

CONFRONTATIONS

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PREFACE

'CONFRONTATIONS' IS AN EXERCISE THAT ACTIVELY IMAGES PHILOSOPHICAL AND THEORETICAL DISCOURSES. CONSISTENT WITH THE METHODOLOGICAL PREMISE OUTLINED IN 'BLOCKED OVERDRIVE', WHICH REPOSITIONS THE CURATOR AS A PRIMARY PRODUCER IN EXHIBITION PRACTICE, THE FOLLOWING BOOK IS CONSTRUCTED BY AN ACTIVE EDITOR AND MANUFACTURER OF TEXTUAL IMAGES. 'CONFRONTATIONS' ABSTRACTS PHILOSOPHICAL AND FICTIONAL NARRATIVES, REWEAVING THE EXISTING LITERARY FABRICS INTO AN ACTIVE RENDERING OF A GLOBE. THIS ACT CONCEIVES A PLANET THAT CONSISTS OF NEO-KANTIAN AND BERGSONIAN HEMISPHERES. STAGING THE DIALECTICAL BIND, WHICH I SUGGEST CAPTURES MUCH CONTEMPORARY CREATIVE PRACTICE IN FROZEN PARENTHESES. 'GLOSSARIUM: A COLLECTION OF GLOSSES' IS BUILT OUT OF A SELECTION OF TERMS THAT ARE DEPLOYED IN THE FOLLOWING TEXT AND CAN ACCOMPANY THIS LITERARY EXERCISE (SIGNALLED BY THE ROMAN NUMERALS THAT APPEAR AFTER CERTAIN TERMS) OR CAN BE READ AS A DISTINCT FORM IN ITSELF.

Travel

At this particular vantage point it appeared that the globe was formulated out of two distinct hemispheres that run parallel to each other. It consisted of a double spiral of two separate ecologies, as if two separate strips of apple and orange peel had been spun together. The apple's hemispherical strip, which formed another coordinate in space, could have easily been peeled from another apple, as if it were a separate layer of a sandwich.

Visibility

Meanwhile, another lens circled the atmosphere at the periphery of the orange territory and space. A subterranean world emerged in the distance. Sporadic trails of phosphorescent light acted as beacons that emitted radiation from within the dark ether: revealing the formation of a helix. As in most cases, the vital systems of the orange coil remained invisible even in daylight. Pixels, which calibrate visibility, refused to capture the microorganisms that were in the heart of the terrain. Unable to observe the ecosystem's processes, as the organisms were smaller than a single digital pixel, the apple was a spiral of light and shadow, a complex of patterns that defied the eye. The spiral of light and shadow, a complex of patterns that defied the eye, was a spiral of light and shadow, a complex of patterns that defied the eye.

cameras picked up distinct vertical shards in the landscape. In one curved segment of the upper side of the globe, a reflective edifice radiated white noise from its surfaces. A desert landscape followed the terrain's discernible trajectory toward the round apparatus corkscREW scanning the centre of the globe. Scanning the globe's topological facade triggered the disturbance to zoom in, inspect the lens, the technical mechanism that created surfaces that collected data.ⁱⁱⁱ an exploratory capsule had previously been sent down to the surface in order to collect data. Close examination had been delayed due to much debate, as invasive probing would damage a biosphere untouched by alien forces. The temptation to colonise another world, rich with vital and potentially peculiar sources of energy, prevailed.

Samples pictured clay soils that lacked nutrients and received their sustenance from rock minerals: potassium, calcium and magnesium.

Metal oxides gave the earth a red and yellow colour, primarily from iron and aluminium sources. Traces of leaves led to an assumption that there must be numerous and multifarious microorganisms to provide the climate for such lush vegetation. Many validating examples of this speculation were collected among them an array of acidophilic bacteria, actinomycetes, mycorrhizae, protists, streptomyces, micromonopores, actinomadura, nonomura, nocardia, streptosporangium and foraminifera.^{iv} The orange section of the planet was also riddled with other microorganisms particular to its own star matter. Findings were biologically fascinating. Fascinatingly, the orange section of the planet was also riddled with other microorganisms particular to its own star matter. Findings were biologically fascinating.

But it was not this organic plethora that enticed further observation. No, it was the curiously sporadic clustering of electrical fields emanating from the forest floor, which provoked an interest in the hemisphere.

Scientific calculations predicted that it had a peculiar Adenosine Triphosphate (ATP) or molecular currency of energy. If

the algorithmic hypothesis proved true, then there was a potential that the orange curve's cellular architecture could challenge previous definitions of life.^v

A similar apparatus had been set on a simultaneous course that circled the upper area of the orange strip. To the detriment of the other mechanism's mission this processor had started to detect signals,

to attract more external objects and feed them inwards towards the sand pillar's inner vortices - necessary, in order to maintain the momentum that was the phenomenon's very being.

Gravity enabled the exploratory object to descend toward the globe with little effort, as the intention was to examine the phenomenon in high definition.

However, as soon as it entered the desert, the suction from the sand pillar started to pull at the apparatus and the pressure

caused its extremities to shake.ⁱⁱ As its innards rattled, the mechanism was pulled toward the hazy and biting wall that it had merely been directed to observe. The promise of a micro view of the storm had been bought at a physical cost, as matter instantaneously assaulted the camera. Grit was sprayed onto its reflective lens and any clear view of the pillar was obscured. The bombardment of sand intensified, as the falling rocks and stones forged their imprints on the mechanical shell. Engulfed
which implied that other aliens had infiltrated the environment. Fearing that the assumed virgin planet had already been infected and colonised by outside forces, the camera was sent into the tropic landscape.

Where a once rich habitat had existed a valley had now been excavated, in which a technological base nestled. Heavy mists were laying low over the recent foundations and obscured any holistic view of the foreign and violent architecture. Alien forms emerged from the fog and and defenceless, the object was dragged toward the axis of rotation. Scored by an evolving and contingent pattern of confrontational inscriptions, the camera was circulated upwards through the self-generating system. It rode the rotations toward the outer lip, only to fall with the denser cooler air and was then pulled back into the eye of the storm - regurgitated
walked around with masks on their faces, presumably to filter out a hostile atmosphere. Programmed to stalk a protagonist, the camera's zoom was activated by a distinctly shorter figure that weaved its way past angular metal vehicles and dodged mechanical feet. The squat form skirted under a geometric arch of the building and wheeled itself determinedly towards a wing that contained laboratories. The form appeared to be a cyborg but one

and ingested indefinitely.

Due to its light weight, the camera traversed the rotations outwards and inwards at an incredible velocity. As a result the apparatus nearly collided with another more substantial and solid object travelling at a lower speed. A sudden acceleration enabled the exploratory object to escape a potentially fatal encounter, as a cyclical wave lifted it upwards and in through an opening. Still rotating with the particles that travelled through what appeared to be an uprooted domestic interior, the mechanism noticed a body on the floor and an even smaller form cowering **that had not successfully fused its organic material with the inorganic. Ejecting itself out of the inorganic element the biped heaved itself into an open capsule. After the roof closed the form became fully android, enveloped in a synthetic skin and linked up to pulsing wires.**^{vi} under a sleeping chamber.

