

Flung From the Volcano

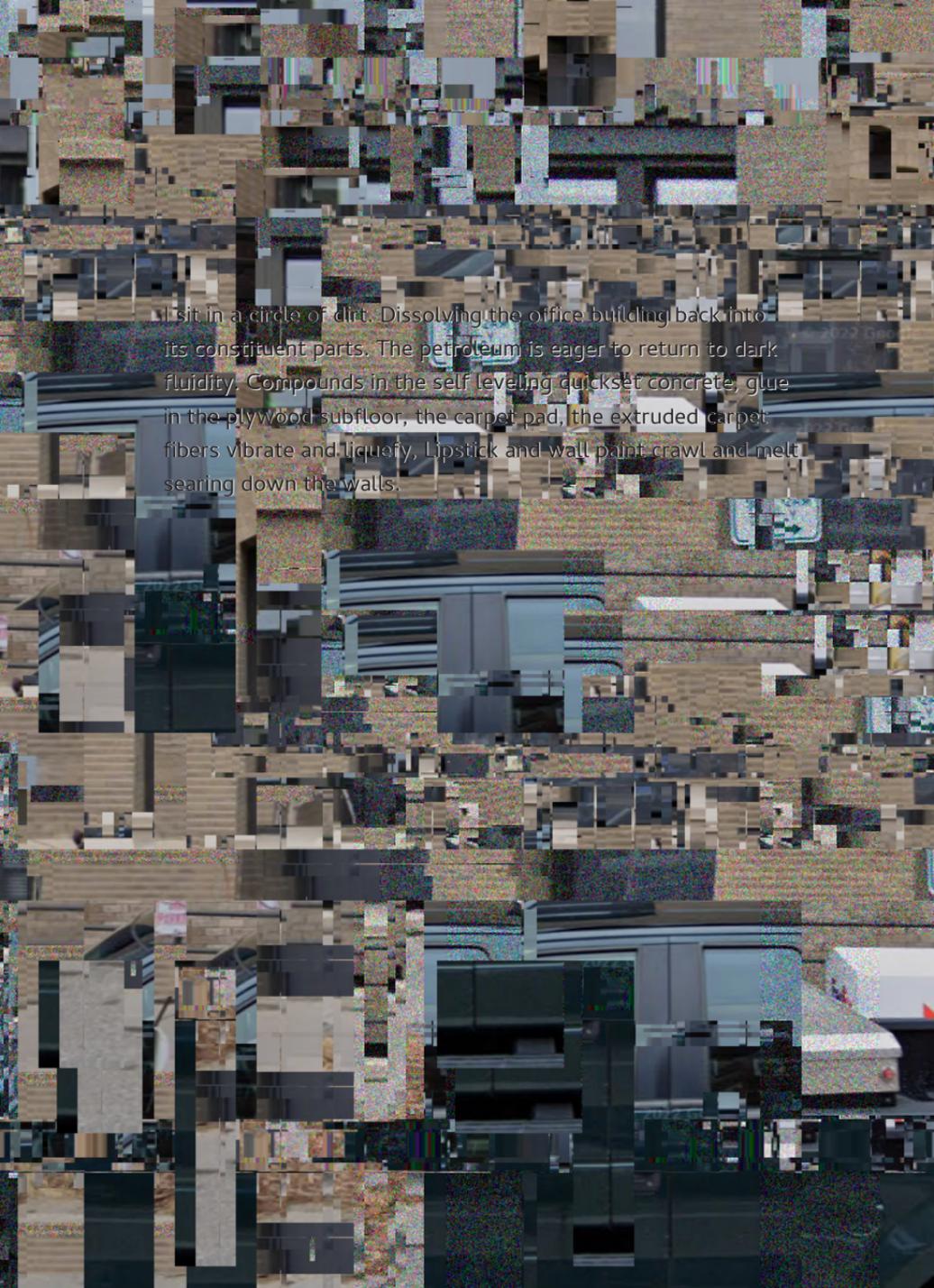


The sixth great extinction
printed for free at school

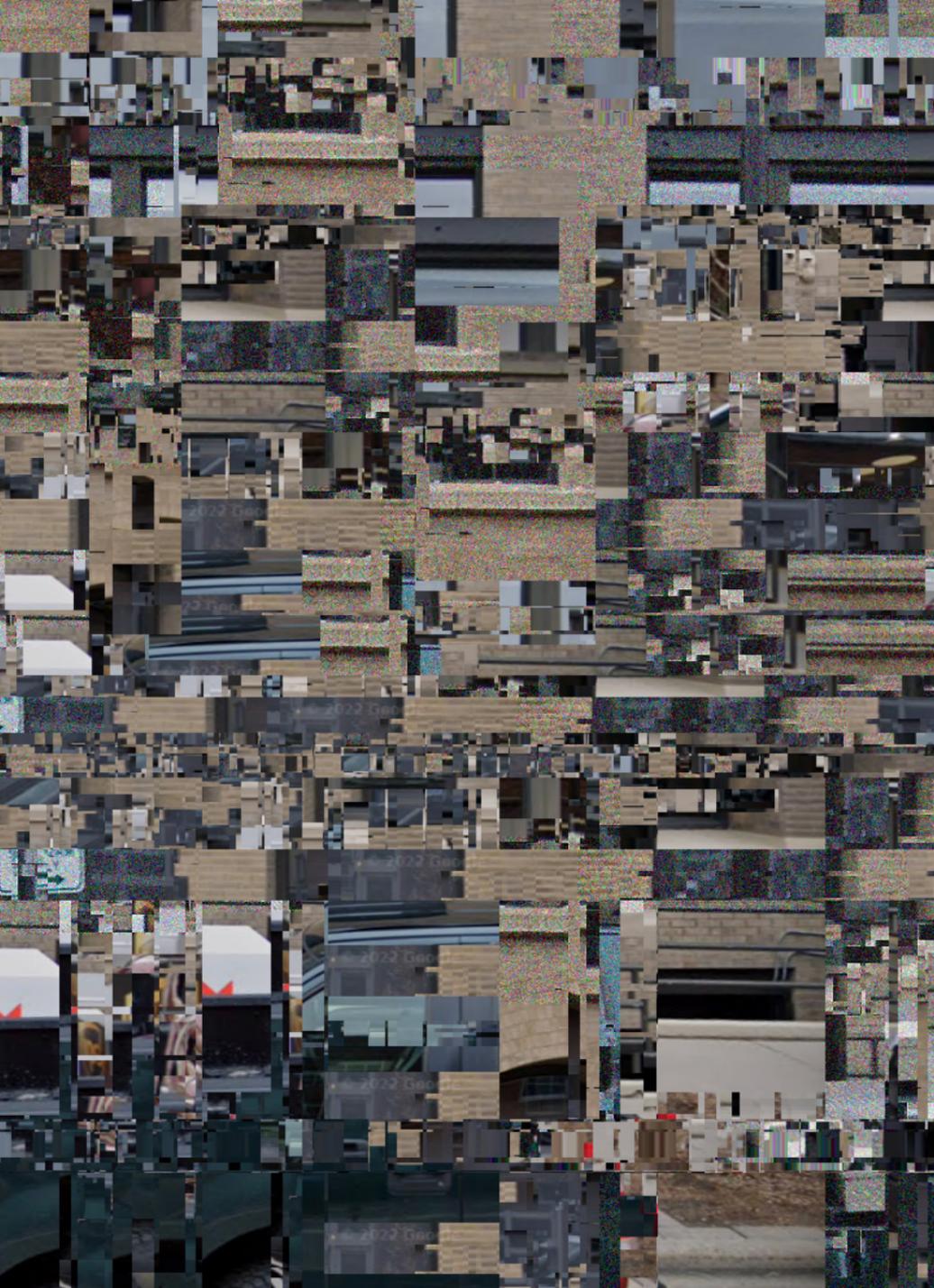
2022

emmy e smith & Guy Laramie
[//emmysmith.com](http://emmysmith.com)



The image is a complex digital collage or glitch art. It features a central text block overlaid on a background of distorted, pixelated, and fragmented images. The background appears to be a scene from an office building, possibly a hallway or a common area, but it is rendered in a way that makes it difficult to discern specific details. The colors are muted, with a lot of greys, browns, and dark tones, interspersed with small, colorful digital artifacts. The overall effect is one of digital decay and fragmentation.

It sits in a circle of dirt. Dissolving the office building back into its constituent parts. The petroleum is eager to return to dark fluidity. Compounds in the self leveling quickset concrete, glue in the plywood subfloor, the carpet pad, the extruded carpet fibers vibrate and liquify. Lipstick and wall paint crawl and melt searing down the walls.



dissolving office building

esoteric materiality

instagram shards

haul of horrors

acceleration, red snake, storm

over highway museum

to combat the vacuum of meaning

we can take inspiration from the things
which resist capture and archiving. The
demand to be experienced directly illumi-
nates the cultural forgetting we have under-
gone. The discrete, black on black, the secret
depths of reflective material

The project of making the flesh mysterious,
becoming esoteric in my tissues, the body
a material space with inner reflectivity, like
the material, strange and dull looking with
infinite involutions

How can I begin to evade capture , let the
river of meaning sweep past my belly full of
pills
full of noodles and little rattly pills trying to
make me better
the river of meaning is pulled by a vacuum,
not gravity
It is already in bloom, bearing nothing

work pulled me out of myself like a cotton shirt from the wash and plunged me back in and in and in again, sick from [my meds/disease/] the place where my eyes are tethered to the back of my head oscillates at the pace of the coming waves of bug music, but without their vibrations it is corrupted by the heat into days of nausea, or is it my meds? The storms are concentrated static attacks, exaggerating my spinning. I exit my three summer jobs like a piece of ironed craft store felt, involutions on involutions, re-created in synthetic, flattened into a plasticky sheet, esoteric materiality re-encoded within me until a safer time to smooth it out begins.

