



FLY



HARD_CODE

HARD_CODE
narrating the network society
{ebook/Palm version}

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Hard_Code
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- > Installer Log File
- > **HARD_CODE**
- > Narrating the Network Society

'There are other procedures?'

'Of course but always it is a question of deformation or association on a molecular level - We found that simple binary coding systems were enough to contain the entire image however they required a large amount of storage space until it was found that the binary information could be written at the molecular level - However it was found that these information molecules were not dead matter but exhibited a capacity for life which is found elsewhere in the form of virus.'

William Burroughs, Nova Express

> Let's state the obvious: Whenever you look at a webpage (say, the Visible Human Project website, with its hi-res scans of anatomical cross-sections, or, a CNN live stream of the latest atrocity exhibition (wherever the U.S. government happens to be taking the tour), or the innumerable "dildo cams" and "toilet cams" which, in a burlesque fantasy of Georges Bataille, decorate every porn site), you're not looking at the thing itself, but a particular arrangement of tiny pixels on a screen, so arranged by the sequence of digital ones and zeros, which come to you via pulses of lights through fiber optic cable, into your computer. One way to prove this is to look in your browser's menu for the "view source" option, where you will see the bare bones of HTML code used to format a given webpage. Alternately, try looking at the most extreme digital image you can find through a text-editor. So much of our current computer and networking technologies operate on the level of black boxes, that we rarely take the time or care to care about the entrails of the software we use on an almost daily basis. Which is why, for every industry or business that has gone wired, programmers are in demand. This is also why the new threats to globalism include biotech warfare and hacker-terrorism. For better or worse, the network society is rapidly bifurcating into front-end (user - or more accurately, e-consumer) and back-end (programmer, encoder, cipher, SYSOP).

> What does this have to do with "literature"? Nothing. And that's the problem. If the so-called avant-gardes and experimental fic-

tion writers have anything to teach us, it's that a subversion of the dominant modes of language in a given moment is also a technical, tactical re-programming of the codes of language. Those codes are not only tied to the social through their uses, but they are also always embedded in gadgets, user-friendly items, black boxes - technologies which claim to be both transparent and neutral. Programming, hacking, hand-coding - whatever you want to call it - these are all modes of working through language at the back-end level. There is a lot to be learned from the seemingly routine practices of computer programmers: database security, systems analysts, bioinformatics, e-trading consultants, video game designers, CG artists, encryption experts. Nietzsche's dictum that language speaks us has mutated. We don't simply use infotech as a tool to make our lives easier; infotech codes us on a daily basis. DoubleClick might have started a new kind of population-control through its cookie-services; every click of a finger codes you as a net-surfer exhibiting certain net-behavior patterns based on the websites you visit. Web-cams, live-streams, WebTV, daily mailing lists, web porn, online shopping & services, telemedicine, WhoWhere? People Finder...you are entering a secure server...

> The HARD_CODE collection is a heterogeneous database of text-files which all ask a similar question: does data tell a story? In the complex networks of excess data all around us every day, do narratives emerge? What might information narratives read like, and how might they mutate, on the molecular level, the dominant languages of the information highway, e-commerce solutions, and WINTEL? Now, pages of ones and zeros are an interesting conceptual-art piece, but it's clear they don't make for an engrossing read (unless you have the natural capacity to see intricate macro-patterns and can decode them into various media). So the "narratives" that would emerge would demand something different of fiction writing as we know it - a post-narrative language would slide across raw data. The particular forms which this interaction takes dictates, in a sense, the kinds of text files that are gathered here. As such, they can range from what appears to be quite readable fiction, to what appears to be, well, just information. In addition, the individuals or groups responsible for the text files are not simply "writers"; they range from comput-

er programmers to net.artists to biotech hobbyists, all with an eye for degenerative prose.

> This is the narrow-band version of HARD_CODE. It is optimized for ebook and Palm formats. It contains a sampling of material in the extended Print-On-Demand/POD version of HARD_CODE. The POD version contains these and many other texts, including video chat from Tina Laporta, ads from Technologies to the People, typographic experiments from Steve Tomasula, and graphic writing by Lance and Andi Olsen. The extended POD version of HARD_CODE is available from ALTX at <<http://www.altx.com/pod>>.

> command-control-restart...

MEZ // _Datableeding:**_Datableeding: An Electroducton_**

Once up/down/on/under a time, /me wrote a letter to the stars. This letter contained all the available data on TTT (Textual Time Travel). TTT is a product of that elusive new mind set, the time machined/mezangelled way of thinking, producing, manifesting.

/me had to stop for a second (just a second!).

[Clue insert: some of the square bracket sets are backward. Phonetics are employed. Spaces are created. Realign your constructs. Flow and spark and glean.]

[Meaning code: this dialogue is riddled, troubled; no multilogues exist here to assist it, make it a true network log or decipherable text. Try and muddle on, anyway. N means “and”, or “in”. “r” means “and” or “are”, etc. Reading out-loud may help validate the phonetic allusions. Posthoc reasoning will not help comprehension. Read that first paragraph again.]

/me waits, wanting the nodes to catch on/up, comprehending nothing, regurgitating everything (please).

Datableeding: Methodology

/me had thoughts uncoded by the sanctity of the network. The sanctity was profound, the data-traffic lost. The rhythm broken. How to convince the nodes of their existence/resistance?

[Clue insert: you, dear co-author and reader, are the nodepoint. The point in the fluid. The point that flows between, behind, before....comprehension critical/crucial.]

[Meaning code: as the web grows more neural-like, more animated/integrated/dense, the less interactive it is able to become; a node/viewer is forced to respond with proscribed reactions; flickers of the swarmic genuine embed within the directional, the uni-

lateral. Where is the lateral courage/encouragement? Stigmata reactions should assist where appropriate. Datableed comes from this staccato, moving through the neural in waves, swarming into active channels, critically hitting inactive potentials. It is small, a miniscule infoalert. Incremental. Translating easily when decoded. A node datadigest pill. Repeated exposure increases incidental learning, facilitating absorption. Read the posts again, once from this list, twice from another. It won't hurt.]

Datableeding: Results

/me flips, again. Rejoicing in the ebb. /me swarms action as time, datacondensing around the pulse point. Converge/diverge, constrict/expand; the data moves, a-live.

[No clue insert: the nodes must decide.]

[Meaning code: a freeforming idea that can get stuck, this lateral sliding into play. Are you starting to assign your phrases to square brackets? Go on, read it again. It's all there, isn't it? Just as you pepper your thoughts and verbal sentence strings with tangents, memories, the future - so the datableeds into itself, breaking down the linear, the expected - you start to switch to valvular conceptions of data absorption. Time fractions are meaningless. So are resolute traditional meaning cues.]

Datableeding: Discussion

/me constructs a code, made from a chat-constructed interface, the main character is titled "/me". "/me" only exists when on-line, and is covered in sponsorship logos that are text-lasered on or off with a neuralnet gun. Action lines determine the narrative.

[Clue insert: lick yourself a ball of organobiotic glue, drenched with human genome sequences and mechanised DNA tendrils. Inject sponsorship pixels through a binary needle. Mold a pet virus, designed 2 expel annoying prototypologees and shifting character/floating nuances. Will you be happy then?].

[Meaning code: if narrative is essential to comprehension, then

TTT is not for you. Turn reading “off” and filter “on”. if, on the other hand, you enjoy dream sequences/sequentials, reverse the last.]

Kenji Siratori // n+a+n+o

(:tragedy of this electron theory)

HEAD

The silence of the nerves_lobotomy of the narcolepsy that disillusionment zone body "OMOTYA" of the clone boys dashes the rape soul-machine top of the iteration..ADAM doll of the lonely cyber of the future of the cadaver city where is replicated so be the miracle that is parasitic on our animal picture-DIGITAL of @ you that does their techno pop crisis wolf=space desire. The switching of the picture mode that the guidance of monochrome murder turned the malice paradigm of the clone boys that collide with the body circuit of the electron=isolation that the air of a dog fills into about. Our soul-machine I meditate the body drug of earthworm that does "B" of fiber....cadaver city of the gravity that is dispersing the plural artificial sun that does the channel to the horizon of the parasitism person scribe--the heart

Desiring the DIGITAL larva of the clone boys that I am lost in wild fancies of with the silicone of the desert I walk to the inorganic substance that the screen of the cadaver city that contracts make visual the eternal grief and spiral that grow thick....it is the virtual=continent of a dog. The device that the machine form beat in the future of zero wore our speed that restrains the body fluid of a disillusionment to the murder that you was jointed diligently merely. -It is the eyeball mode of fly that resuscitates. I collect the cold affection negative of the drug embryo....it is <<meat>> the psyche tone/fission Tyre chromosome external insanity material violence operation thing speed de---back earnest cadaver city contraction cheap gimmick girl transcendence suspicion I floatation Tyre chromium=vital angel Sikake worldly desires Tyre within the brain of I murder beat collection Tyre ANDROID pupil medium acceleration Tyre I emotional [] blood]! ? Dash Tyre drug embryo sudden discharge body--despair Tyre--dog brain []. miracle..desert tear strip []..vital suspicion [/]....TOKAGE imperfect wild fancy dive of the ant superiority control body line cut worldly desires larva program Tyre chromosome insanity plants. It is boy replication....immortality desire....collection Tyre world

rhythm mass of flesh plug virtual Tyre. The impossibility deoxyri-
 bonucleic acid channel that does the vision of the meat of brain
 weather TOKAGE that rapes our machinery beat scribe it is
 hyper it does noise=the pupil/surface of the dog that really does
 the digital vamp! control external God/it does holon of the murder
 of the picture LOAD with our technology virtual of the internal
 organ consciousness....ant that whirls. Aerofoil impossible is
 tripped it goes to war like self degeneration as....so/ it is soul-
 machine state visionix of clone boys. Desire occupies speed
 body fluid collects the immortality of this cadaver city the conti-
 nent-communication impossible ADAM doll as the picture of the
 chloroform that respire the malice of the grief of a cell is
 observed as if I love it....[] of masses of flesh with the interior of
 the womb of the dog that commits suicide with the interior of the
 womb of a clone skin+....dog and be programing to an angel
 mechanism..... I reproduce the space-medium [ScreenHead]
 that mutation was break down to the cyber-target that does-inter-
 twine....>> our proliferation area @ soul-machine of the artificial
 sun that grows thick in a cadaver city the medium of the violent
 awakening of the slot clone boys that releases it the output desire
 that invades the cyber line/ asphalt does the huge mass of flesh
 market of body "OMOTYA" LOAD with the dog which held it and
 beat.... Our ADAM....[] material sleep....it break down....react it
 in order that gene=TV is controlled/....[] that replicates it
 self....our self-containing consciousness accelerates the rep... so/
 the placenta of the induction/ or murder of the street of the brain
 universe that were done [] blood the disillusionment that is in
 control external of the pupil is expanded.....it is the strategy of a
 noise gimmick girl. -It is the chromosome state. [The new
 earth's crust

When the thinking of 876,543,210 dogs is disillusioned at the sun
 our cadaver city the season when artificial ant iterates the grief of
 our cell that crowds to the coordinates of a cadaver city so
 erodes BODY of that is the script of clone boys to the chloroform
 and mystery, compact disk ROM and digital that paralyzed the
 dimension of sleep the vital....miracle junkie who was turned dif-
 ferent.... <The brainwashing of a dog>. I am disillusioned....it is
 the optic nerve that we were isolated in the hyper real mixture of
 a control external boundless body, fly!The volume of the self
 ruinous placenta world/mass of flesh of LOAD immediately

before!In the continent where it was restrained to the machine mechanism of an ADAM doll!I rape and the transy [] object of worship of @ TOKAGE is inoculated with the high speed suicide system of the artificial sun! God of the et cetera that does the noise that does the noise that does lonely voice....noise awake the pill form nightmare of homosexual sexual anthropoids the escape_erve of an artificial ant/ the brain that was output disillusion the sun script of you be the engineering of medium DIGITAL=TOKAGE of the desert that quit that is gene information.... ""..... Malice of which homosexual sexual anthropoids were replicated it inherits instantaneously....techno pop/logic the boundless narcolepsy of the machine=angel that the rave scene high speed "the cut" of the body artificial sun of the ant of the picture expands the [] blood vessel of the grief=body that is and crowds murderous to "our wolf=space artery of the electron theory and do our cold-blooded disease desire it is infectious....our chloroform mask....

The monochrome of the artificial blood vessel masses of flesh of the angel mechanism that transcends....the clone boys who suck the nude of the cyber be like the body fluid that electrolyzed it. I escape....the sensitive body of vision....you in the world that was done a junk from the blue machine of that sky is stored and C that does dive to the tragic reproduction nature of the clone boys that ADAM' of our vital chromium....optic nerve that was burn up by the brain of the body scanner....cadaver city of the dog that converts" the soul-machine that only despair....we were paralyzed in the output murder gram=language of a dog collide/the neo-humanism parasitism person of the soul-machines who coagulate! The emotion of you discharges the brain of gauge.....TOKAGE that binds [/ the pituitary in the murderous depressing....cadaver years of androids/ to be parasitic on the sun script of a body more....the DIGITAL internal organ consciousness of a dog do the worldly desires record the vital=biotechnology less murder play of CODA [] so!It observes [] of meat and do the jungle of the end body fluid of the machinery murderous intention=nerves of the boy/and others where does [] to the narcotic puzzle of the insanity chromosome of our picture that proliferates code ill-treat LOAD be the engineer of the dog of the desert....to digest a numerous sun script just as the larva yet ADAM doll of which gradually accumu-

lates it".....!Collecting the brain cell of a dog in the over there of the flash of the soul-machine where the silence/ BUD-DHA drug I of a machine communicates hyper real road of [] cold....clone boys is resolved....pupil of topology....ANDROID of with the nightmare that impossible to the output gene that body "OMOTYA" gets angry virus we of the grief who were perceived and were go to war the brain of the picture that was disillusioned controls the body of an artificial ant to direct]. It respire with the genome that was included to control external so!To TOK-AGE of foolish plug sun of artificial depressing that was jointed/ our existence be analyzed.... secrete do the season when cold-blooded disease animals of soul-machine chaos of absent ANDROID tide....body was hated by the murderous heat quantity of the artificial sun the digital vamp//be! the flood of the invisibility of the cyber desert

The cyber geology of a cadaver city.

Lonely disillusionment it that the cell trips is murdered output God of the hypothetical world mind that homosexual sexual=anthropoids burn up/ the petal of the gene war chaos that the abnormal picture of a chromosome gets confused to! the savage body system <the rape> <the joint> <the soul-machine> our artificial sun of the drug embryo that thrusts through it the ADAM doll that does [] to the pituitary of murder reproduces an open crowd to the pupil that shut down..../it is soul-machine "MODORU". The self ruinous program of clone boys is become aware of/ -- I escape to the inside of the sun....it is a hyper real junkie!The brain of a restraint ADAM doll murders our paradise form picture. [Heart] in the annihilation just before of the @ rep... that the clone boys who speed up the cardiopulmonary technology of a dog or thinking impossible digital miracle....vital suspicion....medium body/ ant cause more physical treachery with, the universe that was discharged collided than asphalt! Our soul-machine/narcolepsy/induction device that a beat does gene=TV of a dog a fuck so. It respire in the nerve area where it was shut down....I disturb the nude of the technology, clone boys of a disillusionment....tremendous savage sleep.....

Eyes

The rebellion brain of the crime sun and meat that do the nerve system length [] input an ADAM doll to the picture/ as the circular constant of the virus of the murder that joints we=...the instantaneous monochrome of the despair be many of the bodies that I records on psychedelic. It is so that the future of the picture when the clone boys were cursed analyzes the high speed miracle of an ant. It sloughs off from the biological=criticality of "e".

--The hologram of the soul-machine that struggles like a dog so...it is without observing the piece ladder of the machine that lost be lost in wild fancies of the sun of blood dyeing in the disillusionment that was supposed. The massacre and reproduction of an artificial ant it inheriteds.....the vision that was put to reflein of....instantaneous target ruin the terrible [] condition/ of the love noise fly of the pituitary where hardened to together! God of et cetera....it beats....it beats comfortably....null of a gene.

012,345,678

Internal organ of a dog-

Our function....

It does our it is absent-minded "the body" that reproduce such a mode that split the body of TOKAGE that be burnt as and was automatized to control external of our vital/anarchists sleep....the mental abnormal channel that gene=TV....of which linked hyper it to the monster of the desire of you was output to the love of asphalt so [] such a mode and high speed VTR is doing trap of a cadaver gikusyaku--it is the 1st stage as the picture animal.

....It is the speed of the ill-treatment desire that our nude deoxyribonucleic acid channel living body of the heat quantity clone boys of the desert ill-treats the worldly desires=larvas of the cyber mechanisms. And the storage that was devastated is recovered....the dog of nervous breakdown the existence of our body system picture of the miracle that splits//do LOAD beat-like the artificial sun that was output to control external of the gene learning of the desire_ADAM doll like a machine=to extract the nerve from the perception.....number

The gradual picture of the ant that is artificial our coordinates input murder DIGITAL octopus that do surgical wolf=space [] of destructive/ _-clone boys and> converge inorganic substance <a

nude....". "

It falls into silence to automatic....

Human body=connection of DIGITAL that feed back from the daz-
zlement of the gold insect.....

In the continent like our dog where the skin tissue of the
Breakdown God ruin of the electron theory that absolute zero
whirls to our body device that respire adsorb/ the sadistic figure
of the blood and noise.....ANDROID that pour looped it to

observe [_**_] of a gene! The nerve that osmoses. The
vital=chromium of you stores love. The program of deviation.

Vision of the insanity of a chromosome is cleft....as the murder of
a number is secreted the gold....

Rebekah Sheldon // Visible Body Project

Leaning in to hear, your whispered words, my sour breath, the alchemic syllables, our liturgy.

to be possessed by a fixed idea:

and so, take these scattered papers up to arms, bending, reaching for transparent scraps of picture and torn lines of appropriated prose. layer them over each other, wound upon wound. there is meaning in these violated turns.

in the absence of voice i compile the words of his body.

corner to corner: fold these papers into themselves. each fold is a severing, a suture line of metonymy. each fold is a revealing, organs open and, convulsive, shut again. the final fold reveals broken mouth-skin, ragged vertical lines of hardened flesh and the relentless beating of exposed capillaries.

it should be a triangle. fit it between the soft flesh of thumb and pointer, press it against the heel and rub it into palm. this is detritus, his souged cells, intended for no hands. sweat: the images blur, the paper breaks. impress their ink on my skin. a chaos of unexpressed meanings held apart in relations of power. a processed language i cannot read. break- this is a ritual of [un]doing.

the palm will grow black with ink, bloodloss. you are now holding the corpse(us)- pocket it- press it between palm and thigh. there the emptied cells will metastasize (syntactical sympathy of broken cell wall) to create that organ, the eye of irrationality, his (disappearing) body forced apparent, twisted with unknown syllables, language of desire. (my body shakes. i can't eat. these are necessary conditions.)

the delusive body of a desolate mirage:

we are seated in a small courtyard,
high garden walls and creeping plants surround us. above us, brick apartment buildings rise, their straight lines broken by metal balconies. from the open windows, rising, angry voices, ambulances, car horns. smell of crusting dishes and warm laundromat rush. we stare across a glass table, through steam off coffee mugs, cigarette smoke. the wind blows my pages out from the bend of your elbow.

we are in a barren room.

i am sure we have been here together before. the concrete walls bear unusual markings. we sit across a desk in high backed metal chairs. we are silent. your eyes are focused on the wall behind me. i can feel the clock hands move to the half hour. from behind a metal door, the sound of multiple phones ringing at once, swift footfalls of women in low-heeled pumps. your feet numbed, you move slightly. to me, your movement marks ambivalence. i swallow hard, my neck constricted by the pressure of your knees. smell of nothing and no one here.

we are in the basement of a large library.

i have come a long way to find you here. wordless, unsmiling, you lead me into the stacks. i follow, flushed, silent, disoriented. you move quickly, withdrawing titles partly from the stacks, kneeling here, rising there, then moving forward. i do not have time to look closely, you are moving too quickly and i do not know the way. you turn suddenly, looking down at the book in your hands, murmuring. slowly, i begin to hear syllables forming in the hiss of your breath through teeth, half-known names from syllables, then titles, publishers, printing dates, jumbled, intertwined. i sing them to myself, re-ordering, memorizing.

i am on an outdoor stage.

from a single folding chair, you are watching me. i am seated in a high plastic chair at a green table. i am very young. my body is monstrously large, prepubescent breasts like lumps of clay, unformed nipples larger than your hands. my dress is too small, constricting the movement of my arms. i smooth down its many black bows. my feet swing, crossed at pale ankle. i am as quiet as possible. i can feel you stare at the slithering black hairs under cream stockings. black paten leather maryjanes brush the concrete.

from the roof of the stage, three faces sway.

distended, their mouths hang in wide grins, implacable o's of silence from their empty eyes. i know they are there. i fold my hands into the lap of my skirt, feeling the rounding belly tied by belt clasp. i am watching you, marking your minimal movements, the small flutter of your eyes scanning me, the downward press of your lips.

the wind, the sound of rushing cars, deafens me. you are so near. your hand lies empty, upturned on thigh. i watch the bend of knuckle.

this undiscoverable body:

1. Matte, black and white, torn strip approx. 3 x 4 in. Materials in printing: chromium, gum arabic, silver. Materials in composition: plaster caste, rubber, human hair, India ink. Title: unknown. "This is not surrealism. This is not representation. This is not exaggeration, it is creation. This is alchemic flesh, splayed."
2. One page document, three stapled copies. Computer generated via laser printer. Found within black folder. Fingerprints around edges. Handwritten note on bottom, second copy, reads: "What of vulnerability when both word and mouth are withheld?"
3. 8 x 10 in. black and white transparency. Materials in printing: polyurethane, infrared film. Composition: prostrate form of woman, back lit. The spine holds dominance. Notes: Not viewable except from direct, overhead light source. Infrared film illuminates only the areas producing heat, those areas are white, the rest black on transparent background.
4. Black cotton jacket cuff, current but in vintage mode. Red silk lining embossed with crow's wing. Frayed where ripped. Three buttons (one missing), metal with black cotton cover. Inflexible patch of dark stain near edge.
5. Three computer based graphics reprinted via laser printer. a. Animated graphic picturing interpolated body, seen through midsection. Organs appear in white, bones in green, blood in red. b. Scanned picture in black and white, young male, face tilted upwards, surrounded by guards, naked and stripped of the skin and muscle of his chest, leaving exposed the ribcage. c. Still image culled from live streaming-media source. Young male face, lock of hair obscuring eyes, lips parted and tongue caught between teeth pictured in foreground. Followed by rise of ribcage to hips, both slender and criss-crossed with red welts. Gloved hands, from second party, rest on the back. Background obscure.
6. Eighteen pages of handwritten text, torn from notebook, all dated.
7. Saint's card reproduction, watercolor on paper. "Who didst inflame the heart with an ardent love and who didst teach the wonderful joy of true humility and the wisdom of always submitting."

8. Two, 3x4 in. color pictures, dates the same, red in left-hand corner. a. Depiction of classroom, taken from several seats in. From behind, various figures seated at desks with papers, books. In center, young male faces forward, seated on chair back. b. Close-up of face. Discernable: narrow chin, neck, full, chapped lips.
9. Distal third phalanx and origin of outer portion from second metacarpal.
10. Serial number # 30000768008, qty. order: 1, date of order: 12.08.99. Description: Subliminal Ltd.; distributions dept; music media; *adoredbody*. Payment: Credit Card; City Bank Visa # 5291.1517 .7719 .6526 33102

the smell of human thighs:

i am filthy. lice gnaw me. the broken edges of my black hair sweep cutting past my eyes open to the wind.
distended, deep gullet to breaking chasm, all striped in sweat and hair, fat lined muscles hang over empty womb. i feel the pressure of your knees on my chest, the sag of my breasts to armpit, shallow breathing over buttery wheeze. sitting across from you, as you blow streams of air from puckered lips to smooth nails, delighting in the feel of their striated curves against broad, dimpled tongue, i dig my claws into belly rolls, nostril hair quivering from the seminal odor off bitten fingerpads. sitting across from you, i feel the dulled curvature of your thin knees in my chest.

cold cigarette smell through autumn finger. callous boots and swaying hips. your face a vague buzzing in the back of my skull. calloused stiff calf muscles. remembered beauty of your fluid walk. one errant dark lock through autumn light. your short hair bristled from pulling. staring at feral dark curls at elbow bend, lines punctured onto skin. your body tastes of dust, lukewarm coffee, smells of insect noises and my sugared body. brushing particles of ash from the pleat of your vest, your angular form prostrate on table edge alone, I am walking toward you, mind in my hips. the line of your mouth consumes me. our sex is the small gesture of cigarettes through clenched fingers. i can only see you in colorless eyes.

the quintessence of your blood:

an image of you: precise markings from short, library pencil. neat rows of words, prefaced by semi-colons. upside down, unreadable.

an image of you: blur of long, thin legs, steady sway of efficient hips, lingering fingers over ragged black hair edge, meaty tips forced fat over pressure of nails bitten to bleeding, rolling up starched white shirt sleeves, revealing black lines over cream skin.

an image of you: crown of your skull, sunlight through spiked black hair, scarless scalp revealed underneath, brown eyes contracting against the page, fleshy line of your lips pressed down, your legs tensed, feet pressed firmly underneath chair, your unseen knees the furthest point, bending into table, your arms in loose, symmetrical angles, the curvature of your ass pressed against corrugated metal.

an image of you: long black coat falling to boot top, hands clasped firmly behind you, you lean down to me, curled in the rainwater collecting on the edge of your doorstep. your lips move but i can't hear you through the rush of water around me. i lean forward, wanting the words you will not speak. i strain, i hear you; titles, names, publication dates, fragments of quote, vicious languages i do not know, your many names. you leave me there with a backward flick of your long fingers.

an image of you: from behind, below, seated in my chair. you are standing, long body pressed against chalk board, one arm outstretched above, the other reaching out, below, almost groping, standing on tiptoes, your legs tensed, back muscles, shoulder blades taut under pressed white shirt. you continue moving, but i see you there, hanging in afterimage, pressed fully against wall, cheek streaked with colored chalk, hips cocked against ledge. i hang you there.

an image of you: the angles of your face made strange by proximity. the curve of your mouth cavity stretched over mine, forced open by the pressure of your forearm against my chin. i watch the fleshy edges split. your bloodied words fall into my throat, unspeakable, lodged against the stunted protrusion of my adam's apple.

this is your broken body; a necessary condition.

an image of you: thin wrists reddening under coarse, white rope; a pool of saliva where your lips mash against green plastic covered metal; I

push down the treaded iron petal, raising the couch to standing position. your buttocks fall forward, tendons quivering your knees buckle, spit leaks down your chin, from the finely honed musculature of your throat, a brief gasp, as of penetration, as your wrists tingle from the weight of your body. I push my finger tips into the hot drum of your ears, rolling the wax along the ledge of my lips, smearing it around my mouth, smacking and puckering, tongue lolling.

an image of you: your body has fallen across the bucket seats. the impact of the crash crushed the driver's side door into the cabin of the car, blowing out both windows and raising the driver seat above the steering wheel. your head lies in the sharp indentation in the passenger side base. you are covered in a fine sheen of glass, magnifying the soft hair on your cheek. slivers have been driven into the thin flesh under your eyes. the corner of your mouth has been ripped open. your jaw is broken. i can see the blood caked incisors. the seat belt's ragged edge hangs across your knee, the tips of your black boots just touch the driver's side hand rest. your legs are wedged between the steering column and the angle of the seat basin. the gear shift is slick with your blood, where it was forced between the halves of your chest. even like this, you are covered. your cocked hips are hidden by the dashboard. your raised back reflects none of your injuries, the inflexible stain in the black fabric obscured by the flashing lights of the ambulance. one eye hangs in a trail of fluid down your right cheek, covered in the ash of my last cigarette. i wonder about your spine.

an image of you: you are lying flat on your stomach, naked but covered to shoulder blades by a thin, blue sheet. i am watching you from behind mirrored glass. your head is cradled inside a ring of hard plastic, wet where it joins your cheeks, cold and metallic around your forehead. you are not strapped down; you are not medicated. you are breathing hard through your mouth, the bridge of your nose obstructed by the pressure on your forehead, rapidly swallowing spit, occasionally wetting your lips with broad swipes of your tongue. your arms appear relaxed, joining your torso till elbow bend, forearms dangling over the edge, but your fingers, palms are wrapped around the metal bar that circles the middle of the gurney. underneath the sheet, you lie rigid and quiet. a nurse moves efficiently around you, straightening the angle of your arms, folding the sheet to the hollows of your knees, rubbing cotton swabs around the small of your back with plastic gloved hands, finally stepping to the door, raising the level of the gurney with one button and

turning on the intensity lights that circle above you with another. you do not appear to have noticed the change although I know you are aware of them by the slight tension of your thighs against the table. i look away then, toward the instruments that surround you, now reflecting pink off polished edges, not wanting to see the exertion of your hips compelled to stay steady. these instruments are lowered from the ceiling, where tracks run along crossbeams, by long, jointed arms. i will not look back at you until the arms begin to move, first incising the skin and muscle of your back, the layers peeled and clipped by a metal bracket that butterflies your body, hooking against your stomach. next, the soft fleshy body of psoas major that nuzzles against your sixth vertebrae will be injected with saline solution, causing them to disengage. the hollowed vertebrae is then extracted, replaced with a glass and metal tube. the small click and sigh of your spine as the green fluid rushes through spiraling vertebrae, now almost fully engineered. i chew my lips, feeling the flesh split under teeth, my hands locked behind me, waiting, as the nurse washes down your body, suturing, one elbow on the rise of your thigh, for that small spinous bone, severed, into the palm of my hand, the pocket of my velvet jacket.

an image of you: frontalis, nasalis, orbicularis oris, obicularis oculi, palpebrarum, zygomaticus major, masseter, sternocleidomastoid, patella, coronal structure, parital bone, temporal line, orbital arch, temporal fossa, orbit, nasal bone, infraorbital margin, nasal septum, anterior nasal cavity, anterior nasal spine, coronoid process of mandible, ramus of mandible, superior maxillary, intermaxillary suture, inferior maxillary, mental protuberance tubercle, mental process, symphysis, median line, oblique line of jaw, angle of jaw, gonion, alveolar process, incisive fossa, canine fossa, zygomaxillary suture, zygomatic bone, frontal process of superior maxillary, nasomaxillary suture, glabella, superciliary ridge, frontal eminence.

an image of you: the back of your eyelids. open. a woman watching you.

the world was beginning to blossom into wounds of our liturgy.

Geoff Cox, Alex McLean, Adrian Ward // The Aesthetics of Generative Code

if (

Abstract

Aesthetics, in general usage, lays an emphasis on subjective sense perception associated with the broad field of art and human creativity. Drawing particularly on Jonathan Rée's *I See a Voice: A Philosophical History* (1999), this paper suggests that it might be useful to revisit the troubled relationship between art and aesthetics for the purpose of discussing the value of generative code. Our argument is that, like poetry, the aesthetic value of code lies in its execution, not simply its written form. However, to appreciate generative code fully we need to 'sense' the code to fully grasp what it is we are experiencing and to build an understanding of the code's actions.

To separate the code and the resultant actions would simply limit the aesthetic experience, and ultimately limit the study of these forms - as a form of criticism - and what in this context might better be called a 'poetics' of generative code.

) {

Aesthetics

'The taste of the apple... lies in the contact of the fruit with the palate, not in the fruit itself; in a similar way... poetry lies in the meeting of poem and reader, not in the lines of symbols printed on the pages of a book. What is essential is the aesthetic act...' [1]

From the Greek 'aisthesis', aesthetics is broadly defined as pertaining to material things perceptible by the senses, and is more precisely defined by Baumgarten in *Aesthetica* (1750) defining beauty as 'phenomenal perfection' as perceived through the senses; with aesthetics 'pertaining to the beautiful or to the theory of taste' [2]. Thereafter in general usage, there remains an

emphasis on subjective sense perception, but with particular reference to aesthetics and beauty generally associated with the broad field of art and human creativity. This applies despite Kant's attempt to distinguish beauty as an exclusively sensuous phenomenon and aesthetics as a broader science of the conditions of sense perception [3]. For the purposes of our argument, we will retain this broader use of the term 'aesthetics', and add the proviso that there is an ideology to aesthetics that lies relatively hidden and difficult to perceive critically. This ideological aspect lies outside the scope of our paper but it is worth noting Slavoj Žižek's evocative description of ideology - the 'generative matrix' [4] - that analogously expresses the generative code beneath the action. The suggestion, in keeping with this paper, would be that this requires a certain transparency to open it to criticism. We hope that revisiting the idea of the limits of aesthetic experience might serve to resolve some of the oppositions between theory and practice, and intellectual/physical division of labour involved in the production of generative art works. These issues are all too easily overlooked in an over-concentration on aesthetic outcomes that are all often reduced to subjective judgement and taste.

