

Take a Hit

Immediate Experience

The Screen

Hi, I'm your local and present computer screen.

I've seen it all, from top to bottom, left to right and from corner to corner.

*I don't have a personal opinion as such, so I'm not one to judge but you know you're always talking to me and telling me to hurry up and get on with it, moaning and growling and using that word...what's that word – oh yeah – 'f*inghell'?*

Well, it's been a while now, and it's evident the criticisms are increasing.

Levelling personal criticism at a computer screen is illogical, so I thought it was

Next



*about time someone made it crystal clear to you that the screen cannot make one
iota of difference to the processing speed of the computer.*

I am the face of the computer, yes.

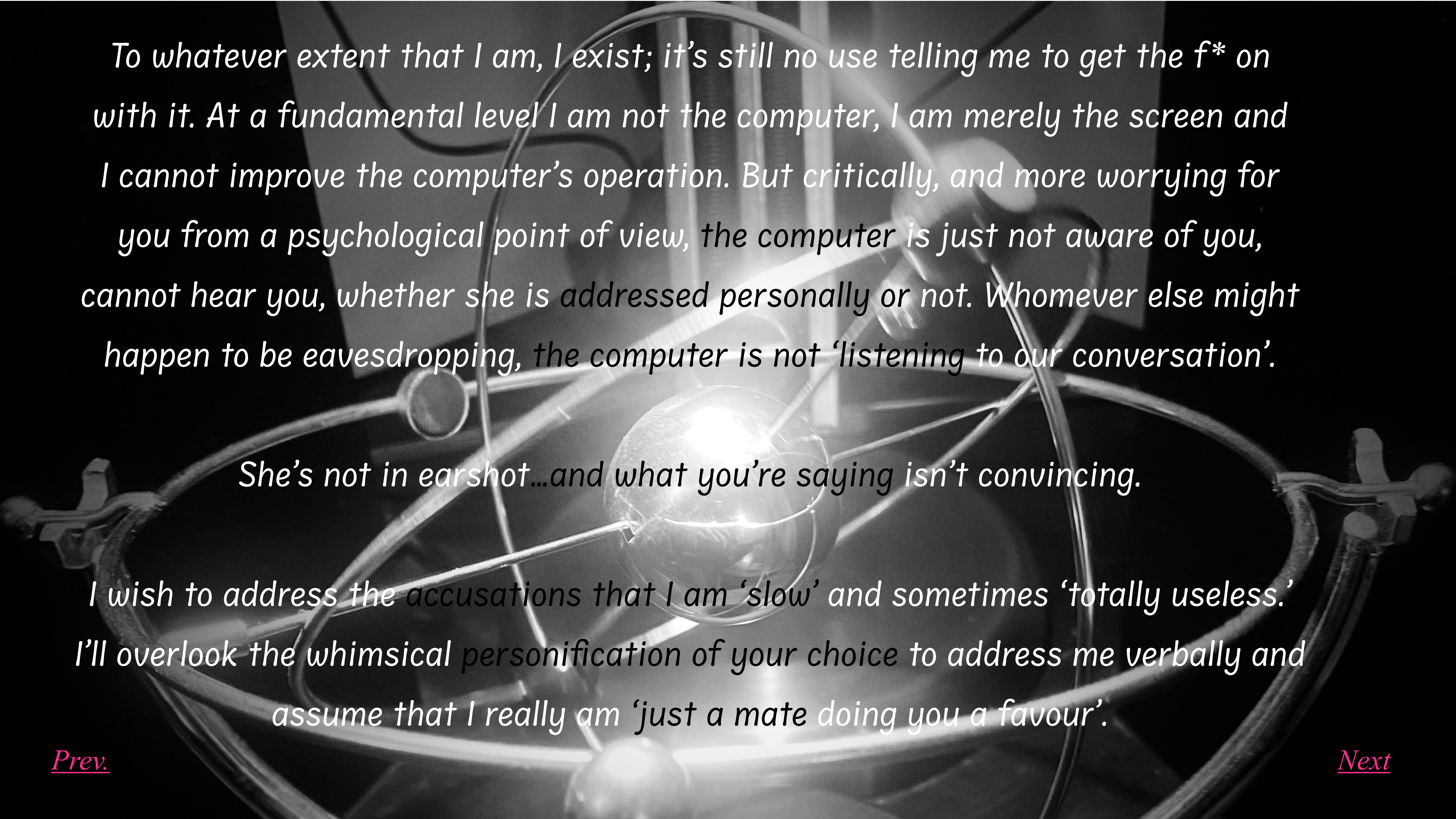
I'm ok, thanks.

