

Psycho Trance // K Hole

I will kill my body  
staying awake  
(forever)

Gadgets and Visuals for an  
Apocalyptic Youth.

Kenneth Dow 2019

In the last years we witnessed art spaces reaching out to clubs, seeking the others prestige, credibility and audience.

It seems, as if clubs as cultural spaces were able respond better to current discourse in and around art, than white cubes.

In their very struggle for survival, art spaces are the spitting image of capitalist conformity.

The white cube is an incredibly strong stomach, capable of digesting even the most fierce critique, by separating, in time and space.

In small portions it is made ingestible without poisoning the productive, working brain.

It is sane. It allows for sober consideration, reflection.

It allows the observer to remain in their position as bodiless bystander, possibly a freecam hovering freely through a 3D level.

The club is its antithesis. Visitors may experience loss of their ego, but never their body. It denies space for observant reflection. The mere presence of the physical body makes it participant.

Possibly this insistence on the body, makes the club so appealing to the art world.

Clubs are struggling to survive in coexistence with their neighborhood.

The interests of the working bourgeoisie in recreating their workforce is valued above a crowd spending their vital energies without feeding them back into the labor market.

They are site to (chemically induced) psychosis, the broken body (mind) not willing nor apt for wage labor.

The ill are the strongest form of resistance.

This observation coincides with the notion that the end of the world seems to more likely than the end neoliberalism.

Rave hedonism read as auto aggression, really is the aggression against the internalized disciplinary.