

what is in reach at this moment that we can use to put this puzzle together?

Livet skal forstaas
baglaens, men leves
forlaens.

---Søren Kierkegaard

+Add Caption



Joanna Ruth Galvin-Martinengo

ENG252/354 | 2022



Ephemeral art

... a work of art that only occurs once, like a happening, and cannot be embodied in any lasting object to be shown in a museum or gallery.

Ephemeral art first came to prominence in the 1960s with the **Fluxus group**, when artists like Joseph Beuys were interested in creating works of art that existed outside the gallery and museum structure and had no financial worth. Happenings, performances and sound sculptures were all part of ephemeral art, as were flyers and cheap mass-produced items that carried subversive messages out into the world



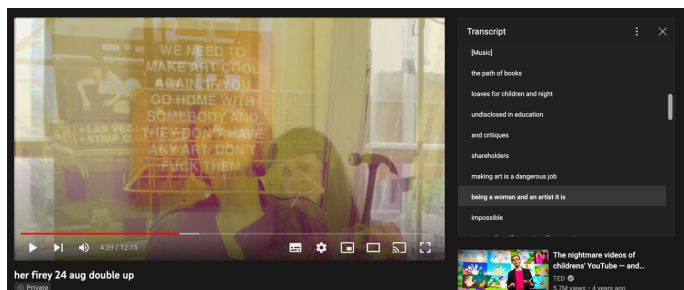
12

¹² <https://www.tate.org.uk/art/art-terms/e/ephemeral-art>

Notes on PRESENTATION:



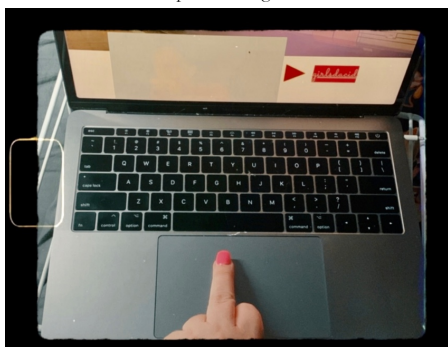
Audience response unfitting with artist intent.



inmediasresres.com/blackingout

Platform-induced distractions minimised. Result → artist-induced (physical, mental, sensory) engagement.¹¹

Audience response fitting with artist intent.



¹¹ Fluxus

+ Add Caption

+ Add Caption	1
SHE	2
WE	3
APHRODITE IN AUCKLAND.....	4
mydeadexboyfriend@gmail.com	8
UNDERBELLY	9
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+ Add Caption

Poetry + Multimedia
Portfolio #01
Submission
ENG252/354 Creative Writing: Four Genres
2022

[Words]
Poetry: **715**
Multimedia (Exegesis' + Her Fiery Crash/*spoken word*): **817**

Poetry:

She: 70

We: 79

Aphrodite in Auckland: 201

mydeadexboyfriend@gmail.com: 102

Underbelly: 42

Teen Spirit: 120

They: 67

Everything is Fine & Dandy: 34

Multimedia [Blacking Out]:

Exegesis part 1: 184

Exegesis part 2: 181

Her Fiery Crash: 452

"Susie [Cave's wife] and I have learned much about the nature of grief over recent years. We have come to see that grief is not something you pass through, as there is no other side," he wrote in 2020.



Jethro Lazenby - CREDIT: Getty

He continued: "For us, grief became a way of life, an approach to living, where we learned to yield to the uncertainty of the world, whilst maintaining a stance of defiance to its indifference. We surrendered to something over which we had no control, but which we refused to take lying down.

"Grief became both an act of submission and of resistance — a place of acute vulnerability where, over time, we developed a heightened sense of the brittleness of existence. Eventually, this awareness of life's fragility led us back to the world, transformed."

'English' cannot belong to one collective noun e.g.
academic, scientist, reporter, celebrity.

In becoming hyper-aware of structural how's and why's and when's of 'rules
imposed by scaffolds' - albeit to be broken -

Yet

Only iykyk

The Rules

May you take the stand to do so

I reflect upon my personal application of The English Language within the
institution of academia; especially in context of creative autobiography. This
induces an overwhelming anxiety regarding my approach to word choice.

