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What to do during a day of forced unproductivity: do something you sometimes used to do before, but now you don't do anymore, at least you remember some parts of it.

My memory is a patchwork of recurrent dreams taking place at many indefinite localities. Like this, I experience a kind of trans-individual occupation of my attention that grammaticizes my perception in a new way. While I dream, I can feel the aesthetic and sensual impact these games have on my eyes and fingers. The flat consistency of the screen in no way kills the three-dimensionality of the scenes happening in them.

True story.

From sellable to cultural to personal to individual to stereotype.

"An ancient thesis states that, in fact, the origin of technics is the dream, and that, as such, technics can never be defined as the causal, crucial factor for anything, since the cause of any invention must be the idea through which it has been dreamed up – one could also say the fantasy."

Word.

Between play addiction apprehension reproduction recognition and spatialization of retentions.

Think of containment.

Consider a fidget as the spacialization of containment.

It only contains itself as an object. Its parasitic function resembles smart phone buttons and screen

interactions. A libidinal economy of movements that is a re-flection of tactile interactions with nothingness.

It is the grammatization of temporal masses into spatial form. A re-temporalization.

Objects of desire.

Spare money – clicky games

Competition until completion

Hair colour and Skin colour

I need to get married

From social regulation to heterosexual romanticism
A co-production of traditional images and commodity

Celibacy before eternal promises
Soul castings
uterus-auctions.

The promise of eternal youth and beauty is always made, but never kept.

I hope, I won't fuck it up like that
Pink lipstick
Big blue eyes

I know I'm still a girl, but I already know that I want to get married one day before I get 35 and I really hope that then I will be skinny and beautiful and have good skin and already have a job and the most beautiful dress. I'll look like a princess like **Nicki Simpson**. Everything will be perfect.

Clicky games
Fast lanes
Spare time
Time flies
Money flies
With **Nicki Simpson**

The neurosis of keeping everything in order is constantly fed with new dirty material.

As a young girl, this game teaches me that as long as I play Candy Crush, I will be beautiful.

The matrix of the woman today is a breeding place for those split between old norms and new world. What the latter makes of the former is a promiscuous confusion of origin, genesis and intended impact. Old traditions continue to constitute our socio-cultural reality, that swallows and digests.

Social relationships are corrupted with monetary value systems, just like marriage was conducted before to secure patriarchy.

The digital fidgeting sphere is not an autonomous machine or self-regulatory, it has thinking flesh and blood employees, one in its cellar, feeding crucial resources to it by selling her time. Others on the upper floors, steering the machine towards consumers who will be convinced to play along. In the middle of this corpse, there are those whose work consists of convincing everyone, that the play is for free.

From collecting cards to collecting coins, cash is just as valuable as any other collectable, and as long as I keep putting things in order and in lines, I will be successful.

The reward comes after the organization.

To all the serious or serial candy crushers out there: How do you manage to crush the night through, actually? I love the game, but as soon as I can't manage a level for the 50eth time, I get either tired or furious. Any tips?

Dear friends, please help me to style me up and tell me how beautiful I am just the way I am. Tell me that when I was born, I woke up like this and protect me from evil and from fuck boys and from unhealthy beauty standards. Tell me that I am beautiful and that having bad skin will pass. I swear to **Nicki Simpson** that I will replace my ugly glasses with lenses soon.

I really want long hair. I swear I will risk my life for it. Happiness is measured in meters, Nicki Simpson said.

Seems like a good business plan, and I, the young boy, will afford all the attire and all the affordances that will communicate my beauty to anyone out there, because they deserve it as much as I deserve it to be seen.

Two near-death experiences, four love stories, and you are done. I swear I am a born blond girl and I will be blonde until I am 35, probably...

Classic... Is it the end of fun now?

Age seems so far away from me. The image of being a girl is not connected to an age, or is it? It is ageless, it is eternal youth, its a small waist, a cute nose and soft skin.

The meta virtuality of appearance is always projected into the image of the female body.

I wish I was middle: middle colour: middle class: middle hair: just normal but beautiful
With a clean, pink toilet.

I want someone to clean up my room for me like this.

With a blonde white angel like...
– **Nicki Simpson!**

As much as I would like to blow myself up, I still find comfort in small, humble flames of hope that warm me up from inside, because deep inside I know that I'm special.

The meta-capitalization of insecurity is focused and clustered in the beauty image of the young generation.

Seems like a dream that always comes back, as if there was never a cost to the improvements I make for myself.

As if I could just run away from everything for the rest of my life and always get new things out of it on the way. Ever-changing new hair colours and recurring dreams. No matter how much I fail and no matter how much I risk. This is my life now.

Hey candy crushers! I love Candy Crush, but I think it went too far I cannot sleep anymore without crushing before.

I have got troubles getting up from bed
I have all these jellies in my head

Do you know about some hack?
How to get rid of all the ads?
They don't work for me anymore.

Any suggestions?

Just when you think it is enough, there is more.

A co-production of perversions dressed up as a pedagogic tool to teach you how to have everything under control, how to clean up your house from the inside out.

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<http://adoaptive.pet>

Sandbox Festival 09/21