

Transmitters (2009)

Ultraviolet receiver in real space; digital transmitter of future ether

Virtual digital representation of geologic time, sped up and made analog for diagrammatic purpose

Digital to analog converter, representing geologic time, sped up, made real in an attempt to quell anxiety

Virtual display of self-replicating data, as it grew and will grow

Transmitted data, stopped by natural or economic cycles, made useless, found on the grass in Greenpoint

Digital transmitter of past ether, without ultraviolet receptors, as an artifact, but made now, for future observation

Phenomenological projector of a pre-content fixated era (1990 – 2000) with nostalgia inducer

An apology, converted by transitive property onto opposing objects, fused by a lingering sense of non-existence.

Indifference coordinator, transmitted by virtual network to a real space, as the 4th dimension converts to the 3rd dimension so it can be view in the 2nd dimension, virtually.

What once was, what will be: a strategic reducer of obvious opposites

Empty baggage containing the data of two separate, but related, soon-to-be-extinct trends

Gestural representation of digital experience, in artificial light, in a room, for the eyes of the perceiver

Mystical projection lacking sufficient explanation as an attempt to cover up the lack of complexity inherent in everything, as long as you look at it with your macro-mind

Ethereal telegraphy for the new millennium

Two distinct data holders, devoid of value by my own manipulation, married in a ceremony witnessed by one, attended by none

Attempt at network transmission defeated by indecision as to what happened and what really happened

Attempt at analog to digital conversion, defeated by the friction between past nostalgia, eternal shedding of extraneous parts, and aesthetic non cohesion

Future embracer of tired apocalyptic proposals, a radiant reminder that artificial construction is merely a reflection of nature's standardized industrial production.

Transmitter of stored data, from a culture whose language is built of slowness, wrapped in heat-compressed data baggage, in an attempt to illustrate geologic time, sped up, both to meet the demands of a climate of impatience and to quell lingering anxiety.

Conduit of digital ether, exposed by lateral cross-section to be nothing more than a virtual representation of things as they are, as they were and as they will be.

Downhill peak of digital noise and general irrelevancy, recast as an aesthetic reactor, in a real space, for real eyes

Mimesis of information-flood and data triage that David Foster Wallace anticipated for the next millennium in 1994, written in a letter, on paper, to an editor, made antiquated by rapid digitalization, made naïve by sheer future-enthusiasm, rendered by time and mind to a bunch of useless garbage, and spilled out in a studio in Greenpoint as a magic stick, saying more than it actually does. Tool of the trembling wizard.

Defined by what it is not: not illustration, not illusion, not realism, not abstraction, not what it is, either.

Digital to analog converter, as a cross-section, for the sake of transmitting indifference and nostalgia for a future generation, in order that it may be copied and declared new.

Geologic and biological combiner, as an example of virtual space, in real space, to conduct thought-waves inter-dimensionally, between now and then, in an attempt to create a time condenser.

Gestural inducer of virtual mystical networks, truncated, applied with fibre-optic aesthetic revelator, in an attempt to trigger philosophical splintering between two separate, but related time periods.

Mimesis of the incomprehension that Thomas Edison imagined when he thought up things that were once relegated to the spiritual, that he coined "Ethereal Telegraphy", later taken for granted, now occupying every single second of our waking lives, as an abstract object, for one to contemplate, now, but referring to what is no longer.

Like mold of the future, without certainty.

Both growing and not-growing, frozen and squiggling across a trapped plane of existence.

Portal to the future (1990 – 2000)

The participatory sensuality in which 'subject' and 'object' dissolve to be replaced by an 'invisible physician' whose medicine neither chemistry nor reasoning nor esthetics will give the least explanation (something Walt Whitman may have said).

Walt Whitman, wrestling with trees and saplings, in old age, to maintain his strength, or his self-image, so that he might transmit such nostalgia to future generations, so that

they too, might find nature's self-replications mystical and terrifying, so that they might use the armature of the natural world to hang their endless needs, (oh) their endless endless needs, going on forever, self-replicating too, but not knowing it, not even looking up to bother to notice long enough.

Enough.