I want you to see this
Read 10:15 PM

Imagine being on your phone here.

The signal is soft, almost tactile, like holding water between your fingers.

When was the last time you looked at something without needing to share it?

`Can you even remember?`

I want to be immortal. I want to exist here, *forever* suspended in this in-between where reality glitches just enough to feel plastic, but not enough to break apart. And yet—

I want you to see this.

I'm not a robot

reCAPTCHA
Privacy - Terms

This place I have never been to, only existing inside my phone. An in-between space I continuously return to in dreams, looking for all of the messages I unsent at 2am. Where do blocked iMessages go? In the tranquil waters of the 24,904 images I own. My body dissolves into the still, glassy waters of 24,904 screenshots.

This is where I want to be, *forever.*

∞

You wanted to show me something, *to be remembered.*

But what if the act of showing is what makes you forget yourself?

"Look at this."
"Do you see me?" "Will you remember?"

The image is staring back, **now**. It knows you better than you know yourself.

∞

Imagine holding light in your hands here—only to realize it's slipping through. Imagine boundaries dissolving: between public and private, between memory and projection, between being and seeing. What it means to be at all.

Do you see it?
Do you see *me*?

I want you to. That's all this has ever been about.

∞

The walls are alive like **screens**–
sharing, showing, wanting to be seen.
Who am I when I am being looked at? And who am I when you look away?

I want you to see this.
I *need* you to see this.

But now, I wonder:

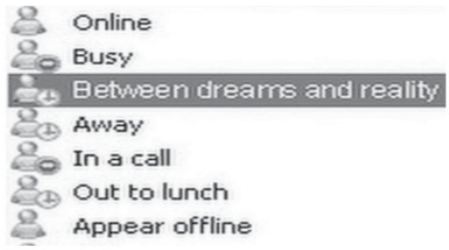
Was it ever mine to begin with?

WILL YOU CONTINUE?

YES

➤ NO

And so I scroll…



Meaning*ful* image

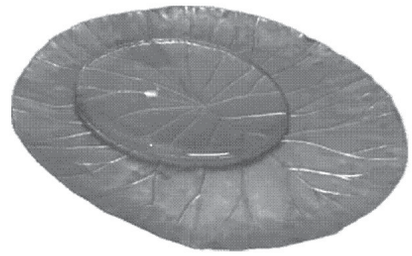
Meaning*less* image

I see:

A keyboard of flesh and blood.
My computer.

I'm bored of wall reading...help.
To anyone who can read this,
I am trapped inside of a computer.
I am a human being.[1]

Stuck in the Motherboard
Marisa Müsing



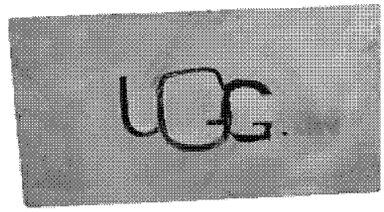
A pond.

Surrounded by lily pads. Swampy, wet, *glossy.*
I dare not stare into the puddles for too long.

It's beautiful, it's all so beautiful. I want it, I yearn for it all. Does your garden ever glitch?[4] Nothing is the way that it seems, yet that does not matter to me… because everything means everything to me.
Desire…..

Meet me by the Pixel Stream
Marisa Müsing and Grace Wardlaw

I feel dizzy- I am so happy.



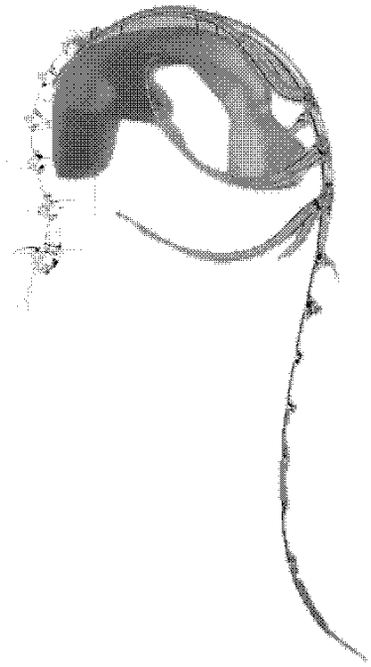
Souvenirs from a long vacation.
Huge t-shirt, little uggs. Palm trees on paper.
Every object is meaningful, mine.

