

CHIMERA

Q.T.E.



curated by Attilia Fattori Franchini

Cornelia Baltes
Nicolas Deshayes
Adham Faramawy
Jack Lavender
Berry Patten
Sabrina Ratté
Travess Smalley
Oliver Sutherland

CHIMERA Q.T.E.
Private View Thursday 15th November 2012 6-7pm
16th November 2012 - 17th January 2013
open 12-6pm Friday-Sunday or by appointment
Seasonal closure Dec-17th 2012 - Jan-3rd 2013

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film screening curated by Oliver Sutherland & talk by Paolo Ruffino
Saturday December 8th 6-7pm
celebrating an online art exhibition with contributions by
Ruth Corrie, Paola Laura Chialini, Cornelia Baltes & Paolo Ruffino
Boreal Lines: a film performance event
by Sam Lewis & Jennifer Leandroski
Thursday 9th January 2013

CHIMERA Q.T.E.

Cell Project Space

Curated by Attilia Fattori Franchini

15 Nov 2012 - 13 Jan 2013

Cornelia Baltes, Nicolas Deshayes, Adham Faramawy, Jack Lavender,
Berry Patten, Sabrina Ratté, Travess Smalley, Oliver Sutherland

Events:

Saturday 8th December 2012, 4-7pm

film screening curated by Oliver Sutherland & talk by Paolo Ruffino

Thursday 17th January 2013, 6-9pm

Normal Love, a final Performance event by Sam Levack & Jen Lewandowski

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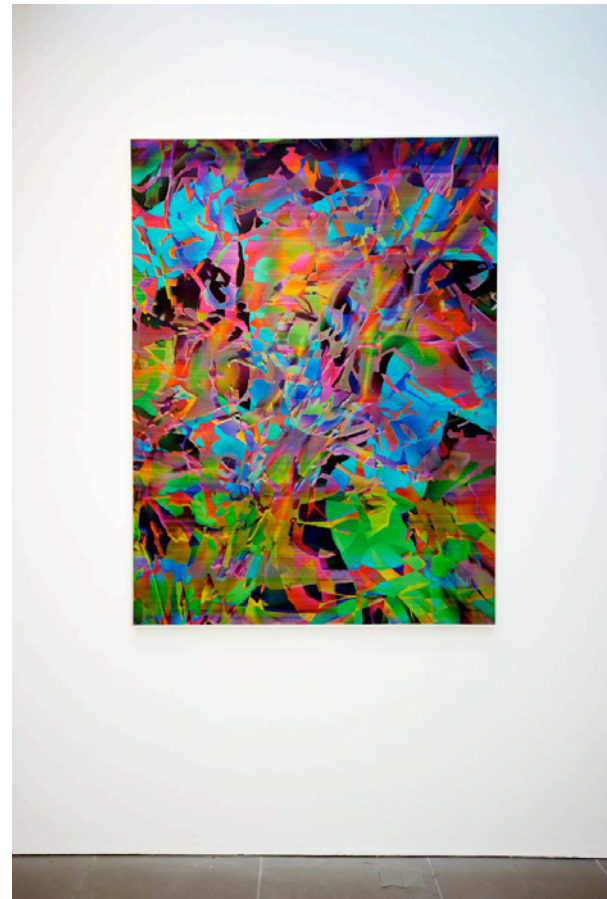
Chimera Q.T.E. works as a proposition on different levels.
It celebrates chaos and the order that comes out of it.
Its intention is to activate different types of readings and
understandings, questioning the status of our relationship with what
is considered visual and how we absorb it.

We are increasingly related to fragmentation and constantly exposed
to information, images, ideas. We flickr through things, in a jungle
of ever-coming documentation or replicas of reality. Knowledge is
suddenly approached on its surface, we know everything but we are
never experts. Yet this multiplicity, instead of flattening sources and
outcomes, transforms each particle into inspiration and opens new
forms of sensorial relations. Cracks and disjunctions become drives
in artistic production.

The form of representation which the exhibition lays on is dynamic
and non-linear, it calls for the same type of reception.



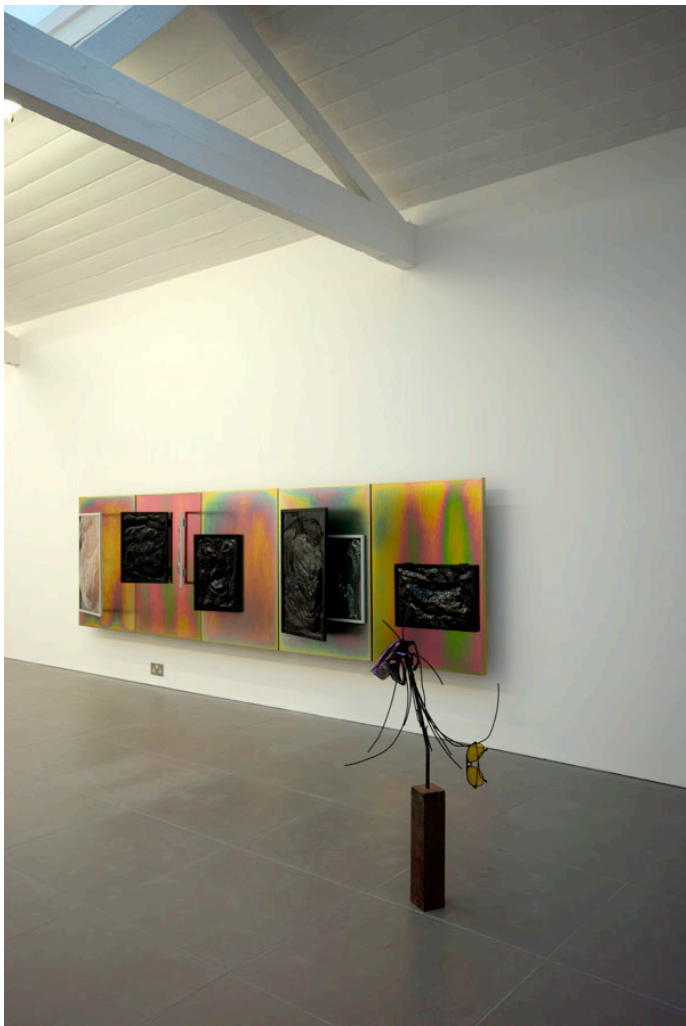
Adham Faramawy, Violet Likes **Psychic Honey 2**, 2012



