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Things I think about while on the treadmill or exercise bike, ideas, frameworks and concepts yet to be realized

Watching the movies of everybody else's lives

Fully Automated Everything

Choose your own adventure

Sending thoughts and prayers

What are the odds

Curators curate

Free wifi is not safe. Free wifi makes us vulnerable,

open connections mean that data is shared on

unsafe networks and channels

Treat yourself like a lover

Next nature

Chasing celebrity status

Life of a social media influencer

Apps that allow you to see your future child

Apps that allow you to see how you will age

Seminars on self improvement

Self-love months

Yoga courses and detox cleanses

Seasonal Must Haves

The hum of a concrete bridge

Short-term signals

Hot new looks

New product dropped

Recycling your expired apple

The obayashi space elevator

Heat seeking technologies – ways of reading maps

and color

Metadata

Coordinating strikes according to heat signatures

Spectra

The mechanical eye sees color differently

Meta visual

Titles for potential projects

Forever somewhere nothing matters*
From vicious to virtuous cycles
Metaphorcast
High value addition
Productive labor
Algo-baby
Revenge body
Fully automated everything
Trying anything to feel something
Eternal world
Optimal outcomes
Safe travels **
Serving Time***
Dread
PUSH****
Right Angles
The Experience Economy
Must-Haves
Seeing Red
Recurring Dreams
Forcing things into places they don't want to go
Highway Rollercoaster Super Mega Mall
Capsule Collection

* taking a cue from San Junipero, S03E04 of Black Mirror this project aims to tackle ideas of meaning making in light of a highly technologized world.

**referencing arguments made here about whom exactly travel is for <https://www.aljazeera.com/indepth/opinion/safe-travels-wealthy-western-180228084544142.html>

***On ideas of incarceration, waiting, migration, deportation

****The dangers of the push notification, invading our lives, disrupting time with information from outside

Titles for books that don't exist (mainly because I'm imagining what the book cover could look like)

The Man Who Wanted To Own Time

Monumental: The City That Drowned In Monuments

making sense of nonsense

sheath of wheat inspired tassels

earring jackets that open up your aura to the sun
and it's life giving powers

wear the sun and the moon and the ocean and the
stars on your ears and around your neck
absorb the power of mother earth through crystals
and charms, practice self love for only 1200 rands
per piece.

this self love package is designed to bring you closer
to yourself. for only 800 per session, you can feel
more connected to your body. but only if you are
wearing the right sports bra

it's designed to attract strong feminine energy and
the wearer will exude confidence and strength in
the face of microaggressions that you are bound to
encounter and experience while trying to park your
car in braamfontein

Why this

My submission to this, the first theme-less edition of *volteface.online* takes the form of three submissions. The first, a series of lists. The second, this text. The third, a note about recurring dreams.

The first of these, the lists, might also be considered mutterings, ramblings, scattered thoughts that are sometimes connected to other scattered thoughts, and sometimes floating freely, though not without purpose or direction. Perhaps a way to think about these lists is that some of the items are simply in wait of another thought bubble that might pass along one of these days and absorb them, or perhaps, like a magnet, be drawn in full force towards or be repelled by another supporting or even contradictory idea. Since this issue is theme-less I see it as an opportunity and invitation to use this as a platform for proposing potential projects.

These lists listed here are a compilation and more organized version of some of the more disparate and disconnected mutterings in my notes app on my phone. I often compile them while on the treadmill or the exercise bike at the gym, often sparked by some or other news broadcast that mutely plays on the small, low res screen attached to the exercise device while I listen to the same song on repeat, Stromae's *Merci* from his album *Raccine Caree*. This has been my exercise tone going on four years now, from the first moment that I really began to establish a relationship with the gym while living in Amsterdam, following a rather unfortunate and mostly unpleasant but predominantly annoying and making-stupid-feeling dislocated knee as a result of pretending to know how to ice skate.

I digress. There is no internet nor cellular reception down there, and while the internet is not

the sole cause of distraction or stimulation in the hyped up adrenaline-pumping space of the gym, it's absence allows me to do a lot of thinking and purging (physically and mentally). I can't check emails, or instagram or whatsapp. So I come up with projects, and empty out my frustrations in equal balance. But what happens when I leave and I get back online is that the projects sometimes so excitedly noted on my phone get closed off and live their lives inside the device, not realized, without hope of traversing their digital existence.

And so it brings me here, in an attempt to give life to some of the ideas that I have in mind for work I'd like to do, this is perhaps the perfect space and testing ground for seeing whether these yet-to-be-realised projects might hold their own, as ideas, as concepts, as frameworks for collaborative works and research projects.

In "What I Talk About When I Talk About Running," Murakami talks about focus and endurance. He writes that "...without focus you can't accomplish anything. After focus, the next most important thing [...] is endurance!" Murakami is writing about two practices, that of writing, and that of running, drawing parallels between the kinds of focus and endurance that are required in order to do both. Here, an important element is pace, learning how to move slowly but consistently. This can be stretched to thinking about one's practice, and perhaps more specifically for myself in this instance, the idea of struggling to maintain and commit to particular practice/s and see things through, slowly, to do work and work on ideas without the pressure of chasing celebrity status.

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Recurring dreams

There are three kinds of recurring dreams (sometimes nightmares) that I have.

The first involves potholes to alternate dimensions and wondrous worlds beneath the one we know.

The second involves being stuck in an endless loop on a perpetual highway/megamall/rollercoaster/underground shopping mall parking-lot scenario, unable to find an exit point (it reminds me a lot of the highway-in-the-sky scenarios from crash bandicoot)

The third of these recurring scenarios is maybe less recurring and repetitive but it take a particular magical form, often brought on after reading a chapter of a Salman Rushdie novel. One of the more significant ones I remember involves a Fire Monster with an insatiable craving for eating humans, and a hole in his stomach (would he even have a stomach, is it a he? maybe I'll call them a they) paired with a petit princess who has the power of perpetual regeneration. Together they are caught in an endless depressing loop. The Fire Monster eats the princess, she regenerates bit by bit, the monster eats, she regenerates, the hunger of the Fire Monster is never satisfied, and the princess comes back to life repeatedly. Together they are stuck in a vicious, wondrously macabre cycle.