

a hypothetical course of events, part two

by inge hoonte

This article is about proposed explanations for observable phenomena.

For the 70's space jazz album, see [Hypothesis](#) (album).

For the ancient plot summary of a play, see [Hypothesis](#) (drama).

"[Hypothetical](#)" redirects here. For the 2001 progressive metal album, see [Hypothetical](#) (album).¹

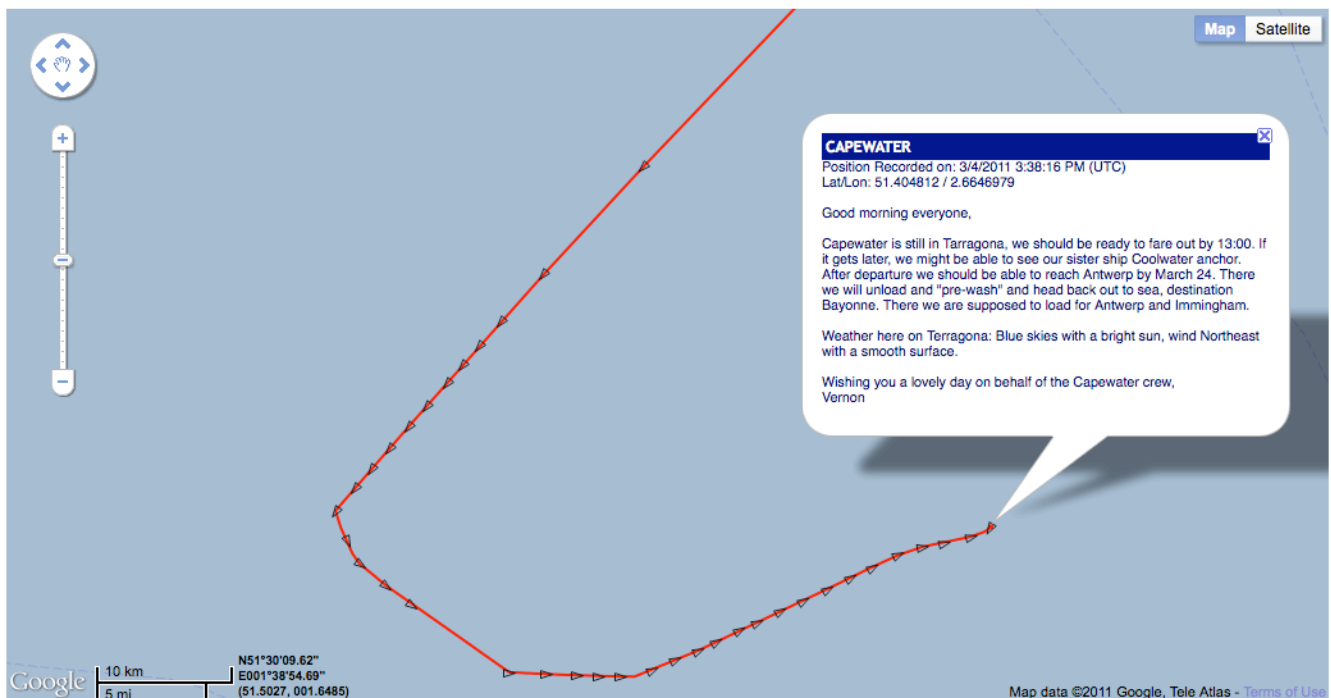


Image: Combining data from marinetraffic.com, and shipspotters.nl, I was able to connect a crew member's journal-type entry to the Dutch tanker Capewater that he works on. (Note this is a Fire Bug plugin, not a cgi script)

¹ Wikipedia, 2011

a story about small towns meeting in bigger towns

I approach the bus stop close to my sister's apartment in Utrecht² to start the journey back to Rotterdam. On the other side of the glass shelter approach an attractive blond girl and a guy with a slightly tanned face wearing a neon colored snowboard jacket. I immediately recognize his posture, those tightly wound shoulders, almost up to his ears. The smug face, that wry smile. I don't have to look him in the eyes to remember the hawk-like sharpness in them. It's been raining for days yet my feet come to a halt just outside of the glass shelter. A few seconds later I decide I can't let him still make me not walk somewhere, be somewhere, take the straight route home, and so I too find shelter in the booth.