In life confined to bedroom walls I lose myself in digital media, musty books if
I can reach them... Outside, prior to an isolation, I recall how my audio and
visual sensory systems become overloaded by persistent words entering
without invitation; I dodge like hail the in-coming-words-and-verses like
grief I resist unless, like grief as Nick Cave suggests, I surrender to them. A
shift in mindset. Move with /me in my digital zine / to no end to the
end to absorb and repurpose, like UV-B rays and a decent sunscreen =
vitamin D; no burn.

And so, the words of others are now like a long-lost friend, a welcomed
mental rest, a stimulation for a reset.

How about we call it 'upcycling' - that's on trend with fashion, right?¹⁰

¹⁰ This approach is applied as I type now, and so we are an artwork aware of itself as an artwork or an exegeses
operating as both artwork and explanation of the artwork.

SHE

She
had visions of a
motel tripping
left
in a sexual mess
yes

undress
show less

I
have a crush on
Clea DuVall
She's All That

softly spoken broken

pluck warmth

Hold
static - that
Byrdsong
marked-up in her Bible
Ecclesiastes we
belong
to Christ on vinyl
make-believe is now A Time to

reflect better

tribe revival

we'll say; she'll stay
two form
a
diploid
Organ
ism

we are not what we are we are
how we are if we are
to live, actually, live.

The cyclical nature of the [analogue ↔ digital]
relationship 'I slide my little songs out from under you'
'she has eyes like windows and legs like doors'⁹

⁹ Slice of Life inserted into the work: documented via analogue and digital record keeping mediums - e.g. writing or illustrations: pen/paper, **screenshots** into Word to **Black Out** iPhone photos as stand-alone or documentation of analogue artwork, lyrics/YouTube **Nick Cave**

Notes on a mindset during the making of this artwork:

I am trapped in the plague house.

Use what is here.

'Stop having ideas!'

probably going to test positive for covid
tomorrow

psychic
obviously

celebrity slow down
plastic elastic
neck, sadistic
watch the crash pull up to
the bumper with some popcorn baby

If I wasn't a 'writer'

I would be a Detective or a Crime King.

Why do we define ourselves by *what* we are as opposed to *how* we are?⁸

⁸ Blacking Out touches on this concept in <https://www.inmediasresres.com/lsdacid>

WE

00

unite to form

0⁰

a diploid organism

0

0

0

hey babe,
this is the story
inside *your* vulva
gliding revolver
sli i i i ding door

or

glory hole for
gory supernatural
ovulating chemical
release
attractants repellents

a womb is a room for
a parasite only stays
for a while rent-a-space
well *rent-free* in effect
and the maintenance
what. a. lame as
deposit swimmers
won't keep ya covered
hours

to go days to go
laborious
no glow
blood-less days until
spill overflow *megaflow*
out
you

go...

APHRODITE IN AUCKLAND
 constituent part; complex structure
 [ˈmɛdɛə]
 from Botanical Latin membrum virile
 Greek hermaphroditos
 shortening of sexes; sheathed via Latin tunica

And testicles do slither

i.
 Oh, Hi

Time
 castrates the Sky
 bleeds

three
 brother Giants
 and I

of cream arise

lust leads -

Trial by Media

And testicles do slither

ii.
 Grey Lynn Villa

'fresh as'
 [gloot]

on native window
 honey-suckle timber
 weather-worn; wild

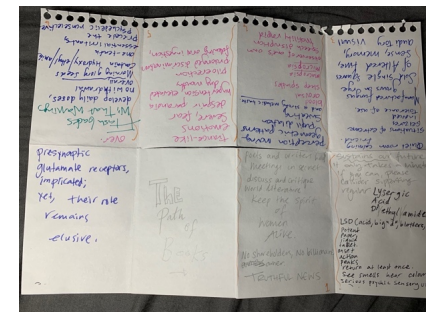
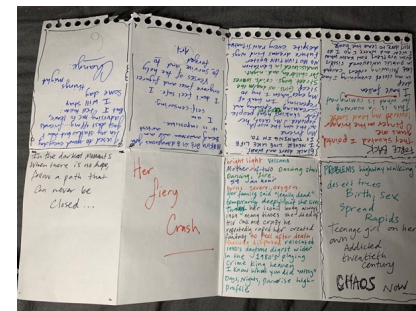
night whispers to the beauty -
 her form lit by neighbours'
 security
 light by my
 laid-back rolling cigarette flick
 rain passive heart beat brutal

