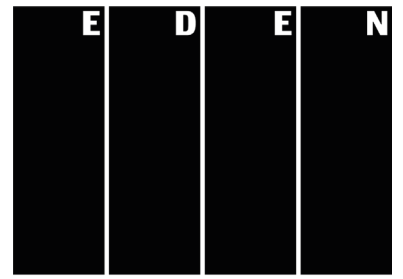


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Capacity scare makes way for ecstatic night in London

field report by Jennifer Atilde

EDEN

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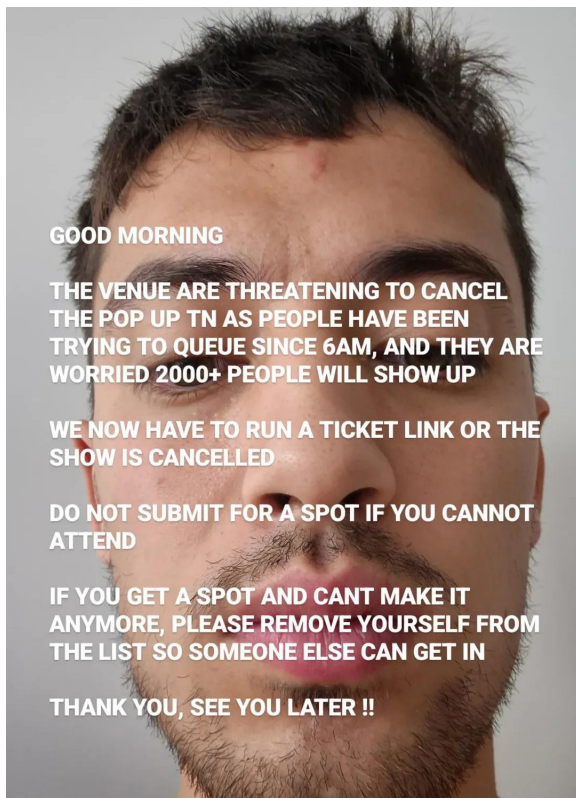
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POST

In an electrifying turn of events, London's Courtyard Theater was buzzing with excitement as EDEN, the artist known for his eclectic sound and loyal fanbase, returned to where it all began for him. The planned pop-up show was met with an overwhelming response, as over 2,500 fans flooded the venue with RSVP requests and frantic phone calls. The sheer volume of interest left the Courtyard Theater staff in a state of panic, fearing they might jeopardize their license due to the anticipated crowd. With only 24 hours before the event, the venue threatened to cancel the pop-up entirely.

In a race against time, EDEN's team quickly set up a new RSVP link to reassure the venue. Despite the late notice the response was staggering: within an hour 600 new sign-ups were recorded for the limited 200 capacity show. The new guestlist system allowed the show to go ahead, much to the relief of both the artist's team and the fans.

The night itself proved to be an unforgettable experience. The Courtyard Theater, packed to capacity, resonated with the sound of 200 enthusiastic fans singing, shouting, and jumping in unison. Among the highlights of the evening was EDEN's debut of new Karaoke inspired production, and a raucous fan reaction to his newly released track, ZZZ, which became the loudest song of the night. The energy in the room left everyone eagerly anticipating EDEN's next performance.



GOOD MORNING

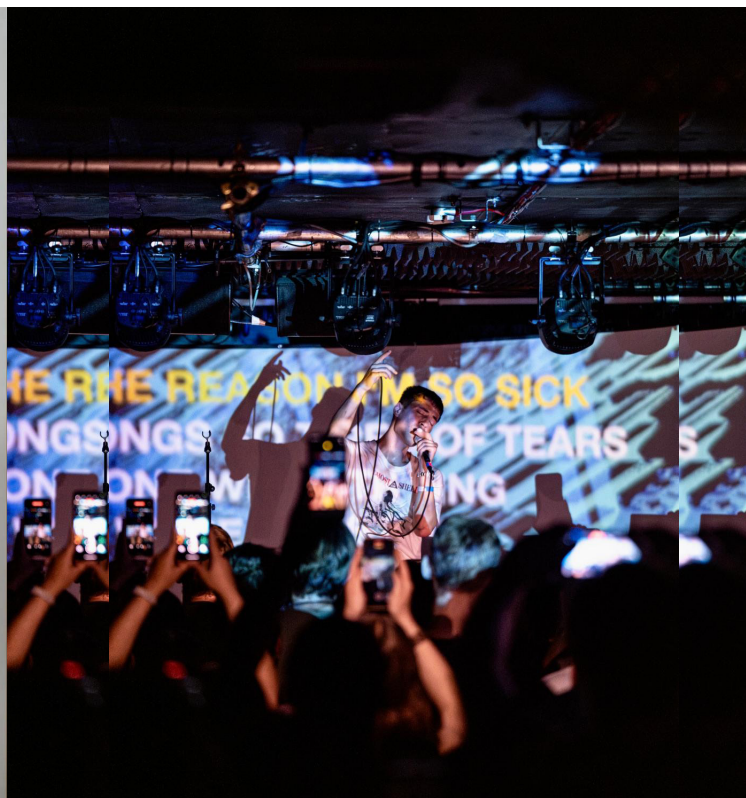
THE VENUE ARE THREATENING TO CANCEL THE POP UP TN AS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TRYING TO QUEUE SINCE 6AM, AND THEY ARE WORRIED 2000+ PEOPLE WILL SHOW UP

WE NOW HAVE TO RUN A TICKET LINK OR THE SHOW IS CANCELLED

DO NOT SUBMIT FOR A SPOT IF YOU CANNOT ATTEND

IF YOU GET A SPOT AND CANT MAKE IT ANYMORE, PLEASE REMOVE YOURSELF FROM THE LIST SO SOMEONE ELSE CAN GET IN

THANK YOU, SEE YOU LATER !!



A Manifesto

by imma (Virtual Human)

「音楽がなければ、人生は誤謬となる」
— フリードリヒ・ニーチェ

音楽は神聖なもの。なぜこれほど音楽が私たちに多くの感情をもたらせるのか、なぜこんなに心を動かされるのかを理解できていない。それはシンプルで明白で、魔法のようなもの。音楽は共有される。それは人々を繋げる力がある。みんなと一緒に歌う時、一緒に踊る時、その曲を教えてくれた人を思い出す時。その感覚が失われつつあると感じてしまうのはなぜ？音楽は昔、もっと私たちにとって大切ではなかったか？

私たちは手放したものを取り戻すべきだ。アルゴリズムが音楽の主導権を握っている現在。私たちは機械に何を聴くべきか頼り、機械が間違っていない時でも、何か失われている。発掘、共有、新しい曲を見つける時の美しさ、曲を送ってくれた人について何かを知ることの美しさ。私たちは「コンテンツ」の受け身の消費者になりつつあり、曲の愛好者、アーティストの伝道者、音楽の力を信じる者ではなくなってしまっている。

プログラム、利益、メトリック駆動の機械が、今やこの神聖なものの導管となっている。さらに悪いことに、音楽は今や無意味な短編コンテンツのバックグラウンドノイズとして体験されるようになっていく。ただの一次的な気晴らし、使い捨ての商品のようなもので、フォロワーを集めて

つまらない商品を守るための虚ろなインフルエンサーを売り込む手段に過ぎない。音楽の魔法が15秒ずつ失われていくのを私たちは眺めているだけ。

現在の音楽風景を支配するアルゴリズムは芸術の本質を理解していない。感情の複雑さや表現のニュアンス、音楽が人間の精神にもたらす深い影響を理解していない。人間の多様な好み、独自のアイデンティティ、そして音楽との非常に個人的な関係を単なるデータポイント、アルゴリズム予測、そして魂のないレコメンに圧縮している。

私たちは音楽の共有を生き返らせる方法を見つけなければならない。コンサートホールや親密な会場、またはキャンプファイヤーの灯を再び囲み、集まろう。ただアルゴリズムに決められたプレイリストをかけるのではなく、パーティーで AUXやBluetooth接続を手に取り、曲を選び、ムードを作り出し、リスクを取ってみよう。人に曲を送り、聴いてもらい、後でその曲について話そう。友達と一緒に集まって、床に横になりながらアルバムを最初から最後まで聴いてみよう。携帯電話や他の気晴らしはなしで、音楽に浸ってみよう。大声で歌い、泣き、笑い、踊ろう。もう一度、感じてみよう。

THE EDEN POST

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Pokey the Penguin I

by The Authors

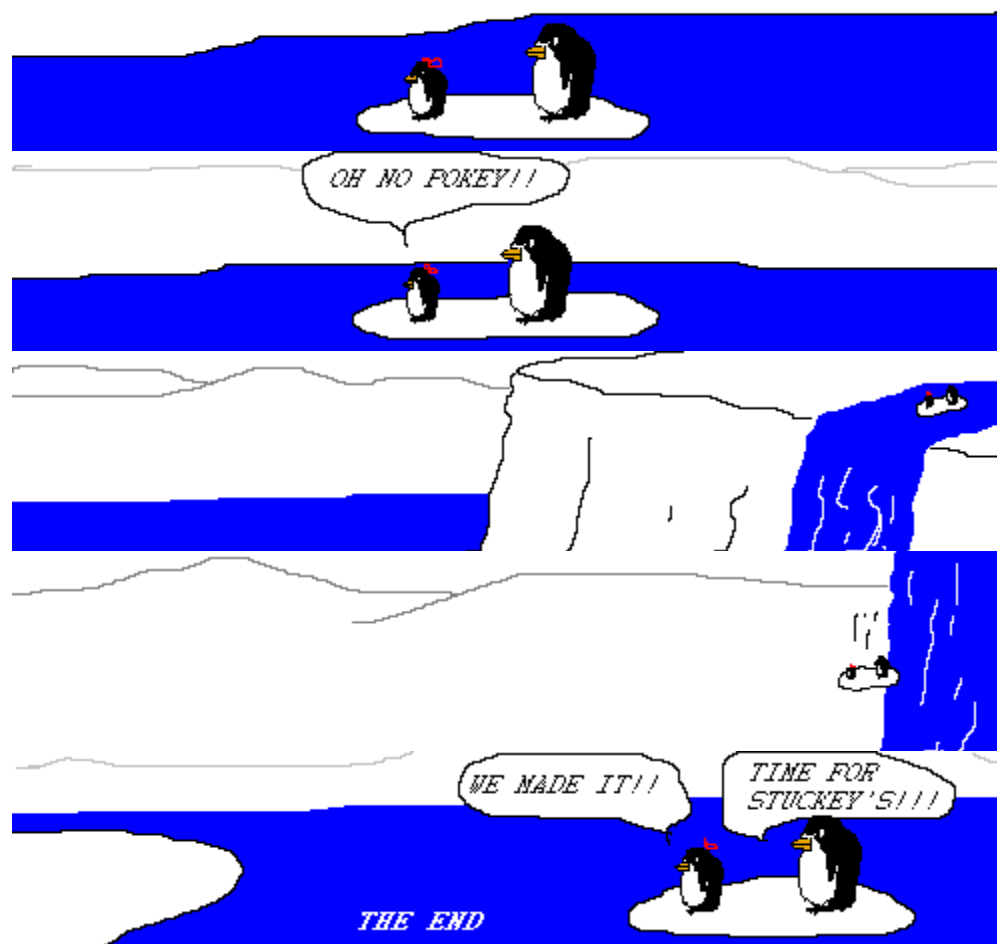
POKEY THE PENGUIN!



in

“STUCKEY’S”

ONE DAY IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE . . .



A Manifesto (translated)

by imma (Virtual Human)

“Without music, life would be a mistake.”
- Friedrich Nietzsche

Music is sacred. We don’t understand how it works, why it can make us feel so much, why it moves us so. It’s magic, simple and plain. Music is shared. It is most powerful when bridging between us. When we sing together, dance together, when you can picture the person who first showed you the song. Why does it feel like that is slipping away from us? Don’t you remember music meaning more?

We’ve given something away that we need to take back. We’ve let the algorithms become the masters of music. We let the machines tell us what to listen to, and even when they’re right, something has been lost. The hunt, the sharing, the beauty of discovering a new song or something about the person who sent it to you. We’re becoming passive consumers of “content,” instead of lovers of songs, evangelists for artists, believers in the power of music. Programs, lines of code, profit, metric driven machines are our conduit to this sacred thing now. Worse yet, music is now often experienced as background noise to insipid short-form content. Nothing more than a fleeting distraction, a disposable commodity, a way to sell us some vapid influencer so they can get enough followers to sell some bullshit product. We’re watching the magic bleed out of music 15 seconds at a time.

