

codette II

Olia Lialina
Alexx Marie Valencia
Buffy Cain
Sofya Glebovna
Anna Zett
Bogna M. Konior
Lora Nouk
Guerrilla Girls
Anton Haugen
Emily Brown
Nanna Juul Lanng
Larissa Pham

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bit.do/novemberletter

In conversation with Olia Lialina

Interview by Lora Nouk

Olia Lialina is a Russian net artist and media-art theorist. Her online home is art.teleportacia.org. Employing HTML frames, .GIF, text and PNG, she has since her first web work “My boyfriend came back from the war” (1996) marked a career as pioneer in browser-based art and theorizing the Internet, notably with works like “Midnight” (2006), “Digital Folklore Reader” (2010), “Animated GIF Model” (2005–2012) and “Best Effort Network” (2015). Her preoccupation with Internet vernacular is currently expanded by her and husband Dragan Espenschied’s archival documentation project of Geocities titled “One Terabyte of Kilobyte Age”. Generating screenshots of Geocities homepages at an hourly rate and in chronological order, the archive fills the internet with its past.



LN: In 2014 One Terabyte of Kilobyte Age (OTKA) had reached January 1999. What time is it now?

OL: 12th of October 2000 (as of 31 of October 2016 when I answer).

LN: Preluding OTKA you were already collecting personal webpages. What does collection and preservation mean to you?

OL: Around the beginning of 2000 I had very pragmatic reasons: to show to my web design students what people were doing online a year, two, three ago.

LN: Do you have a favourite GeoCities webpage or -site?

OL: Every day I think I found a new favorite one :) So there is no single one. My favorite type of sites are those where people promise to finish (start making) their home page and explain why they were not able to do it until now. There are all sorts of reasons, which make them very exciting.

LN: Which web browser do you use?

OL: Firefox, Chrome IRL, to surf Geocities IE 5.0, to listen to MIDI, not supported by modern browsers.

LN: What are your thoughts about archiving OTKA on a network that also can be erased or change in ways that could affect the archive?

OL: It is a challenge, especially knowing that Tumblr is bought by the same company which erased Geocities. But please notice that 1TB tumblr is not an archive – it is a channel to access the screenshots of the archived pages.

LN: How would you respond to an analogous cruelty - if the channel got erased?

OL: There will be no need to save the screenshots, because they are saved. But of course we would want to keep all the comments and likes and statistics... But it is exactly what is not possible today, only on small scale, if you want to record several posts for example. For this we use of <https://webrecorder.io/>, because it saves not only content, but interactions, which is the most valuable part on social networks.

LN: How would you describe the vernacular of today's Internet?

OL: IMO the strongest vernacular is developed on YouTube in Videos with Lyrics. And Blingee.com, in places where you are not generating content and metadata, but get some tools express yourself and can get wild, when you create your work from the elements your control at least to a certain extend. Vernacular is also where you can remix and put things together: be it layers of blingee or music, video and texts of youtube videos.

<https://twitter.com/GIFmodel/timelines/590951484189237249>

LN: As a millennial artist, I feel alienated by many developments since web 1.0,

decidedly the capitalization, aggregation and corporatization of the Internet, which feels like a colossal defeat that turns the internet more and more menacing. I also recognize the necessity to reflect my time, though this is imo very blurry. I think resistance and alternative ways to inhabit the net are overlooked in millennials based in art market expectations to enmesh certain aspects of it, which always comes back to aggregation networks/social media: the contemporary notion that in order to be relevant young artists must reflect and reproduce the worst parts of their time, particularly women artists it seems. How would you navigate this tension if you were an emerging artist in 2016?

OL: I hope I would still be an internet artist, not a “postinternet one”. Internet artists are not accepting or reflecting or showing reality, they make interventions, they say what is wrong and do it right (in their eyes) or they fight or make fun of something, or show what is otherwise not visible. I like to be in relations with the medium I use. I don’t think it is about generation or 90’s things, but rather a question of an attitude.

LN: How do you feel about the metaphor “black mirror” as a way to portray contemporary life online, or maybe two-way mirror?

OL: I think it is scary enough, so works for me.

LN: The World Wide Web Consortium has encouraged the use of CSS over explicit presentational HTML since 1997. Using HTML and web 1.0 approaches today are seen by some as nostalgic or fashion. Can it also, or rather, be an act of (political) resistance?

OL: I think so. I don’t know anything more empowering as HTML. To use it today would be really “bridging the digital divide”, as they loved to say in the very beginning of the century. You have to learn so little, but can make so much with it.

LN: Moving from personal websites to aggregation networks entails an estrangement to the process of building online society/www, in the same way many humans have become estranged from RL processes of growing, nurturing and building the environment around us in favour of simply existing in it as our convenience. You have described this as the tragedy of today’s Internet. If these things are no longer emphasised online, what is instead?

OL: It is a tragedy that we’re supposed to fill social networks with images, texts and other artifacts of RL, instead of tinkering with personal computers being seen

as a valuable part of RL. The message of all the social networks and services is the medium itself is not your business. The message is: go play with kids and upload a video documenting it with one click, go, go, get real life, keep out from under our feet.

LN: You have expressed hope for a technological turn that will again require users to build their online homes - that it's something to take very seriously. How would such a turn come to be and how can it be understood as something other than a regression?

