

There's no doubt that the initial appearance of people in robes in figurative painting must've felt like a crazy passing fad after so many centuries of loin cloths, animal rags, thick pubic hair and leaves. A trendy exploit that some forgotten soul, consigned to the fossilized dusts of time, must have howled about, just like a reviewer on Pitchfork might've years ago lain down an edict about how reckless it is when people mention Twitter or their Skype account balance in rap lyrics. But all that of course is forgone after Greece and the Renaissance. Likewise with seemingly disposable Internet art. Corey Archangel is our Giotto, Paper Rad our Titian, Aids 3d our Velasquez, Dis Magazine our Dante Alighieri, Ghetto Gothic our Vivaldi once we realize we have relinquished our familiar humanity for "We can't live without our phones, we can't live without Internet, Mom, THATS JUST THE WAY IT IS." And make no doubt, when Google world domination happens, we are all going to be in there with their well paid dorks, young execs, and pr hotties. There's no sitting this one out. Blogger bones crunching in our Promethean choppers; we will be fighting for control with you on the inside, in the guts, giving a kind of migraine dimension to your singularity, Kurzweil. Meanwhile, on the other side of your asshole: spam is truth, life is leaden.

written by Antek Walczak for Frieze Frame booth at Frieze NY 2013