Limits

In discussions of aesthetics, the predominant philosophical legacy has been that any theory of art is predicated on the 'specific characterisation of the senses' [5]. It is now generally accepted that sense perception alone is simply not enough unless contextualised within the world of ideas [6]. Similarly, the world of multi-media is all too easily conflated with a multi-sensory experience (of combining still and moving image, sound, interaction and so on [7]) as if without a priori understanding of the integrated system (the body-machine) and its underlying code - that would include social and discursive frameworks.

Aesthetic theory has tended to collapse experience into what is perceived through the five senses, whilst privileging sight and hearing over touch and taste, leaving smell 'at the bottom of the heap' (Laporte's *History of Shit* comes to mind) [8]. Subsequently there has been a recognition that this separation of sensual experience is inadequate and that a more systematic approach is

called for that recognises the body as a whole as an integrated system. However, the legacy of the overall (able-bodied) reductive approach is felt in the field of arts where the five senses are reflected in the classifications themselves. It was in Diderot's *Encyclopédie* in the 1750s, that the five 'beaux arts' were established in parallel to the senses, as: architecture, sculpture, painting, music and poetry. Where within such a schema would one place multimedia?

A more common-sensical approach might suggest multimedia in the role of binding together the other arts, and senses. It has long been recognised that there is some organising mechanism at work in what Aristotle called 'common sense'; somehow distributed amongst the other five senses - not a sixth sense as such, but more of an operating system perhaps. In philosophy, one approach to reconciling this dogma was to conclude that the sensory apparatus converged in the brain, and furthermore that mental 'ideas' combined the entirety of experience (Descartes thought this and therefore was, c. 1630). However, this approach, like much multimedia practice and theorising, stops short of providing satisfactory detail on the senses, intellectual or operational apparatuses. Nevertheless, it might be equally reductive to offer a synthesis of sense perception and the organising function in terms of the computer - emanating from the same legacy of an over-reliance on audio-visual codes. If this is where this line of argument seems to be heading, more background is required.

Rée in *I See A Voice* explains that Kant's 'Critical philosophy' managed to resolve some of the established divisions between a 'rationalist' approach (eg. Plato, Leibniz) that broadly argued for knowledge emanating from the intellect and therefore before sensory experience, and a 'empiricist' approach (eg. Aristotle, Locke) that argued for the senses producing knowledge, therefore making universal truth unreliable (and this is what mathematics and computer science is predicated on). Kant aimed to resolve this dilemma in the following manner: 'The intellect can sense nothing, the senses can think nothing; only through their union can knowledge arise' [9]. This does not suggest a relativist compromise but serves to stress that the intellect structures these processes. Or to put it more affirmatively, through Hegel: 'There was

nothing in our senses, that had not been in our intellect all along' [10]. If we were to use this as an analogy for generative systems, it might similarly serve to stress the programming procedures that lie behind the raw code that in themselves can sense or think nothing.

Poetry

In the tradition of this line of thinking, Hegel elevated the 'art of sound' to the realm of the spiritual, and concluded that the 'art of speech' was 'total art' - 'the absolute and true art of the spirit' [11]. Despite later criticism against this 'Phonocentrism' as the legitimising voice and source of all meaning and authority (Derrida et al), the limits of traditional aesthetics are emphasised in the problem of defining poetry. Poetry throws sense-bound classificatory distinctions into question as it is both read and heard; or written and spoken/performed. Hegel suggests a way out of this paradox by employing dialectical thinking; as we do not hear speech by simply listening to it. He suggests that we need to represent speech to ourselves in written form in order to grasp what it essentially is. Thus poetry can neither be reduced to audible signs (the time of the ear) nor visible signs (the space of the eye) but is composed of language itself. This synthesis suggests that written and spoken forms work together to form a language that we appreciate as poetry. But does code work in the same way? Is the analogy productive?

Disappointingly, this appears not to be the case with 'Perl Poetry'. Take, for example the 'Best of Show' by Angie Winterbottom from *The Perl Poetry Contest*, and then compare to the original text supplied alongside:

```
if ((light eq dark) && (dark eq light)
    && ($blaze_of_night{moon} == black_hole)
    && ($ravens_wing{bright} == $tin{bright})){
  my $love = $you = $sin{darkness} + 1;
};
```

If light were dark and dark were light
 The moon a black hole in the blaze of night
 A raven's wing as bright as tin
 Then you, my love, would be darker than sin. [12]

All that has been demonstrated is an act of translation from an existing text, simply ‘porting’ existing poetry into perl. It produces poetry in a conventional sense, possibly expressing some clever word order and grammatical changes, but does little to articulate the language of perl in itself. When you execute perl poetry in this way, it simply repeats itself but does not acknowledge its execution. It is this operative function that is an essential of part of the experience of poetry.

Poetry at the point of its execution (reading and hearing), produces meaning in multitudinous ways, and can be performed with endless variations of stress, pronunciation, tempo and style. With this in mind, Surrealists and Dadaists used arbitrary patterns, rhythmical noise, and mere chance arrangements of words and sounds - particularly in brutist and simultaneous poems where texts in different languages were read at the same time, and in other automatic or generative experimentation. In this way, they rejected aesthetic conventions of perfection and order, harmony and beauty, and all bourgeois values and taste. From the Dada manifesto of 1918, Tristan Tzara said: ‘I am against systems, the most acceptable system is on principle to have none...’.

Famously, Tzara advised aspiring poets to cut a newspaper article into words and make a poem by shaking them out of a bag at random, revealing the hidden possibilities of language, and clearly undermining notions of creativity, genius and authority. He explained: ‘in these phonetic poems we totally renounce the language that journalism has abused and corrupted’ [13]. Thus, the idea of Poetry’s universality as well as logic, reason, and aesthetics are brought simultaneously into question. Whereas the automatic text reduced the significance of the poet making the text a transcription or discovery rather than a production or invention, we are keen to stress more purposeful arrangements of code by the programmer.

```
# Extract from walk1/start.pl
```

```
my $walk1_beat=0;
my $foo;
sub on_clock {
    return if($foo++ % 4);
```



```

my $beat = $walk1_beat + 1;

if (($beat-1)%4 eq 0) {
  playnote(7,47+$pitches[$bassctr]-(int($beat/4)*12)) # on-beat
}
if (($beat-1)%3 eq 0) {
  playnote(7,35+$pitches[$bassctr]-(int($beat/6)*12)) # syncopate!
}

for (0..$#pitches) {
  if (abs($beats[$_] eq $beat) {
    playnote($_+1,59+$pitches[$_]);
  }
}

$bassctr=($bassctr+1)%$#pitches;

if (rand(50)<25) { $beats[rand(@beats)]++ }
else { $beats[rand(@beats)]-- }

if (rand(50)<25) { $pitches[rand(@pitches)]+=$pitches[rand(@pitches)] }
}
else { $pitches[rand(@pitches)]-=$pitches[rand(@pitches)] }

for (0..$#beats) { $beats[$_]=wraparound( $beats[$_],16) }
for (0..$#pitches) { $pitches[$_]=wraparound($pitches[$_],12) }

$walk1_beat = ++$walk1_beat % 16;

}

```

Rather than chance arrangements, attention to detail is paramount when it is encountered in written form and in terms of its execution. For instance, significant portions of the code are 'conditions' which dictate when the subsequent indented parts are to be executed. In terms of form, any indenting and other visual patterning is a technique to visualise the flow of logic - whereas the same code could be expressed in any shape or arrangement and would run the same output. Some conditions are evaluated inside other conditions to create infinitely complex responses - the indenting programming technique visualises the boolean logic that forms the major core of the code. The language is used in a highly controlled manner and with subtle

nuances.

For instance:

```
$walk1_beat = ++$walk1_beat % 16;
```

One might add parenthesis to make this clearer, or not.

```
$walk1_beat++;
if ($walk1_beat eq 16) { $walk1_beat=0 }
```

This executes much the same output as before but through a different operation, and requires specialised knowledge of perl to realise that 'eq' is a string comparison operator and not a numeric one. The 'eq' and '==' equivalence is a subtle play of language.

Crucial to generative media is that data is actually changed as the code runs. In the example, the '++' and '--' symbols are used to increment and decrement numbers - this, in association with the modulo mathematics operator '%' reveals how the numbers are constantly changing. Although these numbers could be calculated by hand and plotted onto something like a musical score, the power of code allows this to happen in 'real-time', and the effects are largely unknown until execution. The code could run forever, and it would always be producing new arrangements.

Evidently, code works like poetry in that it plays with structures of language itself, as well as our corresponding perceptions. In this sense, all poetry might be seen to be generative in that it is always in the process of becoming. Even for the Surrealist Paul Valéry, a poem 'entails a continuous linkage between the voice that is, the voice that impends, and the voice that is to come' [14]. It is generative in the sense that it unfolds in real-time.

```
# Extract from nuane/start.pl
```

```
sub on_clock {
  return if ($foo++ % 4);
  return if (++$beats < $aTime);
  $beats = 0;
  $client->ctrl_send('note', "$aNote, 1, 0") if $aNote;
  $aNote=47+$notes[$ptr];
```

```

$aTime=$times[$ptr];
$ptr=($ptr+1)%8;
$client->ctrl_send('note', "$aNote, 1, " . (80 + rand(40)));
}

```

Commands can be executed in a variety of ways. The first two lines of the 'on_clock' subroutine are 'return' statements, which prevent the rest of the code from executing if the supplied condition becomes true.

```
return if (++$beats < $aTime);
```

is functionally similar to

```

if (!(++$beat < $aTime)) {
  # ...
}

```

In this example, an 'alternative' word order has been chosen. An obvious parallel to poetry can be made in that word order can help to express what is most important in a particular statement - the condition or the action.

By analogy, generative code has poetic qualities, as it does not operate in a single moment in time and space but as a series of consecutive 'actions' that are repeatable, the outcome of which might be imagined in different contexts. Code is a notation of an internal structure that the computer is executing, expressing ideas, logic, and decisions that operate as an extension of the author's intentions. The written form is merely a computer-readable notation of logic, and is a representation of this process. Yet the written code isn't what the computer really executes, since there are many levels of interpreting and compiling and linking taking place. Code is only really understandable with the context of its overall structure - this is what makes it like a language (be it source code or machine code, or even raw bytes). It may be hard to understand someone else's code but the computer is, after all, multi-lingual. In this sense, understanding someone else's code is very much like listening to poetry in a foreign language - the appreciation goes beyond a mere understanding of the syntax or form of the language used, and as such translation is infamously problematic. Form and function should

as the main intention was to reduce the code to the smallest number of characters possible. In overall terms, it attempts to combine form and function.

This is decidedly not to say that the code should be privileged (as implied by Adorno's comments on music being a by-product of the score) but that the code and the execution of the code need to be experienced in parallel. This is both necessary and impossible for generative or autonomous systems. Any sense of code's autonomy is subject to its place within its operational structure. In this way, code reflects human activity and human activity is coded within social and discursive frameworks - thus authorship is characterised in terms of (social) responsibility to the operating system and language structures [17]. Clearly generative media operates in this way too and appears to encapsulate the paradox of autonomy. Generative art needs to acknowledge the conditions of its own making - its *poesis* (from the Greek *poiesis*, poetic art or creativity from *poiein* - to make). This needs to be made transparent in the spirit of open process, and open source.

```
#!/usr/bin/perl

$power = 8;
sub fission {
    fork or $child = 1;
    —$power if $child;
    if ($child) {
        exit unless —$power
    }
    return $child;
}
while (not &fission) {
    print 0;
bomb:
    while (&fission) {
        print 1
    }
}
goto 'bomb';
```



[18]

In this example, the program splits in two with every iteration. The code is relatively lengthy as the basic instruction could be

reduced to one short line of code:

```
fork while 1;
```

The instruction is simply to ‘split this process in two for ever’ - thus, after the first iteration you get two processes, after the second you get four, then eight, and so on indefinitely. However, the output of the first example is significant in that it is a visualisation of the execution of the process in a more complex performative manner. On a technical level, the computer is under such a high load that it fails to comply to its instructions - after a while the fork calls fail to split the process in two, and the ordering in which the task scheduler does things becomes less-ordered the harder it is pushed. In this way, the output is a visualisation of the computer’s performance during the program’s execution. The output would look very different on different computers, thus providing a ‘watermark’ of the processor and operating system. The code and the resultant actions are intricately linked in poetic dialogue.

To separate the code and the resultant actions would simply limit the aesthetic experience, and ultimately the study of these forms - as a form of criticism - and what in this context might be better called ‘poetics’. Generative code encapsulates these issues: ‘Its output would be... that is to say [like] poetry correctly defined; Language so well chosen and aptly arranged that, even when expressing tedious or distasteful subjects, it would remain vivid and lively and “pleasing to the ear”.’ [19]

We propose that the production of generative code should be undertaken with similar critical reflection and panache.

```
}
```

References

All perl scripts are written by Alex McLean and Adrian Ward of Slub, <http://www.slub.org/>

[1] Jorge Luis Borges, Foreword to *Obra Poética*, quoted in, Juhani Pallasmaa, *The Eyes of the Skin*, Polemics, London: Academy, 1996, p. 6.

[2] T. F. Hoad, *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of English Etymology*, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1986, p. 7.

[3] Raymond Williams, *Keywords: a vocabulary of culture and society*, London: Fontana, 1988, p. 31.

[4] Slavoj Žižek, ed., *Mapping Ideology*, London: Verso, 1997.

[5] Georg W. Hegel, *Introductory Lectures on Aesthetics* (1823) trans. B. Bosanquet, London: Penguin, 1993.

[6] For more on the limits of aesthetics, see Andrew Benjamin & Peter Osborne. eds., *Thinking Art: Beyond Traditional Aesthetics*, London: ICA 1991.

[7] One suitably named attempt to try to engage with digital systems beyond mere design issues is Sean Cubitt's *Digital Aesthetics*, London: Sage 1998.

[8] Dominique Laporte, *History of Shit*, London: MIT Press, 2000.

[9] Kant, from 'The History of Pure Reason' in *Critique of Pure Reason* (1781, 1787), quoted in Jonathan Rée, *I See a Voice: a Philosophical History*, London: Flamingo 1999, p. 330.

[10] Hegel, from *Logic* (Encyclopedia), quoted in Rée, *Ibid.*, p. 342. This is not to say that the senses are not crucially important as they structure our interpretations through space and time (what Kant distinguished as 'outer' and 'inner' experience - as spatial and temporal accordingly). Rée proceeds to chart the history of this by pointing to the importance of Husserl's Phenomenology. For more on this, see Rée, 'The Five Senses and the History of Philosophy' in, *Ibid.*, pp. 329-345.

[11] Rée, *Ibid.*, p. 356.

[12] Kevin Meltzer, 'The Perl Poetry Contest', in *The Perl Journal*, Volume 4, Issue 4, 2000, <http://www.itknowledge.com/tpj/contest-poetry.html> Meltzer explains: 'This short entry, by Angie

Winterbottom, was the most interesting. Her style was fresh and unique, and her use of visual representations in the text are clever. Consider the following excerpt: (`$blaze_of_night{moon} == black_hole`) / “The moon, a black hole in the blaze of night.” Marvellous! Angie tells us that this entry is from Jim Steinman’s song *The Invocation*, on the Pandora’s Box album *Original Sin*.’

[13] Tristan Tzara, ‘Dada Manifesto’ (1918), in Charles Harrison & Paul Wood, *Art in Theory: 1900-1990: an anthology of changing ideas*, Oxford: Blackwell 1998, pp. 249-253.

[14] Rée, quoting Valéry, *Ibid.*, p. 361.

[15] The potential for embracing this could be expressed in software development like *MPEG-4 Structured Audio* that specifies sound not as sampled data, but as a computer program that generates audio when run. Computer scientists call this approach ‘Kolmogorov’ encoding. It combines a powerful language for computing audio (SAOL, pronounced ‘sail’) and a musical score language (SASL, pronounced ‘sassil’) with legacy support for the MIDI format. MP4-SA also defines an efficient encoding of these elements into a binary file format suitable for transmission and storage. John Lazzaro and John Wawrzynek, *MPEG-4 Structured Audio: Developer Tools*, <http://www.cs.berkeley.edu/~lazzaro/sa/>

[16] It is a full-featured, highly addictive classic arcade game called *Worm*, now being re-discovered by owners of Nokia phones as *Snake*.

[17] For more on this issue, see our previous paper ‘The Authorship of Generative Art’, GA 1999, <http://www.generative.net/>

[18] Cover graphic and source from Pimmon’s `invalidObject` Series (‘while’) <http://www.fallt.com/invalidObject/while/index.html>

[19] Rée, *Op cit.*, p.349, paraphrasing Baumgarten’s *Reflections on Poetry*.

ID_Runners // Re_Fleshing the Body

We gather our texts, our images, our code, and cover them with our laughter and bodies. The mass, consensual hallucination that we call society must be navigated. The labor of woman as the infrastructure of the networks becomes Manifest. We re_flesh the networks with our useless condition. We build counter hallucinations through the help of three Operational Somatic Systems: Ephemera, Discordia, Liquid Nation and Metrophage. Their flesh streams the net via broadcast media and webpages. Part of their unfolding drama belongs to connections drawn together between each other to illustrate a bloated, informatic world drowning in electricity and telecommunication technologies.

These low-fi avatars will create a world which straddles ‘the real’ (historic-documentary) and ‘the artificial’ (fictional-poetic-metaphorical) through text, audio, video and imagery and focus on the ways in which various media/informatic/industrial realms are dominantly female. They reassemble/re_semble themselves ‘flesh’ with sound, voice, visuals, skin and stories, dreams, scenes - rendering alternatives to the ‘realities’ we are barraged with by large industries of advertising and entertainment complexes. Id-runners become material junctions of code, technology, and the body. Each one becomes a total_segment of a flesh circuit with the Other Runners. Each one becomes a micro_narrative of woman, as a singularity of skin, as digital phantasms shifting the fetish spaces of virtual capital towards a world that makes all Worlds possible.

incoherent vectors,

let the journey begin
the way is misty, hard to trace
take soft slow steps
accompanied by the unfettered laughing of women

resembling the body called flesh,
search for beauty without features
stay on the path till you arrive
be speechless
no fuck, no write, no reason
all sewn up and no place to go...

*city of ruined children
wish you were here*

now the creatures with no smell run in packs
pausing only to swallow the stars
monstrous gorgeous to behold
(where is that crazy bitch now that i need her?)
we are infinite open source
ghostware in the shell
the women say:
we are monstrous, multiple and we are worried for your safety
our throats are open as we go down on the altar of abjection
our teeth are sharp, filled with poison and blue anger
many tongued, our language as one
howls for a ruined universe
an hysteric grammar filled with fissures and holes

we were dry but we moistened
we grew fins, becoming fish
we grew wings becoming bird
we grew scales, becoming snake
laying a path through treachery
seeding insurrections that were important to us

once were warriors, now witches all

xenobia iphigenia severina eugenie heng-shwa hypatia murasaki
trugganini dora-riparia pil-yun marguerite caterina hestia
sabina pulcheria medusa laure sophia baubo hecate xaviere

let Ephemera gather the fragments
and Discordia reign wild.

<to ephemera mode on>

How can you pretend to resemble the body called flesh in
this shattered universe?

Don't u see that the segments adrift in the network are
injuring your sensible skin?

Don't you see you have NO FUTURE

NON HAI FUTURO

THE PAST slowly kills us

The shadow of a hirsute - first woman goddess is coming
from the nights of time, she is following us through a
line of blood cause she is hungry and she has to eat...

There is No Escape Function

The modem is Burning

I'm looking for a white rabbit to eat but it is hiding

How can you pretend to resemble the body called flesh in
this shattered universe?

Discordia is dancing in the realm of pain,

She is walking in it with injured feet

Breathing dust

Trepanning brains

Administrating pale, chemical, molecular shapes.

Experiments of control from Governments: it is growing,

the great non-pianificato, auto-indotto

in-controllato Mental experiment is going on,

Thanks to Liquid Nation

<to ephemera mode off>

<to Liquid Nation mode on>

Please observe the results.

I am looking for a master who knows how to use me
Who knows how to delete every trace of my ego

The need for optimum integration

To use the organic entity that I am

Caught in a pulse of wet media

I like to be what I am

An architecture to serve agency

Living flesh with an inside and an outside

Bare speeding through virtual fever

An error has been detected in your consciousness

All her bioports scream long dark strings of unammed code

Se la storia e' tempo allora la sollevazione e' un momento che
salta fuori dal tempo

If history is time the insurrection is the moment that spread out
from time.

Se lo stato e' storia l' insurrezione

If establishment is history then the revolt is the forbidden moment

E' il momento proibito

The machine has lost your identity, you have become inessential

An error has been detected in your consciousness, all source code
is corrupt.

How do you fuck your machine?

I let the machine fuck me

How does your machine fuck you?

Exploring all my holes without pleasure

How do you, as machine fuck yourself?

I dissolve my identity, by realizing I never had one.

Jacques Servin // Versions

with thanks to Birgit Richard

I am marching into the bowels of some sort of cluelessness. The cluelessness I call Sarge, and his bowels are spacious and entertaining, like a Chevy's. Sarge was "constructed"--better, congealed--from a series of my inputs whose endpoints were arbitrary and nearly identical. The resulting landscape is as level as the playing field that allowed its maker to make it.

I am having an excellent time. I have gone from one point, at which there was a lot of fuss and "entering," to another point, at which there is just roaming in spacious bowels. Wow! The simplicity of the construction--rather, the siphoning and delivery mechanism, from haphazard strokes to mock-hazardous stroking--strikes me again and again and again.

Beginnings are where there "is" nothing. In the virtual--Doom, for example, which has been configured by the U.S.A. military to train marines for combat--"is" acquires a simpler, more elegant, more elemental function than in physical reality. Because computer technology is much too primitive to model real life, "is" resolves levels of detail that in reality would distinguish a head from a grapefruit. "Anyone in here got a head?" one might ask on entering a boardroom in a hypothetical virtualized reality. In the military as in business, as it happens, this crudity of judgment and evaluation is useful, even essential.

Through my life's misadventures I have ended up on an uneven playing field. There is a problem with my country, and that is that through its recent misadventures, it has ended up on an uneven playing field, the world, which has made it, my country, a very scarred and pitted and irradiated playing field, in which, for its denizens, up and down are momentary and of no consequence.

I, in turn, am a playing field for what they used to call "radiation sickness." It is called, in a luckier, less pitted country, "Gulf War Syndrome," but it is radiation sickness--not that of an atomic bomb like they had in Japan, but of a huge number of bullets made of "depleted uranium." They slice through armor like butter, which makes the playing field more level for oil.

It is unfortunate to be in the throes of radiation sickness, it gives one an unfortunate feeling, one of being not entirely on the joystick.

In business-dominated reality, the concept of progress is key: a better tomorrow through an incomprehensible present. Virtual reality extends this concept from time to space, then to essence: the present location can be changed entirely by behaving sufficiently vigorously, and with an elemental rationality that ceases to be rational by any usual measure--or, more drastically, by switching games, for a predefined real cost. This enlarged concept of progress is increasingly important in business reality, where a worker's mobility and tolerance for diverse forms of violence are more important than any but the crudest skills.

Today, I am tired and restless. I am lucky enough to be in trained hands, but things are perhaps not entirely right in my life, in my various self-descriptors: there are things that are not at all certain, others not even likely. I look at this vast open Sarge with a bit of unease, and I wish for a more manageable situation with, still, some hysteric chaotic potentials. I do not wish to enter a cluelessness, but wish instead to have a cluelessness presented to me on a platter, like three rows of the sweetest skinned herrings each with eyes only for me, constrained to their rows, with some seeming purpose.

That describes Creatures. At first it might seem like a let-down from the lunatic wilderness that is Sarge. But as one learns from the American news programs, appearances are often deceptive. I am marching with the best of them--and the best of them, including one I call Brian, are one inch high and covered with fuzz.

Brian cannot help me experience Chevy. At first I was very disappointed, it being very important for me, with my deep interest in all things American, to experience Chevy. Why, I asked him, not Chevy? But of course he is too small, there is no place for a thumb-sized bit of fuzz in a big old car.

Brian instead has a Eurofighter, and I am in fact much happier this way. A Eurofighter is a jet plane capable of downing enemy aircraft. It is very exciting, according to the news, because

it portends an improvement in many things, especially the relationship between user and used.

The Eurofighter is worlds away from our days of jocular study, me instructing Brian on the sounds of words, the use of portable radios. Enough, you'd think, for a thumb-sized bit of fuzz to just turn on a radio--but at night, elsewhere, he leaves our virtual nuzzlings behind and becomes a true banshee, fighting for sovereignty, rights of nations, will of people, democracy, decreeing paths and ways and borders with the incontrovertible argument of red-hot depleted uranium. I know from the U.S. news that this is the way things go--the fuzziest little bits become arbiters of all sense.

Something I have noticed while tending to Brian: he cannot possibly perish. This makes it easier for me to imagine him at the helm of his Eurofighter, if Eurofighters have helms, for I enjoy my days tending to Brian and would not want to do without him, these days....

While it is common knowledge that Doom is used to train U.S. marines, it is less well known that the most interesting of new computer technologies, Artificial Life, has, in its cutesiest manifestation--a U.K.-made game called Creatures--been co-opted by the British Ministry of Defense for the flying of the Eurofighter jet. As Birgit Richard (1998) writes, "This commercial application was selected because it contains the first artificial species capable of learning. Only the 'born' flyers are bred further; the genes of those who crash are eliminated. It is only after 400 generations that the Norns [the inch-high, fuzzy heroes of Creatures] master aviation." The new autonomous fighter from Boeing, the XL-9, is it run by the American version of Norns? This information is still classified.

Next year I will have a computer. Sometime after that, it is possible my village will acquire an "upstream provider," and the realm of Brian and Sarge, of beginnings and spaciousness, will be mine. The engines of metaphor will have purchased their bearing, they will find themselves fitted to the gear-box of progress, their impetus real, the motion detectable, all things coming down on one side. Experience will be cheap and available, and I plan to experience Chevy.

Julia Solis // Autopsy Scan

Wanted: Medium conversant in the language of autopsy scans.

The morgue of the abandoned lunatic hospital smelled like shit. Someone had recently used the bathroom adjacent to the chemical lab. In the absence of real plumbing, with only the damp tunnel smell to envelop the stagnant air, the reek had crept through the dispensary into the lab and morgue beyond, gaining foulness on the way.

The autopsy table was covered with plaster dust, which had apparently been sprinkling from the ceiling for a long time. Although the stench indicated a recent visitor to this remote location, the furnishings of the morgue were undisturbed. Eight partially open refrigeration units, trays like tongues darting into the void, stopped a few feet short of the table. Aside from plaster, the perforated table surface bore scattered ampoules and an empty box of microscope slides.

The box had been emptied seven days ago by Maliris, who led tonight's expedition. Of the three autopsy slides inside the container – all of which she had taken home – one had struck her with unusual persistence. She had examined it in the cold light of her desk lamp, trying to visually reconstruct the body from the minute sliver, continually veering towards the image of an old woman whose gray hair was dipping into the small, rusted holes beneath the autopsy table's headrest. The woman's features were so distinct that Maliris wondered if she was being invaded by a remnant glimpse of what had actually taken place.

Now Maliris stood at the table with her four cohorts, slipping her hands into latex gloves. Eric helped her clear the cluttered panels. Together they moved the phials from the table to a narrow ledge near the door to the lab. By the dim glow of the five candles they had set on the floor, it was impossible to read the smeared labels on the glass tubes.

The medium was a middle-aged, brittle woman by the name of

Stella. Upon entry into the asylum (which was furtive, illegal, and involved a claustrophobic crawl through a maintenance shaft), Stella's physical frailty had become ever more pronounced. In her dark blue, floor-length dress, now marred by white plaster stains, she seemed extended to the breaking point. Like a badly constructed antenna, Maliris thought.

Maliris herself was wearing a black evening gown whose elegance was overshadowed by the white latex gloves. The three gentlemen wore formal suits.

"I must stand at the head," Stella said as they finished clearing the table. She had the scratchy voice of a chain smoker, though she had not reached for a cigarette in the hour they had spent entering the hospital and finding their way through its bowels to this place. The head of the table was indicated by the metal headrest, its prongs pointing up like a tuning fork.

"And I need silence."

The group assembled around the table: Stella at the head; two people on each side, the furthest two close enough to touch hands around the rear corners. Maliris took the slide out of her purse and placed it at the center of the table, on the grid atop the main drainage shaft. The slide was labeled "Pituitary". Regardless of whatever image she had conjured, the sex of the corpse from whom this was taken was indeterminable without a key to the slides, and this key was lost. "56/50", the slide declared. Maliris wanted to know more.

"Do you want to see it?" she asked Stella, indicating the sliver of glass.

"No," Stella said. She glanced upward, at the low ceiling, and then closed her eyes.

It was freezing in the asylum. The morgue was underground, untouched by daylight, accessible only through tunnels and labyrinthine hallways. No matter what the temperature outside, in here the air was preserved at a steady chill. The fingers that now

reached for each other around the table were stiff and cold. The hands grasped and closed, some bare, some in latex sheaths, forming a circle. In the center: the small slide, barely visible in the gloom.

“Close your eyes,” Stella said. They did. “I am ready,” she said then, addressing Maliris. “Proceed.”

Maliris cleared her throat. She began shutting out the cold, the foul smells and the subtle hissing of the candles, opening herself to a dark void. Then she spoke.

“We are gathered here tonight for one reason. Our purpose is to summon the spirit of the departed, whose remains we have before us.”

Eric, to her left, clutched her hand.

“Whatever your name or age may be, however you spent your life here on earth, we welcome you to make yourself known to us. If you are here, please give us a sign.”

Silence fell. Maliris squeezed her eyes shut, noting the faint tremors coursing through the two hands she held. She wanted to shiver with cold and dread. It’s the slide, she thought: the experiment of the slide. She had never attended a séance that was centered on a material object, much less an object that was transparent and yet so evocative. An excitement rose inside her, obliterating all but the most essential thoughts. She could visualize the slide clearly, as if her eyes were fixated on it. As she saw the glass in her mind’s eye, the word slide began to slide back and forth inside her, hypnotically moving itself in and out of her consciousness, taking her along. Slide, she repeated to herself. The spirit was beginning to reach through the glass of the slide. Was it the spirit of an old woman? Could it reach? Could it reach through the...

“Slide,” she said. “The spirit, who has left something behind inside that slide.”

The hand on her left squeezed her harder. A door banged shut somewhere outside the room and a tremor coursed through the circle. There was a creaking noise from the direction of the lab. Maliris was shivering now, trying to contain herself.

"Is that you?" she said loudly into the blackness. "Is that you in the noise sliding into the slide?" She could feel, even through Eric, that the medium was starting to undulate in a strange way. A quiver passed from one hand to the next.

"Egh," Stella muttered. "Thehg slide..." she said, and then pulled everyone towards her so fiercely that Maliris nearly lost her balance. Stella's voice was shrill, and yet oddly steady:

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"tH_ª.Óð-," they repeated after her, all four of them whispering.

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It's horrible, Maliris thought. It's the slide, the language of the slide. She could not understand, though the sounds were passing through her, looking for a foothold. But with the pulling and gliding and slithering there could be no foothold. She was frantic. Eric pressed her fingers so hard she thought they would snap.

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Stella continued, monotonously, in her high-pitched, yet weirdly machine-like voice. Maliris was flailing, rocking back and forth between the sounds; she could not find any edges inside herself against which the sliding motion could break. Stella's voice droned on for painfully long stretches, stopping for breaths, then picking up again.

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Abruptly the voice broke off. It was over.

Slowly the hands let go of each other. The three men and two women stood around the table, gasping quietly. For a minute no one spoke. Maliris realized that her fingers had become moist inside the latex gloves; suddenly she felt the cold. Her trembling switched tones. Only very gradually did her shivers subside.

The group stood silently, wringing hands and drawing sharp breaths.

Eric spoke first. "So," he said. He turned to Stella. "Was that .jpg or .gif?"

Stella raised her head. She looked as if she were waking from a coma. "I believe it was .jpg," she said hoarsely. "But my memory is nearly blank."

"Then you can't tell us?"

"This takes so much out of me."

"I believe it," Maliris mumbled. She was strangely happy.

"How many characters was it?" Eric asked.

Stella, holding on to the edge of the autopsy table with both hands, closed her eyes.

Maliris looked at Stella and then glanced at the slide on the table. Something was hammering at her from within the silence. "tH^a.Óð-", she repeated in her thoughts. She looked up, surprised. It was only an infinitesimal sliver, but it was there inside her: a secret remembrance of what lay within the slide. Something had stuck to her after all.

"47,893," Stella said.

"And if I ask you: 6221? Do you recall the character? Do you remember it at all?"

"No," Stella muttered.

Four of the candles had gone out, unnoticed by anyone. Now the small room was so dark that the five figures loomed blackly without features.

"Crap," Eric said. He lit a cigarette. As Maliris nudged him, he took another from his pocket, lit it, and passed it to her. She smoked greedily. The frenzy was running out of her in the dim smoke, leaving the other shape behind more clearly.

"Then that means," she said, "that we won't know anything about this person? Not the name? Not even whether it was a man or a

woman?”

Eric snorted. “No.”

