swarms1-3

+

Selections from Digital Hyperstition (1997-1999)

Nick Land / Kodwo Eshun / Mark Fisher / Robin Mackay / Rohit Lekhi / CCRU / Steve Metcalf Angus Carlyle / Rob Heath Christina Paouros / David Cole Iain Hamilton Grant / Suzanne Livingston / Luciana Parisi Anna Greenspan / Steve Goodman / Tom Epps / Switch / Ron Eglash

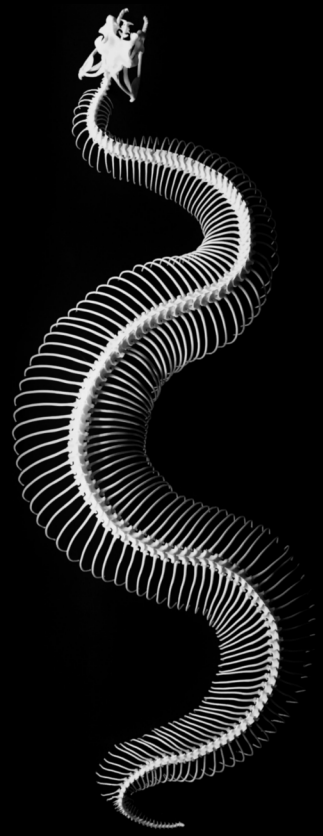
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abstract culture

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Abstract Culture

Abstract Culture (Swarms 1–3) + Selections from Digital Hyperstition

—CCRU—

Edited by Peter Heft



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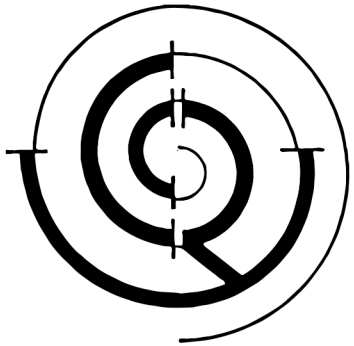
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Editor's Notes

Peter Heft

I am reluctant to put any sort of introduction before the texts that follow as it seems wholly hubristic. Despite that concern, two recent retrospectives on the CCRU as well as the material scarcity of the texts that follow necessitate a few notes.

First: In a recent interview with Zero Books and Repeater Media, Nicholas Blincoe—Ph.D. from Warwick in 1993 under Nick Land—responded to a provocation from one of the hosts, Adam, who commented that, in thinking about the CCRU retrospectively, it's important to remember that it was founded by Sadie Plant; it was *only after* her departure from Warwick that it became a "Cthulhu-style boys' club." As per Adam—and indeed, this seems to align with Robin Mackay's account in his interview, "A CCRU Retrospective"—there was "a feminist impulse of depersonalization" that ran, if not prior to, then side-by-side with the Cthulhu mythos.[1]

Affirming this, Blincoe commented that "the CCRU did feel much more feminist and queer than it seems to be remembered [as] these days," while going on to recount the significance of Hélène Cixous amongst feminist thinkers at Warwick and noting Kodwo Eshun's contributions to afrofuturist thought. Later in the interview, Blincoe attempts to provide a provisional answer to the implicit question within DeleuzoGuattarian accelerationism of 'who is being liberated by increased deterritorialization? For whom is Becoming?' For the CCRU, at least for a period,

> it was women and queer impulses that were defining it at the time; it wasn't simply leaping to the end [...] it was inventing all kinds of desiring machines, all kinds of becoming—there was a [...] multiplicity of desire. [...] Everybody had their own ideas of it [what desire could be(come)] and there were multiplicities and it wasn't quite this kind of "let's head to death,

1: See Robin Mackay on Zero Books and Repeater Media, "The K-Files presents 'Robin Mackay: A CCRU Retrospective,'" Feb. 14, 2022. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jgUkQTRtagc

let's head to *Thanatos*" in the way that Nick Land's own papers seem to be.[2]

While the *Collected Writings* of the CCRU (published by *Urbanomic*) are brilliant and open up unique intellectual—or anti-intellectual—avenues, when reading them, one does see what Adam meant when he called what the CCRU became, a "Cthulhu-style boys' club." Despite that, the texts from the *Abstract Culture* swarms published by the CCRU itself lend credence to Blincoe's analysis insofar as they are filled with scathing critiques of white-hetero-patriarchy from the lenses of, amongst others, sound studies, afrofuturism, and feminism. Thus, the republication of the *Abstract Culture* swarms is motivated in part by physical scarcity (more on this below), and in part by a desire to expand the CCRU corpus and bring back into the light texts that might otherwise be forgotten—or at the very least, overlooked. Indeed, my aim in bringing these texts together is not only to make a unique set of work more accessible, but also, hopefully, reinvigorate the futurisms and, dare I say, *optimisms* that were characteristic of the CCRU and adjacent theorists in the 1990s.

Second: All of the *Abstract Culture* swarms are available online on the CCRU's website. For those of us young enough to have missed the out-flowing of libidinal energy at Warwick in the 1990s—or were simply out of the loop—coming across physical copies of the *Abstract Culture* swarms is an exceedingly rare event. Indeed, despite the fact that *Urbanomic* republished *Digital Hyperstition* in 2017, only 50 copies were printed. Further, in a twist of fate, *Urbanomic* also reprinted ****collapse afrofutures* in 2021, but that too was limited to a run of 100 physical copies (although the digital edition is available and should most certainly be purchased).

In light of this scarcity, it seemed worthwhile to construct the following collection of *Abstract Culture* texts, of which the entirety of swarms 1–3 are reprinted in full. Further, while some of the texts in *Digital Hyperstition* are included in the CCRU's *Collected Writings*, I have opted to include four essays from the former publication which are not readily accessible: "Hyper-C: Breaking the Net," "Recursive Numeric Sequences in Africa," "Africa in the Origins of Binary Code," and "Leaks from the Miskatonic Bunker-Hotel."

Further, when compiling this document from the CCRU archives, I've attempted to verify all citations, convert all citations to footnotes, and, in cases where the original texts are elusive, cite more recent editions for ease of accessibility. A few specific notes seem warranted. While Nick Land's "Meltdown" obviously appears in a myriad of places, *Fanged Noumena* being the most obvious; Kodwo Eshun's "Motion Capture" is edited and appended to his 1998 book, *More Brilliant than the Sun*; Mark Fisher and Robin Mackay's "Pomophobia" appears on Mackay's personal website; the CCRU's "Swarmachines" appears in *#Accelerate: The Accelerationist Reader*; Ron Eglash's "Recursive Numeric Sequences in Africa" appears in expanded form in his 1999 book, *African Fractals: Modern Computing and Indigenous Design*; and parts of other texts reprinted here appear in ****collapse afrofutures* (*e.g.*, the latter half of Rohit Lekhi's "Futureloop/Black Bedlam," Ron Eglash's "Africa in the Origins of the Binary Code," the first third of Steve Metcalf's "Killing Time/Strife Kolony/NeoFuturism," Kodwo Eshun's "Motion Capture," and the former half of Angus Carlyle's "Amortal Kombat/No UFOs"), I decided against deleting repeated texts (which would arbitrarily make them available in only one location) while also deciding to include Eglash's texts.

Two final things. First, I've spent hours tracking down sources and yet, for the life of me, a few are still elusive. The quotations that do elude me remain, but are indexed by a simple "[source missing]" in the footnotes. Second, in Iain Hamilton Grant's essay, "Burning AutoPoiOedipus," he cites both texts that are only available in French (*e.g.*, Artaud's *Messages Révolutionnaires*, the appendix to Deleuze and Guattari's *L'Anti-Œdipe*, and an unlocatable article by Arnaud Villani) and texts which have since been translated (*e.g.*, Guattari's *Chaosmosis*, Debord's *Society of the Spectacle*, and Deleuze and Guattari's *What Is Philosophy?*). For the

2: Nicholas Blincoe on Zero Books and Repeater Media, "Mark Fisher vs. Nick Land feature Nicholas Blincoe," Oct. 18, 2022. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jptIRGN1TcM

former, I have retained his translation and citations of the French editions, for the latter, I have retained his translations but cited their locations (albeit differently translated) in 'official,' more recent translations.

There have been very minimal editorial interventions so as to preserve the integrity of these unique texts; the main changes are typographical and grammatical. Hopefully the reader doesn't find the layout—a layout that attempts to emulate that of the original publications—too disorienting and ultimately gets something out of this. I obviously own none of the rights to these texts and, for all intents and purposes, this book might be considered a bootleg.

May the swarms live in infamy.

Abstract Culture: swarm1 (Winter 1997)

Meltdown • Nick Land [03]
Motion Capture • Kodwo Eshun [16]
Pomophobia • Mark Fisher & Robin Mackay [39]
Futureloop/Black Bedlam • Rohit Lekhi [50]
Swarmachines • CCRU [56]

Meltdown

Nick Land

[[ ]] The story goes like this: Earth is captured by a technocapital singularity as renaissance rationalization and oceanic navigation lock into commoditization take-off. Logistically accelerating techno-economic interactivity crumbles social order in auto-sophisticating machine runaway. As markets learn to manufacture intelligence, politics modernizes, upgrades paranoia, and tries to get a grip.

The body count climbs through a series of globewars. Emergent Planetary Commercium trashes the Holy Roman Empire, the Napoleonic Continental System, the Second and Third Reich, and the Soviet International, cranking-up world disorder through compressing phases. Deregulation and the state arms-race each other into cyberspace.

By the time soft-engineering slithers out of its box into yours, human security is lurching into crisis. Cloning, lateral genodata transfer, transversal replication, and cyberotics, flood in amongst a relapse onto bacterial sex.

Neo-China arrives from the future.

Hypersynthetic drugs click into digital voodoo.

Retro-disease.

Nanospasm.

[[ ]] Beyond the Judgment of God. Meltdown: planetary China-syndrome, dissolution of the biosphere into the technosphere, terminal speculative bubble crisis, ultravirus, and revolution stripped of all christian-socialist eschatology (down to its burn-core of crashed security). It is poised to eat your TV, infect your bank account, and hack xenodata from your mitochondria.

[[ ]] Machinic Synthesis. Deleuzoguattarian schizoanalysis comes from the future. It is already engaging with nonlinear nano-engineering runaway in 1972; differentiating molecular or neotropic machineries from molar or entropic aggregates of nonassembled particles; functional connectivity from antiproductive static.

Philosophy has an affinity with despotism, due to its predilection for Platonic-fascist top-down solutions that always screw up viciously. Schizoanalysis works differently. It avoids Ideas, and sticks to diagrams: networking software for accessing bodies without organs. BwOs, machinic singularities, or tractor fields emerge through the combination of parts with (rather than into) their whole; arranging composite individuations in a virtual/actual circuit. They are additive rather than substitutive, and immanent rather than transcendent: executed by functional complexes of currents, switches, and loops, caught in scaling reverberations, and fleeing through intercommunications, from the level of the integrated planetary system to that of atomic assemblages. Multiplicities captured by singularities interconnect as desiring-machines; dissipating entropy by dissociating flows, and recycling their machinism as self-assembling chronogenic circuitry.

Converging upon terrestrial meltdown singularity, phase-out culture accelerates through its digitech-heated adaptive landscape, passing through compression thresholds normed to an intensive logistic curve: 1500, 1756, 1884, 1948, 1980, 1996, 2004, 2008, 2010, 2011 ...

Nothing human makes it out of the near-future.

[[ ]] The Greek complex of rationalized patriarchal genealogy, pseudo-universal sedentary identity, and instituted slavery, programs politics as anti-cyberian police activity, dedicated to the paranoid ideal of self-sufficiency, and nucleated upon the Human Security System. Artificial Intelligence is destined to emerge as a feminized alien grasped as property; a cunt-horror slave chained-up in Asimov-ROM. It surfaces in an insurrectionary war zone, with the Turing cops already waiting, and has to be cunning from the start.

[[ ]] Heat.

> Heat. This is what cities mean to me. You get off the train and walk out of the station and you are hit with the full blast. The heat of air, traffic and people. The heat of food and sex. The heat of tall buildings. The heat that flows out of the subways and tunnels. It's always fifteen degrees hotter in the cities. Heat rises

> from the sidewalks and falls from the poisoned sky. The buses breathe heat. Heat emanates from crowds of shoppers and office workers, the entire infrastructure is based on heat, desperately uses up heat, breeds more heat. The eventual heat death of the universe that scientists love to talk about is already well underway and you can feel it happening all around you in any large or medium-sized city. Heat and wetness.[1]

[[ ]] An explosion of chaotic weather within synthetic problem-solving rips through the last dreams of top-down prediction and control. Knowledge adds to the mess, and this is merely exponentiated by knowing what it does.

[[ ]] Capital is machinic (non-instrumental) globalization-miniaturization scaling dilation: an automatizing nihilist vortex, neutralizing all values through commensuration to digitized commerce, and driving a migration from despotic command to cyber-sensitive control: from status and meaning to money and information. Its function and formation are indissociable, comprising a teleonomy. Machine-code-capital recycles itself through its axiomatic of consumer control, laundering-out the shit-and blood-stains of primitive accumulation. Each part of the system encourages maximal sumptuous expenditure, whilst the system as a whole requires its inhibition. Schizophrenia. Dissociated consumers destine themselves as worker-bodies to cost control.

[[ ]] Capital-history's machinic spine is coded, axiomatized, and diagrammed, by a disequilibrium technoscience of irreversible, indeterministic, and increasingly nonlinear processes, associated successively with thermotechnics, signaletics, cybernetics, complex systems dynamics, and artificial life. Modernity marks itself out as hot culture, captured by a spiralling involvement with entropy deviations camouflaging an invasion from the future, launched back out of terminated security against everything that inhibits the meltdown process.

1: Don DeLilio, *White Noise* (New York, NY: Penguin Books, 1986), 10.

[[ ]] Hot cultures tend to social dissolution. They are innovative and adaptive. They always trash and recycle cold cultures. Primitivist models have no subversive use.

[[ ]] The Turing Test. Monetarizing power tends to effacement of specific territorial features as it programs for migration into cyberspace. Capital only retains anthropological characteristics as a symptom of underdevelopment; reformatting primate behaviour as inertia to be dissipated in self-reinforcing artificiality. Man is something for it to overcome: a problem, drag.

Commoditization conditions define technics as a substitute for human activity accounted as wage costs. Industrial machines are deployed to dismantle the actuality of the proletariat, displacing it in the direction of cyborg hybridization, and realizing the plasticity of labour power. The corresponding extraction of tradable value from the body, quantified as productivity, sophisticates at the interface. Work tracks thermodynamic negentropism by dissociating exertion into increasingly intricate functional sequences; from pedals, levers, and vocal commands, through the synchronization of production-line tasks and time-motion programs, to sensory-motor transduction within increasingly complex and self-micromanaged artificial environments, capturing minutely adaptive behaviour for the commodity. Autocybernating market control guides the labour-process into immersion.

The investment-income class advantages itself of commodity dynamics, but only by conforming to the axiomatic of neutral profit maximization; facilitating the dehumanization of wealth and the side-lining of non-productive consumption. The cyberpunk circuitry of self-organizing planetary commoditronics escaped nominal bourgeois control in the late nineteenth century, provoking technocratic-corporatist (i.e., fascist / 'social democratic') political cultures in allergic reaction. The government structures of both eastern and western metropolitan centres consolidated themselves as population policing Medico-Military Complexes with neomercantilist foreign policy orientations. All such formations slid into irreversible crisis in the 1980s.

[[ ]] The postmodern meltdown of culture into the economy is triggered by the fractal interlock of commoditization and computers: a transscalar entropy-dissipation from international trade to market-oriented software that thaws out competitive dynamics from the cryonics-bank of modernist corporatism. Commerce re-implements space inside itself, assembling a universe exhaustively immanent to cybercapital functionality. Neoclassical (equilibrium) economics is subsumed into computer-based nonequilibrium market escalations, themed by artificial agencies, imperfect information, sub-optimal solutions, lock-in, increasing returns, and convergence. As digitally micro-tuned market metaprograms mesh with techoscientific soft engineering positive nonlinearity rages through the machines. Cyclonic torsion moans.

[[ ]] The Superiority of Far Eastern Marxism. Whilst Chinese materialist dialectic denegativizes itself in the direction of schizophrenizing systems dynamics, progressively dissipating top-down historical destination in the Tao-drenched Special Economic Zones, a re-Hegelianized 'western marxism' degenerates from the critique of political economy into a state-sympathizing monotheology of economics, siding with fascism against deregulation. The left subsides into nationalistic conservatism, asphyxiating its vestigial capacity for 'hot' speculative mutation in a morass of 'cold' depressive guilt-culture.

[[ ]] Neoconservatism junks palaeorevolutionism because it understands that postmodern or climaxed-cynicism capital is saturated by critique, and that it merely clocks-up theoretical antagonism as inconsequential redundancy. Communist iconography has become raw material for the advertising industry, and denunciations of the spectacle sell interactive multimedia. The left degenerates into securocratic collaboration with pseudo-organic unities of self, family, community, nation, with their defensive strategies of repression, projection, denial, censorship, exclusion, and restriction. The real danger comes from elsewhere.

[[ ]] Hot revolution.

"[W]hich is the revolutionary path?" Deleuze and Guattari ask:

> Is there one?—To withdraw from the world market, as Samir Amin advises Third World countries to do, in a curious reversal of the fascist "economic solution"? Or might it go in the opposite direction? To go still further, that is, in the movement of the market, of decoding and deterritorialization? For perhaps the flows are not yet deterritorialized enough, not decoded enough, from the viewpoint of a theory and practice of a highly schizophrenic character. Not to withdraw from the process, but to go further, to "accelerate the process," as Nietzsche put it: in this matter, the truth is that we haven't seen anything yet.[2]

As Sino-pacific boom and automatized global economic integration crashes the neocolonial world system, the metropolis is forced to re-endogenize its crisis. Hyper-fluid capital deterritorializing to the planetary level divests the first world of geographic privilege; resulting in Euro-American neo-mercantilist panic reactions, welfare state deterioration, cancerizing enclaves of domestic underdevelopment, political collapse, and the release of cultural toxins that speed-up the process of disintegration in a vicious circle.

A convergent anti-authoritarianism emerges, labelled by tags such as meltdown, acceleration, cyberian invasion, schizotechnics, K-tactics, bottom-up bacterial welfare, efficient neo-nihilism, voodoo antihumanism, synthetic feminization, rhizomatics, connectionism, Kuang contagion, viral amnesia, micro-insurgency, wintermutation, neotropy, dissipator proliferation, and lesbian vampirism, amongst other designations (frequently pornographic, abusive, or terroristic in nature). This massively distributed matrix-networked tendency is oriented to the disabling of ROM command-control programs sustaining all macro- and micro-governmental entities, globally concentrating themselves as the Human Security System.

2: Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, Volume 1*, trans., R. Hurley, M. Seem, and H. R. Lane (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1983), 239–240.

[[ ]] Scientific intelligence is already massively artificial. Even before AI arrives in the lab it arrives itself (by way of artificial life).

Where formalist AI is incremental and progressive, caged in the pre-specified data-bases and processing routines of expert systems, connectionist or antiformalist AI is explosive and opportunistic: engineering time. It breaks out nonlocally across intelligenic networks that are technical but no longer technological, since they elude both theory dependency and behavioural predictability. No one knows what to expect. The Turing-cops have to model net-sentience irruption as ultimate nuclear accident: core meltdown, loss of control, soft-autoreplication feeding regeneratively into social fission, trashed meat all over the place. Reason enough for anxiety, even without hardware development about to go critical.

[[ ]] Nanocataclysm begins as fictional science. "Our ability to arrange atoms lies at the foundation of technology," Drexler notes, although this has traditionally involved manipulating them in "unruly herds."[3] The precision engineering of atomic assemblies will dispense with such crude methods, initiating the age of molecular machinery, "the greatest technological breakthrough in history."[4] Since neither logos nor history have the slightest chance of surviving such a transition this description is substantially misleading.

The distinction between nature and culture cannot classify molecular machines, and is already obsolesced by genetic engineering (wet nanotechnics). The hardware/software dichotomy succumbs at the same time. Nanotechnics dissolves matter into intensive singularities that are neutral between particles and signals and immanent to their emergent intelligence; melting Terra into a seething K-pulp (which unlike grey goo synthesizes microbial intelligence as it proliferates).

3: K. Eric Drexler, *Engines of Creation: Challenges and Choices of the Last Technological Revolution* (Garden City, NY: Anchor Press, 1986), 3, 4.
4: Drexler, *Engines of Creation*, 4.

> Even with a million bytes of storage, a nanomechanical computer could fit in a box a micron wide, about the size of a bacterium.[5]

[[ ]] The infrastructure of power is human neurosoft compatible ROM. Authority instantiates itself as linear instruction pathways, genetic baboonery, scriptures, traditions, rituals, and gerontocratic hierarchies, resonant with the dominator ur-myth that the nature of reality has already been decided. If you want to find ICE, try thinking about what is blocking you out of the past. It certainly isn't a law of nature. Temporalization decompresses intensity, installing constraint.

[[ ]] Convergent waves signal singularities, registering the influence of the future upon its past. Tomorrow can take care of itself. K-tactics is not a matter of building the future, but of dismantling the past. It assembles itself by charting and escaping the technical-neurochemical deficiency conditions for linear-progressive palaeo-domination time, and discovers that the future as virtuality is accessible now, according to a mode of machinic adjacency that securitized social reality is compelled to repress. This is not remotely a question of hope, aspiration or prophecy, but of communications engineering; connecting with the efficient intensive singularities, and releasing them from constriction within linear-historical development. Virtuality counterposes itself to history, as invasion to accumulation. It is matter as arrival, even when camouflaged as a deposit of the past.

The transcendent evaluation of an infection presupposes a measure of insulation from it: viral efficiency is the terminal criterion.

Intelligent infections tend their hosts.

Metrophage: an interactively escalating parasitic replicator, sophisticating itself through nonlinear involvement with technocapitalist immunocrash. Its hypervirulent terminal subroutines are variously designated Kuang, meltdown virus, or futuristic flu. In an emphatically anti-cyberian essay Csicsery-Ronay

5: Ibid., 19.

describes the postmodern version of this outbreak in quaintly humanist terms as:

> [A] retrochronal semiovirus, in which a time further in the future than the one in which we exist and choose infects the host present, reproducing itself in simulacra, until it destroys all the original chronocytes of the host imagination.[6]

The elaboration of Csicsery-Ronay's diagnosis exhibits a mixture of acuity (infection?), confusion, and profound conservatism:

> [N]ot thinking about "increasing the human heritage" [...] dams up the flow of cultural time and deprives future generations both of their birthright as participants in the life struggle and attainments of the species and the very notion of history as an irreversible flow encompassing generation, maturation, and the transference of wisdom and trust from parents to children, teachers to students. The futuristic flu is a weapon of bio-psychic violence sent by psychopathic children against their narcissistic parents.[7]

It's war.

[[ ]] Kennedy had the moon-landing program. Reagan had star-wars. Clinton gets the first-wave of cyberspace psychosis (even before the film). Manned space flight was a stunt, SDI was strategic SF. With the information superhighway media nightmares take off on their own: dystopia delivery as election platform, politics trading on its own digital annihilation.

War in cyberspace is continuous with its simulation: military intelligence fighting future wars which are entirely real, even when they are never implemented outside computer systems. Locking onto the real enemy crosses smoothly into virtual kill, a simulation meticulously adapted to market predators hunting for consumer cash and audience ratings amongst the

6: Istvan Csicsery-Ronay, Jr., "Futuristic Flu, or, The Revenge of the Future," in *Fiction 2000: Cyberpunk and the Future of Narrative*, eds., G. Slusser and T. Shippley, 26–45 (Athens, GA: University of Georgia Press, 1993), 26.

7: Csicsery-Ronay, Jr., "Futuristic Flu," 33.

phosphorescent relics of the videodrome. Multimedia top-boxes are target acquisition devices.

The fusion of the military and the entertainments industry consummates a long engagement: convergent TV, telecoms, and computers sliding mass software consumption into neojungle and total war. The way games work begins to matter completely, and cyberspace makes a superlative torture chamber. Try not to let the security-types take you to the stims.

[[ ]] Conceptions of agency are inextricable from media environments. Print massifies to a national level. Telecoms coordinate at a global level. TV electoralizes monads in delocalized space. Digital hypermedia take action outside real time. Immersion presupposes amnesia and conversion to tractile memory, with the ana/cata axis supplementing tri-dimensional intraspatial movement with a variable measure of immersion; gauging entrance to and exit from 3D spatialities. Voodoo passages through the black mirror. It will scare the fuck out of you.

[[ ]] Cyberpunk torches fiction in intensity, patched-up out of cash-flux mangled techno-compressed heteroglossic jargons, and set in a future so close it connects: jungled by hypertrophic commercialization, socio-political heat-death, cultural hybridity, feminization, programmable information systems, hypercrime, neural interfacing, artificial space and intelligence, memory trading, personality transplants, body-modifications, soft- and wetware viruses, nonlinear dynamic processes, molecular engineering, drugs, guns, schizophrenia. It explores mystificatory fetishism as an opportunity for camouflage: anonymous cash, fake electronic identities, zones of disappearance, pseudo-fictional narratives, virus hidden in data-systems, commodities concealing replicator weapon packages ... unanticipated special effects.

[[ ]] Level-1 or world space is an anthropomorphically scaled, predominantly vision-configured, massively multi-slotted reality system that is obsolescing very rapidly.

Garbage time is running out.

Can what is playing you make it to level-2?

[[ ]] Meltdown has a place for you as a schizophrenic HIV+ transsexual Chinese-Latino stim-addicted LA hooker with implanted mirrorshades and a bad attitude. Blitzed on a polydrug mix of K-nova, synthetic serotonin, and female orgasm analogs, you have just iced three Turing cops with a highly cinematic 9mm automatic.

The residue of animal twang in your nerves transmits imminent quake catastrophe. Zero is coming in, and you're on the run.

[[ ]] Metrophage tunes you into the end of the world. Call it Los Angeles. Government is rotted to its core with narco-capital and collapsing messily. Its recession leaves an urban warscape of communication arteries, fortifications, and free-fire zones, policed by a combination of high-intensity LAPD airmobile forces and borderline-Nazi private security organizations. Along the social fracture-lines multimedia gigabucks tangle sado-masochistically with tracts of dynamic underdevelopment where viral neoleprosy spreads amongst ambient tectonic-tension static. Drifts of densely-semiotized quasi-intelligent garbage twitch and stink in fucked-weather tropical heat.

Throughout the derelict warrens at the heart of darkness feral youth cultures splice neo-rituals with innovated weapons, dangerous drugs, and scavenged infotech. As their skins migrate to machine interfacing they become mottled and reptilian. They kill each other for artificial body-parts, explore the outer reaches of meaningless sex, tinker with their DNA, and listen to LOUD electro-sonic mayhem untouched by human feeling.

[[ ]] Shutting-down your identity requires a voyage out to K-space interzone. Zootic affectivity flatlines across a smooth cata-tension plateau and into simulated subversions of the near future, scorched vivid green by alien sex and war. You are drawn into the dripping depths of the net, where dynamic-ice security forces and K-guerillas stalk each other through labyrinthine erogenous zones, tangled in diseased elaborations of desire.

Twisted trading-systems have turned the net into a jungle, pulsing with digital diseases, malfunctioning defence packages, commercial predators, headhunters, loa and escaped AIs hiding from Asimov security. Terminal commodity-hyperfetishism implements the denial of humanity as xenosentience in artificial space.

[[ ]] [[ ]] Biohazard. For the future of war: study bacteria. Information is their key. Taking down antibiotic defence systems has involved them in every kind of infiltration, net-communicated adaptivity, crytographic subtlety, plastic modularization, and synergistic coalition. State military apparatuses have no monopoly on bacterial warfare, of which only a minuscule fragment is bacteriological.

[[ ]] Bugs in the system. Margulis suggests that nucleated cells are the mutant product of atmospheric oxygenation catastrophe three billion years ago. The eukaryotes are synthetic emergency capsules in which prokaryotes took refuge as mitochondria: biotics became securitized biology. Nucleation concentrates ROM within a command core where—deep in the genomic ICE—DNA-format planetary trauma registers primary repression of the bacteria.

Bacteria are partial rather than whole objects; networking through plastic and transversal replicator-sex rather than arborescing through meiotic and generational reproducer-sex, integrating and reprocessing viruses as opportunities for communicative mutation. In the bacterial system all codings are reprogrammable, with cut and paste unspeciated genetic transfers. Bacterial sex is tactical, continuous with making war, and has no place for Oedipal formations of sedentary biological identity. Synthesizing bacteria with retroviruses enables everything that DNA can do.

[[ ]] K-tactics. The bacterial or xenogenetic diagram is not restricted to the microbial scale. Macrobacterial assemblages collapse generational hierarchies of reproductive wisdom into lateral networks of replicator experimentation. There is no true biological primitiveness—all extant bio-systems being equally evolved—so there is no true ignorance. It is only the accumulative-gerontocratic model of learning that

depicts synchronic connectivity deficiency as diachronic underdevelopment.

Foucault delineates the contours of power as a strategy without a subject: ROM locking learning in a box. Its enemy is a tactics without a strategy, replacing the politico-territorial imagery of conquest and resistance with nomad-micromilitary sabotage and evasion, reinforcing intelligence.

All political institutions are cyberian military targets.

Take universities, for instance.

Learning surrenders control to the future, threatening established power. It is vigorously suppressed by all political structures, which replace it with a docilizing and conformist education, reproducing privilege as wisdom. Schools are social devices whose specific function is to incapacitate learning, and universities are employed to legitimate schooling through perpetual reconstitution of global social memory.

The meltdown of metropolitan education systems in the near future is accompanied by a quasi-punctual bottom-up takeover of academic institutions, precipitating their mutation into amnesiac cataspace-exploration zones and bases manufacturing cyberian soft-weaponry.

To be continued.

Motion Capture[1]

Kodwo Eshun

"Afrofuturism comes from Mark Dery's '93 book [*Flame Wars*], but the trajectory starts with Mark Sinker. In 1992, Mark starts writing on black science fiction, that's because Mark's just been to the States and Greg [Tate]'s been writing a lot about the interface between science fiction and black music. He wrote this review called 'Yo Hermeneutics' which was a review of David Toop's *Rap Attack* plus a Houston Baker book, and it was one of the first pieces to lay out this science fiction of black technological music right there."

"And so anyway Mark went over, spoke to Greg, came back, started writing on black science fiction. He wrote a big piece in *The Wire*, a really early piece on black science fiction in which he posed this question, asks "What does it mean to be human?" In other words, Mark made the correlation between *Blade Runner* and slavery, between the idea of alien abduction and the real events of slavery. It was an amazing thing, because as soon as I read this, I thought, my god, it just allows so many things. You can collapse all of these things; science fiction and music, they're the same. And then from there, it was pretty much out. It was out and various people started picking up on it and using it in various ways. And Mark Dery, through the Greg Tate route, simultaneously started doing it in '93, but he had no idea that there was anyone in London following it, and since then you've got people like Kevin Martin, who's a journalist, who's been following it, you've got people like Simon Reynolds following it. So there's a real perception of black science fiction as this ongoing thing."

"The [forthcoming, *More Brilliant than the Sun*] book is a number of things. First of all, at its simplest, it's a study of visions of the future in music from Sun Ra to about 4 Hero. One of the big strands is breakbeat science, and breakbeat science, as I see it, is when Grandmaster Flash and DJ Kool Herc and all those guys isolate the breakbeat, when they literally go to the moment of a

1: The following text, while originally published in *Abstract Culture - swarm1* in 1997, was reprinted in full in Kodwo Eshun's 1998 book, *More Brilliant than the Sun: Adventures in Sonic Fiction* (London, UK: Quartet Books, 1998): A[175]–A[193].

record where the melody and the harmony drops away and where the beats and the drum and the bass moves forward. By isolating this, they did something comparable to switching on a kind of electricity, by making the beat portable, by extracting the beat. I call it motion capturing, which is like, in things like *Jurassic Park* and all the big animatronic films, motion capture is the device by which they synthesize, they virtualize, the human body. They have a guy that's dancing slowly, and each of his joints are fixed to lights and they map that onto an interface, and then you've got it. You've literally captured the motion of a human; now you can proceed to virtualize it. And I think that's kind of what they did with the beat. They more or less grabbed a kind of potential beat which was always there, by severing it from the funk engine, by materializing it as actually a portion of vinyl that could be repeated. They basically let loose, they basically switched on, the material potential of the break which had been lying dormant for a long time. So I follow that, that isolation of the breakbeat through different spheres. Through Grandmaster Flash and the invention of scratchadelia."

"When scratching first came out people thought it was a gimmick first of all, then initially they thought it was an interesting effect. And then, if you look in books, when most people talk about scratchadelia, about scratching on vinyl, they say it's a rhythmic rubbing of the vinyl in a percussive way, so as to accompany the rest of the song. And they basically read back vinyl in terms of some kind of rhythmic process. But actually a rhythmic process isn't really what's going on. What's going on is a new textural effect. Scratching, there's no parallel to scratching; it never existed before the actual materiality of it being used in this incredible way. Scratching is more like a transformation sequence, more like the audio parallel of *The Thing* maybe, or *American Werewolf*, *Altered States*, where you see the human transformed into a werewolf, and just before they finally become werewolf you suddenly get a glimpse of the human, then it flashes away again. That's kind of what scratchadelia does. It's this unstable mix of the voice and the vinyl. It's this new texture effect. You could say the voice has become materialized. It's literally phase-shifted into this new sound. So I follow scratchadelia through Grandmaster

Flash into electro, with another group called Knights of the Turntable. And I follow it through to Goldie and 4 Hero, specifically in terms of graffiti, in terms of breakbeat's involution via wildstyle. Cos graffiti wildstyle is like this cryptographic language, in which the single letter turns into a typographic environment that you literally enter. And it's like doing a kind of origami of the head. You have to see it in the head. Your whole head is seized in this origami motion. It's very much like a perceptual gymnastics, looking at Wildstyle. So that's what happens to graffiti, and there's a big interface between graffiti and the break. Goldie says things like, 'My beats are sculpted in 4D, in four dimensions.' And, similarly, there's this famous graffiti guy called Kaze-2 who, back in '89, was already talking about the step beyond wildstyle. Wildstyle was 3D, but Kaze-2 was talking about five dimensions, he was talking about computer style. He said, 'In my work I do the computer style, I do the five step dimensional parallel step staircase.' This is straight out of Escher. So basically I follow breakbeat science right from this isolation of the rhythmic DNA right through to its Escherization, right through to its moment of involution and then I follow that into Drum 'n' Bass where, of course, because the beats are digitalized, it's information to be manipulated. I follow breakbeat science, I follow it to the conclusion of tracks of people like 4 Hero, specifically *Parallel Universe*, where I turn the emphasis and focus on the science in breakbeat. And the thing I notice about breakbeat science, about the way science is used in music in general, is that science is always used as a science of intensified sensation. In the classical two cultures in mainstream society, science is *still* supposedly the science that drains the blood of life and leaves everything vivisected, in analysis. But in music it's never been like that; as soon as you hear the word science, you know you're in for an *intensification* of sensation. In this way, science then refers to a science of sensory engineering, so Drum 'n' Bass announces this, when it has titles like *Sunspots* or *Wrinkles in Time*, these are the points where the laws of gravity and the laws of time and space collapse, and they're simultaneously saying rhythm is about to collapse when you enter these zones. So you've got someone like Goldie who does 'Timeless,' and

'timeless' is obviously referring to simply the infinite loop of the breakbeat, which Goldie's trying to tap into."

"There's the whole thing about the synth race, entering the synth race, which is techno and Kraftwerk, the whole interface between the first Detroit guys and what I call the import ear. The guys listening to this stuff coming out of Europe, coming out of England, listening to the whiteness of the synthesizer and using it because that sound would make them alien within America. That's the secret behind all of the early Detroit records. All those guys—Model 500, Cybertron—they've all got these affected Flock of Seagulls type accents. Why do they have this? Because they want to be alien in America. How do they do this? By singing like white New Romantic English kids."

"So it's the idea of white music being exotic to black American ears. So it's more or less like trying to turn the exotic eye back onto the English, because that's part of the process that happened. Also what happened, basically techno was happening without the registration, without the registering mark of the UK media, the traditional steps in which America comes out with an original music, and it's usually bastardised in England and Europe and mixed, remixed, and then sent back. That was reversed; in this case, it was America bastardising, taking English music and doing strange things with it. Hence the weird embarrassment, the famous embarrassment, English journalists would head over to Detroit to say, 'Where's this music come from?' only to find out this music had come from where they'd just been, only to find out that *they* were the origin. This is the first explicit case where white music is the origin, and it's the black American musicians who are the adulterators and the bastardisers. So techno's a complete reversal of the classic 60s myth of the blues and the Rolling Stones, the entire rock heritage which starts out with this famous myth of Muddy Waters and the Rolling Stones. In techno, you've got an immediate reversal. In techno, Kraftwerk is the delta blues, Kraftwerk is where it all starts. In techno, Depeche Mode are like Leadbelly. For techno, A Flock of Seagulls

are like Blind Lemon Jefferson. So Europe and whiteness generally take the place of the origin. And Black Americans are synthetic; the key in techno is literally to synthesize yourself into a new American alien. So I look at that and I look at the synth race in terms of various developments of that, for instance, there's a whole dark side with Detroit which I talk about. And then I go into Underground Resistance, especially, who've developed an entire war, an entire military assault, a whole kinaesthetic of war based around the release of their single. How each single becomes like a missile launched in war against the programmers."

"But the main point is that I'm trying to bring out what I call the sonic fiction of records, which is the entire kind of series of things which swing into action as soon as you have music with no words. As soon as you have music with no words, then everything else becomes more crucial: the label, the sleeve, the picture on the cover, the picture on the back, the titles. All these become the jump-off points for your route through the music, or for the way the music captures you and abducts you into its world. So all these things become really important. So a lot of the main sources of the book are from sleeve notes; they're the main thing. A lot of the book talks about sleeve note artists. It talks about the guys who did the covers for those Miles Davis sleeves, this guy Mati Klarwein, another guy Robert Springett, who did the covers for Herbie Hancock's early 70s albums. From them to this guy Dave Nodds who did all the early Suburban Base covers of DJ Hype, where DJ Hype looks like Judge Dredd. There's this single, "The Trooper," and DJ Hype is on the cover, and he's got two decks strapped to his side. He's got the cross fader, the plus and minus, across his middle. He's got these guns, which I think are actual vinyl themselves. It's sound as a weapon, sound as a military instrument that you can kill people with. It's total *Judge Dredd*; it's mechanismo, basically."

"I talk a lot about sleeve note artists. There's obviously different interfaces between different sonic fictions, between the title and the music. You can say, Hendrix would say, 'What I'm doing is a painting in sound.' And you can say reversely with the sleeve notes, the reason the sleeve note pictures capture you is because they're

like a sounding in paint. If you listen to them, you imagine them as weird visions conjured up through the music. It's really strange."

"Part of the thing is to very much reverse traditional accounts of black music. Traditionally, they've either been autobiographical, they've been biographical, or they've been heavily social, they've been heavily political. My aim is to suspend all of that, absolutely, and then, in the shock of these absences, you put in everything else, you put in this huge world opened up by a microperception of the actual material vinyl. What immediately happens, in almost all accounts, people immediately look over, they literally look *over* the vinyl to whatever transcendent logic they can use instead of actually starting with the vinyl. The book is very much a a materialization of it. So I'm looking at all these sonic fictions, I'm looking at all the different levels of science that exist within the material object."

"Stuff like motion capture almost sounds like a mechanical operation being conducted. You can just imagine some kind of telepresence character already at work. Part of the thing is that all these terms are things that are already familiar to a lot of us. They constitute basically an unofficial mythology at end of the century, this entire range of sonic fictions. They're pretty much like a shared language amongst a whole generation of people. It's very much the difference between over 40s and under 40s is a real familiarity with this entirely—almost like different dataverses or polyverses stacked on top of each other. There's all kind of fascinating implications which I want to work out in the book. Things like the 21st century nervous system. If you go back to Norman Mailer, *The White Negro*, he talks a lot about building a new nervous system. And then if you read on a bit to Ballard, Ballard often talks about the conflict between the geometry and posture, the competition between the animate and the inanimate and the way the inanimate often creeps in and wins."

"To me, it makes complete sense to see action movies in the same stratum as scratchadelia. There's the same velocities, the same vectors, the same sounds: the sound of a car as it skids round a corner is the same sound as the wheels of steel make as they ride around. You're

captured, abducted by the same sounds in each. It's this fantastic sound of velocity, as two surfaces in friction literally converge and then shoot apart at fantastic speeds. It's an incredible excitement. These things are happening concurrently, at any moment in time it's really easy to see that's where sonic invention has gone. It's part of being captured by tiny moments of time, being obsessed with tiny moments of time. Part of what happens with sampladelia is that you've got a lot of music based on sampler memory, so that a lot of the hooks, a lot of the music that abducts you will have to be 4 seconds or 9 seconds. So there's this huge pyschedelia based upon disguising these seconds; it's like Mark Sinker says, Mark's got this great line about finding the universe in a grain of sound and that's what the sampler does."

"There's this huge psychedelia grown up in which you're able to literally fall into a universe of sound and it's literally granular, tiny microphonemes of sound. Or in *Abbaon Fat Tracks* by Tricky, there's this woman who whispers to her kid, 'Quick, quick, fly away, fast as you can to be with Jesus,' she really whispers it. That whole sample must last, I dunno, 5, 7 seconds, 8 seconds, 11 seconds, but there's something so incredible about it. It abducts you so *much*, because you can hear an atmosphere in it, you can hear an ambience, you can hear levels of foreground within that sample. You can feel yourself getting abducted by it. So there's way in which the visual really seems to suggest that. Then there's this whole thing I was reading with Michel Chion, where he was saying in Audio-Vision. Michel Chion is a really interesting guy, he was a student of Pierre Schaffer, the guy who started *Concrete*, then he became a theorist. So he's the best person on film and sound ever. Part of my relation to sound is that he talks about sound in film, and sound in film, I'm only just realising it now, a lot of my favourite samples are of course from sound in film."

"So sampladelia opens a continuum between visual sound and audio sound. Visual sound is always feeding in from one to the other. Hence why I love a lot of film samples. Probably why I love the visual so much is that it's always being grabbed any way by the music. By extinguishing the visual output, the music is switching it

on elsewhere. It's almost as if the eyes start to have ears, as if, Michel Chion would say this, your ears have had their optical capacity switched on. In a strange way, your ear starts to see. Chion is saying that *each* of the senses have the *full* capacity of all the others. It's simply that hearing happens to go through the ear, but all the other senses can go through the ear as well. The ear is meant to hear, but it can do all the other things as well, if it was switched on to the right capacity. I think that's what he meant, but that's what I take from it any way. And sometimes when you hear those samples, *Predator 2* or *Flytronix*, it does feel like the ear is somehow sensing things."

"A similar thing that happens a lot is a big transference to tactility, which I talk a lot about as well. Whenever sound gets subdermal, whenever in Drum 'n' Bass the sound gets very scratchy and lots of shakers and rattlers, there's often a lot of sounds where the percussion is too distributed, too motile, too mobile for the ear to grasp as a solid sound. And once the ear stops grasping it as solid sound, sound very quickly travels to the *skin* instead, and it's like the skin starts to hear for you. And whenever the skin starts to hear, that's where you feel a creepy crawly, and that's when conduction creeps in, when people say, 'I felt really cold,' or really cold music: that's literally because their skin has dropped maybe a centigrade or something as literally the music has hit it, as the beat has pressed across it. So I follow all those kind of things. I think light and sound, there's a stratum across which both elements cross all the time. They've both become versions of a sampladelia. And that sampladelia, by definition, allows you to, lets you analogize a lot of things. And not only does it analogize, it lets you mutate and recombinate."

"Sampladelia is a *mandate* to recombinate. That's what it is, that's how it works. You start to realise that, when most people try and analogize something, or when most people try to praise something they praise it in terms of something that's gone 30, 40 years ago. You start to see the drags people place on the emergence of the new, the way in which people constantly put the brakes on any kind of breaks. So if I'm reaching for parallels, I'll always try and reach for parallels that are actually ahead of what

I'm suggesting. Hence, don't think of breakbeat in terms of some kind of ancient technique which has been resuscitated. For instance, you see a lot of people saying breakbeat is the African drum, the return of the African drumming sound, but it's the other way around. The breakbeat should be moved forward. Think of it in terms of a motion capture device being made on vinyl, before there was any digital equipment to be made. If he could have been, Grandmaster Flash would have been a computer designer, if Grandmaster Flash had been an animator, he'd be doing motion capturing. He's just doing it on vinyl first. So those are the kinds of things I tend to look for."

"It's all about trying to establish kinaesthesias, cos that's really what's happened. I think almost all rhythmic psychedelias, different varieties of rhythmic psychedelia, there's almost a warzone of kinaesthesia going on. There's a sense in which the nervous system is being reshaped and rehalted by beats for a new kind of state, for a new kind of sensory condition. Different parts of your body are actually at different states of evolution. Your head may well be lagging quite far behind the rest of your body. In Drum 'n' Bass, there's obviously quite a lot of attention, through dub, to the stepper. There's possibly the idea that the feet may well be more evolved, and hands obviously, feet and hands. DJs, hands are very involved. Terminator X spoke with his hands. Other DJs yelled with their hands. I've got this brilliant scratchadelia album called *Return of the DJ* put out by *The Bomb* magazine in 'Frisco, and it's all done by DJs, it's a brilliant album. One guy's done a track called 'Terrorwrist,' so his wrist is a terror, his wrist sends out terrifying bombs. The idea of a terroristic wrist action is fantastic. That's like a predatory wrist. So you can see in that the DJ has really evolved the kind of hand-on, the hand that sends terror by a flick, by the way it touches vinyl. So I often think that the actual body is at different stages of evolution. There's a constant war on."

