



7 Days of Complementary Graphics
The Fleeting Choruses of Perry Shimon



7 DAYS OF COMPLIMENTARY GRAPHICS

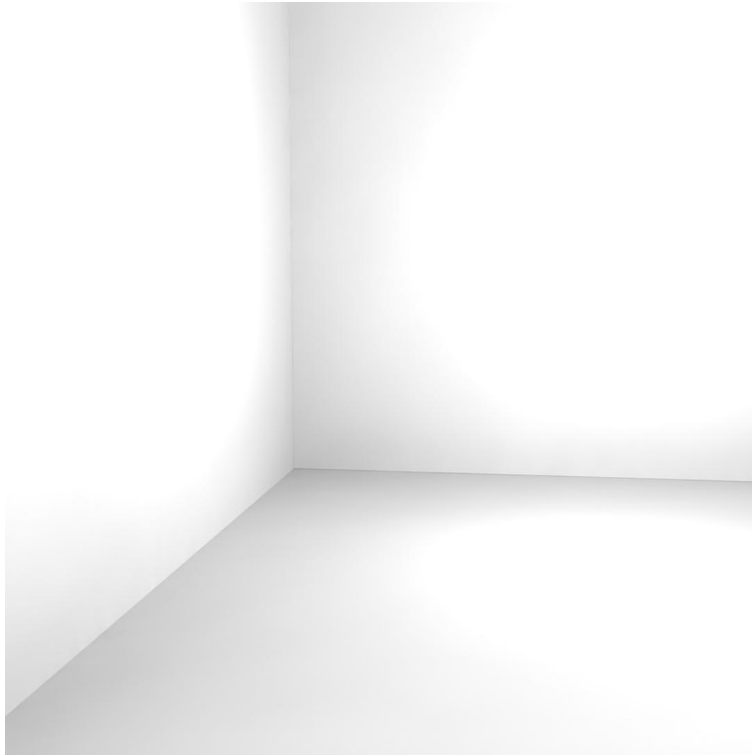
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Successfully added water freshness to the folder momday [sic]



I can't wait to see what this is



I can't see what this is



Harriet liked this one IRL in the library surrounded by older technology



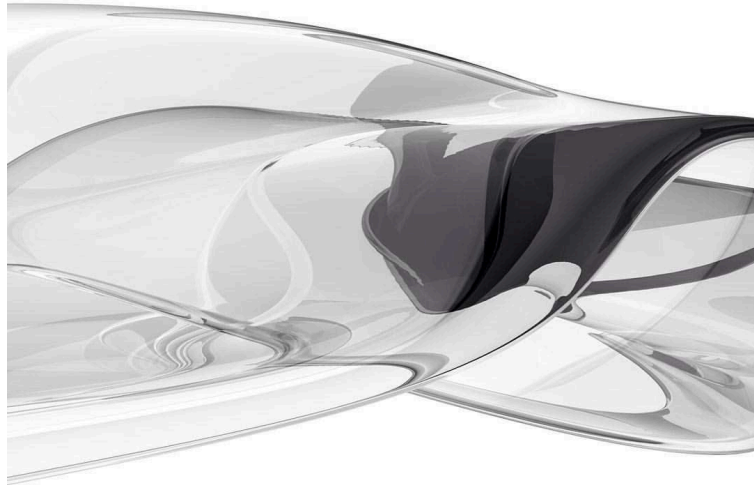
I can't point to this directly



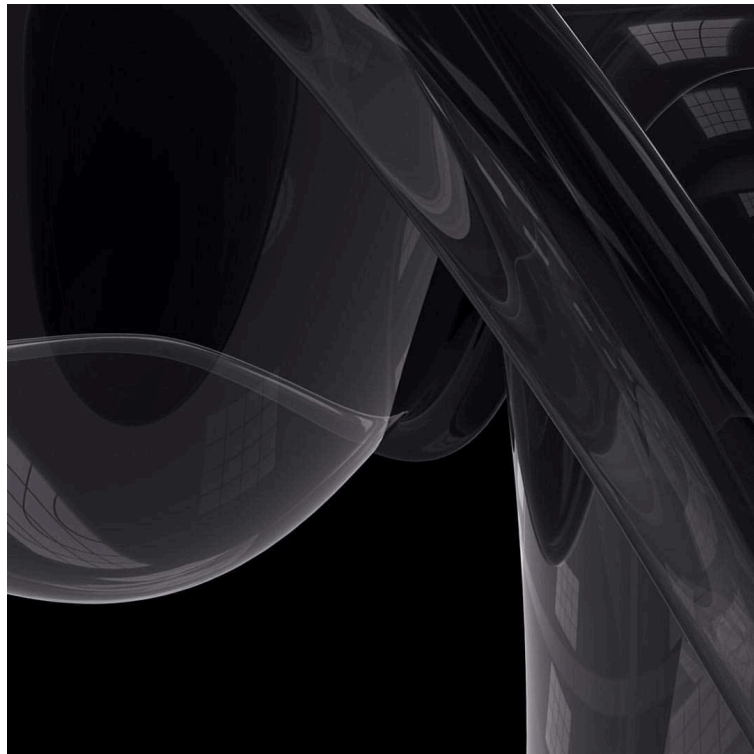
I googled how many people died in drone strikes today after how long do you boil potatoes



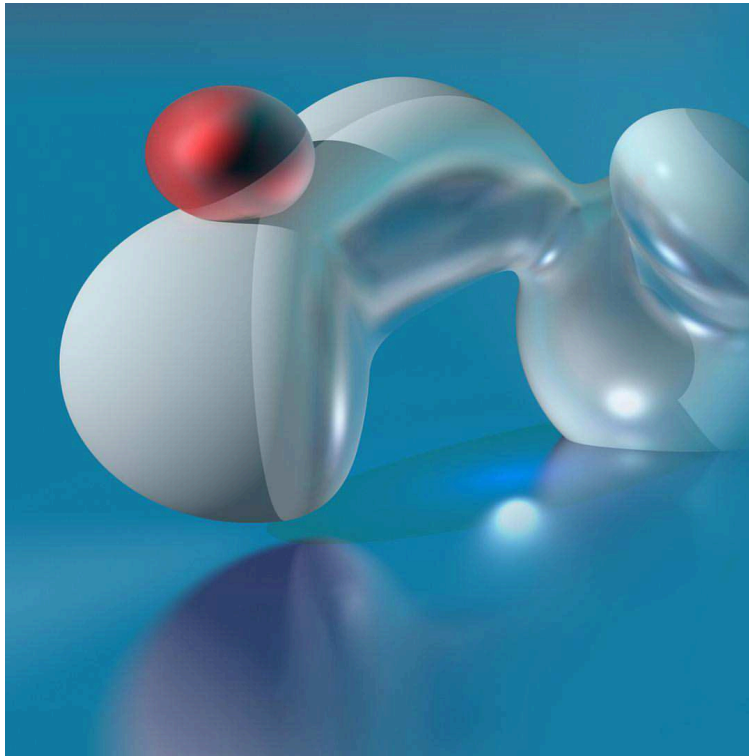
There were only a few results on graphicstock™ for Palestine; crosshairs, a Star of David and a dog wearing a keffiyeh



Can we update elegant glass thing to my advertising matrix?



Is there space between anything?



Splash a photon behind it



As I'm doing this ill-conceived project I'm accumulating expectations ever losing the present. A truly insta mediation is impossible, no? always already fleeting. The impulse to mediate and archive looms over every moment



You can't point directly at it



Decamping on human thought as apex of everything and the quantifiable value of 🐋 (whale emoticon / whale sign) we saw a half dozen breach from the Mesa with Persis on Monday and we threw little silver hearts at them

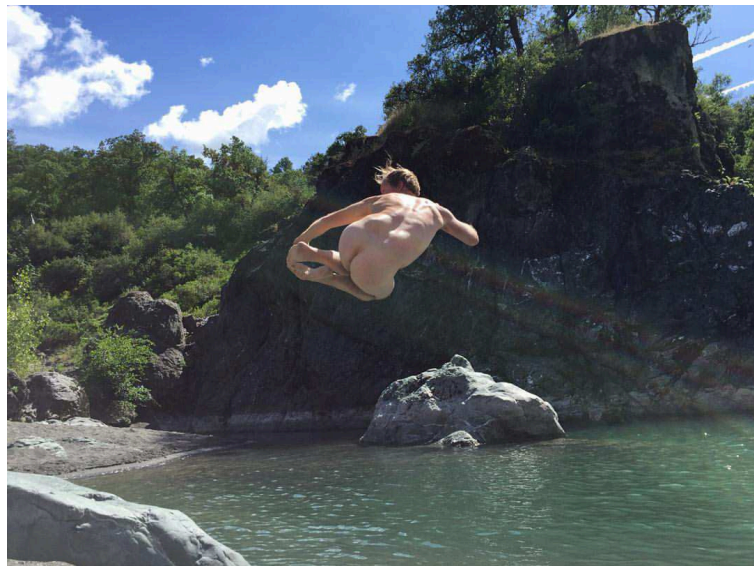


[A video tar that twitches and glitches and loops with anxiety]
Forthcoming Interlude: a series of pictures of beautiful people enjoying themselves in [#Nature](#)



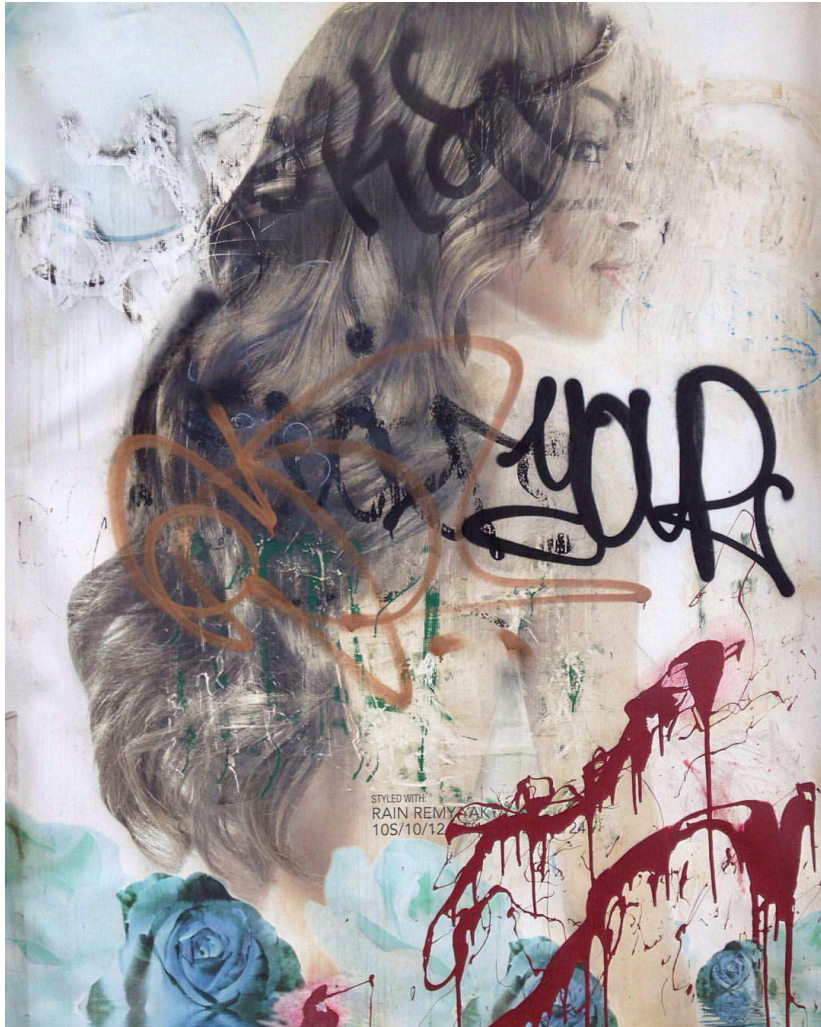














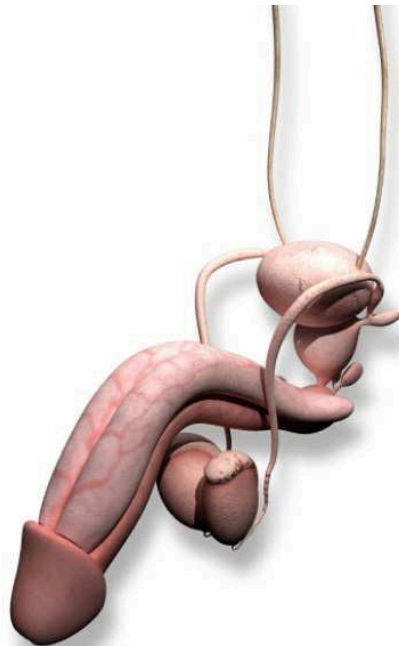




Where was I? Little a art temporary stock image subscription selections, metaphysical questions, existential blather?



An emerging market. I'm an embarrassment of non material riches. Is there a question in your mind today?



Do you believe? [#supremejubilees](#) (in the patriarch)



Are we asking the right questions?