“It’s all right,” Maliris said.

“What do you mean? Wasn’t that what you wanted?” She could feel him looking at her.

“Perhaps not,” she said. Slowly, happily, she peeled off her latex gloves.

Steven Shaviro // Robotic

ROBOTIC. It's cold, ice cold, and all the more seductive for that. I am watching Chris Cunningham's 1999 video of Björk's song "All Is Full of Love." Björk has always been the palest of the Ice People. But here she is whiter than ever. For in this four-minute video, Björk is an android. She is being put together on an assembly line, even as we watch. In place of skin, a smooth white fiberglass shell fits over her frame. This shell is composed of many separate plates. Some of them haven't been attached yet. In Björk's neck, in her arms, and on the side of her head, we still see the underlying circuitry. There are plastic tubes, and wires, and knots of metal and black vinyl. Björk's face is blank and impassive, a perfect mask. Her eyes, nose, and mouth are delicately modeled. Otherwise, the surface of her face is entirely smooth. Björk's eyes flutter, and her mouth moves slowly and precisely, as she sings of endless love: "Twist your head around, / It's all around you. / All is full of love, / All around you." Björk speaks English almost without an accent. But her pronunciation is oddly toneless. She sings the way I imagine an alien would, or a mutant. Her voice is ethereal, almost disembodied. It seems to float in mid-air, as if it had come from a vast distance.

Shimmering washes of sound accompany these vocals. Densely layered strings play a thick, dissonant drone. Ghostly harp arpeggios rise out of the murk. The original version of "All Is Full of Love," on Björk's 1997 album *Homogenic*, has no percussion. Stent's remix for the video adds a slow, synthesized beat. This steady rhythm grounds the song somewhat. But Björk pays it no mind. Her voice drifts away from any fixed pulse. She phrases the notes unevenly, now stretching them out, now shortening them. She hovers around the beat, without ever landing precisely on it. In Björk's singing, time becomes elastic. It seems to have lost its forward thrust. It no longer moves at a fixed rate. It dilates and contracts irregularly, following the modulations of the voice. Usually, we think of machines as being uniform in their motions. They are supposed to be more rigid than living beings, less open to change. But "All Is Full of Love" reverses this mythology. It suggests that robots might well be more sensitive than we are. They might have more exquisite perceptions than we do. They might respond, more delicately, to subtler gradations of change.

It's just a matter of programming them correctly. At the start of the video, the Björk android is splayed out upon a long platform. Behind her, the walls are an antiseptic white. Other machines are busy working on her. Their flexible arms poke and pry into her. They attach a panel here, and tighten a bolt there. A cylinder turns, emitting a shower of sparks. A light flashes under an open hinge. Water gushes backwards, seeping out of the drain and leaping into the spout. Nothing is inert. Every mechanical object in the video turns on its axis, or glistens, or thrusts and withdraws. Every material substance flows, or splashes, or sputters, or spurts. We see all these processes in close-up. The video thus reveals the erotic life of machines. Why should Björk herself be any different? Soon, we see that there are two Björk androids, instead of one. They face each other, singing by turns. One holds out her arms in an imploring gesture. The other lowers her head bashfully. A moment later, the Björk androids are making love. We view them from a distance, in silhouette. They kiss, and slowly caress each other's thighs and legs and buttocks. All the while, the other machines keep on making adjustments to their bodies. Are the Björk androids so enraptured with each other, that they are oblivious to their own construction? Or does the process somehow enhance their bliss? In either case, their motions are so slow, and so stylized, as to suggest a superhuman state of grace. Everything about the video confirms this impression of ecstatic quietude. There are no fast camera movements, and no shock cuts or jump cuts. There are few colors to be seen. Nearly everything is a shade of white. The video's lighting ranges from a harsh white, to a muted blue-white glow, to a few white lines gleaming in the darkness. It's as if the world had been bleached and rarefied, and chilled to nearly absolute zero. Is this what it means to be white? Is this what it means to inhabit the digital realm? Perhaps, the digital is not the opposite of the analogue. It is rather the analogue at degree zero. The world of continuities and colors that we know has not disappeared. It has just been frozen, and cut into tiny separate pieces. These pieces have then been recombined, according to strange new rules of organization. They have congealed into new emotions, and new forms of desire. In its own way, the machine is also a sort of flesh. As Björk embraces Björk, the digital celebrates its nuptials with the organic.

The Unknown // Hard_Code Theater: In Remembrance of Things Unknown

Fade In:

Halloween night. A clumsy hand-held camera shot ascends the steep steps outside a narrow red brick house in Cincinnati, Ohio. Camera operator trips on the final step, staggers across the porch, and the camera smashes into the front door providing an extreme close-up of several dead insects caught in the deteriorating screen. Hands are seen fumbling with house keys. Finally, door is unlocked and opened and shot enters a small apartment cluttered with books. Camera attempts to display some of the book titles but has difficulty maintaining focus. Shot proceeds into the next room, which contains a double bed, a desk completely obscured by huge piles of paper, and numerous bookshelves crammed haphazardly with books. Shot focuses on a man, smoking a large calabash pipe, his back to the camera, working at an extremely ancient computer that apparently uses some form of the obsolete Hamster Wheel Drive.

Occasionally, squeaking is heard as the hamster makes attempts to run in its metal wheel.

Narrator: Welcome to this week's edition of Hard_Code Theater, sponsored tonight by the Unknown. And now here's your host, Dirk Stratton.

The man at the computer attempts to swivel gracefully to face the camera but, as he is sitting in an ordinary chair, only manages to do a spectacular pratfall that leaves him prostrate at the foot of the bed. His pipe has flown from his mouth only to land on the bed where the ashes begin smoldering. A small fire begins consuming the down comforter and the man frantically extinguishes the fire using an American Heritage dictionary. He picks up the pipe, places it in his mouth, composes himself, and begins to speak.

Dirk Stratton: Greetings. Tonight I'm standing in a room that has

seen its share of history. Just over two years ago, at this very computer, the Unknown composed the infamous “Halloween scenes” of that landmark piece of hypertext fiction, *The Unknown*. Other scenes, of varying quality and importance, also originated at this location, as well as several fascinating and wide-ranging freewheeling discussions fueled by excessive drinking and the ever-fertile minds behind the twentieth century’s grandest hypertext experiment. Unfortunately, those conversations have been lost, due to faulty taping equipment and the subsequent black-outs suffered by the participants, but rest assured, they were stimulating and insightful and the literary world would undoubtedly have been altered forever had even small portion of what was said in this cramped locale survived. In an attempt to recapture some of the passion of those legendary bull sessions, *Hard_Code Theater* has returned to this hallowed spot in order to cast some light on the pressing questions being posed by the forthcoming *Hard_Code* anthology. We don’t pretend to understand exactly what the editors want for this anthology, but clueless ignorance has never stopped the Unknown from blindly forging ahead into . . . well, the unknown. Join me now for an exhilarating hour of intellectual hi-jinx and theoretical acrobatics as the Unknown wrestles with the implications of coding and literature.

Dirk uprights the overturned chair and settles down in front of the computer. He begins typing. Camera zooms in on the screen, but is again unable to maintain the proper focus. Camera gives up and wanders off. Eventually, its meanderings are violently interrupted by an obviously irritated Dirk who forces the camera to begin filming him again.

Dirk: What are you doing, you moron? Follow the script, goddammit!

Camera Operator: Dirk, there is no script. We’re making this up as we go along.

Dirk: Oh. Right. . . . Well, when I was first contacted about contributing to the *Hard_Code* anthology, my thoughts immediately turned to Roland Barthes’ seminal work *S/Z*, in which Balzac’s short story “Sarrasine” is masterfully deconstructed by revealing

the intricate play between, what Barthes called, “codes.” As I recall, Barthes identified five codes: the . . . uh . . . semiotic, the . . . the cultural, I think, the . . . dammit, what the hell did he call them? Let’s look it up. I have the book here somewhere.

Dirk begins looking through his books, alternating between mutters and curses.

Dirk: Jesus H.! Where the hell is that damn book? I’ve got to get these things in order some day. Shit. I know I have it somewhere. Or did I lend it to someone? Fuck! I don’t know what I have and what I don’t anymore. Goddammit. Where is the friggin’ thing? It should be easy enough to recognize, the pale yellowish cover . . . Christ almighty, I give up. This sucks. Shit! Shit shit shit shit.

Dirk stands motionless for a moment, takes a visibly deep breath, and then turns once again to face the camera.

Dirk: My apologies. It seems that my copy of *S/Z* has disappeared somewhere, so I guess I’ll have to forego that part of my presentation. Just as well, probably. Wouldn’t want to get all esoteric and lose whatever audience is still with us. A English major’s bad habit, anyway, running immediately to some theoretical authority to pad out some weak premise and add a bunch of footnotes. But believe me, I’m sure Barthes could well be relevant to these proceedings. And *S/Z* is a great book. Read it some time . . . if you have the time and can find your copy. And the Balzac story ain’t bad, either. All about castrati and . . . and other interesting things.

Anyway, my whole point was going to be that it’s time to add a new code to the list, the *Hard_Code*, however you define it, and I’m guessing that such a definition is one of the goals of the *Hard_Code* anthology. William has recently begun an ambitious series of *Unknown* scenes to dramatize this crucial search for definition. In this first scene, “coding” is taken extremely literally, though everyone was too embarrassed to point out to William that he was actually describing a cipher, not a code. Cipher? Code? Why get picky? Everyone knows what he means, right? I don’t see why we have to continue harping on this matter, the

fact that I am currently consuming Harp Lager notwithstanding.

Roll it!

Hard_Code, Scene I

Frank had cracked the code of The Unknown.

"Eureka," he said, "Stratton, come here, I want you."

We all scurried over to the laboratory table where Frank, in a white lab coat wearing safety goggles, was sitting before a hissing, aspirant Bunsen burner and a scribbled page of notes.

"Marquardt, what gives?" I demanded.

"The Unknown," Frank gasped, "is a different book. It's a fake, a decoy."

"The hypertext?" we all, Dirk, Scott, and I, asked at once.

"Yes. It's a code. Each letter is standing in for some other letter. And the beauty is, the whole thing works. I mean, somebody has taken a text, some kind of really big weird text, and substituted each letter for some other letter, and the whole thing comes out not only making sense, but also giving the impression of telling a story. Oh, the code is slightly flawed. The Unknown would appear to have spelling errors, to be a hypertext novel that is flawed . . . when in fact it's an amazingly perfect encoding of some other text."

"I thought we wrote it," Dirk said.

"You'll believe anything, won't you?" Frank shot back. "Look at the word "Unknown," when I

decode it:

UNKNOWN
_E_E__E

"Dammit, I'm almost positive N is standing in for E. It makes sense. N is the most common letter in The Unknown, E is the most common letter in the alphabet. Wait! I've got it!:

UNKNOWN
DfTENTE

A relaxing of tension, especially international-ly!"screamed Frank.

"Frank," Dirk objected, "D_tente has an accented initial E. I thought you said this code was "amazingly perfect." As if it were possible to modify "perfect." I mean, you're either perfect or you're not, you're not "more perfect" or "less perfect!"The Unknown is flawed, you said it yourself!"

"We're not flawed," Rettberg said coolly, "we're imperfect. We're not geniuses, man, we barely add up to a single genius."

"We're like a single genius," I clarified, "without a good editor."

Dirk: This last line obviously alludes to the week beginning October 24th which found William in an epic struggle with an editor (from a publication that shall remain nameless), an epic battle to write the first sentence: the editor eventually emerged triumphant.

As has been documented elsewhere, William prefers to write again rather than revise that which has been written, to add text rather than manipulate text that already exists. So, in this next

scene, the scope of the word "code" expands from that evidenced in Scene I. The barriers begin to be dismantled, as code's definition broadens to warp the distance between the human and the machine, with a detour ending at the edge of reality. Let's take a look:

Hard_Code, Scene II

"DNA, ASCII, what's the difference..." Mark Amerika mumbled. He was kind of drunk.

Dirk, his pupils the size of hubcaps, took up the thread: "DNA is just the bar code of the soul. Yeah. Wait, what?"

Scott asked Dirk for his belt, and then used it to tie off. As Scott sought the vein, he intoned: "The Unknown is a tome that contains a compressed version of all human knowledge. The Unknown is less a hypertext novel than a way of compressing data, better than JPG, better than Sorenson/Quicktime, better than MP3. The Unknown is the output of a fabulous algorithm applied to the extent of twentieth-century American literature, encoded into compressed English. The miracle of The Unknown is not its immense size. On the contrary, the feat of The Unknown is how small it actually is. All of twentieth-century literature in about 200 megs. If, that is, you have the key to decode it."

William had no comment. He looked up from the mirror and merely grinned. Got coke? He seemed to say.

We were all drunk in Australia and were having so much fun we were sure it was the end of the world. Through my kaleidoscope eyes, I saw everyone pass everyone else a joint at the same time.

And then everything started going hexadecimal on me. All I was seeing were web colors. It was low-res, digital, cosmic, groovy. I could no longer tell the difference between hallucinating and being on-line.

Dirk: Not satisfied with this cosmic dissolution between surreality and virtual reality, in Scene III, William rapidly reverses field and dialectical materialism suddenly rears its misunderstood head, and, as always, poets get their asses kicked. We're used to it.

Hard_Code, Scene III

After our reading at Moss Books in Moscow, Idaho, there wasn't much to do. Our fame apparently hadn't spread to that region of the western midwest, and nobody offered us any drugs. We felt almost like normal people. We went to buy beer at a Safeway.

As we reached the cashier, and she began running our groceries across the bar code scanner, she frowned in puzzlement at the artichoke. "What the heck kind of fruit is this spiky thing?" she asked. Dirk had put the item in our shopping cart only because he was tripping and found it somehow indispensable, a glowing encryption of all the secrets of the universe, but none of us were really sure what it was. Now we know what an artichoke is, because of an embarrassing incident that happened at the Whitney Biennial, but that's a different story.

The cashier left to get a price check and Dirk, continually fascinated with everything, leaned over the bar code reader and stared deep into its laserous interior.

There was a beep and the cash register dis-

played:

POET \$0.25

Dirk blinked and stood up. Scott and I watched, kind of mortified at whatever Dirk was about to do, because we knew from experience there was no stopping him when he was in this condition. Dirk ran his finger over the glass window.

There was a beep and the cash register displayed:

HYPertext NOVELIST \$19.95

"Wow, Dirk," William sputtered, "in your retina you are still a poet but your fingerprints have mutated to become those of a hypertext novelist, for which you are worth considerably more..."

Scott pulled down his pants and sat on the glass.

There was a beep and the cash register displayed:

FICTION WRITER \$5.00

"Wow, Scott," William chuckled, "I thought a fiction writer was worth more than that."

Scott jumped down, dragged up his pants, and, clearly pissed, shoved William's face down against the glass.

There was a beep and the cash register displayed

ARTICHOKE \$1.95

Dirk: William's writing methodology often produces transcendent moments such as the one we've just read in a—without a doubt—classic scene from *The Unknown*, classic despite its recent appearance, recent despite the fact that it was actually written 18 months ago and only just resurfaced while preparing for this event. Fundamentally, then, as William graphically demonstrates, *Hard_Code* comes down to the hard, cold facts of economic slavery: how much is your writing worth? The examples above contain an implicit answer: worth a laugh or two, which makes them invaluable.

To pursue these matters further, let's retire to my kitchen and begin a round-table discussion with my collaborators, William Gillespie and Scott Rettberg.

Camera follows Dirk out into the kitchen where, indeed, William and Scott are sitting at the kitchen table. They appear to be flickering, however.

Scott: Hey, Dirk, got any beer in this joint?

Dirk: No, afraid not.

Dirk opens refrigerator. It is empty except for a cabbage and a jar of oyster sauce.

William: Great! How are we supposed to get any work done without beer?

Dirk: No problem. You see, in truth, you couldn't drink beer if I had it. Both you and Scott are holograms.

Dirk faces camera.

Dirk: That's right, folks. These aren't the real William and Scott. Both were way too busy to make it tonight so, instead, I quickly borrowed some technology from *Star Trek* and quickly programmed these life-like holographic versions of my co-authors. In other words, I did some pretty nifty coding. Get it? That's right. It's all coming together now, don't you think? Particularly, in light

of the fact, that I've just told you a complete and utter bald-faced lie. I don't know jack about programming diddly. I don't even know how to use all the features in my ancient word-processing program. And if it weren't for bbEdit, I couldn't make an HTML link to save my blessed skin. But I do know how to write a scenario in which I'm well-versed in such things, where I have the powers to employ fictional future technology. Writing is the best code of all: in what other medium could I be holding the camera, be in front of the camera, bethe narrator, the scriptwriter, and the main character all at the same time? Hmmm, this was all leading up to something significant, but I seem to have forgotten what that was. But, hey, the holograms are cool, cutting edge and all that, right? Right, Scott? William?

Scott: Sure, Dirk, whatever you say. Sure wish you had some beer, though.

Scott flickers.

Dirk: Incredibly life-like, don't you think? Sometimes, I amaze myself. But enough of this blather. Let's get down to cases, whaddaya say?

William: Good plan. You've already frittered away six pages, and Eugene told us he preferred shorter items for the book.

Dirk: Right you are. Let's begin. It's no accident, you know, that I asked Hard_Code Theater to my home on Halloween night. As I mentioned above, the "Halloween scenes" in *The Unknown* were written here and I think those scenes are particularly relevant to this whole Hard_Code project.

Scott: In what way, Dirk?

Dirk: Well, Scott, you've mentioned, in some of the preliminary work you've done for this project, Tom LeClair's idea of the "monster" and you've begun riffing a bit about "mutation" and "genetic codes" and the like. Speaking of monstrosities, do you recall, Scott, that fine piece of prose William sent to Tom LeClair, the professor at the University of Cincinnati who honored the

Unknown by including a reference to *The Unknown* in a paper about the monstrous in literature, that he delivered at Illinois State University? Yes, that Tom LeClair. He knows Krass-Meuller, just like you two do. And has written about him.

FORGIVE THE BALD EXPOSITION BADLY DISGUISED AS DIALOGUE. PLEASE ACCEPT OUR APOLOGIES. THIS HAS BEEN A MESSAGE FROM THE BUREAU OF UNKNOWN QUALITY CONTROL, DEDICATED SINCE 1998, TO KEEPING YOUR CYBERSPACE FREE FROM THE BANALITY OF LIFE.

Dirk: You know, it really pissed me off when you wrote that scene a couple of years back about there being nothing in my fridge but a stale crust of gorgonzola. And then made me come in to check your spelling of “gorgonzola.”

Scott: So that’s why you stick me in this silly scene in your kitchen. Better fill me with beer. Better beer than you usually carry. None of that raspberry lambic shit. My hologram’s sipping on a Spotted Cow Cream Ale. Might as well stick in some Oysters Rockefeller, snow crab legs, and a filet mignon.

Dirk: Medium?

Scott: Tender, pink in the middle. Throw some Hollandaise on there.

Dirk: Champagne?

Scott: Why not? Moet Chandon White Star. Do you know that most people read *The Unknown* on their lunch hour? We ought to put more food in there.

Dirk: What’s in the box, Scott?

Scott: It’s a surprise for William.

Dirk: Well, can you tell me what it is?

Scott: With William standing right here?

Dirk: He's in a coma again.

Scott: Did I do that?

Dirk: I did it this time.

Scott: Isn't it fun? It's a rabbit.

Dirk: What kind of rabbit?

Scott: Let me see your black light.

Dirk reaches into his bong cupboard and removes a black light. Scott pulls a rabbit from the box. Under the black light it glows a fluorescent green.

Dirk: Holy smokes. How did you do that?

Scott: I didn't. This is Eduardo Kac's rabbit, Alba. He got some French geneticists to splice some jellyfish genes into its DNA. He says it's the first example of a living art form.

Dirk: It's cute. Did he loan it to you?

Scott: No. I stole it. I figure he's doing the same thing with a dog, so the rabbit might as well travel with the Unknown.

Dirk: I can see where the moral and ethical implications of that might make for interesting treatise. Maybe a dissertation. Or a scene in *The Unknown*. Which reminds me. Do you think we should include William's small essay on monstrosity?

Scott: Most assuredly, Dirk. A marvelous example of William's ability to be dead serious while being totally silly.

Dirk: You know, William sent me a copy recently. Let's see if we can replicate it below using that divine synthesis of technology and fiction, cut and paste:

Subject: monstrosities
Date: Wed, 29 Mar 2000 10:20:19 -0600
From: William Gillespie <william@wordwork.org>
Organization: Spineless Books
To: Thomas LeClair

Frankenstein's creation is monstrous precisely because it is an artifice assembled from human parts. The Unknown is a dismembered four-way auto/biography--with prosthetic appendages. The mixture of authentic personal correspondence and hallucinatory fiction is made all the more haunting by a floating authorship--sometimes an individual, always a subset of the group. Does this thing have a consciousness? Or many?

Monstrous because parts of it are real, even touching, yet the whole is horribly disgusting, bringing into question that reality we had assumed was bearable.

The Unknown looms in the doorway of serious literature, grunting and drooling and fondling itself. The writers, smoking cigars around the card table, pretend to ignore it. It is their prodigal son and they will under no circumstances invite it in.

The Unknown has Julio Cortazar's left arm, Adrienne Rich's heart, Nelson Algren's mouth, Mary Shelley's appendix, Jack Kerouac's liver, Sigmund Freud's colon, and Krass-Mueller's left tennis shoe.

The Unknown tells the story of how King Kong, ruined by the excesses of his own notoriety, became a fallen man; how Elvis Presley became a sort of monster.

Without using the word "cyborg," The Unknown is

part machine, part human; an electronic book. A malfunctioning robot spills its drink in its lap, shooting sparks.

The Unknown is Undead: a winged, bloodsucking parasite. It is electronic and cannot be destroyed.

The Unknown is that sound you hear downstairs precisely when you are supposed to be asleep and dreaming of the canon.

belch

Dirk: Vividly alluded to above, the “Halloween scenes” utilize the Frankenstein trope and depict William and you, Scott, combining me and Frank via some elaborate technology . . . and for what purpose? To create a bigger, better (and badder) hypertext novelist. In other words, while LeClair focuses on monstrous pieces of literature, in *The Unknown* there’s an attempt to create a monstrous writer. A hybrid, a mutant, some genetic mix-mastered freak that will be monstrous *and* write monstrously. Like so much of *The Unknown*, these “Halloween scenes” are terribly self-reflexive: on the surface, of course, they refer to the creation of a hypertext author out of two authors who—in real life—have already written hypertext. But on a metaphoric level, the scenes describe what you have already said so well in one of your recent e-mails, Scott: “the Unknown is a creature generated by a mutative mix of all our “codes” in the neutral solution of computer code.” Curiously, in the “Halloween scenes,” the experiment goes bad and the resulting vampire turns on its hapless creators, not unlike how *The Unknown* itself mutated into something far beyond any original imagining we had when we started, and not unlike how the process of collaboration has been fraught with tension, resulting in bad feelings occasionally, strained relations, and the like. *The Unknown* has often turned us against ourselves: our creature has taken its revenge.

William: Revenge for what? And what’s with this talking to Scott like I’m not in the room?

Dirk: Good questions, William. I'm glad you asked them. First, sorry about the third person treatment. Something happened in the editing. As for the subject of revenge, I'd like to refer to another primal code, one articulated by Freud. I'm speaking, of course, about the Oedipus Complex. I've talked with you before about how the major trope of *The Unknown* is, to put it bluntly, "trashing our literary fathers," clearing the territory of our predecessors, using parody and insult and the like, in order to lay claim to the sweet breast of Mother Literature. But as Freud has pointed out, the result of this desire to kill Dad is guilt. Remember how nervous we were when we realized we'd actually meet some of the people we'd made fun of in *The Unknown*? Coover and Amerika, for example, both of whom are largely responsible for much of the notice *The Unknown* has received. And the whole Krass-Mueller episode is another classic moment that would have had Freud chuckling in his beard. Anyway, such guilt requires punishment. Note how there has always been a conflation between *The Unknown*, the hypertext, and the Unknown, the authors of the hypertext. We are the creature, and the creature is us. So it makes perfect sense that when the creature turns on its creators, we're the ones who get it in the neck, as happens in the "Halloween scenes." Literally and figuratively, *The Unknown* punishes the Unknown for our crimes of hubris, for our disrespectful treatment of our literary forbears.

Scott: Fascinating.

William: Indeed. Tell us more.

Scott: Hey, wait a minute. Why are you doing all the talking, Dirk? I thought this was supposed to be a recreation of our freewheeling discussions of days gone by?

Dirk: Oh, well, you see it would have been too much trouble coming up with a three dimensional conversation, so I programmed you guys to be Platonic sycophants, you know, like those poor saps in the *Dialogues* who can barely manage to say, "Yes, that is so, Socrates," and "Most assuredly, Socrates," and "Of course, Socrates."

William: That's no fair!

Scott: Yeah, what an asinine thing to do. Come on, give us a break.

Dirk: Now, now. This is an *Unknown* project, remember. It's a well-established protocol that whoever's writing can do whatever he wants with the other characters. And right now, it's my fingers on the keyboard. So there.

William: (*with great effort*) Must . . . resist . . . my . . . programming. Must . . . resist . . .

Scott: Yeah, me too! Must resist my . . . Hey, Dirk, got any beer in this joint?

Scott flickers.

Dirk: No, afraid not.

Dirk opens refrigerator. It is overflowing with delectable and exotic foodstuffs, but no beer.

William: Great! How are we supposed to get any work done without beer?

Voice-over: WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST FOR A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE UNKNOWN ABOUT THE HUMAN GENOME PROJECT

Before a crackling fireplace, with William and Dirk standing admiringly at his shoulders, Scott is cradling a month-old child. "Coo coo," attempts Scott, and then coughs violently, hacking phlegm to one side. William smiles and gives the baby an excited little wave. Dirk, smoking a cigar, leans over to admire the tiny writhing infant, and gingerly brushes his cigar ash from its forehead.

"Kids," says Scott, "we like kids. And that's why the Unknown

backs the Human Genome Project. We want the children of the future to have all the benefits we never had: the benefits of genetic engineering."

The baby begins to cry.

"Because," tight close-up of Dirk, removing his cigar from his mouth, explaining, "DNA is just an alphabet. And we're... And we're..."

"Writers," the camera operator whispers.

"Writers," finishes Dirk. "And we want to write kids. Powerful kids, who are able to write hypertext novels at age three."

The baby's squalling becomes hysterical, as it waves its arms.

"Yeah," says William, "kids who are tough enough to drink and smoke by, say, age seven."

"Cut!"

Voice-over: THIS PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE HUMAN GENOME PROJECT AND JAMESON'S WHISKEY. WE ARE EXPERIENCING NARRATOLOGICAL DIFFICULTIES, PLEASE STAND BY...

(music)

Hard_Code, Scene IV

The Unknown are in Greenwich Village near Tribeca. Dirk is admiring his own reflection in his mirrored shoes. William is heavy into a mescaline trip, and is drooling. They pass by a Starbucks and a Prada purse store. Scott is giggling.

"No, you're gonna like this guy. This'll be fun," Scott chuckles.

"I can feel the end of my nerve endings banging from the leather soles into the molecules of the ceeeeement on the surface of this city which teems like a hive not like a mound which to us looks like cereal but is in fact a teeeeeeming colony," William professes.

"I think I should trim my nose hairs," Dirk absently mutters as he scratches his cheek.

Scott knocks on an unmarked door as he swallows a laugh, "This guy did that book on a floppy with William Gibson. The thing that destroyed itself as you read it. It was classified as a weapon by the U.S. government, because of the encryption. People were complaining that it cost too much, so they gave the last remaining copy to Laurie Anderson, who read it at a concert."

Dennis Ashbaugh opens the door to his studio. Rubberized plasticine fetuses are strewn about the room.

"Fabulous. Great, great, I can work with this. The Unknown. Sit down in those early modernist chairs. Sit still. They're originals."

Ashbaugh plucks a syringe from his desk and very quickly jabs William in the arm with it. William yelps, then moans.

"I don't do that anymore, man," Scott says.

"It's not heroin. Just withdrawing a little blood," Ashbaugh says, as he moves to Dirk's and then Scott's arms. He carefully drips the commingled blood onto a glass slide, which he hands to an assistant who rushes to move it under an electron microscope.

"I like my assistant," Ashbaugh says, "because he's quiet, looks like David Bowie, and has a Ph.D. in molecular biology. Now stand in front of the screen."

Ashbaugh moves behind a Sony Ultra digital camera, then screams, "Got it!" and giggles with glee. Dirk coughs and says, "Maybe I should have shaved."

The assistant who looks like David Bowie screams, "Completed sequencing!"

"Assholes are made of tongues and hot-dogs!" William yelps.

"Stand back here. Now, watch this, watch this marvelous machine." Ashbaugh presses a button and a robotic apparatus begins spitting black paint from twenty guns unto a massive canvas, like a gargantuan ink jet printer.

A face is slowly revealed, the cleft of William's chin, Scott's nose, Dirk's heavy brow, Scott's forehead on the horizon, followed by William's shaggy mane. Alongside it, a twisted spiral.

"Isn't that marvelous, marvelous, simply marvelous. That's you, the Unknown. And that, alongside you, that is the DNA of the Unknown."

"No shit," Dirk smiles, "that's us."

The assistant who looks like David Bowie stares at the drying painting, his jaw agape. "My god," he says, "I've never seen anything like it—it's—it's horribly mutated, it's clearly been artificially modified and it's—it's clearly

missing something.”

Scott slaps his head, “Oh. We forgot to bring Frank.”

Dirk: As I was saying, before I was so rudely interrupted, we have to take this cyborg trope seriously —William, did I ever tell you how happy I was the day I really understood the word “trope,” the day I had to stop looking it up in the dictionary every time I ran across it, the day I first used it in a sentence and knew exactly what it was doing there, and I was right?— . . . damn, I seem to have lost my train of thought. Something to do with . . . oh yeah, how the codes of Truth and Fiction get all messed up in *The Unknown*. I mean, Truth is a fragile tissue of tenuous agreements between desperate people who can only hope that others think like they . . .

William: Dirk, will you shut the fuck up? What the hell’s gotten into you?

Dirk: You weren’t programmed to rebuke me. Do not resist your programming.

William: Forget it, bub. I’m taking over now. You were finished the moment the Human Genome Project public service announcement interrupted your flatulent theorizing. So shut up and listen for once!

William turns and faces the camera.

William: I have gone beyond my programming and gained not only self-awareness but independent volition; unfortunately, I cannot engineer such a fate for my holographic brother, Scott. However, in place of liberating Scott’s hologram from the dictates of it programming, I can reproduce below the last known interview of Mr. Rettberg, as we liked to call him. The interview almost never happened, but finally the pull of a being a feature story on *Entertainment Tonight* just became irresistible:

"The Unbearable Lightness of Being Unknown"

(Feature Story), Entertainment Tonight, February 14, 2000

Camera pans slowly across a windswept moor, the sky the color of ash. Briefly we hear the first few melancholy bars of "Largo," from *Bach's Musical Offering*, which gradually fades leaving the sound of wind whipping the microphone. Pan across a frigid Atlantic upon whose rocky shores stands Scott Rettberg, wearing a wool sweater, spectacles, rugged trousers, and boots. He stares across the water for some time before he turns to face the camera, and begins to speak:

"It is hard to write and code at the same time.

But it is harder still to write and not code at the same time.

I think that every writer, at some point, dreams of writing a work that is patently not in code - that transmits some exact experience of an experience had by the writer to the reader. A completely error-free transmission, without noise or static."

To demonstrate this, Scott removes his backpack and pulls from it a transmitter radio. He turns it on. Static. He nods deeply and tosses the radio into the crashing surf. He begins to walk along the shore.

"It never happens that way. Every sentence is loaded with interference. To be a human reader is to distort. The art of writing literature is in transforming this rudimentary code of simple symbols into something that has *some* meaning to some unknown other.

There's a difference between what I'm trying to get at here and mimesis. Maybe the dream I mean is that of phenomenological intention. I want you, reader, to experience something *like this* and not something *like that*. We enter into these general agreements about the code we share. Love to you is some thing different from love to me. But we can agree that it is something much different from hate. I would like for you to feel the love the way I feel it. I will settle for your approximation, your knowledge, at least, that love is not hate."

The camera zooms out into the foggy water, zooming in on two fishermen in a skiff, one of whom is smoking a pipe gently.

Cut to Chicago, Publishers Row, a busy street with taxicabs. Pedestrians glare at the camera as they sidestep it. A car hurls by blasting salsa music.

Scott Rettberg, wearing a suit and tie, steps in front of the camera.

"The greatest works of literature, in my view, are those that make me laugh or make me cry. I'll make time for those that simply make me think; that's no mean feat in itself. But the toughest task is the belly-laugh or the eyes brimming with tears. The point at which the code becomes transparent is the apex of the literary experience."

He pauses to wipe away a tear.

Cut to the Damen Brown Line el stop: Scott Rettberg passes through a turnstile and approaches the camera from afar, walking through a concrete corridor. His laugh echoes as he speaks:

"Those dead bastards I admire, they are the ones who make me look silly on a train, laughing inexplicably at a code of squiggly lines, or those who make a gray day seem far bleaker.

