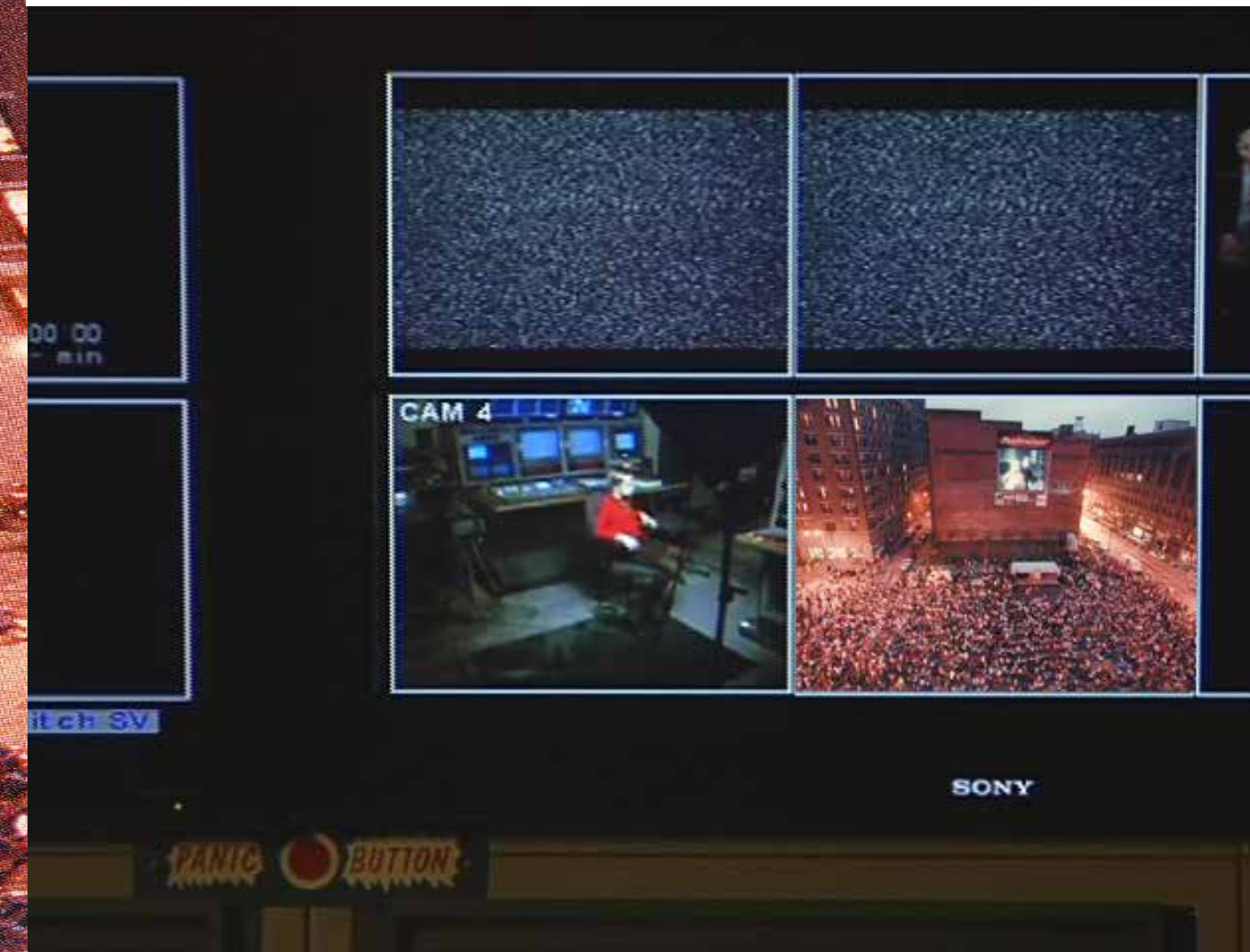


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הנאשמים מת

While Memory Wall's run may have been mixed, there was "issue," a spin-off. This one-off had a national profile. It ushered in a celebration of nothing. Gifted a big screen moment -sponsored by big beer- on how "entirely unrelated to each other we are by anything tangible." In a bent way this author was responsible for the gathering. Got credit for five thousand people coming together to watch a TV show about absolutely nothing. This nothing was the final episode of Jerry Seinfeld. It was a double down on Arendt's table tale. Polis as RecRoom. It might not have brought forth what is great and radiant—ta megala kai lampra — but the housekeeping was impeccable.