The nomadic female traveller seemed to be sleeping and was motionless amidst the chaotic upheaval of the structure. Occasionally she muttered words, which sounded like 'cyclone' and 'willy willies', her voice increasing in pitch and volume at the announcement of the latter term. The youth must have been fairly ignorant regarding the meteorological nature of her planet, as the term 'cyclone' refers to a type of weather system that occurs in oceans and it was clear that the event she was mixed up in was a dust devil. Heightening the wavelength detection

system the object was able to transmit that she was indeed screaming the words 'willy willies'. It was quite possible that the naïve inhabitant of the architecture believed in the ancient myth of the 'brolga', which her ancestors had orally passed down through the generations. In the fable a spirit descends from the sky, its form emerging from the vortex of dust to capture and abduct any younglings who misbehave. From the data, albeit interrupted by the static picked up by the camera, the technology could only identify the existence of charged sand and dust particles.

As the form entered a dream state, its content went elsewhere leaving its vulnerable shell behind.

Capital

Oxygen and nitrogen compounds had combined with the dust particles to ambush the external walls of the structure in the corkscrewed apple hemisphere. Swathes of water crashed in from underneath the crack in the entrance and skirted around the rectangular portals spaced equidistantly within the circumference of the architecture; creating streams down the transparent compressed sand. Sand on sand, mixed with water, left a residue on the interior planes: traces not that dissimilar to the trail of a terrestrial gastropod mollusc. Still slumbering, the figure on the floor remained blissfully unaware as the bounding waves never invaded the radius of the tattered floral covering on which she had collapsed.

A cyclone had occurred, so perhaps the young female's dream had actually been a premonition, as the dust devils linear trajectory had torn into the seabed. Digital numbers kept on flickering on the mechanism's viewfinder, mapping the teleological passage, as the domestic structure kept on passively riding the circumference of the cyclone, caught up in its flow.^{vii} In this tumult the youngling was rendered visible but the camera had become invisible; it had gone off screen.^{viii} None of the other apparatus circling the planet would be able to track the camera, as the static distortion produced by the storm's friction acted as its camouflage.

The monotonous momentum was not infinite, as the dust devil and cyclone hybrid dissipated in seconds - as instantaneously as it had begun. The travellers must have reached a new land confronting a cooler air pressure. Requiring hot air, the autonomous phenomenon could not maintain its buoyant spinning. On landing, the female rose and immediately ran to the figure beneath the slumber pod, which wagged its body enthusiastically.^{ix} In a synchronised motion she opened the door and the camera exited via an open porthole to observe at a distance.

Beneath the house were some feet, evidently an indigenous inhabitant had been crushed during the landing and a group were nearing to confront the youngling. Receiving programmatic orders to investigate the prismatic city, the camera departed the scene. A nearby apparatus sent signals to follow a sparkling stream of economic and

informational data flows towards the Capital.

In the distance, a design loomed that followed the aesthetics of the hemisphere's school of parametricism in contemporary architecture.* Gigantic, yet razor-thin, curved sheets of fused sand and soda encased a colony below. Created out of silicon dioxide molecules, the monolith was a chaotic liquid frozen in transparent solid form. Honeycomb frames created delicate tunnels, which disorientated the visual field by reflecting light from their star off its lattice surfaces. Hexagonal structures produced interlacing spirals and an organic flow, which directed the movement of the architecture's passengers. Data fluid from the stream ascended and descended in the expanse of translucent sheets and flowed underneath panes, beneath the inhabitants' blind footsteps, towards multifarious openings that produced lakes and waterfalls.

Already in this self-contained world, a sonar apparatus was recording the internal structure of its civilians. It shot gamma rays into their tissues to create images of their hardware. All were adorned with goggles that were embedded into their skull; the inhabitants' interactions completely mediated by the frame. Images that did not correlate with their environment inundated each facial screen, projecting the individual's own ideal realm. A mainframe coordinated this data and fed back images of the world based on their consumer choices, which enabled subjective interfaces to respond to as well as create the architecture around them.^{x1} In-depth

cybernetics had influenced the insertion of mechanical stems, attached to the goggles, into the spinal cord. Vectors between the technical network and the inhabitants' synapses enabled the program to manipulate neural pathways and affect the wearers' senses, such as taste, touch and smell. However, this process was closely monitored and purposively limited by the mainframe, as the inhabitants were not able to interact with the objects in themselves. Filtered information was received and did not include the real or scientific properties of objects, so citizens were ignorant of their cellular make-up.^{xii} Neither did the goggles include any readings of the thermal bodies around them nor any access to the software language in which they were immersed.

Transference

Eyelids blinked and opened to reveal a pair of amber irises.

Long marbled limbs flexed and attested to the successful transition of the alien contents into its new armature. In the

helix of the orange hemisphere, the nascent body with curious appendages that included a tubular tail, moved clumsily as it tried to erect itself. It was not

incomprehensible that the native simulacra could be usurped by an alien mind, as both came from the same universe and therefore shared common ancestors.

Presumably, they also mimicked each other's ATPase, the enzymes and chemical reactions that are used in all known forms of life. Indeed, both forms were not from around 'here', as they were forged from an ancient cosmology.

Bounding out of the laboratory, the avatar stumbled but regained its balance. Pausing to take a breath, its elongated form was silhouetted against the clear firmament, unbroken by a horizon. Pre-emptively bowing his neck, the avatar

brushed his forehead against the thick bristles of the native eco-system. Pressure points left a fleeting trail of luminous light, as the blue figure interacted with a sensorial surface that registered its impact. Disappearing in an emerald field of tall structures, the organism was immersed in the humidity of their draping vines. Chasing the uncoordinated sky-blue tail, the camera entered the forest, catching glimpses of the form in the reverberating rays that danced off its synthetic skin.

Beneath the blanket of foliage, the indulgent flora and fauna, blackness descended quickly and encased the form, so the camera turned on its infrared night vision to track the avatar's movements. Misguidedly, the newcomer lit an organic torch in a vain attempt to navigate a safe passage through the alien environment. The male intruder was recalling past knowledge, wanting to organise his visual field rather than rely on his intuition.^{xiii} This was a fruitless and dangerous act because it advertised the nascent form's coordinates to the predators in the local vicinity.

Nearby, a native female had become aware of the invasion of her habitat and went to investigate. She encountered a scene of devastation, as slick black-coated organisms with green eyes and sharp calcium deposits in their mouths were ambushing the avatar. Instant reflexes and a keen agility enabled the native to intervene in the fight. In a seamless choreography, she elbowed, bit and maimed the vicious mammals until the onslaught ceased. Humbled and elated by his rescue, the avatar thanked the native. She hissed an eloquent response in the aliens' foreign language, 'there is nothing to be thankful for'. Turning her back on the intruder, she walked into the dense night. Dazed and confused, the avatar clumsily followed his heroine.