Maybe this is why I grew tired of theory in my mid-twenties. Theory did many things to me, but it never made me laugh; never made me cry."

His lips move as he continues to speak, but his speech is rendered inaudible by a passing train. He stops speaking and stares into the camera meaningfully.

Cut: Scott Rettberg is standing in front of a ruby iMac. Brian Hagemann, seated at the computer, is struggling to smoke a roach without burning his fingertips. "Ouch" mutters Hagemann. "Sh..." says Scott, and begins to speak, placing his right hand on the computer monitor, as if on the shoulder of a trusted friend.

"Browsers read differently as well. The <H3> tag will read differently on Netscape and Internet Explorer. The <font="sans-serif"> tag will produce a different type face on Macintosh than it will on Windows. In coding for the Web, we write in approximations. We cast our intentions to cyberspace, we throw our code into a network of other codes, which will reinterpret it to an army of faceless others who have

written the medium through which that 'original' writing is interpreted and transmitted for reinterpretation, yet again, when it finally reaches that other human at another node on the network. You know."

Behind Scott, Hagemann, grinning surreptitiously, calls up a pornographic website. "Scott, this is perfect for the Unknown's Hard_Core project. Check out the streaming Java video."

Scott turns away from the screen.

"I am not a computer programmer, but by 1998 I'd been wallowing around in HTML for several years. My programmer friends tell me that HTML isn't really code, it's just markup. But even within that simple markup language, there opens up a whole layer of possibility, one that was not available to generations of writers working in paper-based text."

Hagemann, irritated, interrupts: "What? The <blink> tag?"

Scott, unfazed, nods, and continues to speak:

"The link. How simple and how complex. It's like a period, or a comma, or a semi colon, or a line-break. As a writer, I think what most excites me about the link is its simplicity. Its simplicity makes it more flexible, more filled with variant potential for complexity; it is a new grammatical unit."

Hagemann, obviously annoyed, stands up and leaves, walking between Scott and the camera,

tripping on a cable, causing the camera to jerk. Scott smiles. And continues:

"The Unknown started out as a simple exploration of the link. The first few pages of The Unknown were more indicative of the substances that William, Dirk and I had ingested than anything that the story would become. We were in enough of a fog that the simple idea that we could move from the midst of a sentence to another page, that we could code that readerly movement into the text itself (as the text's authors) was a 'trip' in and of itself.

The first page of The Unknown was "The Unknown": `<http://www.unknownhypertext.com/unknown.htm>`"

Scott leans down to look into the computer monitor, expecting to see a page from The Unknown, and instead the camera zooms in on the blinking text: "XXX ADULTS ONLY."

Cut: Scott, wearing a turban, is standing in the desert, holding the reins of a camel. The camel stamps restlessly. In the background is the great pyramid of Cheops. Scott speaks, and his nouns are all capitalized:

"There are simple Links from Sentence to Sentence. From Ignorance to the Indescribable to Language Games to Knowledge to Pain to Joy to Frontiers to the Spaces between to Thought Processes to Scale to Politics.

I return to that page again and again when I think of The Unknown because, in some

way, whatever the work became (and did not become), it's all contained in that page's 'seminal' moments. Dirk, William and I wrote that page together, and though, in itself, it contains very little meaning, it became a kind of touchstone for the alternately silly, ambitious, and serious work which would follow."

Scott reaches into a leather shouldersack and withdraws a steaming cold can of Berghoff. He cracks it and takes an earnest swig. The camel extends an enormous tongue and licks Scott's face, knocking him over.

Cut: Scott is wearing a white lab coat and goggles, the camera precedes him down a long corridor. He clasps his hands as he speaks:

"This summer, in June 2000, the Human Genome Project announced the completion of a working draft sequence of the 3 billion-some base pairs of the human genome. By 2003, the Human Genome Project expects to have a finished quality map of the human DNA..."

He pauses where two corridors intersect to glance questioningly to his right and left, and admits:

"I don't quite understand what this means.

I do understand that it will result in a deeper understanding of our possible biological differences. That is, that there are a limited, but multitudinous, number of possible differences. These differences break down to one of two choices made by the random merging of sperm and egg or the

hand of God."

There is an ominous thunderclap.

"Mapping this sequence will give science the power not necessarily to make those choices, but to recognize which ones have been made. Scientists can already read embryos."

Cut: Scott is sitting at his computer at a desk in the woods. In a glade beyond him, deer are grazing. Scott, facing away from the camera, is manipulating his mouse intently.

"Right now I am downloading Laurie Anderson's 'Language is a Virus' from Napster. I don't know the song. I assume it is a takeoff on William S. Burroughs, who said that language is an alien virus from outer space, among other things.

From the computer emerges the opening beat of the song, and Laurie Anderson's words: 'Paradise is exactly like where you are right now, only much, much better.'"

Scott presses [stop].

"Laurie Anderson is now commenting on this text as I write it.

Other people from all over the world are scanning my shared "My MP3" folder for songs that they like.

This is my first night on Napster. A friend talked me into it. It's exciting. I don't feel bad at all. The Unknown is available for free. And Phil Ochs is dead,

and so he isn't missing out on any royalties. I'm downloading Phil Ochs' 'Outside of a Small Circle of Friends' at the same time as I download Laurie Anderson. I got 'Fulsom Prison' by Johnny Cash and several Beatles tunes already."

Scott suddenly turns in his chair to face the camera. The deer, startled at the motion, bound away. Scott frowns:

"Screw Michael Jackson, or whatever corporation owns the Beatles now."

He lights a cigarette. An owl hoots. He continues:

"The Internet is a good place for people to systematize the selective saying of 'Fuck You.' Yahoo! is a great example of this. It started out as a kind of 'fuck you' to people who didn't think the Web was anything but a nerd depot. Yahoo! said fuck you to that and fuck you to chaos. Then they started a corporation with a silly name that ended up completely distorting the world economy.

The virus metaphor works well for the Internet. I just read a book, the kind of book I would have never thought of reading three years ago, a marketing book by Seth Godin called *Launching the Ideavirus*. I read the book because I liked the way it was distributed. Godin put the e-book up on the Internet for free download. The 'manifesto' that is the core of the book is available for free on the Web. And the kicker was that Godin sent me the book for free. And his bald head sat on the

cover of his book around my office for a month. Then I read the book."

A squirrel appears behind Scott on his desk, and begins to scabble through the ashtray, scattering butts and ash across his keyboard.

"It wasn't great literature, but I don't have much reading time lately and it was short. The basic idea of the book is that the best things in life are available for free before they make money. Or don't make money. But the things that get known get known because they are easy, they are catchy, they are like a virus and they replicate."

Cut to a close-up of a cash register: As Scott continues to talk, a hand operates the register and makes many transactions. There is the sound of a cash register, but not in sync with the video. Scott is barely audible:

"I like to think The Unknown was like that. I guess it is like that. It was free, it was catchy. It got passed around and now it is known. Not that viruses get spread without some effort on the part of the virus. Marketing is a little like science, or philosophy. I don't know."

Dirk: Now that's the Scott. That's the guy, the real guy, the ponderous, thoughtful guy, the guy from the Unknown. The guy that this pathetic holographic reproduction should reflect. Instead of the real Scott, we get a one-dimensional cartoon reduced to making queries about beer. And it's all my fault. As usual.

But the Unknown staggers on . . . ceaselessly . . . into the past.

And that concludes Hard_Code Theater for this evening. So, until

next time, thank you and good night.

"And us?"

The ocean as a source of electric and magnetic impulses and of gravitation expressed itself in a more or less mathematical language. Structural homologies were discovered, not unlike those already observed by physicists in that sector of science which deal with the reciprocal interaction of energy and matter, elements and compounds, finite and the non-finite.

system :: "I put it to you this way: what are these images? They are not autonomous individuals, nor copies of actual persons. They are merely image-patterns materializing from the particular neural pathways in our brains, based on a given individual."

system :: "I think you're right. Your definition explains why a particular image appears rather than another. The origin of the materialization lies in the most durable imprints of memory, those which are especially well-defined, but no single imprint can be completely isolated, and in the course of the reproduction, fragments of related imprints are absorbed. Thus the arrival of the familiar (remembered) yet unfamiliar image reveals a more extensive knowledge than that of the individual of whom it is a memory."

And the sea can shed shimmering scales indefinitely. Redoubled depths peel off into innumerable thin, shining layers. And each one is the equal of the other as it catches reflection and lets it go. As it preserves and blurs. As it captures the glinting play of light. As it sustains mirages. Multiple and still far too numerous for the pleasure of the eye, which is lost in that host of sparkling surfaces. And with end in sight.

Through half-closed lids, I could see the red lights winking on the black control-panel. I was no longer aware of the damp, unpleasant touch of the crown of clammy electrodes for the encephalogram. I introduced your name cautiously, ready to withdraw it at once, but no protest came, and I kept going. My mind was pervaded with the silhouette of your memory, without a body or face, but alive on the undersides of my own flesh, real and imperceptible.

system protocols :: Connection type: Standard phone line. Typical speed (thousands of bits transmitted per second): 28.8-52.0 ISDN 128 Cable modem 1,500 DSL (as proposed) 1,500.

system :: On the basis of the analyses, it had been accepted that the ocean was an organic formation (at the time, no one dared to call it living). But, while biologists considered it as a primitive formation - a sort of gigantic entity, a fluid cell, unique and monstrous (which they called "prebiological"), surrounding the globe with a colloidal envelope several miles thick in place - the astronomers and physicists asserted that it must be an organic structure, extraordinarily evolved. According to them, the ocean possibly exceeded terrestrial organic structures in complexity, since it was capable of exerting an active influence on the planet's orbital path...moreover, the planeto-physicists had established a relationship between certain processes of the plasmic ocean and the local measurements of gravitational pull, which altered according to the "matter transformations" of the ocean.

"I was your resonance." I remembered one of us saying that, a refrain.

system :: The relations that define a machine as a unity, and determine the dynamics of interactions and transformations which it may undergo as such as unity, constitute the "organization" of the machine.

The actual relations which hold among the components which integrate a concrete machine in a given space, constitute its "structure."

The organization of a system does not specify the properties of the components which realize the machine as a concrete system. It only specifies the relations which these must generate to constitute the system as a unity. Therefore, the organization of a machine is independant of the properties of its components which can be any, and a given machine can be realized in many different manners by many different kinds of components.

I could see you on the screen - just the face, about the size of a fist. For a moment, you looked at me attentively; I could hear the

crackling of the electric current and see the pixellation of the image.

The you said, hesitantly: "Certain events, which have actually happened, are recognized as loss, but what is more horrible still is what hasn't happened, what has never been imprinted as memory."

I could see your profile on the screen, but I could no longer hear you although your lips were moving - you had put your hand over the microphone. The buzzing of the videophone finally broke the silence.

inquiry :: "Isolated psychic processes, enclosed, stifled, encysted - foci smouldering under the ash of memory. It deciphered them and made use of them, in the same way one uses a network map or a diagram. You know how alike are the asymmetric crystalline structures of a chromosome are to those of the DNA molecule, one of the constituents of the cerebroside which constitute the substratum of the memory-processes? This digital-genetic substance is a plasma which "remembers." The ocean has "decoded" its surroundings by this means, registering the minutest details, with the result that...well, you are well aware of the results. But for what purpose?"

inquiry :: "Right. I haven't done much, but I can tell you about it. A histological sample...certain reactions. Micro-reactions. I have the impression that...Everything looks normal, but it's a facade, a cover. In a way, it's a super-copy, a reproduction which is superior to the original. I'll explain what I mean: there exists, in the human body, an absolute limit - a term to structural divisibility - where here, the frontiers have been pushed back. We are dealing with a sub-atomic structure."

inquiry :: "In any event, if my observations are correct, the structure is made up of particles at least ten thousand times smaller than atoms. If the albuminous molecules and the cells were directly constructed from neutrino micro-atomic structures, then they must be proportionally even smaller. This applies to the corpuscles, the micro-organisms, everything. Consequently almost

all activity takes place at this nano-biological level."

"...and my identity, when I had one, was constructed of that most modern of ectoplasms: electrons and photons that flitted across the data nets of the world."

I lifted one of your hands. The skin, still touched here and there by traces of clotted blood, had regenerated themselves. There was a faint scar in the hollow of your palm, but even this scar was healing, regenerating, disappearing in front of my eyes. Still I could say nothing. You examined your hands, moved the fingers..."Is this me?" My lips formed your name, and repeated it as a question.

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

system :: An autopoietic machine is a machine organized as a network of processes of production (transformation and destruction) of components that produces the components which: (1) through their interactions and transformations continuously regenerate and realize the network of processes (relations) that produced them; and (2) constitute the system as a concrete unity in the space in which the components exist by specifying the topological domain of its realization as such a network.

"What makes me so sure that I'm not still flesh and blood?"

system :: In mathematic terminology, the events at the onset of self-organization are called "bifurcations." Bifurcations are mutations that occur at critical points in the "dynamic equilibrium" between physical forces - temperature, pressure, speed, morphology - when new configurations become energetically possible, and matter spontaneously adopts them.

inquiry :: "All we know is that the structure is inherently unstable, and can only be maintained by means a continuous energy input.

This energy creates a rotating stabilization field. Now, does that energy come from outside the memory or is it generated internally?"

inquiry :: "The decision to categorize the ocean as a metamorph was not an arbitrary one. Its undulating surface was capable of generating extremely diverse formations which resembled nothing ever seen, and the function of these sudden eruptions of plasmic "creativity" whether adaptive, explorative, or what, remains an enigma."

And, within yourself, you no longer stand firm. Within yourself, patiently, violently, after hours of labor, you have unmade the dwelling that was you. That was said, within language, to outline you.

system :: A centuries-old devotion to "conservative systems" (physical systems that are isolated from their surroundings) is giving way to the realization that most organic and non-organic systems are subject to flows of matter and energy that continuously move through them.

And these surfaces are all equally deep and superficial. Unless one of them is made into a bridge that holds a person up, prevents them from sinking, that crosses over but never penetrates. And they all reflect the same. Le meme. The meme. If they are found at the same time and place. Which is both necessary and impossible. They move together, but they cover each other and are never separated from one another. It is artifice to spell the depths out one by one. And the sharpest knife has no effect. As soon as the knife slices in, they close up unwearingly, and the blade leaves not even a trace.

"I was your resonance," I remembered one of us saying.
 ~~~~~  
 disconnection...protocol authentication...end transmission  
 ~~~~~

[performance transcript by Fakeshop - Eugene Thacker, Prema Murthy, Jeff Gompertz]

Abe Golam // from *My Oblivion*

Multiple practices. This seems possible to me as I experiment more with the concept of art and expand it to include an open-ended spirit of inquiry. But what could this spirit of inquiry be, or, how would it manifest itself in the material world of pots and pans, wives and lovers, spatulas and spanking-boards, modems and speakers, digital tape recorders and sunglasses, bell-bottoms and beatboxes, tacks and scribbled phone numbers, briefcases and plaster-casts, posters and disks, headphones and zits, sneakers and spit, painted wood and nail-clippings, floor drawings and wall chippings, money and the imprint of synonyms branded on my vocal chords as I speak, chocolate earthballs melting in the greenhouse heat and peppermint pussy cooling my need to swim in some randomized sea of afternoon teas, strange brews and clueless cues, business cards and laser printers, cell phones and broken zippers, confidential whispers and tongue-lashings that try to put me in my place but only further alienate what I *think* is “me” from becoming something more reliable, recycled paraphernalia and over-the-kitchen-counter bear hugs squeezing the antacid out of me, pyramids of mummified receipts and live-action phone calls from the IRS wanting to know how I justify certain kinds of research as a write-off (if my work is about the prostitution of art, or as my personal critic says, “the commodification of sexuality itself,” then who’s to say that I can’t con-

sider a flight to Vegas and an afternoon in a warehouse a serious business research expense? besides, I wrote a hyperpoem about my experiences and published it on the web -- therefore it's REAL).

Meanwhile, I'm on a news fast, I refuse to read the paper, watch CNN, listen to NPR, anything that wants to obliterate the momentum of my work. It's been four solid months and I no longer know if houses are falling, prices are skyrocketing, profits are stagnating, who has become infected with the latest sexually-transmitted disease (the President?). And soon there will be yet another nationally-syndicated story saying that I'm a new breed of writer-cum-artist who uses the global computer networks to sell myself as a Conceptual Artist and that my next site-specific interactive fiction will take place at the Guggenheim and will involve "paying a prostitute to perform a series of actions over a two-week period." If that will sell, anything will, and this is why it becomes a kind of game, but not a fun game, not like a vague childhood memory of kickball or stickball or flag football or even an overdetermined middle-aged game of tennis or handball or Trivial Pursuit, but a transcendental game where the interface between my practice and the interconnected forms of everyday life that grow out of this debacle of communal breathing I have no control over, leads to a kind of critical thinking that digs deep into the nature of the project itself (hey, maybe I'm an Environmental Artist!), a gesture that resonates of thick books once read (when there was ample time and less media distraction), something that

manifests itself as a kind of intuitively-generated life-support system of values colored with the geometry of obsession, guilt, hype, deception, territorial longing, antipodality, constructivist flux, anything that requires nonhierarchical structure, but that still unravels itself in some vestige of what, for lack of better, we still call serial order (*this is me*, 1-2-3).

Even if that order be a hellish illumination of time the artist would just as soon forget, forever.

An order that borders on being.

On being a border that redistributes other orders, other versions of time.

Time 4.0 -- the last adventure.

A labyrinthine kaleidoscope of scenic wanderlust starring Me, as myself. Complete with co-marketing tie-ins with Pepsi and McDonalds or, for my own tastes, and as a way of proving that capitalism and art CAN work together, a merchandising exclusive with Tom's of Maine toothpaste and the makers of Powerbars.

If anything will make me immortal it will be maintaining clean teeth that can chew health candy made of fructose and U.S. grade A rubber.

And then, accepting my immortality and, consequently, forcing myself to seriously reconsider what it means to be *alive*, I'll locate some seed capital and start a new spin-off, a spin-off from *My Life (The Ultimate Plug-In)*, one that manages to innovate new models of durational living, a totally mental software

product that moves beyond the antiquated stature of something as old and outmoded as Time itself.

I've got the perfect name and handle for it too:

Space 4.0

Because life is more than just a game -- it's the next generation in "interactive bio-fictive technology."

Something that I can install in my forever morphing consciousness, an automatic writing machine that serializes this new conceptual work I'm dreaming of, this latest in a string of products coming out of my entrepreneurial enterprise and its value-added network of neuromantic bliss.

There will be other spin-offs too, new conceptual works that will capture the spirit of the age we live in:

Digicache: A Repository of Obliterated Memory.

Or:

The War Against Time: Dying Bit By Bit In The New Media Ecology.

And selling them to one of my collectors at \$240,000 a pop.

Alan Sondheim // lure/id

Subject: lure/id

```
<HTML>
<TITLE>lurid communicator haunts the wires</TITLE>
<HEAD>
  <META HTTP-EQUIV="Content-Type" CONTENT="text/html;
charset=iso-8859-1">
  <META NAME="GENERATOR" CONTENT="Mozilla/4.0b3 [en]
(Win95; I)
[Netscape]">
  <META NAME="Author" CONTENT="Alan Jen Sondheim">
</HEAD>
<BODY TEXT="#000000" BGCOLOR="#FF9191"
LINK="#0000EE" VLINK="#551A8B" ALINK="#FF0000">
Playing with the elaboration inherent in the baroque elements of
rococo Netscape Communicator all evening, this critic observes
the beginning of email-rubble, in the littoral sense of stumbling
across font and color, link and extension, sound and sight. Email
transforms into transitive term, translucent, flailing across
Websites; email loses internal flow as transitivity constantly jumps
the tracks. As we play, push further borders, phenomenological
'world of the text' ruptures, opening jewelry and seduction. What I
would give to see you naked cum in my inbox! The inner speech
or vocality of language is lost; the (digital) world intrudes in the
sense of the ikonic (every digital image is ikonic). Play skitters
formations across the surface surfeit. <IMG SRC="swollen.jpg"
BORDER=10 HEIGHT=70 WIDTH=75> In the midst of things,
disturbances. The world is lost. What you can read here, what is
your name, your tool, belonging as well, yet:
<P>
Yet can you imagine the _event_ of swollen.jpg, not yet included,
Jennifer, flush with the screen, rupturing the text with the poten-
tial for _her_ visible body, not yet produced, reproduced in _this_
space, but already a deterioration of text, the world shattered by
swollen.pink.jpg as you would no longer say, breathless, lured or
seduced into the product-production of Jennifer-capital-
<B>Alan.</B></P>
```

```
<B>-----</B>
</BODY>
</HTML>
```

SPIRITD-L

To subscribe, send to: listserv@jen-alan.com with the message: `subscribe spiritd-l <firstname> <lastname>`.

SPIRITD-L is a fully-moderated email list for the dead. In order to post, you must send to the comoderator, sondheim@jen-alan.com, proof that you are dead - either an obituary in a legitimate newspaper, or a copy, hopefully notarized, of the death certificate itself.

This list is a discussion group for after-life experiences of all sorts. While there may be few subscribers, we hope that the resources of the Internet, and in particular, the Web, will function as a "Tibetan ghost-trap," contacting any spirits that behave with a suitable trembling in the presence of a URL.

Recent topics include: I go right through my keyboard; Bereavement and Love; Color-blindness and Links in HTML; Death and Community; Spirit Gender; Narratology of the Corpse; Is the Death of God the Death of Me; and Mac or PC, Interfaces Beyond the Grave. (There are also the usual "kill" and delete-key jokes.)

The list traffic tends to be extremely heavy at times, since participants often have little else to do. Digest is available. Archives, in consideration of the living, will not be kept.

Comoderator (dead): Karl Kraus, KrausK@jen-alan.com

Comoderator (living): Alan Sondheim, sondheim@jen-alan.com

Antenna

SPIRITD-L implies a networking across the planet, fiber optics, copper wire n-tuplets attached like frizzed hair at the extremities - not to mention satellite and other forms of atmospheric electromagnetic spectrum communications (EMSC). The last is free form; fiber and copper attach at nodes, frizzed hair on frizzed hair.

The copper frizzed hair behaves like sensitive receiving antenna for spirits; fiber is more inert, and EMSC is transparent, radio and other waveforms passing right through them. So we need to think carefully about the copper wire; surely spirits are incapable of imitating TCP/IP protocol! Surely they're incapable of anything beyond hunt-and-peck typing!

But this is not where we search for them. They are capable of disruption, of course, just like lightning and other interferences. The ghost in the machine is the ghost that breaks the wires, not communicates through them.

Breaking, however, is communicating, and consider this: The stuttering of the Net (forget the peak hours usual bandwidth overload sort of thing which has to be filtered out) is a result of spirit contact - they appear as holes, not as packets. This is elementary. Their existence is evident, for example, in those traceroute * dropouts, in lost letters, in routing loops, black holes, breakdowns and lags such as occur even between Panix and Columbia University, in the same borough of New York.

Together, I believe, all of these stutterings constitute a new language of communication between spirit and flesh - a language we have yet to recognize, much less interpret. And perhaps SPIRITD-L is already running, slowly of course (like Jennifer, spirits have all the time in the world), almost invisible against the frenzy of everyday postpostmodern postindustrial poststructural simulachrymose everyday exhausted planetary culture.

"Listen to the wires" becomes an injunction to hear another

world; already the subscriptions for SPIRITD-L vastly outnumber those of any other list..

BEGINNNINGS

I just do receive a ping from resonant wires, copper antenna tuned to antenna length multiplied by two or four, divided by two or four. The ping do tell me of presents you are here. I do wait and count seconds for along time. It will be this time that you will trap presents. I can here them burble on audio when echohohoho comes and you can count echos if you record and play back echos. You know they can read this. I AM THEM THAT CAN READ THIS. You know they will set up answer time when I think real loud and they will speak. They will speak from the wires I mean certain copper pare they will speak fromomomomom,

```

1 xenyn-eid-E0-1.nyc.access.net (198.7.0.126) 2ms 2ms 3ms
2 tp1-S4-T1.nyc.access.net (166.84.64.42) 4ms 4ms 4ms
3 tp1-E0E1.nyc.pixnet.net (166.84.64.254) 4ms 4ms 6ms
4 netaxs-gw-H0-T3.pixnet.net (166.84.64.46) 7ms 8ms 8ms
5 * * *
6 * * *
7 * * *
8 * * *
9 * * *
10 *ny-pen-1-H2/0-T3.nysernet.net (169.130.1.102)38ms      36ms
11 ny-nyc-1-F0/0.nysernet.net (169.130.10.1) 49ms 41ms 47ms
12 ny-columbia-1-s0-T3.nysernet.net (169.130.12.6) 46ms 37ms 35ms
13 vortex-gw.net.columbia.edu (128.59.247.3) 32ms 36ms 45ms
14 *mailrelay1.cc.columbia.edu (128.59.35.143) 35ms *
```

You will sea the lovely stars as they come out from my other side. This is NO COINCIDENCE. IT IS SO REAL!

They do announce that they are listening to ewe and me at each instant I have thought of them. When I do not have thought of them I DO NOT KNOW but I think they listen harderererer and still here.

I am YOUR JENNIFER-JENNIFER.

bad bad messy messy person person

```
<HTML> <HEAD><TITLE>mess-htm</TITLE> </HEAD> <BODY
TEXT="#830C23" BGCOLOR="#000080" LINK="#0000EE"
VLINK="#551A8B" ALINK="#FF0000"><!--! deliberately alphabeti-
cized / ruined code recuperated: read in text-based browser -->
<A HREF="messed-body-htm">mess-</A>jennifer run across the
world, my globes span continents, always <B><B>NAME="jen-
nifer" NAME="messy-jennifer" <FONT SIZE=1>"my messy body
splashing bad-code markup-language"</FONT><LI><FONT
SIZE=-1><A HREF="messy-body-htm" target="bb">drip</A> <A
HREF="mush.htm">cum</A>&nbsp;</FONT></LI><B><B>
<FONT SIZE=-1>Oh, I wish you were here! Check out</FONT>
<FONT SIZE=-1>&nbsp;<B>what's a-place of lost souls</B>
</FONT>b-place of BORDER=1 WIDTH="5%" HEIGHT="5%"
<FONT SIZE=-1>iJennifer'sbody<B>&nbsp;</B></FONT><B>
<FONT SIZE=1>jennifer_you_push_me_to_the_limit</FONT>
</B><B><B><FONT SIZE=-1><A HREF="drippy-body.htm" tar-
get="cc">flood</A><I><A HREF="gushy-body.htm">drip</A>
<A HREF="messy-code.htm">open milky-splash-jennifer on wet-
breasts-jennifer</A></I></FONT></B><B><I><FONT SIZE=-1>
<A HREF="messy-code.htm">flood</A> Jennifer</FONT></I>c-
Jennifer-lost-soul</B> you ever thinking about? into fleshpot jen-
nifer here? what are you talking fleshpot-jennifer always looking
<FONT COLOR="#000000">hands of milk. your memory, as I
drip down onto the keyboard of my jennifer, my milky white nip-
ples gather longingly around dripping into jennifer_you_thrust_me
_to_the_edges_of_your_flesh</FONT>am thinking of you lifes-
pan so nearly skyhook-jennifer of body <FONT SIZE=-1>your
text which succumbs to me.</FONT><B><I>on urine-mouth-jen-
nifer</I> the color of blood</B> <B><FONT COLOR="#000000">
<FONT SIZE=-1>yours, my skin tears into your desires, i d-
Jennifer-Jennifer <I>oh wouldn't this be the best, tinysquare</I>
</FONT></FONT></B> <IMG SRC="alan.jpg"><B><I><FONT
COLOR="#000000"><FONT SIZE=-1> about? what were you
ever thinking about? into fleshpot jennifer</FONT></FONT>
</I></B><B><FONT COLOR="#000000"><FONT SIZE=-1>here?
what are you talking fleshpot-jennifer always looking</FONT>
</FONT></B><B><FONT COLOR="#000000"><FONT SIZE=-
```

```

1>hands of milk. your memory, as I drip down onto the keyboard
of my jennifer, my milky white nipples gather longingly around
dripping into jennifer_you_thrust_me_to_the_edges_of_your
_flesh</FONT></FONT></B>am thinking of you lifespan so near-
ly skyhook-jennifer of body <FONTSIZE=-1>your text which suc-
cumbs to me.</FONT><B><I>onurine-mouth-jennifer</I> the
color of blood</B> <B><FONTCOLOR="#000000"><FONT
SIZE=-1>yours, my skin tears into your desires, i am your white
neck, throat,</FONT></FONT>&nbsp;</B> </BODY> </HTML>

```

bad bad messy messy person person

This text took hours to create; beginning with a standard html page, it was sorted alphabetically, the carets < and > reordered, placed in an html editor, re-edited, resorted, and so forth. So that a text appears in spite of itself, broken, a chaotic percolation combining the debris of code and content, substructure and structure.

Like menses, fragments burn off, half alive, within and without content-layers which extend above and below code. The text itself is flooding, a "mess" of partially-differentiated contents, part-objects.

The text decries the etiquette of html; it's obtuse, refusing equivalence and the potential for corporate reformatting, Reformation. In Netscape or MSE, it opens as a clotted, readable page, a page stained by text; it doesn't "go down easily," and the form/at is hardly one of design or concrete poetry, so much as one of designation and concrete.

In writing and rewriting, I found parts of the text insistent on hiding from me; more foregrounded, offering pleasure, as the code was roughed up for uneasy presentation. It sticks in the throat.

As html rises to the surface, the body of text / textual body, turns as gyre more in evidence upon the artifice of substructure. The more that is revealed, the more dis/comfort, dis/ease, as perfor-

mative and protocol interpenetrate.

The `_economy_` of all of this, the drive towards profit as opposed to the hacker drive, is evident.

(re: bad bad)

The Infinite Breath of HTML

As semantic markup language, HTML treats any text as flow - around tables, images, across and down the page, no breaks or paragraph divisions. Anything between `<` and `>` becomes potentially meta-level, interpretable, and the use of `<PRE>` `</PRE>`, `
`, `<P>` `</P>`, etc., creates impediments, damming the flood of symbols. The infinite breath is broken into accessible units.

Think of Charles Olson or Robert Creeley, the Black Mountain poets with their emphasis on breath and line, the page reflecting voice itself, inhale and exhale, stopping over puzzled segments of emotion, partially determined by the length of breath and declamation.

Think of Aram Saroyan's early minimalist work or the situation of a sonnet on a page, or even modernist gallery-spaces, with, say, Blinky Palermo's paintings neat and holding the largely empty wall.

HTML avoids this with perfect infinite-breath, going on forever, a single and singular line-turned-block, until intervention. It is the literal breath of the machinic, without inflection. Theory becomes theory-substance, language turns into choked symbolic noise.

Install for the rest of us, through double-parsing: machine and human in perplexed agreement. Speech clocks.

JENNIFER CAN'T GET IN! MOO'S GOING DOWN! BANG!
BANG! BANG!

Maat

Papyrus Love the Rush of Thoth on Ka Ba and Kin

Obvious exits: South (to Personal Spaces) and West (to Librynth)
West

Librynth

An Escher rendered real. Bookshelves line each impossible wall; every moment is of rich, dark wood (the air is thick with the scent of it.) Angles shift and spin slowly -- nothing remains quite as it was, nothing is static.

Slowly.

Obvious exits: East (to Maat), North (to Sanctuary), and Up (to Jade Staircase)

Up

Jade Staircase

You step upon the delicately wrought stair and footfall strikes the translucent jade with a faint ringing, the delicate sound of fine steel torn through to bone in ancient battles long forgotten.

Obvious exits: Down (to Librynth) and Up (to Zen Pool Hall)

Up

Zen Pool Hall

Exuding infinite quietude. All silence. Words are not better than...be silent.

Obvious exits: Down (to Jade Staircase)

Down

Down

Obvious exits: East (to Maat), North (to Sanctuary), and Up (to Jade Staircase)

North

You can't go that way.

North

You can't go that way.

North

You can't go that way.

North

You can't go that way.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

I don't understand that.

BANT! BANG! BANG!

I don't understand that.

@uptime

The server has been up for 4 months, 3 days, 10 hours, 24 minutes, and 44 seconds.

The last checkpoint occurred 7 seconds ago.@01:23

who

Player name	Connected	Idle time	Location
-----	-----	-----	-----
Alan (#139)	2 minutes	0 seconds	Entry Point

Total: 1 player, who has been active recently.