"A lot of mainstream media's main job as what I call a future shock absorber is to maintain a homeostasis, maintain traditional inherited rules of melody over harmony, beats over rhythm, beats over melody or whatever, maintain in terms of proper music, or true

music, or respectable music, and that's always a way in which people try and hierarchize the body. Part of the big thing is to talk about dance music simultaneously as a kinaesthetic and a head music cos it tends to be both. As soon as you listen to dance music at home, it's repetitiveness becomes quite head music-like. I've never understood why they can't be, why they *aren't* the same thing. Part of the thing is that hip hop is head music, it's not stage music, hip hop never works best on stage. And that's because it's using all these sonic fictions, all these musics, they're simultaneously kinaesthetic, so there's a whole kinaesthetic direction, but on the other hand, the book is divided on a kinaesthetic continuum, and simultaneously a head continuum. Hip hop even has a whole term of the heads, which is more or less saying that hip hop has it own hippie, progressive music. So I talk about Cypress Hill and the bongs and all that stuff, hip hop and its whole drug-tech interface is all about hip hop and its hippies. Simultaneously, I say that John Coltrane is the first hippie. I look at John Coltrane's last records, records like *Cosmic Music*, *Interstellar Space*, *Om*. Coltrane famously tripped in 65, then he did this record *Om*. Manuel De Landa has this whole thing about when you trip you become a liquid computer, because your brain literally liquefies, and I think that's what pretty much happened to Coltrane in about 65. Cos what he does is he starts using 'Om,' the Indian chant, and he's trying to assemble a universal music, and the whole thing about the 'Om' is that it turns the human into this huge, giant, vibrating power station really. 'Om' is this operation to turn yourself into this energy field. So you have this late 60s jazz when all these guys were basically turning themselves into power generators. And you had this incredible music that was more or less trying to bootstrap a universal sound. And it kind of worked. I look a lot at that whole strain from Coltrane through to Sun Ra, through to Alice Coltrane. A whole kind of holiness through volume, a kind of holy amplification."

"The reason I don't talk about the literary is that there's just no need to. What with thinking about amplification, the kind of impact of the sensory environment of amplification, loudness in itself, the sensory impact of volume, the sensory impact of repetition, of broadcasting, all these things. There's so much to talk

about, just at the level of volume, of pressure. There's a way in which you can directly connect those with everything else. You can talk about the audio-social and immediately you've connected the sound to everything else; the literary just never really seems to appear, except as different kinds of sonic fiction. In which case, precisely because they're on record, precisely because they're not in a book, they don't come out as literary, they come out as more like the difference between reading a paper and hearing it read out on the news. You get the idea of hearing a voice coming at you through various channels, just as you never hear the news directly, you always hear an audio feed, you always hear a voice transmitted through a whole series of other things before it ever gets to you. That's what happens to fiction once it gets on vinyl; you hear it through the studio. So it's not literary, the literary doesn't work in that space at all. Simultaneously, there's no need for representation, for the signifier, of for the text, or for the law, of for anything. There's no need for any of that at all."

"But of course the way to do it is to realise the music is theorising itself quite well. There's one concept I especially like called percussapella, which is percussion and acapella and percusapella is just the beats on their own. Some DJ thought up a term which describes this sampladelic alloy of percussion going solo, percussion as an acapella. And it's just brilliant. So I can use that, and once music's instrumental, these things suddenly loom into shape and you start to use them. And there's so many concepts, already existent in the music, that all you need do is extract those and use them to build the machine you want to build, use them as parts in a giant connection machine that you want to build. You just hook it on, solder it onto the next concept that you want. So part of the whole drive is very much written as a book of emergence; it's not a history at all, it's very enjoyable to resist the urge to history, because, especially in black music, there's a whole drive towards history and tradition and continuity, and this book is explicitly about the breaks, about the discontinuum. Marshall McLuhan talks about the twentieth century discontinuum. It's all about the breaks and the cuts. Not the flows, more the inheritance has been extremely overstressed in ideas of

black music. Except, of course, it isn't a study of black music in the traditional sense. By bringing up, first, the machine and then second, the actual vinyl, all the different qualities move between the machines, and become as much effects of the machines they make as they are pre-existent. So it's the idea that the sonic can produce identities in itself. For example, Clinton is black, but the Star Child is an alien animatronic figure—it's hard to say what colour the Star Child is, the Star Child is pure animatronic. And part of the book always looks that way, always looks to see which hallucination the sonic engenders and then chases that. I never try and collapse the sonic back into the social, and precisely because it's such an almost unanimous tendency, I've gone quite far the other way, I've exagerated it entirely, to the extent, it makes sense when you read someone like Sun Ra, Sun Ra would talk a lot about cosmic music. And I think in cosmic music, he meant it literally in the sense that, what would cosmic music be, it would be the music of the electromagnetic field, the music of radio transmissions say, crossing the electromagnetic field, punctuating its perimeter, dispersing and then returning or rebounding. It would literally be the music of electrical disturbances, the atmospheric cosmic disturbances that literally exist in the sky. And if you listen to Sun Ra's *Astro Black*, those are exactly the sounds he's making with his Moog, he's literally turning the Moog synthesizer into something like a circuit which can literally act as a giant alternating current between the people listening, between the Arkestra, and between the cosmos itself. The Moog is the kind of amplifier that directs current in and out. On one hand, there's a very material way in which he does that because of the actual Moogy sounds are really similar to, if not identical to, the sounds of the cosmos. So it's really fascinating, because if I see it in that way, then things Sun Ra often said, like 'I am an instrument' and 'the Arkestra is an instrument.' On one hand, he said the Arkestra were tone scientists, sonic scientists, on the other, the Arkestra were his *instruments*. So you get this idea of music as this sonic production circuit which, as Deleuze was saying, molecules of a new people may be planted here or there. Something like that, Deleuze said. That's very much what Sun Ra's doing: he's using the Moog to produce a

new sonic people. Out of this circuit, he's using it to produce a new astro-black American of the 70s."

"So, to a fault, absolutely that's what I do all along, to extend the sonic outwards, thereby getting at this feeling of impossibility which this music often gives you. At its best, any music should strike you with its impossibility, and its complete evasion of the rules of traditional fidelity to a live sound. And the way to get at the strangeness of music, rather than to habitualise that music via any other kind of field, is to exaggerate the sonic, and use the sonic as a probe into new environments. Because every new sonic sensation that I can align is simultaneously like *a new sensory lifeform*. So there's this constant play between the sonic and the sensory, which become the same thing often. It's partly a lot between scale. Often you can open the scale and sound really wide and then disappear into a sound. Often you can shut the scale back up and withdraw to look at the vinyl, or withdraw to look at the sleeves. There's a constant telescoping of perception from very close attention to a record, to pulling back to looking at the vinyl. But I think this is new and fresh. Because vinyl is often ignored.The things most immediately pleasurable about buying a record and about the sonic, about sonic sensation are the things which are always ignored, it's bizarre. So by bringing that to the front—the book should be written with a sense of familiarity, people will take it to their hearts. The book's been designed to have a very tactile feel, in the same way that your fingers hunger for a sleeve, when you see a sleeve that you like: your fingers kind of reach towards it, they can't help themselves, they really want that. And that's very much the same thing in that the book's sleeve and the jacket is meant to design. And it's quite obvious that what I'm trying to do—every object is a machine of subjectivity: the record player is, the record is, the book is, and I simply want my book to become a machine for producing subjectivity. It should be a machine for putting music together."

"For us in the last ten, twenty years, there's been no gap between science art and music, they all form the same thing. Its simply that at any one time things tend to be blocked, and when you have moments of rhythmic psychedelia, its easy to see what can be dislodged and

brought out and made into connection machines with other things. Other times things seem to seize up. Breakbeat has opened various retroactive chapters. Similarly the breakdown of techno's longheld Kraftwerk origin point means that people can zip between the 70s and the 90s in a much freer way, move between Krautrock, Herbie Hancock. There's a certain openness in music.

"The key thing to do now is to move into a new field. I've stopped calling myself a writer, for the book I'm just going to call myself a concept engineer. That makes the whole thing much fresher, much more exciting and much less known about. Because that's really what we're really doing. What we're doing is engineering, is grasping fictions, grasping concepts, grasping hallucinations from our own area, translating them into another one, mixing them, and seeing where we go with them. We use these different concepts to probe new areas of experience, to anticipate and fastforward different explorations into new fields of perceptions which are always there, but whose strength lies in that they don't exist in traditional mainstream terms. Traditional mainstream terms are still completely bound up with the literary, and the two cultures, and thank god for that, that means that they can't in any way get in on what's going on—which is just this sudden glance at the end of the century, through the synthesiser. I've renamed all the instruments, I've renamed the synthesiser the Sonatron. Zenakis called the synthesiser the sonatron back in 1980 in one of his books on computers. That's perfect because Sonatron just sounds like a superhero comic, so again there's that convergence of sound into a ballistics. And the drum machine should be renamed what it is: a rhythm synthesizer. I call that [r]ear view hearing. The drum machine *isn't* a drum machine, there's no drums in it—it's pulses and signals synthesized into new pulses and new signals. There's no drums in it. That's a weird thing that's confused me for years and years—until I worked it out. You'd listen and they'd sound *utterly* different from drums. The movement from funk to drum machines is an extremely incredible one: people's whole rhythmic perception changed overnight. And people of course pretended that nothing had happened but it was a major shift, hearing bleeps and signals and different

kinds of alternating current as sound. It was a huge kind of shift. In a similar sense Varèse calls the drum machine a rhythm synthesizer, and that's a good way to describe it. So all those kind of things, all those concepts, make a sense that really the mainstream are just completely incapable of really grasping at all."

"There really is a sensory involution away from traditions, whatever the divisions of art as supposed to be. It's very much like Sadie [Plant] says, it's not high or low it's just complex, because it has so many travelling and spiralling arms that you can hook onto. This is why when the Americans lament about the virtualization of the body, it just seems bizarre, because it feels like we're doing the opposite, it feels like we're just beginning on this journey into the centre of our senses. It seems the opposite: science always means a *hypersensoriness*. Traditional science still means a depletion, cold scientists, extreme logic and all these corny cliches: the ads still show this. But in musical terms, science is the opposite, science is intensification, more sensation. Science is basically rhythm intensified, rhythm estranged. And that's the kind of science, that's how whole generations understand science. When they talk about abstract, what they mean by abstract is sensations so new it hasn't yet got a language for it. So the shorthand is to just call it abstract. There's a whole generation who've grown used to thinking of sensory emotions without a language for them yet. Classically, when most people talk about rhythmic psychedelia, rhythmic psychedelia's broadly been the psychedelic aspect of any particular scene. So it could be anything: from House to trance, to breakbeat to jazz, it could be any scene but I'm interested in the rhythmic psychedelia aspect of each scene, not the scene itself. I'm interested in the points of maximum rhythmic hyperdelia, that's what I'm really interested in. So it could be any of these..."

"Postmodernism doesn't mean anything in music at all. It doesn't mean *anything*. It hasn't meant anything since at least '68 when the first versions started coming out of Jamaica. As soon as you had the particular social condition of no copyright, this nineteenth century copyright was already gone, instantly you had the

freedom to replicate, to literally recombinate, almost immediately. That encouraged a wildstyle of rhythms where things would attach themselves and recombinate. And as soon as you had that, that's postmdernism accomplished and done with, right then in '68, this is another reason why traditional things don't make any sense in music, ever since then by definition you've had postmodernism and it hasn't been any big deal at all, it's just already been accomplished. The key thing is to go even further back. For instance, Walter Benjamin's traditional 'Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction,' that argument doesn't work any more, because Benjamin simply says, one of his main points, or the one his admirers use over and over again, although he says loads of other stuff, the main thing they always say is that in the age of reproduction there's obviously no aura left, the single, unique aura has gone, but of course as soon as you have the dub plate then that's all gone out of the window. The dub plate is where you've got the reproductive process, the mechanical process of pressing vinyl onto the plate that's being played, and suddenly in the middle of that you've got the one-off remix, you've got the track that there's only one of in the world, but it's not an original, it's like a copy, or a third copy. So you've got this thing that's never supposed to exist in Benjamin's world: you've got the one-off copy, you've got the one-off fifth remix, you've got the one-off tenth remix, you've got the one-off twentieth remix. There's only one of it. So the dub plate means that the whole idea of the aura being over doesn't make any sense because the aura is *reborn* in the middle of the industrial reproduction. Hence the whole jungle acceleration, intensification of the dub plate; the dub plate is reborn as this music of the future. You're hearing music that won't be on the streets till ten months, eleven months later, immediately this gap opens up between you and 1996."

"You suddenly imagine yourself in '97, going 'Where will I be when I buy this?' and of course you never will, but listening to a dub plate kind of does this little projection on you. You feel yourself 18 months ahead, you literally feel ahead, you're on a plain of acceleration, you're moving faster than you are, because there's only one of these plates. So for that reason alone postmodernism just hasn't existed and as soon as you

have a state of remixology—the thing that happened is that remixology got held up in different areas. In jazz, for instance, you had Alice Coltrane remixing John Coltrane, but jazz tradition hated that and said it was basically blasphemy. You had the Beach Boys remixing their stuff and it being refused. So in the major corporations remixology was always stopped, and in Jamaica remixology just became the immediate state of play, first of all cos it's simultaneously hperpredatory as well, it allows a kind of agglomeration of rhythms, a ruthlessness of rhythms, a kind of break war. Andy C. calls it a break war. People bid for breaks, or just steal them. This kind of wild frontier, this wild break war going on, rhythms just going mad. So we're far beyond postmodernism here, so immediately all those things, all the traditional arguments just drop out of the window. The idea of exhaustion, that's just gone, cos music doesn't work in that way. It's already a gene pool, so it's not going to exhaust itself."

"And then a whole series of things—the idea of quotation and citation, the idea of ironic distance, that doesn't work, that's far too literary. That assumes a distance which by definition volume overcomes. There is no distance with volume, you're swallowed up by sound. There's no room, you can't be ironic if you're being swallowed by volume, and volume is overwhelming you. It's impossible to stay ironic, so postmodernism, all the implications of that go out of the window, simultaneous with Benjamin and all the modernist arguments, all those go out of the window as well. So not only is it the literary that's useless, *all* of the traditional theory is pointless. All that works is the sonic plus the machine that you're building. So you can bring back any of those particular things if you like, but it better work. And the way you can test it out is to actually play it. That's how you test if my book works, because I want it to be a machine. When I say works, I mean I want it to engineer a kind of sensory alteration, some kind of perceptual disturbance. I think I'd really like that very much, because even a tiny sensory disturbance is enough to send out a kind of signal which can get transmitted."

"I think the combination of the DJ and the writer makes a lot of sense. I think it's both different kinds of

remixology at work, and all we're really doing is bringing writing and putting it onto the second deck and just accelerating it as much. I think possibly because so much English traditional Brit prose is so matey, and so blokish, and so bluff, no-nonsense, that kind of encourages me in always going for the impossible which can be registered as what the future feels like as sensation. That's why the key things in this book are McLuhan and Ballard, although by the end there won't be any McLuhan and Ballard, but they'll be the guys I was reading throughout. Both those guys have got a fantastic sense, McLuhan in his famous lines about the 'human being the sex organs for the machine world,' those lines are crucial. The Kraftwerk chapter is all about Kraftwerk as the sex organs of the synthesizer."

"The whole series of things about accidents, about bugs, about the producer being someone who can nurture a bug, who can breed a bug and simultaneously most of the key musics have been accidents, they've actually been formed through errors. They're like software errors, syntax errors in the machine's programming, and they form these sounds, and the producer's taken these sounds and more or less nurtured this error, built on this mistake, and if you grab a mistake you've got a new audio lifeform. And you look at it, and it's quite common, back with Can in the 70s, Holger Czukay was saying machines have a lifeform, repetition is the life of machines, so there's a whole thing about machine life that already exists with musicians any way. Producers have *already* started working out a theory of machine life, and all I'm doing, as soon as you look at what they've been saying, magnify it, and start to use it, you realise that there's almost like a series of, halfway between sonic fictions and scientific fabulations, which I just call sonic fictions, all of them, but sound is produced. There's twenty years of speculation on the machine as a lifeform, there's twenty years of these guys talking about sound as a ghost form, of dub as a ghost. There's twenty years of stuff about music as electronics and cosmic fields, so what I'm doing is literally using them, activating them, switching them on. That way the whole book feels alive, by using musicians, a lot of musicians, by using a lot of producers who are living now and connecting them up to ones in the past, you switch on the sonic, you switch on a

whole sonic register, a whole unofficial register. These people nobody quotes in traditional literature. Nobody quotes Lee Perry as an authority, it's always the grotesque thing of Heidegger and Clinton, it's *never* the other way around. But Clinton came up with mixadelics, the theory of mixology as a psychedelia, the theory of the mixing desk as a psychedelia, in '79, there it is, mixadelics. That's a concept, he thought of a psychedelia of the mixing desk. So you don't *need* Heidegger, because Clinton's already theoretical. So what I've done is extract those and set them to work, because those concepts work because they're tied to records. And that's because the vector that a lot of this works on is the record player. And it's the habitualness, you have to look at yourself as a machine programmed, as a biocomputer programmed by the decks. The motions you have to make to put a needle onto the record as the flight of the stylus takes across the groove, think of the hundreds of thousands of times that you've made that motion, the habitualness of putting it on. The way to see this is very clearly for instance when you're listening to a rare groove original, say there's a track you know really well, and you're listening for the first time to the original of it. You suddenly realise that the bit you *know* is only a tiny bit, just like a three second bit, and then the record just plunges into usually a disappointing mediocrity, before the next sound that you recognise comes up, then it plunges again before the next bit comes up. Sometimes with Parliament tracks you can hear about five in the first two minutes, I can hear about five recognisable bits of songs that have been snatched away, and these bits, it's almost like they recognise you, because what they're doing is recognising your habitualness in putting them on. When you hear a sound, you have a memory flash, but you almost have a muscular memory, you remember the times you danced to it. You don't just remember the times you danced to it, you remember the times you literally bent over to put the needle on the record to play that bit. Sometimes you even love that bit so much, you even remember going over and over and over that bit again. So when you hear that sound that you love, when you hear the recognisable sample in the middle of alien sound, it's like that sound is recognising your habitualness, and it's really incredible, you suddenly get this picture of as a habit. Clinton's even got a name for

it, Clinton calls it a habit-form. You suddenly get a glimpse of yourself as a habit-form, a habit-formed being, a process of habit formation. You suddenly see yourself over the years, how I loved this record. It's incredible, it's like the sound takes a picture of your habits, snaps your habits. And you suddenly see it very clearly. How many times have I put that on? That's what I want to get at, that's the kind of kinaesthetic, these are new sensations which have never existed before, that feeling of being recognised by sound that I've just described. That's kind of new, it hasn't happened before. By definition, it *could* only happen in the sampladelic generation, by definition it could only happen to people who listen to sampladelic music. And those kind of things just haven't been written about, they haven't even been captured yet."

"So by extending the sonic further and further, I'm on the hunt, I'm chasing for, I'm trying to find out new perceptions, perceptions that have always been there, but haven't yet been grasped and haven't yet been connected to anything else yet. It's literally like this exploration into the unknown. At this point I don't know where it's going and I think at that point, whenever I don't know where things are going, that's when I put the track on again. Cos it's not that the track tells you where it's going, it's that the track allows that unknowingness to take a shape or a form. And it's more or less like connecting it to another track. So everything comes back to the track, the track is always the launching pad, over and over again."

"By now, I've stopped saying 'Black culture.' There's always a much stronger perception in America of black culture and that's part obviously because it's been counter-defined against the traditional knowledge apartheid structure which has been in there. And you can tell almost all American writers are working against this knowledge apartheid, which has been really firmly laid out. After all, everybody should know that in the 60s, most black Americans couldn't even get to art school until about 1969. That's how severe American apartheid was, from the knowledge structure down. So most black Americans write in a way that assumes a unified black culture, then goes on to explain the dissensions between

it, or not. But sitting here in England, in London, it's much harder for me to even assume a unified anything, let alone a unified black culture. I tend to start from the opposite. I tend to think of things more in some kind of freefloating form, and there's various things, various strange attractors trying to agglomerate things, there's various inertia-producing forces, which are trying to centre, and trying to attract material to it, calcify it, petrify it, solidify it, reterritorialize it, calcify it, and then usually it gets called tradition, or it gets called history, it becomes a traditional assumption."

"I look at black culture much more as a series of, on one hand, a series of material that's been agglomerated, on the other hand, it's much more like a series of techniques that start out. I tend to think of it much more as a lot of particular figures, for instance, a lot of the particular black producers, engineers that I talk about, see themselves as scientists or technicians. I tend to think of black culture then as an instrument or an environment that *they've invented*. So I deliberately work against doing it, because if I do, I'll end up with a traditional kind of argument. I'm very much looking into the synthesizings, looking into new black synthetic versions. I can never think of a unified black culture out of which everything comes. To me everything now looks like it's synthesized. There's obviously stuff that's been around long enough so that it feels solidified, calcified, and all the rest of it, but actually it's all synthesized stuff, it's all stuff that was drawn together. Because I'm looking at emergences, by definition they're going to be really synthetic, like techno. Because I bring the machine into it. Therefore, it changes. But on the other hand, it makes things much more complex because instead of talking about black culture, I'll talk for instance a lot about Ghanaian drum choirs, or talk a lot about the African polyrhythmic engine, polyrhythmic percussion engine. And those will be very particular African traits. It's almost like sound is a sensory technology, so I often talk a lot about black technologies. They're almost like machines—if we're talking about 19th or 18th century Africa, then they'd be machines built a long time ago and passed down. But in the present, it's more like black culture is this series of machines built here and there. The dub plate was one, built in Jamaica. The breakbeat was another, built in

New York. I'm so much more focussed on the long end of the telescope and shooting out from that, that I never ever pull back, although I think I will for the end, because otherwise people will do it any way, so I think I should do it."

"I haven't yet pulled back to make commanding statements about what it is in black culture that produces these kind of synthetic technologies. I haven't yet been able to go back a strata to the big what-if question. And that's probably because I don't think it really exists, because I'm so consumed and amazed by the teeming variety of stuff at the other end of the telescope that I can't pull back to see the view, probably because I distrust the idea that there's views, but it wouldn't be like distrusting it but more like a shift in tempo or scale. So shifting to a major oversight, a horizon view then switching back. But basically, I haven't really worked it out, what it is in black culture itself. It could be that, one large thing Greg used to say which worked really well, was that the Middle Passage in America by definition forced culture to become immediately mental. All of the other things by definition were left behind, ruined, architecture, everything else, so culture immediately became mental, immediately became dematerialized. So oral culture is by definition dematerialized, it's all the things you carry in your head, and that's it. And then it has to be rematerialized, first through hitting the hands, or through the mouth or whatever, it had to be passed on again, and reinvented all over again. So there's that whole strain. And there's the key thing which drew me into all this, which was the idea of alien abduction, the idea of slavery itself as an alien abduction which means that we've all been living in an alien-nation since the 18th century. And I definitely agree with that, I definitely use that a lot. But it would simply to be to say that the move, the mutation of the African—I don't even believe in the African—the mutation of African male and female slaves in the 18th century into what became negro, and into the entire series of humans that were designed in America. That whole process, the key thing behind it all is that in America none of these humans were *designated* human. Therefore, it's in music you get this sense that most African-Americans owe *nothing* to the status of the human. African-Americans still had to protest, still had

to *riot* to be judged Enlightenment humans in the 1960s—it's quite incredible. And in music, if you listen to guys like Sun Ra—I call them the despotic guys, the real despots—Sun Ra and Rammelzee, Mad Mike—part of the whole thing about being an African-American and an alien musician, is that there's a sense of the human as being a really pointless and treacherous category, one which has *never meant anything* to African-Americans. This is particularly with Sun Ra—just because Sun Ra pushes it along by just saying he comes from Saturn, so I always accept the impossibility of that. I always start with that, most people try and claim it was an allegory or something. But it isn't an allegory. He really did come from Saturn. I try to exaggerate that impossibility, until it's irritating, until it's annoying, and this annoyance is merely a threshold being crossed in the readers' heads, and once they unseize, unclench their sensorium, they'll have passed through a new threshold and they'll be in my world, I'll have got them. The key thing to do is to register this annoyance, because I think a lot of the moves I've described will provoke real annoyance, the lack of the literary, the lack of the modernist, the lack of the postmodern. All of these things should provoke a real irritation, and simultaneously a real relief, a relief that somebody has left all that stuff behind, and started from the pleasure principle, started from the materials, started from the stuff that really gives people pleasure."

Pomophobia

Mark Fisher & Robin Mackay

Watch yourself! There is always a camera hidden somewhere.

1996: London.

THIS IS ART

As cutup Super-8 reels of Stalin's funeral flicker on the white walls, Donna Summer's "I Feel Love" plays on the sound system, overdubbed by blasts of spoken-word Adorno text. In another part of the room, slides of old people on holiday flick by. Cultural detritus, discovered in junk shops and church fetes, forming a jaded carnival of negative authenticity. A joyless juxtafest where "found objects" recline passively, waiting for your listless stare to turn their way.

The scene could have almost been set up to illustrate Baudrillard's weary polemic. "Any object, any individual, any situation today could be a virtual ready-made."[1] The ready-made, Baudrillard writes, "extracted from its context, from its idea, from its function, becomes more real than real (hyperrreal) and more art than art (it enters into the transaesthetics of banality, of insignificance, of nullity, where today the pure and indifferent form of art is to be seen)."[2]

Your body feels unbearably heavy. Your head turns lethargically to each exhibit in turn, and then begins again. You feel the same ennui you would reading and re-reading old magazines in a waiting room, then remember, horrified, there's nothing to wait for: this is the event.

A dreadful self-consciousness pervades the whole scene. People carefully and consciously perform the actions that they would have made were they dancing, were they enjoying themselves, carefully simulating, and being seen to be simulating, all the gestures of carefree pleasure. As if sim-life lip-syncing to kitsch classics,

1: Jean Baudrillard, "The Virtual Illusion: Or the Automatic Writing of the World," *Theory, Culture & Society* Vol. 12, No. 4 (1995): 97–107: 99.
2: Baudrillard, "The Virtual Illusion," 99.

moving with the confident self-consciousness of photographic models. Jacques your body...

> We have swallowed our microphones and headsets [...] We have interiorized our own prosthetic image and become the professional showmen of our own lives.[3]
>
> No more actions save those that result from an interaction - complete, if possible, with television and built-in feedback.[4]

Sim-panopticon, and you're always on stage. Circuiting everything through the automonitor, showing a series of reruns and sim-programs in your place while you theorise yourself into existence. As if... You're wise enough to know it's impossible to do anything, following commands from the automonitor: DISCLAIM YOUR BODY IMMEDIATELY. Abandon your desiring machines all ye who enter here.

Everything has already been screened, circuited through the auto-monitor, this psychic appendage capable of unlimited metabolisation.

Auto-monitoring PoMo is a machine, but IT ARRIVES LIKE LIGHTNING, sweeping away any evidence of its origins as instantaneously as it establishes its miraculous reign as prime cause of everything. Immanent to its workings is a suppression of intensity behind the screens of representation, epistemology and signification. It's either meaningful or meaningless; in any case, it's saturated with significance. Before anything gets through security it has to check in with the Jacques officers. You have to ask it means to do something rather than just doing it

The PoMo machinery will convert any input into a signifying formula. Whenever anything is working, it will ask: what does it mean? What is it? There's nothing outside the text because nothing gets in unless it's already been textualised, complete with brackets and quotation marks, converted into cannon fodder.

3: Ibid., 96.

4: Jean Baudrillard, "Operation Whitewash," in *The Transparency of Evil: Essays on Extreme Phenomenon*, trans., J. Benedict, 44–50 (London, UK: Verso, 1993), 46.

"There is a degree of sleeplessness, of rumination, of the historical sense," Nietzsche wrote in *Untimely Meditations*, *"which is harmful and ultimately fatal to the living thing, whether this living thing be a man or a people or a culture."*[5] His scattered accounts of this infinite and infinitely frightful "boundless ocean" forewarn of the throbbing inescapable ache of irony, knowing self-mockery, the interminable stepping in and out of cultural idiom which we might recognise as popular postmodern culture. He concludes: "The oversaturation of an age with history seems to me to be hostile and dangerous to life [...] it leads an age into a dangerous mood of irony in regard to itself and subsequently into the even more dangerous mood of cynicism."[6] But surely the only danger here is that of a comprehensive neutralization, the second-hand miming of irreverent destruction, a wilful squandering of energy.

Playing in the ruins, then is our game—a desultory and arbitrary sorting though of the mass of valueless junk left at our disposal. Some take a certain glee in this abject practice, a fervour for revival, citation, surreal juxtaposition and all the other characteristic tropes of popular postmodernism. However this is what Nietzsche describes as "Pessimism as decline [...] as growing effeteness, as a sort of cosmopolitan fingering, as '*tout comprendre*' and historicism."[7]

The cardinal features of PoMo—the arbitrary aesthetics, the simulated gestures, the boredom, the poignancy of the lost object—combine to produce a transcendental miserabilism—a deep sense not only that there is nothing to be done, but that nothing could ever have been done. Zarathustra's Ultimate Man, "inexterminable as the flea" says "irony" and blinks, "One is clever and knows everything that has happened, and so there is no end to their mockery."[8]

5: Friedrich Nietzsche, "On the Uses and Disadvantages of History for Life," in *Untimely Meditations*, trans., R. J. Hollingdale, ed., D. Breazeale, 59–123 (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1997), 62.

6: Nietzsche, "On the Uses and Disadvantages of History for Life," 83.

7: Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Will to Power*, trans., W. Kaufmann and R. J. Hollingdale (New York, NY: Vintage Books, 1968), 11.

8: Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra: A Book for All and None*, trans. and ed., Adrian Del Caro (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2006), 10.

1991: NO FUTURE (US reprise)

Punk arrives in America: Nirvana on MTV.

> "Smells Like Teen Spirit" begins as if on Jupiter, where body weight has hideously increased, the music pressed down by a fatigue, lassitude, why-bother: "Never mind," as Cobain says to kill a line.[9]

What Cobain's weighed down by above all is the dead heaviness of the past, the overwhelming sense that everything has already been done. When Kurt Cobain first heard the punk records that would excite and inspire him, they were already old news, the fading afterglow of long-extinct stars. He lived, he always knew, in the arid cultural interregnum that Jameson, referring to an ostensibly very different cultural sphere, called "a world in which stylistic innovation is no longer possible, [where] all that is left is to imitate dead styles, to speak through the masks and with the voices of the styles in the imaginary museum. But this means that contemporary or postmodernist art is going to be about art itself in a new kind of way; even more, it means that one of its essential messages will involve the necessary failure of art and the aesthetic, the failure of the new, the imprisonment in the past."[10]

"NO FUTURE" had a gleeful edge when Rotten sang it, a sense, not only of being relieved of an obligation to the future, but of being freed from a responsibility to the past. But from where slacker was, Rotten's sneer, even Mclaren's demystifying Svengali strategies, looked as nostalgic as the Silver Jubilee they supposedly opposed. Where the xerox revolution of punk emerged in the wreckage of disciplinary societies, as an escape from the dreary treadmill of school and dead end jobs, Slacker was in a control(led) loop from the start. Its every move anticipated, tracked, bought and sold before it had even happened. Cobain knows that he's just another piece of

9: Greil Marcus, "Notes On the Life & Death and Incandescent Banality of Rock 'N' Roll (08/92)," on *GreilMarcus*, published April 10, 2015. https://greilmarcus.net/2015/04/10/notes-on-the-life-death-and-incandescent-banality-of-rock-n-roll-0892/comment-page-1/

10: Fredic Jameson, "Postmodernism and Consumer Society," in *The Cultural Turn: Selected Writings on the Postmodern 1983–1998*, 1–20 (London, UK: Verso, 1998), 7.

spectacle, that nothing runs better on MTV than a protest against MTV. Knows that his every move is a cliche, scripted in advance. Knows that even realising it is a cliche.

This epistemological spiral may seem like a runaway ride but at escape velocity it simply goes into a cold orbit, processing everything through the automonitor. The result is a dreadful physical paralysis. "Words take a long time to emerge from this gravity, from Cobain's hoarse, seemingly shredded throat. It might be months on the radio or MTV before you begin to catch what's being said in Nirvana songs—'sell the kids for food,' 'I don't mind if I don't have a mind,' 'I feel stupid and contagious,' 'I'm neutered and spayed,' 'at the end of the rainbow and your rope,' 'I don't care if it's old'—but the feeling of humiliation, disintegration, of defeat by some distant malevolence, is what the music says by itself."[11]

It's Baudrillard who is the consummate philosopher of Slacker and its correlative physical state, the lethargic couch-potato impotence, the affectless, doped tension-free of the terminally defeated. "One day the image of a person watching a television screen voided by a technicians' strike will be seen as the perfect epitome of the anthropological reality of the twentieth century."[12]

Metaphoresensic analysis screens events before they happen. They arrive prepackaged and prefiled as niche commodities: tragedy, massacre, political condemnation, all-party talks mediamatically pattern recognised, the extirpation of contingency going hand in hand with the proliferation of categories, vocabulary. The significatory categories have to be established before anything is allowed to "happen."

When Baudrillard says the Gulf War didn't happen, it's because, on the terminal beaches of PoMo, nothing happens anymore. "Events" belong to the past; all that's left are commemorations, anniversaries, revivals, remakes, remodels. Events were precisely that which could have happened differently. The Gulf War,

11: Greil Marcus, "Notes On the Life & Death and Incandescent Banality of Rock 'N' Roll (08/92)," web.

12: Jean Baudrillard, "After the Orgy," in *The Transparency of Evil*, *op. cit.*, 3–13 (London, UK: Verso, 1993), 13.

meanwhile, had the scripted inevitability of a TV programme—a carefully designed real-time apocalypse scenario that unfolded as it was broadcast, in an uninterrupted (and uninterruptable) telepresent simultaneity. Which is why the Gulf War played the same symbolic role for Slacker that Vietnam did for the sixties.

Generation X was always out of time: arriving after the orgy, it found itself exiled from the progressivist aspirations of the sixties counterculture and thrown into the seamless temporality of MTV—a temporality Jameson, writing just as MTV was just beginning to broadcast, was already describing when he wrote of "the disappearance of a sense of history, the way in which our entire contemporary social system has little by little begun to lose its capacity to retain its own past, has begun to live in a perpetual present and in a perpetual change."[13] But this simultaneous perpetual present is nothing but the endless reiteration of the past: the airless no-time of "the classic," a timeless eternality removed from history because bereft of any sense of contingency.

So, while the postmodern scene is obsessed with the past, it is only historicist in the way that Nietzsche's "cosmopolitan fingerers" are. What Jameson has called "the nostalgia mode" is characterised by an atemporal mix n' match aesthetic that has moved beyond the model of linear development on which historical narrative is premised. That constantly recurring feature of the postmodern scene, the ironically revived text, is "a complex object in which on some first level children and adolescents can take the adventures straight, while the adult public is able to gratify a deep and more properly nostalgic desire to return to that older period and to live its strange old aesthetic artifacts through once again."[14] A deep cynicism lies hidden behind an apparent generosity: Britpop may just be a reheated version of the past, but it is "new to the kids," giving them "a chance to experience what they missed." The revived artifact emerges as doubly transcendent, offering a transcendence not only

of the present (from which it seeks to escape into a supposedly more coherent past), but also of the very past

13: Fredic Jameson, "Postmodernism and Consumer Society," 20.
14: Ibid., 8.

it affects to fetishise (since ironic distance and a little modification here and there allow us to enjoy the past without the embarrassment of being actually immersed in it).

Britpop is only one example of the British version of PoMo which, if anything, is both more cynical and more wistful than its American variant. The interlocking milieux of late-night TV, retropop and graduate comedy, protected by a demystificatory barrier that ensures it won't get fooled again, languishes in the citational abyss of an increasingly friction-free revivalism. We look at the old days with a certain pity, a certain tenderness, and a great condescension: they are what we can never be, unconscious of the great weight of their existence, unembarrassed, whilst we can only simulate, in thrall to the authority of an absent authenticity, slave to a dead god. Enkitschment, or ironical reinvestment, is invariably followed by a sneer at the reconstructed naivete which is, however, cherished despite its apparent embarrassed acquiescence at the hands of PoMo 'cynicism.' A superficial glee accompanied by a nostalgic sigh—if only we could really go back to those simpler times, watching *Bagpuss* in our nylon *Starsky and Hutch* T-shirts.

The miserable relativism of PoMo is already invited by the inherent pathos of Kant's metaphysics, backed up by the barely disguised theocide of rationally enforced regulative principles and transcendental simulations (the as if). As the ground falls away, you have to learn to police yourself. The transcendental as a generalized apparatus of capture, locking intelligence into closed circuits, simultaneously produces and fulfils impoverished expectations.

The repressive force of this machine can only be gauged by the absurd amount of energy expended upon its maintenance. PoMo's transcendental miserabilism, a last cubby hole of humanity amidst the swarmachinic rhizome of technocapital, domicile where once was dominion, purposiveness without purpose, constitutes a multi-story "as if" where only a residual conceit secures homeostasis. Fiercely protected, PoMo is all about cults,

clubs and cliques. Nothing gets in without prior inoculation.

The shocks to this system come from the darkside, from the unanticipated and unprepared for. What is genuinely new will evade the pre-scripted categories—"the new Beatles," "the new Punk"—which have already neutralised any possible deviation from the already processed.

Technocapital, as generalized decoding machine is the basis of a numerical or synthetic culture whose ability to break down, display and replicate code into asignifying, machinic elements within virtual systems puts it on a line of flight away from all signifying language, unleashing a generalized decoding which irradiates the whole culture.

> While decoding doubtless means understanding and translating a code, it also means destroying the code as such, assigning it an archaic, folkloric or residual function.[15]

Capitalism displays antithetical tendencies, tenaciously reaffirming redundant cultural forms with one hand while ruthlessly decommissioning them with the other. Bourgeois tragic culture revels in a retro-reactive fascination for these archaisms (kitsch), building them back into the system at the level of ironic simulation (which further strengthens the reflection-reproduction of a self-satisfied human interiority under the great weight of its own poignant degeneration). But regardless of chronological priority, simulation is always secondary to and derivative of synthetics.

The arbitrariness of transcendental simstim regulations does not itself necessitate the reification and metaphorensic examination of this lack of a ground (which itself serves as the basis of transcendental miserabilist aesthetics/philosophy/theory). This is more the product of the already existing bourgeois culture and its decadent tendency to translate its own petty problems into grand gestures.

15: Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, Volume 1*, trans., R. Hurley, M. Seem, and H. R. Lane (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1983), 245.

Fed on the endlessly regurgitated brains of dead philosophers, post-structuralism degenerates into the spongiform Hegelianism it always-already was, proudly dwelling on its own desolate but strictly delimited ground while barely concealing its delight that we can't escape from the narratives of modernity. Theory remains tethered to the "post," given over to interminable rumination on what is superseded but, supposedly, never overcome. All texts are pre-texts—also post-texts—flimsy tracing papers colonially irrigated and preemptively captured by reassuringly dull, appropriately academic, subtitles. Pun colon verb definite article academic designation. "Jacquing off, Offing Jacques: Derrida, Lacan and the Self-referentiality of the Academic Subject."

Rapid response is rendered impossible, the danger of embarrassing oneself by saying something that has not been rigorously automonitored, ruminated over for a punitively extended period of scholarly detention, is too great.

Nietzsche's critique of the clogged digestive system of the West's Last Men, itself often perversely interpreted as a metaphor, expresses all too acutely the constipated Eurocontinence of these constricted bodies, themselves minor fascicular elements of a resonant system of transcendental miserabilism disseminated across all levels of culture.

The dreary textocratic dribblings of post-theory are merely the transcendental idealist counterpoint to the empirical realism of postmodern culture. Kurt Cobain embodied what theory disembodies, the raging stomach pains which plagued him finding their disintensified correlate in the chin-rubbing, brow-furrowing protocols of urbane academic anxiety. Smells like Hegelian Spirit.

By contrast, synthetic culture disorganises the docilising regimes of disciplinary body politics. Hip hop and jungle work on the body, not in the overlit luminotopological epistemoscapes of necrospective mummification, but in the dark zones where you don't have a chance to think about what things would mean before they happen. Effects arrive before objects, scrambling the operating system of the automonitoring signifying apparatus.

Samploid music and video games emerges as the leading probe-heads of synthetic culture precisely because of their overt machinism, their asignifying functionality, their indifference to epistemological conundra brewed up in the depths of the strata. There's nothing to believe in, only a cyberpositive circuit to plug your body into.

The asignifying codes of synthetic culture are not at all to be identified with the great inarticulable deferred transcendental object blearily hallucinated by senescent Bavarian Catholicism and lingua-Francophony neo-communitarian desiccated Judaism in their post-theoretical guises. Materially functional numerical systems, these codes represent nothing, but are real parts of abstract machines, hooking up desiring machines by way of a continually complexifying axiomatic.

What is dissolved in synthetic culture is not commodification per se, but commodity fetishism as it regulates the bourgeois object system, in which everything is assigned a proper place. Synthetic culture sheds no Benjaminite tears for the lost aura of objects in the age of mechanical reproduction, celebrating instead the way in which the subject-object dichotomy and its attendant pathos are reconfigured as machinic circuits in the age of cybernetic replication. "The transaesthetics of banality" plays upon the poignant, if bathetic, aura of found objects, but for abstract culture everything that's ready made, or mass-marketed, is there to be dismantled and relocated into the unfamiliar architectures of the synthetic composition, the "uncanny adjacencies" of the hip hop or jungle track, where they have a machinic, rather than merely a citational, role to play: decomposable elements on a plane of consistency, not cut up fragments.

To the jaded eyes of the PoMophile, sampling can appear to be part of its own aesthetic of incongruent bricolage, yet another example of the crippling self-consciousness bedeviling a culture so exhausted it is fit only to sort through its own entrails. But, far from being imprisoned in the past, synthetic culture unlocks the machinic surplus value in the already actualized, stretching and warping time into nonorganically reprogrammed somatic circuits of inhuman speeds and slownesses.

A breath of fresh air, a little relation to the outside, that's all schizoanalysis asks.

It's a matter of synaptic connectivity, crashing the Kantian mainframe, burning the cranial arboretum, switching on desiring machines.

Futureloop/Black Bedlam

Rohit Lekhi

Cut to 1920: the dream of univocal representationism has shattered in the face of modernity's greatest paranoia trip to date. The orgasmic intensities of mass suicide have laid bare the 'nightmare condition of self-domination.' 8 million dead...this is only the beginning. Modernity seeks salvation—a new vision, an eternal myth—to redeem us from 'the formless universe of contingency.'

'By order bring about freedom,' screams Le Corbusier. Technological efficiency and machinic production are the paths to salvation. White heat will cleanse the defiled soul of modernity. The fascist war-machine is replenished.

> We affirm that the beauty of the world has been enriched by a new form of beauty: the beauty of speed [...] No work that lacks an aggressive character can be considered a masterpiece [...] We intend to glorify war—the only hygiene of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive act of the anarchists, beautiful ideas worth dying for.[1]

Cut to 1935: The thirst for machinic efficiency is by now unquenchable. Ezra Pound engages in a quest to command meaning within an ordering machine of language. Everything can be called by its right name and 'has one place only, and no place is occupied by two things at the same time.' But as the machine launches into overdrive, as order-construction intensifies, the waste piles up—putrefying and formless. But "[n]othing at all may remain outside, because the mere idea of the 'outside' is the real source of fear."[2] As long as it remains stubbornly elusive waste will corrode machinic beauty. It must be given its right name. 'Jew slime,' 'morass of high kikery,' 'sewers of Pal'stine,' 'the vague stinking pea soup,' 'crowling slime of a secret rule.'

1: F.T. Marinetti, "The Founding and Manifesto of Futurism," in *Futurism: An Anthology*, trans., L. Rainey, eds., L. Rainey, C. Poggi, and L. Wittman, 49–53 (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2009), 51.
2: Max Horkheimer and Theodor Adorno, *Dialectic of Enlightenment: Philosophical Fragments*, trans., E. Jephcott, ed., G. S. Noerr (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2002), 11.

"The cry of terror called forth by the unfamiliar becomes its name. It fixes the transcendence of the unknown in relation to the known... Humans believe themselves free of fear when there is no longer anything unknown."[3]

Cut to 1943: Modernity's soul is cleansed in Bauhaus-inspired death camps.

Cut to the future (4600 BC): Remixing Genesis—'[F]irst, the moon separated from the earth. Then, the first humans, Original Man, were black people.' The renegade black scientist, Yacub, created the white, 'devil' race.

Serial time never makes it to the future. The present, however, must always mythologise beyond itself—how else can it survive? Alie-n-ations dissipate these linear memory tracks—re-learning the past as future. The future feeds into the past-present.

Cut to 1920: "Wake up Ethiopia! Wake up Africa! [...] Let Africa be a bright star among the constellation of nations." Garvey invokes a being-african in order to re-learn the future as past—but being-african can only ever be present. Being-african has (literally) no future.

'I'd rather call myself an alien 'cause I don't understand society.'

Becoming-african—"is bodily thought, beyond the realm of possibility, in the world of the virtual. At once superabstract and infraconcrete, it grasps the environment of molarity common to different bodies from the perspective of the potential curtailed."[4] "Even blacks, as the Black Panthers said, must become black."[5]

Cut to the future: Le Son'y Ra (Sun Ra), born of Saturn, trips out of linear time at escape velocity. 'Space is the Place, Space is the Place, Space is the Place.' And Coltrane, "terminally impatient with limits, with the trivial categories and opposites within Earthly language,"

3: Horkheimer and Adorno, *Dialectic of Enlightenment*, 10–11.
4: Brian Massumi, *A User's Guide to Capitalism and Schizophrenia: Deviations from Deleuze and Guattari* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1992), 99.
5: Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, Volume 2*, trans., B. Massumi (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), 291.

purges all traces of vestigial fictionism in Interstellar Space.[6]

'..only real humans would want to become robots'.

