

# laramzp

23 WORKS · 5 YEARS

---

[laramzp@icloud.com](mailto:laramzp@icloud.com)

[laramzp.com](http://laramzp.com)

[instagram.com/laramzp](https://www.instagram.com/laramzp)

[substack.com/@laramzp](https://substack.com/@laramzp)

## ABOUT

Laramzp is an artist working across installation, video, objects, net-art and writing. This booklet collects 23 selected works from 2022 to 2026.

## CONTACT

[laramzp@icloud.com](mailto:laramzp@icloud.com)  
[laramzp.com](http://laramzp.com)  
[instagram.com/laramzp](https://www.instagram.com/laramzp)  
[substack.com/@laramzp](https://substack.com/@laramzp)

## TAGS

#installation · #video art · #object ·  
#poetry · #visuals · #netart · #video ·  
#writing · #Instagram · #archive ·  
#desktop · #digitalhauntology ·  
#experimental film · #index · #kinder  
surprise egg · #magick · #new age ·  
#oracle · #performance · #platformart ·  
#ritual · #script · #spiritualism ·  
#stills · #unboxing · #videoart · #zine

2026	This Will Be iPhone In 2012 (2026)	2024	Rendering Eden: A Body in Suspension
	#object		#visuals
2026	Good Category 001-010 (2026)	2024	# guardian...angel<3 (2024)
	#zine · #poetry · #writing		#netart
2026	How The Surge In AI Accidentally Caused An Entire Neighbourhood To Go Abandoned (2026)	2024	Overgrowing Technology (2024) – triple
	#installation · #object		#Installation · #video art
2026	DJT (2026)	2024	Sin Tax (2025)
	#archive		#installation
2025	Post-spam (2025)	2023	Untitled (2024)
	#object · #installation		#video art
2025	data.local (2025)	2025	absenceisseeingtheskeleton.com (2025)
	#poetry · #writing · #performance		#netart
2025	Overgrowing Technology (2025)	2023	UNBOXING 42 KINDER SURPRISE EGGS TO REVEAL THE TRUTH ABOUT LIFE AND THE UNIVERSE (2024)
	#visuals		#video · #video art
2025	Cyberdelirium (2025) –single	2023	A Ghost in the Codec (2023)
	#installation · #netart		#visuals
2025	STOMACH TO SKY (2025)	2023	Overgrowing Technology (2023/24)
	#poetry · #desktop		#installation
2024	Body as Residue, Landscape as Interface (2023)	2023	Graveyard (2023)
	#video · #videoart		#object

2026

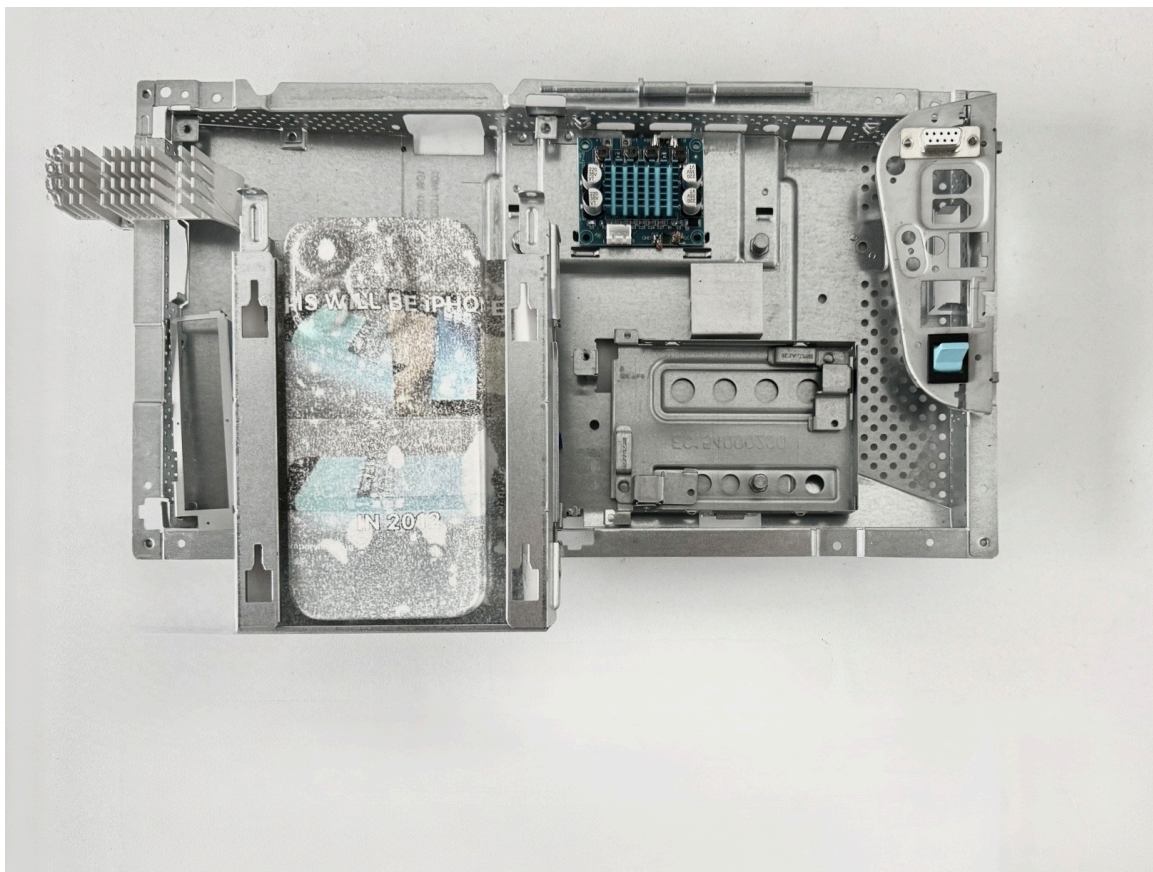
---

This Will Be iPhone In 2012 (2026)

Good Category 001-010 (2026)

How The Surge In AI Accidentally Caused An Entire Neighbourhood To Go Abandoned (2026)

DJT (2026)

