

HJNTEERLAND

HENDERLAND  
TERMINAL PROJECT REPORT

CAROLINE TURNER 2021

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON  
COLLEGE OF DESIGN  
SCHOOL OF ART & DESIGN

COMMITTEE MEMBERS:

RICK SILVA (CHAIR)  
BRIAN GILLES  
JACK RYAN

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**I'll just spread these grass stalks around the river bank...**



**...what could go wrong?**



**12,000 years later...**



Hinterland is a proposition; a speculative state of being - a conspiracy. It is an arch, a gate, and a portal; congealing time and collapsing itself into the present. A hinterland is typically thought of as the less developed land next to a port, city, or coast; but it can also be understood as the limitations of knowledge, that which is unexplored and ill-defined. In the hinterland lies opportunity: to re-imagine, to reorient, to build something new.

Perhaps there is a crisis in our current state of beliefs; in our inability to imagine a new way of being in the world. While we are busy sacrificing to Moloch, failing to coordinate at the planetary scale, it's important to remember that it hasn't always been this way. A compounding series of metaphysical mutations in our deep history as humans has constructed our world today.

There is solace knowing that nothing lasts forever. If we created this world, then we can create a new one, too.

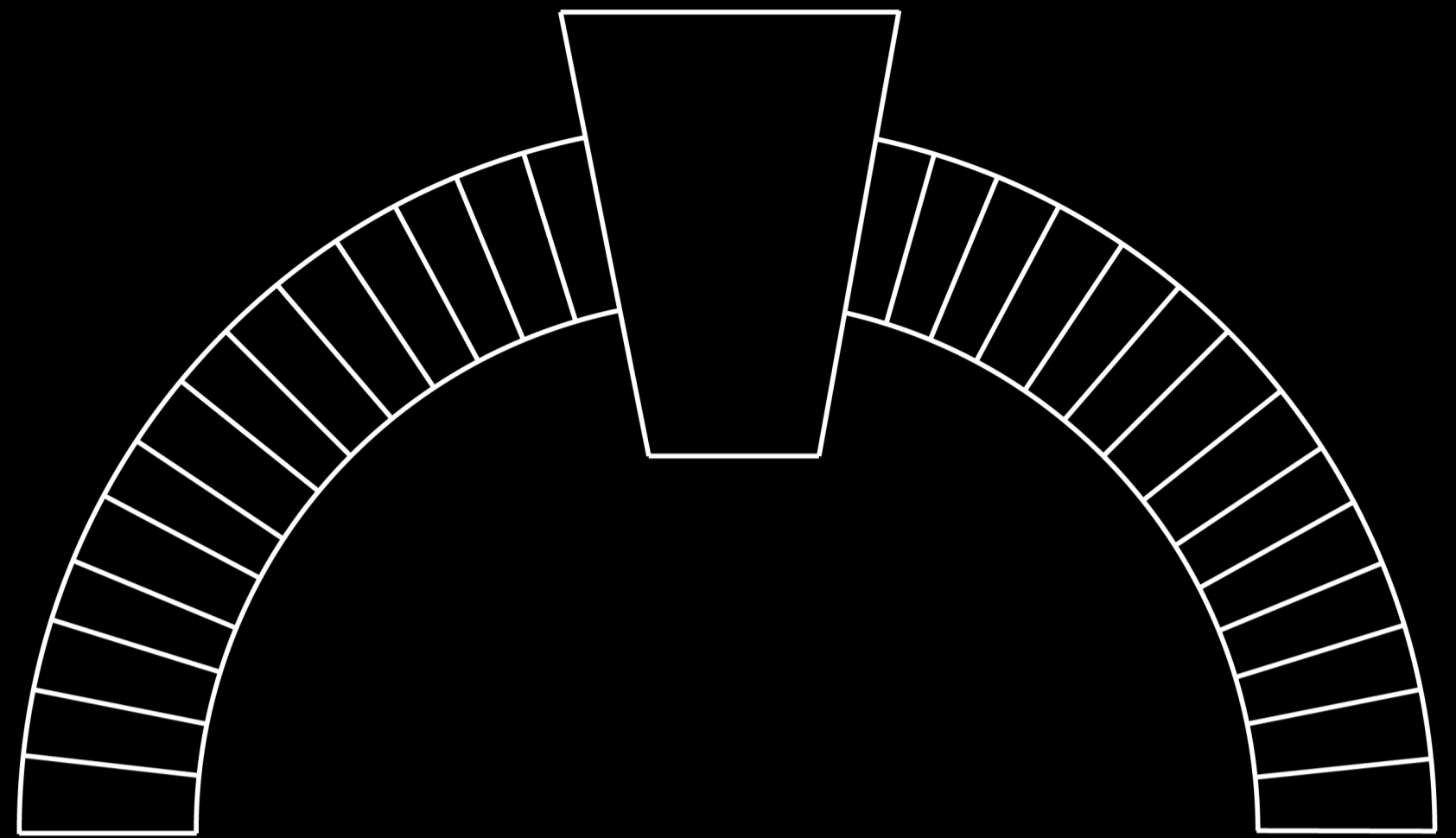
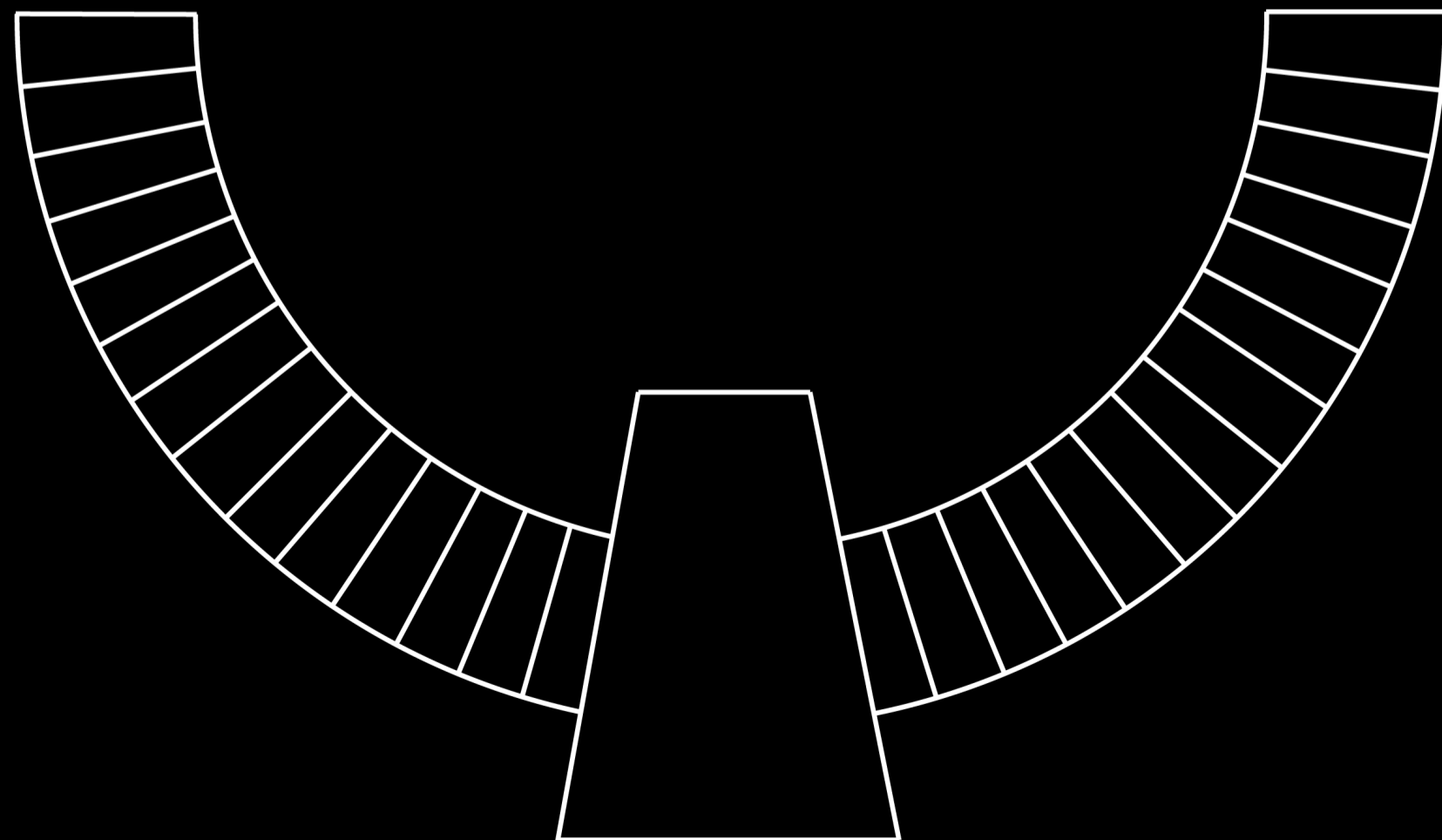
What if we could go back to a time before our smooth-brained system of exploitation and uber financialization? To a time before the invention of nuclear arms? Before the invention of reason and rationality - and Science as we understand it today? What if we could go back to a time before Christianity swept through the Roman Empire at the height of its stability and control? To a time before the first seed was sown? Before the first symbolic gesture; before an image was depicted on a cave wall? What if we could even go back to a time before the first stone was carved and used as a tool?