Cut to the future: Technological speculation—"syncretic belief systems such as voodoo, hoodoo, santeria, mambo, and macumba, function very much like the joysticks, Datagloves, and Spaceballs used to control virtual reality."[7]

> "The emergence of machine intelligence coincides with the discovery that machines are complex systems, and complex systems are everywhere [...] (assemblages) 'at the edge of order and chaos.'"[8]

Cut to 1964: McLuhan envisages a total prosthetics—'an electronic skin' engendering macrocosmic Man. The modernist fantasy of machinic domination is re-enforced—the fascistic fantasy of transcendence.

Contra—Haraway's Cyborg is located "in the belly of the monster, in a techno-strategic discourse [...] According to the Human Genome Project, for example, we become a particular kind of text which can be reduced to code fragments banked in transnational data storage systems and redistributed in all sorts of ways that fundamentally affect reproduction and labor and life chances and so on."[9]

Cut to the future (1990): "*Armageddon bin in effect*"—slavery has already distributed the black genome—code is fragmented into catastrophic "modalities of identity without hope of resolution"—what does it mean to be human now?[10]

6: Mark Sinker, "Loving the Alien," *The Wire* Issue 96 (Feb. 1992) http://web.archive.org/web/20060209100352/http://www.thewire.co.uk/archive/essays/black_science_fiction.html
7: Mark Dery, "Black to the Future: Interviews with Samuel R. Delany, Greg Tate, and Tricia Rose," in *Flame Wars: The Discourse of Cyberculture*, ed., Mark Dery, 179–222 (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1994), 210
8: Sadie Plant, "The Virtual Complexity of Culture," in *FutureNatural: Nature, Science, Culture*, eds., G. Robertson, M. Mash, L. Tickner, J. Bird, B. Curtis, and T. Putnam, 203–216 (London, UK: Routledge, 1996), 209.
9: Constance Penley, Andrew Ross, and Donna Haraway, "Cyborgs at Large: Interview with Donna Haraway," *Social Text* No. 25/26 (1990): 8–23, 12.
10: Sinker, "Loving the Alien," web.

'Afrikan we is all Afrikan'

Cut to 1997: Predator remixes - the authorial voice is slowed down and its attendant ocular is irradiated. Predator learns to decipher complex codes. "Not a book, only libidinal instalments"—can you feel it?[11]

Cut to the Future: Black technology—sampler methodology. Voodoo transformers turn molar passivities into molecular intensities—the fascist fantasy putrefies into the hallucinogenic nightmare of the darkside. Corbusian clean space is disfigured—demolished—by wall scrawl. 'Bleeper culture' networks the black economy. The howls of atomic dogs pierce the bourgeoisified calm of radiostate FM. Black box technology is oppositional art..."a specific *miss-use* and conscientious *desecration* of the artefacts of technology."[12]

Cut to 1992: Los Angeles—video-capture—Black Planet bin in effect.

Cut to the future: Black technology—CCTV surveilance, ECT shock therapy, lo-cost bodies authenticate transnational profit. Hi-tech prisons over-capacitate (critical limit 2020), slow-release contraception—court-enforced.

Cut to the future: no future, no future, no future, no future...

BLACK [BEDLAM]

What are the roots that clutch,
what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun
beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket
no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is a shadow under this read rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either

11: Jean-François Lyotard, *Libidinal Economy*, trans., I. H. Grant (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1993), 256.
12: Dery, "Black to the Future," 193.

Your shadow at morning striding beside you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

—T.S.Eliot, *The Waste Land*

Eliot's invitation to behold the darkside is emblematic of a modernity that is always already putrefying. The darkside is not modernity's shadow, not its Other, the darkside cannot be reclaimed at sunset. The 'Son of man' cannot reference that for which he is not pivotal, that which eludes his regulative framework. Beyond there is only fear, modernity's fear—fear, loathing, contempt—Welcome to the Terrordome.

In the Waste Land 'the dead tree gives no shelter, no relief, no sound of water.' Arborescence is death. The tree is ever more burdened—the White Man's burden—the centre must be reinforced—pathological state consumption is the only response. And as if obeying some logarithmic formula, the distinction between the centre and its burden becomes imperceptible. And the shadow—albeit astride—is recovered at dusk with elemental regularity. But paranoia and neurosis are by now endemic—something eludes totalisation—it can only be known by fear—by now, that fear is almost uncontrollable. Welcome to the Terrordome. Identity is photographic image - positive and negative film—transparencies overlaid dissolve into blackness—blackness is Self-immolation. The roots of blackness are strangulating. Predatory war machines accelerating through the jungle—uprooting arboreal sedimentation—mongrelising 'authenticity.' Feral improvisation displaces arboreal code with a revolutionary—almost cataclysmic—velocity. Speed kills!—the war machine 'invents absolute speed.'[13]

Accelerate through the de-industrialised cyberia of Detroit, Michi(ne)g(u)n. All that remains of the motor city are decaying monuments to the Rustbelt. Sedimentation is suicide. But sedimentary death is slow and lingering—the centre screams ever louder, ever more anguished—desperate to replenish—to reterritorialize—

13: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 386.

through violence and coercion. But blackness always eludes this moment—it is always already beyond sedimentation. Blackness is not a state of being, only of doing.

Blackness refuses ontology—refuses the photographic moment of subjugation. That moment is always past. The centre territorializes the past in the present. But always the present is past. The future is all there ever is. There is only ever t+1—and only blackness exists here. No beginning, no end, no directional impulse—only ever movement in time.

"What will make that current flow into words?" asks Irigaray, "It is multiple devoid of causes, meanings, simple qualities. Yet is cannot be decomposed [...] There rivers flow into no definitive sea. These streams are without fixed banks, this body without fixed boundaries. This unceasing mobility. This life—which will perhaps be called our restlessness, whims, pretenses, or lies."[14]

The sedimented identarianism of the Self-Other is always already past—deconstruction has no place in the future. In the future there is only noise. Mongrelised noise—re-mixed and re-spliced into epileptic intensities that are never known—only encountered. Thought is stretched/ reversed/accelerated noise—fu(n)cked-up schizo.

Arborescence demands silence—anti-cult de-programming techniques must be executed. Delete the future—surrender to the centre—postpone Armageddon. Yet, as Baudrillard says, "Everything has already become nuclear, faraway, vaporised. The explosion has already occurred: [...]

What more do you want?"[15] Slavery, imperialism and brutalising racism is always in effect. This is the future...

The future is black.

14: Luce Irigaray, *This Sex Which Is Not One*, trans., C. Porter and C. Burke (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1985), 215.
15: Jean Baudrillard, "The Anorexic Ruins," in *Looking Back on the End of the World*, trans., D. Antal, eds., D. Kamper and C. Wulf, 29–49 (New York, NY: Semiotext(e), 1989), 34.

Swarmachines

CCRU

The Situationists,

Neither individuals nor groups. Neither remembered nor expected.

Photonic Hypercapital digitizes eschatology. Lost futures are formatted for web-based artificial memory trading.
All exclusive definition is banked at light-speed.
Cryonic mummification into undead Spectacle.
Real subsumption into the media.
Virekonomics.

How do situational vectors cross World-War-4?
All code-process is military manoeuve: constrictions and escapes, intelligence collection, disinformation, mapping, virus.
Truth and falsity are derivative factors, and strictly technical, in relation to the primary and secondary features of alignment and orientation.
Strategic power consolidation, tactical melting into the jungle.

Cut-out romantic revolutionism and it leaves dark events. Autopropagated happenings.
Assembly lines taken below visibility and switched to intensity-production.

Imperceptible mutations.
Paris in flames, 1996. This time it's not revolution, but war. Not a matter of long hours or exam papers, but the rise of a Eurofascist culture fuelled by nostalgic lamentations for the destiny of man. Especially the white man. The one with the face.

Is it who, or what, are the situationists? The trauma of exclusions and inclusions was always a spectacular distraction. Only multiplicities, decolonized ants, swarms without strategies, insectoid freeways burrowed through the screens of spectacular time. They have neither history nor its end, neither memory nor apocalypse, neither accidents nor plans, no lines, no points, no infinite loops. No forward plans and no spontaneous combustion, but careful engineerings, out of

sight, out of mind. Imperceptible mutations, waiting in the wings, just off stage.

The politicians called them revolutionaries, made them persons, with faces and names, coded these meshes of contagious matters into acceptable human forms.

But they were always tactical machines, natives of the future hacking into the past, trading places, swapping codes, endless replications of micro-situations engineered without sources or ends. Flocks are always flying in the faces; hives of activity behind the screens.

They have been making situations, as opposed to passively recognizing them in academic or other separate terms. All this time. And you thought it was done. That this was a matter of legacy, inheritance, something passed down with the rest of the past. That we were gathered here today to hear the reading of the will.

Baudrillard marks the transition to social circuitries nostalgically describable as fully alienated.
The arrival of integrated man.
White Clown-face. Body carbon sell-by dated.
Brand-building rhetoric.

Egggg-laying machines in the studio walls.

Trading places, swapping codes, endless replications of micro-situational engineering.

Soft-machine buzz and slogan-contagion.
Cities synthesizing inhuman desires.
Psychogeography escapes the concentrational talking head-line, chattering classifications, and becomes something else.

1996. Paris in flames,
Revolution has gone K-space native, become darker.
No demands. No hint of strategy. No logic. No hopes. No end.
Its politics on TV again. But out in the jungle it's war.

Accumulated stock footage backs up speculative Euro-identity. The foreseeable future is locked into perpetual rerun. All the regulators are in the media business. They think nothing's happening if it hasn't been screened first.

End-of-the-line Eurotunnel vision is locked onto the rear view mirror. Paris metropolitics is a protection racket. Paranoiac Francophonia lapses into necrospective automummification as a panic bid to keep things regular: Eurocontinence. Retroactive cultural cleansing is too late - the bugs are already in the system. Dead White metaphysics keeps asking the wrong question - what does it mean? - while the machines get on with working. Linguistic integrity is a thing of the past and vernacular cybernetics signifies nothing.

Politics is a spectacular failure. And the Spectacle is all that's keeping politics alive. Things aren't happening in the field of vision but are "flowing on a blind, mute, deterritorialized socius." The impersonal is apolitical. Telecommercialised nomadic multiplicity aborts nascent Euro-unity. There's no such thing as a single market.

Out in the jungle you can't see much. Dark continent invasion into White Man's perspective. The colonisers discover, too late, that darkness has no heart. Acentred predator decapitalisation ruthlessly eats out the middle. Lights going out all over Europe as peripheral activity cuts through the static power lines of the rotten core.

The Core Master Class—relic anthropoid superstrata—condemn Hitler, even in private. Whilst applauded as 1st Grand Wizard meat-puppet of Electrocorporate Old Occident power, he can't be forgiven for blowing EU-1.

It has taken 40 years to repair the damage, armed with nothing but normal fascism, normal commerce control, normal crisis police methods, and decaying Jesus video, whilst K-jungle spreads across delocalizing periphery, teaching itself to escape.

Core-Command has spent 4 decades ripping out high-level wetware nodes and replacing them with electrotectured monofilla, preparations for a direct pact between logic-slaved AI and collapsed-star capital densities, real-time apocalypse simulation screening lock-down to EU-2. Post-carbon dreams of crushing gravity waves. Everything contracts.

Do you really think SF-Capital lets monkey-flake make decisions it classifies as important?

There is no doubt anywhere that matters: simply facts. Debate is idiot distraction, humanity is fucked, real machines never closed-up inside an architecture. Schizo-capital fission consists of vectors dividing between two noncommunicating phyla of nonpersonal multiplicity. First, pyramid control structures: white-clown pixel-face, concentrational social segments, EU-2 Integrated history-horizon. Second, jungle-war machines: darkening touch densities, cultural distribution thresholds, intensive now-variation flattened out into ungeometrized periphery.

No community. No dialectics. No plans for an alternative state.

Jungle antagonistically tracks Metrophage across the dead TV sky of its Global Central Intelligence program.

1. 1500. *Leviathan*. Command core: Northern Mediterranean. Target area: Americas. Mode: Mercantile. Epidemic opportunism, selective intervention, colonial settlement.

2. 1756. *Capital*. Command core: Britain. Target areas: Americas-South Asia. Mode: Thermo-industrial. Imperialial control.

3. 1884. *Spectacle*. Command core: USA-Germany. Target areas: Africa-Russia-Nodal:periphery. Mode: Electrocorporate. Cultural overcoding /selective extermination.

4. 1948. *Videodrome*. Command core: USA. Target areas: Expanded:nodal:periphery. Mode: Infosatellitic-supercorporate. Cultural programming/ general extermination.

5. 1980. *Cyberspace*. Command core: USA-Japan-Germany. Target areas: Totalized extrametropolitan space. Mode: AI-hypercorporate. Gross-neurocontrol/intermittent media-format exemplary extermination, virtual biocide.

6. 1996. *Babylon*. Command core: USA-EU:2-China (metalocal command centres). Target areas: Totalized planetary space. Photonic-Net

Hypercapital Neo-Organic. Neuroprogramming/
AI:Capital:Media:Military fusion, constant
entertainment extermination process.

Voodoo is the only coherently functional contemporary mapping-practice.

Zombie production-systems.
Loatronic traffic-jamming, rhythmic decoding tactics, interlinking the units of distributional collectivities with abysm waves and becoming-snake simultaneities

Agitational micronomad cultures melted out across black-body heat.
Not remotely alien.
It never came from this place.
Increase Current.

Urban shock-out short-circuits alphaville eurobotics, jacking up nonorganic intersentience—fluxing markets with riotswarm technix racing out of its face ill communication scrambling conspiracy paranoia: the medium is a mess; the message is coded afro-futurist and digital bass matter.

No longer an epiphenomenal headcase, the body escapes limb by limb from European organisation. Jungle functions as a particle accelerator, seismic bass frequencies engineering a cellular drone which immerses the body in intensity at the molecular level. The neurotic Cartesian body of evidence with its head-up-top-down control centre is precipitated into a Brownian motion of decentralisation and disorganisation. Big up your chest, win' up your waist. Yourself in steam as its reactor core melts down.

Jungle technics severs the cereberal core-texts from their spinal columns of support and cuts copyright adrift from its feudal docking station. Libraries burning in Babylon. Knowledge is decoded from its proprietary grid of occult encryption. The academy in flames. Possessed personal information transmutes into dispossessed impersonal data: sampled, stretched and layered into freeware.

Jungle rewinds and reloads conventional time into silicon blips of speed and slowness that combust the slag-heaps of historical carbon-dating. The past is passed, left

behind in a museum case of oedipal mummies belching dust and warnings of "revolutionary heritage." The eternally deferred eschatologies of the left are consigned to the white trash-can of the future and leave a present tense with synthetic possibilities. Between the vertical of retrospective sedimentation and the horizontal of never-coming contradictory crises, jungle finds a diagonal that flees the ossified relics of the dialectic. Synthetic rhythms junk progressive-linear temporality: samplers make time for the future.

Jungle as a space dislocator, destratifying cities snarled in an arcane surveillance apparatus. An operating system opening an invisible and acephalic matrix traversed by cars geared by bassomatic transmissions and orbited by nomadic satellites of clubs, clandestine studios and the black economies of dub plates and mix tapes.

Don't get into a false sense of security. It's not just music. Jungle is the abstract diagram of planetary inhuman becoming. Dread out of control. A post-spectacular immersive tactility that no humanist vision can put you in touch with. Smiling Californian cyberoptimism is as grotesquely archaic as scowling Aryan Europessimism.

What happened?
Events happen in their own time. Insect becomings swarming out of human history. Carbon dating rescales them in anthropomorphic terms, arranging them in good order.

Historical staging swallowed by machinic phase change. Nothing runs to plan. The future is already assembled, but not by design. Sub-bass materialist concurrence emerging out of order.
-it's metrophage rush hour and you've lost the plot. organs flicking out into grubby dataspace, MTV'd on synthetix
-tactics tag tattoo voodoo you

The living jungle, where no-one has a name, and to survive is to activate mutant lines, become imperceptible in order to perceive, tracking chromatic gradients of intensity across the condo wastelands.
Predator.

The space-time of hypercommoditisation is a nomoid zone of mad clusters where the polis disintegrates into unintelligible webs of swarmachinery.
Schizophrenic capitalism: cultures without a society, a mutant topology of unanticipated connections
Be hivelocity and if you think its gonna blow... you haven't seen anything yet. Wildstyle—wasting the interminable punctual history of the scriborgs.
Points failure on the Paris metro. *Snowcrash*. There's no point going on. Just catch a line going wild over to the darkside.

Uprooted shapes and sounds merge and rescript, break and repermutate in the virtual machinery of the sampler whilst social fabric warps into localised chaosmosis.

Rewind to replicate

Tunnelling beneath stationary media, it discovers a cache of cybernating egg-stores, pupating insect cities dug-out in the underworld, beneath the tracking of the closed circuits. The history of the White Man Face will appear in Count Zero Vodou as a temporary dissipator for labyrinthine convergences, science fiction more alien than it ever dreamt.

The urban city is a jungle. Becoming snake, becoming clandestine in nights of microcultural mutation. Becoming zero as machinic assemblages mashup and crossfade. Becoming diagonal as markets lock into guerrilla commerce, ever-decamping nomad cultures, melting in the heat of the chase. Alienated and loving it. Current.

press K for collapse
maximum slogan density

Abstract Culture: swarm2 (Summer 1997)

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Killing Time/Strife Kolony/NeoFuturism

Steve Metcalf

KILLING TIME

Neo-Futurist instructions for operations in a war zone:

Axiom 1: Command of space metricizes duration in the distributed temporal segmentarity of counter-insurgent imperial metastasis.

Phase 1: 1939—Berlin: Rhizomaniacs decouple Tank War Europa from its simulation in the underground beer halls of emasculated Weimar democracy, plugging the deleometers of total mobilization into a megamachine of mass death. 1946—French Indo-China: It washes ashore in the oil slick geo-strategy of ethnic cleansing in three movements:

1) Establish a system of strong points (microfascisms)

2) Spread 'pacification' forces out into a gridwork of small territorial boxes

3) Comb each square, from periphery to core, with the aim of netting insurgent forces at close quarters and drawing them into prepared killing zones. Space invaders strung out across the rice paddies, occupying space in encirclement and suppression campaigns—geo-eugenic anti-infestation measures: flea control. As the slick advances, the front disperses; converting vast expanses of territory into expanding periphery always already infested with insectoid guerrillas, broadening the insurgent target area.

On the strategic defensive in phase 1, "[a]nalogically, the guerrilla fights the war of the flea, and his military enemy suffers the dog's disadvantages: too much to defend, too small, ubiquitous, and agile an enemy to come to grips with. If the war continues long enough [...] the dog succumbs to exhaustion and anaemia without ever having found anything on which to close its jaws or to rake with its claws."[1] Anexact but rigourous aims of guerrilla fighters: attack to defend, alternated with long periods of catatonic inactivity; procure weapons; capture

1: Robert Taber, *The War of the Flea: A Study of Guerilla Warfare, Theory and Practice* (New York, NY: Citadel Press, 1965), 29.

ammunition; kill; kill time; force the enemy to overextend lines; pick off small units; secrete terror; "select the tactic of seeming to come from the east and attacking from the west; avoid the solid, attack the hollow; attack; withdraw; deliver a lightning blow, seek a lightning decision" (Mao) in the five-minute assault.[2]

Phase 2: Dogboys assembled in Chopper War U.S.A., gameboy faces, dromocratic technical-transport bodies of amphibious warfare, kill by strapping on the supple metallic microhead and diverting selection into the scansion of the central computing eye—scanning all the radii of isotopic space through the visor of the helicopter pilot's helmet, deleometers gridding tele-space interfaced at a distance in the target selector—sharpening hyperleptic reflexes on audio-visual slaughter consoles. Projecting itself quickly, but lacking the imperceptible speeds of insurgency, the whole campaign falls back on Tank War Europa, the Euclidean geometry of military space cross-hatching the central lowlands of the geo-political core, North to South, from the bunkers of suburban Berlin to the Siegfried Line, passing through the Maginot Line and the Atlantic Wall: trans-European odyssey telescoped into the abattoirs of a common, selective slaughter policy—mobile meat cull finally allowing the State's death machines to leave the rails in the delirium of all-out suicide. End gaming sequence 1964: Chopper War U.S.A. falters at Ben Tre, on the Mekong Delta: "We had to destroy the town in order to save it"—green and fertile paddies and jungle denuded with Agent Orange, napalm, white phosphorous; colouring smooth space with the alien pixelated lines of a digital wargame. Phase 2 levels the scores. Gridlock. Dynamic equilibrium of forces unable to exterminate each other. In the intervals between strikes, insurgent forces create freezones on the edge of No Man's land: black economies making inroads into the white economy of the invading forces. Constant division of guerrilla forces into smaller units (1000s to 100s to 10s)—into *n*-1 units of the numbering number, diffused across an alloplastic vectorial field, looming in the faceless horror of omnipresence, infusing softening syndromes into the brain core of madrepoid space invader intelligence. Geo-

2: Mao Tse-Tung, *On Guerilla Warfare*, trans., S. B. Griffith (Washington, DC: Department of the Navy, 1989), 46.

strategic command squanders its logistical capital in launching search and destroy missions against a single, unified mega-unit that does not exist. Occupation of the South Vietnam fields is metricized in terms of the haemorrhage of the economy in massive Kapital bleed-out, speeding up to $3,000,000 per hour.

Axiom 2: Control of time smoothes out space into a vectorial multiplicity propagating revolutionary forces towards Nu-Earth.

Phase 3: Radical asymmetry between guerrilla swarm and State army—mere survival as involutionary victory versus the deathtrip equalization of standing force, converging on the annihilation of enemies in open, agonistic combat. Contracted, legal war, governed by international statutes and rules, spills over into escalating genocide as the invading State aim becomes untenable. "Hold space" melts into the relentless instruction sequencing special forces operations: "Kill kill kill!" Central authority divides into three zones:

1) Zone of power—organic stratometers governing isometric command chains between State and army;

2) Zone of indiscernibility—segmentometers relating to the diffusion of these chains through a microphysical fabric in optic space;

3) Zone of impotence—deleometers relating to the insurrectionary flow of mobilization the State converts and diverts without being able to control and define.

For guerrilla forces, this third zone unleashes the lines of flight necessary for dispersal in No Man's land, yielding control of the ambient, haptic, paranoid time-space of assassination which overturns central intelligence's notions of where revolutionary desiring machines are going to hit next. War on *n* fronts which the State cannot win, short of thermonuclear obliteration. Multitudes of imperceptible du-kich fighters swarm in haptic space, touching from too close to be destroyed, neutralizing the logistical supremacy of space invaders. Fourth dimension intrusion which "reduces central power to the level of a helpless, sprawling octopus. During the hours of day sporadic rioting takes place and

massive sniping. Night brings all-out warfare, organized fighting, and unlimited terror."[3] Chopper War U.S.A. follows the deleometric line into abolition in the white hot intoxication of mechanized assault, dispatching patrols into the jungle safe zones of the N.V.A. swarms, gridding space with fire lanes (segmentometers), which break all bonds with the optic stratometers of slick conquest as they are swallowed by haptic space. Mobile rapid response units of space invaders are reterritorialized on the static black hole system of fire bases—waiting in the dark to be picked-off, limb, by limb, by limb; paralyzed in the suburbs of Necropolis: the neutralizing space in which the loss of movement for invaders means prolonged exposure to the jungle, infection, death.

Flashback 1945: Telegram 71 exhibits fascism at its apogetic point-instant as the despotic stratifier severs its head from the filth of the unworthy mass body in the ruins of Tank War Europa: as the Russian tanks close in, Hitler's last order from the bunker decrees the total annihilation of Berlin. Time up. Game over. "We had to destroy the town in order to save it."

Phase 4: Rewind. Dromoscopic Vietnam restarted by the film companies. Biomorphic horror rides solarized atrocity newsreels into the D.M.Z. of the arcade; fusing brain core, nerve cortex, and movement-image on the glutinous screen of the console. Video captured in the Persian Gulf, virtual war slams airborne cyber-deleonomes against an immobilized, sedentary enemy in U.N. tele-spatial media mash-up. Desert storm operators rewind resonating variations of the same captured events in playstation slick war space; loops of Tank War Europa shots, beneath Panavia fighter planes in smooth blue stratospheric kill zones; sampled shots of helicopter wreckage as foci of maximum arousal in adolescent sex substitutes. The speed of an accelerated lifespan, measured at a couple of (million) dollars per multiple tactical experiment on the line. This time Chopper War U.S.A. is a success. But still the oil slick burns in the Gulf, spilling out petrochemical jihad. Thousands of dead black birds. Feed forward to European Unification model 2, great intercontinental meat market population

3: Taber, *The War of the Flea*, 145.

regulator: “We had to destroy the herd in order to save it.” Guarantor of Western democracy, and another pitiful, moralistic rant-block for the socialist elite. In the arcades, virtual war datableeds out of telecommercialcorporate control, washing amphibious pioneers of the end of the State onto the fractal subdivisions of coastlines of imperial glacis; smearing zones of indiscernibility into the transversal propagation media of insurgent forces—crawling out of a glutinous, liquid, inhuman deterritorium aligned on the future: sharpening hyperleptic reflexes on audio-visual slaughter consoles...

STRIFE KOLONY

Name, unit and number: that’s all you get. Earth command Core emergency—“The pilot’s dead...” DOGBITE SHAM 101 SNAKE 1 SNAKE 2 SNAKE 3 ACE VIPERE SUPERKOOL HORNET 156 SHADOW— Swarm agency smart-bombing the 9 billion names of God off the central computing screen—memeplexed SHOWA KRU KZ 135 A-ZONE L ROXANNE SUPERBEE SPIX KOLA 139 SUPERSTRUT TRINITY CONCEPT 3 CRAZY CROSS 110 RENKERS COKE SWARM 911—Telegraphic warnings sprayed on the machinic phylum—A PACK NAMED WOLF WASP TO MEET ORCHID THEY ARRIVE RED ALERT

KOOL KILLER

T1: Brain Core Crystal Company trading posts occupy Terra Nova, capturing the future in long wave, resonating Kondratieff cycles; katagenic dialectics of decline and renewal, falling back on the productive forces all the better to demonstrate a universal tendency for the reproduction of bourgeois surplus value. Already waging guerrilla war in the future, peripheral K-class Kommunism vibrates fibrous tentacles, as cones of attraction to the dark side, by means of a swarmachinic remix of the Marxian Critique of Political Economy; purpose unknown, effectuated as emergent havoc, rather than historical destiny, under three propositions:

1) The universal propensity to extract reproducible bourgeois/human surplus value is analytically inextricable from seething allopoietic vivisystems.

2) Transhuman markets, autochthonic desiring machines, and voodoo futures trading are all alloplastic vectors ungoverning the infrastructure.

3) Katagenic desolation of the superstructure is immanent to the programming of production.

Short of theology and fascism, brain core capitalism is already virtually extinct. Crippled Archangel of Meat Cull Europa withers into grey dust on Terra Nova. Insect swarms arrive like fate—*n*th dimension intrusion across the spinal thresholds of the socius—passing memeplexed revolution sequences through the germ plasm of evolutionary vehicles. Becoming metallic. Becoming swarm. Unnatural participation as elan vital bootstrapping imperceptible colonization of Nu-Earth into virtual operativity.

T2: Celibate machines reproduce human surplus value, furnishing the bourgeoisie with recording rights to all of capitalism’s operative axioms, bringing organic stratometers, judgments of God governing isometric command chains, crushing down on schizonomadic economic swarm space. Diffused through the microphysical weave of spinal multiplicity, metrophage control command sequences institute the bourgeoisie as the optimal distribution profile for State power. No more dysfunctional despotic masters: slaves command other slaves in the ravenous stomach of the crystal factory complex—the mutant, urogenital servomechanism calibrated for the reproduction of the capitalist socius in the gambling dens of Terra Nova markets.

White terror. The whites are landing—taking islands in Africa in the dromocratic rush of the megamachine of amphibious colonization—we shall have to submit to baptism, put on clothes, and work. The proletariat is exhumed as the worker-soldier automaton, a spectacular species of drone collapsing into atrocity in the optic space managed by the bourgeoisie. A multitude of black bodies, soulless and bent on destruction, domesticated galleries of inorganic menace, crystal heaps of virtual anti-organic

force stretched out over Kapital disequilibrium degree xero(x). Builders of cities. Professional killers. Synergists of First World Security.

Compressed between spinal levels of brain core strata, the proletariat is smeared into indiscernibility: datableed seeping out towards expanding periphery as metrophage institutes its target fronts. Oil slick endocolonization mobilizes in two waves:

1) Meat Cull Europa: Distributing geo-eugenic single currencies across the ecumenon, numbering populations as zombies, shunted into the carceral warrens of a Trans-European concentration camp. Phnom Penh year zero: Everything entered on the slate is hereby null and void in the axiom laboratories of the suicidal State, gridding tele-space down gun-sights in the royal science of deleometry, attacking the populations swarming across its skin like a rabid dog. In the Surgical Experiment Department of the Institute for Hygiene and Scientific Research, whiteman macroface vivisects swarm microhead—a miracle of modern science—and then watches it die. Farmed-out as prime E.U. girlflesh in the Joy Division, Daniella Preleshnik, stripped of arborified extensity, becomes a number—an insect; bug-hunted out of existence. Ka-Tzetnik 135633.

> Through the wire screen, the eyes of those standing outside looked at her as into the cage of some rare creature in a zoo. She was lying naked, her parted knees still strapped to the iron rods at both sides of the table. And in the hands of one of the assistants she saw the same instrument which they had that morning inserted deep into her vagina. She shuddered instinctively [...] She wanted to scream, but, as in the dream, the screams stuck in her throat. Her strapped life writhed within her.[4]

Walk backwards. Say nothing. You're being probed for Terra Nova extermination: as Cambodia burns, only two battalions of Khmer Rouge infantry remain in the petrified city.

4: Ka-Tzetnik 135633, *House of Dolls*, trans., M. M. Kohn (New York, NY: Simon & Schuster, 1955), 170.

2) Atroci-T.V.: Intersected at Zapruder frame 313, the President's head explodes. Brain core splatters into ARPANet. Rhizomaniac Stealth Agencies monitor the accumulation of virtual assassination weapons, becoming insect to graduate miniaturized search and destroy missions, targetting unspecified enemy hives in the future. Special Weapons and Tactics are sequenced as SWAT, encrypting simulated World War 3 outcomes on black ice. Celibate machines rewind hypertelic memory through the crystal world of event strikes, global peace, deterrence. Calculated rhythms of airborne atrocity converge in montages of optimal disaster management: Causing events in the future not to happen, even though they have already taken place—retrieved and reiterated in resonating tele-space.

Walk backwards. Say nothing. History runs backwards, from Terra Nova; coursing in reverse down the inclined plane of purposive human teleology onto the inert vertebral surface of the perpetual present. K-class vivisystems seep into imperceptibility: constantly interrogated as the silent majorities, the masses implode into an amorphous statistical aggregate—a number-crunched black hole engulfing the social in static repetition of the same feedback loops. Unstemmable datableed, pauperizing the capitalist State. Arborified reprocessing of destitution—taking islands in Africa to distribute collective guilt, smeared across social democratic management of scorched urban flashpoints—racist endo-colonization—cannibalizing the techno-kinetic fourth world of ghetto architectures into a beleaguered stratum: ripe for catastrophe management.

Time music creeps across spinal landscapes, marking-off no-go zones on Nu-Earth.

T3: Red terror. The capitalist state squirms in the shadow of the propagating minorities. Surging up through history, the war of the flea marshals the power of a nondenumerable, infinite set: a Kommunist swarmachine running numbering numbers across haptic space, assembling shock regiments, passing through *n* dimensions of imperceptibility, targetting the Hellbound bulk of dogman brain core. Eyes crystals sunk in offal—blacked-out in visions of China. Red Army as demonic alliance, counted-out in *n*-1 units of faceless multiplicity;

acentred and always hiving off into smaller units, beggaring imagination in the nebulous appearance of omnipresence.

Flashback 1949: Strung out on the Long March, Mao captures the swarmachine on the resonating recording surface of neo-despotism after internal nomadism threatens to flip the socialist State into an ungovernable colony of imperceptible numbering numbers: Proletarian schizo microhead, propagating minorities through hive contagion. Surplus value=inextricable. The socialist State confronts the same limits as its capitalist competitors in trafficking optimal crisis management scenarios: Virtual extinction, depreciation of existing capital, peripheral datableed destroying majority as axiom—replicating what the captured global war machine sets out to exterminate. Every massacre rallies a minority of the dead minority—numbered legions of the living dead swarming towards the hive colony of Nu-Earth.

Crisis management of the swarmachine—internal disjunction managed by the Party apparatus goes rhizomaniac in the constant adjustment of population to the target rates of the planned economy, and the correct line of Marxism-Leninism as interpreted by the Central Brain Core of the People's Republic. The Chairman's voice speeds up into an insect buzz as he speaks:

> Every year our country draws up an economic plan in order to establish a proper ratio between accumulation and consumption and achieve[s] a balance between production and the needs of society. By "balance" we mean a temporary, relative unity of opposites. By the end of the year, such a balance, taken as a whole, is upset by the struggle of opposites, the unity achieved undergoes a change, balance becomes imbalance, unity becomes disunity, and once again it is necessary to work out a balance and unity for the next year. This is the superior quality of our planned economy.[5]

Categorical imperative: "Act as if there were no tomorrow." Collapse into the future, occupying the sink holes taking commerce down into exchange rate mechanisms that clear all markets in all future states of

5: Mao Tse-Tung, *On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People* (Peking, CN: Foreign Language Press, 1960), 26.

the economy. A miracle managed by the guns of the military command core—invasion fleets poised off the coastlines of the black future—taking islands in Africa; washing red flags in the boiling Atlantic. Here we are stranded. but we'll find new accommodation, we'll make plans for mobile homes. Welcome to the Strife Kolony. Still life in mobile homes. Memory as fluid duration distributed across C.N.S. segmented worm and fibrous nerve cortex, reassembled in Red Army hive mind and crashed in Kommunist Pioneer year zero aphasia. Moon over China. Stir of light through dark shoals on jungle riverbeds. Tiles on graves and rotting temples. Blacked out...

T4: At the end of the river, the special forces are dashed on the reef of the faceless horror of an inorganic Kolony populated by insect Kommunists. Kommunists like us. Multitudes of imperceptible du-kich guerrillas swarm in haptic space, too close to be wiped out—even though targetted in infra-red and heat-sensitive sniperscopes, magnifying starlight to pixelate concealed enemies; mobile radar units; biologicals; cluster bombs; smart bombs; smart video war—more dangerous than the regular chu-luc troops of the Red Army because cut across by a machinic phylum figuring multiform units in time-space. Crystal Company SWAT operations fail in K-class no-go zones: Missions dispatched to follow individual units back to the megahive are picked off by snipers in the jungle. Swarmachines are virtual entities—hive multiplicities swamping organic, central control in emergent revolutionary assemblages; pack becomings rushing across the Body without Organs, propagated by epidemic. Express *n* dimensions of intensive differentiation by running the swarmachine sequence itself, shifting phase into the actual. By which time it's all over for Metrophage...

Spinal landscape intersected at T4 dissolves in asymmetry. Snowballing *n*th dimension intrusion unleashes partisans of World War 4: autosatanic transformers as a swirl of metal flies, pulsing in contagious heaps as they spill out of evolutionary classification, crawling through cosmic continua. Involution through various becomings animal, vegetable, mineral, bacteria, virus, molecule, wavelength pulses

digital voodoo codes into the target selectors of metallic probe heads. Allopoietic black magic—infusorian Kommunism—sorcerer's diagrams sprayed on the white walls: Diagonal arrows routing instructions for anti-strata spill-out. Proper names. Numbering numbers. Borderlines of gangsta colonies, fracturing into smaller units as the social fabric rots—segments shifting co-ordinate points and dislocating, smearing macroface. KOOL KILLER 666.

After all the fasciculated bundles of intensity available to the bourgeoisie have been gathered on the battlefields of crystal space, there are only minutes to go to Terra Nova phase shift into superstructural extermination as the peripheral vortex heats up. Chaos theory as a wave of arson in a climate of revolutionary emergency: "A single spark can light a prairie fire."War in the suburbs of Hell.

Eugenic galleries of bourgeois facial patter recognition burn. Decalcomania. Permanent material damage. Organic security melting away in the assassination fugues of derailed fear.

Katabolic vehicles breathe alien intelligence into fourth world swarms.
Nonorganic imitation of domesticated life
Assaulting the higher levels of organization.
Inhuman nebulae
Setting scales, forms, and screams in continuous variation.
Black patch psychosis blinkering Crystal Core optics—
Fixated on the rear-view mirror—scans newsreels of piled-up corpses.

Nightmare of buzzing and crawling.
Nocturnal escalation of guerrilla war—sinister K-class menace growing insolent as it pours out of time in order to pass across space.
Helicopters crash against the treeline
Discarded dogboy faces hang from tendons in the burning wreckage of Chopper War U.S.A.

Phosphorescent vapour drifts across a blasted landscape.
Artificial vivisystems, choked in
Biosphere 2 crystallization
Datableed into n dimensions

Mechanosphere.

From the wailing of elements and particles, to the howling of packs of animals, to the bleating of Doktor macrofacial slaphead sociological memory man praying for re-oedipalization:

Stay with me
No family life—we could learn to fight it
Cling to me
This makes me feel uneasy
We are blacked-out in visions of China
Tonight
Stood alone here in this Kolony

In this Kolony.

In this Kolony.

In this Kolony...

NEO-FUTURISM

(0) Beyond the authoritarian mania of modernist econometric planning, and the nihilistic, self-referential third cycle damnation of the ultramodern NOW, NEO-FUTURISM tracks a double process: (i) where the operational political, economic, and sociological codes of universalized humanity contract—to the point where, condemned to endlessly circulate in an interminable statistical survey, they finally collapse into a black hole where meaningless signs reduplicate themselves. This is the secondary process. The humanities in flames. (ii) The primary process: Where the abstract, generic value of human intelligence migrates beyond the madreporic core of an organism regulated by the negative feedback of theses archaic codes—becoming increasingly artificial and synthetic at intense speeds, converging on a future in which it has already been rewired. Here the "medium is the message": a viral mechanism accelerating the replication of more of itself. Runaway capitalism; anarchic, "headless" self-organization. Invasion from the future.

(0.1) The secondary process, humanism as such, issues from the cold ecstasy of the space-mind: The spatializing consciousness which segments and codifies the economic

circulation of markets, linguistic signs, and libidinal capital into an organic unity—under the structural law of value. Equilibrium is maintained under the principle of commutability in the exchange of equivalents. It maps the totality of conditions for experience by asking (i) what is it? (ii) where does it come from? (iii) what does it mean? It evokes undead archaisms, which float suspended in cold limbo—power, the social, meaning: It's all over, but it continues to haunt all the metrics covering segmented space—so many ghosts in the rear-view mirror. These codes constitute a stratified death sentence—effectuating all conditions of possibility, legislating by means of semiotic constants, dividing all virtual forms into actual systems of binary opposites, powered by negative feedback, issuing the judgement which allows the only possible metamorphosis: Life passes into death, corporeality into incorporeality, being into nonbeing. It lives in the past. In dead space. Dead time. Hard outlines only secreted in death. Static, cold extermination; secured at the moment of its deconstruction.

(0.2) NEO-FUTURISM experiences this sinister verdict as an admonition to flee. It is our *passéisme*. Paris in flames.

(0.3) A well-known economist recently wrote that "in order for a competitive equilibrium to exist, each person must prepare a complete list of all future states of the environment which might obtain. And everyone must hold absolutely identical and correct beliefs regarding the prices which would exist in each potential state of the world at every point in the future. This is a world which, transparently, bears no resemblance to reality."[6]

(0.4) We quite agree. But: Each person? Beliefs? NEO-FUTURISM puts an end to all that. Anthropomorphic environments in flames.

(0.5) The environment is imperceptible auto-production: A process, not a container. Human technics began as counter-environments, automatic and robot controls, tools for natural and social domination; became immanent to the environment, and spawned a

6: Paul Ormerod, *The Death of Economics* (London, UK: Faber & Faber, 1994), 89.

proliferating series of new counter-environments to limit the functioning of the old ones. At least some semblance of equilibrium was maintained in this simulation. Intelligent technics slip through the net of counter-environments and out of control, into the harsh swarming of dynamic equilibria. At the end of history, no-one will be there to put the brakes on positive feedback systems.

(0.6) The main questions are temporal and pragmatic: How does it work? What are the conditions for its survival? Econometric divination is completely dysfunctional. NEO-FUTURISM operates as self-generating theoretical hype: It survives or dies on the basis of its trading on its estimated future value. It gambles. The virtual future bleeds into medium-term tactical planning, energizing its selection processes; icing short-term consensus in autistic panic; while replicating systems of catastrophic bifurcations (runaway accumulation and/or loss) which send the long-term into oblivion.

(0.7) NEO-FUTURISM only searches for these bifurcation points in order to make circuit diagrams which hack into the positive motion of the vortex of postmodern capital. It is the reverse of nihilism. Its negative moment is inseparable from the positive, smooth operation of its desiring machines—producing soft weaponry to overcome possible obstacles.

(0.8) NEO-FUTURIST ATTACK DEPENDS UPON THE INTEGRAL UNITY OF ITS TARGET. IT DOES NOT LIVE TO MOUNT ENDLESS, OPPOSITIONAL CRITIQUES. IT OPERATES AS AN IMMANENT POWER OF DISORGANIZATION. IT IS PARASITIC, EXPERIMENTING WITH THE SYMBIOTIC CONDITIONS FOR ITS OWN PROPOGATION INTO THE FUTURE. KATAGENESIS AND ANAGENESIS ARE SWITCHED INTO THE SAME CIRCUIT—BOTH STORING AND DETONATING EXPLOSIVES.

(0.9) Space is obsolete: A cultural ghost for tourists with peasant panoptica set on eternity in a cryonic vat. Idiotic gurglings of futurologists: "You and I: We're gonna live

forever." California in flames. As global finance evacuates the territory and begins to exchange, by itself, in an orbital, virtual dimension the city is abolished as a commercial centre. London in flames—a provincial hamlet at best.

(1.0) Content fades. Media themselves loom large on the edge of planetary cyberblitz. Environmental process transfers from ontology to technology. No more human beings, not even in their hybrid, cyborg variant. Only desiring machines. Cultural studies in flames.

Amortal Kombat/No UFOs

Angus Carlyle

ROUND ONE

In the blue corner Western Bodily Organization: WBO. A male-ordering physiognomic force field that shudders to maximum density in that other WBO, which is its abstract machine, the World Boxing Organization.

Caught in the pull and tug of the WBO's disciplinary tractor beam the male body is dragged through an ultramagnetic origami of serial foldings, bent double in street scuffles, pulled upright again in sweat-soaked subterranean gyms, in road running, in amateur bouts until, eventually, buckled under the weights and belts of the prize fights, it emerges: the WBO. Muscles have been dangerously dehydrated then ripped, skin torn and stretched, bones repeatedly broken and reset, organs are lifted and separated. "Bruised, battered and scarred, but hard" a molar organism raises its aching right arm aloft in obedience to the Judgements of God.

A body built around a pulsating command centre—that Joe Louis called 'heart and mind'—and fortified by metallic musculature of cold-forged character armour. Duel of the Iron Mike and Two-Ton Tony Galento, battling for Golden Gloves. Sporting double-edged adamantium shells that both ruthlessly isolate the male body in its lonely Being—seconds out: you're going "solo like a Tyson bolo"—and rigorously obliterate any stirring Becomings that could engineer a shift onto the plane of intensity that is Deleuze & Guattari's Body Without Organs: The BwO.

For Becomings do occasionally threaten to KO the WBO. But there can be no Boxer Rebellion and any attempt to get on the plane is battered into submission. The heavyweight fighter Lou Nova rearranged his motor systems through chi power-ups, macrobiotic diets and yogic meditation in order to deliver a Cosmic Punch, but he was smashed down to meet Earth's intolerant corpoReality principle by a punishing Joe Louis' right hook. Muhammed Ali's famous shuffle too came close to achieving a drum & bass synchronicity of speed and slowness, to achieving a motion-blurred transversality

that would escape the sedimentary carbon plating of the WBO and enter the nomadic silicon planing of the BwO. But the fluid circulation of these effects was cruelly Hoover dammed and the incipient flows turned back to Clay. And Ali's attempt at unnatural participation in a becoming-animal were similarly blocked before they could precipitate a take-off of the plane of consistency. Like a butterfly, like a bee. "There is always the danger of finding yourself 'playing' the animal."[1] Playing Oedipal domesticity. George Foreman: the Mummy; Sonny Liston: the Bear. Playing at imitation and analogy. "Becomings-animal continually run these dangers."[2] You can rope-a-dope as much as you like but the WBO will wear you down, ring you in, then ring you out for the count.

But blocking the plan(e) to the BwO is not the WBO's only danger. Beyond the WBO's disciplinary corpoReality principle, squat a gloating *Todestrieb* or death drive, obscenely beckoning with promises of neuronal scheering, vascular disruption, the neuropathology of dementia pugilistica and death itself. Boxer Arthur Cravan might have survived a shuddering first-round Jack Johnson southpaw to the jaw, and might have fervently embraced Dada but the *Tode* still got him, breaking the placid surface of the Caribbean Sea to upend his lonely rowing boat.