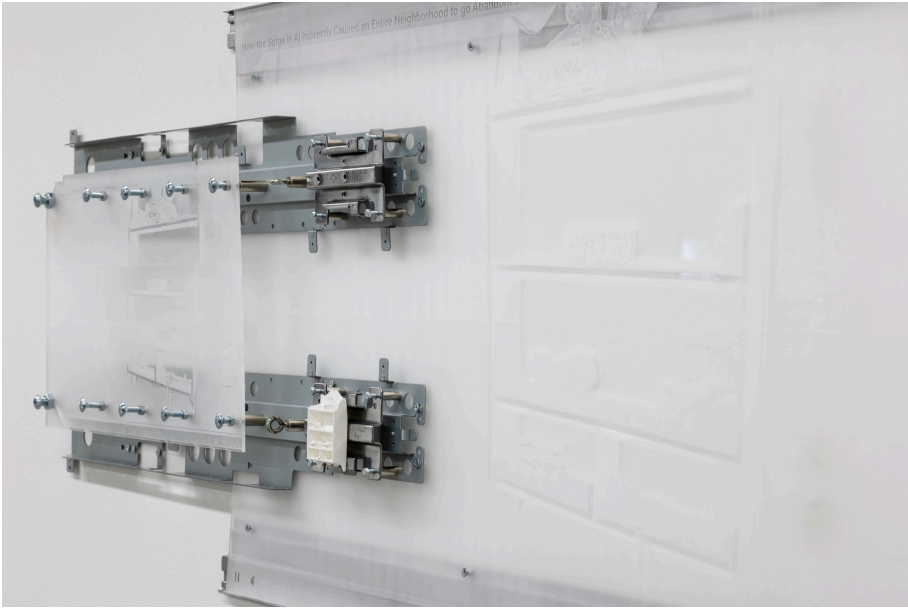
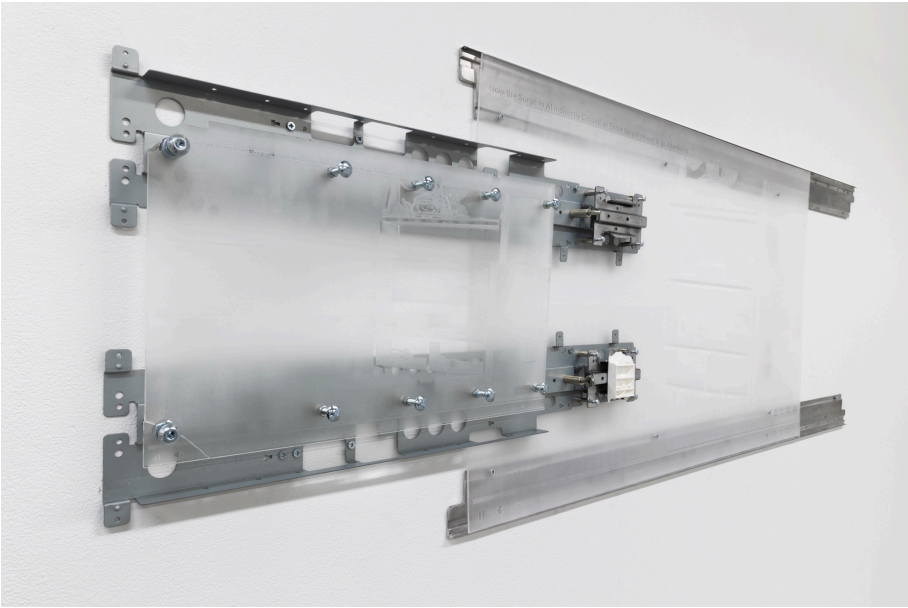
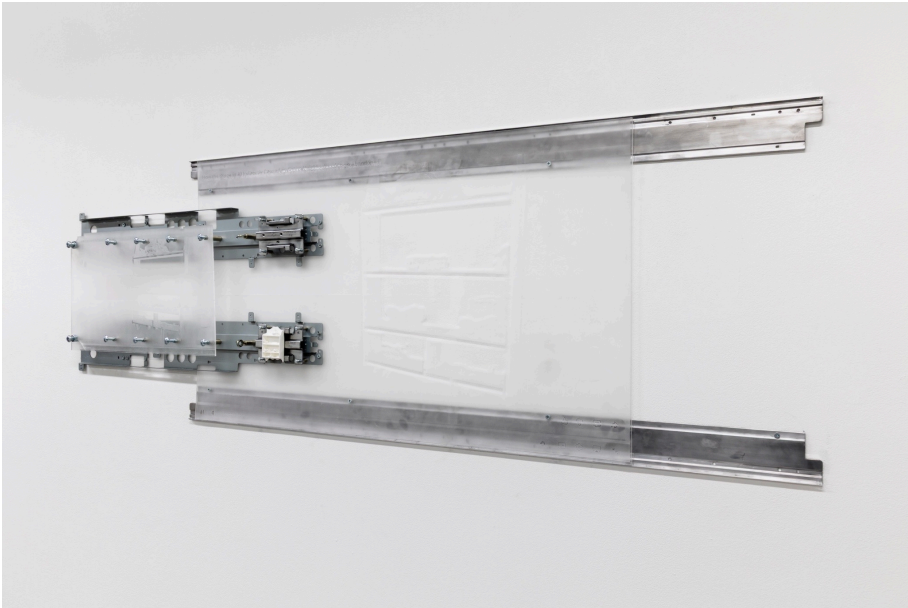
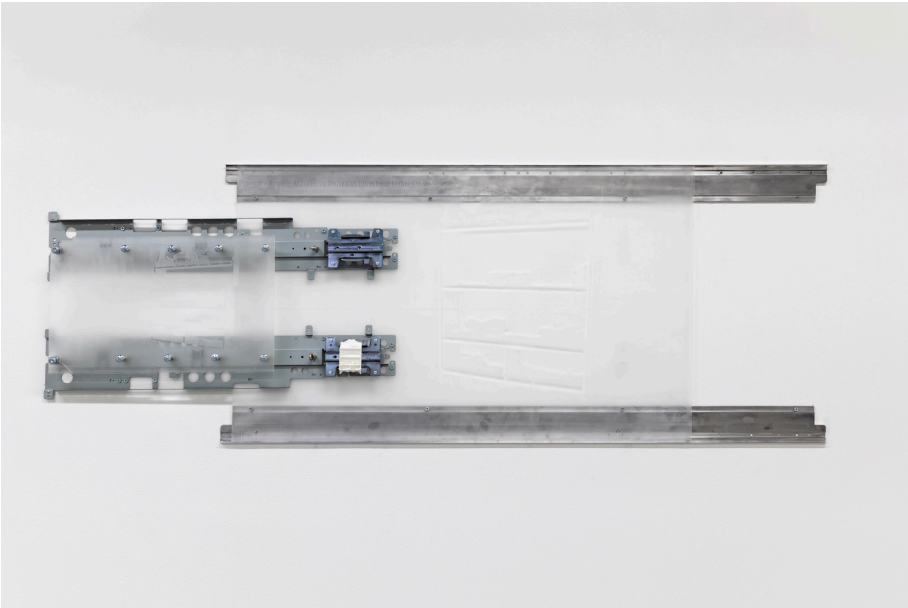


mixed media wall object - pvc, acetone print,  
components sourced from different computers

30x17cm



# How The Surge In AI Accidentally Caused An Entire Neighbourhood To Go Abandoned (2026)



# How The Surge In AI Accidentally Caused An Entire Neighbourhood To Go Abandoned (2026)

---

2026 #INSTALLATION · #OBJECT

Mixed-media wall installation – acrylic, aluminum, steel, 3D print

The neighborhood known as the Roppolo subdivision in Elk Grove Village, Illinois, existed in its abandoned state for approximately four months. Long enough to be filmed, photographed, uploaded and then demolished to make way for data center infrastructure. Investigating that narrow interval between inhabitation and erasure, How The Surge In AI Accidentally Caused An Entire Neighbourhood To Go Abandoned traces the residue left behind when domestic space is reclassified as infrastructure.