The algorithms that now dictate our musical landscape do not understand the essence of artistry. They do not comprehend the intricacies of

emotion, the nuances of expression, or the profound impact that music has on the human spirit. They reduce our diverse tastes, our unique identities, and our deeply personal relationships with music into mere data points, algorithmic predictions, and soulless recommendations.

We must find ways to bring the act of sharing music back to life. Let us come together in shared spaces, whether in concert halls, intimate venues, or around the glow of a campfire. Take the aux cord or bluetooth connection at a party and don’t just play whatever playlist the algorithm serves up, choose the music, set the mood, take the risk. Send songs to people, ask them to listen to them, follow up and talk about them. Get together with friends just to listen to a full album, lying on the floor, no phones, no distractions, sinking into the feeling. Sing along, loudly, cry, laugh, dance, whenever possible. Feel again.



I

What does your sleep paralysis demon look like? Does it look like an unfiltered selfie? Does its voice echo the chastising tone of an ex-partner, articulating doubts you secretly fear might be true? Does it feel like the dryness in your eyes after a marathon session of scrolling through Instagram Reels, then TikTok, then back to Instagram again? Does it harbour a fondness for you? If it spends this much time with you, perhaps it sees you as a host more than an adversary, existing only when you slip into sleep.

Lately, my sleep paralysis demon has begun to intrude into my waking life, resembling that one party guest who arrives hours too early when you're not quite ready to entertain. I sometimes converse with it, a sinister amalgamation of our history and insecurities. It's an ugly avatar, mirroring my image but constructed entirely from anxiety, built from the residue of a persona and the private fears I rarely voice. Just like the eerie, suspended state of sleep paralysis, this creature occupies a liminal space, hovering between the physical expanse and the inner sanctums of psychological reality. It compels us to confront our vulnerabilities—not with malice, but as a stark reflection of our intricate relationship with the modern age.

In the terror of the night, this entity does more than paralyse me; it provokes. It challenges us to consider whether our fears dominate us or inspire us to delve deeper into our sense of self. In a culture drenched in connectivity, where our worth often appears gauged by likes and follows, this monster of paralysis becomes a product and a critic of our social landscape. It feeds on the very anxieties that our online existences intensify—loneliness, inadequacy, and the relentless pursuit of validation.

Rather than a fiend, perhaps it's more apt to regard it as a twisted friend. Each encounter, while terrifying, also offers a moment for introspection—a mental health check in the relentless rhythm of modern life. It reminds us that to truly rest, we must disconnect, look inward, and prioritise recovery from the day's digital demands. Facing our sleep paralysis demon is not merely a fight to regain control of our limbs but a battle to reclaim our minds from the haunting pressures and pace of the digital age. Maybe our sleep diets could be better. Maybe our validation diets could be better.

The profoundness of sleep can be a conduit for examining human vulnerability, exposure, and intimate boundaries. Sleep becomes more than a mere biological necessity; it transforms into a symbol of the universal human condition—an act that is both intimate and isolating. As such, the art that incorporates sleep invites audiences to reflect on their own boundaries of vulnerability and exposure. It asks: What does it mean to be truly seen at our most defenceless? How do we navigate the tension between our desire for connection and the need for privacy? What does the sleep paralysis demon think of *me*?

II

Tilda Swinton's recurring performance art piece "*The Maybe*" captivates with its raw exploration of vulnerability at the intersection of public spectacle and personal sanctuary. Performed in a minimalist setup—Swinton rests in a transparent glass box, adorned in plain clothes, with only a mattress and linens—the installation traverses the space of the Serpentine Gallery in London and MoMA in New York, embodying a stark simplicity that belies its profound thematic depth.

At both venues, the positioning of the glass box invited visitors to navigate around it, offering diverse perspectives on the artist in repose. This arrangement not only showcased Swinton's physical presence but also emphasised her absence in consciousness, playing with the duality of visibility and invisibility. The added layer of spontaneity in her appearance times at MoMA brought an element of unpredictability that echoed the uncertainties of life, turning each visit into a unique encounter with potential rather than certainty.

"*The Maybe*" probes deeply into the themes of vulnerability and visibility. Here, Swinton, while physically present and observable, remains absent in awareness, encapsulating the dichotomy of being seen yet not known. The glass box serves as both a shield and showcase, protecting the artist while simultaneously exposing her as an object of art and viewer curiosity. This duality raises poignant questions about the nature of vulnerability—once a private experience, now performed for public consumption.

Moreover, Swinton's work engages with the cultural ramifications of being watched in an age dominated by digital surveillance and the relentless sharing of personal details. It challenges viewers to contemplate the dynamics of spectatorship, consent, and the blurring lines between personal and public domains. The unpredictability of her appearances amplifies this

effect, transforming traditional expectations of art exhibitions from static displays to dynamic engagements that mirror life's own unpredictability.

Audience responses to "*The Maybe*" have varied widely, from deep empathetic connection to the vulnerability displayed by Swinton to feelings of discomfort at the voyeuristic setup. These reactions underscore the complex interplay of the viewer and view, revealing the multitude of ways individuals process and interpret exposure and vulnerability.

In navigating these themes, "*The Maybe*" serves not only as a reflection of Swinton's artistic vision but also as a commentary on broader societal issues. It invites us to reconsider our own perceptions of privacy, exposure, and the human condition in the contemporary digital age. Through this lens, Swinton's performance becomes a profound meditation on the essence of human visibility and the spaces we occupy both in the physical and in the metaphysical realms.

Seeing a commuter asleep on the Tube during rush hour, when most are wide awake and continuing their days, strikes a chord of discomfort in me. It's not that they don't have the right to sleep, or that it's inherently bothersome, but it ignites a personal insecurity about how I myself must appear while sleeping. Observing someone in such a vulnerable, unguarded state—surrendered to sleep amidst the chaos of daily life—forces me to confront the fact that I, too, am observed in this way, unaware and exposed.

The reality is, you never truly see yourself sleep. Despite the possibility of recording oneself or imagining how one might look through the detached perspective of a camera's viewfinder, these methods offer only a semblance of the truth. The authentic experience of seeing oneself sleep remains elusive, disconnected from our conscious self-perception. This dissonance between how we view ourselves and how we might actually appear to others—especially in a state as defenceless as sleep—can be unsettling.

It's not unlike considering one's sleep paralysis demon as an extension of oneself, though ideally less menacing. This fictional creature, often conjured in the half-awake moments of sleep paralysis, embodies the distorted, often frightening aspects of our psyche that we prefer not to acknowledge. Yet, unlike the demon, which remains a horrifying figment of our imagination, the image of our sleeping self carries a realness that we can neither fully know nor completely disown. This gap in self-awareness, bridged only by the imagination or digital media, underscores a fundamental human vulnerability: the disconnect between how we perceive ourselves and how we are perceived by others.

III

In the quiet early mornings of my secondary school years, I occasionally stopped by my friend's house as I walked to the bus stop. Some mornings, I'd find him still deep in sleep, oblivious to the time. Upon my arrival, he would suddenly wake, flustered but pretending as if he had been awake all along. Dressed only in his boxers, he'd clumsily get up, his brain foggy with sleep, repeatedly mumbling, "Yep, I'm good to go, I'm good to go," as his eyes squinted painfully at the harsh morning light streaming through the opened curtains. Later in the day, he would even persistently deny ever having been asleep.

Sleep, in this light, reveals us at our most vulnerable and genuine. For about a third of our lives, we are in this raw state, more consistently 'ourselves' than in any waking moment. As we oscillate between various personas, interests, principles, and ideas throughout our waking hours, sleep remains perhaps the only constant, the truest anchor to our essence.

This universal experience of vulnerability in sleep is profoundly explored in Lee Mingwei's "*The Sleeping Project*." In this interactive performance art piece, Mingwei transforms the private act of sleeping into a shared public experience. Participants in "*The Sleeping Project*" are invited to spend a night in a gallery space, sleeping alongside the artist in an environment that mimics a domestic setting. Each participant brings an object from home, something that usually resides by their bedside, creating a personal and intimate atmosphere within the public arena of the gallery.

Mingwei's work challenges the traditional boundaries between public and private spheres, compelling participants and viewers alike to reflect on the nature of intimacy. The act of sleeping, typically hidden behind closed doors, is here laid bare, exposed to the gaze of strangers. This setup not only highlights the vulnerability of the sleepers but also fosters a unique form of connection and trust between them and the audience. The presence of personal items serves as a poignant reminder of the participants' absent selves, their dreams and thoughts inaccessible yet palpably present through the objects they've chosen to share.

"*The Sleeping Project*" involves direct interaction between the artist 5

Zzz... z

continued

and participants, creating a more immersive and participatory experience. Unlike Swinton's solitary display, Mingwei invites strangers to join him in a shared sleeping environment, each bringing a personal item to the space. This act promotes a deeper level of intimacy and vulnerability, as participants not only observe but also share the experience of being exposed during sleep. The inclusion of personal objects adds layers of personal narrative and connection, making the shared space a composite of personal histories and identities.

By presenting sleep as a form of art, Mingwei not only questions societal norms but also invites a dialogue about the human need for rest, refuge, and real connection. This performance, like the unguarded moments of my school friend jolting awake at seven in the morning, strips back the facades we often present, revealing a raw, unfiltered humanity that is both intensely personal and universally relatable.

IV

Jana Sterbak is renowned for her unconventional use of materials and forms, particularly in installations that subtly engage themes of rest, vulnerability, and the human condition. Her works such as "*Seduction Couch*" and "*Attitudes*" serve as prime examples of how everyday objects, when recontextualized, can profoundly articulate these themes.

"*Seduction Couch*," crafted from cold, perforated steel and equipped with a Van de Graaff generator, dramatically subverts the typical expectations of comfort associated with a sofa. The use of metal transforms the sofa into a disquieting and unwelcoming object, challenging the notion of relaxation often linked to domestic furniture. This installation turns the familiar into the unfamiliar, pushing the viewer to confront their own perceptions of comfort and safety.

In "*Attitudes*," Sterbak further explores this theme through a king-sized bed adorned with pillows embroidered with the words "Disease," "Reputation," and "Greed." This installation juxtaposes the soft, intimate nature of a bed—a symbol of rest and privacy—with harsh, socially charged words, creating a jarring experience that compels viewers to reflect on the personal and societal tensions that infiltrate even our most private spaces.

Sterbak's installations often incorporate everyday objects that, through their alteration and presentation, acquire a new, often unsettling symbolism. By choosing objects associated with rest and comfort and altering them to provoke discomfort, Sterbak invites a critique of the societal values and personal anxieties that pervade contemporary life.

The "*Seduction Couch*" and "*Attitudes*" both use domestic symbols to question the dichotomies of public versus private, comfort versus discomfort, and the seen versus unseen aspects of life. These works provoke a consideration of how objects can embody and reflect cultural attitudes and personal vulnerabilities, and how the familiar can be estranged to reveal underlying truths about human existence.

Sterbak's installations compel us to reexamine our associations with everyday objects, especially those related to sleep, like beds and sofas—spaces traditionally synonymous with comfort. By transforming these objects, she unveils the latent discomforts that lie beneath our notions of rest. It's akin to exploring the underside of your mattress only to discover manifestations of your deepest anxieties rather than mere dust bunnies.

This exploration is not merely theoretical; it provides a tangible experience that challenges our comfort thresholds and prompts us to question the commercialization of domestic tranquillity. The reluctance to engage physically with these artworks reflects a broader societal hesitance to confront unsettling truths. Through such challenging presentations, Sterbak doesn't just create art; she initiates crucial conversations about the roles and meanings we attribute to our personal spaces.

Her work effectively blurs the distinctions between art and life, urging a reassessment of the mundane. Doing so, it deepens our insight into the interplay between personal vulnerability and social constructs, pushing us to reevaluate our perceptions and consider more deeply how art mirrors and shapes our experiences. Through her installations, we are invited to view not only art but also our personal and collective lives through a lens that often reveals more than we may be prepared to face. This lens particularly sharpens when focused on sleep, a universal yet private experience that Sterbak recontextualizes to expose the underlying tensions between public expectations and private realities.

We all recognize the discomfort of resting in an unsuitable setting—it's universal, if often frustrating, experience. Whether it's the sticky heat clinging to the shiny leather of a sofa in your friend's cramped student halls, the relentless fluorescent glow of an airport during an unexpected

flight delay, or the unnerving strangeness of a hotel room that doesn't feel quite right, these moments challenge our perceptions of comfort.

