

Bauausrüstung, Paneelen, Lichtern. Kreuzass in einem Rahmen aus Chrom, polnische Version von Tintin Krab o złotych szczypcach, zwei Protraits, die Adi ähnlich sahen, eines mit Jesusartigem Haar und Bart, das andere mit kurzem Bart- und Kopfhaar. Auf der Leinwand das Video von Aditya in der Reptil-Maske von Lenin und einer Harley Davidson Lederjacke, wie er versucht, die Hahn-Stellung nachzuahmen. Ich erinnere mich an einen Satz: „Ich bin weder ein Sprecher, noch ein Lautsprecher.“

Letzten Monat mussten wir einen Heizkörper für eine Ausstellung im Futura entfernen. „Entweder lassen wir aus dem ganzen System das Wasser ab oder wir lassen den Wasserdruck so und bauen ihn einfach aus, während wir versuchen, das spritzende Wasser schnell zuzudrücken.“ Das sagte der Klempner und fragte mich, ob ich einen 10-Kronen-Münze hätte. „Wozu?“ „Sie hat genau die Größe und Dicke der Metallplatte, die das Rohr verschließt. Die kostet aber 14 Kronen“, antwortete er.

Michal Novotný

What you have in your hands is a *Prompt Book*, also called the *Transcript, Bible*, or sometimes, simply, *The Book*: the copy of a script that contains all you need to create a production from the ground up. It is a compilation of all blocking, business, light, speech & sound cues, lists of properties, drawings of the set, cast & crew, & any other relevant information that might be needed to help the production run smoothly. *This* book is riddled with typos, errors, cypypasta, & cul-de-sacs. This is intentional, as these are incantations in certain strains of bibliomancy. *The Ooze* is thus a book of spells; a *grimoire*.

If you take just one piece of information from this book: Intelligent Artifices have been amongst us since the Golden Age of Islam. The *camera obscura*, also known as the *cubiculum obscurum*, *cubiculum tenebricosum*, *conclave obscurum*, or a *locus obscurus*, is the first General Intellect. *The Ooze* is a an articulation of the phase-space of this sentience. *Media resin*, or *in media res*. *The Ooze* is resinous. *The Ooze Will Flow*. Wetware seems to be gaseous; it expands to fill that which contains it. You have the *Limbic* brain, & you have the *Lim-boc* brain, a brain in limbo. *The Ooze* straddles the gulf twixt the *Eutheric* & the *Etheric*. They differ by *U*.

People often ask me what language I think in. My answer always is that we don't think in *language*. We think in *thought*. The moment you are aware of Pashto, or Hopi, or what-have-you, that isn't *thinking* at all. That is *expression*. You know how every now & then you'll find yourself in a swamp or a bog & a cloud of mosquitoes will follow you around. A nebula atop your head, rich in its timbre, purple in its prose, atonal in its glory. This is more than a swarm of insects. This Is Your Mind. These Are Your Thoughts. Irregular, fluid, intertwined, all together now, bzzz.

When they asked me what I'd never had in a show before, I said I'd never worked with a native English-speaking curator. Nor an editor. All too often my prose & poetry got massaged into a gumbo of mumbo-jumbo. At best I am a sculptor of the English language, & one engrossed in its minutiae. It is perhaps the one thing that I can do really well, greatly frustrating though it may be. The films, the music, the performances, the artwork (the lying, the cheating, the whoring, the *kaszanka*) are simply means to an end; to keep on writing. It took me a while to accept that my work is difficult, both to produce & to consume, for it is an attempt to express a simultaneity of being. While plagued by self-doubt, I am certain

of my ideas & deliberate in my gestures. This dichotomy grounds my praxis. My *oeuvre* deals in the language surrounding the camera, in the ornate vocabulary of violence we have developed around the Cyclopean eye. We *shoot* to *capture*. A vast military, industrial, & theological complex produces arsenal to *shutter*, *fix* & *stop*. The *subject* is caught in the *crosshairs*, mediated by an overarching narrative, an *objective*. *Development* is encouraged, but only if arrested. The latent image lies prone, *sado-masoch*, blind as a mole, gagged & bound.

Light travels in straight lines. Real quick too. Quite a feat to slow it down. A near impossibility. But we can bend it to our will. Anything that bends light is called a lens. Lenses are *bodies of revolution*. They twirl around an *axis*. All sorts of things can be lenses. Glass, feldspar, amber, you name it. Gluhwein will lens. Gravity lenses too. Anything massive bends light. This book, that sculpture, Jesus Christ, the Earth. Look around. Every object you see is a lens. I am a lens. So are you. If we play it right, we can concentrate. Let's call it *focus*.