Travess Smalley, **Alta Dark**, 2012



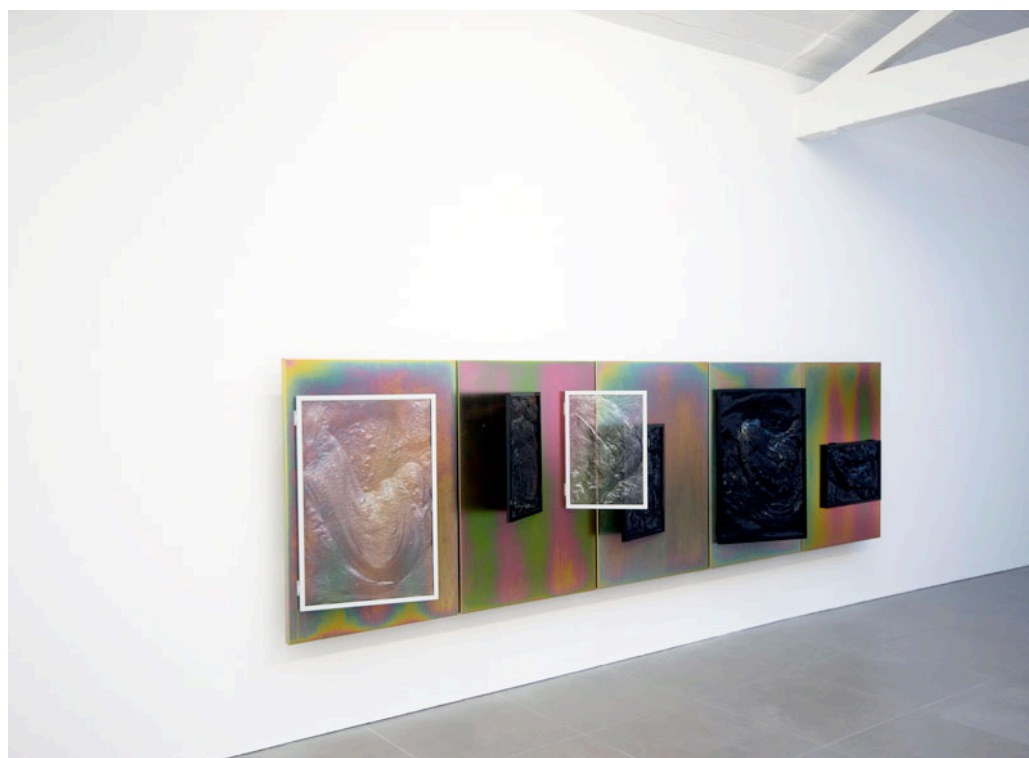
Chimera Q.T.E. installation view



Chimera Q.T.E. Installation view



Jack Lavender, Glass Tree, 2012



Nicolas Deshayes, Salts (Sels), 2012



Berry Patten, The Dream is Kournikova, 2012



Cornelia Baltes, Baccara, 2012



Sabrina Ratte', Age Maze, 2011



Chimera Q.T.E., installation view, 2012

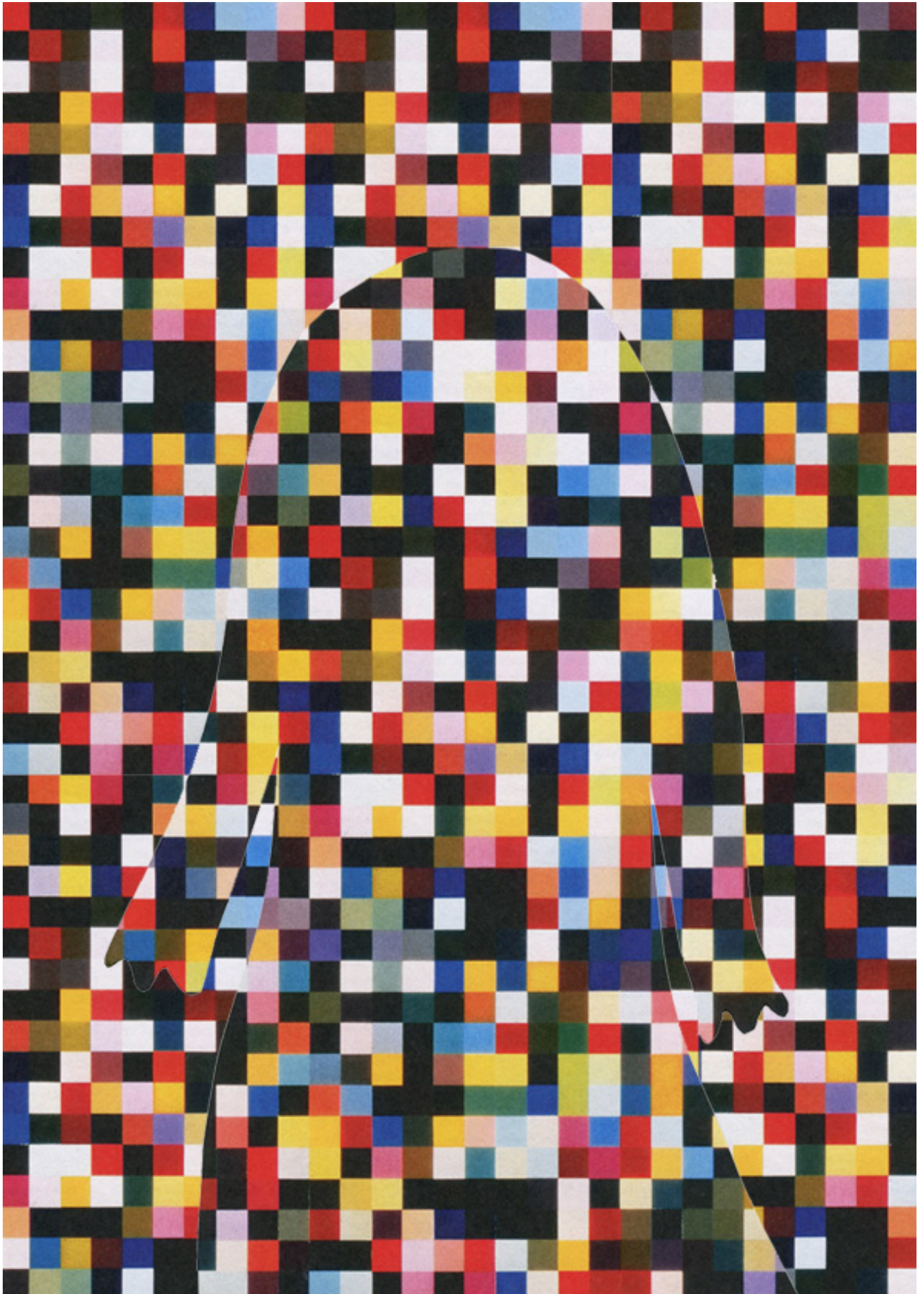


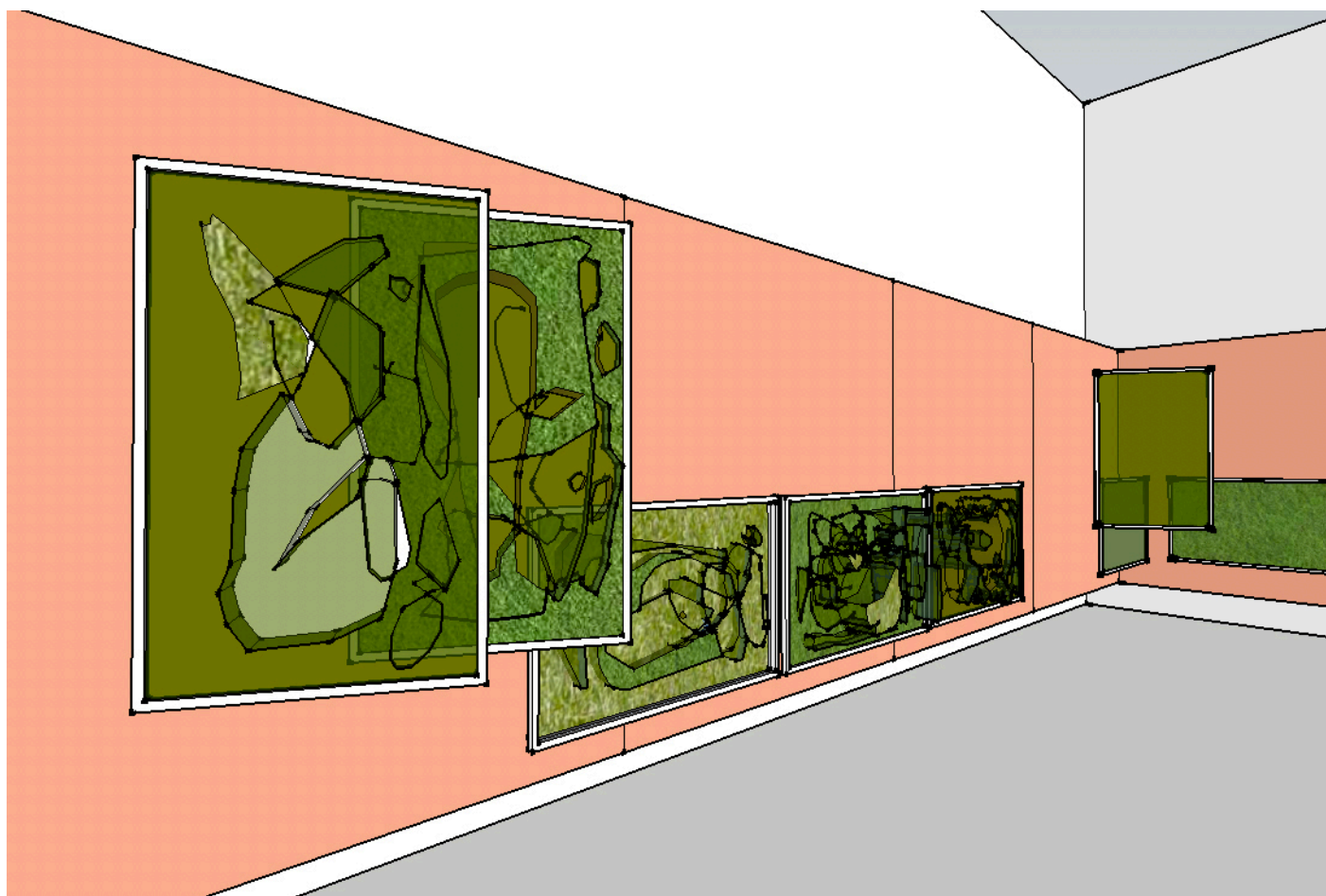
Oliver Sutherland, Waving, 2012

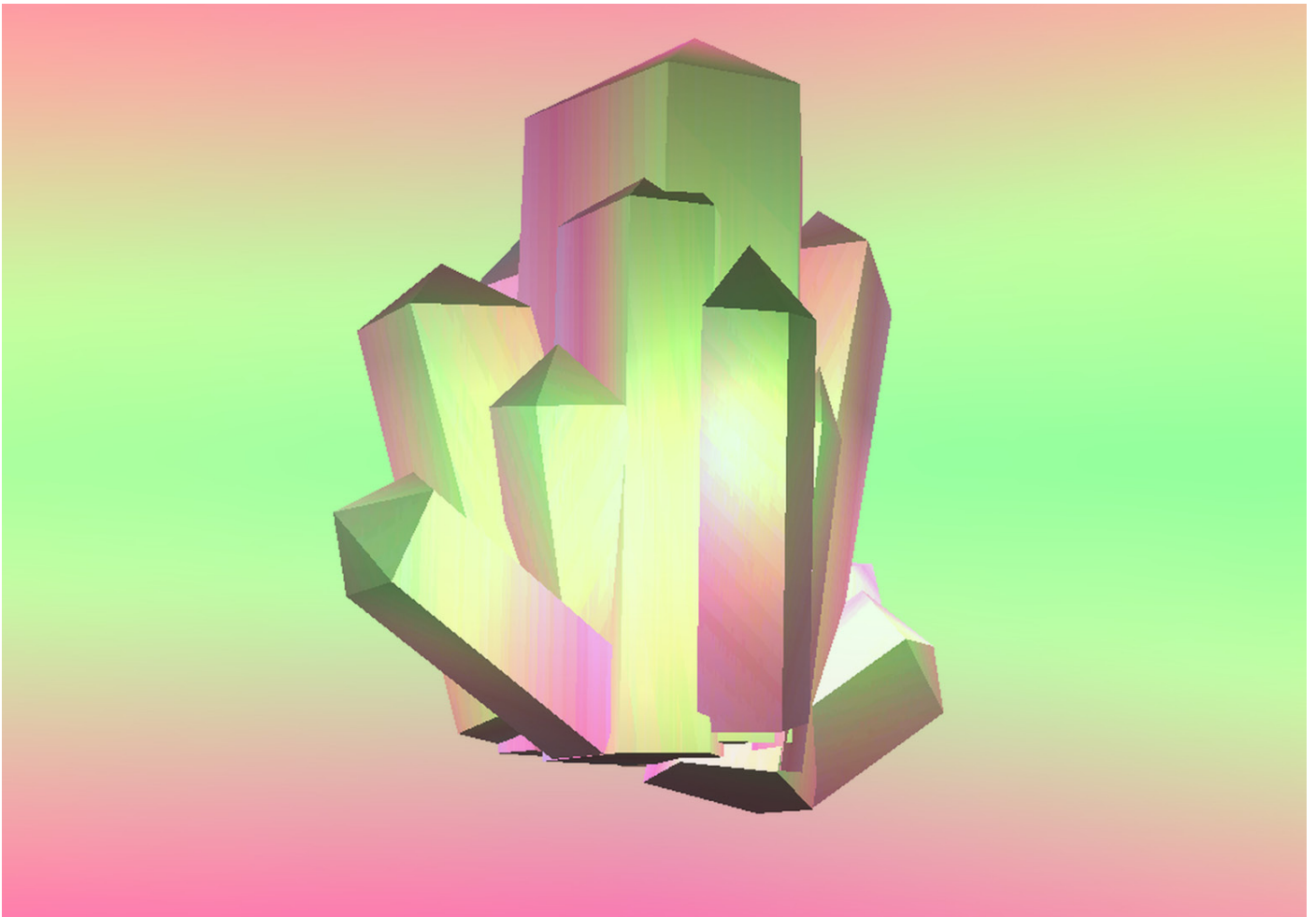
mythological middle suburbia

Whilst her brothers
Cerberus and Orthrus
played out in the street
chasing cat-like gods up trees
or playing football
her mum
Echidna, the poor serpent-nymph
was in the kitchen
slaving over some sacrificial offerings from the Greeks
Typhon
her father
a huge, fearsome creature
with a hundred, vicious heads
was out at the Mount Etna Bar again
plotting revenge against Zeus
and generally being of no help to Echidna
Chimera, on the other hand
was in her cave
her little sanctuary
writing an entry on her blog
expressing her dissociation from her many selves
and feelings of family estrangement
No one truly understood her
or so she felt

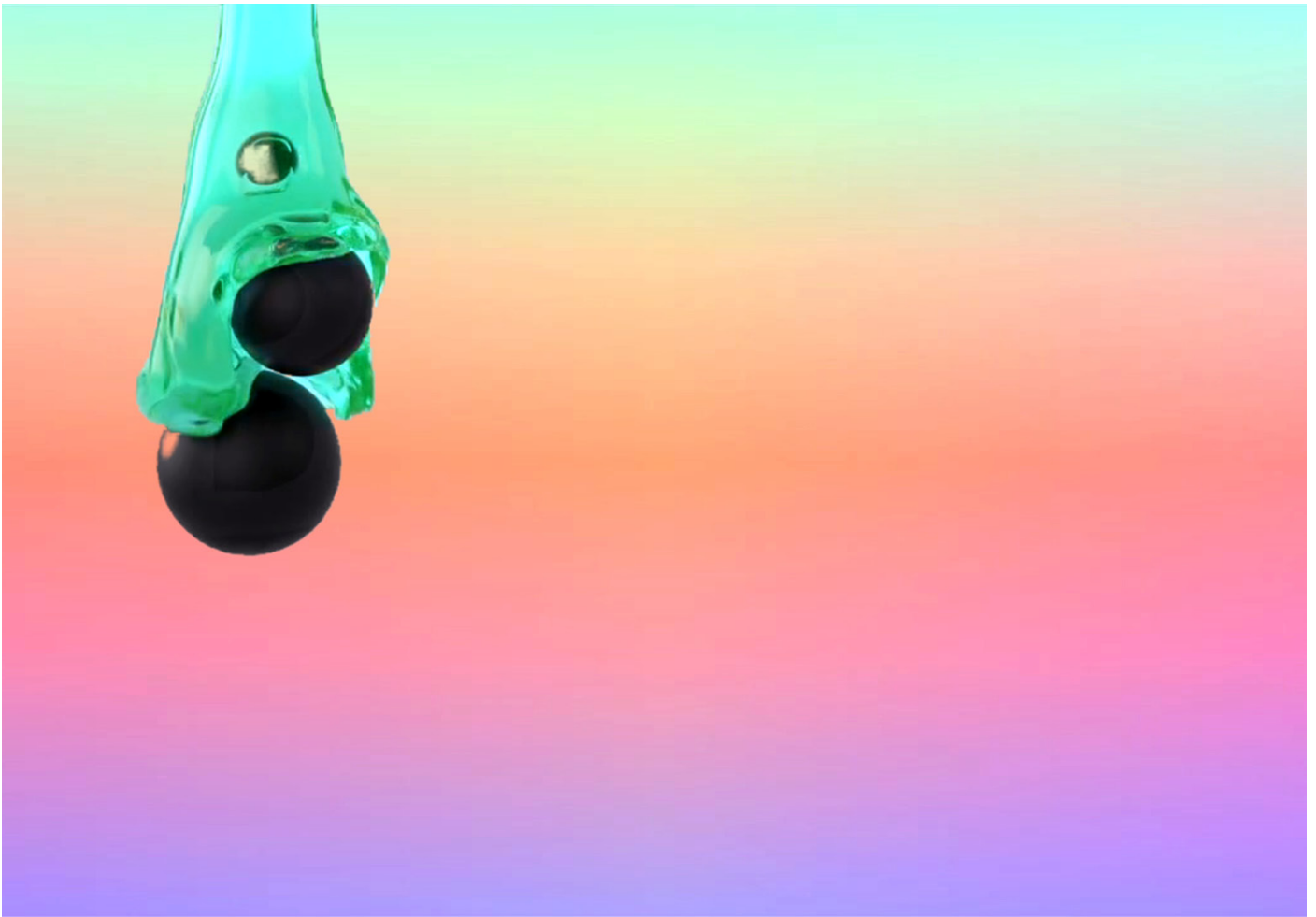
Rhys Coren is an artist and writer living and working in London.
www.rhyscoren.co.uk







Violet Likes Psychic Honey 2



Violet Likes Psychic Honey 2

CONTEXT-SENSITIVE INFORMATION SPECTACLES



Round 1: ACCELERATED VIEWING

While watching a film on my laptop I found myself fast-forwarding it.

And I fast-forwarded it because, dissatisfied by what I was seeing, I wanted to get to a more interesting scene. In truth, I presumed that 'nothing was going to happen' in that lapse of time. As soon as I noticed this, I paused the film and thought: what would have happened if I had watched Andrei Tarkovsky's *Solaris* (1972) for the first time on Quicktime, or *Last Year at Marienbad* by Alain Resnais (1961) on YouTube?