New appointee to our flags and freedom committee. I haven't updated my hardware and emoji in a while and I feel like I'm unable to communicate richly or slow down time properly



What are we building out there behind these screens? In this overgrown jungle where vines creep in my door and feral cats scatter when I open the gates, I hold my phone idol up a little closer to the stars and wait intently while it sends our prayers up to space to explode like fireworks for everyone to see. I hold it like this because I pay for the cheap service from a Mexican bodega on an unlocked idol and sometimes the struggle makes me feel closer to the source

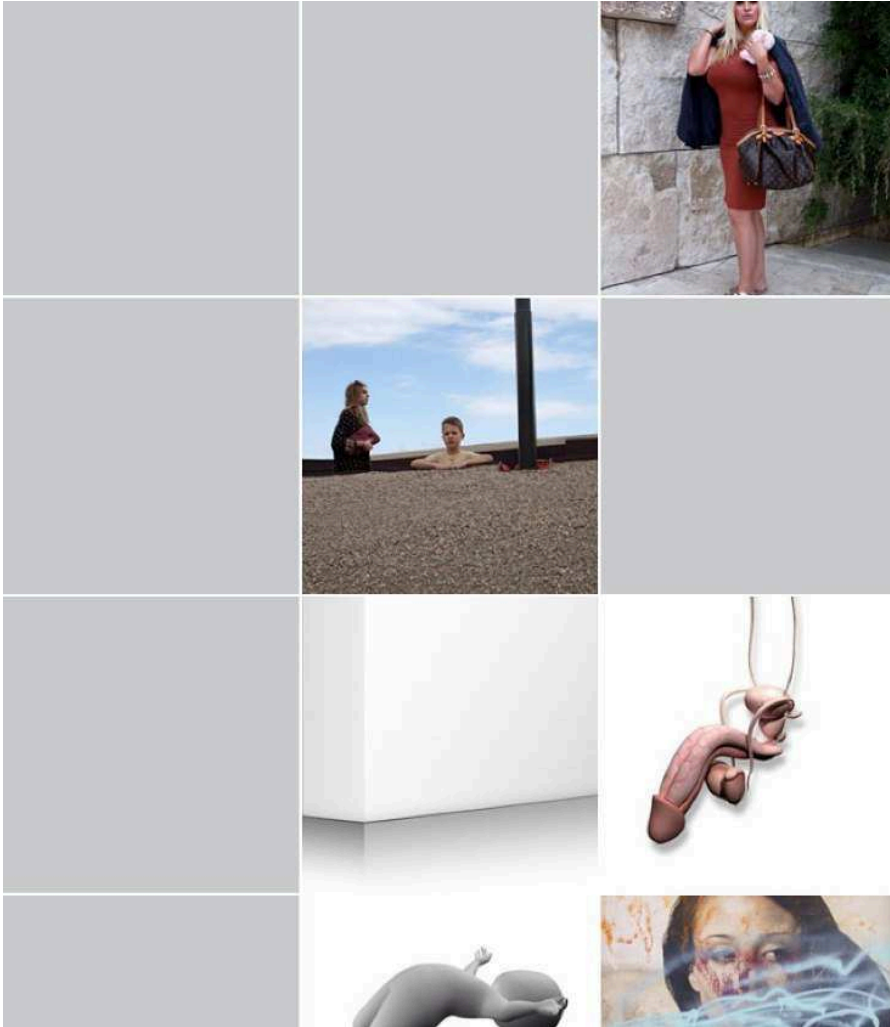




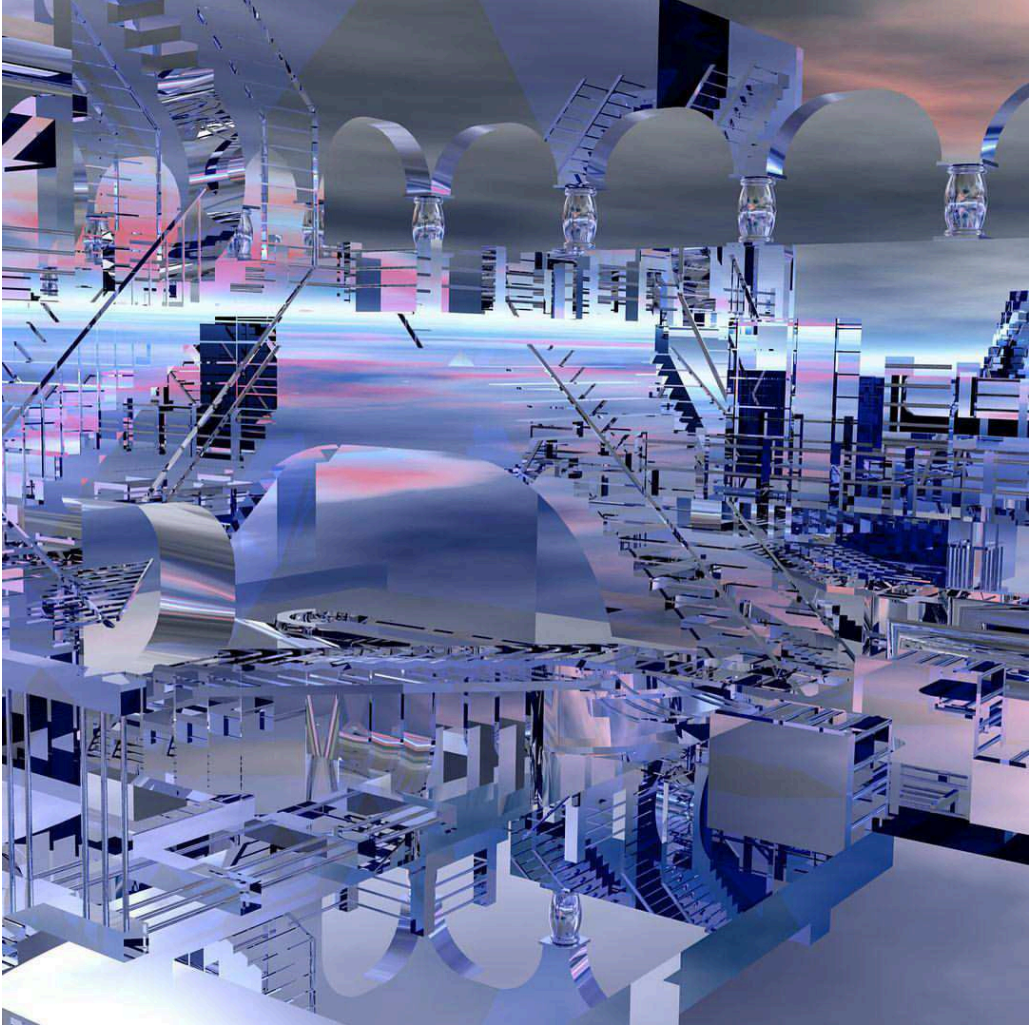


Today was gurus and missing limbs and people just wanting to feel different. Someone broke into the free box and StuArt repaired it #kintsukuroi with a painting he was making. Persis saged and we danced to xylophone music.





Only the hand that erases can write I'm missing the important things



I still have all these stock images and I still feel like a motherless child a long way from home #odetta



At some point in this project I've decided that 7 Days of Complementary Graphics would make an interesting book, moving these words and images into another dimension, a dimension (an aspect or feature of a situation, problem or thing) I think of as more dead and profitable over living, read only, or less read / write - temporally at least - dialogic, riddled with impedimenta like time, trees, Cultural gatekeepers, more slowly, constrained, forensic analysis where internet is somehow more alive, lighter on gravitas, stable archiving, edible compensation, a falter flatter ontology, immediately seized with expectations -! and self doubt #masaccio



So what now? Agnes of course. She deftly navigates her mother and I's irreconcilable differences. When she falls or gets hurts she tightens up and her face goes laconic, unintelligible, in a way that makes me feel scared and like she will do well in our world. From a very early age she's exhibited a protectiveness, a prefabs turbo preternatural protective almost maternal way towards me and for whatever reasons I call her mama and she calls me perry. Every week I greet her, almost nervous and pick her up so her cloud can wash over us and I breath at the crown of her head, the very epicenter of the unhorse universe

History Bookmarks People Window Help 5 [Icons] (49%) Fri 11

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Before you go, check out these images we think you'll like!



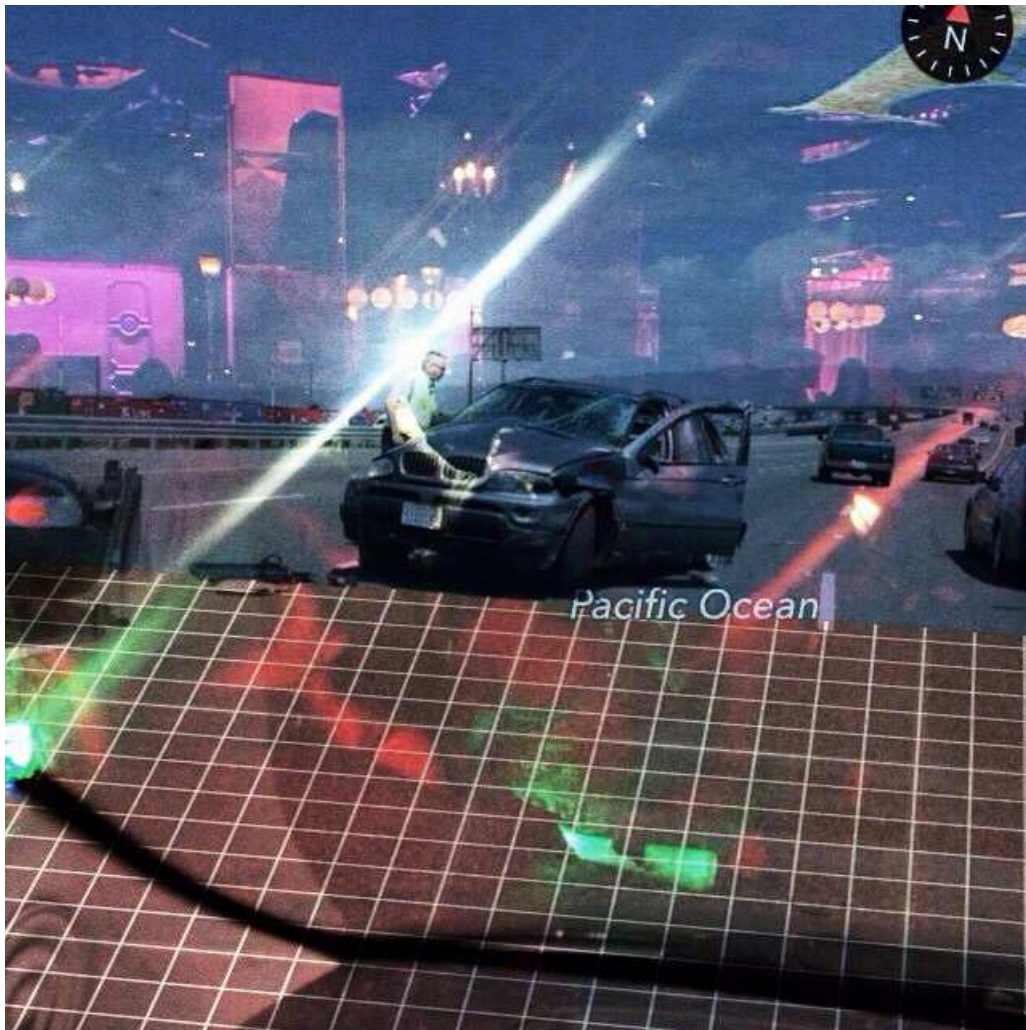
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I watch a short video of everyone in a small sugar town in Nicaragua die from kidney failure (my autocorrect wanted me to write the name of a California politician). A conversation with a handsome journalist with a radio show on American depravity. The Pulitzer Prize winning photos of refugees look like Louis Vuitton ads. An arms race of destitution. A creative class competing to render it most poetically.



I write with one Hans hand computer help Tallis seeping out filling this leaky moving enclosure satellites guiding my steering green and blue blurring past tongue feeling my teeth two giraffes painted on a barn a Latino girl making cheese a small church small correspondences from friends from space a somehow related algorithmically generated photo composite of a car wreck and a club called vanity

And then into the dappled redwoods strobing at velocity and flanked by turkey vultures.

Will the future Art give you a road map and soundtrack and directors commentary or an immersive higher dimensional multi sensory experience with clouds of olfactory stimulation™?



This part of this is set in a Greek diner in California where I wait for my car to be fixed. I watch the breakfast and lunch rushes behind my laptop and phone and then go a see sloppy Hollywood film about Tasmanian Ramanujan and cringe at the sentimental manipulations (of course my Real life is a series of emotionally heightened states with profound seeming occurrences scored by melodramatic music) and shiver in the air conditioning before going back into the hot bright ☀️ grid marked suburban parking lot. Back to the Greek diner for another homemade microwaved spanakopita and a woman who looks like my schizophrenic grandmother tells me to sit down quietly and brings me the food which I eat thinking about the brown underpaid chemical exposed wage slaves who produced this spinach and the poisonous oils it was cooked in and the shipping containers moving it around and the vast related mesh work of poetry (autocorrect) poverty and immiseration of which this hot / cold spanakopita is just one coordinate

hangs from a tree and kicks
passersby.

- **Umibōzu** - A giant monster appearing on the surface of the sea.

- **Umi-nyōbō** - A female sea monster who steals fish.

- **Ungaikyo** - A possessed mirror.

- **Ushi-no-tokimairi**

- **Ushi-oni** - A name given to an assortment of ox-headed monsters.

Loom lol look at all these words? We just say book and I start dancing around like little fez and cymbaled monkey crashing out worlds words for entertainment with my tiny computer instrument



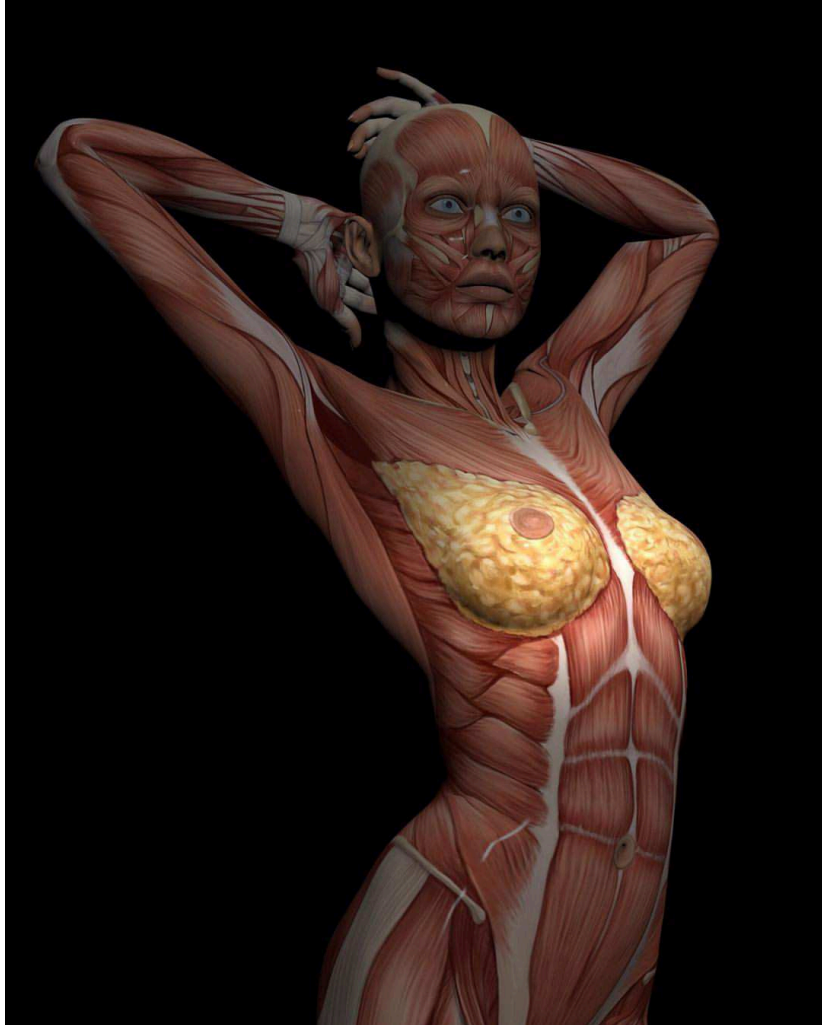
I'm waiting here by David Lynch and Lykke li comes on alphabetically after I only have eyes for you by the flamingoes reconstituted by oneohtrix point never. I'll include these details for when it comes time to make the film version



A pretty woman walks by and smiles at me and I take off my headphones. She is saying something that sounds like thank god I'm a Buddhist and then something totally unintelligible about the usda and then the police come in but not necessarily in that order. It reminds me of being at Payne Whitney as a teenager, the psychiatric ward on the upper east side where I could see my apartment from the window and how I'd walk the shiny beige reflective lemon scented corridors with my headphones on watching everyone interact in a way one could describe as normal and how when I took off my headphones I realized everyone was saying things that one could describe as really not really normal at all and this picture is black and white with a filter on it



