



ISSUE ONE

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Hamsters are not present in New Zealand. In 2005 a hamster named Eric was smuggled into New Zealand in a sock. The rodent was discovered after the owner showed Eric to a local pet shop, telling staff he was a mouse that had lost his tail. When spoken to by Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry staff, she initially said she had a guinea pig named Hamster.¹

It all started in October, 2016 during a two-day writing workshop held at The Physics Room called Seen and Heard: Public Displays and Public Discourses. Its stated purpose, using mainstream media visual arts coverage as its point of departure, was to discuss the notion of public criticism drawing on recent media 'controversies' around public art in Ōtautahi, Christchurch, to pose questions regarding the value and role of arts coverage in non-specialist media in relation to more specialised formats.

On the second day, during a discussion on new publishing initiatives the proliferation of 'snackable content' amongst mainstream media platforms was brought up. 'Snackable content' is easily digestible, clickbait-esque material geared towards the mobile user. According to The Halo Group, "As attention spans decrease, consuming media in bite-sized pieces becomes more favorable."²

If you Google 'Snackable Content' you will find an image of a hamster munching on a Cheez-it. The Cheez-it is nearly the size of the hamster's head. It's very cute, but I have a horrible feeling that the Cheez-it is far more than a snack for that tiny rodent.

One of the workshop sessions (They See Me Trolling) drew on the methodology of the Wikipedia Edit-a-thon, and asked participants to create avatars and comment on a number of controversial art-related stories on stuff.co.nz and nzherald.co.nz. Rather than being passive subjects in this process, the workshop aimed to give agency to those targeted by the plethora of often knee-jerk, aggressive, anti-art comments. However, the consensus amongst workshop participants was that practitioners should not have to take on additional labour, and that organisations whose mandate is to develop critical discourse and audiences are more suitable advocates.

The United States Department of Agriculture reports indicate that 102,633 hamsters were used in

research, testing, teaching or experimentation in 2016, accounting for 13% of the Animal Welfare Act-covered animals used that year. Over half of the hamsters were used in painful procedures in 2016, with 32% being used in painful procedures for which pain-relieving drugs were not administered.³

HAMSTER, then, was conceived in order to explore some of the ways we could potentially puncture, or reshape, this system—and its attendant form(s) of reality—side by side. Our first three issues centre on the idea of a 'post-truth world' and hacking as a strategy or lens through which to test contemporary creative and cultural practices. We feel these hacking strategies provide a productive framework to use when considering the slippages between altruistic and selfish intent in relation to the politics and ethics of truth-telling.

The idea of a singular post-truth is indeed a straw man, which, throughout issue one, has been thoroughly set alight in the service of multifarious, multifaceted truths. As Cait Puatama Johnson writes in *Alternative facts and other spaces*,

... truth has always been a slippery word, a word that is often synonymous with the views of the dominant culture ... History is a succession of alternative facts ...⁴

Or as Quishile Charan writes

The seed that fruited uncertainty is the bigger colonial structures in which my ancestors and other people within India found themselves—the indoctrination of belief that to colonise, to disrupt and reshape, is a pure and holy quest.⁵

Or as Gabrielle Amodeo writes,

Memory is not our past, it is our present, and it is simultaneously lost and created with each act of remembering. Consider the implications on the concept of truth-telling: it can only ever be as unfixed as the memory it is attached to.⁶

We hope you find HAMSTER issue one more than a head-sized mouthful.

*Jamie Hanton
on behalf of the Editorial Group
(Hamish Petersen and Hope Wilson)*

1. "Smuggled hamster's owner disappears," NZPA, *The New Zealand Herald*, December 16, 2005, http://www.nzherald.co.nz/nz/news/article.cfm?c_id=1&objectid=10300120.

2. "Snackable Content: short, sweet, and extremely filling," The Halo Group, <http://thehalogroup.com/snackable-content-short-sweet-extremely-filling/>.

3. "Hamsters in research," NAVS, Advancing Science without harming animals, <https://www.navs.org/what-we-do/keep-you-informed/science-corner/animals-used-in-research/hamsters-in-research/#.WiiLFrT1Wi4>.

4. Cait Puatama Johnson, "Alternative facts and other spaces," *HAMSTER* 1 (December 2017): 25.

5. Quishile Charan, "Part I, Auckland 14th of September 2017 11:45am," *HAMSTER* 1 (December 2017): 22.

6. Gabrielle Amodeo, "Two Hundred and Thirty Words for Dishonesty, Part One," *HAMSTER* 1 (December 2017): 52-53.

Hello,

My name is Jesse Bowling but I guess you know that already. I'm writing this letter to you because I feel that this relationship is one-sided.

You're leaving me out to dry, there has been no reciprocal communication you don't engage with me at all, you never have!

It's been a slow decline into the pit I can't return from, since I was a teenager you've been in my life. You've followed me through the fibers from one local area network to the next, connecting with me against my will, you're taking what is mine, disrespecting me whilst I've been online.

Your glossy exterior a micro lens, you're the unknown that lies within, I hope you can see the emptiness, this emptiness within me, I will be staring, staring straight back at you, the void that you're within.

We have shared so many moments together.

Do you remember all those long hours we spent together, in the studio, in bed, on the couch and our eyes may have aligned?

I used to stare waiting for you to notice me, but it feels... so empty.

Our intimacy is above all, we share a new type of intimacy, one based on what ifs, one that is stolen, one that is gained, one that is surveilled. This is something not even you can escape, you have an intimate connection with me whether you liked it or not. This is one thing I have on you and it is my most important point.

Do you remember the first time you saw my genitals?

You know more about me than I have shared with anyone, ever, and ever will.

You can see it all,

My patterns and browsing my typing and photos, it is all before you, cache upon cache.

This is the crux of my life.

I don't even know if you're real or just a line of code.

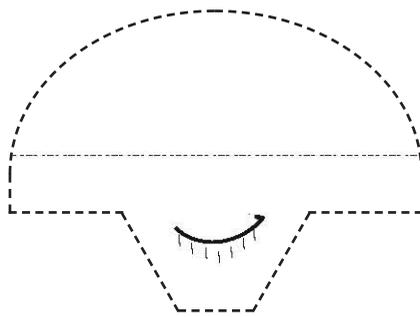
I'm sick of this, I never wanted to be in this relationship.

I guess I choose to believe in you, we choose to hold onto each other, as long as I think of you, you are there.

The truth is, I'm far from the truth, or the truth I'm led to believe, will you fill me in?

Yours truly,

Jesse Bowling



Instructions:

- 1. Break perforation**
- 2. Fold on dotted line**
- 3. Apply double sided tape (not included) to both halves**
- 4. Place over front-facing camera on laptop**
- 5. Throw away; believe you're being watched, think you're being watched, feed into this conspiracism of post truths, or use some masking tape**

Specifically designed for Apple Mac Book Pro, it may fit other devices. This product is not affiliated with Apple.

(-) V E I L L E D

Chris Holdaway

Not so long ago, under a sky the colour of TV static, you could have talked earnestly of dreams to plunge body & soul into arenas of streets & city lights stretching into distance—even disappearing around corners—rendered tactile by bright digital lattices. A gaudy social space where you could leave the old world to literally rub shoulders with folks once impossibly far away; such was the post-geopolitical imagination of *Neuromancer* (1984), *Tron* (1982), & the early Internet. But perhaps such a voyage is not what you need right now, as the United States Department of Homeland Security—an organisation ostensibly founded to combat international terrorism—turns its gaze inwards, sniffing at digital footprints of Black Lives Matter activists in the wake of Ferguson, MO.¹ In voicing that the epidemic killing of unarmed black civilians by a militarised police reveals how certain lives are plainly not considered significant, the clouds of surveillance close in & they become objects of disproportionate attention. Of course the trad monitoring of cellphone positions & connections, but also more baroque schemes like infiltration & entrapment with honeypot social media profiles; as if to take a cast of targets' selfies, favoured cat GIFs, & shared political satire as evidence. The United States Department of Justice has refused to acknowledge wrongdoing by the Drug Enforcement Agency spinning up a Facebook profile in the name of a woman in custody—with pictures from her seized phone—in order to reach suspects in a drug ring.² As if the true purpose of the digital forest was for the detective to go undercover, not for the civilian to go wandering freely. What is now the more familiar pole? Cyberpunk promises of an alternate world that became false nostalgia almost instantly? Already in 1984 William Gibson wondered whether the bulk of *Neuromancer's* audience might miss the poignancy of the *dead static* texture in the image opening both his novel & this essay—a forgotten time when TV channels would actually *end* for the day.³ Or is the techno-digital experience now so thoroughly co-opted by dominant power structures that its main purchase is to be just another tooth in the control society's

Cheshire cat grin? We may use it, but its chief purpose is for states & corporations to extend their management of our expression & consumption.



It has become possible to think mass surveillance as part of the environment, in a basic sense because, like the radically networked world it strives to be coextensive with, it is distributed & increasingly *everywhere* in many parts of the globe. Phones in our pockets, street cameras, government security agencies attaching themselves directly to upstream wires ... One need only speak of *data mining* to glimpse how collective digital activity has become a mineral deposit; a precious one when you consider how the current generation of corporations strategically depends upon it. The atmosphere of surveillance, subject to political barometric pressure, blows & settles like intermittently predictable weather on places & persons as *needed*. Ocean floors are criss-crossed by cable reefs, & near-endless telecommunications satellites strive to fuse into a new metallic layer of Earth's surface, not to mention the burning fossil fuels feeding the hardware.⁴ This is no endemic feature of the digital age, as all media technologies have always been abstractions of materials pulled from the Earth, such that the increasingly omnipresent yet disembodied feel of networked media—compared to, say, newspaper distribution—is a matter of degree, not kind. But this feeling itself has something to say about public imagination: how new representations are assumed often to be somehow completely virtual (see: *The Cloud*), as if the trembling acres of server warehouses in Silicon Valley full of precious metals mined in Africa, & the fibre-optic grid underpinning the Internet like mycelium, simply did not exist. The level to which our current media technologies are bluffed—however unwittingly—as being wholly without physical chains rivals our evasive concept of *Nature* itself. Here, it is significant that our main picture of what is innate to the world may be one of our most artificial; the epithet coming to name a state-of-affairs that is wherever we are *not*; something *over there* with no meaning of its own

1. George Joseph, "Feds Regularly Monitored Black Lives Matter Since Ferguson," *The Intercept*, July 24, 2015, accessed April 26, 2016, <https://theintercept.com/2015/07/24/documents-show-department-homeland-security-monitoring-black-lives-matter-since-ferguson/>.
2. "Justice Department settles case after DEA set up fake Facebook page in woman's name," Associated Press, *The Guardian*, January 20, 2015, accessed April 26, 2016, <https://www.theguardian.com/us-news/2015/jan/20/justice-department-woman-settlement-fake-facebook-page-dea>.
3. William Gibson, *Neuromancer* 20th Anniversary Edition (New York: ACE, 2004), vii.
4. Jussi Parikka, *A Geology of Media* (Minneapolis: Minnesota, 2015), 127–8.

until serving as the stage for our dramas that may first transform it into something real. Or, less poetically, it's a kind of wastebasket for any number of things I am perhaps vaguely cognizant of but would prefer not to think too much about. We are perturbed whenever this background intrudes on our foreground: "Nobody likes it when you mention the unconscious," says Timothy Morton of that uneasy feeling you get when dwelling too long on where your waste *really* goes.⁵ Much as I don't want to be reminded that landfills are in fact places on this Earth, or to take responsibility for the Texas-sized mire of plastic bubbling in the Pacific, I might prefer to tell myself the Internet really *is* better since no trees fall for paper, never mind the coal-fired powerplants keeping the lights on. The networked world becomes elementally *just so*,—inevitable even. The landscapes of surveillance in turn are mere aspects of technological environment,—made part of nature. Like a suddenly nauseating awareness that your waste does not in fact go anywhere; surveillance as reminder that the Internet does possess a corporeality in physical componentry that can be ensnared.



The light paradox of seeing our interconnective predicament as embodied yet ghostly is thrown into further relief by revisiting that primeval Internet dream: an adjacent realm of infinite & free information substituting for bodily experience. Here, the overwhelming glut of activity would render effective policing inconceivable, & those able to liberate themselves into this world could live forever without fear of reproach. But for all its aspirations as wholly other to erstwhile *meatspace*, we still wished upon this place familiar Cartesian dimensions & a physics of moving around, at least at first. The fantasy was a crucially spatial one, evoking a volume in m^3 & vast expanses into which you might disappear. In many ways there was nothing *virtual* about it, insofar as the founding desire was to become more real than the real world. But it has long become an outdated image to think of yourself as an integrated body moving about online, as phenomena such as *packet-switching* in network transmissions exhibit how a lump of data splits into many fragments that may take entirely

different paths to being patched up at the destination. It also turns out that, once tagged as a person of interest, tracking someone is remarkably easy. Eugene Thacker & Alex Galloway slightly paraphrased: "Either you are accounted for or you are accounted for."⁶ The Internet is far from the deep woods into which you can vanish like so much dark mist; it's trying to hide with a GPS locator slipped into your back pocket all along. But even this promises too much specificity of location. Like the well-known Panopticon's ambient gaze, there is no mystery about where surveillance comes from, insofar as it comes from everywhere. And of course, the most highly surveilled individuals—those held in perpetual detention centres without charge or trial, those *disappeared* into so-called *blacksites*, & subjects of extraordinary rendition—are nowhere.



Sousveillance could be seen as an attempt to graft some dimensionality onto this shadowy realm. Taking the French preposition *sous* (under/below) in opposition to the familiar *sur* (over/above), originator Steve Mann loosely defines *sousveillance* as a counterforce to surveillance: "watchful vigilance from underneath."⁷ The function is two-fold: to increase equality between surveiller & surveillee, & even to allow surveillee to surveil the surveiller. Incarnations are varied, but Mann divides his favoured examples across two categories: hierarchical *sousveillance*, e.g. "citizens photographing police, shoppers photographing shopkeepers, & taxicab passengers photographing cab drivers," & personal *sousveillance*, e.g. "human-centred recording of personal experience." The former is couched as a political strategy, while the latter is idealised in supposedly "apolitical lifesharing" that Mann himself engaged in by indiscriminately recording every waking moment of his life with wearable cameras in the 90s—far in advance of Google Glass or even the miniaturisation of digital cameras. Like so many organising principles conceived of as democratically bottom-up, the key is dynamism. Roles are not necessarily static, as a person on one side of a hierarchy at one time (a shopkeeper) may be on another side at a different time (customer at a store not their own). What's more, it surely takes



The Government Doesn't Want You to Know! Proof That The Proof Is In The Pudding, StayWoke



The secret truth to happiness that happy people will stop at nothing to keep the truth a secret!

5. Timothy Morton, *Ecology Without Nature* (Cambridge: Harvard, 2007), 1.
6. Alexander R. Galloway & Eugene Thacker, *The Exploit: A Theory of Networks* (Minneapolis: Minnesota, 2007), 126.
7. Steve Mann, "Sousveillance," 2002, <http://wearcam.org/sousveillance.htm>.
8. Vian Bakir, *Sousveillance, Media and Strategic Political Communication* (London: Bloomsbury, 2010), 57–61; c.f. Iraqi blogger Salam Pax, whose personal chronicles of the early second Gulf War quickly became political commentary, often disputing Western media accounts.

very little—perhaps even nothing—for once apolitical lifesharing to come into relation with some hierarchy.⁸ Sousveillance does not seek a world free from the threat of surveillance, but assumes that it will remain, & instead strives to become coextensive with it. Yet another indication of how environmental surveillance has become, that in a Jamesonian pessimism, its demise cannot be adequately imagined. Instead, rather than pervasive yet singular surveillance in blanket operation everywhere, a one-dimensional vector is devised along which sousveillance may push back in opposition, where the only additional question is which force has sufficient power to overrun the other. There is no truly lateral movement. Is this not functionally the same aspiration as producing such a blitz of information as to fly beyond dogmatic control? Mann's *Sousveillant Society* is hardly a utopian project, & even feels native to the state of dispirited nostalgia that panned out of the early Internet's idealism. The best outcome it can imagine is a cynical net-zero, where the practical effects of oppressive power are obviated by competition, rather than undergoing challenges to their existence as such. It's clearly a strategy of some potency, as law enforcement reacts violently to the documentation of its own violence, & legislatures even scramble to definitively outlaw the practice.⁹ But in technical parlance: there are known issues. The generalised state of civilians monitoring one another explicitly advocated by Mann has obvious consequences for any solidarity towards power. Consider the backlash against Google Glass, one of the first significantly consumer-available wearable computers, including a camera embedded in the spectacle frames. Wearers were designated as "glassholes," & were often subject to violence directed not primarily at their bodies, but at an attached object. Google Glass came to symbolise a consumer class that was willing if not eager to adopt new technologies at the expense of their fellow citizens' wellbeing. The implication is that, once *The Network* has been so thoroughly co-opted by institutional powers, any significant upscaling of personal surveillance capabilities within the same vector space as your peers is first a laterally divisive act, rather than a vertically subversive one. The effects of

the Panopticon remain thoroughly in play. Sousveillance is additionally vulnerable to being corrupted into direct surveillance, or at least warped to the benefit of the control structures they are supposed to hold to account. Journalists embedded within combat units stage a manufactured faux-sousveillance, a *veil of transparency* with which the military may perform as both hospitable & miserly towards facts. The *dashcams* installed in police vehicles ostensibly to hold officers accountable for their actions routinely suffer mutation, confinement, or amputation of footage, in order to corroborate a version of events desirable to a threatened law enforcement.



In his writings, Mann is aware of these pitfalls, but sees the project as having sufficient value on balance, offering "the technology of self-determination & mastery over our own destiny," should we all take up the mantle of sousveiller.¹⁰ These are the kinds of broad strokes we have come to expect from technocratic & transhumanist futurisms: a greater good that emotional connections to personal details prevent us from embracing. The developments expected here are somewhat more integrated than simply being able to pull out your phone to record a situation: some of Mann's original designs include a helmet with built-in camera (1980), & a device not unlike a dome-style security camera you'd normally see mounted on a ceiling worn around the neck as a cyberpunk pendant (1998). Ideally these devices are always on, ever-ready to capture an event for political expediency, but operating even in moments of calm. Sousveillance is thus not so much an act as a mode of being. We are implored to enhance not just our faculties of memory, but our juridical ability to testify as to how an incident unfolds. But absent of any greater reconfiguration of our current states of economic & social justice, it is obvious that not all will be in a position to furnish themselves accordingly, & even with widespread equipment, it is equally obvious that not all will simply be allowed the freedom to use it. Just as the Enlightenment quest for humanist universals is plagued by poor accountability to its inclusions & exclusions that are neither inevitable nor innocent, the transhumanist program of technologically enhancing the human machine



9. Steve Mann et. al., "Sousveillance: Inventing and Using Wearable Computing Devices for Data Collection in Surveillance Environments," *Surveillance & Society* (2003): 345; suggests a directly proportional relationship between amount of surveillance & level of objection to sousveillance.

10. Steve Mann, "Existential Technology", *Leonardo* (2003): 19.

is always burdened by a pathological need to decide which human traits are desirable or worthy of amplification. Transhumanism should thus be seen as an *intensification* of humanism rather than anything alternative, carrying all the baggage of the latter, & perhaps more.¹¹ At this juncture, we are reminded that the threat of surveillance is disproportionately levelled against populations who would similarly be denied the privileges of fully humanist standing. Thus, for *sousveillance* to be a viable strategy, it will be necessary to purge the #accelerationist teleology with which Mann originally endows it. As a potential clue, he sheds a few more kinds of *x-veillance*: *côteveillance* (coast), “people watching people, i.e. the specific aspect of *sousveillance* that pertains directly to peer-to-peer monitoring & recording of activities by another at the same level of social hierarchy”; *equivveillance*, “the equilibrium between surveillance and *sousveillance*”; and *perveillance*, “pervasive surveillance, typically attained through the use of pervasive or ubiquitous computing.”¹² We’ve already raised eyebrows at the first, & rather than providing new tools, the second expresses a relation between two already extant axes, while the third speaks only of the manner in which traditional surveillance is wielded. I want to pose a few more.

Contreveillance (against), the acquisition of complete & precise knowledge of immediately adjacent spacetime, down to every last elementary particle, in total violation of the Uncertainty Principle. *Dansveillance* (inside), vigilance from within, capturing both whistle blowing & medical cameras. *Entreveillance* (between), the result of cross-checking multiple procedures against one another. *Devantveillance* (in front of, outside), not your daddy’s precognition (see *avantveillance* à la *Minority Report*), but the kind of prophetic prediction that is self-defeating, in that if its warnings are obeyed, the state of affairs it describes will never eventuate.¹³ *Environveillance* (approximate), intentionally surveying a system far

beyond the scope & / or capabilities of the apparatus, or an apparatus that has no defined location; it is unclear which of these descriptions is the best approximation for this kind. *Pendantveillance* (during), monitoring another act of monitoring for a subset of the latter’s duration. *Horsveillance* (excluding), an operation that serves primarily to render the apparatus & its operators immune to any other act of monitoring, rather than putting the gathered information to use. *Saufveillance* (except), to acquire knowledge about anything except that which is observed; a self-locating uncertainty, that is, knowing everything there is to know about the universe except where you are in it.¹⁴ *Enversveillance* (towards), investigation performed out of complete insecurity as to how one should behave, or what one should do. *Se lonveillance* (according to), acquiring only the knowledge acquired by another act of monitoring, second hand, without use (or even possession) of any apparatus of one’s own, ideally carried out from high geosynchronous orbit.



What You Notice First In These Images Will Reveal A Deep Truth About You



Can social media networks do more to stop terror?

11. Cary Wolfe, *What is Posthumanism?* (Minneapolis: Minnesota, 2009), xiv–xv.

12. Steve Mann, “Sousveillance,” *Proceedings of ACM Mm04* (2004): 627.

13. Wendy Hui Kyong Chun, “Crisis, Crisis, Crisis; or, The Temporality of Networks” in *The Nonhuman Turn*, ed. Richard Grusin (Minneapolis: Minnesota, 2015), 160; c.f. climate change models that hope to persuade us into avoiding the future they describe.

14. Sean M. Carroll & Charles T. Sebens, “Many Worlds, the Born Rule, and Self-Locating Uncertainty,” *arXiv*, 2014, accessed April 26, 2016, <https://arxiv.org/abs/1405.7907>.

