Urge in general, in the context of metropolitan, is to exchange and acquire the values of perception of the market, which records flows through authoritative administrations. The changes technological, the debates of the moment, new books and movies; and follow the doings and opinions of people to whom you grant authority via steady drips of pictures and remarks. These are marketplace feelings. They’re linked to the way that desire and taste and identification are swapped and leveraged. This probably used to be more of a Western metropolitan thing, but digital culture has helped to transubstantiate the market into a gas, it gets to be some kind of Terran atmospheric condition. In terms of cultural urgency, the obvious forerunner was fashion, or what’s become the global fashion system, which compels you to internalize subtle shifts in the atmosphere, and where seduction plus insecurity yields the sense of urgency. It’s banal to observe that fashion is a ‘control structure,’ and that kind of phrase makes it sound doomy when it’s also a source of such pleasure and play, but there it is. Maybe urgency too often boils down to chasing fashion. Then there’s digital culture, which is about staying abreast of new products and current updates, and also achieving the state of being able to tap into your shit at all conceivable times and in all possible places, in order to simultaneously render every facet of your selfhood as accessible and as secure as possible. Which is paradoxical, and more interesting for that. But these anxieties only end up calling The Cloud down upon us. The Cloud represents the air-tight control structure as platinum-certified MBA turd. The dream of the market is that if everything can be reduced to a common currency, i.e. binary code, this allows effortless transmission with no value lost on the conversion, with the aim that anything, virtual or material, may eventually be frictionlessly exchanged for absolutely anything else. But not by you. And then there’s the art world. The urgency that we deserve revolves around knowledge and competition and the pursuit of intellectual trends, but sometimes just worrying over What Are The Wealthy Into, which is a dead end, or What Are The Youth Up To, which elicits a reaction along the lines of: “We’re pleased to have the sinking feeling that they’re up to something important but unintelligibile.” Crowded from behind even as your face flashes up on the out-door. I do believe that the urge to keep up with exhibitions and events, through travel and participation and trade mags, is ultimately a professional, or even a professionalizing, quality. But I don’t see myself as a professional, and I don’t think art is a job.