

MARK

He
Thrusts
his
Fists
against
the
Posts
but
Still
Insists
he
Sees
the
Ghosts

(Working Notes)

X-RUMMET / THE X-ROOM
4.5 - 3.9.2017

LECKEY

Project Echo* – 1964

M-m-m-m-m-Moon. Like. Moon-like-womb-like-Moon-like-balloon
Nymph-like-Echo
N-n-n-n-n-numb-like-Narcissus

Man-made-Moon-made-man-Moon-in-June-made-in-June
Two-rule-r's
Double-moon

Something new (new) under the Sun (son).

June, one nine six four

A pinpoint in the sky, 100 feet wide, a thousand miles out in space. This is the satellite Project Echo. The inflated balloon is ten-stories high made of a strong, new, aluminized plastic. Strong, yet only half as thick as the cellophane around a package of cigarettes. Its aluminum coating gives it nearly one hundred percent reflectivity. That balloon will soon be hurtling across the sky at a thousand miles high over North America. The first actual transmission bounced off a man-made satellite will be from tape-recordings. Voiceover from *The Big Bounce: Project Echo – 1960 Communications Satellites*, educational documentary, NASA, AT&T, Bell Laboratories, 1960

BRIDGE MUSIC
LENNON. FAITHFUL. PRETENDERS

1964 PROJECT ECHO
BBC COUNTDOWN
ECHOES / DELAYS (Longest echo)
SEAN & NASA

In the Greek myth the youth Narcissus mistook his own reflection for another person. The nymph Echo tried to win his love with fragments of his own speech, but in vain, for he was numb. Narcissus comes from the Greek word narcosis. This is the meaning of the myth, that men become fascinated by any extension of themselves in any material other than themselves. Such an extension is an amplification of an organ, sense or function, and whenever it takes place the central nervous system appears to institute a self-protective numbing of the affected area, insulating and anesthetizing it from conscious awareness of what is actually happening to it.

We are numbed like Narcissus by the amputation and extension of our bodies into a new technical form.

That's Marshall McLuhan from his book *Understanding Media: the Extensions of Man* written in 1964.

An ordinary child

An ordinary child of our culture is being educated by the TV form into a state of participation in all sorts of sensuous operations that the old visual culture carefully refrained from, and kept distance from.

Marshall McLuhan

Everything beneath the Moon is subject to change. Here in the sublunary sphere.

*Project Echo was the first passive communications satellite experiment. Each of the two American spacecraft, launched by NASA in 1960 and 1964, was a metalized balloon satellite acting as a passive reflector of microwave signals. Communication signals were bounced off them from one point on Earth to another.

Projekt Echo* – 1964

M-m-m-m-m-Måne. Agtig, Måne-agtig-livmoder-agtig-måne-agtig-ballon
Nymfe-agtig-Ekko
Uføl-som-Narcissus

Menneske-skabt-måne-skabt-menneske-måne-i-juni-skabt-i-juni
To hersker-es
Dobbelt-måne

Noget nyt (nyt) under solen (en søn).

Juni, et ni seks fire

En knappenål på himlen, 30 meter bred, 1600 km ude i rummet.
Dette er satellitprojektet Echo. Den oppustede ballon er ti etager
høj, fremstillet i et nyt, aluminiumsbelagt plastmateriale. Stærk,
og alligevel kun halvt så tyk som cellofanet på en cigaretpakke.
Aluminiumsoverfladen gør den næsten 100 procent reflekterende.
Denne ballon vil jage gennem rummet over Nordamerika i 1600
kms højde. Den første reelle transmission kastet tilbage fra en
menneskeskabt satellit vil være fra båndoptagelser.

Voiceover fra *The Big Bounce: Project Echo – 1960 Communication Satellites*,
undervisningsfilm, NASA, AT&T, Bell Laboratories, 1960

Ifølge den græske myte forvekslede den unge Narcissus sit eget
spejlbillede med en anden person. Nymfen Ekko prøvede at
vinde hans kærlighed med brudstykker af hans egen tale, men
forgæves for han mærkede ingenting. Narcissus stammer fra det
græske ord narcosis. Mytens budskab er, at mennesker fascineres
af enhver forlængelse af dem selv, i et hvilket som helst andet
materiale end dem selv. En sådan forlængelse er en forstærkning
af et organ, en sans eller en funktion, og når som helst det sker,
ser centralnervesystemet ud til at iværksætte en selvbeskyttende
lammelse af det pågældende område, det afskærer og bedøver
området imod bevidst opmærksomhed over for, hvad der rent
faktisk sker med det. Vi gøres følelsesløse ligesom Narcissus af
amputationen og udvidelsen af vores kroppe til en ny teknisk form.

Dette er frit gengivet fra Marshall McLuhan, *Understanding Media: the Extensions
of Man*, 1964 (da.: Mennesket og medierne)

Et gennemsnitligt barn

Et gennemsnitligt barn bliver i vores kultur opdraget af tv-formen
til et niveau af deltagelse i alle mulige sansemæssige operationer,
som den gamle visuelle kultur omhyggeligt afstod fra og holdt
distance til.