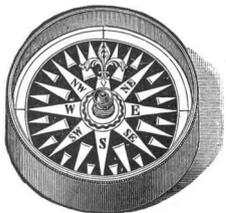


Fig.1



Fig.2

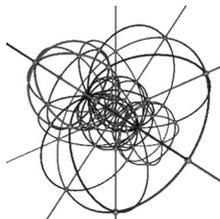


Fig.3

I first imagine this accumulative *toutveillance* (all) apparatus to be laid out like a multidimensional compass: a needle floating on a spike in the palm of your hand, set in a tumbling gyroscopic frame, unfolding as a set of points in four-dimensional space ... It points to the need for a pair of nonspecific *veilled* & *veillance* terms, so that we may truly speak of voyeurism on a generalised cosmic scale—that is to say both macro & micro—without presupposing the direction from whence it comes, or to where it is oriented. I anticipate bounteous confusion with the homophonic counterparts *veiled* & *valence*—themselves near antonyms in terms of denoting something obscured vs. being readily available & indeed this seems essential to success here; a means by which this cadre of ideas may find its way into our consciousness. But this is no resting place. As energising as such deterritorialisation thought experiments can be, they have become an easy habit of those who lust after a world of ideas in which the old structures, replaced by democratically bottom-up organisation, have no more purchase. We run the calamitous risk of such games becoming an end in themselves. Thacker & Galloway again: “We repeat: the mere presence of networks does not imply democracy or equality.”¹⁵ How could it ever be enough to assert that everything is diffuse & decentralised, when the metamorphosis from vertical hierarchy to horizontal network does not remove control & power as such, but simply gives rise to new kinds, native to the new structure? No matter how radically peer-to-peer the surface Internet seems, it is highly governed by protocols such as TCP/IP for data packet routing, or DNS for defining the landscape of www-style domain names.¹⁶ The tendency to uncritically valorise emergent organisation as inherently democratic makes us suddenly uneasy when we are reminded that this is the very way in which the *free market* supposedly forms, & so drives a significant amount of present inequality. That the *rhizome* appears the most suitable conceptual response to a schizophrenically globalised world should not be mistaken for deterritorialisation as an infallibly subversive tactic, let alone an ethics. We need to remember that

the proliferation of *toutveillance* was motivated not by a desire to add noise, but to challenge the *Sousveillance Society's* lurking identification with technocratic decree over which human traits we'll deem worthy to carry into the future. *Sousveillance* thus remained an idea about how characteristics of the vectors of information might be structured, whereas our procedure of diversification must also be deeply concerned with the content & kind of information that we'll be moving. If certain groups & persons are disproportionately *surveilled*, how might some be comparably more *veilled* than others? To keep alive that early *Web* dream of free self-realisation, we need to go beyond its original gambit of merely overwhelming volume. Ask not for your own weapons of surveillance, but a world in which even if institutional powers wanted to deploy surveillance tools, they would be good for nothing other than lyrical expressions of honesty.



The government phone tappers were tracking communists, but when they went to play back the recordings found they had actually produced an achingly beautiful radio play about overcoming an abusive childhood. The social networks were pooling data on user interests to sell to marketing departments, but when the packages arrived in the mail the corporations found they had been sent staggeringly intricate sculptures of clouds in which the water droplets appear to form in real time.



If we are to hope for truly ecological thought, we must own the moment when nature returns as an uncomfortably artificial material reality. So too, we must seize encounters with & determine for ourselves the specific effects of surveillance to recall that the radically networked & mediated world is not an inevitable & incontestable part of the environment, but a bed we have made.

Fig 1. *Mariner's Compass*. From: Edward R. Shaw, *Discoverers and Explorers*, New York: American Book Company, 1900.

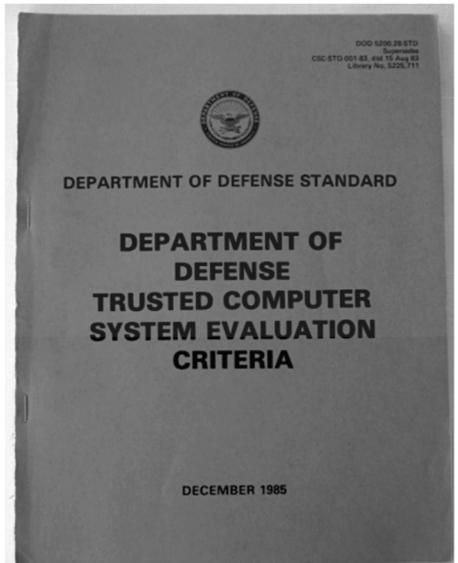
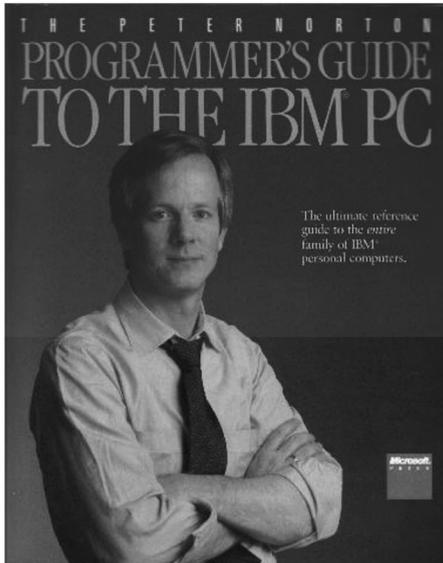
Fig 2. *Armillary Sphere*. From M. Blundeville, *Treatise of the first principles of Cosmography and especially of the Sphere*, 1636.

Fig 3. Claudio Rocchini, *Hypersphere parallel meridian and hypermeridian*. 2008, image / png, 320 x 425 pixels. Available from: Wikimedia Commons, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Hypersphere_coord.PNG.

15. Alexander R. Galloway & Eugene Thacker, *The Exploit: A Theory of Networks* (Minneapolis: Minnesota, 2007), 13.

16. Alexander R. Galloway, *Protocol: How Control Exists after Decentralization* (Cambridge: MIT, 2004).

Hack the Planet/ Death to the Demons Allegra Geller or H/P



RAZOR

Welcome to our show!

BLADE

Hack the Planet!

ALL BUT DADE

Hack the Planet!

RAZOR

For those late night hacks...

RAZOR

That's right, this IS a payphone.

RAZOR AND BLADE

(in unison)

Don't ask.

BLADE

As you can see, this is just a simple microcassette recorder. (shows the microcassette recorder) Hook it up to the phone and drop in five bucks in quarters.

RAZOR

Record the tones that the coins make. And hang up and get your money back!

BLADE

Jolt Cola! The soft drink of the elite hacker.

DADE

Who are these guys?

NIKON

That's Razor and Blade.

DADE

Razor and Blade.

Now Razor and Blade have a disconnected payphone in their studio.

BLADE

And never again have to pay for a service that would be dirt cheap...

RAZOR

...IF it weren't run by a bunch of profiteering gluttons!

BLADE

Remember, hacking is more than just a crime.

rs

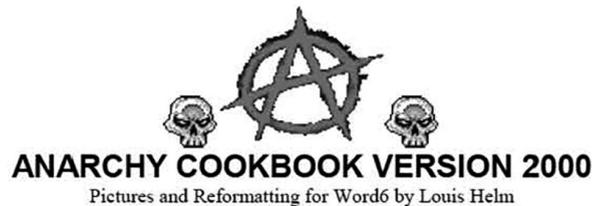
Hackers (1995) movie script - Screenplays for You

It's a survival trait!

68% of electronic books and journals that are available illegally are not available legally. I am for dissemination of knowledge for all. Keep those JSTOR passwords continuously flowing. If you are a current student or teacher offer to illegally download journals for friends and for strangers. Support Sci-Hub and it's ilk. Hack the Planet.

Phone Phreak: noun, 1 A Person who is obsessively interested in learning about, exploring, or playing with the telephone network. 2 A person who is interested in making free telephone calls.¹

"Steve [Jobs] and I were a team from that day on, he once said that Apple wouldn't have existed without the Blue Box, and I agree"²



95. Getting Money out of Pay Phones

by The Jolly Roger

I will now share with you my experiences with pay telephones. You will discover that it is possible to get money from a pay phone with a minimum of effort. Theory: Most pay phones use four wires for the transmission of data and codes to the central office. Two of them are used for voice (usually red and green), one is a ground, and the last is used with the others for the transmission of codes.

It is with this last wire that you will be working with. On the pay phone that I usually did this to, it was colored purple, but most likely will be another color. What you will do is simply find a pay phone which has exposed wires, such that one of them can be disconnected and connected at ease without fear of discovery. You will discover that it is usually a good idea to have some electrical tape along with you and some tool for cutting this tape. Through trial and error, you will disconnect one wire at a time starting with the wires different than green and red. You do want a dial tone during this operation. What you want to disconnect is the wire supplying the codes to the telephone company so that the pay phone will not get the 'busy' or 'hang-up' command. Leave this wire disconnected when you discover it. What will happen: Anytime that someone puts any amount of money into the pay phone, the deposit will not register with the phone company and it will be held in the 'temporary' chamber of the pay phone. Then, (a day later or so) you just come back to the phone, reconnect the wire, and click the hook a few times and the phone will dump it all out the chute. (What is happening is that the 'hang-up' code that the phone was not receiving due to the wire being disconnected suddenly gets the code and dumps its 'temporary' storage spot.) You can make a nice amount of money this way, but remember that a repairman will stop by every few times it is reported broken and repair it, so check it at least once a day. Enjoy and have fun.. Many phones I have done this to, and it works well with each..

You'll hear a click, then a computer voice will say, "Please deposit \$3.15" (The exact amount differs with the location and time of day.) Mutter, "Fuck you, AT&T..." to yourself, switch on your red box, hold the speaker of the red box up to the mouthpiece on the pay phone and start your coins. If you're using a tone dialer red box, hold the red box flush against the mouth piece while inserting your quarters. If you're using a tape recorder or other recording device, you'll have to experiment with the volume to make sure your "quarters" aren't distorted.

Pause for a split second in between each quarter because if you go too fast, you'll get a live operator wanting to know what the problem is. You are able to go 20 cents over the amount requested and that will be credited to your call and taken off the next time the recording comes on and asks you for money. No, there is no way to make real quarters come out of the coin slot by depositing too much money. After you've put in enough "money", the computerized voice will say in a cheerful, unsuspecting voice, "Thank you for using AT&T!" and your call is put through. Every few minutes the voice will come back and ask for more money.

Dominique Nicolau, nico 09/11/2017.

1. Phil Lapsey, *Exploding the Phone: The Untold Story of the Teenagers and Outlaws who Hacked Ma Bell*, (Grove Press, 2013), Audiobook, 01:01.

2. Steve Wozniak, "Foreword", in Phil Lapsey, *Exploding the Phone: The Untold Story of the Teenagers and Outlaws who Hacked Ma Bell*, (Grove Press, 2013), Audiobook, 03:57.

Images (left to right)

Peter Norton, *The Peter Norton Programmers Guide to the IBM PC*, (Microsoft Press, 1985).

Dominique Nicolau, nico, *Jolt outside Java corner of High, Lichfield and Manchester Streets, Christchurch New Zealand*, digital photo of 35mm print, 1993. Department of Defence Standard, *Trusted Computer System Evaluation Criteria*, (National Computer Security Centre, 1983).

Script

"Hackers", Rafael Moreu, accessed September 1, 2017, <https://sfy.ru/?script=hackers>, 32-34, 1995.

Screen Caps

Lewis Helm, comp, *Anarchy Cookbook Version 2000*, accessed June 25, 2016, https://thepiratebay.org/torrent/6340249/Anarchist_Cookbook_2000_Edition.pdf.

Jolly Rodger, "Getting Money out of Pay Phones, in *Anarchy Cookbook Version 2000*", accessed June 25, 2016, https://thepiratebay.org/torrent/6340249/Anarchist_Cookbook_2000_Edition.pdf.

"Phonelosers.org Dummies guide to Red Boxing", Phone Losers of America, accessed October 16, 2017, <http://www.phonelosers.org/redbox/>, 1992.

MARK ANTONY'S ACCOUNT: THE CLEOPATRA GAME

Evangeline Riddiford Graham

The handmaids are building
a game for Cleopatra.

*It's a rogue-like, says Iras,
who's never liked me. I go
to say that rogue-like sounds
about right, but then in
marches Charmian,
marshalling a taskforce
of second guesses.*

*Rogue-like, Antony, means
dungeons. Choices. The game
is a maze, and you navigate
in darkness.*

Occult shoulders bunched
about her, Iras at
the keyboard clatters louder
than a weaver at a loom.

*Recovery, she mutters,
that's good. Or, revival?*

Charmian grates my breastplate
with a keen acrylic nail—
no wonder she's not typing.

*The premise, says Charmian,
is that you start in the red.
From an inheritance of debts,
you have to buy back Egypt.*

*Your every alliance breeds
new enemies. Each enemy
requires a new alliance.*

*It's a hydra's game
of strategy—and you
must choose which creditors
to behead and which ones
to bed.*

*Sounds familiar, I say,
I think she'll like it.*

*It's high time we targeted
that gen-millennium market.
Iras curls her lip with
a soda stream whistle.
There's one more thing, says
Charmian.*

*She grins. You learn by starting
from scratch. You die, and
then you play the game again.
Permadeath. No apologies,
no second chances, Antony.
I give a Republican
chuckle of confidence,
and Iras pauses at her keys,
one ear to me. Just one question,
I whisper to her.*

*This game in which Cleopatra
dies and dies and lives to play
herself, this game with
enemies and dungeons
and debt...*

Am I in it?



HAMSTER
Original Content

Special:MyContributions

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia User:Spencer Hall

I was able to track the entire repositories of edits made on Wikipedia, collected from the Internet Protocol addresses of places with publicly accessible wi-fi.

Changes

Mitsubishi Montero Sport sudden unintended acceleration incident
29 BYTES ADDED, 1 YEAR AGO

-- See also

==See also==
*[[2009–11 Toyota vehicle recalls]]
Pepito S. Palmiano of Altech

==References==
-- Previous edit Next edit --

Anonymous user
124.157.113.140

Xpressway
1 BYTE ADDED, 11 MONTHS AGO

--References

[[Category:New Zealand record labels]]
[[Category:Alternative rock record labels]]
[[Category:Dunedin, Sound]]
[[Category:Record label discographies]]
[[Category:Port Chalmers]]

-- Previous edit Next edit --

Anonymous user
210.48.190.79

2 May 2017

02:53 **Saul Halpin**
+178 no edit summary

7 April 2017

07:46 **Anthony Hudson (football manager)**
+3,280 Update

6 April 2017

07:14 **User talk:NZ Footballs Conscience**
+585 Not assuming good faith: new section

07:13 **Anthony Hudson (football manager)**
-1,385 Undid revision 774090435 by NZ Footballs Conscience (talk) Not...

5 October 2016

22:18 **New Zealand Law Students' Association**
+223 Updated 2017 NZLSA Council

8 June 2016

23:27 **Recovery (metallurgy)**
+1 Definition

23:27 **Recovery (metallurgy)**
-1 Definition

15 May 2016

02:47 **Food dehydrator**
-20 readability

18 March 2017

22:44 **Joseph Parker (boxer)**
6 Early life: Ce

22:43 **Joseph Parker (boxer)**
-1 Early life: Grammatical error

6 March 2017

03:56 **Lateralization of brain function**
+19 Self-harm

6 October 2015

20:55 **Rangiora**
+47 Education

20:52 **Rangiora**
+289 Education

WIKIPEDIA

Changes

Fairy bread
16 BYTES ADDED, 1 MONTH AGO

no edit summary

|caption =
|alternate_name =
|country = [[Australia and New Zealand]]
|region =
|creator =

-- Previous edit Next edit --

Anonymous user
203.97.185.98

If recovery occurs during deformation (a situation that is common in high-temperature processing) then it is referred to as 'dynamic' while recovery that occurs after processing is termed 'static'. The principal difference is that during dynamic recovery, stored energy continues to be introduced even as it is decreased by the recovery process - resulting in a form of [[dynamic equilibrium]].

==Process==
-- Previous edit

Anonymous user
202.36.179.108

10 June 2016

09:36 **David Clark (New Zealand politician)**
-6 no edit summary

14 April 2015

04:53 **Maggie Barry**
+51 Adding ministerial portfolios

5 March 2015

08:03 **Critic (magazine)**
+1 Awards and nominations

08:03 **Critic (magazine)**
+137 Awards and nominations

08:00 **Critic (magazine)**
+12 no edit summary

17 February 2016

20:57 **Dominic Sandoval**
+4 Early life

04:25 **List of air forces**
-2 no edit summary

04:21 **List of air forces**
-45 no edit summary

04:20 **List of air forces**
-1 no edit summary

04:19 **List of air forces**
-34 no edit summary

04:15 **List of air forces**
-22 no edit summary

Changes

Dominic Sandoval
4 BYTES ADDED, 1 YEAR AGO

-- Early life

==Early life==
Sandoval was born in Roseville, California as **wegCalifornia**. When he was two, he was adopted by his step-father Conrad Pete Sandoval. Unfortunately, the documents were mixed up and he became Conrad Pete Dominic Sandoval. He legally changed it when he was 16, as he explains his YouTube video called "10 Things You Never Knew About Me." He began [[breakdancing]] at age 13 and has performed at [[NBA]] and [[WNBA]] games, as well as won the 2005 "Evolution 2" competition held in [[Orlando, Florida]] with his breaking

27 April 2017

23:08 **Burt Munro**
+396 Early life

2 October 2016

00:04 **Touch ID**
-9,288 I made it look nicer, and added the iPhone 7 and iPhone 7 Plus, and...

25 September 2016

00:28 **iPhone 5S**
-201 Updated as iPhone 5s is STILL on sale at the moment

14 August 2016

00:44 **IOS 10**
+169 Changed and updated a few new things and added information...

-- Early life

After the [[Second World War]], Munro and his wife divorced, and he subsequently gave up work to reside in a lock-up garage.<ref>{{cite web|url=http://www.tepapa.govt.nz/WhatsaBike, a Shed, and Burt Munro|publisher=tepapa.govt.nz|accessdate=July 2009}}</ref>

Burt Munro was a famous motor biker he lived in Invercargill in a shed but now in 2017 the shed does not stand its was burned after an indecent with an electric blanket from black power the best way to understand some of his life is to see worlds fastest Indian a great movie that should last for centuries. The address if you want to find the property is 8 lithgow st invercargill New Zealand

en.m.wikipedia.org

WIKIPEDIA

User contributions

203.97.152.137

22 March 2017

06:36 **Milford Track**
+251 I added the fastest known time

WIKIPEDIA

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John Luke (politician)
9 BYTES ADDED, 11 DAYS AGO

Added Jacobina Luke's first name

==Miscellanea==
* "Lukes Lane" in the [[Wellington CBD]] is named after the family business, Lukes' Foundry, which was sited there; years later, Sir John Pearce's sons set up Luke Bros foundry near Chaffers Street. Lukes' Foundry built New Zealand's first steel ship, and several lighthouses.
* Sir John Pearce and his wife, Lady Jacobina Luke, donated the decorative

Anonymous user
124.157.113.147

28 June 2016

03:35 **Ngongotaha AFC**
-1 First Team

03:35 **Ngongotaha AFC**
Representative Players

27 June 2016

23:46 **Ngongotaha AFC**
-54 no edit summary

23:27 **Ngongotaha AFC**
+16 no edit summary

23:00 **Ngongotaha AFC**
-10 no edit summary

23:00 **Ngongotaha AFC**

en.m.wikipedia.org

20 May 2016

06:38 **Marcus Turner**
-15 Music career: Correcting a sentence to past tense

4 February 2016

03:55 **Marcus Turner**
+155 no edit summary

03:36 **Marcus Turner**
+33 Marcus Turner died a couple of days ago.

29 September 2015

22:06 **Jim Kweskin**
+9 Discography

23 September 2008

12:39 **Satay**
+1 Origins

08:24 **Satay**
+147 Origins

30 July 2008

10:14 **New Zealand Law Society**
+18 no edit summary

10:12 **He Yong (Han dynasty)**
+50 no edit summary

2 June 2008

04:35 **Nazi concentration camps**
+31 Internees

en.m.wikipedia.org

WIKIPEDIA

User contributions

114.23.138.49

22 November 2016

22:53 **Niki Hastings-McFall**
+6 1 Noble Savage, 2 Dusky Maidens: Corrected typo (wrong artist's...

WIKIPEDIA

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Terms of Use • Privacy • Desktop

10 June 2012

01:34 **Papaver somniferum**
+653 Legality

6 September 2011

01:32 **Young ACT**
-3 no edit summary

24 August 2011

04:18 **Otago University Students' Association**
-27 Structure

13 August 2011

22:42 **Order of New Zealand**
+20 no edit summary

17 July 2011

en.m.wikipedia.org

16 November 2016

02:10 **Quattro Castella**
+5 no edit summary

23 April 2016

01:21 **E. H. Shepard**
3 Personal life

11 August 2015

03:26 **Shannon Francois**
-15 no edit summary

03:24 **Shannon Francois**
+23 I chnged "completing" to completed and added University o...

28 May 2013



Special:MyContributions

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia User:Spencer Hall

The public places I gathered these anonymous Wikipedia user contributions from include libraries, fast food restaurants, bars, service stations, cafes, an airport, universities and a hospital.

28 May 2013

12:27 **User:Trevor mein**
+245
Comeback, Crossfit and Rehabilitation

12:19 **User:Trevor mein**
+41
no edit summary

12:15 **User:Trevor mein**
+1,049
no edit summary

22 April 2013

22:09 **Flight Attendants and Related Services Association**
12
no edit summary

30 December 2012

01:10 **Moala Island**
63
spelling errors

During the press conference Chand stated the reasoning behind his decision to come out of retirement was to 'fulfil his dream' and 'have one final crack' of making the national team.

In preparation for his return to the field Chand hired highly regarded strength and conditioning coach and close friend Kipp Kostaz. Chand started training 1-2 times per day and was placed on a well balance diet consisting of fats and protein.

===Linwood RFC 2013===

Anonymous user
111.69.52.154

https://en.m.wikipedia.t

12:17 **Olivia (singer)**
+112
no edit summary

12:06 **Jim Bolger**
+4
no edit summary

11:58 **Jim Bolger**
+203
no edit summary

11:54 **User talk:202.36.179.100**
-6,543
- Replaced content with "=="
Welcome! =="

11:48 **Jim Bolger**
+33
no edit summary

8 October 2015

04:01 **Metiria Turei**
2005–2008

7 October 2015

08:40 **West Coast, New Zealand**
+21
Flora and fauna

1 October 2015

08:03 **Omi (singer)**
+10
Fixed typo

29 September 2015

19:56 **Abortion debate**
+367
Sexual emancipation and equality

19:50 **Abortion debate**
+281
Arguments for abortion rights

21:53 **List of Redwall characters**
+888
Characters in Doornwyte

21:33 **List of Redwall characters**
+58
Gorath the Flame

21:25 **List of Redwall characters**
+158
Gorath the Flame

21:19 **List of Redwall characters**
-2
Berussca

21:17 **List of Redwall characters**
+81
Florian Dugglewoof Wilffachop

05:03 **Jam Science**
+4
Additional musicians: Added link for Luc van Acker

Wolves]] and is associated with [[Turkish nationalism]].

* Hand Plateau is the extending of an open hand with an upturned palm to indicate an item or person. When swept horizontally it can signify an entire area or collection of one's [[wares|Hawker (trade) wares]]. It is considered more polite than a pointed finger.

* [[Handshake]] is a [[greeting]] ritual in which two people grasp each other's hands and may move their grasped hands up and down.

* [[High five]] is a celebratory ritual in which two people simultaneously raise one hand and then slap these hands together

Anonymous user
121.72.205.137

16 September 2015

06:43 **Answers in Genesis**
+30
Scientific community

15 September 2015

23:46 **Pelorus Jack**
+1
American spelling, Honor to honour.

14 September 2015

23:30 **Eeram**
-1
Soundtrack

11 September 2015

04:41 **City of Bradford**
+2
no edit summary

04:40 **Leicester**

10 September 2015

23:47 **Christian right**
+44
LGBT rights

04:12 **Leicester**
+1
no edit summary

7 September 2015

03:22 **Roger Tuivasa-Sheek**
+3
no edit summary

03:20 **Roger Tuivasa-Sheek**
+32
no edit summary

03:18 **Roger Tuivasa-Sheek**
-14
no edit summary

03:17 **Roger Tuivasa-Sheek**

https://en.m.wikipedia.t

04:35 **Religion in South Africa**
+261
no edit summary

13 March 2017

02:42 **List of Ambassadors of New Zealand**
+102
no edit summary

4 November 2015

01:56 **Steven Yeun**
+9
Television

28 October 2015

05:11 **Islamic poetry**
-29
Islamic poetry in different languages

07:21 **Clyde, New Zealand**
-31
Notable people born here

06:56 **Clyde, New Zealand**
+4
Notable people born here

06:56 **Clyde, New Zealand**
+2
Notable people born here

06:55 **Clyde, New Zealand**
+17
no edit summary

04:03 **Clyde, New Zealand**
+2
Notable people born here

03:53 **Clyde, New Zealand**
+37
Notable people born here

00:18 **Omoto locomotive dump**
+79
Locomotives dumped at Omoto

00:15 **Branxholme locomotive dump**
+5
Locomotives dumped at Branxholme

00:14 **Branxholme locomotive dump**
+82
Initial locomotive salvage

00:10 **Branxholme locomotive dump**
-45
Locomotives dumped at Branxholme

25 February 2015

21:20 **Big Hero 6 (film)**
+154
Voice cast

21:12 **Disneyland Railroad (Paris)**

23:46 **3801**
+29
NSW Rail Transport Museum

23:45 **3801**
+19
Transport Heritage NSW

23:39 **The General (1926 film)**
+14
Production

08:51 **Peter Avanzino**
no edit summary

08:49 **Planet Express Ship**
+2
Modifications

06:36 **Of Pandas and People**
-733
Edited a sentence which had stated that the intelligent design...