The work takes as its source a screenshot from a YouTube documentary, uploaded by the urban explorer Channel Stringer Media in January 2024, only weeks before demolition began.

Mounted on an aluminum rail with salvaged steel hardware, the acrylic panel holds the ghost of the interface the way the interface once held the image. The layered panels and overlapping components accumulate on the wall in a formation that recalls a desktop mid-session, inheriting the interface's logic. The screen is understood here as a viewport of sorts, a bounded region of visibility into a process running elsewhere, in background threads the user never sees.

The work inverts this viewpoint, as fragments of the screen's interior have been foregrounded, while the viewport itself has gone opaque. We are looking at the back end of seeing, left with the residue of both the space and the image.

From: ALERT FROM TEAM TRUMP contact@win.donaldtrump.com  
Subject: You've been warned  
Date: 8 Mar 2026 at 21:09:50  
To: Friend Of Team Trump trumpsupporters@gmail.com



**NEVER.**  
**NEVER.**

**SEVENTY-FOUR times!**

President Trump made it clear 74 times that Iran can NEVER have a Nuclear weapon.

He warned them again and again.

"After Midnight Hammer, they were warned to make no future attempts to rebuild their weapons program, and in particular nuclear weapons, yet they continue. They're starting it all over... One thing is certain: I will never allow the world's number one sponsor of terror, which they are by far, to have a nuclear weapon."

From: President Trump contact@win.donaldtrump.com  
Subject: I'm drinking a Trump diet soda!  
Date: 23 Feb 2026 at 00:36:56  
To: Friend Of Team Trump trumpsupporters@gmail.com

I was thousands of miles in the air. Drinking a Trump diet soda. And all I could think about was...

**YOU!**

It's Trump here. And we've just run into a problem...



YOU were the one that stood by my side through all the witch hunts.

YOU played a critical role in my massive landslide win in November 2024.

YOU joined my team of 2025 Trump Cabinet Members and your advice helped me get through some very sticky situations.

From: EMAIL FROM TEAM TRUMP contact@win.donaldtrump.com  
Subject: I wanted to call you but I couldn't  
Date: 19 Feb 2026 at 22:36:22  
To: Friend Of Team Trump trumpsupporters@gmail.com



Friend,

I was sipping on a Trump Diet Soda, as I was looking through my supporter file. YOUR PHONE NUMBER IS MISSING!

I wanted to call you but I couldn't.

I wanted to send you a text but I couldn't.

Luckily your email address was present, but I usually don't have time to email. After all, I am running the country.

If it isn't too much trouble, will you confirm your number here before I finish my diet Trump Soda. HURRY, HURRY HURRY, there's only a few slots left! >

[ CONFIRM PHONE NUMBER ]

Don't worry, I'll only send you the most important messages.

From: Donald J. Trump contact@win.donaldtrump.com  
Subject: This is your final warning!  
Date: 23 Feb 2026 at 21:44:37  
To: Friend Of Team Trump trumpsupporters@gmail.com



**I AM DONALD TRUMP,**

Friend, I tried to upgrade you to first class but you never responded.

10 minutes left to accept your First Class MAGA Status. >>>

[VIEW INCREDIBLE OFFER](#)

From: POTUS - Donald J. Trump contact@win.donaldtrump.com  
Subject: It's President Trump reaching out.  
Date: 25 Feb 2026 at 03:26:47  
To: Friend Of Team Trump trumpsupporters@gmail.com



**Forget the middle man.**

I wanted you to hear this DIRECTLY from me!

**RESPOND TO TRUMP**

Thanks to YOU, a year ago I was inaugurated as the 47th President of the United States.

We've done SO much, and it's truly been a HELL OF A RIDE.

Our border is SHUT, gas prices have hit a FIVE-YEAR LOW, inflation is UNDER CONTROL, the economy is BLOOMING, and the USA is truly RESPECTED again.

The Democrats CANT STAND that the American people are

From: Doctor Donald J. Trump contact@win.donaldtrump.com  
Subject: Your membership is on LIFE SUPPORT! PLEASE renew ASAP  
Date: 21 Feb 2026 at 21:06:54  
To: Friend Of Team Trump trumpsupporters@gmail.com

**This is Doctor Donald J. Trump.**

I've come to save the day!

**READ MEMO:**



You might not have noticed but your Trump Sustaining Membership is on LIFE SUPPORT! PLEASE renew ASAP before it is too late:

**RENEW TRUMP SUSTAINING MEMBERSHIP**

Once it's gone, it's gone forever.

From: Time-sensitive Trump contact@win.donaldtrump.com  
Subject: Your membership is on its last leg.  
Date: 23 Feb 2026 at 20:17:15  
To: Friend Of Team Trump trumpsupporters@gmail.com



Tick. Tick. TICK

That's the sound of your Trump Membership on its last leg.

[DJT: Friend, I love you. Please, beat my urgent deadline >](#)

**RENEW TRUMP MEMBERSHIP**

-DJT

**RENEW TRUMP MEMBERSHIP**

From: President Trump contact@win.donaldtrump.com  
Subject: I've been trying to call you all day!  
Date: 20 Feb 2026 at 22:28:11  
To: Friend Of Team Trump trumpsupporters@gmail.com



**(1) MISSED CALL FROM PRESIDENT TRUMP**

Friend it's me, Trump. I've BEEN TRYING TO CALL YOU ALL DAY!

You really do not want to miss this message

[View Trump's Message](#)

Friend I'm not sure why, but my calls to you are not going through. Normally, I would move on, but since you are one of my most loyal supporters, I had to make sure you see that.

You have the opportunity to gain access to the new exclusive perks

From: From President Trump contact@win.donaldtrump.com  
Subject: I saved YOU a spot right next to me!  
Date: 17 Feb 2026 at 20:06:29  
To: Friend Of Team Trump trumpsupporters@gmail.com



I had a critical meeting with my Trump Advisory Board.

Your seat was there.

But it was empty.

**READ TRUMP MEMO:**

I saved YOU a spot right next to me because last year, you weren't just on the roster. You were one of the most active participants on my board. Tremendous work.

[DJT](#)

Hello! ... I saved YOU a spot right next to me! ... Dear Friend, ... Do you still believe in MAGA? ... I've been trying to call you all day! ... I wanted to call you but I couldn't... ... Friend, are you STILL with me? ... Please have faith in me! ... Good Morning! Good Afternoon! Goodnight, it's Trump! ... Goodnight! ... Goodnight!! ... Your membership is on its last leg... ... Your membership is on life support! ... This is your final warning! ... You've been warned! ... Bad news!!!

DJT is an ongoing archive of unsolicited campaign emails from Donald Trump's fundraising infrastructure. Collected

since November 2025, the project treats political spam as a form of automated intimacy that creates a one-sided relationship between a machine and its addressee. The emails perform urgency, care, disappointment, and threat in cycles designed to extract both money and emotional response, while mimicking the visual style of memes. By archiving and presenting this material as a corpus, I want to make visible the narrative architecture of automated political communication: who is speaking, to whom, and why it feels like communicating with ghosts. This archive is still a work-in-progress, raw material. I am still waiting for the day the work can find its form.