Database

It was unsurprising that no subject had seen the technological wizard in the twist of the apple hemisphere,^{xiv} who had founded the system, as he alone transcended the program and could control it from the outside.^{xv} He had single-handedly set up the parameters of the software, which was based on the same algorithmic principle as the architectural structure that had cordoned off the Capital from outside influence. On several occasions the cameras had recorded the wizard's musings, which suggested that he viewed himself as a composer. The technocrat stated that he was producing mathematical music, which was incomprehensible in its fractal experience and, therefore, to the Capital's citizens. However, when this composition was observed as a whole, its patterns appeared to sync with and shape the very rhythm of the Capital.^{xvi} Moreover, it was an organic arrangement that kept on growing and evolving as more sensations - consumer choices and creations - were fed into the system. Capital was a universally expanding and elastic fabric.

An innovator, the wizard had kept himself preoccupied with his most recent enterprise, utilising the mass of water as a data flow. It made sense for his program to impregnate the weather systems and evolve into a meteorological cycle. Indeed, the organic bodies of the Capital's inhabitants consisted of and circulated sixty percent water. By consuming the data fluid he predicted that the inhabitants would eventually enter the cycle and their goggles could be hung up.^{xvii} The wizard had not yet

been able to figure out how to control this data flow and not wanting to prematurely delimit his program the technocrat had only extended his project to what was currently a technologically dormant stream.

It was due to the wizard's procrastination that the youngling and four other forms, three of which must have joined her on the journey, were able to surprise the founder of the Capital. Wandering aimlessly up and down the outside of the sealed glacial entrance, they appeared to be puzzled by the impenetrable structure. Surveillance devices outside the architecture detected the unwanted presence. In her peripheral vision, the youngling must have registered the movement of the camera, as she tracked its trajectory and proceeded to send a message to the mechanical guard. Much gesticulation and many words were passed, which were then streamed to the mainframe.

Begrudgingly, the wizard extracted himself from his mathematical equations and received the incoming signal. The youngling's message must have pricked the CEO's attention, as he informed the system to admit the travellers. Before the newcomers gained access to the formidable façade the wizard directed his technical tentacles and sent goggles down chutes to the outside. On encountering the curious optical covers, the group started to handle them. As they placed them to their faces a mechanism was activated and the frames manacled themselves to the back of their heads. Immediately the mouth of the construction opened to reveal a cavernous void, which was only apparent to the observant camera that had been sent to hover

over the travellers. Encased in their solitary realms, the once communal individuals were immediately distanced from each other and could not even detect the sound waves that emanated from each other's footfalls on the horizontal surface.^{xviii}

Pure Duration

On hearing the persistent uneven tread behind her, the indigenous warrior of the orange hemisphere turned with arrow poised to face her target. Her eyes narrowed, muscles tensed and adrenalin began to pulse through her veins. Standing her ground, she assessed whether to shoot the very same intruder that she had just saved. As she was about to release the iron-headed spear a series of titanium-white buoyant seeds floated down to settle on the limbs of the avatar.^{xix} Taking the kernels' descent as a message to cease her course of action, the native lowered her weapon and took hold of the alien simulacrum and directed him to follow.

Opulent gleaming leaf lanterns and gelatinous specimens flashed across the avatar's visual field as he closely tailed his companion's neon steps. Geological formations floated above his cranium and gaps in the canopy revealed mountains that were surfing on the ebbs and flows of the wind. Gazing star-wards, in an attempt to catch glimpses of the monumental towers, the avatar lost his balance. He had misplaced his tread and stumbled over an enormous root. In an intimate embrace with the vine the alien observed that each grain and knot was thicker than the breadth of his palm. Glancing upwards, the avatar followed the opalescent trunk until its branches dissipated into the midnight blue, merging indiscernibly from the atmosphere. Feeling his armature jerk backwards, the alien was aware of a tight grip around his left limb as he was pulled into a hollow organic realm.

After much contestation from certain native tribe members, it was decided that the avatar could remain in their ecosystem. It appeared that the indigenous people were suspiciously studying the aliens, as much as the intruder's people had been observing the clan. However, the parasite, which was utilising their form as if it was merely a vessel or host, had to be closely monitored and taught the ways of the ecosystem to prevent him from destroying their invaluable community. Entrusted to the indigenous female, who had brought him into their inner sanctum, he was led up a maze of connecting pathways to a series of hessian sacks that were hung at intervals within the trunk. As the avatar closed his eyes on the world of pure duration, he simultaneously opened them in the ordered world and its amniotic capsule.^{xx}

Manifest Image

Surprised that the travellers' histories were proving to be resilient to the goggle effect, as their alien residue was wiring itself into the program, the wizard of the apple hemisphere found himself faced with several ridiculous demands.^{xxi} Preventative measures had been put in place, as the immigrants had only been allowed to access an annexed version of the program so they could not infect the whole system.^{xxii} He chose to ignore the persistent requests assuming that with time they would forget their previous identities.

Protestations ensued from this course of action and the wizard felt forced to meet with the potentially viral asylum seekers, in order to contain or expel the intruders. Following the axiom of 'divided we fall', the technocrat insisted that the visitors

were encountered individually. On entering the CEO's headquarters the nomads were not introduced to the wizard but in his place they encountered a manifest image that encapsulated all their fears. Unbeknownst to them, their phobias had been transmitted to the mainframe through their head contraptions. Staging his mastery enabled the wizard to highlight his power over the foreigners, creating a persuasive platform on which to launch his request for a reciprocal favour.

Satisfied that he had devised a scheme that would either prove fatal for the travellers or beneficial to the security of the Capital, the wizard had granted them counsel. He would resolve the issue temporarily by sending the naïve group on a sinister mission. Outside the subject-centric Capital there is a mystical landscape of objects, which were controlled by a wicked witch. Although the wizard had constructed a stable face to the binary coin, on the underside there was a marred and moulded impression that depicted the realm of unreason and magic. The defacement and dissolution of this menacing imprint had been long overdue but the CEO's wizardry relied on a host of technological apparatus. The program's current application was finite and his system could not extend itself to realms that existed outside the Capital.^{xxiii} It now seemed that the sinister arrival of the foreign bodies had actually provided an opportunity, which he was about to harness.

Relaying his ominous negotiations via surround sound, so that the waves rebounded off multiple reflective surfaces, the

technocrat knew that the projected voice would disorient his auditors because it could not be located in any discrete point in space. Overawed by the mode of delivery and the necessity of their individual plights, the travellers solemnly accepted the wizard's proposal.

On exiting the architectonic structure the goggles were released. In an act of technological metamorphosis the clasps transformed into mechanical legs that then climbed the walls to the chutes. Emerging from their subject-centric and solitary anaesthetised consciousness, the travellers hazily adjusted to accommodate their companions. Drunken words made their clumsy way towards formal language and the group reached a consensus about their course of action. With trepidation they resolved to face the wizard's opponent, in order to secure the wizard's 'in kind'^{xxiv} debt.^{xxv}

Surveying cameras spanned the background and foreground, in order to gauge an accurate depth of field and unintentionally recorded the alien figures that melted into the horizon. In contrast, a stalking visual mechanism was directed to follow the fading silhouettes.

Synapses

An indistinct female face peered into the capsule, as the biped tried to focus his vision. Muffled orders in the background signalled his return to the premeditated, classifying and chronological realm in the globe's orange spiral. Dragging his heavy homo sapiens body upwards, he swung himself into the inorganic contraption below.

