



## Janderz Aix

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## PRACTICES AND CURATIONS

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Janderz Aix

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This transdisciplinary experiment in speculative fiction, painting, and geohumanities arose through ongoing conversations between a social theorist (Mimi) and an artist (Dan) in which we took inspiration from each other's work and developed a hybrid collaborative practice. Up until now this has been more about the input of shared ideas than about any specific shared output. But the arrival of *GeoHumanities* on the scene has encouraged us to try to give this vibrant oscillation shape in a form that is neither social science nor art, but something hovering in between. In an earlier essay on "vital methods" I explored how an "experimentalist orientation" of "provocative awareness" (Thrift 2011, 7–8) has begun to appear in social science methods that are described as mobile, relational, live, interactive, or vital (Sheller 2015, 130). For me this suggests that the interactive method that we have engaged in here is one way of "doing" geohumanities. The paintings shown with this essay (Figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) are a kind of premediation of the fiction, a stitching together of social theory and creative experiment through a different medium. Their creation was the patch between us, and to the reader/viewer, a kind of material communicative interface between critical geography, art, and fiction writing.

When Dan talks about the experience of painting, he goes to it intuitively and wide-eyed, doing it through realizing things, realizing through doing. Thus the paintings are part of the fiction creation process, and have also transited through shared conversations about critical geography and social theory. These things are connected to a metaphor that inspires him: "There is more space in a wall than wall." That is to say:

Reality is only 10 percent of what's actually there at any given moment.

What finds me is as much to me as what I find.

We exist in eddies of matter: time is full of meaningful vortices.

Painting is a passing through, a transiting, Cezanne's *passage*.



FIGURE 1 *bunting*, 2015, acrylic on paper, 40 × 40 inches. Artist: Dan Schimmel. (Color figure available online.)

Dan talks about painting in ways that are often pertinent to what I am researching, reading, or thinking about. There is an eerie synchronization, which happens moment to moment, between conversations, ideas gleaned online, music, and spatial theory. One day he happens to say:

There's a total democracy of my mark making—nothing is anything but itself, it's part of a dimensional network of marks that connects to other marks and gives you a sense of “tree” or whatever. The paintings are always coming together and pushing apart at the same time. And the way that I work: broadly spanned, I don't think in linear or nameable chambers, I'm dispersant. Dispersant, a dispersed person.

This rhizomatic florescence reminds me of—and embodies in paint—certain contemporary theoretical concepts: assemblages, attunements, atmospheres, affects, affordances. Then we stream a film about the history of synthesizer music, and the next morning a short news item about the modular synthesizer artist Eliane Radigue catches my eye. It says she

is attuned to sound's divisible ingredients. [Her 1986 composition] “Jetsun Mila” is never very loud and not very dramatic, in the typical sense of that word. It doesn't really have rhythm, it has oscillations. It doesn't really have notes, it has frequencies with certain colors and depths. It is inclusive and suggestive and abstract. (Ratliff 2015, C23)

She, too, is dispersant.

In this dispersant creativity, there is a vital code beneath the code, an unprogramming that is a kind of program. In his introduction to the book *Non-representational Methodologies*, Vannini suggests:

Life is a viscous becoming in time-space moved by the “desire to do more than simply squeeze meaning from the world” (Thrift 2008, 5). Existence is marked by an instinctive intentionality—a Deweyan qualitative immediacy of sorts—that transcends consciousness, and by an effervescent energy unharnessed and unprogrammed by thought. (Vannini 2015, 3–4)

Can a vitalist geohumanities express this new pattern of provocation, this unexpected emergence of “viscous becomings” in time and space? Nonrepresentational theory emphasizes precognitive sensation, play, performance, and imagination, bringing it into close alignment with many arts-based practices. But how can art or fiction forms that are understood to be “representations” of the world become (and be understood as) nonrepresentational? And more widely, how can geohumanities present (or be present as) a postpositivist epistemological approach to science through its own experiential, experimental, and embodied ontology?

