But first a note on 'the weekend'.

transnational circulation of
human and material
institutions.

A literal, visual metaphor of its public character. At Mountain View, in the GCHQ building in the UK and Amazon’s new head quarters in Seattle, there is a Latin idiom which means a place shut in, a
confined place and a frontier

 responded to a territory. It is this confinement that defines Mountain View and its siblings. But their distinctive "frontier" is the temporality.
The generation of ideas, but also the arguments that are presented, is in the visual and economic realities are produced, deployed and circulated. But it is not a transparent medium. It is opaque. Echoing the visual of the social, its edges, its multiple virtual...
and physical, fortified boundaries. Inside everything shines and smells of fruit. An expectant electric hum fills the cool air as overhead lights flicker into full brightness. Sparkling glass doors slide apart and shoppers enter an air conditioned new world of special discounts and opening offers. Outside in the sunshine on streets freshly liberated from traffic, people relax, sip coffees and talk to absent friends. Strolling...
Strolling among benches and information displays a man hands out balloons, close by a young woman passes out free food and under the shade of a tree a street performer tunes an instrument and clears his throat.

Suggestive of "the brilliant fragments of a splintered utopia in which we would like to believe" the weekend is a deafening orchestration of desire. Front loaded with a sound track of screams and sirens the theme is legitimate social collapse and cultural mash up. "Homo ludens" and "homo democraticus", those revelers of unbridled self interest, are given free rein to play across state licensed "acres of organization to support drunkenness, disarray and disorder". But this beguiling disorder of a utopia rests upon an imagined equality, a merchandised emancipation that offers "a form of distraction at the intellectual, political and aesthetic level of the nursery".

Deployed by media conglomerates and only partially managed the weekend is full on bells and whistles of contemporary democracy. At the mains wired heart of this participatory opera is the individual triumphant as consumer and commodity, for whom everything is available, everything except progress. In this "instantaneous community of emotion" the mass is unhinged from the responsibilities and duties of a common good, for in this emancipated moment the struggles and toils of the empirical realm are cast off for the unpaid labours of physical pleasures. Perpetually promised this "communism of public emotion" lets loose absurd freedoms and those who "have dragged out their lives in stupor and submission" Monday through Friday are invited to "see saw into extensive absences and instantaneous immersions in other worlds" and partake in the bacchanalian feast.
desire. Front loaded with a sound track of screams and sobs, I met a hopeful, imagined equality, a
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Perpetually promised this “communion of public and private”

Aware of others but without speech or dialogue soft bodies bounce to the beat of transactions in pop-up palaces laid out for bestialized bodies, wallowing in a pornography of matter. Gesticulating and getting off in a “kindergarten grotesque”, a “seamless patchwork of the permanently disjointed” xi the unyoked costumed self begins to hunt. In this solo game the result is to prove “one’s ability to be someone else” xii, to become the chameleon, swapping clothes and personality. Deregulated, disowned and orphaned in sympathy with their stage set, where “toilet groups mutate into Disney stores” xiii, the solitary self plays at avatars and proxies.

In the “teeming blend of cafes, sidewalk musicians, and small galleries and bistros, where it is hard to draw the line between participant and observer, or between creativity and its creators” xiv the wannabe shape shifter “improvising with continually re-programmed memories” hunts the urgent and overwhelming moment. Propelled by the shameful burden that to “hold onto yesterday’s clothes and mobile phones spells catastrophe” xv they rehearse themselves, but away from a final committed performance, the pleasurable joy of testing, trying and discarding is the intoxication sought and the “readymade doll with a human face” xvi fixates lavishly on rewriting and erasing narcissistic biographies.

An agent of dramatic plot, the prequels and sequels of the democratic self are renegotiated “into a never ending series of egotistical measures” xvii, where each posture is the prelude to the next. Inhabiting this ceaseless and irresolvable charade, cause and effect is refused and refuted, leaving the consequences of the social carnival of the weekend, indefinitely postponed. But watched by ‘the public’ gazing out of posters, billboards and led screens crammed with adoring couples and grinning happy friends, the provisional individual is possessed by ‘lifestyle’ moments, a fashion shoots and public information lecture. It is against this impossible world that we are measured and policed.
bodies bounce to the beat of transactions... in a man up

When the shops, bars and museums close 'the public' living it up forever in glossy images will remain. The sweating sweating individual rooted in the world of time and matter will only persist as a solitary incidental presence, moribund, redundant. and
suggestive of apiritual wasteland in which they would like to believe.