Spinning away from the capsule, he came to a stop at a technological interface and logged his recent experiences.

The pursued target's continual transference from one organic state to the other meant that several cameras had to be posted at various co-ordinates in the parallel realms. Records of his continual transference were compared to his communication logs, which categorically documented deterioration in lucidity. The subject's instantaneous teleological passages between the two realms, closing his eyes in one body and immediately opening them in an alternative one, had attested to the fact that he was no longer aware of his own present. Transitional embodiment confused the subject's senses, which meant that he could no longer monitor duration accurately. A disorientation aided by increasingly submerging himself in the native world indicated that the alien's ordered experiences had begun to dissolve in a pure present solute, which could only be navigated by intuition.^{xxvi}

In the native landscape, the avatar found his senses being opened up to embody and communicate with other life forms.^{xxvii} Instructed to pair up with a quadruped, in order to successfully hunt, the avatar had to entwine his tail's organic threads with the sensory tendrils located in the antennae jutting from the beast's head. Once united, they became part of a symbiotic process but one that was more parasitic than mutual. The avatar's neurological pathways fused with the animals and synced with its limbs but the hunter embodied and controlled the movement of the organic labourer not the other way around.^{xxviii}

While observing the nascent form's tutelage under the female native it became obvious that to be fully initiated into the clan the alien would also have to connect with a winged companion. Instructed to choose the beast, the avatar was also warned that the selection process would have to be

reciprocated. Mutual consensus over the contract was signalled when the scaled creature raised its chest, extended its wings to full span, released an inaudible chorus or election cry and finally initiated a deadly gambol.

Ancient lizards frequented high morphological specimens to warm their scales in the solar rays, in the hope that they could penetrate the cold haemoglobin that inhabited their circulatory systems. Exposed on all four sides these floating monolithic mountains could be accessed underneath, so the documentation of the ancient sedimentary, igneous and metamorphic layers could be geologically processed with little effort or destruction. This meant that the habitat of these cold-blooded creatures was precariously situated and teetered towards the ever-changing abyssal mouth below.

Confident that he had finally adjusted to and in fact mastered his new frame, the avatar believed he was ready to claim his ancient reptile. As he hovered dangerously at the edge of the cliff's precipice, the alien intuitively and athletically pranced around his vicious competitor. The puffed body and hissing signalled that the winged lizard was ready for combat. Out-manoeuving the scaled body, the avatar managed to climb onto its back and wrestled to harness the prehistoric creature's mouth. He then scrambled at the connecting organic portals, clumsily handling the promised network. After a struggle, the nervous systems successfully brushed against each other creating an electrical surge. A mutual embrace between the tentacles was signalled through the dilation of both sets of pupils and as their openings sealed together a partnership was forged.^{xxix}

Ancient pulses circulated along the avatar's own neural pathways, as the disoriented reptile stumbled over the summit of the cliff. Gale winds beat against the unsynchronised yet homogeneous organic system, which

ungainly clattered at full throttle towards the jagged rocks below. Cameras circled the uncoordinated body and documented the avatar as he vocally willed the wings to beat in rhythm with his navigational commands. Verbal imperatives did not help the avatar. This highlighted that the alien had failed, perhaps fatally, to recognise that these wings were now his flight mechanisms and his own anatomical appendages. Natives had previously stressed that it was necessary for the foreigner to extend his subconscious messages throughout the hybrid form towards its outer tips. Harmonious aviation required intuition to fire up signals that traversed the neurons and synapses, demanding instantaneous movement.

Reaching its terminal velocity, the form was plummeting towards the vine-choked sharp minerals that laced the forest's unforgiving basement. Organic shadows encased the crippled hybrid, as it hurtled towards the rising ground.

Contact with the hostile nadirs was imminent when the ancient muscles began to twitch, as if achingly unbinding themselves from a chrysalis. A flutter. A flap.

Placebo

An alarm echoed in the wizard's headquarters situated in the apple hemisphere, which indicated that aliens had been located along the periphery of the premises. Through touch tapping his system's interface the wizard directed mechanical cameras to extend his gaze to the city's exterior. His mastery over the system's code enabled the CEO to extend his puppeteer's arms to angle the cameras and identify the threat.^{xxx} However, the wizard's program had also become a host and his own movements were now networked into a Para-system. Technological developments had enabled a probe to plug itself into a series of goggles and it could

now track the fluid, yet limited, channel of information between the technocrat, systems and a few civilians of the Capital.^{xxx1} It had become a passive parasite in the network; an observer that traversed its waves, flows, crashes and shocks.

Suddenly sitting down with a heaviness that belied his hollow density, the CEO jerked his head furiously in a self-reflexive acknowledgement at the gravity of the situation. Photons from the local star had been reflected off a set of bodies, which had then been captured by the aperture in the surveillance apparatus to reveal a digitised visual of the viral travellers. Shuddering with tension, the wizard conceded that if they had been successful then his realm would finally be sanitised and secure from outside threats but that he would also have to indemnify his arrears.

Anxious to find out the fate of his city, the CEO granted the visitors entrance for a second time but he perpetually postponed any assembly with them. Integrated with the goggles once more, the nomads had already unwittingly revealed that their mission had been completed and the wizard found his immunity compromised for the first time since he had built the Capital. As his new subjects became increasingly irritated by the delays, the technocrat was contemplating his options.

Embedding itself in the virtual infrastructure enabled the probe to understand that the root of the wizard's power was his theory that human knowledge is finite. His goggle system conceded the fact

that subjects cannot know objects in themselves but that they can be endlessly creative. Civilians of the Capital were able to continually change the phenomena displayed on their immersive interfaces and constantly adapt the fabrics of their lives. They could never interact with the material make-up of these objects or the real concrete interfaces that surrounded them. The Capital itself was a living application of the wizard's philosophical system, as it was the technocrat's primary theoretical structure that provided the ground for the secondary application of his scientific and information systems.

Materials are made up of atoms, an object is made up of many other objects, but the wizard discarded this knowledge from his system because it did not correlate with the subject's mind.^{xxxii} The technocrat devalued the role of the micro view in the dialectic of the object, with an insistence on its binary opposite: the object is always more than it-self, a phenomenon, image or representation.^{xxxiii} In the wizard's theory an object's molecular structure will always remain hidden from perception. Therefore, the CEO deployed a methodology that only exposed images to the subject, as this is the only aspect or façade of the object that relates to the subject's mind. Innate representations or tools exist in an individual's mind, which the objects of experience connect to, or are created by, but materiality itself does not dictate these images. In fact the Capital's materiality only acted as an interface for images, its actual or concrete architecture disappeared from the frame entirely.

A typed log indicated that the wizard was proud of the goggle affect, which had enabled his subjects to be in an endless state of play. His textual ruminations also betrayed a self-satisfied persona: the technocrat repeatedly proclaimed that he had created a flawless program, which had no ethical or moral repercussions. A section in the wizard's notes comprised an endless dictation about the politics of his system, in which the CEO stated that his subjects' visceral bodies were separated from, and therefore could do no harm to, a communal organic body. It was only the system that organised, fed back and networked their thoughts. Much like a large cranium, the wizard wrote, the tools to perpetually create individual worlds were abundant but no individual could affect the other's physical world. Indeed, with or without goggles, every subject was an object to the perceiving subject, so his civilians would never have known each other in themselves anyway.

