

GHOSTING ABOUT. NOTES ON INDETERMINACY AS METHOD

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POST-IMAGE

LIMINALITY

RADICAL PRACTICES

MIST

The aim of this paper is to propose an approach—structural, conceptual, and aesthetic—that radically departs from the prevailing obsession with content and genre. Instead, it explores alternative pathways drawn from research and artistic practices at the periphery of vision: a descent into the purgatorial waiting rooms of the unspo-

ken, the out-of-focus, the off-screen. The attempt is to extend the gaze beyond objective visibility, in the hope of uncovering new vitality in artistic thought and practice. Or, rephrasing the title of this writing, to reinstate excitement and attraction towards what is secret, subliminal, enshrouded in the haze of latency.



Fig. 1 Chris Marker, *Sans Soleil*, 1983, film still. Screenshot by the author. “The first image he told me about was of three children on a road in Iceland, in 1965. He said that for him it was the image of happiness and also that he had tried several times to link it to other images, but it never worked. He wrote me: one day I’ll have to put it all alone at the beginning of a film with a long piece of black leader; if they don’t see happiness in the picture, at least they’ll see the black.” (Marker, 1983).

OR, TO PUT IT DIFFERENTLY, “WHAT IS THIS ABOUT?”

For the past two decades, this question has lingered over countless casual conversations, fleeting encounters, and social gatherings within and beyond the context of art. But is it even worth pursuing something that can be so easily reduced and oversimplified?

Art and poetry possess the enormous potential to open rifts in reality, disrupting one’s perception and leading to transformative encounters that extend beyond the finitude of the self. They create a space between worlds, where meaning remains fluid, and everything and nothing coincide. However, the assumption that art and poetry can be reduced to simplistic explanations—framing them as works that are merely *about* a particular subject—risks neutralizing their critical force. This reductive impulse, by demanding clarity where ambiguity is essential, constrains their

capacity to challenge, unsettle, and radicalise experience. Such an approach diminishes the liberating possibilities inherent in artistic and poetic practices, as seen in the work of Sue Tompkins, Rana Hamadeh, and Hanne Lippard, where language operates not as a tool of definition, but as a medium of disorientation, difference, and transformation. Art and poetry cannot be *about* anything exactly for the reason that they ought to be about everything, and thus nothing. “A condition of complete simplicity / (Costing not less than everything)” (Eliot, 1943, p. 59).

Art and poetry worth engaging with do not merely encounter reality at its breaking points; rather, they transform its meaning into something else—something that captivates and unsettles us in equal measure. They do not seek to explain life more clearly or to simplify the contradictions of survival; instead, they stage a profound mystery, something that can never be fully understood and that inhabits a peripheral realm of being alive, or a different plane of existence. Art does not teach us how to live, nor does poetry train us to think more clearly. Rather, when they succeed, they materialize an atmosphere—one that allows us to hear silence amid the clamour of existence and to sense the unfathomable presence of death.

If we consider the work of art to be a work of leisure, a non-work floating in fleetingness, it is then unfinished by definition, purposeless yet irreplaceable, uncontained, unrestrainable, ultimately un-understandable: it cannot exist in a space defined by ‘theme’, weighed down by the preoccupation for unity and coherence. The poetic shift that art engenders is bound to happen in a space of contradiction, a void that replaces the banality of orderly ideas with the chaos of endlessness and possibility. Such void fills and exceeds the space of mystery opening up instead of what is calcified by routine and habit.

Most Western art, in countless attempts to describe, explain, and represent the world through vision, intrinsically dealt with incommensurable failure, a structural and

existential uselessness that points at the impossibility to truly understand how to listen to the polyphony of the real: “For twenty-five centuries, Western knowledge has tried to look upon the world. It has failed to understand that the world is not for the beholding. It is for hearing. It is not legible, but audible. Our science has always desired to monitor, measure, abstract, and castrate meaning, forgetting that life is full of noise and that death alone is silent: work noise, noise of man, and noise of beast. Noise bought, sold, or prohibited. Nothing essential happens in the absence of noise. Today, our sight has dimmed; it no longer sees our future, having constructed a present made of abstraction, nonsense, and silence” (Attali, 1985, p. 3). The impulse to engage with visual forms of art and language exists as the result, and despite of, programmatic frustration.

