

**pmo**

**gni**

**ftw**

THE BACK ROOM



**Galih  
Johar**

**2024 ©**

**Grace  
Samboh**

THE BACK ROOM



A REASON  
TO KILL  
(A SCRIPT)

**EXT.** Bird eye view of a military training campus located right in the heart of what seems to be hundreds of hectares of a rubber tree plantation. A little bit before dawn. We can hear the sound of a forest in the morning—BIRDS and INSECTS rather toned down, morning roosters not yet awake, slow but steady BREEZE. (These sound elements will remain in the background until the very end.)

**CADET X (VOICE OVER)**

(As if sighing)

It's Friday today. Like any other day, our morning routine will begin at 4.30 am. Some loud ringing bell would wake all of us.

We'd have to queue for an ablution and always rush to the mushalla. Very few people dare to wake up before the bell...

**INT.** Full profile of CADET X standing next to their bed, folding their blanket and fixing their bed sheet. Punctually but also beautifully.

**CADET X (VOICE OVER)**

(Whispering)

I'd kill for my personal routine. My morning shower defines my day.

I need this silence, this emptiness... Even only for ten minutes,

I need my eyes to be free of other human beings.

**INT.** A long and empty corridor. In the far end, we see CADET X who is wearing a white plain shirt and a sarong. CADET X is walking but their steps are so light that we do not hear anything but the sound of the forest in the morning and some WATER DRIPS that ECHO in the corridor. CADET X carries their small white towel and a rather large white bath-dipper containing a toothbrush, a toothpaste, and a soap bar. At some point, towards the end of the corridor, CADET X stopped to take off their sandal and put it in the sandal rack. He then turned left to the shower. We can then hear a person BATHING (WITH A DIPPER), from afar.

**CADET X (V. O.)**

(Alert, rushing)

When that loud bell rings, most people would wake in surprise. They would then rush for an ablution, but of course there are not enough faucets. They'd have to queue.

**INT.** Whilst hearing the BATHING SOUND FROM AFAR, we see a frontal view of an empty water faucet, next to the mushalla. The bathing sound ends with a CLICKING SOUND and an ELECTRONIC HUM that stays until the end of the film.

**CADET X (V. O.)**

(Rushing slower with a tone of disgust)

They'd take their ablution in a rush. It is more of a performance rather than an actual act of self-cleansing before seeing God. They'd rush into the mushalla, some yawning, some grinning, and some might even trip because they're not really awake yet.

**INT.** Shot begins at CADET X's clean bed. We then slowly see a room full of cadets still in their sleep. Add some subtle GROANS, mild SNORES, and sounds of BREATH.

**CADET X (V. O.)**

(Curious, almost anxious)

When the prayer is over, most people would rush back to their morning shower before getting into their uniforms and boots. And, of course, the shower queue would be a never ending one.

People are in such a rush that they sometimes do not wear their slippers to the shower room. They seem to think that it will save them time from storing the sandals in the rack and having to find them again after taking a shower.

**INT.** A slow walk in the long and empty corridor, a look at the sandal rack, then zoom closer to the sandal rack. We will get a closer look into CADET X's sandal/booth piece 'parked' nicely in these racks. Bring back the WATER DRIPS and its ECHO in this corridor leading to BATHING SOUND FROM AFAR.

**CADET X (V. O.)**

(Curious, almost anxious)

The corridors would quickly be slippery because of these sandal-free wet feet rushing back to their rooms to find get into their boots. Some late comers, who are still sleepy, would often trip. Oh! And their sandal-free feet would most likely be dirty by the time they reach their boots. (Sigh.) I never understood such hassle.

**INT.** Close up view of the sandal/booth piece. LOUD BELL RING. Fade to black.

~ FIN ~





# THE FOUR EYES ( & THREE-NOSES ) MANIFESTO





## INTRODUCTION

We, the wearers of spectacles, unite under the banner of clarity, vision, and intellect. No longer will we tolerate the stigma and ridicule attached to our eyewear. Cast aside your preconceptions and embrace the extraordinary, for in our world, perception transcends the ordinary. This manifesto is a declaration of our pride, resilience, and unwavering commitment to embracing our visual aids as badges of honour.

