but also about being able to be self-aware," says Bower.

Finding people with these qualities will be the first step to selecting a crew to go to Mars or further afield. Six months on the ISS is not exactly a walk in the park, so the basic

astronaut selection process would be the obvious place to start. "You don't need a completely different type of astronaut to do a longer mission," says Sandal.

As well as being able to withstand boredom, it might help if crews tend towards introversion. "We need to compose crews who do not have a very big need for social variability," she says. "So more introverted crew members, I would guess, would be a necessity. Beyond that emotional stability, like on all flights, is the single most important psychological qualification."

A compatible team is also important, and Sandal is now looking at data she's collected from Russian cosmonauts to investigate how team functioning and cultural variability affects performance.

Once the ideal team has been assembled, tweaks to the environment on the spacecraft will help keep them in good spirits.

We know that exposing people to nature on Earth can help reduce stress levels and improve concentration, through something

known as attention restoration theory. But on a spaceship, real nature will be in short supply.

Jay Buckey, a professor of medicine at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire and a former astronaut who flew on Nasa's Space Shuttle flight STS-90 in 1998, is running an experiment using virtual reality (VR) on the US South Pole and Australian Antarctic stations this winter. It's an attempt to see if it can help with the psychological demands of being isolated. "You do feel when you're in the VR headset like you've been removed from your day-to-day environment," he says.

The experiment is still ongoing, but he says that early feedback suggests the headsets are being used by those at the stations, which suggests they may be finding them helpful. The virtual scenes available include an Australian beach, the Bavarian Alps, the Irish coast, and fall in New England – plus Boston, in case any of the participants might benefit from feeling immersed in the hustle and bustle of city life.



How will astronauts cope when they can no longer see Earth from a viewport? (Credit: Nasa)

He tested a similar set up during a Hi-Seas Mars analogue mission in Hawaii, asking participants which environments they liked the best. High-definition nature scenes ranked the highest, but some participants enjoyed the city too. "There were some people who actually liked having the city scene, because one of the things they were missing was just other people being around," says Buckey.

VR could even help combat any low mood caused by "Earth-out-of-view" phenomenon, through a virtual window that could simulate seeing Earth from space.

Building in downtime and relaxation – as discovered during the Skylab strike – will also be vital. Astronauts are already trained in

how to relax effectively in the little spare time they get on board the International Space Station, and Sandal thinks adding in things like yoga and meditation to astronauts' physical training routines could help crew destress en route to Mars – providing they can find an effective way to practice yoga in weightlessness.

Given our determination to eventually reach Mars, staying sane on the journey there is a problem worth solving. “The psychological aspect is a really important one to deal with, because if it’s done right, the missions can be truly amazing,” says Buckey. “But if it goes wrong, it’s the kind of thing that can end a mission.”

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WHY DO WE—WOMEN IN PARTICULAR—LOVE TRUE CRIME BOOKS?

* latimes.com * Thursday 14 June 2018 *

Megan Abbott * 6 minute read *



The Golden State Killer -- Joseph James DeAngelo -- in a Sacramento, Calif., jail court on May 29, 2018. He is suspected in at least a dozen killings and roughly 50 rapes in the 1970s and '80s. *Paul Kitagaki Jr. / AP*

"Violent men unknown to me have occupied my mind all my adult life," Michelle McNamara wrote in "I'll Be Gone in the Dark: One Woman's Obsessive Search for the Golden State Killer." Early in the book, she recounts a pivotal moment when she was 14 years old and a young female jogger was murdered near her home. Two days later, McNamara visited the spot where the body was found and picked up

the remnants of the victim's broken Walkman, holding them in her hands. "I felt no fear," she wrote, "just an electric curiosity."

This is the genesis of McNamara's interest in true crime. In particular, it was the killer's anonymity that haunted her. "I need to see his face," she writes, slipping into present tense. "He loses his power when we know his face."

Reading those lines, I felt the frisson of recognition. I've consumed true crime since first discovering "Helter Skelter" by Vincent Bugliosi in a used bookstore at age 9 or 10 and staring in fascination and horror at the crime-scene photos in the middle. And, while the primary focus of "I'll Be Gone in the Dark" is the Golden State Killer, a ski-masked serial rapist and murderer who terrified the West Coast in the 1970s and '80s, it also serves as an exploration of

the intense attachment many of us have to true crime—in particular, women.



"I'll Be Gone in the Dark" by Michelle McNamara, shown at right with husband Patton Oswalt. *Matt Sayles/AP*

McNamara's book, completed and published after her untimely death in 2016, landed at the top of the bestseller list at a time when the appetite for true crime feels greater than ever. The conventional wisdom is that its audience is primarily female—a belief supported by an oft-cited 2010 study in Social Psychological and Personality Science, which found that, based on analysis of reader reviews and book selection, women were significantly more drawn to true crime than men. But perhaps the most telling finding of the study is that women were far more likely to select a true crime book featuring female

victims. That intense identification between reader and victim ripples violently through McNamara's book.

But in a recent piece on women and true crime, Cammila Collar finds canny parallels between the recurrent subjects of true crime (love-gone-wrong, family conflict, domestic violence) and the hard numbers on gender and violence. While men are four times more likely to be homicide victims, women comprise 70% of victims killed by an intimate partner, twice the rate of men. (The majority of male homicides are drug- and gang-related.) The statistic that most jumps out at me comes from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention: Nearly 44% of American women¹ have experienced some form of contact sexual violence in their lifetime and reported some form of impact, ranging from injury and fearfulness to missing work or school or experiencing symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder.

These statistics refute any notion of true crime as escapist fare. As someone who reads the genre avidly, both “high” (Robert Kolker’s

“Lost Girls,” Monica Hesse’s “American Fire”) and “low” (ripped-from-the-headlines mass-market books you used to find on the spin rack of your drugstore), I’ve always had a network of fellow devotees, mostly women, to whom I reach out regularly on the latest book, documentary, podcast like the L.A. Times’ “Dirty John”² or the breaking news on an old case. Perhaps because it’s long been a “suspect” genre—at best a “guilty pleasure,” at worst a genre for ghouls, for rubberneckers—these exchanges often have a furtive, heated quality. A slightly dirty secret we keep.