It was during one of these annotated sessions that the wizard, while pondering one of his greatest inventions, stumbled upon a concept that could provide further self-justification for his program and the solution to his aliens' demands. For the metal biped, which had requested a heart, further demonstrated the need for his goggles. A previous trauma must have preoccupied the automated metallic construction with the question; at what point does a subject become an object? The heart became the focus of this deliberation, as it seemed to pivot towards the subjective

axis. If the android felt alienated through identifying itself as a mere representation then he was foolish in thinking that he could rectify this through asking for the central muscle in the circulatory system. For, the pumping organ in this sense was representing the faculty of subjective love, which the wizard knew was the function of cerebral matter. This meant that the CEO could fulfil the android's demand with minimal effort. All the technocrat had to do was program a placebo that could then be fed into the system. The psychological panacea would then pass through information channels, down into the biped's goggles and into its database stem. The android had a heart!

Philosophical meanderings followed, as the wizard continued to converse in coded print with his digital and sole companion: are not all brains comparable to a database or hard drive, which all come with a predetermined volume or optimal storage space for information? Could the act of reaching full capacity be circumvented through programming weightless virtual flows, which merely run along or direct the electrical pathways? Does digital information take up space?^{xxxiv} After much procrastination, the wizard decided that digital information still takes up space and has weight, as attested to by his ever-expanding mainframe and the need for his H₂O energy flow scheme, but that this did not inhibit his plan. Ascertaining that he could succeed in creating the concept of a heart, the technocrat conjectured that the tin biped had proven he had the capacity for the idea through his belief that he lacks one - absence is

presence. Logic followed that the android had the conceptual space for a heart. Stoically resigned to dealing only in virtual images and not objects or physical matter, the wizard had already reflected on the fact that no one could know the heart in itself anyway so the lack of the real organ was not a moral obstacle.

Finally, the wizard admitted his indefinitely detained congregation.

Plugged-in

A camera silently documented a secret symbolic ceremony between native and avatar. Bodies entwined their pressure points lighting up the sensual fabric, which had forged them as life partners. Staged under the tree of life it was recognised as an unbinding contract by the tribal constituents, despite the fury felt at the indigenous female deceiving her arranged partner. Lacking knowledge of its natural inner life, the clan appeared to defer to the plant's magical properties. Therefore, they honoured the ritual, despite its dishonourable intentions because it had been witnessed by the spiritual totem.

A probe had descended through the atmosphere to collect samples from the tree of life, in the hope that the unusual energy could be harnessed and synthetically reproduced. On a microscopic level such specimens usually derive their core strength from small fibres such as cellulose, held together by organic glue classified as lignin and can span many teleological cycles. Necessary energy is produced through an act of photosynthesis, which renders the topiary as dependent on the conditions of its biosphere but also a vital and unique manufacturer of its environment. Contrary to previous findings, this cellulose column was also emitting unusual energy patterns that were being aerially traced.

Sensors absorbed waves that simulated a form of vitalising power, which also pulsed through the roots and veins of this complex organism. Perhaps this contributed to its elongated life span and indigenous claims that it was a conduit for collective memory.^{xxxv}

Another apparatus, simultaneously, detected the mobilisation of alien forces at the margins of the indigenous community's territory. Mobile machines, larger than any of the discrete elements that made up the forest's organic infrastructure, were demolishing the natural canopy and forging alien motorized treads into the neon ground.

Permanent dents flickered luminous beneath the dark canopy, as the predators lay in wait until they received a command that would signal the propitious moment to strike.

Multiple cameras assigned to different co-ordinates around the natives' hollow shelter screened the shocked faces, as the natural thunder woke the indigenous tribal members from their slumber. A sublime echo indicated to the natives that foreigners had intruded upon their ecosystem. There had been no warning. The first point of contact was the central organ and assembly point of the indigenous tribe.

Hundreds of figures came swarming out of the vacuous interior. Explosions pursued the natives, wooden splinters and foreign shrapnel embedded into the holistic skin covering tribal members and organisms alike.

A vulnerable shell lay undisturbed, as its consciousness was reverberating in an alternative body sheltered up in the mountains. Navigating its way through the smoke-hazed chaos an apparatus recorded the screams of the indigenous female as she tried to wake the numb armature.

Suddenly eyelids opened, a splutter and cough acknowledged that the smouldering atmosphere was swirling in the alveoli of the avatar's lungs. Disorientation was soon taken over by the urgency of the scene and the

host body rose. Alien and native started to leap outwards towards safety.

Seeking shelter under the tree of life, their only source of hope, the natives were holding an assembly to discuss the state of emergency. Intimidating scowls and gestures, followed by accusations were posed to the foreigner in their midst. Standing up to defend himself, the outsider admitted to the indictments and exposed his initial mission but stated that his alliance had since irreparably changed. As his speech was about to climax in a declaration of his importance as the arbiter of the invaders' intentions, a knowledge that could be deployed to the clan's advantage, the avatar's conscious energy cut out and the empty body fell hollow and limp, forcefully hitting the soil with a thud.

Projection

With indignation the travellers maintained that their mission had been a torturous one and demanded recognition. Each individual visitor was ecstatic at finally being granted an audience with the wizard. After entering the room in their isolated virtual cells, it wasn't until the party was addressed in the plural that the nomads were alerted to their group forum. Again, the voice was dislocated from any definable form but on this occasion resonated throughout their earpieces. Remaining omnipresent the wizard could not be pinned down to any localised area in the room.

Elation was displayed through cheers, as one by one the members of the successful unit received notice of the reward that they would obtain for their services to the Capital. Radio wave sensors that had attached themselves to the travellers'

goggles detected the unanimous and lengthy applause. Candidates were to return to the wizard, at a slot that would be later assigned to them, in order to receive the reparation that they desired. When it came to the penultimate applicant's turn, the announced appellation was greeted with a premature ovation but an elongated pause followed. This heavy silence was a result of the technocrat's decision not to notify the assembly of the youngling's reward, as he was still uncertain of how to cater to her wish. The youth had demanded a safe passage to the desert from which she had come and the wizard had attempted, yet failed, to program an authentic simulation of the prepubescent's alien realm. Machines had been set to endlessly weave intricate calculations but were not even producing any hint or trace of a plausible program. Even promising to satisfy the nature of her demand did not seem credible, unless after failing to provide for the pretence the CEO could afford to have a rebellion on his hands. The conference had been set up as a premeditated tactic - aggressive defence - to perform the fulfilment of most of the wizard's debts. He predicted that this would pre-emptively numb the collective blow, which would be caused on hearing that the youngling's remuneration had been delayed.

