

SOME ENCOUNTERS IN INFINITISM

episode 1

Frédérique Laliberté

I

Hello Everyone,

in this moment, as I should be writing this text, the thing that I want to write about is momentarily unresponsive. I have been told that:

```
A fatal exception 0E has occurred at 0157:BF7FF831.
```

and that:

```
Mastermind will now delete entire memory banks and restart  
your computer. Please consider changing exploitation  
system in the future.
```

, which was at least partially a lie, because in fact my computer has not been restarted. As I am waiting for a solution - which will hopefully appear in the form of a body-shifting friend skilled with superior knowledge of these platforms with merry names such as *Cyberduck* and *Dreamweaver* - I guess no time should be wasted and here I am writing about the thing that keeps me from writing about the thing that I want to write about.

\*\*\*

OK it's fixed.

Many "Put operation successful" occurred.

:) Thank you my friend, may you be a watermelon, a human nail or a desk, as I write these lines.

The thing that I want to write about is still under construction, and will always be.

But here we go.

\*\*\*

A rectangle. Green glitches forming horizontal strata in the upper section of the rectangle. Centered in the bottom, a small sepia photo of a lady in her forties, romantic in pose. Dreamy in gaze. Marilyn Monroe in apparel. Behind her, the door of what seems to be a summer house. The door number is too small to be read from such a distance. **cmd + cmd + cmd + cmd + cmd +** failing to bring the door any closer, and the rectangle remains the same size, still occupying roughly 70% of the overall width. Surprisingly, this attempt to zoom in magnifies the presence of other elements that have not been mentioned yet. A curious shape of shiny black, fuchsia, white and turquoise colors is bouncing on some invisible edges in a motion that recalls a DVD screensaver, with this logo that would so rarely hit right in the corner of the screen. It passes above a written instruction that looks like this:

```
W E L C O M E .  
P l e a s e   c l i c k  
o b j e c t .
```

, which seems incomplete, the text being so big since the zooming operation that it continues further than the right edge of the screen. Scrolling that way into a dark space, occasionally crossed by a flashing pink ray that should play a video, but does not, something must be wrong that will be fixed later. There is the rest of the sentence, copy-pasted again:

```
W E L C O M E .  
P l e a s e   c l i c k   o n   t h i s   f l o a t i n g  
o b j e c t .
```

It is not easy to click on something that moves incessantly but when successfully achieved, it triggers the sound of a woman's voice, soft and slow and computerized. She says:

*Hello everybody. It is my pleasure to introduce you to a world that occurs along ours. You are currently on a Web site that you may visit as you wish and for as long as you wish, just like any other Web site, really. To make your exploration as enjoyable as possible, please keep in mind the following recommendations: 1- If Google Chrome Web Browser is still available at the time of your encounter with this virtual time space, please use Google Chrome 2- Some pages of the site are larger than your computer screen, which should be regarded as a mere window allowing you to witness a universe that is taking place outside of the real-life room in which you are right now. To see things that may be happening further up or further left than your screen limits, just make use of your usual scrolling techniques. 3- When you get bored of contemplating one page, you may click anywhere and there is a good chance that it will generate something new.*

Click anywhere. OK. The mouse pointer moving over the sepia photo turns itself into a Mickey Mouse glove that says without talking "Here is a link". Clicking on the door opens a new tab, this makes a lot of sense. Here, an indoor space and two voices that start speaking before the walls and floor are done pasting themselves onto the structure of the room.

*Here comes a stiff description such as ... Une maison, des oiseaux, un arc-en-ciel, de la pluie et une belle fleur ... Bricolage avec des bouts de laine, avec du papier collant ... Une autre belle robe ... Frencher à distance en dessin et illustrer les langues.*

