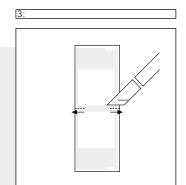
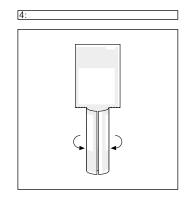
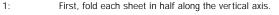
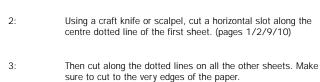


Construction





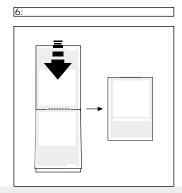




Stack the folded sheets in ascending order with the even numbers at the top. Curl the bottom half of the second page (pages 3/4/15/16).

5: Thread the curled page through the centre slot of the first page. Repeat this process with the third (pages 5/6/13/14) and fourth sheet (pages 7/8/11/12) with the even pages in ascending order.





When all the pages have been threaded through, check the pagination. Finally, fold the booklets in half along the horizontal axis.

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10 6

Which battlegrounds will you choose to stand upon, or be forced to stand upon? How will you 'fit in'? By bowing and scrapping, cap in hand, hoping the 'flaws' won't be noticed; or by boldly going where angels dare not tread? Will you fall prey to the assumption 'people are the same everywhere' (whereby we return to the Eternal 24 hour relay race of mobility, blood and death compelling your every move)? Or will you fall prey to the loop of musical chairs, trophies notwithstanding?

Where will you buy your milk? Pleasure your body? Rest your eye? Share your joke? The problem of the nomad. Any nomad.

But something else is at stake, today. I am not just speaking about nomadism 'in general'; rather I am pointing to the condition of the artist/philosopher who, in the grey light of a post-post-modern 'condition' – which belches out a whole series of neither/nor identities movements and ethics – inscribes and is folded back not only onto the particular set of specificities as outlined above, but in that 'fold' produces, inscribes and enacts a particular code. This 'code' is the operating fold of the event itself, one that is mired in 'processing', 'timing', 'moving', 'splicing'. That is, the 'ing's' of life and form. Nomad as graphic 'editor', visual, audio, or otherwise.

Let's put it like this: We are no longer speaking about an 'is' (or worse, the 'nomad' as the 'is'), which so often gets named as 'the concealed' (or revealed) 'excluded middle', ie, as a 'that' which is 'excess' to the either/or boundary or limit of any concept or its representation, symbolic, metaphoric or real. Nor are we speaking about a 'concealed' or 'unavoidable' silence which makes meaning 'stick' or, in more sophisticated usages, is the very weave of meaning itself. Nomads, here, remarkably, are more vampiric, voracious, whorish. They

NOMADIC CODES: SKIN, TASTE, BURN.

JOHNNY DE PHILO (SUE GOLDING)

016605100

Last set of questions: How will you be able to read/interpret the rules of the game, if and when you 'arrive' (wherever that 'arrival point' may be), irrespective of whether the language spoken appears (or even is) the 'same' irrespective of whether the language spoken appears (or example. What codes of language, say 'international english' or even 'art' for example. What codes of occupy, in order to 'communicate'? What will be lost in translation? Or found occupy, in order to 'communicate'? What will be lost in translation? Or found be not rosetta stone hieroglyphics? How will the differences already enrumbering your life, surface as explanatory modal points or clusters of meanings (sayaround race, sex, class, age, nationality, eating habits, drug use or verying dislocations within and between these islands of identity and difference).

Third set of questions: And how do you get to where you want to go (assuming there is no direct gun to your head or cattle car waiting)? How do you get to where you want to go especially if you are not certain where you wish to go, or for some other reason, cannot get there, say, because you may be suffering from a certain degree of short-sightedness, (Because in that case, you cannot say to yourself, says Wittgenstein, "'Look at the church tower ten miles away and go in that direction'.")

Second set of questions: Where do you go? Do you run shead as a hetdsman?, asks Nietzsche, Or turn into a pillar of salt, as did Lot's wife?

can be broken down by way of the following set of interrogations: What do you grab at the very moment of decisive indecision and chaos? That which helds the most sentimental memory value? or that which helds the most sentimental memory value? or that which helds the most sentimental say, a mobile phone or your computer laptop (should you have one); extra batteries? A strong pair of shoes? Water?