Debra Newell married John Michael Meehan, a terrifying story told in the L.A. Times series and podcast *Dirty John*. *Rick Loomis / Los Angeles Times*

But in the last few years, and especially in recent months as the Harvey Weinstein and associated scandals have dominated headlines,

I’ve come to think of true crime books as performing much the same function as crime novels (also dominated by female readers): serving as the place women can go to read about the dark, messy stuff of their lives that they’re not supposed to talk about—domestic abuse, serial predation, sexual assault, troubled family lives, conflicted feelings about motherhood, the weight of trauma, partner violence and the myriad ways the justice system can fail, and silence, women.

While these weighty issues aren’t generally resolved in true crime (to the contrary, given the number of them like McNamara’s and Kolker’s in which the case remained unsolved at publication), these books provide a common site to work through crises, to exorcise demons. I’ve come to believe that what draws women to true crime tales is an instinctual understanding that this is the world they live in. (Emailing me about “I’ll Be Gone in the Dark,” a mutual true crime enthusiast—male—noted, “How a man could rape 50 plus women and kill 10 people and get away with it is basically a primer on

institutionalized misogyny.”) And these books are where the concerns and challenges of their lives are taken deadly seriously.

It’s been interesting to ponder the question of women and true crime in recent months amid our #Metoo moment. If, for decades now, true crime served as the collective unconscious of so many women, all the taboo topics the culture as a whole represses, what happens when the culture is unable to repress them any longer? In the aftermath of the 2016 election, and the subsequent explosion of #Metoo revelations, all those issues that have always dominated true crime are taking center stage. If true crime frequently explores the abuses perpetrated by seemingly upright men in power—police, sheriffs, elected representatives, district attorneys—well, what happens when these stories fill our daily headlines? The impact can be devastating—not because anyone’s surprised (what reader of true crime could be?), but because we never guessed the lid would be taken off. And now, the onslaught is ceaseless.



Megan Abbott writes bestselling crime fiction. But she avidly reads true crime, like many other women. *Drew Reilly*

Perhaps this is why the finale of the “Dirty John” podcast is so satisfying. It begins as a tale of female victimhood, but in the end it becomes a testament to female intuition and survivor instincts. The script is flipped, and women are weaponized.

This is certainly the feeling reading “I’ll Be Gone in the Dark,” and what marks it as uncannily prescient of our moment. One of the vanguard of “amateur sleuths” who connected on the internet to attack cold cases, McNamara firmly believed that the Golden State Killer would be caught and in fact saw her book as an

intervention. This missionary zeal gives her book a potent avenging-angel quality.

Recalling the anonymous killer of the female jogger that sparked her true crime obsession, McNamara notes, “The hollow gap of his identity seemed violently powerful to me.” That’s the power she seeks to tear down, and her defiant energy bubbles through the entire book, reaching its apogee in the blazing epilogue. Framed as her letter to the Golden State Killer, it’s a tour de force of righteous anger. Asserting that technology will ultimately beat him, McNamara warns him, “A ski mask won’t help you now.”

“Open the door,” she demands.
“Show us your face.”



Photo of Joseph James DeAngelo, left, who joined the Exeter Police Department in 1973. On the right, Sgt. Damon Maurice stands near the Evans Ditch, a flood canal in Visalia Calif., which police think was used by DeAngelo to commit crimes. *Santa Barbara County Sheriff; Tomas Ovalle/Los Angeles Times*

In late April, we saw his face. Two years after McNamara’s death and a little over two months after the book’s publication, an arrest was made in the Golden State Killer case. Joseph James DeAngelo, a former police officer, was taken into custody outside the home he shared with his daughter and granddaughter.

Watching the arraignment that followed, with a blank-faced DeAngelo rolled into the courtroom in a wheelchair, I wondered what McNamara would think, if she would feel a sense of catharsis or victory.

Amid the torrent of news about the latest sexual assault scandal, the latest public figure toppled by gross misdeeds, feelings of satisfaction, of justice served, are more elusive. What happens, after all, when the killer is unmasked, yet he turns out not to have one face but many, replaced every few days by another powerful man with yet another trail of female victims in his wake?

Abbott is the author of nine crime novels. Her latest, “Give Me Your Hand,” will be published July 17. She is on Twitter @meganeabbott³

From: <http://www.latimes.com/books/la-ca-jc-megan-abbott-true-crime-20180614-story.html>

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- <https://www.cdc.gov/violenceprevention/nisvs/2015NISVSdatabrief.html>
 - <http://www.latimes.com/projects/la-me-dirty-john/>
 - <https://twitter.com/meganeabbott>

ELOISE GRILLS

* cosmonautsavenue.com*
Friday 07 February 2020* cosmonautsavenue
* 13 minute read *



The opening chords of *Jessie's Girl*
are the origin of the world
That oil painting by Courbet, parted
thighs of a person, face unseen
Vulva dissolved by a turps-soaked
rag
I asked my housemate; she said it
might be an innie
So maybe I am not acknowledging
the wild and bio-diverse variation
Of front bottoms in our universe but
to me her cunt looks
Like the pussies of women
airbrushed in porno mags
Or girlie magazines
Like my father calls tampons/pads,
girlie things
Dads make Polly Pockets of us all

Remember how that performance artist
What was her name... Deborah de Robertis...
Performed her own work in front of the infamous painting
Naked except for gold gloves, gold body tube, & lack of a smile?
Her legs spread wide open wide open

She was arrested and charged with sexual exhibitionism¹

¹No good deed goes unpunished
No good pussy goes unfucked



Courbet was never arrested for his painting
(And I've never forgotten his name)
But he was jailed for destroying
The Vendôme column, a symbol of the Napoleonic regime

This action classified under "Political Belief" on biography.com
Because column-toppling resistance is *très masculine*
Especially when it involves men pulling down
Skinnily veiled monuments to other men's dicks
Courbet looks like a guy you'd swipe right to at peak desperation & he would spend the whole night telling you how much he loves eating pussy
Before you finally fall asleep on his face

Courbet's pussy painting is so transgressive²
Like a lookout on top of a mountain on top of a cliff on top of two tits with a telescope that reveals the grooves of his own arsehole
Like a big clubhouse and a sign that says no girls allowed
He makes me hungry
He makes me thirsty
He makes me want to kill hungry thirsty dead
He makes me want nothing and it makes me sad³