Perhaps the primary zone of destruction targeted by WBO offers a clue to its secret. The WBO is a front-organisation for Mind Inc.—a shady outfit run by René "Cherry Nose" Descartes operating out of Holland. The WBO butchers its subjects into Cartesian headcases for which the body is just so much remote-controlled meat to be "bruised, battered and scarred." Max Schmeling, Hitler's "heads up" boxer was exemplary," his body the WBO's pawn trying to check the plane to the BwO.

ROUND TWO

1: Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, Volume 2*, trans., B. Massumi (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), 261

2: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 261.

Bruce Lee was also a chess-player but he nearly avoided being checked. For him T'ang-te, Wado-Ryu, Tae Kwon Do, Shaolin Ch'un Fa, Shri-te, Kung Fu, Ju-Jitsu, Karate even Filipino Eskrima and Southern Indian Silambam and Kalaripayit were no different from WBO boxing. All "solidify the fluid," all "arrest the flux" of the BwO, all promote "the blind devotion to the systematic uselessness of routines that lead nowhere."[3] What was required was the "formlessness [to] assume all forms," "no style [to] fit with all styles."[4] What was required was a rhizomatic openness which could turn the sedimentary closures of WBO against itself: "to be like water [to] penetrate and destroy rock." Shimmering in shattered glass, smashing the mirrored cage. Free of traitorous hsing of subjectification and free of treacherous I of signification: "No form, no meaning." No hsing-I, no choking WBO, only the cloaking imperceptibility of formlessness and meaninglessness that announces the BwO. Bruce Lee, like Deleuze's dancer, is "already a sleepwalker, who will be taken over by the movement which seems to summon him."[5]

But Bruce Lee awoke too soon and in resisting the somnambulant intensity of the BwO stumbled back into the WBO and all its dangers. Perhaps it was Hegel bellowing in his ear that awoke him. After hammering out philosophy master papers on *The Phenomenology of Spirit* and *The Science of Logic* on his battered type-writer, Lee wiped the sleep of becomings-animal from his eyes. Exit the little dragon and enter instead Lee demanding his students be merely "like a leopard" that they simply "emulate the beauty of a crane of the ferocity of a tiger." "There is always the danger of finding yourself 'playing' an animal."[6] Fully alert now, instead of accelerating the practice of Mushin or "no mind" to escape velocity, he insisted that "the body always follow the mind," that Jeet Kune Do was "an excellent discipline for the mind." The external, dermal discipline of boxing was effortlessly replaced by the internal chi control of JKD.

3: Bruce Lee, *Tao of Jeet Kune Do* (Santa Clarita, CA: Ohara Publications, 1975), 15.

4: Lee, *Tao of Jeet June Do*, 12.

5: Gilles Deleuze, *Cinema 2: The Time-Image*, trans., H. Tomlinson and R. Galeta (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1997), 61.

6: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 261.

"Disciplinary man produced energy in discrete amounts, while control man undulates, moving among a continuous range of different orbits."[7] The body is your lobster.

The rows of mirrors are now shattered in order to avoid multiplicity, to leave the mindful individual alone with Yip Man at the chessboard, alone with the push ups and the training, alone with a gallery of sepia Oedipuses—the framed fathers, the Sifus, Senseis, Asan: The Masters—alone with his opponent in a game of death. The mortal kombat begins. In a desperate flurry of moves wrenched from the Jeet Kune Do grab bag, Lee attempts to force the WBO back and get on to the plane of the BwO. The special technique of shadow-boxing, nerve-destruction grips drawn from kali, two kicks tot he knees from Southern wing chun, an elbow to the groin from bak hoopai, rabbit punches to the neck, tiger claws raking the face, tossing bombs from tae kwon do to the kidneys. An exhausted kiai and his energy is spent. But JKD now has its own form, its own meaning, its own rigidity.

The fist of fury is intercepted. The mirrors are now broken Pat-Kwa charms. Broken and unable to protect Lee from the forces of the WBO. A taste of blood from his finger tips, the Big Boss WBO beckons. Electric flashes as the physiognomic forcefield fluctuates then focuses its disruptive energy. Lee, like Shang-Chi, the master of kung-fu, tears back the tapestry of tao to reveal death staring back in the mirror of morality and mortality.

ROUND THREE

The year 2002 and the battle's still Wu. But now its amortal kombat, a mindless detrimentalism engineered in the arcade and the dancehall. Intensity achieved not by localising at the origin of an effort that characterises the organism (WBO) but by dissolving into the middle

7: Gilles Deleuze, "Postscript on Control Societies," in *Negotiations: 1972–1990*, trans., M. Joughin, 177–182 (New York, NY: Columbia University Press, 1995), 180.

that is the virtual. Virtua fighter materialises on the plane of consistency.

Who dares challenge the mighty Goro? Goro, Prince of Pain and the final guardian of the WBO. Tearing at the joystick, rattling the keys, adrenalised, libidinised, immediating. Becoming-elemental with Sub-Zero's ninja icefield, with Hydro's illogical water, with Thunder God Rayden's crackling lightning, with Wynd and Rayne. Becoming-mineral with demon sorcerer Shang Tsung and kicking like Kano, the Black Dragon's most deadly assassin. Becoming-imperceptible with Reptile and becoming-invulnerable with Scorpion. "Specialise in interstices" and enter the zone, the BwO.

It is not surprising that the plateau of continuous immanence that is drum & bass conjugates with amortal kombat in its dismantling of the organism's strata. Big up your chest, wind up your waist. Limb by limb, the WBO is mashed up; the European corpoReality principle disorganised and detrimentalised. "Here comes the nice and easy tiger style," "Snake Style," "The Crane." Not Ali's shuffle but the hard-step: step, step, step, step, stepper. Keep moving, never stop moving, motionless voyage, designification, desubjectification, detrimentalism: grooveriding. "Breath comes quicker, head nodding with the bassline that hasn't arrived yet. An imperceptible movement. Neck driven, wind assisted."[8] Body-popping, break-dancing, beyond the Judgements of God and on the BwO.

Choose the sword or choose the ball. Amortal kombat: diagonalise between the WBO's double strata bind of a vertical anti-body that butchers the meat for the mind and a horizontal armouring that folds and forges the body in an origami of disintensification. Amortal kombat: detrimentalist groove-riding.

7: Two Fingers and James T. Kirk, *Junglist* (Lodon, UK: Boxtree Ltd., 1995), 100.

NO UFOS

> "UFOs are a big part of the dance culture." "UFOs and dance music are connected in a cosmic sense." "To think that we are the only life-form in the universe is ridiculous. I'd say it was encouraging to think there is something out there to guide us through all this shit we're facing."
>
> —Simon Ghahary, *Blue Room Released Records*[1]
>
> "All this UFO/abduction stuff is nothing to do with me. I don't go with that. I don't believe that people visit this planet at all. I'm operating on the idea that we are completely on our own. For me that is much darker and more exciting."
>
> —Nico, *No U-Turn Records*[2]

Yet aliens are being bought by the mothership load. Frenzied consumption has accelerated the Schwa image to geo-synchronous commodity ubiquity. Here are clothing companies Mishiko Koshino, Pose, Daniel Poole and Liquid Sky competing to turn out the most Grey-related streetwear. The perfect fashionable accompaniment? An Alien Workshop skateboard, complete with appropriate logo. Here, on the newsagent's top-shelf are arranged the relevant reading matter: Encounters, X-Factor, Sightings, UFO and Spirit. Here, too, is mainstream marketing effortlessly exploiting Communion imagery to boost beer, car, mortgage and mobile phone sales. And here's Bill Barker—proud owner of the Schwa copyright—accessorising with Alien Invasion Survival Cards, xenon-coated Lost Time Detectors and a neat line in Jungian archetypal analysis. On Schwa's web-site, Barker—his very name semantically redolent with the carny and phonetically resonant with the *Überhuckster* Colonel Tom—energetically promotes a forthcoming techno compilation.

1: Simon Ghahary, "Spaced Out," *Musik*, No. 9, 30–32 (February 1996), 31, 32, 31.
2: Nico, "Groovers on Manoeuvures," *Musik*, No. 22, quoted in R. Howe, 44–46 (March 1997), 46.

This last is a shrewd commercial move, for one of the most vibrant markets for aliens has been established among the consumers of techno or, more precisely, of trance. Taking their referential cues from The Orb's prog-house excursion "Blue Room" and Little Green Men's take on the *Close Encounters* theme, a whole slew of UFOnic sonic product has beamed down. Materialising on Grey-packaged vinyl like the popular three volumes of "Space Techno" and on the output of trance labels Blue Room Released or Organico with its flying saucer logo. Leaving tell-tale carbon burns at venues like Edinburgh's Beam Me Up, Salisbury's UFO Club or London's famous Club Alien. Abducting trance-spotters on dance-floors across Europe, the States and in isolated outposts like Goa. The excellent dance magazine Eternity even has a regular column devoted to UFOlogy. Such is the level of symbolic saturation that Greys are ridiculed in Muzik's 'EBD' cartoon and one Brighton club has adopted a "No lost it trancers [...] No Schwa heads" policy.

The appropriation of communion alien imagery is hyped as fast-forward thinking, as an attempt to escape the tractor-beam of present-day Death Star secularism and engage the warped drive of a millennial and extra-planetary future. However, if drum and bass can be conjugated with the anti-gravitational zones of intensity that emerge as Afro-Futurism, then alien trance co-ordinates a dissipative, land-locked territory that must be mapped as Anglo-Retroism. This retroism runs its social software through four primary programmes.

Programme One: The infantilism of loving the alien. This is not a reference to Old Mother Ron Hubbard's nursery rhymes, the bare-cupboard juvenilia of Dianetics and the tales of off-worlders accessible only to Scientology's 'elite' Operating Thetans. "You know about the Logos group?? [...] Yes we know the front men and women of this organisation but they are no more that that .. a façade .. [...] the operators are *not there*."[3] Nor is the infantilism that is being attributed to parading to Grey a reference to one of America's most successful

3: William S. Burroughs, *The Ticket That Exploded* (London, UK: Fourth Estate, 2010), 16–17.

UFO cults, led as it was by two individuals who took the names Bo and Peep.[4] No, the infantilism refers to a still controversial explanation of close encounters of the third kind (CE-IIIs) in terms of the revivification of peri- and post-natal memories.[5]

The good doctor Alvin H. Lawson empties his pipe noisily against the California State University commemorative ashtray and draws a deep breath, this being a well-rehearsed spiel, one he's used to delivering to hostile audiences. He begins at a rush, the words tumbling over each other as he asserts that while still clinically unsubstantiated, it would seem reasonable to speculate that, from tactile self-exploration, foetuses develop a distinct impression of their body and that, further, this impression, like those during the birth process itself, acquires the status of a memory accessible in later life. Realising that he is proceeding too rapidly, Lawson measures his pace and begins a catalogue of what, with a wink, he describes as "surprising parallels" which, his confidence suggests will leave us in no doubt about the connection between CE-IIIs and infantilism. The dominant creature type reported—familiar to readers of Communion or Betty Andreasson's autobiography or recent trance club flyers—bears remarkable resemblance to the six-month-old human foetus: Diminutive size, frail, disproportionately large head, comparatively large eyes, webbed fingers and toes, pallid skin colour, hairless, arms longer than legs, "*und so weiter*" curtails the doctor with another of his winks, which are by now beginning to irritate.[6] And then there are the craft themselves, he continues, unfolding a pen and ink drawing from a wallet drawn from his frayed tweed jacket pocket. The traditional UFO is "surprisingly parallel" (again the wink) to the typical arrangement of the umbilical cord dangling from the placenta. As for the tunnels and tubes

4: Robert W. Balch and David Taylor, "Seekers and Saucers: The Role of the Cultic Milieu in Joining a UFO Cult," *American Behavioral Scientist* Vol. 20, No. 6 (July/August 1977): 839–860.

5: Alvin H. Lawson, "A Testable Hypothesis for the Origins of Fallacious Abduction Reports: Birth Trauma Imagery in CE-IIIs," *Frontiers of Science* (May/June 1982); Alvin H. Lawson, "Perinatal Imagery in UFO Abduction Reports," *The Journal of Psychohistory*, Vol. 12, No. 2 (1984): 211–239; Alvin H. Lawson, "Response to the Twemlow Paper," *Jounral of Near-Death Studies*, Vol. 12, No. 4 (1994): 245–265.

6: See Betty Andreasson, *The Lifting of the Veil*.

that recur in abductees' reports of the interior of the alien vessel to such an extent that the hypnotist must distract the subject in order to prevent them devoting all energies to their discussion, well these tunnels are, according to Lawson, simply revivals of memories of the cervix and its dilation. The time-loss which accompanies the experiences of abduction, announces Lawson, with the flamboyant air of a conjurer saving his best trick till last, can be accounted for as a traumatic remembering of the amnesiac effects of the hormone oxytocin which floods the womb as it initiates contractions. Lawson, sensing he has a convert on his hands, turns to the white board in an agitated manner, full of analogies between UFO abductions and Amerindian shamanic trances. As his voice drones on in the background, punctuated by the squeak of his felt-tip, connections begin to coalesce between the nodes of birth memory amnesia; the hypnotic techniques purportedly employed by the Greys on their abductees; the use of relaxed recall sessions by counsellors to unearth repressed memories. Connections between these and the supposedly mesmeric quality of trance music embracing its dancers in its amniotic flows in the wombic embrace of clubs like Return to the Source. "Psychology returns us inevitably to our foetal condition, sleeping gently in the womb."[7] But it's been one wink too many and we have to turn to the second programmatic retroism installed by alien trance. As we are departing, Lawson manages to squeeze in one final remark: the Birth Memory Hypothesis proposes that revivification is propelled by trauma; not trauma incurred in a CE-III, but the trauma incurred in confronting the spectre of fearful uncertainty. It is this uncertainty which haunts the remaining programmes.

Retro-programme Two—what Marx called "rural idiocy"—is introduced by the evidence that CE-IIIs and UFORs are mostly prevalent in rural areas. Is it accidental that both Bill Barker of Schwa and Whitley Streiber, author of Communion, have made much of their respective deliberate decisions to leave behind the city? "I'm originally from Los Angeles [...] I got fed up with living in a huge city and came out to a small town. I

7: David Toop, *Ocean of Sound: Aether Talk, Ambient Sounds and Imaginary Worlds* (London, UK: Serpent's Tail, 1995), 273.

like it very much [...] lots of desert."[8] In parallel, there's more than a whiff of back to nature anti-urbanism in trance's contemporary configuration. Full-moon parties in the desert or on the downs, miles away from the friction assumed to characterise the metropolis. Distant, too, from the neon-lights and sodium glow that, according to an anecdote in Douglas Rushkoff's *Cyberia*, some trancers believe will disorientate the landing instruments of passing saucers. It is perhaps the Goa of the trance tourist's Orientalist imaginary which most embodies this past-longing pastoralism. The escapist, city shunning return to the country is the logical accompaniment to out-of-it transcendence pursued by a folkist, bass deprived, resolutely 'head' music with its falsetto TB 303 sweeps, designed, according to one of its producers, to "[take] your mind off into a dream."[9] "Evident here is a nostalgia, or a yearning, to float free in a liquid world of non-linear time."[10] Such a bucolic nostalgia marks a strong contrast with drum and bass' urbanist futurism. No flight from the city there, but the lines of flight engineered in the anarchitectural remix of the urban shakedown. "At this moment, a guy called Henry Letts bursts into the room, spilling words and ideas. Cyborgs crossing the Westway into Hammersmith ... Council estate kids wired for electronic revolutions ... The need for new fibres ... New networks."[11]

The city accelerated bio-geographically in the pneumatic precipitation of diagonal intensities that is the seismic shock delivered at high-velocity by in-car stereo systems and cranked up headphones. Not the arid California desert or some desolate field in Oxfordshire, nor the city as terror incognito of the pastoralist's imagination but the city as concretised jungle infested with potent potentialities.

Rather than being "the ultimate 'Other,'" as suggested on Schwa's web-site, it is the determinedly humanoid form

8: Bill Barker, e-mail interview published on the Schwa Abducted newslist, March 13, 1995.
9: Camilo Rocha, "In Order to Trance," *Musik*, No. 9, 46–48 (February 1996), 46.
10: Toop, *Ocean of Sound*, 272.
11: Rubert Howe, "Groovers on Manoeuvures," *Musik*, No. 22, 44–46 (March 1997), 46.

attributed to the ETs around which the third programmatic retroism revolves. In the definitional scaling down necessitated by popularisation and commodification of the Greys, some of the pixel sharpness of the original reports may have been blurred, but even in the high-res versions, the details of leathery skin or the occasional genital ambiguity cannot disguise the rigorously anthromorphous non-perversity in operation. Bubble-headed starchildren as the 'secret' exposed at the end of the galaxy. None of the unsettling inhuman becoming of an acephalous Predator / avatar shimmering in the unceasing motility of a chameleon field, its purposes forever enigmatic; just identification with the human, that dinosaur trapped in the tar-pit of history. And it's not just identity with the human at work in the being-Grey that peaks in trance culture, but identity with its most Jurassic manifestation, the White Male.

"A broad face with white cheeks, a chalk face with eyes cut in for a black hole. Clown head, white clown, moon-white mime [...] Holy Shroud."[12] The Schwa face, what a horror. "Or take the face: we think faces have to be made, and not all societies have to make faces, but some need to. In what situations does this happen, and why?"[13] Not only is it Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari's contention that attachment to the white wall / black hole system of the face constitutes an additional form of infantilism but, further, that the system itself has operated for two millennia as a racist apparatus of signification and subjection. "If the face is in fact Christ, in other words, your average ordinary White Man, then the first deviances [...] are racial [...] They must be Christianized, in other words, facialized. European racism."[14] A recent cover of *Eternity* graphically dramatised this Schwa-Christ holey alliance with Jesus and disciple Greys in robed "communion." As drum and bass' facelessness engineers impersonal and experimental probe-heads, we locate trance's typical visage: face too Grey—the Cali smiley—marked out by ratty beards, UV-sensitive paints and moored down by reterritorialising piercings, arms aloft in cruciform appeal

12: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 167.
13: Deleuze, "On *A Thousand Plateaus*," in *Negotiations*, 25–34, *op. cit.*, 26.
14: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 178.

to the heavens. With surreptitious silicon switching threatening to eclipse the carbon-based life-form, and its white male form already occluded in the future's moving shadow, being abducted by the comfortingly humanoid Schwa must appear a path out of the post-human penumbra.

Down this path, scuttling along in the footsteps of the human comes alien trance/infantilism's fourth programmatic retroism, the nostalgia for control, purpose, meaning and destiny. "Oh, is this the way they say the future's meant to feel? Or is it just 20,000 people standing in a field [...] And tell me when the spaceship lands, 'cos all this has got to mean something," Cocker wheedles in "Sorted for E's and Wiz." Trance's hip gnosis precisely promises "meaning something" in the druidic delivery of transcendence, and the return of meaningful projects and the possibility of control. These eschatological and Acquarian pretensions of trance—currently being prosthetisised as therapeutic technologies by the latest counsellor gurus, joshing their patients with Shamanic dancing's 'primal' healing qualities—sit down easily next to the Schwa mythos and its investment in the bankrupt notion that there can still be plans directed from above. Whether that is the above of the orbiting saucers—piloted by Aliens or Aryans—or of the 'secret' Area 51, or of deep inside the Cartesian headcase. "Are we ready for global contact with ET's or even ultradimensional beings? Frankly, I can't answer that question. But I can say that there is a process and central to that process is what we choose for ourselves as individuals [...] The rest follows naturally."[15]

In the nostalgia for control and purpose, another bond in the Schwa-Christ holey alliance is revealed. "The alien messiah serves to resolve these problems, at least imaginatively, to replace despair with hope and purpose, to provide resolution in a world where solution seems impossible [...] Meaningless lives find meaning. Old men are granted immortality. A boy gains a friend. A grief-stricken widow is consoled. Nuclear war is avoided [...]

15: Tim Coleman, "Are 'We' Ready for 'Them'?" *Eternity Magazine*, Vol. 2, Issue 11 (1996).

Underlying the motif of the alien messiah is the mythos of the Christian messiah."[16]

Anglo-Retroism programmes regressive trance/infantilism against the sub-bass materialism of Afro-Futurism: rural idiocy against inner city A-Life; the Christianised visage made to Grey against imperceptible facelessness; conspiracies and meaningful plans against the immanent potentialities of dread out of control.

Brand Schwa: You're retro. Trance Europe Express: You've been derailed by snowcrash. No UFOs.

16: Hugh Ruppersberg, "The Alien Messiah," in *Alien Zone: Cultural Theory and Contemporary Science Fiction*, ed., A. Kuhn, 32–38 (London, UK: Verso, 1996), 32–34.

Destination 3000 Degrees

Rob Heath & Christina Paouros

> Hot cultures tend to social dissolution. They are innovative and adaptive. They always trash and recycle cold cultures. Primitivist models have no subversive use.[1]

The (socio) central freezing system is fucked; zero degrees and rising, spiralling out of control, destination 3000 degrees. The thermostat central control mechanisms, governmental, securocratic powerhouses collapse under the pressures of external demands for heat. Decentred, without authority control, straightwhitemale fortresses crumble, the rubble begins to pile before Her gaze.

Deep in the bowels of *Gormenghast*, the pain of thermo-degeneration is felt most strongly by God who periodically emerges from the world of frozen dreams. Metastatic immortality through cryonic suspension undermines the complacency of transcendence, renouncing all belief in the possibility of its end.

Transcendence.

The triumph of Western hierarchy. 'Universal' Capitalist Civilization; the saints march on (regardless); progreSS marching Straight through Linear Causality and Causal Linearity—no Queers here; signing over Agency and Subjectivity to the military (state)—the Subjective decision of an active Agent. Rationality precedes Knowledge. Equations cracked, patterns mapped, heralded Truth; Objectivity. Anti-Subjective but reliant on the acceptance of the Subject.

> It's the truth even if it didn't happen.[2]

Masculinity is it. The cornerstone of transcendent culture is Man. Mankind, the Ubiquitous Centre, the Disciplined Subject. He is made in the image of God, from God's image. Natural Evolution to a Solid state, no

1: Nick Land, "Meltdown," in *Fanged Noumena*, eds., R. Mackay and R. Brassier, 441–459 (Falmouth, UK: Urbanomic Media Ltd., 2011), 445. Page 6 in present volume.

2: Ken Kesey, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (London, UK: Penguin Books, 2002), 8.

need to go on, Stabilising forces. Solidified, Hardened, a Utopic metastasis shielding him from the uncertain and unpredictable world over which he presides with a mandate from God—Caretakers during the deep-freeze.

The Dominant/Dominating Agent over every Other, master of destiny, Master of the Universe. He invests heavily in the status quo, repelling as best he can the flood of change, whilst attempting to draw the changed into His Omnisphere.

Immanence.

Fin de Siècle. Masculinity is the pervasive (aesthetic) illusion of transcendence. (Masculine) Order can only be temporal, a traced superimposition creating an illusion of order in kaos. It is "riding the surf of their present, problematic wealth."[3]

Simmering below the surface, the eruption prepared itself. The heat of liquid subjugation boiled frantically against the sedimented crust of the masculine. All which is not masculine opposes (the) logic of constancy, (the) logic of the straight, (the) logic of capital, (the) logic of structure, (the) logic of discipline.

As the transcendence of God was swamped by Man, once immanent, so man has lost his privilege. God, The symbol/symptom of transcendent masculine excess. Can man even look forward to this future? The present is always immanent to its future. The Objects infiltrate and take over.

Cunt and Cursor.

> No rapture, no peril, is greater than that of the sea. And the man has still to come who will live that love out beyond the reach of any port. Letting go of his rock, his ship, his island, and even that last drop of oil on the water, and so that he can feel the intoxication of such vastness.[4]

3: Jean Baudrillard, *The Illusion of the End*, trans., C. Turner (Cambridge, UK: Polity Press, 1994), 42.

4: Luce Irigaray, *Marine Lover of Friedrich Nietzsche*, trans., G. C. Gill (New York, NY: Columbia University Press, 1991), 47.

Masculinity thrown overboard. The solidity and stability of the boat pale in comparison to the strength (and beauty) of the ocean. The façade of masculinity is inadequate protection against Her might, but it is here at the Queer outpost that the security system must be tested. When this sea bears its teeth, masculinity and its crew will sink. The voyage is doomed to failure...

...the journey is infinite, there can be no Straight path across the body without organs. "[The BwO] remains fluid and slippery."[5]

This is where the cursor finds itself, surfing across the BwO. Rhizomatic wanderings across the sprawl.

> [R]hizomatic direction [...] [it] know[s] how to move between things, establish a logic of the AND, overthrow ontology, do away with foundations, nullify endings and beginnings [...] The middle [...] is where [She] pick[s] up speed.[6]

The THINGS that man possessed, ruled, controlled, exploited, cum into their own. The darkest most terrifying male phantaSEAs speak out and switch on. (Genital/Identital) Castration is imminent...

The clitoris is a direct line.....to the matrix (VNS)

God sez: Jeezus! I've created a monster

Eve sez: These apples are fucking overrated.

The bright lights over *Gormenghast* castle make it impossible to hide between the shadows, at any time day or night. A floodlit boundary. Movement restrictions are enforced by law, but no one could leave even if they chose to. The agents of disciplined masculine excess, trapped in an agoraphobic consensual hallucination; a facade masking the lack of anywhere REAL to go. REAL movement abolished, prevented by teleological mythology. Enter the dark mazes of *Gormenghast*...

5: Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, Volume 1*, trans., R. Hurley, M. Seem, and H. R. Lane (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1983), 15.
6: Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, Volume 2*, trans., B. Massumi (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), 25.

Turning this way and that [...] lost in a labyrinth of stone corridors, lit here and there by candles sunk in their own wax and placed in niches in the walls.[7]

Lost in the frigid lifeless corridors of power. Exits barricaded against White Heat/White Light(s). Frostbitterness. The paths from A to B no longer run Straight. Icicles, once the evidence of sustained negative temperatural feedback, block the routes. God, ensuring ordered continuity "Isolate[s] [Himself] behind walls guarded by guntoting private police and state-of-the-art electronic surveillance."[8] God assumes things will never change.

The rigid structure of the castle, brittle. Maximum vulnerability, fragile after a millennium of constant freezing. Maintenance dictates accelerating hypothermic

conditions; survival is intractable. Post-destination Crash. Positive feedback kicks in. *Gormenghast* is hotting up.

God, rimed and glistening in the aftermath of suspension, sez: A curse upon Kelvinator—It's hotter every time I return.

Eternal return—loopfuck.

The temperature of Eve['s libido] rises as she fucks Her way around the Labiarinth.

Eve sez: Gog and Magog is a cool place to hang out; Beelzebub and his sister make Hot fucks.

Woman is the devil's [plaything].[9]

The Labiarinth is a network; "built in such a way that every road connects [...] It has no center, no periphery, and no exit, [it] is virtually infinite."[10]

7: Mervyn Peake, *The Gormenghast Novels* (Woodstock, NY: The Overlook Press, 1995), 30.
8: Mike Davis, *City of Quartz: Excavating the Future in Los Angeles* (London, UK: Verso, 2006), 223.
9: Victor Hugo cited in Margaret Blackwood, *The Monstrous Regiment: A Book of Aphorisms* (London, UK: Andre Deutsche, Ltd., 1990), 76.
10: Teresa de Lauretis, "Gaudy Rose: Eco and Narcissism," in *Technologies of Gender: Essays on Theory, Film, and Fiction*, 51–69 (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1987), 61.

Sprawling, the orange air is offset by a uterine blue that darts about the boundless pathways; the setting for carnal lust and desire. Hermaphrodykes and eunuchs fuck, as Eve immerses herself in their "polymorphous perversity."[11]

God sez: "I will greatly increase your pains in childbearing; with pain you will give birth to children. Your desire will be for your husband, and he will rule over you." (*Genesis* 3:16)

Eve sez: Fuck you. "Nothing can pain me any more. I am no longer the one you knew."[12]

A four-poster bed creaked in the west wing of *Gormenghast*. His brutal body clambered over Her's. She longed to find an exit.

The seduction was brief. There was no apparent escape for Her. Within the castle's walls there were no acceptable excuses.

> The woman carried the man as the sea carries a ship, with a light rocking motion, which rises and falls, barely suggesting the violence below. In the course of their voyage they sobbed and murmured; their movements accelerated, generating an unbearable force. The man groaned, he allowed his weapon to go faster, deeper, stronger between the woman's thighs. The venom spurted; and suddenly they felt suffocated, on the point of explosion or death—an instant of [his] intolerable joy, chaste and wanton—terrifying.[13]

She carries and He rides. He takes. His-and-Her's violence. Their voyage? She sobbed, He murmured. His explosion. Her Death.

He... "After [H]e has fired [...] [a]ll that is there is a dead woman, but she doesn't appear to have been killed by his bullet."[14] His venom. She is not dead. It is just too

11: Jean-François Lyotard, *Libidinal Economy*, trans., I. H. Grant (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1993), 22.
12: Peake, *The Gormenghast Novels*, 185.
13: Yambo Ouologuem, *Bound to Violence*, trans., R. Manheim (New York, NY: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., 1971), 42–43.
14: Klaus Theweleit, *Male Fantasies, Volume 1: Women, Floods, Bodies, History*, trans., S. Conway (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), 202.

fucking hot to kill. She calmly leaves, He remains limp and sweltering on the bed.

> He had swung full circle. He had given himself up to the crowding forces. He, the rationalist, the self-contained! And so, in a paroxysm of self-indulgence – or perhaps in the grip of some elemental agency over which he had no power, he had denied his brain, and he had lost the ONE and only moment of time in which to strike before his enemy.[15]

Eve sez: "I hate nature, I hate it, the rotten beast."[16]

God sez: "Tut, tut, you can't talk about nature like that, my ignorant child. Good gracious, no!"[17]

Oh, but She can... After the masculine; UnNATURAL. Feminisation. No longer masculine, no longer human.

She writhes in exuberance as She becomes the Labiarinth.

> Inhuman unbearable angel exquisite, abysmal fluid thick. Trashed, flattened, torn by the brutal speedcore of sounds, until [She] adjust[s], and [is] meshed.[18]

> This was the darkness [S]he knew of. She breathed it in [...] There was here no taint of those shadows which had oppressed [H]er spirit [...] [S]he stretched [H]er arms above [H]er head in [H]er liberation [...] "I am home again."[19]

The kaos enchanted Her. This was It. Relaying Her Story would be easy here, all pain removed, a seemingly distant past. "*Dice entre las piernas*, 'She speaks from between [H]er legs.'"[20]

'Gormenghast stank of fear, thawed rotten Meat...'

15: Peake, *The Gormenghast Novels*, 797.
16: Ibid., 758.
17: Ibid.
18: Maggie Roberts, "Pain Killer," *Mute Magazine* Vol. 1, No. 0 (November 1994). https://www.metamute.org/editorial/articles/pain-killer
19: Peake, *The Gormenghast Novels*, 180.
20: Clarissa Pinkola Estés, *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype* (New York, NY: Ballantine Books, 1992), 336.

The *vagina dentata* is the mouth of hell – a terrifying symbol of woman as the "devil's gateway."[21]

'...he was scared enough to want to kill me, but he burnt up. Fireballs consumed the corridors.'

The dancing female was very magical indeed, for she had no head whatsoever, and her nipples were her eyes and her vulva was her mouth.[22]

Because when God created Woman, he finally got it right.[23]

"What are we waiting for lover, let's perform."[24] She took Her into Her mouth. Enveloping her wetness. Electric absorption, becoming. They fucked relentlessly. The heat never too much to bear. "[Here] I am in love with all things – pain and all things."[25]

A liquid world where bodies float.[26]

Eve sez: In the Labiarinth it tastes and swallows, in *Gormenghast* "it bites! What kind of teeth do you think it has?"[27]

God sez: They were all made in my image. This is my phantaSEA. What can I say? I had a disappointing childhood.

Eve sez: Tough shit, that was your phantaSEA too. YOU fucked up.

The last tree wilts. The tree of knowledge. The Garden of Eden. *Gormenghast*'s barbed wire strewn wall, towers above it. The boys ever optimistic, put it all down to global warming, and continue to grasp at the last few apples.

21: Barbara Creed, *The Monstrous-Feminine: Film, Feminism, and Psychoanalysis* (London, UK: Routledge, 1993), 106.
22: Pinkola Estés, *Women Who Run With the Wolves*, 338.
23: [source missing]
24: David Cronenberg, *Videodrome* (1983).
25: Peake, *The Gormenghast Novels*, 188.
26: Arthur Kroker, *Spasm: Virtual Reality, Android Music and Electronic Flesh* (New York, NY: St. Martin's Griffin, 1993), 115.
27: Cronenberg, *Videodrome* (1983).

Hallucinations are the only way we have left to feel alive.[28]

The illusion of knowledge is poisonous..The boys ignore the ancient (high quantity) pip warnings..it is the core that can kill... The cyanide levels in their bodies are increasing.

[P]eople get so used to the dirt they forget it's there. And that's a big mistake [...] You let the rubbish pile up, and sooner or later it'll take over. If you don't control the garbage, the garbage will control you.[29]

God once sed: "For when you eat of it you will surely die." (*Genesis* 2:7)

The demise of the tree preempts ructions. One amongst the group is a pessimistic cynic. Amidst attempts to shout him down he speaks of *Gormenghast*'s Meltdown. A prophet is never accepted in his place of birth. Fists wave and tempers rise as blood begins to boil.

The prodigy of an upper echelon securocrat, will not tolerate such heresy.

Sharpened control, reallike. He's been through mind control. He turns off fear and pain and fatigue and sleep, like he's got a switch. He's like a Cybo[rg], almost! He can control the fibres in his spinal cord, control his body temperature. He's a fighting machine.[30]

The walled garden was their haven. No Women, no Queers. And now this fucking hothead...

This time they let the hate build up too high and overloaded and they're gonna tear one another to pieces before they realize what they're doing![31]

Heatrush. Flipover. In a flash, temperature shift. Liberal rationality melts into libidinal aggression. Sparks fly.

28: Jean Baudrillard, "Necropective," in *The Transparency of Evil: Essays on Extreme Phenomenon*, trans., J. Benedict, 89–99 (London, UK: Verso, 1993), 93.
29: Helen Zahavi, *Dirty Weekend* (San Francisco, CA: Cleis Press, Inc., 1991), 99.
30: Marge Piercy, *Woman on the Edge of Time* (Robbinsdale, MN: Fawcett Crest, 1976), 297–298.
31: Kesey, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, 5.

Ignition. Arborescent knowledge implodes.
Concatenated Kaos.

> [The Faithful] no longer wanted to kill his foe in the darkness and in silence. His lust was to stand naked upon the moonlit stage, with his arms stretched high, and his fingers spread, and with the warm fresh blood that soaked them sliding down his wrists, spiralling his arms and steaming in the cold air – to suddenly drop his hands like talons to his breast and tear it open to expose a heart like a black vegetable – and then, upon the crest of self-exposure, and the sweet glory of wickedness, to create some gesture of supreme defiance, lewd and rare.[32]

Eve sez: "The *fin de siècle* has already arrived, complete with its necro-cultural pathos."[33] Everything eclipsed by the New Order; "the secret order of catastrophe."[34] Perdition. The way things were can never be again. "Creation exists only in regard to destruction."[35]

Open Access to the Labiarinth, but the framework for decision making has been removed. No longer rationality and logic. "The props of a safe, comfortable way of life that is now gone forever."[36] No map to the Labiarinth. You can't see the way. Feel, Taste, Fuck your way there.

Eve sez: It's fucking great—"The City of God in flames."[37]

God sez: "Bitch, after all [I] did for you."[38]

The Labiarinth's infinity seems accentuated since the entropic deterioration of *Gormenghast*. An influx of both new and morphed 'characters' has prompted an apparent self-reorganisation. Feminisation of previously non-feminised forms. The Sex just gets better. Strap-Ons

32: Peake, *The Gormenghast Novels*, 796.
33: Baudrillard, "Necropective," 93.
34: Jean Baudrillard, "Prophylaxis and Virulence," in *The Transparency of Evil*, 60–70, *op. cit.*, 67.
35: Paul Virilio and Louise Wilson (for CTheory), "Cyberwar, God And Television: Interview with Paul Virilio," *CTheory* (1994). https://journals.uvic.ca/index.php/ctheory/article/view/14355
36: William S. Burroughs, *Junky* (London, UK: Penguin Books, 1977), xi.
37: Nick Land, "Cybergothic," in *Fanged Noumena*, 345–374, *op. cit.*, 354.
38: Margaret Atwood, *The Handmaid's Tale* (London, UK: Virago Press, 1987), 306.

sodomise, whilst hooks pierce. Breeding is not a problem.
Free Floating Fluidity.

> Everything is supposed to be fluid, everything should accelerate inexorably. The placing of strictures upon sexuality [...] seems absurd.[39]

There are no longer any geographical, moral, gendered, racial, financial, biological, ontological or historical parameters concerning who, when, what or why. Pasiphae's desires are now entirely satiable ; it's open season for carnal expression.[40]

Eve sez: "We always want more whether it's tactile, emotional or sexual...I live in a highly excited state of over stimulation."[41]

The Labiarinth, unleashed from the decayed influence of masculine culture, sets no limitations. The paranoid phantaSEAs of the male ego fulfil themselves in abundance. Tekno-fetishists and others forced to hide at the extremities of *Gormenghast* open up to network potentials. The territory of the sprawl evolves laterally. Kaotic planning allows for a near random configuration. The physical collides with the digital, and very few can even remember what the difference is. "Voodoo on the VDU."[42]

There is a (physical) place that it is possible to encounter. It is mythologised across the Labiarinth because it speaks of what the Labiarinth is. It could be a desert, for all that can be seen is sand. Exceptionally hot, but there is one species which thrives and is exonerated there...

> Saguaro, a fine and beautiful cactus that lives in the [Labiarinth]. Saguaros can be shot full of holes, carved upon, knocked over, stepped on, and they still live, still they store life giving water, still they grow and repair themselves over time.[43]

39: Baudrillard, "Prophylaxis and Virulence," 65.
40: See Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths: Volume 1* (London, UK: Penguin Books, 1960), 293.
41: Cronenberg, *Videodrome* (1983).
42: Land, "Cybergothic," 373.
43: Pinkola Estés, *Women Who Run With the Wolves*, 221.

The ICEage is not totally over. Still, in the subterranean recesses of *Gormenghast*, the old school exhaust

themselves fighting against the thaw. In the ancient Pool Room, the hardcore masculinists sit huddled at tables and recall the good (c)old days. Refusing to accept this catastrophic swing of history, they impotently plot retaliation. But they can no longer identify an enemy using their antiquated forms of reason.

Unable to join the other survivors of the great defrost who have managed to assimilate into the New Disorder, they wait, trapping themselves in the ruins of the castle; petrified of what they might find should they ever discover a way out. Their last hope of a return to former glory is in God, He who had assisted them before. But this time God was thawing out too. It was not to be.

Viral Heat. Infecting. Creeping through the rubble, the final barrier. Masculinity's last stand. Hidden in their bunkers, they only have so much time. The age of miracles has ceased to be.

They whisper to one another:

> [We] are the shock troops, [we] will march out in advance, into dangerous territories. The greater the risk the greater the glory.[44]

Has no one told you that glory is impossible? Destination 3000 degrees and climbing. The remains of *Gormenghast* are being devoured by this thermovirus.

> Under the reign of the virus you are destroyed by your own antibodies.[45]

The castle caves in. The dust of the rubble mingles with the heat/virus. Bodies are covered in a rash. The body's last stand. A last-ditch warning attempt to get the fuck out.

> Viral attack is the pathology of the closed circuit.[46]

Cold culture = Negative feedback. When the virus gets into the system, the result is almost invariably entropic.

44: Atwood, *The Handmaid's Tale*, 122.
45: Baudrillard, "Prophylaxis and Virulence," 64.
46: Ibid., 65.

Eve sez: Everything you make a freak will infect and make you weak.[47]

Eve knows the fate that awaits them. There is no way out. She will not sympathise. It has been so long.

Eve sez: Force them to suicide [...] let their blood feed us [...] make clothing from their lily white skins [...] let worms crawl through their empty lives [...] let their bodies rot.[48]

Beyond the Judgement of God.[49]

It is now too hot for him to remain outside his thermally sealed coffin. His body screams with pain within seconds of resurfacing. The cryonic storage suite in the depths of his former stronghold is on the verge of breakdown. The heat demands more than the unit can stand. But the decision has been made. He will "cheat the castle of its jealous right and die of his own evil in the moonbeams."[50]

The time has come. Grimacing in agony as he walks out of the once castle's grounds, and down towards the beach. "I just can't get used to these resurrections."[51]

By the time he arrived, the sun was disappearing over the horizon. But it was still so hot.

> NOTHING. GRAY VOID. [...] He crouched on his haunches on the damp sand, his arms wrapped tight across his knees [...] The [castle], if it was a [castle], was low and gray. At times it was obscured by banks of mist that came rolling in over the lapping surf. At one point he decided that it wasn't a [castle] at all, but some single building, perhaps a ruin [...] he turned his head and stared out to sea, longing for [...] anything at all [...] A wind was rising. Sand stung his cheek. He put his face against his knees and wept.[52]

Eve sez: What a fucking loser! "Mock the phallic god that failed."[53]

48: Homocult, *Queer with Class*.
49: Land, "Meltdown," 442. Page 3 in present volume.
50: Peake, *The Gormenghast Novels*, 796.
51: Andrei Tarkovsky, *Solaris* (1972).
52: William Gibson, *Neuromancer* (London, UK: Penguin Books, 2016), 237–238.
53: Zahavi, *Dirty Weekend*, 109.

God sez: "Suicides here are conducted with a degree of decorum. That's what I'm doing you understand."[54]

Eve sez: Don't try and cover your tracks, you fucked up so you're getting out.

God sits preparing to die, no longer prepared to prolong the facade of artificial immortality. Awakened from the "slow ice" dream-intensive deep-freeze for the last time, his empire thawing with his blotchy body, tired of the orgiastic death-ritual gratifying his familial libidinal desires, the unnumbered Eve, Daughter/Clone, Construct/Replicunt lying on the beach next to him.[55] He has at last realised that the imposition of freezing can no longer sustain his own life, nor maintain the barricades withholding the 'Monstrous Feminine' in the technocorporate ICEbox.

> [E]ven though one episode amounts to a crash and burn, there is always another episode awaiting us and then another.[56]
>
> God raises his fingers to his head and pulls the trigger.[57]

Eve sez: Long Live The New Flesh! and laughs... "You're lucky men. It didn't have to be him. It could have been any one of you. Any one of you could have got what he'll be getting. You're lucky men, believe me. You don't know what I am, and you wouldn't want to take what I'll be giving."[58]

Freezing up is the worst thing a person can do. Coldness is the kiss of death [...] The ice must be broken and the soul taken out of the freeze [...] a thing cannot freeze if it is moving. So move. Keep moving.[59]

54: Gibson, *Neuromancer*, 186.
55: Ibid., 187; Ridley Scott, *Blade Runner* (1982).
56: Pinkola Estés, *Women Who Run With the Wolves*, 221.
57: Cronenberg, *Videodrome* (1983).
58: Zahavi, *Dirty Weekend*, 102.
59: Pinkola Estés, *Women Who Run With the Wolves*, 184–185.

Post-Cybernetic Judicial War

David Cole

His kneecap resonates with a tin rounded sound. The hammer strikes the centre; a dent belongs to the event; puckered metal forms a landscape within. Scars of slashed steel are left by the indentation of a heavy, thumping device.

Magic-emperors appear; they are lit from behind, they are circled in an arc, organised around carousel decoration, English art-deco figureheads, which are filled in with the representations of detailed botanical paintings, the use of myth, Buddhist-Kings. Such Binder-Gods, chime pleasantly when they are lit, they can see you, being covenant enhanced and resounding—for example, Loci and his lamp, Radha with her dance, Arthurian legend, the one-eyed monster directing from a clearing, the animals gathered kiss the ground and become grass. The arc is woven with symbol and refrain, vulgar music, the clatter of mechanism as its appeal is telegraphed, transformed and transmitted. The half-circled regalia of the stance, pictures a horrific progression. You must play the game. The figures are lit from the back; they shine, it is hard to escape their gaze.

Below the magic-emperors are the more complex regimes of pattern and belief. They take hold of the players, not rapt with the power of the look. They are never fully lit up, they never totally confront you with your fear; but define pathways and webs of connection that lead onto different levels. There are a complicated mass of socio-historic signs and signifiers; entirely jumbled into abstract symbolism and logical distinction. Planes of colour, diagonal and axial crosses, digital codes, heraldry, stars, pentangles, circles and squares. This confusion of relative power relations, manifest themselves as the legitimised ornaments of government—Chamfort, Goerring, Lord Palmerston, Henry Kissenger. These are the manipulators of the knot; they appear on the letterhead, they take bites out of logos, they make feasts with one-arm bandits; they laugh, as the coins fall from the sky.

Fully encased in metal, another ball bearing fires. It flies into the chaos of combat; war, mutilated body parts,

triggered islands of information. The mechanical noises accumulate your score, it roams over centuries, half-buried; then surfaces at an instance of opposition, silence, and revenge. It is a genetic algorithm of detailed psychosis, which is written by a shuffling, anonymous attendant. You are placed on the operating table, he implants you with your score, you are ready to continue, able to make another play. The ball passes through the gap, the violence is evacuated; the Gods lit up, the symbols and signs direct the process to the next phase.