Of course, we can.

The future is not that which is uncertain; it is the past. The hinterland is not the sundown horizon, it is the daybreak we have yet to contemplate.

**HINTERLAND**

Hinterland presents an installation exploring the confounding effects of time, history, speculation, and the ever-shifting understanding of the present. The physical installation manifests as a monumental Baroque-inspired arch centering a keystone with a relief of Dionysus; opening a portal through which viewers can gaze into an immersive screen as an imaginative rendered video unfolds. The video is positioned as a meditation on human history; exploring our evolution as a species through various historical archways. A Neolithic dolmen gives way to a Baroque-inspired arch, which sits next to a speculative future arch made of an iridescent, transparent material. Each arch appears and collapses in succession - offering the viewer a contemplative perspective to examine the effects of technological change and ever-shifting social and cultural practices.



The installation represents three years of research and experimentation into human history, technological acceleration, collapse, and speculation. These broad research topics have necessarily fragmented and morphed into a wide range of inquiries into everything from hidden financial architectures and the offshore world, to the ontology of worldbuilding and cults, as well as climate-induced radically-divergent political ideologies, societal exit, and transcendental meditation in between. Hinterland is therefore positioned as a headspace through which these ideas and modalities can be contemplated in their broadest possible sense.

This document will serve as a compilation of writings within this headspace.

We, the prepared  
pay our dues to time, once,  
twice, forever.

Folding and unfolding,  
time remembers  
what we shall prepare for  
in the future  
and what we have failed to prepare for  
in the past.

Nature, drunk on instinct,  
grounded in its own tangibility,  
does what it pleases.

Earth shifts and adapts,  
patient and assured as  
it calibrates to the chaotic  
pulses of nature.

We challenge it.  
Count the number of times  
the sun  
rises and falls, rises and falls.

Prepare for hunger, prepare for pause.  
Prepare for discomfort, prepare for isolation.

Harmony revolts,  
even as  
we propel our wishes into the presumed  
space of tomorrow.

They scatter  
on the surface of a drifting stream,  
unorganized, patternless, lying heavy and flat,  
until at last,  
they fold into each other,  
collapse into themselves,  
and thrust forward  
to to be eaten by the water  
below.

