
Memories, Memes, and Metadata

Spencer D. C. Keralis, Ph.D.
Research Associate Professor
Head, Digital Humanities & Collaborative Programs
University of North Texas Libraries
@hauntologist | spencer.keralis@unt.edu

Toward a Picture Theory for Digital Humanities

@hauntologist

References:

http://tiny.cc/keralis_laucb17

C/W:

Male nudity; strong
language; references to
sexual assault, homophobia

4.8. Resource Type

Examples:

Type="image"

Type="sound"

Type="text"

Electronic art exhibition catalog:

Type="image"

Type="text"

Multimedia educational program with interactive assignments:

Type="text"

Type="image"

Type="software"

Type="interactive"

4.9. Format

Examples:

Format="image/gif"

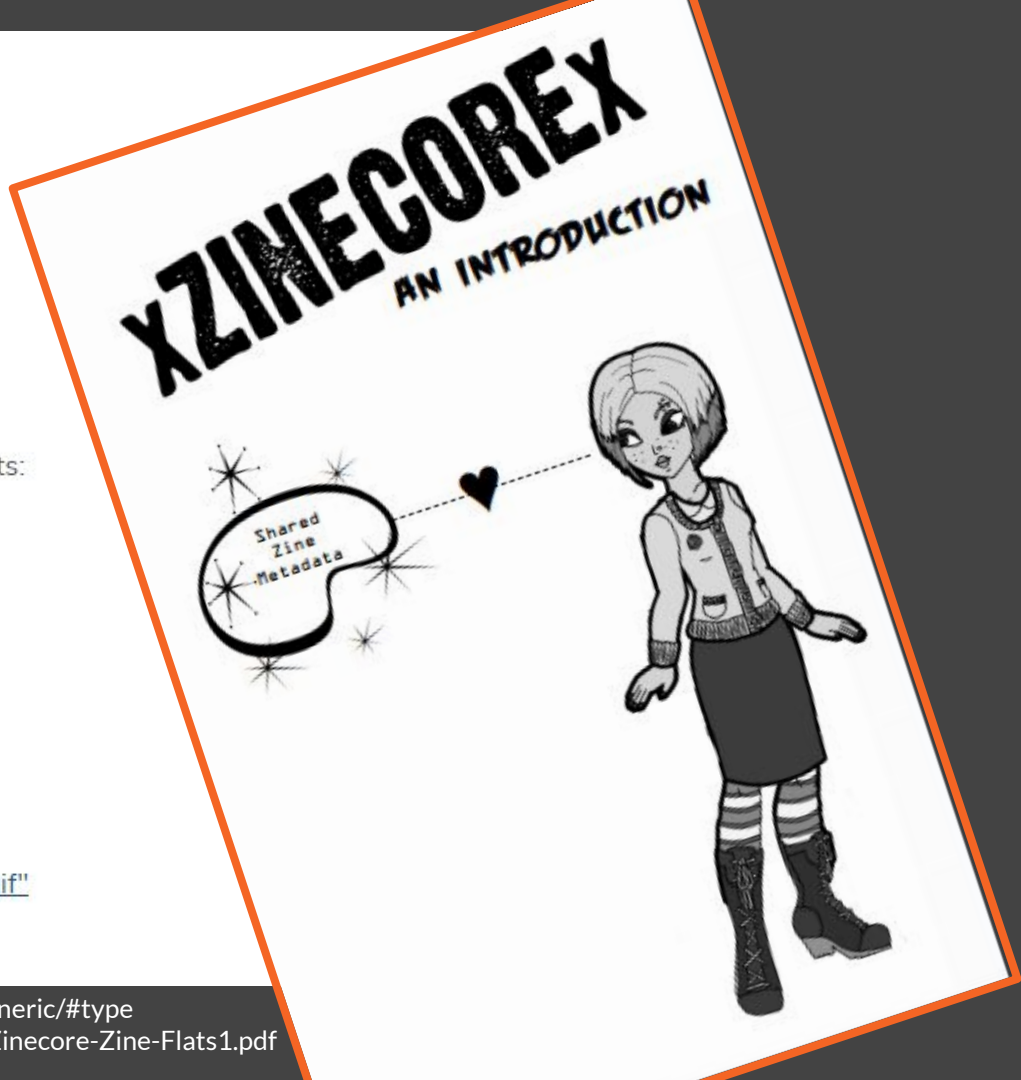
Title="Dublin Core icon"

Identifier="http://purl.org/metadata/dublin_core/images/dc2.gif"

Type="image"

