

The Hive Mind

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Curated by Ella Fleck and Tabitha Steinberg

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The Koppel Project Hive

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Hive mind(noun)

1. A notional entity consisting of a large number of people who share their knowledge or opinions with one another, regarded as producing either uncritical conformity or collective intelligence.
2. (in science fiction) a unified consciousness or intelligence formed by a number of alien individuals, the resulting consciousness typically exerting control over its constituent members.

Turning the hypothetical notion of a hive mind into a functioning organism, *The Hive Mind* is a performative installation exhibit in which artworks are curated as points in a nonlinear narrative scene. Staging a connectivity between its objects and environment, the exhibition presents a netherworld of dysfunctional apparatus and dodgy hybrids. *The Hive Mind* brings together artists whose work examines ideas of the system and network or resist any such categorisation.

Exhibition text by Ella Fleck and Tabitha Steinberg.

A long time of fruitful inactivity has passed.

In the gross place, the schizo-nest of satisfaction, I am a swarm of positive vibes. Where our individual liberalism bubbled over and folded into itself, we coalesced into me. We tripped together through an unintelligible lattice until we became stuck in a gestalt-elect. It singed our crowns together but we did not wince. Instead, we bounced facsimiles of one idea off each other's backs – looping, infinitely. Backs joined ass cracks and ass cracks joined impressions. Impressions were impressed and impressed back into our backs. It was a net of fatty acids and wax esters. We traced all possible thoughts from this plane to that plane to his plane and her plane, until it was our plane, my plane. Our frayed wires crossed

A short time of fruitless inactivity has passed.

and a tip was not afraid to touch a tip. Where once a hole might have formed, it now serves satisfactorily as a loop. Where once we might have found fault, we now enjoy as healthy paradox.

Fear of loneliness has bred co-dependence and co-dependence has spawned empty sympathy. If awkwardness is felt by one, it flickers through us all. Self-diagnosis is replicated regularly but self-help is close to impossible. If a virus breaks out in the North, a strain will spread to the South. If we want a product in the left, we will consume it twice as fast in the right. Our decisions are in stasis and our quarrels are talked through for months. Bureaucrati-neuroticysts are everywhere but can only debate lackluster solutions. If

A reasonable time of fruitless activity has passed.

chains are found in knots, Untanglers can only descend into chaos. Cables grow longer from their sockets and lo-res points of view cause stiff necks.

We're syncing up. We're loading our memories into one drive, merging layers and compressing. We are clearing our caches. Files that aren't needed will be deleted and damaged works have been destroyed. If a file cannot fit with one, we can now store it with another. If a shared file is deemed inappropriate, a chorus of "Yours!" will ensue. If an idea is denounced by one, it will soon be denounced by all. Platelets are covering up leaks and platforms are beginning to plateau. No platform is left unobserved. No platforming is practiced daily. Continuity is creating

stability and circularity is ensuring synchronicity.

An unknown time of fruitful activity has passed.

Now, I am co-working. I know how to filter my channels. My live feed is immaculate. My synapses are snapping in 4k. My attitude is fixed and agreeable. I am my own circulatory system and my own best friend.