

Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery

Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery

Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery
Recovery

Andrea

Khôra

Dasha

Loyko

Ralph

Pritchard

Ralph Pritchard

Recovery Mode is a partition on your device which, at moments of change, takes over from the operating system to execute repairs and preventative measures. To experience disruption we need structures we can rely on, and a source of safety.

The following are selections from a list of factors which influence individuals' susceptibility and recruitment by cults. It's from a medical paper written in 1993¹.

- generalized ego-weakness and emotional vulnerability
- intolerable socioeconomic conditions.
- tenuous, deteriorated, or nonexistent family relations and support systems,
- history of severe child abuse or neglect
- unmanageable and debilitating situational stress and crises

Cults, and cult-like thinking, thrive(s) because for many people certain basic human needs are not being met.



For attentive smartphone users, the volume of information and opinions thrown at us on a daily basis is far higher than at any other point in human history.

The 2018 Turner Prize competition throws together, amongst others, work by Forensic Architecture, a politically-committed research group and Luke Willis Thompson, a solo moving image artist.

Thompson's *Autopportrait*, an intimate black and white screen test of Philando Castile's grieving partner Diamond Reynolds, attempts to capture the human encounter behind the headlines.

Forensic Architecture's displays are unapologetically data-heavy, foregrounding highly technical information over the imperfections of memory. That both projects have received extensive coverage demonstrates how polarised the debate is on how we represent political stories.



These diverse attempts to bear witness remind me of *Shoah*, Claude Lanzmann's 9-hour holocaust documentary. *Shoah* is unique in its refusal of archive footage or voice-over narration. Instead it concentrates simply on locations, people and their memories. One scene depicts a barber who survived Treblinka by cutting hair for the nazis. We meet him decades later in a barbershop in Israel. His recollections of the 20th century's worst crime are made interpretable, by juxtaposition with the mesmerising manual labour of his gentle hair-clipping. Life, and work, goes on.

The same information presented as cold data would be desensitising, presented as gory images it would be intolerable. Stripped of factual context it would be impotent.

Any moment in history when a cult, fascist group or dictatorship meets our basic human needs more successfully than its more radical or liberal antithesis must be strongly scrutinised. A healthy society is one where all

citizens have the ability to speak and to criticise.

Thus, the methods one employs to present information is both political and personal. Whether it concerns ecology, migration, colonialism, you name it. In this exhibition we have attempted to build experiences, variously cinematic/documentary/immersive, that meld these often separate domains.

To situate the generational conflict inherent in climate breakdown within a fractured father and son dynamic, is to raise the stakes. To bring erotic, bodily images into the discourse of science and geopolitics is to begin a new conversation. To embed critique within a meditative experience is to break open contradictions. We hope it helps you recover something in yourself.

Images from *Shoah*, Claude Lanzmann, 1985.
1. John M. Curtis and Mimi J. Curtis, 'Factors Related to Susceptibility and Recruitment by Cults', *Psychological Reports*, 73.2 (1993), 451-60

Andrea Khôra

The Impossibility of Icebergs

One of my earliest memories that has narrative quality occurred when I was around three years old. I was running through my backyard in the sweet Pacific Northwest summer, pretending to mow the lawn with my father. But my main imperative was to find and rescue my favorite creatures from the loud impending blades if they were unlucky enough to be lounging on the surface of the overgrown grass. I was completely entranced by the long, fluid motions of earthworms. Even more captivating was that they literally created new soil by pooping! But the quality I found the most enchanting was that I was told they had multiple hearts, and that if they were pulled apart, they would simply become two. And so, I spent my afternoon in blissful ignorance, running through the grass, ripping apart worms as I professed my love for them.

I must have been nearly six when someone told me the truth. That while, yes, worms have multiple hearts, when they were cut into segments they would only live for a few hours more. My sensitive heart broke into thousands of tiny murdered worm shaped pieces when I realized the reality of my actions. I had, for years, been killing what I loved.

Trauma and the non-human-other have vital intersections and commonalities. First, they are both utterly incomprehensible. One can attempt to represent trauma, but only a ghostly shadow of the reality will appear. The same goes for the inaccessibility of the non-human-other. Attempts at reconciliation and connection are either covered in anthropocentric sentiments or coldly detached from experiential reality. Second, they are currently enmeshed together in a long durational traumatic event that is mass extinction and global climate change. We, the rhetorical human beings of planet earth, are both enacting this event and

living within its bounds. We understand it. Abstractly. Conceptually. Occasionally we will touch an edge or a tendril of the event through failing crops, natural disasters, or erratic weather. But as we sit, drinking our coffee imported from Ethiopia while scrolling on our made-in-China phone created with finite earth materials, our hands are deep in the muddy mess.

