

**SOURCE MATERIAL EVERYWHERE: THE ALFRED
NORTH WHITEHEAD REMIX**

Mark Amerika

There's something about sitting in your studio
in the middle of the Pacific Ocean
geographically speaking further away
from any other land mass
than any other location on Planet Earth
drinking 100% organic Kona coffee
picked just last week by your almost friend
but most certainly acquaintance Isaac
and roasted only yesterday morning

that makes you feel like you can do
whatever you want with your life
that the choices are yours to make and
the object of your study
if you think of this creative space you play *in*
as an object

can be the philosophical rendering of a theoretical premise
on duration [the timelessness of moving–remixing]

Drinking 100% just roasted yesterday Kona coffee
while the rain is pouring out of the mountain and
smashing into my picture window
suggests Nature's own avant-garde movement
trying to bust in and destroy everything that came before it

Meanwhile musing on the writings of Alfred North Whitehead
somehow led me to the performance art of David Antin
who I have also been reading lately

You would think Antin and Whitehead would have very little
or nothing to do with each other but then why not

especially given the contemporary remixologist's tendency
to find social connectedness in *everything* they encounter
so with the 100% Kona I turn my head left and read Antin
talking about not just the object of his study
which in this instance was how all art schools are alike
or are more like each other than anything else in the world
but also discussing/talking about/*ruminating on*
art objects in general
which he says he is surely not interested in making himself

This not wanting to make objects is something
I can of course agree with 100%
(thank you Kona for the certainty)
but Antin says he can see why other artists *would* want
to make art objects because making art objects
fulfills the desire of those who not only want
to make things but make things
that are meaningful and whose meaning will be
solidly carried forward for *the duration*

He says that this feeling of making art objects
that branch out into the field of social relatedness
is part of a desire to create something unique in the world
something that actually *means* something
and is part of the creative process we align ourselves *with*
because if the art objects don't mean anything
then there is the risk that the artist
and those who encounter the thing they made
will not see these objects as art
whereas on the other hand
if they are beautiful enough or at least
play with the idea of *art*
and *beauty* and even *irony* (these are my words)
and are very much crafted into a well made thing
(one that has a certain aesthetic sexiness about it)
then it will just *reek* of meaning
and -- as the saying goes -- 'mission accomplished'

not that we all want to make meaning out of objects
but for those who do want to make meaning out of objects
they definitely want that meaning *to stick around*
i.e. want it to endure
which brings me back to duration
but in a funny misdirected kind of way

because Whitehead's version of duration
(which is different than Bergson's yet heavily influenced by him)
if I understand him even a little
is something that occurs as a contemporaneous experience
one that is part of a community of concrescent occasions
forming an immediate present while establishing
the principle of common relatedness
a principle (Whitehead tells us)
that can be realized as an element of one's *datum*

As I read this heavy duty process philosophy of Whitehead
over a strong cup of 100% Kona with the rain slamming into
the big picture window separating my studio
from the pristine aloha scenery I look out at every morning
while *at the same time* knowing that today's beach walk
will have to wait until early afternoon at the soonest
and that what I am now experiencing in my immediate present
is another kind of durational achievement that I had not anticipated
but was *remixologically inhabiting* nonetheless
as part of my early morning ritual

something inside me stirs
so that I am turning my head right
to read although read is the wrong word
maybe I mean *processually experience*
(i.e. further investigate via my ongoing
Hyperimprovisational/intuitive/embodied praxis)
Antin's own take on duration in relation to
the art object and meaning

Antin and Whitehead as actual entities
were opened as books on my desk
books that were in themselves some kind of made thing or object
that were outliving their predestined durations
and as I was turning away from Whitehead for a moment
literally turning my head toward the Antin book
and reading him say that 'now i know that it is also this potential
of objects for duration that is part of their attraction
both for the people who want to make them
and the people who want to perceive them
this tenacious physical hold
on existence
which gives an artist a kind of claim on human attention
over a period of time that is a promise

both for its makers and receivers
of a type of survival
in this duration
and this is something we all experience as artists
because even as a poet and a performer
which for me is nearly the same thing
i want to do something that will have all the immediacy and impact
of a wisecrack and yet will offer itself up to the mind
again and again like a koan
and stay long enough for that
which is a kind of duration'

it clarified something that had been nagging at me
all week as I began to envision this next phase of
philosophical monkey-see monkey-do
I was about to take on all in the name of *remixology*
namely that it is easy for an artist to commiserate with
the aforementioned desire to create something
that can be experienced multiple times
or something that can be *re-experienced over time*
not just by re-reading a book or revisiting a painting
or watching the same movie or video installation
over and over and over again and again

because artists want their work to have some kind of
staying power that veers toward cultural immortality
while at the same time imagining that their work indicates
the 'presentational immediacy' of the contemporary moment
syncing itself with the 'nexus of occasions'
that according to Whitehead inform ones duration

ones accumulation of precious life datum

as part of their autogenerated personal history
itself a kind of fiction-in-the-making

