

**EXCERPTS FROM  
'PORTRAIT OF THE VJ'**

**Mark Amerika  
University of Colorado  
Department of Art and Art History**

'The essay is not merely the articulation of a thought, but of a thought as a point of departure for a committed existence.'

Vilém Flusser, 'Essays'

'In this sense "creative" writing is always improvisation - that's what makes it creative. The difference between this kind of writing and so-called non-creative writing is that in the former thinking is simultaneous with the moment of composition while the latter is largely a report of thinking that's already been done. Thinking in the moment of composition calls up faculties distinct from those that dominate more logical thought.'

Ronald Sukenick 'Narralogues'

## What a VJ is not:

- A VJ (video/visual jockey) is not an MTV personality.
- A VJ is not a net artist.
- A VJ is not a visual DJ.
- A VJ is not susceptible to computer crashes (i.e. believes in the power of positive thinking).

## What a VJ could be:

- A VJ could be a hyperimprovisational narrative artist who uses banks of quicktime movie clips to construct on-the-fly stories composed of images processed in asynchronous realtime and through various theoretical and performative filters
- A VJ could be a creative writer who manipulates matter and memory by composing live acts of *image écriture* repositioning the movie loop as the primary semantic unit of energy
- A VJ could be a Tech\*know\*mad whose fluid Life Style Practice captures consciousness in asynchronous realtime and is forever being remixed into One Ongoing Text Exactly
- A VJ could be a (h)activist provocateur who knowingly intervenes in the mainstream art, club and cinema culture and opens up new possibilities for hybridized art and entertainment events

# Ten Things You Can Say About VJ-ing Without Wondering If It's Necessarily True:

1. What You See Is What You Get
2. What You Get Is Simultaneously Cinematic and Pixilated
3. What You Transgress Is Video Art
4. What You Point Back To Is Video Art
5. What You Refrain From Repeating Is Video Art
6. What You Do Is Change The Way You See
7. What You Steer Clear Of Is Conceptual Art
8. What You Reinvent Is Beauty As A Subliminal Force In Consciousness
9. What You Create Is Always Hyperimprovisational
10. What You Avoid Is Theorizing Your Practice To Death

# The VJ As Artist-Researcher Burning It From Both Ends

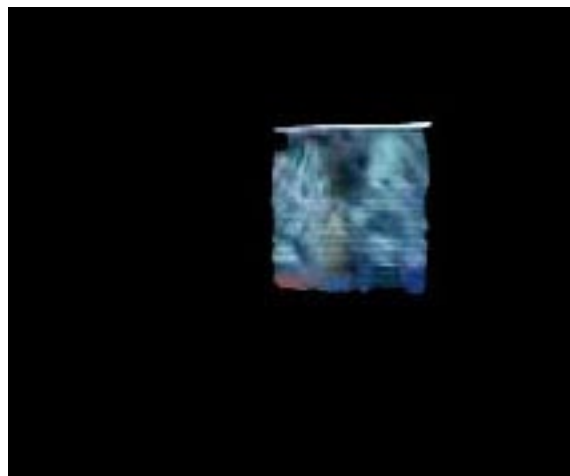
Allan Kaprow, in his 'Nontheatrical Performance' essay, makes an interesting case for the artist as researcher: '[...] suppose that performance artists were to adopt the emphasis of universities and think tanks on basic research. Performance would be conceived as inquiry. It would reflect the word's everyday meaning of performing a job or service and would relieve the artist of inspirational metaphors, such as creativity, that are tacitly associated with making art, and therefore theatre art.'

