



J Neve Harrington

“Screensaver Series: Sleeper Softwares”

Text by J Neve Harrington

We invite you to find a temporary place to rest: to listen, to watch. We invite you to change your perspective throughout: stand, sit, lie down. When you decide to move, others will fill the space where you were, opening possibilities of places for you to be. The sound moves in the space, you can choose to be closer to, or further from the speakers. There are no sudden changes in sound or light intensity.

Making prayer of it, then nothing more than getting comfortable.

At each moment, infinities and their tapering off. Meeting conditions, all of it folding into itself, context and remainders.

Unfolding into triangles. Budding like spring knows. Or fanning out flat.

Us here, our conditions: our mediation a productive liveness. A conversation between how you are doing today and the resonance of that. How similarly over here, we are enabled and compromised by contexts too. The support of, and break from the habitual. Actually, it comes as a seeping compression. Incoming information stream held, constrained in, and also by: Flying, getting born, nestle, huddle, settle, testing, scorpion and fireworks. Demolishing the image from the inside. So...holding weight... Nudging some opening open. Relationships of all sorts always available. And always that leaving asks for staying, asks for staying somewhere else.

As the sleeper sleeping the dream that moves them, a continuity between events. Filling and

emptying, unbearable predictability of rhythm. Carried on with and by: full of projects as you are.

Attentive to what is in contact with the ground, replace that with: something interrupted but persistent, reorganised. Everything populates, is noticeable, conducted. Feedback busy with flatness, mirrors, imperfect. Just a creature trying to evolve.

At each point what stays and what goes, scaffold then decoration. Each part in its own time breaks down, is eaten or halted, detonating softly, searching out rest. Always becoming compost.

So, we invite you to stay busy with what you are busy with. Everything populates, is potential for catching hold of, informing. And maybe we can think about– whatever it is we are doing – we are practising it.

Words and words pointing towards –getting closer to – naming what is unfolding. As we do together in order to agree – even temporarily– on what it is, even as it is changing.

Amassing form of direction as we go together. Taking different roles in accumulation and filtering. How you are so capable.

Traces grow slow or heavy with what is unprocessed, uncondensed remainders. Sometimes space between: the texture of delays skipping across the image. Doing less is welcome. Everything populates.

The equation of parts moving together, leveraging formulas: physics and fear and comfort. Sex. Tessellation. Sliding. Resistance. The utility of poetry to propagate shoots away from the main event. Not wanting to be uncompromised. Germination. Nurture. A cove. A closing harbour. Enveloped.

We seek information in pursuit of the language of the dance, it's scoring. We seek expansive precision. We make notes on the edges of it, so that this can become more of what it is, folding into: never being finished. Staying available the first project, recognition then naming, naming in order that we can return.

Always in the present continuous, even in remembering.

Traction and integration: the core, the palms, the soles of feet. Winging at, folding of. Bad habits are a screensaver too, bring the attention to: "I don't know" is a screensaver.

How the friction of a name keeps us in the story, resists slippage. The texture of a material: velcro. Tunneling out and other ways to go.

Sometimes only the pursuit of symmetry. stacking up. pattern play. How much is available to choice: time with gravity and alignment. The screensaver as functionally obsolete, or it's function as no longer chemical. Instead: privacy, personalisation, a comment on productivity, a meditation of branding, memories, security. Software, a score. An attentional contract running on. Activity within inactivity. Hypnosis.

It also feels like Venice, or the brain folded into the skull. The intestines. Navigation. Containment. Venice appearing like the most three dimensional place: all moving through at the same level as if in a video game where you never know which way the route ahead will turn. Suddenly space is opened onto a huge building or square, or you find yourself inexplicably somewhere unexpected. Everything in maximal

contact with everything else. Potential. Orientation. Contact. Connectivity. This Venice, an experience of thinking: cognition and dramaturgy. Taken routes laid down, are preferred, are reinforced. We try to stay available, to be surprised, to agree and disagree in shared provisional language. To return to an experiential landscape through similar codes. Algorithms, coding. How the brain develops pathways. An experience and a context: what people are calling neurodiversity. Biodiversity and resource. Rewiring and lane-switching. The habitual, it's support in blooms. The thickness of certain pathways and the expansive precision of limitations. A neurodivergent experience perhaps: repetition to reinforce, rhythm, rehearsal.

How Laura told me that the unimaginable is nevertheless always possible.

We are each other. Empathic. Carried on it. An illusion comprised of enabling, facilitation, play and blocking. At the threshold of change to trust, to not know, to trust into expansion, the other. The ability to respond, to stay tethered, to yield to something consensual. What is interrupted but persistent. How we sometimes cannot believe where we have been.

Moving that metabolises and generates, coming into contact with parts of its own moving. How caregivers regulate the infant, extending its reflexes through relationship. How we are like enzymes coding in relation to the environment: limpetting, smothering, flooded with feeling, drawing circles to drain out, with different ideas. Lying down that looks like sleep is to offer another ground, comfort. To emulate dying, rehearse its images: the rituals in touch distorted by symmetry still available: washing, clothing, holding, letting go. How someone said, sometime, that the best conversation doesn't begin with knowing how it will all work out and the best way to be in conversation is forward, going somewhere together. We practise the practice of readiness: brace and softness. A child's game of posting your hands into a box to guess

the object inside. This is how. Your name, a flexible, infinitely capable noun, a practise to maintain. Maintain. The hands, to be in the hands of now: to take hold or to let it slip through your fingers. Searching search histories, our fingerprints all over.

A history of touches pixellates news: incoming information stream held in, constrained by, the ways we know. Each fold of the algorithm invites a place to gather, carry, hold, conceal. Is software for right alignment potential; is hardening histories. To maintain: to fix and by fixing to allow something else to change. The fix as the marker of change, the constant, the still point. A before and after with similar skeletons. Growth and desolation. Each part in its own time breaks down.

Dropping frames from images over there: invisibilised architectures of care and violence. Time is running on, congratulatory. We move with it, mesmeric, making theatre. The present: a mirage consequential.

To maintain: to tend, to care. With the hands: to repair, to enable to continue. In relationship we make possible what the eyes could not choose: how we fly and burrow and are flown and borrowed, corresponded, transmitting information back and through touch forward. With wifi signal and drawing, with eyes, no eyes, in symmetry and mirrors. Unplanned meetings almost

perfect, the best almost. Each moment a blossoming question, a diversion.

Contact makes each other possible, resourced. How capable we become in communion with breath and listening. A conversation between opening and closing. Between opening and closing carried on with and by – as the sleeper sleeping – the dream that moves them, at each point, what stays and what goes. Filling then emptying. Scaffold then decoration. Filling then emptying unbearable predictability of rhythm. Making prayer of it, then nothing more than getting comfortable. At each moment infinites and their tapering off.

Full of projects as we are. Meeting conditions. All of it folding into itself: context and remainders, attentive to what is in contact with the ground. Everything populates. Unfolds into triangles, is noticeable, conducted. Budding like spring knows, is noticeable, conducted or fanning out flat, available to the riding gaze.

And always that leaving asks for staying, asks for staying somewhere else.

Similarly in echoes: the continuity between events: Held, dressing up. Flying, when you are doing nothing. Getting born, giving way. Imprinted afterwards, your efforts. Not knowing where you have been. That sex of words that points to infolding and unfolding where limbs grow out: a creature busy with flatness, is eaten searching out rest, always becoming compost.