This effort belongs to a place of danger, a dark, uncharted area of the soul where one is confronted repeatedly with their own reckoning. Picture the kneeling figure of Beckett’s *Worstward Ho* (1983) placed within the fog-drenched, pixelated, boundless landscapes of *Silent Hill* (1999). The ones who seek to reconcile to unease, attempting to belong in non-belonging, are therefore challenged with cringing at the sight of their own shadow gesturing under the sun, a naked silhouette of bare being flooded with the light of embarrassment.

This profound sense of non-belonging—which aligns with the potential of making art within a lengthy, indeterminate, and ambiguous space, as well as with the mysteries of the abyssal depths of what is most private and unconscious—stands in fundamental contradiction to the funding structures, distribution channels, and resonance spaces of today’s contemporary art context and market. The latter favours simplification and efficiency over deep exploration, thrives on names, face value, and easily digestible labels (“vibes”) and hashtags, and generates speculative bubbles that, in effect, function as a semi-peripheral caricature of the aspirations, values, and lifestyles inherited from the luxury market.



Fig. 2 Screenshot from the videogame *Silent Hill*, 1999. Retrieved February 19, 2025 from <https://cdn.spaziogames.it/storage/wp/new-images/2022/09/silent-hill-50599.jpg>

Modern and contemporary Western culture has long been preoccupied with (and/or haunted by) the notion of content, plot, classification, and thematic identity—a persistent compulsion over medium, genre, and taxonomy that shapes how we perceive and organize knowledge, art, and experience. This very capacity for classification and identifiability, be it a story or a face, intrinsically linked to the reification of visual perception as the cornerstone of rational thought, constitutes the key factor (from simple face value through the concept of faciality) that the ubiquitous pervasiveness of ‘classic branding’ (in both the personal and the industrial sense) exploits across its multiple forms and contexts. The aforementioned mindset presupposes the presence of a defined, sharp subject unmistakably positioned at the centre of the frame and the gaze, glorified by an environmental context that exists solely in relation to it—confined to the margins, reduced to mere background, more often than not out of focus.

In the video game adventures *Hellblade: Senua's Sacrifice* (2017) and *Senua's Saga: Hellblade II* (2024) by Ninja Theory,

the player assumes the role of Senua, a Celtic warrior afflicted by severe psychosis, which manifests as auditory hallucinations - an unceasing stream of conflicting and contradictory voices that relentlessly comment on her actions. These voices, oscillating between belittling and encouraging, offering guidance, distraction, and self-doubt, shape the gameplay experience. Here, sound is not merely an accompaniment but an equal counterpart to the visual journey, immersing the player in a world of hazy rivers, fog-shrouded mountains, and mist-drenched plains—an eerie liminal space between the realm of the living and the dead.

POETICS OF ZONING OUT

Reality is terminally ill; or so it seems—if one reads or listens to the news more or less daily, it is easy to perceive a certain tendency in which reality is seemingly being overwritten by an aggregate of science fiction and/or dystopian tropes and clichés: it has been deemed agonising, rotting, and declared clinically dead for decades now. In the American blockbuster *The Matrix* by the Wachowski sisters (1999) humanity is found unwarily trapped in a computer simulated scenario, while the “real” world is reduced to a wasteland of ruins; in one of the key sequences in the first section of the movie co-protagonist Morpheus (Laurence Fishburne) shows the hero, Neo (Keanu Reeves), the grim state of the “real” real, while a “residual self-image” of himself exists in one of many possible simulated environments. The condition, one might argue, lies in the eye of the beholder: as the distinction between fact and fiction, computer-generated imagery and actual footage, becomes increasingly elusive, misinformation and rumours intervene to alter, obscure, and ultimately remix reality. In this context, one is left disoriented, navigating a world in which, as Laric (2010) asserts, “just about everything has been photoshopped”. In a recent article published on the website of art magazine

Fig. 3 AI-generated concept video depicting the transformation of Gaza to a real estate resort, posted by an unknown author on the social media platform Truth and reposted by Trump on his accounts, February 2025. Screenshot by the author



Spike, Sam Venis (2025) reflects upon the idea of the American dream gradually turning into a nightmare via the *me-meification* of politics in the increasingly polarised public discourse, stating that: “We’re facing the rise of a new tech-industrial complex, sucking up power from the government

for the sake of its own mysterious designs, producing on-line conflicts to generate attention and ad revenue while distracting us from what's really at stake."