Marshall McLuhan

Alt under Månen er genstand for forandring. Her i den sublunare sfære.

*Projekt Echo var det første eksperiment med passive kommunikationssatellitter. Hver af de to
amerikanske rumfartøjer, opsendt af NASA i 1960 og 64, var metalliske ballonsatellitter, der
fungerede som passive reflektorer af mikrobølgesignaler. Kommunikationssignaler blev kastet
tilbage fra dem og igen fra ét punkt på Jorden til et andet.

MUSIK TIL EN BRO
LENNON. FAITHFUL. PRETENDERS

1964 PROJEKT ECHO
BBC NEDTÆLLING
EKKOER/FORSINKELSER (Det længste ekko)
SEAN & NASA

Here. This bridge here was built as part of the M53 motorway in 1968. It was built to give access to Vauxhall Motors' car plant newly opened in the town of Ellesmere Port. Where I, I am from.

Mirror, signal, manoeuvre

Goods roll on and roll off the bridge. Ro-ro on, ro-ro off. All the containers and their drivers going faster miles an hour.

The drivers steer their cars. They are the steersmen, *the kybernetes koo-ber-neat-ease*. Inner. In a continual feedback loop between man, machine and motorway.

Motorwaying on the M1, M2, M3.

In all our plans for the future, we are re-defining and we are restating our Socialism in terms of the scientific revolution. But that revolution cannot become a reality unless we are prepared to make far-reaching changes in economic and social attitudes which permeate our whole system of society. The Britain that is going to be forged in the white heat of this revolution will be no place for restrictive practices or for outdated methods on either side of industry.

Prime Minister Harold Wilson's speech at the Labour Party conference, 1963

This pseudo-bridge here. Has been faithfully reproduced with the greatest fidelity.

1968 CONTAINERS AND THEIR DRIVERS
WHITE HEAT SPEECH
BASS LINE
INSIDE OLD CAR
MCLUHAN

Her. Broen her blev bygget som del af motorvej M53 i 1968. Den blev anlagt for at give adgang til bilfabrikken Vauxhall Motors, der netop var åbnet i byen Ellesmere Port. Der hvor jeg, jeg kommer fra.

Spejl, signal, manøvre

Varer ruller op og ned fra broen. Ru-ru op, ru-ru ned. Mens alle containerbiler og deres chauffører kører mere end de må.

Chaufførerne styrer deres vogne. De er styrmændene, som på græsk hedder *kybernetes* (eng.: *koo-ber-neat-ease*). I et evigt feedbacksystem mellem menneske, maskine og motorvej.

Motorvejskørsel på M1, M2, M3.

I alle vore planer for fremtiden redefinerer og reformulerer vi vores socialisme i lyset af den videnskabelige revolution. Men den revolution kan ikke blive virkelighed, med mindre vi er indstillet på at foretage vidtrækkende forandringer i økonomiske og sociale holdninger, som vil gennemtrænge hele vores samfundssystem. Det Storbritannien, der vil blive smedet i revolutionens hvidglødende ild, vil ikke være et sted for restriktivt praksis eller uddaterede metoder på hverken den ene eller den anden side af industrien.

Premiereminister Harold Wilsons tale ved Labours partikongres i 1963

Pseudobroen her. Er blevet samvittighedsfuldt genskabt med største nøjagtighed.

1968 CONTAINERBILER OG DERES CHAUFFØRER
WHITE HEAT-TALEN
BASGANG
INDE I GAMMEL BIL
MCLUHAN

As a child my interests revolved around spinning; wheels and record players and roundabouts. I was preoccupied with the rotation of round objects, round and round, turnabout in my own narrow compass.

Wheels, wheels. Spinning around a little bit.

Like a valve I could turn myself off and on, on and off as much as needed or proper. I could regulate my salve a bit.

Spin around a little bit.

I had valves of various temper. I used to break the cranky valves when they got angry. I let them lie on the floor, hurt them a little bit. Make them bleed all day.

I let them bleed. (Need)

A little bit.

I used to do this thing with my car family.

I used to do this thing called *delayed echolalia*. When I would repeat repeat phrases I had heard either on the radio, seen on television or been spoken by tongue. I'd repeat repeat them days, or sometimes weeks later.

Spinning around a little bit.

Som barn kredsede mine interesser om ting, der drejede rundt: hjul og pladespillere og karruseller. Jeg var optaget af runde ting, der drejede rundt, rundt og rundt, og vendte op og ned på mit lille indre kompas.

Hjul, hjul. Drejer en lille smule rundt.

Ligesom en kontakt, kunne jeg tænde og slukke for mig selv, alt efter behov eller hvad der passede sig. Jeg kunne regulere mig selv en smule.

Drej en lille smule rundt.