VJs intuitively know that, once engaged in a live, hyperimprovisational performance in front of a crowd of social networkers and party-goers, that there is more to VJ-ing than "being inspired." It's much more about collecting your source material, getting your technical gear set up right, and making sure the projection is adequate enough to convey your force-field of visual action. It's also about installing an emergent multi-media performance that will in some way alter the live, social network. In fact, VJ practice points back to the philosophy of Alfred North Whitehead, and his theory of process, and links it to various visual and literary artists of the post-WWII movements who began investigating themes such as energy, force, mass, light, and particle theory. In my own practice, I can even see a deep-rooted connection between what VJs do and what Abstract Expressionists, underground filmmakers, Fluxus performance artists, and most of the Dadaists were doing in their time. There's no escaping it: conscientious VJs use the methods of the artistic avant-garde as a model of pure research investigation into issues like how images "behave" and take on a life of their own. But this should come as no surprise for, as Kaprow says, 'the artist as researcher can begin to consider and act upon substantive questions about consciousness, communication, and culture without giving up membership in the profession of art.'

It's important for those of us who are straddling both the avant-pop VJ culture and the artist-researcher model (in my case as a Professor of Art and Art History at a major research university), to acknowledge the links to prior art, literature, and philosophical works that inform contemporary practice in the field. Of course, not every VJ will give a shit about the interrelationship between the process-based art and writing of Kaprow and the synaesthetic qualities of the live VJ performance as a kind of "theory-to-be," but the truth is that some VJs are now coming at the performance medium from a number of different perspectives, and oftentimes these perspectives are emerging from a hybridized practice that is at once influenced by experimental writing, video art, net art, electronica, film, fluxus-styled happenings,

and software art. And just as the particular backgrounds of the performers are usually of a hybridized nature, the spaces their work intervenes in varies. As new media art curator Annet Decker says in her essay *Synaesthetics in the Clubscene*, 'Most of today's VJs are not bothered to adhere to museum or gallery directors, they make their own art and show it directly to those who it is meant for.'

Having said that, many contemporary art openings and museum programs have DJ/VJ events as part of the experience, especially in Europe. The largest international new media festival in Germany, *transmediale*, has a club.transmediale component that is every bit as refreshing and eye opening as what you'll see hanging on the wall at any contemporary art gallery opening. Some observers, like Decker, fear that this close proximity to recognizable art contexts could lead to the following outcome: 'VJ gets institutionalized.' This is especially true if you view emergent art practices as value-pure and too easily commodified by the relentless, absorbing mechanism of the contemporary art world, but as a practicing VJ myself, I would suggest that the VJ, like all digital art personas, is born into a world where "to be or not to be" institutionalized is no longer a question. It's an *already-is* situation that the VJ, like any other lifestyle practitioner, can use to take a stance *from within*. There is no outside the system anymore, and if you're looking for certain proof of that hypothesis remember what it is you're reading right now, how you got here, and who is communicating to you. At the very least, *we are all in this together*, even if we role-play the "artist outlaw" living on the edge of forever. As Sukenick has said in his *Down and In: Life in the Underground*: '... a renewed underground would have the courage of its contradictions, knowing how to manage the impulse to succeed in terms of the commercial culture without betraying its deepest political and artistic convictions.' Whether you consider yourself an artist-VJ, a non-artist VJ, a Professor VJ, a visual wallpaper VJ, or any other kind of VJ, the key is to realize that your work, your Life Style Practice, is not outside of the system. You are in it and of it like everyone else, and this is what gives you the power to try and change what you don't like.



# Living and Playing [Performing Generative Acts of Image Écriture] in “Asynchronous Realtime”: The VJ On and Offline

We can now capture our active states of consciousness in asynchronous realtime.

By asynchronous realtime I mean a kind of ‘timeless time’ or state of perpetual jet-lag consciousness where the fad of Being fades into something like a blur-motion cinema of active perception, a distributed media fiction that like a chameleon re-configures itself to whatever shifts are taking place in the autopoietic world of the artificial intelligentsia.

\*

Q: Could you please try and unpack that last sentence, especially the idea of asynchronous realtime? I’m not sure I am able to follow your improvisational theory-to-be.