(those last two lines I just made up on my own)

This is to say that artists want to be *of* their time
but to also move beyond the mere contemporary
so that may enter another world within our world
the slippery and always slipping away world of timelessness

Something I have noticed over the years

is that these artists who also want to create work
as an 'object' that can be envisioned as
'a whole set of related experiences
maybe rich and mysterious and new'
(to sample from Antin again)

often want these objects
to circulate in the emerging markets of
aesthetically produced commodity exchange
where what is still labeled 'art'
can counterfeit the revaluation of all value

(excuse the touch of Nietzsche)

We are talking about the 'art world' (after all)
and this other world within our own world
is an always already globally inflected emerging market
subsumed in the reigning age of aesthetics

an age where I like to set my own preferences
(thank you very much)
so that I may customize my experience of life
if only to temporarily fashion myself into being

which gets me to thinking that the idea of
a rich and mysterious and new set of related experiences
(as Antin calls them)
triggered by the making of *things*
or as I would prefer *the remixing of data*
may be a fallacy
not in a negative way
but in a fallacious way
let's call it the Novelty Fallacy
(somewhat related to what Dick Higgins calls
The Neo-teric Fallacy)

a fallacy built on the shores of creative destruction
where members of the creative class who fuel
this forever emerging market in the age of aesthetics
turn to innovation as the only sign of the times

one they are cleverly positioning themselves to sign on to
as part of a larger strategy to underwrite their ongoing
durational achievement

but then that so-called fallacy of The New
would contradict everything this book is about

(or would it?)

**duration slippage -- / -- micro comeback -- / -- are we there yet? -
- / -- the promise of money**

Oh right
now I remember
the promise of money
that's somehow connected to the primacy of meaning
or the desire to create a heretofore unrealized (novel form of)
meaning in objects that outlive us and that somehow
increase in value with each successive spurt in volume
contained within the durational achievement of capitalism itself

[Let's forget the current Deep Recession
we are all going through
this horrific Mini-Depression of a Lifetime

Let's just pretend it doesn't exist –
are you buying this so far?]

These are the things we have to contend with
if we are to build a legacy
or not a legacy per se
but more like a duration that outlives us even as we
in our presentational immediacy
only know duration as a contemporary feeling
immersed in its own novelty

Think of it as the mysterious resonance of being
here in the now – the uncertain now

of generating an on the fly remix of who we are
in the presentational immediacy
of our selectively manipulated data *experience*
because (and I really have to slip this in)
money talks and bullshit walks

Not that walking is bad for you

actually it's very good
if you really want to get into it then
I suggest you buy a pedometer and wear it all day and
if you go over 10,000 steps you're staying in good shape
literally you are sculpting your cardiovascular skeletal musculature
into much better shape
10,000 smackers
is how I look at it
(think of it as 'money in the bank')
which happens to be close to the same number
one of my works at Art Miami Basel is selling for
meaning that someone now has to take this *pseudo-thing*
I've made out of the manipulated data of my experience
(i.e. compressed data burned on a plastic disk)
and place a value on it in relation to its *potential*
its potential to maintain a duration beyond
a contemporary feeling for 'what is novelty now'
within the context of an always emerging market
that though it may have its ebbs and flows
still pulls the promise of progressive movement
into the cosmic future as if there were no end in sight

[Did I already suggest that we pretend
The Mini-Depression we are living through
does not really exist?]

How does one develop a contemporary feel for
placing value on the manipulated data of
someone else's aesthetic experience?

Given the fact that each artwork
object-based or not
is an excerpt from each artist's
custom-built durational achievement
how do we determine the value of
each cut from body of the beast?

Perhaps we can begin via structurally integrated
modes of intuition that feed off of
the lunacy of art market psychology
which is not to say that the art world is very touchy-feely
no far from it

The totally glam art/fashion parties are the opposite of *that*

They are more like what Whitehead gloms on to
when he writes about 'The Theory of Feelings'

In fact he opens his section on 'The Theory of Feelings'
discussing the philosophy of organisms
referring to it as 'a cell-theory of actuality'
that is to say
'each ultimate unit of fact is a cell-complex
not analysable into components with
equivalent completeness of actuality'

which in art world terms I translate as
'there is not one sure thing that drives the art market'
(not even money although money is the currency
that charges the social relatedness of the various role-players)

Imagine a complexity of things being made or made-up
by those who in the presentational immediacy
of their selectively manipulated data
form an aesthetic experience that we might call *novelty*
novelty as the immediate present
one that is capable of establishing the mysterious resonance of
social relatedness *as* currency in an emerging market of ideas
one that is fueled by this same sense of novelty
(and it really is a *sense* of novelty
just think of the hungry collectors hounding the scene
sniffing out the next new phase of novelty)