The opening chords of *Jessie's Girl*
are the world cumming into the
world's mouth

The opening chords of *Jessie's Girl*
are watching me with those eyes

I danced to a bad cover of that song
with my parents at St Leonard's Pub
We were drinking cheap wine
A man in a fedora was singing that
song

On a stage with a scarf draped
around his neck

And these girls were singing along
The girls were much more
interesting and entertaining
Than the man singing *Jessie's Girl*
Living and hugging and wearing
nice earrings

They didn't even have to sing to be
the warm centre of the universe
My father bought them a bottle of
domestic bubbles

As thanks

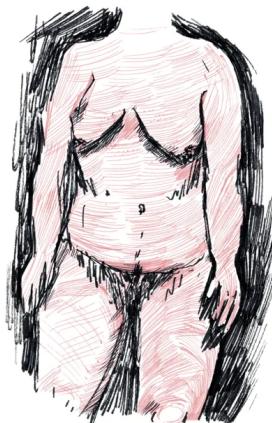
I said to my parents, laughing, that
Jessie's Girl is my favourite
problematic pop song,
A true unironic pop banger about
misogyny
About seat-sniffing about panty-
raiding
About used panties on trees like a
filthy Xmas fantasy

Or about cuckolding
Though I didn't say that last part
Mostly because my parents wouldn't
understand what cuckolding is
Or maybe they do
And that would raise a series of
other questions
And I don't need to know if Dad is
Jessie
Or even *Jessie's Girl*

A few hours later while we were
either still drunk, or more drunk
He took issue with my issue that ex-
footy player Wayne Carrey
Renowned woman beater, was still
on TV
He said, *what does he have to do to
come back from that*
Why does it matter that he is on TV
*He's not a politician; he's not in
public office*
People deserve a second chance
And I said, *has he asked for a
second chance, though?*
Or was he just given one?
And then he went on and on,
something about the power women
have over men
Not financial power or any other
real-world, discernible, quantifiable
power

Not dollar power or business power
or political power but something
sun-charged and strange⁴

but something sun-charged and
strange



You don't notice until it's dark
Skins glowing infrared with
A poker-hot sexual power

*There are innate differences
between men and women
That cannot be traversed; biological
differences, sexual differences
Men cannot be trusted
I know, I am one*

In the morning we pretended
nothing had happened and drank
coffee together

Or maybe he didn't have to pretend
because he is old

Lucky for him he can't remember
what he says when he is drunk
anymore

Time heals all wounds

Alcohol/brain damage reduces all
anxiety

A few weeks later, when we were
baking muffins together as a father-
daughter activity

He said he liked the singer he was
playing to me, her feminine values
I said: *did you mean feminist?*

And he: *no, no, I don't like that
word*

What if god was wanking us?

God said:

I brought you into this world and I
can take you right out of it

God said:

Hey girl, I brought you into this, and
I can take you right out

God said:

Get out of my head; get into my car

God said:

Life is a game of Grand Theft Auto
except the Auto part is your
automatic urge to give your little red
Corvette over to me, your hot red
tush



God said:

Life is a game of The Sims where I took the ladder out and I'm watching you all drown in the pool

God said:

Life is like we are naked in a fountain

Like I am naked outside a fountain
Jerking it while watching you naked in the Trevi fountain

God said:

I have a me-complex

Oh, so you're one of those Botticelli arseholes

How much Venus belongs to Botticelli?

How many miles of Lisa's smile does Mona own?

How much should we champion Duchamp's hot asssssss?

How much hot wind can we blow up said hot asssssss when we know that it was not him that made that urinal readymade at all, but a woman by the name of Freytag-Loringhoven⁵

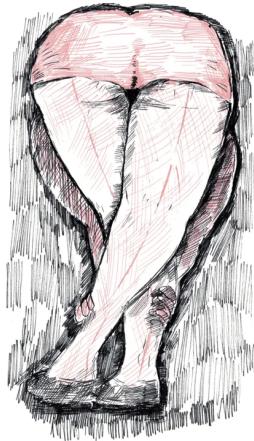
Who took the name R. Mutt
Before Dirty Dog Duchamp claimed it

And then who *actually* made the readymade that they both appropriated

And who plugged that pisser into
the wall?
And who do we let work at the hot
piss face
Stirring bleach and elbow grease
when the pub closes up
Washing shit streaks from the stalls?

How much of Jessie's girl belongs to
Jessie herself?
How much poor little rich girl does
Edie get to deep-dick?
How many pearl earrings can one
Vermeer thread together
Before it becomes a pearl necklace?
Before it becomes a pearl dog
collar?
Before it becomes a pearl choke
chain?

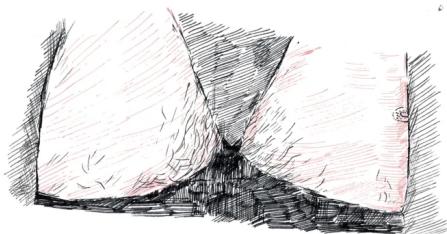
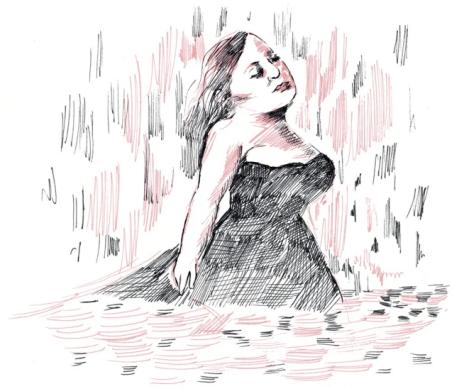
I fill with... joy?... whenever I see
Vermeer-brand woodchippers on
the highway
Something about masculine painter
energy paired with
Machinery that shreds wood like air
The way Plath's Lady Lazarus
devoured men



If the mini skirt fits...