אבער די כאוסקיפינג איז ימפעקטאבלע



הנאשמים מתבקשים לקום.



הנאשמים מתבקשים לקום.



May 6, 1998

City Will Mark End of a Show About Nothing by Doing Nothing

By DAVID W. CHEN

First, there was the suggestion that the city might like to celebrate the May 14 finale of "Seinfeld" with a big outdoor party at Yankee Stadium. It was rejected. Then Times Square and Bryant Park were suggested. Again, rejected. And last week, Central Park came into the picture.

But yesterday, the city said that there would be no party after all to mark the show that is, after all, about nothing.

"At this point, nothing is planned," said Henry J. Stern, the city's Parks Commissioner.

Fuji Photo Film U.S.A., which has booked \$1.8 million of commercials for the last episode of the NBC show, had hoped to convene what it had labeled Seinfest, a mass viewing with games and contests related to television's most popular comedy series.

But even though the city has embraced some commercial events, like last summer's parade in honor of The Walt Disney Company's movie "Hercules," the city rejected Times Square and Bryant Park for a "Seinfeld" sign-off because of concerns that the event might draw a large and uncontrollable crowd. It was estimated, for instance, that as many as 35,000 people might show up in Bryant Park, dwarfing the 4,000 people who ordinarily turn out to watch movies during the Parks Department's regular summer outdoor series.

As a compromise, the city suggested Central Park's North Meadow. Fuji officials agreed to study the idea, then decided to cancel the whole shebang because time was running out.

"There really wasn't enough time to put on the event that we wanted to do," said Mindy Kramer, a spokeswoman for Fuji who is not, she quickly volunteered, related to the manic character on the show. "We're certainly disappointed."

So while the show is set in New York, the city will not mark the last comic moments of Jerry, George, Elaine and Kramer. But around the country, a number of NBC affiliates plan to rent out amphitheaters and other sites to show the finale.

In St. Louis, a downtown civic group plans to project the show on the side of a seven-story downtown building -- with the cooperation of the city, which will block traffic in the area.

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Friedman is working with the city's postmodern standard-bearer, an asbestos lawyer turned multimedia artist named Paul Guzzardo. Guzzardo has been involved in creative presentation of images, including projecting the last episode of "Seinfeld" on the side of a building on Washington Avenue. He also owned an "interactive" nightclub, Cabool, where dance moves were broadcast over the Internet.