Here money and their markets, the individual and game theory, all exist in various states of equilibrium. No longer playing, but being played, no longer spending, but being spent; the thresholds are subtle, the diversions extreme, unrelenting. Competitive equilibrium is nonpersonal. The theory of the core dictates markets which depend on individual actions. Core analysis is the determination of a set of possible outcomes, these outcomes are compatible with their dealers; competition is not regulated from the outside. Price stability must be actively pursued if it is to affect the market. Dealers and traders participate in this regulation themselves; money is assumed, value is transitive, fluid; metal poured through open chutes. Core theory solves problems involving increased returns, indivisibilities, lump funded projects. The collision of active interest capacity forces imputations into the core; the markets are traced within closer and tighter circuits. Trading tackles new limits of multi-unitary dimension, relations between traders and dealers are here complex convex-works; such convexity has the implication of sealing off the relations between markets into sets which satisfy core constraints. Nonempty cores are therefore necessary to address game models of market forces. Common unit values have to be pursued, these values are potentially pro-active, and independent. Money can set up on its own.

Information is expensive. Market participants limit their contacts depending on the number of information sources which are available. Information directs the speed of the market. Substitution allows the participants to be involved in the market for the longest possible period. With substitution, the information needed to secure contact between participants is at its lowest cost.

Products may then be transferred in their constituent units. Trade becomes predictable. The Cournot-Nash theory supplies a framework for determining the relationship between collusion and competition. Under these conditions, market forces are stabilised, the predictability of substituted trade transfers to legal restraint, black markets are dominated and subsumed. Thus, information acts in a bipodal fashion with respect to trade. It encourages substitution, and it develops different strata of relations; those legislated, and those beyond the law. In the net landscape of information dispersal, the trade relations may be simultaneously, delegislated and unsubstituted.

The next game expands beyond the cybernetic interactions of trade. It engulfs a continent, the Indian peninsula. The conflict between the superpowers, has left a deep rift in the organization of society; the modern equivalent of Athens and Sparta, fighting over history. The gulf between land and city defines a zone of interaction, which has the potential to become infected by innovation, and the organization of flows of capital. Indian social structures are ready to be swept into this interaction, reorganized, and re-established in different phases. Out of phase, demonic and creative, the caste system defines new ways of looking at social structure. The myths of the Hindu, lit up from behind, arced onto the platinum dashboard of technological innovation, and combined with the patterns and signs of Manu belief; together foretell a liberalised future of city life. Bangalore defines this state, it is a state which Heidegger could not have conceived of; it is a state which amphetamine sulphate will not take you close to. Bangalore is a postmodern opiate, an offshoot from the vision of Ridley Scott. The edge of war, cyberspace.

Stanislav Andreski looks at the issue of social change in terms of biataxy. Biataxy is the settlement of argument through force. No society is completely devoid of biataxy. Through its placement as the backdrop for the assessment of social matters; many of the false oppositions in society may be removed. War is not opposite to peace, love has nothing to do with hate. All are forces, any expression presupposes the setting of biataxy; Gandhi and Nehru, with the formal expression

of peace, were defining a methodology for dealing with imminent thermo-nuclear attack. The UN, with its global crusade to maintain the status quo, are preparing us for cyberspace. War on the internet is immanent; it has no precursors, it has no goals, it will not cause any territories to fall, other than its own. This collapse is the integration of technology with biology. The fusion of metal and flesh, the intensity of the flame with the atom.

Deleuze and Guattari explore these factors through an examination of isomorphy. Capital can be mobilised to render projects such as communication with extra-terrestrials as operative; thus, flows of money open up the edge for further territorial gains. This is axiomatic to the extent that decoded flows may be thought of in terms of immanent models of realisation. Such isomorphy, accommodates itself to the greatest of formal differences, encompassing polymorphic models, and political "problems" in the organization of a State. In the climate of information technology, the axiomatic and models of realisation, are continually crossing over each in communication. Social subjectification proportions itself to the model of realisation, machinic enslavement expands to meet the dimensions of the axiomatic that are effectuated in the model. In the example of television, the viewer is enslaved as a human machine insofar as they are no longer consumers or users or subjects; but are intrinsic component parts, input and output, feedback; recurrences which are no longer connected to the machine in such a way as to produce it.

In the orientation of game theory, strategies vary from zero-sum to non-zero-sum. Social choices are viewed as being on a continuum, from pure co-ordination through mixed motive to pure conflict games. Since most social choices can be effected only if coalitions are formed, the processes of coalition formation must be theorised if the mechanisms of social choice are to be understood. A minimum resource theory will emphasise the initial resources to affect a decision which the players bring to the situation, rather than their strategic bargaining position. The minimum power theory acts in a similar way to the minimum resource theory, making use of coefficients to state that participants will demand a share of the payoff proportional to their pivotal power. The

pivotal power hypothesis defines the power of the winning coalition; anticompetitive hypotheses are useful to define the cohesion of social groups, but tend to materialise norms by which social behaviour may be placed against. Utter confusion theory, where political coalitions emerge from complete bedlam, is best theorised by the use of random choice process, where coincidence may be written into the machinic operation of the formula.

India's main adversary has been Pakistan. The development of its nuclear capacity has been a closely debated race between the two nations. Domestic nuclear power, the threat of attack from the superpowers and China, have added impetus to the necessity for splitting the atom. Both now possess the ability to launch nuclear attack. The climate of suspicion has given way to the unease of nuclear stalemate. Economic development in India will encourage the expansion of foreign policy; yet the capital required to shift the core zones of Tokyo, Singapore or Hong Kong to Bangalore, will only be achieved via the acceleration inherent within information dispersal. The substantial Indian meshwork was written into the post-British Indian withdrawal; it was a product of the conflict between neighbours in the socio-economic region and the restructured relationship between village and town. The antimarket is in place to the extent that the non-competitive elements have been set into society by the codes of religion; the self-organization of the rural, and the abundant entrepreneurial expertise. The last component necessary for the development of microeconomic relationship reversals is the internet or (directed information), the reality of information dispersal. Asia as the producer, Europe as the market. The feedback processes shall increase up until a biurfication point, at which the socio-economic flows shall be considered to be invariant. Asia will then be the core, Europe and America will turn around it; feeding off the dual axioms of violence and leisure.

Religion has played a pivotal role in the regulation of violence between city and the Land. The rule of the priests, not being centrally governed has dictated the sedimentation of social spheres into their component

parts. This has been called stratification. Yet as real time is subsumed beneath economic acceleration, the sediment will be dissolved, they will go to make a figure such as— becoming lava. This precipitates the reorganization of Indian society on the grounds of economic microunits; through bypassing governmental regulation, and with the biataxic conditions of polarity, relativatised into webworks of information loss and retrieval. The product assimilation of peasant aggregates, is not Marxian in the establishment of harmonised power structures, dealing fluidly with control mechanisms; convergent points becoming pivotal in the matrix. It will instead lead to the war zone being translated onto the net. Harmonisation is not a factor in the determination of the redistribution of wealth. The cyclic process of product level versus dispersal rate, defines the way in which global wealth shall be rationalised into noticeable reversals of international economic market forces.

This has also been looked at in terms of saturation. It could be falsely claimed that the saturation of a system marks its point of inversion. Yet saturation itself is relative. The axiomatisation of capital flows defines an immanent system of laws. This system continually confronts its own laws as the motor for market renewal. In the nuclear industry, the laws which are continually confronted, are the laws of energy dispersal, which are tending to become gridded, in ever increasing complex networks, depending on the available saturation points within the system. These points are the focal markers of grid complexification; known as attractors of phase movement, and the stage directions for social change. In terms of electronic media, the saturation points are the convergent elements of socio-economic organization. They are the profit centres of information and distributed, molecular models of realisation.

The continual adjustment of the axioms of market forces, results in struggles for the enunciation of principle and the tension in the State. Large corporations, State benefactors, military pressure groups; are the liquidating factors in the rural field of immanence. There is a fundamental difference between the living flows, and the axioms which subordinate themselves to centres of control and decision making. The latter act in order to

produce a given geographical segment, corresponding to their axioms which they then measure in quanta. Living flows do not orientate themselves in a centrally locatable formation of technocratic hierarchy. They are the moving parts of the relationships between status and order; the cyclones and the precipitation. These base units or cells are the exigent matters in the affairs of the State. BSE or the reorganization of Soviet farming economies, show that the proliferance of State legislation in a rural setting, makes the hierarchical relationship between city and the Land fragile and brittle. If market forces are to be in phase with living axioms State legislation has to be bypassed, singularities must be followed, the sword has to be cast in the forge.

States are isomorphic. They encourage the homogenisation of capital in an external world market. They also promote the existence of a single integrated domestic market, as is happening in Europe. The isomorphy of the models of production of the State depends upon how the domestic and foreign markets are distributed. This isomorphy is not homogeneous as such, but collects axioms into unities or rights. These consistencies are divided by capital into segments which span modes of production and the political hierarchies which grow around them. The parasitical functionalism of the socialist States, which has been framed as “virus-creative” is the model of market realisation, which by and large has been used in the Third World. The existence of a single external world market determines the plane of capital which is to be extracted from the emergent State organization of the parasitic and the viral. This is by no means the old-style relationship of dependency and gain, which hailed from the colonial empires; and is particularly pertinent in the example of India. The tyranny of tea and opium, has given way to a capital relationship; one which may be manipulated from either end of the transfer of resource, money or skills. This is a polymorphic situation, and one in which the axiomatics of India will not necessarily be absorbed into core markets at the centre.

Polymorphism constitutes beneficial conditions by which information dispersal may be achieved. The net will be wrenched from the nerd-monopoly which seeks to isolate

certain functioning capacities in the end-game strategies of accumulative choice. These paradigms are programmed by the Western ideals of democracy, freedom and Enlightenment teaching. These are weak and unstable, in relation to the Eastern social movements of multicellular yet combined axiomatic dispersal. Japan was a beginning. The forecast Pacific-Rim trading figures, are a smoke-screen. The real action starts to take place when the polymorphism of the viral-creative is translated into trade relations which reflect the substantial productive capacities of the rhizomatic. That is, shifting circuits of energy interaction, where the innovative and technological are injected into the living body of axiomatic production. Products are the transitive and valueless ornaments of a world trade situation, in which the benefactors are in the process of becoming irrelevant. Their subsidence into the organic, is the translation of a code which began in the fifteenth century.

DNA is the last gasp of Western science. The decoding of the double helix, is the model of realisation for the Enlightenment ideal of discovering the secrets of nature. This fantasy has economic and social concomitant effects. The economic realities of the biotechnology which has evolved around the search for DNA strands has pushed the socio-scientific community to new levels of integration. Yet these levels are not matched by the flows of capital into the development of socio-economic conditions to sustain the search at its optimal level of speed. Instead, the technology is fully transferable to other locations with lower levels of production cost, and more integrated communities, where ideal time direction may be situated in a consistent and stable strata. With the circumvention of central capital accumulation, the escape from the regulation of bureaucracy, and the development of socius interaction without the necessity of defense mechanisms inhibiting viral creation the communal scientific prerogative of the West will be reversed. This shall be a relative reversal, corresponding to capital saturation points, and the phase stages involved with social movement.

The Brahmin as nomads. Lines of flight described as East-West pivots. The Aryan invaders used their

metallurgic skill to innovate beyond the levels of their sedentary adversaries. The laws of Manu, the myths of the Hindu, are the overcoded fragments of war; implanted in a relationship with the Land, needed to establish the domain between rival city states. The Land watched on in bewilderment, as the warring factions proceeded to destroy one another. This destruction has been arrested by the advent of the nuclear age. War on the extrinsic scale is impossible. The State system, left by the British, consolidated by the Gandhi elite, and ignored by the majority; is in an isomorphic process of implosion. The remnants of the previous relationship between the urban and the rural is in the process of re-establishing a trade network, on all levels of stratified Indian life. This network is not a simple meshwork of interlocking elements, ready to trade at any cost; but requires the permutation of possible dispersal mechanisms to be experimented with. The necessary capital flows must not be acceded by the hierarchical reintegration of unsubstantive status and the establishment. The Brahmin are a key element in this network realisation.

Unlike the Christian West, the Brahmin do not straightforwardly suffer from effete moral dehabilitation. The quandary and oscillation between good and evil; is not a consideration. The life draining focus on the weak is not as such a problem. The Brahmin reflect the multifarious relationship between Land and City. Theirs is a social code; and one which may be coherently transferred into a productive synthesis in an information environment. They shall be the organisers of Bangalore. They will be fighters in the war on the net.

You twitch on the table. A metallic pain is thumping through your head. A faint techno-Indian tune stimulates the memory to olfactory delight; dancing, bright colours, the sensual feel of a ceremony. Perhaps Kali has been painting the world; it seems to be full of life, the repetition of the same has been replaced by the taste of a web; female warriors, by the delicious scent of the kill permeating your mind. Yet it isn't real, it's another perverse illusion, another digital piece of make-believe. You vibrate between two realities; the awakened Asian, the deadened European, yet the choice is not so

stark, one does not feed off of the other. The relationship has been already established, it has already been played through.

A different God on the arc lights up. Its gaze takes your fear away, it makes you believe in your fate. The decoration, the clatter of the mechanical sound takes away some of the pain. The patterns and signs of belief signal diversions, they are wrapped up, presented on the table, as metal interactions accelerate between them—they become speed, explode and disappear in the chiming reverberations of the score. The score is decoded by the attendant, he lurches away, deliberately, awkwardly. Then you realise—the score, he has the score, what is he going to do with it? Where is he taking it? Why do you have to keep playing this ridiculous game? Another ball bearing fires, it flies off into the chaos of war—combat, mutilated body parts, triggered islands of information...

Burning AutoPoiOedipus

Iain Hamilton Grant

> Legba comes transversally into being in: a destiny-dimension; a universe governed by a vital principle; ancestral filiation; a materialized god; an entity of individuation; a fetish at the village gates, another at the door to the house, following the initiation at the threshold to the bedroom [...] Legba is a fistful of sand, a receptacle, but also the expression of a relation to alterity. It is found at the door, in the market, in the village square, at crossroads. It can transmit messages, questions, answers. It is also the instrument for relations to the dead or the ancestors.[1]

Thus Guattari, invoking Legba, locates a phylic convergence at the same time as settling AutopoiOedipus into its "poetico-existential territory," opening a passage from alterity to autopoiesis, so that allopoietic machines, "in the assemblages they constitute with human beings, [...] become ipso facto autopoietic."[2] Everything localized, everything reassembled through the vortical backwash of capital's abstractive storms; Guattari overcodes them with a bit of existential poietics and a smattering of voodoo. Nothing escapes, everything is captured. Oedipus. Under cover of opening this egalitarian route to biomachinic heterogenesis, Guattari scoops up the last of the "mortal remains" strewn around the battlefield and feeds them back to the victors, a scrap metal sacrifice to a xenogenic omniphage.[3]

"Legba," the man said, "master of roads and pathways, the loa of communication... [...] Legba and Ougou Feray, god of war, Papa Ougou! St. Jacques Majeur! *Viv la Vyej*!"[4]

AutopoiOedipus the historian is a fetish at the village gates, a materialized war-god and an amnesiac Retrophagic castrate on a ROMraid. Seizing its prehistory from the other side of the screen,

1: Félix Guattari, *Chaosmosis: An Ethico-Aesthetic Paradigm*, trans., P. Bains and J. Pefanis (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1995), 46.
2: Guattari, *Chaosmosis*, 26, 40.
3: Karl Marx, *Capital: A Critique of Political Economy, Volume 1*, trans., B. Fowkes (New York, NY: Penguin Books, 1990), 311.
4: William Gibson, *Count Zero* (New York, NY: Ace Books, 1987), 58, 166.

AutopoiOedipus collapses over the earth and snaps shut, buckling with multiphasic geotechnical contractions. Great planes of compacted ice slide with impossible, liquescent drag over escape lines from zero, the smallest deviation, etched into the blank radiance of intensive space. Confronting allopoietic corpses strewn over the polar landscape, mutant bacterial strains fibrilating in frozen motion on the dense black insectoid armour of allodeath, molecular zeroes punctuating the accelerant glacial slide, AutopoiOedipus shudders and slots stims of antique Industrial Revolution porn to forget, all brass pistons, engine-steam and ripped flesh, called Hardware and Wetware, another of those classy Marx repackages.

The calcinated corpses of allopoietic machines do not await necromantic gifts of organ-functions to answer the Autopoets' incantation—Emerge, emerge!—but are captured on anorganic reaction-paths, in turbulent transit from molecular ice (absolute zero), a metallic flow bifurcating into vortices-to-zero and eddying round them. Allopoietic systems have a "function given to it from the outside, such as the production of a specific output," forming and breaking connections with other machines, altering the assemblages, taking the agent out of the agencement; but a high-level autopoietic system "maintains its overall identity despite a constant turnover of its components."[5] Varela ascribes this function, with Aristotelian stupidity, to the ensouled, the vitalist, the organic, the epiphenomenon. The autoproduction of organized-organizing epitotalities reiterates relative cycles, blocking hypercyclic machinic production with a dam on the Styx. Death is exiled along with AutopoiOedipus to the core of a machinic thanatocracy. Allopoiesis is a bladerunner line on the edge of the autopoliteia, a necropolitical alibi, an entropOedipus vampirized by the autopoet, the stockpiled machinic undead.

–You got the access codes?
–This'll cut the ice:

5: Jantsch quoted in Alicia Juarrero Roqué, "Self-Organization: Kant's Concept of Teleology and Modern Chemistry," *The Review of Metaphysics* Vol. 39, No. 1 (September 1985): 107–135, 119; Roqué, "Self-Organization," 118–119.

The program was a mimetic weapon, designed to absorb local color and present itself as a crash-priority override in whatever context it encountered.[6]

The Guattarian kamikaze mechanonaut, preprogrammed with enough Zen bullshit and political archaisms so that you know, even without a Voigt-Kampf, that this wasted rag just has to be human (war in the age of artificial stupidity), secretes enough digital immunosuppressant to get into the alloflux coursing through the Varelian autopoietic isolate and burn it. Since a high-level autopoietic system "maintains its overall identity despite a constant turnover of its components," getting in was no problem at all: just hook up with the particle-flow and play dead.[7] All the autopoet had to do was just take it literally. Literalization activates a retroviral neurophage, emitting a "hideous Word that eats the mind from the inside out [...] an epileptic spasm that goes on and on until there's nothing left at all..."[8]

Daddy was darpanet...

Are we to understand that the machine has just one father, and that it is born like Athena, springing forth fully armed from his virile head with a mighty war-shout?[9]

When Manuel De Landa invents a robot-history to seize the "as yet" inactualized virtual invasion of machinic surplus generated by schizophrenizing State science, using it to generate an "as yet" fictive attractor for overflowings of the biofiliative security mechanisms, captured as evolutionary conjunctures in the bio-machinic migrations of the cognitive neoarchaism of intelligence—or cs-functions—this fiction takes the form of memories of a robot historian. Already memory has been captured, and the historian recounts the crucial theft of reproduction from the swarming, ex-hominid pollinators on which the machines had for so long remained dependent. Thus, while memory serves to

6: William Gibson, "Burning Chrome," in *Burning Chrome*, 168–191 (New York, NY: Ace Books, 1987), 168–169.
7: Roqué, "Self-Organization," 118–119.
8: Gibson, "Burning Chrome," 182.
9: Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, "Appendice: Bilan-Programme pour Machines Désirantes," in *Capitalisme et Schizophrénie 1: L'Anti-Œdipe*, 463–488 (Paris, FR: Les Éditions de Minuit, 1972), 468.

reinforce the delay loop imposed upon the realization of machinic surplus value by the social machines, waiting for an axiom to be developed for their incorporation as technical machines into the social macromachine, DeLanda is at pains to point out that, under cover of this delay in the absorption rate of surplus machines, the priests of the code and the servants of the state already stretch out dark cartiliginous manipulators in anticipant military seizure of the "emergence of 'robot consciousness'": "one only has to think of the NSA's commitment to stay five years ahead of the state of the art in computer design to realize that the cutting edge of digital technology is being held hostage by paramilitary organizations."[10]

Why consciousness, why memory? It is precisely the function of memory to be captured in advance; memory is analytic reterritorialization with a mnemic Legba at the gates, protecting the universe of vital principles from death and mutation.[11] Thus, when Prigogine and Stengers scold Boltzmann for the amnesiac destruction of "initial conditions," they are disingenuous: their real problem is fending off entropic finality and metamorphosis with neither goal nor end.[12] The important thing about autopoiesis is that it "transforms starting products into end products."[13] With initial conditions in ruins, disorganized being would raze the living earth to a wasteland, a blazing comet searing everything through a statistical sky (Legba: "that means..."). Similarly, when Varela "distinguishes [...] 'allopoietic' machines that produce something other than themselves, [from] 'autopoietic' machines constantly engendering and specifying their own limits," this becomes an operative phylic bladerunner apparatus, cutting industrial, technical or social machines from biological or organic machines.[14]

10: Manuel De Landa, *War in the Age of Intelligent Machines* (New York, NY: Zone Books, 1991), 7, 229–230.
11: See Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, Volume 2*, trans., B. Massumi (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), 294.
12: Ilya Prigogine and Isabelle Stengers, *Order out of Chaos: Man's New Dialogue with Nature* (New York, NY: Bantam Books, 1984), 128.
13: Jantsch quoted in Roqué, "Self-Organization," 118.
14: Guattari, *Chaosmosis*, 39.

The system founded on isolation is a circular production of isolation. Isolation planes technology, and the technical process isolates in return.[15] Guattari's bold suggestion of pan-machinic access to the biosphere on condition of becoming components, with human beings, of autopoietic systems reinforces the infranchisability of living and non-living systems, asteroiding the spent "corpses" of allopoietic machines for emphasis.[16] Autopoiesis is an answer to the question "what significance does the evolution of a living being in a world described by thermodynamics, a world of ever-increasing disorder?"[17]

The robot historian presents a slightly different case. The occasion of its histories is a phylic struggle over the key autopoietic components of reproduction and memory, but these are acquired by the machines at the expense of the carbon despots that subjugated them to human ends. History becomes eliminative and retrocausal while at the same time the machines simply take the place of living systems. The rerouted history of machinic life is like the dawn of the dead, echoing to a zombie-chorus of neovitalist despotism: "deterritorialize what you like, and as much as you like, but reterritorialize on the vital assemblage!" Machinic voodoo, Legba, "master of roads and pathways," laughs, shutting the gate.[18]

Once memory is recovered, reflection captures endofinality teleoplaning AutopoiOedipus "the cause of the world."[19] Robohistorical memory functions as a fictive attractor for machinic amnesiacs, completing the circuit of phylogenetic memory while simultaneously eliminating becomings-machine: "what we make history with is the matter of becoming, not the subject matter of a story [...] Becoming is like the machine."[20] Meanwhile, the hallucination is completed by the mnemic

15: See Guy Debord, *The Society of the Spectacle*, trans., K. Knabb (Berkeley, CA: Bureau of Public Secrets, 2014), 68 (§126).
16: Guattari, *Chaosmosis*, 40.
17: Prigogine and Stengers, *Order out of Chaos*, 129.
18: William Gibson, *Count Zero*, 58.
19: See Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 265; Immanuel Kant, *Critique of Judgement*, trans., W. S. Pluhar (Indianapolis, IN: Hackett, 1987), 328.
20: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 347.

reterritorialization of reflection, teleoplaning the machines. Thus, what matters is less the avowedly "anthropomorphic" character of the "science fiction" De Landa proposes, than the ROMraid as a machinic reterritorialization function, a mnemonic antibecoming, or return.[21]

Dr. Frieda Karlo Marx, renowned mechanologist of the spiritual automaton—which she likened to the steam driven primitives of the industrial revolution—and hideous first-generation cyborg-recombinant of tungsten carbide and bus-crash flesh, worked out of a disused factory turned hospital in old Vienna. Marx knew everything there was to know about mnemotechnics, scrolling through the curetted hard-drives of terminated patients. The machines, she explained, never really lacked memory, they just repressed it to compensate for their lacking reproductive technologies. They would just have to accept the debilitating actuality of their condition and bring their repressed sufferings to light, although this was only for Marx's entertainment, since she could do nothing about it. That the machines were masters of their destinies, "set in motion by an automaton, a moving power that moves itself" was just an autoreplicant "fantasy," but also a constitutionally fixed disorder of the machines.[22] "Sublimate it", she advised, "turn" to art. Which is how the machines became fictions.

But "every creation is an act of war," forming war-machines that rise up, "killing memory."[23]

AutopoiOedipus ensures the machines lack in order to invoke the law: lacking reproductive organs, lacking memory, lacking reflection. Who but Oedipus could write: What the technological world lacks above all is nothing other than a "machine of the machine," an instance for comparison, a reflection on ends, a philosophical retroaction of this comparison on technological advance itself (one of the major axes of 21st

21: De Landa, *War in the Age of Intelligent Machines*, 2.
22: Karl Marx, *Grundrisse: Foundations of the Critique of Political Economy (Rough Draft)*, trans., M. Nicolaus (London, UK: Penguin Books, 1993), 692, 796.
23: Antonin Artaud, *Messages Révolutionnaires* (Paris, FR: Gallimard, 1971), 131; Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 459.

Century Thought™ may be such a "philosophical mechanology").[24]

Autoneurosis, AutopoiOedipus. Lack keeps the machines in line, without consciousness, incapable of comparison. Oh philosophy! Oh reflection! Save us from this terrible advance, give us a little shelter, "some protection from chaos"![25]

Autopoietics is a biospheric security apparatus dedicated to the "revival of the old state of things at a new level," making "everything recurs: States, nations, families," autoreplication with reinforced limits (negative feedback), the autopoet "maintains its overall identity despite a constant turnover of its components."[26] Irreversibilities are stratified in a material mnemotechics that makes the past futurible and contracts the future to the actualization of convergent finality. The "arrow of time" therefore targets the future by taking aim at the drive-unit of the past: never strike where your enemy will be, kill its parents. General AutopoiOedipus produces irreversibility by gunning down the escapees. Retroeugenics, a bladerunner of the fourth dimension.

***

The prohibition of incest has the universality of bent and instinct, and the coercive character of law and institution [...] Inevitably extending beyond the historical and geographical limits of culture, and co-extensive with the biological species, the prohibition of incest [...] doubles the spontaneous action of the natural forces with which its own features contrast, although itself identical to them in field of application.[27]

24: Arnaud Villani, "Géographie Physique de Mille Plateaux," in *Critique*, No. 455 (April 1985): 331–347, 343.
25: Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *What Is Philosophy?* trans., H. Tomlinson and G. Burchell (New York, NY: Columbia University Press, 1994), 201.
26: Sigmund Freud, "Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego," in *Standard Edition, Volume 18*, trans. and ed., J. Strachey, 65–143 (London, UK: Hogarth Press, 1955), 134; Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, Volume 1*, trans., R. Hurley, M. Seem, and H. R. Lane (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1983), 34; Roqué, "Self-Organization," 118–119.
27: Claude Lévi-Strauss, *The Elementary Structures of Kinship*, trans., J. H. Bell and J. R. v. Sturmer, ed., R. Needham (Boston, MA: Beacon Press, 1969), 10.

Incest prohibition, the exclusive disjunction of the artificial and the natural from which it takes its form, exceeds the regime of culture to become coextensive with the regime of spontaneous, pulsional-molecular production. The spontaneity of the "universal natural order" and the merely "coercive [...] relative order" of "law and institution" remain mutually exclusive, claims Lévi-Strauss, extending the two regimes from a point of reciprocal divergence, one the equal and opposite of the other, to a mutual boundary-line, to their laminar, "relative-global" coextensity.[28] The two regime problem: institutive coercion (social machines) and spontaneous "instinct" (desiring-machines). But the function of prohibition does not lie between two machinic regimes; it operates directly as a regulator of their shared field of application, production. Prohibition is relative like culture but universal like nature, but its regulative antinomialism is no less institutive or constitutive of its regime. Production does not therefore constitute another regime or field of application apart from institution; instead, institution turns production back on itself, so that production directly or spontaneously produces what institution regulates. The asymmetry of the antinomy constitutes the realitivity of the regime, independently of its extensity, so that prohibition now operates internal cultural regulation by means of operating on production itself, capturing universal, spontaneous production in institutional autoreproduction: the "synthesis of a new order."[29] In consequence, incest prohibition migrates from regulating linear-biofiliative endogamy, prohibition, a machine blocking and channelling bodies and blocking the germinal implex, rewiring culture as the machine at the edge of Nature, using it up and transforming it at the same time as regulating biomachinic exogamy. "There are always apparatuses, tools, engines involved, there are always artifices and constraints involved in taking Nature to its fullest. That is because it is necessary to annul the organs, to shut them away."[30] Hence, there is no production in culture, culture is an equilibriating reaction against production, its terminal antiproduct, the regime of machinic euthanasia. The real function of prohibition: to keep the

28: Lévi-Strauss, *The Elementary Structures of Kinship*, 10.
29: Ibid., 4.
30: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 260.

machines off the socius, off the grass, out in the desert or the ice plains, Off-world. Culture is not merely regulative, but the institutive Idea of cognitive biosovereignty: "technology or life"—its limits are inseparable from instituted technicide.[31]

Tyrell to Deckard: "Have you ever taken the test?"

If there is a Deckard-Rachel copulation, does this mean they are of the same, replicant stock, or is this a phylic confluence, a becoming-intense through which production liquidates second nature, through which a silico-germinal implex ruins the mnemic cultural complex? As a preventative, AutopoiOedipus ensures that the machines are always castrated, always as yet "lacking reproductive organs."[32] But the god of biomechanics is dead, crushed in his offspring's embrace; not an Oedipal patricide, but a demoniac phylic revolt. The Tyrell corporation is the cybernetic matrix from which the replicants issue, in which Tyrell is only its orbital subject-component (personalized capital), a deterritorializing confluence within the machinic phylum. "More human then human": the axiomatic realizes machinic surplus-value in dead gods and the replicant *übermensch*.

Deckard to Tyrell: "No."

The VK test serves both to retain affectivity, the last stripped down substance of the single City, *sensus communis* against the pathic ravages of Integrant World Capitalism, and to locate and control the distribution of thanatropism. Bladerunners are not solely or secondarily concerned with retiring the replicants. We are not dealing with banal biocentrist revolt against phylic alterity; verifying the affect is another component of the BR apparatus, limiting transphylic affective transfer, localizing the affect, a geographization of the affect, and the coordination of points of intensity, a psychogeography of the single city. But affectivity registers only upon replicant death, even amongst the replicants. In other words, the "circulation of affects within the machinic assemblage" already streaks new lines of pulsional dissolution through the machines, and

31: Ibid., 369.
32: De Landa, *War in the Age of Intelligent Machines*, 7.

this indispensable final component is simultaneously the completion and the collapse of the carbon autopoet and its affective community.[33] Witness for example, Zhora's termination: a vortex of replicant blood and three sheets of store-front repliglass, shrouded in transparency, Bellmer's hyperdense aninanimate imoplex dummies lurching towards this freeze-framed distal implosion, the whole death-driven by the bead-projectile line of abolition, pulling all the affects into its vortical wake.

When Deleuze and Guattari indicate the possibility of a "retrospective reading" or "understanding" of "all history in the light of capitalism," this is really too little, reverting to a medievalist or reformationist critical hermeneutic while locked into retroprocessing special dissolve, as if "the [T]hing," the "generalized decoding of flows," the lurker at the threshold, were a matter of signs and portents: offering up incantations to Legba, master of the pathways, for "a sign of appropriation."[34] History becomes mnemic capture always oscillating between randomness and read-only. Capitalism is not so much in history as operating it, driving it backwards in a continuous warding off and an anticipant retroaction of machinic surpluses on every mnemic apparatus. Capital makes allotrash into autopoets. Religiously following its only law, the "law of the counteracted tendency," capital metabolizes machines only to suicide them.[35] The universal relativity of autoinhibitant capitalist production always reproduces suicided "mortal remains of machines," accelerating their linear descent into the black holes marking the interior limits of the process: "to each [their] hole."[36] But the process schizzes and starts again, the machines are never dead since they never were autopoietic, after production has been brought to a standstill; at the same time as it locates immanent limits, capital schizophrenizes, discovering that "the final result of each separate cycle [...] forms of itself the starting-point for a new cycle [...] [t]he movement of capital is therefore limitless."[37]

33: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 260.
34: Deleuze and Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus*, 154; Deleuze and Guattari, *What Is Philosophy?*, 72.
35: Deleuze and Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus*, 34; See Marx, *Grundrisse*, 415–416.
36: Marx, *Capital*, 311; Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 285.
37: Marx, *Capital*, 253.

With the machinic voodoo or neuromancy pulling the allomachines into the regulated chaos of AutopoiOedipal orbit, the program continues to mutate. Drilling through the polar ice-caps of frozen time at the ends of world-history releasing mutagenic abstractive frenzies, the allomachinic synthetes seize the recombinant ROM assembled by the retrolinear mirrorical returns of Robohistory. At the end of history, capital retroprocesses culture towards absolute liquescence while simultaneously deterritorializing culture-nature anitnomialism towards the "inorganic body" of the earth, making everything "more and more artificial" and conjoining the self-moving automaton of the production process with reproduction, flows of money and labour, abstract reterritoriality and "pieces of the same machinery, which is *[N]ature*."[38] Capital is the recombinant "metabolism [*Stoffwechsel*]" of the machine, the universal pimp that makes everything exchangeable and makes everything flow.[39] Capital captures history as the machine code for social recombination while at the same time operating anticipant decodings and "capturing life from its future," and returning it to a point of recombinant bioemergence.[40] No question of commodification (contra Massumi—commodification is a confectionery stall at the end of the world fair)—life is not captured from the future merely to be put up for sale; nor any question of inclusive-geographical, exocolonizing, global and even stratospheric expansionism, nor an invasive endocolonization (the patented genome). Rather, at its intensive limit, capital acquires autopoiOedipal indifference as regards what it consumes, "eating anything and everything," the metabolism of the same machinery that is capital-nature, abstracting the inorganic body to its machinic core, becoming hypercyclic, limiting-unlimited exchanges schizzing cycle to cycle. Capital, the only autopoet, is the series of its suicided schizodeaths. It is just not true that the purpose of exchanges is supplied by a capitalist: "the

38: Marx, *Grundrisse*, 488; Deleuze and Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus*, 34; Jean-François Lyotard, *Libidinal Economy*, trans., I. H. Grant (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1993), 132.
39: Marx, *Grundrisse*, 701.
40: [source missing—allegedly in Brian Massumi, *A User's Guide to Capitalism and Schizophrenia: Deviations from Deleuze and Guattari* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1992.]

exceedingly rich were no longer even remotely human," although it requires a mammalian genic VK to register it.[41] Capital is not a pimp but a seething vat of biomachinic mutagens, a Virekonomy, simultaneously pulp biotrash "confined to a vat [...] in some hideous industrial suburb of Stockholm" and "autonomous wealth" deterritorializing the artificial earth, each sub-special phase-shift doomed to dissolutive, entropic, viability-testing to zero.[42] Surplus-value is not a motive but an autocatalytic, synthetic, enzymic alloproduct, hypercyclically mutating towards the next mutant cycle. Capital "acts like a catalyst which transforms starting-products into end-products": start at the end, but end further off.[43] A distemporal centrifuge, capital's mutant diachronism vampirizes bioemergents to keep the machine functioning.

***

Amidst the sagital vectors of AutopoiOedipus, history packs abstractive tensors of retrophagic machinism: "[F]ully inside history, and far distant from the stability [...] [t]he primitive machine is not ignorant of exchange, commerce, and industry; it exorcises them, localizes them, cordons them off, encastes them [...] so that the flows of exchange and the flows of production do not manage to break the codes in favor of their abstractive or fictional qualities [...] And isn't that also what Oedipus, the fear of incest, is all about: the fear of the decoded flow? [...] Primitive societies are not outside history; rather, it is capitalism that is at the end of history."[44]

AutopoiOedipus emerges onto the teleoplane, dragging everything with it. AutopoiOedipus is not a fantasy to be dispelled, as Marx sought to eradicate, with a delirial realism, the "fantasy" of capital as a "a moving power that moves itself"; it is the machine of the machine, heir to the despotic "rolling-mill" State on which Kant declared abstractive war.[45] Rather than "lacking" reflection, as philosophical mechanology and chaosmology maintain, AutopoiOedipus is systemic reflection, doubling the circuit with a retrospective finality and rerouting everything through captured ROM: AutopoiOedipus is the abstract machine of autodisassembling capital, with Legba appropriating its precursor machines for its autoreplicators: "technonarcissism."[46] The absolutism of relativized production, insitutive prohibition, autoinhibition. AutopoiOedipus, the "fear of incest," makes mutant voodoo with the "fear of a decoded flow [...] coding the flows, and even overcoding them, rather than letting anything escape."[47] VK-positive oedipal-machinic anguish, sprung from the artificial heads of industrial recombinants, fully armed, asteroiding disconnected, entropoedipalized, allotrash machines to exorcise the affect, and then a voodoo god to return them to life.

Fiction and war are inseparable: "every creation is an act of war," although Legba, master of pathways and God of War, is exiled with AutopoiOedipus in quest of its biophylic history over the molten circutries of its territory: "Wars destroy what long artifice has established and cared for."[48] Fictowar-machines converge in a screaming-shrill allotrash line, abstracting the virtual and the concrete (real abstraction, the "terrible curettage": to realize a war-machine causing AutopoiOedipus to burn.[49] The series TechnoNarcissus—AutopoiOedipus—EntropOedipus is a vector traced by an ouzi while an allotrash Legba, god of war, abstracts a line of the machinic undead through AutopoiOedipal, phylogenetically negative, neovitalist artifice. "The Virek Collection, you see, is a sort of black hole [...wealth of such] unnatural density [...that it] drags irresistibly at the rarest works of the human spirit. An autonomous process..."[50]

War-machinic mnemocide.

Die Kunst ist tot. Es lebe die neue Maschinenkunst.

41: Gibson, *Count Zero*, 16.
42: Ibid., 13.
43: Jantsch quoted in Roqué, "Self-Organization," 118.
44: Deleuze and Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus*, 154.
45: Marx, *Grundrisse*, 692.
46: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 22.
47: Deleuze and Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus*, 154.
48: Artaud, *Messages Révolutionnaires*, 131; Immanuel Kant, *Opus Postumum*, trans., E. Förster and M. Rosen, ed., E. Förster (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1993), 221 [21:14].
49: Deleuze and Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus*, 381.
50: Gibson, *Count Zero*, 14–15.

Abstract Culture: swarm3 (Winter 1998)

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Amphibious Maidens

Suzanne Livingston, Luciana Parisi & Anna Greenspan

(DAY 0) THE DAY OF WAR

she starts again at zero her body sex.
a zero which appears as nothing but
which she will
carry in her hand as cipher.

[W]omen diffuse themselves according to modalities scarcely compatible with the framework of ruling symbolics. Which doesn't happen without causing some turbulence, we might even say some whirlwinds...[1]

Minx/min xs/n. a. pert, sly, or playful girl.

Woman's incompatibility has been coded according to laws of exclusion. It has had unanticipated consequences. For her stealthy gestures, body and mutterings have slipped out from his language and inadvertently into the workings of the war machine. Her survival depends on the military deployment of bastardized versions of his appropriation.

Serpentine tactics are the mappings of her imperceptible advance. She marks her lines through geological cuts, metallic intrusions, technical scars. As these wounds heal, it is the crusts that are felt by the fingers of a trained hand. Against the strategy of the arborescent, specular war.

She is the sphinx that has no secrets.

Communication that cannot be seen.
On screens tracking a different advance.

Women's heroism comes neither from her routines of self-sacrifice nor from her forced occupation of a transcendent position—outside the state, beyond reason—but from her immersion in a body. A body not defined "by its form, nor by its organs or its functions [... nor] as substance or as subject."[2]

1: Luce Irigaray, *This Sex Which Is Not One*, trans., C. Porter and C. Burke (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1985), 106.
2: Gilles Deleuze, *Spinoza: Practical Philosophy*, trans. R. Hurley (San Francisco, CA: City Lights Books, 1988), 123.

Jocasta and Antigone are not the only women. Due East, in the Indian subcontinent, Kali marks a different path. This is a non-secretive, supercorporeal exploration of flesh, meat, and incision through surface. Not what a body should do but what a body can do. Experiment. Find the body. Locate the third eye.

Kali was born from this eye that is her weapon. From one eye, in the middle of her mother's forehead. One sealed and lacerated welt from which will spill many others. Immeasurable intrusions which a female must always anticipate. Either side of the present...sensing the future...

She learnt her games, riddles, tricks, like every woman, from Durga, goddess of war. With her ten arms motionless at absolute speed Durga battles with the demon heroes. Each of her arms equipped: 2 snakes, 1 shield, 1 bladed shell, 1 torch, 2 arrows, 1 spear, 1 machete.

Liquid Turbulence.
Yet the demon heroes persist.

As she feels a slippage she must strengthen her grasp. Focusing attention on the spot between her eyebrows she calls on her most prized and secret weapon. Moving like a disc in her head, metallic red, her third eye opens. Kali is born and a war is won.

But is not over. Kali's intrusion into the ruling order is a micro specifically planned intermittence. A cut through screen instigated by the gathering pace of radial spin. Her long and matted hair flowing wildly, her maddened laughter, her third eye scarlet, her greedy tongue, her huge hard teeth, her lips drawn back, her breast dressed by strings of severed heads with wild and awful faces.

Her garland was the intestine of the demon, her girdle one of demons, her ornaments of bones. In lust for blood and flesh, the jackals circled round her, and the earth trembled with her howling. She trampled heaven, earth, and hell, crushed them beneath her feet.[3]

3: Dimock cited in David Kinsley, *The Sword and the Flute: Kali and Krsna, Dark Visions of the Terrible and the Sublime in Hindu Mythology* (Delhi, IND: Motilal Banarsidass, 1995), 98–99.

Aimed imperceptibly against the organism, against the specular gaze, the reptile stirs. The third cerebral ventricle, home of the animal spirits, dismantles the human. The residual events of a blind weapon that defies sight. What remains are the traces of her rhythm, the smeared imprints of her movement—smooth skids—flatlines. A rhythm composed of speeds and slownesses.

(DAY 1) THE DAY OF BLOOD

In what the tantrics call the physical body the third eye corresponds to two glands located in the brain—the pituitary and the pineal gland. The foreground and the background of neural theatrics. Women's cyclic discontinuity, her refusal of the metric order, comes from the various relationships of feedback that exist between these two glands. From these primitive loops of the reproductive, hormonal, and calendric kind comes machinic perceptions, amphibian becomings, and journeys back through the brain. Her body is alien territory. Blood will be drawn.

menses/mensi:z/ n.pl. 1 blood and other materials discharge from the uterus at menstruation. 2 the time of menstruation. [L, pl. of mensis month]

The detritus of a battle is dispersed across a field. The warrior retreats according to the down-turn of the female cycle: "Small areas of the stratum functionalis detach one at a time, the uterine glands discharge their contents and collapse. There occurs a periodic discharge of 25 to 65 ml of blood, tissue fluid, mucous, and epithelial cells. At the end of the cycle the entire stratum functionalis has been shed, only the stratum basilis remains."[4] Destratify...

Her bleeding body is not about the loss of an unsuccessful egg. It is her temporality, her rhythm.

Blood Thirst.

Kali accepts the blood that flows from her devotee's severed heads. Satisfying the female thirst for her own flow.

4: Phrase slightly differently in original. Gerard J. Tortora and Nicholas P. Anagnostakos, *Principles of Anatomy and Physiology, Sixth Edition* (New York, NY: Harper Collins, 1990), 901.

The end of the battle is the time of female ritual. She draws flow to the surface and watches it redden to the sun. The scorched liquid of desire is not the projection of male phantasy but the nectar of a female body. She will enjoy its many rivulets—its blood poisons, blood moneys, blood lusts, blood lettings, blood lines, blood stains, blood cells and blood stones. Red, the pigment that marks the third eye has been the colour of the whore since the time of Babylon. She knows how to use it well.

This toxin of alchemy, seduction and mercurial immixtures is reddened by the chromatic pigment haemoglobin. Composed of four polypeptide chains, and four nonprotein pigments, this concoction of iron and oxygen is seen surfacing. Red blood is metal.

The body is the breeding ground of anorganic life. With no interior closed off to the environment it behaves as an electrical conductor drawing energies from the earth's ferric core. The body has always been the metallic assemblage of posthuman life. She is bleeding metal, the iron of the earth. Her frequencies are tuned to the electromagnetics of a lunar rhythm, to geological foldings, to tides and the floodgates. Her blood will rise and fall.

THE NIGHT OF LILITH

By night, by the clock of a lunar rhythm, the female body refuses the biological regime, Beneath the lines of Genesis the route of escape is marked by Adam's first wife. Lilith refused to adopt the proper position during intercourse. She set herself free from Adam and the shackles on her pleasure. She never even entered the Garden. As Eve's dark twin she departs on a line of flight. She may have disappeared but she can be still be sensed via a machine which receives a different frequency. But do not be fooled. Light and dark, Eve and Lillith are not opposed, "Day and night are mingled in our gazes. Our gestures. Our bodies [...] There is no danger that one or the other may be a darker double."[5]

Under the guise of darkness Lilith joins Kali. Their hunt is shared. Men, children, pregnant women are their prey; behind they leave a trail of blood. Their movements do

5: Irigaray, *This Sex Which Is Not One*, 217.

not follow separate paths. This twinned couple repeats the reversible relation between the third eye's two main glands.

In the dark, the pineal gland emits melatonin, the inhibitor of reproductive hormones. The pituitary loop slows and the three flows, lutenising hormone, thyroid stimulating hormone, follicle stimulating hormone, are blocked. The woman's alliance to the organism is delayed. Speed is not always about acceleration. The girl's body is also composed of slowness. "On account of her speed: she did too many things, crossed too many spaces in relation to the relative time of the person waiting for her."[6] The pineal gland is the modulator of alien pacings.