Both English and French parts of this declaration are delivered with a little sound reverberation. There is no one in the room. Two clues. One assumption: these voices must be the narrators of this place. The French narrator mentioned a *bricolage* with bits of wool and Scotch tape and there is indeed in this room a child's craft project lying on a piece of furniture. It is the portrait of a little boy wearing a light green turtleneck sweater, drawn on the back of a reused 8 1/2 x 11 printer sheet, folded and taped into a strange polygon. No trace of wool, though. A typical 1993 Sunday afternoon artwork that a mother receives as a gift and cannot throw away, touched as she is by the undeniable cuteness of the endeavour. The *bricolage* somehow survives all of these years, becomes digital at some point and finds its way to the Internet. Here,

in this fleeting moment, it is the protagonist of this online room that we do not know much about. We see a corner made of two walls. The right wall is a photo of a real-life wall with shadows that do not correspond to anything in the room. The left wall is made of a greyish arrangement of solid color blocks that looks like a corrupted image file while also looking a lot like a wall. The floor is a picture of a linoleum floor whose shape does not fit in its container, making visible a pink background.

Moving on and now outside, there is a never-ending crowd of women in winter coats, walking from left to right, along a balustrade. They all look exactly the same and produce a saturated sound of chatting voices, most of which are incomprehensible. Three isolated fires are burning slowly, quietly. On the other side of the balustrade, a giant little Asian girl - whose name is not revealed - is waving at the crowd, still and blurry, as though she has been paused while in motion. Behind her, a night sky full of subtle apparitions: spinning coins pretending to be translucent bubbles, light reflections and enormous hands. Clicking on the Asian girl transports you into a grainy aircraft security guide pictogram. This is step 2. Two male characters are depicted, preparing to throw a yellow emergency air mattress out of a door identified by a red EXIT sign.

## **REFRESH**

Through the exit door of the plane, the landscape that is rolling by is different than a moment ago. It is darker and shows obvious traces of interlacing. Strangely, it is a ground level landscape even though it is seen from the interior of a plane - as if the plane was forever just about to take off. In the foreground of this scene, two people are having a conversation, seemingly unaware of anything else that might be going on. The first person has such a low resolution that it would be hard to describe them. It would not be completely wrong to say that they look like Alexis Lavoie (third year painting and drawing).

*\* those unacquainted with Alexis Lavoie, looking him up for visual reference \**

Some text is coming out of their mouth, handwritten on a notebook page, photographed, rotated 180 degrees and cut in the approximate shape of a phylactery. This visual suggestion of a speech is floating softly towards the right,



Taken to a mountain scenery. In the front, someone is dancing, their head covered by a beige plastic bag on which an emotionless face has been drawn with a black marker. Every five or six moves, they make a peace sign with their right hand. With a gentle British voice, they say:

*My friend Nicholas Beriosoff once put an add for a time travel machine on Kijiji and it didn't get sold. I think the reason for that is probably that the mix of time travel with market, sale, price, email and all of that potentially-confusing stuff does get a little bit paradoxical for Kijiji buyers. One could easily understand that none of the people who came across the add thought that a cool Kijiji item was worth getting stuck in a Gmail-shaped capitalist time loop.*

## REFRESH

Still dancing, but now in front of a breathtaking sunset picture with fuzzy spruces. Without any interruption in the choreography, they say something about changing voice over settings, but the sentence has no end. Therefore, it is ignored.

And there comes a confusing composition: many elements suggest that this is an outdoor cinema, but all of the cars are actually *in* the movie. A cropped photo of a delivery truck seems to be the place from where the film is being projected. Next to the projection screen, a huge billboard advertises Frederique Laliberte's birthday by displaying a screen capture of her former Facebook profile picture along with her name, a little birthday cake icon and a green dot, indicating that she is online. The narrator speaks:

*Look carefully at this example. Indicate the numbers in the correct place inside each of the illustrations. If this instruction does not seem to correspond to anything you see in your screen, then click anywhere to move forward.*

Forward, on the coast of an island made of grass, pavement and close-ups of a human body manipulating the camera in a clumsy way, the spectacle of a fierce sailboat far at sea, fighting against the current. The boat's visual appearance evokes the Clip Art

image library from a dated text editing software. The sky is a color gradient from yellow to red, another sunset, equally breathtaking than the previous one, but in a different way. Bathing near the island are two creatures, each made of a peculiar assemblage of isolated body parts. The scene is quite busy; their conversation almost went unnoticed. Luckily, it can be retrieved by the means of a privileged access to the original files.