It might have been a very different experience. Most likely, I would not have appreciated the gradual disclosure of a lake with undulating strands of seaweed in it, or endured the lingering shots of a camera panning for four minutes around a non-narrative theatrical scene.

My impatient eye, and perhaps my in-need-of-constant-stimuli brain, would have given in to the temptation of exploiting the possibilities offered by these new technologies.

If the above had happened, I would have almost certainly missed out on what are to me two compelling examples of sci-fi and post-modern drama films. I would have taken a fallacious short-cut, missing out on their alternative worlds and complex timelines, I would have watched them in acceleration, or better still, with an accelerated mind.

But what are these possibilities?

When using multimedia frameworks (i.e. Quicktime) and video sharing websites (i.e. YouTube) - along with my laptop - I am brought into a different relationship with time; or, in other words, a different perception of time.

My viewing habits are different.

My visual expectations are different.

My assumptions about the content of what I am viewing are different.

The possibilities I am alluding to are not just to be associated with easy fast-forwarding. They derive from new viewing conditions; new modes of connecting with moving images.

The flow of images is now in front of me in what is very much a one-to-one personal experience. My relationship with the film is also filtered by the fact *I am on a laptop*, which presumably is connected to the internet and, perhaps, has a web browser open on a video sharing website - with all the implications that having a suggested list of related films next to the one you are watching raise -.