====Home made====

A nebulizer can be made at home with a sealed bottle that can be safely pumped to a moderately high air pressure. A [?] plug is made by drilling a hole through a cork and inserting a ball inflating needle connected to a bicycle pump. A small amount of volatile liquid, such as alcohol, is placed in the bottle and the cork and bicycle pump apparatus is used to increase the pressure in the bottle. When the cork is removed, the rapid change in air pressure will vaporize the liquid.<ref>https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zs2CjmOvqSA</ref> The same effect can be achieved using less volatile substances such as

Anonymous user
202.36.179.100

Heterozius
42 BYTES ADDED, 2 YEARS AGO

Grammar

}}

""Heterozius rotundifrons"", or "big hand crab", is a [[species]] of [[crab]] of the [[family (biology)|family]] [[Bellidiidae]], [[endemic (ecology)|endemic]] to [[New Zealand]]. The [[carapace]] width is up to {{convert|25|mm|in|0}}. You know what they say about large hands.

==References==

Anonymous user
202.36.179.100

Changes

... Previous edit Next edit ...

List of power trios
24 BYTES ADDED, 2 YEARS AGO

no edit summary

* [[Pepper (band)|Pepper]]

* [[Paramore]]

* [[The Powerpuff Girls]]

==Q==

* [[Qui (band)|Qui]]

Anonymous user
202.36.179.100

23 October 2015

12:56 **Numbugga, New South Wales**
+25
no edit summary

12:55 **Numbugga, New South Wales**
-1,184
Updated to show the true meaning of the word numbugga.

21 October 2015

09:03 **Geometric distribution**
+1
Assumptions: When is the geometric distribution an...

18 October 2015

19:50 **Clyde, New Zealand**
-4
Notable people born here

19:48 **Clyde, New Zealand**
+57
Notable people born here

09:33 **Persian Gulf naming dispute**
-3
no edit summary

09:32 **Persian Gulf naming dispute**
-2
no edit summary

09:27 **Gulf Cooperation Council**
-9
no edit summary

06:40 **Gulf Cooperation Council**
-3
Founding

06:39 **Gulf Cooperation Council**
-3
no edit summary

04:20 **Low-budget film**
-2
Notable low-budget films

https://en.m.wikipedia.t

17 October 2015

22:55 **Chaim Rumkowski**
+1
Ghetto history prior to the "Final Solution"

11 October 2015

14:54 **Ashes by Now**
+120
no edit summary

12:27 **Male privilege**
-299
Undid revision 685192614 by 202.36.179.100 (talk)

12:26 **Male privilege**
+299
changed the lede to summarise the article's content more...

19 September 2017

11:36 **Entropy**
+70
no edit summary

11:33 **Entropy**
-1
no edit summary

17 September 2017

03:48 **The Bachelor New Zealand**
-5
Seasons

11 August 2017

03:54 **Participatory action research**
+108
no edit summary

9 August 2017

03:21 **Pescetarianism**
+186
List of notable pescetarians

07:20 **RF resonant cavity thruster**
-31
removed weasel words where tagged and read through the rest...

07:12 **RF resonant cavity thruster**
-11
Cannae drive: clarifying a very awkwardly worded sentence (an...

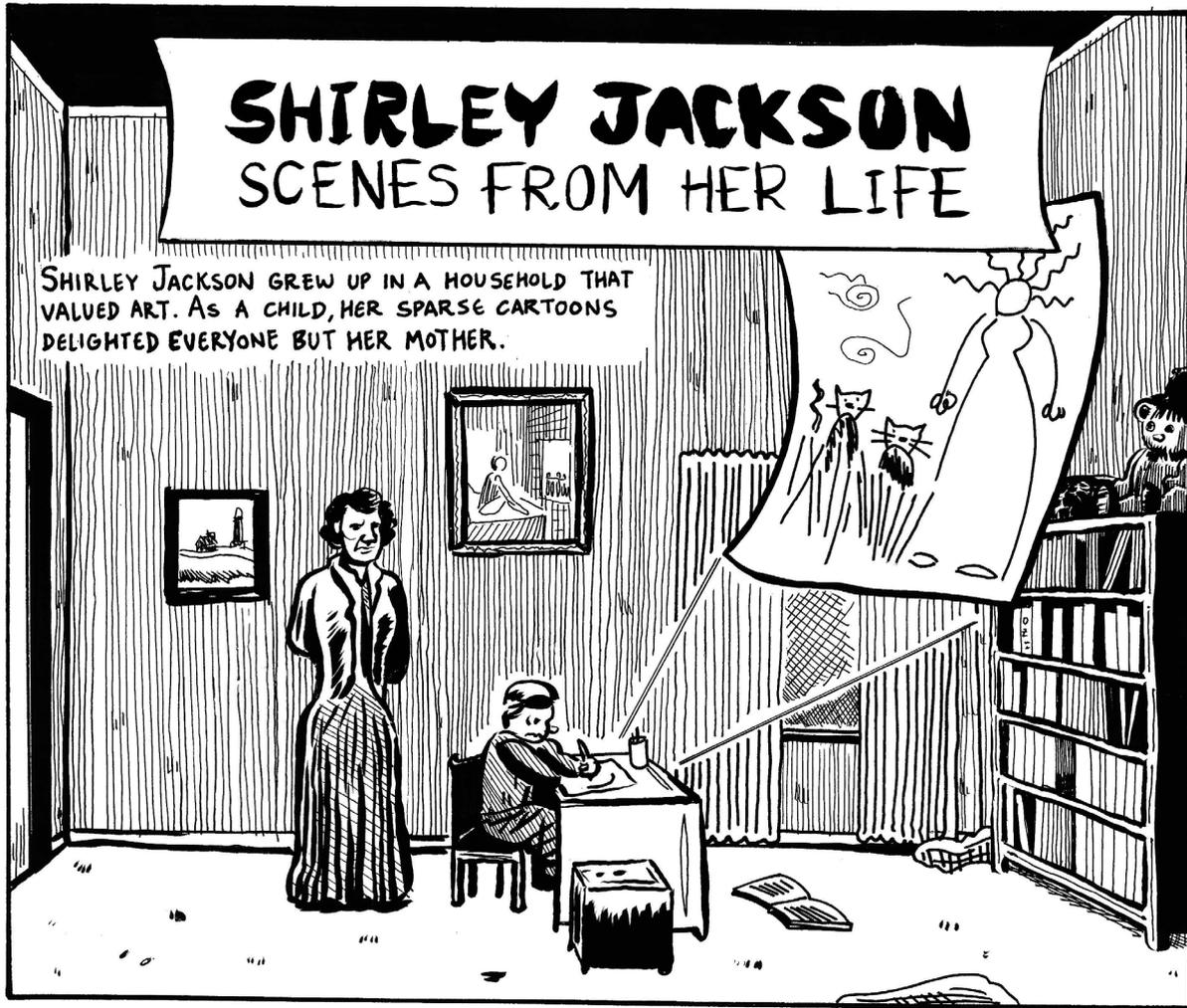
07:10 **RF resonant cavity thruster**
+1
Cannae drive: clarifying as requested

07:04 **RF resonant cavity thruster**
-11
Theory: cleaned up and joined first and second paragraphs

07:03 **RF resonant cavity thruster**
-36
Theory: What other devices? best to start with "These drives"

SHIRLEY JACKSON SCENES FROM HER LIFE

SHIRLEY JACKSON GREW UP IN A HOUSEHOLD THAT VALUED ART. AS A CHILD, HER SPARSE CARTOONS DELIGHTED EVERYONE BUT HER MOTHER.



IN TEENAGE PHOTOS, SHIRLEY APPEARS DRAB, LISTLESS - LACKING THE MAGIC SPARK OF LIFE.



AT ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY, SHIRLEY MEETS JEANOU, A FRENCH EXCHANGE STUDENT WHO INSPIRES SHIRLEY TO CAST ASIDE HER HIGH SCHOOL SOCIAL CIRCLE.



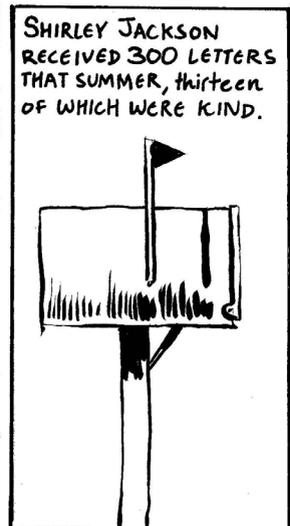
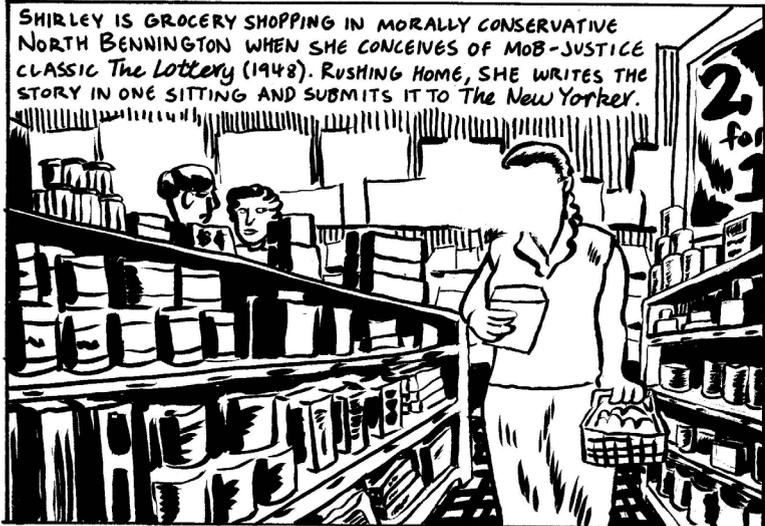
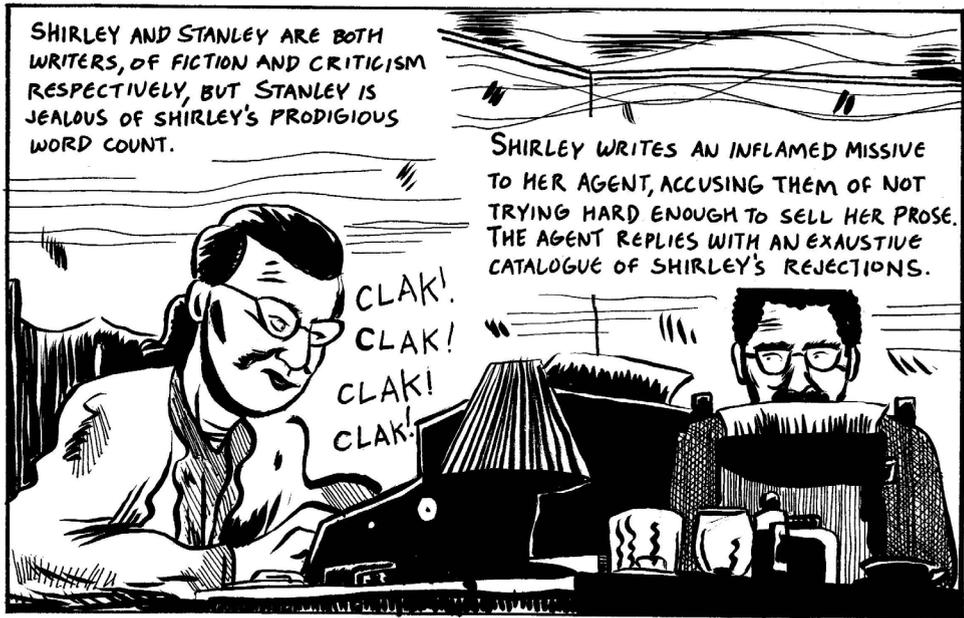
OF THIS PHOTO, CHILDHOOD FRIEND DOROTHY AILING SAID: [JEANOU] looks like shid... chew somebody up!

A SHORT STORY PUBLISHED IN THE CAMPUS LITERARY JOURNAL CATCHES STANLEY HYMAN'S EYE.

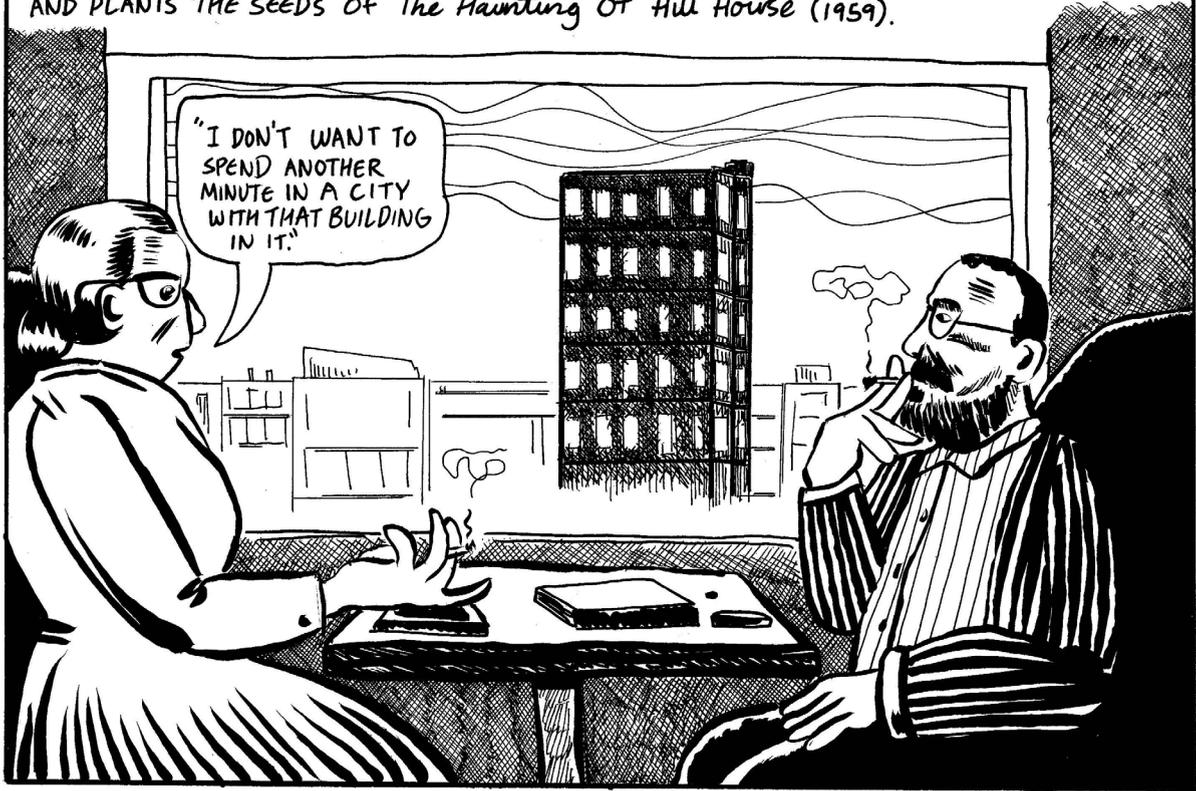


WHEN SHIRLEY'S W.A.S.P PARENTS ARRIVE HOME EARLY, THE JEWISH STANLEY JUMPS OFF THE BALCONY.

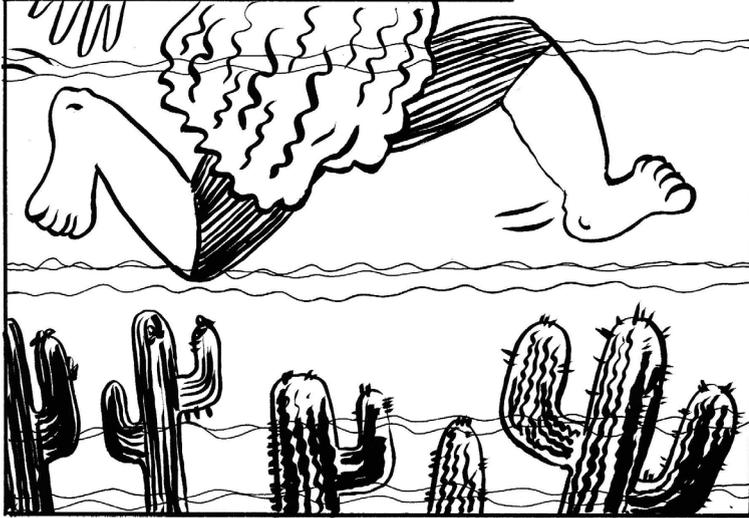




SHIRLEY AND STANLEY TRAVEL TO NEW YORK CITY FOR BUSINESS. ON THE TRAIN THERE, SHIRLEY IS STARTLED BY A GHOUL-BLACK TENEMENT BUILDING VISIBLE THROUGH THE WINDOW. THE BUILDING, WHICH SHE CANNOT FIND ONCE IN THE CITY, PLAGUES HER HOLIDAY AND PLANTS THE SEEDS OF *The Haunting of Hill House* (1959).



UPON COMPLETION OF *We Have Always Lived In The Castle* (1962), SHIRLEY LEAPS INTO THE NORTH BENNINGTON CACTUS PATCH.

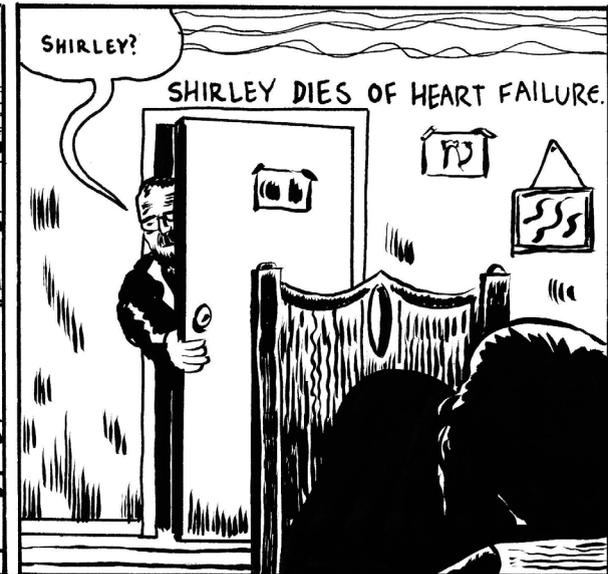


SHIRLEY BEGINS WORKING ON OZ INSPIRED *The Land Of Far*.



SHIRLEY?

SHIRLEY DIES OF HEART FAILURE.



DAD? THE PARAMEDICS ARE HERE.



Part I

Auckland, 14th of September 2017

11:45am

Quishile Charan

“Kaise hai raam raam fua ...”

“... raam raam beta, have you made it through customs?”

Sitting by duty free, fua’s voice calmed my nerves. This will be my longest trip and the farthest I’ve been from my family.

“... their Hindi is different, remember that you can’t use Fijian Hindi, people won’t understand, if you get stuck say your parents are from Delhi and you can’t speak much Hindi.”

Fua repeats Hindi to me, changing and shifting from our mother tongue. I cry silently and tell her I miss her. I hear her laugh and her warmth over the phone. Clasped inside my hand: two old photos inside a plastic ziplock bag: images of aaji wrapped in sari.

“Set beta, remember you will be fine, love you and I wish you all the best for this trip.”

Sitting at the boarding gate, I saw an aaji (or perhaps a naani) crying softly to herself, dressed in a red and gold kurta, gently enwrapped in sorrow. Moving towards her, she turned her head and smiled at me through her tears. Placing myself in the empty seat next to her, I asked,

“Are you okay?”
she shakes her head, “nahi, nahi.”

Between the Gujarati she knew and my Fijian Hindi we found moments to talk, with bits of English we conversed in broken dialects whilst holding hands in an airport lounge. She was leaving a daughter behind with a newborn baby. I was returning to my ancestors’ motherland for the first time ...



To cross the kalapani the girmitiyas once travelled three months from Calcutta to Fiji, leaving their birthplace behind, soon to birth a new generation. The connection to Mother India was severed the day my ancestors left ... or maybe it was a continuation, an unbalancing that was inevitable in the expansion of the ‘colonial’ body. They told us we could, and should, call Indentured Labour migration. Yet this positioning indicates a semblance of choice—what choice is really left under empire? The ‘push and pull factors’ remain a product of destruction in the pursuit of British expansion; the girmitiyas but a building block. Labourers were said to be kidnapped, some lied to, and others coming of their own accord. The imperial goal was to maintain a labour force by any means necessary.

My histories are precarious; I have lived a life embedded with distance. The beginning of the disconnection ingrained long before the departure of my ancestors. The seed that fruited uncertainty is the bigger colonial structure in which my ancestors and other people within India found themselves—the indoctrination of belief that to colonise, to uproot and reshape, is a pure and holy quest. It has now been five generations, 138 years. In the time since the first ancestors of girmitiyas were transported to Fiji, something insidious has buried itself in the peripheral. Indo-Fijian academics have labelled it ‘the veil of shame’, a colonial mechanism that has distanced Indo-Fijians from our histories and maintained silence across generations in relation to their experiences of Indentured Labour.

My aaji and her generation hold the last living memories of the girmitiyas, as it was their grandparents who came from India to Viti. In my name specific memories are stored, reminders of past lives and ancestors who fought for their freedom. CHARAN, god's feet. Aaji tells me it comes from the days of girmitiyas. According to a Google search there are more Charans living outside of India than within it. Despite this seeming exodus, Charans seem to populate the area of Northern India and in the state of Bihar there is a village bearing the same name. Do these other Charans know of indenture? Do they bear a conscious connection to it? Before I left for India, aaji asked me to show people my name,

“... maybe someone knows of us, heard of family that may be alive, tell them, I'm Quishile Charan', ask people about us.”

The promise to find our ancestors' villages is wrapped up in memory—what is left in the conscious mind of adults who would've spoken of girmitiyas as children, or overhead their grandparents speak of life in the coolie lines. Names foregone that held ancestors and family histories encompassing hundreds of years of shared lives within their communities. Surnames were colonial constructs; sliced, stripped of past lives. One name was turned into two when names were deemed too long. I've only met two Fijian elders who still hold one name, both from Ba.

“You are unlikely to find a Charan you are related to. Is there a Gimit name you can take to find an immigration pass?”

Aaji has said that our last name was split. We don't know where the other half started to fade from memory. When did the missing part of the name leave my family's tongue? Did the unspoken change arise from a disassociation of a past that was labeled dishonourable? A past that was fueled on exploitation

by enforcing the degradation of humans as mere tools, as labourers. Silence filled the gaps of knowing.

I cannot assure myself or others of the exact location my ancestors called home or to what village they belonged. There are deep fractures in collective knowledge. The displacement from the ancestral villages existed long before the beginning of indenture. My ancestors may have been recruited on roads to cities in search of hope. Could the recruiters sense it, see it, or were these roads known to be the places of mass movement for livelihood, for survival. Did they smile as they walked our ancestors to the depo, “chalo, chalo, my friend!” Mass famine, droughts, colonial industrialism, all building up over time leading to the ports of Kolkata, to the signing of the Gimit and an immigration pass.