\*

A: OK, I’ll give it a try, but as usual, not to explain anything, and only within the context of a digital poetics that works around the margins of a play, in this case a theoretical play called *Cracking the Code of Meaning*, one that is always presenting itself as if it were in dress rehearsal, that is, hyperimprovisationally decharacterizing the formal arrangement of the discourse as a way to reveal the unreal, the thing that desperately wants to manifest itself on the blank white space of the interface we find ourselves subjected to.

**Asynchronous realtime** or ‘timeless time’ aka jet-lag consciousness = indicative of a formal investigation of complex *event processing* where the VJ artist becomes a multitude of flux identities nomadically circulating within the networked space of flows (both geo-physical networks and cyberspace networks) or: living in asyn-

chronous realtime oftentimes produces a feeling of being both avant-garde (ahead of one's time) and time-delayed (the stutter of media consciousness losing self-awareness) while simultaneously playing the role of a nomadic net artist hyperimprovisationally performing their multi-modal trance narratives 'across the wounded galaxies'

**Fad of Being** = the presence of being in the HERE and NOW is a contemporary fashion statement, but infusing that presence with a proactive agenda of distributing hyperimprovisational performances in asynchronous realtime creates an opportunity to start a completely new fad – for example, net art or “being a net artist” was at one time considered a fad that caught on not only within a distributed community of international artists using the Internet protocol, but eventually, and to the dismay of many, the institutionalized art world too (three words: absorb, absorb, absorb)

**Distributed media fiction** = what the nomadic digital artist becomes as they navigate their way through the networked space of flows in asynchronous realtime (sometimes the data they manipulate as they leave their digital traces or art works behind is misread or intentionally misinterpreted by an as of yet sanctioned or institutionalized new media art critic and this process of not getting all of the data across to this critic is occasionally referred to as “buffering” – note: suffering from bouts of periodic buffering has been known to create instability in the network, not to mention flame wars)

**Autopoietic** = a system that maintains its defining organization throughout a history of environmental perturbation and structural change and that regenerates its components in the course of its operation

**Artificial intelligentsia** = an internetworked intelligence that consists of all of the linked data being distributed in cyberspace at any given time, and that is powered by artistic and intellectual agents remixing the flow of contemporary thought

*[Author's Aside {or, at least what is left of the “author”; in this case the digital flux persona writing this improvisational poetics feels more like a theory-to-be, something always already in the process of becoming other while looping keywords from other instigators hacking the networked space of flows}: as you can tell, it takes very little encouragement from the flow-of-the-mo to get me cranking out the abstract language and syntactical gestures that are being remixed into this experimental composition. I am fully aware of the fact that much of what is being written here will be difficult for some to follow. First of all, there is no argument per se, or if there are arguments, they are somehow transposed to the fictional thrust of language itself and so are effectively hidden in code words and neologisms that may at times seem too 'composed'. There are certainly not near enough conventional grounding devices that a proper academic paper would give you, some might even claim a certain lack of professionalism given the tendency to sample bits of data from contemporary new media theory without properly citing*



*the supposed original source of the information, as if there could ever be an original source for the sampled data, not to mention a general bashing of art institutions, art history, and theory-production. And no, this is not a 60s flashback (although there are innumerable connections between VJ club culture today and the kind of happening and performance art that grew out of post-abstract expressionist tendencies in the late 50s and early 60s). Rather, it is a poetic tracing of the VJ phenomenon as experienced by one practitioner who has benefited from many years as both an underground figure in the art and literary worlds and is now a Professor in the academy.*

*And to loop Sukenick's source material in again, what I mean by underground artist is something along the lines of a maker of subversive art forms who is part of an internetworked D-I-Y scene that has 'the courage of its contradictions, knowing how to manage the impulse to succeed in terms of the commercial culture without betraying its deepest political and artistic convictions.'*

*Perhaps the best way to achieve this is to royally screw language and thought as best you can. Steve Shaviro, in the section 'William Burroughs' from his book Doom Patrols, writes:*