More than ten years prior, artist and researcher Hito Steyerl theorised in her text *Too Much World: Is the Internet Dead?* (2013) that: "If images start pouring across screens and invading subject and object matter, the major and quite overlooked consequence is that reality now widely consists of images; or rather, of things, constellations, and processes formerly evident as images." As a result of the proliferation and ease of access to interconnected pocketable electronic devices, digital imaging and post-production tools, she follows, more images are injected into reality than could ever be digested: "Today, almost everyone is an artist" (Steyerl, 2013) while everyone also becomes the audience to this performance documentation circus at the same time, *LARPing*² at each other in a context where: "A new form of storytelling using emojis and tweeted rape threats is both creating and tearing apart communities loosely linked by shared attention deficit" (Steyerl, 2013).

The fact that "today" everyone is an artist is all but a new thing. It has been long theorised and put to practice throughout the course of the last century, from commonplace reactions to Duchamp conjuring the idea of the ready-made to Benjamin's famed essay *The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*, (1936), in which he stated that: "photography freed the hand of the most important artistic functions which henceforth devolved only upon the eye looking into a lens" (p. 4), but also didn't fail to see how: "the instant the criterion of authenticity ceases to be applicable to artistic production, the total function of art is reversed. Instead of being based on ritual, it begins to be based on another practice—politics" (Benjamin, 1936, p. 10); and further up to Marker's statement in *Sans Soleil* that: "Poetry will be made by everyone" (Marker, 1983). But in a world where everybody can be called an artist, what gives one the right to appoint themselves as a "true" or truer artist—or the artist's artist,

someone who is somehow more entitled to engage with art-making than everybody else? Self-righteousness? Class and birth privilege? Peers and market recognition? Narcissism? True enlightenment? A connection with obscure forces far beyond common reach? Trauma? Clairvoyance? Predetermination? Self-delusion? Connections and positioning? How does one engage with artistic production without feelings of shame or embarrassment?

The possible response to such questions could be the adoption of a strategically regressive approach: a deliberate choice to shift into the background in an attempt to obscure one's own positioning and intentions. To become mist among the trees, a shadow among shadows—refusing to exist as a subject within the landscape and instead becoming the landscape itself. Amidst the murmur of too many voices speaking over one another, choosing silence over speech; withdrawal over action; the act of waiting over the impulse to participate.

In her short film *The Green Ray* (2001), British artist Tacita Dean documents her attempt to capture the elusive optical phenomenon of the green ray over the course of several days in the summer of 2000, along the coast of Madagascar. This rare event, which can occur in the final moments of sunset as the sun dips below the horizon, remained stubbornly imperceptible—neither visible to the naked eye nor capturable through digital video formats. Yet, in the film's final minute, Dean reveals a moment of wonder and astonishment: months later, upon developing fragments of celluloid film, the green ray unexpectedly emerges for a few fleeting frames: mysterious and elusive, resisting capture yet imprinting itself in the very materiality of the medium and a testament about “the act of looking itself, about faith and belief in what you see” (Dean, 2001).

As in Dean's film, the voiceover in Marker's *Sans Soleil*, through the closing sequence of the film, serves as a reminder that air has indeed a volume, one occupied by what is seemingly absent: “I took the measure of the unbearable

vanity of the West, that has never ceased to privilege being over non-being, what is spoken to what is left unsaid. I walked alongside the little stalls of clothing dealers. I heard in the distance Mr. Akao's voice reverberating from the loudspeakers [...] A piece of chalk to follow the contours of what is



Fig. 4 Tacita Dean, *The Green Ray*, 2001, still from 16mm film. Courtesy of the artist, Frith Street Gallery, London and Marian Goodman Gallery, New York/Paris. Retrieved February 16, 2025 from <https://www.frithstreetgallery.com/exhibitions/115/works/art-works-14459-tacita-dean-the-green-ray-2001/>

not, or is no longer, or is not yet" (Marker, 1983).

Such is the space that mist renders visible, making the landscape disappear in order to become the landscape, filling the volume of air with particles of nebulised water. The act of looking with belief in what you see becomes akin to the act of listening, and to engage in looking without knowing what one should look for becomes comparable to the act of faith in listening and recording typical of the attitudes and approach of certain field recordist artists, from Luc Ferrari to Peter Cusack.

Ferrari long insisted on making music with “almost nothing,” constructing anecdotal compositions through the recording and reassemblage of sounds from various environments (*Presque Rien N°1 Ou Le Lever Du Jour Au Bord De La Mer*, 1967–70; *Hétérozygote*, 1963–74; *Presque Rien Avec Filles*, 1989). These works, as if conjuring a spell, do not simply transport the listener back to the original environment from which the sounds were sampled; rather, they open the door to a third place: an inland atmosphere, a space of the mind that suddenly becomes tangible and accessible.

