

Perhaps we have lost the patience to read handwritten<sup>text</sup>? It needs to be deciphered as a form, one has to adjust to its idiosyncrasies and its synopated rhythm. It feels more like a drawing now, the words flow onto the page sometimes tight and then loose to fit the composition, following some impulse or energy in the body. It is hard to skim read, one has to adjust, it is imitating - there is not enough time for it, but it feels more human, fragile, prone to error, vulnerable, lacking in authority that the synthetically produced text asserts.



Hold onto (G)love by Lindsay Seers.



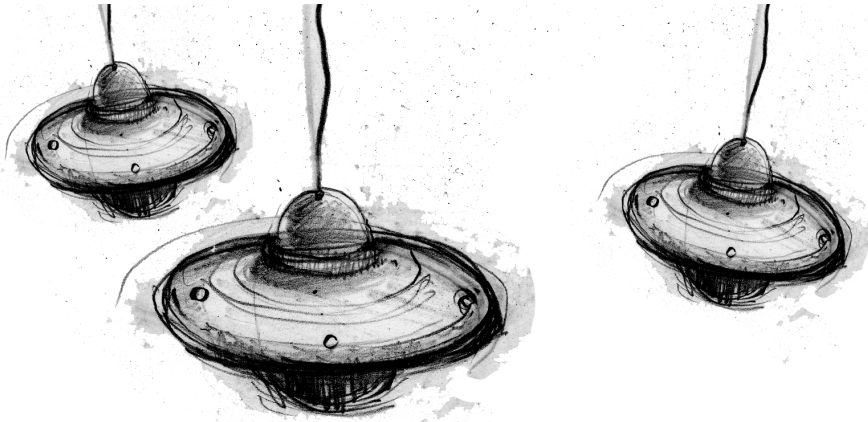
Fragmented - scattered thoughts form and disperse like the weather front that sweeps across the estuary. Migratory birds feed on the mud flats as we walk on the wasteland across from Deagman's Island. Bones of victims of contagious diseases are often found protruding from the mud on this protected offshore landmass.

The theory that the moon pulls the sea to extreme depths and heights has suddenly come under question in my mind: even gravity's effects have become uncertain after an unexpected book on 'Black Holes' arrived in the post.

In the past year I had made two works for Spaceships. So evolution, Alien life and Sci-Fi has preoccupied me. A pile of watched DVDs stand by the TV - a box set of 'The Fly' films, Quatermass, Ed Wood, Tenet, Coherence and Rick and Morty.

Walking, films flicker through my drifting mind. The repulsive quality of a scene where the half human fly digests his food by vomiting up an enzyme.

I had been watching films I had seen long ago, which in every case differed significantly from my memory of them. I felt a shift from being inside of the film some 20 years ago to now being exterior to it - seeing a meta-narrative that had been opaque to me in the past. To watch Tim Burton's film and the original Ed Wood (Plan 9 From Outer Space) makes vivid Burton's aesthetic, against the authentic naivety of Wood. It creates a double bind which seems to be a critique of films limits to effectively deceive (in Wood's case) and then the translation of this accidental critique into an aestheticised and polished Burton version. Burton could not dare to make a truly bad film. (I aspire to the level of comedy Wood accidentally created through the contingency of circumstances that led to the wonderful flying saucers suspended off fishing rods.



Humour has become a thing of interest to me in these current absurd times. I am walking towards it but it is on the horizon - the point at which I can laugh at these circumstances.

Walking, distracted by this inner monologue of random thoughts I fumble to remove my gloves, walking through expansive ice-capped puddles whose frozen surfaces either form sharp crystalline lines or Jean Arp style blobs. I had dropped a glove, a Christmas gift from my mother who is now tethered to a ventilator by a tube that reaches all the rooms in her bungalow. The strange image of her on zoom with tubes up her nose like a Sci-Fi film!

The gloves are in her style: pink fabric with a white rose. I didn't know I had lost the glove until I returned home. Losing things has become habitual, and searching for them an obsession. On a subsequent trip to the wasteland several days later I found the glove swollen and muddy.

Gloves of a virtual kind (existing in many-worlds) had been on my mind in the interim between my glove's loss and its retrieval. But having found the glove, I mused on the possibility that the found glove was not the glove of my pair but one that another person not dissimilar to me who had by chance dropped it in the same place. Given that this was a mass produced item, of which tens of thousands might exist, my cause and effect narrative may not be correct; perhaps this glove and mine were not causally linked?

Perhaps I had been reading too much into the argument about quantum entanglement between Albert Einstein and Niels Bohr. Einstein wanted us to consider a pair of gloves that somebody has separated and placed into two closed boxes. We don't know which glove is in which box. But if you open one box and find a left glove, then you can be certain that the other box holds the right-hand glove. The property of the pair of gloves - its 'handedness' - is forever linked; the location of each glove is deterministic, at least in the world of classical physics.

I could not know if my theory of the mass-produced doppelganger was true. Left and right now made a pair, but were they my pair? On the other hand (ha!), if the glove I had found had had the same handedness as the one I still possessed, then my theory would have been made extremely probable - there must be at least two pairs of similar gloves in the universe. A predictable classical universe.

However Niels Bohr took the opinion that the outcome of the status of the second glove in the box would only be decided when the first glove was observed, then the second glove would instantaneously receive the information and respond to the instruction of the first. Only when the handedness of the glove in the first box was observed would the glove in the second box definitely become of opposite handedness.

"Spooky action at a distance." ————— I am lost —————

Lost insofar as my unevolved brain cannot find a narrative for the idea that reality is established by observation and therefore we cannot infer in advance the state of things. In the quantum world things seem to differ significantly from how we have comprehended the material world.