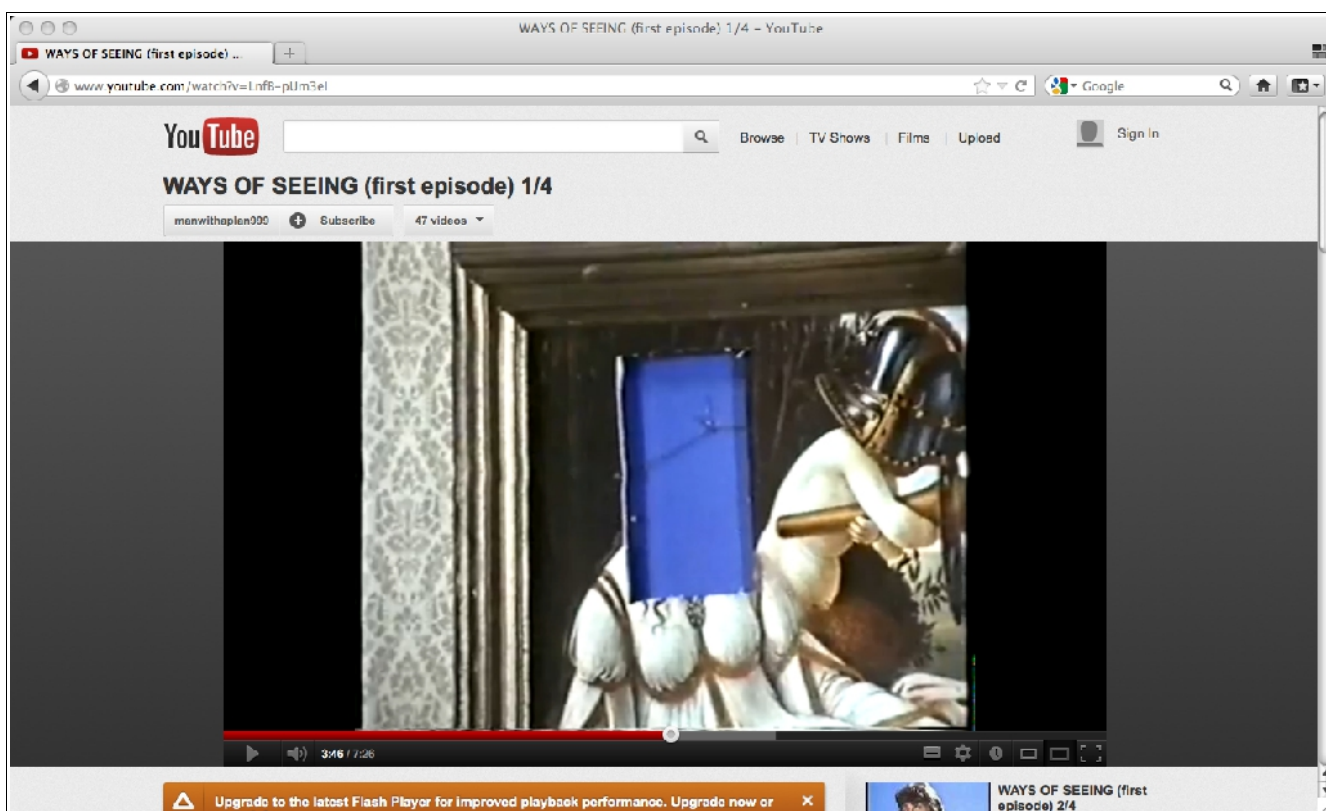
It is this whole viewing context that alters my relationship with the film and its inner time. In this context my brain becomes attuned to the idea that 'direct and straight action leads to a gratifying (and immediate) result', 'the next thing might be better'. Or, in other words, my state of mind becomes one in which I want to get to something (precisely, the next most interesting thing) by the pressing of a button.

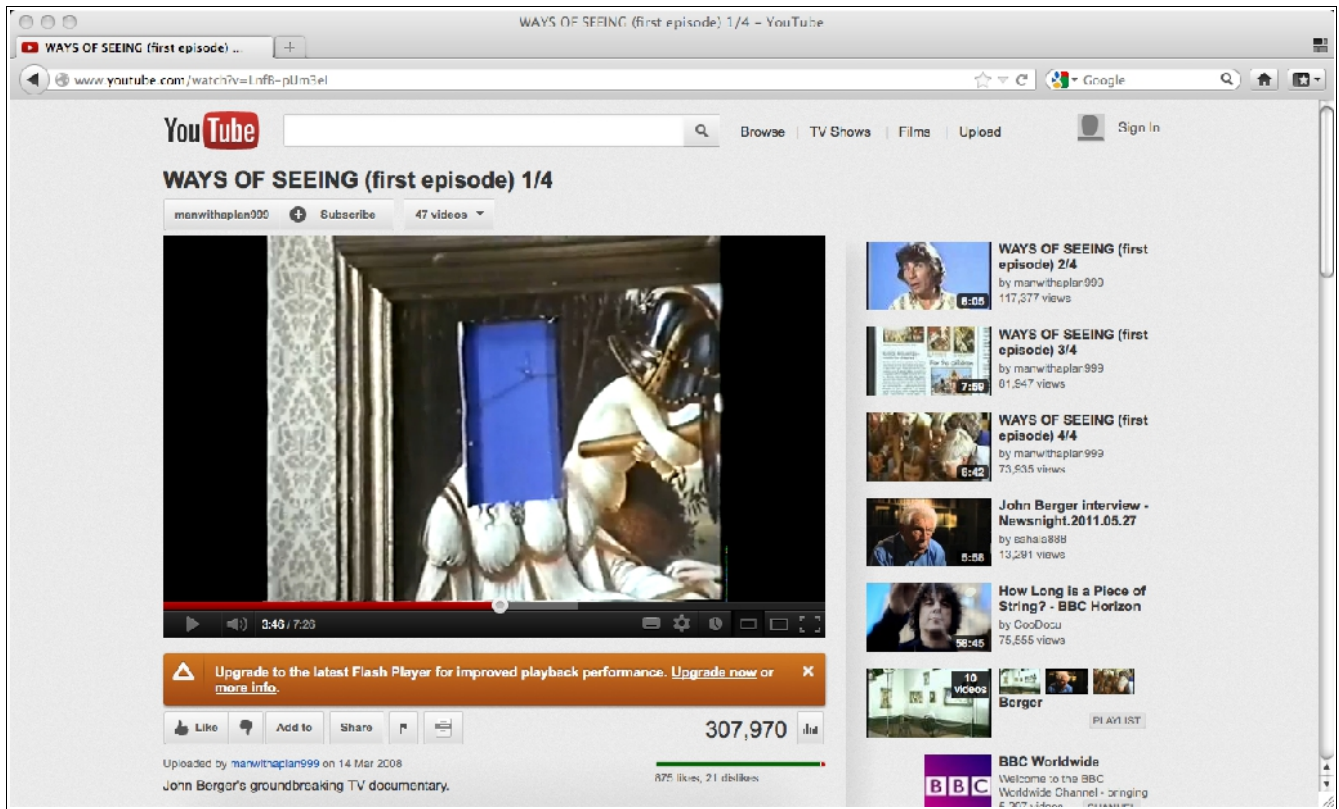
A sort of, 'press-and-instantaneously-get approach'.

Hence, how would a contemporary Tarkovsky or Resnais respond to this different viewing context, to my new perception of time, or to my expectations for a faster and denser tempo and for 'what is next'?

If my current reality of time is somehow accelerated, what should the standards against which I determine this change in speed be?

[excerpt from the editorial of *Acceleration* exhibition on or-bits.com]





[(some) spatial forms of watching videos online: *Ways of Seeing – Episode One* (by John Berger and Mike Dib for BBC, 1972) on YouTube; screenshots taken in November 2012]

↙
 “[...] I propose that attention is an essential component of technical change (although undertheorized in Sidmondson's account), for it creates from a background of technical ensembles some aspects of their physical characteristics upon which to focus, thus bringing into existence a new materiality that then becomes the context for technological innovation. Attention is not, however removed or apart from the technological changes it brings about. Rather, it is engaged in a feedback loop with the technological environment within which it operates through unconscious and nonconscious processes that affect not only the background from which attention selects but also the mechanisms of selection themselves. Thus technological beings and living beings are involved in continuous reciprocal causation in which both groups change together in coordinated and indeed synergistic ways”

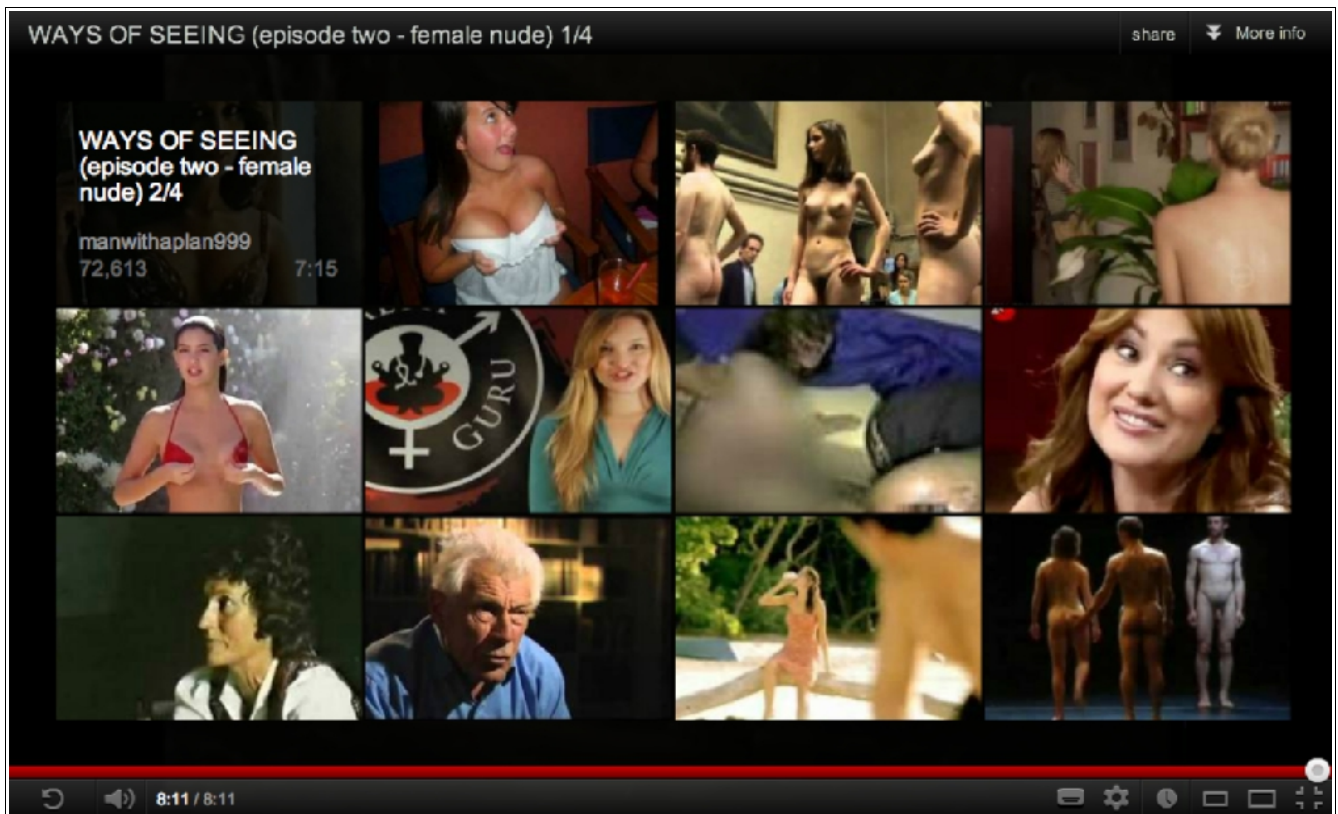
[excerpt from *How We Read* (2012) by N. Katherine Hayles, Chicago: The University of Chicago Press; pp 103-104]