Yes novelty fuels novelty ad infinitum
and this is process theory *branded*

[of course this is also liable to make artists
society's ultimate novelty generators
sick to their stomachs except for the fact
that they too now have been trained
to sniff out what those who buy art
may be anticipating as the next new thing to sniff
so that together they can sniff each other
the ways dogs do when first getting acquainted]

Embodying Whitehead's 'Theory of Feelings'
via an ability to generate value out of novelty
especially the contemporary art objects whose duration

history will soon determine for the always emerging art market
moves well beyond the mercenary trends of the day

It is also related to that species of improvised creativity
Whitehead refers to as an 'actual entity'
one that he describes as 'spatialized'
and actuated by its own 'substantial form'

This actual entity he describes sounds to me like
a remixological hacker cum artist-medium

as when he says –

'the "effects" of an actual entity
are its interventions in concrescent processes
other than its own'

and that by hacking into or remixologically inhabiting
or intervening in the datum of our shared
(collective, collaborative) presentational immediacy
this actual entity that I refer to as
the artist-medium
becomes a transformational *object*
who unconsciously triggers their readymade potential
to stimulate 'the production of novel togetherness'
(as Whitehead refers to it)

[despite everything I have written above
it should be noted that I usually shy away from the term 'object'
focusing instead on the term *body-image*
to suggest the qualitative *sense data* that one accumulates
over the history of ones personal experiences
(their ongoing durational achievement)
via an embodied praxis that processes reality
by remixologically inhabiting the flow of source material
one circulates in as an artist-medium rendering
their *body-image* into the social network

but then I wonder: what is the personal
experience of the one who circulates?
is it really one? or is it a plural plus (p+)?

Whenever I write or speak off the cuff
it never really feels as if it's my own words

discharging into the environment

rather it feels like a compilation of
sampled artifacts gleaned from the ongoing
presentational immediacy of life itself]

Whitehead also goes on to state that
the actual entity as 'object'
has a *formal* aspect to it
and that this formalism comes to be
via a creative process that is immanent to it
something any contemporary remixologist can relate to
because the embodied praxis of the artist-medium
is predicated upon their ability to formally innovate
new iterations of contemporaneity
by sampling from the flux of data
at their immediate disposal
(**Source Material Everywhere**)

As we have already acknowledged
the remixologist *is* a novelty generator
one who performs their work in the immediate present
as a way of establishing the mysterious resonance of
social relatedness within the context of
a fluctuating currency in the always emergent market

a market that is fueled by this same sense of novelty

With this in mind we could ask:

'Is it possible for the remixologist to become
a rich and famous artist without selling out?'

**embodied praxis -- / -- theory of feelings -- / -- selling out -- / --
autohallucination**

In addition to his 'Theory of Feelings'
Whitehead uses the occasion of processing
his version of mixed reality
to investigate what he matter-of-factly terms
Higher Phases of Experience
and is it only me
or does reading Whitehead sometimes feel like

a kind of non-drug induced autohallucination?

He quotes himself in *Process and Reality*
by sampling a few lines from the first of his books
I actually ever read back when I was nineteen
a book entitled *Religion in the Making*
a title that when I first saw it on the reading list
immediately turned me off
since I was now becoming an adult
and wanted to be independent of whatever it was
that my parents may have tried to imbue
culturally, politically, prehistorically and religiously

At the time I was not interested in *making* anything
but my own artwork at the time
(*religion* was simply out of the question)
and in those days 'artwork' for me translated as
'creative writing' and drawing and something like music
but what I would now generically refer to as 'sound art'

But then something strange happened and I realized
at age nineteen that I was now being *pulled in*
by Whitehead's *Religion in the Making*
a book that caught me totally by surprise
mostly due to its holistic use of language
which at the time felt like it was simultaneously
so abstract in a metaphysically incoherent way
as well as visually concrete in its execution
focusing my attention on the experiential qualities of
my life-story as an enduring aesthetic *fact*

An enduring aesthetic fact?

At age nineteen and with still no formal education
unless you call going to public high school
in Miami in the Sixties and Seventies a kind of formal education
how could I (someone who between the ages of
fourteen and seventeen had been working
full-time at the greyhound race tracks)
come to conclude that my life-story
was an enduring aesthetic *fact*
i.e. how could I be swayed via the confidence of
Whitehead's self-assured writing style
that my own life was associated with the rhythms

and physical vibrations that arise out of
the conditions for intensity and stability,
a tough balancing act if ever there was one?

