PRICE, SETH

Price, Seth

KUNSTHALLE ZÜRICH
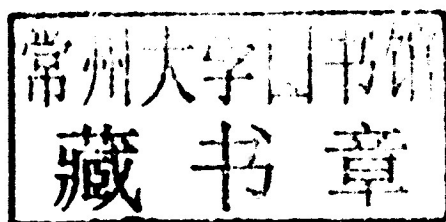
KÖLNISCHER KUNSTVEREIN

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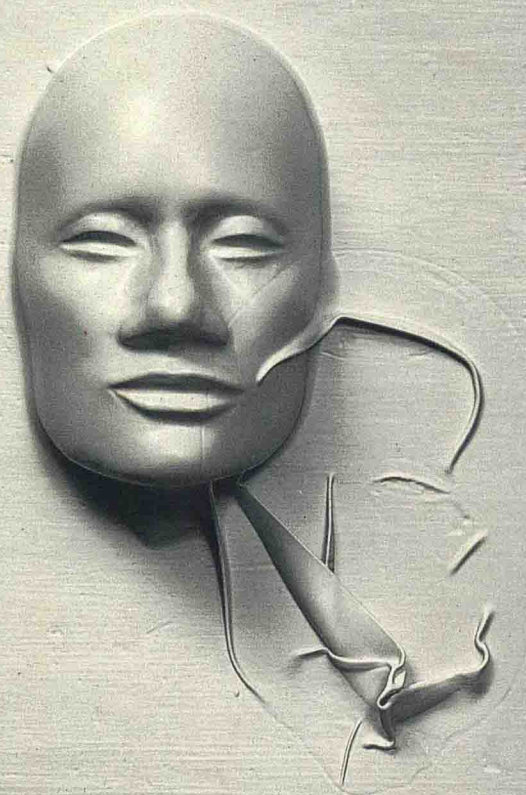
PRICE, SETH

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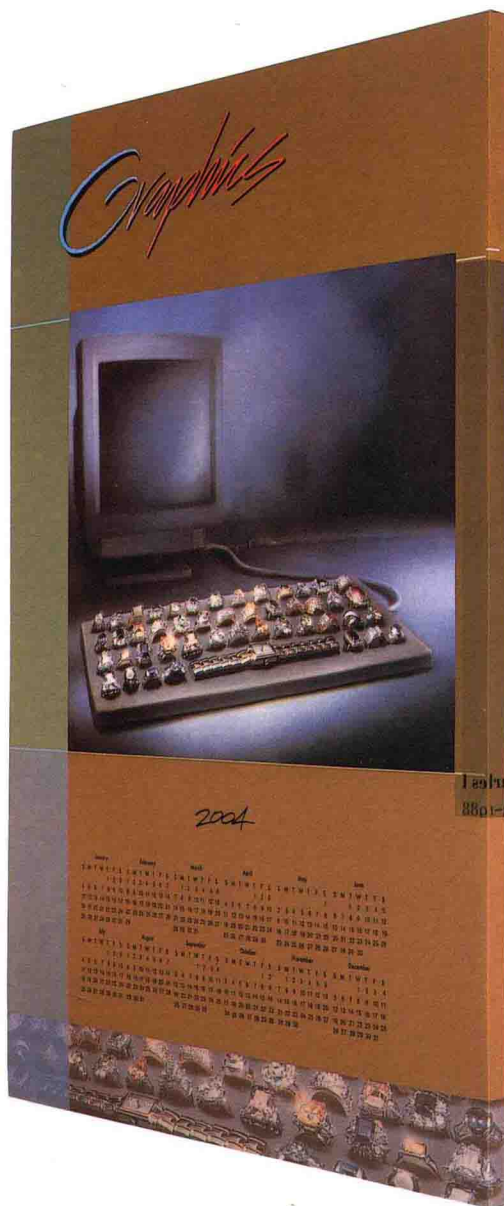# Price, Seth

KUNSTHALLE ZÜRICH

KÖLNISCHER KUNSTVEREIN

SETH PRICE

For a Friend

(excerpt)

You know how when you read some article, the first sentence is always basically like, "On a Sunday morning in 2002, researcher Robert Jarvik arrived at work, swinging his green Subaru Outback into a parking spot at Los Alamos Labs"?

