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

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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 ‘categoreal 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 ‘categoreal 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 -- / -- categoreal 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:

first and foremost / high on the list of

things

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
33) dead meat dead meat dead meat
421) off to the boonies
SX1#217) name address social security perforation
dis
int
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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 remixological

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
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 aboriginal 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 concrescence (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.