

MAITSOH

A DOCUMENTARY PROJECT BY BENJAMIN POTHIER

website: <http://benipi.com/boxes/maiitsoh/>

(Public talk at the Science Gallery, Trinity College, Dublin 30/11/2010)

<http://www.sciencegallery.com/events/2010/11/data-440>

A PRECISION:

MAITSOH is a monobande and an interactive project.
This .pdf is more about the monobande version of the project.

A file about the interactive installation part of the project can be found here:

<http://benipi.com/files/maiitsoh-englsh.pdf>
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“THE WORLD LIKE AN ENDLESS FOUR DIMENSIONAL GAME OF GO”

«*Rip-Rap*» Gary Snyder

It wasn't once upon a time, it was thrice upon a time, once upon many times. It was many times the computer history. Computers Histories. From Military research at Bletchley park military base during WWII , to free software hacktivists, computer geniuses living in an Amsterdam squatted house.

It was many times the Coyote myth. shamanic and tricky animal, potential victim of his own tricks, and wise companion of anthropologist in their quest for knowledge. Playing Hide & Seek, sometimes old man coyote, wise and venerable. Sometimes more vulgar and rude than Lao-Tseu himself.

It wasn't once upon a time, it was once upon three times, once upon many times. It was Language and consciousness. Poetry AND Neurosciences Research. It was a Zen Koan. A sculpture, a weird idea from a sci-fi writer. It was Philosophical and esthetical questions that couldn't fit into a monobande format, even by sliding and twisting , like an old man coyote trying to let ideas fit into an old Betamax Tape with the help of a wood and metal Hammer.

So it was many times a «coming soon» interactive installation, the delivery was close. It was many times because it took many times to bring the project further. Further... Further to where ? nobody knew.

It was many times question(s). Of Arborescence, Chance, scientists interviews ; writers, artists, philosophers, activists or randomly met people interviews. Met in train, boat, plane, on foot, on bike. It was many many times question of Sculpture, wood, metal, found object and even «social sculpture». It was many times question of «the preservation of mental environment» which wasn't a so clear concept. But it was also question of «neuro-market-ing» so things seems suddenly so simple.

It was many times question of Contemporary History, but it was question of several Contemporary Histories. The Computer histories, the consciousness research histories, the Anthropology histories, the Art histories... and the Histories of the author himself .

It was many times the Author. The author himself was a human being, or trying to be... the work didn't came from nowhere, even though no-one really knew where it came from. The work was a ... Territory, a «Terra Nullius» and the Author just managed to claim the ownership. Many times ago, with patents, and records, and legal stuff. All those stuff that would have made old man coyote twist himself like a tornado. The author became Author when the patent was signed. IT WAS LIKE THAT. In this Society.

The Author have had a look at the upheaval of «his own» Society. He stepped backward like an Anthropologist, even if he wasn't an Anthropologist himself, nor an old man coyote. Or was he ? Maybe sometimes in the mirror his ears looked a bit more hairy and pointed than usual. He wasn't even sure himself. And this was XXI st Century, France. This can't really be reasonable, it must have been a Myth. A question of Myths.

The Author was right. To use «IT» his reason. So not his «It» but his reason. That same Reason that brought him to start meeting scientists, and those damn philosophers. And he also was right to protect his own. RIGHTS. With patents, and records, and legal stuffs. Because time was money and time was flying. And it was many times question of Flying.

Planes on the World Trade Center, Shamans thrown down by helicopters in Siberia, being asked to show their «ability to fly» by their torturer. And a camera, «flying» 25 meter above a land-art installation.

It was many times questions of a «Ternary» computer, like the musical rhythm. Not binary who sounded a bit shaky. Binary had nothing to do with Eddy Bernay... hum well, old man coyote and the Author weren't really sure about that. They both were into Glocal, they were global and so much local, they started getting holistized about that !

It was many times questions of philosophy, philosophies, many. So it was question of Body, bodies. Bodies, corpse and corpus. It was many times question of dance, martial arts, Zen and a koan. It was many times questions of this koan. The author asked this koan to people he met, randomly or with purpose. And even to some Zen masters. Official Zen masters, stamped and with diplomas and scars. And he asked the koan, and nobody really knew if it was the author or the old man coyote who was asking the question. And some answers were given, and some drinks too; local beers, Belgian one's, red wine and bootleg alcohol.

It was many times question of a wooden computer. An Italian blasphemous Rasta hacker, and a sci-fi writer who, since he had started to write about «present», looked like he had written a big part of the present, when he was writing sci-fi, in the past. So (because there is a «so») ... So it was many times questions of influences, perception of time, cosmogony and weltanschauung.

It was many times question of a Dutch specialist of Noam Chomsky political views, who was also an expert on Japanese system of thought. And a Japanese buto dancer and architect, highly traditional and furiously contemporary and from N.Y in fact. And a N.Y sculptor, a lot into «bricolage» that Claude Levis-Strauss would have liked. Levis-Strauss who was quoted by a swiss-canadian , an anthropologist, Peruvian Amazon and shamanism specialist.

It was sometimes, not many but some, question of sadness, or let's say Nostalgia. Because it was question of times, Time, Real, Fact and Fiction, creation and friction. And about the fact that some fictions have had so much frictions with the Real that their corpses started to get animated and suddenly they just get out of the corpus to get a body. It was many times question of mass media, and mass-pacification, "masstication". Question of Feedback between representation and (re)presentation. Knowledge and edge. Question of FLUX like in FLUXUS, influences and INFLUENZA. Software were FREE like free of charge but more like FREE SPEECH and FREE JAZZ. There was the Apple, The snow white one, my own, and N.Y. downtown, between my two ex-lover and the ex-towers. And Apple's apple and the Turing's one. Alan Turing went to Bletchley Park, Turing Test was over. The author was just asking if the universe really was computational
There had been no BUG for the 2K, but a BIG BANG in 2K1, this looked more like a tower inferno remake than a Kubrick's one .

It was many times question of acculturation, franglish, Ingles, bilingualism and bi-cognitivism. But it was obviously and visually several times question(s) of monosyllabic graffiti, the author wasn't a screenwriter. But everyday life just started to become so much spectacular, and esthetical than it had ever been before, So we just decided to start cutting some slices of it with a Zen master's knife, and we eated them like haiku on toast.

So empty to write it
like
«this»