*'Language does not represent the world: it intervenes in the world, invades the world, appropriates the world.'*

*With this in mind, one might say that it is the task of the VJ to obliterate language. Could VJ performance be conceived as a new form of obliteration?*

*Shaviro again: 'Let us stylize, enhance, and accelerate the processes of viral replication: for thereby we increase the probability of mutation.'*

*Now let's sample and remix that with this gem from Allen Ginsberg: 'Whatever really great poetry I wrote, like Howl or Kaddish, I was actually able to chant, and use my whole body, whereas in lesser poetry, I wasn't, I was talking...'*

*What I get out of that, in an intuitive flash that makes writing easy, is this: 'let's accelerate the stylized processing of poetry by mutating our whole bodies in viral chant.' In other words: it's time to walk the walk, not just talk the talk. To PLAY THE WORK as 'a hard hysterical structure' creating 'a collage of the simultaneous data of the actual sensory situation...' (these samples are also from Ginsberg, in reference to his poem 'Wichita Vortex Sutra').*

*According to Ginsberg's Beat comrade, Jack Kerouac, this full body chant that accelerates the act of processing information is more about creating a 'deep form...the way the consciousness really digs everything that happens...' You don't have to be a beatnik or a peacenik or a net artnik to see where this is going.*

*Hard, deep, collage, data, form, consciousness...*

*Or as the band The Who asks: WHO ARE YOU?]*

## **What A VJ Could Mean In The Context of This Essay:**

- Visual Junky
- Very Joycean
- Video Juvenator
- Vagabond Jokester
- Virtual Jew
- Verbal Joust

(all of the above are made up phrases using a Vest-Pocket source book with 50,000 words divided and spelled, but only when a V or J word really resonated with my own pseudo-autobiographical dilemma did I decide to improvisationally mix it into the ongoing *langue flow*...)

**'It's the source material,  
stupid...'**

As with many other experimental life and art practices, much of the difference between one particular VJ practice and another can be summed up in a single word: style. I have written in other places about what I term "life style practice" but for now I would like to focus more on style and look at how it plays a role in defining a VJ practice. For me, my VJ style has very little to do with technology, almost nothing to do with art per se, and everything to do with source material. Not just the source

material itself, but how I get it (capture it), where I go to look for it (nomadic wandering), how it relates to what I have often perceived as a more risk-oriented investment strategy (the value of the experience itself), and why it seems to evolve around specific themes that have always been at the core of my hybridized art/life practice (particularly big issue themes like “feeling alien in status quo culture”, “sexing the Muse”, “tapping into the spiritual unconscious”, “spontaneously generating an on-the-fly narrative remix of who it is I am while blurring the boundaries between autobiography, memoir, fiction, and performative role-playing”, etc.).

My approach to capturing source material in diverse locations all around the world stems from the fact that I have always lusted – you might call it *wanderlusted* – after the experiential highs that I know a risk-oriented lifestyle can produce. As a bicycle courier in New York City in the mid-Eighties, I was forever challenged by the street itself to see how fast I could go, and how many traffic rules I could break, without killing myself. The adrenaline rush of speeding through the streets of New York City in all weather conditions, conditioned both my body and my mind so that I was soon calling myself a “freelance courier artist” and, given the “deconstructive” trends of the day (for example, Derrida’s *Envois* which I read at the New York Public Library in between various courier deliveries and, as has become a precondition for my all of my creative work, simultaneously fusing what I was reading into a strategy for living - for cultural survival in a rapidly ramped up technocapitalist system), I was all too willing to see my newfound occupation as one whose calling was to role-play a kind of post-pomo Hermes whose messages were to be found in the medium – in this case, *the artist as medium* – and that it didn’t really matter if the messages were delivered “on time” or if they were even “received” by the Other who was supposed to get them. As John Cage might have said, the rule was to have no rule, the plan was to have no plan. To me, the important thing was to annihilate the important thing. This meant losing my creative self in white hot flashes of chemical decomposition which was easy to do when you were cycling at 30 miles per hour tailgating a rude taxi driver who wanted nothing more than to see you crash and burn so that he didn’t have to worry about you slowing down his own Big Mo.

