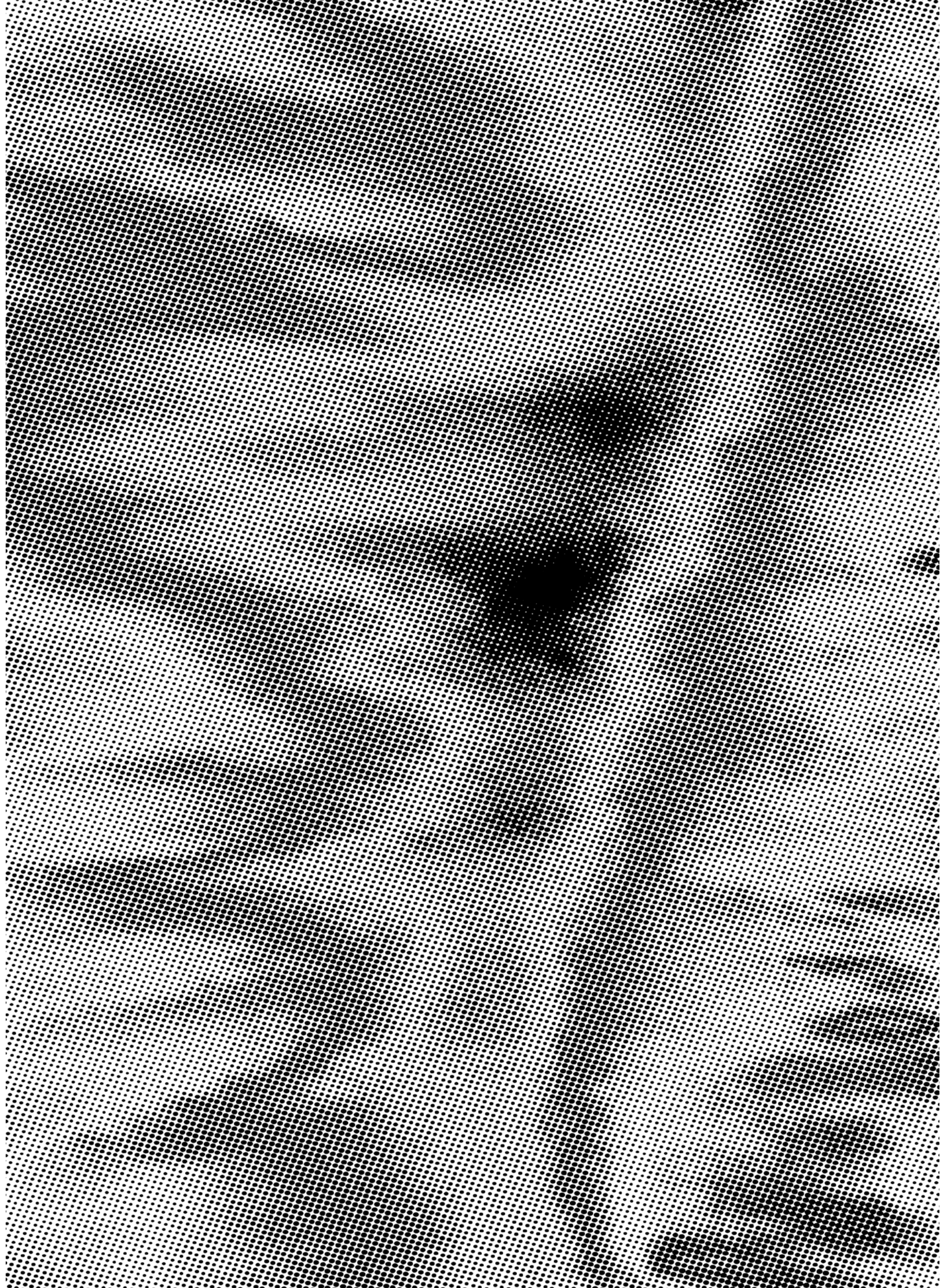
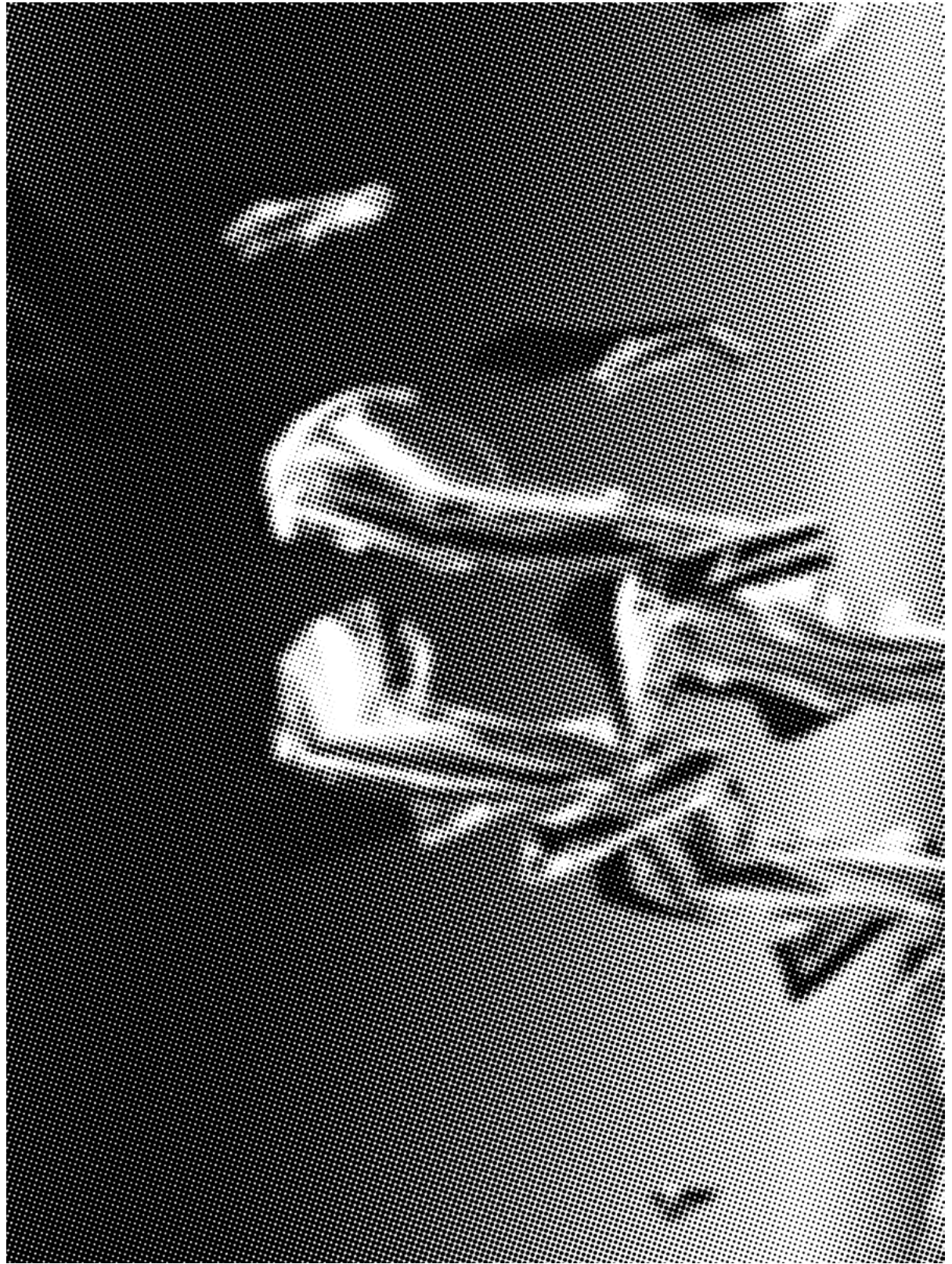
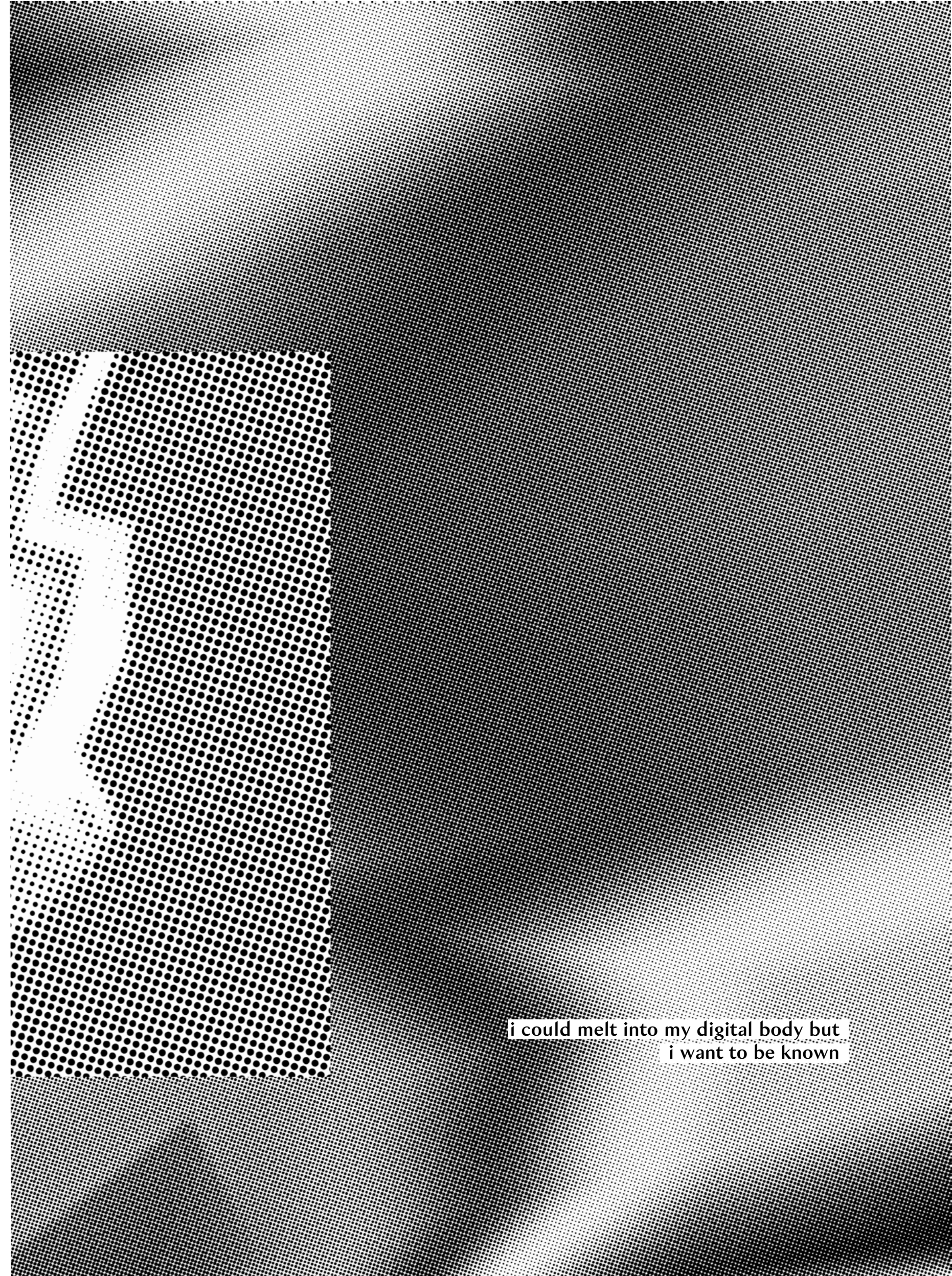
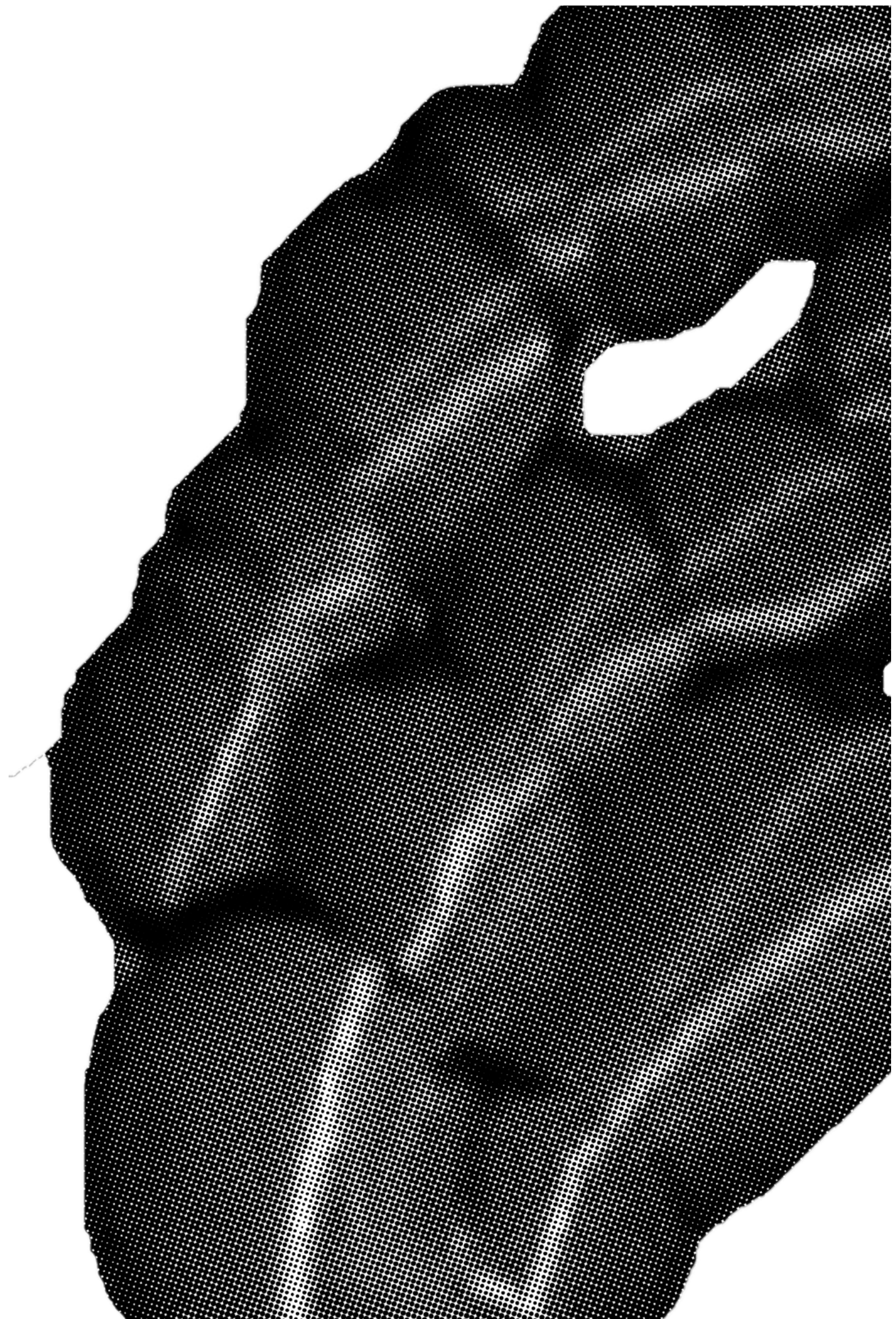


