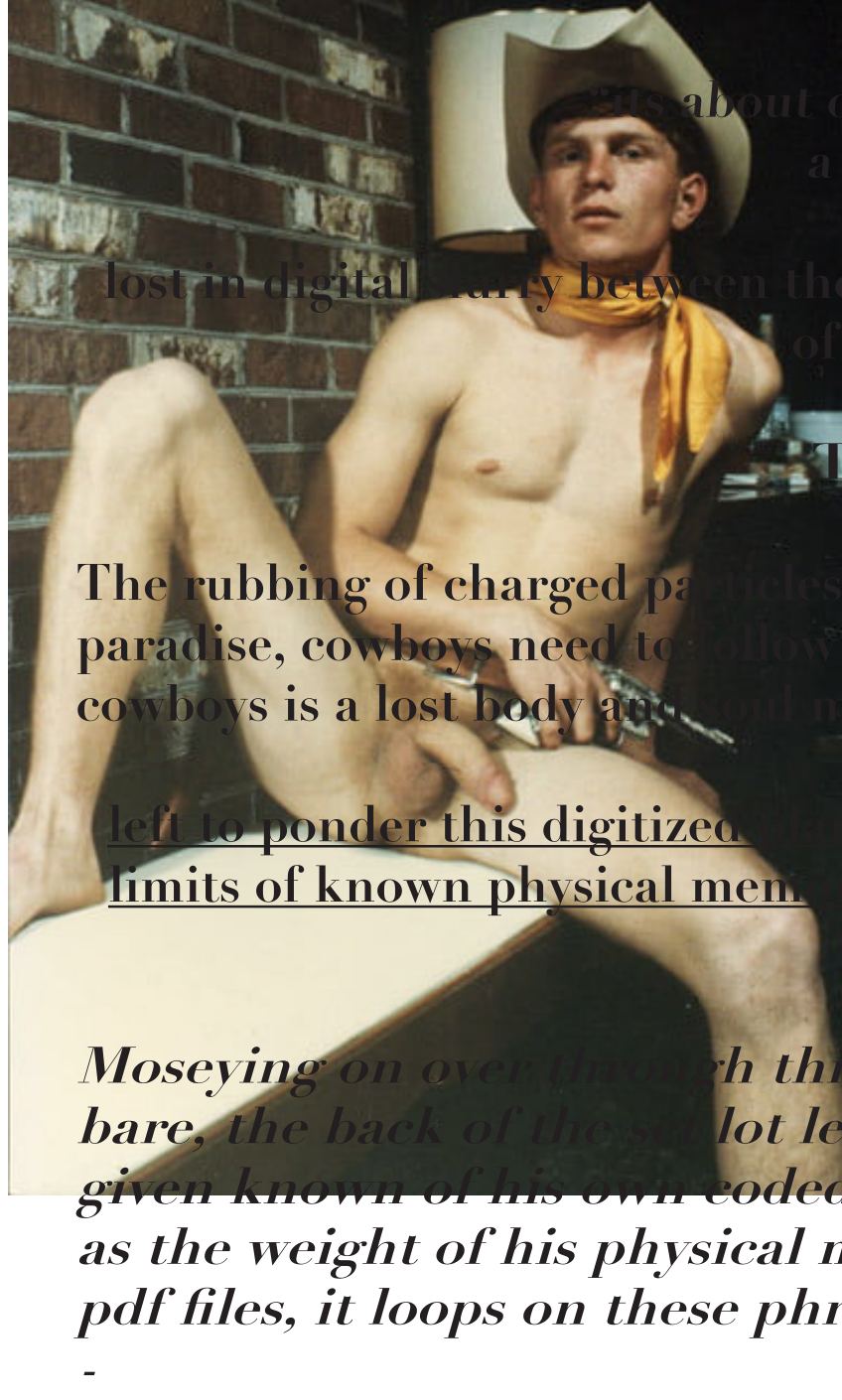
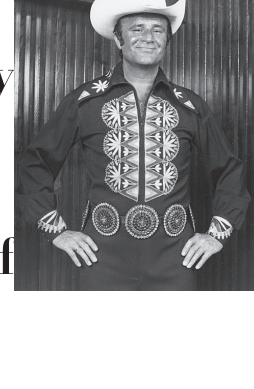