Jeg havde kontakter med forskelligt temperament. Jeg plejede at ødelægge de genstridige kontakter, når de blev vrede. Jeg lod dem ligge på gulvet, pinte dem lidt. For at lade dem bløde hele dagen.

Jeg lod dem bløde. (behov)

En lille smule.

Jeg plejede at gøre det her med min bilsamling.

Jeg plejede at praktisere det, man kalder *forsinket ekkolali*. Hvor jeg gentog, gentog sætninger, jeg havde overhørt, enten i radioen, på tv eller fra mund til mund. Jeg gentog dem flere dage, nogle gange flere uger senere.

Mens jeg drejede en lille smule rundt.

As a child of eight or nine I would often hang around beneath this motorway bridge, in the hollow at the top of the ramp. Deep inside the bridge I would be incorporated into the entire transport network, within its central nervous system.

This one time I was beneath the bridge and... and I felt a presence. *The human audio spectrum is between 20 and 20,000 Hz and as you go down in frequency there is a shift from hearing to feeling. When you are down at the extremely low frequencies, or ELF's.* This one time I was beneath the bridge and... and I felt a presence... I felt a presence of a p-p-p-pixie, a g-g-g-g-goblin, a hob-hob-hob-hob-hobgoblin. A f-f-f-f-fairy f-f-f-f-feller.* I felt a presence of an elf.

But oh, at least like an elf/pixie all shrunken in size. Pixie/elf-like at least in green pointy boots and a long, brimless hat with a jingle bell. Oh, and carrying at his finger-ends, five little lights that spun round like a wheel. And whenever a car passed by its eyes (cats-eyes) beamed back the beams. Oh, and itself... Its elf-chatter was almost infra-human.

In folk-lore pixies are believed to inhabit ancestor sites such as stone circles, barrows and dolmens. Dolmens are neolithic burial tombs made up of two monolithic rocks supporting a large flat slab, like a stone table. Stories involve children led astray by lights and echoes, pixie-led, abducted to another world. A world with a different time dimension from ours, a longer temporality and a much lower frequency.

The bridge is a suspension of disbelief. It is a link between the routine everyday and the more-than-human world.

**You can afford to let this go / for nought as nothing it explains / and nothing from nothing, nothing gains. From Elimination of a Picture & It's Subject – Called the Fairy Feller's Master Stroke by Richard Dadd, 1865.*

BOOMERANG

1973 PIXIE-LED
BELLS AND WHISTLES
DESIDERATA
CAVE DRIPS AND BROWN SOUND

Da jeg var 8-9 år, plejede jeg tit at hænge ud under den her bro, i hulrummet ved toppen af rampen. Dybt inde i broen blev jeg en del af hele transportnettet, af selve dets centralnervesystem.

Engang var jeg under broen, og... og jeg følte en mærkelig tilstedeværelse. *Det menneskelige lydspektrum ligger mellem 20 og 20.000 Hz, og i takt med, at frekvensen sættes ned, skifter man fra at høre til føle ... når man er nede på ekstremt lave lydfrekvenser, eller ELF.* Engang var jeg under broen, og... og jeg følte en mærkelig tilstedeværelse... jeg mærkede tilstedeværelsen af en n-n-n-nisse, en a-a-a-alf, en v-v-v-v-vætte, en e-e-e-elle-f-f-f-fløs.* Jeg følte tilstedeværelsen af en elver.

Men åh, i hvert fald som en skrumpet elver/nisse. I hvert fald elver/nisse-agtig iført spidse, grønne støvler og en lang nissehue med bjælder. Åh, og på fingerspidserne bar han fem små lys, der spinnede rundt som et hjul. Og når en bil kørte forbi, strålede dens (katte)øjne lygternes stråler tilbage. Åh, og den selv ... dens elverknævren var nærmest infra-menneskelig.

I folketroen mener man, elvere bebor vores forhistoriske steder såsom stensætninger, gravhøje og dysser. Dysser er neolitiske gravmæler bygget op af to stenmegalitter, der understøtter en stor flad dæksten, ligesom et stenbord. Skrønerne fortæller om børn, der er blevet lokket på afveje af elvere med lys og ekkolyde og bortført til en anden verden. En verden med en anden tidsdimension end vores, en langsommere tid og en langt dybere lydfrekvens.

Broen ophæver enhver tvivl. Den er forbindelsen mellem hverdagens rutiner og det overmenneskelige.

**Du forspiller ikke noget her/ for ingen forklaring her du få / og af intet af intet, kan intet opstå. Fra maleriet Elimination of a Picture & It's Subject – Called the Fairy Feller's Master Stroke af Richard Dadd, 1865*

BOOMERANG

1973 ELVERFØRT
KLOKKER OG FLØJTER (GØGL OG GEJL)
BEGÆREDE TING
GROTTEDRYP OG BRUN LYD

The Stone Tape Theory – 1979

The Stone Tape theory speculates that certain building materials, such as stone, wood, or concrete, have properties similar to that of magnetic tape. These materials can store the energy created by any emotional disturbance or traumatic event. Every human being has a magnetic field and during these events a person gives off a powerful electromagnetism that turns the stone, wood or concrete into a gigantic tape recorder. The disturbance is converted into a signal that is then recorded within the material surface itself, which then becomes the transmission medium, or physical channel, that carries the signal... listen.