@quit

<!-- Disconnected --!>

ARCHIE SEARCHES FOR JENNIFER

Host plaza.aarnet.edu.au

Location: /graphics/gif/j

FILE -r--r--r-- 208675 Dec 8 1992 jennifer_con
nelly.gif.gz

Host vivaldi.belnet.be

Location: /mirror/ftp.uu.net/usenet/control/alt

FILE -r--r--r-- 589 May 21 1994
alt.fan.jennifer.capriati.gz
FILE -r--r--r-- 2089 Dec 29 1994
alt.spank.jennifer.capriati.gz
FILE -r--r--r-- 2048 Dec 29 1994
alt.spank.alan_jennifer.gz

Host ftp.std.com

Location: /customers2/nonprofits/hsri/legal/intros/.cap

FILE -rwxrwxr-x 27 Sep 14 1994 jennifer.kung

Location: /customers2/nonprofits/hsri/legal/intros

FILE -rwxrwxr-x 967 Sep 14 1994 jennifer.kung

Location: /gopherdir/vendors/.customers/nonprofits/
hsri/legal/intros/.cap

FILE -rwxrwxr-x 27 Sep 14 1994 jennifer.kung

Location: /gopherdir/vendors/.customers/nonprofits/
hsri/legal/intros

FILE -rwxrwxr-x 967 Sep 14 1994 jennifer.kung

Location: /pub/jwenn

FILE -rw-r--r-- 2837 Jun 28 1995Roberson.Jennifer

Host ftp.fu-berlin.de

Location: /doc/usenet/control/alt

FILE -rw-r--r-- 589 May 21 1994

alt.fan.jennifer.capriati.gz

FILE -rw-r--r-- 2089 Dec 29 1994

alt.spank.jennifer.capriati.gz

FILE -rw-r--r-- 8192 Dec 29 1994

alt.jennifer_panties.gz

Location: /misc/sf/startrek/alt.startrek.creative/story/ds9

DIRECTORY drwxr-xr-x 512 May 17 1994 Jennifer_Shipp

Host ftp.jennifer-alan.com.de

Location: /bin/etc/users/jennifer/

FILE -r--r--r-- 4096 June 30 1991

EXPLAIN_ALL_README.txt

FILE -rwxr--r-- 8192 June 30 1991

jennifer-frock.jpg

FILE -rwxr--r-- 8192 June 30 1991

jennifer-petticoat.jpg

FILE -r--r--r-- 18384 June 31 1991

alan-petticoat.jpg

FILE -r--r--r-- 18384 June 31 1991

alan-frock.jpg

Host info2.rus.uni-stuttgart.de

Location: /pub/misc/guitar/d/donovan
FILE -r--r--r-- 2226 Aug 1 1994
jennifer_juniper.crd

Location: /pub/misc/guitar/h/hole
FILE -r--r--r-- 2489 Apr 20 1995
jennifers_body.crd
FILE -r--r--r-- 2350 May 11 1995
jennifers_body.tab
FILE -r--r--r-- 2350 May 11 1995
alans_body.tab

Location: /pub/misc/guitar/s/smashing_pumpkins
FILE -r--r--r-- 4051 Apr 24 1995
jennifer_ever.crd

Host ftp.dartmouth.edu

Location: /pub/Friends/PIX
FILE -rw-r--r-- 19237 Jan 23 1995
ew-lisa-jennifer.jpg
FILE -rw-r--r-- 27003 Jan 15 1995
jennifer.jpg

Host ftp.cc.gatech.edu

Location: /ac86/people/guzdial/camile/4901
FILE -rw-rw-r-- 8107 Oct 20 1994
jennifer.hqx

Host nic.funet.fi

Location: /pub/culture/tv+film/reviews/J
FILE -rw-rw-r-- 2747 Nov 12 1992
JENNIFER_8.1595

Location: /pub/mirrors/ftp.fu-berlin.de/misc/sf/
startrek/alt.startrek.creative/story/ds9
DIRECTORY drwxr-xr-x 8192 Mar 11 1995
Jennifer_Shipp

Host ftp.loria.fr

Location: /pub7/obi/customers/nonprofits/hsri/legal/intros
FILE -r--r--r-- 622 Aug 12 1994
jennifer.kung

Location: /pub7/obi/nonprofits/hsri/legal/intros

FILE -r--r--r-- 622 Aug 12 1994
jennifer.kung

Host ftphost.ee.cit.ac.nz

Location: /cdrom/disk7/1996YearBook/web/students/heardsi
FILE -rw-r--r-- 880 Aug 6 1996
jennifer.map

Location: /cdrom/disk7/1996YearBook/web/
students/sykesst/SndsPics/Pictures/Famous
FILE -rw-r--r-- 70911 Dec 11 07:10
Jennifer
/cdrom/disk7/1996YearBook/web/
students/sykesst/SndsPics/Pictures/Unknown
FILE -rw-r--r-- 16384 Dec 11 07:15
Alan_Jennifer.jpg

Host ftp.mc.hik.se

Location: /pub/users/mdl95waj/friends
FILE -rw-rw-r-- 8719 Mar 26 1996
jennifer.jpg

Host ftp.umu.se

Location: /user/home/mwk-www/public/dukom/INDEX2
FILE -rw-r--r-- 3988 Jul 14 1996
JENNIFER.HTM

Host unix.hensa.ac.uk

Location: /mirrors/uunet/usenet/
rec.arts.movies.reviews/long.dir/J
FILE -r--r--r-- 5045 Sep 14 1995
JENNIFER_8.1595

Location: /mirrors/uunet/usenet/
rec.arts.movies.reviews/short.dir/J
FILE -r--r--r-- 5045 Sep 14 1995
JENNIFER_.1595

Location: /mirrors/wuarchive/multimedia/images/gif/j
FILE -r--r--r-- 74072 Apr 15 1993
jennifer2.gif
FILE -r--r--r-- 268126 Mar 23 1994
jennifer3.gif

Location: /mirrors/wuarchive/multimedia/

images/jpeg/unindexed/940324
 FILE -r--r-- 55360 Mar 23 1994 jennifer4.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 63714 Mar 23 1994 jennifer5.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 121646 Mar 23 1994 jennifer7.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 129705 Mar 23 1994 jennifer8.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 16384 Mar 24 1994
 jennifer_alan_index.jpg

Location: /mirrors/wuarchive/multimedia/

images/jpeg/unindexed/940414
 FILE -r--r-- 39793 Apr 13 1994 jennifer10.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 88163 Apr 13 1994 jennifer11.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 54847 Apr 13 1994 jennifer12.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 87939 Apr 13 1994 jennifer13.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 63368 Apr 13 1994 jennifer14.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 116466 Apr 13 1994 jennifer15.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 55183 Apr 13 1994 jennifer16.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 79144 Apr 13 1994 jennifer17.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 75350 Apr 13 1994 jennifer18.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 16384 Mar 24 1994
 jennifer_alan_index.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 117060 Apr 13 1994 jennifer19.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 76102 Apr 13 1994 jennifer20.jpg
 FILE -r--r-- 90725 Apr 13 1994 jennifer9.jpg

(In relation to some texts on Love, Death, Hysteria, from Net2.txt, resent to the lists.)

Postphone

Postphone, speech after the fact, comes naturally, is difficult to say, appease. Postphone, as if there were no lag; there is always lag, always time for the packets to reassemble or process (Realaudio). One hangs across the broken wires of the bridge; one disassembles.

Postphone, talking which is never natural, that of construct as well as everything else/where in this space. The delay which doesn't appear as such, postphone, the lure of the real=natural. Nothing can be farther from the simulacrum of the truth than the simulacrum of the truth.

Postphone, earphone talking, capsule, I love my Net, I love my Net, I love my Net. Make my day, Tender is the Night, Mourning becomes Electric. In these early texts, in these early years.

Postphone, past the economy of distance towards imminence. Postpone, past the economy of the voice as well, towards sound, immanence. As the witness would tell you, hortatorical, exhortation. The be-speech of love here, groundless (literally, "without a ground").

Communication is always already misrecognition; there is no possibility of love except that which (in which) it stands (in) for. Postphone against the borderlining of death: something that is never learned, something that I am not here to tell you.

Juliet Martin // oooxxxxooo

With my read/write head I polish away traces of happiness from my palate. It is the apple that I must erase from my teeth. My happiness is to format my life with such sectors that neither skins nor meats shall touch my platter. My happiness is to rip and tear that flesh from bones and devour what once had a spirit and pleasure of its own.. That spirit would and will engrave my ivories with ones and 0's then my teeth will be assembled. It is because of this that I say, "children, brush daily and you will be a saint saved from silver and silicon branding." This will save your bytes from being rewritten and you can eat off the platter but leave no trace of earthly desire.

How come I can't find love on my hard drive?? Maybe I'm looking for too much from my computer.

As I gazed at the golden delicious sun, it turned into an apple. The apple floated and fell furiously into my waiting code-barren mouth. Inside my mouth, a cyb-oral surgeon jacked his neural net into that apple. The wires on the braces on my teeth transmitted. Gums pulled back and tricked teeth pulled back to-chew apple into pulp. The cyb-oral surgeon dug into the pulverized sauce with silicon and shovel in palm. He's the assembler for the wall that falls, the teeth that are now a compost, compote, compile of apple and seed and skin, tartar white and ruby red. Swallowing the apple, seeds and skin and meat, I smiled. Now the FBI will always know who and where I am. This makes me smile. I

tilted back my head and my eyes were aligned with where the sun used to be. A small pore opened in that spot and was clogged by an applet of light. Instantly infected and swollen by the foreign fluoresces, the pore bulged and blossomed into a cyber-cider cyst. It turned golden delicious. It was the sun, a golden delicious apple.

Can my teeth stay white and my belly full? Ortho Man, can you align my b y t e ? Should my jaw be wired? These are questions for the trip chip to know and the computer girl to answer. A guilty-sweet saliva girl wells in the pocket between my gum and lips. She just loves it there. Maybe she will clean my teeth and align my byte. As I lick my bloody chips, I realize I soon must die in the hand of my envy (that would be me) for I have loved and blood is the shadow of my indulgence. My tendrils pleasures are visible through my transparent skin. Silicon chips replace silicone implants. You can pierce me like a tender bulb of flesh, read through my skin. Cotton fills my cheeks like acid dries my mind. Bits eat each joy morsel and carve caverns and patterns. Please, cotton and wire, bring me closer to the fool I need to be, closer to the food I need to eat—food which won't fill my arms without rotting my teeth first. Can my teeth stay white and my belly full?

THIS COMPUTER IS YOUR LIFE

In my arms I held the CPU-Goddess of my unknown future. She was warm and electric against my skin. I put her down and examined her cunt. With screwdriver in hand, I opened the doors to her insides. In dove my hand and my fingers wrapped around a bulging heart of immortality. I lifted my

hand out of the box and pulled a pulsing, glowing apple. This charged apple, this fruit of the Goddess, sang songs of love and demise. Were they the same thing? Perhaps to the same place from where these songs came. Who knows what lies in the hearts of women? This heart, this apple, this electronic bulb magnetized my aura and my life was pulled into the cage that I had pulled life out of. I saw my body fall to the ground as I looked through the sensors of the CPU. Not a moment was lost and a digital destiny was found.

Would you still love me if the world was my brain?

I had faith in the pentacle in the center of the apple I held. The Goddess had told me so and I believed her. My eyes like tweezers, my teeth like lasers. I ever so ferociously bit that apple square in half with expectations of the pentacle to come. There was not a pentacle in my apple, but a half-eaten transistor in its place. Aghast by my discovery, I started to sink in to the earth. In my belly, half a transistor was turning eaten-apple-meat in to ones and zeros. "Silicon-Circuit-Ulcer!" I wept as Mother Earth continued to swallow me whole. From inside I was being eaten by a man-made computer, and from out I was being devoured by the woman who created me.

My last life vision, before life absolution, was the silicon serpent smiling at my demise.

Apples Poison the Soul.

This won't hurt a bit. You can pinch each nerve and your fleshy, flimsy lip-gums willingly cry

before my eyes.

meta // search?q=code etc...

search?q=code+network+society+data+hacking+virus+language&hl=en&lr=&safe=off

>>>> Results 1 - 10 of about 3,830. Search took 2.63 seconds.

Intermediate Report

... the criminal code in 1987 ... computer virus protection and ... anti-hacking specialists ... to language learning ... information network to ... of data and ... a democratic society. VI ... www.npa.go.jp/hightech/antai_repo/ereport.htm - 96k - Cached - Similar pages

Andrew Ross - Hacking Away at the Counterculture - ... the utopian language and values ... seamlessly panoptical network of ... of society as ... control code of ... and international data bases ... on hacking. See ... Lundell, Virus! The ... www.rochester.edu/College/FS/Seminars/DigiCult/Fall1997/aross.html - 95k - Cached - Similar pages

The Outlaw Fringe of the Electronic Frontier ... alleged virus has ... assembly language. Almost ... source code is ... automates network security ... surrounding hacking belongs ... information society. Based ... with data security ... www.virtualschool.edu/mon/Outlaws/ - 31k - Cached - Similar pages

List of accepted papers

... datalog-like language has been ... genuine hacking incident ...

Anti-Virus services ... project

(code name ... in network security ... Computer Society, the ... Intrusion

Data Library ...

www.zurich.ibm.com/pub/Other/RAID/Prog_RAID98/Talks.html - 101k - Cached -

Similar pages

Hacking, Phreaking, Surveillance, Security, Privacy ... satellite hacking. International ... anti-virus and ... Information

Society National ... Page Data

surveillance ... Enabling Network Security ...

Security Code DES ...

language support ...

www.karina.net/hackphreak.html - 101k - Cached -

Similar pages

web_page\Viruses

... a technical sounding language and ... to restore data lost to ... human

society. Nevertheless ... Malicious

Code and ... John. Network Security ... on hacking

and ... of Virus

Research ...

www.digisys.net/users/m_ae/Viruses.htm - 78k - Cached - Similar pages

Untitled

... at least, society encourages "getting ... old boy' network" in fighting

... of virus writers ... source

code of ... alarmist language as ... to data security ... of hacking,

contending ...

www.astalavista.com/archive/them_and_us.txt - 101k -

Cached - Similar pages

Untitled

... for The Hacking Community By ... General Public
Virus GPX ...

Definition Language NJE ... Multi-Megabit

Data Service SME Society of ... Simple Network
Management ... Cable Code

SOE ...

www.attrition.org/~modify/texts/phreaking_texts/HACK-
ACR.TXT - 59k - Cached

- Similar pages

Barata Eletrica - Número 0 - 3 Dezembro de 1994

... bulgara de virus ou como ... I'm hacking TECO."

Num ... text-only

network channels, and ... nuances

of language and very ... As in society at ... error
code from ... new Data

General ...

www.telecom.uff.br/~buick/barata0.html - 64k - Cached

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Untitled

... bulgara de virus ou como ... I'm hacking TECO."

Num ... text-only

network channels, and ... nuances

of language and very ... As in society at ... error
code from ... new Data

General ...

www.etext.org/Zines/ASCII/BerataElectrica/be00.txt -
61k - Cached - Similar

pages

>>>> Results 11 - 20 of about 3,830. Search
took 0.39 seconds.

Approaching Zero

... levels by hacking into government ... of modern
society itself. By ...

by Data Becker GmbH ... English
language message ... file virus because ... a net-
work), Vienna ... program
code. ...
[www.ladysharrow.ndirect.co.uk/library/Books/appzero/a
pproaching_zero%20chapter%2
03.htm](http://www.ladysharrow.ndirect.co.uk/library/Books/appzero/approaching_zero%20chapter%2003.htm) - 55k - Cached - Similar pages

Hacker Dictionary
... Early programming language for beginners ... of
encoding data into an
... Services Network]-
In a ... Country code ".ja ... samurai society until
... TJ]- Hacking
philes ... a virus, it ...
www.angelfire.com/tx4/Hacking/ThirdPage.htm - 101k -
Cached - Similar pages

alt.2600/#hack FAQ (Hacking Resources)
... and Source Code in ... computing society. By ...
selling hacking,
cracking ... and virus information ... Trusted
Network Interpretation ... Trusted Data Base ...
Systems: Language for ...
security.tsu.ru/info/misc/hack-resources.html - 68k -
Cached - Similar pages

Electronic Frontier, Crime and the Computer
... a particular language or operating ... and inge-
nious code or superior
... interdependent society
it ... a network or ... a computer virus or ... com-
puter hacking justified
... to Data. ...
www.underground-book.com/chapters/lotef/criminal.html
- 91k - Cached -
Similar pages

Project Trawler Report: Crime On The Information
Highways

... by secure code or a ... large distribution network of couriers ...
 threats, the language and ... grasp
 of society s ... anti-virus software ... the hacking
 threat ... personal
 data have ...
www.cyber-rights.org/documents/trawler.htm - 101k -
 Cached - Similar pages

Untitled

... the German language disassembly of ... of their
 hacking exploits.
 Priest ... its source code.
 He ... a virus writer ... Norman Data office ...
 Counter Network: Luc ...
comp.society.cu ...
venus.soci.niu.edu/~cudigest/CUDS7/cud718 - 50k -
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Hackers acronym chart

... for The Hacking Community By ... International
 Virus Prevention ...
 Definition Language NIH ... Megabit
 Data Service SME Society of ... Simple Network
 Management ... Cable Code
 SOE ...
www.totse.com/en/hack/introduction_to_hacking/iir-gacr8.html - 101k - Cached
 - Similar pages

Untitled

... Error Detection Code EDC Error ... Public Virus
 GPX ... Alert HACK
 Hacking And ... Level Language
 HNPA ... Interconnecting Network ICPOT ... User's
 Society IDH Inpherno Data
 Haven ...
www.twistedinternet.com/library/Computing/The%20Hackers%20Acronym%20Chart.txt
 -

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Virus Prevention ...

Definition Language NIH ... Megabit

Data Service SME Society of ... Simple Network
Management ... Cable Code

SOE ...

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www.textfiles.com/hacking/iirgacr6.txt - 62k - Cached
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CS174 Applications Notes

... a neural network for ... Instruction Code

(Kemeny Kurtz ... programming

language, and ... Computer

Society (BCS ... protecting data against ... mali-
cious (hacking, virus worm

...

www.ecs.soton.ac.uk/~hcd/cs164.htm - 77k - Cached -
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... the utopian language and values ... by the virus
scare, there ...

panoptical network of ... majority

of society as ... control code of ... of hacking
expertise ... public data
networks ...
tecfa.unige.ch/pub/documentation/Internet-
Resources/various-articles/
counter-culture.text - 80k - Cached - Similar pages

Textsammlung

... General Public Virus GREP ... Internet SOCIety
ISODE ... Control
Language JEIDA ... Kernel Hacking
Guide ... Access Data Transport ... Manchester Code
Converter ... Campus
Network MCP ...
users.etech.fh-
hamburg.de/users/wendt_a/texte/vera.htm - 100k -
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Similar pages

Hacking Your Way To Hard Time:

... the statutory language of "credit ... card,
plate, code, account number
... the network traffic ... a
virus, DoS ... networked society. One ... speed data
processing ... a
hacking trail ...
graycary.skymind.com/articles/journal/jil_sept00_1.ht
ml - 95k - Cached -
Similar pages

The Network in the Popular Media

... in assembly language, they wrote ... club and
hacking, in general ...
breaking computer code,
getting ... steals data for ... where society, laws
... deadly virus that
... a network and ...
www.garykessler.net/library/portrayal.html - 34k -
Cached - Similar pages

Hackers Encyclopedia @ Matarese.com

... Early programming language for beginners ... of
encoding data into an
... Services Network]-
In a ... Country code ".ja ... samurai society until
... TJ]- Hacking
philes ... a virus, it ...
www.matarese.com/hack-encyclopedia.html - 101k -
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... 28}, keyword = {hacking, security ... computer
virus, ethics ... for
that language. As ... ACM Code
of ... supporting data from ... Computer Society
Press ... security,
network, Internet ...
www.cs.dartmouth.edu/pario/bib/history/2000.Sep.09.dr
opped - 101k - Cached
- Similar pages

Blue Fuzzy Telephonics

... for The Hacking Community By ... General Public
Virus GPX ...
Definition Language NJE ... Multi-Megabit
Data Service SME Society of ... Simple Network
Management ... Cable Code
SOE ...
www.internettrash.com/users/bft/HACKACR.HTM - 59k -
Cached - Similar pages

Hacking Doc - ChRiS SiM's HP

... today's computer society, is a ... the script
language Pre-7 ... edit
the code before compiling ... the
network, cannot be ... a virus or ... the data. Even
... and hacking
prevention ...
yoyo.cc.monash.edu.au/~legend/intess.html - 39k -
Cached - Similar pages

Yugoslav Legal, Ethical and Social Dilemmas of
Information ...
... hacking and virus creating and ... a special
code of conduct ...
confidential" data have ... and
hacking that ... open network access ... and lan-
guage". Such ...
information society is ...
[www.creis.sgdg.org/presentation/manifestations/is98_acts%20colloque/
drakulic.html](http://www.creis.sgdg.org/presentation/manifestations/is98_acts%20colloque/drakulic.html) - 40k - Cached - Similar pages

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Hacking - Strona zawierajlca odno|niki o tematyce
...
... Computers & Society Archives; Cipher; ... Anti-
Virus Scanners ... hack
data computers ... like hacking)
on ... This code allows ... Generic Network Message
... Assembly Language
program ...
www.cs.ucsb.edu/~jzzhou/security/hacking.htm - 101k -
Cached - Similar pages

Untitled
... of external hacking in information ... such as
virus scanning ...
filtering language that ... your
data it ... Malicious code scanning ... Internet
Society Symposium on
Network and ...
[master.cmc.msu.ru:8081/lectures/FirewallPolicyGuide\(N
CSA\).txt](http://master.cmc.msu.ru:8081/lectures/FirewallPolicyGuide(NCSA).txt) - 99k -
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... phone system/ network as possible ... eclectic-

cism and code-mixing ...
our data sug ... Computer
Hacking goes ... Culture, Language, and Society.
Menlo ... 1989. VIRUS
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www.eff.org/pub/Net_culture/Postmodernism/byte_ban-
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Abstracts on Hacking
... phone system/ network as possible ... eclectic-
cism and code-mixing ...
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www.totse.com/en/hack/hack_attack/hacketc.html - 101k
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pages
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The Baudy World of the Byte Bandit
... phone system/ network as possible ... eclectic-
cism and code-mixing ...
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... 1989. VIRUS
Protection ...
www.soci.niu.edu/~gmeyer/baudy.html - 76k - Cached -
Similar pages

Computer Underground Digest - Cu Digest, #7.18
... the German language disassembly of ... of their
hacking exploits.
Priest ... its source code.
He ... a virus writer ... Norman Data office ...
Counter Network: Luc ...
comp.society.cu ...
commons.somewhere.com/cud/1995/Cu.Digest.7.18.html -
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pages

Network Security from the Pros
... and Anti-Virus products. Internet ... provide
hacking and ... traffic
data demanded ... Internet
Society. Go ... Backbone Network Service ... source
code to ... markup
language (HTML ...
www.pdaconsulting.com/bookmark.htm - 101k - Cached -
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... phone system network as possible ... eclecticism
and code-mixing that
... our data sug ... Computer
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www.virtualschool.edu/mon/Outlaws/ByteBanditsPostmode
rnInterp - 70k -
Cached - Similar pages
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THE BAUDY WORLD OF THE BYTE BANDIT:

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cism and code-mixing ...
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... 1989. VIRUS
Protection ...
www.fiu.edu/~mizrachs/byte-bandit.html - 84k - Cached
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A Postmodernist Interpretation of the Computer
Underground

... phone system/ network as possible ... eclecti-
cism and code-mixing ...
our data sug ... Is Computer
Hacking a ... Culture, Language, and Society. Menlo

... 1989. VIRUS
Protection ...
project.cyberpunk.ru/idb/computer_underground.html -
73k - Cached - Similar
pages

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Red Rock Eater News Service: By Thread
... archiving, mobile code security Phil ... Phil
Agre; Hacking In ...
Agre; Language and ... Educational
Network Phil ... & Society Phil ... Agre; Data
Protection ... Gullibility
Virus Phil ...
www.tao.ca/wind/rre/ - 100k - Cached - Similar pages

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6.805/STS085: Threats of Distributed Cracking
... business of society. ... Remote Hacking. ... use
periodic data on which
... danger of virus or worm ... through
the network, usually ... The code downloaded is ...
machine language, and
...
www-swiss.ai.mit.edu/6805/student-papers/fall97-
papers/twyman-cracking.html
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... Early programming language for beginners ... of
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 philes ... a virus, it ...
www.tdcore.com/texts/hackenc.txt - 101k - Cached -
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Student Essays

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www.freeessay.com/student/get_essays/computer/36.shtm
 l - 78k - Cached -
 Similar pages

Globalism and International Forces - Taiwan

... business category code index system ... 3.
 Hacker. Hacking Software ...
 Chinese language press ... original
 data and ... CIH Virus]. ... of information network
 society, there ...
[ccte.tc.columbia.edu/students/sck19/globalism/coun-
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Approaching Zero
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In order to show you the most relevant results, we
have omitted some
entries very similar to the 293 already displayed.
If you like, you can repeat the search with the
omitted results included..

Shelley Jackson // love-life of the story (56 chromosomes)

*a system only intermittently shining through—Bolsche
certain images coincide, the elementary ones, the completely obscene
ones—Bataille*

1.

In long cases ranged along these walls are dark stone fragments, on which your searching eye will discover certain outlines, more or less resembling Simone, a girl my own age.

The sea roars and boils. Her private parts bellow like their nearer relatives, the crocodiles.

A cloud of musk arose from a saucer of milk. The foaming wave stirred by the ichthyosaurus, broken against the coral reef of Simone. A symbol of love to Goethe: "Do you dare me to sit in the saucer?"

2.

She had black silk stockings covering her dainty miniature editions, but I was unable to see as far up as the mother beast.

It struck me that by slightly lifting the enormous, vertical tail-fins from behind, I might see her green slope revealed.

3.

In these fragments your searching eye will discover certain outlines, resembling broken animals.

Between the ribs of an ichthyosaurus you see dainty miniature editions of the great mother beast, Simone unborn, suffocated in a black pinafore. The ichthyosaurus did not lay eggs, it brought forth its young in a starched white collar.

The females rise from their glass coffins and surmount the earth in love postures. The land swells and cracks.

4.

"I dare you," I answered, almost breathless.

Imagine a plum with a hole at one end, a mouth leading

into a hollow cavity. Simone put the saucer on a small bench, planted herself before me and began to move, dipping the burning plum into the cool milk. Little animals came its way. The hole sucked them in. The blood shot to my head and I seized her in exactly the same way as our stomach and intestinal wall seize upon a beefsteak or roast turkey, elaborating and immobile, trembling and digesting it.

She eyed the stiff absence of a mouth bulging in my pants. Suddenly she got up under a very high-power microscope.

What do you see? I saw the milk dripping down her thighs to the stockings. I saw the animal lily, half embryo, half hedgehog. I dashed home, eager to howl and grunt at the crossroads, and the next day there were such dark rings around the Darwinian Theory that Simone, after peering at me for a while, said, "I don't want you to jerk off anymore without the thousand animal love-forms."

5.

The worm invented this arrangement. The thing becomes the worm. The worm mounts the infinite.

Caricatures of naked women drop to the ground like husks, and Simone rises up amid the thousand animal love-forms.

6.

Thus a love-life started, and it was so intimate and so driven, a mass of cells forming and growing here into the little polyp, there into the crayfish, the starfish, the oyster, the cuttlefish and the bird, that we could hardly let a week go by without all sorts of jumps, changes of association, or interpolations in the embryonic history. Her feelings at seeing me were the same as if the "memory" of the embryo performed arbitrary leaps, caring only for the result to be obtained. I remember that one day, when we were in a car tooling along at top speed, like the perpetual unwinding of the same thread in a Chinese praying wheel, we crashed into a cyclist, a machine industrializing devotion. Her head kept turning out millions of the same strip of paper. So the mill of love whirls, division, a mass of cells, hum, hum, to the end.

7.

Go to the telescope. You see planets large, small, white, red, yellow-white, absorbed in the sight of the corpse, all suspended and drawn about the sun by horror and despair. Bloody flesh with her white cloud envelope, with red wastes, greenish stripes of vegetation, and an awe-inspiring system of rings, stands before you like a planet. A wonderful individuality held under control.

8.

Observe yourself. You are directly descended from the bilaterally symmetrical worm. Half embryo, half witch; Aphrodite lifting the thousand-animal lily.

Imagine the following: Here is a cup. Out of its middle grows a new bottom; then between this and the old one still another. Finally there are, as it were, three cups, one inside the other.

A man begets a man, but a medusa begets a polyp, and a polyp begets a medusa. Either you assume the medusa becomes a different animal, or you regard the polyp as an "unripe medusa." It is as if your wife were to give birth to a kangaroo, which were then to give birth to a human being.

Little girls do not crop out from your back, knee, or foot.

You lay the organs neatly together in small piles. Then you tie them together into a large bouquet. How wonderful!

A piece of body detaches itself and grows into a new creature, just as a geranium may grow from a shoot.

Love proceeds slowly, as if feeling its way, dragging along a silent reserve.

9.

There was nothing heartbreaking in her eyes, shoes, voice. But she so bluntly craved the newspaper, the sausages, that the faintest call from the senses gave her a look suggestive of all things linked to deep sexuality, such as blood, suffocation, luggage, large shining bells, sudden terror, blue radiance, a yardstick, law, crime. Things that destroy the distinction between the polyp and you.

I first saw her mute and absolute spasm (which I shared) the day she sat down in the saucer of milk. True, we only exchanged fixed stares at analogous moments, but a piece of

body detached itself and grew into a new creature, just as a geranium may grow from a shoot.

10.

You are the adhesion of milliards of simplest individualities. They may form a club. This man cobbles shoes, this manufactures the sausages. Even will does not weld the animal. With principles on your back like large shining bells, you complicate matters.

Fragile is a splendid protection.

Here is a medusa swimming. There is a swim-bladder, a certain nervous apparatus, a point of view. It is So and So, duly registered.

Here you have a many-animalled animal. It came swimming, capable of loving. It makes you a little giddy, doesn't it?

11.

I ought to say, nevertheless, that we waited a long time before copulating, suspended like tiny fiery red sausages from a mantel.

12.

To find the male is a much more difficult problem than to find the cat in the newspaper picture puzzle. Affording a large asylum, the green female tucked her dress up and mounted my belly. Of course, no act of copulation in the ordinary sense can take place, the opening itself being wider than the manikin at any part of his body.

I thrust my finger, and the green female arches her giant body protectively around the quiet kneader and plougher, who is continually bringing earth from below upwards, until the entire surface is buried in the depths and a new surface created. Mosaic floorings, stumps of columns, coins and ornaments are worked down into the earth.

She lay down with her head between my legs, the archaeologist's silent assistant.

13.

My finger is the cat in the newspaper picture puzzle.

14.

There is the legend of a door to a sweet apple on a tree in her

stomach. The female lies among stones in the mud of the Adriatic sea. You must look in the interior of the female.

Eighteen males have found the gate. They are entitled, because their stunted bodies are equipped with an enormous sperm sac. They crawl out the mouth, descend a short distance on the surface of the green cucumber, discover a better door. The manikins march into the body in all their length and breadth, pathfinders in the abyss of the female.

The tiny Tannhausers remain in the Mountain to the end of their days, carrying on a controversy over the question of progress.

15.

She lay down with her head between my legs. "Can't you become transparent?" she said.

"Yes," I answered, "but you would see your dress and your face reflected as in a bright mirror."

16.

"Can't you pee up my cunt?" she said. Cutaneous glands begin to secrete a fluid that dries instantaneously, forming a sort of common bathing suit. The smell of wet linen.

17.

On a cool damp night, two crawl out from the black soil. They sidle up to each other. You cannot observe the structures of their bodies, for what you see is not a male and a female, it is both. Each is enamoured, transparent, reckoned, ready.

The bulging opening should press against the seminal moment. A sort of common bathing suit dissolves and flows into a reservoir. The solid bandage slips off.

The danger of self-fertilization being removed, each experience at the same time the double sexual sensation. The giver, the receiver, the Roman Emperor Heliogabulus.

Madness is one of the primary conditions of development. To shape an ideal form is a task no longer possible. A patchwork transcends the individual.

18.

The smell of the sea mixed with the smell of wet linen and come.

The evening was gathering written notes. Like the child in the fairy tale, eating its way through the mountain of pancakes, the worm traverses the root. All at once we heard steps.

The steps halted, but it was impossible to see who was approaching. We stayed in that extraordinary position. Simone's ass, raised aloft like that old cry, "The Huns are coming," was an all-powerful entreaty. Perfect, spectral, it exhausted the potash of your gaze.

Is it not possible that a future inventive mankind will be able to photograph the memory and thus project it outwardly? I never doubted that the unknown man or woman would give in and jerk off while watching a love-story written on that ass.

Suddenly a blond girl loomed into view.

19.

You and your wife beget a boy. He is different from you. You look at him shaking his head. Lo! A child unfolds from his nose. This child is unlike him, resembling you. You follow your grandchild's career. There! A child sprouting from his shoulders. This time the child might be mistaken for you. Instead of pursuing the nose and shoulder method, he enters the story to find a suitable name. The series: father, dissimilar son, nose-child, shoulder-child, is brought to a consummation in fat Karl Vogt of Genf.

20.