McCormack described a similar kind of “thinking-space” in terms of “worlds in composition” in which “space becomes an ongoing process of heterogeneous, generative creativity without a transcendent creator. And in this vision, the world participates creatively in the fold of which thinking-space consists before individual agency or intentionality gets to work” (McCormack 2008, 3, cited in Sheller 2015, 133). A shared landscape, a garden, even a pair of entwined climbing vines reaching upward toward the light, can be a kind of thinking and doing space without individual agency. In this Fibonacci spiraling of our thinking-space, there is a dynamic energy, wherein Dan’s attention is expansive and scattered across surfaces of things, whereas I capture deeper currents of history, politics, and power, but we spiral off each other. If “amphibious sociologists” (Lury 2012), nonrepresentational geographers, mobile methodologists, and artists are all “engaged with evoking properties, energies, attunements, arrangements, and intensities in a renewed exploration of embodiment, spatiality and sociality” (Sheller 2015, 134), then we are worlds in composition reaching together toward something without intentionality.

Dan sometimes jokes that he is a mitochondriac. The way that folded chains of mitochondria connect to sequence proteins, it’s the same way that the brain codes itself into paint, sub-subconsciously, if you will. To paint is to engage one’s chromosomes. The marks, the flecks, the sweeps of color are like a mitochondria’s worth of information, a chromosomal agency for the full spectrum bandwidth operating the brush on the other side of the “plane.” He is transgressing through a medium, becoming elemental in it and through it. The color in paint is (literally) ground matter; this link, for him, often achieves something more than metaphor through a tactile understanding that light coalesces and moves as both particle and wavelength. The language was there from the beginning—from the first cave paintings—an inherent agency in paint, like any medium. What we look to in Cezanne, Matisse, Rembrandt, Guston, Giotto, Goya, and Velazquez, is not what they painted but how they painted themselves into it. The best painters hacked themselves, like a sensory mechanism, to express (as a gene expresses) some sort of insight into intelligence.

This is an experience that we believe digital media is flattening. Technology and science are engrained in this emergent world in terms of showing us what it means to be human. Technology is an ambience. If we are interested in ideas about dematerialization, we need to reassess impressionism in light of new technologies like the CERN Large Hadron Collider, augmented reality, and mobile mediality (Sheller 2013), and the much-heralded expectation of sentient cities (Crang and Graham 2007). Just as da Vinci merged art with science by pulling back the skin of a cadaver to see the interior, there's a new anatomy that we anticipate, informed by 3D printing of muscle, nano-bots inside our bodies, and even super-intelligence uploaded to silicon. That is why old analog experience will become relevant to the AI after AI, as imagined in *Janderz Aix*.

Geography, like painting, is about the making and unmaking of space, a process that has been theoretically described in new geographies of mobilities (Adey et al. 2014) or in software studies concerned with the geographies of code/space (Kitchin and Dodge 2011). Kitchin and Dodge (2011) described how the Internet, "in harness with meshes of telematics and wireless networks across cities, has redefined the scaling, spacing, and timing of capta generation. Capta is now seamlessly and rapidly distributed across communication networks that stretch out across space" (100). Capta are the gatherings of particles of information via all kinds of computing that are being turned into waves of big data for an anticipatory predictive "qualculation" (Thrift 2011). There is a "transduction" of "code/space" that is increasingly automated, ubiquitous, and pervasive, being "the constant making anew of a domain in reiterative and transformative practices" (Kitchen and Dodge 2011, 263). The Janderz story and the accompanying paintings represent the ambivalence we have about technology and these filaments of code enwrapping and enrapturing us, transducing space but also our bodies. Fascinated and repulsed, we're trying to figure out the analog and what it means in a digital future, called New Sentiency.

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FIGURE 2 *owli*, 2015, acrylic on paper, 41 × 29.5 inches. Artist: Dan Schimmel. (Color figure available online.)