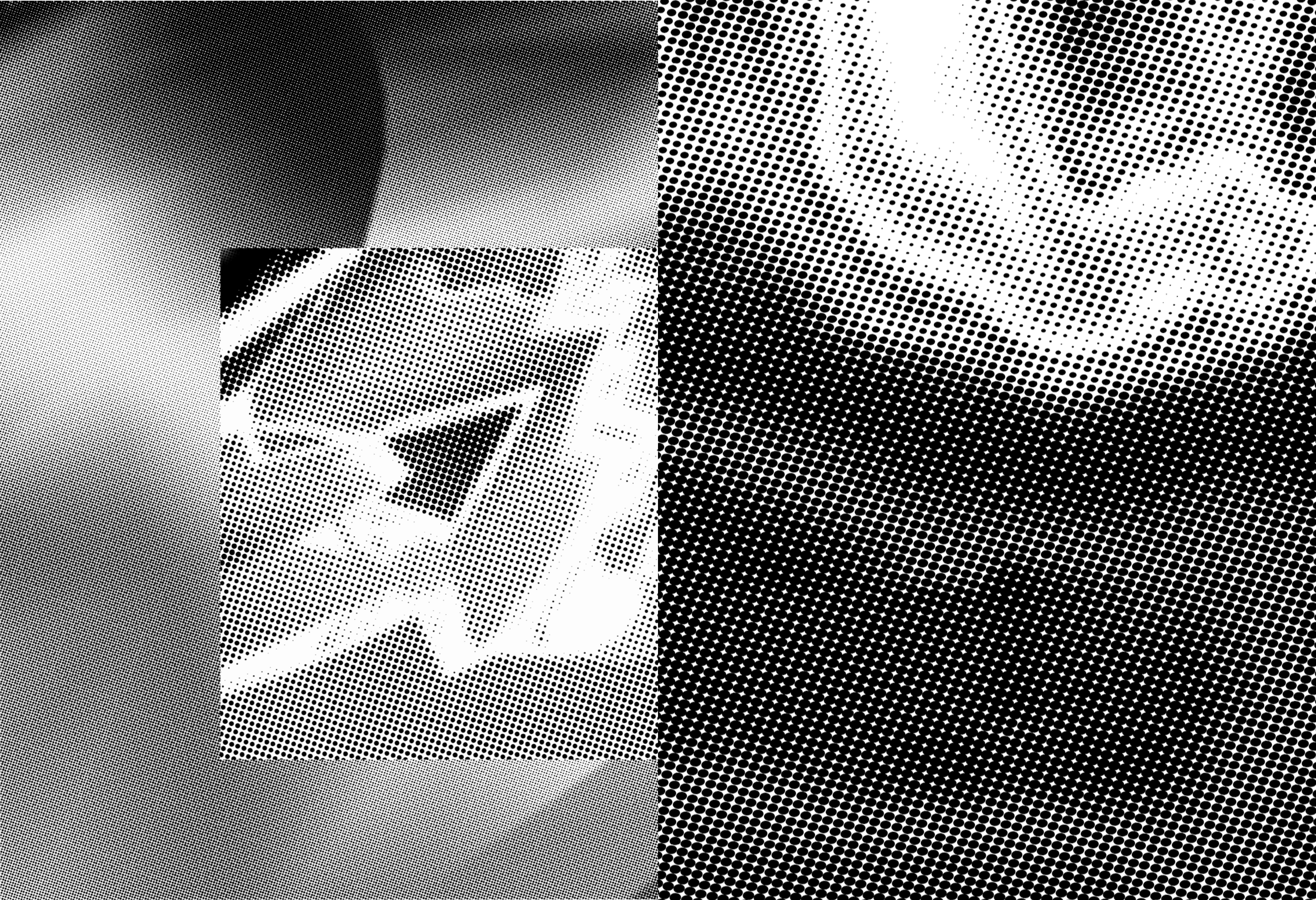
jules galbraith  
2019

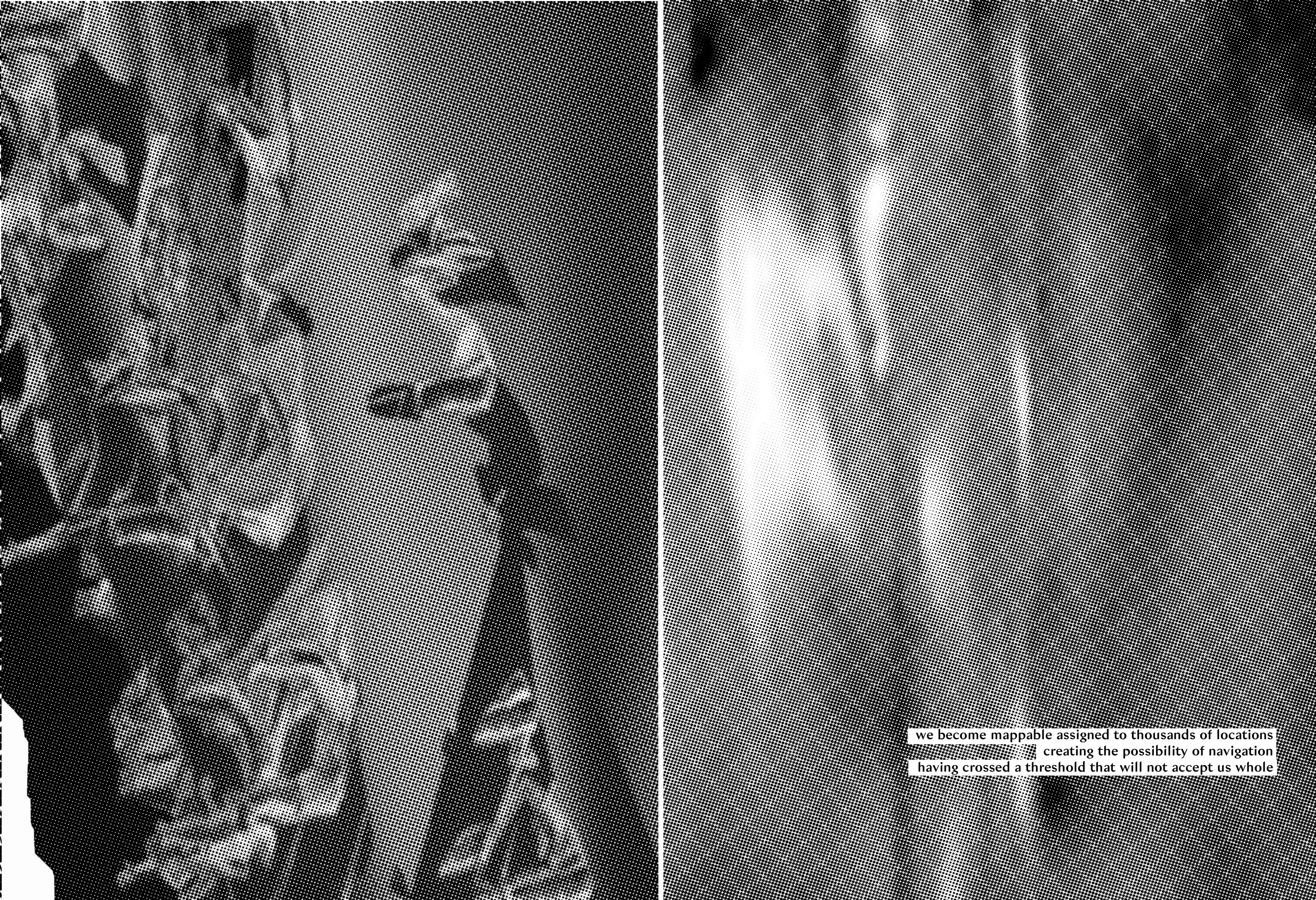
e x p a n s i o n s



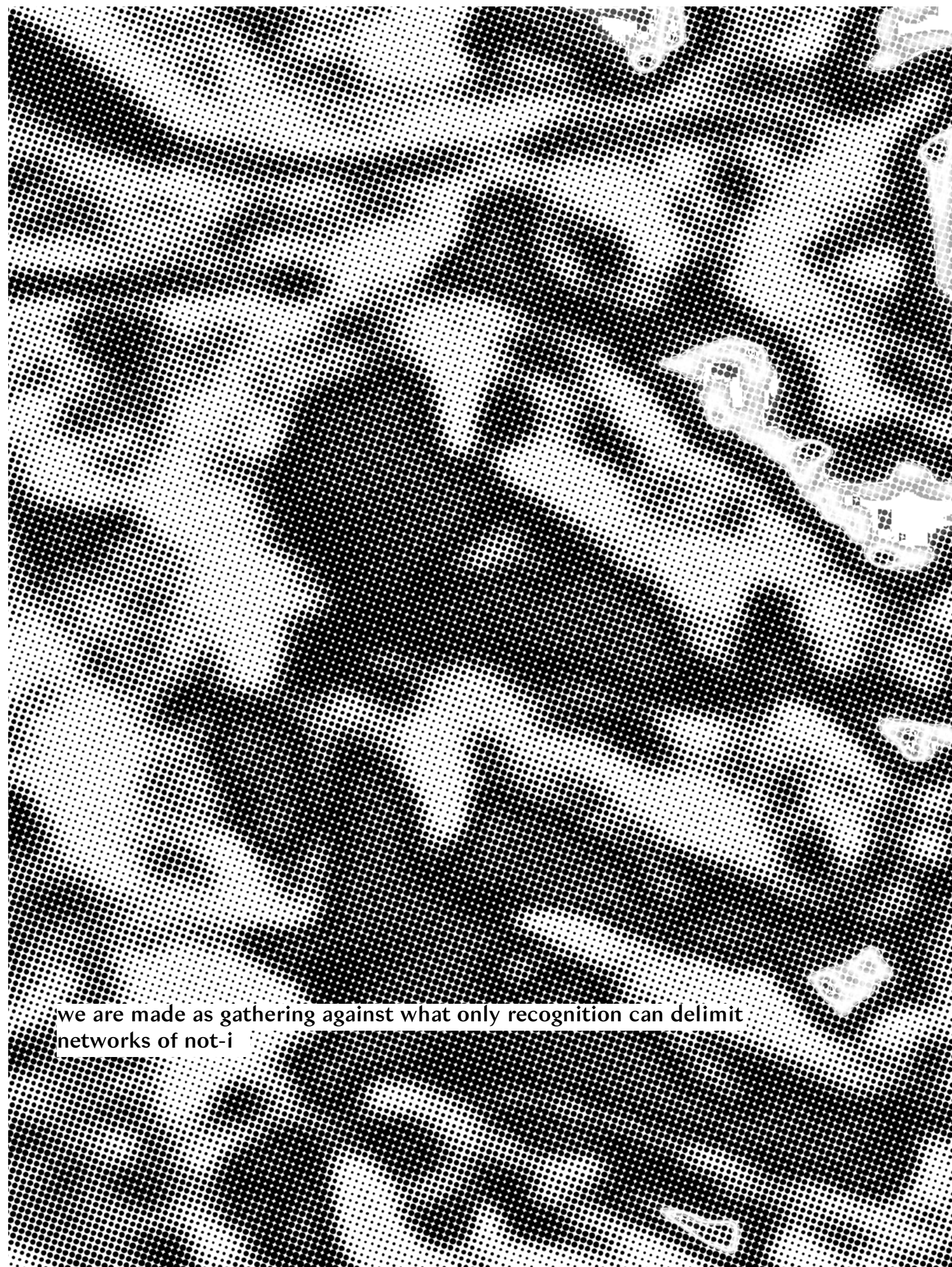


i could melt into my digital body but  
i want to be known

