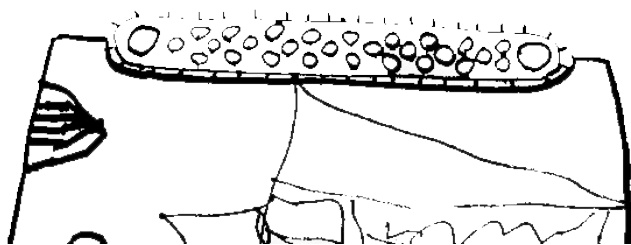
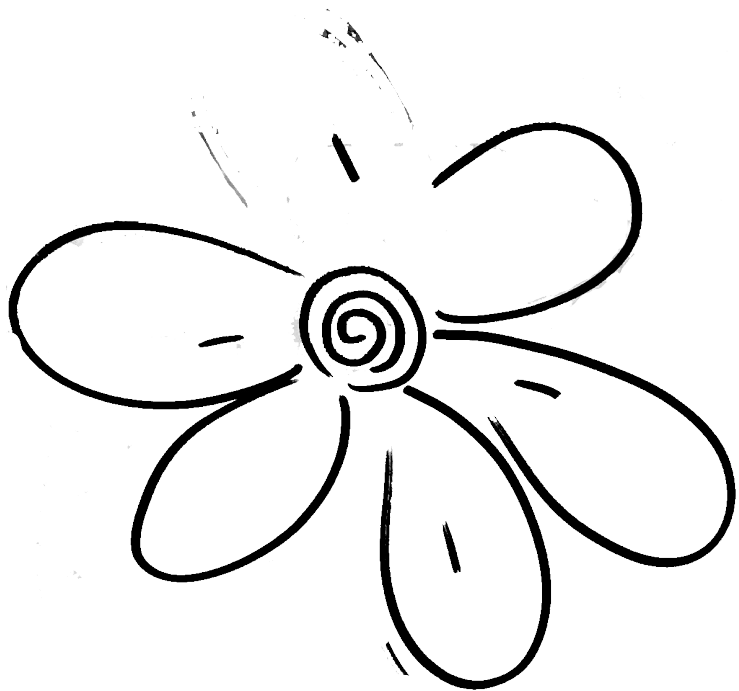


SO PUNISH
ME WITH A BAD
HIT DO







evolution

rêve →



I

R: Un color sólido me gusta más.

T: Por ejemplo, ¿verde pesto? ¿rojo pesto?

R: Rojo pesto estaría bien.

T: Rojo sangre de pescado.

R: Mirando la pantonera...

T: Qué momento más tauro. No elijas el rojo.

R: ¡Cáscara de huevo!

T: Sí, es buen color. Hueso.

R: Color garbanzo.

T: ¿Garbanzo marino o azul garbanzo?

R: Me acabo de dar cuenta: azul garbanzo es el color de mis sueños.

T: Sí.

R: ¿Qué opinas del pantone emerald?

T: Pantone médula osea.

R: ¿Pantone 877 C?

T: Yo ya me he bajado del color sólido. ¿Cómo ves una textura de metal?

Use Me
Dump Me
Crush Me
Melt Me

Use Me Again!



II

H: So punish me with a bad hairdo

S: ¿de verdad?

H: sí... algo sexy, divertido y torpe





What's a Fart, Actually?

Farts - also called flatus (say: FLAY-tuss) or (say: in-TESS-tuh-null) gas - are made of
When you eat, you don't swallow just you
also swallow air, which contains gases
NY-truh-jen) and oxygen (say: A
as you digest your food
side, the gas

III

AUSTERITY AND VOLUME
by Andrés González



INTRO

Love songs, as any other discursive realm of human reality remain subjected to an algorithmic condition. Language (and Love) might seem as a swampy terrain, but this is just a blatant prejudice. Human beings like to think that they live in a highly complex world, but everything is simple and clear, crystal clear, words are transparent. Let's go back for a moment to this "algorithmic condition" we mentioned earlier. Algorithms are normally related to computers and programming, they are often visualized as maps in constant expansion, constellations of perfect and flawless reciprocity. But here we are talking about a different type of algorithms, which respond to a different kind of expansion and inter-relatability. The algorithms that are effective in love song writing operate through "accumulation", not "expansion", this over-lapping effect occurs in a quite contained space-time frame. Like praying, love song writing is all about repetition. Repetition takes enunciation to a higher level: the practice of conjuring.