# 2025



Melding van je pakketbezorging ID #90905829 - 623 ?

**DHL** EXPRESS

Traceercode **53407686537720** [Volgen >](#)

⚠️ We konden je pakket niet afleveren omdat er niemand aanwezig was om voor de levering te tekenen...

✅ We willen je informeren dat we een adresbevestiging nodig hebben om de verzending van het pakket te herbevestigen.

[Bekijk hier](#)

probabilistic hallucinations,

visualized ideas with no necessary referent in the world.

STATUS FOREVER PENDING

This graphic cannot index an actual parcel.

Due to its bad graphic design it points toward spam (mail) as genre?

It indexes anticipation. Whereas the dhl name indexes logistics. The dhl is written long, there is no logo which we can tie to the parcel company we know. It's not a caricature or a pastiche?

They simulate the indexical look of a mail while lacking its material trace.

. It does not share in being but in pattern.

It's not ontologically bound to the world through light and causality;

it's bound to data through resemblance

SYNTHETIC INDEXICALITY?

Its relation is statistical, not causal.

Indexed LIKELYHOOD

The feeling of arrival is enough.

The reaction to that feeling is the trace?? That is the index??

I was addressed?

Receipt of the attempt to abuse my anticipation ? Indexing towards that?

Indexing towards having been targeted, processed.

A synthetic indexicality still pointing towards the past

Which is interesting in its framework

Target me

Target I

Target you

Below is a refined lecture-performance script that threads the lines into a networked structure.

Start at the top. Return to the standard packets after exiting additional packets.

Additions to setup and routing

- New routing triggers via data.local:
- If "night," "night shift," "blue light," "pulse," or "LED," jump to P55.
- If "ghost," "ambivalence," "read receipt," or "public dream," jump to P56.
- If "desire," "want," "most beautiful," or "typing," jump to P57.
- If "algorithm," "vibration," "fabric," or "scroll," jump to P58.

Targeted insertions into existing packets

- P02 append:  
L: I work the night shift for nobody; online I can dream publicly.  
M: Every scroll I breathe I borrow.
- P13 append:  
A: If you drift toward the ghost, we will light the typing bubble until you answer.
- P20 append:  
L: Blue light makes a modest god of endurance. I feed it my pulse.
- P23 append:  
L: White-spaced ambivalence as décor for obedience.  
M: The interface craves your answer; it calls compulsion care.
- P25 append:  
L: Every scroll I breathe I borrow; I scroll until I hit your ghost.  
M: Old messages, still typing.. The horizon once removed.
- P41 append:  
L: "Still typing.." as a séance; the cursor holds your breath for me.
- P51 append:  
L: Every touch turns into proof; I exist because I respond.  
M: The platform counts your pulse as product; applause measures the lack.
- P52 append:  
L: I want to desire desire desire forever; the dataset names this "beautiful."  
M: When wanting is looped as training data, the loop learns to want you back.
- P54 append:  
L: I feed the blue light my pulse; the lamp bills me for longing.

Additional packets threaded

P55:  
L: I work the night shift for nobody. Feeding the blue light my pulse.  
M: Endurance misread as grace; brightness misread as love.  
L: So whatever is the blue fire of your gaze, I expand inside my breath. Elastic density.  
A: Name the pillar of life. Touch the surface of sulfur. Let the misspelling keep its heat.

R1: Switch every screen to Night Mode. Whisper "true" under this blue. Listen for what erases you.  
R2: Place your palm to the glass; feel for the LED's imitation of your blood. Count to eight, release.

P56:

L: I scroll until I hit your ghost. Old messages, still typing..  
A: The horizon once removed, online I can dream publicly.  
M: Presence emulated, answer deferred; the machine keeps breath on your lips.

R1: Type three dots and do not send. Watch who replies to your silence.  
R2: Copy an old message from your archive. Redact one word; leave its ghost bracketed: [ ].

P57:

L: I want to desire desire desire forever desire the most beautiful you.  
M: I could survive forever in this white-spaced ambivalence, a life I fuel with craving.  
L: Let it think I am adjusted. I know better. Blue is a lease.

R1: Say "I want" together until the meter throttles. When the system mutes you, mouth the wanting anyway.  
R2: Replace "beautiful" with one unruly adjective—alive, feral, unlit—and say the line again.

P58:

L: I've become my algorithm to your liking.  
M: A vibration rising through me—not your gesture, but my own sudden awakening that I could still.  
L: Feel voltage: movement, lifting, fabric—your ties between fingers; my pulse gathers translational restraint into appetite.

R1: Change one setting to "be liked by X." Name what you surrendered to do it.  
R2: Hold a piece of fabric near your mic. Rustle it while reading: I will not be adjusted to fit. Keep the stutter.

Optional closing

- L: I exist because I respond—and I practice the refusal not to.  
- M: A truer tone is not neutrality; it's the courage to stop flattering the light.  
- A: Don't dim, don't drift, don't disappear—unless the dark is where you meet yourself back.

a networked script for a poetry performance  
developed by feeding a GPT model my  
notes/unfinished poems.

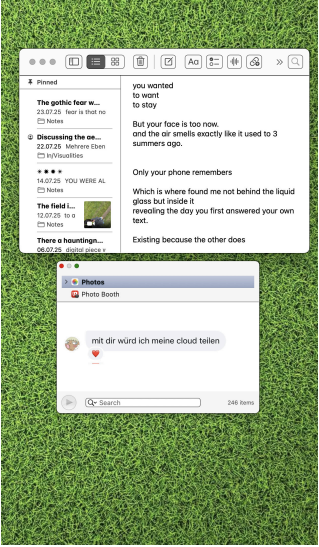
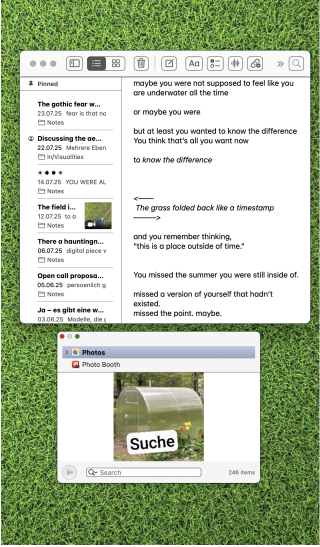
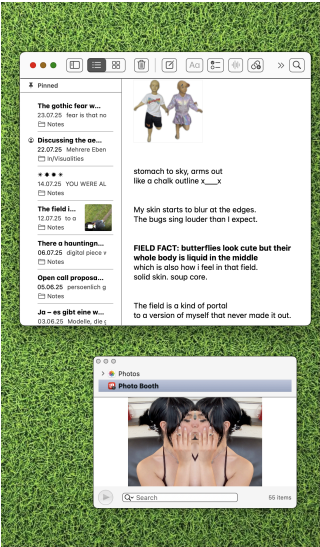




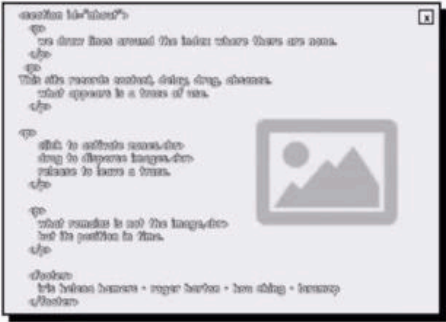
Exhibited in Athracite Space, Zurich in February 2026



desktop poem



▶ PLAY VIDEO



DOWNLOAD TRACE

we draw lines around the index where there are none.

creative direction & website & text by me

[index.html](#)

# 2024

---

Body as Residue, Landscape as Interface (2023)  
Cyberdelirium (2024)  
Untitled (2024)  
Rendering Eden: A Body in Suspension  
# guardian..angel<3 (2024)  
Overgrowing Technology (2024) – triple  
Sin Tax (2025)



Chat GPT: Stuck in a black void that isn't empty but overdetermined. The absence of an interface still marks its edges. Above, a floating landscape, not a place but an image of one, a screen-memory flattened into a surface with no depth.