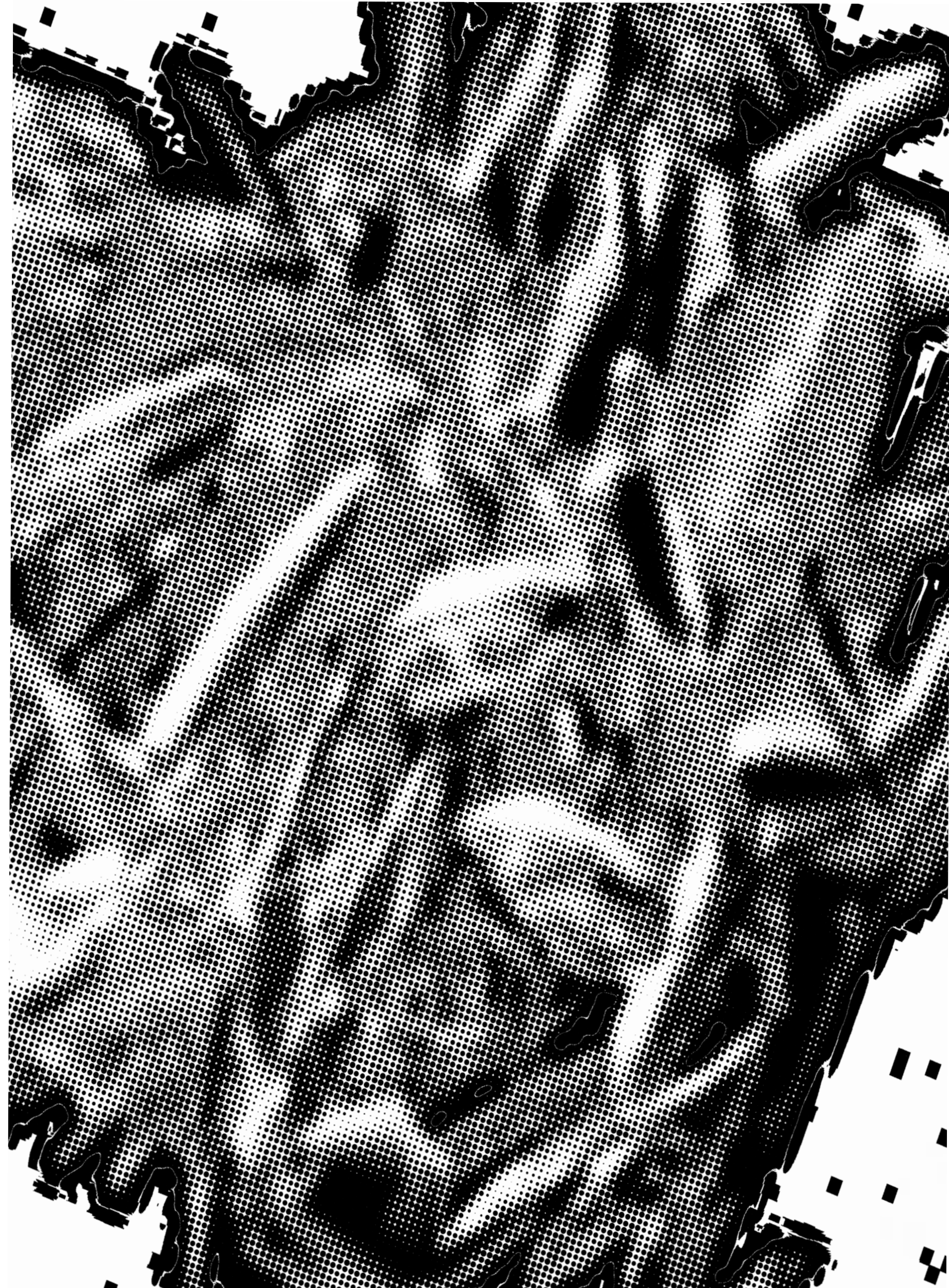


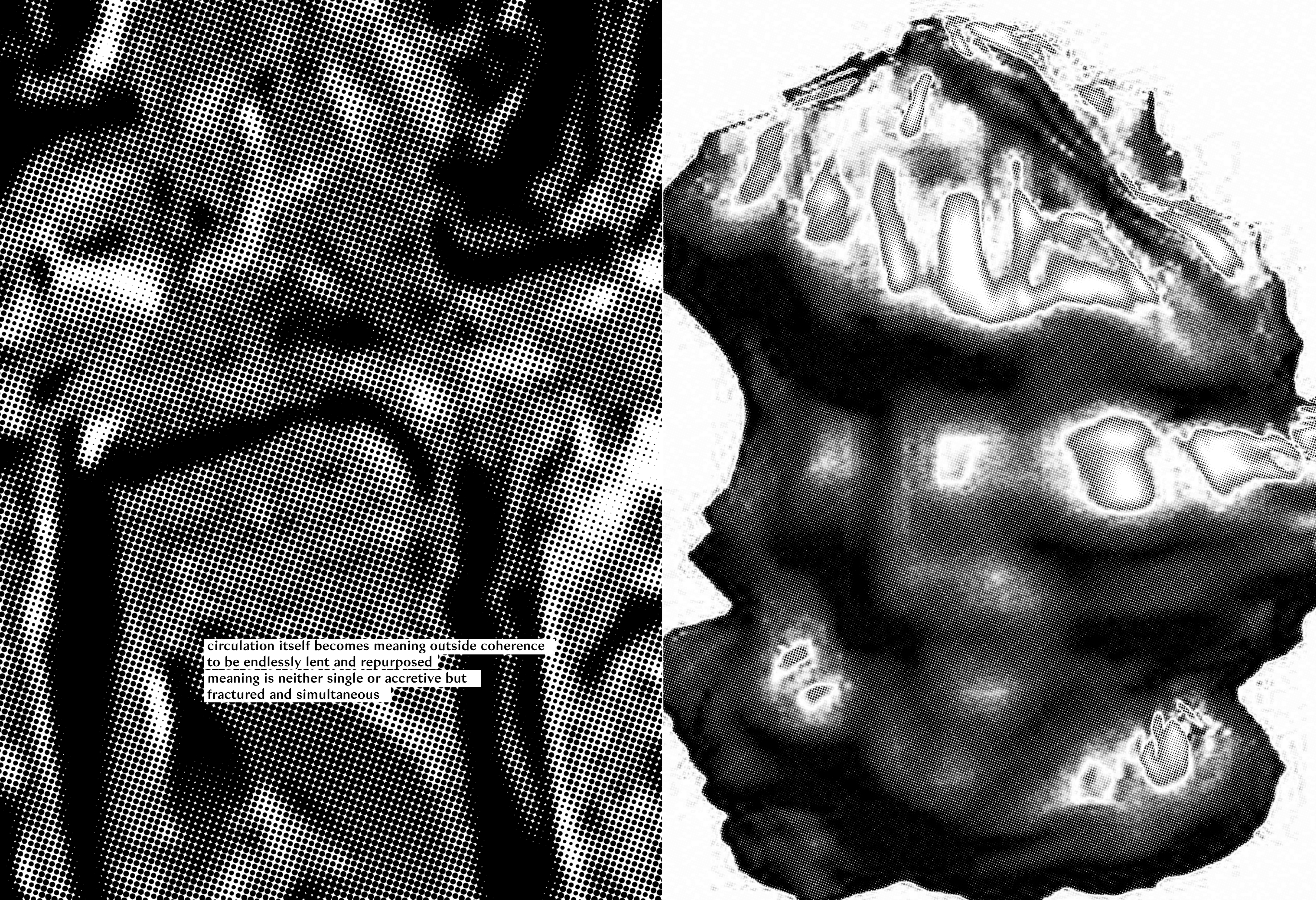


we become mappable assigned to thousands of locations  
creating the possibility of navigation  
having crossed a threshold that will not accept us whole