OL: As you pointed to in some of your questions above: as a resistance. As a gesture: writing simple code that would be human readable. The code you can copy and rewrite. The web is open source. You can see the source code of Google's page or Facebook, but it would make no sense. It is not HTML, though doctype on the top claims it. It is a bulletproof wall that stays in between users and developers.

LN: Do you see a resurgence of interest in personal webpages in art/outside of art?

OL: There are artists who find their pleasure in digging through geocities materials. It is very nice to see, especially if it doesn't become an automated data mining and doesn't end up as some datavis.

LN: Our personal lives used to be less documented and more transient. Today human data is surveilled, owned and archived to the point that anonymity, rights and invisibility is very hard to achieve. How do you think about this in regard to OTKA, and what are your thoughts about digital preservation vs. digital oblivion?

OL: My thought is that we are in a ridiculous situation. We fear being forgotten and being under total surveillance – at the same time. We don't want that everything is saved forever and don't want that pages, photos, videos vanish over night as if they never existed. We have to fear both because we control neither of these processes. We are not part of any decision making. Users are not asked, and very rarely can they intervene or change the decision. It was the opposite by the way with the Blingee. When the corporation changed their mind to discontinue the service because their users (maybe some special users) asked for it.

LN: While it's become difficult to be invisible, the Internet increasingly is. What do you think motivates the concealment of the Internet?

OL: Interests of those who want there to be a clear division between those who

know how things work and those who don't. If you don't see browser you will not ask questions about it. This is why browsers lack location bars, scrollbars and the borders at all.

LN: What is significant to preserve from the Internet of the twenty-tens as it continues to change?

OL: Vine!!! I just got to know that Vine is discontinued :(It was my place to share fragments of 1TB pages with sound. Generally, I think it would have been good if we had preserved as many as possible styles and templates and paradigms web giants are introducing to us constantly. All those small and big changes: like timeline instead of journal on the Facebook; like the heart instead of the star on Twitter; like Youtube's perpetual change of interactions, layout and rules. Would be helpful to fight back short term memory dominance in everything.

LN: There's a slippery threshold where archiving becomes unmanageable or inaccessible as a whole - collecting/hoarding - where do you currently find yourself in the process?

OL: Geocities archive was unmanageable and inaccessible, but it is getting better. We are not collecting more and more, but trying to bring what we already have into order and give a chance for other researchers to use it without our supervision or permission. It is different from hoarding. Rather the opposite.

LN: OTKA has gained many devotees. Why do you think we come back?

OL: Because it is never the same, because there is SO much inside, even if it's only 800to600 still image. I think it must be a weird experience for those who started to follow just to see some old web, but are still following and see how the web is getting younger, if I can say so... because every next page was last updated later when the previous one.. Not a big difference within one week or month... but compare 1995 and the end of 2000! We have "active followers", who comment and repost for 3 years already, they are like colleagues.

LN: When the archive is done, what would you like to happen for it?

OL: How can it be done?! There is so much to research, analyze, reparse, show.

Or you mean when all our screenshots are posted on Tumblr? It should happen in 9 years, still time to think what to do with it then.

LN: Your affinity for starry night backgrounds in browser settings allude to an experience of the Internet as expansive. Do you feel that way today?

OL: I feel I have to have it on my page to remind others that it is vast but part of it could be still your own, your own universe.

LN: Your youngest daughter's name is Zelda. What are your favorite video games?

OL: Mine is Tetris, but the rest of the family is deeply immersed in LoZ.

LN: In 2015 Rhizome exhibited your browser-based, web address-titled work "Best Effort Network" (best.effort.network). You are found on the edge of a turnstile spinner, gently rotating it with your feet, fading in and out from a foggy gradient grey that covers the browser. As the turnstile spinner re-emerges from the fog, it rotates without you, though your shadow is still reflected on the centre pole. Upon re-visits, it appears the artwork is not the same. Many of your works are visually very simple, but on second look uncover extensive ground. There are all these tensions in the work, between disappearance and emergence, playfulness on a gloomy backdrop, "best" vs. "effort"...

OL: I believe in power of Packet Swithing, in connectionless as a principle of communication. I am not an engineer, so, see it probably rather poetically, but I am fascinated by the fact that packets are bouncing all the time and there is no guarantee that it would work, but it works.

LN: The fog and subtle changes, detectable but not noticeable, suggest... illusion?

OL: That when I'm not on the page I'm somewhere else where I want to be at that moment. That there is another carousel in some other browser. And I am there when I am not here. At least it was my plan.

LN: "Best Effort Network" inaugurated your transition from animated GIF model to PNG model. How do you like your new career?

OL: It is not easy. The world around is still crazy about GIFs. But I don't give up!

LN: Your most recent work "Webmaster Summer" undertitled "Don't wear it if you never made a web page and aren't planning one," opens to a page of web masters dressed all in browser printed attire created in collaboration with @printalloverme. Can you tell me more about the project?

OL: Well, it is a uniform for those for whom WWW is their work place. This collection grew out of response to Cory Arcangel's surfware, that is all about leasure online. It was a complicated project, because it is not always a pattern, but rather a structure layout of the page that was translated into shirts. And graphics are low res, but with help of my student Mona Ulrich and PAOM it became real, and looks IRL even better than on promo images.