power, plastic and alienation

work makes a cameo

work is a condition, a backdrop. It has characters, doing wrongs. It feels toxic to think and write about.

the inevitable is still a surprise
yes - but now? here?
this is how it is?

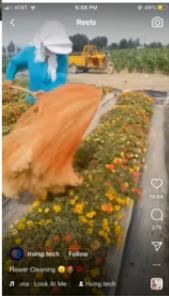


work work work work work work

An outgrowth from how it's made to who made it, all the reels instagram recomends to me are snippets convey shrapnel of activities peripheral to production. The alienation of work has lapped itself on long legs.



Fragments of fragmented labor
put to a third monetization and so they require even an alienation from an understanding of the already splintered moment of manufacturing they depict. Gestures out of context, symbolic in other dialects of movement (for fascination ...)





Reels



21.7K



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Reels



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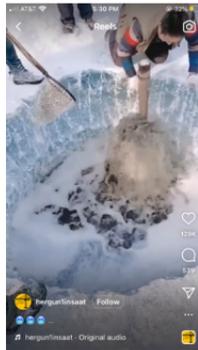
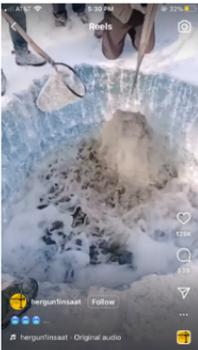
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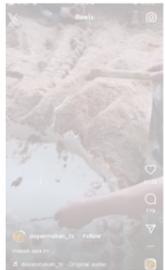
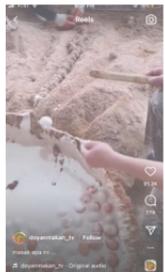
eniyiberberler · Original audio



work work work work work work

Between jobsites I look at their labor and I am not fooled by the decontextuaized snippet. I know their job is misery and I feel sorry that the worker is being displayed in this light. The prowess! we are supposed to think. The speed! The videos are formulated to be satisfying but I find them depressing. I look up. I am in the suburbs. I look down, an unknown worker repeats a task. The captions are formulated the way all viral captions are, a series of hashtags that climb the dna of the algorithm like a virus, implanting proteins between the rungs to change the next replication.





work work work work work work

HAUL OF HORRORS

Haul of Horrors

Don't worry about the bubonic

Being ignored

Isn't it great that Covid is over and we can go back to

So it's an associates degree program? (after explaining

The first of many lasts (paired with first kiss map?)

