



Bedroom Globalism

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This past year, did we escort many DIY cultures and punks into the mainstreams to nest there and make nice love with our mortality and death anxiety? Did we infiltrate agreed upon reality like real artists should? Something viral had a head start with a pace we couldn't handle but we sure tried to keep up, extraditing artistic knowledge to help out with the theatre of all the collapsing. Massaging the rubble as if it was FIMO. As if artists were still sort of little flesh-based Godlings. But rehearsing the apocalypse with all these nice teasers of real collapse taught me something, that most things as I know them can be abandoned and forgotten. More things in our lives can be done with than we care to admit. This is quite joyful at first, it generates hope on the surface level, it proves that personal change can be implemented and extradited into the communal real to save us all from the many ends of the world. Consequently there's a subtle mourning beneath all the optimism which might suppress the real trauma of multiple, simultaneous abandonments. But that trauma can be dealt with when this is all over... when this is all over... when is this all over.

On the third hand it generates a solipsistic urge for more abandonment on personal fronts. What paraphernalia of existence, material or social, has proven surprisingly redundant today and can be drained with the bathwater of life? One thing, I guess I need to see if I can have done with art production as I know it as well.

At some point the internet univocally exclaimed that the capitalism thing proved fragile, and now we are really seeing all the cracks.... Really? What's in those cracks then? More crack? More of this suspiciously looking crack we're so accustomed to? And the crack in the cracks are looking back, that's for sure. The cracks are examining us when we are still only studying them.

Now we have isolationism, fermentationism and uber eatism coexisting rhizomatically inside us all. And the twitterist repostism is thriving and balancing out simple sexual desire. So that's that. A good repost is like a nude. Same data, same neurotransmitting, same fee, same ratio, same oblong square. Different impact, obviously, but data don't really discriminate, does it? Behaviour and interpretation do. So what's new, what can we expect from this second year of plague besides more authoritarian trust, more revolution, more terrible tinder bios, more alarm, more substitution, more drama and more total control. And more cookies.

I'm afraid artistic Weltbaueren like myself will exclude ourselves even more, when we should unite and heat the cooking. We will have to revenge reality harder now that literally everyone is into hard sci fi and against soft tech. We'll still show up at the primordial pool parties, all excited and sober, clay hands wet and ready at the hip with our six shots of explanatory Harraway and foundational Bratton and we'll come up endlessly short, as always. I still don't have any answers, I'm sorry. I can only hope for a temporary farewell to sculpture. A farewell to fine art. Or a recomposting of artistic matter. Recently I've started repurposing all my ideas and stories into carefully fabricated pop songs to lube my naive entrance into a realm of a simpler message and better cash. (I've attached a song for you). Yet I'm positive I will come up short here as well, but drama rules everything around me, so please, allow me some self-sabotage. Allow me some delusion to trump these dreams that continually proves to be so demanding and laborious. I'm blessed that I can't remember my dreams when I sleep but cursed to spend hours, daily, conjuring juvenile and self-centered narratives of reverie that help maintain a febrile, emotional navigation. I can't be the only one. But in the end delusion makes for a stronger superstition than dreams do, especially when old school reality seems to fail us. Or fuck with us. So I think I'm good, thanks. I think I know what I'm doing trying to become a pop star all of a sudden. But what was I talking about...

Oh yeah, the new bedroom globalists. A refined breed of privilegers dieting on canned, social soup, field tripping on pillows and duvets made entirely of hasty, optical fibres. Their hardware don't know stress, the software is past the acknowledgement of speed. Sleep is optional, sleep is for the sleepy. Not the beautiful and emotionally suppressed. So that's that. That's where we're at.

Anyway,

Dear Cassidy. Here is my last sculpture, made for your bedroom. A hive of new tongues and the images that goes along with them. A planetary scaled hotel, a hive of sans serif and crack modernity, like the ingenious meme that is fun because it doesn't explain anything but rather encrypt matter into a doped compartmentalizing of the real. It's a world for the last fuckers alive. For the bedroom globalists we are becoming. A world for reddit and fake leather, a world for all the extra behaviour that will also succumb to kindness in the end, like all cruelty does. It will affect your dreams, but not your sleep, I promise.

With love,

Louis