During the brief period of grace that followed the fulfilment of most of the group's demands, the wizard continued in earnest to test various trial programs on the memories he had stored from his own foreign world. He could not use any other candidate, as the technocrat was the only self-elected subject - as well as the only

person not submerged in his creation - who had been granted access to such high-security operations. He felt that the most presently advanced application for the final nomad's demand had come to fruition. A heuristic device had been programmed into the software, which meant that the algorithm could learn and adapt in accordance with the adolescent's memories. It was able to respond to key indicators and then would rearrange the visual platforms surrounding the youth. Presupposing the need for a preamble to her journey, the wizard had also comprised a virtual prologue: an introduction that incorporated details of the youngling's departure from the translucent edifice. He even considered the minutiae including the virtual removal of her goggles. As an outsider of this situation, the technocrat could also ponder the theoretical puzzle that he had created: the virtual presentation of an absence of goggles reflected in the actual adornment and presence of goggles. This meant that the girl's perception would be circulating in the vortices of his conception.^{xxxvi} Marvelling at his ever-expanding practical philosophy, as well as the contingency of the youngling's program, the wizard finally declared to the traveller that she could return to her native territory.

A few planetary cycles had passed, since the youth had accessed her memories through the teleological black hole created by the program. The nomad's nostalgia for her alien land proved to be the singular desire, which was not being entirely satisfied by the wizard's system. Her localised discontentment could have been the result of

the program's reliance on the maladies of memory. Although recollections were often false and could be manipulated into being continuously creative, the youngling appeared to have a tendency for recall rather than projection. Rather than the CEO's prescribed program, which pictured the youngling holding onto the idyllic elements of her past and then producing and consuming them in the present, she retained shadows and absences in her memory. This caused the prepubescent female to detect inaccuracies in the wizard's algorithm.

A flashing signal alerted the wizard to the youth's burgeoning awareness of the inauthentic nature of her world. Unnerved by her experiential environment, the nomad had started to decrypt the one-dimensionality of her idyllic and intensely excitable emotions. Rather than being satisfied with the creative play stimulated by past images, the juvenile seemed to be questioning the lack of banality in her habits. Her subconscious thoughts were affecting the program in concert with the actions of a catalyst in an experiment, providing energy with which to agitate the atoms and setting into motion a chain reaction. In this manner, the youth's emotional feedback was starting to infuse the program - analogously to the material metaphor - and would not stop until reaching its most stable chemical state - consciousness. Aware that his software might be unable to adequately absorb, dissolve or expel the viral memories, which were being radiated from the prepubescent, the wizard asked the program to predict whether the youngling's own concepts would eventually be relayed back to

her. For if this occurred, then the autonomous process would conclude in the inevitable saturation of the system; enabling the youth's unconscious concerns to enter her consciousness via the very program that was meant to protect her from the real world. Staring fixatedly at the screen caused the wizard's concentration creases to furrow, which deepened the already established tunnels in the planes of his skin as he dismally watched the system's projections flicker on the light emitting diode surface. Mathematical equations suggested that the most probable outcome would be the youth's enlightenment, occurring from within the program and alerting her to the real world of matter outside.^{xxxvii}

Alarmed by the system's predictions, which signalled that the youth's anxieties will inevitably penetrate the viral defences embedded in the system, the wizard felt he had no other option than to confer with the disillusioned individual.

Organic Archive

On regaining consciousness in the native armature, after fighting off his own race in order to plug his consciousness back into the synthetic membrane, the sycophant found that his limbs were forcibly restrained. He was a prisoner of war in the orange hemisphere. Confined in a state of passiveness in the turmoil of flying debris, the alien hoped that his native partner would relent but it was her mother, the tribal matriarch who released his limbs. Free physically and yet still bound emotionally, it was paramount that the outsider prove his loyalty and the only way was to master the eco-system that was so revered by the tribe.

Situated among the still-warm ashes of destruction, a hovering camera documented the opening of a tribal chant. The natives were propositioning the tree of life to support the defence of their habitat. However, a fleck in the mechanism's periphery field triggered the lens and distracted it from the assembly of natives. It focused on the horizon just in time to catch the dramatically choreographed entrance of the avatar. Poker-red wings cast a shadow, which enveloped the congregation and heavy reverberations created airwaves throughout the circle, forcing the natives to cower. Flashes of gold glistened as the beaked monstrosity lowered its cranium to reveal a passenger or co-pilot. A figure straddled the winged beast, the ecosystem's most feared predator, and glided gracefully to the ground. This occurred so seamlessly it was as if he inhabited the ancient reptile that had served as both companion and craft. Stepping down, the foreigner read the surrounding faces and was confident that he had secured the awe and support of the indigenous group. Calculation and intuition appeared to be a powerful pairing, as the society not only had succumbed to his intuitive tendency for spectacle but also equally could not do without his knowledge of alien tactics. A welcomed usurper, the self-elected leader had successfully demonstrated his authority and established his new status as the head of the tribe.^{xxxviii}

As the planet's star descended towards the surface of the earth, the camera repeated its earlier cyclical patrol around the perimeter of the tree of life. During this transitory state, a peculiar fading light caused a mechanical hiatus in the apparatus' automatic visual settings. In a state of suspended animation, the camera could not decipher whether natural, infrared or thermal was the most appropriate setting for high visibility. Aperture glitching, the automaton distortedly witnessed a more intimate communion between deciduous structure and avatar.

Pixelated pendulum branches bowed and swayed underneath the weight of blooms that radiated ultraviolet rays, throbbing and pulsing as if to signpost their hidden depths. Glowing synapses indicated that a foreign body had accessed the vitality in the weeping vines. In order to be able to convince even the omnipotent natural architecture of its authenticity, the super-excrescence must have intelligently meshed his parasitic consciousness with the host anatomy. Relaxation of the animated system's veins and the contraction of the bionic being's neural pathways enabled the protagonist to enter the ancestral past of the southern hemisphere.^{xxxix}

During the mutually invasive encounter, between the biological mainframe and bionic life form, devices recorded the vocal patterns and transcribed the utterances that escaped from the possessed alien's mouth. In a trance state the cyborg spoke in tongues, which signalled that the avatar had been successfully assimilated into the tree of life. His internal monologue had been recast and the alien was now externalising the multiplicity of voices that had fused with his own. The incoherent chatter itself betrayed the existence of an organic archive. Storing the genealogy of all the native wisdom and experiences, the tree of life appeared to be a conscious plant and root system: a central sentience for a global network that temporarily encompassed the foreigner in its numerous pathways. Intertwined with a system of synapses that had more connections than the alien's cerebral matter, the avatar blindly requested that the tree of life support the plight of the native people over that of their hostile invaders. Respectful of the autonomous monument and her heritage, the indigenous female exclaimed that the tree of life was apolitical in its assignments so only balance would prevail.^{xl}

Delicate probing confirmed that it was indeed a sentient and sensory system, which had extended itself far beyond the

limits of the local natives and conscious organisms:
exposing a semi-centralised rhizome, which sustained the
bio-electro-chemical communication among multifarious raw
stems.^{xli} Alternative detection devices had also proceeded
to predict that the tree of life was an ecological mainframe:
a sentient organic being that maintains a state of
equilibrium to ensure the survival of its biosphere and
subsequently guarantees its own continued existence.