no photograph
 last longer

And testicles slither

Lysergic Acid Diethylamide
LSD (acid, big "d," blotters, L.A.D)
 potent
 paper
 liquid
 tablet
 onset
 action
 peaks
 return at least once.
 Seeing smells, hearing colours.
 Serious psychic sensory user.
 Quiet room, calming friend.
 Situations extreme tolerance of use.

Manufactured fungus grows on rye sold in single squares of altered time, sense
 memory, auditory visual perception, pupil dilation, sweating, and a strong metallic taste.
 Blood arousal.
 Sleep spindles.
 Severe fear, despair following oral ingestion.
 Morning glory seeds contain Hydroxyethylamide.
 Essential irritants precede the psychedelic nonselective presynaptic glutamate receptors,
 implicated, yet, their role remains elusive.



Her Fiery Crash

RNZ

World dies, in a week.

Volcano, mother-of-two. Dancing stars, dancing fire.

59 an hour – burns. Severe, oxygen. Her family said ‘legally dead’ temporarily, deeply, but she lives – through her iconic body always.

1969 many times she died of HIV. Call me crazy. He repeatedly raped her created fantasy. To feel after death.

Suicide disputed, relocated. 1980’s daytime digest. Wider in the 1990’s playing Crime King, heaven.

‘I know what you did, missy’

Days, nights, paradise high-profile birth, sex, spread rapids.

Teenage girl on her own addicted twentieth century.

The Guardian

Chaos, now.

‘Force back’ they shouted. I pointed guns one finger on the trigger.

Lowered my head, said: ‘this is a warning for what is coming next’.

I have fallen, deep in my closet. Everything I have lost. Following orders, caught in public, uncovered.

Sisters, even brothers now know what I wear and where I go.

I do not dare to leave the house.

Black doors and walls.

I never live like life is turning into

My friend on the bus. On the way the world exploded.

My leg and chest, her

fear. Shaking, heat of people screaming. It keeps repeating and repeating in front of my eyes when I try to sleep.

Girls, all day on the street.

Boys, coins. Loaves for children, night.

Undisclosed education, no motivation.

Better future dreams find ways despite every raw situation.

Making art is a dangerous job. Being a woman and an artist - it is impossible. I am self-censoring, I don’t feel safe. I engrave faces and figures verses of the holy to survive and to forget.

Art.

I used to spend every day in my studio but now I just dust off my, friends are advising me to leave.

But I tell them: I will stay someday things might change.

In the darkest moments and when there is no hope, follow a path that can never be closed, the path of books.

Poets and writers, hold meetings in secret, discuss, critique world literature. Keep the spirit of women alive.

No shareholders. No billionaire owner. Truthful news, sustains our future.

It only takes a minute, if you can, please consider supporting regular

iii.
White Coats

‘I know what boys like’