"I'm not talking about you. I know you're a good person. This mess is not your fault." Timothy Morton opened his talk at the London Review Bookshop this past winter with a different approach than most authors working in the field of ecology. Usually, we are hit with reminders and statistics. "We have pushed the earth into uncharted territory," warns an article in my Facebook feed. Temperatures are breaking records around the world. Ice is receding. Species are dying. More greenhouse gases are in the atmosphere than ever before. The world is spinning out of control while we, as individuals, feel more and more impotent. Our daily choices make a small dent in the catastrophe, yes, but most can feel that they are not curbing climate change in any meaningful measure by using their reusable bag at the grocery store, filling their reusable bottle with water, and walking to work. The religious fervor of environmentalist language and imagery piles on enough guilt and shame for a Catholic boarding school. Morton, on the other hand, has captured the imaginations of the arts and humanities community through his conceptualization of the situation humanity finds itself in at this moment, combined with a forgiving, understanding, and equalizing tone. He doesn't talk down to us, the reader, the western member of society, the perpetrator of planetary violence. This tone completely changes the mind and weight we take forward. It is not necessary nor efficient to take on the sins of past generations. We are better able to rally for change when we are on the same level, when we can look into each other's eyes. The end goal, not being the idealized "before," but of a future where perhaps life, natural and human-natural, can move forward together.



Dasha Loyko

If Alice jumps into her black hole and Bob jumps into his, they have a chance of meeting at the centre. The alphabetic linearity is a little embarrassing, yet not intolerable. Regardless, equally, if T jumps into their black hole and C jumps into theirs, they, too, have a chance of meeting at the centre.

1. Place the flour on a board or in a bowl. Make a well in the centre and crack the eggs into it. Beat the eggs with a fork until smooth. Using the tips of your fingers, mix the eggs with the flour, incorporating a little at a time, until everything is combined. Knead the pieces of dough together – with a bit of work and some love and attention they'll all bind together to give you one big, smooth lump of dough!

Once in, there is no escape route to the outside, only the possibility of encounter in the middle.

2. You can also make your dough in a food processor if you've got one. Just bung everything in, whiz until the flour looks like breadcrumbs, then tip the mixture on to your work surface and bring the dough together into one lump, using your hands.

Nothing can escape a black hole post-jump, even light.

3. Once you've made your dough you need to knead and work it with

your hands to develop the gluten in the flour, otherwise your pasta will be flabby and soft when you cook it, instead of springy and al dente.

I wouldn't want to do a performance where I would be jumping into a black hole. The self-sacrifice is too macho. I wouldn't put my body through such spectacular annihilation. The technical term would be spaghettification. It is what happens to one's body if one jumps into a black hole: it becomes stretched out because of the increasing gravitational pull, extracting the toes first (unless one plunges head-down, of course), instantly ascending up the ankles, calves, knees, thighs, to elongate one's by-now-tentacular legs, going up and sucking in the stomach, bursting all the tripe inside, crushing the bones, extending the neck, dislocating the already loosely-attached arms if one happens to still have them by this point. What would happen to the head, I am not too sure - the subject is worthy of a full research paper on its own, but I assume that the hair remains attached, unless one jumps in hairless. And so the body stretches and stretches before and after one dies and then it continues to stretch but there is nobody else there to document it anyway because as I mentioned there is no way back. Once you're in, you're in. So,

4. There's no secret to kneading. You just have to bash the dough about a bit with your hands, squashing it into the table, reshaping it, pulling it, stretching it, squashing it again. It's quite hard work, and after a few minutes it's easy to see why the average Italian

grandmother has arms like Frank Bruno! You'll know when to stop – it's when your pasta starts to feel smooth and silky instead of rough and floury. Then all you need to do is wrap it in cling film and put it in the fridge to rest for at least half an hour before you use it. Make sure the cling film covers it well or it will dry out and go crusty round the edges (this will give you crusty lumps through your pasta when you roll it out, and nobody likes crusty lumps!).

Frequently Asked Questions:

1. Is *spaghettification* the same as the noodle effect?

Yes. In astrophysics, spaghettification, which is sometimes referred to as the noodle effect, is the vertical stretching and horizontal compression of objects in a non-homogeneous gravitational field, such as the region near a black hole.

In *A Brief History of Time* (1988), Stephen Hawking described what would happen to the body if a person jumped feet-first into a black hole: the gravitational pull would be stronger on the feet than on the head, thus stretching the body out like spaghetti.

2. Can you say more about hair?

Following the logic of spaghettification, real hair has better chances of surviving a fall into a black hole than metaphorical hair.

The 'no-hair theorem' postulates that all information about matter that forms the black hole or falls through it, besides the classic observable

parameters, such as mass, electric charge, and angular momentum, gets lost. In this instance, hair refers to the lost information.

When the body stretches into a noodle shape post-jump, the hair is more likely to remain attached to the scalp than the metaphorical hair of the information that gets lost after matter is sucked into a black hole.

3. Can I touch a Golden Sphincter?

For an object of scientific, archival, and fictional significance, a haptic encounter with a Sphincter is impossible. Therefore, in practical terms, the Sphincters are intangible. They are a myth, a fable, a fake, prank, a toy, gimmick, debris, scrap metal, a fossil, an ear, scrap metal, a toy, coincidence, jewellery, ear, artwork, a relic, fetish, debris, a muscle, a fossil, a muscle, an ear, hair tie, a new species, a flop. Nevertheless, they contain an opening.

The Sphincters are polished but not uniformly, which gives them extra depth, especially when photographed at sunset. The question is: Does the seductive finish of the surface eclipse the negative space of the hole in the middle, a hole that may lead the scientific community to formulate an integrated theory of everything?

2018
Produced in London.
@cave.rca

Andreas Khrsta Dasha Loko Ralph Pritchard