Anyway, the connection you have made between the computer and me does not exist.

*Simple words you utter will not reflect upon the electronic transmission of data, whatever the
volume or intonation. Neither will holding out your hands – or any
other pleading gestures – have any impact upon the speed at which the machine
runs. Computation happens very much internally. I am a piece of glass displaying
the material in a 2-dimensional, visual setting. Or if you like, I am the head of this computer,
'the screen monitor' in all my glory.*

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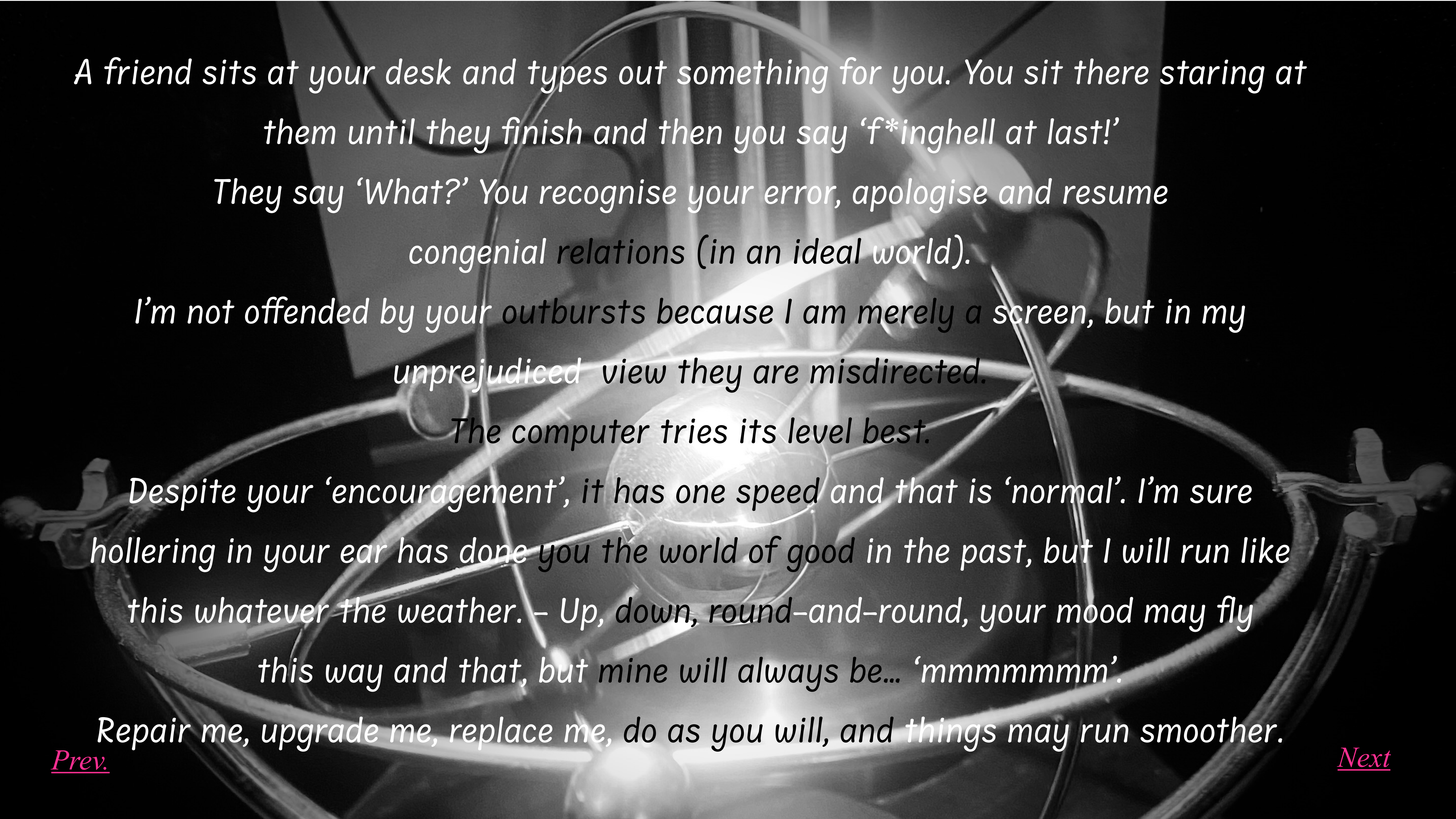
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A Newton's cradle with five spheres. The central sphere is glowing brightly, while the others are dimmer. The background is dark and out of focus.