My mother told me that at twenty-nine
I shouldn't wear mini skirts for
much longer
She told me that when you are with
a man you get fatter, like it was a
bare fact
Simple science
The world is flat
You just get fat
I told her that women could wear
whatever they want
And she said, *yeah, but they don't
look good doing it*
She had a limp that day; I called her
Quasimodo
My mother told me that she doesn't
like body hair on a woman
I said, *well what about on men?*
And she said that they should shave

their pits too
But I don't think she'd ever enforce
it
One to talk, she was renowned for
short skirts in high school
Her yearbook caption:
If it fits, wear it



Rapunzel, Rapunzel let down your pubes
When I was eleven I was the first person ever to get pubic hair
I was so embarrassed when we had

to get changed at the swimming pool
I heard girls whispering:
Did you see that so-and-so already has a bush??? Yuck!

I was so embarrassed, at thirteen
My map of Tasmania taking on an expansionist policy
Flooding my basement... but not in a good way...
Pushing its way to my Antarctic depths

I started shaving but I got a rash
My friend said her aunty had shaved her pubic hair
And now it grew almost to her knees
Like a kind of spiderweb Rapunzel
She chose the wrong form of self-punishment
The razor burn and the in-growns
and the pus pus pus
Laid below her tower like a long, ratty braid

When I was eighteen I hadn't even let anyone near my bush
But I started getting it waxed off
All of it, full Brazilian
So fucking painful
But I could feel clean inside my pants⁶

I went to Montreal and didn't know
how to ask for a painful wax *en
francais* so gave up
The first person I ever had sex with
I overheard him
Saying how disappointing it is when
you get someone's clothes off
And their body doesn't look tame
how you thought it was going to be
Up-top brows are neat and hair
straightened
Down south the garden's end is
where
The Wild Things Are
Like... a children's book... but more
hairy and
Erogenous...
But I guess not for him

Dream dick lover

Recently I had a dream where that
person came to Melbourne
At first I didn't want to forgive him
But then the narrative continued
and he gradually eked back my trust
He said he loved me
But he had to go back to Montreal to
live with his wife
He would come back every few
years to be with me
Our love would be a bushfire that
would destroy me
And then I would regenerate before

he'd burn me down again
In the dream even though I knew it
was bad for me I fucked him
He pushed me onto the bed; he held
me down; he scratched uncut nails
down my back
He choked me and told me he loved
how submissive I was
Who's my little sub, he whispered,
laughing, again and again
Who's my little sub
When I woke up I was frustratingly
close to cumming
I felt so gross I didn't even try to
finish

How many times can *Jessie's Girl*
turn on the jukebox before a man
can love a woman enough?



When a man loves a woman very
much
But not as much as video games
Or craft beer

When a man loves his woman very
much
His good farm girl, he'll buy the cow
get the milk for free
And if she wants the city life she can
go to the mince factory⁷

He puts his seed inside her; a
farmer pushing his fingers
Into moist earth so carelessly
You'd think it was an accident!
A glitch in the farming simulation!

**When a man loves a woman very
much and then never sees her again**



When I think back on that dream
That return of the sexually
repressed
I think it was representative of my
subconscious desire for people to

like me
Even the people that I don't like
Even the people who I would rather
see in hell
Than in my dreams

I realised later that the portrait of
my ex-lover
Was heavily borrowed from the
manipulative and charming and
morally bankrupt
Nino Sarratore in the Neapolitan
novels
Nino, the ultimate fuckboy who
fucked the protagonist's life up
Fucked her friend's life up
Fucked up the lives of every woman
he touched
While making them feel like he was
doing them a favour
The other day my friend Paul and I
got cake and bitched about Nino for
a good hour as if he was one of our
ex-boyfriends
But like, pretty much
Everyone has a Nino
But not many get an Enzo in this life
Everyone has been an Elena at least
once or twice
Fool me once
Fool me twice
Fool me one more time
I'll tell you when I've had enough!

**Jessie's friend has always been a
good friend of mine**

But not good enough to respect my
autonomy or romantic choices

Or to call me anything other than a
man's possessive

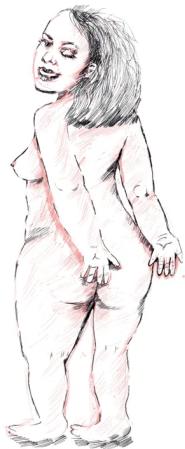
Jessie's friend has always been a
good friend of mine

But not enough to actually ask me if
I like him or not

I don't, by the way

Let the record show

And by the record I mean my ass



Art Star

Every time I'm asked to do
something arty recently

I hold my breath

Wait for the big but to drop

We love your work

*But does it have to contain so much
nudity*

We love your work

But does she have to be so.... naked?

We love your work

*But does she have to have so much
cum on her tits?*

*Does she have to be... you know...
legs akimbo, enjoying herself,
sexually, I mean?*

*Does it have to be so... artistically
nude?*

It's not like I'm not grateful for the
opportunities

It's just that I'm not grateful
When they turn out to be... not very
good opportunities, *artistically
speaking*

But by all means, gentlemen, pay
me

Last year I made a poster for a
festival

The festival wanted me to make it
Or, they asked a zine shop

To have someone make a poster for
them

And the zine shop chose me

The staff member from the zine
shop battled them for a month

Too rude, too nude they said

But then we buckled together under

the pressure
And the naked girl disappeared
from the poster

It's like she never even existed!!
It's like she never got her kit off!

It happened again
I was supposed to do a reading
At a big public space
And they said, ok but not the
images,
And then they said... actually... can
you not at all
And this is what I wrote them
without identifying features of
course
(A lady never gets fucked and tells):

*The last two days I have been
extremely distressed by this turn of
events, feeling as though my art is
being censored and that my ideas
have been misunderstood and then
rejected, without adequate
explanation, on an institutional
level... This series of events have
tarnished the entire experience and
have made me feel shamed as a
person and an artist... I would like to
note that women writing openly
about their experiences, about
street harassment, about their
sexuality, their bodies and their
inner worlds has been frowned*

*upon for a long time and is only
recently becoming more accepted.
Men's depictions of women's
sexuality, often in extremely
problematic and troubling
paradigms, are common and are
often questioned: think Lolita, or
the works of Henry Miller. It seems
pretty ironic to me that this series of
events is unfolding in a week where
Mark Knight has had a racist and
sexist comic published, without
having his platform removed. And it
seems unfair to me that because my
work depicts sexuality, but is not
inherently sexual or pornographic
in nature, it's been rejected from
this event. The "offending images"
are in fact joyous in nature and
explore the experience of being in a
woman's body.*

What I really wanted to write:
Actually, fuck you
What I really wanted to write: How
dare you!