Western film script



“This town aint big enough for the both us cowboy”



about our relationship our cowboys relationship with the image of “the cowboy” avatar from a previous half-life- they’re is no honor here cowboy

lost in digital valley between the strata of data and lost flx files, the data will never settle, I’m not here for fictional stories cowboys and complicated machismo indulging in hero complex’s

This narrative is crafted for a non place so saddle up

The rubbing of charged pixels collide through the shapes of forward shading lines, creating an infinite plane for pre - render paradise, cowboys need to follow sets of rules, of the Americana capitalist dream man, gun in holster, but in this instance this cowboy is a lost body feeling made of data, gun out cock out, yellow neck tie on, hat on.

left to ponder this digitized images and vectors known as land scape situated in a desert located far beyond psycho geography limits of known physical memory, muscle memory of images stored in files, masked in shadows of consumerist slurry, cowboys are consumed by capital as a motive of identity

Moseying on over with this elaborate set design posing as a given landscape, the illusion of cinema stripped bare, the back of the plot left sloppily for us to investigate, peeping behind the curtain. Our cow boy ponders the given known of his own coded existence, to come to the conclusion that the materiality of digital matter is as valid as the weight of his physical memory’s his internal monologue runs through a rolodex of digital constant stored in pdf files, it loops on these phrases



You where made to be consume by a dime a dozen

The question of self worth is as redundant as me yelling in to the digital either where you fester

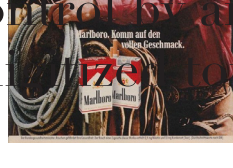
There shall be care as, the fight to know that our bodies exist, once they have left the screen is so omnipresent, I’m going to let you leave the screen and enter a more multi dimensional existence beyond jpeg

nothing is lost - its melancholic in the semantic sense in the psychoanalytic sense” - something is always lost this cowboy doesn’t know what that is



in this, thus he noticed something rather astray from the rendered know, pixels tearing each other apart, mimicking a fission reaction.

Limitless kinetic energy released in to the atmosphere



Our cowboy moved through the valley with a uncanny existentialism, his body felt under control from other source than his own limbs felt foreign sensation, that mirrored a lost memory of something electronic, a digital limb cadaver

The cowboy felt the weight of his limbs in the valley failing him, the ground felt so smooth as if it was made of some synthetic other than nature, nature had betrayed his feet, the western plain felt like the Utah’s desert, immateriality of flattened environments give context specific history to our cowboys post digital existence



The heat scored his feet, pixels heating up, his dpi fluxating , he felt uncomfortable in this landscape , a seismic shift in an expanding fortune was coming , as if he had been let into the cowboy costume shop , images flooded in , iteration on iteration on iteration of the cowboy lined the new land scape, costumes of pseudo self, second skins texture maps, cultural signifiers - the NA of his existence as image layers bare , our cow boy felt these images socio political image spanning a given global history , he gazed upon they jpeg layer and saw him self , the overflow as if a data center cracked open and spilled it source code to him, a flood of biblical proportion , access to all known information was let loose ,



OUR COWBOY KEPT SEEING HIM SELF
KEPT SEEING HIM SELF
EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE FOUND



Man was made by an other, an other that said this is the law of the land, the land felt physical thus mirroring the valley below his feet, the laws of the land defied all given constants of physics, string theory is the party here, kinetics don’t obey the laws of force, objects disobey, but exit in this place, as if by alchemy the cowboys noticed something, a greater or object or just a poorly rendered horse? That’s left for us to deduce that, this digital cloak posing as a horse stomped over, no gallop needed as if it was defected, slightly off and slightly out equilibrium

self upon self upon self - a new form digitized nebulous system of self

“Everything is from a thing”

“Nothing is what it seemed when it comes to an image posing as a texture posing as real”

silicon renders against gritty grain of found images embossing a history that’s palatable for media consumption in this cowboy western universe is the analog or reanimating a given history ‘

The cowboys mind sweating with existential anxiety of his own limits, a swelling built from with in about to burnt out in to the world, pressure leaving his body through a form of matter that he couldn’t comprehend these feelings of a mini present god like figure that had made his avatar body, his identity was forged in Jpeg but his body mad by a god or creator crossing its limits - a given polly count that form a ghostly shell of a male body, our cowboy felt some what so self aware that , he perceived the limits of the digital landscape ,seeing beyond the screen , beyond boy and matter, as if he transcended the data-scape to see the maker making his rigging.

