

A BREAKDOWN IN GLYPHS.

Now more than ever; Carl Andre.

Now, more than ever before, his Equivalences called into question. Bricks stacked like supermarket shelves, a beginner's dry-stone wall arranged with labels facing outward. The question being about the idea that makes the machine that makes the art, and not about the fire retardancy of bricks. Modular mantras for speculative minimalism, A fundamental display of weights and measures, craving for the spirits to lift their dumb mass higher to celestial planes. Speeding like light-bending truths around the event horizon of meaning. *2001 a Donald Judd Odyssey*. Rectilinear gifts from above, apish and bone-headedly resistant to faith or academia. However, on the morning of Ursula Le Guin's death we awake to realise we need the context of other worlds to help us collapse fiction and reality, Psy-psycho dramas to prolapse esoteric psychedilia with basic unbending beauty to elevate the strictness of it all.



HELD AGAINST THE WIND BY STONES.

Staged Monuments to something that exists in the past-future; foam expanding over centuries, at first as DIY ritualised by time and then as compulsion that pierces a glory hole right through the centre of everything. An exegesis of Form ... *An exegesis being a crazy persons search for proof that they are in fact not crazy.*

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Now more than ever, we must think about Donald Judds' love affair with Douglas Fir. A Romance of making seemingly sexed objects that can't see the wood for the trees, a design glitch emitting objects that don't need people; more perfect without them. The style before the substance –

No-wave Chernobyl, mutoid anti-participation, spawning design ideas for a Nu-world order. Fonts and furniture as a blood-soaked pornucopia of stock tools and sundries to be exploited by resourceful terrorists eloquently articulating a formatting style that provides a structure that needs no intrusion by human presence. Perfect in-itself, life as an abstract, *thriving* without context. All ideas of progress neutralised to a permanent stasis, no present presence or future absence, timeless basic space reapplying the notions of Modernity now with a craving to fill its core with a spiritual vision of purpose.

PSY-MINIMALISM

Never work hard. It goes against human nature.
Against the cosmic rhythms.

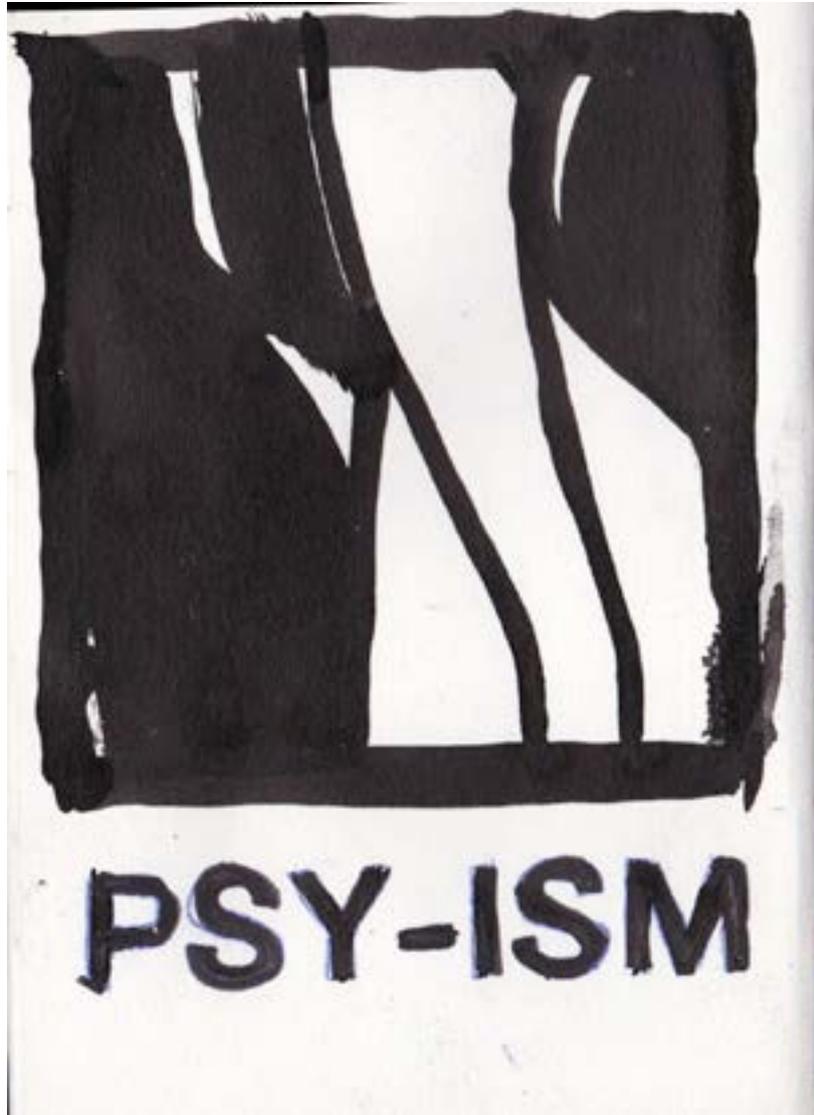
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High-gods, Minimalist gurus, atop of flat-pack Ziggurats flogging Spiritual enlightenment through Nu-age-life-style-online-magazine-totally-mental-health-awareness as you wholesale consume the uprising fashion of piety expressed through a range of hanging succulents, living inside a Pinterest account. Giving total reign to the Architects of archetypes making lives liveable through instruction manuals.