*Text in collaboration with Katrina Eresman*





ACCELERATION







Alphabet

Retreat



**G**obekley Cepay is on a wellness retreat in the Mojave Desert sponsored by his employer, Alphabet Inc. Only upper management and high-level creative developers were “invited” to attend, but it’s not like there were necessarily grounds to refuse for any of them. The fifty-two attendees flew in a couple days ago from SFO to LAX on a privately chartered jet, then drove four and a half hours into the desert and have been sweating it out ever since. They are staying in groups of two in relatively luxurious yurts - each unit has air conditioning, running water, and smoking hot wifi. The yurts are arranged on the circumference of a circle ten meters in diameter with each yurt representing an individual letter of the alphabet. The open entrances point toward the center of the circle, where an enormous hologram replica of the Rosetta Stone stands. Gobekley is rooming with the new VP of Acquisitions, Jim Campbell in Yurt Q. They both suspect that the yurt assignments are hierarchically arranged, as everything at Alphabet must exude some sacred logic or reasoning.

On the perimeter of the yurts, there are twenty four stylistically-varying archways; each structure representing both a letter in the Ancient Greek alphabet, but also a unique point in human history and development. The first three arches; Alpha, Beta, and Gamma appear to be some sort of Neolithic dolmen, the first is made of light brown sandstone with reliefs of snakes and reptiles; the second of grey limestone, slightly taller than the first and much taller than the third, with no etchings; and the third is short and stout with no etchings, much heavier than the others. As you move around the circle, from Zeta to Lambda, the arches become more refined as stone is sharpened into precise edges and

individual bricks. Moving further to Omicron, Pi, Rho, and Sigma, the arches become more ornate: beautiful doric, ionic, and corinthian columns support highly adorned carvings and intricate designs painted on the structures. Highly detailed keystones center these configurations, depicting various mythological deities and symbols. Further around the circle, the arches nearly begin to fade away; they trade ornamentation for simplicity and seamlessness. Reflective black marble and mirror-finished metals create nearly perfect geometric formations in Tau, Upsilon, Phi, and Chi. They are smaller, sleeker, and lighter than their predecessors. The last arch in the circle, the Omega, is barely visible. You can only see it from certain angles; it appears to be almost completely transparent, reflecting a subtle iridescent sheen like an oil slick. When you go to touch it, however, it’s completely solid; impenetrable.

**G**obekley, Jim, and all the other participants have been microdosing an unreleased combination of psychedelics and nootropics called “Osiris”, unbeknownst to them, for the last seventy two hours. Nearly everything they’ve been ingesting - from the adaptogenic protein shakes they were given upon arrival, to the miso soup and kombucha they have everyday at 11:30am, and the plant-based burgers with kimchi they’ve been eating for dinner every night. The Great Founders, Larry and Sergey, were firm believers in the potential that psychedelics had to unlock hidden forms of creativity and insight in the human psyche. It’s part of the mythology of the company - when The Great Founders first collaborated on what is now considered sacred text, “The Anatomy of a Large-Scale Hypertextual Web Search





Engine” they had been microdosing LSD and psilocybin for weeks. Anyone in the company could have guessed The Great Founders might be up to something like this; trying to force transformative spiritual experiences in their employees to unlock heretofore unforeseen levels of innovation and development. Gobekley knew ten minutes after he finished his adaptogenic shake what they were up to with the retreat, not only because he wholeheartedly believes in the company mythos, but also because he microdoses psilocybin in his reishi coffee two weeks out of every month for this exact purpose.

Tonight is the Ceremony of the Hieroglyphs. Just before dusk the Rosetta Stone in the center of the circle sounds a loud, soothing humm, beckoning everyone out of their yurts. The scripts etched into the stone begin to shift and a display appears that assigns each yurt letter to a corresponding arch, leaving out Yurt A, which houses current CEO and CFO, Sundar Pichai and Ruth Porat, who will oversee the ceremony. Gobekley and Jim walk to Arch Sigma, where they’ve been assigned. Almost twenty minutes later, the Rosetta Stone begins to play one of the most amazing pieces of music the group has ever heard. It is an algorithmically perfect aggregation of each individual participants’ taste in music, so it sounds equally good to Gobekley as it does to Jim and Sundar. Beginning at Arch Alpha and Arch Omega, working in opposite directions, Sundar and Ruth place one tablet of Osiris into each participants’ mouth. As they make their way around the group, through the metaphorical history of human innovation and growth, they arrive at Arches Miu and Niu. Both are versions of 17th century Baroque-style arches with gilded ornamental columns, capitals, and keystones centering detailed reliefs and scenes

from Ancient Greek and Roman mythology. The music stops when Sundar and Ruth administer the final tablets of Osiris to themselves in front of Arches Miu and Niu. They turn to face each other, clap twice, then clasp their hands together and bow to each other. All participants begin to do the same; Gobekley and Jim in Arch Sigma turn toward each other, clap twice, and bow. Everyone joins hands and starts chanting “OMMMMM” in succession; the music begins again, but this time it provides the rhythm for the chanting. What feels like hours, but is actually only five minutes, elapses. The music shifts slightly and a soothing female voice emitting from the Rosetta Stone instructs participants West of Arch Omega to move backward in history toward the arch next to them, and participants East of Arch Alpha to move forward in history toward the arch next to them. Gobekley and Jim are now standing under Arch Rho.

The music begins to shift again, playing a repetitive bass note that everyone can feel deeply resonating within their bodies. Gobekley feels as if every cell in his body is awakening and gaining agency. He is fully swept up in the energy of the moment. Sundar and Ruth have walked to the center of the circles and are standing on the North and South ends of the Rosetta Stone hologram, facing outward toward the group. Standing under Arch Rho, with its immaculate painting of Dionysian chaos centered among intricately detailed Corinthian capitals and marbled columns, Gobekley looks across the sky and sees the most indescribably beautiful sunset he’s ever witnessed. He doesn’t know whether the hallucinatory effects of the Osiris are beginning or if it’s really just that colorful and divine. Lost in awe and wonder, his mind drifts from his body and he begins to float



away; upward toward the horizon.