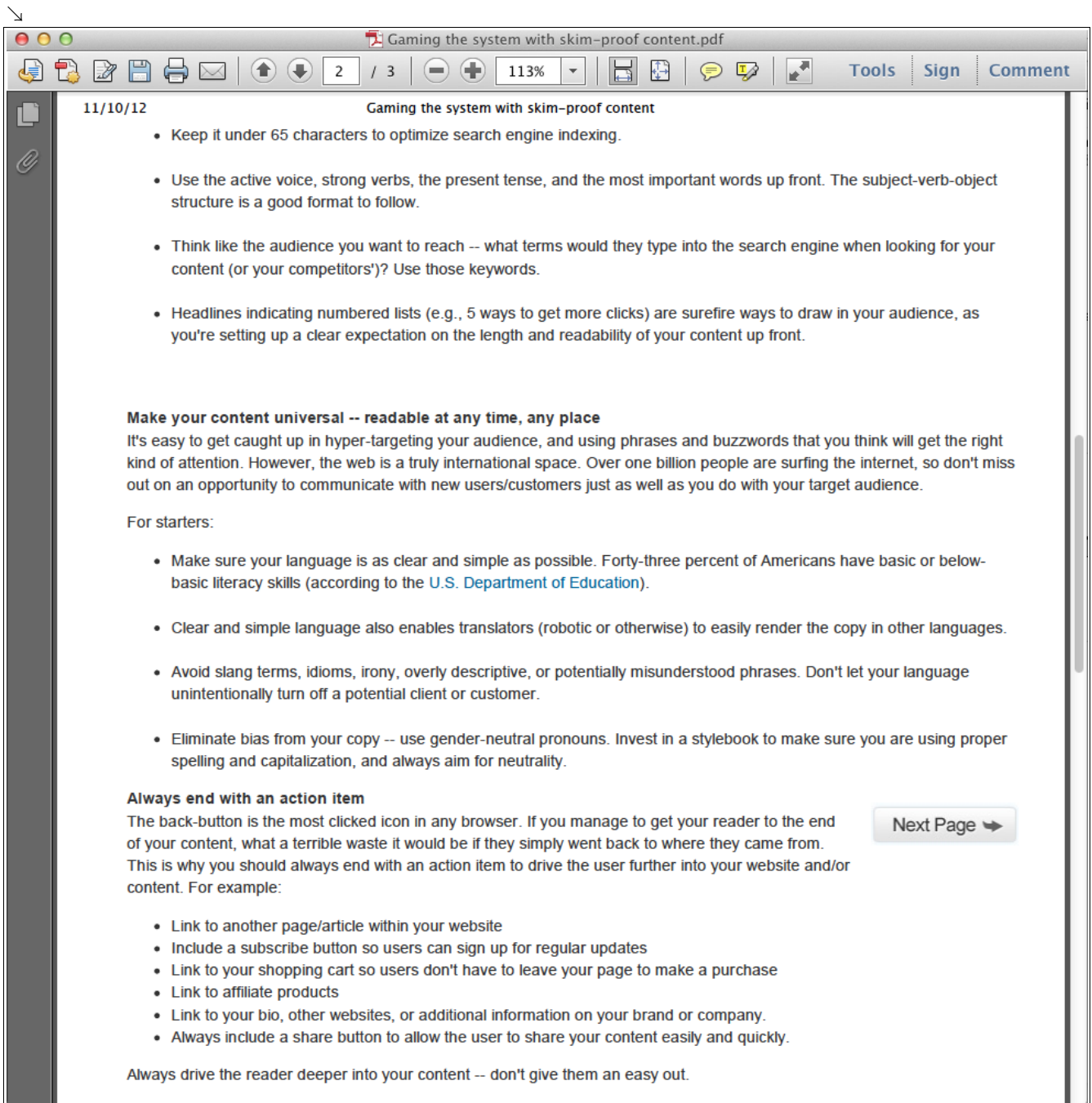
↙
 [The heat-map of a Google search based on Jakob Nielson's usability research tests. The image show Nielson's mode of reading web pages which is that of a “F-shaped” pattern]



↘

[Automated thematic contextualisation online: YouTube's suggested viewing while switching from *part 1* and 2 of *Ways of Seeing – Episode Two* (by John Berger and Mike Dib for BBC, 1972); screenshots taken in November 2012]





[excerpt from *Gaming the system with skimproof content* by Madhuri Shekar, posted on 20/01/2011 on *iMedia Connection* website and accessed on 10/11/2012]


[Suggested purchases while previewing *Ways of Seeing* book on Amazon]

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Texts and images compiled by Marialaura Ghidini

Marialaura Ghidini is a curator, researcher and writer based in Newcastle upon Tyne.

She has been working with Grand Union, Birmingham since September 2010 and curated the residency programme 'Search Engine', along with other collaborative events and projects.

She is founder and director of the web-based curatorial platform www.orbits.com, a project devoted to promoting practices and dialogues across and beyond media and exploring the creative and critical possibilities of the web as a language, medium and subject.

Chimera

Platform, Installer, Size, and Checksum, Date, Notes.

Noise driven synth focusing on pads and haunting leads.



I guess there's something I'm not getting.



Extracting oil and gas from shale fields.

A process that spawned several icy minions.

The product of a slowly varying envelope.

It is the fourth and last main Mayhem.



Now the plan is to clear old achievements.

Delivering practicality, durability and simply beautiful light.

Sent out to explore the galaxy.



Chimera are roads, not destinations.



Broad, clean, continuous highlights in a big way.