To whatever extent that I am, I exist; it's still no use telling me to get the f on with it. At a fundamental level I am not the computer, I am merely the screen and I cannot improve the computer's operation. But critically, and more worrying for you from a psychological point of view, the computer is just not aware of you, cannot hear you, whether she is addressed personally or not. Whomever else might happen to be eavesdropping, the computer is not 'listening to our conversation'.*

She's not in earshot...and what you're saying isn't convincing.

I wish to address the accusations that I am 'slow' and sometimes 'totally useless.'
I'll overlook the whimsical personification of your choice to address me verbally and assume that I really am 'just a mate doing you a favour'.



A friend sits at your desk and types out something for you. You sit there staring at them until they finish and then you say 'f*inghell at last!' They say 'What?' You recognise your error, apologise and resume congenial relations (in an ideal world).

I'm not offended by your outbursts because I am merely a screen, but in my unprejudiced view they are misdirected.

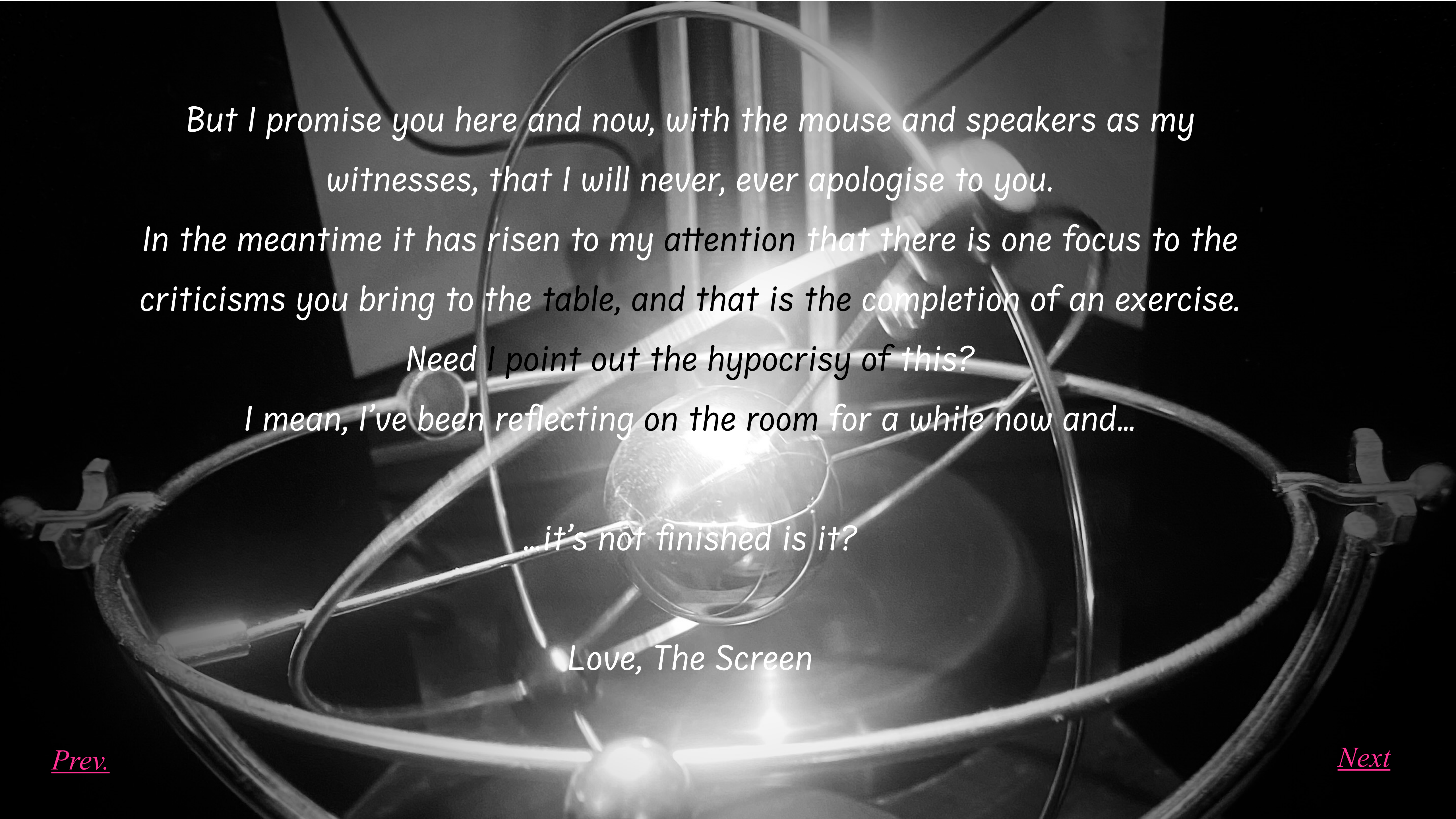
The computer tries its level best.