A set of elements is deployed, it all relies on the careful and virtuous combination of words to achieve what we call "linguistic transfiguration", this brief and strong phenomenon takes place when words stop being words and become "entities of reality". The emotional implications of this event are enormous. Emotional ecosystems & sentimental landscapes are produced.

Love songs are about achieving the perfect balance between AUSTERITY AND VOLUME.

PLOT

Two persons exchange a series of accidental affective interactions. They engage in a brief dialogue trying to explain these actions. Are these authentic acts? Or are they just a predictable output from inter-social configuration? Is there some kind of existential validity in the enactment of a cliché? Is it up to us to define if we are being authentic or not? Should we surrender ourselves to cheap sentimentalism and tackiness from time to time?

DIALOGUE

"This was a little bit inevitable."

"I don't know ... maybe we have been emotionally engineered!"

"..."

"For me it's quite seasonal... I can experience long periods of time in which I'm convinced that my acts are a perfect reflection of my thoughts. But then something changes, and my actions start to take distance from my thoughts, and they become independent phenomena. One of them functions mechanically and in an automatic fashion. The other one gets frustrated for this lack of reciprocity and starts a process of isolation. I tend to act compulsively or to compromise in vicious overthinking. It doesn't feel "wrong".

It's just a natural shift and it completely reshapes the way I deal with everything. For a few months my actions don't need any kind of validation, they are so self-explanatory that any kind of additional rumination would be excessive and redundant. But after, something happens and my thoughts become their own purveyors of truth. They don't need to be culminated as concrete actions. Only then I believe that my words communicate a certain degree of truth."

"So, what is your current emotional season?"

"Right now, I'm very much acting/doing-oriented. My head has been empty lately."

"..."

"Follow a certain path.
Draw a sense of trajectory
And follow it!
With actions or with words.
It doesn't matter: You don't have to feel embarrassed.
Everyone in this world is trying to do their best with what they have."

"Sometimes I really want to be ruthless with myself.
I want to write a few principles
You know?
Write them down in marble.
And follow them."

"You don't need to do that.
There's virtue in everything.
Even in easy-living."

"We all want authenticity. We want "exclusive fate". We want a unique configuration of events. All things cliché seem cardboard-y, Pre-fabricated. We should all be more humble. And recognize: That animals respond to their immediate context. Conduct is the outcome of a certain combination and sequence of stimuli. Humans respond to poor lighting & love-songs, and bright colors, and cute faces. What's wrong with that?"

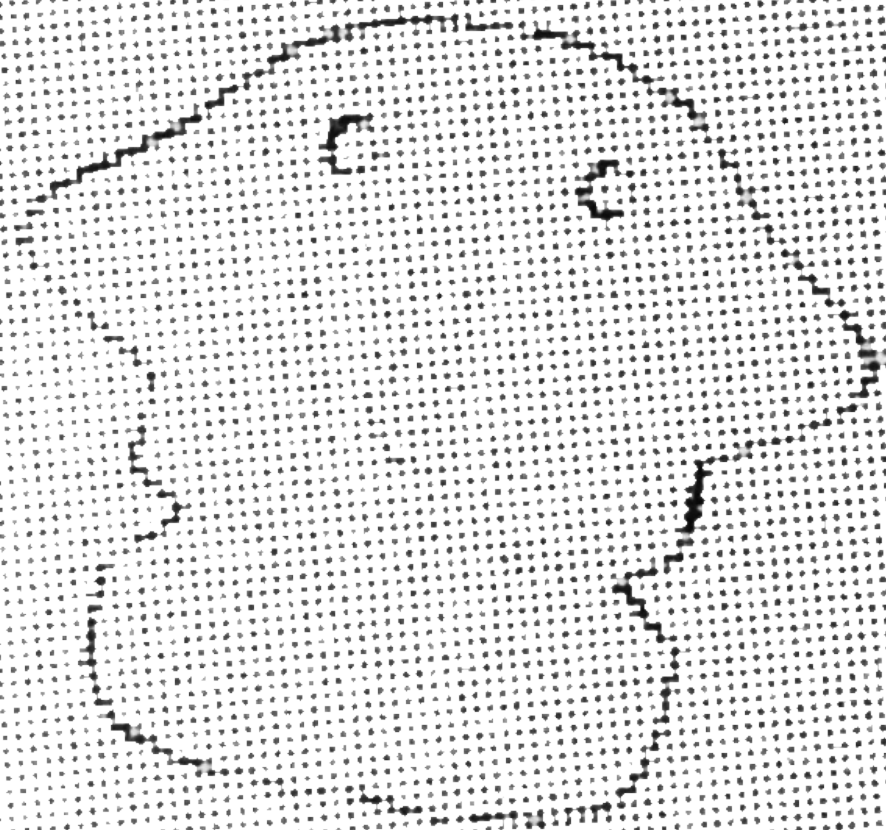
"Oh. This is so beautiful! It's just like humanity has come to an agreement! Love saves the day."