Reading Whitehead's book at nineteen
began stimulating that part of my brain
that was ready to play with the philosophical-poetic
source material at my disposal
so that soon I was *using* the book's writing
as source material to dream up new versions of self
(quickly disposing of both self and religion *per se*
that is to say diminishing their influence on my then
wildly flirtatious relationship with an experimental lifestyle
that would rid myself of the need to encounter God *as a self--*
for what was God to a secular nineteen year old
former race track employee transforming
the disjointed multiplicity of his flux identity
into fictional decharacterizations *in novel form?*)

**novel form -- / -- 70s norm -- / -- mixed reality -- / -- in the
making**

The quote in his *Process and Reality*
that Whitehead samples from *Religion in the Making*
follows a comment on what he terms
'an intense experience'
one that he assigns to an enduring object
that gains the enhanced intensity of feeling
arising from the contrast between inheritance
and novel effect (i.e. what's already there
and what we do with it, remixologically)
all the while tapping into its free-flow sensation
as an embodied praxis syncing *body-image* rhythms
with the flux of data waiting to be 'naturally' selected
so that it can then be simultaneously mutated
while performing the ultimate balancing act
between intensity and stability

[*Remixology* -- meet Evolutionary Biology --
i.e. the art of syncing the pulse of blood music
with the affective filtering of body images
fusing in spontaneous bursts of variation
speeding into heretofore unimagined forms of

qualitative life experience resonating
in the distributed memory banks of
the artificial intelligentsia postproducing presence

or so I thought ...]

‘An intense experience is an aesthetic fact’,
writes Whitehead and then he begins to lay down
some ‘categorical conditions’ as he calls them
that are to be generalized ‘from aesthetic laws
in particular arts’

He then samples from *Religion in the Making*
two of these conditions/aesthetic laws
and remixes them into *Process and Reality*:

1. The novel consequent must be graded in relevance so as to preserve some identity of the character with the ground.
2. The novel consequent must be graded in relevance so as to preserve some contrast with the ground in respect to that same ground of character.

These two principles (he goes on to say)
are derived from the doctrine (what doctrine?) that
‘an actual fact is a fact of aesthetic experience.
All aesthetic experience is feeling arising
out of the realization of contrast under identity.’

Looking back at my possible readings of this excerpt
during the late 70s and into the early 80s
I can see where I would have been attracted
to Whitehead's focus on intense aesthetic experiences
and his high valuation of novelty as a way to generate
fluctuating forms of identity/characterization
that would then morph the ‘actual entity’ into pools of
differential feelings sinking and swimming
with the ebb and flow of whatever life rhythm
may have been evolving as part of its
ongoing aesthetic practice (he would call this practice
a ‘religion in the making’ but I would not buy into it
and thought of it as something more akin to

the freedom to compose an artistic lifestyle practice
even as I started using myself/my body
as an 'it-thing' to be guinea-pigged for
for an ongoing research project lending itself
to all manner of future observation and data collection)

Remixologically speaking
'Religion in the Making'
circa 1979-1980
became for me a nuanced version of
'Art in the Making'

How was I to become an artist
acting on whatever ground was available
unless I made it up from scratch?

Vito Acconci once wrote:

if I specialize in a medium, then I would be fixing a ground
for myself, a ground I would have to be digging myself out
of, constantly, as one medium was substituted for another -
so, then instead of turning toward 'ground' I would shift my
attention and turn to 'instrument', I would focus on myself
as the instrument that acted on whatever ground was
available.

Is this what we mean by 'grounding out'?

Even today this 'Art in the Making'
becomes something different yet again
let's call it (for lack of better)
'Life in the Making'
(a total cliché for sure, one I adore
especially after having pursued an artistic lifestyle practice
for almost three decades across ten planets
and forty galaxies and seventy blood transfusions)

Given all of the above
would it not make utter sense that the biosphere
would be the next best place for me to unravel
my free flow sensations of intense aesthetic experience
especially since the 'actual entity' of the it-thing body
moonlighting as a 'novelty generator' hacking the Real

is always operating in *asynchronous realtime*?

[From *META/DATA*:

Two examples of experiencing life in asynchronous realtime where one's sense data becomes stretched or shortened into durational shapes and smears that are at once dislocated and spatialized are (1) playing in a live computer mediated performance art event and (2) teleporting one's mind to a faraway place in a totally different time zone. In the first instance, the VJ improvises a new set of image experiences by collaborating (or jamming) with a laptop as the other player in the jam. It's a space of live composition where the computer processor meets the artist processor. Both of these players process at different speeds and with a different set of goals and, dare I say, intentions. One is machinic; the other is all-too-humanly intuitive. I'll let you decide which is which. The point is that the speed with which the computer changes its digital imaging output as a response to the artist's transaesthetic input is relative. Sometimes the VJ may push the laptop apparatus to a point in its programmed intelligence where it has no idea what to do with all of the mixed signal, transaesthetic inputs it is getting and so performs some random function as a way of arbitrarily keeping up with the VJ's constant demands. These random functions become immediately visualized as an ongoing sequence of unexpected imagistic events that the VJ then responds to in what feels like realtime but (because of immeasurable instances of readiness potential verging on unconscious thought processes) is really more like make-or-fake time. This make-or-fake time is totally unreal and emerges in live performance as part of the artist's ongoing, creative intuition—an indeterminate sense data space that actually occurs in the imperceptible margins of whatever action takes place during the event, creating an hallucinatory Doppler effect that makes performers feel as though they are asynchronously communicating with both their jamming laptop partner and the audience too. This is when digital art personas are operating in the ZONE of unrealtime, and the groove where they are metaphorically becoming a wave of rhythmic asynchronicity, defamiliarizing all of their poetic phrasing as a way to extend the possibilities of breath and

parting lines, can feel like the ultimate high an artist is capable of experiencing.]

True to form
always in search of
The Ultimate High
while lost in the postproduction of presence ...

The Postproduction Artist in me now feels inclined to abandon straight improvisation as a method of poetic composition and would like to strategically remix Whitehead's 'categorical conditions' for 'New Media Artists in the Making':

1. The novelty generator must be valued in relation to their ability to position the energy [source material] they create with the ground they act on while performing their latest remix.
2. The novelty generator must be valued in relation to their ability to position some contrasting energy [source material] with the ground in respect to the already existing energy [source material] they are sampling from while performing their latest remix.

**existing source material -- / -- categorical imperatives -- / --
experiential sediment -- / -- universe of technical pictures**

The experiential sediment accumulating inside with its fluctuating data rates informing every instance of novelty generation moves the 'remixologist in the making' into spaces beyond self - identity - character and transforms ones unconscious projections into the physical experience of 'image rendering' pulling them into its compositional force field of seductive knowledge and immanent satisfaction via the lure of potentially positive feelings

(something the artist-medium can never fully sever themselves from as they continually pursue The Ultimate High

a hedonistic pleasure that often comes from
a simple return to writing)

And yet as Antin writes or transcribes
via his talkstory *The Price*
'what is locus of the source or ground
of the self... what i had in mind
was to look for the place where the self
or what i take to be the self
has its ground'

(resonating as it were with Acconci's
instrument that acted on whatever ground
was available at any given moment
as well as Whitehead's 'ground of character'
a phrase I catch a glimpse of as
I turn my head to the left and see
the opened page of *Process and Reality*)

Now I have never been one who invests much
in concepts of self or character per se
opting for *flux persona* or even
the idea of an erotically charged
fictional decharacterization of said self
(said who?)

As I look back to 1986 a mere eight years
after having left the greyhound race track in Miami
and absorbed all of the Whitehead I could at the time
I wrote my first published short story
'Alkaloid Boy' as part of my novel *The Kafka Chronicles*
where I went off on this improvisatory riff:

Decharacterization:

things first and foremost / high on the list of

To Do

- 1) evil eyed optimist
- 2) puritanical pessimist
- 3) retrograde renegade
- 4) easygoing numskull
- 5) taxing interest
- 6) megalomaniacal monsterman
- 7) persevering wanderer
- 8) sunshiny souvenir
- 9) sovereign veneer
- 10) venereal vegetarian
- 11) pornosophic filmmaker
- 12) college student
- 13) bank president
- 14) beatnik historian
- 15) girl watcher
- 16) punky playboy
- 17) diseased dyslexic
- 18) monkey grammarian
- 19) existentialist outlaw
- 20) linguistic statesman
- 21) novelty generator
- 22) effervescent eunuch
- 23) egghead eavesdropper
- 24) neoconservative butcher
- 25) egotistical holyman
- 26) harmonic hegelian
- 27) continue the discontinue
- 28) still crazy after all these years
- 29) butcher the butcher
- 30) wearisome whacker
- 31) where art thou waterfall?
- 32) butcher the butcher
- 333) dead meat dead meat dead meat dead meat
- 421) off to the boonies
- SX1r#217) name address social security perforation
- dis
- int
- egr
- ati
- on!

final mishapover

B L O W N

pro ./ por ./ tions

eros intensification

'self need not be so unitary as all that',
(Antin continues in *The Price*)
'it depends on what kind of ground it emerges from
how it emerges from it
how continuously it emerges and how uniformly
it presents itself on emerging
and maybe it doesn't really emerge
maybe it only hovers about a certain place
this hovering a kind of complex act performed
by a number of actors whose interaction
we could call the self'

Here is where we enter the realm of
what I have been calling *intersubjective jamming*
which is different than the idea of a Networked Author
or Collaborative Groupthink Mentality that pries
on the lifestyles of the Source Material Rich
and seemingly forever Almost Famous