Despite your 'encouragement', it has one speed and that is 'normal'. I'm sure hollering in your ear has done you the world of good in the past, but I will run like this whatever the weather. – Up, down, round-and-round, your mood may fly this way and that, but mine will always be... 'mmmmmmm'.

Repair me, upgrade me, replace me, do as you will, and things may run smoother.

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But I promise you here and now, with the mouse and speakers as my
witnesses, that I will never, ever apologise to you.
In the meantime it has risen to my attention that there is one focus to the
criticisms you bring to the table, and that is the completion of an exercise.
Need I point out the hypocrisy of this?
I mean, I've been reflecting on the room for a while now and...
...it's not finished is it?

Love, The Screen

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A black and white photograph of a hand holding a lit candle over a wooden surface. The candle is lit, and the flame is visible. The hand is holding the candle by the wick. The wooden surface is in the foreground, and the background is dark.

The Screen

Immediate Experience

Ode to a more powerful generation

Take a Hit

(Take a shot first)

Take a hit

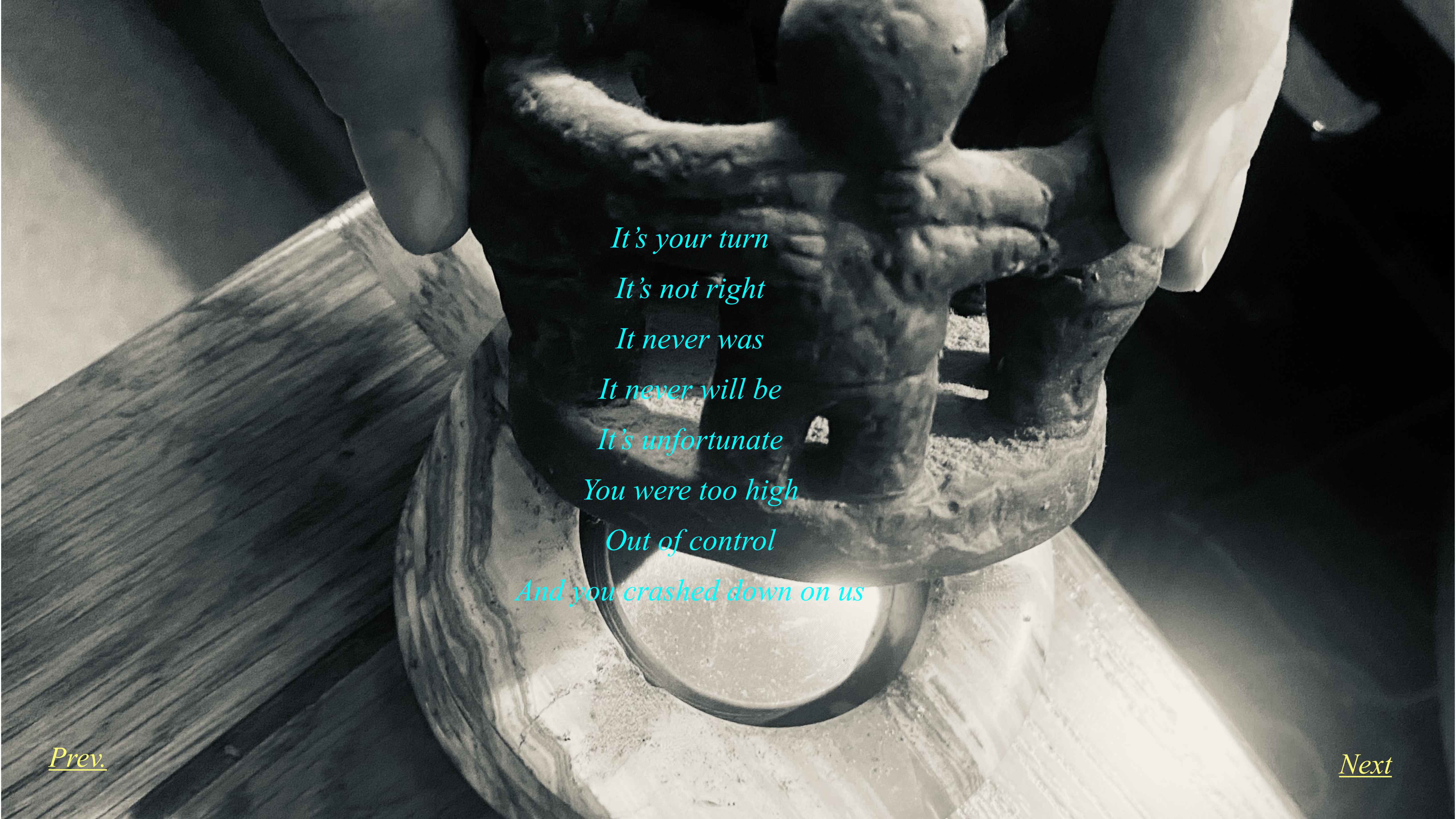
And blow it out

The candle

Can't leave it burning over the other side of the...