Cusack follows a similar path, exploring the potential of recorded sound as a means to uncover and understand the complex relationships between environment, memory, and trauma. In his long-term research *Sounds from Dangerous Places* (2012)—a work situated at the intersection of documentary and musique concrète—Cusack employs field recordings from various locations around Chernobyl, reflecting on the environmental catastrophe of 1986, as well as from oil extraction sites across the Caspian Sea, Azerbaijan, and the United Kingdom.

In Michael E. Smith’s installations, seemingly random objects and assemblages of various kinds are presented to the viewer devoid of any context. Smith sources the objects from diverse waste scenarios: machinery parts, organic material, clothing, pieces of plastic, wood, cardboard, rubber and other items are salvaged from oblivion and set to inhabit a different place – a new space where they can be looked at or ignored, worshipped or neglected, without further explanations.

Often small in scale and placed in unassuming positions, Smith’s sculptural work imbues the room with infinite novel potential, it renders the air visible, thicker and heavier. While often perceived and described as ‘haunting’ or ‘ghostly’, one could find Smith’s art, on the contrary, to be endowed with the uncommon power to transmit a sense of abandonment, a state of grace out of time, finally rendering the visitor one with their surroundings. The room itself takes centre stage, as Smith’s interventions conjure nothing out of something.



Fig. 5 Michael E. Smith, *installation view at KOW, Berlin, 2017*. Courtesy of the artist and KOW, Berlin. Retrieved February 19, 2025 from <https://www.contemporaryartlibrary.org/project/michael-e-smith-at-kow-berlin-10665/4>.

Similarly, American artist and writer Paul Chan (2009) has stated that: “because it cannot express what it truly wants to be, art becomes something greater and more profound”, suggesting that although all art have always been engaging with reflecting upon and rendering visible the manifold facets intertwining chaos with order, or how it has often given “expression to how we welcome, ignore, resist, or try to change the forces that push this reality into and over our lives, [...] the best works do this all at once. This is what art of the moment always tries to do: capture a flash of friction in time and make it burn as bright as the night is long.” (Chan, 2009).

CONTENT AWARENESS

A trace of this approach can be identified in the series “Content Aware” (2011—ongoing), a collection of portraits sourced from various websites, primarily fashion editorials and blogs. In each of these images, the photographic subject is transformed into a halo, absorbed into the background; an exaggeration of the automatic fill effect in Adobe Photoshop, a tool originally designed to remove blemishes, minor imperfections, or unwanted details at the margins of an image. The very meaning of each image is challenged by subverting the fundamental relationship between figure and background, disrupting core assumptions about identity, faciality, the body, and gender. Each photograph is accompanied by a caption featuring a name and an address: a fictitious identity randomly generated by the well-known website *fakenamegenerator.com*. The algorithm, based on a predefined set of parameters, produces a seemingly plausible identity, including a name, address, social security number, birthdate, occupation, and basic bodily features.

Expressions like “this last week has been a blur” hint at a feeling of detachment from one’s own experience, as if watching life unfold from the outside; within the range of sensations of “being on autopilot” analogies with NPCs or simulated characters arise. In many video games and simulations alike, non-playing characters follow pre-programmed behaviours without real agency. The disembodied non-figures in “Content Aware” offer a visual rendering for this dissociative state.

Likewise, this research explores strategies for engaging with what is not immediately visible or audible. The sculptural assemblages titled *LOOMER* (2016—ongoing) use coil pickups and wide band electromagnetic receivers to produce a sonification of the electromagnetic landscape existing in the space around the audience and carried by the visitors themselves, establishing a bridge between the viewer and the energy fields surrounding physical objects.

Fig. 6 Enrico Boccioletti, *Daniel A. King 3361 Pratt Avenue Stanwood, WA 98292*, 2011, digital image file. From the series “Content Aware”. Courtesy of the artist. Retrieved February 18, 2025 from <https://content-aware.tumblr.com/post/3434322703/daniel-a-king-3361-pratt-avenue-stanwood-wa>.