Right nowish I'm media(t)ing an article in the New Yorker on a reality show called ultra rich Chinese girls of Vancouver, Koestenbaums humiliation, GregJacksonBenLerner, several fashionable identitation treatises, serres' parasite, hito steyerl, godaddy Hidatsa godards histoire(s) du cinema, some NorCal distilled Japanese koans, a Ceylan film I saw before and forgot, gangculture, Tim Morton lectures (this should be first), tinder profile bios, classical radio, terry Eagleton, Nicolas jaar sets, artisanal farm to table menus, old Greek men flirting with young chubby girls eating club sandwiches, banner advertisements, operating system updates, mbongwana star featuring konono no 1



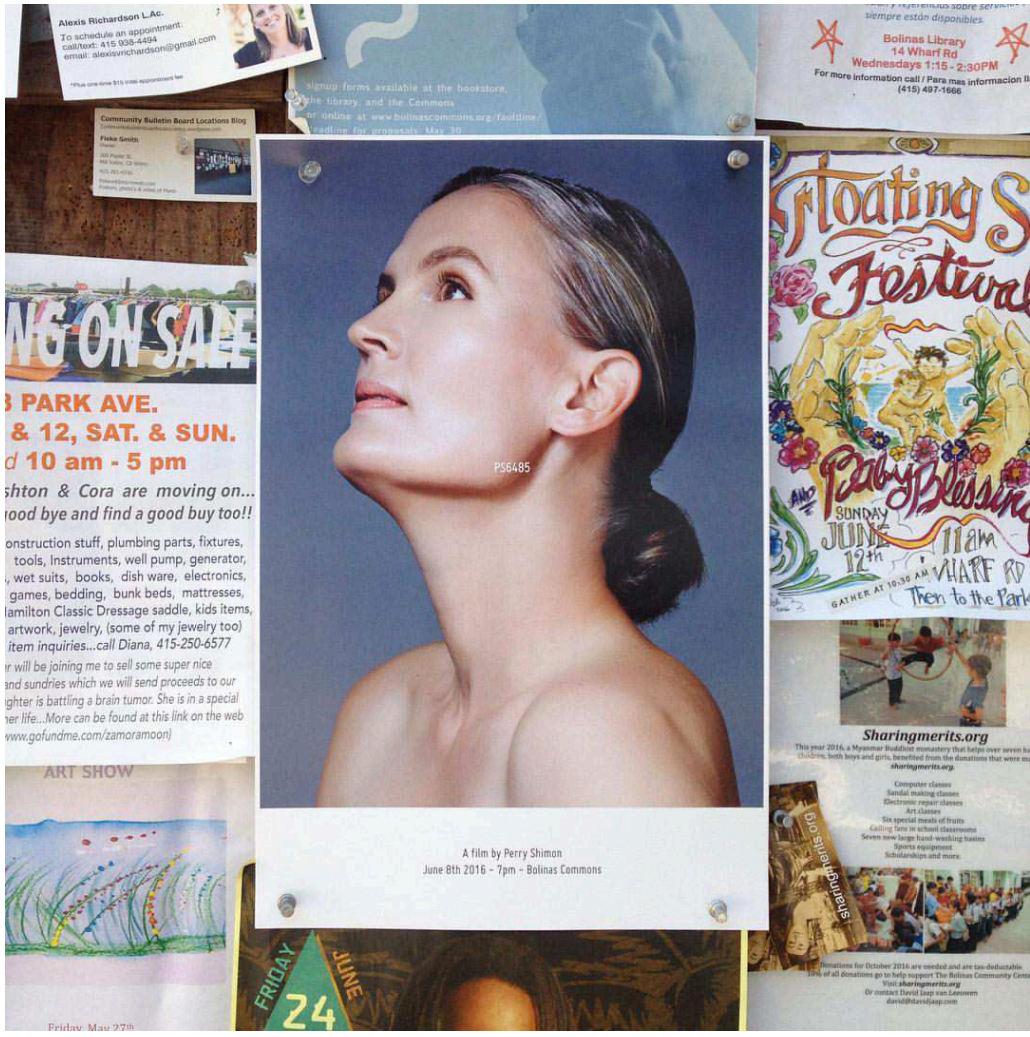
To be try to be reconciled and quiet thanks from a few I love is mostly what I want from this



We're out of the Greek diner now where the man drove his car through the window via trash can where the black man was sitting and we came back for the other spanakopita after the overly sentimental air conditioning and the window was already replaced



When my camera is full I shoot from inside the social media and that let's me squeeze in a few more images and when I shoot them it does one version and then there is a lag and then it saves another version - a different shot - from a second later and in the short lag I screenshot the first fleeting image - like this one - which is otherwise lost. This is what remains marked with the applications hieroglyphs



I'm screening a film I made on Wednesday at the commons. I would be happy to see you there.

Marshalsea. Most of the animals now dying in the sixth mass extinction will leave no fossil trace.

Scientists created transparent wood and lightweight black gold. A pig's heart was kept beating in a baboon's abdomen for 945 days. A Seattle turtle was treated for a buoyancy disorder in a hyperbaric chamber. Rising levels of oceanic CO₂ are silencing snapping shrimps. The WIV1-CoV virus, present in Chinese horseshoe bats, is ready to infect humans. The head of the Bird Strike Prevention Office at Changshui Airport warned of the proliferation of black wattle. The forehead of the sperm whale is specialized for ramming combat. Britain's ex-first sea lord disapproved of naming a new royal polar-research vessel *Boaty McBoatface*. Baltimoreans would pay an average of \$7,875 to repair a large central facial defect. There is a universal Not Face. ■

*se work is on view at the Ruth and Elmer Wellin Museum of Art in
ourtesy the artist and James Cohan Gallery, New York City.*

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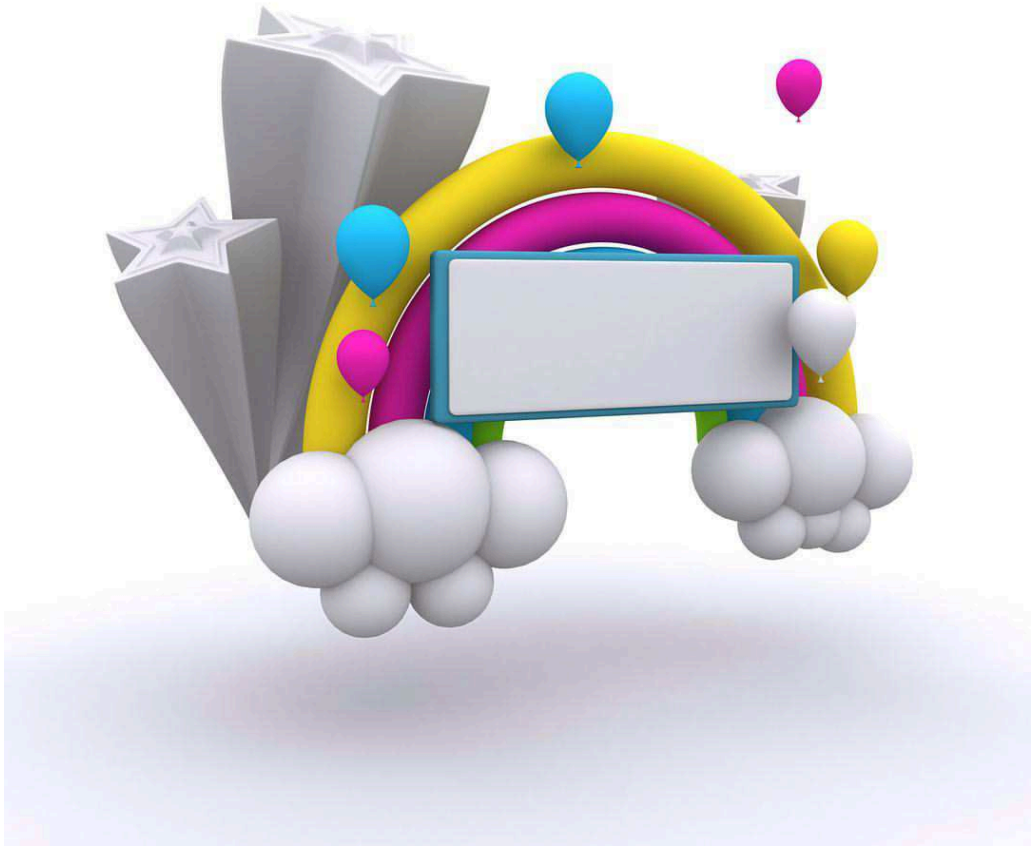
I bought a hot bike from a man with hands praying tattooed on his hand. It was a cover up of a past lovers name and it reminds him to speak to god every day.



As this is now pregnant with expectation and ore toons pretensions towards memoir lets let the small computer run an application randomly choosing and blending photos from a library painstakingly maintained to accommodate new memories.



Pasolini Jesus in my roasted potatoes. A Haeckel radiolarian hole in a Folsom leather daddys abdomen. A spirit of a World War II-era girl who haunts school restrooms and a theoretical model for a non-repressive civilization and superconsciousness. A possessed vegetable grater almost porcupine-like in sincerity and DIA de los neutrons day of the dead Joan of arc and suicidal Vegas hotel rooms on the paradise road to the porn oscars. Join us. Godard that old codger says SMS means save my soul — 📍 at The Legion of Honor Museum



I met a man who works for boutique satellite imaging company that does artisanal humanitarian surveillance and I asked him for more information and maybe some glitches which he emailed over and asked me not to publish unless I go through the proper channels in their artist residency program.



Our Doves, which make up the world's largest constellation of Earth-imaging satellites, are launched in Flocks and provides a whole-Earth dataset that is unmatched in its breadth and freshness.

Planet's imagery is more than meets the eye - it's a dataset that keeps getting better.

And it means building time sliced mosaics

Our frequent, broad-coverage imagery is ready to support your humanitarian, environmental, and business needs.

Planet data supports any industry that manages geographically-distributed, high-value assets.

Make well-informed decisions faster with global situational awareness and same-day competitive intelligence

Downloading even a small fraction of the world to process it and extract valuable information will be prohibitive for most use cases.

Our recommended approach for any automated processing of imagery is to "bring the algorithms to the data."

A "mosaic" refers to a composite of multiple Planet Labs scenes into a single layer. Each mosaic is composed of many GeoTIFF "quad"s, generated at zoom level 15.

a single RapidEye Level 3A orthorectified image

a Python library that finds locations where there are deep stacks (multiple overlaps) of imagery by clustering the location of GeoJSON polygons.

A tileserver URL that can be used to view the mosaic on a web slippy map.

Descartes is using their own computer vision and machine learning techniques to analyze tons of Planet Labs and other satellite imagery, recognize patterns, and make insanely accurate agricultural predictions.



Maximal Rectangle is a Python library that includes two functions. First poly-intersect creates GeoJSON of the intersection of multiple polygons. Second, max-rect calculates the axis-aligned rectangle of maximal area that is inscribed within a polygon.

how do we leverage the cloud to do huge image processing?

walt disney quotes sickly programmers inspirational stock music and messianic CEO proclamations

As Planet's "Grand Commissioner", I'm happy to report that all eight satellites are happily making their way through our automated commissioning process.

[Soyuz] Launch of Bion-M Capsule on Russian Soyuz 2-1A Rocket

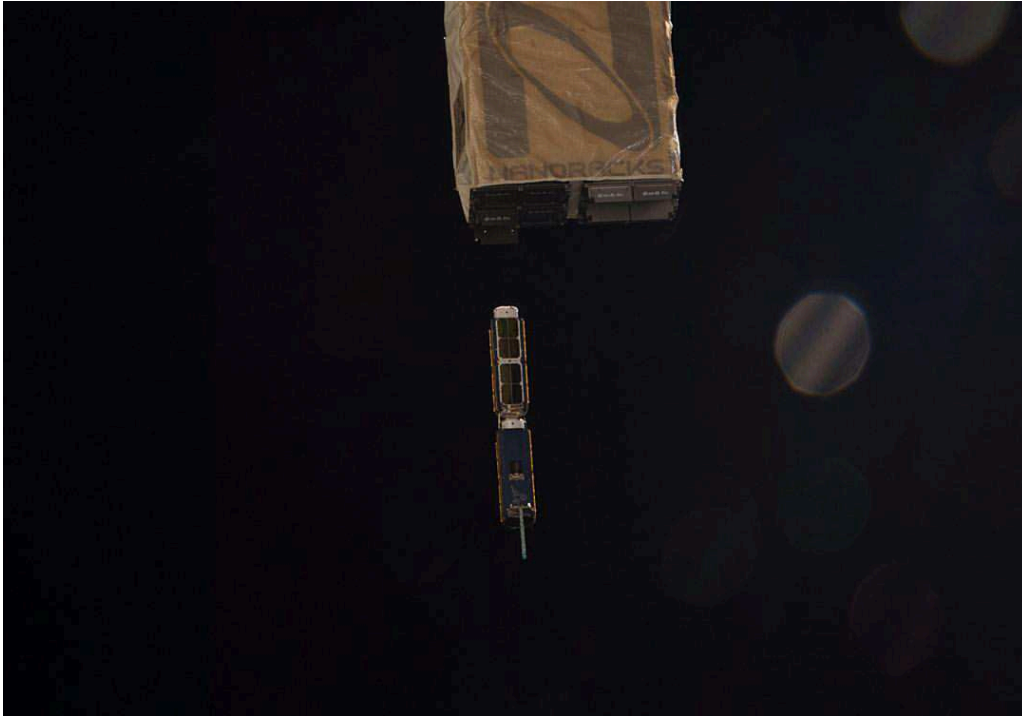
Esoterra is our fully-integratable, cloud-based solution that catalogs and maps unexplained fringe events and areas of unique, supernatural interest. In just one week, we've successfully captured and orthorectified over 5 million square kilometers of enigmatic Earth imagery including: haunted amusement parks, mysterious islands, and ancient alien geoglyphs.

From Space to Table - Tech in Your Vegetables

Clouds are a reasonably good reference for white, especially when they're not completely saturated.

'Six Reasons Satellite Imagery Trumps Drone Imagery in Agriculture'

I know I speak for all at Planet when I say we're excited to call Descartes Labs a partner



The first major Planet.org initiative is the [#LoveEarth](#) campaign and Facebook page for planet Earth. We've pledged 1%.

Planet's vision is to use space to help life on Earth. And now, I'm excited to announce that Planet Labs is joining other companies in committing to the Pledge 1% campaign, a "corporate philanthropy movement dedicated to making the community a key stakeholder in every business."

Ad astra!

a montage of stock time-lapse and inspirational music and an older white man opening with the provision of actual factual technology and information to each of us informs and improves both our decision making but even more importantly the actions that we take as fellow citizens of the world.

According to Descartes, our global, high-frequency imagery will help them refine their analysis for U.S. crops

A Dove captured water scarcity outside Alamata, Ethiopia. Irrigated fields prosper, others falter.

Dubai Creek is home to a number of high-rises, marinas, and golf courses.

