

*GABRIEL HART



GENEVA JACUZZI'S 'CASSET'

In our digital age of infuriating accessibility, there are music videos - haphazardly slapped together footage of artist performing their song and if we're lucky, some random inconsequential images spliced in so we don't get fatigued of their face. Then, there are the more ambitious short films set to an artist's song, where the focus moves to the director's inflated whimsy and we forget the song is even there; as if the crutch has disappeared, leaving the self-proclaimed auteur to fall over, further revealing their artistic handicaps.

Then, at its most exalted form, there are what we could only call collaborative events like what we've found with Geneva Jacuzzi's Casket, assembled by VISION FRIEND - a visual development studio based in Hollywood, CA. The project is a chasm-leap for synth-pop performance artist Geneva Jacuzzi, whose work has already transcended the club paradigm with presentations at the MOCA, the BROAD, and the GETTY - but this deceptive six-minute experience brings her reality-shattering world into the fever of your own cabin.

Cont... (01 of 02)

- Gabriel Hart,
author of *Virgins in Reverse/The Intrusion*,
voice of *Jail Weddings*.

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...(02 of 02)

The intro shows either a glitch in the machine or a sincere warning when we see the text: If cybernetics is the science of control, management is the profession of control. A dream unfolding, we're hungover from technological deceits until we remember the hair of the dog to celebrate its power over us. A cut-up collage approaches as we swim through a tunnel of culture's debris - where one (wo)man's trash is another's possibility. It's appropriate the first time we see Geneva Jacuzzi's name, the logo of our hostess is on top of the human brain. If it all appears too much, if you're not prepared for the psychonaut shattering of form you see - don't worry, it redials for you. This false-start is all part of making sure you can fully-commit. Now the song begins. Jacuzzi has never been louder after nearly a decade of lo-fi delights, and this tone is delicious, minor-chord sweetness highlighting decay -the song is called Casket, remember. But we're underwater, we're in outer space, our inner psychonaut exploring very fiber between living and dying. Fractal landscapes converge and collide, there's no sturdy ground to stand on - a kaleidoscopic reminder we're only pure energy. That's why the lyrics paint afterlife horizons where we refuse to stop moving: Talk to me in the casket/and dress the stiff for the dance/tell the ice to crystalize/talk the lids into lifting again. The film is a bridge-burning synapse between analog and digital, between flesh and AI. Jacuzzi's a one-woman hydra-head of persona, her Earth body at her workstation surveying her disembodied panoramic being, the albatross created by its master who can no longer be captured. We see a not too-distant dystopia of condemned malls taken over by wildlife, of existential emergencies triggered by lost iconography, re-appropriated as sigils to take us further down the dark paths of illumination.

It's the post-modern vision of Liquid Sky meets the proto-experimental rituals in Invocation of My Demon Brother. A decisive anti-thesis of decontrol that offers true freedom in the submission to sound and image. Unreal.

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author of Virgins in Reverse/The Intrusion,
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