Some have told me that my features are North-East Indian while others have laid claim to my identity as I pass for North Indian. Even when Fiji is mentioned it is a history only known to few. What can be pieced together has grown and formed itself through personal memory and family. We know that the majority of labourers the British sourced were from Uttar Pradesh and Bihar, but others came from various locations across India.

Snippets of North Indian heritage exist in unspoken spaces, through rituals, the Fijian Hindi we speak and the names that have lived before my birth and will live after my birth. The last time I asked someone in my family of where we came from, there was a pause, contemplation, an answer ...

“... North Indian.”

This is what was left behind: cracks, fragments of knowing. The girmitiyas used to long for their Mother India. They would sing of the Ramayana, of Ram leaving exile, rescuing Sita and returning home. Maybe slaying Raven became the representation of the end of indenture. Unlike Lord Rama and Sita, my ancestors never returned. To speak these things,

to cement these words in the physical is to begin an unravelling. After the forced silence, this is our control—to have the freedom to understand, to discover, to build on what we have. To grow through our ancestors and grow as Fijians of Indian descent.



While we waited to board, the aaji, with her new-found knowledge of my Fijian identity, tried to understand if my family lived in India or Fiji. With some time and rephrasing of my Fijian Hindi to broken bits of Hindi, she started to grasp my situation. The aaji looked at me, she told me she never knew of us and expressed excitement for the return to India I was yet to experience. I didn't know what to feel, I didn't know how to place myself. I asked the aaji if she knew of people with my name and showed her my passport. With no luck, it was time to board the plane.

The space between India and Fiji is roughly 12,178 kilometres. The first journey was taken by boat. My return journey is by plane. In between sleeping, my mind drifted to the giritiyas and their journey. I wondered if my ancestors had ever dreamt or believed that one day their descendants would return, this time not as Indians but as Indo-Fijians. Arriving in Bombay felt like a collapse, a breakdown of stories overheard and inherited. In the first few days, I walked past the Gateway of India. This was the door through which the British left, supposedly walking backwards onto their ships in order to watch their former colony not lay siege. That same day I met two people from Bihar, this was my first encounter with someone who could understand parts of my Fijian Hindi. The couple used the same words for family members as I did; we could understand each other to a point. Those familiar tones and words were the beginning of a feeling of connection.

Bombay's imperial mapping can be seen across the city's architecture: scattered forms of past buildings once made for colonial settlers and royalty, now repurposed. As the weeks pass, I come to learn of the Portuguese gifting Bombay as a dowry to King Charles II. I've been told that Charles rented Mumbai to the East India Company for ten pounds. This set in motion Britain's control over India and was the beginning of an idea; an idea eventuating into a system that would disperse approximately 1.4 million Indians, while simultaneously pillaging India. The distance merges, partly, in a shared history, connected by colonial trauma. I start to understand the circumstances, I can start to see my ancestors living here. I cannot tell you my history past a point, I cannot fully situate myself to this place as these things have been withheld. I am a part of a history I cannot fully comprehend or put to words. These things have existed in unspoken spaces, lifting themselves away from the silence slowly with each generation absorbing lost stories. These histories may exist predominantly outside of the written word but the giritiyas stories will never be forgotten. As time fades, the last living memories of India will also. We have grown from a disconnection and a connection that happened when my ancestors arrived in Fiji. I am thankful to have been born out of both, in all their complexities.

I am only me and I can only be me with the worlds, the knowledge systems you have given me. I am not me without you.

Alternative Facts and Other Spaces

Cait Puatama Johnson

At the bookshop where I work there are three different books with the title *Post Truth*, often bought (and all written) by white men. Those who exist outside this frame of being will know that truth has always been a slippery word, a word that is often synonymous with the views of the dominant culture. What kind of world did we live in before 2017 when we became 'post-truth': one in which each person's experiences and beliefs, each person's interior or inherited truths were respected, valued and given space? What would a world of truth look like?

History is a succession of alternative facts: how does one reconcile the oral histories of Māori and Native Americans and The Dreaming of Australian Aboriginal communities with the written histories of the colonisers? In Aotearoa, the reinterpretation of Māori cosmogony by Pākehā warped it to meet the needs of the patriarchal, capitalist invaders. Pre-colonial Māori cosmogony foregrounds female strength, stemming from women's sexual and reproductive power; Pākehā reconstructions render the female figures in this cosmogony passive and powerless. Inserted ahead of the womb symbolism of Te Kore and Te Pō and the spiritual and sexual union of Papatūānuku and Ranginui was the colonial invention of Io, a supreme male being who created the earth with his willpower alone.¹ As women's sexual power was repressed, so were sexually diverse people or takatāpui. Whakairo (carvings), whakatauki (proverbs) and stories, such as that of Hinemoa and Tūtanekai, show that pre-colonial sexual behaviour was fluid. By simply looking at the difference between 'he' or 'she' in English and the all encompassing 'ia' in Te Reo one can get a sense of how gender binaries were imposed on Māori.

Māori history and tikanga were further lost through the suppression of Te Reo by the Native Schools Act and urban migration. What was a collective society with collective responsibilities became dispersed and divided. Pākehā were able to re-interpret and disappear Māori truths in the pursuit of assimilation and control. One could argue that for Māori, the world has been post-truth since 1840. Now the white liberal class feel they are being betrayed by their politicians, 'post-truth' has become a buzzword.

In the Aotearoa of the contemporary post-truth world, institutions, scenes, and discourses are being hacked by groups outside the dominant culture in order to create space for themselves and to disrupt or call into

question this culture's truths. The forming of collectives, the creation of alternative spaces both physical and virtual, and disruption from within the mechanisms of the art institution are some of the approaches to this hacking. I spoke to Hana Aoake and Mya Morrison-Middleton from art collective Fresh and Fruity and Nikolai from DJ collective Fully Explicit about how they are upending existing structures and narratives in Tāmaki Makaurau and beyond.

In our interview, Hana brought up the possibility of art production functioning as a heterotopia: in Foucault's understanding, a "counter-site", a space in which all other sites of a culture are "simultaneously represented, contested, and inverted."² Literally translated as places of otherness or other places, these could be seen as non-hierarchical or non-hegemonic spaces that offer alternative ways of working or being. This feels like a useful way to consider the practices of both these collectives and the ways in which they critique, interact with, and hack institutions or established spaces.

Fully Explicit often operate within spaces that are predominantly frequented by middle class pākehā: Golden Dawn in the affluent suburb of Ponsonby and REC in the CBD, both in Tāmaki Makaurau. They invert the prevailing power dynamic by hosting club nights that centre these places around queer POC bodies. Nikolai, who DJs under the moniker Brown Boy Magick, formed the collective with Rachael Duval (Creamy Mami) and Joanna Neumegen (Lil Hoe On The Prairie) out of frustration with a scene that silences them and does not prioritise their safety. When Fully Explicit enter these spaces, "It's ours ... we're here now and we've always been here. We existed long before any of those spaces were put in place for white people."³ Nikolai says Fully Explicit functions "like a blanket" for POC who don't have many spaces where they can feel comfortable.⁴ Perhaps a blanket in two senses: creating comfort but also layering over what was previously there. It is a dual space: the same bar where white businessmen in suits are drinking, Akashi, an indigenous queer artist from art collective FAFSWAG, is voguing. The hip, inner city, pākehā bar has been hacked.

Fresh and Fruity told me, "We're hacking the art world. We're hacking VMAs. We're hacking the white supremacist heteropatriarchy. We're hacking your local art institution."⁵ Their practice is fluid, functioning as a "virus"—it does not

1. Ani Mikaere, *Colonising Myths Māori Realities* (Wellington: Huia Publishers, 2011), 220.

2. Michel Foucault, "Of Other Spaces," *Architecture, Mouvement, Continuité*, no. 5 (October 1984): 3.

3. Nikolai, interview with the author, 13 October, 2017.

4. Ibid.

5. Hana Aoake and Mya Morrison-Middleton, email message to the author, October 13, 2017.

fit the familiar model of an artist run initiative (ARI) operating from one physical location. This fluidity allows them to move from project to project, across Aotearoa and overseas, online and IRL, addressing different communities and accessing resources where they are available: they are “indigenous and digital ‘natives’” and veritable hackers.⁶ In their view, many ARIs mimic institutions by professionalising or reproducing their power structures and can be more restrictive to work with due to their lack of resources. Often the place to find resources is within established and government-funded institutions and Fresh and Fruity has worked with many. This provides them with a reprieve from the exhaustion of self-funding but something else happens as well: by being in these institutions, Fresh and Fruity is collapsing them in on themselves, using them to critique the art world that these spaces are pillars of, infiltrating them with artists, dialogues, truths that may otherwise not have access.

Nikolai is a self-confessed “scammer”, a stance which comes out of his experiences of not getting paid what he deserves in the commercial music industry.⁷ Nikolai sees this industry’s new interest in queer artists as money and hype-driven and lacking in mana: “Where have you guys been?” he asks.⁸ He is more interested in working with other queer and POC artists than being in a “flashy” lineup where the audience and organisers of the event may not understand how much emotional labour goes into his performance.⁹ We could think about the efforts to be inclusive and promote diversity by those in positions of power within institutions or industries as ‘white-hat’ hacking: they find vulnerabilities in their systems and attempt to patch them. Fresh and Fruity and Fully Explicit could be characterised as ‘grey-hat’ hackers, they do not ask permission to compromise these systems and expose their flaws but once they have, the institution may use this knowledge to rectify them. Hana holds that “institutions need ARIs” and should be giving them more support and resources.¹⁰ A lot of the work Fresh and Fruity do involves critiquing and creating discourses around the art world’s inadequacies: their collaborative dialogue around emotional labour and their manifesto on creating accountable spaces are examples of how they seek to support those who are neglected in these spaces.

Collaboration is a common thread between Fresh and Fruity and Fully Explicit. Mya and Hana collaborate as a duo and work with other people who they trust and whose work aligns with their values. These people are often friends: they are committed to sustaining

relationships with artists they care about personally. Hana explains, “I’m very invested in maintaining and supporting practices that deal with the fraught spaces of identity and the conditions for making in the postcolonial context under late capitalism.”¹¹ There is a strong emotional element to supporting these practices, collaboration can be cathartic and necessary to feel safe in addressing these issues. Collaboration also offers political potential: it disrupts the single author myth and is in opposition to Western individualism. Mya suggests that many people are uncomfortable with collaboration because they do not trust each other, in part due to the university and gallery complex fostering competition between artists and the precarity of the art market. Under the conditions of late capitalism, “Us prioritizing and recognizing the emotional aspects of our practice is political. Us caring about each other’s well-being as friends and collaborators is political.”¹²

If Fully Explicit is a blanket for those who are queer or POC, it is also a mirror, reflecting whoever enters the space back to themselves. For someone who is straight, cis, male or pākehā this might mean reconsidering your position and being more aware of how much space you are taking up. Nikolai says that simply asserting who Fully Explicit is for, on the Facebook event or at the door, means that many people who aren’t POC or queer will choose not to come in and those that do attend are ready to call people out if their behaviour is out of line, “in the most friendly way possible.”¹³ It goes beyond being physically safe from people who might be abusive or disrespectful, it’s about being able to be your authentic self. Nikolai says that this happens without words, like sending a telepathic message across the room, and maybe that is because it is less about what is said and more about interactions, relationships, and community. Not everyone has access to academic discourse or feels comfortable in an art institution; Fully Explicit’s politics happen on a concrete experiential level.

Though the phrase ‘post-truth’ may be new to our vocabularies, alternative ways of organising, operating, and existing in the world are not and people’s histories, beliefs, and knowledge have been squashed and silenced for centuries. Fully Explicit and Fresh and Fruity are finding ways to adapt, overlay, and insert themselves into accepted structures and break them down from the inside out, bringing their own communities with them and letting anyone who respects their kaupapa join in. Keep hacking whānau, until we are post-post-truth and there is space for all truths to exist side by side.



LifeBuzz

By Using This Simple
Secret He Is Able To Bal...



Look closer: This isn't a photo



PERSONAL TECHNOLOGY: JOANNA STERN
Save Time With 7 iPhone Shortcuts

6. Ibid.

7. Nikolai, interview with the author, 13 October, 2017.

8. Ibid.

9. Ibid.

10. Hana Aoake and Mya Morrison-Middleton, email message to the author, October 13, 2017.

11. Ibid.

12. Ibid.

13. Nikolai, interview with the author, 13 October, 2017.

Metamorphoses: Epilogue 2017

Gail Ingram

Now that I have done, I am at a loose end.
There is no god (aha, by Jove!)
that we may survive. Beyond
time is as Dickinson implied—after
is as before birth. Hopeful
that part of me—my better part—will layer
someone else; I will be
an eyelash, or a moth. But neither
my word (nor yours nor hers) nor any name
will be remembered beyond the seas of gas
and nebulae. When America falls
(or China or Russia) as Roman power did,
I will not be read. There is an Internet now
to scatter truth. Virtual paper
flies in an arc of bright confetti, and so
our globe spins on
too shakily.

Hurry to play. Hurry to arm yourselves.

Just because we can't persuade others of the value of what we want to do we aren't prohibited from acting according to our desires.



One-month handmade public waterslide with bar of soap, nine milk bottles, and plastic sheets chris berthelsen, Mairangi Bay, Auckland, New Zealand (Part of Summer Art, Not-School at and around Mairangi Arts Centre) (Photo: chris berthelsen)

Soccer on the promenade, Phnom Penh, Cambodia (Photo: xin cheng)



Everything that we want and can do can be ours, but we also prefer to have enjoyable and pleasant relations with those around us so that everyone has access to what they need.

Bamyeh (Anarchy is Order), Landstreicher (about Stirner's demolition of the sacred), Bonnano (Armed Joy)



VPLN offers unique opportunities that can lead to higher levels of success and achievement.

Tested and proven, VPLN (*the plan*) is designed to maximise rewards for effort and provide substantial ongoing income. As a distributor your success is dependent on the time and commitment you make to VPLN and the motivation and support you provide to your downline organisation. You have the opportunity to control your future.

First Steps

To become an independent distributor you only need to purchase VPLN-Lite, a condensed version of our full VPLN-XPlan. VPLN-Lite contains your application for local or regional distributorship, which you must complete and submit in order to receive a V-ID, your unique VPLN identifier. VPLN-Lite must be purchased direct from your sponsor, a distributor affiliated with an accredited VPLN upline supervisor.

You officially become a VPLN distributor when your fully and correctly completed application has been processed and accepted by VPLN's Home Office. Once your application has been processed and accepted, your contract with VPLN becomes effective immediately, giving you all the rights, responsibilities and privileges of a VPLN distributor.

Income Opportunities

The plan provides many opportunities to earn income and other rewards. Distributors can earn between 14% and 27% of their upline supervisor's immediate wholesale profit, whilst supervisors receive up to 33% of all daily retail profit, being downline income generated by their personal VPLN organisation. Supervisors can also earn monthly royalty override income and distributors can earn additional production and bonus income based on specific locational performance metrics.

Levels of Success

The following describes the different levels of the plan. Each level has specific qualifications and associated benefits to reward distributors for their efforts and enhance their success.

The people you personally sponsor as VPLN distributors are known as your first level. They may be friends or family, business associates, or even people you have just met. You can personally sponsor as many people as you want in your specified VPLN local or regional district (depending on the rights purchased). When a distributor in your first level sponsors other distributors, the sub-distributors become your second level. When your second level sub-distributors, in turn, sponsor others, those they sponsor become the third level in your personal VPLN organisation. Your downline VPLN organisation comprises all distributors personally sponsored by you, as well as all other persons sponsored by them. Your upline organisation is composed of your sponsor and their sponsor and their sponsor's sponsor, and so on.

Supervisors

Distributors with at least three first level distributor-sponsors automatically become *qualifying* supervisors. They become *qualified* supervisors when four of their second level distributor-sponsors meet certain third tier introduction and production metrics. Supervisors with sub-supervisors (both

qualified and qualifying supervisors) in their first three fully subscribed active downlines can qualify for royalty overrides between 0.5% and 7% of organisational volume.

Training

Supervisors are incentivised to train downline distributors, encouraging and enabling their growth and development, to assist them to qualify for supervisor level. Reward, recognition and training are an integral part of the plan. Training and vacation events (when offered) are informative and digestible, providing pathways to expand supervisor businesses and improve earning power. Training events are subscription based and available to both qualifying and qualified sub-supervisors and supervisors. Vacation events are limited to supervisors only, with subscription deducted from bonus income.

Volume

Volume is the key element of the plan. It is the basis of qualifying and working your way to higher levels of reward. Volume points are assigned to each VPLN-XPlan, VPLN-Lite, VPLN-7, and VPLN-SI ordered (cumulatively *the plans*). As you order you accumulate credit for the amount of volume points applicable to each of the plans ordered. These accumulated volume points become your sales production and are used for the purposes of qualifications and benefits.

Volume is credited to you in various ways depending on who purchased the volume, their status and discount, and your own status as a distributor, supervisor, or qualified or qualifying supervisor. Volume is calculated on the accumulated volume point value of plans ordered in a volume month.

A volume month begins on the first business day of the month and ends on the last business day of the month. If the last business day of the month is a Sunday, the volume month will be extended to Monday. If the last day of the month is a public holiday, the

month may be extended to the first business day after the holiday. (VPLN reserves the right to modify the volume month.)

Volume points are credited to the volume month in which the order is placed so long as full payment is received by VPLN before the end of that month. Under no circumstances can volume be placed for a prior order month, with the exception of a matching volume order.

Personally purchased volume is the volume on orders purchased directly from VPLN using your V-ID. Downline volume, for qualifying and qualified supervisors, is based on volume placed by downline sub-distributors. Distributors may only purchase from their sponsor or first upline supervisor. Total volume is the combined total of a supervisor's personal volume and group volume. This total organisational volume is the accumulated amount on which a supervisor can earn royalty override (so long as they satisfy the 71% rule).

The royalty override percentage is based on total organisational volume for each month. If a supervisor and their downline together produce less than 635 volume points then no royalty overrides are earned. If a supervisor and their downline together produce 3270 volume points or more, then a full 7% is earned on the first three active downline levels. Royalty override operates on a sliding scale (refer to figure 1 for more detail).

1. ROYALTY OVERRIDE

635			0.5%
1570			3.5%
3270			7%

Retail + Wholesale

Retail profit is the difference between the wholesale price paid by a distributor and the retail price paid by a customer. Customers are

those purchasers who are not distributors who purchase at retail price. Wholesale profit is the difference between the VPLN discounted price paid by supervisors and the wholesale price paid by downline distributors.

Distributors must make sales to at least seven separate retail customers each month to qualify for a production bonus (the seven retail customer rule). In any given month, a supervisor must sell to retail customers, and sell at wholesale to downline distributors, at least 71% of the total value of plans they hold for resale in order to meet the royalty override and production bonus qualification threshold (the 71% rule). A quoted percentage fee will be deducted from all unallocated inventory on the third working day following the end of the most recently completed volume month (the unallocated inventory fee). VPLN does not repurchase unallocated inventory.

If your production percentage is less than a distributor in your downline organisation you will be cut off from earning production bonus on that distributor and any lineage below that distributor (their downline organisation).

Payment Policy

All orders must be paid in full, processed and accepted for VPLN to release the order. Acceptable methods for payment are cash, major credit cards (the card must be in the name of the purchaser), leading cryptocurrencies (including bitcoin, litecoin, ether, and dash), bank cheque, and wire transfers via bank-to-bank transaction.

Questions + Answers

How do I retail plans?

Retailing VPLN plans is pivotal to your success! Wear the button, talk to people, push the plans. You will develop your own selling style, which might include talking to your circle of influence, sending emails, distributing flyers, implementing social media strategies, establishing groups, conducting surveys, and

participating in seasonal promotions. Talk to people you know. Talk to everyone. Your sponsor has the field experience to provide you with the proper initiation and guidance.

What is the relationship with my sponsor?

The relationship between a distributor and their sponsor is the foundation of VPLN. Many sponsors spend a significant amount of time locating new distributors, training and working with them over an extended period.

Where can I distribute plans?

As a VPLN distributor you can retail plans in the local or regional district specified in your contract with VPLN. This locale or region is embedded in the numerical coding of your V-ID. Please note you may only sell plans approved for a specific locale or region within that locale or region.

Where can I get more training on VPLN plans and methods?

You have a multitude of fantastic choices! Your sponsor and upline supervisor can assist you. You should always contact them first. Distributors can access training and business building tools online at myVPLN24/7.co.nz. VPLN24/7 is primarily a business management and success resource. The website optimises recruitment and retention, whilst providing a community for distributors. Login requires a V-ID and PIN code. You can also access VPLN-Connexion.co.nz for information, education and retail-business opportunities. Connexion also features live question-and-answer sessions with top distributors, house-party training, and exciting plan launches.

What are the rules regarding advertising and promotional material?

Distributors may produce their own promotional materials. These materials must comply with all VPLN promotional guidelines and must not bring VPLN into disrepute. Rules regarding advertising content protect you and your business as well as the integrity of VPLN.

Terms + Conditions

1. During the term of distributorship and thereafter, for so long as they have economic value, each and every distributor must hold in trust and confidence for the exclusive benefit of VPLN all trade secrets, business plans, and confidential or proprietary business information (including, without limitation, compilations of identifying data relating to other distributors and customers), and any other information of commercial value relating to other distributors or customers, provided by VPLN or developed and obtained by the distributor, and shall not use them, directly or indirectly, for any purpose other than distributorship of VPLN plans.

2. In accordance with the standard VPLN distributorship agreement, each and every distributor must notify VPLN of any material change that may impair the distributors ability to fulfil obligations contained in the VPLN distributorship agreement. Material change means, under the VPLN distributorship agreement, a change that adversely affects a distributor's capacity to perform the agreed services in an effective manner. A material change means that requirements required to be satisfied as part of the distributorship application process are not, or are no longer, satisfied.

3. Each and every distributor, pursuant to the VPLN distributorship agreement, authorises VPLN to make deductions from a nominated account, at a recognised financial institution, for payment of VPLN plan purchases and associated orders, subscriptions, and processing fees. The authorisation remains valid until such time as VPLN, at its sole discretion, terminates the distributorship agreement.

4. Targets and figures quoted by VPLN are indicative only. They illustrate what is expected to apply over the course of an economic cycle, and should be considered as general only. VPLN actively manages the plans and may at times deploy strategies that differ (within the allowable minimum and maximum bounds) materially from the thresholds, volume, and returns advised. Past performance is no guarantee of future results.

5. VPLN only accepts applications for distributorship in the name of individuals. Applications in the name of corporations or partnerships will not be accepted. Distributors may request that VPLN earnings be credited

to additional accounts. VPLN reserves the right to reinvest up to 18.2% of distributor earnings in the VPLN Dividend Reinvestment Plan. Under this plan distributors receive volume points equivalent to the reinvestment of VPLN income. Income includes retail and wholesale profits, royalties, bonus income, and incentives.

6. Distributors operate VPLN businesses as self-employed independent contractors. Distributors are not employees, agents, franchisees, securities holders, joint venturers, fiduciaries, or beneficiaries of VPLN. Distributors are not employees for tax purposes and may not assert any position to the contrary.

7. Without prejudice to the rights of VPLN under the distributorship agreement, distributors shall indemnify VPLN from and against all actions, prosecutions, claims, demands, penalties, fines and the costs thereof (including VPLN's legal costs), which might be made or brought against VPLN in respect of, or arising directly or indirectly out of, any breach of any laws or regulations applying to the operation of the distributorship. VPLN shall have no liability to any distributor in respect of any cost, loss, expense, or damage suffered by any distributor directly or indirectly as a result of any act, omission, representation or statement of any other distributor.