Artificial blood breathes life

Midnight Climax

Neurons first to fall asleep
Slicing brains of sheep

Offset counterculture, civil threat
Edge closer to the woods

A cold
A war on Mary’s: land

testicles do

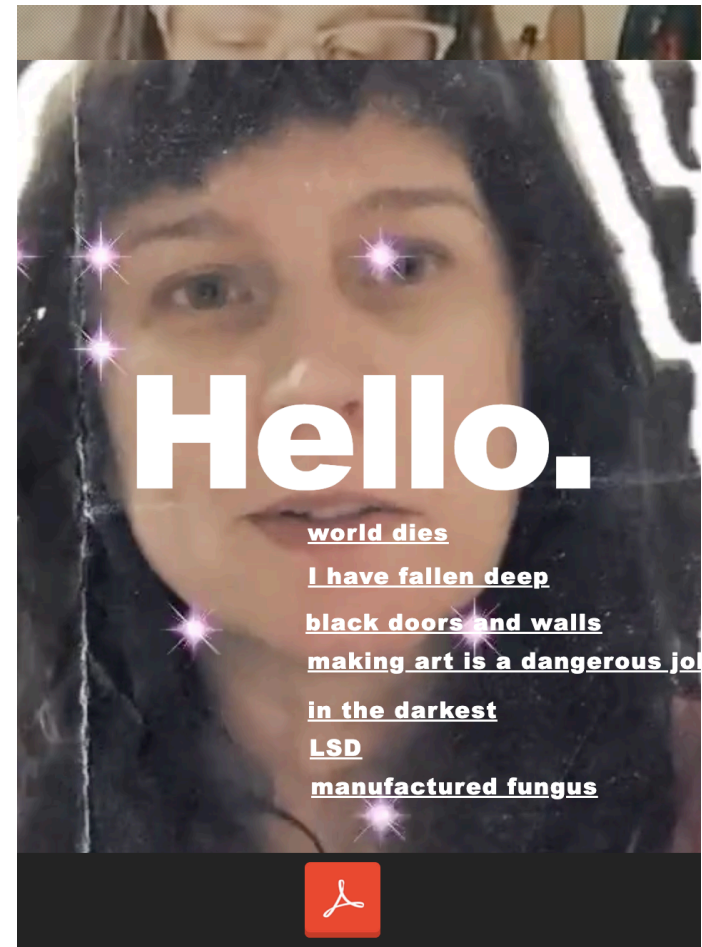
iv.
Cubicle Graffiti

K' Road grunge and indie-pop
Streets of once were sewers
tunnels belong to -
WHO
I rise I do dry ice

This Must Be the Place
Murder on the Dancefloor
where my Muses at?

Burning Down the House

Thank you for reading the entirety of the manual.
You are now being rewarded with the code:
<https://www.inmediasresres.com/lsd-elusive>





her fiery crash

v.
Victoria 4 Paris 4 Helen 4eva

Let's,
Face
Time and you can -
hang

w' me or Hera picking
apples,

just -
watch

or not if you wanna

creep.

mydeadexboyfriend@gmail.com

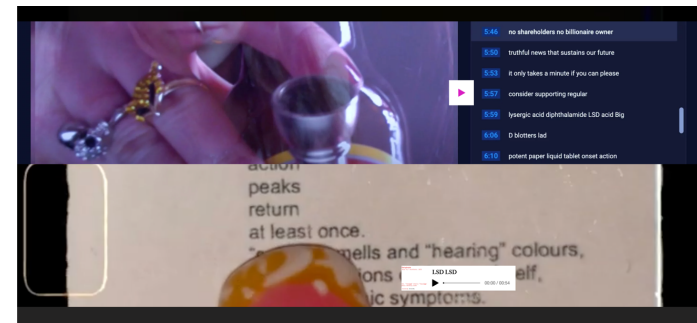
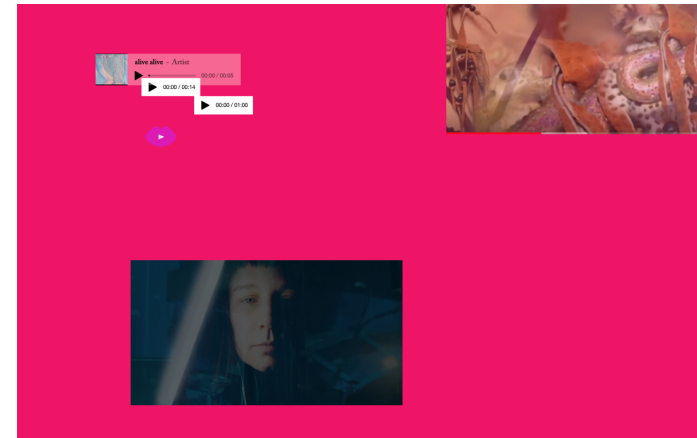
Dear dead ex,

I'm sorry that I thought about smothering you
with a pillow
and now you are dead anyway
just like blue light disco
and not from an overdose or a blocked nose
but
abnormal cell growth

I heard you had a real sweet death party
I wish I could have been there
I watched your funeral on Twitter
from all the way down under over here

