

Local Tide
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Fabian Hesse

When I discovered online 3D-model sharing platforms, a new world opened up. How amazing that all these objects would be accessible, manufacturable, editable, shareable; all kind of materials, dimensions, and temporalities made available through the simple act of digitizing physical conditions. As if everything existed once again, as if the world showed itself in a new state of matter. I knew this was something fascinating that I would work with my whole life. I had dreams about all kinds of objects floating in space in a slow-motion explosion. Weightlessness and dimensionlessness are so interesting, I've started doing trampoline lessons to learn more.

I 3D-scanned my studio because I didn't know what else to scan, and it was easy and nearby. I used a prototype 3D-scanner, a handheld device with a special interface for real-time visualization of the reconstruction process. Its depth-perception technology is so advanced that it doesn't work accurately yet, but this creates a specific aesthetic result. The "failure" of this technology creates another version of reality – or an 'explosion' of realities.

The scanning process requires you to circumnavigate the objects slowly, dance-like, following their forms all around. It forces you to engage a different perspective, and perception, of your surroundings. The resulting digital object is a visible representation of the originals, but

with a time sequence inscribed in its construction. The 3D-mesh consists of millions of vertices, lines and edges with no specific dimensionality. It shows the objects of reality as fragmentary, free-floating entities in deconstruction and reconfiguration, deploying into double, multiple layers, shades and ghost-shapes surrounding and merging in any direction.

Courtney Stephens

I recorded this apple orchard near High Falls, New York, in 2007. I had come up with the story for a short film, a kind of retelling of Genesis, about time and physical consequences. When we went to shoot, the snow had melted and all the apples had fallen and decomposed, which essentially killed the story. We replaced them with tomatoes: squeezed, bruised, and skewered onto the ends of branches. The next weekend, my father passed away unexpectedly, and I abandoned the whole project, storing the miniDV tapes away.

The digital screen is from an offline role-play game, a "choose-your-own-adventure" which could be downloaded from early modem-based Bulletin Board Systems before the advent of a centralized internet. "Real" time is beat out by the pulsing dot of the command line, inviting action. A single symbol from the Roman alphabet stands for movement. The ancient stump seems synonymous with the rotting apples, a marker of time. Yet its presence suggests that the rules of time and physical decomposition don't apply: the stump should have decomposed long ago. Perhaps the apples, too, are ancient; as apples go, "ancient" can work as hyperbole: a few months past prime.

By calling the stump ancient, the storyteller has not suggested the stump's age. It is, simply, "ancient." What are the limits of this "forest?" Of the designer's visual imagination? Of my ability to read this faint ancient language? Of my computer's battery?

Alfons Knogl

The first place I remember having a strong impact on me was when I was 18 years old. I was in a plane, over the Atlantic Ocean, on my first long distance flight – from Europe to South America. I don't think it was the experience of being in a small isolated vessel at such a great height that I remember. It was more the "place" passing beneath me while I watched the sun rise into a deep black sky, and a dark ocean endless miles away from any kind of civilization. Or it was the fascination of these two parallel but entirely different places: the inside of the plane, nearly empty except for old Spanish or Latin American men smoking cigars and drinking whiskey while a horror movie played loudly on the common TV, and this unbelievable sunrise outside of the window – both being one place for this one moment.

In the beginning, the internet was interesting to me because of how it divided up the material, physical world from the code in the background. When internet 2.0 came around, the popular method of presenting commercial objects isolated in front of a white background was exciting to me. Endless scrolling pages with similar objects, like sneakers or clothes, became something like a conceptual publication or archive of present objects without any other long-term purpose.

Gabriela Salazar

My parents are architects; they bought and renovated an apartment in 1982. I lived there until I went to college, and a few years since. Last year, after 32 years, they moved.

