



NS001
'NORMAL LIKE A GLITCH'

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N O R M A L S

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She was being taken apart right in front of me. The printers were erasing the walls she was bound to, replacing them with the latest trend of absurdities for a young man named L&EDD, who had recently taken a liking to our locale. The return of the walls to their molecular state, and their recycling into a shiny new structure that didn't seem to belong here, contaminated everyone around with solemnness. The most dedicated followers had decided to gather one last time to see their beloved icon sink into oblivion, and were now crying and moaning in a childish yet terrifying display of anger, sadness and lack of understanding. A

woman had earlier attempted to interact with the new occupant, begging him to leave these few walls untouched, but he pretended the design didn't allow for such obstruction. Of course he too knew the icon hadn't manifested for a while, but it seemed nothing at this point could hinder another wave of urban renewal.

It began as a joke. Someone had set up a huge and static augmented representation of an old woman, poorly modeled, on purpose maybe or out of plain negligence. It was supposed to look as if she laughingly pointed her finger at the passers-by and I must admit the effect would have been majestic if only some attention had been paid to getting the proportions right or making her expression humanely relatable. To the masses, she was nothing but an uninteresting and hardly noticeable piece of digital junk that stood there, unimportant, with no story, no meaning, no purpose. Abandoned to her own sad fate.

Until she came to life. Perhaps it was only a bug, a collision issue with other polygons, but when you looked at her face from the corner of your eye you could see weird particle beams strobe out of her empty orbits, conferring her a disturbing gaze that seemed to follow you. Watch you. Quietly judge you. She quickly became a curiosity, and curiosity turned into meme, and meme became superstition. Where skeptics would see a simple machine error in the phenomenon, most people had their own mystical interpretation of the glitch, while others only followed for the thrill of participating in the global excitement. Men, women and children came from all over the Culture to see the glitch. Lovers would kiss under her eyes, frenz would come here to meet and chat, while the most inspired ones would add a personal touch around her to manifest their adoration. It wasn't the image that mattered, nor

was it the glitch. It was all about the shrine this place had become. All the good memories associated with it. But as time passed, it blew out of proportions. Farfetched theories started circulating, giving life and meaning to her polygonal existence: the icon had proven sacred in the collective mind. Some mishap in the shape generation engine had triggered tremendous changes in the way people saw their environment, making her a symbol for new age beliefs, while her preservation had become such a hot topic in the Stream that people who tried to settle here were all discouraged by the complexity of the process.

And then one day, with no warning whatsoever, she stopped glitching. I like to think she got tired of her imperfection being the only thing making her worth looking at, but no one really knows what happened. It might seem ridiculous now, but many frenz felt like losing something that day. Something meaningful to them. She was a part of their life, of their daily load of self-made cults. Not to mention the feeling of loneliness all the activists who had been fighting for her felt when she stopped looking at them.

It didn't take long before global opinion converged on the fact the icon could just vanish - the treasured memories of a few emotional souls were not enough to distract most frenz from seeing her as a pure waste of space disturbing the balance of the city scape. The destruction had been delayed for too long anyway, and the topic had become a mere murmur in the Stream, so when l<EDD decided to move in here his request was accepted. Even if it wasn't going to help with his integration to the locale, he ignored the rare fanatics who tried to defend their augmented goddess and went on with his plan. There was no place for old beliefs in his conception of architecture.

A few admirers who happened to be in the area stopped by to bid farewell to their icon before her deletion from the augmented realm. You could tell they secretly hoped for one last glitch. But nothing happened. And as l<EDD entered his freshly printed home for the first time, they all went separate ways, looking for new icons to worship.

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'N O R M A L S' IS AN INDEPENDENT CREATIVE
GROUP DEVOTED TO THE PRACTICE OF 'ANTICI-
PATION'. AS OF FEBRUARY 2012, THE GROUP
SPAWNS ORIGINAL CROSS-MEDIA PROJECTS CON-
FRONTING DESIGN, PROGRAMMING AND WRITING TO
FUTURE SCENARIOS.