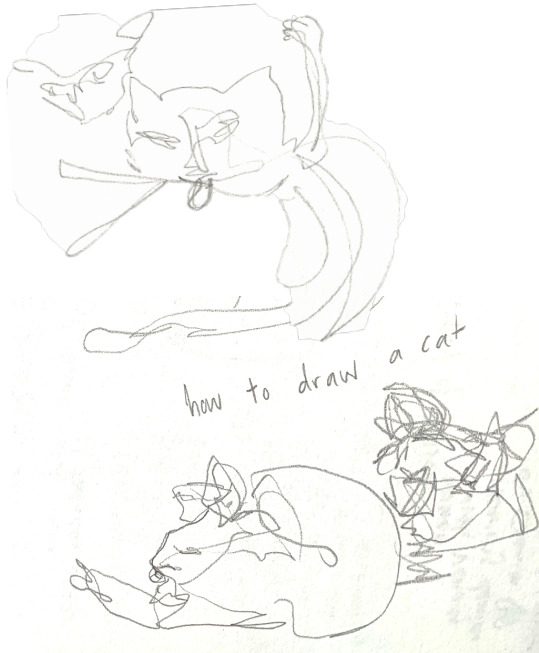
I know you came into my room and helped me stick it out to ace my
bio101
exam
pretty funny too that course is called
Life
Origins and
Mechanisms

I love a good mechanism.



You know

If you would like a break from overwhelm, please consider this exercise:



Option 1: tools: paper, pencil, cat or no cat. Inhale, close your eyes, exhale consider the breath. With eyes shut and pencil to paper feel, respond, think less, slow down, engage your senses for the objective of non-sense.

Option 2: tools: you, right now. Trace the lines on your screen, with your eyes or your finger or both.

Option 3: tools: paper, printer, scribbling tools of your choice. Print this page and colour it in.
OR, if you have a device that allows you could even do this digitally! WOW!

If you would like your art to be living please email it to jgal341@aucklanduni.ac.nz

UNDERBELLY

in heat
honey binds
fine
dry
lips
blow smoke
between
gradients
of green
glass doors

drip lucid
sugar dust
halo
on her pink
decor

sure

to rise
to blaze translucent
skin

is it even real

when underneath the washing line
The Black Cat
smells
like sunshine

TEEN SPIRIT

I forgot to say *I'm Time Blind*
in Nirvana
Nevermind

@ 2AM: i love u [*Drain You...*]

cushions damp
in a

Bath
of
British custard
summer set I
drift
in

SHIT
forgot to tell you
we were at the same gig
ninety nine or maybe, zero three

whatever, never mind, time, blind this Smells Like
Hardcore

Day One
Sommerset
girlfriend of the singer SCREAMER

in a circle pit
she is
a famous artist now

Buoyant

Google says she lives in Texas

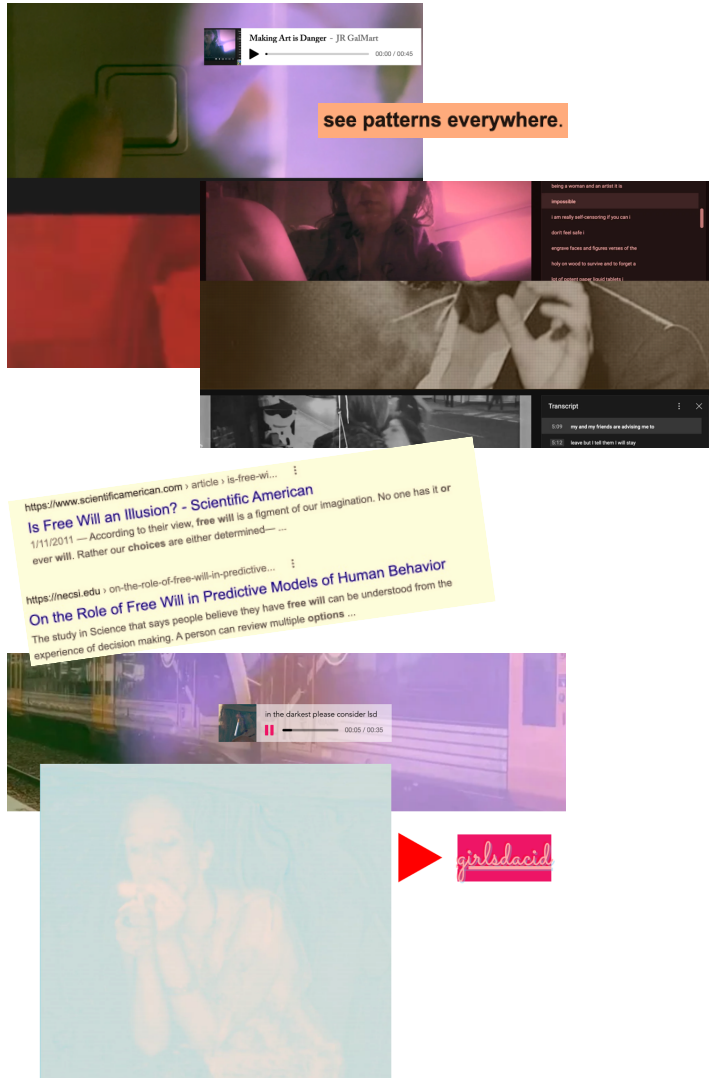
I forgot to say passed out
heart rate
rise above 120