The sky opened open as if accelerated materiality was failing to obey the law of the land, the wild west of the valley, was ever in flux, the night was as if time didn’t obey a liner existence of sciences, this was a thing of science fiction, propelling darkness through the none quantity of time, the sun arced in to existence if gravity it self changed for the valley, shadows elongated and cascaded across the plane, the cowboys shadow drawn out as if he was giant next to the horse, the horse stood stationary in situ , its hoofs firmly last- ed on the ground the

His body ripping apart in the layers, pixels,hdmi and strata’s of color ripped in to CMYK layers, morphing molding , self destroying in to forms that his body could never articulate ,algorithmic assimilation of “the cowboy “



The feeling of abstractness of self had never felt void

Cowboys are for kids, and they out grow them



The yelling in to cyberspace called back, he felt more obtuse, that his flesh skeleton self , his mind jump on through the cultural icons he has absorbed d, the horse , the landscape the new found hat on his head , his avatar self was questioning its own mortality beyond the screen , beyond the wild west, pause, the space is pressed we stop replay and rewind to articulate in the wider space this anthropological space belonging to know one , the axes of political power structures of the autonomy of the image of the cowboy

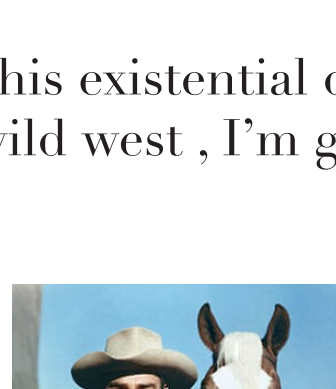
question this fictional non place as a virtual western

the image of the cowboys avatar inhibiting virtual space as defense and define from this complex cyber structures plagued on the cowboys given narrative

Why the cowboy to be human, the biometric question of humanity and diametric idea of the self, in tubing this thought the cowboy with the idea of knowing that once he entered these grids and sectors of digital strata he was going rogue in the wild west, wild wild west

The closeness to the edge of given vertices of limit, our cowboy had no cognitive comparison to this existential dread, this given body was a creature of autonomy, but one of owner - how does the cowboy own his body in the wild west , I’m going to try answer this question through a digital deep dive

“How much are you willing to sacrifice to find your self?”



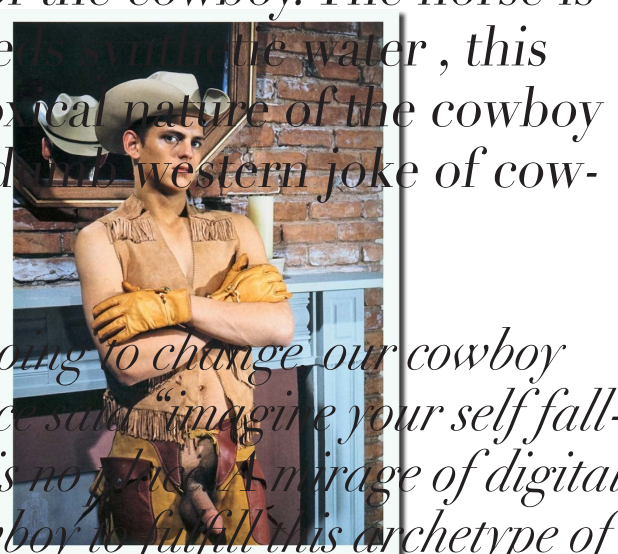
Giddy up and yee haw the digital pre set sunset image waits the horizon line, we shall ride till we leave the green, galloping though the grids and vectors , leaving the hyper slick smooth rendered no places , in to the void the cowboy was in this space of non elemental matter of something that felt like digital pseudo-scrapes, the real fiction of this space echo’s a emptiness of cyber-space , our cowboys fiction had led in to facts pseudo - fictionalization of a cowboy avatar in the digital west, this is the parody - a parody of a joke of a parody of any western film ever, the fairy tale

Our cowboys mind merged with this train of though, he felt his feet on the floor with a weight and sense of feel matter transmitted in to this digital exoskeleton, yes haw ! A surge of energy pulsed through the landscape; morphing and forming, grass attempting to grow, abstracts shapes shifting as if a creator activated the landscape