My pussy is perfect; My cunt is a
paradise and you are not invited
What I really wanted to write: Eat
my tits, you ass

They backpedalled, hard, and let
me do the performance, in full
Full as my wondrous tits
Full as my preponderant ass

I wore a thong to the event
(accidentally)
Not realising you could see the full
rounds of my ass through my pants
But then I embraced it

Anyway I performed; a roaring
success
By which I mean a small crowd gave
me a polite level of applause
Before the reading the manager
approached me, said *I'm so so sorry*
After the reading she said *that
was... good?*
I have been asked to do an
exhibition with no nudity
Instagram doesn't even let you have
tits
My friend, a mother, was rejected
from a job cause she had too many
pregnant nudes on her socials
And I am summarily like wtf

I am the girl from *Jessie's Girl*
I am watching myself with mine
own eye
I am rubbing my tits in ecstasy
I am venerating my small and
humble clit
So you can't confuse it with a
mountain
I shall fuck them on the molehills
and the peaches
I shall fuck them with the teaches of

peaches
I shall fuck them with love and with
screeches
I shall fuck them with the butt end
of a broken champagne bottle

I am loving myself with this body; I
just know it
I am not putting up with it
I am not putting up with it
You don't own me; these hot hips,
these parted lips
You don't own me; I am gay for
plaid
You don't own me; I have a pussy
like Medusa surrounded by snakes
Lick my cunt but don't make a
mistake!



The image that should be
here isn't downloading

[1]

[https://news.artnet.com/exhibitions/
artist-enacts-origin-of-the-world-at-
musee-dorsay-and-yes-that-means-
what-you-think-35011](https://news.artnet.com/exhibitions/artist-enacts-origin-of-the-world-at-musee-dorsay-and-yes-that-means-what-you-think-35011)²

[2] Why must transgesssion—social
and artistic alike—always be
enacted (by men) on the naked
bodies of women?’ Linda Nochlin,
Representing Women, 1999: 144

[3] ‘What *men* want is what want *is*; men’s want defines desire itself.’ Linda Nochlin, *Ibid*: 45

[4] The “woman” fights back against reductionism, “naturalness”, essentialism. Linda Nochlin, *Ibid*, 35

[5]
<https://www.independent.co.uk/arts-entertainment/art/features/was-marcel-duchamps-fountain-actually-created-by-a-long-forgotten-pioneering-feminist-10491953.html>

[6] ‘Because it is impossible for women’s bodies to conform to the societal ideal, they are ‘by definition violations, of cultural imperatives’ Debra Gimlin, *Body Work*, 2002: 5

[7] In the 19th century artist present the fantasy of the sexually healthful peasant woman in opposition to the unnatural and sexually aggressive factory woman: Linda Nochlin, *Representing women*, 1999: 86

From: <https://cosmonautsavenue.com/eloise-grills/>

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- https://cosmonautsavenue.com/eloise-grills/#_ednref1
 - <https://news.artnet.com/exhibitions/artist-enacts-origin-of-the-world-at-musee-dorsay-and-yes-that-means-what-you-think-35011>

BONUS ARTICLE | MIRABO PRESS

* pinecopperlime.com*

Wednesday 24 April 2019 * 9 minute read *

Cart 0¹
2

Cart 0¹



"We want to encourage those outside the art community to learn about printmaking – we're each enamored by the democratic nature of the process and the history of social activism inherent in it, and Buffalo is a city that loves its history."

-Co-Founders of Mirabo Press

The impulse to create is something that runs deep in all of us makers, but not just to create, also to build and to grow. We take on projects that don't pay. We work long hours when others are catching up on

Game of Thrones. We record podcasts, start screenprint biennials³, film teaching videos, and undertake group crit sessions. Yet probably the number one dream shared most printmakers is to start their own studio. We look at Crownpoint⁴, Editions Copenhagen⁵, Chiang Mai Art on Paper⁶, Chicago Printmakers Collaborative⁷, or Tamarind⁸ and say, "I want to go to there."⁹ It's the dream, to make a life that is a print life through and through, and to make a living by eating, breathing, and sleeping printmaking. It's one that Tim and I share, but at times looking at those big names it can seem daunting. Of course, I know that Kathan Brown started Crownpoint in 1962 with a typewriter and a hand crank etching press in her garage. But seeing her light-filled studio on Hawthorne Street around the corner from the San Francisco Art Museum makes it hard to imagine it really started out from such humble beginnings, and

that can be overwhelming. It gives me this strange mix of excitement and envy. Envitement? It can seem so out of reach to those us with a dream and no savings account. So when I learned that a new studio was opening up in Buffalo, New York, I knew immediately I wanted to talk to the people behind it.



I have a deep fondness for Buffalo. My husband, Tim, is from Western New York, and before I pulled him away from its famously “beautiful” winters to the sunny shores of Sydney, he helped me fall in love with that area. Buffalo has moxie. There is a strong sense of self that permeates the city that I instantly loved. I am from Seattle, which I

always thought of as the vanilla ice cream of cities. It’s not famous from much besides rain, Nirvana, and the major brand names based there thanks to no state income tax: Microsoft, Starbucks, Boeing, Amazon... But brands do not a culture make and they are certainly not a sense of community. Buffalo is different, it has roots and ghosts of the American Dream. The city is dotted with beautiful, old brick factories, many now empty but standing as monuments to a time when showing up every day and working hard meant that you could have a living wage, a pension, a union, healthcare, and the gift of dreaming bigger for your children. All which, along with the Rust Belt itself, suffered devastating declines in the latter half of the twentieth century. No matter what anyone says, Buffalo, has endured with a pluckiness summed up in a T-shirt I purchased from The Western New York Book Arts Center¹⁰ which simply reads “Buffalo hates you too.”

So who are these people starting a print studio is the city that makes my heart go pitter-patter?

Rachel Shelton is from Buffalo and came into her printmaking during her BFA at the Cleveland Institute of Art and went on to receive her MFA from the State University of New York at Buffalo. In addition to printmaking, her practice includes bookmaking, drawing, enamelling, and sculpture.