I briefly glance over to confirm it's him. He doesn't seem to recognize me and I have no intention to reveal myself. What would I say anyway? "Hi, I forgot your name, and you might not remember me, but we're from the same town... You used to bike by my house late at night with your buddies, screaming out loud that I'm a mongoloid." Yeah I don't think so. I catch a few sentences of the conversation they start with an older woman who's waiting for the bus as well. I learn that sometimes the bus is not on time. Sometimes the new digital system that signals in exactly how many minutes the bus will come, displays incorrect data. Sometimes the bus doesn't come at all.

Across the street on the first floor, a man and a woman are eating lunch at a table in front of the window. They are both seated on the right side of the table, facing left, to where I faintly see a TV shimmering in the background. Attentively, distracted, they bite bread, nibble cheese, lick jelly, both eyes fixated on the screen. Outside, the digital display makes me hopeful: the bus is supposed to arrive in 0 minutes. The girl asks why he didn't put on his rain coat. He says he doesn't have one. His friend Leon grabbed me by the ankles once and held me upside down, threatening to drop me if I didn't confess that I stole someone's skateboard. Which I hadn't so I didn't. He dropped me anyway.

Now he has a girl who cares about whether he's protected or not.

Prior definition is inescapable, but constantly revisable.³

2 I was born in Utrecht 31 years ago. It was "the big city" while I attended high school some 40 kilometers south. With its adventurous canal and cave-like thrift store filled city center it provided an accessible alternative to Amsterdam, and a good enough excuse for skipping class every now and then. My dad was born in Utrecht as well and lived there with his parents until he married my mom when he was 31. For most of his twenties he lived a 10 minute bike ride away from where my sister currently lives. My dad's great grandfather is my great great grandfather and my grandfather's grandfather. Ordered by last name and heritage we are chronologically E.H. Hoonte, E.H. Hoonte, R. Hoonte, I. Hoonte, and W. Hoonte. Thereby I briefly excluded my mom and the maiden name she was born into, but it was actually her who tracked my grandfather's grandfather down in Utrecht's online city archive.

3 Quoted from J. Aaron Simmons' review of Judith Butler's *Giving an Account of Oneself*, *Journal for Cultural and Religious Theory*, Issue 7.2, Spring 2006, pp. 85-87



Image top: My grandfather's grandfather E.H. Hoonte, senior, standing in the store from which he sold office supplies at the Willemstraat 17, Utrecht. Source: Utrecht City Archive, taken appr. 1928-1932.
Image bottom: *Map*, Aram Barthol, 2006-2010. Public installation in Taipei, Berlin, and Szczecin, Poland, on the exact spot where Google Maps claims the respective city center to be.

a representation of *showing* by Jordan Crandall through an interpretation of Judith Butler's *Giving an Account of Oneself* (in a later version, I will also attempt to weave in Philip Agre's *writing and representation*)

In our cultural landscape of blogs, webcams, profiles, live journals, and lifecasting, the intimate lives of everyday people are on parade for all to see.⁴ One could say that a new⁵ culture of exposure and display is on the ascendance,

In many ways this culture would seem to be less a representational than a presentational one, where we are compelled to solicit the attention of others, act for unseen eyes,⁶

pervasive surveillance and tracking

7 , for within these presentational environments, performance and role-playing reign supreme. Individual identities become amorphous and amplified⁸ -- less reductive than excessive -- and new forms of subjectivity emerge.

self-display

cultures of *showing* as much as those of *watching*. Instead of a reliance on questions of spectatorship, representation, and scopical power, we are challenged to foreground those of performativity, affect, and display.

to incorporate authorial intent or originary motivation. For these new media phenomena are not only texts to be read⁹: they are solicitations, conductive excitations, embedded within networks of exchange. There are pleasures and affective stimulations that motivate these new acts of connection, sharing, and display, for all players on the circuits of production and reception,

4 [ADD] Review of *First-person hypertext*, an essay by Caitlin Fischer (PUBLIC 34, 2006), as well as the web-based hypernovella itself

5 New as in since the mid-nineties? Or is it a renewed interest in the voyeuristic, somewhat anonymous aspects of live broadcasting which is in the same line as the listeners and creators of the first radio talk shows, newspaper columns, Greek orators, all the way back to cave men drawing their prowls on walls, not knowing every single listener, reader or spectator in the audience?