I know it down to its cracks. The apartment had a foyer, a living room, a dining room, two bedrooms, one bathroom, a kitchen with a pocket door with glass panes and a hidden pull. There was a baseboard along the walls that my sister and I used as a highline. In the bigger bedroom was another door to the hallway. No doorknob on the inside, just a squarish hole where the knob would be (this was illegal, but had been done, perhaps, for aesthetic reasons – a good excuse, it was agreed) and seemed to be painted shut. Separating the living room from the kitchen was an unattached long wall. In its center was a rectangular window with a ledge to sit on, climb through, play in, or look through.

I do wonder what I lose without access to that apartment. Do I need the spatial/tactile index – a static connection that stands in for, and can be reliably returned to – to function, to place itself, myself? I wonder: "memory palace."

Many of my digital memories aren't attached to physical sensations or sites beyond the inspecific "computer." As if the screen makes a site for my body within it, superseding (negating?) my real body's need (or ability) to take notes on location or situation—to know and remember itself in the memory. These memories float in their own space, the "desktop" era of my ongoing life; a portable context reliant on other, hermetic, cues, for placement.

David Court

I'm always a place I don't know (this, misremembered from Ed Steck's *The Garden*). Or, to paraphrase Adrian Piper, place is a discrete form I can no longer recognize as being viable. More than any specific attachment, there is the feeling that I can't remember ever being in only one place.

Less than holding onto any discrete form, object or signal, I am attached to the idea of entanglement in a technical process, in what Gilbert Simondon calls a transindividuation relation*, as the basis for a positive incompleteness and unoriginality, a re-membering of relations of subjects and objects and artifacts in general.

Any place is a memory of itself in motion/Any memory of a place is itself in motion

* For the philosopher Gilbert Simondon, individuation precedes the individual – ontology, the study of being, is replaced with ontogenesis, which sees individuals in terms of the metastable processes and common materialities through which they are constituted. “It is not relation to self that comes first and makes the collective possible, but relation to what, in the self, surpasses the individual, communicating without mediation with a non-individual share in the other.” For Simondon, an individual always partakes of a share that is more-than-one, which is what constitutes the potential for an individual to go beyond itself – the positive incompleteness of the individual. “The elaboration of psychic individuality is transindividual... individual cannot psychically consist in itself.” Accordingly, the technical relation is a transindividual one, involving both humans and tools – the biological and the technical exist in a relation of co-evolution, under the sign of nature. Simondon asserts the necessity to engineer this relation on the terms of equality, where it is understood that the machine shapes the human as much as the human shapes the machine. [Quotations from Muriel Combes' Gilbert Simondon and the Philosophy of the Transindividual (2012)]

Elisa Giardina Papa

Almost all Internet browsers store a log of the websites we visit for 90 days. In November 2011, I downloaded three months of my browser history and wrote a simple software that played it back. Link after link, I saw my emails, searches, and web pages open in chronological order. I watched a narrative unfold. You could track the arc of my thinking, work, play, and random strolling. I played my browser history again a year later. Many links were broken, some emails were deleted, several YouTube videos were taken down for copyright infringement, and some of the websites were inactive.

Memory differs from storage in that it is not static but is rather an active process. A memory must be held in order to keep it from moving or fading, and yet in this instance both memory and storage were fading away.

10 houses, 3 or 4 last names.

A hamlet on the island of Sicily (Italy). It is where I'm from. My memory of it: the fabric of my aunt's sofa, sexy fruits, jelly tongues, ants, and prickly pears.

Kayla Mattes

As a kid who frequently moved, I browsed the web in four or five different computer rooms throughout my early childhood. One of them was in a trailer. There were rows and rows of PCs and those blue textured plastic chairs. The ‘Computer Science’ teacher taped 8.5 x 11” printouts of canned SPAM all over the walls.