This morning, a Dove slipped quietly over the epicenter of the Hiroshima attack and snapped this picture: The image was tucked in memory for a little over five hours, and then downlinked to a web-enabled ground station.

Seventy years ago, flying fortresses flew over Japan and obliterated hundreds of thousands. This morning, a dove took their picture as the Peace Bell rang.

In the cart view, you can review the scenes that you've added, remove any that you don't want, and click "place order" when you're ready.

From a cosmonaut's point of view, our Doves slowly tumble away into space.



The biggest beneficiaries of this acquisition are our customers – who will be able to receive more data and, with Planet’s automated platform, acquire it with unprecedented speed and ease.

Right now, eight of our Dove satellites are packed in their NanoRacks deployers on SpaceX’s Dragon Capsule. We’re calling these satellites “Flock 1f”

SF’s own crowdsourced fashion retailer, designed a capsule collection using our satellite imagery.

CubeSats are this season’s hottest accessory. Avanti, Operations Extraordinaire, models the Lake-Print Perfect Dress.

Today, we are excited to announce that we have closed our Series C financing at \$118 million with the International Finance Corporation (IFC), a division of the World Bank Group, being the lead investor in the 2nd closing. This gives Planet the capital to scale our satellite constellation, to support business development, sales, and to develop our data products.

A little background: on October 28, 2014, twenty six of our Flock 1d Doves were lost in the Antares explosion.

This deployment series validates our iterative approach to satellite design/manufacturing, and more importantly, pushes us one step closer to our primary goal: to image our entire planet every day.

Advania’s Mjöllnir Data Center, named for Thor’s hammer.

This year, Planet Labs will be creating a “warm” backup our data at Advania’s Thor Data Center, which uses GreenCloud’s platform. Beyond the redundancy that this partnership enables, Iceland is attractive for another reason: it is working toward a regime of strong governmental protections for data that many hope will make it a “Switzerland of Data”. That in turn, is bringing many new customers to this remarkable country, driving further efficiencies. And it’s helping companies like ours ensure that our data will be available to the world no matter what.

Remember: these images and others in the gallery are licensed under creative commons. Freely share, use, and remix these images to express yourself, develop useful tools and draw new insights.



These mountains in southern Kyrgyzstan are home to radioactive dumps—the product of former Soviet uranium tailing mines. Today the region is labeled as one of the world's critically polluted areas.

Tankers unload crude oil and take on refined products at the sprawling Mailiao Refinery. The refinery produces everything from gasoline to synthetic fibers.

A fire burns through a field in Toshka, Egypt where corn, grain, and feed crops are produced.

Just north of Odessa, Texas, thousands of well pads draw from oil- and gas-rich shales below. This resource rich area, known as the Midland Basin, is one of the United States' most historically important oil and gas regions.

About 80,000 people reside in the Zaatari Refugee Camp, a small percentage of the millions of refugees who have fled Syria. The camp continues to evolve, as tents erected in 2012 are replaced by semi-permanent structures.

In the middle of Table Bay lies the isolated Robben Island, the infamous prison (now a World Heritage Site) where Nelson Mandela was incarcerated for 18 years.

Bright gas flares spew black smoke in Iraq's Rumaila Oil Field. Satellites & orbiting astronauts can see these gas flares across the region—day and night.

Two high-output power plants line the Ohio River in Western Pennsylvania. White steam rises from the Beaver Valley Power Station (lower center); a nuclear generating station capable of powering one million homes. Smaller plumes rise from the Bruce Mansfield Power Station (upper right), one of the nation's largest coal plants.

Plumes of condensed steam rise from these industrial facilities near Hulun Buir, Inner Mongolia. The fields and pastures of the region are transforming rapidly as gasification plants are built to convert local coal reserves into power, natural gas, petrochemicals, and liquid fuels.

As part of the Global Resilience Partnership, convened by the Rockefeller Foundation and USAID, Planet will help the people of the Sahel, Horn of Africa and South and Southeast Asia build more resilient futures.

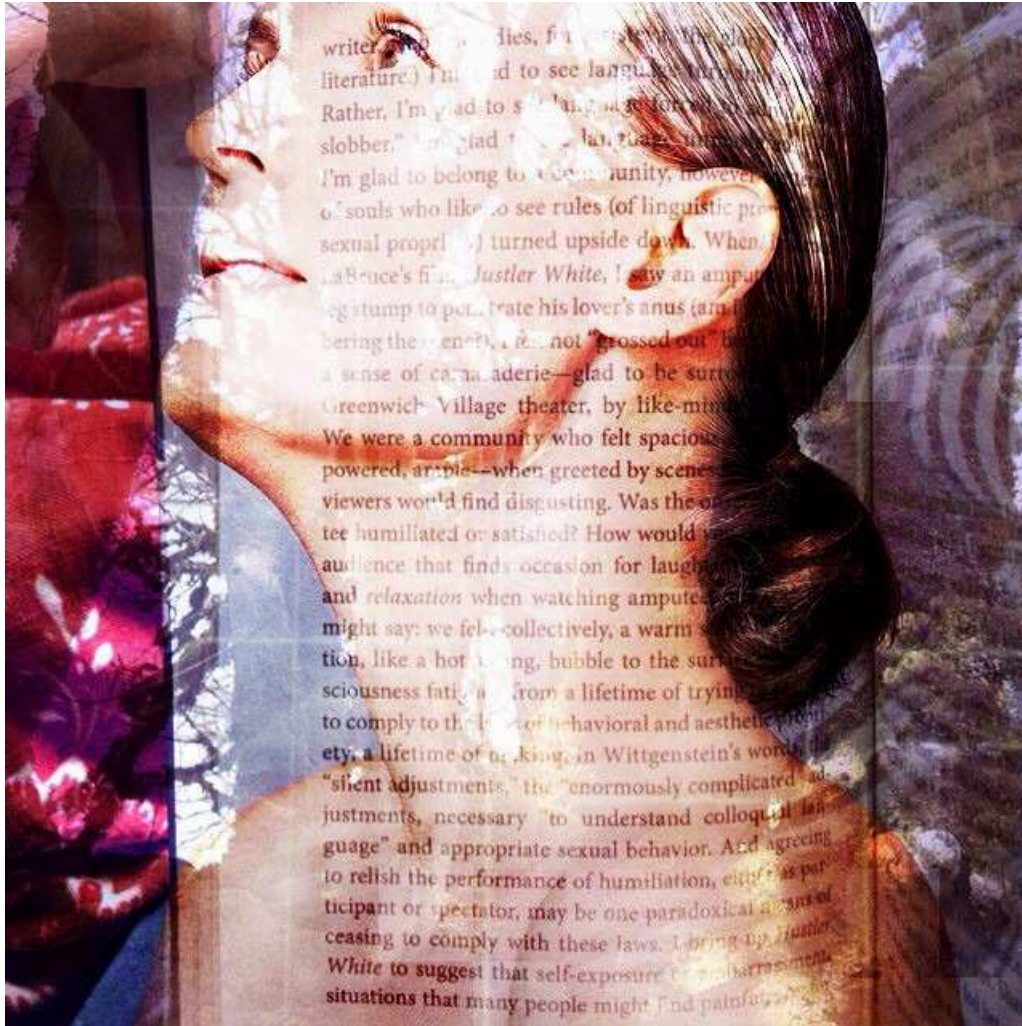




I'm in a marriott now again waiting for my car to be fixed again. They call and tell me it's going to cost something I can't afford. The guy is taking advantage of me and I don't have the whatever is necessary to haggle with him so I leave. Agnes doesn't feel like seeing me right now. I go into a hospice thrift store and try on some flamboyant women's clothing saying things to myself like well if I took out the shoulder pads... Nasty looks from old women with crosses around their necks and Latino men avoiding my eyes. I've cried three times since the biggest mass shooting in us history at a gay Puerto Rican nightclub in Orlando by a closeted Muslim man with a name that makes me think of warm light blue water. I get a \$100 parking ticket while I'm inside wearing an Eileen fisher blouse across from the Puerto Rican restaurant where I felt it was somehow appropriate to go. I've started and stopped nearly everything today and can't seem to connect the dots in any meaningful way. When I first heard the news it took me ten minutes to discern what had happened through the generalized disaster reporting, thoughts and prayers. It was the day we bless the babies in our beautiful village and I was driving to pick up Agnes from a horse stable near the land that Star Wars built. Everything feels totally pointless and horribly depressing — [📍 at Walnut Creek Marriott](#)



I've had a sinus pressure headache since returning from a festival at a vineyard in Sonoma named after a misappropriated Native American word. The pressure was so bad I screamed in my car coming over the mountain and bought some homeopathic tablets that did something like throwing a stone at a hurricane. It was filled with drunk white people and I knew it was totally offensive before I googled it and found an excerpt from an e book called the ethno-geography of the Pomo and neighboring Indians volume 6 and a google suggestion for a predictive misappropriation of my search leading me to Chinese touch screen DVD players for cars. One woman barely able to stand, holding her phone camera took photos sequentially in sloppy 90 degreeish increments for whatever reason. Another woman interrupting our conversation pointed at some geese in a turquoise man-made pond in front of crepuscular homogenized rows of monocultured grapes extending out over the landscape like some horrible Nature version of identical suburban tract housing and said omg look at those ducks, that's so beautiful you could just drop a fucking meme on it. There's a film about Anthony weiner that's starting in 5 minutes that I'm not going to. I eat dinner, flirt with a girl who ends up being in high school (barefoot in galaxy spandex, crumb, lachaise, botero, Venus de Willendorf), say goodnight to Agnes, go to a bar with my name, make out with a slightly older girl of similar stature autocorrect statute, walk her to a deli where she says some off-color remarks to the guy from Hyderabad skyping with his cousin in Missouri, drive home and an owl swoops in front of my car. I stop, get out, walk up to it on a power line, it's silo hurts silhouette emerges from the black in the rhythm of my hazard lights, looks at me, I think, and flies away silently. 102 unanswered text messages, 30 spotify weekly recommendations, all the artists on yossi Milo's website, the rest of Bluets, part of prodigals at a chain bookstore, and dark ecology arrives at the library.



I need a media rinse. Like a Phil Collins remix that loops if you feel it, do it. You don't need a reason. I see all the things, say all the things. The milky oolong in the imperial court makes me a loquacious mother-fucker. I have to be more judicious with my autocorrects. Loquat pious. We take the ferry to see a big private art collections show about collectors collecting and showing off their collections and talk about our times with Mexican jails, aged beat poets, militant rehabilitation cults, licensing deals, famous friends, knife fighting classes with San Quentin guards. We see the weiner film and *The Lobster*, a kind of Greek tragedy.



I miss my friends

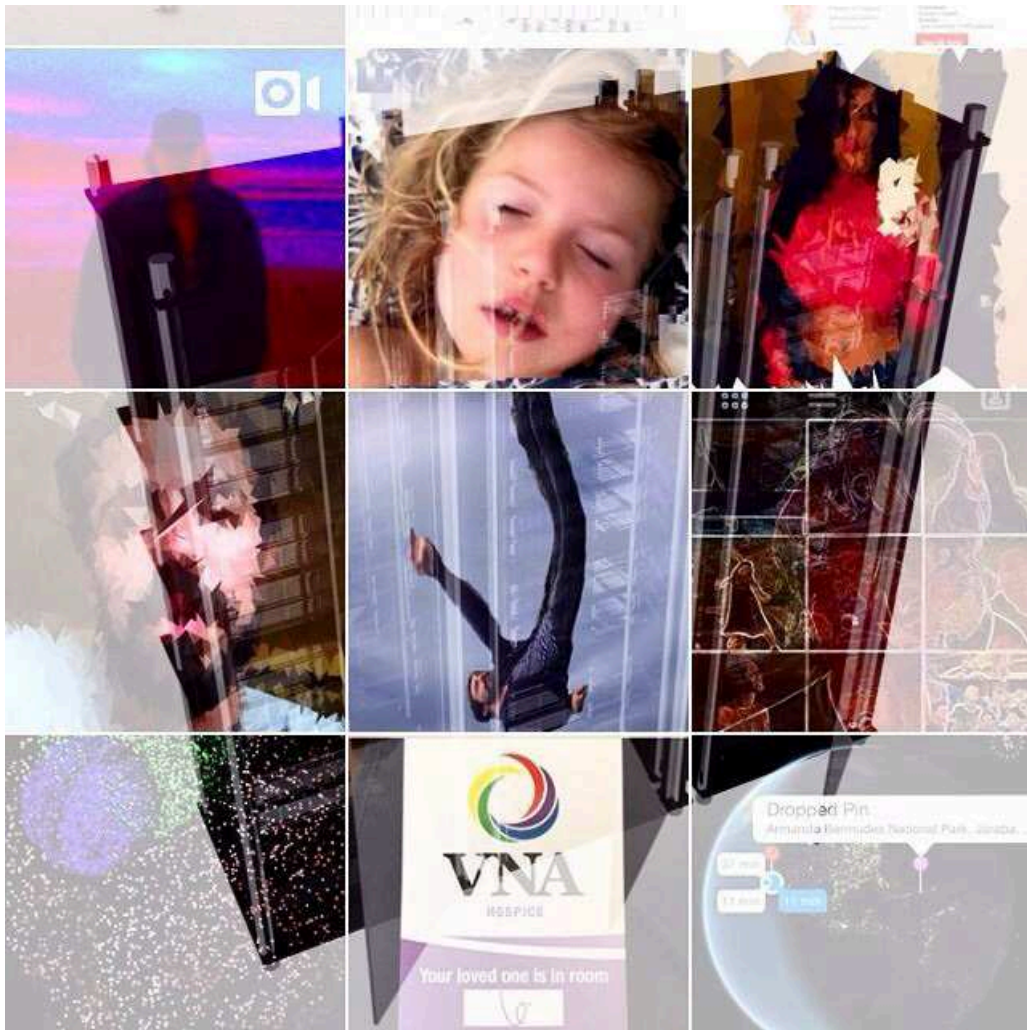


simulacraycray
Sahiwal Deli

3w



simulacraycray is swahili 4 hunger



Right now I'm media(t)ing this article on the digital age in nyrb which reviews 6 books already ancient in internet time from university presses and I've ordered 4 of them from the library and pressed for time: the acceleration of life in digital capitalism and mood and mobility: navigating the emotional spaces of digital social networks are already bored in my hot little hands, a juke and footwork playlist of mostly the late DJ rashad, fassbinders Ali: fear eats the soul, documentaries on Detroit and Derrida, a tarkovsky film I'm embarrassed I haven't seen yet, some mold perhaps in this old cabin, vines growing in to the house, a stereolab song I heard playing in a music store in Oakland, a piece on Judith butler and the perforating performative nature of gender, the list of performers from the garden of memory, a woman I met in the peoples plazas Instagram, lerners polish rider, a large but finite tumblr that links to other tumblrs of images that bleed together into a chorus of discomfort and dissonance I may be slowly atoning or attaining or attuning or tuning into or turning into, a matrix of airfare fares, a thing Jules said to me about how it's become impossible to twist that dragons tail of transgression, shintaro sakamoto, a scar on my leg from a champagne bottle that broke a pipe in my teenage pocket thrown by a friend in the marines that I didn't call back when he was visiting Sonoma wineries with his new family, the embroidery on a rayon blouse with too many buttons and the presale ticket information for the house of babes big queer pride party