These 'stone tapes' can be recorded over and over and over and over again with older events becoming increasingly degraded, growing fainter and fainter through successive generation loss while never completely dying away. By identifying the signal these earlier perturbations can be regenerated and retransmitted. These are some of the sounds I managed to recover from this motorway bridge. Echoes that linger and cling to the bridge.

In August of 1979 I saw Joy Division at a small venue in Liverpool. Recently I found an audio recording of that same performance on YouTube. Listening closely, over and over again, I began to think that, buried in the tape hiss, I could hear my name being spoken... So using a noise reduction process I cleaned up the audio file. If you listen closely I believe you can hear someone say my name. Shhhh. Listen.

(In left channel – open Adobe Audition, drop down to Effects and select Adaptive Noise Reduction. Reduce noise, fine tune the noise floor, adjust signal threshold and spectral decay rate, click Apply).

It's coming through, he's coming through now.

It's my friend from back then saying "it's done with the bass amp Mark" and I say "dunno".

The bridge is a timeline that I can scrub across. It is a bridge through time. A topological, ultrastatic, traversable, long-throated wormhole.

Black out.

1979 THE STONE TAPE THEORY

CANE CHAIRS AND SWEEPS
GHOST SHIP SFX
NOISE DRUMS SINE WARM UP
SYNDRUMS / TRANSMISSION!
CROWD
IAN CURTIS TAPE

BLACKOUT

MATCH STRIKE
BABY – 10CC

Stenbåndsteorien – 1979

Stenbåndsteorien er en teori, der spekulerer i, at bestemte byggematerialer, såsom sten, træ, jern eller beton, har egenskaber, der minder om magnetbånd. Disse materialer kan lagre energien fra enhver voldsomt følelsesladet eller traumatisk hændelse. Alle mennesker har et magnetfelt, og under den slags hændelser afgiver et individ en kraftfuld elektromagnetisk stråling, der forvandler sten, træ eller beton til en kæmpestor båndoptager. Begivenheden bliver konverteret til et signal, som igen bliver optaget i selve materialets overflade, som så bliver en sender eller en fysisk bærer af signalet... lyt.

Disse 'stenbånd' kan overspilles igen og igen og igen og igen, så de ældre optagelser bliver stadig mere forringet, idet de bliver svagere og svagere pga. de ting, der går tabt fra en generation til en ny. Men dø gør optagelserne aldrig helt. Ved at identificere signalet kan disse tidligere rystelser blive genskabt og genafspillet. Her er nogle af de lyde, som det er lykkedes mig at afdække fra motorvejsbroen. Ekkoer, der aldrig forlader, men har sat sig fast i broen.

I august 1979 hørte jeg Joy Division på en lille klub i Liverpool. For nylig fandt jeg en lydoptagelse fra lige netop den koncert på YouTube. Ved nærmere aflytning syntes jeg, jeg kunne høre mit navn blive nævnt et sted dybt i båndstøjen. Gennem digital støjreduktion fik jeg rensset lydfilen. Hvis du lytter godt efter, tror jeg, du kan høre nogen sige mit navn. Shhhh. Lyt.

(I venstre rullemenu: åbn Adobe Audition, gå ned til Effekter og vælg Støjreduktion. Reducer støjen, fintune støjgulvet, juster signaltærsklen og frekvensregistrene, klik Anvend)

Det går igennem, han går igennem nu.

Det er min ven fra dengang, der siger "det er lavet med basforstærkeren, Mark," og mig der svarer "aner det ikke".

Broen er en tidslinje, som jeg kan kratte henover. Det er en bro gennem tiden. Et topologisk, ultrastatisk, passabelt, langhalset ormehul.

Blackout.

1979 STENBÅNDSTEORIEN

KURVESTOLE OG FEJEN
SPØGELSESSKIB LYDEFFEKT
STØJTROMMER OG SINUSOPVARMNING
SYNDRUMS / TRANSMISSION!
PUBLIKUM
IAN CURTIS-BÅND

BLACKOUT

TÆNDSTIK STRYGES
BABY – 10CC

Violence Grows – 1980

I can smell blood and petrol. I can smell blood and petrol again.
Makes me want to.
I can smell blood and petrol.
Violence is in the air.

The rise and fall of violent crime during the second half of the 20th century has been linked to the use of the lead petrol additive, Tetraethyl.*

Violence is in the air.

Tetraethyl has only one remaining manufacturer left on Earth. It is made in Britain by a company called Innospec and they are based in the town of Ellesmere Port. The town where I, I am from, the town where this bridge is really.

Under the bridge I feel so small. So I wait... For someone smaller.