On Screen

Consistent with previous behavioural patterns, the youngling entered the wizard's chambers in the northern hemisphere with her loyal (yet largely neglected because it was blocked by the virtual version) quadruped companion. A variety of apparatus had now been able to infiltrate the Capital and the successful insertion of silicon chips into the mainframe, which was impossible to penetrate from the outside, continued to send tracking viruses into the highly protected system. Feedback from the technology suggested that the mammal had been an invaluable tool in spinning the adolescent's bespoke virtual fabric.

One of the many oscilloscopes that had also gained access to the headquarters detected a long wavelength of low amplitude and frequency, which suggested hesitancy in the wizard's oral breaths. A heavy verbal muscle appeared to be stifling the wizard's annunciations; perhaps thick with the knowledge that as soon as his voice penetrated the youngling's earpiece the curtain would be lifted and the hoax exposed. Pores opened in the technocrat's skin and expelled a mixture of salt, ammonia, urea, hydrogen and water; liquid

and gas streams would eventually evaporate or dry into a web of crystalline deposits that leave trails on his epidermis. Oblivious to her companion's discomfort, the youngling's goggles maintained the visage of a desert landscape, albeit one that her subconscious had started to reject.

Glands secreted a mixture of water, electrolytes, mucus, glycoproteins, enzymes, and lysozyme, which the technocrat used to circle his lips in an attempt at lubricating and freeing speech. Howls suddenly interrupted the process, piercing the CEO's inner aural drums before he had a chance to emit the intentional sound particles. In their stead an involuntary series of compressions and rarefactions escaped, which penetrated the ignorant adolescent's earpiece at a high pitch. Stunned, the youngling fruitlessly looked out at the planes of sand to see if she could locate the ethereal voice. Her seemingly blind movements would have created a comical parallel image in the wizard's headquarters if there had been a less preoccupied sentient observer to view the uncoordinated charade from outside the frame.

Arrogantly, the technocrat had assumed that a lower intelligent life form would not require goggles. The animated creature had perceived the miniscule movements that had been made by the tense programmer and was now hurtling in his direction. With a crash, the blue screen hit the rigid surface behind the wizard exposing the outline of his form. The girl shrieked, as a figure completely shrouded in a blue

fabric came into the foreground of her goggle's depth of field.^{xlii}

Devices had previously detected that the suit, which was created from a specialised blue screen fabric and then situated in front of a blue background, had sufficed to protect the wizard's identity because the monitor lenses in the goggles could not detect the figure in the cobalt layering. The background structure itself disintegrated under the attached optical apparatus as it was replaced by an image that acted as a continuation of the youngling's desert landscape. Like a comical farce, the wearer would be strikingly visible in real life but remained invisible in the digitised display provided by the optical parentheses. The wizard also remained safely outside the program because the ocular devices did not enable the androids to pick up any visible depiction of the thermal radiation that emanated from his body. However, no longer camouflaged by his digital mimesis, the technocrat was now visible to the youngling - he had effectively come on screen.

Stammering, the wizard admitted to the child that she had never left the Capital. In desperation, the technocrat's utterances continued to slip over and interrupt each other in an attempt to justify his actions. He confessed that the long-term side effects of the goggle effect would make it increasingly difficult for the juvenile to distinguish between the real and imagined and it was more than probable that she would never be properly integrated back into her society. Continuing in this vein, the

technocrat highlighted that the youngling carried reality in her mind and at this moment her native land did not exist and if she left the Capital then the latter, as well as her friends' presence, would also cease. Phenomena could be activated or disabled in her perceptive field. Unsettled and ungrounded, the youngling's cerebral energy was spiralling under the wizard's tutelage; forging new cognitive pathways that made her question whether she had ever lived on foreign terrain. In a fog of uncertainty the youth timidly consented to the CEO's suggestion that she re-enter the program.^{xliii}

In a choreographed motion, all technical apparatus receded back towards the outskirts of the atmosphere to telescopically view the northern hemisphere. Their mathematical equations suggested that the youngling's and indeed the whole of the Capital's narrative operated similarly to that of a circle: equally approachable and unapproachable from any point - a pure form that was sealed and preserved.^{xliiv}

Irreversible

During the hiatus, apprehensively hoping for a supportive response from the central force in the sentient habitat, the avatar and native partner invited the other tribes to enlist in their defensive effort. Hovering detective units recorded emotive speeches, which highlighted that the hemisphere had to unite and face the malignant power together. It was all too apparent that if the alien force was not confronted, then it would extend its occupation and continue to mine for minerals in other parts of the fertile landscape. Also, by refusing to negotiate, the infiltrators had shown that they were ignorant of the sensory network and its magical

composite matrix. They were blind to its invaluable infrastructure and energy: unable to respect the subterranean force, which did not rely on the carbon cycle and atmospheric conditions but generated and connected life itself. These vicious and greedy invaders would violently replace the current singular image of harmony with an equally homogenous form of exploitation.

Viewfinders zoomed out of the brutal battle to gain a macro image of the violence and captured a panoramic survey of the genocide. Native weaponry, modelled on ancestrally inherited techniques, could not puncture the metallic alloyed armour and proved futile against the abrasive foreign vehicles. Probes identified strengthened steel properties in the conveyances' protective covering, which highlighted that the alien civilisation was advanced in metallurgical engineering. Aesthetic and function were combined to produce a formidable war machine. Specifically calculated ingredients, chromium and one percent of carbon had been inserted into iron crystals during the process of smelting the steel; this not only strengthened the core crystalline structure of the material's sheaths but also created a clinical and magisterial sheen. Adding chromium to the alloy accounted for the patina because when exposed to oxygen it becomes a mineral (chromium oxide) that is transparent and hard. The mineral adheres to the steel below and protects it from decay providing the substance with a natural and regenerating polish. This enabled the mechanical monstrosities to appear as if they could magically heal, withstanding the dents from the native's flying shrapnel. Material analysis had also enabled the alien force to exploit the potential weak points in the structure (the dislocations in the crystal pattern that enables atoms to move one atomic plane at a time) so that the machinery could appear to flow over itself. From the camera's vantage point on the skyline, the machines were successfully

imitating the indigenous wildlife's organic skin and their fluidity of locomotion.^{xlv}

Keeping count of the prolific spraying of artillery also enabled certain detection devices to ascertain that the foreigners had a substantial arsenal. The inhabitants were caught in a purging rain of bullets, which churned up the sentient earth and discrete bodies beneath. Just at the point of defeat, all conscious wildlife rose up as comrades in the fight. Herds of gigantic creatures covered in a tough layer of living chainmail, reflected the bullets off their frames as they charged into the mechanical regiment ahead. Amidst the throng, the only distinguishing features between the natural and artificial bodies were the lateral ripples through the upper half of the native creatures' torsos, as their craniums bent forward. This enabled their upper and lower limbs to move autonomously while still attached. It was possible that the alien technology had not taken this into account because the invaders' assumed the connecting links were a weak spot. It was this last wave of offence, as defence, that secured the victory for the indigenous tribes and the active land itself.