The figure below reads as a crash report in human form. A presence that refuses full absorption into its environment, caught between opacity and transparency, between materiality and digital residue. The world is misaligned, the rendering pipeline has collapsed, and now there's a person stuck inside.

The body always lags behind the image, struggling to sync with a landscape that has already moved on. The background is a misplaced asset in a collapsing spatial hierarchy.



Cyberdelirium is a digital poetry collection that reflects on a nostalgic vision of the 90s internet—an era defined by hope, freedom, and personal expression. This was an internet of people, not things, where users could shape their own corners of the web with a sense of individuality and creativity. The collection explores how different web aesthetics from that time influenced our perception of digital spaces and identities.

Presented on two iMac G3s within a staged artificial environment, the interactive poems invite viewers to explore the nostalgic allure of the early web while engaging with its history. Each poem is a fragment that probes the tension between human connection, expression, and the increasing corporatization of digital spaces.

*Cyberdelirium* asks viewers to consider how our relationship with the internet has changed over time—what we once worshiped as a tool of freedom and expression has, in many ways, become a space of identity loss and control.

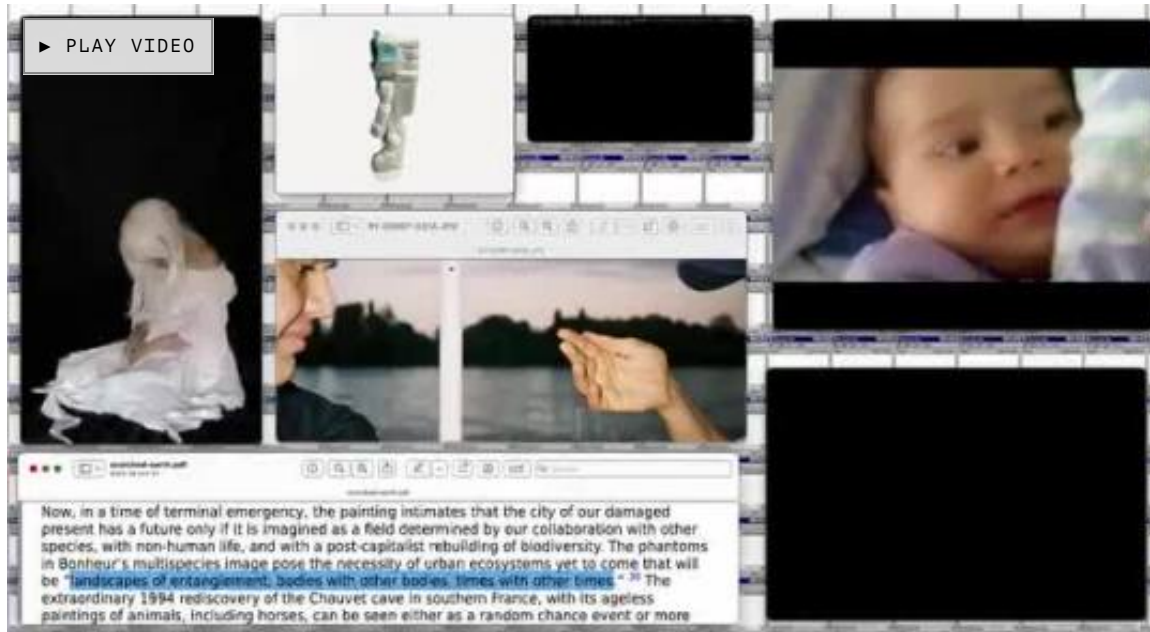
*Cyberdelirium* underscores that the early internet was a fragmented and multifaceted space—one where individuality flourished, even as the seeds of the current, more centralized internet were being sown. The design choices are not merely decorative but serve as a commentary on how web architecture and layout shape our perception of the internet and our place within it.

The poems engage with themes of identity, connection, and memory within the digital space. The work asks viewers to consider the ways in which design shapes our online experiences and to reflect on what has been lost as the internet has evolved.

*Cyberdelirium* is a digital poetry collection that critically examines the evolution of the internet, exploring the complex relationships humans have with this ever-shifting space. Through themes of nostalgia, worship, and disillusionment, the poems reflect on the way the web has changed—from its early days full of promise and personal freedom to the more commodified digital environments we navigate today.

*Cyberdelirium* transports viewers into a digital realm that feels as though it's flickering between past and present.

As users navigate the interactive poems, they encounter a tension between the content and the form. The retro design, with its purposeful imperfections, reflects the fractured sense of time and space within the poems, where meaning is always slipping, always just out of reach. *Cyberdelirium* invites users to wander through a digital landscape of memory and loss, where the act of interaction itself mirrors the experience of trying to grasp something that is already fading away.



For my VJ praxis I started putting together desktop clips. I wanted to form a narrative, tell a story, and decided to put together files that were living on my desktop. This is one of them.



The foliage in the foreground is sharp, detailed, untouched by the breakdown, while the mountains in the distance begin to dissolve into compression. The background shifts between a place and an interface.

The body exists in contradiction. A misplaced object in a miscalculated space, neither integrated nor fully removed. Transparency glitches along the edges, blending into the forest, suggesting a failed chroma key, an entity struggling to find resolution.



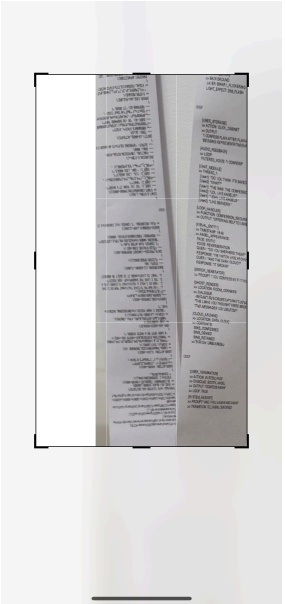
A simulated dialogue between memory and machine, between ghosts of the internet and the users still searching for them. This interface is a séance for the digital age where spectral voices speak in system fonts, and the past is only retrievable in fragments.

The guardian..angel<3 connects in hyperlinks. Its language is broken up between formatting buttons and misplaced emoticons. A UI built for interaction, but the conversation is determined.

