

The Like Button in HD

embedded notes from 2013-2015

first time performed in Una puesta en escena, Lodos Gallery at PEEE del Museo Experimental El Eco, D.F. Mexico 2016

6 persons and one back-of- voice-person (orange) are set on stage.

each person is sitting laid back. very cozy! one under an umbrella, one on the lawn, etc. leaning back, being chilled, like taking a sunbath etc.

they are looking in different directions, spread over the stage/lawn.

the different colors represent one person.

small letters at the beginning of a sentence or of a new person show that text is fluidly read without a pause, even if another person is following. as if one person is talking in mind with different personas.

everything is read, also pause or silence.

only one pause in [] isn't read but demonstrated.

the last part in orange is meant very theatrical, like a voice off or someone who's reading the news.

all persons read the thoughts calm, monotone and dry. fluidly - ignoring turnover or outlet - in interaction with the other persons. the several persons fluidly become one person - one person's mind of different personas.

alternative: the text could be read by one person only. fluidly.

the scene takes 15 min.

There was a feeling to accept everything what exists in the world just for the reason of existence.

you couldn't say I don't like. There was just no button to pull.

you just like some things more.

there was the global competition, you in comparison to the whole population, with every single human being. Not only your school class or your school or your neighborhood.

it left a feeling of thrown back on yourself. Only feeling yourself, adventuring everything else doesn't reward anymore.

I am not the person of many words.

she is projecting something on me.

Double elasticity today

The one who's honestly asking, is always discovering

standing naked with no teeth

the beast in pure flesh

The beautiful world one created for themselves

illusion is the most truthful

truth is provocation

but I am saying

You never. No

You always notice how far you are drifting

to recognize that there is no insight

instead of asking furthermore you could say yes.

the void,

echo

bombarded,

re-framed,

information overload.

Data related anxiety overflow

dread of disconnection, but you're connected.

In your dreams

the wide ocean of spread stock imagery is tasting good. A long well known cape, slightly falling over your body, covering you with a warm feeling of recognition. A magical hood reloaded.

I read her words
soft and self-confident
in her strange language
they seem so quiet

Like a stroke

a move against me

The imagined voice became a feeling

1. if you wanted to scroll down, you moved your „mouse“ down

2. if you want to scroll down, you move your mouse up

- converse structure and perception, OS X Mavericks, new one, 2013 -

the touch pad change - the identification of how to behave as one

A note.

- Thoughts on sound and public:

OK I T T

everybody is forgetting so fast

Shape - Reshape your body

your taste, you're tasting

in times when a kinder drawing with its raw and functional appearance is trembling in different realities finding a point of correctness

Who am I

Where am I?

Describing my surroundings

social requirements

intimate feelings

ancestral vs future

She smiles back at me.

some reactions from far away

i'll go nowhere and the world will lose me, will I lose myself?

A void for global pregnancy

Pearls on my forehead, crystals to shine and reflect, hiding.

my personal thoughts are sweating the smell of a group party night after night without a pause.

Intensity is the new key

I need to go deep.

Deep down to the ocean

Where

...

i am ...

me

it's that dress makeup carrying my double chin as a protection

Be assimilated

Be real

Be individual

Be invisible

who is the maître of chocolate? The one who simplifies or the one with highest finesse.

I understand that shape makes the different taste.

My skin is pale and I don't wanna sleep

Anymore, there is too much

Systematic structures rule paddles of forgetting.

I wanna sit in a cabriolet feel the roots of my hair blowing in the wind watching the sky, clouds shifting, being flooded by the fast passing stream.

oh ho ho

can't tell me nothing Kanye West
you mighigh he you migighigh ha you mighighigh is ha
live your life, 2014, we searched trillions of times
Fear

Science

Fiction.

A house of cards.

We search to make sense

we search to remember

we search to inspire

satellites from above

the world says ice cold water bucket contest

throw on your own shoulders

Luck?

wake up, myself. and seek in the frozen index of time

i like to see some football
and i like to see some gardens
i wish the sun continuing shining
but in any case I am tired
I like to meet my friends, like yesterday
and yesterday is tomorrow.
My eyes are down almost closed, they want to rest but I don't let them.
printer is not printing

i feel like I'm talking to a dead person. A single monologue in the black cosmos of nowhere

Talking.

Texting.

Just words one self's echo in (the) mountains
shifting their appearance and approach through time

Lost in translation

a voice inside of me saying that something is wrong

Am I dead?

The silence let my ear hear a mono tone, a softly but aggressive line
Is there a life beyond all the darkness of black coding letter thrown in a micro cosmos to be stretched and pressed to reach another person somewhere on the other side?

Pause.

No word.

Another pause.

The pause is stretched.

A hole of nothingness stretched till it reaches a point of squeaking
so nothingness sounds like a radio station without receiving?

What's on your mind? What are you thinking about

Still. No sign

I imagine a lost cell phone laying in the desert.
the sun's heat burns in the last drops of battery while the phone is making single sounds
no one there. no one to hear.

Sand and sun, wind reshaping it softly over time.

Maybe my illusion isn't strong enough

work harder

[Time. Pause.]

Is there a difference between 13 hours absence a day and 13 hours absence a night?

Frozen in the index of time.

the sun goes down while the moon is reaching its highest point, both seen at once. Single stars sparkling the blue sky and it's white clouds as it is night

I'm still trying to zoom. zooming into that scene I can't reach

What reason can there be for absence?

Are people still talking to each other?

The phone makes another sound.

Battery is dying

Pearls of sweat on the skin of a black dahlia. The case is shimmering in a shake of day and night light. Sparkles of blue white clouds.

An empty view in the dark eye of a macro cosmos, an eye like a globe.

Wake up, you are the eyes of the world

Will I ever reach you again my eye of honesty or are we lost?

in times of recycling as an action that has become an organizational claim and even political agenda, where the simple act of re-usage has been losing popularity, the recently invented idea of trash has seen wild changes of meaning.

trash once was leftovers or a by-product of the production. Now it has been transferred into the design of our computers, you are given the opportunity to recover the trashed data. A once made decision can easily be remade or even revoked, including the acceptance about changing. Everything is just for a specific moment. We are a generation not raised up and influenced by the computer and internet only but grown up with the knowing of the world's end. In our life's blossom when our mothers and grandmothers were thinking of building up a family and bred themselves in children we are confronted with the apocalypse daily. Muffled in our spring. Thrown back to exist. We are forced to take the moment as it comes without despairing our heads with the possibilities of tomorrow. We don't have a choice. We accepted. A choice solves always in its consequence but the result is one of many. The sense of time, the sense of being are fading away. Nobody talks about this kind of the tattered or frayed being one is forced to deal with or handle. Everybody thinks it's the computer who makes us depressive and passive. Fascinated of its technological incredibility the youth's body don't want to move or stir anymore. The body expands in its flesh, in meat which then makes you passive in its massiveness, in its bodily way of not being possible to move anymore. But that's not the truth. While producing your bodily flesh, a breeding ground, you start focusing on your brain's expansion. And what you get is highly overwhelming. When you open your eyes you'll notice that you need much more courage to close them, to go somewhere else. We are not afraid to close our eyes to keep the last tiny sparkle in our body's flesh. That costs energy. Care it with dozens of products developed as the newest high technology.

So hello world, come and see mine

... We are waiting for a dream, we are waiting for a dream so we go to sleep ... (keep it intimate).