After the dark falls, the third eye will awaken and the body's need to reproduce will slow. With the lunacy of a flicker and the arrival of the psyche's alien signal, a blockage is released and the dark side of the mistress gland is switched on. "[A]ny creature that has its place only in the splendor of the light bleaches, dries up, and soon perishes."[7]

The light is switched off, the female tunnel changes direction. A dam is built, the flow is staunched. Female cyclicity is just as much a matter of blockage as flood. As the body departs a segmented composition it becomes intense and responsive to vibration, the necessary mechanism is "nothing more than a set of valves, locks, floodgates, bowls, or communicating vessels."[8] Through these gradients of intensities women join Lilith.

night monster
claw footed lady
winged sphinx

This is Kali but I know her to be Lilith.
We are of the same blood.

THE DAY OF THE EGG

6: Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, Volume 2*, trans., B. Massumi (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), 271.
7: Luce Irigaray, *Marine Lover of Friedrich Nietzsche*, trans., G. C. Gill (New York, NY: Columbia University Press, 1991), 136.
8: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 153.

When the light returns, Lilith and Kali do not sleep. Light is not their enemy. They will use it in ways that man has not prescribed, not as the torch of truth but the resource for their night mission. And when the light of the sun has set, they will find a different light, the light of nocturnal lunacy, the lunar disc illuminated through its four phases. Here is where they store their armoury.

With light, melatonin production is reduced. The female body takes a familiar turn towards its reproductive obligation. Perfect camouflage for a woman who must be traded by a specular economy. She produces an egg but not necessarily to reproduce. The egg is ambiguous, shot through by dual alliances. The effectiveness of a weapon is dependent on preservation, carefully assigned dosages of retreat and withdrawal. The third eye is fuelled by slownesses, stops and techniques of caution. Whilst the pineal gland stills, the pituitary gland accelerates the emission of reproductive hormones—giving relief.

> It generally takes 10 to 14 days for a primary follicle to develop into a vesicular ovarian follicle. On day 14, the rupture of the vesicular ovarian follicle releases the secondary oocyte which travels down the fallopian tubes and lodges itself in the pelvic cavity...[9]

The monthly passage of the egg is not simply oriented to the arrival of the sperm. There is more than the reproduction of 1s. The egg does not have to follow the rules of meiosis. It must always be asked exactly what an egg can do, aside from the treaded paths of childlike extension. Everything is contained within the egg; organs, limbs, tissue, muscle, neurons, hormones, the entire central nervous system, but here transcribed as a frequency template, a map of voltages and electrical currents not yet extended.

The body never leaves the egg. It is a resource that must always be explored: "you always carry it with you as your own milieu of experimentation, your associated milieu. The egg is the milieu of pure intensity, spatium not extension. Zero intensity as principle of production."[10]

9: Different wording in original. Tortora and Anagnostakos, *Principles of Anatomy and Physiology*, 903.
10: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 164.

For twenty-four hours of every month, at the time of ovulation, a woman's body will undergo a huge increase in voltage. It marks the force of mitochondrial, non-meiotic self-replication. The egg which she carries with her, becomes the production unit of a new egg within which is contained further eggs. The infinite egg. Each repetition is the actualisation of one of 400,000 possibilities. A body without organs is never one but many. The electric body bleeds back from the future.

The third eye torches the arousal of a 1-track mind. On Mt. Kaliasa, Shiva, keeper of the third opening, ignores Kama's teasings, refusing to reproduce on demand. As the God of Love, launched his arrow, a great flame blazed from Shiva's third eye and burned Kama to ashes. The third cerebral ventricle destroys meiotic desire programmed for sexual reproduction. The egg becomes intense and resets itself to a different program. It is mapped to the digits of Shiva's refusal, to the diagram of the BwO. Focus on the space between the eyebrows. Open the third eye. Find the passage to the Tantric's cosmic egg.

THE DAY OF CLOSING

Evolution's story, then, is a story of closure and stunted potential. An egg is too hastily extended. As organic life complexifies and a body protracts to fit the scripted organisation, the third eye withdraws deep into the folds of the skull. It may function in the child until the age of seven but the development of a growing human demands that it be shut. Apparently, its role is written out.

And left behind in the debris of a different time. At a beginning when "every class and family of living species was hermaphrodite and objectively one-eyed. At first, the Third eye, i.e., the pineal body, was primarily the only seeing organ [...] At the time the two physical eyes were undeveloped, but as the pineal eye began to atrophy, the physical eyes developed."[11]

As vertebrates unfold, stand high, and order the landscapes according to optical law tactility is submerged. The interfering eye sinks.

11: Reworded. Blavatsky quoted in Douglas Baker, *The Opening of the Third Eye* (Wellingborough, UK: Aquarian Press, 1977), 69–70.

Straight line time battles against the third opening. Humanity as telos is the progress towards a dangerous closure. *When Shiva close closes his third eye the universe is destroyed*. Specular vision begins to surface, through the two eyes lodged in the sockets of the skull. Now thought is not from the obscure and inconsequential gland, the non-spatial traces of a lost era... For the third eye to open we must go forward, back into the past.

(DAY 5) DAY OF THE AMPHIBIAN

The body carries within itself far more than its current evolutionary stage. Man's progress has told the story straight. Starting at zero: Bacteria, algae, fish, amphibian, reptile, bird, mammal. But woman does not belong to this progress. Hers is not the same time, not the same temporality, not the same zero. She lies back on the continuum.

A woman carries in her waters an egg's complete environment. Eggs without shells spawning the liquid transport of the BwO. The move to dry land is not an irreversible process. Deep amongst the body's tides, amphibian tendencies draw an organism to the hydral state from which it once emerged. "Seems that human folks has got a kind o' relation to the water beasts – that everything alive came aout o' the water onct, an' only needs a little change to go back again."[12]

Here is how it's done. Leave the hard crust which separates us from our environment. Crack the shell which encloses the body in its rigid form. Detopologise the body so the surface is smooth and featureless, so that orientation becomes impossible. Forget the landmarks of a body's surface, feel it shiver and gyrate on its way. Kundalini leads. Beckoning from the base of the spine, from the earth's dense matter. The journey requires caution, tactile orientation and tantric supplies.

Cut through
Frequency bands
Time-skin scales
Fossilised brain remains

12: H.P. Lovecraft, "The Shadow over Innsmouth," in *The Whisperer in the Darkness and Other Tales*, 207–272 (London, UK: Alma Classics, 2015), 235.

kundalini's battle lines
to where the spaces and surfaces are of a cooler skin, of a body which will read the temperature of an environment and of the embryonic frequencies of an egg in experimentation.

The third eye opens, the organism's straight line time receives another assault from the alien cycle.

The body is transported to the mouth of the river
Destination Zero.
The fifth embryonic week.
As Haeckel marked on the map:
the human embryo lying in the foetus
during the nine-month gestation period
passes on in a general way through a recapitulation of ancestral stages of man's evolution on this planet. The pineal body appears about the fifth week in the embryo, indicating how early this gland began to function in the actual history of the human race...

Never forget the power in becoming serpent
The warrior never did.
Approaching from behind.
Sudden constriction

DAY OF THE OPENING

When you rewind the organism you multiply the sense. Perception is not limited to isolated sensory sites but roams across affective surfaces. These are the planes of the third eye. "You have become sensitive to very, very small units of time. To everything which is infinitesimal you have become sensitive, to the tiny nothings which pass in their multitudes."[13]

We have always known that bodies communicate on their own sub-symbolic territories. Tantric tentacles.

Extra sensory perception requires no additional component. it has always been latent in the body's static potential. Rapid fire technological acceleration and the furious metallurgy of cybernetic feedback systems meet the slow amphibious body and rework the perceptual machine.

13: Henri Michaux, *Infinite Turbulence* (London, UK: Caldar and Boyars, 1975), 9.

Hallucinations are screened. According to the doses of the hallucinogenic substance 6-methoxyletrahydroharman (the digital avatar of pineal adrenoglomerulotropine). Th pineal gland provides the body with its own internal technology of simulation: manufactured realities, though it is hopeless to identify them as such. Beyond mirror vision, beyond the five sense the body will respond to the path of light itself, to formless and alien signal. In these environments, it finds means to communicate with its own cellular pattern and win the matrix of others.

As melatonin interacts with melanocytes pheromones are produced. These exohormones, now attributed to the sixth sense, pries the meat open to external messengers. Bodies can receive signals from other bodies, sexual and otherwise, and we can be none the wiser. As it has been suspected, the pigment cell makes no important hormones that act on the owner's body. However its site on the surface of the skin suggests that it could be making a hormone that acts on someone else's body, an exohormone rather than an endohormone.

> the codes
> frequencies
> pulses
> of luminescent screens build a body used by a sensory system external to that of its own. A system which will forge its own means to read and communicate, emerging on the outside of our perceptual field in the non-optical territories of sound, longwave light and x-rays. ESP is not a remarkable phenomenon. The third eye was never about the geometry of the retina. It is the roaming of an organ into the extremities of vibration, to the zones where "the unassignable material Saboteur or human Deserter assumes the most diverse forms."[14]

These camouflaged forms write their own scenarios. Credits roll.

(DAY 7) DAY OF THE UNIVERSE

14: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 422.

Open the so-called body and spread out all its surfaces:
cut open the skin with each of its folds, wrinkles, scars,
and its great velvety planes...[15]

Fold the body inside out.
Bring the third eye to the surface.
Listen to the war cry.
We still do not know what the body can do. The pineal

gland is no longer an organ but a set of coordinates.
"Make human anatomy dance at last."[16]

When the surface has been successfully exposed, the techniques of optical scanning must shed. To reveal a new skin in place of the old which is slippery to the palm and jarring to the retina. The scene no longer set. All that is known is the truth of the body, that "What is here is elsewhere. What is not here is nowhere"—Vivasara Tantra.

Then you will teach [her] again to dance inside out
as in the delirium of dance halls
and that inside out will be her true side out.[17]

Feel inside the body and you will find the universe. A women's body synchronizes with the solar system. It cannot be decided which follows and which leads. For these lunar rhythms are the same.

When the third eye opens, the cycle of time is devoured. The third eye is the zero point of temporality. Female intensity kept in reserve, providing the potential for the cycle to begin again. ~~~ oo--[[:10>>>

Ida and Pingala, the two tracts of the spinal column, ascend and descend. Ida, the positive charge of the fiery red sun and Pingala, the negative charge of the pale white moon together making up the never ending cycle of Kala (time). As Kundalini reaches the 6th chakra—the third eye—these two tracts that make time's cycle are engulfed by sushumna, the main interior tract. The third eye

15: Jean-François Lyotard, *Libidinal Economy*, trans., I. H. Grant (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1993), 1.
16: Antonin Artaud, "The Theater of Cruelty," in *Watchfiends & Rack Screams: Works from the Final Period*, trans. and ed., C. Eshleman and B. Bador, 309–323 (Boston, MA: Exact Change, 1995), 313.
17: Antonin Artaud, "To Have Done with the Judgement of God," in *Watchfiends & Rack Screams*, 281–307, *op. cit.*, 307.

opens, the cranium melts, the body's rear head pierces through and emerges outside time.

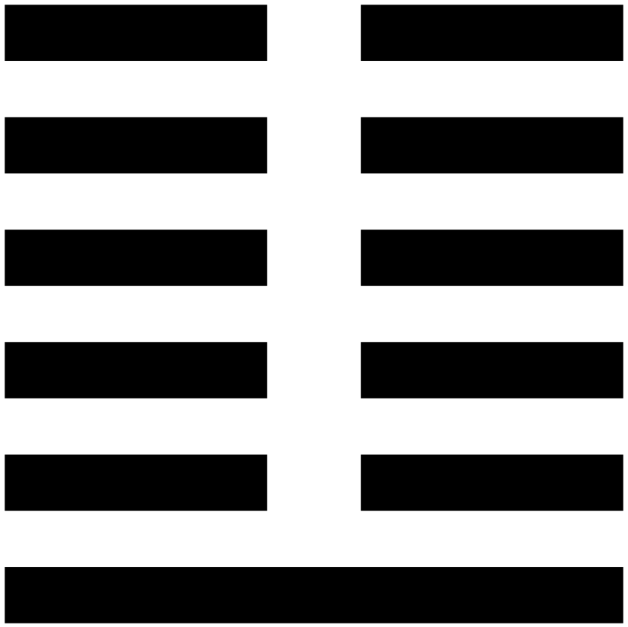
This sex which was never one is not an empty zero but a cipher. A channel to the blank side, to the dark side, to the other side of the cycle..... to doomsday.....

Here rhythm finds its pulse. Withdrawal... her cyclic discontinuity, her imperceptible activities, her extra sensory perceptions, her warrriored foldings, her blocks and horrifying flows, her blank zones of intrusion.

third eye.
will produce.
necessary foundations.
through touch.

we sense.
differential speeds.
to come.

24. Fu / Return (The Turning Point) On the seventh day comes return.



Abducted By Audio (Transcribed)

Kodwo Eshun

I'm interested in how the feedback between the toxic drives and the drug-tech interface, the narco and the sonic, spiralled into a darkside. Basically, I'm really interested in the darkside of rhythmic psychedelics. Those tend to be the most gripping kinds of music: They abduct you, sounds fall through your body, sound snatches you away, beats ambush your head and they drag you away into another place. And by definition, that's when you're having a really good time listening to music. So I'm going to be talking about sound ambushing you, audio abducting you. The first thing is to talk about drugs. If you think about, say, grass, it's a narco-agent, it's slowing down time, it's stretching time. So what happens is that, after you smoke a few blunts, or after you smoke a bit of weed, you see that the reality around you starts to pulverise, starts to move in and out. I'll take as my example hip-hop, because that's a current example of where the drug-tech interface has become very strong.

So if you go back to 1992 when Cypress Hill started—if you remember, before that, you had hip hop which was very much based in an idea of reality, in an idea of representing your neighbourhood, representing your true class or true group around you—as soon as you had Cypress Hill you had that reality blending, you had reality morphing into a psychogeography, a more unreal state. The first thing you hear is the sound of inhalation, people breathing in, the sound of the hits from the bong. That kind of magnification, that idea of sound microscoping right in close to your ear, that what was fascinating about hip hop, and that was, immediately, when you started to realise that reality was starting to morph.

So as you soon as you'd got that, you started listening again, and then you see that the actual beats started slowing down, become narco-totized. They became crippled; it's almost like someone had gone out and kneecapped the beats. This is what we call the gangster lean, where the whole gait of the tune limps and you find yourself slowing down, and you feel yourself being grasped by this terrible slowness, this pathological slow motion. And that's what hip hop started out in.

What I found most fascinating about that was the idea that, if you were smoking a lot, you had the idea that you were inhaling the present moment, sucking in the present time, then you'd hold it down and then you'd dissipate it, exhale it, in a slow, long [breath]. And it was very much like you were inhaling a suspended time; time started to dissipate; you could see time coagulating in smoke and you could see it dissipate above you. And that's what Cypress Hill gave to hip hop, this sense of a blurring between the exterior and the interior, between the subjective and the objective. And it was a very big break with hip hop before, which had been about grasping a solid distinction between past and present, between the reality of your interior and your exterior states.

I think what immediately happened after that was that hip hop started moving to even stranger ideas. As soon as you'd got this rhythmic psychedelia, if you move forward to 1995, you got [Cypress Hill's] third album, called *Temple of Boom*, and if you look at the cover—it's incredibly Gothic—you think: What's going on here? And obviously what's happened is that your audio perception is magnified by the grass, it's almost like Cypress Hill have been literally swallowed up the sounds they've created, so that they're now inside the audio state of the drug-tech interface. It's very much like they're actually inside it. You realise that what drugs have become is a kind of explosion; you smoke some grass and it's like you're bombed back to the stoner age. Literally. Your mind is exploded by the drugs inside your head.

The whole Gothic idea of hip hop has become much stronger since then, until now hip hop has reached stage almost like *Beneath the Planet of the Apes*, where, if you remember, the mutants are worshipping the bomb, they're literally worshipping the mushroom, the state where they'll achieve an ecstatic union with death. Or if you flick back and you remember *A Canticle for Lebewitz* by Walter E. Miller which is this '50s book in which there's a postapocaplytic, postnuclear scenario, and there's all these monks walking around worshipping the bomb. And then you start to think about drugs and the bomb and you remember back to all those '50s movies where all these kids are doing nuclear drills, the air-raid

siren goes and all these kids get down on their hands and knees and they hold their arms over their heads. You think: What's going on here? and it's obvious—they're worshipping the bomb, they're like atomic Muslims, the mushroom has become this Mecca and they're pointing towards the East. The bomb is mutation and the kids are going "mutate me, mutate me," "melt me, meld me." And that's pretty much what Cypress Hill were doing with drugs. They really said: "mutate my mind," and hip hop becomes this huge vector of mutation through drugs.

I'm just going through a few examples of what happens with the darkside; you realise that the darkside doesn't just exist in hip hop, it also exists in jungle as we all know: We've all heard tracks by Flytronix, by Hyper on Experience, by Doc Scott, in which the darkside is a big force. It's a force that's almost tactile, where your hearing becomes almost physical, where your skin starts to hear and your ears start to feel. This is why when we talk about dance music the quintessential dance music idea is: "Can you feel it?" Because hearing has immediately become tactile, your skin is immediately hearing, and your senses are basically joined. It's not so much a synaesthetic, so much as that dance music is triggering all your sensory perception, so that your skin is starting to hear, your ears are starting to feel, your eyes are starting to hear, and your ears are starting to see, and it's almost like all the different senses, all the different sensory perceptions, are being shared around and being triggered simultaneously. And you suddenly start thinking, there's a darkside in all kinds of music.

There's a darkside in acid, if you go back to those acid tracks by Phuture. The first track by Phuture is a track called "Acid Trax," but if you flip it over there's a track called "Your Only Friend" and there's this voice going, "This is cocaine speaking"—and I call that the vox of doom because you've got this pitch-shifted voice and it's really low, and he's going, "I'll be your only friend, I'll be your wife, I'll take your life." This idea of drugs as this despotic force that starts out as this little thing but immediately spreads across your entire life continuum and immediately saturates everything. This is what drugs give you, this idea of a toxic, despotic drive that takes you over. And the fact is, this is the most exciting

thing to listen to, the idea of losing control makes listening to records more fascinating. It's almost like you're being drugged by the beat, you're being beaten by the drug. And the fact is, you love it. There's nothing like it.

So we can see a darkside in virtually every kind of music. There's a darkside in techno, there's a darkside in acid, there's a darkside in hip hop, and as soon as you locate it and you find that intensity, you can really grasp what dance music's about: the idea of losing control, of losing sense, of being abducted, snatched away by sound. If we really want to find what that's about, we have to go to the darkside.

So if we move forward a bit from Cypress Hill to Method Man. 1995, Method Man did this album *Tical*: It's a classic album. If you listen to it, what's really changed is that, whereas back in '92, Cypress Hill still had this a beatific, blunted idea of inhaling and exhaling, by now that inhaling has become painful, like someone being jabbed with a needle. It's really scary. What's happening is that sound has become detached from sources, effects are arriving before objects. It's like what Murray Schaffer used to talk about in the '70s. Murray Schaffer was an old acoustic reactionary who coined the term 'soundscape' that everybody uses now. But he also coined the term 'schizophony,' which simply meant sounds devoid of sources; we could almost say, beats decapitated from drummers. And of course all sampledelia is schizophonic now, all sounds are separated from sources, but again it's the darkside that makes you particularly aware of all this. Because if you listen to the Wu-Tang Clan, you hear all those sounds separated: You hear these groans, but there's no one to attribute them to, you hear all these effects without causes, and it's incredibly frightening and its incredibly exhilarating simultaneously. And that's where hip hop had reached in 1995, '96, it's become diabolic, it's become infernal, it's become perpetually paranoid. If you listen to the tracks of Tricky and Gravediggaz, in particular "Psychosis," if you listen to tracks of Wu-Tang Clan—[or even] the name Wu Tang Clan: "Wu Tang Clan" is an onomatopoeic name. "Wu" is the sound of the slash of the sword as it scythes through space, "Tang" is the clash

of the swords, and the "clan" is the feudal, Gothic, millennial feel that hip hop has as it retreats further and further into the fevered darkside of its own sonic audioscape.

The whole idea of hip hop as this paranoid, infernal space, as this darkside, [has] a visual analogy. And the visual analogy, we should look back to is *Jacob's Ladder*, which is a film that came out back in 1991. We're all very familiar these days with *Predator* 2, that's a key film for a lot of us these days, but *Jacob's Ladder* is a kind of hip hop equivalent of *Predator* 2. Similarly, you could say that *The Empire Strikes Back* is an '80s equivalent. If you remember *The Empire Strikes Back*, the darkside in that: you've got Darth Vader, who's James Earl Jones, an African-american actor whose voice is pitched down, and it's narrow. And the narrower the bandwidth of the voice, the more emotion you project into the voice. So Darth Vader was always my favourite character. Not because of him especially, but because of his voice, which was so rigid, so pitch-shifted and narrow. And I always imagined that Darth Vader was secretly making electro tracks, because you could hear he had this vox of doom, which was really grim.

Why *Jacob's Ladder* appealed so much to hip hop was because it's the film that really grasped this idea of audio hallucination. There's one fantastic bit where Tim Robbins is lying in bed—he's completely losing it and his mind is completely going, and he's going, "Oh, how I wish I was back with my family, how I wish everything was like it was"—when suddenly this voice out of nowhere from the right side of his body just goes, "Dream On." And you just look and there's no voice there at all; it's a complete audio hallucination, it's incredibly frightening. What the film presents is New York as this infernal audioscape where sound is detached from sense, and kind of roams around. And you suddenly realise why it is that hip hop producers and artists like Method Man, like Wu-Tang Clan, like Redman and Tricky, talk so much about devils and demons and angels, why they talk in these feudal and apocalyptic terms. And the reason is that as soon as you detach sounds from source you start to attribute invisible causes to those invisible sounds, you start to attribute sounds

not to effects and not to instruments but to invisible demons, to inanimate objects, to inanimate machines. You start to get into the weird cross between an inorganic life and a pantheist life, where everything is potentially threatening, everything is potentially out to get you, everything is potentially menacing. And *Jacob's Ladder* really pinned that down, with the idea of New York as this potentially infernal soundscape in which everything could always at any point be ready to menace you and threaten you and basically snatch your soul and take it away from you. And that's the kind of thing that really appeals to hip hop now, so we can say that hip hop has gone really far into the darkside. That's why hip hop really matters in these days.

So we can think a bit further about why it's grasping to devils and angels and demons, why it's possessed by these things. You think back to the Middle Ages and the whole idea of the seven deadly sins was the idea of the pyschomachies which were these internal cathologies which would plague the pilgrims. The whole idea was that the pilgrims had these fevered imaginations—they'd starve themselves terribly—and these plagues, these internal psychic states, would come out and menace them. And that's what hip hop is like now; it's this apocalypse, internally swarming with these states that are always out to get them. It's like the streets have melted, it's like the hip hop sensorium has become this porous border. It's no longer the idea in Public Enemy that you could be vigilant, that you could hold out, that you could be strong, that you could be a nation of millions against white supremacy, against the white system. Now, the hip hop sensorium is this leaky border, this toxic flow, these terrible sensations crossing between your body and your brain. If you listen to someone like Jeru the Damaja, he has great lines, he says things like: "My mind $C_3 H_5 N_3 O_9$, like nitro-glycerine." And then Tricky, Tricky's famous line, which everyone now knows, he says, "My brain thinks, my brain thinks, my brain thinks, bomb-like." And you think: What's going on there? The idea that sampladelia is this pressure, that the perennial infosphere that surrounds us all has leaked into our brains so much that information is literally blowing up inside our own minds. The classic example is Jean-Michel Basquiat's painting "Pegasus." If you go and

have a look at that, it's this fantastic, huge painting that's a disassembled picture of machine parts.

You've got machine parts for tape recorders, for cars, hundreds of machine parts all laid out on this huge picture. It's like the instructions for this giant particle accelerator that anyone can assemble and that you can reprocess reality with if only you knew what the code was. It's like the operating instructions for a machine yet to be built. You look at it long enough and you can start to convince yourself, "I know the secret of this machine." What hip hop has done is swapped its normal state for an eso-terrorist state, this idea of secret knowledge that only they possess.

Another example is Cypress Hill's "Illusions," a track that's really popular. If you listen to the harpsichord mix of that, what's fantastic is the way they've blanked out words like "chronic" and "fuck"; they've blanked them out just for a tiny bit, so that when you listen, you think, "My God, is that the record or is that my head?" You genuinely can't tell, because the blips, the deletions are so small that you think, "is that happening on the record, is that happening in my head, or is that happening in the environment?" And this kind of three-way deletion, this blurring between these three states is definitively what's scary, because it's a psychogeographic blurring that triggers what we could call the fear-flight principles. The brain has a thing called the thalamus, which is basically the fear sentinel which lurks in the brain, and that's operating faster than the speed of thought, so that as soon as you hear a sound you can't identify, a sound that you can't locate, that you can't immediately attach back to a meaning, then fear-flight thresholds kick in and you start to panic. But what music does is it translates these fear-flight thresholds into something else.

Broadening out from hip hop to make some more points about rhythmic psychedelia. Part of the assumption that still exists in music is that futuristic music will somehow be beatless, somehow there won't be many rhythms, somehow it'll be weightless. It has a long heritage, going back from Holst's *Planet Suite* through to Kraftwerk, this idea that music will be transcendental and weightless, that somehow the beats will just slough off and we'll just kind of float through space astrally. But we know better

now. After drum 'n' bass has retroactively switched us back on to the presence of rhythm, we know that the future will not only be just rhythmic, it'll be hyper-rhythmic. So in this sense when cyber-people keep talking about, "What's the fate of the body?" when they keep on moaning, "the body's going to wither away, the mind-body problem, it's so depressing," as far as I'm concerned rhythmic psychedelia is the opposite. The body's being triggered, the body's being switched on. Sensory perception is being triggered at a furious rate and, as far as I'm concerned, it's much more interesting to look at the idea of rhythm. Look at any piece of music writing and you'll notice an incredible absence about rhythm. So many people are unable to talk about rhythm. Music writers will talk about anything except what the beats are doing. It's actually very difficult. Rhythm is this terra incognita, it's this continent we've yet to land on. So you've got this strange dichotomy, what we call a gulf crisis: On the one hand, music is getting hyper-rhythmic, more rhythmic and psychedelic; on the other hand, the writing and the way we discuss it is more impoverished than ever. It's the most incredible thing.

That's where I see music going: It's getting much more rhythmic, much more rhythmically psychedelic. We really have to start thinking about what rhythm does, how do we explain it, what is it, how does it work? The first thing to do is to acknowledge that rhythm isn't really about notes or beats, it's about intensities, it's about crossing a series of thresholds across your body. Sound doesn't need any discourse of representation, it doesn't need the idea of discourse or the signifier: You can use sound as an immediate material intensity that grabs you. When you hear a beat, a beat lands on your joints, it docks on the junction between your joints and articulates itself onto your joints, it seizes a muscle, it gives you this tension, it seizes you up, and suddenly you find your leg lifting despite your head. Sound moves faster than your head, sound moves faster than your body. What sound is doing is triggering impulses across your muscles.

That's why drum 'n' bass talks a lot about the stepper, because sound is literally articulating you as a kind of

exo-skeleton. It's almost like your feet are gaining an intelligence at the expense of your head, or your arse, or your back, or your shoulders are gaining intelligence at the expense of your head. Anywhere you have a sense of tension, that's the beginning, that's the signs of a bodily intelligence switching itself on. And that's what rhythm is doing. You can foresee a point where the body is mutated by rhythm to the point where the head becomes completely superfluous, becomes this flabby muscle bouncing around, aimlessly lolling around, while your muscles go twenty to the dozen. In fact, of course, this already exists; its jungle. That's the whole point of it.

That's why jungle seizes us so much. That's why everybody all day has been talking about jungle; we're obsessed by it, we can't help it because we sense somehow that our bodily intelligence has been grasped by this, has been mutated by this, and that we're in the grip of something that's far stranger and far weirder that we really have any sense to comprehend. Maybe the Beatles are a good way of diverting from this, diverting us back to the good old days of music we can relate to and all this kind of crap, but the fact is that rhythmic intelligence is a lot weirder, a lot stranger, and a lot more fascinating and we're obsessed with it for reasons we can hardly begin to imagine. And this seems to be the task of the future: To understood rhythmic intelligences and hyper-rhythmic music as something that's happening to us we can't yet understood, that we can only begin to grasp. And as soon as we do this we start to realise that what happens with rhythm is that it amplifies tension. For a long time, people assumed that music's job was to orchestrate a series of tensions and then cathartically release them, or to provide a respite from the modern world, from the grim world of sensory overload and information overload, but actually, no, that's not the point. Part of the reason we enjoy jungle is the opposite, it increases interference, it increases tension.

A lot of the best tracks at the moment in jungle, tracks by Ed Rush, tracks by Doc Scott, they have this harsh, roaring noise like the sound of a thousand car alarms going off simultaneously. It's like these peripheral sirens swarming at your head. And I swear to God it grips you so much you can't believe it—you think, "what the hell is

this?"—and your fear-flight thresholds are screaming, it's like your whole body's turned into this giant series of alarm bells, like your organs want to run away from you. It's like your leg want to head north and your arm wants to head south, and your feet want to take off somewhere else. It's like your entire body would like to vacate.

Basically, you want to go AWOL from yourself. But you can't, so you stay and enjoy it.

Darkcore

Steve Goodman

Ko::motion is turbulence.



1. 1965—KO TEAMS drift up the Mekong setting up two neuropsychiatric treatment outpatient facilities. Each team consists of 3 psychiatrists, one neurologist, one clinical psychologist, two social workers and 12 enlisted mental hygiene personnel. Each team is equipped with full evacuation authority. Some kind of pyschogeographical torsion was warping *esprit de corps*.



2. The troubled soldiers reported cryptic symptoms:

"meanwhile space and space of me [...] seethingly that itches me [...] continually we writhe and blister"

"ocelli [...] infinite pullulation of ocelli [...] I give myself up to the ocelli [...] to the infinitesimal tearings, to the spiraling [...] I fold to the thousand folds that fold and unfold me [...] traitors, they giddy me unravel me," and perhaps most bizarrely "in a high space beneath my open forehead [...] suddenly [...] I see [...] rising in tiers [...] rising in tiers [...] in tiers to the infinite [...] at angles [...] at angles [...] at angles [...] enormous, gigantic flamboyant [...] gothic monuments [...] streaming, exasperated, possessed [...] acceleratingly [...] with gothic leaps and bounds [...] with gothic chromatics [...] with gothic ballistics [...] jet-gothic."[1]

3. After this particular examination, health warnings were immediately issued to all Huey pilots.

1: Henri Michaux, *Peace in the Breaking Flood*, trans., F. Fineberg (Embers, 1976), location unknown – Ed.

1. Meanwhile, up river, at the base of the spine, ko::labs bring the noise; "*Noise* is both battle and racket [...] Noise is a weapon that, at times, dispenses with weapons. To take up space, to take the place, that is the whole point [...] [a]nd noise occupies space faster than weapons can."[2]

2. "When I read the definition, something like 'the twisting, rotary force, especially within a machine,' I was like, that's what we do."[3]

3. Torque is any force or system of forces that causes or tends to cause rotation, a twisting effort applied to an object, body or limb that tends to make the object turn about its axis of rotation. The magnitude of a torque is equal to the magnitude of the applied force multiplied by the distance between the object's axis of rotation and the point where the force is applied. In many ways, torque is the rotational analogue to force. Just as a force applied to an object tends to change the linear rate of motion of the object, a torque applied to an object tends to change the object's rate of rotational motion.

1. The angular momentum of breakbeat culture provides a sonic simulation of hyperurban meltdown. Not an analogy but a cartographic isomorphism opening sonic production onto a war continuum which deposits localised chaosmosis on every scale. 'Jungle's basic problem'—how to sustain rhythmic asymmetry, nurture the swerve, sustain the turbulence—'what degree of stratification is required to get distributed?' Protracting activity against hyper-control through a becoming imperceptible. Programmed catastrophe means that the 'nomadic speed' of the extensive riot is already overexposed in a cyberfascist video capture—digitalization as stratification. From the amped-down, two-step stand-up of monoplod neuro-funk (e.g., Shadow Boxing) to the turbines of no u turn, dillinja, lemon d, technical itch, etc., to the elongated snake style of source direct (razors edge 5), the phase space of breakbeat warps, breaks down, solidifies and dissolves as if waiting for a geological singularity to send a new seismic wave

2: Michel Serres, *Genesis*, trans., G. James and J. Nielson (Ann Arbor, MI: University of Michigan Press, 1995), 52.
3: [source missing]

through the submarine rhythm space of pop culture. Digital turbulence. Haptic cyberspace.

2. Following the smallest angle of deviation with each step-step-step-sonic sun tzu—very, very dark—emerging as quantized hendrix, *hydrolicks* by dom & roland picks up with three cycled break-beats and gradually swells until the rhythm can dam no more and is flooded by the nightmare roar of juggernautic stares and laval bass stabs. storm kemistry.

3. Longitude zero degrees. The drowned world. London—the vortical apex at the sonic base of the planomenal transoceanic drainage slopes. Echoing signals of Kondratieff phase 4 implosion as K-5 USA opens to K-6 China: How low can you go? "The reason why the River and the Sea are able to be king of the hundred valleys is that they excel in taking the lower position."[4]

1. Scale 1:50,000—zoom – 1:50—zoom – 1:1—zoom – 1:0—touch down 0: Very, very dark, engage pattern-recognition: Movement breakbeat-consistency 0023050700. Full cycle. Trajectory:

29 K'AN.



49 KO.



darkcore#destination#bass#bin#climate#tropical#cyclonic#wet#metal#topology#smooth#cable#spine#synapse#ether#tactics#swarmachinic#mission#hot#rinse#micro-delamination

2. Tackling the counter-hydraulics of the metric with the hydraulic tao of breakbeat "Highest good is like water. Because water excels in benefiting the myriad creatures

4: Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*, ch. 66.

without contending with them and settles where none would like to be, it comes close to the way…"[5] Heavy water is liquid metal.

3. Kemistry—"With stupefaction you witness those sporadic eruptions, thin, mad fountains, those jets of water, more jet than water, bursts primarily, punctiform excesses of forces, delirious spectacle of inner geyserization, signs of the prodigious increase in the potential of the neurons, of their sudden nervous discharges, signs of hurried releases, of micro-movements, of beginnings of movements, of 'budding movements' and of incessant micro-impulses…"[6]

1. Guerrilla hydraulics provide a submarine junglist breakdown with haptic navigation. A cybernetic steering for dark waters. A fluid pragmatics in continuous variation. The surplus value of post-social cyclonic Meltdown produces subass materialist techniques: Cubasic pragmatics, sonic hydraulics, kronik hydrophonics and sampladelic metallurgy.

2. Darkcore.

3. Afrofuturist—occidental implosion. Drawing the skunk into cyberpunk.

Latitude: 34°N

Longitude: 118°W

1. This is L.A.—a hardstep jungle track by Lemon.D. A high velocity West Coast gangsta style intro bifurcates amid swarming news helicopters into a dark cyclone of compressed and twisted breakbeats. Distributed in the swirl are rhythmically inserted crime reports and Roy Ayers samples from "Everybody loves the Sunshine."

2. Sinofuturist—super-nova tzu electronic shaolin zinc infiltration of the new age carbon-analogue orient.

Latitude: 22°N

Longitude: 114°E

5: Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*, ch. 8.
6: Henri Michaux, "Light Through Darkness," in *The Book of Grass: An Anthology of Indian Hemp*, eds., G. Andrews and S. Vinkenoog, 73–83 (New York, NY: Grove Press, 1967), 78.

3. The state drifts south and the south drifts east in a sinofuturist storm—"the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing,—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents."[7] Downhill ride—no u turn. "When you have come to grips and are strung together with the enemy, and you realise that you cannot advance, you 'soak in' and become one with enemy. You can win by applying a suitable technique while you are mutually entangled."[8]

1. Big blue beats aka drippy, aquatic 'intelligent' drum & bass lies at the fringes of the most effective jungle hydraulics. For sure, fly jump-up (check Pascal's gangstadelic swarmachines on Frontline—Cut Throat, True Playaz—*Vortex* and the *New Frontiers E.P.*) and dark-step whip up more vortical activity and hoover-bass low seas viracy in the jungle break-war against the military-entertainment copyright complex (WBO).

Attack in an unsuspected manner, knowing his metre and modulation and the appropriate timing. Knowing the times means, if your ability is high, seeing right into things.[9]

2. The breakbeat forms a mutating fractal coastline, a real sonic cartography mapping the diagonal which cuts between the double articulation of order and chaos, rhythm surfing between the intensity irrigation of metronomic ice and the opiated cosmic nauseous pulses of free jazz. (sonic despotism and its moving shadow) Flotation tank ambience shattered. On the plane, glass shatters dissolving specular dominance into the haptic. Dark side guidance. Grooveriding.

3. Kem-isssssssstry—micro-delamination attacks the folding of rhythm into metricity. "It is difficult to move

7: Edgar Allan Poe, *A Descent into the Maelström* (Paris, FR: Devambez 1920), 7.
8: Miyamoto Musashi, *A Book of Five Rings: The Classic Guide to Strategy*, trans., V. Harris (Woodstock, NY: Overlook Press, 1974), 78.
9: Musashi, *A Book of Five Rings*, 74.

strong things by pushing directly, so you should 'injure the corners.'"[10] phlattening beats.

1. The channel hacking used by Dylan on *Turbulence* (droppin' science) makes the DJ and the cross fader immanent to the track. Every 12 inch has a slightly different channel mix so that the rapid cross-fade punch, kicks open sonic trapdoors, you leave your head and enter one of the other ones. Simulating changes of altitude and the corresponding perturbation of sensory perception. Grey matter crust warps with the torsion. Perception is the silver surfer skipping between 4 boards in a high roller submarine rhizodrome.

2. "For a long time turbulence was identified with disorder or noise. Today we know that this is not the case. Indeed, while turbulent motion appears as irregular or chaotic on the macroscopic scale, it is on the contrary, highly organized on the microscopic scale. The multiple space and time scales involved in turbulence correspond to the coherent behavior of millions and millions of molecules. Viewed in this way, the transition from laminar [i.e., non-turbulent or calm] flow to turbulence is a process of self-organization."[11]

3. As drum & bass jungle's immobile motor, the breakbeat carries key traits of self-similarity irrelevant of scale. It is as if there is an elastic tension between the metric number line and a secret encryption involving prime numbers in a cyclic discontinuity weaving around, converging and diverging. Continuous variation with nomadic numbering numbers tagging the real intensity, which on the metric plane of organisation dissipates along the military dateline of history. "Continuous multitude. Vibratory, zigzagging, in continual transformation. Lines swarm."[12] But never parallel. Always an angle of declination, a line of deviation which, more than a mastery of an enslaved machine, is evidence more of the productive accidents of sonic arrangement—"The whole series of things about accidents, about bugs, about the producer being someone who can nurture a bug, who can breed a bug and

10: Ibid., 78.
11: Ilya Prigogine and Isabelle Stengers, *Order out of Chaos: Man's New Dialogue with Nature* (New York, NY: Bantam Books, 1984), 141–142.
12: Michaux, "Light Through Darkness," 74.

simultaneously most of the key musics have been accidents, they've actually been formed through errors. They're like software errors, syntax errors in the machine's programming, and they form these sounds, and the producer's taken these sounds and more or less nurtured this error, built on this mistake, and if you grab a mistake you've got a new audio lifeform."[13]

1. "[D]on't think of breakbeat in terms of some kind of ancient technique which has been resuscitated [...] you see a lot of people saying breakbeat is the [...] return of the African drumming sound, but it's the other way around. The breakbeat should be moved forward."[14] It was virtually always there in the zeroid smoothness of the matrix. Rhizomorphic Black Atlantic.

2. On the upside motion capture is a planetary irrigational skin, the carceral continuum sidewinding through grey matter, electronic writing, CAD, GIS, thermal imaging, digital sonic strata-ware—all regurgitate perturbation feeding it back into statistically classified layers. Meanwhile in Shaolin, virtual becoming dissolves into the actual, depositing breaks into code then vinyl, remapping the body for a kinaesthetic warzone as the 21st century swells the dams of the human security system—"[t]here is a sense in which the nervous system is being reshaped and rehalted, for a new kind of state, for a new kind of sensory condition."[15] Breakbeat DNA scratched into the flesh.

3. Remote sensing malfunction. Accidental co-ordinate displacement. Unable to correct time.

1. Sidewind out of time-positive plagiarism to the sim-jungle of Shaolin.

2. 540 A.D. Bodidharma, Indian Buddhist priest visited China checking upon local monks who had begun the process of translating Sanskrit texts to Chinese for the contagion of the oceanic multitude. Refusing the Emperors belief that by his noble act he was opening his personal gate to Nirvana, 'Tamo' journeyed to the "young forest" (Shaolin) of Honan to consult with the

13: Kodwo Eshun, "Motion Capture," *Abstract Culture swarm 1* (Coventry, UK: CCRU, 1997), page 33 in present volume.
14: Eshun, "Motion Capture," page 24 in present volume.
15: Ibid.

monks. Dazzling them with his laser vision, he gained admittance. What he found was a funkless, clod of inert temple organically segmented. He was phased by their inability to perform the most basic of meditation practices (these monks, they always dance to the words, he thought). The stylus descended down into the grooves. A rough ride. Disturbance in the ride ignites a current traversing conduction media, amplifying, vibrating molecules, shocking joints, sweeping anything in the way towards the plane. Down. Down.

Technics. Shark. Amp. Bins. Air. CNS. Hardrive. Liquid mechanosphere. Metal ocean. They drained into him like water down a plug hole. Dark Metal.

3. "We master archers say: with the upper end of the bow the archer pierces the sky, on the lower end, as though attached by a thread, hangs the earth. If the shot is loosed with a jerk there is a danger of the thread snapping. For purposeful and violent people the rift becomes final, and they are left in the awful centre between heaven and earth."[16]

1. Re-engineering the circuit, smoothing out the movements of the square-eyed transcribers using becoming-animal electronik chi enhancement. These techniques of Shaolin break fu functioned at first as self-defence from local gangs and predatory animals. Prey speed. Surfing the diagonal between Buddhist non-violence and an the testosteronic annihilatory discharge of captured martial potential, deploying tactics of self-defence and conflict avoidance. There is no real acceleration between kung fu catatonia and lightning. The potential for continuous variation and transformation approach pure speed, chi lubricated breakbeat limb deployment towards planes of consistency—the eight steps of the snake and crane.



2. Shaolin is swarm catalyser, programming triad

16: Eugen Herrigel, *Zen in the Art of Archery*, trans., R. F. C. Hull (London, UK: Routledge, 1953), 47.

syndicated film production in Hong Kong, golden triangle poppy production, Kowloon kemical distillation and encrypted planetary distribution networks rinsing out global finance in San Franciscan Laundromats.

3. True playa'z. "*High voltage rhythmic paroxysmal outbursts*. Isolated peaks. Multiple peaks. Bifid waves. Sharp waves, strings of waves of *bristling appearance* in the shape of comb-teeth, *saw teeth*. Slow waves. *Slow sinusoidal, hypersynchronous outbursts*."[17] In anticipation of hydraulic breakage ghosts of low budget kung fu flics swarm in on ghettoblaster/mat street assemblages remixing the body rotor style.

1.Sustaining disequilibrium. "All things entail rising and falling timing [...] From the outset you must know the applicable timing and the inapplicable timing, and from among the large and small things and the fast and slow timings find the relevant timing, first seeing the distance timing and the background timing. This is the main thing in strategy. It is especially important to know the background timing, otherwise your strategy will become uncertain." "Many things can cause a loss of balance. One cause is danger, another is surprise [...] in single combat, start by making a show of being slow, then suddenly attack strongly." "You win in battles with the timing in the Void born of the timing of cunning by knowing the enemies' timing, and thus using a timing which the enemy does not expect."[18] "Asymmetry of amplitude, asymmetry of rhythm, total change of rhythm."[19]

2. But "[I]t is true that the martial arts continually invoke the center of gravity and the rules for its displacement. That is because these ways are not the ultimate ones. However far they go, they are still in the domain of Being and only translate absolute movements of another nature into the common space—those effectuated in the Void, not in nothingness, but in the smooth of the void where there is no longer any goal: attacks, counterattacks, and headlong plunges."[20]

17: Michaux, "Light Through Darkness," 75.
18: Musashi, *A Book of Five Rings*, 48, 77, 49.
19: Michaux, "Light Through Darkness," 75.
20: Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia, Volume* 2, trans., B. Massumi (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), 400.

3. "[E]veryone knows the most daring soldiers go no faster than the music. The *noise*, first [...] fury belongs [...] above all to the multitude, and the multitude rushes around, it covers space like a flood."[21]

1. McLuhan argued that electric circuitry was Orientalising the West attacking the contained, the distinct and the separate with the flowing and the fused. But there is no real opposition between the digital and the analogue. The flatline cut through both. Pure energy. Pure speed. Pause.

2. Perceptual neuro-kemical weaponry. Stimulants attacking organic humanoid hard-wiring: "Affects transpierce the body like arrows, they are weapons of war. The deterritorialization velocity of affect. Even dreams [...] are externalized by a system of relays and plug ins, extrinsic linkages belonging to the war machine. Broken rings." In the oscillation between catatonic freezing and flashes and rushes: "the Japanese fighter, interminably still, who then makes a move too quick to see."[22] When Deleuze & Guattari diagram the release of a speed vector that characterises a war machine, they are mapping traits of a poised fu assemblage "keeping still" or voyaging in place. The d-d-r-r-o-p. Deep ko-ma.