A road called Winslow Chase North

I just tried to look like somebody's boyfriend (Chris

it's our temporary home while our next home gets built

went to the warhol museum in pittsburg you know, I

dishware. A strange individual...

woman who seems nice but has tennis clothes and a

a wealthy teen emerges barefoot on a bad sea foam g

to remember themselves. A Housewife™ brand w

her hand. It is 9:30 AM and we have waited a half hou

ployees arrive first, sliding past my gaze. The mask I

Housewife (divorced) boast that the police were call

men wheeling hundred pound tables up the embank

Pond!) slot into context. There are probably upward

horrible castle in a glen, scabbed over with decorati

Family reification services rendered (family portraits)

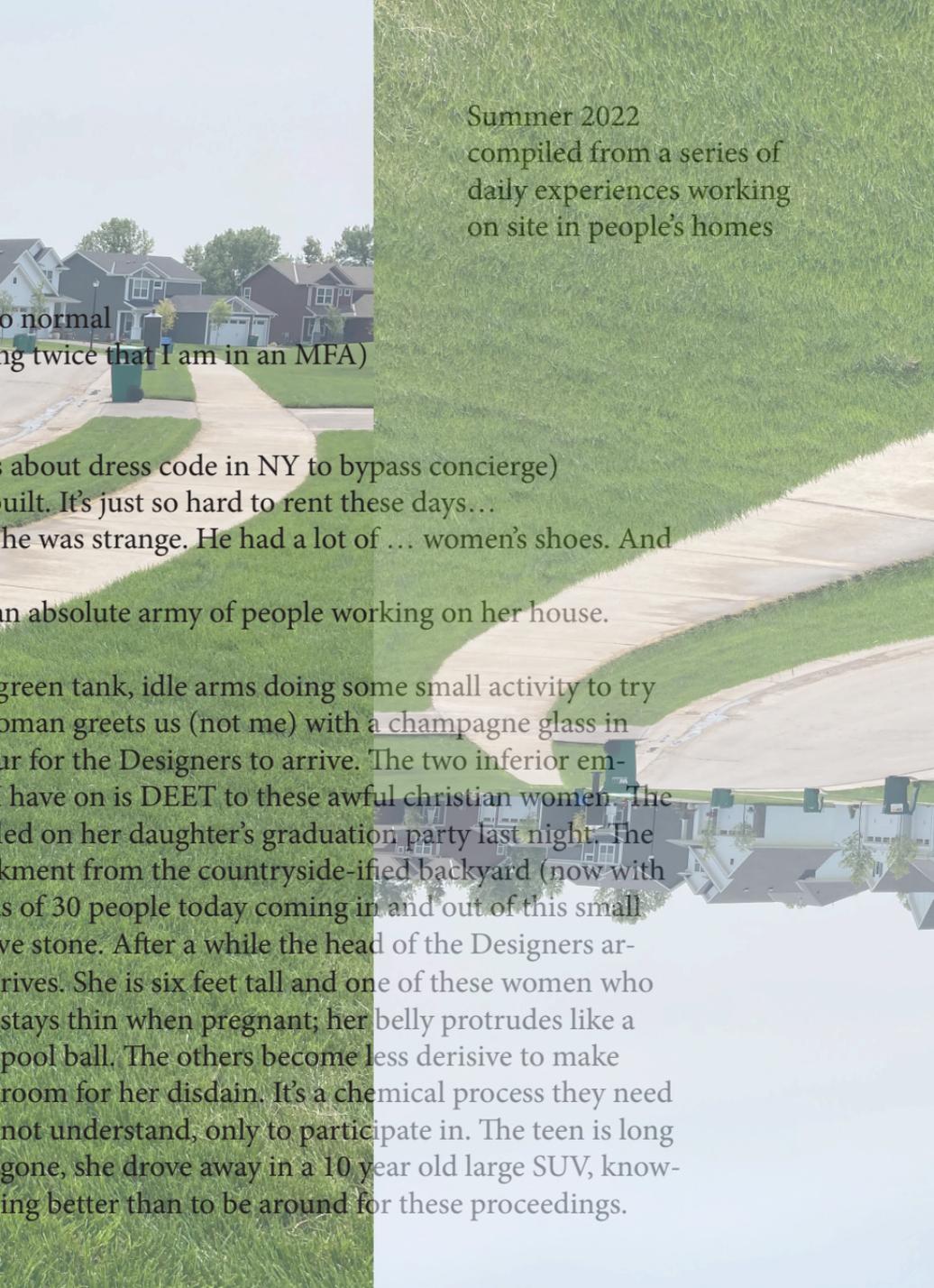
A lot of roofs on the churches r trying to scoop up god in a little melon
baller

— am I

Accustomed to the desolation of the plains'

These my old familiar hours

Getting easier with thumb than with hand

A photograph of a suburban street with houses and a green lawn. The image is split vertically, with the left side showing a clear view of the street and houses, and the right side being a close-up of a green lawn. The text is overlaid on the image.

Summer 2022
compiled from a series of
daily experiences working
on site in people's homes

o normal
ng twice that I am in an MFA)

s about dress code in NY to bypass concierge)
uilt. It's just so hard to rent these days...
he was strange. He had a lot of ... women's shoes. And

an absolute army of people working on her house.

green tank, idle arms doing some small activity to try
oman greets us (not me) with a champagne glass in
ar for the Designers to arrive. The two inferior em-
have on is DEET to these awful christian women. The
ed on her daughter's graduation party last night. The
kment from the countryside-ified backyard (now with
s of 30 people today coming in and out of this small
ve stone. After a while the head of the Designers ar-
rives. She is six feet tall and one of these women who
stays thin when pregnant; her belly protrudes like a
pool ball. The others become less derisive to make
room for her disdain. It's a chemical process they need
not understand, only to participate in. The teen is long
gone, she drove away in a 10 year old large SUV, know-
ing better than to be around for these proceedings.



