



JOHANNA HEDVA

IF YOU'RE READING THIS, I'M ALREADY DEAD

x Ground and Pound

1 Bigger

2 Harder

3 Deeper

4 The Clock Is Always Wrong (Other Mouth)

5 Sex Is Over

= Nobody's On My Dick

(Ω headphones)

In all instances, the color of the materials in this show is black. To eliminate redundancies, like "black machete, black goo, black hair," etc, when another color appears, I will tell you its name explicitly.

At the entrance, there is a sentence on the wall that reads, "And the Human, Stuck in a Permanent State of Smelling like Dirt," which was written with AI.

There is a sound piece called "Ground and Pound," installed throughout the room with six different speakers that function as a kind of solar system. Each speaker has a sound file that repeats at a different periodicity, or, in a way, an orbit. My voice announces what each sound is. It says:

"This is the sound of a raw and unprocessed recording from the Perseverance Mars rover while it travels in Jezero Crater on Mars. The sound is primarily of the wheels as they move over the surface of the Martian landscape."

"This is a sonification of the vibration of the sun. It was generated from data taken from 40 days of the Solar and Heliospheric Observatory and processed by a scientist named Alexander G. Kosovichev. Kosovichev started with doppler

velocity data, averaged over the solar disk, so that only modes of low angular degree remained. Subsequent processing removed the spacecraft motion effects, instrument tuning, and other spurious points. Then, Kosovichev filtered the data and scaled it by speeding it up a factor of 42,000 to bring it into the audible human-hearing range."

"This is the sound of Comet 67P, which is called the 'singing comet.' Scientists believe 67P's sound is the result of the vibrating plasma in its magnetic field, which apparently is not usually what comets do or have."

"This is a field recording of the aurora borealis on Earth."

"This is a sonification of an image taken of the Helix Nebula with the Hubble telescope. The image has been converted to sound by mapping color to pitch and brightness to

volume. The Helix Nebula is 655 light years away and three light years across.”

“This is me as an astronaut.”

“This is me on Earth.”

On headphones, there is an AI vocal clone reading a text by Karen Barad called ‘Trans*/Matter/realities and Queer Political Imaginings.’ The vocal clone is based on my voice, but was vocoded while training the AI to thwart the surveillance embedded in the AI’s proprietary software and not give it too much of my actual voice data.

On another pair of headphones is my voice reading this text.

There is a large painting called “Bigger.” It is made with neoprene, temple hair, glue, ink, a silicone urethral sound, a monarch butterfly painted with ink and silver metallic dust, a needle, thread, saliva, and ten knives. There have been slits cut in the neoprene, spread apart by the knives, with black rubber behind them.

There is a large painting called “Harder.” It is made with bone-white paper, acrylic paint, watercolor, ink, a list of all the kinds of submissions in jiu-jitsu in my handwriting, three silicone urethral sounds shaped like railroad spikes and sewn onto the paper, thread, silver metallic dust, glue, and my own blood and saliva. It is impaled in the wall with eight knives. There is a long piece of silk that holds my own hair, which I collected over a year, and a packer, which is a flaccid silicone penis and scrotum. According to transhub.com, “Packing is about the shape it creates, or about feeling comfortable and confident, or just because you want to.”

There is a large painting called “Deeper.” It is made with silk, temple hair, ink, glue, needle, thread, a monarch butterfly painted in ink, and a metal cock

cage with urethral sound. It’s been impaled into the wall with seven knives.

In the center of the room is a sculpture called “The Clock Is Always Wrong (Other Mouth).” It is made with mouthblown glass in the shape of a sort of alien organ, with three large hooks piercing the top. It hangs from the ceiling by chains. It drips silicone oil mixed with pigment. The shape of the glass, the size of the two holes at its end, and the concoction of the goo have been calculated and made by hand, so that the rate the goo drains out of the glass will last exactly the duration of the exhibition. There is a large circle of carpet on which the goo falls.

There is a sculpture called “Sex Is Over.” It is made with a fake pelvis bone, a lunar moth suspended on a long piano string going up to the ceiling, three contact mics, three Metal Zones, a guitar amp, aluminum angle iron, servos, copper bus bar, an audio gate, vacuum tubing, springs, and custom pedal power. The movement is controlled by an Arduino, which has been coded to parse eclipse data based on the Saros Cycle Series. Some astrologers, according to Judith Hill, believe that “souls enter and leave under their Saros cycle eclipse,” a sort of reincarnation theory. The movement of “Sex Is Over” corresponds to the Saros Cycle eclipse series of the death dates of both of my grandmothers. My maternal grandmother died on August 8, 2011, at Saros Series 130 and 156. My paternal grandmother died on October 10, 2023, at Saros Series 146 and 134.

There are three small sculptures on the ground in corners of the room. They are called “Nobody’s on My Dick,” and I like to think of Nobody as someone or something. They are long glass cylinders filled with dark amber-colored honey, with urethral sounds suspended inside. Hopefully, they will grow mold over time.