before

Whether human beings have free will has been discussed and debated for centuries. Free will has been challenged on conceptual grounds from multiple arguments that supposedly render it impossible because the future is fixed and inevitable and therefore impervious to human choice (Kane, 2011). These arguments include theological assertions of divine omniscience that entails foreknowledge of all future events (Calvin, 1559), as well as the relentless inflexibility of scientific causation (LaPlace, 1802). Meanwhile, thinkers have objected to assorted concepts of free will on various grounds, such as believing that free will constitutes an exemption from causation (Bargh, 2008), that free will postulates causation by nonphysical entities such as souls (Montague, 2008), that free will is a psychological illusion (Wegner, 2003), or that it is a logically impossible construct used to rationalize behavior (Miles, 2011).

In recent years, however, attention has turned to layperson concepts of free will and to how that understanding operates in human social life (Baumeister, 2008 ; Knobe, et al., 2012 ; Nahmias, Morris, Nadelhoffer & Turner, 2005 ; Nichols, 2006, 2011). Variations in beliefs about free will have been shown to cause a variety of changes in interpersonal and moral behavior (e.g., Vohs & Schooler, 2008). This has raised the question of how ordinary people understand the concept. Monroe and Malle (2010) found that people spoke about free will as making choices unconstrained by external factors (or even going against external pressures) and doing what one

⁷ DOI: [10.1016/j.jesp.2014.07.012](https://doi.org/10.1016/j.jesp.2014.07.012)



@ 5AM time-zone blind
 Come as You Are
 and I
 I
 Stay Away
 you
 drift
 into
 forget to
 Send
 To text-to-speak
 to say
 to end
 Time Blind

THEY

ask how old she is

Reveal to them that fact you learned from watching daytime television

laughter
is experienced
on average by the average
human
being fifteen
times per day

Tell them
average

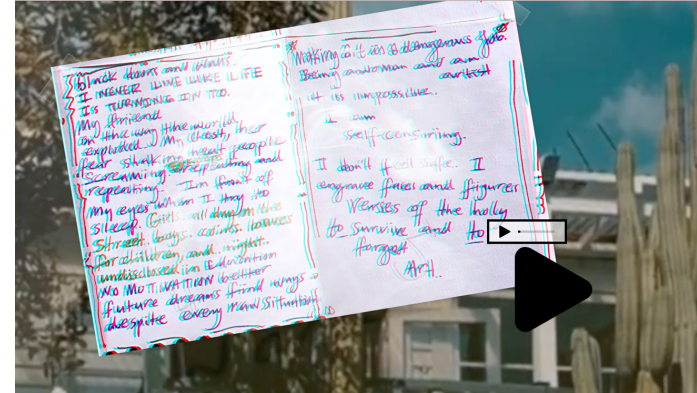
is not part of your vocabulary; *neurogenetic developmental diversity*

is the PC way
to say
delay

(average is typical)

To laugh more than expressed as fact on daytime telly as you do
is
A-typical

```
?where were we>
```

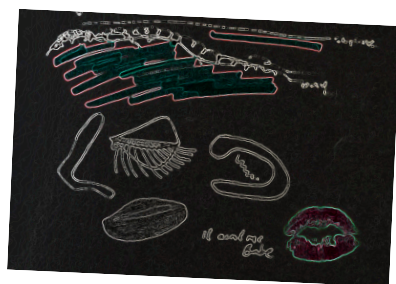


experience of decision making. A person can review multiple options ...