A close-up photograph of a white ceramic bowl. The bowl is the primary focus, with its curved rim and interior visible. The word "JULY" is printed on the side of the bowl in a white, elegant, cursive script font. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green, suggesting a natural setting. The lighting is soft and even, highlighting the smooth texture of the ceramic.

JULY

Smooth Barrel West

the car is all plastic power. Cars come from florida, two plump oranges hang heavily against one another on the license plate like a testicle bumper sticker.

Unlike my car, this one is silent and I feel low to the ground, like I'm in a game room in a basement, like I'm riding in the wide flared shop vac attachment. Audrey is a hot, loud glass elevator in the summer. The heat running to protect the engine, the windows down, hot air plummeting in the car. Speedboat. The air is whipped into sound as the cars explode its earth tempo. The air lashes the pavement, a jeep with knurled tires roars an angry opera about bees overtaking a nation. Cars slam past me in my 23 year old vehicle on the right (it's a MN nice thing) angry, angry, angry.

but it makes sense, they're angry from their jobs. They're angry for being mistreated and for not being in a culture where they're allowed to be direct. They're angry that they weren't trained, or, that their inferior doesn't know what they are doing. They're mad that they won't have the energy to be a person later when they get home.

Profane container

Imitation Safety//
Smooth Barrel West

connection, without reciprocation. It's an arelational power with a hollow impact. The subject is without the power of submission, because relationship is at the heart of domination. Domination is a reciprocal art, none of which is relayed in the tepid plastic power of this stupid rental car, all textured to imitate skin and black leather.

You can't decide when to use the apps, you can't decide to control the volume, temperature, lights. It does it for you, telling you things.

PRODUCT OF
MADE IN
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2148 W. HUNTER, INC.
ORANGEVILLE, FLORIDA 32063-1234



over highway museum

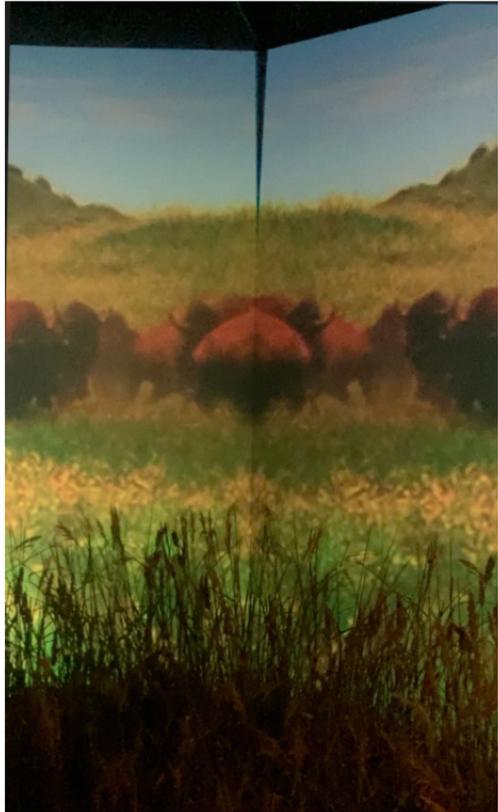
We had to go up, for research. It was like a dream in the way that it was fragmented. An escalator ascends two dark stories past struggling wax figurines before feeding its passengers into an intestinal looking covered wagon hole. The wagon-colon pierces a massive squarish field where a towering gilt frame (40' square?) houses a projected historical painting. In the sweeping, classical vista, the painting had been animated so that horses plummeted across the dusty rainbow of western mountains, bearing idiots westward. Painting that is a movie with a covered wagon in it- all three are frameworks grounding this telling: historical painting, film, material. I buy our tickets for 15\$ each from exactly the teen you are picturing, and as we approach the escalators, a man dressed up like a trapper stumbles over our genders and welcomes us up to see the exhibit like a badly written Puck. We ascend. We hold up the gummy devices we have been lent by their lanyards and listen to a narration of the agonizing wax figures seated on and walking past fake rocks and real tufts of grass. The figures are well lit. The slope is otherwise black. It's some sob story about the mormons I think, struggling in fragments of a spot-lit prairie (journaling, walking, in duress, the usual). At the top of the escalator, we step through the covered wagon orifice into an incredible scene. The production value in this snapshot of selected history is incredible. Depicted is a wagon stuck in mud during a storm. The corners of the 40' ceiling were coved so that the painted sky didn't get crowded and have to face itself (the sky rejects a corner) and everything on the ground was to scale - the people, the wagon, the horses. They had done concrete work in the floor to make ruts the wagon was carving as it fishtailed. I didn't really bother with the info speaker, I just listened to the thunder and peered around at the craftsmanship. In the following room, things got a little more Historical. You could scan for audio next to a Sioux man, or a display about the railroad. Genocide was everywhere but mentioned. Except, they showed it by accident at the bison display.

The buffalo go into themselves, the stampede aimed at and rushing towards us runs past a vanishing point, meeting itself in a mirror. The mirror has been positioned at 45 degree angle to the projection presumably to extend the illusion and gather a little of the prairie's only defining feature; its endlessness. (In every other respect a prairie would be a meadow or other small interlude in a figured landscape.) In the mirror, the bison disappear into themselves. The bison are the bass note in smell and in sound, of the prairie and maybe of the continent, musky, warm, their grunt. The bison run at you,

the viewer, on a break from the intense violence and monotony of the highway and as they reach you, they run past you into themselves. Their body is neutralized bloodlessly on impact. It is a completely sanitized disappearance. The heaps of their bodies that rotted in symbolic and literal piles must have stunk like a whale. Biologists will tell you that once you take a walk through a beached whale, you need to retire that pair of boots.

Smelled like popcorn
Looked like little colorful
rocks to buy
Two tangerine orioles in the
cottonwood trees outside

genocide in the present, active, bloody, reeking, sanitization only creating super-germs (remember that?) antibiotic resistant genocide, placebo-proof genocide, can't look away if it's everywhere you look, down on the road that drives constantly under the museum, the cars are like the charging bison in the video except that they are unfettered by mirrors. Every bison that disappeared into itself is born as a beautiful car, born and rushing out under the museum, going some-



where, doing bad things by accident the whole way along.





a snake dropped onto my duffel bag that night before lightning split the sky like a glass apple into a million horrible shards on set of a nebraska play.