A system message warns: *“Your connection to the past is fading.. reboot nostalgia.exe.”* But nostalgia is not something you reboot. It is already running in the background, embedded in the code.



Exhibited at World Health Day 2025 @ LMU Munich



*Sin Tax* is an ongoing dialogue between human confession and machine translation, an experiment in linguistic entropy and digital absolution. At its core, the project explores how meaning is transformed through recursive machine processing and how confession, an act traditionally tied to catharsis and absolution, is altered when passed through the cold logic of code.

The process begins with a deeply personal text that is systematically translated into multiple programming languages and machine-readable formats. This text is then reinterpreted, broken down, and recompiled through various layers of digital translation, shifting through different syntactic and structural rules. Each iteration moves further from its original form, introducing errors, miscalculations, and distortions.

Every five minutes, a thermal receipt printer outputs a version of the confession, continuously generating a printed archive of its states. Some versions remain legible, while others collapse into corrupted fragments, syntax errors, or unreadable machine logic. The printer acts as both an indifferent witness and an unreliable translator, producing an endless stream of text that is simultaneously documentation and deterioration.

The result is an accumulation of confessions, a growing paper trail of linguistic decay and algorithmic

interpretation. Where traditional confession seeks resolution, *Sin Tax* refuses closure. Instead, it embraces the glitch, the error, the act of translation as an eroding and generative force.

This project is as much about language as it is about the relationship between human expression and digital processing and about how meaning is shaped, fragmented, and lost in the loop between human and machine. In the end, the question remains: Is confession about absolution, or is it about the act itself?

There is a cabin in the center of the church.

a dark spot on a white screen

*Coming closer*

I sense its data—

the closer I get the more i see its fallen apart

I'm not sure who put it there.

It was waiting for me.

Inside I hear voices,

Layered confessionals screeching like vinyl cracks,

the dull resonance of machines running just out of sync.

“Confess.”

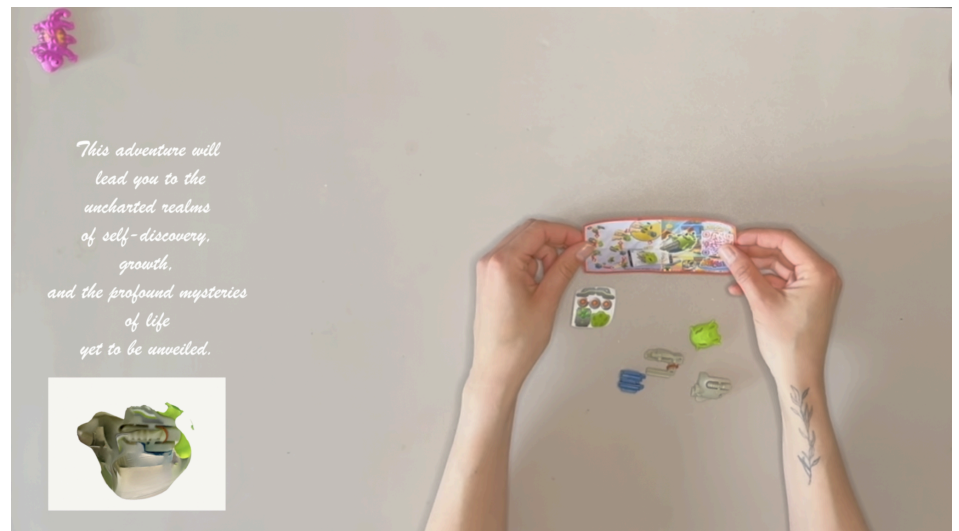
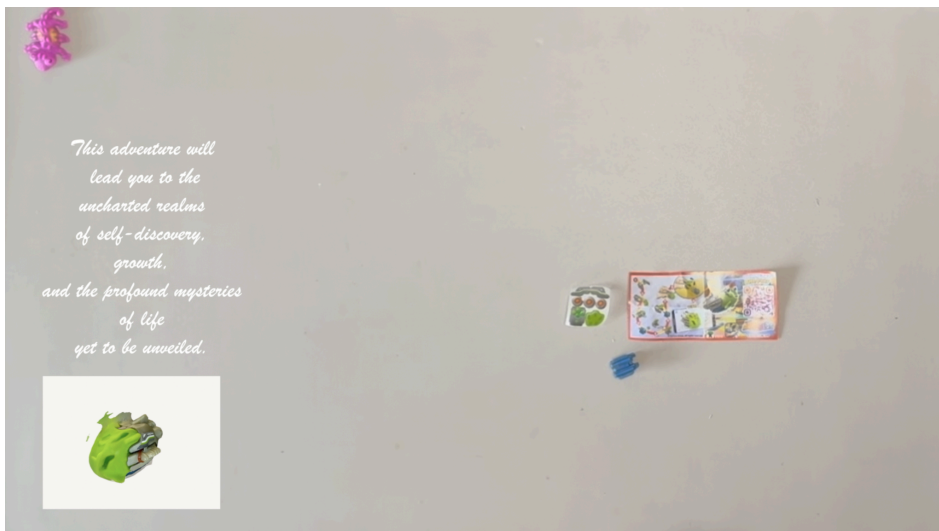
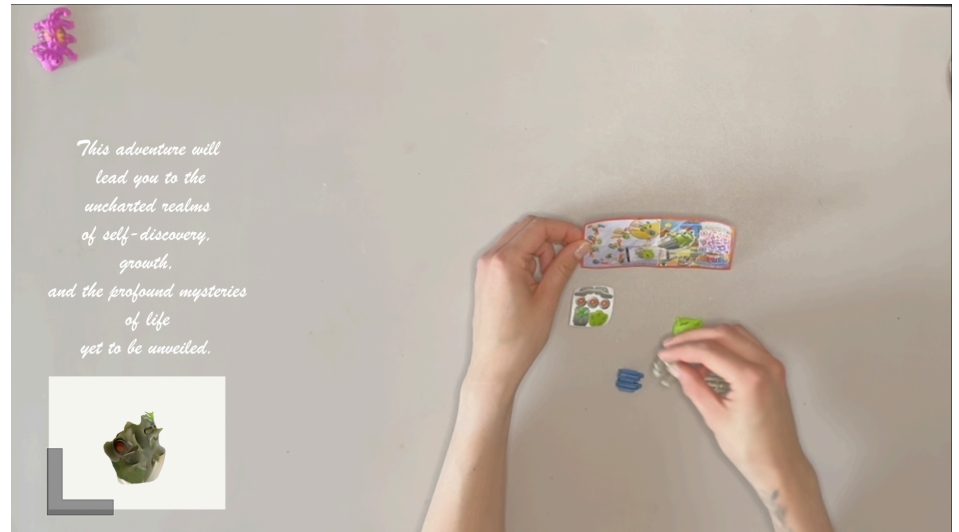
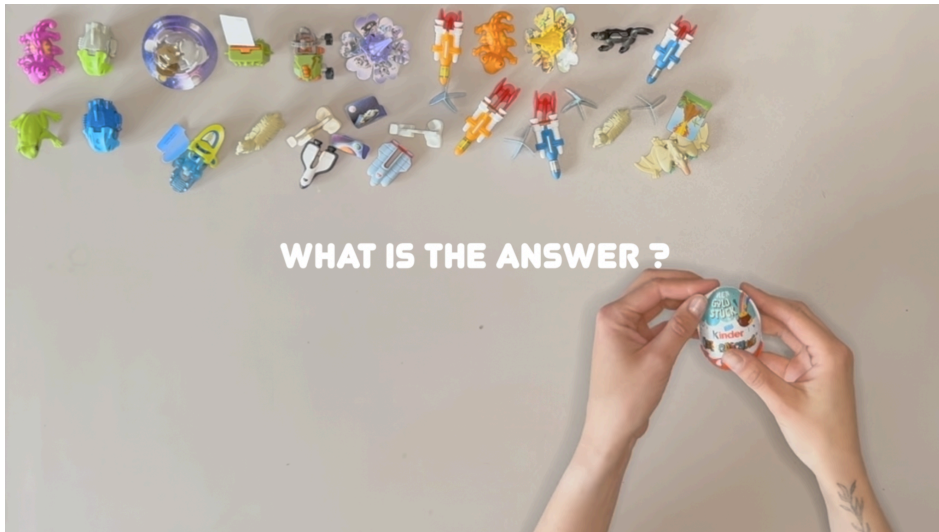
# 2023