These nomadic inhabitants play with and against differing types of movement [closer to rhythm and beat], differing forms of representation, taste and judgment [closer to gesture, slice and nod]; differing forms of space and time [closer to a curved cluster of speed and space-timings (in the plural) then the time lines of History or Temporality writ large]. It massifies as it multiplies.

called audio-visual 'djs', techno-cyber sculptors, splatter-comix receptors. might well be called artists and/or philosophers, but could equally well be kind of 'groundless', mobile, rootless, geography, whose nomadic citizens are exchanged, mixed metaphors and all, for a strange kind of geography, a This is a culture, a 'virtual' landscape, wherein symbol, signs and signiffers nowhere, thus confounding copyright laws, not to mention sovereign nations. libidinous, queer, kind of whoring is involved. It belongs to no one and resides easily be identified in this or that category". Sexualities, and in particular a who play its game are recruited from that grey area called "those who cannot computer technology and television. It bleeds - perhaps because the beings museums, per se). It smells - despite its parentage from mathematics, dishes and left over rotten food, rather than in the dry atmosphere of dimensional and fluid 'culture' (closer to the type found in experimental petri consequences severe. For in its wake is the birth of a nomadic, multi-(or made manifest by) the impact of the digital age. This impact is radical; its specific migration/trans-movement/translocating of bodies directly linked to especially with respect to ethics and aesthetics. Moreover, I speak here of a 'transculturing', in the strongest sense of the verb 'to trans' or 'to traverse', I speak here of migration in a specific way - as a transitive mutation, a

Prequel to the code



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Ah, but this a dirty theory.

not nomadism but: Telly vision.

projection-screen-time' metonymy of our times has a far simpler name: no, infinite decay, but the non-academic term for this 'curved space-repetitive of our time. We can name this new form: metonymic art in all its glory and politics, ethics, aesthetic re-mark of the here, there, now, gone, space-times intentional (as gesture rather than as event, narration, metaphor) is its ie, the strategy of the linking of the gesture(s), whether by accident or deeply gastes, the gesture is the little story' - and the appropriation of the gesture, depth to the 'is' of life: just deal with it'. For in in these nomadic skins and loosing the pornographic blood-beat of what it means to say 'there is no 20th century behind - without falling into the trap of abstractionism or dada, surrealism, acktionism and pop, makes the first 'gesture' to leave the sometimes to produce all three. This new art form, clearly having its roots in sometimes to broduce speed, and sometimes to produce an image, and a computer understands zeroes and ones, sometimes to produce sound, and dimension in exactly the same way as word-images, in the same way as, say, sadism or gay cyborg dandyism - but by way of using music, colour, pixel, trans-genre or transgender or daddy-boy/son incest or mommy-girl/daughter story' - not just in terms of combining relentlessly image and word around the cinematic/techno promise of projection and repetition to tell a little

But it is a massification, a voracious kind of conformism (or copying or reproduction), which maintains a kind of 'originality', precisely in the very processing of multiplicity itself. Like its modern, industrial forebearer, it takes 'change' as a given; but unlike its early enlightenment form, it does so as paradox and play as distinct from 'contradiction', Logos and Law. This does not make nomadism and the codes of its operation, any less violent, transgressive or less political. It is certainly not Utopian, though it bears out forms of movement that may allow for a different set of emancipatory politics to emerge [one that may or may not become more 'democratic' in the best sense of the word: to empower and create at the level of a "me-self and a we-self" a series of cityscapes varying in identities and degree, rather than as 'communities' per se]. If it is 'transgressive', its transgression lies more in the fact of presenting a decapitated mastery, a quasi-authored authorship; an ethics without morals or what I have elsewhere called a "blood poetics' In its wake, a different kind of humanism is born, a kind of 'quasi-humanism', ripped, as it were, from its early enlightenment moorings of "state, community and individualism", public and private reason and rationality. This is not to say that this form of migration, nomadism, is without reason. Treading far beyond the old binaric/systematic logic of "good and evil", the nomadic 'code' still 'makes sense': ask any truly homeless traveller.

These conjectures will be examined in more detail in the following way: First I will examine what is the modernist notion of 'equality', 'judgment' and 'humanism' in terms of 'movement' and 'mobility'. From this short exegesis, the specificity of the nomadic code in its 'post' post-modern (that is to say 'digital age') bearings will come to light. This will form the 'groundless' ground, ie, the 'event' upon which memory/forgetting will be reinscribed as a kind of route or 'skin' for the nomad and its 'code'; where splices of experience,

Let us begin. Again.