The lessons from these “freelance courier artist” experiences were numerous but a few of them, especially in retrospect, as a newly conceptualized nomadic net artist and roving VJ performer, come to mind:

- the artist is the medium is the message
- calculated risk is essential to experiential growth
- nimble movement, i.e. “quick witted” psychogeographical drifting through the urban landscape, splitsecond decision-making, and a proactively engaged artist’s

intuition, can both save your life and produce unexpected results that can positively alter your behavior (and in positively altering your behavior, further assist you in developing a Life Style Practice funded by an abundance of experiential plusses that can later be reinvested in other forms of hyperimprovisational performance)

- the urban landscape is a psychosocial reservoir of untapped digital source material ready for immediate image-capture, appropriation, cut-up, remix, or interventionist acts of what I have previously called surf-sample-manipulate

By surf-sample-manipulate, I mean the performer is developing a style that surfs the media culture and samples whatever source material she needs for her own mythological undertaking and then manipulates that source material for whatever narratological needs she may have at any given time. For example, take this thing you're reading right now. It could just be me writing out my "artist poetics" in asynchronous realtime. What you see is what you get. I won't even look back and see what I write here until next week and even then I may decide to keep it as is just because it feels write (get it? "feels write" - as in: I'm feeling my way into writing and in "feeling write" am becoming something altogether different than I was when I was cruising down that last digressionary tract...).

But I may also revise it, especially since it's really nothing more than a transcription of a live interview I once gave a long time ago and have just now cut and pasted into the flow of ideas germinating here and feel it still needs some work [although re-reading it now in the proof stages, I am reminded that I must have revised these words at least 30 or 40 times before I gave the interview, and if I can't continually remix my thoughts here, then where? especially given the fact that there are now a multitude of digital versions scattered across the network where the rule of citation simply does not exist). True, it may break a lot of rules in the scholarly game of staying on message and maintaining academic legitimacy by way of proper footnoting and bibliographical referencing, but I like where it's going and feel it becoming more intimate. Not just with my own thinking, but with YOU. Yes, it's more self-reflexive and, for the reader who is not attuned to this sort of thing, it may seem totally off-subject if not a little too close for comfort. But I insist it's not off-subject. In fact, it's only *on subject*. In this case, the subject is

- the artist is the medium is the message
- calculated risk is essential to experiential growth
- nimble movement, i.e. "quick witted" psychogeographical drifting through the urban landscape, splitsecond decision-making, and a proactively engaged artist's intuition, can both save your life and produce unexpected results that can positively

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The part about

- the urban landscape is a psychosocial reservoir of untapped digital source material ready for immediate remix, appropriation, cut-up, or interventionist acts of what I have previously called surf-sample-manipulate

I sampled off the web and remixed for my own immediate needs.

The source was actually an interview with a colleague of mine, Paul Miller aka DJ Spooky. In the interview he's talking about John Cage and says

'I really feel like to me DJing itself these days is like an inheritance of these two guys like John Cage's notion of what he called the "imaginary landscape." It's where he recorded frequencies of an urban situation and put it to vinyl – back in 1939. That's one of the first turntable channelings, if you want to go like that.'

*If you want to go like that.*

Well, yes, sometimes I want to go like that, to do more than just get by (with or without tenure), and would prefer to not have to revise and adjust for the reader who cannot go like that. That would be like self-censorship or, worse, market censorship (editing with the idealised consumer in mind, especially an academically trained referee who supposedly knows what to look for when consuming properly written scholarly texts). I would rather just go with the flow and see what comes out, and then, if necessary, *overdetermine the premise of my argument* – which, it ends up, is not really much of an argument at all, but a hyperheterological flow, a transitional excess of nomadic net art writing hanging on the elliptical edge of a pseudo-autobiographical topos *always on the morph...*

A few seconds later, on the same website interview, Spooky says: 'So the metaphor's cool but the actual source material...but then again it's a postmodern situation, cut and paste as we go.'