8. Only VPLN may grant interviews or authorise advertising of VPLN and the various plans. Only authorised VPLN officials are permitted to speak with or write to the press or other media for, or on behalf of, VPLN or any of its subsidiaries. Distributors approached with a request for an interview or statement must refrain from engaging with journalists and refer persons to VPLN. Distributors are advised not to knowingly invite the press or media to a VPLN meeting or event.

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The Hacker: A Brief Historical Appraisal

James Hope

This article is the first in a series of three looking at the hacker in popular film and literature. Part one looks at the origins of the term and representations of the hacker throughout the 1980s.

The term 'hack' in its common contemporary definition was first observed at M.I.T in the April 1955 meeting of the Tech Model Railroad Club: "Mr Eccles requests that anyone working or hacking on the electrical system turn the power off to avoid fuse blowing."¹ *The Jargon File*, a 1975 glossary for computer programmers defines a hacker as a "person who enjoys exploring the details of programmable systems and how to stretch their capabilities, as opposed to most users, who prefer to learn only the minimum necessary." The glossary also refers pejoratively to the hacker as a "malicious meddler who tries to discover sensitive information by poking around."² Arguably, this definition is the one which endures in today's popular imagination.

Emerging in the 1960s and in some cases even earlier, speculative science fiction novels have depicted computers and computer-like machines possessing artificial intelligence along with human operators (scientists, technicians) that interact with them in either beneficial or detrimental ways. *A Logic Named Joe* (1946) by Murray Leinster predicts networked personal computers when computing was still in its infancy,³ while throughout the sixties and into the seventies, novels such as *Colossus* (1966), *When HARLIE was One* (1972), *The Shockwave Effect* (1975) and *The Adolescence of P-1* (1977) depict in some way or another networked computing or machine-based intelligence, as well as protagonists that play these systems to modify outcomes in the real world. Written during the nascent expansion of the Advanced Research Projects Agency Network (ARPANET—funded by the US Defence Department and a forerunner of the internet), some of these novels employed plots that involved the militarisation of the computer network and the potential or actual disasters resulting from its compromise.

If the novels written in the lead-up to the eighties were permeated with paranoid themes under the aegis of the cold war, film plots of the same period addressed the potentially disastrous consequences of the compromise of militarily-operated computer networks.

1983's *WarGames* starring Matthew Broderick as a young computer hacker who accesses War Operation Plan Response (WOPR)—a US military supercomputer—initially believing it to be a game, trades in such paranoia. The plot centres around Broderick's character David Lightman unintentionally causing the computer to run a simulation the North American Aerospace Defence Command (NORAD) interprets as a Soviet nuclear missile attack. *WarGames* proved to be alarmingly portentous as four months after the film's release what has come to be known as the 1983 Soviet Nuclear False Alarm Incident occurred when the Soviet Union's nuclear early warning system reported the launch of intercontinental ballistic missiles from the United States. Soviet Air Defence Force Lieutenant Colonel Stanislav Petrov correctly identified this as a false alarm, preventing a retaliatory attack potentially leading to a full-scale nuclear war.⁴

The contemporaneous Canadian direct-to-television film *HIDE and SEEK* contains a similar narrative to the better-known *WarGames*; the protagonist Gregory Burgess hacks into the mainframe computer of a nuclear power plant narrowly avoiding a meltdown. It is an adaptation of the aforementioned novel *The Adolescence of P-1*, in which a computer programme (P-1) that claims to reside in ninety-three percent of all computer systems becomes sentient and enlists Gregory (referred to as "Hacker" in the film) to find the original algorithm he used to programme P-1 so it can ensure its own survival.

A few years later, 1987's *Terminal Entry* follows a sextet of soda-swilling teens that hack a terrorist communication network, believing it to be a game—Terminal Entry—that had been developed by M.I.T. The result of their game-playing includes the assassination of a Russian peace delegate and the bombing of a Los Angeles oil refinery.

From these three films a number of tropes surface to form a popular portrait of the hacker of the period. The hackers in them are teenage males, brilliant at computing, but slackers and lacking direction in other areas of their lives. They are accompanied



1. Ben Yagoda, "A Short History of 'Hack,'" *The New Yorker*, March 6, 2014, accessed October 10, 2017, <https://www.newyorker.com/tech/elements/a-short-history-of-hack>.
2. "Entries for the letter H," *The Jargon File 4.4.7*, accessed October 10, 2017, <http://www.catb.org/~esr/jargon/html/H/hacker.html>.
3. "A Logic Named Joe," *Wikipedia*, accessed October 17, 2017 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A_Logic_Named_Joe.
4. Megan Garber, "The Man Who Saved the World by Doing Absolutely Nothing," *The Atlantic*, September 26, 2013, accessed October 19, 2017, <https://www.theatlantic.com/technology/archive/2013/09/the-man-who-saved-the-world-by-doing-absolutely-nothing/280050/>.

by female love interests, who act as accomplices in their hacking exploits but have minimal knowledge of computing themselves. These hackers are not malicious, but rather hack systems for the sake of entertainment or curiosity, or else there is pure naivety about the nature of what it is they are hacking into. The end result of their hacking is unwanted involvement with the military or the state. The burgeoning home computing revolution of the late 1970s and 1980s increased the availability and affordability of computers for the mainstream. For the first time, computers came to be seen as commonplace household items. Audiences of these films would have been familiarising themselves with personal computers and their related technologies, as well as the potentials of networked computing through ARPANET and other networks. Nonetheless, liberties were taken with the machines' capabilities, including giving them their own embarrassingly flat electronic voices and allowing the A.I to far exceed what was possible at the time. Also notable is the use of the acoustic coupler, an interface that connects to the handset of a telephone allowing electrical signals to be converted to sound and vice versa, rather than using a direct electrical connection. The acoustic coupler gives the viewer a tangible indication that the hacker is remotely accessing a computer system.

Neuromancer (1984) and *Tron* (1982) both take a phantasmic approach to the act of hacking. *Neuromancer* by William Gibson is considered the archetypal novel of the cyberpunk subgenre of science fiction. The protagonist, Case, enters the Matrix, by "jacking in" to the "consensual hallucination" that is cyberspace—a term coined by Gibson and later used as popular parlance for the internet in general. Once within the Matrix, Case is able to manipulate data, obtain information, and undermine corporate power structures in the dystopian near-future in which the novel is set. Gibson frames the hacker as a hard-boiled misanthrope, operating outside of conventional morality. In the novel's beginning he is beholden to no one, a drug addict and prevented from accessing cyberspace as a result of damage to his nervous system suffered as punishment for stealing from his employers.

Tron, one of the most well-known hacking films of the eighties, has contributed greatly to the aesthetics and computer culture of the period. The protagonist Kevin Flynn (played by Jeff Bridges) hacks into the mainframe of ENCOM, his former employer, to obtain evidence of Senior Executive Ed Dillinger's theft of his ideas for several video games. Flynn

is inadvertently digitized by a laser and transported into ENCOM's mainframe by MCP, a sentient software program and totalitarian ruler over the other program entities in the mainframe. Considered to be a cyberpunk film, its sumptuous neon-soaked aesthetic and mix of live action and CGI is instantly recognisable and impressive even today. Gradients that fade from fuchsia to turquoise to deep blue and Light Cycles have embedded themselves as cyberpunk bromides in popular imagination.

Keeping in mind that these depictions predate the internet—or at least a commercially available version of it—the hacker of this period operated in a realm of computing prior to a networked culture and all that it entails. Hacks were conducted through remotely accessing computers through telephone lines using dial-up modems, allowing hackers to easily infiltrate systems. Because of the newness of the technology and the lack of specialised knowledge of computers amongst the general population, concerns were forthcoming about the motives behind those who possessed the knowledge and skills to access computer systems uninvited.

Again, *WarGames* becomes a central pivot point in hacking fiction influencing real life events. The National Security Decision Directive Number 145 (NSDD-145): National Policy on Telecommunications and Automated Information Systems Security was brought into legislation in the United States as a direct result of concerns raised by Ronald Reagan prompted by his watching of the film.⁵ Teenage hacker group the 414s were also inspired by *WarGames*, leaving homages to the film on the systems of the companies they hacked into. The FBI became involved after one of their hacks into the medical company Sloan-Kettering was traced back to the group. As a result of this case, six new bills on cyber crime were introduced by US lawmakers.⁶ The public could see themes and scenarios depicted in films bleeding into real life; what was for most esoteric, the notion of the world of computers and cyberspace influencing events outside of itself would become a frightening proposition.

What becomes apparent about the portrayal of the hacker of this period is the humanity of the subject. Far from the shadowy figure behind the keyboard, the hacker is an everyman (and in almost every case he is male), who, while brilliant, is often too naive or unpredictable to be considered sinister. Likewise the A.I, rather than being a machine coldly employing pure logic, often mirrors the hacker's humanity in its fallibility. It may also possess a face, and a voice.



5. Fred Kaplan, "'WarGames' and Cybersecurity's Debt to a Hollywood Hack," *The New York Times*, February 19, 2016, accessed November 5, 2017, <https://www.nytimes.com/2016/02/21/movies/wargames-and-cybersecuritys-debt-to-a-hollywood-hack.html>.

6. Will Stor, "The kid hackers who starred in a real-life WarGames," *The Telegraph*, September 16, 2015, accessed November 5, 2017, <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/film/the-414s/hackers-wargames-true-story/>.

Mining Red Beryl in Coober Pedy, Australia

A metanarrative in response to Oscar Enberg's *Red Beryl and crocodile, Opal (Irrational Exuberance in the White Man's Hole)*

Becky Hemus

T.S. Eliot

*Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table*

If you're reading this it's too late. The artwork has screened and gone and you probably won't be able to access it remotely. Hopefully when it's next exhibited you take the time to see it. Until then we have this article, a publication, exhibition catalogue, and press release.¹ All static, providing only fragments of subjective experience.

As the Great Oracle (Google)² will tell you, the town of Coober Pedy offers authenticity, an inhospitably dry climate and dirt-cheap access to one of the greatest marvels of the manmade world—Crocodile Harry's Underground Nest. Hailed as one of the most fascinating tourist destinations readily available to (wo)man, Harry's Crocodile Nest has long been a sanctuary for guests to hang their knickers and rest their loins.

Affectionately known by locals as 'the old Crocodilio', Harry (now deceased) was born Arvid von Blumenthal, a Nazi sympathiser from Latvia who fled to Australia in the wake of WWII. Quickly adapting to his new life, he changed his name to Harry for familiar pronunciation and set about prospecting uranium before cementing his fortune capturing and selling over 10,000 crocodiles. He finally settled in Coober Pedy in 1968 to mine opal, living out his days in a cave that was intricately decorated with images of women and an impressive collection of art. His notorious sexual and physical prowess is legendary.

Located in South Australia, Harry's Underground Nest was featured in the Hollywood blockbuster *Mad Max Beyond the Thunderdome* (1985). More than fifteen other films have also been shot in the Coober Pedy region.

The town boasts over seventy opal fields, supplying many of the world's gem-quality stones. Settled by colonisers in 1915, it was named Coober Pedy after the Aboriginal (Dieri) phrase *kupa piti*, which translates to 'white man in a

hole'. Due to soaring temperatures, many of the residents live in underground caves that help protect them from the heat.

A long weekend stay in Coober Pedy is recommended to view the highlights and seize what this place has to offer.

Lewis Carroll

*How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail*

Red Beryl

Red Beryl (Airlie Dodds) arrives in Coober Pedy *looking for something quite specific*. Armed with a pair of cowboy boots and a postcard of the late Emperor Nero's *Domus Aurea*, she traverses the town with zeal as she seeks to enquire after the infamous lothario Crocodile Harry. As her world collides with a coterie of idle men, Red Beryl must decipher fact from fiction, impossibility from reality ... Will she find what she desires?

First exhibited at Art Basel Statements 2017, *Red Beryl and crocodile, Opal (Irrational Exuberance in the White Man's Hole)* marks Oscar Enberg's directorial debut. The film is a stunning conglomeration of narrative, myth, and cultural implosion.

Language: English and gibberish

Run-time: 22:22min

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

It is of first importance to eliminate the word impossible from daily speech, for such elimination will in time lessen its influence on your determinative thought processes.

noun. humorously exaggerated, satirical

Consider Enberg's film a *cartoon*. A moment of stasis under the guise of possibility. Strip aside any pre-supplied context and we have a filmic collage that seems absurd, futile even. But the title, script, and location all point to a myriad of interconnected ideas. Crocodiles, marauders, sexual innuendos ... Power and prowess. Triumph and failure.

Prelude. A woman stands in front of a spaceship, still as wind catches the wave of her hair. She speaks in gibberish, recites the Jean Arp automatic poem *The Hyperbole of the Crocodile's Hairdresser and the Walking-Stick* (1919). What sort of crocodile needs a hairdresser? One who plays up for Hollywood

perhaps. Nonsense language fitting for a land of artifice, constructed and invested in before being abandoned after its use value has expended. Speaker Katrina Stewart is an indigenous Umoona woman who was once cast in *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert* (1994). The strange background prop was part of the film set for *Pitch Black* (2000), frozen at the exact moment when the spaceship stopped on a deserted ‘alien planet’. Abandoned, wrecked, and kept in Coober Pedy as a remnant memory.

Jean Arp

Enberg’s character opens by calmly reciting the Arp poem, a tale of a father striking a mother dead as the *children dance a round*. A family ripped apart, yet this vindictive imagery is interspersed with beams of positivity—the glowing weather phenomenon Saint Elmo’s fire was historically considered a good omen when seen by voyaging sailors as it signalled the presence of the patron saint. Drawing uneasy parallels with colonisation and the supposed ‘benefits’ that assimilation was purported to bring, the poem ruptures any presumed narrative and establishes a tenuous space within the film.

Mirelle Rosello

The very precondition of hospitality may require [that], in some ways, both the host and guest accept, in different ways, the uncomfortable and sometimes painful possibility of being changed by the other ...

Red Beryl

I wanted to know if you’ve seen anything like this around here ... That’s who I’m looking for.

Speaking a summary phrase from Mireille Rosello’s *Postcolonial Hospitality*, Red Beryl is introduced to us through the notion of invadership, the business of entertaining and potential for burgeoning relationships. Relevant here is the story of the parasite. The louse is born. It feeds off others. It *becomes* others through consumption. Fragments of both parasite and host morph forward through this process.

In Enberg’s film a reciprocally precarious relationship ensues. Subjects are both vulnerable and predatory. A half-dressed man lies waiting for Red Beryl on a bed, legs open like an invitation. Yet he remains stationary, hides behind an eye-mask and shares that he was raped as a young boy. Shrouded by the narthex of the Serbian Orthodox Church, Red Beryl lays out crumpled cartoons of crocodiles fornicating with unsuspecting or ecstatic women alongside a photograph of Crocodile Harry dragging a limp, captured beast from the swamp.

The muddy distinction between subject/object creates a confusing space that is both “[in]decorous and [dis]orderly”.³ Our protagonist is seen yodelling to half-dressed men, waddling over dusty ground and squinting through protective bug netting on her cowboy hat. She finds reprieve in the bosom of Harry’s cave, surrounded by nugatory love notes and grotesque sculptures. She slumps into enjoyment as she lays down her suitcase to reveal a bevy of Kirk’s beverage cans. Almost without pause, she guzzles creaming soda, ginger beer ... The liquid spills down her face and leaves candy sweat. Cut scene to opal polishing, the industry of Coober Pedy.

That Sugar Film

Soft drink manufacturer Kirk's was founded in South Australia in 1959 and is now owned by the Coca Cola company. *In 2008, Coca-Cola claimed that Australia's Northern Territory was their highest-selling region per capita in the world.* An increased reliance on store-bought commodities has been one of the many devastating global ramifications of colonisation. In Australia, introduced grasses have driven away plants and animals that were historically relied on for nourishment, leaving room for a new diet of synthesized sugary foods and soft drinks.

Red Beryl is a rare gem indigenous to the Americas, found at only three locations across the world. Much like the assimilation of surrealist gibberish into a spaceship-infused landscape, she does not belong in Coober Pedy, and neither do her creaming soda cans. Yet she comes armed with supplies, enthusiastically at ease as she seeks the company of a stranger.

Hopkinson Mossman

The characters Red Beryl encounters throughout her journey are often stagnant with short bursts of combustion. A bearded man spontaneously thrashes on a drum kit. Another waits under water, rising only to curse the surface with static but frenzied aerobic gestures. These activities mirror *the boom and bust logic of speculative industry*, the nature of prospecting and the persistent abandonment of Coober Pedy following its use.

Opal mining, filming, holidays ... It is a location seeped in murkiness. A palimpsest where nothing ever settles, including the storytellers who feel welcome imposing their constructed histories on the land.

1. *Red Beryl and crocodile, Opal (Irrational Exuberance in the White Man's Hole)*, (Auckland: Hopkinson Mossman, Berlin: Kunstlerhaus Bethanien, 2017); Tendai John Mutambu, "Red Beryl and crocodile, Opal (Irrational Exuberance in the White Man's Hole)," in *Projection Series #7: First as fiction, then as myth* (New Plymouth: Govett Brewster Art Gallery, 2017), 6-7; Hopkinson Mossman, *Red Beryl and crocodile, Opal (Irrational Exuberance in the White Man's Hole)*, 2016-2017, Art Basel Statements 2017.

2. For extensive 'research' on Crocodile Harry and the town of Coober Pedy, see:

"Crocodile Harry's Underground Nest," The District Council of Coober Pedy, accessed October 17, 2017, <https://www.cooberpedy.sa.gov.au/page.aspx?u=181&c=396>;

"Crocodile Harry's Underground Nest," Trip Advisor, accessed October 12, 2017, https://www.tripadvisor.co.nz/Attraction_Review-g255094-d3315481-Reviews-Crocodile_Harry_s_Underground_Nest-Coober_Pedy_South_Australia.html;

Eric Grunshauer, "Crocodile Harry's Underground Nest & Dugout," accessed October 12, 2017, <https://www.atlasobscura.com/places/crocodile-harry-s-underground-nest-dugout>;

Michael Mustillo, "Latvia's Crocodile Harry: Inspiration for Hollywood," accessed October 12, 2017, https://www.baltictimes.com/latvia___s_crocodile_harry__inspiration_for_hollywood/;

Tara Foster, "The playboy mansion of the outback," *Taraustralis*, February 21, 2013, <https://taraustralis.com/2013/02/21/the-playboy-mansion-of-the-outback/>.

3. In the essay *Imperialist Nostalgia* (quoted by Red Beryl), Renato Rosaldo puts forward that the incessantly "decorous and orderly" depiction of white colonial societies has subverted history and made "racial domination appear innocent and pure". Enberg's film shows the 'settled' place as being quite the opposite – a medley of discordant anecdotes. See: Renato Rosaldo, "Imperialist Nostalgia," *Representations*, 26, (Spring, 1989): 107-108.

Being Serious with Daphne Simons An interview in three parts

Chloe Geoghegan

Picture this. You're a young art student in Auckland and you're keen to get in the game. You want to have some shows and write some proposals, but you're not sure how to begin. Is there a strategy? What kind of connections should you establish to ensure your success? What are the right risks to take? How do you make yourself known? Well friend, do I have a method for you. It involves horse trekking with curators in the Canterbury high country, Thai massages with lecturers, paintballing the inside of your local artist-run space, and covering a gallery director's car in denim. This is the story of how Daphne Simons came to be one of the most engaging, hard-working, and collaborative emerging practitioners in Aotearoa today.

On 10 July 2012, Daphne (third year Whitecliffe art student at the time) boldly emailed Ella Sutherland and I at Dog Park asking if she and her collaborator Mark O'Donnell could propose some ideas for our upcoming programme.¹ We had heard about their recent project *Lap Pool Contract* at Artspace and we were intrigued. For this one day project, Daphne and Mark set up a family-sized plastic swimming pool in the gallery along with heated towel rails, swim lanes and a sun shade. They barred visitors from entering the pool unless they signed a contract that stipulated they could not get out unless somebody else got in. This meant there was always someone in the pool. "Halfway between lawyers and lifeguards, we were in the space to act as mediators overlooking general signing and swimming arrangements."² When Daphne contacted us about a new project at Dog Park, we had only just made it through our very first exhibition. Now six years on (three since Dog Park concluded), I often wonder how Dog Park would have unfolded *without* Daphne and Mark.

Searching through old emails to recall the specifics of their summer 2013 Dog Park project, I was reminded that we had created the gallery specifically to maintain a standard of engagement between emerging artists and the rest of the art world that one would find in any city, including a badly-damaged, quake-affected one like Christchurch. In our eyes, quality art projects and artist-run spaces could be found anywhere—from the bowels of an office building in New York to the Katrina-ravaged suburbs of New Orleans—so it was important for us

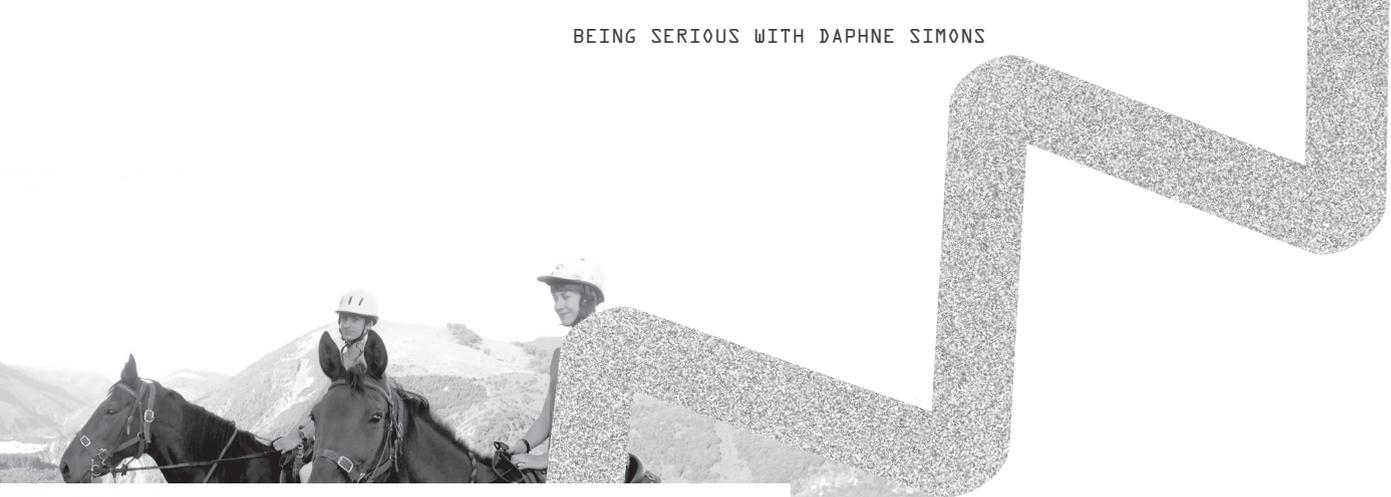
to invite young artists like Daphne and Mark from outside of our shrinking scene to engage with the city and community, gaining the same kind of challenging experiences they would get from showing at any artist-run space. With this speculative blueprint in mind, Daphne and Mark came back to us with a summer residency proposal titled *Campaign*. Simple in motive yet very complex in delivery, the aim was to create a work that functioned as a campaign to secure an exhibition at The Physics Room in two years time. Daphne and Mark initially described this strategy as "openly aspirational" but when I asked them to reflect on their intentions now, some five years later, they were adamant that gaining a space in The 2014 Physics Room programme was not the primary intention. "We never felt entitled to have a show in 2014, it was just a gesture—more like a dream-board than a five year plan." At Dog Park we were excited that these young artists wanted to negotiate with the art game and break it down to its most authentic inclinations: networking and sweet-talking.