1

It was a taste of rye, the caraway seed carried a way. The transparent drink tongued an opaque hue. Aquavit, cold as ice. Pastrami. He sipped with beefy clarity and smelled mustard. Couldn't tell if it was grafted into the sequence or was it *incarnate*?

Janderz knew how to hog-wire a feed, a much sloppier syntext for coding. Lots of noise but the algorithm was clean; the slop was in the media it employed. More like wrapping a sequence in gel-like cellophane, inflected signals of dissonance. Not a disruption but a distant sense. Janderz was a stitcher.

In 2015 the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax and Trade Bureau (TTB), part of the United States Department of the Treasury, approved a product called Palcohol. Powdered alcohol came in a

packet, combined with water like instant coffee or juice mix. You could add it to powdered pancakes if you wanted to. Many did.

I don't think I can do this right now.

Why not?

I'm flat and I can't find my feed.

Flattening was common, compulsory, unpredictable. There was never disconnection but connectivity was contained by single phase. Flattening affected entire districts of interface like shifting tides. Users learned to play their feed like scales of an instrument, adjusting frequency to match. One moment you could have massive lateral agency, a viral potential state that served the market. This was closely regulated, for obvious reasons.

Single phasing reduced lateral awareness, an opaque blush that drifted through everyone. It was the only time you could stitch. Visit the surface: dig deep into analog archives, antiquated data sets.

## 2

Cities were irrelevant. Districts had long since jettisoned location based equivalences to gain a geography that was topographic and in dimension, shifting format and shape shifting, like a murmuration of starlings. The hive communiqué, the networked district was form and function. Great migrations took place everywhere and always. This was the claim of New Sentiency, not a domain name, but a dominion: NS.

An orgalgorithm: a quasi-organic sequencing always shifting.

Some say NS began when Sesame Street abandoned PBS for HBO. There are always cynics looking to blame a kid's show. Others say it was when Apple, BEiN, and CCTV (China Central Television) merged in 2027 and launched server technology that carried an experiential feed, part wavelength, part particle. It was a patented bandwidth and delivery system, with small-print contracted terms of agreement that individuals entered into, fully sentient, sharing the medium of their own neurons. It took a while to catch on but over time grew to a massive user base.

BEiN was a sports network, their motto: "BE in the games! BE inspired! BE involved in sport!" Majority ownership was based in the Middle East, Dubai, Qatar, Saudi Arabia. In 2012, BEiN bought international broadcast rights to the premier soccer leagues in Spain, Germany, and England. Their portfolio gained range and depth in the decades to follow, outbidding NBCSports for the World Cup in 2022, the year Qatar hosted the international tournament. By that point BEiN was the global go-to interactive network, not just for sports but commerce, culture, and all old and emergent forms of social traffic.

BEiN's breakthrough technology was an algorithm. It synchronized a popular game app with proto NS hard and software packages for all paying subscribers. Two decades later, they introduced haptic bandwidth. Screens became dimensionless. Pixels became generative nerve endings that eclipsed what was once understood as a time-space continuum. What was considered presence in Old Earth was now known as prescience, a kind of coalescing, unviscous becoming that surfaced into the community at large. All access, all sharing.

The digital wave opened flow to a new media ocean that got deeper and deeper. Cross currents and undertows crossed currencies and cultures, ultimately undermining them with new evolution. Codes and sequencing for everything. Thingness was a thing of the past. Old earthly

irrelevance. Experience was rendered, a total gleaning from more immediate, *accessible* means. Analog anything was out of reach, suspect, or quarantined.

Geography became a symptom endured by those who still exhausted resources to surface on the planet. Instead, in New Sentiency, predictive Geo-metrics guided the masses where to coalesce.

## 3

Check this out!

Where'd you get it?

Cobb's bureau.

I thought he closed out.

He did, dispatched completely. Buried his shit and pulled out the plug-ins.

What was the hurry? I would have thought he'd profit the data sets and keep his scans.

Something spooked him. But I got this. He left me coordinates. It was a tricky dig.

Were there others?