The actual source material.

Where is it?

How can I download it?

Once I download it, do I own it?

Can the actual source material be actually owned?

No, not really.

What I mean is, as metaphor, the actual source material is cool. And I want it. I desire it. I search for it as any nomadic net artist or Wandering Jew might search for it. It's the source, and it's out there, and I know it. So now I want to search for it and make *the search process itself* my ultimate work of art. The consumer metaphor for the constant search for meaning is that "I Google it," and for me this means *I Google it to death, hard and deep and really digging consciousness*, tapping into the potentiality of what we used to call meaning-making but that may now be something as mundane as experiencing instant gratification. Although as my friend Greg Ulmer asks: what are the long-term effects of instant gratification?

The actual source material is out there for us to desire, and to even occasionally take hold of as we claw our way into the unforgiving technocapitalist system, so that we can then feed it back into our own consciousness and begin caressing it as a fleshy blob of information that we feel the need to shape into our own creative fringe-flow which we then assume we will eventually redistribute back into the matrix as some packet of *intelligentsia delecti*. This is what it takes to heuretically investigate one's emergent digital personas like a thousand recently invented plateaus, each one seamlessly stitched together with all of the others in some quicktime VR model that reconfigures the landscape of narrative thinking, so that it soon feels like a "concrecence of prehensions" ripping away at our hungry minds.

It's like that D.A. Pennebaker movie about Bob Dylan called DON'T LOOK BACK. Just keep generating more narrative mythology around the figure of the artist as a simultaneous and continuous fusion of performance and drift. Except in my case it's a series of pseudo-autobiographical becomings that get manifested as a cluster of interconnected digital narratives, net art sites, live VJ performances, metadata poetics, and even experimental seminars on the art of living. These pseudo-autobiographical becomings pour out of me as if my imagination were nothing but a roaring waterfall of memory, dream, writing, and narrative mythology. The gushing databanks of river-run multiplicity wet with its own desire desiring...

But there's another part of me that thinks it's no longer ABOUT anything anymore. How can this sudden hallucinatory turn of the spiritual unconscious be ABOUT anything? It just is, as if. This other part of me thinks that the heuretic investigation

into the actual source material is some kind of a game-for-itself, one that invites us to sample what we need so that we may make momentary sense of our nomadic existence as it shifts and pulsates in the digital flux. For the contemporary VJ, the actual source material is as essential as the air she breathes and the water she drinks. It is the actual *life* source material. These digital images and sounds that I am constantly playing with are supple and ready to blur and moan at my very touch. They are live-wire bio-images, made of bio-information, the kind that only comes after I have successfully manipulated them. I mean, who wants to play with dead things? Not me. *And yet, and yet...* so many dead things wanting to be played with - as if they would all of a sudden come back to life!

One thing that we can say for sure is that the VJ is always ready to at least CREATE more more, which is more than you can say about most people (with or without tenure). Creating more more is not very difficult given the bio-currency of her images which she can generate on the fly and continues to create even when she is away from the machine that she hyperimprovises with. Her algorithms are set to what she calls VAGABOND mode at which point it's only a matter of how many images she has stored in the databanks of her computer's memory so that *the machine itself* can generate all of the VJ action FOR her (she can go get a beer and watch it all from afar - or just scope the scene, looking for her next pleasure victim). These live images are her stock in trade and you can bet that she is heavily invested in them: where they were shot, who was with her when she shot them, what effects - if any - she applied while shooting, what effects she applied - if any - while editing them into short quicktime movie files, what effects - if any - she has programmed into her object-oriented patchwork quilt as an array of algorithmic possibilities. But whether she is doing the live mixing herself or has the VAGABOND mode working on autopilot, the important thing to know is that it's her STASH that she is sharing with you, and if you like what she has to share, then that's probably why you dig her so much. How many other people go out of their way to pass through your city and share their latest STASH with you?