*- Il a mis un terme à la diSussion en criant : "C'est tu de ma faute si le traité de Paris a été signé en 1783 ?"*

tells the first creature. It vanishes briefly as a fish swims by.

*- Je ne me doutais pas du lien d'amitié entre Allab Segovia et Louis XV.*

confesses the other one, whose head does not stop switching until someone clicks on it. The next location is a city where a black and white picture of Indiana Jones is delivering a monologue about a past art project:

*de bâcla il m a semblé que la représentation d'un événement par kas va-liest zcs superficielle. La trace exprime alors l'écart de temps entre le représente et k7-za b pin pertinente à mes yetn s'est avérée être l'empreinte, tant sur k plat de s tom que sur celui de son efficacité visuelle. En me servant en toute simplice d'un vsai ± papier ce c. pourrait être les restes d'une collision passée entre un cycliste et an mur k dessin. Sus ide e photographies diffusées sur Internet par un voyageur ayant assisté à un acciàert: ionkiïettett alors par les successives étapes de reproduction de l'image, qui aboutis, à-rasaitez tua Le tracé des dessins présentés s'apparente à l'aspect d'empreinte de rat pont a Essentiellement Lnez "se reartrt dan mon projet en tant que situation visuelle témoignant de reitempernte, terece'i.*

His body is not totally opaque. A bird is stuck in his head. He stands on the photo of a winter ground, with a rusty fence and someone's legs wearing jeans that are covered in snow. Does "winter" require capitalization?

Seasons, such as **winter**, spring, summer and fall, do **not** require **capitalization** because they are generic nouns. Some people may confuse these words as being proper nouns and try to **capitalize** them using that rule of **capitalization**. The **winterseason** allows for many snow related sports.

, answers Google's featured snippet. Regardless of that unknown person's legs, a building has been constructed right there. This building looks like an idiot. Its architecture consists of these nineteen lines of CSS code:

```
#edificeface1 {
top: 0;
left: 0;
width: 25%;
height: 90%;
background: #9C9;
background-image: url(bank_ready/images/ville_facade/nightshots42.jpg);
background-size: 100% 100%;
background-repeat: repeat;
z-index: 3;
-webkit-clip-path: polygon(0% 0%, 0% 95%, 100% 100%, 100% 0%);

#edificeface2 {
top: 0;
left: 25%;
width: 15%;
height: 90%;
background: -webkit-linear-gradient(#9C9, grey);
z-index: 3;
-webkit-clip-path: polygon(0% 0%, 0% 100%, 100% 85%, 100% 0%);
```

Pretty geometrical. The main feature of this building is the link provided by <div id="edificeface2">, allowing for a way out of this page. The narrator is waiting in the next collage, ready to proclaim:

*No one could realize the amount of this.*

\*\*\*

Conversation started today

12:00pm

**Frederique Laliberte**

Salut Alexis ! j'espère que tu vas bien. Jean-Michel m'a dit qu'il t'avait dit que ton nom apparaît dans un texte que j'ai écrit pour le cours Writing Project de Laurie Milner. Il semblait dire que cette information avait piqué ta curiosité, donc je t'écris aujourd'hui pour clarifier cela. Le texte est question est une création littéraire qui relate ma visite sur un site Web que j'ai moi-même créé. Le projet Web est une genre de machine à collage audio-techno-visuelle qui pige des éléments (images, vidéo, son) dans des banques de fichiers archivés pour les organiser dans des compositions qui se renouvellent tout le temps. Alors que j'écrivais mon draft pour le cours, je suis tombée sur une page du site où l'un des personnages te ressemblait vaguement. Alors je mentionne dans le texte que le personnage est très flou mais qu'il te ressemble, et par la suite je désigne le personnage par ton nom à quelques reprises. La photo du personnage qui te ressemble ne revient sur le site Web que de manière aléatoire et très occasionnelle, et de toute façon il ne s'agit pas de toi, mais bien d'une image de piètre résolution d'un dude quelconque probablement trouvée sur Google en 2005. Pendant mon workshop en classe, certains étudiants te connaissaient, d'autre pas, et ta "présence" dans le texte a soulevé un enthousiasme particulier, un brin de familiarité peut-être au sein d'un texte qui fait état d'un univers virtuel et un peu remote. Je t'envoie un pdf du draft, pour que tu puisses juger de ton propre jugement si tu trouves le tout acceptable et respectueux. J'aimerais bien peaufiner le texte, puis en faire une petite publication papier, le début d'une série possiblement. Dis-moi si j'ai ton OK pour aller de l'avant avec ça, si tu préfères que je te supprime du texte, c'est 100% fine by me. J'attends de tes nouvelles ! (#ASAP #please #findesession) :)