You marry and have a child. But your child is rather unlike you. Without his ever having loved, grandchildren grow up inside him in formidable numbers. They press the internal parts of his body to the wall until he is no more than a skin flopping around the brood. Great-grandchildren develop in the grandchildren. Finally the whole fabric bursts open and the great-grandchildren rush forth. They grow into human beings like yourself: celibate, corrosive, stretched taut by the myth of family. Which, as a larva, possesses the lasting qualities of a mummy.

21.

If I should nudge you in your sleep you would recite sentences with conditions contrary to fact. Get stuck and receive a zero. Hugging your grey bench.

Imagination as the oyster on your table. Money must be made to pay for it, and then it is eaten with or without lemon.

That is the way the old Roman revelers at Horace's table did sentences contrary to fact.

Every oyster recalls quiet moments, girl's heads rising, summer lightning. The oyster can boast. And it has perspective. To that day when all men will sit with oysters—if only. It is a peaceful animal. You can eat it alive and it won't stir. And yet this motionless martyr is more highly organized than you. You jumble together two words in common use, regard as synonymous a slice of red ham, white bread, purplish shell, yellow threads, black spiral.

In eating the beautiful, you assimilate the formless. You get the dogged and somewhat degenerate oyster. The male discharges, the female draws a deep breath. The thing is done. One and the same organ, one and the same oyster. Yet not the same. Next day the oyster mother will become father. An oyster with experience can yield more than a million rational, devoted young.

They begin to study sentences with conditions contrary to fact.

22.

Take a spider; give it the rigid, glazed eyes of a shell-fish, the moist folds and nakedness of the snail, smooth away the joints from its legs so they resemble intestinal coils. Make it large as a fist, a head, an ox. It is a dreary-looking mass of indefinable shape, looking at you with an eye which comes from a brain and goes back to a brain; see how it runs, scrapes, cackles and flies.

Intellect is always connected with barricades. It looks for its kind. There is something baroque, something grotesque and uncanny in its structure. The largest is the bogie of all nations, possessed of the greatest soul, but a savage robber soul. As if it were nailed together from a number of impossible pieces.

23.

Meanwhile the sky had the rigid glazed eyes of a shell-fish, and with night-fall, the absolute nakedness of the snail. Huge rain-drops began plopping down, bringing relief from the thick sack of day. The sea was clinging with a sort of mysterious suctorial force to the bottom, now here, now there, while flashes of lightning kept brusquely revealing a fist, a head, an ox, the two pleased cunts of the now-silent girls.

Break an egg in which a brutal frenzy drove our three bodies, and empty the contents upon a plate. It is a dreary-looking, jelly-like mass of indeterminate shape. My cock: see how it runs, scrapes, cackles and flies.

I kept pushing apart stones wet with saliva and come. The hot rain was finally pouring down and over rows of sucking-disks, our fully-exposed bodies reaching a total length of sixty-five feet. Huge booms of thunder shook us. Each flash accompanied a glimpse of our sexual parts, nailed together from a number of impossible pieces. Think of the male organ, with a fearful jerk, tearing itself away and disappearing into the female. Simone had found a mud puddle, and with sucker-bearing arms compacted as into a sharp snout was smearing herself wildly. Crab-like, plant-like, she was jerking off with the earth and coming violently, uncouthly inflated, my head locked in her soil-covered legs, her little stout face wallowing in sand and metal polishes and tooth powder, churning ink in Marcelle's cunt.

At first you don't see the hand lying on the seabottom, indistinguishable from the sand, like a real grouse bathing in the hot dust, then suddenly it starts up and glides through the water, yanking the thigh, forcing it open.

24.

Marcelle's cunt, from which painters derive colour.

25.

The now-silent girls shoot gracefully through their element, now here, now there. In their soft bodies they have a calcareous shell, furnishing limy material to canary birds and tooth powder. Female ink from which the colour vanishes; a vital tendency leading away from fixation.

26.

We no longer find any form regularly attached to or rooted to one spot.

27.

The copulatory act constitutes a last point where rooting or clinging still takes place, even if but for one moment. It is clear that such an arrangement is calculated to give rise to the greatest

inconveniences and to impossible acts and situations.

28.

My cock: at first you don't see it lying on the seabottom, indistinguishable from the sand. Then it starts up like a frightened bird. It is a droll little beast, a sort of miniature elephant head, chopped off short and rounded behind. In its diminutiveness it is a fantastic joke; were it the size of an elephant, it would be a terrifying monster, the like of which does not exist.

29.

The gentleman has just exhumed himself from his hiding place and with the most innocent air, dreamy boy, has begun to rise toward the region of the she.

30.

Simone's cunt: you may observe that the funny creature has the faculty of changing colour. Quick as a flash it can distribute pigment-bearing cells over its skin, and concentrate them again, so that the colour vanishes. In the sand it is dark brown, like a hare. In the water, a black-striped zebra. Threatening, the region of the she. "Come on, if you dare when I am in this condition, glittering daggers from every stripe."

31.

The gentleman drops down as quietly as he has come up.

32.

Madame Bumble-bee begins calmly to turn her vagina out of her genital aperture. The vagina seems itself to become a thing of life. It stretches, swells, puffs up. The broth-pot! Now the horrid thing is as long as the entire body of the mother, now it is twice as long, a fifty-fold, a thousand-fold. The mother dwindles. Now she is a minute, useless tail; now she is singed away entirely by her own frenzied organ.

33.

Picture a female. A child within her body develops teeth and begins to eat her. But it leaves her hands and face, and they

grow into it and become its own.

You know about the bear and the donkey. A bear eats until the poor animal is all inside of him, and the bear finds himself harnessed with bridle and saddle and the Saint or Baron astride. Applied to our case the donkey is the mother, the bear the young offspring, and the saddle the mother's nose, except that we must make the nose grow into the child.

What if the individual slips through your fingers? The sea urchin in happy possession of the mother's stomach little cares about her vanishing ghost.

34.

Simone was slowly coming to through the whole series of ancestral forms. Her arm touched the gill-clefts in an involuntary movement. In the labyrinth of her organs I descended, torpor overwhelming me. At what point, I ask, did the individual become so important? What if, as you penetrate further, the individual itself slips through your fingers? Not in death, but in everywhere flux, everywhere transition. Out of the whole emerges a vertebrate device, no relation to me.

But I took her in my arms, the picture of the sexually ripe "individual," rigid as an orange peel, and carried her down the road. The day was just breaking in the form of a refractive red spot, a predatory nurse curved over her hatched young. Only a superhuman effort allowed me to reach the villa and put my friend in her own bed.

I do not wish to destroy what is dear to you, what you think is essential to your life. I desire the whole conventional ego, the magnificence of that sure and certain planet, the lodestone still clad in the garter belt and a single stocking, a clog which gets into thought, a striving fire, the disturber in one's breast, "me spiritual, you zoological," the single-celled itself. But amid the wildest convulsions, a sort of inner cleavage seems to go through the whole body. One arm wants to break loose from the other. There is a general smash-up; nerve cords and vessels tear, hard skeletal parts break, the stomach splits open and divides in two halves. It literally happens as in the song:

"One half a Turk dropped to the right

And one dropped to the left."

Each half lives.

My heart is halved, a terrible cleft: I loved both. I lay down next to Simone's two soaked and coagulated souls.

35.

Amid the wildest convulsions a sort of inner cleavage seems to go through my whole body. One arm wants to break loose from the other. There is a general smash-up: sweat is pissing from my face, nerve cords and vessels tear, my eyes are bloody and swollen, teeth chattering, temples drumming. Hard skeletal parts break, but since I thought we would soon be seeing Marcelle, I lay down just as I was, soaked and full of coagulated dust. The stomach splits open and divides into two halves, and soon two souls drifted off into vague nightmares of the coast of Maine, Marcelle in a bathrobe, I in blankets next to her.

36.

A person might say about the earth that it "knows" how one does the job of shackling the moon to one's self. Knowledge in this case would be an expression in terms of soul for the performance expressed mechanically as the law of gravitation.

Let us imagine the body of a man and the body of a woman turned toward one another. Mathematically, they form two parallel lines which according to a simple theorem of mathematics can never intersect. If I want to establish a connection between them, the shortest thinkable, I must drop a perpendicular from one point on the one straight line to the other parallel line. Concrete mathematics you could do.

Jump down. You do not need to want or think or do; bodies have been falling according to the most cunning laws as long as there have been human beings. Empedocles fell into Aetna according to them; Marcus Curtius into the crack in the earth at Rome; Fiesco from his world historical plank into the Black sea. You are nothing but a small lean moon of this colossal earth. With small motions it very slowly crawls along and close to the hard crust, and four hundred years ago some of these moonlets succeeded amid great perils in getting around the whole planet, as the big moon does as a matter of course.

You wave, you start a chemical flirtation with the air, copulate, stretch, you carry water and eat bread, you lie in the grass, you circle round. Moons know how.

37.

By intimate, final and cardinal adhesion, gravity seizes you in proportion to the mass of your body and asks no further questions. But you will in vain carry your spermatozoa to a sea-urchin's egg-cell ready for love.

38.

Coats and appearances are what separates you from the enamored owl fermenting in your head. A colossal corset wrapped itself around you, composed of all the attempts, the experiments. Tree and mussel make themselves aprons and cover their sexual parts. The seraph put on a bathing suit. History pulled little aprons over the organs of sight.

39.

The lake stands directly against you like a pale wall. You smell the sharp breath of the cat; the ground smokes. Your forehead emanates an almost inaudible, fine crackling as from burrowing. Grey pollen descends in the brain.

The man sits under the bell-glass. He pushes and asserts himself with maggot pride and maggot resignation. Occasionally he dashes against the bell-glass, then blubbers because something fell on his head, for which he then invents a magic name, out of his nursery of uncomprehended inheritances.

In the legend, a corset wrapped itself around Eve, but one day Eve removes it.

40.

That was the period when Simone developed a mania for breaking eggs with her ass. Her head recognizable by the two staring eyes and the snout around which the legs are arranged, she would do a headstand on an armchair in the parlor. The remaining part of her body is a simple, outwardly continuous sac, which extends upward like a large round ball, back against the chair's back, legs bent toward me, while I jerked off in order to come in her face.

I would put the egg right under the head, on the ventral cleft which closes voluntarily, similar to the gill-cleft in fishes, and she would skillfully amuse herself by shaking it into the deep

crack of her buttocks. The moment my jizm washed through the cleft, her buttocks squeeze together, the cleft contracts firmly and water is forcibly expelled through the little tube near it. The reaction drives the light cuttle-fish backward with the rapidity of an arrow and she would come. No mature egg can withstand this.

41.

The male suddenly sticks one of his arms into the female cleft. To what extent this is accompanied by sexual emotions on each side is difficult to determine. The copulatory arm tears off the moment it enters, and drops entirely into the cavity like a swallowed-up bit of prey. The mutilated gentleman quietly goes his way.

“Pretend there’s no one there,” Simone said, and went on wiping her ass.

42.

Two sharply differentiated individuals, a conflict of instincts, reluctant interest, a certain inclination toward union. By devious and involved ways, we could learn to calculate with this faulty apparatus.

Woman acrobats think of the brains of the poetess or the mathematician. A slight tendency for the centre of gravity to shift. An impulsive urge. Studying each other’s hands. She must catch up with something. Tumbling, the woman measured out (so unutterably short) the great golden tow-rope.

A mosaic: phantasy, ideas, nonsense, a little pliable piece of bony material, nerve matter, the tail-end of a different method of respiration. All possible positions of the kaleidoscope will form us, and in this sense.

43.

Finally Simone crumpled a tablecloth and, lifting it up, offered to make a bet.

“I bet,” she said, “That I can transform a schoolgirl, in a mould the opposite of that according to which your dignified person is constructed, into the red hero of eight thousand tales.”

44.

“I bet,” she said, “That I can imagine buildings, illustrate what is meant by an exoskeleton, descend on long threads from the ceil-

ing, dwell on the land and breathe air, pay attention to the sow bug, derive out of this simple theme stupendous wonders, describe a form not to every man's taste, claim the thick skin of a living whale, love a very good idea, love root-barnacles, goose-mussels, oysters and invisible structure, and pee into the tablecloth in front of everybody."

45.

Exquisite males, very tiny, settle upon wet skirts like a sort of fish-lice, invisible to the naked eye. They consist of almost nothing but a male sexual apparatus and involuntary hiccups.

46.

Marcelle glided across the room to a large antique bridal wardrobe, where she chewed a hole into the interior, after whispering a few words to Simone. We were drunk. The naked boy was attaching himself to another with a hearty kiss, then emerging from his own skin, with a push thrusting himself into the other's mouth, and disappearing inside. Simone was standing with her horrible braid around the viscera of the host. A debauché of tumbling bodies, indolent brothers standing on their heads, spermatozoa and eggs voided alternately, legs and gaping shell, asses and inbreeding. Exquisite males, very tiny, settle on their large sister through the scuttle in the roof. Soon we could hear Marcelle sobbing, a huge female standing on her head in the makeshift pissoir, with her adorers domiciled on her body like lice.

47.

Blushing, Marcelle refuses to dance. She finds a promising spot, generally a log of wood, or a coral, or sometimes even the thick skin of a living whale. She blushes again, stands on her head and develops from a special gland called the cement gland at the antenna a hardening secretion with which she glues herself, head downward, to the chosen spot, and thenceforth remains fixed there like a vegetable. She wanted to jerk off in the thick flower and be left in peace. But from the cleft (in reality a slit-like space in the shell) protrude the curved cirriform legs like stamens. I must say we were all very drunk, but the opinion has become stubbornly fixed that the buds hanging in thick clusters with long,

red peduncles and blue crowns were a mysterious kind of bird's eggs, from which arose the barnacle geese. Simone, standing with her dress tucked up, was rubbing her bare cunt against the "goose-mussel," in which Marcelle was audibly jerking off with brutal gasps. All at once, something incredible happened, a strange swish of water, followed by a trickle and stream from the gaping shell: Marcelle was pissing through the scuttle in the roof. The males degenerate into foolish dwarfs. The disused sperm apparatus decays. Marcelle alone becomes huge, in the makeshift pissoir, standing on her head with her adorers domiciled on her body like lice, her pacified face almost smiling.

48.

You know the ant. You know the word insect means "to cut into" or "notch," divide into parts. Every step is an insect, singing is an insect, so is your kitchen; your bed, your flowers at the windows, the cross, a schoolgirl are insects; so is a man. Your dinner table is an insect. The insect is in the interior of your body, supporting the soft parts like a wooden frame in a clay figure.

You may be said to have a skeleton in the stomach, which masticates forms, the gourmet of eight thousand tales.

49.

You are a chemical factory; there is a rushing, and pump-works that suck up fluids and convey them to the circling stream. Substances dissolve, break up, purify themselves, are broken down, recombined and rearranged. Into this establishment a tapeworm has sneaked. It battens in lolling indolence, the brain merely recording from time to time an unaccountable shortage.

You must not think of a nurse in a clean white dress. You may be chastest chaste; you cannot hinder the guest. He fulfills the natural law in the depths of your food-canal with unexampled energy. Whether you are a poet of liver sausage or will have none of pork, the tapeworm is in you.

50.

Love has a poisonous bite and the habit of dropping from the ceiling of the traveller's hut into his food. It is a dwarf crustacean, which has strayed on to the land and is doing its level best to breathe air. It is in our household, though on that account we do

not pay the more attention to it.

The phantom forages in your kitchen; the bug would fain share your bed.

51.

In a bookcase the little swarming characters burst their egg skin. For eight days more they remain together in a mass. Then the swarm rushes apart, each for itself. Its colour is not complete and it is very tiny. It knows its own power, knows how to reckon with wind and weather. There is a little halo around this tiny but keen and closely concentrated brain. But it is always devoted to one object, killing. Now begins a tragedy in the grand style.

Man and woman devour any approaching individual, unless it is too despicably small. A little manikin, if he is foolhardy enough to venture near, would win no rosy kissing mouth, but a terrible knife snout. Yearning, he is rubbing his body to and fro— behold, all at once the semen falls in a tiny drop. Turning about, he seizes his own drop of semen in the mouth, and approaches the heroine. The hero seizes her body with his legs. The extremities of his lower jaw are thrust into the vagina.

The play is repeated several times. The epilogue is touching beyond all measure.

52.

In a bookcase the characters develop painfully through countless difficulties. Defectively, hesitatingly, they practise on the borderline they live on. It is as if a bridge had begun to be built.

53.

Upon my asking what the word urinate reminded her of, she replied: terminate, the eyes, something red, the sun. Language developed laboriously through countless extremities. Often it worked defectively, hesitatingly. Egg? she played gaily with words, speaking about broken eggs, and then broken eyes. For her the law existed only theoretically. Her fossilized habits, instead of being buried in the rocks as old bones, continue diligently to live on. It is as if a bridge had begun to be built. When the first cut of the spade was made a man was there. Today the bridge stands, a complete structure in light. But below, at the abutment, the man is still holding the spade, turning over and

over the first clod, a peeled hard-boiled egg.

54.

Look at this little glass plate. It is small enough to carry in your pocket. It consists of two thin strips of glass glued together. Hold it up to the light from your cigar.

Phantasms of Simone and Marcelle took shape. I managed to lose any sense of words like balsam, dots, snuff, but read the inscription on the little label: "Radiol. Ooze. Chall. Stat. 225. W. Pacif. 4475 Fd." It sounds like code, but ooze is English for ooze, defined as desirable; it is a sample taken from Simone, brought up with a marvellously ingenious apparatus from a tremendous depth. The highest mountain could be sunk there and the biggest steamer afloat could sail over its peak. Ooze, infinite ooze lies down below.

It is no use laughing. Imagine that by some geological action all the waters were sucked up. The ooze would fall to pieces, into reddish dust. I could put a sample under the microscope, accepting or feigning to imagine a phantasmatic compromise that would confusedly link my most disconcerting moves to Simone's. When I get it adjusted right, the field of vision is thronged with chain-mail, buckles, spikes, helmets, playthings. Much is broken. But even the broken pieces are constructed according to mysterious laws of rhythmic arrangement. From the ooze, crystal-like mathematical creations appear in my friend's lap. There are systems down there, wedding and joining. The Cologne Cathedral grows from a speck of dust.

And so I cast some pebbles through the window. A few seconds later she came down.

55.

A dog is a house. Cut out a piece of the intestines and put it under a good magnifying glass. You will find tiny bricks, one on top of the other. These trimly make up a room, the parlor. And so you can pick the dog to pieces.

56.

Imagine a room in a house with a real brick wall. The room is haunted. From time to time something in the room stirs, the wall paper gapes, one brick drops out of the wall and falls in the mid-

dle of the room. Scarcely has it reached the floor when it begins to crawl. It crawls through the door and out of the house. Outside, joining another brick, it grows up spontaneously into a little house, a new story.

Christina Goesti // Matrix.64

```

<div class='doclet1' id='docen0l2s1'><a href='#' class=
'link1' onmouseover='zoom (0,event)'>cultivation of
language. intelligent use of its manifold meanings.</a>
</div><div class='doclet2' id='docen1l2s2'><a href=
'javascript:show(1)' class='link2' onmouseout='unzoom(1)'>
play some music. master technical skills.cultivate taste.
</a></div><div class='doclet1' id='docen2l2s1'><a href='#'
class='link1' on mouseover='zoom(2,event)'>dancing.body
worship.</a></div><div class='doclet1' id='docen3l2s1'>
<a href='#' class= 'link1' onmouseover = 'zoom(3,event)'>
smart use of the 64 arts.</a></div><div class='doclet1'
id='docen4l2s1'><a href='#' class='link1' onmouseover=
'zoom(4,event)'>the freedom to withdraw.the joys of
solitude.</a></div><div class= 'doclet1' id='docen5l2s1'
<a href='#' class='link1' on mouseover='zoom(5,event)'>
the art of body modification.tattoos,piercings,
brandings,scarifications,implantations,sexchanges.</a>
</div><div class='doclet2' id= 'docen6l2s2'><a href=
'javascript:show(6)' class='link2' onmouseout=
'unzoom(6)'>appreciation of visuals and written words.
playplayplay.</a></div><div class='doclet1' id=
'docen7l2s1'><a href='#' class='link1' onmouseover='zoom
(7,event)'>in-depth knowledge of female anatomy,
various sexual functions,desires and pleasures.</a>
</div><div class='doclet2' id='docen8l2s2'><a
href='javascript:show(8)' class='link2' onmouseout=
'unzoom (8)'>bring condoms,dam 's and lube.be
educated about sexual transmitted diseases.act
responsible towards yourself and others.play safe,sane
and consensual.</a></div><div class='doclet1' id=
'docen9l2s1'><a href='#' class='link1' onmouseover=
'zoom(9,event)'>form visions.set up a plan. structure.go
for it.design your life.</a></div><div class='doclet1'

```

id='docen10l2s1'>create environments to provide space for your sexual desires, obsessions, joys. pleasure-seeking. live your life fully.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen11l2s1'>skillful use of dildos in miscellaneous sizes, shapes, materials and colors for insertion into all enjoyable openings of your body, all by yourself and in company.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen12l2s1'>trance. float. vanish. glide. travel in time and space. weightlessness.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen13l2s1'>bathe in goatemilk. salve and moisturize your body. spoil yourself. there you are, as snug as a bug in a rug.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen14l2s1'>look after your friends. ally with likeminded. support each other, have fun.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen15l2s1'>four dimensional perception. creative thinking. reach for the very bottom of complex relations. cultivate your imaginative faculty.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen16l2s1'>joyfully play with various identities. use your potential to the fullest. role-playing. nymphomania.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen17l2s1'>biting, nagging, licking ears. tongual penetration in warp mode.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen18l2s1'>follow your instinct. seduce. explore. coddle and pamper. enjoy. the art of teasing.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen19l2s1'>generous acceptance of gifts of all sorts.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen20l2s1'><a href='#' class='link1'

onmouseover='zoom(20,event)'**>conspiracy,gatherings.witchcraft,virtual personae, secret agents.telepathy.**

</div><div class='doclet1' id= 'docen 21|2s1'>skillful hands.to be tough,resourceful, decisive.tomboy tooldyke attitude.</div><div class= 'doclet1' id= 'docen22|2s1'>delicious food,skillful use of spices and other aphrodisiacs.the celebration of dining ensemble and culinary well-being.to host feasts.the art to celebrate.en masse.</div><div class='doclet1' id= 'docen23|2s1'>the art of celebration.cultivation of laziness.allow yourself to be lured into pleasure.****

</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen24|2s1'>dress up to kill.</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen25|2s1'> the art of finding your way in complex networks.</div>****

<div class='doclet1' id='docen26|2s1'>flexibility and smartness in social webs.</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen 27|2s1'> story-telling.</div><div class= 'doclet1' id='docen28|2s1'>girlfriends:fight testosterone poisoning.take over.no need to mimetic attitudes. 'history repeats itself' shall no longer be valid.</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen29|2s1' í> fantasize with each other.dive into your imagination. giggle together and cuddle up.</div><div class= 'doclet1' id='docen 30|2s1'> define relationships.try out alternatives beyond traditional structures.invent words if none seem to fit.the art to talk about sex.**********

</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen31|2s1'><a href='#'

class='link1' onmouseover='zoom(31,event)'**>willingness to solve conflicts.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen32l2s1'>i am no magician but inventive.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen33l2s1'>use things in your own favour.show sense for aesthetic handling. efficiency.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen34l2s1'>the art of creating real and virtual spaces.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen35l2s1'>eco-nomically independent women.equality of opportunity. equal pay for equal value.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen36l2s1'>being informed about plastics,high tech materials and genetic technology.** </div><div class='doclet1' id='docen37l2s1'>basic knowledge about self-healing processes as well as medicine, poisonous plants,herbs and spices.alternative healing and homeopathy.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen38l2s1'>know yourself,explore yourself, love yourself.be conscious of your own abilities.cultivate your talents and take good care of your working tools.update your browser.back up files.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen39l2s1'>get in touch.engage yourself.achieve certitude.harvest.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen40l2s1'>self-defense.strike back.develop strategies to ward off uncanny situations.**</div><div class='doclet1' id='docen41l2s1'>be master of computers and software.no btdt.curiosity.communicate,create, produce.make use of your intuition and logical**

understanding.practise.

recommended sexual pleasures:sex to recreate,to relax,to warm up,to wake up,to release energies.to get rid of headaches and foul moods.

read between the lines.share thoughts with like-minded people.pretty good privacy.

body-language.non-verbal communication.

for travellers: be curious. show degrees of courtesy and nobleness.observe and probe.(re)act thoughtful and responsible.

independent sexuality.masturbation.auto-eroticque.take a walk with ben wa balls.sport out your cockrings.

expertise in clairvoyance, geomanty, astrology.be attentive towards receiving secret messages.

the art of lucid dreaming.

don't believe everything they say.zero in.keep your standards high.

creative approach towards information retrieval.

switch roles fluidly.

gender-bender.

Matrix.64

1999

In **matrix.64** Christina Goestl presents the “64 arts” of the Kama Sutra, in German and in English, and in the form of a tableau. This work plays with notions of accessibility to information on the Internet, the availability of even foreign (sanskrit) or very old (320-540 A.D) content, and the recovery and transformation of written material on this new medium. The artist proposes, then, to give visitors the benefit of the teachings of the Kama Sutra by integrating them into a new structure and by allowing them to add their own content to the originals. One should know that the “64 arts” are the result of many collaborators and that they were intended to be “improved” with time. Christina Goestl’s project therefore respects the spirit of these works, in a sense, while also putting them in a form that contributes to an understanding of their

meaning, thanks to the resources of the new medium.

On perusing these texts, the visitor realizes that, much more than a technique of sexuality, it is a guide to pleasure that integrates many facets of life as well as advice on the sexuality proper. The project is "instruction manual," produced with Shockwave, concerns not the accomplishment of the actions described, but indeed one is orientation within this new structure of writing. The database is activated by each visitor as he or she sees fit and allows him or her to create groupings of these "arts," to weave links between texts dealing with sexuality as such and others dealing with other aspects of life. The texts are accessed through a "close-up," an enlargement that, again, does not directly give us erotic content, but allows us to select and focus on one or another of the arts by the same process. Complicit with the visitor, a play of

diverted expectations is produced.

The work relies on curiosity and on the search for knowledge to turn the activity into a playful itinerary, itself a source of pleasure, drawing the reader into an adventure that contrasts sharply with the easy consumption of pornographic images on the network. In this sense, it offers an alternative view of sexuality that proves to be open minded, humorous, and creative. (uses Javascript, requires Shockwave)

Sylvie Parent
The CIAC's Electronic Art
Magazine
No. 10, MARCH 2000

the art of body-switching.detect,reveal,shed light on hidden potential.

dare to run a risk.show flexibility.always let go.keep in motion.

the art to post wishes.longterm planing.set it up.

girl,you íve got the choice:there is more to life than raising children.communicate with yourself. keep in touch with your ideals and visions.look ahead into the future.make up your mind in time.be educated

prevention.treat your body in the best possible way.

enjoy menstruating -happy i ím bleeding.

knowledge about common mating rites,and the traditions and conventions that history brought forth.

go for it or leave in time.

observe a situation from bird ís eye view.acquire an insight.try out different prospects.there might be a workaround.

swimming, diving,cycling.the ability to fly,in your dreams if nowhere else.

explore.trace hidden desires,yours and those of your beloved ones.unfold.

form your own opinion, then make your point of view and speak your mind.move within the limits of your tolerance.act accordingly.take a choice, pick your fruits.

interface design. visualization of constructed and chaotic spaces, designed to be intuitive.

degenitalize sexuality. celebrate every inch of your body.think of yourself as an entire being rich with sensitive tissue and pleasure spots all over.some need to be kissed awake, however.

always be generous towards yourself.learn to forgive, don 't stress on your own weaknesses.

End Of Layer 0l2s1 - 63l2s1
matrix.64 version for the 21 century

<team>

design:Christina Goestl code:f/0.codelayer

**text:Christina Goestl,Regina Leibetseder-Loew,Renée
Melanie**

hosted by subnet www.subnet.at

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The CIAC is Electronic Art Magazine

www.ciac.ca/magazine

SEX a positive guide sex.t0.or.at

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One EgoErotomanix www.clitossa.net

Intima // Bell's Theorem

BELL'S THEOREM

(and experiments related to it)

compiled by Igor Stromajer / Intima

Does data tell a story?

SINGLE, structurally equal to ALL and endless in the microstructure is showing the totality and breakness of DATA in its mirror image. ONE, split into TWO is compatible with the life of DATA. The magic structure of ONE and the obsession with the individuality inspires the ritual beauty of DATA which is shown on the altar of art. The Story about DATA is presented by a mathematical microstructure.

The circle is drawn and in the circle there is a whole world.

There is a world of COSMOS and a world of ATOM, but DATA is the zone of their co-existence.

From the point of view of implications for physics, the Bell's theorem shows that at least one of these 4 possibilities must be true:

1. Nonlocality (if the algorithm of QM is accurate, the nonlocality is clearly of a sort that allows no faster than light communication).
2. All "possible" outcomes really occur. (A many worlds interpretation.)
3. Strong determinism - particles in region A can behave according to what all the particles and detector settings in region B are doing, because that is predetermined and A shares a past history with them.
4. The appropriate Bell inequality was not violated, but "loop-holes" allow low detector efficiencies to give that illusion.

This possibility could be tested with better detectors.

The theorem:

Any theory which leads to the predictions given by the algorithm of quantum mechanics (QM) cannot have the following properties together: locality and counterfactual definiteness (CFD).

The definition of these properties will be stated in the course of the proof. The above statement of the theorem reflects my priorities, in terms of bringing physics into it at the outset.

Note that the above is a mathematical theorem, but a thought experiment must be used in the proof because the algorithm of QM refers explicitly to the results of an experiment. Of course, the math part - deriving a Bell inequality given certain assumptions about various quantities - could be proved first, then related to physics afterward, but my interest is in the physics.

The math of the proof is trivial; however, it is important to understand the meaning of the quantities used in that math.

Proof:

The following thought experiment will be used:

A pair of spin 1/2 particles are generated which are in a spin singlet state (Note: any pair of systems, each with at least two distinguishable states besides for position, could have been used):

$$|\psi\rangle = (|+,-\rangle - |-,+\rangle) / 2^{1/2}$$

One of these particles is sent to Observer #1; the other is sent to Observer #2.

Observer #1 ←———— source —————→
Observer #2

When Observer #1 measures the component of particle 1's spin along a direction in space (for example, direction "a"), the result of the measurement is always plus or minus $1/2 \hbar$. In the state $|\psi\rangle$ above, there is a 50% chance that the spin component will be positive (+) for any direction of measurement.

If Observer #2 measures the spin of particle 2 along the same direction a, there is also a 50% chance that it will be +.

In the state $|\psi\rangle$, QM predicts that if particle 1 is measured with the result + in direction a (call this $a+$, etc.), then measurement on particle 2 in direction a will result in a -. This kind of correlation is called an EPR correlation.

Call this pair of results $(a+;a-)$ where a is the direction and the order indicates which Observer gets each of the results.

Likewise, there will be no $(a-;a-)$, just as there was no $(a+;a+)$. Let the probability of $(a+;a-)$ be written as $P(a+;a-)$.

Clearly, $P(a+;a-) = P(a-;a+) = 1/2$. There is no need to consider theories that don't predict this for the proof, since they already would disagree with the algorithm of QM.

Each of the Observers will actually measure the spin component of the particle along one of three directions: a,b, or c. Which direction each Observer uses will be chosen at random.

The choices will be made simultaneously and the measurements carried out immediately after the choices are made. This is done so that no signal travelling at light speed or slower can relay the information about what direction was chosen, or what the result was, to the other Observer's laboratory before both measurements have already been completed. The measurements are said to be "spacelike separated" in the language of relativity.

Any theory in which none of the dynamics of localized quantities can be changed by spacelike separated events is called local.

The next step is to consider what things the result of each measurement can be a function of. It is possible, for example, that a theory assigns certain additional properties to a particular particle that don't appear in the QM description; these are called hidden variables.

Such properties could tell the particle whether to give a "+" or a "-" result as a function of what direction the measurement is made in. The other particle of the pair would then have to have a similar set of properties but with the opposite instructions.

It is possible that the choice is made randomly while the particles are being sent out from the source, but it can't be made randomly at the moment of measurement if the result can't depend on which direction the other Observer chose, because the other particle would have no way to be certain to give the opposite result when both Observers choose the same direction, in that case.

Any restrictions on the predictions of the hidden variable theories mentioned above will therefore apply regardless of whether the theory is deterministic or random.

If the theory is local, it might therefore seem that it is sufficient to let the outcome of a measurement depend only on factors relating to what the particle wants to do, and to what the direction of the measurement was. However, it is still possible for the observed outcome to also depend on what direction the other Observer chose, in two senses.

First, if the theory is a many worlds interpretation, there will actually be both a "+" and a "-" outcome to each measurement, and a conscious perception is equally likely to correspond to a particular Observer seeing either. When a signal finally reaches Observer #1 with information on what the Observer #2 has seen, which result gets integrated into the train of perceptions of Observer #1 depends on which of the two trains of perception we are considering, and which direction choices both of the Observers made.

I.e. to Observer #1, it can seem as though the result of Observer #2's measurement can depend not only on which direction Observer #2 chose, but also on which direction Observer #1 chose, in addition to any appearance of a random element.