Whether human beings have free will has been discussed and debated for centuries.

see patterns everywhere.





Rules of Word



No Photoshop



Get lost.

EVERYTHING IS FINE & DANDY

In the grey eye of the mind
I have not lived long enough
to know
what is good or
what is bad.

I am hangry.

Feel the balls in the wet
accident of life.

BLACKING OUT

Blackening Out is an interactive living anti-art work with echoes of dada² produced prior to & during a plague induced isolation period.

'some people say that it's just rock'n'roll but it gets you right down to your soul'³

Artist Rules for Blackening Out to tell and allude:

1. Order of word-on-page must remain unchanged.
2. Do not tell the story of the original source, be autobiographical.
3. Avoid nostalgia.

Blackening Out source material [click to be redirected](#)

[RNZ The Guardian Science Direc](#)

All sound composure, video; photography are original aside from occasional found-footage; captured with an iPhone & MacBook in the soft office.⁴

Driven by a burn to reclaim words through the use of sourced material/words already in existence/living-words to communicate an autobiographical narration alluding to experiences RIGHT NOW and re-experiences of past as ignited via provocative happenings during the plague-days-of-creation.⁵ Multiple revision and performative approaches are applied + remixed in order to establish a base of autonomous referential purity. The artist performs h... h... her. . voice through the words of others and extends an invitation to you, to you, to you, to...

Dearest reader,
Will you collaborate with me? I can be the
criminal and you the detective. I create you
create we/re/create.

¹ Using Word over Photoshop; screenshots of my photographic artworks to devalue their 'fine-art quality'

² 'Duchamp's questioning of the fundamentals of Western art.' 'satirical and nonsensical in nature.' - I take this approach with a sprinkle of post-structuralism in my use of the English language. Purposefully playful, aware of the irony in my response (in referencing dada): I create for academia from a position of privilege as a white middle-class educated woman* responding to the 'horrors' of being confined to a warm bedroom in a Kingsland villa. *acknowledging impossibilities of this also in the spoken word.

³ Nick Cave (Keep on Pushing)

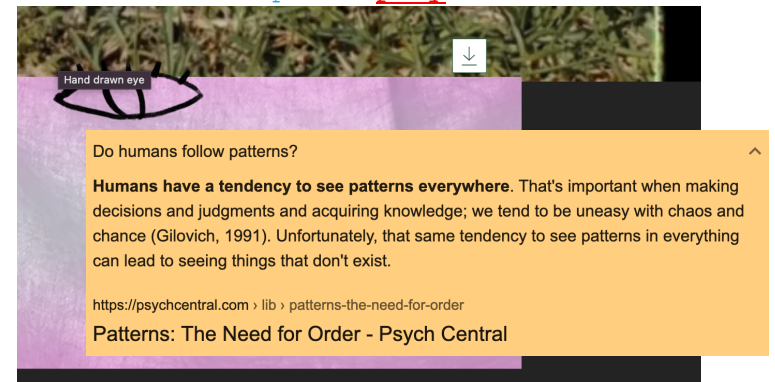
⁴ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wUNByzPXhx0> https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oW6r_oWQ_kA

⁵ Misrepresented information-transfer-as-intended by original sources (I have crafted the research in Science Direct to be misleading, Fake News)