For this 'hovering' is a 'complex act'
that is 'performed' by 'actors'
who interact in the gestural manipulation
of a 'narrative in the making' that just may be
the story of our lives (sounds like a soap opera)
but is more likely something along the lines of
a complexity of events being made by those who
in the presentational immediacy
of their selectively manipulated data
form an aesthetic experience that we might call novelty

novelty as the immediate present

one that is capable of establishing a mysterious resonance of

social relatedness as currency in an ongoing narrative environment that 'like a cloud changes as it goes'

(we are still talking about the always emerging art market too)

This interactive form of intersubjective jamming that takes place via the gestural manipulation of a 'narrative in the making' points back to Flusser who in his *Into the Universe of Technical Pictures* writes about all kinds of gestures that inform novelty (writing gestures, visualizing gestures, codifying gestures, photographic gestures, publicizing gestures):

The question of what technical pictures mean is first and foremost a question of how the envisioning gesture is directed. Which way do the fingertips responsible for the pictures point?

And then:

What is the maker's attitude?

Where does he stand?

Although I am not in a position to answer these questions posed by the gestural Flusser I would remix Whitehead with Acconci and say the remixologist in the making stand with their hyperimprovisational instrument on whatever ground of the moment they happen to be playing on as they port their narrative/network potential and its manifest aesthetic facts into the compositional playing field their novelty generation operates in

Flusser continues:

To look at this position, this visualizing gesture with this question in mind is to realize that in it a revolutionary new form of existence is finding expression, a powerful and violent reversal of human beings' attitude toward the world. This reversal is so powerful and violent that it is difficult for us to see. For visualizers, those who produce technical pictures, stand against the world, pointing toward it in order to make sense of it. Their gesture is a commanding, imperative gesture of codifying. Visualizers are people who raise themselves up against the world, point at it with their fingertips in order to inform it.

And not just visualizers but as the cyberpunk novelist Pat Cadigan envisions we have also now become *synners* human synthesizers who sinfully feel hedonistic pleasure from dreamwriting our futures as image-performing protagonists fighting the artificial eyes of the machine

In her novel *Synners* one of her characters is Visual Mark a professional visualizer someone who has the power to construct on-the-fly dreamlike music videos out of his creative unconscious

These dream-vids are simulcast across the distributed network that happens to be tapping into his creative mindshare in asynchronous realtime

At one point in the novel, Visual Mark is simply there:

The sense of having so much space to spread out in - a baby emerging from the womb after nine months must have felt the same thing, he thought.

Oozing images in a vast playing field where everything is disintermediated

could turn intersubjective dream jam sessions
into endless remixological performance

The French Europop band Air
wrote and recorded a song entitled
Electronic Performers
that I often think of when in postproduction
(when in auto-visualization mode)

The opening lyrics tell it all:

*We are the synchronizers
Send messages through time code
Midi clock rings in my mind
Machines gave me some freedom
Synthesizers gave me some wings
They drop me through twelve bit samplers
We are electronic performers
We are electronics*

*We need to use envelope filters
To say how we feel
Riding on magnetic waves
We search new programs for your pleasure
I want to patch my soul on your brain
BPM controls your heartbeats
We are the synchronizers
We are electronic performers*

Even as I lose track of my drift
so that I may wander away from
what must have been a train of thought
(Whitehead? Antin? evolutionary biology?)
I can feel my body turning on

and in turning on

turning remixological

and in turning remixogocial

becoming a kind of synner/sinner

an electronic performer

an alchemist in search of his next crude discovery

by way of electronics

(identity soldered into signal belching noise)

**codifying gestures -- / -- Revolutionary Visualizers -- / --
remixing as 'grounding out' -- / -- warped time code**

Perhaps now would be the perfect time
to make a very straightforward confession
one that is neither here nor there
but somehow still relevant given where we are
in this ongoing *talkstory* about
actual entities laying down commanding gestures of
all types so as to intensify their experience
as an enduring aesthetic *fact* --

and that is that I have never learned how to type
I mean literally finesse the QWERTY system
and that as a hunt and peck two-bit operator
I feel like I have developed a more sensual relationship
to the keyboard than I have with any other *thing*
(except for the obvious *others* I share my life with)
and that in truth when it comes to performing
I actually never see the keyboard as I type
the keys are just simulated microzones of tender
push button potential for me to seduce
whatever knowledge may be residing in the network
generating a mash-up of feelings I have accumulated over time
(maybe I'm just wired for this kind of 'actualization?')