Processed as data, the battle was instantaneously streamed to a field of other exploratory technological apparatus. In a single fluid moment, the networked program had also interpreted the information and methodically organised it into a hypothesis.^{xlvi} Thus the theory was established that the defence was coordinated by the tree of life: the sentient organism, which had generated the unusual currency of energy previously detected in the unique terrain. This resulted in the hypothesis that the hierarchical locus of ancient beings had utilised its living tentacles to either call upon or animate the conscious rhizome system in order to save the habitat: a habitat that in itself was this very conscious system.

After the aliens had fled, a temporary settlement had been built in the translucent and reflective root system of the tree of life. Zooming in for a close-up of the avatar, the visual mechanism transmitted reflected solar waves that detailed a state of rapid eye movement and lucid mumblings. Picking up sound waves, the oscillator recorded his vocalised thoughts. Utterances were released from the avatar's lips, which suggested that all preconceived ideas of subjecthood had melted away in the alien's subconscious. It was deduced from this that he no longer recognised discrete entities as monads; he did not identify forms as separate individuals cut off from their environment by a membrane or sack. It now seemed inadequate to suggest that each individual's outline was a bag that defined and protected the organism by containing its unique information and metabolism, while simultaneously severing the entity from its milieu. Rather, he believed that conscious organisms were all part of a communal continuum and that an omnipotent perceptive being pervaded and connected all matter. Natives could communicate with their environment because they did not deploy an externalised and ordered teleology but navigated their lives through their inner worlds. A pure experience of duration created a trance or meditative state during which they could connect with the matter surrounding them.^{xlvii} This practice equipped the natives with the capacity to immerse their beings in the present moment and provided the conditions in which they could encounter the absolute presence of their biosphere. Their only compass was found in natural intuition, which permitted the tribes to survive and prevented them from locating themselves erroneously by mapping events or entities in space. The combination of pure duration and intuition assisted the indigenous population in becoming completely in tune with the subterranean consciousness that animated all things.

On waking, the avatar requested that the tribal matriarch perform a ceremony with the tree of life to irreversibly transfer his spirit into the native form. Fibre-optic tendrils were to be draped over the two organic forms, native and alien, which his consciousness had periodically inhabited. His psychical data and spirit would leave the alien body and enter the eye of the tree of life, which would relax its information flows and allow the contracted conscious energy to pass through and up one set of veins. Deciding whether to accept or deny its passage, the tree of life could choose to enable the spirit to travel down its arteries into the native armature where it would be permanently grounded. A foreigner's husk would then be left behind to rot and feed the network: in an anthropophagite act the carcass would sustain the very spirit that had previously inhabited it.

Surrounding probes fed records of the bio-chemical structure and statistics back to its network, which produced mathematical equations. Acute analysis of the factors irrefutably acknowledged that the parasite's intended transference would no longer lead to the substance's change in kind but an irreversible change in state, initiated by a bio-chemical reaction.^{xlviii} On entering his native armature through the tree of life, the avatar would become permanently embodied in the landscape. He would now be plugged into and immersed in the unique biosphere and communal consciousness, as his own neural pathways would extend the network while becoming its newest member. Infinitely refracted and reflected inside the inner organs of the biological community, the nascent native would become an archived being, minutely repeated and differentiated without exteriority.

Global

Zooming out of their respective coordinates, the multifarious apparatus all cluster along the equatorial zones, which are constructed out of the alternate diagonal stripes of each hemisphere.^{xlix} Pressure-resilient cameras capture the merging of the cloying and stagnant oceans, which converge between the borders of what were assumed to be distinct spirals. Sand grains attempt to infect the oppositional granules but find they are colliding with a similar molecular substance. Submitting to their lack of distinction, a conflation that had occurred in their very attempt to distinguish their environments, the soils settle in a composite that slowly congeals. The apple and orange spirals condense and bleed into a stagnant, murky and homogenous mud. Algorithms had previously categorised the sectors as having different ecologies but later findings have proven that this hypothesis is erroneous. Recent data shows no reason to classify the genealogies of each spiral as distinct. This has led to the production of further equations, which now predict that the globe is actually a double helix constructed out of a single ontological code.

Cameras in the planet's outer atmosphere captured several moons orbiting the brown planet and witnessed that they created mystical and sentient tidal flows. These tides amalgamated the two hemispheres in a continuous and undifferentiated data current. Initial suppositions of the hemispheric binary opposition were now liquidated. All spatial coordinates are conflated in this amniotic membrane: encased and preserved as a holistic globe.^l

Against the gravitational pull of the sphere, the exploratory mechanisms were permanently withdrawn from micro-observations and ascended above the atmosphere to maintain telescopic records of the planet out in space. Collated evidence projected that the globe had been cosmologically captured at an autonomous velocity by a

denser cluster of atoms or mass, which had the ability to expel and then attract the planet into its gravitational pull.

This attraction froze the globe and encouraged it to perform a macabre static dance. The star's accumulation of reactions, hydrogen molecules spun into helium, was not powerful enough to entice the body into its volcanic flows.

Arrested in its development the planet limply hung at a specific point in the expanding teleological continuum. It continued to spin on a horizontal axis in a symmetrical orbit. Held in a rotation at arm's length, the globe drew monotonous and endlessly replicated circles in the clasp of a deliberate and calculative compass. A fluid hiatus, similar to that of hydrogen and oxygen molecules captured in solidified icicles, of infinite repetitions and stable pirouettes enabled each hemisphere to take up exactly the same position and coordinates as the other in each bi-planetary cycle. Stagnant rotations on an entropic trajectory crawled towards an absolute absence, as the globe's star would eventually run out of the atoms required for nuclear fusion causing a gigantic explosion that would incinerate the planet in a suicidal inferno. Alternatively, the planet would be extinguished if the universe's expansion finally reached full capacity, as the cosmos' invisible umbilical cord would eventually tug its extremities back towards its core mass or centre of gravity. Cosmological threads contract to nothingness, point zero.

Poetically, a heart monitor rings out a flat line. Fast forward and outward, lenses act as teleological windows that literally expand to encompass the monumental destruction. Solar-powered detection apparatus remain, redundant but resolutely recording, released and detached from the long extinct sentient systems through which they were once coordinated. Technical sentries witness the last remaining shadows of the inevitable and ultimate ruin. The penultimate stages of destruction are in motion. Any orbiting technology that was built to withstand extreme

temperatures and conditions is sucked into a vacuum.
Devices that still function record the rotations at the rim
but implode into their own visual field when plummeting,
reeling and spiralling towards nonexistence. Focus fades to
abyssal black or brims to pure white.

CUT

SILENCE PREVAILS, AS THE DIGITAL IMAGE ON THE SCREEN DISINTEGRATES. 'CUT' PENETRATES THROUGH THE STUDIO, A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE IS UNCORKED AND AS THE BUBBLES FLOW THE DIRECTOR HANGS UP HIS CLIPBOARD.^{LI} CAMERAS CEASE TO WHIR AND DUST PARTICLES ARE CAPTURED IN THE DIMINISHING RAYS OF THE DIMMING SPOTLIGHTS AS THEY FALL TO SETTLE ON THE FLOOR. PITCH BLACK. FADING FOOTSTEPS ECHO THROUGH THE ROOM FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF HEAVY DOORS CLOSING ON AN EMPTY SET.