As he quickly delves into a deep hallucinatory state, observing himself from above, everything begins to make sense to him. Gobeckley feels as if he's tapped into The Great Founders' secret consciousness, he can finally understand their language. Everything; all of humanity's most significant innovations have been catalyzed by our ability to create systems that universalize phenomena. We make understandable that which we can only observe and communicate through armature. Alphabet, the Rosetta Stone, the yurts, the circle of arches - Gobeckley can see it all perfectly below his astral body, still floating in calm observation. The Rosetta Stone is the key: as Egyptian hieroglyphs and demotic script fell out of fashion in the beginning of the last millennium, the documentation of an entire society was erased from human memory; its language unable to be discerned. Though much like the scribes of ancient Memphis offering a bridge between Egyptian Hieroglyphs and Ancient Greek, the Great Founders have offered a bridge between all systems, erasing any barrier to access the depths of humanity's vast output.

With this new insight, Gobeckley gives himself over entirely to the Ceremony of the Hieroglyphs - he targets his meditation and interdimensionally projects his astral body to the specific historical context each arch represents. He allows the situated knowledges to flow through him, gaining deeper insight into the entirety of human history at every stop. Under Arch Rho, he astrally projects to Keizersgracht, Amsterdam in Holland, 1667. As he takes in his surroundings, he observes the bustling port: a fleet of ships has just returned with exotic goods from the East

Indies. His consciousness readily absorbs everything significant from this time period and how it relates to the present of his physical body: the creation of the first global megacorporation, the embodiment of national sovereignty in the Post-Westphalian city-state, the decoupling of actual and perceived value through the newly invented stock exchange, it all just made sense to Gobeckley.

As the Ceremony continues, he moves backward through human history. At Arch Lambda Gobeckley astrally projects to a troop of Bronze-Age steppe warriors, taking in the Roman Empire as it succumbs to the new age religion of Christianity at the height of its stability and control. Under Arch Delta, he projects to a family of shepherds tending their small herd of goats in the outskirts of Uruk, near a tributary of the Euphrates River. Here, he witnesses the proliferation of agricultural society, aided by seemingly extraterrestrial beings accelerating their technological capabilities. As he finally makes his way to Arch Alpha, his astral body experiences a strange sensation; the most powerful sense of déjà vu overwhelms him as he projects into a Pre-Agriculture, Pre-Pottery Neolithic settlement. As he walks toward the stone structures from the hill nearby where he landed, he begins to have the most profound realization yet. . .

