

In order to subvert a hegemonic universalist remote-viewing audience that often instrumentalizes and commodifies “vulnerability” and “authenticity” through presumptuous identity-flattening, this transdimensional cloud (or Cloud) constructs layers of queer audiences via extended virtuality and fluidity between participants and spectators. This remote learning satire is a self-contradictory collage of hauntings from serendipitous ideas that were formed in contingent moments during the past several months. For example, the smiling was inspired by my friend saying something like “there are many things in your smile,” and how Zoom’s grid resonates with my OCD so that it’s difficult to make facial expressions. Parallels form between smiling, which signals and changes one’s “health” and “cognition” on “personal” and “societal” levels, and YouTube music sharing, which feels psycho-socially intimate and manufactured by corporate algorithms. Other key terms include trickster; voyeurism/exhibitionism; chaotic poetry; how to interface with “public” audiences; the Cloud; collective remembering; shattering binaries; spatiality between virtual platforms; artwork as social surrogate; situating myself in communities but not really trusting anyone; and grids.

This performance is also thinking about innovative emergent properties of trust, belief, and community. This performance becomes a place that seems to include High Baroque pastore’s qualities of belonging, enveloped abundance, and stasis, but it differs in that the stillness is a vibrating awkward soup of post-disciplinary intuitive potential of unbound abundance — this performative place catalyzes and fosters newness, which brings with it wonder and awe. This will be a performance like no other. The performance is based on my neurodivergent experiences with Zoom, which resonates with and amplifies my OCD. It involves structural critique of academia and partial subterfuge as a way of interfacing (as a guest speaker) with art festival as corporation. Communities’ layered relations to a non-confessional poetically-glitched documentary of my OCD’s modes of neuroplasticity. Participants play with/in WarioWare-like truth-telling and therapy allegory.

It takes place in a Zoom meeting where all participants are welcome to unmute their video and/or audio for various mini-games, including a dance party, an glitchy awkward dance party, ambi-directional conversation, method acting of smiling, guided Google Images surfing, and more! Each activity begins normatively and then dissolves into creative emergence-

articulated chaos. There are a few brief intermissions during which participants can read and contribute to a glitchy Google Slides document of diary-like text catalyzed by repeated starting phrases (including “I will,” “I remember,” “After this world ends,” and more) that provide simple entry to a complex engagement of qualitative rhythms, collective remembering, identity as archive, strange contradictions in scale, and metonymic portals to various times and affects. I used style transfer from sound (specifically, from rhythm, politics of loudness, particle-wave or digital-analog duality) to determine the font size of each sentence. With fast-paced changes and multiple streams of info (in various senses) often occurring simultaneously, this performance is a dense and high-energy (which articulates with my neurodivergence) celebration of situated partiality. Rather than striving to receive a “whole” image or content of the performance, participants are encouraged to curate their individual experience, turning off their camera/mic and taking a breather whenever they want.