



DATACIDE: The Total Annihilation of Life as we Know It BY DOUGLAS HADDOW

"So tell me, why did you leave your last job?" he asks.

The first thing I remember about the internet was the noise. That screeching howl of static blips signifying that you were, at last, online. I first heard it in the summer of '93. We were huddled around my friend's brand new Macintosh, palms sweaty, one of us on lookout for his mom, the others transfixed as our Webcrawler search bore fruit. An image came chugging down, inch by inch. You could hear the modem wince as it loaded, and like a hammer banging out raw pixels from the darkness beyond the screen, a grainy, low-res jpeg came into view. It was a woman and a horse.

Since then, I've had a complicated relationship with the internet. We all have. The noise is gone now, and its reach has grown from a network of isolated weirdos into a silent and invisible membrane that connects everything we do and say.

"I needed a bigger challenge," I say. This is a lie.

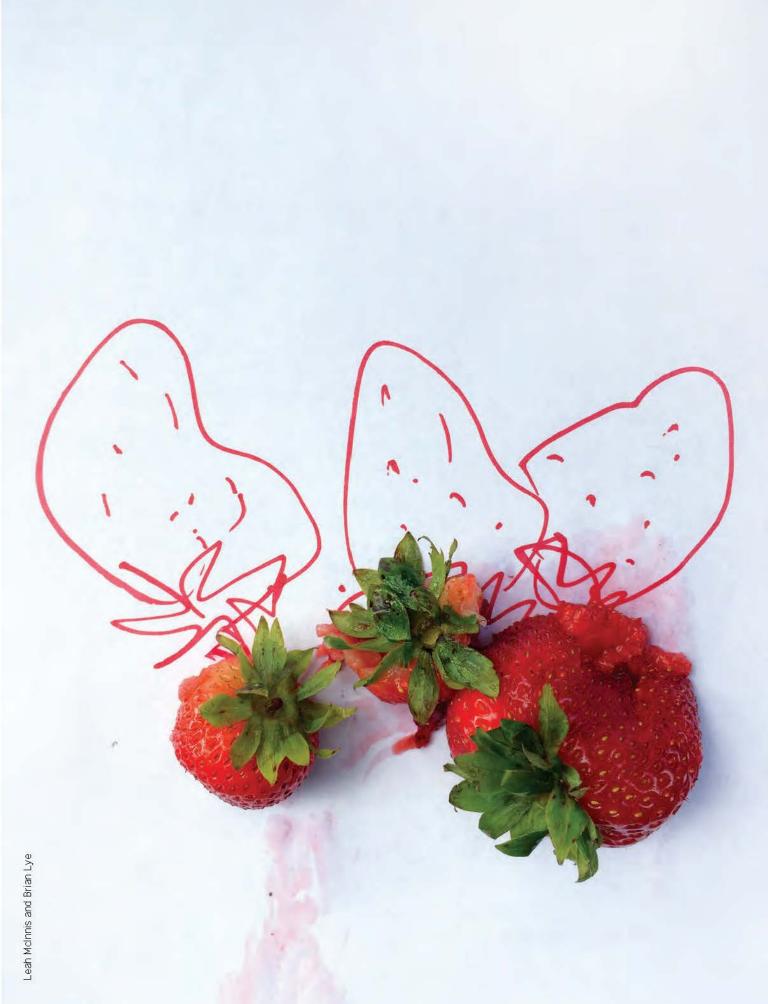
The brewpub we're in has freshly painted white walls and a polished concrete floor, 20 ft ceilings and dangling lightbulbs. It could double as a minimalist porn set, or perhaps a rendition chamber. Concrete is easy to clean. The table we're at is long and communal. Whenever someone's smartphone vibrates we all feel it through the wood, and we're feeling it every second minute – a look of misery slicing across my face when I realize it's not mine.

"Tell me about your ideal process," the guy sitting down the table from us says. My eyes strain sideways. He looks to be about thirty; we all do. Like a young Jeff Bezos, his skin is the color of fresh milk. He's dressed like a Stasi agent trying to blend in at a disco. Textbook Zuckercore: a collared blue-green plaid shirt unbuttoned with a subdued grey-on-grey graphic tee, blue jeans and sneakers. Functional sneakers. Tech sneakers. This is a tech bar. Frequented by tech people who do tech things. The park down the street is now a tech park. That's where the tech types gather to broadcast their whimsy and play inclusive non-sports like Quidditch, which, I'm told, is something actual people actually do. It's a nerd paradise where the only problems that exist are the ones that you're inspired to solve. And I want in on it, because I want to believe.

"I'm a big fan of social," I blurt out as an aside. He replies with a calm and ministerial nod. Nobody says "social media" anymore, it's just "social" now.









When I look at *Untitled 2011* by the aboriginal artist Yukultji Napangati, I am gripped immediately in the tractor beam of the painting, which seems to be gazing at me as much or more than I am looking at it. As I approach it, it seems to surge toward me locking onto my optic nerve and holding me in its force field.

I don't experience the painting as a series of lines that I resolve into a whole. It leaps at me as a unit. The painting is a slice of the Dreamtime, the Aboriginal hyperobject, and a map of desert sand hill where a small group of women gathered food and performed rituals. Even though *Untitled 2011* is a piece about a larger space, both cosmic and earthly, the painting is a quantum all to itself, not an incomplete part. In no sense do I assemble the painting. I find it impossible to leave the painting. Hairs standing up on my body, tears streaming down my face, slowly I tear myself away, only to return an hour later to be drenched in its resonance.

-Timothy Morton

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