Nostalgia is a product of dissatisfaction and rage. It's a settling of grievances between the present and the past. The more powerful the nostalgia, the closer you come to violence.

From Don DeLillo, *White Noise*, 1984

*<http://www.motherjones.com/environment/2016/02/lead-exposure-gasoline-crime-increase-children-health>

1980 VIOLENCE GROWS
FOOTBALL HANDCLAPS
CAN HANDCLAPS
ELECTRO-HARMONIX LOOPER

Volden øges – 1980

Jeg kan lugte blod og benzin. Jeg kan lugte blod og benzin igen.
Giver mig lyst til.
Jeg kan lugte blod og benzin.
Der er vold i luften.

Væksten og faldet i voldskriminalitet er i anden halvdel af det 20. århundrede blevet sammenkædet med tetraethylbly, et tilsætningsstof i benzin.*

Der er vold i luften.

Der er kun én producent af tetraethylbly tilbage i verden. De hedder Innospec og har hjemme i Ellesmere Port i Storbritannien. Den by, hvor jeg, hvor jeg kommer fra, den by, hvor broen her findes, faktisk.

Under broen føler jeg mig så lille. Så jeg venter... på en, der er endnu mindre.

Nostalgi er et produkt af utilfredshed og vrede. Det er en afgørelse af et mellemværende mellem nutiden og fortiden. Jo stærkere nostalgi, desto tættere kommer man på vold.

Fra Don DeLillo, *Hvid støj*, 1984 (oversat af Jørgen Nielsen)

*<http://www.motherjones.com/environment/2016/02/lead-exposure-gasoline-crime-increase-children-health>

1980 VOLDEN ØGES
FØDBOLDHÅNDKLAP
DÅSEHÅNDKLAP
ELECTRO-HARMONIX LOOPER

Sound an Alarm – 1983

I went back to the bridge on September the 1st, Ninety Eighty Three. The night I heard that the Soviet Union had shot down Korean Air Lines Flight 007.* I drank a bottle of Profondo Rosso, no Cinzano Rosso, bunkered down and waited for the sirens to start.

Now, not far from where this bridge stands lies Stanlow Oil Refinery, Capenhurst Nuclear Fuels and Marconi Missile Systems. This complex put the town of Ellesmere Port, the town where I am from, disproportionately high on the Soviet strike list during the Cold War.

And the seven angels which had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound.

During the time when the great hairy star is apparent and the sky echoes like the crack of doom, hot white heat will black out the Sun. Telephone poles burn like candles, melted power-lines leave a trail of silver droplets as the warped atoms of a firestorm at eighty six thousand miles per second create temperatures that turn human beings into wall-shadows.

In the background:

The Day After, 1983

When the Wind Blows, 1986

Threads, 1984

The War Game, 1985

Red Dawn, 1984

NBC news correspondent:

Mr President I'd like to pick up this Armageddon theme. You've been quoted as saying that you do believe, deep down, that we are heading for some kind of... biblical Armageddon. Your Pentagon and your Secretary of Defence have plans for the United States have plans for the United States to fight and prevail in a nuclear war. Do you feel that we are now heading perhaps, for some kind of nuclear Armageddon?

Ronald Reagan:

...the prophecies down through the years, the biblical prophecies of what would portend the coming of Armageddon, and so forth, and the fact that a number of theologians for the last decade or more have believed that this was true, that the prophecies are coming together that portend that. But no one knows whether Armageddon ... those prophecies mean that Armageddon is a thousand years away or the day after tomorrow.

Hey, does anyone have a fear of eternity? Not of dying or what happens after, just a fear of time never ending; consciously witnessing eternity. I get a weird feeling in my stomach whenever I think about it. Ha ha I know, weird but serious question.

* Korean Air Lines Flight 007 was a scheduled Korean Air Lines flight from New York City to Seoul. On September 1, 1983, the South Korean airliner serving the flight was shot down by a Soviet Su-15 interceptor. The incident was one of the most tense moments of the Cold War and resulted in an escalation of anti-Soviet sentiment, particularly in the United States.

1983 SOUND AN ALARM

888 CLAPS

SYNCLAVIER

SIRENS

NUKE WINTER

CHURCH ORGAN OR CHOIR?

ETERNITY

WOODPIGEONS

Slå alarm – 1983

Jeg vendte tilbage til broen den 1. september, nittentreogfirs. Den nat havde jeg hørt, at Sovjetunionen havde nedskudt det koreanske fly, KAL 007.* Jeg drak en flaske Profondo Rosso, ingen Cinzano Rosso, gik i dækning og ventede på sirenerne.

Ikke langt fra broen findes Stanlows olieraffineri, Capenhursts nukleare brændselsanlæg og Marconis missilssystemer. Dette kompleks gav Ellesmere Port, byen jeg kommer fra, en uforholdsmæssig høj placering på listen over Sovjetunionens angrebsmål under den kolde krig.

Og de syv engle med de syv trompeter gjorde klar til at gjalde.