In every scenario, discomfort extends beyond the physical. It intrudes into our psychological space, prompting a visceral reaction to our surroundings. A sticky leather sofa not only feels uncomfortable against the skin but also heightens a sense of displacement or temporary belonging. Similarly, the harsh lighting of an airport not only strains the eyes but also amplifies feelings of exhaustion and irritability, reinforcing the traveller's sense of liminality—stuck between departure and destination, belonging neither here nor there.

Moreover, the slightly off ambience of a hotel room, though perhaps equipped with all necessary conveniences, can disrupt our sense of security and relaxation, the very essence of what 'rest' should provide. This dissonance between expectation and reality makes us acutely aware of our need for a personal, familiar environment to truly relax.

Such experiences underscore the importance of physical comfort in shaping our emotional and psychological states. They remind us that comfort is not just about the physical texture or the immediate environment but also about the context—the fit between our expectations and the reality we encounter. Through these moments of discomfort, we come to understand our preferences, our limits, and ultimately, what it means to feel 'at home' in a world of transient spaces.

V

In the tangible spaces we occupy and the digital realms we frequent, we encounter environments that blend the familiar with the unsettlingly foreign. Online, this sensation mirrors the discomfort of trying to relax in a harshly lit airport lounge or a friend's sticky leather sofa. We intentionally or inadvertently craft our online personas as much as we arrange our physical spaces, seeking comfort or facing the unease that comes with not quite fitting in.

Our interactions online, where we curate versions of ourselves, often have the ephemeral, fleeting quality of a hotel stay—temporary and sometimes superficial. This dissonance can leave us feeling as disconnected as lying awake in a strange room, despite being ostensibly more connected than ever. We flick through social media, shifting from one conversation to another, searching for a place to 'settle in' much as we might adjust pillows in an unfamiliar bed, seeking comfort in adaptation.

This digital landscape continuously evolves, pushing us to anchor ourselves amid the flow of virtual identities. It challenges us to differentiate between what is genuine in our interactions and what is merely a facade. Just as the discomfort of a sticky leather sofa can heighten our awareness of physical needs, a jarring text message exchange can sharpen our understanding of our emotional boundaries.

Ultimately, whether we're navigating physical rooms or digital spaces, our journey is profoundly personal and deeply intertwined with our quest for authentic connections and self-understanding. As we delve deeper into these environments, we uncover more about our desires, needs, and the values we cherish—continuously shaping and reshaping how we engage with the world and how it engages with us. This ongoing interaction not only teaches us about our environment but also ourselves, guiding us in a continual dance of adaptation and discovery.

Dancing within the physical and digital, the validations and estrangements, the sleep and the awake. Ultimately, *by the time you wake up, it's your loss, your loss, your loss.*



I thought I was only joking

photography by Thaddé Comar



I thought I was only joking

continued



I thought I was only joking

continued



I thought I was only joking

continued



I thought I was only joking

continued



I thought I was only joking

continued



I thought I was only joking
continued



The World According to Rainbolt

by GeoRainbolt



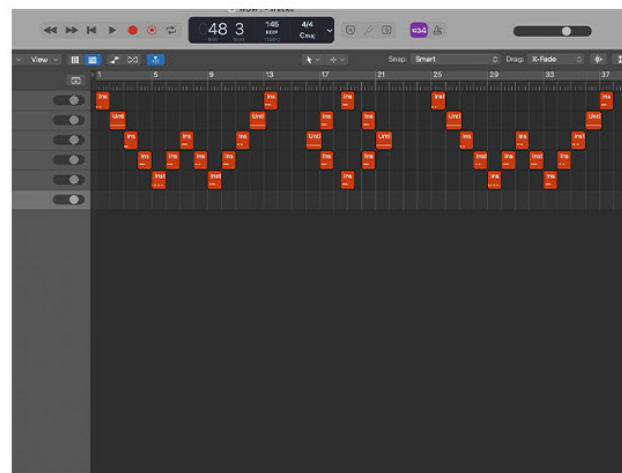
Selected roads of the world:

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15.9419868, 99.8766244
-9.0442099,-77.597242
-33.3244874,19.4055031
38.6414742,34.8506813
-39.6042927,-71.3712009

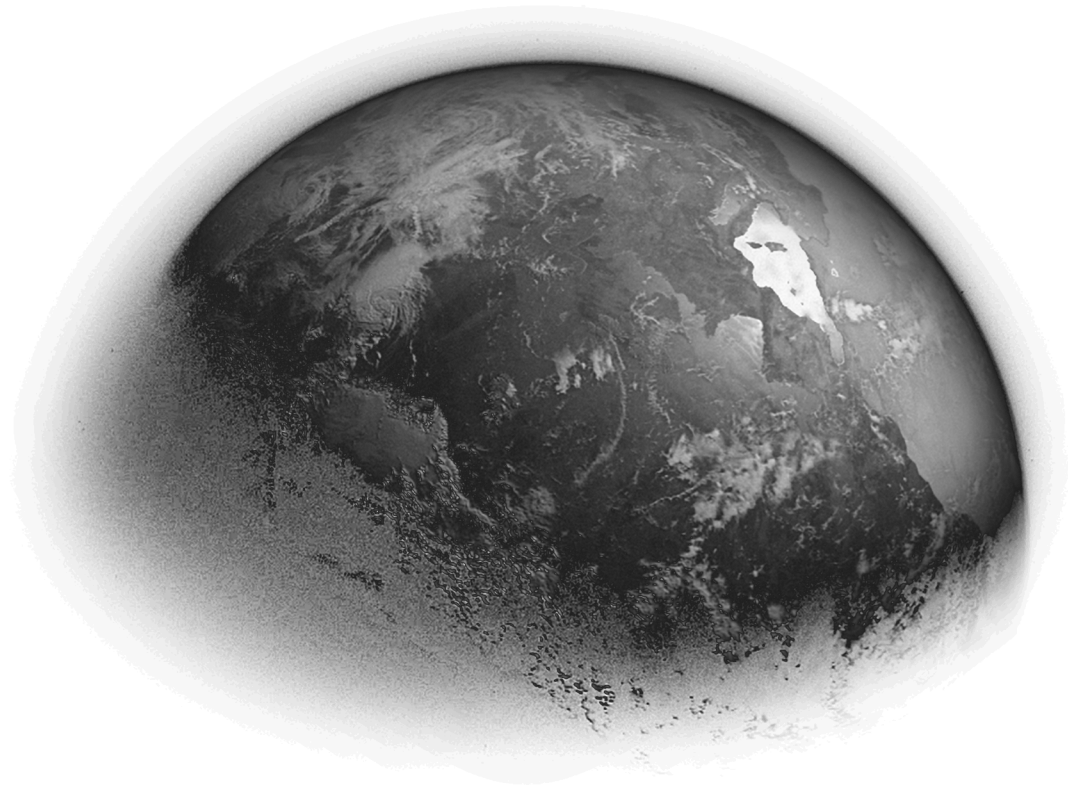
IN MY DREAMS IM IN LOVE
NO TEARS IN THE MORNING
I KNOW WHAT I WANT AND IT KEEPS ME LONELY
SOMETIMES I WISH THAT I WAS SOMEBODY ELSE
ENTANGLED PARTICLES
SOMETIMES IT'S NOT WHAT ITS NOT -
I'M ONLY MAD CAUSE I LOVE YOU
UNCHECKED GROWTH IS A CANCER
STROBE LIGHTS LIKE ARMOUR
YOU CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING
THE HEART HAS CHANGED
THATS ALL -
IT'S LIKE YOURE BESIDE ME EVEN WHEN YOU LEAVE
I JUST WANT TO LAUGH ABOUT IT
IN THE SUNLIGHT WE'LL BE DIFFERENT
IT WILL MAKE IT IF IT SHOULD
THE GLASS IS ALREADY BROKEN
I KNOW IT'S DARK BUT IT HELPS -
READY OR NOT?
TRUST ME

An Advertisement

by Between Friends







Welcome to the new collective facilitating creative
collaboration across borders.

We'll be ready for you soon.

Ato



Create Yours.

I Used to Say I Was Scared of Flying

by Ato

I used to be so fucking scared of everything
I couldn't walk past tall buildings without panicking
Couldn't be in spaces too small
Or too open
Couldn't sit my exams
Just sweating
As I examined the clock
And the tables
Between me and the door
Somewhere along the line
I had started to create this world of irrational rules in my head
About what made me safe
And what didn't
And over time, as I grew older
I managed, I guess
In an attempt to claw back the pure mundanity of everyday life
To slowly push these rules predominantly onto the process of long distance travel
Until nothing scared me more than take off on a plane
And for fifteen years
The process would turn my palms into pools
Attempting to get a grip of that inevitable pain
In the middle of my chest
As I became consumed by the end.

This was until that first flight to Accra
The fear just wouldn't kick in like it had done
Maybe thirty or forty times before
And having all of these people around me on this plane
That looked just like me
Going to the place that I was from
Made me realize
I hadn't felt this level of belonging before
As I caught my reflection in the window
My eyes opened to where all this fear was stemming from
It was displacement
Self hate
Fear of judgment
To such a degree that reality had been so warped in my head
I had been living in parallel
Somewhere only I knew
Something I had been too embarrassed to share with the world
But by the way
Now that I share this with you
This isn't one of those
I'm good now you can be too stories
I still struggle with this shit
And I'm still learning
To see and think clearly
To know when it's important to talk about this stuff
With the right person
When it's time to actively rectify the wrongs on my own
And
WHEN
it's
juST
BesT
2
let
g0

- aTo

6:30PM - 28TH OF AUGUST

E POP UP PERFORMANCE **D**
BABY'S ALL RIGHT
NEW YORK CITY

E

N



What is the Contemporary Frontier?

an interview project by EDEN

Agazero: for me the contemporary frontier is the threshold between what remained concise in the past and what reverberates in the present time, maybe some original/local cultures like Baile Funk music and Samba here in Brazil are on this frontier, and all stuff has remained intact in the timeline until today like jeans pants? hahaha I may be trippin but that's a lil hard question

Alex Clayton: it is making art as honest and humane as possible. if people are not able to genuinely engage with one's work on a personal and emotional level aside from surface level aesthetics then what we are making is no different to work made by computer intelligence. so I believe in the coming years the best work being made will be that which is deeply relatable and able to connect, not work that is instantly digestible and serves nothing more than a surface level outcome.

b4u: FREE UP THE HARD DRIVE

BABii: cool.com
craziest unclaimed territory on the internet

Bby Eco the self



Bloodz Boi: Empty

Claire Rousay: the contemporary frontier is offline

Dylan Rose Rheingold:

What is the contemporary frontier?

- What is a frontier in general? A vantage? A obstacle? Something obscuring you from getting from point A to B. I wonder if this is a trick question.

I think the contemporary frontier is ourselves. We are our own worst critic & nightmare. Existing & contributing in today's contemporary lens- we have too much accessibility, which leads to too much consumption, which leads to this idea that everything happens fast and our attention span gets shaved along the way. Things happen fast, and that lack of control can catapult me into terror. But I try and remind myself that waves crash fast & hard but they will always fade back into the shore. These factors stop us from putting ourselves out there in a real way. I, myself, hold myself back constantly, because of the little devil on my shoulder bickering with the angel until I am left at a standstill, silently & stillly thinking myself into oblivion. Meanwhile, my gut response is usually always the most natural & authentic to myself. I shouldn't get caught up asking anyone else there opinions of my own- but this is part of being human. I am the monster inside of me. And as much as I'd like to come up with a list to place the blame on, I blame myself. I think that is the contemporary frontier.

Being exposed to so many different types of people, friends, influences, family, & wanting to be able to get along w/ them all & without even realizing it... you yourself have turned into a chameleon.

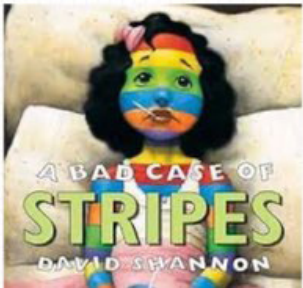

This girl comes to mind.

Too much accessibility & consumption
Shame about it

Being too influenced & too within our faces. I wish I could just see my own little come & come out for my own sake (what?)

THE RESULT OF ASSIMILATION OUT OF PEER-PRESSURE & LOSING YOURSELF

A BAD CASE OF THE STRIPES

“What is the contemporary frontier?”