Mizin Shin was born and raised in South Korea. She graduated from Hong-ik University with a B.F.A in Printmaking and received her M.F.A from University at Buffalo. She has been teaching at University at Buffalo since 2015, and also at Villa Maria College in Buffalo since 2017.

Bob Fleming is from Buffalo originally but has lived in Ithaca and Indiana. He has a BA from Cornell University and did post-graduate work at University at Buffalo in intaglio with Harvey Breverman. Bob also worked as a lawyer for a number of years while maintaining his art practice which includes painting, printmaking and hybrid media.

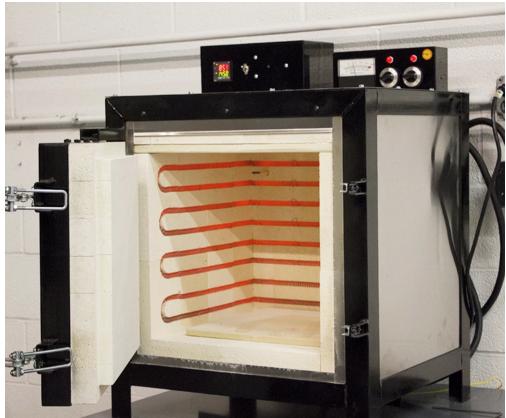
The three met at University at Buffalo and they describe coming together to found Mirabo as a

natural progression. The name, if you haven't caught on yet, is the first two letters of their first names. Pretty dang cute if you ask me. With such strong connections to Buffalo, they wanted to create something for the city and its people that can bring in artists from around the world to their home.



Their building is a stunner. The 6800 square feet of old factory was originally used for creating speciality engines, and before you mourn the loss of another American manufacturer, the reason the building was up for sale was because the company had moved into a larger 90,000 square foot factory. Hashtag Buffalo rising, y'all. While the three artists had to do quite a bit of work on the building before they were able to bring in their printing equipment the

building did come with some built-in assets. A giant spray booth and the cranes that run along tracks in the ceiling are ready and raring to help make the ambiguously large prints the founders are interested in creating. The three secured the building on the last business day of 2017, and it has since been equipped with a Takach etching press measuring 44 x 84 inches, a smaller press at 36 x 24 inches, and a one-arm screenprinting press. All in all, Mirabo is equipped for intaglio, relief, and screenprint, and they collaborate with another shop for digital work and letterpress. The studio was opened officially in August of 2018, making that an impressively quick 8 month gestation. It was a journey to get there, everything from issues relating to the building, to details like figuring out what exposure unit could fit through the relatively small doorway. This is why, they point out, it is a blessing to work with your friends. It makes any of the problems, big or small, easier to handle as a team.



In addition to the presses, Mirabo boasts an enameling kiln. While this offers the facility the ability to create copper and glass artwork, it will also provide an unusual way of canceling their plates. After an edition is completed, as long as the matrix fits in the kiln, they will be able to enamel the plate. This process will create a unique work of art with a layer of glass on top of the matrix meaning the image would still visible but unprintable.

As the dust from the grand unveiling starts to settle, the three can look towards how Mirabo will grow. It is a for-profit model offering workshops, brief residencies, contract printing, a variety of community programming, and, naturally, the co-founders are using the beautiful space to expand and

create more ambitious work in their personal practices. They even have plans on the horizon to start publishing. The co-founders are keen for artists around the world to know that this building is one of their important assets. The space and the equipment all make it possible for visiting artists to do work that is pushing the boundaries of contemporary printmaking but also, perhaps even more importantly, the attitude and ambition of the founders supports this. Each of them loves the conceptual and practical traditions of printmaking, but they are keen to create hybrids and embrace new technologies. They are knowledgeable and experienced with preparing digital formats and working in non-conventional processes involving technologies like laser cutting and CNC machine carving for constructing print matrices. This gives them a wonderful balance of both traditional and experimental methods.

As Co-Founder Bob Fleming says:

“The intention is to help make exciting things happen that might not be possible somewhere else. It is important to emphasise that printmaking is not an archaic art method - it is evolving in dynamic and exciting ways. In some respects, to call Mirabo a print shop or a press is limiting... We will continue to invest in Mirabo so that, not only can editions of intaglio, relief or screen prints be made with us, but contemporary art projects that are print-based can be pursued at our facility. That is ambitious to be sure, but that is the intention.”



Between the facilities and the people it is not hard to imagine Mirabo quickly finding its place on the map as a residency and institution within which artists can stretch their comfort zones and really try new things with incredible

support. Within the next few months they are hoping to produce their first edition with artists, both as samples of their work and as evidence that they can deliver. It will be the first productions on which their residency programs can grow, and with Toronto just an hour and a half away and New York City just a day trip I have no doubt there will be plenty of regional as well as national and international artists lining up.

They have already received a lot of love and support from the community, and they are excited for the opportunity to engage. As new as they are, they already have an event under their belt which brought in people from outside the art community for a fundraiser at the shop. They also have at least one thesis show for a SUNY Buffalo M.F.A. lined up, and are partnering with the Screenprint Biennial³ next year (see episode two).

I asked them if they could go back to the beginning, what advice would they give themselves:

Rachel – I would probably tell myself not to worry so much about every little thing, but honestly, I'm sure my answer to older me would be something like, "If I hadn't worried, would older us be where we are?"

Mizin – I would advise myself to take more risks doing whatever I want. I was always concerned about failure, but it turns out taking risks and growing comfortable with failure has lead to many formative experiences.

Bob - Being by far the oldest of our team, it makes this an awkward question. I would say first and foremost that life is pretty short and one needs to do everything possible to find the time to make art or pursue what you want most to do in life. I had a very demanding day job for a long time - I don't entirely regret that, but as I watch Rachel and Mizin try to struggle with making a living and making art, I can only say that artists should not put things off indefinitely.

What Rachel, Mizin, and Bob are creating is beyond "a space to watch" but is a space to be inspired by. The growth of our printmaking

community, the (re)growth of cities like Buffalo, and the growth of Mirabo Press are all realties to revel in. One of the best parts of running *pine|copper|lime* is learning the back stories and motivations of the people who are building things. For me, hope means forward momentum. I can get lost in the feeling of excitement generated by the stories of bright futures my heart tells me. They ease some of the harsher realities of this world. Those are the stories I hear every day, which is why I love writing ones like this.