På den tid hvor den store, behårede stjerne er synlig, og himlen genlyder som på Dommens dag, vil en brændende, hvidglødende hede slukke for solen. Telefonpæle vil brænde som voksllys, smeltede elkabler vil trække spor af sølvdråber, mens vildfarne atomer fra brændende efterstorme vil hvirvle af sted med hundrede ni og tredive tusinde kilometer i sekundet og skabe temperaturer, der forvandler mennesker til skygger på murene.

I baggrunden:

The Day After, 1983

When the Wind Blows, 1986

Threads, 1984

The War Game, 1985

Red Dawn, 1984

NBC-nyhedskorrespondent:

Hr. Præsident, jeg kunne godt tænke mig at forfølge dette dommedagstema. De har sagt, at De inderst inde tror, at vi er på vej mod en slags... bibelsk dommedag. Pentagon og Deres forsvarsminister har planer for USA om at kæmpe og vinde en atomkrig. Føler De, at vi måske nu er på vej mod en nuklear dommedag?

Ronald Reagan:

... profetierne gennem alle årene, de bibelske profetier om, hvad der ville indvarsle Dommedags komme osv., og det faktum at et antal teologer i de sidste tiår eller mere har troet, det var sandt, at profetierne falder sammen, det er et varsel. Men ingen ved, om Dommedag ... om disse profetier betyder, at Dommedag finder sted om tusinde år eller i overmorgen.

Hey, er der nogen, der er bange for evigheden? Ikke for at dø eller for hvad der sker bagefter, bare bange for, at tiden aldrig hører op; bevidst at være vidne til evigheden? Jeg får en underlig følelse i maven, hver gang jeg tænker på det. Ha, ha, jeg ved det, mærkeligt, men seriøst spørgsmål.

* KAL 007 var en planlagt Korean Air Lines-afgang mellem New York og Seoul. Den 1. september 1983 blev det sydkoreanske fly, der var sat ind på ruten, skudt ned af et sovjetisk Su-15-jagerfly. Begivenheden var et af de mest højspændte øjeblikke i den kolde krig og resulterede i en optrapning af den anti-sovjetiske stemning i især USA.

1983 SLÅ ALARM

888 HÅNDKLAP

SYNCLAVIER

SIRENER

ATOMVINTER

KIRKEORGEL ELLER KOR?

EVIGHED

RINGDUER

Darkcore – 1992

Around 1992, '93 rave culture's euphoric and communal energies gave way to something more paranoid and claustrophobic. The records made at this time (this is horrible, I sound like those talking heads waxing nostalgic about their waning youth). Anyway, the records made at this time came to be known as Darkcore or Darkside. Sampling video nasties such as 'The Evil Dead', 'Profondo Rosso' and 'The Exorcist'. All underpinned by extremely low frequencies.

Overhead convoys of cars set out on the ring roads orbitals and beltways. Destined for warehouses, grain silos and aircraft hangers. All those big builds that lie on the outskirts slightly apart from the familiar shops, schools and houses.

And then, of course, there were the drugs, the first explosion of acid house in 1988 fuelled by the widespread availability of Ecstasy which, legend has it, made the football casuals who would fight the supporters of rivals teams on the terraces start hugging and dancing with them in the clubs. Rave is a diminishing attempt to find the experience of Ecstasy again, not the drug but through other means, says Leckey.

In the moving shadows of the motorway bridge fast machines resound above my head. I am sleeping bagged in this bleak spot. I am numbed.

I am going nowhere. Neither driver nor passenger. I have come down from the rush, from the speed. Comedown from the high. Time passes above me, but I am beneath time, below time even. I am subtemporal.

Below the Moon, below the bridge where I lay my head and try to sleep. The back of my skull opens out and reaches back, back further and further, extending endlessly into an infinity of cells; a honeycomb, a catacomb of individual chambers echoing in my brain. In each and every cell speaks a voice, a ceaseless cacophony like every phone on this planet speaking in unison. Noise, noise, noise, noise, noise.

But then this hub. But then this hubbub. But then this hubbub begins bubbling up, bubbling up, emerging into a single point as if this hive is about to all speak the same sentence. And I know that this same sentence will explain everything, it will illuminate the darkness, it will be true Gnosis. It will be the voice of the Divine.

Darkcore Top Ten

1. *Dark Stranger* – Boogie Times Tribe, Suburban Base Records, 1993
2. *Valley of the Shadows* – Origin Unknown, Ram Records, 1996
3. *Mr Kirk's Nightmare* – 4Hero, Sm:)e, 1995
4. *Tales from the Darkside* – Tango & Ratty, 1992
5. *Scottie* – Subnation, Future Vinyl, 1992
6. *Pennywise* – Neuromancer, Symphony Sound Records, 1992
7. *Weird Energy* (Hells Bells Mix) – DJ Hype, Suburban Base Records, 1993
8. *Armageddon* – Altern 8, Network Records, 1992
9. *Burial* – Leviticus, Philly Blunt Records, 1994
10. *Darkage* – DJ Solo, Production House, 1993

1992 DARKCORE

AIR HORNS & HELICOPTER
LAND OF CONFUSION
DARKCORE
FELT LIKE I WAS IN A DARK TUNNEL
TIMESTRETCH & PITCHSHIFT
NIRVANA A CAPPELLA?

