

JUSTIN GUTHRIE BACKGROUND STATIC

In the '80s, if you needed to change the valve seals of a 1.5-meter engine, generally all you needed to do to access them was the removal of the camshaft—no engine block lift required! The fulfillment of watching NBA basketball on the porch via local antenna, moving it gently as the static blends in perfect unity with the hot sun. One can submerge themselves in the activity of securing access to tricked-out modifications and assembling domestic gadgets. Vacuum tubes run red-hot, causing burn marks along the glass lining of the halo getter—like an angel battling in Inferno before going cold as a dying star. The fragile glass component gets replaced and brings sound or vision back to the viewer, as long as the filter capacitors are still good. Every component becomes a teacher; they burn and shock us—a calm fragility of all things beneath the great sky.

The nexus of electrical noise and the slow, drawn-out patterns of sound and dots devoid of communication become a grace period between the faces of the city and the thrones of this world. Visions of a Pontiac Esprit, yáðíthíł, and outer space, and the grain weaving patterns across the highway. An elderly man browses the rotating spinner rack at an auto parts store, looking through bumper brackets for 30 minutes. Cruising the backroads with nothing but time—here's to the memories. Machine-state functionalism tries to mock us from the rear view mirror as we speed out of the jungle and into the neon city. We drive past landfills full of working alarm clocks, Mother Earth is pregnant for the billionth time. Swing down sweet chariot and let me ride.

- Barrett Avner