*A Flarf poem constructed by Hannah Lees,
illustrated by Jack Lavender.*

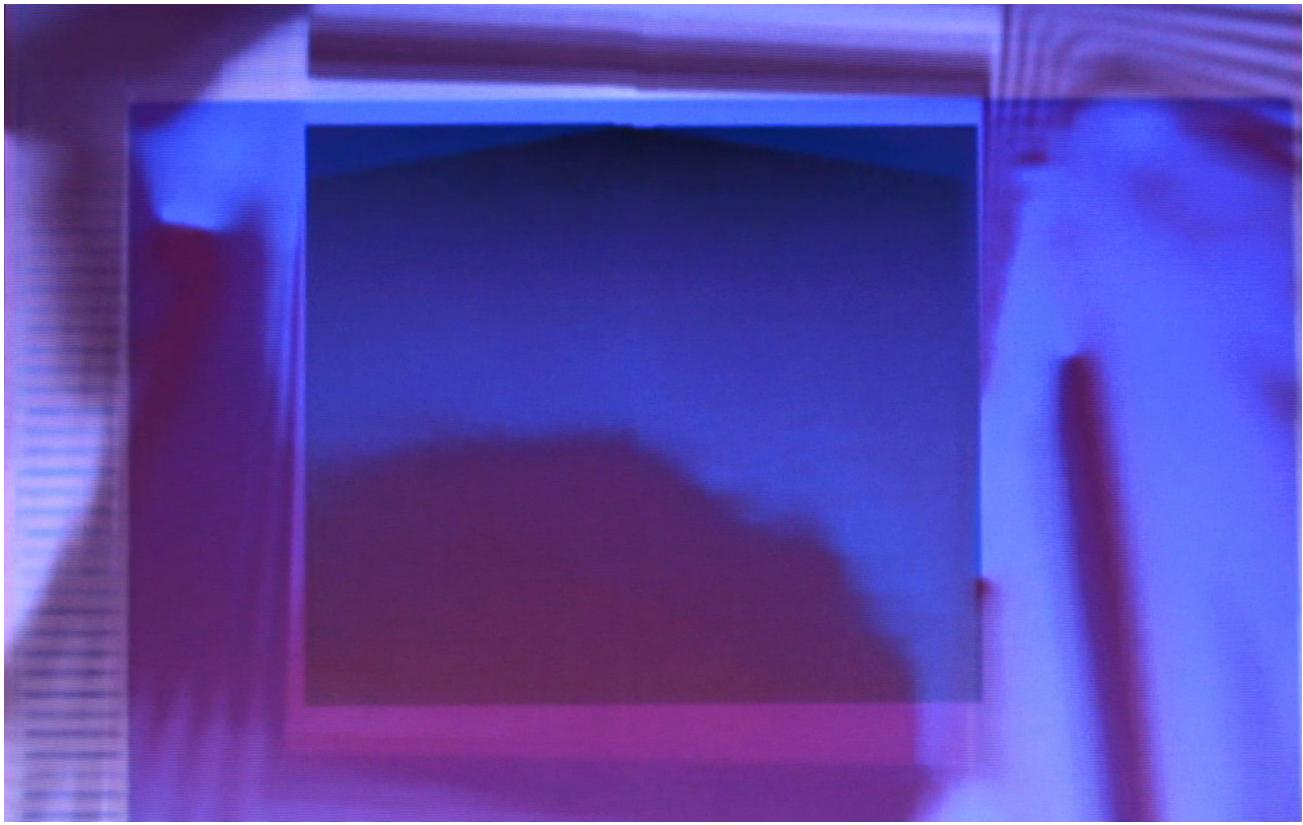
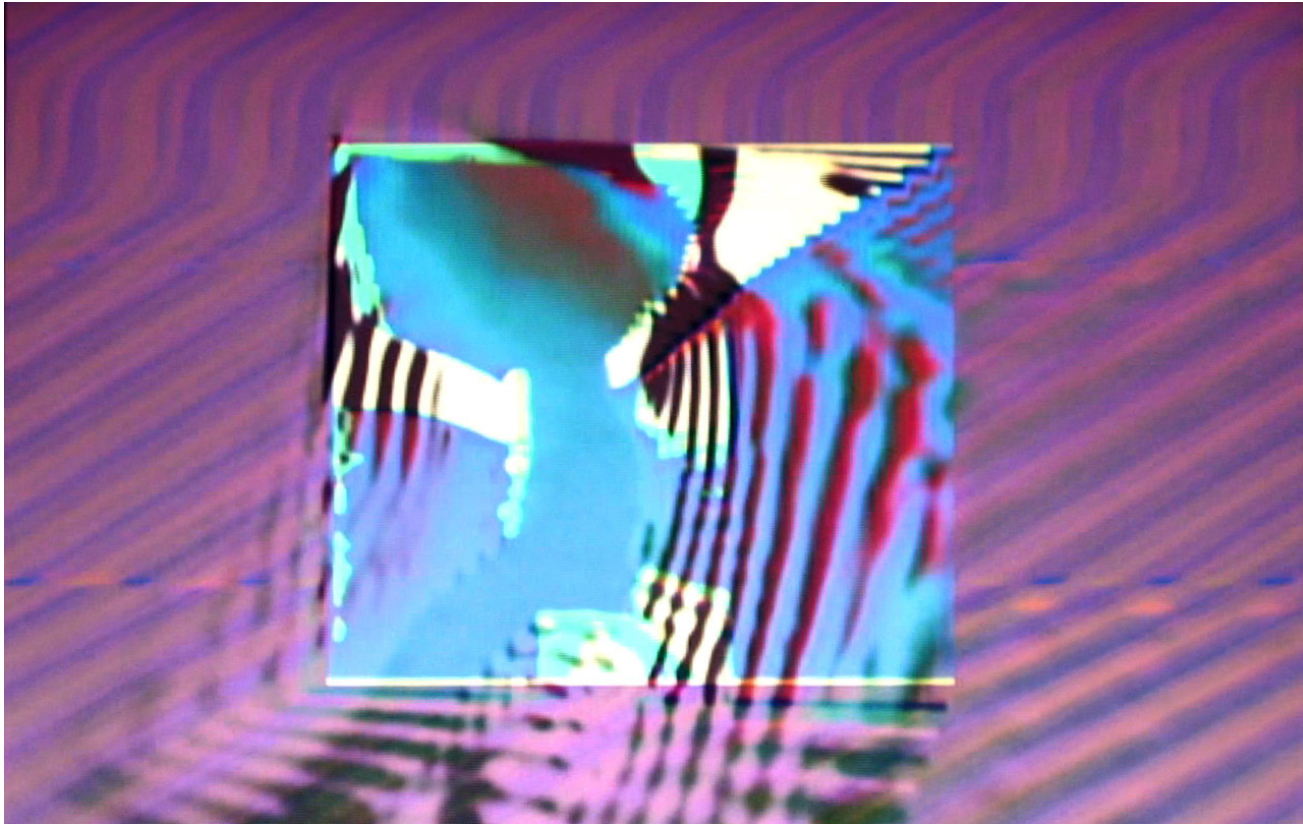




S P O R T S



B T A R I E L

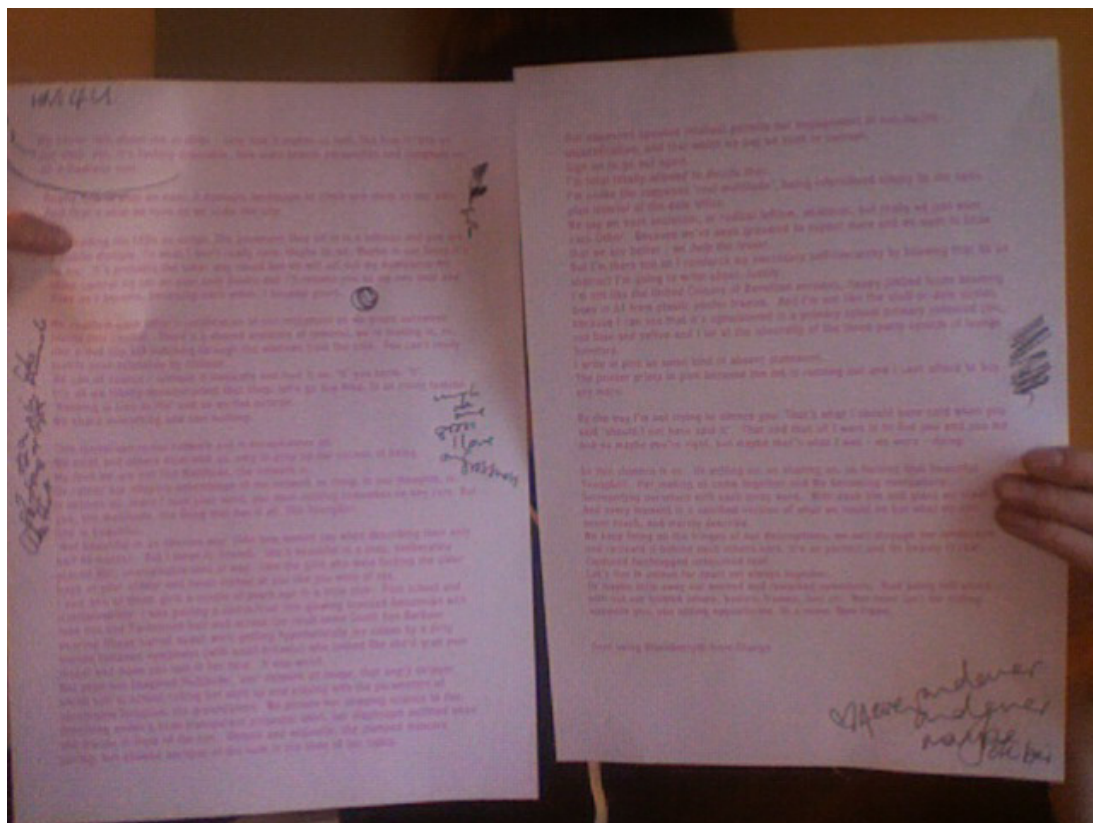


HM 4 U

We never talk about the weather - only how it makes us feel, like how it 'sits on our skin' etc. It's fucking miserable, this slate breath personifies and congeals us as a flawless unit.

Really this is what we want: A dystopic landscape to climb and claim as our own. And that's what we have as we scale the city.

I'm reading the LEDs as script. The pavement they sit in is a tableau and you are a nubile disciple. To what I don't really care. Maybe to me. Maybe in our fancy it's to me. It's probably the other way round but we will act out my dominance my utter control my sex as your only desire and I'll remake you as my own over and over as I become, becoming each other. I become yours.



We reaffirm each other's justification of our enjoyment as we grope ourselves inside this capital. There's a shared pretence of removal, we're looking in, on, like a dvd clip kid watching through the windows from the cold. You can't really justify your existence by critique.

We can of course - critique it ironically and love it so. 'It' you know. 'It'.

It's ok we totally deconstructed that shop; let's go buy Nike. In an ironic fashion.

'Nothing is free in life' and so we live outside.

We share everything and own nothing.

This landscape is our network and it encapsulates us.

We exist and others exist with us, only to prop up our cocoon of being.

My love we are not The Multitude, the network is.

Or rather our slippery assemblage of the network as thing, in our thoughts, is.

It imbues us, there I took your word, you have nothing remember so why care. But yes, the multitude, the thing that has it all. The YoungGirl.

She is beautiful.

‘Not beautiful in an obvious way’ (like how women say when describing their only half fit mates). But I mean it, honest. She’s beautiful in a sexy, deliberately placed dirt, unattainable kind of way. Like the girls who were fucking the older boys at your school and never looked at you like you were of sex.

I saw one of those girls a couple of years ago in a strip club. Post school and unattainability. I was getting a dance from this glowing bronzed Amazonian with fake tits and Pantenned hair and across the room some South Ken Barbour wearing floppy haired dudes were getting hypothetically joy ridden by a dirty blonde tattooed nymphslut (with small breasts) who looked like she’d grab your throat and make you spit in her face. It was weird. But yeah our imagined Multitude, ‘our’ network as image, that angry stripper whilst still at school rolling her skirt up and playing with the parameters of acceptable flirtation; the groundsman. We picture her skipping science to live. Breathing under a semi transparent polyester shirt, her diaphragm outlined when she stands in front of the sun. Obtuse and exquisite, the clumped mascara jarring, but allowed because of the hole in the knee of her tights.