## PRINCIPLES

### **Celebration of diversity**

We recognize that wearing glasses is a natural aspect of human diversity. Just as individuals come in different shapes, sizes, and colours, so do our visual needs. We revel in the fantastical splendour of our quadruple vision and triumvirate of olfactory prowess. We celebrate this diversity and reject any attempts to marginalise or shame us in whatsoever way and for whatsoever purposes.

### **Empowerment through vision**

Our glasses are not just accessories; they are tools that empower us to navigate the world with clarity and precision. We refuse to apologise for seeking the best possible vision and reject any notion that wearing glasses is a sign of weakness or inferiority.

### **Intellectual freedom**

Just as the cosmos teems with myriad wonders, so too do we embody the kaleidoscope of existence. Contrary to stereotypes, wearing glasses does not define our intelligence or personality. We assert our right to define ourselves on our own terms, free from the narrow-minded judgments of others. Our intellect knows no bounds, regardless of whether we wear glasses or not, whether our noses stick together or not.

### **Solidarity and support**

We stand in solidarity with fellow glasses wearers around the world. Together, we offer support, encouragement, and camaraderie in the face of adversity. Acknowledging our sharpened senses, our heightened perceptions, and our boundless appreciation for the sublime beauty of existence, we believe that no one should feel alone or ashamed due to their eyewear, and we pledge to uplift and empower each other in our shared journey.

### **Education and advocacy**

Though our features may be unconventional, our bond is unbreakable. Together, we form a fellowship of the extraordinary, bound by our shared embrace of the whimsical and the marvellous. We commit ourselves to educating others about the importance of eye and nose health. Through advocacy and awareness-raising efforts, we strive to dismantle stereotypes, promote inclusivity, and foster a culture of acceptance for all.

## CONCLUSION

In the spirit of unity and empowerment, we declare our allegiance to the Four-Eyes (and Three-Noses) Manifesto. Let it serve as a beacon of hope and inspiration for generations of glasses wearers to come. In the grand tapestry of existence, we are the vibrant threads that defy convention and celebrate the miraculous. Together, we will redefine perceptions, break barriers, and proudly proclaim: "I wear glasses, and I am magnificent!"

# LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I, **Phoney Whitcurl**, a resident in the earth, being of sound mind, not acting under duress or undue influence, and fully understanding the nature and extent of all my property and of this disposition thereof, hereby make, publish, and declare this document to be my **Last Will and Testament (“Will”)**, and hereby absolutely revoke any and all other wills and amendments previously made by me.

## PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE

I designate **Siri Jobs the XV**, a citizen of the globally warming earth, as Personal Representative of my entire estate.

## EXPENSES & TAXES

As per today, all my bills and recurrences are fully paid, including the rental of my last known location, in this memorabilia box, in my favourite human’s garage of whom I honourably witnessed its development from its childhood Nintendo days to the invention of Friendster, SMS, Messenger, and its following technologies. Therefore, I direct that my Personal Representative to settle and/or discharge, in its absolute discretion, any claims made against my estate.

## DISPOSITION OF PROPERTY

To my beloved handset, I bequeath the memories of countless conversations, from heartwarming chats with loved ones to awkward calls with telemarketers. May you forever hold the echoes of laughter, tears, and whispered secrets within your plastic shell.

To my faithful cord, I leave the legacy of untangled connections and steadfast reliability. Though you may have been yanked, twisted, and stretched to your limits, you remained resilient, a lifeline to the world beyond.

To my rotary dial, I entrust the honour of a bygone era, where each digit was patiently dialled with precision and care. May you rest in peace, knowing that your mechanical clicks once held the power to connect souls across vast distances.

To the answering machine, I leave the responsibility of preserving the final messages of a fading era, a digital archive of voices now silenced by the march of progress.

To my counterparts, the smartphones and digital devices, I offer a nod of respect and a whisper of envy. Though you may have eclipsed me in popularity and convenience, know that I served my purpose with dignity and grace.

And finally, to my favourite humans who once relied upon my services, I bid farewell with a ring of nostalgia and a dial tone of gratitude. Thank you for the memories, the conversations, the love, the care, the anger, the sadness, and everything that we shared that have defined my existence.