More information:

<https://www.mirabopress.com>¹¹

<https://www.instagram.com/mirabopress>¹²

[pine|copper|lime Patreon](#)¹³

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CAN POST-APOCALYPTIC ART BE A FORCE FOR SOCIAL CHANGE?

* psmag.com * Wednesday 14 June 2017 *
Pacific Standard Staff * 9 minute read *

In the wake of deindustrialization and climate change, a group of social media-friendly artists are making images of affected areas go viral.

By Matthew King

Are photos of abandoned buildings just morbidly pleasing to look at—or indicative of deeper concern?
(Photo: Seth Lawless)

Over the past four years, Austrian filmmaker Nikolaus Geyrhalter has visited over 100 abandoned places around the world for a project about humanity that doesn't feature a single human being. The result, a film called *Homo Sapiens*¹ that premiered in the United States in July, conveys a history of social life on the planet through static shots of structures humans have created and left behind. Bicycle racks, train stations, airport lounges, and towering nuclear power plants are

all featured, as is the Cyclone roller coaster on Coney Island when it was submerged after Hurricane Sandy. Geyrhalter explains his attraction to the latter image: "It signaled a hazardous age."

Thanks for watching!

If Geyrhalter's work has some traditional arthouse trappings (a minimalist aesthetic, hidden meanings), a major audience is currently encountering and sharing his photos, and more like them, online. To date, articles like BuzzFeed's "The 33 Most Beautiful Abandoned Places in the World"² or Distractify's "The 38 Most Haunting Abandoned Places on Earth"³, have amassed millions of views. Collections and slideshows of post-apocalyptic ruins, often featuring Geyrhalter's striking shot of the Cyclone coaster, have become staples online, covered by publications ranging from the Huffington Post⁴ to *The Atlantic*⁵ to

Vice⁶(which launched a documentary television series called Abandoned⁷ in September, hosted by skateboarder Rick McCrank).

Thanks for watching!
Thanks for watching!

While artists have long been enthralled by old ruins, in recent decades a distinct genre of photography has foregrounded their modern counterparts—towns and cities that have been turned upside down by lost industry, titanic storms, and nuclear devastation. Popularized by book-length projects like Camilo José Vergara's American Ruins⁸ (1999), Robert Polidori's Zones of Exclusion: Pripyat and Chernobyl⁹ (2003), and Yves Marchard and Romain Meffre's The Ruins of Detroit¹⁰ (2010), the genre has inspired a broad range of practitioners, including filmmakers like Geyrhalter, urban explorers like McCrank, heritage enthusiasts, and preservation activists, to produce their own images.

Artistic style and tone varies greatly across these works, but they are alike in one regard: Rather than

focus on the gory details of how the world might end, post-apocalyptic art casts its gaze upon the reality of the world that follows catastrophe and persists without human beings, as nature gradually reasserts itself over the architectural remnants of society.

The emerging genre is not without its critics, and many practitioners remain uncertain or divided about what affect—if any—such post-apocalyptic imagery might have on its audiences. But as issues like deindustrialization and climate change rattle the globe, these artists are popularizing the forgotten or unseen places that are already being affected—and potentially mobilizing their massive online audiences to seek solutions.

In *Homo Sapiens*, consecutive glimpses of man-made worlds devoid of people—bombed-out battlefields, empty slaughterhouses, cavernous nuclear cooling towers, and mountains of plastic waste—evoke a sense of existential vertigo, throwing into question whether the viewer is looking at the past, present, or future. These carefully arranged sequences seem to refer to

the environmental and geopolitical hazards of modern industry; the film itself reads like an obituary for humanity.

But Geyrhalter refutes the idea that there is any explicit agenda underlying his work. “I don’t like films that cry out their message or that call for action. That’d be too cheap,” he says. “I wanted to create a film that people could imagine was a world without humans. I wanted them to think: ‘How did we get here?’”

A still from Geyrhalter’s *Homo Sapiens*. (Photo: Kimstim Films)

Others working in the genre, on the other hand, deliberately use it to raise awareness and promote change. “When I first started posting pictures of these abandoned malls and schools, I was getting a reach beyond my wildest imagination,” says Ohio-based photographer Seph Lawless, who has amassed over 200,000 Instagram followers¹¹ with his gloomy portraits of deserted towns and suburbs across the former Rust Belt. “I wanted Americans to see what was happening to their

country from the comfort of their suburban homes and their smartphones,” he says.

Lawless’ photos employ an appropriately shouting aesthetic: They’re characterized by the heavy use of shadow imagery, stark contrast between light and dark, and dramatic titles like “Black Friday,” “Dismaland,” and “An American Horror Story.” One of his most recent collections, “Autopsy of America,” includes the sub-title, “Abandoned Everything.” “Art is wasted if you don’t exploit it in a sense,” he says. “It sounds bad, but it’s that powerful of a tool.”

United Kingdom-based photographer Matt Emmett paints similar subjects—abandoned houses, schools, factories, parks, and churches across Western Europe—in a more positive light. His project, Forgotten Heritage¹², documents the aesthetic character of historically significant structures that have been neglected. With an eye toward preservation, Emmett’s photos make use of light, vibrant colors, and perpetually clear skies, evoking a feeling of warmth rather than gloom.

Matt Emmett's photography is warmer than the majority of his post-apocalyptic peers'. (Photo: Matt Emmett)

"My work has never consciously been political, but I guess there is a kind of passive activism," he says, referring to the large, publicly accessible visual record of endangered sites made available through his pictures and those of fellow heritage photographers. "If my work helps to raise awareness of a building at risk or bring it to the attention of an organization or drive public support for conservation then that is a big bonus." Emmett has previously documented the U.K.'s National Gas Turbine Establishment, one of the largest centers in the world for gas turbine and aviation research, before the government demolished the site in 2013 to make room for a new business park.