And to return:
Everything is dirty and smells of vomit. Sirens and shouts fill the air as overhead lights strobe into full brightness. Sparkling glass windows fracture as revelers enter the world of police vans and emergency medics. Outside in streets liberated from caution, people run, guzzle spirits and talk to sudden friends. Meandering among benches and information displays a street cleaner picks up broken bottles, close by a young woman passes out and under the shade of a tree a man urinates and clears his throat.

And to repeat:

In a bleak supervised kindergarten premised on institutionalized 'bad' behavior, competitors pick their costumes for the role-play games of the regenerated/refurbished public/private realm. Under new security - community support officers and street pastors - the play pen civic realm is the comfort cradle for another new future. "Transported" to this non-future, the individual is relieved of History and begins life as a dog "happy to be fed and content to sleep in the sun all day"xviii.

This non future of a weekend emerges first in the distance with the transformation of the horizon into a facsimile of the Big City, and it is before this approaching line of rising shining glass towers that progress is relegated to another defunct yesterday.
swapping clothes and personality. Deregulated, cis, cis, cis, cis, cis, cis, cis, cis.

All connections with history are broken, the striving for radical reform, the protesting for an alternative tomorrow are eroded out by the glimmer of a better you, staring down from billboards and high resolution screens, your doppelganger having a really and mean a real fun time.

But back to you coming out of surgery into a palace laid out for the body, flickering in and out of legibility, an indefinite and concluding moment of willed amnesia suggestive of the garish fragments of a shattered utopia that you would like to forget, that weekend that deafening stage set for all night rituals of reverse alchemy. Front loaded with soft masses of flailing arms and insensible legs collapsing and buckling to a sound track of screams and sirens. "Homo ludens" and "homo democraticus" relieve themselves of their drunkenness, disarray and disorder. But this guzzling disorder of a utopia rests upon a distraction that is not intellectual, political or aesthetic. Denounced by media conglomerates and only partially pornographic the weekend is a full on horror show for the Sunday papers. At the main wired heart of this confrontational shouting match is the bellowing individual to whom everything is fuzzy, except their ego. In this crash of emotion, stray bodies are slumped, handcuffed and reminded of their responsibilities by security officers charged with upholding the common good.

mobile phones spells catastrophe"xv they rehearse.

The weekend that stage set for rituals of reverse alchemy, where individuals are transformed into soft masses of flailing arms and insensible legs knotted up in contractual friendships riddled with opt out clauses and empathy is taken off monthly direct debit.

And to repeat:
joy of testing, trying and discovering is the intoxication
and to negotiate. 13

The weekend that high decibel harmony of sirens, shouts and ambulances which echoes across acres of methodical drunkenness, accompanies the binge of fast friends and abrupt encounters. In the pits of street corners, theatres of intimacy perform for any passerby; reckless and fickle the score is all tongues and grunts.
Everything is dirty and smells of vomit, sirens and shouts.

Friends meandering among benches and information
displays a street cleaner picks up broken bottles, close by a
street, institutionalized social behavior, competitors pick
sun all day...

The weekend
...suffocation, scheduled
and wound tight

...48 hours, a

gulp

taking
like

...lads, returns and blocks...

...word of complaint in the throat.

d and minutes to burn till they gutter

darkness; the hours we spent stuffing it all down.

...to choke...

...to choke...
This non-future of a weekend
emerges first in the distance

tomorrow are crowded out by
the glimmer of a better you, while staring down from

[Handwritten text not legible]
concluding moment of willed

Or reverse alchemy. Front
loaded with soft masses of
flailing arms and insensible

and home democracies' relieve themselves of their
drunkenness, disarray and disorder. But this guzzling disorder of a utopic roots
their ego. In this car crash of emotion, stray bodies are scattered and ruffled by chance, engaged in upholding the common good.