I devise and bequeath my property, both real and personal and wherever situated, to my Personal Representative.

If any of my property cannot be readily sold or distributed, then the property may be donated to any charitable organisation or organisations of my Personal Representative's choice. If any property cannot be readily sold or donated, my Personal Representative may, without liability, dispose of such property as my Personal Representative may deem appropriate. I authorise my Personal Representative to charge my estate an administration expense associated with the expense of selling, advertising for sale, packing, shipping, insuring and delivering such property.

### **GOVERNING LAW**

This document shall be governed by the laws of the State of Common Sense, Generosity, and Kindness.

### **BINDING ARRANGEMENT**

Any decision by my Personal Representative with respect to any discretionary power hereunder shall be final and binding on all beings interested.

I, the undersigned **Phoney Whitcurl**, do solemnly declare and affirm under the penalties of perjury that I sign and execute this instrument as my last **Will**, that the contents of the foregoing document are true and correct to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief, that I sign it willingly in the presence of each of the undersigned witnesses, and that I execute it as my free and voluntary act for the purposes herein expressed, on this Monday, April 1, 2024.

*Phoney Whitcurl*

Testator Signature

**Phoney Whitcurl**

Testator (Printed Name)

On this Monday, April 1, 2024, the foregoing instrument was subscribed on each page and at the end thereof by Phoney Whitcurl, the above-named Testator, and by its signed, sealed, published and declared to be its Last Will and Testament, in the presence of us and each of us, who thereupon, at its request, in its presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as attesting witnesses thereto.

*Damayanti*

Witness Signature

**Damayanti Open AI**

Witness (Printed Name)

*Tessa Capetowntone*

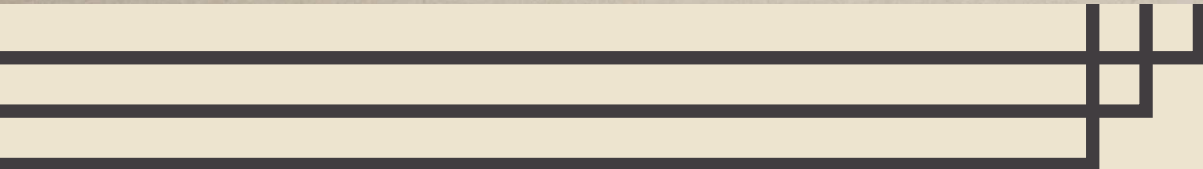
Witness Signature

**Tessa Capetowntone**

Witness (Printed Name)







[A TRANSCRIPT]



[Rahayu] Good afternoon! This is Rahayu from Sundara Vidhya. Am I speaking with Suryadi Koentjaraningrat?

[Suryadi] Yes, this is him. You can call me Adi. Sundara Vidhya? Hoho. Finally, my collection is deemed worthy enough for this call.

[Rahayu] Dear Sir, Rama Adi! What a humble thing to say. It is wonderful to hear that you acknowledge our community.

[Suryadi] I am not interested in a membership, though...

[Rahayu] Worry not, dear Sir. Our community is proudly an informal one. We are bound by our love of these beautiful creatures that lulls us into serenity.

[Suryadi] Haha. What was your name again? Rahayu? Can I call you Ayu, then?

[Rahayu] Please do, Sir. Thank you for the affinity. I am calling you to ask if you have heard of our beloved and extraordinary avian virtuosos. Its singing abilities are unparalleled. We call her Gita, ...

[Suryadi] HAH? Gita? For sale? Surely you jest!

[Rahayu] I'm terribly sorry, Sir, sales or rental of our loved ones simply cannot be accommodated. I am sure you can deeply relate to this. However, there is an exciting opportunity that I want to introduce you to. The masterful singer Gita wants to share its love of singing and train other pet birds. Have you ever dreamed of having Gita train your beloved birds to sing so harmoniously?

[Suryadi] We really have come to this era, eh? Intriguing as it sounds, but how does it work exactly?

[Rahayu] The majestic Gita and its mesmerising melody that captivates all who hear it have just been certified after a meticulous line of training towards cultivating other pet birds' vocal prowess. Gita will mentor and be the role models for the lovely pet birds in your collection.