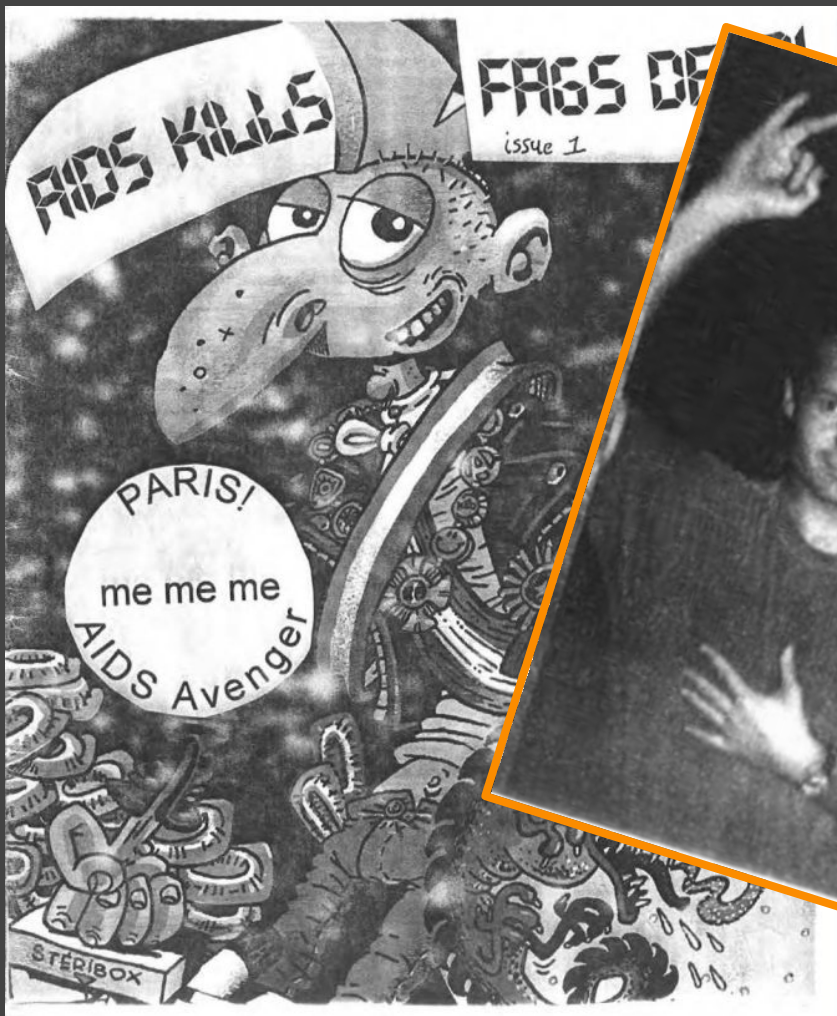
Format="image/gif 4kB"

<http://www.dublincore.org/documents/2001/04/12/usaguide/generic/#type>
<http://zinelibraries.info/wordpress/wp-content/uploads/2013/04/Zincore-Zine-Flats1.pdf>

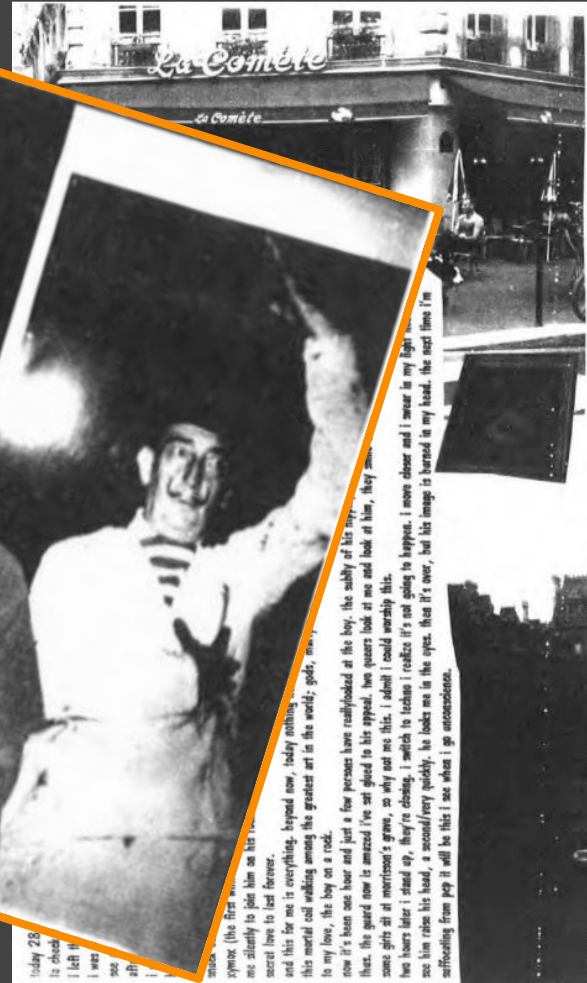


Language, any language including verbal
and visual ones, supposes a community.