I think the contemporary frontier is ourselves. We are our own worst critic & nightmare. Existing & contributing in today's contemporary lens- we have too much accessibility, which leads to too much consumption, which leads to this idea that everything happens fast and our attention span gets shaved along the way. Things happen fast, and that lack of control can catapult me into terror. But I try and remind myself that waves crash fast & hard but they will always fade back into the shore. These factors stop us from putting ourselves out there in a real way. I, myself, hold myself back constantly, because of the little devil on my shoulder bickering with the angel until I am left at a standstill, silently & stillly thinking myself into oblivion. Meanwhile, my gut response is usually always the most natural & authentic to myself. I shouldn't get caught up asking anyone else there opinions of my own- but this is part of being human. I am the monster inside of me. And as much as I'd like to come up with a list to place the blame on, I blame myself. I think that is the contemporary frontier.

This girl also came to mind, from the book “A bad case of the stripes” I read as a child. Being exposed to so many different types of people, friends, influences, mentors, family & wanting to be able to get along with them all. Without even realizing it... you become a shiny little spineless chameleon (who is unable to change colors at a high enough speed). Assimilation is not your friend...”

What is the Contemporary Frontier?

continued

EDEN: being alive is expensive

For Those I Love: (David Balfe) I don't know how to give an appropriate answer here. I don't believe I have the knowledge to really know what lies beyond where we are now, and my best estimations depend entirely on what area of contemporary life/art we are talking about.

However, I have been fascinated by how 'near Universal' access to information and technology has changed the way in which we make art and engage with it. The historic boundaries that wall access to musical creation have begun to crumble (easy to pirate home recording software that can be used to create professional grade sounds with freely accessible online tutoring/lessons. Possible to create beautiful recordings from the average phone), and within that I think we will see/are seeing a new frontier to musical creation (as well as myriad other artistic outputs). Engagement with education has changed, as too has engagement with the life cycle of any one piece of art. People have written and spoken about this in great depth and have said far more than I could in a text message!

The walls to the kingdom have fallen. Free access reigns. Excited to see where it goes. Thanks for asking! Wish I had more to say! 😊

Iglooghost: I THINK MAYBE THE CONTEMPORARY FRONTIER IS SLIGHTLY MORE HIDDEN THAN U WOULD THINK . . . I THINK THE IDEAS THAT FEEL THE MOST WIDELY MEANINGFUL + SPECIAL ORIGINATE FROM PLACES OUTSIDE THE ALGORITHMIC MOODBOARD MIRAGE THAT WE R CONSTANTLY PRESENTED WITH. THERE IS SO MUCH INSPIRATION WAITING FOR U OUTSIDE OF EXPLORE PAGES & P*INTEREST. AGGREGATE MOODBOARD SITES R CURRENTLY TOO OPTIMISED & LOOK TOO AMAZING . . . WE HAVE CREATED A HYPNOTIC VIRUS MURAL THAT PRETENDS TO BE THE ZEIGEIST. I WORRY PEOPLE R STARING AT IT FOR TOO LONG & BECOMING INTOXICATED BY THE FALSE TAPESTRY IT PRESENTS + IT'S BEGINNING TO CREATE A FEEDBACK LOOP! I FINK WE NEED 2 REMIND OURSELVES THAT WE CAN ALWAYS UNJAM THE STASIS OF VISUAL CULTURE BY LOOKING IN THE MOST UNLIKELY POSSIBLE PLACES FOR SPECIAL IDEAS. I THINK THAT'S WHERE ALL THE SICKEST SHIT COMES FROM. PEEK UNDER THE RUG, DON'T B SCARED >:*)

Jonna Meyer: The contemporary frontier is all of us and everything, the good the bad and the ugly, the forwards and the backwards, the things we make, what we fight for, the things we don't want to be there, what we articulate and what we keep silent about.

Jane Remover: Thats a good question bc while everybodys doing their own thing i guess we all r existing in the same place- every different section of modern music/todays music has a common denominator even if nobody knows what it is

Kazumichi Komatsu:



Kia Tasbihgou:

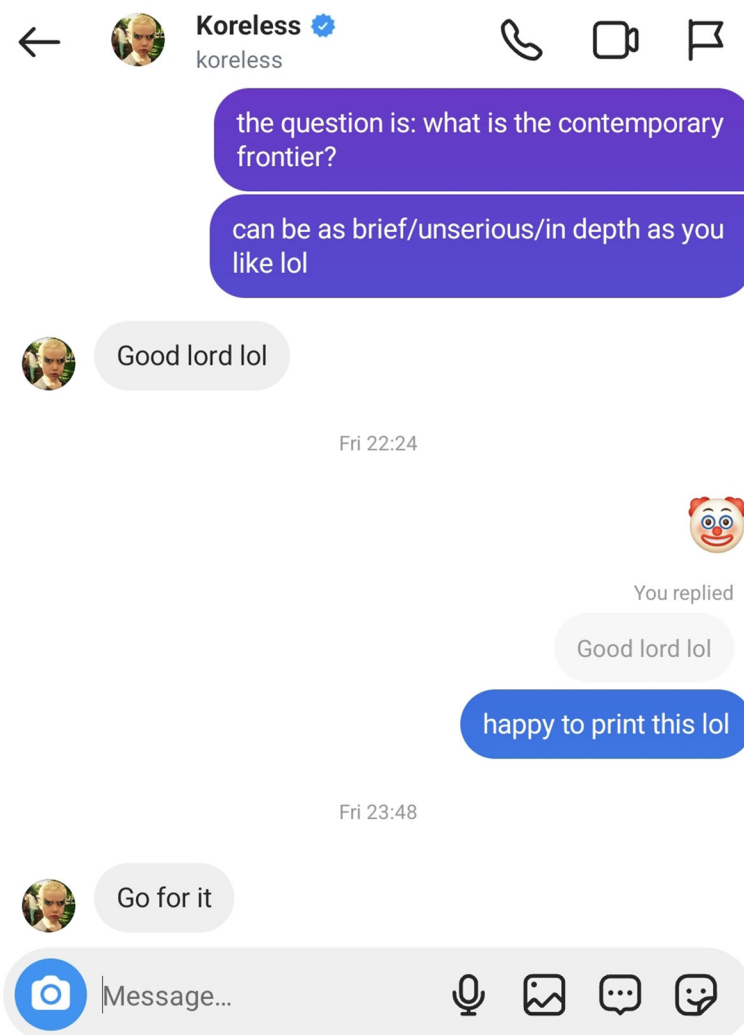
Stage ~~Three~~:

Initially, the beauty of the stage
reality. The only way to see it
is to look up to see if it really
reality is and if it even exists.

What is the Contemporary Frontier?

continued

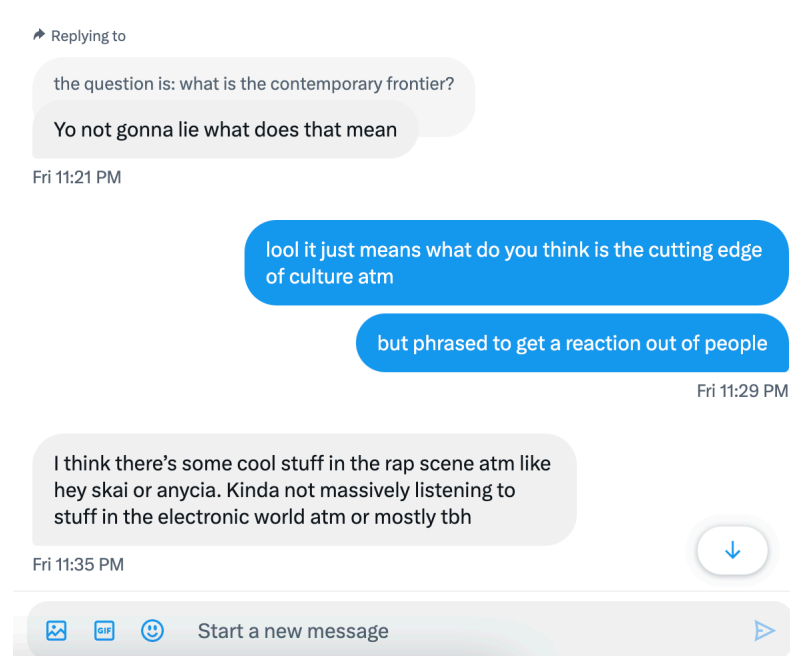
Koreless:



Lontalius:

I would say I'm a curious person. I like to understand what's going on in the world. If I meet someone at a party I'm more likely to ask them about everything going on in their life than talk about my own. If we're talking about things like AI or politics or culture wars or whatever as the contemporary frontier, I would say I'm interested but I'm not worried. I have a sort of blind optimism that drives me. I do believe that this is the most exciting time to be alive. We can listen to anything we want and watch anything we want and talk to anyone we want. We can make things just as easy as we can consume them. The only thing I'm focused on at the moment is my own happiness. It's certainly hard to stay optimistic. Releasing music can feel like pissing in the wind. What's it all for? Who are we trying to be?

Lorraine James:



Luka Palm:

Ben Stiller's Aura

Marta Salogni:



What is the Contemporary Frontier?

continued

Matt Cohn:



Maverick Sabre: The contemporary frontier is the border between madness and connection to the the source. The edge of ground-breaking and the line of self indulgence.

Ryan Hemsworth:



My brain is destroyed and keeps wanting to say something like this

19:27

Sam Rolfes:



tendai: in music i feel like its never changed . uncharted territory still exists because we r all unique n hav our own perspectives n lives . i feel whats changed is the confidence involved in accessing the frontier . rn there's alot of emphasis on fitting in and doing what everyone else is doing . maybe now more than ever just because of how accessible everything is thru the internet & things that aren't super innovative are usually more successful than things that are . that can discourage artists . but there's a few of us who still have the confidence to be specific .

What is the Contemporary Frontier?

continued

- Tiago Evangelista:** Can we even experience physical things anymore? NFTs were the early century joke of all the jokes. Rest in Peace.
- Thaddé Comar:** K-hole
- Throttle:** Curiosity
- Underscores:** “The Grid. A digital frontier. I tried to picture clusters of information as they moved through the computer. What did they look like? Ships, motorcycles? Were the circuits like freeways? I kept dreaming of a world I thought I’d never see. And then, one day I got in...”
- Kevin Flynn, TRON: Legacy
- Villager:** The contemporary frontier, in its essence, is the ever-shifting boundary of human experience, understanding, and expression. In today’s world, it is not merely a geographical or physical concept but a dynamic interplay of ideas, technologies, and cultural narratives. This frontier is characterized by the constant push and pull between tradition and innovation, stability and transformation, the known and the unknown.

In the realm of art, this frontier manifests as a profound dichotomy. On one side, there are artists and artistic movements that celebrate the dissolution of identity. These artists thrive on fluidity, change, and the breaking of molds, challenging established norms and encouraging a continuous redefinition of self and society. Their work often reflects the transient nature of contemporary life, where identity is seen as multifaceted and ever-evolving.

Conversely, there is an equally strong reverence for artists who embody permanence and consistency. These creators are seen as steadfast pillars, maintaining a singular identity and serving as figureheads for unchanging values and traditions. Their art resonates with those who find comfort and meaning in stability and the preservation of cultural heritage. They act as anchors in a rapidly transforming world, fitting into rather than breaking the molds that define their artistic and cultural landscapes.

This duality highlights the contemporary frontier as a space of tension and balance. It is a testament to the diverse ways in which individuals navigate their identities and artistic expressions in an era marked by both unprecedented change and a yearning for continuity. The frontier, therefore, is not a fixed point but a fluid and ever-expanding boundary that encompasses the myriad ways humans engage with and interpret their world.

- Yncc:** This eyepatch, muhfucker. Also, electronics made with gallium nitride.