I remember getting lost in this 16-bit game called Chips Challenge in the mid 90s. It came with the early Microsoft game packs, like Mine-

sweeper. You'd use the arrow keys to navigate Chip throughout this grid-based world of patterned ice, fire, water, and dirt. I played it on the unused family computer that was set up in our unfinished basement. Somehow we got this computer for free and it was pretty old, even for '97. The new Gateway 2000 was upstairs and set up like a shrine on a huge clunky office desk.

I sometimes preferred the neglected basement computer for the privacy and access to Chips Challenge. I vividly associate my time playing this game with the feel of cold concrete on my feet and musty basement smells. Sometimes after finishing a level I'd run upstairs to warm up and use the internet computer.

Visual memories of digital realms are easier for me to remember with detail. I think it has to do with a certain level of isolation that's tied to exploring the web. Even though the internet connects the world, the interaction between yourself and the computer is pretty independent. It's just you and the pixels.

Typically I can only reconstruct a partial representation of ‘real places’. I’m sure that half of those reconstructions are imagined. There’s too much information to process and remember accurately. Plus, many digital memories can still be found on the internet.

Eileen Skyers

I was born in Manila, Philippines, and immigrated to the United States with my mom when I was little. That colorful neighborhood in Taguig City has remained somewhat of an enigma to me ever since, in part because there are a number of discrete things I remember about

it which others deny I could possibly have remembered. Returning to Taguig City in the fall of 2015, I felt like I was cornering all of those convictions.

During this recent trip, I shot original footage and began collecting digital materials related to the experience: a logo from SM Mega Mall; an image of the Sunpocket portable broadband connector; images from the popular Filipino restaurant Jollibee; photographs from Air Asia flight QZ8501 that went missing in early 2015; a photograph of my cousin.

I am incredibly anxious about notions of space and cloud storage. I attempt, tirelessly, to maintain what I call “digital hygiene:” clearing my SSD, inbox, and external hard drive of unnecessary files whenever possible. I would hope to leave absolutely no digital trace in the Internet ether when I die; needless to say, this is impossible.

The practice of archiving parts of a place that I hold dear, through a mere collection of digital ephemera, has proven somewhat difficult – especially with respect to this source of anxiety. I find myself tenuously grasping for an image file, or song, that might bring forth a tangible semblance of some kind. I generally want to become less concerned with how the fluidity of the world shocks me into comparison, with how I fit into these margins of thick, ambiguous space, with finding the social handle I should occupy.

Alejandra + Aeron Salinas Revolution is the physical place and Creativity the digital space.

Our shoes. They are sometimes soft and sometimes hard. We forget we are in them sometimes.

We downloaded and watched the final episode of 6 Feet Under in a hotel room in Taipei. We cried and then went out for soup with the song from the final montage in our heads.

-or-

We read news about the Arab Spring in Egypt from our rented apartment in Ramallah in the back garden under an olive tree. We borrowed a high speed wifi connection from our neighbor. We read that Mubarak had shut down the internet in Cairo.

We have an archive of thousands of emails from the 1990's and early 2000's that we will hopefully not have the time or desire to read anytime in the future, but that we haven't been able to delete.

-or-

We owned the domain www.nobelprize.no where we made a yearly internet exhibition opening at the same time as the Nobel Peace Prize ceremony in Oslo. The Nobel Foundation sent us "cease and desist" letters, but we ignored them and continued for years. When we left Norway, we abandoned the domain, content that archive.org had mirrored our activities on the Way Back Machine. When we linked to it a few years later, we saw that most works were not properly archived, as is the natural way of the internet.

The internet is busy while we sleep.

Rob Hult

Brooklyn can seem like a small town; you become intimately familiar with the cityscape and, eventually, many of your neighbors. But the rate of change in NYC is impossible to ignore: everything is in constant flux. I read that

because of these two aspects of life in the city, New Yorkers tend to be steeped in nostalgia: identifying with the city as they experience it, but also wistfully aware of their memories of the New York they lived in that is now gone. I'll admit I feel this way, too, about Williamsburg – when thinking back to the neighborhood it was when I moved there fifteen years ago. Walking around and taking pictures in this rapidly changing landscape over the years has been a precursor to thinking about photography, memory, and augmented reality. How does it pertain to the impulse to make altered images: imposing your own experience as a way to grab onto a visual landscape that shifts around like sand before your eyes.