Denied camping, we covered in the car, hot, wet, crawling with beetles. The beetles are the same texture as the humidity, smooth and unwanted and everywhere.

Fading in and out of sleep for hours, I wondered if the snake had drowned yet.





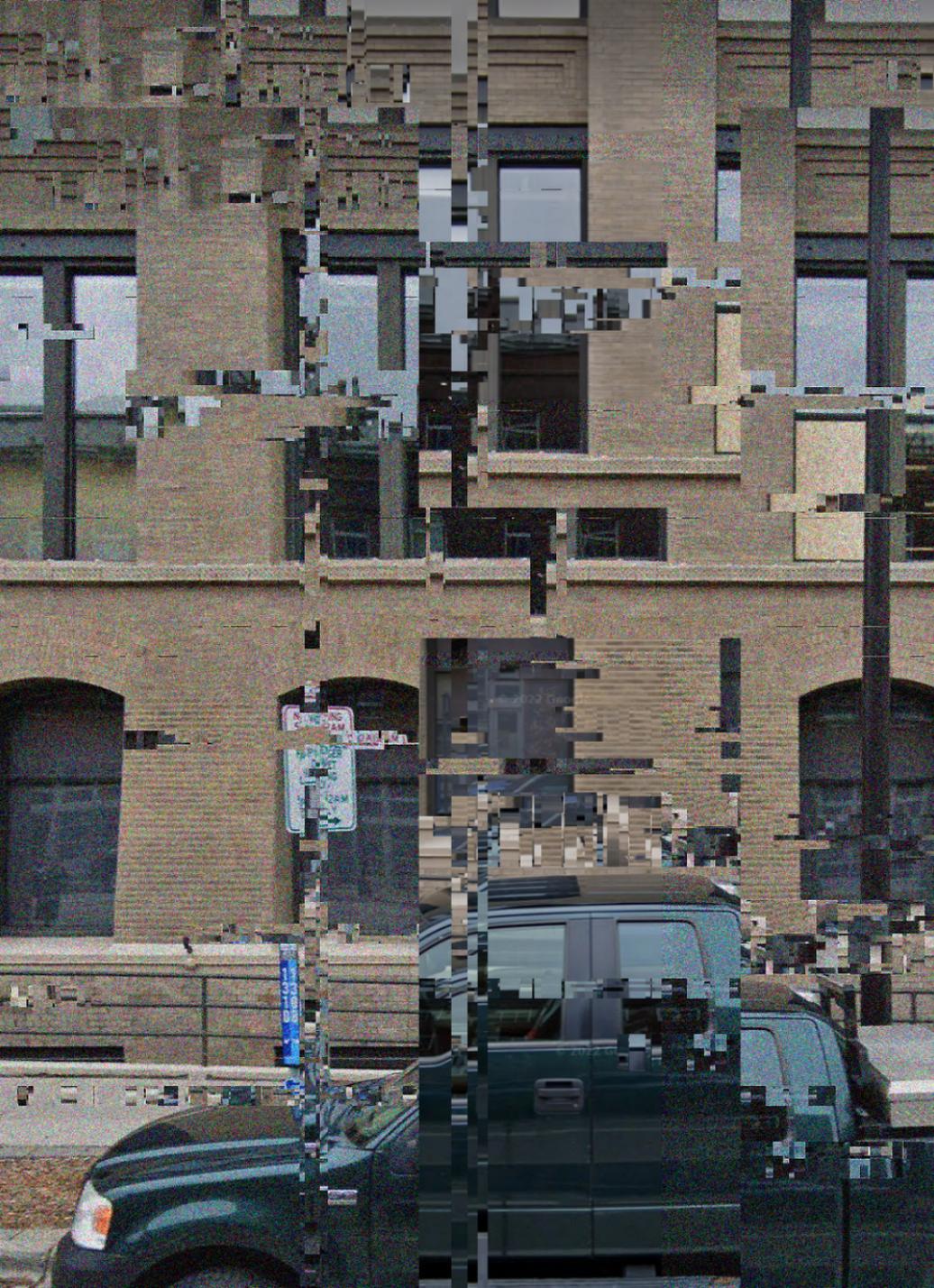
the soap at the defunct lunchroom at work

