



the Egyptian loaf

far off the Phoenician mark

is still edible now

CHANGMING YUAN

TAGGED

ARTIST'S STATEMENT

In the past few years, I've been working with a Raymond Pettibon drawing, a square of bright, lifesize male genitals, to create portraits of a wide variety of men—filmmakers, poets, musicians, artists, curators, even an academic or two. The work in *Tagged* investigates masculinity and reveals it to be primarily a product of overdetermination, something socially constructed as important but in practice, maybe not so much. My models are showing it off, forgetting about it, mangling or distorting it, leaving it behind in the shower, upset about it, dreaming without it; the pictures are variously bleak, comic, angsty, charming, surrealist, and community-oriented. The project is both a diary of my life from month to month, of the men I can talk out of their pants, and a memoir of my life as a gay male subject driven by his genitals' commands, and now in middle age I wonder why and how all of this occurred.

KEVIN KILLIAN

SEE: TAGGED IN COLOR ART

TECHNOPOEIA

technopoeia (Gr *techne*, art, craft + Gr *poiein*, to make or create) — the poetic, visionary side of technology as a form of creativity, as a transformation of the world by laws of harmony and beauty.

Bridges spanning rivers like man-made rainbows; skyscrapers gleaming in a blue haze; virtual worlds bringing the freedom of fantasy and transformation — all this is **technopoeia**. Technology is every bit as metaphoric and symbolic as poetry, it just expresses its energy not verbally but in form of poetically transformed matter where each element plays with nature, defying gravity and physical constraints.

Using scientific instruments and communication facilities, **technopoeia** lets us see the invisible, hear the inaudible, speak in tongues, bring our word to every corner of the universe, and burst open the vast horizons of land and skies. **Technopoeia** expands the scope of poetry through engineering.

MIKHAIL EPSTEIN

SEE: ELASTICITY, EMAIL, ENCYCLOPEDIA, FILM, FIREWORKS, FUTURE

TELEVISION

Retro as a golden age, each episode a golden egg in a baker's dozen of horror and ideology, a carton of bearable fantasies, intervals, containers of time, reprieves from the burdensome flesh duration, that will always, so predictably, end in our death. Instead we reincarnate for the next season.

MIRANDA MELLIS