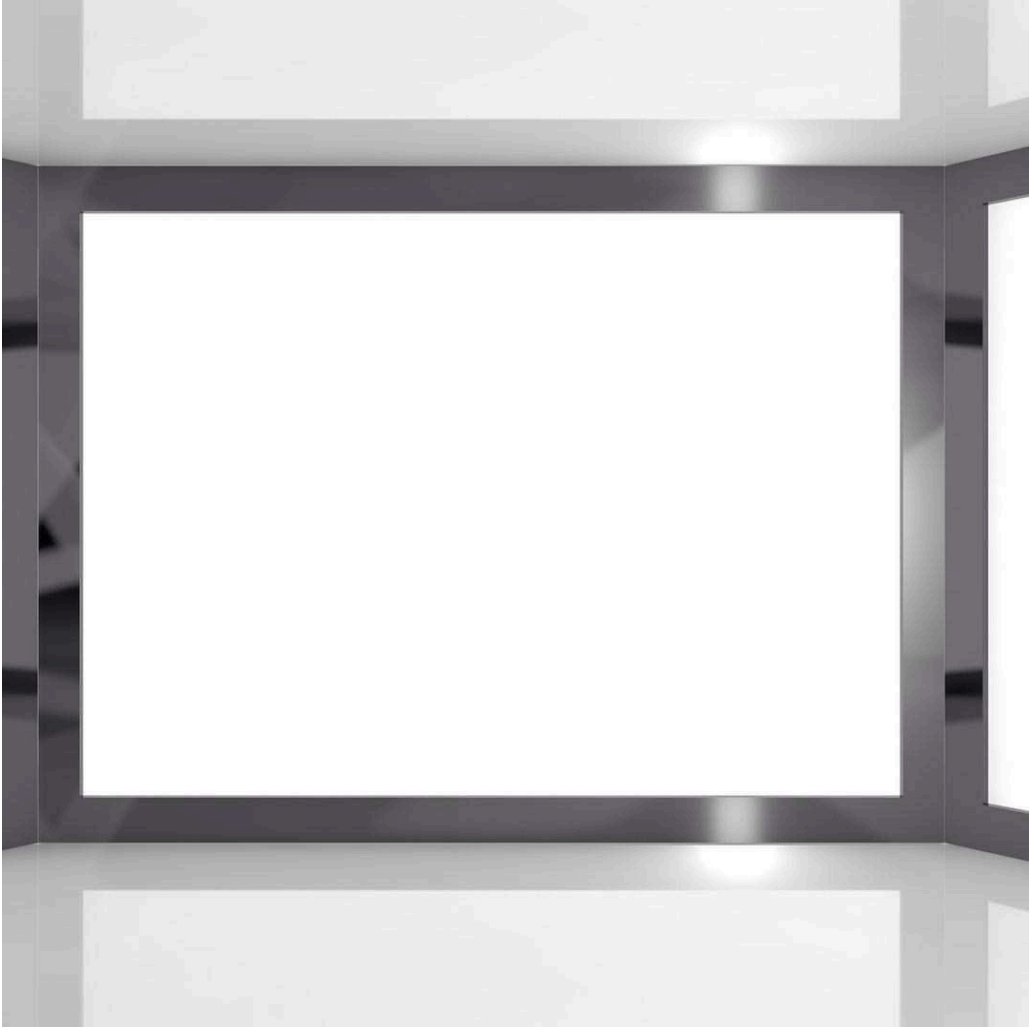
Summer solstice and we eat at a closed restaurant that opens for locals and everyone pays what they can into a big soup pot by the door. Afterwards a group walks to the ocean and others are thinking the same thing and soon we're a larger group, singing, howling, watching the moon rise, with seals, herons in the channel, feeding in the moonbeams.



And I've smoked some weed from a pipe handed to me and I get a flash of street corner in Manhattan and latent anxiety and settle into a slow shy time where Agnes grows into the focal point of everything and I'm almost scared to ask her to go home. I sit quietly, then nervously, rapt, not sure how to ask a question that doesn't impose myself on her



I went to the garden of memory in the chapel of the chimes. I slowly found myself surrounded by friends and feeling totally in love. Ash, marble, gothic architecture, palm trees, fountains, statues, mosaics and around every corner an avant garde ensemble playing wonderfully. I don't feel obliged to render this experience in so many words. A search will give you an abundance of media. I can say I had a sublime moment with a cellist named Theresa wong and heard a beautiful rendition of Houbava Milka, a Bulgarian choral piece we love. The expletive experience itself is so large and sprawling and witnessed in so many different ways. The garden of memory. It feels like a microcosm or metonym for this whole thing, this techno cultural moment, this work, this agrilogistic code blindly executing itself, this ontology, this whatever we want to call it. I'm getting sloppy and reductive and piping in the sentimental music. There was beautiful light on the balcony. I saw friends from the past who looked different and similar. I met people who's faces I remember and the sound of hundreds of people ringing bells. It's been two nights of howling in and around the columbarium, the book shaped cineraria. And a friend tells me it used to be a transit station with book shaped street cars and a search tells me a little known secret that the chapel has an endowment to keep a cage of canaries and people keep freeing the birds



I capacious



I went for a walk on the beach and cut my foot. It made me walk slower and then stop. I sat and rubbed my thumbs around each other like the tide. And then started again. I'm in a phase, and this is common as I understand, where you take things from the beach to save and then you stop

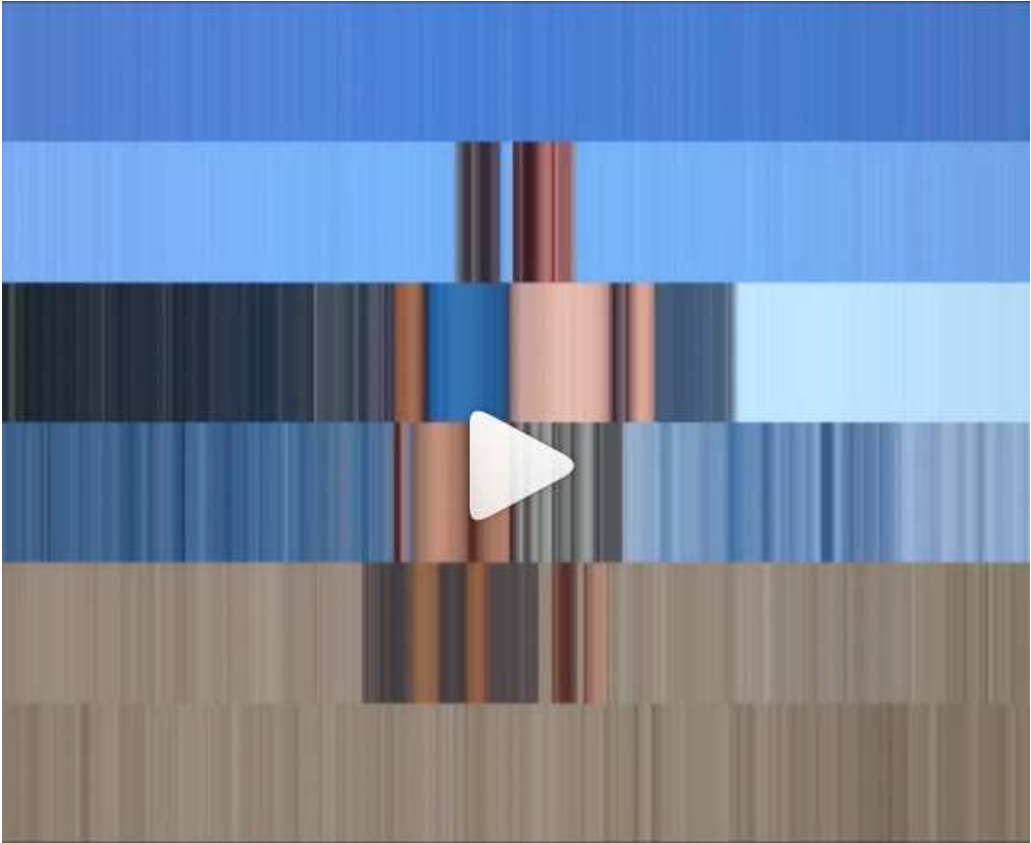


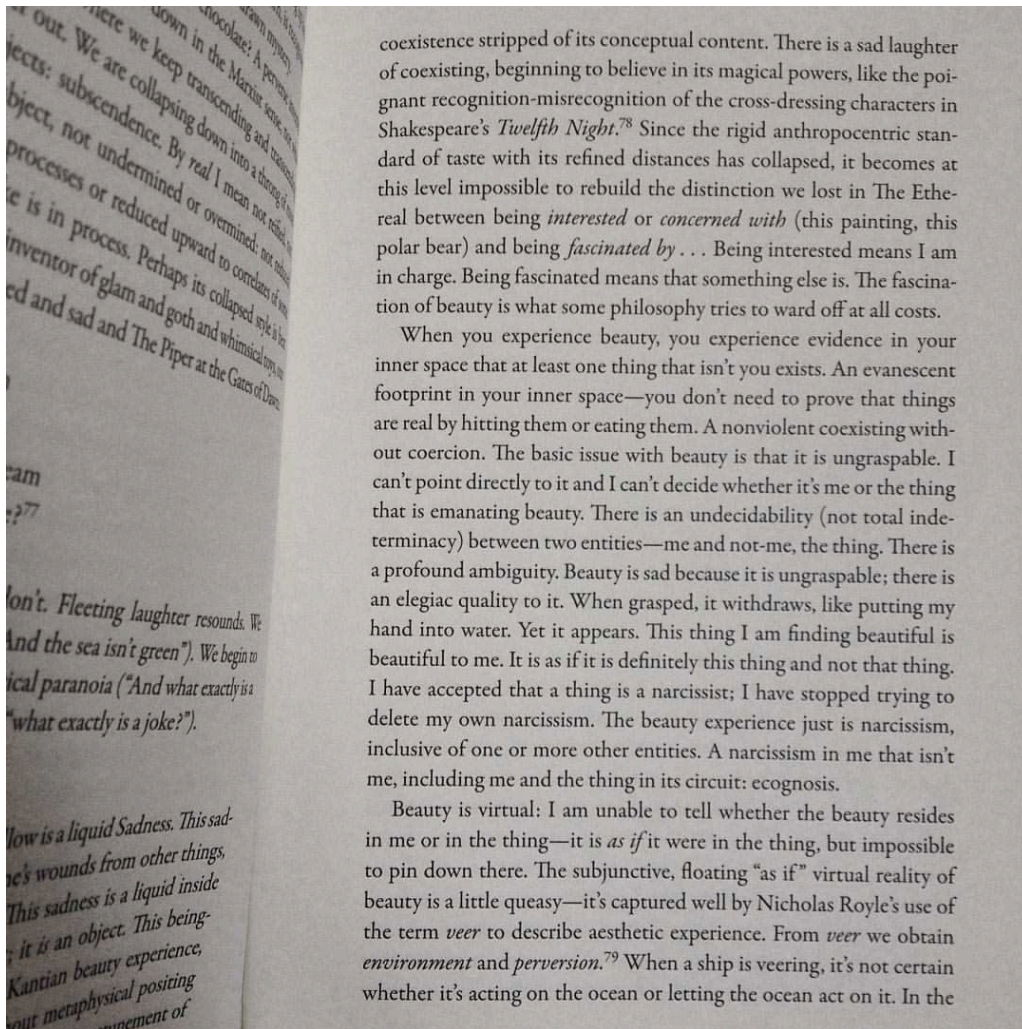


Intentions are something we get to decide upon each moment. I meet a beautiful Puerto Rican girl from the south Bronx who loves coming booms comic books and Marilyn Manson. We take some pictures together. Mostly with my dslr and I snap a quick few with my iPhone for this project because I've decided 100 posts is where I'm going to end it and I could publish another 48 volumes at that length at this moment and I'm around 75 in and not sure I'll edit the dslr ones before it's done and I want to include this. We look at the dslr pictures together on the screen on the back of the camera and zooming in she can't believe how many freckles we can see. Technologically speaking we're still at a point where I have to carry around several pounds of camera and lens to save all the freckles and a smaller rectangle to share less of them instantly. I go to the third floor of moe's and find a used uncorrected proof of eagletons new culture. I eat an arepa full of dubious sweet meat she assures me has no sugar and go to the house of babes for twerk, trap and bounce. I dance for hours with a group one woman described as intersectional and I found myself explaining queer parties for people of color in the Bay are the only place that feel like my club kid days in New York. I was helping a lesbian couple from Australia find a lost iPhone and after a while one of the girls and I stopped looking and started talking. Her partner came over very upset and they started fighting with each other in a corner of the club and security and I had to break them up. The girl I had been talking to was very emotional and distraught and I offered to let her stay with me. We walked down mission past a hundred homeless people to her airbnb to get her suitcase and walked back along Valencia past 100 closed boutiques and bistros to my small car which I emptied to accommodate her baggage while she skateboarded around crying in heeled boots. We drove back, made some tea and fell asleep with the rising sun. She woke up panicked unable to get a hold of her partner unsure of her travel itinerary and finances.



