



HOT DOCK'S LOG BOOK

LaLeeLena

Flight Attendant Guide for Combo-Cosmic Space Exploration

Are you part of the sculpture? Did you ever receive a certificate? Certainly, if you have brought in your deep fryer at the reception to give it a new meaning, the network works miracles. After its stay in the collective collection depot, it now glistens as the docked part of a sophisticated meteorite trap on top of the space station implanted in a forest of antennas, amid the gleaming cosmic conglomerate. Long live Niroda Fritti. May the special information flow and enrich the media organization. If you have ever wondered where all the desert-quiet nature is gone, you can rediscover its meanderings here. Right by the entrance, the original clasp, as a Mt. Sinai Reliquary, will help you get to grips with anything and everything else .

Even the chromosomagical-rich umbilical cords play an important role. Without the silver uplink, the feeler chandelier set in midst of the action could not swing so centered, with sun-colored radiance emanating from its element. On its tentacles, loving cyberspace-midwives willingly meet on Happy Synappies in the cozy buzz of the opening ceremonies. Sparks can fly in earnest between the sprakling mirror columns. Whoever is spreading rumors about the cargo actually hiding in the temple-high curves of this galactic pantheon, should celebrate the revelation: Indeed, these perfectly happy barrels are enriched with amniotic fluid, which stores the vibrations left behind by the command capsule. As if by itself, it is pumped towards the top until it eventually goes haywire and spills over to transfer this information via the transmitter-receiver installed on the roof. Vibrancy moves thus most effectively through the sacred worlds of the unknown flying object, where you are located. To warm yourself, you may recognize on the edge of the ground floor circle, against the background of a practical grill set, the contribution of Aida's messenger substances. Now, should heat insulation be missing, the extraterrestrial trays would melt the glass panels behind them. If you are standing in front of the richly sealed data sheets and feeling the heat, you are ready for the next level. Amongst others, you will find here the legendary Mandala Clasping, born of the breath of chrome luster. Cast in antique frames to strengthen their primal force, the paintings of docks 1-7 open their viewer's eyes to hidden, newly discovered possibilities. Can you look away from them and into the sky and then appreciate the vastness just behind the dome? Look through the vents to see pure existence, while the receiver station keeps track of intuitive information, entwining the highest channel pipe. As at a table of foreign gods, the womb of this all-biotic cradle invites her crew and welcomes you into this uterus of modern radio transmission. Bon appetite in feasting on the tempting treats on board and happy docking!

So wishes LaLeeLena, on behalf of the Combo-Cosmic Space Exploration Institute

New information channeled into the country

Carina Jielg

How we may easily introduce, using revamped freight barrels and discarded fryer baskets in a speculative and forceful manner, our personal information channel in a venerable radio station, spreading art throughout the building. Hussar with a difference or a full freight (!)

Tribute to Gustav Peichl.

There are not many artists to whom the term "multimedia" applies as well as it does to Anna Barbara Husar. The artist, who defies any classification, was born in 1975 in Feldkirch and has been living for nearly 15 years in Vienna and in the desert of Sinai.

Husar switches – switch, a word that suits her well too - between locations and individual disciplines. She uses one hand for painting, as she banishes oversized cows and dinosaurs on seed bags or uses the graphics for her typical stamp works - her archive now includes more than 900 stamps with images ranging from monkeys to goats and words from astral to fuse. Then again, she produces sculptures, makes books or films - for example, on her own herd of goats in the desert, on Bedouin women who guard the herd when Husar is not there and especially about what happens when such guardians, who belong to a millennia-old nomadic culture, meet an Austrian artist.

So, what happens then? Information is exchanged. This process, this fleeting encounter or communication instant, this interface, the process whereby information is sent and received, transmitted, transferred - that is what Anna Barbara Husar is interested in. "Interestingly enough, I realized my art revolved around information in the desert, hundreds of miles away from civilization as we know it."

It is just fortunate that she is pursuing her interests through an information organization and has created "HOT DOCK"!

The exciting part of this architectural intervention is that it allows multiple readings, providing multiple mental docking points for various associations, which act as the settings for various films or stage sculpture for various head works.

HOT DOCK - Title: ONOMATOPOEIA. Hence onomatopoeic and sound-coloring.