Kathy Acker. "Realism for the Cause of Future Revolution." (1984)



Cover



Hotel Rivoli
 44 rue di Rivoli
 Paris 75004
 tel. 142720841

today 23
 its chok
 I left th
 I was
 see
 aft

...
 sponse (the first
 me steadily to join him on his
 secret love to last forever.
 and this for me is everything, beyond now, today nothing
 this mortal coil walking among the greatest art in the world; gods, my
 to my love, the boy on a rock.
 now it's been one hour and just a few persons have reappeared at the boy, the subtle of his story,
 flutes. His guard now is amazed I've not gazed in his appeal, two years look at me and look at him, they
 some girls all at once in the crowd, so why not me this, I admit I could worship this.
 her hours later I stand up, they're closing, I watch to follow I realize it's not going to happen. I never closer and I mean in my fight
 see him raise his head, a second every quality, to look me in the eyes, that it's over, but his image is burned in my head, the next time I'm
 withdrawing from my it will be this I see when I go into existence.

today 28,6,95 my trip to paris begins. we checked into the hotel rivoli, located right in the middle of the world. funny yesterday when we tried to check in this area didn't seem that special but today after walking 6 minutes to the louvre and the jardin toalleries i see boys boys everywhere. i left the hotel to get some poudre to prevent chaffing and i see cafe one full of queers and cafe two full of fags. funny. i think from this point on i was feeled with like extasy; i mean i waited twelve years to have this trip and already i'm in the thick of everything. i'm beyond content because see all and every single wish i had in life came true. i'm finished, i'm happy.

after one solid year of misery, poverty, isolation, loneliness, near death, government bullshit, pills,pain, frustration, failure nothing is going wrong. i mean God damn i'm sitting on the floor of sully in the louvre listening to the smiths' "boy with the thorn in his side" staring mesmerized by the

after one solid year of misery, poverty, isolation, loneliness, near death, government bullshit, pills,pain, frustration, failure nothing is going wrong. i mean God damn i'm sitting on the floor of sully in the louvre listening to the smiths' "boy with the thorn in his side" staring mesmerized by the boy on a rock by hippolyte flandrin.

me silently to join him on his rock above the tranquility of the bay below us. i will join him frozen in time in bliss behind him hidden at his side, a secret love to last forever.

and this for me is everything. beyond now, today nothing has any meaning. i am so beyond waiting to die. i want my heaven, like this, listening to this mortal coil walking among the greatest art in the world; gods, martyrs, angels, saints, beauties, heroes being guided hopelessly lost but guided to my love, the boy on a rock.

now it's been one hour and just a few persons have really looked at the boy. the subilty of his nipple, the mysteriousness of his profile. how is it thus. the guard now is amazed i've sat glued to his appeal. two queers look at me and look at him, they smile because i'm hopelesly lost. but hey, some girls sit at morrisson's grave, so why not me this. i admit i could worship this.

two hours later i stand up, they're closing. i switch to techno i realize it's not going to happen. i move closer and i swear in my light headed state i see him raise his head, a second/very quicky. he looks me in the eyes. then it's over, but his image is burned in my head. the next time i'm suffocating from pep it will be this i see when i go unconsience.

today 28,6,95 my trip to paris begins. we checked into the hotel rivoli, located right in the middle of the world. funny yesterday when we tried to check in this area didn't seem that special but today after walking 6 minutes to the louvre and the jardin toalleries i see boys boys everywhere. i left the hotel to get some poudre to prevent chaffing and i see cafe one full of queers and cafe two full of fags. funny. i think from this point on i was feeled with like extasy; i mean i waited twelve years to have this trip and already i'm in the thick of everything. i'm beyond content because see all and every single wish i had in life came true. i'm finished, i'm happy.

after one solid year of misery, poverty, isolation, loneliness, near death, government bullshit, pills, pain, frustration, failure nothing is going wrong.

snuck out of the hotel room when lisa fell asleep to coe back here, as it's open til 10 and i'm trying to find my way back and i'm listening to xymox (the first with "a day") and sit beath him. i wait for him to pick up his head from his knees and look to me, extending his hand asking me silently to join him on his rock above the tranquility of the bay below us.

