

# FUZZY LOGIC

Written for HYPER SPECTRAL DISPLAY (.HSD), curated by Eleanor Weber.

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[1]

You've got your shoes on so should probably start working but you'd rather sit at the computer and watch traces of media fall and rise again with your finger tips from numerous tabs of light. Why does wasting time on the Internet often feel less like being wasted-by-time than in the 'real' world...

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Searching for something, anything, on the Net is like a kind of cognitive prostitution. Every piece of data an alluring tangent of itself, of itself, and so on, floating roomlessly, until you can't remember where you entered or why you came in anyway. Never mind your memory though, because tabs are there to be 'restored' at a later point, post power-down, in the unlikely event that you remember what you weren't sure of before.

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<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PYs5zyM9zk8>

[2]

+46° 24' 56.12", +7° 48' 30.00" - <https://maps.google.com.au/> - then turn right, across the gully

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For what reason do we trawl the infobahn or become immersed in an online platform other than to satisfy some inexpressible desire that drives us to sit wide-eyed in front of a metaphorically tactile and participatory screen? Networked-reality - the ultimate alternative, reshuffles the obstacles that restrict us from obtaining whatever legal or bootlegged thing we may covet. The previous physical limitations to our behaviors or psyches are circumvented by the relatively open systems of writable space. Like a pastiche avatar it lets us adapt our surroundings to images that sit with the many versions of our selves.

There are of course desires the web can't totally afford us yet: time travel, physical intimacy, love, immortality, telepathy, but the spirit of our age assures us we'll have them soon enough. It wouldn't be a stretch to say that those banked-up research programs – The Human Genome Project, High End Particle Acceleration, SETI (Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence) – are the phantasmagoria of a sci-fi future where desire and satisfaction are hermetic.

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<https://soundcloud.com/criticalheights/diva-cyborg-sweetie>

[3]

<http://www.hotdoom.com/>

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On April 14th 2010 several eruptions took place underneath the ice cap of Iceland's mount Eyjafjallajokull releasing thick clouds of volcanic ash into the atmosphere and disrupting air traffic across Northern and Western Europe. In eight days the sheer mass of the event revealed the fragility of a tightly bound and complex network. A series of causal relations between ash particles, the mechanism of jet engines, flight networks and logistical chains brought the geopolitical organisation of European airspace together, but it did so in failure.

When a structure breaks down the pattern of its constitution is revealed. Through its immobilization of peoples the cloud taunted our desires for omnipotence and undermined our abilities to comprehend or handle it. It lacked the consistency and distinction of boundaries – simultaneously material and immaterial (matter and network), formed and formless, both massive yet composed of millions of impossibly small particles. The similarities between the Eyjafjallajokul event and our cyberian situation are striking. The cloud offers a climatologically analogy for our data cloud, and its fragility. And, these similarities weren't missed. Verne Global, a multinational organisation, in late 2010 saw a unique opportunity to build a green data centre that could run 100% of the year on the natural resources produced by the volcano – a site that could house the physical repository for our coming digital cloud.

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*A cloud cries out against the logic of capitalism while capitalism acts out against the logic of Nature.*

[4]

*Lets all ride this cosmic shit smoothly into paradise*

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The seduction of the internet and sci-fi phantasmagoria fascinates. It dwells in waking dreams intermingling fantasy and banality and oscillating between things and focus into that which happens to a spectator as a moment of impact.

*“Fascination is a seeing which presupposes distance, a decisiveness that separates, and fosters a power to stay out of contact and in contact, to avoid confusion.”<sup>i</sup>*

And so we stumble as our bipedalism tries to find balance between technological and moral progress, between what we are and what we can become. Yet the digi-scape is also as autonomously dependent on us as we on it. Where every subject is always a co-subject of moods, resonances, sympathies, sadnesses, and so on that filter into their own diffuse bubbles of companionship. And it is here in these foamy space-multiplicities that we find the drama and the evocation of fascination that keeps us there and not there, constantly.

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<http://s3-ec.buzzfed.com/static/enhanced/webdr06/2013/6/16/8/enhanced-buzz-301074384703-0.jpg>

[5]

<http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-0fXsghXRVIe/T5mOPjM9wtI/AAAAAAAAAC3I/MSM1IKN8yTIs1600/world+wide+web+logo.jpg>

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Which platform do you use? Which device do you own? How do you customise your interface? These mundane choices form the tenor of your cyber-gestures. As a moment of introspection, the different technologies we choose to use and how we use them affects the way we see ourselves positioned within networked space. Having fed on the system we have ourselves been fed into it – we have become each other’s appendages. Today baroque narratives and mythical occurrences pulsate just beyond the screen generated through the interweaving of our distracted collectivity. Our lives are now an aggregate of micro-spheres.

And this network-centricity has cyber-morphed us into creatures of communication technologies. Now that we have been (mostly) given a podium to speak from we can speak endlessly. Each day, week, minute is a newly outmoded-past to forget. The Internet is the ultimate confessional booth and in an attempt to stay visible we keep no secrets.

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*Anything can become real, be produced, read, manipulated, visualized, and then simulated to make up everything that is the world*

[6]

*In this infinitely total space we are damned to act.*

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The networked screen recalibrates the way we imagine performing sociality, offering us a tactile idea of what it is to ‘participate’. Never has it been truer that we are lackeys to the machine – potential commodities with exchange value that can be realized by re-sale, -post, -tweet, -blog. But if “liking” KONY2012 or texting Amnesty International is a form of support, it’s a pretty weak one. The Coke Zero of protest, where subjugation is now re-branded as a more palatable invitation to ‘participate’. Interpassivity is the mood-lighting, and communication technologies now perform the anti-capitalist gesture for us - just follow the prompts and press 1. So we can continue as we were (time-light already) and excuse ourselves for shoving past that person while we were texting our five-dollar donation to some disenfranchised child. The worth’s have been weighted, counted and marketed for us.

One the other hand, the astroturfing of information used by many network-centric political organisations can and sometimes even does generate conscious agency. The only difference is if we can get it and if we can get it without being force-fed it.

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<http://blog.seattletimes.nwsourc.com/philanthropy/mobiledonation.jpg>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tgBViHeiSKM>

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The definition of the world as bound to the interpretation of electrical signals doesn't invalidate anything. It just means we can easily make another one and we do/will/have. But this has been true as long as truth has been something to ask for. And the pharmacy has always been there, it's just more accessible now that it's digital. It can call up, and call forward, for us. But it's hard to say whether we are the scapegoat or the sorcerer.

Either way, we can still delete, which is like a digital forgetting. A forgetting that can punctuate the omnipresent cyber matrices and temporarily collapse - as a moment of necessary failure - the kingdom of data storage that permeates the space= time of daily production. We just need memory sanctions. Or "quite literally" Google will remember more spam about our selves than ourselves.

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[www.google.com/settings/ads/onweb/](http://www.google.com/settings/ads/onweb/)

<sup>i</sup> Ronell, Avital, *The UberReader: Selected works of Avital Ronell – Delay Call Forwarding*, Urbana : University of Illinois Press, 2008.