

a rolling call, bit of a narcissistic reach into the ether as we declare our senses. come here, let's stroke our confusions. a state that seems to be the last bastion fending off boredom.

amidst the rise of Spectatorship that harnesses surplus value from Globalization, integration is the end game, in these dazzling machines. let's look at our interpretive regimes, our second-nature nodes beep-boop-ing to make sense of it all. doesn't obedience feel so right with that sudden clarity? the world is lucid if we play the institutional monopoly. until we are numb, then universality becomes disquieting, we shiver, shaking the globe once more but only for the pieces to land like magnets back to a notch. we made sense of it all, again. beep boop, again. we are disciplined to find thrills in the clicking of our nodes with surrounding gadgets. then we unfasten with agony just so can fasten it again. that felt reassuring. or is that just the human desire for pain and subordination and fear?

*beep boop* confronts modes of translation and dissidence of culture in our immediate times. the antithetical dynamic between translation and dissidence remarks on how the intent of transgression intrinsically adopts existing narratives, reinforcing and not diverting. disparities vanquish the more they repudiate, they lose their meanings as they are tapered as re-actions. insofar, as we navigate globalization dominated by spectatorship, the infrastructure for interpretations maintains the hegemony of the constructor. in this show, familiar objects take on pseudo-identities as a collective act that jettisons definitions assigned by social constructions. however, the works stray away from the model that hinges on the antagonist's need to differentiate oneself from the mainstream. they are plainly self-referential in the free form mutilation of quotidian subjects: demons, desirability, the carnal. their autonomy is rooted in them not existing as passive responses to an established culture, but meaningful on their own accord.

yet, by removing ourselves from what is in place, we are rascals in limbo. we become undefined, totally fazed, but far from bored. the call goes on.

we invite you to form what we become.

*beep boop*

12 February 2022