Victorian medical dictionary.

montage and judgment will be 'edited' as taste; and, finally, where postenlighterment ethics may have a chance to burn in the blue screen light of a media/medium communication. The work of several artists, including in no particular order: the late Helen Chadwick, Annette Messager, Yoko Ono, Andy Warhol, Johnny de Philo, Pierre Molinier, Louise Bourgeois, Carl Andre, Miki Pascal Brannan, Anthony Burke, A. Klefer, Peter Kogler, Murillo, Catherine Pascal Brannan, Anthony Burke, A. Klefer, Peter Kogler, Murillo, Catherine Pascal Brannan, Anthony Burke, A. Klefer, Peter Kogler, Murillo, Catherine Pascal Brand Malan, Francis Brand, Walley, Hong Warten, Marke, Marke, A. Klefer, Peter Kogler, Murillo, Catherine Pascal Brand, Francis Brand, Francis Brand, Francis Brand, Walley, Won Ware interspersed with some images from my Berg, Bernard Walsh, Vron Ware interspersed with some images from my

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skin, taste, burn

The nomadic skin is but a route, a path, an economy, riddled with the legacies of debt, testimony, witnessing of how one re-remembers through splice and speed and odd little arrangements of 'the that which lies around us'. Mark this as a gestural nod, a 'metonymic signal' towards telling a story or even 'the story' - in slices and beats, and mutilated colours and tones and tempoed b/w's, split screens and surface projections, weaves and interactivities, repeated, back-tracked, spliced through, speeded forward in the middle of going nowhere, over and again, rewound to the beginning or the end or the half-way point, interrupting itself with itself more obsessive and disquieted and horny and wild and sleepy or bored, with obtrusive little genitals which keep spurting their spurt or stockings and hose on strangely doubled bodies or snippets from newspapers or directives on madness; or little girls with flowers in their hair or little boys with strings on their legs; closing its wounds with big gorey details or jokes of the joke or judgments on the judgments or timings on the time; with the melancholy of the melancholy and the humour of it all, where each and every sub-plot to the plot, and even the micro-slice of the slice, screams out at every turn and blip on the canvass or screen of one memory databank: 'and this is how it is, deal with it', folded and re-folded and folded some more.

Mark these obsessively repetitive actions, gestures, nods, signals, projections as an art form quite different from the usual metaphoric and symbolic 'demonstrations' so irritatingly typical of a modern and even post-modern narration or "politics of expression." And mark the artists who are being shown today, from Molinier to Hans Scheirl as the first able to take seriously

Surprisingly (perhaps), this notion of movement – a kind of muscular Eternal Return relay race back and for th against (and buttressed by) the 24 hour festival of life and clocks – is the not-so-secret telos of modernity itself, the seemingly real basis, the biological scientistic, rational choice-within-a-small particular, it underwrites a modernist notion about 'equality', and has similar particular, it underwrites a modernist notion about 'equality', and has similar implications for the 'commonality' or 'universality' of experience itself; to wit, this 24 hour rule is applicable to all and sundry, irrespective of nationality.

A small question about mobility and its implications: why is it one can only go back or forwards 24 hours in time and space? No matter the speed or the curvature of the movement, the uncertainty of the destiny; even if one leaps thousands of light years forward and speeds through the womholes of the glaxies with greater forward and speeds through the womholes of the glaxies with greater agility than even the inventors of Star Trek could limagine; even if one lagary or straight, moslem or jew, a witch or a warlock; transgendered or binarically split into male or female; even if one is gay or straight, moslem or jew, a witch or a warlock; transgendered or binarically split into male or female; even if one comes from or surges toward the 'east' or the 'west', even if one is even if one comes from or surges toward the 'east' or the 'west', even if one is bring in leather, piercing and tattoo; even if one is even if one is surged or rectise at sall, at the moment – this very instantaneous moment of our contemporary moment — one gains or loses only 24 hours of bio-time, a 24 hour micro-memory slice of time at the best of times. It does not matter if it is a cornosive, nuclear, toxic time, twenty four hours is the limit to the lift it is a cornosive, nuclear, toxic time, twenty four hours is the limit to the forward or backward movement and mobility of time, at any given time.

nomadic codes: skin, taste, burn

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ground, chooses that 'otherwise' connection, as a path, a route, indeed, a 'skin', or better put, a 'screen' (not unlike the computer screen: the post-Lacanian 'mirror' of self and identity if ever there was one), only queasily linked to that 24 hour clock, though connected all the same. Very very messy, very 'dandyish' this nomad of the 21st century.

And while it may be accurate to say that an infinitely regressive and endlessly multiplying series of questions, rules, quasi-universalisms, mutations, economies of incurracribe our nomad qua nomad, this according a simal, entity forms list identity precisely because he or she is not not y not quuite 'in' nor not quite' out' to any game; s/he is also the lab technician, the 'experimenter': compelled to do 'it' on that very slim pre-meditated compulsion of a curiosity which asks, "supposing that?" Supposing it could be otherwise? What would that otherwise look like? What would it be? Answer: it slice of memory, marked and re-edited in the very instant would be the beginning (or middle or end) of a remark, a gesture, a nod, a micro-compulsion of a curiosity what would that otherwise look like? What would it be? Answer: it slice of memory, marked and re-edited in the very instant encourage, or its could be the beginning to middle or end) of a remark games of life itself; encased in the slow-draw montage, or fast-forward beat, or endlessly repeating encased in the slow-draw montage, or fast-forward beat, or endlessly repeating multiplicity of its timings. A nomad, ripped from the very ground of his or her multiplicity of its timings. A nomad, ripped from the very ground of his or her

precisely as a 'bit' a 'piece' or in any event, law, ideology, taste, judgment. Traditional forms of thinking, doing, making (whatever 'tradition' may mean at this point), while simultaneously carrying bits and pieces of 'tradition' while simultaneously carrying bits and pieces of 'tradition'.