This may seem a trivial footnote
but I have to wonder
if the remixologist as novelty generator
is to be valued in relation to
their ability to position some contrasting energy

[source material]

with the ground in respect
to the already existing energy

[source material]

they are sampling from

then what happens when they use their groundwire
to activate a series of operations where
they simply lose themselves in the ether
(maybe I'm not wired for this at all
that is to say, maybe I'm wireless
an enduring aesthetic fact
flying high on Tesla-like electrical conduction
and whose remixological potential
is the ultimate source for a renewable
'Energy in the Making')

In describing feeling Whitehead
ends his riff way above with a final remark writing
'A feeling is a component
in the concrescence of
a novel actual entity"
and then tells us that the feeling
is always novel in reference to its data:

'The process of the concrescence is a progressive
integration of feelings controlled by
their subjective forms... feelings of
an earlier phase sink into the components
of some more complex feeling of a later phase.
... each phase adds its element of novelty.'

The contemporary remixologist can relate
to all of this and remixes Whitehead to
expand on his philosophy:

An image rendering is a component feeling
in the concrete manifestation of
a remixological performance
one where the artist-medium
selectively filters the data
by tapping into their unconscious neural mechanism
layering the component feelings in varying
degrees of opacity and balance
conjuring more complex imagery

that generates yet more novelty
transmuting the remixologist's life
into the free flow sensation of
an intense aesthetic experience
filtering an ongoing social relatedness
that opens up more creative potential

that is to say

more potential to produce novel togetherness

Whitehead refers to this transmutation
as a 'becoming' in the actual world

'In the becoming, it [the subjective form]
meets the "data" which are selected
from the actual world. In other words,
the data are already "in being". There
the term "in being" is for the moment
used as equivalent to the term
"in realization".'

Translation: **Source Material Everywhere.**

That's the Reality.

What we do with it as remixologists
emerges as a *process* of the concrescence:

Creative Processing of

Selectively Manipulated Source Material

(DATA)

manifests as the becoming

of

(Re)

Mixed Reality

Embodied in a Complex of Actual Feelings

creative process -- / -- (re)mixed reality -- / -- economy of motion -- / -- entrepreneurial spirit

What does it mean to be creative?

Is it a posthuman condition?

Or is it aboriginary with cyborgian implications?

Remixology samples from Whitehead when he says
 'Creativity is the principle of *novelty*
 a *conditioned* indetermination
 that morphs into a *real* potentiality
 spurring on the further advance of
 our ongoing creative momentum
 via an applied aesthetics that both manipulates
 and is unquestionably manipulated *by*
 the environment that each novel situation
 presents to us in its state of immediacy

This 'advance' garde of Creativity itself
 forever in pursuit of transmuting aesthetic moments
 creates a physical momentum
 formally felt as an ongoing satisfaction
 within an optimum *economy of motion*
 one triggered by the intensity of experience
 which in itself becomes an aesthetic fact
 and informs 'the production of novel togetherness'

The 'production of novel togetherness'
 is the ultimate notion embodied in
 the term *concrecence* (where the many
 become one and are increased by one)

An artist role-playing an amateur mathematician
 who aligns his avant-garde practice
 with the entrepreneurial spirit of an academic
 looking to hurdle impenetrable institutions
 in a series of single bounds (still binding)
 might formulate it as such:

M = Many

One = Fluid Singularity

1 = Remix-in-process

and conclude

M = One + 1 (always becoming)

The casual dropping of the parenthetical
 'always becoming' signals a break away
 from what others might call 'total togetherness'
 and instead highlights how Whitehead's
 'production of novel togetherness'
 advancing into intuitive modes of presentational immediacy
 is really what it means for artist-mediums
 to live in perpetual postproduction
 (a non-totalizing experience)

Always becoming a postproduction medium
 is what it means to be aesthetically networked
 (to tweak synaptic knobs while spinning)
 (to customize artist-apparatus filters
 as part of a collective hallucinatory achievement)
 (to embody creative synthesis *in praxis*
 while intersubjectively jamming with
 the autopoietic environment
 I call the *artificial intelligentsia*)

Visionary experience (it ends up)
 is internetworked persona as shareware
 (a consensual hallucination always seeking
 The Ultimate High – 'novel togetherness?')

Is this what it means to be part of the networked avant-garde?