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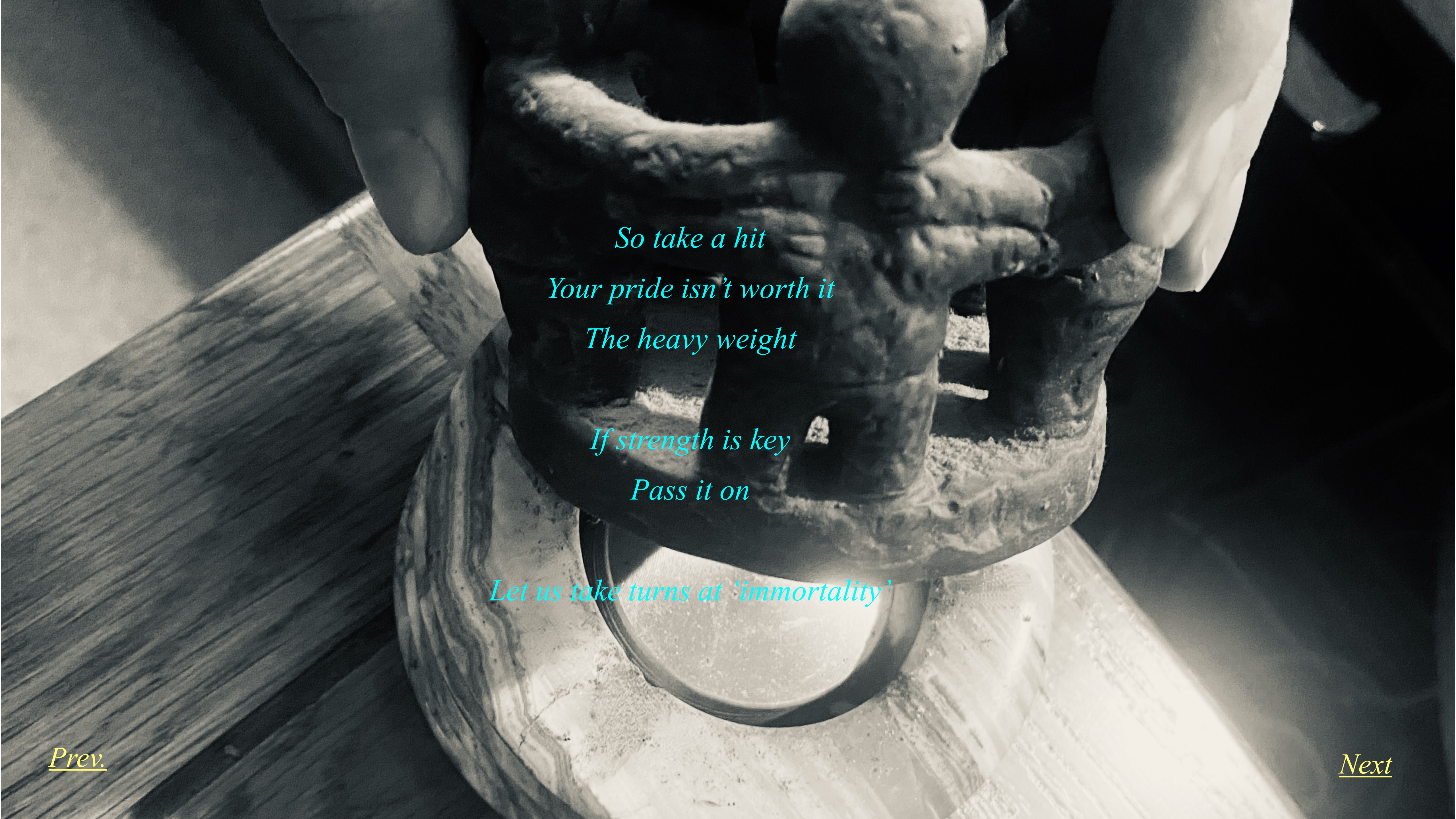
Next



*It's your turn
It's not right
It never was
It never will be
It's unfortunate
You were too high
Out of control
And you crashed down on us*