Darkcore – 1992

Omkring 1992–93, banede ravekulturens euforiske og kollektive energier vej for noget mere paranoidt og klaustrofobisk. Musikken på den tid (forfærdeligt, hvor jeg lyder som de der snakkerøve med deres tiltagende nostalgi over deres aftagende ungdom)... Lige meget: musikken på den tid blev kendt som *darkcore* eller *darkside*, med samplinger af klamme videoklip fra horrorfilm som 'The Evil Dead', 'Profondo Rosso' og 'Eksorcisten'. Det hele understøttet af ekstremt lave basfrekvenser.

Ovenover kører konvojer ud i motorringvejenes kredsløb. Med retning mod pakhuse, kornsiloer og hangarer. Alle den slags kæmpebygninger, som ligger i udkanten, let afsondret fra de velkendte butikker, skoler og huse.

Og så var der stofferne selvfølgelig. *Acid houses* første eksplosion i 1988 godt hjulpet på vej af den lette adgang til Ecstasy, som, ifølge legenden, ville få fodboldtilhængere, der plejede at tæske deres rivaler på tribunerne, til at kramme og danse med de samme mennesker på klubberne. *Rave* er et reduceret forsøg på at genskabe effekten af Ecstasy, ikke gennem drugs, men på andre måder, siger Leckey.

I motorvejens skyggebevægelser genlyder hurtige maskiner over mit hoved. Jeg ligger i sovepose på dette golde sted. Jeg er følelsesløs.

Jeg skal ingen steder hen. Er hverken chauffør eller passager. Jeg er på vej ud af rusen, ud af speeden. Ned fra trippet. Tiden går oven over mig, men jeg er neden for tiden, faktisk neden under den. Jeg er subtemporal.

Neden under Månen, neden under broen, hvor jeg har lagt mit hoved ned for at sove. Bagsiden af mit kranium åbner sig og rækker bagud, længere og længere bagud, og udvider sig i en uendelighed af celler: en bikage, en katakomber, af separate rum, der giver genlyd i min hjerne. I hver af disse celler er der en stemme, en uophørlig kakofoni, som om alle Jordens telefoner talte på en gang. Larm, larm, larm, larm, larm.

Men så kommer den her hub. Men så den her hub-bub. Men så bobler den her hub-bub op, bobler op. Stiger mod et samlet punkt, som om hele dette bistade skal til at sige den samme sætning. Og jeg ved, denne sætning vil forklare alting, den vil oplyse mørket. Den vil være sand erkendelse. Det guddommeliges stemme.

Darkcore top-ti

1. *Dark Stranger* – Boogie Times Tribe, Suburban Base Records, 1993
2. *Valley of the Shadows* – ukendt oprindelse, Ram Records, 1996
3. *Mr Kirk's Nightmare* – 4Hero, Sm:)e, 1995
4. *Tales from the Darkside* – Tango & Ratty, 1992
5. *Scottie – Subnation*, Future Vinyl, 1992
6. *Pennywise – Neuromancer*, Symphony Sound Records, 1992
7. *Weird Energy (Hells Bells Mix)* – DJ Hype, Suburban Base Records, 1993
8. *Armageddon* – Altern 8, Network Records, 1992
9. *Burial* – Leviticus, Philly Blunt Records, 1994
10. *Darkage* – DJ Solo, Production House, 1993

1992 DARKCORE

LUFTALARMER & HELIKOPTER

DET FORVIRREDE LAND

DARKCORE

FØLTES SOM OM JEG VAR I EN MØRK TUNNEL

TIMESTRETCH & PITCHSHIFT

NIRVANA A CAPPELLA?

Many Moons ago I would hang around underneath this motorway bridge, in this recess up here. From this point I could imagine the bridge extending out from me like a giant prosthetic, way beyond my scale of comprehension. My mind was transported far into the bridge and I became as incorruptible, as immune to disease and physical frailty, as immune to human nature itself.

The bridge by the mid-nineties has undergone a change (here in the sublunary sphere). A total transformation.

X-ray machines fail, elevators fall. Cardiac monitors shutdown, satellites lose track, pacemakers stop dead, transactions erased, radiation leaks, corned beef destroyed, 100 year's phone bills. Silence. Y2K.

The Y2K computer crisis made the year 2000 indistinguishable from the year 1900

The year 1964 no different from the year 2064

1983 imperceptible from 1883

Thursday, August the 12th, 1999. A lifeless body cast its shadow over a living star and the Earth, for a spell, was abandoned. The Moon eclipsed the Sun.

From time to time, like a diseased eyeball in which disturbing flashes of light are perceived. Or like those baroque sunbursts in which rays from another world suddenly break into this one, we are reminded that utopia exists and that other systems, other spaces, are still possible.