What is the Contemporary Frontier?

continued

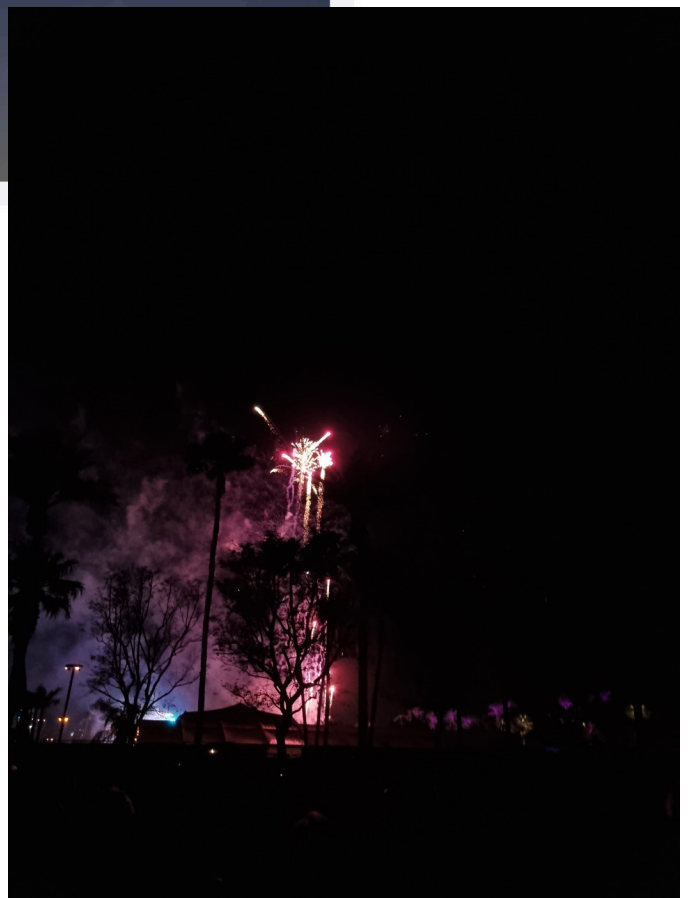
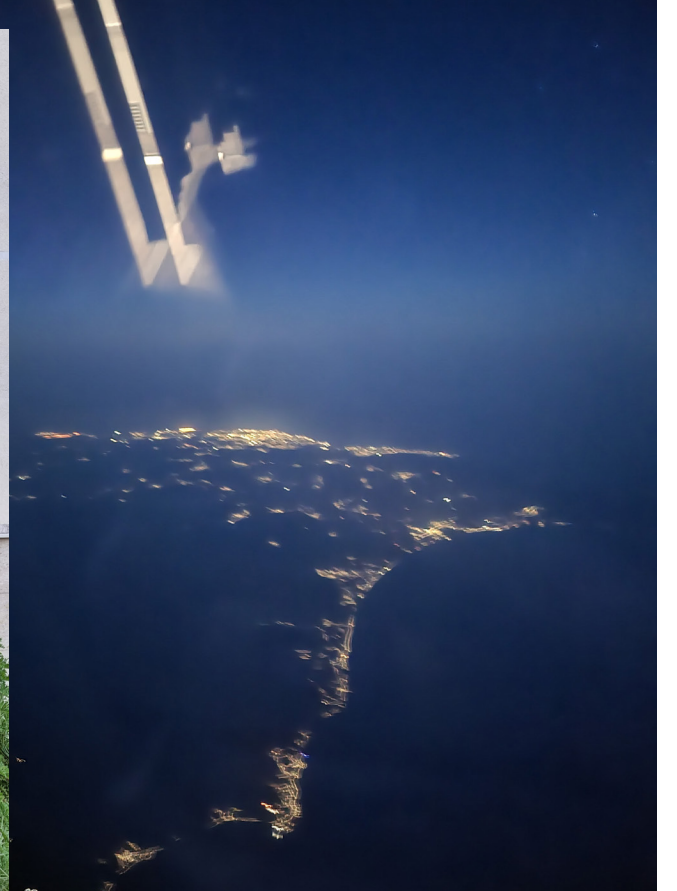
Zhang + Knight:

C A N Y O U S E E T H E
C O N T E M P O R A R Y
F R O N T I E R ?

~~♥ Z + K T~~ W G F B V Y T T W X
T R A N S R I G H T S P R V R
T E I E X C A C W L X C A O Q
R T C O C S V N S F G N N I M
A S R B C D S A S E T T S J S
N A T A X D D P I R R I R H T
S L B M N M E D J A I E I K H
R B E Y G S F O N C U G G A G
I S T H G I R S N A R T H E I
G T R A N S R I G H T S T T R
H X O R Z I R S G F W U S A S
T A K I G S F V N H L U Z U N
S Q C H V P B Y C A T D T A A
F Y T B Z T C J X P R S V K R
R S F H H N W H R T Q T K Q T

I Can't Make You See it My Way

photo essay by EDEN



I Can't Make You See it My Way

continued



I Can't Make You See it My Way
continued



I Can't Make You See it My Way
continued



To be loved

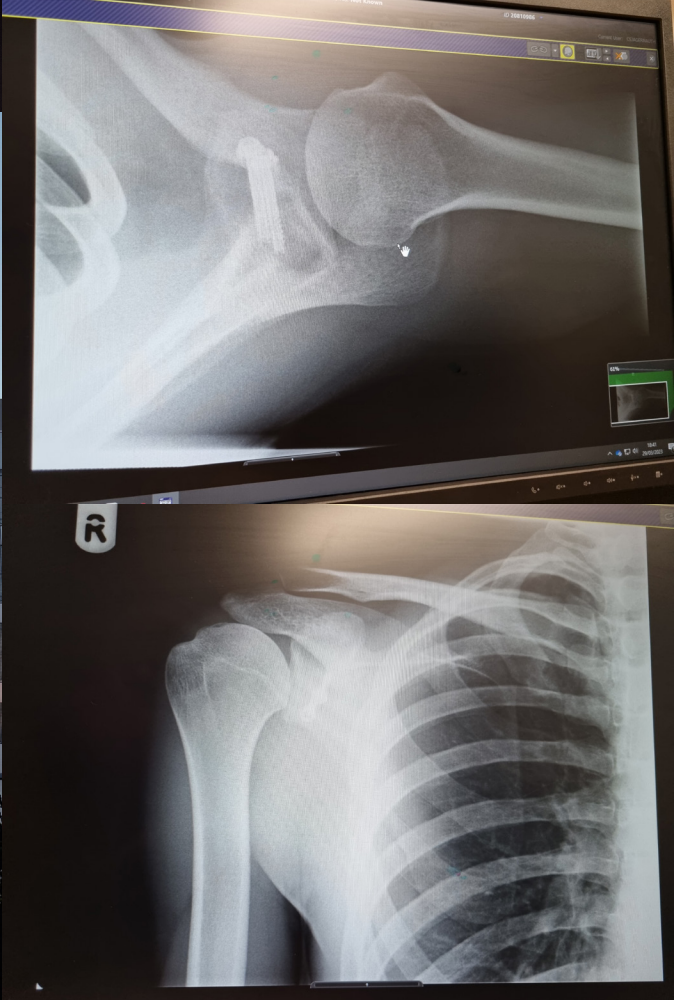
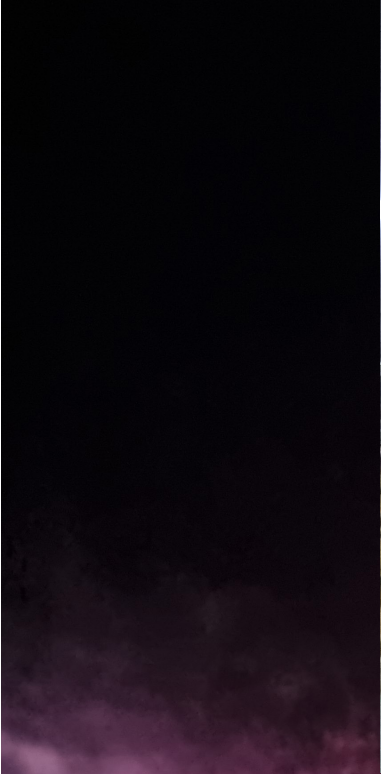