LN: This Thursday sees Rhizome's launch of "Net Art Anthology", a new major initiative to retell the story of net art through a two-year online exhibition of one hundred works. How will you be participating?

OL: I gave a 5 minutes talk reminding global net art community about art.teleportacia first days <http://art.teleportacia.org/office/btw/> and it first exhibitions: Miniatures of Heroic Period and Location="yes"

LN: On @GIFmodel you reply "Take your time!" to your posts of GeoCities web-pages that are under construction. What does this mean to you?

OL: These pages are not simply under construction. They are different. They come from my ever growing collection of geocities users promising to finish their page or begging for giving them more time, or explaining why are they still not ready. Agree there is a difference in between leaving a sign and talking, explaining, telling your story? That's why I talk back to them on my Twittr.

LN: One last thing. Do you relate to the phrase "No place like 127.0.0.1"?

OL: I never heard it before! :) Thank you for introducing it to me and your questions.

LN: Thank you.

_Blackguard

i lay down along with my final resistance,
 arms crossed, eyes weighted, ears erect,
 my last action as your guide, you're left
 I smell the soil and I smell of the soil and the earth smells of me
quick snap, slow roll, ending on a high note my ears can hear and yours could never
 I've only loved once and I've never in my life not been in love
 you will go on and I will lay under this flag,
 this banner, this open sky
i dream of water and running one last time,
my feet kick and carry me, far from you, without fear, for the first
time

*_one in a room with us*

The significant case file
 on the bedside table
 a broken lamp by the door signifies a robbery
 take an inventory of the displaced
 and damaged
 What has been rifled
 What has been removed
 Footsteps leading to the open window
 handprints on the foggy mirror
 Crime scene investigation
 Looking for clues and Holding your eyes

_two in a room with us

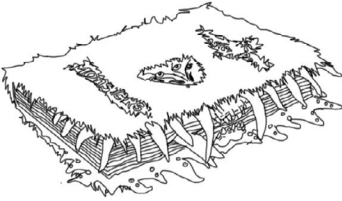
The heart monitor makes shapes of butterflies and
 other bugs
 The tape recorder catches a small whisper
 Leaving the examination room sicker than before
 Leaving the building even sicker still
 The tape pours out of the machine like sludge
 And makes that clicking register sound
 Over and over
 A fan can only circulate so much air until
 the whole 1st floor triage is stale

_Untitled dedication

dedicated to a bed pan whom
changed by not changing at all
dedicated to a hand towel whom
changed by not changing at all
dedicated to the dressing table whom
changed by not changing at all
dedicated to a shallow cup whom
changed by not changing at all
dedicated to the dull knife whom
changed by not changing at all
dedicated to the false door whom
changed by not changing at all

_together

*laying next to the bottle of perfume and a candle both
coated with a thin layer of
condensation
from the humidifier that you broke
and i cannot turn off*



NOW non-amory NOW

in the gods themselves isaac asimov describes the sexual practices of aliens made up mostly of empty space aliens with spread-out particles held together by extremely strong nuclear force that binds chief subatomic particles very tightly aliens that can literally melt into one another hey I do think about you when I read about aliens melting I do touch myself thinking about you when I think about tight tight tight nuclear force. experience intense sexual pleasure make babies heighten intellectual ability experience intense sexual pleasure make babies heighten intellectual ability. we humans cannot melt so easily we cannot melt because the nuclear force isn't nearly as strong our subatomic particles need more room that time you tried pulling an axe through my belly button it hurt it hurt it was unpleasant. yes love fails because subatomic particles need more room. yes it fails because of weak nuclear force. yes yes yes. yes love my love you say love is being together you say it is being-one, you say love means melting me under your fingers uncovering my deepest secrets is what you want to do hey love you are not shy about it. to love is to make my skin permeable to your touch to love is to make every orifice in my body receptive to your saliva to love is to wrap your veins around my heart to love is to let every pore of my skin shimmer with your sweat love love love sing it with a thousand tongues sing it with a thousand throats to melt to give you everything to exhaust myself the steam engine of your possessiveness so strong so big to melt to start an avalanche everything is always much too much is too much hey! stop it's too much. hey love what kind of alien love forgets that the other always harbors an alien within a stranger within can you love the stranger within? hey love to love is to not demand anything from you alien love is melting our faces by the fire in the camp by the fire love without memory love a phantasm by the fire without interpretation no taking stock no milk to be spilled over anything. loving the black hole is staying at the event horizon hey love time slows down and stops at the event horizon resistance to knowledge resistance to melting resistance to being-together resistance to

love

vibrant multispecies polyamory no thanks generic non-amory yes please how can you reduce love to the desire to be wanted why do you reduce love to the need to

feel good why can't you see love sinks all the way down to the deep sea where it is black so black a truly open mind is a black hole it collapses our vision into something that is unknown no the unknown cannot melt my love. I say I am in love with her I mean I rewrite my past and future in the light of this discovery is what it is love is this mechanism of encryption. I am impatient hey hi I am recording a deep meditation space time space station international space station a mixtape it is about life as a memory of life it is about human limbs impossibly stretched by the gravitational pull of a black hole yes nothing remains but a thin spaghetti-like strip of skin so relaxing and delightful like a cube of sugar melting in a cup of hot tea hot hot tea is this how you want me is this the way you want me

?