Husar views the radio station as a space ship and the foyer as the command module. She plays with the futuristic architecture of Gustav Peichl – which has earned the building the "UFO" nickname upon its construction almost 40 years ago. Husar reflects the existing, dominant element of the silver tubes and condenses it by means of stacked metal barrels into a total production space.

Husar understands the foyer as the center, as the interface and control post of the media company, because that is in fact the point where the paths of employees, information workers, data carriers, or transporters cross and overlap several times a day. Husar's pillars are thus the stage for the daily lives of employees of the ORF.

If the paths of the employees were recorded, they would create an interesting network.

HOT DOCK - Title: ONOMATOPOEIA. Information drums, formerly ritual drums.

Husar weaves a special kind of network in this room - everything here points to something opposite, to something else, each association leads to the next one: Husar's drums are not only

expanding - very realistically – Peichl's tube system, but they also form new, additional channels for new and additional information.

The sort of new information Husar refers to is illustrated by the large hanging sculpture in the middle of the foyer - the floating object was made of archaeological material. Indeed, one may say that the six Charles Eames chairs are somewhat reminiscent of the audience hall of the station building.

The title of the sculpture is "Feeler Chandelier." The feelers are now docking points for all that information that is neglected and negated within an information company in our information society, that is, the information that is intuitively experienced arising from the functioning of the body, the non-verbal communication.

The chandelier is central, the heart of the staging area. The docking point, from which the umbilical cords emerge, it is thus also the control panel. By its appearance and the fact that it was made from existing objects, the sculpture is reminiscent of the cult sci-fi television series of the 1960s "Space Patrol Orion". There, the control levers were made from shower heads, and the lamps from drinking cups. The Feeler Chandeliers much like the power plant of the ship - Husar described it as "the spatial design produces a field of probability, the tubes are transformational order patterns, and the Feeler Chandelier allows the energetic coupling to the physical space".

Watching over all, the large uterus, Husar's fabric sculpture titled "receiver station", makes evident once more what is at stake here, enthroned under the roof of Broadcasting House -namely, the feminine, intuitive side of information.

As a nearly direct extension towards the outside - on the roof of the broadcasting house - Husar presents something else: the meteorite trap, which was built using deep fryer baskets donated in exchange for a work of the artist work, with each one being a unique certificate. This meteorite trap holds its own alongside the antennas and - I quote the artist: "makes the experimentation of an entirely new spatial phenomenon possible".

Each fryer basket donor has his or her own deep fryer basket wire, his/her own information channel to the universe!

By involving the population, Husar makes the sculpture a social undertaking.

HOT DOCK - the title: ONOMATOPOEIA.

On the eve of the dismantling of the staging area, Egyptian "artisans" knock down the barrels.

This idea of participation, this thinking in networks is a cornerstone of Husar's artistic cosmos, which is also and especially found in HOT DOCK. HOT DOCK is designed for docking. Theoretically and practically. In one's mind and in the real world.

About docking: Nearly concealed by the astounding backdrop floats a relatively tiny sculpture, a hammock (!), an airship made of aluminum paper. Husar calls it "The Swing for the Gods of the Foreigners", referring to another possible interpretation of the overall presentation, as the round shape of the foyer awakes associations with Rome's Pantheon.

The vaulted dome of this building from the 2nd century A.D. holds niches, which are also found in the foyer of the broadcasting house. In the original Pantheon, gods represented by statues were presumably worshiped in those niches. As such, the Pantheon is said to have served as a temple for the celestial deities. A niche was left empty for the gods of foreigners.

Now, when one stands in the foyer of broadcasting house under Husar's deceptively "real" scenery, an interesting question for a modern information company arises: to whom do we pay homage today in the niches of the Pantheon?

Good thing Husar has expanded the channels.

Command capsules for transmission jumping and wave dancing

Georg Russegger

Organic-looking breeding machines connected to network-like meteorite traps and U-nidentified F-luctuating O-bjects,, allow rekindling ambiguities in the controlled transmission field of O-nthologically R-atified F-requence Centrals. Husar's art form of secular cord-cutting is based on a contingency, namely that from the depths of human desire springs the biologically-somatic trust and combines with the spirits of virtualized non-representation. Oh, beloved physicality, grow away, trans-form yourself according to the rules of the earthly under-, extra-and over-artistic spirit.