From Fredric Jameson's *Valences of the Dialectic* via Mark Fisher, RIP.

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

1999 1999-1999

JACKHAMMERS ETC
DRUM WARMUP / BLACK HOLE SUN
AZIO DE BASS
FAILING SYSTEMS Y2K IN A COMPUTER VOICE
PIRATES?
COUNTDOWN

For mange fuldmåner siden plejede jeg at hænge ud under den her motorvejsbro, i indhakked heroppe. Fra dette punkt kunne jeg forestille mig broen som en forlængelse af mig selv ligesom en kæmpe stor protese, der rakte langt ud over min egen fatteevne. Min bevidsthed blev transporteret dybt ind i broen, og jeg blev lige så ubestikkelig, lige så immun over for sygdom og fysisk svaghed, lige så immun over for selve menneskets natur som den.

Midt i 90'erne har broen undergået en forandring (her i den sublunare sfære). En total transformation.

Røntgenapparater svigter, elevatorer styrter ned. Hjertemonitorer sætter ud, satellitter mister overblikket, pacemakere går død, transaktioner slettes, radioaktiv stråling siver ud, sprængt oksekød destrueres, 100 års telefonregninger. Stilhed. Y2K.

Y2K-computerkrisen gjorde, at år 2000 ikke kunne skelnes fra år 1900

Året 1964 er ikke anderledes end år 2064

1983 umærkeligt fra 1883

Torsdag, den 12. august, 1999. En livløs krop kaster sin skygge over en levende stjerne, og Jorden slukker med et trylleslag. Total solformørkelse.

Fra tid til anden, ligesom et sygt øjenæble, der opfanger forstyrrende lysglimt. Eller ligesom de der solmønstre i barokken, som får stråler fra en anden verden til pludselig at bryde ind i vores, bliver vi mindet om, at utopier eksisterer og at andre systemer, andre universer, stadig er mulige.

Frit gengivet fra Fredric Jameson, *Valences of the Dialectic*, via Mark Fisher, RIP.

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

1999 1999 – 1999

TRYKLUFTSBØR OSV.
TROMMEOPVARMNING / BLACK HOLE SUN
AZIO DE BAS
Y2K-SYSTEMFEJL I EN COMPUTERSTEMME
PIRATER?
NEDTÆLLING

Out Demons Out – 2017

I need to exorcise this bridge, cast out the 20th century and rid myself of its accumulated weight. Out demons out.

We need to build up a sympathetic resonance, convert sound into mechanical energy and create a harmonic vibration that will shatter the bridge.

In the name of Gog and Magog, Thunderel and Blunderbore
In the name of Jack of the Green, Robin Goodfellow and the Transport and General Workers Union
In the name of Boudica and the Iceni, and the weird sisters of Albion
In the name of Minerva, Hermes, Mercury and Vahana
In the name of the New Brutalism and the Geometry of Fear
In the name of Joshua and the Wall of Jericho
In the name of Barbara Castle, Clement Atlee and Nye Bevan
In the name of Reclaim the Streets and the Tot Hill Sitters
In all these names, in all the names, I call upon their powers to start a sympathetic vibration

Out demons out
Out demons out
Out demons out
Out demons out

2017 . OUT DEMON OUT
OUT-NON
THE EXORCIST

LENNON . FAITHFUL . PRETENDERS

Ud, dæmoner, ud – 2017

Jeg har brug for at uddrive broens dæmoner, fordrive det 20. århundrede og befri mig selv fra dets ophobede dødvægt. Ud, dæmoner, ud.

Vi må opbygge sympatisk resonans, konvertere lyd til mekanisk energi og skabe harmoniske vibrationer, der vil knuse broen.

I Gogs og Magogs, i Thunderels og Blunderbores navn
I Jack o' The Greens, Robin Goodfellows, i Transport & General Workers Unions navn
I Boudicias og Icenis og Albions mærkelige søstres navn
I Minervas, Hermes, Merkur og Vahanas navn
I Nybrutalismens navn og Frygtens geometri
I Joshua og Jerikos mures navn
I Barbara Castle, Clement Atlee og Nye Bevans navn
I Reclaim the Streets og Tot Hill Sitters navn
I alle disse navne, i alle navnene, hidkalder jeg kraften til at starte en sympatisk vibration

Ud, dæmoner, ud
Ud, dæmoner, ud
Ud, dæmoner, ud
Ud, dæmoner, ud

2017 . UD . DÆMONER . UD
OUT-NON
EKSORCISTEN

LENNON . FAITHFUL . PRETENDERS

MARK LECKEY

He Thrusts his Fists against the Posts but Still Insists he Sees the Ghosts
(Working Notes)

X-RUMMET / THE X-ROOM, 4.5.–3.9.2017

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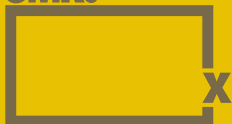
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exammet
the x-room