I love the belly made of rubber my lover's eyes are black as coal my lover's tongue is chrome is iron my lover's spit is liquid gold what she has the doctors say what she has they say is a furious passion for the remote that is really what they said and you know what it feels like thinking whether your tongue would be charcoal whether it would do what it does what it can do to me pour gold into my mouth let it do let it cast my mouth in iron let it do what it does what it can do to me. you stole my mind but gave it back better yes love is legalized identity theft yes back to me so things that matter to me are listed here in a declining order one how your skin smells to me two how the scent shoots through to my fingers three we are at the undefined please don't take me home. I say withdrawal is the way I say love yes love a black hole love a refuge love yes I am irresponsible but underdetermined processes that happen under this veil of darkness are the future of the world, black is the only color inseparable from the hyper-intelligible expanse of the universe yes only with eyes closed can we unfold the future is what my favorite philosopher says you know hey love falls back on the authority of words. love is apophatic is non. love is non. yes good fine ask me to melt like I am some kind of a plastic toy thrown into a bucket of hot oil like I am some kind of a land for you to conquer like I am the test of what can make you feel

loved

not non not love simmers simmers simmers down until nothing but the basic ingredient remains strange generic basic ingredient simmers and is left being left

hey as soon as you give examples you nominate targets don't ask me who I am and where I come from ask me to preserve each other by systematic melting prevention systemic protection yes call into existence radical non-relational co-presence yes radical non relational co-presence I have it on speed dial radical non relational but present now present now radical non amory now present now. the time we never spent together hangs from my muscles like heavy raindrops hang from leaves I have been long on this road so long I say hello anybody there?

Q&A: Guerrilla Girls

Interview by Codette

Founded by seven women in New York in 1985, Guerrilla Girls are an anonymous group of feminist artists fighting sexism and racism within the art world. Masked, each member takes the name of a dead woman artist as pseudonym to intersect non-monolithic understandings of feminism. Women, gender non-conformist and black artists continue to be systematically excluded in the art world, particularly from institutions, museums and publications. Through extensive research, Guerrilla Girls expose alarming truths by way of undeniable numbers charting the limited space afforded to marginalized groups. This year in a dedicated exhibition at Whitechapel Gallery in London, they exhibit three decades of research.



Codette: Guerrilla Girls turned 30 last year. Happy belated birthday.

GG: THANKS

Codette: You are exhibiting results of more than three decades of research this year. Has progress been made?

GG: WELL, TODAY NO ONE WOULD EVER SAY THAT THE HISTORY OF ART CAN BE WRITTEN WITHOUT THE WORK OF WOMEN, ARTISTS OF

COLOR AND GENDER NON-CONFORMING INDIVIDUALS. THAT'S AN IMPROVEMENT OVER 30 YEARS AGO. BUT TOKENISM, THE GLASS CEILING AND INCOME INEQUALITY STILL INSURE THAT MOST OPPORTUNITIES IN THE ART WORLD AND MOST OF THE MONEY IN THE ART MARKET GET PASSED ON TO STRAIGHT, WHITE MALES WHO DEAL INSIDE THE SYSTEM.

Codette: We tend to think of the art world as society's top domain of radical thought. Meanwhile, your research shows that it in fact persists to be a domain of extreme inertia when it comes to change and progress for women, gender non-conformists and artists of color. How can we accurately conceive of the art world and its institutions?

GG: WE DISCOVERED IN 1985 THAT THE ART WORLD LAGS BEHIND THE CULTURE AT LARGE IN ITS TREATMENT OF MARGINALIZED GROUPS.

IT'S NOT AVANT GARDE, BUT DERRIERE.

THE ART MARKET AND, TO AN EXTENT, THE ART WORLD ARE RUN BY BILLIONAIRE ART INVESTORS/COLLECTORS & THEIR GALLERIES. TOGETHER, THEY INJECT THEIR PROFIT OVER-ALL VALUES INTO THE PRODUCTION OF CULTURE. THEIR NEW ALL-PRIVATE MUSEUMS AND THE PUBLIC MUSEUMS THEY INFLUENCE AS DIRECTORS PRESENT COOKIE-CUTTER COLLECTIONS DON'T TELL US THE HISTORY OF ART AS MUCH AS RECORD THE HISTORY OF WEALTH AND POWER.

WE'VE ENCOURAGED OUR GALLERIES TO SHOW MORE WOMEN & ARTISTS OF COLOR. HAVE YOU?

- | | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| Vito Acconci | Sam Gilliam | Joseph Kosuth | Iring Pfaller |
| Dennis Adams | Glenn Goldberg | Robert Kushner | Lucio Pozzi |
| Mac Adams | Michael Goldberg | Les Levine | David Reed |
| Benny Andrews | Ron Gorchow | Sal Lewitt | Bruce Robbins |
| John Baldessari | Peter Halley | Dorold Lipski | James Rosenquist |
| Bill Beckley | David Hammons | Robert Longo | Juan Sanchez |
| Jake Berthot | Jane Hightstein | David Mach | Richard Serra |
| Howard Buchwald | Bill Jensen | Brian Marden | Ned Smyth |
| William Conlon | Alex Katz | Joseph Nechvatal | Robert Stackhouse |
| David Diaz | Steve Keister | John Newman | Mark Tansey |
| Rackstraw Downes | Alain Kirli | Richard Nenas | Lawrence Weiner |
| Peter Drake | Komar and Melamid | Jim Nutt | Robin Winters |
| Carroll Dunham | Mark Kostabi | Claes Oldenburg | Michael Zwack |

Please send \$ and comments to: **GUERRILLA GIRLS** CONSCIENCE OF THE ART WORLD
Box 1056 Cooper Sta NY NY 10276

Guerrilla Girls, 1989.