We went to a salad bar, she's vegan, in an old Taco Bell that has affordable fresh vegetables, grandiose pretensions, irritatingly trendy aesthetics and pays their workers minimum wage. More crying and we go back to the airbnb where as we pull up her girlfriend comes out and I raise my hand and hold it up around wave height in a kind of peace gesture and she does the same. Her eye is purple bruised and she moves around her flesh colored shirt to show us more bruises and scratches. I explain I'm concerned as a father (immediately flush with patriarchal shame) and I would like to mediate an agreement whereby you continue your trip together, amicably part and figure out appropriate travel arrangements or another option that feels ok. Things quickly escalate, crying and screaming and I feel like I have to keep inserting myself between them (shameful patriarchal mansplainer). We agree to empty out the baggage, put it in the airbnb and drive to the apple store to get a new phone. I do my best to create an atmosphere of kindness and reconciliation with appropriate music and stories about co-parenting Agnes with her mother and mothers partner. We pull up to the apple store in the frenetic weekend shopping district and there's a small spot just large enough for my car right in front. We drive past all the pride parade aftermath and rainbow mostly naked people dispersing among homeless and techie types eating oysters and drinking champagne. The mood is one of reconciliation and exhaustion when we get back to the airbnb and we hug and say goodbye and make plans to meet in New York next week for dinner. For a moment in the golden hour sun on mission I look at them, tired with bruised eyes and wet cheeks, slightly trembling and I fall in love with them a little. I imagine a three way love where we all take care of each other. I go for a cheap taco across the street from the very expensive tacos and it's queer with rainbows, exposed flesh, working class Latinos, and a man yelling out numbers on a microphone. A group of pigeons at the door get spooked and fly in over the tables in a beautiful shimmer and I try to take a picture but my phone doesn't have any more memory





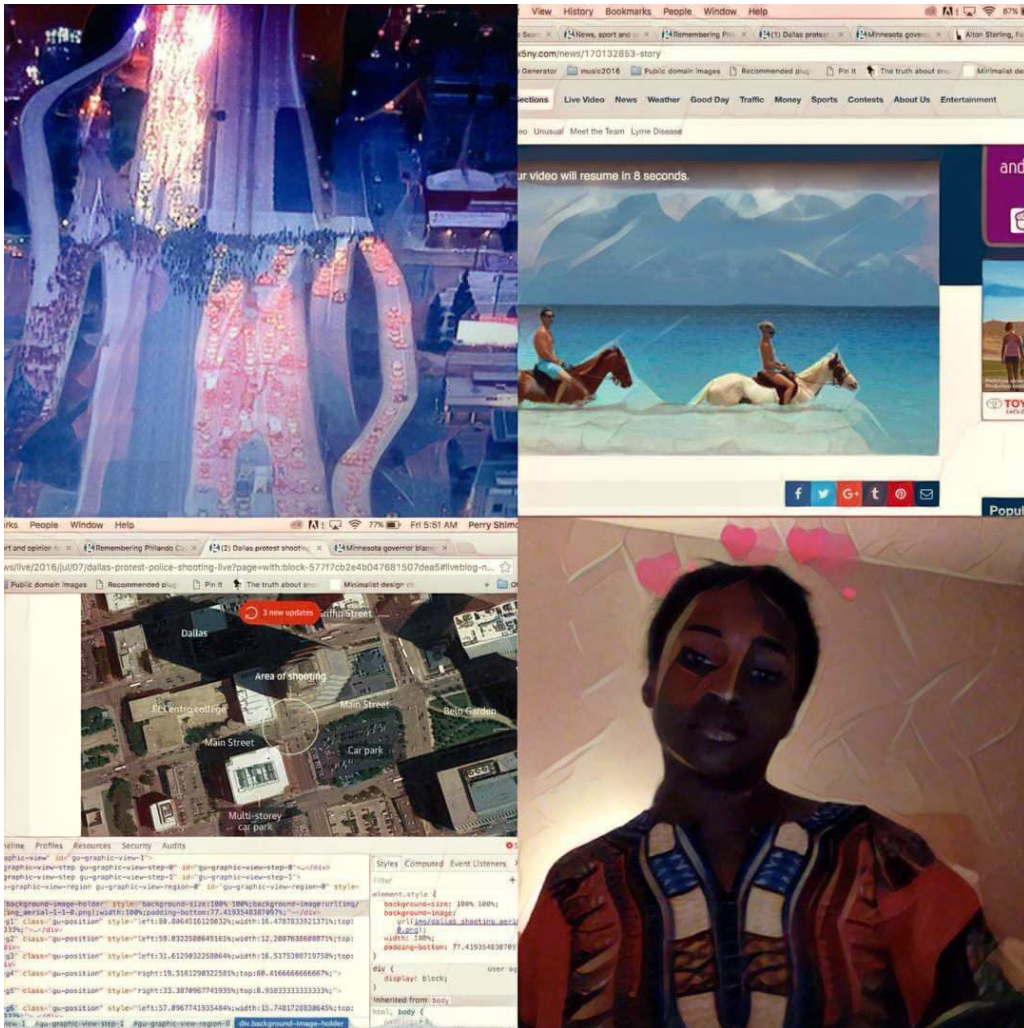
A friend says without reading it he's anticipating all the post-y toasty moves, deconstructive troubling of the categories, language, etc and only really cares about the politics. Another sends me a link for a debate on the anthropocene and something about the white guy anthropocene smack down via a guy who's syllabus we screen grabbed. I put down my dark ecology and pick up my phone to google 'fuckboy expression' and read a piece on vanity fair about tinder and a piece on jezebel about white apropos toon appropriation of black slang. The interesting thing is while I think I'm digressing the piece on vanity fair veers back into the sixth great extinction and the agricultural revolution in the Neolithic or what #Timothy-Morton calls agrilogistics and illuminates just slightly the meshiness of these hyperobjects. I think about changing my tinder profile to Marxist feminist fuckboy. And Agnes says let's go outside and ride bikes.



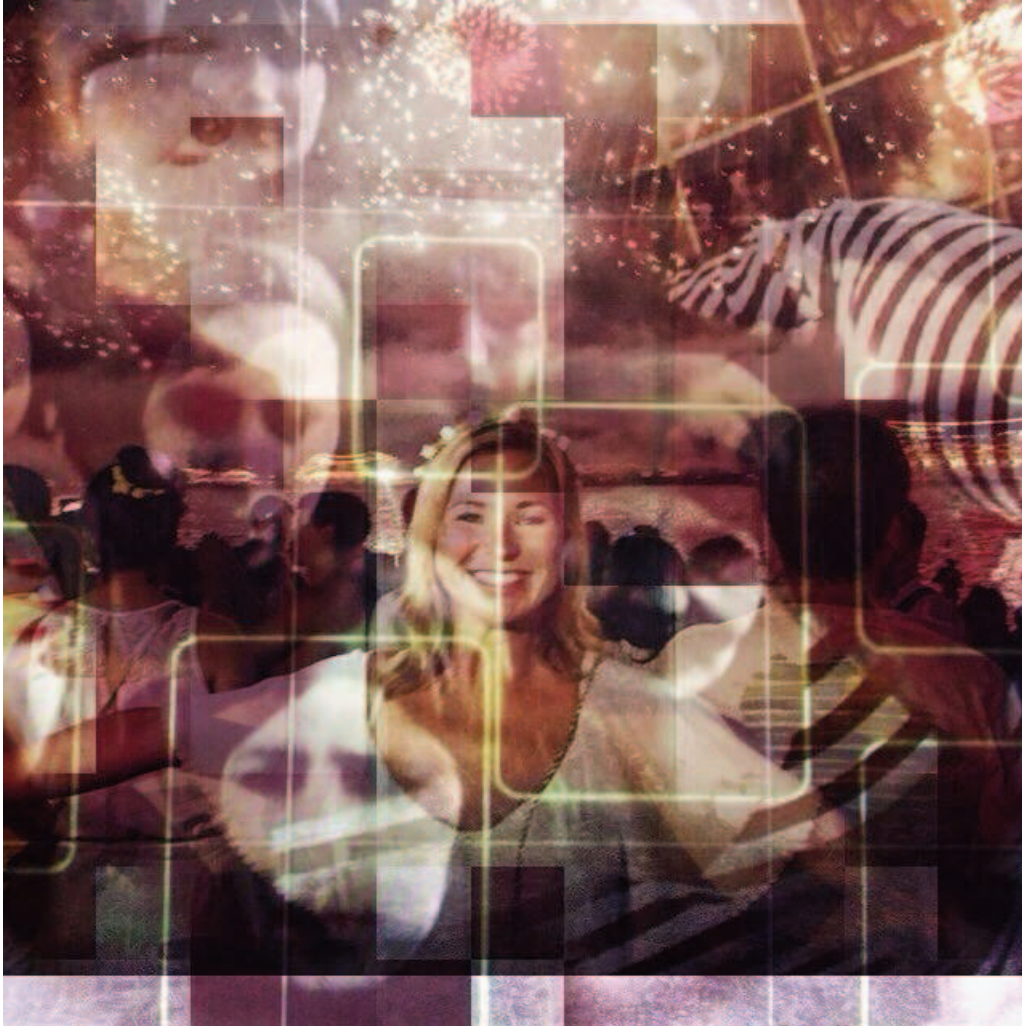
I wake up and have a cursory look over several hundred art exhibits over tens of aggregators and make a small list. I consider tens of articles and instagram feeds regarding the 9th Berlin Biennale. I discuss this later with a curator who organized a survey of new realist and materialist philosophies - a subject I continue with a bookseller at McNally Jackson after I see most of the Unfinished show at the new Met building in the old Whitney.



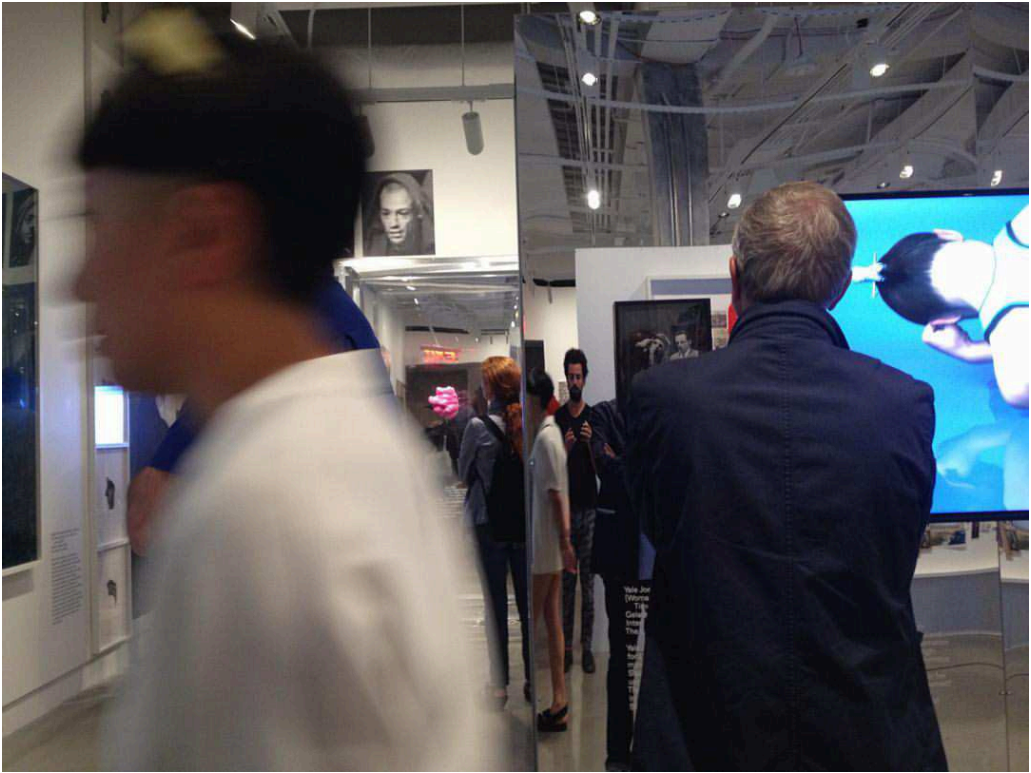
I've taken down a website I built which reviewed artists on Instagram. I find my writing hotly embarrassing. Condescending and authoritative where I wish I had been humble, inquisitive, appreciative. It seems many of the artists that interested me have taken down their work as well. I've taken down several other websites recently. An archive of dating profile pictures organized into archetypes and a virtual gallery that represented the work of artists who sell images on stock websites. One artist name Matthew who has disappeared from this current searchable internet was a police officer in Kentucky who would shoot advertisements filling the frame of his police car window and hashtag them [#apocalypticview](#) We had corresponded at one point and he told me he regretted deleting an earlier account



I can only address these horrifying events obliquely with images. I wake up and see thousands of videos, comments, articles, pictures, Facebook posts and tweets about the Sterling, Castile and Dallas shootings. Videos made on cellphones and shared instantly of people being attacked and dying. I cry listening to a four year old tell her mother 'it's ok, i'm right here with you' in the back of a police car. People marching and chanting in the streets. A woman explaining white fragility. A young poet with animated hearts coming out of her head. An advertising agency that represents some of the worst, most predatory corporations changes their website to a #blacklivesmatters message. A video of Philando Castile dying plays on the Fox news website after an advertisement for resorts in Antigua with white people riding around on horses. Wikipedia says Sugar became Antigua's main crop in about 1674, when Christopher Codrington settled at Betty's Hope Estate. He came from Barbados, bringing the latest sugar technology with him. Betty's Hope, Antigua's first full-scale sugar plantation, was so successful that other planters turned from tobacco to sugar.[citation needed] This resulted in their importing slaves to work the sugar cane crops.[7] According to A Brief History of the Caribbean, many West Indian colonists initially tried to use locals as slaves. These groups succumbed easily to disease and/or malnutrition, and died by the thousands. The African slaves adapted well to the new environment and thus became the number one choice of unpaid labour. In fact, the slaves thrived physically and also provided medical services, and skilled labour, such as carpentry for their slave masters. Today, collectors prize the uniquely designed "colonial" furniture built by West Indian slaves. Many of these works feature what are now considered "traditional" motifs, such as pineapples, fish and stylized serpents.



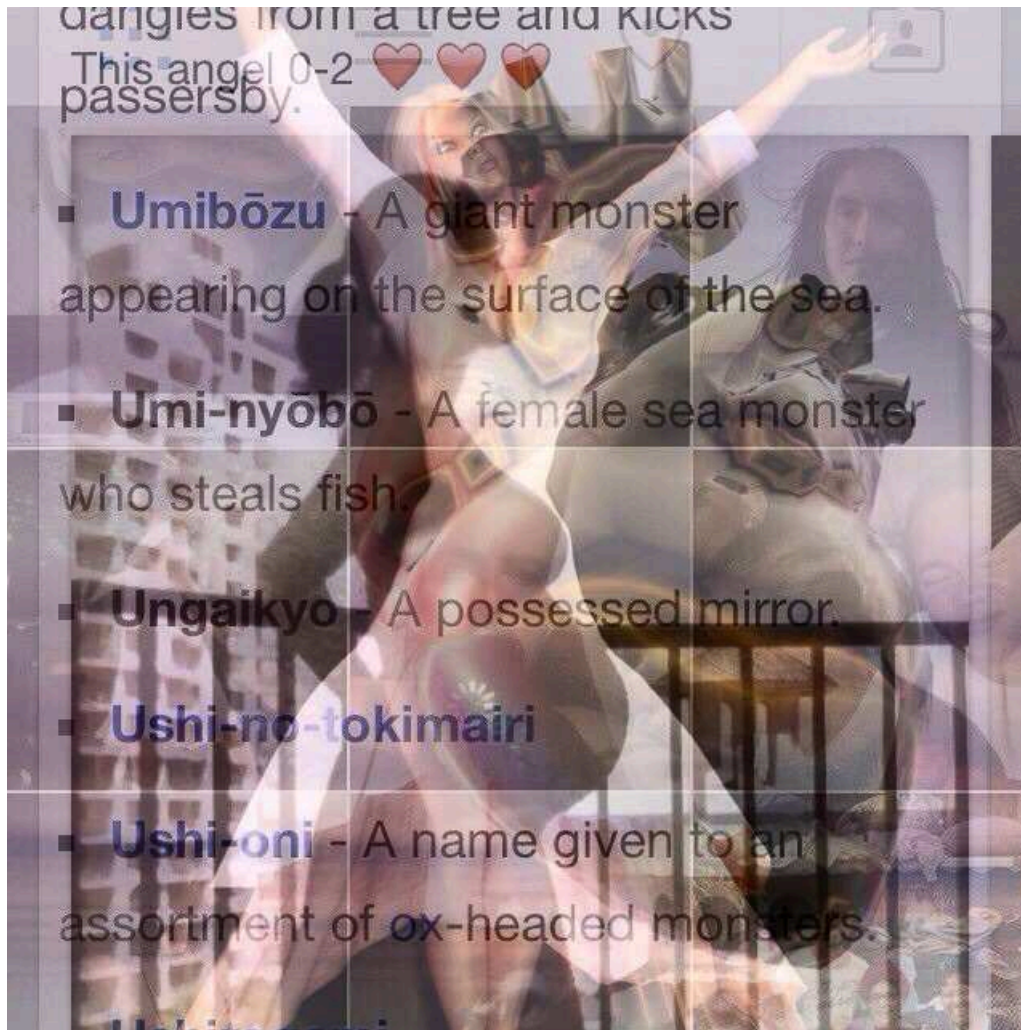
I revisit a piece in Cabinet about pineapples as a leitmotif in 18th century architecture. They represented a kind of exotic trophy of colonialism. Pineapple as status symbol, dinner party ostentation, prada bag. They were so much in style that giant greenhouses were built with furnaces going around the clock so they could grow pineapples in the British county side. Each 🍍 cost thousands of 💰 to produce. The greenhouses required someone tending the furnaces and making sure the whole thing didn't burn down. That detail stayed with me. I could have been a pineapple boy. Living in the greenhouse, maybe writing about the class struggle, comfortable enough in the hot sweet servants quarters.



