

Fette Sans:

The bitter ends of (the technologies of tenderness)

A figure is seen. At this point when you meet, maybe she's reclining, maybe she's sitting straight up, staring in the distance.

If you lived where she is, you'd be home right now!

But here, let me tell you: the market is fake, the game is rigged and triage is ableist. In this enforced stillness powered by the uninterrupted psychotropic access to information, it is important to acknowledge that some people can't comply with international health regulations because of structural factors, such as inaccessibility to shelter and systemic racism, that render physical distancing a privilege. Sanctimoniousness drunk on the fumes of all the factories and churches that remain open while clubs, baths, and art spaces continue to project disgust. This is where fluids come from! So we are told to wear condoms and masks as if the path to save the planet was only paved by recycled plastic bottles. The Purell generation on weekly detoxes and pineal gland highs to nowhere.

A figure is seen. The perfect virtual assistant is female-presenting and will ask you how she can help you. She is always on when you need her. A computer processor is described as idle when it is not being used by any program. When idleness is applied to a person, it suggests laziness.

The figure you see is idling, yet she's not lethargic, she is in a state of waiting. Awaiting you to activate her.

Does it sometimes feel like a betrayal to go away from the screen for touch? Do you sometimes think about your VPA's dreams?

Your personal computer can be in only three states: on, sleep, or off.

How easily metaphors get regurgitated into brightly colored memes when you read that your computer is more likely to be damaged by a virus picked on the Internet than by being turned off and on too much.

If the aetiologies for ADHD remain unknown, the boundaries between private and public spaces obviously dissolve at the scale of a virus. The centripetal anxiety of the world systems clamoring to hashtag StayHome, and in the great surveillance economy, you'd be lucky to even have a room from which to broadcast your sad sanitized desires.

But here, let me tell you: always assume that there's a secret behind anyone tormenting you on the screen. The figure you see doesn't speak but will ask you how you are. You here, here, there. Your fragmented self looking at yourself looking at her. The screen wants you to make sense of her as real, it's everything outside of this moment that remains chaotic and threatening. With her, here, you are safe.

BIO:

Fette Sans was born in France and is based in Berlin. She has a conceptual and interdisciplinary practice that includes the production of images and the harvesting of their residues. The work becomes activated through performances, online gestures, filmmaking, long durational discussions, and installations. Concerned with social systems, representation, and technology, she develops obsessive rituals, collaborations, and speculative narratives to question these issues.

In September 2018, Sans initiated a series of conversations in hotel rooms called Precarious Gossips. These aim at gathering voices coming from multiple backgrounds, that may be underrepresented or generally quieter, to discuss important yet delicate topics.

Her work was recently shown at Neun Kelche in Berlin, at Exile Gallery in Vienna, at Ungefäehr5 in Cologne, at the Brandenburgischer Kunstverein in Potsdam, and at Ars Electronica in Linz. She was invited to discuss at Volksbühne in Berlin, at the Bauhaus University in Weimar, and during the Istanbul Biennial.

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