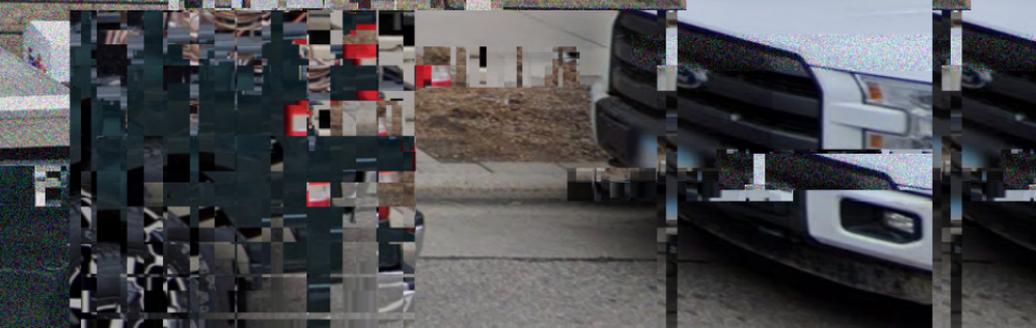
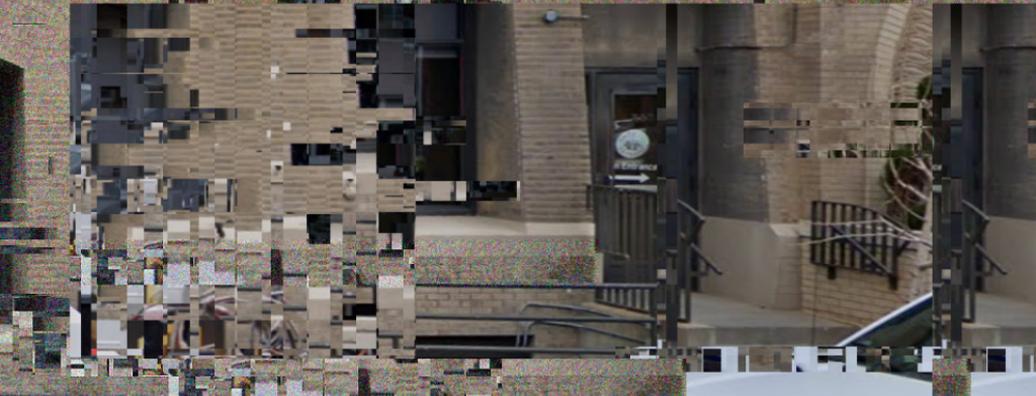
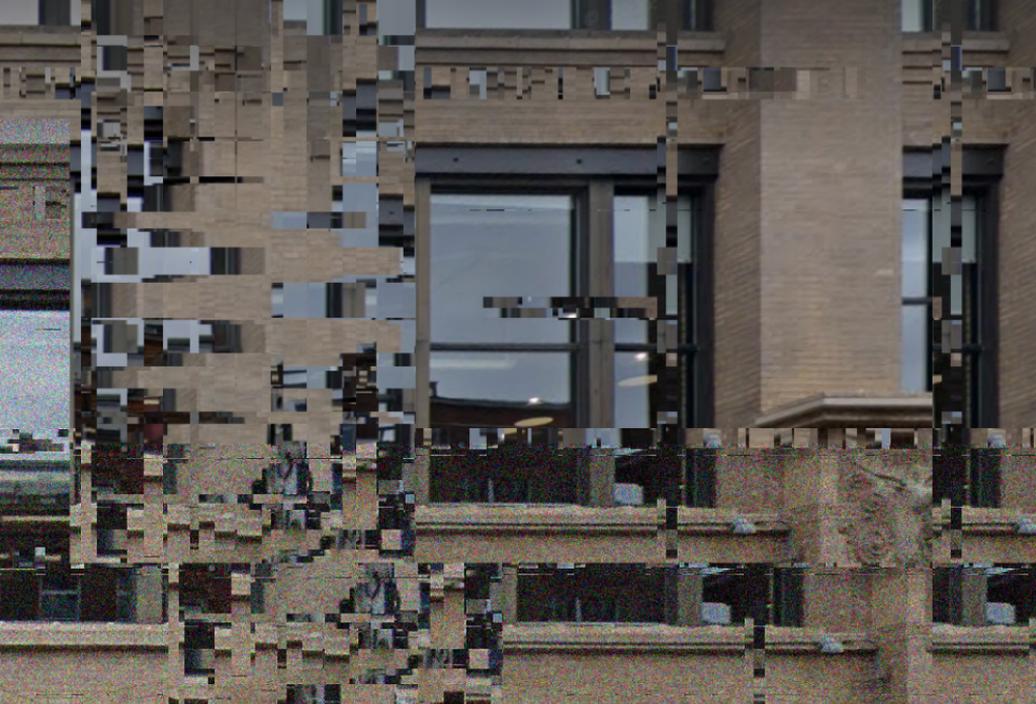
Smells like the ocean-

said the soap at work. I gave it a shot - maybe it would be salty and ... and smell like kelp and rotting fish and logs, maybe it would be crunchy and slick and gritty and real but it smelled like an Airbnb. I can picture the plastic pump bottle in the airbnb, I can picture it floating in the ocean, hell I will litter it myself, I'll take it on a research vessel and drop it right into a nice patch of water. The whole ocean turned to gel, scented like dryer sheets.









plastic contains the forces of work

the plastic is a film between ourselves and our power, a snug little baggie to catch all the disease

We are driving in the envelope of a blue rental car, one again driving through a febrile country as a means of last resort. This fabulous machine of the rich, with its florida oranges license plate bouncing like a pair of taut balls is a fucking pinball game. It has a rumble effect when you get too close to a line, it beeps and lights up when you have someone on your left or right side. Sound is moderated. Observation is punishingly moderated. As with all punishments of modern living, I learn to numb it out over time.

The provenance of these features is safety. Safety is a construct. This illusory safety says: you're not in a three thousand pound machine moving at a terminal speed. In this way, you can be convinced that you may continue to drive aggressively. The possibility of silence a car has accrued in the intervening 23 years since my sorry subary was made is impressive and violent. I begin to understand why people drive like that.

We are talking in the new-car about how people like being alienated from power, not understanding it through basic -mechanical- processes but want it to be a smoothed out magic show. It is a thrill to have the mechanism hidden from you. It is an attempt at nature, which biology has unfortunately dissected beyond any remaining divine interpretation. And anyway, what a depressing subject.

Moderated acceleration, breaking, the performance of the car gaming rumble strips for you, telling you things. It is the inverse of the illusion of control it provides. It is obedience practice. You have to submit to the machine's decisions,

The inverse of this is it not allowing you to be in control, you can't decide when to use the apps, you can't decide to control the volume sometimes, temperature, lights