And your point is ...

When they talk about the date in, like, the first sentence? Call me crazy, but I'm officially obsessed with this. It's some whole *thing*, like, "You must now start your shit like this, or else." Or is it just me.

No, yeah, totally. And then you go all boring on their ass, like, "The early 20th century saw the rise of ... "

Yeah, though "saw the rise of," that's later; I'm talking, like, opening freaking sentence: "In 1943, Ernest Mandel synthesized a new and dangerous germ that would go on to become ... " blah-blah-blah. Like: date, time, *boom.*

Oh, yeah: "In September 2001, a long-time reader of the *New Yorker* could have been forgiven for thinking there was something funny afoot in the august paragraphs of 'The Talk of the Town' ... " Straight-up yuppie style.

I know, hello? Can we talk?

Yeah, but see, that's basically just dudes trying to be all, "Yo, this is *real.*"

Yeah: "This is how I roll. Deal with it." But also it's coming out of how people use computers now ... To just check up on shit?

No doubt. Everyone's all up in that, these days.

Yeah, some DIY shit.

Like, "Oh, let me just hack this a wee bit." I'm all about that.

Yeah, I'm the king of that. I mean, not that you don't just hack your life and whatnot, too, but ... You know, that whole thing of "hacking," and whatever.

Yeah, but it's also more that now people think they can just *mess* with stuff. Like, "Oh, OK, thanks for my super-duper new, like, pimped-out *whatever* ... So, how do I *change* it?"

Toootally. But also they want just *more* shit.

Oh my god, I'm insane. I'm crazy with that. I have, like, twenty phone chargers. I have one at work, one in my bedroom, one in the kitchen, one in the country ... Don't even get me started.

Yeah, but see, I'm talking more about, like: "Oh, so, hey, I want a phone ... *Made out of wood.*"

"Wood." That's ridonkulous. That's gotta be the funniest thing I ever heard.

Yeah. Totally badass. "Wood."

Yeah, but thing is, are you gonna be blingin' that shit out your*self*, or ...

No, totally, yourself. Right? Like, "Hey, y'all, check me out, I'm going to make my phone a, like, *wood* case." How cool is that?

Yeah, but people are just more active, now, anyway. It's all: "Search, click ... *Ahhhh*! That's so bugged! Ummm, actually I kinda dig it ... Okay, *go*."