6 [EDIT] Judith Butler argues in her book *Giving an Account of Oneself* (2006) that the basis for morality is not self-identity, but the exposure to others. ...sociality, as Butler demonstrates drawing upon the work of Adriana Cavarero, need neither be primarily conceived according to "the model of reciprocal recognition" (Hegel) nor the "view of life [that is] essentially bound up with destruction and suffering" (Nietzsche). Rather, selfhood is possible only as a *dispossession* from oneself in relation to the other. I am not my own and this fact is what lies behind the call to give an account of myself in the first place. "It is only in dispossession that I can and do give any account of myself," Butler writes. Constant critique... recognition have to constantly renegotiate and repeat. Butler's point here is remarkably profound in a world in which technology has made other people from around the world "present" in a seemingly immediate way. This immediacy, Butler reminds us, is always itself mediated by the social norms and linguistic frameworks in which we "see" the other person. Butler is not too far from Walter Lippmann's point that we do not first see and then define, but instead "we define first and then we see." Prior definition is inescapable, but constantly revisable.

7 echo nietzsche

echo hegel

echo adorno_foucault_levinas

8 Add Circus Side Show >> The Body on Display >> Exclusive otherness billed as attraction, entertainment. LIVE!

9 [ADD] Agre

including both displayer and watcher. Their texts must not only be decoded but their circuits traversed, in implicated ways that destabilize any one-way analysis and its deflections of investment.



Dreamers
By Hyunch Sung · 8 of 9

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In this photo: [Inge Hoonte](#) (photos | remove tag)

What did you dream last night?

Inge Hoonte: "we were in a car, driving through europe in a convertible. he hung flags out of the car toward the ceiling of some parking garage or downtown area we passed with the name of one of his former teams. i curled up in his lap and cuddled and do...zed off. we got to a high building and i had to be undercover cause i was sought by bad people so pretended to be someone else and ordered a coffee. i think i wore a glitter night gown. also., a scene in which i had to take a one-person elevator without casting by myself down the shaft of this high building, over 200 floors and i was too afraid to do it. when i got to the shaft this business suit guy just came off and untangled his laptop case from the elevator."

File: Dreamers by Hyunch Sung. Cyanotypes of dust from underneath people's beds. Cyanotypes were used to document specimens (biology, botany), and to create architectural blueprints. Exposure to sunlight embeds the image.

TO DO

either take up in essay or further investigate for practical project

* [Jeffrey Kluger on Simplicity](#)? -- is it more complex to observe people in a bookshop, day in day out, and recommend them something to buy based on what they look at, ponder over? Or the vast network of databases behind Amazon.com that recommend you a book to buy when you browse a few others?

* Linked by Albert Laszlo Barabasi & Nexus, Small Worlds and the Groundbreaking Theory of Networks, by Mark Buchanan -- Published around the same time, using similar and sometimes the same examples to get their point across. One chapter even has the same title. They both speak of 6 degrees of separation, each in their own words. Barabasi seems to connect his own findings and research in there more.

* whatever you say or write, it's never what you really want to say or write. We can never express ourselves spot on. We're all adrift.

* the movie Freak, made in 1932, about circus side show characters. Found an amazing website (phreeque.com, which seems to be down at the moment) with biographies and photos for a lot of people who worked in the entertainment industry most of their lives. It's a strange thought that that was a logical solution not so long ago.

BODY ON DISPLAY, spectacle -> body, desire, technology.

bodily vernacular vs narrative text

* disease, deformity, emotional crises, anxiety about changing times.

crocodile boy: exzema, psoriasis

* The obscene, gossip, myth.

* performative storytelling projects on boats: Swoon, Swimming Cities Project / Duke Riley, artist, patriot, water activist / Marie Lorenz, the tide and current taxi

* voyeurism vs exhibitionism vs pure data where question only links to answer, no outside links

* Monsters of the Deep -> Adriaen Coenen, Visboeck (1577)

* non-linearity -> Caitlin Fischer, hypernovella -> anecdotal computational structure -> Agre

* linking seemingly unrelated events / people / places

* hubs -> nodes that have more links. people are hubs. places are hubs. websites are hubs.

* yearning to connect, inability to connect. fear of being together, fear of being alone.

* sampling, reconstructing reality, replace structure

* personal encounters, reports, journals (sea voyage diaries)

* we're thumbnails, pixels, status updates, tweets, texts, coordinates -> abstractions / reductions.

* geotagging + Michelle Teran