

What need had I of so many efforts?

“But poets, or those who imagine and express this indestructible order, are not only the authors of language and of music, of the dance, and architecture, and statuary, and painting: they are the institutors of laws, and the founders of civil society, and the inventors of the arts of life, and the teachers, who draw into a certain propinquity with the beautiful and the true that partial apprehension of the agencies of the invisible world which is called religion.” Percy Bysshe Shelley (Defense of Poetry, 181)

The ability to read data as data is what makes new beginnings.

The lure of the digital.

So fast. So encompassing.

On a downtown train.

So swift. Mosaic 1993 Until the nineties mobile phones would not fit in your jacket. Twitter.

What else can we conclude but that our brains crave for being one? In one intuitive knowing?

“In a springtime sort of story, researchers say they’ve used advanced scanning methods to pinpoint the region of the brain where feelings of trust arise.’ .. ‘Turns out those emotions are nestled in the same area as the most powerful springtime feeling of all -- love.’ [...] ““ Love is a primitive, basic, emotional affective state,” he said. “So is trust. Trust is something that a child has for its mother or a lover has for a lover.” [30]

Yes.

That is how simple it is.

Love brings trust. Love negotiates trust.

Trust builds relationships. Relationships are embodied in people: middle men.  
Love builds trust, trust builds bureaucracy. Love builds trust, trust builds boredom.

Three cheers for boredom.

Let’s hear it for some peace and quiet.

Sleeping in the midday sun.

Phaedrus: “What a very strange person you are, Socrates. So far from being like a native, you resemble, in your own phrase, a visitor being shown the sights by a guide.”

...the mammo's from sierra nevada skyped in at transmediale  
...venzha was there talking about the keeper of keys shamans,  
... paul quassa talks about the inuit elders

one single body of knowledge

artistic  
scientific  
traditional

lots of messy diversity

“But you [a scientist] tell me of an invisible planetary system in which electrons gravitate around a nucleus. You explain this to me with an image. I realize then that you have been reduced to poetry: I shall never know. ... So that science that was to teach me everything ends up in a hypothesis, that lucidity founders in metaphor, that uncertainty is resolved in a work of art.

What need had I of so many efforts? The soft lines of these hills and the hand of evening on this troubled heart teach me much more. I have returned to my beginning. I realize that if through science I can seize phenomena and enumerate them, I cannot for all that apprehend the world. ... And you give me the choice between a description that is sure but that teaches me nothing and hypotheses that claim to teach me but are not sure. (*Camus*)

So lets hear it for all the crazy people, for all of them. Those who knew all along.  
This stuff, this testing, this longing

The first cut is the deepest.



“Two hundred years of American technology has unwittingly created a massive cement playground of unlimited potential. But it was the minds of 11 years olds that could see that potential.”