In *META/DATA* I suggest that we are all *born*
 avant-garde (that it is our natural birthright)
 but that one of the cruel ironies of being
 a living breathing postproduction medium
 in an age of super-late turbocharged capitalism
 is that the environment that produces innovation
 is now also the environment that kills creativity

This sets up an epic struggle for artist-mediums
 whose ongoing satisfaction of formally felt experience

is co-dependent on their being able to intuitively
generate emergent forms of novelty ('Creativity itself')

**artificial intelligentsia -- / -- epic struggle -- / -- 'always
becoming' -- / -- vibratory events**

In his 'Process Metaphysics and Hua-Yen Buddhism'
Steve Odin says 'creativity is tenable only in
an asymmetrical framework of causal relatedness'
and highlights Whitehead's use of the term *vector*
as a way to signify a magnitude with *direction*

In this scenario vectors gather strength
via an accumulation of causal feelings
+1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1
feelings relayed into ongoing throbbing intensities
compiled as occasions of aesthetic experience
forming a pattern of energetic transmissions
between vibratory events

For the contemporary remixologist
this relaying or *relayering* of experience
translates as an intensive 'always becoming'
or *always live* postproduction performance
that turns the trajectory of the artist-medium
into a simultaneous and continuous
fusion of light motion energy sensation
effect affect emotion ['an enduring aesthetic fact']

Remixologically inhabiting the datum
that pings your unconscious neural mechanism
and spurs you on to create your own version of
this enduring 'narrative in the making'
points to each 'actual entity's' *aesthetic fitness*
i.e. each applied remixologist's potential
to render into vision [to literally *envision*]
a nuanced mix of what it means to circulate
within the networked space of flows

The Many that is 'always becoming'
+1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1 +1
and that advances toward the ultimate
dream of picture-perfect aesthetic fitness

is forever charging and recharging
 'language to the utmost possible degree'
 and actively intervening in concrescent processes
 other than its own

that is to say

The Many Remixologist /Synners
 collectively generating their complex visualizing gestures
 are intuitively 'becoming electronics' in parallel to
 The Aesthetic Turn that is more than upon us

that has in fact *become* us

(and we it)

The pragmatist in me
 the one who simultaneously ridicules
 the always emerging art market that attempts
 to capitalize on this Aesthetic Turn
 while negotiating its excess on the periphery
 wants to ask 'How much will it cost us?'
 i.e. 'How invested must we really become?'
 and as a follow-up
 'How can we translate our creativity
 into "digicash" currency that will
 enable us to afford being
 the postproduction mediums
 we long to become?'

(Musing over those questions is
 at the heart of creative class struggle
 in way-too-late technocapitalist lunacy)

Perhaps Remixology can help guide us
 in that it shows the contemporary artist-medium
 where to focus their attention while
 performing this *always live*
 postproduction process that renders them
 into a simultaneous and continuous fusion of
 light motion energy sensation effect affect emotion

[Think of yourself as taking on the lead role
 in a ongoing performance of postproduction art

where the title of your self-directed play is
The Life and Times of An Enduring Aesthetic Fact]

For if Remixology is anything at all
it is an ongoing valuation of ones
Life Style Practice *as* an aesthetic fact

one that integrates selectively manipulated data
into its pattern of intensiveness
a pattern that is aesthetically perceived as
the novel production of togetherness
in its phase of (nonstop) origination

(imagine it as an eternally remixable 'originary'
that *comes with* endless feeds of
streaming **Source Material Everywhere**)

The question remixologists constantly face
while performing their 'live postproduction sets'
as a pattern of intense aesthetic experiences
is 'How then to keep the Big Creative Mo
within an optimum economy of motion?'

(because when you think of it
in these times of global climate change
who really has energy to waste?)

Can this be achieved via *improvisation*?

Illumination?

Intuition?

Simple questions like the one above have a way
of keeping one focused and as always
may lead to unexpected outcomes
as you begin to start seeing things
you never knew were there but were
always right in front of you

(*not* seeing what is right in front of you
has been thought of as a negative hallucination)

But can one really listen to the voice of intuition?

Yes I have seen and heard it *everywhere*
even though it's not necessarily something
that you can literally see or hear
maybe it would be better to say
I have felt it form inside of me
and have become intimate with the rhythm of
its spontaneous projections as I act on
whatever ground is available
to me at any given time

I have watched it [intuition] change shape
a kind of embodied yet amorphous shape-shifting
vector (magnitude with *direction*)
that has metamediumistically stimulated me
to tap into my creative process theory
with its throbbing intensities as they shift
between occasions of aesthetic experience
forming a pattern of energetic transmissions
between all of the vibratory events
I have mutated myself through as
a *just-in-time* postproduction medium
(the creative advance of novelty *embodied*)
and so it seems only right that
as this riff inevitably draws to a close
that I would [temporarily] stop this advance
into novel forms of creative remixology
by turning to Whitehead again
feeding off of his word flesh
stealing his voice
sampling his energy
as would any hungry parasite so ravenous
they can no longer speak for themselves
and are hoping to locate renewable energy sources
in the production of novel togetherness:

Thus the 'production of novel togetherness' is the ultimate
notion embodied in the term concrescence. These ultimate
notions of 'production of novelty' and 'concrete
togetherness' are inexplicable either in terms of higher
universals or in terms of the components participating in the
concrescence. The analysis of the components abstracts
from the concrescence. The sole appeal is to intuition.