xymox (the first with "a day") and sit beath him. i wait for him to pick up his head from his knees and look to me, extending his hand asking me silently to join him on his rock above the tranquility of the bay below us. i will join him frozen in time in bliss behind him hidden at his side, a secret love to last forever.

and this for me is everything. beyond now, today nothing has any meaning. i am so beyond waiting to die. i want my heaven, like this, listening to this mortal coil walking among the greatest art in the world; gods, martyrs, angels, saints, beauties, heroes being guided hopelessly lost but guided to my love, the boy on a rock.

now it's been one hour and just a few persons have really looked at the boy. the subilty of his nipple, the mysteriousness of his profile. how is it thus. the guard now is amazed i've sat glued to his appeal. two queers look at me and look at him, they smile because i'm hopelesly lost. but hey, some girls sit at morrisson's grave, so why not me this. i admit i could worship this.

two hours later i stand up, they're closing. i switch to techno i realize it's not going to happen. i move closer and i swear in my light headed state i see him raise his head, a second/very quickly. he looks me in the eyes. then it's over, but his image is burned in my head. the next time i'm suffocating from pep it will be this i see when i go unconsience.

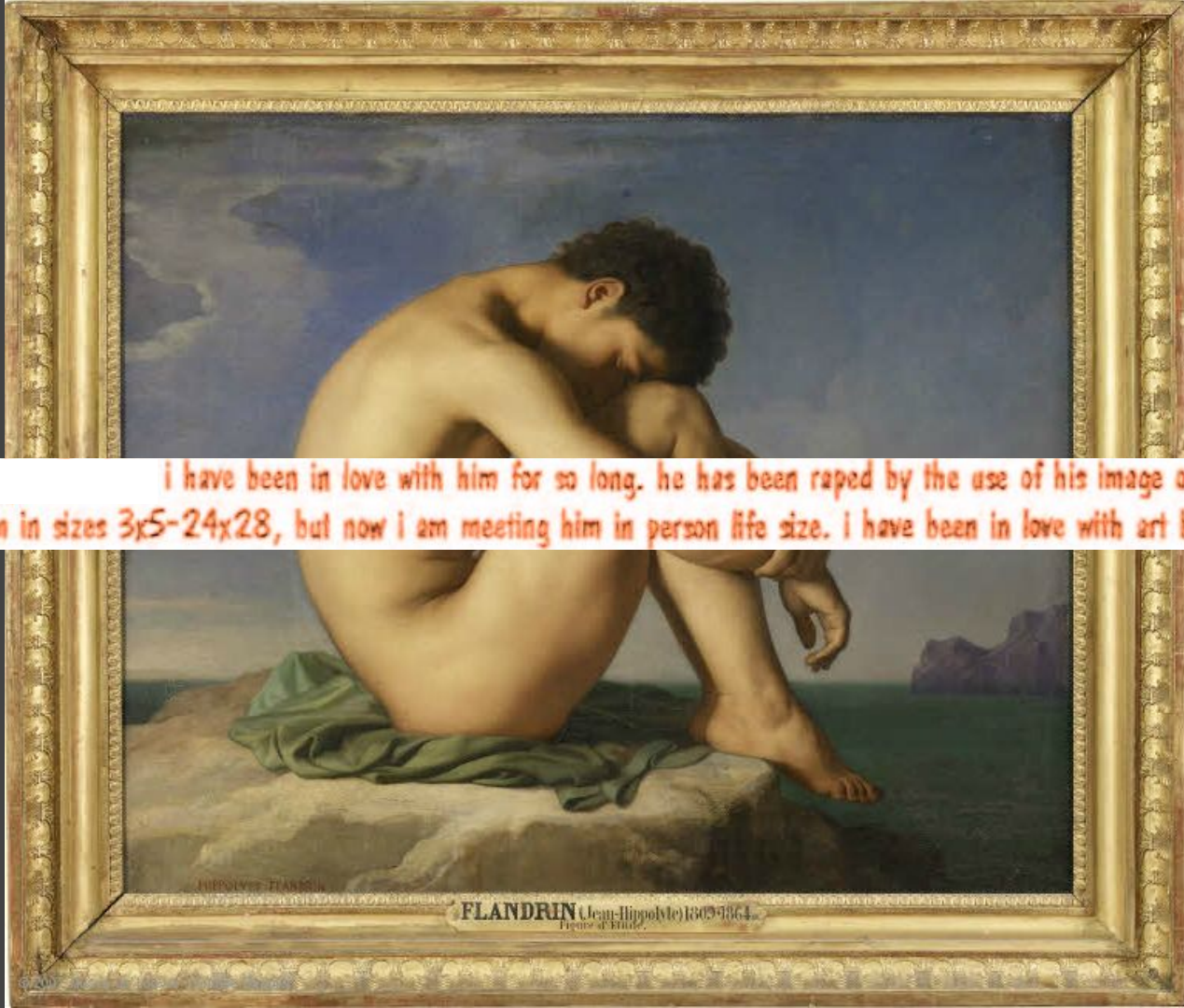


HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN

FLANDRIN (Jean-Hippolyte) 1809-1864
Peintre d'histoire