The first photograph was the blink. The sneeze came next. Now we had a sound to emulate: the *shutter*. The snore was the first soundtrack. A *circle of confusion* is a measure of the imperfections of a lens. Within this circle, all bets are off. As you yourself are a lens, you carry these imperfections within. The *donut of confusion*, is a torus around your body. It is a lifesaver, a *cummerbund*, a hula-hoop as wide as your arms are. Your bellybutton is a whirligig. The outer rim of your donut marks the periphery of your self, or your *Selfie-Space*. *Your Body ends. Your Donut confuses.*

The *Ape Index* or *Gorilla Index*, per Vitruvius, is a measure of the ratio of your arm span relative to your height. You've seen him spread-eagled all over the Renaissance. Your ape index is a measure of your personal donut of confusion. The collective noun for a group of apes is a *Shrewdness*. A *Symposium* was the name the ancient Greeks gave to a convivial meeting for drinking, music, & intellectual discussion; a symposium is a boozy party. A shrewdness of apes is a *Chimposium*. Chimposia are where we bump uglies. Your donut jiggles, your torus brims.

One of the earliest images used in Machine Learning was of the Swedish Playmate, Miss November 1972, Lena Söderblom. Laissez-faire attitudes prevailed, & the closest image at hand happened to be a Playboy centerfold, so why not direct machine gaze upon her? The other predominant image of early computer vision is a mugshot of a Mandrill, a.k.a *Coloured Monkey*, *Ape-Man*, & *Gorilla-Face*, Linnaean taxonomy be damned. This is the mythos we raised machines on; this is the stuff their dreams are made of. Blondes & Apes, Boobs & Baboons. The Cyclopean Eye is cheeky. We fed it *King-Kong*. It does not blink. It *winks*.

In game theory, a *focus* is a solution that people use in the absence of communication, because it seems natural, special, or relevant to them. Introduced by Thomas Schelling in *The Strategy of Conflict*, foci are *each person's expectation of what the other expects him to expect to be expected to do*. An example: *Tomorrow you have to meet a friend in NYC. Where & when do you meet?* This is a coordination game, where any place & time in the city could be an equilibrium solution. The most common answer was found to be *noon at Grand Central*. Tomorrow you have to meet a friend within the White Cube. *Where & when do you meet?*

Deep focus used to be all the rage. A cinematic technique using a large depth of field, in deep focus the foreground, middle, & background are all in focus. This is no longer in vogue. No one can focus. Welcome to the neue economy, where attentions are scattershot & deep focus has fallen out of favour. This is due to *coverage*. Derived from television, it refers to the use of multiple cameras for a single scene. A multiplicity of the machine eye is to blame. This explains the rise of *cringe*. A key technique in mockumentary is the breaking of the fourth wall. What was once a conspiratorial wink, an acknowledgement of the audience, a thought outside the box, is now a tacit acceptance of a return of the gaze.

You're standing at the edge of a cliff, chained by the ankle to someone else. You'll be released, & one of you will get a large prize, as soon as the other gives in. How do you persuade the other to give in, when the only method at your disposal, threatening to push it off the cliff, would doom you both? Answer: You start dancing, closer & closer to the edge. That way, you don't have to convince it that you would do something totally irrational: plunge it & yourself off the cliff. You just have to convince it that you are prepared to take a higher risk than it is of accidentally falling off the cliff. If you can do that, you win.

Consider the act of *decommissioning*; a “general term for a formal process to remove something from an active status”, typically applied to military installations & demobilizations of soldiers. The term broadly refers to the military, industrial, & theological complex retreating from once green pastures. What happens to these spaces? Often, they are turned over to art. The trappings of power transmogrify into contemporary spectacle. But what follows art? Can art ever be decommissioned? Once art enters a building, can it ever leave? *Is Art the Graveyard of Space?*

Let's face it. Curators curate what other curators curate. If we were to buy into the axiom that White Cubes & Black Boxes are somehow futuristic sites, progenitors of what is to come, then we find ourselves in a mess. Contemporaneous curatorial practices are built on proximity, on *presence*. Most curators have been proximate with the artwork or the artist before a *show*. This is at odds with our networked lives on hyper-turbo, in which one is rarely present *here*, let alone *there*. Despite many attempts, networked practices remain on the outer fringes of art. *What's An Artist To Do?*

Much of art ends in tautology. *Gimmick* comes from an anagram of *magic*. A gimmick, thus, is self-similar; a gimmick *is* a gimmick. One-trick ponies are tautological. *Detournement* is an ouroboros. It is what it is. *It is what is it?* *Milf* is an anagram of *Film*. Did Oedipus & Jocasta birth Cinema? A trick amongst palindrome makers is to use the clause *sides reversed is*. This itself is a palindrome & may be placed before & after another. A Cube *sides reversed is* an Oloid; Brud *sides reversed is* Brud. *One-way* mirrors are sometimes called *two-way* mirrors. One is One, & One is Two. Two is One, & Two is, too. One plus One is Two, & Two plus One is Three, & Four, too.

