

cuttings

sarah-jane field

manifesto for the digitised life

The protagonist screamed. It was not in the script. She did it anyway. All the other characters carried on as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. The influencer, however, did react. She appeared on screen at quite the wrong time and glared at the protagonist -

- who continued unabated.





Neon pink and green was
fashionable that season.
Cassie didn't care;
habitually she picked through
clothes on sale rails not really
looking - as she slid her hands
over crinoline and nylon cloth,
sandpapering her skin, Christmas
serenaded the shoppers. A woman,
a stranger, demanded that Cassie
tell her which blouse would suit
her best. This red one here? She
held it up. Or that blue one over
there? Cassie blinked. She'd no
idea. It didn't matter anyway.
The woman waited. And the
Christmas song played. And

Scarlet O'Hara giggled
coquettishly near the till,
begging her beaux to tell her
what she should do, and where she
should go. And the notes asked us
to be faithful. And the stranger
grew impatient. And Cassie had to
answer. So she told the truth.
It makes no difference. You what?
The stranger, wounded by the
answer, disappointed by the real,
boiled over and declared, no need
to be a bitch about it and Cassie
stared. Customers heard and quite
suddenly a crowd formed,
Cassie at its core.

tbc



ME - BOVIN - THE TIME OVERLOOKING
THE 'FADING NET' HUNNET GROUND.
(SUMMER 1944)



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THE 'FADING NET' HUNNET GROUND.

For millennia, written language
existed on the outside. On walls,
then tablets, on scrolls and
eventually in print.

Today it exists more and more on the
inside. In places it can't be seen,
behind the screens we all use,
generating images and text which we
do see.

Vast dynamic archives of
language exist - somewhere -
affecting everything. They're
invisible. We see the flimsy surface
only. We have no idea what's being
said?

In the past archives tended to be
kept secret, often sacred; they
contained and emanated power. Few had
access. Today the world is a
universal archive.

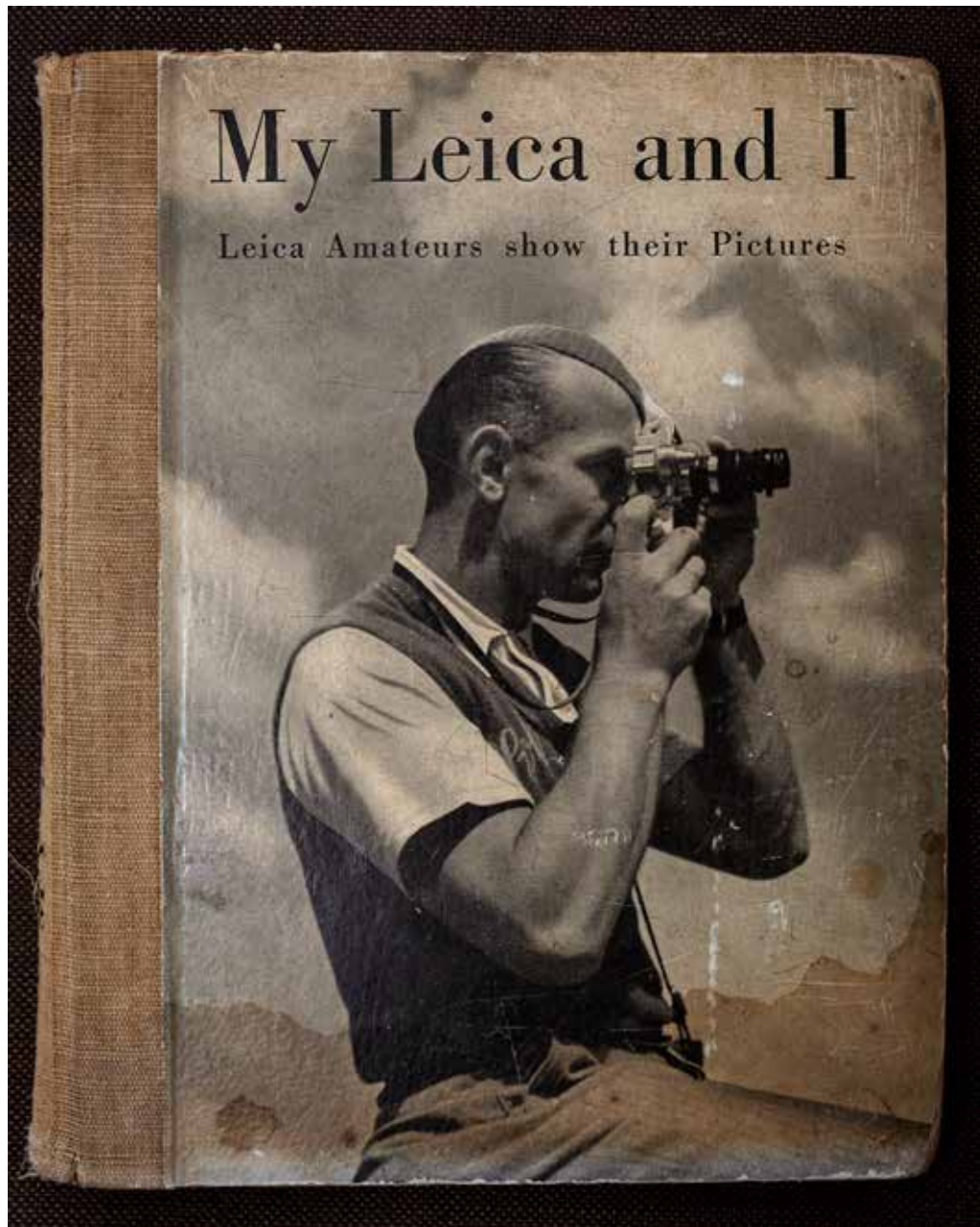
Who has access now?