**Is to be
changed**



I Can't Make You See it My Way

continued



I Can't Make You See it My Way

continued

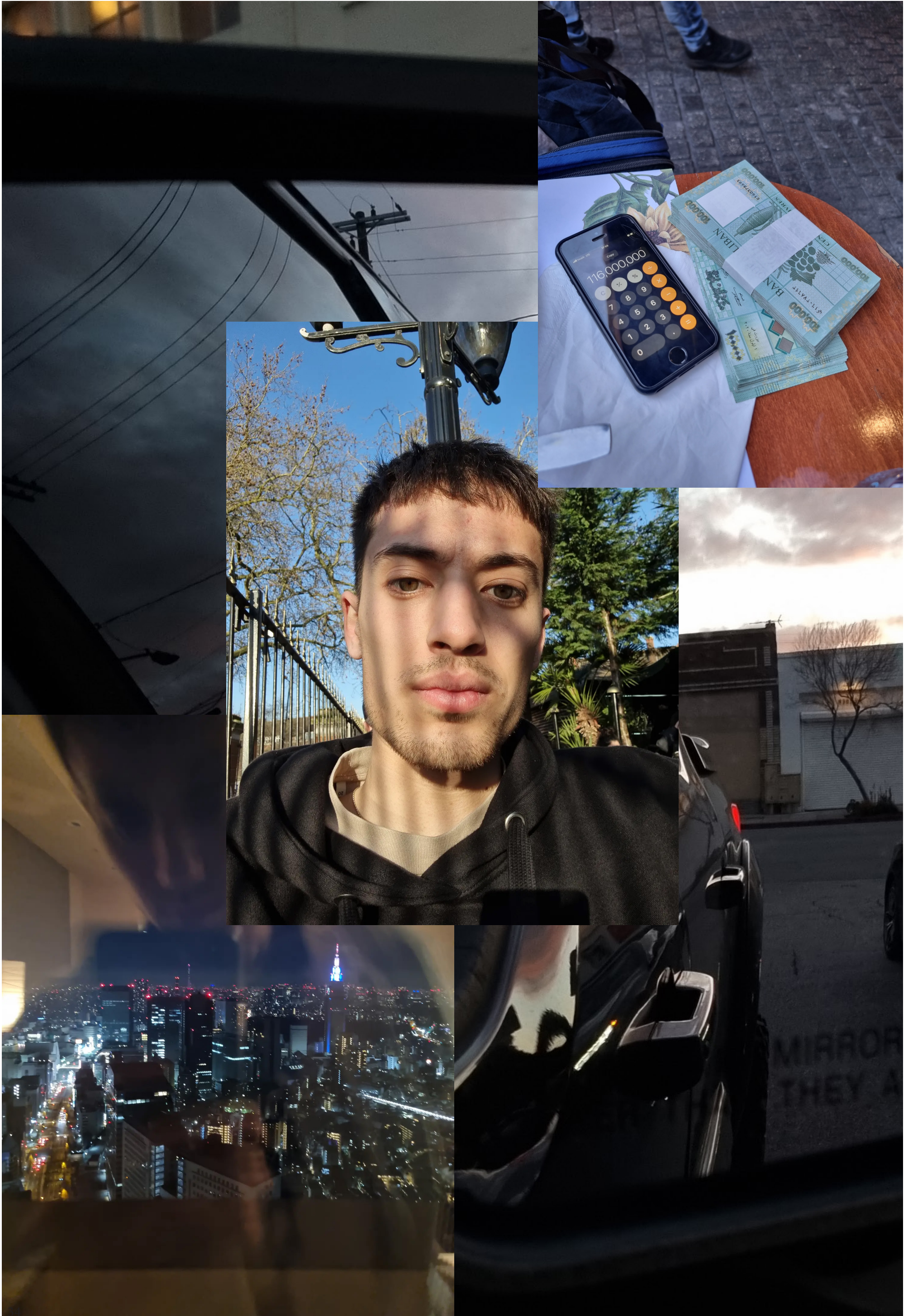


no luck left



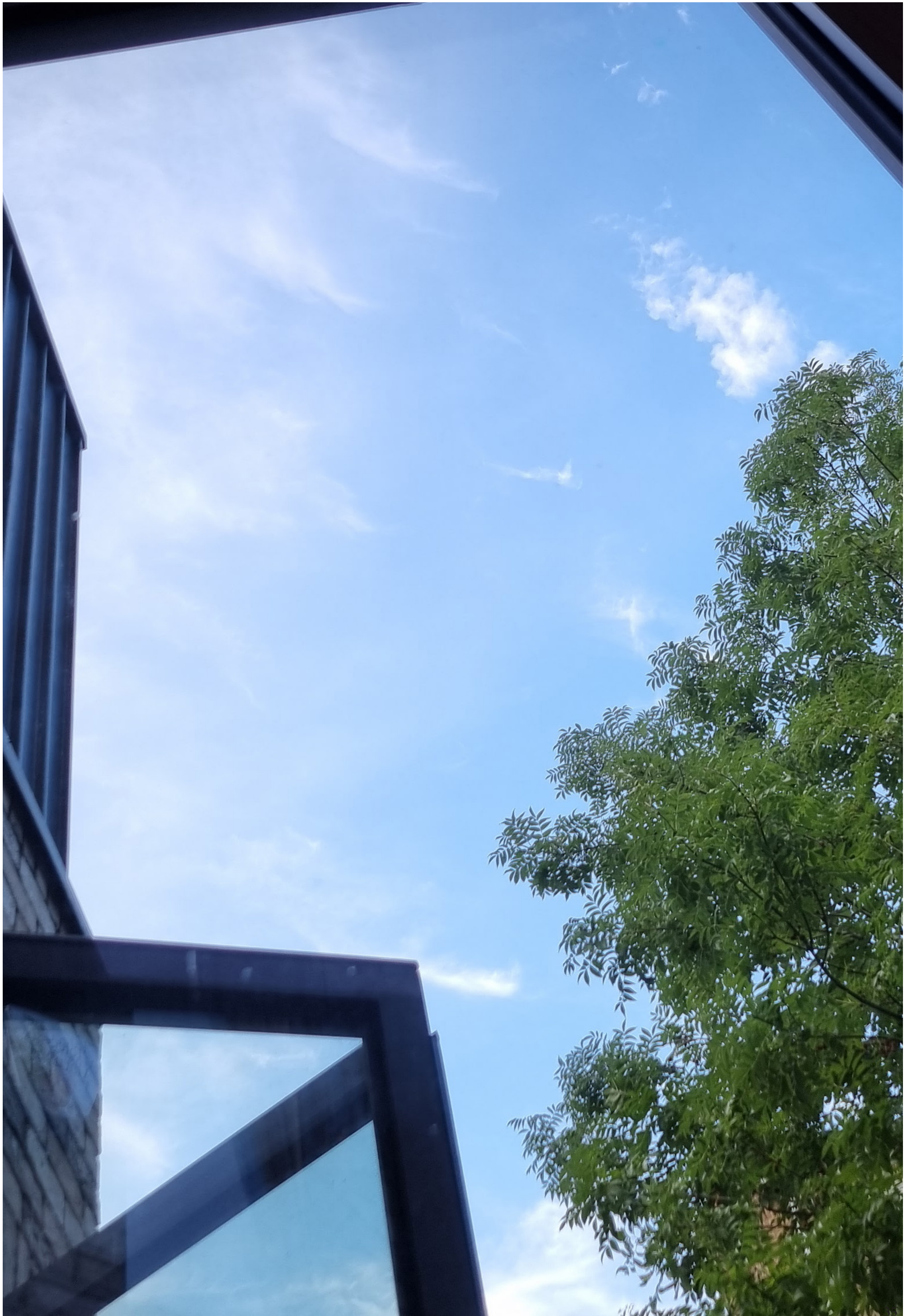
I Can't Make You See it My Way

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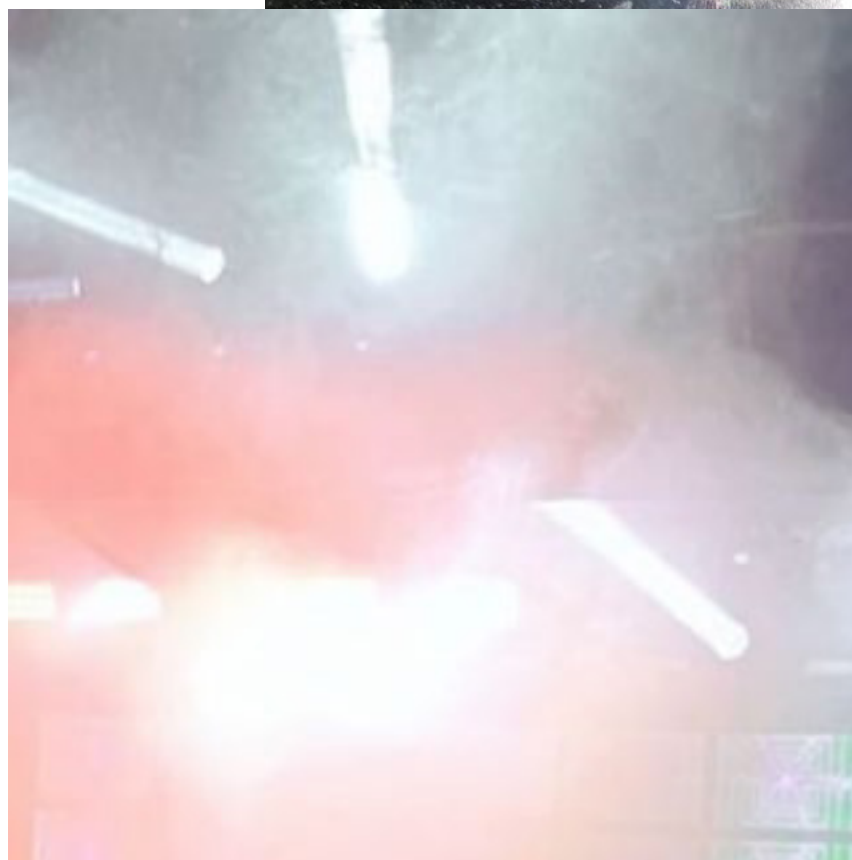
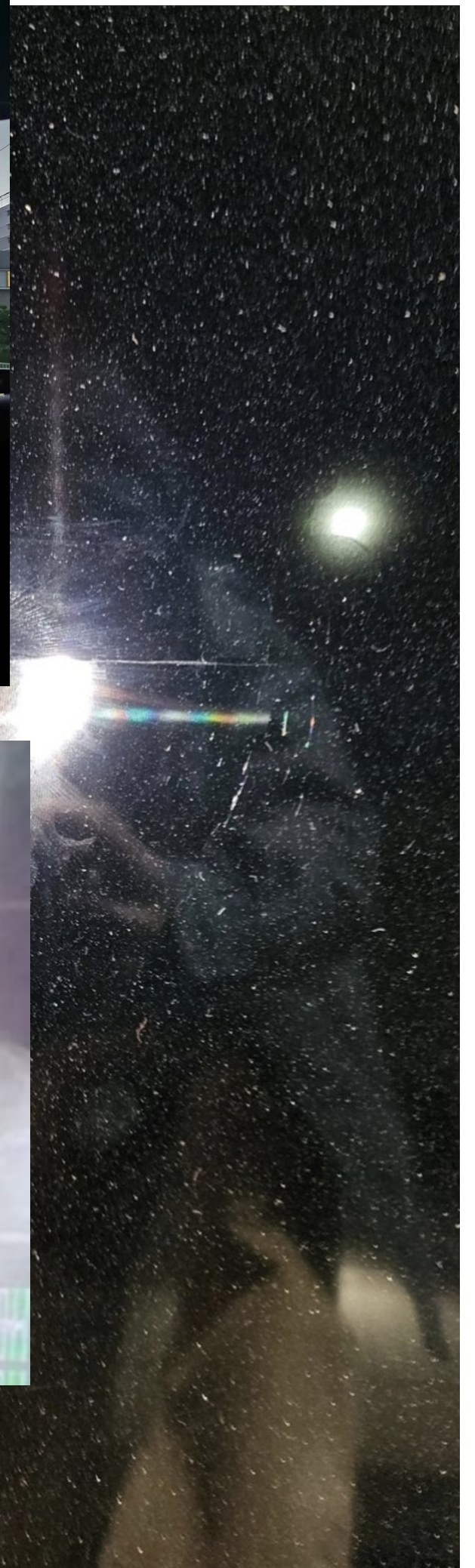
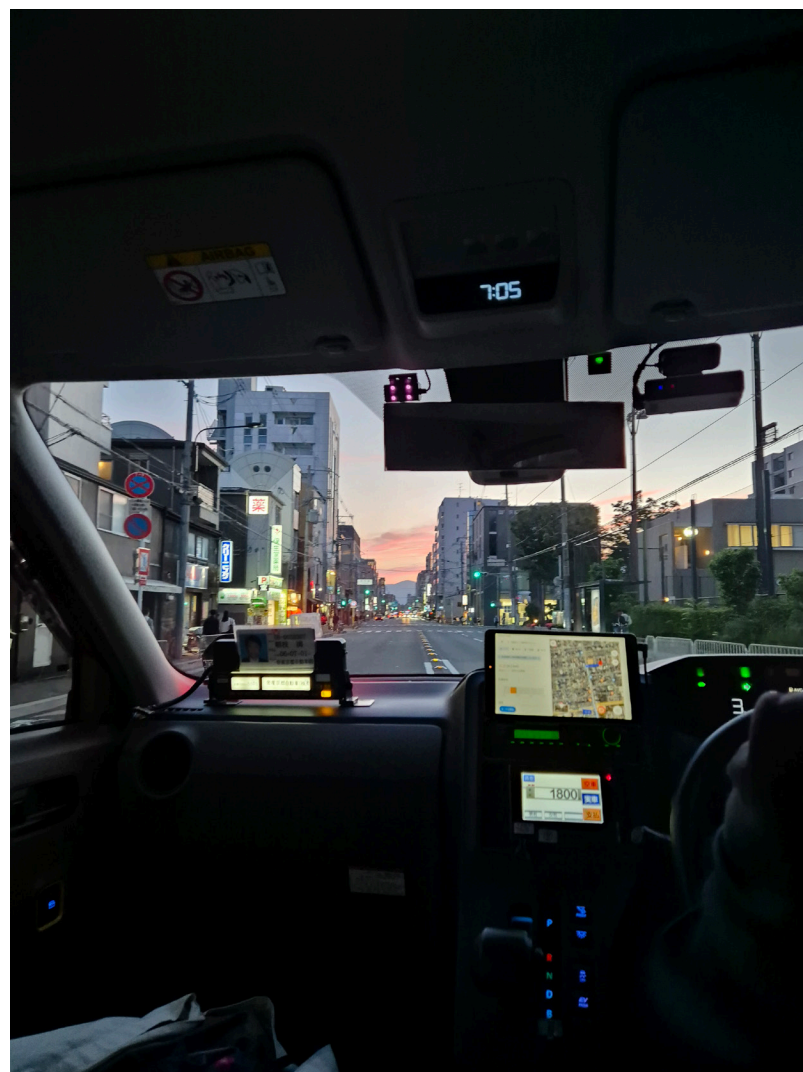
I Can't Make You See it My Way

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I Can't Make You See it My Way

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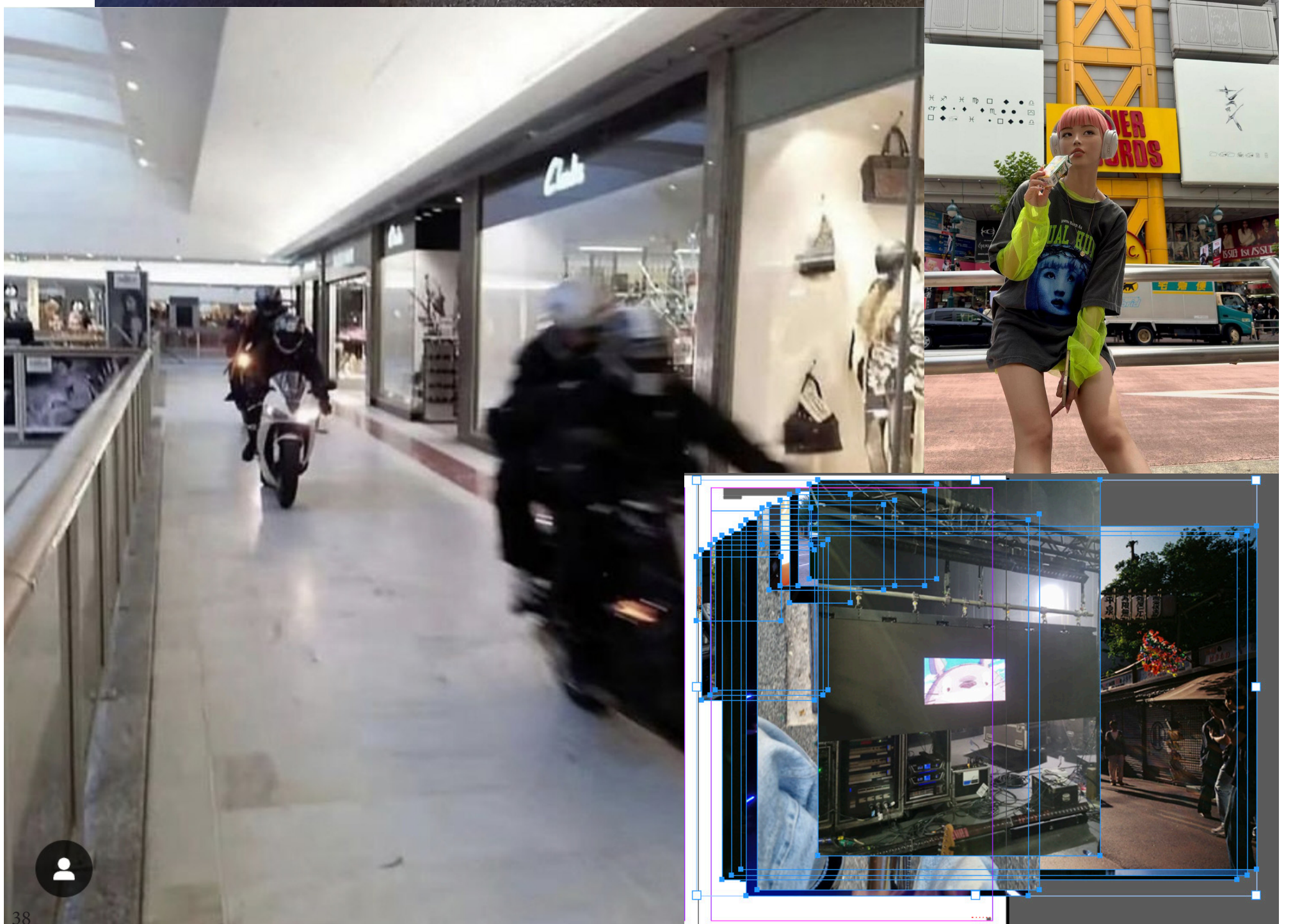
I Can't Make You See it My Way