Sometimes it does not work at all; see rule #3.

certain geography or viral load.

are political – ie, not neutral. As 'graphic editors', they make 'connections', connections, slow-paced, or fast forwarded 'montages', sometimes displaying experience for all its worth, sometimes assassinating it with the stroke of a brush, a camera, a recorder, or a pen. They are tehsno-queens, as coustic-electro nerds, montage-painters, splicing together a this with a that, offen for no other reason than that 'it works': has a beat, colour, grain, a offen for no other reason than that 'it works': has a beat, colour, grain, a

ethnic origin, sexual orientation, religious belief or aesthetic inclination. You might prefer the shorter variant, which goes something like this: at the end of the day, as it were, we all *die*, irrespective of any other consideration. Earlier version: If I cut myself, do I not bleed?

Oh the vanity of the Grim Reaper and other scientistic malpractices of an 'enlightenment' epoch so heavily steeped in industrial logic, euclidean geometry and newtonian physics! Oh the paradox of the revolutionary claim to universal personhood, still moored to its modernist roots! And yet, precisely because it is a paradox, there is something about this blood and limit of death not to be ignored. This paradox becomes an elemental slice of the nomadic code itself, a point to which I shall return shortly, but for now, a point to which I will simply bear witness.

Now picture this: picture a child's game, well-known in its immediate sense of dysfunctionality writ large: the game of 'musical chairs'. For purposes of establishing a common memory databank today, let's recap the game as follows: a series of chairs set in a line with one too many participants for the amount of given chairs inscribes our first rule. A gun goes off, the music begins and the children run round the chairs frantically attempting to be near this or that chair so that when the music stops – suddenly, and on the wrong beat – they must grab and sit defiantly on the chair. The game is already skewed, we all know this from the start: one player will always-already be caught without a chair. The one 'caught out' when silence descends, well, she must exit, stay at the sidelines, or go somewhere else. Get lost: Rule #2. The game is repeated, until there are only two participants and one isolated chair left. I never liked this game, whether or not I managed to be victorious with the one remaining trophy chair. Who cares about the chair? I was always more curious about the

"Everyone evacuate the premises immediately." Not an unusual statement these days: plausibly announced by bomb-squad police or other suitable candidates, say: market mechanisms, imminent bad weather, morality gatekeepers, losers at muscial chairs. Rule #2 ("get lost") + Rule #3 (you will obey, no matter how silly the game, given certain conditions) slides into yet another paradoxical appect to the nomadic roote; forget the existential questions another paradoxical appect to the nomadic roote; forget hip existential questions of life (why? why me? and so on) for, quite remarkably, the natty, bitty 'practical' of life (why? why me? and so on) for, quite remarkably, the natty, bitty 'practical' of life (why? why me? and so on) for, quite remarkably, the natty, bitty 'practical' of life (why? why me? and so on) for, quite remarkably, the natty, bitty 'practical' which a decision must be taken and enacted. This flash/decision/enactment which a decision must be taken and enacted. This flash/decision/enactment

Beware the sneaky masquerades of judgment! Born of a particular language game of life, solidified through the hegemony of rule-master and tradition... And therewith, like the steadfastness of the 24 hour timing of time, seemingly solid and 'unbreakable', eternally condemned to repeat the banality of evil, unless and musical chairs afreah (variations on the theme notwithstanding), unless and until one falls into to that unexceptional vat of dishonour, known also as: exile, persona non grata, loser, immigrant, 'the Other', refugee, militant, punk, whore, traveller. This list does not exhaust the list.

somewhere 'else'. This did not prevent me from playing, intensely and to the very end, this silly little game. Rule #3: accept, ignore, regret, forget, fantasize, memorise, strategise: the established rule stands, no matter how silly. Just a memorise, strategise: the established rule stands, no matter how silly. Just a mont to mention rational 'choice'? Perhaps. But also, and at least, too, a not to mention rational 'choice'? Perhaps. But also, and at least, too, a garments of a 'universality', a kind of humanism, writ tiny tiny and innocently garments of a 'universality', a kind of humanism, writ tiny tiny and innocently posed before the limit of the Law.

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