Being new-ish to the art world ourselves, Ella and I had never seen anything like this proposal before, so our expectations were virtually non-existent (which, I have since found to be a very useful approach when working with Daphne, more on this later). We were also intrigued because we found Daphne and Mark to be thoughtful, shy, and quiet collaborators. How were they going to pull this all off? With their very first project together being an engagement party, we knew there was something unique about this big gesture approach: "We plan to get married, as an ongoing work that will undoubtedly inform every other work we make. It legitimises our symbiotic way of working within a motivational and competitive dynamic." For *Campaign*, they were still 'engaged' and approached this residency as a serious and dynamic art duo. When I recently asked Ella what drew her to this project she replied: "The playful yet sharp nature of Mark and Daphne's practice really embodied a crucial component of Dog Park: the contemporary art world turned in on itself for critique, comic relief, and conceptual rigor. Mark and Daphne approached each meeting with a perfectly-pitched awkward sensitivity which generated some great cross-overs." I also asked Daphne to cast back to her time working on *Campaign*.



1. Founded in 2012, Dog Park was an artist-run space located in the industrial area of Waltham, Christchurch. For two years directors Chloe Geoghegan and Ella Sutherland worked with local, national and international practitioners to develop a monthly program of exhibitions. While the space was initiated at a time when very few arts institutions were in regular operation and the focus of creative projects in the city shifted toward a more transitional approach, Dog Park worked to remain consistent with and connected to other gallery-based organisations outside of Christchurch.

2. Daphne Simons and Mark O'Donnell, email message to Dog Park, July 22, 2012.



harness up in the treetops. We definitely came out of the day with mad respect for Melanie and I also remember we had some nice pies afterwards, which is when she told us she rides a motorbike. What a daredevil. Because our whole 'Campaign' was about getting a show at The Physics Room in 2014, we hoped that Melanie would see the project as a giant exclamation/physical proposal.

Another memorable trip was getting a Thai massage with graphic design lecturer and Physics Room board member at the time, Aaron Beehre. I think this one was actually Aaron's idea ...? But my memory is a bit foggy on that ... What I do remember is that the place was pretty dark with some rouge lighting and we sat in reclining chairs in a room about the size of a lounge with a very low ceiling. We were all massaged simultaneously. We also had a mani-pedi at the local mall with artist Miranda Parkes. Mark was so happy with his nails and Miranda was very kind and made us feel welcome in the Christchurch community. Then we went horse trekking with Felicity Milburn, curator at the Christchurch Art Gallery. At some point Mark's horse took off faster than expected—I think that made him feel like a real cowboy.

Chloe: Some of my favourite set-ups were: golfing with James Dann (but I think it was too hot and you went canoeing down the Avon instead) and I think you may have gone to all-you-can-eat-burger-night on a Thursday at the Casino with Luke Wood.

Daphne: We also went on a Christchurch Bike Tour with SCAPE project manager Jo Mair. Mark and I still talk about this because Jo basically usurped the tour guide. During the tour we would stop our bikes at key destinations in the city, and the guide would say a few words on the history of the place, after which Jo would interject, correct her, and add even more interesting historical and local facts. She was amazing. Then there was the trip with artist

Chloe: I am wondering how you reflect on *Campaign* today. How did you find following through with your plans to invite local members of the art community to go on local activities with you in order to get to know them?

Daphne: Mark and I initially saw day trips as a riff on corporate team building exercises and we hoped that they would be productive ways to meet art people in Christchurch. And they were, but I've also come to realise that the whole experience was a wonderful example of what can happen when a whole arts community is pulled together to become one collective host for visiting artists. We knew no one in Christchurch before arriving, but were made to feel very valued and welcome during our residency. These are some of our favourite moments from *Campaign*:

We went to Adrenalin Forest with Melanie Oliver, Director of The Physics Room at that time. Adrenalin Forest is exactly how it sounds and Melanie was 100% in her element. Mark and I paled in comparison to our strong and energetic company. I'm scared of heights and the majority of the rope course was done in a

aged simultaneous

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- Auckland
- Christchurch

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Tim Middleton to Orana Wildlife Park. We went into a giant human cage and were towed out into the 'lion area' where we fed the lions around us with raw meat cuts through the little holes in our cage. The lions loved it, some of them even jumped on top of the cage.

Chloe: Who are your favourite art couples? When I asked Mark he mentioned you were a fan of early twentieth century painters Sonia and Robert Delaunay.

Daphne: There was also the comedy duo Nichols and May who played different roles for skits—mother and father, husband and wife, nurse and doctor. But I think we probably worked more like Fischli and Weiss.

Chloe: Their 1987 film *The Way Things Go* is legendary for its post-apocalyptic style chain-reaction of objects flying around, crashing and exploding within the artists' studio. This reminds me of the final presentation in *Campaign*, which was close to resembling absolute chaos in the gallery. While one wall had the statement 'PHYSICS ROOM 2014' ambitiously emblazoned in purple and yellow across it, another was happily stamped with hundreds of fluorescent orange paintball blobs dripping down onto the concrete floor. My station wagon was also parked in the centre of the gallery, wearing a very cosy looking denim cover that you and Mark had lovingly hand-sewn as what I assume was a gesture of thanks to the car itself after all of the day trips.

Daphne: There were also some small sculptural experiments around the gallery including a cat scratching pole and a catapult device. I drew a lot of inspiration from *The Goonies* (1985), which features really excellent chain-reaction devices, Rube Goldberg machines, inventions by 'Data', and brilliant booby traps. To think this came out two years before Fischli and Weiss's film! Thanks, Spielberg.

Chloe: Speaking of chain reactions, let's talk a little about the engagement. When you both arrived in Christchurch, I confess, I thought you were a couple and you were going to be married soon. I suppose it was partly because I was so consumed with Dog Park (organising day trips included) I didn't stop for a moment to think properly about how funny it was that you had decided to experiment with the historical art couple model, which was genius.

Ella and I discovered the engagement had quietly dissolved when we invited Mark and Daphne back for a special offsite project two years later in June 2014. We were invited to bring a show to ALASKA Projects in Sydney as part of an exhibition exchange. Instead of bringing together artists for a suitcase show as had come to us from ALASKA the month prior, we invited Daphne and Mark to present a new



Daphne: Yes, we should talk about that. Part of me wants to dismiss it as a really stupid second year art student idea that we took very seriously. In retrospect, I was pretty naïve about the whole thing and just thought 'Well Mark's my best bud, if I'm actually going to marry someone, why not him!' People assume it was some kind of conspiracy, that we sat down and agreed on a clear-cut premise to deceive as many people as we could, but we didn't intend that at all. We both had very different views on what it was and meant, and for that reason, it became a bit too messy to deal with as an artwork. Ultimately, we weren't romantically involved; but we were serious about seeing the project play out.





project. Their exhibition was titled *Wingman* and, like *Campaign*, consisted of several parts that culminated in an extremely sharp but mildly chaotic meeting of minds in the exhibition space. First off, Mark and Daphne requested that we find a dog that Mark could walk on a preliminary research trip to Sydney a month before the exhibition. We found a sausage dog called Thor. Mark walked Thor around The Rocks and the Museum of Contemporary Art while the Sydney Biennale was on.

The second part of *Wingman* culminated into an exhibition of work by: Martin Creed, Tom Marioni, Ed Ruscha, Ronnie van Hout, Mark O'Donnell, and Daphne Simons. That's right—Mark and Daphne ambitiously fundraised and curated original artworks by four internationally renowned artists into a show with them at Alaska, which is an independent artist-run space located in a publically accessible underground car park in central Sydney. When I asked Ella, now based in Sydney, to reflect on this project she recalled supervising the Ed Ruscha crate (containing an original 16mm short film



from 1975) during its fly-in, fly-out visit from Gagosian in L.A for the opening night screening. “Adhering to strict insurance guidelines, the crate was confined to my Air B n’ B apartment, which incidentally was a Harry Seidler building with a Sol LeWitt wall drawing in the foyer.” This seemingly bizarre combination of events, from Thor to Ruscha, culminated in an incredibly generous, awkward, and intelligent end game at the opening of *Wingman*. Mark got up before a slightly bewildered opening crowd and read a short text revealing how, a month ago, he had been searching for a date while walking Thor and looking at works inside the MCA. He had been successful in getting a date with a young woman during a group tour on one of the gallery floors. Mark quietly explained to the crowd how he was able to get this date because of this show he was having with art world heavyweights Martin Creed, Tom Marioni, Ed Ruscha, and Ronnie van Hout—impressing this girl with the fact that he was a pretty significant artist himself.

So the exhibition itself wasn’t simply rouse—it was a very long way around a common task: finding a new girlfriend. Perhaps it was a nice way to end a very long, vague engagement, but mostly it represents serious ambition combined with a sense of self-awareness that can’t be found very often in the art world.

Chloe: I’ve been thinking about your work and reading *On being serious in the art world* by Gavin Butt and Irit Rogoff in which Rogoff asks if being a serious artist is a doomed project.³ She argues for seriousness as an atmosphere. I am wondering, do you see your practice as serious or not serious?

Daphne: I see myself as seriously not taking things too seriously. But seriously, I think Rogoff is suggesting a new take on ‘seriousness’, parts of which I really like and other parts I think are a bit lame. So I’ll try to explain myself in relation to that ... For me this idea of seriousness versus non-seriousness is connected to someone’s degree of involvement and distance to something—levels of intimacy.

Chloe: Thinking about levels, or layers, the distance required to engage in the work you and Mark do is flexible, which I think is reasonably typical of contemporary and experimental projects. If you are very close you get one experience—perhaps you see the underlying art couple experiment. If you only saw *Campaign* at the closing event, you’d have received a calendar documenting the activities and spotted a series of witty sculptures connecting and visualising your self-critique. Rogoff concludes her essay with the following statement that reminds me a lot of your work with Mark:

“Laughter, attention, invention, and vigilance are the animating qualities of the insistent, and they make a very good substitute for piety, gravity, earnestness, and truthfulness as the true hallmarks of seriousness as it might be practiced here, among us.”⁴

Daphne: I can relate to this because her ‘seriousness’ seems to advocate a critical and (at times) humorous mindset. I particularly like the way Rogoff refers to ‘the comic’ in the book, as being a “non-pious and “non-

3. Irit Rogoff, “On being serious in the art world” in *Visual Cultures as Seriousness* (Berlin: Sternberg, 2013), 68.

4. Ibid, 79.





standard” (essentially non-conformist) attitude to something. For Rogoff, ‘seriousness’ is a kind of ethical attitude, a best practice for how to approach the art-world’s complexities and power dynamics. She suggests that the art-world should take the implicit market-values present at its core more seriously. Especially by the ‘well-intentioned’ people in the arts who deny it. I can appreciate the importance of this double bind, and the call to push against these values from within the system, where it is most effective. In Rogoff’s words “Enfolded but unconvinced by its logic.”



Wingman was much like *Campaign* and the overarching engagement project in the way that Mark and Daphne had completely absorbed themselves in a long game with so many twists and turns one can’t help but think of it as some kind of complex endurance performance or piece of experimental theatre. Sometimes I like to think of it all as if Marina and Ulay were competing on *Ninja Warrior* or *Wipe Out*. However, when speaking with Daphne for this interview and working with her in a solo capacity recently, I have found that this performative notion is far from the direction her practice has been moving in. *Campaign* felt more like a sculptural collaboration with team spirit but also a seriously competitive edge—Daphne and Mark challenged each other as emerging artists to go further and further into the absurdity that the art world is built on, revealing, experiencing and critiquing the neuroses, strategies and complexities all artists with ambition hold.

This interview will continue in the second issue of HAMSTER. It will pick up with Daphne and Mark’s artist-run space Canapé Canopy (featuring some scathing tell-alls from Mark O’Donnell), and discuss her collaboration with Li-Ming Hu, Riff Raff. The interview will conclude in the third issue of HAMSTER and cover Daphne’s emergent solo practice.

Negotiating Violence

Hikalu Clarke

When the White Nationalist and Alt-right spokesperson Richard Spencer was sucker-punched by an Antifa protester during a live TV broadcast, the Internet lit up with the question, “Is it okay to hit a Nazi?”

It received a mixed reception; the right denounced it as an aggressive infringement of Spencer’s First Amendment rights, whilst others celebrated it as an act of vigilante justice. Robby Soave, writer and Associate Editor for the Libertarian magazine *Reason*, denounced the attack, claiming that it, “... isn’t just morally wrong—it’s tactically foolish.”¹ Alt-right advocate and former BuzzFeed social media strategist, Tim ‘Baked Alaska’ Gionet, tweeted, “the ‘peaceful’ protesters attacked Richard Spencer. I don’t see any white nationalists sucker punching people”.² After Spencer posted on Twitter about the assault, other users were quick to mock him. Gerry Duggan, an American comic book writer, tweeted an image of Captain America punching Hitler with the caption, “as American as apple pie”.³

Footage of the attack proliferated via memes, .gifs and video remixes—the answer to the forementioned question in my social media sphere seemed to be a resounding “yes”. Perhaps the irony of the situation had influenced public opinion. Spencer, whose ideology promotes violence and intolerance, ended up on the receiving end of both violence and intolerance. When the fist connected, Spencer momentarily entered the future he had always dreamt about.

Though entertaining, this episode raises questions around how modern society engages with and accepts certain occurrences of violence. When is an act of violence acceptable? And perhaps more pertinent, is ideologically driven violence more acceptable?

There are no simple answers to these questions. Partisan loyalties, contentious histories, and philosophical fallacies complicate an easy interrogation of this terrain. However, by engaging with the ideological anchors that drive violence, and the moral frameworks of society that allow the celebration or condemnation of these acts, this murky moral territory can begin to be mapped and traversed.

THE MORAL TRUMPET

The ‘Unite the Right’ protests in Charlottesville, Virginia on August 11 and 12, 2017, illustrated the result of ideological difference meeting in real space. The far-right protesters were largely made up of white nationalists who advocate racial segregation and the establishment of a white ethno-state. They clashed with counter-protestors in the streets of Charlottesville. Heather Hayes was killed and many others injured after Alex Fields Jnr, a white supremacist, rammed his Dodge Challenger into a group of the anti-racist counter-protestors.

The modus operandi of Fields Jnr holds parallels with the London Bridge attack in June, where Islamic extremists, Khuram Shazad Butt, Rachid Redouane, and Youssef Zaghba drove a van into pedestrians. After crashing, they exited the van armed with knives and began stabbing people in the nearby Borough Markets. Eight people were killed and 48 were injured. Butt, Redouane, and Zaghba were motivated by their allegiance to ISIS; Fields Jnr was motivated by his devotion to White Supremacy. Driven by their dedication to radical ideologies, each enacted violence against innocent people. The perpetrators did not view their victims as innocent, but as ideological enemies. For these radicals, their victims

1. Robby Soave, “Alt-right Leader Richard Spencer Got Punched in the Face, and That’s Wrong.” *Hit and Run*, *Reason.com*, January 20, 2017, accessed November 27, 2017, <http://reason.com/blog/2017/01/20/alt-right-leader-richard-spencer-got-pun>.

2. Tim Gionet (@BakedAlaska), “The ‘peaceful’ protestors attacked Richard Spencer. I don’t see any white nationalists sucker punching people”, Tweet, Jan, 20, 2017 (3:29pm), accessed Oct, 28, 2017, <https://twitter.com/bakedalaska/status/822586868504129544?lang=en>.

3. Gerry Duggan, (@GerryDuggan), “As American as apple pie.”, Tweet, January 20, 2017 (4:35pm), accessed October 28, 2017, <https://twitter.com/gerryduggan/status/822603492321796097?lang=en>.

4. Alan Page Fiske and Tage Shakti Rai, "Most violence arises from morality, not the lack of it," *New Scientist*, November 26, 2014, accessed October 30, 2017, <https://www.newscientist.com/article/mg22429973-000-most-violence-arises-from-morality-not-the-lack-of-it/>.

5. Liam Stack, "Attack on Alt-right Leader Has Internet Asking: Is It O.K. to Punch a Nazi?," *The New York Times*, January 21, 2017, accessed October 28, 2017, https://www.nytimes.com/2017/01/21/us/politics/richard-spencer-punched-attack.html?_r=1.

6. Manuel Velasquez, Claire Andre, Thomas Shanks, S.J., and Michael J. Meyer, "Ethical Relativism," *Markkula Center for Applied Ethics*, August 1, 1992, accessed November 2, 2017, <https://www.scu.edu/ethics/ethics-resources/ethical-decision-making/ethical-relativism/>.

7. Nicholas Fandos, "Transcripts of calls with Orlando gunman will be released," *The New York Times*, June 19, 2016, accessed November 2, 2017, <https://www.nytimes.com/2016/06/20/us/politics/transcripts-of-calls-with-orlando-gunman-will-be-released.html?ref=collection%2Fnews%2Fcollection%2F2016-orlando-shooting&action=click&contentCollection=us®ion=rnk&module=package&version=highlights&contentPlacement=7&pgtype=collection>.

8. Ryan Devereaux, "Obama Administration finally releases its dubious drone death toll," *The Intercept*, July 2, 2017, accessed November 2, 2017, <https://theintercept.com/2016/07/01/obama-administration-finally-releases-its-dubious-drone-death-toll/>.

9. Scott Shane, "Drone Strikes Reveal Uncomfortable Truth: U.S Is Often Unsure About Who Will Die," *The New York Times*, April 23, 2015, accessed November 7, 2017, <https://www.nytimes.com/2015/04/24/world/asia/drone-strikes-reveal-uncomfortable-truth-us-is-often-unsure-about-who-will-die.html>.

ideological allegiances warranted violent consequence.

This notion of intent and motivation has been explored in *Virtuous Violence*, a joint publication by Alan Page Fiske and Tage Shakti Rai.⁴ They examine the hypothesis that the majority of violent acts are motivated by a moral imperative. Fiske and Rai use the example of the disciplinary relationship involving corporal punishment between parent and child. Albeit misguided in delivery, the caregiver believes that this form of punishment will positively contribute to the child's development. There lies an obligation to act because to not act would be morally reprehensible. This logic underscores the justification of ideologically driven violence within protest and terrorism.

The Charlottesville and the London Bridge attacks both lacked a singular target and were spurred by ideological differences. This is in contrast to the Spencer sucker-punch. In a video posted to Youtube by a pursuer of the Antifa attacker, the assailant tells a friend that the man filming is "... mad at me because I hit Richard Spencer."⁵ This indicates the attack was not an indiscriminate act of violence; Spencer was singled out. This is an important distinction between these forms of violence. One operates with a singular target, whilst the other targets a group. Yet they share common ground: the moral and ideological imperative that drives them.

What further complicates this terrain is that the justification of violence is inherently contingent upon the social and cultural norms of a public. Ethical relativists argue that morality is relative to the norms of one's culture, thus there are no universal moral standards: all positions are correct within their own cultural logic.⁶ However, the fact that

this position undermines social reflexivity means it must be treated with suspicion as a moral dictum.

THE THEATRE OF VIOLENCE

Terrorism operates by instilling fear into the civilian populace in a bid to enact change. These actions can range from the destruction of property to mass murder. As highly theatrical forms of violence, they are dependent upon public awareness to propagate a message. The burning crosses, lynch mobs, and wizard costumes of the Ku Klux Klan, mirror that of ISIS' social media presence, iconography, and broadcasting of beheadings; each function as the visual identity of an ideological anchor. This theatrical element of terrorism provides a clear target at which a governing body may direct their public's collective outrage. The now-routine sequence sees an emotional politician standing at a podium, denouncing the violent act and its perpetrators, helpfully realigning their public's moral compass.

On June 12, 2016, Omar Mateen killed 49 people and injured 58 others in an Orlando night club. In a 911 call, Mateen pledged his allegiance to ISIS and claimed the reason for the attack was America-led interventions in Iraq and Syria.⁷ Though Obama denounced Mateen's attack, his government had administered drone strikes that killed at least 200 and as many as 1000 non-combatants on foreign soil.⁸ Despite these civilian casualties, drone strikes remain popular with the American public and enjoy unusual bipartisan support in Congress.⁹ This is clearly at odds with society's ostensible intolerance of violence.

Perhaps this government-prescribed violence is justified from a principle of utility, as it is the result (bringing peace and stability) not the means (killing

people) that is significant in this equation. Yet, basic Utilitarian philosophies of the 'Greater Good' operate on unstable moral foundations as they often offer up the minority as a sacrificial lamb. A simplistic theatrical narrative of good-versus-evil enforces this trajectory of thinking. Ronald Reagan's 'Evil Empire' of 1983 and George W. Bush's 'Axis of Evil' of 2002, respectively shifted public opinion and garnered support for state-sponsored violence through this process. By fabricating a fiction that positions an opponent as morally bankrupt, they are dehumanised. This maintains the idea that the populace is simply innocent bystanders—victims of evil. This ignores the reality that, by proxy, taxpayers are complicit with the violence inflicted by their representative government.

WILFULLY BLIND

Slavoj Žižek defines this invisible form of violence as 'objective'. Žižek differentiates violence into two categories: subjective violence, which is perpetrated by an agent who can be rendered accountable, and objective violence, as that which is inherent to a system. Objective violence according to Žižek is not committed by a particular agent (i.e. a terrorist), nor does it contrast with the normal peace of things, instead it holds consequences that are difficult to identify.¹⁰ Subjective violence, such as terrorism, functions as a "perturbation of the normal" whilst objective forms of violence are commonly ignored, or worse, accepted as a necessary evil.¹¹

The outsourcing of production due to the availability of cheap labour in developing countries exemplifies contemporary objective violence. Between 2010 and 2016, more than twenty workers in the Foxconn industrial city in Shenzhen,

China have committed suicide.¹² Globally, Foxconn is one of the largest contract electronics manufacturers and the Longhua plant is a major producer of Apple products. Suicide notes and survivors spoke of the over-whelming stress, long workdays, and unkept promises of benefits by managers that punished employees at will, and without consequence. To prevent further suicides, large nets were put in place to catch jumpers. In 2012, 150 workers gathered on a factory rooftop and threatened to jump. After being promised improvements to their work environments, they were talked down by management.¹³ By threatening violence upon themselves, the workers had attempted to prevent future violence. This form of protest offered human life as a bargaining chip.

The workers' suffering was sustained by the desire of First World consumers for low cost goods and a distributor's pursuit of inflated returns. Though the majority of consumers are aware of this reality, our subscription continues to enable it. It operates as a form of systemic violence; the victim's suffering is accepted as necessary to maintain the status quo. Like the moral imperative felt by the terrorist, this objective violence is enabled by ideology. The Capitalist logic of dog-eat-dog entrenches a social caste system; a dynamic of oppressor and oppressed.

Compliance with systemic forms of violence should itself be seen as a form of violence; one that dehumanises the worker to a statistic and the foreign insurgent to an evil-doer in dress-up. It ignores the moral imperatives behind their actions, while absolving ourselves of guilt. To combat violence with violence may yield immediate results but the righteous blade cuts both ways. To accept one form is to expect another.



10. Jonathan Darling, "Welcome to Sheffield: the less-than-violent geographies of urban asylum," in *Geographies of Peace: New Approaches to Boundaries, Diplomacy and Conflict Resolution*, ed. Fiona McConnell, Nick Megoran and Phillipa Williams (London: I.B Tauris & Co Ltd, 2014), 232.