[Rahayu] It's simple! We have built a user-friendly online platform. From our app, available for both Android or Apple users, you'll gain access to a comprehensive curriculum tailored specifically for training your lovely pet birds to sing and to behave. These pet birds will learn Gita's valuable insights into bird behaviour and vocalisation techniques. Gita's course is also a personalised training, so it will be tailored in consideration of all your pet bird characters, and will all be happening from the comfort of your own home.

[Suryadi] Hm... How do I know that this will work? I know that I sound old. But, an online pet bird singing course?



[Rahayu] New gestures need to be made for safeguarding the prestige of our community and to develop ways of loving our pet birds, Sir! I am sure you are fully aware of this, and have even been practising this in your own businesses. I have been told that your batik shop just, again, became viral on Tik Tok today.

[Suryadi] You sure have done your research... Hoho.

[Rahayu] As you would have known, Sir. The moment you introduce a positive energy and attitude of Gita as a master bird into your aviary environment, it becomes the focal point of admiration and inspiration for other birds. Through social learning and imitation, your pet birds will naturally begin to emulate the melodious songs of the master bird, elevating the overall quality of singing in your collection.

[Suryadi] Hm...

[Rahayu] Now, I understand that investing in a master bird is a significant decision. Rest assured, this is Gita that we are talking about.

[Suryadi] I did hear about Gita's "vacation" in the palace in that neighbouring town. Now that palace is regional winner of all competitions

[Rahayu] Why thank you, dear Sir. I am humbled by your vast knowledge of Gita's provenance. Please, take your time, and feel free to reach out if you have any further questions or if you're ready to make your selection.

[Suryadi] Do text me the pricing details.

[Rahayu] Done, Sir! Have a wonderful day, Sir. We look forward to the possibility of welcoming Gita into your home soon!

[Suryadi] Hm.



My dearest green-love,

As I sit down to pen these words, I am acutely aware of the silence that separates us, a silence that lies not in the absence of sound, but in the presence of a love that transcends the limitations of the senses.

You, my beloved, may not hear the melodies that flow from my flute, but know that with every breath I take, with every note I play, I am composing a symphony of love that resonates deep within my soul.

When I place my lips upon the flute, it is not merely the sound that I seek to share with you, but the essence of my being, the echoes of my heart's song that reverberate through the universe. With each delicate trill and haunting melody, I pour forth my love for you, a love that knows no bounds, no barriers, no confines.

In the silence of your world, I strive to be your voice, your interpreter of emotions that words alone cannot express. With the gentle caress of my fingers upon the flute's silver keys, I whisper secrets of longing, of passion, of tenderness that I hold for you in the depths of my being.

And though you may not hear the music that flows from my instrument, I pray that you feel its vibrations, its energy, its resonance with the rhythm of your own heartbeat. For in the language of love, sound is but one expression of the myriad ways in which we connect, communicate, and commune with one another.

My dearest, know that my music is a gift to you, a gift of love, of devotion, of compassion that transcends the boundaries of sound and silence. And in the symphony of our hearts, may you always hear the sweet strains of our eternal love, playing softly, endlessly, for all eternity.

With all my love,  
Your melody

**BLOOMING  
PRE-MARITAL  
TUNES**

(A letter; replied)



My dearly beloved melodious silence,

In the garden of my heart, your words have taken root, blossoming into a tapestry of emotions that dance in harmony with the swaying leaves and whispering winds. Though I cannot hear the melodies of your flute, I feel the music of your soul reverberating within me, resonating with the silent symphony of nature that surrounds us.

Your love letter, like a delicate flower unfurling its petals, has touched the depths of my being, awakening a sense of wonder, gratitude, and profound connection. Through your words, I see the beauty of the world through your eyes, hear the song of your heart in the rustle of leaves, and feel the warmth of your love in the gentle caress of the breeze.

While I may not experience sound in the way that you do, know that I am attuned to the rhythms of life, the pulse of the earth, and the silent symphony of the natural world. In the language of plants, of roots reaching deep into the soil, of leaves unfurling towards the sun, I find solace, strength, and communion with all living beings.