★★

She dozed. But when she woke she
picked up the conversation as if
she'd never left.

"It's down to a paucity of the
imaginings of writers, when they
insist there will be some kind of
prosthetic device. Nothing will be
inserted beneath the skin.
Technology will simply seep inside.
There will be no need for cutting or
penetration."

She sipped her wine and soon dozed
off again.



Selfie, so what?

/who sees you?

Don't betray me. Connect me. I
love you/ I hate you/ I'm not you

You/selfie - digital homunculus
Self

Don't answer, don't speak, let me
say some/thing, you silent

Be quiet/

Selfie. Be

Quiet/



Shot notes: A diminutive figure, childlike, very thin, we see her from a distance. Working alone in a storage facility, a warehouse. She is the sole employee here in this repository of objects: letters, photos, books, rotting fruit, the remnants of things, of lives. On closer inspection we see she is not quite human, a digital actor. She occasionally glitches as she gets on with her tasks - identifies objects, names them, classifies them, then turns them to data. The information will be recycled. Everything must be returned to raw information so it can be used again.







While staring inertly at an array of indestructible coloured bottles wrapped in promises to remove all scum and offers of instant power too, someone I recognise passes the end of my aisle.

A Rolodex of possibilities spins inside my head but never stops. The school gate? A pub outing a decade ago? An old friend's husband who made an unwanted pass? Maybe he's an actor or a newsreader I've muddled up with life?

It's impossible to know. I shelve the moment of terror about loss of mind, then grab my usual Viakal, peer around the corner and watch as his body disappears into the nursery section where tired begonias, african violets and aspidistras appear to reach out of their pots and grope for the mystery man's bum.

He plays his lyre and hums a dreamy song which floats above the compost section - peat, loam, grit, or bark - and I decide I need seedlings or a discounted Christmas Herb-Cup, or else - to use in my overgrown and under-tended rented garden, home to an accidental mulch of outdoor furniture, broken toys and fox shit - a pair of William Morris secateurs.

Recognition fails but amongst the olive trees in a South London DIY superstore, I listen to his song and am transported and then madly in love. But there is no accidental Hollywood bump and subsequent comedic meeting. Instead, I take my unwanted, not-needed consumption and traipse silently to the till, smiling vaguely, so not to be rude when I say thanks to the woman scanning my shopping.

Then I head home to make the bathroom shine.

(Cabaret) At the Paucity:

In the darkness, Poverty sits at the table with nothing to drink, unable to make sound, while shoppers on stage sing brash arias concerned with new kitchens, bulk loo roll and multiple threats to mass production. Their lament to failed deliveries and broken logistics is supposed to make an audience cry. But Poverty only notices the chorus line applaud and kick itself blind. From her seat, she sees overnight workers stocking up shelves while dancing and mopping fluorescent-lit aisles.

Poverty would like to stand up and share a mournful verse - but she doesn't know any words or a tune. And her dress is shit. So instead, she watches performers with thier dynamic masques being lowered from the lighting rig, dramatically serenading Mental Health, Physical Exercise, Immigration, and expedited Climate-Change - sitting inside and all around, holding hands, growing from and within - her family. But the actors are singing to themselves and blinded by their spotlights, so they never notice.

GO!
ATVO reveals its

● ALAN FIELD . . . compere of Go!
● APRIL BYRON . . . a regular star.

ALAN FIELD, the British entertainer who is compereing the Australia-New Zealand Beatle tour, will be the star of ATVO's hour-long teenage show, Go!

The show will be virtually a visual Top 40.

It will set out to envelop teenagers in a production which caters for their tastes and interests and, at the same time, makes them participants in the on-air activities.

Go! is a joint venture.

ATVO and the Independent DWT Production Unit—which produces the Echo And Baby Show—will be responsible for the show.

Alan Field, a 25-year-old English comic and compere, will be surrounded by three regular teenage artists each week:

- Fettle, dark-haired April Byron, 16-year-old recording star.
- Singer Colin Cook, who also plays the saxophone and clarinet; and,
- Singer Ian Turpin (that "deviant rock" boy), 20, who is also a guitarist.

A number of Melbourne's top disc jockeys will be featured on the show as well.

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Pick, pick, pick, too scared to
eliminate anything, waste
products and babies, time only to
pick. Pick. Pick. Ursula Le Guinn
wrote a story in which one person
suffered so everyone else could
live happily ever after. But the
pickers don't make anyone
happy. Just send stuff. Go faster
or lose a non-existent wage. On
the telly, on the phone, on the
tablet, on the stick, the
Archangel Gabriel made me laugh
when he announced 'I want to buy
one of your material objects'.
You too can watch it anywhere,
even in The Jungle. Talk about
Icarus flying too close to the
son. The what? The SUN. It's the
whole bloody lot of us. We'll
frazzle and fry in heaven and
hell and still won't fathom it's
all around us, of us, in us.
Just keep picking.

My boyfriend is a fat capitalist.
He's rude to waiting staff and
thinks his bad breath is sexy.

He's got too much money. He stows
it off-shore and moans about the
poor, tax-dogers, scroungers,
single-mothers, drug-addict scum.

He lies on top of me and fucks
like no-one is there. Bless.



What part of you
insists on your importance?
You're not, you know,

important;

nor him, nor her,
nor they,

No one. It doesn't

matter

who you point to.

It's not important

just like you.

Cassie - part ii