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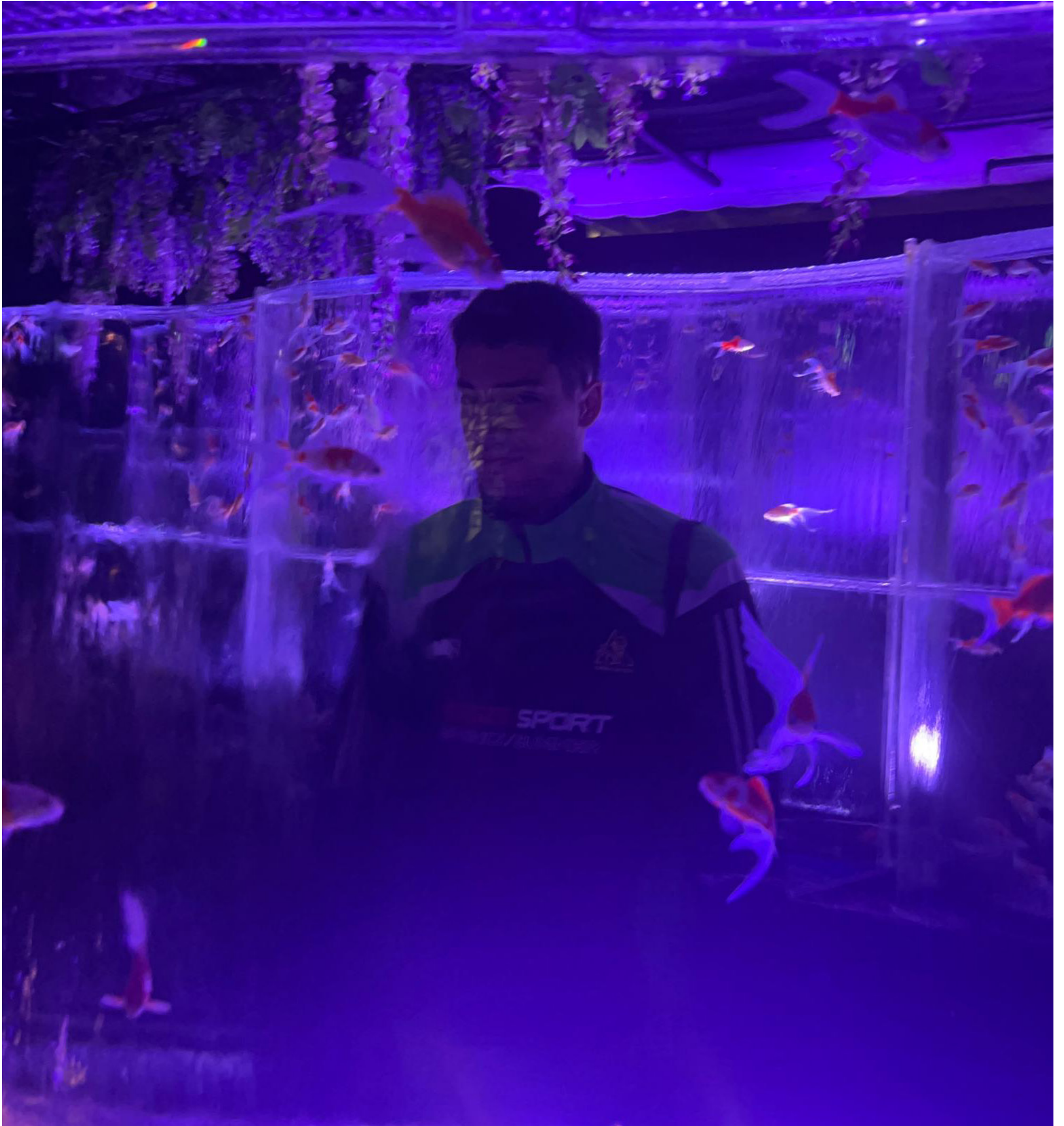
I Can't Make You See it My Way

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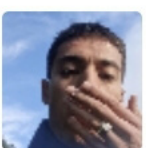
I Can't Make You See it My Way

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2021

27 Oct



2021

27 Oct



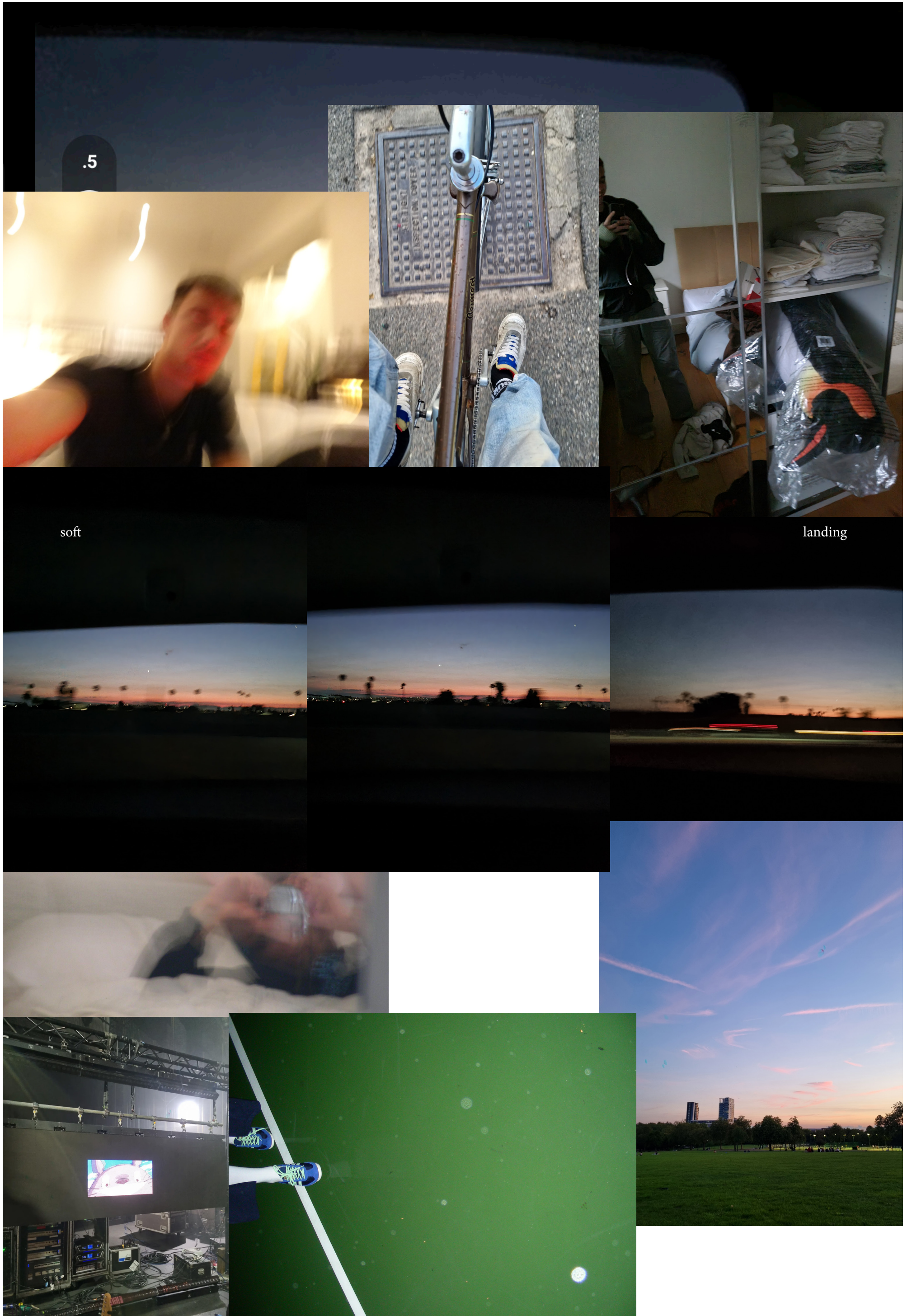
11

some things just out of our control
theres nothing you could do
to make me think less of you

and i know
theres nothing i can do
to feel close enough to you

I Can't Make You See it My Way

continued



.5

soft

landing

I Can't Make You See it My Way

continued

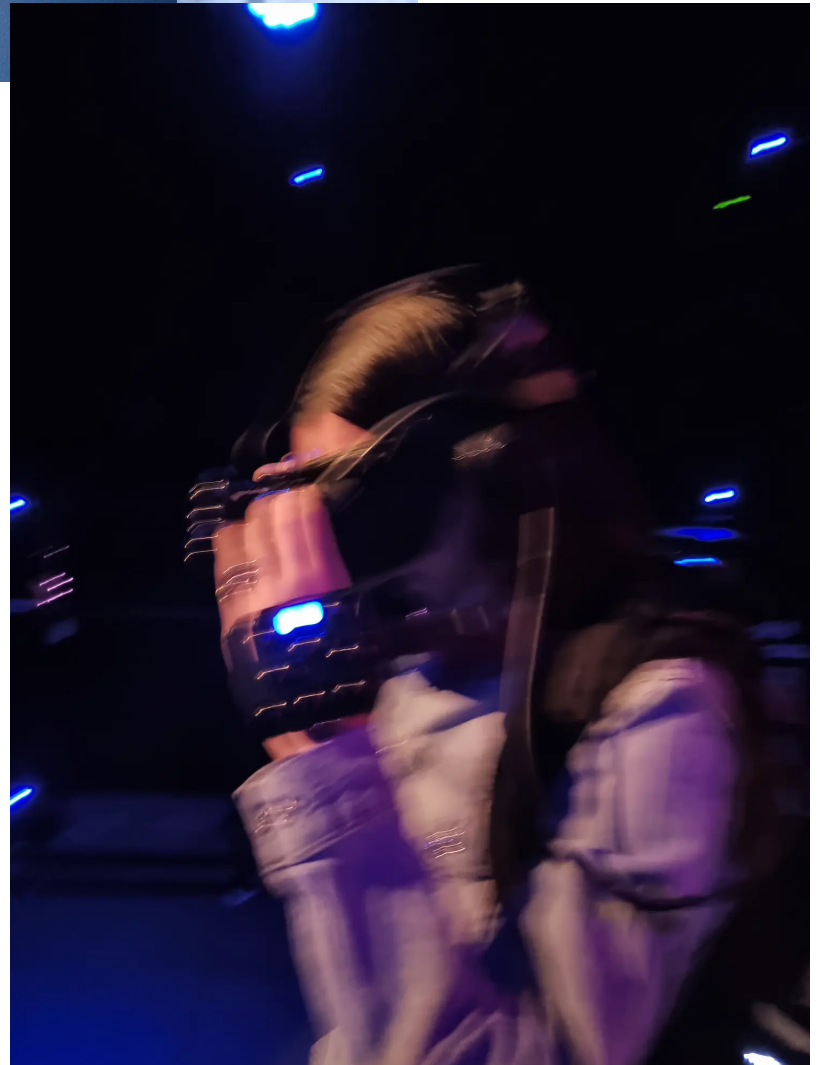
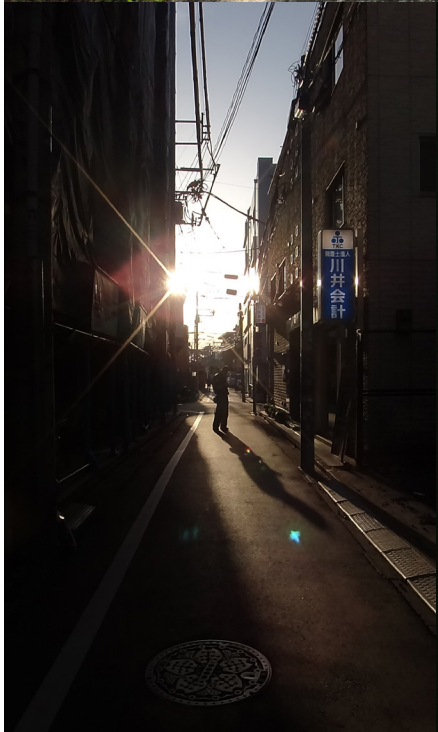
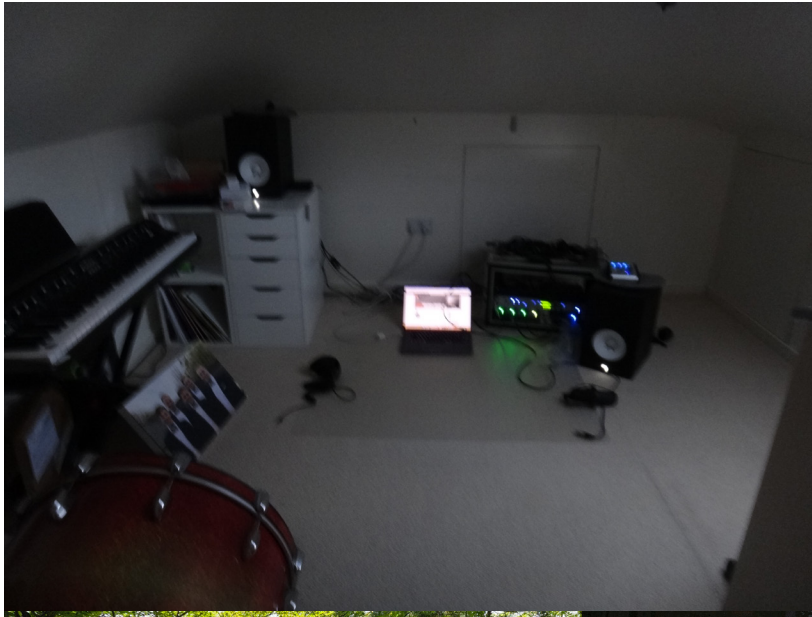
19:24 B. 📶