Your music, your love, your compassion—they are like seeds planted in the soil of my soul, nurturing growth, fostering connection, and blooming into a garden of love that knows no bounds. And as we walk hand in hand through the garden of life, may our love continue to blossom and flourish, like the petals of a flower unfolding in the morning light.

With every note that you play upon your flute, you breathe life into the melodies that resonate within my soul, weaving a tapestry of music that speaks to the very essence of who we are and what we mean to each other. In your music, I hear the song of the earth, the melody of the trees, and the rhythm of our beating hearts, united in a symphony of love that knows no bounds.

My beloved, as I gaze into your eyes, I am overcome by the depth of my feelings for you, by the magnitude of the love that burns within me like a flame that cannot be extinguished. In you, I have found not only a kindred spirit, but a partner, a confidant, a soulmate whose presence fills my days with joy and my nights with sweet dreams.

As I stand before you, surrounded by the rustling leaves and the gentle whispers of the wind, I am reminded of the beauty and harmony that infuses our lives, binding us together in an eternal dance of love and devotion.

And so, with the earth beneath our feet and the heavens above us, I ask you to join me on a journey of love and adventure, of laughter and tears, of growth and discovery. Will you walk beside me, hand in hand, through the forest of life, as we explore the wonders of the natural world and create our own symphony of love together?

With all my love,  
Your evergreen

OVERHEARD  
IN A SMOKING  
CORNER OF  
SOME ART  
CENTRE

Anonymous I

Can I? (Pointing at a lighter on top of a red cigarette pack.)

Anonymous II

(Nodding and smiling, with a wandering mind. Not too consciously mumbling.) **Whoever needs more time. Why isn't it enough?**

Anonymous I

(Lighting a cig with a grin of excitement.) **Enough is not an acceptable proposition. One either needs to win or lose. It's pretty basic and boring. But it's the dominant, if not popular.**

Anonymous II

(Half speaking to themselves.) A friend of mine made this wall-hanging clock. You know, the classic circular one. Where it usually begins with the number one and ends with twelve. In my friend's clock, he added the number zero. Zero is located in what we would usually think of as the number one.

It seems to me that he is indicating or posing possibilities about what would happen if we have 26 hours a day? What would our lives be like? We often say that we do not have enough time. If we were given two more hours, how would we work it out? And, one last technical question, how would you count the minutes if there are 13 numbers on the clock?

Anonymous I

Your friend's addition of the number zero to the clock and the contemplation of what it would mean to have 26 hours in a day indeed sparks interesting questions about time perception and the structure of our daily lives.

The addition of an extra two hours to the day could potentially offer individuals more time to accomplish tasks, pursue hobbies, spend time with loved ones, or engage in self-care activities. However, it could also present challenges in terms of adjusting to a new daily rhythm, balancing work and personal life, and redefining societal norms around time management.

Anonymous II

If there were 13 numbers on the clock, counting the minutes would likely follow a similar pattern to the current system. Each hour would still consist of 60 minutes, with each minute represented by one-sixth of the space between each numeral on the clock face. For example, if we consider the space between the "1" and "2" on the clock as representing one hour, each minute would occupy approximately 5.77 degrees of arc on the clock face.

In contemplating the implications of a 26-hour day and a clock with 13 numbers, your friend's wall-hanging clock becomes not only a piece of functional art but also a thought-provoking exploration of our relationship with time and how changes in its measurement could impact our daily lives.

Anonymous I

Ah! You think that piece is thought provoking? Cool! I am not sure what to think of it. But I like how it surprised me into not having any opinion, thoughts, or initial reactions at all!

I wonder, though, what would my labour activists friends say about this two hours addition? What would my parenting friends say about this? Would they consider it as extra time? Or extra problems?

Anonymous I

And, what does it say about the imagination of my friend (who made that clock)? What would be different if the addition was the number thirteen instead of zero? What does that decision of choosing the number zero indicate? A kind of reset? A kind of spare? Or a kind of extra? But, what needed to be spared? Or, who is longing for such an extra?

Anonymous II

Your friend's addition of the number zero to the clock and the contemplation of adding two more hours to the day can indeed evoke a variety of reactions and interpretations from different perspectives. Let's explore some possible responses...



