

Hardboiled city
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The Physics Room

Junktime

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The machine I'm writing this on is well below grade, and I'm not sure if I can even get it to save this work. It does weird things. It seems to toggle into overtyping mode by itself. That's the non-standard setting for where if you place the cursor mid-sentence it overwrites what is in front of text to the right you're doing you've just done and you start typing over yourself. It creates an unsettling feeling where you may notice it is very easy to forget what you before from insert to overtyping.

I recently **Bitcoined** the term **Junktime** as a retroactive manifesto and predictive critique. **Junktime** flows backwards reconfiguring the past.

You've probably noticed the strangeness of the dominant culture of today re-appropriating the language of creative work. And I think that it happened so seamlessly because the dream of a symbiosis of art, flexible work, creativity and collaboration has flowed backwards from our time as an endogenous fixed future to overwrite the poetry of the 20th Century Fox.

The city is **Junkspace** and as long as it stays that way we exist in **Junktime**. The true product of machines is **Junktime** and **Junkspace**. There is a **junkspacetime** continuum, and it is expanding. **Junktime** grows; from the originally quick load of the operating system, to a cloddish clean-up of cached undesirable folders within folders. **Supermarkets, Elevators, Escalators, Casinos, Cafes, Libraries, Cinemas, Lounges, Lawns, Motorways ... Junkspace. Loading, Installing, Updating, Restarting, Connecting, Validating, Searching... Junktime.**

Or infrastructure space, if you like. I think that the logic of infrastructure is opposed to the logic of the masterpiece. There is a false problem of art, when really they are decrying the loss of masterpiece logic. I live within view of an elevator with a revolving observation deck. It is not a building. Close to public transport and I am learning the fine art of grass clippings management. I certainly entertain the idea of a biodiverse backyard and not mowing the lawn. But my mother married a good Maori, which means that I make sure I mow my recently purchased gently sloping lawn with a well-researched 4-stroke sand cast alloy mowing and mulching walk-behind.

Derivatives are potentially more valuable than their original. You can say this because originality is a low barrier. It is harder, and much more useful to make a continuation. We know we are in Junkspacetime because the infrastructure is everywhere. Time spent with infrastructure is Junktime. Any car is more infrastructure than masterpiece, conforming much more to underlying standards than to originality. Automobiles are particularly great harbingers of Junktime. Like a vacuum within a vacuum they create roads ahead of them, flying paper legislature arriving in place just ahead to create a consistent logical ride.

You already know a lot about it. Junk in Dada was about timeliness, a contemporaneous use of the new. There wasn't that much junk around. Junk was exotic (Dada, in its use of European junk, always contained anti-colonialism). Junk at that time wasn't junk.

In Junktime junk is timeless, not contemporary. As Junktime proliferated contemporary art ceased, strangled, oxymoronicly fixed in this strange kind of in contemporaneousness. It is no longer possible to do what you are trying to do, for instance, to know in advance what you are trying to do. Intentionality travels through Junkspace retroactively. Once it is live, out there, in the Junkspace, you might be hit by the conditions of the work. At which stage, it is a funny gesture indeed to speak about intentions. But Junktimetravel is possible. Keep the dumb apps you're embarrassed to have downloaded, diskutil commands copy-pasted from forums, all executed with silent wishing.

There's an ATM flag, which means at least three things: Automatic Teller Machine, At The Moment and probably the lesser known, Asynchronous Transfer Mode. I'm not sure but I think the latter describes the former infrastructure ATM machines used once upon a time.

Like the spacetime continuum, the disruption of the fabric of Junkspacetime creates the junk. Under the right conditions, when the junk is dense enough it creates linkages between different Junkspacetime states. Is it more interesting if the hole in the Junkspacetime continuum is not like a u-shape as you may recognize from Wikipedia descriptions of wormholes, but more like kowhaiwhai patterns that weave undulating circuits of Junkspacetime.

Or at work, it is mostly Junktime. Lunch breaks where you can't really stop working. Time spent managerially is Junktime. "We need you to write, in your own words, what it is that you see as your responsibility." Sense of obligation is Junktime.

Warranties are pure Junktime, and should be purposely voided immediately. Buy it and do a teardown. Completely unpack it, take it apart, rebuild it. But of course the teardown is also Junktime.

Extended warranties are even more intense expressions of Junktime; they're the absolute worst, never pay for them. Not just because you are essentially paying to have fewer rights than you are already entitled to. But also, you are enabling the obfuscating of Junktime.

Answering email is Junktime. There are all these people who look, think and act like they are in the art world, but they just write emails. Just because you have sent the email doesn't mean that the job is done.

Junk is not trash. We know what to do with trash. But Junk hangs around. It promises something fixed. It forces us to imagine another use, and drags us toward its future.

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