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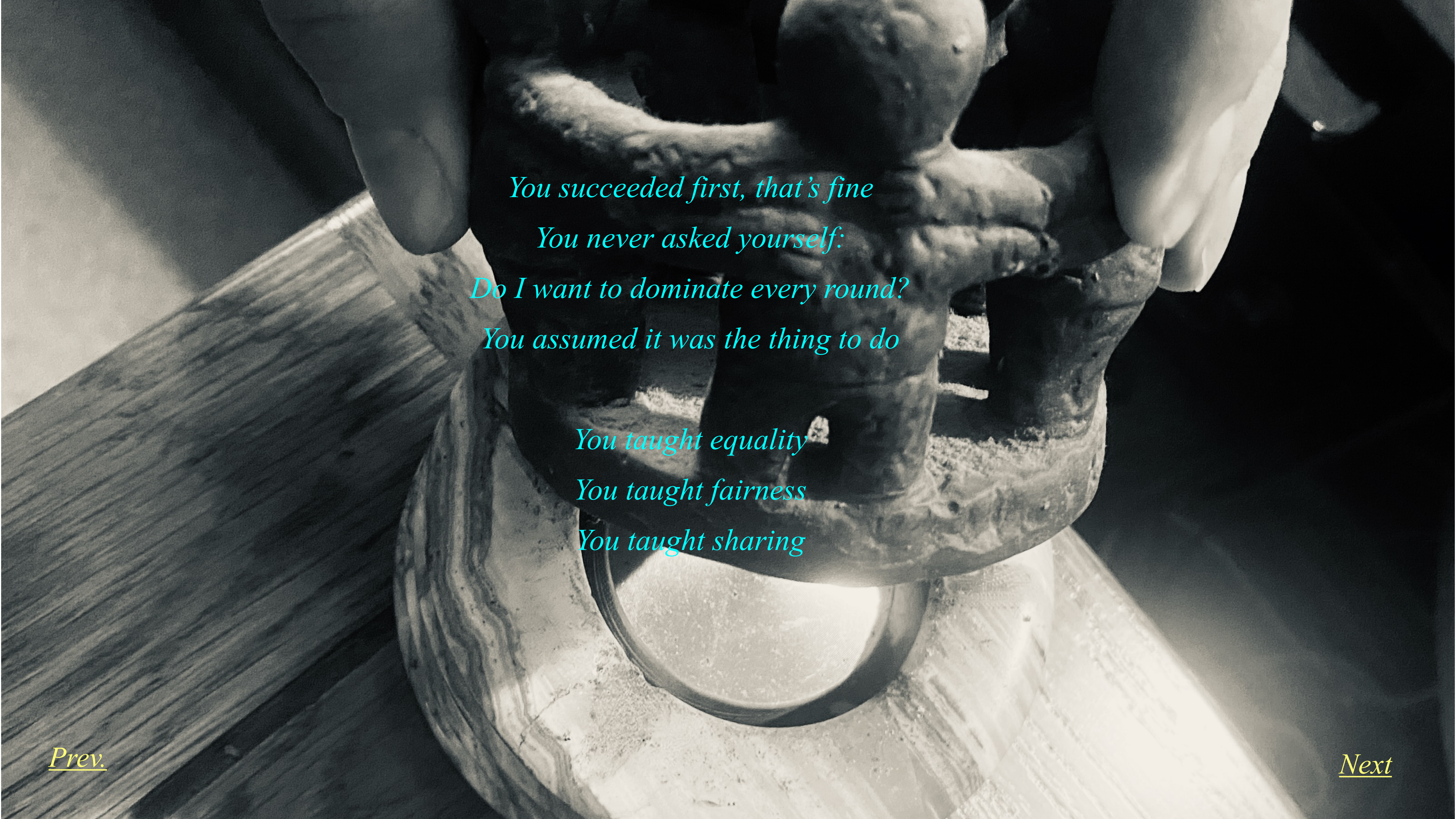
*So take a hit
Your pride isn't worth it
The heavy weight*

*If strength is key
Pass it on*

Let us take turns at 'immortality'

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*You succeeded first, that's fine
You never asked yourself:
Do I want to dominate every round?
You assumed it was the thing to do*

*You taught equality
You taught fairness
You taught sharing*

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*The corners you cut
Sold us short
Let us cut your corners
I promise we will be frugal
Is our promise no good anymore?*

Wasn't it you who said:

Do you promise?