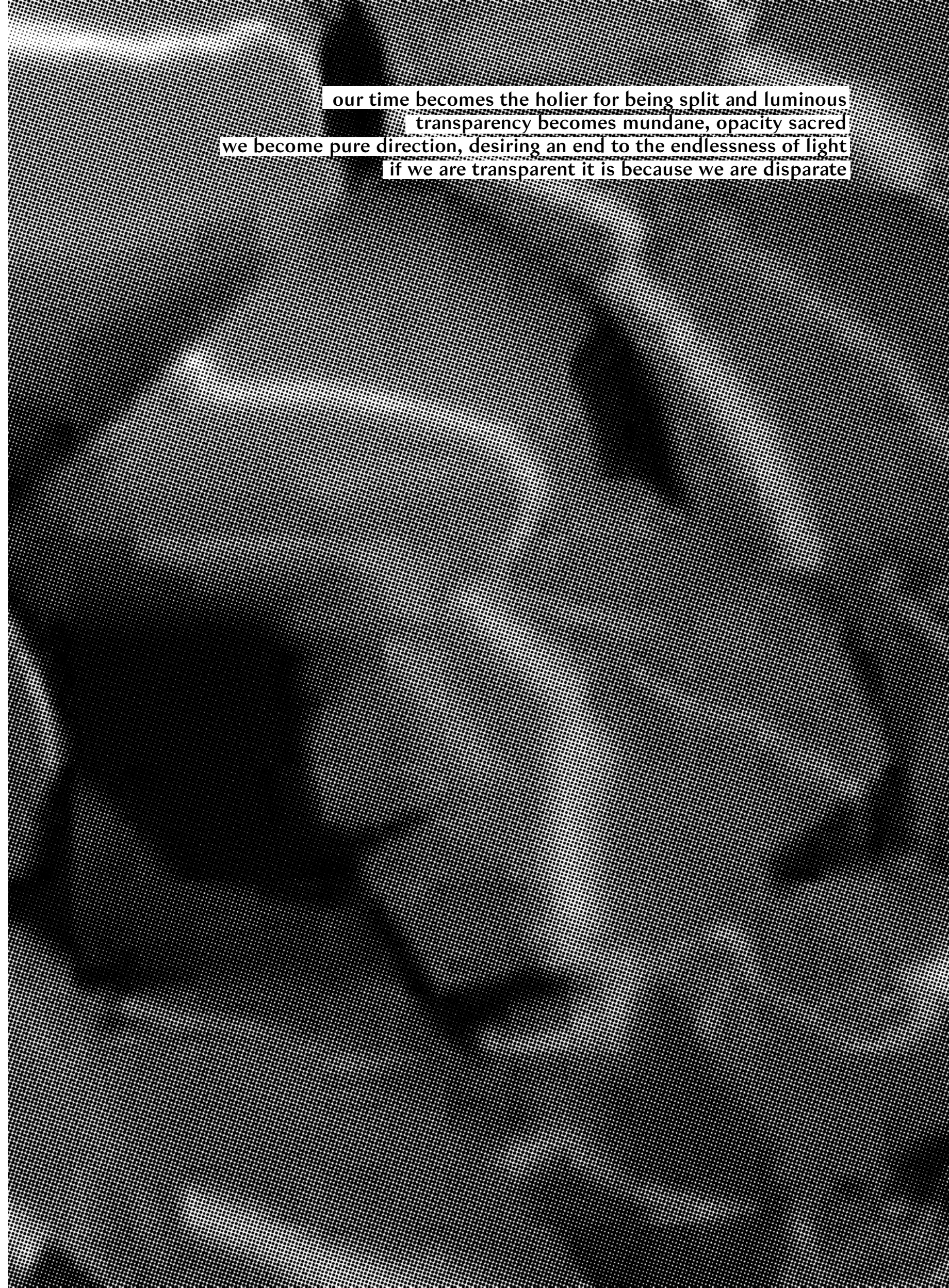
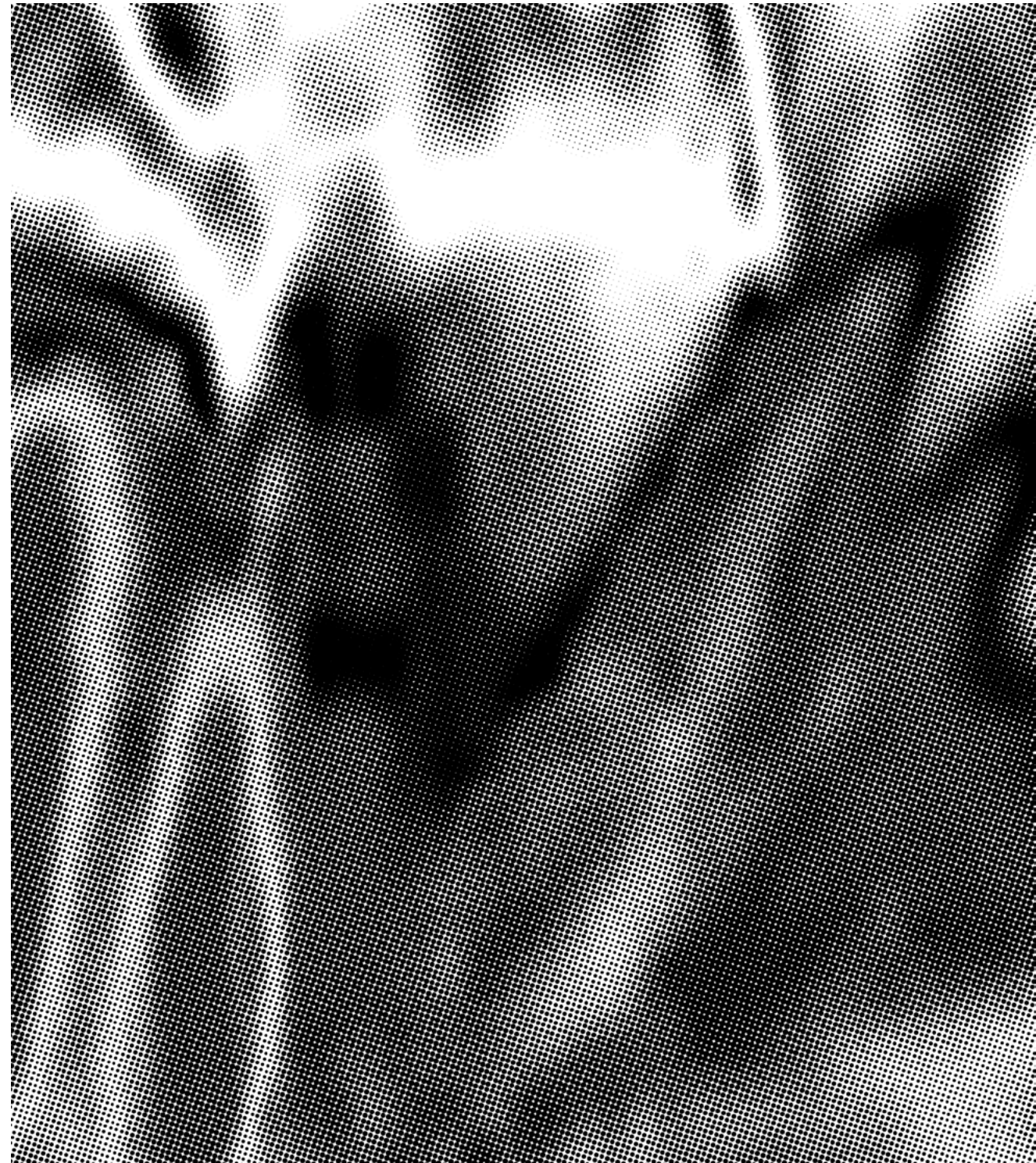
we are made as gathering against what only recognition can delimit  
networks of not-i



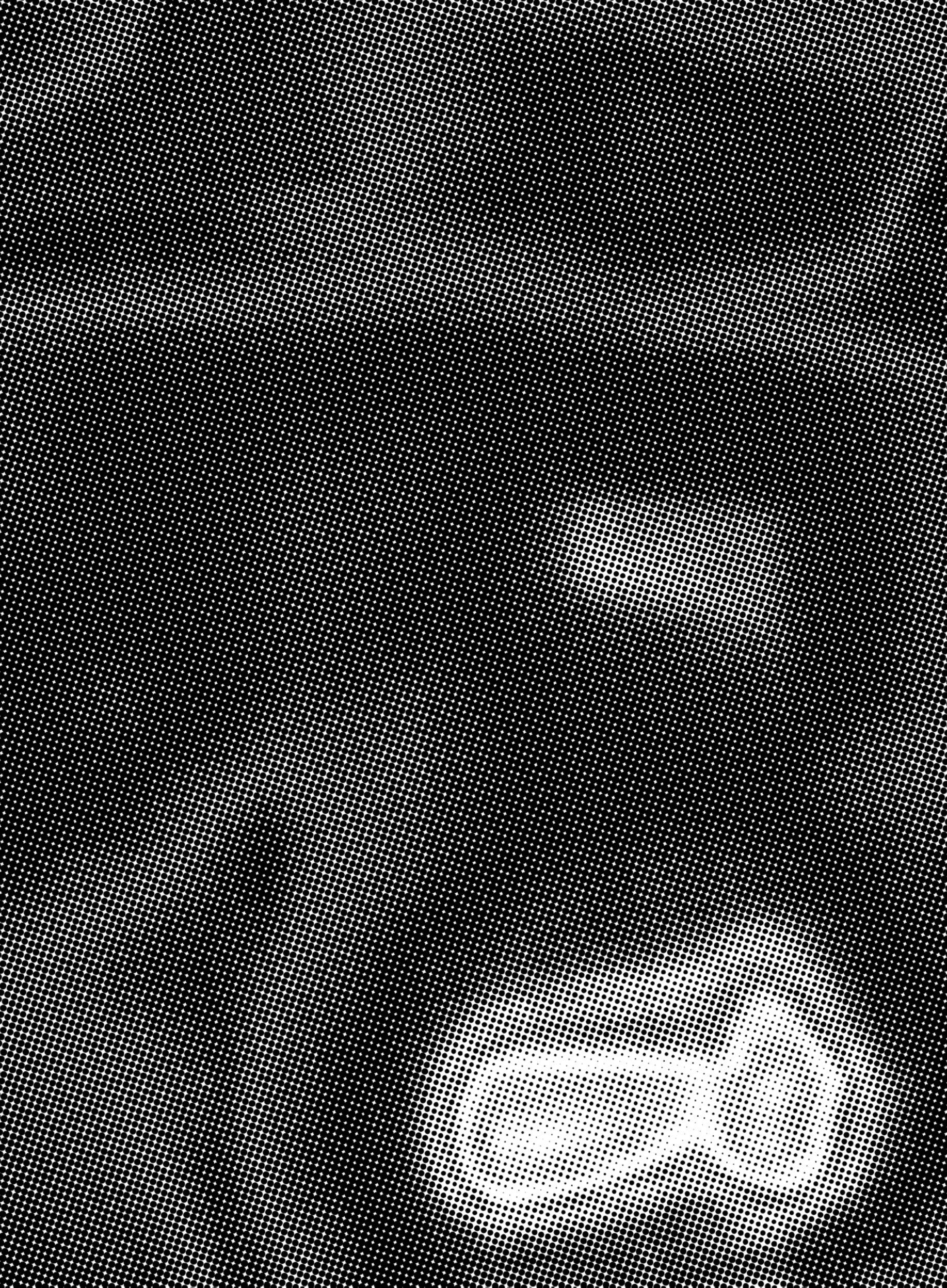
The image is a high-contrast, black and white halftone print. It features a large, dark, irregularly shaped area on the right side that resembles a piece of torn paper or a hole in a document. This dark area is set against a background of a fine, regular grid of dots. Within the dark, torn area, there are several faint, white, irregular shapes that look like ghostly impressions of text or markings. A small, white rectangular box containing text is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the image.