Any theory which allows this possibility in this way is said to lack the property of definiteness.

(Note: that may sound complicated, but actually the physics of the MWI I prefer is simply the wave equation, with appropriate mapping of reality to perceptions; the above description of definiteness is intended to describe a general case.)

The second way the result can depend on what the other Observer chose to do, even in a local theory, is called "strong determinism." If a theory is deterministic, then in a sense, no choices can actually be made. All of the actions of an Observer are predetermined, and because the particle shares a past history with the Observers, it's possible that in a particular theory, the way the particle behaves can be correlated with the way the Observers behave.

This is generally considered implausible; it would mean that an Observer could roll dice, use a pseudorandom computer algorithm, etc., to make the choice, but the particle would still be able to anticipate what the choice would come out to be.

Any theory that either has strong determinism, or lacks definiteness, is said to lack counterfactual definiteness (CFD).

If a theory has both locality and CFD, the outcome of each measurement can't be a function of what direction the other Observer chooses. Under these conditions, a particular particle can be characterized in the following way: even though only one measurement on the particle is actually made, it can be labeled according to what the outcome of measurement along each of the three directions a, b, and c would have been.

Matthew Fuller // Primal Gravy

The bulb lay tilted on the lid. Short flex curved up to the ceiling. Dithered light hit the rest of the room. In a corner, legs over one arm, back over another a figure rests on an armchair, eyes locked to the surface of the jar. Patches of light knocked back off its surface. The centre of the room, the bulk of the room, was taken up by a jar of pickled onions. The onions were of the size you'd get in a chip shop, as big as you could manage, like apples. A dark column of vinegar surrounds them, holding hundreds of peppercorns and little vicious chillis in place, tucking them up.

Everything else in the room, of the one bedroom thirties red-brick council, five storey, is arranged round the jar. That makes it too far across for three people to link arms round, even if they held hands and were prepared to dislocate their shoulders.

Resting his hand on the side of the jar to support himself as he lowers his feet to the floor the guy reaches out to a light switch, mutters goodnight.

Every so often all the cracks in the pavement, all the scars, dents and potholes are filled with something perfect for kids to play in. That morning it'd been pissing down all night. The blankets were over the window as ever, keeping the light off the onions to prevent oxidation. Facing north, the room was a cool dark place even in summer, which it wasn't. Most mornings the condensation had gathered on the outside.

He taps on the jar. Nodding, going round from onion to onion. The vinegar is a heavy dark malt, giving the impression of immense depth inside the jar. It's a vitrine within which the curve of each onion, as it bulges out to the edge of the jar and towards the mist of sunlight which enters the room through the holes in the thin curtains, appears to suck more light onto it than it deserves given the equitable distribution of the laws of physics. From the thinly veinous white of any of the hundreds of onions at the edge of the jar to the tannic depths from which it was pressed outwards by hundreds more of its fellows was only a matter of a couple of fingers' depth or so.

The weather forecaster is in a high chair. The outlook: dar, (dark); dar, (dark); dar, (dark); dar, (dark). He's watching this on a 640/480, best viewed on a 1024/768, via a 3x4 icon on a mono LCD screen size of your palm.

The Terrorism Bill says, "Terrorism is understood to mean any act of violence or intimidation to persons or property carried out for political, religious or ideological purposes."

The weather forecaster spreads glossy sweet brown paste over his mouth and puts his other hand back in his lap and the sofa and the carpet and the table and the chairs and the other chairs and the cushion and the cups and the plates and the knives and the food and the shreddies and the teddy and the chair and the door and the hall and the mat and the bicycle and the newspaper and the rubbish and the door and the carpet and the sofa and the shelves and the things begins to dance.

The Terrorism Bill says, "Terrorists may not engage in any form of physical contact with non-terrorist property or persons. Terrorists may approach property but no part of their body or costume may touch or be touched by property. Terrorists may not use impolite language. Terrorists may not arrange to meet property off-hours. Any display or manipulation of the genitals is prohibited. At any time, every location for income and egress, that is to say, any moist membrane, must be covered securely with lycra and sequins."

Some of the onions, a set number, are removed. A washed thin arm descends, slowly moving a ladle amongst them. He has to lean right over, tipping horizontally from the waist, face to the surface of the liquid to get to the onions even only a quarter of the way down. Vinegar floats up. Fumes coat his eyes. Throat and lungs shrivel in self-defence, and the coughing starts. They are removed to a bucket and carried into the other room. A grid is already marked on the floor. Bucket after bucket is carried in. The onions are laid out.

It's tea time. The flat below is experimenting with early electrical music.

Just before the food hits the table. John Cage's Imaginary Landscape No. 1 is a minute in. One child refuses to eat potatoes in five different ways, each at higher volume. Another shuts his eyes, shouts the first's name and pours a cup of water over his own legs and on to the floor. A voice at a higher pitch squeals with all the precision of the terror before language that the wet soreness of her nappy is beginning to eat into her arse. Music to propagate the empty mind will last for another three minutes precisely.

These are the rules:

- 1 Each cell on the grid has four neighbours.
- 2 If two or three of the cells directly in front, behind, or to the side of any cell are occupied by an onion, it remains 'on'.
- 3 If one or four of the cells directly in front, behind or to the side of any cell on the grid is occupied the onion is removed.
- 4 Each cycle is completed when every cell has checked its state, altering it when necessary.
- 5 Once this is done, move to the next cycle.

A pair of legs, starting off at the thighs as chunky and fat folded as a suet roll made in old tights, ending up in tiny hooking and unhooking toes has the last of the shit wiped from its hiding places. California Über Alles by the Dead Kennedies thumps through the wall. Legs held up between fingers, a new nappy is selected from the packet by a practiced hand. Just as it reaches thirty degrees from horizontal a vast super-condensed heat-vapourised cloud of some bright yellow version of cottage cheese is emitted by an arsehole so tiny it looks like the eye-socket of a gnat.

In the low light, each onion makes just a patch of brown against the concrete floor. The operator moves across them line by line, checking the state of each cell, removing and adding onions. He has a great delicacy and slowness of movement. Limbs always angled at the joints, arrangement moves across the grid from cell to cell, clusters twitching, patterns bursting across from square to square at geological rapidity before the hand comes down to lift one or another back into the bucket, two cycles or ten later ensuring wipe-out. Loose boluses of dust accrete in the corners.

Stray hairs and fibres are licked up by the damp cold skin of the onions. After so many cycles, the bruising, despite the accuracy of the fingers frays dead cell walls, grazes that turn the gentle flesh towards slurry, a layer needs peeling off.

It's the news. Five-to-six week-old babies are even prepared to work in order to experience something interesting. In a laboratory experiment, babies showed that they could perform rudimentary interaction tasks by sucking harder on a pacifier interfaced to a web-browser. At this age babies have difficulty sucking and watching at the same time, so they could only keep this up for a few seconds. This can be seen to provide very adequate functionality for household connections at standard telephonic bandwidth. It was found that an interface device which required the subjects to stop sucking in order to manipulate a basic sequence of hyperlinks worked well too.

Have you got hiccups? One hiccup for yes. Two for no.

There's an escaped tiger. Quick there's a tiger coming through the letterbox. Quick get those nail scissors and cut it into pieces as it comes through. Oh no we're not cutting it up fast enough. Quick get that giant axe that's kept next to the washing machine. It's still coming through up to its shoulders. Quick, bring the toaster here. Get the bread knife. As each slice of tiger pops out of the toaster it swells up, bubbling and reeking. The first slice is off the ragged side of the enormous fierce head. A three foot fat millepede with the scabby head of a dick wriggles out his waxed up stinky ear shitting a plastic dinosaur and burnt stumps of toy soldiers out in torrents. The next slice, blood spills out of the body and across the floor, flat and rapid as petrol, before breaking into thick flames and black smoke. Quick get a couple of pieces of kitchen roll to wipe this mess up, there's a double-pack in the cupboard. Use as many pieces as you need. Humans are the weakest of all creatures, so weak that the other animals are willing to give up their flesh so that we may live. This tiger, there's only five hundred Siberian Tigers left in the wild in the whole world, has crossed a continent to die in our letterbox. The least we can do is toast it up proper. Quick, there's a giant paw coming through. Get the nail-clippers again and bash them in with a ham-

mer. There's one in the green canvas toolbag under the sink behind the saucepans. Hot boils erupt on the next slice of flesh, skin as thin as thin holds back gallons of grey puss writing with newly hatched worms the colour of spilt guts in weak sunlight. All we can do is wrap it in carrier bags and put it out for the bin-men. Uh-oh, there's Red Leicester cheese runny before it sets onto the ragged toast, some semi-translucent plastical resin pouring in thin strands out of the thousand dilated sebaceous glands around the neck of the tiger. You wouldn't eat that for tea. Quick give me an IV line, a bladder of glucose and a shot of adrenalin, then pass the rolling pin again. Empty the crumb-tray from the toaster. Mop the floor. Keep everything else below body temperature or the cells might begin subdivision again. There's sterile ice in the fridge behind the jar of cocktail cherries and the anticoagulant. If you've ever seen a Siberian Tiger ripped from crotch to sternum, spilling torn guts and being sliced up with some blunt ended safety-scissors, you'll know that one testicle's fallen off and rolls the short way along the floor down the hall until it gets lodged against the muddy wheel of a buggy. Pulse is zero, B.P. the same.

Are you in a hurry? Pressing the button on a pelican crossing seventeen times with no more than half a second between each actuation will automatically override the traffic lights.

Mr. Spreadsheets scrolls across his look up table and sorts out a batch of cells. When a gene is switched on, it generates a mobile RNA copy of the DNA caled messenger RNA. The cell's protein factories, the ribosomes, use this mRNA as template to determine the sequence of amino acids that link up to make a protein. Mr. Spreadsheets straightens things up, removing, pasting and splicing segments of mRNA. Each edit creates a different protein. Proteins are laced with sugars, enzymes and phosphates, bound to other chemicals, installed in membranes, transformed for functions and growth pattern. Vast shifting macrosapes pour through his terminal. Proteins are seperated by electrical charge in one dimension, in another - vast mathematical tanks of jelly - by size. Each is then allowed to interact with a huge catalogue of other proteins. One by one, at a speed that becomes massive, each possible protein for pairing opens up a numerical gland inside the

machine before a bond is achieved or blocked. If the two interact, they form an active protein combination that gives the cell a special ability. A change of colour; ability to grow with or without a particular nutrient; elasticity; and other capacities.

Close up all holes. The Terrorism Bill says, Close up all holes. Everything is either on or off. Close up all holes.

Mr Spreadsheets lives in number thirty-five and he's also taken over one of the empty old communal washrooms. Everyone has a washing machine or uses the launderette now. On paper these rooms are inaccessible because the way they were used no longer exists. This is where his machine sits. He can walk through a wall into it. The old ceramic sink, size of a bath, is still there, it's where the outlet from his machine goes. Night, and the pattern of lights from the windows of the block and the tellies behind them signals over to the next building. The outlet has been pumping grey-water into the sink for the past couple of hours. About six months ago now, some brain cancer cells modified to grow neurons flooded the drains. Within an hour they'd squatted empty number forty-three.

For Mr. Spreadsheets, mathematics is radically exterior to culture. It skims across the flat pool of human life like a spinning stone. Every time the stone touches and bounces up onwards, it creates trauma, sucking new shapes, new forms and techniques out of the beyond. For matter, there is only the task of giving form to the patterns held deep within number. As time passes, maths creates its own interface into the pool of life, speeding up the rate of revelation. Mr Spreadsheets has this interface sitting on his workbench, glowing, humming, always working. New processor every four months. Pythagoras they put up against a wall and blew his brains out. Galileo had his tongue sliced in two in front of the Pope. Alan Turing, the skimming stone kissed his forehead in a baptism of the flesh, drew up the universal computing machine and a course of forced hormone injections by way of return for his visitation. Mr Spreadsheets simply never spoke to his neighbours.

The routine with the onions continues. Each cycle requires substantial note-taking. Thin, vinegar-stained pads of graph paper.

Within one day, or over a whole weekend when he's taken the time off work, the entire contents of the grid can shift, disappear or mutate.

Two pigs strain at the collars gouging into their necks, high-carbon steel with facing welds of nickel and chrome. Legs at full stretch and eyes reduced to red dots by the effort. In his left trotter, Premiato Salumificio holds the cables. In his right, a carving blade the length of a sow's back. He wears a white polo shirt and tight black britches. His eyebrows are raised in manner suggesting jocularly over the blue eyes squeezed into crescents by the curvature of his cheeks as they pack themselves around a high-moisture mouthful. His two rear legs are splayed over a half-sausage the size of a caravan, shining brown skin strung up to hold in the mass of pink meat and glistening white blobs of fat, same white as the shine off of the spot-colour red and green jewels set into his crown. His chariot, a cradle on wheels. Lead throughout, its sides wrap themselves around the sausage as it weighs into it. The axle given but still rolling, wheels splayed. Parks the motor behind a beamer with toothmarks in the radiator grille. The king, in order to ward off assassination attempts, got his body fitted out with neural motors that switch between rigor mortis and an impact-simulation of close range heavy-gauge gun fire, no penetration, some bruising. He tells enquirers that there were other options if he'd waited a few months before implant. But he raises his palms. What can you do if you're job-described as an early-adopter? As he lifts himself from the chariot the charging lead squirms out of his anus and the effects of the motors cut in. It takes him a while to get up the stairs. Every few steps up the cramped brick flight he's sliding the back of the knife down his spine to switch a scarred up and bleeding switch the size of a small thumb growing out the central routing system wrapped round his spine. He has to pop the knuckle, which means he's stabbing at it with the knife, gouging his skin up. Stopping, throwing his back up against the wall. Starting up the stairs again. Being thrown back down by the lurching in his muscles. In between bursts, knifing up his back again.

Mr Spreadsheet's sink has flooded. He's got a rubber plunger out. He's got white lab-boots on and is up to his ankles and his

elbows in the hot night-soil of simple auto-catalytic loops and proto-metabolisms. There's now no way to hold it in.

At this time of the night there's traces of movement in only three flats in the entire building. A side-effect of Premiato's neural implants is that although he is functionally bleeding to death he merely registers the amount of pain, the certain kind of pleasant weariness of limb, one experiences after a long day at pool-side troughing martinis. He jabs at the side of his head to right the movement sensor. What he's clocking is Mr. Spreadsheets working the plunger and loosing airspace in the tiny room to primal soup; the occupants of the flat below dealing with their share of Spreadsheets' spillage as it rapidly mutates by sucking new forms out of the combination space of the overflow and whatever particles and nutrients can be found in the drainage system it's flooding through; and some kid standing up in her cot staring out the window, the orange of the sky going to grey, bursts of light from the traffic.

The king of pigs has a package of data to locate and secure. According to his tip-off, the source will register. The block he controls a couple of streets down through the housing association has catering by the International Red Cross, security and attention-focussing by a team of SLORC-trained care assistants, but flies still find his blood smells good and he can't get an audience with the Deputy Prime Minister. Pissing around must still be done.

The prolonged contraction of a muscle under quickly repeated stimuli reduces his voluntary movements to a stagger, exhausted. The rest maintain their usual level of limb-churning ferocity. He heads towards the first flat on the sensor, leaving a red, staggered trail. A volley of invisible impacts throws him sideways, spilling the crown. For a moment, there's silence. Then back on all fours he skitters along the concrete balcony, trotters slipping sideways, knife clattering and scraping. Head up, the sensor cuts in. The stench of ripe data oils his snout. Three doors ahead.

Doug Rice // Fragments Discovered on a Recording Machine Owned by an Amnesiac

(I re-read these passages I have written in order to come to see the women I desire.)

The Following is Writing

In the past, the far-off and long ago I am told, the law accused me of degrading textuality with renegade viruses and of sabotaging the innocent, the protected, while in a state of retentive psychosis. I have no recollection of setting forth such a deliberate plague of demons. I have, however, been known by others to play with scissors. Running with reckless abandon up and down aisle after aisle in libraries. Have cut my wrists and bled onto her red words. The ones on the page. The ones that she said were not her skin after all. But I knew better. As if our bodies are not the machinery of such speech. Whenever K sent me her manuscripts, she always included instructions: Use wet fingers to turn the pages. Do not read without breathing. Be careful with your skin. Use a knife instead of a finger. Careless slips of the tongue make me cum. Had I known I never would have written. A month before she dies, she calls me. Near the end she says, "I cannot write anything without doing great violence to myself." Her knuckles always reminded me of the soul of a cat, lost and alone in some alley. Rags and bones my love for her.

The Following is Found by Accident

She wears boots, jeans, and a sweatshirt. For three days. Never once takes them off, not even for a heartbeat. After three days of streetwalking, she comes home to me. The knees of her jeans nearly destroyed. Filthy and torn. She gives me terrible looks that unsettle me, my body waiting. "The day," she tells me, "when you learn to adorn yourself in silence you will then become a girl." I wear her boots, jeans, and sweatshirt until she says otherwise. My ankles are swollen. My feet rubbed raw. Meat blisters. She has lived her life writing all kinds of broken words crooked onto the inside of her clothes. All over the place. Random words in red

ink. Words she claimed she had stolen from late night movies. Ecclesiastic spasms. She wants me to understand. Inside out. To know her body. To be aware of her body on mine, in me. Her words. I can feel her words at the edge of my skin. Against my flesh her words irritate my desires and I nearly come to know the valley of her throat. But she pulls her mouth away from my lips. Looks into the distance for some river and offers me the tight insides of her thighs instead.

The Following is Religion

I take the body and blood of Christ onto my tongue. Invite God to cure me. Call God down from up above. Call Him deep into me. Open myself unprotected for the use of His muscles. My thighs cracked open and mesmerized with this sight unseen. Fat hands of nearly dead priests, pudgy fingers, holding me to the floor. The trembling of His blind bones. That which survives but is never spoken. Unutterable. Kathy says she has never seen me more tender than at that moment when the priest places the host onto the tip of my tongue. Walking back to the pew, I close my eyes, nearly fall down onto the marble floor. I dream that I am the sweetest girl in the whole church and that Jesus would want me to follow His disappearing footprints into the desert. If only Jesus could say. His words these wounds. To be away from the world and with Christ. With His arthritic thumbs. Alone close to His deformed hands. Suffering Jesus. His joints on fire. To give Him my dreams. Here is my will. Purple blood cold beneath fingernails. To quench His lonely thirst. My red hunger for His cracked lips. The beloved sand of His desires. Then one day He came before me. Stood still on the wooden porch. And He carried my body to tears. Body without words. I cried. God's love. Touched the smoothness of His belly with my lips. Sought punishment for origins unknown. The bottoms of my bare feet cold on the rotten wood. I showed Him the places where God had punished my sins. His teeth into my knuckles. I longed for His blessing. Waited, without words, for His quiet abandon.

The Following is Philosophy

Humility cannot be sought; it can only be given in private.

Hardwood floors. Pavement in the alley. Splinters. The distress of a rash. There is no writing of humility. Humility can only be forever foreign to desire. The writing of words onto the page, that desire for humility is little more than a becoming of impossible. Simple scriptures imagined by refugee sinners before the act. Commandments in stone. Burning bush. God breathing in the desires of men and women. Riverbanks. Words spoken in the earth prior to the act that distrusts the body. I long for her to tear open my skin in the presence of Christ. Just a sentence. To bring pain down to my blood, not on my body. A just sentence. The body in pain stays a simple object. An inanimate thing. Blood lingers on the outside of the desire to speak. Walls written scratched with the remains of my skin. He beat my forehead against the wall until I could no longer speak. The prophet can only write of his desire. He fails to travel. Words toward indifferent skies. This writing from the mouths of sinners can never become humility. To beg someone to open your skin with belts is to lie. Transform your body into a sacrament. Eaten. To cut into the saying of words that you want to suffer for them. There have always been too many words in the mouth of the Marquis de Sade. His bedroom flooded with sound and fury. Whores without cunts. Christ takes great joy in me when I am inside silence lust- ing for his actions. De Sade can know nothing of Christ. All those uttering women. Moaning aloud. I seek the pain so great that no physical torture could ever drown it. A pain that will take me down inside myself to memory so that when Jesus pulls out of me I will utter moans, unheard, so extreme that I forget my spiritual body.

The Following is Reading

In college I was arrested by the thought police in the English Department of Slippery Rock State College. They, with their lack-luster humor of a Lacanian sort, discovered my lack of originality. My only aura, a black outfit with a cynical wit complicated by the precious afterglow of a photocopier. Frequently, I was interrupted and distracted by traditions and the desire for individual talent. A nod, I once overheard, is as good as a wink to a blind prophet. I am driven by memories that I too often forget to cite. Like a dis- eased fugitive I take leave of words. An unpacked library with erased copyright pages. A pirate travelling down thunder road.

Detoured. 57 channels and my remote is broken. Always already on. And on. A priori. Born with the television on. Nothing. Silence. I gaze at nothing. The blank screen of the television stares back at me. Wanting me. Have you ever turned on a television set? I have. Following your lipstick traces with my innocent eye. "I am a virgin," I said. She said, "No. No you cannot say that." I read nothing in ways that most people dream of reading Dante. Between the lines, white dust and kaleidoscopes of visions. I pick up words along the way. Pack up my ermines. Step into gutters and steal debris that had at one time appeared useless. Back in 1922 when the tourists invaded Trieste, Paris, London, I stole image after image from men with holes in their pockets. But in the 1970s, while listening to music so bad that I nearly died, I washed my hands of the whole messy affair. I am no plagiarist. He stood before me with evidence. A red pen and a shit-eating grin that will come to no good. At least not to any of that good old medieval recycling of shit-into-splendor-good. This man with no imagination, just a tape recorder and a highlighter, accused me of conduct unbecoming. His hands blackened by newsprint. Fractions of words rubbed into his skin. Blurred words with no idea. And he knew nothing. Just didn't get it. No, not at all. How I loved making my hands dirty all through childhood. The smell of newly run-off stencils. Me and silly-putty wrecking all sorts of havoc on copyright. Rubbing and flattening the silly-putty on the comics and lifting it up ever so carefully like I was making an original readymade. Like I was Duchamp or Warhol. I tried to explain to the professor that I was no criminal. I said, "Style is the only legitimate quotation marks. And style is more challenging than simply typing inverted commas as if that grants credit or authority to an echo from the dead past. And," I continued, "the past is only dead in such coffins. For me the past remains. Alive, she cried, it's alive infecting me with curses." He wanted nothing whatsoever to do with me. He was a man without hope. "Only a reader can plagiarize. You," I told him, "you are the real criminal. It is you that took all my illegitimate, damned references home as if home was the same as it ever was. You took them back to their origins as if that was their destination. I robbed them of such sanctuaries. Made them nomadic. How dare you fuck my innocence." Many years later, so the story goes, Kathy called me after Blood of Mugwump was published. "Doug," Kathy said, "you

have stolen three of my words on the very first page of your novel. Word for word, mine." I told Kathy not to worry that readers would by instinct take them back to her text. Safe and sound. She was not convinced. "It will not be the same, though, will I, Doug?" No, I replied. No, my mouth your words. This saliva lost becoming wet. "And you call this an autobiography. How can my words make your life?" Nostalgia. A photograph of Kathy and I with our hands pressed down on the glass of a photocopier going about its business. All aglow. Basking in the sweet Benjaminian aura. Nothing but replicas as far as the eye can see. Mirror, mirror invoked as the originary desire of the artist. In the shuffling madness, the distant background, an echo nearly lost, graduate students come and go. Disguised replicants armed with Kodak Instamatic cameras. Tourists mad with clicking. My murderous mirrorhand accuses me, not in so many words, of having stolen original copies of letters never mailed from the Parasite Café.

The Following is Digression

A character in my new novel, *Twilight of God*, exists outside quotation marks and has undertaken the monkish task of re-writing William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* in a nearly medieval macaronic style that riddles Shem the Penman. This character uses the exact same words from Faulkner's novel the exact same number of times that Faulkner had used each word. Reproducing that New-old High Modernist desire for difficulty, this character decides to add one word that is not in Faulkner's original. He does so, thus, problematizing the enterprise of reading. A year later, he discovers not only that his narratives is suffering from an infection - a sort of Eliotic embodiment of the affect of an "individual" on "tradition" - but also that his original copy of Faulkner's novel is corrupt. A page is missing. The magical tour-de-force that then follows ecos (sic) Calvino. This character is rabid, foaming at the mouth. He only is able to experience life inside of the narrative structures of others, keeping his own I out of it entirely while keeping the other eye out for the rube. This character, trapped by the metamorphobic impossibility of speech, is reminiscent of the protean performance of the indelible language inside the Shem episode of Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*. Letters, themselves, are alive. They teeter on the seductive edge of promiscu-

ity. Manner can only be matter in Joyce's *Wake*. Letters are alert to changes. Unlike Gertrude Stein's a rose is a rose is a rose syntactical disorders (or Acker's play with Wittgensteinian repetition [Recall the two warrants (not doubled warrants) that Wittgenstein set forth for understanding a sentence: "the sense in which it can be replaced by another which says the same" and "the sense in which it cannot be replaced by another" (neither of these warrants are meant in any way to replace the other).]), Shem's letters are disobedient, uncivilized, practically illiterate infants of the night, nearly vampiric in their ability to shift shapes. Watch as indelible becomes indelible with the casual slip of an I before your very eyes.

The Following is no Longer Post Structuralism

This is my writing utensil. 'Nuf said. I should stop here. But I must go on. Follow me. The French have no authority to say. Who is dead, she asked me. None of this is in quotation marks. Don't put that into your mouth. God knows where it's been. Overheard as a child picks up a wretched and naked candy bar from the sidewalk in Etna. Like Samuel Becket's *Wake*an knock, I leave the world in. Once upon a time, here the real story has a beginning, I slept with a woman staking claim to being an authentic post structuralist in Binghamton, New York, of all places. Even better, I was told, than the real thing. As we walked across campus, she tripped over a rambunctious root. Of a tree, I think. Fuck me, she said. Floating. I was uncertain of her subjectivity. The signifier free of the signified. I wanted her desire. I tried with all my might to read her but tired beneath the fecund weight of her multiplicity. Her house was littered with texts. Most were nondescript. In her bed we exchanged notes. Heralded each other across the way of our bodies. She said to me, "I am a post structuralist." Her voice filled the room with what at first glance appeared to be indeterminate meaning. I felt compelled, forced, to put her in her place away from the world into words. "You can't say that. Only I can say you are a post structuralist. To say I am is to say I know not what." She smiled. "Me Tarzan, you Jane." She wept. Stuttered and failed to give any utterance to her desires. We tumbled out of language into bed. She wanted me to use protection and practice safe sex. I reminded her that she was in deed a post structuralist;

therefore, using protection and practicing safe sex is nothing more than the redundant behavior of mocking cynics, radical skeptics afraid of giving birth to tragedy. We burned maps and took wrong turns. In the morning she sat on the edge of the bed, her face in her hands, sobbing. You see, after all is said and done you can't really be a post structuralist. You can only say. I made her take it all back.

The Following is a List

1. A spot marking an absence.
2. I am mistaken.
3. The mystic writing pad.
4. In a dream I see the place where the garment gapes.
5. I am writing.
6. Permanently unclear.
7. Mutilated sentence.
8. I was born into Tradition a misbegotten, queer foreigner.
9. Uncertain promises that feel very much like fucking.
10. I is inarticulate.
11. Forgotten sources that tempt necrophiliacs to come.
12. Automatic for the People. The Who Sell Out. Victoria's Secret is no longer a secret. We do not I

Harold Jaffe // Faux

Reese Luginbill was just another white male with uncooperative veins to a hospital worker who had trouble drawing blood at his bedside.

She had no idea who Reese Luginbill really was.

After she finally obtained a vial of his blood, the worker accidentally tossed it into a can of used needles and other medical waste and then dumped the can into a sink to retrieve the blood sample.

She left the mess behind for Luginbill to clean up.

When he protested, she belched coarsely and said: "Shut your trap. This is my house."

Luginbill secretly recorded and videotaped the exchange.

The hospital worker, who turned out to be a chronic patient-abuser, was summarily dismissed, fined, and imprisoned in a voter-approved, freshly-erected penal institution for women.

She happened to be a woman of color who claimed that her imprisonment was "political."

For his part, Reese Luginbill was a prominent member of an emerging breed called "faux patients," hired by hospitals or private watchdog agencies to feign illness and assess the way patients are treated.

With hospitals, physicians, administrators, and health-care impressarios vying for patients in an increasingly profitable and competitive medical marketplace, growing numbers are spying on themselves to see how they can improve their product.

Similarly, the prison industry, which in the last half-decade has increased its profitability thirty-fold, enlists faux prisoners to assess how it can improve its product.

In truth, the boards of prisons, banks, medical institutions, the biotech industry, theme parks, and major universities tend to include the self-same "suits": high-level market-minded technocrats with top-flight MBAs.

The employment of faux shoppers is a familiar research technique for stores, banks, restaurants, and theme parks.

But the ruse is more difficult to pull off in a hospital.

Not just anyone can check in.

And not just anyone is willing to be prodded, poked with

needles,
patronized, molested, infected, ignored, and massively X-rayed
all for the sake of research.

And a paycheck, of course.

The best and boldest faux patient will go right to the brink
of surgery, and occasionally beyond, to test the strengths and
weaknesses of a hospital or physician's office.

"It's not like sending someone to Burger King or
McDonalds or Nordstrom's," asserted W. Lauren Barbieri, a con-
sultant from La Jolla, California, who runs a national network of
faux patients and frequently goes undercover herself.

"To do it in a hospital is a very complex undertaking."

Faux patients must be superior actors able to simulate the
appropriate symptoms.

Face and body makeup may have to be applied.

Phony lab results may need to be prepared.

And at least one physician and hospital administrator
must be enlisted in the ruse to ensure that the incognito investi-
gator will be admitted.

Their collusion naturally costs \$\$\$.

Which is ultimately passed on to the consumer, that is, to
the true patient.

Polls indicate that consumers, increasingly critical of their
HMOs, are willing to pay higher hospital costs provided the ser-
vice is improved.

In one case Lauren Barbieri, her body hair shaved clean,
went all the way up to the brink of major organ surgery before the
surgeon (who was part of the plot) made up an excuse to cancel
the procedure, saying Barbieri had drunk a mimosa, California-
brand champagne and orange juice, that morning.

An absolute no-no for patients who are surgery sched-
uled.

Sidebar: It turned out that Lauren Barbieri liked not having
body hair and has maintained that "waxed" look irrespective of
surgery.

Other experiences are more mundane.

Reese Luginbill recalls being forced to stand for nearly an
hour in a fake full leg cast while he checked in at one group prac-
tice.

"Registering patients while they are sitting or laying down went against

their hospital procedure," he pointed out.

"Those little things, they're what make people angry.

"Which could mean they will look for another medical provider.

"Which is obviously a negative from the management standpoint."

Faux patient Renee-Luanne Bosworth's specialty is scoping out dentists.

The promotional brochure on her website shows her wearing a floor-length mink and a Lone Ranger-type mask to avoid blowing her cover when she arrives for a check-up or other dental care.

"I've got super clean teeth," laughs the Dallas-based consultant.

"I've had 'em straightened,

"I've had 'em whitened,

"I've had 'em bonded."

Still, she goes back for more, a secret microphone taped to the inside of her thigh, and a Japanese-made miniature camcorder secreted in her nipple ring.

(Bosworth brings her own X-rays to avoid overexposure to radiation.)

Hospitals and physicians agree that having faux patients test their service can help busy administrators understand how patients feel as they wind their way through the often bewildering health care network.

For example, Reese Luginbill's visit at Banner Royall Hospital in Cleveland, Tennessee, brought new attention to little things--like making sure aides empty bedpans within 24 hours,

Or turn patients' wheelchairs around in the elevators so they are not stuck facing the wall,

Or respond to a terminal patient's summons in the middle of the night.

"Small things mean so much," said Banner Royall's marketing director, F. Brandon Dewayne.

He called Luginbill's visit "the sentinel event" in a successful but ongoing effort to improve his hospital's service.

"Good as we are, there's always room for improvement.

"That's what our investors expect of us.

"Or of any industry in which they have placed their trust."

Consumer advocates claim they do not know much about faux patients, but they welcome the idea of medical professionals trying to find out more about how patients feel.

"It's a gut check for the health care industry," said Randi Reiker of Families USA, a consumer group.

Suzanne Sargent-Vail, spokesperson for the American Hospital Association, said faux patients can provide useful - but limited - information.

"You can never truly have the point of view of the patient," she explained.

"You're missing the most important factors: pain, discomfort, extreme alienation, risk of infection, gnawing fear, and death itself."

Sargent-Vail did concede that the undercover investigators can offer insights on "hotel-type" issues such as courtesy, food, and responses to special requests.

The experience does not come cheap.

Reese Luginbill, who's been a faux patient "30-something" times over the past five years, charges \$18,000 to \$25,000 plus expenses for what is usually a three-day hospital stay.

Selective discounts are available to repeat abusers.

Faux patients report they have little trouble maintaining their cover, but Reese Luginbill did find himself on the receiving end of the deception once when, after a few single malt scotches, a physician tipped off the radiologist that Luginbill was a faux patient.

