

# SLUG METAL; OR A PROPOSAL FOR A POST-SLOP HOME DECOR

an exhibition by *Kid Xanthrax*

Me was given no choice, I fell in love with things that hurt me at an early age, I eventually learned it wasn't all me faults. As turtles dies as babies on their way to the sea crawling n shit, you've seen this, crabs or birds try to eat them. Kid in a candy store, teenager in trench warfare. Fuck kid is that not the labubu u wanted? Ok well just one more then.

Sex vulnerable free experience not feeling dirty happy cry when I'm alone day :)

Lonely woman ornate Coleman scary real day and wide eyed crying stoner

Cookies hoodie, fucking drive sober, drive SOBER u fucking BITCH!!!!!! City Pride, my city, I'm proud of it, driving in it, love the friggen highway, love the way to the store and back, I love the horny cry at school/work, Im a good one, imma look u in da eyes, even doe I was so scared of being naked to literally anyone. Harry Potter bookself black and floating above my headboard Funko Pop-scene, carved initials, I know I have been filthy shameful fuck, everything in this room knows that. Skeleton out my closet and on my couch, in front of everyone.

The smell of drop ceiling. Bitch, the fucking **feeling** of it too. The belief you have with yourself when yourall alone, when u open up Temu and speculate what's real and meaninglessly buy it, its like suicide, its like I've died and the ghost waits 6 weeks for the package to arrive. When you are all alone by yourself belief system when all the gifts ur friends ever gave u in they absence u live with them, you are sharing dust with everything in the room, stress sets in. Methinks so personal and quiet, it hear the infinite diiiiiiiiing in my ears, my body is pudgy and my penis hmm, naked. Sitting on my bed, air conditioning on to help me avoid smelling anything but da cold smell. The music of my life is not hollow, me soul is true, the music is not hollow, I'm just in such a desperate position often, this is me when listen to Drake. This is IKEA gone very very wrong, my fault not sure, I've overthought everything to the point of Baal, this is me when I'm American.

-Joshua Boulous

The form of the exhibition has moved increasingly towards a speculative interior design, yet the space remains speculative and hardly ever lived in. The artist's subjectivity and imagination becomes the architectural logic of a fluorescent-lit white cubic space, supposedly a 3D tabula rasa—yet deeply optimized for a particular algorithmic viewing experience. The documentation of these speculative home decor projects attempts to create a total non-space, uncluttered and standardized, not unsimilar to many digital advertising formats, creating a sort of floating AI mock-up, a speculative object suspended in a not-yet. Meanwhile, real Objecthood becomes ghettoized (the hood-object!), plagued by its own entropy and neglect, fading from legibility in a low-lit graininess, as technical images dominate attention economies. These images of speculative materiality proliferate aggressively, yet thingness remains slow and heavy (*sluggish*), beholden to human labour, the limitations of supply chain dynamics, and entropics. The contemporary sculptor becomes the logistics worker of a global supply chain, forced to contend with the limits of an increasingly psychedelic and highly customizable materiality—a materiality influenced by collective, algorithmic desire, and psychedelic manufacturing spun up by fourth industrial revolution technologies with an ambition to flatten the manufacture, production, and delivery systems of our global supply chain into a complex AI-powered robotic machine akin to a sci-fi replicator. Temu merchandise becomes as clever and complex as a Dadaist readymade, Fiverr privatizes exploitation and makes you your own CEO, and many print-on-demand customization services have perfected the Prosumer model of the User, flattening them into Content Creator and Audience simultaneously. With this, the Artist

recedes, becoming less and less distinguishable from the User, and the User less and less distinguishable from the Manufacturer of their own algorithmically influenced personal brand. The algo drives the human creative instinct into feedback loops of memetics and Slop within an imagescape defined by the overproduction of anachronisms and cyclical trend-based nostalgia, creating an image-rich, materially-poor world unable to produce its own futurity. Simultaneously, the increasingly embourgeoised hyper-markets of art objects recede into their own manufactured scarcity and neo-craftsmanship – gaming hyper-speculation and price manipulation in high-risk markets, materializing a sort of super rare merchandise for the hyper-wealthy—an objecthood positioned at the highest level of the artist-trickster's ontological scam. Luxury superfluity is not strictly the domain of the wealthy anymore either, and scarcity has been programmed into Web 3.0 cryptographic image-making as well. Yet the difference between the Arte-ricca (or the rich art) of the NFT and the increasingly fetishized impoverishment of the metadata-rich (in the material sense) art object is in its transmission and its collective engagement. When a sculpture or painting is speculated upon as an object used for the storage of value, stored away out of public sight and mind in a Freeport, the art-historical object-commodity becomes fully privatized and inaccessible to historical engagement, producing a new form of word-of-mouth oral history which becomes the practice of the curator or art historian. Blemish out as much history as possible to make the rapid evolution of aesthetics less incomprehensible, less overwrought. Yet the tactic of the NFT is a procession-based viewing experience, a medieval or pre-modern understanding of the experience of divine beauty or sublimity. The mint becomes a procession, and the generative abundance of image making tools like hashlips allows for the format to programatise its own memetic transmission. The neglect of the art-object creates a different topology of poor-objecthood, one not born of the same hypertransmission of AI and robotic-assisted manufacturing, nor the nostalgic transmission or *passing down* of a thrifted or second-hand object laden with folklore and the fetishized manufacturing materials and techniques of a different time. It is rather a neglect of the artefacts of art history themselves, and an intentional censorship of the complexity of such localised histories—both private (domestic) and public (ecclesiastical). It is a disregard for the power of the fetish artefact itself preferring a total prioritisation of the Artsy advert-image, resulting in a full blown *Damnatio memoriae* of subcultural reality. Many subcultures of visual production now build their own modalities of transmission into the work itself, generative NFTs are industrial memes, graffiti takes reality into its own hands employing geurrilla marketing, SoundCloud rappers co-sign and collaborate aggressively to create different nodes of exposure, noise artists mimic the information overload of the imagescape itself. Yet there are constant (usually failed) attempts by insiders and art world actors to keep these working class forms suppressed and invisible. Apartment 13 is an example of a space dedicated to the highly ambitious project of expressing and celebrating these complex histories, and the current show by @Id\_Xanthrax hopes to elucidate an experimental proposal for new ontologies of objecthood, attempting to create modes of sculpture making which contend with these novel conditions—presenting a genuinely lived-in space with genuinely lived-with objects against the speculative; a post-slop home decor.

- Kid Xanthrax