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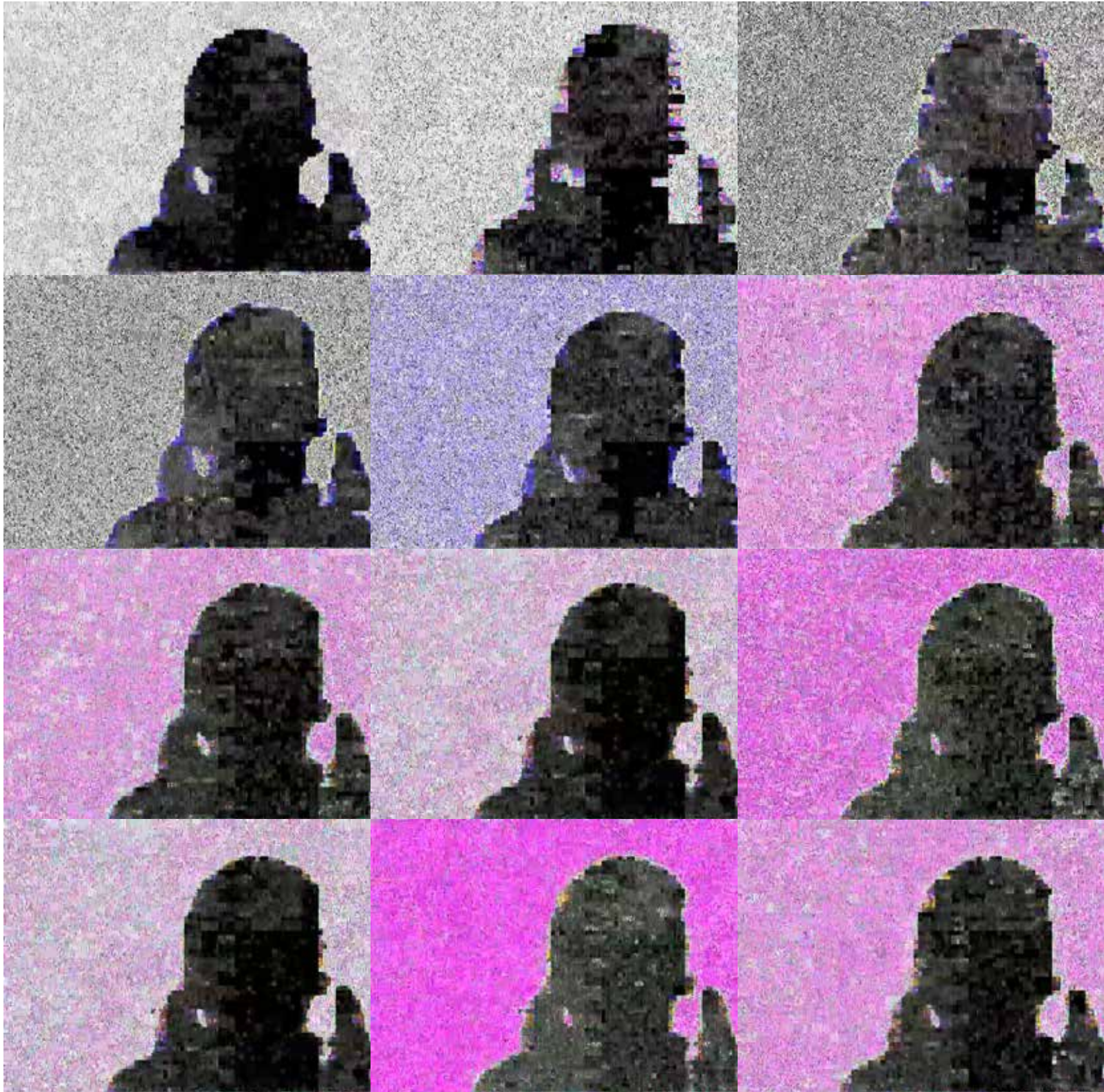




Unlike Seinfeld, Pruitt- Igoe and Escape, some **dystopic narratives offer a little more** myth-making play. They help change the conversation from the “joy of group housekeeping.”

Dystopic Kid Text (DKT) was one. A nine year-old’s monologue started out as a prologue in “buildbetterbarrel,” then it went its grave merry viral way. **It’s a bleak script. But at least you’re not stuck around a table with Jerry Seinfeld and friends.**

I'm anxious, very anxious. I know man's natural state is to be overwhelmed with anxiety. His heart all day long gnawed on by fear of death, poverty, or other calamity. That he has no repose, nor pause of his anxiety, but in sleep. And I'm not sleeping well these days. It's worse for me than it was for Thomas Hobbes. That English philosopher only had to deal with the vicious cycle and maniacal fury of perpetual war, Kids Play. But what about the vicious cycle and maniacal fury of the perpetual digitization of everything? Day after day I have to attend to the absence of hermeneutical structures, the failure of interpretive systems, the complete lack of any probing cartographic tools. You know what this is doing to my tomorrows; solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short.



Dystopic Kid Text





It's a bleak script. But at least you're not stuck around a table with Jerry Seinfeld and friends.