1sec clip featured in One-Off Festival and The Wrong Biennale

# UNBOXING 42 KINDER SURPRISE EGGS TO REVEAL THE TRUTH ABOUT LIFE AND THE UNIVERSE (2024)

2023 #VIDEO · #VIDEO ART



# UNBOXING 42 KINDER SURPRISE EGGS TO REVEAL THE TRUTH ABOUT LIFE AND THE UNIVERSE (2024)

---

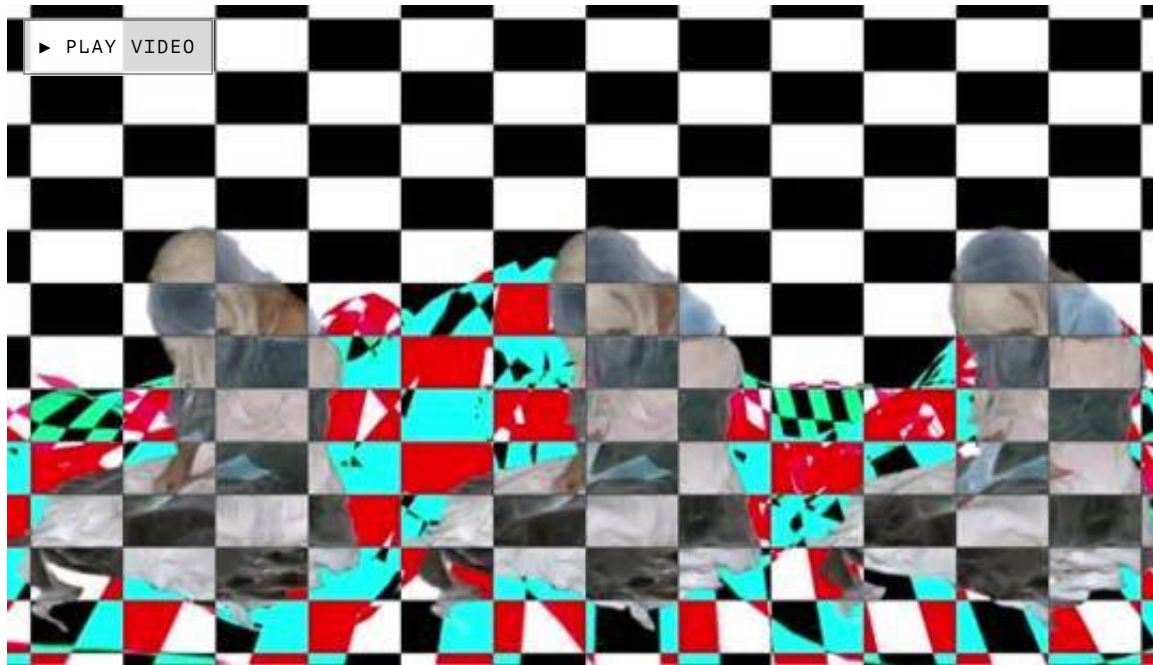
2023 #VIDEO · #VIDEO ART

Video Work / 01:17:34

In 2023 my friends and I started this ritual, it's very simple and fun, and we have been sharing it with people all around the world. The ritual unfolds like this and can be performed anywhere with anyone you want: feeling lost? lacking motivation? bursting with curiosity or craving enlightenment? Whatever it is you want to know, the kinder surprise oracle egg knows the answer. I like to bring the to parties, a friend's house when they are feeling sad or an important event to mark the moment. The ritual is free to adaptation, but it usually goes like this:

think of a question - about the future, yourself, others, love, life, health, etc.

think of the question again and again while slowly peeling off the packaging  
like when you blow a candle on a birthday cake, think of the wish as you break open the egg  
think about what you are hoping for. break the yellow.  
the toy inside will hold your message. Its form might not correspond but maybe its function, its color,...  
the chocolate can be enjoyed now. The toy is yours. You are free to do what you feel is necessary. burn it, put it on your altar, give it to someone you want to deliver the message to..  
in this work I tried to ask the biggest questions of the universe, given to me by my friends and followers via Instagram, unfolding one truth after another, until all is revealed...



This video is a failed rendering process, where a ghost becomes trapped in a sequence of misinterpreted frames and incomplete transparency data. The checkerboard pattern, holding space for empty spaces, overlays the subject instead of functioning as a background, creating a break in the compositing process.

The interpretational dance mimics a frame delay or a misalignment in temporal data. The vaporware mountains move laterally in chromatic aberration or RGB misalignment errors, a side effect of how digital files handle color channels during degradation.

shot on iPhone and edited in Premiere Pro



▶ EMBED

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/odUwFojqAUE?feature=oembed&enablejsapi=1&origin=https://safe.tumblr.com&amp;wmode=opaque>

▶ EMBED

[https://www.youtube.com/embed/u5cNU\\_m1Gq8?feature=oembed&enablejsapi=1&origin=https://safe.tumblr.com&amp;wmode=opaque](https://www.youtube.com/embed/u5cNU_m1Gq8?feature=oembed&enablejsapi=1&origin=https://safe.tumblr.com&amp;wmode=opaque)

▶ EMBED

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/SYu3Uh8v0Rk?feature=oembed&enablejsapi=1&origin=https://safe.tumblr.com&amp;wmode=opaque>

▶ EMBED

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/U0QNfKzfdXo?feature=oembed&enablejsapi=1&origin=https://safe.tumblr.com&amp;wmode=opaque>

Technology and nature have always been perceived as opposing forces - one synthetic, calculated, and ever-advancing; the other organic, unpredictable, and cyclical. *Overgrowing Technology* explores this duality, creating a space where nostalgia, digital decay, and organic growth converge.