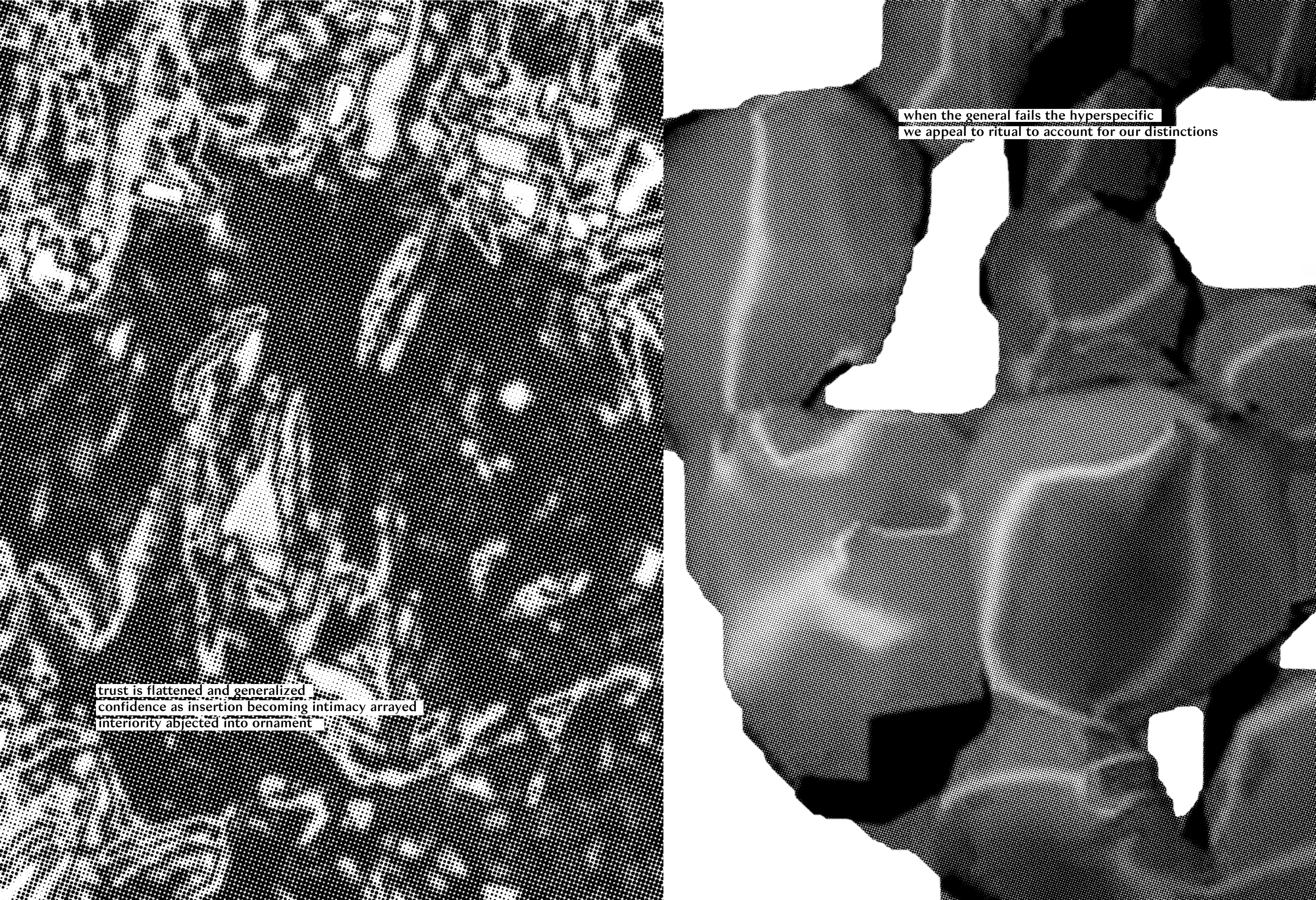
circulation itself becomes meaning outside coherence  
to be endlessly lent and repurposed  
meaning is neither single or accretive but  
fractured and simultaneous

our time becomes the holier for being split and luminous  
transparency becomes mundane, opacity sacred  
we become pure direction, desiring an end to the endlessness of light  
if we are transparent it is because we are disparate