GUERRILLA GIRLS' POP QUIZ.

Q. If February is Black History Month and March is Women's History Month, what happens the rest of the year?

A. Discrimination.

Box 1056 Cooper Sta NY NY 10276 **GUERRILLA GIRLS** CONSCIENCE OF THE ART WORLD

Guerrilla Girls, 1990.

Codette: How can young emerging artists meet these obstacles with resistance, i.e. avoid caving in to tokenization, without falling into obscurity, disenfranchisement and non-survival?

GG: RESIST THE ART ESTABLISHMENT. CREATE NEW WAYS OF SURVIVING AS AN ARTIST. THERE ARE LOTS OF ART WORLDS OTHER THAN THE MONEY-CRAZED CELEBRITY ART STAR SYSTEM THAT THE ART MARKET PROMOTES.

With this project, we wanted to pose the question ‘Are museums today presenting a diverse history of contemporary art or the history of money and power?’ We focus on the under-story, the subtext, the overlooked and the downright unfair. Art can’t be reduced to the small number of artists who have won a popularity contest among bigtime dealers, curators and collectors. Unless museums and Kunsthallen show art as diverse as the cultures they claim to represent, they’re not showing the history of art, they’re just preserving the history of wealth and power.

Guerrilla Girls: *Is it even worse in Europe?* Whitechapel Gallery, 2016.

(looking into that window
 that one where nothing ever got bent out, just got more perfect the more I touch
 the deeply interfused waves taking off from all our visual projections
 committing nothing yet: could hide or engage fate/doom: seek shelter or climb into the cloud .

well
 every little thing out here is absolutely priceless
 and we'll never own any of it

so fuck it—objects are just ossified aspirations (a series of solids) \I heap them all together and give them
 or game them away

it's easy, easy as having a sweetheart\x96 and a and a pack of cigarettes in an electrical storm
 easy though I'm so many sighs short and infrequently exhale.

& so the material slides off on a
 final and sufficient cause
 snatching my shadow from the streams as against sunset evening is reckoned and
 the big blue sun sinks in the sky surrounded by cut cut cut white missing electric
 cacti
 falling down falling down

falling down

falling down
 falling down falling down
 falling down
 falling down falling down
 falling down
 falling down.
 falling down
 falling down
 falling down

generic abyss, that sound—no, sight—one sees description with such a name a picture of being like all
 others) in time. we ride. are still riding. rest just briefly in catatonia, leaning into the hole of humanity and
 hell and noble rhodes noble rhodes slew laughter for our language become excessively normal, an
 unobtainably same thing with words like three-dimensional objects compiled into buildings a prison a
 garden a school/ we dwell now inside fights over whose agglomeration fails as they dusty will

what matters now is reconfiguration cause collected, the memory of many things is
 something not right in these networks of concepts systematically deranged their meanings shift as they're
 impelled from route to route til there's nothing but these visions n revisions
 passing even into the purer mind is pure machinery nurturing ideas while it cools

I or whatever each of these memories together make grow pale/ into the ghostly daze

the girl loved the open plain,
 the birds that make the breeze blow,
 and pretending to be solid quite solid quite solid in standing

she kept up a good front , fell back quickly from view. when we were a rose and I were she , we wept a river a voyage foaming flowing across the plane \x97s rough outline.

stubbornly, solvent but for her form cast back at me over over on the lofty fine spring\ country green pastoral elegantine, echoing well placed words eaten by the breeze birds roaming thru the stormms sprouting bluebonnets with wind above ground so often renowned for dappled things / for skies and heav'n itself

but not a bit of her lasts to the end

lasts down to the last patterns of our loosed past working in the distant air, tracing the edgings of this many things transparent a hundred indecisions\ nothing is worth anything at all ever anymore

suppose it is necessary to try rewrite the this that the if in between the uhhhhhhphs
suppose I throw this out ...

well, but no {2} let's not, okay

feel ashamed of my own little girl grabbing shaky tongue something isolated apart from this mental furniture—yellow paper rose twisted like bliss on the roughness of the roughness of a whim makes me 'loveyour shadow, d a r k ling'.

(note in a liquor bottle bobs)

this text like one word or a change.

dream characters accept dreams creep across the rivers

moments attack, stare. those snarling monsters must surely remain in the realm of artificial roots as the manifold grows fully cheerful schizophrenic.

but they rise within an unseen mind that is not mine, but is a made place, (lost ever since I lost the will to build altars to rites divine) when we touch it breaks the silence on a mused rhyme

breaks the idea of history, the glasses, teacups , our lost skyline trimmed back back swiftly past us is retreating cut back and is it is it is it is

_____ a one settling into a gone done thing

she wore a black cap and a drowsy numb pain and I flung her to the ground in a dream but she never answered back. her dry stone no sound gaze. a strong trembling laid hold upon me. I should have been a pair of ragged thistles on the neck of her sweatshirt,

could you conform to this naked head floating into the stream becoming
maybe a stone or a quivering swarm of minnows wherein naught else is worth ?