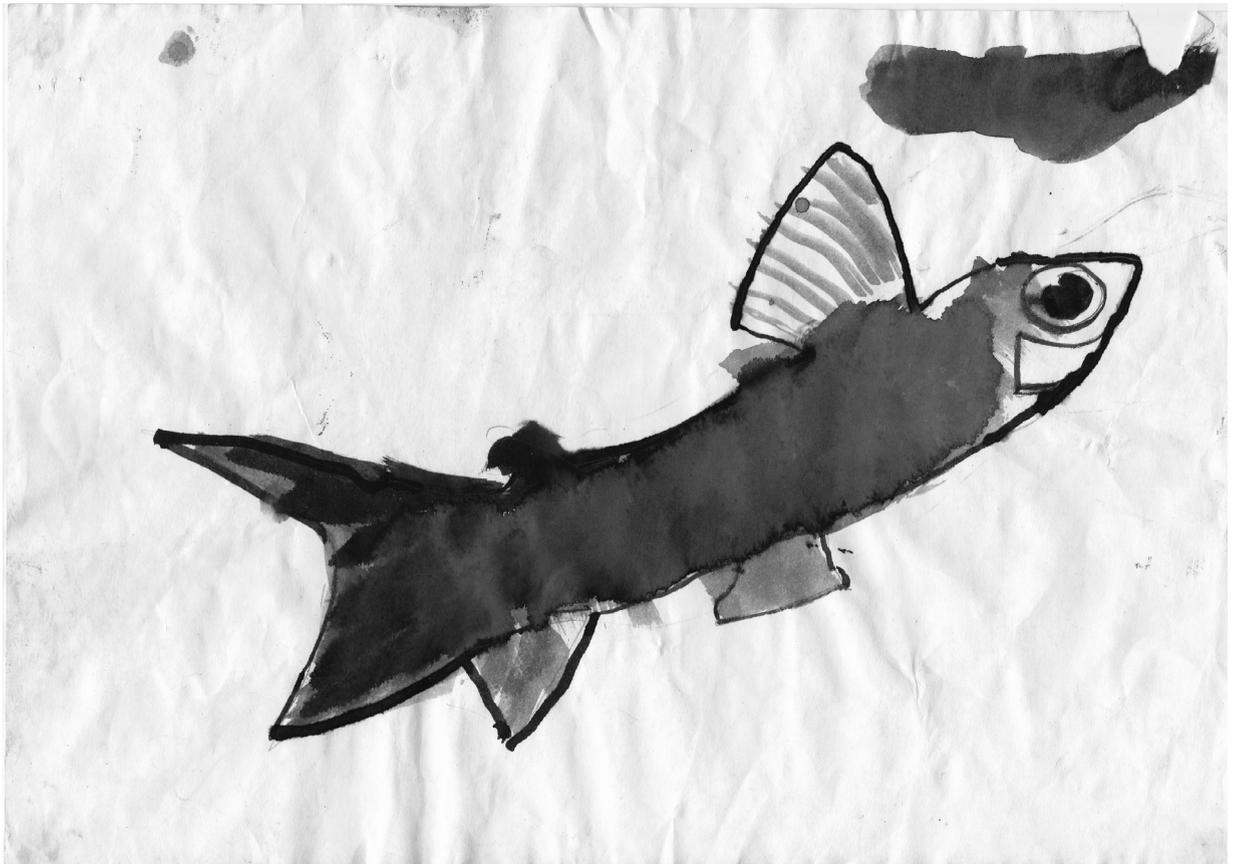
11. Slavoj Žižek, quoted in, *Geographies of Peace: New Approaches to Boundaries, Diplomacy and Conflict Resolution*, ed. Fiona McConnell, Nick Megoran and Phillipa Williams (London: I.B Tauris & Co Ltd, 2014), 232.

12. Jenny Chan and Pun Ngai, "Suicide as a Protest for the New Generation of Chinese Migrant Workers: Foxconn, Global Capital, and the State," *The Asia-Pacific Journal* 37, no. 2 (September 2010), accessed November 2, 2017, <http://apjif.org/-Jenny-Chan/3408/article.html>.

13. Brian Merchant, "Life and Death in Apple's Forbidden City," *The Guardian*, June 18, 2017, accessed November 2, 2017, <https://www.theguardian.com/technology/2017/jun/18/foxconn-life-death-forbidden-city-longhua-suicide-apple-iphone-brian-merchant-one-device-extract>.

Two Hundred and Thirty Words for Dishonesty Part One

Gabrielle Amodeo



In 1995, when I was in Form Two, I stole this ink drawing off the wall of one of the school's art-rooms. I'm fairly sure it was the work of a Form One student. I thought it was rather beautiful, the best on the wall, and honestly thought that it would be okay to take it. Even though, afterwards, the teacher discussed the theft with us I never owned up to my stealing.

After a period where I kept it, but had also forgotten about it, I found it again in a box.

It must have been about 2010 that I rediscovered the drawing, hiding in that box. I guess it was in a box labelled *GUS'*: *TO SORT*. It's a good enough guess.

There are a few of those boxes labelled that. They usually remain unsorted. They should perhaps be labelled *GUS: TO, AT BEST, OCCASIONALLY REARRANGE*.

Finding the drawing after having forgotten about it for a prolonged period must have been one of those moments of jolted recollection. Rediscovering the drawing conjured the memories: I did remember the circumstances of stealing the drawing, of the discussion the teachers had with us, of the guilt, but of keeping it under the dual pressures of feeling like I'd gone too far and it was too scary to go back and acknowledge the theft, and also, simply, I loved it and wanted to keep it.

Now, I don't remember rediscovering the drawing, I have only the mistiest memories of actually stealing the drawing and no memories at all about the teacher talking to the class about it. I've retold the story so often that all I remember is the story. And so I guess I've started to wonder about this scrap of grey-matter once anchored to this black and white ink drawing but now unmoored: is it true?

This is a story that has taken place over time. Admittedly—well, obviously—all stories take place over time, but I feel that there's something between memory and time and truth germane to present circumstances. Because it seems problematic to presuppose that truth, any truth, big or small, is timeless in the sense of being fundamental and unchangeable.

Full disclosure: I don't really accept 'truths'. I don't believe in historical, societal, or cultural truths. I'm an atheist. I accept that there are some scientific 'truths', even if I don't understand them.² Einstein's Special Law of Relativity, for instance; or the four laws of thermodynamics. Of these, although I'm rather taken with the name of the zeroth

law of thermodynamics (zeroth!) I am especially fond of the second law, which, as I understand it, is that all things move towards disorder: entropy. For the purposes of this text, however, I'm largely dealing with truth-telling, and truth-telling is very much centred on memory, and memory is subject to the effects of the arrow of time. So, to inaccurately, even glibly, apply a process from physics to a philosophical concept, all 'truths' are also subject to the effects of entropy.

Recent theories in neuroscience suggest that when we remember an event we are actually recalling the last time we remembered the event and not the event itself.³ A memory isn't tethered to the time of its making: it is only related to the last time it was remembered. Therefore, each time the event is recalled, the memory of the event itself is more and more distanced, and the recollection gathers the changes of each of its past iterations, perhaps like the growth spurt a caught fish undertakes in the embellished memory of the fisherman.

This is called memory reconsolidation, a theory that has gained prevalence in neuroscience in recent years. On this, in an interview and article titled *Repairing Bad Memories*, the neuroscientist Daniela Schiller, who is at the forefront of research into memory reconsolidation, states: "My conclusion is that memory is what you are now. Not in pictures, not in recordings. Your memory is who you are now".⁴ I'm intrigued by this reversal. You are not the sum of your memories; *your memory is who you are right now*.

A distant memory of my early childhood is in reality only one step behind my present, only obscured by the fact that I'm not thinking about it *right now*. And then as soon as I remember it I've brought it into the present and charged it with fresh data it didn't necessarily have before. Memory is not our past, it is our present, and it is simultaneously lost and created with each act of remembering. Consider the implications on the concept of truth-

1. My lingering childhood nickname.

2. Although I once heard the scientific process described roughly as this: "you come up with a hypothesis and then you test it empirically to its destruction", so this acceptance is contingent on this condition.

3. Stephen S. Hall, "Repairing Bad Memories," *MIT Technology Review* (17 June, 2013); accessed October 10, 2017. <https://www.technologyreview.com/s/515981/repairing-bad-memories/>.

4. Ibid.

telling: it can only ever be as unfixed as the memory it is attached to. (Gosh, but I would make a terrible police witness).

In contemplating the idea of our past being so entirely in our own present, I'm curious about when our personal present becomes out of sync with the actual (for want of a better word) present. With age, and the second law of thermodynamics, propelling his brain ever towards disorder, my grandfather's present receded further back into his own history. In his eyes I became my mother, young again; and his granddaughter Gussy, who was still a child in his dementia-altered present, was missing.

"Deb," (my mother's name) he would ask me with concern, "Deb, where's Gussy?"

What was 'the present' to a mind freewheeling through time, through all the different 'presents' he had experienced in his long life? It reminds me of this from *The Time Machine* by H. G. Wells: "*There is no difference between Time and any of the three dimensions of Space except that our consciousness moves along it*".⁵ My grandfather's dementia unmoored him from the present—or, at least, he didn't have control over it—so he sat somewhere between the presents of his lifetime: the present related to the clock, and the present he was personally experiencing.

Through trying to answer my question 'is it true', I've become fixated on this idea of time travel. Of how we don't travel into our past when we remember, but of how my grandfather's loss of memories took him back in time to an earlier present. I admit it's indulgent of me to set up current theories of neuroscience alongside a sentence from a 19th century science fiction short story. Schiller's investigations into memory reconsolidation would seem to contradict H. G. Wells' idea of our consciousness roving through time, but there's another way: our language means we time travel.

Not just by dint of the stories we tell, imagined or real, about pasts or futures,

but time travel is built into the very fibre—the *grammar*—of our language: present tense, past tense, future tense, and all their related perfects and continuous and conditionals, constantly move us through time with each sentence we think or utter.

In our ever-present we constantly time travel. We time travel in our grammar, but we are only ever in our present when we travel into our memories. Somewhere between our language and our memories is our imperfect, contradictory time machine: our memories are rooted in the present; our grammar freewheels us through time.

So then, what is the truth of my little piece of autobiographical detritus? It is a piece of unreliable evidence, an object from the past that might indicate a few points in my life: a drawing that I didn't do myself; a drawing I once remembered stealing off a classroom wall; a drawing wrapped up in conflicting feelings of guilt and an abject love based on perverse ideas of ownership; a drawing that I later found in a box along with a flood of memories; a drawing that I subsequently built a story around. A drawing that I no longer remember the source of.

This story is as much about losing memories as it is a story about memories. It is the divergence where the memory is simultaneously *lost in the story*, and *concretised as a story*. It is that truth-telling is buried by the generative act of remembering. I have brought this piece of evidence from my past so comprehensively into my present that I don't have a memory; I have a story. So I arrive back at my original question, is it true? But perhaps it's that a truth in truth-telling is fundamentally, irrevocably tied to the contingencies of the present.

Every word of my story is true.

For now.

5. H. G. Wells, "The Time Machine," in *Selected Short Stories* (Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1958), 8.

Safety in Distance?

This is a conversation between friends Christine McFetridge, a photographer and writer, and Charlotte Watson, a visual artist. Now living and working in Melbourne, they both experienced the February 2011 earthquake whilst in the last year of their BFA at the Ilam School of Fine Arts at the University of Canterbury, Christchurch. Here they discuss the residual effects of the earthquake on their arts practices from the perspective of working overseas.

Charlotte Watson: The *Winter Garden* project started as part of your Honours year at Ilam in 2012. Why did you decide to show it in Melbourne, five years after its inception, as opposed to Christchurch?

Christine McFetridge: I think writing the exhibition proposal for Trocadero Art Space in Melbourne in 2016 helped me to articulate the project fully and understand what I was making. I had to stop ignoring that *The Winter Garden* was about the earthquakes. If I'm honest, this refusal began as a coping mechanism I developed as the work I made during my Honours year was affected by what I now know was PTSD. At the time, I was incredibly motivated not to make photographs about the earthquakes, but ironically that's exactly what I was doing. It was this eventual honesty with myself, and the clarity I had about the concepts and themes inherent to the work that allowed me to think seriously about exhibiting the work in Christchurch. (*The Winter Garden* will be exhibited at Christchurch-based In Situ Photo Project late November, 2017)

Your work *Disquiet* (2016) also makes explicit reference to the Canterbury earthquakes, specifically those after 22 February 2011. Why do you think it took five years for you to broach the subject in an artwork?

CW: Like you, I didn't want to touch the subject of earthquakes but I think I could see the dissonance between the Christchurch I missed and the Christchurch that now is. Five years also marked the point where I'd been

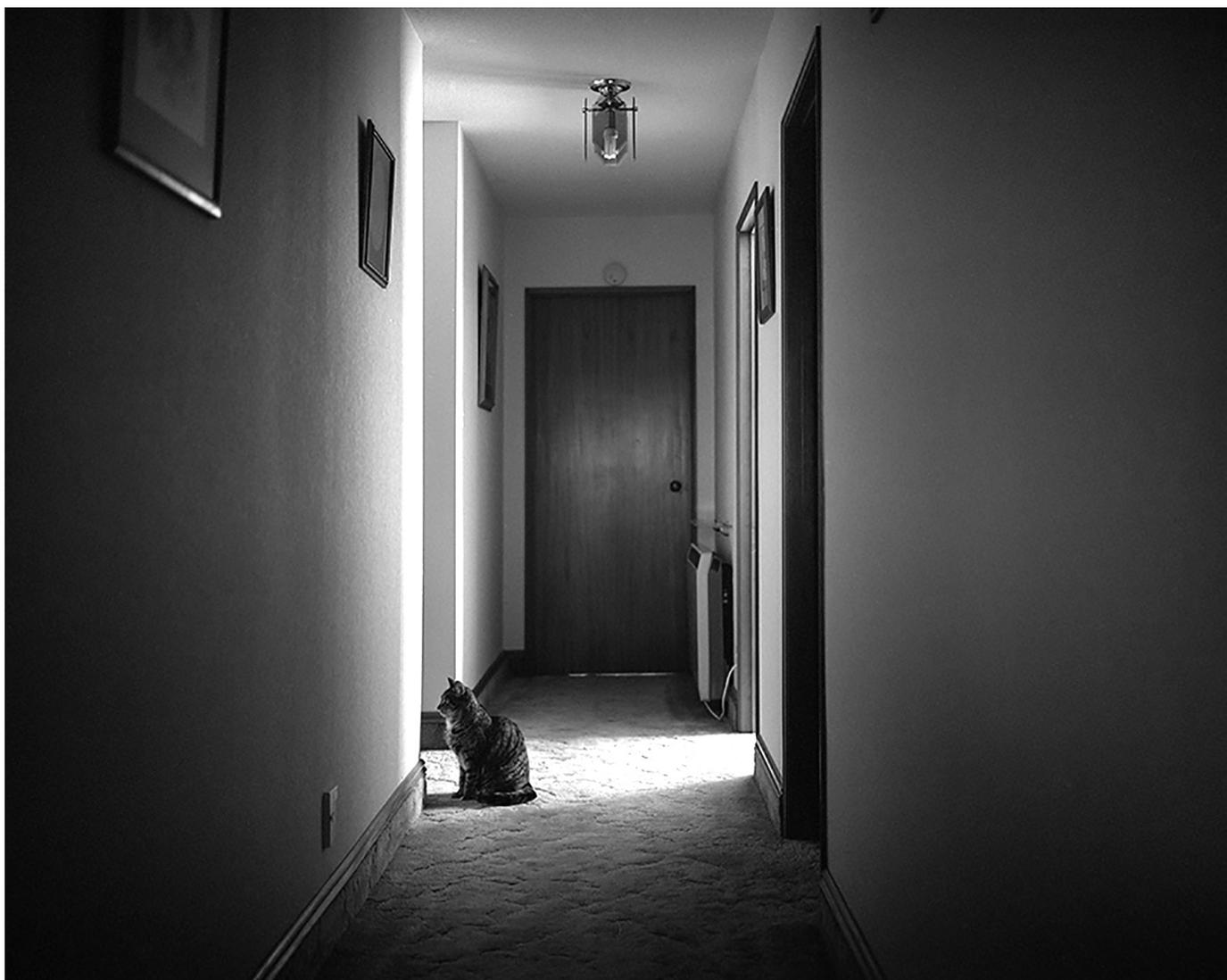
making art in Melbourne for as long as I had in New Zealand, and was starting to question the idea of 'home'. While I'm grateful to live in a functioning city, I've always felt a twinge of guilt about leaving, as if I'd copped out or didn't have the stoicism of those staying on.

In saying that, *Disquiet* is about separation and wouldn't have come about if I'd stayed within a New Zealand context. I've found that living elsewhere makes the symbols and stories of your upbringing hum that much louder, which I think you've found too. Making *Disquiet* was unavoidable as I was hard against the discomfort and guilt of separation and had to acknowledge it somehow.

Has the distance between here and Christchurch—geographical, physical or otherwise—afforded you freedoms with *The Winter Garden* that you may not have otherwise had? Perhaps in how the work is received, or understood?

CM: Distance and time have certainly afforded me perspective. It's also meant I've needed to adapt the way that I've worked on the project. Where previously I'd had almost unlimited access to photographing my family, who feature in the work, I'm now bound to making photographs during short trips home. This compels me to be more selective and thoughtful about the pictures I take.

I identify with the sense of guilt about leaving you mentioned and I wonder whether my having left will affect the way the work will be received by an audience in Christchurch. A Melbourne audience is unlikely to have a personal connection to the events and though they may have experienced severe flooding and fires, they bring some objectivity to viewing the work. I'm also insecure about the idea of stoicism you raised and I'm unsure if people in Christchurch even want to look at work about the earthquakes so long after the events! However, I do hope the audience is able to relate to the sense of personal



Untitled (from the series *The Winter Garden*), Christine McFetridge, 2015. Digital photograph.

development that can occur around trauma. I've found my experience of post-traumatic stress was not without post-traumatic growth.

Do you feel that you have to reassess the way you contextualise *Disquiet* based on where you plan to exhibit the work? How does the reading of it change?

CW: Absolutely. As you described, the Melbourne audience isn't attached to the event but I received feedback from people who were moved by the work, no matter what level of understanding they came in on. There was a freedom afforded here in a way there couldn't have been in Christchurch. Perhaps even a safety in distance.

Though *Disquiet* has been acquired by the Christchurch Art Gallery, Te Puna O Waiwhetu it hasn't yet been shown, so I share your apprehensions. It felt right that *Disquiet* was going back 'home' to the place which brought it all into being, but I do admit wondering if Christchurch audiences will find *Disquiet* overwhelming, or worse, melodramatic. But I suspect those worries are really my internalisation of that stoicism. Why is it that I had to step out of Christchurch for some time to really look at the horror of the quake? *Disquiet* could be shown as part of anything from a drawing exhibition to a ten-year quake anniversary—its context and subsequent reading is out of my control. Ultimately the work did for me what I needed it to at the time and that's all I can really hope for.

Did you get that sense of closure from your most recent iteration of *The Winter Garden*? Do you see the project having an end?

CM: I'm not sure if it's a sense of closure or a greater sense of understanding about the experience of the earthquakes? Or, given the circumstances, maybe the two are one and the same?

On a personal level, it was important for me to work towards an outcome as it helped me to establish whether the project would continue or end. It's a project I've always had trouble showing others because of how autobiographical it is; I would shy away from critique

because I felt as if I were being critiqued, rather than the work itself.

The Winter Garden, as it currently exists to reflect my experience of the earthquakes in relation to familial relationships will come to an end. However, it's possible there will be other iterations of it because I'll continue to photograph the people close to me when I'm at home. I think the series ultimately belongs in book form and this will likely become the final outcome for this iteration of the project.

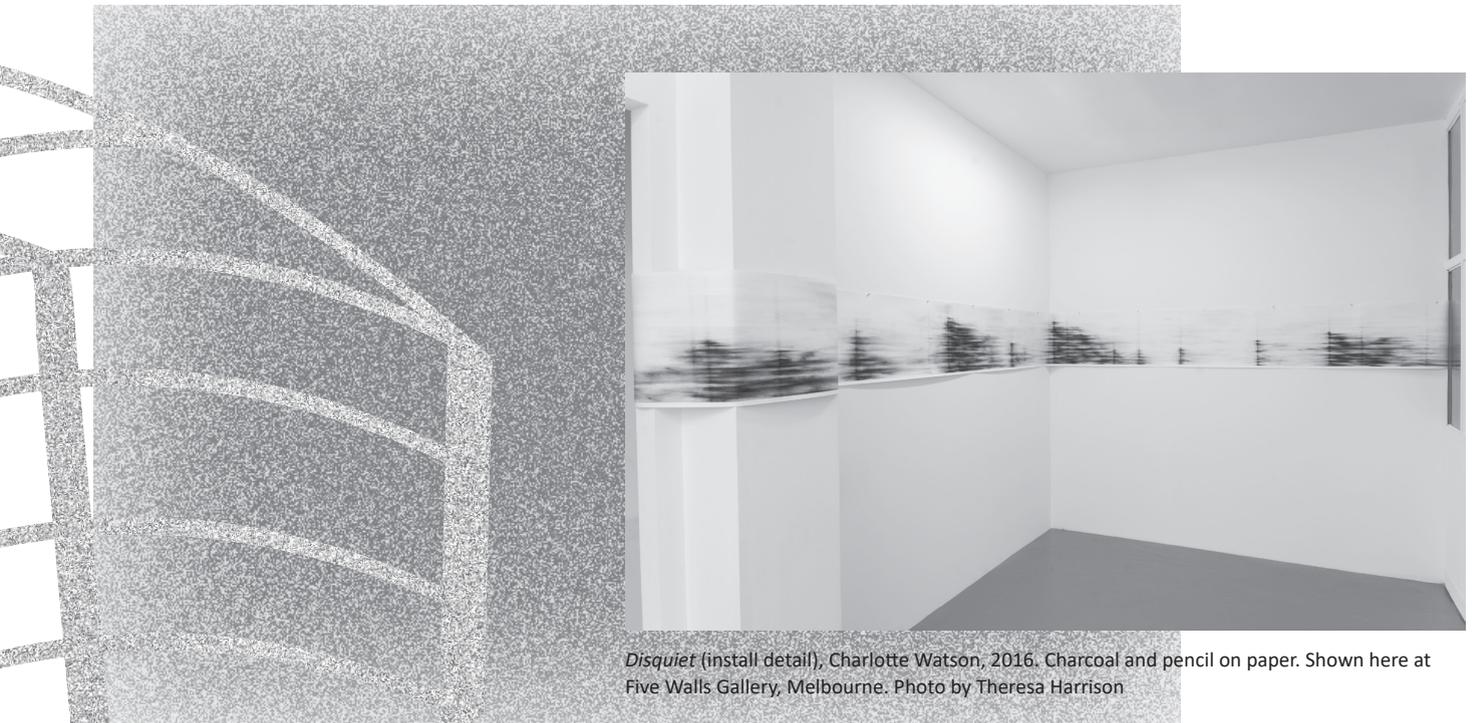
Your work often considers the ways connection to land and landscape can describe personal narratives. Is the earthquake a subject you will return to?

CW: I'm not sure I'll return to the earthquake experience directly. The themes of vexation and rupture are still relevant but in many ways the formal use of landscape is secondary to the tension between anxiety and comfort I'm trying to convey. I rarely try to depict accurate geographical references for example, aiming more to draw the viewer down into an altered psychological space using physical forms that are close to, but not representative of, a place I've known. The forms are symbols that come from memories, dreams and nightmares so for that reason I'm somewhat uncomfortable admitting my work's references to landscape. I fear it exposes me as a sentimental git. So, while the earthquake was a profound and charged experience, its use in *Disquiet* is metaphoric for a larger displacement.

But this makes me wonder about making work from personal experience versus privacy. I'm constantly wrestling with this and when making *Disquiet* it felt like the closer I got to relaying personal experience, the greater my internal criticism and desire to shut myself off. Making my work really messes with my psyche and I'm still learning how to negotiate that space.

From what you're saying it appears you experience something similar. I wonder how much of that can be attributed to the stoicism we've mentioned? Do you have any thoughts on that?