i move closer and i swear in my light headed state i see him raise his head, a second/very quickly. he looks me in the eyes. then it's over, but his image is burned in my head. the next time i'm suffocating from pcp it will be this i see when i go unconscience.



i have been in love with him for so long. he has been raped by the use of his image on postcards, t-shirts, and posters. i have him in sizes 3x5-24x28, but now i am meeting him in person life size. i have been in love with art before, no not like this.

DPN REPRINT

DISEASED PARIAN NEWS #1

The blood of over 100,000 Americans who have died of AIDS, Mr. President? You're soaking in it!

Inside This Issue:
The PWA Primer
A Short History of Sex
AIDS Testing in Prisons

DPN

DISEASED PARIAN NEWS #2

Inside This Issue:
Surviving AIDS,
Party Poorly Planned,
Tales From the Front,
Second Coming Out,
Ask Mr. Science,
The Secret Origin of
Captain Condom,
and Much More!

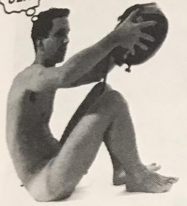
PISS JESSE

THE GOVERNMENT HAS BLOOD ON ITS HANDS

ONE AIDS DEATH EVERY 10 MINUTES

SILENCE=DEATH

SEX!



One is beguiled into investigating these shapes. If viewed through the celebrated lens of skepticism, logical and dignified patterns may emerge.

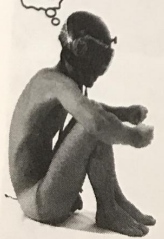
SEX!



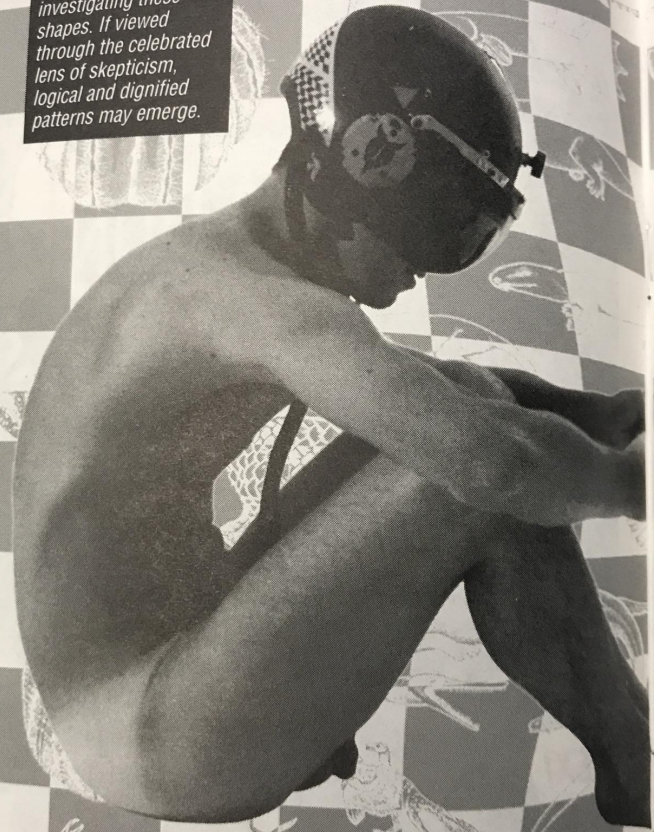
SEX!



SEX!



Sensual, li
speaks to
tongue of
tension be
shadows a
of the day
horrify the



The eye is drawn to fulsome, rounded shapes where it may dwell for some time. It is here that the wise merchant will best showcase his wares.

Language, any language including verbal
and visual ones, supposes a community.

Kathy Acker. "Realism for the Cause of Future Revolution." (1984)

Thank you.

@hauntologist | spencer.keralis@unt.edu