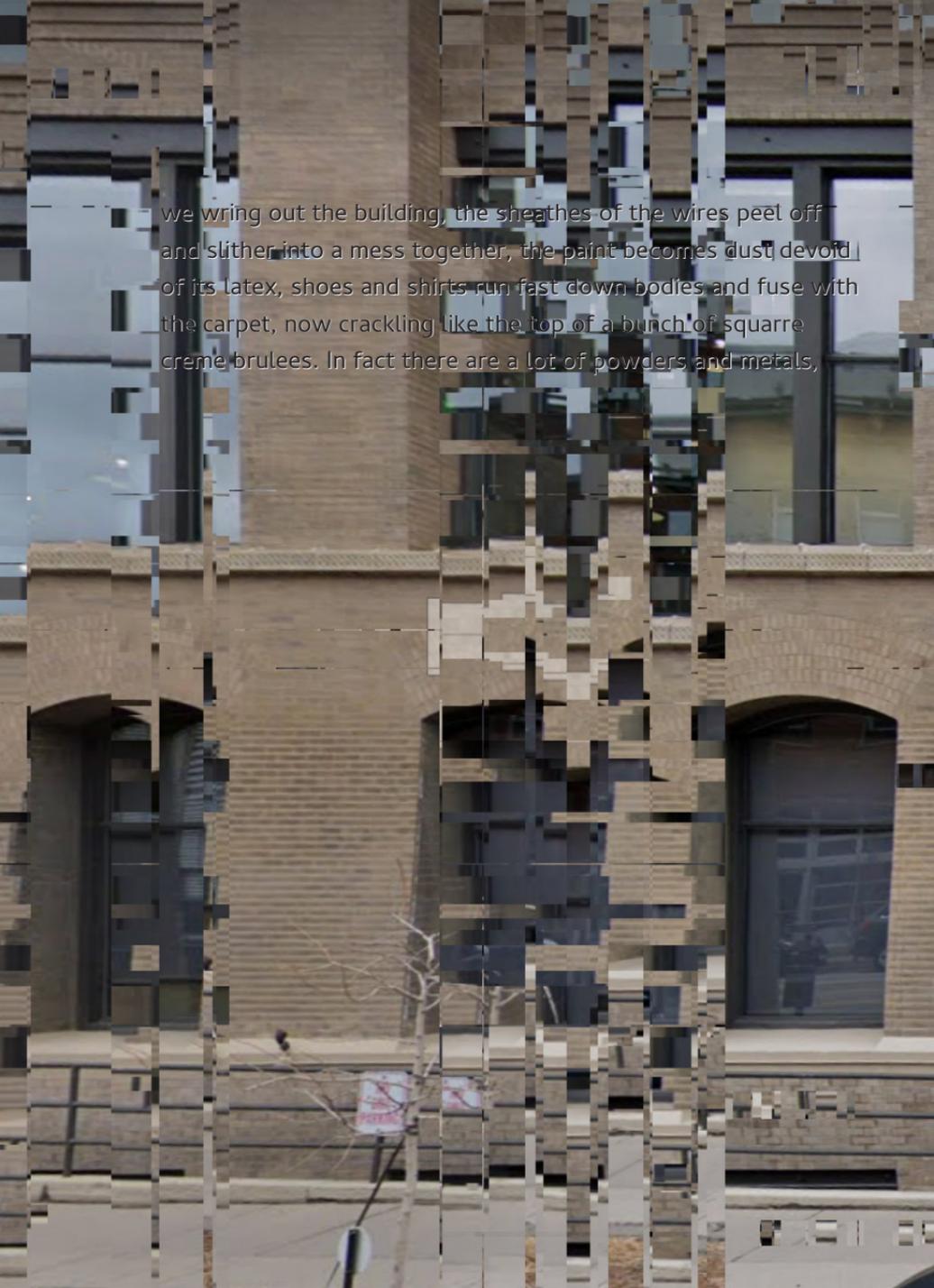
profane container

The plastic, we were told, has infiltrated our cellular bodies. It contains us from ourself imperfectly, the implied container has merged with our constant inner combustion and fermentation - we spill out of ourselves, every process a transgression. Our body does normal labor and dies (workers) the plastic kills us and lasts forever (boss). We drink out of a plastic container but we are one too. Almost anything is toxic to us once it's powdered. I'm not an MSDS but I am tattered by workplace toxins and I will probably die from them.



When we alienate the power, where does it go? it gets disseminated in little glitter flakes and microplastics throughout our tissues, aimless free radicle power. It's the form, the distribution that makes it toxic. Power is inherent in relationships, saturating our lives like the oil saturates the earth.

work as waste, work as power, power as alienated. Alienation as it is different from diminishment, it's tiny powerful glitter, each shard contains the whole, it's entirely indivisible but in its smallest forms it hurts us most.

A photograph of a multi-story brick building with arched windows and a bare tree in the foreground. The image is heavily distorted with a vertical glitch effect, creating a fragmented, pixelated appearance. The text is overlaid on the upper portion of the image.

we wring out the building, the sheathes of the wires peel off and slither into a mess together, the paint becomes dust, devoid of its latex, shoes and shirts run fast down bodies and fuse with the carpet, now crackling like the top of a bunch of square creme brulees. In fact there are a lot of powders and metals,