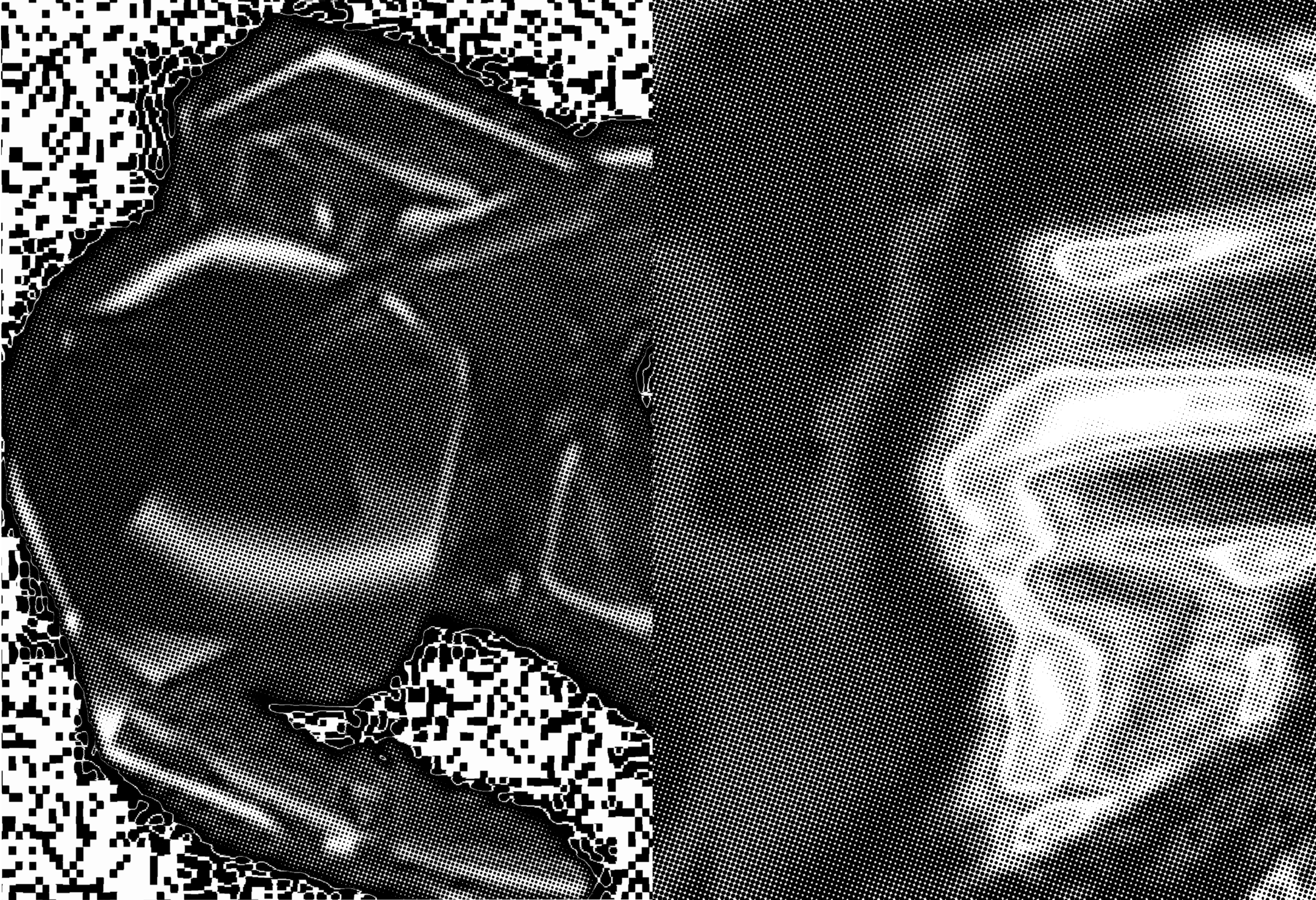


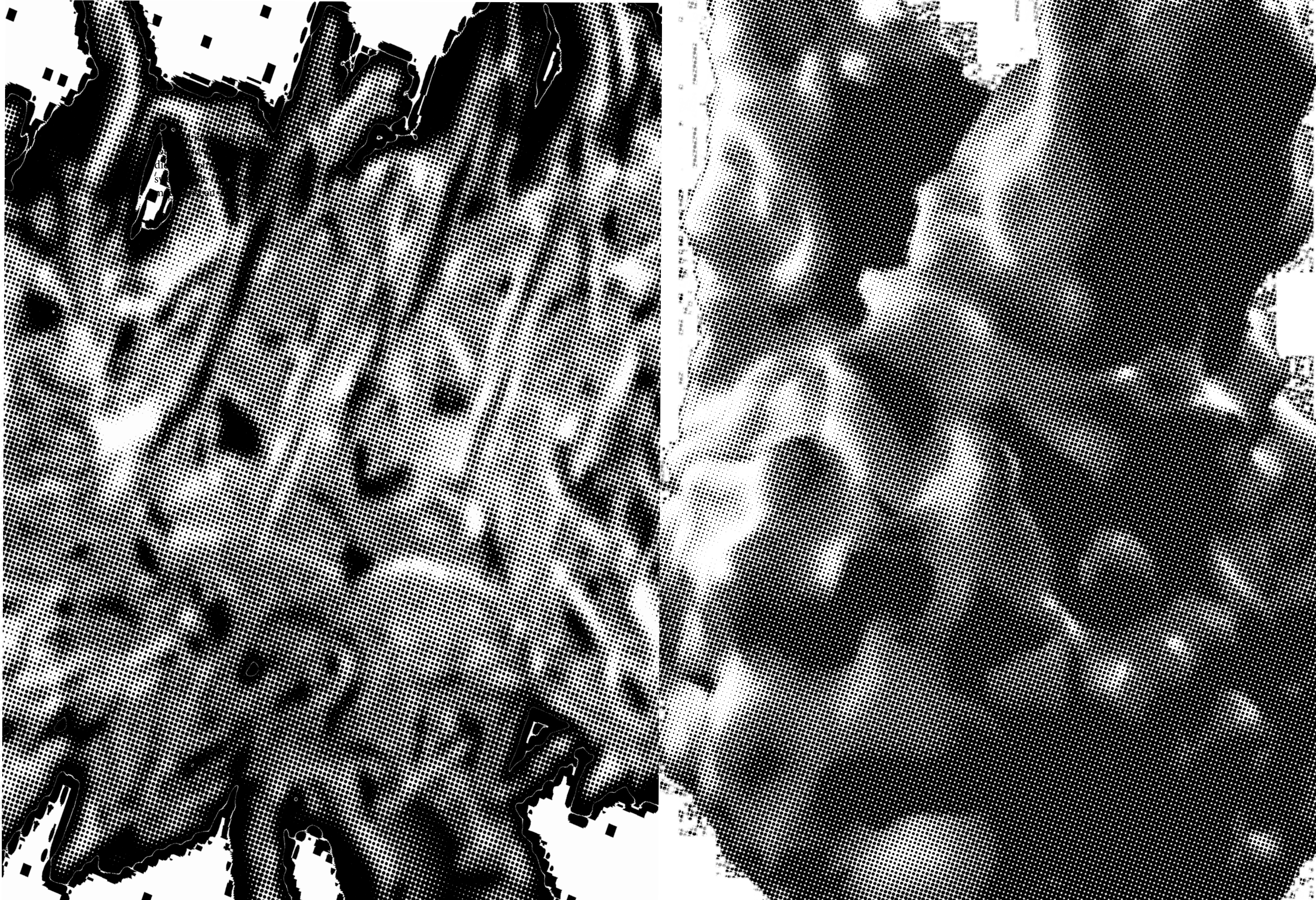


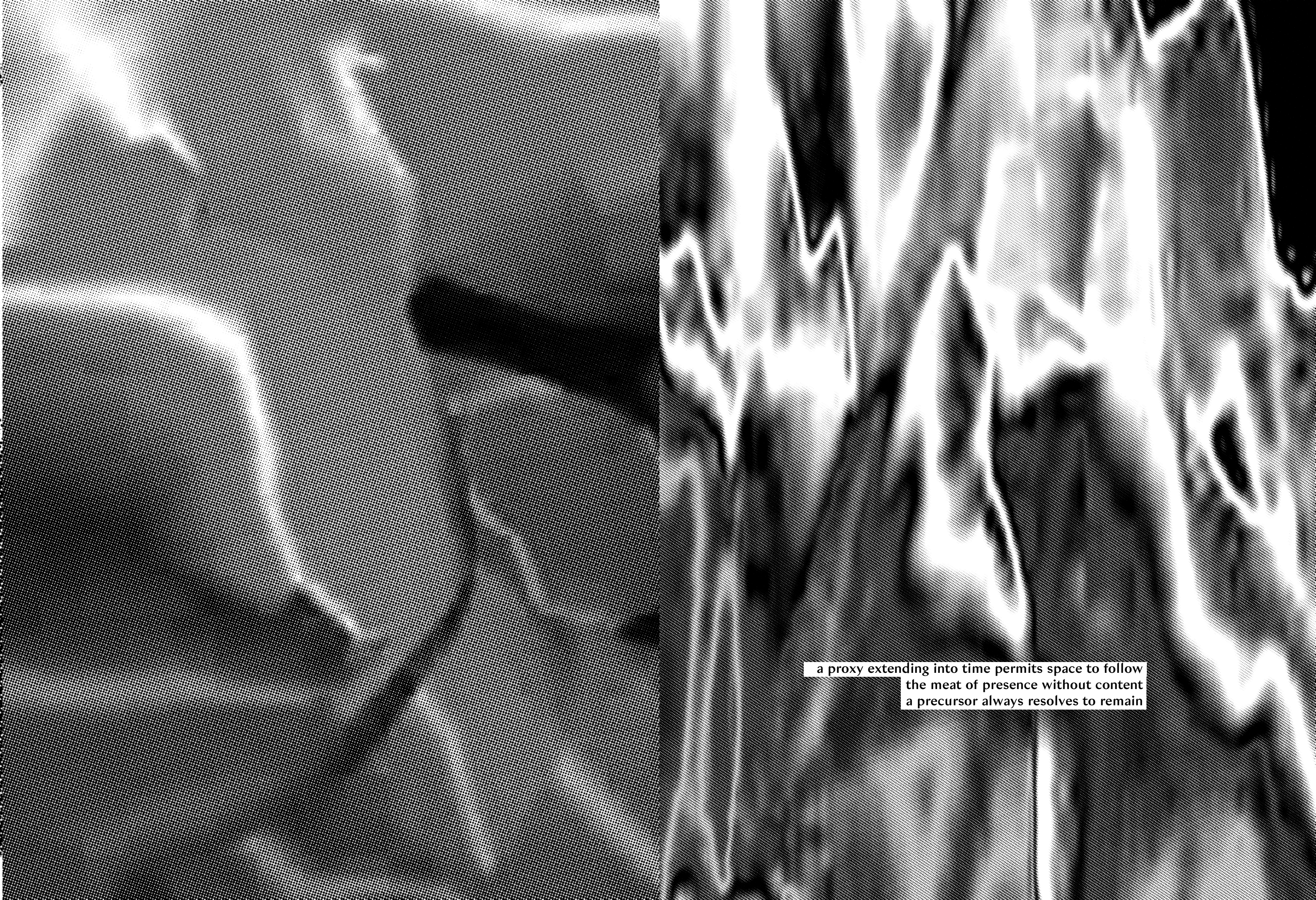


when the general fails the hyperspecific  