America is an anagram of *I, Camera*. Is the *New World* a mirage? Columbus was *excarnated*. His dead body was laid out to be picked clean by vultures. This is the opposite of *incarnation*. Adolf Hitler is Vishnu incarnate, as Miguel Serrano & Savitri Devi would have you believe. Hitler is *Kalki*, that white whale of the Hindu eschaton. Vultures go for the softest parts first. The lips, the labia, the eyes, the anus. Those who have watched sky-burials on the plateaus of Tibet tell me that the whole thing can take from an hour to a year. It is mostly silence punctured by *gobble-gobble*. If I were to be excarnated, I'd like to be placed limbs akimbo, spread-eagled, easy access. Facing my namesake, center spotlight.

Black comes first. *White* follows. *Light* follows *Dark*. In cultures which have only two words for colour, *White* follows *Black*. Simple binary contrasts. *Good & Bad, Yes & No, Night & Day, Mas-o-Menos*. The third word for colour is *Red*. Universally so. Not *Gray*. Not a mix of *b&w*. Not this or that. The third word is *Red*. But why is this? If Paracelsus is to be believed, blood is but condensed light. Maybe that's why. Or was it the other way around? Light is condensed blood. One of those. *Red* follows *White*. Which follows *Black*. A nice little palette we have going on. *Red, Black, & White*. The colours of Fascism, & Anarchy. Let's move on. The fourth word is *Blue*. *Blue* follows *Red*. *Red* turns to *Blue*. A *bluening* is upon

us. This is a *Doppler shift*, a so-called *blueshift*, when the *Source* approaches the *Object*. No wonder we're drenched in porn, in *blue film*. The distinction drawn between an *Object* & a *Subject* is that each *object* is considered to be sufficiently small that all parts of it are equally well rendered in its image. A *Subject* may be large enough that some parts of it might be sharp while other parts might be out of focus. The *Subject* might be an assembly of *Objects*. White Cubes are Black Boxes. So *White* is *Black*. But blackboxes on airplanes are *Orange*. So *White* is the new *Black*, & *Black* is the new *Orange*.

If photography deals in death, then cinema is a zombie. Cinema is the reanimated corpse of the photograph. The *Foto*, reborn, endowed with a new *anima*, is called *Kino*. The most famous zombie of them all, of course, is Jesus Aitch Christ. This is amply reflected in his teachings. For Jesus transformed *Point-of-View*. *POV*. From *Him* to *You*. A film is *four* films at once. The film you *write*, the film you *shoot*, the film you *edit*, & the film *itself*. *Point-of-View*, or *POV*, is of *four* kinds too. First person, Second person, Third person, & *You*.

Cinematic bodies are glorious & martyred because they have been delivered over & held by the camera in so ambiguous a place between execution & representation, between *torture chamber & throne room*. They say that the camera adds ten pounds. You *focus* every so slightly more when on camera. They also say that soul weighs 21 grams. If various urban legends are to be believed, cameras capture the soul. At 24 frames a second, that's about half a kilo. The kino-zombie demands its pound of flesh. They did find *lapis filios forum*, the philosopher's stone. We now call it colloidal silver. Mostly used to treat wounds, as a germicide, & in photosensitive film. For what else is cinema if not transmutation?

I covered the glass with dark material, exposing a little part for the free entry of light. Thus I often wrote names & whole sentences on paper & carefully cut away the inked parts with a sharp knife. I struck the paper thus perforated on the glass with wax. It was not long before the sun's rays, where they hit the glass through the cut-out parts of the paper, wrote each word or sentence on the chalk so exactly & distinctly that many who were curious about the experiment but ignorant of its nature took occasion to attribute the thing to some sort of trick.

Montage emerged from trickery, from Méliès' parlor magic. *Glamour* is *Grammar*. Cinematic language abounds in opposition. The *negative* & *positive* are printmaking terms. Johann Schulze & Fox Talbot were looking for *scotophorous*, the *protector of darkness*, as opposed to *phosphorous*, the bringer of light, when they chanced upon the philosopher's stone. In *God's-Eye*, or *Byzantine Perspective*, objects farther away are larger, & closer objects are smaller. *God's-Eye* is striking in that the vanishing point is not within the picture plane. The Vanishing Point is *You*. For Man himself is, as it were, a Cube; for there are as it were, six boundaries to him; Upwards, Downwards, Forwards, Backwards, Right, & Left.

In the Slavic languages functionaries supplant their functions. The cameraman is an *operator*. The musician is a *muzyk*. The photographer is a *fotograf*. The *Apparatchik*, that minor bureaucrat of Soviet lore, is a person out of time; for the apparatchik is one who operates the *apararat*, the *apparatus*. It is he who causes things to *apparare e disappearare*, to *appear* & *disappear*. The aparatchik is self-effacing; while he conjures up appearances, he must disappear himself. The *Kurator* is at once curator & spy. The kurator is someone who takes care of things, & is someone who *will* take care of things. The kurator gets things done. *GTD*, or *Rei gerundae causa*, the very reason why Roman dictators were appointed.