My Instagram feed has, in many ways, become about engaging with this blurring of lines for me. I have a "phonoshop" app that I use, that allows me to quickly mix actual experience with gestures of personal memory through photography. I can overlay whatever I'm thinking about that day with what I'm observing in my experience of space – kind of a psychogeography for iPhone. The real life moments get mixed with photos conjured from either my own archive or pulled from Google image search (anything from pop culture to the news to art shows I went to see), making a new image that is then activated by posting it onto Instagram.

Sheida Soleimani

The house my mother grew up in, in Shiraz, Iran, has been an influential psychological space for me, especially in my formative years. Although I never having visited the house, or Iran for that matter, I was often

told stories about the space and created a fetishized image of it. This space has been re-created in many of my works, as I often strived to create it through physical constructions. About a year ago, a family member in Iran sent a picture of the the ruins of the house. It looked nothing like how I imagined it and exactly like how I thought it would appear at the same time.

One of the very first times I was on the internet, a pop-up image of a shaking finger appeared. I was a pretty curious kid, and had discovered a website online that had some soft-core pornographic images of women. A few minutes into browsing these images online, a window popped up on the screen. It was an image of a scolding grandmother, and it really freaked me out and made me feel like I was being watched. She had white hair, and was Caucasian, so she definitely didn't look like anyone that could be related to me. But she still freaked me out and made me think that she was my grandmother. The words 'I KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WATCHING' came up with the image, and I didn't get back onto the internet for a few months following that incident.

Ben Alper

The place that's had the most important impact on my creative imagination is my current home, a residential neighborhood in Carrboro, North Carolina. On the surface, the neighborhood is quiet and common, comprised of a mix of historic mill houses and newer suburban construction. There are a handful of businesses, but largely the neighborhood is made up of densely settled streets surrounded by various forms of nature. The flora and

fauna that exists within this densely populated space is surprisingly abundant and diverse. [Photographing in this neighborhood], I was interested in making an exhaustive portrait of a confined space, one that implicated time, seriality, rhythm, habit, tedium and the everyday in ways that I hadn't previously.

[On the other hand] the majority of "things" that I have collected from the Internet have typically implicated me in some direct way. [Unlike the confined space of a neighborhood, with geographic limits,] I think this has been my own way of trying to contend with the vastness and randomness the World Wide Web. The things I've amassed digitally have been an attempt to find a footing in digital space: to help shift the experience (even if slightly) toward the micro and away from the macro.

Chris Maggio

In the past century, the idea of recreation has shifted from a privilege to a right in the Western world; we see it as an essential part of life alongside food, water, and oxygen. Physical spaces in which people pay for entertainment, where people choose to have "fun", affect me the most as an artist: movie theaters, theme parks, tourist traps, etc. Being that "fun" is such a subjective concept, I'm fascinated to see what people will buy into, on both large and small scales. Americans' attitude about a current trend is often more indicative of the zeitgeist than where our country is gravitating politically.

What I mostly take away from the Internet is a consistent "current" within its ocean: an overwhelming maelstrom of half-truths and

pseudo-information. In my opinion, no source better represents this stream than the Facebook News Feed. Masquerading as a source of truth, the News Feed contains many (malevolent) traits of the Internet under one banner. It's part tabloid-style human-interest story, part advertisement, part inane editorialized gossip, and part political hearsay, all with a sprinkle of ridicule and finger-pointing that's reminiscent of McCarthyism. Peppered with a plethora of words that conflate truth and rumor, this feed is a rather comprehensive cross-section of the online world that we encounter on our screens every day. The fact that so many voices and minds are 'collaborating' and that nothing ever truly disappears from the internet (someone will always "Save As..." somewhere) stokes a flame of immortality in our interactions with it.