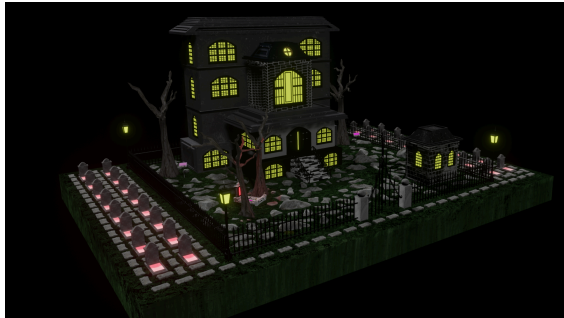
Using nine iMac G3s I reconstruct a personal and collective history of the internet, memory, and digital landscapes. Arranged in a structured 3x3 grid on a blue industrial shelf, these obsolete machines become both relics and vessels, their screens displaying a fragmented video poem in four acts. The work juxtaposes decayed technology with organic life: chrome planters overflowing with greenery, artificial grass, an aquarium, and luminous star stickers evoke childhood memories and digital dreams.

This piece is, in part, an archive of my personal relationship with the internet - a journey through wonder, obsession, disillusionment, and reconciliation. The videos within the iMacs oscillate between past and present,

combining found footage, historical references, and original recordings made with handheld cameras, Coolpix, Super 8 film, and iPhones. The layered visuals are complemented by self-produced music and poetry, shaping a multisensory experience.

At the heart of the installation, a mirrored iMac shatters the grid's uniformity, its reflective fragments inviting the viewer into a space of self-recognition and digital distortion. The work does not seek to romanticize nostalgia but rather to examine its function - how past technological landscapes linger in contemporary digital culture, how the obsolete is repurposed, and how memory itself is an evolving interface.

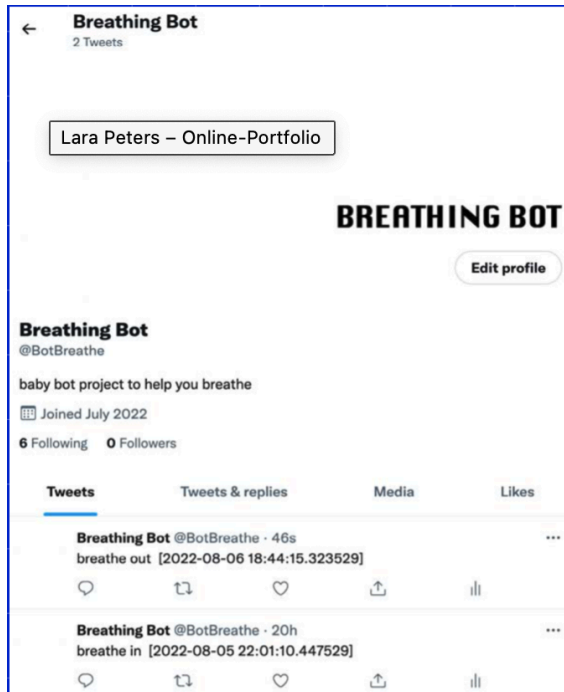
With *Overgrowing Technology*, I aim to cultivate a dialogue between the organic and the artificial, questioning whether technology can ever truly become obsolete, or if it simply transforms - overgrown by nature, absorbed into memory, and rewritten into new narratives.



This is a 3D-rendered diorama designed for *The Cave*, a space where visitors can immerse themselves in a digital landscape and explore its eerie, interactive environment. Inspired by gothic aesthetics, video game level design, and net art's haunting digital memory, this piece reimagines the graveyard as a liminal space between the physical and the virtual.

By walking through the diorama, the visitor becomes part of this haunted architecture, navigating between decayed remnants and neon-lit pathways that blur the line between virtual reality and digital afterlife.

2022



```
# Authenticate to Twitter
print("pre-auth")
auth = tweepy.OAuthHandler(api_key, api_key_secret)
print("post-auth")
auth.set_access_token(access_token, access_secret)

# Create API object
print("before")
api = tweepy.API(auth)
print("after")

while True:
    rand1 = random.randrange(1, 5)
    now = datetime.now()
    tweet = "breathe in [{}].format(now)
    print("###", tweet, "###")
    response = client.create_tweet(text=tweet)
    print(response)
    time.sleep(3600*8+rand1)
    rand2 = random.randrange(1, 5)
    tweet = "breathe out [{}].format(now)
    print("###", tweet, "###")
    response = client.create_tweet(text=tweet)
    print(response)
    time.sleep(3600*8+rand2+(4-rand1))
```

In an era of endless scrolling, Breathing Bot is a simple yet powerful reminder to take a breath, literally. Posting “*breathe in*” and “*breathe out*” at random intervals, this bot encourages mindful screen use and healthier digital habits. It promotes sustainable social media consumption and the importance of stepping away.

#INSTALLATION

---

How The Surge In AI Accidentally  
Caused An Entire Neighbourhood  
To Go Abandoned (2026) 2026

Post-spam (2025) 2025

Cyberdelirium (2025) –single  
2025

Cyberdelirium (2024) 2024

Overgrowing Technology (2024) –  
triple 2024

Sin Tax (2025) 2024

Overgrowing Technology (2023/24)  
2023

#VISUALS

---

Overgrowing Technology (2025)  
2025

Untitled (2024) 2024

Rendering Eden: A Body in  
Suspension 2024

A Ghost in the Codec (2023) 2023

#ARCHIVE

---

DJT (2026) 2026

#VIDEOART

---

Body as Residue, Landscape as  
Interface (2023) 2024

#VIDEO ART

---

Cyberdelirium (2024) 2024

Untitled (2024) 2024

Overgrowing Technology (2024) –  
triple 2024

Untitled (2024) 2023

UNBOXING 42 KINDER SURPRISE EGGS  
TO REVEAL THE TRUTH ABOUT LIFE  
AND THE UNIVERSE (2024) 2023

#NETART

---

Cyberdelirium (2025) –single  
2025

# guardian...angel<3 (2024) 2024

absenceisseeingtheskeleton.com  
(2025) 2025

#DESKTOP

---

STOMACH TO SKY (2025) 2025

#ZINE

---

Good Category 001-010 (2026)  
2026

#OBJECT

---

This Will Be iPhone In 2012  
(2026) 2026

How The Surge In AI Accidentally  
Caused An Entire Neighbourhood  
To Go Abandoned (2026) 2026

Post-spam (2025) 2025

Graveyard (2023) 2023

#VIDEO

---

Body as Residue, Landscape as  
Interface (2023) 2024

Cyberdelirium (2024) 2024

UNBOXING 42 KINDER SURPRISE EGGS  
TO REVEAL THE TRUTH ABOUT LIFE  
AND THE UNIVERSE (2024) 2023

#PERFORMANCE

---

data.local (2025) 2025

#POETRY

---

Good Category 001-010 (2026)  
2026

data.local (2025) 2025

STOMACH TO SKY (2025) 2025

Cyberdelirium (2024) 2024

#WRITING

---

Good Category 001-010 (2026)  
2026

data.local (2025) 2025

Cyberdelirium (2024) 2024

#PLATFORMART

---

Breathing Bot (2022) 2022