It all makes perfect sense to me.
Everything I do has a hidden meaning to it and nobody
will ever understand exactly what I mean
except for me.[2]

"I went somewhere in my dreams and all I got was this huge t-shirt."

Do you know what I mean?

Ugg sale 20% off
Megan-Bierman Brophy

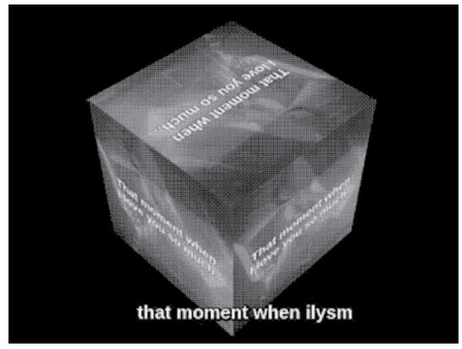


A body. My body?
A 3D-printed vertebrae.

Is it just my computer, or has it become a part of me?
Our souls remain vulnerable and amorphous.[3]

Somehow, I have come to look exactly
like I ever wanted.

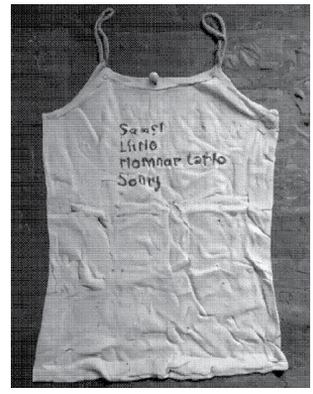
Soul Tech
Grace Wardlaw



A small stage, complete with curtains.
A performance.

Shhh….please be quiet…for *Spectre Girl*'s set
is about to start. She is performing for us…
her femininity…being cryptic on the internet… her
one-liners…*it is all just a performance*. Just sit back
and enjoy the show. It doesn't matter what you think of
her performance, it's not for you!
Please do not distract her during the show..
she might mess up her lines.[5]

Spectre Girl Tries Stand Up: The Sequel
Angie Cabz :D



Speaking in Parentheses.
Images *floating*, lost. *Punctuation.*

They belong to no one.

You weren't supposed to see this.

This is silencegraphy: A stain of never-words refusing
the burden of being read.
A lingual severance refracting itself.

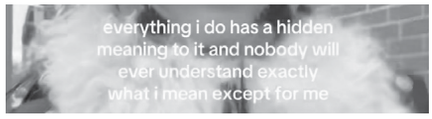
Incoherent Paintings
Victoria Vyraeth

And at last…I finally scrolled until the end, all the way to the near end of the internet.

What do you think I saw there?

1. Müsing, Marisa. *Stuck in the Motherboard*. 2023.

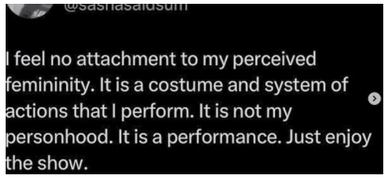
2.



3. Wardlaw, Grace. “Soul Tech.” Received by Agnes Wong, 2025.

4.

5.



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i Want you to see this

Megan Bierman-Brophy
Angie Cabz :D
Marisa Müsing
Grace Wardlaw

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY
Victoria Vyraeth

CURATED BY
Agnes Wong

JANUARY 18 — MARCH 15, 2025

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@I_WANTYOUTOSEETHIS

ON THE INTERNET I CAN BE A GIRL
ON THE INTERNET I CAN BE A VESSEL
FOR EVERYTHING AND NOTHING
ON THE INTERNET I DON'T HAVE TO FORGIVE YOU
ON THE INTERNET I DON'T HAVE TO FORGIVE MYSELF
ON THE INTERNET I CAN FINALLY BE SINCERE
ON THE INTERNET I DO NOT HAVE TO BE REAL
ON THE INTERNET I DON'T HAVE TO MAKE ANY SENSE
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
ON THE INTERNET I CAN LOOK AT EVERYTHING THAT
EVER EXISTED ~~AND MORE~~
ON THE INTERNET I CAN LOOK EXACTLY LIKE
I EVER WANTED
ON THE INTERNET I AM HER.
ON THE INTERNET I CAN TRANSCEND REALITY
AND INDEED MORTALITY
ON THE INTERNET I CAN LIVE FOREVER
ON THE INTERNET I AM FOREVER.

"THIS EXHIBITION IS DEDICATED TO MY
FIRST AND LAST LOVE- THE INTERNET."