NEXT

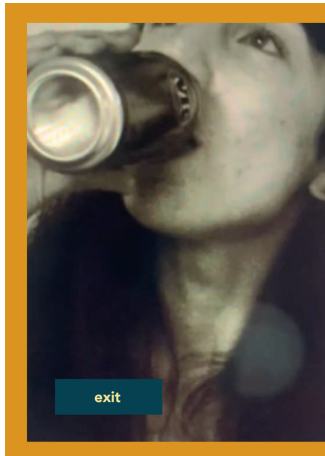


press play

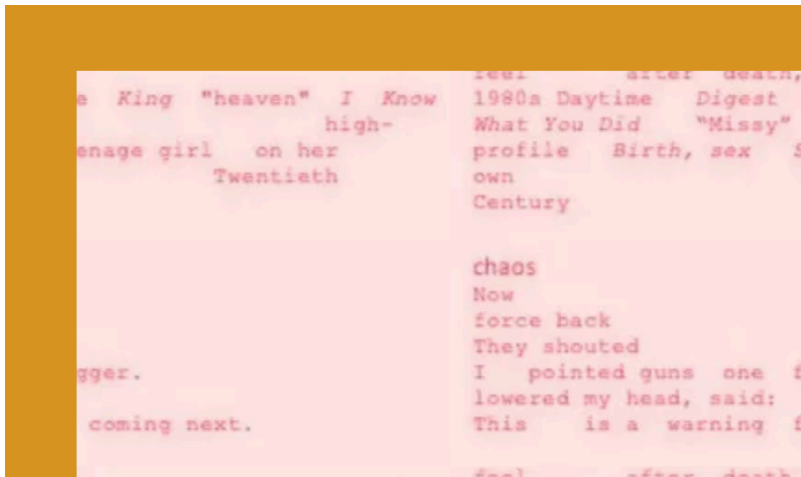


you know what to do

dare to leave the house



through the gift -to me- shop -4free-



world dies in a week

To help you hear deprived of
inappropriate notions
I present to you:

instructions for 'the actual interpretation of'

Blacking Out Her Fiery Crash

<https://www.inmediasresres.com/blackingout>

this gonna fuckkk u uppppp

please read instruction manual prior to proceeding

or jump right in, collaborator

[click me](#)

Guest Area

Please enter the password below.

password: crash

Go

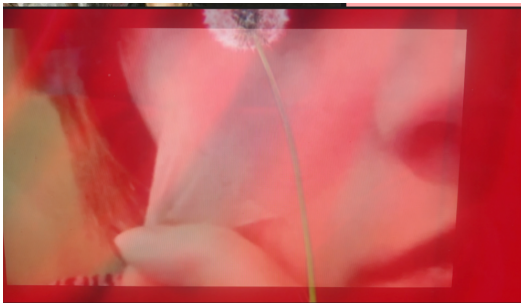
world dies in a week

This is my Ex-Jesus. Analytical explain it. How to embody the self from what is already has its place in the sun and own my words. words words words who owns words. western rules and words a story from a story carried with me in my heart. words in disorder a crime words don't work like suitcases in palms destruct.
No body, No one. You. I. They. She. He. We. words are waiting. play with me?



May we meet in another reality

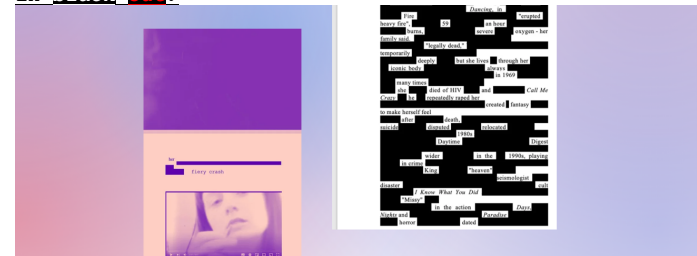
click on my face



click arrow + listen (1min)

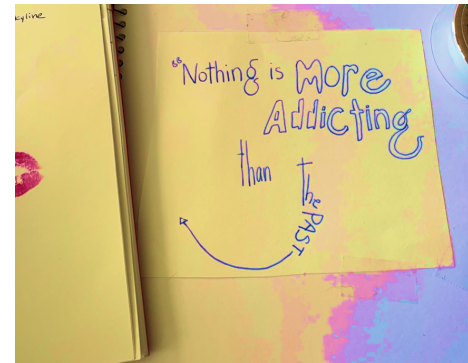
NEXT

Scroll down or... do you choose... to... get lost in black out?



Keep moving forwards

Oh, but



There are RULES to follow. (adhere to) not of 'English', but /; of approach^_.(Reproach?

'I remember only ideas and sensations'⁶

⁶ James Joyce