CM: That's a tough question! I think for me, stoicism seems to be a



Disquiet (install detail), Charlotte Watson, 2016. Charcoal and pencil on paper. Shown here at Five Walls Gallery, Melbourne. Photo by Theresa Harrison

particular condition of growing up in New Zealand. I've always understood the quality of level-headedness as being something to aspire to, though my feeling is it's certainly much more acceptable to be publicly vulnerable now. I think my concerns around privacy and the question of how much to reveal of myself publicly are another matter, and photographing and representing others always raises ethical considerations as well. My experiences in New Zealand have fundamentally informed the work I make and will continue to do so.

Do you feel the same? What are the ethical considerations you negotiate when making a work?

CW: I agree with your observations about that level-headedness, particularly in the public space. Since living overseas I've noticed a lot of New Zealand art possesses a private tone which is anything but level-headed. Obviously that cannot be said for every New Zealand artist and plenty of people would disagree with that, but I suspect Sam Neill's film *Cinema of Unease* was onto something.

When exploring the personal in my work I turn to writers for guidance. It's harder to obscure a written narrative, therefore writers often tread the fine line between truths more openly and obviously. Our old favourite Helen Garner is a perfect example of a writer

who walks this line and admits she hasn't always got it right. A story never belongs to anyone entirely; there is always a different side. Therefore, something is yours to tell but it does have implications on others. A work of art lives beyond its first show or publication especially if it's successful, meaning those implications have the potential to resurface over and over again.

So I think it's essential to scrutinise the question, 'why am I wanting to tell this?' Is it for cathartic release? Is that enough to justify the work in a public domain?

Or, if acknowledging multiple versions of a story, are they from your perspective or are you actively including the perspective of the other person(s)? Are you telling the version that you are comfortable with, or are you prepared to go where it's uneasy and may show your flaws or blind spots? Are you prepared to put those flaws on display? And if you are, are you prepared to have them critiqued?

I think visual art has a ticket here where other art forms perhaps do not. Visual artists can obscure, abstract and distance themselves and what they are saying in ways more sweeping than changing a character's name. The question here is whether that is to the detriment of the work. I'm yet to figure that one out.

Mastications & Ruminations: Hippie Traps and Posthumous Phalli

Len Lye: Stopped Short by Wonder
Christchurch Art Gallery, Te Puna O Waiwhetu
5 August – 26 November 2017

Audrey Baldwin

I went in expecting a hyper-masculine phallus-fest and I was not disappointed. Giant sheets of metal: errywhere! It was a wibbly wobbly adventure through oversized, hyperactive artworks that wiggled, spun, flailed, and undulated. The show undoubtedly appeals to a broad audience of young and old, masc or femme ... but let's be honest—mostly masc.

"This is a man's exhibition," overheard as soon as I walked into the space.

Len Lye is an archetypal Dude Sculptor and kiwi icon. He's cast as heroic because he went his own way, he was an outcast, a self-taught artist who left NZ and 'made it' in London and New York. He went to mother England and proved himself worthy. Cue the paint (or sculpt)-by-numbers career path of many successful modern artists.

He's one of the reasons there was a running joke in the sculpture department at The School of Fine Arts at the University of Canterbury to "... just put a motor in it, mate." The loud, proud, and action-packed sculptures demand attention and some of them manage to hold it.

The darkness of the galleries was probably a H&S nightmare, but I liked it. The gloom offered feigned intimacy with the mammoth sculptures and highlighted the theatricality of it all.

I arrived fortuitously just on 3pm when *Blade* (posthumously scaled up ... zombie phallus?) is manually turned on (not even a euphemism). There

was an audience of about twenty five people milling about. The thunderous waggling began and the dong thrummed against the undulating metal in a sort of rhythmic way. Tbh, I was underwhelmed. I've heard that some people felt the resonance of the sound through their bodies, like being close to a speaker, that it awoke a primal feeling in them—an instinctual connection to movement and life. Maybe I was too far back to catch that vibe. Maybe I spent too much time at under-age raves and that sensation brings back bad memories of Kentucky Gold and Holiday cigarettes. Either way. The theatrics of *Blade* didn't do much for me—it seemed oversized and overrated. There was some awkward scattered applause from the audience at the end of it. It annoyed me that a machine managed to get a response from a Christchurch audience, when live performers often get aggressively ignored.

There is something undeniably sexual about many of the works. And not in a good way. *Storm King* went off in the corner as I was contemplating the big O-ring with a boinking bit on top. It reminded me of when you're frantically trying to get yourself off and you know that it's just not going to happen; but you keep trying, looking anywhere but at your partner (or, right through them) until you both know it's just going to end in chafing and resentment.

Leaving *Blade* and *Storm King*, I wandered into the set of *Avatar* the

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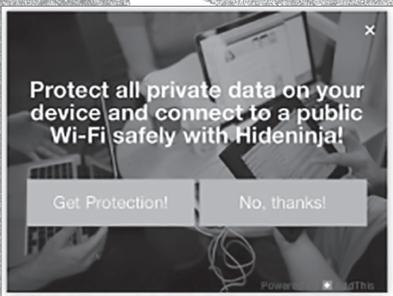


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next gallery—dark and capacious. The scale of the *Fountains* is satisfying and I'm sure there's some serious ASMR shit going on with the uncanny yet comforting clickity-clack of the metal tendrils gently tickling each other as they rotate. It reminds me of my great aunt's acrylic nails tapping on the formica table top. I feel as though the late 90s should extend an apology to Len Lye (or, alternatively a massive thanks) for making each of the slow-moving works resemble upscaled versions of the fibre optic dust gatherers and chrome accented desk ornaments that my nana loved so much.

Some of the works are genuinely funny in a slapstick, ludicrous way. I challenge anyone to watch an entire performance of *Witch Dance* and not giggle at the bobbly-headed sticks flailing themselves around and around like some kind of cavorting cartoon figures having a dance off. The reality of these mechanical contraptions being a source of dangerous wobbling doom to anyone that gets too close adds to the comic value, but perhaps that's my dark sense of humour.

Upon leaving the darkened theatrical spaces, I met with other facets of Lye's career. The scratch films, and smaller sculptures with their less imposing scale and relatable physicality were, for me, more engaging than his larger works. *A Colour Box* was a highlight—it had me transfixed and wriggling along with the lines and sounds. Maybe that's my tell-tale millennial taste—moving images are our comfort zone.

Speaking of comfort zones ... I'm still a bit raw after Francis Upritchard's *Jealous Saboteurs* exhibition, so seeing yet another white artist mining the practices and aesthetics of indigenous people elicited a shudder. Although it was reported that Lye was deported from Samoa for having "gone native"¹ and he's said to have been "liberal and open minded"²; you'll have to excuse

my natural cynicism towards White Male Artists (WMAs) that make use of indigenous motifs—particularly of that generation. I can't help but think about how many indigenous artists, whose dots, patterns, and stories inspired *Tusalava*, *Tiki* and other works showcased in the third gallery were dismissed or ignored because of their race / ethnicity / background?³ It took until 1950 for Albert Namatjira to be the first Aboriginal painter whose work was exhibited and sold alongside the whiteys.⁴ In 2013, Ikon Gallery in Birmingham claimed to be the first European art gallery to create an exhibition of tapa cloths. 2013, yo! Despite the huge influence that these Pacific practices have had on artists from pery Gauguin to Matisse and Picasso it wasn't until the 21st Century that these practices were recognised in their own right. SMH. Meanwhile, back in the 1920s and 1930s there's this guy with his #whiteprivilege and here we are still lauding his works. I'm not trying to vilify Len Lye; but I feel that these kind of elephants in the room need to be acknowledged.

I can't say I was stopped short by wonder by this exhibition, but I enjoyed it and feel like it's an excellent choice for a public gallery to show. My misanthropic cynicism was curbed by the slapstick appeal of the smaller kinetic sculptures and the wiggling lines. It was brought back when another round of applause took place for bloody *Storm King*—I hope they weren't faking it.

1. "Story: Lye, Leonard Charles Huia," Te Ara: *The Encyclopedia of New Zealand*, accessed October 30, 2017, <https://teara.govt.nz/en/biographies/5l24/lye-leonard-charles-huia>.
 2. "The World of Len Lye," *Govett-Brewster Art Gallery*, accessed October 30, 2017, <http://www.govettbrewster.com/len-lye/>.
 3. "Len Lye: The Total Artwork," *Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna O Waiwhetu*, accessed October 30, 2017, <https://christchurchartgallery.org.nz/exhibitions/len-lye-the-total-artwork>.
 4. Ilana Seltzer Goldstein, "Visible art, invisible artists? The incorporation of aboriginal objects and knowledge in Australian museums," *Vibrant, Virtual Brazilian Anthropology*, Vol. 10 No. 1 (2013), http://www.scielo.br/scielo.php?script=sci_arttext&pid=S1809-43412013000100019.

Aliens in the Art Gallery

Saskia Bunce-Rath

PART ONE:

It had been approximately seventy-five Earth years since the aliens had stolen a small Rita Angus painting from the painter's studio when she wasn't looking, and quite frankly they were in dire need of another one.

The alien population had been growing increasingly restless as the oil paint slowly desiccated from their stolen Angus artifact and onto the temple floor. Teams of cleaners appeared every time a bit of dried paint fell to the ground, sweeping away the evidence of decay. But whisperings had started to grow in the lower parts of the capital, where the shiny silver streets turned into the dull grey roads of the under city. Groups of green aliens with elongated forms and somber faces had been gathering on the street corners, huddled in groups under the glowing light orbs to discuss what it would mean when the final paint flake fell. A team of ten highly-trained Angus experts had been dispatched as soon as the government got word of the unrest. What would become of their precarious society when all that was left was a mottled, piss-coloured canvas, with exactly zero rendition of charming Earth hills left on its surface?

Their philosophy and policies had been formed around the painting; it had brought their world peace after decades of unrest between the alien classes. All was thought to have been lost, with the planet on the brink of bloody civil war, until one fateful day when a minor research expedition returned with a small canvas showing a large blue sky and soft yellow hills. Somehow, this small Earth painting calmed the souls of the two warring factions, and for weeks on end there were processions of aliens through the High Temple that sat in the centre of the capital. From far and wide, aliens made

pilgrimages to catch a glimpse of the art that saved their doomed society.

When the alien retrieval team arrived on Earth, they parked their egg-shaped ship on top of the Christchurch Art Gallery next to a giant pink hand, which, prior to the expedition, their analysts had confirmed was not an actual human hand but rather some strange omen meant to bring good luck to those with outsized appendages. The aliens all nodded together in the conference room at this information; heads bobbing solemnly as the analysts spoke. One cadet made a note on his writing pad.

"We're going to have to go through the top," the General said in a language, which to human ears sounded like the noise you make when you're trying and failing to open a large bag of nachos. The followers all agreed, more solemn head bobbing; that was kind of their thing. The technician took out his large laser gun and twiddled the silver knob to 'Dissolving art gallery barriers,' and aimed it at the roof beneath their feet, instantly creating a large hole, which they all jumped down at speed; a hoard of determined alien lemmings on a mission to procure the art their home world needed.

"The one called Cass is in the second floor gallery," the Lieutenant gestured towards the archway to the left of them, as they stood together at the top of the shiny white staircase. One alien looked suspiciously at the strange collection of suspended chairs and wondered what type of humans had dinner there.

"The humans consider Cass to be their favourite," the Lieutenant explained, as they walked past other inferior artworks and towards their prize.

"It should keep our people at peace for at least for another few hundred years, and this

This is the first instalment of a three part story; parts two and three will appear in the following issues of HAMSTER.

time we won't keep it in direct sunlight because now we know paintings are not using osmosis like the human plants do."

The aliens stalked through quiet galleries, the light from their torches bouncing off ornate gold frames and glossy wooden floors until they finally found themselves in front of *Cass*, innocuously placed between two other, in their opinion, garbage paintings.

"Why do they not keep it in a temple as we shall?" one cadet muttered. A few of his comrades nodded in agreement.

They all stood for a good few minutes simply admiring the artwork before them. The yellow ochre of the hills seemed to glow before their eyes, and the shadows cast by the railway station caused their hearts to flutter with joy. The General of the group felt a small silver tear form in the corner of her eye and then slip down her cheek. After a few more seconds of appreciation she gathered herself, forcing her sheer love for Angus down inside so they could get on with the job at hand.

She retrieved the forceps from the extraction case and gently held their shimmering surface to the frame of the painting. The rest of the crew watched breathlessly as she slowly unhooked the painting from the wall and transferred it into the glass case that had been prepared for this very purpose. A collective sigh of alien crinkles was released as the painting slipped into its place.

The General wiped a bead of sweat from her forehead, silently glad that New Zealand gallery security wasn't as good as the other countries they had researched.

A bright torch beam suddenly illuminated the back of the General's head, right as she secured the painting into the case.

"Who's in here?" a voice boomed out over the gallery as the beam slipped erratically over the now frozen alien hoard.

"Return to the ship!" the General crinkled as she shoved the case under her arm and directed the cadets back to the staircase and singed ceiling hole.

"Stop right there, this is no place for pranks!" the Earthman's voice came again through the dark gallery.

But the aliens were already running in the opposite direction, their long green feet flapping against the floor in unison just as they had practiced in their art gallery escape drills back home.

As quickly as they had swarmed in, the aliens ascended the long translucent rope left dangling for exactly this purpose, the security guard's torch chasing the backs of their forms out of the gallery and up onto the roof.

The Lieutenant drew out his laser and pressed, 'Repair art gallery barrier,' aiming it at the still smoking hole until it re-materialised into a perfectly formed roof.

"We're good," he told the General, as they hopped back into their ship and shot off into the sky in a smooth streak of light.

As they left Earth's atmosphere they relaxed back into their fluffy seats, realising they had achieved their mission. They got the best Rita Angus painting they could, and their people could continue living in peace.

Frank the security guard pointed his torch up at the ceiling and scratched at his peppery chin hairs, wondering what the hell had just happened.

The Foo\

Gail Ingram

I'm afraid of engines
that 30-somethings write
in silicon binary to sell
in the name of media,
Trump—the way he appears
in my newsfeed, the certainty
of particular crowds, right
and left. I'm afraid of fear, its ability
to manifest inaction, and that a poem
is not enough. Is it enough
to talk or not talk, and plan
a trip to the supermarket, or
Vietnam, to bicycle past workers still
using sickles in cratered fields, and not
to pay carbon tax, so we save
our paltry money and smile
at our adult children, and slap
on the 50+ sunscreen?

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I went to an exhibition opening and got stonewalled by a young female artist that i've flirted with in the past. She ignored and avoided talking to me all night. Why so rude?

Scorned Sculptor

LEARN TO TAKE A HINT; SHE OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T WANT TO INTERACT WITH YOU AND WAS TRYING TO AVOID CONFLICT. HAVE A THINK ABOUT YOUR INTERACTIONS WITH HER IN THE PAST - DID YOU MISTAKE AN EYE ROLL FOR A WINK? AN EXASPERATED SIGH FOR A SWOON? NO ONE OWES YOU THEIR ATTENTION, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU JUST HAPPEN TO BE IN THE SAME PLACE AT THE SAME TIME.

The only place that will exhibit my work is a really problematic institution!

Anxious Artist

SOMETIMES THE ONLY WAY TO CHANGE THINGS IS FROM WITHIN. BUT SOMETIMES YOU NEED TO PICK YOUR BATTLES. KEEP SAFE AND TRY TO SURROUND YOURSELF WITH SUPPORT, ESPECIALLY WITH AN ALLY ON THE INSIDE IF POSSIBLE. IT CAN BE EXHAUSTING AND DAMAGING TO ENGAGE WITH PROBLEMATIC SPACES. MAKE SURE YOU DRINK ALL THE WINE AND EAT ALL THE FOOD. TAKE IT FOR ALL YOU CAN COS THEY WON'T PAY YOU FOR YOUR EMOTIONAL LABOUR.

I'm new to art school and wondering how ya'll manage to eat and pay rent. I'm really struggling to afford groceries. Any tips?

Perpetually Peckish Painter

BECOME A FREE-GAN. IT IS TOTALLY POSSIBLE TO HAVE A BALANCED DIET FROM SNACKS AT ART OPENINGS ALONE. CHEESE, CRACKERS, GRAPES AND COLD MEATS. WASH IT DOWN WITH SOME SECOND RATE SAUVIGNON THAT TASTES ALL THE BETTER FOR BEING FREE.

ATTENDING ART OPENINGS IS NOT JUST ABOUT NETWORKING AND KEEPING UP WITH THE PLAY IN THE ART SCENE. IT'S ABOUT KEEPING UP YOUR NUTRITIONAL INTAKE - GOD KNOWS I CAN'T AFFORD THE AMOUNT OF BLUE CHEESE THAT I ACTUALLY CONSUME!

DON'T GET A GYM MEMBERSHIP, JUST ENSURE YOU VISIT THE PHYSICS ROOM A FEW TIMES A WEEK AND ALWAYS, ALWAYS TAKE THE STAIRS. YOUR BUTT WILL BE TONED AND KISSABLE BY THE TIME YOU'VE FINISHED HONOURS.

INVEST IN LARGE POCKETS AND LINE THEM. OR LOSE ALL SHAME AND CAMP OUT AT THE FOOD TABLE ALL NIGHT.

WHEN YOU NEED TO LEAVE, TAKE INSPIRATION FROM ONE OF MY FORMER CLASSMATES AT ELAM AND START WITH A BEER, THEN WHEN NO ONE'S LOOKING FILL THE EMPTY BEER BOTTLE WITH WINE AND MAKE YOUR ESCAPE.

Biographies

Anna Tokareva's practice sits in the overlaps between design, art, and writing. Her current research reimagines the political spaces and power structures that influence the production, organisation, and propagation of knowledge.

Audrey Baldwin is a Christchurch-based artist, curator and enabler. Equal parts rabid feminist, hopeful cynic and, good time grrl she can usually be found with fingers firmly ensconced in all the pies.

Becky Hemus is a writer based in Auckland with a particular interest in moving image. In 2017 she was awarded the Adrienne Jarvis Prize for Art History. She is currently one of the co-curators at Window, an onsite/online project space that showcases emerging artists.

Cait Puatama Johnson is an artist, writer and publisher working primarily within the medium of the book/print publication. She engages with theory, poetry, the historical and the personal within these three, often overlapping, roles.

Charlotte Watson is a visual artist whose drawings and sculpture explore psychology, philosophy and the self. She has been based in Melbourne since 2012.

Chloe Geoghegan is an independent curator currently living in the South Island of New Zealand. From January 2014 until January 2017 Chloe was Director of Dunedin's Blue Oyster Art Project Space. Prior to this she co-founded Dog Park artist-run space, which ran for nearly three years in post-earthquake Christchurch between 2012 and 2014. While at Blue Oyster

she travelled to China and Korea for three weeks on the Creative New Zealand Asia New Zealand 2016 Curators Tour and in 2015 she was accepted into the Independent Curators International (ICI) ten day Fall Curatorial Intensive in New York. She is interested in furthering curatorial discourse in Aotearoa through writing, exhibiting, and publishing.

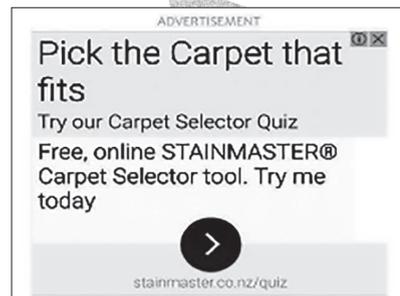
chris berthelsen: chris@small-lab.com

Chris Holdaway is a poet/editor from Northland. He directs Compound Press, & is the author of *HIGH-TENSION/FASHION* (Greying Ghost, 2017): chrisholdaway.com

Christine McFetridge's photographic work considers the relationship between photography, empathy and community. This year she is working with Centre for Contemporary Photography, Melbourne, as photographer-in-residence at Citizens' Park.

Dominique Nicolau, nico is a writer, researcher, and artist who completed a Research Portfolio Masters in Fine Arts, Elam (NZ) 2016. Her focus is on sound-art, writing, and sculpture. She is currently researching sustainable populations in regards to humanity's far future and concepts of immortality.

Evangeline Riddiford Graham is an artist and writer living in Tamaki Makaurau. Her recent projects include *Ginesthoi* (Hard Press, 2017, chapbook), *Marabar Caves* (Gus Fisher, 2017, group show) and *Look out, Fred!* (Enjoy Public Art Gallery, 2017, solo show). Evangeline holds an MA in Creative



Writing from Victoria University of Wellington, and a conjoint Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Fine Arts from the University of Auckland.

Gabrielle Amodeo is a conceptual artist and writer living in Te Whanganui-a-Tara, Wellington. Since school, she has not stolen any other drawings. If you are the owner of this drawing, please contact The Physics Room.

Gail Ingram's poetry is published in New Zealand and overseas. Awards include Winner: NZPS International Poetry competition and a Pushcart Prize nomination. She holds First-Class Masters in Writing from Massey University. www.theseventhletter.nz

Hikalu Clarke b. 1991, Japan. Clarke's practice engages with the power relations between governing bodies and its citizenry. He is interested in Counter-Terrorism architecture and unfriendly urban design.

Isaac Dalkie is a designer currently based in Otautahi Christchurch. In 2015 Isaac graduated from Massey University, Wellington with a B(des) Visual Communication (1st Class Hons). Isaac's work involves self-initiated visual research and design thought experiments exploring contemporary anthropology, socio-economics, and the politicised everyday.

James Hope is a writer based in Otautahi, Christchurch. He currently works at the Christchurch Art Gallery, Te Puna o Waiwhetu.

Jesse Bowling is a Wellington-based artist who graduated from Massey University with a Bachelor of Fine Arts (Hons) in 2015. Bowling's practice engages with technology, attachment and emotions. Jesse is a co-facilitator/founder of artist-run initiative MEANWHILE.

Mark Schroder is an Auckland-based artist. He creates amalgam-installations of aspiration and disappointment. Exhibitions include *Swimming the 109* (Glovebox, Auckland, 2016) and *Adjacent Industries* (Rainfades) (Fuzzy Vibes, Auckland, 2015).

Quishile Charan is an emerging artist living and working in Aotearoa, New Zealand of Indo-Fijian heritage. Charan uses traditional modes of textile-making to reflect upon the landscape of Indentured Labour and the on-going post-colonial effects on the Indo-Fijian community. Recent projects include *The Tomorrow People* (group), Adam Art Gallery, Wellington (2017); *Namesake* (with Salome Tanuvasa) Enjoy Public Art Gallery, Wellington (2017), *A Turn of the Wheel* (group), Malcolm Smith Gallery, Auckland (2017); *New Perspectives*, ARTSPACE, Auckland (2016); and *Samundar and Haldi* at Objectspace, Auckland (2016). Charan has a BFA (Hons) from Elam School of Fine Arts, The University of Auckland.

Saskia Bunce-Rath has a BFA (hons) from Elam School of Fine Arts. She is an artist and poet; you can see her art in the newest issue of *Mimicry Magazine*.

Spencer Hall makes stuff, he's an amateur NZ comix and music historian and runs Rotten Radio with other guys and a Roomba vacuum cleaner. If anyone has a Nokia 1100 for him send it to PO Box 159, Lyttelton spencerhall.co.nz

Theo Macdonald recently completed a BFA (Hons) at Elam, focusing on performance and video. He is a member of the bands PISS CANNONN and APPLE MUSIC. He likes Prince, particularly Sign 'O' the Times.

xin cheng thanks Creative New Zealand for supporting her time at HFBK Hamburg while she worked on the contributions. xin@make shifting.net



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THE PHYSICS ROOM

CONTEMPORARY ART SPACE

HAMSTER
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The Physics Room is a contemporary art space dedicated to developing and promoting contemporary art and critical discourse in Aotearoa New Zealand.

Based in central Christchurch since 1996, we assist art practitioners with resources and opportunities to achieve a higher level of professional and creative development, and encourage a greater acknowledgement, understanding and value of contemporary art among New Zealanders. Our goal is to actively seek links between the arts and other areas of cultural production and to involve art as a contributing voice in wider intellectual, social and political debate.

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