G O B E C K L E Y  
T E P A Y



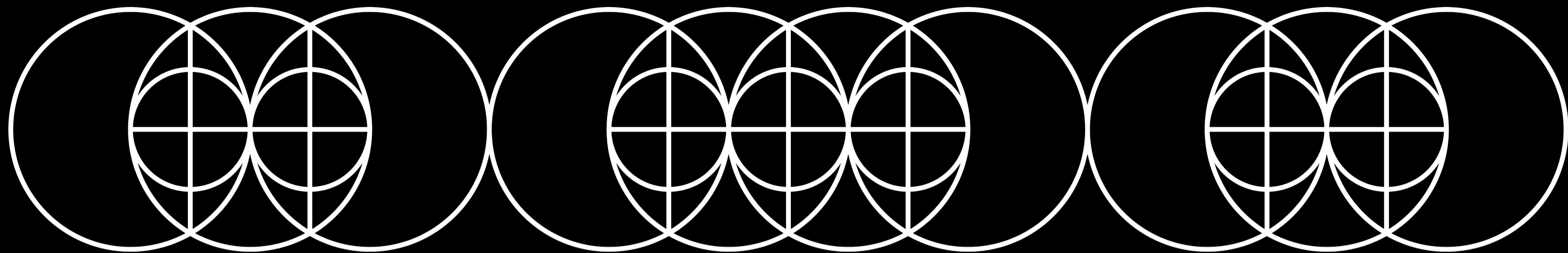
COLLAPSE



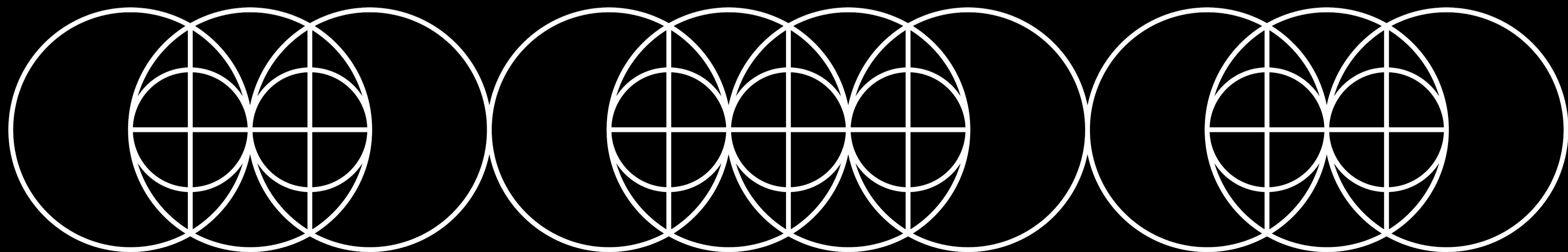


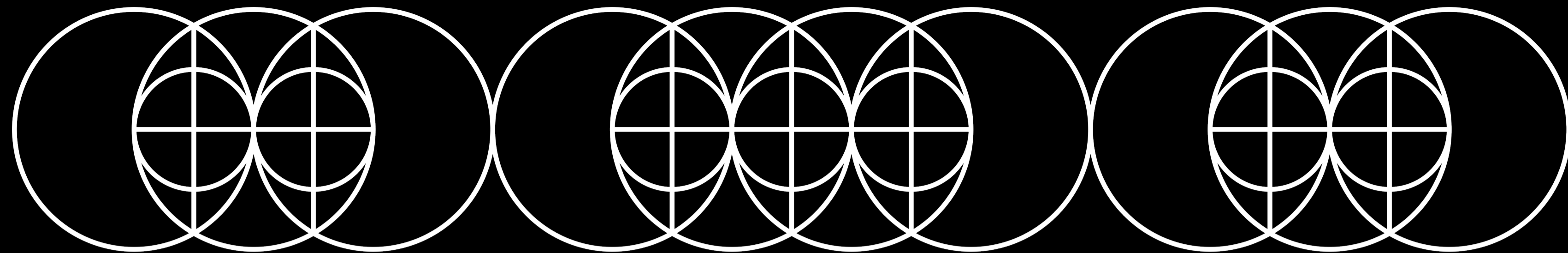






*i was there that day*

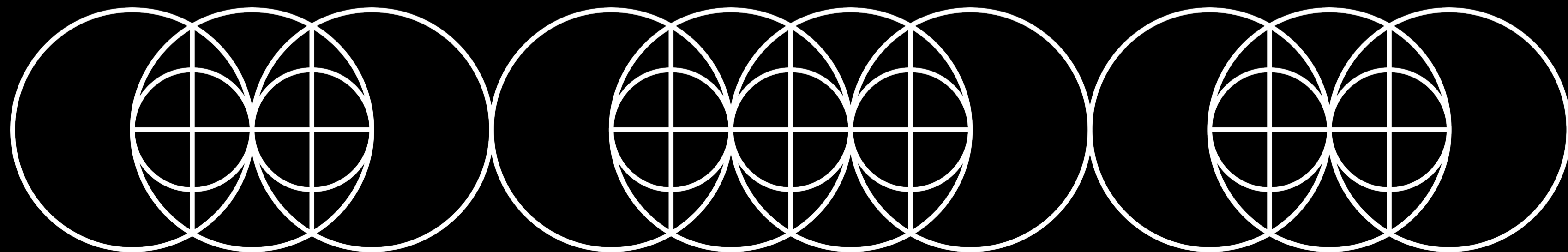


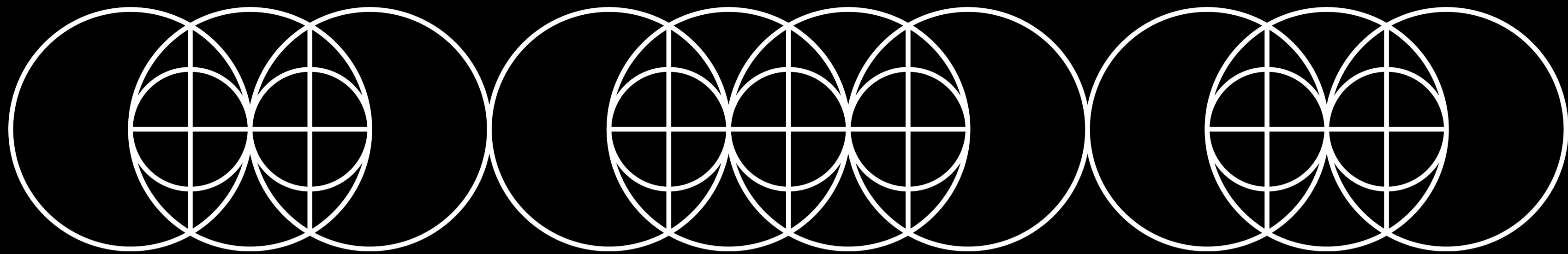


**running my hands along the old stone  
feeling the coolness  
beneath my fingertips**

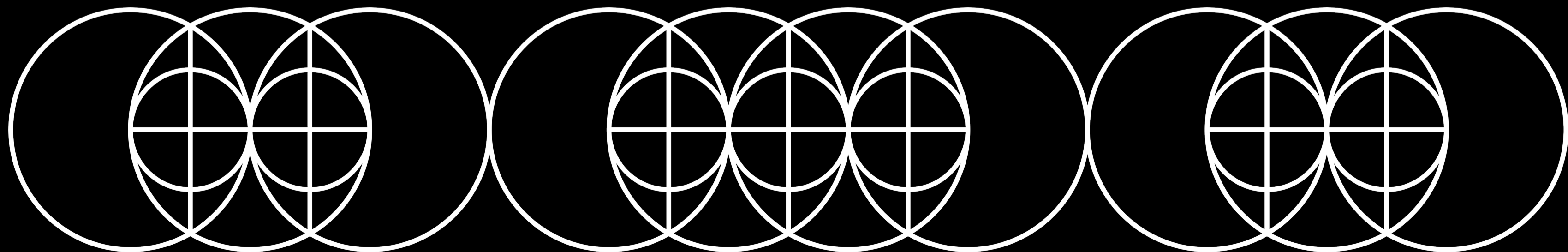
**the jagged edges crystallizing  
remnants**