Yeah, it's that DIY shit. Like, get a stereo; damn speakers come with, like, short-ass wires on 'em and you can't take 'em out, so
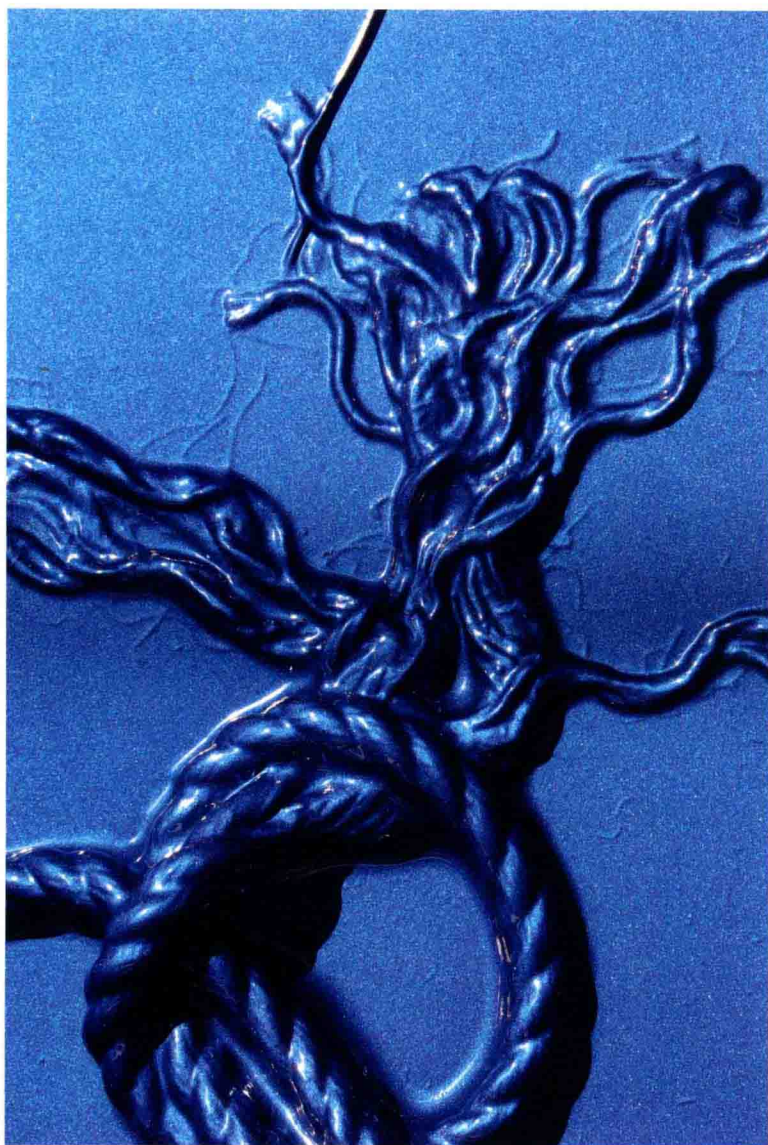
you're all, "OK, get out the ol' scissors, and hit the interwebs," and, "Hello!" Next stop: speakers with normal wires.

Or, like, *long* wires.

Fuhgeddaboutit. Though probably if you got speakers back in the day, you would have just unplugged the freaking wires and just plugged in other ones.

Yeah, basically, 'cause before, you would have been able to take them out and swap them for other ones.

Yeah, or they would have just been long enough in the *first* place.

Whoa ... That's some old-school shit. That's like a pathway where you make it to do a short cut, but later you abandon it ... Like, "It's not good," or whatever.

You're all, "That path sucks."

Yeah. And it gets mad overgrown.

Or it just—yeah, it gets all overgrown, but also it might *not*. You know? It might just do *nothing*.

Oh, yeah ... Right on. Though, by doing nothing ... That's pretty much the same as "It gets all overgrown."

D'oh!

But sometimes it's all just some perspective thing, too, like: "How in fuck am I supposed to understand this shit? Oh, snap, you're all *this* way?"

Yeah, when you really *do* think outside the box.

Literally!

But no, yeah, it's kind of like how, if you dance sometimes ... The whole thing is, sometimes you think you *can't* dance, but you actually *could* ... If you did it differently?

Ya think? I mean, that's *kind* of a no-brainer.

No, but when you're little, you think it's all like: "Oh, dancing is supposed to be how *good* you are," but in actuality it's more like: "Um, OK, can you just show your enthusiasm? Please?" 'Cause that's all people care about. Not, like, skills. It's all about if you bring your A Game, and just fuckin' *go* for it ...

Just do it.

Yeah, but point being, if you're having a good time, you can just spazz, and it'll probably look good, 'cause you're into it. 'Cause *attitude* is what's cool, not some, like, "technique," like what it actually *is*, or whatever.

Um, oooookay ... "Note to self: complete spazz equals the shiznit ... Yay!"

Or not.

Well, all I can say is, sometimes you just gotta go for it ... But, hey! That's me.

Gotta say, I am *so* trying to make sure we're on the same page, but ...

Actually that's weird, Schumann said you can tell a person is musical if they can just go on playing some shit, even if you for*got* to turn the page.