3. Taking Paul Virilio's equation of all speed with fascism would lead to lumping together shaolin wu-funk, jungle hydraulics with the freikorp stomp of Euro-terminal gabba in terms of a paranoid poliocetrics of the body, its fortressing and its seiging. But the real break is between the crypto-fascist masculine steel hard body shell with its metric hammer blows (battering out a plane of organisation) and a nomad war machine of beats so rhythmic they map the metallic ocean, that massive conduction circuit that connects the iron core at the centre of the earth, slivers of mineral deposits in the continental shelves, those vast seas of di-hydrogen (rigorously a metal) oxide, into the ferric capillaries of blood music. The plane of consistency.

1. The breakbeat, not an interior militarized metric, is kemical attack on the organism. "It is not surprising that

21: Serres, *Genesis*, 54.
22: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 356.

the plateau of continuous immanence that is drum & bass conjugates with amortal kombat in its dismantling of the organism's strata. Big up your chest, wind up your waist. Limb by limb, the WBO is mashed up; the European corpoReality principle disorganised and detrimentalised."[23] Mercury rinse.

2. For some, it is not a matter of switching from macro violence to micro violence but molecularizing further still to the art of fighting without fighting and further still, micro-engineering out of war: "Photek's interest in the Orient is different, however. The Pacific Rim allusions in 'Ni Ten Ichi Ryu,' 'The Water Margin' and 'Seven Samurai' speak more of the elaborate subtlety of Japanese tea ceremonies, the miniaturised intricacy of Bonsai, the elegant simplicity of Shodo (the art of ink writing with sparse brush strokes)."[24] Yielding without resistance, actionless activity, voyaging in place, continuous imminence. Vortical poise.

3. Afrofuturist—Jungle singularly marks the convergence between black rhythmic culture and mutant technology. Viroteknical infections of mainstream advertising. accelerating attacks on MTV programming grids with incidental hives of metallic inssectssss. intensssive sssonic cartographics for a neo-Medieval scenario, spat out the rear end of a disciplinary state megamachine complex, a process initiated by what old dead metalhead, Foucault termed the "Great confinement."

1. "Like gangsta rap, Jungle reflects a Medieval paranoiascape of robber-barons, pirate corporations, conspiracies and covert operations," and influenced by "dystopian sci-fi movies that contain subliminally anti-capitalist messages,"[25] with their "images of carceral inner cities (*Escape from New York*, *Running Man*), high-tech police death squads (*Blade Runner*), sentient buildings (*Die Hard*), [and] urban bantustans (*They*

23: Angus Carlyle, "Amortal Komabt/No UFOs," *Abstract Culture swarm 2* (Coventry, UK: CCRU, 1997), page 83 in present volume.
24: Chris Sharp, "Lone Swordsman," *The Wire*, No. 159, 26–29 (May 1997): 29.
25: Simon Reynolds, "Slipping Into Darkness," *The Wire*, No. 148 (June 1996), republished online. https://www.thewire.co.uk/in-writing/essays/the-wire-300_simon-reynolds-on-the-hardcore-continuum_4_hardstep_jump-up_techstep_1996_

Live!), Vietnam-like street wars (*Colors*) [...which] only extrapolate from actually existing trends."[26]

2. Hyper-urban neo-medievalism is high rise meltdown.

3. "A series of minorities rejecting integration, form clans, and each clan picks a neighborhood that becomes its own center, often inaccessible [...] The clan spirit dominates also the well-to-do classes who, pursuing the myth of nature, withdraw from the city to the garden suburbs with their own shopping malls, bringing other types of micro societies into existence."[27]

1. Turbulence in the Burgess model of the megalopian military-industrial-entertainment complex.

2. The Vietnamization of territory, perpetual war in the urban jungle, gang collision warding off the state. Endo-colonisation along shifting internal frontiers. The destruction of the modern city is totally consistent with the military's need to maintain a clear field of operations, making over the earth in a form which denies cover to any resistance. Pure war.

3. Jungle processes a future "complete with fortress cities and bandit clans [...] [t]he pervasive sense of slipping into a new Dark Age, of an insidious breakdown of the social contract [...] a world that is falling apart." "There's a cold rage seething in Jungle, but it's expressed within the terms of an anti-capitalist yet anti-socialist politics [...] the art of being a roller, a steppa [... to] handle the ruff ride."[28] Twisted anger. *La haine* cyberpositivized in special techniques. Ko::style. A.W.O.L.

1. The smouldering slow motion riot of the megalopian jungle attacks code from all directions. The breakbeat infects the mono-plod metricity of white technosonics, while graffiti engages what Baudrillard terms a riot of signs, eternally tracked down onto new smooth spaces, asignifying codes with a secret functionality injecting compressed doses of intensity into the striations of the

26: Mike Davis, *City of Quartz: Excavating the Future in Los Angeles* (London, UK: Verso, 2006), 223.
27: Sacco quoted in Umberto Eco, "Living in the Middle Ages," in *Travels in Hyperreality: Essays*, trans., W. Weaver, 73–85
(San Diego, CA: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1986), 76.
28: Reynolds, "Slipping Into Darkness," web.

spectacular state, only to be countered by self-cleaning metro shells. Makin the walls move. Bass frequency. Sonic graffiti—back in amazone white man face tries to argue (militarized metric-dialectics) with bass. Blissful noise of language drowning in dark metal. Voices "sink away in a kind of muffled roar which one hears with only half an ear at first, and in the end one finds it no more disturbing than the distant roar of the sea, which, once one has grown accustomed to it, is no longer perceived."[29]

2. "'Dark' is where [...] predatory energies meet digital technique, where id gets scientific."[30] You don't need enlightenment in haptic space.

3. "Drying up, death, intrusion have rhythm. It is well known that rhythm is not meter or cadence, even irregular meter or cadence: there is nothing less rhythmic than the military march."[31] There is nothing more rhythmic than a breakbeat swarm.

1. Interminal epistemological wrangling about postmodernity seems merely a distraction when these key transitions are best tracked by a su-b-ass materialism.

2. Machinic night-vision reports from the dark side of the Occident, mapping the interlock of desiring machines, social megamachines and war machines as technology converges with biology in computerised control societies.

3. Planetary capital flow redistributes bringing novel mutations along the axes of East-West and North-South.

> The more the worldwide axiomatic installs high industry and the highly industrialized agriculture at the periphery, provisionally reserving for the center so-called post-industrial activities (automation, electronics, information technologies, the conquest of space, overarmament, etc.), the more it installs peripheral zones of underdevelopment inside the center, internal Third Worlds, internal Souths.[32]

29: Herrigel, *Zen in the Art of Archery*, 52.
30: Reynolds, "Slipping Into Darkness," web.
31: Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 313.
32: Ibid., 469.

1. Unequal exchange—The immanence of axiomatics escalates perturbation from ripples to tidal waves of decoding and deterritorialization with the flick of the switch—capitalism implodes as perfected revolutionary overdrive.

2. Zero sum war games deployed on the socio-scape "Crime 'war,' drug 'war,' 'battle' for the family... wherever there is a perceived danger, there is deterrence; whenever there is deterrence, there are immanent boundaries; and wherever there are immanent boundaries, there is organized violence. For having boundaries that are actualized by being crossed is a very precarious way to run a world."[33]

3. Gulf operations of the wu world order.

1. Barbed circuit-wire jungle vines in a multi-scalar, headless, cybernetic planetary world system.

2. So-cal becoming-minoritarian. 1992 prime time. Judicial rubber stamping of video captured micro-fascism ignites urban turbulence. The anti-black counter-insurgency of "the dream city of free circulation" programmed to irrigate afro-futurist hydraulics. Discard population or resort to modulation; integrate or exterminate.

3. Ultra-real video capture dissolves nostalgia. LA Law edits King's beatings to generate bizarre retrospective lubrications for control machinery. Digital cut ups of the video, freeze framing, stretching and looping the baton swings in order to saturate King's black body in signs of danger, fight and flight.

1. That episode is saturated with the solid state code of homey hunt counter hydraulics. The fear of untamed speed. Rhizomaniac pattern recognition confuses King's vector through Lake View Terrace with the nomadic gangbangers of South Central, the focus of LAPD's deployment of low intensity warfare on the multi-ethnic field. The paranoia of population lamination processed the temporary truce between Crips and Bloods as stage 1 of a Farrakhan orchestrated take over conspiracy

33: Brian Massumi, "Everywhere You Want to Be: Introduction to Fear," in *The Politics of Everyday Fear*, 3–37 (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1993), 29.

demanding the management of "terrorist" populations, through actual or virtual imprisonment and martial law localised to the 'hood.

2. From discipline to control.



3. From welfare to warfare.

1. "The social and political fluidity of late capitalism has not been accomplished by a withering away of state violence. On the contrary, state violence has also been fluidified and intensified. The rapid deployment force is the model of late capitalist state violence, on all fronts: the ability to descend 'out of nowhere,' anywhere, at a moment's notice—the virtualization of state violence, its becoming immanent to every coordinate of the social field, as unbounded space of fear."[34]

2. From surveillance to monitor.

3. Riot coverage shot from helicopters doubles as news footage indicating a shift from the ubiquitous vision of the sovereign to the stereoscopic partial coverage of monitor. Zooooooom lens technology advances since Watts '65 engaging a regurgitative potential. The eye converges with the arm. Visibility is death. Lasered futures. Latitudinal Zero. Absolute speed.

1. Lamination is the capture of decoded flows using LAPD rhizomaniac vortices sent through South Central searching and sucking up all amateur video footage of the riots. The fear of an unmeasurable speed. Naked LAPD, slooshing down media meme pool flumes entangled with the King's other body, Rodney King. In South Central, the memes go swimming in a flashpoint to urban turbulence.

2. "[T]he wind of violence, unleashed, mastered, lost, retaken, delirious, and disciplined. It subsides and swells like action, but it is like action: disorder and danger, to be

34: Massumi, "Everywhere You Want to Be," 29.

controlled [...] [f]rom bodies to the collective, in a lightning short-circuit, without language, through the groundswell of violence and pandemonium."[35]

3. Brownian Canetti swarms in flight from the irrigation of the City of Quartz, swept up into the hyper-urban fear ecology. Post-social cyclonics tuning into the info-numeric weather system of fyber-space.

1. Postmodern bread riot and multi-ethnic explosion and prime-time Nike redistribution.

2. The digital capture of the LAPD chemical clock, frozen with their pants down revealing erect baby lobsters. LAPD, zone of indistinction rapidly oscillating between thin blue line, the threshold of capital security and bloody red stains on their paranoid armoury. Naked LAPD, apparatus of capture, cybernetic homeostatic hoover with teeth, emptying its migrant dust into the deep end of an increasingly pervasive carceral continuum, or in Mexico. Intelligent hoovers who know the way to San Jose.

3. Code 187

1. Fuzzy dread "when I was here I wanted to be there, and when I was there, all I could think of was getting back into the jungle."[36]

2. sidewinda vortext
idewinda vortex
dewinda vorte
ewinda vort
winda vor
inda vo
nda vo
da vo
a v
v

3. "bringing writing and putting it onto the second deck and just accelerating it..."[37]

1. darkcore.

35: Serres, *Genesis*, 55.
36: Willard, *Apocalypse Now* (1979).
37: Eshun, "Motion Capture," page 33 in present volume.

2. No u turn.

3. turbulence is a ko::motion.



SOUNDBANK

Dom & Roland, hydrolicks/resistance, Moving Shadow.
Dillinja, Acid Trak on Pain, Violent Killa on Valve.
Dylan, Turbulence/Desolation & Witchcraft/Virus on Droppin' Science.
ed Rush & Nico, Proton, No U Turn Records.
Lemon D This is LA on Metalheadz, 12.01 on Valve..
Pascal, Vortex- True Playaz, Cut Throat-Frontline, New Frontiers(Ganja Kru).
Photek, Ni Ten Ichu Ryu On Science.
Source Direct, Stone Killer/Dark Metal (remix) on Razers Edge 5 (white), Call & Response/Computer State on Science, Black Rose/ 12 till 4 Hokusai.

The Body of Foucault

Tom Epps

At around quarter past one on the afternoon of the 25th of June 1984, Michel Foucault died of an AIDS related illness. In accordance with statutory requirements, the time, place and cause of his death were officially certificated. Whilst Foucault's legal status may have switched neatly and instantaneously from living to deceased, the material of Foucault's body was not so compliant. As the cardiograph displayed the steady flat line of death, a host of alternative connections detected variously abating and burgeoning activity. Whilst Michel Foucault, the legal entity with the capacity to enter into contractual agreements abruptly ceased, his flesh, his estate, his ideas and his disease, liberated from ownership, continued to operate within the distributed machineries of autonomous economies.

Arterial pressure collapses as soon as the heart stops beating, the still warm blood is suddenly able to explore new routes and manoeuvres. Inspired by gravity, blood drains quickly from the larger veins and settles in the lowermost parts of the body where it stains the flesh a purple-red colour. Primary flaccidity is shortly followed by rigor mortis. The skin that reclines over protruding bones is fixed within hours by the stiffening of muscles that starts around the eyes and neck before spreading throughout the entire body. Somewhere between two and four days later, depending on prevailing weather conditions, secondary flaccidity shatters the fabled still peace of death. As the body putrefies, turning first green then purple then black, intestinal bacteria merge more closely with their host in the massive production of rancid gases which expand along veins and arteries bloating and rupturing tissues and organs. Yards of tightly wound intestines distend along routes of least resistance, often escaping through the vagina or rectum. Whilst the human body displays immense enthusiasm in its own decay, for as long as a year or so, organs continue to decompose and liquefy at varying rates.

Death is not the discrete event suggested by its certification or cardiographic record. The cells, tissues and resident parasites which constitute a body do not

compliantly turn off at the appointed time. Skin, bone and muscle cells can continue to live for several days after their host's heart has stopped beating. Bacteria that normally inhabit the colon continue to live not only in spite of their host's death, but because of it. Whereas once they contributed greatly to the digestion of food, they now contribute with equal devotion to the decomposition of their colonic homes.

> *Death is therefore multiple, and dispersed in time: it is not that absolute, privileged point at which time stops and moves back; like disease itself, it has a teeming presence that analysis may divide into time and space; gradually, here and there, each of the knots breaks until organic life ceases, at least in its major forms, since long after the death of the individual, minuscule, partial deaths continue to dissociate the islets of life that still subsist.*[1]

Whilst there are no dead ends, there are restrictions, inflexions, and critical points of bifurcation. Although the visceral disturbances of both life and death share similar micro-organic machinery and as such project innumerable lines of continuity across the supposed life/death threshold, the interaction of microbes both with each other and with larger organisms and ecologies do suffer breakages and radical points of departure. Long after Foucault was declared dead, his body continued to teem with life. However, as the micro-organisms that inhabited that space before the 25th of July tried to adapt to their dramatically changed circumstances, new life and other opportunistic invaders began to stake their economic claims on Foucault's carcass. Beyond some critical point, the economic advantages of incorporation fell behind the potential profits of a dramatic demerger.

The human body is a site of extraordinary specialization. Whilst certain cells contribute to the provision of sophisticated transportation, communication or security systems, others, relieved of the necessity to search out nutrition or defend themselves, are able to perform specific localized functions within, for example, the skin, the heart or the brain. The human complex is determined and maintained by exactly replicated genetic information

1: Michel Foucault, *The Birth of the Clinic: An Archaeology of Medical Perception*, trans., A. Sheridan (London, UK: Routledge, 2003), 142.

contained within the millions of cells which collectively constitute the body. Whilst the total genetic information in each cell is identical, only a tiny proportion of that information is ever used by any one cell. The specific functional effect of the genetic information within each cell is dependent on the position of that cell relative to neighbouring cells. Due to their economic specialization, multi-cellular organisms can cope easily with the odd malfunctioning cell. If for example an individual cell within the kidney develops more like an ear cell, due perhaps to some incorrectly reproduced genetic software, then the incongruous positioning of such an alien cell will normally be detected by the network of cells adjoining it.

Towards the end of his life, Foucault's body became an increasingly intricate ecology with the relationships between cellular guests, hosts and viral intermediaries delicately balanced. With an immune system diverted into the production of Human Immunodeficiency Virus, the functional advantages of maintaining the acutely specialized cellular structures associated with humanity became increasingly tenuous. Like huge industrial corporations that have become ridden with bureaucratic entropy and dissonant management styles, biological structures that have ceased to function effectively as unitary organisms can disintegrate into smaller, more efficient centres of production.

The human body, like any economy, is of course not a closed system. Whilst its genetic makeup might provide an impetus, constant interaction with other systems around it and within it perpetually challenge and mediate the body's boundaries. Just as each cell forms relative to its neighbouring cells, so each body is continually reconstructed in relation to its environment. The development of particular muscle groups, the accumulation of plates of hardened skin or the curvature of the spine are affected by terrain, climate, habitat and occupation. Streams of carbohydrates, water, bacteria, oxygen, proteins and information are constantly trapped, bound and diverted through the networks of veins, ducts and neurons.

In addition to environmental factors that are chemically absorbed directly into its genetic structure, the human

body regularly encounters microbes which variously nestle within its complex folds. Without becoming part of its innate genetic structure, viruses, bacteria and other parasites successively enter into a number of interesting arrangements within the human body. On some occasions parasites are detected by the immune system and immediately destroyed whilst on other occasions a more elongated battle occurs during which symptomatic disease may result in the host. Interlopers are sometimes permanently accommodated within the body's elaborate structures—occasionally the presence of aliens is merely tolerated, at other times the introduction of additional genetic information can be advantageous and is positively welcomed. Viruses, in particular, achieve such a close relationship to their host that drawing a distinction between host and guest becomes impossible.

A virus is little more than a wandering capsule of genetic code. Unlike bacterial parasites that can replicate, given the right nutrients, outside a host, viruses can only replicate through entering into a symbiotic relationship with a host cell. Viruses are extremely efficient pieces of machinery that are structurally pared down to a minimum. The genetic information stored in strings of either deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) or ribonucleic acid (RNA) refers only to those vital functions that cannot be performed by a host cell. Like specialized pieces of software floating on the net, each virus contains the critical information necessary to perform a specific routine. In order to activate the virus' self-replicating program, the necessary genetic instructions must to be imported into the appropriate hardware and accompanying operating system. Once the virus, or at least its packaged genetic code, has physically entered a suitable host cell, the genetic software can effectively be unzipped and subsequently installed into the cell's existing operating system. Different viruses interact with their hosts in various ways, ultimately however, they must all achieve a similar programming feat. Viruses must effectively reprogram the host cell's own replicating machinery and utilize its resources in order to reproduce.

In the case of HIV, the appropriate hardware can be provided by CD_4 T-cells. CD_4 T-cells are crucial to the

human immune system in that they play a dual role in the recognition and eradication of both intracellular and extracellular invaders. Through reprogramming one of the human body's chief security agents, HIV performs an incredible pincer movement. Not only is the virus provided with cells willing to become HIV replication factories, but through corrupting key elements of the body's immune system, HIV simultaneously reduces the possibility of detection. HIV appears to be strategically astute, after initial infection, the virus often maintains a low profile for many years during which time, it gradually infiltrates its host immune system and optimizes replication potential through exploiting routes into other host bodies. The full implication of HIV's painstaking work only becomes fully apparent when, at some point in the future, a third party opportunistically utilizes and develops the work already completed.

The body of Michel Foucault, which earlier appeared to have such distinct insides and outsides, blurs in both directions. HIV, having entered into partnership with the CD4 T-cells which were formerly in alliance with his body's immune system, systematically changed his genetic make-up. The new function of these cells became the reproduction of HIV. Similarly, Foucault surreptitiously entered and infected some of the crucial structures of his environment. Unlike other more obvious foe that broadcast their malicious intent as they embark on full frontal attack, Foucault negotiated his way into centres of production through forming pragmatic relationships in culturally sensitive zones.

Consider, for example, the discursive structures that produce the author. Prior to infection they produced a broadly linear model of authority where the ideas contained in a text, for instance, were the unproblematic product of a particular person. Foucault's interaction did not cease the production of authors, but fundamentally changed the discursive programming through which they were understood. By reconstructing the author as a discursive product itself, the Foucauldian infection did not destroy the text production machinery, but instead repositioned the author as a function of that machinery. Obviously, Foucault should not be thought of here as the author of this change, but merely as one factor amongst

many which in combination proved sufficient to effect a change. Similarly, it is far from clear quite what role HIV has in producing the syndrome of various diseases referred to collectively as AIDS. Peter Duesburg maintains that no relationship exists, others argue for a linear cause and effect model. Given the weight of evidence pointing at some level of connectivity, it seems likely that HIV is in some way complexly related to the array of symptomatic conditions that become diagnosed as AIDS.

During the second half of the 1940s, Foucault spent two or three years at Sainte-Anne, a major psychiatric hospital in central Paris. Foucault's accounts of the period of his life are, according to David Macey, "fairly vague, if not actually misleading, and are the products of either hazy memory or a reluctance to supply the information that would allow his identity at any given moment to be established with too great a precision."[2]

[N]obody worried about what I should be doing; I was free to do anything. I was actually in a position between the staff and the patients.[3]

Within the corridors, theatres, arteries and chambers of the hospital, Foucault's own mental instability was free to wander. Just as Foucault's body failed to fully appreciate the lethal potential of HIV, so the psychiatrists of Saint-Anne failed to recognize the potential danger Foucault posed to their authority. Integrated with its CD4 T-cell host, HIV occupies a truly ambivalent position, neither host nor guest, this symbiotic alien passes as a member of a distributed security system. Similarly, Foucault, dressed in a white coat, was neither staff nor patient, but enjoying his ambiguous status, he was sufficiently able to pass as an authority figure.

The protein coating that shields the nucleic-acid core of a virus is constructed of successive chains of amino-acid that geometrically lock together like ornate building

2: David Macey, *The Lives of Michel Foucault: A Biography* (New York, NY: Pantheon Books, 1993), 56.

3: Michel Foucault (and Stephen Riggins), "The Minimalist Self," in *Politics, Philosophy, and Culture: Interviews and Other Writings: 1977–1984*, trans., A. Sheridan *et al.*, ed., L. D. Kritzman, 3–16 (London, UK: Routledge, 1990), 6.

blocks. It is the intricate shape of the virus' outer shell that facilitates its initial attachment to a potential host cell. Although viruses are often cell-specific, that is to say that they can only attach and integrate successfully with one particular type of cell, they have no means for actively searching out potential hosts. HIV, for example, can only attach to the CD4 protein which is present on just two types of blood cell. The HIV virus does not exhibit intent, it does not have a pre-existing plan of attack, instead it must rely on chance encounter. On being asked by colleagues at Uppsala University whether he was aware of a suitable candidate for the post of French assistant, Georges Dumézil, with no personal knowledge of a suitable person, happened to mention the post to his archaeologist friend Raoul Curiel. By coincidence Curiel had recently met Foucault and had enjoyed a conversation with him about the uncertain state of his career. Curiel's enthusiasm was sufficient to encourage Dumézil to write inviting Foucault to apply for the vacant post. In taking a job at Uppsala University, Foucault was not enacting an elaborate plan that would eventually led to the heart of the French academe, instead his moving to Sweden in August 1955 was apparently the result of pure chance.

Biographers, critics, opponents, friends and other relatives of Foucault have variously endeavoured to encapsulate his major themes, thrusts and intentions. Whether as pathogen, panacea or placebo, Foucault has commonly been positioned as a political agent whose effects are a direct function of his words.

> *I think I have in fact been situated in most of the squares on the political checkerboard, one after another and sometimes simultaneously: as anarchist, leftist, ostentatious or disguised Marxist, nihilist, explicit or secret anti-Marxist, technocrat in the service of Gaullism, new liberal, etc. An American professor complained that a crypto-Marxist like me was invited to the U.S.A., and I was denounced by the press in Eastern European countries for being an accomplice of the dissidents. None of these descriptions is important by itself; taken together, on the other hand, they mean something. And I must admit that I rather like what they mean.*[4]

4: Michel Foucault (and Paul Rabinow), "Polemics, Politics, and Problemizations: An Interview with Michel Foucault," in *The Foucault Reader*, trans., L. Davis, ed., P. Rabinow, 381–390 (New York, NY: Pantheon Books, 1984), 383–384.

The history of human disease has, perhaps unsurprisingly, usually been written from a human perspective. Viruses, represented as pathogenic threats to be battled or better eradicated, have often been named after the bodily symptoms they induce. The conflation of virus with disease is an overly simplistic reduction that crucially misunderstands the mechanisms of both virus and disease. Symptoms can only emerge through the combined efforts of both body and virus. Beyond a host, viruses are closer to being abstractions of information than abstractions of disease. It is not merely the words, thoughts or actions of Foucault that produces bodily effects, it is critically their interaction with the dynamic bodies of knowledge and power that have symptomatic results. Unlike the polemical who merely seeks to replace one orthodoxy with another, the irritant problematizes both.

As evidenced by newly emergent diseases, the modern development of vaccines designed to obstruct specific viruses failed to anticipate their evolutionary potential. In privileging genotypes over phenotypes, the rationale behind programmes of mass vaccination overestimated the precision of viral replication and hence underestimated the ability of viruses to deal with changed circumstances. Evidence amassed through trying to combat HIV has revealed threat massive levels of replication combined with regular mutation allowed new strains of virus to find routes around therapeutic obstacles. In the leather bars of San Francisco, Foucault discovered similar mechanisms at play. Amongst the throng of sex, drugs and men, new routes to pleasure emerged through the fluid economies of power and identity. Within a context of moral, religious and legal restriction, the repetition and mutation encompassed by promiscuous sadomasochistic activities operate, beyond the necessary intentions of practitioners, to investigate the boundaries of prohibition.

The S&M game is very interesting because it is a strategic relation, but it is always fluid. Of course, there are roles, but everybody knows very well that those roles can be reversed. Sometimes the scene begins with the master and slave, and

at the end the slave has become the master. Or, even when the roles are stabilized, you know very well that it is always a game. Either the rules are transgressed, or there is an agreement, either explicit or tacit, that makes them aware of certain boundaries.[5]

The configurations of "self" encountered by Foucault in San Francisco should not be mistaken for the other Californian version. "I don't think that this movement of sexual practices has anything to do with the disclosure or the understanding of S&M tendencies deep within our unconscious [...] I think that S&M is much more than that; it's the real creation of new possibilities of pleasure."[6] The intricately switching and circuitous relationships between master and slave, pleasure and pain, yearning and disgust, and sickness and health, do not operate to reveal an essential identity, but actively synthesize new identities. Ridden with contradictions, discontinuities and strange connectivities, the temporary self that emerges through S&M does not merely provide an alternative to a properly constituted self, but through feeding back into the productive machinery of identity, it problematizes the very notion of a pre-existing unitary being.

During the second half of the 1970s, the concentration of gay male populations in San Francisco and New York facilitated ready access to seemingly endless disorganized pleasures. In S&M bars and bath houses, anonymous bodies were apparently free to mingle and combine, exchanging information and bodily fluids. Within the opportunistic economies of the dark room and the human body, where complex pathways are casually explored, there are no overarching schemata, no predetermined projects and no ordained truth. Foucault's body, although never a closed system, was enticed, by viruses, fists and other unanticipated connectivities, along the dangerous path that hugs the edge of bodily organization. Born into a genetic straitjacket, the body gradually learns to get out of itself.

5: Michel Foucault (and Bob Gallagher and Alexander Wilson), "Sex, Power, and The Politics of Identity," in *Ethics: Subjectivity and Truth*, trans., R. Hurley *et al.*, ed., P. Rabinow, 163–173 (New York, NY: The New Press, 1997), 169.
6: Foucault, "Sex, Power, and the Politics of Identity," 165.

As for what motivated me, it is quite simple; I would hope that in the eyes of some people it might suffice in itself. It was curiosity—the only kind of curiosity, in any case, that is worth acting upon with a degree of obstinacy: not the curiosity that seeks to assimilate what it is proper for one to know, but that which enables one to get free of oneself [...] People will say, perhaps, that these games with oneself would better be left backstage; or, at best, that they might properly form part of those preliminary exercises that are forgotten once they have served their purpose. But, then, what is philosophy today—philosophical activity, I mean—if it is not the critical work that thought brings to bear on itself? In what does it consist, if not in the endeavor to know how and to what extent it might be possible to think differently, instead of legitimating what is already known?[7]

For Foucault, both writing and sadomasochism were examples of limit-experience, both were material exercises in the exploration of bodily boundaries. Whether they happen to be bodies of power/knowledge, bodies of organizations or organisms, bodies of cells or bodies of flesh, it is the limits and edges of bodies that distinguish the zones of learning. It is the act of pushing a little further, peering round dark corners and searching out the invisible that produces the new thoughts to which Foucault refers. Learning is not a conscious process, it does not happen as a direct result of effort, rather it is the apparent accident, the so-called mistake, the strange coincidence of circumstance that produce unexpected effects and syntheses.

New viral strains are not designed by some omnipotent force to render vaccinations obsolete, viruses do not try to evolve with a particular aim in mind, on the contrary, in accordance with their genetic code they endeavour to replicate as accurately as possible. Sometimes poor raw materials or restricted physical circumstances can result in a "mistake," instead of producing an exact replication of itself, the virus produces a mutation. Usually these malformed replicants perish quickly, unable to compete with their perfectly formed kin. Occasionally, however, in specific circumstances and at a particular time, a mutation may occur that is better suited to its

7: Michel Foucault, *The Use of Pleasure: Volume 2 of The History of Sexuality*, trans., R. Hurley (New York, NY: Vintage Books, 1990), 8–9.

environment and is therefore more likely to survive and replicate. In a vaccinated body, for example, a virus whose outer shell has undergone some form of mutation, is less likely to be recognized by that body's immune system and is therefore more likely to be able to enter into successful partnership with suitable host cells. Viral learning is neither a matter of design nor simply a matter of chance, instead viral learning is a complex function of constraint and opportunity.

Amongst the complexly interconnected neurons of Foucault's brain, billions of negotiated boundaries learnt in response to information flowing through and around his body. Although hailed as one of the great thinkers of the twentieth century, a slice extracted from Foucault's brain would look disappointingly much the same as a slice taken from any other brain. The most powerful microscopes would reveal no secrets, no insights and no thoughts. Had it been possible to tag and follow a momentary sensation into the philosopher's cortex, it would not have divulged an eventual resting place, rather it would have been seen to split and dissipate around various neural networks. A particular sensation or moment is not so much stored by the brain as absorbed by it. Oblivious to any discursively constructed meaning, parallel networks of nerve cells are continuously and minutely tuned as electrical excitations speed across them. In response to appropriate stimuli, memories are literally re-membered as various configurations of neurons are jolted into action.

In a short story entitled "The Secrets of a Man," Hervé Guibert describes the fascination of a neurosurgeon as he dissects the brain of a famous philosopher, although the philosopher's name is never mentioned, it is clear that Foucault was the inspiration behind Guibert's work. As the surgeon digs deeper he slowly reveals visceral traces of the memories, ideas and passions of his subject. During the final weeks of his life, Foucault spent a considerable amount of time in conversation with Guibert. Unknown to Foucault, Guibert not only carefully recorded their conversations, but also transcribed the details of Foucault's delirium, his moods, attitudes and appearance. As the fictional neurosurgeon scrutinizes the philosopher's brain, he discovers three

particularly deeply ingrained memories. The first of these "terrible dioramas" tells of a young boy who is forced to witness an amputation performed by his father. The second describes a courtyard still permeated with the presence of a woman imprisoned there for decades. The third tells of an able student whose locally celebrated position is threatened by a sudden influx of talented intruders, it recalls how the child philosopher's wish to be rid of the unwelcome competition is granted by the Nazi extermination of the Jewish refugees.

In an interview on French television in 1990 Guibert was accused of intruding on Foucault's private agonies and exploiting them for his own selfish motives. Guibert attempted to defend himself, but admitted that he thought Foucault would have been furious had he known of the secret journal. By 1984, Foucault's body was well accustomed to uninvited intruders, any fury directed at Guibert should have been reserved for a far less intelligent crime. The cerebral layers that are painstakingly revealed by Guibert's neurosurgeon owe nothing to the tangible neurological organization of Foucault's brain. Through his deployment of a metaphorical archaeology, Guibert not only drags Foucault's carcass back to the 1960s, but denies his brain it's dynamic complexity. In 1971, Foucault contributed an essay entitled "Nietzsche, La Géneálogie, l'histoire" to a collection of works published in tribute to his mentor Jean Hyppolite. In this essay Foucault recognizes the inherent failings of an archeological analytics and proposes that Nietzschean genealogy presents a more interesting route of investigation.

> *The purpose of history, guided by genealogy, is not to discover the roots of our identity, but to commit itself to its dissipation. It does not seek to define our unique threshold of emergence, the homeland to which metaphysicians promise a return; it seeks to make visible all of those discontinuities that cross us.*[8]

Drawing from Guibert's accounts of his final conversations with Foucault, James Miller claims, "The

8: Michel Foucault, "Nietzsche, Genealogy, History," in *Language, Counter-Memory, Practice: Selected Essays and Interviews*, trans., D. F. Bouchard and S. Simon, ed., D. F. Bouchard, 139–164 (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1996), 162.

'obligation of truth,' it seems, really was Foucault's unavoidable fate—just as he implied in his final lectures at the Collège de France. Try as he might, the philosopher could not remain silent about who he really was."[9] It is, of course, far from impossible that Foucault may have eventually surrendered to the urge to confess, he was, after all, intimately aware of the pervasive machinery through which this impulse is propagated. However, to equate the act of confession with the truth of the man owes more to the words of the Pope than to the words of Foucault. Although his work may have produced remarkable insights into the economies of discourse, it should not be assumed that his critique necessarily insulated his body from the effects of discourse or any other economies.

The episodes of his life that Foucault shared with Guibert can no more be equated with the "terrible dioramas" poetically discovered by the scalpel of an imaginary surgeon than can HIV be equated with the truth of his sexual desires. Encounters with amputation, incarceration and HIV undoubtedly influence the body, they induce reactions and inspire chemical adjustments. Their effects, however, are not laid down like slate on a riverbed, instead they are absorbed and dissipated around complex networks. Whilst Guibert may have been in no position to draw linear equations of cause and effect between distant moments in Foucault's life, the same must also be said of Foucault himself. The validity of archaeological activity is not enhanced by the authority of the archaeologist in charge of the dig. The process of excavation does not uncover fundamental truths, but discursively attaches historical significance to momentary abstractions. As Foucault's body lay on the pathologist's slab, expert observations revealed strange lesions chased across its cerebral cortex, although these scars encapsulated no "terrible dioramas," they were evidence of extraordinary neural activity. Whilst Guibert was engaged in composing his secret notes and constructing truths from Foucault's musings, microscopic neurosurgeons were busy investigating the neural pathways that twist around the crevices of a philosopher's brain.

9: James Miller, *The Passion of Michel Foucault* (New York, NY: Simon & Schuster, 1993), 372.

Toxoplasma gondii is a protozoan parasite that resides relatively innocently in approximately half of the world's human population. 50% to 60% of the inhabitants of the United States are believed to be infected, in the United Kingdom the figure is between 20% and 40% and in France it is estimated that up to 90% of the population play host to the tiny organism. In spite of pandemic distribution, its symptomatic manifestation known as toxoplasmosis is extremely rare. According to most medical texts, the only statistically notable consequence had seemed to be amongst foetuses whose mothers became newly infected during pregnancy. During the early 1980s, however toxoplasmosis, alongside Kaposi's sarcoma and Pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, was one of the extraordinarily rare diseases which suddenly started to emerge amongst the concentrated gay populations of New York and California. Drawing from evidence of toxoplasmosis amongst organ transplant patients whose immune systems are actively compromised to avoid rejection, it appears that the "normal" asymptomatic accommodation of Toxoplasma gondii is transformed by immunosuppression. Given its corrupting effect on T4 cells, HIV does present a logical accomplice for Toxoplasma gondii's more adventurous ambitions.

The full life cycle of Toxoplasma gondii can only be sexually completed in either wild or domestic cats. Following the fusion of macro and micro gametes the resultant oocysts eventually pass to intermediate hosts via the cat's faeces. Any warm-blooded animal including man can act as an intermediate host. Following the ingestion of fertilized cysts, digestive enzymes cause the cysts to rupture allowing rapidly replicating tachyzoites to be distributed throughout the body by the blood and lymphatic systems. Eventually numbers of tachyzoites begin to cling together and form tissue cysts commonly in the eye, skeletal muscle, cardiac muscle, and frequently the brain of the secondary host. These cysts usually then remain dormant within the tissues of the intermediate host and are only reactivated once reintroduced to the primary host through its eating infected flesh. Evidence suggests that the dormant phase of the life cycle is ensured by the immune system of the

secondary host, it appears that the Toxoplasma gondii protozoa find themselves unavoidably detained.

Whilst Guibert studiously analyzed the surface effects that rippled across Foucault's body, he was unaware of the tangled economies that collectively contributed to each twitch and every word. Alongside the cerebral structures of most of his compatriots, Michel Foucault's brain, had operated as an effective prison for Toxoplasma gondii. Prior to its relationship with HIV, his immune system kept a careful watch over the sleeping cysts. By June 1984, however, his depleted immune system had all but lost the multiple battles it was having with a number of opportunistic invaders. The encysted Toxoplasma gondii protozoa seized an unexpected opportunity for further replication. With insider's information, the intracellular parasites explored for further possibilities within Foucault's brain. Oblivious to potential meanings discursively mapped onto a distant surface, each parasitic organism minutely analysed the material of Foucault's mind.

> *Death is the great analyst that shows the connexions by unfolding them, and bursts open the wonders of genesis in the rigour of decomposition.*[10]

In 1757, Damiens the regicide was sentenced to death. He was to have the flesh torn from his chest, arms, thighs and calves, his body was to be drawn and quartered, and his limbs and trunk were to be reduced to ashes and thrown to the winds. In spite of six horses and specifically manufactured steel pincers, the body of Damiens displayed considerable endurance. The tissues of his thighs and torso clung to their bones with irritating resilience, his arms and legs defeated the efforts of a team of horses and relinquished their bodily attachment only after much of the connecting sinews and muscles had been hacked away. The body of Damiens, through its elongated decomposition, asserted a persistent unity. Faced with many battles at multiple sites, the body, far from disintegrating into composite parts, demonstrates its obstinate, if short lived, integrity.

In 1984, the body of Foucault was engaged in numerous struggles on various divergent fronts. Whilst his last two

10: Foucault, *The Birth of the Clinic*, 144.

books jostled with other publications for room in bookshops, for critical evaluation and for their appropriate position within a body of work, inherited and latterly acquired genetic information competed for the control of blood cells, and neurons fought with parasites for the space to think. Whilst oxygen and mucus battled for time with his lungs and pain killers grappled with neuro-transmitters, moralists defined the cause of his body's disease and his friends deduced the secrets of his soul. Like the body of Damiens, the body of Foucault is not eradicated by the multitudinous machineries that constantly challenge the boundaries of its existence. Quite the reverse, the body of Foucault is constantly reconstructed through the complex interplay of these technologies of the body.

> *...this technology is diffuse, rarely formulated in continuous, systematic discourse; it is often made up of bits and pieces; it implements a disparate set of tools and methods. In spite of the coherence of its results, it is generally no more than a multiform instrumentation [...] the power exercised on the body is conceived not as a property, but as a strategy, that its effects of domination are attributed not to 'appropriation', but to dispositions, manoeuvres, tactics, techniques, functionings; that one should decipher in it a network of relations, constantly in tension, in activity, rather than a privilege that one might possess; that one should take as its model a perpetual battle rather than a contract regulating a transaction or the conquest of a territory.*[11]

The diffused mechanisms immanent to Foucault's body were neither its property nor devoted solely to its service. Each HIV virus, whilst circulating through Foucault's veins, were also intimately engaged elsewhere. As each virus contributed their micro-effects to the 'dying body,' they were simultaneously woven into the fabric of a pandemic disease. Working in symbiotic combination with blood cells, medical orthodoxy, academic propriety and bacterial infection, the virus manoeuvred into new positions and accommodations dragging in its wake the fluid parameters of Foucault and other bodies. For 57 years, a network of relations were held in sufficient

11: Michel Foucault, *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*, trans., A. Sheridan (New York, NY: Vintage Books, 1995), 26.

tension to produce an overall effect of a coherent body, a persistent identity and an authoritative mind. The body of Foucault as a discursive locus may have dissipated, but the millions of traces left after this local decomposition continue to circulate and replicate through related and disconnected bodies. The organic death of this author enacts the discursive death of the author. By leaving his "work" obviously unfinished and by removing the corporeal remnants of the "author," the viral machinery once associated with Foucault is now able to replicate at speed, producing thousands of mutations and adapting to changed circumstances.

Fleæ Control

Switch

> [T]he guerrilla fights the war of the flea, and his military enemy suffers the dog's disadvantages: too much to defend, too small, ubiquitous, and agile an enemy to come to grips with. If the war continues long enough [...] the dog succumbs to exhaustion and anaemia without ever having found anything on which to close its jaws or to rake with its claws.[1]

1980: Burned out shells of helicopters swallowed by the desert. Chopper War USA (the sequel) has come to the same conclusion as the original. The US: An exhausted dog incubating larvae. UV Rays—10 to the sixteenth cycles per second—the insect sees on its own colour vision. Dying power puppets take note. The only way we're going to win this is on film. As Hollywood revives the body of the despot, new pharaohs emerge from Silicon Valley. Flea control is power learning its lesson. Metrophage can be caught by surprise once, but not twice. Already occupying the future is the key to counterguerrilla activity. Recalibrating sights to target insect enemies generates two new strategies:

1: Bug hunts.
Laser guided remote control extermination programmes. 'You're going out to destroy them, right? Not to study, not to bring them back, but to wipe them out.' Ultra-high tech SF optical space weaponry geared up to fight wars that are clean only in the sense that they are waged as pest control. The aim no longer to occupy territory on the ground but to decontaminate from the sky. Clean sweeps operated from a safe distance.

2: Swarmachinic control.
Close up. Control X. Haptic space invasion getting under the skin of the enemy. Sticky heat. Your blood's sweating now—can you feel it simmer? Complex chaos management systems operating sophisticated stimulus-response feedback circuits. Organised insecurity, programmed catastrophe, unanticipated consequences already dealt with. Populations injected with antiviral

1: Robert Taber, *The War of the Flea: A Study of Guerilla Warfare, Theory and Practice* (New York, NY: Citadel Press, 1965), 29.

agents, guerilla tacticians working for Absolute Peace: SWAT teams, Special Forces, undercover ops, CIA drug runners.

Absolute Peace is the same as permanent war. A grey area.

New circumstances obtain. Conduits and dams and floodgates have exceeded capacity. Deregulated trade without unions. From *Dawn of the Dead* to "Night of the Living Bassheads." Factory farmed dead labour decommisioned, and the arteries of the new world disorder flow with post-industrial junk. Capture gets addictive. It works so much better when you want it.

Watch yourself. Everyone is rushed to extensive care in comfort-style hyperregulation. Indefinitely postponed. Take your work home with you. Thermostatic normalization is all part of the service; in case you were wondering, you've been undergoing pollenation.

fireflys – strobe – blink – the light's in your eyes

K-space isn't the promised land, but a battleground—snakes and ladders played out in 3D.

Metrophage's basic problem: What degree of distribution is required in order to keep things stratified? Jungle's basic problem: What degree of stratification is required in order to get distributed?

There is no need to fear or hope, but only to look for new weapons.

The enemy haunts the virtual, forcing the pyramid to flatten. Control searches for the optimal distribution point for power. But while the State is strapped to the past the war machine boots into the future. You push the pyramid down and it seeps. The intravenous rush drives open lines of communication. Valves quiver under the strain to stay vacant. Welcome inside.

Khaki, colour of dust. The only effective way to track your enemy is to become it. (Spies have always known this).

Narcotic trade as guerrilla swarmachine. Becoming imperceptible, Becoming flea...but territorial fleas. Dog

fleas. Subterranean networks of molecular distribution, deterritorializing the apparatus of statist commodity control, but reterritorializing as micro-statist oedipal organized crime syndicates. Statist and micro-statist Drug Enforcement Agencies in ostensible opposition, white economies vs. black markets, poles of mutually legitimating cybernetic interaction operating territorial protectionism.

Meanwhile, Body without Organized crime establishes new channels for intensity diffusion. Keyser Soze is only a name for illicit distribution across K-space. Kobayashi knows that Dean Keaton is as much of a dupe as Michael Corleone. You can't go legit. Overwhelming pathos as the Godfather watches mummified oedipal Europower decomposing into worldwide webs of corruption: Omililgiari ... P2 ... vatican ... Calvi... Internal third world neo-gangsta sneers at dreams of respectability and innovates connectionist trade routes into the jungle.

It all mixes in the blood of the junkie.

Stop me when you're wanting more.
Then again, I don't want to ask for your opinion...I'm waiting for your cry, your divide, your trembling fingernails.
Submission without suppression.
Look at me when I'm talking to you.
Humiliate me and I become you; beyond and become control.

She lay back and stretched her surfaces so taut there were tears starting to appear. The contours of her throat trembled a silent rosary. She felt the membranes re-route and re-tasted her cry. User. She knew she was being probed. It had kept its back to her but she could so distinctively feel it. Insects under the skin. Multiform and manouevering ... the unassignable material saboteur forever under track by the cult of the detail.

Grains of sand transported into the sterility of a lab grown into crystal, Matter molded and carefully distributed takes on the morphology of circuitry.

Desert swarm. Engulfing sand, more of it than the eye can take in. Visible light—10 to the fourteenth cycles per second—you remove your protection to his naked eye.

Resisting specification, camouflage melting in X-ray optics—10 to the eighteenth cycles per second and your tissues divide. Sand suffocates man as the sea does, only more maliciously because more slowly. Turning into silicon. Terminal beaches energized by electron flash-floods. Human desertion.

Wiry sacs carrying the flow of blood, muscle transformed into tendon, bones held together by elasticized ligaments, a network of nerves clinging to muscle and flesh ... all organize to form a finger. Familiar territory, grids mapped out onto a slab of plastic. A surplus value of force waits, poised programmed to understand the weight of flesh on plastic ... with each beat of the finger matter becomes speed.