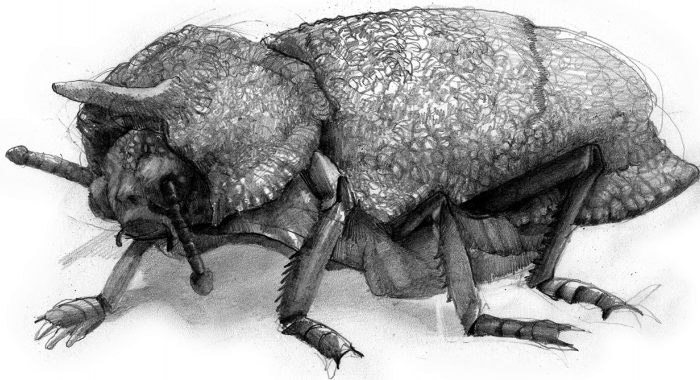
How to think about the electro-magnetic field? A force, carried by photons. The two laws of thermodynamics. Entropy. I am trying hard to conceive of them as physics and not metaphysics - difficult. I want to consider them as metaphysical empiricism. Perhaps I might get away with that dichotomy...

I am hanging onto the glove, but it's in its little coffin box, neither dead nor alive.

A tight grip on the muddy swollen glove, I squelch across the marshland, I am back into my traumatic struggle of another order, with the consensus-based reality that has conditioned my psychological state of mind. The mind in my seal switches direction - but how can I play off my glove's apparent ability to communicate with it's entangled other against this qualia - drowning in the mess of human life and its warped imperatives? I feel a certain relationship to truth that is only revealed through lies.

A movement then - to step away from a relentless and goading inner voice towards thoughts of physically present matter. Brushing a hand across a wooden table, its molecules transfer to me and mine to it, glued on the electro-magnetic force. A thought creeps into my mind as to my false world of making art, in which nothing is what it seems.

A wish follows, to control my mind. Clockwork Orange presents this as temporarily plausible. The mechanical metaphor turns in our times into a miasma of electromagnetic fields and devices that shape our minds and bodies more effectively.



Is this sounding paranoid? To ask the question seems like the answer has to be yes

But today is one of those days when I cannot tolerate being, when it feels like iron filings are under my skin being pulled by a magnet that is so determined to join with the filings it cannot be prevented - I am on the edge of being turned inside out. Behind this state are other thoughts, teleportation and alien life. I cannot find the wormhole to another of the many-worlds. But I clearly need to slip into another skin in this 'reality', an armoured one I have been considering myself as a diabolical iron clad beetle, which recently ended up on my news feed, alongside descriptions as to the extremes scientists went to in order to discover just how uncrushable this beetle really was - such as boring into it with an electric drill and driving over it in a truck. Each test survived proved its indestructibility demanding further tests. The logic of witch trials.

The moment of teleportation - when the fly sneaks into the pod with a human so the genetic codes get entwined. The becoming-fly is a horror parable that underpins the sense of fear of melding at a deep level with organic life!

Amongst this — birds nested in our shed/workshop. I filmed them watching a fly with avid desire (their hunger like a desire to merge). A robin came into my studio several times before the nesting, the sound of her wings alerting me to the fact as she flitted in, perching on an easel and quizzically turning her head to inspect me. I freely admit to anthropomorphism and saw her gestures



as an assessment and then an acknowledgement that I probably was not a threat. Her bold fearless ness; her luminous black eye. This type of visitation from robins has been reported to me many times by others alongside a superstition that relates robins to a death of a loved one - that they would be seen around times of mortality.

She found a low dark shelf in our shed and made a nest and then our negotiation began, which from a human point of view was based on establishing trust; the performance between us began - the laying out of boundaries. I could not see her unless I looked through the wide open aperture of the lens, which was difficult, balancing on a lump of wood on an uneven brick floor. I was always anxious and afraid to enter, worried that my intrusive desire to capture her as an image would kill her offspring. A dangerous precipitation of death. Ethnically it felt wrong.

There were many dark days for me amidst this - of malfunction and an intense feeling of dread. But her imperative and drive to fulfil her role was compelling and so profoundly diligent, insistent, beautiful and funny. The hilarious moments when she would try to stuff a too large insect down the throat of a gagging fledgling. Then there was the expectation of the six chicks, disappointment and excitement - the chicks becoming too large in the nest and banging one another in a clamour to either offer up their faeces or grab the latest delivery of fast food. I have never made such a pragmatic film before - it is not art but a catnapper's. I sent it to others as a tonic.

Those birds took over our lives, our souls, and then vanished - perhaps migrating, ingesting their internal organs to make the long flight.

A few days ago I returned to my interest in quantum physics and the newly acquired book opened immediately with a narrative of the migration of robins! It turns out that it is probable that the robins are quantum creatures and use entanglement to navigate the globe with a chemical compass in their DNA, inherited from ancestors that existed 500 million years ago. The science of entanglement swings from being troubling to wonderfully counterintuitive, with states of 'superposition' which entails particles being in different states simultaneously. The variable is called the elementary particle's spin, but nothing is rotating...

The quantum biological concept for the birds' migration needs entangled pairs of particles to detect the Earth's very weak magnetic field to instruct the chemical compass in the bird's body. It seems likely that a light sensitive pigment found in the eyes of the robin (within a cryptochrome protein) uses the entanglement to enable the birds to see the Earth's magnetic field. Strangely beautiful and phenomenal.

Just at the point that a contagion rumpages across our planet we have also manufactured our first organic form - from an entirely synthetic source - it is a bacteria. Perhaps our dread of the consequences of meddling in evolution of plant and animal life should be taken very seriously. I am holding on to that glove I found like a totem. I need a few more thousand years of evolution.