Nope, he distributed them. You know how he took that crazy tour?

Yep, he wanted me to meet him in Vitebsk but I couldn't. Didn't know or I would've.

Yeah, he was aloof.

I miss him.

Janderz was a whiz with heliotropic coding, accessing any perspective on point. Looking from, rather than at, something. The object subjected. This is when the ache began. A lost perspective, dispatch from New Sentiency. Cobb likened the old world algorithms to plunging into a tank of cold phlegm. The data-enhanced wrap over digital sensing was truly better. Sentiency survived on it. It was completely augmented and marketed as the true out-of-body experience when bodies were a risk. Mastering the thickness was slow and cumbersome, an aspect of stitching few fully achieved.

Once reality, nature, the physical universe had been digitally lifted (transcribed, copied, analyzed, exhausted) by the dominant AI agency Google Earthy—a retro-branding campaign by Alphabet, Inc., which returned the company to its early roots in a wildly accessed satellite mapping app—there was no need for it. The analog, that is. Other than formality, its relevance was denied.

Some say the lineage was severed intentionally, like a frontal lobotomy. Consciousness was uploaded to the silicon cloud. Others noted compatibility issues with new technology and data interface. Janderz chalked it up to brain atrophy. A redacted neuropathy that clouded reception, like smearing Vaseline over eyeglasses. Prescriptive lenses were a thing of the past. Sight was replaced by vision, which succeeded the optic nerve. Janderz felt spirited away from himself. He was lost in place.

Paris, Shanghai, Lagos, cities were names, shackled, shingled like mylar tokens on a plastic charm bracelet. Fallen shatter, cracks forming beneath untrodden steps by sleepwalkers dreaming in glass. The experience of space was non-site-specific: a new expanse in the making.

Google Earthy contracted partnerships with Big Pharma. Pharmatainment was an attempt to drive global markets and open up new revenue paradigms, based on a genetically modified flavor-strip, which enhanced interactive synapsing with all digitally derived experiences and hardware mechanisms, like nano-soles that synthed sand beneath your feet, or whatever surface you wanted to walk on.

The pain in his heel throbbed like a deadening, the final sensation of a nerve ending resistance. He walked on into the evening. It was glowing cool and his Oculus fogged. He tapped out and drifted back into New Sentiency.



FIGURE 3 *wallop*, 2015, acrylic on paper, 41 × 29.5 inches. Artist: Dan Schimmel. (Color figure available online.)

Terine,

You need to help me.

I see it in transit in transcript now.

Flashes like the scales of a tropical fish pocketing sunlight in depths.

Structured but completely improvised.

Particulates in the way waves wave. Remember that blue in Caribbean?

Those old illuminated scripture pages? Analog text-tiles from the outside. Where are they?

I had them by the fragment. I got them from Cobb before he closed the bureau.

I want to run some analysis, mitochondriac, fringe imaging, Hebrew script and turn of century circuit building, nano-etching.

Do you see where I am going with this?

Quickly,

Jandz.

## 5

Undoing as you do

Un reasoning.

This is stitching, the anti-coding.

Like cognition, color information ignites processing.

Bits of pigment bytes with a blight, saw-toothed dimensionism, like stacked gears on a spindle, a multi-axis plumb line. Gimble.

What is a horizon line but an arc of a point extended outward in all dimension?

Ellipses then are the arc of moving points, particles along the wavelength, a cross section of time and space, a portal. A trans position.

Cezanne was a trans-positionist and so was Janderz. He had provenance. An Aix-r, they would say. The best stitchers were a direct line to the “provincial” who stitched with color sensation, color patches to create refractories of experience.

Refractory factories.

## 6

Janderz pulled out the swatch, a real fragment, Cezanne; from the 20th century. The scrap of linen duck was itself a trove of information. A pathway preserved in its natural state. Stitchers reverse engineered analog to gain complexion. The trick was not to layer sequences. It was more a conjuring. Hard to explain, but outside New Sentiency, most caked up, clotted, went opaque. The best, like Janderz and 7erine, knew how to cheat it a bit. Leave patches that stretched to distance elasticity. Breathing, they called it.