The figure floating over tangled spheres in spiritual calm, presented as *Fritti Niroda*, is charmed by the tantalizing dance of corporals of the enchantments. The commitment to this world is driven by invisible and ubiquitous connections to collateral networks in normalized-probabilistic accessibility by means of extreme randomness. Imaginary worlds implode and create a new zeitgeist of endospheric abstract space. Individual celestial bodies glow in the atmosphere as snuffs, while astral winds, driven by impressive fans, introduce programmatic firebreaks the burning processes of live operation.

The basic emotion in human society remains that of a common background and shared intentionality. With *Hot dock*, Hussar has created a station that attempts to unlock this emotion in an abstract yet discreet manner. We have to question how we translate the principles of existing abstraction eras into a reality struggling with control loss at the techno-cultural and bio-media levels. During the informational-drifting genesis, man and his environment changed. The motivation of individuals to come together in contemporary, abstract and amorphous media-shaped sessions is still unbroken.



METEORITE TRAP

LaLeeLena

Yes, that's the crowning glory! – Through Fritti Niroda's pampering aromatherapy, we reached the culmination of the radio-transmitted, all-encompassing energy flows. In addition, as the refreshing information flows with momentum, alternately inspired in the formation of collective transformation, activated concentration, newly combined, as the media -us- is animated, used, unused, abandoned? A quick glance up into the wise, amusing vastness is enough to attain readiness for independent self-interpretation journeys from planet to planet, from magnet to magnet, from the umbilical cord to the navel, from the buckle to the shoe, from the fickle Feeler Chandelier to its moorings, from the midwife to cyberspace, from the amniotic fluid to the barrel - WITH floor, from the drawing to the stamp, from Mandala to Tralala, from the womb to the birth canal, from the Hot Dock to the universe, from Aida to you, from here to there, and soon everything floats away:

Warning, Warning -

Please pay attention to the light signals above your heads and dock yourself, we take off now.

FACE BOOK FACE OFF

Stan Balabuszko



Es war einmal, many months ago, when I added Barbara, she made me feel like my head was expanding, on a collision course with exploding, and I was in one of those situations, where one thinks, "Can this be true, or am I only losing my marbles again, and I have made the whole thing up, in an indescribable attempt, beyond rhyme or reason, in order to escape the 'Hell on Earth' we call, 'Being a nut-case'."

I can admit now that I was only temporarily thrilled by the spectre of losing my mind. As everyone knows, losing one's mind sometimes keeps one from going crazy. Even so, this can have a beneficial effect, just as a jaunt around the dance floor has often caused the participants to acquire the "Oceanic Feeling", as Freud dubbed it.

In fact the only feeling comparable to this was the time I accidentally launched myself into outer space while sleepwalking, and realized only too late that I had forgotten to put on my astronaut suit. I had no choice but to hold my eyeballs to keep them from popping out of my skull. Unfortunately my penis kept swelling from the lack of atmospheric pressure. Luckily for me one of the female astronauts ordered me to insert it into her body, and that was the only thing that kept it from exploding.

After we returned to earth, I had to be strapped to a special fixture, and a 100 ton crane pulled the female astronaut off me. As a result of this, my penis was permanently enlarged and I was able to retire and live for a living.

Barbara has kindly allowed me to make a few humble observations about

the HOT DOCK show in the broadcastcenter of Austrians westcoast. But I need to make these background facts known first.

My eye had been attracted first by Barbara's large dinosaur paintings on re-cycled feed-bags. Fotos of the Cord of Rexa show in Shanghai. Then by Barbara herself, because she is a beautiful babe. Well , not "then" because I remember noticing her at the same time as the dinos. Then too, she said, "had to work on the old bones of trico and rex before joining fucking facebook" (!) I was beguiled by her charming use of the English language. She has also invented her own special personal dialect! Seemingly derived from the Snoop-Dog idiom, which is quite pleasing.