we appeal to ritual to account for our distinctions

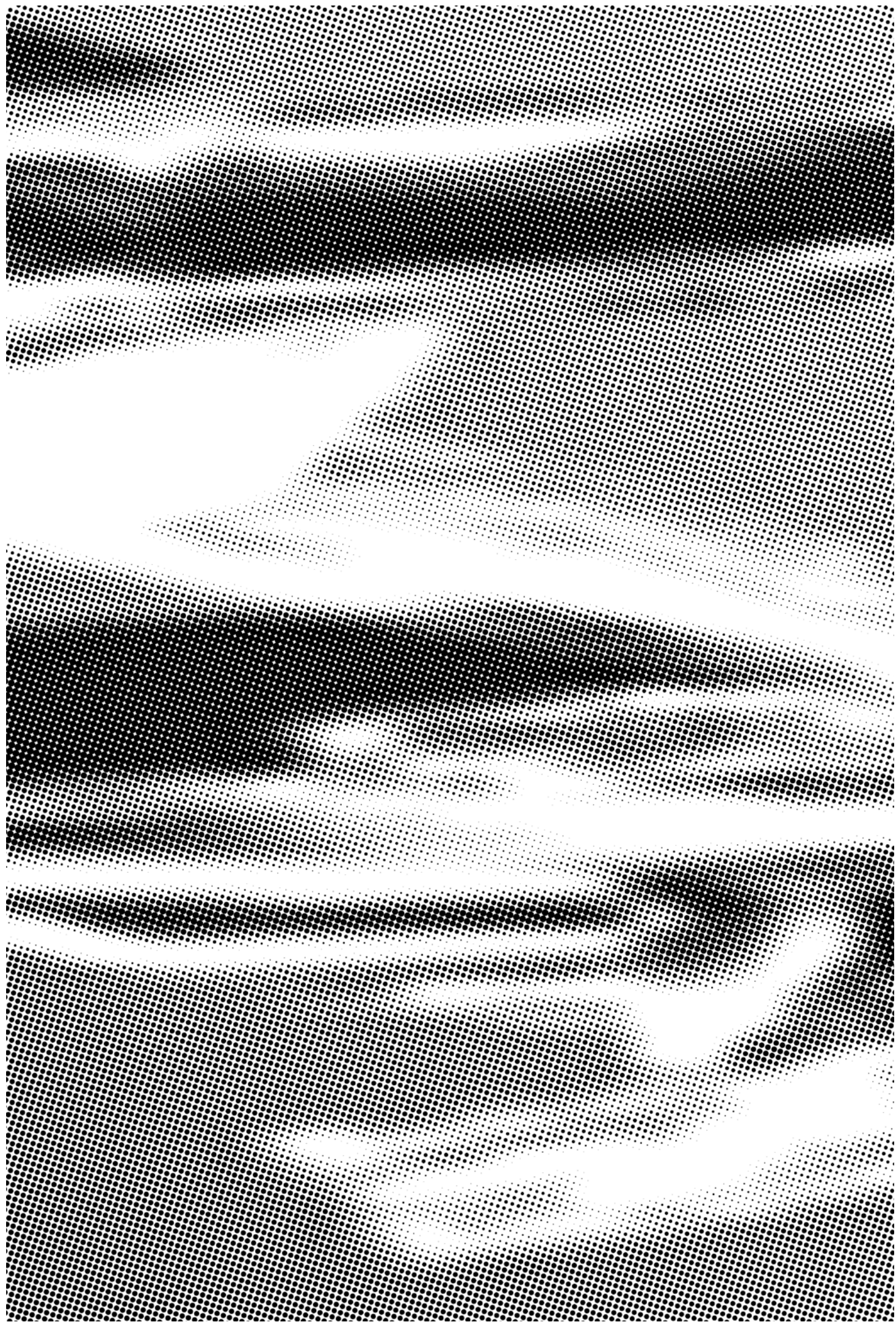
trust is flattened and generalized  
confidence as insertion becoming intimacy arrayed  
interiority abjected into ornament