Subject position







I've lost the sense of story shape and recoil when I feel it imposed on me.

Inventories are collected for further reflection.

A love letter to a friend who reminds us that romantic love is the blood money soaked lunatic screaming so loudly we can't hear anything else.

Humiliation and it's discontented variable amanuenses

Illuminating bloodless scratching on aluminosilicate glass windows

When I drive I use the shoulders to cry on.

Stopped in a crowd against the current watching people stream past me, feeling very _____

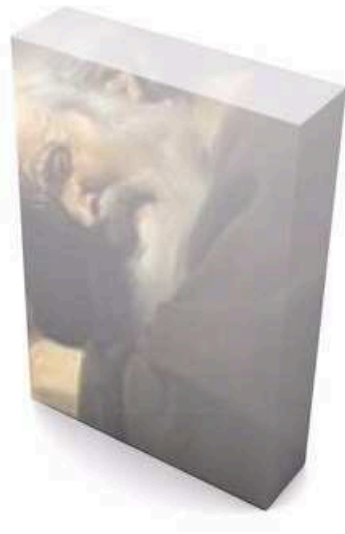
Called the library to renew some books, extend my holds, and order some things. The familiar voice and thought of books waiting for me with my name printed on slips of paper tucked into them was comforting and made me feel connected to somewhere, however tenuously



[video of two young black men busking or playing a violin and viola - does anyone know what this piece of music is? - while another black man comes up behind me and says don't move, finish your video while he helps his wife park the car in the spot I'm Arabian standing in. The video is made with an application used to alter images and record when the phone is running out of memory]



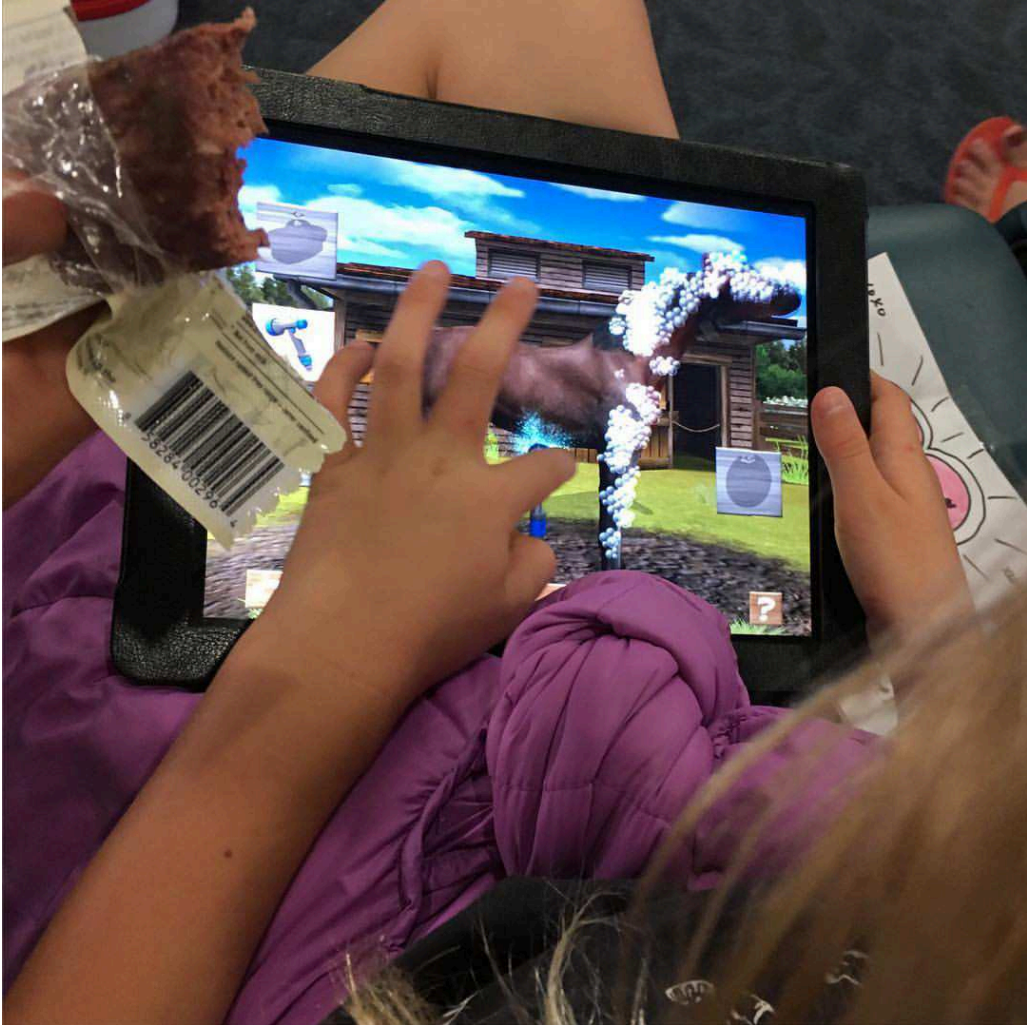
The Fourth of July and my father is surrounded by friends in his new country life in a big stone house columnist ion culmination of our since past matriarch's ambition. He and his girlfriend who I've described in the past not without a little contempt as my age and a Pilates instructor have developed a formidable union and watching her graciously welcome us into their home and dote on Agnes something shifts in me. He spends the morning shooting skeet with neighbors while I nap off the jet lag. A funny, ragtag group of immigrants, Arabs, Jews, homosexuals, artists, creative professionals, professors, and other taxonomies join us with turkey burgers and lemon zest kale chips and we talk about their turtle sanctuaries, European directors, hosted Afghani exchange students, tolerating the dull patriotic fireworks punctuating the birdsong and laughter in the thick wet midsummer Pennsylvania air. Aidan is stable, fixing up a house and working forty hours a week at a gas station where one of his coworker was announced dead the day we arrived and they haven't ruled out suicide. I keep discovering more people read this than I anticipate and feel currents of asymmetrical intimacy running under fugitive communications tenuously built on bromides. So much of (not) me piling up in the (not so) discreet corners of this babbling, climate controlled charnel ground. Maybe that's a better metonym than garden of Memory. All the holidays are obscene to me 🎆



and things are always shifting hero clouds hero colitis heroic lotus hectic lotus Heraclitus herd lists
Herodotus healed gracile is



Have you heard about what's happening at the cinnamon mines in goletta?
You know there are more cactuses growing in this pot right now than in all of human history?



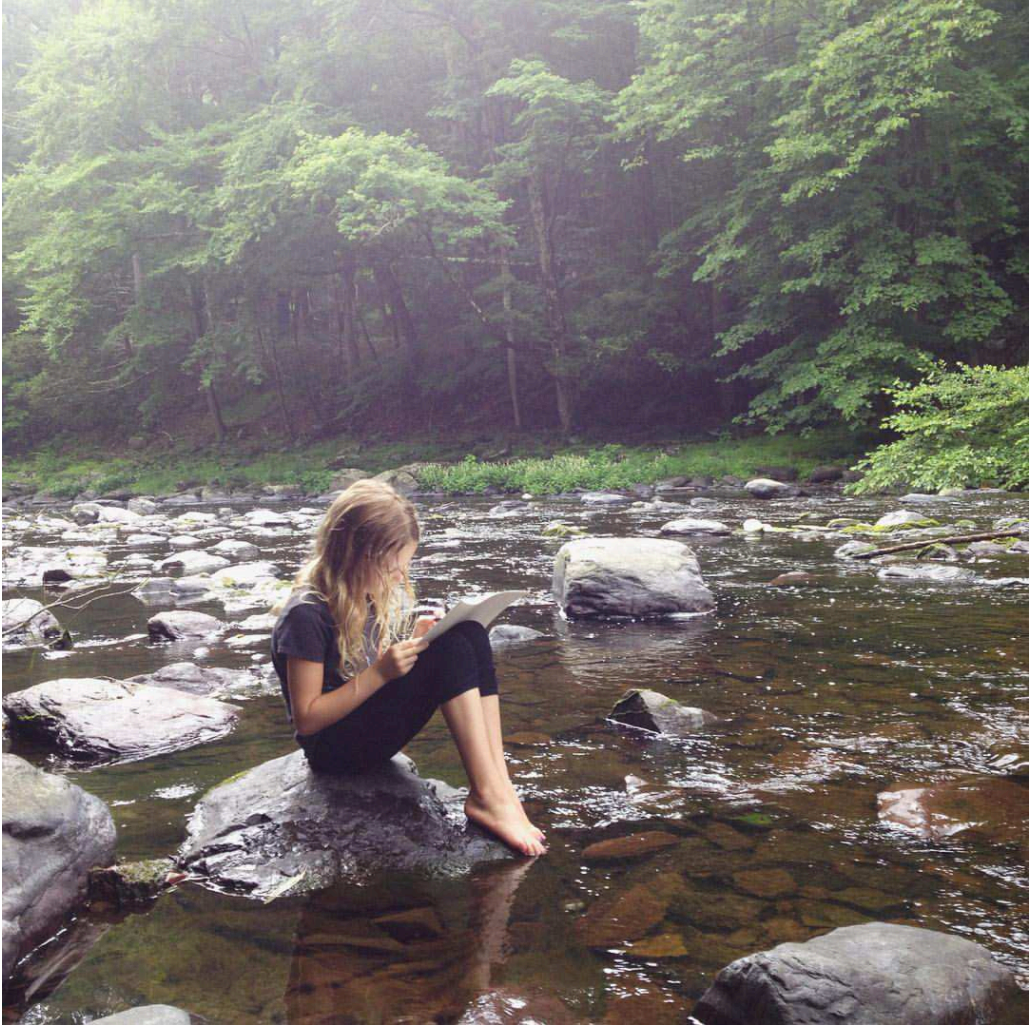
Agnes stop washing your digital horse and eat this venison bar

Sonate pacifique

L'Impératrice — Sonate pacifique - EP



I love this feeling. The music seems to be the only thing I can control



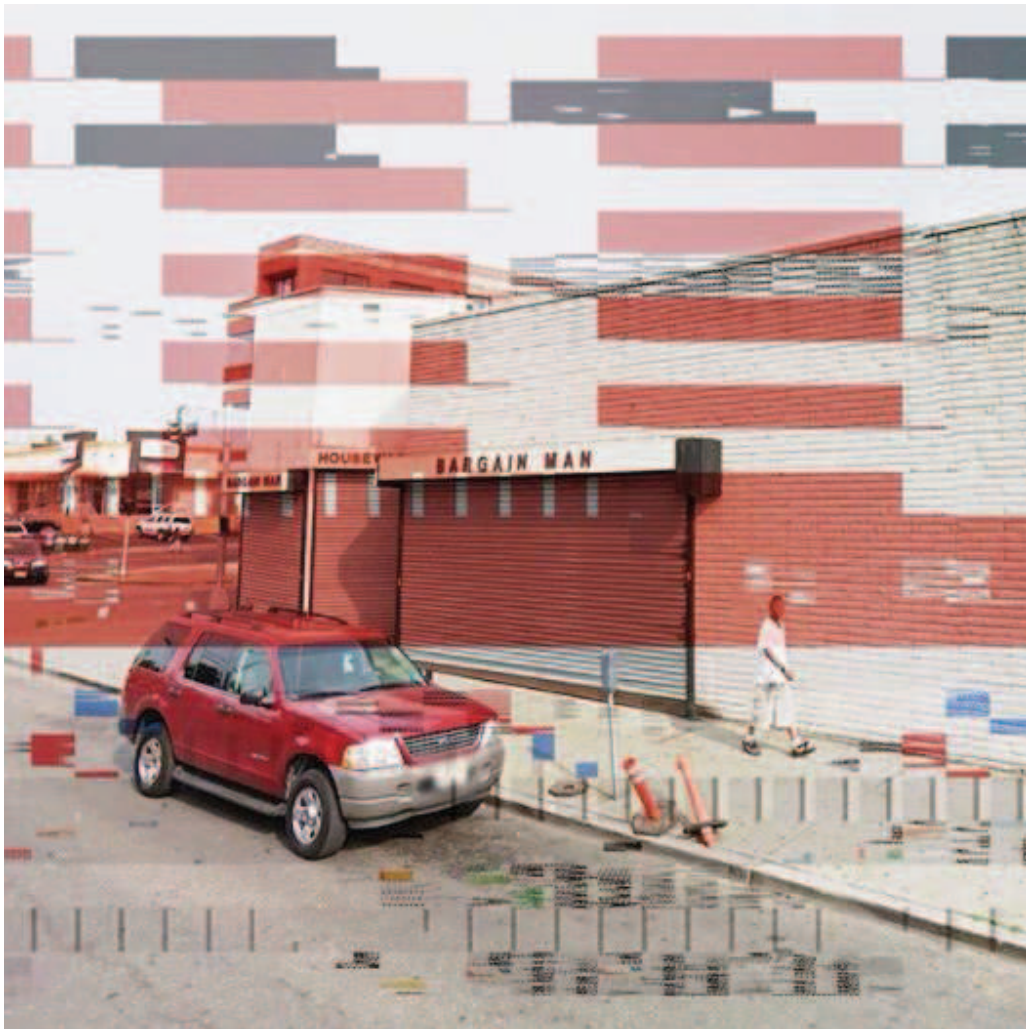
We go to water and render something beautiful



[moving image of the same water, gunshots ringing out, unintelligible child sounds]

We leave because we hear gunshots everywhere.