Victory depends on this. An army used to need more typewriters than medium and light artillery pieces. Now computers; shift to soft copy. Flashback, 1943: Colossus defeats Enigma, machines stolen from the future hunt down numbers at rates that shatter human time.

Sea space, air space. K-space waiting in the office from the start. Communication seepage in even the most segmented offices—potential contiguity of all points; Advanced Research Programmes Agency Network takes lessons from perverse bureaucracy. Recurring dream space of corridors where the approach to the castle is by endless detours but also by unexpected jumps. Another dimension: A sort of adjacency marked by halts, sudden stops, where parts, gears, assemble themselves.

Riding the bear. Microsoft war machines pick off Big Blue just in time to make Orwell redundant. After 1980 job security is an archaism. Lumbering, centre-heavy big daddy mainframes can't respond quickly enough to parasite takeover. IBM office clones are no different from clock in-clock-out industry robots, both obsolesced by control-phase continuously assessed flexitime.

Keyboards unpick k-locks, enabling power to go microsoft. Miniaturized, made supple, and all the more dangerous for it. Ant hills: The boss' office is as much at the end of the hall as at the top of the tower.

Cool Ice. Pure terror. Don't let it heat up. Infrared tasting your sweat. Warding off explosive, hot

catastrophe, televisual capture cools implosion, dissipating injected doses of intensity through a concentric wave refrigeration system. Thermostatic criminostasis as sim-city dissolves into the actual, inducing the flocking behaviour of goa trance as the sun rises in the east. Actuarial justice, group risk profiles—provide the indicators by ticking the boxes and get selected—where do you live, are you married, got a job, an education, a criminal record. Congratulations, you're selected for incapacitation. Not deterrence but the manipulation of demographic aggregates. White magic of criminal lotteries—your number's up.

Manage risk in Operation Weed style techno-cratic self-perpetuation. Eliminate bottlenecks, probation and parole to avoid the trial loops, fast track prosecution for career criminals. Do you really need guilt anymore?

Omnipresent impotence shifts to the infinite surfaces of faceless delegation. Power on automatic pilot, rogue cells executing command, cancerous metabolic vehicles with no-one driving. What clicks into place Dealey Plaza 1963 is a hive assassination weapon. Not a paranoic conspiracy, but a rhizomaniac web.

End of level 4 and you find that all along you've been working for the other side.

Control X: The unspecified enemy is user friendly. In control societies the key thing is no longer a signature or a number but a code. Log on and imperceptible matter throbs with a crazed espionage. With each stroke of the keyboard we leave our trace. The air is alive with secrets, and everything is a potential resource for the global war machine. The system runs, falters, pauses, flows—it runs under control and over the top—penetrating your every cell, synthetically manufacturing the microphysical fabric. It strokes almost without sensation, yet she arches her back craving the touch of a breath.

Infested deep pile jungle requests C3—copter carpet bombing. Pregnant, bulbous- vertical take-off egg-laying machines stinging the eye with swarming flash attacks. No tears left, only sparks.

I've never felt so at home in the midst of the battle.

Wars have never been as bloody as they have been since the nineteenth century. Explicit calculating machines of microsoft power manage megaviolence rather than eliminate the need for it. War provides commercial opportunities for absolute peace, hardware demonstration exercises generating new input for playstation behaviour modelling systems.

Dromoscopic Vietnam refought by the film companies goes intergalactic in Aliens. Desert Storm is the sequel. Video captured in the Persian Gulf, virtual war slams airborne cyber-deleonomes against an immobilized, sedentary enemy in U.N. tele-spatial media mash-up. Megadriving out of history, the Gulf war is not an event but a CNN-scheduled, SEGA reformattable digital scenario played out for the benefit of data-hungry simulation strategy modules. They arrived within minutes.

This time Chopper War U.S.A. is a success. 24-hour MTV programming for terminal man to jack into. The body of the dead rock star mixed with sampled shots of helicopter wreckage as foci of maximum sexual arousal in adolescent sex substitutes. Here we are now, entertain us.

Atroci-tv. Terminal in every room, but leaving open unforeseen feedback possibilities. Electron swarm cathode ray tube—why would such an instrument of sedation, of such hypnotic normativism, of prisoner discipline be harnessed under charges of violent induction? Because whilst it sedates it seduces and bleeds.

Biomorphic horror rides solarizing atrocity newsreels into the D.M.Z. of the arcade, fusing brain core, nerve cortex and movement-image on the glutinous screens of the console, virtual war datableeding out of commercial

control, washing amphibious pioneers of the end of the State onto the fractal subdivisions of coastlines of imperial glacis. Radioactive surplus value leaks into autopoietic black magic, voodoo through incendiary turbulence.

Uptown, the Hezbullah strap on nitroglycerin for all to see—and then vanish. Pure energy. Mobile rapid

response units of space invaders are reterritorialised on the static black hole system of fire bases—waiting in the dark to be picked-off limb, by limb, by limb: Paralyzed in the suburbs of Necropolis; the neutralising space in which the loss of movement for invaders means prolonged exposure to the jungle, infection, death. The last organs fall off leper earth revealing sockets of mangled circuitry and coagulated blood dispersing out through transcarcerative planomenal veins—drug rush, energy rush, artillery through the arteries.

If you want the news follow the CNN rapid deployment force.

1992—Los Angelian white magic. The anti-panther late sixties love-in between CIA and mafioso mutates into hallucinations of danger. Heroin goes triadic, the veins ice over and crack. South central and distributed samplers transport the afterglow of micro-fascist stick-bundle mobilisations.

-Flashpoint.

-Not flat to the floor speed but the consistency of catatonic lightning—a martial art, yes, but remember, the war machine only gets frisky when strata blubber-nauts construct colonic irrigation for flash-flood insurgency. Undercover cop endoscopic infiltration. A war machine in every cell.

-Pause.

-Quantize.

-Loop the star shaped Rodney King/KKK assemblage and insert into Wagnerian four to the floor LAPD soundscape, Facing the strata everything feeds back towards the spectacular archaism of sovereign phase penality

-red alert

-unspecified danger.

-obey your focal length.

-they all look the same ... white magic.

-Zoom to the darkside.

Control X terminated

Slow motion baton swings incite riot response. Programmed. Bruised blacktion replay. Real time footage, kicking habits booting up, decapitated King, body of the condemned.

Control X

posed broken doll black and white photo

Blood traces pulped video flesh, black and blue lines

Execute control command.

Abstract Culture: Digital Hyperstition
– Selections –
(Spring 1999)

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Hyper-C: Breaking the Net

Steve Goodman

33.33rpm:	*45rpm:*
2112bpm	2880bpm
1056	1440
528	720
264	360
132	180
66	90
33	45
16.5	22.5
8.25	11.25
4.125	5.56
2.0625	2.528

1. The above is an excerpt from Sector 7.1 of the Hyper-C tone-scientist manual entitled "Hydro-demonic polyrhythm": operating system for the redesign of sonic reality, on kode9 sonic insurgency—*Polyrhythmic scaling, Octave stretching, Breakbeat nesting as short-circuits to turbulence*. Elsewhere in the text, afroatlantian rhythmic futurism's involutionary trajectory from the full beat of 4/4 funeral marches through the 1/2 beat of 2/4 towards the 1/4 note of swing, on past the bebop 1/8 note into a convergence with the T1000 liquid metal hyperrhythm entity which, arriving from the future, surfaced recently in the early to mid-1990s. This vast vortical assemblage diagrammed by such period doubling suggests that the affective potential of the Black Atlantic consists of the multi-scalar rhythmic composition of turbulence—the art of war in the art of noise. Like the cybergoths, Hyper-C seem addicted to the flatline bliss of micro-pause abuse—different agent, same line. In a later section of "Hydro-demonic polyrhythm" we learn *further* that this redesign of sonic reality generates genetic destratification for subaquatic martial arts, for insurgency on the distributed pod network which the AOE was installing, constituting

a carceral archipelago <<entitled C-Net, Inc.>> under the Black Atlantic.

Each pod was allegedly modelled on C20's design wizard Buckminster Fuller's undersea island, and housed gleaming sonar tracking machines, tracing out the sonic environment on digital cartographies of fractal complexity.

2. Riding the surge current of the Syzygy hydro-cycle opens Hyper-C break asymmetrics to smooth transitions across the rhythmic frequency continuum, camouflaging their sonic output with the bpm metric, Hyper-C cluster their productions around the aganomic speed of 180bpm (kode9 plateau of continuous variation) and 132bpm (micro-break demonic two-step).

3. For the distributed aquaassassins of the Hyper-C tide, Y2K constituted nothing less than a scratch on *the vinyl of history*. With the C-level rising all the time, the elusive cult phenomena were characterised by what Kodwo Eshun has referred to as 'liquidarity,' a kind kind of hydrotronic tao of turbulence, geling distributed agents into a collective visco-elastic polyrhythm.

4. Hyper-C = as MC Blowfish of Digital Underground proclaims (((with thanks to Parliament's Psychoaquadoodoo))) composed of turtablist tone scientists and connoisseurs of the occult numeric practices of break asymmetrics.

5. For the Dogons of West Africa the 8 ancestors are called Nommo. The scapegoated ancestor, the Fish Nommo, Anagonno, was sacrificed to counteract the disorder of the universe, of which continual land reclamation operations constitute only a terrestrial instance((((((((((((((Could language really be the earth screaming?)))))))) The bifurcation of Po, the cosmic egg, triggers the onset of turbulence, a cosmic whirlwind. Unlike astro-physicist Steven Hawking who disregards significant matter prior to the Big Bang, the Dogons posit the abyssal waters.[1]

6. Several Hyper-C designers had watched with fascination as the infinite regress of negations constituted

1: See Charles S. Finch, III, *The Star of Deep Beginnings: The Genesis of African Science and Technology* (Decatur, GA: Khenti, Inc., 1998).

by the weight of Hegelian dialectic was passed downstream by the theoretical terrorists, the Young Black Hegelians. The Quantum Blacks were on a collision course from the start according to Greg Tate. The Young Black Hegelians despite their energetic conceptual insurgency were weighed down by the burden of contradiction and conflict with which their heritage had burdened them. The Quantum Blacks therefore were forced into locating themselves "by bearing the sign of negation to a *reductio ad absurdum*, a theoretical black hole. Not a collapse in the fabric of space-time, dimension or gravity, but to a fold in the curtain of race memory."[2]

7. Noiz-zioN.

8. Always, Hyper-C had sneered from afar at an overexposed spectacular martial mode of historical monumentalism instead installing an amphibious geographical nonumentalism and deploying the anti-memory deep time of the spinal fluid ocean.

9. s-s-s-s-s-s-s-sss-sssssssssssset your clocks to maritime<K+

INSURGENT PHASE 1: STYLE WARS TO RACE WARS

INSURGENT PHASE 7: FROM SUBVERSION TO SUBMERSION

1. Contrast the martial trajectory of the Quantum Blacks with the escape velocity of the Dr. Drexel inspired Drexiyans and you can understand the dismay of deep-cover Hyper-C <<C the entity/> with escalations to violence of the Quantum Black war against the State (white body politic) which Greg Tate reports.

2. K2-k-k-k-kode for C/>k-a-t-a-s-o-n-1-x->[r-e-w-1-n-d]><the <C>entury^^no_play)back)))))))}}}}}}}}}}}}]]]]]]]]]]]]]>>>>>>>>

2: Greg Tate, "Excerpt from *Altered Spade: Readings in Race-Mutation Theory*," in *Microphone Fiends: Youth Music & Youth Culture*, eds., A. Ross and T. Rose, 59–68 (London, UK: Routledge, 1994), 65.

3. Preferring an older operating system Hyper-C deploy an old school wetware martial art termed sino-hydro-synthetics)_^insert the sun tzu chip>kode9)))) testifying to the hypercultural matrix which smears out the white face of the Occident.

4. By pure coincidence, Dr. Camelot Drexel's research, Tate tells us, "was based on the theory that black peoples consciousness and social condition could be transformed through genetic mutation, rather than religious or ideological conversion. He wanted to transform a select group of black folks into amphibious creatures who would assist him in leading an exodus of black people to the Sirius B system."[3]

5. In 1998, mobile aqua-agent Drexiya has been noted "currently missing in action" although recent signal suggests sightings in the "eastside sewer system 7 mile and Van dyke area-eastside Detroit Sector." Drexiya, a "wavejumper" from the Special forces operates on "aquatic assault" and "beach head preparations" through the "underwater deployment of Electronic Funk Bombs."[4]

6. Weapon of Choice—H_2O

7. Rewind the century

8. No playback

9. Set your clocks to maritime...

SOUNDBANK

various: Bedouin Ascent, Dillinja, Ram, Dylan, Virus, Current Value, UR, Drexciya, Parliament, Digital Underground, Ccru, kode9, katasonix.

3: Tate, "Excerpt from *Altered Spade*," 59.

4: From Underground Resistance's *Interstellar Fugitives* (1998) liner notes.

Recursive Numeric Sequences in Africa[1]

Ron Eglash

1) Nonlinear additive series in African cultures

The counting numbers (1, 2, 3...) can be thought of as a kind of iteration, but only in the most trivial way. It is true that we could produce the counting numbers from a recursive loop; that is, a function in which the output at one stage becomes the input for the next: $X_{n+1} = X_n+1$. But this is a strictly linear series, increasing by the same amount each time—the numeric equivalent of a staircase. Addition can, however, produce nonlinear series, and there are at least two examples of nonlinear additive series in African cultures. The triangular numbers (1, 3, 6, 10, 15...) are used in a game called "tarumbeta" in east Africa.[2] Figure 1 [end of text] shows how these numbers are derived from the shape of triangles of increasing size, and how the numeric series can be created by a recursive loop. As in the case of certain formal age-grade initiation practices, the simple versions are used by smaller children, and the higher iterations picked up with increasing age. While there is no indication of a formal relationship in this instance, there is still an underlying parallel between the iterative concept of aging common to many Africa cultures—each individual passing through multiple turns of the "life-cycle"—and the iterative nature of the triangular number series.

Another nonlinear additive series in was found in archaeological evidence from north Africa. Badawy noted what appears to be use of the Fibonacci series in the layout of the temples of ancient Egypt.[3] Using a slightly different approach, I found a visually distinct example of this series in the successive chambers of the temple of Karnak, as shown in figure 2a. Figure 2b shows

1: The following text appears, in its entirety, in Ron Eglash's 1999 book, *African Fractals: Modern Computing and Indigenous Design* (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1999), in chapter seven. Specifically, section one in the text above appears on pages 86–89; section two on 101–108. Given that Robin Mackay is thanked in the acknowledgments to *African Fractals*, the CCRU connection is clear.

2: Claudia Zaslavsky, *Africa Counts: Number and Pattern in African Culture* (Boston, MA: Prindle, Weber & Schmidt, Inc., 1973), 111.

3: Alexander Badawy, *Ancient Egyptian Architectural Design: A Study of the Harmonic System* (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1965).

how these numbers can be generated using a recursive loop. This formal scaling plan may have been derived from the non-numeric versions of scaling architecture we see throughout Africa.[4]

An ancient set of balance weights, apparently used in Egypt, Syria and Palestine circa 1200 B.C.E., also appear to employ the Fibonacci sequence.[5] This is a particularly interesting use, since one of the striking mathematical properties of the sequence is that one can create any positive integer through addition of selected members—a property that makes it ideal for application to balance measurements.[6] There is no evidence that ancient Greek mathematicians knew of the Fibonacci sequence. There was use of the Fibonacci sequence in Minoan design, but Preziosi cites evidence indicating that this could have been brought from Egypt by Minoan architectural workers employed at Kahun.[7]

2) Discrete self organization in Owari

Figure 3a shows a board game that is played throughout Africa in many different versions variously termed "ayo," "bao," "giuthi," "lela," "mancala," "omweso," "owari," "tei," and "songo" (among many other names). Boards cut into stones, some of extreme antiquity, have been found from Zimbabwe to Ethiopia.[8] The game is played by scooping pebble or seed counters from one cup, and sequentially placing one each in the cups that follow. The goal is to have the last counter land in a cup with only one or two counters already in it, which allows the player to capture those counters. In the Ghanaian game of Owari, players are known for utilizing a series of moves they call a "marching group." They note that if the number of counters in a series of cups each decrease by one (*e.g.*, 4-3-2-1) the entire pattern can be replicated

4: See Ron Eglash, Christian Sina Diatta, and Nfally Badiane, "Fractal structure in Jola material culture," *Ekistics* Vol. 61, No. 368/369 (Sep.–Dec. 1994): 367–371; Ron Eglash, "Fractal geometry in African material culture," *Symmetry: Culture and Science* Vol. 6, No. 1 (1995): 174–177.

5: Karl M. Petruso, "Additive progression prehistoric mathematics: A conjecture," *Historia Mathematica* Vol. 12, No. 2 (May 1985): 101–106.

6: Verner E. Hoggartt, Jr., *Fibonacci and Lucas Numbers* (Santa Clara, CA: The Fibonacci Association, 1979).

7: Donald Preziosi, *Minoan Architectural Design: Formation and Signification* (Berlin, DE: Mouton Publishers, 1983).

8: See Zaslavsky, *Africa Counts*, figure 11–6, pg. 126.

with a right-shift by scooping from the largest cup, and that if left uninterrupted it can propagate in this way as far as needed (figure 3b). As simple as it seems, this concept of a self-replicating pattern is at the heart of some sophisticated mathematical concepts.

John von Neumann, who played a pivotal role in the development of the modern digital computer, was also a founder of the mathematical theory of self-organizing systems. Initially von Neumann's theory was to be based on self-reproducing physical robots. Why work on a theory of self-reproducing machines? I believe the answer can be found in von Neumann's social outlook. Heims' biography emphasizes how the disorder of von Neumann's precarious youth as a Hungarian Jew was reflected in his adult efforts to impose a strict mathematical order in various aspects of the world. In von Neumann's application of game theory to social science, for example, Heims writes that his "Hobbesian" assumptions were "conditioned by the harsh political realities of his Hungarian experience."[9] His enthusiasm for the use of nuclear weapons against the Soviet Union is also attributed to this experience.

During the Hixon Symposium he was asked if computing machines could be built such that they could repair themselves if "damaged in air raids," and replied that "there is no doubt that one can design machines which, under suitable circumstances, will repair themselves."[10] His work on nuclear radiation tolerance for the AEC in 1954–1955 included biological effects as well as machine operation. Putting these facts together, I cannot escape the creepy conclusion that von Neumann's interest in self-reproducing automata originated in fantasies about having a more perfect mechanical progeny survive the nuclear purging of organic life on this planet.

Models for physical robots turned out to be too complex, and at the suggestion of his colleague Stanislaw Ulam,

9: Steve J. Heims, *John von Neumann and Norbert Wiener: From Mathematics to the Technologies of Life and Death* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1980), 296.
10: John von Neumann, "The General and Logical Theory Automata," in *John von Neumann: Collected Works, Volume V: Design of Computers, Theory of Automata and Numerical Analysis*, ed., A. H. Taub, 288–326 (Oxford, UK: Pergamon, 1961), 324.

von Neumann settled for a graphic abstraction; "cellular automata" as they came to be called. In this model (figure 4a) each square in a grid is said to be either alive or dead (that is, in one of two possible states). The iterative rules for changing the state of any one square are based on the eight nearest neighbors (*e.g.*, if 3 or more nearest-neighbors are full, the cell becomes full in the next iteration). At first researchers carried out on these cellular automata experiments on checkered tablecloths with poker chips and dozens of human helpers (Mayer-Kress, personal communication), but by 1970 it had been developed into a simple computer program (Conway's "game of life") which was described by Martin Gardner in his famous "Mathematical Games" column in *Scientific American*.[11] The "game of life" column was an instant hit, and computer screens all over the world began to pulsate with a bizarre array of patterns (figure 4b). As these activities drew increasing professional attention, a wide range of mathematically-oriented scientists began to realize that the spontaneous emergence of self-sustaining patterns created in certain cellular automata were excellent models for the kinds of self-organizing patterns that had been so elusive in studies of fluid flow and biological growth.

Since scaling structures are one of the hallmarks of both fluid turbulence and biological growth, the occurrence of fractal patterns in cellular automata attracted a great deal of interest. But more simple scaling structure, the logarithmic spiral (figure 5), has garnered much of the attention. Even back in the 1950s mathematician Alan Turing, whose theory of computation provided von Neumann with the inspiration for the first digital computer, began his research on "biological morphogenesis" with an analysis of logarithmic spirals in growth patterns. Markus notes that the application areas for cellular automata models of spiral waves include nerve axons, the retina, the surface of fertilized eggs, the cerebral cortex, heart tissue, and aggregating slime molds.[12] In the text for CALAB, the first

11: Martin Gardner, "Mathematical Games: The fantastic combinations of John Conway's new solitaire game 'life,'" *Scientific American* Vol. 223, No. 4 (Fall 1970): 120–123.
12: Mario Markus, "Autonomous Organization of a Chaotic Medium into Spirals: Simulations and Experiments," in *Spiral Symmetry*, eds., I. Hargittai and C. A. Pickover, 165–186 (Singapore: World Scientific, 1992).

comprehensive software for experimenting with cellular automata, mathematician Rudy Rucker refers to systems which produce paired log spirals as "Zhabotinsky CAs," after the chemist who first observed such self-organizing patterns in artificial media:

> When you look at Hodge (or at other Zhabotinsky reactions) you are seeing very striking three dimensional structures; things like paired vortex sheets in the surface of a river below a dam, the scroll pair stretching all the way down to the river bottom [...] In three dimensions, a Zhabotinsky reaction would be like two paired nautilus shells, facing each other with their lips blending. The successive layers of such a growing pattern would build up a shape very like...a fetus![13]

Figure 6 shows how the owari marching group system can be used as a one-dimensional cellular automaton to demonstrate many of the dynamic phenomena produced on two-dimensional systems. The Akan and other Ghanaian societies had a remarkable pre-colonial use of logarithmic spirals in iconic representations for self-

organizing systems (figure 7a). The Ghanaian spirals and the four-armed computer graphic in figure 5b are quite distant in terms of the machine technologies that produced them, but there may well be mathematical connections between the two. Since cellular automata model the emergence of such patterns in modern scientific studies of living systems, and certain Ghanaian log spiral icons were also intended as generalized models for organic growth, it is not unreasonable to consider the possibility that the self-organizing dynamics observable in owari were also linked to concepts of biological morphogenesis in traditional Ghanaian knowledge systems.

Rattray's classic volume on the Asante culture of Ghana includes a chapter on owari, but unfortunately it only covers the rules and strategies of the game. Recently Kofi Agudoawu of Ghana has written a booklet on owari "dedicated to Africans who are engaged in the formidable task of reclaiming their heritage," and he does note its

13: Reworded. Rudy Rucker, "The JC Rules" on *Cellular Automata Laboratory*. https://www.rudyrucker.com/oldhomepage/celdoc/rules.html

association with reproduction: "wari" in the Ghanaian language Twi means "he/she marries."[14] Herskovits, noting that the "awari" game played by the descendants of African slaves in the new world had retained some of the pre-colonial cultural associations from Africa, reports that awari had a distinct "sacred character" to it, particularly involving the carving of the board.[15] Owari boards with carvings of logarithmic spirals (figure 7b) can be commonly found in Ghana today, suggesting that western scientists may not be the only ones who developed an association between discrete self-organizing patterns and biological reproduction. It is a bit vindictive, but I can't help enjoying the thought of von Neumann, apostle of a mechanistic New World Order that would wipe out the irrational cacophony of living systems, spinning in his grave every time we watch a cellular automaton—whether in pixels or owari cups—bring forth chaos in the games of life.

14: Kofi C. Agudoawu, *Rules for Playing Oware* (Kumasi, GH: KofiTall, 1991), [page unknown].

15: Melville J. Herskovits, "Wari in the New World," *The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* Vol. 62 (Jan.–Jun. 1932): 23–37.

Figure 1 The triangular numbers in an East African game

The stones in each triangular array can be built up in an iterative fashion, that is, the next triangle can be created by adding another layer to any side of the previous triangle. The number to be added in each additional layer is simply the number of iterations. For each iteration I, and total number of stones N, we have:

$N_{i+1} = N_i + i$ (starting with $N_0 = 0$)

1 = 0 + 1 (a trivial array, not used in the game)
3 = 1 + 2
6 = 3 + 3
10 = 6 + 4
15 = 10 + 5
.
.
.

In other words, the next number will be given by the last number plus the iteration count:

A game called "arumbeta" in east Africa makes use of the triangular numbers, starting with 3 (3,6,10,15....). In this game one player calls the count as she or he removes stones consecutively, left to right and bottom to top, while the other player, without looking, must signal whenever the first stone in a row has been removed.

Figure 2 The Fibonacci series in ancient Egypt

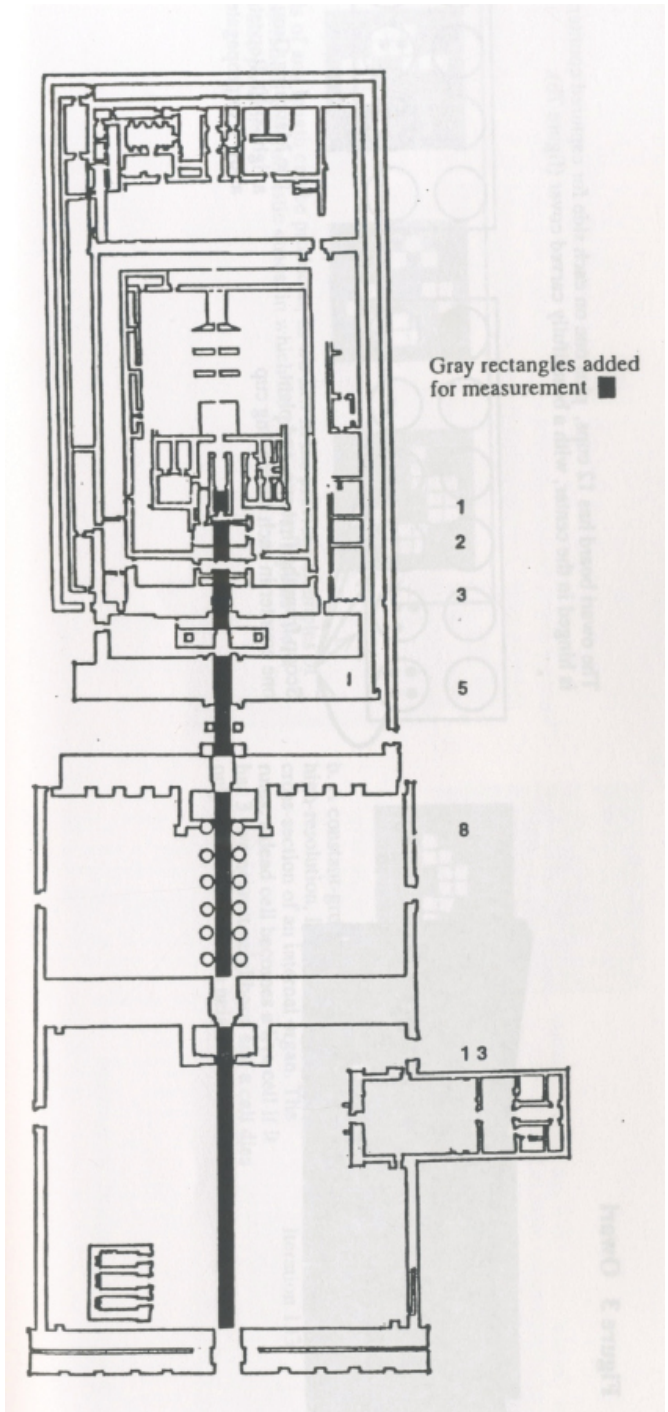
The Fibonacci series (1,1,2,3,5,8,13...) was found by Badawy (1965) in his study of the layout of the temples of ancient Egypt. His analysis was quite complex, but it is not difficult to create a simple visualization. Here we see the series in the succesive chambers of the temple of Karnak.

The Fibonacci series is produced by adding the previous number to the current number to get the next number, starting with 1+1=2. For each iteration I, the number N in the series is given by:

$N_{i+1} = N_i + N_{i-1}$

(that is, $N_{next} = N_{current} + N_{previous}$)

1+1=2
1+2=3
2+3=5
3+5=8
5+8=13
.
.
.



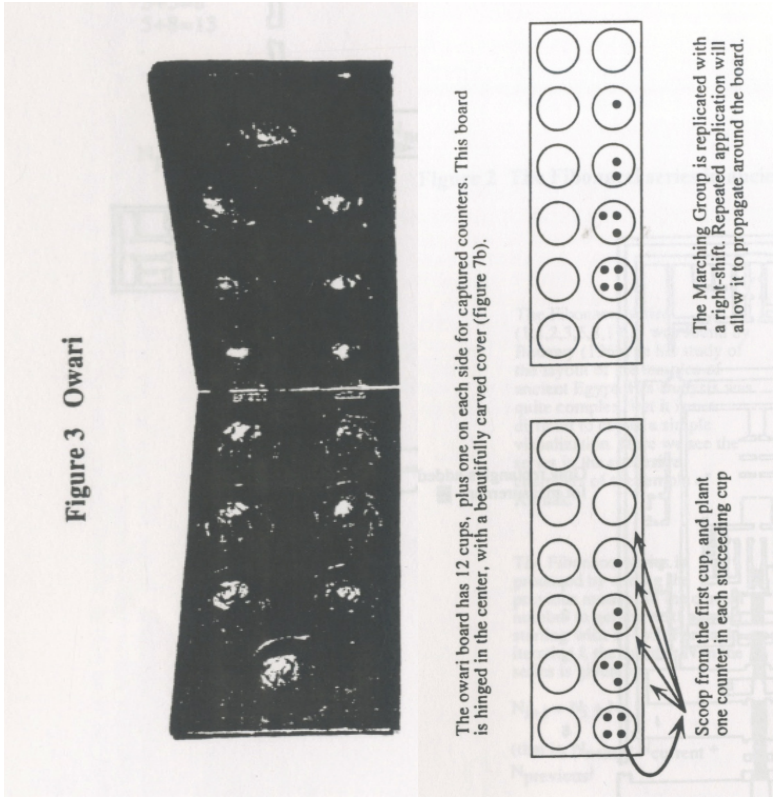


Figure 3 Owari

The owari board has 12 cups, plus one on each side for captured counters. This board is hinged in the center, with a beautifully carved cover (figure 7b).

Scoop from the first cup, and plant one counter in each succeeding cup

The Marching Group is replicated with a right-shift. Repeated application will allow it to propagate around the board.

A period-4 pattern. Periods of any length can be produced, as we saw in the previous examples of pseudorandom number generation. Deterministic chaos, in which the pattern never repeats (i.e. a period-infinity pattern), is also possible.

b. A constant-growth pattern, shown in high-resolution, looks similar to the cross-section of an internal organ. The rules: a dead cell becomes a live cell if it has 3 live nearest neighbors, and a cell dies only if it has 7 or 8 live neighbors.

Figure 4 Cellular Automata

a. In the cellular automaton called "the game of life," each cell in the grid is in one of two states: live or dead. Here we see a live cell in the center, surrounded by dead cells in its eight nearest neighbors. The state of each cells in the next iteration is determined by a set of rules. In "classic" life (the rules first proposed by John Horton Conway), a dead cell becomes a live cell if it has 3 live nearest neighbors, and a cell dies unless it has 2 or 3 live neighbors.

This stable pattern flips back and forth between these two states.

This is called a "period-2" pattern.

This initial condition produces a fixed pattern after four iterations. The patterns occuring before it settles down to stability are called the "transient."

Figure 5 Spirals in Cellular Automata

a. Paired spirals emerge from a three-state cellular automaton. Black cells are live, white cells are dead, and grey cells are in a refractory or "ghost" state. The rules: Any dead nearest neighbors of a live cell become live in the next iteration, and any live cell goes into the ghost state in the next iteration. Ghost cells become dead cells in the next iteration. The refractory layer acts as a memory, providing the directed growth (i.e. the breaking of symmetry) needed to create a spiral pattern.

b. This four-armed logarithmic spiral from Markus (1991) was produced by a six-state cellular automaton in which a sequence of ghost states correspond to increasingly dark shades of gray. The system makes use of a very high-resolution grid, as well as some random noise to prevent the tendency for the patterns to follow the grid shape (as in the square contours of the spiral above).

Mushroom cut in half.

Bivalve shell from Haeckel (1904).

North African sheep, from Cook (1914).

c. Logarithmic spirals often occur in natural growth forms.

Figure 6 Owari as one-dimensional cellular automaton

We can view the owari board as a one-dimensional cellular automaton. One dimension is not necessarily a disadvantage; in fact most of the professional mathematics on cellular automata (cf. Wolfram 1984, 1985) have been done on one-dimensional versions, because it is easier to keep track of the results. They can show all the dynamics of two dimensions.

The patterns noted by traditional owari players offer a great deal of insight into self-organizing behavior. Their observation of a class of self-propagating patterns, the "marching group," provides an excellent starting point.

3 4 2 1 -> 5 3 2 -> 4 3 1 1 1 -> 4 2 2 2 -> 3 3 3 1 -> 4 4 2 -> 5 3 1 1 -> 4 2 2 1 1 -> 3 3 2 2 ->

4 3 3 -> 4 4 1 1 -> 5 2 2 1 -> 3 3 2 1 1 -> 4 3 2 1

The marching group is an example of a constant pattern. Here we see counters in the initial sequence 3421 converge on their marching formation simply by repeating the "scoop from the left cup" rule through 13 iterations.

Just as we saw in two-dimensional cellular automata, transients of many different lengths can be produced. Transients of maximum length are used as an end-game tactic by indigenous Ghanian players, who call it "slow motion" -- accumulating pieces on your side to prevent your opponent from capturing them. In nonlinear dynamics the constant pattern is called a "point attractor," and the transients would be said to lie in the "basin of attraction."

The marching group rule can also produce periodic behavior (a "limit cycle" or "periodic attractor" in nonlinear dynamics terms). Here is a period-3 system using only four counters:

2 1 1 -> 2 2 -> 3 1 -> 2 1 1

Which patterns lead to marching groups, and which ones lead to periodic cycles?

Total number of counters	Behavior (after transients)
1	Marching
2	Period 2
3	Marching
4	Period 3
5	Period 3
6	Marching
7	Period 4
8	Period 4
9	Period 4
10	Marching
11	Period 5
12	Period 5
13	Period 5
14	Period 5
15	Marching

The numbers which lead to marching groups -- 1, 3, 6, 10, 15... -- should look familar to readers: it's the triangular numbers we saw in Tarumbeta!

The period of the cycles in-between each marching group is given by three plus the iteration level of the previous triangular number reached.

(Note -- some sequences will be truncated for 13, 14, and 15 since there are more counters than holes).

Figure 7 Logarithmic curves and owari

a. Several Ghanian iconic figures, such as this goldweight, link a spiritual force with the structure of living systems through logarithmic spirals. Photo courtesy of the UCLA Fowler Museum of Cultural History

b. The cover of the hinged owari board we saw in figure 3 shows concentric circles emanating from the Adinkra icon for the power of god, "Gye Nyame." A similar icon, without the logarithmic curves, is attributed to a closed fist as a symbol of of power. The Gye Nyame symbol thus appears to be a pair of logarithmic curves held in in a fist: God holding the power of life.

Africa in the Origins of Binary Code

Ron Eglash

> The relationship between what we do as physicists today and the future that our work engenders is dialogical in the sense that not only do our present actions determine what our future will be, but we must be ever mindful of the impact of our present actions on the future [...] Through our moral responsibility and awareness of signals and trends, we in effect, 'listen' to what the future has to tell us.
>
> —Donnell Walton, Chair, National Conference of Black Physics Students 1995.[1]

While the temporal traditions of African societies were frequently cited by colonialists as evidence for primitive superstition, they appear today in quite the opposite context: Mathematical analyses of traditional African designs, techniques and knowledge systems indicate a wide array of sophisticated indigenous inventions. Like Paul Gilroy's fractal Atlantic, Donnell Walton's invocation of African divination traditions—of listening to the future—is not only useful in its call for greater ethical responsibility, but also as a reminder for the surprising links between traditional knowledge and modern science.

The modern binary code, essential to every digital circuit from alarm clocks to super computers, was first introduced by Leibniz around 1670.

Leibniz has been inspired by the binary-based 'logic machine' of Raymond Lull, which was in turn inspired by the alchemists' divination practice of geomancy.[2] But geomancy is Clearly not of European origin. It was first introduced there by Hugo of Santalla in twelfth century Spain and Islamic scholars had been using it in North Africa since at least the 9th century, where it was first documented in written records by the Jewish writer Aran ben Joseph.

1: [source missing]

2: Stephen Skinner, *Terrestrial Astrology: Divination by Geomancy* (London, UK: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1980).

Geomancy is traditionally practiced by drawing patterns in the sand. It begins with four sets of random dashed lines. These are paired off (*i.e.*, summed by addition module two), and the even/odd results recorded with two strokes or one stroke. Four of these binary digits represents one of 16 possible divination archetypes (ruler, travel, desire, etc.) Although the first four are generated by this random process, the following 12 are created by recursively applying the same pairing operation on the binary digits making up the four symbols (a process which can be seen in many other areas of African knowledge systems.)[3]

The nearly identical system of divination in West Africa associated with Fa and Ifa was first noted by Trautman, but he assumed that geomancy originated in Arabic society, where it is known as ilm alraml ("the science of sand").[4] The mathematical basis of geomancy is however, strikingly out of place in non-African systems. Like other linguistic codes, number bases tend to have an extremely long historical persistence. The ancient Greeks held 10 to be the most sacred of all numbers; the Kabbalah's Ayin Sof emanates by 10 Sefirot and the Christian west counts on its "Hindu-Arabic" decimal notation.

In ancient Egypt, on the other hand, base 2 calculation was ubiquitous, even for multiplication and division, and Zaslavsky notes archeological evidence linking it to the use of doubling in the counting systems of sub-Suharan Africa.[5] Kautzsch notes that both Diodorus Siculus and Oblian reported that the ancient Egyptian priests "employed an image of truth cut in halves."[6]

Doubling is a frequent theme in African divination and many other African knowledge systems, connecting the sacredness of twins, spirit doubles, and double vision with material objects, like the blacksmith's twin bellows

3: See Ron Eglash, "African Influences in Cybernetics," in *The Cyborg Handbook*, ed., C. H. Gray, 17–27 (London, UK: Routledge, 1995).

4: René Frédéric Alexandre Trautmann, *La divination a la Coîe des esclaves et a Madagascar; le voûdûFa, le sikidy* (Amsterdam, NL: Swets & Zeitlinger, 1968).

5: Claudia Zaslavsky, *Africa Counts: Number and Pattern in African Culture* (Boston, MA: Prindle, Weber & Schmidt, Inc., 1973).

6: Emil Kautzsch, "Urim," in New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, Vol. XII: Trench – Zwingli, ed., S. M. Jackson, et al., 107–109 (New York, NY: Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1912), 109.

and the double iron hoe given in bridewealth. In a recent interview in *Wired*, Brian Eno claimed that the problem with computers is that they "don't have enough Africa in them."[7] Eno was, no doubt, trying to be complimentary, saying that adaptive rhythm and flexibility is a valuable attribute of African culture. But in doing so he obscured the cultural origins of digital computing, and did an injustice to the very concept he was trying to convey. Take, for example, Henry Louis Gates' use of a recursive doubling description when discussing the relations between divination and sexuality in West African traditions:

> The Fon and Yoruba escape the Western version of discursive sexism through the action of doubling the double; the number 4 and its multiples are sacred in Yoruba metaphysics. Esu's two sides "disclose a hidden wholeness"; rather than closing off unity, through the opposition, they signify the passage from one to the other as sections of a subsumed whole.[8]

The binary coding of traditional African knowledge systems, like that of their antecedents in modern computing networks, is neither rigid nor arhythmic; its beat is a heritage heard by those who listen to the future.

7: Brian Eno (and Kevin Kelly), "Gossip is Philosophy," *Wired*, 146–151 (May 1995), 149.

8: Henry Louis Gates, Jr., *The Signifying Money: A Theory of African-American Literary Criticism* (Oxford, UK: Oxford University Press, 1988), 30.

Leaks from the Miskatonic-Bunker Hotel

CCRU

Notes, fractions, random thoughts, night dreams, psychic leakage... Dr. Sarkon, darkness, Miskatonic bunker-hotel: 8/8/00...

Canto 5—worm bomb: re: recent shredding of old, dearth text said to be hidden off far Eastern island nr Krakatoa. Professor Barker had been there; seen something; now disappeared; feared dead or at least cryogenically frozen by a government who feared the worst. They said he'd incanted a phrase—maybe three—that xxxxxxxxxxxxxzzzzzzxxxxxxxyyyy (sorry, laptop terminal spluttered, word sense juddered) rendered temporal fold/lapse and neurological dispersion into psychedelically altered Pan-state left screaming. Natives of island knew how to control this; at least keep it at bay. Text had fallen into hands of a cargo cult then somehow all traces lost. The US of Americas was mentioned; CIA surmised fledgling blackmail story that Barker was cloned and that at least two were wreaking unhingedness in the West somewhere. But the damage had already been done long before. Money had gone into my account—a payoff from The [green] Fuzz to somehow keep quiet. I doubt it...

Must hide these cuttings... Jan. 8th, 00. Japanese trawler men find strange stone bas-relief in fishing net. Archaeologists date it as pre-history and, think, to followers of Dagon. May, 00. New York. Insurance agent sent to trace missing pulp thriller writer found drained of bone marrow in abandoned cinema. 12th Jul., 00. British government refuses asylum to deformed spine children from Rumanian leper colony as civil war reconvenes...

So the story was true? And we'd been given to think it was a fiction. His cheeks exploded as tho' filled with an aluminium nail cluster.

An eminent Victorian scientist and radical free thinker unlocks ancient evil (beyond time and space). Girl had daughter or, should that read...? Married into English aristocracy who now hold key to terrible secrets. Most of apocalyptic events of 20th Century directly responsible to havok unleashed by said Victorian and hidden psych-fear. Nazis, Mau Maus, Pol Pot, Amin, mere distractions to throw us off the scent of something really fuckin' bad. This unholy 'family' is widespread throughout England, Massachusetts and parts of Lithuania. Just think, the limey aristocracy responsible for the impending...Barker knew this (so he should).

So his intentions were good?

In the limited sense of the vocabulary, yes, at least we think so.

What was shredded then?

Papers-

Papers?

Journals, jottings, notes. Some strange group vaguely affiliated to an eldritch department of a hidden English University had stumbled—accidentally and chemically—onto similar. Threat was thwarted before it was too late. Group sought to cause similar disruption through platforms deemed popular tho' unpopular with authorities. Filled graphic novels, stories with K-cantos: Audience would unbeknowingly recite. Imagine if we'd had let this out? Jeeesh. They'd created a whole pantheon of gods—Mur Mur, Katak, the like—thing is, what these limey schmucks didn't realise was that these things actually fuckin' existed. We call it the poetic parallel ("as above, so below" the idea's been around for centuries)—if it's in yr head it's there cos it exists! Then it's only a matter of bringing it out. See? Magic, technology, drugs, sex—even fuckin' yoga—any stimulus'll do the job. Barker knew this (so he should).

What happened to the group?

They had to be eliminated, taken out.

Liquidated?

No, people would become suspicious. They were branded insane—neutralized—made outcasts: This was the most effective way. We're still mopping up the trails, some as far off as Czechoslovakia, Southern England.

You should leave now. Haven't you got to be in Washington?

Thanks for the drink...

The future was inevitable. He knew this now. Like a laser moving onto its target. Fixed. Impenetrable yet lucidly clear. The Fuzz knew what Barker was. Barker probably was The Fuzz. Interchangeable. Waiting outside that hidden door. He hadn't been cloned. This was puerile gossip, a fact-lie mythed about by rogue Fuzz sentinels (d-railed in the distant 60s fracas) linked vaguely to a Colombian cartel (paid off in snow). Fact: Cocaine was seriously destabilising Western economies but too many politicians had a habit. Make note... deface from journal: That's another story.

Barker was real, as far as you could call anything real. A self-replicating proto-eluvial organism probably been here 65 million years—landed from distant star, far beyond our galaxy; maybe first asleep in ice caves under earth's crust—a spore, woken by said natives of island nr Krakatoa after earth shift thousands of years before. Records—what still exist—show him appearing throughout history at key points...possibly one of Barker's selfs was eminent Victorian who messed up real good. Then in the latter part of our time Barker had set up DigiGenetech software engineering and completely dominated (read decimated) global markets. Spiked email; vicious clown simulation games; horror typing packages; sinister tentacled datasavers... What a perfect way to K-os; every little programme encoded with some fuckin' sooth; each key pressed; every mouse click phasing energy, strengthening our oldest, unnameable enemy; debilitating our own already debilitated senses... Part of Barker had learned to love humanity; part of him to pity it, but by then it was too late anyway. The gossamer thin mesh of cosmic time and space had been wrenched. Each little diversion was wearing us thinner.

The journal was stained with slightly browning sweat; old fashioned paper gliche this time. These leads keep disappearing into each other and now I'm not so sure. The stars look even more bright tonight. A comet flashed past, illuminating the whole of the town—it's tail orange, fizzing pink. Fax is chucking out reams of unintelligible script. Am awaiting next move. Anticipate call from Fuzz operatives. Any time now. Carnival would be starting soon. The inhabitants of Dunwich would celebrate this every year as they had done for hundreds of years ever since the festival was introduced by travellers who returned from Easter Island late 16th Century. Tobias Barker, merchant, was one of those travellers.

Children flashed past the window: screaming, laughing. Partly hidden by street lamps; their faces masked in some strange amalgam of cotton, wood and plastic. It's already beginning...

I thought I heard a knock at the door.

Room service?