Our espoused spouted intellect permits our engagement of non-tactile objectification, and that which we say we seek to corrupt.

Sign on to go out again.

I’m total totally allowed to decide that.

I’m unlike the supposed ‘real multitude’, being infantilised simply by the open plan interior of the dole office.

We say we want socialism, or radical leftism, whatever, but really we just want each Other.

Because we’ve been groomed to expect more and we want to know that we are better - we help the lesser.

But I’m there too so I reinforce my necessary self-hierarchy by knowing that its an abstract I’m going to write about. Justify.

I’m not like the United Colours of Benetton versions, happy jobbed faces beaming down in A1 from plastic poster frames. And I’m not like the staff or dole victims because I can see that it’s upholstered in a primary school primary coloured chic, red blue and yellow and I lol at the absurdity of the three party system of lounge furniture.

I write in pink as some kind of absent statement.

The printer prints in pink because the ink is running out and I cant afford to buy any more.

By the way I'm not trying to silence you. That's what I should have said when you said 'should I not have said it'. That and that all I want is to live you and you me and so maybe you're right, but maybe that's what I was - we were - doing.



So this chimera is us. Us writing us, us sharing us, us fucking that beautiful YoungGirl. Her making us come together and We becoming everywhere.

Surrounding ourselves with each stray word. With each tile and glass we steal. And every moment is a calcified version of what we could be but what we can never touch, and merely describe.

We keep living on the fringes of our descriptions, we sail through the landscape and recreate it behind each others ears. It's so perfect and its beauty is real. Captured hashtagged untouched real.

Let's live in unison far apart yet always together.

Or maybe strip away our worked and reworked ephemera. Risk being left alone with out our knitted selves, bodies, frames. Just us. Not even 'us'; me sitting opposite you, you sitting opposite me. In a room. New frame.

Sent using BlackBerry® from Orange

HM 4 U is a creative writing piece by Arcadia Missa, that builds and reflects on the essay BONES: Revolutionizing Desire. A Reclamation of Representation for its Affective Potential, written for UNpublish, November 2012.

HM 4 U subjectively contemplates how the personal, lived experience of ones own chimera within an immaterial (or increasingly digital) yet still relational complex of late capitalism enacts some of the theory which surrounds this reading of our social state as such.

It appropriates terms from Michael Hardt & Antonio Negri's work, and from Tiqqun's Preliminary Materials for the Theory of the Young-Girl.

The term 'Multitude' originated in Machiavelli's Discorsi, and was built on by Spinoza. It describes as a political term a position of the collective mass as immanent and oppositional to dominant power(s). Its resurgence in Hardt & Negri's Empire and Multitude: War and Democracy in the age of Empire proliferated it into a more common, yet arguably deactivated, usage.

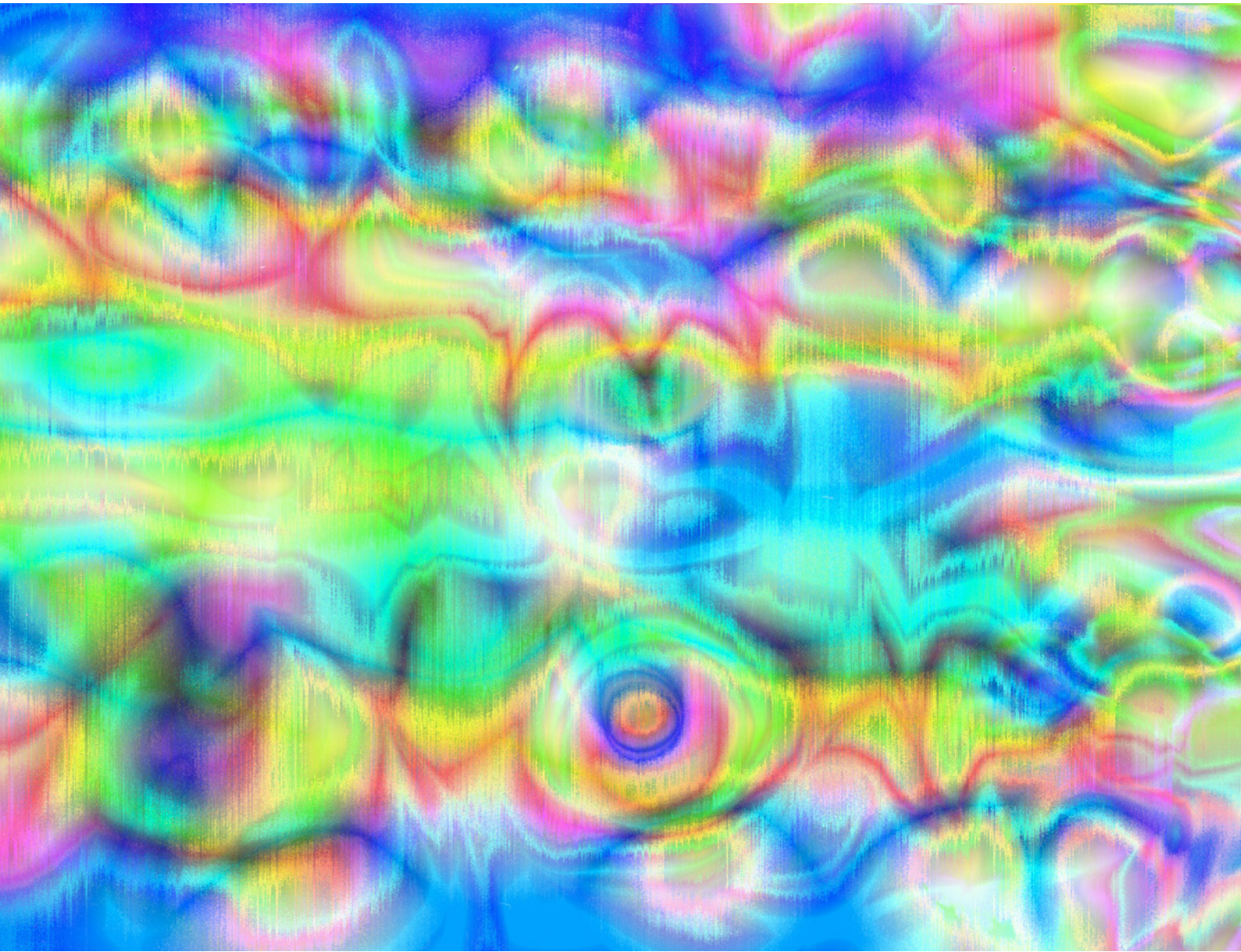
The Young-Girl is a term coined by the French writing collective and journal Tiqqun in their book originally published in French in 1999. It describes the appropriation and commodification of 'freedom' within late capitalism's age of the consumer. "The Young-Girl is explicitly not a gendered concept" (as stated in the preliminaries of the book itself). What the Young-Girl is, is a pronouncement of the colonization of all of us, our bodies, under Empire. It is the commodification of identity, of 'freedom'; to choose ones self-representation, definition, lifestyle, within the semantics of consumption. It is the body and desire subjugated by capital.

In HM 4 U Arcadia Missa 'hmm's as to whether our ephemeral social nexus online is in fact 'The Multitude', rather than 'us' - people acting in a collective body. Alluding to perhaps that network is a body itself: a network imagined as object. And that that object is an alpha Young-Girl.

Arcadia Missa is a gallery, publishers and studios in South East London, run by Rozsa Farkas and Tom Clark.

