

Still Exits and Common Skins

A cloud of bodies, intertwined, relating to one another in a manner entirely foreign. Were they meant to float in air - were they meant to dissolve into a mesh? Garments made of screens, plans to institute knowledge by rebuilding each friend, organ by organ.

Between mirrors and rainbows, partial interactions and mute expressions, we start to recover a map. This is what people look like now.

something about considering bodies after the introduction of technology - how they exist, how they are re-organized, how they are displaced - how reconnected

or maybe how the limitations of the body are both facilitated and oppressed by these new environments – btw how well can you operate at a computer - how long, how productively? how many first world problems prevent you how many human problems how many ghastly problems and how much does lack of privilege evaporate into voicelessness, luckily you've sculpted an online image so you don't have to worry so much

local & global - the local scene vacillating between the academic style and the lone artist somewhere between diy tech in a general art context or an artsy contributor in the area of media entertainment - the social implications of technological advancement - new environments and memetic languages fall somewhere through the cracks - the relation of the local and global becomes crucial to resituate a critical politics for any citizen no matter how plugged-in - as technology becomes socialized it doesn't care how savvy you are about it for it to mind having power over you

The New Flesh is a spiritual successor to Flesh and Structure, presented at the inaugural Wrong Biennale in 2013. By transforming the questions of virtual embodiment into a physical space, problems presented in the cyberworld are brought to bear in their material form.

In a Post-Cronenbergian age, we encompass the shift from the moving image culture of Videodrome, to the interactive, social space of Existenz. Our Harawayan cyborgs are mutated by level upgrades, fashion memes, and page-ranking the most liked and linked tragedies. The social collides with the technological, and our ability to survive within the medium makes or breaks who might be included in the new political hierarchy. Despite what virtualist mythologies betray, the issue of embodiment is more important than ever in cyberspace - technology makes culture and geography evaporate but biologies persist.

The New Flesh presents a series of artists who engage with these biologies, who create canvases and visual concepts for reflecting on what the body has become in our technoprogressive age. No answers are presented, but strange visions and identitarian problems proliferate.

with any technological question we have a scientific one - at some point pragmatic demands said this was good knowledge because it can create a thing - without creating a thing knowledge is lesser - both the enlightenment and romanticism poise foils in one who values abstract rational scientism and the other a personal emotional rebellion - they unify in positing a technological means for knowledge valuation - the myopic past offers a mutated form of the future – the gentleman citizen scientist meets

the poet/artist meets the invisible cyborg with a transplanted everything. these are the knowledge-makers that offer a distorted picture of the present in the hopes of a reasonable picture of the future.

the garment: the garment brings aesthetics back to the present, what it might lack in inhuman formalism it gains in calling to account for any art trend, brings it back to the human swarm and its visual demolishing - clothing as a technique has already dealt for centuries with the issue of making an automated process highly social - it already has a roadmap for creations in social internet space - things that give you the right mask to complement your imperfect form

so many incomplete forms, things that weren't said – this isn't the vessel I ordered – the image user and the image maker, can we just let our abstractions swallow us

a disablist context that acknowledges the given of embodiment and the consequent inevitable reckoning with the virtual sphere - nothing disappears, biological change is completely incapacitated in the face of technological speed - we evolve slightly over vast tracts of time, we innovate tech environments at an impossible rate - that our knowledge is of products and their inundation of us

i didn't mean for that to be the case

what does it mean to instantiate the internet, to portray in a given location – how many failures can we talk about simultaneously (an art event that presents a horizontal and constantly accessible method of unifying and displaying work. More than you can properly see, time and technique become the limiting factors over means and space.)

forgive me I just didn't have time to fully elaborate that idea

The space between aesthetic attention and theory context broken down as a system of cultural capital that lacks the need for a participant or image consumer. The selfie maker, the personal documenter interrupts this by simply insisting on their own existence.

I still exist – the phrase is only radical when techno-alienation has progressed to the point of obliteration. Something still exists – things that haven't evolved properly to live sustainably in the cloud.

ultimately the question of embodiment flattens all epistemologies and forces us to ask again what values knowledge (and our knowledge) has. The increased focus of the body - the body now isolated, cultureless, placeless, the organism becoming increasingly synonymous with culture and geography themselves - serves as the most persistent counterpoint to the valuation of technique

being trapped - trapped in your own fallible limitations - what you were born into - what was never chosen

who wills flesh

- eh zepka