Barbara is grounded in the ways of traditional Nomadic life from visiting and living with her herd of goats and their shepherdess in the Sinai Desert. Then learning she had gone every year for more than 15 years to the Sinai desert, and lived with Nomadic people, and had a goat herd, was starting to make my hair stand on end. It is hard for a person to go from Vienna to the desert. Easier to go from the desert to Vienna. How draining the heat is, but more draining if there is no air-conditioned crib to go to to re-charge! Or even facilities to take a shower. The desert water system is a well, a hole in the ground. The plumbing is the buckets used to draw the water. Imagine lugging the 20 liter jugs of water around! Plus, if you want a cup of tea, first find firewood. I know she is attached to the earth! No motherfucker goes into the desert unless they are determined to!

Someone choosing an Odyssey such as this attracts deserved attention! Remember, T.E. Lawrence said in Seven Pillars of Wisdom: "The heat of Arabia came out like a drawn sword and smote us speechless."

Barbara had written back to me in the hazy past when my mind was clouded by sobriety, and told me she had traveled through space from New York City where she was attending college. New York City being a sort of parallel universe. (some people I know would rather slash their wrists than go there.) Traveling through space and time, to the graveyard of the dinosaurs, to the Devil's Tower National Monument, in Wyoming, which is also known because of its starring role in "Close Encounters of the Third Kind". The thought sort of came to me that she was like going to "have speaks" with the space men, and even though this just occurred to me now, it's still a correct thought!. So a number of things came to light in my head. Firstly, that when she was driving around there, it was close to the time when we dropped Rachel off at the University of Wyoming. So there may have been a "Two Ships Passing in the Night Thing" happening that neither of us will ever know about, but it's nice to imagine. Secondly, that Barbara Husar is a special chick! That she could identify and act upon these challenges which she saw as part of her quest. That she could do things like throw her stuff into a mangy van and live out of it with her girlfriend. Which is hard to do! I speak from experience! Especially if you don't have an empty peanut butter jar to take a piss in. I was delighted to find that she had a hilarious sense of humor, because she told me, "We did splits on the bar of the only lonely bar for miles!" to finance the dinosaur hunt! So instead of just being an unusual person, she was becoming a flower which kept opening, and never stopped, in the way a person feels after discovering a new realm, like

opera! A world which exponentially expands! Even better, a universe! I admit I anticipated someone special when she spoke of the van trip, and the only lonely bar close to Devil's Tower. I also admit I felt like a kindred spirit to her as a fellow traveler in the Fellowship of Van Dwellers, and honored that she had let me into her inner sanctum!

I am now telling my description of the HOT DOCK Show!

The show is about communication. The show is about processes. The Meteorite catching chip pans appeared in the Sinai Desert fotos I saw on Barbara's publications. I see the rocks strewn all over the desert as meteorites. The otherworldly DNA is in the rocks, and is a catalyst. A catalyst for changes, as yet undefined or limited. I personally had a "colander antenna" when trying to hook onto my neighbor's wireless network last winter, so I know they work. The broadcastcenter is bringing in all data, and re-combining it and forming new information. The uterus sculpture is beneath the antenna roof, the forest of antennas and is used to take the previous data and form new data, just as the process of fucking forms new data, children. While both processes use tiny particles, and result in new information, they are different and similar. The umbilical is the nurturing aspect. The umbilical in the broadcastcenter is cable from electric utilities, data cables, fiber optic cables, transmitted data, radiation.

In the desert the cord is used as currency is like "Goat Backed Currency". A receipt for an actual object with worth rather than some crummy piece of paper printed for a central bank. (excuse me while I spit at the mention of banks!)

The life process animal umbilical nurtures the unborn baby. Both processes transmit life.

Knowledge and information being a form of life. The dancing chicks at the radio station are plugged into the silver umbilicals. Dancing can be life. The electric signals from the sources trigger the synapses. Special chicks or guys can feel the signals wash through them under certain circumstances. It is within the realm of possibility to a determined seeker. When the wash of synapses is felt, they can be "Happy Synapses". This is to know of the basis of dance, the "Movement-Gasm" Where dance is based on exquisite pleasure of moving. Imagine your whole body is a giant dick, and it is inside a giant pussy. You will know what it means when you experience it, when your movement is pleasure.

The T-Rex with the udder is a nurturing succoring being as well as being fierce. These new beings being allowed to come to existence by the new DNA from the meteorites.