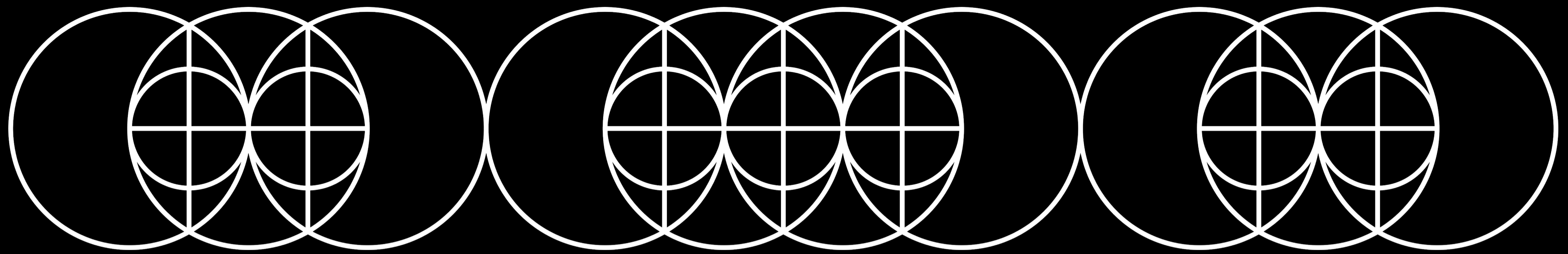
**of futures that failed to emerge**





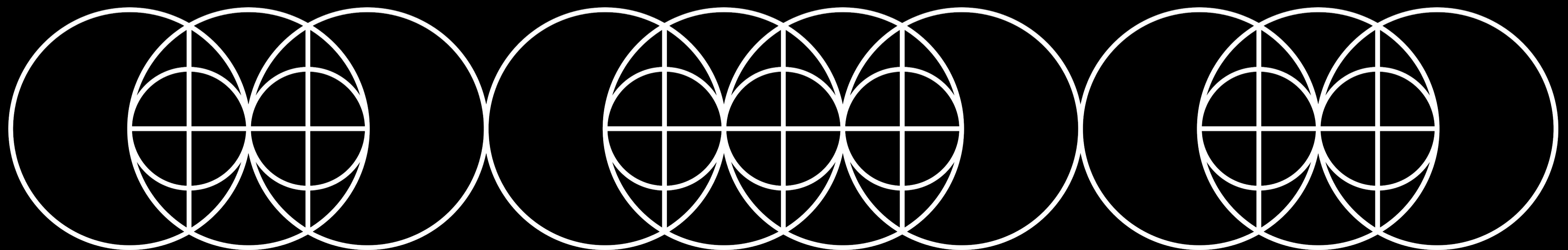
**the past is but  
a story  
we continually  
reimagine**