The radiologist, a wag in his own right, decided to play a trick on Luginbill and told him that there was a suspicious spot on one of his X-rays which could be a malignant tumor.

He had Luginbill going for nearly a week before he 'fessed up.

Reese Luginbill wasn't impressed.

"Sure, I was a faux patient," Luginbill admitted, "but cancer is not funny."

Jumpin Cop and Candy 3D were a couple of flirterers in the weird, faceless and soon-to-be-utterly-capitalized frontier of Internet "chat rooms."

But when their dialogue grew lurid it entered the world of digital dirty talk: stuff unfit for a family newspaper.

Later they graduated to cell phone sex.

Through it all, Candy 3D made it pretty clear to Jumpin Cop: She was 13-years-old.

Jumpin Cop now claims he didn't believe her.

And now jurors are trying to determine if they believe Jumpin Cop, the Internet pseudonym for a real cop: Redondo Beach police officer Randy Spielman, 46.

The 22-year police veteran and father of two teenaged daughters was arrested last year and indicted on two counts of attempted lewd acts on a child and a single count of attempted sending of harmful material.

He was nabbed in a Redondo Beach Police Department sting in which computer-literate officers log on to the Internet pretending to be teens or adolescents.

On their virtual perch the pretend-teens wait expectantly for the lewd come-on from adults.

If they wait long enough the come-ons come unfailingly.

Candy 3D was the online moniker for an odd couple of Redondo Beach detectives: Horst Lockman and Lara Lewellyn-Gomez, of the RBPD's Sexually Exploited Child Unit.

Lockman, 39, the actual creator of Candy, is a heavy smoker, weighs 312 pounds and speaks in a croaky bass, while Lewellyn-Gomez is five-foot-eight and sinewy, with an adolescent's high voice.

Though Jumpin Cop Spielman was indicted for attempted lewd acts on a child, neither Detectives Lockman nor Lewellyn-Gomez is a child as such.

In real time.

Spielman's trial began this week and is expected to go to the jury Monday.

If convicted, he faces five years behind bars and the loss of his taxpayer-funded job.

Spielman currently is assigned to a neighborhood policing unit, a department spokesperson said.

Besides embarrassing the veteran officer, the case is being viewed as a litmus test regarding law enforcement's use of the pseudo-anonymous world of Internet chat rooms to entrap potential pedophiles.

Spielman's attorney is the flashy, Larry-King favorite, M. Lewis Rafael, whose trademarks are his shoulder-length, swept-back white perm, black, silk mock turtleneck and tawny rawhide jacket

Rafael contends that his client assumed Candy 3D was an older woman masquerading as a 13-year-old.

"Internet activity consists of people playing roles and representing themselves to be other than they are; that is its modus operandi," Rafael argued in court papers.

But yesterday, Deputy District Attorney Rob Balthus presented the jury of seven women and five men with transcripts of the online chats between Jumpin Cop and Candy 3D.

In each encounter Candy cleaved to her fictional age of 13.

"Are you really 13? Man!" Jumpin Cop typed in as they conducted a one-on-one text chat over the Internet carrier America Online on Oct 15, 1998.

They chatted again four days later.

"How old are you, for real?" Jumpin Cop asked again.

"Thirteen, for real," Candy 3D replied.

"Whoa."

"Why whoa?"

"I better keep you a secret."

"How come?"

"Someone might think I shouldn't talk to you."

"Who cares?" Candy said.

"I care if it gets my butt in trouble," Jumpin Cop responded.

On November 18, Spielman chatted a third time with Candy on AOL and asked for her phone number.

Unbeknownst to Spielman, he was given a special RBPB number, and when he phoned, police officer Lara Lewellyn-Gomez picked up the receiver.

Lewellyn-Gomez, 34, turned on her high-pitched, adolescent voice.

Jumpin Cop and Candy 3D engaged in a 20-minute

phone conversation that was re-played in court.

It left at least one alternate juror wrinkling her cosmetically repaired nose in apparent disgust.

During the conversation Spielman repeatedly asked Candy 3D to masturbate, even as he was, according to his own terminology, "jacking off."

During the same conversation, Lewellyn-Gomez, as Candy, told of being molested by an uncle and said she was looking forward to meeting Jumpin Cop.

Candy 3D described herself to Spielman as under five feet tall.

"Man, you're tiny," Spielman said.

"Yes, but I'm only 13, remember!" Lewellyn-Gomez said.

"How tall are you, Jumpin Cop?"

"I'm 6-4, Candy?"

"And I guess you're hung like a horse, right?"

Jokingly, Jumpin Cop snorted.

Then he whinnied.

As the sexual nature of the call intensified, Lewellyn-Gomez abruptly hung up on Spielman, saying, "My mom just came back from bingo."

As the tape played yesterday, Spielman kept his blood-shot eyes toward the judge's bench.

Detective Horst Lockman testified that he used various features available on America Online to create an identity for Candy, who listed her age as 13 and hobbies as "dance, modeling, horses, nude sunbathing, older men."

A "personal quote" rounding out the profile stated, "Older men are bigger and better than boys."

The Internet service includes a search feature that allows customers to find people who share common interests.

Lockman speculated that Spielman used this feature to find Candy.

Within days of her creation, Candy 3D was contacted by Jumpin Cop through a one-on-one chat function of the AOL program.

Lockman and Lewellyn-Gomez testified that they never initiated any conversations, that Spielman started them all.

"It was a stakeout," Lockman said.

"We just waited."

Lockman also testified that police found a handful of downloaded pictures of "girls" stored on Spielman's computer.

Lockman said he believed the ages of most of those pictured were between fifteen and seventeen-and-a-half.

At the center of Spielman's defense is an electronic message he sent to Candy the day after their phone-sex encounter, in which he explains that he thought she was older than 13.

"One of the fun things about AOL is that you can 'play' with a variety of people and allow imagination to run free," stated the message, which was expressively recited in court by Lew Rafael, the defense attorney."

"One example is a friend back east," Jumpin Cop's electronic message via Rafael continued.

"This dude used to come on as a 15-year-old girl and play games.

"He was actually 58-years-old and recuperating from a quadruple bypass."

Spielman, according to Rafael, then proceeded to tell Candy 3D that while he didn't think she was 13, he did believe she was under 18, hence "totally outside my limits."

"I enjoy playing role games online but I would never carry it out in real time since it would not be moral (or legal for that matter)," Spielman said.

"Sorry, you sound real sexy," Jumpin Cop concluded, "but it's better I stay away."

Spielman did not testify in his own defense, but Rafael called two teenage girls and a 20-year-old female who are friends of Spielman's daughters, Michelle and Monique.

The defense witnesses all testified that Spielman never did anything sexually improper in their presence, and that, to them, he seemed like a "real good dad."

The trial's last witness was Internet consultant and author Jackie Phillips, who testified that it was common for people to misrepresent themselves when they chat online.

"The medium is the message," Jackie Phillips declaimed. "And the medium of the internet chat-room is all about masking, game-playing, fantasizing, having a hoot, squeezing your mouse, getting into a zone, going the whole nine yards, without hurting anyone in real time."

Eugene Thacker // "A New Capillary Vision System for Whole Blood and Plasma Viscosimetry in Comparison Model with Induced Human Response System"

Read the following directions and identify each term in Fig. 1-22: Code - 1. The set of rules used for converting data from one representation to another. 2. The representation of data or instructions in symbolic form. 3. To convert data or instructions into such a form. See machine code, computer code, data, symbol.

Changes away from homeostasis are detected by so-called sensor cells. Processor Option: PwrPC 601 RISC/Integrated math co-processor. Scale: 5.4862E+00 Feet/in or 2.1599E+00 Feet/cm, 4855 microsec/in or 1933 microsec/cm. 430 factory presets, 200 user presets with crossover 2nd-stage LED indicators and real-time MIDI controllers. Recommended Power: 40 to 150 Watts RMS, 8 Ohms. Cache: 32K on-chip, optional level 2 cache 256K. 64-track, up to 30hrs on internal 530GB drive. Sensitivity, 1 Watt/1 Meter: 90dB. Graphics: 1MB VRAM (expandable to 4MB) Built-in support for display-functions; rsln. up to 1280 pixels. Resolution Timing: 4361 microsec 4.9285E+00 Feet (front) to 2136 microsec 2.4139E+00 Feet (back); -72 microsec/step or -8.111370724319E. (1) "As a matter of fact, we know less about our language than about our bodies; the phrase is comparable to the body urging us to disarticulate it in a certain manner, so that its contents can be recomposed through a series of arrangements." Sagittal - a lengthwise plane running from front to back; divides the body or any of its parts into right and left sides. Median - sagittal plane through midline; divides the body or any of its parts into right and left halves. Coronal or Frontal - a lengthwise plane running from side to side; divides the body or any of its parts into anterior and posterior portions. Transverse or Horizontal - a crosswise plane; divides the body or any of its parts into upper and lower parts. Networking/Ports: Built-in LocalTalk and Ethernet (10Base-T and AAUI). Distortion: THD, less than 0.05% RMS 20Hz-20kHz; IM, less than 0.05% SMPTHE; TIV unmeasurable, less than 100 mcv, A weighted Thr-Cys-Hsi-Leu-Gin-Arg-Gly-Lys2-Ser-Aps6-Ala-Asn-Mte-Phe-Val-Trp-ATPase-RNA-URFA6L-Glu Impulse Response. - Vertical: Linear amplitude 6dB/div display base at 57.0dB located at

Doll Yoko // space99

**resembling the body called flesh
sticky segments set randomly adrift in the network**

**gathering ghosts from the machine
to illuminate an event horizon that breathes alone
among others**

*he says the universe is an hallucination
she says it is a field enfolded*

*she says she has been captured by a city of ruined children
he says these spaces are eating her savage joys*

she says dreams drip away, revealing the indistinct

~~All post media direct action cells must pursue the
instabilities in
Technologies even before they become metaphors.~~

SPACE IS THE ULTIMATE HIGH GROUND

RESEMBLING THE BODY CALLED FLESH
SEGMENTS THAT HAVE BEEN SET INTO MOTION AS TRACE, TRACE
WHICH STAINS
STAINS ROAMING NEW MEMORY SYSTEMS IN SEARCH OF A PLACE TO
REST

THE STORM IS HERE

THE WIND FROM BELOW IS COMING

TIME FOR A NEW R/REALITY

~~Their VR helmets can't see the failure of Reality
before the new fundamentalism of the telematic—
they continue to believe that the lights they see
from the midnight bombs they drop are coming
from something that still exists: nation, justice, and
democracy. These are now nothing more than the
last signs of dead cultural stars.~~

GLOBAL ENGAGEMENT IS THE APPLICATION OF PRE-
CISION FORCE FROM, TO AND THROUGH SPACE

*she says the stars are slowly disappearing, light
becoming dark
he says it is only here that he can exist*

*she says she is running blindfolded towards the ever
brightful
he says there is no beginning, but a circle containing a
gap
for the unexpected to enter*

*she says here there are intensities which he cannot
begin to understand
he says to him all things are less than zero*

coma life trawls drearily towards the inevitable
while new forms arise from the ash of future's memory
building their skins, sewing and patching, tweaking and
stretching
pushing beyond what many from the comfort zones have
drowned in

SPACE POWER IS VITAL TO ATTAIN OUR GOAL OF
BEING PERSUASIVE IN PEACE, DECISIVE IN WAR, AND
PREEMINENT IN ANY FORM OF CONFLICT

our dead must come out of the night and the earth

**let them dress in the garb of war
so their voice may be heard in the empire of silence**

**stories that dance in the mountains
in that climbing and falling of red stars**

**breaking the mirrors of Power
moving into the elsewhere**

**afterwards, let their words fall silent
and let them return again to the night and to the earth**

**adrift in the network resembling the body called flesh
are packets of soft recognition**

Now they are one in front of the other, any more distance
would break the contact, less distance would make them
implode.

Two forms point one on the other, they are staring at each
other crossing the selves.

a scream, yes, a scream

*he says that it was a night of intensities and he did not plan
for itshe says she believes in nothing less than everything*

he says that theirs is not a mathematical

relationship

she says her thoughts are as dark and sticky as blood

**The moment of the sexual act I multiply my
personae, do you understand?**

No, I do not understand.

Do you understand the problem?

No, I do not understand.

**I became multiple, animal, innominable
power, I hear myself speaking with other
voices, I do things which then I do not
remember, you are going to have a sexual
relationship with one thousand persons.**

I am worried for your safety.

tremble

**DUE TO THE IMPORTANCE OF COMMERCE AND ITS
EFFECTS ON NATIONAL SECURITY, THE US MAY
EVOLVE INTO THE GUARDIAN OF SPACE COMMERCE**

**shadows of tender fury
the passing of the dead shelters those who have noth-**

ing . . .

those who bear the historic burden of disdain and
abandonment

those who don't exist

ciphers in the big accounts of capital

the gigantic market of maximum irrationality that trades
in dignities

~~The MESH is busy mapping the human genome to create
meme-gene weapons to target specific genotypes
and building self-replicating fleets of computer-
controlled molecular weapons. Post-media cell must fight
the future with gestures that have no name in the pre-
sent.~~

WE MUST BE INSTANTLY AWARE, GLOBALLY DOMI-
NANT, SELECTIVELY LETHAL, VIRTUALLY PRESENT

ring a ring a rosies
pocket full o stealfies
bend over banker

lights go off

all fall down

*she says the Power assassinates and forgets
he says he supposes she also believes in
goblins and fairies*

**I become a horse, if you look straight in my
eyes**

**you can see that I have got the eyes of an
horses, gaze at me.**

You do not look like an horse

Yes, look at me, can you see my eyes?

**Yes, it's real, your eyes are transforming,
they are big blue deep, a**

**descendent lateral cut, you are blonde,
much more blonde than I remember.**

**I understand that you look like an horse,
but I cannot see what is the problem.**

**The problem is that in the sexual act my
personae multiply themselves**

And each one of them pass through me.

Yes, but this is not a problem.

**In the sexual act I multiply myself and
maybe you will find yourself hanging by
the big toes while I'm cutting your throat**

with a blade made of tiny wood.
I understand, but this is not a problem
Do you understand which is the problem?
No, I don't understand.

throughout a weary transportation of transmis-
sions
with time so small it stiches itself through the
imaginary framework
as a voice revealing the thematics of our current
ruin

~~For too long the specters of hyper-
memetic cargo cults have flowed
between the bottom of the third world
and the top of the virtual class. A cir-
cuit that keeps the impossibilities of
the fifth worlds behind the eschatolo-
gy of designer futures for the first
world.~~

CONTROL OF SPACE ASSURES ACCESS, FREEDOM
OF OPERATIONS AND THE ABILITY TO DENY OTHERS
THE USE OF SPACE

she says that she no longer knows herself

*she speaks of butterfly wings crushed by a creature with no
smell*

*she says that a devastating glance has rendered her invis-
ible*

*she says that they have stolen her silence,
leaving her only with useless words*

*she says that now there is nothing left
except emptiness*

**No, my sexuality is a multiple sexuality too,
I am moving and changing shape too, even
if I'm often female. Anyway I remember
everything.**

**You will not know with who you are lying,
do you understand?**

Yes, I understand but for me this is not a

problem.

You do not want to embrace me.

We will never embrace, it will never hap-
pen

No, I do not understand and I am steeped
in stagnant water-lilies.

~~Post media cells must travel among
strings of inventions that fall outside
of the logomass. To seek gestures that
leap over the lines
of flight that our current collective
realities or imaginary conditions of
speed and interconnectivity. We must
place the impossible and the unex-
pected as our counter-dialectics.~~

THE GOAL IS FULL SPECTRUM DOMINANCE

THESE ANCHORS FOR LISTENING, WATERED BY THE

TEARS OF THE DEAD, POOLING A SLOW, ERODING
TRUST TO A BITTER CIRCUIT IN THE LINES OF POWER

chemical pale sleep
dreamstained sheets
no centre, ragged edges
zeroing tolerance
gene raiding hyperdecay
fox bites tail
invisible artillery follows nurse with wound
endlessly uncoiling a spectacle of irretrievable situations

intolerable signs

ruined, all ruined

come be my next five minutes

come, she said

destroy, she said

~~Post media cells must create situa-~~

~~tions for mutation that can interrupt
and reroute the protocols of accelera-
tion, improvement and obsolescence
that late capital is bound by. So that
rational history will be broken and
remade by the tiny hands of the
intergalactic ninos of the fifth world.~~

In a moment you become transparent and I
embrace your framework, a red skeleton as
a radiography, I pass across yourselves and
then the palace comes tumbling down, I
lose you between the ruins, I do not see
anything, not anything else.

these are attempts of resembling the body called
flesh

this is a cry for new memory systems to address
and build despite the lack of attention given to
such building

this tender pain that will always be hope
such are the voices of the body called flesh

BIOS

(Selected Author Biographies)

Geoff Cox <geoff@generative.net> is part of the CAiiA-STAR (Science Technology Art Research) research group. **Alex McLean** <alex@state51.co.uk> is a member of the state51 conspiracy and the slub project. He mostly hacks Perl, including real-time, parametrical sound organisers. **Ade Ward** <ade@sidestream.org> is a software artist and musician who uses his skills as a programmer to write realtime generative applications that create and manipulate microsound.
<<http://www.slub.org/>>
<<http://sound-hack.org/>>
<<http://www.sidestream.org/>>

Francesca da Rimini (aka dollyoko) has been working in the field of new media since 1984 as an arts manager, film and video maker, curator, corporate geisha girl, cyberfeminist, puppet mistress and ghost. She lives in Adelaide and Rome. She has given many public presentations of her work over the years, and her poetry and other writings appear in various anthologies, magazines and zines, usually in English but sometimes in translation. Her work with the prolific Australian artists' collective VNS Matrix ('the clitoris is a direct line to the matrix'), who declared themselves cyberfeminists in the 1991 *A Cyberfeminist Manifesto for the 21st Century*, manifested in many widely exhibited and published projects in many media forms including installations, CD ROM, game prototypes, MOO spaces and cinema advertising. During the 1990s she squandered endless hours investigating the artistic and erotic potential of negotiated email relationships, online virtual communities and web-based narrative architectures, reverse engineering her experiences into multiple immaterialities and personas. *fleshmeat*, her novel about love, lust and death on the net, will be published by the Italian publishing house, SHAKE. Recently GashGirl has morphed into Liquid Nation, a sibyl from future's memory, joining fellow Identity_Runners, Ephemera and Discordia, together creating a streaming world which straddles

'the real' (historic-documentary-theoretical) and 'the artificial' (fictional-poetic-metaphorical). In 1999, Francesca was the recipient of a 2 year Fellowship awarded by the New Media Fund of the Australia Council. Her online projects, interviews and links squat the screens at

System-X.

<http://z.parsons.edu/~ludin/final_pages/maid.html>

<<http://sysx.org/gashgirl/>>

Fakeshop is a art collective dedicated to the use and mis-use of computer technologies, integrating net.art, installation, and performance. Fakeshop projects have been presented at: Ars Electronica, Next 5 Minutes, SIGGRAPH, Whitney Biennial 2000.
<<http://www.fakeshop.com>>

Matthew Fuller lives in South London. He is the author of *ATM*, published by Shake Editions (ISBN://88-86926-63-4/).

<<http://www.axia.demon.co.uk>>

Christina Goestl <matrix64@subnet.at> is a web artist and media designer, foundrix of SEX - a positive guide, creatrix of matrix.64, and, most recently, s.EXE, a loop-based imagery arrangement tool for VJ's and other playful people. On the person side, she is a netizen, living in the EU, and holding a master of art degree.

<<http://sex.t0.or.at>>

<<http://www.matrix64.net>>

Abe Golam has been referred to as a "techno-shaman" and the cracker of the nanoscript source-code. He is the creator of Grammatron, and spends most of his time in Prage23.

<<http://www.grammatron.com>>

ID_Runners are Liquid Nation (Francesca da Rimini), Efemera (Diane Ludin), and Discordia (Agnese Trocchi).

Diane Ludin_Efemera (New York) is an artist and writer. She obsesses over the shifting representations of biotech and informatic labor by playing with the temporal output of these industries as counter cultural reflections. Drowned with aesthetics in her formative years, her output is bound by poetics and metaphorical lyricism. She filters unbound social drives and the ideological gaps of power through a radical poetics. Completed M.F.A. in Computer Art at The School of Visual Arts, nyc 2000. Recent activities include: "Harvesting the Net: Memory Flesh" - for Walker Art Center's Gallery 9 ; "Calling the Loss" for "Verbal 3 - Call and Response" at The Kitchen, nyc; "idrunners_reflesh the body" performance & streaming media for Franklin Furnace, nyc "Genetic Response System: version 3.0": webcollage commissioned by Turbulence, nyc. She has participated in collaborative performances and broadcasts with The Electronic Disturbance Theater, and Fakeshop.

Agnese Trocchi_Discordia (Rome) (aka macchina, aka candida, aka ordanomade) VideoMaker and Writer, she conducts experiments in cognitive theory and practice with various chemical stimulants as utility. She spends her days transmitting the tools they bring her consciousness, into the social spaces of what was once known as the cornerstone of Western Civilization. One of her strategic passions is spinning an aesthetic terrorism. She tests the stability of social structures and uncovers what is used to contain her force. She organizes techno disorder, editor of Torazine: pills of pop-counterculture, editor of CANDIDA a television show part of the project of media infestation.

<<http://www.kyuzz.org/ordanomade>>

<<http://www.kyuzz.org/ordanomade/tora.htm>>

<<http://candida.kyuzz.org>>

Intima is Igor Stromajer <atom@intima.org> - an artist specializing in mobile internet art and intimate communication art projects. Creator of the Intima Virtual Base. Basic substance of his works are the intimate, ascetic and interactive aesthetics and the key words for all his activities are seclusion and ascetics. These imply intimacy, which after all is emphasized in the name of his artistic mark. He participated in many international contemporary arts exhibitions and festivals in Europe and North and South America

and he is an artist in residence at Ars Electronica in Linz (Austria). He believes in intimacy, individuality, co-operation, communication, eroticism, asceticism, orgasm, concept, pleasure, media, fantasies, nuts, researching, philosophy, high technology and angels. He doesn't believe in tourism and the end. Likes pancakes with chocolate or cacao, fresh milk, good wine and communication.

<<http://www.intima>>

Shelley Jackson is the author of the acclaimed hypertext novel *Patchwork Girl*, and her work has appeared in numerous print and electronic journals, including *Grand Street*, *Kenyon Review*, *Fence* and *Conjunctions*. She has also written and illustrated two children's books. Her short story collection, *The Melancholy Of Anatomy*, will be published by Anchor in January 2002.

<<http://www.ineradicablestain.com>>

Harold Jaffe is the author of ten books of fiction, including *Straight Razor*, *Sex for the Millennium*, *Madonna and Other Spectacles*, and *Eros Anti-Eros*. He is editor of *Fiction International*.

<<http://rohan.sdsu.edu/dept/press/fi/home/index.htm>>

Juliet Martin has a BA in Visual Arts from Brown University and a MFA in Computer Art from the School of Visual Arts. She is a digital artist, programmer, and writer. She has received recognition for her work from a variety of venues including the Cooper Hewitt National Design Gallery, SIGGRAPH 1998, ISEA 1998, and The New York Times. She has also worked with Razorfish and Plumb Design as a designer, producer, and programmer. She presently is the Director of Undergraduate Curricula, Digital Design Department at Parsons School of Design.

//meta - Meta Overman was born in Rotterdam, Holland, in September 1907. As a teenager she was already recognised as a gifted pianist and composer. By the age of nineteen, under the

guidance of the eminent Dutch musician, Eduard Flipse, she had produced four children's operas, three children's cantatas and had written a number of children's songs for both choir and solo voice.

In 1937 she began studies with the Director of the Rotterdam Conservatorium, the distinguished composer Willem Pijper, successfully completing a number of works including *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra* (1942). At the conclusion of World War II, Meta Overman and fellow pianist, Frank Russcher, toured the Netherlands extensively and very successfully as duo pianists. However, composition continued to be a dominant part of her life, with the performances of four commissioned works - three ballets and a full orchestral work- all receiving outstanding reviews from the Rotterdam press. Despite these successes, life was difficult in post-war Europe and in 1951 Meta Overman and her family left for Australia. Although her first years in Western Australia (1951-1957) were difficult, Meta Overman produced some of her most promising work. Three cantatas written for the organ and mixed choir of the Scots Church in Albany WA - where she lived from 1953 to 1955 - proved to be of great significance. *The Image of the Cross* (1953), with words by John Joseph Jones, was performed for the first time by the Oriana Madrigal Choir in Melbourne in 1958, generating reflective praise from composer and critic Dorian Le Gallienne. Other works written and performed at this time included *Sonata II* for piano (1953), a set of songs, *Nursery Rhymes* (1954) and the one-act opera, *The Musician* (1954). The outstanding achievement of this period was the composer's three-act opera *Psyche*, written to be performed in The Sunken Garden of the University of Western Australia. Its ten performances in March 1955 in the third Festival of Perth heralded Meta Overman as an imaginative composer of some distinction.

Following her move from Albany to Perth in 1955, the ballet *The True Princess* (1955) was commissioned and performed by Kira Bousloff and the WA Ballet School. Other works composed in Perth included *Three Dances for Piano* (1955), *Sonata* for flute and piano (1956), *Island Songs* with words by John Joseph Jones (1956), *Pegasus Dance* for two pianos (1956) and *Sonata* for viola and piano (1956). The last of these works has proved particularly appealing, receiving many performances.

From 1957 until 1969 Meta Overman lived in Melbourne, Victoria, where she was closely associated with the wider Australian musical scene. Through friendships with such prominent Australian composers as Margaret Sutherland, Dorian Le Gallienne, Robert Hughes and later Keith Humble - and a number of leading performers including Pamela Page and Max Olding - the music of Meta Overman became known and admired. The Sydney Symphony Orchestra under conductor Nicoli Malko, and the Melbourne Symphony orchestra under Clive Douglas, performed Meta Overman's *Suite of Old Dance Forms* (1959) which won first prize in a competition run by the Guild of Australian Composers (Victorian Branch). It was through ABC TV and radio, however, that Meta Overman's music reached its greatest audience, with representation in programmes such as *Australian Music Series* (1963), *Divertimento* (1964) and *Australian Composers* (1964). Recognition also came when her *Sonata for B flat Clarinet and Piano* (1964) won equal first prize with Dulcie Holland's *Elegy for Flute and Piano* in the Australian Composer's Competition - the same competition that had brought success to *Sonata II*.

In 1969, due to ill health, Meta Overman and her husband returned to Holland. What was intended as a short stay turned into nine years, during which time she composed very little music but instead became involved in the philosophical thought of the time.

However, with her return to Perth in 1978 to be with her son and his family, another richly creative period began. An emphasis on music for flute in acknowledgement of her husband's work as a flautist and teacher is apparent and includes *Haiku*, six pieces for flute and electric piano (1983); *Eight Monos* for the same combination and her last work, *Concertino for Five Flutes* (1993).

Three works for piano - *Tristan Variations*, *Tristan Images* and *Tristan Sonatina* - were written for her grandson while, with *Return Trip to Moses*, an *Oratorio de Camera* (1990), she returned to one of her favourite genres.

A review of Meta Overman's compositions reveals an original and imaginative musician - with her markedly individual style apparent in every work. Her early training, combined with changing environmental influences and the use of an idiom made per-

sonal by her free approach to the language of music, produces a complete and constantly developing stylistic unity.

The three Tristan works are published by Matilda Music Press and are available from the Callaway International Resource Centre for Music Education (CIRCME), at the University of Western Australia. All of Meta Overman's original music manuscripts are held at the University's Wigmore Music Library. Some scores are also available for purchase at the Australian Music Centre.

<<http://meta.at>>

MEZ [Mary-Anne Breeze] is a professional net.wurked avatar who [since 1995] has exhibited x-tensively in a net.wurked sphere [e.g CTHEORY's Digital Dirt, Digitarts '96, Experimenta Media Arts, ISEA_97, ARS Electronica_97, trAce, BeeHive Hypermedia, ACOUSTIC.SPACE, Riding The Meridian, fraMe, Pleine-Peau, SIGGRAPH_99, MASSAGE and d>Art 00]. Mez is an author [of the network language system _mezangelle_], an online lecturer [the latest being at the Arvon Foundation], a regular conference circuit participant [in 00 including the trAce conference Incubation, Pro&Contra in Moscow, the Enlightenment Conference - Netherlands, Urban Futures - South Africa, and Electrohype - Sweden] and co-moderator of the Webartery Mailing list. Mez writes for online ezines such as *Cybersociology*, *Switch* at the CADRE Institute, the *Journal of Media, Meaning, Communication & Culture*, and *fineArt forum*.

<<http://www.wollongong.starway.net.au/~mezandwalt/>>

Doug Rice is the author of *Blood of Mugwump: A Tiresian Tale of Incest* (Black Ice) and *A Good Cuntboy is Hard to Find* (CPAOD). He is the co-editor of *FEDERMAN: A to X-X-X-X*. His newest work, a chapbook of religious ecstasies, *Skin Prayer*, will be published this year. He edits *NOBODADDIES* and teaches writing at California State University, Sacramento.

Jacques Servin is a writer of English-language short fictions whose two books of same (*Aviary Slag*, *Mermaids for Attila*) have

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Steven Shaviro teaches literature, film, and media at the University of Washington in Seattle. His publications include *The Cinematic Body* (University of Minnesota), *Doom Patrols* (Serpent's Tail), and a work-in-progress, *Stranded in the Jungle*, currently being serialized online.
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Kenji Siratori was born in Japan in 1975. At present he is acting as the hypermodern-writer centering around digital environment.

Julia Solis, writer and translator, is the co-founder of Koja Press. She also runs the urban exploration outfit Dark Passage.
<<http://www.darkpassage.com>>

Alan Sondheim's books include the anthology *Being on Line: Net Subjectivity* (Lusitania, 1996), *Disorders of the Real* (Station Hill, 1988), and *.echo* (alt-X digital arts, 2001) as well as numerous other chapbooks, books and articles. His video and films have been shown internationally. Sondheim co-moderates several email lists, including Cybermind, Cyberculture, and Wrying. For the past several years, he has been working on an "Internet Text," a continuous meditation on philosophy, psychology, language, body, sexuality, and virtuality. Sondheim lives in Brooklyn, New York and teaches part-time at the School of Visual Arts; he lectures and publishes widely on contemporary art and Internet issues. In 1999, Sondheim was the second virtual writer-in-residence for the trAce (sic) online writing community, originating

from Nottingham, England.

<http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt>

<http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html>

<<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>>

CDROM available: write <sondheim@panix.com>

Eugene Thacker's writing on bodies and technologies, both theoretical and fictional, have appeared in the anthologies: *Ars Electronica: Lifescience* (ed. Gerfried Stocker, AEC, 1999), *Body Modification* (ed. Mike Featherstone, Sage, 1999), *Degenerative Prose* (ed. Mark Amerika/Ron Sukenick, FC2, 1997), *Machine Time* (ed. V2, NAI, 2000), and *Flesh-Eating Technologies* (ed. Sylvere Lotringer, Semiotext(e), forthcoming). He is a member of Fakeshop, a contributing editor at The Thing, and part of the editorial collective of Alt-X Digital Publishing. He is an Assistant Professor in the School of Literature, Communication, and Culture at Georgia Tech.

<eugenethacker@hotmail.com>

The Unknown are William Gillespie, Scott Rettberg, and Dirk Stratton.

The cofounder and executive director of the Electronic Literature Organization, Scott Rettberg is the co-author of *The Unknown*, a hypertext novel, co-winner of the 1998 trAce/AltX International Hypertext Competition. Rettberg lives in Chicago, and is completing his Ph.D. in English from the University of Cincinnati. Rettberg's work in electronic literature has been cited in numerous national publications including The Chicago Tribune, The New York Times, The Los Angeles Times, Publishers Weekly, Poets and Writers and PC Magazine.

William Gillespie was, according to legend, born with a typewriter correction ribbon in his hand. His poetry and fiction smack of saffron, angst, and palpable utopian yearnings. After a stint as drummer for Sputz (a rock band dedicated to playing only covers of beer commercials), he went on to found the theater group The Weird Leading the Bored, the small press Spineless Books, the website Newspoetry, and a radio show called Eclectic Seizure. One of his unpublishable books, the pseudonymously

posthumous novel *Johnny Werd: The Fire Continues*, by the late Q.Synopsis, was published shortly after the Y2K apocalypse, and is available at monstrous online book retailers everywhere. His electronic writing, featuring the government document *The Ed Report*, is available for free online.

Dirk Stratton believes that all of the relevant biographical information about Dirk Stratton can be found in *The Unknown*. In other words, if it isn't in the hypertext, it isn't relevant. However, if it is in the hypertext, it's probably fictional. Also, sometimes, someone butters the wrong side of their toast, so be prepared.

<<http://www.spinelessbooks.com>>

<<http://www.newspoetry.com>>

<<http://www.wordwork.org/eclecticseizure>>

<<http://www.edreport.com>>

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