Barry Stone

As a family we have returned to the same house on Bailey Island, Maine, for the last five summers. When the tide goes out, it reveals an alien field of seaweed which, when walked upon, feels like treading on the bottom of the ocean. At high tide it all disappears. There is a Commons nearby where one is invited to fashion fairy houses from natural material harvested from the forest floor.

My oldest was 6 or 7 when we first visited and she was utterly enchanted by this prospect. Though she was old enough to sense it was fantasy, she wanted to believe that this architecture could be occupied - a Utopian impulse that I readily identify with.

I make a lot of pictures of liminal spaces like clouds, the coast, or sites of fantasy, but

also in banal places that appear fantastic. Photography for me lives in the precarious balance between what the [picture] portrays and the fantasy of its contrivance.

Databending photographic information complicates the portrayal of our observed circumstances. It's not meant to "reveal" the constructed nature of photographic images, but to hint at the possibility of error, a generative misreading, which allows the material itself to render as its own "liquid intelligence." Perception creates the world we make for ourselves and as we can only visualize the world in fragments, pictures offer a way to build a flexible structure or architecture for experience. The two realms completely inform and distort one another. Since my imagery is digital, both "straight" and "manipulated," my memory is often an expression of the stories both told and withheld by pictures.

Gideon Barnett

Pumpy Tudors was the star football player in the late 80s at Marion County High School in Jasper, Tennessee, the town where I was born and raised. The population there is about 3,000, and if you have any experience in a small town, you will know that high school football is taken very seriously. I remember hearing people talk about Pumpy and his on-field prowess when I was 6 or 7 years old, in the late 80s, when he was playing in high school. He went on to play in college at the University of Tennessee, Chattanooga, and then was drafted by the Philadelphia Eagles. Though he never actually played in the NFL - he was cut from training camp before the season

started - somehow a trading card was produced for him.

I had basically forgotten about Pumpy until years later when his name popped up in the local media. After his football career ended, he signed up with the Tennessee Highway Patrol and was involved in a few scandals around 2007. The first in a string of incidents can be viewed in a dash-cam video where he pulls over a 19 year-old for speeding. In a video available on YouTube, he first draws his gun on the kid and then screams at him about his recently deceased comrade.

When I saw the above news item in 2007, it triggered a childhood memory of Pumpy Tudors, the high school football star. I followed up on him by doing some deep internet research and uncovered all sorts of things, but the discovery of the trading card - produced for such an obscure guy who never actually played in the NFL - really knocked me over. It's such a strange thing to have available on the internet. I purchased many copies of it so I have the physical items, but the fact that card exists online is already strange enough.

Joy Drury Cox

Gainesville is this strange, small town in the center of Northern Florida. I once described central-northern Florida as mostly pine trees and prisons. It is literally swampy. Living in non-beach Florida, I often felt the palpable energy and strength of nature all around. I photographed shopping carts carelessly discarded in parking lots, oil stains and parking lot donuts, the mundane architecture. In trying to locate myself in this place, all of the photographs led me to making

drawings of job applications for chain businesses in the strip malls. It was a way to map this landscape and, in a sense, to make "American" portraits.

For a while, I was collecting screen grabs from online surveys. They felt like "online" forms, similar to the paper forms I was drawing from job applications. I look at these as representative of someone anonymous (a corporation) asking for feedback, but in a very specific, quantifiable and limited manner. These speak to my work and my interests in the standardization of non-standard groups. But they don't speak to my heart, as old photographs and postcards do, or even as paper forms, ledger paper, and graph papers, do. For me personally, they are entirely distinct.

Online, I feel my attention span fading... perhaps it's how I'm participating, but on the whole, it feels like a wash... a wash that covers me, and I float away.