NO PARKING
2AM - 5AM
FUTURE OF THE CITY
2AM
→

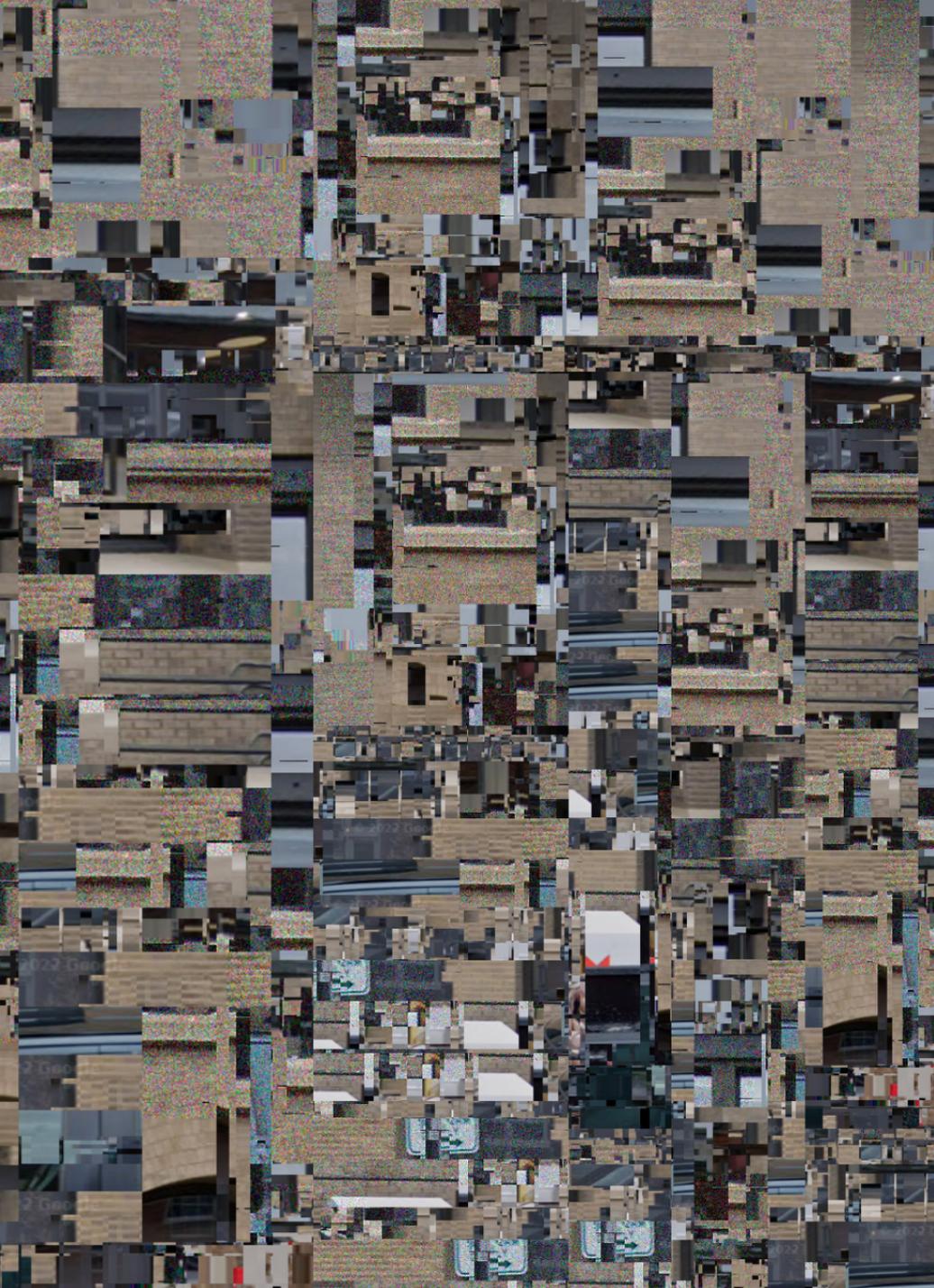
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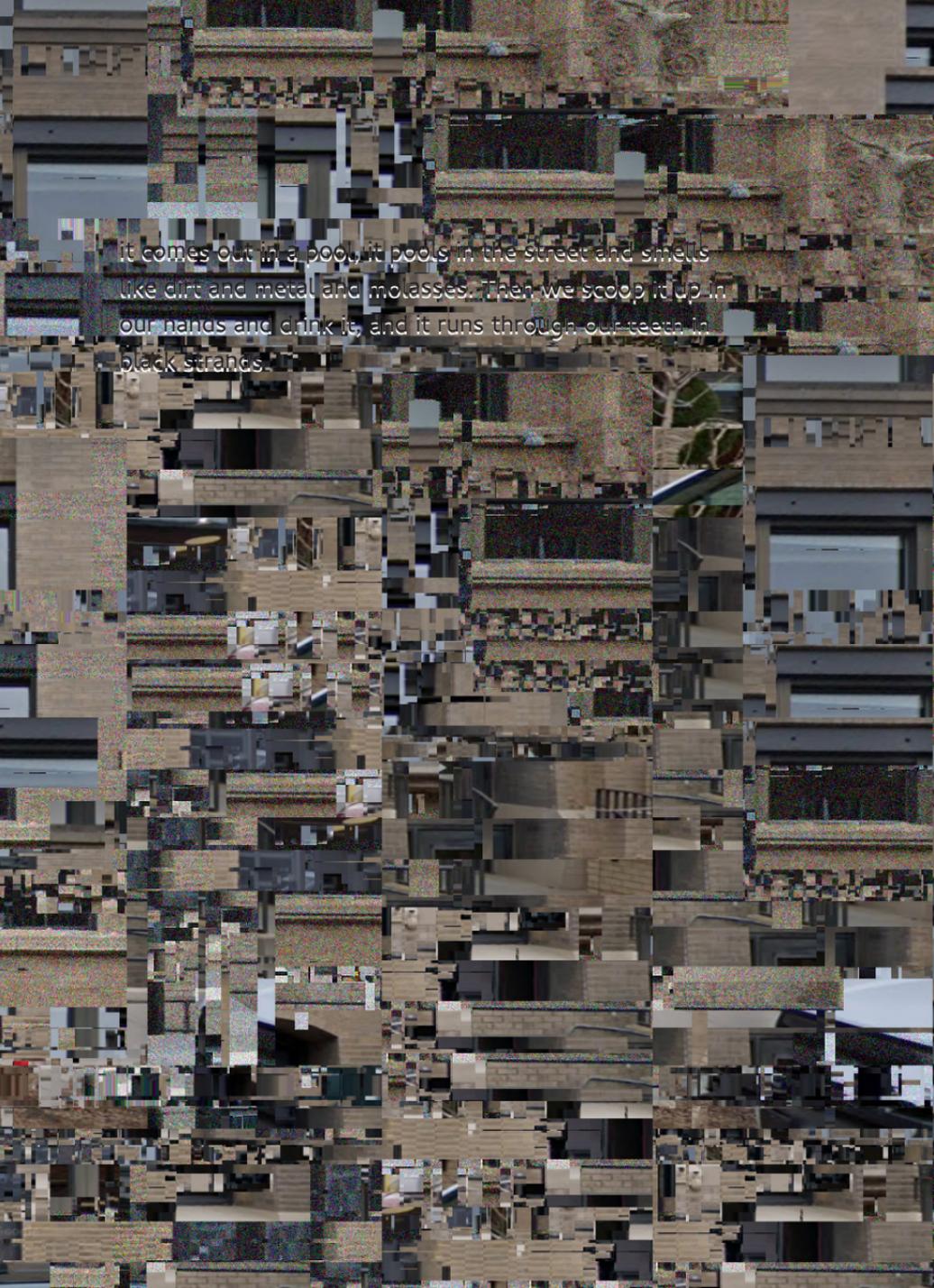


Handwritten graffiti in yellow on the black trash can, including the word "HAPPY" and other illegible characters.

Handwritten graffiti in white on the metal trash can, including the word "LOVE" and other illegible characters.







it comes out in a pool, it pools in the street and smells like dirt and metal and molasses. Then we scoop it up in our hands and drink it, and it runs through our teeth in black strands.