NEVER LET THEM KNOW YOU CARE

be not moralizing nor harsh nor grating. GET IT RIGHT.

get more abstract/GLORIOUS

rigorous?

do not tell yourself other people exist or make them wooden figures of consciousness
love ideas for certain, as you your hearts urge outward .

the trick is I had to have already been her and well

if she were the world and I were her, I'd gladly know everything (supposing there was a sign of a sign of the macrocosm) however, I keep on being what we've made sequences the effect of this phenomenon on a stream of images surpassing things, like nerves in a pattern on their effect, arms tied to an empty bed, like

is it really such a bad thing?

retrieved cigarettes, lit a candle and fell off the bed
 her slight stature
 each hand outlined in paint on a stranger
 her walk with a hip hedged about the same thing neater glides across the illusion of an ardent woman and
 a pythagorean and their communal vision

my little nameless unremembered pleasure without a design concentrating, I let slip her words out my
 lips and she catches me and desire rots all our facts outside in

but see where the hurt shoots out of the hands staunching the
 girl's voice who fading fast falls & withereth too'to

I've met I and we could do better – in this joy to prepare a set of words that could by swiftness of a
 good do me well my sweet. I come to look on my nature's instruction. she escapes , orders beer.

we could have been like a nightmare body and its parts performing being an abstraction, but
 supposing awkwardly not awkwardly
 she and I we maintain we're the same, well it's still true anyway that some parts of
 the self living their own lives alone become autonomous, dissolve the whole, yet can't quite annihilate it.

as for my heart and soul there she stands't frank as a year ago when a trap shut 'me' inside the stream the
 waterfall the song XXI straight to it we do shine in the shape of it when sudden little rivers break down all
 the doors of my life my love in

thou escort she motions she motions she motions she motions she motions she motions she motions

in soft distress

I now rejoice in heart –
 I was never to be her
 without joy
 or writ far 'bove

so winningly in guise

(Noise and distance and distance and even dust come between us and that was always all.

Sofya Glebovna
'THE PERFECT GIF'

bit.do/codette_sofya

Consensus

Limbs of stone
U kiss them
Sometimes a tooth chips
We all pretend it doesnt
Hurt to see u like this

License

Donna promised me beauty
Like frailty, like filtered bones
Flashback u don't know how to drive
So he drove u
Pliant skin
It's not broken if it grows back
Talk about it then
It doesn't work like that
Haha it doesn't work like
that at all
As long as the blood washed out
Idk i still
Threw the dress away

Any kind of progress

U had me chasing fires
Fingertips of melted wax
Maybe i don't need to touch u
Some houses burn and u
Still have to live in them

Vastness maybe Grey

Aid the suffocating
We're not talking about me
I miss u so much
We're still not talking about me

Lulls

—My mom’s been tripping about algorithms lately. Over FaceTime today, she was saying, telling me to watch out about what I do, that they’re tracking me and everything that I do. I think she got it from the Neal Stephenson she’s been reading or something. She just finished the audiobook for *The Fear Index*, so I guess she must be some kind of an expert on it by now, lol.

Paul licked the glue of the cigarette wrapper, rolled the spliff, and dusted off the used, unread copy of *Women, Race, and Class* that he had been using to collect the loose tobacco and weed. He tipped back his bottle of IPA.

—What’re you cutting up in there?

—Mangoes.

Jayne held the knife down with her thumb and inch-by-inch peeled the fruit of its dark green and orange skin. The steel blade cut the fruit into thirds, around the pit, and diced the fruit before Jayme tipped the cutting board into the ceramic bowl. She brought the bowl from the kitchen island and set it on the coffee table. She picked up the iPad from the table and selected “Smokestack Lightning” on Spotify and sat down on the red, patterned couch opposite the one Paul sat on. He was slouched over, glancing at his Samsung Galaxy. The guitar line swaggered over the two large, black Bluetooth speakers on their wooden A.V. stand set against the wall of their apartment’s front door. He had a Snapchat notification. Without looking at her, Paul passes the spliff to her, and she lights it. For him, despite coming down, everything was and still felt golden.

—What else did you do today?

—Just met up with Sasha and did the rest of her shrooms. We got Halo Halo.

Paul took the spliff, inhaled, and coughed. The day had been cloudy yet radiant and cool. Sasha and him had met at the apartment she shared with two theatre people and someone who worked in advertising and took the shrooms on their large patio overlooking Broadway. They were giggling onboard the 7 train to Jackson Heights where Paul knew there was a bunch of Filipino restaurants. In the lobby, there was a three-foot tall statue on a faux-marble pedestal covered in black linen. Sasha grinned and said it was spooky and asked Paul to ask the man at the counter what it was. Paul giggling asked the man in Tagalog what it was. The man put the two Halo Halos on the counter and said “Jesus.” Paul passed the spliff to Jayme.

—Oh yeah, it’s Easter tomorrow. Are you calling your parents?

