

No text is assigned specially to Annie or Martina. Both of us can read whatever part we want, when we want. We also can include new phrases.

*10 minutes before the performance a soundcheck
after check we leave our „scenes“ empty
Martina will start by putting an object on the screen – Annie will chat with the
online visitors before and after the performance.
we wont start talking immediately
objects are changed whenever there is a bold word in the text
there will be moments without text
when one of us says „How not to be seen, ...“ the performance evolves to its
end. (Jan is recording)*

We falsely equate the audience with the public instead of always viewing it as separate from the public, as something by means of which we temporarily leave the public outside and rehearse new adventures in how to be together through being separated.

I shall try to liberate autonomy for the sake of nonhumans.

In a paragraph that doctor Franz Kuhn attributes to a certain Chinese encyclopaedia it is written that animals are divided into: (a) belonging to the emperor, (b) embalmed, (c) tame, (d) sucking pigs, (e) sirens, (f) fabulous, (g) stray dogs, (h) included in the present classification, (i) frenzied, (j) innumerable, (k) drawn with a very fine camelhair **brush**, (l) et cetera, (m) having just broken the water pitcher, (n) that from a long way off look like flies.

It must all be considered as if spoken by a character in a **novel**.

Everywhere we look we see either images we have made, or **things** that have been made in our image.

You are the only one who can never see yourself except as an image; you never see your **eyes** unless they are dulled by the gaze they rest upon the mirror or the lens (I am interested in seeing my eyes only when they look at you): even and especially for your own body, you are condemned to the **repertoire** of its images.

My current goal is to fill as much of my **wall** in my place with images.

I am **post-image**, I said. He doesn't know what I am talking about.

They have above all become images that can be reproduced, multiplied, and copied, that travel effortlessly through commercials for almost **any-thing**.

There is an expanded and often chaotic governmental surveillance regime, as well as a visceral media archive that emerged from the private collections of accident witnesses, estranged lovers, paramilitary torturers, and ordinary citizens with **camera**-equipped phones. This media archive joins the global traffic in poor images, moving away and attaching to new environments.

But the more you offload your memories onto hard **drives** and into the Cloud, the more your memory becomes, in a very real sense, artificial. Technically, someone who spends all day in front of a screen has no memories of their own except for going to the **fridge** for a Coke...

There are so many algorithms to parse these days, I thought it would be great to syphon through **codecs** together to implement some efficiency.

New, unregulated forms of **media** (audio, video, images) began to rapidly circulate from urban populations hitherto seen solely as social-political actors.

70 million **photos** are added to Instagram every day while 936 million people actively use Facebook.

I'm overpopulated.

Facebook, Twitter and Apple platforms in particular are all US-American services that should be compared to shopping malls. By now we have familiarised ourselves with the reality that shopping **malls** are not public spaces; these are corporate environments under tight surveillance. Why is it so hard in the case of social media to accept this commercial reality?

Indeed, the space of the **supermarket** does not know ethical, political or aesthetic thresholds.

I don't want to commercialise and subject to expectations of people in power.

Inhuman freedom is repurposed away from compulsive slavery of alien market forces, to an alien rationality of a free rational subject that might exit from **capital**.

I pass.

We must insist upon an un-proper use of language.

The only **alien** demand is an **inhuman** demand to self-master our own possibilities towards rejecting capitalism

It is here that we begin, where we find each other.

The subject of capitalism does not assume any responsibility and it is not supposed to assume any responsibility. It is expected to fulfil its role. It is supposed to consume. It does not even desire what it consumes. It desires nothing but its desire, the passivity of a desire that is almost indifferent to what it desires as long as it is new.

The old order of things is crumbling.

Autonomous Weapons Systems (AWS) are defined by the U.S. Department of Defense as “a **weapon** system(s) that, once activated, can select and engage targets without further intervention by a human operator.” Since the crucial distinguishing mark of human reasoning is the capacity to set ends and goals, the AWS suggests for the first time the possibility of eliminating the human operator from the battlefield.

The contradictions are becoming absurd.

Online, time seems eternal. We become aware of it, only when something is slow to download, that is to say, when the system breaks down.

Machines are increasingly talking about you behind your back.

Don Ihde talks about how distance has been compressed by communications technology such that linked spaces are uniformly nearly-here.

I mean, the diagnosis of ADD (attention deficit disorder) in adults is increasingly linked to feelings of underachievement, in such a **way** that any sort of economic shortcoming or social insecurity is now under-standable in terms of failure to apply oneself attentively to the ideologically determined standards of performance and 'achievement'. In a culture that is so relentlessly founded on a short attention span, on the logic of the nonsequitur, on perceptual overload, on the generalised ethic of 'getting ahead,' and on the celebration of aggressiveness, it is absurd to pathologise these forms of behaviour or look for the causes of this imaginary disorder in neurochemistry, brain anatomy, and general predisposition.