Now more than ever, High-tech-Avant-guard-Silicone-Valley-shamans micro-dose to add mystique to admin, trying to find a higher purpose for a taxing protocol. Perma-dazed tech wizards practicing transcendental meditation reflecting on Apple inc. Earthworks left from carving up quarries in China for rare Earth minerals. A High Sierra-Spiral Jetty so wacked out by the search of meaning in the neo-liberalist desert that no amount of Acid could provide significance to.

The youthful search for meaning, before the inevitability of realising that there isn't really any. Only projections, or diagrams, or Stonehenge illustrations of primordial significance, arrows pointing.

HELD AGAINST THE WIND BY STONES



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Diagrams? Well, perhaps. Diagrams, Yes - Now more than ever. Diagrams – formed like hollow-shells, crustaceans of calcified belief systems, exoskeleton organisms now living out their lives as an outline. The strictness of form being the Alpha and Omega, an Emptyset, (\emptyset) bracketing a zero, orbiting around a sense of purpose without any real meat, or metal, or guts inside of it. A sputnik lacking the adequate transmission receivers, prompting a cataclysmic witness failure of inchoate bleeps sent out never to be heard, pointless like punctuation with no words. Diagrams like asterisks' used to denote footnotes that are no longer present, un-fulfilled but looking like Sea-Urchins always pointing, arrows aimed just above the horizon, out of reach, never taking accountability for their own sakes. A cliché would be to compare them to sirens, but these little stars do not sing they are title pages for books that will never be written. A pile of bricks with no mortar to hold them.

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The time is now, now more than ever now. Now-ness coalesced as laws of vibration as sound, coagulated and volleyed directly toward the central nervous system, television static buzzing impeccable as the weekly scream into the void, evidence of existence attempted by reloading location settings – status up-date pounded out hopeful for an echo as proof of something bigger; if a tree falls in the woods most likely no one will care. Neo-Romantics more obsessed with the hashtagging marketability of perception, always filtering the #nofilter appearance of grossly mutated nature as we know it. Prolapsing images into reality, folding presence and absence in a sublime encounter with a mirror that echos our need for communication with no consequence. Several regimes of signs, or some other academic set up of card-board-cut-out-truths, silhouettes of reality crumpling in from the forces from outside, an experimentation from the un-known to the known. Diagrams and Minimalism screaming for speculative understandings, to buy in, hook-line and sinker to the ideology that we will always need more.



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