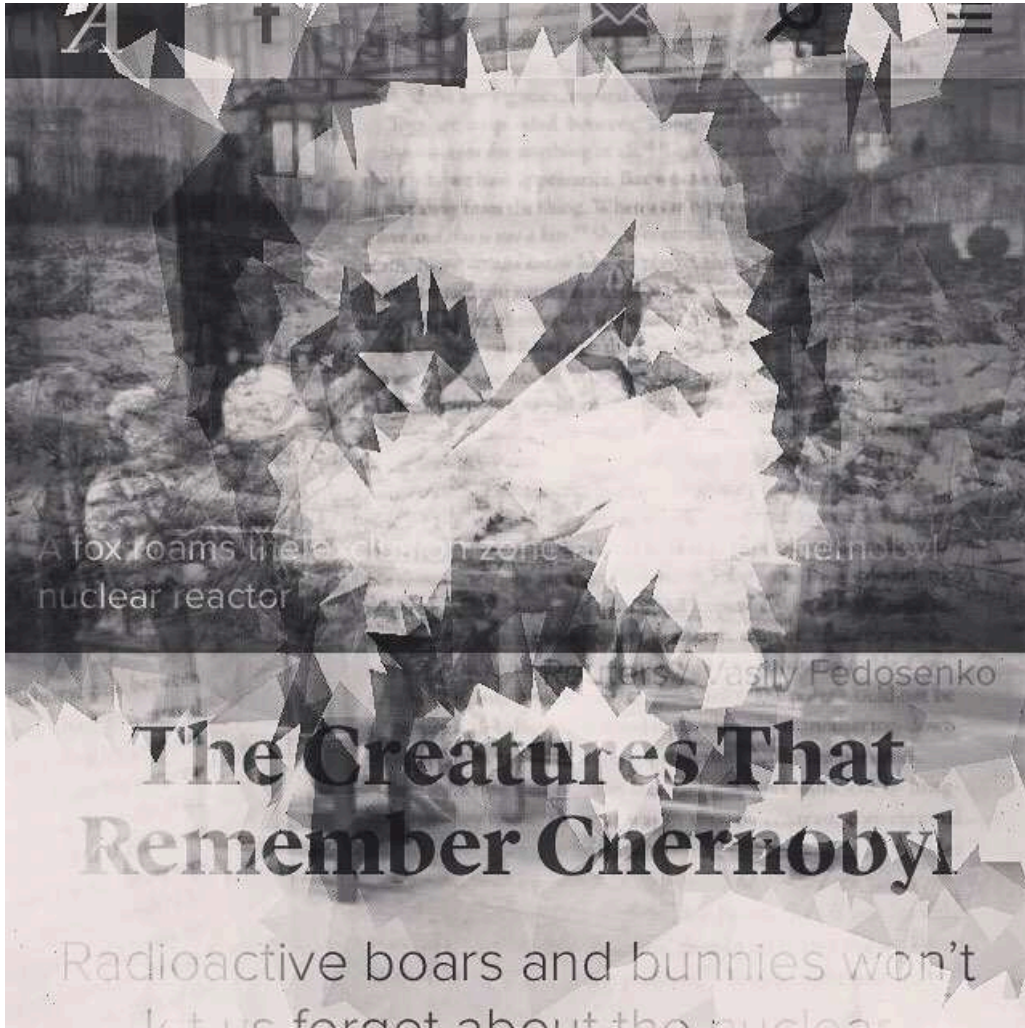
[Not heard: Amy Goodman's measured voice and Alton Sterling's mother sobbing]



Let's follow the thread this morning. I lost all the pictures I took with my new phone when I restored it with the contents of the old one. The cost of recovering the data with a 3rd party app was prohibitive. I resigned myself which is good practice and let myself move in another direction like water. I wake up in a beautiful garden and read a collection of writing from [#tomburr](#) - anxiety, or an ode to a chair, or lullaby to a stranger, or these many mirrored moods of mine - over wordless music with some four-on-the-floor spirit spirit spirit spirit spot iffy spotlight sorting aootift aootift aootift spotify recommendations in my headphones. In a piece about [#trumancapote](#) I think about the [#basjanader](#) videos I was watching at a gallery in Chelsea last week and how my live pictures of them are gone for good - an installation with a light pointing at a wall with the words thoughts unsaid then forgotten - and my friend [#pawelkruk](#) who is planning to conduct the sea again and set a meeting for Thursday to figure out the logistics, horses, motorcycles, where to plant the newspapers, etc. It's not even 7:30 and there's a nice Felix e flux journal called the internet does not exist that I'm going to read on a bench looking over the ocean. I'm going to go downtown to edit some pictures at the commons. I'll see some friends and make dinner plans. I'll buy some vegetables. I'm high on future. The music takes a turn for the [#AhmedFakroun](#) nisyan who From the very beginning, listened intently to every corner of the planet - from the Libyan desert and the temples of India to the Scottish highlands, streets of Paris, London and New York - absorbing a rich variety of influences that would lead to his unique, personal style. He plays bouzouki-like saz, mandol and darbouka drum, as well as guitar, bass guitar and keyboards. Sometimes he seems overly crossover-oriented: but on form, his crossover deepens into telling biculturalism.[1] And then it's solidly soleil soleil which I misread as San soleil [#chrismarker](#) and then it's all emus in the zone and beautiful windswept Icelandic children. Ya farhy beeku! I'm high on media. — [📍 at Muir Woods Redwood National Park.](#)



i sync the wrong backup and i'm in miami with a lover talking about quinoa salad and avocado toasts.
light panic and anxiety, an unfortunate event with loose lips and a columbian shaman. i back up a more
recent history to restore a more appropriate time. my brains a muddled mess of rihanna lyrics, scary poli-
ticians, Anatolian coups. my body's reservoirs have been shocked with geographies and i'm still singing
altitude pressure chlorinated burn bolinas baptized ungendered pigtailed shiver songs



My favorite people are pointless, almost invisible, iTunes blocks apps that report on drone strikes, the first casualty from self driving cars, the tragedy is in beta phase, a robot sent in to kill the shooter. I open up the radio and the dictation on my phone and let them communicate directly to each other Connection and Carrie and I gave organization it but at the same time presidential election going on before the election i'm going to frighten people and and send a message shooters and I think about 40 minutes before the attack they had a great tradecraft the waiter or was it the opportunist #halfives



Perry Shimon
about a week ago



Like Comment Share

26 Likes 5 Comments 170 Views

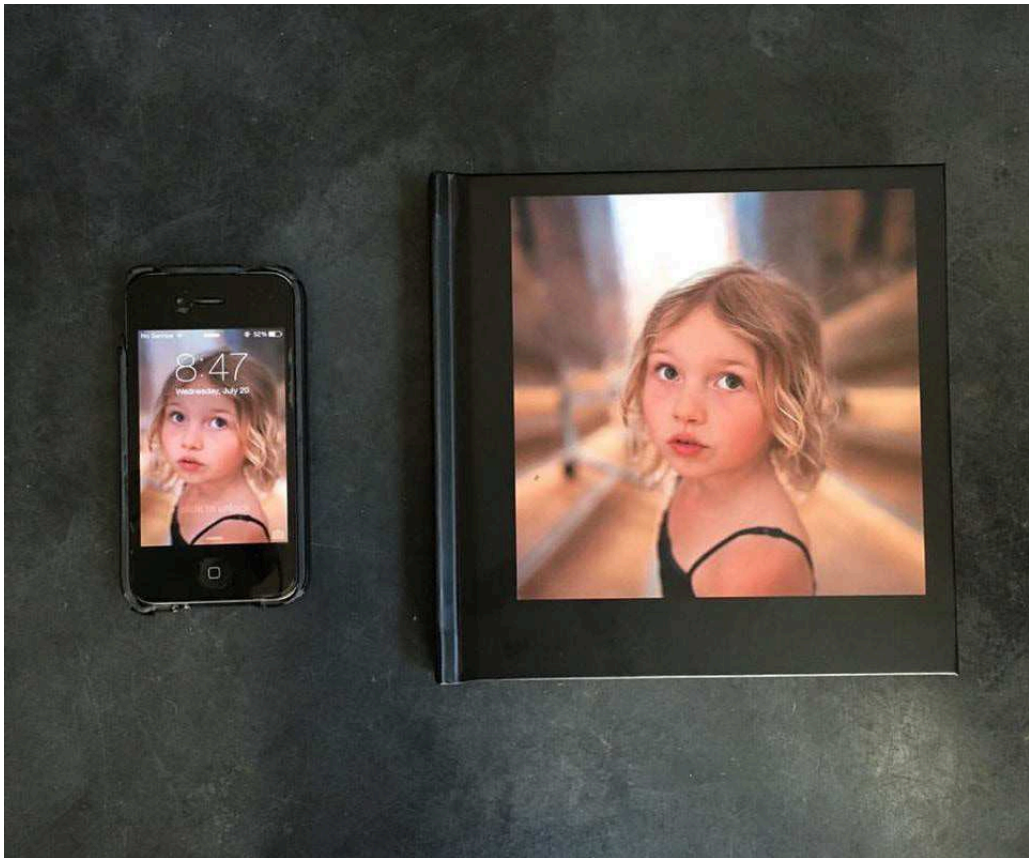
[a slow motion video of me throwing a cucumber in the air, dropping it and laughing joyfully]



Special features, deleted scenes, making of, directors commentary, etc



Gentle hawk said brinos dead. Church of shaman clowns brino? And he walked away. I saw brino watching whales on the Mesa and I said brino is that you? I heard you were dead. No I'm not dead he said. Ok, well let me take your picture.



I have a new mediation now, at a turning point in this project, a new collaborator, a new autocorrect, a new way of collecting time in tiny fleeting meaningful eddies



I see fox everyday in different ways. Nari made the night sky out of oven trays and I recognize her. I love in a place where they come everyday and give considerations



A friend is painting my portrait. We sit in his studio every week and put thoughts and aesthetics out into the room for consideration. We render them and assimilate them in our own and unknown ways. We made another picture where we mirrored each other holding our rendering tools

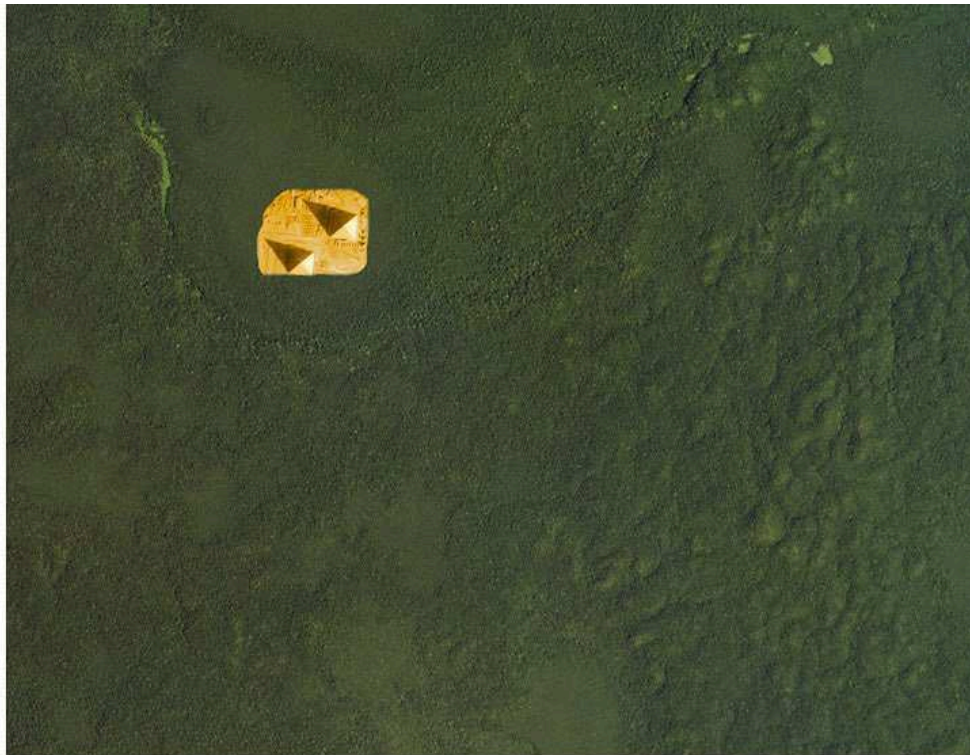


perryshimon

91w



I'm trying to be funnier and dance more



El Dorado, Mexico. Captured on March 22, 2016

Satellite view of el dorado captured by doves



A nice memory of lying in bed with friends laughing and touching



A woman from reunion island who disappears from pictures with a voice that makes our hairs curl around each other. A bomb release party with a minivan that moves everything in our bodies with bass. The falafel queen and strangers trying on different shades of tolerance. A hot bushwick night with everyone out in the streets that could be everywhere



perryshimon



▶ 22 views

elizabeth_huey 

1 HOUR AGO

[a slow motion video of Agnes going down a slide and disappearing into a pool of light]



Author photo by Agnes



We watch handheld videos of neon axis neo nazis getting chased by a mob in Sacramento. We talk about the ineffable quality of the best unqualified viral YouTube videos and how this dog not swimming in an indoor pool beautifully renders a profound feeling we find with the words dog swimming pool indoors confused. I think often about a little-known Steichen photograph of a woman and her children that speaks volumes about human time.

And at these coordinates inter alia is a group of middle class thin permeable membraned aqueous colonies of bacteria and opinions interobjectively relating with student debt antidepressants hybrid hexaploid dwarf wheat satellites Mormon(s) refugees global capital instituting instant imaging instantiating

And alphabetically moodymans why do you feel plays before bill callahans winter road. Time itself means nothing / but time spent with you / the blinding lights of the kingdom can make you weep / I have learned when things are beautiful to just keep on



Not remembering everything takes up so much bandwidth before rendering what we don't not. Loop. The whole system is really messy with all the dormancy and Paganini and passing and phasing. An automated call at 6am informing me I've been selected for a free cruise to the Bahamas. I've habituated to the thousands of tiny daily assaults but this one feels totally animatics annihilative to my gossamer dreaming and in its place a deep unfulfilled desire, which seems to be the ultimate goal of advertising. Alex plays a show at the chapel. Agnes and I go into the city early. Adobe, alley cat, murals, el matate. A bitchy review of partu party patti smith in the London review of books, I wonder what will haunt me and chat with a booksellers about a project editing correspondence from 100 year old sex workers getting pushed out of a post earthquake 🧨 gentrifying San Francisco. Her and her partner have been transcribing, by hand, hundreds of pages from newspaper slides in the library. After the soy sound check we walk around and I recount a story my friends had already read. The gestured, logos, riff-y, loopy version, a mostly gone sonic visual event and Agnes moves between our arms barely touching the ground. She woke up and said did I sleep through Alex's band? Yes and he dedicated a song to you while you were curled up in the green room amid gargling charging iPhones, fine mezcal, paraphernalia, crudités, shimmering fabrics and faces. What else do we remember? I start, the lotus root, the waitresses handsome face, lithe gestures, the wasabi rush, blue hair, the chopsticks they made for you with napkins and rubber bands, she continues, drinking miso, the raccoon on the path when we went home, you making me toast, looking at the stars through the skylight



Woolly Wedding Ceremony at
the Free Day Festival. Photo by Ovid D&B



I continue, the time you walked me down the aisle and we married refracted light, wooly beast, officiant
participant and mutually recognized reproduction device at the community center



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