Although previous traditional data processing was OK, the new computerized type popularly used by everyone, even old geezers, has sped up transfer of data, including love data. This is important for peace, because love and nurturing and succoring can prevent war. I mean, who would want to drop a bomb on a country where his nice luscious babe lived, just to make some sack of shit who owned a central bank (spit) richer?

Through use of animals and their life processes, namely fucking, nurturing, birthing, succoring, children, Barbara has reminded us that we are subject to the same effects.

One thing I have noticed while trying to make a reasonable description of the show is, I felt like I was hopping all over the place to get a glimmer of the essentials. That was because I was hopping all over the place to get information to write this description. She has a huge body of work!

I felt that I was more familiar with Barbara's older work, And strove to find the work displayed at the show so I could absorb the information.

I was only able to find fragments, but since I only have fragments of my brain left, it was adequate.

It could be said that in spite of the mass of biological, technical, factual, and worldly knowledge in Barbara's work, it seems to move by osmosis. Into me, that is.

I have been following her work in binary realms for maybe a year and I never asked her, "Hey, what that mean?" This has led to times when I thought I was in the know, and other times when I thought, "Fuck, I don't know!"

The one thing I must mention is Barbara's drawing and painting is to die for. Her work is so compelling and has captivated me for ever since I saw it on the Internet. Her story concepts are amazing, and the more you know of her work, the more amazed you will be. Her structure, knowledge of skeletons! Very inspiring for me! Just wonderful.

It's harder for me to write about the HOT DOCK Show. I am not as familiar with the actual paintings and stamp work.

I have looked for it and saw the stamps as modules of information. She calls the 931 stamps her real hard drives.

Like words. But forming new shapes because they have been freed by coming through the uterus.

That is another thing I decided. Barbara is the uterus. She has taken this information through herself, and come to these new conclusions. I look in my notes and see I have written "juxtaposing" It comes more as a feeling. Not something justifiable in terms of the structure of a logical argument. Transfer of this knowledge as if by "frog-cuddling". In which you lie on the floor and your lover lies on top of you like a frog, and every speck of their being is one with yours, and well, you either get the picture or you don't!

Barbara's massive body of work seems to appear from everywhere. I look for her work! But yesterday, I found more of it! By chance! A whole other aspect of biology her work addresses, which I did not know existed! It's as if that's part of the experience. A labyrinth. In the labyrinth those who look will find this treasure. I asked her one time to stick some rags into her arm pits then send them to me so I could know what she smelled like, and just today, while looking at more of her work, I noticed she had already thought of that 5 years ago with her olfactory concept where she was evaluating the flock smell of the Viennese netculture! that was years before she bought her own flock in the desert of Sinai.

I felt that Barbara is "of the physical world". When seeing her. She projects this life force!

I saw a TV show which said, "...life is everywhere, In the water in the river and sea,
so this is a double clearing of my thoughts. Barbara is reminding us and by "us" I mean me, and by "me", I mean "us", that we are rooted in our life processes. Just as a computer comes with an operating system, life comes with an operating system. It is based on fucking, and nurturing. The DNA is mixed in the uterus. We are compelled to fuck and to nurture.

The intellect is a double edged sword, and using "logical constructs" such as "race" or "class", people have been able to pervert themselves by ignoring the built in operating system based on fucking and nurturing and love.

Barbara has made it her work to remind us.

This wired in operating system is what compels animals to batter their crotches against each other until liquid comes out.

Barbara's animals which come to my mind are the dinos, especially dino skeletons the triceratops and T-Rex, with the udder, and cows and elephants. Bats, Reptiles, camels, goats, zeppelins with vertebrae plastic dinos, dogs, dinos with udders, buckling belts, combined animals and architecture. people. The dam as a pelvic floor.

I admired Barbara's work and was happy to send her my stories about my world renowned black Afghan hound Momo, and his horse friends, and just be buddies. Then somehow this stuff had helped her to be happy. She told me I had been taking care of her! And I thought she had been taking care of me! So after we discovered these things, We have been beaming love energy back and forth to each other. I hope to meet her in real life before I kick the bucket. I would hate for her to receive a can of my ashes. This would not be as romantic!

If only I could get my ashes made into an integrated circuit, that might be different.

-Original Sin. Desire. Lust. The operating system which compels humans to slap smelly pieces of meat together until liquid comes out.