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soft machines

*Peter Batterby
Gabriela Pelczarska*

We are surrounded by systems; social systems, eco-systems, security systems. Sometimes, it seems as if these systems are self-replicating, as if they possess the ability to ‘be fruitful and multiply’. Cybernetics can be considered the study of these processes and our reapplication of them into more-than-human technologies. Time can also be viewed as concurrent processes—be they social, metabolic, or technological—and as these processes multiply, we seem to experience an acceleration. A quickening, catalysed by the increasing efficiency of communication technology. An informational digestive system that compresses data rich pellets out of ‘complex stimuli’ - also known as people.

We can feel it all around us. A buzzing that brings disquiet. Our perception breeds with the *thing* itself - a recursive loop of feeling and phenomena. TV-eyes transmit to receptors along the system, feeding information down into the inexhaustible gut of corps and states. Deep in the belly of binary, the invisible hand flicks through the racks, pauses comma. Then, the (solid)state-surveillance-system grins, highlights your name, {selects}. Now, you exist. *Imprinted.*

We become nodes in the multiplying technology of our ‘time’, we become nodes or we become nothing. To exist, we must reproduce the reality of the machine —we **must** become real, we must become like {Gabriela}. By redeploying the materials [and the symbolism] of ~~security~~ safety, Gabriela Pelczarska is able to toggle *their* meaning. Contours of control are shifted; polymers and alloys emmenate new potential. The apparatus of caution and protection are severed from their old power - or imbued a new kind. Her synthetics are sub|merged, bobbing among the aesthetics of relations, the dynamic shapes of power. These beacons no longer point past themselves, commanding us; instead, they fold inwards, exposing us to their interiority. No longer unconsciously obeyed, her fabrications are scrutinised, peered at, through the skin-smudged screen of a late night security monitor.

{Peter Batterby} watches a monitor too. An electron microscope of sorts. Peering closely, inspecting details. Past the details, and into the humm. The flickering humm in the back of his own skull. Here, Batterby's paintings can be viewed. Possibly as an exercise in formalism, a redefinition, an addition to the canon of painting through process and planning - an extra-visual reassembly in a category of meta-structuralism. But, this would miss the meticulous research and the *centralised* planning that goes into his obsessive endeavour -devouring- of anti-logocentric recapitulation. Visual -visceral- language, or motif accumulation ^ ^begets compressions of systemised suggestibility, compartments of [ECHO][ECHO] crossfeeding//projections of future projects in *semi*sculptural realities. The process insoofitself becoming a cybernetic system, one where in the stimuli/ of Painting, world, body, action feed into an accumulation of undiagnosed signage. Collapsible indices of layered, lacquered, linseeded, delineated, deter- micro-nations of ~~HYPER~~rational decision making, for purely ±§attenuateddeded ———

CATA| End-s-endings pluralise ft.potential_proliferation?ENDtimes. |CLYSM

§And all that remains are systems that monitor systems, producing reports that no one will read.

§Something still crawls. Illuminated in the flickering green neon of a half-dead 'LED-ticker-display'. Something depositing itself, dripping stains of vulcanised rubber and bitrot. Each segment buzzing, each pellet self contained, self reproducing - a process.