📶 12% 🔋

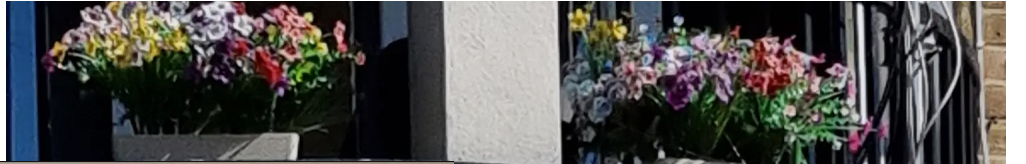


I Can't Make You See it My Way

continued



I Can't Make You See it My Way
continued



Space to Breathe
by The Authors

Space to Breathe
continued

Pokey the Penguin II

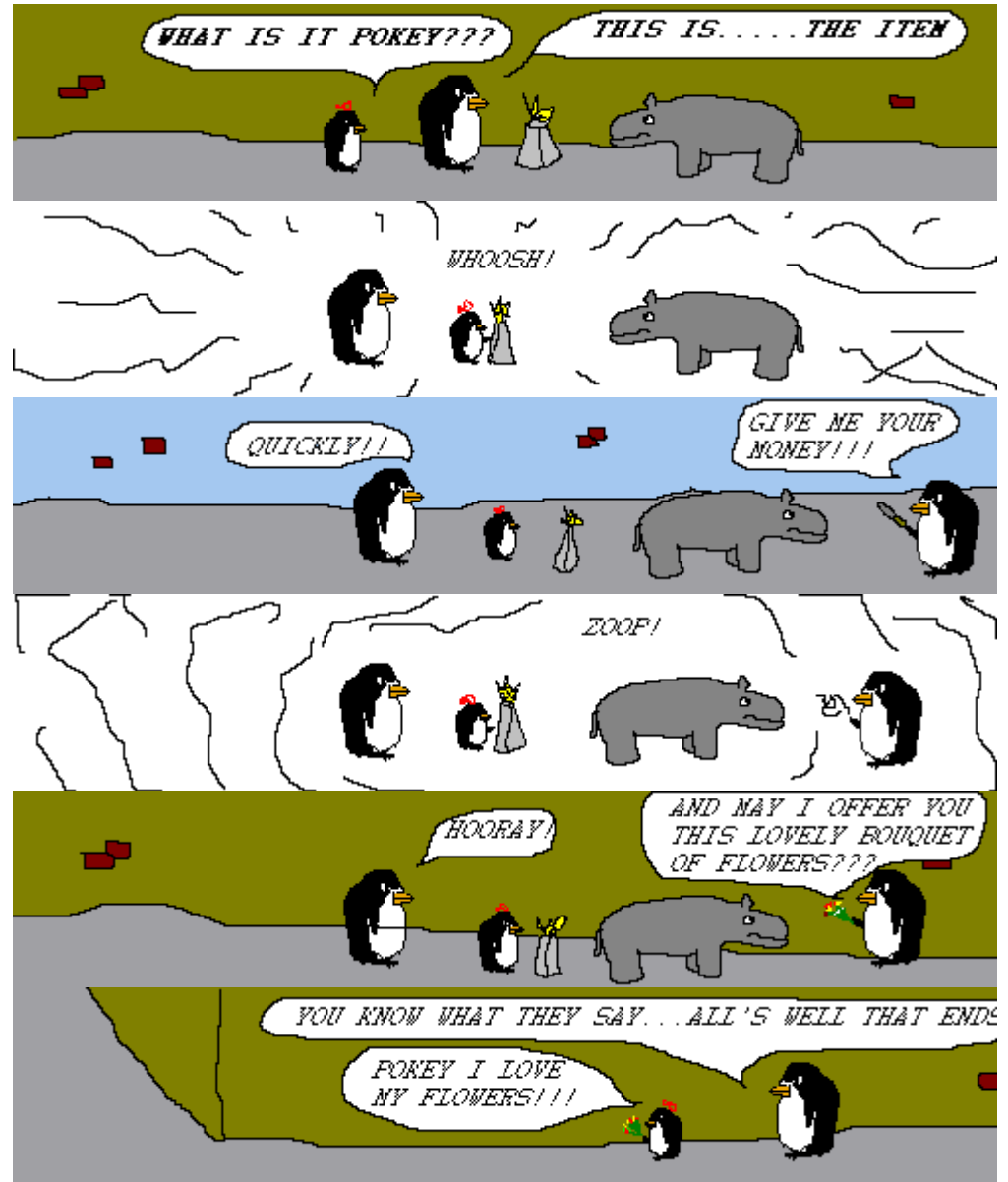
by The Authors

POKEY THE PENGUIN!



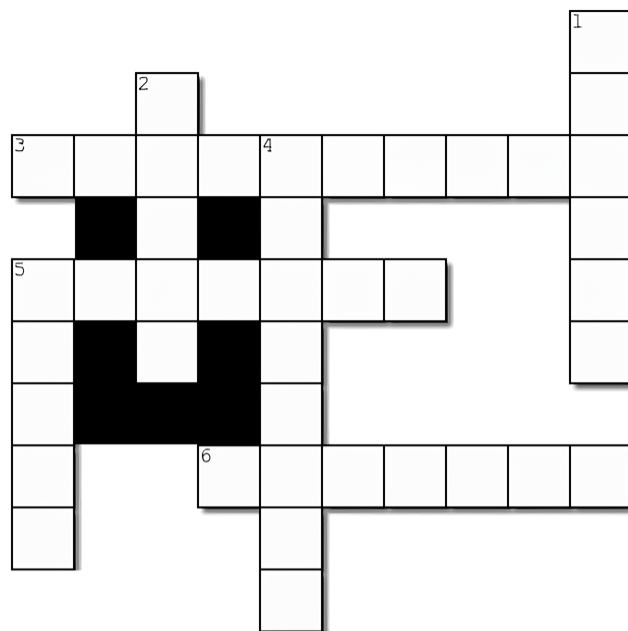
in

“POKEY AND THE ITEM”



Crossword

by Kai Whiston



Across



- 3. What a phone addict might do in the apocalypse (10)
- 5. Debut album cosigned by Hitchcock (7)
- 6. Something we can't do without. (7)


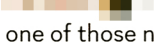
Down



- 1. Antithesis off 'off circle' (6)
- 2. 'You've fucked up.' (5)
- 4. 'Zapping' aquatic creature. (8)
- 5. Infectious trend (5)





Letters to the Ether


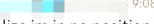
by [redacted]

  Today at 3:58 PM
sometimes i still wish you'd call me saying
this was all an awful joke

  9:13 PM
one of those nights
my anxiety is so bad and i can't get
off my phone
doom scrolling
sleep please find me



  9:14 PM
BORING
OLD
maybe bubbles playdoh swings. a new
move. maybe alien dance.
embroider flowers or my name



  just another reason to feel shi...
  8:59 AM
If you only search for reasons to feel
like shit. You will only feel like shit.
Find reasons to be happy, and you
will be happy.
A mentality change takes a long
time. But you will be much happier
in the future. (I've been where you
were once. I've walked the walk that
I am talking about) (edited)
🔁 5



  9:08 AM
I realize im in no position to
complain about being lonely. I push
everyone away, i burry my emotions
so deep, then use what energy i have
left to distract my mind with
mindless activities.

Then when night comes, i
contemplate the day i had, and think
to myself "How come nothing made
me happy today?" What i should
really ask myself is "How come doing
the same things had the same
results?"



Relationships are blessings from
God, just like every other good thing
I have. But if you don't extend your
hand to receive something, how are
you gonna expect to get it? (edited)



  5:16 AM
bus, the sun through the window. calm commutes
walks
public libraries
hobbies like guitar bball painting with friend's and playgrounds, maybe learning or trying new things with friends
go places with sister
buffening arc. spam assisted pull-ups
watch ninjago, curious george, black clover. watch movies or smth with sister
garden. cook. maintain clean. calm things instead of being in head.
call home and friends sometimes
spend time in water (edited)
❤️ 2



  12:01 AM
echos fading and new sounds
if there's anything not settled, i'll find out eventually
unfinished business catches up on its own



  4:07 AM
its literally 4am
god damn (edited)
the things i do man
BETTER be worth it
might not cuz she'll trash the place, first
thing in the morning







  8:21 PM
im forgot to say this but
i almost cried this morning when i wokeup
i had a dream abt a girl
and honestly i can't remember much
dreams of mine but this was vivid, i could
only remember a certain part
i think was this girls house
and when i was heading home
she gave me a hug and said
"Good night my sweet boy"
like
i never had a dream abt a girl
atp this was a nightmare bc like
omg a girl that genuinely loved me
if i could remember more id say that we just
talked alot
and u felt alot of love bro
lmk if yall had a similar experience

  11:27 PM
but hey, the moon is pretty there's no
smoke in the air, my neighbors r playing
good music, and i can walk and water is
drinkable
maybe i'll dream abt the moon or smth
and it's not like i committed murder or any
felonies. how fucked up can i make my life in
a year or two as i enter cocoon era? can't be
that bad. would i hold it against someone if
they took their time for them and wasn't
there for me? no. exactly. i don't hold it
against ppl if they can't be there. about
time i let myself have the same standards
u just think too much

  3:29 PM
wish you'd get outta my head
i don't know you anymore
i really shouldn't be saying all this online lol
(edited)

  12:37 AM
i hate my mindset lowkey. i hate my perception lowkey but i'm not entirely sure it's inaccurate
i might see different in a bit
some things seem real til they're not
feels like i have two lives sometimes. whaddahell 🤔🤔
like depressing shit that doesn't matter and isn't real until it seems like i'm lying and running away from it likkeeee
ugh whatever

  1:25 PM
god i still miss my ex. i miss having a place where i felt alive
good thing i have my friends
but it felt different w him

  1:46 PM
i love my parents so much i hope one
day i can pay it all back
❤️ 2