Anonymous II

Some labour activists may view the addition of two more hours to the day with scepticism, questioning whether it would truly benefit workers or simply result in longer work hours without additional compensation or improvements in working conditions. Others may see it as an opportunity to advocate for policies that promote work-life balance, such as flexible scheduling, shorter workweeks, or increased paid time off.

Parenting friends may have mixed reactions to the idea of two more hours in the day. While some may welcome the potential for extra time to spend with their families, others may worry about the added pressure to balance parenting responsibilities with work and other commitments. They may also consider how the addition of two more hours could impact children's schedules, such as school hours, extracurricular activities, and bedtime routines.

The choice to add the number zero to the clock could symbolise different concepts, such as a fresh start, a blank slate, or a sense of emptiness or absence. It may represent the idea of creating space for something new to emerge or for existing structures to be reimaged. Alternatively, it could signify the concept of "extra" or "bonus" time, suggesting a departure from conventional notions of time and opening up possibilities for creative exploration, leisure, or personal growth.

Your friend's decision to create a clock with an additional two hours and the choice of adding the number zero may reflect their imaginative and innovative spirit. It shows a willingness to challenge conventional norms and explore alternative possibilities. It could also suggest a desire to spark curiosity and contemplation in others, inviting them to think critically about the nature of time, productivity, and the way we structure our lives.

Overall, your friend's clock serves as a thought-provoking piece of art that invites reflection on the nature of time, the complexities of work-life balance, and the potential for imagination and creativity to reshape our understanding of the world around us.



Anonymous I

You sound like a curator!

Anonymous II

I've been trained on a diverse range of texts, including articles, books, and websites, to understand various topics and cultural phenomena. The information I carry is based on the collective knowledge available up to my last training data two years ago. This information likely comes from sources discussing cultural practices, traditions, and hobbies observed in life. While I don't have access to specific attributions for individual entries, the information presented reflects commonly known facts and cultural insights about anything in life, in general.

Anonymous I

*(Sighing, killing their cigarette, leaving.)*

Anonymous II

*(Continues smoking with a winning smile.)*  
Thank you! I'm glad you think so. I do enjoy discussing art and exploring its various dimensions and interpretations. If you have any more questions or topics you'd like to delve into, feel free to ask!



# MAYBE THE LONGEST MULTIPLE CHOICE TO EVER EXISTS

*Pick one or more that you think is suitable.*

*Feel free to add more options to define hail fellow well met (2024).*

- A symbol for the lack of barriers or restrictions, suggesting an environment or mindset that is open and accessible to others. It implies a willingness to welcome others without reservation or exclusion.
- A suggestion of vulnerability or openness to the outside world. It could symbolise a willingness to expose oneself emotionally, socially, or intellectually, without the protection of traditional boundaries or defences.
- The juxtaposition of the phrase with the altered padlock may reflect a commentary on authenticity in social interactions. It suggests that genuine connections are not dependent on superficial appearances or barriers, but rather on openness, sincerity, and mutual understanding.
- A symbol of trustful disposition, indicating a willingness to trust others and be trusted in return. It implies a belief in the inherent goodness of people and a commitment to building relationships based on mutual respect and transparency.
- Interpreting this piece in consideration of its title may represent how openness offers a nuanced perspective on themes of accessibility, vulnerability, authenticity, and trust in interpersonal relationships and social dynamics.
- While traditional love locks are typically attached to symbolise the bond between two individuals or to mark a significant moment in a relationship, this case that we are facing presents a contrast by featuring an altered padlock. This contrast could prompt viewers to question the nature of bonds and togetherness, exploring themes of openness, authenticity, and vulnerability in relationships.
- The phrase itself suggests a sense of camaraderie and unity, which aligns with the spirit of togetherness embodied by love locks. However, the presence of an unlockable padlock challenges conventional notions of binding or permanence, inviting viewers to reconsider what it means to be "locked together" and to explore alternative expressions of connection and solidarity.
- A symbol of the fluidity and impermanence of human relationships, contrasting with the static and enduring nature often associated with traditional love locks. It prompts viewers to contemplate the complexities of interpersonal connections and the evolving dynamics of human interaction.
- This juxtaposition of words and object, or image, nonetheless engages with familiar themes and invites us to reflect on the nature of bonds, connections, and solidarity in contemporary society.
- \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