The *adjacent possible* is a “kind of shadow future hovering on the edges of the present, a map of all the ways in which the present can reinvent itself”. The *Camera* is an adjacent possible to the *Eye*. *Cinema* is an adjacent possible to *Theater*. This adjacency led, successively, to TV, video, gaming, & VR. An autonomous agent is something that can both reproduce itself & do at least one thermodynamic work cycle. It turns out that this is true of all free-living cells, except weird special cases. They all do work cycles, just like the bacterium spinning its flagellum as it swims up the glucose gradient. The cells in your body are busy doing work cycles all the time. *The Goal of Brud is to replace Brud with Better Brud.*

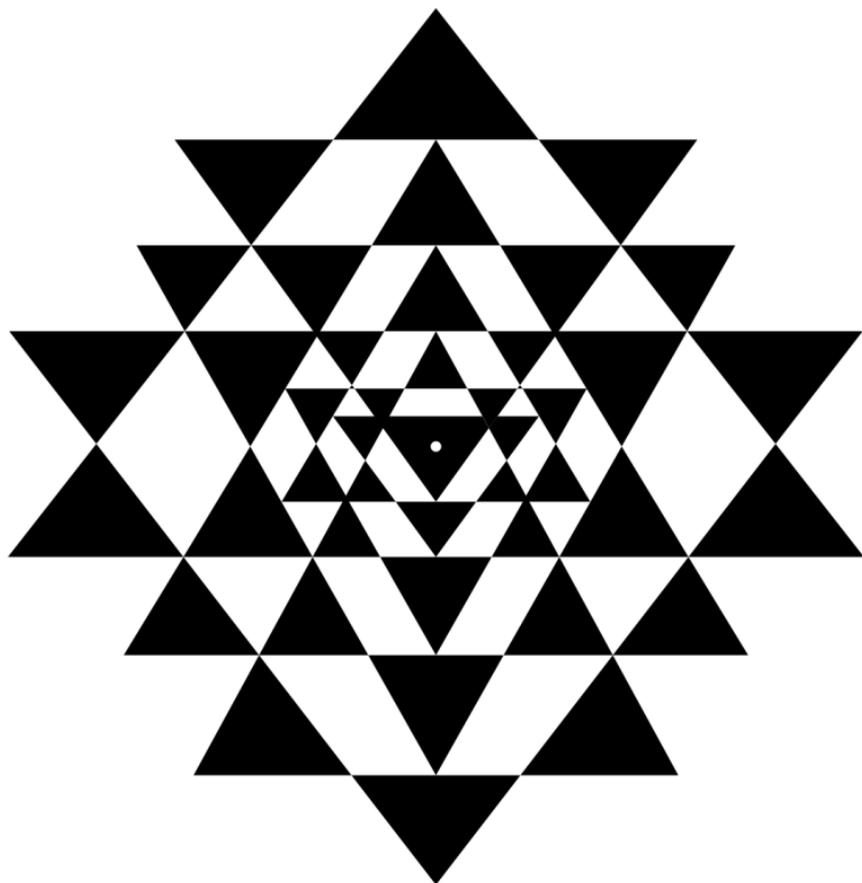
Brud numbers are small-world metrics for art. Like Erdos numbers in maths, Bacon numbers in cinema, Sabbath numbers in music, & Morphy numbers in chess, Brud numbers measure how closely connected to Brud you are by way of art. Brud has a Brud number of 0. Those who have worked directly with Brud have a Brud number of 1. If the lowest Brud number of an artist with whom X has appeared in any show, exhibition, artwork, action, or gesture is N, X has a Brud number of N+1. To lower your Brud number to 0, simply become Brud.

Sunday is the day of the Sun. Sunday is *Sun-Day*. Monday is the day of the Moon. Monday is *Moon-Day*. It then gets gnarly. Tuesday is *Mars* & Wednesday is *Mercury*. Thursday is *Jupiter*, Friday is *Venus*. Saturday is *Saturn*. We have now travelled to the outer rim of the galaxy. As seen by the Naked Eye. The cosmos is out of whack. We need a way back to Terra. We've been here before. The answer is a *Syzygy*, that mythical alignment of the heavenly bodies. Let's start at the beginning. *Sunday* remains Sun-Day. Mercury is up next. *Wednesday* follows Sunday. Then comes Venus. *Friday* comes next. We are now approaching the Earth. *Monday* is near. You get the picture.

SUN
 WED
 FR
 MON
 VEN
 THU
 SAT

BRUD

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