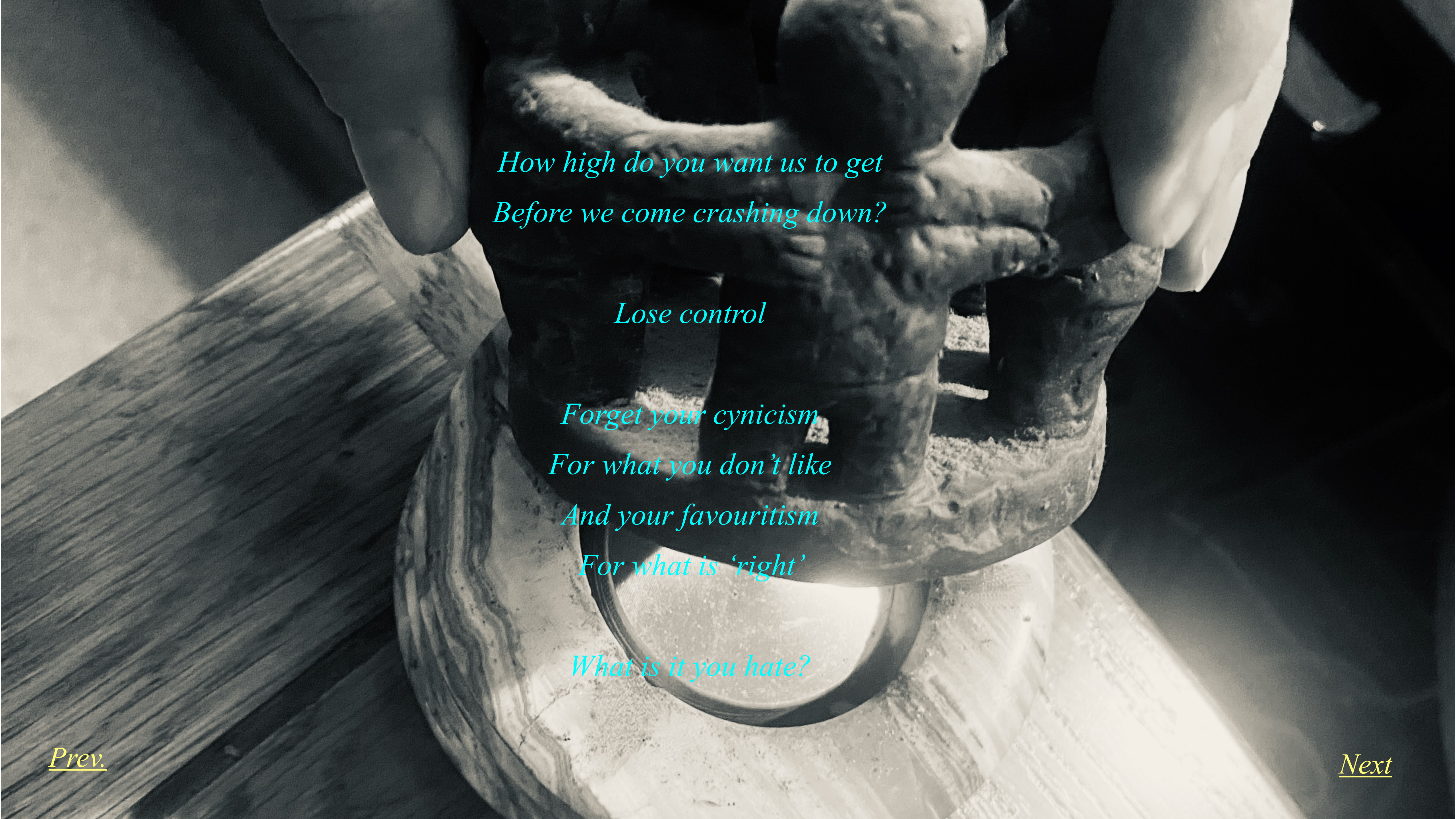
Do you promise?

Do you promise?

Over and over?

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*How high do you want us to get
Before we come crashing down?*

Lose control

*Forget your cynicism
For what you don't like
And your favouritism
For what is 'right'*

What is it you hate?

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Hypocrisy

And what you do behind closed doors

Is your own business!

Do I make you angry?

How much does it matter?

There, that much.

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Immediate Experience

Consciousness of internal emotional state is core to identity/being

Sensory awareness is foundational to experience

Visual field broadens and enlightens perspective

Olfactory sense gauges the state of the atmosphere

Audio clarifies tone and significance

Sense of touch merges with sensitivity to audiovisual vibration

Respiration relieves tension and revitalises physiology

Posture affects demeanour

Expression influences identity

Well...

The Screen

Take a Hit

Immediate Experience