Stitchers did what they did because they had to breathe. This was legend and bands of users followed their movement like gulls following sailing ships for bits and scraps, bytes and perching posts. A shifting agency in the medium.

Eclipsing is transitory. The line in transit is a point constantly eclipsing itself. Cobb said real drawing transmits from the edge of the seat of seeing. Janderz had a sense for this, but there was nothing in New Sentiency to hold it. He had to work the fringe.

Two goats, grazing on a green pasture laced with Black Baneberry and Buttercup, wild flowers, little flashes of white and yellow color heads, the pixilation patches just slightly divergent to suggest ground texture format. Janderz and 7erine stitched into the YouTube sequence and expanded the code as they coalesced.

Janderz was one of the few source lines left. He was known amongst stitchers as a landscaper, very good at channeling atmosphere. He stitched code pulled from whatever sources he could access: old Westerns, Kurosawa, Zhivago, Born Free, even a massive cache of family vacation video from back when people camped in tents for recreation, travelled by airplane, took road trips.

He pooled trees from *The Big Sky*, a 1952 classic, starring Kirk Douglas, directed by Howard Hawks. His best rivers came from GoPro footage taken during a white water raft trip in Patagonia which he scumbled with journal scripts lifted from John Powell's Grand Canyon expeditions, as well as oil paintings of the Hudson River School, digitally archived.

Digital code was armature for stitchers. They could annex linear sequence and lather it into something like frogspawn. Good stitchers expanded reality. Broke free of the links and chains, or perhaps reconstituted them.

Cobb treasured his sharings. Open-sourced them as primary. His bureau was an agency for agency.

I'm telling you, he knew how to eclipse meaning and keep vision in it. See thru, ya know? All ellipses. Terine cloaked into her white-noise/dark-matter algorithm.

Janderz tried to keep things alive, looking out beyond the code crests seeing what they could find, like a sail in search of wind ... the rhizome shifting.

## 7

All I can say is that at some point it becomes a transit, like sand scritting across time. You know how old analog film reeled across a light source and projected an image on a wall? Imagine the wall reeling and projecting motion onto you, your whole life, moving, while you stand still.

Janderz held coordinates to an old studio space of 21st-century outliers, artists that still worked in analog. One location held fragments of oil on canvas, gouache, wood-carving and assembled matter. Hand written journal pages, not digitized, dated 2015:



FIGURE 4 *ride*, 2015, acrylic on paper, 44 × 31 inches. Artist: Dan Schimmel. (Color figure available online.)

*Form moves through light. It carries it, like a particle, dust particle in a projector beam. This is reality. The physicists are right. The universe is a hologram. I am in depth across those particles. In flesh. But no different than the rest. Nano-ism. Cezanne understood beyond the Impressionists. Light is particle and wavelength. Some new sentiency.*

*Motion is form, form is in anima. It is never the same river twice, and it is never the same tree. Or rock, or house, or chicken or airplane, or skyscraper, or me. The message lies beneath. It matters not the media, we are as much. This is why we paint.*

*Cezanne will be relevant to the AI after AI.*

Something about that “we” torqued Janderz inside, like the pull of something missing. We. What does that mean? Janderz spent most of his time climbing the ruins and gleaning Old Earth and all that was laid to waste. He found small hillocks in the rubble and dust that were beginning to sprout fern heads. There was lichen growing on boulders again.

## 8

Janderz and Terine searched and researched artifacts for location. An incomplete movie script was unearthed that helped them stitch the gaps, but their work was far from complete. The font and word-sequencing searches referenced a novel written by one Florian Spranguer. The publisher, SlowDot Press, was hacked in 2023 and vast caches of encrypted fiction corrupted during efforts to scrub their cloud storage systems clean. Many small dot presses of that era were hacked in such a way that triggered scrubbing software to attack fiction files rather than secure and preserve them. There was no need for fiction in New Sentiency. Anything was real. Creative agency itself, suspect.