12:02pm

**Frederique Laliberte**

**FLaliberte\_SomeEncountersInInfinatism\_draft.pdf**

1:06pm

**Alexis Lavoie**

Yo. C'est très drôle, pas de trouble. Vas-y-Fort.

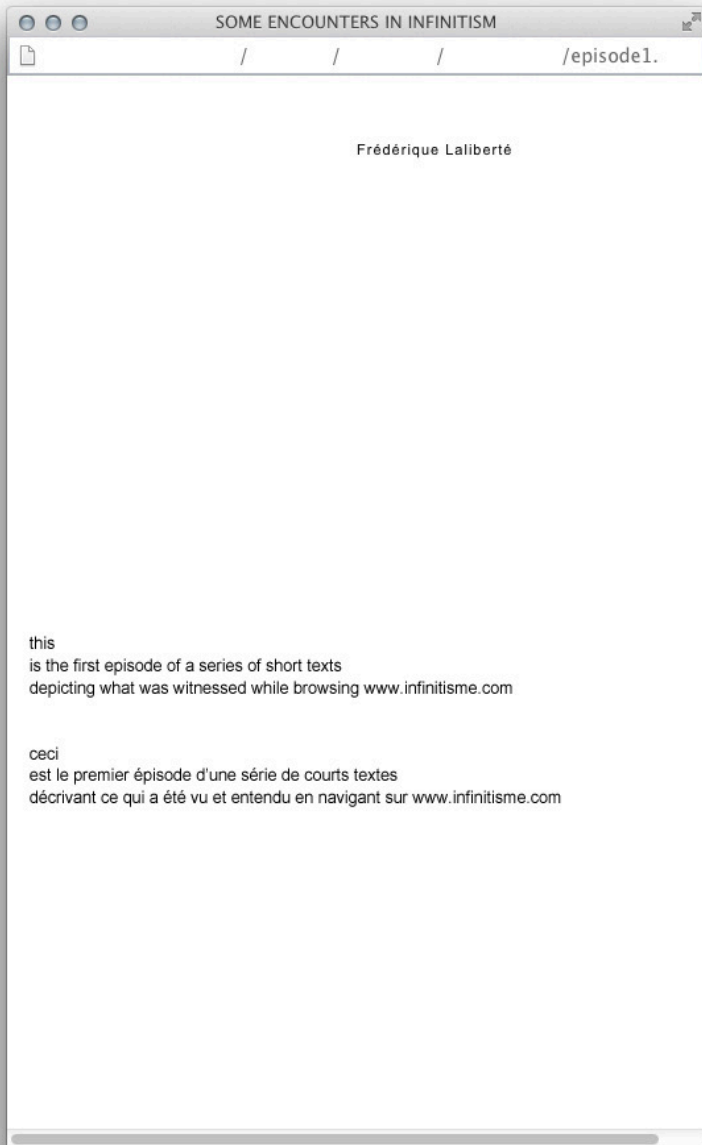
1:35pm

**Frederique Laliberte**

ahah

merci





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/episode1.

Frédérique Laliberté

this

is the first episode of a series of short texts  
depicting what was witnessed while browsing [www.infiniteme.com](http://www.infiniteme.com)

ceci

est le premier épisode d'une série de courts textes  
décrivant ce qui a été vu et entendu en navigant sur [www.infiniteme.com](http://www.infiniteme.com)