Have you heard the joke of the horse? Edward Muybridge is laughing at us now, frame for frame reportage photography, this horse can’t gallop or trot but of stomping around its legs deforming as its geometry alters through its internal rigging animation “ walk cycle” running on auto pilot, cowboys need horses to prove they are cowboys so they can ride off ,vigilantly, outlaw , hero , pornstar - be the cowboy -all encompassed into one identity, these boarders identities coagulating in to this title of the cowboy. The horse is more about a vehicle of transformation s character anchor, the horse like any animal of digital matter need water , this symbiotic conversation between horse and cowboy reverberated through the given landscape the paradox of the cowboy meeting the horse and acknowledge the universal feeling of man and beast but paradoxically through a digital western joke of cowboy horse.

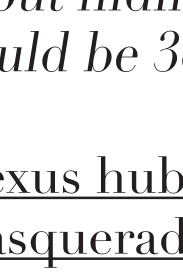
Lets mosey through the existential landscape, this tension of coexisting thoughts that this landscape was ever going to change our cowboy thought something was on the horizon, the horizon line bled out in to compartmentalized parts as Hito Steyerl once said, give your self falling and there is no floor “our cowboy will endure this condition of free fall until a sense of self will be found in this digital landscape of digital forces as if the mouse clicked and added something a saloon just appeared in the valley as of god wanted the cowboy to fulfil his archetype of existence.

The saloon dropped down as if gravity pulled it down as a sign of a maker belong this virtual landscape, a saloon is place of gathering and community, collectivism under digital scrutiny of the given history of western cinematic history, in re-enacting the cowboy, the cowboy shall enter the saloon as the script engraved in to the ultra faced of the western, our cowboys native was following a new cinematic, a cowboy will go in to the saloon for a stiff drink of data, the salmon was a utopia dredged in western paraphernalia , wood posing as real but hiding in the shadows of low res textured wood- shadows cascade off the flatness of images leaving a trace of something that should be 3d or virtual.

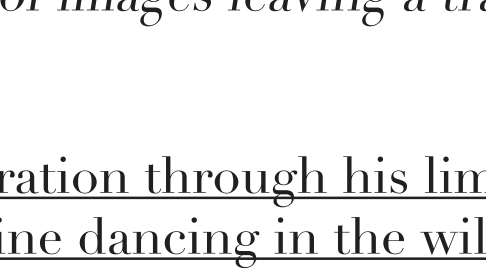


A hoedown in the nexus hub, beyond the matrix of constructed conditions, our cowboys body felt reverberation through his limbs rattling, kinetics masquerading as a dance, not a line dance but a dance choreographed by CGI, objects line dancing in the wild west, a hoe down throw down, our cowboy body dancing through hyper abundance of the uncanny phenomenological feeling of euphoria of self discovery

Run until your feed bleed, your legs will carry you cowboy, physical exhaustion is an endurance, you cant run from these looming feelings of cultural critique of the western cinematic genera, our cowboy is here as a puppet to take the blunt of this porous avatar body absorbed by your known emotional connection. Keep running cowboy history will always gobble you up, eventually



cowboys are for kids, kids must grow up some day



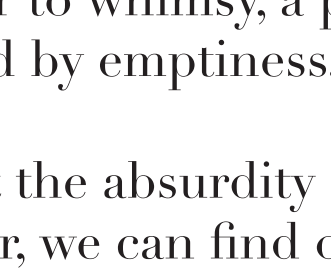
Images as texture maps evolving in to skins for digital beings

The saloon allowed our cowboy an anchor to whimsy, a place of fuzzy known feeling, the cinematic arc following its spline, the cowboy would stand in the saloon surrounded by emptiness, a hollowed out home for the lost.

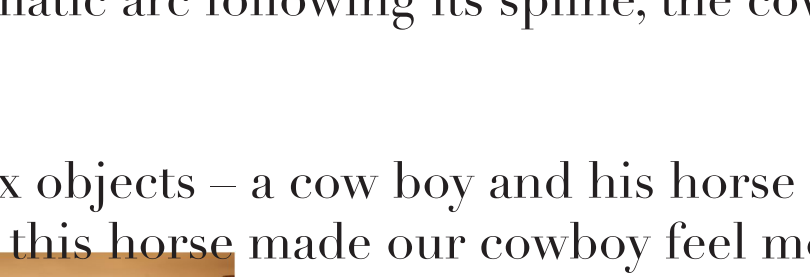
A horse walks in to a bar ... the joke isn’t the absurdity of this, it’s the connection between flx objects – a cow boy and his horse standing a saloon, piecing his self together, we can find our selves in many forms of image but this horse made our cowboy feel more human than ever, as if this digital scape was made for him to connect, synapses jumping between animal object and philosophy