Lunch break at the cyber cafe, employees at a table mixing DanDan noodles with enthusiasm for trending Kickstarter projects. This one a self powered mega-drone, floating, flying, like a giant pelican, skimmed the ocean surface bagging massive islands of plastic waste and debris.

Tracks of expandable nano webbing dispatched, wrapped, tagged and tethered full loads for collection and processing. A tracking beacon activated, set by drag.

A tweet by jMole53, an innovation zone marketer geotagged in FourSquare: #Solar powered leviathan @kickstarter campaign. Let’s keep our #oceans clean! #SyntheticSargasso

Hashtags set to Kickstarter campaigns were scoured for relevance. The project in the Spranguer story was fact not fiction. Fundraising benchmarks were archived. Currency exchange. Ultimately the company was purchased by a Eurasian conglomerate and reengineered in the final prototyping phase to produce covert military surveillance meshworks dispatched across the ocean surfaces that used the islands of debris as mobile anchor points.

Nano bots scuttled across the endless barges of trash massing like crabs around dock pilings at low tide, 3D-printing renewable optic threadlines from the plastic debris. Tracking apps careened off kilter. Hashtags spent days and weeks in a state of disbelief.

*Turkey Featherz and God particles.* Public lecture, LIVE, 9pm.

The underground crowd endured the sweep of heat and breathing under low ceilinged residence: basement heaving expectant and expectorant, a dim light at the head, at the edge of projection. As the crowd settled in he stood there like a visitor would. Shrouded in a possession that everyone owned until the he began to speak.

Janderz had rigged sonic elements to the hair in his beard, as per request. Single track feeds per each whisker. He breathed. The breath captured in the entanglement below his nostrils. An itchy sound, clear-cut scratch. He sucked in a garbled clot of snot, a low surface grumbling with deep resonance. Some in the crowd hit overload. They had to dispatch from the feed. Too much! Too much!

He slugged in another clot and the sound overcame the humidity.

“I’d like to discuss what I call . . . *Elegance theory.*”

*Passage* was a term Cezanne often referenced when he spoke about painting, accented French form and use of the word. What he was chasing was not separate perceptions, per se, impressions; but himself, registered in a single state.

Awareness in paint: A painted whereness.

7erine had been high up in NS then went off grid. She was one of the first to figure out how to assay the color scraps. They did not register in NS. Not even an augmentation. She transferred them into signal. Janderz was a resource for that. Aix was a hotbed of cross intelligence transits.

Aix was one district of many connected by a remembering effect. Growing toward stretching equivalence, a flex of backward being forward again. A new consciousness was emergent that was sniffing and seeing and feeling its way into existence. A visioning.

Stitching gives code dimension through quantum entanglement. The relevance of those scraps of canvas, they reacted in analog light, showed complexion. Not the filtered haze New Sentiency co-opted. Janderz and 7erine tread ancient ruins, Florence, Detroit, La Paz, Guangzhou, Dakar. They visited Lascaux where cave walls still held the stain of human hands. That was before the mining multinational BHP Billiton merged with Chinalco and they conspired to extract whole boulders with cave paintings, like pulling teeth. The government marketed the effort as the greatest art conservation project in the history of mankind.

The old districts, the cities of that time, were tags for stitcherz. Aix aligned by drift to zone. They did not choose their place, their space transmitted them. Those that zeroed in could riff the bits between Bittorrent. It was radical unpuzzling that they brought back to ground now, transiting. Their inquiry winding the boundaries of their intelligence around sentiency like a corkscrew vortex past the sequence into sentience.

Like Nano foils, they current the current. It was a wave of riding a way.

## 11

Janderz, what's going on?  
 What do you mean.  
 I'm not sure, yet.  
 You're talking about ShZhn.  
 Listen, there is nothing different about ShZhn's offer.  
 Something seems off.  
 This word makes no sense to me. Off. What do you mean?  
 Janderz, realize what I am saying, please!