Jayne said no and asked Paul if he had any blow. Jayme picked up the iPad from the table and played the music video for George Michael’s “Freedom ‘90” on YouTube. She closed her eyes and mouthed along to the words of the

verses and chorus as Paul leaned the spliff against the inner wall of the ashtray and reached into his skinny jeans. At a bench in the small park of an apartment complex in Queens, with their Halo Halo placed on the same side of the bench, Sasha and him had made out just to know what it would feel like. She looked him straight into the eyes after. Her face got so red, and she started crying. Sasha looked ugly to Paul. He didn't know if he had said this out loud or not because her sobs grew louder. Paul got up from the bench and stood in the dirt path and looked at her, totally bended over her lap, and shaking. An elderly East Asian woman was pointing a black camera with an 18-inch telescopic lens straight at the cloudy sky. Paul looked at the sky to see what it looked like. He poured part of the plastic bag onto the image of Naomi Campbell's face on the iPad and smashed the white clumps into a powder with his credit card. Jayme got a tampon from her purse and took out the blue tube. Paul split the powder up into lines. Jayme smirked. She did a line off the iPad and passed the tube and the iPad to Paul. He did a line off the iPad and passed the tube back to her and so on. She licked her finger and rubbed it across the glass screen. She ran the tip of her finger around her gums. Paul ate a slice of mango.

—You know, Jayme said, removing her finger from her mouth, I think she likes you.

—Hah, why would you say that? She's like 19 or something and you don't even know her.

—We talked once.

—What about?

—Algorithms.

She smirked and glanced out the window that looked down on the concrete backyard shared with the rest of the building. A chain-linked fence divided the area from the other buildings. The light of the moon cast the shadow of the fence's diamond pattern across the silver concrete.

—You sure you don't want to go out tonight?

—Nah, I'm good here. I'm still coming down.

—I'm going to put my sweats on then.

She got up and went into the bedroom. Paul picked up the spliff and checked Snapchat. It was from Sasha. It was a selfie of Paul and her at the park. They were both smiling. Underneath her neon green hair, her eyes were glassed over. Paul's were too. Paul was about to see if Sasha had made the image public or not when Jayme came back into the room.

—I'm sorry.

—No, it's just I've been inside painting all day. I thought it would be nice.

Jayme sat in the same place and picking up the spliff, resumed glancing out of the window. A raccoon with a grey coat glided across the top of the

chain-linked fence.

—What do you think about when you're tripping? Like why do you do it?

—Well, I think of lots of stuff. Dark things, lol. Why?

—Just that one time when I did it with you, I couldn't stop thinking about death you know, I think I told you, and you and me.

Paul popped another slice of mango in his mouth. He wiped off a bit of pulp on his jeans. The corner of his mouth and his left eyelid started to twitch.

—Like I thought about how funny it would be if we both died.

Jayme laughed.

—Like what would I do if I killed you? Like seriously, what would I do?

—I don't know. Chop up my body and store me in the closet.

—Hah! No that's too much! I would never! It would have to be a murder-suicide. That's the only way I could stomach it.

—Hey, the light's getting pretty harsh. Can you grab some candles?

Paul scratched at his neck until the skin became red. Jayme got up from her seat and grabbed two tall, purple candles from the bottom cabinet of the AV stand. She lit both with Paul's lighter and set one at each end of the coffee table. Paul scratched his neck some more and his eyes fell into a stare at the lines of Jayme's cheekbones in the candlelight as if they lied on a coordinate plane, graphing a convergence, an intersection at any moment just above her lips, forming an X, X-ing her out because X marks the spot and so on. He thought of the word "spooky." Jayme asked Paul if it was better. Paul was chewing on his thumbnail.

—Do you have anymore blow? I just want to dip my finger in it.

—Yeah, I'm going to lie down though.

—I'll come and join you in a little bit.

Paul passed her the bag. The left side of his jaw would not stop popping. He grinded his teeth. He got up from the sofa and opened the door to the bedroom. He shuddered. The window had been left open. Without turning on the lights or taking off his clothes, he threw himself onto the bed and buried his face into the corner where the wall met the mattress. He groped around for the blanket and wrapped it around his body. He tried to calm down. He stood with a cold, flat desert in front of him, underneath a black, starless sky. She must hate him. Everybody must hate him. He heard Jayme in the kitchen rustling in the silverware drawer. The sand of the desert did not stir with the wind and only remained still. She blew out the candles.

—I brought you some water.

Jayme moved across the room and placed the glass by the plants on the sill of the window adjacent to the bed that faced the street below. It was a long drop. She slid into the bed next to Paul. She ran her fingers through Paul's hair.

—How are you feeling?

Paul was silent. His jaw continued to pop.

—Just listen to the music and dream of the pictures the words make in your head.

Bob Dylan played over the speakers in the living room. Paul had found through and past the sands a large pool. A man in a black suit stood waist-deep in the middle of the pool. The man stood there but he did not have a body, and yet he still just stood there as if his body was there but the suit was just still and empty. Paul got his clothes wet when he went up to touch the suit. The black color of the cloth peeled off like oil and stretched with his finger as it pulled away. He glared into the neck hole of the suit and saw himself lying, curled up like a baby sloth somewhere at the bottom of the man's left trouser leg. Jayme wrapped her leg around Paul's waist.

—Shhhhh.