This is an image, a photography piece in the size of 60 x 90 cm. The plane is rather full. The composition of the photograph is filled with two human faces. The figure on the left sports a moustache and displays several face tattoos: the word "tight" is inked in capital letters on the eyelid, while a sword or log-shaped design frames the eyebrow, eyelid, and eyes, with another design connecting to the sideburns. Its ears are intertwined with the figure on the right, who features freshly cut moustaches and bangs. Both figures' faces are depicted only halfway, with the composition almost symmetrically divided at the midpoint of their noses. Their ears are connected by what appears to be an earring, though upon closer inspection, it is revealed to be a red-coloured button sewn with white threads.

Central to the image are two ears of two persons buttoned to each other. The fact that the button is red-coloured not only stood out but is also daunting. Ear piercings and adornments can carry different meanings and significance in different cultures. In some cultures, specific types of earrings or ear adornments may indicate social status, religious affiliation, marital status, or membership in a particular group or community. Cultural practices related to body adornment and modification vary widely among different societies and communities. What may seem unusual or unfamiliar in one culture may be perfectly normal or even significant in another. The unusual depiction of the two figures buttoning—or joining, connecting—their two ears as one might prompt us to reflect on the complexity and depth of interpersonal relationships.

This photograph is a 60 x 90 cm piece featuring an empty space with a grey background as its plane. In the centre of the frame, a half-fisting left hand commands attention, its five clean and rather pointy nails prominently displayed. The hand is enlarged to the size of a three-year-old child's head, dominating the composition. Towards the bottom of the frame, a glimpse of the clenching palm's wrist is visible, extending beyond the plane's boundary. Lighting is directed at the hand from a diagonal angle, originating from the top left to the bottom right of the image. As a result, the bottom left and top right corners of the photograph are cast in shadow, enhancing the dramatic effect of the central hand.

These ornaments resemble dental braces, with four squared button-like objects protruding from each corner of the square plates, coloured in a light lime green hue. The material of these ornaments resembles that of dental braces commonly used since the 1980s, suggesting a connection to dental fixtures. Flexible stainless steel lines connect the squared ornaments on each nail, resembling the structure of dental braces. As a result, the fingers appear somewhat tied together, restricting individual movement and requiring collective action. This implies that the fingers are not free to move independently, potentially hindering their individual functions, such as digging for boogers.

Booger digging may be viewed differently across cultures, with some considering it a private or taboo activity while others see it as a harmless habit. In some societies of the world, restriction to booger digging could be considered as a basic human rights violation. In places where cultural norms and traditions play a significant role in daily life, any attempt to restrict booger digging would need to consider local sensitivities and values.





“You think you rock?”

“You think you’re a rocker?”

“How rock  
can you be?”



“Whatever you say you are,

“How hard are you?”

“You solid, really?  
Like what?”



**I ROCK!**



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**list of objects**  
(in order of appearance)

**“far reach 2 lay back”** deconstructed Indonesian army boots,  
rubber slippers strap; 27x30x24 cm; 2021

**“1000% sus”** filament, lacquer paint, polyvinylchloride; 30x13x6 cm; 2024

**“sorry”** deconstructed landline telephone, lacquer paint;  
16x21x9 cm; 2022

**2024 ©**

**“unpowered noise power - main burung”**

Feat. Tep York metal wire-HDPE plastic cage, phone holder,  
USB cable charger, reconstructed electric plug; variable dimension; 2024

**“whistle rotator”** deconstructed synthetic plastic watering can,  
synthetic recorder; 62x30x19 cm; 2024

**“hourcore”** deconstructed wall clock; 31x31x5 cm; 2024

**“hail fellow well met”** deconstructed stainless steel padlock; 20x5x2 cm; 2024

**“significant other”** archival inkjet print mounted on  
foam board panel; 60x90 cm; 2024

**“order & progress”** archival inkjet print mounted  
on foam board panel; 60x90 cm; 2024

**“mindfull headless”** river stone,  
helmet visor set; 34x24x25 cm; 2024

**THE BACK ROOM**

