

**Real name:** Unknown

**Occupation:** Performer

**Identity:** Secret

**Legal status:** Automaton, property of BAR 2049

**Place of birth:** Unknown

**Known aliases:** nicepimmelkarl

**Group affiliation:** Tin Machine

**Base of operations:** BAR 2049, West Berlin, Indiana; formerly LiveJournal

**First appearance:** Vocation Pop V.9221

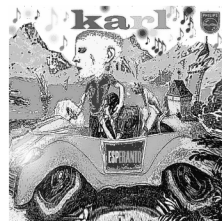
**History:** BAR 2049 commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the release of a classic film.

The film's plot concerned a young man, Josef K, who one day wakes up to find himself transformed into an imitation of a human being. A replicant. In fact he was always thus.

(The allusions to Kafka were muddled.) Joe is trapped in a world with no people, but he doesn't realize that no one, not even himself, is real. Unbeknownst to himself and the rest of the world's population, there are no humans left on Planet Earth. Anywhere. Whatever examples of the maker's race may yet survive have long ago fucked off into space, leaving behind their besotted android surrogates to obsessively recapitulate the same tired fantasies over and over again, on and on, ad infinitum, world without end. So, the film's characters slavishly revamp many scenes and elements from the original film, to which this later catastrophe was an unwanted, yet critically lauded, sequel.

Visitors to BAR 2049 would recognize the comical animatronic musicians whose retinue included the offspring of various famous performers, and whose monarch, though clothed bizarrely in 1970s(?) working class garb, was clearly, though absent from the waist down, a partially reconstructed android reproduction of the one and only David Bowie.

"Hi folks," Karl would say. "You can call me Karl. And we are... Tin Machine!"



Internet Art:  
The Online Clash  
of Culture and  
Commerce,  
by Julian Stallabrass