In this relationship the viewer becomes at once emitter and receiver, feeding back signals of existence towards the nonhuman. In *Quando non c'è più niente da bruciare devi darti fuoco tu* (NIGHTMARE B4 XMAS), words, smell, and the absence of light became the primary media for an exhibition in which the room itself performed. The show took place on three specific nights—December 9, 12, and 14, 2019, from 7



Fig.7 Enrico Boccioletti, *Quando non c'è più niente da bruciare devi darti fuoco tu* (NIGHTMARE B4 XMAS), 2019, installation view at TILE, Milan, December 2019. Courtesy of the artist and TILE, Milan. Photo: in collaboration with Elena Radice. Retrieved February 21, 2025 from <https://www.moussemagazine.it/magazine/enrico-boccioletti-quando-non-ce-piu-niente-da-bruciare-devi-darti-fuoco-tu-at-tile-project-space-milan-2019>.

to 9 pm —at TILE, an independent (now defunct) space in Milan. Upon entering, visitors were provided with a text and guided by a facilitator, only to find themselves in complete darkness—all gallery lights had not only been switched off but physically removed. Stumbling upon shreds of onions left to rot on the floor, they were struck by the pungent odour of organic decay and left to navigate the space using their phone flashlights, accompanied by tape recordings of plays by Sarah Kane, Jon Fosse, and Samuel Beckett.

CONDENSATION

Contemporary life can be often marked by an overwhelming sense of monotony—an inescapable banality exacerbated by the relentless automatism to document daily experience in ultra-high definition. The

hypervisibility of even the most mundane moments renders them paradoxically unremarkable, inducing a pervasive, almost inevitable, sense of boredom, reducing experience into genres of autofiction. In an era defined by traceability and database-driven structures, the act of storytelling increasingly hinges on the capacity to incorporate, reference, and interconnect disparate elements. Narrative is no longer solely about constructing a linear account but about embedding layers of meaning through the strategic inclusion of external elements, fragments, associations, and detours.



Fig.8 Enrico Boccioletti, *Julian Assange Dancing 800% Slower*, 2012–2023, still from video. Courtesy the artist.

What if the act of consciously blurring boundaries, defocusing visuals, and choosing to obfuscate rather than clarify becomes the only meaningful form of image-making—an intentional counterpoint to the automated precision of subject-tracking, sharpening tools, and algorithmic imaging? An image that conceals rather than reveals could represent the last consciously constructed image, driven by a deliberate desire to un-know the known, to

evoke atmospheres that extend beyond the passive imagery generated by the mechanisms of computational photography.

To conclude, one could argue that mystification could become the releasing force driving artistic exploration, one not rooted in the need for self-explanation but rather in the desire to lose oneself. It is not the urge to define, but the pursuit of disorientation to accomplish broader significance, engaging with mystery precisely because it resists simplification. This approach embraces uncertainty as a generative power, privileging open-ended inquiry over resolution, to negate depiction in order to attain being. Let fog, mist, and haze guide our tiptoeing backwards, floating in abandonment.

Look, it cannot be seen—it is beyond form.
Listen, it cannot be heard—it is beyond sound.
Grasp, it cannot be held—it is intangible.
These three are indefinable;
Therefore they are joined in one.

From above it is not bright;
From below it is not dark:
An unbroken thread beyond description.
It returns to nothingness.
The form of the formless,
The image of the imageless,
It is called indefinable and beyond imagination.
(Lao Tsu, 1972, p. 38)

NOTES

¹ See Stilinović (1993) "My observation and knowledge of Western art has lately led me to a conclusion that art cannot exist anymore in the West. This is not to say that there isn't any. Why cannot art exist anymore in the West? The answer is simple. Artists in the West are not lazy. [...] Laziness is the absence of movement and thought, just dumb

time – total amnesia. It is also indifference, staring at nothing, non-activity, impotence. It is sheer stupidity, a time of pain, futile concentration. Those virtues of laziness are important factors in art. Knowing about laziness is not enough, it must be practiced and perfected. Artists in the West are not lazy and therefore are not artists but rather producers of something... Their involvement with matters of no importance, such as production, promotion, gallery system, museum system, competition system (who is first), their preoccupation with objects, all that drives them away from laziness, from art.”; and Lüt-ticken (2014): “The politics of time can be as aesthetic in nature as it is political; aesthetic in the sense that we are dealing with the senses, with our bodies, with rhythms. A notion such as laziness has freely moved from the political realm to the artistic avant-garde, and in fact it has been particularly dominant in contexts where two avant-gardes mixed or merged.”

2 “The activity of participating in live-action role-playing games” LARPing. (n.d.). In Merriam-Webster online dictionary. Retrieved February 25, 2025 from <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/LARPing>

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