WE throw ourselves into our work, in order to hold on to our belief that work is the foundation for self-worth and societal morality.

Let's struggle for language and against perfect communication, against the one code that translates all meaning perfectly.

How is it that, from time to time, words speak and act, whereas, another time, they speak and make something else, or they are silent and act?

Unpredictable behaviour is a basic **substance** of information, and, recycled language is politically and ecologically sustainable.

It doesn't represent reality. It is a **fragment** of the real world.

He sent all the plastic bags containing the objects to Mar del Plata. He didn't dare open them at first. He left them in the garage for two days. He played the dumb-ass, pretending they weren't there. He bought the whole of „Breaking Bad“ and watched it in a week so he wouldn't have to take responsibility for anything. One night he drowned three **whiskies** and decided to see what was inside. It was nearly 40 years since he had buried them. He took out the objects one by one. He felt like an archeologist. He put them all on a shelf in the garage. Like in a museum. He spent days looking at them.

This is not a work of fiction. It is a **map** that is impossible to read.

There was a moment when you heard the **stones** talking.

Latin words falling like **snow** on an obscene and dirty landscape.

We do not simply move ourselves, but are moved by what is outside us, by others, but also by whatever „outside“ in us.

Objects fail, and sometimes behave unpredictably, but they aren't strategic, they don't choose their behaviour dynamically in order to fool you. **Matter** isn't evil.

There exists an engineering conceit of 'good enough'. Mechanical / digital constructs can be 'good enough' to be **playthings** or companions; communications technologies can be 'good enough' to maintain social ties.

When finally we opened the **box**, we couldn't find any rules.

I wanted to say probably and I thought maybe and I said never.

The tools-prostheses are replaced by inorganic pulsations, by the fluid and indifferent **sphere** of the inorganic. The pulsations, or the inorganic flows, are possessing us, and not the opposite. We have entered the era of the fluid panic of globalised prosthetification.

We could start to deself, to willingly dilute one's sense of self and **ego** by plastering the **internet** with as much information as possible.

Anonymous identification is not the knowledge that I too can die, or that I too can have my **gender** transformed. It is an experience of anonymity. It is the experience of being already dead.

The choice is not between analog and digital forms of communication, old and new media, the "real" and the "virtual," but rather how we will negotiate and release these from their binary capture. Our power rests in a re-inscription, an analogising of **binaries**, such that failure can be recoded as potential.

Martina, do you realise we are stealing?

The objects we inhabit and touch become more like us and we become more like them, their real-live being is never as perfect as their on-screen being and so is ours, not given by nature, but more and more engineered. The way they have sex is to cuddle, then this strange ectoplasm liquid comes out of different parts of their bodies, like a **foot** or a nipple.

Widespread aesthetization absorbs erotic energy, and diverts it from the body towards the signs. The transition always takes you by surprise, she said, so better be prepared.

Trees had been assigned email addresses so citizens could report problems. Instead, people wrote thousands of love letters to their favourite trees.

Is there something divine about being post-**image**?

Researchers have previously shown that certain online activities — such as checking your e-mail or Twitter stream — stimulate the brain's reward system. Like playing a **slot machine**, engaging in these activities sends the animal brain into a frenzy as it anticipates a possible reward (...). The response to this unpredictable pattern seems to be deeply ingrained, and for the most basic of reasons : precisely the same cycle of suspense and excitement motivates animals to keep hunting for food.

I nodded. A slug's trail of snot, slipping from my nose. I wiped it with my hand. Your eyes narrowed with disgust. Then you went up to me and placed a cupped hand on my **jeans** and pulled my chin to yours to kiss me, your lips tasted like salt and your breath was stale like potato chips and beer.

Our willingness to become undone in relation to others constitutes our chance of becoming human.

Like a **waterfall** in slow motion. Like a map with no ocean.

Love is experience and experiment. It is a test of reality.

I think we need a good old fashioned story now. Could you please tell one?

In Amarcord the characters are insane and loving at the same time. There is this scene where crazy uncle Teo climbs up a **tree** and screams Voglia una donna, and then the people from the asylum march up the ladder and bring him back to the asylum. We are all mad at times sighs his brother afterwards.

The fictional is already in the **words**, in language.

Love is experience and experiment. It is a test of **reality**. In this way it suspends the established values and brings forth new categories.

How is it to be seen?

How not to be seen, Annie?

Text mixed by Annie Abrahams and Martina Ruhsam

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