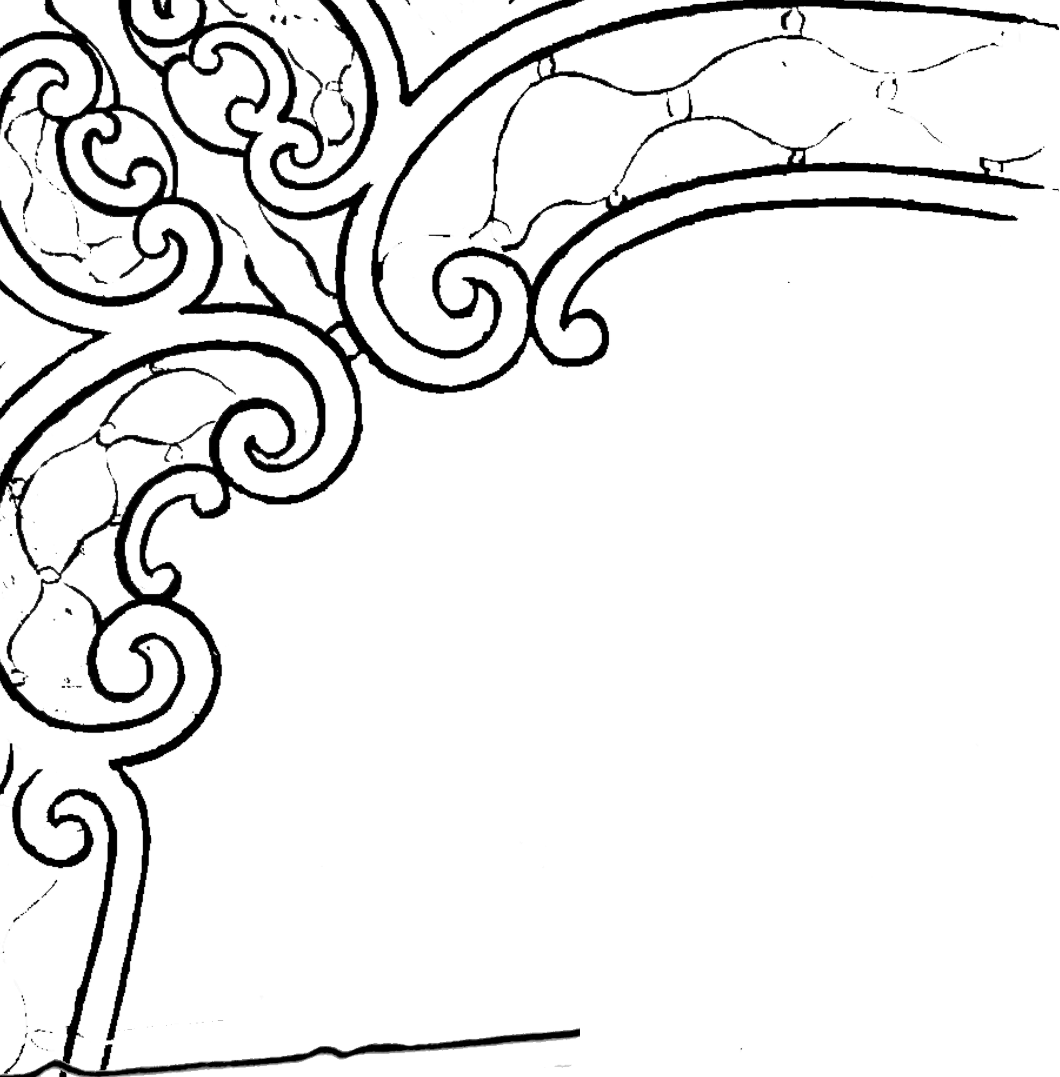
"I want to buy a Chihuahua dog with you and name it "fear and trembling"."

"This is so embarrassing. It feels so scripted."

HOW DO YOU LOCALIZE HUMOR?







**ABJECT
PASSIVE
MISERY**





abril, 2018.