In an interview on some VJ website about hot, young VJ chicks, she says that for her "it's all about an excess of vision in a world that's witnessing a rising thought deficit." But then she corrects herself and says "it's not ABOUT anything. It's just the see things no think make-do until it feels wrIte." And then she spells it out: "w-r-I-t-e."

She may not always know it, but the Experiential Mock-Up Language (XML) she keeps tagging her VJ sets with, are a crucial part of her practice. She now knows that the actual source material consists of all of the digital imaging she has lodged up inside the creaky nerve centers she circulates in.

"Time to smooth it out," she tells the audience over a live website chat.

“In what way?” asks one of the chat hosts.

“It’s interpersonal,” she says. “Inter-*subjective*. It’s about not losing my energy and power while still feeling deeply connected to those my body is networking with. VJ is just another word for virtual juice,” and then the screen lights up with the words

**[laughs like she’s calling up the demons deep inside her psyche]**

putting herself back in Third Person. Third Person phenomenological event generating on-the-fly remixes of the fictional states of mind she is always discharging while disappearing into the narrative flow.

Another question from the online chat crowd: “What comes to mind when I say the words **actual source material**?”

“There are too many to list,” she says, but since she is prone to lists, she gives the audience a spontaneous index of Things She Thinks of When She Thinks of the Term **Actual Source Material**:

- my life as a medium who transports experiential knowledge into visual remixes
- my memories of what it is I was doing when I captured my source material, mostly on digital video, and how that source material reflects both my-body-in-the-world as well as the-world-in-my-body (for example, what was I doing when I shot those video sequences in the Pinnacles in Western Australia, and when I was looking through the camera and saw my own alien shadow figure come to life as the sun came out from behind a big dark cloud, I couldn’t help but wonder: was that another part of me that I had never encountered before? and why did it feel like I was no longer on Planet Earth but an alien on Planet Oblivion – and how did this fictional “visitation” influence both what I ended up shooting in various desert location shoots thereafter as well as the movie loops I created for my sci-fi VJ performances six months later?)
- my memories of what I call the not-me, that pseudo-autobiographical flux identity I am constantly portraying while I improvise my life fiction in asynchronous realtime
- the memories of all of those that came before me and particularly those who I have had close contact with over the years and whose own visions of excess have influenced their energy exchange with me, knowing that I will proactively remix the



resonance of my encounters with them as part of what/how I filter my source material in whatever context I may have access to (and to in some way keep the spirit of their art work alive by conjuring up the resonance of their creative thoughts within the live VJ remix I am performing at any given time)

- what I see when I am looking at the world from behind my eyes
- what I see when I am looking at the world from behind my eyes and through my camera, especially when I am running experimental digital effects AS I look and record
- what I see when I am hallucinating new forms of life (bio-imagery), that is, when I use the heuritic process of inventing my own narrative mythology to create a body-brain-apparatus achievement
- everything that is changed in the interior movements of my perceptive and nerve centers, especially when I am running experimental digital effects on my video camera AS I look and record (and, because I don't know any better, use my entire body as a flexible tripod [bipod] to do a kind of hard, hysterical, wiggled-out, "I am one with Nature" spontaneous dance that causes the camera to no longer trust what it is seeing and thus overcompensate in its desire to autofocus on a world that is terminally unfocused)
- the urban landscape
- the desert landscape
- some inexact combination of the previous three that creates something like an "interior landscape" whose utopian premise is located in the space of flows where what's being conducted "feels write" - as in: I'm feeling my way into writing and in feeling am becoming something altogether different than I was when I was cruising down that last digressionary tract...

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