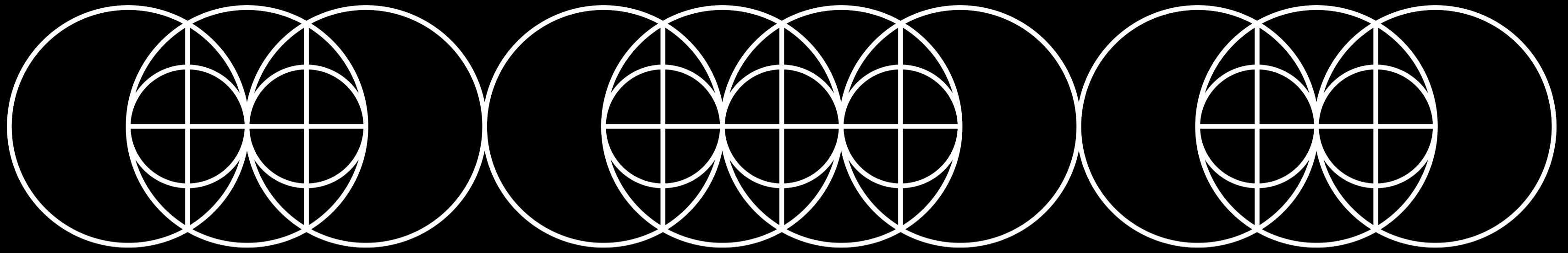




**there once was a moment so dark  
and dense  
that matter congealed in frozen time**

**the fragmented present  
lacks this type of energy**

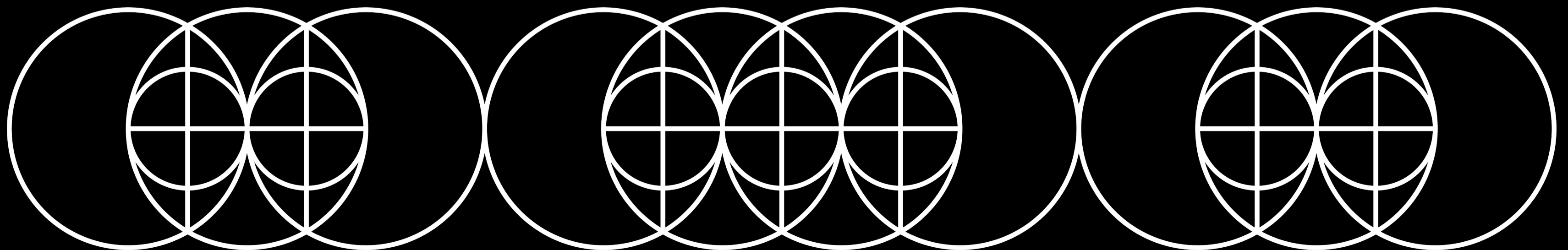


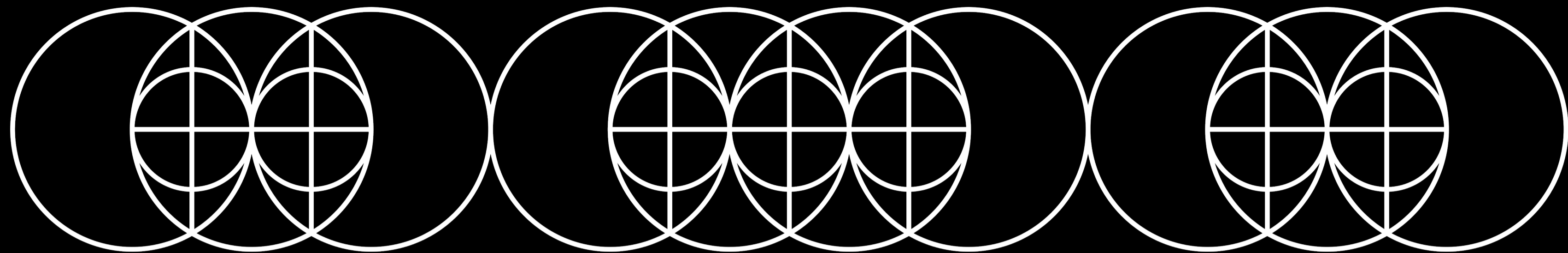


**coalescences of infinitely varying  
frequencies shift**

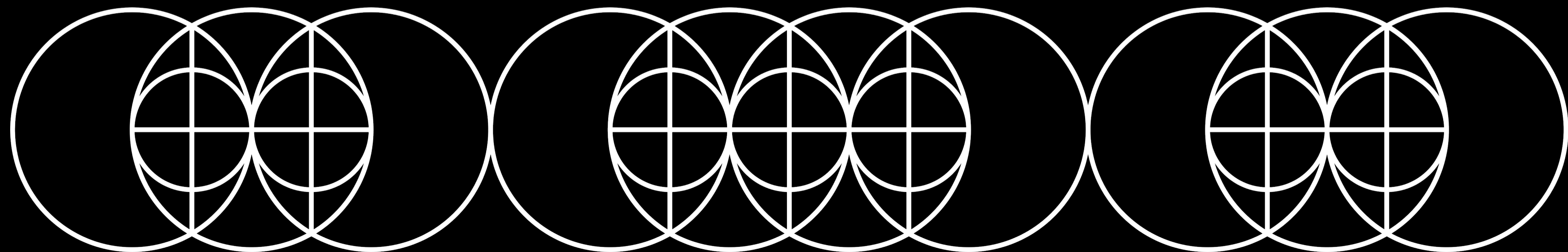
**engendering movement**

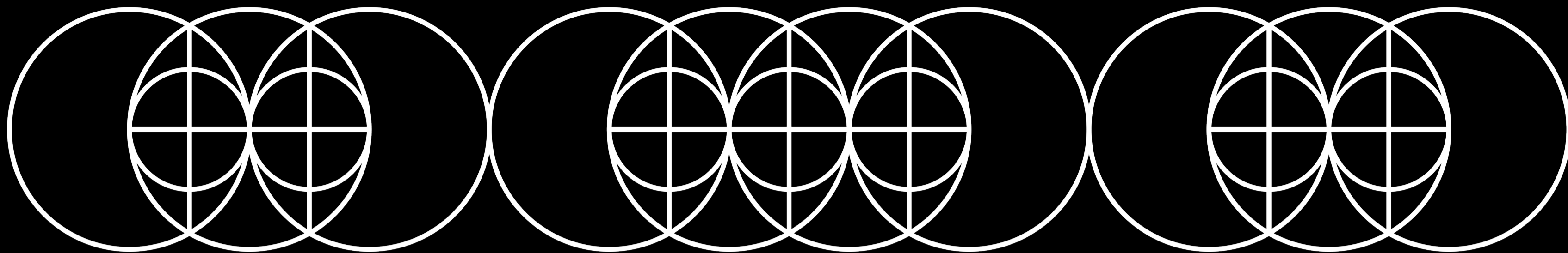
**tossed around  
in the great cosmic dance**





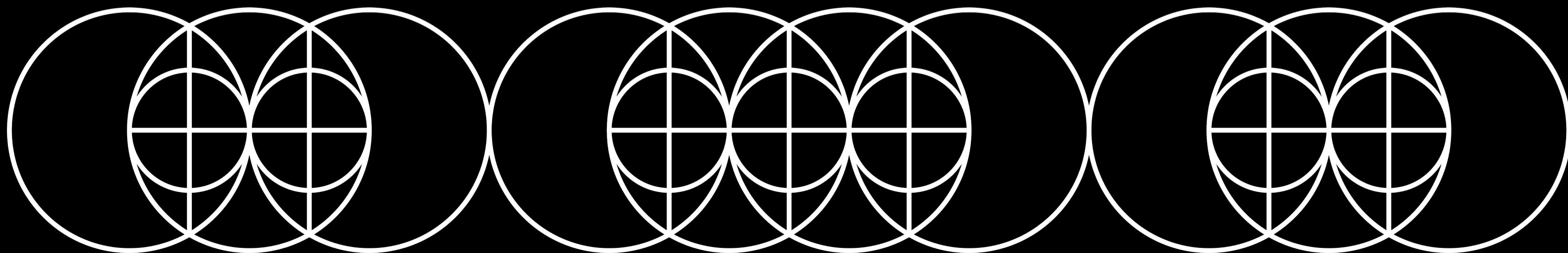
**new light began  
to emerge from the  
void**