Despite its photographers' lofty ambitions, critics have voiced skepticism about the sincerity of the genre's mission. Post-apocalyptic images of abandoned malls and factories have been dismissively called "ruin porn" by the *New York*

*Times*¹³, the *Boston Globe*¹⁴, *Guernica*¹⁵, and *Jacobin*¹⁶. Labeling these photos as such, art historian Dora Apel wrote¹⁷ in *Jacobin* last year, "raises the question of whether such photos should be dismissed as voyeuristic and exploitative or whether they make visible what might otherwise remain hidden from history."

Apel goes on to argue that, by focusing on the beauty of decay, these images may deflect attention away from the actual people displaced by deindustrialization—an effect that's counterproductive to their photographers' professed cause.

Certainly, photos that are grappling with issues like unemployment could arguably incorporate those who are out of work into the frame. They could make their heavy themes explicit rather than merely a talking point to discuss and promote after the fact. But for bigger, existential problems like climate change or overpopulation, the post-apocalyptic perspective—the planet as stripped of humanity—is particularly impactful, photographers say.

Canadian photographer Edward Burtynsky has spent the last 20 years documenting landscapes around the world that have been drastically altered by large-scale human activity: vast deserts populated by nodding oil rigs, winding rivers of neon-orange nickel tailings, bottomless quarries and toxic shipbreaking sites, and mounds of discarded tires so massive they resemble a sea of coal-colored Cheerios.

(Photo: Matt Emmett)

“By not saying what you should see, the piece can become an inflection point for a more interesting discussion,” Burtynsky says in a voiceover during the 2006 documentary *Manufactured Landscapes*¹⁸. “That gets people to think and talk to each other, versus throwing stones, which we’ve tried for 30 years in the environmentalist movement and it hasn’t gotten us very far.”

His photos’ clinical look has enabled him to successfully gain access to many industrial sites normally off-limits to outsiders. In a scene in *Manufactured Landscapes*

that sees Burtynsky attempting to photograph a coal mine near the Port of Tianjin, a Chinese executive lobbies in his aesthetic’s favor.

“Even industrial waste, which is kind of like garbage, appears beautiful through his camera,” the executive tells a colleague.

Burtynsky’s unique approach also won him a major platform for discussing his work’s themes: In accepting a TED Prize for his environmental photography, Burtynsky delivered an uplifting acceptance speech that articulated a hope that such images might “shift society’s consciousness about how we live in the world” and “persuade millions to join a global conversation about sustainability.” The video¹⁹ has been viewed over 850,000 times online, and his work is currently on display in over 60 museums around the world.

Some photographers suspect that viewers might be paralyzed by the doomed reality of such depressing portraits.

But there are also limits to what scare tactics can accomplish, and some photographers suspect that

viewers might be paralyzed by the doomed reality of such depressing portraits, even ones that are artfully staged.

Chris Jordan experienced this struggle when documenting the plastic waste that has consumed the Midway atoll in the Pacific Ocean²⁰, where crushed bits of bottle caps, toothbrushes, lighters, and cell phones can be seen poking through the decomposed stomachs of dead albatrosses. “I felt like I walked through the fire [of Dante’s Inferno] but then just burned up in it,” he told²¹ *Pacific Standard*’s Brooke Jarvis last year.

Jordan has since supplemented those horrific images with countervailing glimpses of beauty, such as the ecstatic joy of hatching season on the islands. “I want viewers to feel really full,” he says. “I want them to hold the paradox.”

With little consensus about what effect—if any—post-apocalyptic imagery has had on its viewership, the debate suggests such photos most often function as a kind of

Rorschach test, activating concern for whatever issue is most pressing to the viewer at the time.

For Lawless, the husk of an abandoned shopping mall serves to “raise awareness” about the effects of deindustrialization across the Rust Belt; but the same image also signals the end of a reckless era of consumerism for artists like Geyrhalter and Burtynsky (whose work so carefully documents the collateral damage of industrial waste). Meanwhile, critics like Apel see no inherent message in such images of dilapidated food courts and arcades, but rather view those images as emblematic of a corrosive pop culture that veers toward sensationalism. Like so many instances in our post-factual contemporary reality, the details can be interpreted to fit the narrative.

A still from Burtynsky’s *Manufactured Landscapes*. (Photo: Sundance Channel)

Post-apocalyptic imagery’s core subjects—deindustrialization, over-industrialization, unemployment, pollution, climate change—aren’t going away anytime soon. Global

warming is poised²² to reprogram entire geographic climates in the coming decades, and superstorms will likely ravage more coastal towns and cities. Globalized networks of trade and migration and war will continue to displace more people, feeding into renewed feelings of tribalism²³ that are surging across both developed and developing countries. The quickening pace at which these unprecedented changes are rattling the globe may be reason enough for artists to continue documenting the chaos—which is often far away and hard to discern—confronting the carnage of what we are leaving behind, bearing witness, no matter what message audiences take away from the image.

These chroniclers are, fittingly, keeping busy. For his next project, Burtynsky is following a group of geologists as they search the planet for evidence of the looming “Anthropocene²⁴,” a new geological epoch in which human activity has overtaken nature as the primary force shaping the environment, ushering in the sixth mass extinction in the process. Geyrhalter, too, is in the early stages

of another project that will take the surface of the Earth as its subject. He recalls how difficult it was to finally put a lid on *Homo Sapiens* and move onto something else, a seemingly impossible proposition.

“It doesn’t have any natural end,” he says. “You could carry on filming forever.”

From: <https://psmag.com/news/can-post-apocalyptic-art-be-a-force-for-social-change>

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- <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt5450084/>
 - https://www.buzzfeed.com/awesomer/the-33-most-beautiful-abandoned-places-in-the-world?utm_term=.yeQVRdm6r#.ny5KMkX3V
 - <http://distractify.com/old-school/2014/12/14/the-most-spectacular-abandoned-places-in-the-world-1197620875>
 - http://www.huffingtonpost.com/entry/photos-of-abandoned-buildings-in-europe-show-the-beauty-in-ruins_us_56fd72c7e4b0a06d580531f6
 - <http://www.theatlantic.com/photo/2012/03/a-world-without-people/100264/>
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Welcome to the first issue
of Walden Pond! This is the
back, turn it over and get
reading.

Thanks for being an Alpha
tester. I'm really interested
your experience of using
this service, and especially
in your experience of
reading this zine.

Let me know when you've
had a bit of time to read. I'd
like to talk about how you
found it. What was good
and what was a pain?

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