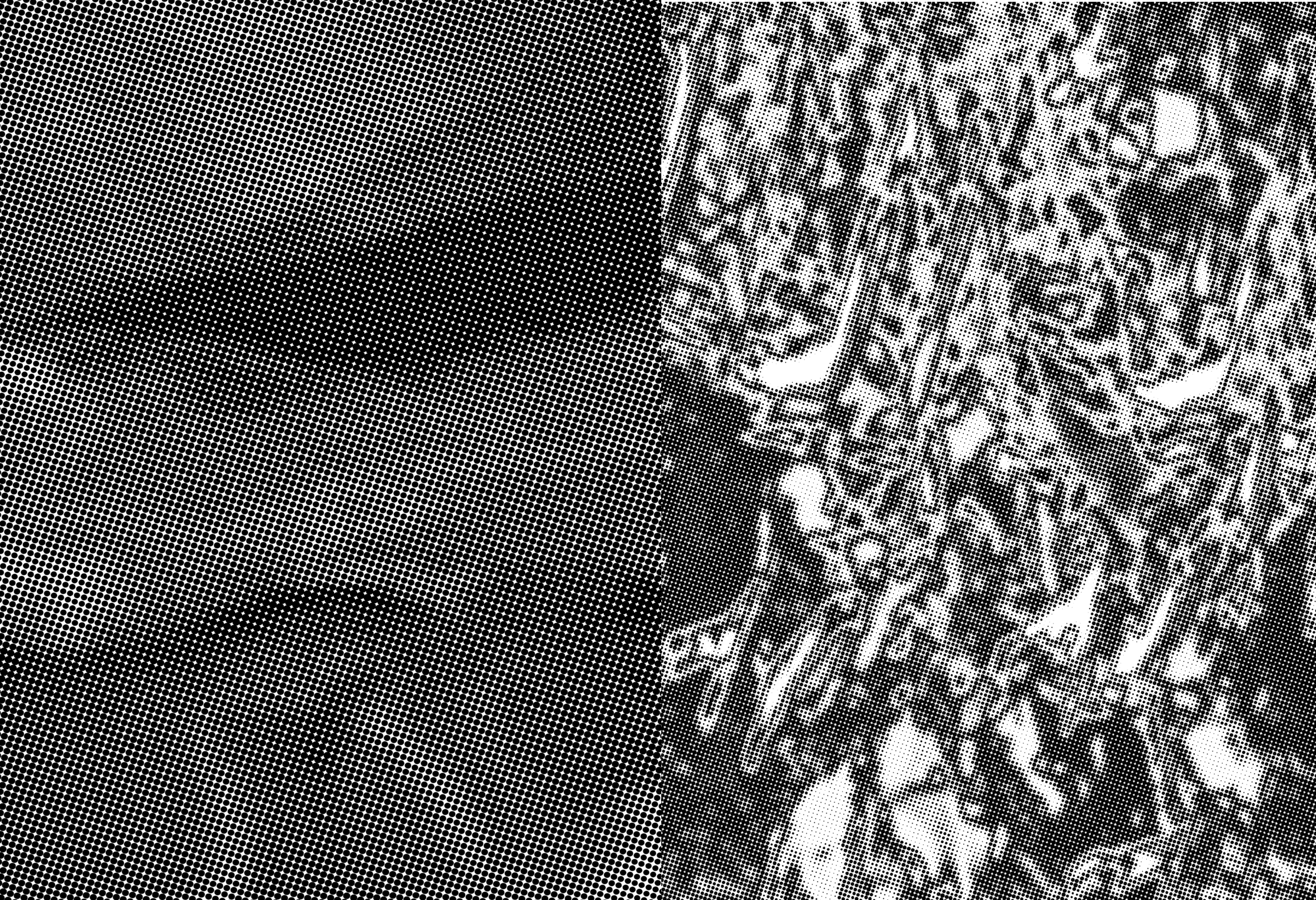


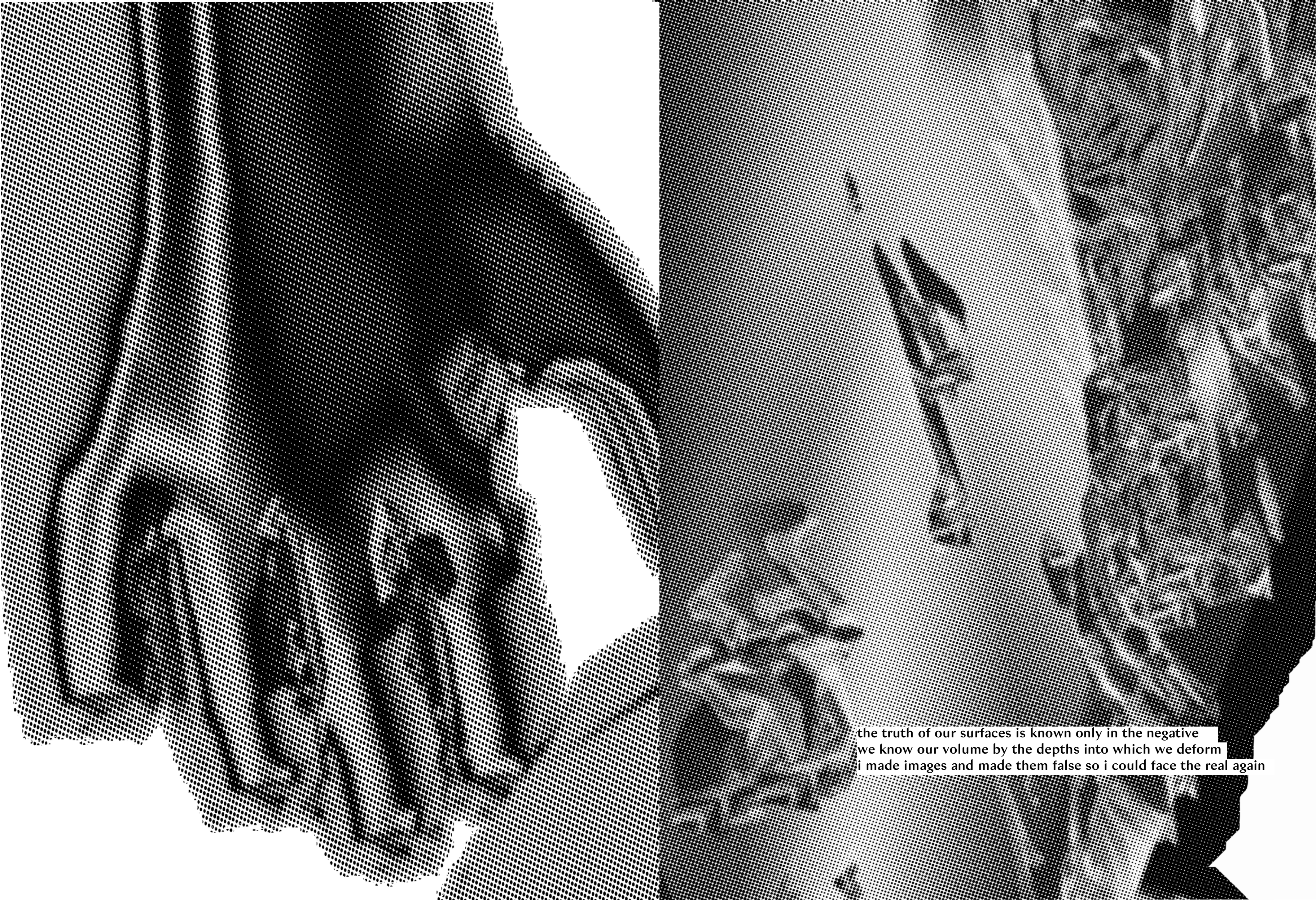


a proxy extending into time permits space to follow  
the meat of presence without content  
a precursor always resolves to remain



we shed indexical feeling  
touch and quasi-touch,  
gradient becoming metric  
sweat made rigid substance,  
made unseen structure





the truth of our surfaces is known only in the negative  
we know our volume by the depths into which we deform  
i made images and made them false so i could face the real again



