

LOST OBJECTS: Theory of Garbage_

an Installation-Manifesto Against Recycling and Found Objects II

GG Nix 1339 Dekalb Ave Brooklyn NY

|| Jul21-Aug18 2016 || Talk & Noise 7-10pm Jul21 ||
further events TBA



In an age where innovation and clean/shiny/new have become coded fascia for homo-genization, and mass produced plastics have moved in as identical hordes of emotional reference, garbage pits are the most profound factories of heterogeneity and difference, with the cthonic power both to render cloned things unique and to actualize a curiously diasporic form of monad-pluralist utopia.

Garbage Receptacles can be imagined as a kind of entrance to the void or a Social Black Hole for shunned, meaningless, worthless, discarded, effaced, for things we want to pretend or believe do not exist. In our contemporary socio-economic model of Goods and Bads, this Quantum interpretation is almost an accurate analogy. In fact, we have inadvertently created life and an almost complete severance package from capitalism, cared for and cloaked by the weird darkness of the Garbosphere. Shall we speak of gendered objects, and Objects' Rights? Subjectification? A Broken Democracy of Loss? Garbage Objects are stripped of their narrative semiosis and liberated, phoenix-like, into an abstracted new being, given an allowance infinitely beyond their utility, given a new cosmic Lease on Being (squatted not rented), and launched into a World of ---- [sic.].

But even these not-so-obvious hacks are being rapidly assimilated by caustic hippie word smiths, love-junkies, and green capitalists. When in fact, green is the most toxic pig-ment, and green objects are almost impossible to "re"-cycle (Break The Cycle). Now let us delve into the abundant darkness of anti-thesis. The mathematics of What we are Against:

Fundamentally, the hithertowards discourse of the Found Object works to glorify, aggrandize, and otherwise inflate regular democratic lay-objects with a superficially chromed soul, leaching class war out of an egalitarian sea of things, creating an implicit linguistic royal class among otherwise equal, or equivalent garbage objects. Are All Objects Equal?

We are disinterested in the use of terms like "weathered" "distressed" "vintage" and "antique" as similar but more sneaky logistics that carve scabs into consumerist pedagogies of commodification, to Frame or Clean Up garbage into something more palatable. This is sterility posing as compost. It is the difference between a toilet and a garden.

We are tired of self-aggrandizing noir-liberal vocabularies for painting feces gold – although this is an ironically inaccurate turn of phrase. We are not "re-purposing", "re-claiming", or "re-cycling" anything. We are merely worshipping disgusting filth. Learning to love death. Liberal Consumerism is about weaponizing guilt into capital. The great consumerist cliché of re-cycling, that at once diffuses democratic consumer anxiety throughout a hierarchical system and wastes inordinate amounts of passion and currency, is an ideology that must be overturned.

Look instead at the delicate tactility, the profound individuality afforded to all things by this death. It is as if to say, Life Has Made You Different, now in after-life, you are free to become an idea. Broken = Correct. Lost = Found. Useless = Meaningful, or Opened. Think about ways you can find your way into the Garbage in everyday life, ways to talk to and about the garbage, ways to use it and let it use you. Form a parasitic symbiosis. Together you can become a poem. What will your meter be like? How your failure will bloom into success.

Lost Objects is a sustained, fractured praxis of loving the ugly, lying to the truth, mixing up all the words in the story, declaring subjective and objective equivalence, spinning goods and bads, planting false metaphors in the hearts of foetal meta-narratives, and worshipping death, the open impossibility of closure, falling, yearning towards collapse.