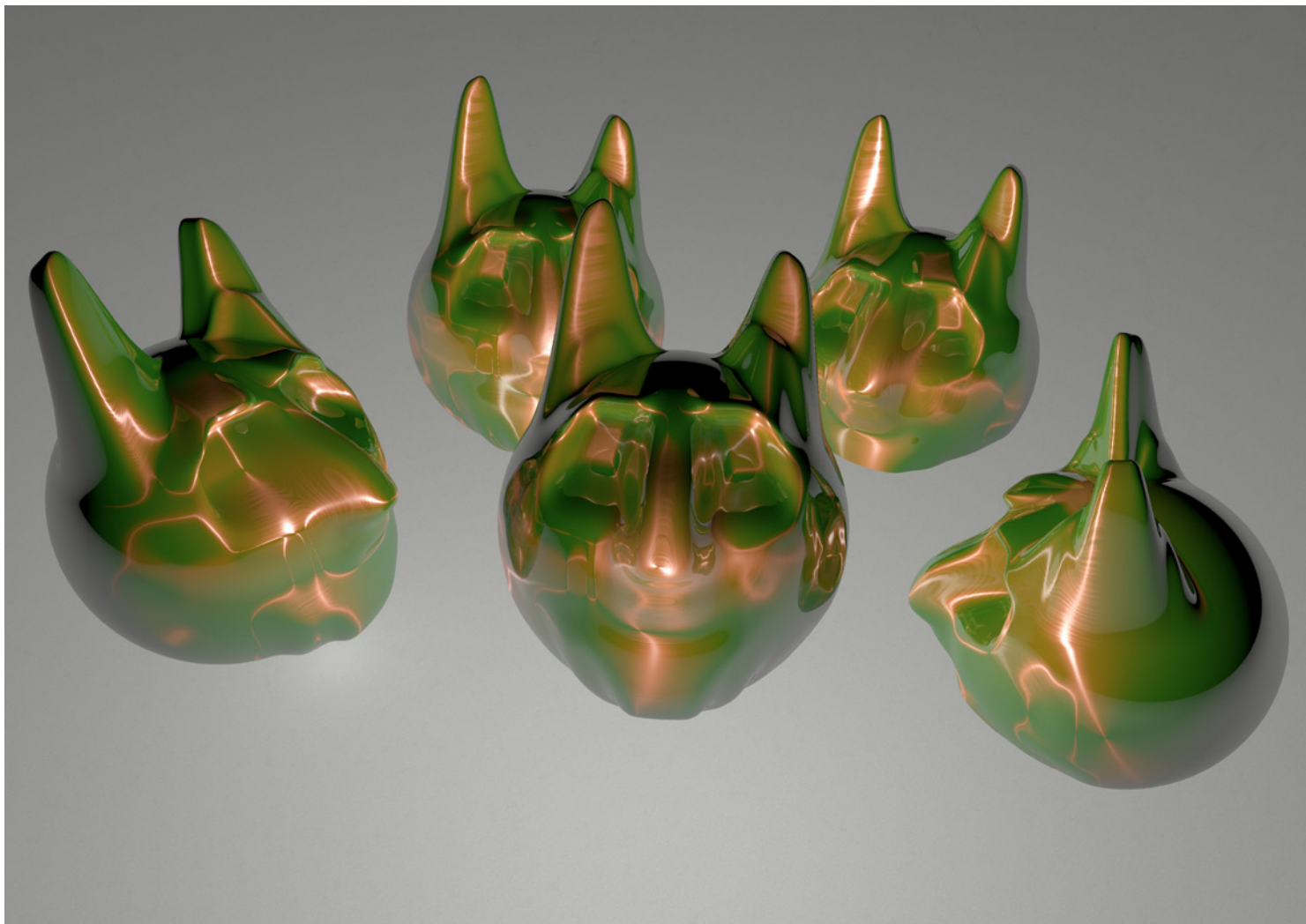
<http://arcadiamissa.com/>

<http://arcadiamissa.tumblr.com/>



STRATA

Travess Smalley



catz

The Monstrous Player

Wikipedia:

'The Chimera (also Chimaera or Chimæra) [...] was, according to Greek mythology, a monstrous fire-breathing female creature of Lycia in Asia Minor, composed of the parts of three animals: a lion, a serpent and a goat'¹

Chimera is a monstrous creature. Not just deformed but multi-formed, chimera is the result of an imaginative assembling (*cutting and pasting?*) of different animals. Both fascinating and terrifying, chimera reveals the monstrosity of the multi-shaped and multifunctional character.

Video games have plenty of chimeras. Literally...



Illustration 1: Katon Callaway, 3D model for *God of War III*, Sony Computer Entertainment (2010)

...and metaphorically. Heroes and villains of digital games are often the result of combining living parts and material components. Weapons, physical extensions and enhancements abound in video game characters.

¹ Online source: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chimera_\(mythology\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chimera_(mythology))

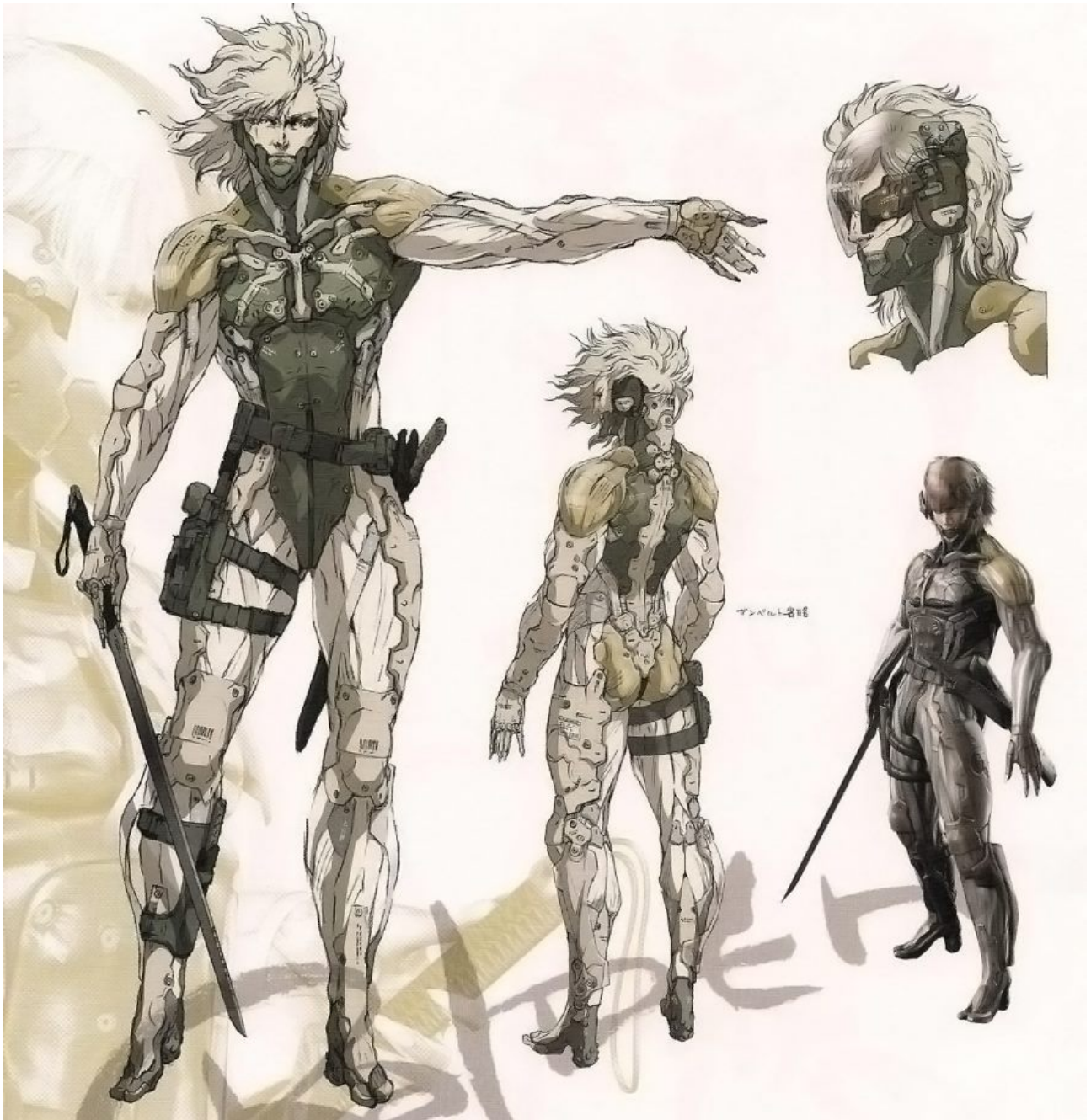


Illustration 2: Artwork for Metal Gear Solid 4: Guns of the Patriots, Konami – Kojima Productions (2008)



Illustration 3: Deus Ex: Human Revolution, Square Enix - Eidos Montreal (2011)

Rarely, if ever, *video game chimeras* question the effects of the combination of which they are the result. As cyborgs, they are really disappointing and superficial. Technology in this context is merely a facilitator. It has no more than an instrumental effect, as it provides new possibilities to the video game player. Even when enemies are deformed through physical mutation they are likely to be empowered by assembling a piece of something else within their body.



Illustration 4: Screenshot, Dead Space 3, Electronic Arts - Visceral Games (to be released)

We do not need to quote Heidegger² to argue that technologies could also be considered differently and in the ways they take part of human activities, as they enframe (and not only facilitate) our relation with the environment. McLuhan³ proposed to understand media as extensions of our senses and this entails a much more nuanced understanding of their relation with the body. We could imagine that the mythological Chimera was not only empowered by the combination of different animals but also proposed a deformed perception of the world, and therefore a monstrous life.

We should probably look somewhere else, in the context of the medium of the video game, for a more accurate monstrosity. An example is provided by artist Todd Deutsch. The video game player, while being immersed in his or her relation with the game interface, becomes something else. A dumb figure, rather than an empowered one.

2 Heidegger, M. (1977), *The Question Concerning Technology and Other Essays*, translated by William Lovitt, New York: Harper and Row

3 McLuhan, M. (1964), *Understanding Media*, London: Routledge Classics



Illustration 5: Todd Deutsch, Gamers, 1999-2006



Illustration 6: Todd Deutsch, Gamers, 1999-2006



Illustration 7: Todd Deutsch, Gamers, 1999-2006

Gamers could also become literally deformed. The disease which results from intensive sessions of digital gaming, also known as 'video game arthritis', is currently being debated as one of the most underestimated pathologies of our century.⁴ The interface is embodied,

4 Bittanti, M. (2011), *A gaming patography*, published by Fabio Paris art gallery, available online at http://www.iocose.org/files/game_arthritis_bittanti.pdf

literally, it becomes part of the body of the players. This is how they appear in the photographic documentation by Matteo Bittanti and IOCOSE.



Illustration 9: Matteo Bittanti and IOCOSE, Game Arthritis, WASD Syndrome (2011)



Illustration 10: Matteo Bittanti and IOCOSE, Game Arthritis, 3D Optical Disorder (2011)

These monstrous players are the more proper contemporary chimeras, I propose. These pathological cases more effectively display the pain and pleasure of being multi-skilled and multi-shaped.

Paolo Ruffino

Paolo Ruffino is member of artist collective IOCOSE and he is currently studying a MPhil/PhD at Media and Communications department at Goldsmiths, University of London.
His research project is a cultural analysis of video game consumers and, particularly, of the emergence of the prosumer in the video game industry.
www.iocose.org | www.paoloruffino.com



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