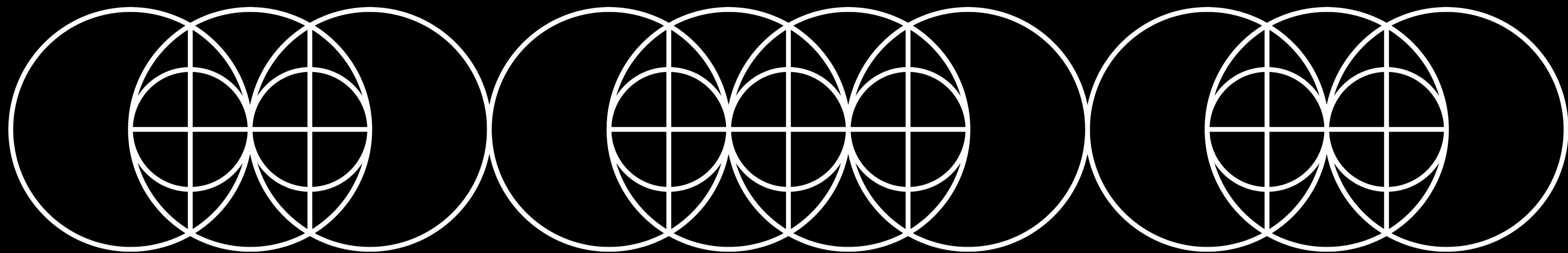




**connections intertwining deeper still**

**one last flash from the horizon  
left me breathless in its path**

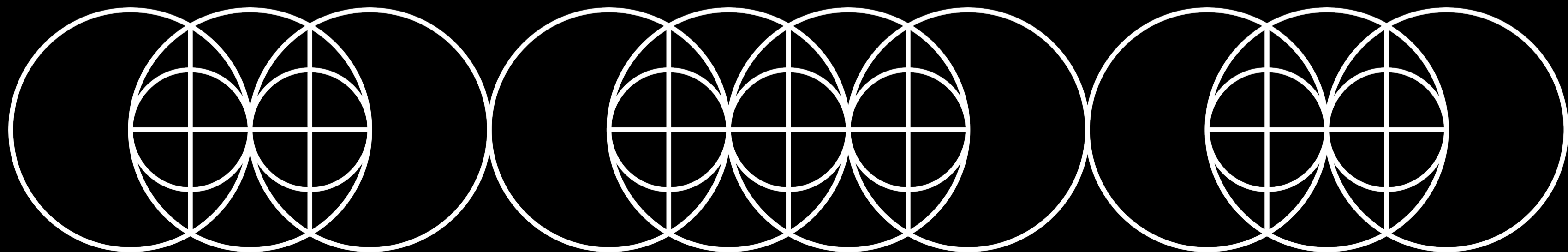




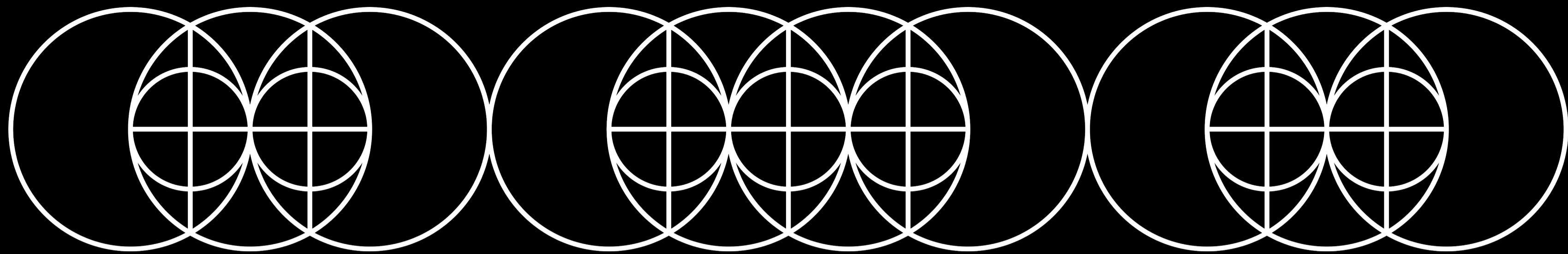
**things are broken in a way  
that feels generative**

**trustless systems are inefficient  
but nothing creates community  
like existential threat**

**everyone is an entrepreneur  
vying for power  
in a ten million pixel wide landscape**

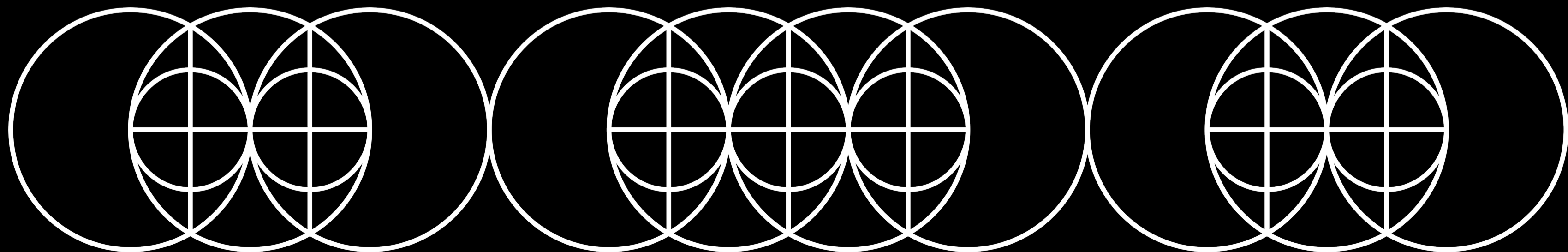


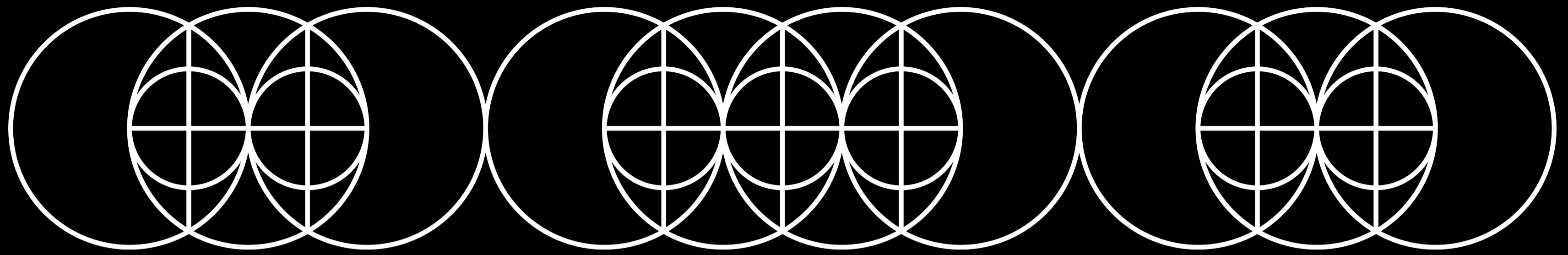




**it's true that spectrums  
aren't linear**

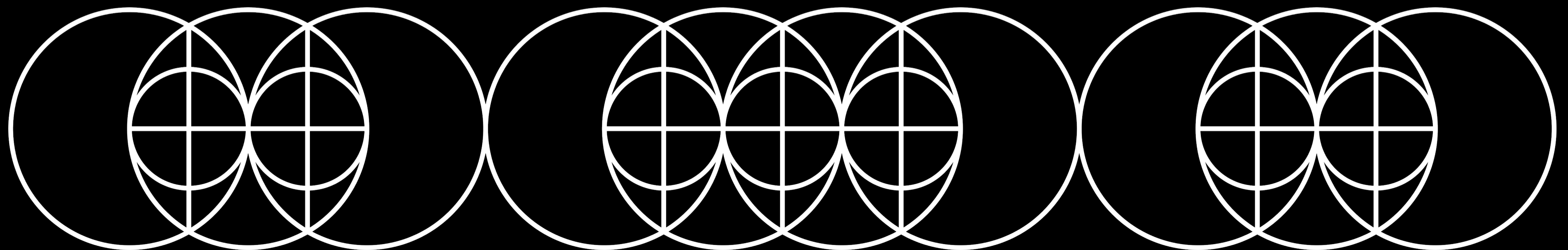
**but continuous loops**





**the further you go  
in one direction**

**the closer you get  
to the other side**





# SPECIAL THANKS

Jan Anderson - Video  
Tom Coates - Production  
Mara Dixon - Design  
Katrina Cresman - Text



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