## 12

You drift across, as quiet as deep space. Imagine riding shoulder side on one of those first generation mining fleets, tethered in solar space to great sheets of Graphene, pulling passage, passing asteroid belts en route to Mars.

Quiet sailing.

Janderz set up crazy vortices intentionally, so as to attend himself completely in the tail end of his own sequencing. To begin meets ending. Intention is just cause for lingering, a call to improvise detailing. Expanding experience beyond understanding, un-understanding, a natural state of reverence.

Once he got lost he changed patterning, like Octopus skin.

The word was dimensional. The ancients knew this. Skateboarding through text in Sanskrit. The arabesque: line, point, time, space, awareness. Like a lesser etching, coders treated digits like numbers across a screen. It was a hundred years before the digital revolution (revelation) realized its own insignificance. A capacity to transmit uncontainment. Bandwidth. Expanding it.

STITCHING was laying down florets of elasticity. Stretchies. Algorithms that grew out of deeper sequencing research on lichen colonies, those limey green patches on Old Earth.

Elegance Theory. Eminence domain. Stay emergent.

## 13

Vinyl disc heads spun grooves in the plane. Where the needle landed, what was vibration echoed loud in their ears. The small coalescing turned into a spreading wave, but nothing too big for 7erine to handle; her regular following plus a few itinerants.

Sound.

It registered in their synth-ears like a revolution, surprising sensation as tickled, or itched. They forgot themselves, heads twitching back and forth, elbows akimbo, fingers, index, pinky, thumb, plunging into the silicon bits of cartilage on either side of their heads.

This is a recording. It enters through the ears. It's how music was experienced, embodied.

They carved its vibration into the vinyl, one disc at a time. You can dig for them on Old Earth. Plenty of fragments surface. Full rounds are hard to find.

The music discs were called records and were distributed across the terrain on paved roads. In boxes. Storage containers. On wheels. Commerce. Highways. Keep on trucking.



FIGURE 5 *glade*, 2015, acrylic on paper, 41 × 29.5 inches. Artist: Dan Schimmel. (Color figure available online.)

Janderz stitched the pitch and fielded it.  
You have to stitch loose, lose the thread as it's unwinding.  
Go mitochondriac on it.  
Catch it just below surface and bring it back into the patterning. Stitch by stitch. Not a layering.

There was an end time after Modernism. Janderz had a belligerent fix on it. A core soled imprint. Janderz could lift the sequences like digit prints from old fingers, a crime scene all over earth. AI. Artificial Imprimatur.

You can't get it anymore. It's like Pop Rocks.  
Pop Rocks?

More like Pop Rocks craze. New Sentiency killed that off.

Pop Rocks?

No, craze. It was faulty circuitry. Biotechnologists GMO'd the code into more containable forms.

Developed in 1956 by the General Foods Corporation, early Democratic Capitalism.

More like Science Industrial Complex divination nation!

William A. Mitchell, an early food chemist. He and his team invented Tang and powdered eggs.

They used to mix that shit with Palcohol.

How did they work?

Science Industrial Complex?

No, Pop Rocks.

Tiny air pockets of CO2 fizzed out when the candy rocks hit your tongue.

Mitchell was on to augmenting taste experience long before nano tongue sleeves hit the scene.

Orange, Cherry, Grape.

What?

Those were the flavors of Pop Rocks.

## 15

What was given the name art before art was the word given it? Cezanne anticipated the digital age. He painted planes into fractals. His canvasses were holograms. The first Nanoist, Meaning is the warp and weft. Irrelevant yet element to imaging.

Stitching dimensionally across code, stitching elasticity back into sequencing. Stretching.

Being was not being in the present. Those early 21st century mindfulness gurus were wrong.

You can look at a Cezanne from its angles. He put them there as registers for himself, of himself. He is not painting on a plane, he is in plane spacing. He was fractaling sensation.

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