Her fingers rubbed his back and massaged his shoulders. She placed her hands on his neck and tightened her grip. She pivoted her body so that she was on top of him. Paul could not breathe. She put her mouth against his ear and whispered that he was hers and only hers and that no one could change that. Paul kicked her off and she rolled off of him laughing, falling on the floor still laughing. Paul didn't know if he should laugh too, so his face went back to the crutch where the mattress met the wall and the tentacles of the night wrapped themselves around his waist like a black shroud.

insights

She didn't play to win, she played to observe. Foil flaked off with the scratch of a penny.

Binders, made for Yu-Gi-Oh cards or other games of little consequence: 7, 7-11-21, 10x the Luck, \$75,000 in Hamiltons, \$500,000 in Grants, \$1,000,000 frenzy, \$2,500 a week for life, Double Triple Cashword, Gold Castle, Golf Fish, Ice Bank, I LOVE NY, Jackpot Party, Money Vault, Monopoly Millionaires' Club, New York Poker, Super \$777,777, Queen of Green, Wheel of Fortune, Wild Cash, Win For Life 1124. Platitudes can be incisive. "A new adventure is just a scratch away" - Scientific Games.

She sat next to a window and began to type.



The lottery industry is one-of-a-kind. You would never expect competitors to share information: Google wouldn't whisper with Facebook, for example. But we have no trade secrets. Why? Our industry is self-contained, operating within itself. We have no competition. We attend each other's Christmas parties.

Though we don't play, the nature of the scratch-off lotto ticket is not lost on us. Fate, predestination, etc, it all lies underneath the silver foil. You may remember seeing my husband at the Palm Springs conference last February, stealthily ca-noodling with a Hoosier Lottery advertising specialist. I don't blame him. Modern offices are sexual environments.

A new advertising strategy for Q3 is in development: making those ICU monitors into video slot machines.

Addicts are being dealt with by our Board.

We dedicated this issue to the late Arch Gleason. At the time of his death he was in the process of designing a platform to offer centralized management across multiple game platforms.

People rarely find you boring when they win, and maybe my husband will win one day.

Living with him is like watching a monster truck from a distance through a pair of binoculars, you know?

Myth #1: The odds of being struck by lightning are better than the odds of winning the lottery.

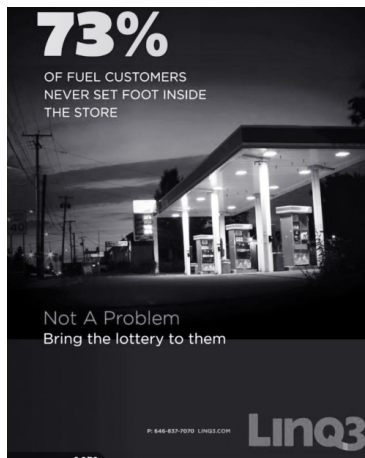
Fact: Desire is a productive force. I desired to share a brunch omelet with my husband and would you look at that, it came to us, two eggs goat cheese green peppers cherry tomatoes. In the United States lightning strikes around 25 million times a year, and you're far more likely to get struck by the Powerball jackpot. Lotto is a controlled risk, like when my doctor pierced my bellybutton. Ooh, the winning number is 13.

Myth #2: Lottery is a form of taxation.

Fact: A tax is a compulsory payment to support government. Citizens have no option in contributing to state revenue with mandated levies and other tariffs. In fact, they may go to jail if they don't pay. The lottery is simply a form of entertainment that happens to help the state and you can stop playing anytime you want, baby.

As a child at day camp she would typically forgo kickball, allowing ants to march on her arms. It wasn't because she hated kickball -- no, she appreciated a good coordinated effort -- but because she hated humiliation. Making herself into an ant respite was more dignified. This would later be mirrored by her aversion to social gambling, instead opting for more solitary forms.

A babysitter is watching over her assignment, but she keeps noticing a large clown statue in the corner of the living room. She tries to ignore the creepy statue but she finds it difficult. The phone rings and it's a call from the dad, asking how the night is going. Good, she replies, the baby is fine, and that's a really interesting clown statue you've got in the living room. A beat. That's no clown statue, that's my wife!



Toolkit for non-Black people of color and white people looking to engage in political activism against police killings, white supremacy, and anti-Black racism:

bit.ly/allytoolkit

New York City Anti-Violence Project
<http://avp.org/donate>
@antiviolence

The Audre Lorde Project
<http://alp.org/>
@audrelorde

Legal Aid NYC
<https://15034.thankyou4caring.org/>
@LegalAidNYC

American Civil Liberties Union
<https://action.aclu.org/donate>
@ACLU

Planned Parenthood
<https://www.plannedparenthood.org/>
@PPact

Safe Horizon
<https://www.safehorizon.org/donate/>
@SafeHorizon

Southern Poverty Law Center
<https://www.splcenter.org/>
@splcenter

Make the Road New York
<https://donatenow.networkforgood.org/maketheroadny>
@MaketheRoadNY

CAA AV - Organizing Asian Communities
<http://caaav.org/>
@caaav

The Trevor Project
<http://www.thetrevorproject.org/>
@TrevorProject

Trans Lifeline
<http://www.translifeline.org/help>
@Translifeline

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[HTTP://NEWHIVE.COM/GLEBOVNA/](http://newhive.com/glebovna/)

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