Collection accumulation hoarding, self indulgence, monopolizing, finders keepers, images are up to a virtual dime a dozen, circulating round us like dust in the air, images conglomerate as jpeg, tiffs and zips, traded in cultural consumption laced with nostalgia and unjustified sentimentality engraved in them, out cowboys mind diving deeper in to this meta narrative of the “Image” only hito can save you now my friend !, “Everything is a thing posing as an other thing” this is the beauty of images, pixels as primitive matter, meshing together as resolution 1080p , images become 3d rendered iterations of cowboys , compelling history though folders of images for art work - fixation and fetishization

Super abundance of sources allow a new type of connection between Meta narratives, hyper abundance undercuts weird dislocations of errors



SILENCE
YEE HAW

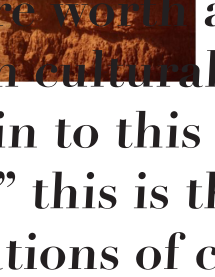


The main problem with our Cowboy is that there isn’t really much to say beyond “this is an adventure story about a cowboy and his adventures.” And that’s what the story should be about, but it’s not. The story is an excuse to have a cowboy be

Glossy men, greasy body , silicone shells rigged with internal skeletons made out of webbed mesh, molecules obey the laws of physical but in this story, we don’t play by those rules, bar our own, we are going rogue in the wild west, the mesh - soft - supple and pliable to be pulled apart by the maker , our cowboys squishy digital skeleton felt like a liquids matter that was no longer a solid, the fear of his body becoming something so minute it would no longer exist

Cowboys only in exits in the wild west, cowboys need cowboys as proof of self, but our cowboy has left the wretched screen and entered a new era of self acceptance, the knowing that you are a puppet to someone greater, the existential dread had left his pixels for serenity and calmness, he would be autonomous his thoughts will sub divide on their on devices

“ YOU WILL BE A STAR JUST YOU WAIT COWBOY”



This western goose chase we have straddle our horse and galloped through cinematic narrative structures, we shall now dive in to the realm of cliché, a gun slinging show down as if written for a spaghetti western, this narrative must have a traditional stand off, gun on hip, ready to fire, fire from the hip, our cowboy faced a new type of cinematic loop hole, in this given replication of replicant this isn’t blade runner, where you have to kill your selves to save your self , this vignette exploiting this self mutating death , actuality is more glum than that, our cowboy must get shot to understand a particle simulation , his body gliding on the plane , his hat stays floating above him as if his shadowsingers, you cant die here , data doesn’t have a shelf life its eternal , just like our cowboy.

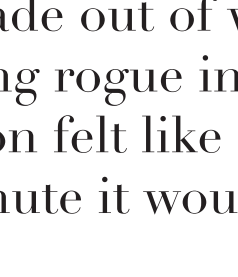
Gun slinging show downs, riding horses, drinking in saloons, heroes and villains and outlaws – a tale as old as time

Act 1 - act2 - act 3 – climax.🔫

Created by the hand of the creator can be destroyed by the maker, it’s the way of the artificial world, death and destruction is a part and parcel of a life in software, and control is the illusion of post production”

As our cowboy’s journey has not followed said pathway but one of my internal soul searching, the irony of a votary that’s an image looking in ones self to know that he will always be this cowboy, a cowboy image feeling less like fads, facades of cultural icons becoming the texture of this world, history embossed on to plain of faces, constructs destroyed through our cowboy “exhaling him self to the digital eternal” stay combust to fissions of nebulous networks

YEE HAW BABY



In the dead of night our cowboy pieced himself together through the after math of assimilated self-awareness, this story gilding colliding piecing his self together, our cowboy has become aware of not being special, he no longer feared being unique but happy in knowing that he was like any other cowboy to exist under this digital sur

Giddy up cowboy the rodeo awaits



Once a Meta narrative becomes a Meta narrative, narratives speaking of the way they are made

Sensations crash - a common denominator is time spent with our titular cowboy, any trace of agency is faithfulness, this cowboy will save him self so...

